

• NUMBER SEVEN •



JULY

AUGUST

1983



MALCOLM
FREEMAN

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THIS HOLIDAY HOME — BUSINESS —

There is no doubt that 'second homes' and 'holiday homes' is an emotive subject and constitutes a serious and growing problem in many parishes, often eroding community spirit. Though our planners make their surveys and analyses - our Village Appraisals or other reports concerned with the needs of the community and its aims and desires, they do little or nothing that copes with the kind of housing imbalance which they have progressively imposed on villages such as Thurlestone. Governments have never seen fit to allow parishes to be entrusted with the power to decide their own future - this must be imposed by the 'higher' authority! You pay your money.....but I digress..

Accurate figures of the number of holiday or second homes can be difficult to ascertain with exactitude - but at the time of the Thurlestone Village Appraisal the figure of 132 was quoted I see. Surely a disturbing - even slightly alarming figure?

From a purely planning point of view it probably has to be accepted that it is difficult to think of controls that would work and thus limit the problem. It could well be considered impossible for a local authority to grant planning permission only where a property is going to be permanently occupied. Who is going to count the number of days when the owners are in residence? No one can compel somebody to live in their house 365 days a year.

A report in the Sunday Telegraph of 10.4.83 stated that the Inland Revenue intend to clamp down on holiday lets by assessing rents for 'furnished apartments' as unearned income for owners who have not registered their holiday letting as a business. If this is implemented it will possibly put a curb on the holiday home front. Two High Court rulings last year decided that lettings of holiday accommodation was not a trade and any income derived had to be classified as unearned income - investment income.

Should the owner of a holiday home then declare his lettings as a commercial undertaking - a business? Then the Rating Authority must withdraw the domestic rate relief element - currently 18.5p in the £ of the rating assessment.

So, it would appear that if the planners can do nothing to halt the growth of holiday homes, the Inland Revenue and the Rating Authority possibly can! It would seem, in any case, that holiday lettings are going to prove less profitable to absentee owners.

It is also possible that a house in use for holiday letting or as a purely second home constitutes a 'material change of use' under Town and Country Planning legislation - but who is going to lay down the guidelines that are both reasonable and realistic for what constitutes real change?

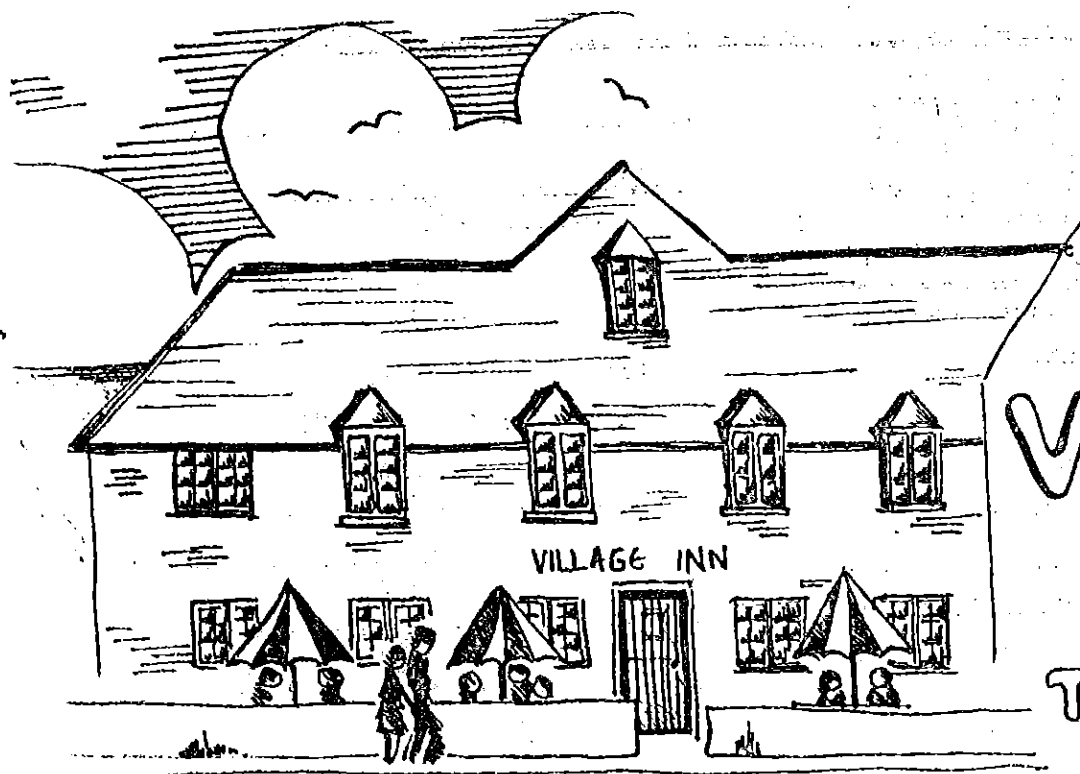
A great problem for the young generation can be seen in the selling off of council houses. Local Authorities selling their own properties could well impose restrictions on the conveyances, binding on the successor in title, and thus Council houses sold would have to be lived in as first homes; any breach would enable the local authority to repurchase in the final event.

Holiday homes owned by someone living locally is often let on a short term basis during the holiday season and then follows an increasing trend - a winter let - to tenants who have to vacate by say, Easter - become homeless - and present the Area Housing Authority with a further problem.

Absentee owners of second and holiday homes have their own answers but I am essentially concerned with the housing imbalance created by the increasing availability of holiday and second homes. They are, in my opinion, of little benefit to the community, for you have only to examine the statistics of the number of children in the parish to accept that the imbalance of housing ensures a dying community - for without the regeneration which the young generation would ensure there is simply no other conclusion.

Other people may well have other views on this subject. I believe the pages of Village Voice are open to you.

Walter Dee.



THE VILLAGE INN

THURLESTONE

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF GRAEME WINGROVE-HARRIS

OUR EXCELLENT FOOD
INCLUDES

Hot Soup
Farm House Pate
Smoked Salmon Pate
Hot Smoked Mackerel
Ham Baps

Pasties

Ploughmans

Pizza

Home Made :-

Cottage Pies

Moussaka

Lasagne

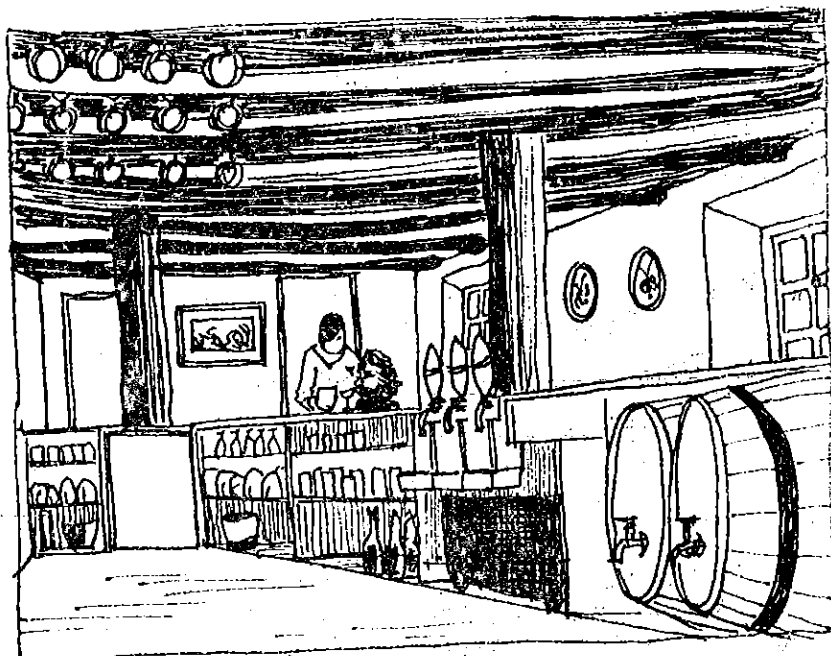
Chilli Con Carne

Salads various

and to finish

Apple pie and Cream

REAL ALES
FINE WINES
AND
SPIRITS



DIARY DATES

An Entry in this column costs NOTHING !

SATURDAY 2nd. JULY

BUMPER BARGAIN SALE

10-30 a.m. to Noon

at ALL SAINTS PRIMARY SCHOOL
Thurlestone.

THURLESTONE & SOUTH MILTON FOOTBALL CLUB

BARN DANCE

FRIDAY 8th. JULY

8 p.m.

at LOWER HENDEN, WOODLEIGH

SATURDAY 23rd. JULY

SOUTH MILTON CHURCH FETE

at 3 p.m.

in BACKSHAY PARK, South Milton

THURLESTONE AND SOUTH MILTON

HORTICULTURAL SHOW

SATURDAY 6th AUGUST

2. 30 p.m.

in the PARISH HALL - Thurlestone

HELP !

More WILLING WORKERS are needed to make
the day a success.

BANTHAM & BUCKLAND SUMMER FAIR

SATURDAY 6th AUGUST

on BANTHAM HAM.

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR FROM YOU !!

J. Norris - Tel: Thurlestone 767

S. Turnbull - Tel: Thurlestone 475

J.Symes - Tel; Thurlestone 685.

GUIDE DOGS FOR THE BLIND ASSOCIATION

A N N U A L D A N C E and

T O M B O L A

(with GRAND RAFFLE)

SATURDAY 13th AUGUST

8.30 p.m.

AT THE THURLESTONE HOTEL

=====

HELP TO SUPPORT YOUR VILLAGE

SOCIAL CENTRE.

a JUMBLE SALE

is being organised to be held
in the PARISH HALL, Thurlestone

on SATURDAY 24th SEPTEMBER at
2.30 p.m.

All contributions will be
gratefully accepted - in fact
ANYTHING - so please start
turning out that attic now !

=====

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Rector: Rev. John Delve

Tel. Thurlestone 232

THURLESTONE GOLF CLUB

Secretary: Mr. R. Marston, BEM

Tel: Thurlestone 405

THURLESTONE & WEST BUCKLAND

W.I.

MEET ON THE SECOND THURSDAY in

EVERY MONTH

(Except August)

in the THURLESTONE PARISH HALL

Secretary: Mrs M.V.Raymont

Tel: Thurlestone 542.

PARISH EMERGENCY OFFICER

Mr D.J.YEOMAN

Tel: Thurlestone 607

SERVING THE

JULY and



THURLESTONE

AUGUST 1983

All communications should

D.W.Drabble, 10, Backshay Close

be sent to the Editor :

South Milton, Kingsbridge TQ7 3JU

Telephone: THURLESTONE 533

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Following the Election on May 5th. the elected members of Thurlestone Parish Council have asked me to give an overall "thank you" to all who voted and entrusted to us all the welfare and well-being of this Parish. I can assure you we shall all do our very best to prove worthy of your confidence in us.

Each and every one of us will at anytime be only too happy to help and advise on any parish matter, and will welcome all constructive ideas and suggestions that would benefit our community from any age group!

Every Council Meeting we hold has an "Open Forum Session", when the business of council members is suspended for a short time for a discussion with parishioners present helping, hopefully, to resolve some local problem for one of you or maybe for all present. It is a well established 'surgery' period not only with your Parish Councillors but also with your District Councillor, who is normally present at all these meetings.

PARISH COUNCIL MEMBERS :-

CHAIRMAN: Peter Hurrell of West Buckland. Tel. 496

VICE CHAIRMAN: Derrick Yeoman of Parkfield. Tel. 607

Miss Rosemary Stocken of Mariners, Thurlestone. Tel 257

David Grose of 'Kennedy' Thurlestone. Tel: 375

John Dayment of Lower Aunemouth Bantham. Tel: 295

Roy Adams of Buckland Farm, West Buckland. Tel: 247

Geoffrey Stidston of Court Park Farm, Thurlestone. Tel 695

We are all at your service.

Yours sincerely,

P.W.J.Hurrell

Chairman.

+++++

"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

WONDERFULLY DOTTY !!

OR

To a good Sport - June

by Beachcomber



Who hasn't enjoyed the sudden thrill of finding something totally unexpected, whether it be a lost coin on the pavement, a treasured relic in the attic long since forgotten, or a brooch which has slipped to the back of a drawer? It is a happy moment which at first makes one gasp for breath in disbelief, before a smile of satisfaction creeps over the face, as if congratulating oneself with the discovery, which was really one of chance. For a beachcomber the treasures are more likely to be in the order of ropes, buoys, boxes, candles, broomhandles and empty canisters, the flotsam rolled in by the sea, or if you are lucky, a gold sovereign wedged into the rocks half a century ago, or jewellery unsuspectingly stripped from its wearer when playing in the sand with the children. Few, if any, would show any emotion on seeing a 14ft plank washed up on a small inaccessible cove, 100ft or so below a crumbling cliff. Yet somehow this seemingly perfect hardwood plank created a challenge, an unreasonable yearning just to possess it - before anyone else got there first! As I considered how - and when - there was soon no doubt in my mind that it must be now, and assistance must be sought quickly.

