

# Tree Layers

The newsletter of the Trelay Farm Eco Village  
Number 1 August 2007

## BT: Before Trelay

Trying to remember the exact dates in this whirlwind of change is hard. The inaugural meeting of our group was at Hartland just over a year ago. The idea was to form a group of like-minded people to buy a property together where we can live in harmony with each other and with nature. Jackie at the helm, soon with a happy band alongside her (which kept changing quite alarmingly at times), undertook a great deal of work to get us to this point – where a property has been chosen, and exchange and completion is imminent (we hope) . . .



*The eleven residents of Trelay (plus Amanda). We are all Directors of the Company - hence the bow ties!*

We had the opportunity to share some weekends as whole group, getting to know one another. We bid on another property in Dorset, but lost that – it made us realise that co-ordinating a group of people, raising funds and reaching a consensus is not easy. A weekend actually at Trelay was decision-making time, comparing two very dissimilar properties. We tossed a coin! Next stage was to put in a bid, negotiate a price. Esther with her financial expertise was able to find two ethical banks willing to fill the funding gap – made worse than we expected because a few people left the group – with a mortgage. Other comings and goings – nail-biting stuff – will the money we can raise be sufficient? Then the Amazing Business Plan, shone on the wall by projector, co-ordinated by Jackie, presented to the mortgage company – and they said yes! Then, how to decide who lives where – all achieved very amicably, with everyone getting their first or second choice.

A Board meeting of SWESE Trelay (a company limited by guarantee) with all the members being directors – and all wearing plastic bow ties to improve our status – produced all the necessary official paperwork.

Then so many issues to decide: off-site investors; who will grow what – and where; how many hours of community work each; whether to have modern machinery; how to attract young families; car sharing; renewable energy sources . . .

All this will require much discussion, many meetings and, of course, compromise – but that's next week . . .

*Heather 26th March 2007 - from the log book*



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## Memories of the First Few Days

Trelay became ours last Friday, 20<sup>th</sup> April. It was a beautiful sunny day, more like summer than spring. Heather, Tony, Steve and I were here at Trelay (having decided to spend the day tidying up the empty site in anticipation) when the news came through. It's ours! Heather and Tony went off to Launceston to collect the keys. I sent texts to dozens of people. We carried on mowing the grass and sorting the tools – we didn't know what to do! I was all of a tiz. We own it! I can't believe it!

Paul arrived with Simon, then Heather and Tony came back with the keys and we all trooped around the inside of the houses like a bunch of excited children. The sun shone brightly into the evening as we had a barbecue over a wood fire at Penvose.

Next morning, I remember lots of confusion about food – who was bringing what? How were we going to organise meals? It wasn't like one of the weekends when we had met up, for which we had appointed a food organiser. But I built my plastic greenhouse and was happy, looking down to our spring flower wood which I had visited earlier.

Tim arrived, full of excitement, then Christine (who had been here earlier yesterday, delivering her plants), then Esther and Mike – so then there were 10 including Simon, Paul's boy. Jon and Ben will be coming Monday with their stuff.

Bread and cheese were fetched from the local Post Office and we all 10 met briefly over a sandwich lunch. We were so happy and excited! We had a sort of meeting but the only thing I remember agreeing was to sort out a phone line – soon.

Heather and Tony left mid-afternoon to go back to Barnstaple. We helped Christine take up the old carpet in the flat at the top of the main house. Paul, despite his bad foot, worked hard on mowing and sawing; Steve and Tim dug and planted the garlic patch; I pricked out vegetable seeds into trays; Esther and Mike went out to buy pig-fencing equipment.

We had lots of visitors popping in, mostly the neighbours to check us out. Esther and I cooked our first main meal in the central kitchen. This room and the back entrance through the red door were already beginning to feel like the centre of our community at Trelay.

Early Sunday morning, Steve and I explored the wood again, and went back to a breakfast of porridge cooked by Paul, ladling it out of the big saucepan. Christine was already on her hands and knees, scrubbing the floor of the walk-in shower.

## Our Covenant

The members of Trelay have signed a covenant which includes the following:

Our relationships are based on mutual respect, care and compassion. We respect each other's freedom, space, time, interests and beliefs. We aim to develop our personal acceptance of ourselves and others as they are.

We recognise our interdependence with and impact on nature, locally and globally, now and in the future.

We respect and nurture our land, animals and buildings and are responsible in our use and stewardship of resources and waste.

Individually we are committed to adapting and developing as the community develops.

