

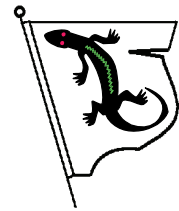
Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust

An environmental charity dedicated to the recognition, protection, enhancement and enjoyment of the Lizard Peninsula

Friends of the Lizard 1997-2006

Newsletter No 49 October 2011

Registered Charity No 1092934



Patron: Jill Morison DL

Events programme 2011-12

Saturday 15th October Part 1: Gunwalloe and Cury Churches

Matt Robinson

Meet: 11.00 am at Gunwalloe Church Cove NT car park.

Location: OS ref: SW 661 204

Cost: Free - booking not necessary

Details: Matt Robinson (LPHT member) will explain the two Grade 1 listed buildings, with particular interest in their roof constructions and how it relates to his work.

Bring: Picnic, if you wish to use the time between the two events

Saturday 15th October Part 2: Tour of Caervallack

Matt Robinson

Meet: 2.00 pm at Caervallack - 1 mile north-west of St. Martin

Location: OS ref: SW 727 245

Cost: Free – booking not necessary

Details: Matt Robinson will show his gardens, architecture and workshops.

Tuesday 22nd November : LPHT AGM

Meet: 7.30 pm Mawgan Village Hall

Location: OS ref: SW 702 244

Cost: Voluntary contribution towards refreshments

Details: Further details are included with this Newsletter, but the meeting includes the AGM business followed by a guest speaker.

Gweek Quay

Clive Emerson's widow (Gillian) and son (James) have recently announced that Butler & Co (boat-builders of Dartmouth) will be purchasing Gweek Quay Ltd.

Apparently, Heads of Agreement have been signed and completion is expected by mid-September.

It has been reported that negotiations are well advanced between Butler & Co and the relevant organisations and authorities including Cornwall Council, Environment Agency and Natural England, to resolve the present issues affecting the Quay, including the outstanding planning enforcement notice. Butler & Co's plans include making Gweek Quay into a European centre of excellence for traditional wooden boat and yacht building.

David Richardson

Do you want to play, improve or learn Bridge?

Very many apologies for abusing my position as Chairman by including an item in our Newsletter, totally unrelated to the Trust's aims and objectives! However, I am proposing to give wider publicity, in the near future, to my intention to investigate the likely support for a Bridge Club. My aim is that such a Club would cater for existing Bridge players who would like to play at a social, rather than at a serious competitive level, but also a Club that could offer limited tuition for improvers, or even beginners if they have card games aptitude. I am proposing to make a booking at the St Keverne Village Hall, for Thursday evenings from, say 7.30pm. There would be an initial outlay for cards, scoring sheets, books and a demonstration board for tuition, but my aim would be to keep costs to a minimum; for example, perhaps a £5 annual subscription plus £1 per night, depending on numbers. I anticipate that the version of Bridge to be played would be 'Chicago'.

If you are interested in principle, whether as an experienced player, improver or beginner, please may I ask you to let me know, preferably by Email but alternatively by post or telephone. If there is sufficient interest, I propose to set up a preliminary meeting to discuss the way forward.

David Richardson 01326 280058 d813richardson@btinternet.com



Trenarth is a Grade II Listed Building

Trenarth Trekking

It was in July two years ago that we first visited Lucie Nottingham's beautiful garden at Trenarth ("house of the high place"), near Constantine, so you might think that I could just copy and paste the article I wrote at the time. However, that would be doing Lucie and her garden a disservice, as she never stops adding to and changing things, and our visit this July brought fresh delights at every corner – not least of which being tea on the terrace!

Lucie has written detailed accounts of the house, garden and wildlife which, together with a plan of the gardens, make interesting reading but, as many of our members will have already seen these, I will add some slightly less expert notes.

In spite of the showery weather, seventeen of us availed ourselves of Lucie's hospitality, and the first new piece that greeted us was a diorama of *Dierama pulcherrimum*, I believe, meaning "most beautiful", which they were. (The diorama bit is from the Greek word for funnel, referring to the shape of the flowers.) Another name for these beauties is Angels' Fishing Rods, and they were set appropriately next to the water feature formed of a Wheelwright's stone from past days. Agapanthus, the flower of love, mingled strikingly with the angling angels' apparatus. Before we leave the language laboratory, I recall someone mentioning the *Arthropodium* and wondering what it meant, so I am happy to reveal that it is again from the Greek, arthron (a joint) and podion (a foot or stalk), referring to the jointed pedicels. (ref *The Collingbridge Dictionary of Plant Names – Ed.*)

The orchard is amazing, containing some fifty fruit trees and many wild flowers which are much encouraged, in particular the gorgeous Lady's Smock. Lucie kindly offered us the pickings of her plum tree, as she claimed that she could not keep up with all it had to offer, so, in a spirit of helpfulness, many of us headed there after tea to encounter the delights of scrumping. The plums were indeed prolific and I think we left one or two.

