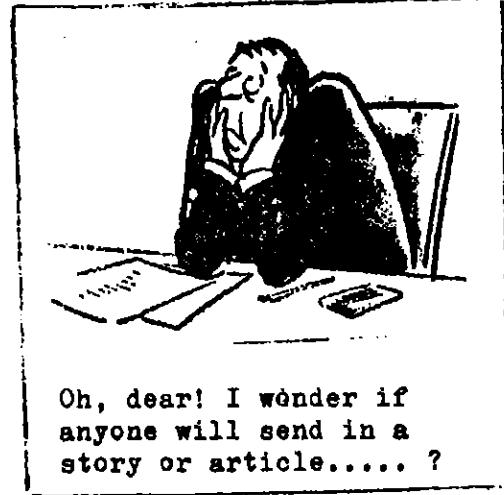




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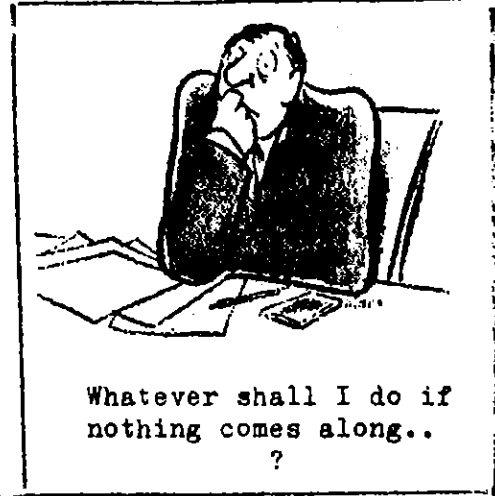


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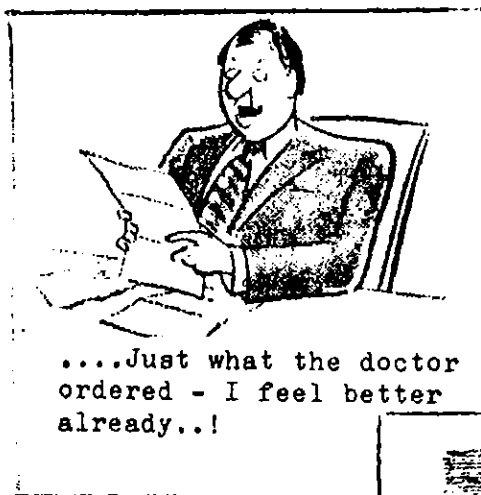
JUST A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE EDITOR - with acknowledgement to British TELECOM !



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OCTOBER
1983.



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VILLAGE VOICE

This Magazine is sponsored and published by THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL but Editorially is entirely freelance, therefore, it must be emphasised that the views and opinions expressed in its pages are those of the contributors absolutely and not necessarily those of any member of Thurlestone Parish Council.

The pages of the Magazine are open for contributions from people inside and outside the parish. Only a regular flow of contributions can ensure a continuing and interesting publication!

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----- EDITOR: ! -----

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PUBLICITY FOR ALL LOCAL FORTHCOMING EVENTS IS ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE

If you want publicity for an event in November or December - then get it into the Editor NOT LATER THAN 15th OCTOBER - and similarly for other issues, i.e. for January/February issue - by 15th December - and so on.

This Magazine is published as a service to the community
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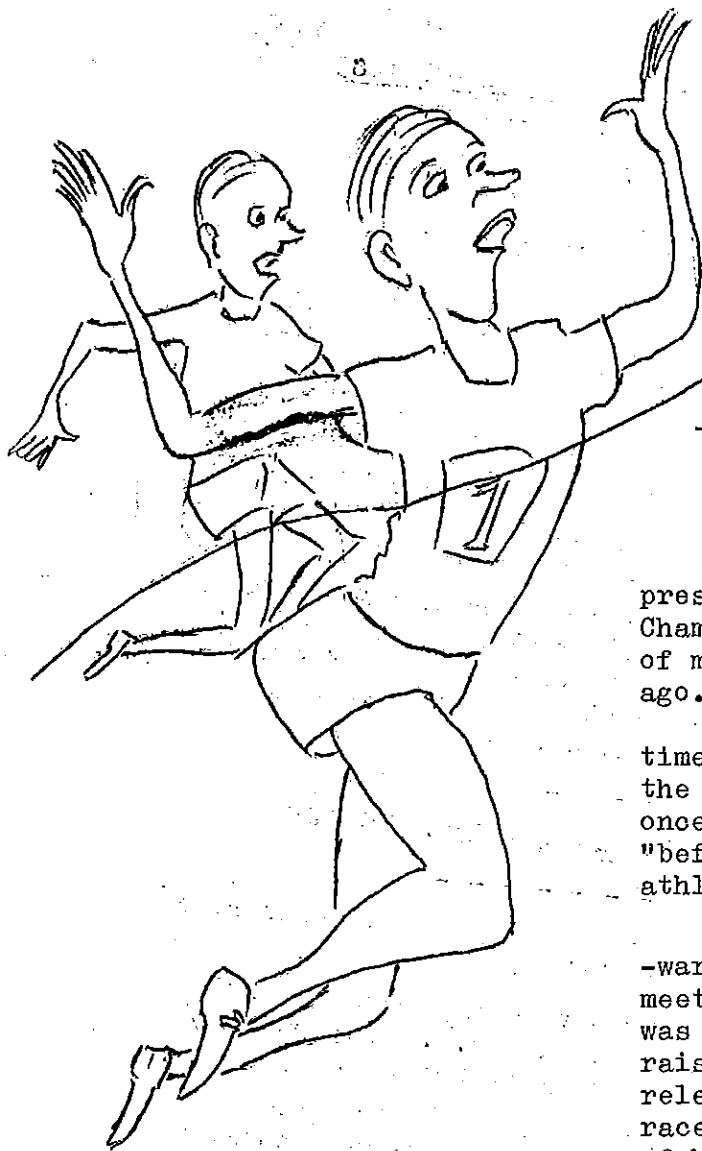
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Tales of Yesteryear

NUMBER 4

Pre-war Athletics

by IAN YOUNG

All the publicity in the sporting press and on T.V. for the World Athletic Championships in Helsinki stirred memories of my own athletic career of fifty years ago.

As soon as one begins to remember old times one immediately begins to compare the past with the present and it is at once very clear that athletics in the years "before the war" were very different from athletics in the 1980's.

Throughout the summers of these pre-war years there were scores of sports meetings, and every event on the programme was open to any competitor who could raise the entry fee and was within the relevant age group. In order that each race wouldn't be a procession, a system of handicapping operated and each competi-

-tor was given a 'mark' according to his previous record, and in theory the handicapper would have succeeded in his job if there was a dead heat in every event, with all the competitors crossing the line at the same moment. Usually the back marker was able, because of better training, or greater experience, to find the little extra and gain first place, or at worst, second.

Occasionally the unexpected happened and a 'dark horse', running from a high mark, defeated the favourite. It happened to me once, the week after I had won a double at the Scottish Championships, and was the newly crowned native record holder. The event was a 100 yards race at Forres, a small town in northern Scotland. I was the undoubted favourite but was completely beaten by a youth who had never run before but had been awarded a 10 yards start!

These summer sports meetings were held in all manner of extraordinary places, and there was no guarantee that the track would be really fit for use. I have run officially approved races in farmer's fields, old football pitches and cricket squares. I have run uphill and downhill, round left hand bends and right hand bends, and once ran a 220 yards race round a perfect circle, finishing where I had started.

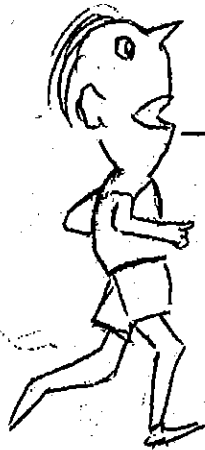
Our training methods were, to modern eyes, equally unorthodox. Only the Universities and some of the bigger Football Clubs allowed athletes to use their gymnasiums, the rest of us trained wherever we could find a stretch of turf long enough. I trained in the playing field of my old school Inverness Academy, and as I was the only athlete in serious training I arrange my 'opposition' amongst the little boys who hung about watching, giving 'starts' of up to 95 yards in the 100 in order that I would exert myself to the full over the distance.

Starting blocks were unknown, so each runner in a 'scratch' race had to dig two little holes behind the starting line to support his feet as he crouched for the start. This meant that if there were several heats, and the final

READ ON:-

Concluding.....

PRE-WAR ATHLETICS



during the afternoon the starting area looked as if it had been shelled.

These were the years before air travel, and so International matches were restricted to countries within

reasonable distances of each other. It was only for important competitions like the Olympic and Empire (Commonwealth) Games that British athletes were able to compete with their equals from distant countries, who had travelled overland for weeks to reach the site of the Games, and many times athletes had wasted journeys. In the 1934 Empire (Commonwealth) Games there was an Australian who ran on three occasions against me, and I beat him three times. This meant that by the time he got back home he would have been away for four months, have travelled 24,000 miles for a total competitive time of less than fifty seconds !

Looking back, I sometimes wonder what standard of achievement my fellow athletes and myself would have reached if we had enjoyed the help, financial and otherwise with training and equipment, which is handed out in apparently limitless quantities to the athletes of the 1980's. However, one point is clear to me when I study performance, and read reports of slanging matches between officials and competitors, and notice the frequency and complexity of injuries, and that is, in those far off days of grass tracks, handicap races and no training facilities - we had a lot more fun, and I for one am happy with my memories.

+ + + + +

Editor's Note: Ian Young and his wife Dorothy have recently come to live almost next door to me, so I am hoping this will not be the only time he will reminisce for 'Village Voice'

+++++

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WHAT IS THE MATTER..

WITH OUR WATER AUTHORITY ? They told us the hosepipe restriction was necessary because of the increased use of garden sprinklers - which they said consumed some 300 gallons an hour - breaking down an inadequate supply system. O.K. - then ban the confounded things. Why penalise everyone from keeping their vegetable and flower gardens going. Mind you, if you are one of the fortunate people with a swimming pool the hose-pipe restriction didn't apply, how's that for a nonsense ! (Restriction on water for your pool, that is) Where is the money shortage? They can find £3 or £4 million to erect a new office block to house the 2000 or more office staff. Great heavens - what on earth do they need such a staff for? They must be knee deep in paper. We could have a reliable water supply if the vast sums they collect were channelled where it should go - into the water supply system, instead of so many fat salaries to so many unnecessary officials. I just wonder what your readers think - or if they do !

ANON

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THE FIRST ALTERATION OF THE DEVON COUNTY STRUCTURE PLAN and the DISTRICT COUNCIL
'FUTURE OF THE SOUTH HAMS' PROPOSALS

Parish Councillor DAVID GROSE submits a Discussion Paper on :

The Level of Change as far as it concerns Thurlestone

The first signs of change in the population of our Parish were visible many years ago. There are many reasons why Thurlestone and its neighbouring villages have seen the nature of their populations change over the last one hundred years. Perhaps the greatest influence on the change in our population has been exerted by tourism, although the vast improvement in road, rail and recently tele-communications must have been significant.

Since the 1939-45 war Thurlestone has developed on both the east and west extremities. These developments have been in the main of large and relatively expensive dwellings and the original village of Thurlestone which lies between them has been 'squeezed' - and the land for housing development has been almost entirely used up. Therefore, low cost housing and housing available for rent by the local authority has been severely restricted. Thus a pre-war 'working' population has expanded to include a large proportion of retired people, and has a seasonal expansion from people who visit our area during the summer and occupy some of the large and expensive dwellings on a temporary basis.


The indigenous population decline has been made up many times by the immigration of elderly retired people. On the other side of the coin the young working indigenous family have been forced, through economic pressures, either to leave the village, to find suitable accommodation in neighbouring towns and villages, in order to continue working in our district, or have felt it necessary to leave the district altogether. Certainly the majority of young people in Thurlestone at the moment will find it increasingly difficult to find an alternative to leaving the area altogether. Employment prospects in the South Hams in general and Thurlestone in particular, very much reflect the general employment picture in the country. Employment in agriculture and the other primary industries is declining; opportunities in manufacturing industries are probably also declining, and after the recession only a small growth can be expected in construction industry employment. The only real opportunity for an increasing demand for labour are the service industries.

The future of our community, if it is to remain in overall balance, relies heavily on decisions regarding changes in the Devon County Structure Plan and on the Area Plan being compiled by the South Hams District Council. If we are to keep a Primary School in Thurlestone, if we are to maintain a reasonable number of working families as against retired people, we must have:

- (1). Adequate accommodation for young families available either in the form of low cost housing or available to rent from the District Council.
- (2). Severely restrict any further development of large or relatively expensive dwellings which would probably become holiday or retirement homes.
- (3). Encourage both the County and District Councils to take a more realistic view of their responsibilities in ensuring the well being of the service industries, particularly tourism, in order to improve job opportunities for the young.

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READ ON:--

The level of change as far as it concerns Thurlestone

(4). Ensure that the infrastructure of the local services in our area are able to cope with the increasing demands placed upon it by an increasingly aged population which has decided to retire to our most desirable area.

In conclusion it must be remembered that today's holiday home is likely to become tomorrow's retirement home. Our unique and beautiful environment with its coastline, moors and open countryside is rightly conserved with great energy and enthusiasm. Is it not as important to conserve the right balance in our communities so that they may all continue to enjoy the Country Life ?

+++++

WALKERS EXPENDABLE?

I hope all those who walk our Coastal Path have enjoyed its re-instatement as a Coastal Path - all thanks to the co-operation of the Golf Club, the Countryside Commission and the Devon County Council - with perhaps just a little pushing from your Parish Council !

Walkers on the path will not miss the numerous signs warning them to "Beware of golf balls before proceeding" - but I wonder if perhaps there might be just a little need for warning notices to the golfers - "Beware of Walkers before proceeding" ?

Local members are normally most considerate, but one must feel just a little concern that visiting players may not be aware they should 'Beware' - which could make walker's more expendable than golf balls ! In fact it might only need a few visiting players to perform like a few visiting motorists to accept that walker's are expendable !

This path is not, of course, just a local amenity - it is part of the South Coast Path - a National amenity of inestimable value and benefit to many thousands of people.

VILLAGER.



The Naked Truth!

Films have not been the only thing exposed during the hot days of summer on our beaches I am told. Been told - well, er - perhaps I could say that some might well reflect that displaying in their 'birthday suit' really doesn't do very much for them. Still, they do brown off nicely, don't they !

It used to be something of a tourist attraction - nowadays too commonplace. Even kids have given up saying - "Ooo - looook, Dad" ! However, to be serious, there are those who genuinely find it very distasteful and it might well be that Thurlestone should give some thought to a specific 'Naturist Beach' . What do YOU think -

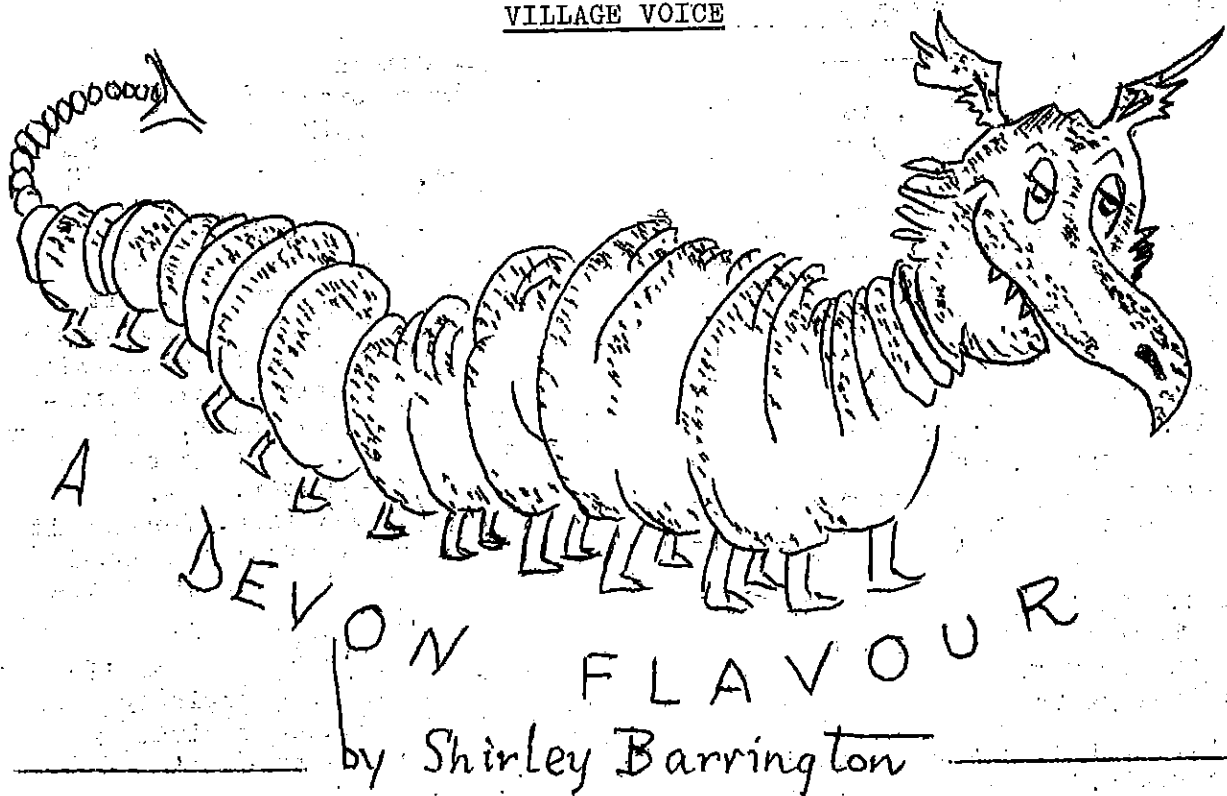
I suggest you write to the Editor - not more than 200 words.

If no one writes we will know no one is very bothered, or have a chat with your District Council - illor. Parish Councils have no beach powers.

+++++

WATER SKIING AND AVON ESTUARY BYE-LAWS

Seems to be something of a 'joke' situation. For well over 2½ years there is supposed to have been a bye-law in the making to limit the speed of boats on the Avon Estuary. The District Council say "Don't blame us - blame the Home Office" - the Home Office don't even reply to letters - so (just this once!) the District Council are probably right. Nevertheless with creditable reports of boats exceeding 50 knots - sooner or later, if this kind of speed is really carried on the whole matter will end up being resolved in a Coroner's Court. Water skiing is a totally one sided and selfish sport carried out on such a restrictive area of water when there is so much sea available. There are others who happen to be fond of 'messaging about in boats' some of 'em a bit young for the wash of a high speed boat.



