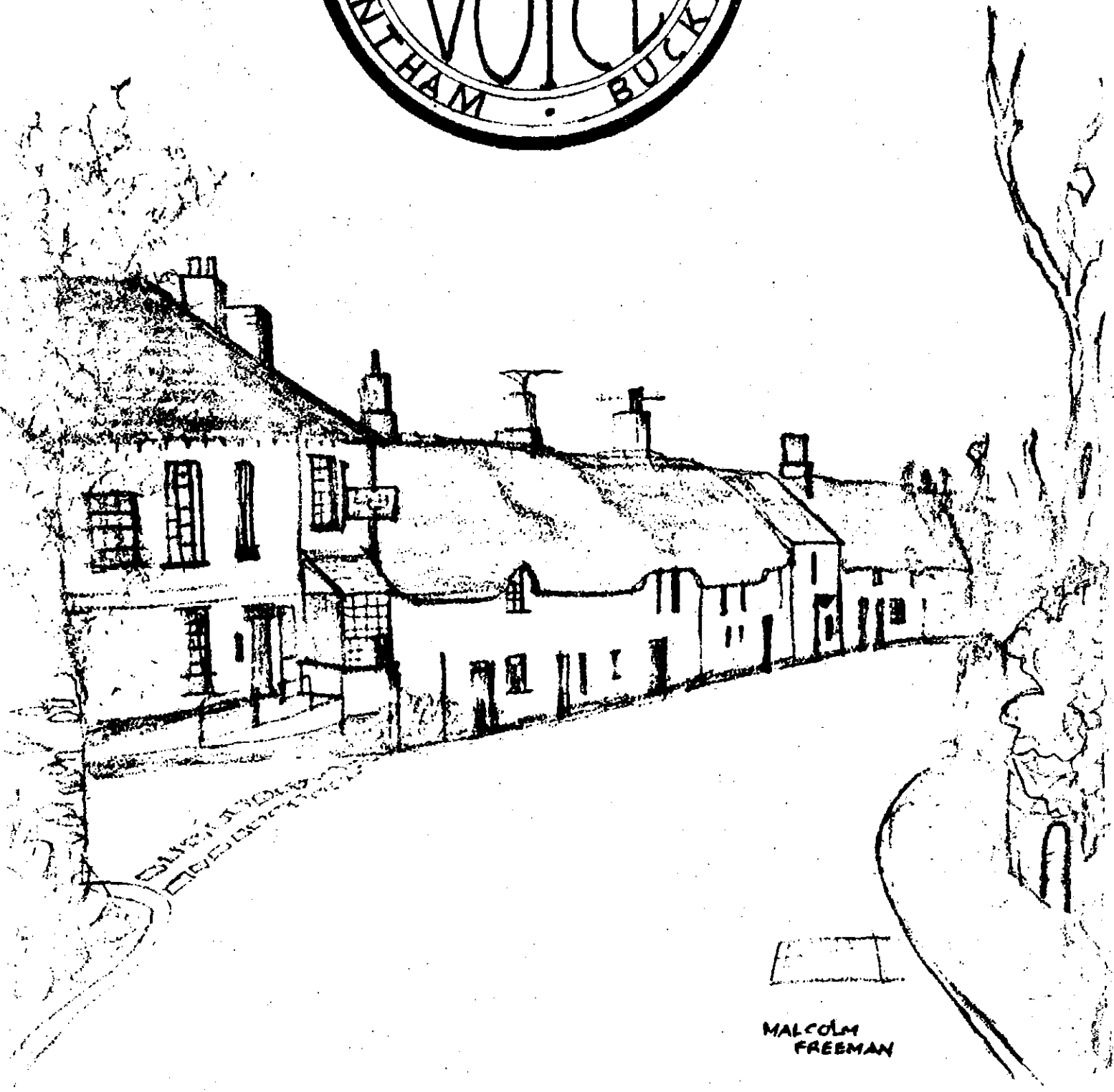




JUNE 1973



MALCOLM
FREEMAN

Published by Thurlestone Parish Council

Smallpox hits Thurlestone

* * * * *

In the three months from March to May 1730, no less than twenty-one people are listed in the parish register as having been buried. With annual deaths averaging eight, all but about two must have come up against something pretty formidable. The causes of death are not mentioned and, with no war or other disaster such as famine that year, the obvious explanation is an epidemic of some kind. Plague can be ruled out because there was none in Devon after 1666 at the latest. Typhus is possible but unlikely as it was very much a winter fever when it was most easily transmitted from person to person by body lice, which everybody had, when they huddled together at night for warmth. On the other hand, smallpox raged throughout the county in the first half of the eighteenth century. It broke out virtually every year in towns like Plymouth and Exeter where almost everybody caught it, usually in childhood. It spread to remote rural districts from time to time and found them all sooner or later. It must have been the turn of Thurlestone in 1730.

We know quite a lot about the people who died and may, as an example, take the Hardy family in April 1730. The first mention of a Hardy in any of the registers is on April 26th, 1671 when Hugh and Protesa had the first of their eight children baptised. Their three eldest sons John, Richard and Hugh were involved in the epidemic. By 1730 they had all married, were still living in the village and had had sixteen children between them. Richard died on April 1 and John the following day, aged 57 and 59 respectively. There was then a gap until April 18 when Abraham, Hugh's grandchild aged one year, was lost, to be followed on April 28 by the tragic death of Mary (née Jarvis), wife of Hugh's son Andrew, just one year after her marriage.

These fatalities must have been hard to bear for the Hardy family but they were not the whole of the story. Comparatively few people died from smallpox so that probably, given 19 - 20 deaths, well over a hundred of the parochial population of about 350 were infected.

The epidemic was spread over three months, during which villagers saw one friend after another go down with fever and the tell-tale spots and were left to wonder who would survive and whether those who did would be scarred with unsightly pock marks.

Smallpox first came into prominence in England after 1650 and continued to be a scourge until the remarkable discovery of vaccination by Dr. Edward Jenner, a general practitioner of Berkeley in Gloucestershire. Jenner was told by a patient that farm workers who developed cowpox from the diseased udders of cows seemed to acquire protection against smallpox. So, in 1796, he scratched the skin of a boy called James Phipps with lymph taken from the cowpox (vaccinia) vesicles on the finger of a dairymaid, Sarah Nelmes. The lad developed a typical cowpox vesicle, just as people have done ever since when they have been vaccinated. Jenner then inoculated James with smallpox matter and showed that no smallpox developed. Gradually, person to person inoculation of cowpox spread and within Jenner's lifetime was practised throughout the civilised world.

NEVILLE C. OSWALD

West Charleton MARINA PROPOSAL

An informative leaflet has been sent out to Parish Council's giving a general outline of the proposed scheme. After a very preliminary discussion, our Parish Council obviously expressed no firm opinion. It was thought that, with the ever increasing number of yachts and boats of all kind something like a Marina was going to be needed and it would undoubtedly bring the benefit of increased employment prospects. No doubt the council will offer their considered opinion if they are asked for it. In the meantime, what do you think?

West Charleton residents appear to be somewhat divided.

SERVING THE

NUMBER SIX



THURLESTONE

MAY-JUNE 1983

All communications should be sent to the Editor :
D.W.Drabble, 10, Backshay Close South Milton, Kingsbridge TQ7 3JU
Telephone: THURLESTONE 533

: : : : : EDITORIAL : : : : :

ERIC TRENEMAN STIDSTON has for 40 years or more been a stalwart member of our Parish Council, a period of time I believe to be a record for this parish. At one time he was a Rural District Councillor as well - a man whose knowledge of the area, of people and of times past has so often proved of inestimable value to the Parish Council when considering some of the more important and at times, difficult decisions - a man who found it difficult at all times to tolerate any violation of parish rights and privileges without making the strongest of protests and to whom, despite being a lifelong farmer, a footpath was an important 'public highway' to be valued and preserved. A man who could brook no argument whenever it was any matter affecting his parish in which he has spent more than half a lifetime serving his community. A true and worthy trustee of parish affairs.

Perhaps more than any words of mine or my fellow councillors can express is the fact that in all those 40 years of Parish Elections in which he was involved if the name Eric Stidston was not at the top of the poll it was never far away from it.

We all say 'thank you, Eric Treneman Stidston. In these few quite inadequate words I express the feelings of myself, my fellow councillors, very many parishioners and the Parish Clerk. We are all sorry you have now 'elected' to retire. May you have a long and happy time, and I know everyone hopes that your great fund of knowledge will continue to be available in the service of the place you love.

P.W.J. Hurrell
P.W.J. Hurrell
Chairman

Thurlestone Parish Council
speaking for all those who have
voted for you in the past and
would, I am sure, happily do so
again.

"a wonderful voyage of discovery"
IDEAL HOME

MORE THAN JUST-A-COTTAGE

A Village in the South Hams

KENDALL McDONALD

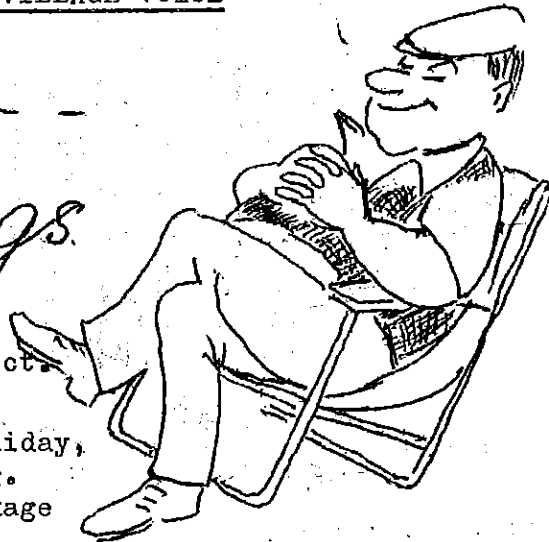
Kendall tells the story of his renovation of Just-A-Cottage and delves into the history of Thurlestone. And, as he says, "Once the door of the cottage is opened to it, my story goes rushing out into the South Devon countryside."

From Thurlestone Village Stores,
Thurlestone Hotel, etc., £3.95

"To anyone with South Hams and, in particular,
Thurlestone interests, this book is a must."
DEVON FAMILY HISTORIAN

ASHGROVE PRESS LTD
26 Gay Street, Bath, Avon BA1 2PD

Holidays - - - the Legal Snags.



HOLIDAYS are to be anticipated, enjoyed and, if all goes well, savoured in retrospect. But, if all does not go well.....

It is as well to remember that going on holiday, in most cases, involves a legal undertaking. From the moment a deposit is paid on a package holiday or hotel rooms booked, a legally-binding contract is entered into and the tour operator or the hotel proprietor can sue for breach of contract and claim damages for any loss of profit he has suffered because of the cancellation.

Many tour operators work on a system that if a cancellation is made some time before departure only the deposit is forfeited. The nearer the date of the holiday when cancellation is made, the higher the percentage of the total tour price the operator can demand. Information relating to these items is to be found in the booking forms. So, as in all documents to be signed, it pays to read all the terms and conditions to realise the full extent of liabilities that can be incurred.

As far as hotels are concerned, the position is much the same. If a room with full board is booked for a week and then cancelled, the proprietor may claim the cost of the room, if he is unable to re-let, but not the food that hasn't been eaten. In the event of refusal to pay, the proprietor is entitled to sue for breach of contract, but, as in cases of this type he must prove he has done what he could to mitigate or lessen his damage. That means that he is bound to try and re-let the room and must prove to the court that he was unable to do so before a judge will order payment of damages.

So far it would seem that the law is all one way, which, of course, is not so. The law exists to protect everyone and it offers protection to the holiday maker. Take the case of a hotel booking. If a high price is paid for a room a person is entitled to expect a high standard of comfort. Consequently a person who gets a dingy ill-furnished, attic room overlooking railway sidings can refuse to pay the full amount and can offer a reasonable sum which takes into account the quality of the actual room. Furthermore if the holiday brochure showed the Hotel de Luxe as a modern hotel on the beach and it turned out to be a backstreet boarding house with primitive facilities, a person is entitled to sue for breach of contract.

In a recent case, the Court of Appeal ruled that a man who booked a holiday for himself and his family which fell far short of the description in the brochure could claim damages not only for his own vexation and disappointment but also for the "discomfort, vexation and upset suffered by the whole family". And of course, a hotel or tour operator can be prosecuted under the Trades Description Act in a magistrates' court and on conviction can be ordered to pay compensation to the holiday maker. Fortunately the vast majority of tour operators take every care to ensure that the holiday hotels they use match up to the descriptions in their brochures. And in case of dispute many booking forms have arbitration clauses so that, in the event of a dispute, an independent arbitrator - often a solicitor appointed by the President of the Law Society - hears both sides, examines all the facts and then gives his decision.

Air safety has today reached a high standard, yet, regrettably and unhappily, disasters involving aircraft still occur. What then is the legal outcome of a fatal air crash as it affects dependents? The Warsaw Convention - an international agreement to which most countries with airlines have subscribed - limits the maximum damages a carrier is legally obliged to pay in respect of injury to any one passenger to just under £7,000. If a person thinks this sum is insufficient the answer is to buy travel insurance which will give extra cover.

