

Greenmount – July 2008

July got off to a sunny start, even if it was a bit windy. It must be all that organic food.

Unfortunately, the nice weather didn't last long, giving way to torrential rain and flash floods. Fortunately, I've got enough to keep me busy indoors – and enough wood to build a boat.

The hall decorating is complete and Jenny is lining up the next major piece of work. And I thought I'd retired.

We need to tackle the lounge or the staircase, landing and dining area next, both of which are major pieces of work, the former requiring the stone tiles to be removed from the wall hosting the gas fire and the latter the removal of the cork wall tiles from the staircase wall. In both cases, the said wall will need to be re-plastered. In addition, we are considering having a proper chimney and fireplace fitted in the lounge so we can burn logs, assuming we can obtain planning permission. The local hills could soon be echoing that well known ditty, "I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK....".

I have been converting more LPs to CD and putting some TV programmes I recorded onto DVDs for Jenny's niece, Tracey. Having run out of Avery CD labels, we went to Staples in Bolton to buy some. At £14.49 for 25 sheets of 2 labels each, I rapidly withdrew, empty-handed. I eventually bought some on the Internet from [www.officedirect.co.uk](http://www.officedirect.co.uk) at over 30% less. The only snag was that delivery was £6 on orders under £30. I decided to stock up and bought two packs of labels and two packs of case inserts for just under £40. I've now got enough to last me, not only for a lifetime but probably well into the hereafter.

Carrie sent a message to say that her latest scan shows no sign of the original disease, which is excellent news and means the chemotherapy has done its work. The radiotherapy programme is still going ahead, presumably being the belt to accompany the braces.

The dehumidifier came back from Amcor, having been repaired. Apparently, it needed some new sensors and a new PCB. I wonder if I can get those kind of spares?

When I unpacked it, I found the side panel had not been fitted properly and I had to contact Amcor for instructions on how to put it back together properly. A chap called me two days later and told me which three screws to undo. The dehumidifier is now not only working but is also, once more, aesthetically pleasing.

I am not really impressed with Amcor's lack of attention to detail. This kind of attitude is so common these days, where the emphasis is on profit and not on good service or value for money.

In the garden, the fruit is starting to appear and I have already had a few helpings of golden raspberries. No-one else likes them. They taste just like red raspberries but it seems the colour is somewhat off-putting. Jenny has had a handful of red raspberries

so far and I have picked a small quantity of blackcurrants in anticipation of more to come and lots of lovely home-made jam.

The plan to celebrate Matthew and Carrie's birthdays with Carrie's parents with a meal for seven at The Next Door restaurant in Tottington was a non-starter. Carrie came down with some viral infection and I had to cancel the booking.

I have commenced and lost the battle with Righthmove ([www.righthmove.co.uk](http://www.righthmove.co.uk)) over their policy not to allow property advertisements from individuals, as opposed to that modern-day, high-street leech, the Estate Agent. Having failed to persuade Righthmove to review its policy, I contacted the DTI Office of Fair Trading telling them that I think Righthmove's practice is both restrictive and discriminatory. I didn't expect that will get me very far, though. I was right.

The holiday in St Ives, Cornwall was most enjoyable despite the poor weather and the journey in both directions was uneventful except for a complete blockage of the M5 for about an hour on the return trip due to a multiple collision just south of Bristol.

We managed five days on the beach and a swim in the refreshing Atlantic Ocean on four of them, in wetsuits, of course.

We saw seals and caught a glimpse of dolphins in St Ives Bay but, alas, nothing of the beautiful basking sharks which were supposed to be around.

Most of the time we potted round various places in waterproof clothing in Cornish Mizzle (mist and drizzle), showers, light rain and, on a couple of occasions, torrential downpours. A local taxi driver was heard to remark that it was more like winter than summer. So much for global warming, then.

The Eden Project is an ideal attraction in poor weather and is much improved since we last visited the site, just after it opened. There have been a number of developments in the seven years it has been open, including the addition of a large educational centre for both children and adults. It is well worth a visit at £15 a head or £36 for a family ticket.

The Jazz Foundation, which used to play at the Princess Pavilion, Falmouth, has disbanded and, like the proverbial Phoenix, has given birth to a new group of musicians called the Great Western Jazz Company. This provided us with three excellent Friday evenings. Even the menu at the Pavilion has improved! I'm not so sure about the beer, though.

The local amateur rep in Falmouth gave us another very funny evening at the Pavilion with their production of Tom, Dick and Harry.

There were a number of disappointments.

Our coast walk north from Hale to Godrevy Point was rained off. There is a limit, we found, to the torrential rain with which one can cope even in waterproof clothing.

The play, Falling off a Log, performed by the Lane Theatre Company, Newquay, due to commence in our second week, was cancelled for that week only, because member of the cast had dropped out.

We were given incorrect information from the Tourist Information Office in St Ives about the location of a tower called Griffin Daymark on the coast near Fowey. After paying the extortionate car parking fee for Fowey and enquiring in the town's TI office, we discovered it was further down the coast and too far away to reach on foot before our car park time expired or before the tower closed. Since the tower is only open on Sundays and the second Sunday was wet, we did not make it to the top. Nothing new there, then.

We had decided to buy presents on the Saturday before our return home and we had intended to buy a particular T-shirt for Rachel from a shop in St Ives. When we went to the shop on the Saturday, we discovered it had closed without any prior warning, another store had taken over and the nearest shop in which we could obtain the T-shirt was Newquay. We detoured to Newquay on the Sunday, on the way home and, after fighting through all the traffic, there for some surfing event or other, found the shop only to discover they did not have the T-shirt we wanted in stock. We have since discovered we can buy it online. Who needs a holiday when you've got a PC with Internet connection?

Now back home, we are recovering from the stress of the holiday but I shall save that for the next thrilling instalment.