

# THAT WAS THE SEASON THAT WASN'T

MAKING THE allowance for the weather and the drop in actual number of visitors and the inducements of Spain and the like, the "Season" could have been a whole lot better for all and sundry -- good for traders and the visitors and the economy of the County as well.

Some parts of the County have fared better than others. Is it because they have more to offer? Penwith, Carrick, Restormel and Caradon areas certainly possess within their boundaries some of the most beautiful scenery to behold, and the respective councils of the above areas are quick to capitalise on the assets and the benefits by massive publicity and promotion of their respective areas, to attract yet more visitors.

Kerrier and N.C.D.C. seem to "miss out" on the publicity wagon by probably inadvertently not belonging to the consortium which other district councils contribute into for the maximum promotion of that area.

Here, within the confines and boundaries of the N.C.D.C. we have beauty, splendour and magnificence unsurpassed, non as much as the North Cornwall coastline and, of course, the respective coastal villages in this area.

Yet we are not fully promoted as well as we have the right to be. WHY should we explore the whys and wherefores? What is this consortium? What does it cost to join? At the risk of repeating myself: "In 1983, £261,000,000 was introduced into the

County's economy by our visitors, of which £91,000,000 remains in the County.

Boscastle with its intrinsic beauty deserves more, and a slightly larger slice of the "holiday cake" than we seem to be getting at the moment. We are not getting the full publicity treatment, and must find a way to remedy this anomaly.

Since going to press I am now informed that Kerrier have joined the consortium of District Councils and their respective tourist officers in publicity promotion for their areas. *N.C.D.C. IS NOT represented.*

Whether we like it or not, the County needs tourism and the benefits it brings. It also has its drawbacks, but all holiday industries have that.

The benefits of promoting an extended season with the full back-up of publicity and promotion is of paramount importance. It must not be ignored. We must approach our councillors to find out what's to be done.

Accordingly, Mr. Clive Darvill of Botreaux House Hotel has agreed to hold an informal meeting at the Hotel on Thursday 30th October 1986 at 9.00 p.m. Invitations have been extended to Mr. Fred Whiting, County Councillor, Mr. Roy Standing Deputy Tourist Officer of the C.C.C., Mr. Harry Northcott, District Councillor and members of the Forrabury and Minster Parish Council. All interested parties, are of course, most welcome.

*The Editor*



*Trebarwith Strand.*

*Well, it definitely isn't PINK!!!*

## CATNAPPED

THIS FIVE week old cub named Midas belongs to Mrs. Suyen Toklen-Sinclair of Tintagel. Mrs. Sinclair has applied to the N.C.D.C. for a licence to keep the panther, which has already been declawed, and is making plans for a suitable cage to be built in their back garden when the cub matures.

They hoped eventually to use it for film work. Any budding "Clouseau's" lost their panther?

# HOW GOOD IS YOUR DRIVING?

**PART THREE:**

In this penultimate article I would like to draw your attention to the use of signals by road users.

Signals are the means by which one road user communicates with other road users. They are meant to indicate an intention, or to notify that road user's presence.

The driver giving the signal knows why he is signalling, but unfortunately it is always a one sided communication, and there is no opportunity for other road users to discuss the reason or the merits of the signal given.

It is for this reason that signals must be given correctly and in good time. Always give the person to whom the signal is intended time to read it, otherwise it is pointless giving it.

Recently, I was following one of John Fry's coaches which was approaching a road junction on his left. The left-hand indicator on the coach was flashing. What did it mean? Was it:-

1. The coach was turning left?
2. Stopping before the junction?
3. Stopping after the junction?
4. Slowing down because the driver thought it was safe for me to overtake it?
5. Carrying straight on because the driver had failed to cancel his trafficator?

This is a simple example of how ambiguous a signal can be. The coach driver knew why he was indicating, but I had no idea! If a trafficator signal is given, and its meaning might be misunderstood, an arm signal should be given to confirm it.

The sight of an arm signal being given correctly is an unusual occurrence these days, and as well as giving a good impression, it leaves other road users in no doubt as to what the driver's intentions are.

A signal which is not often appreciated, and which the driver cannot give incorrectly, is the warning given by the brake lights. Remember, when the lights illuminate, it means that the vehicle is slowing down, and not about to slow down. What it does not show is the degree of deceleration, so always anticipate the worst and be prepared.

Another good example of ambiguous visible signals often occurs when driving along a narrow road approaching a parked vehicle on the nearside, there is an oncoming vehicle and it flashes its lights. What does it indicate? Is it:-

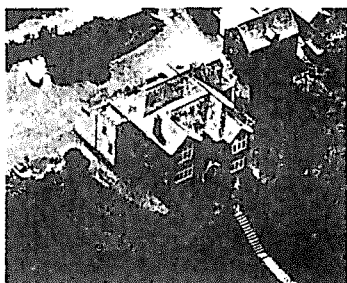
1. "Come on through. You can overtake. I will wait for you"?
2. "Stay where you are. I am coming through. I have the right of way"?
3. "Hello! I am your neighbour/friend/workmate, etc."?
4. "Hello! I have the same sort of vehicle as you"?
5. The driver has flashed his lights by mistake?

To avoid being involved in such a misunderstanding, only use a flashing headlamp signal, as suggested by paragraph 113 in the Highway Code:-

**"THE FLASHING OF HEADLAMPS HAS ONLY ONE MEANING - LIKE SOUNDING YOUR HORN IT LETS ANOTHER ROAD USER KNOW YOU ARE THERE. DO NOT FLASH YOUR HEADLAMPS FOR ANY OTHER REASON."**

A brief word about horn warning signals. Think before you give them, and only give them as a last resort. Remember there are a great number of deaf and hard of hearing people using the roads today. Any horn warning is wasted on them.

In conclusion, before you give any signal, either visible or audible, always look in your mirrors. If there is no one who will benefit from your signal, do not give one - you are wasting your time, and if you do give a signal, cancel it immediately afterwards.



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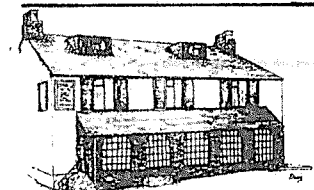
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# CONFESSIONAL

**WHY I SPEAK OUT ON SEX - By  
Father Bryan Storey of Tintagel**

Even within my own church, I'm not exactly approved of. I'm said to be controversial and outspoken. I speak out on love and sex, and have been called 'frustrated', 'a man in need of a bit of sex', 'sex mad'. I've been told I'm insubordinate and disobedient for not keeping quiet and ignoring approved ecclesiastical channels. I'm 'vain and conceited' in making a public spectacle of myself and enjoying the publicity gained for me by a mad, semi-literate former disc jockey.

You can imagine I'd be pretty insensitive not to take a little notice (at least sometimes) of these things said to me by those who wish I'd keep my mouth shut. It's a bit difficult when some of the people who go on at me, I'd normally give anything to try to please. I've even told my kindly superiors that if (by chance) I found myself in prison, I'd have to shout out at the walls!

