THE VOICE OF THE CORNISH PEOPLE

Thomas Daniell and Captain Morcom in front of a Cornish mine (probably Wheal Towan), by John Opie. Reproduced by kind permission of the Royal Cornwall Museum, Truro. An exhibition of Opie's work is being held at the museum until 19th January.

Sydney Cauveren - A.L. Rowse 10th Anniversary

Elver Krass - The Isle of Mull

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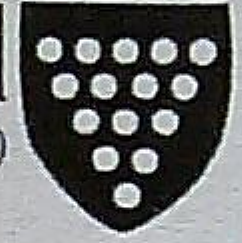

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GREAT BRITAIN – BASTION OF WORLD PEACE

Bastion of a whole lot of things, democracy, common sense, humanity, human decency, aspirations to civilisation, hope for the future. The Union Jack, which represents all these things, is a flag to be proud of. Celtic countries are well represented in it for it includes the crosses of St. Patrick of Ireland and St. Andrew of Scotland as well as that of St. George. In fact, as DNA investigations make clear, Celtic peoples survived in large numbers in the later Saxon, Anglo-Norman kingdom in the area known as England, as well as in the Celtic countries in the west. The name Britain in the mists of history derives from a Celtic tribe based in western Scotland, the Pretanes. It is Great Britain as opposed to Little Britain, Breton Vyghan, that is Brittany. The British Isles compose all the islands that make up our group off the continent.

When you look at the world around us today, it does tend to encourage a sense of despair. A bit like Ozymandias. The scourge of Islamic terrorism in many quarters. The American, British and other forces bravely trying to stem the tide in Iraq and Afghanistan. Global warming is, of course, a great worry. All one's thoughts of pleasure, achievement are dimmed at the prospects that might unfold.

There is some disappointment with the way things are going in Russia. Of course, there is resentment among the people there at the loss of power and territory of the former Soviet Union. We too have lost much of our Empire but we believe it is right that it has happened. The process aided in the early 20th century by various hostile and envious neighbouring countries. But in the long run it is correct, countries, nations, should rule themselves, be part of the free world. It is just that some former British territories have been vulnerable to the seizure of power by corrupt leaders, authoritarian regimes. And many still suffer in that way.

In spite of what some narrow and blinkered Socialist and other groups say our empire still exists. Such people want us to give up such awards as the OBE, MBE. Small countries and islands throughout the world, countries as diverse as the Solomon Islands, Papua New Guinea, Tuvalu, island nations in the West Indies still receive awards from the Queen. Indeed we still have an empire upon which the sun never sets. The Indian Ocean Territories, in the Pacific Pitcairn and neighbours, in the Atlantic numerous island outposts. And why not. It is

Drawing of a Fisher's shop, Gorran Haven - etching by Marjorie Williams whose volume of letters is reviewed on pages 37-38

good for humanity that one of its main inspirations for change and improvement has principles, a conscience, its government open to democratic scrutiny, and has such a world reach.

Of course, there are dangers in the present situation. International finance and national financial bodies taking over our key industries and endangering our independence. While some of the things that the E.U. stands for one can see are good for the world – and for its members - there are dangers in us becoming too closely embroiled. We, the United Kingdom, Great Britain, need to have our freedom to continue to be a beacon of hope for humanity.

An Baner Kernewek is the magazine

- *produced by Cornish people*
- *for Cornish people and those who love our land*
- *about Cornwall and Cornish people*
- *about other nations and peoples*
- *is independent of all big publishing and other organisations outside Cornwall.*

Support our own magazine, by contributing material, subscribing and making donations to An Baner Kernewek fund.

TYSCASOW KERNEWEK / CORNISH GLEANINGS

BY : TOM TUCKER

1. "...the Cornish are a strange and unquenchable race- today they are capable of a loyal friendliness and of often gracious actions, but we must not forget that we are meeting the descendants of folk who still have a leaven of paganism in their blood." - R. THURSTAN HOPKINS 1952
from DEREK R. WILLIAMS 2007

2. "The Isle of Mann is a self-governing community owing allegiance to the British crown, which is represented by a lieutenant governor. Domestic legislation passed by the Manx parliament- called the Tynwald Court- may be reviewed by the British government." - ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA 1994

3. More Old Cornish Swear-Words and Expletives - HENRY JENNER 1904

Re'n Offeren! By the Mass! Abarth Dew! In Gods Name!
Mollathow dheugh! Curses to you!
Mollath Dew en dha'las! The curse of God in thy belly!
Pedn mousak! Stinking head!
Mollath Dew en gegin! God's curse in the kitchen!

4. "Increasingly angered by the suffering he (Gwynfor Evans) saw during the Depression, he became convinced that Wales, as a community, was disintegrating and that only independence could save the Welsh identity. He joined Plaid Cymru in his final year (at university)." - THE DAILY TELEGRAPH April 05

5. "At a petty session last week, held at the Guild-hall, Helston...four boys of Helston were fined three shillings and four-pence each, for playing at toss-penny on a Sunday." - THE WEST BRITON Feb. 1824

6. "(Tudor) Queen Elizabeth I, standing in time and tradition somewhere between Boudicea and Queen Victoria, was with her red hair, exuberance, linguistic ability, stamina and devious skills a quintessential Welsh heroine." - CHARLES THOMAS 1986

7. "Professor Calvert Watkins of Harvard has pointed out that the Irish language contains Europe's oldest vernacular literature. - P.B. ELLIS 1974

8. "The Cornish, in fact, are shrewd and decisive enough in all dealings in which the purely human element is not predominant. It is when their feelings and the feelings of others, are concerned that they shy at sudden decisions and carefully wrap up in verbal cotton-wool hard facts which may seem to them hurtful." - CLAUDE BERRY 1971

9. "Oral tradition should not be lightly dismissed. In many spheres- such as that notorious field, Hebridean geneology- traditional knowledge or lore is more to be trusted than the early (and often inept) documentary sources." - JOHN MACLEOD 1996

10. "...in 1912...('Q' was appointed) professor of English literature in the University of Cambridge. He proved to be a first class lecturer, and his lectures were prepared and delivered with the thoroughness that characterized everything which he did. They were works of art, so stimulating and entertaining that attendance at them was long a fashionable pursuit."
- F. BRITTAIN
D.N.B. 1959 (1941-50)

THE ISLE OF MULL

by Elver Krass

The third largest of the Hebrides is the Isle of Mull, shaped a bit like crab, with a lower limb the Ross of Mull and a larger upper one, ending in peninsulas of Mishnish and Mornish. From north to south it is 25 miles and east to west 26 but at Salen at the start of the top leg it is only two miles wide. It is a volcanic island with some high mountains, the highest Ben More, 3,169 feet, near its centre is the highest point in Britain reached by basalt lava. Five miles east of Ben More is 1,632 feet Ben Chaisgidle, all that is left of the double volcano from which, 50 million years ago, poured most of Mull's lava. There are horizontal lava flows in columnar formation at Ulva, an island off the lower part of the top leg, Carsaig, Arches and Ardtun.

Fossil beds are found at Ardtun in the Ross of Mull. The Wilderness is a three mile coastal terrain at the end of the Ardmeanach peninsula and the Ben More massif which is owned by the National Trust of Scotland. The main attraction is McCulloch's Tree, the cast of a 40 foot conifer, possibly 50 million years old, embedded in basalt cliffs at Rudhanan Uamha. To see it go at half tide on a falling tide but the easier way is to hire a boat. Unfortunately it has been severely vandalised by geologists. The island of Iona lies off the south west tip of the island.

With several big tidal lochs – from south to north, Spelve, Buie, Scridain, Keal, Tuath - the coastline is more than 300 miles long. Its landscapes combine wild and lush, pastoral and barren; green moors, quick streams and waterfalls, high cliffs, meadows, woodland - in recent time the Forest Commission have planted 40,000 acres – and mountains. Hauntingly beautiful, often seeming almost empty.

Like other parts of Scotland it has had a varied sometimes violent history. Among the first known inhabitants were an Iron Age people who left behind forts of sophisticated construction called brochs, in shape not unlike modern cooling towers with their pinched-in waists. Today the ivy-covered ruins are tenanted only by owls and redstarts. Other antiquities of early times on Mull are 40 "duns" – including Dun nan Gall, three miles west of Ulva Ferry, Dun Aisgean, half a mile from Burg, an Caisteal, between Bunessan and Loch Assapol – half a dozen crannogs, notably on Loch Sguabain, and stone circles, notably at Loch Buie and Suie. "Fairy" mounds on Iona and other islands are probably evidence of early settlers.

Glen More in the south of the island linking the heads of Lochs Scridain, Spelve and Don, is believed to have been a boundary between the Scots or Gaels (from the Irish kingdom of Dalriada) and the Picts. It later became the route of pilgrims to Iona and of funeral processions of dead kings. Christian missions were early made in the area. Kilninian church on a wooded hillside above the road beside Loch Tuath, near Torloisk is the only church in the western Highlands dedicated to St. Ninian, the 4th century Galloway priest, Scotland's first missionary. The site there dates back to these early times.

The island came within the sway of the evangelising activities of St. Columba, more particularly, of course, the neighbouring small island of Iona off its south west coast. There are several accounts of why he left Ireland in his 42nd year. Some critics say he participated in gross atrocities at the bloody battle of Cooldrevne (561 A.D.) and reached Iona where he could no longer see Ireland as an act of penance. Another story is that shortly after he arrived with 12 disciples, Columba declared that human sacrifice was necessary to ensure their success. His old friend Oran volunteered to be put down, literally, and was duly buried alive. Three days later Columba, eager for a last sight of him, or perhaps hoping for a miracle, had him exhumed. Oran did, in fact, open his eyes, but instead of saying something pious he declared: "There is no wonder in death, nor is hell as it is reported." Whereupon Columba ordered him to be re-interred immediately, shouting, as his monks wielded their spades, "Earth, earth on Oran's eyes, lest he blab further."

The usual interpretation of his mission, however, is that his objective in 563 A.D. was the conversion of the Pictish heathens in the north. Iona was chosen because previously it had been the spiritual stronghold of the druids. Throughout the length of the island, which is a very small one, three miles long and 1½ wide, there is scarcely a pool, a well or a landmark without some association with the man who was the wolf of the clans and a dove among the churches. There is the Bay of the Coracle where he landed, the Rock of Erin where, briefly, he looked back, the Place of Angels where he conversed with the almighty ones and that hill, Dun-I (pronounced "doon-nee), which he ascended, slowly, to look round the islands for the last time – to the north beyond Staffa and the Treshnish Isle lie Coll and a speck far away is Barra in the Outer Hebrides, to the south are Colonsay and the Paps of Jura.

On Iona Columba created a monastery from which he and other militants took Celtic Christianity into Scotland, northern England and further south. He made the island a place not only of holiness but artistic excellence (the Book of Kells was started here), learning and political power. Here he carried out the first consecration of any king of Britain, with Aidan of Dalriada, a royal kinsman. Nothing endures of his monastery or church but you can see the probable foundations of his beehive-shaped cell, excavated in the middle of the 20th century, on Tor Abb, the rocky hillock facing the west door of the abbey. And the boundary wall of the original monastery runs nearby.

From Kenneth MacAlpin in the 9th century until the time of James VI, many of Scotland's kings, including Duncan and his murderer Macbeth, are said to have been buried on Iona. This as well as Columb's foundation made it a place of pilgrimage from the earliest times. Evangelists trained there kept the spirit of the Celtic Church alive and carried it throughout Europe together with their skills in Celtic art.

Evidence survives of St. Columba's work on Mull. Salen on the east coast takes its name from the bay, Saillean-dubh-Challum (the deep bay of Columba's church). The saint is said to have preached there. A mile down the road to Killiechronan is a stream called Burn of the Sermons because he gave one there. The abbey on Iona prospered and among the churches it held was Kilninian church on Mull.

With the rest of the western islands Mull fell under Norse rule from about 850 A.D. When that ended in the 13th century Mull was run by the MacDonalds, later Lords of the Isles. In 1266 the Hebrides were finally ceded by Norway to Scotland. The McDonalds as Lords of the Isles ruled them from Islay as a power in their own right, making treaties with England, France and Ireland. One of their strongholds was Aros castle a couple of miles north of Salen whose ruins still survive. The Macleans, supporters and relations of the McDonalds, were Mull's top clan for 300 years until the late 17th century.

Iona, of course, was the place of eminence. In 1549, the burial ground there, Reilig Odhrain, was said to contain the graves of 48 Scottish, eight Norwegian and four Irish kings. It came to possess a treasury of medieval gravestones, which are now paraded a bit hugger-mugger in the abbey museum. Beside the Reilig Odhrain is Iona's oldest and, many think, the most seductive building, the miniature, austere pink granite chapel of St. Oran, reputedly rebuilt in the 11th century by Queen Margaret on the site of a much earlier chapel. Between it and the abbey the stretch of cobbled road is medieval. Not far from the west door is one of Scotland's three great crosses, St. Martin's, dating back to the 10th century. Before the Reformation there were said to be 350 crosses on the island: only three survived the iconoclasts' zeal. The abbey itself is basically 12th century but has been restored in modern times. Other surviving medieval work on the island include the ruined 13th century nunnery. Maclean's cross, a powerful 10 ft. carved enigma is probably 16th century.

On the island of Mull Kilninian church was an ecclesiastical centre of importance in the medieval period and gravestones of the period still survive there.

In 1588 the Spanish galleon *Almirante di Florencia* took refuge in Tobermory bay after the disastrous Armada but was later blown up with 350 on board. Spanish officers were held in the dungeons of Duart castle by Sir Lachlan Moir Maclean. A century later a hunt for Spanish gold began which has continued on and off ever since.

The Macleans were on the wrong side at the time of 1688 Revolution and made their last stand at the Treshnish islands four miles north west of Mull. In 1691 they were ousted by the Campbells who took over their base at Duart castle. The Treshnish islands also featured in the first Jacobite rebellion being captured by the rebels but later recovered. The eight basalt islands are today uninhabited. There were some developments in the later 18th century and among other work Kilninian church was rebuilt in 1755.

Dr. Johnson accompanied by James Boswell made an anti-clockwise tour of Scotland in the late summer of 1773, going via Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, across to Skye, then Col, reaching Mull at Tobermory in mid-October. They had booked the Campbelltown vessel to take them from Col but were detained for several days owing to stormy weather. At last they sailed in their small boat on Thursday 14th October – "Between six and seven we hauled our anchor, and set sail with a fair breeze; and, after a pleasant voyage, we got safely and agreeably into the harbour of Tobermorie, before the wind rose, which it always has done, for some days, about noon.

Tobermorie is an excellent harbour. An island lies before it, and it is surrounded by a hilly theatre. The island is too low, otherwise this would be quite a secure port; but, the island not being a sufficient protection, some storms blow very hard here. Not long ago, fifteen vessels were blown from their moorings. There are sometimes sixty or seventy sail here: to-day there were twelve or fourteen vessels. To see such a fleet was the next thing to seeing a town. The vessels were from different places; Clyde, Campbelltown, Newcastle, &c. One was returning to Lancaster from Hamburgh. After having been shut up so long in Col, the sight of such an assemblage of moving habitations, containing such a variety of people, engaged in different pursuits, gave me much gaiety of spirit [this was Boswell who

was writing the journal]. When we had landed, Dr. Johnson said, 'Boswell is now all alive. He is like Antæus; he gets new vigour whenever he touches the ground.' – I went to the top of a hill fronting the harbour, from whence I had a good view of it. We had here a tolerable inn. Dr. Johnson had owned to me this morning, that he was out of humour. Indeed, he shewed it a good deal in the ship; for when I was expressing my joy on the prospect of landing in Mull, he said, he had no joy, when he recollected that it would be five days before he should get to the main land. I was afraid he would now take a sudden resolution to give up seeing Icolmkill. A dish of tea, and some good bread and butter, did him service, and his bad humour went off. I told him, that I was diverted to hear all the people whom we had visited in our Tour, say, 'Honest man! He's pleased with every thing; he's always content!' – 'Little do they know,' said I. He laughed, and said, 'You rogue!'

We went to hire horses to carry us across the island of Mull to the shore opposite to Inchkenneth, the residence of Sir Allan McLean, uncle to young Col, and Chief of the McLeans, to whose house we intended to go the next day. Our friend Col went to see his aunt, the wife of Dr. Alexander McLean, a physician, who lives about a mile from Tobermorie.

Dr. Johnson and I sat by ourselves at the inn, and talked a good deal. – I told him, that I had found, in Leandro Alberti's Description of Italy, much of what Addison has given us in his *Remarks*...

A Newcastle ship-master, who happened to be in the house, intruded himself upon us. He was much in liquor, and talked nonsense about his being a man for *Wilkes and Liberty*, and against the ministry. Dr. Johns was angry, that 'a fellow should come into *our* company, who was fit for *no* company.' He left us soon. [All this reminds me so much of my excursions with Dr. Rowse. Perhaps we were subconsciously imitating their relationship]

Col returned from his aunt, and told us, she insisted we should come to her house that night. He introduced to us Mr. Campbell, the Duke of Argyle's factor in Tyr-yi [Tiree]. He was a genteel, agreeable man. He was going to Inverary, and promised to put letters into the post-office for us. I now found that Dr. Johnson's desire to get on the main land, arose from his anxiety to have an opportunity of conveying letters to his friends.

After dinner, we proceeded to Dr. McLean's, which was about a mile from our inn. He was not at home, but we were received by his lady and daughter, who entertained us so well, that Dr. Johnson seemed quite happy. When we had supped, he asked me to give him some paper to write letters. I begged he would write short ones, and not expatiate, as we ought to get off early. He was irritated by this, and said, 'What must be done, must be done; the thing is past a joke.' – 'Nay, sir, (said I,) write as much as you please; but do not blame me, if we are kept six days before we get to the main land; but no sooner do you find yourself in good quarters, than you forget that you are to move.' I got him paper enough, and we parted in good humour.

Let me now recollect whatever particulars I have omitted. - In the morning I said to him, before we landed at Tobermorie, 'We shall see Dr. McLean, who has written the History of the Mcleans.' – JOHNSON. 'I have no great patience to stay to hear the history of the McLeans. I would rather hear the History of the Thrales.' When on Mull, I said, 'Well, sir, this is the fourth of the Hebrides that we have been upon.' – JOHNSON. 'Nay, we cannot boast of the number we have seen. We thought we should see many more. We thought of sailing about easily from island to island; and so we should, had we come at a better season; but we, being wise men, thought it would be summer all the year where *we* were. However, sir, we have seen enough to give us a pretty good notion of the system of insular life...'

Friday, 15th October. We this morning found that we could not proceed, there being a violent storm of wind and rain, and the rivers being impassable." They stayed in and talked about Gaelic literature aided by Miss Mclean. "After we had exhausted the Erse poems, of which Dr. Johnson said nothing, Miss Mclean gave us several tunes on a spinnet, which, though made so long ago as in 1667, was still very well toned. She sang along with it... We had the musick of the bagpipe every day, at Armidale, Dunvegan, and Col. Dr. Johnson appeared fond of it, and used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone." However, Johnson had earlier remarked that "if he had learnt musick, he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else but play. It was a method of employing the mind, without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self."

Boswell recollected some other events and conversations. "Last night at the inn, when the factor in Tyr-yi spoke of his having heard that a roof was put on part of the buildings at Icolmkill [the village on Iona], I unluckily said, 'It will be fortunate if we find a cathedral with a roof on it.' I said this from a foolish anxiety to engage Dr. Johnson's curiosity more. He took me short at once. 'What, sir? How can you talk so? If we shall *find* a cathedral roofed! As if we were going to a *terra incognita*: when everything that is at Icolmkill is so well known. You are like some New-England-men who came to the mouth of the Thames. 'Come, (said they,) let us go up and see what sort of inhabitants there are here.' They talked, sir, as if they had been to go up the Susquehannah, or any other American river.'"

"*Saturday, 16th October*. This day there was a new moon, and the weather changed for the better... We set out, mounted on little Mull horses. Mull corresponded exactly with the idea which I had always had of it; a hilly country, diversified with heath and grass, and many rivulets. Dr. Johnson was not in very good humour. He said, it was a dreary country, much worse than Sky. I differed from him. 'O, sir, (said he,) a most dolorous country!'

We had a very hard journey to-day. I had no bridle for my sheltie, but only a halter; and Joseph rode without a saddle. At one place, a loch having swelled over the road, we were obliged to plunge through pretty deep water. Dr. Johnson observed, how helpless a man would be, were he travelling here along, and should meet with any accident; and said, 'he longed to get to a country of saddles and bridles.' He was more out of humour today, than he has been in the course of our Tour, being fretted to find that his little horse could scarcely support his weight; - and having suffered a loss, which, though small in itself, was of some consequence to him, while travelling the rugged steeps of Mull, where he was at times obliged to walk. The loss that I allude to was that of a large oak-stick, which, as I formerly mentioned, he had brought with him from London. It was of great use to him in our wild peregrinations... As we travelled this forenoon, we met Dr. McLean, who expressed much regret at his having been so unfortunate as to be absent while we were at his house.

We were in hopes to get to Sir Allan Maclean's at Inchkenneth, to-night; but the eight miles, of which our road was said to consist, were so very long, that we did not reach the opposite coast of Mull till seven at night, though we had set out

about eleven in the forenoon; and when we did arrive there, we found the wind strong against us."

Their friend, Col, wanted them to spend the night at McQuarrie's house on the island of Ulva. They had to look out for a boat that would take them there. Fortunately there was "lying in the little sound of Ulva an Irish vessel, the Bonnetta, of Londonderry, Captain McLure master... his men obligingly came with their long-boat, and ferried us over. McQuarrie's house was mean; but we were agreeably surprised with the appearance of the master, whom we found to be intelligent, polite, and much a man of the world. Though his clan is not numerous, he is a very ancient Chief, and has a burial place at Icolmkill. He told us, his family had possessed Ulva for nine hundred years; but I was distressed to hear that it was soon to be sold for payment of his debts."

"*Sunday, 17th October*. Being informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva, we took boat, and proceeded to Inchkenneth, where we were introduced by our friend Coll to Sir Allan McLean, the Chief of his clan, and two two young ladies, his daughters. Inchkenneth is a pretty little island, a mile long, and about half a mile broad, all good land. As we walked up from the shore, Dr. Johnson's heart was cheered by the sight of a road marked with cart-wheels, as on the mainland; a thing which we had not seen for a long time. It gave us a pleasure similar to that which a traveller feels, when, whilst wandering on what he fears is a desert island, he perceives the print of human feet."

Sir Allan had been in the army and had made "a commodious habitation, though it consisted but of a few small buildings, only one story high". He had innumerable possessions in the house, including several interesting books. "Dr. Johnson here shewed so much of the spirit of a Highlander, that he won Sir Allan's heart; indeed, he has shewn it during the whole of our Tour. – One night, in Col, he strutted about the room with a broadsword and target, and made a formidable appearance; and, another night, I took the liberty to put a large blue bonnet on his head. His age, his size, and his bushy grey wig, with this covering on it, presented the image of a venerable *Senachi*: and, however unfavourable to the Lowland Scots, he seemed much pleased to assume the appearance of an ancient Caledonian." They had prayers on Sunday evening, one of Sir Allan's daughters reading the service and Boswell a couple of short sermons. "Dr. Johnson said, that it was the most agreeable Sunday he had ever passed". It made such an impression on him that he later wrote a Latin verse about Inchkenneth.

The following day they spent on the island. Col was about to leave. He had been a good companion on their travels. "On my mentioning him with warmth, Dr. Johnson said, 'Col does everything for us; we will erect a statue to Col.'... Having expressed a desire to have an island like Inchkenneth, Dr. Johnson set himself to think what would be necessary for a man in such a situation. 'Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here; for, if I have it not, what should hinder a parcel of ruffians to land in the night, and carry off every thing you have in the house, which, in a remote country, would be more valuable than cows and sheep: add to all this the danger of having your throat cut.'"

"*Tuesday, 19th October*. After breakfast we took leave of the young ladies, and of our excellent companion Col, to whom we had been so much obliged... Sir Allan, who obligingly undertook to accompany us to Icolmkill had a strong good boat, with four stout rowers. We coasted along Mull till we reached Gribon, where is what is called Mackinnon's cave, compared with which that at Ulinish is inconsiderable. It is in a rock of a great height, close to the sea. Upon the left of its entrance there is a cascade, almost perpendicular from the top to the bottom of the rock.... [They went into the cave quite a way] Dr. Johnson said, this was the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen. We saw the island of Staffa, at no very great distance, but could not land upon it, the surge was so high on its rocky coast.

Sir Allan, anxious for the honour of Mull, was still talking of its *woods*, and pointing them out to Dr. Johnson, as appearing at a distance on the skirts of that island, as we sailed along. – JOHNSON. 'Sir, I saw at Tobermorie what they called a wood, which I unluckily took for *heath*. If you shew me what I shall take for *furze*, it will be something.'

In the afternoon we went ashore on the coast of Mull,, and partook of a cold repast, which we carried with us. We hoped to have procured some rum or brandy for our boatmen and servants, from a publick-house near where we landed; but unfortunately a funeral a few days before had exhausted all their store. Mr. Campbell however, one of the Duke of Argyle's tacksmen, who lived in the neighbourhood, on receiving a message from Sir Allan, sent us a liberal supply.

We continued to coast along Mull, and passed by Nuns' Island, which, it is said, belonged to the nuns of Icolmkill, and from which, we were told, the stone for the buildings there was taken. As we sailed along by moon-light, in a sea somewhat rough, Dr. Johnson said, 'If this be not *roving among the Hebrides*, nothing is.'"

"After a tedious sail, which, by our following the various turnings of the coast of Mull, was extended to about forty miles, it gave us no small pleasure to perceive a light in the village of Icolmkill, in which almost all the inhabitants live, close to where the ancient building stood. As we approached the shore, the tower of the cathedral, just discernible in the air, was a picturesque object.

When we landed on the sacred place, which, as long as I can remember, I had thought on with veneration, Dr. Johnson and I cordially embraced. We had long talked of visiting Icolmkill; and, from the lateness of the season, were at times very doubtful whether we should be able to effect our purpose. To have seen it, even alone, would have given me great satisfaction; but the venerable scene was rendered much more pleasing by the company of my great and pious friend, who was no less affected by it than I was...

Upon hearing that Sir Allan McLean was arrived, the inhabitants, who still consider themselves as the people of McLean, to whom the island formerly belonged, though the Duke of Argyle has at present possession of it, ran eagerly to him.

We were accommodated this night in a large barn, the island affording no lodging that we should have liked so well. Some good hay was strewed at one end of it, to form a bed for us, upon which we lay with our clothes on; and we were furnished with blankets from the village. Each of us had a portmanteau for a pillow. When I awaked in the morning, and looked round me, I could not help smiling at the idea of the chief of the McLeans, the great English Moralist, and myself, lying thus extended in such a situation.