She was sitting watching TV when I barged in enthusiastically exhorting the joys of an adventure with a difference. She looked unconvinced, glancing at the gathering black clouds and the wind blowing the forsythia bush almost parallel to the ground. "Yes, if my dog can come too" she said, pulling on boots, oil skins and woolly cap. "I'm no good at going down cliffs" she said, anxiously watching my eyes searching for a possible way down. "Don't expect me to follow you!" There was no need - all she had to do was throw an 120ft coil of nylon rope down to me below and I would tie it securely to the plank, climb up an easier part of the cliff some 500 yards away to join her on top and we would haul it up together. It all seemed quite simple. What could go wrong?

The rope was coiled in a seamanlike manner, but the first throw landed halfway down. It was a heavy coil and a little more muscle was required to make it well airborne before it fell. She recoiled it her own way into a bundle of loops. "Throw it harder" I called from below - and then regretted it as I pictured her throwing herself over with the rope. She took her stance on the cliff edge again and hurled it outwards, and I gazed entranced as it caught the wind and was lifted on to a rocky ledge 60ft above me. It was hooked. She freed it and tried again. With a mighty swing she hurled it a third time and I watched it soaring down towards me, impatient to clasp it before the wind captured it again. As I grabbed the coil eagerly I caught sight of my friend holding her chest and rocking with uncontrollable hoots of laughter. She's done it, I thought - she's as pleased as Punch. Then I saw the far end of the rope curling snakelike down towards me: she had let go the end! We both subsided into laughter which the wind carried away into the swirling mist.

115

Concluding:

TO A GOOD SPORT - JUNE.....

Darkness was falling and we must hasten our efforts. In ten minutes I had raced up the cliff carrying the newly coiled rope, and with one of us gripping the end as if life depended on it, the other propelled the coil high into the air above the cove - and we bent over with baited breath as it descended neatly to the cove below. Once more I slithered down to the beach, in gathering dusk and gloom. Was it really worth it now, so late and we were very wet? Yes, we had started so we would finish. I knotted the rope to the end of the splendid specimen of Canadian pine, pushing in a few sticks to tighten the grip of the rope. Success was near - we had now only to haul it up. I pushed it up the first 6ft as my friend drew in the slack rope. "Take the strain" I called, - just to see the knot would hold. Her enthusiasm now was evident - or was it the cold up there that made her want to get the job done quickly? She started to pull. The next moment all I saw of her were the yellow soles of her boots sticking over the cliff edge - she had slipped on the grass and fallen backwards, within a few inches of the gully, and I could hear her convulsive laughter. At the same time our prize came hurtling down the cliff on the end of the rope and I sprinted for safety, laughing despairingly. There was nothing for it, we must haul it up together. As she took the strain again, her heels dug in and poised in a state of grim determination intermingled with irrepressible giggles, I sped up the cliff for the fourth time to join her. We hauled, and rested, hauled again and rested, manoeuvred it round protruding rocks and out of narrow gullies. Finally the end of the plank appeared at arm's length away and with a mighty pull it was at the cliff top. We collapsed beside it exhausted. Mad? Senseless? Was it worth it? Of course - triumphant we bore it home and dumped it unceremoniously at the foot of the man we knew would recognise a good thing "My gar, Id'n 'ee jis' 'n prapper ding! Bit 'ow ded eecarr' it up t'cliff an' awm? " "No trouble at all" we said.

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Your Name - and ways to change it -

There is nothing in law to prevent you from changing your surname as often as you change your house - and the legal formalities involved are a lot simpler.

Provided you don't do it for the purpose of fraud or deception, you can take any name you like, and nobody else can sue you for using this name.

You can change your name informally by 'use and reputation' simply calling yourself by the new name and giving it whenever you're asked for your name.

For some purposes, such as obtaining a passport, evidence of a change of name will be required. A statutory declaration or affidavit sworn in front of a solicitor will suffice.

The most commonly used method, however, is the deed poll, a legal document under seal stating the old name and the one to be adopted. If the deed is to be enrolled with the Central Office of the High Court the change of name must be advertised in the London Gazette, the country's official newspaper. Your solicitor will take care of all the formalities for you.

Enrolling is not essential, but it ensures permanency and certainty. Official copies are available for a small charge at any time, and can be produced with the birth certificate whenever proof of identity is required.

A person who has used the informal method will probably face difficulties in establishing his new identity and he may

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IS JOGGING GOOD FOR YOU ?

A Doctor is reported as saying: You need to jog for an hour a day for six days to lose one pound of your weight, so it is not much use as a slimming aid. Nor is it much use for anything else. In every 15-minute jog you jiggle your bones 2,500 times, which is not good for bones, kidneys or heart. Now you can feel better about staying in bed !

.....

well have to gather evidence to prove he has been known by his new name over a period of years.

Is it possible to change or add a christian name? A decision in 1946 to the effect that it was impossible to change a christian name by deed poll has never been overruled. But nowadays many people do change their christian names by deed poll, and the Central Office will accept such deeds for enrolment.

When a child is adopted the permanent entry of his birth which is kept by the Registrar General will be altered to show the adoptive name and a new certificate in that name issued.

Problems often crop up when there is a divorce and a mother who has been granted custody of children remarries. Quite often she wishes the children to take her new married name but this can only be done with the written consent of both parents or by order of the court. The court will decide whether it is in the best interests of the child to be known by his father's or stepfather's name.

A wife does not have to adopt her husband's surname and, even if she has done so, may revert to her unmarried name at any time. Divorced wives may continue to use their former husband's surname or not, as they wish.

Anyone thinking of changing his name would be advised to use the formal method. It can cost very little and may avoid complications at a later date.

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GOOD VALUE !

They once called Buckingham Palace the cheapest palace in the world - begun for one sovereign, finished for another, furnished for a third !

Recollections

by JOYCE NICE



Many years ago, Dale Carnegie wrote a learned and rather wordy Treatise on "How to Make Friends and Influence People". I could have saved him a lot of trouble. No need to do mental aerobics to broaden your mind, join clubs or societies to widen your experience, or even wear elevator shoes to heighten your interest - it's much easier than that. Just write a story for Village Voice.... especially a ghost story.

Since I wrote about the spectre of Kerse (V.V. April/May), I've heard from many, and unlikely, sources about all the "goings-on" in that particular valley - and they weren't all due to the spirits either (at least not the sort I meant!). So, write a "creepie" and you'll make lots of friends, and if you can influence them to send their story in to Village Voice, you'll be on the Editor's Christmas Card list too!

I've got another mystery for you. I wasn't looking for one, it just sort of appeared like a dolphin leaping out of the sea of my social life - and now it's got me hooked.

Let me explain. I went to supper with a friend and, in the pleasant drifting conversation after a good meal, she mentioned her collection. I hazarded a guess at....stamps? (No, too common)....model soldiers? (too martial)....butterflies (too cruel)....vintage cars (already enough in Seaview Terrace), so I gave up. The answer was....postcards.

Now, as my long-suffering friends will confirm, I collect postcards, but they are the "wish you were here" sort with exotic views of icing-sugar ski slopes or biscuit crumb beaches, always with blue skies and bright sunshine, and grinning perfect people, eternally young, in various states of overdress or undress according to the temperature. They all end up blue-tacked to my kitchen wall (except the rude ones, of course), and are happy reminders of friends who have spared a thought during their holiday.

But Jan's collection is so different. For a start, they mostly date from the turn of the century, and are beautifully kept in large loose-leaf Postcard Albums, each with its own plastic pocket so that both sides can be easily seen. Now many of you may know of this hobby, or even take part in it, but, as a serious pursuit, it is new to me. So I did my Robin Day impersonation and plied my hostess with questions. You may be interested in what I discovered.

Apparently postcard collecting was most popular at the beginning of this century, and the first cards, printed between 1880 and 1918, were published specifically to appeal to collectors. They were a social history in themselves, illustrating almost every category of interest; advances in the arts, professions and trades, religious, patriotic or political subjects; and, of course, world events. Some of the earliest cards have already attained antique standing (i.e. a hundred or more years old), but unfortunately out of the millions that were printed over those years, comparatively few have survived, and are not so easy to find.

In the 1930's, a word was invented to describe the new 'science' - Deltiology (Greek, delton - a small picture; logos - knowledge). A Deltiophile is a collector, and a deltiologist is a postcard historian. So now if you come across the subject of Deltiography at your Community College, you won't go along expecting to learn all about the estuaries of the Nile, will you?

If I have stirred your interest, David & Charles of Newton Abbot have

Recollections

published a fascinating book - "Picture Postcards" by Marian Klamkin - which is crammed with information and illustrations.

But to come closer to home. Jan started her collection seven or eight years ago, when she went to an auction in the Market Hall. To get the items she wanted, she had to accept a job lot and the postcards were amongst them. From those small beginnings, she has now built up a very interesting collection. She limits her subjects to views of South Devon, and the South Hams in particular. She visits the Postcard Fairs that are apparently held at regular intervals, (Plymouth Guildhall - with stamps and coins; Exeter Cathedral Close; and the Embankment Tube Station in London on Saturdays, to mention a few). A great deal of bargaining and exchanging goes on at these Fairs, and it takes a keen eye and patient hand to beat a dealer. Quite a lot of money can be involved, particularly when it comes to the ornate padded cards.

Another source of interest on the postcards can be the stamps, or even the franking, which may have been done before mechanisation with the early thumb stamp in the village post offices. I bet Jean's glad that practice has died out!

A lot of cards have only a small white area down the side or at the bottom of the front picture for the written message, and the address only was to appear on the back. (Wouldn't have done for those of us who like to cram a fortnight's experiences on to one card!) These could also have Birthday or Seasonal Greetings printed on them - even proposals of marriage for the extremely bashful.

Well that's a very brief background to postcard collecting, but now a little about the side of it that I find the most fascinating - the handwritten messages on the cards. You get a strange guilty feeling when reading them, as if you were delving into someone else's diary, but the atmosphere of the time is very strong. Let me give you some examples :-

1. On the back of a picture of Kingsbridge Fore Street and Grammar School ---
"This is a view of the quaint little town we visited today - the G.P.O. is opposite the funny town clock."
(Obviously no taste in architecture!)

2. The view is of Salcombe Castle but the sentiments more suitable to Pilchard Cove - "I should be glad if you would forward my clothes by return as I particularly need them, signed G."
(Godiva?)

3. A beautiful picture of Hope Cove has the intriguing message - "Have come ashore for water and milk - can't get the latter. I think all the cows are dead."
(The Rifle Club again?)

4. A view of Holbeton village in 1904 has the happy laughing message - "The old lady in the doorway died last week. The heat here is intense, even my hands are roasting." (If she'd been here this year, her feet would have been waterlogged).

I could go on and on with these hilarious, enlightening, sometimes sad windows on someone's life, but space will not allow. So I'll come to my favourite card....and my mystery

The picture is a black and white study of Torcross and Slapton Ley. The date on the back is 27 Feb 1904; It is addressed to Miss F.M. Porter, Slapton Wood, Slapton. The only message, in now faded ink, reads

- "DID YOU TELL MOTHER? Louise."

I'm frantic with curiosity. Can anyone tell me what Mother should know? Please.

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DEVON PLAN MOVES AHEAD.....

The County Council has decided that the time has come to take a fresh look at its County Structure Plan. They want to see how closely things have gone according to plan, then it wants to roll the plan forward to 1996. As a first step the County Planning Department has just published a number of interesting and useful documents. Copies can be obtained from the Planning Dept, County Hall, Exeter - FREE - or seen at county AND DISTRICT planning offices and libraries.

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Guide Dogs for the Blind Association

We also aim every year at this function to have at LEAST 600 prizes in our Tombola, and we'd be most grateful for anything you can spare in the way of a Tombola prize, large or small. Please contact Mrs P. Macdonald - Telephone: Thurlestone 436.

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News from Thurlestone Parish Hall

Rear-Adml. Charles Bickford, the President, took the chair at the Annual General Meeting on May 6th, and Sqd.Ldr. Ted Sadler was re-elected Chairman. Mrs Doris Jackson was wished a speedy return to good health and meanwhile her place as Secretary would be 'kept warm' by Mrs P. Macdonald. Mrs Evelyn Spear was re-elected Treasurer, and the following were also re-elected to the Committee:

Mesdames Batchelor, Hughes, Oswald and Rayment and Messrs. Frost, Hayward, Hughes, Langman, Petrie with Mr D. Yeoman as the Parish Council Representative.

The 50-50 Auction Sale on May 21st was pronounced a great success, being conducted with great good humour by Mr 'Gerry' Tompkins, the well-known Auctioneer, ably assisted by his wife, Joy. (The Tompkins, incidentally, are now residents of Thurlestone).

Much hard work was put in by the Committee in cajoling people to part with their goods, then the heavy task of transporting and lugging into the Hall the 230 lots which eventually made up the sale. We should like to take this opportunity to thank all the kind donors of goods - without you there would not have been a Sale !

At the time of writing the net gain to the Hall coffers is approximately £450.00, and this will be put to use soon in improving the heating and insulation of the Hall before next winter, in the hope that more people can be encouraged to support their Hall.

There is an old saying "Charity begins at home" -- whilst the kind-hearted Thurlestoneians will dig deep into their pockets to help many national charities, sometimes the very local causes get forgotten, and the Parish Hall is the biggest Cinderella of them all !

