



# A summer in Cornwall with Trigg Morris Men

a Blog by Jim Hutchins

## The Trigg Blog 2008.

The Trigg Blogg (or weblog) was born early in 2008 when Jim started to post information to Trigg Morris Men member Ben Harding, who'd had to leave Cornwall and move back to London. Ben missed his nights out with Trigg and Facebook@ became a way to share the fun each week.

Jim quickly discovered that it also helped him remember the detail of the nights out so it was a win-win!

By the middle of May, Jim was still reporting and Ben was loving it! His response prompted Jim to work with Trigg Webmaster, Bob Mann, to bring Trigg Blog to the Trigg Morris Website.

The resulting blog, documents a whole summers fun with, Bodmin based, Trigg Morris Men.

While Jim accepts the blame for the bulk of both writing and photographs, many thanks go to Chris Thomas who blogged his way into a summer spot, and also to Bob Mann for a couple of the photos.

Biggest thanks go to the Trigg Blog readers and fans who constantly fed back laughter and enthusiasm, and encouraged the next weeks reports of dance and misadventure.

Any similarities with real people, places and events, are deliberate, but, frankly, unexpected!

Please enjoy "A Summer in Cornwall with Trigg Morris Men".

## Trigg Blog 24th March

Trigg Grand Tour. Easter Monday.

(Had two years success texting Radio 2 for mention.

Tried email and text this year. No mention. Never mind.)

Cold and wet, but hey, Trigg have danced in the snow at Easter.

(I haven't aside from flurries of snow at Lewannick one year.)

Sid handing out some nice rum.

Offered me some & when I reminded him I was now over two years sober, he persisted saying "Have a smell of it then!"

Arrived at Launceston (36th year) not knowing what we'd be dancing on following major repairs to the town square.

Town Crier, Rob Tremain, there to greet and introduce us again.

Good audience despite crap weather.

Ground good to dance. Plenty space & no problems with new cobbles.

Used my little camera to record public performance of Litchfield, Vandals of Hammerwich. Went really well. Don't look too closely at upload on YouTube.

Nice set at The Archer, Lewannick.

(Arrived by a slightly different route - 'rough wooing' going on between Squire, Ivor, and the new bus driver).



Rain stays off while we dance at Blisland.

Choking a bit, as 'downhill' side keep getting smothered with smoke from charity barbecue!



Music good but over too quickly (again) & time to get on bus to Lanhydrock. Delayed because Lyn has taken the dog for a walk. I'm sure Peter seems ready to leave without her, but she's walking down the road towards us as the coach pulls away. (She also has Rhiannon with her. I'm not convinced her dad, Taffy, & granddad, Sid, have noticed she's missing!)

A large crowd is assembled in front of Lanhydrock house and we are welcomed at gatehouse as we park up. Of course, there is the usual rush round the side to the toilets before we process up the path to our audience. The sun comes out and we dance well despite usual gravel underfoot. Suddenly realise second dance is a stick dance and dispatch 'apprentice' back to the coach to get them. Swap dances 2 & 3 round & audience is unaware of our 'oops!' New venue for cuppa above café & handy for toilets! Nice session in the disabled car park (lots of cars this year) but team clearly tiring (video available!).



Really cold at Lostwithiel but welcome warm, with 15 pints of beer already lined up on the tables when we arrived.

As usual, at last spot, dance selection leans to the exotic.  
Carried off well until Trigger does impromptu  
(well, to the rest of us, anyway) solo jig.  
Maybe we spent money training the wrong man (species?).

Usual music session with visiting musicians 'du jour'.

Home again, home again, jiggety jig!

Knackered!

Good Night. JPH. 2008-03-25



## Trigg Blog

### 3rd April

1st practice after Easter Monday outing. Season would normally be starting but Easter very early this year so not going out until May 1st ish.

Brought along a couple of good photos of Alan but he's not there this week. I sent photos from Easter Monday to Bob for website. He decided to send them to members as Pdf file but trashed the compositions in the process. Poor Alan had his head and legs cut off!



The practice was devoted to Lichfield since we had only risked Vandals on Easter Monday. Started with Sheriffs Ride. Clear we needed to talk about feet & hands and soon got back into the 'swing' of it.

Vic suggested we imagine a string tied from our hands to our feet

so that they swung backwards at the same time.  
General feeling was that knicker elastic might be better.

New boys Andy & Dave keeping up well on these ones.  
Hey very funny though!  
You only need one or two to mess up to make everyone look like clowns and we  
got shouted at throughout the evening! :o)  
Vandals went OK (mostly) but we still had to do it again and again.

I danced with Pat a lot tonight. Brilliant laugh.  
We mostly went the right way for Heading Out  
but Roger wouldn't let us in the first time.  
"I'm here. Bigger Off", his general demeanor implied  
as we pushed our way in (useful things sticks!).  
It was pointed out afterwards that he should have been over on the right.  
But, hey, it was pointed out to Bob EVERY time tonight, that he should have  
finished over on the right! Remember ONLY numbers 5&6 go left.  
Easy eh?

Real buzz tonight and I found myself laughing a lot.  
Asked Vic how on earth a bunch of guys, out for a drink together,  
could ever conceive of what we do,  
and then not only make it happen, but keep it happening 37 years later.

I'm glad they did!

Bedtime. JPH. 2008-04-03

## Trigg Blog

### 9th May

Do you know the song " If it wasn't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all!" ?

Missed last week after I'd been burgled.  
Luckily they didn't steal my Bells and Wavers! :-)  
(Although they did throw my Bass Guitar on the bed  
with everything else they were piling up.)

Headed out to the Quarryman at Edmonton.  
We had good weather today and I was really looking forward to my first outing  
of the season.

Of course by the time I got there it was pi\*\*ing down!  
There was a really good crowd though, and they came outside to see us,  
and the landlord laid on a barrel of beer for us!  
Well. :-)

With a couple of strategically placed red bar brollys to protect musicians and  
Trigg men between dances, and many of the audience in the 'tunnel',  
we were 'Singin', and Dancin', in the rain.

Good, fun, set.

Pat was missing. Apparently he wasn't allowed on the plane the first time when  
he was coming home from holiday, because he had the sh\*\*s (or something)  
He did get to leave several days later.

When Ian held up a bag with a hat in, Alan did volunteer ownership.  
Not me this time! :-)

After a song for the landlord we were in a rush to get out the car-park.  
I was near the back and most people were already leaving when I got in my car.  
I checked my mirror, and since Rob wasn't in reverse yet,  
I reversed my car out of it's space.

While I was doing it, Rob clearly didn't do me the same courtesy  
and his Volvo started moving towards me.

I couldn't get out of the way so held my hand on the horn  
to get him to notice me.

CRUNCH!!!

He noticed me.



By the time we got to the Red Lion at St Kew Highway,  
I was OK but Rob was decidedly queasy!  
His Volvo was unscathed and my Xsara had the doors bashed in!

It was really raining now so we used the dance floor to dance!  
Plenty space but no height.  
I think I came closest to doing damage with my stick.  
Highlight for me was doing Brighton Camp in my usual position at number six.  
Chris, who normally fights me for that position, took number five.  
He looked scared!  
I called out where I expected him to turn & hit as we danced.  
He did so well (better than I would have), maybe he was just humouring me.  
It worked.

An interesting if quiet sing song.  
With you (Ben) and Pat missing, I missed the security of guitars.

In my opinion there were too many songs about dogsh\*t, and the landlords song  
about a lady who killed people and cut them up, did nothing to cheer me up.

With Robs details in my pocket :-), I drove safely home.

Bed now.

Stay in touch.  
Jim.

## Trigg Blog

### 16 May.

Last night was my local gig.

As you know, Trigg try to dance near the home of every member of the group at some point during the season.

Although I moved, a few years ago, back to Plymouth,

Trigg come to dance as close as they can while still in Cornwall.

I let all my friends know about our performances by text and email

and had many lovely replies thanking me for warning them where to avoid.:-)

(One friend did turn up, smashing the record of many team members).

It may have been close to home but I still cut it close for timing.

I finished work at 6.30 and ate a snack (not very healthy)

while I decorated my hat

(I think the pink flowers might have been weeds!)

and changed into my Trigg gear.