Wending our way to the spring garden, once a wilderness of brambles, we encountered Charlie the Chinese Warrior who

Continued.....

Trenarth Trekking - Continued ...

stands guard at the end of the avenue of holm oaks, lending himself to cultural conversations and the occasional photoshoot. A few yards from Charlie was the bog garden, in previous life a pond, but a leaky one, so the b.g. seemed like a good idea and sported such delights as gunnera and woad. Further along, an impressive new arrival had recently touched down: a huge wooden owl, carved out of the top of a tall tree stump, which we all agreed was better than chopping it up for wood-burning stoves.

We remembered the pheasants' enclosure from our last trip, and also the pet cemetery but I had not realised the appropriateness of the trees planted in the pets' remembrance: a holly tree for Holly, and a weeping ash for Billy who died on Ash Wednesday, to name but two. (Well, actually, here is another. John and I lost our beloved ginger cat Jojo recently, but discovered to our joy that there is a plum tree of the same name, so we shall be planting one this autumn.)

A new nuttery, a well-woodpeckered tree, and the old kitchen garden with 18th century listed walls, were exclaimed over on our way to the great lawn which was bordered with a gorgeous mixture of traditional English marigolds, love-in-the-mist, cornflowers and sunflowers plus the sweet scented *Wattakaka Sinensis* from China. Then came the prolific vegetable garden and finally the 16th century courtyard with a splendid door of Cornish oak, made by the same craftsman who carved the owl. Even here, where we had almost reached our teatime destination, there were points of interest as Lucie told us about the Lesser Horseshoe Bats' maternity roost in her cellar. Sadly, there were no bat sightings because it was daytime, but it was lovely to know that they were happily going forth and multiplying in these days when we hear all too often of endangered species.

Teatime treats came well up to our piglet expectations, with a huge urn "womanned" by our ladies, and Lucie's homemade biscuits disappearing at a rapid rate. Lucie had to do the same, as she had just won an award at the local horticultural show and had to go and collect it. Well done, Lucie, and keep up the good work. It is always such a treat to visit Trenarth, and we hope to become part of the garden's biennial regulars.

Jane Grierson

Amicable Assemblies

I always thought it was a shame when we had to give up "Friends of The Lizard" for the "Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust"; not just because it was easier to say "fettle" than "ellpeeaichtee", but because "Friends" very much summed up what we were – and of course still are. The core of that friendship met twice lately, once for a wonderful country walk at Constantine, and again for a summer barbecue. The sun shone on both occasions, which was a definite first for the latter!

The pastoral perambulation was organised by Linda and Tim Hawkins, and we met at Constantine Church, prepared for a walk to Polwheveral Creek. I had noted the details beforehand on our orange OS map and thought it looked quite a long way, but Linda had more precise details to tell us. "Polwheveral Creek is just over there," she said, pointing behind us – oh good, not too far at all! – "but we're not going that way, we're going over there," pointing in the opposite direction. "It'll take about an hour and a half."

Two hours later we sat down for our picnic lunch, after a fabulous walk that we wouldn't have missed for the world. Olde worlde charm was in evidence right from the first few yards, when we turned into tiny, narrow Well Lane, complete with Grade II Listed village pump in use from 1889 to 1960. In all our years of driving through Constantine (ok, mainly to the wine shop) we had never noticed this before. Neither had we heard of Bosahan Woods, the next delightful spot we discovered. It was a cool haven on this warm summer's day, with not a sound except our chattering and the birds' trilling, or vice versa, but this was once a thriving mining community. We could see the ancient cart tracks along which the copper was transported, and further into the woods was the old quarry and mill by the river.