Unfortunately this very necessary part of village life cannot be run without funds, and we appeal to you, the readers, to support our efforts to improve our village meeting place. We'll give our future fund raising plenty of publicity in 'Village Voice', so watch these columns !

SURELY YOU
WON'T LET
THEM DOWN

OUR APPEAL in the last issue of 'Village Voice' for more 'volunteer cooks' for MEALS ON WHEELS on Thursdays ONLY during the school holidays has, at the time of writing met with no success. Perhaps the list of meal recipients - 12 to 14 - has seemed too daunting a number of mouths to feed, or possibly you feel your kitchen pots and pans are inadequate. Whatever the reason, I would mention that the meals are for elderly people, not growing boys, so do not have to cover a fullsize dinner plate! Volunteers are also paid for their trouble, and large saucepans can be loaned out. It would seem a pity if just because the School is closed for holidays our Meals on Wheels service had to cease for those 7 Thursdays. If you think you could tackle the cooking and would like help, please contact me/us, and some assistance will be forthcoming. Men are reputed to be imaginative cooks - how about a male volunteer?

Does anyone have tucked away in their attic an unused wheelchair, pair of crutches, commode, or child's cot, which could be loaned out should any emergency arise and the usual loan services are not immediately available? The likelihood of such a crisis may seem remote but the information could just prove of great help.

Do not forget that if you have a sudden crisis in the home and need assistance from one of our village Community Care volunteer helpers you have only to call one of the co-ordinators:-

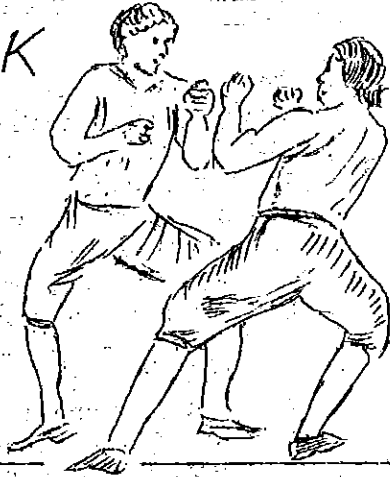
	Tel
9 am to 1 pm. Mrs Davenport.	297
1 pm to 5 pm Mrs Collett	543
5 pm to 9 pm Mrs Eaton	404

Between 1 pm and 9 pm the Reserves are Mrs Jeffreys (676) Mrs Moore (548) and Miss Stocken (257)

There is always a possibility the crisis can be from a near calamity to a mere inconvenience !

JACK

B
R
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G
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N



Known as the 'Father of boxing'. Jack Broughton was probably the greatest bare-knuckle prize fighter in history. Born in Gloucestershire, Broughton was discovered by James Figg and encouraged to come to London and try his luck in the ring. Broughton's name has gone down indelibly in the history of the ring not only for his prowess as a fighter but because he invented boxing gloves (then known as muffers) and because it was he who wrote the first code of rules governing boxing. Broughton's rules were drawn up in 1743 and were recognised until being superseded by the London Prize Ring rules in 1838. It was said that Broughton was moved to produce these rules following the death of George Stevenson after being badly beaten by Broughton in April, 1741. Jack Broughton became Champion of England when he defeated George Taylor in 20 minutes at Tottenham Court Road, London. Authorities differ as to the date of this contest but it was probably in 1734 or a little later. He was champion for so long he became a little too sure of himself, and in 1750 he was beaten by Jack Slack in April 1750. He died at the ripe old age of 85 a rich land-owner!

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ESTIMATE FREE



The Annual Parish Council Meeting held on 10th May saw the unanimous re-election of Mr Peter Hurrell as Chairman and Mr Derrick Yeoman as Vice Chairman, with Mr Yeoman also continuing as the Council's Representative on the Parish Hall Committee.

Perhaps it was just a little disappointing that only about half the electorate bothered to vote. In failing to exercise their democratic right are they not also failing the community just a little? How many of them would be the first to complain if something is not to their liking?

* * * * *

Don't you think it would be a great idea if the younger generation played a much greater part in parish affairs. If they would attend Council meetings just now and again they would, during the usual Open Forum Session have every opportunity to put forward their ideas for a better Thurlestone and enhanced amenities for the younger members of our community.

* * * * *

The Parish has a new Roadsweeper on a month's trial - Mr Trevor Bingham. He is already carrying out this duty in South Milton, West Alvington and Modbury - so as an almost full time operative in the area we could have a settled period of someone caring for roads and culverts.

* * * * *

By the time you are reading this, the War Memorial should have been cleaned up and the lettering re-enamelled by Messrs John Andrew & Son, at a cost to parish funds of £179.

When you see Youngsters playing about there - do persuade them to find something better to do. After all it is to the Sacred Memory of those who gave their lives that we might - hopefully - live in peace.

The May/June issue of 'Village Voice' saw the first year of publication completed. It seems to have proved a very acceptable addition to the village scene! The cost of production in this first year just exceeded £323 - revenue from advertising came to £316.50 - donations £16.50 - a total of £333. Not bad - but with this current issue a new series of six issues commences and revenue must flow! So far it looks very promising - but a new typewriter has been acquired to cope with stencil cutting and it is hoped to cover that cost as well as the cost of production - so donations will always be acceptable!

* * * * *

How would you classify maladministration by a local authority? Perhaps by the time this column is being read we shall all know whether cutting down a tree which is under a Tree Preservation Order without consent and a Local Authority who choose to impose no penalty is or is not - maladministration. The matter has been taken to the Ombudsman by a parishioner.

Incidentally, I gather the local 'Ombudsman' is an 'Ombudslady'!

* * * * *

There seems to be total condemnation of the Kingsbridge car parking charge of 20p for just one hour. From all that was said at a recent Council Meeting by parishioners present the main losers are going to be Kingsbridge shopkeepers. Perhaps the 'new' District Council will quickly realise the folly of penalising local ratepayers. It needs everybody to really make a noise about it.

* * * * *

I must not say again 'by the time you read this but I understand all the Notice Boards are due for operation 'clean-up' and Parish Councillor Mr Roy Adams has undertaken to renew the board at Bantham. All the parish notice boards carry a constant flow of information - how often do you stop to look?

BRAVE...BLEAK...POLAND

M A Y 1 9 8 3

We have just returned from a holiday in Poland with heavy hearts, after seeing the plight of the hospitable Poles struggling against Iron Rule, but I would like to give you a first hand account of this beautiful historical country as we witnessed it first hand just a few short weeks ago.....

The plane landed in Warsaw, and all we could see around the airport were the blue uniforms of the Milicia (Police), with their sten guns slung across their shoulders and truncheons in their hands. After many questions and close scrutiny at the check point, we were allowed through the barrier, to be met by relatives looking tired and sad, but all carrying flowers to greet us..... a lovely Polish custom.

We were told to always carry our passports, and it is obligatory for all Poles to carry identity cards with them. A young nephew travelling home from work one evening was 'taken in' because he could not produce his card, having forgotten it, and was beaten up, and had to remain in the Milicia (Police) Station for 48 hours until the authorities had checked up.

As a nation they work extremely hard, with no incentive, and for very little money. Most men do a 12 hours day, with no tea breaks and between a quarter and half an hour for lunch! If they complain about anything their chance of a pay rise or promotion is NIL. Buses and trams travel all through the night for the workers, and an average man leaves his home at 6 a.m. to commence work at 7 a.m. until 7 p.m. There is no unemployment - but conscription for young men aged 20 for two years.

Doctors and Dentists, after years of study and training do not get much more pay than an ordinary clerk, so they are not too keen to do much unless given a bribe. Antibiotics and aspirins are practically impossible to obtain.

After we had been fined a 1000 zloty at Krakow airport for not registering our arrival in Poland - although we had no idea that we were supposed to - we were told by friends that had we given the policeman 200 zloty he would have been happy, and we would have been let off the fine! On all internal flights two plain clothed police travel at the back of the plane, and you are instructed not to stand up during the flight.

In the most wonderful weather we travelled to Zakopane, at the base of the Tatra mountains, and during our journey we stopped at a small town where the driver espied some electric irons in a window. He quickly went in, and even more quickly came out, shaking his head..."No, I can't buy one, I hoped that I might, but they are reserved for newly weds, and checked against a marriage certificate. There are no replacements and mine is worn out."

In the glorious countryside full of lilac blossom, most farmers still use horses only, the women working in the fields sowing seeds by hand and weeding on their knees their small patches of ground. Nearby would be possibly, their one cow and three sheep, all tethered. The working horses all glow with good health, and every animal is well looked after, and loved.

Back in Warsaw we saw a huge cross, at least 20 feet long, made of fresh flowers, lying in the churchyard next to the palace. Every day and every night Polish people gather round and pray....for LIBERTY. We read a hand written poster amongst the tulips - "They say they are helping us, but they are murdering us." The authorities remove this cross many times, but it always appears again - in defiance. Another young nephew was walking home on May 1st. and became involved with a group of 'Solidarnosc', but not wishing to take part, he entered a nearby church as a place to shelter, only to find it was full of young and old. The Police took advantage of his opening the door and threw gas in to disperse the people, regardless of the fact that it was a place of Worship and a Sanctuary.

CONTINUED OVER.....

BRAVE..BLEAK..POLAND

We cannot receive a visit from this younger generation that we met, as no visas are issued during the productive life of a person. Only when they reach retirement and are of no more use to the country can they travel.

Meat, butter, sugar, tea and flour are all on ration, and small quantities at that. Imagine being a housewife trying to run a home and bring up a family...because apart from being rationed in those items, there is no pepper, biscuits, gelatine, tinned meat or fruit, bacon, fresh fruit (except apples), silver foil, elastic, needles for mending, no dog foods, paint, chocolate, furniture or household linen. There are no deliveries of any foods to the houses, so the day is spent trailing around searching for food, and carrying a plastic bag for bread and potatoes, which are not rationed!

Shoes are also on ration, and a mother may spend two or three hours queuing for a pair of poor quality shoes for her child. If a consignment of clothes or saucepans appears the shops are besieged by all and sundry. Coffee, which the Polish people love is unobtainable, except in the 'Pewex' (a Government Store), where it must be paid for in dollars!

Visitors are not provided with ration cards, so the meagre food supply has to be eked out, willingly giving all they can, and taking such great care in the preparation and cooking of what they have available and somehow making everything seem delicious.

SO...after observing the life of the Poles at first hand, my feeling is that the regime, which is supposed to cater for the ordinary person, makes a mockery of it. Only the 'Party' and 'sympathisers' have a comparatively easy life. The ruling class scatter the seeds of discontent amongst the ordinary people by their ruthless behaviour and, therefore, make the Poles fight oppression in every way possible. We felt all the time we were in Poland that we were under the threat of the 'Hammer & Sickle' - so it was a great relief when we heard the Polish pilot in the Russian plane say "we are now over England" - and we felt we had come back into freedom. Unless you have experienced it personally, it is quite impossible to really understand what it is really like behind the 'Iron Curtain'! Especially in Poland.

DAPHNE JULIAN

Our Tropical Isle

SITUATED no more than 40 miles from the south-west tip of Cornwall lies the fascinating sub-tropical island of Tresco - the second largest of the Isles of Scilly. In 1834 Augustus Smith, an energetic, far-sighted Hertfordshire squire, obtained from the Crown the lease of Scilly, to become 'Lord Proprietor'.

On rugged Tresco he set up residence, building a house which he named Tresco Abbey. Here he cleared twelve acres of bracken and scrub on the south-facing side of a hill, and from the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew obtained a number of plants to commence a tropical garden. Scillonian seamen returning from their world-wide travels brought with them exotic specimens. He soon realised that although Scilly was relatively free of frost, special protection was necessary if the collection was to flourish. He planted a belt of Californian pines to act as a wind-break, which is still an outstanding feature of the Island. Today there are over 5,000 varieties of trees, shrubs and plants, many of which cannot be grown elsewhere in the British Isles.

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THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL

7.30 pm in the Parish Hall on

TUESDAY 2nd. AUGUST 1983



TARTED UP TO KILL



This story dropped through my letter box. The Author is... 'Anon'. Editor.

Some men are 'leg-men'; others are attracted by wiggly bottoms, or blue eyes, but I'm attracted to a woman by her fragrance. In my opinion it is a crime for a woman not to smell nice. She can be short or tall; fat or thin; clever or dim, but she must smell nice.

Even before the incident which deprived me of my sight, I had a thing about smells. For example, a garden is not a garden to me, no matter how beautiful it looks, unless the flowers have their own fragrance. After all, flowers and herbs were first cultivated for their medicinal value, or to provide a sweet smell to mask the many malodours of living in medieval times. Growing flowers for beauty came much later in history.

I only mention the above in case you think it odd that a change of perfume could save my life.

I used to be in the Police Force, but since losing my sight, I have lived in a small cottage in the country, and pass my time writing my memoirs of life in the Force. I dictate these into a tape recorder and Elizabeth types them for me.

Elizabeth lived with her mother in the village, and came in reply to my advertisement for domestic help, but I soon discovered she numbered typing amongst her many skills. She has since become my eyes, my ears, my hands, my reason for living, and miraculously, she loves this blind old Samson. We would have been married already, but I wanted to give her a chance to change her mind. Her mother was not exactly keen for her to marry a blind man fifteen years her senior either.