I left the house at nearly 7.45 and raced over the Tamar Bridge.

There was a surprisingly large crowd by the Union Inn in Saltash.

I don't think it was just the presence of the Plymouth Maids.

I believe there was a busy youth function going on close by.

The youngsters we did attract to watch seemed to thoroughly enjoy it but I don't think we had any new converts to Morris Dancing.

The presence of the Plymouth Maids seemed a surprise

to most of us, but as usual added hugely to the spectacle

of the evenings performance.

We alternated dances with them, so plenty of breathing time tonight!

Ian was talking so much,

he came up for one dance with his hat still on his head, and no bells on!

Since he's the keeper of the 'black book',

it'll be interesting to see if it appears in the annual

'Mug of the Year' discipline report!

The wellbeing of the Plymouth Maids was at risk while Rob

reversed out the car park, so one of their musicians guided him.

Rob told me later, he was a Plymouth Rat.

I didn't pretend to understand!

It was only a short drive to the Weary Friar at Pillaton.  
A nice old 'meal pub' nestled near St Mellion.  
Although it was a dry evening,  
the dusk seemed to bring a bit of mist to the edge of the surrounding view.  
I got chatting to a couple of lovely ladies  
and had to be called several times to dance.  
Since Maggie and May (Yes. Rod Stewart was mentioned!)  
lived only 9 miles from Stanton Harcourt,  
our repertoire was duly amended to include more Stanton Harcourt dances.  
It's always dangerous dancing Brighton Camp as it's getting dark,  
but on this occasion, no blood was spilled.  
Most importantly, the ladies thought we were wonderful!

Although most of us had never been to this pub, the landlord & landlady gave us  
a lovely feed before we got stuck into some music.  
Washboard Pete was missing  
and Chris had to discipline us on occasion about our sloppy endings!  
Pat was back from his adventures and was in full voice tonight.  
I particularly enjoyed Dream by the Everly Brothers (and others)  
but abandoned playing bass so that I could sing the harmony.  
Another highlight was, "I went to an alehouse I used to frequent"  
to the tune of 'Daylight comes and I wanna go home'!

Good Trigg, Eh?

Got home safely and quickly.  
Rather nice.

Take care.

Jim.

## Trigg Blog

### 22 May.

Good Morning Ben.

It may be the morning after the night before,  
but the sky is blue and the sun is shining, here in the South West.

Trigg danced at Polperro last night.

As you might expect, I judged the time fine to drive there and get parked up  
but, once again, misjudged how long it would take me  
to walk down through the village.

I wasn't alone however, and took a lovely stroll with the Luxulyan contingent.  
The 8 O'clock bells were chiming before we arrived at the Harbour but they did  
wait for us. Some wonder if Ian's late arrival will make it to the 'black book'.

A small crowd for a Bank Holiday weekend  
but it was dry and everyone was smiling.

Chris and Mick were both on holiday tonight so we danced to (a poorly) Viv with  
'Tina' (her concertina!), Lyn on the recorder and Ivor's neighbour, Dave, on  
another concertina.

Dancing was good and the initial uncertain pace of the musicians was actually  
refreshing and made us (me?) pay attention better!

We did 6 dances at 8pm and stayed at the Harbour for a beer,  
and for a second session at 9pm.

Pat was very impatient to restart, but, who listens to a Morris Man with his  
sleeves rolled up? (Another Black Book offence?)

It was decided that we would do two or three to see if an audience turned up,  
and, Blimey!, they did!

After frightening a small child who had his photo taken with us, we wandered,  
discussing the magical fertility properties of Morris Dancers hats, to the Old  
Millhouse on the Whotsit?

We only did a couple of dances in the narrow street  
but served the purpose well of forcing passers by into the pub.  
With diminished numbers, it was a quiet singing night in the pub  
but went with a nice steady gait.

What was nice is, it was one of those nights when we musicians could see in each  
others eyes, those moments when the magic was working just right!

As usual Sidney's singing had the ladies entranced, although, unusually for a Welshman, it was touch & go whether we could get him to sing at all at first.

The night ended gently with 'Messing about on the River' and 'Now is the Time'.

Do you think the 'Hawaiian Farewell Song' could have been written by a Cornishman?

Stay well.

Jim.

## Trigg Blog 29 May.

Hi Ben,  
New Trigg Blog on webpage, so will watch my language! :-)

Trigg Bagman, Roger Hancock, wins the Chocolate Watch this week for spotting my deliberate mistake.

"just a small point,  
it is "Now is the HOUR", and it has a verse in the MAORI language.  
Someone else would point it out if I didn't.

Thanks rh"

Do you think I'll make any more mistakes or omissions?  
Do you think anyone might spot them?

Good Trigg night tonight but also good to get home,  
take my shoes off, and roll my socks down!

As the road wound towards Golant tonight, I kept getting views of the sea.  
It took my breath away every time.



I like dancing at Golant. Tonight the tide was right!, the skies were clear and there was a good crowd at The Fishermans Arms.

We danced on the 'patio'. A lovely spot for us and the audience.

A good set with some nice dancing.

After our practice (see April 3rd) you wouldn't believe (well, you might) how well Ring'O'Bells seemed to be going, yet how badly we finished. I confess the hey seemed earlier than I expected, but I did get back to my place (albeit by a route avoiding Chris's panicked "panic-into-place") on time. Pat and I (finally) had the 'heading up' spot on, but no instruction followed.



The team did a sort of heading down/ heading out/ heading somewhere movement. We were all in place to raise our sticks at the right time but, despite the practice, several people wandered away when number two was keenly waiting to be handed the sticks!

It was a beautiful evening

and Golant turned into our biggest photo-opportunity of the season!



The New Inn at Tywardreath also had a very big crowd.

Darts were on but it didn't matter because we stayed outside for ages, and settled in the back room later.

Dancing went well and Dave threw himself into a dance at every opportunity.

He did really well for his first season,

but I'm not sure his way of finishing Old Black Joe will catch on.

As usual, our big 'unbreakable' sticks took a hammering.

Unfortunately one of them broke, and a piece went flying off!

Ian was clearly extra-enthusiastic.

Before he broke it, one strike on

Bobs stick caused Bob to smack

himself on the temple,

It looked sore & he may have a black eye in the morning.

(Can't have been Ian's fault, can it?)

Sounds to me like Bob

Just hit himself on the head!)



We spent a while chatting outside with the local Campanologists

(I did chat but didn't want to join. They just don't have great outfits, like us!)

and other followers and 'hangers on'.

Chris, Vic, Mick and Pat were all in good voice tonight, and the team gave ready chorus, drawing the audience through from the other bars.



Steve et al, looked after us well tonight with food, and drinks later. I got annoyed with one guy though who refused to listen to my "No, no, no, no NO!!!" as he poured beer into my Coca-Cola!

With cheers of "More, more!", we did THREE last songs but did finally get to put down our instruments, in a happy room.

I recall someone saying to Cathy at one of our nights, "But how often is it as good as this?" She thought about it for a minute, and answered, "Every week!"

Big Manly Morris Men Hugs.

Jim.

# Trigg Blogg

## 6 June

'Morning Ben,

Sun shining in a clear blue sky, down here.

What's it like in London?

We had good weather last night for Trelights village, and Port Gaverne.

There was a lovely turnout of villagers for our first dry spot of the season, and as usual, since there was no pub..... NO PUB?....., our lovely supporters at Skinners Brewery supplied some beer for us to take along.

Dancing was fine.



Chris tried number 5 position for Brighton Camp.

We had it by the end but they wouldn't do it again!

There was a suggestion that Terry danced very well, for such a big man.

This became an advantage for Terry.

Peggy, who lives in the village, had baked lots of cakes for us, and Terry was allowed two!

Next dry spot is Trethurgy on July 3<sup>rd</sup>.

I wonder who's going to bake for us there?

We arrived in Port Gaverne with good timing to dance whilst the sun went down over the bay.

We had a good crowd with many new faces, and including lots of newbies and .... erm' ..... 'oldies'.

One lady, Diane, had been coming here since she was about 4 years old, and now, at 73, thought we were a real bonus to her regular holiday at the Port Gaverne Hotel.