Wednesday, 20th October. Early in the morning, we surveyed the remains of antiquity at this place, accompanied by an illiterate fellow, as Cicerone, who called himself a descendant of a cousin of Saint Columba, the founder of the religious establishment here... We walked from the monastery of Nuns to the great church or cathedral, as they call it, along an old broken

causeway. They told us, that this had been a street; and that there were good houses built on each side. Dr. Johnson doubted if it was any thing more than a paved road for the nuns. The convent of Monks, the great church, Oran's chapel, and four other chapels, are still to be discerned. But I must own that Icolmkill did not answer my expectations… Dr. Johnson said, it came up to his expectations, because he had taken his impression from an account of it subjoined in Sacheverel's History of the Isle of Man, where it is said, there is not much to be seen here. We were both disappointed, when we were shewn what are called the monuments of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Denmark, and of a King of France. There are only some grave-stones flat on the earth, and we could see no inscriptions. How far short was this of marble monuments, like those in Westminster-Abbey, which I had imagined here! The grave-stones of Sir Allan McLean's family, and of that of McQuarrie, had as good an appearance as the royal grave-stones; if they were royal, we doubted.

My easiness to give credit to what I heard in the course of our Tour was too great. Dr. Johnson's peculiar accuracy of investigation detected much traditional fiction, and many gross mistakes… I left him and Sir Allan at breakfast in our barn, and stole back again to the cathedral, to indulge in solitude and devout meditations… Being desirous to visit the opposite shore of the island, where Saint Columba is said to have landed, I procured a horse from one McGinnis, who ran along as my guide. The McGinnises are said to be branch of the clan of McLean…

The place which I went to see is about two miles from the village. They call it *Portawherry*, from the wherry in which Columba came; though, when they shew the length of his vessel, as marked on the beach, by two heaps of stones, they say, 'Here is the length of the *Currach*,' using the Erse word. Icolmkill is a fertile island. The inhabitants export some cattle and grain; and I was told, they import nothing but iron and salt. They are industrious, and make their own woollen and linen cloth; and they brew a good deal of beer, which we did not find in any other islands.

We set sail again about mid-day, and in the evening landed on Mull, near the house of the Reverend Mr. Neal McLeod, who having been informed of our coming, by a message from Sir Allan, came out to meet us. We were this night very agreeably entertained at his house. Dr. Johnson observed to me, that he was the cleanest-headed man that he had met with in the Western islands. He seemed to be well acquainted with Dr. Johnson's writings, and courteously said, 'I have been often obliged to you, though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before.' He told us, he had lived for some time in St. Kilda, under the tuition of the minister or catechist there, and had there first read Horace and Virgil. The scenes which they describe must have been a strong contrast to the dreary waste around him.

Thursday 21st October… Mr. Campbell, who had been so polite yesterday, came this morning on purpose to breakfast with us, and very obligingly furnished us with horses to proceed on our journey to Mr. McLean's of Lochbuy, where we were to pass the night. We dined at the house of Dr. Alexander McLean, another physician in Mull, who was so much struck with the uncommon conversation of Dr. Johnson, that he observed to me, 'This man is just a *hogshead* of sense.'… After a very tedious ride, through what appeared to me the most gloomy and desolate country I had ever beheld, we arrived, between seven and eight o'clock, at Moy, the seat of the Laird of Lochbuy. – *Buy*, in erse, signifies yellow, and I at first imagined that the loch or branch of the sea here, was thus denominated, in the same manner as the Red Sea; but I afterwards learned that it derived its name from a hill above it, which being of a yellowish hue, has the epithet of Buy.

We had heard much of Lochbuy's being a great roaring braggadocio, a kind of Sir John Falstaff, both in size and manners; but we found that they had swelled him up to a fictitious size, and clothed him with imaginary qualities. – Col's idea of him was equally extravagant, though very different: he told us, he was quite a Don Quixote; and said, he would give a great deal to see him and Dr. Johnson together. The truth is, that Lochbuy proved to be only a bluff, comely, noisy old gentleman, proud of his hereditary consequence, and a very hearty and hospitable landlord. Lady Lochbuy was sister to Sir Allan McLean, but much older. He said to me, 'They are quite *Antediluvians*'… Sir Allan, Lochbuy, and I, had the conversation chiefly to ourselves to-night: Dr. Johnson, being extremely weary, went to bed soon after supper.

Friday, 22nd October. Before Dr. Johnson came to breakfast, Lady Lochbuy said, 'he was a *dungeon* of wit;' a very common phrase in Scotland to express a profoundness of intellect, though he afterwards told me, that he never had heard it. She proposed that he should have some cold sheep's-head for breakfast. Sir Allan seemed displeased at his sister's vulgarity, and wondered how such a thought should come into her head. From a mischievous love of sport, I took the lady's part; and very gravely said, 'I think it is but fair to give him an offer of it. If he does not choose it, he may let it alone'… [He did not want it and] confirmed his refusal in a manner not to be misunderstood."

"After breakfast, we surveyed the old castle, in the pit or dungeon of which Lochbuy had some years before taken upon him to imprison several persons; and though he had been fined in a considerable sum by the Court of Justiciary, he was so little affected by it, that while we were examining the dungeon, he said to me with a smile, 'Your father knows something of this;' (alluding to my father's having sat as one of the judges on his trial.) Sir Allan whispered me, that the laird could not be persuaded, that he had lost his heritable jurisdiction.

We then set out for the ferry, by which we were to cross to the main land of Argyleshire. Lochbuy and Sir Allan accompanied us. We were told much of a war-saddle, on which this reputed Don Quixote used to be mounted; but we did not see it, for the young laird had applied it to a less noble purpose, having taken it to Falkirk fair *with a drove of black cattle*.

We bade adieu to Lochbuy, and to our very kind conductor, Sir Allan McLean, on the shore of Mull, and then got into the ferry-boat, the bottom of which was strewed with branches of trees or bushes, upon which we sat. We had a good day and a fine passage, and in the evening landed at Oban, where we found a tolerable inn. After having been so long confined at different times in islands, from which it was always uncertain when we could get away, it was comfortable to be now on the main land, and to know that, if in health, we might get to any place in Scotland or England in a certain number of days."

In these extracts I have largely missed out the literary and other reflections of Johnson and Boswell and concentrated on their travel, the scenes and people they saw.

In 1799 Maclean of Coll built the village of Dervaig, eight miles north west of Tobermory, at the head of a small loch on the north west coast. It consisted of 26 houses in pairs which formed the basis of a fishing and farming community for some

time. Another development was at Salen on the east coast. This was founded by one of Mull's most remarkable achievers, Lachlan Macquerie (1761-1824). He was the son of an impoverished farmer from the west coast offshore island of Ulva. He entered the British army at 15, fought in India, Persia and Russia, rose to be a general and bought an estate in Mull. Later going to Australia he became Governor of New South Wales and has been acclaimed as "Father of Australia". He is buried at Gruline, two miles from Salen, in a secluded little mausoleum off the road to Iona.

Like most of the West Highlands the island was grossly depopulated by the evictions of the early part of the 19th century when sheep were accounted far more important than farmers. The island today is scarred with traces of abandoned villages and "townships" (farms) by the dozen. This is *larach*, "the place that was". The population decline continued during the century. In 1821 it was around 10,000 (today it is only 1,600). When cattle farming was still thriving animals being shipped from the Outer Hebrides were landed at the tiny harbour of Croig (turn off road about one mile south of Dervaig) for refreshment before going to the mainland.

Interest in Iona's treasures developed in the 19th century. In 1824 was built Telford's handsome little church. A cairn was erected on the island's highest peak, 332 feet high Dun I (pronounced 'Doon EE') to mark the 1,300th anniversary of St. Columba's death in 1897. East of St. Columba's Bay was the island's famous marble quarry which is now worked out. The abbey itself deteriorated during the century and it was a picturesque ruin in 1899 when the 8th Duke of Argyll gave it to the trustees of the Church of Scotland and work on its restoration commenced. The building has its detractors but there is much to admire in its detail. It was opened for public worship in 1912 for the first time in more than three centuries.

As you approach from Oban, Duart castle is a prime sight on the east coast of Mull, perched on a crag at the end of a peninsula. The castle remained empty for 150 years until the late 19th century when FitzRoy Maclean restored it. As a young hussar he was in the Charge of the Light Brigade. Lord Maclean, the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, was in occupation of the castle in the late 20th century and it is now an important tourist attraction. There is a Crimean Corner, relating to his ancestor's involvement in the Crimean War, a tableau of Spanish officers from the galleon sunk in Tobermory Bay and the "Sea Room", built in 1912, which contains a small cannon raised from galleon's wreck.

Four miles west of Tobermory is Glengorm castle a spectrally extravagant piece of Disneyish Scottish Baronial perched on a hill overlooking the sea. It is approached by one of the most scenic routes on the island – though a dead-end – with views to east and west and that of the castle as you get near it. Another development of the 20th century is not so attractive. Belts of conifer trees planted by the Forestry Commission occupy quite a lot of land. Uncultivated trees are relatively rare. A pity because, through bad land management, bracken now grows profusely on basaltic soils that should be providing sweet pasturage for Highland cattle, so well adapted for these parts.

At the beginning of the 21st century the population of the island stood at 1,600 of which an increasing number are ageing incomers. Outside the moors and mountains the island has fertile but under-used soil. Crofting survives sketchily and that only in the southern Ross of Mull. The main town, in the north east, is Tobermory, the shopping, eating and tourist centre for the island. In the sun it can look surprisingly exotic, blue-gilt cherubs on the quayside fountain, red, gold, blue, green and black facades of early 19th century houses in the main street curving round the harbour, full of bobbing boats of all kinds, encircled by steep, wooded hills. The town has various attractions, including the Mull & Iona Folk Museum, in a converted Baptist chapel (1862) by the harbour. Tobermory's prime legend is the "Treasure" of the Spanish *Almirante di Florencia* which people search for on the beaches and underwater.

Eight miles north west of Tobermory, is Dervaig, a village built by the Macleans of Coll in 1799. Reached by a road of frequent hairpin bends commanding marvellous vistas, it is today a small tourist centre in its own right. On the road there is a dramatic hill-top graveyard, Kilmore, the site of an ancient chapel. In the south east of the island is Mull's main port of call, Craignure. It has become a popular small tourist centre, with a modern hotel, "The Isle of Mull", opened in 1971 and a golf course. Between it and Tobermory is the neat, east coast village of Salen on a woody site by a wide bay.

Like the Welsh islands Mull and its smaller neighbours are havens for wildlife. The eight Treshnish islands, now uninhabited, form a natural bird sanctuary and breeding ground of grey seals. In the late 20th century the islands were owned by Lady Jean Rankin of Treshnish House who permitted accredited naturalists to land there. Tourist trips are made several days a week in summer from Croig, Ulva Ferry, Tobermory and Oban. Erraid, an island off south west Mull, not far from Fionnphort, can be walked to at low tide. About a mile square, it was where David Balfour in Stevenson's *Kidnapped* went ashore. A bay is named after him. Pink granite was quarried here for some time. It is now run by the Findhorn Community.

Because of Mendelssohn Staffa, a tiny island west of Mull is perhaps the best-known globally of the Hebrides. When the composer saw Fingal's cave in 1829, after being seasick en route from Oban, it inspired a few bars. It seemed to him "like the interior of a gigantic organ for the winds and tumultuous waves to play on". But it was not until three years later that he wrote the overture "The Hebrides", generally known as "Fingal's Cave". The great cave itself is at the southern end where the island rises sheer out of the water to over 130 feet and where the extraordinary columnar walls of basalt pillars have helped to make it one of Scotland's prime tourist sights. It stretches back 230 feet and its mouth is 50 feet wide – like "a great entrance into a vaulted hall", in Queen Victoria's words.

The island has four other celebrated caves, the Clamshell, the Cormorants, MacKinnon's and the Boar Cave. It has a busy bird life, rich flora and fine grazing but no one has lived there for 200 years. Some boats take visitors to land there for brief spells from Croig and Oban – weather permitting – and there are trips around the island. It certainly makes a magnificent additional attraction in this beautiful part.

Iona, of course, is the main tourist draw. The Iona Community restored the monastic buildings between 1938 and 1965 and came to run the abbey and youth centre. Such is the reputation of the saint of royal descent that thousands come every year to his abbey – in 1979 over half a million. That year it was acquired from the estate of the 10th Duke of Argyll by the National Trust of Scotland which means that it is preserved from any development. Services are now held every day in the abbey, both morning and evening. The village by the jetty includes a post office, café, a multi-purpose chain grocers, crafts/souvenir shop, and two hotels. Most of the island's 50 houses are in the neighbourhood. One of the island's main roads curves from there

around the prime sights, the ruined nunnery, the graveyard, the abbey. It passes the Iona Community's coffee house, its youth camp and a few houses before petering out into a track just short of the island's north end. The second road starts from the southern end of the first and crosses the island to the west coast, passing the "Great Fairy Mound", in fact a small hillock. One of the finest vantage points is Carn cul ri Eirinn ('the hill with its back to Ireland'). Most visitors make straight for the church, the nunnery and other famous sites near the jetty, but the rest of the island is worth exploring, lovely beaches and rocks, rich wildlife and flowers.

It is difficult to say what are Mull's distinct characteristics. It certainly shares with the other islands of the Inner Hebrides (Islay, Jura, Colonsay, Iona, Staffa, Coll and Tiree) some unique features. There is something about the light, which ranges from exceptional clarity to a sort of misty opalescence in which there are no boundaries between the sea and the sea. Then, as John Hillaby has it "at such times the clouds come down to earth like the gods of old, and only objects in the immediate foreground such as a broch or ruined keep mark the shores of creation and void space." There is more than a hint of this changeableness in the speech of old natives, punctuated as it is now and again with unexpected directness, bordering on rancour; a curious trait in people noted for their courtesy. This duality of character seems to be reflected in the Gaelic names of the much venerated St. Columba, *Crimthan* – "Wolf" – and *Colum Cille* – "the Dove of the Church".

Sources: F. Fraser Darling and J. Morton Boyd, "The Highlands and Islands", 1972;"The Observer Island Britain: a Richly Illustrated Guide to Britain's Offshore Islands", edited by Peter Crookston. 1981; James Boswell, "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson LL.D.", 1920

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Bewnans Ke / The Life of St Kea

by Alan M. Kent

In my 2006 poetry collection *Stannary Parliament*, I wrote with some amazement about the discovery of a 'new' Cornish language manuscript in 2002,[1] which we know now as *Bewnans Ke* or *The Life of St Kea*:

> You were a run I thought had been long worked out,
> all ore topside, and gone to grass.
> But no. You pop out like a jack-in-the-box,
> a new, unidentified species, an undiscovered country.[2]

The discovery of such a text is monumental in so many ways because it means we have to re-think the established tradition and continuity of writing in and from Cornwall, and because of the fact that the manuscript somehow managed to survive the wear and tear of the centuries. Such a discovery is not of course, only significant in the Cornish context. *Bewnans Ke* is a text of global significance, and one in which the literary link to King Arthur is fully established. As myself and others had argued, the Arthurian connection had always been there,[3] but *Bewnans Ke* gave new impetus to 'the matter of Arthur' and its connection to Cornwall. Scholars like myself and Brian Murdoch, who have previously attempted understandings of the development of literature in Cornwall,[4] would now need to revise established narratives. Though comparable with *Bewnans Meriasek*, Ke fills a rather necessary gap, and as Padel has argued offers many insights into the connections between oral and literary culture in medieval Cornwall.[5]

The discovery of the manuscript has brought about what in my view is another monumental event in the development of Cornish language and literary studies - Thomas and Williams' translation and edition of the play, published in 2007 by the University of Exeter Press in association with the National Library of Wales.[6] Back in 2000, I argued with some passion for a revision of the limited production methods and frankly amateur nature of the presentation of Cornish literary texts, which had negated and restricted their critical and public reception on a world scale.[7] Thomas and Williams' version raises the bar considerably and must now be the standard to which others work toward, and the general editors of Exeter's Medieval Texts and Studies series - Vincent Gillespire, Marion Glasscoe and M.J. Swanton should also be praised for their opening up of a neglected field - that of medieval Cornish writing. It seems in general that the Academy is finally picking up on Cornish literature as a worthy area of study - and in the face of long-term prejudice from the more established centres of Celtic scholarship.[8]

What makes Thomas and Williams' work compulsive is its comprehensiveness. No second measures are taken and the reader feels that each phrase and line of the play has been contemplated and mulled over many times before a decision on translation, interpretation or comment is taken. Not only is this the case with the text itself, but also with the phonological and morphological notes. Detailed indexes and glossaries of Cornish, English, French and Latin words mean that this is likely to be the definitive version. The editors obviously spent a good deal of effort deciphering the text because as they note as the start of the volume the manuscript is 'difficult to read in places' and 'defective in others'. Nevertheless, their persistence in chasing

excellence can clearly be seen. One should compare this with another recent edition, which has shown not only sloppy production values, spelling in 'invented' Cornish, but also amateurish fonts and typefaces.[9] Here, all is consistent, clear and adds clarity to what is already known about the narrative and the Middle Cornish of the manuscript. This is the look and feel of confident, modern, and uncompromising Cornish literary studies.

It is not my intention here to give a full summary of the narrative of the play. That is completed by Thomas and Williams, and a useful, compact version has also been completed by Andrew Hawke.[10] Substantial evidence about the life of St Ke can be found in the work of Albert Le Grand,[11] while the Arthurian material bears a very close resemblance to that assembled in the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth.[12] The Breton life and *Historia Regum Britanniae* therefore form the starting point for the drama. The first five folios of the playtext have been lost, but presumably these dealt with his early life. The remaining plot is no more bizarre than any other Cornish saint's life: Ke (or more probably Keledocus) restores a shepherd to life, winds up Teudar's forester by walking in Rosewa Forest, then engages in theological debate with the tyrant. The segue into the Arthurian material is abrupt and unclear (two folios are missing here), but it is likely that it is Ke who will eventually be sent to work as a peace-maker between Arthur and Mordred. The tragedy is that we know this will never happen.

What is offered here is not an acting text. The size of the pages and the bulk of the volume mean that it is not portable. However, that is not the intention of this volume. Rathermore, it is an academic version for literary and language scholars, showing the complexity and diversity of a text that carefully merges two narratives - that of the life of Ke himself (bringing to mind the church and cult of St Kea [featured on the rear cover] and 'Playing Place' between Truro and Penryn),[13] and the equally interesting Arthurian material - symbolised on the front cover of the volume, with a picture of King Arthur, armed and carrying his red shield blazoned with the Virgin and Child.

There are many exciting elements of *Beunans Ke*; among them are the violent breaking of three of Ke's teeth and the comedy of Teudar getting stuck in the bath, though personally, it is perhaps the reference to englynnyon in the Arthurian section which most excites. Here, in dialogue with the King of Norway, Arthur says:

> Dun, ow amors ha'm cuvyon,
> gans solas hag eglynnyon,
> ha merth ha melody whek.
> Th'agan palas gwel ew thyn
> revertya gans cannow tek
> ha predery, ren Austyn!
> a'gan gwayow.
> Nyns a ancof.
>
> [Come, my friends and my dear ones,
> with entertainment and verses,
> and mirth and sweet melody.
> It is better for us
> to return to our palace with sweet songs
> and to consider, by St Augustine!
> our moves.
> He will not be forgotten.][14]

Only previously found in a fragmented or reconstructed form,[15] here the englynnyon alluded to, gives a fuller sense of the literary tradition operating in medieval Cornwall, and so consciously a part of public art and performance. Previously of course, the 'tradition' if we could call it that had been populist, dramatic and community-orientated, but here is a new insight into this formal culture of composition, both sustained and celebratory. The multi-cultural aspect of the text also intrigues. The playwright has knowledge (or at least enhances Geoffrey of Monmouth's description) of some far-flung provinces and countries, as shown by Arthur receiving of kings from places such as Orkney, Norway, Dacia, Iceland, Gothland, Cracow and Castile.

Now that Thomas and Williams have shown the way, there is more work to do. As *Bewnans Ke* finds its place in the canon, we need a properly researched theatrical history of Cornwall. After all, the territory had one of the most intensely theatrical cultures in Europe if we are to contend with the research of Bakere, and more recently Joyce and Newlyn.[16] More importantly though, the production values of this publication simply leave other Cornish-language material standing. It is also encouraging to see a major University Press take such interest in Cornish literature. Perhaps there will be room now for more collections. If the *York Mystery Plays* and *Oberammergau* can find such a centrality within European culture, then why cannot Cornish drama be more recognised? Thomas and Williams have done much to help it on its way here. We are in their debt.

Notes and References:

1. MS. Aberystwyth NLW 23849. Digital version on www.llgc.co.uk
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5. Oliver J. Padel, 'Oral and Literary Culture in medieval Cornwall' in Helen Fulton (ed.) (2005) *Medieval Celtic Literature and Society*, Dublin: Four Courts Press, pp. 95-116. See also Huw Pryce (ed.) (1998) *Literacy in Medieval Celtic Societies*, Cambridge: University of Cambridge Press.
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7. Kent (2000), pp.278-84.
8. Witness the observations of Magnus Maclean (1902) *The Literature of the Celts*, London, p.248.
9. Ken George (ed. and tr.) (2006) *Bywnans Ke*, Cornwall: Kesva an Taves Kernewek.
10. Andrew Hawke, 'Beunans Ke' in John T. Koch (ed.) (2006) *Celtic Culture: A Historical Encylopedia*, Santa Barbara and Oxford: ABC Clio, p203-4.
11. See Thomas and Williams (2007) p.xi-xvi.
12. See Lewis Thorpe (ed. and tr.) (1966) *Geoffrey of Monmouth: The History of the Kings of Britain*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, pp.212-61. Useful insight is also offered by Michael Dames (2002) *Merlin and Wales: A Magician's Landscape*, London: Thames and Hudson.
13. See R. T. Lyon (n.d.) *Cornwall's Playing Places*, Cornwall: Tavas an Weryn, pp.13-14.
14. Thomas and Williams (2007), pp.206-07.
15. See examples in Alan M. Kent and Tim Saunders (eds. and trs.) *Looking at the Mermaid: A Reader in Cornish Literature 900-1900*, London: Francis Boutle, p.233-5 and pp.246-7.
16. Jane Bakere (1980) *The Cornish Ordinalia: A Critical Study*, Cardiff: University of Wales Press, pp.28-9; Sally L. Joyce and Evelyn S. Newlyn (eds.) (1999) *Records of Early English [sic] Drama: Cornwall*, Toronto: University of Toronto Press and Brepols.

A.L.ROWSE: A TENTH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE

by Sydney Cauveren

October 3, marks the tenth anniversary since the death of A.L.Rowse, and it is safe to say he remains irreplaceable.

In the preface to my book: *A.L.Rowse: A Bibliophile's Extensive Bibliography*, published in the USA in 2000, I quote my mentor from his 1995 book *Historians I Have Known: "Reasonably enough there is no end to research: one is always finding something later that might, perhaps should, be in the book. No matter: the account must be closed, if only temporarily, and the book should be an organic whole"*.

So what literary and academic activities concerning A.L.Rowse have ensued since 1997? I'll aim herewith to fertilise the potted history of what is a plant steadily taking on more roots and already showing some splendid flowers!

Rowse made it clear, particularly repetitively so in his final years, that after he was gone and leaving behind a huge unpublished literary legacy of diaries, notebooks, not to mention the fascinating marginalia in his well over 10,000 books, that there would be a Rowse industry. He boasted this would be along the lines of a Horace Walpole and a Boswell.

Alas, not quite so quickly, but there has been a steady and solid flow of attention, that reminds me of my remark to him and his reply, back in 1996. When I suggested that 100 years from now his books would still be read and discussed, and there would be a Rowse renaissance, he said: *"Oh yes, I know that, but neither of us will be alive to see it"*.

Alas, again, not so quickly! Turning 60 myself on the tenth anniversary of his death, I am all too aware and saddened by friends (and foe) who have died in that last decade. Staunch friends such as the former High Sheriff of Cornwall and occupant of Place in Fowey, David Treffry; his cherished housekeeper for some 40 years, Phyllis Cundy, personal friends Raul Balin and David Hill, and amongst literary friends, his distinguished biographer Richard Ollard and train transport and local history Professor Jack Simmons. Adversaries, Isaiah Berlin, Hugh Trevor Roper and Auberon Waugh, also departed the scene, shortening the list of envious snipers and jealous competitors who could hardly hold a candle to the great Cornishman. Only their prodigies are left to sort out for themselves how A.L.Rowse excelled all of them, as he did most of his contemporaries, along the Oxford-Cambridge line. To date, none of them have received any where near the attention, after taking wings.

In this brief summation of the last decade, A.L.Rowse would surely approve that he has had his official biography written by Richard Ollard: *A Man of Contradictions: A Life of A.L.Rowse* (published by Allen Lane in 1999), and my exhaustive bibliography of his work and literary life: *A.L.Rowse: A Bibliophile's Extensive Bibliography*, (published by the Scarecrow Press, USA in 2000). That company was then a subsidiary of the University Press of America – probably the best place for author bibliographies – these are in themselves becoming a rarity.

I notice wryly, not one of Rowse's immediate contemporaries has yet had a bibliography compiled. Aware of the effort required, I doubt any of them would actually merit one, from their considerable output. Yet, in November 1997, on the heels of Rowse's death, Tony Capstick already had his little paperback: *A.L.Rowse: An Illustrated Bibliography*, (by Hare's Ear Publications, Wokingham, Berks.) detailing Rowse's books, ready to tantalise enthusiasts of what was to come.

Two personal memoirs came from the Cornish pens of Valerie Jacob (*Tregonissey to Trenarren*, privately published in 2001) and James Whetter (*Dr. A.L.Rowse: Poet, Historian, Lover of Cornwall*), published by Lyfrow Trelyspen, 2003. All this, before yet another major biography by Philip Payton: *A.L.Rowse and Cornwall*. This is an absolutely first rate study (published by the University of Exeter Press, 2005). And, in the pipeline is yet a third and exhaustively researched biographical work under way by Donald Adamson.

Richard Ollard followed his biography up with his editorship of *The Diaries of A.L.Rowse*, (published by Allen Lane in 2003). Though most enjoyable for what was there, Ollard's selections remain inadequate, but I hasten to add, problematic. The huge gaps that appeared in the entries suggested readers had a thorough knowledge of Rowse's autobiographical works – of which there are four. When I reviewed the book in *The Australian*, I suggested I enjoyed the advantage of having read these works, thereby roughly filling in where cuts are made.

Publishers make their demands. Litigation is a consideration. Printing costs are high. Space is limited to a certain number of pages. But, it is hoped a far more complete version of Rowse's diaries will one day be viable. As it holds the gift of Rowse's magnificent archive, there is good reason for the University of Exeter to take it on!