PARISH NEWS

ELECTION NOMINATIONS

There will be an Election for the Parish Council. The following is a list of the candidates as issued by the Returning Officer:

ADAMS, Roy. West Buckland Farm.
 DAYMENT, Richard John. Lower Aunemouth Farm, Bantham.
 GROSE, David William Peter. Kennedy, Thurlestone.
 HURRELL, Peter William James. Woodlands, West Buckland.
 MCGINN, Susan Louisa. 9 Parkfield, Thurlestone.
 STIDSTON, Geoffrey Lionel. Court Park Farm, Thurlestone.
 STOCKEN, Rosemary Sylvia. Mariners, Thurlestone.
 YEOMAN, Derrick James. 8, Parkfield, Thurlestone

+ + + + +

For the DISTRICT COUNCIL there will also be an Election. A list of the candidates as issued:

GROSE, David William Peter.
 MCGINN, Susan Louisa.
 THOMAS, Jack. (of South Milton)

+ + + + +

The ELECTION will be held on 5th MAY
 You can vote for SEVEN in all for the Parish Council and only ONE for the District Council.

With 'THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH HAMS' proposals and the local plans for parishes facing us all this year, it is vital that you make every effort to VOTE !

A number of contributions have been unavoidably held over to the next issue. My apologies. Editor.

W.R.V.S. TRAINING COURSE IN EMERGENCY WELFARE.

Mrs Hancock, the County Emergency Welfare Organiser asks for publicity for a TRAINING COURSE to be held at the Memorial Hall, St. Anne's Chapel commencing on THURSDAY 28th APRIL 1983 at 10.30 a.m. There will be six sessions of approximately two hours each on successive Thursdays with the final one being a field exercise. The programme covers
 The Role of the W.R.V.S
 Rest Centre Management
 Emergency Feeding
 Clothing in Emergencies
 Information point training.
 Map reading, etc.

It is hoped that the Course may be of interest, especially to members of any Emergency Committee.

+ + + + +

APPRECIATION

The Parish Council Chairman, Mr Peter Hurrell, on behalf of the Council and parishioners chose the final council meeting on the 19th. April, to present to Mr Eric Stidston, in appreciation for his 40 years service with the Council, Eric Hemery's book 'High Dartmoor', suitably inscribed by Mr Ken Court.

+ + + + +

FELLING OF THE BEECH TREE AT THE LEASIDE DEVELOPMENT

The Parish Council have received a letter from Mr M.S.Carpenter, the District Council Director of Planning: "It is not disputed that the developer cleared the tree without consent and therefore contravened the requirements of the Tree Preservation Order, however, my Planning Committee's practice, supported by Government advice, is generally not to prosecute when the Committee would have granted consent in any case....I am satisfied that the procedures followed by the Committee were proper and that the Ombudsman could not find against the Council for mal-administration."

A TALE OF YESTERDAY . .

The Public Footpath

- - by EILEEN GRANT - -

Little did I dream, that afternoon last February, whilst walking along the road to Whitley Farm, that the signpost "Public Footpath" by the old gate would stir such long-forgotten memories. I opened the gate, and began my journey.....

It was over fifty years since I had walked across that field to the chestnut tree. I stood there for a moment, and once again saw my grandmother spreading the white tablecloth beneath it, and laying out scones and blackcurrant pies. It was a special treat to have our tea there in the shade on a hot summer's day.

I walked on, with a feeling of elation, to the cottage where I was born. The home of my grandparents, Eliza and Sidney Foot, and their five children.

The cottage is empty and derelict now; but in the winter sunshine it looked proud and beautiful. The porch is still there - although it was on the front doorstep beneath it, where my sister and I used to sit as children, threading brightly coloured beads and blowing pieces of swansdown to the wind. My Aunt was the village dressmaker, and she made dresses, often decorated with beads, for the "well-to-do" ladies of the parish.

Did the spring water continue to run over the mossy stone into the trough, where my grandmother filled the shining galvanised buckets for their daily water supply?....Did she, I wonder, milk some of the cows before or after she got the children ready for their long walk to Thurlestone School?

I gazed across the garden - corrugated roof of the "privvy" remained - the buckets and wooden bench long-since gone, I suspect. The shape of the garden is still there - how hard my grandfather had worked, with a hook or a ring attached to the stump of his severed hand; but I remember too, how happy they all were.

On I went to South Milton, the way my Aunts did long ago to meet their future husbands.....

I hope more public footpaths will be restored to bring back other memories of yesterday!

COMMUNITY CARE

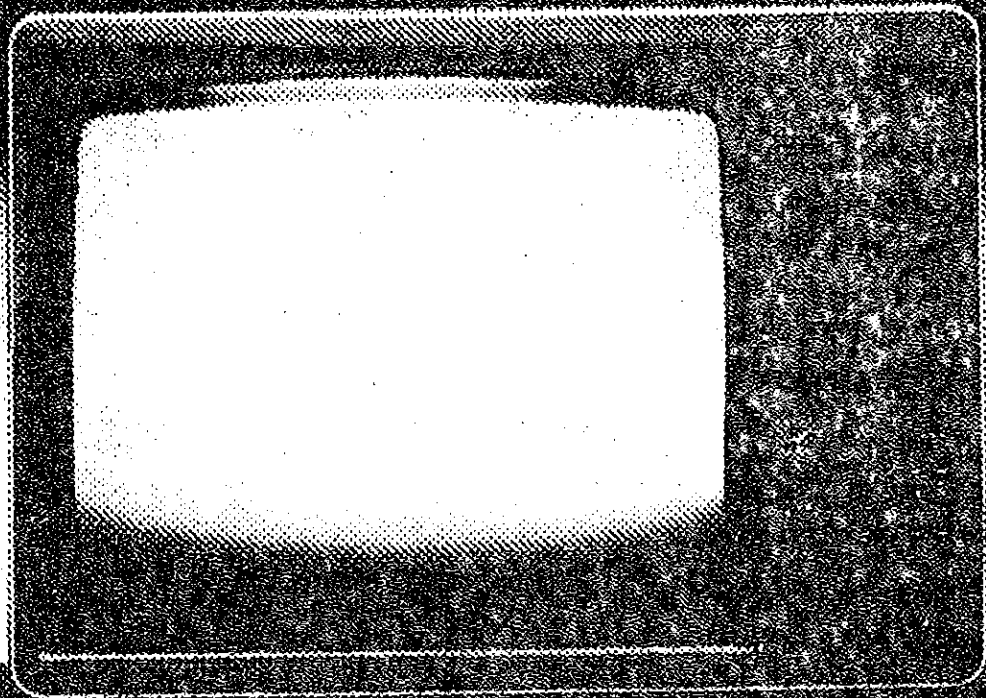
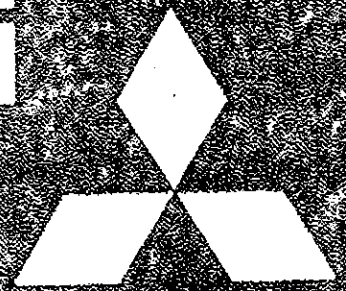
Grateful thanks for the 3 ladies who accepted the job of "cook" for Meals on Wheels during June Jeffery's school holiday - Mrs Stuart, Mrs Farnworth and Mrs Delves. And to the drivers, who not only came prepared as usual to do the deliveries, but suddenly found themselves having to help carve the joint and spoon out the gravy at the last minute in order to get the meals out in time. And while those of you are still smacking your lips over these delicious home-produced meals, it is worth mentioning that, almost unbelievably, I am told ^{the} we receive from the County Council only 14¹/₂p per person to cook the Meals on Wheels. Enough perhaps to buy a

couple of sausages? Yet with the added numbers of about 45 schoolchildren, careful budgeting, bulk buying and a lot of ingenuity, I am sure you will agree she produces some amazingly good meals for that small sum.

Looking forward to the summer holidays, it would be much appreciated if a few more kind souls would volunteer to cook a meal for the Meals on Wheels service then. During the Easter holidays of three weeks, we had 3 volunteers. In the summer holidays we need about 7 volunteers. Please help if you can.

R.S.

Mitsubishi Electric



As anyone who has looked into the Mitsubishi reputation will agree, you'll see none better. Of that, we're certain.

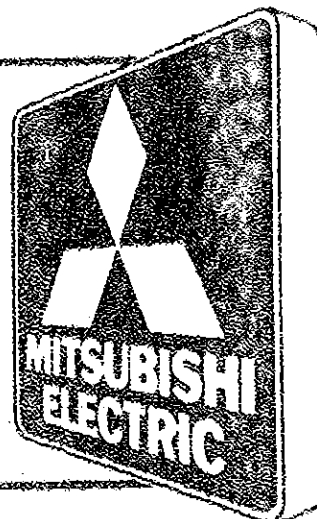
Superb colour televisions and video recorders. Come in and find out more, with Mitsubishi, you're guaranteed to improve your image.

CHECK MITSUBISHI'S TV & AUDIO REPUTATION
WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN.



Pritchard & Sons
15 Fore St.

Kingsbridge Tel: 3116



Advertising in Village Voice

This Magazine is distributed FREE every two months to the 400 homes in and around the Parish of Thurlestone, fully covering Thurlestone itself, Bantham, East and West Buckland and a limited circulation in South Milton Parish (where it is not free, however !). It is estimated that through relatives and friends the readership is in the region of 2,000.

With the next issue - for JULY/AUGUST - we commence a new six issue (1 year) period. The amount of advertising is restricted to covering the cost of production and (hopefully) repairs and renewals to equipment. If you wish to renew your advertisement for this new period - or you are interested in taking space for the first time - JUST GET IN TOUCH ON THURLESTONE 533.

There is surely no cheaper way of keeping your name and the goods and services you have to offer before all these readers. We are already half way to our target for this new period - so don't delay.

THE COST: FULL PAGE. Either a ready printed A4 sheet for pinned insertion - £12 per issue - or an electronic stencil of your publicity matter - £14. A SPECIAL RATE FOR THE SIX ISSUES - £55 - plus electronic stencil work where necessary at £2 per stencil.

HALF PAGE: £7 per issue - £30 for six issues - plus cost of electronic stencil.

QUARTER PAGE: £4 per issue - £20 for six issues - plus cost of electronic stencil.

EIGHTH PAGE: Just £2.50 per issue - £12 for six issues plus cost of electronic stencil.

The Editor will be happy to discuss with you anything relating to advertising in Village Voice.

The views and opinions expressed in the pages of 'Village Voice' are those of the contributors absolutely & should not be construed in any way as being the views and opinions of any member of Thurlestone Parish Council

DISTRICT COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Telephone: THURLESTONE 269.

"Little Thatch"
South Milton,
Kingsbridge,
Devon TQ7 3JU.

Dear Parishioner,

I often feel the position of a District Councillor can be likened to a Circus tight-rope walker, the officers of the council providing the policy balancing pole ! It is, however, often difficult to maintain one's balance due to the conflicting views (not often publicised) which can arise in any community.

I have turned out the pamphlet I put out before the last election, and I quote the following six points from it:

- (1) I am an independent, as I do not believe politics should enter in any great degree into local affairs.
- (2) I believe Parish Councils should be given some powers on the question of: (i) development within the parish; (ii) The allocation of Council houses within their parish.
- (3) The amenities of the South Hams should be protected.
- (4) Keeping expenditure within reasonable limits to prevent any increase in Rates without there being, in the long term, a saving in capital costs.
- (5) Ensuring development of industry within recognised industrial areas, to ensure that young people are kept within the locality, and also that adequate housing is provided for them.
- (6) Ensuring that parish boundaries are kept as at present.

I have endeavoured to carry out these undertakings, but I admit not always with success. I am still fighting for parishes to be given a greater say in local housing allocations, and as far as planning matters are concerned I have been successful in overturning recommendations of planning officers.

It takes two years to become a fully effective member of the District Council and gain a position of real influence. I have finished up with the following duties:

- (i) Deputy Chairman of the Planning Committee.
- (ii) Member of the Policy and Resources Committee. (The policy forming Committee of the Council)
- (iii) Member of the Leisure and Recreation Committee.

I represent the Council on the following outside bodies:

- (i) South West Arts.
- (ii) Dartington Arts Society
- (iii) Special Project for Landscape Action in the South Hams (SPLASH).
- (iv) Joint Consultative Careers Committee (Western Area).

I feel with the experience I have gained I can be an effective representative for the Thurlestone Ward, especially as the document "The Future of the South Hams" (covering the next decade) has just been published. (Available from the District Council Offices at £2.30). This will be followed by the publication of draft Local Plans which will be presented for discussion to all relevant parishes in the late summer.

I am, therefore, offering myself for re-election, and I hope I can have your support. I shall be pleased to visit any parishioner who has any specific queries, or attend any meetings. My telephone number is as above.

Yours very sincerely,

JACK V. THOMAS.

We do Lots of things

AT SCHOOL

x x x x

Well the first thing
I want to talk about is
School Dinners. You get Soggy
Semolina sometimes and
awful Dumplings. But when
its a sunny day you get
Salad that is very delicious

Maths are very intreteng and
good. English is all right.

I Like doing reading roots.

