



# Pacific Northwest CORNISH Society

Volume 3 Number 4

Fall 2001

## THE 4TH ANNUAL PNCS PICNIC



Our annual meeting at Fort Borst Park in Centralia was a great success. We had a great deal of fun along with handling the important business of nominating and electing the new PNCS Officer positions for the 2001-2002 year of service. We renewed old acquaintances and met new friends while enjoying a delicious spread of food. Our outgoing President Jean Timmermeister thanked all past officers for their support and all members for their participation in the Society. There were two drawings for door prizes. Our winners were Doug Wolford, who won a 19th century map of Cornwall, and Willie Wolford, who won a ceramic Cornish Cottage. We received our lessons in Cornish speech from Yohann. He had us interacting with each other speaking common Cornish salutations. The next event was a game Gay directed where she had members attempting to match Cornish phrases and locations with their English language counterpart. Yowann and Gay are credited with the work required to make the games possible and very successful. It is the fellowship with other Cornish that, most of all, makes PNCS a great organization. The above picture of attendees at the picnic includes Jean Timmermeister, Mary Sisson, Jim Faull, Joan Huston, Fran Anderson, Bob and Shirley Bruce, Yowann Byghan, Bonnie Faull, Ann Holiday, Gay Knutson, Bonnie LaDoe, Alice Lomen, Garry Lomen, Lois Lugg, Robert and Margaret Lugg, Marcia Rothman, Doug and Vicki Wolford, Willie Wolford, and Sadie Uglow. In addition, several members brought other family members and guests.



Left to Right—Treasurer/Membership Yowann Byghan, Vice President Gay Knutson, President Mary Sisson and Secretary Jim Faull.



*Message from Mary.....*



Jottings from Jean have been featured in the PNCS newsletter for the past three years as Jean Richards Timmermeister served as our first, and very capable, president. As Jean headed her column with alliteration, so will I.

The first message is to give our outgoing officers a huge thank-you for the job they did getting this organization off the ground. Jean brought her rich background in Cornish genealogy, knowledge of the 'omeland, organizational skills, and a strong desire to bring the Cornish together in the Northwest, and PNCS is the result. It would not have happened without her vision. Joan Tregarthen Huston (member #1) has tirelessly tracked our finances and memberships since PNCS started and gone above and beyond in many other ways.

Marcie Rothman has agreed to continue as our newsletter editor, for which I am grateful. Joan has worked with her over the years. I have enough experience in that arena to know this is a huge task, and they've done it well. Thank you!

Jim Faull will continue as secretary, and I've moved from vice president to president. Gay Knutson will now be planning the programs as vice president, and she got an early start when she agreed to plan the program for the July picnic as I was tied up with my son's wedding. Thanks, Gay! We all enjoyed learning something about our names, though many of us were more than a little stumped! Yowann Byghan, the bard formerly known as John King, will take over Joan's duties with money and membership.

Since I work in public information for a school district, my first thoughts for PNCS focus on how to let people know about us. Washington isn't like Wisconsin with its Mineral Point or California with its Grass Valley. We have no pockets of Cornish folk, so getting the word to the right people can be challenging. I am open to any and all suggestions for PNCS PR.

Word of mouth has been most effective. If Grandma Uglow were still around, we'd probably have double the members. She could scout out a Cornishman anywhere and talk to anyone.

One idea I'd like to pursue is getting PNCS brochures into every Celtic, British, Irish, Scottish or similar shop, pub or tea room in the Northwest. In exchange, we could feature them in short articles in our newsletter.

This is where you come in. Can you check out such businesses in your area? Send information to me or, since my e-mail address will be changing soon, you can e-mail it to my brother, Doug Wolford, [dvwolford@qwest.net](mailto:dvwolford@qwest.net).

(Speaking of Grass Valley, California, if you go there in search of a pasty, don't count on finding one at dinnertime. Get there before 5 p.m.)

Since the joy of a group such as PNCS is in meeting people of the same heritage, I'd like to see that joy increase with higher attendance at our three general meetings each year. This means making connections with each other to offer rides, and encouraging other members to come. If you don't live in Bremerton, how about bringing a friend along for the ride October 27? Check our membership list to see who lives in your area.

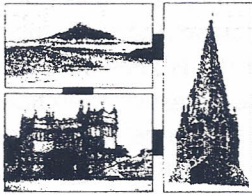
Finally, I have to tell you northerners and easterners how much fun we've had at our gatherings of southerners. The Columbia River Bunch or Branch (take your pick) has managed to get together several times in between PNCS meetings. Of course, it helps that we have our own bard with his vast knowledge of things Cornish, but we also just plain enjoy each other. I'd like to see every area of PNCS have a regional event at least once a year so you can have as much pixilated fun as we have.