Mike had tried to collect our first pigs yesterday but couldn't get them without a holding number. Last night we had found one in the filing cabinet, so off he and Esther went and came back with three little pigs! Before Mike left to go back to Plymouth, he came up to the big barn with Steve and me and we got two of the bicycles (left by the previous owners) going, pumping the tyres and liberally squirting with WD40. We road-tested them up and down inside the big barn – what fun!

Meanwhile a chocolate cake I had cooked disappeared like magic; Tim had made a new path to his front door; Tim and Steve had felled two dead trees by pulling them down with their bare hands; and I had started carving out a potato patch . . .

And that was just the first weekend!

The next day I ordered 10 tonne of compost. Ben and Jon arrived, and Ben started to refurbish the office caravan, while Jon rebuilt one of the mobile homes. Every day we seemed to make huge strides towards getting the place cleaner, tidier and into cultivation.

Our advertisement appeared in Resurgence and now we have a list of possible new residents. The next really exciting thing will be next Saturday, when all 12 initial Trelay members will be here, together for the first time, for a celebration party. Before then, Steve's removal van is coming, I have to collect the wheelbarrows I ordered, and Tony and Heather are coming back with the chickens.

Since we have been here, most of the time I have felt like a little child on holiday.

*Jackie 25th April 2007 - from the log book*

## WANTED: New Residents!

The group of people that made the initial purchase of Trelay formed during 2006. During the period of formation, over 150 people contacted us to show interest in the idea of living lightly on the Earth in a co-housing eco-village.

We looked for properties over a wide area, and when we eventually chose Trelay, inevitably some people left the group. Unfortunately, these people had quite a bit of capital - so we urgently need some new residents with money to put into the project, both to help reduce the mortgage and to invest in sustainable equipment.

The "co-housing" idea is that each person, couple or family has their own private house, and that we share communal resources, including the downstairs of the main farm house, the laundry room, the games room, the green barn, the linhay, the office caravan and the 30 acres of land. Before we moved in, we thought we would eat together about once a week; now we find we eat together every day although some members choose not to join the communal meal sometimes.

Having a place of your own as well as all the communal benefits means you get a lot for your money. However, the way we have made loans to a non-profit company is quite unusual and potential new investors ask us about the "risks". As with all risk analyses, it is a question of crystal-ball gazing.

If there is a peak oil crisis, an economic downturn, food prices double, and land prices rocket while house prices fall, it could be the best investment anyone ever made! But if property prices go up, you want to leave the group, and the group can only give you your original investment back, you run the risk of losing a potential increase in your wealth. However, your original investment is as secure as the ownership of any property, and you will have the opportunity to benefit from so much fun and learning while you are here.

I am sure the right people will come and join us soon - I believe in serendipity!

Jackie

*We hope that you are enjoying reading this newsletter and that you will wish to join*

*"Friends of Trelay".*

*There is a form inside the back cover. Why not send it off today?*

*Which of the buildings shown below would you choose for your private space?*



*Penvose (above) is a three-bedroom detached bungalow with lovely views.*



*The Old Farm Shop (right) is a one-bedroomed cottage.*



*Little Trelay is attached to the Main Farm House and has three bedrooms.*

*There are two mobile homes in need of refurbishment - perhaps with straw-bale cladding?*



*A new log cabin like this is a possibility, subject to planning permission.*

# Bees



## The Arrival of the Bees

On Sunday 8th July, after a feast for all around the kitchen table, our discussion on future plans for food production at Trelay centred around the hope to establish a hive of bees next spring.

It was a hot sultry day, and good for pottering outside organising a herb garden in the front of the farm house. There were a few bees buzzing around the Hydrangea; it seemed they were not happy being disturbed, as the noise, numbers and activity increased, and suddenly the sky was black (or dark brown anyway) with bees.

They hovered around, while we sensibly sheltered in the farm house, and then they took off, with us in hot pursuit, at a respectable distance.....till they settled in a ball, on the ground in Pump Meadow, by the rubble heap and nettle patch.

This really seemed like they were responding to our hopes (bee swarms rarely settle on the ground waiting to be collected, it's far more usual to find them at the top of an inaccessible tree, or a roof space!). So, taking, totally unnecessary precautions of trousers, shirts, net curtains over heads, and Marigolds, Mike and Heather placed a cardboard box over them, for them to crawl up into. Then with the help of a very friendly beekeeper, Peter McCabe, they were hived later that evening, just in time before the weather broke and rains came! Peter also fed them sugar syrup to ensure they had sufficient food supplies for the colony.