The reason for my attitude is that I'm convinced I could have been as sexually promiscuous as anybody, and a lot more than many when I was a teenager. I've since seen the hell on earth experienced by so many who fell into ways which, by the grace of God, I resisted. I embraced sexual purity and found that contrary to the lying, insidious, pernicious and wily nonsense we usually hear, nothing contributes to inner peace, joy and love for single and married more than the chaste, pure ways of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.

The only reason I found the determination and will to resist was because there were people who spoke up with clarity and gave sound advice on these matters. I can never thank them enough for the heaven on earth I have found. They were right. My opponents are wrong. I've sinned by conforming in being silent for so long. But that's now finished. I shall never be silent again. I've no alternative. I have to speak out. B.S.

\*\*\*\*\*

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New this year is a special fish menu which we change daily. Our comprehensive wine list complements the food.

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# ENGLISH AS SHE AS SPOKE

I'VE BEEN promised a *flash* toilet in Pakistan, and I've eaten steamed *muscles* in Nagasaki. In Taiwan, I've marvelled at a tailor's sign that vowed: "Ladies can have fits here," and fumbled through an Italian mail-order catalogue that threatened clients with "a speedy execution".

I know a Spanish car-rental office that boasts "Without competitive prices!" and a Leningrad restaurant that has a cloakroom sign urging, "Please hang yourself here." But then even we British are guilty of disfiguring speech. Consider this advertisement from a local newspaper: "Children shot for Christmas in the home. Call Regent Studios."

What are they doing to the English language? The above are examples of a linguistic wave that has splashed across the world. Modern English has become the most popular language in history. In addition to the 300 million and more people who speak it as a mother tongue, a *thousand* million or so use some kind of English as a second language.

In this swirling, seething Bable, it's only natural that curious things occur. Words corkscrew wildly, spelling runs amok, meanings turn inside out, grammar takes a holiday. Call it broken, mangled, fractured, clobbered or just plain scrambled English—or, for short, Scramblish. It can be both entertaining and utterly misleading, poetic and meaningless, inspired and lunatic.

Over the years I've roamed some five dozen countries and collected choice samples of Scramlish. I've discovered its varieties on every continent. Whether it's called Japlish, Franglais, or pidgin-English, Scramblish, the poor man's Esperanto, knows no frontiers.

Who wouldn't be seduced by this masterly invitation to a shark-fishing trip in Tahiti? "Goa forrt ou Board m/y The shark fissing boat. Leef the harbor at 10 am an have your fan, on board. A luxury 21m fissing boat, folly equiped for navigation. Roods reels baits and tution by a very experimentd crew. Return at 4 pm after 6 hours of fan sun chaine relax and adventure." What a day!

In Italy, I saw this placard on a church

door: "Beware! Falling Angels!" (They meant statues, not seraphim.) And the following street sign in Java: "Attention! You must be well dressed on the road. Violating this rule you will be seized and confiscated."

Around the world, restaurants are particularly inspired. I have ordered "breded fillet pork catlet" in Penang, "rare cheesecake" in Nagoya, and a "Grilled Chinese and Ham on Toast" in Hong Kong. "Eat the Middle East foods in an European ambulance," offered a Tehran steak-house.

Hotel notices boast some of the finest Scramblish available. One well-meaning Tokyo hotel warns, "Swindlers dangling with guests around our hotel at night have no relations with us." And how about this for inscrutability: "Lift repaired. This lift cannot be used."

The world's different forms of pidgin-English have created whole new idioms. In Macao, I revelled in such phrases as: "You topside box no savvy" (Your brain does not comprehend) and "That fella completely sick" (He's dead).

But no other pidgin has the evocative power and imagination of Tok Pisin, Papua New Guinea's lingua franca. Just savour the vocabulary: *antap* (on top) means "above"; *santing nogut* (something no good) is "evil." The inventive Papua New Guineans have even tackled Shakespeare: *Pren, man belong Rom, wantock, harim nau* ("Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"). *Yu laikim?* The greatest.

Ultimately, the sneakiest examples of Scramblish lull the victim into thinking he's actually reading English; then *wham!*—he's up to his eyeballs in verbal quicksand. A brochure to France's Basque coast opens innocently enough: "Those who visit the area will not find great historical monuments, majestic architecture or memories of events from a sensational past."

Then: "The Basque coast is more importance than the inland parts, and therefore more visitores and sperdy time over. It has charm of its own, wild, with the mountains nearing the sea, and the waves foamines on the rocks like wild horses, with manes flowires." Sheer poetry! Kelley or Sheats, maybe.



Look at this photo sideways. Is this the face of King Arthur?

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P.P.A. — THE Pre-School Playgroups Association — celebrates its Silver Jubilee this year, marking twenty five years of progress and ever-increasing influence. It has over ten thousand member groups, and among them we are proud to number Boscastle, which is itself fourteen years old! Started by Mrs. Marion Ferrett, with the help of Mrs. Joan Kinsman and Mrs. Mary Nichols, it has been meeting ever since, on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the Church Hall — except for a brief time when numbers dropped to three, and we had to wait for the babies to catch up.

The ideal number, and about our average is twelve, but we did reach an amazing twenty at one point in our career. During its fourteen years the majority of Boscastle's children have passed through Playgroup, so it is very much a part of our community.

**But why Playgroups at all? How do they run? What do they do?**

In the words of P.P.A.'s Constitution our aim is "to enhance the development and education of children under school age by encouraging parents to understand and provide for the needs of their children through community groups".

So each Playgroup takes on its own special character — entirely run by the parents who fund it by charging fees and by all kinds of fund raising events. They engage a supervisor (I prefer the word Playleader) if they wish, or some groups run with parents taking turns to manage the sessions. It has however been found to work better if there is someone to supervise who is always there to provide stability and continuity. We in Boscastle have always encouraged maximum parent participation, on a rota basis — and the parent always stays with the child till he or she is happy to be left.

P.P.A., through its regional, county and branch structure does everything possible to maintain a high standard of playgroup practice, through its publications, training courses and workshops. These deal not only with the practicalities of day to day running, but also with child development and psychology. Some playgroups will assist parents with course fees, as their knowledge gained helps the quality of the group. North Cornwall Branch, to which we belong, runs frequent courses, which are instructive and enjoyable and those who go to them find they help them with their own families at home.

Social Services vet premises when a group starts up, and see that basic equipment for safe and stimulating play is provided. All member groups are insured through P.P.A. to protect people and equipment.

**Play? Why Play? What good is play?**

A word, alas, commonly used to mean rather trivial pursuits, instead of the intense and pleasurable learning experience it actually is to the young child. P.P.A. has a saying "Playing is Learning for Living" — and you have only to carefully observe little children "playing" to realise its a very serious business, and often, for them, extremely hard work, stretching them often to the limit of their capabilities. But what satisfaction! The delight on the face of a child the first time he or she mixes paint, makes a print, saws through a piece of wood, completes a puzzle, comprehends something, masters the courage to jump off the climbing frame, leaves one in no doubt how much the experience means. We all develop at a faster rate during the first six years of our lives than at

any subsequent period — its in these years the bedrock of the whole complicated process of learning and character development is laid down.

