

**September
2026**



JOIN US OCTOBER 4 FOR OUR FALL PNCS ZOOM!

The Pacific Northwest Cornish Society will meet by Zoom Sunday, Oct. 4 at 1 p.m. Rebecca McVicker will share photos and stories of her recent trip to Cornwall — she and her husband, Kevin, left the evening of our summer picnic in Centralia. Also on the program is a report on the Cornish American Heritage Society gathering in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, by Mary Sisson.

Check your email the week before the meeting for the Zoom link!



At the August 8 picnic in Centralia: Pamela Perrott, Dot Hosking, Rehl Gamble, Judah Green, Doug Wolford, Sandy Duncan, Joan Tregarthen Huston, Claudia Hunt, Mary Sisson, Lorene Kealy, Gord'n Perrott, Becca McVicker, Rosalie Green and Judah Green, with Gay Treglown Knutson kneeling.

HAYLE HONORS ITS 9/11 HERO

While 9/11 ceremonies across the U.S. marked the 25th anniversary of the terrorist attacks, Hayle, Cornwall remembered a hero of its own: Rick Rescorla. The Hayle native was credited with saving more than 2,700 lives that day and is known as the hero who foresaw the threat to the Twin Towers.



A stone memorial in Hayle honors Rescorla, opposite of the house where he grew up. The Sept. 11 procession began at Penpol School, which he had attended, and ended at the memorial.

In addition, Hayle residents made 2,977 red poppies, one for every victim of the attacks, out of 6,000 scallop shells donated by fishermen in Newlyn.

Rescorla had served in both the British and American armies, including a stint in Vietnam. He became vice president of security for Morgan Stanley. After the 1993 bombing beneath the World Trade Center, he believed the towers were a prime target for terrorism. He predicted the possibility of an aircraft attack.

Rescorla developed detailed procedures and ran security drills for employees.

After the North Tower was attacked, workers in the South Tower were told to stay at their desks and wait for instructions. But Rescorla grabbed a bullhorn to order 44th-floor Morgan Stanley employees to leave the building. He kept them calm by singing songs from his beloved Cornwall on the way down the stairs.

Rescorla was last seen on the 10th floor, heading back up the South Tower stairs before the building collapsed at 9:59 a.m.

The people of Hayle will never forget.



ATTENTION, PORTLAND CORNISH! PASTY LUNCH!

Who: PNCS members and friends in the Portland area (or those willing to travel)

What: Pasty lunch and Cornish friendships

When: Wednesday, Nov. 4, at noon

Where: Highland Stillhouse, 201 S. 2nd St., Oregon City, Oregon

RSVP by Nov. 1 to sissonrm@gmail.com or becca@themcvickers.com

CORNISHNESS FOR THE NEXT GENERATION

A look around the PNCS picnic shows who's missing: those without gray hair. The Cornish American Heritage Society recently scheduled a Zoom meeting to discuss this question: How can we keep the flame of Cornishness alive with the next generation?

Our own Greta Erm said she grew up in Ironwood, Michigan, where both her Cornish and Finnish heritage were part of the culture. She learned from her grandparents and from her church, which was made up primarily of Cornish people.

A former teacher, she recommended, "If you want kids to do something," such as learn customs of their heritage, "don't plan it for them. Let them plan it." She suggested school kids could pursue how the Cornish have contributed in this country.

Others in the discussion had only discovered their Cornish heritage as adults so missed out on the Cornish culture in their formative years.

Petter Ann Hutchings of Seattle defined youth as ages 13 to 30. She is part of an online community of young people that comes together to learn the Cornish language, discuss culture and politics, and explore traditional Cornish world views, what their ancestors believed and how they can restore those values to their lives. The group is building a cultural toolkit of music, dance, religion, history, traditional crafts, moral frameworks and folklore.

"We're looking for a connection to our ancestry," she said. "Language is a key."

Nick Booker from Ohio recently earned his doctorate in musicology, focused on Cornish music. "Millennials are much more interested in culture than tracing genealogy," he said. They learn the culture through music and dance.