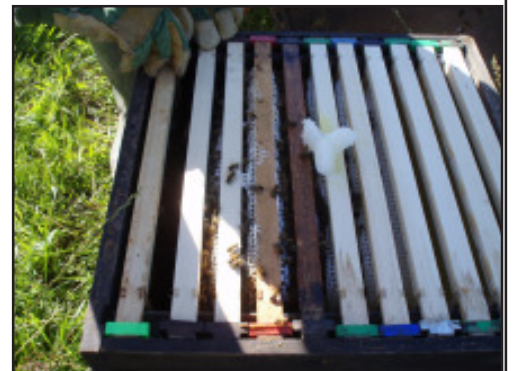
Three weeks later, after Tim, Mike and Heather attended the Holsworthy Bee Society to gain experience handling bees (and eating cake and drinking tea), Tim and Mike came back to inspect our own hive's activity. They found lots of healthy honey cells capped with white wax, some brood cells and larvae.

Lets hope the colony thrives and grows, as ours at Trelay hopes to!

*Heather*



*The swarm in the cardboard box*



*Peter lent us a hive (above) with a set of frames. Tim and Mike inspected the frames three weeks later (below).*





# Pigs



## How our First Pig Plan Went a Bit Wrong

We had five Gloucestershire Old Spot pigs, but sadly we only have four now, because Princess died. We think she caught meningitis after pneumonia and a serious bout of sun-bathing by a pig who had rarely seen the sun, only heavy rain for most of her life. We weren't going to name the pigs at first when the three girls arrived, but what do you do? How do you come in and say to the pig-keepers (Esther and Mike) "the one with three spots on her back is asleep in the sun and needs lotion"? Should we give them numbers? In the end, Esther gave them names: Princess had a crown on her back, Maggie (as in Thatcher) for the bossy one, and Pineapple (as in Gammon and . . .)

It was Princess who died in July, a couple of weeks after the two little boy pigs arrived (Bobbitt is the castrated one and the other one is Sausage). The death was upsetting; we hoped Princess hadn't suffered that last day when she was wandering about as if she were blind and breathing strangely. We were sad to see all that lovely meat being carted away to the place where meat "unfit for human consumption" goes to. And we were sad because it messed up our breeding programme. We had thought to slaughter Maggie and Pineapple soon, then Sausage before he was 26 weeks old and the testosterone had started to flow (they say it makes the meat taste funny - boar taint). Bobbitt and Princess were supposed to spend the winter in each other's company before sending Princess to the boar; she would have made a lovely mother -

she was always grooming the little ones. Then, after her piglets were born, we were going to slaughter Bobbitt. Now we are not sure what to do - but we'll make a plan.

The pigs are delightful, intelligent, and affectionate creatures. They can figure out how to undo a knot and get through a gate. They know that a human being can be persuaded to scratch those bits of skin that they couldn't get to on the scratching post. They come and flop down at your feet so you can rub their tummies. They love to root in the soil with their strong snouts, their heads almost disappearing from sight as they get right down under the grass roots (we plan to plant potatoes in the pig area next year, dug and manured by them ready for us.) Christine it was who fed them the most when they first came, and who spends many hours caring for them, and they soon recognised her red coat from afar, squealing and grunting at the thought of their food.

We all love our pigs but, being meat-eaters by and large, we feel it is the constant flow of pigs that we love. We have known from the start that they will go to be slaughtered, so that means we shall be getting some new ones - babies even! The flow of new pigs is a joy to be looked forward to, as we also look forward to the glorious pork, bacon and sausages that will come from our kindly-kept pigs.

The previous owners left a sausage-making machine and a bacon slicer in the barn, and Mike has already started to learn about butchery. . .

# Chickens

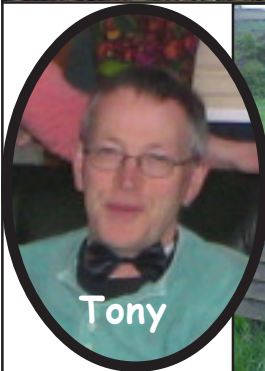
## Our Lovely Rooster

The new Big Boy Rooster arrived on Friday 25th June and spent a restless afternoon on his own getting acquainted with the new location. His integration with the ladies is eagerly awaited . . .

That evening he was introduced to the chicken run. The next morning he had disappeared and was found hiding in a bush at the side of the run. But by the afternoon he had a following of adoring fans and had found his vocal chords.