They have plenty of space for the kind of play which it is not always easy to provide for at home. Using paint, exploring natural materials such as wood and clay, water and sand, using glue to make collages of paper, fabric, leather, etc, and mini sculptures using stones, shells, sand, dried flowers, etc. Learning to construct with all kinds of toys and bricks, developing language when stories, rhymes, books — and conversation, dressing up — playing imaginative games, puppets, playing music, looking, enjoying outings together, physical activity — welcoming interesting visitors — furry, feathered and human! — all these activities help them to develop their intellectual, creative, manipulative and social skills and also to cope socially and emotionally. There is a huge difference between the little rising three year old holding firmly on to mum or dad who comes in to playgroup, and the confident little person rising five who goes off happily to school, with friends already made at playgroup, and through close liason with school familiar with the building and the teachers. Parents, too, gain confidence as they are able to watch their child in the context of other children.

**Junior Playgroup**

But we don't forget the under threes and their parents. Boscastle has a junior group which meets every Tuesday afternoon, in term time for parents — or "minders" — babies and toddlers.

We are pleased to report our numbers have grown — but newcomers are always very welcome! The emphasis in these groups is more on the parent — its easy to feel isolated as a new mum or dad these days with families so often divided. But here, as in playgroup we can provide comfort, reassurance, support, friendship, problem sharing and often solving. And the little ones love it — even tiny babies. We put out toys suitable for all at different stages and they also enjoy paint dough, water and sand play. Woodwork and glue we reserve for the older ones!

**Playgroup belongs to the village.**

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those good friends of playgroup who have helped us over the years in all kinds of ways — supporting our fund raisers, donating time and money and all kinds of equipment, collecting margarine tubs, hats, useful bits of wood, fabrics, leather, etc, etc. (our appetite for this sort of thing is permanent and insatiable so please don't stop!)

And we would like to extend an invitation — to any friends, aunts, uncles, grand parents — anyone who enjoys being with small children to please pop in at our sessions — pay us a visit, have a cuppa, join in if you wish or just watch. We already have a SUPER GRANDAD, who has done a splendid job re-painting and mending some of our much used equipment — we would love some kind soul to join us on Tuesday afternoons and play with the babies so mum's can relax a bit over their tea.

Please don't think we don't welcome young visitors too — we have some great young friends — we'd like more.

Lastly, I personally would like to thank all you parents of Boscastle and nearby, who have provided me, and still do, with the opportunity to enjoy the company and development of such delightful children. We are a fortunate community indeed to be blessed with so many potentially excellent people of high quality.

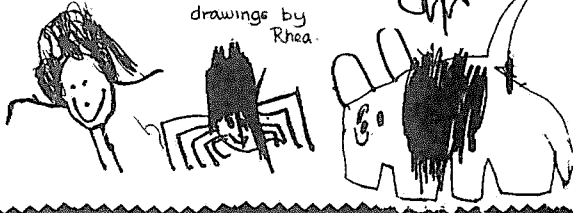
Aunty' Joan Cork  
(Boscastle Playleader.)

*Speak to us of Children  
And he said:  
Your children are not your children.  
They are the sons and daughters of Life's  
longing for itself.  
They come through you but not from you,  
And though they are with you yet they  
belong not to you.  
  
You may give them your love but not  
your thoughts,  
For they have their own thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but not their  
souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house of  
tomorrow, which you cannot visit,  
not even in your dreams.  
You may strive to be like them, but seek  
not to make them like you.  
For life goes not backward nor carries  
with yesterday.*

*You are the bows from which your  
children as living arrows are sent  
forth.  
The archer sees the mark upon the path  
of the infinite, and he bends you  
with his might that His arrows may  
go swift and far:  
Let your bending in the Archer's hand  
be for gladness;  
For even as He loves the arrow that flies,  
so He loves also the bow that is stable.*

*From The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran*

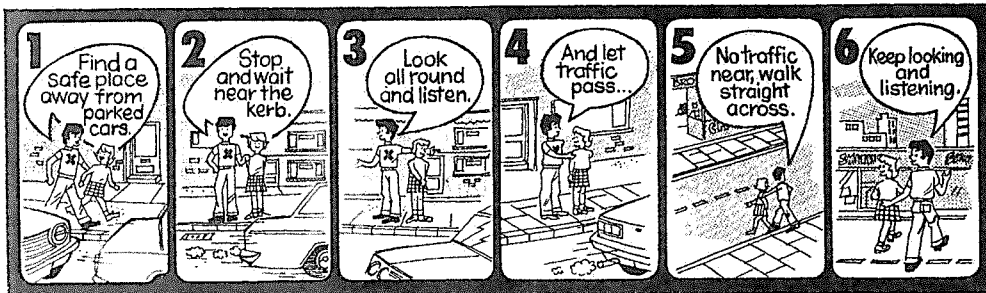
drawings by  
Rhea.



dear mummy and daddy

i nh ope you are both swell. i a m typing this letter with  
one finger.....XXXXXXXXX dnam i XXXXXXXXXXXX? XXX

**The Green Cross code and how to use it.**



**ODD ODE**

WAITING TO cross the road one day, I watched a rather old motorbike approaching. As it stopped at the traffic lights, both rider and bike slowly keeled over to the left, eventually landing with a thud on the road.

The elderly motorcyclist picked himself up, then, looking distinctly embarrassed, turned to me and explained, "I've been doing this ever since I took my sidecar off!"

# AFTER 73 YEARS, A TITANIC FIND

When the Great Ship Went Down Using an underwater marvel, scientists finally locate the great ship

THEY ARE the artifacts of extravagance, as flawlessly preserved as those in the tomb of King Tutankhamen. Five cases of wine with corks seemingly intact. Delicate china plates, wash basins and chamber pots, pristine and unchipped. Plump and elegant luggage that could have been packed yesterday. Seventy-three years after the "unsinkable" *Titanic* plowed into an iceberg and slowly slipped beneath the waves, the luxury liner has at last been found sitting nearly upright on the frigid Atlantic floor, 500 miles south of Newfoundland and more than 13,000 ft. below sea level. At that depth, the great ship and its trove of Edwardian-era relics have been shielded from the destructive effects of sunlight, heat, algae and parasites. "If you had your wildest dream of how you were going to find that ship, that is exactly how we found it," said an ebullient Robert Ballard, expedition leader and a marine geologist with the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts. "It is a museum piece."

In a sense, it was a dream fulfilled for all seafaring scientists. To locate one of the most technologically advanced vessels of its day. The researchers employed the most advanced technology of today. A team of 13 Woods Hole investigators sailing on the U.S. Navy research vessel *Knorr* joined forces with a contingent of French scientists aboard the *Suroit*, operated by the Paris-based Research Institute for Exploitation of the Sea (IFREMER). The two ships bristled with several million dollars' worth of sophisticated equipment. It included a high-resolution sonar device that can trace precisely the contours of the ocean floor, and a compact submersible vessel towed like a sled on a cable, which relayed photographs and videotape confirming the *Titanic* find. For some of the investigators, the biggest thrill was that their experimental equipment worked. "This allows us to open up deep-sea exploration on a much, much larger scale than before," says Woods Hole Director John Steele. "We couldn't ask for more."

