

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Hola, amigos de Cornualles.

¡ Me alegre de estar de vuelta!

It is good to see that the CAV hasn't fallen apart in my absence; in fact it looks like I have hardly been missed.



Thank you to all those who kept the wheels turning whilst I gallivanted around South America and Antarctica.

Yes, unlike most Presidents, I did not return back to Cornwall for my grand holiday but instead ventured to the wilds of Patagonia (Argentina and Chile).

Instead of Cornish, I struggled with Spanish, although there are some similarities in language structure, the words are quite different.

I think Spanish is easier, but I may get into trouble with Ken Peak for that opinion.

As you can see in the photo, I did "fly the flag", - well actually I didn't. I wore the scarf, it's much warmer than a flag on the sub-zero Antarctic mainland!

I also visited the Falkland Islands and South Georgia (the British Overseas Territory, not the US state or the European country), for which there appears to be absolutely no Cornish link that I can use in this report.

Whilst I was away, I was disappointed to miss the World 9's Australian Football International Tournament, but glad to read the report in the last newsletter.

What was missing in the report however was that those wonderful jumpers (better than some AFL clubs) actually had the CAV emblem top left (as worn).

I was glad that I made it back in time for the St Piran's Day service at St Peter's, Murrumbena. (Albeit ten days late, conducted 15<sup>th</sup> March.)

It was well attended and thank you to Brian Rollason for organizing the event.

I note that the Ballarat Branch also had an event to mark the occasion, and they were actually the weekend before the big day.

Our April meeting on Zoom had a talk by Clive Maynard on Redruth and Porthowan. The latter being a place of which I had never heard before the meeting.

It was interesting, as a third generation Australian, I find it difficult to picture my ancestors or their descendants on surfboards.

The more you travel however, the more you discover the international nature of surfing.

Even the South Americans claim a surfing heritage. ⇒ 3



## CORNISH ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA, INC.

**NEWSLETTER  
No. 156**

**May 2026**

**Corporation Reg. No. A0008264A**

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### Membership Fees

Single: \$40.00

Family: \$60.00

Life Single: \$400.00

Life Family: \$600.00

**Cornish Tid Bits** may be sourced from the Cornwall Council, BBC Cornwall, Pirate FM News, Falmouth Packet, CornwallLive, Kresen Kernow, Wikipedia



**Saturday 16th May** - Meeting will be an in person meeting at Darebin North West Uniting Church at **1.30 pm** – 399A Murray Road, West Preston.

You are welcome to BYO Lunch at 12 noon and a plate of afternoon tea to share.

**Topic - Show and Tell** – an item of Cornish interest or something to tell.

### Zoom details:

Please join five minutes before the meeting in case of any technical issues.

Please note only those in attendance at the church will be able to share items.

Join Zoom Meeting

[https://us06web.zoom.us/j/86388677559?](https://us06web.zoom.us/j/86388677559?pwd=laOjWasDksdEKoGqk4UcZ3joQJCZNR.I)

[pwd=laOjWasDksdEKoGqk4UcZ3j](https://us06web.zoom.us/j/86388677559?pwd=laOjWasDksdEKoGqk4UcZ3joQJCZNR.I)

[oQJCZNR.I](https://us06web.zoom.us/j/86388677559?pwd=laOjWasDksdEKoGqk4UcZ3joQJCZNR.I)

Meeting ID: 863 8867 7559

Passcode: 949366

One tap mobile

+61370182005,,86388677559#,,,,

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\*949366# Australia

A route 11 tram, runs along Gilbert Road from Collins Street and it is just a short walk, a block and a half, from tram stop 43, on the corner of Gilbert and Murray Roads. (cross over the tram lines and walk east). A Mernda Line train stops at Preston, (from platform 1 at Flinders Street and platform 9 at Southern Cross) and it is about a five-seven minute walk west along Murray Road to the church, past Preston West Primary School.

**Saturday 20th June Meeting – Simon Davies** will be speaking from the UK - this will be a zoom only meeting and will be held at **7.00 pm**

*Simon Davies - Simon is an obsessed genealogist and lover of anything relating to history and nostalgia. His ancestry spans the social spectrum from Irish night soil man in Manchester, South Shropshire farmers, watchmakers in Clerkenwell to a Cornish landowner who drowned crossing the River Camel at Padstow on a dark stormy night in 1814. His background is in digital product design and tech entrepreneurship. Outside of work, Simon is a Trustee of the Shropshire Family History Society, a keen naturalist, cyclist and supporter of Liverpool FC. He lives with his wife and two teenage children in West London, England.*

**Saturday 18th July AGM** at

1.30 pm at Darebin North West UC - information concerning the AGM and election of Committee members can be found on page 4.

### CAV Newsletter

The CAV Newsletter is distributed via email and in some cases by mail.

Deadline for contributions for the next issue: **Saturday 18th July** Articles for inclusion are welcome at any time but **must be received by the deadline date.**

Please include pictures or tables as a separate file.

The email address for the CAV Newsletter -

[robyncoates@hotmail.com](mailto:robyncoates@hotmail.com)

### Pastoral Care

If you know of someone who is unwell, celebrating a special birthday or just needs a cheery greeting, please let Evelyn Jones know the details so she can be in touch. Ph: 0417 160 658

[ejo65074@bigpond.net.au](mailto:ejo65074@bigpond.net.au)

So much for the past, what's coming up.

Our next meeting is an in-person gathering at Darebin North West Uniting Church. It will be broadcast on Zoom, but you do have to be there to participate in the "Show and Tell". Basically, it is like your old school days, with people having time to show and tell anything Cornish related that they find interesting or think will interest others.

In June we have another speaker, more details to follow.

July, it will be our Annual general Meeting, and the theme will be Cousin Jack Stories. The emphasis will be on myth rather than truth – which reminds me, it will also be election time. If you think the year has gone fast, that was because last year the AGM was late and held in August. This year we are back on schedule.

For those who like trips, we have two in the pipeline. One being a trip back to our library in Castlemaine, and the second to the old Quarantine Station at Pt Nepean. Both will involve a picnic or the like and be social gatherings as well as being informative.

Our final meeting for 2026 will be our Christmas Party. The only question is where. In 2024 we went to The Waverley RSL and had 32 people attend, but comments on the fact that we did not have our own room. Last year, we had it at the Darebin North West Uniting Church and had our own space, but numbers were a little fewer, possibly due to its northern-ness (that's a new made-up word).