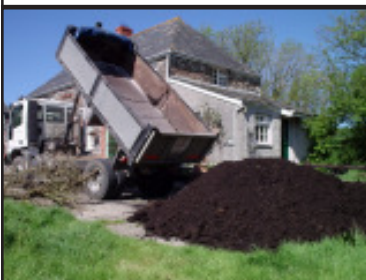
He attacks any person who enters the run by jumping at them with his spurs, so is known by various names including Macho, You Sod (well I'm sure I heard someone call him that), Chichen Kiev (just to remind him we might eat him) and Tottenham Hot-spur. Despite all his best efforts, none of the chickens has gone broody yet, so we have layers producing enough eggs for us but no growers - yet.

Some time before the rooster arrived, the fox caught a chicken and we chased him as he ran away with her in his mouth. After that, Tony and Jon built an excellent "Fort Knox" run, with honeysuckle being trained up the fence.



*Tony introducing the chickens to their new home*

## Fruit and Veg



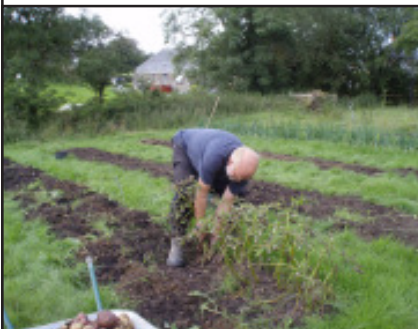
*Compost delivery, making use of the results of the Council's household collection scheme*



*We have experimented with small plots with grass paths in between.*



*Our Pink Fir Apple potatoes produced more than we expected from a late planting, but some of them were blighted.*



*Our own blueberries - delicious!*

## The Horses

Barely a twelvemonth after  
The seven days war that put the world to sleep,  
Late in the evening the strange horses came.  
By then we had made our covenant with silence,  
But in the first few days it was so still  
We listened to our breathing and were afraid.  
On the second day  
The radios failed; we turned the knobs; no answer.  
On the third day a warship passed us, heading north,  
Dead bodies piled on the deck. On the sixth day  
A plane plunged over us into the sea. Thereafter  
Nothing. The radios dumb;  
And still they stand in corners of our kitchens,  
And stand, perhaps, turned on, in a million rooms  
All over the world. But now if they should speak,  
If on a sudden they should speak again,  
If on the stroke of noon a voice should speak,  
We would not listen, we would not let it bring  
That old bad world that swallowed its children quick  
At one great gulp. We would not have it again.  
Sometimes we think of the nations lying asleep,  
Curled blindly in impenetrable sorrow,  
And then the thought confounds us with its strangeness.  
The tractors lie about our fields; at evening  
They look like dank sea-monsters couched and waiting.  
We leave them where they are and let them rust:  
'They'll molder away and be like other loam.'  
We make our oxen drag our rusty ploughs,  
Long laid aside. We have gone back  
Far past our fathers' land.  
And then, that evening  
Late in the summer the strange horses came.  
We heard a distant tapping on the road,  
A deepening drumming; it stopped, went on again  
And at the corner changed to hollow thunder.  
We saw the heads  
Like a wild wave charging and were afraid.  
We had sold our horses in our fathers' time  
To buy new tractors. Now they were strange to us  
As fabulous steeds set on an ancient shield.  
Or illustrations in a book of knights.  
We did not dare go near them. Yet they waited,  
Stubborn and shy, as if they had been sent  
By an old command to find our whereabouts  
And that long-lost archaic companionship.  
In the first moment we had never a thought  
That they were creatures to be owned and used.  
Among them were some half a dozen colts  
Dropped in some wilderness of the broken world,  
Yet new as if they had come from their own Eden.  
Since then they have pulled our ploughs and borne our loads  
But that free servitude still can pierce our hearts.  
Our life is changed; their coming our beginning.