After our arrival pint, Landlord, Graham, kept the jugs of beer coming during the dancing, and they were still arriving as I was leaving!

Well done Landlord!

Dancing was good, although, just as Ian announced we were finally getting it together, Pete dropped his waver! (Noted!).

Ian was enjoying the dancing so much, he unwittingly extended Nightingale. When he announced 'crossover' for the second time, those of us (not really paying attention!) followed his instructions.

Pat and Terry, however, forged ahead with a 'back to back' making it necessary for them to do *that* move twice.

(Or was it the other way around?...)

We finished Bodmin Riding in time for a sunset photo with the red sun dipping into the water behind us. Once again several pictures were taken.

We've clearly been taking the same picture for decades now, but I've never seen one! Have you?



Dancing seemed to be over quickly tonight.

No-one really moved out to let us in tonight, but since people took care to make sure all the musicians did have seats in the middle, they became a good audience and chorus to our singing.

It was a good night for our bigger songs so, of course, the Banana Song and Micky's 'Cock', were belted out with enthusiasm, to the surprise and clear enjoyment of the audience around us.

I particularly enjoyed, the local song, The White Cockade.

For once, I was ready when Chris led me into 'The Price of Love' and it went very well.

It doesn't seem to matter that he plays the Everly Brothers version while I play the Status Quo one!

Cramp nearly got the better of me with those bass triplets, but it all turned out well.

We finished the night with audience participation, singing 'Messing About on the River and that Hawaiian, Maori, This is the Wedding, Hour, song. ☺

I drove home with Bob Dylan chatting to me, playing great music from the likes of Roy Orbison and BB King. What a good night!

Bye for now.

Jim. 6 June 2008.

# Trigg Blogg

## 12 June

Dear Ben,

Last night Trigg visited Boscastle with Tarka.

Since I live so far away, I knew I would be pushed after work to get home, eat, change, pick flowers, do my hat, and drive to Boscastle for an 8pm start.

I understood how tight, before I even got down the slip road onto the A38.

I noticed my petrol tank was empty at about the same time I realised I'd left my wallet and cards on my bedside table.

Unbelievably, I did consider going on, trying in my mind to make the 85 mile return trip squeeze into the red bit on the fuel gauge!

I arrived late but the view as I came down to Boscastle was awesome.

It was a beautiful evening with the Sun shining down on Morris Dancers.

It was a good turnout for both teams and for the audience.

When I arrived (late!) the teams were alternating dances and had the audience laughing and cheering. I don't know how much work they did before I arrived, but I still managed to get three dances in before we moved on.

Tarka and Trigg both put a team up at the same time to dance Valentine.

Although someone suggested that Tarka were beating us, Trigg caught up well and managed to finish a full verse ahead of them!

No-one crashed as we all squeezed out of the car park and headed down the hill to dance in our usual spot at the bridge.

Trigg Morris Men have danced regularly in Boscastle for over twenty-five years and a good crowd appeared to watch tonight. Once again there were disagreements about how many Morris Dancers they could actually squeeze into the phone box (sadly washed away). Answers on a postcard, please.

I was one of the first at the bridge tonight and managed a few minutes, standing, enjoying the view to the sea as dusk approached, aware of the sound of water rushing under the bridge.

But then everybody arrived and the space was filled with colour, music and great dancing. This is a wonderful setting with lots of space for dancing and both teams got to show off to a good crowd.

Sticks crashed together as Trigg took the chance to show off their signature dance, Bodmin Riding. Tarka surprised the crowd, dancing quickly away and suddenly appearing back during Queens Delight.

Trigg took the chance again to invite members of the audience to join them in the Off dance, *Bonny Green Garters*. Special thanks, Derek, for a fine performance while your guide dog Brian looked on in puzzlement, probably wondering why you'd gone without him!

Soon it was time to head for the Cobweb for a singsong.  
Trigg's stick bag was heavier than earlier.  
Thanks Tarka.

For those who care about such trivia, Trigg and Tarka had a total of three pharmacists dancing and playing music in Boscastle tonight.

Tarka, (who claim to be much younger than Trigg, what do you think?)  
were a great team to have with us for music.

They clearly enjoy themselves as much as we do and the evening raced along with happy wall of audience faces surrounding us.

It was good to hear, not just the audience, but also the bar staff singing along to "Lil' Lize, I love you", and "The Cadgwith Anthem (Beauty of Kashmir)", among others. What a pub!

Both teams were keen to contribute. For us in Trigg it was really good to have guest instruments such as the Hurdy Gurdy, Ukulele Banjo, and Penny Whistle.

Esther and her guest(s) from France were among many in the audience who were 'blown away' by what we gave tonight. Thanks Esther.

Trigg end the day as they begun, they end it all in pleasure!  
Tarka, apparently, do it sideways.

Another good night.

Jim. 12 June 2008.



# Trigg Blog

## 19 June.

Hi Ben,

It was easy to get to our first gig at the Bullers Arms, Landrake, tonight.  
<http://www.thebullersarms.com/>

Once again we were joined by another team, as Cats Eye were there.

It was nice to have Pauline and Kevin out with us again tonight.

It was busy and we had a good audience throughout the performance.

Last year it was busy, only until the bus arrived!

Despite coaxing, the landlord, Ally, wouldn't dance.

I think he did want to though. No. Really.

An ex Trigg member, Chris, wore an old style Trigg outfit from 1972.

No one was sure if that was what he was wearing

the last time they saw him, about 10 years ago!

Chris claimed it was the outfit that smelled musty.

Dave was in trouble with Tina for not

wearing his hat enough

(after all the hard work

she'd put into it!)

You should do your own hat Dave

otherwise you won't be awarded the

"Hat Badge" to wear on your baldric.



It was also an easy drive to the Eliot Arms at St Germans.

<http://www.eliotarms.co.uk/>

Pat can't remember dancing there before,

so it's probably years since the team was there.

Apparently that was the night 'somebody' forgot the sticks

so they improvised with long thin items from around the pub.

The lounge seemed nice,

but as I glanced through to the bar I saw a row of faces staring at me.

I have seen that look before.

Do you remember the country pub scene in American Werewolf in London?

Or maybe it was just because I was dressed funny.

As I stepped out to the courtyard,

they were shouting at Pat to fill the last space for Nutting Girl.

Since it was my position, I put my drink down and nipped in there quick.

I thought it was pretty flawless (responses on a postcard please) and it got the crowd clapping and excited. That was OK though because Cats Eye soon calmed them down.

The courtyard was a nice spot for the colourful and theatrical style of Cats Eyes own traditions but was also great for those noisy boys from Trigg to show off too! Unusually (some suggest they're not built for Morris Dancing) for a Trigg night, there were lady dancers. Cats Eye are a mixed team and tonight the ladies danced more than the men. Not to be outdone, Trigg had a lady dancer up with them tonight to do Vandals of Hammerwich.

Not just a lady dancer.

A Swedish lady dancer!

Thank you Ann, for keeping me right on some of the bits I forget and for being a good opposite number.

Ann said I didn't hit the sticks very hard.

I did my best!

Ann and Jan (who danced with us too) dance with Eken Morris Dancers <http://home.bip.net/ekenmorris/> and are visiting from Stockholm.

Trigg hope to do a return visit next year.

Cats Eye chose Somebody's Rabbit (I can't remember who's) as our off dance and pretty much all the Trigg members had a go. We thought we did fine!

There were many visiting musicians tonight and the singing was loud and enjoyable.

Highlights included Chris taking centre stage for his Cajun number.

It is worrying (and encouraging) that a man of his age should dance and play like that.

The other (1972) Chris, got the loudest applause of the evening for his contribution. He did a Cajun sounding number and used notes and chords on his melodeon that no one else seemed to have. I had trouble following the words but remember something about ewes (only he didn't pronounce it like that!).

There were also musical contributions tonight from Jan, and Cats Eye, and others and the night flew in very quickly.

I was shocked when Roger told me it was 11.10 already.

He says "that happens when you get older!"

I said "I'd heard that. I just didn't expect it to happen so soon."