Feelings were running high in the saloon bar of "The Dog and Duck". If someone didn't come up soon with an idea for a carnival float, it was going to be too late. Having won first place in the large floats class three years running, their reputation for ingenuity had to be defended. But, as usual conflict had arisen between those who wanted to plan everything in detail well in advance of the event and those who favoured the spontaneous effect achieved at the last moment by using the most up-to-date and topical theme.

It now looked as though it was going to be a last minute effort or nothing at all, and still no one had come up with anything approaching an original idea. Bill, the most permanent feature of the place, apart from the fixtures and fittings, had objected to the only new idea put forward by a newcomer to the town, as being too 'foreign'.

But Carol didn't agree. Turning from tidying the shelf of sherry glasses to refill the sink under the bar in preparation for the usual nine o'clock rush on a Saturday night, she said she, for one, would welcome a complete change from the usual topics. Even those more inspired entries by the locals in recent years depicting 'flying saucers' and 'things from outer space' were getting pretty tedious, and if she had to watch any more 'Hay Rides' put on by the local Young Farmers, 'Elizabeth Welcoming Home Sir Walter Raleigh' by the Amateur Dramatic Society, or 'Drake Playing Bowls on Plymouth Hoe' from the British Legion, she'd die of boredom.

What was wanted, said Carol, was more colour - not the restrained tints of 'Merrie England', but the vibrant exciting colours that evoked tropical heat and celebrated joy in living.

"All very well", said Bill, "but what happens to they exotic notions if us gets us usual damp misty day?"

"At least it wouldn't look as washed out as it usually does," said Carol.

The most colourful object in town at the moment, she mused, was the local punk, who, being unemployed (some would say 'unemployable') graced the steps of the market hall on most fine days in order to shock, or at least startle, the more restrained members of the community with his starched-up pink and yellow coxcomb. And even he was likely to be upstaged by old Mrs. Harris's parrot, put out to air on her porch, in one of its more vocal moods.

The nine o'clock customers began to drift in, in ones and twos, and take up their accustomed positions - some at the bar, others, mostly the married couples, at their favoured tables or window seats.

CONTINUING.....

A DEVON FLAVOUR

by Shirley Barrington



usual evening stint of making herself agreeable and generally aiming to spread an air of bonhomie amongst the customers. She would raise the question of the carnival float as and when she judged all concerned to be in a reasonably compliant mood, that is, after the effect of the weather on the harvest, old George's rheumatism and views on the latest scandals in the local paper had been thoroughly aired.

"Right, now," she said, "What are we going to do about the float? Is there going to be one or not? Has anyone come up with a good idea yet?"

"Us 'ave got to get 'un movin', that's for certain," said Bill. "There bain't be much time left."

The same hackneyed themes were half-heartedly mentioned and dismissed. Nobody seemed inspired this year, until Jean Robertson, who often popped in after her dress-making class at the Community College, to join her husband at the bar, said, "Why not have a Chinese Dragon, then?"

The Robertsons had quite recently moved into one of the so-called "luxury" houses in a small new development in what had once been Farmer Larcombe's apple orchard.

"But what's a Chinese Dragon got to do with Meadowbridge", said Bill, thinking to himself it was typical of these 'outsiders' to come up with something daft.

"Well, I dunno," said Sam, "I reckon just as much as Spacemen or Flying Saucers, and as good as anything anyone has come up with so far. At least, 'tis different."

Carol jumped at the idea, and even Ida didn't dismiss it. She was all in favour of everything possible being done to encourage more grockles to the town, that is, short of opening casinos, encouraging nudist beaches and nasty foreign habits like that.

"I'm sure I could persuade the girls in my dress-making class to supply all their most colourful remnants", said Jean, "and, if we couldn't exactly produce the

traditional authentic design, we could knock up our own version of it. The head would be the trickiest part."

At this, Mr. Gilpin came into his own. Somewhere amongst the school drama props collecting dust in one of the dingy rooms off the old school hall, he was sure there was still the papier mache head of a dragon that had once been used in a school play or pantomime, many years ago. It wasn't anyone's idea of the exotic Chinese variety, but no doubt with a bit of imagination, some luminous green and red paint, and a few more appendages, it could be given an oriental character. Yes, he quite took to the idea. Perhaps it would be a change from the usual float.

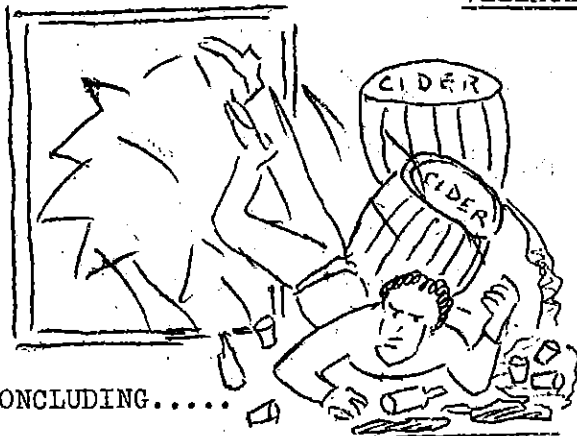
"Us'll 'ave to tell Joe Hawkins us shan't be needing 'is lorry," said Bill, grudgingly accepting the sudden revival of interest inspired by Jean's suggestion.

The younger crowd in the bar, just in from a victorious finish to the cricket match against their hottest rivals, seemed quite keen to help get things off the ground, quite literally, by all eleven of them volunteering to carry the dragon round the town in the Carnival procession. Not only that, they would persuade wives and girlfriends to get their sewing machines at action stations.

Jean, having been an art and handicraft teacher at one time, had quite a flair for making something out of nothing, and having suggested the idea, willingly undertook to design and supervise the production.

In the end, there were so many contributions of materials of all colours and so much enthusiasm on the part of the machinists, that the finished length was going to extend to at least thirty feet. When the multi-coloured scales were sewn together, the head attached and the whole thing tried for size by the eleven volunteers, plus Ida's ten-year old grandson, Bobby, in the very tail, it was quite an impressive beast.

READ ON:-



A DEVON FLAVOUR

Even the old regulars began to enthuse about its chances of success, and suggested Ida got in an extra supply of draught cider with which to celebrate on Carnival night.

To everyone's amazement, Carnival day not only dawned bright and clear, but stayed that way till dusk; not the smallest shadow of a cloud passed over the sun. Not within living memory had there been such a day for a Carnival.

Crowds began to line the route in early evening; visitors and local inhabitants alike, encouraged no doubt by the good weather into a pleasant mood of excitement. The town band assembled in readiness to join in the procession, and the local police, reinforced by the special constabulary, let through the last of the traffic before closing the roads of the Carnival route. Blue and silver balloons bobbed amongst the throng, their strings clutched by eagerly waiting children, and the ice-cream van did a roaring trade in ice lollies. The local Indian and Chinese take-aways, and Anglo Fish and Chip shop cast a cosmopolitan aroma over the market square, in anticipation of the brisk business to come later in the evening.

The Carnival entries assembled in a long street behind the square in order that the entries in each section could be judged, and, much to their gratification, the 'Dog and Duck' won First Prize in the pedestrian group section. What is more, being the most colourful entry, it had been chosen to lead the parade.

To the cheers of the good-humoured crowd, the procession moved off on its long route round the town square and up the steep hill which was the main shopping street. The coloured bunting strung from side to side of the square and streets fluttered cheerfully in

in the breeze, and the silver band played enthusiastically if not always tunefully.

All went well up the High Street, along the side of the park towards the final stretch down the very long steep slope leading back to the Market Square. The dragon had been a great success all the way, moving in its serpentine manner and on occasions breaking into a playful caper to the delight of the children.

Ted Matthews, the burly fast bowler of the cricket eleven, carrying the head of the dragon in such a position as to get a rather myopic view of the way ahead, was looking forward to a nice cool pint at the bar of the "Dog and Duck" at the very bottom of the hill which they were descending.

Suddenly, the tail of the dragon was seen to break into a rather more exaggerated movement than had up to then been apparent. Young Bobby, in the tail, had unobtrusively pocketed a handful of nice juicy plums from his Grandmother's fruit bowl before taking up his position in the dragon. Well, he would need some sustenance on such a gruelling expedition, wouldn't he? A wasp, flying aimlessly over the park railings, had picked up the scent and was now making life in the dragon's tail decidedly more exciting than it had been.

The impetus of Bobby speeding up in the rear gradually worked its way down to the head of the dragon at a particularly steep incline, and before long, twelve pairs of legs were moving at a very rapid gallop towards the open door of the saloon bar of the "Dog and Duck". Ted lost his grip on the head of the beast and thus even his limited view of the way ahead, in one last blind careering charge, the dragon - now more resembling a concertina, hurtled across the bar, through the back door and into the pile of cider barrels in the yard behind the pub.

The crash outdid even the silver band's rendering of 'Colonel Bogey', and the whole yard was awash with draught cider, amongst which waded a somewhat disorientated, not to say, bedraggled dragon.

The regulars, who had been waiting in their usual places in the bar to watch the procession go by the windows, regarded the scene in bemused silence, broken by Bill's comment: "Ar well, 'er moight 'ave been a Chinese Dragon, but that didn't stop 'vn ending up with a Devonshire flavour."

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Villager on BUYING A FLAT

+++++

With one and two person households becoming increasingly common, flats have become an increasing part of the property scene. Buying a flat raises its own particular problems, and is by no means as straightforward as acquiring a suburban semi.

What makes buying a flat so different from buying a house? To start with most houses are freehold and most flats are leasehold. If you buy a freehold property, you and your successors have the right to stay on that piece of land forever. When you buy a leasehold, you get only a right to occupy the property for however long the lease may be. The freehold is retained by somebody else, known as the 'ground landlord', to whom you pay an annual ground rent for the use of the land. The owners of most leasehold houses have the right by law to buy the freehold, but this right doesn't extend to flat owners.

The reason a flat is usually leasehold lies in the physical difference between a flat and a house. A flat is only part of a larger building and the flat owner is normally responsible only for the maintenance and repair of his own flat. The upkeep of the rest of the building is down to someone else: The other flat owners have to look after their flats, and the ground landlord must see to the roof, lifts, stairs, gardens and the other parts used by all flat owners in common. But since the value of your flat could be affected if the other parts of the building were not maintained, you need some legal muscle, which you can flex if the landlord and the other flat owners don't fulfil their obligations. The 'covenants' to repair, maintain, insure and so on, which you all enter into, are easier to enforce if they're contained in a lease, which is why flats are usually leasehold.

Of course, the landlord doesn't foot the bill for his share of the work himself. He recovers the cost from the flat owners as a 'service

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BUYING A FLAT - continued.....

charge', each contributing a proportion of the total cost. The arrival of the bill for this charge has been known to induce apoplexy in many a flat owner, but in most cases maintenance should work out cheaper for a flat than for a house. If you're considering a flat in an older type of building you could be letting yourself in for a nasty shock if the roof has to be renewed a year or so after you've moved in.

It's important to have all the ends tied up properly when you buy a flat. Your lease needs close scrutiny to make sure you've been given all the rights you need and that the obligations you're taking on are not too onerous. You should ensure that the landlord is liable to undertake any jobs which don't fall to the lot of the individual flat owners and to ensure that your life is fairly trouble-free, and your flat readily marketable whenever you might wish to sell it.

Anyone considering buying a flat could find it very well worth while to obtain a booklet called 'Buying a Flat' which is a useful guide to the problems and pitfalls of flat buying. It is a joint effort of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors and the Law Society and can be obtained from: The Law Society at 113, Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1PL. At 38p it could be money well spent.

+++++

THE NEXT ISSUE OF 'VILLAGE VOICE' will cover the NOVEMBER & DECEMBER period - so do make sure to get in a free announcement of your VILLAGE EVENT by Mid-October AT THE LATEST

+++++

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OBLIGATIONS CAN BE COSTLY

LAW SOCIETY FEATURE.....

Most people at some time in their lives will take on obligations willingly, entering into agreements which call upon them to do something. If they fail to do what they should, the agreement can be enforced by law.

But there are others who take on obligations without knowing they have done so and are shocked when something goes wrong and they have to face the legal consequences.

There was a recent example of this when a committee of a sports and social club had over £3,000 of building work done, and were unable to meet the bill.

The builders took three members of the club committee to court and enforced the judgement against the only person who owned his own home.

The law was on the side of the builders. The committee of a members' club are personally liable for debts incurred by the club and payment can be enforced against all members, or only one. If one has more assets than the others he is the person against whom the judgement may most likely be enforced.

The best advice for any committee member of a club is to make sure that debts are not incurred which cannot be met. There are also circumstances in which committee members can be held responsible for the actions of club servants, so it pays to see they are properly supervised.

Another type of obligations that many people take on without perhaps realising what they are committing themselves to, is to guarantee an overdraft or a hire purchase deal for someone else.

If the overdraft is not repaid, or the HP payments not met, the person who acts as guarantor is liable.

Finally, there is the frequent undertaking parents give when their children set up a flat they share with friends. A parent is often asked to 'jointly and severally' guarantee that the rent will be paid.

What this means is that they are ~~not~~ only guaranteeing that their child will pay his proper share of the rent but also that those with whom he shares will also pay; so default by one can come back to the guarantor of a fellow flat sharer.

In all cases it pays not only to read documents before signing them, but also to understand them and take legal advice as to the full extent of one's own liability.

+++++

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE - - -

"This great Elizabethan house, dating back to the reign of Elizabeth...."Dorian Williams

There's a paratrooper coming down now - Let's see if he's going to land....."Tony Blackburn

There's a sight to take your breath away - the smell of hyacinths....."Peter Seabrook

...a very powerful set of lungs, hidden by that chest of his... Alan Pascoe.

There is Brendan Foster, by himself, with 20,000 people.. David Coleman

Agatha Christie is such a well-known name, her books sell all over the world - and other places as well... Michael Grade.

.....

So you think you can drive?

It appears to be a quirk of human nature, but I have noticed that if you tell a person, he or she is a poor driver of a golf ball, or that they cannot drive a nail into a piece of wood without bending it, they will in all probability laugh and agree with you: but criticise their car driving and they will become irate. Everyone claims to be a good driver. Bearing this in mind this article is intended, in the nicest possible way, to offer a few tips which may prevent you becoming involved in an accident.

Let us assume that your vehicle is roadworthy, as otherwise this can become a subject on its own.

The condition of the driver is equally important: he must be physically and mentally alert at all times. Long animated conversations with passengers; plus a lack of ventilation are prime causes of loss of concentration. It is imperative that a driver gives one hundred per cent concentration whilst at the wheel, accompanied by one hundred per cent observation. Observation can be defined as the art of seeing what you are looking at P

In order that the tyres of your car may obtain the maximum grip on the road surface, it is important that (a) the tyres have sufficient depth of tread pattern and are correctly inflated, and (b) that your tyres are running on a clean portion of the road. To ensure the latter, a driver should, if at all possible avoid driving over loose gravel, oil, animal dung, manhole covers, etc. and any other change in the road surface might affect the amount of grip obtained by the tyres. Try to apply the brakes of your car gradually, rather than fiercely. By observing the points mentioned in this paragraph you will lessen the risk of skidding.

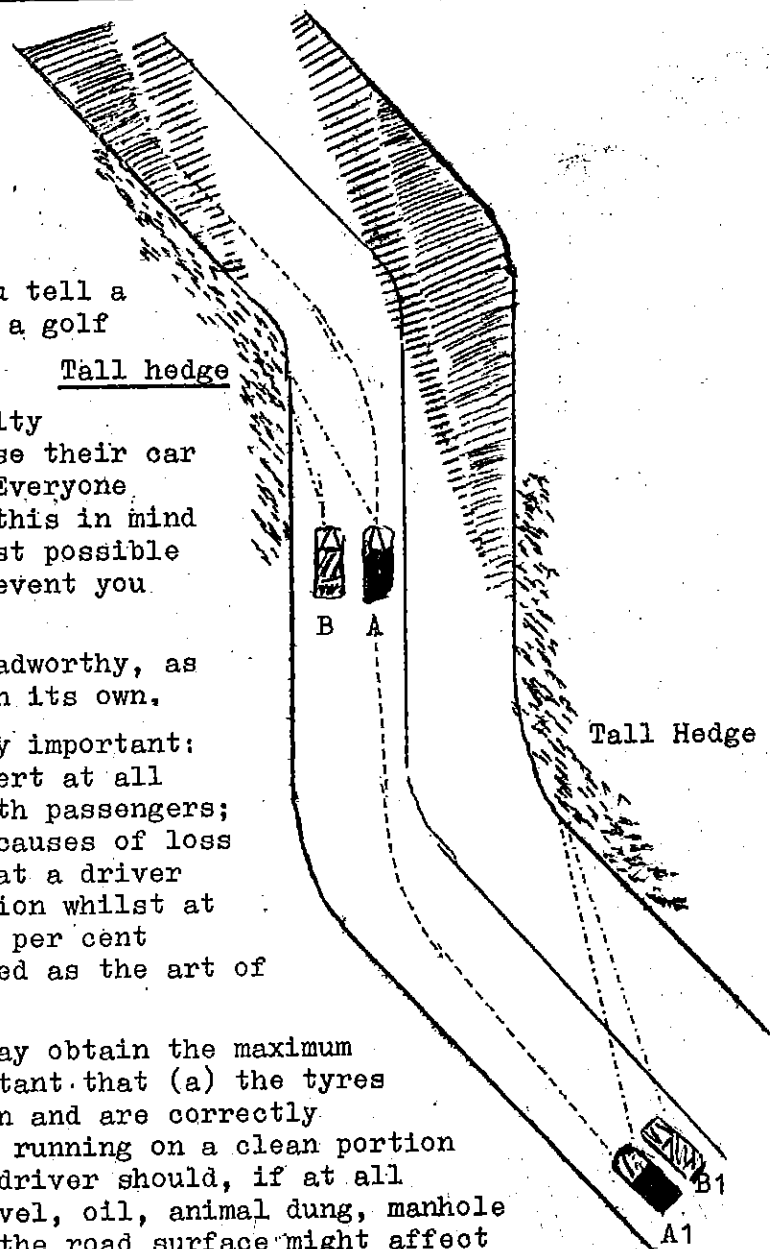
If after observing these points you still find that your car is in a skid, what can you do about it: the answer to this is - plenty, providing you stay calm. There are three kinds of skid: a rear wheel skid, this is where the rear wheels slide outwards, either to the left or right, and the car attempts to turn about its own axis. A front wheel skid, which occurs when you are steering to either left or right, and the car continues to travel straight ahead; and finally a four wheel skid, in which your car will continue to travel straight ahead, but its speed will increase instead of decreasing.