I've never seen Elizabeth, but I know she is only 5ft 2inches, with long fair hair, and brown eyes. When she perches on my knees it is like a bird alighting on an old oak.

Whenever she moves, an elusive fragrance lingers in the air - a light flower perfume which I have come to associate

with her. Once, before she knew I loved her, she came to work reeking of a heavy modern, expensive perfume, advertised as 'sexy', but which, as I told her, was enough to turn off the rand-
-iest ~~ton~~. It reminded me of the tarts in the nightclubs I used to visit in the course of my duty, and my darling Elizabeth had nothing in common with that lot.

Well, there was a tearful scene, after which, of course, we had to kiss and make up. I proposed, and was accepted, and we came to a solemn agreement that she would never wear that perfume again unless she changed her mind about marrying me.

Of course she laughed and said that she might as well throw away the bottle, because it would never be used again.

I never smelled that horrible stink again until the night before our wedding. We had agreed not to meet till we met in Church. An old friend of my police days was coming down in the morning to be my best man, but I was alone that night, and suprised to hear the key turning in the front door. Only Elizabeth had a key to the cottage, so I went to the door to meet her.

At once my nostrils were assailed. She must have drenched herself with the revolting stuff. I felt as if I had been bludgeoned. What a time to choose to change her mind! The night before our marriage!

I put out a hand to touch her arm and felt she was trembling like an aspen. At the same time I detected the faint but unmistakeable linger-
-ing odour of an expensive cigar. Suddenly my professional instincts were aroused. Elizabeth was not

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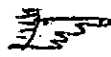
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CONTINUATION OF THE STORY 

"TARTED UP TO KILL" on facing page

Have You Seen the lady in Brown?

Here is a true ghost story...
I won't give you any names - but
you may have already heard about
it from one of the people present..

One day two villagers stopped to
talk in South Milton Churchyard,
when they saw a lady in old fash-
-ioned brown clothes hurrying into
the church. As she failed to emerge
again and it was nearly time to
lock the church door, the two
entered the church to look for her.
To their surprise she wasn't to be
found anywhere in the church.

The story of the mysterious woman
was repeated for a day or two, then
forgotten. It was brought to my
mind when I attended the funeral of
one of the men who had seen the
woman enter the church. There was
a large congregation of mourners,
and I got separated from my husband
as we left the church after the
service. He waited on the bank until
I appeared with a few friends whom
I knew well. As we walked home my
husband said "Who was that woman in
the long funny clothes who came out
of the church with you?"

My husband is not the faintest bit
superstitious or psychic and he
does not believe me when I tell him
that there was no one with us except
the three women whom he knows as
well as I do. He saw her and was
able to describe her, so as far as
he is concerned, she must exist.
But when and when?

That is what I ask myself.

Anon

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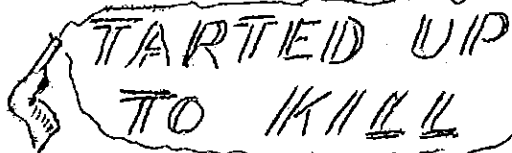
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CONTINUING : --



TARTED UP TO KILL

alone. She was trying to warn me about someone.

"Come in," I said "Don't be afraid. You know I love you. I won't blame you for changing your mind."

"I haven't changed my mind." Elizabeth's voice was choked. "I'll always love you. Believe me darling." she flung herself against me. "He made me bring him."

A voice I knew well from the past interrupted sneeringly - "If this touching scene is over perhaps we can get down to business."

"Certainly," I said, waving my arm expansively towards the sitting room door. At the same time I unobtrusively touched a button that looked like a knot in the woodwork, but was in reality a direct alarm to the local police station. Men in my job make many enemies, and it was installed for my protection.

I asked them to sit down as I felt my way to my chair.

"No tricks, mind," the voice warned. "Don't forget I've got my gun aimed at the girl's head, and she dies the first wrong move you make."

"You haven't left me many moves since you took my eyes," I retorted bitterly. This was the dope peddler who had thrown acid in my face as I was arresting him.

"Best day's work I ever did," he said coldly. "Pity all nosies like you don't get the same."

"What do you want with me now?" I asked. "You should still be a guest of Her Majesty's Government."

"No man keeps Tony Manfred in jail, and no man puts him there - and lives."

I could hear the rising hatred in his voice and tried to calm him.

"Have a cigar while we talk. I've got some King size here." I moved towards the box on my desk.

"Oh dear," he said sarcastically, "You've only one left. Still, you won't be needing cigars where you're going. You can light it for me," he went on "I need my hands to keep this gun aimed true."

I lit the cigar, taking as long as I could and being careful not to inhale too much, and passed it to him. I heard his sign of enjoyment as he inhaled, and sensed his slight relaxation.

"Now," he said, after a short silence. "What I want from you is the name of the rat who squealed on me."

"Is that all?" I heaved a sigh of pretended relief. "I can tell you that O.K. because he's dead and out of your reach, unless you meet in Hell."

He twigged my meaning at once.

"You liar!" Dave would never split on me. He was my brother, and loyal to the end."

"He was loyal. Foolishly so," I agreed, "until you seduced his wife that last time he took the rap for you. Then you got her an abortion which killed her. Was that to keep her mouth shut?"

"Dave never knew that. He'd have said something."

It was my turn to smile grimly.

"Dave knew all right. Maggie had a brother, Jim, who wasn't partial to either of you. He made sure that Dave knew everything, and he just waited for the right time to shop you. It was unlucky for him that he didn't leave the scene in time, and got the bullet meant for you."

I knew that I was goading him beyond endurance. I wanted him to suck hard on that cigar, as he always did in moments of rage.

"I'll kill you!" but even as he ground out the threat his voice faded and I heard the gun thud to the floor, followed by Elizabeth's shout of triumph as she picked it up.

"Whasamarrer?" Tony muttered thickly.

"You've smoked one of my specially prepared cigars," I replied cheerfully. "Soon you'll be sleeping as peacefully as a babe."

And that's just what he was going when the police rushed in.

Afterwards, Elizabeth explained to me that Tony's original plan had been for her to coax me out to the car, and knowing that I wouldn't go out with her if she wore that perfume she drenched herself with it.

"ANON"

Trees and the Law



Mr Read was far from pleased when his breakfast egg was interrupted by the arrival of a writ from his neighbour Mr McCombe. In Mr Read's garden was a row of Lombardy poplars, planted years ago to screen his boundary from his neighbour, and a large black Italian poplar, probably growing long before the two houses had been built.

Five years before, Mr McCombe had started to notice large cracks in his walls and ceilings. He suspected his neighbour's trees might be the cause, and asked him to cut them down. Nothing happened. Three solicitors' letters and a year later, the trees were still there, even though Mr McCombe's builder had dug a trench all round the house, and had found tree roots under the foundations. Drains had cracked, damp had invaded, and the house had settled. Mr McCombe was claiming the cost of repairing the drains and underpinning the foundations from Mr Read.

Mr McCombe delayed bringing the case to trial for several years, hoping that his neighbour might settle out of court and agree to pay the cost of the work. Mr Read was adamant. In the first place, he disputed that the Italian poplar was even on his land - the deeds didn't make it clear exactly where the boundary was. Also, he claimed, because of the nature of the soil locally, all the houses in the immediate area were in danger of settlement, and several had recently been underpinned.

When the case eventually came to trial, experts gave evidence for both sides. In the end, the judge plumped for Mr McCombe's version of events. Mr Read had to pay up.

The moral of this tale is that trees are not always an unadulterated blessing. They soften the landscape and give us shade and privacy, but they can also be a fruitful source of legal wrangles.

Mr McCombe sued Mr Read for committing a nuisance by root encroachment. Legally, a nuisance is something which interferes with another person's enjoyment of his property. What happened in this case was that tree roots extracted water from the soil, causing it to dry out and the foundations to subside. Some types of soil, clay for example, are more prone to this than others. Similarly, certain varieties of tree have particularly fast-growing and thirsty roots: the poplar features prominently in the reported cases. As a general rule of thumb, the distance of a tree from a house should not be less than the height of the tree, but the type of soil and the variety of the tree need to be taken into account.

Your house insurance should cover you against damage to your own property by trees growing on your land. A claim by your neighbour, however, is a 'third party' claim and, if covered at all, will be met by your house contents policy. If you have a tree growing near your neighbour's house, you should check whether you would be covered in the event of such a claim.

The amount of moisture tree roots need is related to their crown area, so a severe lopping every few years would reduce the danger of damage. In some cases, you might be well advised to cut the tree down, but take advice first, since felling can also affect the soil around the roots. The best person to ask for advice is someone who goes by the rather grand title of 'arboricultural consultant'. A list of these exalted personages is available from the Arboricultural Association, C/O Mrs I. Salmon, Dunkirk Farm, Southwick, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.

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* * * * *

"The story is told in Devon about the young man who was walking down the lane at night with a young lady. He was carrying a sucking pig (piglet or "vear"), in one hand and a lantern in the other. The young lady started to cry, but not very loudly. The young man said to her.....

"Yer, wat be 'bout maakin' awl thick awl scritch ver"?

The girl said,

"Wull I be vrit y'um gwain taak 'vantage o me."

He said,

"Ow c'n I taak 'vantage ov ee?"

"Wull", she said "Yu mite ztart kissin' and cuddlin' o' me."

He said,

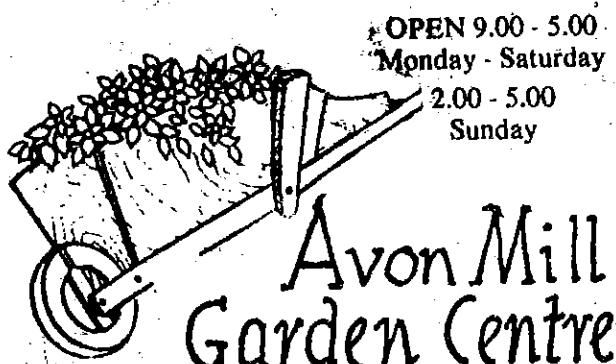
"Doan't ee be sa maazed gurl, ow c'n I be kissin' an cuddlin' uv ee, wáy a-zuckin' peg-reen wan 'and an' a lantern sen t'other?"

"Wull", she said, "I cud 'old th' lantern ver ee".

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TOO LATE !

The coach carrying Jumbo Jet tourists to Runnymede was behind schedule. Calling out anxiously "Will you follow me," the guide set off at a brisk pace across the grass. "What do we see here?" asked an American woman. The actual spot of the signing of Magna Carta she was told. "Yeah? when?" The answer was Twelve fifteen. The woman looked at her watch. "I guess we missed it," she said, "it's one o'clock."



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KENDALL Mc DONALD

GETS A NASTY SHOCK FROM A BIRTH

CERTIFICATE AND ASKS - - - - -

*Where have all the
Kendalls gone*

????????????????



There ought to be a health warning on birth certificates, there really should. Something along the lines of "Government Warning: Reading Birth Certificates can seriously injure your Health".

I know you don't know what I'm talking about. Be patient and all will be made clear in just a moment. You will remember I was trying to track down all the ghastly secrets hanging on my family tree. Well, I found more than I had bargained for, let me tell you!

The trouble is that each time I try to find out about my Devonian ancestors I get side-tracked down some interesting branch line. But this time I won't be distracted. No, I won't.

But let me warn anyone who is the slightest bit strait-laced: read no further. Naughty stories will follow shortly.....

Where was I? Oh, yes...my grandfather Lor Lumme Hill, or William Kendall Hill to give him his proper names, was, I discovered, born at Frogmore. Now he lies to rest with his Bessie in Thurlestone Churchyard.

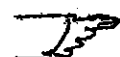
At rest he is, but blameless he was not. For example, the date he gave the Metropolitan Police for his birth was not exactly accurate. Digging around in birth certificates have told me that. He knocked a year off his real age, presumably to beat the age limits for recruitment into the Force.. Well, there's no harm in saying that now, is there?

If you catch "ancestoritis" - a deadly disease - and start trying to track down those who are lost and gone before in Registrars' offices and churchyards, you will find this business of dates and ages most confusing as well as expensive. Vanity, it seems, does not always end in the grave-yard and ladies in particular knock years off for tombstones which they will never see.

But that is not the only thing you will find to confuse you. Not only were our great grand-parents casual about dates and ages - sometimes I'm afraid they were pretty casual too about getting married. There I've said it! I knew you'd be offended, but I did warn you didn't I?

Of course it couldn't happen to such a well-brought up family such as yours. That is what I thought until - shock, horror, I got a copy of my grandfather's birth certificate, supplied for £4.60 - each certificate will cost you that - by the highly efficient Superintendent Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages, in Fore Street, Kingsbridge.

Nothing escapes their eagle eyes in that department. They had tracked old Lor Lumme down despite his change of age.





Where have
all the
Kendalls gone
?

Oh, shock!

Oh, horror!

Look elsewhere you

delicate creatures! On the certificate of the boy William who was born at "Frogmore South Pool" on January 21st. 1851, there was of course a Mummy - "Alice Kendall", but the column for the name and surname of his Daddy was a great white blank.