Several of Rowse's books have been re-issued, starting with the Wordsworth Military Library's 1998 *Bosworth Field and the Wars of the Roses*. In Cornwall, Dyllansow Truran in 1998 re-issued Rowse's most famous book: *A Cornish Childhood*, thereby allowing every Cornishman of the younger generation to acquaint themselves with this great classic that has hardly been out of print since 1942, and steadily sold over half a million copies.

I have always considered that book essential school reading in the education of all Cornish. Indeed, is it? In 1993, sitting next to a high school student from Penzance, on the bus from London to St. Austell, I was shocked to learn he had never heard of A.L.Rowse, let alone read any of his books. Of course, I related that story at Trenarren, to a predictable blustering response.

In 1999 Dyllansow Truran also re-issued *A Quartet of Cornish Cats*, in which Rowse illustrates he gives the same loving biographical attention to Peter, Chalky Jenkins, Tommer and Flippy, as he did examining the great figures in History.

Important re-issues occurred in 2000, with *The Elizabethan Renaissance*, out in the Penguin Classic History series in Britain, and both books of the Elizabethan Renaissance – *The Life of the Society*, and, *The Cultural Achievement*, reissued by Ivan R.Dee, Chicago, Illinois. Rowse's classic 1950 study of Elizabethan England, *The England of Elizabeth*, was specifically re-issued in March 2003, (by Palgrave Macmillan in England and the University of Wisconsin Press in the USA) to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's death. This carried a new introduction by Christopher Haigh. Later that year, its sequel: *The Expansion of Elizabethan England*, was re-issued (Palgrave Macmillan, UK) with a new foreword by Michael Portillo. This confirmed Rowse's posthumous reputation was on

the rise, particularly with books such as the above mentioned and *Tudor Cornwall*, which acknowledge him as a pioneer of the new British historiography that recognises the cultural differences of the constituent parts of Britain.

In a letter to me dated May 15, 1996, Rowse tells of a Czechoslovak publisher offering a large advance for a translation. No progress appears to have been made there, but with the steady domination of internet communications, my searches located two unexpected earlier translations that I doubt Rowse ever knew about. In 1947, in Buenos Aires, there was a Spanish translation made of *The Spirit of English History*. And, in 1970, in Tai-pei, there was a translation of *The Use of History*. The latter information came in a round about way via the University of Toronto library, with further locations at Chung Yuan Christian University and Taiwan University library. Both (illegally) published outside the Berne Convention.

In the last ten years a steady stream of articles has flowed from pens about Rowse, and not all in English. In 2000, Rowse's Swiss friend, the author and film maker Anne Cuneo, wrote an impressive essay in German: *Mein Freund Leslie* in a book published in Zurich by Limmat Verlag, *Zeitraume* (Time and Experience). Cuneo had already dedicated her book *Objets de Splendour* (original French edition 1996), to Rowse, who had helped her extensively by allowing the use of his original research on Mrs. Emilia Lanier (nee Bassano), his discovery of Shakespeare's Dark Lady.

Apropos the Dark Lady, Rowse made it clear that his discovery would never be answered: *"It cannot be answered"*, were his words to me. It appears the controversy lives on, and so does increasing acceptance that Rowse was right all along in his research. A descendant, Peter Bassano, has an interesting site on the internet supportively detailing Rowse's discovery and how this correlates with his family's social background. This is contrasted by occasional carping in academia; something the ongoing Shakespeare industry appears to demand - but the Rowse phenomenon lives on!

In March this year, BBC Radio 4 broadcast a play, *Accolades* by Christopher William Hill, starring Ian Richardson. This drama is a factionalised account of the events leading up to A.L.Rowse's 1973 discovery of the Dark Lady. What is little known is that in 2004, Melbourne-based playwright Enzo Condello wrote the highly acclaimed Melbourne Writers' Theatre production: *Shakespeare and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, again based on Emilia Bassano and Rowse's research.

Since his death, biographical entries have been compiled in important research sources such as: The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, 2004, (by John Clarke); Encyclopedia Britannica; Dictionary of Literary Biography, and, an extensive entry on the internet under Wikipedia.

And, curiosity continues to grow: A.L.Rowse, right as usual. There is a Rowse industry! Without doubt this will continue to gain momentum in the next decade with the temptation of an edition of his collected letters, for starters, and continuing excavation on the diaries and notebooks.

A decade on, I remain absorbed by the extraordinary complex personality of my friend and mentor and the amazing literary legacy he left to posterity. Yes, I've missed his regular letters, and should like to see him again, but, with me, the deep impressions he left, keep him alive as if 1996, the last time I saw him in Cornwall, was just yesterday. And my determined pursuit is to continue my bibliographical work with an eye on a second A.L.Rowse edition!

The Celtic Congress 2007

Back in July, the University of Exeter's Cornwall Campus at Tremough was the venue for the International Celtic Congress – the first time that Cornwall had hosted the event since 1990. The theme of this year's Congress was 'The contribution to the world of art, science and industry by the Celtic Diaspora' and what follows is a summary of the lectures delivered by representatives of Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Brittany on Tuesday 24 July.

In a talk entitled 'Heat, Light and Sound: from Skye to the World', historian and Radio nan Gaidheal producer Professor Norman MacDonald concentrated initially on a fellow Skye man, whose life and achievements he has studied in detail – the scientist and Celticist Professor Magnus MacLean (1857-1938). MacLean taught both John Reith and John Logie Baird, the inventor of television. On 3 June 1898 he was the recipient of the world's first paid telegram, from William Thomson, Lord Kelvin with whom he worked on a prototype Channel Tunnel. Although MacLean was primarily a scientist, whose work in electromagnetism heralded developments in telegraphy and radio, he was also a Celtic scholar who produced studies such as *The Literature of the Celts* (1902) and *The Literature of the Highlands* (1904). The Magnus MacLean Memorial Prize is awarded annually by the University of Glasgow to the most distinguished student in the Ordinary class of Celtic.

Norman MacDonald argued that on such an example of learning at home – what he called the 'teeming intellectuality' of mid-nineteenth-century Skye – was built the contributions of the Celtic diaspora, with Scots taking their knowledge and skills to Canada, South Africa, the United States and New Zealand. Among them was Jonathan G. MacKinnon who emigrated to Cape Breton where, towards the end of the nineteenth century, he started *Skye Gaelic*, an all-Gallic newspaper. Mentioning Hugh MacDiarmid and his Cornish wife Valda Trevlyn, whose poem 'Little White Rose of Scotland' he read from, the speaker showed how the scientific slant of the Scottish diaspora was consolidated throughout the twentieth century and into the twenty-first, with DNA studies highlighting emigration patterns.

The second lecture of the day was by Walter Ariel Brooks, a young Patagonian of Welsh descent who is fluent in English and Welsh and currently works as a part time teacher of the latter in the Welsh Teaching Centre for Adults in Cardiff University. He started his lecture on the contribution of the Welsh in Patagonia by tracing the history of the colony (Y Wladfa) – how disruption of the status quo in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (especially pressure from England and the cultural impoverishment in Wales that was the result) led many Welsh people to search for a better life beyond their native land.

The first settlers, about one hundred in all, arrived in what is still by British standards an empty land, on 28 July 1865. Contact with the native Tehuelches tribe remained one based on friendship. Further colonisers followed in 1874/5 and 1911, after which immigration from Wales ceased. About two-thirds of the 3,000 or so Welsh men and women settled permanently, most of them in Chubut province, and by the end of the nineteenth century, the colony was thriving, with the transactions of everyday life being conducted in Welsh and with Welsh institutions being replicated. The Argentine government in Buenos Aires had never really exercised much control in Patagonia and saw a land where local government was run by Welsh people along Welsh lines as a threat to its sovereignty. Consequently, there were campaigns to inculcate Argentine values and culture, which involved such measures as pupils saluting the flag at school. The worldwide economic crisis of the 1930s and 1940s affected Y Wladfa in other ways. The in-migration of other nationalities and the loosening of ties with Wales resulted in a loss of both political power and social prestige for the 'Welsh' of Patagonia, a process epitomised, perhaps, by the discontinuation of the Eisteddfod.

However, galvanised by the festivities surrounding the centenary in 1965 of the founding of the colony at Port Madryn, the Patagonian 'Welsh' re-established contact with the homeland and saw their contribution to the colony given official recognition. A further, more recent revival in the 1990s saw the development of Welsh teaching projects, with the Welsh Assembly now providing funding for the language.

Walter Ariel Brooks highlighted a number of areas where the Welsh contribution in Patagonia was particularly strong. Artistically, culturally and linguistically, the Patagonian Eisteddfod was an entirely Welsh affair in its early days in the 1880s and 1890s, although since its revival in 1965, it has been bilingual (Spanish and Welsh). A Welsh ethnic press in the form of the Welsh-language weekly, *Y Dravod*, was an early feature of the colony. It is now published three or four times a year. Welsh-medium (or, at least, dual Spanish/Welsh-medium) education is also undergoing something of a renaissance. Secondly, in the industrial cum agriculture field, the Welsh settlers were instrumental in establishing canals, with an irrigation system being dug within ten years of their arrival, and railways, the first in the whole of Argentine Patagonia, being started in 1886. Agricultural machinery was imported from the U.S. Lastly the speaker underlined the importance in Patagonia of tea-time, which is more 'Welsh' than in Wales!

Summing up, Brooks stressed the importance in the Patagonia of a distinctive Welsh heritage – something which is explored on the trilingual website *Glaniad* (www.glaniad.com).

In the afternoon Dr. Matt Hussey, a medical physicist and engineer who is currently Director and Dean of the Faculty of Science at the Dublin Institute of Technology, opened his lecture by saying in Gaelic that language – the spoken and heard, written and read word – was the highest and most precious cultural achievement of humanity in general, the achievement that lifts human beings to allow them to become civilised. He confessed to having some misgivings, some 'nagging ambiguities' concerning the theme of the Congress – in particular the words 'Celtic' and 'diaspora', and the coupling of 'science/technology' with 'industry'. 'Celtic' was a broad adjective or category that slipped around a lot, especially for a scientist. What was one to make of the Celtic content of such areas as the north of England, western Spain and Portugal, Morocco and Bulgaria? It seemed to him that 'Celtic' was a concept which some people were desperate to embrace, while others couldn't wait to rid themselves of its strictures. 'Diaspora' was another broad, soft or 'fuzzy' category, it being far from easy to determine whether a person was of the Irish diaspora or not, given Ireland's fractured history. Lastly, the cause and effect relationship between science and industry on the one hand and industry on the other, could be very indirect and delayed, 'requiring the intervention of the further uncertain, yet also highly creative, processes of innovation, capital funding and risk-taking'.

Unfortunately, at this point Dr. Hussey chose to spend far too long providing an outline of the history of science and technology from prehistory onwards. The result was that his pen-portraits of some of the scientists born in Ireland and Scotland, and especially those who worked in exile, were sketchy, to say the least. Those he mentioned included the seventeenth-century physicist, chemist and alchemist Robert Boyle, who is known as 'the father of chemistry'; William 'Guillermo' Bowles, the Cork-born natural historian, chemist, metallurgist and astronomer; Richard Kirwan, the author of *Elements of Mineralogy* (1784), the first systematic work on the subject in English; James Watt; Francis Beaufort, the Navan-born inventor of the wind-strength scale adopted by the British Admiralty in 1838; the Dublin engineer, inventor and entrepreneur, Alexander Mitchell; Nicholas Callan, the inventor of the induction coil; the photographer Mary Parsons and her son Charles, both from Birr; John Tyndall, the physicist from Co. Carlow who helped found the scientific journal *Nature* in 1869; William Thompson (Lord Kelvin), in physics the 19th century equivalent of Newton in the 17th century and Einstein in the 20th; John Philip Holland, submarine designer and builder; and Ernest Walton, the Dungarvan-born physicist who collaborated with Cockcroft to 'split the atom' in 1932.

In response to questions from the floor, the speaker made the telling observation that very few of the individuals he'd mentioned were 'of the Catholic persuasion'. He contrasted, too, the paucity of Irish Nobel prize-winners in the scientific/technological field with the rich haul of prizes in the arts.

The final speaker of the day was Breton author and publisher Bernez An Nail, who recalled the warm welcome he'd received at Celtic Congresses held in Cornwall at St. Austell (1975) and Bude (2000) and paid a particular tribute to the work of the late Richard Jenkin. He, too, admitted to being a little puzzled by the Congress theme, the fine arts having been explored by previous Congresses.

He considered the Breton diaspora to be quite different from others, with the vast majority of the estimated 1,600,000 who'd left Brittany between 1800 and 1960 because of rural poverty, moving to France, especially Paris, where many had died of tuberculosis in the slums. By comparison, he estimated that only 45,000 Bretons had emigrated to the U.S. during the last two centuries, with a further 55,000 settling in Canada. He estimated, too, that there were 1-2 million people with Breton ancestry living in France, with certain centres, such as Le Havre, having Breton enclaves which at one stage made up 30% of their population.

Although there was no great contribution to the arts as the first generation of émigrés settled into new milieus, it was surprising to learn that Chateaubriand and Jules Verne both left Brittany at the age of eighteen to pursue literary careers, while the Breton scholar Villemarqué played a major role in the Breton national awakening of the 19th century. In music Bernez An Nail singled out Jacques Colebault (Jacquet of Mantua), one of the most gifted musicians of the Italian Renaissance.

In science and industry he made special mention of the Breton-speaking physician René-Theophile-Hyacinthe Laënnec, the inventor of the stethoscope, who moved from Nantes to Paris; the embryologist Louis Sébastien Tredern de Lézéred; and Pierre Bouger, the 18th century physicist who invented the heliometer. Nearer our own times, there was the metro builder, Fulgence Bienvenue, and Auguste de Gourcuff, the Breton founder of the giant insurance company L'Assurance Générale de France. Interestingly, the Breton patriot and language scholar Le Gonidec also worked for this company. Finally, the speaker drew his audience's attention to the emergence in the business field during the last fifty years or so of Breton ex-patriots such as Yves Rocher and François Pinault.

Lecture Theatre 1 proved to be a fitting venue for this stimulating set of lectures by speakers from fairly diverse backgrounds.

Derek R. Williams
August 2007

AN BANER KERNEWEK/THE CORNISH BANNER

The Cornish Banner is available at bookshops and newsagents throughout Cornwall and outside the land. It is obtainable immediately after publication from the following – Newlyn Books, The Old Post Office, Chapel Street, Penzance; The Ark, Hayle; Meneage News, Meneage Street, Helston; the Redruth Bookshop, Redruth; Archway Bookshop, Market Strand, Falmouth; Just Books, Truro; Truro Bookshop, Royal Cornwall Museum, Truro; the Loft Bookshop, Mevagissey; Bookends, Fowey; the Strand Bookshop, Padstow; Liskeard News, Liskeard; Bosco Books, Shutta Road, Looe and the Bookshelf, Fore Street, Saltash.

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LETTERS ...

Thank you very much for your donation of a copy of "Cornwall in the 17th Century" for use as a raffle prize at this year's Yn Chruinnaght. According to an article in one of the local newspapers "Yn Chruinnaght 2007 has been declared a resounding success by its organizers." And I really think that says it all! The Centenary Hall here in Peel played host to sell out concerts and ceilis, while out and about sessions and gigs were held in some of the local pubs. Other events were music and dance workshops, Manx language workshops and an evening of satirical poetry, even the children were catered for with a tea party. One outside event which proved popular was traditional dancing and music around Peel and luckily the weather proved very good for that event.

The raffles for me, as always, are great fun and I get to see old friends and make some new ones as well, as I sell various CDs by visiting groups. It had been decided to hold just two raffles as time was rather limited but these took just over £200, which is a good boost to our funds. I think if the hall had been bigger, we would have been able to have a lot more people but owing to fire regulations etc. the number of people had to be limited but it's certainly not the first time that Yn Chruinnaght has changed venues in its history and will possible do so again in the future and hopefully to a larger hall, though we were lucky to get the Centenary Hall at short notice. The hall itself is getting very popular with visiting groups and artists.

But we all had a great time and are looking forward towards next year and going back to that newspaper article "2007 saw 30 years of Yn Chruinnaght and if this year was anything to go by, the event will be running for another 30 years" and I for one, really do hope so.

So once again, thank you for your donation. It really does help.

Verity Gorry, Secretary/Treasurer Yn Chruinnaght, 23 Kerroo Coar, Peel, Isle of Man IM5 1JB

How very fitting was your editorial "Ways to Save the World" in the August issue of An Baner Kernewek. Africa is always looked upon as being a little, if not a lot, behind the technological ability of the Western Nations in general. Yet I do recall that despite sanction placed on Rhodesia her developments in the fields of solar engineering were in many ways as advanced as those of Britain.

Despite the unlimited power generated from the mighty Zambezi at Kariba, the man made sea, which while settling, used to some times cause minor earthquakes, shaking as far as Salisbury (Harare) a couple of hundred miles away, there was developing a solar system for houses in parts of Rhodesia. In the Lowveld, which was a sugar growing area, when visiting, in the course of business, I saw a whole group of houses, built for the use of African labour. Each one had solar systems for heat in the winter and cooking in the summer time. Remembering this was in the mid-70s, the area of the Lowveld, was quite warm, even in winter time, compared to other areas in that country, sugar growing its main crop.

Asking how the solar power system, installation was doing, any problems etc. I was told that all the inhabitants of the many houses were delighted with the instant hot water and cooking and light facilities. Often most had come from Bush areas originally and to find this was the complete end to their joys. Light had been from candles and heat from chipped wood from trees. Following this development and despite the cheapness of powered electricity from Kariba it was noticeable that in many other towns now houses had installed the solar panels on their roofs.

Perhaps in this day and age here in Britain the initial cost of installation of solar power is expensive but surely long term will prove much cheaper, though of course the weather and sunshine periods here may affect the issue considerably.

Vic Lawry, 1 Ferrey Mews, Angell Town Estate, Brixton, London SW9 7QL

Sorry to hear of your medical problems and sorry also I haven't been in touch lately due to work commitments etc. ABK very good as usual. Hope A. Kent makes the music review a regular column. Must also get a copy of Derek Williams "Quotations" book! Get well soon! With every good wish and regards.

Jonathan Rosewall, Porthleven, Helston.

The editor thanks Jonathan and other correspondents for their expressions of sympathy following his recent accident which it was thought might delay the publication of this issue. Fortunately it has not and I am pleased to say I am now on the mend.

For latest Flemish news key into Peter Logghe's web-sites - www.peterlogghe.be and peterlogghe.blogspot.com

Latin tags & phrases

Nil desperandum – never say die. Literally 'nothing is to be despaired of'
Non sequitur – it does not follow
Pari passu – at an equal pace
Per ardua ad astra – through difficulties to the stars
Persona non grata – unwanted person
Pro bono publico – for the public good
Prosit – cheers! Literally 'May it benefit you'
Quid pro quo – something given in return for something
Quod erat demonstrandum – which was to be demonstrated
Quos custodiet ipsos custodes? - who will guard the guards themselves?
Sic transit gloria mundi – so passes away the glory of the world
Si monumentum requiris, circumspice – if you seek (his) monument, look around you
Sub judice – before the courts
Tabula rasa – a clean slate
Tempus fugit – time flies
Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes – I fear the Greeks, even when bearing gifts
Ultima Thule – the end of the world
Victor ludorum – winner of the games
Vita fugit sicut umbra – life flies by like a shadow

Cornish Notes by DYGEMYSKER

PETRA MANN

A HEROIC young RNLI lifeguard has relived his terrifying night-time battle to save his friend from dying in a freezing Cornish sea cave.

Shane Davis and Renee Potgieter, both 21 and from New Zealand, were trapped by the tide for 11 hours in a water-filled cave at Bedruthan Steps, near Mawgan Porth, North Cornwall

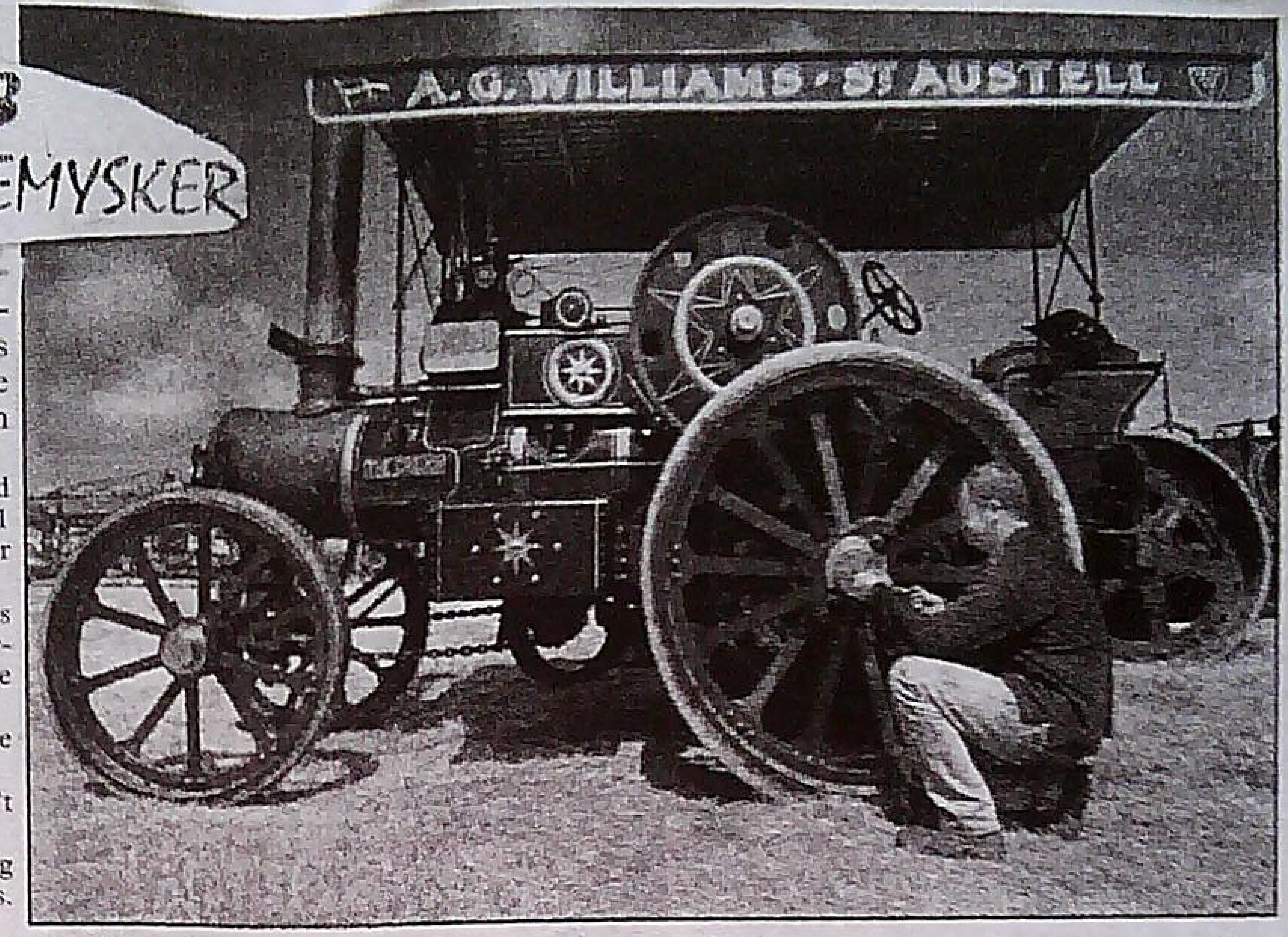
Mr Davis told how he was forced to leave Miss Potgieter, who was suffering from severe hypothermia, so he could dive into the sea and swim out of the cave to alert rescuers searching for them.

He said: "I knew she was in danger and could have died – she had real bad hypothermia.

"I was really scared she might not make it. I wasn't worried about myself – I just had to get help.

"I was in the water for around 40 minutes waiting for the lifeboat crews to spot me in their searchlights. It was sheer relief to see those guys."

4/7/07



● **HISTORY:** Andrew Williams with his steam tractor which has worked in the West since 1918

Vintage time for Padstow crowds

THOUSANDS of visitors enjoyed a spectacular day out at yesterday's annual Padstow Vintage Show.

Traditionally a steam rally, the event now hosts a diverse array of powerful "boy's toys" with tractors, diggers, gladiator jousting displays, military vehicles and much more.

The main attraction of the day was the digger dancing, which saw dozens of enormous agricultural diggers spinning and tilting in time to the music. At one point the lead "dancer" tilted almost upside down and carefully cracked an egg placed nearby.

Organisers couldn't have hoped for better weather with the event attracting record crowds believed to be in the thousands.

Another show highlight was a performance by 16 heavy horses, each competing to be the best in show. This was a hot favourite with the children.

Alan Pollings for the show said: "It's been absolutely brilliant. We've had a great turnout – this is certainly the biggest year.

Dozens of craft stalls ringed the showground with vintage model collections and the Marching Band of the Salamancas – The 6th Battalion of the Rifles – performed for the crowds. It is the largest and newest regiment of the British Army which has never before performed in Cornwall.

Mr Pollings added: "The day has been a great success and we have been overwhelmed by the sheer volume of exhibits and interest this year."

9/7/07

A NOTORIOUS section of the A30 was consigned to the history books yesterday with the opening of a £93 million dual carriageway in Cornwall.

The Highways Agency officially unveiled the seven-mile stretch of the road between Bodmin and Indian Queens, forming part of the main arterial link into the county.

Tourist groups, the Highways Agency, business leaders, environmentalists and road campaigners all welcomed the opening after years of work to replace the single-lane carriageway across Goss Moor.

The new road will bypass the moor and its bottleneck at an iron railway bridge which has been the scene of dozens of road accidents.

Transport minister Tom Harris said: "This new road is great news for the people of Cornwall, local businesses and the hundreds of thousands of visitors who use this route every single year.

"This major investment will bring economic benefits to the county and it has opened the way for a whole range of environmental improvements to the Goss Moor and surrounding area.

12/7/07

Cornwall wins bid to have unitary status

MATT CHORLEY
LONDON EDITOR

CORNWALL will be run by a single super-council within two years, the Government announced yesterday.

The bid to create a unitary authority – consigning the district and county councils to history – was last night hailed as a "once in a generation opportunity".

Local Government minister John Healey told MPs he has approved the plan to create a stand-alone unitary after months of public rows between politicians of all parties about whether the move should get the go-ahead.

The county council and the five MPs hope the plan could lead the way for more powers to be handed down to Cornwall.

WHEN the respective Boards of Governors of Dartington College of Arts (DCA) and University College Falmouth (UCF) sat down last Friday, they were aware that they were deciding on much more than a merger of institutions.

They were laying the foundations for what promises to become a unique and transformational academic, cultural and economic vision for creative industries in the South West.