I enjoy Lisetening to Our
Story which is called robin

Hood. This is read by Mr
battell. Mr battell tells us to
paint a picture about our
Story then he put the better
ones on the display board.

On Friday we sometimes
go down to the beach and
on thwrsday we do P.E
and on Tuseday we do
games. Games we play ave
hokey or net ball or skittle
ball.

Country dancing is all right
when you are put to dance

With a girl me and Gabrielle
When we are put out go like
this: We kind of bounce up
and down and Turn around
it is fun. every year we have
a May fair and Sometimes we
have to do country dancing

Emily Grose

Did you See?

The Torbay Ratepayers & Amenities
Association claim there are too
many chiefs and not enough indians
on the South West Water Authority.

According to this Association there
are currently 1,208 'white collar'
workers to 1,078 'manual' workers.
Again, according to the Association
is the claim that of 64 of those
'white collar' workers, 27 earn
between £14,000 and £16,000 a year,
14 between £16,000 and £18,000,
9 between £18,000 and £20,000 and
12 get more than £20,000. That
little share out comes to more than
one million pounds a year - just
for 64! Even a 5% increase in
salary would give the 'lowest' paid
another £700 a year.

No doubt such salary scales go on
all over the country in Local
Government and Water Authorities.
No wonder the Old Age Pensioners
have to be 'rationed' to something
around £60 or so for the yearly
increase next November!

+ + + + +

Did you see.....the piece about
the business man who kept three
sets of books...one for himself,
one for his partners and one for
the Tax Office. I have to wonder
if he used to work in a Government
Department calculating the figure
for inflation - for most people I
meet find it very difficult to
credit the so called 'fall' in
inflation with the inflation which
goes on in shop prices - can you?

+ + + + +

"State of the Countryside 1982"
catalogues a long list of prob-
-lems facing England's 10 million
country dwellers. It high lights
the decline of rented accommodation
in rural areas and large scale
residential developments which are
swamping rural communities.

+ + + + +

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW

THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL WILL BE
HELD IN THE PARISH HALL AT 7.30 pm
ON TUESDAY 10th MAY 1983. DO COME.

In Addition to :-

his ELECTION ADDRESS, Mr Jack Thomas has asked for the following addenda thereto:

DISTRICT COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY

At the last Election I stood as an Independent, although people knew I supported the Conservatives, as I believed District Council's should be non-political.

I am still of the same opinion but since my address printed in this publication it has become evident to me that the next Council will be political.

After careful thought I have decided that unless I joined a political group I could not effectively influence decisions which could affect this area. I have, therefore, decided to stand as a Conservative.

If I am again elected let me assure parishioners of other political parties that I shall not only look after their interests on local issues, but be in a better position to do so.

As an Independent I feel I should be a 'lone wolf' crying in the wilderness.

JACK V. THOMAS

The Gypsy population

in England is smaller than at first thought, according to a review carried out by the Department of the Environment.

There are between 7,000 and 8,000 gypsy families with a total of some 30,000 gypsies. It had previously been estimated that there were 8,000 to 9,000 families with 40,000 to 50,000 gypsies in total. The fall in total numbers is because gypsy families are smaller than previously estimated.

These revised figures do not imply any change in site provision since this relates to the number of caravans requiring authorised sites.

"Be Happy" Charity Group BINGO SESSIONS

MAY 4th. THURLESTONE for Muscular Dystrophy

MAY 18th. CHURCHSTOW for South Hams Hospital

JUNE 1st.. THURLESTONE for M.D

JUNE 15th. CHURCHSTOW for S.H.Hosp

JUNE 29th. THURLESTONE for M.D.

+++++

Finest Quality POTATOES

WHITES OR REDS
ONE BAG OR MORE
DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR

KEENEST MARKET PRICE

J O H N D A Y M E N T

LOWER AUNEMOUTH FARM, BANTHAM

Tel. THURLESTONE 295

ROAD SAFETY

People put themselves at risk by their own thoughtlessness. People are also put at risk by the thoughtlessness of others. Consider the following situations for accident potentials:

- * people using lanes on foot after dark without making themselves conspicuous.
- * mud allowed to accumulate on lanes, particularly bends.
- * bad parking in villages, particularly at night.
- * the use at night of unlit agricultural vehicles.
- * Children inexperienced in horse riding unsupervised on roads.
- * children allowed to play in the road or cycle at night without lights.

Nicholas

HAIR & BEAUTY

Thurlestone Hotel Country Club
THURLESTONE

Telephone: Thurlestone 382 (Ext 169)

Beauty Therapy

SALON OPEN TO
NON CLUB MEMBERS

FULL FACIAL WITH MAKE UP

This treatment includes: cleansing and a 20 minute facial, neck, chest and shoulder massage, a face mask and a day/evening make up with advice.

FULL FACIAL WITHOUT MAKE UP

As above but without make-up.

CLEANSING

Facial cleansing with or without make-up and advice.

EYELASH TINT

This gives the eyelashes the appearance of wearing mascara, and will last for 4-6 weeks. A choice of three colours: Brown, Blue or Black.

EYEBROW TINT

Gives a more natural appearance to the eyebrows than eyebrow pencil, lasts for 4-6 weeks.

EYEBROW RESHAPE/TIDY

Enhance your appearance by having your eyebrows shaped to suit your face.

WAXING

The ideal way to remove unwanted hair temporarily from the face or body, regrowth is fine and soft and appears in 4-5 weeks depending on the type of hair removed.

ELECTROLYSIS This is the only permanent method of hair removal. A needle is inserted into the hair follicle and by passing a small electric current through the needle, the hair root is cauterized.

MANICURE

Treatment of the finger nails and cuticles including a relaxing hand and arm massage.

PEDICURE

Treatment of the toe nails and cuticles, aids in the removal of hard skin. Includes a relaxing foot and leg massage.

QUICKSLIM

Lose inches in 1½ hours. The body is covered in a special Gel and wrapped tightly in bandages, then for 1½ hours whilst you relax, the treatment will start to break down the subcutaneous layer of fat, causing it to disperse into the Lymphatic system where it is removed from the body as waste leaving a trimmer thinner you.

SLENDERTONE

A passive form of exercise, it reduces unwanted inches effortlessly by toning and tightening up flabby muscles. A course of treatments is advisable to achieve maximum results.

FULL BODY MASSAGE

Treat yourself to a superb relaxing massage toning the muscles and improving circulation.

EAR PIERCING

Including 9 ct. gold studs. Quick, hygienic

it did have a late trim, but being a thorn hedge it will grow again thicker and better for its out. If our hedges were not cut back, it would mean less road for the cars, and visitors do not like keeping in close to the hedges when passing other cars, and they come in their numbers through the summer months.

Living on a farm I see no shortage of wild life, insects, birds taking up their nesting places, places and feeding well. Flowers coming into bloom as the seasons progress. Every householder trims his hedge to keep it neat, thick and tidy - so why not the farmer?

Farmers' wife Says:
..From Mrs Eileen Dayment of Bantham:

As a farmers wife I feel I must reply to the letter in the Kingsbridge Gazette (18.3.83) from Susan McGinn headed "Time for Hedge Preservation Order", referring to the flail hedge trimmer.

After reading her comments, I took special note of the hedges as I went along, and saw the fresh young shoots coming on, lambs tails hanging down and trees budding after their winter trim to tell us that Spring is here once more. As for the hedge at West Alvington hill,

David Grose
Kennedy
Thurlestone

Dear Elector,

South Hams District Council Election 5th May 1983

During the last few weeks it has become known that the "new" South Hams District Council will adopt a Party Political stance. This is a great sadness to me and it was an important factor which has led me to ask you to vote for me as your representative on the South Hams District Council on 5th May. I am 38 years old, my wife is called Scilla and I have two children; Matthew aged 10 and Emily aged 8. I work at the Thurlestone Hotel which has been owned and managed by my family for nearly 100 years.

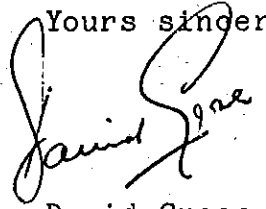
I am very concerned for the future of our District and over the next ten years this will depend in no small measure on the District Plan which has just been published by the South Hams District Council. The policies adopted by the Council to achieve the objectives in the plan must be conceived with imagination and deal sympathetically with local issues. This purpose is not best served by the introduction of party politics to your District Council. The "party line" was designed for the national interest and for the politics of Westminster and its relevance to local affairs is purely accidental. I am therefore standing for election to the South Hams District Council as an independent candidate. In other words my loyalties are primarily to the people of the South Hams and it is their interests which must come before the sectional divisiveness of Party Politics.

It has often been mentioned that the average age of the Councillors on the South Hams District Council is high. Some may say too old, others that the experience of older people is an advantage. I believe that experience is only valuable if it is relevant. Although relatively young, I can bring very relevant experience and expertise to the South Hams District Council in the area of Tourism and its development. The District Plan devotes a great deal of time and space to Tourism but its conclusions are disappointing and in some cases destructive and negative. This is because the whole subject of Tourism is not properly understood in this District and yet its economic, environmental and social implications have and will continue to have a profound effect on everyone who lives in the South Hams. To ignore tourism or to adopt an "anti tourist" mentality will only increase the problems of unemployment and cause ecological, environmental and social damage.

/cont.....

As I have mentioned earlier, I work for my living and so the time available to me for District Council work must be limited. I believe, however, that if I am elected I shall be able to give the time necessary so that the best interests of the people of West Alvington, Thurlestone and South Milton are carefully represented on the South Hams District Council. If elected I would endeavour to serve as a member of the District Council in a constructive and impartial manner and to protect the values that the people of the District admire.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'David Grose', written in a cursive style.

David Grose

Published by Mr D W P Grose
Kennedy
Thurlestone

DISTRICT COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th May 1983

Telephone: Thurlestone 204.

9, Parkfield,
Thurlestone,
Kingsbridge.

Dear Elector,

I am standing as a candidate in the Thurlestone Ward in the South Hams District Council Election on May 5th. I believe that healthy Local Government is vital to democracy. Up until now, the South Hams District Council has been far too complacent. Our district needs a more energetic approach to begin to solve its problems.

HOUSING

Housing is crucial to us all. Provision must be made for local people and their children to continue to live in their own parishes and village communities. I will fight for the restoration of the Housing Department.

PLANNING AND THE ENVIRONMENT

Development within our villages and towns should be sensitive to the needs of our people and the local environment. For too long, the developers seem to have had their own way, despite vigorous protests from individuals, Parish Councils and other bodies. I believe there should be stricter controls on development and propose that South Hams District Council should take positive steps to protect, conserve and renew the natural environment, especially our hedges, banks and trees. Social and recreational facilities should be expanded to meet the demands of all sections of the community.

TRANSPORT

I am committed to the preservation and extension of local public transport, subsidised where necessary, to provide effective services which must cater for the needs of people in the rural communities, with concessionary bus fares for the elderly.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

We all have a responsibility to the people of the South Hams who are seeking jobs. As a councillor, I would support the development of co-operatives, small businesses and community enterprises in order to create these jobs.

This present Government has forced local councils to make savage cuts in services by tightening the purse strings of public spending. These cuts have affected you in the South Hams. It is time for the balance of representation on the District Council to change. For too long the interests of the people who live and work in this area have been largely ignored. Change can be achieved by electing those who believe that the well being of the district depends upon the elimination of poverty and bad housing and the provision of adequate social services, transport and amenities.

I am forty years old, was born and brought up in Thurlestone and went to school here and in Kingsbridge. I have two children, a son aged seventeen and a daughter aged nine. I teach at West Alvington Primary School. I am one of several members of the South Hams Labour Party standing in the elections throughout the district. While in the past I have agreed that politics should not be a part of local government, I now believe that we need a planned, common-sense and caring commitment in the South Hams. We in the Labour Party have just that in the principles outlined above, and that is why I am standing as a Labour Candidate.

The South Hams District Council must be sensitive to the needs and wishes of our village communities and their Parish Councils, and if elected I shall do my very best as part of an energetic and forward looking team, to ensure that your voice is heard.

Please vote for me on May 5th.

Sincerely, SUSAN MCGINN

Selenium ACE - Rare Relief indeed!

Writing in the March/April issue I reported on an article concerning a trial carried out by the Arthritics Association with Selenium ACE tablets, in which it was declared that some seven out of ten of their worst afflicted members had gained 'considerable relief'. My wife, who has an artificial left hip joint has developed a chronic right knee problem, which her doctor confirmed as osteo arthritis after it became too painful to put her foot to the ground, and immediate physiotherapy was essential and enabled her to get around again with some pain and effort. After reading the article on Selenium she decided they were worth a trial, and after a two months period she considers they have given her rare relief indeed, and she now goes walking normally with her dog!

I wrote to the manufacturers, Messrs Wassen International Ltd., of Walton-on-Thames who replied..."We are delighted to hear your wife is finding a measure of relief from pain in only 47 days. We are afraid that we can make no claims for Selenium-ACE whatsoever, whereas you as a journalist, are free to say what you like, but it is reported to us and from letters we receive, most relief for this condition is found after taking Selenium-ACE for three to six months. We are sorry to say that as this produce is providing nutritional supplementa-tion, continuous use would be necessary to maintain any improvement..."