New enchantments greeted us at every turn, and I lost count of the number of wildflower-filled fields we crossed and ancient stiles we scrambled over, but I do recall that most of the latter were larger than average. With one of our dogs the same (an economy sized Ridgeback) this presented some interesting challenges, but he met them all, even the vertical wooden steps that descended from one hedge-top. His sister Tilly missed her paw-ing and ended up belly-flopping onto the ground, but seemed none the worse for her experience. We remaining ladies descended in a slightly more elegant fashion, and Tim encouraged us with talk of its being only another half an hour to our lunch stop on the banks of the creek. We crammed a whole lot more into that half hour, one green lane in particular showing I don't know how many different trees, including the gloriously red-berried dogwood (thanks to David for the i.d.) and swathes of rosebay willow herb making the hedgerows almost luminescently pink.

The cattle cognoscenti among us identified a rare herd of Charolais at Meyn Pern Farm (further along: Maen Pern - one to Google, I thought, but beware if you enter Meyn because it comes up with an offer of online porn!), but we were later corrected by the farm's sign proclaiming them as Blondes d'Aquitaine, the French dolly birds of the bovine world. Soon we came to the intriguingly named Ethnevas Cottage (which I Googled to no avail; any ideas?) via an obstacle course complete with stream, wall-top path, stepping stones, bog and obligatory stile, but we soldiered on, fortified by the fact that lunch was just around the corner. Make that several corners, but soon Polwheveral Woods hove into view and we wended our way over what must surely be one of the most ancient bridges in Cornwall; this was built by Roger Hallard, mason, in 1572 for the grand sum of £3 6s 8d, and would have been a vital part of the 16th century transport system, being on the London Road out of Constantine. We were almost back where we had started.

John and I are very fond of country walks and picnics, our usual schedule being an hour's ramble, an hour's lunch and another hour's amble back. So we and the dogs really were on our knees (do dogs have knees?) by the time we creaked our way to the creek and sank thankfully onto our picnic blanket. It seemed that no sooner had we got outside of our sarnies and a glass of wine, though, when rain clouds threatened, so the order came to break camp and we hobbled off again, returning via a shorter route through the woods back to Constantine. It sounds as though I am complaining, but truly we enjoyed every step (and we were back just before the rain started), and are planning to return one day very soon ... on perhaps a slightly shorter route and with time to finish the lunchtime bottle!

Continued.....

Amicable Assemblies *Continued...*

One of nature's gems rewarded the end of our walk: Tim and I spotted a pencilled cranesbill outside a cottage and paused to view it in close-up. Further research tells me that it is a garden escapee, so maybe nature should not take all the credit. Nevertheless, it is always a delight to see.

Our thanks go to Linda and Tim for introducing us to a part of the peninsula whose beauty we were unaware of until now. We don't know yet where their next walk will take us, but are we up for it? Bring it on!

Jane Grierson

Summer BBQ



Members enjoying the sunny afternoon

Three days later and the team met again at the Mullion home of Lynda and Geoff Blackman for our summer barbecue. This is the third time we've enjoyed such an annual event, but the first time that we could truly attach the word "summer" to it. Not that inclement climes have ever stopped us enjoying the occasion, but a sunny day was the cherry on the icing on a very delicious cake. Lynda and Geoff have a super patio, complete with water feature and wet-look stones (carefully varnished by Lynda to give a sheen whatever the weather), vibrant foliage, a huge umbrella just in case, and laden tables doing the proverbial groaning. Geoff and Colin manned the barbecues while Lynda, Ann, Anne and Jill kept appearing with more and more plates of food, and the guests got stuck into the Pimms.

I shan't go into too many drooling raptures over the food, because, if you were that interested, you'd have been there! But it was superb and plentiful, and I have added grilled haloumi to the other must-haves in my veggie cook book. Wine and soft drinks flowed in imitation of the water feature, and when we were all too stuffed to move, Geoff

and Lynda produced an intriguing box with "Smite!" written on it. This is not a word that one hears often, except in the Old Testament, but I remembered enough from my scripture lessons to know that it meant that something was going to be hit, which meant something thrown, i.e. a game. I am useless at all such, and would have run for the hills except that I was unable (see "too stuffed" above), so instead I resigned myself to joining in the fun(?) with the disclaimer that I would be totally, but totally, useless.

Well! It didn't turn out quite as we expected. The idea was to throw a stick at some other sticks, a bit like skittles but more complicated inasmuch as it did not always pay to knock down as many sticks as possible. Anyway, some folk, who shall be nameless, but obviously male, took the game seriously, were well practised and determined to win. We ladies tended (well, me anyway) to stand at the line, look vaguely in the right direction and chuck the stick up in the air on a wing and a prayer. This did not work very well during the first innings, but the second time round our wings and prayers were acknowledged. I am normally the most modest of mortals, but beg leave to record my life's one sporting win for posterity: a ten from me, followed by a one from our Patron, Jill Morison, ensured that the ladies could claim the day. (Incidentally, although none of us had ever heard of Smite!, there is a rumour that it has been claimed by the Cornish as the national game, so playing it in Mullion seemed entirely appropriate.)

