

# THURLESTONE PARISH VILLAGE VOICE

□ JANUARY FEBRUARY 1984  
NUMBER 10



*Published for Thurlestone Parish Council*

COFFEE MORNING IN AID OF NATIONAL  
CHILDREN'S HOMES.

Saturday 15th October dawned with torrential rain and accompanying gale force winds. It seemed that my worst nightmares had been realised and I couldn't imagine that anyone would brave the elements to come to my annual Coffee Morning in aid of the National Children's Homes. I had a mental picture of Roy and I eating cakes until the twelfth of never!

Of course, I should have known better, for as promised my helpers turned up and we were well rewarded by the many people who joined us in the warm, dry atmosphere of the Rectory Barn and helped us to raise £130. for this worthy cause in such a happy way.

My sincere thanks to everyone who gave of their valuable time to help in many ways and to all of you who came in spite of the weather.

Please make a note to come in 1984!

PAT TOWNSEND

SOUTH HAMS BRANCH OF THE GUIDE DOGS  
FOR THE BLIND

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be  
held on the 27th. JANUARY 1984 at  
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at the KINGSBRIDGE MOTEL

It is hoped to show a FILM

Light Refreshments for a small charge  
of 75p.

DENNIS MARTIN. Thurlestone 349

THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL

THERE WILL BE A MEETING OF THE PARISH  
COUNCIL on TUESDAY 17th JANUARY 1984  
at 7.30 p.m. in the PARISH HALL.

Come and try out the new heating  
system - and put your questions  
to Councillors during the OPEN  
FORUM SESSION

Dish of the Month

Here is a dish with a difference  
which won't cost the earth. It  
is hoped, if a enough interest  
is shown, that the contributor  
- who is well versed in the  
culinary arts - will offer a  
'Dish of the Month' - perhaps  
two - in every issue of 'V.V.'

- 1 Boiling fowl
- 2 Tablespoons medium oatmeal
- 2 Tablespoons suet
- 2 Tablespoons chopped onion
- Salt and pepper
- 2 pints water
- 3 large leeks
- 1 oz. cooked rice

Mix oatmeal, suet and chopped  
onion together. Season and stuff  
into boiling fowl. Put into pan,  
add water and leeks chopped  
fairly small. Cook until tender.  
(Pressure cooker or pan)

This chicken is served with  
parsley sauce and the soup that  
is left makes a second meal  
with the cooked rice added to  
it to give you "Cock-a-Leekie".

"Scots wha' hae"

Anon.

PARISH COUNCILLORS

YOU ELECTED THEM TO LOOK AFTER  
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They are always ready to help  
and advise on all parish matters.

P.W.J.HURRELL (Chairman)	496
D.J.YEOMAN (V-CHAIRMAN)	607
Miss R.S.STOCKEN	257
Roy Adams .	247
John Dayment	295
David Grose	375
Geoffrey Stidston	695.

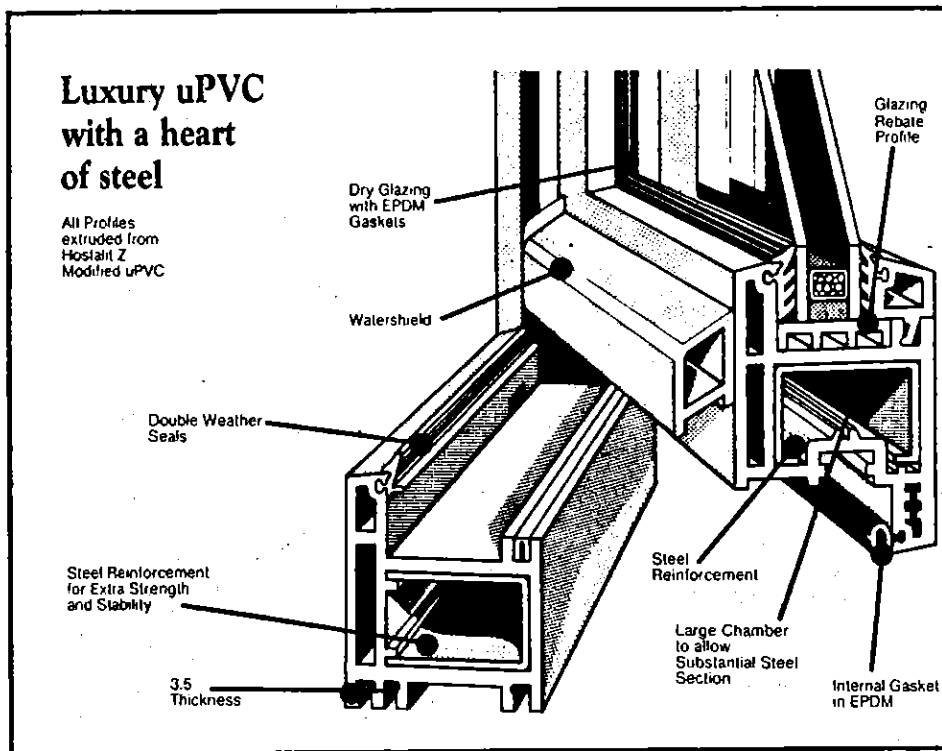
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(Sorry - the typewriter mis-  
-fired on 'capital' letters )