Mary Sisson, President



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### PNCS ANNUAL MEETINGS

Members unanimously voted to conduct three meetings each year. The normal schedule will be for a meeting in March (St Piran's Day recognition); July (Annual meeting for election of officers); and October. For planning purposes, the July meeting will normally be at Ft Borst Park and the March and October meetings will be divided between a location in the Olympic Peninsula area for members located in the northwestern parts of the State and the Puyallup-Olympia area for those in the southern locations.

### OCTOBER 27th PNCS MEETING

**Place:** At the Kitsap Regional Library at 1301 Sylvan Way in East Bremerton in the Heninger Meeting Room.

**Time:** 11 a.m. until 2 p.m.

Bring something to share, preferably Cornish, to eat for lunch. Bring your own drinks.

**Directions:** from the Bremerton Ferry, turn left at 6th Street, right at Wheaton Way, and right on Sylvan Way to Library on right.

From the North or South, take the Kitsap Way off ramp and turn right from south, left from north, and go straight on Kitsap Way, it will turn into 6th, left on Wheaton Way, right on Sylvan Way to Library on right.

### The Columbia River Branch

The Columbia River Branch of the PNCS is planning a BBQ potluck "gathering" at Jim and Bonnie Faull's place on Sunday, September 30th, beginning about 1:00 PM. Any PNCS Cousins in the area are welcome to join the gathering. Jim and Bonnie may be contacted via e-mail at [jimfaull@juno.com](mailto:jimfaull@juno.com)

### Celtic shop opens in Cannon Beach

A Store3, a Celtic handicraft shop, opened this summer in Cannon Beach, Oregon. Proprietor Clare Nolan, an Irish woman, sought out handcrafted and unusual items in pottery, jewelry, fiber art and wearables. Her Irish linen is beautifully batiked. She carries jewelry by St. Justin, the Cornish creator of Celtic designs.

Her big, friendly dog gives as warm a greeting as Nolan.

A Store is located at 175 East 2nd Ave., Cannon Beach, OR 97110. Phone: (503) 436-0664.



## LIFE IN CORNWALL.

### FISH SALT FOR SCILLY—26 June 1812

The situation for the poorer inhabitants of the Scilly Islands, during the last winter, was truly distressing. These persons chiefly depend for their support in winter, on the fish caught and cured by them in the summer months but such has been the pressure of the times even upon these poor islanders, that they were unable to purchase the salt necessary for curing the fish caught last summer: there being no market to which they could have recourse, the sufferings of the poor became very alarming, as very little fish is caught during the winter. The situation of the Islands being reported to the Bishop of Exeter, his Lordship most humanely laid their case before the Lords of the Treasury, who have most properly allowed a quantity of salt to be shipped at Penzance, for the Scilly Islands, which is to be sold to the poor, free of duty in quantities not exceeding half a bushel to each person. The sloop Neptune of Scilly, arrived at the Island of St. Mary's on the 15th instant, with 855 bushels of salt on board, in consequence of orders received from Government for that purpose.

### PARISH APPRENTICE RUNS AWAY - 9 April 1813

Ran away from his master (Mr. Samuel Peter, of the parish of Lewannick, in the county of Cornwall) on the morning of the 13th of March last, William Jenkins, his parish apprentice, aged about 18 years, has flaxen hair, grey eyes, small legs, is in-kneed, and speaks remarkably quick; wore away and carried with him a blue jacket, a check cloth ditto, one pair of corduroy, and one pair of Russia drab trousers, and is supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Helston.

If the said apprentice will return to his master, he will be kindly received and forgiven for the past, but if callous to this caution, and found in any person's employ after this notice, both he and them will be dealt with as by law presented, and any person who may bring him back, shall receive one pound reward, by applying as above.

### HOUSES OF ILL-FAME AT FALMOUTH—30 April 1813

Catherine Mithchell being found guilty of keeping a house of ill-fame in Falmouth, was sentenced to be imprisoned for two months and to pay a fine of ten pounds: and to be farther imprisoned until it was paid. Elizabeth Tresidder, for committing a similar offence in the parish of Budock, was sentenced to be imprisoned a fortnight, and fined one shilling. Ann Lampshire, who surrendered in discharge of her bail, was found guilty of keeping a disorderly house in the parish of Budock, and was ordered to be imprisoned one month, and fined a shilling. Matilda Lisle, charged with frequenting house of ill-fame, was reprimanded by the chairman and discharged.