The question is, can we find a venue that has both favorable characteristics (exclusiveness and location) that won't break the bank? I am asking people now, seven months in advance, to keep an eye out for such a venue, and let us know if they find some possibility, as it becomes increasingly difficult as we approach Christmas itself. I am sure most members will be having a few lunches or dinners out between now and then. Please send any suggestions to us.

As an aside, we can't go back to Waverley RSL, it burnt down earlier in the year and due to future rail works, will not be rebuilt.

As you may have seen advertised, the ABC Back Roads programme covering Kernewek Lowender aired last month.

If you stop it at the appropriate place and went through some single frames, the CAV was seen in the background. It is still available on iView. Interesting, even without us in a starring role.

Finally, as previously mentioned, I believe that we could have a few more interest groups running – the enhance peoples' enjoyment as members of the CAV.

The most obvious (I think) is a Family Tree Group. It could consist of experienced family historians helping those just starting out on their adventure of delving through the mysterious closets of their ancestors.

I would like to get this up and running in some (to be determined) form before the end of CAV year (July). I am proposing to send some more information about this separately soon. Lookout for an email from "Ronald Hawken CAV" soon.

As always, if anyone has anything they want to tell me, suggestions or comments, just drop me a line, or corner me at the next meeting.

Eso es todo ahora.  
OK Ken if you insist: Oll an gwella,

Ronald Hawken



## VALE

**Thomas Robert Luke**  
1.6.1933 - 15.3.2026

Bardic name -Colon Hag Enef yn  
Bendygo (Heart and Soul in Bendigo)

Tom was born in Bendigo on 1st June 1933.

He had Cornish ancestry on both sides of his family and three ancestors were mining managers in Bendigo and another was Chief Mining Inspector of the Bendigo Goldfield. He was initiated as a Bard at Launceston in 2003 for services to Cornwall Worldwide. He was also awarded the Paul Smales Medallion at the time of his initiation. From 2000 to 2002 he was President of the Cornish Association of Victoria and was an Honorary Life Member of the Association. For several years he was the Horner at Victorian



Bardic gatherings.

Tom had been for many years the administrator of a World Wide Cornish Email Mailing List which had 400 plus members, on all continents.

He also assisted his wife Libby in the presentation of cemetery records listing where many Cornish people are buried in Australia as well as preparing records of the Pendeen Cemetery in Cornwall.

Along with his wife Libby, he made over 200 presentations to various organizations around the Commonwealth telling the story of the Cornish diaspora in Australia.

In Cornwall he and Libby made presentations to the Callington Old Cornwall Society, the Penzance Old Cornwall Society and at Murdoch House in Redruth.

Penzance/St Just is a sister city of Bendigo and Tom was a member of the Sister Cities Committee in Bendigo representing the strong ties with Cornwall. Tom was a member of the Country Fire Brigades and was awarded, by Royal Warrant, a medal from the Queen for Volunteer Fire Fighting Service of over 30 years.

In most of these years he held office in the Brigade. In Fire Brigade competitions he coached his local Brigade to be the winners of several State Championships.

When Tom resigned from the Fire Service it ended 112 years of dedicated service from his Cornish family which commenced in 1872 with his great grandfather.

In his business career he was for many years the National Sales and Marketing Manager for Australia and New Zealand for a large German Company.

Tom's funeral was held at St. Mary's Anglican Church, Kangaroo Flat on Thursday 26th March and there was a good representation of CAV members and fellow Bards in attendance.

We extend our loving sympathy to Libby.

### **Elisabeth Jane Prideaux (Liz)**

24.6.1938 – 30.4.2026

Liz and her husband Peter joined the Cornish Association in February 1997.

They were both involved in the transcription of the Women's Suffrage Petition.

A Requiem Eucharist in thanksgiving for her life was celebrated at St Peter's Eastern Hill Anglican Church, on Friday, 8th May 2026 and can be viewed through Tobin Brothers.

<http://www.tobinbrothers.com.au>

<https://tobin.5stream.com/webcast/156254>

## **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2026 CORNISH ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA, INC.**

Notice is hereby given of the Annual General Meeting of the Cornish Association of Victoria, Inc. to be held at the Darebin North-West Uniting Church, 399A Murray Road, West Preston, at 1.30 p.m. on Saturday 18th July 2026

The ordinary business of the meeting will be:

\*To confirm the minutes of the Annual General Meeting held 16th August 2025

\*To receive the report of the President.

\*To elect Officers of the Association and ordinary members of the committee.

\*To receive and adopt the financial statements submitted by the Treasurer in accordance with section 94 (1) of the Act.

\*To discuss the future operation of the Association in 2026 and beyond.

Other business, of which 14 days' notice has been given to the Secretary, prior to the meeting.

### Committee Nominations

The closing date for nominations for the Committee is 6.00 p.m. 4th July 2025, and these must be received by the Secretary, Brian Rollason, prior to that date. Nomination Forms may be obtained from the Secretary.

In the event of an election being necessary for the position of Committee Member (a total of 13 Committee Members are allowed) voting will take place between 1.30 p.m. and 2.00 p.m. Voting will be by show of hands, unless otherwise requested by the candidate.

Each member is entitled to appoint another member as a proxy by notice given to the Secretary no later than 24 hours before the time of the AGM.

Members nominating are invited to forward to the Secretary, a short resume of details applicable to their nomination, at least seven (7) days prior to the meeting. This information will be made available when candidates are individually introduced at the meeting.

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## February Meeting

The February meeting, held on Zoom, saw presentations on the Cornish Villages of Sancreed (Penny McGuire-White), Warleggan (Robyn Coates) Sennen (Marjory Barrett) and St Teath (David Reid)

### SANCREED

This is a short talk about how and why I chose to talk about Sancreed.

The last time I visited here was in 1995.

The word "Sancreed" had always been in the adult conversation going on around me at get togethers for Birthdays and when the family gathered on Sundays when Auntie Audrey came to collect our money for The War Fund".

I had no idea where it was until I went to live with my grandmother in St Just. When I lived there, I would often ride my bike around the area [much to my parents' disapproval!]