Edwin Muir



*Tim and Simon (Paul's son) clearing the ditch and trying to dam up the small stream to make a pond*



*We have lovely food in our communal kitchen, including appetising baking like Heather's Cornish pasties, Jackie's chocolate cake and Ben's saffron loaf. Yum yum!*



*Jonathan's mobile home was brilliant once it had been refurbished - but the sofa was too big to go in the door. So it went in the window!*



# 16th June 2007



*On 16th June, we put out the flags to welcome our friends to Trelay for our first big party - definitely not our last!*

*This picture shows the entrance drive into our farm.*

*We had spent the previous few weeks working like crazy, tidying, clearing up, cleaning, gardening - then at last the great day arrived. It was not hot and sunny, but the rain held off.*



*As our friends gathered in the "village centre", our new home started to warm up and feel like a real village. The children played and the adults laughed. They helped us plant some new fruit trees - and some more onions.*

*For the first few weeks we had crept about almost as if Trelay didn't really belong to us. But this evening brought it into our hearts as our home. The barbecue was soon alight, we played games and did that impossible cryptic clue treasure hunt . . .*



# Trelay Farm Warming



*As dusk started to fall, we lit a bonfire and gathered round in front of the cob linhay, the oldest building on the site. A band of local musicians played to us.*

*Then we took a trip down to the woods, where the atmosphere was magical and wonderful beyond photographs: lanterns hanging amongst the trees and the sound of a lone flute as we wended our way down to the little stream.*

*Yes, Trelay really is our home!*



# Snippets of News

We had a meeting with the planning department of North Cornwall District Council on 1st August and aim to work up a planning strategy.

*A group of us went to the local fruit farm, picked strawberries, gooseberries and blackcurrants and made lots of pots of jam.*

Amanda, one of the original twelve, decided to stay in Bristol rather than move to Cornwall. We wish her lots of love and happiness and thank her for her help in getting us to where we are now.

*Steve and Pierre went on the first wild seafood collecting expedition. Winkles first, then mussels. The mussel shells, smashed up, made a good slug barrier too.*

Tony and Heather saw a deer in the woods, and Christine saw one come right up to our deer statue and sniff it. Then it jumped up onto the wall!

*We were planning to open the top field for a temporary camp site (we can have it open for 28 days a year without needing permission) but the wet weather prevented this from happening.*

Ben and Heather made some amazing cold frames out of advertising light boxes in the Barn.

*Crackington Haven beach has sand at low tide! (Before last week, we had only seen the rocks at high tide). It takes about 35 minutes to walk to the beach and there is a bus coming back up the hill.*

Various members have made various wines and beers with varying success.

*Steve has an amazing tandem and takes new students on death-defying trips down steep Cornish hills and through fords, as part of their initiation.*

We hold grievance meetings once a week. Each member has an opportunity to air grievances without discussion or the need to defend behaviour. The rest of the group just listens carefully.

*The charts for the kitchen wall have evolved: we had a rota for feeding the chickens, but no-one filled it in because the same people always fed the chickens. We now only need a chart which shows the meals people have eaten, and a future calendar where a cook volunteers each day. (Look carefully and you can see Jon filling in a chart on page 6.)*

The attempt to put up a small temporary wind turbine came to a halt as some of the nuts and bolts and vital parts were missing.

*We have brought Jackie's battery powered minibus to Trelay and need to decide whether it is feasible to get it on the road, charged with renewable energy.*

We have a Management Meeting once a month.

*A group of us went to a stimulating meeting in Liskeard about Peak Oil and Transition Towns.*

We have made good friends with Paul and Celia Sousek of Cottage Farm. We sold them our grass this year, for winter feed for their cattle.



*The first barbecue we ever had at Trelay, on the terrace at Penvose*



## Log Book 6th June - Some Trelayisms - by Mike

Steve: "A whatitsname? Yeah, I mean, I've got one of those, somewhere, I just don't know where."

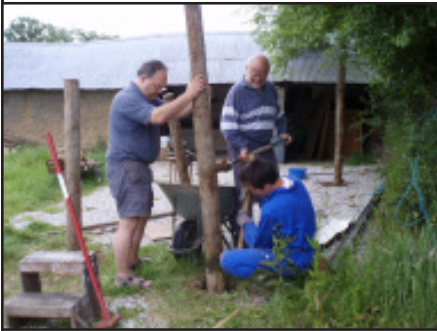
Tony: "A whatitsname? Yeah, we've got one of those at Honeywells, I'll try to remember to bring it next time."

Jackie: "He's a nice person, it's just that he's incompetent."

Christine: "It's raining stair rods out there."

Pierre (French student learning English): "Huh? It's raining steroids????"

## Log Store & PV



The log store is made entirely of recycled materials with a roof of six PV panels rated at 1 kW.