This is because the merger – which could take effect from January 1 next year – is the first step in creating a new University for the Arts in Cornwall: a unique combination in the UK Higher Education sector of Falmouth's art, design and media and Dartington's highly distinctive programme of performance arts.

At the point of merger there will be around 3,000 students, expected to grow to 4,000 by 2012. This would achieve the critical mass required for university title.

20/7/07

Gold status for town fitness base

A BODMIN fitness centre has been given gold status in recognition of its support for a cyclist in training for the Olympic Games next year in Beijing. Mike Munds Fitness Studio was selected to be a gold member of the British Olympic Passport Association scheme for helping Ellen Hunter, an Olympic indoor cyclist. Ms Hunter, who trains regularly at the studio in Bodmin, said: "It is really tough at this level, you never know how you'll feel on the day and nerves can have a huge impact on performance, but my training in Bodmin is going well." Mike Munds is delighted that the Olympic committee has recognised his studio's support for Ellen and said: "We are proud to support her in her training."

2/8/07

RESIDENTS of Morvah in West Cornwall were busy baking yesterday, in preparation for their annual Pasty Day celebration today.

The former mining area has held Pasty Day in early August for the past 20 years. This revived the tradition of holding a horse fair on the first Tuesday of August in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Pasty Day lasts all day into the evening, and continues tomorrow evening.

There will be stalls, a car boot, children's games, trampolines, face painting, refreshments and live music from 1960s pop band, Edison Lighthouse.

Pasties and refreshments will be served in the church and schoolhouse. Madron Young Farmers will provide a barbecue in the evening.

7/8/07

FIRE investigators and police will resume their search for two missing guests in the rubble of the Penhallow Hotel early this morning.

The team was last night concentrating on one area of the smouldering remains of the hotel.

Fears were growing for two people still unaccounted for following the blaze, which led to the death of one man and injured at least four other people.

Emergency crews ended the day's search shortly before 8.30pm last night.

A 43-year-old man from the Midlands died as the fire raged on Saturday morning after he jumped from one of the hotel's windows. Police are investigating the possibility that the dead man's mother may be one of those unaccounted for.

Four people are in hospital, including one victim believed to be between 70 and 80-years-old who is fighting for life in a critical condition.

● **FATAL BLAZE:** Fire crews battle to contain the fire at the Penhallow Hotel in Newquay

20/8/07

Islanders set to tune in to their own radio station

A RADIO station billed as the world's smallest is to hit the airwaves on the Isles of Scilly, featuring a distinctly eclectic range of programming.

Radio Scilly has been set up thanks to the efforts of seasoned radio professional Keri Jones, who sold his house to buy radio equipment costing £65,000.

Broadcasting from an office over an estate agent on St Mary's, Radio Scilly has already enlisted 67 islanders who want to send their voice over the airwaves.

Mr Jones, 37, said people had tuned in to previous test runs from as far afield as Texas and New Zealand.

"There is already a great buzz about the radio station and a lot of people on the island want to take part," he said.

The range of programming will reflect the interests of its listeners, with Mr Jones starting the day with a magazine breakfast show.

1/8/07

Village named county's best kept

FOR the second year running, St Mawgan-in-Pydar has been named as Cornwall's best kept village.

Judges were impressed with its well-kept gardens, litter-free streets and well manicured churchyard.

The honour was bestowed on the village, near Newquay, by Cornwall's Federation of Women's Institutes, sponsored by the Cornwall branch of the Campaign to Protect Rural England.

Within the next few weeks, residents will receive a ceremonial plaque and cheque to celebrate.

Jenny Salmon, who runs the village store, tea rooms and post office, said: "It's a special place to live, is cared for and has a good community. Everyone is very proud of where they live. Nothing extra was really done for the competition – it is kept like this all the time."

Children help look after the village by making it their job to pick up any litter they find lying around. The village is a favourite on the tourism map, with thousands of visitors stopping by to enjoy its beauty.

Parish councillor Liz Spry said; "We are going to get a plaque and a cheque for £500 for winning. Last year's winnings were spent on a picnic bench and chairs. We don't know what we will buy this year."

11/9/07

● **MAGNIFICENT:** The Grade I listed

AN HISTORIC gem which was once one of the most fashionable country houses in the country has been bought by the National Trust.

In an announcement due this morning, the charity will confirm it is to take over the magnificent Grade I-listed Godolphin House, near Penzance.

An undisclosed purchase price has been agreed with the Schofield family, whose members have been lovingly devoted to its upkeep since 1936.

To help pay for the maintenance of the magnificent house and its unique gardens, the National Trust has launched a £500,000 fundraising appeal.

Mark Harold, regional director of the charity for Devon and Cornwall, said it was a house worth saving for the nation.

"Godolphin is a unique historical treasure, so when the house, garden and outbuildings came up for sale, we felt it was vital to buy them, although we knew we would need help from our supporters to fund the restoration work," he said.

9/8/07

Grommets make it their day

THEY came from all over the South West and beyond on Saturday for the British Grommets Interclub Surf Championships in Newquay, ***writes Surfing Correspondent, Matt Dale.***

Grommets are young surfers and it was their day to compete against other surf clubs.

The atmosphere on the beach and in the water was fantastic as the bulk of the competitors were of primary school age. The upper age limit was 14.

Abilities ranged from six and eight-year-olds who did well to stand up and surf to the likes of Harry Timson and Beau Bromham who were ripping and shredding waves.

It was the efforts of Harry that was the major contribution to the win by Surfsup Polzeath Surf Club.

24/9/07

FOR those in the know, the name itself should be a giveaway, but a website extolling the virtues of Porthemmet Beach in Cornwall has attracted thousands of visitors to the site eager to read more about what is described as the best beach in the county.

It is the use of the word "emmet" - a local term for tourist – which signals the fact that the site is a giant hoax, but it seems that many people have been taken in by the spin.

No wonder they find the place appealing. The website at www.porthemmet.com describes in great detail the attractions of Porthemmet which include a beautiful coral reef, pods of friendly dolphins, home to more than 100 puffins and very warm waters.

27/9/0

Rail line remembered

FILM footage of a train journey between Truro and Newquay, taken days before the line closed in 1963, is being shown at the weekend as part of an exhibition. The show of local railway photographs and films was opened at 2.15pm yesterday by Lady Mary Holborow at the GWR Staff Association building next to Truro railway station. The exhibition is open to the public and continues today from 11am to 6pm. For more details call 01726 860374.

4/8/07

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NIGEL TANGYE AND CORNWALL

by James Whetter

The Tangyes were one of those Cornish entrepreneurial families who rose to prominence in the 19th century when the Industrial Revolution was in full spate. There are echoes in the careers of early members with those of the St. Austell brewer, Walter Hicks, architect Silvanus Trevail and more especially, with that of Henry Dennis, who made his fortune in the Ruabon brick and pottery works in north Wales - because the Tangyes also made theirs outside Cornwall, in Birmingham. There is a resemblance too with the Falmouth Fox family because Quakerism also featured in their lives. Like Dennis with his home at Laninval near Bodmin, they also had a Cornish Shangri-la, at Glendorgal near Newquay.

Newquay was beginning to develop in the mid-19th century, its magnificent stretch of sands, its coves, its coastline naturally having appeal, especially to Richard on holiday from the Midlands. But he had known the area as a boy and Nigel recalled that Richard somewhere related how once he had clambered up from Porth beach on to the property at Glendorgal only to be kindly admonished by the owner. No doubt it was then that the spark to acquire it was first engendered in him. He remembered the gentle manner of the owner and when he came to be the proprietor he behaved in like manner.

Glendorgal was originally part of the Arundell estates but in 1801 it had been bought from Lord Arundell by Samuel Symons. The latter sold the land (a portion of which along the cliff edge was called "The Dorgals") to Ephraim Stevens in 1825 and he in turn sold it to Francis Rodd of Trebartha Hall near Launceston in 1850. There was no sign of the building on the 1840 tithe map and it seems it was Rodd who erected a house there probably in the 1850s, to be his summer residence.

This coastal area is rich in barrows and burial sites of early peoples and Rodd located a cinerary urn on his property. He reported on the find at a meeting of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, Truro on 7th November 1850 – "The Vase now in the Museum of the Society, was discovered by some workmen I was employing to level an earthen fence close to my cottage (Glen Dorgal) at Lower St. Columb, Porth. It appears that the barrow underneath which the vase was discovered, had been cut down and shaped so as to form part of the fence, and it is only remarkable it was not brought to light at the time." The vase was found inverted in a pit covered by a flat stone. "On raising it a quantity of human bones with black earth and ashes fell out into the pit. The whole had evidently undergone the action of fire."

Rodd was notified within five minutes of its discovery and searching through remains, the only thing identifiable he found was "a part of the jaw with the sockets... very perfect." "The vase is of the rudest workmanship, with a zig-zag ornament carelessly scratched with a pointed tool around the upper part." He looked at the four flat stones surrounding the pit but did not find any engraving on them.

The sea level was lower at that time and at Porth there was evidence of a "submerged forest" as there is on several other Cornish beaches. Nigel remembered in his childhood the last remaining stump in the middle of the sand which remained many years before it vanished. Porth is one of the few natural harbours on the north Cornwall coast and is the traditional landing place of the Irish St. Columba, after whom St. Columb Minor and Major are named. It must have been much used for trade through the centuries thereafter. It was described by Drew in 1824 – "Porth, a sea port, to which coals are imported from Wales and from which considerable quantities of sea sand are carried for manure." It was a fishing centre and a seining company, the Concord, was based there in the early 19th century.

In 1872 Pendarves Vivian M.P. of Place, St. Antony bought Glendorgal from Rodd for £3,400. He built a little harbour on the south side of Trevelgue Island for his steam yacht. The small pier is shown on a photograph of 1885. Eventually it was dismantled and the blocks of granite used to build a house in St. Columb Minor. A builder told Nigel that it had never been anything but damp for the granite had held the moisture. Remnants of the harbour are still visible, a huge slab of slate which must weigh a ton and at certain tides iron-bolted planks half buried in the sand.

Richard, Nigel's grandfather, was the son of Joseph and Anne Tangye and was born at Illogan in 1833. He had five brothers and three sisters. His father was a miner, afterwards a small shopkeeper and farmer. Until the age of eight he attended a local school and helped on the farm but when he broke his right arm it was supposed he would be unable to earn a living by manual work. His parents were Quakers and were advised to extend his education and he spent three years (1844-47) at a school at Redruth kept by William Lamb Bellows, father of the printer and lexicographer John Bellows. In February 1847 he went to the Friends' School, Sidcot, Somerset, where he formed a lifelong friendship with William Tallack, the prison reformer. He remained there as a pupil teacher and assistant until 1851.

Richard was under five foot tall and the butt of children's jokes. He disliked teaching and at the end of 1852 moved to Birmingham to work as a clerk for Thomas Worsdell, tool manufacturer. His younger brother George soon joined him as a junior clerk. They were followed by two other brothers, James and Joseph, mechanical experts who had worked under Brunel for William Brunton, engineer to the West Cornwall Railway, and had made a hydraulic press, which favourably impressed Brunel. James set up as a machine tool manufacturer. Richard left Worsdell's employment and began a general hardware business in 1856 and soon joined his brother along with George and Joseph.

In 1856 Brunel, mindful of James and Joseph's earlier efforts, commissioned the brothers to supply him with hydraulic jacks to launch the *Great Eastern* steamship. The successful performance of this commission proved the first step in the firm's rise to prosperity. "We launched the *Great Eastern*, the *Great Eastern* launched us", was Richard's successful advertisement. In January 1859 he married Caroline, daughter of Thomas Jesper of Birmingham, a corn merchant and in the following years had four sons and two daughters.

In 1859 the firm moved to new premises in Clement Street and three years later acquired three acres of land at Soho, building there the Cornwall works in 1864. In 1863 they constructed a steam motor vehicle, which they named "Cornubia". It was ahead of its time and the landed gentry took alarm. They were afraid their horses would kick the traces and the matter was brought before parliament. An Act was secured forbidding any machine to proceed along the high roads at more than four miles an hour. Even then it was not allowed to proceed unless a man walked in front with a red flag to warn off any approaching livestock.

Ultimately the Cornwall works absorbed 30 acres of surrounding land and employed 3,000 workers. Richard gradually took over the duties of the other brothers. He was an exceptional organiser of large scale production and a very successful marketer of his products. He remained chairman of the company until his death.

He was a strong Liberal and supported worthy causes in the area. He became a Birmingham councillor and played a major role in furthering the cause of education in the city. He was largely responsible for the building of Birmingham Art Gallery which I used to visit as a student when the University Arts department was housed in the adjacent Mason College premises. It was with a certain pride and astonishment that I read on a huge plaque going up the staircase of the role of a Cornishman in its foundation. The silver trowel which Richard used to lay the foundation stone for the gallery in 1884 later found a place in his grandson's cottage, "Minack", near Land's End. Richard and his brothers had built up a magnificent collection of Wedgwood ware, consisting of vases, busts, bas-reliefs, medallions, cameos and

plaques, including a replica of the Portland Vase, which had been destroyed by a madman in 1848. These he gave to the Gallery and after a varied history during the wars are now magnificently housed in show cases.

Richard travelled abroad a lot in connection with his business and wrote an autobiography, *One and All*, first published in 1890. In 1894 he was knighted on Lord Rosebery's recommendation. He first rented a house for holidays in Cornwall at Newquay in about 1873. This was the battlemented building which is now the Golf Club. While on holiday his mind no doubt lingered on Glendorgal in its unique position and snug shelter from the storms on the south side of Porth beach. A couple of years later he was able to rent it from Vivian and seven years later bought it from him for £15,000. The price paid, as well as being a good mark up for Vivian, also testifies to Richard Tangye's great desire for the place and his wealth at the time.

He was soon making improvements to the property. He built on the dining room and what was the billiard room and which subsequently became the main room with the bar in the hotel. He added a further structure on the east side what was later to become the staff room, another bedroom and two bathrooms. In 1884 he cut a new drive approaching from the south west – before the only approach was up the drive along the cliff edge from Porth. The new drive with entrance gates and lodge swung round down the hill to the front of the house. The entrance gates were grand affairs, each pillar surmounted by an eagle. In the five acres surrounding the property he erected no less than seven shelters. Unfortunately most have decayed or been destroyed by vandals in modern times. The Cabin at the end of the point is mostly gone but from it there is a spectacular view of the blowing hole that divides Trevelgue Head opposite. The Temple in the corner of the field next to Lusty Glaze Bay was where Gilbert proposed to Nigel's mother. All that remains of the building is a low circle of brick in the turf. An unusual shelter in the middle of the field is probably the site of an early barrow. From a flagpole on an eminence by the house Richard flew the Union Jack when the family were in residence – this is depicted on an engraving of the house of about this time.

Before the end of the century a bridge was built over the stream at Porth. Before that there was a ford and little more than a track going up the hill towards Watergate Bay. On the left of the track was a sturdy little cottage which was part of the Glendorgal estate and which Nigel later made use of.

One afternoon after a summer storm in July 1901 Sir Richard was walking along the line of jetsam which the retreating tide had left at Porth beach, when his eye was caught by the glint of glass under some seaweed. He picked up the bottle and inside was a beautifully made model of a schooner. He brought it back to his house, had a stand made for it and for many years it had pride of place in his hall. At Glendorgal he assembled a fine collection of Cornish books, Richard Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, Boase, *Collectanea Cornubiensis* and *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*, Borlase, *The Natural History of Cornwall*, *The Antiquities of Cornwall* and the *Ancient and Present State of the Islands of Scilly*, Lysons, *Magna Britannia*, Hitchens, *The History of Cornwall*, Maclean, *The Parochial and Family History of the Deanery of Trigg Minor* and long runs of the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*.

1901 was an eventful year. They kept a visitors' book at Glendorgal and that year the place witnessed the first motor car. Harry, Nigel's uncle, driving down from Birmingham in his newly acquired 7½ horse power Panhard. Harry remained an ardent motorist and in his long life owned 75 cars. When Harry came down for the third time in 1902, Richard went for a ride with him to Ladock and Truro. He observed – "the first ride in one since the Cornubia in 1863." On 12th September he drove Gilbert, his mother Caroline and his fiancée, a Miss Kidman, to Gurnard's Head, Land's End and St. Ives, returning in 2½ hours. The following day he chugged off for Birmingham, getting to Exeter in 4½ hours. Gilbert and Miss Kidman had their engagement party on the 20th when 19 members of the family and friends were present. His first car was a 20-30 h.p. Renault which he used to travel between London and Glendorgal. In April 1907 he left Glendorgal at 11.50 a.m. and, having encountered 10 feet of snow on Salisbury Plain, arrived at his London home just under 12 hours later.

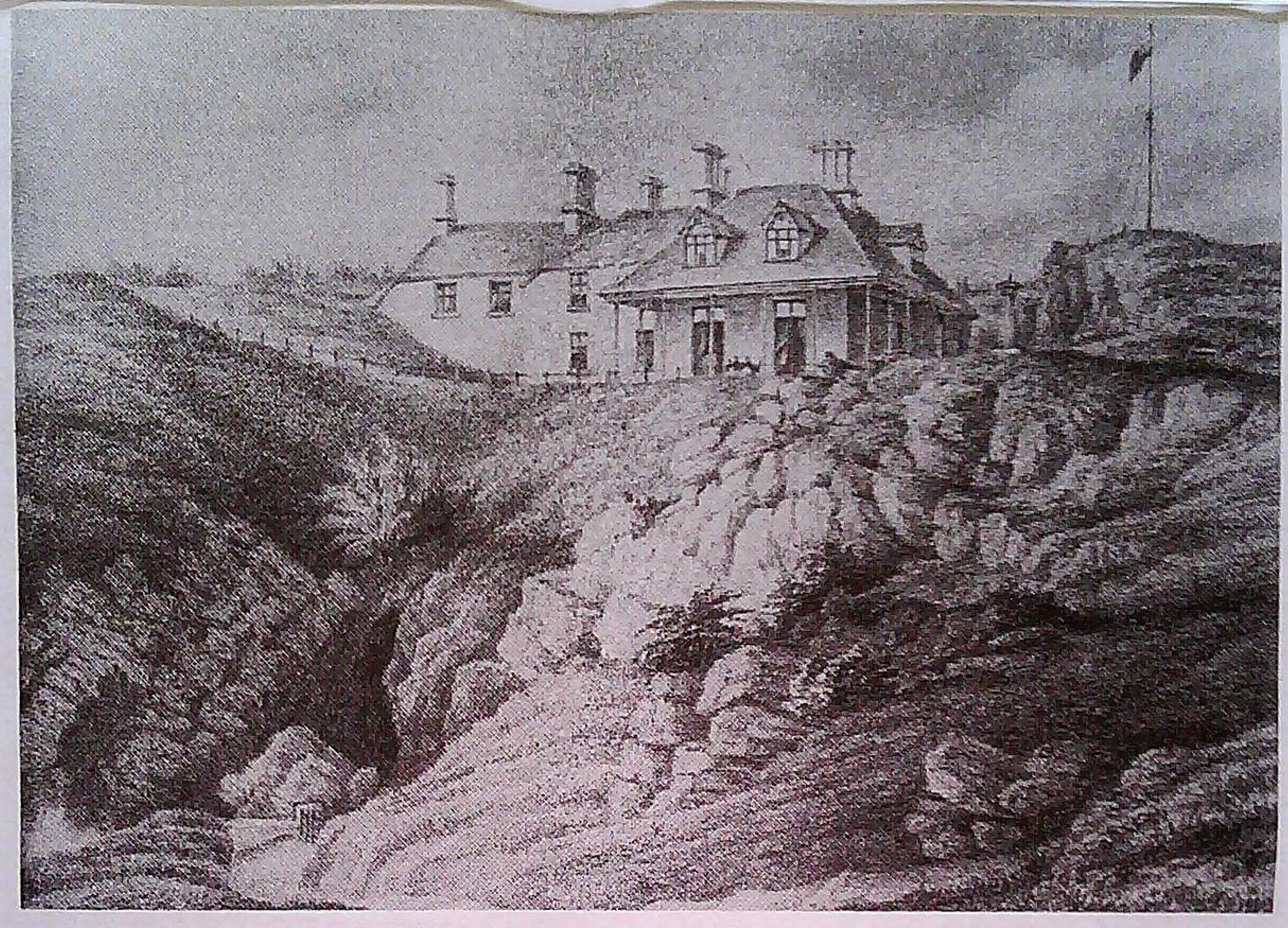
On 6th March 1908 the *Hodbarrow Miner*, a coal ship, was wrecked in a force 10 gale on the beach at Mawgan Porth. In the afternoon the vessel had been sighted off Newquay Headland with all her sails blown away. The Newquay lifeboat was alerted but during the morning had had an accident in a practice and had lost a crewman. In any case before she was able to be launched the *Hodbarrow Miner* was seen ashore on the beach. There was only one survivor, Joseph Warricker, from Falmouth who was seen in the surf and pulled ashore by two coastguards. Four other members of the crew were lost. Afterwards a mast from the vessel was used to replace the flagpole at Glendorgal.

In London Richard Trevithick Gilbert (known as Gilbert) worked as a barrister and lived at 40 Bramhall Gardens, Earls Court. He and his wife had three sons, Colin, Nigel and Derek, three years separating each of their births, Nigel being born on 24th April 1909. In August that year, then aged 3½ months, he came down to Glendorgal in his father's car, the first of many visits. The visitor's book recorded motoring transgressions. Harry was caught out for speeding when coming down in his 15 Minerva. In September 1909 Gilbert and his chauffeur, Beerbohm, were fined at Truro Police Court for "furious driving".

In March 1911 Glendorgal was visited by two royal princes, Edward and Albert, though Gilbert and all the family were away at the time. Edward was recovering from a bout of measles picked up at his school at Dartmouth and he and his brother came down to stay with their tutor Henry Hansell at the Newquay home of a mutual friend, the then Chief Constable of Cornwall, Sir Hugh Protheroe Smith. He suggested they spend some time at Glendorgal. Their visit was reported by Phyllis Trembath the Tangye's housekeeper. They had a good look round the house and grounds, signed the visitors' book and seem thoroughly to have enjoyed themselves. They got on the weighing machine "separately and together and wondered how many of them it would take to weigh as much as Mr. Joos the manager of the Headland Hotel, who is a very stout German and who seems to amuse them greatly" - presumably they must have dined at the hotel. A few days later Mr. Trembath showed them around the caves and beach at Porth, where they spent over two hours. Afterwards they thanked Trembath "very nicely and they said they had enjoyed themselves very much."

On Richard's death in 1906 Glendorgal became the property of his eldest son Harold Lincoln who became a baronet in 1912. The following year Harold sold Glendorgal to his younger brother Gilbert who seems to have used the place as a holiday home for a time. Life at 40 Bramhall Gardens was very comfortable and homely for the children and Nigel had an idyllic childhood. He looked back on the time there and reflected, save "for passing showers" "the sun always shone on Bramhall Gardens, Earls Court." The household in which he found himself was "one of Edwardian middle class, of fairly well-to-do conventionality." His father was a successful barrister specialising in railway law. Their house was a big one and they had a large staff, a cook, a parlour maid, a chambermaid, a nanny, an under-nanny, a chauffeur and an under-chauffeur. The children were in a nursery separate from the main rooms but his father made periodic affectionate visits, in the morning in particular before going off to the Law Courts. The drawing room, a lovely high room, had French windows opening on to a common garden shared with neighbouring houses. It would be scented with the pipe tobacco his father smoked or Turkish Abdulla cigarettes.

In one corner was a Bechstein grand piano and it was this instrument which gave him his introduction to the joys of music, both his parents playing. But most music making was made for them by a Walter Mignon, an intricate pneumatic instrument like a pianola which repeated the performance just as the pianist played it, with all the variation of touch and nuance that he played the original. When one wanted to play the piano oneself one simply shifted it on its castors away from the keyboard. He became acquainted with Chopin, Wagner, Debussy and other great composers. His father was an early enthusiast for the wireless and Sundays were enriched by an ingenious device which was available on subscription, a private line to the concert at the Albert Hall. They sat round the fireplace with earphones over their heads enjoying the music played there by the finest musicians.



Glendorgal in 1875

He was brought up by his mother as a Christian Scientist. They would go down on alternate Sundays to the Christian Science church at Queen's Gate. On the alternate Sunday they would stay at home and their mother would read a lesson. Later the Christian Science church was abandoned in favour of the Protestant but the lesson at home was retained for many years. Their nanny, Grace Garland, was a lovely lady. Shortly after her arrival Nigel got chickenpox which meant he was fussed over which he quite enjoyed. His childhood was thus spent in blissful peaceful days, with the muffin man calling, the milk man, the lamplighter lighting the lamps, the man with a barrow who collected the horse dung, the basketwork repairer, the lavender lady in the summer, the organ grinder, all the street traders and buskers of Edwardian London.

1914 was a hot summer and Nigel enjoyed being out in the open air with his brothers. One boy he admired was Teddy Rainsford who took to showing off, swallowing caterpillars hanging from a tree. But they did not mix much with their neighbours, a little with Bruce and Mary. From an all boy family though Nigel did not take easily to girls and dreaded going to parties in which they participated. He went first to a kindergarten school in Glendower Place, South Kensington and later to the fashionable day school run by Mr. Wagner in the lower end of Queensgate. They were well disciplined at the latter school but it was a paternal discipline. They walked up Queensgate to the Park the crocodile of boys going two by two, chatting and laughing, dressed in dark jacket and shorts with blue and black cap. They played football in Battersea Park going there by privately hired horse bus. By the same means they went on occasion to Marylebone public swimming baths. He was a pupil at the school for a couple of years and then went to boarding school.

When he was a child hoops were a great enthusiasm, wooden for the well-to-do, iron for the working class. He could not understand why he was not allowed to have an iron one. Hoops provided a lot of innocent pleasure, a delightful means of embellishing what might otherwise have been a tedious walk, at the same time generating exercise by making one run. All sorts of memories he had of life at the time, viewing the model boats in Kensington Gardens, the "gorgeous iced cake" of the Albert Memorial, the gloomy smell of the Marylebone swimming baths, Madame Tussaud's and the Zoological Gardens, the cage lifts in Harrods where their mother would take them every few weeks to have their hair cut.

Following the outbreak of war his father volunteered for the army but being untrained in military service he suggested to the authorities that he should be an ambulance driver and that his 20-30 h.p. open Renault be converted into an ambulance with himself as the driver. One day he emerged from his dressing room in a khaki uniform with a red cross on a white armband. Subsequently he went across to France in the vehicle. Other evidence that there was a war on were the tiny ration pots of jam, women in uniform, a troop of Artillery trundling up the Cromwell Road, the craze of collecting Regimental cap badges, a non-English speaking refugee Belgian boy at school, gas-driven motor vehicles with huge billowing ungainly gas bags on the roof.