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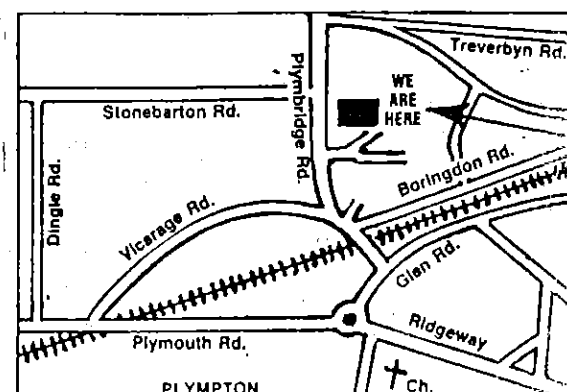


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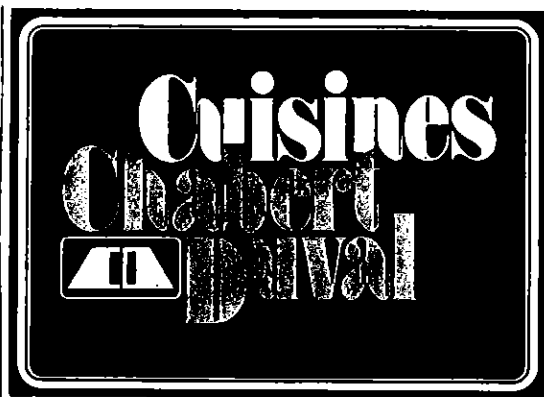
**OPEN SUNDAY  
FOR VIEWING**