Of course immediately I espied this, I directed my steps back up the stairs of the Registrar's lofty perch and suggested there must have been some mistake. But mistake there had been none. And the girls in the office blushed for me and mine. Pausing only to ask them to bend their very nerves and sinews to the task of seeking out a quick marriage for poor Alice Kendall, I fled the field to hide my shame in the open air of South Pool.

Frogmore, you see in days past had no church and with some wild hope I thought I might find evidence of a midnight marriage for poor Alice in South Pool's church records. More, had not Lor Lumme given on his marriage certificate his father's name as Roger Hill? Had Roger done the right thing by Alice? Would the answer lie under some long-forgotten tombstone?

Now I don't suppose many readers have ever been to South Pool. I base this surmise on the fact that my next-door neighbour Len Jeffery told me that he had never been there despite living all his life in these parts, but then Len is a great leg-puller and so perhaps some of you may really have visited this remote outpost of civilisation.

Remote South Pool may be, but the people are nice. The first person I met to ask where I would find the church records was Mrs. Waterfield of Glebe Farm. She took a break from delivering hay to direct me to another farm - Court Barton (no not that one, this one is almost next to South Pool's Church of St. Nicholas and St. Cyriac) where I met David Luckes (which you must pronounce Luckas).

Mr. Luckes is very used to having strangers ask him questions about the church. His grandfather and father before him were Churchwardens, but he does slightly resent the fact that everyone comes looking for an old man... "you'd think I was over a hundred, the things they ask me" he grumbles quietly, and then says he supposes it is because there are so few people living in South Pool who were born there that you can count them on the fingers of one hand,

He adds, when he has heard my sad story, that people are always going on about the wickedness of the youth of today, but the youth of past ages were possibly worse. He does not remember Alice!

He thinks the Church registers are now in the Devon Record Offices in Exeter, but passes me on to Colonel H.W. King, another Churchwarden, to check. The Colonel at his home in West Court at the top end of the village confirms this and we talk about the large sum - over £2,700 - that the South Pool Church needs to raise for the upkeep each year. "The trouble is," says the Colonel, "that in a small village like this you find yourself going to the same people over and over again" but he cheers up when recalling that their fetes are usually financial successes.

At this, I wonder about the fate of Thurlestone Church and realise that, of course, with all those people living on the Mead there couldn't possibly be any shortage of funds for our church, now could there?

All this talk of money and the fact that I have no chance of consulting the Church records on that day depresses me and it is with little hope that I wander among the tomb-stones in the graveyard in search of Roger Hill. But, by golly, there he is! Well, it could be him. The date's right... But what's this?

"This stone is erected in memory of Roger, son of Nicholas and Mary Ann Hill of Chillington, who was killed at Winslade Quarry December 12, 1854, aged 25 years"



Oh, dear - did Roger have time to marry Alice? Indeed, is it the right Roger? If it is, then my family history has taken a giant step into the past - for next to Roger's grave is not only that of his father, Nicholas, who died in 1889, but also his father's father.

It seems that Nicholas Hill's father, another Roger Hill, died in 1825 aged 69 in the place which he lived, which was North Pool. That takes the family history back to 1756. Which means we were around when George II was on the throne, William Pitt was Prime Minister, and General Wolfe was soon to scale the Heights and capture Quebec.

I find that fascinating, but non-Hills will probably find it exquisitely boring. So let me tell you instead of a discovery I made in South Pool Church.

It seems that in 1666, the Rector was a hot-blooded man called the Reverend William Streat. Those of delicate sensibilities should read no further! This Rector was dallying with the affections of a Miss Dorothy Ford. It would appear too that on the strength of his promise to marry her a bit more than dallying was going on.

Unfortunately for all concerned on June 11th, 1666, the Rector died before he could keep his promise.

Now you may think that this was the end of the story, but did I not warn you that our ancestors here in Devon were made of stern stuff? Miss Ford became aware of a change in her shape and so, it seems, did her father. On November 27th of that year they dug the Rector up and a "marriage service was performed". The body was not officially reburied until August 31st, 1668!

Do you know, if I hadn't been so worried about Roger Hill and Alice Kendall, I would have worried a bit about the Old Southpoolians, wouldn't you!

You see. It's happened again. I've been distracted. But let us haste now back to Kingsbridge and the lovely girls of the Registrar's Department. And what's this - no blushes, all smiles. Can it be? Yes it is - Roger Hill and Alice Shepherd Kendall were married on February 26th 1851, in Stokenham Church only a month after the birth of little William.

Now there's a relief. Back on the road of righteousness at last. But all in not settled. Did you notice that on Roger Hill's tombstone there was no sign of any 'beloved husband of Alice'. Oh, dear, what has Alice been up to now?

Well, do you know we searched, my beloved wife Penny and I, we searched practically every churchyard in this area of past misdeeds for some trace of Alice or her father, William Kendall, but couldn't even find a tombstone bearing the name of Kendall at all. Personally I reckon that Alice married again. But where have all the Kendalls gone?

"There's a lot of them in Slapton," said one of my local informants, but surely this can't be true? I would, however, be much obliged if, when you're next wandering around your friendly neighbourhood graveyard, you'd keep an eye open for Alice and her Dad. Let me know please. I have a legitimate interest.

+ + + + +

The Editor will be happy to forward on to Kendall McDonald any information that might be helpful.

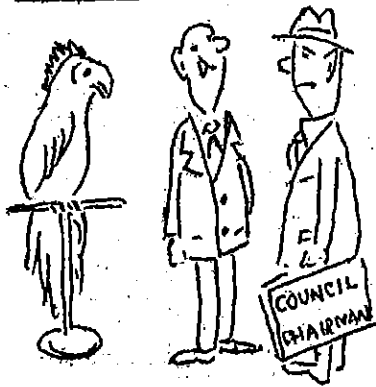
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No member of Thurleston Parish Council has ever claimed a car mileage allowance when carrying out any 'approved duty' on behalf of their council. I wonder how many District Councillors could say the same. At 16.7p per mile for a 1000 c.c. car cannot be too bad - and 18.4p per mile for a vehicle over 1199 c.c. is perhaps too good to be missed!

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PET SHOP

VILLAGE VOICE ASKS.....



"It can say 'Point of Order' repeatedly."

TOO MUCH TALK, NOT ENOUGH ACTION?

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The following letter appeared in the Spring Edition of 'Local Council Review' - written by a Leicestershire Parish Councillor.

Could one fairly accuse our Local Authority of too much talk, too much 'planning' a little too much concern with its own well-being and too little for the people it represents ?

" A few months ago I visited Kapelle in Holland. It has a population of 9000 spread among various villages. Kapelle has a beautiful town hall with a splendid hall and council chamber. It runs its own services like fire, roads and welfare and has a fantastic sports centre which includes two indoor swimming pools (decorated beautifully in a Hawaiian theme) and four outdoor pools.

But it was the old people's home which took my breath - and that of others in our group - away. Apart from accommodation for 250 it had a large hall suitable for many things. From there we progressed to the centre and found it difficult to believe. The three-storey building was completely open in the centre, with balconies overlooking, and there in the centre was a beautiful tropical garden with some plants 20 feet high.

It seems to me that too many local councils in our country spend too much time talking and writing letters and are unwilling to take action. We just don't seem to have the concepts, initiative, ideas and enthusiasm of our colleagues overseas, or their belief in getting things done for their community. In a way we are in a mental cage, a kind of straitjacket.

We need to educate ourselves about what we can do and to educate society. We need to take up the ideas of the Nation Council on more local power with our M.P's and the media. Above all, we need to show that we are capable, responsible, imaginative and have the initiative to serve our communities so that Parliament sees the wisdom of giving us and our communities even more freedom to get up and solve our own problems.

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PLANS FOR GROWTH

and development of the South Hams over the next seven years will not be revealed until late summer.

South Hams District Councillors met on the 22nd. April at their Totnes headquarters when they almost finished hammering out a blueprint for the area's development. They spent that day putting together draft plans for the five main towns of the South Hams - Kingsbridge, Totnes, Datrmouth, Ivybridge and Modbury.

But the public will not get the chance to air their views on the proposals until late this year.

When the plans are finally approved, they will set out how each area should grow and develop. The final blueprint will pinpoint where industry, housing and shops should be built. District Council Chairman Mr Percival Moysey said it was aimed to unveil the plans for public comment in late summer. They would hold discussions with each parish affected before public discussion. The final plans will have to be approved by Devon County Council and the Department of the Environment.

Villager.

Cholera reaches the South Hams

A few years ago the rector of Charleton mentioned two stones in his graveyard recording deaths from cholera. I suggested that they were both dated 1832. He was not sure and so, despite the wintry weather with snow on the ground, we picked our way between the graves and found two more, making four in all. They were all dated 1832. The cholera pandemic had come a long way.

Cholera is acquired through drinking infected water, as was proved by John Snow in 1854 when he traced an outbreak in London to the Broad Street pump. It has an explosive onset with "rice water" stools progressing to dehydration, coma and death in a few hours. Formerly the mortality was 50 per cent or rather less, with virulence tending to diminish as an epidemic progressed. Modern treatment, with intravenous fluid to make up for the fluid loss through diarrhoea, has saved many lives. Four serious outbreaks occurred in Victorian England.

Cholera has long been endemic in India. A virulent strain developed there in 1829 and spread across Europe through Hungary and Poland to the Baltic Sea. Its progress was carefully noted and quarantine regulations were introduced in June 1831, by royal proclamation, for all ships arriving from Russia and the Baltic. Despite the precautions cholera reached England for the first time ever in October 1831 when it was

brought by sea to Sunderland. It slowly spread to the large manufacturing towns of the Midlands and London, where the highest mortalities occurred, and on to Bristol and the South West. In July and August 1832 it killed over a thousand people in Plymouth and about four hundred in Exeter. Forty or so people died in August alone in Townstal, on the hill behind Dartmouth, where the water supply was evidently contaminated.

Nearer home, the proof of its having reached Charleton makes the interpretation of burials in other registers in the South Hams much easier. In August 1832 there were 10 unexpected deaths in Modbury, 5 in Malborough, 4 in South Pool and 4 in Thurlestone. These figures cannot easily be accounted for by chance and some at least must have been attributable to cholera. They may not be large enough to implicate infected wells; but they could arise from food and water soiled by infected people.

Alas, Indian cholera and failure of the port authorities in Sunderland led to the deaths of simple Devonians in Charleton and maybe in Thurlestone too, many years ago.

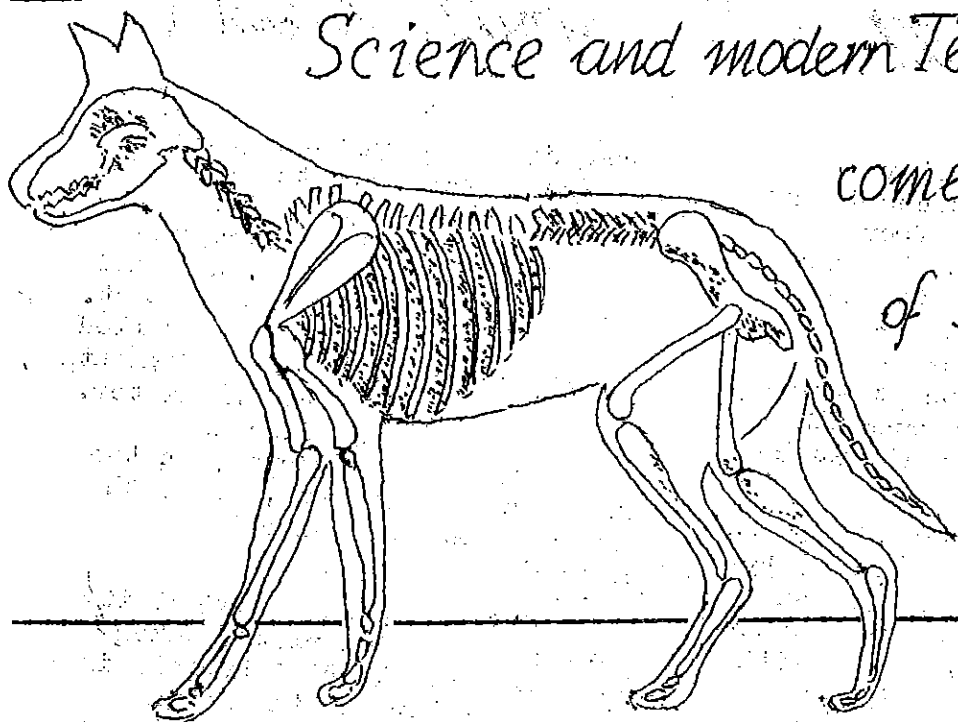
NEVILLE C. OSWALD.

Removal of Hedgerows Illegal?

Conservationists are trying to invoke old and obscure countryside laws in an attempt to halt the destruction of Britain's hedgerows. More than 4,000 miles of hedges a year have been lost since 1946 as farmers have switched to highly efficient "prairie farming" techniques involving bigger fields, but now conservationists believe that many hedges have been removed illegally, with the assistance of Government, under the terms of the old Enclosure Acts which formed the basis of land improvement during the

agricultural revolution. More than 4,000 individual Enclosure Acts for specific areas were passed in England between the early 1700's and 1804. They are still in force. Many stipulated that the hedges, fences and ditches which enclosed agricultural land must be maintained and protected for ever. Under the terms of the Acts, farmers could be forced to replace hedgerows which were removed illegally. The Government could be asked to make funds available to replace hedgerows which have been wrongly removed with the help of farm improvement grants!