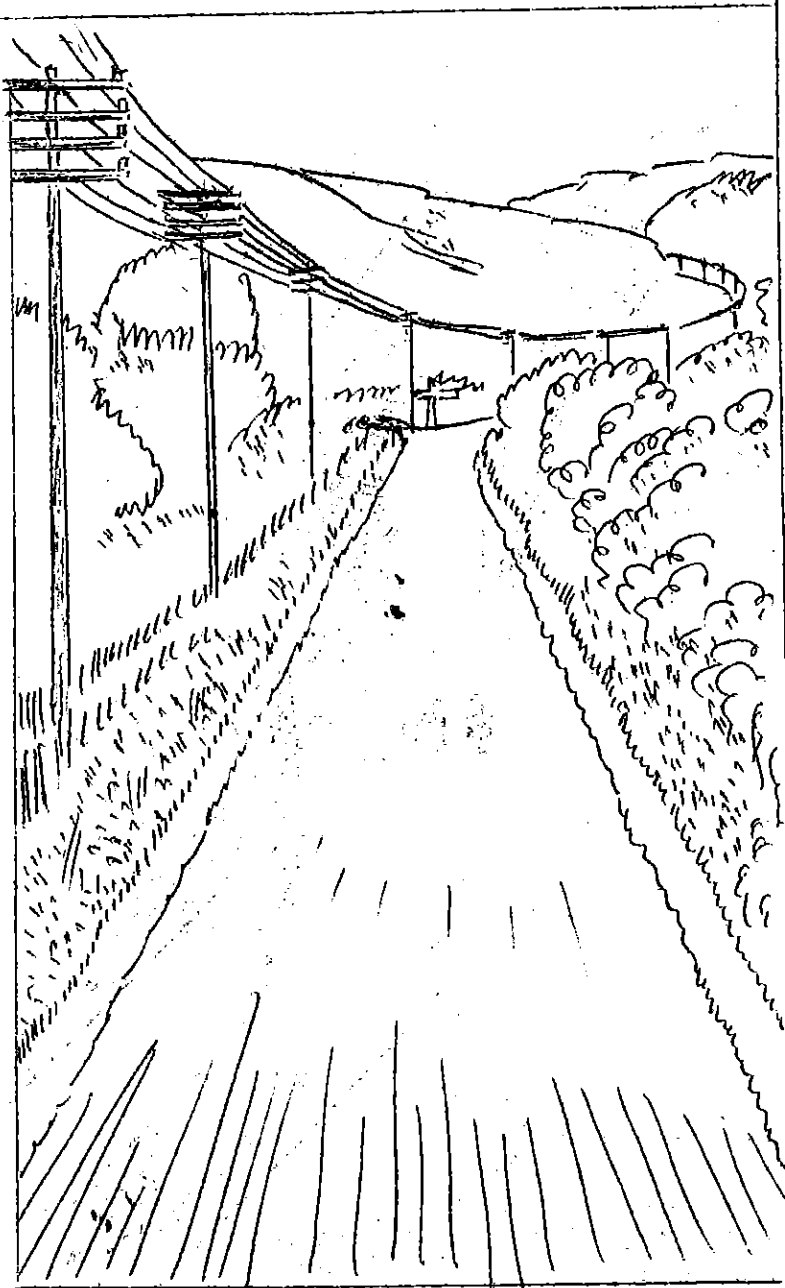
To correct a rear wheel skid, first ease the brake or accelerator and steer 'into' the skid; that is if the rear wheels slide outwards to the right, then you steer to the right and vice versa if the rear wheel slide to the left. Then steer the desired course. Be careful not to over correct as this may well induce a slide in the opposite direction.

To correct a front wheel skid, eliminate the cause by easing the accelerator or brake pedal, at the same time straighten the front wheels. Then steer the desired course.

To correct a four wheel skid, stop braking momentarily, to allow the wheels to rotate; then re-apply the brakes gradually to avoid a recurrence. These principles apply whether the car has front or rear wheel drive.

The golden rule is to try and complete your braking whilst travelling in a straight line, i.e. never whilst negotiating a bend in the road. READ ON...





Telegraph poles indicate severity of a bend
Continuing PEELERS PIECE.....

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN DRIVE?

By steering the correct course on the road, you can become aware of the presence of approaching vehicles, or any hazard which may lie ahead sooner, thereby giving yourself more time to take avoiding action. This can best be demonstrated by the sketch at the beginning of this article. It will be seen that vehicles (A) and (B) are approaching a left hand bend: the driver of (A) by positioning his car towards the crown of the road, can see 'further round the bend' than the driver of (B).

When approaching a right hand bend a driver will attain 'earlier vision' by positioning his car towards his nearside of the road as demonstrated by the driver of (A1).

It must be appreciated that by becoming aware of the presence of hazards or approaching traffic at an early stage, the driver can react sooner, which in turn lessens the

likelihood of a collision or a skid.

at
Never approach a bend/too fast a speed, try to reduce your speed by easing the accelerator pedal or braking on the approach to the bend, ensure that you have selected the appropriate gear, then ensure that your car negotiates the bend whilst under the influence of acceleration: This does not mean that you should apply hard acceleration as this might cause a skid, but that the engine should be driving the car and not vice versa. This will stabilize the car through the bend, which will result in better adhesion for your tyres, the car will roll less, thereby causing your passengers less discomfort or even fear.

When driving let your eyes sweep from the area immediately ahead of your car to some distance ahead: this is clarified by the sketch on this page which indicates to the driver that the road forks ahead. The exact direction which the road to the left of the fork takes is uncertain, the road to the right can be seen to bend to the left after a short 'blind' section. Thus vehicles approaching from the right can be seen by our driver by his taking the view over his offside hedge.

It will be appreciated by most drivers that telegraph poles, more often than not follow the course of the road; by looking well ahead a driver can often obtain useful information from these as to the probable route which the road takes, as indicated in the sketch on this page. This must not be taken for granted however, as telegraph poles sometimes take to the fields, which is what the driver is trying to avoid doing.

When driving in more urban areas, one is travelling less quickly, due to the density of other traffic, pedestrians, etc. This is demonstrated by how crowds of pedestrians can move about on the pavements of a busy shopping thoroughfare without colliding with

READ ON:-

PEELERS PIECE.....

one another, not so much because they are all the time looking out for obstructions, but mainly because their speed of movement is so slow that they can change their pace and direction in time to avoid collision. The length and breadth of their view may be short when they move slowly. If, however, one of them wishes to get along quickly, he begins to look further ahead, to pick out the places where the crowd is thinnest and to direct his course and increase his speed accordingly. He then finds that his view of other pedestrians at close quarters deteriorates, so that quite often, if one of them comes in to his path suddenly, he narrowly avoids collision.

The driver of a motor vehicle adjusts the length and breadth of his view in a similar way, but of course over greater distances because his speed is a good deal more than that of a pedestrian. When driving at 60 m.p.h. the focal point is a considerable distance ahead and stationary objects there appear clear and well defined, whereas the foreground becomes blurred. At this speed a distinct effort is required to pick out foreground details, and if more than occasional glances are directed at them there will be a natural tendency for the driver to decrease his road speed. When road speed must be kept low, owing to traffic conditions, the focal point naturally shortens and the driver observes details. These often indicate that a dangerous situation is developing, and he then has time, owing to his low speed, to take precautions which will prevent him from becoming involved. From this natural tendency of the eyes to focus according to speed, it is clearly dangerous to drive fast in the wrong places. If traffic is medium to heavy, foreground details must be seen, and to enable the eyes to do this and the brain to function, as a result of the stimulus received, speed must be kept within reasonable limits.

++++

The Editor wishes to thank one of our Community Policemen - Constable John Barrett for this contribution, and there will be a further 'PEELERS PIECE' in the November-December issue of 'Village Voice' in the interests of safer motoring!

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NEVILLE C. OSWALD
tells the story of....

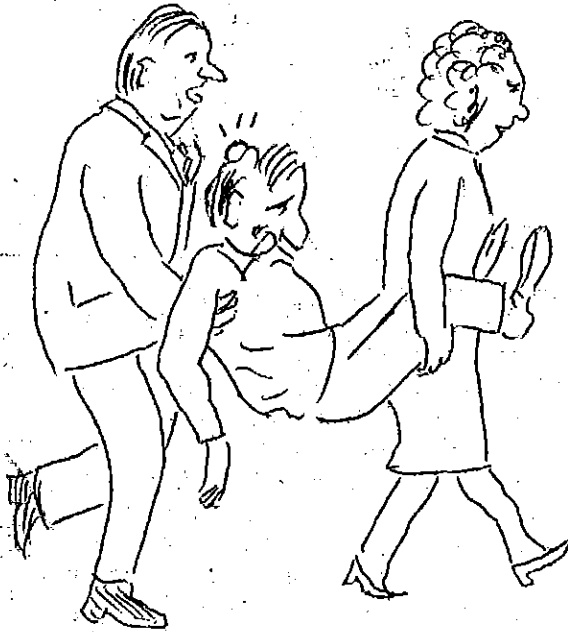
PLAGUE

WHEN I was in Gaza in 1943, plague broke out in northern Palestine. The unfortunate victims were admitted to a civilian hospital in Haifa where many died. About a third of them were boys aged ten to fourteen because, when swarms of infected rats invaded Haifa, they tried to catch them by the tail, swing them round and bash their heads on the ground to kill them. If they succeeded, infected rat fleas were likely to jump onto them and bite them on the hands and ankles. Thus, plague bacilli were injected into the bites and travelled up the lymphatics of the arm to the armpit or the leg to the groin where they caused grossly enlarged and inflamed lymph glands. The flea bites were rarely visible but the angry looking masses of glands, some of which had burst, were the buboes of bubonic plague. I could not help thinking it appropriate that I should see plague for the first, and last time in Palestine. After all, these buboes were the "emerods in their secret parts" that the Philistines suffered after they had stolen the Ark from the Israelites, according to the first book of Samuel. That this biblical tribe should have proceeded to display five golden emerods (swellings) and five golden mice in their temples in expiation suggests that they recognised an association between plague and rodents. Had this surmise been successfully pursued, the deaths of thousands upon thousands of simple Devonians many years later might have been averted.

What on earth has all this to do with Thurlestone? Probably quite a lot. Plague first reached England in 1348 when it was brought by sea from the Continent to Weymouth and recurred intermittently for the next 300 years, with Devon suffering severely.

Thurlestone can hardly have escaped the terrible outbreaks in the early years. Although there is no sign of plague in the parish registers, which date from 1559, we know from other registers that 71 people died from it in Ugborough and 26 more in Churchstow in 1546. Over 200 died in Malborough, roughly a quarter of the population, in 1564 and 50 in Loddiswell in 1590. It is difficult to imagine the significance of these figures. If they were applied to Thurlestone now, there would be 200 deaths in the population of 800 in the space of three summer months with the brunt falling on young married couples and children, who were most likely to be in contact with infected rat fleas.

You cannot have plague without rats and there were plenty of them in Thurlestone in Elizabethan times. They mainly lived in the thatched roofs of dwellings where they rested during the day and prowled around at night looking for food, meeting their pals and just getting a breath of fresh air. Were they to return and resume their nocturnal rambles in the village street, I doubt whether they would notice much change. When plague infected rats invaded the parish, their fleas jumped over on to our rats and were taken up to the thatching where they passed on the infection, killing the rats in the process. When the fleas could find no more live rats to feed on, they dropped down on the people and domestic animals below and gave them plague. The villagers, unaware of the connection between plague and rats, knew that plague was usually fatal. Consequently, they panicked and those who could fled to friends in neighbouring parishes, leaving behind those who had nowhere else to go. The epidemic usually continued until the fleas ran out of rats or, with the onset of winter, they hibernated. The effect of a severe outbreak of plague on a place like Thurlestone, or Ugborough or Churchstow or Malborough or Loddiswell for that matter, was shattering. Quite apart from the human suffering, the life of the parish was dislocated for several years. Farms, which employed almost all the men, went short of labour and some had to be abandoned. Yet despite the recurrent catastrophes the population of Devon increased and even prospered by the standards of the time during the plague years. N.C.O.



" I FOUND HIM HALF WAY ACROSS THE FAIRWAY - NOWHERE NEAR THE COASTAL PATH ONLY GOT HIMSELF TO BLAME !"

Villager Observing some more

Maybe the above sketch gives you a laugh - but it wouldn't be funny if it was your head. A footpath is where you have a legal right to be - if you wander from it the consequences could be painful !

+++++

FUTURE OF THE SOUTH HAMS, etc.

The Parish Hall was the venue for a Meeting of the Avon Group of Parish Councils, and although not a parish meeting the Group Chairman, Mr D.E.Egan, allowed parishioners to attend - though not very many turned up ! Mr Michael Carpenter, District Council Director of Planning, spoke on his council's plan for the future of the area. Frankly, I didn't think he gave very much away although I gathered the plans have the approval of the full District Council. I gather all will be laid bare later this year.

Also present was Mr Philip Watts, who is an Assistant County Planning Officer (Structure Plan) who spoke of the next stage of the County Structure Plan covering the period 1991-96. The public would have every opportunity to comment

towards the end of the year when the proposals would be made public.

Asked if the Structure Plan took into account that the area was a growing retirement area and the needs of old people, his answer was - 'increased involvement in self help activities' !

Mr John Eaton who is the District Council Area Planning Officer was questioned about the water supply which already appeared to be quite inadequate. He said, he did not have the expertise to make decisions on any problems concerning water supply or sewerage. His Department was guided in such matters by the Water Authority. !

Just a final point. When asked if he thought planning officers ever made mistakes, Mr Watts said 'Yes, they do'.

Trouble is, we have to live with those mistakes.

+++++

WATCH OUT - THERE'S A THIEF ABOUT

For quite a few years parishes have been bemoaning the disappearance of the 'bobby on the beat', the reassuring figure whose unobtrusive yet familiar presence in the neighbourhood once gave villagers the comfortable feeling that crime was something that happened far away in the cities. For mainly economic reasons it would seem there is little prospect of ever returning to the days of the village policeman on the beat, though the Police are actively engaged in seeking to improve their community relations, recognising the importance of keeping public confidence. The recently published first annual National Survey of Criminal Offences shows some 150,000 break-ins take place each year. Surely, it must be accepted there are a few simple precautions we can take to safeguard our property, particularly against opportunistic crime. Don't go out leaving doors unlocked and windows wide open. Don't leave your car unlocked - even outside the village shop. 'Opportunity Knocks' for the thief if you don't take care.



A daffodil sways gently in the cool afternoon breeze..

While, just behind it a tall Cyprus, heavily clustered with scrappy black crows clinging on to the tree's old decayed branches, swings steadily from side to side.

Way back in the distance Thurlestone Rock is being violently lashed by giant waves, and the spray soaked a cormorant on a neighbouring rock.

In our hedge a cat is lurking about, disappearing and reappearing. It is peering anxiously at a small chaffinch, but luckily for the chaffinch, the bird has already spotted the cat and flown off.

A snail slides sluggishly across a stone garden path, but oh, my sister has just trodden on it with her new Clark's shoes !

*Matthew
Grose*

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Village Voice is going to have a FOR SALE & WANTED column in the Nov/Dec issue - and for 50p you can have a 25 word advertisement. Must be in by Oct 12th. Anything from a car to a cooker!
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COME ON CHILDREN !

A poem - a story or a simple black and white drawing are wanted for the next issue of 'Village Voice' - coming out for November/December.

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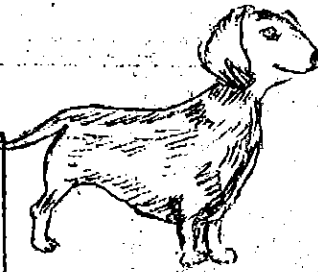
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Dogs Fouling Footpaths and Grass Verges

The South Hams District Council now confirm that a revised Byelaw came into operation on 20th July 1983.

1. No person in charge of a dog shall allow the dog to foul a footway or grass verge (being a footway or grass verge to which this byelaw applies) by depositing its excrement thereon:

Provided that in proceedings for an offence against this byelaw it shall be defence for the person charged to prove that he took all reasonable precautions and exercised all due diligence to avoid the commission of the offence.

2. This byelaw applies to:

(a) the footway of any highway or of any public place; and

(b) a grass verge which is not more than three metres wide and is:-

(i) adjacent to the carriageway or footway of a highway; and

(ii) managed by a local authority and maintained in good order.

3. For the purposes of this byelaw the owner of the dog shall be deemed in charge thereof, unless the Court is satisfied that at the time when the dog fouled the footway or grass verge it had been placed in or taken into the charge of some other person.

4. Any person offending against this byelaw shall be liable on summary conviction to a FINE NOT EXCEEDING FIFTY POUNDS.

5. The Byelaws relating to the fouling of footpaths by Dogs being Byelaw No.29 in the Byelaws for the Good Rule and Government of the County of Devon made by the Devon County Council on 17th July 1969 and 15th January 1970 are hereby repealed.

IF YOUR DOGGIE IS UNABLE TO
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Thurlestone & South Milton Horticultural Show

Almost unbelievably, it is five years since the first Thurlestone & South Milton Horticultural Show was held, and Saturday 6th August 1983 saw the fifth show at Thurlestone, when another dazzling and colourful display of produce and handi-crafts greeted visitors to the Parish Hall.

We've always been lucky with the weather. and it was no exception this year - although the long hot dry summer had the effect of cutting down our usual number of entries by about 50 items. However, what was lacking in numbers (although not noticeably so) was certainly made up for in quality. Our judges were very impressed with what the two villages had turned out, and said our entries in some cases put some of the bigger shows in the shade!

We were a bit disappointed at how few pictures were exhibited, despite the fact that Thurlestone and South Milton seem to abound with artists. Next year we want to improve on that situation and will be pursuing you painters for entriesdon't say you haven't been warned!

Mr. Tom Smith and colleagues from the Kingsbridge Steam Model Club again provided an attractive and fascinating display for young and old alike, with their beautiful little scale-model machines going at full blast.

Mr. Ben Horn, Chairman of the Show, expressed the Committee's appreciation to all the competitors, without whose hard work and support there could be no Show, and then handed over to Dr. Neville Oswald, President, who distributed Show cups as follows:

'AMATEUR' FRUIT & VEGETABLE CUP: Mr L. JEFFERY.

'OPEN' FRUIT & VEGETABLE CUP: Mr G. JEFFERY.

CUT FLOWERS & POT PLANTS CUP: Mr. M. ORR

MARSHALL TROPHY FOR ONE ROSE BLOOM: Mrs. Doris Jackson

JUNIOR CHILDREN'S CUP: Neil Adams & Sarah Brice.

SENIOR CHILDREN'S CUP: Kate Adams.

HOME ECONOMICS CUP: Mrs Doris Tyler.

FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS CUP: Mrs Yvonne Jeffery.