COME AND BROWSE, AND HAVE A CHAT  
OVER A GOOD GLASS OF WINE

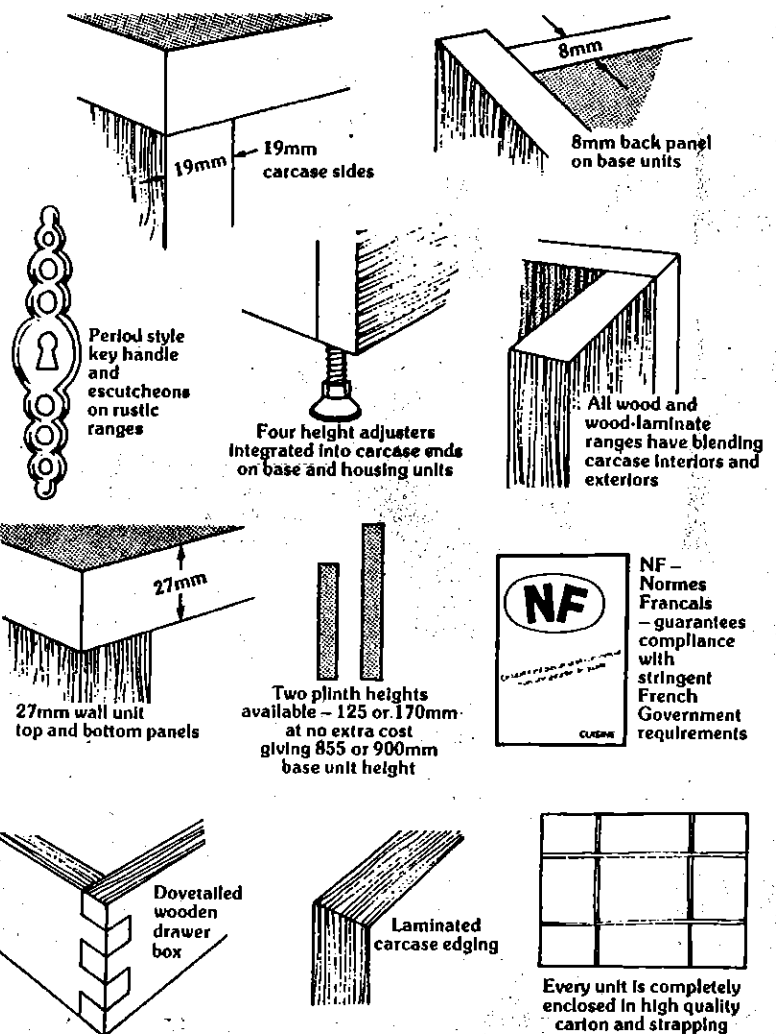
WHERE TO FIND US



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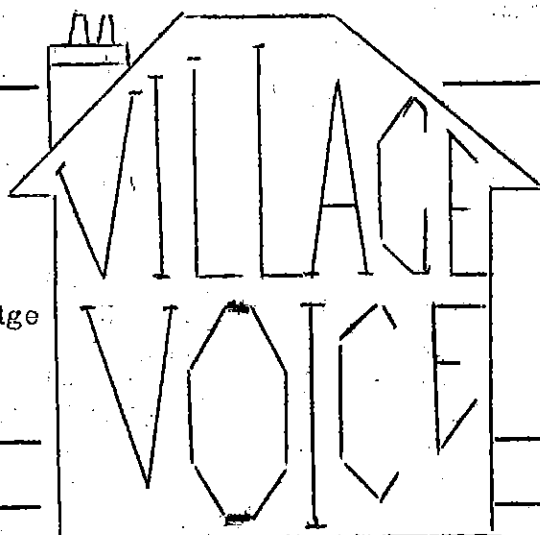
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## OPEN SUNDAY FOR VIEWING

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Number 10. THIRD YEAR

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1984.

450 copies of this magazine are distributed on a bi-monthly basis free of charge to all residents of Thurlestone, Bantham and Buckland villages, and at a small charge in the Parish of South Milton and otherwise by subscription plus postage.

ONLY by your contribution of an article, story, poem or drawing is it possible to maintain an interesting publication. Enquiries for ADVERTISING should be also sent to the Editor.

#### A NEW YEAR MESSAGE FROM THE PARISH COUNCIL

Ladies & Gentlemen,

Whilst it may well be a time to take stock of the events of the past year, the dawn of a New Year is surely a time when most of us want to look forward. What faces our parish in 1984 ?

There is still the question of the Avon Estuary Byelaw to restrict the speed of 'pleasure boats' to be resolved at the time of my writing this. It will have to be decided to what extent the Devon County Council proposals for establishing the 'South Devon Heritage Coast' will affect us. You have an opportunity to read about that in the pages of this issue. Then there is the long awaited South Hams District Council Plan for the future of our area. We come in what is termed the 'Kingsbridge Area'. This has still to be dis-closed and we can only hope, for the moment, that it has taken real cognizance of our Village Appraisal and our answers to their comprehensive Questionnaire which you may recall were read out to you at our 1981 Annual Parish Meeting. We have said what we, as a community, want. What shall we get? On top of that are the changes being proposed by the Devon County Council in the County Structure Plan concerning the period 1991-96.

There have been what I would call some rather sad events with regard to planning matters in 1983. First there was the shooting incident - or threat of it - at Liskeard, and then the burning of the effigy of a planning officer outside the District Council Offices at Totnes. No member of our Parish Council was involved in any way, but does it not leave you with the feeling that somewhere along the line the Planning Authorities are being totally insensitive to individual and community opinion. It is a sphere in which I hope there will be far greater rapport in 1984 as we enter the year of 'George Orwell' !

I have always taken the view that being elected to serve the parish as a councillor places me in the position of Trustee of parish affairs - and I know all the members of the council accord with this viewpoint. I think we are all very fortunate who live in a parish like Thurlestone - and I simply want it to become an even better place to live. My Council may well need your full support to ensure that any new plans the authorities have for our future will make quite sure of just that.

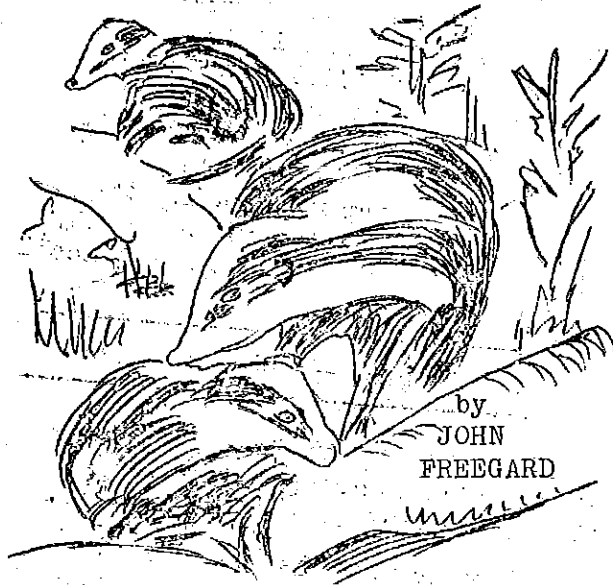
HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

Yours sincerely,

Woodlands,  
West Buckland.

