

**THE CREDITS**

A Duchy Film Production

- Directed by: A. Stanley Williamson
- Cameraman: Billie Williams
- Special Effects: Stanley Clinton
- at Marylebone Film Studios
- Commentary by: Francis Miller
- Narrator: Frank Phillips
- Recording: Marylebone Film Studios
- Special Music played by: The Camborne Town Band
  (Conductor: A. W. Parker)
- Singing by: The Holman Male Voice Choir
  (Conductor: James Arthur)

### PUBLICITY AVAILABLE

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<tr>
<td>Stills</td>
<td>Set of 8, 10 x 8</td>
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<td>Posters</td>
<td>Quad Crown, 30 x 40</td>
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**Trailer**

LAND OF THE SAINTS

The Synopsis

Cornwall—beautiful, mysterious—surrounded by legends which have been handed down through the ages—a holiday-makers' paradise! Known as the "Land of the Saints" because so many of its towns have been named after Cornish saints (St. Ives, St. Blazey and St. Columb are typical examples) Cornwall boasts some of the finest scenery to be seen anywhere in Britain. St. Pancras is the Londoner's gateway to this beautiful land, and leaving the station we are transported by train from the bustle of city life to the restful and remote Cornish countryside.

Picturesque St. Austell is one of the first places that we visit—St. Austell, centre of Cornwall's china clay industry. Apart from being utilised for crockery and other items, the clay is also transported from the harbour at neighbouring Fowey, to London, where it becomes a vital part of the newsprint so essential in Fleet Street.

The charming old-world fishing village of Mevagissey is proud of the fact that Andrew Pears is one of its native sons—the same Pears who rose to nation-wide fame as a manufacturer of soap. Pausing only briefly here, we move southwards to St. Ives, incidentally named after an Irish missionary, and not after a Cornishman. Its rocky approach is guarded by that silent sentinel the Godrevy lighthouse, and with its narrow, tortuous streets and superb vistas of scenic beauty in the surrounding countryside, St. Ives is truly a secluded retreat of which Cornwall can be justly proud. A little further along the coast is St. Agnes, famous for its beacon, the highest of a chain stretching from the Devonshire border to Land's End. From here one can look down on miles upon miles of rolling wild country, and, in the more immediate vicinity, St. Firaions Round, site of Cornwall's famous Open Air Theatre, not now in use. Facing the Atlantic on Ferran Bay are the famous Ferruporth sands. Here, centuries ago, the Phoenician traders tricked the unschooled Cornish miners out of tin, now Cornwall's principal source of income, by exchanging for it glittering but worthless baubles. In Camborne now, an institution sees to it that all those interested in mining receive a thorough instruction on the subject. We pay a visit to a flourishing tin-mine at South Crofty—and look with regret on the worked-out mines which now give up nothing of value save occasional Roman coins and relics, and serve only to mar the beauty of the surrounding landscapes.

Passing on, we reach St. Just, Cornwall's airport and take off to view Land's End from the air—a spectacle of beauty never to be forgotten, with the crash of the waves against the rocks intermingling with the scream of the gulls to produce an exhilarating symphony of sound. It is not surprising to know that it was this beauty spot which inspired John Wesley to write one of his most famous hymns. Flying over the turbulent sea we approach the Scilly Islands and alight at St. Mary's. A scene of much bitter fighting in the old pirate days, its quiet streets now know only peace and serenity. The islanders lead simple lives, farming being the general profession, and flowers of course the most important export. Five thousand tons of them are sent to England every year!

Back on the mainland, we pay a visit to Camborne, and learn of Richard Trevithick, a pioneer inventor, whose experiments with the steam engine preceded even Stephenson's. In 1801 Camborne's inhabitants saw his forerunner of Stephenson's Rocket, moving slowly through the streets of the town. Truro, with its stately Georgian homes and dignified Cathedral, is our next port of call. Although Bodmin is officially the county town, Truro is always referred to by the Cornish as "The City." And so on to Menabilly, Moushole, and other picturesque places so dear to the hearts of not only Cornish people, but all who love the great outdoors, learning at each place at which we stop, something fresh concerning its history, its trades, and the men who made it famous.

"Land of the Saints" is a picture with a universal appeal—for who is there that does not love the stories of rolling hills, the tang of the sea, and the feeling of the spray rising in the wind from the crashing waves to the cliffs above?