HANDICRAFTS CUP: Mrs Joan Smith.

CUP FOR THURLESTONE RESIDENT WITH HIGHEST NUMBER OF POINTS IN SHOW: Mr. L. JEFFERY

CUP FOR SOUTH MILTON RESIDENT WITH HIGHEST NUMBER OF POINTS IN SHOW: Mr. C. JOHNS.

Diplomas of Merit were awarded as follows:

Amateur Fruit & Vegetable:	Mr. H.R. Adams
Open Fruit & Vegetable.:	Mr H.R. Adams
Cut Flowers & Pot Plants:	Mrs P. Macdonald.
Childrens Section:	Kate Adams.
Home Economics:	Mrs. P. Orr
Flower Arrangements:	Miss E. Snowdon.
Handicrafts:	Miss E. Snowdon.

There will be a further award next year, for hand-sewing, as Mrs Doris Jackson has kindly presented the Show with a lovely silver cup for the best entry in this medium.

It was another happy day, and it has been commented on as the one day in the year when every section of the villages turn out. It has become a social event where people who don't perhaps see each other for a year meet up. "See you at next year at the Show", is the cry in some cases!

P. Macdonald.
Hon. Secretary.

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Guide Dogs for the Blind Association (SOUTH HAMS BRANCH)

THURLESTONE'S annual large-scale effort to raise funds for the G.D.B.A. took place at the Thurlestone Hotel on 13th August, due to the usual generosity of the Grose family to whom we express our most grateful appreciation.

Guests danced to Jonathan Matthys Music and took part in the Giant Tombola (over 600 prizes!) Later in the evening prizes in the Grand Raffle were drawn by Guest of Honour Mrs. Audrey Gale, accompanied by her guide dog 'Zana', as follows:

R.DOIDGE, Kingsbridge. H. ROBERTS, East Prawle. H. TURNBULL, Bantham.
- MARSHALL, Thurlestone. J. PARKIN, S.Milton. - GRAHAM, Thurlestone.
M. PATTERSON, Totnes. - JEFFERY, East Prawle. R.T.YAPP, Salcombe.
B. CAMPBELL, Holbeton. Mrs. JONES, W.Buckland.

As a result of the kindness of our supporters and friends almost £1,800 was raised by the branch for the Association.

P. Macdonald.

+++++

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Commutair -- In Flight with Michael Orr

I first met Bantham in 1947. Over the years it became a firm favourite of the family. I learned to swim here and many happy childhood holidays were spent at 'The Watch'.

My parents used to live at Hope Cove and quite a few friends were made in the area. I'd been staying on and off for twenty years at the Marine; still in my opinion, one of the best hotels in the world (or most of it I have visited).

It was, therefore, no surprise that after returning from a hotel hopping, case opening, jet lagged world tour, taking only three weeks, that we decided to seek a second home to retreat to at weekends and the obvious choice, the Salcombe area.

Having already a house in Gloucestershire, we wanted somewhere small, easily run etc. Needless to say the best laid plans etc.....Now we had two houses. We soon came to learn that you can have as many houses as you like, but only one home. Which one? With the opening of our Exeter and Plymouth operations it didn't exactly take too long to make up our minds.

So Devon it was to be, with me commuting by helicopter or fixed wing. Sounded simple enough. Fifty minutes instead of ten, and of course, I love to fly.

Having a convenient landing area is not the only consideration one must have.

In my experience and the experience of many other operators throughout the country, helicopters have a funny way of aggravating some people. It was so to be thus in Bantham.

Believe it or not, I have been in and out of Bantham on a pretty regular basis now for nearly four years.

I rarely take off before 0830; the pilot, usually Peter Inman from Ermington or Mark Trumble from Ringmore, having checked the en-route weather, turn up in time to carry out all pre-flight inspections. All of our aircraft work on what is known as an Air Operators Certificate and both pilots and machines are regulated to flying to standards, used by even the largest airlines such as B.A., or Lufthansa.

Both of the pilots mentioned were in the Army Air Corps and have seen service ranging from Northern Ireland to Borneo. Both also fly our local Devon and Cornwall Constabulary aircraft, a service we at Colt are all very proud of.

Lifting off we turn onto a N.E. heading of approximately 060 to take us over Totnes and Newton Abbot to pass to the S. and E. of Exeter airfield.

We climb to usually between 1,000' and 1,500' calling Exeter on 128.15 khz to let them know of our existence, position, height, heading and estimated time of arrival at any given location they may specify, usually the Exe. They in turn will give us the regional barometric setting for our altimeter and their latest weather (it can, and does, change rapidly). They also inform us of any other traffic in the area which may conflict.

On then to the Black Down Hills at the edge of the Taunton Vale and change frequency to Yeovilton 127.35 khz. With all their Military traffic a sharp eye is needed, although they usually hold us on radar and plenty of warning is given of other local flying.

It's quite a sight when flying so low yourself to see a couple of Harriers pass under you.

TURN OVER....

CONTINUING.....

VILLAGE VOICE

Commutair - In Flight with Michael Orr...

Approaching the Mendips and exactly on track to Cirencester lies one of the tallest television masts in the U.K., Pen Hill. Nearly 2,000' high it is one of the major obstacles for pilots and for all it's height it can be extremely difficult to see, especially in poor visibility.

We pass Glastonbury Tor, the beautiful City of Wells, pass the mast and change now to 127.75 khz. This is Bristol Lulsgate. They like the Lulsgate bit left off.

Normally, then, to report west of Bath with it's magnificent crescents of outstanding architecture. We now enter Lyneham Special Rules Area and call 123.40 khz to route by Colerne and Hullavington which can both be very active with gliding and parachute dropping. We pass by Badminton with it's glorious avenues of trees and in the distance can be seen Highgrove House, the residence of you know who.

Now we change to Kemble 122.10 khz to the E. of the airfield. This has just been taken over by the U.S.A.F. so we can expect more traffic in the future. They give us our let down into Siddington just outside Cirencester where I disembark, approximately 50 minutes after leaving Bantham.

The helicopter then leaves for it's Staverton base to be cleaned and refuelled for it's next mission (pilots always call them missions), funny lot!

With five helicopters on the fleet you would be surprised how much work they get through.

One helicopter is based permanently at Middlemore, the Devon and Cornwall Police Headquarters, used seven days per week, 365 days per year. We also service the needs of Thames Valley Police, plus filming, corporate and other charter work. Between the five of them they notch up 2,000 plus flying hours per year.

Me, well I get home the same way as I came. I think I have worn a groove in the air between here and Cirencester.

Bad weather is always a problem; especially fog or low cloud, snow and heavy rain are no problem and nightflying in a helicopter never ceases to captivate me.

I have a genuine sympathy for those who cannot come to terms with modern means of transport. My father remembers the days when he used to terrorise people in his motor car sixty five years ago.

Start up to take off usually takes about one minute and landing to shut down, thirty seconds, not such a long time I think.

I hope our helicopters will go on being of use to the community as a whole. I know that many get a lot of pleasure out of seeing them, especially the children (mind you, there is no age limit on that remark).

I will always be pleased to show any of our Parishioners around the air-craft should they wish. Please give me a ring on 0285 - 5777 when a suitable appointment can be made.

MORE.....

Communtair & Safety

I PUT THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS TO
MICHAEL ORR....

- Q. Flying so much, aren't you scared of an accident?
- A. Someone once told me that if you tried to commit suicide by flying in a helicopter you would need to fly 24 hours per day, for 25 years. -----
- Q. What happens if the engine stops?
- A. Perfectly safely you can 'glide' or as it is known autorotate and land as delicately as you would normally. -----
- Q. Can you fly over the sea?
- A. Yes, providing in case of engine failure you have sufficient height to autorotate to a safe landing spot. There are other rules governing over sea flights. -----
- Q. Have you had any near misses?
- Yes, but I've had many more in cars. -----
- Q. Do you have to file a plan of your flight?
- A. No. -----
- Q. Can you fly the helicopter.
- A. Sufficiently I hope to be able to land safely in the unlikely event of the pilot being taken ill. (it is said that anything you can walk away from is regarded as a landing). -----
- Q. Can you fly at any height you wish?
- A. No. There are again specific rules governing this, usually not less than 500 feet above ground level unless landing or taking off. There are certain dispensations which can be sought for, shall we say, filming. Again, the rules are many and varied. -----
- Q. What happens if you have to land on the sea.

SPECIFICATIONS OF SINGLE AND TWIN HELICOPTERS :

SINGLE SQUIRREL HELICOPTER

Aerospatiale AS350B

Range : 350 miles
Speed : 130 mph cruise. 170 mph maximum
Capacity : 5 passengers in high density seating.
4 passengers in luxury seating plus 3 baggage compartments.

Powered by turbomeca Arriel 1B gas turbine engine which gives 590 HP

Empty weight : 1.3 tonnes
Maximum weight : 1.9 tonnes
Normal altitude: 1 - 2,000 feet
ceiling of 10,000 feet passenger flying.

Equipped with emergency flotation gear which permits limited flights over water.

Not allowed to fly in cloud or sole reference to instruments.

TWIN SQUIRREL HELICOPTER

Aerospatiale AS355F

Range : 400 miles
Speed : 135 mph. 175 mph Max.
Capacity : 5 passengers in high density seating
4 passengers in luxury seating plus 3 baggage compartments.

Powered by 2 Allison 250C20F gas turbine engines, each giving 370 HP

Empty weight : 1.5 tonnes
Maximum weight : 2.25 tonnes
Operating altitude : up to 10,000 ft.

Has full instrument flying kit plus weather/ground mapping radar which enables it to fly in cloud and sole reference to instruments.

It also has emergency flotation gear which permits extensive use over sea operations.

- A. All of our aircraft are fitted with 'pop out' floats and equipped with life jackets, the doors can easily be ejected. The worst you will get is wet.

25

Thank you

Bantham and Buckland

WHEN in March last year Thurlestone Parish Council sponsored a village Magazine and Newsletter, and I undertook to be the Editor and producer, nothing quite so ambitious as the present publication was envisaged outgrowing the small portable typewriter and duplicator which were initially thought adequate.

Advertising revenue has been enough to cope with the cost of materials - and has in fact covered the outlay on a more robust typewriter, but when, quite out-of-the-blue I was offered a much more modern automatic Gestetner duplicator by a local business man - acquiring it seemed a matter of wishful thinking, for I knew the Parish Council funds were pretty fully committed to pay for cleaning and relettering the War Memorial and a bill for the recent Parish Election still to come. However, I did mention it to Chairman Peter Hurrell, and he must have seen the wistful look in my eyes or something, for he said "I think you should have it, I'll see what I can do". Bantham and Buckland you know the outcome - it seemed no time at all before I was told you had subscribed £268.20 !

I am quite overwhelmed.

I am deeply appreciative of the wonderful effort by Peter Hurrell and the simply tremendous response you gave him. Thurlestone villagers were never involved because he felt it would be quite wrong to seek subscriptions beyond the amount needed for the purchase of the duplicator. It is truly with a feeling of humility not unmixed with pride that I say 'thank you' one and all. My immediate response is this 'super' issue. We are all indebted to those who contribute to the contents of the magazine - whose articles and stories have made it so popular. Without them there could be no worthwhile publication. New contributors are always most welcome.

The Magazine is essentially a service to the community. If you feel anything is not as it should be - or have suggestions that might benefit the parish - do tell 'Village Voice'. You might discover a lot of people supporting your point of view!

TELEVISION SOUTH WEST (T.S.W.) have asked to record the production of this magazine as an example of what can be achieved with local support and collaboration. I understand that Lawrie Quayle will be involved. The date for the 'interview' is expected to be August 24th. the date for 'screening' I do not know at the time of writing.

Thank you to all of you who comment so favourably on this publication. For my part, I'll keep on trying!

Thank you, again, Bantham & Buckland.

Dudley Drabble

"a wonderful voyage of discovery"
IDEAL HOME

MORE THAN JUST-A-COTTAGE

A Village in the South Hams

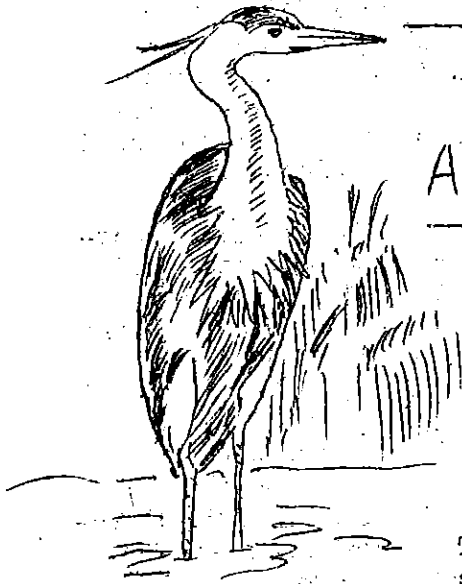
KENDALL McDONALD

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."

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Thurlestone Hotel, etc., £3.95

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KEEPING CLEAN WITH A BUILT IN MAKE-UP BAG

PATRICK COLEMAN - Author of the NATURE WEST series in the 'Western Morning News' "THURSDAY PLUS" supplement, has kindly consented to 'Village Voice' "re-printing" one for the benefit of readers who do not take the W. Morning News.

(The illustration here is a crude tracing of the original)

THE grey herons are scattered around the streams, rivers, shores and estuaries foraging for food for their voracious and rapidly growing young.

They will take almost anything large enough to be worth eating, either from the water or from the fields close by.

Their staple food is fish, however, with eels at the top of the list, but they will happily feed on large insects when they are in abundance, or even the odd vole or fledgling bird. While on the estuaries and mud flats they will take many crabs and shrimps.

While fishing they will wait motionless for their prey and adults will catch them five times out of ten with a quick stab of the bill.

In comparison when the young leave their nests later in the year their initial success rate will be only one in ten.

Feeding on eels in particular gives the herons problems in coping with the thick slime likely to accumulate on their feathers. Like most of the heron family this is overcome with the use of two ingenious adaptations.

They possess three powder-down patches, one on the breast and one on each thigh. Special feathers grow there which crumble into a fine powder supplying the herons with an antidote to the slime. The powder is taken up in the bill and rubbed into the affected feathers and this is where the second adaptation now comes in. The middle toe of each foot possesses a claw which is finely divided and functions as a comb. Using this, the combined powder and slime is combed out of the feathers, leaving them as good as new.

What is interesting about the young is that they may have to learn to become expert fishermen, but unlike the young of our own species, they don't seem to need any lessons in how to keep themselves clean!

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NATURE WEST

The collected articles and superb illustrations produced by PATRICK COLEMAN for the 'Western Morning News' over the last year are now being published in book form:

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STOP PRESS RE ESTUARY BYELAWS

The District Council have stated they now have made Byelaws to regulate the use of pleasure boats on the River Avon Estuary, and they intend, after the expiry of one month from the 19th August 1983, to apply to the Secretary of State for confirmation thereof. Copies may be seen at Follaton House, Totnes on any week day, or copies will be supplied for a fee of 50p per copy. If confirmed, there will be a speed limit of 4 knots during the months* (8) May to September (inclusive).

FROM: Mr A.N.PIPER, Tree Tops, Thurlestone.

12th August 1983.

Dear Sir,

Might I ask for space in your excellent publication to draw to the attention of your readers a local planning matter.

I understand that in June Thurlestone Parish Council ("TPC") received notification from the South Hams District Council ("SHDC") of an application for a major extension to Vine Cottage, a Listed Building (Grade II) in Thurlestone 'High' Street which most, if not all of your readers will know is within the village Conservation Area. The TPC was given the statutory two weeks in which to raise objections and although I do not have first hand knowledge of this, I believe the objections actually lodged were of a very substantial nature.

On 30th June I wrote to the SHDC to record my personal objections to the development, not only on the obvious grounds that it would represent a worsening of the over-density of dwellings in the village, but because Vine Cottage is a rare example of small Devon cottages of two hundred years ago and the proposed extension would clearly spoil the building in terms of its social historical importance. At this point I should like to make it clear that I am not personally affected by the Vine Cottage development, nor do I know the owner of the building, nor have I had any previous dealings with the SHDC. But I understand the owner is an architect who visits Thurlestone fairly frequently and, therefore, I would fully expect his proposals to be architecturally tasteful and in keeping with the other buildings in the village street. This aspect is not intended to be the subject of my letter.

Having lodged my objections with the SHDC I awaited normal planning publicity in the "Kingsbridge Gazette", fully expecting such publicity to provoke many more objections. In any event, I felt fairly confident that, on the basis of previous planning refusals in this area the chances of the Vine Cottage development being approved were remote in the extreme. As the weeks passed I assumed, naively it would seem, that the SHDC was awaiting the end of the holiday season. How wrong I was, for it transpires that the Planning Committee approved the application on 2nd. August.

Normally, the SHDC goes to a great deal of trouble to give publicity to Listed Building applications but in this particular case, and most unusually, they do not appear to have done so, thus depriving the local residents of an opportunity to raise their objections. I therefore, wrote to the Director of Planning on 9th August asking for information on the following:-

- (1). What publicity was given by the SHDC to the application?
- (2). How many objections, other than my own, were received and were such objections adequately and properly represented to the Planning Committee?
- (3). What were the factors which led the Committee to over-rule any such objections?

This elicited the following response from the Director of Planning: "...this proposal was considered by the Planning Committee on 2nd. August 1983. The application was approved."

I am not of a mind to let the matter rest there, but obviously one voice in the wilderness is unlikely to have any real effect. Therefore if any of your readers share my views, might I suggest they write promptly to the Chairman of the SHDC Planning Committee - Mr C.J.Eales, 8, Woodhay Terrace, South Brent, TQ10 9BN. (Tel: South Brent 3352). not only to object about the development but also the manner in which it has been handled. We might still not be too late since approvals for Listed Buildings require the sanction of the Secretary of State for the Environment, which I believe has yet to be given in this case.

Yours truly, A.N.Piper.

Editor, Village Voice.

Kendall McDonald

Has some advice for Family history fanatics

Oh, I am a silly me ! Do you recall that I was trying to find out what happened to my great-grandmother, Alice Shepherd Kendall Hill, and my great-great-grandfather William Kendall ?

Well, do you know that all the time I was looking all over the churchyards of the South Hams, great-grandmamma and great-great-grandpappa were here all the time - well just down the village street really.

So I must thank the thousands of readers who wrote to tell me where to find them (Editor's note: Surely this can't be right! Thousands ?) Well, hundreds.... well would you believe, ten ? I mean if the Editor is going to insist on total accuracy, we'll never get anywhere, will we? Oh, all right then = thank you Charles Bevell.