I used to look for all the Standing stones in the area as I rode around just following the next road to the right then the next one to the left etc I came across so many that I could not recall which was where so to say.

I do not know which photo Albums they are all in – and some of them are on slides!

One day I came across Sancreed and was interested as the village appeared to be a large square surrounded by houses with the church in one corner.

This set up interested me and I felt excited because of my family ties to the church. I did try to open the church door, but it was locked.

Every time I went there, it was locked but years later when we went there as a family it stated on the notice on the door that it was only

opened on Sunday morning for the church service. Years later my sister heard about a portrait painted by Stanhope Forbes which included my great Aunt Gwen standing beside the church wall. This picture is owned by someone who will not allow photos taken of it, but it does appear in a local Guidebook of the area and my sister told me about it.

The village stretched further than the "Square " and I found some interesting houses, a post office/village store and a Methodist Chapel of some kind in amongst the buildings. It was very quiet as nobody was around.

I walked around the houses facing on to the square and found one that displayed a notice saying that the owner had the key for the church, but he did not answer my call.



On walking around the graveyard behind the church, I discovered a mass of graves dedicated to my Mother's family which interested me because they included names that I had never heard. I recounted my ventures to my Step Granny as she might have known them from speaking to my grandfather, but she did not.

After that when I was riding on the bus to school in Penzance, I noticed the name Sancreed appearing on sign posts .I later returned on my bike to have another look at the area and discovered that there are many items of interest there.

After the War someone took us for a ride in a car, and we were told about the "Standing Stones ". I was told this story when I was very young.

Apparently, the Standing Stones were originally dancers. They had been dancing on a Sunday, so they were turned into stone. The fiddler who had been playing for them ran away but he did not get far as he, too, was turned into stone a few fields away.



[This may have been told to my sister and me to make sure we did not disobey rules on Sundays!] Many years later, I was involved in an event at these stones. My husband and I had borrowed my dad's car to go and have a look at them. We saw that we had parked the car just meters from the entrance to a fogou - which was another interesting item in this area.



When we returned to the car, to progress to St Buryan, the car would not start. We decided to walk along the road, which was bordered on both sides with masses and masses of blue flowers.

After a while my husband remembered that he had left a bottle of whiskey in the boot, so I said that would go back and stay with the car while he went on and phoned for help.

In the end my sister and family arrived down for a holiday at that moment, and they came up to help us out. A garage came from Penzance, and we went back there with the driver in the tow truck.

Not far from Sancreed is the Drift Reservoir which is just a small lake. Members of my family used to go there for a rest while on a drive from



Penzance.

This is a very peaceful place and although it is in the Parish of Sancreed, it is a short drive from Newlyn. Several birds live there and wildflowers grow in season. Sometimes we took our "after shopping" pasties there to eat.

On one occasion when exploring Sancreed I came across a Holy Well.

I recognized this because the approach was covered by "tags" like those on the bushes at Madron



Holy well, and the entrance was built in the same fashion.

The water was fresh and cool, and the Horse Flies were just as annoying.

I wondered just how old this peninsula really is and how long have people been living here using their knowledge of their local environment and making it into somewhere safe to live and build a home.

Unfortunately, I have never had time to fully explore the St Just /St Buryan/ Sancreed area in full but am now aware just how old the region is and how long it has been populated.

### Warleggan

Warleggan is a hamlet on the southern edge of Bodmin Moor and is reached crossing many cattle grids through fields of cattle grazing.



The parish church (dedicated to St Bartholomew) is partly Norman and partly 15th century in date.



It formerly had a spire, but this fell down in 1818 and was not

rebuilt - it is located on a steep hill - the churchyard is circular which may indicate that it is an ancient burial site.

Warleggan's claim to fame rests with its eccentric Minister, Frederick William Densham, who served the church from 1931 until his death in 1953.



Densham was 'low' Church of England with many Methodist tendencies, particularly anti-gambling, raffles, playing cards and anti-dancing.

However, his predecessor had 'high' church tendencies which isolated Densham from his congregation particularly his Parochial Church Council which appears to have had five members from one extended family out of nine members. It would appear that before his arrival the church had less than ten regular attendees and was controlled by one extended family.

For most of his incumbency, he preached to an empty/almost empty church and it was rumored that he made cardboard cutouts of people to sit in the pews. This may have been started by Daphne du Maurier, who later apologized to Densham and sent a small sum in damages.

He did, however, on occasions put out small black edged memorial cards to commemorate past Rectors.

Complaints were regularly made to the Bishop of Truro asking for his removal and relocation, with no effect as he was seen to be fulfilling his duties and conducting services each Sunday.

On Sundays, he would often attend the local Methodist Chapel, after preaching and often was asked to be preach, never using the pulpit but doing so from the floor.

Among the Methodists he was a popular figure.

His father, William Densham, had been a Congregational Minister.

Many have asked why he chose to be an Anglican Minister and not a Methodist preacher. He was well educated with a BA and had travelled the world, including to South Africa and Ceylon - perhaps he thought his education would be valued more in the Anglican church.

### Sennen

Sennen is located one mile north-east of Lands' End. It is the most westerly village in mainland U.K.



The parish is also called Sennen.

Below the village is the settlement of Sennen Cove.

The population was 889 in the 2021 census.

It is not closely settled because of exposure to harsh westerly winds. There are few trees and no woodland and the farmland is of poor quality..

Sennen is named for Saint Senen (or Sinninus) who was an Irish missionary who founded a church, on the site of the present day church site, about AD 520.

Today “Sennen” is used as a girl’s name meaning “old, wise”

Although the church site has been in use since the 6<sup>th</sup> Century, the present-day church dates back to at least the 13<sup>th</sup> Century and was dedicated in 1441.



Interestingly, as well as being dedicated to Saint Sennen, it was also dedicated to the beheading of Saint John the Baptist.

In the Parish of Sennen, there are five crosses including one that was found being used as a foot bridge. It was moved to the churchyard in 1878 and now stands in the cemetery.



Outside Sennen is Maen Castle, an Iron Age promontory fort and more than 300 pieces of early Iron Age pottery were found on the site.

Folklore Traditions - People gathered at Christmas time for festivities. One of the dishes eaten was a pie made from twenty-four blackbirds.

At midnight, the young men went out to see “the cattle kneel”. On returning, they threw reeds on the fire. According to the crackling sounds, they could predict who would be prosperous and successful in the coming year.