I got home earlier than usual tonight because we were so close and was accompanied on my drive by Cosmo's Moon.

I guess if you haven't seen Moonstruck you have no idea what I'm talking about.  
Never mind.  
I was impressed.  
It was another really good Trigg night.

Goodnight.

Jim. 19 June 2008.

## Trigg Blog 3 July 2008.

Sorry, chums, for missing last weeks blog when Trigg danced at The Port William, Trebarwith Strand and at Camelford.

I was on my annual pilgrimage to the Glastonbury Festival (or Pilton Festival, or even Glastonbury Fair!)

I return to the Trigg fold with my spiritual batteries recharged.

It was raining when I left Plymouth but it got brighter as I travelled south to be with Trigg. After showers all day, it turned out to be a beautiful evening in Cornwall. I love the view from Penpillick, over the headlands towards St Austell and I wasn't disappointed tonight.

Tonight we had another 'dry' performance at Trethurgy.

About five years ago we noted that there were many villages we hadn't danced in because they didn't have a pub. Since then we have visited a couple each season for the 8 o'clock session.

What? Morris dancers and no pub?

Relax!

We are sponsored by Skinners Brewery and we take the beer with us!

Phew! Thanks Skinners.



The nice evening turned out many Trethurgy villagers to see us. Thank you. As well as our main audience, some watched over their garden walls, and some from the conservatory. (And some younger villagers turned up in their pyjamas!).



We had a good compliment of Morris Dancers too tonight and fielded two teams for many of the dances. The dancing was fun.

Ring'O'Bells wasn't perfect but I reckon we had our best finish ever.

The villagers joined in with Bonny Green Garters before we had an easy run to the Kings Arms in Luxulyan.

The weather stayed lovely as we once again blocked the main road through the village. This time, there were few interruptions by traffic but we did worry a couple of horses!

The dancing seemed good but when Malcolm & I somehow swapped sides, it occurred to me to concentrate harder and stop gossiping! Don't tell Ian.

I got several good photo's at Luxulyan this year especially Rob and Alans wonderful leaps in Old Woman Tossed Up.

The Trigg posters around the pub seemed to hint, subtly, that some Trigg members were locals. I don't suppose many people noticed the colour photos!

It was good to have Viv & Phil with us tonight. I've missed you.



The music was steady and the singsong included Lamorna. One of our favourites. Interestingly, I was there last week with a girlfriend.

(At least I thought it was my girlfriend, and not my wife!)

After several attempts, Landlord, Kenny managed to tell his joke about the Camborne born Maid from Redruth! (Don't tell the Landlady!)

The musicians thinned out towards the end as many are heading to Aylesbury tomorrow for the Ring Meeting.

There was enough of us left for a good rendition of Goodnight Irene.

I spoke to a lady on my way out who explained that Irene is her sister.

I didn't enquire further.

I'll see you in my dreams.

Jim



## Trigg Blogg 17 July 2008

Lostwithiel was sunny as I arrived and it was crowded down by the bridge, after the Duck Race at Lostwithiel Carnival.

The river was still full of noisy (and wet) revellers.

The team were just over the bridge in, I think, a better position than usual, and once officials were sure of the race results, (difficult with ducks, I'd imagine), we were allowed to start dancing. There were many friendly and familiar faces in the crowd and, I'm sure, new friends too.



The team were on good form but the audience, again, led them astray. After dancing to 'Oh my dear, I do feel queer, it must be all this lack of beer!', Trigg went on to demonstrate the character of Shepherds Hey with its traditional grunts and squeals causing laughter (and puzzlement!).

If you missed it, check out You Tube on <http://uk.youtube.com/watch?v=GaCvbnBe4rs>

or by typing in 'shepherds hey trigg' into the search box.

We did a good performance of Ring of Bells, all getting to the right ends in the final line up.

Pat and I had loads of room out on the left, but there seemed to be a lot of pushing and squeezing over on the right, until we moved further over to let them all in.



There was an initial slow response to our invitation to the audience for *Bonny Green Garters* but once we got birthday girl Emma and her family up, we soon had many more volunteers. Happy 21<sup>st</sup> Emma.

A gentle wander, delayed by a train at the level crossing,  
took us to the Earl of Chatham and in the beer garden,  
I had time to catch up with gossip about missed outings.  
I hadn't just missed an enjoyable evening,  
at the Crantock Fiesta and Zelah last Tuesday night.  
I'd also missed a national Ring Meeting at Whitchurch.

It wasn't as exciting as last years meeting at Stafford. There were no floods, and no-one was singing and dancing in the minibus at 1.30 am. It didn't sound like Trigg Morris's role as the Seventh Emergency Service would be required at all.



It was a quiet weekend. Many teams couldn't field a full side and of those who could, none were as good as Trigg. (Oops! Possible bias noted here!). Pat, Pete & Bob tried camping in tents this year with great success. The sound of trains kept them awake for a bit but was nothing compared to past noise levels when sharing a room with 35 hairy arsed Morris Dancers!

Dancing at The Earl of Chatham was good fun and the weather stayed on our side.

Despite Rogers introduction of a new, all clockwise, beginning to Sheriffs Ride, it continued very well.



I can't say the same for my own performance in Brighton Camp when I blanked and got turns and sticking out of sequence, when I got to the musicians end the first time.

This is actually a very dangerous situation to be in, in Brighton Camp! On this occasion I came to no harm. Lucky I was opposite Bob and not Taffy! The leapfrogs in Lass Of Richmond Hill were great and the evidence recorded in the photographs.



After dancing food went down a treat with a free pint (Thanks again!) before we settled down to a singsong.

Vic was somewhere between Bodmin & Romania but singing by Pat, Chris, Ian and (other) Chris kept the evening going at a good pace.

'Offstage' socialising was enjoyable

but threatened to distract from the singing at one stage. Sorry Pat.

I laughed at Ians description of how he came last in the Dads Race at school sports but was especially interested in the photo his mate Pete gave him after spotting them in the crowd on a 1975 Led Zeppelin DVD.

Coincidentally I had 70's flashbacks all night as I found myself playing many songs I'd been performing since my days (nights!) in dance bands 30 years earlier. He'll have to go, Save the last dance for me, Banks of the Ohio, Proud Mary, Bad Moon Rising, were all blasts from my past!

Our version of Lily the Pink is the Scaffold version which was based on a, less sanitised, folk song about Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (which Wikipedia describes [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lydia\\_Pinkham](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lydia_Pinkham) )

### **The Ballad of Lydia Pinkham**

Let us sing of Lydia Pinkham  
The benefactress of the human race.  
She invented a vegetable compound,  
And now all papers print her face.  
Mrs. Jones she had no children,  
And she loved them very dear.  
So she took three bottles of Pinkham's  
Now she has twins every year.  
Peter Whelan, he was sad  
Because he only had one nut  
Till he took some of Lydia's compound  
Now they grow in clusters 'round his butt.

It was great to hear Syd do two songs tonight. Cheers Sydley!

We may have the reputation to End it all in Pleasure,  
but perhaps we are simply Poor Little Lambs Who've Lost our Way.

Jim. ☺

## Trigg Blogg

### 31 July 2008

Half of all July's rain fell in a few hours today, the radio said. I watched it out the window during work but didn't worry. I was determined to get out dancing tonight. I couldn't get into Cornwall last Thursday night. There had been a crash at Notter Bridge and I would have had to queue for hours for a ferry. Fellow Trigg evacuee Ben was pleased. He had a 2 night holiday stop off at my place & instead of abandoning him to dance with Trigg, I stayed home. We were like two 17 year olds discussing & swapping music. Have you heard this one?

Tonight, the rain was still hammering down when I left, with soggy flowers in my hat. By Liskeard the skies started to clear. From Dobwalls to Padstow I was driving with the sun in my eyes. Amazingly, again, we had a lovely evening for dancing.

The first gig was at the Harlyn Inn, Harlyn Bay. <http://www.harlyn-inn.co.uk/>

It was a nice pub, made even nicer by the landlord being generous with beer for the Morris Dancers. Thanks landlord. There was plenty of space for the dancers at the pub end of a large car park, and a large and curious crowd gathered on the patio to watch us.