### ROBBERY IN CROWAN—19 May 1815

Whereas, William Williams, alias William Cornish, did on Monday last, the 15th instant, rob and carry away, from the house of Capt. Jennings, of Tregear, in the parish of Crowan, various articles of wearing apparel, viz. a bottle-green coat, with yellow buttons, a yellow kerseymere waistcoat, a pair of light kerseymere trowsers, a nankeen short coat, a pair of green corduroy trowsers and many other articles. A reward of three pounds is hereby offered to any person or persons who will apprehend...the said William Cornish... He is about five feet six inches high, of full complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, has the wound of a bayonet on the left side of his neck, and wore away when he left, a light jacket and grey trowsers, and is supposed to have taken the road to Padstow or Bodmin.

### TRANSFERRED TO THE CONVICT HULKS

On Monday the following prisoners were transmitted from Bodmin prison to the convict haulks at Portsmouth, pursuant to their sentences at the late Assizes and Quarter Sessions. John Calloway, for highway robbery; Henry Budge and John Rawling, for housebreaking, and James Uren, for burglary, to be transported for life. Jas. Edmunds and John Foster, for stealing from the person; William Gregory, for stealing wheat and Charles Blight for cruelly wounding a sheep, to be transported for 14 years, Samuel Christophers, for burglary, and Hannibal Rowe, for stealing money, to be transported for 7 years.

### HOMEWARD BOUND—25 April 1828

A POOR SAILOR NAMED Michell, travelling on foot from London to Falmouth, his native place, had got as far as Liskeard last week, when, overcome by want of food, exhaustion and fatigue, he suddenly dropped down and expired.

(Borrowed from Life in Cornwall in the Early Nineteenth Century: Dyllansow Truran)



## The Curious Woman of Davidstow

In the Parish of Davidstow lived a woman called Lucy. Lived all by herself in a small stone-porched cottage on one of the moors. She was a very nice woman, honest and clean, and she kept her little home spotless.

She was as healthy and strong as people who live in the fresh moorland air ought to be, but it fell out one year at she became ill and weak. Consequently, she was no longer able to keep her cottage tidy.

This was a sore trouble to one so cleanly as Lucy, and when she saw her little place getting dirtier and dirtier it grew grievously distressed her. She wished that the Piskeys would come and clean it for her now she was not able to do it herself.

There were Piskeys living among the carns out on Rough Tor and Brown Willy, and when night came, so the old people of Davidstow said, they would come up over the moors to the cottages and look in at the windows. If they saw that any of the rooms wanted cleaning and there was nobody to clean them, they got in through the keyholes and did all the work. Many stories were told about the Piskeys' kindness in cottage cleaning which came back to Lucy's mind now, and she longed for them to do the same kindness to her.

"But perhaps they don't do it these day's," Lucy thought sadly to herself.

All one day she was more troubled than usual about the state of her little home, and when she dragged herself up to her bedchamber at night she could not sleep a wink.

The next morning when she got up and went downstairs the first thing she saw on opening the door of her living room was that somebody had been in and cleaned it up. "It's as fresh as a butter printer just washed and dried," said Lucy, "and smelling as sweet as moor flowers!"

The hearth was swept and the hearthstone washed and the flagged floor too, all looking as blue as the azure hills. Everything was in its place and everything was spotless. Her square oak table and old-fashioned, fiddle-backed chairs were polished and shining, and as for the cloam on the dresser—it looked as if it had just been washed in moorland dew!

Lucy could scarcely believe her eyesight and passed her hand over her eyes to make sure she was not dreaming.

"'Tis no dream," she cried with a happy laugh as she gazed first at one thing and then at another. "The Piskeys must have come up from Rough Tor and Brown Willy and found out how dirty my little place was, for they it is who've cleaned it for me. I feel better already only to see everything looking so tidy and fresh. I shall be able to sit in my chair in comfort now," she went on, "and enjoy my dish of tea. I do hope they will come again."

The Piskeys did come again, every night for quite a long time, for when Lucy came downstairs in the morning she found everything clean as a new pin. Nothing was left undone that ought to be done.

Lucy was very grateful to the Piskeys for keeping her place so spotless; but, as she grew better in health and became more accustomed to their wonderful kindness, she began to get curious about them and wondered what they were like, and she longed to see them cleaning up her cottage.

