

James Patrick Alington
DOB 5th December 1947
DOD 17th July 2018

Celebrant: Kim Baker

Jim was born in the Medway Towns, one of three children, brother to Bill and Eve. As a child, he was particularly good at sprinting, which probably came in useful, as the youngsters would spend many holidays at their Grandma's running up and down the stairs, along with their young cousin, Barbara.

When he got older he, and later his brother Bill, worked for a while for their father who had a business replacing car windscreens. Eve had left the family home by this time to start her nursing career.

Later, Eve recalls a holiday taken in a large house in Wales where the whole family would be together, Jim spending most of the time teasing someone or another – usually niece Tish and nephew Dave.

Jim joined the RAF but initially was literally thrown out, being sent away to prove that he could actually work, Jim took this to mean that he needed to simply get a job, which he did – demolishing a chimney! But of course what they meant was prove that he could achieve something – get some qualifications, so, once he realized this, he studied and passed his exams. He was then able to rejoin the RAF, and he was really successful, becoming a pilot, hence the music choices today. It was because he was stationed with the RAF in Cornwall that he decided to move here.

When Jim came out of the RAF he worked for a building society - as a manager no less, apparently hoodwinking them into believing he was well qualified for the position! But Jim also had a sideline – a mobile fish and chip van which he owned and ran with mate Royston. He ceased this when the Building Society gave him an ultimatum “it's us or the chip van!”

Jim was always a competitive man, not letting others win easily. Even young Dave who he once had a long running shooting competition with. The idea was that, with toy pistols, they were to try and shoot each other without the other person being aware until they actually got shot. Dave tried relentlessly, and got shot repeatedly, until eventually he managed to successfully shoot Jim. Dave was overjoyed, he'd had managed the task without any concessions from his uncle.

This competitiveness, along with an unbelievable amount of self-confidence meant that Jim achieved a great deal in his working life. He became a training officer for the Prudential, travelling around the country teaching sales techniques and skills to others. You could say he had the “gift of the gab”.

His teasing character continued throughout his life, but it's fair to say he enjoyed being teased just as much.

Jim's good friend Guy remembers meeting Jim when he lived at Waterloo near Bodmin Moor, when Guy was asked to undertake some tree felling work for him. One specific tree had to be dropped over his stream very precisely in order to create a bridge.

Guy says that Jim had a great sense of humour and they had a lot of fun together. Jim was apparently prone to getting a tad over excited about things and would go out

to purchase “toys”. This included various chainsaws and at one time even a new digger!

Jim had a lake which he wanted to stock with fish – a task he assigned to Guy. So Guy sourced said fish, and off Jim went to collect them – some 150 fish transported by tubs on a trailer. They did well until an Otter got into the lake and ate the lot. Guy says that Jim was a special friend, and when an interest in boating started, he was able to advise him, and they looked at houses together as Jim decided he wanted to move to live nearer the sea. At least him moving meant that Guy managed to acquire his larger Chainsaws!

In his retirement, Jim used to spend hours on the internet dealing in shares and investments, there was always a deal to be done. He also enjoyed reading biographies and of course company reports. He loved spending time on the boat with Mark, although I’m told they almost never actually caught anything. I wonder if they even had a line attached to the rod.

Jim moved to the house in Perranwell Station where he was very happy and content, the house name appropriately meaning “tranquil residence”. He met wonderful neighbours. Gerald and Jenny, who have been a tremendous support to him and more recently to Eve.

He has been described to me as a “charmer” a handsome chap who could literally charm the birds from the trees, spending many a happy hour watching the birds visit his garden, and the bespoke feeding station he erected just for the smaller varieties. He also enjoyed visits from a beautiful golden pheasant, so much so that he purchased two females for him! He loved all animals in fact, especially cats and in particular his cat, 2C. What a great name for a cat! He was followed by others including the latest, Tilly.

Jim was always quietly content in his own company, but did also value the friendships he made over the years, including Mark, Guy, Linda and Neville, and he had a deep love and appreciation for his family.

As was said earlier, Jim was always a good sprinter, but not so good at the long race, and this sums up how he lived his life, to the full, plenty of laughter and fun along the way, but blunt and to the point, and often, as he would say, confused with someone who would give a damn!

I would now like to invite Jim’s good friend Mark forward, with his own personal tribute.

Marks Tribute

I don’t think I can remember meeting Jim first, but I definitely became aware of him on a trip in my grandfather’s fishing boat from Boscastle which he seemed to enjoy a lot. He was a good worker pulling lobster pots and fishing for mackerel and I think his love of the sea never left him.

Jim’s business relationship with our firm Parnalls, the Lawyers and latterly Folk2Folk has been long, enduring, and full of mutual loyalty. Knowing a man like Jim runs very deep.

I was aware of him as the Building Society Manager with responsibility for Launceston operating out of Newquay, but I only learnt of his earlier achievements as I came to know him later in life much better.

I think there followed a whole gap of years with which that I don't recall meeting him very often and it was really when he moved to Polyphant that I started to pay the visits.

Jim had the amazing attribute of appearing to be really interested in all my nonsense and listening to my blather. I never quite worked out whether he was pleased to see me arrive or pleased to see me go but as we were both smokers I think that mutual companionship of smokers helped me be one of the visitors that was welcome.

Jim was never shy of questioning and challenging things that I said, that interest in itself merely encouraged me to talk more nonsense about where I was in life.

Jim's greatest love in the last 20 years seemed to have been, cigarettes of course, the rescue cats, his immediate domain and his Sky television. The coffee is the glue that held it all together and if he had all of those I think extra human company was not encouraged. I used to invite him to so many different events and barbecues, but he would always decline and rapidly so, saying send me the pictures and send everyone my regards. I don't know why that fear of socials gripped him but I don't think it was a fear I think it was a positive desire not to have to inter-react with the wider human race and picked his acquaintances and friends very carefully.

However, he could be whimble out of his home and no more so than a boat trip. I think many in the room will recall boating with Jim and the amount of preparation he did for every trip - it was clearly a significant and enjoyable event for him. He would come with every conceivable asset for the boat trip whether it was in a 10ft dinghy or a 30ft fishing boat. Jim was never unprepared for anything. This would include several back up packets of cigarettes and wherever possible a thermos of coffee.

I absolutely think that his most enjoyable times were on a boat, most of the time of course we have fished and caught nothing but when we did it was always exciting. We had echo sounders but eBay and Amazon did not know the likes of Jim and his ability to fish for bargains. He turned it into a science.

I think his move to near Falmouth was strongly influenced by his wish to engage more with the sea. We had many false starts for buying boats etc. and I never fathomed what it was that prevented him from wholeheartedly throwing himself into the boat world. It could have been the social side that he didn't want or it could have been that eBay just didn't have the right boat at the right time. He got close, when he rented a berth but then I think he couldn't make his mind up about the boat and eventually once he started to feel unwell this became a dream rather than a reality. So our boating trips were definitely our highlights and I deeply regret not doing it enough.

I will miss Jim because of his infectious humour and kindness he has shown me in so many ways and I know many of you too in this room have had the benefit of that.

He and I shared a passion for some of the Sky programmes that he loved to watch and talk about. In particular the Gold one and between us we used to act more like school boys in our quest for working out how we could lay our hands on large amounts of gold. The difference is that Jim was able to buy it in on the internet and have great fun doing so, I was left scratching the ground at Treloak and I am still trying.

That fun inside Jim was such a value and so often missing from others. He could bring enthusiasm to the latest collapsible fishing rod – brought on eBay cheaper than anywhere else – but also be buying gold in large quantities the next minute and easy in either and talking about either. Jim you will be sorely missed.