They enclosed a book "Selenium - the facts about this essential mineral" by Alan Lewis and published by Thorsons Publishers Ltd., Wellingborough, Northants. The price is not marked on the book - it is a 'paper' back and I would guess around £2. Before anyone rushes into taking the Selenium ACE tablets they should write off for a copy of this book, which states "Research over many years has shown that in areas where selenium deposits are high and selenium rich foods are included in the diet, heart disease and cancer are virtually unknown, and inhabitants enjoy exceptionally long and active lives. It gives a fascinating background to this substance as well as vital information about the role selenium offers in a balanced diet."

I speak only of the benefit one person appears to have received for an arthritic knee condition. I don't personally believe in magic 'cure-alls' - but I am now testing out a course of the tablets for my own creaking knees! At 70 plus one must never expect too much - but it is not a drug but a mineral supplement with added vitamins A, C and E.

D.W.D.

PROBUS

The monthly luncheon held in the Thurlestone Hotel on the 11th March was followed by a most interesting talk on "Our Winter Birds". The speaker, Mr Harry Huggins with his relaxed style, supported by an excellent series of slides, which indicated a high degree of photographic skill and not a little patience, gave his most appreciative audience a truly comprehensive picture of winter bird life in our area. On the 8th. April "Tubby" Tyas gave an admirable lecture, with coloured slides, of his trip around India.

Members are reminded that it is their responsibility to telephone the Secretary (Thurlestone 656) if they are not attending the monthly meeting, on THE WEDNESDAY BEFORE, in order that the Hotel may have a reasonably accurate number for catering purposes.

NEVILLE C. OSWALD. Chairman.

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Table d'Hôte

LUNCHEON

Various Fruit Juices
or
Creme Du Barry

Deep Fried Fillet of Plaice with
Tartare Sauce, Lemon and French
Fried Potatoes

or

Roast Half of Spring Chicken with
Stuffing

or

Beef Salad

Buttered Savoy Cabbage
Turnip au Gratin
Roast Potatoes

Dutch Apple Cake & Custard Sauce
or
Various Ices

Three Courses £3.25
Two Courses £2.95
Main Course £2.50

All inclusive of VAT @ 15%

LUNCHEON

Various Fruit Juices
or
Cream of Vegetable

Deep Fried Cod in Batter, Tartare
Sauce, Lemon and French Fried
Potatoes

or

Vol-au-Vent of Chicken, Ham and
Mushroom

or

Melton Mowbray Pie Salad

Buttered Savoy Cabbage
Saute Potatoes
Parsnips Provinoale

Mandarin Cherry Gateau
or
Various Ices

Three Courses £3.25
Two Courses £2.95
Main Course £2.50

All inclusive of VAT @ 15%

Thurlestone Hotel



Tel. Thurlestone 382

A Thunder Storm

.. inspires both awe and fear in many of us, and as with most things which are feared and held in awe there has gradually accumulated a great wealth of folklore and superstition. It is often difficult to disentangle the fact from the myth.

Lightening may remain within the cloud, or it may streak across the sky between two clouds, or it may discharge to earth. The point at which lightening strikes the earth is normally the highest point above the ground at that point. People standing at a high exposed point in a thunder storm are at risk, as are those sheltering beneath tall trees. It is very much safer to shelter under a tree in a wood than under an isolated tree or under a small clump of trees.

One old saying advises you to stand beneath an ash tree in a storm, as lightening never strikes an ash! Another confers this immunity on the oak. Elm and elder are said to be immune, and a holly tree planted near the house is also said to protect it from lightening. Unfortunately you are no safer under these trees in a thunder storm, than under any other species of tree.

Hawthorn is another superstitious safeguard, as are nettles, which should be thrown on the fire during the storm. According to another myth, coal dug from under a mugwort planted on Midsummer Eve, protects the bearer from lightening. Unfortunately, the saying that lightening never strikes twice in the same place is not true. One Cornish Church has been struck six times since the 17th century. Also in various parts of the world there are what are known as lightening nests - areas where lightening has struck again and again. This attraction to a small area may be due to underground water, electric cables, geological faults or certain mineral deposits.

Don't worry too much - pull the bedclothes over your head and say a paternoster - and allow swallows to build under the eaves - or plant a fern, stonecrop or a houseleek on your roof - though you must plant the latter in cow-manure!

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R. R. PENWELL
BARTON BROW
THURLESTONE
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--- 398 ---



Avon Mill Garden Centre

WOODLEIGH ROAD, LODDISWELL.
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...and...

The Garden Shop

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= = =

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ESTIMATES FREE

PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Telephone: Thurlestone 375

Kennedy,
Thurlestone.

Dear Parishioner,

You were kind enough to consider me as a candidate worthy of a place on your Parish Council when I stood in the By-Election on 25th September, 1980.

At that time there were several matters highlighted in the Parish Appraisal which required commonsense action. One of these matters remains of major concern and that is housing in the parish. There is a real need for economical housing to allow young people to set up home in their birthplace or near their place of work. It is vital to the future of the Parish that the new generation is not continued to be forced out.

We are all aware of the development taking place at Leaside/Merchants Field, which the Parish Council fought hard to prevent. It is now a reality and we must try to ensure that the landscaping proposals insisted on by the Planning Authority are adhered to.

The South Hams District Council has recently published the results of its researches into Parish Appraisals and also a Paper called "The Future of the South Hams". These research papers will form the basis of five Area Plans which are yet to be revealed. They will cover Dartmouth, Ivybridge, Kingsbridge, Modbury and Totnes and will form the basis of the South Hams District Councils' policy for the next decade.

We must all remember how badly judged were the last long term plans from local government and must be ready to resist any plans which may not be in the best interests of our parish.

The Village of Thurlestone must consider urgently ways and means to bypass the narrow village main street before anyone gets hurt by the increasing volume of motor traffic.

I believe that the Parish Council should be more directly responsible for planning in the Parish so that local opinion can be more democratically considered, and that on all local issues the Parish Council has a most important role to play. If you should favour me with your vote I undertake to continue to serve to the best of my ability in the best interests of our Parish.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID GROSE.

PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Tel: Thurlestone 247

West Buckland Farm,
West Buckland.

Dear Parishioners,

Having had the opportunity to serve the Parish for approximately 14 years, of which I attended every meeting but one, I am pleased to have been proposed for another term. I would like to thank those of you who have supported me in the past and ask for your support again on the 5th May. Please vote for ADAMS.

I will endeavour to assist in any way to the needs and wishes of the parish, and to protect the environment and be concerned for the parishioners.

I opposed the selling of the prefab-site, where Council Houses should have been built. I pressed for the Island View new houses and the bungalows at Parkfield for Senior Citizens, and I am strongly in favour of some more building in the parish if a suitable site can be found, for working class homes or sites for first-time owners to build their own homes.

I am strongly against the waste of Ratepayers money and petty interference.

To newcomers to the area, I welcome them to this lovely old parish that we and our ancestors have created, and hope that you will respect the wishes of those who have lived here most or all of their lives when you propose making changes.

As we all know, time marches on, and we have to advance with the times. Some things are done that don't appear to be in keeping at the time, i.e. making a new building site, or a new road, or making a road a little safer by straightening a bend for a better view or removing corners at road junctions. All of these look ugly when first started and in fact, before starting, to some people, but with a little patience the new will blend with the old and in the future will be justly appreciated.

I promise that I will do my best for you if you will do your best for me.

Please vote for me, Roy Adams, on May 5th at Thurlestone School or May Cottage, West Buckland.

Yours sincerely,

ROY ADAMS.

Kendall McDonald

TELLS THE STORY

OF A

GALLANT
RESCUE

AS READERS of earlier editions will know - 'cos I told you - I have long been planning to find out all the ghastly secrets hanging from our family tree. To date, as those same readers will know, I haven't got very far because I have been a bit distracted by things like smuggling and my grandmother's possible connection with it.

In fact, if you want me to be completely honest, I have only discovered one thing - that my grandfather, Lor Lumme Hill, was born at Frogmore. It's not easy to find out things like that you know. To do it I had to ring up Scotland Yard and give them his Metropolitan Police pension number and then they did the rest. Good at tracking things down are those lads and lassies at Scotland Yard. Told me where grandfather served too...and when..and, do you know, he wasn't making up all those stories he used to spin about Jack the Ripper. Well, he was in the right area anyway.

The trouble with research is that you get side-tracked very easily. and so I did. I was poking about in the newspaper archives for the late 1800's and, lor lumme, I suddenly saw the name "Thurlestone" leaping out of a page right at me, and I was off on a story of heroism, which had nothing to do with my grandfather's attempts to capture the Ripper singlehanded.

WRECK AT THURLESTONE

GALLANT RESCUE BY COASTGUARD MEN

On Saturday evening a calamitous wreck occurred close by Thurlestone rock, a German brigantine, the Theodore of Hamburg, 160 tons, laden with cotton seed and similar dry goods, from Barcelona for Harwich, being driven ashore and the bow lies embedded in the sands. It appears that the vessel lost her port of buoyance with captain, mate, and four hands, and experienced on her way very heavy weather, which increased in violence on her entrance into the chop of the channel. During a storm on Wednesday last the mate, assisted by two of the men, was midships, endeavouring to secure the boat, which by the violence of the waves had been knocked

NOW READ ON-----



THE KENDALL McDONALD STORY CONTINUES:::

So, STAND UP anyone who can claim Joseph Urell, John B. Scantlebury, James Pengilly, Isaac Whitelock, Jonathan Miller or James Ash, among their forebears. If so you should be proud of your family, for those men carried out a rescue the like of which has not been seen in Thurlestone Bay from that day to this. Let me tell you what happened....

The date was Saturday February 14th 1874. Conditions at sea had been appalling for nearly a week. Huge waves pounded on Thurlestone Sands and spray from the racing seas shot right over the top of the Rock. It seemed the wind would never stop.

On land there was great excitement in Kingsbridge and all around. Not only was a General Election campaign well under way - a week later the Conservatives were to throw out Gladstone and win a majority of 50 seats - but there was also much ado about a possible railway link with Kingsbridge from Dartmouth with a branch line to Salcombe, which would leave the main line at North Charleton and cross the estuary by a bridge.

The 'Kingsbridge Gazette' wisely feared that "Mr. Disraeli will not see his way so clearly as Mr. Gladstone to abolish the iniquitous and inquisitorial Income Tax", and added even more wisely "the government, whichever it may be, which will give the happy despatch to that odious and vexatious impost will earn the lasting gratitude of the nation.

Not that Income Tax was the only topic of conversation. There was a first-class scandal in the air. And a letter, which appeared as an advertisement, was addressed to Mr. Furneaux Heimer of Stokenham, was dated February 11th, 1874, and read:

" Sir,

Having at the Market Ordinary, at the King's Arms Hotel, Kingsbridge, on Wednesday, the 15th day of October last, inadvertently made use of an

VILLAGE VOICE

observation reflecting on the character of your wife in consequence of a rumour from an unreliable source, I beg to withdraw such observation and to apologise, and to express my regret for having made it, and you are at liberty to make any use of this letter.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

ROBERT BOURNE "

Presumably the whole town and all the surrounding villages knew what Mr Bourne called Mrs Heimer. It seems a shame that we never shall !

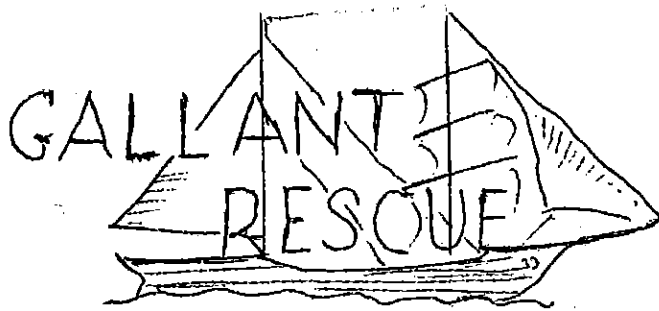
However, out at sea while all this was going on there was a very different kind of excitement - a matter of life and death. The German brigantine Theodore, of 160 tons, laden with cotton seed and dye-woods, was battling her way from Barcelona in Venezuela towards Hamburg.

The voyage had gone badly right from the very beginning with storm following storm. When she reached the entrance to the Channel, the winds had gone berserk. Fighting to keep their ship afloat were the captain, mate and four hands.

On the Wednesday, the mate together with two of the crew dragged themselves amidships to try and secure the ship's boat which had been knocked clean out of her chocks, and was in danger of going over the side. The men heaved and strained and were making little impression when a huge wave struck the ship and carried away not only the boat, but the two men from the mate's side. The same wave took away the bowsprit, the mainsail, the forestay sail, all the attached gear and the starboard anchor with 15 fathoms of chain.

It had been a monstrous wave and when the mate went to report to the captain who had been at the wheel, he found the wheel spinning aimlessly and no sign of the captain.

At first the mate could not believe it and searched all over the ship for the captain until



THE KENDALL McDONALD STORY - 3

until finally he was convinced that the same wave had carried away the captain too. Now the mate was in command.