P.W.J.HURRELL, Chairman  
Thurlestone Parish Council.

Tel. 496.



WHAT is our view of the badger? Do we think of a kindly animal as portrayed in 'The Wind in the Willows', taking into the safety of his home the tired and frightened Ratty and Mole? Or do we think of a truly wild animal hunting for its living?

THERE is no doubt that at times the badger can be a ruthless killer of poultry if given the chance. They are keen on wasp grubs, and will dig out the nests during the night, leaving a few wasps buzzing around the wreckage of their home. Badgers will frequently dig in pasture fields, probably for grubs, but maybe for roots as well, and can leave quite a large area dotted with holes up to about six inches deep. They dig similar holes for their excrement, usually alongside a hedge, but unlike the domestic cat, leave the holes quite open.

THE holes which badgers dig for their sets can be enormous. Cartloads of earth are dug out, leaving limb shattering pitfalls for unwary walkers or livestock.

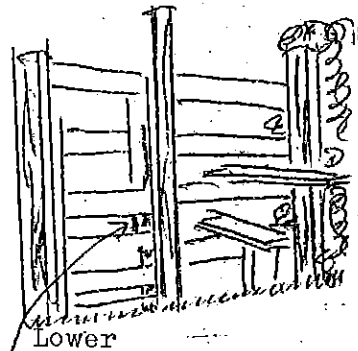
BADGERS are said to have three or four cubs in a litter, and twice this autumn, on hearing snarling and grunting, I have picked out five or six in the light of a torch, presumably a family having a quarrel!

AS EVERYONE knows (or should), the badger is protected by law. They have no natural enemies, although a few are killed by traffic when crossing the roads. Their numbers are increasing rapidly, as can be judged by the numerous tracks which they make over hedges.

WHAT will be the situation in a few years? We may reach the stage parallel

## A NEW TRICK FOR OLD DOGS!

A RECENTLY opened link path across the fields of Croyde Hoe Farm - complete with doggy stiles - enables visitors to enjoy the scenery without having to return by the same route. The public are asked to keep to the path however; it is signposted so there should be no risk of straying into crops. Doggy stiles are the idea of Tony Ash, the Trust warden for the area, and they enable elderly animals to pass through a stile without their (possibly elderly!) owners having to help them over. A simple guillotine gate is added to the standard Trust stile.