In Sennen Village, there is a small fleet of fishing boats, but the main industry is tourism. There are several hotels and B and Bs. Swimming and beach activities are popular, as is walking. There is easy access to the South-West Coast Path.

### St Teath

The village of St Teath (pronounced St Teth) is situated approximately 4.8 km southwest of Camelford and 11 km northeast of Wadebridge. This was the village in which David Reid’s ancestors lived. His third great grandfather, William Treleaving, a successful yeoman farmer, shifted from the St

Austell and Luxulyan districts, when he bought a four acre farm at St Teath, in 1841, shortly before his death.

David’s great grandfather, John Treleaven, following his marriage to Mary Ann Peter, relocated his family from St Austell to St Teath and in 1893 were living at Trekee Farm, which became the permanent seat of the Treleaven family.



David’s presentation included photos of the Grade 2 listed Celtic Cross, the Clock War memorial with family members names and the church.

The town and Parish are named from the Patron Saint of the local church St Tetha.



### April Meeting

On Saturday 18th April 2026 the CAV members met via Zoom to hear Clive Maynard’s presentation titled, “Redruth and Porthtowan, A retrospective (and personal) view”.

Clive began by assuring us of his Cornishness by stating that Ancestry DNA suggests he is 98% Cornish and 2% French.

Clive then mentioned three musical celebrities from Redruth who may be Cornish or just born there and may be alive or not - Michael John Kells Fleetwood (Fleetwood Mac), Alan Opie OBE and

Aldrovand Viccelli Thomas Maynard a Cornish-South African Tenor who died in 1938. He was Clive's grandfather



Redruth the Town

The name derives from its older Cornish name, Rhyd-ruth, meaning red ford. It was a small market town overshadowed by its neighbours until the 18th century when it was needed to make brass. Surrounded by copper ore deposits the town quickly became one of the largest and richest mining area in Britain although the miners' families remained poor. Redruth is an unusual town in that the main street runs across the valley not along it.

**\*Murdoch House**

William Murdoch lived here from 1782 to 1798 during which time he worked on a local tin and copper mines, erecting engines on behalf of Boulton and Watt.



He fitted the house out with gaslighting from coal gas – this was the first house in the world with this type of lighting.

**\*The Tin Miner Statue and the Tinner hounds**

The Tin Miner Sculpture is a prominent landmark located in the centre of Fore Street, Redruth. This historic sculpture depicts a "Tinner" with arms raised, symbolizing the town's rich mining heritage. The bronzed Tinner's Hounds were made from the discarded boots of the workers from 'Geevor Mine' which closed in 1991 and ended thousands of years of tin mining in the area.

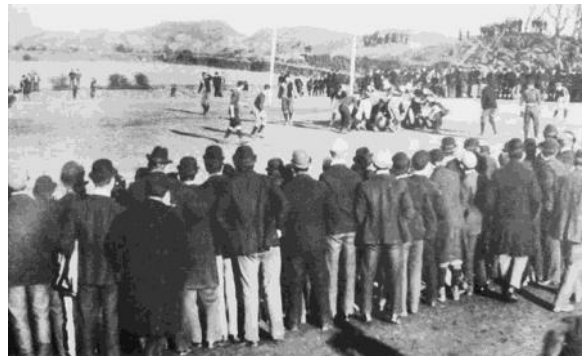


**\*Carn Brea (with the Castle and Monument)** can be seen as you near Redruth



**\*Boxing Day Rugby**

The Boxing Day Rugby clash between Camborne and Redruth is the world's longest continuous rugby fixture.



**\*Gwennap Pit**

Clive told us about Gwennap Pit - originally the site of mining subsidence - where John Wesley preached, the congregation sang and still sometimes used today, particularly for Whitsunday services.



As a child, his grandfather, a local preacher, had preached at the Pit and Clive had collected the offering.

Porthtowan, a popular summer destination for tourists on Cornwall's north Atlantic coast. It lies on the South West Coastal Path.

The soil is contaminated due to previous mining activities, but heath and heathers thrive there. The mines included Wheal Towan, Wheal Lushington, Great Wheal Charlotte and Tywarnhayles Mine.

The sinking of the Torrey Canyon in 1967 caused an oil pollution disaster added to by the toxic dispersants used to clean it up.

Clive's great uncle was involved in the construction of the Porthtowan tidal pool.



The Porthtowan Surf Life Saving Club was founded in 1955 and Clive joined in 1960.

It became the premier training club for other clubs.

In 1966 the first Surf Championships in Cornwall and the UK were held here.

Just east of Porthtowan is Chapel Porth famous for its ice creams.

## **An historical letter - from Evelyn Jones**

A letter written by my Cornish- born great-great-grandfather John Phillipps to his Australian born son Arthur Edwin Henry Phillipps.

On the 1841 Census, John is aged 12, his sister Elizabeth is aged 17 and sister Mary Ann is aged 15. His mother Maria nee Rundle is working as a charwoman.

They were living at James Place, St Clements, Cornwall.

“My Dear Son,

You asked me in your last letter to give you some particulars about some property that is supposed to belong to our family near “Tintagel”.

Perhaps if I give you a little of our Family history first. it might be a little interesting to you.

My Grandfather’s name was William Phillipps and my grandmother’s name was Ann Hodge of the parish of St Mabyn, Cornwall --- issue five children - three sons and two daughters. Namely John, Robert, and William and Elizabeth and Phillippa --- William died childless Robert had one son William Phillipps who died in Lanivett, Childless.

John, my father had five Children.

Namely Henry who was born at St. Clements Church Town (Near Truro Cornwall) on the 24<sup>th</sup> Nov 1820, and died on the 24<sup>th</sup> Nov 1843 at Hong Kong China --- Ann born 4<sup>th</sup> May 1822 and died when about 2 years old, Elizabeth born 1<sup>st</sup> Jan 1824 and died in New Zealand aged about 66 Mary Ann born March 4, 1826 and John born June 30 1828.

My father died in his 51<sup>st</sup> year at No.1 Prospect place Truro on the 15<sup>th</sup> march 1835 and was buried in St Clements New Burying ground.