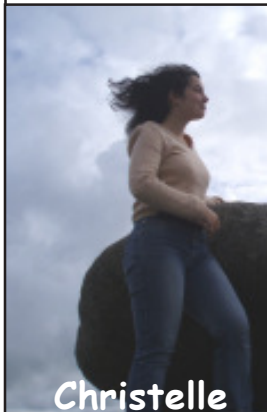
## Students

Our lives during the first few months at Trelay have been enriched by the presence of several foreign students. Pierre arrived early May. He is from Ecole des Mines de Nantes, a French university. He spent 12 weeks at Trelay studying the potential of wind power to heat the buildings on the site, and produced a very informative report. He also helped many hours each week with projects such as those shown here - he designed the log store!



Pierre

Christelle, from the same university, has been studying the ways in which we use electricity on the site and how our energy requirements could be met with a biogas plant. She has been very kind and helpful: sorting things to sell, washing up, joining in.



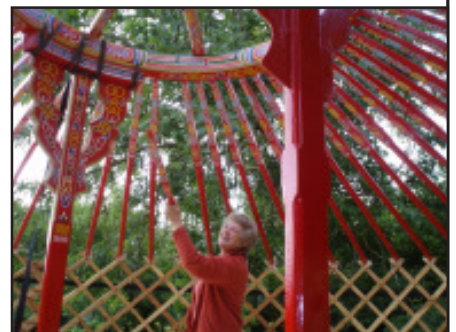
Christelle

Here she is at the top of Rough Tor, Bodmin Moor, which is only a few miles from Trelay.

Recently Jens, from East Germany, has joined us to write a thesis on strawbale building. More about his project next time!

We greatly welcome the enthusiasm and energy of these young people, who have all made great contributions to the community.

## Mongolian Yurt



Ben's yurt is one of two at Trelay. It is a kind of tent put up for summer accommodation.

## Trelay Yurt and Surf

July brought with it an unseasonable amount of rain and cloudy skies. With this came some very rough seas and messy, choppy conditions, not at all conducive to the first month of surf lessons.

On the few occasions that the surf became inviting, the swell flooded in (spare a thought for those still recovering from the floods both in the UK and South East Asia), in large amounts, resulting in some epic-sized swell. Even the sleeping giant Crackington Haven managed to deliver some glassy waves of decent size.

Widemouth Bay showed its extremes in July; with some big waves hitting the sand banks with fury creating steep takeoffs and short punchy walls to bash with glee, to days where the waves lapped serenely at the waters edge on the crystal clear mirrored ocean.

As July ends, it marks a very productive month at Trelay. The second yurt nears completion, a small low pressure system is sending surfable waves and it appears that summer might actually have found its way onto the Cornish coast.

Remember this peoples: somewhere there is surf and it is bound to be going off, sometime soon it will be happening here too!

Mike



Mike



Jackie at Widemouth with her 40-year-old marine ply body-board. (Sustainable equipment - yeah!)

## Tractor



Steve

At last the old tractor, a 1970 Massey Ferguson 165, is up and running. The ravages of time and

neglect meant that there is a lot of rust and corroded nuts and bolts and metalwork. But the basic important metalwork is strong. A new battery is required but work on re-doing battery and ignition connections, fitting a new fan belt, disconnecting the old fan blade (that had jammed into the side of the radiator) and fitting a new fan blade means that for very minimal outlay we have "wheels on site". The two tipping tractor-trailers both need attention but one has already been used to pick up hazel stakes and firewood from our wood. My son Ben Woods cleaned the paintwork ready for painting and we have acquired a two-year-old trainee tractor driver. Nathan Causon, son of Ben Oubridge's friends Liz and Rick, who like many of us has fallen in love with the old girl. Parts are amazingly cheap and accessible. Further work is required on the hydraulics; particularly the three-point linkage, but I think we have years of work life left in her.

Steve

*PS Big grin recorded as Steve drove the tractor down to our woods to fetch logs. Well done Steve for all your hard work and determination!*

## Serendipity

The first Saturday we were at Trelay, Christine asked me if I had a scrubbing brush. Of course, my boxes weren't unpacked yet, so I went into the Green Barn and there, on the floor, was a scrubbing brush! Then Esther asked me for a pair of secateurs, so I went into the Green Barn and there, on the table, was a pair of secateurs!

The next morning I woke up and looked at my dirty bedroom window and thought, "I need a chamois leather". Then Mike asked me for a pair of gardening gloves. I searched high and low in the Green Barn, with no luck. The next day, exploring the barn, my daughter Mel said, "I wonder what is in this box?" It was a large wooden cabinet, labelled, "FIRST AID". So she opened it and the box contained - yes - a pair of gardening gloves and a chamois leather!

Jackie

## Woodland Plans

We have arranged a visit to our site from South West Forest, so we can find out how to obtain a grant to enable us to plant maybe 5 acres of new woodland. Mick Bracken, a new member of their staff, will be contacting Trelay within a fortnight.