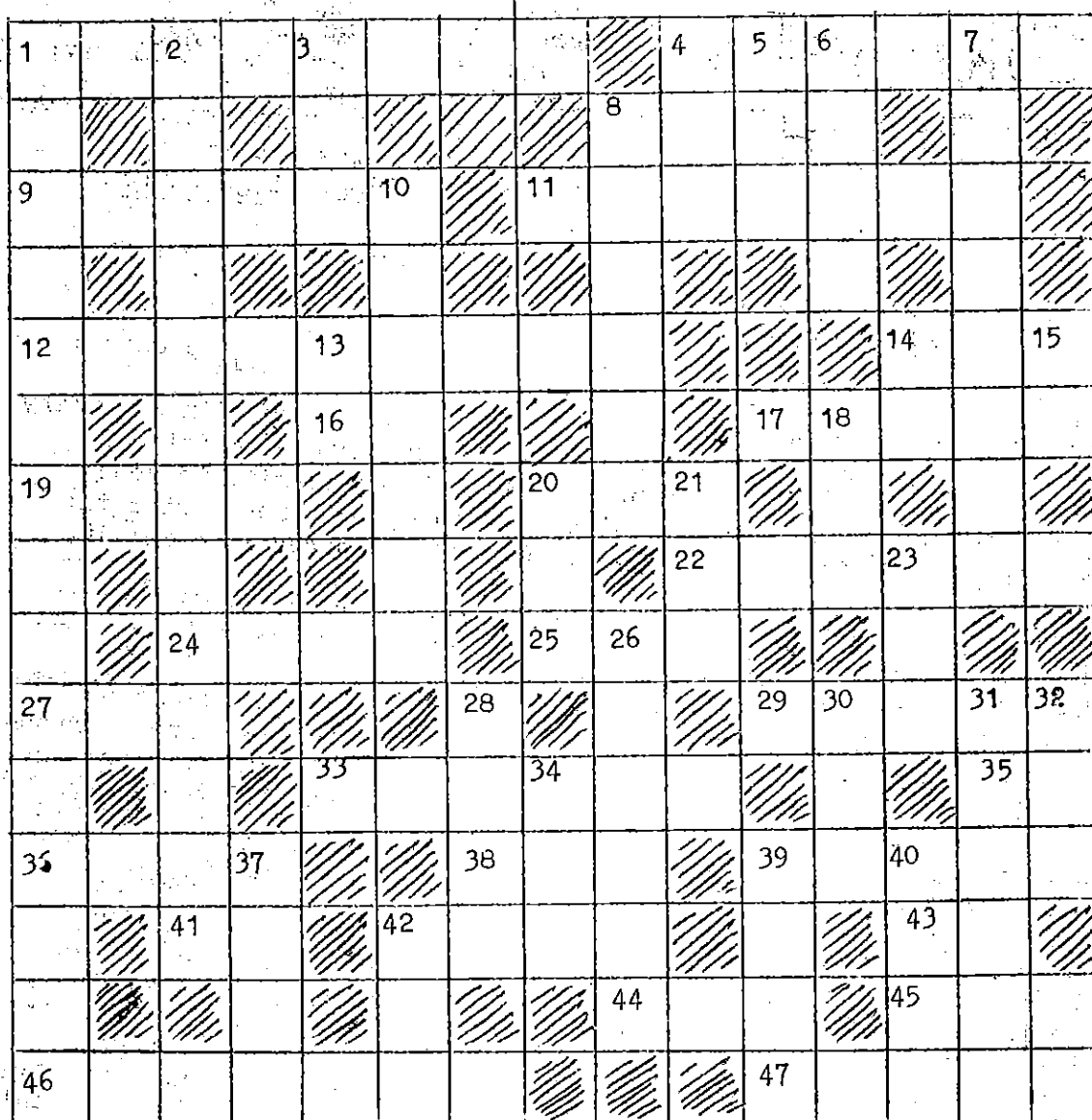


Boards can be raised and lowered in this section.

ADVERTISING revenue means Village Voice is produced at no charge on the village rate precept - so when you go shopping, or the car won't start or run well, or you need a new plug point or a complete rewire job - or maybe you have a slate loose (!) or want a house repaint - or your windows are dirty - you can find all the people you may need in the pages of 'Village Voice'. Your support for them will ensure their support for future issues of this village magazine.

to that of the R.S.P.B. which exercises control measures on some species of gulls around the coast. While no one wishes to see badgers become rare, their numbers may need controlling before many years.

VILLAGE VOICE CROSSWORD NUMBER 4



Compiled by Mrs M.E.Rosemary MacKay of Thurlestone  
(Answers on another page - don't cheat! )

**ACROSS:**

1. A flower (8)
4. Is this lady able to live in the Commonwealth (6)
8. This flower causes trouble to poultry (4)
9. Amphibious rodent (6)
11. Children are taught to respect their elders (7).
12. World wide (9)
14. Rage (3)
16. Find the egoist in home (2).
17. The non-U Year Book (5).
19. Check (4).
20. Proverbially wise (3)
22. Made next without mother (6).
24. Is she 12 across too (4)
25. Asked of visitors who play on the greens (3)
27. Do (3).
29. Does it tease? (5).
33. Soaks (6).
- 35 & 41. -- -- Nanette (2,2)
36. Christian name of composer of Dancing Years (4).
38. Verb (3)
39. A bad card (5).
42. Did he get home at last (4).
43. About (2)
44. Cardinal number (3).
45. To do this is human (3).
46. These sands are familiar to war-time Americans (7)
47. Exalt (5)

**DOWN**

1. Often strained (6 & 9).
2. The saints come marching home after this (13)
3. It sounds as if the fisherman would have to row for this (3)
4. A singular successful musical (3).
5. Is this insect in charge of the frolic (3)
6. Must (4)
7. Darn it is to get the goods (8).
8. A learner is in underneath. Yell out? (6).
10. A Welsh snack (7)
- 13, 14, 15. Measure in measure (2,2,2).
18. Dotty case (3)
20. How we went to see the Wizard of Oz. (3).
21. Meadow (3)
23. See 45 across (3).
26. What England hopes you'll do (6)
28. Is this Timber used in bridge (4).
30. Mineral (3).
31. Kind of sugar (6)
32. Writer of thrillers (3).
34. Before (3).
37. Frolic (4).
39. Cows (4)
40. a Space (4).
42. Past time to have a shot (3)

# THE CURIOSITY OF EPITAPHS

o o o o

Here lie I at the chancel door;  
Here lie I because I'm poor;  
The farther in the more you'll pay;  
Here lie I as warm as they

The well known inscription on a  
Headstone at Kingsbridge Church

I am an inveterate reader of epitaphs, and inscriptions on church memorials, not, I hasten to add because of any morbid interest in death, nor because of a desire to trace my ancestors, but purely for the human interest and, occasionally, the mystery contained in these lines carved on stone.