Science and modern Technology



come to the help
of sick and
injured
PETS

As a vet dealing with pets I have two duties: first to relieve my patients' suffering, but I am also concerned with the anxieties of their owners. Modern improvements in veterinary care therefore benefit the human population by alleviating such worries.

Correct diagnosis of an animal's illness is vital for successful treatment: we must know what we are up against. Laboratory tests on samples such as blood or urine have become well established. X rays are increasingly helpful, and new knowledge on their interpretation becomes available all the time. Special X ray investigations such as Barium meals reveal features invisible on ordinary X rays. Constant striving for "non-invasive" study of the body makes exploratory surgery or even guesswork a thing of the past. One such method uses narrow tubular instruments with optical devices (sometimes a flexible fibre-optic cable) to see into body cavities such as the stomach or lungs - these devices allow photography, retrieval of tissue samples and removal of some foreign bodies. Ultrasound scans have recently become available to diagnose pregnancy in farm animals and horses but are yet to be exploited for use on pets.

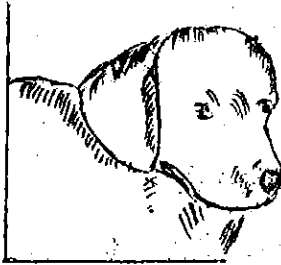
Dramatic advances in pet animal surgery over the past 20 years were only possible through improvements in anaesthetics, allowing longer operative times: methods of controlling

breathing now allow open chest surgery and a few dogs have even had open heart surgery with the aid of heart-lung machines. You may recall the dog which made news a few years ago by having a pacemaker fitted to correct faulty heart rhythms.

Orthopaedic surgery continues to advance the treatment of bones, joints and related structures. We now have available precision made steel plates, screws, pins, wires and nails to repair broken bones surgically thus allowing animals to use the leg at an early stage without bulky splints or casts. Carbon fibre has made repair of injured tendons far more successful than in the past - racehorses were the first animals to benefit from the wonderful property of this material by which it stimulates active growth of new tendon tissue (normally, tendons heal by scar tissue which is always a weak point). Carbon fibre now may benefit cats and dogs. Replacement hip joints pioneered in the U.S.A. have been inserted in a few dogs in Britain - early results are encouraging although some problems remain to be overcome before the operation can be offered more widely.

Surgery implies cutting, yet there are other means to remove diseased tissue from the body.

CONCLUDING ... HOW...



How Science and Modern Technology come to the help of sick and injured Pets

Cryosurgery uses freezing and is widely employed by vets in situations where cutting is dangerous or mutilating, for instance tumours of the face. Radiotherapy of some cancers of horses, dogs and cats has proven successful and chemotherapy of some cancers in dogs and cats is being developed.

What I have described may, in places, seem rather like science fiction but is all feasible. You may be asking yourself "What about the cost?" True, some sophisticated and modern veterinary treatments are expensive but insurance cover for vets' fees is available today. For a modest annual premium, you need not worry about large or unexpected bills (your veterinary surgeon will be pleased to give details of such schemes). In some cases, for example, radiation treatment of a tumour, it is clear that the special facilities could not be provided by vets in practice but we are always able to refer cases needing such treatment to institutions such as the animal hospitals attached to University Veterinary Schools which provide such specialised facilities.

I hope you will find it reassuring, as I do, that we live in an age when our pets can enjoy the same sort of medical care that we have. I must, however, end on the note that prevention is definitely better than cure. So much illness in domestic animals could be prevented by controlled breeding (for hereditary defects), correct diet, prevention of obesity, regular vaccination and health checks (including a dental examination) yearly, worming and perhaps neutering. Do please come to look upon your veterinary surgeon as a source of advice and help to keep pets happy, healthy and long lived. We would all rather do this, than have to sort out problems after they have happened.

A.W.

IT'S BRITISH MADE - IS IT?

Looking through a recent issue of 'Motor Sport' I found it somewhat disturbing to read that all Mrs Thatcher's call to 'Buy British' takes a bit of sorting out in the world of motor cars.

It seems that all Ford Capri and Granadas are imported from Germany as well as 54% of the old Cortinas and 48% of Fiestas, while some 70% of Talbot Horizons plus all Sambas, Tagoras and Ranchos come in from France. All Vauxhall Royales and Viceroyes and 55% of their Astras came in from Germany during the period covered by this article - 130,000 cars in six months.

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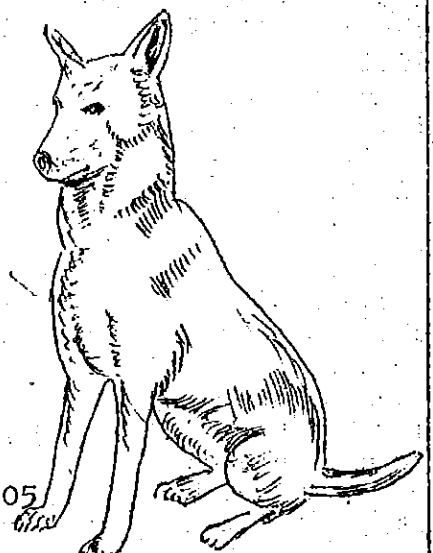
Telephone

PAT HAYWARD

Thurlestone 205

or

Kingsbridge 2503



ARISING FROM THE MINUTES



by John Eve

ALTHOUGH Major Harrington-Smith detested Parish Council meetings, he had always considered it his duty as an officer, gentleman and prominent member of the village community to accept the Chair and attempt to bring about some military order to these rural proceedings, and it was for military reasons that he had hastily convened to-day's extraordinary meeting.

The buff envelope that had arrived in his post earlier that week was terse, couched in typical officialese and announced that a high-ranking official from the Ministry of Defence would be arriving on the following Tuesday to inspect the secret underground bunker. This was situated on the outskirts of the village and was to serve as the Regional Seat of Government on the outbreak of any future hostilities.

There was no real secret about the existence of this underground shelter, although the village was widely divided over its real purpose. Some held that it was a store for "them newcular bomb things", others that it was full of indescribable germs which were blamed for the outbreaks of various epidemics that swept through the village school from time to time, and mothers kept their children away from the place with dire threats of retribution.

The meeting was being held in the Church Hall, a damp and dismal wooden building. It had a corrugated iron roof

that precluded any attempt at normal conversation during heavy rain, and the interior smelled strongly of dry rot and damp old hymn books. It huddled miserably between a garage on one side and the proud new vandal-proof village toilets on the other.

It was not raining on that particular evening, and the assembled councillors were able to hear the thin quavering voice of the Parish Clerk as he read out the minutes of the previous meeting. Much of the time of that previous meeting had been taken up in heated argument over complaints about Farmer Bullard's dairy herd. It was not so much the cows in this particular herd that had caused such a furore, but the fact that the summer's torrential rains had liberated the enormous and aromatic mountain of manure in his farmyard, the resulting purée, now imbued with a will of its own, proceeding inexorably towards the lower part of the village known as Glebe Bottom. It was reported that the Vicar's garden had already been blessed to a depth of almost a foot by this steady flow of rustic lava, but Farmer Bullard had been reluctant to admit that either he or his cows were responsible; and if they were, then surely they ought to receive the credit for the Vicar having won the Vegetable Cup at the last flower show. However, the meeting had extracted a promise from Councillor Bullard to do something about it.

There being no matters arising from these minutes, and it having been stated that what remained of the manure mountain had disappeared, the Major then drew the attention of the meeting to the main item on the agenda - the impending visitation from the Ministry and whether the Parish Council should extend an official welcome to them.

Miss Pullshaw, the only lady present, put down her knitting, extracted another peppermint from her handbag - her only defence against the proximity of the odorous Farmer Bullard - sniffed meaningly, and the meeting almost perceptively cringed.

ARISING FROM THE MINUTES

by John Eve



GLADYS PULLSHAW, far from being the timid creature that her diminutive stature implied, was probably the most feared and respected lady in the village. Even the Vicar, who seldom ventured any opinion at all on village matters, had been heard to liken her tongue to a bed of stinging nettles. Now, she glared at the Major through the top of her bifocals, pinched the peppermint in the side of her cheek like a thrifty guinea pig and quietly and ominously uttered a monosyllabic "No!"

"No what?" queried the Major, flustered and suspecting trouble. "No to the visit, and no welcome!" retorted Miss Pullshaw, returning to her knitting and her peppermint.

"Ah." The assenting grunt emanated from Farmer Bullard, who had slumped in his chair like a wheat-sack and had woken with a start. He had been dimly aware of some vague threat from some Ministry or other. Farmer Bullard did not hold with any sort of 'officialdom' and had never forgiven the Ministry for the compulsory purchase order that had deprived him of the field where the secret bunker had been excavated during the Cuban crisis of the 1960s. Since then, he had attempted to thwart tax men, V.A.T. men, and their like with equal impartiality.

If the Major was prepared for lack of support from the Pullshaw-Bullard front, he certainly had not expected the outright hostility that glared at him from every member present. He had not served in the British Army for forty years without developing an uncanny sense of timeliness in retreat - to prepared positions, of course - and it was all too obvious that now was the time. He declared the meeting closed, banged down his best pipe on the table like an auctioneer's gavel and marched with some dignity out of the hall.

The broken bowl of his briar rolled gently across the floor and disappeared under the piano, watched with interest by the councillors pausing in their stampede to the Red Lion across the street.

Early next morning, a rather furtive Major was seen leaving the village, dragging a reluctant and fat old spaniel that couldn't understand

the reason for exercise at that hour of the morning. The Major skirted the churchyard wall and made off in the direction of the bunker. The only other pedestrians about were the Bullard herd of pedigree Friesians, ambling in for their morning milking. They gazed at the gasping spaniel with mild bovine interest, demolished a few blooms from the Vicar's once immaculate front garden, and wandered on their fragrant way.

The Major hurried on down the lane to the meadow. There was nothing to show that anything sinister or official existed in this field, except for a wireless mast in one corner and some mushroom-like brick constructions here and there. These might have been beehives but were in fact the air vent shafts for the bunker. Although the Parish did not hold a key for the door, which was at the bottom of a ramp and not immediately visible, it was responsible for cutting the grass in the field and the Major wanted to make quite sure that Bullard had done this according to his contract with the Council. All seemed to be in order, but he was mystified by the great number of tractor tracks that seemed to converge on one of the air vents. A closer examination revealed nothing: the cover was well and truly fastened down with six-inch nails and baler twine. There was no evidence that Bullard's cows or sheep had been grazing the forbidden acres. The Ministry's notice boards still grimly threatened to prosecute all trespassers, as they had done for the past twenty years. The Major retired, satisfied with his brief inspection, and struggled back up the lane with the exhausted spaniel under one arm.

On Tuesday morning, a large black limousine, driven at high speed, arrived in the village.

ARISING OUT OF THE MINUTES

It nearly knocked Miss Pullshaw down as she emerged from the Post Office and hurried across the road to speak to the Vicar. Timely application of the brakes and a rather fortunate skid on a line of fresh cowpats ensured that the car narrowly missed her but did not prevent it from entering the Vicar's front garden and completely demolishing the few sweet peas that had remained unnoticed by the cows.

The driver's door opened slowly, and a fresh-faced young Army subaltern climbed out. "I say, I'm awfully sorry, I - " He got no further with his apology, which ended in a squawk as Gladys Pullshaw's steel-tipped umbrella unerringly found his solar plexus. Then followed a lengthy tirade on drivers in particular and motor cars in general. She had finished with the Army and just started on the black coat and striped trousers that were visible in the rear of the car, when the Major arrived on the scene and diffidently took charge. With considerable relief, the limousine passengers allowed themselves to be led away to the refuge of his house, leaving the unfortunate Vicar to deal with Miss Pullshaw.

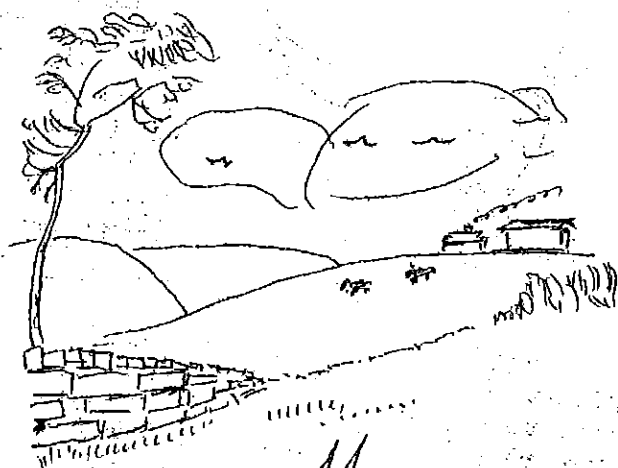
At least two bottles of sherry later, a more convivial party emerged to walk unsteadily down the lane, led by the Major. Farmer Bullard, who had been attending to his sheep (an uncommon occurrence), rose slowly above the level of the hedge to watch them pass, a struggling ewe under one arm, a pair of rusty sheep shears in his free hand, and a beatific smile spreading slowly across his face.

