



# Sally Of Forest Gate

"Curmudgeonly, eccentric, exaggerated and bloody hilarious! Dive in and enjoy his life!" Jaime Gill of The Guardian and The BBC. Read it and splutter! Please press 'LIKE' if you enjoy them and comments are always welcome!

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WEDNESDAY, 4 APRIL 2012

## Sally-Part 38. DAVID! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME BELOW AND HOLD MY COLESLAW POT?

Fifteen years ago Shirley discovered "The Minack Chronicles" by Derek Tangye and we bought and read them all.

To the extent that the only books on our bookshelf are Tangye's considerable output in both soft and hard back versions, with extra copies in order of condition, all sitting there for no good reason as nobody else seems to want to borrow and read them and by the way, never lend even your best friend a book as you'll never see it again!

Even "Eating People Is Wrong" finally got chucked out unread!

They were about how he and his wife, Jeannie gave up the London highlife in 1950 and rented a tiny cottage on the cliffs above Lamorna in Cornwall and tried to beat the elements growing flowers for faraway markets.



THE WINDING LANE TO THE TANGYE'S HOME

Their pet cats and donkeys were central to the enchanting tales and one day, against her nature Shirley suddenly said, "I have to go to meet him and would you take him a belt?" As odd as that sounds, I felt the same way. There was added poignancy to it as Jeannie had died several years before and Derek now lived on his own, though not without hundreds of women admirers from around the world beating a path to his door.

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### ABOUT ME



#### David Nash

The whole of "Sally" is fundamentally true. Any offence caused to any member of my family or strangers is intentional. Get over it! And do press 'Like' if you like them and please leave your comments, especially if my blogs make you laugh...and pass the link on to friends

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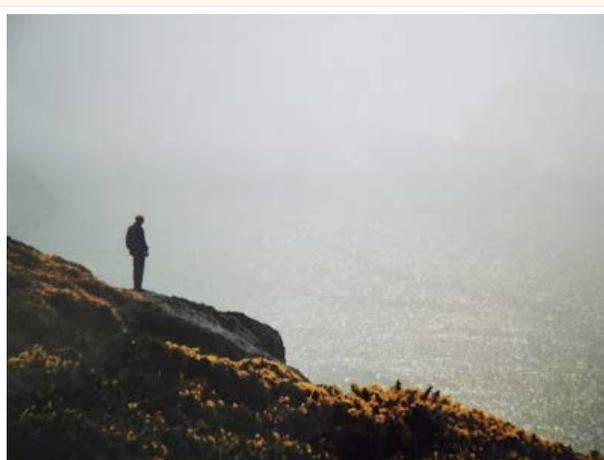
### BLOG ARCHIVE

- ▼ 2012 (69)
  - ▶ June (8)
  - ▶ May (14)
  - ▼ April (12)
    - Sally-Part 47. TO THE LIGHTHOUSE! A SCOTTISH TALE
    - Sally-Part 46. THE TURNER PRIZE ? WHAT A LOAD OF R...
    - Sally-Part 45. A COMPLETE EMBARRASSMENT! DEDICATED...
    - Sally-Part 44. TURKEY 21 "THE COUNTRY NOT



DEREK AND JEANNIE'S COTTAGE AT MINACK

Sadly, he had died six weeks before we arrived and we made the lovely walk along the cliffs up to their land a few times.



THE CLIFF WALK FROM LAMORNA

Even the Captain of the Q.E.2 was a fan and sounded the ships horn in salute when he passed the cottage! And so we decided to kill two birds with one stone and take "The Scillonian" ferry, infamous for it's instability in anything but a calm sea, to the Scilly Isles for the day to see them and the Tangye land from offshore.

A hot, dry, sunny week turned into a mithering beast of a storm-tossed morning as we headed to Penzance harbour. Beyond the groyne I, a terrible sailor, spied enormous rolling waves breaking violently over one another and quietly prayed for a cancellation!

Shirley, a brilliant sailor, couldn't wait for the ship to get under way!

It never ceases to amaze me that no matter how early a journey there are crowds at the bar guzzling alcohol.