Gilbert came down to Cornwall on recruiting missions at times and played an important role in the early part of the war, as Chief of the Special Constables, secretly engaged in organising resistance in the event of invasion. Later he became a Deputy Lieutenant and Chairman of Quarter Sessions. During breaks in his service they stayed at Glendorgal. Especially during the Easter and summer when the war raged and there was the Zeppelin menace in London. Sometimes he had evidence of the latter. A Zeppelin was shot down near Potters Bar and his brother Colin at school there sent them a small twisted piece of metal retrieved from the wreck.

In 1915, for the first time, accompanied by her sister his mother drove down in the car. They did the journey in a day, in spite of mistaking squeaks in the engine for "beautiful singing by birds". Colin was away at boarding school but he and Derek were at Glendorgal quite a lot during the war. In fact he recalled Cornwall more than London during that period, of gradually imposed food rationing, of wounded soldiers in blue flannel uniforms being entertained to tea on the verandah, of the steady elimination of the use of the car as petrol rationing became ever more stringent. He played with his boat on the

pond, met up with Mr. Lock the gardener, went in the jingle on picnics. They went in Mr. Henwood's jingle to Bedruthan Steps, St. Mawgan, Perranporth and Crantock, to tea at the wooden hut of the golf club overlooking Fistral beach.

Bedrooms in the east side of the house formed the night and day nurseries of the three boys. It was a great thrill he remembered "after a long train journey, to sit down at tea in this room [the day nursery], with a large plate of bread spread with yellow Cornish butter and home-made blackberry jam." Their nursery though was not a cosy room. It faced north and the only window was four foot up from the floor and all they could see was the sky. A large forbidding oak cupboard brought down from Bramhall Gardens covered the greater part of one wall. Across its frontage in gold blue letters was painted the singularly unappealing exhortation to the young, "Labour warms, sloth harms".

Nigel and his brothers got to know the house, grounds and beach below very well, in particular the little cove directly below Glendorgal, Cupboard Cove, the same rocks, the same steps, the same pools as exist there today. In those days they would be well wrapped up, even in the hottest days, covered in yellow oil skin waders and apron, playing among the pinnacles, puddles, slopes, cavelets and little streams that are still there.

At Cupboard Cove he would observe the ebbing of the flowing of the tide, making at its height a pool of eight or nine feet deep. Sitting on the grey and black rock, which steps upwards gradually from the sand to the foot of the mombretia bank he would observe the comings and goings. The cove had "a very personal air about it which on a calm day is intimately soothing, but on a rough day is shatteringly powerful and ruthless." A smaller pool nearby in the cove was filled and emptied in a similar way. He called it the Anemone pool. There was a sea anemone at either end and they and the limpets were the regular denizens but when the tide was in there came shrimps, prawns, small crabs. Nigel was fascinated with the sea life that the pool contained. Once he remembered when he was very young, before the First World War, his father brought up some empty halves of mussels which he had collected from the beach and put them in the pool. He had a vivid picture of these little boats, like miniature ironclads, pushing and following each other as he played with them. Perhaps it was this experience, together with the general marine environment, that first began his yearning for the Navy, that led him first to collect miniature warship models, naval picture books, starting him on the path to that service.

In the cliffs of Trevelgue and surrounding area there are some magnificent caverns, many old mine workings. One of the most spectacular is the Banqueting Hall, 50 yards to the right after you have passed under the bridge to the island. The entrance is low and small so that you have to crouch to enter it. It is submerged when the tide comes in. Once a year when he was young they used to hold a concert for charity in it to which a thousand people would come. In his grandfather's time Clara Novello once sang there "to a silent and enraptured audience." Even a small harmonium was somehow hauled over the rocks and stones and pools and into the great natural hall to accompany the singers."

War-time brought its disturbances. The eagles on the pillars of the Glendorgal entrance gates, featuring the arms of the hated Hun, attracted the ire of the local populace and were stoned on more than one occasion. Sometimes they witnessed assaults on British ships at sea. His father wrote in the visitor's book in 1918 – "July 20th. Ship torpedoed off Pentire. Crew brought to Newquay. July 23rd Ship torpedoed near Trevose. Saw her distinctly up on end with giant hole in her. She sank in about 20 minutes." Nigel remembered the latter occasion well. They "were in the dining room in the middle of a shoulder of lamb with young green peas when the explosion shook the house. We rushed out, but the high contour of the Island hid the scene. I ran along the path to the sundial, down the steps to the rocks, across the beach, plunged through the stream, up the steps of the Island and to the turf and over to the other side. As I breasted the hill I saw the ship. Already it was vertical to the horizon, and through the bows was this neat hole. Gradually it subsided into the waters. There was a brief flurry on the surface, one or two little black dots remaining, and then all was still." He felt as if he should not have been there, that this was "grown-ups' life". "I knew now there were things in the world that were terrible. And never since then have I looked across the sublime ocean from the Point or from the Island without the reminder of death and destruction it hides."

There were other disasters and tragedies that summer. 10th May - "Airship wrecked off the Headland and towed into Newquay. One man drowned." 24th July – "Aeroplane fell into the sea near Harbour." As the U-boat offensive reached its devastating maximum in 1917 the steamships plying between British ports or those from west coast ports to the war zones in Europe and the Mediterranean went closer and closer to the shore and there was always a ship visible from Glendorgal. They witnessed attacks at sea as recorded in the Visitors' Book. 21st August – "American steamer torpedoed off Bedruthan". 25th August – "Spanish steamer *Carasa* torpedoed off Bedruthan". 30th August "American steamer torpedoed off Pentire". 2nd September "2 steamers torpedoed off Towan Head." At Glendorgal tea parties were held on the veranda for wounded soldiers "in their blue flannel uniform and bandaged limbs". This repeated a scene that had been seen there during the Boer war earlier in the century.

He was a witness of another plane crash one hot summer when staying at the Burlington Hotel, Folkestone which made a deep impression. A small aeroplane flew low over the coast and came down in the water. A tall naval officer ran down across the beach, casting off his clothes and swam out vigorously to the plane and rescued the pilot.

In his preparatory school in London the music master was called Mr. Nightingale. He was choirmaster, organised the Glee Club, gave recitals on a gramophone and played the organ in church. He encouraged Nigel's musical interest and he sang alto in the chapel choir. Mr. Bourne tried to teach him the violin but he never really mastered it, though continuing with it until the end of his time at Dartmouth. Generally he did well at the school and one report said he showed "responsibility beyond my years". He thought what the master meant though was "responsibility is what he fears." He next attended Copthorne school where he made no great mark. He looked back on his first day there as a time of tribulation. He was unenthused at having to learn dead languages, master algebra and understand all the intricacies of biblical relationships.

On Armistice Day while Nigel was cheering King and Country on a muddy football field, his father was still serving in the mud of Flanders. He had had four days' leave at Glendorgal at the end of September, only six weeks before, so he was not due for more for some time and it was not until April 1919 that they all found themselves together again at Glendorgal. Though the immediate family survived unscathed during the war, the fiancé of his mother's sister, Audrey, who stayed with them from time to time, was killed. Subsequently his father took the three boys to see his grave in Flanders, five years' after his death. They had to live more economically after the war. His father gave up the Abdulla cigarettes – maybe the fact they were Turkish also had something to do with it; the Turks had fought on the side of the Germans – but the aroma of his pipe smoke still lingered among the Axminster carpets and Harrods curtains.

His father was attached to the Army of the Rhine after the war and Nigel and Colin went to join him for their summer holidays in August 1919. Nigel was then ten and his brother 13. From Dover they caught the Ostend ferry being accompanied by a corporal from the R.T.O. section. It was an exciting time for Nigel, boarding his first ship for his first sea crossing, his first visit to a foreign country and going to get a view of the inhuman Germans who had been killing and maiming our people for the past four years. They began to explore the ship. Looking back he thought the lure of the navy may have been born with him. They had collected cap badges in the early part of the war. One of his godfathers was a naval officer and from him he received an ornate badge that made a great impression. Also from him he had a silver bosun's whistle on a silver chain. Of course, Glendorgal itself developed in him a passion for the sea.

The three and half hour crossing to Ostend was bliss, the sea swell, the smoking two-funneled ship. As he said - "The sea and ships clasped me in embrace, and I have never since made any effort to free myself from what I knew to be a hopeless conquest." Having got to

Cologne, he found garrison life was a dream, a compendium of sport and pleasure, fun and excitement. The Excelsior Hotel in the Dom Platz was the Army of the Rhine's GHQ. His father had his office on the third floor. As sons of an officer they had blue tickets which gave them free passage on the city's trams. There were marvellous shops selling marzipan and chocolates, a patisserie, gunsmiths, toy shops, camera shops and smart little cafés. It was the first of several visits and in 1923 when inflation was at its peak they had to rush from the bank to the shops before they put their prices up. In this way they acquired field glasses, cameras, a microscope, a stop watch, a pocket alarm watch and a fascinating silver pistol, only one inch long that fired copper caps with a tremendous bang.

They were billeted at Bayenthal Gürtel and after shopping they would take the No. 14 tram from the Neumarkt along the Ufer beside the Rhine. Their home was a huge, magnificent castellated house in its own grounds on the corner of Bayenthal Gürtel and the Ufer, with its dominating view of the Rhine and the busy traffic of barges and tugs. The owner of the house Herr Strauss, lived in the first, second and third floors while they had the basement, the ground floor and the fifth and sixth floors. He and his family must have resented their presence but did not show it. The Tangyes had a chef and there was little problem in getting supplies of fresh meat and vegetables, delicacies from the French Naafi nearby. Of course, Cologne was badly bombed in the next war but some things still survive. In the centre of the Crescent facing the Rhine near their house was a huge statue of Bismarck "glowering" across the Ufer to the river. Unfortunately Strauss was a Jew and when the Nazis gained power rather than leave his fine house to them he demolished it.

Nigel went back there after the war and saw some of the buildings and views that survived, recalling a time of security and pleasure. His father used to take them around in their chauffeured car, an open khaki Vauxhall. They went on a tour of the battlefields, Ypres, Albert, Passchendael, the Somme, every where a great expanse of tree stumps and crumbled buildings, and saw Uncle Norman's grave. From time to time they would go to Altenar where they had a stretch of trout fishing. In winter they went tobogganing in the snow down the steep street, the Ufer. On motor assisted bicycles they went phut phut off to the golf course at Goldekirchen or in the summer to the tennis courts of the Officers' Club at Lindenthal. He went for riding lessons at the cavalry school, played polo and also cricket. They went to dances, balls and parties. One lady he particularly admired was tall, dark Spanish-looking Amelia but he never managed to have a dance with her.

At times having had an early supper they all squashed into the little blue Renault coupé, he and his brothers in the "dickie", and went to the opera. The garrison had a quota of free tickets and they sometimes went two or three times a week. Their seats were in boxes and he got to know them well. It was no wonder he developed an enthusiasm for Wagner and Strauss. The opera house was bombed in the war and when he went to see it afterwards it was only a shell.

His father was an early wireless enthusiast. With the primitive listening devices then used he reported on his successes in 1922 when at home. "May 31st. Heard concert on the Eiffel Tower, and the Derby result. August 24th. Got message from Cologne by wireless. August 25th. Danced to music from Eiffel Tower by wireless." The last but one entry in the Visitor's Book was a cutting from the *Western Morning News* relating the accident at Glendorgal when Miss Kidman, presumably his mother's sister, and a golfer, was returning from the Ladies Golf Championship at Newquay in a pony and jingle driven by Mr. W.J.Veneer. Approaching the house the pony bolted and the occupants only just managed to jump out before it and the jingle went over the 50 foot cliff. Miss Kidman was seriously injured, the pony was killed, the jingle smashed to pieces. The last entry told of the poor summer that year – "The worst Summer on record. Rain every day."

By the time he was 12 Nigel had set his heart on joining the navy. His autobiographical work published in 1974 was called *Facing the Sea*, and it has a picture on the cover showing the view from Glendorgal, overlooking Trevelgue Point and the sea as far as Trevose Head. The place had imbued in him a passion for the sea and his ambition. But there were obstacles, the high standard of the Common Entrance Exam to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth and the interview you had to have with the admirals. He was not brilliant at his school, Copthorne, never higher than the lower half of his form. The great day of the interview arrived. He had two days off from school and stayed at the Kingsley Hotel, Old Oxford Street. He sat as bravely as he could on one side of a long table opposite eight or nine high ranking officers who were not in their uniforms. They tried to put him at ease but he felt his performance was less than impressive.

He went shortly after to Gieves Ltd., the Naval and Military outfitters of Bond Street. He was attended by the friendly and patient Mr. Kingston regarding his cadet's uniform. He then went to Cologne for the summer holidays. It was not long after going there that pulling into the kerb in front of Bayenthal Gürtel in the khaki Vauxhall, about to go off to have a picnic in the Siebengebirge, a man with a bicycle and wearing a postman's uniform arrived. He handed a telegram to his father who said "It's for you". Trembling Nigel opened it. It read "YOUR ENTRY INTO THE ROYAL NAVY CONFIRMED GIEVES LTD. LONDON". He wrote later – "I have yet to encounter so big a joy, so huge a surprise. I was thirteen and a half years old, and the beautiful sea was to be my life."

Shortly after he went with his mother into Gieves and was kitted out with his naval cadet uniform. He felt very proud. Not long after he was on his way to Dartmouth school, catching the train as customary from Paddington station. Not this time to go to Newquay and Glendorgal but to Kingswear and his school. Several other schoolboys were on the train going to their schools but he felt unashamedly superior.

There was one odd boy on the train going to Dartmouth who stood out, Blumenthal. He took a defiant stand against authority from the first day. "As we later marched up the hill in fours from the ferry to the grand terraces of the Royal Naval College above with the White Ensign in the centre flying high for King and Country, Blumenthal was certainly nothing like us. His fair, uncovered head [he had thrown away his cap] bobbed a little out of rhythm, amid a sea of black caps, drawing the eye of any naval personnel watching as would a beacon on a black night." There was plenty of opportunity for him to rebel against rules and regulations. There came the time when he had to submit to a public flogging which left him little chastened. His time in the navy was equally rebellious and eventually at the age of 19 he and the service parted company.

For Nigel Blumenthal's radicalism had no appeal. He wanted to do all he could for King and Country. He was eager to show his worth but he wondered what he had to offer. He only knew one person at Dartmouth, Mr. Bunting who taught geography and who was a friend of his father's. He had a motor bike and sidecar and used to visit them at Glendorgal. Nigel was thrilled when he went out with him riding in the sidecar. It was therefore a great joy that he learnt Mr. Bunting was to be his tutor at Dartmouth. He was surprised that he took pleasure in the curriculum of the school. Instead of being bored in class he revelled in every minute. All the teaching was on clearly defined rails leading to a recognisable goal, that of sailor, an officer in the Navy. He had such exciting subjects as seamanship, engineering, sailing, rowing, practical work in the metal shops and there was no Latin.

Each group of new cadets, about 60 in all, remained a unit together throughout the eleven terms of the course before passing out and going to sea. Each unit was given its own identity by being invested with the name of a famous admiral. In his case it was the Cornishman, Exmouth. Somewhat confusingly these groups were called "terms". Five terms were in the Junior College and one by one these graduated into the six of the Senior College. Coincident with this elevation they moved physically their living quarters from one dormitory to the next, from one "gunroom" or living quarters to the next. A lieutenant was in charge of the same term throughout its time at the college. Instead of prefects, each term had looking after it senior boys as a Term Cadet Captain, a Cadet Captain and a Sub Cadet Captain.

He set about his studies with a will and obviously made a good impression. At the end of his fifth term there was faint excitement at the end-of-term parade to hear who were to be promoted to be the five Sub Cadet Captains. It was something akin to disbelief that his name was the first to be read out and with flushed embarrassment he

went up in front of the whole school to receive the embroidered gold star which was to be sewn on his sleeve later. This was his first experience of being humbled by trust imposed on him. He was influenced, he later said, by an example of leadership related to him at Dartmouth by Admiral Sir William Goodenough in an address about Sir Francis Younghusband, who walked about 40 years before from Peking to India via a Himalayan pass.

At Dartmouth he met Guy Burgess, who later spied for Russia. It was in his ninth term when again he had been plucked from semi-obscurity to become one of four Cadet Captains. He had to look after the St. Vincent term, boys two years younger than him. It was at their first meal at the long table in the messroom with him sitting at one end and the Term Cadet Captain at the other. Burgess was sitting beside him but though an attractive boy he felt at the end of the first term, having had 252 meals with him there he knew him no better. Later he left Dartmouth for Eton.

Nigel had another shock at the end of term when he was appointed Chief Cadet Captain for the Senior College. The surprise was the greater because he had not had such a good mark in the exams, only 35th out of 60. So after ten terms at the school he found himself Head Cadet at the Royal Naval College, with two shillings and sixpence a week pay, a room to himself and a cup of chocolate to go to bed with. They were privileges only enjoyed by two out of 650 cadets. It was a happy final term for him, the climax of nearly four years at the college. He had an enjoyable social and sporting life outside of school work, went sailing on the Dart, played cricket for the College, played violin and saxophone in the band. At the end of term as Chief Cadet Captain he obtained the King's Dirk, handed to him by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe, victor of the battle of Jutland. At the presentation ceremony he gave him the dirk in its sheath of black leather and gilt and silver naval crown and said "on behalf of His Majesty. Congratulations". It was inscribed with the words "Presented to Chief Cadet Nigel Trevithick Tangye by His Majesty King George V July 20th, 1926." It was his most treasured possession until it was stolen some 30 years later.

When he was 17 accompanied by friends Bickford and Consett he made the night journey down by train to Portsmouth to join their first ship. It was a four funnel old cruiser taking relief crew to Malta, where they were to join the battleship *Valiant*. On that 33,000 ton vessel he spent three glorious years, roaming the Mediterranean visiting such places as Salamis, Alexandria, Argostoli, Villefranche and Venice. One day he saw Britain's largest aircraft carrier, *Courageous*, making a stately entrance into Malta's Grand Harbour. Only a few weeks before he had been up in an Avro Bison, a reconnaissance plane, with his friends Bickford and Salt. They were bowled over by the experience and it turned his mind to the airborne service. While in the Second World War his friends became submariners and died in service, he joined the R.A.F. Viewing the *Courageous* with its planes lined up on its deck that day he saw a way forward for his career, to join the Fleet Air Arm.

In the early spring of 1929 he came back to Glendorgal, driven past the Lodge by Mr. Henwood. "The iron gates with columns, and eagles atop, Mr. Lock's pruned rose bushes, and the Drive, a white ribbon through unbroken lines of veronica on either side. Naked tamarisk against the March clouds sailing like galleons in the sun; that breathless break from the hedged Drive into the meadow ablaze with bobbing daffodils and coy primroses, with the great vista of the sea beyond from Towan Head; around the sweep of the horizon, halted momentarily by the high promontory of Trevelgue, and then on, changing its colour from cobalt to jade, embracing the great, far away Quies rocks on the horizon, and finally crashing against Trevose Head."

He and his parents, who did not seem to have changed a bit, talked over "a tea of splits and Cornish cream, and thinly cut bread with golden butter." His elder brother was then articled to a firm of chartered accountants in London while Derek was at school at Harrow. In the house were housemaids from their days in Cologne, at Lindenthal, Anna Thiebes and her sister Maria. They were to make their home at Newquay and came to rent Cliff Cottage above the harbour, becoming fairy godmothers to the Allied wounded service men from the hospital established at the requisitioned Atlantic Hotel. Not long home and he soon went for a walk from the Glendorgal Terrace, through the tamarisk triangle of the Cosy Nook, past the granite sundial at the cliff edge above Great Cupboard Cove, and on to the grass pathway seaward along to the Point. He alone with nature, amongst wild flowers, oystercatchers, seagulls. "I enjoyed so much looking down at the heaving sea, the swell rising to all but the level of the resting birds and falling again leaving long creamy fingers against the black rock, again and again and forever."

The change of heart regarding the services took hold in the 1930s. The navy did not seem to be all that it was cracked up to be. He got tired of the snobbery, elitism that existed in the higher echelons. His aeronautical interest developed. It was while he was at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, undergoing his Sub-Lieutenant's Course that he applied for a transfer to the Fleet Air Arm but he failed the medical. It was a shock to him and he thought it must have been an error on their part. He was determined though to leave the navy and somehow get into civil aviation. Within 18 months he had passed his professional pilot's licence, one which demanded a higher standard of fitness than that of the naval pilot. He learnt to fly at the Hampshire Aeroplane Club while still an acting Sub-Lieutenant. He found himself qualified for a flying job with a hundred hours flying in his log but he had no money beyond his naval pay and no connections with aviation.

He could find no openings anywhere and decided that he must qualify as a ground engineer. The de Havilland Aircraft Company at Stag Lane Aerodrome ran a small Technical College for students on a two year course and he thought to go on this, the cost 200 guineas. He was lying in hospital in Helensburgh after a car accident in which he had been a passenger. He was there for three weeks and a telegram arrived from Uncle Harry saying he would give him the fee for the course. He secured his release from the navy and enrolled. Fortunately the navy were relaxed about his time with them, some eight years, and did not insist that he should remain in the reserve ready for call-up should that be needed. Shortly after joining the course he became attached to the City of London Squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force – which was to the R.A.F. what the Territorials were to the Army. They were based at Hendon, just across the Edgware Road from Stag Lane. The A.A.F. was a volunteer organisation drawing people from all walks of life who gave up their weekends, two evenings a week and their two weeks' summer holiday in training as auxiliaries and who would take their place alongside regular units in the event of war.

He began to review books on aviation subjects for among other journals, the *Spectator* and the *Observer*. Thus was brought before him the best of flying books in the lively decade of increasing aeronautical interest. To the public the barometer of progress was largely measured by the courage and skill of the long distance record flyers, but the Schneider Trophy Contests, with their international Government sponsored teams, were what pushed Britain ahead in the realm of high performance aircraft. Nigel watched the race held over a course at Spithead in 1931. The planes though had become dangerous to operate, their wings too tiny for their weight, fuselages streamlined like arrows. They were difficult to turn and to land. The contest on 12th September only featured the British plane as the others were not ready in time. All Flight Lieutenant Boothman had to do was finish the course. Two hours later Flight Lieutenant Stainforth on a course near Southampton Water successfully raised the world air speed record to 423.7 m.p.h.

For the race they used the Supermarine S.6 aircraft powered by an entirely new Rolls Royce engine. It had been backed not by the government, then a Labour one, but by an elderly widow, Lady Houston, who announced after their rejection that she would give £100,000 to finance the British entry. It was this bizarre, almost unbelievable, turn of events that led to R.J.Mitchell, with his experience of the S-type, designing his single-seater F.7/30 in 1934, which was later followed by the Spitfire, powered by the successor to the engine of the S.6 of 1931. And it was this plane which featured so brilliantly in the subsequent victory of the Battle of Britain.

Nigel had no private means to fall back on during this decade but was fortunate to be cared for in London by a lady, Colin's godmother, who lived at Bushey Heath. Known as "Gar", she had been a friend of his mother from childhood and bestowed a liberal share of

her natural generosity on the family as well as Colin. The two brothers lived with her for four years in the early 1930s. For Nigel life consisted of flying all day – Stag Lane was only ten minutes from Bushey Heath – and dancing most nights. He was on the list of acceptable young men held by hostesses of Deb dances. Behaviour then was very demure and goodnight kisses between couples were the likely end of the evenings. Venues for the dances were at Kensington Gardens and Mayfair with Ambrose's dance band. The latter's theme song was "The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven" which expressed what everyone felt. Other bands were those of Carol Gibbons at the Savoy, Roy Fox at the Monseigneur and Bert Harris at Ciro's. Evenings out with a girl invariably ended up at a night club. Nigel never enjoyed the Deb dances. No doubt reality seemed colder to him than to others, for he was teetotal and remained so until the outbreak of war. But in the clubs couples were able to get closer and he enjoyed these later sessions, " a celestial way to spend an evening."

One of the great songs of the 1930s was "These foolish things remind me of you" with a lyric "that twisted the screw of nostalgic agony with sure, remorseless clarity into a heart abandoned." There were girls he remembered, Susan, Pearl, Penelope, Nini Theilade. The last a Danish ballet dancer, who travelled the world, he became attached to. She wrote to him from various parts.

Of course, Glendorgal was always there for a break. When they left Mr. Lock the gardener "erect as a poplar to the end, and with his shining leather gaiters" emerged from the Lodge "to say goodbye as we paused at the gates on our journey back to London." During the 1930s they tended to let it for three or four week periods, this in order to raise funds to retain the place. Colin had by this time qualified as a chartered accountant and Derek was a reporter on the *Sunday Referee*. After two years flying at Stag Lane Nigel had a short spell in the Automobile Association's aviation department which arranged routes, permits and carnets and often petrol supplies at obscure place for the AA's private plane owners.

Having got numerous contacts and become quite knowledgeable in the aeronautical sphere, he set up as an Aeronautical Consultant. A year or two previously he had been engaged as a private pilot to Lady Rankin, wife of the M.P. Sir Robert Rankin. She had only a few months to live and she wished to be taken on a tour of Europe in order to say goodbye to her many continental friends. They had a comfortable, trouble-free tour in her private Puss Moth. On arrival at the aerodrome they would take a taxi to a hotel and she would give him some money to enjoy himself in the town. They went to Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Frankfurt, Cologne, Brussels. She died only a few months later.

Two years after this he bought a plane, a single-seat Comper Swift with a 70 h.p. radial engine, with the aid of a loan from Sir Robert. The cost was just £350. A plane was needed so that he could continue to give exhibitions at flying meetings on Saturday afternoons which were reported in the trade magazines. Progress was made in his career when he was appointed the *Evening News* air correspondent with a daily column of some seven hundred words. He also wrote news stories if they were of some moment. For this work he was paid £250 a year. His name was put at the head of the column which was of considerable value for his business. There were also fringe benefits. He was sought after by aircraft companies to give reports on their machines and in return was able to borrow an aircraft whenever he wanted. He sometimes went to Le Touquet, Frankfurt, Cologne or Brussels.

He was then employed by the Civil Air Registration Board to flight test new light aeroplane types. He used to have to put them through complicated manoeuvres which were not normally met with. It added a spice to his normal flying. There was never any space for a parachute. For each test which took up many hours of his time he was paid five guineas. Over the years he flew in 49 aircraft, of which a considerable number were these new planes.

In 1935 he edited the volume *The Air is Our Concern*, published by Methuen. With a foreword by Lord Gorell, it had articles by leading aeronautical experts including C.G.Grey and the American Howard Mingos. There were chapters on air routes, air ports, the case for the airship by the commander of the Graf Zeppelin, the training of air personnel, air defence and problems of policing the empire. An "Envoi" was provided by Prince Bibesco. In the book as with his other writings Nigel urged the British government to build up the British Air Force to the level of the German Luftwaffe. At the time though he could not agree with Churchill who was loudly proclaiming that Hitler was aiming for war.