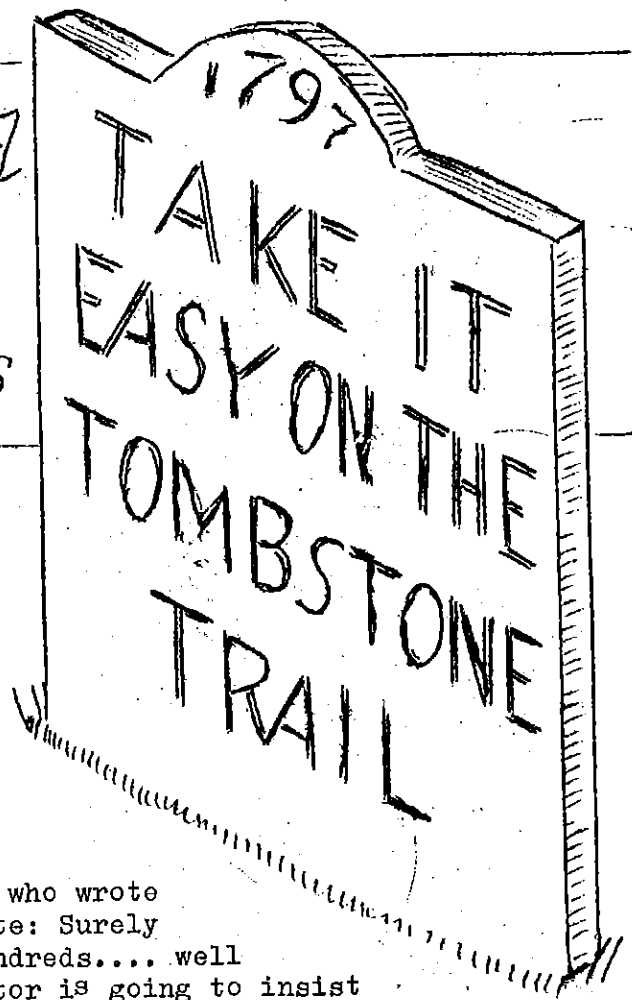
You know I don't know just how I missed them, but as Charles Bevell says, they're there in Thurlestone Churchyard on the right after you come through the lychgate. Yes, up on the bank you'll find Alice...and her Dad...and even Alice's sister Susan too.

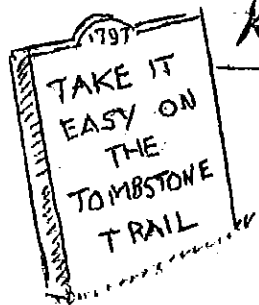
And in the middle of that family group you'll see the grave of William Kendall, my great-great-grandpappy, who was born in 1797 - which was when Napoleon was ravaging Europe, George III was King, Pitt was Prime Minister, England stood alone in the war with France. And Nelson lost his arm.

Now he lies there... William Kendall, not Nelson...with a daughter on either side. And I say I just don't know how I missed seeing the stones, but I did, and so let that be a lesson to those of you who have told me that you are determined, despite my warnings of what you may find, to climb up your own particular family tree, or climb down it whichever seems most appropriate. You'll soon see how easy it is to miss an ancestor or two.

Mind you, if you really have caught ancestoritis nothing I can say or do will dissuade you and by now you'll be absolutely itching to tackle your first tombstone. However before you do, please try to control your racing brain and get some idea of exactly what you are looking for. Try to look for one name, or possibly two at any one time. Otherwise you'll be leaping all over the place calling excitedly to your mate.. "I say there's a Leadbitter here...and another.. And there's a Touchtooth, ...and a Barleywine...and..."

Carry a notebook and several pencils; ball-points refuse to write in some of the angles you'll find yourself making notes. Because notes you have to make. Examining tombstones is back-breaking work, so be sure your back is up to all that bending and straightening. Grass in many churchyards is long and very wet, so wear appropriate footwear. And finally be sure you've got a lot of time. Unless you are amazingly lucky and find your ancestor very quickly, really examining each tombstone is a long job. You see nobody seems to know where anyone is buried. Which seems gross carelessness now, but at the time I expect it was all very logical.





Kendall McDonald continues

I hope you don't find all this talk of tombstones too depressing. It isn't really. The inscriptions are fascinating, often very touching, and sometimes funny. I think we were at Stokenham - I can't find my notes! - when we discovered the work of an 18th-century stonemason who might have had a drop too much cider for his lunch. On the stone you can see the moment when he knew that he wasn't going to get the name in on the line. So suddenly he made the letters smaller and smaller and when that didn't work, he dribbled them down the side! It makes you laugh and the mourners must have found it funny too because there it stands for all the centuries to see.

Studying the past in churchyards is a rewarding exercise even if you don't find any missing ancestors, whom you will quickly discover have an annoying habit of not being where they ought to be. Churches are often set so that they command the dwelling places of the souls in their care and so the views are often breathtakingly beautiful. This is especially true of the churches in the South Hams.

I have a particularly soft spot for the little church of St. Martin's at Sherford. You see this is where the Kendalls had gone when I couldn't find them. It was in Sherford that William Kendall lived and it was in Sherford that he died of "apoplexy" at the age of 75 on February 7, 1873. Yes, I know his tombstone says 1872, but didn't I tell you in the last issue of the Voice that you mustn't believe everything you read on tombstones. Worry, worry sloppy about dates were our ancestors!

But I must insist that I am right and the tombstone's wrong because I have William's death certificate before me as I write. It carefully notes that the informant of the death in Sherford was Rebecca Maunder. Now her tombstone is in Sherford Churchyard. The wife of Richard, she died in 1902 when she was 90. I presume she kept an eye on William when his girls got married and left home.

So what, you may well ask, is William Kendall doing buried in Thurlestone when he had a perfectly good churchyard available in his home village of Sherford where he worked all his life as a farm labourer.

You may well ask and that is my excuse for not really looking very hard for him in Thurlestone. But when you see him there with Alice on one side and Susan on the other, you know immediately that the girls brought father home.

Home? Yes, home. Now there's a shock! And old Thurlestone families should pay particular attention from now on because they may well be on the verge of recovering a long-lost relative called me. Are we all paying full attention? Good. Then I'll continue

....

One thing to note is that throughout their lives Alice and her sister, no matter whom they married, clung obstinately to their other family name - that of Shepherd. It obviously meant a great deal to them. Perhaps it held memories of the days in the 17th century when the Shepherds were very big in Thurlestone, owning much property in the village (Shepherd's Farthing and John Shepherd's Tenement for example).

Yes, they, the Shepherds were big in Thurlestone and they owned most of the land round Lower Kerse where they had a house called, of course, Shepherd's Kersse with "outhouses, courts, gardens, orchards and a green". Sounds nice, doesn't it?

But I'm letting myself be distracted again. Let's get back to Alice Shepherd Kendall. Remember Alice? She was the one who married Roger Hill on February 26, 1851 in Stokenham Church a month after the birth of my grandfather, William Kendall Hill as he was known from then on. It was good of Alice to get married, even if it was a little late, as it did put the family back on the right lines and stopped people saying nasty things about us.

The marriage didn't last long. Sadly Roger Hill was only 23 when he was killed at Winslade Quarry near Frogmore, by a 'falling-in' on December 12, 1853. At least his death certificate says 1853 even though his tombstone out at South Pool makes it 1854. One thing is certain though - that slate quarry was notorious for collapses.

READ ON...

TAKE IT EASY ON THE TOMBSTONE TRAIL

Continued from previous page....

For centuries - since the time of Henry VIII in fact - that quarry had produced fine slate, but the working conditions would drive a safety Inspector of today into a lunatic asylum!

Soon after Roger Hill's death, if not because of it, the Winslade workings were closed; they were too risky even for those days. But such was the demand for slate that some-time around 1860 the quarry was opened again. It was not long before another accident occurred. According to the book "Kingsbridge Estuary", first published in 1864, and recently reprinted by the Cookworthy Museum in Kingsbridge, this is what happened then:

"About thirty men, we believe, were assembled by appointment, in order to work at one particular spot, when it was discovered that the man who had the key of the powder store was absent.

"After waiting some time for his return, they dispersed, being unable to proceed with their work without the blasting powder. In a very short time that part of the quarry in which they would have been but for the disappointment, fell in, and entombed the two men who were there instead of the large number who were thus providentially prevented from going. Although great exertions were made at the time, yet the bodies of these two poor fellows were not recovered for two or three years".

After that sort of thing you would not expect Winslade Quarry to be anything but a gloomy place. It is certainly that today. When I went there to see where my great-grandfather died, I found it slowly being filled by the tipping of rubbish. A pool of water fills one end; abandoned piping straggles down from the rim high above.

The quarry is on the land of Winslade Farm and when I asked Edward Perraton, the farmer, for permission to look at the quarry and why, he wanted to know everything I could tell him about Roger Hill as he is collecting together the history of the quarry. But apart from that, Mr Perraton, a friendly man who seems permanently to have a fine selection of dogs at his heels, regards the quarry as more of a menace to safety

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of his cows than anything else. When it is finally filled with rubbish, the quarry will be earthed and grassed over and the place where poor Roger died will be no more. And as for Alice, well, there was no trace of her on Roger's tombstone, no 'beloved husband of Alice' or anything like that!

This sort of thing is part of the fascination of tracking down your family..What had Alice been up to between the time of Roger's death and the ordering of the inscription?

There was, it is true, often a long time between death and putting up the tombstone. It is a time which bred feuds and family fighting. What had Alice done to be banished from the graveside of her husband?

I don't think that is an unfair question. Alice - if an early photograph I found among my grandfather's possessions is truly her - was what they called in those days "a fine figure of a woman". She was handsome too with the straight nose, fine full mouth, and clear eyes, which have made we Kendalls much sought after all over the world! Just looking at that photo, you could not imagine that Alice would be single for long, so when I finally stood before her gravestone, it was not all that much of a shock to read:

"In Loving Memory of
ALICE SHEPHERD,
the beloved wife of
George Browse of
Homefield Thurlestone
who died July 7, 1890
aged 60 years."

So George Browse was the name of the man who was second time lucky for Alice. That was nice to know and provided me with no shock. But Homefield! Didn't Alice do well! Just think, the family once owned Homefield!

But here, let me say quickly before the Bromfields rise up in great alarm, I am making no claim to my great grandmamma's house. Well not yet. A free supply of milk and an open account at Broads and...well

then, honestly I'll forget all about it. That's not to say I'm not still worried about Alice. How could she afford to live in a house like Homefield? I bet she got nothing from Roger Hill's estate and I know that when she married George Browse on June 10, 1860, he was, according to the marriage certificate, only a farm labourer in Sherford. So where did they get the money for the house?

I was pondering this question aloud in the home of a retired Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages - you don't meet many of those, now do you? - when he stopped me in mid-ponder and said "I once had six relatives asking for copies of the death certificate of a farm labourer. Six! So I asked one why they all wanted them, and she said: "Oh, father used to like buying cottages'...and do you know that old fellow, who every time he had saved up £40 Or £50 had bought a cottage, ending up owning almost the whole village. And he was worth a fortune when he died!"

Was George Browse born with a similar itch to buy thatch or was it Alice who put him into the property business? Certainly Alice was 30 and George only 24 when they married, but I like to think that even with a child, Alice was quite a catch. I wonder did she ever wear a blue gown?

I think too that the Hills brought up young William while Alice gave George two sons and a daughter - George Henry Kendall in 1861, Mary Elizabeth in 1864, and John Wills Kendall in 1867.

And there, for the moment, we will close this everyday story of countryfolk. But you know once you're close on the track of your family you never want to stop. So, m'dears, I'm going to leave you with a little homework:

Please complete the diagram you will find on the next page and say in not more than 200 words whatever happened to the Browsers. Papers will be marked out of 10. Marks will be deducted for untidy work. The Editor's decision is final.

DIAGRAM OVERPAGE:-

A HOT Potato?

- - - - L E T T E R - - - -

Dear Editor,

The Parochial Church Council recently organised a very successful fete which I believe raised over £1,000 for Church funds. Those running it were not necessarily "churchgoers", but the Church is an honourable and indispensable part of our Parish, and perhaps they value it as a symbol of unity, esteem its moral leadership or venerate it as an ancient and historic building - for whatever reason they gave freely of their time and energy to ensure the Fete's success.

Previously the Parish Hall Committee ran a 50/50 Auction Sale to raise funds for improvements to the Hall and made over £400. Just as it is 'our' Church, so it is 'our' Parish Hall, and those organising it can be congratulated and thanked for their efforts to boost Parish Hall funds.

But - here is what I term "a hot potato" - which worries me. I have heard that the Parish Hall Committee charged the Church Fete Committee a substantial sum for the 'loan' of tables, chairs, etc. from the Parish Hall for the Fete, and I feel this is most uncharitable to say the least. Surely when we have a local effort to raise funds for anything within our own Parish we can offer our labour and anything which might be needed on loan - FREE? Could not the Parish

Hall Committee - however wanting they may still be for funds - loan their equipment for an afternoon in aid of the Church for nothing - or even just a nominal fee of say £5.? Did those who nobly transported the furniture to the site of the Fete charge? I am sure they did not. Did those parishioners (including some members of the Parish Hall Committee) charge for games and equipment - or time given? - Assuredly not. It seems a pity to appear mercenary when it is a local fund raising effort, and I feel that such ungenerous thoughts should be tempered with more liberal consideration, which in the long run would engender a goodwill which is far more valuable than any financial gain.

Do I detect a 'new look' in business acumen in our Parish Hall Committee, which I am sure is all to the good except in this case where a decision has been made which I do not think worthy of our present Committee.

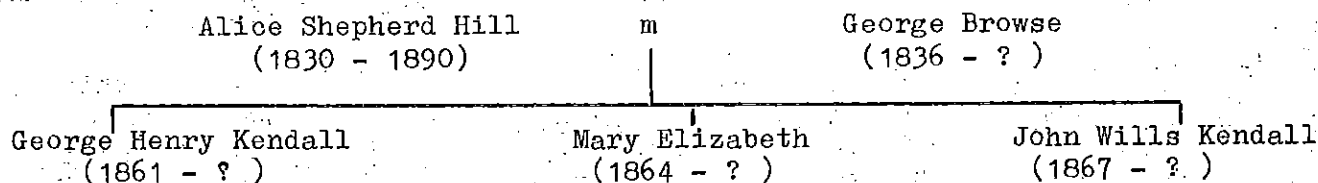
I hope by writing this I have not evoked embarrassment to the Parochial Church Council, who have no doubt in a more endearing manner than precipitated by the account, paid the debt and been unwilling to voice any feelings of disappointment, rather choosing to forget the matter. I think much goodwill will have been lost, and I believe this is something the Parish Hall needs if the future success of future fund raising events is to be assured.

Rosemary S. Stocken

Mariners,
Thurlestone.

TAKE IT EASY ON THE TOMBSTONE TRAIL

Here is the DIAGRAM referred to - Whatever happened to the Browsers?



Refer to the last paragraph from the story on the previous page - send in your information to The Editor, 10, Backshay Close, South Milton and put the word 'Browse' in the top left hand side of the envelope.

Some Reflections on Retirement from The Village School

FROM: RITA PARSONS, 'Crail', 21, Mead Lane, Thurlestone:

It seems more like 18 days ago rather than 18 years, when armed with a letter from Mr. Frank Claxton, the Divisional Education Officer, I introduced myself to Mr. John Lewis, the Headmaster, who was starting on the same day as myself.

There were to be only two teachers, John and I. I was to teach the children 4½ to 7 years, and John was to teach those between 7 and 11. My class was never to exceed 24 infants.

The building was Victorian, as indeed half of it still is! Heating in my room was effected by an open coal fire, which my predecessor Mrs Brown assured me was very comfortable and cosy, omitting to say that when the wind was in the wrong direction, the room filled with smoke. Moreover it was not mentioned that Mr Coward the caretaker had to clean out and light the fire each morning which he unfailingly did. He was also responsible for the clean and pressed dusters, and two freshly boiled roller towels which were always available on Monday mornings - neatly folded and placed on my table.

Mr Coward was always humorous and cheerful, even when confronted with the upheaval of removing the ironwork in the cloakroom to create space for "Music and Movement". For some time afterwards I wondered what supported the ceiling, and kept a wary eye on it!

With 12 tables and 24 chairs in a very tiny room "playing activities" were severely restricted compared with today. Indeed almost any movement in the classroom could result in laddered stockings or injured limbs on the ancient furniture.

I have very pleasant memories of Miss Windsor and Mrs Yvonne Jeffery who provided us for many years with excellent lunches which were served willingly and cheerfully on our oil-cloth covered desks in the classrooms.

Before the extension was built in 1974 the space around the school was much greater than it is today. The top end of the playing field too was lost when the tarmac went down. Those who worked in the school prior to 1974 will remember the magnificent views from John Lewis's classroom, and the attractive wooden fencing which surrounded the playground, altogether combining to present an idyllic picture of a village school.

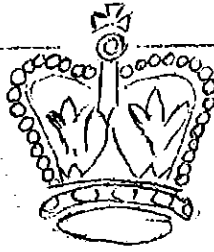
The children came only from Thurlestone, Buckland and Bantham, but the numbers fell to such an extent that John Lewis, thinking of his future, decided to move to a larger school. Some readers may be interested to know that he too is retiring this year to begin a new career as a Church of England Minister.

Later South Milton School and Thurlestone School amalgamated with the object of ensuring larger numbers, and parents were given to understand that there would be at least three teachers - a promise which at the time of writing is not being kept.

With the amalgamation of the two schools in 1974, Thurlestone school achieved semi-modern conditions and a new era began. One aspect of school life which rightly enjoys increasing importance is the involvement of the parents in the academic work of the children. This is quite distinct, in my view, from the usual activities of the P.T.A's which too often become social and fund raising bodies only.

My thanks then to Thurlestone School for 18 happy years with the children and to their parents for their consistent co-operation and encouragement. Finally I would like to express my appreciation once again to the parents for the very beautiful gifts of Dartington Glass and various other presents to mark my early retirement.

We've been to
Tea with



London to have
The Queen

It was with great excitement that we learnt that Thurlestone Parish Council had been selected to send a representative to Her Majesty's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on the 13th July, and as the Chairman was unable to accept, we were thrilled to be asked to take his place.

It seemed a long, long time before the invitation arrived from the Lord Chancellor's Office, and then on Election Day, June 5th it finally came and we were able to make our arrangements.

We were very fortunate to be offered a chauffeur-driven car by courtesy of Colt Cars, and so were really able to do it in style.

It seemed that July 13th. was the hottest day of the year as we set off at 8.45 a.m. for Cirencester where we were able to change into our 'glad rags' and transfer to 'our' white Mercedes Limousine.

We arrived in London and were very thankful that we were being driven by someone who knew the way around, as we doubt that we would ever have found Buckingham Palace otherwise, the traffic was extra heavy with dozens of taxi's etc. taking guests to the Garden Party.