Our current wood, nearly 2 acres, is species rich, especially in spring, when the flowering of the bluebells and the primroses is fabulous. We have spotted Silver Washed Fritillary butterflies at Trelay - an exciting find.

Trelay is situated at the southern end of the Millook valley, which runs north into Millook Haven, a delightful quiet cove. The Woodland Trust has two sites in this same valley, Landy and Tramps Wood.

We are planning to manage the existing woodland making it even more attractive to wildlife. This will mean taking out some of the Sycamore, a non-native species, which is threatening the Oak and Ash native species and would reduce the bluebell population if left.

We need to develop new woodland for firewood, looking into potential new species e.g. Cricket Bat Willow and other species that will cope with climate change. We could grow Willow on a two-year cycle for fuel biomass. We need to introduce a coppicing regime, cutting wood to the ground and using the wood for woodland crafts, pea and bean stick and hazel for thatching spars. The wood then regrows and is cut again after several years (between 7-10 years approximately, depending on the end product required.)

It would be great to provide Green Wood and Woodland Craft Courses on site eventually.

Steve

## "Sustainable Development Committee is redundant"

Gordon Brown will no longer chair the high-level Ministerial Committee on Energy and the Environment, the Independent has reported.

The Prime Minister has downgraded the Committee to a 'sub-committee', which will be chaired by the Chancellor, in what opposition MPs have called a 'sneaky downgrading' which betrays Brown's attitude towards environmental issues.

The Committee's demotion comes in the same reshuffle which sees the abolition of the Sustainable Development Committee, now considered redundant.

## Holiday Cottage Experience

It has been an interesting learning experience - preparing, selling and running a fleet of four holiday cottages here at Trelay. Most of my assumptions have been proved wrong and most of my preparations have proved unnecessary. For example - nobody gives a pot of magnolia paint whether you have a Visit Britain star rating or not. Several hundred pounds, countless forms and several weeks later, we still don't have one and yet we have sold out for August. You can join as many accommodation directories, fancy online booking websites and tourist office lists as you like but what sells holidays is a round of emails to contacts, friends and family and a bit of Ebay nous.

I have been very fortunate to have the help of everyone else on the farm on changeover days - all are happy to do cleaning, washing and meeting and greeting but I think we would all agree that it has been quite disruptive to our long term plans and if we can find other income streams next year, so much the better. Thought you might like to see some Ebay feedback though - almost makes it worthwhile...

- Lovely folks, lovely setting, highly recommend, great holiday, great beach.

- Excellent place to stay, very nice people, can we come again?! THANKS A++++!!!!

- Beautiful location, cottage lovely, people friendly and welcoming!!! thank you.

- great holiday, many thanks.

- WHAT A LOVELY HOLIDAY. GLAD TO HAVE BEEN A PART OF YOUR NEW VENTURE- YVETTE.

- ABSOLUTE PEACE AND TRANQUILITY...HIGHLY RECOMMENDED..THANK YOU AAAAA+++++.

- BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE IN STUNNING LOCATION ABSOLUTELY SUPERB.

Ben



*Dodder (a pink parasitic flower) growing on gorse on the cliffs above the Strangles. These cliffs are within walking distance of Trelay. We have seen three peregrines there several times, and often picked wild mushrooms.*



**Jackie**

## Joys and Challenges

The joys of being at Trelay for me are looking out of my window to green, green fields and knowing that this is home; having the pigs come up to me and lay down to that I can rub their tummies and give them a scratch; following the progress of the birds and their fledglings and enjoying the aerial displays of the swallows and swifts; watching the changing seasons with the colour of the leaves of the trees; the bliss of the scent and colour of the bluebells in our wood; going to the place on the edge of the vegetable garden and looking over to the sea.

The challenges for me are coping with the wind and the rain; cooking for a lot of people after only cooking for myself for many years; learning to love and live with so many wonderful, talented and knowledgeable people whom I find awe-inspiring - yet we are all human beings, here because we want to be on this piece of land that is Trelay.

*Christine 5th August 2007*



**Christine**



## My Mum Joy

My mother supported me all through my life;  
She was kindly and spry;  
Last winter my lodgings were not very nice,  
But she lived nearby.

I went round so often for email and 'phone;  
Used Mum's line all day.  
Made calls to solicitors, agents and banks,  
To secure Trelay.