The book and his work for *The Times* and the B.B.C. led to lush jobs, in particular to being technical adviser to Alexander Korda and his London Film Productions based at the magnificent studios at Denham. He was engaged initially to advise on the major film projected of H.G.Wells's *Things to Come*. Nigel was responsible for the designs of the aircraft used. Having heard of the test Frank Whittle was making with jet engines he showed these planes with no air screws but Korda rejected the idea. He said the public would only think they had forgotten to put them on. When the film was shown he went to Alexandra Palace in 1936 to show off the models, his first television appearance. There were then only 5,000 receivers in private homes. Another film he was involved with for Korda was *Conquest of the Air*, a meticulous re-enactment of events in flying history, costing hundreds of thousands of pounds. He was given two aeroplanes for himself, an old Bristol fighter, ideal for aerial photography, and a Puss Moth for travelling abroad to cities all over Europe viewing thousands of feet of historical film for possible use. At the same time he was Korda's talent scout for technicians.

In early December 1936 he had just finished a piece for the *Evening News* and was looking up through the office window wondering if there was any chance of the murky clouds clearing. The studio was waiting for some back projection cloud shots and he wanted to sort the work out. But the clouds were nimbus and he wanted big billowing cumulus. There was a knock on the door and his secretary, Mr. Picher, came in and said there was a gentleman to see him. A smart man appeared in the civilian uniform of a Guards Regiment. He said he knew Nigel's father and gave his name. He was his father's shadowy boss in London when he was in the Secret Service in Germany. It appeared they wanted him to go on a mission to Spain to look over the situation on the Nationalist side.

Nigel made contact with his German friends, in particular a leading aviation figure, asking him for a letter saying he was sympathetic to the New Germany. He knew this would be useful as it would form an instantaneous introduction to any German nationals whom he might meet. His knowledge of German would thus offset to a certain extent his complete lack of Spanish. Then he arranged to see the Air Attaché at the German Embassy. He was most helpful and a few days later at lunch at the Ritz he introduced him to the secretary of General Faupel, Commander-in-Chief of the German forces aiding General Franco. Then he saw Captain Charles of the Rio Tinto Company and he gave him a letter of introduction to Captain Luis Bolin, Chief Press Officer to Franco in Salamanca. He saw the editor of the *Evening News* and asked him for a card saying he was accredited to the paper. He told him he was writing a book and would send him anything outstanding he came across.

Cuartel General del Generalisimo — Estado Mayor

SALVOCONDUCTO

Registrado al n.º 1158

Se autoriza por medio del presente a D. NIGEL TANGYE, para que desde esta Plaza puede trasladarse a la de Sevilla, de allí a Gibraltar, regresar a España e ir a Cáceres, Talavera, Toledo, Salamanca y salir de España por Irún.

Se ruega a las Autoridades de tránsito no le pongan impedimento alguno en la realización de este viaje, debiendo darle toda clase de facilidades y prestarle a la vez los auxilios que pudiera necesitar.

[Sala]manca 22 de Diciembre de 1936

De orden de S. E.
El Coronel 2.º Jefe de E. M.,
P. O.
EL TENIENTE CORONEL DE E. M.

Nigel's safe conduct when in Spain.

Having got together these credentials he called on the Franco Government offices in Park Lane and got a good reception there. His obituary of the Franco air pioneer, Cierva, which he had recently written was much appreciated. He was given a pass that would take him through any part of war-torn Nationalist Spain. A Secret Service gentleman came to see him over the next few days and briefed him on what they wanted him to find out. He had to memorise a long list of questions, technical, tactical, strategical about the war. All he had to do was to go the area, get the answers, memorising them in detail and come back when he had them. He was told that he would be on his own over there and could not expect any help from anyone should things go wrong.

Following his last meeting with the agent, later in the day he boarded an Air France flight to Spain. He travelled light but had two items under his clothes, a miniature camera and pouches containing £720 in £20 notes. The outcome of his visit was a book published the following year, an interesting account of his travels and experiences in Nationalist Spain in the early part of the year, *Red, White and Spain*. As he wrote in 1974, "The narrative of me, the apparent voyeur of another nation's agony" was told in the book. "The real narrative of my presence in Spain for which the book was my 'cover' is still better left to smoulder itself away to extinction. For weeks I lived within a tense, lonely shell of appearance, in a world where everyone was friendly, but a world in which suspicion flourished if even a hint of a slip were made. Dishonesty, if not treachery, to my friends, was my bedfellow. For King and Country. God forgive."

In his private flying world he met numerous go ahead young men, among them Gordon Selfridge jun., Lord Donegall, each of whom had his own plane and would sometimes invite him to accompany them on a trip abroad. Donegall ran a column in the *Sunday Dispatch* for ten years. He introduced Nigel to ballooning. The three of them flew to the Düsseldorf Ballooning Club as guests of the members for the weekend in 1937. The Nazis were then in power. He took off with Donegall and an experienced balloonist in the wicker basket of the balloon, the sides of which only came up just above his knees. It was a lovely day with easterly wind and they rose up majestically into the blue sky. They drifted towards the Dutch frontier and came down in a field of corn. The way the German captain ordered the locals around to help fold away the balloon and put it in cars for transport back to Düsseldorf opened Nigel's eyes to the nature of the new Germany.

It was a comparatively small incident but up to that moment he had pursued an optimistic line with his German friends. His years in Germany as a boy started him off with a sentimental bias in their favour and his friendship with individuals in German aviation made him hopeful. But when Hitler marched on Prague, breaking the Munich agreement and proclaiming Czechoslovakia a German Protectorate, his fury knew no bounds. More than that of a woman scorned "I felt as though white hot steel was flowing through my veins. I renounced everything German, and broke with my friends."

By this time he was the Air Correspondent of *The Spectator* and the B.B.C. and he was employed from time to time by *The Times* with entrée to its correspondence columns. He became a small but tiresome thorn in the flesh of the anti-Munich mentality group. Some time in 1937 he asked Churchill for the favour of an interview on the subject of British policy in relation to German rearmament. He was disappointed that he declined.

He resigned from the *Evening News* in 1938. It was really over a misunderstanding. They published something of his which he thought was confidential and he felt honour bound to resign. Of course, he lost his £250 a year but he was being used quite a lot by the B.B.C. who paid him at the rate of £1 a minute and the prestige attached to this work was invaluable. He was making anonymous contributions to *The Times* – for which the pay was £2.10s per 1000 words – and reviewing books for *The Observer*. Later he was to become aviation correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

He worked on a training book for novices and this was published in 1938. This was *Teach Yourself to Fly*, one of the English Universities Press volumes. Within a few weeks of publication it was adopted by the Air Ministry as the only book officially recommended to novice Service pilots to study. It was an exceedingly successful publication and sold 100,000 copies. With it he felt he may have contributed his mite to the subsequent skills of British pilots in the war.

His work with Korda continued. It was glamorous work, involving perhaps eight days a month. Stars abounded in his life and he had the advantage over others of having his own plane, something which had a special appeal in those days. He first met the actress, Ann Todd, on the set of "Things to Come" and married her in 1939. Nigel then 30, she 32. She had achieved success on the stage in London and in some films. She had married in 1933 Victor Malcolm, an engineer and grandson of Lillie Langtry, and they had a son. She divorced him on 27th October 1939 and married Nigel shortly after.

With war looming and the success of his training manual for pilots he was told not to join his old Auxiliary Air Force Squadron but to report to the Air Ministry, Flying Training Directorate, instead. It seemed logical to him and just married he saw no reason to object. He was sent away to Flying Training Command at Market Drayton in Shropshire. The A.A.F. Squadron to which he had been attached was posted to Hornchurch for night fighter duties in a notoriously hazardous weather area in winter, peppered with barrage balloons. They were there throughout the winter of the "phoney war". In the conditions prevailing their losses were heavy without even a bomb falling or a shot being fired.

He and has wife had taken a picture cottage on the banks on the Thames at Wargrave. In the spring he moved to another safe desk job nearer there, the HQ of the Flying Training Command to Shinfield Park, Reading. During the saga of Dunkirk he came home each evening on his motorbike, along the leafy lanes, all that beautiful summer. As he said, he "felt hardly a hero". Towards the end of the battle he was posted to a Flying Training School as a Flight Commander. The aircraft were twin-engined Oxford. They had orders to turn pilots out as fast as possible. It was not an easy job and one had misgivings. Under cover of darkness a German fighter sometimes joined in the circuit of a training aerodrome with aircraft going slowly round and round and shooting one down here and there.

Not long after, on returning after night flying at the satellite airfield to breakfast in the Mess, he received an exciting message that banished the weariness from his eyes. His wife was about to give birth at any moment in the nursing home at Gerrard's Cross. He was told he had 24 hours leave. He jumped on his A.J.S. motorcycle and rushed in the 75 miles. When he got there he found that his daughter Francesca had already arrived. "She weighed a considerate seven pounds, and has retained that virtue of consideration for others ever since."

He was then taken off active flying and promoted to a position in the Air Ministry at Bush House, first in Flying Training and then in Organisation Planning. Although the job was of absorbing interest and he had his own Spitfire to do all the visiting he had to make to units throughout Britain, he was fretting that the war was being fought and he was not in the thick of it. He got on well with his Spitfire

> "How can one give to land-locked simpletons
> The faintest vestige of an idea
> Of what it means to leave this solid earth with you
> And mount into the sky away, and up, and on
> On from the cloud and into the limitless spaces
> Where all is sun, and sky and crystal clear
> Domed by an infinite of blue, infinite shades of blue,
> Even your wings are blue..."

He persuaded his friend Flight Lieutenant Boothman of Schneider Trophy fame, who was then Air Commodore commanding a wing of Photo Reconnaissance squadrons at Benson, to let him fly with him from time to time. He could be working at his Air Ministry desk in the morning, flying over Europe in the afternoon and home for dinner in the evening. He was sent down to the Squadron Leader Satterley at the Development Unit for briefing and then he was dispatched in one of these superb machines fitted with cameras instead of guns. After half an hour of feeling his way and getting used to things he returned to base for a check-up. He went on several missions but then had a collapse and was allowed five weeks' sick leave in Cornwall.

In London he lived a rather a bizarre life. With his service duties he shared a home with his wife Ann who was one of the leading West End actresses. In spite of the war the theatres remained open, the

only concession to war-time being that they closed at 9.30 p.m. The book trade was flourishing, theatres and cinemas busy, restaurants and night clubs full though there were not many taxis to ferry people around. Their daughter Francesca thankfully was at an infants' boarding school at Slough. From time to time he was asked for contributions by the *Spectator* and the B.B.C. W.J.Turner, editor of the *Spectator*, printed some of his war poems in the journal. He later heard from an American general that one of the these, "Faith", was seen framed and hanging in President Roosevelt's office at the White House. The link he believed was Eliot Roosevelt who was in charge of the American Photo Reconnaissance P.38 squadron with whom he liaised.

The B.B.C. commissioned him to write a major feature on British aviation. It comprised three one-hour programmes for which he borrowed the title from his earlier book, *The Air is Our Concern*. There were several important personages in the studio for the final programme and at the end congratulations were showered on the producer, "a terrifyingly intense young man" who subsequently became an important figure in television but who died young. Nigel was not paid the slightest attention which as he said "no doubt did me a lot of good". But he enjoyed the magic of broadcasting, to think one's voice was being heard all over the world by millions of people. "And above all I would think of it in the towns and villages, the farmsteads and cottages of Cornwall, in the caverns of Whipsiderry, and dancing on the waves in Porth Bay."

He continued his writing during the war and produced in 1944 one of the volumes in the lovely Collins series in praise of Britain and its heritage, *Britain in the Air*. The series was edited by W.J.Turner of *The Spectator*. He sent a copy to Churchill who was then in September attending the Quebec conference. He was delighted to receive a kind personal acknowlegement of thanks. After the war he provided an introduction with W.J.Turner for a big volume published by Collins, *British Adventure*, 1947, which related stories of heroism and endeavour in British history.

His father, who was Assistant Commandant of the Special Constabulary in Cornwall during the war, became ill at this time, a "slow and gentle illness" and died in Richmond hospital not far from where they lived. It fell upon him to take his ashes home to Cornwall and at his mother's request he was to scatter them on the small flat plateau of soft turf the seaward side of the old massive defences on Trevelgue head, across the bay from his beloved Glendorgal. It was strange driving down alone with his ashes. He tried hard to relate the father he loved to the contents of the small wooden casket which lay on the floor in the back of the car. But he could not, could summon no emotion, no warmth in his heart with which to accompany his mortal remains on the last journey. He could not get out of his head that he was failing at a moment when failure was utterly heartless. As he drove westward through a strange contrast of peaceful English meadows and long lines of American troop convoys on their way to the fighting in Normandy he warmed again to the memory of "this tolerant, kindly man and sorrowfully regretted I had unwittingly, in youth's independent fashion, taken him so often for granted."

As he crossed the Tamar with his ashes and climbed up the winding hill out of the valley to Launceston, the gateway into Cornwall, he felt as usual at home again, but this time "it was an overpowering inflation of warm emotion, like a mystical revelation. I knew my father was with me. Close to me. I stopped the car at the old gateway into the town, and I wished so much my mother could have been with me at that moment." He arrived at Porth about mid-afternoon. He drove straight to Cavern Cottage where his parents lived as Glendorgal had been let for the duration. It was a sturdily built 19th century house which had a view looking southward on Porth beach. He felt happy there on familiar territory with so many happy memories. It was a nice sunny evening as he carried the casket over the chasm on to the island to the spot immediately opposite Glendorgal. He had the place to himself, around him the swelling sea at nearly high tide, the familiar views to Trevose lighthouse and the Quies to the north, the sun setting in the west over Towan Head, a small naval vessel sheltering within it. This was the scene when his father's ashes mingled with the dust of ages at that blessed spot.

Glendorgal house was little changed from before the war but after the government made an appeal for scrap iron in the early stages the gates at the entrance had been given for the cause by his father. One of the eagles, however, he detached and this was subsequently painted white and perched on the end of the hotel car park hedge. After the death of Gilbert the property went to his widow and, on her death, was to go to her three sons.

Air Vice-Marshal Hollinghurst was the Director General of Organisation (Planning) when he was at the Air Ministry, Bush House. He asked Nigel to take up an appointment as liaison officer on the staff of General Eaker, the Commanding General of the Eighth Air Forces, subsequently expanding to embrace the whole of the strategic air operations in Europe under General Spaatz. He soon found the task set for him was to be an informal channel of communication between the Chiefs of the two Air Forces, a means of them knowing what was in each other's minds before committing themselves to a course of action that might jeopardise the smooth cooperation between them. He tried to establish a good rapport with the Americans and generally was successful. He continued his forays with his Photo Reconnaissance Spitfire into enemy territory from time to time and this helped his relationship with them.

He went as an observer on one of their Fortress missions, a leaflet raid over St. Nazaire. Of all the nights to go it was one when there was a heavy German raid on London. It was disturbing to him that his family was down below and he could do nothing to help them. They was in the thick of things with planes around them, anti-aircraft guns firing from below and being lit up periodically by searchlights. They managed to escape unscathed and returned safely to base mission accomplished.

On 5th June 1944 in his Spitfire he had a bird's eye view of the developing drama in Normandy, 25,000 feet below. "It was a moving sight seeing the hundreds and hundreds of small landing craft approaching the Normandy Coast where, a few hours before, a foothold by our troops had been obtained in the face of horrific defences that had caused heavy casualties in man and craft." He flew low over them as he went into photograph the damage to Argentan railway junction which had been a target by allied bombers two or three hours before. He did feel his task was so much easier and less risky than that of the men below and in the knowledge that, unlike them, in a couple of hours he would be back in London. Then comfortable in the Mess having a gin and later supper with Ann after her show at the Berkeley.

Down there towards Le Havre he saw a sturdy link with his past, the battleship *Warspite* pumping shells into the shore batteries. The next, and last time, he was to see her was when she was on the rocks near St. Michael's Mount, on the way to the breaker's yard at Barrow-in-Furness.

Towards the end of the war he had the unfortunate experience of being with the Americans when they took Buchenwald concentration camp, a few miles from Weimar. He did not reach it until a few days after the actual capture but the very air seemed to become tainted as he got within a radius of a few miles. Conditions were such that even with relief and food and medical attention, open lorryfulls of emaciated corpses were being collected and transported away for burial during the next weeks at a rate of 400 per day. When the Americans arrived the incinerators were still warm. On the tarmac between entrance gates and the first huts were mounds of blankets, clothing, cases of food and fresh fruit, American G.I.s milling around. As well "solitary relics of human beings dressed in the inexpressively doleful striped pyjama-like garment of the camp prisoner. Any two of the emaciated men could have worn one suit between them with room to spare. They hobbled around bemused, living skeletons with a thin layer of yellow parchment over their bones, lifeless eyes sunk into huge black sockets between forehead and cheekbone." One stood out, a good six inches taller than Nigel who was six foot two. Thin but with a huge frame, a large narrow head. He was Dutch and helped his rescuers as much as he could providing evidence and identifying sites and people. Strangely 15 years later he came to Glendorgal and met Nigel but he did not want to discuss his experiences. For his work with the Americans Nigel was awarded the Legion of Merit from Averill Harriman, the U.S. ambassador.

Ann Todd continued her stage and film career, becoming an

international star overnight with her film performance as the emotionally disturbed pianist Francesca Cunningham in the psychological drama, *The Seventh Veil*, (1945). The scene in which her Svengali-like guardian (James Mason) smashed his cane down on the keyboard at which Todd played became particularly well-known. She was suddenly in great demand. Blond, with almost sphinx-like features, high cheekbones, and deep-set blue eyes, she had a glacial beauty. She signed with Rank what was at the time the biggest contract offered to a British actress but a Hollywood career did not really take off.

She, Nigel and Francesca travelled over to America in the *Queen Mary* in the autumn of 1947. On the boat were 2,000 G.I. brides with their children, a small proportion of the huge total of young British women who had married U.S. or Canadian servicemen. He found their presence on board poignant in the extreme and as they arrived in Halifax, Nova Scotia he recorded the conversation of one girl, glad to leave Britain but not knowing what her future home would be like. In Hollywood Ann played the lead opposite Gregory Peck in *The Paradine Case*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock and produced by David O. Selznick. They were there for seven months in a world of endless sunshine, opulence but with all the back-stabbing, infighting that one might expect in an enclosed world devoted purely to the entertainment industry.

They regularly went to dinner parties with the stars. In December 1947 he recalled having a meal with Frank Sinatra and his wife Nancy. Sinatra had to leave at a late hour to fly to San Francisco to give a midnight cabaret performance. He was behind with his tax and had to provide evidence to the revenue people that he was not missing any opportunity to pay them back. It was all, however, a pleasant change for them from the six years of austerity that Britain had experienced. A wonderland of welcome and colour and over-lifesize luxury. Nigel was his wife's personal manager and he had to help her as much as possible as she coped with a gruelling schedule and press troublemakers looking for scandal. They left Hollywood in the spring of 1948, taking a three day train journey across the vast continent before catching the *Queen Mary* home.

The film director David Lean asked Ann to play the lead in a film called *The Passionate Friends*. It was to prove "strangely prophetic" Nigel said. It involved her spending two months in Switzerland. Apart from a few days, she never felt able to come back to Glendorgal again, though she had great affection for the place and had played an important part in helping to keep the property in the family.

She and Nigel divorced not long after and she married Lean on 21st May 1949. Nigel found himself "paralysed in a vacuum, a bore to everyone. Francesca was at school." He felt there was only one place to go to, Paris in the spring. About this time he met an old friend, Hugh Mills, a writer of distinction, the author of several plays produced in the West End and Broadway. He saw him as he was passing the Park Lane Hotel in Piccadilly. His wife was living in Paris and he told him to go and stay with her. They had both been interned in the war and were not well.

Nigel dropped everything and went. He enjoyed the sights and settled down to live for a time on the Left Bank, "struggling with little or no money to find a new direction in life." It was the time when "existentialism was breeding, or festering… and everything was short but despair and fierce, dynamic optimism… But in the air was the magic of the past to help sustain the frustrated artist." He was lucky to get a room on the fifth floor in the modest little Hotel d'Alsace where Oscar Wilde had died. It was a clean and friendly little hotel and he used to go down to the kitchen in the mornings and see Mademoiselle Gély, the daughter of the proprietors, and get some breakfast. He later said he owed much to her patience and friendliness in allowing him to be in the centre of the organisation of her little hotel. Little did he know that within two years he would be running a hotel himself.

The mornings he would spend writing. Sometimes he would have a coffee at the place where some members of the intelligentsia, artists met but generally he led a very spartan life. Bread and cheese in his room for lunch or sometimes sitting on a bench on the banks of the cold grey Seine of winter. During the afternoons he would walk miles, savouring the magic of free Paris. He saved his money to go to the museums and galleries. At five he would be back in his room trying to write a few more words. His room looked out across the narrow street and down five storeys to the street below. He felt depressed at times but then the banal consolation would surface - "everything turns out for the best". And in time he came to believe that.

He moved among the people on the Left Bank and began to get some feeling of sympathy, love. One day he saw a crowd looking at something by the river and viewed with them a filthy habitation in which an old woman lived by the quay. Her companion was a better dressed man and he watched them emerge and walk along the street, carrying a sack. Studying them he saw love among the squalor. He walked pensively back to his hotel in the rain. He felt that "Love needs no panoply, no comfort from convention. I started walking faster with a step lighter than I had know for long." When he got back to the hotel Mademoiselle Gély said there was a letter for him.

It was from his daughter Francesca – "Dear Daddy, Thank you for your letter. It was very difficult to read"… Accepting that rebuke he read on and shared with her sorrow at losing her rabbit, her joy at being in the pony class and her regrets at having to drink hot milk at teatime. She finished with "See you in Cornwall soon!" He thought about the delights of Glendorgal and how the odd couple in Paris had found succour in a bistro, closing the door behind them. He knew too that soon he would be closing the door behind him, would respond to people again. "I read Francesca's letter once more, and I realised I had begun already."

Before he left Paris he met Prince Chula of Thailand and his blonde English wife, who were living then at Tredethy, near Bodmin, in the foyer of the Hotel Crillon. It was the beginning of a long friendship. The idea of making Glendorgal into a hotel occurred to him as he was waiting for them that September morning in 1949. He was travelling back to Cornwall the following day and he knew a decision had to be made about what to do with the place. It had been left to his mother for her lifetime and after that it would go to the three sons, Colin, Nigel and Derek. In the meantime the rent from it was his mother's major source of her small income. It was impossible for Nigel to pay any rent for it and it had been decided to sell but the market was at a low just after the war and they did not get one offer for it.

Travelling back on the ferry from Calais on that September morning he mulled over the idea he had conceived at the Hotel Crillon. Glendorgal was in a splendid situation and he would aim at the top end of the market. In the period of rationing he had built up a miniature farm there which could supply hotel needs. There were three Guernsey cows to give milk, butter and cream, some hundred hens for fresh, unrationed eggs, four pigs and an acre of fresh vegetables and flowers. He had a good staff already in position, Fred Kellow who would make a good waiter, his wife Doreen was an excellent cook and housekeeper. He had built up numerous contacts of various nationalities in his career. He had had experience of hotels and restaurants and knew his cuisine and wine. He could speak French and German. By the time the White Cliffs were in sight and he was berthing at Dover his mind was made up. "Come what may, I would save the old place. I would infuse life into her that would warm the hearts of thousands in the future. Glendorgal would live with a vibrancy she had never known before…"

When he got home he went to see George White of the Newquay Hotels Association and Mrs. Francis of the Hotel Bristol. She looked over Glendorgal and was very helpful with suggestions. He took her outside and showed her the view – "What a beautiful place. You can't fail." Not long after he met up with a good handyman, Mr. Wright, who looked over the drains and thereafter was always ready to come for building repairs and renovations. At Easter 1950 he went back to Glendorgal and committed himself to opening it as a summer season hotel and restaurant the following year. His first guest in April 1951 was a Miss Chudleigh, an elderly courteous lady. They coped with her pretty well and began to get into the routine of running a hotel. She was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland a few days later. The unexpected flush of business that first season raised his hopes that they would succeed but there was a long, difficult road ahead. Over the years he built up the business and improved the place. His grandfather was an inspiration, his stubbornness and determination and he had photographs of him at Glendorgal, on a round wicker chair on the verandah, his dog, Little Gyp, at his feet. He imagined him on the

slatted white seat of the Cosy Nook by the sundial, sheltered by banks of tamarisk on either side.

Nigel's mother died in 1954 and Glendorgal was then held in equal shares by her three sons. An improvement Nigel made the same year was the construction of the steep section of the drive to the rear of the house to create one way circulation for hotel traffic. Opposite the house under the cliff of Trevelgue is a cave set back in a little bay with a triangular opening. One Christmas morning probably that year when a raging westerly storm was blowing, in the midst of happy Christmas chatter, there was an ominous rumbling. They looked across the bay and though the tide was out the opening was no longer visible. There had been a landslide and the entrance was hidden by a mass of stone and shale piled up on the sands. Above the entrance of the cave was a raw cavity from which tons of earth had been dislodged. It cast a gloom over the festivities for a time but Nature soon remedied the situation and with each tide, the pile of debris was reduced and eventually the triangular entrance reappeared and the vista to which they had been accustomed restored. It was also about this time, on another stormy morning, that Nigel witnessed the poignant struggle of a great white bird, a gannet, trying to secure safety and shelter on Trevelgue cliff. The poor creature eventually succumbed. Nigel wrote up an evocative account of its painful efforts.

In 1955 he borrowed money to acquire his brother's shares and Glendorgal came into his sole possession. He lived for a time with his family at the house going up the hill on the opposite side of Porth beach, "Cavern Cottage", thinking that it would be restful to live away from the hotel so as to free oneself from the noise and interruptions except when on duty. But it did not work out that way and even the short distance proved inconvenient and he sold the cottage in 1960. About the same time Newquay Urban District Council bought Trevelgue Island and the fields up as far as the road. Thereafter the island became a public space and amenity.

He treasured the wild life in his grounds and in the early 1950s tried to preserve the rabbit population there. The animals had been decimated by myxamotosis and the government had followed this up with a law to bring about their complete elimination. Nigel saw them as attractive animals which added their mite to the wildlife balance in his part. He had a struggle but managed to save them, fencing off his ground. Fortunately in their isolated position they were preserved from the disease and human attempts at their slaughter. It was about this time that the flagpole adjacent to the house, from which flew the Union Jack when the family were in residence, collapsed when being repainted. It lay in honourable retirement in the children's play garden for some time thereafter.