We decided that as it was such a special occasion we were going to make the most of it and drive through the main entrance in style, so we joined the queue of Chauffeur driven cars in the Mall, which proved to be the hottest part of the journey, even the policemen looked hot and bothered!

Once inside the Palace Courtyard, we were set down and joined the line of people to go through the Palace into the Garden. The Queen invites between 7000 and 8000 guests to each of the three

Garden Parties she holds every year, so it is not suprising that it takes some time to filter them all through the front door and entrance hall into the red and gilt Salon with glass cabinets displaying some nice pieces of porcelain and glass, and out through the French windows on to the lawns beyond, where many of the guests stand around gazing expectantly at the terrace waiting for a sighting of the Royal Family.

The time was about 3.30 p.m. and as quite a few were already having tea, we decided to join them, and as it was so very hot we thought the iced coffee would be very nice, so we took our cups of coffee and plates of savouries and gateaux to try to find seats at the little tables dotted about the lawn, unfortunately, no luck, so we had to have ours standing up!

At 4 o'clock the Queen and her Party appeared on the terrace, and after chatting with a small group of people representing various charities, etc. the Royal Family fan out, taking separate routes through the crowd to bring them together at the tea tent at 5 o'clock.

We decided that the entrance to the Royal Tea Tent might be a good place to stand, and took up our positions. As the Beefeaters marched out to make an avenue in the crowd of guests for the Royal Family to pass, their leader pronounced "Make way for the Yeoman, please". We decided he must mean us, and so we moved to the front !!! This proved a good move because in spite of one of the Beefeaters threatening lightheartedly to get the Royal Corgi's out for us, we didn't have to move back very far, and this gave us an excellent view of the Royal Family as they came along their separate routes.

We had a very close view of the Queen Mother who was apologising to everyone for the hot weather, although she succeeded in looking as cool and charming as ever in Blue Chiffon.

CONCLUDING.....

We've been to London to have Tea with the Queen

Closely following was a sun-tanned Prince Charles and Princess Diana, who looked very beautiful in a cream outfit. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh passed by along the next avenue, and her Majesty was also in a cool blue dress.

When they had retired to their tent for tea with their special invited guests we took a stroll around the lovely garden and admired the herbaceous borders and rose garden, and took advantage of the shelter of the large trees bordering the lake.

At precisely 6.0'clock the Royal Party left their tent and headed for the Palace and, as they reached the Terrace the band struck up the National Anthem, which signalled "The End".

We reluctantly decided it was time to depart and joined the crowds making for the french windows leading into the Palace once again and out into the Courtyard. We gave our names to the footman on duty at the door and he called it over the loudspeaker system to the cars parked outside in the Mall. Our car then joined the queue of Chauffeur driven Daimlers and Roll Royces, etc. returning to pick up their passengers.

Unfortunately the time came to leave all too soon, and we were quickly out in the bustling London traffic and heading for home, where we arrived about mid-night after a very tiring but immensely enjoyable day.

Many thanks to the Parish Council for giving us this wonderful opportunity which we will remember always.

DERRICK and JEAN YEOMAN

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SOUTH MILTON HARVEST FESTIVAL SERVICE

on FRIDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 1983

at 7 p.m.

followed by Supper in the Village Hall.

+++++

SINCE WRITING

my 'Hot Potato' letter which is on another page, I hear that Lindsey Townsend, who organises the sales of jumpers, etc. in aid of Parish Hall and Surf Lifesaving Club funds, has also been charged for the hire of the Hall. In this case it makes no difference as she merely deducts the hiring charges from the final proceeds she gives to the treasurer, but I still feel such quixotic demands by the Committee will turn people away from hiring the Hall rather than encouraging them to use it for local fund raising.

Perhaps other readers may like to voice their views in this magazine.

R.S.STOCKEN

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WHAT'S MY LINE - Part 2

Have you yet read the 'What's My Line' article. I can say that British Telecom will be issuing the appropriate instructions to each customer nearer the date of operation of the new Exchange, which will incorporate a telephone number to ring if you have any individual worries or problems.

There are many new innovations planned which the telephone public can look forward to as we approach the year 2,000 and, I am sure, even more inventions waiting to be "twanged". It is to be hoped that whatever the future holds telephone communications will be used to benefit and enhance the quality of life for all of us.

BUZBY

P.S. to Buzby from the Editor. I'm too old to wait until the year 2000 for reliable service. Like Mr Orr (letter on another page) - I want good service NOW!

=====

IF YOU WANT MAXIMUM PUBLICITY FOR YOUR FORTHCOMING EVENT - SEND IN GOOD TIME FOR THE NOVEMBER/DECEMBER ISSUE - by OCTOBER 15th PLEASE!

=====



WHAT'S MY LINE?

It is salutary to reflect that little more than 150 years ago, the optical telegraph (lighting a bonfire is one form of this) or semaphore was the only alternative to the stage coach, the courier and the saddlebag, as a means of conveying messages; and that the telephone itself is only a little over 100 years old. The development of the telephone in this country, on the Continent and in America is an interesting story which cannot be told adequately here, but a little background information might be of interest.

Edinburgh-born teacher Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone in 1876. He followed in the footsteps of his father, a famous Scots teacher of elocution. Alexander was a teacher in England and Scotland before becoming Professor of Physiology and Elocution at Boston University in the U.S.A. There he started work on a new sort of telegraph machine. He was trying to find ways of sending several telegraph messages down the same wire when something went wrong: the hot weather made two vital pieces of his "harmonic telegraph" stick together. His assistant plucked at the offending equipment and Bell heard the "twang" through an earpiece in another room. (Buzby's birth cry?). Then on March 10 1876, Bell called for his assistant, Thomas Watson, to come and help in the laboratory - and the words were transmitted clearly down what had become the world's first telephone.

From the seven words - "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you," grew today's network of 400 million telephones which link millions of people in just about every country in the world.

The first telephone company in Britain was registered on June 14, 1878, in London. It had only eight subscribers at the start! This was the forerunner of an increasing number of telephone companies that were to start in the 1880's, thus presenting a fragmented U.K. telephone network. Competition grew so fierce that fighting developed between rival gangs of engineers, and they cut down each other's poles and wires. A favourite practice was to short-circuit established lines by tossing strands of wire over them. In a classic case, a gang from one company (The United Telephone Co.) dug holes for telephone poles only to return the following day to find that another company (the London Globe) had placed their own poles in the conveniently available holes. (The hazards of privatisation....Mrs. Thatcher, take note!)

The Automatic service on which today's system is based was invented by, of all people, an Undertaker. Almon B. Strowger couldn't understand why he was losing so much "trade" to his competitor in Kansas City until he discovered that his rival's wife was the local telephone operator, who naturally put business her husband's way! Strowger worked out a system of connecting calls automatically, thus ruling out the bias created by the human element.

Technical development rocketed ahead (Buzby learns to fly!). The telephone, together with radio and television - they grew up together - has opened up channels of communication between groups that would otherwise seldom come into contact. It has led not only to the ability to simply "keep in touch" but also to a vast expansion of the availability of information, ideas and beliefs. Access to other people's views and knowledge have hastened social and geographical levelling and made fundamental changes in our attitudes to information. Man's innate curiosity can now be satisfied more fully. Research work has played a vital role in providing today's communications. It is sobering to think that the same kind of equipment used to call a doctor to a sick baby is used to decide whether we live in peace or are plunged into a nuclear war. The line you use to speak to a friend might also be used for an important business deal involving thousands of pounds - or be used as a link in the conquest of space.

TURN OVER:-p

WHAT'S MY LINE?



The telephone, for good or ill, has made it possible for news of all kinds to be available on a scale previously unattainable. It also means that a child can talk with its far-off grandparents. Families once scattered and restricted to the written word can now be bound together by the warmth of speech. A fire engine or ambulance can be on its way in seconds. People from one country can talk to people of another with almost the same ease as neighbours chatting over the garden fence.

It does not matter to a telephone user that his call may travel via satellites, brilliantly designed radio links, or through a local exchange that is a miracle of electronic technology. What does matter to him is that the telephone gives him instant communication that defies distance, time and weather, and is at his beck and call. He talks with whom he wants, when he wants and that is something which could never have happened without the development of Mr. Bell's invention.

A brief look at our own local telephone service over the years is not without some amusement - retrospectively, of course! These extracts from "Buzby's" Diary tell their own tale:-

15.2.1915. Thurlestone Manual Exchange opened using an operator who worked from what is now the Old Schoolhouse at the corner of the Bantham turn-off.

21.7.1924. A larger Exchange was installed, still with an operator.

17.10.1927. The Exchange was enlarged.

23.6.1930. Further enlargement enabled 100 customers to be proved with telephones.

17.8.1938. The Sub-Postmaster, Mr. E. W. Lancey, gave notice of wishing to retire on the 31st. July 1939. Plans to provide automatic service to Thurlestone were scheduled for 1944/45; those for Frogmore were much earlier therefore it was proposed to convert Frogmore Exchange to automatic and move that operator (Mrs Lakeman) to Thurlestone. However, it was decided to bring forward the conversion of Thurlestone into the 1941/42 programme and Mr Lancy and his family agreed to continue until then.

1939-45. More important matters overtook local events, including the invasion of the South Hams by the Americans!

1.8.1947. Mr Lancey gave notice of wishing to retire on the 28th February 1948.

21.8.1947. The G.P.O. approached Kingsbridge R.D.C. for the use of "Sunnyridge" (which was then Council property) as a site for the new Telephone Exchange.

5.9.1947. Kingsbridge R.D.C. refused permission (how unusual!)

2.10.1947. Mr Lancey agrees to continue for a further twelve months.

19.2.1948. A site from Thurlestone Estates was considered but too many restrictions were applied.

7.7.1949. A site was obtained from Mr. E. Stidston at what is now Parkfield, Thurlestone.

1.15 p.m. The new exchange opened 8.6.1950 and the patient Lancey family responsibilities were finally discharged!

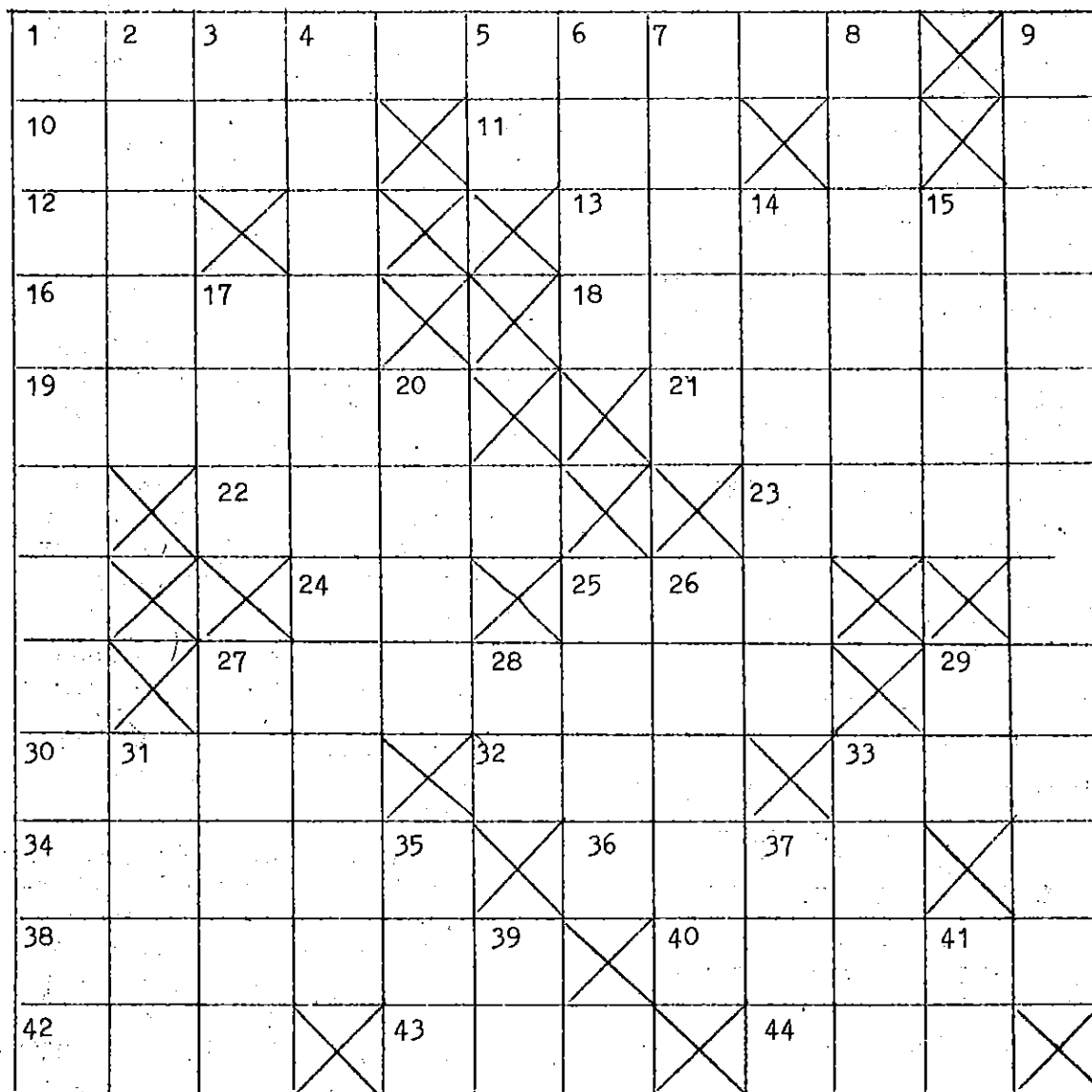
This exchange has been in continuous service for the past 33 years. Early in 1984, a new modern electronic unit will be brought into service at Sutton Cross, South Milton, and will serve the existing Thurlestone and Galmpton Exchange areas. It will form part of the Kingsbridge Switching Centre and, at that time, all telephone numbers will become Kingsbridge ones.

How will this change affect you, the customer?

Most of the work which affects the actual lines has been completed. (You may remember the hold-ups caused to traffic using the South Milton Road last year and early this year while Buzby went underground). When the changeover takes place, the transfer will be virtually instantaneous. All lines will be tested before and after the transfer to ensure that they are working correctly.

There is, of course, always the possibility that "teething" problems might occur but these will be dealt with promptly. The new Exchange will give a better quality of service than the overworked and outdated one. The only real change that you will notice is that you will have a Kingsbridge number (with six digits) and will no longer dial 9 to reach the town. BUZBY

TRY YOUR HAND AT THE VILLAGE VOICE CROSSWORD



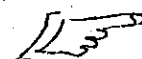
ACROSS

- 1 Local Field Centre (7.3)
 10 The accountant has lost sight of the Dartmoor peak making for his car (4)
 11. ...Volente (3)
 13 Goddess of dawn (6)
 16 Berried South American tree(4)
 18 Did Simon sample one of his pastries? (6)
 19 Cathedral city (5)
 21 See 15 down (5)
 22 Does ~~37~~ do this with evil intent? (4)
 23. Coloured silk handkerchief with no binding (4)
 24 & 41 down The degree & compass bearing for the starting point (4)
 25 By commandment should not be coveted (3)
 27 "Lull'd in these flowers with dances and....(M.N.D)(7)
 29 Half the bird (2)
 30 Balanced meals for him (4)
 32 Driving with this part of the club is unlikely to give you a hole in one (3)

- 33 Known for his furtive peering (3)
 34 Time lost after the midday meal(5)
 36 He said there was a potential Murderer in all of us (4)
 38 Exotic flower (4)
 40 Edible seaweed (5)
 42 African explorer without limited Spanish (3)
 43 Take your cue and...black (3)
 44 French grain (3)

DOWN

- 1 Patron of East Portlemouth Church
 2 See (6) (5) (5.7.)
 3 and 28 Horizontal entrance to mine(4)
 4 Did the strolling musician stop to rest on Buckland Hill? (6.5.)
 5 Ordnance Data (abbrev) (2)
 6 Tidal state affected by 2's cycle(4)
 7+16 Wrecked off Leasfoot Beach (5.5.)
 8 Beefeater (6)
 9 Believed to have been an old resting house for monks (11)
 14 Trapes about for a meal (6)
 15 & 21 ac. These words may have helped Eliza's pronunciation (4)
 17 In whatever issues I mean to prosecute (3)



VILLAGE VOICE CROSSWORD.Continuation of Clues DOWN

- 20 Gemstone in an episcopalian cross(4)
 25 Eager (4)
 26 See 7 down (5)
 27 Noel Coward's Little Lady was urged
 to do so in song(5)
 28 See 3
 29 and 39 Large extinct bird (4)
 31 (33) across may do this unobserved
 (4)
 33 Swiss patriot who gained his
 liberty by his bow (4)
 35 Fruit of wild rose
 37 Smear leather with grease (3)
 39 See 29 down
 41 See 24 across.

The ANSWERS will be found on another
 page. Did you get it right?

Can YOU produce a Crossword?

This one by Miss Rosemary S. Stocken.

+++++

Thanks - to Parish Council

From Mrs BRENDA JONES
 8, Seaview Terrace, Thurlestone.

2nd. August 1983.

Dear Mr Drabble,

On behalf of the tenant's of Seaview
 Terrace, I would like to thank the Parish
 Council for their support in our recent
 appeal to the local Council to have our
 houses repainted before 1987.

Our thanks to Mr Hurrell for attending
 the meeting, at which we were assured
 of a decision within a month.

Although we have not yet received any-
 thing in writing, matters seem to have
 been speeding up, as painters have been
 around trying to sort out the details
 for their tenders. During a conversation
 with one of them I learned that the
 council were pushing for the houses to
 be repainted before the onset of winter.

I sincerely hope that matters continue
 at this speed and do not begin to lose
 momentum (as such issues do have a habit
 of doing after the first enthusiastic
 flourish.)

Our thanks again for your support.

Yours sincerely, B. Jones.

THE PARISH COUNCIL IS ALWAYS READY TO HELP

Where is MY Line?

FROM Mr MICHAEL ORR,
 Kearney Point, Bantham.

August 2nd 1983.

Dear Sir,

I feel sure that many of your
 readers will in the past have
 experienced difficulties with
 their telephone.

Mis-dialled numbers, crossed
 lines and simply no service at
 all, contribute a lot of
 frustration to the everyday
 user.

I have now launched a personal
 campaign with British Telecom
 to put to use some of the one
 million pounds per day profit
 to try and obtain a better
 service.

If you have experienced problems
 you could help greatly by writ-
 -ing stating exactly your prob-
 -lem to the General Manager of
 British Telecom in Plymouth.
 His address is:-

Mr A.P.Parsons, C.Eng, M.I.E.R.E
 Telecom House,
 West Hoe Road,
 Plymouth, Devon PL1 3TH

Dialling 151 is no longer either
 convenient or sometimes possible,
 without causing a lot of inconven-
 -ience.