The discovery was also a triumph for romance. The sinking of the *Titanic* on its maiden voyage, and the death of more than 1,500 of the 2,200 passengers on board, had signaled the end of the Edwardian era in all its cocky opulence. The unexpected reappearance of the great ship was a welcome touch of vintage nostalgia, like the sight of a top hat or a long white glove. For his part, Ballard was willing to share with the world only a portion of his great discovery. Fearing an onslaught of treasure-seeking vandals, he refused to divulge the exact position of the *Titanic*. "If I give you the depths," he said good-humoredly, "a good oceanographer will know how to get at it."

The U.S.-French mission was not the first to seek the ill-fated ocean liner. From the moment the ship plunged to the bottom, people have dreamed of salvaging the vast riches said to be on board, but the great depths and stormy waters of the North Atlantic were thought to be insurmountable obstacles. Even the advent of deep-sea sonar equipment did not initially hold forth much promise for narrowing the search. Although the *Titanic* is believed to have gone under at 41° 46 min. north and 50° 14 min. west, nobody has ever been sure of the exact coordinates; an error of only minutes in either direction translates into an uncertainty of many square miles. Worse, the ocean floor has bumps, rolls and other geological features that could produce a reflected sound-wave pattern confusingly similar to that of a sunken ship.

Among the undaunted was Jack Grimm, a restless Texas oil millionaire who previously had searched for quarries less tangible than the *Titanic*: Noah's Ark, Bigfoot and the Loch Ness monster. Between 1980 and 1983 he lavished \$2 million on three elaborate *Titanic* expeditions, masterminded by Columbia University Marine Geologist William Ryan and Fred Spiess of the Scripps Oceanographic Institute in La Jolla, Calif. Using prototypes and submersible cameras: Ryan and Spiess mapped large swatches of ocean floor and took intriguing images of something that Grimm, at least, is convinced resembled the propeller of a ship. Computer enhancement of the pictures, he insists, seemed to show the faintest outlines of bolts. "Only a few ships had propellers so large that they had to bolt the blades on," says Grimm, "so it confirmed my conviction that we

had found the *Titanic*." But when the crew members returned to the site in 1983, violent storms prevented them from verifying the find. Ballard's obsession with the lost ship had begun decades ago, as a kind of intellectual hobby. "If something's been written about the *Titanic*, he's read it," says fellow Marine Scientist William Marquet. "He knows her, inside and out." That curiosity received a boost three years ago when the Navy decided to finance the development of a sophisticated submersible photographic vessel, christened *Argo* (see box). It was Ballard who suggested that the *Argo*'s maiden task be to seek the *Titanic*. *Knorr* set sail three months ago, the compact submersible on board: after performing routine explorations off the coast of San Juan and the Azores, the crew arrived at the *Titanic* target zone in the rough seas of the North Atlantic in late August.

There it rendezvoused with the *Suroit*, which had been sounding the water since June 28. The French ship had picked up an important echo that was probably associated with the *Titanic*. Armed with that information *Knorr* scientists decided to deploy *Argo* at that spot. In less than a week the researchers received the first dim video images of the *Titanic* that they had been praying for. "We went smack-dab over a gorgeous boiler," crowed Ballard to the Canadian television network CTV. "It was just bang, there we were on top of it."

Elation soon gave way to a more somber spirit. Realizing that they were looking at the scene of one of history's great tragedies, Ballard organized an impromptu memorial service for the dead. Said he: "To finally put those souls to rest was a very nice feeling."

Over the next several days, the *Knorr* crew repeatedly lowered the *Argo*, only to raise it again when the waves got rough. Another unmanned vessel, named *Argus*, was dispatched to the depths to take high-quality still photographs that would complement *Argo*'s videotapes. Acoustic transponders delineated the ship's massive profile. Each image proved more remarkable than the previous one. A small flag-pole stretched forlornly from the tip of the bow. Lifeboat bays yawned, empty. Much of the *Titanic* was in "pristine" condition but portions of the hull seemed to show the lethal gash inflicted by the iceberg, and the stern of the ship had been wrested from the main body. No human remains were seen. In one alarming incident, *Argo* scraped against a *Titanic* smokestack, but the sub emerged intact. At week's end the crew packed up and headed for shore.

Since the first sighting, Ballard has insisted repeatedly that the *Titanic* should be left undisturbed. "The ship is in beautiful condition where it is," he says. "I am opposed to the desecration of this memorial to 1,500 souls." The issue will not die so easily. Already, speculation is mounting over who owns the ship and about the quantity of treasure, including diamonds and other jewels, that may be on board. Commercial Union, a British insurance company descended from the original underwriters of the ship, may have some legal right to the booty, assuming that it can document having paid out a given amount in claims. Grimm maintains that because his expeditions had narrowed the search and his data was given to Ballard, he is at least partly responsible for the discovery. He plans to launch a salvage operation next summer. "I don't see any objection to diving down there," he says. "I'd sure love to drink a bottle of that wine."

Nearly everybody, including Grimm, agrees that raising the entire *Titanic* would be both technologically and financially unthinkable. Yet at least one salvage expert may be ready to give it a try. He is Britain's John Pierce, who designed an array of inflatable canvas bags to lift the *Rainbow Warrior* from the bottom of Auckland harbor in New Zealand after it had been sunk by a terrorist bomb. According to accounts in the British press, Pierce has suggested a similar approach for the *Titanic*. But raising the 418-ton Greenpeace ship from a shallow harbor is one thing, rescuing the 46,328-ton *Titanic* from 2½ miles of ocean quite another. Says Keith Jessop, the Yorkshire diver who in 1981 salvaged \$80 million in gold bullion from the World War II battleship H.M.S. *Edinburgh*: "You can't even speak of them in the same breath."

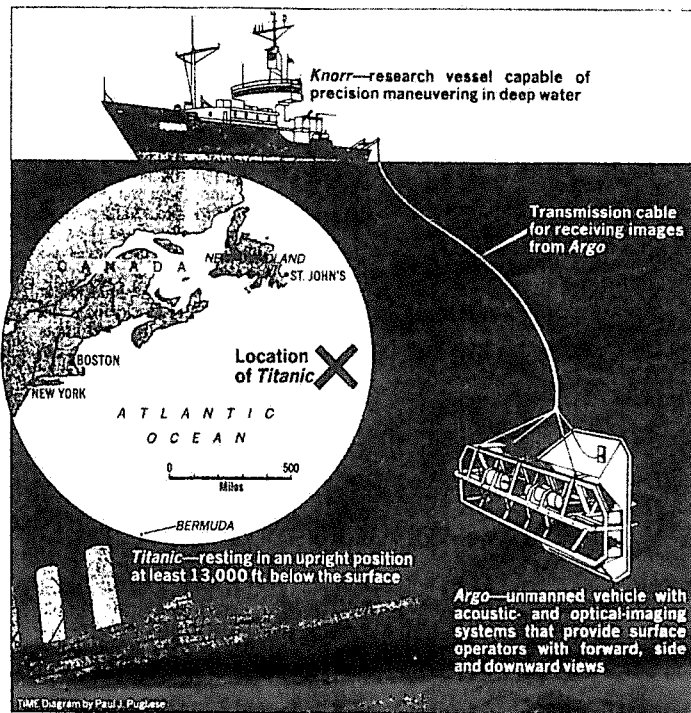
Most *Titanic*philes think there may not be

enough booty aboard to justify the expense of even a modest salvage operation. Walter Lord, author of *A Night to Remember*, pored over the old damage claims and found that the *Titanic*'s cargo was insured for an unimpressive \$420,000. According to the ship's manifest, among the significant items on board were some 500 cases of shelled walnuts, 860 rolls of linoleum and eight cases of orchids.

