

The Origin of the PGS/HDGS Canoe Club

In 1954 our new P.E. master Mr. A. 'Calypso' Bolton dreamed up a summer adventure. Tent camping and canoeing. The old trio Pearcie, Vard Richards and Coco were cajoled into building canoes supervised by Hank the wood instructor and the P.E. master. Hank knew what he was doing so the keels for two canoes, a single and a double seater were laid down on the gym stage. I do not remember how much effort we put into building the vessels but finally the canvas skin was wrapped around the whale like ribbed structures.

Pearcie chose the camp site at a grass patch near the end of Trebarvah Lane cliff with access from the Helston Road. Pearcie, of course, had a second interest in Trebarvah Lane! He was courting one handsome maiden from the Lane. The tent camp and gear was already set up accordingly awaiting our maiden canoe adventure.

Our two new canoes were taken to the slip near the Ross Bridge with our mum's and others eagerly waiting to see if the canoes will float. Vard was first on the water in the single canoe while Pearcie and I commanded the double seater craft. With great gusto we paddled out of the harbour and eager to get pass the Mount and around Cudden Point to our camp site. The young mariners did not check the Bay weather before hand, of course. It was windy and cold and the little vessels were taking some water. Mrs. P. was watching at the lighthouse pier calling, "They will all be drowned!" It was too late for us to return. Mrs. P. ordered the owner of the Busy Bee motor boat to stop us and tow us back to the slip. In view of Mrs. P's emotional state the trio reluctantly accepted a tow back to the slip.



Not deterred, we picked better weather this time to set off again to Trebarvah Lane. We decided to keep between the Mount and Marazion shore in case of trouble we could swim ashore. The nautical trio arrived at the Mount Causeway to find the tide was a long way out! We had to carry the canoes across the sand and causeway looking for deeper water to paddle.

Eventually passing the causeway, after much paddling and expenditure of energy we finally went into a narrow sea passage and on to a stony outcrop where the canoes were deposited and into

our tents just above the cliff. During the following halcyon days we canoed to Perrannuthnoe and beached the canoes on the beach to visit the Victoria Inn one of the oldest inns in England for a pint.

One afternoon Pearcie went sparking up the lane while the other two prepared some supper. Returning to camp after seeing the young lovely lass Pearcie found himself it was dark. He must have tried to take a short cut and lost his way. We heard his voice calling but he could not be seen. Vard took a torch guided by his voice and worked his way up where Pearcie was shouting. He was told not to move until we can actually see him clearly. Vard was close and shone the torch at him standing still awaiting further instructions. It is just as well! Pearcie was found standing right on the edge of a disused unseen mine shaft with a big drop!

Brian Coak