She sat there, eyes twinkling, so pleased for my sake,  
As the dream became true.  
I kissed her and hugged her and danced up and down:  
"Removal van's due!"

Bank Holiday Monday, after we moved,  
She came to Trelay,  
So thrilled and excited, exclaiming with joy,  
At her chance to stay;

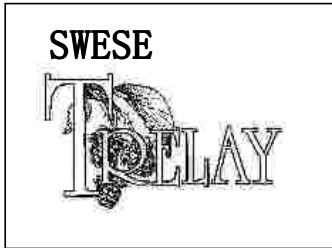
For Joy was her name and her nature was joy:  
My new life was nice;  
She loved all the people, she fancied Pierre,  
(French, so she kissed him twice).

She sat at our table and told tales of old,  
Of her Land Army days;  
When she got up at five to milk all the cows,  
And pitch-forked the hay;

How the tractors embedded in mud were pulled out  
By the horses so strong.  
Then she sat round our fire, the glow from the logs  
As warm as our song.

Next day, after breakfast, she slightly was sick,  
With speckled blood dried;  
We took her to hospital, just for a check,  
And then my Mum died.

*Jackie 12th August 2007*



# *Friends of Trelay*

*Membership of "Friends of Trelay" enables you to be part of the exciting project at Trelay Farm as it evolves. You will join because you support the aims of sustainable living that are enshrined in the constitution of the non-profit company SWESE Trelay Ltd; because you want to hear about our projects and learn from our experiences; and because you wish to receive news by email. You will become a non-voting member of the Company without a guarantee obligation.*

### **Membership application**

Please enrol me as a member of Friends of Trelay

Organisation (if your organisation is to become the member) \_\_\_\_\_

Name(s) of individual, couple or family, or representative of the organisation above  
\_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ Mobile \_\_\_\_\_

email \_\_\_\_\_

### **Annual subscription donation to SWESE Trelay Ltd**

£25 per year flat rate

(This is for one individual, for two people at the same address, for a family, or for an organisation)

£20 per year flat rate if you pay by Standing Order

### **Donation to support the work of SWESE Trelay Ltd**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Amount of one-off donation \_\_\_\_\_

OR Amount to be added to annual Standing Order payment \_\_\_\_\_

*If you wish to make a substantial investment as a loan to SWESE Trelay Ltd (as well as or instead of a donation) please contact us to discuss the details. The Company accepts loans from residents and also from off-site investors, subject to a detailed loan agreement.*

**Please fill in:** Total enclosed £ \_\_\_\_\_ or  please invoice or  please send standing order form.  
*Please make cheques payable to SWESE Trelay Ltd and mail to the address below:*

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SWESE Trelay Ltd, Trelay Farm, St Gennys, Bude, Cornwall, EX23 0NJ Tel: 01840 230 423  
South West England Sustainable Enterprises (Trelay) Ltd is a non-profit company limited by guarantee  
Registered in England and Wales No. 6124828. Registered office: Trelay Farm, as above

## STRAWBALE BUILDING



beware... the delights of strawbale building can seriously change your life! And be a lot of fun.

18th - 19th August Low-Impact (Car Tyre) Foundation Course - £140 at Trelay Farm

20th - 22nd August Strawbale Building Course - £180 at Trelay Farm

<http://www.strawbalefutures.org.uk/courses.html>

*We at Trelay have teamed up with Amazonails to promote strawbale building. We expect to hold further courses and events to inspire you - so keep in touch, even if you can't come this time. Paul Jennings, Trelay.*

## Want to come and stay at Trelay?

The holiday season is almost over but if you hanker for a break in North Cornwall or a visit to see Trelay for yourself, please contact us. We will probably be able to offer you a place to camp or bed and breakfast, or we might even be able to let you rent one of the cottages, if they are not all full of eco village residents.

Please contact us to discuss prices and availability:

01840 230 423 or 230 901

[jackiecarpenter@care4free.net](mailto:jackiecarpenter@care4free.net)  
or [ben@climatefriendly.co.uk](mailto:ben@climatefriendly.co.uk)

## FOR SALE: HOT TUB

Enjoy the bliss of a soak in bubbling water with underwater lights and music too! We think this tub, which was left by the previous owner, cost nearly £5,000 new.



We are prepared to sell it for £2,500 o.n.o. with the condition that the buyer collects it at his or her own cost.

Although it is so nice, we would rather you had the tub and we had the money to invest in some renewable energy systems - please.

*View of the sea and the wooded valley leading down to the sea taken from one of our fields at Trelay*

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