I danced Wenford Bridge, but wasn't quick enough to get up for Jug by the Ear. It was funny watching it from the 'outside'. It was one of the first dances I learned and I don't recall ever 'standing out' during the last seven years.

I did get a couple of good photos though!





When Vandals hey came around, it looked (was?) chaotic,  
so the crowd cheered enthusiastically when everyone made it home!



I never remember which dance is which,  
so when Old Carew was announced,  
the team was up before I worked out if I knew it.  
Daft bugger! Ian made me part of the team demonstrating it  
at my very first Ring Meeting. I remember now!

It was only a short run to the Cornish Arms at St Merryn.

<http://www.staustellbrewery.co.uk/st-austell-brewery-pubs/cornish-arms---st-merryn.html>

The rain stayed away, and it was a  
beautiful spot for a dusk  
performance.  
A good crowd watched the dancing  
and it was nice to chat to locals and  
visitors.



I met a chap from Aberdeen. We discussed how come a fellow Scot (me!) found  
himself doing English Traditional Dancing in Cornwall.

"Well. Its not really England", I explained.

"And the origins of the dancing probably aren't English either!".

In fact, after spending years with the Scottish and Irish Folk traditions, it's  
been wonderful for me to discover, and be allowed to share in, the wonderful  
range of Cornish traditional music and song.

I was a bit close to a lady when we did Bean Planting.

"You won't hit me with stick?", she asked.

"I might shoot you!", I said.

Another young lady became very serious when Vic and I discussed the possible fertility related consequences of her wearing my hat.

Things became much less serious, when Ian led me astray (again!). While the team danced Banks of the Dee, we waited until they all faced the other way and rushed to the end of each row, sitting on high bar stools right up against them when they turned around. Each time they faced away, we slipped a bit closer! Luckily, none of the dancers had sticks!



A call for Ring of Bells raised plenty of volunteers but, with the main stick bag 'absent without leave', we only had the 12 spare sticks when we needed 16.

The decision by Pete Philp to do Vandals of Hammerwich again, instead, allowed comparison with the team who did it earlier.

In contrast to Harlyn Bay, we danced beautifully (what?). The hey was so good, that Ian made us do it again because he thought we looked too smug!

In fact, having all the dancers in the right places took away all the danger and excitement. The crowd response was nothing like as good as the first version. Maybe it was just the crowd!

It was getting dark as we closed with Headington Off and snaked our way through the crowd and out into the car park.





It was difficult to find space inside the pub, but eventually the musicians and singers were spread out at the far end. I was tucked away at the back. I don't know if anybody 'heard' me but I'm pretty sure they could 'feel' my bass. There was a good mixture of music and styles. It was lovely to hear Viv in good voice with Country Roads but she also sang one of my favourites, My Young Man. In fact, I spent the evening with 'her young man', Phil, beside me! Good tambourine Phil!

I need to point out how good Pete Marlow's singing was tonight. I also need to tell you that he was probably singing on other occasions when I neglected to give him a mention in Trigg Blog. Will that do, Pete? Vic mentioned to the crowd when we sang 'The Padstow Drinking Song' that it has strong connections with the area and this pub in particular. If we dismiss later references to the 'Sussex Drinking Song' we can trace it back to the sixties in Padstow. It was originally a favourite in the Caledonian (now gone) on the harbourside in Padstow. Tommy Morrissey and Charlie Pitman learned it there but gained most fame singing it in the Cornish Arms, the latter fact now recorded in art for posterity.

Once we stopped singing, the locals started!  
I left the pub still bouncing to the sound of local folk songs.

I did the remaining half of tonight's one hundred mile return trip with Bob Dylan and Janice Long chatting to me, and entertaining me with good music. Another good night out with Trigg.

I think of the words  
"Give to me the girl I love, and the key to the cellar door".  
And the appropriateness of  
"forward my brave boy."!

Maybe that's just my experience.

Jim.

# Trigg Blogg

## 7 Aug 2008

Oh my!

What else is going to try to stop me getting out to dance with Trigg Morris on a Thursday night?

I was already running late when I spoke to Roger who told me about problems at Dobwalls.

"I don't care! I'm coming!"

(I did slip quietly past a single police car at Dobwalls).

As I approached Mevagissey, I had a Lostwithiel flashback when I saw the signs for a "Duck Race this Friday".

The next sign told me "Welcome to Mevagissey".

It was shortlived.

The car park attendant exclaimed

"You're late"!

"You'd better get a move on"!

Trigg were on the Quay, and most of the way through their first set.

There were thick crowds around them and so NO chance of sneaking in quietly.

I couldn't get my bells on in time for Jug by the Ear.

Missed it again!

Bugger!



I did dance Bonny Green bringing in a young lady for 'audience participation'.

She was very, very good.

Must be the magic in the wavers!

Pete Philp arrived later than me, after attending a wedding rehearsal.

Which side Pete?

Bride? Groom? Casuals? ☺

We had a good turnout tonight (members, friends and 'hangers on') and put up two teams for Valentine and for Bodmin Riding.

We had the usual race for sticks for Bodmin Riding  
but didn't bring enough for two teams  
(who's counting the sticks these days?).  
Our team were fully equipped (although we did have Maurice!),  
so we were expected to demonstrate the dance perfectly.  
Five of Ian's team had only one stick. Ian had a . . . erm. . .sweeping brush!  
I reckon the audience made more noise on our side!  
(Not just because we were getting awfully close  
to the children with our sticks).  
The hey was amazing.  
Maurice took longer to get to the other end of ours  
because he kept wandering off into the other team.  
Of course, as soon as they realised they had seven dancers,  
they sent him back!  
I don't think Maurice noticed. ☺

Pete did some dances in his civvies.  
Taking his jacket off was risky though.  
The team were starting Shepherd Hey,  
when he realised that Ian had his jacket on!  
Would it be up to the leapfrog?  
What Pete didn't realise was that Ian had me  
positioned to receive the jacket before the leapfrog.  
What Ian didn't realise was that the jacket would get stuck!  
Oops!  
Just in time, I pulled it from him,  
inside out!  
Hurrah!

I asked some bystanders up for Bonny Green,  
only to discover they were German tourists.  
Rob chatted to them in German.  
I tried too.  
I was rubbish!  
Where, in Germany were they from Rob?

It was dark when we got to the pub.  
The Fountain. <http://www.mevagissey.net/fountain.htm>  
It looked a lovely little pub. Wonder what it's like by daylight.  
It was a bit tight for space inside but none of the customers rushed away  
when we settled in for a singsong.

We supplemented our usual mix of drinking songs  
with specials for visitors to Cornwall.  
Forcing one couple to sit through "Norfolk and Good"  
(I think that's what they sang!)  
while the people from Derby were let off more lightly.  
Chris sang the 2<sup>nd</sup> best version of 'the Cock Song'  
(Well. You were thinking it too!) and 'Yogi Bear' went down a treat.  
Auntie Vera is turning into a Trigg 'regular'. Thanks Lyn.  
Thanks Pat & Vic, for a lot of the singing tonight,  
and to Pete, Ivor, Ian and Viv for their songs too.

Bob earned a round of applause tonight  
for simply going to the bar!  
(Found your way then Bob?)  
Anyone scouting for talent tonight would have been unnerved  
by the sight of both Ian and Phil, with flowers tucked behind their ears.  
(Bids to become bridesmaids, I believe).  
Chris abandoned his instrument at one point  
to play the 'silent' piano.  
Did anyone else hear it?

The night drew to a close with Dave, then Pete, then Mick  
plucking their hats to offer flowers to the ladies.

I had a safe journey back to Plymouth.  
Bob Dylan played me King Nawahi Hawwiaians,  
(King of the Hawaiian Guitar).  
I reckon Ian should give up on his violin lessons.

Jim. 7 Aug 08.

## Trigg Blog

### 14 Aug 2008

On Thursday nights, my first job when I get in from work, is sorting my hat. Bin the dried flowers, (does everybody else leave them from last week too?) and see what's looking OK to pick from the garden.