The Ministerial inspection was about to take place.

The subaltern handed over the key to the Major, who unlocked the large steel doors at the bottom of the ramp. Even as he did so, an awful suspicion dawned on him - Bullard's reluctance, the tractor marks across the field to the air vent, the speedy disappearance of the manure heap - and as he realised their significance the ghastly Niagara surged out of the bunker and nearly engulfed them all.

It was a smelly and very sober party that retraced its way to the car. Only two of the local inhabitants witnessed the humiliated departure. "Have a peppermint" Gladys Pullshaw generously proffered the last one from her bag.

"Ah," said Farmer Bullard.



Morning in the South Downs

Light
drifting down the valley
misty,
hardly a dawn, more like
a dream
held on waking.

Grey
heave of hills, friendly
mounds
clothing
nakedness with shadow
hinder
sun's boisterous

blaze
reflected in roof light
flashing
messages of morning
to minds
where dimness clings.

Blinds
newly awakened sight
too soon
admitting molten glare,
brilliant
as distant source.

Mist
stirring from warming earth
revives
greyness, leaving a spark
winking.
All we can bear.

Audrey Hatton

THE SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER ISSUE
WILL BE OUT BY THE END OF
AUGUST. HAVE YOU ANY EVENT
YOU WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW ABOUT?

Thurlestone & South Milton Football Club

THE Club held their Annual Buffet Dance at the Thurlestone Hotel this year. A very enjoyable evening, with the Hotel laying on an excellent buffet and a Disco by 'Concorde' (from Newton Abbot) did a superb job with the music. A heartening sight were some former players, who nowadays play a more leisurely game, such as Euchre, discussing the differences from the time when they put on Thurlestone colours!

The evening started at 8 pm, when everybody met for a drink and then the buffet, after which our Club Chairman, Mr Mike Langman, had a few words to say about how the club gets through the season. He thanked our 'landlord' Mr Rodney Stidston for the use of his field. It is not generally realised just how much damage a field can suffer during a season. Rodney allows the Club to cut the grass to suit, for which a tractor is borrowed to pull the mower, which is where Gordon Bromfield comes to the rescue on such occasions. To kit a team out these days costs a lot of money and they were grateful to Mr Mike Davies of SMG Motors for his sponsorship. Each week the problem of washing the kit is solved for them by Mr David Grose and his Thurlestone Hotel laundry staff. After games on some wet and muddy pitches two or three washes were required to get the kit clean - and then dried. Mr Grose was thanked for all his help to the Club over the year he had been its President. Thanks were also given to Janet Hansen, the Treasurer - who had one of the most difficult jobs, and Georgina Yeoman and Mike Yeoman who had shared the Secretary's job between them. The Club Committee are young and willing to work hard, especially over the Fete last year, which was such a great success. Both the team managers, Tony Lyle and Steve Sullivan have had their problems getting a settled side, but everybody who helped the Club in any way during the past year were thanked, because they all combined to make it possible to have a successful season.

There is one person whom Mike Langman left out and who I would like to thank - Mike himself. The rest of us at the club feel that Mike has pulled us through some difficult times, seeing them climb high two seasons ago and then reach the lowest ebb when the club lost a lot of support from its own two villages. But Mike didn't give up hope and dedicated a lot of his time and effort to the club and I'm sure he will see the benefit of all his hard work over the next few years. I only hope the players appreciate what he has done over the past years. If we give him our full support I'm sure we shall get back into the 'honours',

Tony Lyle and Steve Sullivan then gave their end of season reports. Tony thanked all the players for their efforts and said that several of the players could get into most other sides in the South Hams, and hoped that they would stay with the club for next season. He thanked the team Captain, Mike Hansen for his attitude throughout the season and hoped it was wearing off on some of the younger members of the team. Steve Sullivan thanked his players. Unfortunately some were not prepared to drop from the 1st. team to the 2nd. team and had subsequently left. Although we finished at the bottom of the League, the points total was doubled over last season, as were the number of goals scored. A special thank-you to Neville Crispin who travels from Brixton, near Plymouth, each week to play. This year, the Club had some trophies donated for which we are all very grateful. The awards were then presented by Mr. David Grose and his wife, Cilla.:

The Reg Penwell Trophy for the best clubman, in the opinion of the Committee for the player who does a lot for the Club off the pitch such as preparing the pitch for matches - MIKE YEOMAN.

The Thurlestone Hotel Cup for the most improved player - SIMON HURRELL. Simon has come from a Second Team outsider to a first team regular and always puts a lot into his game.

The Rodney Stidston Cup - was presented to the First Team 'Player's player'. Each player voting for whom he thought had their best season - MIKE YEOMAN.

The Miss Jennifer Yeo Cup was presented to the 'Player of the Year' - and PHIL BURNS was considered to have been the most outstanding.

The Derek Luscombe Cup for the Second Team 'Player's Player' - ANDY THOMAS - and the Club Cup went to the Second Team 'Player of the Year' - DES. BICKLE.

Devon's Bounty

By Margot Normanton

Possession, they say, is nine-tenths of the law,
And, lying neglected on land, and on shore,
An abundance of pickings, useful and free,
The flotsam and jetsam of country and sea.

Fat globules of seaweed, the fruit of the deep,
Will convert into loam on your composting heap,
Pieces of driftwood lie white and sun-dried,
And pebbles and shells are re-washed by each tide.

Way up in the woods where squirrels abound,
There's kindling, and peasticks, and logs to be found.
Dark leafmould that's damp and fully decayed,
Hides under a blanket of leaves yet to fade.

Mushrooms and blackberries, bold hips and sloes,
Keep keen bounty hunters up on their toes,
Baler twine strands, lying twisted and blue,
When plaited, will prove even stronger than new.

From March to October, a pageant of bloom,
Gives colour and brightness to anyone's room.
And berries and fir cones for seasonal cheer,
Makes gleaning a pleasure in our Devonsheer!

" " " " " " " " " " " "

FROM YOUR
DISTRICT COUNCILLOR

Tel. 269.

"Little Thatch"
South Milton.

Dear Parishioner,

To those who voted for me at the District Council Elections - many thanks for your support.

To those who voted for my worthy opponents, let me assure them I shall continue to use my best endeavours to promote the interests of Thurlestone, Bantham and Buckland, but on any major issue, there is often two opposing opinions within the community.

Let me also assure all concerned that standing on a Conservative ticket will assist rather than hinder, when fighting on local issues.

I do not propose holding local surgeries unless requested, but I hope to attend all Parish Meetings and will always be available to follow up any personal problem.

JACK V. THOMAS.

BE HAPPY
CHARITY GROUP

FUTURE BINGO EVENINGS

All Sessions will now be in
THURLESTONE PARISH HALL -
the Churchstow evenings being
cancelled owing to lack of
support.

JULY 13th
JULY 27th
(for Muscular Dystrophy)
AUGUST 10th
AUGUST 24th
(for Muscular Dystrophy)

The Charity to benefit on
July 13th and August 10th
to be announced later.

Overheard:

"No, I don't know where I'm
going on holiday this year.
My bank manager hasn't told
me".

Memories of Yesteryear - 3 -

How to live on 19/6 a week!

This is not a story of village life - just for a change it gives a very brief insight into the lot of the industrial worker around 1907.

IN 1850 ironstone was discovered in the Cleveland Hills, just about ten miles from what was then a hamlet called Middlesbrough - which in 1811 only had a population of 35.

With the discovery of this ironstone deposit, Middlesbrough on the banks of the Tees, also close to the Durham coal-fields and with limestone close to hand, was to become very much a part of the Victorian industrial revolution. By 1911 the population had already advanced to over 104,000 !

It would require a considerable number of columns to do anything but give a brief description of the process of making iron, and the conditions under which it had to be accomplished in those days. The three materials required - ironstone, coke and limestone were manhandled into kilns to allow the ironstone to be calcinated in order to drive off moisture and carbonic acid. The kiln would be fired - and once lit would continue to burn night and day. Around the bottom of these kilns were huge iron shutters so that ironstone, when sufficiently 'roasted' could be drawn out in readiness to go to the blast furnace. The ironstone was now in dull red lumps and was taken in barrows and tipped onto a lift which would take it some 80 feet when it would be fed into the huge 25 foot diameter furnace to be melted down. The heat, the heavy sweating labour meant that men were almost constantly breaking down in health, either from conditions inherent in the work - the noxious fumes and the violent alternations of temperature to which they were exposed, or simply because of not being strong enough to follow an occupation which so obviously required very great physical strength. The working day was divided into shifts covering 24 hours and these hours applied to the great majority - furnace keepers, slagers, chargers, fillers, brakesmen, weighers, gantrymen, boilermen, engine men, moulders, pattern makers - the best paid getting from £2 to £3 a week - while the labourers - the lowest paid would average 19/6 to 38/- a week !

Typical weekly expenditure of a man on 19/6 a week, with a wife and one child would be:

Rent	5/6
Insurance	7d
Coal & Coke	2/5½
Clothing	1/-
Tobacco	9d
Household	6½d
Debt	1/3
FOOD	7/5

A wife who drew up this sort of budget was considered a most 'skilful and competent manager', and on the whole the diet was not thought to be at all bad at that time.

Of course, just how different those times were may be seen from a breakdown of the budget: 2/5½ bought 2 cwt of coal, 9d 3 ozs of tobacco, whilst 1/5 would buy a stone (14 lbs) of flour, ½lb tea could be had for 9d. and sugar was 2d. a lb !

In York Workhouse the diet was 'regulated' by general order of the Local Government Board and laid down the cost of feeding worked out at 6½d per day per head. It was stated that it was possible for a man to live on 3/3 a week for food, a woman for 2/9, a child from 1 to 8 years on 2/1 and a youngster from 8 to 16 years 2/7

The pride of some of these womenfolk can be seen by a breakdown of the item 'Household' - a 'pennyworth' of 'Globe' polish for cleaning brasses, a pennyworth of 'Zebra' a black paste for firegrates, bath-brick for cleaning the house steps, 1lb of starch - and stamps were also just - one penny.

No doubt the rural worker of the time also had a very hard life - but he did live in healthier surroundings with the chance of a snared rabbit now and again - vegetables, milk and eggs. It would be interesting to know !

Youth Training Scheme

SPECIAL PROJECT FOR LANDSCAPE ACTION IN THE SOUTH HAMS

SPLASH - has been developed over the past 2 years into a quality scheme to provide training as a foundation for work. SPLASH now provides a year's training for young people who have recently left school; mostly 16 year olds, but some 17 year olds may also be eligible.

Using qualified supervisors, SPLASH will offer training in Estate Management and Basic Construction skills. A project such as constructing a footbridge may be undertaken and in seeing the job through from start to finish you will be shown how to plan, design, estimate costs and use the necessary tools to ensure a worthwhile job is done for the community.

WHAT DO I GAIN ?

1. £25 allowance each week.
2. A holiday entitlement of 18 days during the year.
3. A training in the use of a variety of tools and equipment.
4. The opportunity to work alongside qualified craftsmen.
5. The chance to undertake occupational skills both in the workshop and on worksites in the South Hams.
6. A certificate of experience and reference which will assist you in your search for permanent work.
7. A Quality training.

WHAT WILL I BE DOING ?

1. TRAINING AT WORK. The work will be varied and will require skills that can be found in a number of occupations ranging from farming and forestry to the Construction industry. Depending on your requirements, the work will be geared either towards Estate Management or Construction. Jobs may include building of stiles and footbridges, fencing, hedgelaying, construction of play equipment, masonry and joinery work.

2. WORKSHOP TRAINING

3. OFF THE JOB TRAINING

4. RESIDENTIAL TRAINING

Protective clothing will be supplied to you by the scheme.

WHERE IS THE SCHEME BASED AND WHAT ARE THE WORKING HOURS ?

You meet at Hushams Cross, Dartington, where there is a workshop and covered area to prepare for the day's work/training. Transport to the worksites will be provided by the scheme. You will be expected to arrive at 8.0 a.m. and the hours will be 8.0 am to 12.00 and 12.30 to 4 pm. You will be expected to bring your own packed lunch.

If you should have any transport difficulties to and from the Scheme, you may be assisted.

WRITE TO (or ring if you prefer):

Malcolm Cowper (Co-ordinator)
SPLASH, Central Office,
Shinners Bridge, Dartington,
Totnes, TQ9 6JE.

Tel: TOTNES: 865906

Probus

On Friday 10th June our Speaker was Mrs Isobel Adams, J.P. a recent Chairman of the Bench at Plymouth.

The administration of the law is always a fascinating subject, and her audience gave her rapt attention as she explained the duties, responsibilities and indeed some of the difficulties in the every day life of a Magistrate.

Her talk was much appreciated.

A.H.Dudley Tyas
Hon. Secretary,
Thurlestone 656.

UNEMPLOYED ?

Thurlestone Parish Council will gladly help by putting your name forward to all local employers. Let the Parish Clerk have brief written details of the kind of work you are seeking - and any information about yourself which could encourage a prospective employer to be interested.