Woods Hole and the French IFREMER, adopting a loftier stance, are making no claims

on the *Titanic* remains. Ballard wants only to return to the site next year and descend to the bottom in Woods Hole's manned submarine *Alvin* so that he can see the great ship with his own eyes. First, however, he must catch his breath. "This has been so emotional," he says, "that my scientific side has not clicked yet." There is no real hurry: the *Titanic*, after all, has waited 73 years.

By *Natalie Angier*. Reported by *Joelle Attinger/Woods Hole* and *William Dowell/Paris*.



THE COLLISION seemed nothing more than a mild jolt. It felt, said Lady Cosmo Duff Gordon, "as though somebody had drawn a giant finger along the side of the ship." She started up in bed, but everything was quiet, so she lay back again. It was 11.40 p.m. Up in the first-class smoking room, where a group of young men were playing a last few rounds of cards, the grinding sound disturbed the game. Several of the players wandered out into the freezing night to take a look. "We hit an iceberg — there it is," somebody said. As the players looked toward the rear, they could see a dark mountain of ice receding into the distance. They went back to their game, and the ship sailed majestically on.

The *Titanic* was her name, the largest and most luxurious ocean liner afloat. She weighed 46,328 gross tons and was 882.5 ft., roughly 3½ city blocks long. Her engines, developing 55,000 h.p., could drive the *Titanic* at a speed of up to 25 knots. And the luxury suites (price: \$4,350 for an Atlantic crossing) contained elegant furnishings, sumptuous draperies and even private promenade decks.

The great ship was considered unsinkable. She had a double bottom and 16 watertight compartments. Mrs. Albert Caldwell later remembered that she had asked one of the deckhands whether the *Titanic* was truly unsinkable. "Yes, lady," he had said. "God himself could not sink this ship." With that air of invincibility, the *Titanic* set forth on her maiden voyage on April 10, 1912. Her route lay from Southampton, England, to Cherbourg, France, Queenstown, Ireland, and New York City. She carried 2,207 people, and lifeboats for only 1,178.

The unsinkable *Titanic* had received and dismissed warnings about icebergs, according to Walter Lord's celebrated account. *A Night to Remember*. She was invulnerable if as many as four of her watertight compartments were flooded. But the 300-ft. gash inflicted by the iceberg inundated five compartments. Water poured into the mail room and swirled knee deep around the postal workers as they tried to haul sacks of mail to a higher deck. When word of the leaks reached the bridge, somebody asked Captain Edward J. Smith whether he

thought the ship was seriously damaged. He paused, then slowly said, "I'm afraid she is."

Confronting the unthinkable, Smith had to move gradually from disbelief to doubt to desperation. It was 12.05 a.m. when he ordered all passengers mustered on deck, 12.15 when the first call for help was sent out on the wireless, 12.45 when the first of 20 lifeboats was lowered.

Then began that elaborate ritual of women and children first. "It's all right little girl," Dan Marvin said to his bride as he escorted her to one of the boats. "You go and I'll stay a while." She never saw him again. "Walter, you must come with me," pleaded Mrs. Walter Douglas. "No, I must be a gentleman," said Douglas, turning away. Mrs. Isidor Straus, wife of the co-owner of Macy's, refused to be separated. "I've always stayed with my husband, so why should I leave him now?" she said.

Passengers on the lower decks were not given a choice, and so, while almost all the women in first class escaped, nearly half of those in third class drowned. There was also an element of happenstance. Boat No. 1, which could have held 40 people, departed with only twelve. While John Jacob Astor went stoically to his death, Henry Sleeper Harper managed to find lifeboat room not just for himself but for his Pekingese, Sun Yat-sen, and an Egyptian dragoman he was bringing home on a whim. Benjamin Guggenheim changed into evening clothes for the occasion, and so did his valet. "We've dressed in our best," Guggenheim said, "and are prepared to go down like gentlemen."

The end came quickly. Just an hour and a half after the first boat got away, the stern of the *Titanic* towered up out of the water. The passengers in the lifeboats could hear the screams of those they had left behind. And the crashing sounds of everything breaking loose: the five grand pianos, the ice-making machine, dozens of potted palms. At 2.20 with a few of her red and green running lights still aglow, the *Titanic* suddenly slipped beneath the waves. Nobody knows exactly how many lives she took with her. The best estimate: 1,503.

By *Otto Friedrich*

**COASTGUARD NOTES**

19th August (Tuesday)  
1732 hrs. Call from Hartland. Report of blue drum ashore at Bossiny. Proceeded. Nothing found due to state of tide (High). Attended: M. Reynolds, M. Kenyon.

20th August (Wednesday)  
0926 hrs. Call from Hartland. Request search for blue drums. Company mustered by Aux. in Charge's wife. Three search parties covered whole of guard. One drum located at Bencath. (Fire Brigade to action). Attended: D. Ferrett, M. Kenyon, F. Siford, M. Webber, S. Ainsworth, A. Darlison.

23rd August (Saturday)  
0959 hrs. Call from Hartland to A.I.C.'s wife. Object reported on Strangles Beach. Mobile proceeded. Search carried out - negative results. Attended: M. Kenyon, S. Ainsworth.

25th August (Monday)  
1420 hrs. Hartland requested a casualty risk patrol due to very poor weather conditions and reports of wind surfers in the area. Attended: M. Kenyon, R. Hart.

26th August (Tuesday)  
2300 hrs. Call from Hartland. Check Harbour for overdue vessel. Harbour checked. Negative results. Attended: M. Reynolds

28th August (Thursday)  
2042 hrs. Call from Hartland. Report of person in the water at Boscastle Harbour. Proceeded - on arrival found casualty had been recovered from water by two men using one of the Fishermen's dingies. Resuscitation was administered. Ambulance, Doctor and Police also attended, but the 15 year old youth was pronounced dead. Attended: M. Reynolds, D. Kelbey, F. Siford, M. Kenyon, R. Hart, S. Ainsworth.

30th August (Saturday)  
1913 hrs. Call from Hartland. Report of drum on Strangles Beach. Proceeded. Drum found. Thought to be one of the ones lost off the vessel 'APAPA PALM' (on 3rd August). N.C.D.C. Beach Safety to action. Attended: M. Reynolds, F. Siford.