My sister Ann was also buried there --- we were all born in the same House. Namely The First House in St Clements church Town on the right hand side as you enter from Truro --- My Aunts Phillippa and Betsy lived to a good age - Phillippa died at St Issey Cornwall and Aunt Betsy died 32 Clifton St, Finsbury, London, Phillippa’s husband was named Gill, and Betsy’s was called Rowles --- I do not know on what date my father was born but he was baptized on Oct 15 1786 in St Mabyn Parish Church.

My Father was married in St Clements Church on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Feb 1820 to my mother Maria Rundle. Issue as before stated.

I was married on 26<sup>th</sup> December 1849 in the parish Church of St. Ives Cornwall to Mary Hannah Grose Wearne.

Issue six children three boys and three girls. Mary Born in Camborne on the 28<sup>th</sup> Nov 1850, Edwin John born in Camborne Aug 12<sup>th</sup> 1853, and died Feb 20 1854 in Longitude W 22 deg [degrees] and Latitude 4 deg N and buried at sea Hanna Maria born on the 19<sup>th</sup> Mar 1855 in Kooringa South Australia, Elizabeth Ellen was born in Ballarat Victoria on Feb 7<sup>th</sup> 1858, and died Feb 12<sup>th</sup> 1859 and was buried in the Old Cemetery Ballarat, you know all about yourself [my great-grandfather Arthur Edwin Henry born in 1861 at Ballarat, died in Kew, 1938 aged 77 years] --- John Rundle was born in Ballarat on 12<sup>th</sup> April 1865 and died on the 30<sup>th</sup> Sep 1871 and was buried in the Old Cemetery Ballarat, Mother [his wife] was born in the Parish of Phillack (near Copperhouse, Cornwall) on 27<sup>th</sup> March 1824 her father’s name was Richard Wearne, her mother’s maiden name was Mary Grose.

And now I will come to my Mother’s Family.

My mother’s father was called William Rundle.

My mother’s mother was Elizabeth May (Maiden Name) both I believe of St Teath near Camelford, Cornwall.

Issue three Sons and two daughters, namely William, Josiah, and Henry and the Daughters Maria and Mary My grandfather was a carpenter by trade - he was working in Devonport Dockyard after his marriage but took it into his Head to go to America - he went to St. Johns Newfoundland [Canada] and settled there for a while.

My mother was born there on the 17<sup>th</sup> Feb 1786 - they lived there a few years and then my grandfather came to England again and settled in Bristol and sent for my grandmother to come home to him which she did with the children and landed in Penryn, after a six month voyage and went to Bristol to my grandfather and lived there for some time, when my grandfather took it into his head to have another trip - where he went nobody knew but grandmother came home to her relations with her family and lived and died in Camelford at the good old age of 98 years.

My grandfather not being at hand when he became heir to the property nor did anyone of the relations know his whereabouts, the tenants held the property and as there was no legal person to claim the property or the rents after a lapse of 33 years and 4 months no one could turn them off the estates.

I will expect you will say where were his sons?

They, all three joined the army - two were killed in the Peninsular Wars and the third had a shot put

through his head - he died shortly after he came home.

My Grandmother and the girls were too poor to go to Law and so the property slipped away from our family --- the first estate is in St Teath, the Farmhouse is in or very near the church town of St. Teath (pronounced St Teth) the name of the farm is Trevilley - it is a large Farm, what is called Home A Barton (that is enclosed in A Ring fence or hedge)

About 47 years ago I was passing just at the foot of the Estate when I was stuck up by a person who was leaning over the gate of his garden in front of his cottage with the usual 'Good morning'.

I could see he was in for a yarn and seeing a young fellow with his swag of tools on his back he wanted to know where I was coming from and where I was going.

I supposed I told him and in return asked him what place is that up there pointing up the Hill towards St Teath he told me it was Trevilley the home of his boyhood and what he considered rightfully belong to his family.

I told him I had heard my mother speak about it. It was her Home once - he asked my mother's name. I told him that when she lived there her name was Maria Rundle - what he said are you a son to my dear cousin Maria Rundle?

Then he said that Estate pointing to "Trevilley" if we had our right belong to us - his Name was Wm Rundle a first cousin to my mother ---the second Estate is called "Trevening" in the Parish of Michealstow - pronounced Micklestow near St. Tudy and about 4 miles from "Camelford"

"Trevilley" is about three Miles from "Camelford" and about the same from "Tintagel" and very near the Celebrated "Delebole" Slate quarry --- I think this Estate belonged to my mother's family once.

My Aunt Mary Bennetts was living on this estate - her going there to live was thus ---

She made a claim on the supposed owner for the Estate ("Christopher Hawkins") - he told her that the estate had been in his possession for over 33 years and 4 mo [months] and no one could take it from him but he would give her the "Hinds' cottage and her husband work as long as he lived, this was what she told me when I was at the place and beside her statement

My sister Elizabeth wrote to Hawkins once about the place She received a letter from him saying that he believed the Estate did once belong to the Rundle family but it had been in his hands for more than a generation and no one could take it from him, so much for Trevilley ---

the third estate is called "Newport", I do not know

what Parish it is in nor anything about it but I expect it is in the same Neighborhood.

I expect you will feel a little taller when you read this but you have no more chance of getting them than you have of getting an Earldom I only know one way of getting them that is if you were home and one or more of the Estates was vacant to jump it and let the supposed owner prove his title.

There are hundreds of estates in England that the assumed owners has no title to - it is very easy to find out who the owners of estates are by going to the County Registrar and seeing the Register Books - they charge a small fee I think 1/- but if they have been in possession 33 years and 4 months they cannot be turned out --- in this Colony the statute of Limitations is 15 years and if a person has held in destination for 15 years he can apply to the Crown Law Offices and get a title from the crown, in England it was 33 years and 4 mo [months] and I have no doubt the tenants have got a Clear Title long ago unless the great Law expense have kept them from doing so or their ignorance of the Law.