Not that he had much luck even though he had escaped being swept overboard. He found the ship's chronometer had stopped, no sextant sights had been taken since the storm had started and he had little idea of where he was. Still he took the wheel and stayed there for two successive days and nights until he saw what he thought was Lizard Point. It was in fact Bolt Tail.

The mate put the ship on another tack and when Stoke Point loomed up realised that he was embayed. He could see that even if he still didn't know where he was. He tacked again and lost ground against the westerly gale.

By now the Theodore had been seen from the land - by Joseph Urell, Chief Officer of the Hope Coastguard. It was 2 p.m. The nearest lifeboat was the Salcombe one, but there was little chance of that boat making it in such wild weather. Indeed it looked madness to launch any boat into the teeth of that gale and the pounding surf.

But Urell asked his men to man a boat. He must, it seems, have been quite a man. The report of the time of the rescue puts it like this:

"Mr Urell - although the task seemed a hopeless one and death seemed almost certain - most gallantly resolved to endeavour to save the lives of the helpless ones. Appealing to his men, the noble reply of the chief boatman was 'Where you go, I'll go,' and of the others 'We'll follow'; but still one man was wanting, and a fisherman most heroically and courageously offered his services to pull the vacant oar, and these men - a forlorn hope - set out on their self-imposed mission of mercy." We know the fisherman was James Ash; presumably the others were all coastguards.

VILLAGE VOICE


Eye-witnesses of the time say that they had never seen such breakers in the bay and even if there was some shelter for the rescue boat inside Hope Cove, there was certainly no protection from the howling wind further out at sea. How the rowers managed to get close to the Theodore it is difficult to imagine, especially as she was now almost directly off Thurlestone, not Hope. But get close to her they did, one moment high in the air on the top of wave above her, the next looking up at the wallowing brigantine.

As brigantines go, the Theodore was not large, 120-feet long with a 26-foot beam, but these small vessels were common on the long ocean routes in the middle of the 19th century. It was only at the beginning of the 1900's that they began to disappear. Until then the type was very popular with shippers. She was smaller than the barques, was cheap to build, cheap to run, and could get into most small coastal ports.

But now it looked as though the Theodore had seen her last port. Urell's boat tried time and time again to get close enough for the men to jump. Finally the two seamen made it, but the mate refused to leave his ship. Whether Mr. Urell had his pistol with him or not, the reports don't make clear, but he certainly threatened to shoot the mate unless he abandoned the ship.

The mate jumped for his life and landed sprawling in the boat, which then made it to shore through the massive waves and landed safely "amid the ringing cheers" of those who had watched the rescue from the shore.

The wind now had the Theodore to itself and drove her straight towards the shore. Within minutes the ship was embedded in Thurlestone Sands close by the Rock. She did not last long of course in those seas, and soon her entire cargo of cotton seed and dye-woods were strewn along all the Thurlestone beaches.

The cotton seed was crushed to produce oil and then the residue was made into cakes as cattle food. But this cargo was ruined. The dye-wood was a different matter. It was probably a kind of sandal-wood which when soaked in alcohol produced a bright crimson dye... 

Concluding GALLANT RESCUE



The attractively-grained wood was used for cabinet making as well. In another wreck that I know of - up in the Orkneys - the islanders 'rescued' much of the fragrant wood to make beautiful carved objects and spinning wheels in particular.

So if anyone in the Thurlestone area has a beautiful spinning wheel or other locally made object of sandal wood from about 1874, well, we know where the wood came from, don't we now!

The wreck of the Theodore wasn't just a classic example of Devon men's bravery. It wasn't even important because Joseph Urell was awarded the R.N.L.I. silver medal and all the rescuers rewarded. But it was in fact this wreck which led to the foundation of the Hope Cove life-boat station, which was in operation from 1878 to 1930

As I said, the trouble with research is that you do get sidetracked so easily ... Now where was I? Oh, yes, telling you about my grandfather, Lor Lumme Hill....

End

+++++

Which is for YOU?

Unilateralism - multilateralism - like Toryism or Socialism are in reality just words conjured up by people - good, bad, clever, stupid, wise, silly people - what does that matter, for what really matters is a very simple fact...

Along with a few million English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish and most of our then Commonwealth allies, I fought a war called the '2nd. World War' - in a terrible blood, sweat and tears effort to preserve the right of our people to say what we think about everything that goes on in this country of ours - praising, condemning, living, loving, being happy - even being sad - but ABOVE ALL - BEING FREE.

How long do you think that freedom would last if we, as a nation, opted out on a unilateral basis of the 'I nuclear option'. IS there a limit to the possible price to be paid for freedom - or shall we always opt - as a nation - to defend our freedom regardless of cost?

Eastern Europe has had no chance to choose Britain has. Freedom or Serfdom - which is for you ?
D.W.D.

A Word from the Editor

VILLAGE VOICE was first conceived as a service to the community. It has from the very beginning set out to be self-supporting - and for the success of that due thanks has to be given to the businesses and hotels which advertise within its pages. So, by your support for them you will help to ensure this self-supporting situation continues!

As the Editor I feel immensely indebted to the contributors of articles and stories and sketches - who have given so willingly of their time and effort to help the magazine to be both interesting and informative. Without those contributions there is no way a village magazine could have been established.

There are many in our community who - if only they can be persuaded to - could contribute articles and stories of past and present events. Articles on gardening, fishing, sailing, surfing, football, darts - the scope is limitless. Without a continuous flow of contributions there is no way a village magazine could survive.

They do say there is nothing to be had for nothing in this world - but I would submit Village Voice comes pretty close to being something for nothing ! A 36 page issue means the 'cutting' of 36 individual stencils - of running each stencil 400 times through the duplicator - and for those 36 pages that means 14,400 revolutions of that duplicator. And then comes assembling the pages in order and hand stapling them - and finally comes distribution - where Peter Bromfield does a great job. And no one asks for or gets paid so much as 1p.

One thing I would particularly like to include in future issues is a page for 'Reader's Letters' ! That page is just waiting to hear from you ! - and you !

And, one other thing, whilst I am writing. Do bear in mind that this magazine is one of the best ways of telling people of forthcoming village events - and that too, will cost you nothing !
Editor.

Thurlestone Parish Hall

We need to raise funds for the Parish Hall, so we propose to hold a

***50-50 AUCTION SALE - SATURDAY 21ST MAY at 2-30 p.m.**

We are relying on YOU, the readers of 'Village Voice' to help us !

Have you got an item or items surplus to your requirements and which you can spare for the Sale - something perhaps which is "too good" to give to a Jumble Sale? It can be anything.....glass, china, silver, furniture, furnishings, pictures, bric-a-brac, kitchen or garden equipment (in fact anything except old beds or clothes!)

Have a good look round your home - don't forget the attic - to see what you can spare. Something for which you've got no further use might be just the thing someone else is looking for. The Hall can thus benefit and you can make some money as well. We would also welcome cakes, preserves, plants and garden produce.

A skilled professional Auctioneer, Mr G.M.Tompkins, has most kindly offered his services and the sale will be well advertised and efficiently conducted.

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FORM BELOW AND HAND IT TO:-

D.Y.OMAN, 8, PARKFIELD or A.E.SADLER, Cedar Rose,
or R. HUGHES, 5 Meadfoot

The Hall will be open to receive goods on THURSDAY EVENING 19th MAY and on FRIDAY 20th MAY, or other arrangements can be made if required (see form).

If you haven't got anything we can sell for you, do please come and join in the fun of bidding. Help to make the sale a success and keep our village's meeting-place running. IF YOU HAVE ANY QUERIES PLEASE RING THURLESTONE 436

* 50-50 means 50% of the price fetched at sale to the vendor
50% of the price fetched at sale to Hall funds

ENTRY FORM FOR PARISH HALL 50-50 AUCTION 21st. May 1983.

cut here

I wish to enter the goods listed below in the above Auction.

- (1) I shall bring the goods to the Hall on
Thursday evening 19th May - 7 to 9 pm or ☐ Please tick
Friday 20th May - 10 am to noon or 2 to 4 pm ☐ time
- (2) Please can you collect the goods from my address on (date.....
time.....)
- ITEM(S) (please give brief description) RESERVE PRICE (if
£ any)

Name..... (Please print)

Address.....

Signature.....

Date.....

☐

Please tick here if you wish to donate
whole proceeds to Parish Hall Funds .

If there is insufficient space to describe goods for sale on this form
kindly attach separate note

(This page has been donated by Thurlestone Parish Council)

Toxocara Canis and your dog

Speaking the other day with a friend of mine who has spent many years as a Veterinary Surgeon's assistant, I remarked on my dog being a bit on the 'seedy' side over the past week or so and that seemed to lead onto the subject of internal parasites in dogs.

Of all the subjects which cause anxiety to dog owners, worms can be placed at the top of the list it appears. I gathered that over the years a great deal of superstition and mythology has built up regarding the supposed symptoms caused by worms and the weird and sometimes horrific folk remedies which have at one time been used to get rid of them. There is, my friend told me, really no need for any excessive alarm. Worms do not cause a great number of the conditions which are attributed to them, and modern drugs will quite safely eliminate them without distress to the dog.

Most dogs at sometime in their lives, have worms, I gather. Usually this is during their puppyhood and at such a time you should always be alert and look for symptoms. However, it is possible for a dog that appears to be quite healthy to pass, or vomit worms and often vague symptoms of ill-health can be caused by worms.

The worms found in dogs in this country fall into two main categories; roundworms (*Toxocara Canis*) and tapeworms (*Taenia* and *Dipylidium* species). They are not blood suckers, but live on the partly digested food material in the stomach and intestine. Unless they are present in very large quantities they are unlikely to produce symptoms of illness, except in the case of young pups. Only if you see definite signs of worms should you treat the dog, and then both for his sake and in the interests of hygiene. However, if your dog appears ill, never assume that worms are the cause and commence treatment without you consult a veterinary surgeon. LMD.

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ANNUAL PARISH COUNCIL MEETING

will also be the FIRST MEETING of
the newly elected Council, will be
held in the PARISH HALL at 7.30 p.m

on TUESDAY 10th. MAY 1983

+++++

Thurlestone Church Fete

RECTORY GARDEN

SATURDAY 18th. JUNE 1983

PARISH HALL

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

FRIDAY 6th MAY 1983

at 8 p.m.

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LOCAL EVENT IN 'VILLAGE VOICE'
LET THE EDITOR HAVE DETAILS AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE FOR INCLUSION IN THE
JULY/AUGUST ISSUE.

PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Telephone: Thurlestone 607

8, Parkfield,
Thurlestone,
Kingsbridge.

Dear Parishioner,

My name is Derrick Yeoman and I have lived in the Parish for most of my life, working locally as a gardener since I left school, which means I am in contact with many of our residents during the week. This I consider necessary for a Parish Councillor in order that he can be approached about any problems which might arise.

I have always taken an active interest in Parish affairs, and I am at present a Sidesman in our Church.

Outside the parish I am an Auxiliary Coastguard attached to the Hope Cove Station, doing regular patrols around our coastline throughout the year. This also helps me as Parish Emergency Officer, as I have an understanding of the procedure with regard to a radio link should any emergency occur.

I have just completed my third term on the Parish Council, serving as Vice Chairman for the last four years. This has involved me with site meetings on planning applications and the Coastal Footpath, etc. Also I represent Thurlestone on the Avon Group of Parish Councils.

I hope you will consider that these interests make me a worthy candidate for election again this term.

To new residents, welcome to Thurlestone. If you have any problem with parish affairs or would just like to chat about the area, I will be pleased to help.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking voters for their support in the past and, if re-elected, I will continue to work for the conservation of our beautiful surroundings.

Yours sincerely,

D.J.YEOMAN.

PUBLISHED BY: Derrick James Yeoman, 8 Parkfield, Thurlestone
Kingsbridge.

PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Telephone: Thurlestone 257.

'Mariners',
Ilbert Road,
Thurlestone.

Dear Parishioner,

According to a guide on local administration the role of a Parish Councillor is one that few people want. One must have a genuine interest in the Parish and its people, its problems and general welfare, and the ability to recognise a need and if possible find the answer. It requires diligently attending meetings, listening to the views of parishioners, often which may not coincide with one's own and which may reflect perhaps a selfish minority interest and not the true interest of the Parish as a whole.

I feel there is a duty to be informed on Parish matters and to this end to mix freely and be available for advice, discussion and criticism. One may be confronted with divided issues, but must do what in one's own judgment is in the best interests of the Parish, and to share in the decision making of the Council according to one's knowledge of the issue and the motives behind it, always remembering that what may suit the present ratepaying parishioners may not necessarily suit the future generations living in the Parish.

From this rather daunting resumé of the role for which I have applied, you may indeed wonder what qualifications lead me to believe I could consider myself in the least able to represent the members of our Parish community on its Council. The answer, of course, is that I have none but a willingness and the interest to work for the benefit of the parish and to share and support the views of the majority.

I believe we are in danger of losing our "village atmosphere" and to this end I do not support any great increase in tourism or holiday accommodation.