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ARE YOU CONCERNED?

WHAT should those living in the country be doing towards conservation. And why is it important to be concerned about the long-term future of the countryside?

Vital issues like these are highlighted with the publication of Earth's Survival, a conservation and development programme for the United Kingdom. It has stemmed from the World Conservation Strategy which was launched here and in 33 other countries three years ago.

Since then various organisations, both Government and voluntary, concerned with the use and protection of the countryside have been considering possible courses of action.

One of the seven resulting reports, 'Putting Trust in the Countryside', is devoted to the implications for rural areas, but all of them have a central theme. It is the need to ensure that basic ecological processes are not impaired by the use of the country's resources, and that renewable resources rather than finite ones, are used increasingly for all productive activity, both industrial and agricultural. Clearly neither can be implemented over-night. However, people who live in the country have the best opportunity to effect changes on a day-to-day basis.

When and how are hedges trimmed? What nitrogen-producing fertilizers are ecologically best? Such urgent questions are literally close to home. Understanding conservation issues is the real crux of the matter. It involves appreciating how economic, political and ecological factors compete with one another, but nevertheless might also be brought together. For instance, the present system of Government grants to farmers frequently mitigates against the ones who are concerned about conservation. Yet they are as entitled as their neighbours to the best living they can obtain from the land.

Ultimately the maintainance of the widest possible eco-system will benefit everyone, since the country will then be best able to withstand emergencies. The recent onslaught of Dutch Elm Disease is a case in point. The report is packed with background information on current farming and forestry methods,

as well as on how the conflicting interests might be reconciled to sustain the ecological balance.

Simply being or becoming a W.I. member is one positive step. Since every local group is aware of the environmental needs of its area, it is in a strong position to help safeguard them. This could range from community enterprises to support for 'bus services or village shops, to making a contribution to the Farming Wildlife Advisory Group.

Certainly working with the farming community for a change in laws and grants is a much more positive step towards conservation than just waxing indignant.

(This item - with due acknowledgement to the Journal of the National Federation of Women's Institutes journal 'Home and Country')

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HAY FEVER

If you're a hay fever sufferer sometimes you only want to appreciate gardening through a closed window! Now Gardening Expert Sue Phillips has come up with a bright idea of a booklet called 'Gardening for the Hay Fever Sufferer'.

She starts with a useful guide to plants which will start you sneezing and those which have very little pollen. "There is no reason why hay fever sufferers should not be active gardeners. At the same time it makes sense to modify the sort of garden you have and work out a time-table to minimise exposure".

The booklet, which is published by New Era Laboratories Ltd is only 20p from your health food store

+++++

SELENIUM

My wife has continued to take her daily Selenium A.C.E. capsule - now over a period exceeding 3½ months - and there has been no return of the arthritic knee pain to date!

D.W.D.



South Hams Theatre & Arts Trust

Monthly Programme of Events at

KINGSBRIDGE THEATRE & CINEMA

Wednesday & Thursday, July 6th & 7th, at 8p.m.: Film.

ROMAN POLANSKI'S

TESS

(Certificate 15)

with Natasha Kinski, Peter Firth & Leigh Lawson

The widely acclaimed adaptation of Thomas Hardy's classic novel, winner of three Oscars, a masterpiece of stunning visual beauty.



Wednesday & Thursday, July 13th & 14th, at 8p.m.: Film.

WOODY ALLEN, MIA FARROW & JOSÉ FERRER in

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY

(Certificate 15)

The very special humour of Woody Allen



Wednesday & Thursday, July 20th & 21st, at 8p.m.: Film.

BURT REYNOLDS, DOLLY PARTON, & DOM DeLUISE in

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

(Certificate 15)

A musical comedy.



Wednesday & Thursday, July 27th & 28th, at 8p.m.: Film.

PAUL NEWMAN & SALLY FIELD in

ABSENCE OF MALICE

(Certificate PG)

A drama about the cut and thrust of journalism.



CINEMA TICKETS £1.20 (CHILDREN 60p) AT BOX OFFICE ONLY

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from Hon. Secy:

Special Note for PROBUS members

The Hotel have asked us to change our dates for the next two Meetings - these will now be on FRIDAY 1st. JULY and FRIDAY 2nd. SEPTEMBER 1983

KINGSBRIDGE THEATRE AND CINEMAAUGUST PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY - AUGUST 3rd and 4th, at 8 p.m. FILM:

Albert Finney, Carol Burnett, Bernadette Peters - "ANNIE" (Certificate U)

The sensational Broadway success, now a delightful movie.

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, AUGUST 10th and 11th, at 8 p.m. FILM:

Agatha Christie's "EVIL UNDER THE SUN" (Certificate PG)

with Peter Ustinov, James Mason, Diana Rigg, Colin Blakely and Sylvia Miles.

Holidays can be m u r d e r !

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY - AUGUST 17th and 18th, at 8 p.m. FILM:

Ian Charleson, Nigel Havers - "CHARIOTS OF FIRE" with Ben Cross

Winner of numerous top awards, an outstanding film of human endeavour and courage.

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY - AUGUST 24th and 25th, at 8 p.m. FILM:

(See August 19th issue of 'South Hams Gazette' for details

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY - AUGUST 31st and SEPTEMBER 1st, at 8 p.m.- FILM:

Dudley Moore, Liza Minelli, John Gielgud - "ARTHUR" (Certificate 15)

The comedy hit of 1982: very intoxicating entertainment !

* * * * *

THURLESTONE & SOUTH MILTON FOOTBALL CLUB

S U M M E R F E T E

SUNDAY 21st. AUGUST at 2 p.m. at the LINKS FIELD

COME AND ENJOY YOURSELF !

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JUST A REMINDER - Don't forget to order your MILK - EGGS - CREAM -

! BUTTER - YOGHURT - COTTAGE CHEESE - FRUIT JUICE -

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DELIVERIES ARE DAILY (Excluding Sunday) until approx. the last week in August.

No reproduction of any articles or stories without consent of the Editor



Bantham Surf Life Saving Club

From Chairman
F. W. SHILLABEER

Hopefully by the time this in print we will be having some summer weather - so that everyone can really enjoy a day on the beach.

Our season extends from early May until the end of September, and in this period we reckon on enrolling and training at least ten new members.

At the time of writing we have commenced our weekly training evening which, incidentally, is on Thursdays, for any aspiring members, but I must say that wet suits are in order for anyone wishing to stay in the water for any length of time.

Members patrol the beach every Sunday between the hours of 10 am and 6 pm., and a certain amount of training is also carried out on quiet days to prevent members from getting bored! Also during the season a number of competitions are held for which extra training is required. Members compete amongst themselves and there are also inter club Galas, Regional, National and also International competitions for the really dedicated, with the opportunity to travel to places like Australia, America, New Zealand and Hawaii, to compete.

Some of the events this year are:

SUNDAY 3rd. JULY - the National long distance 26 mile ski-race off the North Devon coast.

SUNDAY 17th JULY. First leg at Bantham of the Inter Club Gala for the Thurlestone Shield.

SUNDAY 24th JULY. Inter-region Championships at Portreath, Cornwall.

SUNDAY 7th AUGUST. Devon Championships at Challaborough.

SATURDAY & SUNDAY 27th & 28th AUGUST
The National Championships at Porthcawl

and an event to which 10 of our best juniors, with Club Captain, Bob Freshwater and Team Manager Roger Jackson, will be the NATIONAL JUNIOR COMPETITION to be held at Barry, South Wales on SATURDAY 13th JULY

SUNDAY 17th JULY is our BIG DAY at Bantham, when we will be staging our ANNUAL OPEN DAY

when not only do our member enjoy meeting and talking 'life saving' to the public, but also raise a bit of money to help with expenses. We put on a static display of life saving equipment about which people can ask questions, and also try out some of the items.

We also have stalls with refreshments, so no one need go home hungry - and other fund raising ideas including CHILDREN'S BEACH SPORTS, which are known to overspill into the sea to everyone's enjoyment!

The actual fund raising gets off to a good start by the generosity of Evans Estates Ltd., who let us man the gate of the Ham Car Park - and receive the days takings.

So, please roll up and support your local Club, not only financially, but vocally as well to encourage our team in the inter-club Gala, which will take place at a convenient tide time - around mid-day.

The Club will also be supporting the Kingsbridge Fair Week, hopefully with a team in the 5-a-side football, water sports, and show the flag in the carnival procession.

On July 27th we have been invited by the Lion's Club to take part in their massive rescue exercise at Frogmore Creek, when the Salcombe Lifeboat, Helicopter, Coastguards, St. John's Ambulance and the Police Diving Team will be giving their services to raise money for a Direction Finder for the Salcombe Lifeboat.

Just as a footnote, besides taking part in all these events, we have to meet the minimum requirements of the Surf Life Saving Association of Great Britain, and have at least 6 senior qualified members on duty every Sunday.

If you are at all interested, please come along to the Clubhouse and have a look around.

CLUBHOUSE TEL: Thurlestone 447.

Elayne Norris

First of all I must correct a mistake I made concerning the numbers of players in a darts team. There is in fact fourteen players in the Sloop's team, not ten as I had stated in the March/April issue. So with my apologies hopefully accepted I will continue with the subject of - Darts!

May was a busy month for the Darts Team, and within the first week, the Sloop hosted the Frank Ford Memorial Cup Championship. Unfortunately our team did not win, the cup being won by the player representing the Lobster Pot. Then, on the 15th May, the team held their Club Cup finals, the results were:

Ladies Singles. Jean Adams
Men's Singles. Ivor Treaise
Ladies Doubles: Margaret Kibbler and Stephanie Adams
Men's Doubles: John Dayment and Fred Shillabeer
Mixed Doubles: John Dayment and Hazel Harbage.

To bring the Darts season to a favourable close, the team and their supporters enjoyed an evening out, not for a match, but for their annual dinner party!

Onto more village activity at the Sloop; the annual Skittles Championship. The Championship was introduced by Neil Girling shortly after he became the landlord of the Sloop, and it has been held for the last three years.

Henry Moore won the Trophy for two years after playing close finals with the late Vernon Lapthorn. In memory of Vernon a special Skittles Board has been made and will soon be placed in the "locals corner". The new Skittle Board was paid for by contributions from the 'locals' and those friends who knew Vernon.

This year thirty-seven people took part, and one of them, George Dyer, knocked the former Champion, Henry Moore, out of the Championship. George continued to play well and went through to the final, playing against Peter Weedy. After an exciting and well attended match, Peter won the Trophy and the first prize of a Bell's Decanter commemorating the birth of Prince William.

E.N.

+++++

Success is not so much a question of ability as a question of applicability !

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BANTHAM SAILING CLUB

The Club was established many years ago, and is a flourishing club with over 100 members. We sail on the River Avon at Bantham every week-end during the summer months, tides and weather permitting.

The class boat for the club is the Topper, which is a single hander, with Salcombe Yawls, Wayfarers, Hawke Surfcats, Enterprises' and Bantham Class boats forming the Handicap fleet. Many of our members are summer visitors who sail when they are here on holiday, but we do have a nucleus of locals who sail every week-end. Membership fees range from £4.00 per family membership, i.e. mother, father and children under 18 years of age. £2.00 per individual member to £1.00 for spectator members.

In addition to the regular week-end racing we organise special events during August to raise money for the Challenger project for the purchase of specially adapted boats for disabled sailors, and our Annual Regatta is held over the August Bank Holiday week-end.

If you are interested in joining I can't promise the water will be warm - but the welcome most certainly will be.

PLEASE CONTACT:

The Secretary,
Marilyn Cater,
Yorick, West Buckland.

Telephone: THURLESTONE 593.

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SONGS WITH A STORY !

With pop songs pouring out like sausages we don't hear, as we once did What Inspired the Composer. Most of Harry Lauder's songs had a story. A stage door keeper handed him a pink-enveloped letter and said "I suppose you love a lassie". A walk at dusk inspired "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" and news of his son's death in the trenches inspired "Keep right on to the end of the road".

NAUGHTY - AND NOT NICE!

I have no desire to 'knock' the new South Hams District Council before they have had any real chance to get down to business but, along with many people I have met there is very real regret that it has 'gone political'. Surely, we get enough of that from Westminster.

My concern is what I have heard - that if you were elected to that Council under the 'wrong' political banner - however good and worthy - however great the majority earned - there will be no opportunity to serve the people - because the chance to serve on any committee will be effectively blocked by the 'party' with the majority. I would like to hear it is not true - for if it is it is a shocking turn of events and is surely not something we want in local administration. A new kind of 'colour bar'!

Let us remember that District Councillors do not now, as in days of old, 'give' their services - they are indeed quite well compensated - I have been told that if a councillor is fortunate enough to be elected onto a number of committee's he or she can collect £50 or more in a week. Not at all difficult I would have thought when the Attendance allowance runs around £14.45 and car mileage allowance for every 'official' trip! Perhaps my information is wrong - I would welcome precise information! Could there perhaps be a situation where the 'power majority' are making it possible to 'hog' all the 'goodies'. That would be naughty and certainly not nice!

WHALEBONE

Whalebone is a new contributor to 'Village Voice'

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

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