I daresay that you will remember a case I had one time about that piece of property next to our Cooper's Shop on the Main Road --- Price held it for 13 years and we bought (Phillipps and Williams) his right and kept it for two years making 15 years undisturbed possession we applied to the Crown and they gave us a clean title to the property --- if I was ever to go home I should go and have a look at these places and make some enquiries about them but I think my day is gone for going home altho I feel such a strong desire sometimes to see the old places once more and especially my native place Truro and to see some of my old playmates, oft times in my imagination I am home in my boyhood again making small boats fishing for crabs and eels or rowing on the river or out in the fields looking for bird's nest or under a gas lamp in the evenings playing Jack of all Trades - it seems such a short time ago to look back on but all of these scenes have passed away for ever and now I am looking forward to the time when I shall meet my dear parents in Heaven where parting shall be no more and where we shall see our Blessed Saviour and be with him for Evermore ---  
from your affectionate Father J Phillipps"

Footnote 1 - according to Wikipedia, Sir Christopher Hawkins 1st Baronet 1783 -1829 was a corrupt politician. Stephen Morey, a C.A.V. member, thinks he was probably the same Christopher Hawkins who took the Rundle lands.

Footnote 2 – John Phillipps went blind then died in 1908 and is buried in the Old Ballarat cemetery alongside his wife Mary Hannah Grose Wearne who died in 1901.

Their residence was at 25 Barkly Street, Ballarat.

Footnote 3 --- “My Dear Son” was my great-grandfather, Arthur Edwin Henry Phillipps who was born in Ballarat in 1861.

He married Emily (known as Amy) Ellen Whitford also born in Ballarat in 1860 of Cornish parents - Mark Whitford from Launceston, and Maria Nankivell, from near St. Agnes, who are buried in an unmarked grave in the Old Ballarat cemetery. Mark was a butcher, perhaps had a shop in the “Main Road” near Williams’ and Phillipps’ cooper shop.

Arthur and Amy both died in 1938 in Melbourne. Their house still stands in Parring Road, Balwyn. It used to have a copper plaque near the front door saying, “Tintagel.”

I have connected with Whitford cousins in Ballarat. One cousin, Stephen Jones was mayor of Ballarat at least once apparently.

My great-grandmother Amy, nee Whitford, had one surviving sibling Mary Jane who married William Long, heir to the Sunshine Biscuit factory at Ballarat.

Footnote 4 --- my grandfather had three Cornish surnames for his name --- Rundle Whitford Phillipps. He served in the A.I.F. in the trenches in France in the First World War.

When on leave he stayed with some Cornish cousins in Truro and St. Agnes. They were connected through Maria Nankivell, his grandmother.

I have the letters and some photos of these cousins from that period --- but that is another story!



### **Sir Walter Raleigh and His Visit To Falmouth Circa 1598**

Sir Walter Raleigh visited Falmouth in about 1598 and played a crucial role in its development by recommending the site of present-day Falmouth, then known as Smethwick, for a port. Impressed by the deep natural harbour, he recommended the location to the local landowner John Killigrew, fostering the growth of the town.

\*He stayed with Sir John Killigrew at Arwenack

Manor and recognized the strategic importance of Carrick Roads and urged the building of a town.

\*He along with other soldiers and courtiers like Sir Nicholas Parker and Sir Fernando Gorges surveyed the defences of Pendennis Castle and made recommendations to strengthen it.

\*Raleigh’s foresight helped transition the area from a small, insignificant hamlet into a bustling major harbour which later played a major role as a Royal Mail Packet Station.



### **The Slate and the Stone**

*A Cornish Childhood, 1966–1972*

My memories are fleeting — fragments of light and smell and feeling rather than a clear and ordered account.

But I am a New Zealander, and between 1966 and 1972, from the age of two, something happened to me in a small Cornish village that has never quite let go.

This is what I remember.

Delabole was built on slate.

You felt it underfoot, saw it in every rooftop and garden wall, heard it in the voices of the men who worked the quarry.

The great pit at the edge of the village was the heartbeat of the place — a vast, terraced wound in the earth gouged deeper for centuries.

We children would stand at the fence and peer down with awe and vertigo, watching the tiny figures far below like ants in a grey kingdom.



Mum — Madeline Treleven — was born in St Teath, a few miles down the road.

A farmer’s daughter, she carried the land in everything she did; a knowledge of weather, a patience with people, a way of making anyone feel immediately at ease.

Her father, my grandfather William Treleven, was St Teath born and bred — though the family had not always been there.

His father, my great-grandfather, had made the journey from St Austell on the central south east coast of Cornwall to the north in the late 1800s, settling among the farms and lanes around St Teath and planting roots that would hold for generations.

When we visited the churchyard at St Teath, the headstones told the story plainly — Treleavens filled the graveyard, generation upon generation returned to the same quiet ground.

On the village war memorial nearby, the names of great uncles I never knew were carved in stone — Treleven men who had gone to the First World War and not come home. Even as a child I felt the weight of that: the same name, the same village, a generation lost.

Grandmother Mabel had come from across the border in North Devon, marrying into the Treleven name and never looking back. She was a devout churchgoer, and the church at St Teath was as central to her week as the kitchen or the fields — a constancy that felt entirely natural in a village where the past was always present.

Weekends brought a steady procession of visits to the wider Treleven clan — aunts, cousins, neighbours near enough to family that the distinction hardly mattered — kitchens full of tea and talk, conversations that circled gently before arriving anywhere.

Among them was Great Aunt Cynthia, a memorable figure who had run a taxi service from Camelford, and who seemed to embody that particular Cornish quality of quiet self-reliance.

Occasionally the journeys took us further — across the border into North Devon to visit Grandmother Mabel's side of the family, the Alford's, a different landscape and a subtly different world, though warmth was the common currency on both sides of the county line.

In summer there were trips to Polzeath, the wide sandy beach on the north Cornish coast, where the Atlantic rolled in long and slow and the dunes smelled of salt and warmth.

Those days felt boundless.

We sometimes made the short journey to Tintagel too — the ruined castle on its dramatic headland, all wind and spray and ancient stone. It felt like the edge of the world.

And there was always Bodmin Moor — vast, windswept, ancient — stretching away to the south under enormous skies.

Even as a young child it stirred something: a sense of wildness and deep time that stayed with me long after we left.

Delabole Primary School was the centre of my smaller world — chalk dust and damp coats, teachers who knew your parents, families who had sent their children through those same doors for generations.



Just down the road was the Delabole Playing Field, where we spent countless hours running, kicking, climbing and doing nothing in particular with great dedication.

After school the village was ours more broadly still. Our favourite haunt was the old railway line at the edge of Delabole, long since closed, its track bed grassed over and wild — a green corridor between old embankments where we balanced on the ghost of the rails and felt we had found something the grown-ups had forgotten.