And pasties. "Food's the key," commented someone on the call.

The meeting was recorded. You can watch it [here](#).

APOLOGIES

We apologize for the long wait for the program at the August PNCS picnic. Especially to those on Zoom, we appreciate your patience.

It should have been a simple matter of plugging one computer into another device, but it didn't work that way. Even Zoom was behaving strangely, with the icons at the bottom (such as the "mute" and "share screen" buttons) dropping off completely.

We came up with a solution, which we will use for future in-person/Zoom presentations. The presenter will send the program slides to Pamela Perrott, who will project them from her computer.

Presenters at all-Zoom meetings should still be able to just hit "share screen" and avoid the confusion we had in Centralia with two laptops that refused to cooperate.

THE CORNISH IN SW WISCONSIN

By Gay Treglow Knutson, gay.knutson2014@gmail.com

While the earliest Cornish miners came to Iowa County, Wisconsin, in the late 1820s, the waves of immigrants from Cornwall's mining areas crested in the late 1840s. This timeline coincides with "The Hungry Forties," a period of severe economic distress, food riots, and human misery. The collapse of copper prices in the 1860s ensured that the migrations continued.

Mineral Point, Linden, Dodgeville, Cobb, and neighboring villages were home to hundreds of Cornish families. Many of these were directly related and had intermarried for generations "back home" in Cornwall's mining communities. Once they reached America, the "cousins" continued to unite their families and it would be unusual to find anyone with ancestors settling in Iowa County who is not related one way or another.

Echoes of these hardy folk still exist in street and business names, cemeteries, Methodist churches, and, of course, the surnames of residents. Linden claimed the Cornish made up 90% of the population in 1890 and even today, Mineral Point and other

"Cornish" towns are made up of at least 20 or 30% of Cornish ancestry. (It's likely a higher percentage if one goes back a couple generations, as marriage with succeeding waves of Scandinavians, Slavs, and others have buried some of the names but not the DNA!)

Many books and articles have been written about the impact of the Cornish on SW Wisconsin. One of the most beloved local historians is Jim Jewell, a postman by profession and a keeper of Cornish memories by passion. He is a bard of the Gorsedh Kernow and has devoted every free moment of his adult life to collecting, collating, and writing about the Cornish of Wisconsin and Michigan. If you have any family connections to Iowa County, it's almost a sure thing that you are a "cousin" of Jim's. (Our families are so intertwined on both sides of the Atlantic the "tree" looks like a spiderweb.)

His book, *Cornish in America: Linden, Wisconsin*, was nearly 15 years in the making. In it, he tells the stories of many individuals and families, the mines, the other businesses, the daily lives, the food, the language, and overall culture of the area. Not limited to Linden, he broadens his scope to Mineral Point and the frequent travel destinations of its residents who took off for Michigan's Upper Peninsula, Mexico, California, Butte, and anywhere else a miner might be tempted to go in search of a



Linden Methodist Church, founded by Cornish settlers



Dark Horse Mine, Linden, Wisconsin

hefty seam of copper, silver, gold, zinc, or lead.

Jim Jewell wrote in his book: "It is interesting to see what part of Cornwall the families came from. The majority were miners from Camborne-Redruth, but many other villages were represented as well. Ed Geach was from St. Austell, William Brewer from St. Colomb, Thomas Tregear from St. Just, William Treloar from Helston, James Bowden from Tuckingwell, George Treglown from Marizion, James Wicks from Towerdreth (sic, Tywardreath), Matthew Biddock from St. Issy, Ada

Hampton from Land's End, and Thomas Batten from St. Allen. Some of the families came to Linden after spending a few years in Pennsylvania...others came by way of Upper Michigan."