The elderly and infirm rely upon
 their telephones. To some it is
 an expensive luxury - to the
 businessman it is his livelehood.

The biggest confounded cheek is
 that if anything goes wrong on a
 Friday evening, you are told you
 cannot get anything fixed until
 Monday.

We pay dearly for the telephone
 service that we are supposed to
 get.

Please help me ensure that it
 gets better. 100% efficiency is
 what should be aimed for - after
 all we pay for it.

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL ORR.

PARISH BITS and PIECES

PRIMARY SCHOOL STAFFING

The Parish Council sent out 40 letters - one to each of the County Council Education Committee members and our M.P. Mr Anthony Steen and County Councillor Mr Simon Day.

At the time of writing this it is understood the situation is resolved - and there should be three teachers and the required number of children - 56.

Mr Steen responded to the request for help with an energy and promptness that leaves us feeling we've got the right man at Westminster. Parish Chairman, Mr Hurrell and Councillors feel a public thank-you very merited.

Mr Grose was also pretty helpful with his computer orientated typewriter !

+ + + + +

'I's' DOWN - LOOKING !!

The poor old - that's right, old - Parish Clerk was 'reprimanded' by our District Councillor for writing too many letters with an 'I'. You know... "I say it's a load of..." instead of .. "My Council says its a load of...."

Basically, of course, he's right.

Out of interest, however, the Parish Clerk checked up on a number of letters he had received from the District Council.

Oh, dear !

"I am negotiating..." rather than "My Council are negotiating..." and "I enclose a set of revised drawings ..." and "Although I should point out..." and "I attach hereto..." all but the first from the good old (sorry, young) Planning Department.

I could go on...and on. I could. I don't really think the Parish Council object to a few 'I's' - let us hope the District Council are really equally tolerant. Anyway, the Parish Clerk will probably be keeping his 'I's' down, in future - hopefully!

+ + + + +

UNITY IS STRENGTH ?

The Parish Council Chairman has accepted a proposal from the Chairman of the Kingsbridge Town Council to join in meetings they propose to arrange between the Chairmen of all parishes in the District Council's Kingsbridge Area Plan - in which Thurstlestone will be 'incorporated' - or whatever.

+ + + + +

SEAVIEW TERRACE

Getting a lot of attention just now. First the meeting with the tenants District Council and Parish Council Chairman over painting problems. (It could be hoped the work has commenced by the time this is read).

Now, the District Council have been advised the sewer pipeline is proving inadequate to cope. Even ground floor toilets won't clear at times.

Problem is pipe was probably laid before folk had bathrooms and washing machines - and all the additional houses that have been erected over the years.

It would seem it's time is up!

EMERGENCY FUND NOW CLOSED !

The Chairman recently gave his services in a mock rescue act at the event at Frogmore in July, laid on by the Lions Club. He carefully took off his nice new jeans, folding and laying them carefully on the hull of a handy boat. Along came a helicopter to pick him up and alas, carefully placed jeans were whipped away and were last seen drifting quietly down the Estuary.

P.S. The Emergency Fund for a replacement pair is now closed! He's too good a Devonian to let them get away that easily - he laid on a fishing expedition and caught up with them!

+ + + + +

MORE TRAINING ?

The County Emergency Officer proposes holding further training sessions this winter. Interest? Contact the Parish Emergency Officer - Derrick Yeoman at 8 Parkfield or 607.

+ + + + +

VILLAGE VOICE

SOUTH MILTON STORES
and Post Office

Tel: Thurlestone 235
oo00oo

GROCERIES

FRUIT and VEGETABLES

LOCAL BREAD.

OFF-LICENCE

NO QUEUES - (only customers)

NO JAMS (Only sticky ones)

RELAX AND SHOP IN COMFORT
— at SOUTH MILTON STORES

SOUTH MILTON CHURCH FETE

The weather turned out to be not as hot as the previous few weeks, but despite many worried glances at the sky, remained dry and so enabled everyone to have a very enjoyable and successful afternoon. The final gross takings were £1,034. 70p - a marvellous result and yet another record.

May I take this opportunity to thank everyone who contributed in any way at all, either by giving, making, manning a stall or simply and more importantly - attending during the afternoon and so helping us to achieve such a record total.

EVELYN B. SNOWDON.
Hon. Secretary.

OBEDIENCE

TRAINING

For you and
CLASSES
EVERY MONDAY
in
St. Edmunds
Hall
KINGSBRIDGE

Your Dog

at 7 p.m.
or
Telephone
PAT HAYWARD
Thurlestone

205 or Kingsbridge 2503.

KINGSBRIDGE DOG TRAINING CLUB



COMING EVENTS
in SOUTH MILTON

The W.I. Meet on the third
Thursday every month. at 7.30 pm

On SEPTEMBER 15th

GUEST SPEAKER: Mrs Marshall

SLIDES ON THAILAND

Village Hall - 7.30

On OCTOBER 20th

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

SOUTH MILTON PARISH COUNCIL

NEXT MEETING; September 25th
at 7.30 p.m. in the VILLAGE HALL

(and every fourth Monday in the
month, except December.

NOTE THAT PARISHIONERS ARE MOST
WELCOME TO ATTEND ALL MEETINGS

PLAY SCHOOL

Autumn Term commences in mid-
September in the Village Hall

FLOWER ARRANGING CLASSES are to
be held in the Village Hall on
TUESDAYS.

Watch for details and date in the
Kingsbridge Gazette

KEEP FIT CLASSES

commencing end of September on
MONDAYS at 8 p.m.
Village Hall, once again.

YOUTH CLUB

will be starting up again on
FRIDAYS in the Village Hall.

Don't forget the

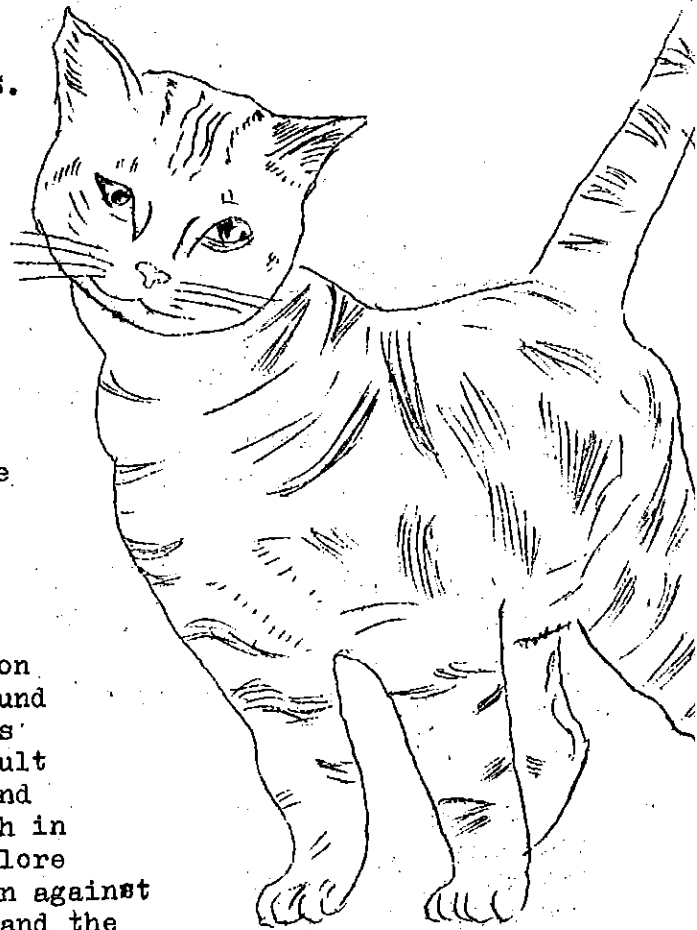
HARVEST FESTIVAL SERVICE

7 p.m. FRIDAY 30th SEPT

followed by SUPPER in the
Village Hall

FROM.....A. J. WEBB., B.V.Sc., M.R.C.V.S.

Cats



Cats are remarkable creatures: their agility, speed, ability to see in near darkness and range of 'voices' made them objects of fascination and reverence in ancient times. The Egyptians worshipped them, personifying the cat spirit in the goddess Bastet - their laws made the crime of killing a cat punishable by death, and a trip to the mummy room of the British Museum in London reveals that mummified cats have been found in Egyptian tombs. As time went on, cats became more and more incriminated in occult practices and the purges of witchcraft and other pagan rites by the Christian Church in the middle ages have doubtless left folklore instilled with prejudice and superstition against cats. Today we are fortunate to understand the mysteries of cats - how they can fall and land upright, their night vision and extreme speed and agility - this understanding serves to make them no longer a sinister force but a fascinating companion.

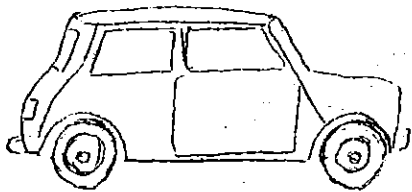
Today we recognise many benefits from owning pets - the security, companionship and calming influence that contact with animals exerts on us is probably no different between owning a cat or dog but it is my belief that the cat is in many ways an ideal pet for the 20th century. Compared with dogs, cats do not have great dependence on us for exercise and calls of nature: they are naturally clean and present no noise problem compared with the barking of dogs. In these days when so many people - particularly married couples have to be out at work, a cat can quite happily look after itself at home during the day unlike a dog. There are many elderly or disabled people who cannot physically themselves exercise a dog and can benefit from the company of a cat.

As towns and cities become more crowded there is less open space that is needed to exercise dogs but cats can adapt to these surroundings well. In the extreme, there are many cats in America who live in flats in high buildings who never leave their homes - provided that they have always been used to this sort of lifestyle from kittenhood they seem to come to no harm. In fact, in the large American cities where cats are so popular as pets, there are some vets whose work is solely with felines! Cats are by nature clean animals and their soiling of the environment is negligible; they can very easily be trained to use a litter tray indoors so that the exercise factor, so demanding with dogs is again not necessary for the cat owner. By keeping a cat, it is possible to enjoy the benefits of owning a pet which makes little demand on time yet offers much company and amusement in return.

These advantages are rather obvious to many, however, there are some other hidden bonuses. Cats are less trouble if you go away for a short length of time - it is possible to go away and leave a cat at home, being watched over and fed by helpful neighbours. Even if it is necessary to board cats in a kennels it is far easier and cheaper to board cats than it is a dog - often boarding kennels for dogs are sited well away from town due to planning requirements regarding noise and mess. Finally, as a veterinary surgeon I must remark that cats make ideal patients. They are easier than dogs to nurse and treat and therefore cheaper than dogs in terms of vets fees: another thing in their favour,

CONCLUDED OVER...

CHEER UP - HAVE A LAUGH WITH.....



Minnie

by Molly Moore

"There you are, Minnie. You'll soon be as smart as this year's model!" Jo gave a final polish to the windscreen of the old car and stood back to admire her handiwork. In spite of her age the car showed little sign of her years of service, apart from rust on the wings, and doors that were inclined to sag.

"Jo! Where are you?" Her brother's voice was muted by the thick walls of the cowshed. "I'm cleaning Minnie," Jo yelled back. "I want to spray her tonight!" Tom strode across the yard. "Will that contraption of yours bring me five cwt. of dairy cake?" he asked her. "I'm not asking Minnie to carry five cwt. Think of her old suspension. 'Sides, I've cleaned her ready for spraying." "All right," he said grudgingly, "Three cwt. will do. But I must have it this afternoon."

When Jo followed Tom into the house for dinner, her stepsister Felicity was sitting at the table waiting to be served, and Jo felt momentarily irritated. Felicity never did any housework in case she spoiled her skin. She was a fashion model and acted like one even at home. No one ever saw her looking scruffy, Jo reflected, and wondered what it was like to have long blond hair, large eyes fringed with long dark lashes that needed little artifice to improve them, and a figure as shapely and slender as a model's should be.

"She's got it all," thought Jo, "but I wouldn't have her job for anything! Posing in front of cameras; dressing up all day! Not for me, thank you!"

Her stepmother's voice interrupted her thoughts: "There's a crate of poultry waiting to be collected at Totmouth station. You'll have to fetch them after dinner." "Can't someone else go?" Jo protested. "I've already got to fetch

READ ON 15

CATS

Continued from previous page

There are many people - through lack of acquaintance - who say that they do not like cats but in my experience most of these can be converted if they take the

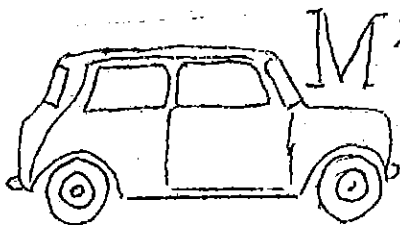
trouble or have the opportunity to care for them. If given human contact and attention, a cat will reward its owner with great amusement and happiness.

Having looked at what I regard to be the great advantages of cats over dogs as pets, I shall write in the next edition about the practical aspects of choosing and care for them.

A.J.WEBB, B.V.Sc., M.R.C.V.S.

ACROSS: 1. Slapton Ley. 10. Audi. 11. Dec. 13. Aurora. 16. Nase. 18. Pileman 19. Truro. 21. Spain. 22. Espy. 23. Anna. 24 & 41 Down: Base. 25. Ass 27. Delight. 29. Do. 30. Alan. 32. Joe. 33. Tom. 34. Lunch. 36. Gide. 38. Orchid 40. Dulce. 42. Eke. 43. Pot. 44. BLE. DOWN: 1. Saint Winifred. 2. Lunar. 3 & 28. Add. 4. Pipers Bench. 5. O.D. 6. Neap 7 & 26. Louis Shield. 8. Yeoman. 9. Clannacombe. 14. Repast. 15. Rain. 17. Sue 20. Opel. 25. Agog. 27. Dance. 29 & 39. Dodo. 31. Turk. 33. Tell. 35. Hip. 37. Dub

DID YOU GET IT RIGHT? - CROSSWORD ANSWERS



Minnie

.....the MOLLY MOORE STORY CONTINUES...

dairy cake for Tom, and I wanted to finish cleaning Minnie. I'm going to spray her a bright red."

"Nobody else can spare the time," her stepmother said, "and you can paint that old car any day."

"Fat chance!" Jo said in a disgruntled tone. "Every time I get her washed, there's a dirty job for her to do."

However, her spirits rose as she drove Minnie to Totmouth later in the day. "After all," she thought. "I've got a good home - even if everybody does boss me about. I've got my own car - even if she is twenty-two years old."

She thought back to the day she had found Minnie lying neglected in the college grounds. Her tyres were flat; the front passenger seat was missing; windows wouldn't open; and she looked so old and decrepit that none of the students had bothered with her. No one seemed to know who owned her. She had sat under the bushes with the weeds growing taller around her for the first two years Jo had been at the college, doing her farm engineering course. Something about her tugged at Jo's heart, and she began to enquire about the previous owner. One of the lecturers was able to find the home address of the student who had left Minnie behind when his college course was finished.

Greatly dairing, Jo rang him up.

She was greeted with a scornful laugh at the other end of the telephone line. "Do I want that old thing?" the young man echoed. "I wouldn't be seen dead in it. Sure you can have it for ten pounds. I've got the papers somewhere. I'll send them on."

So Jo had become the proud owner of Minnie, her first car. To begin with, she had just cleaned her up inside, and used her as a second study in which to read her text - books in solitude. But one day she examined the engine; It looked

suprisingly clean and sound. Just for fun, she borrowed a battery from a friend's Mini and, to everyone's astonishment, the engine spluttered into life with very little coaxing.

End of term was drawing near. Getting Minnie 'on the road' again suddenly became the ambition of every student in the class. She was taken to the college workshop, given new tyres, brake pipes and sparking plugs. A new battery materialised from nowhere, and after a final spot of welding she was pronounced ready for the M.O.T. test, which she passed easily. She seemed to grow a character of her own as they returned in triumph to the college.

Today, Minnie did all that was asked of her as usual, and towards five-0' clock purred into the station yard at Totmouth. Jo went to the office to collect the poultry and spent five minutes chatting to the stationmaster, who had known her all her life.

As she returned to the yard, she gave an angry gasp. A young man was sitting in Minnie's driving seat, and even as she watched he started the engine and drove across the yard.

"Stop, thief!" she shouted, dumping the crate of pullets and beginning to run after the car, but she needn't have worried. After driving Minnie carefully around the yard, the young man came back to where he had started. He seemed oblivious to Jo's furious face as she snatched open the car door.

"What do you think you're doing?" she stormed at the bemused face raised to meet hers. "How did you start Minnie? I've got the key." She dangled it under his nose. "I've got a key too," he said. "I've kept it for ten years, ever since my dad sold Minnie twelve years ago. I nearly broke my heart when she went, and I stole the spare key as a memento. Producing an old wallet from his jeans packet, he held a photograph out to Jo. "See. That wee boy in front is me, and that's mum and dad. My sister, Clarice, took the photo the day dad brought Minnie home, brand new from the showroom. You can read the number plate: WCJ.432. I couldn't believe my eyes when I got off the train and saw her sitting at the station".

MORE.....



VILLAGE VOICE

Jo gave the photo back to the young man. "You've just arrived by train? Where are you going? Have you got transport?"

"No. I was hoping to get a bus or a lift to Kingstown. I'm the vet's new assistant, and hope to get a car with the job."

"There's no bus at this time of day," Jo told him, "but you can squeeze into the back seat with your luggage after we get this crate of pullets loaded." She was suprised to hear herself making the offer. Usually she was fussy about adding extra weight to Minnie's load.

Jo puzzled over her feelings as she watched her passenger fold his long legs into the confined space available. She almost said "You'd better sit in the front and drive", but couldn't quite bring herself to utter the words.

"You're fond of the old girl, aren't you?" her passenger said. "I wonder you don't keep her a bit cleaner instead of all this dust. Those birds are going to leave traces of their journey, too."

"I do try to keep her clean," Jo protested indignantly. "But every time I clean her ready to be sprayed and smartened up, I'm told to fetch something for the farm. Today it was dairy cake and I burst a bag. That's where the dust came from. Now, as you can see, it's poultry".

"Not to mention an assistant vet," laughed her critic. "Tell you what. I'll come over on my first day off and help you restore Minnie to beauty."

Jo felt her spirits rise. The journey to Kingstown seemed only half as long as usual, and soon she was stopping outside the vet's surgery.

"Well, goodbye then -" they spoke together, then burst out laughing, "We talked about everything except our names," Jo said. "Mine's Joanna - Jo for short."

"And I'm Kevin Rogers. See you soon." with a cheery grin he disappeared through the double glass doors of the surgery.