Not every memory is golden, of course. I was terrified of the neighbors' Alsatians — great pale-eyed dogs that seemed to materialize at fences and gates without warning, all bark and bared teeth. I gave certain routes home a wide berth for years.

Summer also meant berries.

My uncle Harry Treleven knew exactly where the best blackberries and wild strawberries hid along the hedgerows.

Harry had a disability, but he was a man of great gentleness and quiet warmth, and those slow afternoons picking together — unhurried, talking in the easy Cornish way — are among my most treasured memories.

Madeline turned whatever we brought home into jam, or more often into pasties: proper Cornish pasties, crimped along the top, packed with beef and potato and swede, made on Saturdays in a kitchen full of the most deeply homely smell I have ever known.

Winter was a different country. Snow buried the slate rooftops and silenced the quarry.

We went out anyway, coming back with the wind

snatching our breath.  
Then the thaw would come, and Delabole reasserted  
itself — slate dark and wet, the quarry resuming its  
low, steady rumble.

In late 1972, we emigrated back to New Zealand  
aboard the Northern Star.  
I stood on deck and watched England recede — the  
grey sky, the diminishing coastline — and felt the  
particular sadness of leaving somewhere that had  
worked its way into you.  
Cornwall did not vanish with the horizon. It travelled  
with me.

I am a New Zealander — that was always true, and  
remains so.

But those years among the Treleavens planted a  
seed: a lasting love of family history, of old  
churchyards and half-told stories and names on  
records that connect you to something older than  
yourself.  
I did not know, picking berries with Harry or  
standing at the edge of the quarry, that I was also  
learning to love the past.

I know it now.

David Reid May 2026



### **An Ode to the Pasty** (Contributed by Brian Rollason)

In Cornwall's fields of green and gold,  
A delicacy of legend is sold.  
A pastry that's been loved for years,  
And cherished by many with happy tears.

A Cornish pasty, so warm and round,  
Filled with meat and veg that's so sound.  
A taste that lingers in your mouth,  
And memories that will never go south.

A crust that's crispy golden brown,  
A filling that's hearty. And never a letdown.  
A combination of flavours that's just right,  
A perfect meal that fills with delight.

The miners who worked in the earth so deep,  
Needed a meal that would always keep'  
So, they wrapped up the meat and veg with care,  
And a pasty was born, a food so rare.

The aroma of pasties, freshly baked,  
Fills the air and makes one's heart ache.  
For a bite of this pastry, so warm and nice,  
Is like a bite of Cornwall's paradise.

So, if you find yourself in Cornish lands,  
Do not hesitate, and take up the chance,  
To try a pasty, so delicious and true,  
A meal that will surely please you.



**Stone carved Pasty**  
(contributed by June Whiffin)  
In 2019, the Museum of Cornish Life in Helston was  
given a replica Cornish Pasty carved from Bethlehem  
Stone by the family of William (Bill) Jewell.



Former butcher and cavalryman Bill Jewell  
painstakingly sculpted the pocket-sized keepsake  
during a deployment to the Middle East in 1941.

He carried it over 5500 miles from the birthplace of  
Jesus to Italy, through the Normandy Landings and  
then Germany before bringing it safely home in 1944.  
His family donated it to the Museum of Cornish Life  
in Helston.

Bill Jewell, who died in  
Helston in his nineties,  
enlisted to the Royal Scots  
Greys, part of the Desert  
Rats, in 1941.  
The 7th Armoured Brigade -  
known as The Desert Rats -  
were instrumental in taking  
action directly against the  
German army in North  
Africa where Field Marshal Montgomery battled his  
rival Erwin von Rommel, known as The Desert Fox.



In 1942 the Scots Greys moved from Syria to Egypt  
and remained there until the end of the North Africa  
Campaign in May 1943.

Bill must then have visited Bethlehem at some point before he was redeployed to Italy - as his little stone pasty bares the inscription 'Bethlehem 1943'.

Bill ended his service in Germany on April 21, 1946, with a note of "exemplary military conduct", having also been a butcher with responsibility for the ration store.

He was well decorated by the time he returned home, having been awarded five medals for his service and three stars.

He received the Africa star for his service in the North Africa campaign, the France and Germany star, and the 1939-45 star, as well as a Defence Medal and a War Medal.

On his return, he worked again as a butcher in Helston where he lived until he died in his nineties.

All five of Bill's medals can now be found at the Helston museum, along with the handmade stone pasty he kept all his life, and photographs of his years of service - all donated by his family.



### **Burra To Bendigo by Bike - update**

In the last issue we reported that a group of cyclists from Bendigo was planning to ride from Burra to Bendigo, following parts of the route taken by Thomas Ninnes and his family in 1852.

Below is a report from Moira Drew, convenor of the Friends of the Ninnes Grave group.

The 'Burra to Bendigo By Bike' ride went ahead as planned and the group of seven cyclists arrived at the Ninnes Grave in Maiden Gully on the outskirts of Bendigo on Thursday 30th April, having left Burra around 10 days before.

They were joined by several friends for the last leg of the journey from Marong where they had stayed the previous night – an easy ride for the final day! A small group of friends and supporters was there to welcome them and enjoy a lovely morning tea provided by their supporters.

The trip was the idea of Greg Ralton of Maiden Gully, who was inspired after learning about story of the Grave and reading about the journey taken by the Ninnes family and others in the early 1850s.

In all they cycled 544km, 343km on sealed roads and 201km on unsealed roads.

They were accompanied by a support vehicle which they used for those sections they felt were not suitable for group cycling.

While speaking about the trip Greg commented that, "it was a wonderful experience for our riding group seeing the countryside at a slower pace".

It was interesting to hear about some of the places they passed through – familiar to me through research for the [Do It Yourself Travel Guide](#) prepared some years ago as part of the [Overland Gold Project](#). It is available as a link via the [Cornish Association of Victoria website](#).

One discovery of note was a street sign for Ninnes Grove in Angaston, South Australia – which needs more investigation.

While on the road Greg twice rang in to speak to Macca on the ABC program *Australia All Over*, the first time from Burra.

While there they met up with a group who had heard the program and it turned out that one of them had been at school with Greg. Small world!