What better note on which to end a lovely summer's lunchtime? With heartfelt thanks to our hosts, we made our way home, to spend the day recovering, prone, and vowing never to eat another thing.

Jane Grierson

Using a glut of sloes & blackberries

This autumn has seen hedgerows packed with sloes (the fruit of the blackthorn) and blackberries. Having made sloe gin, blackberry jelly, crumbles and pies galore, I began to look for alternatives particularly for the sloes. Sloes are very bitter and not nice to eat in the normal way – a frost is good for them and seems to mellow the flavour. Here on the Lizard, with no sign of frosts but sloes ready for picking, a night in the freezer works a treat. The recipe below is for a Sloe and Apple jelly with port. As the fruit is small with a stone, a jelly is ideal as removing those stones for chutney, for example, would be a very laborious task. It goes well on scones or on fresh bread and butter.

Sloe, apple & Port jelly:

12 oz sloes, washed

1½ lb Bramley or crab apples, washed & chopped (do not peel or core)

1 lb Granulated or preserving Sugar to every pint of strained liquid

About 2-3 tbsps of Port per pint of strained juice

Method:

- 1 Put sloes and apples in a large deep heavy bottomed saucepan, or preserving pan.
- 2 Add water nearly to cover the fruit and simmer very gently until all the fruit is soft and squishy.
- 3 Pour the cooked fruit through sterilized jelly bag collecting the juice overnight without squeezing.
- 4 Measure the juice and add to a saucepan with the relevant quantity of sugar bringing slowly to the boil, stirring until the sugar has dissolved. Add the Port.
- 5 Boil for about 10–15 minutes before beginning to test for a set – once achieved, bottle in sterilized jars and seal.

Lynda Blackman



David and Jo Seller

Our members include – David & Jo Seller

Some of our more modest members have not been entirely comfortable at the prospect of being referred to as “Personalities” and so we will continue our series of mini-biographies, from within our membership, with a less-elitist sounding title. Here, we introduce David and Jo Seller who live outside our Lizard defined area, at Ludgvan near Penzance, but who nevertheless are frequent supporters of our events.

David and Jo Seller were both brought up in Metropolitan Essex. David enjoyed all his schooling locally, playing both rugby and chess to a high standard. On leaving school, he worked in the City of London, until taking the main path of his working life by embarking on a career in sales. Jo’s secondary education was at the East India Company’s school in London and from there she went to Goldsmiths College, before beginning a career in teaching. This culminated with her becoming the Deputy Headteacher of a large primary school.

After marrying, they lived in several small towns in Suffolk and Essex, before settling with their two sons in Colchester, where the sons and their families still live. In 2001, at a time of changing markets, David took voluntary redundancy and they bought their current house in Cornwall, where they had spent many holidays. In 2003, Jo took early retirement and they moved permanently to the cottage, just outside Ludgvan near Penzance.

Jo and David really enjoy travelling, and go abroad for several weeks each winter. This year they travelled through Central America, visiting Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama and Colombia. Their next journey, in early 2012, will be overland from Dhaka in Bangladesh, through northern India and into Bhutan. Previously, they have travelled extensively in the Americas, Asia and Africa.

Since moving to Cornwall they have been very busy renovating both the house and the large 1/3 acre garden. Gardening is Jo’s passion and she is ably assisted by David, who does the hard landscaping and other manly tasks. David (unlike Jo) really enjoys walking, and Jo does voluntary work at the hospice in Hayle. With these separate interests they decided, after visiting Gill and David Richardson’s garden on National Gardens Scheme day and picking up literature, that the Lizard Trust could be something they could join together. Although not living there, the Lizard Peninsula is somewhere they visit regularly, enjoying the landscape, coves and villages. They joined the Trust in 2009 and look forward to being active participants for a long time to come.