"Settlers like Zacharia Wearne from Hayle, John Trevala from Camborne, James Bucket from Learning, Charles Trewarth from Illogan, Mrs. Mary Stephens from Gwennap, and Captain James Chynoweth were among those who helped make (the area) a microcosm of the Cornish in America not only by the existence of their unique surnames but also by the customs and lifestyles that took root here and flourished."*

Anyone with known ties to Iowa County is enthusiastically encouraged to contact me as it's possible that with my own personal documents (including a very long and detailed family diary covering the late 1840s in Cornwall to the mid-1860s in the US), books, and other data collected over the decades, that I can help you learn more details about your families than "just the begats."

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WHAT'S BEHIND CORNWALL'S NATIONAL ANTHEM?

"Trelawny" is the unofficial national anthem of Cornwall, expressing fierce regional pride and solidarity. Written in 1824, it's about the 1688 imprisonment of Cornish Bishop Jonathan Trelawny by King James II, threatening that "twenty thousand Cornish men" will rise up to demand his release. Key themes are defiance and unity, Cornish identity, and the traditional Cornish motto, "One and All," implying that if you attack one person, you face the whole community. (*University of Glasgow*)

TRELAWNY

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do!
And have they fixed the where and
when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!

Chorus:
And shall Trelawny live?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their Captain brave and bold:
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold
We'd set Trelawny free!
We'll cross the Tamar, land to land:
The Severn is no stay:
With 'One and all' and hand in hand;
And who shall bid us nay?"

Chorus

And when we come to London Wall
A pleasant sight to view.
Come forth! come forth! Ye cowards all;
Here's men as good as you.
Trelawny he's in keep and hold;
Trelawny he may die:
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!

CORNISH TEA A FAMILY BUSINESS

For a taste of the homeland, Cornish Tea fills the bill. The company's signature product, Smugglers Brew, was named for Cornwall's smuggling days when tea was so heavily taxed that it was brought in under the cover of darkness.



The Cornish Tea and Coffee Company was founded in 2012 after someone asked a simple question — Why isn't there a Cornish tea? The family-run business buys tea from Kenya, Zimbabwe and Malawi, creates its blends at its headquarters in Little Trethew, near Liskeard, and packages a million tea bags a day in biodegradable packaging. The box proclaims "100% plastic free."

The company also produces decaf tea and several varieties of coffee.

Cornish Tea is available online. With shipping, the best price for a box of 80 bags is at TeaDog (teadog.com); with standard shipping it is 26 cents per bag. With shipping from the Cornish Tea Company, the same box is 51 cents per bag. Or you can order 240 teabags and

get the per-bag cost down to 20 cents. Amazon also carries the tea, but even with free shipping it figures to 31 cents per bag.

Of course, the best way to get Cornish Tea is to travel to Cornwall, where that same box of 80 teabags costs £3.70, less than 5 pence per bag.

KERNOW OR BREIZH?

By Yowann Byghan, PNCS member and Cornish bard

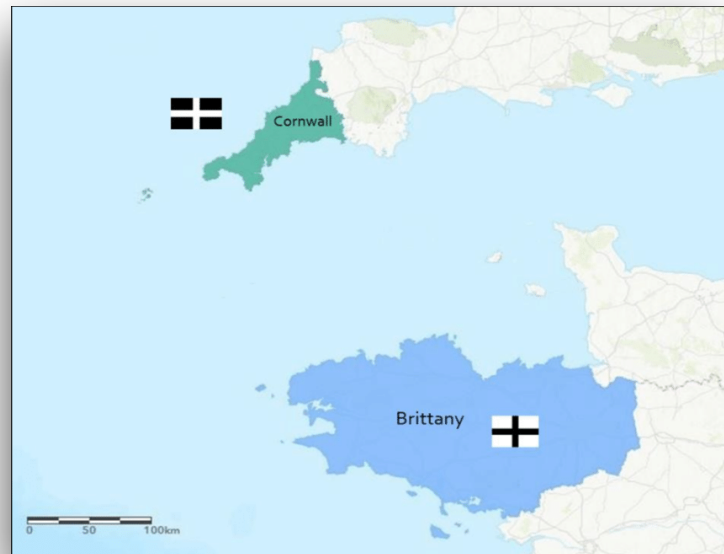
I've lived in England, Kernow, the USA, Scotland and Breizh (Brittany). Two of these, Kernow and Breizh, are not only countries near and dear to my heart, they are also sister nations with very close ties, not least Celtic languages which are so similar that Breton-speakers and Cornish-speakers can often understand each other pretty well without need for translation. So, after moving to Breizh about six years ago, how would I compare life in Kernow with life in Breizh?