So, one lovely night when the moonshine was white on the moors and the distant Tintagel waves, which she could see from her casement window, she heard a noise as if a chair were being moved across the room. She realized that the Little People were downstairs working. Out of bed she got, crept from her small bedchamber and down the narrow stairs. When she reached the door, she put her eye to the keyhole, which was a large wooden one, and peeped in.

The room was full of a soft light—whether moonlight or Piskey light she could not tell—and the light lit the room and everything in it, including the Piskeys. The room was full of them, little men and women not much bigger than clothes pegs, and they were all as busy as a flock of starlings in a stubble field.

Lucy was delighted to be able to see the Piskeys so hard at work, and the businesslike way in which they were doing their work make her almost laugh out loud. The tiny women Piskeys had the skirts of their bright little gowns pinned up around them like careful housewives, and the little men had their coat sleeves turned up to the elbow.

Lucy was amazed how such dinky folk could manage to do the work they did, and so well too. Two little men Piskeys were up on the back of one of her chairs rubbing away as hard as they could rub and laughing as they rubbed. Two more were on the seat also rubbing, and two were on the floor rubbing the legs.

"Six to a chair," said Lucy to herself.

Then she looked up at the dresser, which was full of china both coarse and fine. The Piskeys were there like a swarm of bees. There seemed to be as many Piskeys as there were cups and saucers, plates and jugs. One of the little, wizened men was astride the handle of a big Toby jug, and Lucy nearly laughed out loud again because he looked so funny, especially when he winked his eye at one of the little women Piskeys sitting on a knob of the dresser. Every shelf had at least a dozen dinky men in red coats and pointed hats. Every one of them was polishing the dresser and china that it held, and everyone looked as if work was only play.

(continued on page 9)



# Cornish Language Lessons—Kernewek Dre Lyther

**THE PURPOSE** of KDL is to help people not able to attend classes to learn Cornish, though all are most welcome.

KDL started in 1983 as a result of an initiative by the Cornish Language Board and has enrolled more than three hundred students, many of whom have been successful in one or more of the Board's examinations. Thirty two have reached the highest grade and have been made Bards of the Cornish Gorsedd. Most students have achieved distinctions in their grades.

## Courses and Examinations

The Cornish Language Board holds four grades of examination, but there are only three KDL courses as the second of the three covers both second and third grade examinations. (KDL students outside Cornwall do not normally take the second grade exam.)

There is an oral examination at all four grades which is mandatory at second and fourth grade for all candidates. At first and third grade it is optional, but candidates resident in Cornwall who opt out lose 20% of their marks which makes it impossible for them to gain a **gans bri** (distinction). Candidates living outside Cornwall are excused the oral test without penalty.

**KDL Online** This website aims to provide an easier - and cheaper - way of taking the courses and makes KDL accessible to an even wider audience.

At present, only the First Grade Course is available online, but the other grades will be added when required by online students.

The course consists of twenty-five lessons, followed by a number of past examination papers. Registered students will be able to email their lessons to be marked by KDL and will have the benefit of the course audio cassette, which is included in the £10 fee

**Getting Started** Potential students are invited to try Lesson 1 for free. Simply email your answers to KDL, either as a standard email or as an attached MS Word file, and your work will be marked and emailed back.

If you then decide that you want to continue with the course, please post the course fee of £10 (cheques payable to **Kernewek dre Lyther**) to the address on the contact page. You will be sent the First Grade Course cassette and will be able to continue to submit your lessons by email to be marked.

Potential students without easy Internet access who wish to take the course by the traditional postal method, should contact KDL for details of the higher fees that apply.

Gonis Kernewek Kewsyst will be appreciated that teaching the spoken language is never a strong point of any correspondence course and all students who have access to classes, Yeth an Werin groups or anywhere where they can practise spoken Cornish are urged to take full advantage of them.

Parallel with KDL is **Gonis Kernewek Kewsyst**, run by John Richards. Students are invited to make Cornish recordings, either readings or conversational material, and send to John and he will send one back with any comment he feels of value. There is no fee for this service but John asks for the postage to return the cassettes. If the idea appeals to you, write to him in the first instance and tell him a bit about yourself.