Jo was in the farmyard working on the tractor when Kevin drove into the yard two days later. Tom had sent for the vet to have a look at a sick cow. For the

first time in her life, Jo wished she was wearing something more feminine than oily overalls and a Tee shirt.

"Come in for a cuppa when you've seen the cow," she called, and dashed for the kitchen door.

By the time Tom and Kevin entered the kitchen, she had dis-carded the overalls, washed off most of the oil, and was setting the cups on the table. They enjoyed the tea in peace for five minutes, and Kevin was just rising to leave when there was a screeching of brakes outside, and a car door slammed.

Tom sighed. "No need to ask who that is," he said.

Jo's heart sank. She would have liked to get to know Kevin better before exposing him to Felicity's charms. The kitchen door was pushed open and Felicity stood framed in the sunlight. "Tea? Oh good! I'm famished." She dropped gracefully into a worn armchair and elegantly crossed her long legs. "Hello. You're new, aren't you?" she treated Kevin to one of her most dazzling smiles.

Jo stole a glance at his face to see how he was taking this sudden encounter with her sister, then, silently handing Felicity a cup of tea, she went into the scullery, donned her overalls and returned to the tractor.

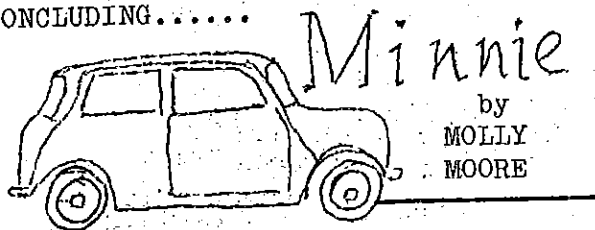
A few minutes later, Kevin walked to his car like one in a trance. He never even saw Jo.

During the next few weeks, Kevin was a frequent visitor to the farm. Sometimes he helped Jo with work on Minnie, but if Felicity was home - and she seemed to be at home more than usual these days - they would go racing off in her sports car. Jo worked on Minnie alone, replacing rusty parts, scouring the adverts for new seats, and finally Minnie emerged in a shiny coat of defiant red, only a day or so before the local agricultural show and dance.

"Are you going to the dance in the marquee tonight?" Tom asked

MORE.....

CONCLUDING.....



Tom asked Jo late in the afternoon of the show. "You can come with Brenda and me if you like." Tom was feeling generous - he had won first prize with one of his cows.

"I don't think I can be bothered," Jo said. "No one's going to look at me anyway."

"Nonsense!" Felicity interrupted. "You'd be quite pretty if you tried. No use offering you one of my dresses. They wouldn't fit you, but you can use my make up".

It was while Jo was in her bedroom, practising with the make-up that she heard Kevin arrive, and a minute later Felicity shouted from the yard. "My car is out of petrol. We're taking Minnie. You can come with Tom."

She was gone again before Jo could protest. Jo didn't know which hurt the most, seeing Felicity drive off with Kevin, or noticing that it was Felicity at the wheel of Minnie. "I wouldn't mind so much if Kevin were driving", she told herself miserably.

All the fun was gone from the evening. She wished she didn't have to go to the dance and watch them together, but hiding her feelings, she set off with Tom and chatted with feigned enthusiasm to Brenda.

"We're going to be late," said Tom, but Brenda was unconcerned. "It never really gets going 'till after nine" she said. "Most people have got to see to their animals first. Look out, Tom!"

Rounding a bend in the road, Tom had nearly run over a figure waving them to stop. It was a dishevelled, dirty Kevin, with blood trickling down his face from a scratch in his cheek. Jo stared at him in dismay as she listened to Tom asking what had happened. "We - we - we had an ac - accident," Kevin could scarcely get the words out.

Thinking he must be shocked, Jo became practical. She jumped out of the car and led him to the side of the road, telling him to sit down with his head between his knees, but he flung her hand off and suddenly she realised he was inarticulate with rage - not fright; "That bloody woman!" he spluttered. "She shouldn't be let loose with any car, let alone an old lady like Minnie."

"Do you mean Felicity?" Tom asked. "Where is she? Is she hurt?"

"Hurt!" Kevin snorted. "No. She's gone on to the dance with some bloke called Alec who came along. All she cared about was a bit of dirt on her dress, and mussing up her hair. It didn't matter to her that she drove like a lunatic and could have killed us both, and -" he broke off and turned unhappily to Jo. "I'm terribly sorry, Jo," he said, "but Minnie is terribly bashed about. It's an awful shame after all the work you put into her. You shouldn't have let Felicity take her. I could have syphoned petrol out of my car if she had waited."

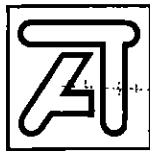
The cold feeling around Jo's heart began to melt. So Kevin had really cared how she would feel seeing Felicity at the wheel of Minnie. She turned to Tom. "You take Brenda on to the dance. Phone for a breakdown truck. I'll stay here with Kevin until it comes." She walked over to the little red car lying drunkenly by the hedge. Even now Minnie had a rakish defiant air about her. Kevin came up beside her. "Jo, I'll make it up to you, I promise. I'll save every penny until I can buy you another mini".

Jo regarded Minnie with a practised eye. I don't think she's as bad as she looks. It'll take hours of work, but I think she can be put right."

Kevin looked at her with admiration in his eyes. "You're great. Any other girl would have murdered me after what I've done." "It wasn't your fault," Jo murmured magnanimously. "I'll need help to repair her, but I'm sure it can be done."

It took months, but they didn't exactly hurry themselves. After all it was cosy in the dark old barn they were working in, but in due course Minnie emerged in full glory, bedecked with white ribbons ready to take them to their wedding, and afterwards on a tour of the country for their honeymoon.

END.



South Hams Theatre & Arts Trust

Monthly Programme of Events at

KINGSBRIDGE THEATRE & CINEMA

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

Bob Geldof in

PINK FLOYD — THE WALL (Certificate 15)

The controversial, striking, draining account of a rock star's existence in the extreme.



Friday, September 9th, at 8p.m.: Brass Ensemble.

THE LONDON BRASS CONSORT

in a programme from baroque to "Star Wars"!

Seats at £2 (under-14s £1.50), bookable at The Music Centre, Fore Street, Kingsbridge,
or at Box Office on the evening of September 9th.



Wednesday & Thursday, September 14th & 15th, at 8p.m.: Film.

WILLIAM HURT, KATHLEEN TURNER, RICHARD CRENNA

BODY HEAT (Certificate 18)

A new wife-and-lover-plot-to-kill-husband story: a real film noir for the 'eighties.



Friday, September 16th, at 8p.m.: Popular Comic Opera.

OPERA PLAYERS

In a delightful programme, this talented company presents "Cox and Box" by Gilbert & Sullivan,
and "Three's Company" by Antony Hopkins.

Seats at £2.50 (under-14s £2), bookable at The Music Centre, Fore Street, Kingsbridge,
or at Box Office on the evening of September 16th.



Wednesday & Thursday, September 21st & 22nd, at 8p.m.: Film.

ROBERT HAYS, JULIE HAGERTY, LLOYD BRIDGES

AIRPLANE II — THE SEQUEL (Certificate PG)

The movie made to make you laugh.



Friday, September 23rd, at 8p.m.: A Show for the Family.

THEATRE ALIBI

A popular group in a brilliant programme of anecdotes and acting.

Seats at £1.25 (under-14s £1), bookable at The Music Centre, Fore Street, Kingsbridge,
or at Box Office on evening of September 23rd.



Tuesday, September 27th, 12.30p.m. to 3p.m.: Talk and Demonstration.

**FASCINATING FASHIONS FROM
ELIZABETH I TO ELIZABETH II**

A talk by Carolyn James on the changing tastes of the fashionable world over five centuries,
with examples modelled by the speaker.

Tickets at £2.75 (groups of 10 or more £2.50 per person), including ploughman's lunch, from
The Music Centre, Fore Street, Kingsbridge, from September 5th.



Wednesday & Thursday, September 28th & 29th, at 8p.m.: Film.

HARRISON FORD, KAREN ALLEN

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (Certificate PG)

A rip-roaring, heart-warming, cliff-hanging film that's not to be missed!

The Trust's Theatre and Cinema are operated entirely by volunteers—for your enjoyment

BE HAPPY CHARITY GROUP BINGO SESSIONS
IN AID OF MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

WEDNESDAY 14th SEPTEMBER 1983 and WEDNESDAY 19th. OCTOBER 1983

in THURLESTONE PARISH HALL at 8 p.m.

KINGSBRIDGE THEATRE & CINEMA

October Programme of Events

Wednesday & Thursday, October 5th and 6th at 8 p.m.: Film

Woody Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY (Certificate 15). The very special humour of
Woody Allen.

* * * * *

Wednesday & Thursday, October 12th & 13th, at 8 p.m.: Film

Dustin Hoffman is TOOTSIE (Certificate PG) with Jessica Lange & Teri Garr

The very funny but serious comedy hit of 1983. Cancel all other
arrangements and see it !

* * * * *

Wednesday & Thursday, October 19th & 20th, at 8 p.m.: Film

Martin Sheen, Sam Neill, Brigitte Fossey = ENIGMA (Certificate 15)

A story of espionage in the micro -processor age.

* * * * *

Friday, October 21st, at 8 pm: Popular Concert

THE FRANZ SCHUBERT QUARTET

A performance of much-loved music by a sensational young Viennese string
quartet, who have built for themselves an enviable reputation from
concerts at a number of important British venues.

Seats £2.50 (under-14's £2) bookable in advance at The Music Centre
Fore St, Kingsbridge, or at Theatre Box Office on the evening of
October 21st.

* * * * *

Wednesday & Thursday, October 26th & 27th, at 8pm: Film

Marc Singer, Tanya Roberts, Rip Torn - BEASTMASTER (Certificate PG)

A fantasy adventure and a special treat for animal lovers: great fun.

* * * * *

Friday, October 28th, at 7.30 pm: Quality Cooking

COOKERY DEMONSTRATION

by Len Nice, a recognised expert who has cooked for many notable people,
including Winston Churchill.

Tickets £1 (including lucky numbers for dishes cooked at the demonstration)
obtainable at The Music Centre, Fore Street, Kingsbridge, from Monday,
October 10th, at at the Theatre Box Office on the evening of October 28th.

(This event is being sponsored by South West Gas)

* * * * *

Every effort is made throughout 'Village Voice' to avoid errors of
transcription and spelling. The Editor apologises for the occasional
'slip-up' - to both contributors and readers.

Thurlestone and South Milton Football Club

----- FIXTURE LIST FOR 1983 - 84 -----

FIRST TEAM

AUGUST

20th. LODDISWELL. Away
27th. FOXHOLE Home

SEPTEMBER

3rd. SOUTH BRENT Away
10th. PAIGNTON DYNAMOS. Home
17th. TORBAY POLICE. Home
24th. INTERMEDIATE CUP

OCTOBER

1st. HARBETONFORD. Home
8th. BROADHEMPSTON. Away
15th. INTERMEDIATE CUP
22nd. LES. BISHOP CUP
29th. HERALD CUP

NOVEMBER

5th.
12th. NEWTON TOWN. Home
19th. HERALD CUP
26th. BISHOPSTEIGNTON. Away

DECEMBER

3rd. CHANNINGS WOOD. Home
10th. HERALD CUP
17th. NEWTON TOWN Away
24th. EAST ALLINGTON. Away
31st. PAIGNTON UNITED. Home

JANUARY

7th. KELLATON. Away
14th. SOUTH DEVON TECH. Home
21st. SOUTH DEVON TECH. Away
28th. LODDISWELL. Home

FEBRUARY

4th. FOXHOLE. Away
11th. SOUTH BRENT. Home
18th. PAIGNTON DYNAMO. Away
25th. TORBAY POLICE. Away

MARCH

3rd. KINGSTEIGNTON. Home
10th. HARBERTONFORD. Away
17th. BROADHEMPSTON. Home
24th. LES BISHOP CUP
31st. BISHOPSTEIGNTON. Home

APRIL

7th. CHANNINGS WOOD. Away
14th. EAST ALLINGTON. Home
21st. PAIGNTON UNITED. Away
28th. KELLATON Home.

MAY

5th. KINGSTEIGNTON. Away

SECOND TEAM

AUGUST

20th. NEWTON UNITED. Home
27th. BEESANDS Away

SEPTEMBER

3rd. BRIKHAM TOWN Home
10th. BABBACOMBE CORINTHIANS Away
17th. Y.M.R.C. Away
24th. INTERMEDIATE CUP

OCTOBER

1st. VICTORIA RANGERS Away
8th. DARTINGTON RESERVES. Home
15th. INTERMEDIATE CUP
22nd. IVOR ANDREWS CUP (22nd)
29th. HERALD CUP

NOVEMBER

5th.
12th. BABBACOMBE RANGERS. Away
19th. HERALD CUP
26th. BISHOPSTEIGNTON RES. Home

DECEMBER

3rd. DARTINGTON HALL SCH. Away
10th. HERALD CUP
17th. Y.M.R.C. Home
24th. TOTNES RESERVES. Home
31st. IPPLEPEN. Away

JANUARY

7th. CENTRAX Home
14th. TEIGN VILLAGE. Away
21st. TEIGN VILLAGE Home
28th. NEWTON UNITED Away

FEBRUARY

4th. BEESANDS Home
11th. BRIKHAM TOWN. Away
18th. BABBACOMBE CORINTHIANS. Home.

25th. IVOR ANDREWS CUP

MARCH

3rd. CHUDLEIGH Away
10th. VICTORIA RANGERS Home
17th. DARTINGTON Reserves. Away
24th. BABBACOMBE RANGERS. Home
31st. BISHOPSTEIGNTON RES. Away

APRIL

7th. DARTINGTON HALL SCH. Home
14th. TOTNES RESERVES. Away
21st. IPPLEPEN Home
28th. CENTRAX Away

MAY

5th. CHUDLEIGH. Home.

CHAIRMAN & FIRST TEAM MANAGER:
A.R. LYLE (Galmpton 561264)

SECOND TEAM MANAGER: S.SULLIVAN
(Tel. Thurlestone 748
SECRETARY: MIKE YEOMAN (Tel. Th'stone
607)

Is this the Unacceptable face of Planning?

Planning plays a vital part in the life of every community, and the social and other consequences of planning decisions are often of immeasurable importance to a community.

A Parish Council has a statutory right within a specified period of time to consult with its community or with those most closely concerned with a planning application, and then make known its observations and recommendations to the Planning Authority. How regrettable then, that those observations and recommendations so diligently and carefully ascertained can be over-ruled and disregarded under the present system of planning procedure.

When parishes are widespread over many square miles and representation on the minimal side - often one representative endeavouring to serve two and even three parishes - the elected members of a planning committee must at times accept they live too remotely from a given site to have any real knowledge of it or the area. By the very nature of the present system they must rely upon the advice and recommendations of their officials. It must be self evident that there are instances where an application is simply 'rubber stamped'! This grants to the officials a power over planning which could surely never have been intended in a democratic set up.

A forward thinking and enlightened Government must amend the procedure and give to parish communities through their freely elected Parish Councils a real right to ensure that a community decision is paramount. That parish recommendations form the basis of any planning decision. Who can know better than a Parish Council? Who is in closer touch with the parish community? What is the purpose of a Parish Council if it does not possess the right to make decisions and see them implemented. After all we do live in a democracy not an autocracy. Mr Steen, the finest service you can give to the parishes you represent is to press for some real planning rights for those parishes.

WALTER DEE.

Thurlestone and South Milton Football Club Fete

THANK YOU EVERYONE

who came to our Fete despite the weather being against us to start with. IT WAS A GREAT SUCCESS.

We would like to thank Gordon Bromfield for letting us hold the Fete in his field, and also for letting us use it for our forthcoming season.

We would also like to thank Ross Salmon for opening our Fete and all those people who donated prizes for our Raffle and the various stalls, and to thank all the 'Five-a-Side' Teams for coming. Kellaton won!

Thank you to Tony Church, Holiday Fellowship, David Frost, Pete Bromfield, South Hams Lions Club, Royal National Lifeboat Institute, Thurlestone Primary School, Jeffery & Penwell, South Milton Village Hall, Graham Edgecombe, Graeme Wingrove-Harris and the Village Inn, Aune Valley Tug-O-War Team and South Milton Garage.

The Draw Donators were: David Grose and the Thurlestone Hotel, Yvonne of Kingsbridge, Sloop Inn, Rock House Hotel and Furzy Close Hotel.

Thank you also to all the shops and pubs who sold the tickets.

The gross receipts were £700.

Mike Yeoman.
Secretary.

My father told me of a man who, after riding in a carriage of the old Great Western Railway found he had 'collected' a number of fleas. He wrote indignantly to the Railway Company and in due course received a most apologetic letter in reply. Unfortunately they also returned his letter, in error, no doubt. Written across the top were the words - 'send the usual bug letter'!

D.W.D!

The Village Fete

The posters were up, advertisements done,
now all we wanted was plenty of sun.
Friday arrived, the weather just right
to put everything out the preceding night.

Much to be done throughout the whole day -
china to pack, and plenty to say.
Where is the bunting? - last minute search
Made some of our own; not left in the lurch.

Table posies to do - not enough flowers,
scrounge from the neighbours - not enough hours
to do all the work; time simply flying,
the heavy brigade with lorry is waiting.

Tables and chairs, china and food,
all to be shifted; loads to be moved
from A to B, then back again -
last minute changes...when will it end?

Early to bed and early to rise.
Saturday dawns - consider the skies -
Not looking good, must take the risk
Hope all goes well and trading is brisk.

Stallholders come and load up their tables;
Ping pong balls missing - hope we are able
to borrow a couple - the sideshows are ready
to amuse quite a few - the air getting heavy.

Moisture is threatening - time for the start.
At last its been opened; now play your part.
Spend all you can in the time that is given;
Another quick look at the clouds and the heavens.

Stalls growing lighter as customers found.
Bags getting heavier as they wander round.
At last all is over and the raffle is drawn;
Bated breath watchers becoming forlorn.

Homeward they troop - at least it stayed dry;
Now all that remains is to look at the sky
and hurry and bustle to put everything back
where it belongs, before the clouds crack.

Tooing and froing, carrying furniture.
Boxes of goods left over...and over;
Pick up the pieces, collect all the litter,
Leave the site clean, or the taste would be bitter.

Put up our feet and count all the money
Everything aching - not very funny.
At last it is known - the total grand takings
Another success, worthwhile; record-breaking.

A sigh of relief for a good job well done --
Look forward to next time and a day full of sun.



THE VILLAGE INN

THURLESTONE

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF GRAEME WINGROVE-HARRIS

OUR EXCELLENT FOOD
INCLUDES

REAL ALES
FINE WINES
AND
SPIRITS

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