First, the obvious similarities. The Cornish and the Bretons each love their nations with a fierce pride and sense of independence. They both adore music, food, drink, dancing, history, ancient stones, traditional costumes, and a wicked, dry humour. For the Cornish it's folk song and dance, pasties, good beer, Helston Flora Day, and Saint Michael's Mount. For the Bretons, it's dancing in circles, oysters and kouign amann (butter cake), good wine and cider, village pardons and processions, and Mont Saint Michel. So, not that different. The Cornish have piskies and knockers, the Bretons have korrigans. Cheers! is Yeghes Da! in Cornish and Yec'hed Mat! in Breton.

Differences

But living here in Brittany, there are some differences I've noticed. I should confess at once that these are just my personal observations and no offence is intended to anybody, Cornish or Breton. Bretons are unreservedly friendly, even with complete strangers. If you walk into a doctor's waiting room, everybody immediately says, "Bonjour!" If you thank somebody for something, they always say, "Je vous en prie," the equivalent of American "You're welcome." I use an electric scooter for mobility, and every time I open the car hatch to put it away some stranger asks if I need help or, as often as not, just comes over and puts it in the back of the car for me without even waiting to be asked. By contrast, Breton pedestrians obviously think they have permanent right of way in all circumstances: they walk beside, in front of, and especially behind our car, even if they have clearly seen that we are moving with all signals flashing. They cross a road fifteen yards south of a zebra crossing and scowl if you even look like you're thinking of inching forward.

Breton restaurant service is second to none, always polite and friendly, and you never tip a waiter — it would be considered an insult. (But don't expect such sang froid in Paris.) Bretons pride themselves on their strong unions and their excellent wages. But don't ever be in a hurry to eat out. Things arrive when they're ready,



and you can always have a second or fifth glass of wine while you're waiting. Breton food shops — especially the patisseries (pastries, cakes, bread) — are also second to none. For a Breton, a loaf of bread and a bottle of cider or wine is a complete meal. Add some demi-sel (lightly salted) Breton butter and a little cheese



(runny Camembert or a pungent Roquefort highly recommended) and you have a complete gourmet meal.

I remember the whelk stall in Penzance harbour with great fondness, but until you have eaten Breton seafood you haven't lived. Everything is fresh as can be, because it's fished nearby. The whelks and the oysters are the best in the world (not just my opinion) and the langoustines (sort of huge prawns or small lobsters) are exquisite. Strangely enough, our best local seafood restaurant is a Chinese buffet in Quimper — they make about forty different kinds of sushi. So, dearly though I do love my Cornish pasty, I have to say that living in Brittany is by comparison a constant gastronomic adventure, and usually at a very reasonable cost.

Having lived twenty-plus years in Cornwall and fifteen in Scotland, I'm used to moorland and distant, open horizons. But then I moved to Connecticut and often never saw the horizon at all because there were so many trees in the way. Breizh is a very happy compromise between the two. A thousand years ago, it was covered by a massive, dense forest, much of which still survives, especially the famous Forêt de Broceliande, which abounds in tales of King Arthur and his knights and where Merlin's burial cairn stands.