The people on the Scillonian, virtually at dawn, were no exception but I, already feeling queasy from walking up the gangplank, found a bench at the centre of the upper deck, or so I thought and sat miserably clutching my rucksack waiting for the colour to drain completely from my face.

Those of you who have been following my blog will know that "MY" rucksack means "A" rucksack full of things that Shirley might but won't need for a day out.

An incomplete list would include such things as anti-chafing thigh gel which I have now lugged unopened around the world but without which Shirley won't leave home or go to the theatre, a beach rug, a beach tent, a sombrero, a parasol, four choices of sun cream, including total sunblock, walking boots, three pairs of spare shoes, depending on terrain and how much her feet have swollen, wet flannels in a plastic

THE BIRD...

Sally-Part 43. TOKYO 3. DAD! YOU ARE DISGUSTING! W...

Sally-Part 42. TOKYO 2. THE GEISHA WHO THOUGHT I W...

Sally-Part 41. TOKYO 1 ! NOT FOR THE FAINT HEARTE ...

Sally-Part 40. TURKEY !! THE WORST TOILET STORY IN...

Sally-Part 39. SCOUND RELS ALL!

Sally-Part 38. DAVID! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME BELOW..

Sally-Part 37. THE PARANORMAL UNEXPLAINED!

Sally-Part 36. MAKING GEMMA LAUGH!

▶ March (20)

▶ February (15)

bag, a light jacket and a full-length cotton skirt, a swimming costume and a swimming towel; fruit, various for the eating of and thus warding off the evils of being without one's own bathroom for up to twelve hours; sandwiches, also various, made of course from wholemeal bread, a ready made salad and eating implements; a litre bottle of water, wholegrain cereal bars, crisps, almonds, prunes; binoculars, camera and spare films, maps and guides to the Islands and a list of various rental properties to have a look at as we stormed our way through rain and hail around as many of the five main islands as six hours on shore would let us and before my back broke under the weight of her essential requirements! Oh! And I nearly forgot, a large pot of Aldi's "value" coleslaw!

As we left the relative calm of the jetty and crossed the invisible line where violent sea-sickness awaited me I looked around at many other anxious-faced victims.

Most people held it together as we passed the Tangye headland, invisible through a dense shroud of sea fog but as the open sea of the Atlantic beckoned, more and more passengers started hurling themselves, wild-eyed at the rails to throw up. I still had enough dignity to control my nausea.

At this moment Shirley uttered the words that I feared hearing, "David! would you like to come below and hold my coleslaw pot?"

I thought "NO!" but said, "Of course, I'd love to!"

Whatever your foul minds had thought of when you read that, what she meant was exactly that! And so, leaving my place of refuge, I followed her down to the unfortunately named bowels of the ship, to the awful-smelling lounge where battered passengers were heaving up their beers into those dreadful paper vomit bags.

Shirley, seemingly unaware of the palava, set her snack out on the table and to prevent things falling on the floor each time the ship lurched, got me to hold things as she ate.

Even people sitting beside us were obviously on the point of collapse but she carried on regardless!

What finished off every single groaning passenger, crew member and howling dog who had not been sick up to that moment was the taking off of the top to the coleslaw! The stink ensured the immediate evacuation of the "Salon" with many emptying their stomach contents onto the floor where they sat or down the backs of family and stranger alike as they fought to get up on deck! The sounds and smells were too awful to describe here!

Even the second world war battle hardened captain came down to see what the fuss was about only to grab his stomach and nose and rush out to sound the horn in a series of Titanic blasts!

Shirley, oblivious to it all, finished her repast, looked up and said how odd she thought it was that there was no one else in the room and wondered whether I would like to eat something then or once we had docked. I think that the colour of my face gave a hint to my feelings about that!



ST.MARTIN'S HAS NO CARS AND IS ONLY TWO MILES LONG. YOU GET THERE IN A TINY OPEN FERRY FROM ST.MARY'S, CROSSING AND SCRAPING THE SAND OF THE SHALLOW TURQUOISE SEA, OCCASIONALLY GROUNDING AND HAVING TO WAIT FOR THE TIDE TO COME BACK IN!

Posted by [David Nash](#) at 15:30



## 1 comment:

**GemmaNashBolton** said...

 Have just dribbled laughing reading it out to Derek!

6 April 2012 13:18

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