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18 East Lodge  
Catisfield  
Fareham  
Hants  
PO15 5ND  
Great Britain



## PASSING BY THE COAST OF CORNWALL

After long exile and many leagues of water  
Suddenly, framed in the port-hole, I see  
A pictured lighthouse rise erect,  
Nothing around it but the sea.  
Then, hurrying on deck, I detect  
Reefs and rocks and fragmentary isles,  
Recognise it for the Bishop and know the land.  
The coast of Cornwall comes into view.  
Very virginal and white in first sunlight;  
Summer is over all the green pastures:  
My heart beating against the ship's rail  
Knows it for home.  
See, the tower of St. Buryan church stands up,  
The eastern face washed by morning sun;  
Not far away I figure the Nine Maidens  
Who, dancing on Sunday, were turned to stone.  
There are the cliffs, the familiar places  
Recognisable, recognised only by me  
As the ship goes by and passengers crane to see  
Land. 'What land is it?' —a foreigner turns to me  
To ask. 'What land, indeed?'  
Shall I deny him, as I was denied?  
Pride refuses to utter the word:  
'This is the coast of Cornwall.'  
Bitter coast for those that know it well,  
All of the salt of the sea applied  
To green wounds unstaunched, unhealed,  
In spite of long silence and abstention.  
See, I recognise the green field  
By Ludgvan church tower, and Gulval;  
Low down on the line is the Mount,  
No guarded vision that looks towards Bayona's hold  
But lying homely and snug at the end of the bay.  
Mousehole, Newlyn, Penzance, Marazion:  
There are the white houses along the shore  
Caught in the sun. There are the towers  
Of the churches. It needs only the scent of flowers  
To be wafted, the bells to ring out  
For the sea-folk to rise from their caves,  
Approach once more the sunlit shore  
Where a faithless mortal  
Left lonely for ever  
The kings of the sea.  
The great ship leans to the land, then turns away;  
My heart leans with the ship, then turns away.

(A.L. Rowse: Poems of Cornwall and America)



### The Old Tintagel Post Office

This small 14th century cottage was used by the G.P.O. as a letter receiving office for the district between 1844 and 1892.

It was the introduction of the penny post in 1844 that led to the considerable increase in postal traffic and the greatly improved service in the more remote parts of the country. At the time the post office was established, to deal with incoming mail only, Tintagel was a little-known village on the exposed north Cornish coast.

The building was constructed of slate which has now weathered to a uniform grey. The cottage with its undulating roof is a rare survival of local domestic architecture. No symmetry was involved in its design. The sturdy three-tier chimney was placed at the front of the cottage in the traditional manner of this part of the country and the projecting porch was placed off-centre. The interior of the building suggests that it was originally a small manor house. The diminutive hall rises to the roof at the centre of the house and a passage runs through the building to the tiny split-level garden.

The Old Post Office is one of the few remaining picturesque buildings in Tintagel. In the late 19th century most of the old cottages in the village were swept away to be replaced with the hotels and boarding houses catering for the new Victorian interest in Tintagel Castle and its supposed links with King Arthur.

The ancient building is now in the care of the National Trust who have carefully restored it. The interior has been furnished with the sort of oak pieces that would have been found in local cottages. The post room, which closed in 1892, has been fitted out as a Victorian post office. [Borrowed from Tour UK at their website: [www.touruk.co.uk/houses/housecorn\\_opot.htm](http://www.touruk.co.uk/houses/housecorn_opot.htm)]



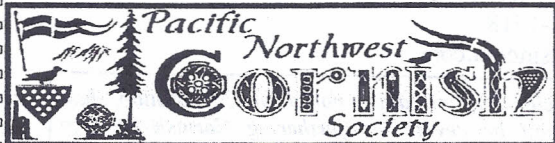
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PNCS Sweatshirts are available for sale at every meeting (black PNCS logo on white) in various sizes. Can be mailed (\$3.95 for shipping, via Priority Mail).

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## THE PNCS LIBRARY



**ATTENTION!!**

Our library is growing so please everyone keep in mind we need a place to store all our wonderful books and tapes, SO if ANYONE knows of a public building where we might be able house our growing collection, please let me know, this should be in the right location so everyone could have easy access!!