After five years experience with the hotel he began to feel himself a real hotelier. His efforts were boosted by a visit of Fanny and Johnny Cradock at that time writing a famous column in the *Daily Telegraph* under the title Bon Viveur. One morning he had a phone call from a friend to say the Cradocks were coming for lunch. A table was prepared for them in the then enclosed Verandah Room. It was a beautiful June morning and the place was looking its best. The pair had a couple of quibbles with the presentation of the meal but afterwards asked him to join them over coffee and liqueurs. He regaled them with stories of food and French cooking. When they came to depart they wrote in the visitors' book – "The younger generation of intendent hoteliers will do well to study the enchanting 'ambience' and exquisite attention to detail in this exceptional hotel. Bon Viveur" – followed by their names.

The royal photographer, Baron, came down to stay not long after he opened and he proved a matchmaker arranging him to meet Lady Marguerite Rose living at St. Ives with her two children. Nigel was then alone at Glendorgal with Francesca. Marguerite was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Dudley and was described as one of the most beautiful women in London. They met up and eventually married but though they struggled with the relationship and she did help with the establishment, looking back Nigel could see that it was a mistake. She was courageous, a striking beauty and having a "gorgeously outrageous wit" but was never really well. The marriage in time foundered and they agreed to part. His daughter Francesca later married and went to live in Paris with her husband. In due course they had three children.

The archaeological find by Francis Rodd in 1850 had naturally excited the interest of the family. In 1957 Nigel approached Miss Dudley, representative of the Ancient Monuments Division of the Ministry of Works, and invited her to bring a team and explore the area. They found that Rodd's urn was a pot of a secondary burial that took place about 800 B.C. They did not manage to locate the primary burial in the barrow but did uncover a charcoal-flecked floor on the north east side enclosed by a ritual wall. In the floor was a shallow pit with a considerable residue of charcoal, covered by a fairly flat pear-shaped stone of 12 inches long. In the south east quadrant of the floor were four small cists, probably for offerings, and in the north west one, outside the ritual wall, a large store of worked flints in a declivity.

The most interesting quadrant was the south western. Here was found an adze, or ritual axe head, of rhyolite, a stone not found in Britain, unfortunately now lost. Post holes of a hut built at a much later date, perhaps early Iron Age, and on the floor a number of utility stones brought up from the beach and used for sharpening, scraping skins and grinding meal. There was also a spindle whorl in pottery, a spherical weight with a hole through it used for spinning. Nigel commented – "The activity of the site must be linked with that on Trevelgue Island. One can imagine, perhaps, it being a signalling station. Certainly it was a busy area two and three thousand years ago, and certainly I get a curious, warm satisfaction in the evidence that the land on which I live has yielded its fruits to so many people for so long a time and I am part of it." The floor is now on view on the site and protected by an iron grill in the north east quadrant.

Another interesting feature of his land is evidence of a canal designed by a Mr. Edyvean who had acquired an Act of Parliament in 1773. It ran from Porth up to St. Columb and round to Mawgan Porth. A deep sloping channel was cut into the cliff from top to bottom at Lusty Glaze beach up which the sand and sea-weed was to be hauled to the boats on the canal. The canal at a 100 foot level began here from the edge of Lusty Glaze cliff, went just below Glendorgal Lodge and can be followed as far as the crossing of the main road above Rialton. The plan was to embouch at Mawgan Porth at the 200 foot level but before its completion the fortune of its builder had been exhausted and the work was abandoned. What remained of it on Glendorgal land was filled in by Ephraim Stevens in 1834.

With the proceeds from the sale of "Cavern Cottage" in 1960 he built the flat on the top of the rear wing of Glendorgal. This was sunny, miraculously quiet and "altogether delightful". From it there were only two glimpses of the sea. With his interest in the sea people may have thought his delight was strange. The fact was that they found living in the front of Glendorgal previously the sea imposed its mood on them. In winter this came to be a little trying! The land outlooks, the sun, the birds, the rabbits were not so demanding. During this period he continued to make improvements, among other things converting the old engine house into a dormitory. He tried to give the hotel a continental flavour with continental cuisine and employing staff from France and Germany. He was meticulous in getting the right people and contacted an agency in Paris for this purpose. Over the years he must have made 20 journeys to the continent to consult and interview prospective employees. He followed French girls with German girl waitresses and room maids and then by German waiters.

1959 saw the publication of his book *The House on the Seine and other stories* which he had written when he was in Paris. Much was autobiographical and told of his trials and tribulations there in the late 1940s. John Steinbeck who had stayed at his hotel described them as "a clear and convincing autobiography of the spirit... I enjoyed it very much." *The Daily Telegraph* – "Good, out-of-the-ordinary short stories... full of strong French feelings among the under-privileged in love, luck and money."

In 1960 his great-uncle Harry, the keen motorist, died at the age of 93. He had never married. He carried on driving until he was 85. He would not have given up then but he had a near-miss and thought he had better be driven in future.

Nigel had always enjoyed the journey on the branch line from Par to Newquay, along the 25 miles winding through varied scenery, the softly wooded Luxulyan valley, the china clay country, Goss Moor, then the fields and high hedges of the green coastal belt behind

Newquay. Returning from London on his trips he would be met by Mr. Rosevear in his taxi. He had his own car for journeys around Glendorgal, an old yellow Bentley of 1949 vintage. What made him rely more on the railways was the death of his sister-in-law and her husband, Aileen and David, in a car crash in Spain. She was only 24. They left two small children, one of whom died two years later also as a result of the crash. It was a great blow for the family.

He was a great collector of pictures, a pencil drawing by Jules Noel of a young woman at a race meeting in the 1890s he had bought just after the war having seen it in a shop window. Among other works of art he had were a little water colour attributed to John Sanby, a small Renoir etching of two sisters, two bronzes by the French sculptor, Volti, whom he met in Paris – one of his sons came to stay at Glendorgal in 1960 - his portrait by Wyndham Lewis painted in 1945, watercolours by Epstein and Sargent, lithographs by Graham Sutherland and Vlaminck, John Piper's "Cathedral Window", a big picture of a vase of mixed flowers by Stuart Armfield, drawings by Annigoni and Jean Cocteau, a print by Picasso, and an etching by Chagall, a small oil painting by Peter Lanyon.

He seems to have done a lot of his collecting just after the war and he mentioned how he was walking along Onslow Gardens in London once and happened upon an auction. A lovely 18th century Florentine mirror was being bid for and he obtained it at what he thought was a low price, only to find that he had also bought "a whole wall-full of ghastly little bits of mirror made so as to cover the wall of a room upstairs" and which he had to dispose of. However, he had obtained a nice piece. One of the finest furnishings at Glendorgal was a Louis XV, early 18th century mantelpiece, for which he turned down an offer of £650 in the 1960s.

Commendations for the way he ran the hotel came in from numerous quarters over the years. Egon Ronay wrote of Glendorgal – "the restaurant is run with imagination and verve, both in décor and food. Details such as view-conscious table arrangements and tasteful utensils, are signs of an exceptional place, and the dance band in the bar could easily be a good West End club". Bon Viveur in the *Daily Mail* wrote – "Evocative of Villa house parties in the South of France where the gay, casual elegance is as rare as the '52 Romanee Conti supplied by connoisseur Nigel Tangye to the discerning." The restaurant was the first in Cornwall to be awarded the coveted Automobile Association's Rosette.

At this time they could sleep up to 60 house guests and had a living-in staff of 21. They tended to be really busy during the couple of months of the high season. He kept making improvements to the place in these years and obtained a liquor licence, converting the billiard room into a bar. In 1962 he published the first account of the house, *The Story of Glendorgal*. It was well reviewed in the *Times Literary Supplement* – "Nigel Tangye's account of an old Cornish house which his family has owned for the past century is marked by a strong individuality of style and outlook… It is written with distinction and although Mr. Tangye permits himself to ramble, the story of the old house holds it all together." The work was published in two more editions in 1969 and 1984 and reprinted in 1987 and 1997.

In a dedication dated 1966 he noted the transformation that had occurred in his personal life since the first edition. "Within a year of this book being published I met, on the Trans-Orient Express, Moira, and we married soon after. My wife brings with her so much that is the very spirit of Glendorgal that I now dedicate to her, the Story of Glendorgal." He had met her at the end of December 1963, having had a successful trip to Germany and Switzerland to choose wines and find three chefs for the summer season. He stayed a night at the Excelsior in Cologne, in which was his father's old office in the Rhine Army days, visited a few other places and called on his old friend Don who lived at Vevey on Lake Geneva. He was returning with Don in the snow after dining with friends when his friend fell and, as they later learnt, broke his thigh. The result was that he postponed his return and thus by chance met Moira on the train. She was returning from Sofia where she had been working as personal assistant to the British ambassador.

Thereafter they met up on various occasions, more in Cornwall in London as it was difficult for him to get away. He felt he was not much of a catch, several years older, still legally married, heavily mortgaged at Glendorgal though it was a going concern. He main possessions were a lovely old Bentley and a 30-foot ketch, in both of which she felt sick. However, they got things together. He obtained his divorce and they married, in due course having four lovely children. She became a great support for him in all his activities.

In 1967 the giant oil tanker *Torrey Canyon* struck the Seven Stones rocks on the Scillies and the oil spill severely damaged sea life on the north coast as others parts. The lovely pools in Porth beach were affected and all the marine life killed. It was not for another two years that limpets and mussels started to take hold again. Then came the seaweed and two anemones just as before. Glendorgal was broken into in October 1968 when he, Moira and the children were on holiday in their sailing yacht and several things were taken including the dirk he had received at Dartmouth, the Renoir etching and the Sargent watercolour. The etching and watercolour were later recovered by the police in north London but the dirk was never found.

Apart from his busy life as a hotelier he was beginning to find time for some writing and did a piece for the Spring 1968 issue of the *Cornish Review*, "Main Road to Zelah". He began it "I must have driven along the road from Truro to Newquay by way of Zelah a thousand times, but my eye had never caught sight of the massive ruin on the skyline before." The article was an account of his exploration of the mine, West Chyverton, and its history. At the end of the magazine details were given of his career (as for other contributors) no doubt written by himself. "Cornishman. Born 1909. Author of several books including *The House on the Seine* and *The Story of Glendorgal*. Proprietor of Glendorgal Hotel/Restaurant, near Newquay. Interested in everything, and has ranged from writing plays for the B.B.C. or Air Correspondent to The Spectator, to writing the lyrics and music for Redruth Operative Society's 'Cinderella.' Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Fellow of the Hotel and Catering Institute. Happily married."

In 1972 he sold the hotel and business which he had run for 23 years to Jan and Derek Bater and they carried on the high standards he had built up. He and his family, wife Moira, three boys and a girl moved up into Glendorgal Lodge at the head of the drive. He diverted the top end so that they kept the gates. They retained a lovely view overlooking the tall chimnies of the old house, the great sweep of the coastline beyond to the white sentinel of Trevose lighthouse eleven miles away. The same view as they had from their nursery window all those years before. He was able to spend more time on his ketch, *Spray*, and enjoyed sailing round Cornwall, calling in at different places. The sites he saw often inspired research and accounts of life in Cornwall in the past which he made into books. The material is mostly genuine but he did invent conversations of people involved to add a bit of life to the topics. In 1973 he contributed a ghost story, "Episode", to a publication of William Kimber's *Haunted Cornwall*.

William Kimber published many of the books he wrote at this time, his autobiographical *Facing the Sea*, 1974, *The Inconstant Sea: A Cornishman's Chronicle*, 1976, *From Rock and Tempest*, 1977, *Voyage into Cornwall's Past*, 1978, *The Living Breath of Cornwall*, 1980, *Cornwall and the Tumbling Sea*, 1981, *Proud Seas and Cornwall's Past*, 1982, *The Blue Bays of Cornwall*, 1986. In 1983 Dyllansow Truran published a short novel of his, *Footsteps on the Beach*. He did work for the Trevithick Society and the Institute of Cornish Studies, a gazetteer and finding list of the Cornish newspapers of the 18th and 19th century, published in 1980. Earlier he had written a celebratory essay on the quincentenary of the setting up of the first printing press in Great Britain, *The Printer and His Offspring, 1476-1976*, published by John Roberts Press in 1975. In 1983 he produced a third edition of *The Story of Glendorgal*, adding just the account of the visit to Glendorgal and Princes Edward and Albert in 1911 and an appreciative letter from the Duke of Windsor in 1969 to whom he had sent a copy.

He became involved in local historical societies and was a member of the Royal Institution of Cornwall. For his literary contributions he was made a Bard of the Cornish Gorsedd at Bodmin on 1st September 1979, taking the name Tangy an Dorgallow – "Tangye of the Dorgals". He enlarged and updated his grandfather's collection of books, adding many published in the 20th century. He used the books

for references as he wrote about his voyages around the coast of Cornwall recounting episodes from Cornish history as viewed from the sea. Following a fall at Easter 1988, believed to be a stroke, he was taken to Barncoose Hospital, Redruth where he died on 2nd June 1988, aged 79.

Moira continued to live at Glendorgal Lodge. In April 1995 with space at a premium she sold the library assembled by Sir Richard and Nigel. The sale at Par raised £6,300. In 1997 she produced a fourth edition of *The Story of Glendorgal*. She did not change the text though noting that "there have been physical changes at Glendorgal" since 1983. "Hotel guests still enjoy the same solace and tranquillity and the spirit of the place, as so beautifully expressed in his poem 'Glendorgal', lives on and Nigel's with it. He was confident that 'this place my child shall love' and he was right."

Sources: Niger Tangye, The Story of Glendorgal,1997; Nigel Tangye, Facing the Sea, 1974; Nigel Tangye, The House on the Seine, 1959; DNB; The Times 4/6/1988; West Briton 9/6/1988; 23/3/1995; 13/4/1998; I am grateful for the help of Moira Tangye and Derek Williams in the compilation of this article.

GLENDORGAL

This place my father loved.
This place on Cornwall's rough-edged coast
Defiant of the western storms,
People by men who share the blood
Of Roman, Norman, Englishman,
Claiming the right that first
Each is a Cornishman.

This place my father loved.
This place where wind and sky and sea
Are never still but ever change
Thir temper, form and hue
In endless permutation,
Yet, not matter which their mood
Refresh man's soul.

This place my father loved.
This place where sea is the horizon
And stars and sky and clouds and cliffs
Mount proudly heavenward
Displaying the grandeur of each hour,
And with their stoic permanence
Proclaim God's majesty.

This place my child shall love.
This place where soft-grey stone
And mussled rock, where velvet turf
And golden sands, sea-pinks and daffodils,

Seagulls' cries and pounding waves
Create in part the spirit of
The place my father loved.

Nigel Tangye

Other Cornishmen Who Made Good Outside Kernow: John Westlake

John Westlake was born in 1828 at Lostwithiel. His father was a wool-stapler. At the age of 4½ he began to learn Latin from his mother who had learnt it from his father. At seven he went to the local grammar school which was maintained by a grant from the town. His father taught him Greek, making him read the Iliad aloud to him in the language whilst shaving. When he was 14, the family moved to Cambridge, where, being delicate, he was privately educated by various dons. In 1846 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge to read maths and classics and became a Fellow of the college from 1851 to 1860.

In 1854 he was called to the bar and practised, becoming a Q.C. and bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1874. In 1888 he became Professor of International Law at Cambridge, a post he held until his resignation in 1908. He had published a Treatise on Private International Law in 1858 and in 1869 was one of the founders of the *Revue de Droit International et de Législation Comparée*. Later he wrote further books on International Law.

In 1864 he married Alice, daughter of Thomas Hare, the found of the British school of proportional representation. (For Hare's scheme, see John Stuart Mill's *Representative Government*.) Westlake worked with Lord Courtney for proportional representation during the passage of the 1867 Representation of the People Bill, and about 1884 associated himself with the formation of the Proportional Representation Scoeity, being an active member of its Executive Committee.

He lived in London but in 1873 he bought Eagle's Nest, a delightful property with spectacular views in Zennor parish. A cottage had been built at the site, a spur overlooking the coastal plain and sea, in 1806, probably by a Mr. Batten from Penzance. It became known as Batten's Folly but when Westlake bought it was called Eagle's Nest. Within three years he had doubled its size and later renamed it Tregerthen Cottage. Further extensions were made in 1890. The Westlakes used the place as a holiday home and it became a centre of hospitality for their many friends. "Liberty and activity being the keynotes of the place", as one of the guests put it.

On social and political questions Westlake was a strong liberal, with a hatred of all kinds of oppression and injustice. He was an active sympathiser with the grievances of the Balkan nations and of Finland. He was one of the founders of the Working Men's College in 1854 and taught there every week for a time. Dicey described this as a bold and public spirited action for a young barrister, for he would no doubt have been considered a crank by his seniors who thought his associates (F.D.Maurice and Charles Kingsley) were revolutionaries keen on undermining the existing order of society. He was a strong supporter of women's suffrage and of the extension of the sphere of women's activities generally, being strengthened in his views by the example of his wife's fruitful activities on the London School Board. His other activities included being foreign secretary of the National Association for the Promotion of the Social Sciences and a keen member of the Commons Preservation and Footpaths Protection Society. He believed in the disestablishment of the Church of England. He strongly advocated the judicial settlement of international disputes, and was himself a member of the Hague International Court of Arbitration from 1900 to 1906.

He was necessarily drawn into politics. As his follower John Fischer Williams said "a true servant of the law will neither undervalue its power nor leave to others the task of its amendment". So in 1885 he became Liberal M.P. for Romford, but he differed from his party over Home Rule for Ireland and failed in a three-cornered contest to obtain re-election in 1886. He stood again as a Liberal Unionist in 1892 for mid-Cornwall but was defeated.

John Fischer Williams born in 1870 was the son of a London businessman, who went to Harrow and Oxford and

subsequently became a barrister. Westlake was his mentor and Williams used to join the party which stayed at his holiday home in its spectacular location at Zennor. He was so impressed with it that he determined to build something similar for himself - on the south coast as he thought this would be more suitable for a young family. He cycled around Cornwall and eventually came to Gorran Haven. He managed to buy Lamledra farm from John Charles Williams of Caerhays and got a friend, Paul Coleridge, a pupil of Lutyens and an Arts and Crafts architect, to design the solid stone and slate house tucked under the hill, with its lovely views of Vault Beach and Dodman Point, which we see today.

Westlake retired to Tregerthen and died there at the age of 85 in 1913. He was buried in Zennor churchyard. In 1921 his widow Alice sold the property to Will Arnold-Foster who completed the current structure of the house and revived the name Eagle's Nest. He lived there until his death in 1953 and his book *Shrubs for the Milder Counties*, Country Life, 1948, was based on his experience in making the garden. In 1955 the artist Patrick Heron bought the place from his son Mark and came to live there with his family.

William Louis Peters of Portscatho

A small estate between the roads of Lambton, Pepys, Cambridge and Worple in New Malden, south London is forever linked to the Roseland peninsula as a result of a development there by a Portscatho born builder, William Louis Peters. He was the son of a draper and grocer, James Peters, who married Grace Oxenberry-Varcoe at Bethesda Chapel, Truro on 21st November 1840. William Louis was born at Portscatho on 20th July 1850, his father then described as a carpenter. The family was influential in the village, providing several succeeding landlords of the Plume of Feathers inn. A deep impression was clearly left on the boy growing up in this delightful area. In 1868 he was sent with his brother to America to be educated by a wealthy friend. He came back as a master carpenter. He married on 8th April 1872 Martha Roberts of 36 Spring Gardens, Weymouth and they settled in Battersea, London, later moving to Wandsworth, finally to New Malden.

Lambton, Pepys and Cambridge Roads had previously been laid out by developer W.S.Sims following the selling off of the Cottenham estate in 1851. Peters acquired the land now known as the Lambton Conservation Area from Francis Theodore Lewis in March 1898. To finance his building project to took out a mortgage of £225 with the Rt. Hon. Norman Evelyn Leslie, Earl of Rothes of The Glen, Buckland Brewer, near Bideford. Interest payable at £4 per cent per annum on No. 2 Rosevine Road. He began building work shortly afterwards on properties in Lambton Road. He himself lived at Rutland Lodge on the Kingston Road, New Malden.

As his development proceeded he named the new roads after places he had known in his childhood, Rosevine, Tolverne, Trewince, Pendarves, Pendower – subsequently the last was renamed Kenwyn. The houses built in the first three roads were of smaller design, although they provided three bedrooms (two double and one single) and an outside toilet. They were the only houses built on the estate without any bathrooms or inside toilets. Janet Fletcher who lived in Rosevine Road from 1961 and researched the history of the estate, said that in her house, like many others, the single bedroom was converted into a bathroom. She thought that having fewer amenities Mr. Peters managed to squeeze in more that way. Rosevine Road had 19 houses built on only one side of the road.

Two-storey terraced houses with cant bays were built in Pendarves Road. There is one double fronted house at the end due to the fact that there was not sufficient space for two houses to be built so Peters built an extra large one. The same two storeyed terraced houses with cant bays were built in Kenwyn road – earlier Pendower Road. The houses in Rosevine, Tolverne and Trewince Roads were of the same design, small terraced two storey houses with cant bays and distinctive apex. They did not have porches unlike others on the Lambton estate. As well as pink paths some still have the original oak fence palings. The old street lamp posts were replaced about 1975.

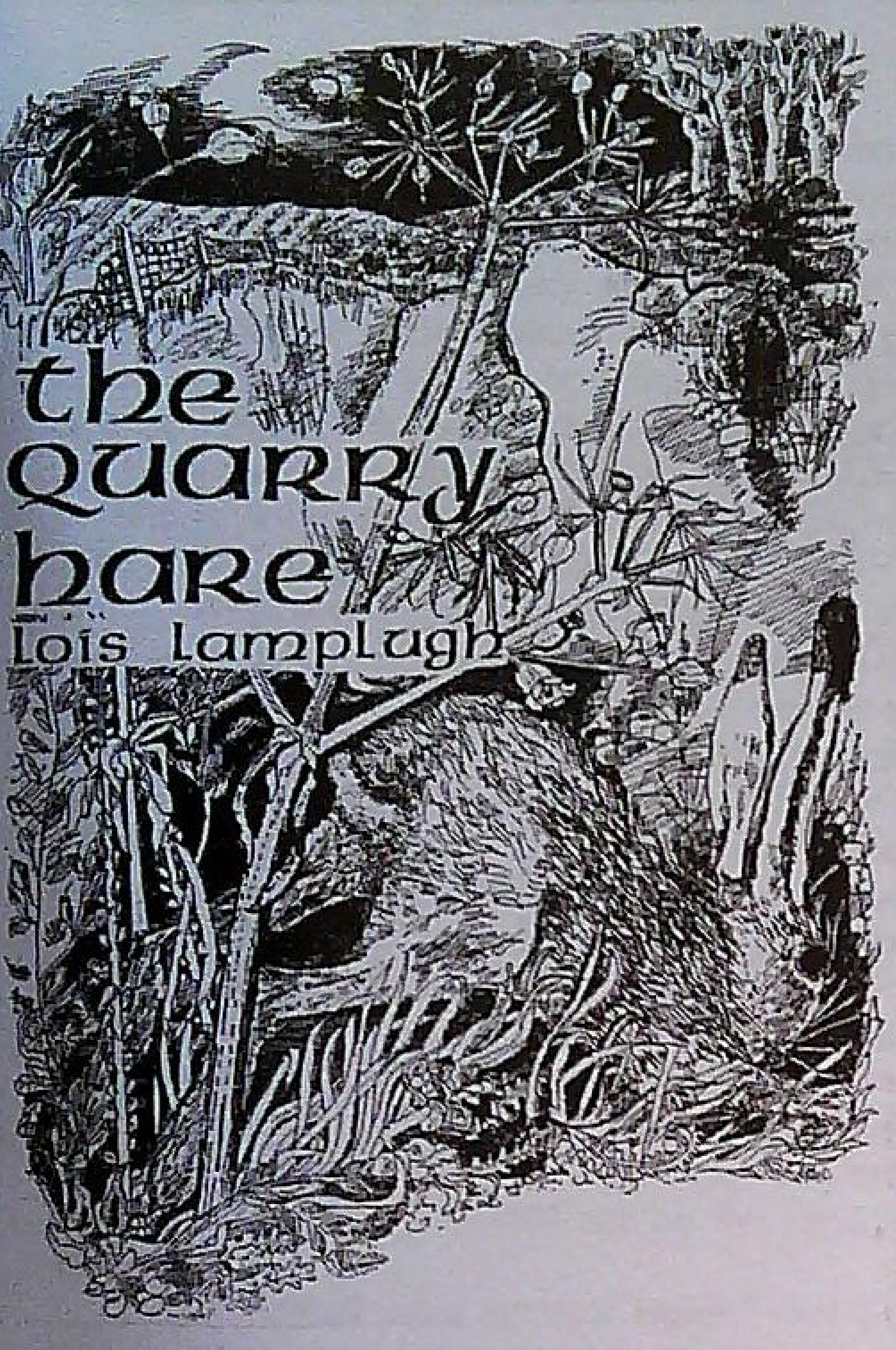
A feature of the development was that all the houses had these pink front garden paths – the same as The Mall, outside Buckingham Palace. Some paths are still intact to this day but others suffered cracks perhaps due to war damage when a flying bomb destroyed St. Matthew's Church in nearby Durham Road on 29th June 1944. A few houses in Lambton Road and adjacent Amity Grove also suffered from enemy action. After World War II houses were gradually sold to sitting tenants though some had been sold earlier.

Peters established his estate office at 40 Lambton Road, London SW 20. For many years the estate manager was Cyril Jones who was assisted by "John" and "Big Peter", the latter described as "a very friendly happy person". Both men collected the rents and carried out maintenance work on the estate. Mr. Jones lived in the estate office in Lambton Road with his wife and son, Robin. The estate was very well maintained and Jones arranged that every rented house had one room redecorated a year by his workmen. Janet Fletcher obtained information about the running of the estate from Harry Greaves who lived at 48 Trewince Road for many years. He was eventually offered the opportunity to buy his house as a sitting tenant for £1,000 but declined the offer because his house was always well maintained and he did not want the responsibility of "a millstone around his neck". "How times have changed!" Janet Fletcher commented.

After Mr. Jones died, about the early part of the 1980s the running of the estate was transferred to Finch & Co. and they eventually passed it on to another company. Finch & Co. also gave tenants the opportunity to buy their houses. In an adjacent road, Worple Road, a small plaque with Mr. Peters's name on can be seen on the side wall of the Assured Glazing Co. shop at No. 221. "This flank wall belongs to W.L.Peters". Before the Second World War the shop premises were known as Rosemary's Tea Rooms. In recent years the estate has become a Conservation Area, "The Lambton Conservation Area". What would William Louis Peters think of his little houses today, the prices they fetch. Houses on the estate are greatly sought after Five years ago the smaller ones were making £350,000. Today obviously that figure would be considerably higher. The estate has been improved with tree planting but since the sales to individual owners some houses have been much altered.