It is usually in large churches, or cathedrals, that one finds lengthy inscriptions eulogising some departed Lady, or Gentleman, and detailing in flowery language their many virtues, their acts of charity to young and old, and their outstanding qualities as Spouse and Parent, with the ultimate effect of making one wonder how they ever managed to exist in this wicked World.

Lectures on virtue, either natural, or acquired after death, can become boring and one turns to the smaller churches scattered up and down the country for the stories of more human interest.

I remember standing spellbound before a gravestone in Scotland on which was recorded the fact that John Young lay beneath the stone, surrounded by 32 of his children. I felt at the time that several facts were waiting to be revealed. How many more children called John Young, "Father", and how many wives assisted John in his efforts to gain a notice in the Guinness Book of Records?

In another graveyard, a Father and a Son share the same stone and the inscription shows that Father was only 13 years of age, when Son arrived. Did the mason who carved the stone get his dates wrong, or was this a serious effort on the part of a long dead Scotsman to close the generation gap?

In every church there are sad reminders of battles fought in every corner of the World. The important ones are known to us all, but occasionally the name of an insignificant skirmish reminds us that to some unfortunates these small affairs were of vital importance. The tablet in an Edinburgh church in memory of the only non-American killed in Custer's Last Stand at Little Big Horn, is a case in point.

Civilian tragedies are also recorded. In Dedham church there is a memorial to an unfortunate Lady who, "died as the result of swallowing a pin", and in nearby Hadleigh a stone in the churchyard records the murder, in the 1830s, of one of the town's leading citizens, "killed by an assassin".

Since my arrival in South Milton I haven't had much time for gravestone reading, but I have managed to see the memorial brass in a church in Dartmouth, to shipowner John Hawley, who was the model for the Shipman in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and in Widdecombe I have grieved at the sad story of Mary Gale, the third wife of John Elford, who died in 1650, after one year of marriage, giving birth to twins, but my sorrow was lightened a little by the clever anagram, using all the letters of Mary's name, Mary Elford, to tell us all to, "Fear my Lord."

Also in Widdecombe church, inscribed on two large boards in the porch, there is recorded the full story of the disaster which struck the Church one Sunday morning. A thunderbolt demolished most of the tower, four people were killed and many other unfortunates badly burned. A real human interest story.

These are three stories, which I have so far discovered, but I am sure that there are many more on the walls, and in the graveyards throughout this lovely county.



# Villager is Worried

## MONEY

Ah ! I thought that heading would attract your attention.

It is a worry though, isn't it?

You worry if you haven't got it - and worry if you have, it seems to me.

But my worry is the way in which local authorities allocate their money.

Their money ?

Well, the money we give them in rates and taxes to use to give us services of one kind another. Give us? Well let that go for the present.

Back to worrying. You see in this little parish of ours 'they' were all for cutting a teacher from the Primary School because the number of children attending had fallen by one below a scheduled figure. It appeared to be a matter of money.

Then, although the Education Authority had closed South Milton Primary School which literally compelled parents to send their children to the specially enlarged Primary School in Thurlestone - the said authority has imposed a penalty by insisting that parents must now pay £15 a term for allowing their child to be taken to the school by School Bus. I think this is generally considered a very dishonourable thing for the authority to do - it comes back to money - or shortage of it.

Another quite serious problem, it appears to me, is that it has apparently been accepted that there is raw untreated sewage in the West Buckland stream - nothing can be done about it for five years or more. Money again.

That brings me to my point. The allocation of money.

You see I learn that during 1983 alone, the Devon County Council have produced a Landscape Area Plan. Proposed amendments to the County Structure Plan for the period 1991-96 and a 'Consultation' document for the South Devon Heritage Coast, and I believe the South Hams District Council have been ferreting away with Questionnaires and Village Appraisals since 1980 or so for their Plan, for the Future of the South Hams - something (shudder) promised for 1984.

Money? Worry?

Just think what it costs in manhours and paperwork, in the publication of internal and external booklets, books and other documents and expensive maps. Would it be unreasonable to consider that the planning departments of these authorities are getting more than a fair share of money allocated to them - perhaps even too much staff to find real work for?

Everything seems to be forced to face up to cut-backs - but apparently not the planners planning our future.

It worries me. Does it worry you?

+++++

I hear that the secret of the food cans (empty I hope!) which found there way into the Island Terrace manhole was because of a broken manhole cover 'which could readily have been lifted by children'. So, dwellers of Island View just keep your eyes on the manhole covers and report to your nearest Parish Councillor immediately if any are damaged at any time.

When you read a name with the word 'con' against it - does it mean 'con-man' !!