Draft Planning Policy Framework

The Lizard Trust supports aims to simplify and speed up the planning process. However, the Government’s Draft Planning Policy Framework goes much further than this and would place precious and finite countryside at enormous risk, by a presumption in favour of undefined “sustainable development”. In addition, the proposed reforms would abuse the planning system as a tool to promote economic growth ahead of conservation and environmental protection. Accordingly, we have been supporting the National Trust’s and CPRE’s campaigns against the proposals and will make our own representations, including to local MPs, before the mid October deadline.

David Richardson

The places we live in and their Cornish meanings.

1. Mullion area:

Poldu	Black pool
Pollurian	Edge or boundary pool
Park Enskellaw	Bat’s field
Polhormon	Earth stone pool
Meres	Sea valley

Lynda Blackman

Chairman	David Richardson	Bodlowen, Coverack, Helston	TR12 6TP	01326 280058
Vice Chairman	Colin Chapman	Chy Lean, Mawgan, Helston	TR12 6AY	01326 221648
Secretary	David Richardson	Bodlowen, Coverack, Helston	TR12 6TP	01326 280058
Treasurer	Geoff Blackman	‘Chy-an-Mordhu’, 5 Park Enskellaw, Mullion	TR12 7JG	01326 241722
Committee	Avril Evens	Tresaddern House, Ruan Minor, Helston	TR12 7NA	01326 290629
Committee	Ann Chapman	Chy Lean, Mawgan, Helston	TR12 6AY	01326 221648
Committee	Gill Richardson	Bodlowen, Coverack, Helston	TR12 6TP	01326 280058
Committee	Anne Roberts	Pipers Green, Garras, Helston	TR12 6LP	01326 221243
Co-opted Member	Lynda Blackman	‘Chy-an-Mordhu’, 5 Park Enskellaw, Mullion	TR12 7JG	01326 241722
Assistant Secretary	Prue Towner	Cracklewood, 10 Doctors Hill, St Keverne	TR12 6UX	01326 281230

A Cornish Caer Package



Members enjoying their visit to Gear Farm

interrupt James, so he had our undivided attention. The site covers 16 acres on a spur of land overlooking the creek, and would have been hidden from view until any Iron Age itinerants reached the field entrance. Although the likely number of inhabitants of the site would not have been able to defend a fort of this size, James estimated that there could have been as many as 15 households here. This might not sound a lot compared to, say, the Mawgan housing estate visible in the distance, but it was impressive in its day. Evidence dates the site to a possible 3,500 BC through to Roman times, c 50 AD, although we cannot be sure that the use was continuous.

Rex then took us through his orchards, inviting us to help ourselves to the apples, red as those in a child's painting, dotting the trees; thence, happily crunching, we were led on a tour of the ditches. These really were dug by tools such as antlers, the earth being scooped into hand baskets and thrown upwards to form ramparts still visibly towering 20 feet above us. Fifteen households of Iron Age peasants maybe equalled one modern JCB, and one can imagine said peasants running screaming at the mere thought of such an apparition. I feel much the same myself, but anyway ...

Eventually we circled, via more apple trees (including the unusual Cornish pear apple), back to the fort field, now mostly laid to clover for Roskilly's lucky dairy herd. A little further along we encountered a patch of sunflowers and thistles, an example of the 5% of farmland kept for wildlife and not ploughed until after the birds have finished filling their fat little tummies in March. Rex is passionate about organic farming, having started years ago when Pat developed an allergy to the chemicals used on the farm. She had no such problems in her garden, so the answer was obvious! Rex belongs to the Environmental Stewardship Scheme, and species such as skylarks and grey partridge once again grace his fields after years of absence. If only all farmers would take a leaf from Rex's book.

We headed to the camping field for lunch: what else but David's delicious pasties? They really are the best and I shall be going back for more. We can also recommend the sticky buns. This was yet another LPHT occasion when John and I made piggies of ourselves, I confess. Our final half hour was spent back in the barn, with James explaining the finds made by himself, the family and the TV 'Time Team' dig in 2001: iron age flint arrowheads – one of which was recycled and fired at some unfortunate during the Civil War – pebbles used in slings, pieces of slag, a section of a stone bowl from Tregonning Hill, and several mortars. These would have been used for grinding and processing food – a sort of Iron Age Magimix – and Rex once added a quirky angle to the visit of some pasty-baking school children, giving them corn to grind on these mortars, and flints with which to cut up their pasty meat! Also on display were photos of the diggings carried out in the nearby barn which might have been a Bronze Age meeting house, plus glorious old pictures of the family in the 1930's. Another table sported lists of birds, butterflies and moths spotted on the farm, while around the walls were propped ancient farming implements and horseshoes. In pride of place hung Pat's beautiful embroidered map of the farm, each field worked in a different stitch.