"Big Peter" informed Janet Fletcher that Mr. Peters also built another estate near Haydons Road, South Wimbledon. She produced an A4 folder on her findings in 2002. She learnt that descendants of Mr. Peters still lived in the New Malden area. William and Grace's son Edwin, then the Estate Agents' clerk. married Georgina Burton of 69 Lambton Road in September 1916. His father died in 1928, aged 77. Their son, Alan, provided Fletcher with much of the information about the family.

(Grateful thanks to Janet Fletcher for her research. Alex Hooper's help is also appreciated.)



The plaguey rabbits that we plagued are gone.
Rabbits were comic plural; now the hare
Lingers singular, serious, its reward habit to be alone.

Sometimes, in mid-field, one leaps
Startled and startling, almost underfoot
To run in proper panic from the death I do not bring.

But this hare has its own style; it keeps
Counsel with rock, and over screes runs its delicate tracks;
High on the quarry face its form is air.

A creature of moderation, private, until spring
Spirals its senses, and harsh winds put
March widdershins around all spring-heeled jacks.

Lois Lamplugh

The Wind Playing

Come and catch me who catch can,
I am the breath in the body of man,
I am the song in the throat of a boy,
I make the trumpets shout for joy;
I am the fellow that laughs in the leaves,
Rustles the oats and tumbles the sheaves;
I touch your forehead, to the Poles I go;
I am the swirl in the drifting snow.
You who catch can, come catch me,
I am the catspaw on the sea.

Anne Treneer

© The estate of Anne Treneer

In Hawker's Hut

A half-door frames an oar-weeded ocean,
and still here, the dark stains of opium,
above D. Sheppard for C. Cloak, 1927,
Derek loves Doreen, 1993
and more recently DH4RH, 2007,
a carved poetry of love,
Hawker scratched and knew too well.

Like him, I write my poetry here,
–the romantic imagination if you like–
one eye past milky-diesel, to Bude Haven,
where once, he dressed as a mermaid;
the other on Lundy, the Viking's 'Puffin Isle',
flat Avalon of half-walls, De Mariscos
and the inscribed stones of OPTIMI and RESTI EUTA.

I have shoved on long boots like his,
and stanked across swallow-wallowed fields
where bullocks stand teasing electric fences.
I hear the wreck of *The Caledonia* smash,
and see where the figurehead got planted as Q's heel.
I smoke the death-crack of fatal drowning,
and feel the storm's salty clasp pull me down.

I have seen the church mouldering,
the crouging wall and stone becoming lichen,
and crows today, demanding too much of the air.
Hawker was Anglo-Catholic,
far-removed from my Druidic-Methodism,
but still the reasoned spirit connects:
a zawn that links our centuries.

Back on the roads, signposts, fictions,
the CNLA writes a new graffiti,
which extends back to your Quest of the Sangraal,
a layer of poetry which you knew well,
and which has blossomed in our minds
like this white summer hawthorn,
gaking down upon a world God wrote for we.

My hand traces the wood of the door,
splinters from the hulks wrecked on Higher Sharpnose,
still here after so many tempests,
so many slewed Atlantic squalls,
skittering hulls slipping sideways.
Outside is the hawthorn - the *haglan*,
gnarled and holed, but still upright.

Like hut and hawthorn Hawker, you and I
have weathered many storms
but still stand high above the earth,
not yet barnacled splinters, not yet a carbon trace,
Another day to watch the West,
and like the lorn scratchers here,
another day, to write my life and love.

Alan Kent

ROOM NUMBER FOUR

by Laurence Green, illustrated by Catharine Collingridge

The coach clattered over the Tamar into Cornwall at Polson Bridge. Almost immediately, it began to climb the hill into Launceston, the horses blowing and straining under the coachman's whip. It was a warm September day in the year 1849; the drooping trees that lined the river had not yet begun to turn. The hilly countryside lay drowsing under the afternoon sun which warmed the granite and slate houses of the ancient hilltop town as it sat under the dark ramparts of its castle.

In the coach's dark interior John Hardy sweated into his heavy woollen suit, glad that his long, staged journey from Worcester was nearly at an end. He was a small man, slightly balding with a neat moustache and a slightly foreign air about him. He knew Launceston well, having sold many pairs of Worcester gloves to merchants in the town. Indeed, he counted a number of clients there as his friends, men such as John Ching and Thomas Treleaven.

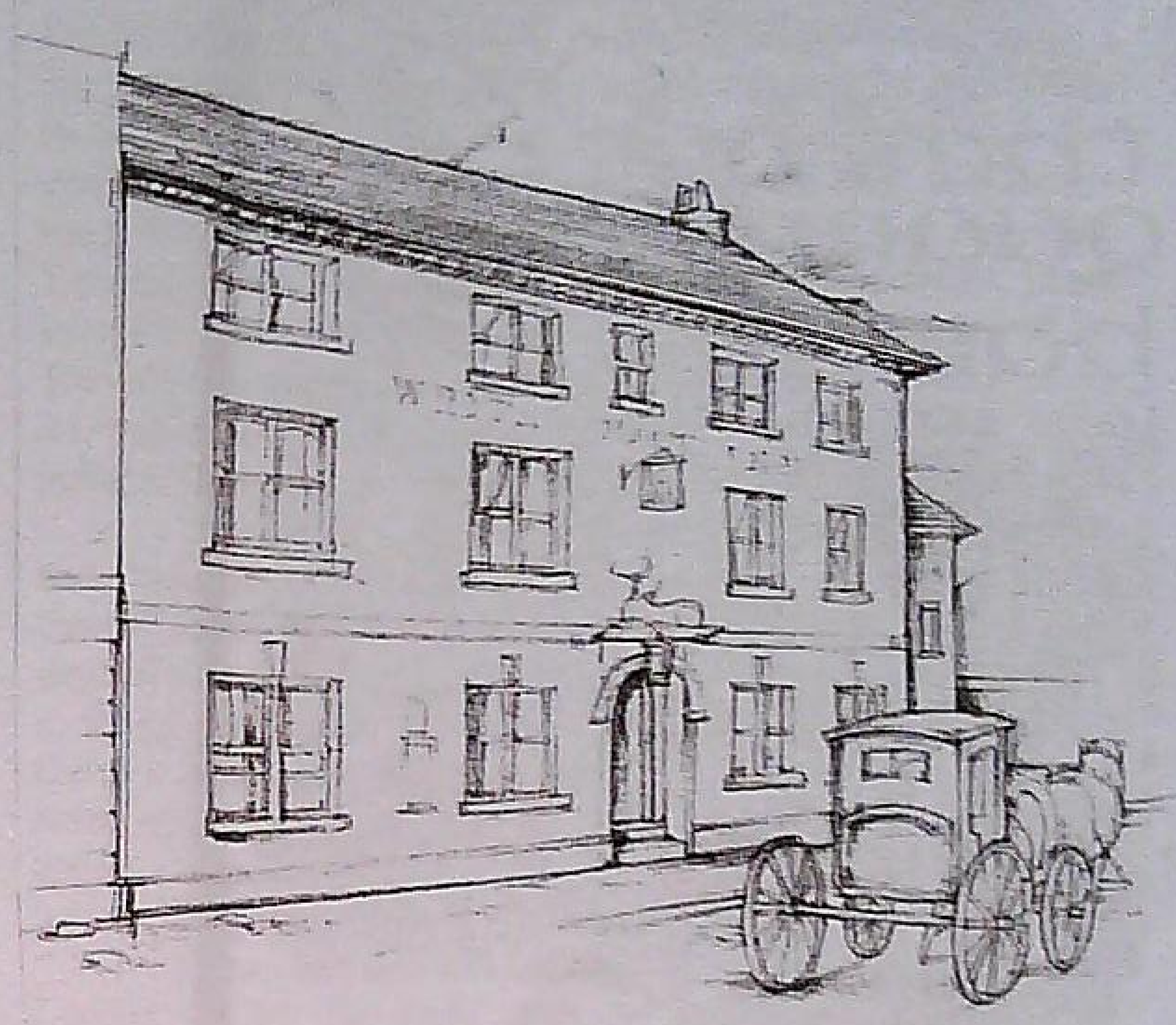
Despite his relief at his imminent arrival, Hardy felt queasy and giddy. His stomach rolled in an alarming fashion as cramps gripped his intestines. He thought grimly that he must have eaten something rotten, perhaps in Exeter where he had changed coaches. He looked out of the window as the coach reached the top of the hill and swung into Exeter Street to rattle beneath overhanging houses. Finally, with the postillion's horn tooting, the sweating horses drew the coach through the tight arch of the South Gate, past Ching's Wine Vaults, round the corner into Broad Street, to draw to a swaying, creaking halt in front of the ancient arched doorway of the White Hart Inn.

Hardy broke out into a cold sweat as he was helped out of the coach. Clammily he clasped the hand of Mr. Pattison, landlord of the inn. His heavy trunk with its numerous samples was passed down from the roof of the coach to be picked up from the granite pavement by a man in a green baize apron who, directed by Pattison, took it directly up to Room 4, Hardy's usual abode at the White Hart.

"I'll go directly to my room and not take supper this evening. I feel a little indisposed after my long journey and do not wish to be disturbed. I will give you further instructions in the morning," said Hardy. Grasping the banister he climbed slowly to his room accompanied by an anxious Pattison who carried the bag.

"I bid you goodnight, Sir, and trust that you will pass a good night," he replied.

Before turning it, Hardy took off his coat and his waistcoat, sat on the side of the high bed and looked out of the window at the busy street below. He could hear faint shouts and the clatter of iron-shod wheels coming from below him. Waves of nausea and dizziness came over him as he lay, at last, on the bed, stretching full length. Then appalling pains wrenched his tired stomach and, as he drew his knees up to almost touch his chin, his bowels turned to water.



Next morning the sun shone from a cloudless sky as Hardy came a little shakily down the stairs from his room to begin the day's business. He looked a little pale but his face wore its usual determined look. In his gloved right hand he carried a small leather bag of samples and his appointment book. He was greeted in the hallway by a slightly worried Pattison.

"I trust you passed a good night and are feeling better this morning, Mr. Hardy," he asked.

"Much better thank you, Mr. Pattison," Hardy replied. "I will not take breakfast this morning however. And, one more thing; please do not enter my room today. I do not wish for any disturbance. I wish you a good day."

"Very well, Sir, I will instruct the maid not to make your bed today and will see that you are at no time disturbed," said Pattison, slightly mystified. He thought that Hardy must have shaved in cold water this morning, having sent the girl away with the ewer of hot water over half an hour ago. Hardy didn't look too indisposed however, apart from a pronounced pallor and dark circles under his eyes.

Hardy's day started well with an appointment with Mr. Hicks at his large draper's shop in Southgate Street. He placed an order for three gross of assorted leather gloves for the winter and was in excellent spirits as he walked to the other side of the town to an appointment with Mr. Hoskins. He felt light and insubstantial, no doubt as a result of not having eaten for nearly twenty-four hours. Surprisingly he felt no hunger and refused the tea and biscuits offered by Mr. Hoskins in his snug parlour behind the shop. With another substantial order in his pocket, Hardy walked up a street between large brick houses of classic proportions to emerge from the North Gate onto the wide grounds under the Castle. Turning his back on the ragged pile of the castle keep he looked over the rising countryside unfolding to the west. Above the valley of the River Kensey, small fields rose to a wooded horizon. Hardy felt, with some sadness, that he would never look at this view again, would never return to Launceston. He knew that, somehow, his business here was

nearly done and that a chapter was finally closing for him.

In the meantime, however, he had one more call to make. He would visit his old friend John Ching, a man of much influence in the town and a very good customer. If only Hardy could summon up a little energy and shake off the growing feeling of detachment that was invading his limbs. One more call to make having come so far; surely he could manage that much and finish the day's work with an outstandingly good result for the firm in Worcester that had always treated him so well and had always placed so much confidence in him.

Wearily he stood outside the front door of the Ching house in Broad Street, separated from the White Hart by only a stone bank building. He pulled the handle for the bell, hearing the echoes fade into the chambers of the house. A maid opened the door. She noticed a small man with what she could only describe later as a "faded" appearance. She motioned him in, taking his hat and stick, before offering him a seat in the front room. He sat lightly down, sighing quietly as his limbs relaxed into the leather chair.

John Ching came into the room. He was shock by the appearance of his friend and colleague. As Hardy rose to shake his hand Ching noticed that he had aged noticeably since last he saw him. He thought that Hardy was thin and that he had a waxy complexion, his hand was cold and his eye unnaturally bright and staring.

"Please sit down my dear fellow," said Ching. "I am glad to see you again and ready to do business. Winter draws on and with it the need for a quantity of your excellent Worcester gloves. I trust that you are in good health after your long and tedious journey from the Midlands."

"Perfectly, thank you. I have samples of a new line in leather gloves which have proved very popular with the people of the Westcountry. Let me show you the quality of these items and I/m sure that you will agree with me as to the reasonableness of their cost," replied hardy.

Ching took the supple gloves in his hands and approved the quality of their manufacture. He felt a severe headache grip his temples and, having placed an order for three gross of the gloves, rose from his chair to seek a drop of laudanum in his study. Thus he did not witness the gradual disappearance of Mr. Hardy from his comfortable chair in the parlour.

Rose, the maidservant who had ushered Hardy into the parlour, saw the whole thing. In the act of clearing the low table of the tea cups, she noticed that Mr. Hardy had not touched his cup. As she straightened up with the charged tray in her hands, she glanced at Mr. Hardy in his chair. His outline began to waver and dissolve. His form became thinner, his limbs almost skeletal. Gradually he faded from the chair, its brocade outline asserting itself through his transparent form. His face assumed the lines of a skull and then, he was gone. The chair remained as a mute testimony of his recent presence.

At Rose's hysterical scream Ching rushed back through the doorway. Jumping over the chaos of the dropped tray, he searched the room for any sign of hardy. There was none, apart from the hat and stick in the front hall. Ching dashed out of the front door onto Broad Street, along the pavement to The White Hart and demanded to see Mr. Pattison. He stood shocked before the landlord who listened to his emphatic words.

"Mr. Hardy left strict and specific instructions that his room be not disturbed. Only in a dire emergency may I disregard those orders," said Pattison.

"I must find Mr. Hardy. It is a matter of some urgency. He may have been taken ill and could have rushed back to his room for a remedy. We must open the door of this room and help him. It is no less than our duty, Mr. Pattison," replied Ching.

"Very well Mr. Ching. I am reluctant to open his room but we must help him if he is in distress. I will bring up the keys myself. I must insist that you accompany me, however, Mr. Ching."

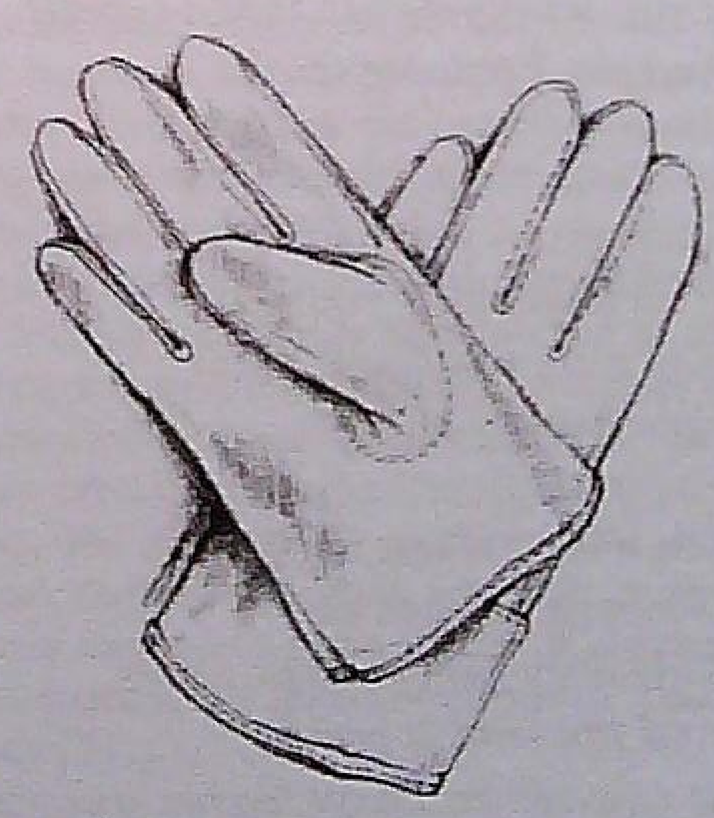
The two men climbed the stairs to room number four. The key grated in the lock as Mr. Pattison carefully opened the door. Inside the room they found Hardy lying open-mouthed on the bed. His eyes were open and his face held an unmistakably expression of the utmost agony. He was quite dead and had obviously been so for some time. He lay in a pool of evil-smelling brown liquid which was beginning to solidify on the sheets and blankets of the bed. In the dead hands were the torn shreds of the clean white sheets put onto the bed only twenty-four hours ago.

"Out!" cried Pattison. "Tell no-one of this. Send for Dr. Killock immediately and keep the door shut. We could have here a case of cholera!"

Half an hour later a shaken Dr. Killock sat in Pattison's back parlour at the White Hart. He looked intently at the two men facing him.

"Mr. Hardy has indeed succumbed to the dreaded cholera. He had been dead for at least twenty four hours when I examined him. He died in agony during his first and last night under your roof. I am confident that if we take the necessary precautions, the disease will not spread. I myself took the utmost care when I examined him and, with God's grace have not contracted the disease," said Dr. Killock.

That evening, under cover of dusk, Mr. Geake the undertaker directed three men carrying a lead lined coffin into the back premises of the White Hart. Mr. Hardy's body was quietly removed and buried without the usual attentions to his person. He was buried in the soiled clothes in which he had died and, three weeks later, his body safely in the burial ground, a memorial service was held for him in the church of St. Mary Magdalene. His family attending, the bells were rung in thanks for the containment of the deadly diseased. As the joyful metallic peals broke in waves over Launceston, puzzled accountants in Worcester noted that Mr. Hardy's last day of business in that town had been his best ever.



Zennor, overlooking the sea. This was later Patrick Heron's property, his "Eagle's Nest". Jack was so impressed with it that he determined to build something similar for himself - on the south coast as he thought this would be more suitable for a young family. He cycled around Cornwall and eventually came to Gorran Haven. He managed to buy Lamledra farm from John Charles Williams of Caerhays and got a friend, Paul Coleridge, a pupil of Lutyens and an Arts and Crafts architect, to design the solid stone and slate house tucked under the hill, with its lovely views of Vault Beach and Dodman Point, which we see today.

By the time of the outbreak of the First World War Marjorie had two young daughters and it was decided they should stay at Lamledra while her husband lived in London working in the Home Office in the aliens' department. They corresponded daily and in this volume Cassandra reproduces a selection of Marjorie's letters describing their life at Lamledra, what was going on in the locality, her views of the war situation etc. For the Gorran descriptions it is a useful adjunct to Anne Treneer's work and my own histories. She tells of their daily life, gardening and growing vegetables, experiences with the children and staff, the weather conditions, the changing vistas to be seen. She clashed with the redoubtable Mrs. Drew at Perhaver house but got on well with the vicar, Mr. Yonge and his wife who helped her establish a library of books at the Gorran Haven Institute.

She noticed the shipping passing by, sailing boats and steamships, sometimes destroyers looking for German subs. They often heard the boom of naval guns and on a couple of occasions saw British airships patrolling in the neighbourhood. She reported on the loss of men from the village in the war, William Patten drowned at sea, Joseph Oliver and another of the family killed in battle. It was a different world then, without electricity, telephone, wireless, a very simple and isolated life, only a donkey and cart for conveyance. News got spread by word of mouth and rumours and could be blown out of all proportions e.g. Mrs. Pill tearing from the Churchtown to the Haven, saying that London had been bombed to extinction.

In the Second World War her husband was with her at Lamledra and there were naturally no letters between them but she did write a diary in the early part which is partially reproduced here. It is an interesting record of the time, especially informative about the wreck of the *Ardangorm* on the Gwineas in 1940. The whole work is illustrated with her lovely paintings and drawings of the area, of flowers, her designs, photographs of her and her family in and around the place. Certainly a marvellous addition to the books about the parish but also of general interest, a delightful record of art and society, the attitudes of people and the atmosphere in that traumatic time.

James Whetter

Liz Harman, "Now 'Ark to Me", Giss 'On Books, 2006, pbk, £6

It's not always realized that the writing and telling of Cornish stories – particularly dialect stories – is a pretty precise art. Over the years, writers and storytellers such as W.B. Forfar, J.T. Tregellas, Herbert Lean, Lilla Miller ('Mrs. Rosewarne') and Margaret Gunn ('Cousin Jinny') have tried – for the most part, successfully – to capture the idiosyncrasies, speech patterns and ways of thinking of Cornish folk. Others have tried and been less successful, falling into the trap of writing virtually every word in dialect, thereby rendering their stories unreadable. Even a writer of the stature of the late Jack Clemo was guilty of this in some of the early dialect stories that were subsequently collected together in *The Bouncing Hills*.

This is not a criticism, though, that can be levelled at Newlyner Liz Harman, whose collection of stories (not all of which are in dialect) and poems I bought after hearing her perform at a poetry evening organised by Les Merton for this year's Esethvos Kernow.

Now 'Ark To Me features nearly thirty stories and poems inspired in the main by tales handed down through the writer's family, notably her grandfather Jacko, her granny Lizzie, Cousin Nicky, and her mother Rene. Two common devices used by Cornish storytellers are to have a couple of characters chatting over the garden wall – this was a favourite of 'Mrs. Rosewarne' – or to write the story as an imaginary letter. The latter is used to great effect by Liz Harman in her Aunt Sarah Anne letters which were inspired by and written specially for her mother. Other pieces such as 'Boys and Girls Come Out to Play', and poems such as 'Newlyn 1943' and 'Time' are more reflective and personal.

Full marks to Simon Parker for bringing to a wider public a writer who, as he says in his blurb, 'writes like a breath of fresh Newlyn air. Salty, funny, and from the heart'. If you get the chance, do try and catch Liz Harman at a poetry evening. If you don't, then do buy *Now 'Ark To Me* – you won't be disappointed.

Derek R. Williams

By Castell-Y-Bere

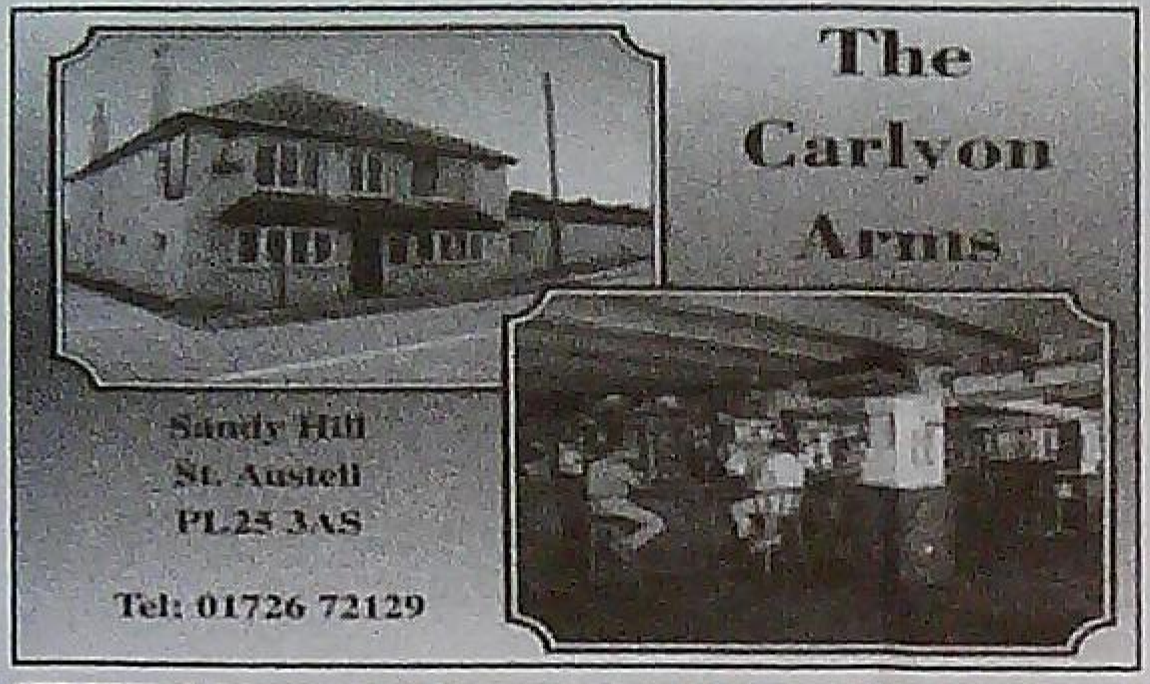
This place is of
slate paths, a pitted stronghold,
crab apples, awkward crevices
fairie mounds, mangled faith,
damp oaks, oiled despoil,
dewed grass, gnarled defences,
stones like clusters of mussels
upon the bellowing sea of Cadair Idris.

According to the Chronicles,
its ramparts were constructed by Llywelyn the Great,
the Prince of Gwynedd, soon after 1221.
This is the real Rohan, a hill set in a cwm.
D-shaped towers shaped by Rowan trees,
draw bridges now flanked by Heritage wood,
a well where the water still tastes good -
of the earth and its full mysteries.

Just the way Llywelyn knew.
This was his landscape of defiance.
Above and beyond are layers of Brythonic:
snow-capped Craig-y-Llyn,
cold Pencoed, Mynydd Tynfach,
and southwards, Foel Cae'rberllan.
Down there is Afon Dysynni,
taking fish to the frothing mountains of the Irish Sea.

In King Edward I's conquest of Wales,
it fell to the English on 25th April 1283.
Too long ago for the brain to contemplate,
but too soon for the names to fade.
And like Y-Bere, the English
with their souls, their poetry, their tongue
have circled ever since.
But like this castle, they'll never fully sack me.

Alan Kent



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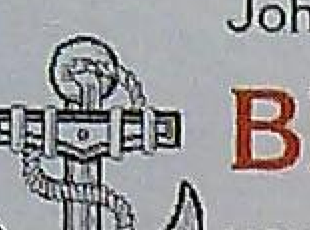

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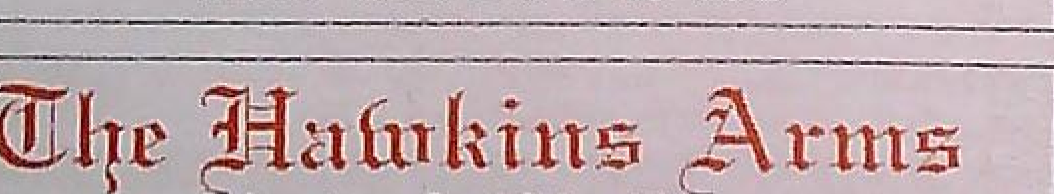

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