31st August (Sunday)  
1553 hrs. Call from local shop. Object reported at Boscastle Harbour. Informed Hartland of intentions. Proceeded. Object found to be water purifying cartridge (which when stored in garage burnt a hole in the concrete). Another reminder not to touch anything found or washed ashore! Attended: M. Reynolds

7th September (Sunday)  
1900 hrs. A.I.C. paged at work. Hartland contacted; Report of body on beach near Crackington. A.I.C. contacted D. Kilbey, who opened C.R.S. in preparation for Company to proceed. When investigated, the object was found to be a coloured bread crate. (It could easily have been a body). Attended: R. Hart, S. Ainsworth.

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In addition to the normal training exercises, on 4th October a cliff exercise was carried out in conjunction with Port Isaac Inshore Lifeboat. This entailed lowering a casualty into the Lifeboat, using cliffs to the seaward side of the Bathing Pool (Boscastle Harbour). The lifeboat transported the casualty to the quay, and returned for a second casualty, this time to be lowered in a stretcher using two cliff men.

The exercise went very smoothly, proving to be useful and interesting.

\*\*\*\*\*M.C.R.\*\*\*\*

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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**  
DON'T BLAME THE WEATHER!  
My husband and I have just returned from a holiday in Cornwall. Our hotel was nothing like the brochure they sent us and the bulk of the food was frozen.

We went to a quayside restaurant in Padstow and had a pot of tea for two and two pieces of apple pie and cream. For this we were charged £4.85.

No wonder there is a severe decline in people taking holidays at home. It is not all the weather's fault.  
E. FIELDING - Manchester.

\*\*\*\*\*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# SUNDAY SCHOOL French Connection

**BOSCASTLE METHODIST CHAPEL  
SUNDAY SCHOOL**

If you do not already attend a Sunday School, we would warmly invite you to join ours at the Chapel. It is held every Sunday morning, starting at 11 a.m.

We spend the first 15/20 minutes in the Chapel itself, joining in the main Sunday service with hymns and prayers, and when often the person leading the service will speak a special word to the children.

Then we go out to the Sunday School room where the time here is given to all sorts of things to do with Christian learning, i.e. Bible stories, games, quizzes, competitions, etc. It generally finishes about 12 o'clock or so, and the sessions are led by Mrs. V. Honey and Miss M. Hague, who offer a very special invitation to any girls and boys who may like to come along.

If transport is a problem, please let them know, and they will do what they can to help.

\*\*\*\*\*

**DIDN'T WE HAVE A LOVELY TIME,  
THE DAY WE WENT TO ROSCOFF?**

Parlez-vous Pranglais? Well, after 20 hours or so on French soil we soon learnt how to (and a few English expressions thrown in for good measure!

The coach to Plymouth Millbay, as with the crossing, was S-M-O-O-T-H. Brittany Ferries flagship 'QUIBERON' was spacious and well equipped, but for those without a berth, uncomfortable, as the plucky few braved a night on the floor.

No sooner than sitting down, the Duty Free shop opened - a day at the sales had nothing on the ensuing rush. Seven hours of non-queasy sailing, and to arrive at Roscoff, past the bored surété official and on to the French coach to the picturesque town of Morlaix. Around the shops (artichokes 9F 50 per K.G.), sightseeing, being visitors in the truest sense of the word (what is the French for EMMET?).

Anyway, on to a giant Hypermarket, dwarfing our largest Tesco. You name it, they had it - we bought it - (even Heinz Tomato Ketchup at 9F 75 - 97p)!!! Laden down with ridiculously cheap but excellent quality wine, we struggled back to the coach. **DILEMMA.** Do we return to Roscoff for sightseeing, or, as Brittany Ferries would have it, spend 5 hours at a hotel? We protested, we didn't want to spend 200 F. on an hotel meal. The coach, like it or not, took us to the 'Hotel' (Restaurant). We got off the coach, we got on it again, they persuaded us to eat - we didn't want to - we staged a sit-in on the coach - they drove us to Roscoff - **GOOD OLD BRITISH RESERVE!**

Roscoff, idyllic in the Autumn sun, many cafes, restaurants, boats and anaemic gulls, and the gleaming whiteness of 'QUIBERON' waiting at the quay...but first, negotiate a not quite so bored surété official. We were given 'Brittany' ferry stickers - Peter wore his on his forehead - we then traipsed on to the ferry to face the return journey.

Still calm, and all of us leg weary, we negotiated our astute customs and hauled our spoils to our waiting coach, eventually arriving in Boscastle at 9.30 a.m. Sunday morning.

Full credit to Peter Stedman who arranged the trip for past and present Wellington Hotel Dart Players. We all enjoyed the trip - Thanks Pete (I'll say this only once)!

\*\*\*\*\*M.Q.\*\*\*\*\*



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## POETS CORNER

### FRIENDSHIP

The holidays are coming,  
Gee, won't it be grand,  
To see our friends in Delabole,  
Tintagel and the Strand.  
There's Joyce & Cyril, Shirl & George,  
Lyn & Brian, too;  
Paula, Mike, Jan & Bob, Rose & Tony Who?  
All those that's in "Port Willie",  
and them that's down at "Mill",  
And the folk up at the "Poldark",  
that's the big one on the hill.  
They always make us welcome, every year we're there,  
We can tell it's not put on,  
they're folk who really care.  
If ever we feel sad and low, and let our thoughts just roam,  
We dream of Cornwall and our friends,  
It's become our second home.  
One day, when we're much too old to travel down by car,  
We'll sit at home and dream of friends, and wish upon a star.

### ERNIE & JOYCE MOODY

### WORK

You don't know what work is, a saying that's often used  
By older generations, of the young ones they abuse.  
We used to work from dawn to dusk, our bodies drained by sweat,  
We went home tired and hungry, our limbs were aching - yet...  
Those were the good old days, when everyone had a job,  
The future was there before us, and a pay rise was just a few bob.  
But we all had bright ideas, to produce a master plan,  
We would eliminate all labour, to ease the work of man.  
We built machines for every job, to sit and watch is our role;  
Now the younger generations are relaxing on the Dole.  
W. J. Kingsman

## EXTRA T.

### GOBLINS

One of five tiny creatures was shot at in Kentucky, U.S.A. in 1955. The farmer who fired the shot claimed to have heard a metallic sound as his bullet hit the tiny creature, and that the creature seemed unhurt afterwards.

The farmer later ventured out from his house, thinking that the creatures had gone. He says he felt 'a silvery hand' brushing his hair.

The alien life-form had a light build with a large chest, compared to its body size.

Rather goblin-like in appearance, it had large ears and enormous eyes. Its hands and arms were longer than might be expected from its height, and they stretched down well below its narrow waist.

\*\*\*\*\*

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As a registered Healer member with the National Federation of Spiritual Healers and the Devon and Cornwall Healers Association, and having seen an average of eight patients per week over the past five years, nobody would be left in any doubt if they had witnessed the delight of patients who had responded to this particular healing method.

There are many Healers throughout Cornwall who are able to offer a Certificate as proof of their ability to help people overcome their suffering. This meets the approval of the General Medical Council, who allow Doctors to recommend this form of healing as complementary to orthodox medicine.

Faith, Spiritual, Natural - what is the difference? You do not have to have Faith or belong to any particular religion to visit a Healer, and Healers themselves belong to whatever suits their particular belief. Spiritual Healing is often misunderstood as being something to do with Spiritualism, and Healers, it is thought, are only developed from Spiritualist Churches.

