

CORNWALL'S LEADING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER

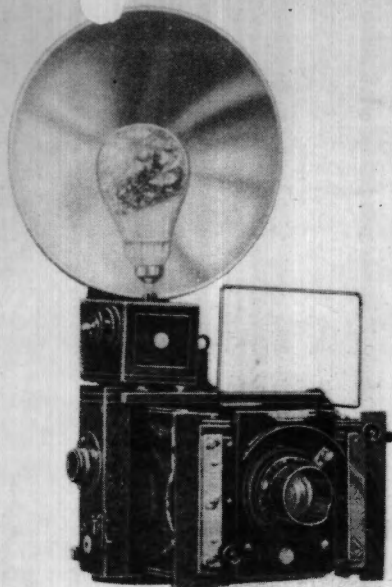
GEORGE W.F. ELLIS LTD.

BODMIN
CORNWALL

PRESS & COMMERCIAL
PHOTOGRAPHER &
JOURNALIST

4, ST. NICHOLAS ST.
(opp. Post Office)
BODMIN

PHONE:
BODMIN 302



YOUR REF.

OUR REF.

"Tamar to Truro"

Dear Mr Inger / I had a mishap at the beginning
of the first reel as spoiled about 15-20 which
I broke off so Reel I is shot

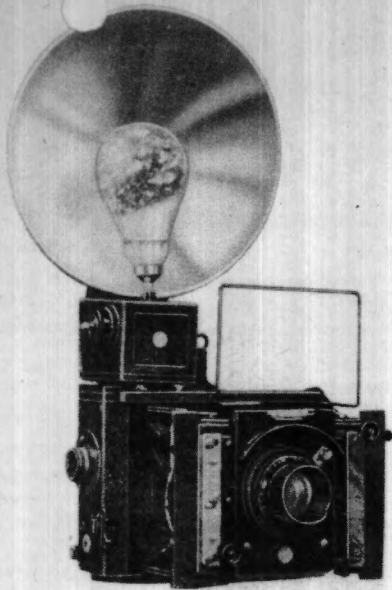
I am enclosing a newspaper story of
Shrove Tuesday's Harb
when the ball is "called up" by the winner
of the previous hurl he says "three cheers
country (or town) ball". The ball about the
size of a cricket ball is covered in silver
over wood. The "call up" is always at

4.15.

The "Throw up" is always at 4.30
the person who starts the game always
says "town or country do your best
for in this parish I must rest"

CORNWALL'S LEADING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER

GEORGE W.F. ELLIS LTD.



BODMIN
CORNWALL

PRESS & COMMERCIAL
PHOTOGRAPHER &
JOURNALIST

4, ST. NICHOLAS ST.
(opp. Post Office)
BODMIN

PHONE:
BODMIN 302

YOUR REF.

OUR REF.

"Tamar to Truro"

other as the church clock finishes
striking throws the ball to the crowd.
You may notice quite a few snow balls
were thrown into the crowd today.

It is quite a rough game & I think
you will notice in one of the overhead
shots a badly torn shirt

I think some of the scurringes
should be good pictures.

By the way. The church clock
strikes like Big Ben if you want
to put the striking of a clock in
as the "call up" or "throw up" are
done very exactly to time
George W.F. Ellis

FURIOUS FUN IN A LITTLE ORRICADED TOWN

ST. COLUMB'S SHROVE-TIDE HURL
WITH SNOW ON GROUND; BUT
"ORACLES" SAY, "TEDN'T WHAT 'T WAS"

By a "Guardian" Reporter

ST. COLUMB is a friendly, interesting little town where the business people have always time to chat politely to a stranger, and old people with character-seamed, lovely faces peer at you from cottage doorways to bid you a bright good-morrow. The ancient church, surrounded by its own little garden, is slap-bang in the heart of things; those doughty opponents, Liberals and Conservatives, have their clubs cheek-by-jowl in the tiny square (the Conservative building stands a little higher, that's all); and next door to shops are the stately iron gateways to a property which might still be the abode of "squire."

But why so many derelict buildings? This property displays a "For sale" notice behind a screen of wire netting; that looks as if it is in a giant wooden crate; another hides forlornly behind galvanised iron.

Yes, I must confess it (writes a reporter of the "Cornish Guardian"). I was a Cornishman who had never seen, until Tuesday week, the famous hurling match at St. Columb. Nor had I looked in my diary to discover that it was Shrove-tide.

Inevitable

To St. Columb people, hurling is just one of those things that happen every year, and is as inevitable as Christmas or Easter.

up the silver ball to start the hurl. Watching her husband strive for the countrymen was Mrs. Bazeley. They were married last September.

Not Knowing T'other from Which

At first it is very difficult to follow the progress of the game, for the onlooker who does not live in St. Columb does not know which people are "town" and which "country." Men from the town passed the ball from hand to hand near the Guildhall for a time, then play swept up and down the length of narrow Fore Street.

Players sprang on the steps of buses, private cars had to stop while scrums formed in front of them, and occasionally a wag would hand the ball to a woman