Who has not seen the litter on the beaches and the lanes after a fine summer day, the visitors with trowel and bucket uprooting the primroses from the hedges, the felling of healthy trees and bulldozing of hedgerows to make space for "development" far beyond our present needs, the cracks on house walls due to the invasion of heavy lorries rumbling down the village roads, shaking the cottages to their foundations, or seen the wash of the power boats in the Estuary as they put the swans to flight and endanger the lives of children paddling their first canoe.

The peace and beauty which we cherish are disappearing before our eyes, and the people we encourage to come as tourists are the very people who are destroying what we value, if we have too many. It is said that one must move with the times, but I believe we have reached saturation point with tourists and holiday homes and retired persons; it seems doubtful that more of them will produce much-needed jobs for the unemployed. We need homes for young people and to encourage them to settle here with steady jobs, and we must ensure that the good things we have inherited are preserved for future generations so that their village is one of which they too can be proud. I hope that if elected I can do something to help to keep the Parish alive and thriving and give support to any scheme which would even out the balance of population so that we do not become a deteriorating, ageing community - of which I am fast becoming one!

Yours sincerely,

ROSEMARY STOCKEN

Council House Tenancy Allocations

VILLAGE VOICE has ascertained that "To qualify for any council owned property it is not necessary for a prospective tenant to even reside within the District, though they must have some identifiable need."

It appears that "It is certainly not practicable and certainly not desirable to allocate tenancies of council accommodation only to persons living within the district. Most certainly, any such action would be in direct contravention of Government wishes to increase the mobility of tenants within public sector housing. For a considerable number of years the District Council have operated a transfer and exchange scheme with other local authorities upon a voluntary basis. More recently they have agreed to participate in both the National Mobility and Tenant Exchange Scheme, which encourages the import and export of tenants between housing authorities for employment or social reasons

There is great advantage to an unemployed tenant of this District Council

being able to move to another area to obtain employment, and at the same time be certain to receive an offer of alternative Council housing almost immediately".

'Village Voice' comment is:

It would seem to be quite impracticable to allow any Parish Council to have any right to nominate a tenant while the District Council adopt such total control of tenancies. The system must operate very unfairly at times against local people with genuine entitlement facing the 'gazumping' factor of imported tenancies. Another factor is, of course, that many of the attractive council owned houses in rural areas such as Thurlestone are steadily being sold to sitting tenants - except for the Old People's bungalows - and there does appear to be a lack of local demand for such tenancies!

Walter Dee

What do you think?

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P.W. Coleman

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The Homecoming

by Brenda Steel

ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL SHORT STORY FROM THIS LOCAL WRITER

LOOKING back, of course, I have only myself to blame.

'Could I beg a bed for a few weeks,' my vagrant Aunt Laura had written from Guatemala, 'while I find a house for my old age?' Recently widowed for the second time, but with consoling Australian zinc mines from her first husband and cast-iron investments from her second, my aunt was a wealthy woman.

I, Joan Adams, church mouse, was her only relative.

'Welcome home,' I wrote back.

She duly arrived, a youthful, white-haired sixty-year-old, wearing a cream-suede suit and scarlet, high-heeled Mexican cowboy boots. The taxi over-flowed with her luggage.

Encouraged by ravishing smiles from Aunt Laura and the promise of tea from me, the silver-haired taxi-driver helped us unload suitcases and numerous boxes into my cottage. Obviously intrigued by Aunt Laura's eccentric paraphernalia, he entered delightedly into the spirit of the occasion, even taking the heavier stuff up to the spare room for us.

We had almost finished, and Aunt was whispering, "Charming man! Do you think he'll take a traveller's cheque, Joan?" when my Siamese cat, Tara, took it into her head to leap out of the airing cupboard where she hides, streak down the stairs and make a dash for the open front door. The taxi-driver, coming up the front steps with his arms round a large, loosely packed, floppy basket, unwisely took avoiding action. The basket spewed its contents into the air and, with a moan of agony, he fell and lay sprawled on my doormat, one foot twisted painfully beneath him.

"I'll phone for an ambulance," I said, after a shocked few seconds.

"Whatever for?" said my aunt. "What do you think we did for ambulances in the Mayan jungle?" She took off her exquisite suede jacket, rolled it up and placed it under the taxi-driver's head. "I'm a nurse," she said, tenderly removing his shoe.

"My taxi!" moaned its owner.

"Ssh! what is your name?" Aunt Laura asked him, soothingly.

"Hector Bone," he replied, wincing.

"Now, Mr. Bone, I'll have you bandaged and comfortable in no time. Then I'll park your taxi for you. You'll want to telephone your wife."

"I'm a widower," whispered Hector Bone through clenched teeth. "I live alone."

"In that case, you must stay here with us," said Aunt Laura immediately.

"Mustn't he, Joan?" I opened and closed my mouth. "It was your cat and my luggage. Think of his loss of earnings, Joan! It's the least we can do," she added grandly.

From that moment, Aunt Laura took complete charge. She was also a divine cook, an inspired organiser and an entertaining conversationalist. Hector Bone and his sprained ankle made good progress. So did their blossoming friendship.

"Hector's so knowledgeable," she confided, "and he's always longed passionately to travel. When Hector got to the hobbling stage, she lowered him on to the back seat of his taxi, removed the glass partition and drove him out into the country on her house-hunting trips. She bought a house within easy reach of Heathrow. They married from my cottage.

As I waved goodbye from my front steps to the taxi bearing Hector and Aunt Laura to Heathrow en route for their honeymoon in Egypt, I knew my mistake had been in not shutting up the cat!

(End)

PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Telephone: THURLESTONE 496

Woodlands,
WEST BUCKLAND,
Kingsbridge.

Ladies & Gentlemen,

I had the honour of first being elected as a member of Thurlestone Parish Council in May 1970, and I have been Chairman since the sad loss of the late Mr Peter Grose in 1980.

In that period of time the work and importance of a Parish Council has been greatly affected by the re-organisation of Local Government which occurred in April 1974, when we saw the demise of the Kingsbridge Rural District Council and the advent of the much larger and much more remote, South Hams District Council at Totnes. Thus, Parish Councils have become an increasingly important link in expressing local opinion.

The parish used to have two elected representatives on the Kingsbridge Rural District Council, whereas now we have to share one representative with two other parishes - just one of 44 ! This greatly increases the pressure on the Parish Council in trying to ensure full liaison and consultation in everything that concerns the present and the future of our community. It is a vital ingredient in the relationship of the Parish Council and the District Council representative.

I stand for policies that constantly look to our future. I think, for instance, we must find some means of dealing with the traffic which speeds down the narrow main road of Thurlestone and Bantham. The Parish Council has made great efforts in consultation with the Highway Authority and the Police without the success needed. Increasing traffic flow, ever larger lorries is creating ever greater danger - to our elderly and young children in particular, and I am very aware of the problem and will 'beaver' at it to the best of my ability. I believe there is a growing need for a really good playing field area and I shall support acquiring a piece of land for this purpose, though as there is only agricultural or building land, this may only be achieved by great co-operation and goodwill.

I have been as shocked and disturbed as any of you, at the manner in which good mature trees (many under Preservation Orders) can be felled and removed once there is planning consent for any development. I am very determined that the legal requirement for such trees will be carried out with replanting of good specimens.

I hope you may again re-elect me because we shall, as a parish, be discussing the District (and even possibly the County Landscape Area Plan, later this year, and one of my priorities will be to support the holding of the necessary public meetings, and so be able to present a firm majority decision on the proposals of any plans to the Authorities concerned, so that they can have no doubt of what we think and what we want.

Yours sincerely,

PETER W. J. HURRELL

Villager at the Annual Parish Meeting

I went along to this Meeting on March 22nd and thought the turnout was rather disappointing at around 60. However I report what went on:

COASTGUARD FILM

Mr Ken Hibbs, Sector Officer from Hope Cove showed us a very interesting film on the work of the Coastguard. He said they covered an area from the Salcombe Estuary to the River Erme with one boat and a cliff rescue team. I thought it came through what a important part the RAF helicopters now play in sea and cliff rescue work.

COASTAL FOOTPATH

Mr William A. Grimes of the Countryside Commission told the meeting that he felt there had been the necessary co-operation from the Golf Club, and the path was scheduled to be re-instated - he hoped by April, with the necessary warning signs for both pedestrians and golfers denoting the dangers from golf balls at certain points. It is really very essential that walkers keep to the prescribed path. The path will be re-established for a two year period after which the situation will be reviewed. The Countryside Commission have agreed to meet the reasonable cost of the work of re-instatement - which is really pretty good, isn't it!

PLAYING FIELD RENT

The Chairman, Mr Peter Hurrell, said following a meeting at the Primary School Playingfield with County Councillor Mr Simon Day and Mr Earnshaw the County Area Estates Officer, a compromise had been achieved - a rent increase of £10 p.a. to £50 p.a. and a basis for a quinquennial review. He recommended acceptance, to which there was no dissent from the meeting. This gave the parish a 5 year period to find a larger area if the need were established.

CLEANING OF PRIVATE BEACHES

The meeting was given to understand that the question of cost for such work was 'under discussion' with the District Council and the beach owners.

TREE FELLING AT LEASIDE FLATS

Many will have already read in the local press that the District Council do not propose to prosecute the developer for felling a beech tree without consent because their Forestry Officer now stated that the tree had been affected by cryptococcus fagi, a sap sucking insect, and was likely to die within 3 to 7 years owing to a fungal disease that followed the scale insects' attack, and there had been rapid deterioration since he had assessed the quality of all trees during consideration of the planning applications.

Make of that what you can. I can't see how the Parish Council can take any further action - which could be deemed regrettable!

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY - 13th JULY

The Chairman told the meeting that the Council had been advised that Thurlestone was one of only three parishes in the whole of Devon County, to be invited to be represented at this Royal Garden Party.

Mr Derrick Yeoman and his wife Jean have allowed their names to go forward to the Lord Chamberlain.

REPORT ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS

Community Police Constable John Casson told the meeting that if anyone saw anything they deemed even a little suspicious they should report it to the police. They were always interested in 'Antique' dealers knocking on the door, so called 'Asphalt' layers and some types of door to door salesmen. Don't hesitate to ring in - if it proved to be a false alarm - all well and good - but prevention of crime was main factor.

AVON ESTUARY BY-LAWS

This is obviously becoming another 'saga'. It seems the By-laws are still with the Home Office - and nothing can happen until they wake up!

SWIMMING POOL IN THE KINGSBRIDGE SPORTS COMPLEX

Most unlikely!

are costly affairs, both in terms of human distress and resources. The financial cost of Devon accidents during 1982 has been estimated at £30 million.

Most of the 5,840 people killed or injured on Devon roads during 1982 were involved in accidents in towns and cities. Yet a worrying number of injury and damage accidents also happen in the lanes and parishes of the County.

Most accident are caused by human error. Most accidents are avoidable. Take a little more care.

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COME UP AND SEE US SOMETIME.....



Thurlestone and South Milton Football Club

THE Club has had quite a good season, on and off the field. The first team are currently half way up the table, and in patches have put together some good results. Two scores stand out, a 2 - 1 win against a side set for promotion, and a score which raised a few eyebrows - a 10 - 0 away win !

We currently have nine Thurlestone and South Milton lads in the first team. The second teams results early in the season were encouraging, but unfortunately they have lost a few players and are struggling to raise a side each week. Any players in the area who are keen to play should contact Steve Sullivan on Thurlestone 748 - he would be pleased to hear from you.

Why not come up and give us your support one Saturday when we are at home. If you cannot make it to the matches we would be pleased to see you at our fund raising events during the summer, which start with a sponsored run or walk on 17th April around the district, and then we have a JUMBLE SALE at Churchstow Village Hall on April 30th starting at 2.30 p.m. We also have a BARN DANCE at Lower Hendon Farm, Woodleigh on JULY 8th. In August we have our SUMMER FETE for the second year. This year it will be held at the Links Field on Sunday AUGUST 21st. at 2 p.m.

Our end-of-season BUFFET DISCO will be held at the THURLESTONE HOTEL on THURSDAY 12TH MAY. Tickets will be on sale in the near future and all villagers are very welcome.

MICHAEL YEOMAN (Thurlestone 607)

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Peter Bromfield
DAIRYMAN

Well Park . . . Links Road

— South Milton —

Tel: THURLESTONE 888

PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Telephone: THURLESTONE 295.

Lower Aunemouth Farm,
Bantham,
Kingsbridge.

Dear Parishioner,

Having served as a Parish Councillor over the past four years, I am pleased to have been proposed for another term, and I hope you will again vote for me.

I am a farmer, and the farm is 150 acres which runs down to the banks of the River Avon. Although it is mainly run as a Dairy Farm, I grow cereals and potatoes. I have lived here for 37 years and I am married to a West Buckland girl !

In four years on the council I have only missed three meetings, and feel I am one of a team of councillors who have tried their best to do what is right for our parish. I am a member of the Thurlestone Golf Club, and like to play at week-ends when I have the time, and I am also captain of the Sloop Inn Darts team.

One of the things over the four years which has concerned me is the way the South Hams District Council has over-ruled the Parish Council in many matters arising. I feel very strongly about this and will do my utmost for parish councils' to have more say in the running of their parishes.