This is certainly not generally the case. You do not have to belong to anything if you are fortunate enough to have the ability to help others in distress. Perhaps the words "Natural Healer" should be the most appropriate term, for the practising Healer learns to tap into what is natural and absolutely basic. The use of what nature has provided for us all are the tools a Healer uses.

The successful Healer is not in any way a special human being, but is able, through practising simple methods, to become a "transformer" or "channel". They are relaxed persons who can turn themselves off and tune into the energies that surround us for the benefit of those who want to be helped.

A Healer knows that there is a "something" which is absolutely natural and available. What do you want to call it - "an energy force", "an intelligence", "a power", "a supreme being", "God" or just "a load of rubbish"? Whatever this "it" is has given relief to many who have received the Healing Touch.

KEITH HOCKINGS  
Wheal Kitty, St. Agnes

# HE PAINTS A PRETTY PICTURE

## STEVEN THOR JOHANNESON

Steven Thor Johanneson came to England in 1970 to see Europe and to attend the Heatherly-Wilson School of Fine Art in Hampstead, London. The school was similar to the Parisian Ateliers of the XIXth century and here he concentrated upon life drawing and anatomy for two years, mastering the two most important tools in any artist's repertoire, i.e. drawing and observation. What had begun as a hobby became a serious endeavour.

Throughout the 1970s he remained in London working in the picture framing trade and painting as much as possible, and had work accepted for hanging in various exhibitions, including the open exhibitions of the Royal Society of Marine Artists and the Society of Wildlife Artists. During the late 1970's, the artist returned twice to his native Minnesota, where he worked as a background artist and airbrush specialist for the Bajus-Jones Animation Studio.

In early 1981, Steven left London to settle in Boscastle. Here there is a wealth of subject material upon which to turn his pencil and brush, from lonely moor, secluded valleys and stone-walled farms to his especial love of rugged coastline with cliff, sea and storm.

An exhibition of his work was held recently at the Commodore Hotel, Instow, in connection with Gallerie Marin. The talents of this young man must surely be fully recognised. M.G.

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### SOME QUOTES SUPPLIED BY J. K.

Drink provokes the desire, but ruins the performance.

Nothing is more evenly distributed than common sense - no-one thinks he needs more than he already has.

Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. Beautiful old people are works of art.

The best way to save face is to keep the bottom half shut.

There's no such thing as a free lunch - someone has to pay, including the chicken.

# WINES

by  
**BACCHUS**

Firstly, an apology for an error - last month's quick Elderberry recipe should have stated 1 lb. per gallon not 2. It doesn't matter if you've used 2, but the wine may take a little longer to mature as the tannin content will be higher. SORRY!

The recent spell of sunny weather has been ripening the apples, so gather the windfalls and make this month's popular country wine -

### APPLE WINE

10-12 lbs. apples - mixed, mainly cookers, but add a few dessert and if possible crab apples.  
1 kilo bag sugar.  
½ lb. raisins, chopped - or use ¼ pint concentrate.  
Pectin enzyme + campden tablet  
Active yeast and nutrient  
Water.

Finely chop apples - a liquidizer using some of the water or a food processor makes the task easier. Put in bin and add 1 gallon of water. Add 1 campden tablet, and 1 tsp. pectin enzyme and leave overnight.

Next day, add the yeast (and raisins if used) and cover. Ferment the pulp for about five days. Strain through muslin onto the sugar (and concentrate if used). Stir to dissolve sugar. Put in demijohn. Fit airlock and finish as usual.

Sometimes, apple wine produces a malo-lactic fermentation in the bottle, making a delicious lightly sparkling white wine.

NEXT MONTH: SLOE - Cheers!

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# LET'S EAT

## SAVOURY CHEESE FLAN

Line 8 inch pie dish with Short-crust pastry.


Cook and mash 1 to 1½lb. potatoes. Finely chop 1 medium onion. Grate ½ lb. cheese, then add onion and most of cheese to potato, mix well with black pepper and fill the pastry case with the potato mixture. Sprinkle the remaining grated cheese over the top, slice a tomato and decorate top, with a sprinkle of mixed herbs to add to the flavour.

Cook in oven at 180°C, 425°F, Gas Mark 7 for about 40 mins.

This savoury flan is ideal hot on its own or with salad, or cold as a snack. (Handy for the crib tin). You can vary cheese and onion to your own taste.

\*\*\*\*\*Sharon\*\*\*\*

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 go on your way,  
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 \*\*\*\*\*

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 9.15 - 10.30 Dr. Garrod  
**WEDNESDAY:**  
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 4.45 - 6.00 Dr. Jarvis\*  
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 4.45 - 6.00 Dr. Garrod\*  
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**THURSDAY:**  
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 4.30 - 5.30 Dr. Brooke  
 4.30 - 5.45 Dr. Jarvis\*  
**FRIDAY:**  
 9.15 - 10.00 Dr. Brooke  
**SATURDAY:**  
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\*By appointment only

**NO ROUTINE SURGERIES ON SUNDAYS  
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**REQUESTS FOR HOME VISITS** - If possible, please bring the patient to a surgery. When necessary, please notify the surgery between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m., giving your telephone number and as much information as possible.

**DISPENSING** - At Boscastle, Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 1.00 p.m. Repeat prescriptions should be telephoned to the surgery at least 24 hours before they are required, and requests made before 11.30 a.m. Emergency dispensing only on Saturday mornings.

**IN AN EMERGENCY** - Telephone Boscastle 209 or Camelford 770214.

Answering machines on these numbers will direct you to the Doctor on Call at nights and at weekends.

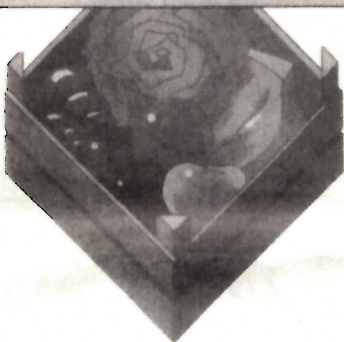
**PATIENTS** are advised to attend the surgery at which their records are kept.

**EVENING SURGERIES** are intended for those who are working and thus are unable to attend morning surgery. \*\*\*\*\*

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 4.30 p.m., Crackington Manor Hotel, Crackington Haven.

**THURSDAY: DR. GARROD**  
 4.30 p.m., Vainhouse Corner  
 \*\*\*\*\*

### EAT FRUIT AND VEG



Eating plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables is a good idea for everyone.

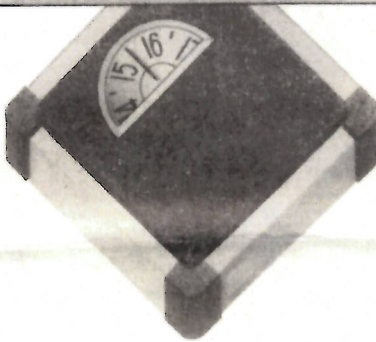
They contain essential minerals and vitamins and not too much fat or sugar. Overcooking can destroy the goodness though, so don't let vegetables get too soft. They should be just crisp.