**WE NEED YOUR IDEAS OR THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FUTURE OF OUR LIBRARY!!**

**Please HELP! We need someone who can help find a place that will print our T-Shirts and Sweatshirts! Maybe even in a color other than white? We have a logo that doesn't work well with colors other than black and white (due to the flag)...any suggestions? Come on, this is YOUR club and we need YOUR help! Please contact any officer if you have any ideas!**

## OUR NEWSLETTER DEADLINES:

Second week in January  
Second week in May  
Second week in August  
Second week in November

Send articles, pictures, ads, notices, whatever, to:  
[Marci@whidbey.com](mailto:Marci@whidbey.com) or [jhuston@sincom.com](mailto:jhuston@sincom.com)  
Or mail to: PNCS

10116 Stoli Lane NW  
Silverdale, WA 98383

**Make sure they get to us prior to the above deadlines to be included in the next newsletter.**

## PNCS Web Site

[www2.whidbey.net/kernow/pnCS/pnCS.html](http://www2.whidbey.net/kernow/pnCS/pnCS.html)  
e-mail [PNCS123@aol.com](mailto:PNCS123@aol.com)

## QUERIES and MEMBER'S INTERESTS

Please send me your queries to put in the newsletter  
Marcia Rothman PO 43, Langley, WA, 98260 USA or E-MAIL [roots@whidbey.com](mailto:roots@whidbey.com)



(continued from page 5)

"I have heard tell that the Piskeys love work," said Lucy to herself as she watched them, "and now I can believe it."

Next she looked at the tiny women who were also rubbing and dusting, laughing gaily to themselves as they rubbed and dusted. The floor and hearth had evidently been done, and the soft light falling upon them made them look even bluer than the hills.

Lucy remained looking through the keyhole for ten minutes or more, and the longer she looked the longer she wanted to look. The Little People were so fascinating. No one could say how long she would have gone on prying on her friends—for it was prying—if a little Piskey woman had not suddenly turned and looked hard at the keyhole through which Lucy was gazing. This frightened Lucy, and she crept quietly back to her bedchamber.

She was too excited to go to bed again and so sat by the window till the moon set, very red and very large, over the headland of Trevoise and the sun came up behind the eastern tors.

The curious woman, having spied on the Piskeys through the keyhole, could not rest, and all that day they were in her thoughts. By evening she wondered if she should not thank them personally for their kindness in keeping her cottage like a new penny. The only way she felt that she could do this was to creep downstairs again when they were working, open the door, and go into the room.

That night she again heard the Piskeys move a chair of table across the room under her chamber. Out of bed she got and stole from her room and down the stairs. Without waiting ever to peep through the keyhole to make sure they were there, she put her finger and thumb to the latch, opened the door, and went in.

The room was full of Little People all as busy as on the previous night, but Lucy had only got inside when they vanished.

"My dear life! The Piskeys have everone o' mun gone!" she cried in dismay. "And I was going to thank them so nicely, too, for keeping my cottage clean and sweet, and now my coming in upon them unexpected-like has frightened them all away. What a pity I didn't let well alone!"

Lucy looked around the room, then she shook her head sadly. "I'm afraid they will never come and clean up my place any more, and what I shall do I don't know."

Lucy was quite right. The Piskeys never came near her again. And for some time after she had bounced in on them, she had to live in a dirty cottage until she was well enough to clean it herself.

## Pacific Northwest Cornish Society Application for Membership

Name:

Address:

City

State/Province:

Zip:

Phone:

Email address:

Webpage:

\$10 Individual member \$15 Dual Membership

List Cornish names and areas or Parishes interested in?

Send form filled out to:

**Pacific Northwest Cornish Society**  
**9009 NE 22nd Circle**  
**Vancouver, WA 98664**



## PNCS Officers

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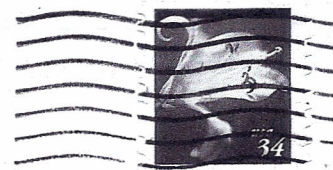
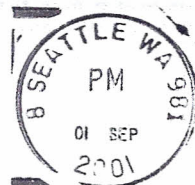
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Treasurer & Membership *Yowann Byghan*  
*Vancouver, WA*  
*(360) 256-3718*  
*yowannbyghan@yahoo.com*

*The purpose of this society, organized as a non-profit Corporation, shall be educational. It shall be devoted to furthering Cornish heritage genealogical research in the states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho.*

**MEMBERSHIP:** Individual Membership: \$10.00  
Dual Membership: \$15.00  
Lifetime Membership: a one-time payment of dues equal to fifteen (15) times the current annual dues.  
Annual dues are payable as of 1 July.  
Send dues payable to: Pacific Northwest Cornish Society  
Address: Pacific Northwest Cornish Society  
9009 NE 22nd Circle  
Vancouver, WA 98664

**Pacific Northwest Cornish Society**  
10116 Stoli Lane NW  
Silverdale, WA 98383-8826



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