Timing looks good tonight and I arrive at The Mermaid, at Porth. with 2 minutes to spare. I'm still last to arrive and everyone grins (and check their watches!) I was putting my bells and wavers on while Balance the Straw got under way. Maybe I should put them on before I leave Plymouth! (I already attract a bit of attention when I stop for petrol each Thursday).

The first gig tonight is in a beautiful situation.

<http://www.themermaidinn.eu/>

We danced in a busy pub 'garden' with the bay & sunset in the background.



I warmed up with Blue Eyed Stranger.

My breath lasted better than I expected, but the constant turning in my next one, Nightingale, left me dizzy, out of breath, and a little bit nauseous!

When the team were setting up for Lass of Richmond Hill, I left it to the older (tee,heel!) members as usual. Not me!

Aaargh. They were not only calling for volunteers, but were so short handed (footed?) that I was volunteered too.

I think I did it once before, about 7 yrs ago, without an audience!

It really was a, 'new-boy', flashback as Phil put me opposite him in the middle and talked me through it. Thanks Phil.

It seemed mostly OK, and (don't quote me!) I quite enjoyed it.

I knew I didn't have to bend far for Pete Philp to leapfrog over me.  
(Show off!).

I didn't think ahead, though, to plan where Pete would have to land. Oops!  
Pete's leap had to detour so he didn't land on the chair or table I was up against.  
He looked fine to me. . . . .

. . . . . Once Phil picked up my glasses and handed them back to me, that is!

We had several photos taken with the children . . . and Danny!  
We've told Danny we expect to see him at practice in Bodmin on Thursday  
nights from October.  
The fact he lives 400 miles away will not be accepted as an excuse!  
See you when practices start, Danny.

I followed Viv & Phil to St Mawgan. It was a good job I did!  
The directions I had, "up the hill and turn right", were somewhat incomplete!  
It was a beautiful evening. The first part of my journey across Cornwall has a  
lot of dual-carriageway now, so it was lovely to see the views as I drove along  
the coast. It was particularly stunning as I headed down hill to Watergate Bay.  
The setting sun gave a rose tinge to sea,  
and to the waves breaking on the beach.

It was dusk when we arrived at the Falcon Inn at St Mawgan,  
<http://www.thefalconinn-newquay.co.uk/>  
and we had a good crowd as it got dark while we were dancing.  
We planned to start with Constant Billy, but there was some embarrassment as  
we tried to find the bag of sticks. Amid a lot of Morris Dancers milling around,  
Phil slipped quietly away to the car!





I got up for one of my favourites, *Nutting Girl*,  
in my usual Stanton Harcourt position, number 6.  
Dave arrived opposite me at 5, with no idea what to do!  
I tried to talk him through it and, after a particularly disasterous first hey,  
the rest was plain sailing and a lot of fun.

Calling for Vandals was interesting.  
'Heading down' was uphill  
and 'heading up' was downhill.  
Got that?

The audience responded loudly to Vandals and to Bodmin Riding,  
and then everybody wanted to dance *Bonny Green* with us.  
I reckon the guests outnumbered Trigg, and it was a huge team!

We found good corner inside to play & sing in.  
The landlord showed appreciation in the traditional manner,  
and what's more, kept the jugs coming all night. Thank you.  
Chris Ridley was drinking free beer this week.  
Is that why he kept standing up to sing?  
He did come out with some great songs though,  
my favourite being about the Piddletrenthide Jug Band.  
Vic was in fine voice, singing 'Me and my Good Companions' and others.



Pat, Mick and Viv were all sounding good tonight too.  
Chris Thomas picked his way through the bar, singing about the loveliness of  
Paris, and of being sadly gay. . . and disappeared out the door.  
Presumably to be terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan,  
because he'd left his heart somewhere.

Pat took opportunity for another song!



I got confused (a common occurrence!).

One minute we were singing one Lonnie Donegan song, the next we'd drifted into a variety of (perfectly pleasant) versions of My Old Man's a Dustman.

Nigel sang from the audience, beautifully and powerfully.

He sang again once we'd finished. This time being joined by friends.

Brilliant! . . . but can they dance?

I'm going to miss a couple of weeks so need someone to blog for me.

Our adventures should be reported,

especially if next Wednesday's session at Blisland gets recorded for television.

Relax.

Auntie Vera has volunteered.

(Although I don't know if Chris has told Lyn yet!)

If you want to 'share' while I'm away,

just tell your Auntie Vera.

Could this be the start of the Trigg Website Problem Page?

Thanks Lyn.

My Sat Nav comes into its own when I'm going home.

I just press "Home" and it gets me quickly heading in the right direction

(sometimes down some very narrow (even for Cornwall) lanes!)

It was a (braw?,) bright, moonlit, night for my journey,

with only two days 'til it's full.

Bob Dylans theme tonight was 'colours'.

At midnight, I celebrated arrival of my 51<sup>st</sup> birthday

somewhere between Bodmin & Dobwalls

with Jimi Hendrix's 'Purple Haze' turned up very, very loud.

"Excuse me while I kiss the sky!"

Goodnight.

Jim. 14 Aug 08

# Trigg Blog

## 21 Aug 2008

*Trigg blog from Auntie Vera (with some help from Uncle Yogi)*

So, Jim, our usual blogger has gone on holiday

- the question we ask is; how will he know?

He has left the honour of blogging for the busiest fortnight of the year to Auntie Vera and Uncle Yogi.

"Now", we hear you asking, "is this wise?"

We'll see.

An unusual **Wednesday** night -

'cause we're not normally out, certainly not at 6pm

- waiting on a balmy (barmy) August evening for a TV crew to arrive.

Filming for a new series with Oz Clarke and James May

the production company thought it would be good

to introduce some high culture into the proceedings.

As it happens, they got us.

Can you suggest a decent pub near to the Camel Winery?

No contest, off to the Blisland Inn (probably the finest....etc.)

and into the arms of mine host, Gary.

Oz and James finally turned up in a post-war Rolls Royce

towing a caravan of indeterminate age.

It seems that we failed to mention that the lanes leading to Blisland are, like the Curate's Egg, good in parts.

After signing a consent form the filming started

(if you don't sign you get pixelated -

something that some Trigg members know a lot about).

It was decided that "Vandals of Hammerwich" would be appropriate

as we could get most dancers into shot.

Having done the dance once through

Oz was persuaded to have a go,

thereby proving that to be a Morris

Dancer you don't have to be good.

James, on the other hand,

demonstrated to Auntie Vera

just how the recorder should be

played.



Finally we presented them with appropriate mementos  
before treating them to a rousing few verses of .....  
before waving them off to negotiate the other, narrower, lane out of Blisland.

What a jolly nice bunch of people,  
but we are not sure what, exactly, the fee was.  
Some of us stayed on to partake in the pub quiz -  
we've heard easier questions on Universally Challenged.  
Gary, you are a lovely Landlord, but...

**Thursday.** Charlestown Harbour.

Dances by the three sailing ships (a bit early for Christmas)  
followed by a couple of songs in a nautical tradition to add to the ambiance.  
Adults seemed happy, despite the slightly gloomy weather,  
and children overexcited / scared witless by the appearance of Trigger.  
Moving on to The Ship at Par to dance on the well lit stage  
(too well lit for some who might have wanted  
slight errors of judgement to be hidden).  
The evening became most gloomy with drizzle setting in (who let him in?)  
followed by a dash to the quite full bar.  
The chaps decided to squash into a tight corner despite Uncle Yogi's effort  
to clear the other side of the pub -  
actually, it was probably the music starting up  
that disrupted one table's tete-a-tete.  
An interesting session interrupted by the arrival  
of some born-again Beatle claiming to be Sgt Pepper.  
No-one seems to know exactly who it was,  
but many suspicions were roused.  
A bonus was the appearance of Chloe (pedigree Gold Star of Norwich),  
(Mike gave the words away last week so no rendition of Norfolk and Good)  
who is interested in joining the musicians.  
The session ended with a rousing chorus of "Lamorna"  
which seemed quite appropriate as the evening was wet, wet, wet.

Auntie Vera reserves the right to say that she knows nothing  
of what is written above because she is too busy.

Thankyou.