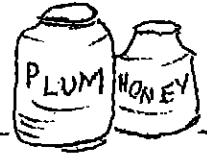
I welcome newcomers to the parish, and maybe I will meet them in the near future. I would like to say a word of thanks to our Clerk, Mr Dudley Drabble, for getting our 'Village Voice' magazine off the ground and for his great support.

If you vote for me on May 5th. I will do all I can to assist in the needs of parishioners to the best of my ability.

Yours sincerely

JOHN DAYMENT.

Jam and Jerusalem



(A pictorial history of the Womens Institute, with text by Simon Goodenough, discusses entertainingly and graphically how the organisation grew to its present stature. Lightheartedly entitled 'Jam & Jerusalem' is revealed "the efforts of thousands of women over several generations to improve their own lot, to enrich their lives and in so doing help the nation..")

.....

Perhaps because the movement is really a child of the New World with (a romantic thought) the tradition of the frontier as its inspiration it combines that quality of orthodoxy and unorthodoxy which singles out the person and organisation activated by firm principles rather than by expediency. It all began in Canada, in 1897, at Stoney Creek, Ontario, when Mrs Adelaide Hoodless, a farmer's wife urged that lectures and demonstrations should be available in domestic science and home-making for women generally. Her first baby had died because, she believed, she lacked the knowledge of hygiene and infant feeding.

In Canada the movement grew, until by the time it reached out across the Atlantic in 1915, there were 800 institutes in that country. The first W.I. here was formed in Anglesey, at Llanfairpwll, and the person behind it was a widow and member of the Canadian W.I. who had just brought her two sons to live in England. It was a considerable task for there were deep-rooted prejudices of both men and women to overcome in the Old Country. But the frontier was pushed back as these pioneer women penetrated deeper into the most impassable territory of all - the closed mind.

It was asked at the time, by the ignorant and arrogant, why should country women want to improve their lot or their minds? Such prejudices no longer exist as far as is known - but there are no doubt others.

Having weathered many storms and succeeded in obtaining a place in the national and international firmament, this movement is now not only respected but also influential. Representatives of government departments sit as advisers on its committees, which are concerned with many subject.

The purview of the movement now goes beyond the countryside: institutes are organised where a need is felt by women who want to sustain the crafts or learn more about them, or, simply, desire to take a greater part in community life and express their views on national issues.

W.I. co-operative markets will now be found in many parts of the country. Produce from the gardens of members, as well as homecrafts, are sold in these markets. Goods made and grown must be of a high standard and priced reasonably, according to the commercial standards of the locality. The markets are governed by the normal trading regulations. Not only do they help to keep alive the art of the craftworker, provide fresh vegetables and fruit, home-made cakes and jams, but also help members earn extra money and enhance the social life of the community.

Undoubtedly, the commonsense influence of the movement extends far beyond the obvious and many members play a role in other departments of public life, including service on local councils.

What is clear is that without the movement, progress would have been much slower and many great issues which affect the nation's life and our personal well-being might have remained dormant for longer.

It is a testimony to the effectiveness of National Federation of Women's Institute rules that thousands of individualistically-minded women are working together in a federation, which is really a confederation, to improve the lot of their fellow humans.

THURLESTONE & WEST BUCKLAND W.I. meet every second Thursday in the month (Except in August) at 2.30 in the Thurlestone Parish Hall.



The Red Dress

by AUDREY HATTON

Dear Dr. Brooking,

Thank you for your helpful comments on Reta Gray and her relationship with her mother.

Mrs. Gray has continued to press us to allow her to visit her daughter and we feel this could probably be arranged soon provided that Reta continues to respond to treatment.

We are most grateful for your advice.

Yours sincerely, Joseph Grant.

Director of Bretton Psychiatric Hospital.

Reta awoke as the light flickered on, high above her head, out of reach and controlled from outside. Two figures in white were leaning over her...

White is for virgins, white wedding dresses and white clouds in a happy sky - but Mother is demanding, "Dinner tonight at eight sharp and wear your white, you look ladylike in white." Virginal.

"Is it my wedding?" she asked the white figures.

"It's breakfast-time, dear. Get up and let's put on your nice striped dress."

"I don't want to wear that thing! It's dowdy and they all wear them. Why can't I wear my beautiful red dress?"

"Remember you have to be a good girl to wear your own clothes. Now, let's make a start by putting on the dress, shall we?"

Stripes - lines crossing out the blank face of the material, crossing out the real Reta as soon as she put it over her head, making her just another inmate. Clothes could change you. Wear the uniform and you'll play the part. Wear white, and you'll sit down to dinner at eight with Mother and play the perfect daughter, subservient, obedient, dutiful, whatever fear and hate are in your heart. Wear scarlet and...where was the red dress? She had come here in it, she knew that. Her mother had nearly ripped it off her back when she'd

discovered Reta wearing it; and the ambulance man hadn't done it much good, struggling to put her into the ambulance.

But no one must steal it. It had cost her so many weeks of saving the pittance her mother sometimes allowed her, so much planning and subterfuge; first, to convince her mother that she was only buying a new nightie, and then Mrs. Drew in the shop that it was for a special fancy dress party, and at last she'd brought it home and hidden it behind her wardrobe.

If her mother found it, Reta knew she would rip it up, stamp on it, probably burn it. But where was the dress now? It was just the sort of thing that this young nurse would want to wear - long and frilly, and low at the neck - yes, she would be just the sort who would steal it, in her eye-shadow and mascara. Or perhaps the older, stern-looking one had taken it and given it back to mother to destroy....no, Mother had given it to the younger one, look how she was mincing about the room, every movement saying 'I've got your red dress, your mother said, it would suit me.' Yes, it was true!

"You've got my red dress!" - shout at her, scream and claw those blue-shadowed eyes, leave red marks down her face, red as the missing dress...

- - - -

Dear Dr. Brooking,

Further to my telephone call this morning, I must confirm that it

Continuing T H E R E D D R E S S

By Audrey Hatton

is unwise for Mrs Gray to visit her daughter yet. She does, of course, have the right, if she insists, but following Reta's violence this morning, I strongly advise a further waiting period.

I will keep you informed.

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH GRANT

Director of Bretton Psychiatric
Hospital.

The light was flickering into life again. Dazzling. Voices were speaking her name. Deafening, confusing. Too many voices. Some kind and sympathetic, some wheedling, cajoling. Some ordering, directing - all demanding a response. The loudest ones cried, "Fight, fight, you shouldn't be in here, fight!"

But she mustn't listen. If she obeyed, the light would go off again and she would be left in the dark with only her mattress to lie on, and the strange, soft walls that she could feel around her.

"There now!" said a patronising voice. "You're going to be a good girl today, aren't you, Reta? here's your food. Sit up and eat it, and then we'll leave the light on for you."

Food. She could eat it as instructed, although she wasn't hungry, or she could throw it at these resilient walls. Or she could do what her mother did sometimes when she was pretending to eat so that Reta would finish her food - she could stab it and worry it, and then leave it, cold and dead, in the middle of the plate. But they wouldn't let her have a knife in here, everything was cut up and she had to manage with a plastic spoon. She'd bitten it in half once, and then they'd taken everything away and left her in the dark. No, she would eat it today, and tomorrow, and the next day, then perhaps they'd let her out into the ward again.

"You've been such a good girl, we've got a lovely surprise for you today."

"I can go back into the ward?"

"Soon. But today you're to have a visitor. Your mother is coming to see you! Now, don't get upset! I expect you're crying because you're pleased, aren't you dear? No, don't shiver and hold on to me like that. It's really true, she is coming! Let me tidy you up, ready for her".

Now the nurse has gone, and fear and hate are bubbling. Why is Mother coming? She put her only child in here, just because Reta had dressed up in the scarlet dress and was dancing silently in her bedroom with a pillow for a partner, imagining...oh, imagining all the fantastic things a pent-up twenty-year-old imagines when she is kept away from youth and romance and colour.

"You must stay at home with me. You're too young to know the world," her mother would say, holding Reta's arms so tightly that her fingermarks remained for hours afterwards. So Reta had escaped in imagination, and her mother had followed her even there. The scene had been unbearable. Her mother had stormed and struck, Reta had screamed and scratched. The neighbours had fetched the police, who arrived just as Reta had pulled off her red sash and wound it round her mother's throat. She couldn't remember doing it all she could remember was seeing it in her own hands, like some scarlet snake outside her control, as it twisted and tightened round her mother's neck. They had dragged her off, and that was when she had heard one of the voices for the first time, telling her to fight. Now her mother was coming to see her, and the tension and the terror were returning.

The light had been left on. They'd even put a bed in the room, and Reta was tidy in a clean, striped dress. Mother was coming. Voices. The door was opening. The voices were louder. Other voices commanding her - fight, bite, scratch before she touches you.

"It will be all right, Mrs. Gray, she's much calmer now. And one of us will be this side of the door, so just call out or knock if you need us."

Louder voices - get ready to fight, you must hit out first!

"Reta, my dear, how are you?"

The key turns in the lock. What is Mother taking from her handbag?

Quick! You must fight... Red - see red - everywhere....

Dear Dr. Brooking,

Here is the letter you requested to complete your records on the Gray case.

15

CONCLUDING "THE RED DRESS"
by Audrey Hatton

As you heard at the inquest, Mrs. Gray's cousin came forward with information regarding the family's history of mental illness. You will agree that this is a case of being wise after the event, as you had no previous record of this information, and we certainly heard nothing of it from Mrs Gray. There was no reason to suspect that events could possibly take such a tragic turn.

Reta's funeral will be held on Wednesday.

Yours sincerely,

Joseph Grant
Director of the Bretton Psychiatric Hospital.

HOUSE TO LET

This delightful house
With a splendid view
Is to let
All on one level
And built of wood
With the outside proofed
Against the wet
The situation is select
There are roses round the door
I can't honestly think
What more
Bluetits could expect.

THE NEXT
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VILLAGE
VOICE
WILL BE FOR
THE PERIOD
JULY &
AUGUST.
AND WILL BE
PUBLISHED
AT THE END
OF JUNE.
GET IN YOUR
FORTHCOMING
EVENT FOR
THAT PERIOD
SOON !

On August 24th 1653

The Parliament enacted:-

" That whosoever should agree to be married within the Commonwealth of England after the 29th. September 1653, should (21 days before such intended marriage) deliver in writing unto the Register (therein appointed) for the respective parish where each party to be married lived, the names, surnames, conditions and places of abode of the parties so to be married, and of their parents, guardians, or overseers, all which said Register should publish three Lord's Days then next following at the close of the morning exercise in the public meeting place, commonly called the church or chapel on three market days in three several weeks next following, between the hours of eleven and two, which done the Register should make a certificate thereof, without which the persons thereafter authorised should not proceed in such marriage. That such person intending to be married should come before some Justice of the Peace of the same County, city or town, with such certificate, and if no impediment the marriage was to proceed thus:

I, -----, do here in the presence of God, the searcher of all hearts, take thee - - - for my wedded wife, and do also in the presence of God and before these witnesses promise to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband.

And then the woman taking the man by the hand shall plainly and distinctly pronounce similarly. A 'register' was never called in the Act a Registrar.

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PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Telephone: THURLESTONE 695

Court Park Farm,
Thurlestone,

Dear Elector,

It has been proposed I should seek election as a member of the Parish Council, and I would value the support afforded to my father and grandfather who have given over half a century of continuous service as Parish Councillors.

I am well aware it is not easy to follow a family tradition, however, I am prepared, if elected, to make my contribution to furthering the interests of the local community.

Although I have as yet no personal experience of local government, as a working farmer, born and bred in Thurlestone, I have a fair knowledge of the boundaries and other factors which concern the ratepayers. I can only promise to do my best and if elected, the vote entrusted in me will always be given where I believe it to be for the good of the Parish.

Yours faithfully

GEOFFREY STIDSTON.

PUBLISHED BY: Geoffrey Stidston, Court Park Farm, Thurlestone
Kingsbridge.

PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION - 5th MAY 1983

Tel: THURLESTONE 204.

9, Parkfield,
THURLESTONE,
Kingsbridge.

Dear Parishioners,

I have a son, Matthew aged 17 who is at Kingsbridge School and a daughter, Louisa who attends our village school. I am the Infants teacher at West Alvington Primary School, and I consider myself very fortunate indeed to be able to live, work and bring up my family in this beautiful part of the world.

Having been born and brought up in Thurlestone, I have seen many changes, one of the most striking being the decline in the number of children in our villages. When I was a child there were twenty-four children of school age and under living in Parkfield alone, now there are only six. There have been few family size council houses built for over thirty years, house prices are beyond the reach of most young people and families, and since the holiday cottage boom, there are very few, if any, private houses or flats to rent, so young people cannot set up home here, let alone dream of bringing up families in their home villages.

I believe that we must do all we can to encourage the provision of housing for young people and families or our villages will die. There should also be sheltered housing and homes for the elderly so that they can stay among their friends and families.

I believe also that we should protect, conserve and renew our natural environment, particularly our trees, hedges, banks, paths and coastline for future generations as part of their heritage and as a safe habitat for wildlife.