In fact, try them raw in a salad.



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### LOSE WEIGHT



Overweight people are more likely to develop diabetes, high blood pressure, and to have heart attacks.

Losing weight reduces these risks and makes you feel lighter and less tired.

Don't go on a crash diet. Cut out foods containing sugar. Eat lean meats, and plenty of fruit and vegetables.

Exercise will help burn up excess fat.

Your doctor may be able to give you helpful advice on a healthy diet.

### EAT LESS SALT



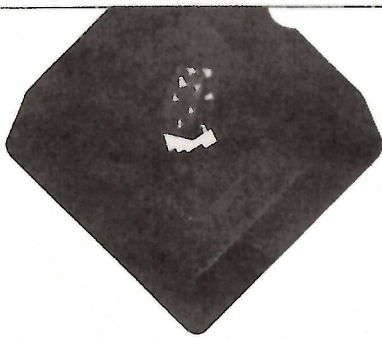
Too much salt is thought by many experts to raise blood pressure.

Most people eat too much salt anyway, so it's quite easy to cut down. For instance, use less salt in cooking, and don't add salt to food once it is ready to eat.

You will soon get used to less salty food and you will find you don't miss it at all.

Some foods contain lots of salt, such as crisps and salted peanuts, so avoid eating these too.

### STOP SMOKING



Smokers get breathless very easily, develop a smoker's cough, and often have a sore throat.

But much worse than this, smokers are far more likely than non-smokers to suffer from high blood pressure, heart attacks, and lung disease.

If you give up smoking, these risks will be reduced. You'll feel much better - and you'll have more money to spend

### AVOID STRESS



Stress is what you feel when you're worried about something, such as work, money or family problems.

Don't put yourself under unnecessary strain. Try to plan your days so that things don't get left to the last minute. Set aside time for yourself so you can take up a hobby and relax.

These things will help you not to let your problems get out of proportion.

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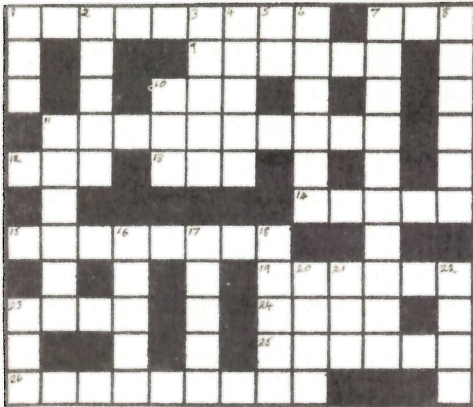
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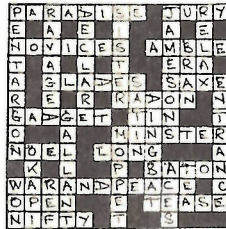
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### LAST MONTHS SOLUTION



## A STEP INTO THE LIGHT: PART 3

'There is no need for that, Mr. Badger,' the sergeant interrupted nervously. 'We are just filling in this hole.'

'I am pleased to hear it,' said Paddy, catching him with an eye that the ancient hearer would have envied. 'Even one hole, critically placed, can be very dangerous, and the floor of the Post Office would seem to be such a critical place.'

'That's what I thought, sir,' hurried Chubby, coming to his senses which he had lost for the second time that morning. 'And what can I do for you?' He added, vainly trying to change the subject.

'On the other hand, many holes, where ever they are placed, will surely lead to catastrophe.' Continued Paddy, undeterred. 'Yes indeed, sir.' Flattered Chubby. 'No get on with it!' he added sharply to the Rabbits, who immediately began staving at him, instead of Paddy.

'It is a matter of numbers. Three first and two second class stamps, please.' Concluded Paddy Badger, rounding off his reasonings concerning holes, and placing his order very succinctly. Chubby served him very quickly, and to the relief of everybody he went out. They then tackled their appointed tasks; the rabbits started to fill in the hole; the sergeant watched or supervised, depending on your point of view; and Chubby thought. Chubby was very good at thinking, for despite his benign and somewhat jodgy appearance he was a very clever bear, and once he had made up his mind, he could be very stubborn, too. He thought roughly as follows.

'If Benji Hole had dug the tunnel under the Post Office, he had done it without anybody knowing. If he was a compulsive tunneller, as the Vicar believes, then he could have dug other tunnels anywhere, and everywhere. If these were dug so that at some time or other they would collapse, this would cause holes, many holes. And many holes spell catastrophe, at least according to the much respected Mr. Badger. This is what he would report to Viola Crow lunchtime he concluded comfortably.

Mrs. Viola Crow saw the seriousness of the situation immediately, and fervently wished that one of Benji's tunnels would collapse while he was still in it, burying him, permanently.

'We must alert the village at once!' She cried.

'At once,' echoed Chubby.

'(Who is no time to call a meeting, hear, get us Colonel Lion on the telephone,' Viola ordered. Chubby obeyed meekly.

'Colonel Lion?' Demanded Viola.

The telephone squeaked briefly.

'Parade the volunteers on the green.' Ordered Viola.

The telephone squeaked sharply.

'Yes now!' Insisted Viola.

The telephone squeaked longer and louder.

'When find them?' cried Viola in exasperation

The telephone gave a final squeak.

'To seek and destroy tunnels.' Viola snapped, and banged the receiver down, thinking to herself that she must arrange for Colonel Lion to be sent back to Africa, conveniently forgetting, for the moment, that he had been born in a nearby Safari park. She dialled Sergeant Raw herself.

'Sergeant Raw?' she inquired.

The telephone slept.

### DOWN


1. A point to dash to. (3)
2. I can't remember what you gave me. (5)
3. Very heavy but lighter in the south east. (5)
4. Three cheers for breakfast? (5)
5. A cutting procedure shortly. (2)
6. She comes round on the low side. (6)
7. A single noise starts shipping co. on trip round the Nile (6-4)
8. It's far from the start of the week for D.I.Y. man. (6)
10. This large boy is always on strike. (3)
11. My three friends and I say a queue you circle, is rather strange. (6)
16. Grandma! (Nan that is) fetch your rifle (5)
17. Wrong. Three rights do make 'e' round. (6)
18. Tie up all the parts. (5)
20. Iranian leader is spotted around. (4)
21. Sounds like a sick bear. (3)
22. Last month is coming shortly. (4)
23. Choose the top. (3)

### ACROSS

1. Giant killer turns swot on edge of moors (9)
7. French Foreign Office is away. (3)
9. First layer? (3-3)
10. Does this snake have feathers not scales? (3)
11. Has he seen the quad looking out to sea? (6-4)
12. Arriving soon with what I'm owed. (3)
13. About ten found at Wembley. (3)
14. Two points in a day describe Polzeath. (5)
15. Faraway people riding red mares Across pastures of cloud, without any cares. (8)
19. Learns to go on the right tracks. (6)
23. Come now is a forecast not an order. (4)
24. Royal Academy in the wet. (4)
25. Please don't wake me. (6)
26. Tell the paper of your intentions. (9)



"... Now up a bit... to the left... that's it!"



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