# Trigg Blog

## 28 Aug 2008

*Trigg blog from Auntie Vera (with some help from Uncle Yogi)*

**Sunday.** Another Cornwall Folk Festival in Wadebridge.

As I understand that Trigg Morris have attended and, at various times, helped with the organisation of the festival for over thirty years. This year, for the second time, the festival has been underwritten by the Hobgoblin Music Shops.

I only mention this because they deserve credit.

We were happy, therefore, to perform in Polmora Walk in front of the Hobgoblin shop and have our photographs taken by the local press.

There is no truth in the rumour that the members of Trigg Morris are camera shy.

Ian, standing in as Squire, led us a merry dance, seemingly choosing all the dances that Uncle Yogi has yet to practice. We still seem to have a problem with position No. 5 in the Lichfield dances, usually leading to a re-run of the hey. Still it's all good exercise. The weather stayed sunny and quite hot all day, so that was summer done with, how dare you complain.

Speaking with many holidaymakers they still seem to be enjoying themselves, even when watching the dancing.

We started at 11 o'clock, or near it, and were joined much later by such *sluggabeds*\* as Cats Eye (why only one eye?) and Tros an Tres (I think that is right) which apparently translates in one of the versions of Cornish as "Song of the Feet" and not "teeth and tits" as Auntie Vera thought.

Anyway, a jolly good time was apparently had by all.

Auntie Vera even got to join in with Brighton Camp but wasn't quite right because she was taught the wrong way by her previous side.

Still she kept smiling through it all and nobody really noticed because Terry and Uncle Yogi were distracting the crowd with their own version!

Some of the chaps amused themselves at lunchtime in the Woolly Bridge with music and singing although, I must say, the great big Great Dane didn't look overenthusiastic. Nice to see some old friends drifting by, one even deigned to dance with his old side, promising to return soon. We look forward to seeing another Chris in the side.

*\* Shakesperean, "Romeo & Juliet", word that spellcheck don't know.*

**Thursday.** Out to St Column

where Doug, the landlord, was sponsored to do a dance.

Must say that he did look the part and joined in with gusto.

A good, appreciative, crowd and lots of team photographs taken.

On to the Merrymoor where Dudley once again did us very proud; food and drink aplenty.

We understand that there has been a problem

with drinking water in the Mawgan Porth area

so we very kindly donated a number of bottles

of fresh, Bodmin, water halfway through the evening.

An excellent session in the pub with everyone in good form.

The Welsh bloke who occasionally turns up turned up

and, as usual, serenaded the assembled masses,

delighting one chap with lots of attention during "Delilah".

Auntie Vera and Uncle Yogi's favorite is still the cowboy song.

Nigel treated us to a rousing "Let the Lighthouse...".

Uncle Yogi would like to thank his many fans

who swamped him with many requests

- but still decided to sing the bear song.

Again, a good evening spent on good company.

I am happy to hand the responsibility of the blog back to Jim

and apologise for the tardiness of this one.

Lots of visitors taking up lots of time.

Again Auntie Vera denies any knowledge of this blog.

## Trigg Blog 4 Sept 2008

Honey I'm home!  
Big thanks to Chris, a.k.a (as it happens) Auntie Vera!  
Don't worry Chris!  
Ladymen are part of the tradition!

I didn't recognise where we were dancing tonight.  
I could see both St Ive and Metherill on the map  
but couldn't really get my bearings on where I was headed.  
The AA route finder wanted to take me via Callington,  
and my Sat Nav via Liskeard.

Well.

I opted for the AA route rather than, infamous, GPS.  
It's just a pity the AA couldn't predict  
the tractor and hay(?) trailer I'd get stuck behind.

Driving down tonight,  
to a Butchers Arms I'd passed many times,  
I had little hope that the rain would clear for dancing.  
I was wrong on that one too.  
Although it was getting dark,  
it stayed dry for us, and a good audience, until the end of dancing.

The team looked good  
with wavers freshly pressed on the  
old wringer in the beer garden.  
Music tonight had a pure and sweet  
sound  
appropriate to the ladies playing for  
our dancing.  
Thanks Viv and Lyn.



I also, finally made it back to Jug by the Ear.  
Hurrah!

I was worried about finding the Cross House at Metherill  
until I realised no-one else knew the way either.  
Pete Philp & I agreed, . . . . .this was a job for Sat Nav!

Cars were leaving as I realised that MY Sat Nav  
had never heard of Metherill.

Oops!

I wasn't sure if I was even following anyone from Trigg  
as the fog came down on the rain and darkness I was driving in.  
Long after I was sure I missed it,  
the sign for Metherill coincided  
with distant red tail lights turning right.  
I followed.

I was in a convoy winding through lanes  
when I came to a junction in the darkness.  
A broken sign with only 'M' pointed right.  
I started to turn, but Ivor knew better  
and pulled past me to carry on through the village.  
I accepted his wisdom.  
We were all well on the way to Cotehele,  
when it seemed appropriate to turn and come all the way back!

A relieved Chris and Lyn  
pulled into a very full pub car park, behind me.  
The pub was full too.  
In fact, the pub was already full of Morris Dancers  
when we arrived!  
Wreckers had decided to join us tonight.  
I thought it would have been good manners to ask us  
but everybody seemed happy enough,  
so I relaxed and enjoyed the evening.

The Cross House  
(wonder what the history of the name is?)  
was very crowded and we alternated dances with Wreckers,  
dancing inside for only the second time this season.  
With our usual respect for practicalities  
(none at all!)  
we decided to have two teams dance Room for the Cuckold.

It was good fun  
and I'm sure the bruising will fade with time.



The landlord offered to turn the ceiling fan off,  
while we danced Greensleeves, in case it damaged our sticks.  
We left it on, reassuring him  
that our sticks would be fine! Tee hee!

We need plenty of space for the leapfrogs  
in Lass of Richmond Hill,  
so it was another predictable choice tonight!

Wreckers is a mixed team  
but looked more like a womans team tonight,  
with only a few token men.  
Despite their high turnout,  
they even checked the gents toilet  
to make up numbers for a team for one of their dances.  
Ians offer was accepted,  
and he made a respectable eighth member.



We finished with a combined 'Tinnens Cat'.  
If we seemed to learn quickly,  
it's because we've danced it before.  
(With Cat's Eye. Ssshhh!!!  
Oh, and certainly don't tell anyone from Grampound!)

Despite us trying to settle down to our regular sing-song,  
we were 'Shooshed!' so that they could have a team meeting.  
Many of them seemed to leave early, even while Chris was trying to sing.  
Despite his best efforts, Chris's 'Cock' ended up in Bobs hands!

After a super buffet, and plenty to wash it down,  
Pat, Vic and others worked hard  
and we still had a great session.  
Although classics, like Lamorna, had an airing,  
Vic also sang about someones 'addled and broke' eggs.

It reminded me of a chat-up-line I tried many years ago.  
"How do you like your eggs, in the morning?" I asked.  
"Unfertilised!" She answered.

Jim.

4 September 2008.

## Trigg Blog

### 11 Sept 2008

Tough decisions tonight.

I had to work late.

Should I spend valuable time picking flowers and decorating my hat?

Yep!

I'd need to make up time in another way.

After a brilliant drive via Callington, I arrived at the White Hart at St Teath

[http://www.britishpubguide.com/cgi-bin/pub.cgi?results:Cornwall & Scilly Isles:1315](http://www.britishpubguide.com/cgi-bin/pub.cgi?results:Cornwall%20&%20Scilly%20Isles:1315)

with the team assembling.

There were disagreements about the exact spot to use

but we settled beside the clock opposite the pub.

Traffic could come from three directions so a couple of dancers stood guard near the musicians who were harder to see in the dark.

When a car did approach, however, Bobs military survival training kicked in, and he skipped quickly away, leaving Lyn and Viv to their fate!



It was dark but the dancing looked great.

With Pat opposite me for Sheriffs Ride,

I asked Chris T (aka Auntie Vera) about his blog criticisms of number 5.

"Yep!" he said. It was Pat!

Pat danced beautifully!

(And when he doesn't it's still very entertaining!)

Dave (perhaps foolishly) danced opposite me  
in Black Joke. Well done Brave Dave.  
Our second Stanton Harcourt dance, Brighton Camp,  
(No. Dave didn't attempt that one.)  
is dangerous enough, without having to dance in the dark  
with the pub spotlights in our eyes.  
I saw no blood.  
(It was dark.)