I have taken an active interest in Parish matters for several years now. I attend Parish meetings and I was a member of the Committee which produced the Village Appraisal. I believe that the South Hams District Council and Devon County Council must be more sensitive to the needs and wishes of our village communities, and if elected I would do my very best to serve you by trying to ensure that the wishes of local people ARE taken into account when the powerful bureaucrats at Pollaton House and County Hall make the decisions which affect us all.

Please vote for me on May 5th.

Yours sincerely,

SUSAN MCGINN.

A TALE OF THE UNEXPECTED

from Joyce Rice

Transplants. A strange word. What does it make you think of? Hearts and kidneys and other human bits and pieces that the medical folk can swop around with increasing ease? Or flowers, bushes and trees grown from seed with infinite care, then moved from cradle to bed to mature? There is another category though - and many of the 'Village Voice' readers probably fit into it.

Transplant villagers!

We who started life in the concrete jungle and have now been grafted on to a rural society. We came in all innocence, expecting village life to be like suburbia only greener - until we found that it was we who were greener; at least, I was. Faced with sights and sounds I'd never considered before, I found I was quickly putting my size seven foot into my ever open mouth with increasing frequency.

Take my Honey Farm. I saw it quite clearly from the bus as I rode home from Kingsbridge. My romantic imagination even supplied the sweet aroma and the English-summer sound of buzzing bees. I was foolish enough to wax lyrical about it to local friends - well, how was I to know that the neat rows of hives were really pig arks, and that the occup-ants had never pollinated in their lives!

The point was driven home a few days later when a beautifully wrapped present was delivered to my door - a honeypot filled with prime rashers! (Could this be the origin of honey roast ham?)

Then there were eggs. As far as I was concerned, they came in shaped cardboard boxes, cold, clean and Euro-sized. 'Not so' said my friends, whose roots go deep into the red Devon earth, 'some bird called the hen is involved'. 'I know that' says I, vaguely on the defensive, 'and don't forget the rooster. Even I know about the birds and the bees.' Laughter all round. 'You don't need the rooster! In fact, you only need to squeeze the hen and bingo! instant eggs'.

Now I'm used to my friends, so I didn't believe a word. A poor, unsuspecting hen was found, squeezed and duly delivered a warm streaky brown egg. I was staggered - better than Paul Daniels! Then I

caught the sly wink and smothered laughter, and realised I'd been caught out again. The hen run had been raided for a freshly laid egg, which had been cuddled to keep it warm, and by clever sleight of hand slipped under the protesting hen at first squeeze!

On another occasion, I was guilty by default when I kept my mouth shut while a 'townie' friend innocently asked what sort of meat horses ate, but couldn't help betraying myself when I heard that they preferred nuts. Must take a packet of Planters next time I go to the Races!


There are many more incidents that I won't bore you with now, but at least you have an idea of the company I keep. This may help you to judge sympathetically the tale I'm now going to tell.

I have a pathological fear of the dark so naturally everyone tells me ghost stories! The favourite time for these is usually in the hazy afterglow of a social evening when we would all gather in someone's house for the sobering cup of coffee. The conversation went through well-established stages:-

- how many coffees and what sort - that took about an hour (2 blacks, 7 whites, 3 blacks with a dash of milk, 4 whites with a dash of coffee and 2 'I'd rather have a whisky'!);
- how all the men in the party would have won the war except they were born too late and had to be brave through National service instead;
- how all the men in the party would have won the football World Cup if they hadn't had legs, bad backs, bad feet - (? war wounds);
- and still in the realms of make-believe, how the South Hams is full of ghosts, hexes, black magic and extra sensory percept-ion!

The favourite tale was about the haunted hut of Kerse.

This was at the time when our picturesque cliff road started



A TALE OF THE UNEXPECTED

CONTINUED.....

slipping into the sea, and we South Miltonites had to brave the big dipper through Kerse to get to Thurlestone, so I frequently passed the hut in the lowest part of the valley, but always in daylight. It looked a very ordinary hut. Pale wood dappled with lichen, leaning at a drunken angle, and half-hidden in trees and undergrowth - never gave it a second glance. But my friends insisted it was haunted, but by what or whom was never, very clear, and, in view of past events, you will fully understand why I took it all with a pinch of salt.

Until....

Thurlestone Parish Council called an Open Meeting to discuss plans for the new road, and my Mini and I braved the big dipper to attend. It was a beautiful sunny early evening, and Kerse was a place of breathtaking charm; each twist and turn in the road opened up new vistas of trees reaching fluttering fingers to the sky, throwing patterns of light across the glades where the red, white and blue of spring flowers added to the paintbox colours. I crossed the quiet purple-shadowed valley floor and revved up the hill under a green triumphal arch to break through into sunlight at the top, and a view of fields, sea and the Rock. Magical! No hint of.... but I'm getting ahead of myself.


The Parish Hall was full of planners, papers, proposals and protests. We all knew they'd build the road anyway, and once we were reassured it wouldn't have pavements, streetlights, pelican crossings or speed restrictions, we accepted the inevitable with a grumbling, if not good grace. As usual, I stayed too long, laughing and talking, and when I wandered out, almost last, I realized the light had gone and the blackness was only slightly relieved by a pale glow round a slice of moon. My high spirits vanished like ice-cream down a child's throat, and my hands were shaking as I unlocked the car door. Sitting inside the Mini was fractionally better until I slammed the door shut and put my interior light out. I switched on all the headlights, vying with the Eddystone for brightness, and set off, whistling a happy tune through dry lips. Turning right out of the car park, I saw that even the garage was in darkness,

and Miss Loreng's house was a pale blur. I turned right again up the rise and there before me lay the comforting sight of a valley dotted with twinkling lights. I wasn't the only person alive after all. But only a few yards over the crest and the left fork to Kerse; where was my sun-dappled triumphal arch?

I braked and looked across to the Holiday Fellowship house, riding in the darkness like a pleasure cruiser, its windows glowing like so many portholes. Nearby, an upstairs light shone from my own house. I suddenly wished I was a crow. But - this wasn't one of my village pantomimes, no Fairy Godmother to grant my wishes, so I picked up speed and forked left into the dark tunnel of Kerse Lane.

It was worse than any Ghost Train ride. Trees waved pale arms at me, bushes scrabbled at my windows, and unmentionable ratty things scurried across the road, their beady eyes shining vampire red in the headlights. To keep the panic at bay, I tried to think beautiful thoughts, but my brain had hitched to the word "Kerse" and worried at it like a dog at a bone. The very name was ominous. Had it been so called by a farmer whose tractor had run amok down the hill? or a poacher caught in his own trap? or a witch who couldn't spell?

I tried not to think of the illiterate crone because I was nearing the sharp bend at the end of the downward stretch - round that corner was... the hut. The haunted hut. I pictured the smiling faces of my friends, and attempted a brave laugh, but that turned to a hoarse squeak as I made a complete hash of changing gear - and stalled the car. The engine coughed loudly twice then was silent. The car freewheeled for a few yards round the steep turn then cruised to a halt outside the drive to Kerse house.

I was overwhelmed with total dry-throated, stomach-churning terror. The shadows by the gateposts had black, humanoid forms, pulsating and wavering just beyond the headlights' glow; 



A TALE OF THE UNEXPECTED

the silence was strangely emphasized by the unidentifiable rustles and calls of nocturnal beasts; and hovering on the very edge of my vision was.... the hut.

I struggled with the ignition key, over-anxious and fumble-fingered. The sweat beaded my brow like a coronet, and raised the hair on the back of my neck into damp spikes. I made an attempt to pull myself together, but my Jiminy Cricket conscience was as terrified as I was. Drawing in a deep, shuddering breath, I willed my hands to stop shaking, and concentrated on re-starting the car. Childlike prayers tumbled off my lips - "Promise I'll be good if You'll just fire the plugs - just one little spark. That's all I ask - no burning bushes or lightning cracks - just one little spark."

With a bark that vibrated round the valley, the engine burst into life, and I revved frantically, almost weeping at the feel of power beneath my foot. Now a superficial bravery was born, the reckless heroics of the battlefield, and I challenged myself to look at the hut before I left, and lay that ghost idea for good. I forced my head round to peer over my right shoulder up into the gloom of the high bank. The pale sliver of moon decided at that moment to slide out from behind the nightshades, and painted the outline of the building with a faint luminous sheen. Black-shadowed leaves carressed the wooden walls. An owl hooted. I tried to smile - a Hammer Horror film set if ever there was one. That's how the legend started, I decided, the place was a natural; Christopher Lee would have felt really at home.

And yet....

My eyes caught the shimmer of the tiny window, and I stared hard. It must be a trick of the light, I decided, but the perspiration broke out afresh on my forehead, and my hands were clammy on the driving wheel. I was mesmerised as a rabbit by a snake, and couldn't tear my gaze from that small rectangle.

And that's when I saw the face...

or did I ?

Two points of light were eyes could have been, and a pearly glow below,

like a wide leering grin. It peered at me intently through the splintered glass.

My own strangled scream broke the spell, and I drove off round the bend and up the steep hill like the proverbial bat out of hell. The Mini, probably equally terrified, threatened to stall again on the final bend, but I swore at it so much it didn't dare to stop. I reached home and safety in record time, and gratefully locked the door against the night.

There's no nice happy ending to this tale - in fact, no ending at all. Just questions.

Is there a ghost in Kerse valley?

Does anyone know ?

JOYCE NICE.

Editor's Note: There is something there - I have sensed it too - if anyone can give any enlightenment - I am sure it would be of great interest.

+++++

Thought for Tomorrow!

I would not question that colour is a very personal thing. I am referring to the colour of your house! The majority around here live behind white or cream walls - and I contend this creates a blot on the rural landscape, and in this energy conscious era seems quite wrong - for white (or cream) just reflects away the benefit the heat of the sun can give. I know from personal experiment that the lighter shades of green and brown positively hold the heat of the sun, which helps to dry out any dampness in a wall and the air in any cavity - which in turn will help to dry out dampness on an inner wall. Just imagine for a moment looking out on a landscape of pleasant green and brown houses blending into the landscape instead of being so dreadfully outstanding. Surely, if planning authorities could give a little more thought to this visual aspect of odd houses or whole developments I feel sure we might get a little nearer establishing what our fore-fathers managed - a little more beauty and charm. There is nothing very attractive about white washed concrete blocks, is there!

Villager.

MEMORIES OF YESTERYEAR - 2

A Devonshire Fishing Village

Can you remember the 'Daily Graphic' ?
Around the turn of the century one of the
correspondents wrote the following:

=====

"Our undiscovered country is in South Devon. It is reached by the Great Western Railway; but we are not by any means there when we have finished the train journey, for Bantham is our destination, and Bantham is five miles beyond Kingsbridge, at which sleepy little town the train stops.

The road to the tiny fishing village is one to make the flesh of a nervous Londoner creep; it is all up and down hills like the side of a house, and we go ahead at a brisk trot, the South Devon horses seem to grow claws like cats and think nothing of climbing precipices. In due time we arrive, safe and sound, at Avon-Town-on-the-Ham, corrupted in the lapse of centuries to Bantham.

The village consists of one short row of thatched white-washed cottages, dominated by the Coastguard Station, a picturesque group of low buildings clustering round 'th big 'ous', which is a pretty weather-board erection belonging to a London barrister. Some eight feet below the River Avon flows placidly, to and from the sea as the changing tide dictates. It is a salmon river, and one of our favourite amusements is to watch the drawing of the pools.

The seine is thrown twice daily, and great is our excitement when the net comes in, and we count from six to twenty of the shining beauties struggling in its toils. Sometimes a big bass or two come in with the salmon, and then the competition among the thrifty housewives waxes keen, for that succulent fish is sold here at twopence the pound, so that sixpence will buy dinner enough for three people. We can always buy salmon when caught, the demand for it being limited though the price ranges as low as tenpence to a shilling the pound; but comparatively few bass are taken in the pool, and they are sold in strict order of application.

Every morning, somewhere in the small hours, the salmon are taken up the river to Aveton Gifford, thence to be conveyed to Plymouth Market.

They are a frugal lot at Bantham and live cheaply. The farthing dough cake is as large as a London penny roll, home cured bacon is sixpence a pound, and apples are to be had at ten a penny. Rents are proportionately low, the only drawback being that lodgers are almost non-existent. Half a dozen visitors may find accommodation by engaging their rooms from year to year in advance, but if a stranger came unexpectedly he would have to sleep on Bantham Ham unless a kindly hearted villager let him make a bed on the kitchen settle. Every cottage has a settle, high-backed and wide-seated; drawn up to the hearthstone, beneath which stone the most delicious bread is baked, after a fashion long gone out of use everywhere but in Bantham.

Down below the salmon pool the river takes a bend on its way into the Atlantic, and here stream and sea between them have constructed what local yachtsmen call "the most dangerous place in the world", that is to say, a treacherous bar of shifting sand where breakers rise up suddenly, even in calm weather, for the destruction of the unwary.

The sun is setting over the sea and by that setting sun we know that it is time to lay down the pen and join our friends on the wall. The wall is the 'esplanade' of Bantham. There we rendezvous morning, noon and night; there the fishermen resort to debate whether the bar is safe for going out; there the coastguard stands to sweep the horizon with his spy-glass; and there, yes there, we dry our bathing gowns and towels!"

+++++

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