This really was a fascinating outing, and our thanks go to the Hoskings, to James Gossip and, as always, to our Committee for organising it. Now, where did I put that phone number for the pasty shop?

Jane Grierson

The Gear Rout in 1648

There were several battles in Cornwall during the English Civil War although my research has revealed none on the Lizard Peninsula. Cornwall took the King's side in the War and resisted the Parliamentary forces on several occasions in battles and skirmishes in the east of the County. In addition Royalist forces from Cornwall besieged the Parliamentary held town of Plymouth.

However after the end of the War there was a Cornish insurrection by rebels who had fought on the Royalist side during the conflict. Parliament had imposed tax increases to pay for military installations but many in Cornwall rebelled against this. Seventy Cornish Royalists were killed in Penzance in May 1648 and following this one hundred and twenty men from Mullion marched to Goonhilly Downs collecting another three hundred Royalists from St Keverne and Mawgan. A battle ensued against Parliamentary forces under Sir Hardress Waller which led to the defeat of the Cornish rebels at Gear Camp an earthwork of the Celtic Iron Age. This battle was known as the Gear Rout.

Subsequently Sir Hardress Waller was one of the Parliamentary leaders who signed the King's Death Warrant and, after the restoration in 1660, was accused of regicide and condemned to death. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment on Jersey.

Geoff Blackman

If someone handed you a piece of deer antler and told you to build a rampart ... who and where would you be? Answer: an Iron Age hunter-gatherer at Gear Farm. Gear (from the Cornish "caer" meaning fortification) sits in an idyllic spot on the south side of Mawgan creek, and has been in the Hosking family since the early 1930's. Pat and Rex now run it organically, mainly for standing crops of clover plus the onions and swedes needed for son David's famous pasties – of which more later – and on a sunny August morning a group of us met there.

Once Rex had welcomed us to his farm, our good friend James Gossip (Cornwall Council Archaeologist) gave a short introduction in the farmyard, competing for air space with a free-range chicken - which was proclaiming its egg laying success loudly in the background - then leading us down the lane to the actual site of the fort. There were no heckling hens here to

Anagrams and clues

"The laziest untrained rural pigs".

"Prize statue in lush garden trail".

What is the significance of the two sentences, above? Answer below.

Our members Derrick and Rosemary Betts, from Coverack, are accomplished problem solvers, with anagrams and crossword clues a particular skill. Indeed, Derrick has been a frequent winner of the Sunday Times cryptic crossword clue-writing competition; so frequent, in fact, that he has admitted to me that, on occasion, he has submitted entries in a family member's name, to avoid appearing to monopolise winning !

Cryptic clues, I have often thought, is a perverse sort of interest, with much practice essential to develop a gradually acquired understanding of the significance of every element of the clue. Nevertheless, when I see the answer, I am always impressed by the intellect and lateral thinking in its composition.

Derrick has submitted the following clues – the answers are all places on the Lizard Peninsula. I will award a bottle of wine to the member who submits to me, by Email or letter (not telephone), the most correct answers before the Annual General Meeting in November. Answers will be available at the AGM and will also be included in the next Newsletter:

- Good seven days (5)
- Damaged boater (6)
- Found in the weakest league (6)
- Man with instrument of torture (8)
- Man after place of worship (6,4)
- Angry general (5,6)
- Run around a young person (4,5)
- Spike Milligan, up and down (9)
- Consecrate drink to begin with (10)
- Wash down with gin cocktail (8)
- Accommodate large horse (6,3)
- Could be top clothing (4)
- Unfinished European supermarket (8)
- Unknown dog goes first (4)
- Crossing place to the Underworld, we hear (7)
- Artists after fish (6)
- Almost regret going with an army officer (4,5)
- Killed flower, we hear (8)
- Negotiate with husband (6)
- Skylark's tail always seen in disturbed nest (2,7)
- Drink and risk her rollicking (5,6)
- Starts to knuckle under, giving ground against rival (6)
- Article mother cleans badly (3,8)

Answer to introductory question: they are two of Derrick and Rosemary's suggested anagrams, in response to my challenge to them, of "Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust". In submitting these, however, they clarified that the first does not represent their view of our membership, while the second may be interpreted as acknowledging our many members who open their gardens for charity.

Any other suggestions for an anagram of our name?

David Richardson