This week my SatNav did know where the second pub was.  
When I crossed the bridge, it told me to turn right.  
I didn't realise nobody else was going that way.  
The road wound up and down hills,  
and got darker and darker, and narrower and narrower.  
With dark hedges brushing both sides of the car,  
I spoke 'Hutchins First Rule of SatNav' aloud.  
"Have no fear!"  
I popped onto the main road just behind the Trigg convoy,  
with relief, and followed them (blindly!) to the next pub.

It was good to be back at The Old Inn at St Breward,  
<http://www.pub-explorer.com/olpg/oldinn/stbreward/index.htm>  
the highest Inn in Cornwall.  
There was no sign of the flurries of snow we often get on our winter visit  
on the Feast of St Hyginus on 11<sup>th</sup> January.  
(Did you know that Pope (St) Hyginus instituted godparents at baptism?)

Some audience did come out into the  
cold to watch us dance.

Car drivers usually(?) wait, patiently  
enjoying a dance to the end.  
But tonight one driver  
nearly clipped Malcolms heels.  
Malcolm was safe  
but was clearly disappointed  
not to have been doing a stick dance!



Talking of stick dances. . . .  
We only had 15 sticks for ring of Bells!  
HmMMM! Does anyone notice a pattern?

Dave danced his 2<sup>nd</sup> Stanton Harcourt dance  
of the evening in the same position.  
No excuse now!



I wondered about the  
very bright star,  
beside the moon.  
Chris T said  
it was Jupiter  
and that I should  
write about it  
in the blog.  
In fact, he would have  
written about it  
in *his* blog,



except "it wasn't \*\*\*\*ing there!"

The pub had been done up since our last visit.  
Rob and I agreed that the toilets were lovely.  
Apparently the gents was too!

Despite missing some members, the music was tremendous tonight.  
Pat, Vic, Ivor, Ian, Chris and Viv were the backbone of a great singsong.  
Chris did a good rendition of his version of 'the cock song',  
& finally got someone to hold his cock!  
He also produced an Australian(?) version of Yogi Bear.

By special request from the audience,  
Viv sang My Young Man (one of my favourites),  
and Country Roads.

The landlord once again produced a great feed for us tonight.  
Thanks.

The Lil' Lize I Love You medley  
meandered to I Love the White Rose  
but when we tried to finish,  
the audience produced several extra verses.



We suspected the words were made-up,  
but they missed another verse:-



"Pats pants were  
thrown out of the  
window.  
So out on the roof  
Patrick goes.  
He was glad they  
shone bright  
in the moonlight.  
As bright as that  
Lily White Rose."



We tried to finish tonight with *Goodnight Irene*.  
Again somebody suggested another verse.  
It turned out to be the whole of *Sloop John B*.  
Cheeky bugger!

My SatNav took me home via Blisland.  
When the screen froze,  
I remembered Hutchins Second Rule of SatNav.  
"Keep going. There must be a satellite up there somewhere!"

Jim. 11 Sept 08.

## Trigg Blog 18 Sept 2008

### APB (Absent Poultry Bulletin)

Chris's Cock is missing and has possibly been smuggled out of the country.



Photographic evidence from St Breward shows the last whereabouts of said 'Cock', but the young lady pictured is rumoured to have travelled to Australia the next day.

Chris insists that such an extreme response is unusual.

If you know anyone in the photograph, please ask the 'cock'napper' to contact us to let us know if Chris's 'Cock' is OK.



But yet another week has flown past.  
Tonight is the last night of the season.

Driving down tonight with my mate, Fiddler John, we had a great view of a deep red setting sun, hanging in the sky ahead of us as we headed west. The SatNav brought us to Pelynt via Tregarland Bridge and Sowdens Bridge, on a route I'd never have chosen, but thoroughly enjoyed anyway. And we were on time!

It was good to be back at the Jubilee Inn at Pelynt  
<http://www.staustellbrewery.co.uk/st-austell-brewery-news/new-award-winning-tenants-for-the-jubilee-inn-pelynt.html>  
and Sydney was there to welcome us all to his local watering hole.





Tonight, it was announced,  
we would be dancing on the patio.  
"What patio?" I thought!

We wandered out the back door  
to a lovely "Eat Ootery"  
(as we call it in Scotland)  
with a good audience  
watching us  
by the light of  
the Jubilees  
very own lighthouse.  
(Well that's what it looked like!)

On the last night of our season, there was no planned programme.  
Everyone would get to choose their own favourite dance.  
The landlord kept the jugs of ale coming and we had a great first set.

Musician, Lyn, joined us dancers for Brighton Camp.



While I remain undecided over whether women  
are really built for Morris Dancing,  
I am convinced that it is foolhardy to give one a big stick  
and then turn your back on her!

After a Ploughboy song for the landlord  
(collected many years ago at this pub)

We headed to our final venue.

The Punchbowl at Lanreath.

<http://www.travelpublishing.co.uk/HiddenPlacesCornwall/Cornwall/COR35044.htm>

The Punchbowl has been open since 1620.

No. I don't mean twenty past four!

I mean that it dates from the 17<sup>th</sup> Century!

There is a story of a black demonic cockerel,

(the ghost of a local rector)

flying in through one of the pub windows

and straight into an earthenware oven.

The oven was cemented up to contain the vengeful spirit for eternity.

[http://www.haunted-britain.com/punch\\_bowl\\_inn](http://www.haunted-britain.com/punch_bowl_inn)

Perhaps Chris should check the earthenware ovens  
at the Old Inn in St Breward?

It was great dancing in front of the  
Punchbowl.

The street was well lit and there was  
an interested audience  
despite the time of year.

The traditional costumes of morris  
men looked perfect  
against the mediaeval backdrop of  
this old inn.

But Pat and Ian challenged tradition,  
once again,  
brandishing their brightly lit,  
multicoloured 'disco' wands  
while the rest of the team waved  
Great Big Sticks.



I really enjoyed the reprise of Walk of the 2d Postman,  
and still had some breath at the end  
(despite complicating the heys for myself).  
Punishment for my wanderings came  
when Ian selected my own choice, Nutting Girl,  
to follow straight after!  
Knackered, I was!



The audience waited expectantly  
when Triggers jig was introduced.  
Trigger was obviously  
being led astray  
and I could see Rob at the bar  
ordering drinks.  
You can lead a horse to water, Rob,  
but you can also make him dance.  
Eventually.

Not do be outdone by any Johnny  
Come Lately,  
Viv joined the boys for a dance too.  
She did very well but I was relieved  
to note  
that she was only armed with wavers  
on this occasion.



Viv and Lyn finally had reinforcements tonight.  
Chris Ridley was back, and Pete Philp and Peter Marlow  
played during dancing too.  
Music inside went at a good pace  
and we trapped an audience mostly at one end of the room  
while we took over the rest of the bar.  
Chris Thomas produced a flaccid 'stand in' for his absent 'Cock',  
but the dog was clearly impressed with it.

There was a lot of good singing tonight



including Chris R, Pat, Lyn and Viv.



Fiddler John fitted in wonderfully with the Trigg Orchestra, but confessed later that he spent all night desperately trying to adjust his timing to the 'special' rhythm that Rob beat out for us on his Bodhran! I thoroughly enjoyed his solo even although I'd already had a taster, when we were at Glastonbury earlier this year. (see YouTube - fiddlerjohn )

This last night had to end though and my everlasting memory will be the sight of Viv and Lyn with their knickers on their heads, just before they threw them at Pat. Tom Jones, eat your heart out!

AGM next week  
then The Ceilidh/ Barn Dance,  
our end of season party  
at Bodmin Public Rooms, Saturday 27 September at 8pm.  
Music and Calling will be by Fox Amongst the Chickens.  
Perhaps Trigg will do a little morris dancing during the interval.  
Anyway, we'll have a great time again!

Why don't you come along?

Of course if you don't think you're a good enough dancer. . . .

Practice starts in October.

I'll see you there.

Thanks for a great season.

Jim. 18 Sept 08.