# Mark in the Middle East

DO YOU REMEMBER MARK TOWNSEND ?

'Village Voice' is very pleased to have received consent to publish, from a letter to Peter Bromfield, an account of his first week or two in Egypt, where he has accepted a post as a teacher. Mark helped Peter with the milk round during the past summer. Remember ?

: : : : :



"First of all, sorry for taking so long to write. It's now just about six weeks since arriving in Egypt and the summer spent delivering milk in Thurlestone seems a very long way off. The flight to Cairo was good, except that it took such a long time because of our 3½ hour stop in Belgrade - reaching Cairo at about 1 a.m. local time, and then had to wait about three hours for a bus to Alexandria. As you can imagine, we were really cream crackered by the time we finally arrived. For the first 10 days we (the three other teachers who are also here for the first time, and myself) all stayed at the school, in the boarding rooms.

The school itself is really big - from the outside the buildings look very impressive, although perhaps a little tatty around the edges. However, the classrooms are rather the worse for wear - they are really big, with very high ceilings and crammed with 50 or so desks. More of the school later.

Alexandria itself is a very lively modern city. It stretches along the sea for about 10 miles, so if you are ever lost you just have to find the sea and take new bearings! There's loads of new building going on here, but unfortunately the architects only seem to be able to design blocks of flats, the only variable being the number of floors. There are still some beautiful old villas though, with lovely gardens, but sadly they seem to be in a dwindling minority. Generally, it is a very noisy city and buses do tend to get very crowded, and it is frequently very difficult to even actually get on to a bus. The most important part of an Egyptian car seems to be the horn - because the traffic is such chaos and because there seems to be no real rules of the road, everybody spends their time hooting to warn people that they are around. Then there are the mosques which have the call to prayer five times in a day, and this is relayed over loudspeakers which seem to be in every street.

Most things here are very cheap. You can travel on the tram for 40 minutes or so and the fare is only about 2½p; or a 40 minute bus journey costs about 7p. Food is also very cheap, especially basic foodstuffs which are controlled by the government, e.g. bread costs under 1p for a small french stick-like loaf, and tastes really good as we get it fresh every day from the bakers. There are no Supermarkets - for vegetables and fruit you go to a market and pick what you want. Everything is very fresh and there is an enormous variety! Au engines are about 7p/kilo, peppers 15p/kilo, etc. As for milk, we actually had somebody call at our door selling it the other day. It wasn't quite like you on the milkround though Pete - he was carrying a small churn and ladled out however much you wanted. Perhaps you should try this method.

So far the weather has been really good and we haven't had a drop of rain since we arrived. For the first few weeks the sun was very hot, and at midday it was best to keep inside. Now it's starting to get a little cooler, especially at night-time, but the days are still as warm as a typical English summers day.

On the subject of going places, I have visited some fantastic beaches. One of them was at a place called Sidi Abdel Rahman, about 75 miles west of Alexandria. Taken there by some Egyptian friends, it was well worth the hour and half car journey - the sand was really white and soft, with the sea being a fantastic

MARK IN THE MIDDLE EAST

blue, and very warm as well. On the way back we stopped at El Alamein to visit the Military Museum there with its remnants of the second world war. There didn't really seem to be an awful lot worth fighting for.

What about school then?

Well originally we were due to start on the 8th. October. Then about a week before we were told we were going to begin on the 15th. as some building work had not been finished. However, the next day they said we would in fact start on the 8th, only for them to finally decide on the 15th the next day! This seems typical of Egyptian education - nobody knows what is going on. I didn't even get a timetable until two days before we started. I have 20 lessons of 45 minutes/week, 8 lessons each with 2 classes and 4 with another. All the classes are really big with nearly 50 in each, and so even if they are all talking quietly, the combined noise is pretty loud. After 4 days I've enjoyed most of my lessons and only really shouted once, when I also threw the blackboard rubber six inches above one of the kids head. This achieved immediate silence as they were all extremely impressed with the pace and accuracy of my throw! I knew my cricket would come in useful somewhere. The main problem with the kids is to stop them getting over enthusiastic and excited as they all try to shout the answers out and leap up to try and attract your attention.

All in all, things have so far gone really well. We've even got a day off school on Monday - not bad seeing we've only been teaching a week. Our next real holiday isn't until January though, but after that we only have a couple more months of proper teaching as we spend April doing revision, and then May is for exams.

If you fancy popping over for a quick visit, please feel free. If you can't manage a visit, a letter will be the next best thing. Sorry for going on so much, but such a lot has happened.

Best wishes, MARK.

# Auntie Belle's Funeral

by Brenda Steel



"I'M SORRY, but I shall have to cancel our lunch date next Thursday," my friend Pat told me.