This trip is a good example of a new way of bringing history to life and helping to understand what might have been involved in the journey overland made by so many during the Victorian gold rush.

Congratulations to Greg and the group for organizing and taking the time to undertake such a ride and for their interest in the Ninnes story.

A link to a blog, written by Margie Joyce, one of the cyclists can be found here:

<https://www.travelswithmybike.com/>



Group at Ninnes Street sign in Angaston



Greg Ralton at Grave Sign



Group at Ninnes Grave



## CORNISH tidbits

### Tobacco and Vapes Act ‘will protect children in Cornwall from a lifetime of addiction’

Cornwall Council has welcomed news that the Tobacco and Vapes Act 2026 has received Royal Assent and become law.

The Bill introduces a smokefree generation policy, preventing those born on or after January 1, 2009, from ever being legally sold tobacco.

It also brings into law new restrictions on the flavours, packaging and display of vapes aimed at reducing their appeal to children and young people.

Dr Eunan O’Neill, Director of Public Health for Cornwall, said:

“This is one of the most important public health measures in a generation. Smoking continues to be

the single largest preventable cause of death and ill health in Cornwall, and it remains a major driver of the health inequalities we see between our most and least deprived communities.

The measures in this Bill will protect children from a lifetime of addiction and help close a health gap that has persisted for far too long.

“We are also pleased to see decisive action on youth vaping. Vapes have an important role in helping adult smokers to quit, but the rise in vaping among children and young people who have never smoked is a real concern locally, and the new restrictions are a proportionate response.”

Cllr Thalia Marrington, Cabinet Member for Community Safety and Public Health, said:

“The measures in this Bill will make a real difference to the health and life chances of people in Cornwall, and particularly to our children and young people. Tackling the harms caused by tobacco and by youth vaping has been a clear priority for this council, and we welcome the steps government has now taken.

“We will continue to work with our public health team, regional partners and local communities to make sure these changes are implemented effectively and that local people feel the benefit.”

According to stop smoking charity Ash, smoking currently costs Cornwall around £542 million a year in lost productivity and healthcare costs.

Statistics show around 13% of adults smoke in Cornwall, equating to almost 60,000 people.

<https://www.cornwall.gov.uk/council-news/health-wellbeing-and-social-care/tobacco-and-vapes-act-will-protect-children-in-cornwall-from-a-lifetime-of-addiction/>

### Eden Project has brought Cornwall £5.7 billion and 20 million visitors in 25 years.

The Eden Project is celebrating 25 years this year.

The educational and environmental charity published an Impact Report to show what Eden has meant for Cornwall and its economy.

The reports reveals that Eden has delivered £6.8 billion in total economic impact to the South West and £5.7 billion net additional economic impact to Cornwall since opening in 2001.

In 25 years the charity has welcomed more than 25 million visitors to its iconic Rainforest and Mediterranean Biomes - 80 per cent (20m) from outside the county - generating £8.4 billion in visitor spend and supporting an average of 700 jobs each year.

More than one million people have engaged with Eden through its schools programme alone.

The Eden Project was co-founded by Sir Tim and architect Jonathan Ball as an educational charity with a mission that extends far beyond horticulture: to reconnect people with nature through education, regeneration and storytelling.

The Millennium Commission helped bring the Eden Project to life with £56 million in National Lottery funding.

A quarter of a century on, Andy Jasper said Eden now stands as one of the commission's most successful legacy projects.

The 'Eden Effect' is also having an impact around the world.

In Costa Rica, Eden is restoring a dry tropical rainforest biological corridor, expanding habitats for wildlife while empowering local communities to play a central role in its recovery.

There are also Eden Project sites in Expo City, Dubai and Qingdao, China.

With Eden Project Morecambe in development in Lancashire and Eden Project Scotland in design, the newly released Impact Report also signals what the 'Eden Effect' could mean for other parts of the country.

Eden's impact spans community connection, education and climate innovation across the UK:

\*Since 2009, The Big Lunch - launched by the Eden Project to bring communities together with food - has inspired over 1.5 million events, connecting 120 million people and boosting social connection, belonging and local pride.

\*The Eden Project is home to the UK's first new operational deep geothermal power plant since 1986. Its 5km-deep well heats the Biomes and onsite buildings, cutting gas use to almost zero and saving up to 500 tonnes of CO2 each year.

\*Collectively reaching roughly one million through education, more than 750,000 children and young people have visited Eden for school and college trips - over 30,000 annually. Eden now delivers nearly 40

curriculum-linked workshops, from preschool to postgraduate level, alongside an online learning programme reaching tens of thousands nationwide.

\*Eden Project Nursery and Sky Primary provide nature-based, enquiry-led education rooted in sustainability and global citizenship. In partnership with leading universities, Eden also supports around 200 undergraduate and postgraduate students studying sustainability-focused degrees.

\*Since 2005, more than 1,000 people each year have strengthened their relationship with nature through Eden's Nature Connections programmes, spanning therapeutic horticulture, walking groups, workshops and social prescribing partnerships with GPs.

<https://www.cornwalllive.com/news/cornwall-news/eden-project-brought-cornwall-57-10848888>

### **Places in Cornwall with most second homes**

Cornwall Council has raised almost £25 million in doubled council tax on second homes - here are the figures broken down for the highest concentration of second homes.

\*St Minver Lowlands (Rock, Trebetherick) - 35.9%, 419 second homes out of a total of 1,168 properties

\*St Minver Highlands (Polzeath, Port Quin) - 29.2%, 187 second homes out of a total of 641 properties

\*St Endellion (Port Isaac, Port Gaverne) — 27.4%, 186 second homes out of a total of 678 properties

\*St Just in Roseland (St Mawes) - 27.4%, 231 second homes out of a total of 844 properties

\*Lanteglos (Polruan) - 26.1%, 175 second homes out of a total of 670 properties

\*Gerrans (Portscatho) - 24.3%, 148 second homes out of a total of 608 properties

\*St Merryn (Harlyn Bay, Constantine Bay) - 23.9%, 296 second homes out of a total of 1,236 properties

\*Padstow - 23.2%, 432 second homes out of a total of 1,863 properties

\*Maker with Rame (Kingsand, Cawsand) - 22.8%, 166 second homes out of a total of 729 properties

\*St Anthony (Flushing, Gillan) - 21.9%, 23 second homes out of a total of 105 properties