France's breadbasket

But Breizh is France's breadbasket and there are swathes of fields growing every kind of crop imaginable. We have the usual wheat, barley and other cereals, but also corn (maize) as high as an elephant's eye, which is grown mostly for animal food. Rape is grown for the seed oil, creating brilliant yellow field patterns. We love the freshly ploughed fields in early spring: they look like drinking chocolate, the soil is so dark and rich. There are no stone "hedges," as there are in Cornwall. Often, a single electric wire separates the carriageway from a growing crop or a herd of grazing cows. And the trees! An avenue of silver birches, tall and stately. Four magnificent copper beeches, just planted together for sheer pleasure and beauty. Poplars stiff and straight as arrows. And mistletoe everywhere, hanging in perfect spheres.

There are things we miss, of course. Plenty of church choirs here, but no male-voice choirs as in Cornwall and Wales. No proper fish and chips. Very few good Scottish whiskies. No haggis, no plum duff, even custard is hard to find. Thank God for Yorkshire tea bags bought online! But, to compensate, we have lait de chèvres (goats' milk), tarte de pommes (glazed apple tart), crêpes (sweet pancakes) and galettes (savory pancakes made with dark, buckwheat flour), about 600 different

cheeses, outstanding red wines starting at less than two dollars a bottle. We can buy a capon (fattened castrated cockerel) for Thanksgiving or Christmas, but a whole turkey is hard to come by. We do have ten or maybe twelve kinds of mushroom on display in the produce section, plus endives and chicory and enough choices to make you dizzy.



Pont Avon, a Breton town likened to Cornwall

So life is different here, but life is what you make of it. Kernow is only a hop, skip and a lovely ferry ride away, and we visit Scotland at least yearly because our severely autistic adult son lives in a care facility near Kilmarnock. Our house is an 18th-century longère (single-storey farmhouse), converted and extended in 1904 and again in 1972, at the end of a farm track (so no passing cars or any other traffic), and we sit outside in the gazebo while our thirteen (yes, thirteen) cats play merrily in the garden, and around us we have only fields, woods, and tranquillity. Kernow bys vykken! (Cornwall for ever!) Breizh da viken! (Brittany for ever!) And we count our blessings.

DUES ARE DUE

If you're not on this list, you haven't paid your dues for the year. Please remit to Dot Hosking (address below).

Members: Lorene Kealy, Rebecca McVicker, Judy Berg, Richard & Mary Kunkel, Ed Durgin, Grace Cooper, Connie Purchase, Maggie Crago, Douglas Haambly, Mary & Bob Sisson, Ronald & Sandra Ryder, Sandy Duncan, Bob & Kat Wivell-Scott, Dale Rundle, Bonnie LaDoe, Doug & Vicki Wolford, William "Nick" Nicholas, Wally Lee, Greta & Michael Erm, Gord'n Perrott, Pamela Perrott, Alene & Jim Reaugh, Margaret Porter, and Johnny Trestrail.

Pacific Northwest Cornish Society Application for Membership

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Province _____

ZIP/Postal Code: _____

Phone: (____) _____

E-mail address: _____

Webpage: _____

\$20 Individual Member \$30 Family Membership

Amount Enclosed: _____

List Cornish names and areas or parishes of interest:

Mail to: Dorothy Ann Hosking

1451 Spruce Street, #204,

Florence OR 97439

PNCS meetings are held three times a year.

- **ST. PIRAN'S DAY CELEBRATION**

Zoom meeting on the first Saturday in March

- **ANNUAL CORNISH PICNIC AT FORT BORST PARK IN PERSON**

Picnic at Fort Borst Park in Centralia the second Saturday in August

- **FALL MEETING 1 p.m. Sunday, Oct. 4**

Zoom meeting normally the third Saturday in October

Website <http://nwcornishsociety.com>

President - Gord'n Perrott, gordn.perrott@gmail.com

Vice-President - YOUR NAME HERE?

Secretary - Pamela Perrott, pamelaperrott@comcast.net

Treasurer - Dorothy Hosking, dot97479@gmail.com

Membership - Bonnie LaDoe, bladoe@aol.com

Newsletter - Mary Sisson, sissonrm@gmail.com

Website - Mickey Sieracki, msieracki@msn.com

Zoom Coordinator - Pamela Perrott, pamelaperrott@comcast.net