"O.K. Miss Otis," I replied. "What are you up to next Thursday? Something nice?"

"'Fraid not," Pat said. "I have to go to a funeral. Auntie Belle has died."

"Oh, I am sorry," I said. "I liked her."

"I never did: stupid old thing with her ailments," said Pat, never one to waste her sympathy. "Anyway, she was eighty-nine. I only said I'd go to support Johnnie. She was his aunt and he feels he ought to go to support his father."

I got a mental picture of them all tottering along the road together, grudgingly holding one another up.

"How will you go?" I asked. It's twenty miles to our local crematorium.

"Not in Johnnie's car!" Pat said at once. "It smells."

I looked at her.

"Oil," she explained. "I'd feel ill all the way."

"Your car?" I suggested tentatively.

Pat has only recently taken up driving, so I knew a journey of any distance would worry her.

"Oh, you know I couldn't drive all the way and it's not insured for Hohnnie to drive," she said firmly.

Her old second-hand Ford is very precious to her, bought with her own earnings and Johnnie knows better than to go near it. Well, he loves tinkering with cars and has a kindly habit of offering to fix a little fault for you, and then, finding it's a longer job than he first thought, has to send away for a part. I know he can fix the things eventually, but he is in the Merchant Navy and usually has to return to his ship sooner than he'd been expecting...

"We'll hire a taxi!" said Pat, solving the problem. MORE OVERPAGE.

# Auntie Belle's Funeral

by BRENDA STEEL

I knew better than to argue with her, but the extravagance of hiring a taxi when they owned two cars seemed absurd to me.

"Well," I conceded, "that way you won't have the worry of finding the crematorium and risking being late. Taxi drivers always know to a minute how long these journeys take."

The following day, Pat telephoned.

"All fixed up with the taxi," she told me. "And what's more, the chap was awfully nice and said it would be a good chance for his wife to go shopping in Torquay, and if we didn't mind her coming too, he would reduce the charge for the taxi."

I congratulated her on her thrifty arrangements.

For the next week I kept decently clear of the house of mourning.

When our next lunch date came round and we were sitting by the fire with our bread and cheese, I naturally enquired about Auntie Belle's funeral.

"Oh, that," Pat said vaguely. "I think it all went off alright."

I must have looked surprised. "You think it did?"

"I didn't actually go, in the end," she explained. "It all became rather complicated -- and it was a foul day and you know how depressed I get when it's raining. And the taxi-man's wife couldn't really sit in the back with the men."

I felt confused. "Well, perhaps..."

"What? With Johnnie and his father in the back, with all their long legs all over the place," she cried.

She made them sound like a pair of convulsive grasshoppers, but I admit they're very tall men.

"Well you're pretty small," I said. "Couldn't you have sat in the back?"

Pat looked at me pityingly.

"You must know," she said patiently, "that I am always sick in the back of any car!" Defeated, I had to accept that car-sickness would rather take one's mind off a solemn occasion.

Pat pulled her chair nearer to the fire. "So in the end I thought it best for me not to go. Have some more cheese," she said, closing the subject. "Are you free to lunch next week?" "Yes," I replied, smiling fondly at her. "That is, if you haven't any more funerals to go to!"

# Landscape in Trust

Sir Edwin Lutyens' wonderful twentieth century acropolis Castle Drogo above Drewsteignton is a much visited house in a large estate. The beauty spot Fingle Bridge is nearby and the scenic Hunters' Path and Fisherman's Path within sling shot. However, the dramatically placed Whiddon Park across the Teign Gorge is little visited. Defining the deer park, for that is what it was (now, alas, no longer secure) is a massive 8ft wall of immense granite blocks. Whiddon Park is one of Devon's relatively unknown treasures; a landscape of rock outcrops, scattered trees, broom and bracken, 'fossilised' since the park was formed in the sixteenth century.

A fortification with better historical qualifications than the pseudo Castle Drogo is tucked away: On the wooded summit of Gallants Bower at Dartmouth, earthworks survive of a defensive position built by the Royalists in the Civil War. A short distance away across the Dart by vehicle ferry, and visible from Gallants Bower, is Higher Brownstone Farm. Here, although the needs of agriculture prevail on the fields, the pine planted cliffs conceal a camp and gun battery of the Second World War. Block-houses, shell ramps and search-light emplacements can be reached by the original steps and handrails constructed forty-two years ago on Inner Forward Point. The National Trust has provided a comprehensive network of paths at various levels to enable walkers to see this splendid coastline from different angles.

Very recently the Trust purchased several miles of coast east of here, to link up with its other property at Southdown Cliff. A new coast path is being eased along the cliffs where none existed before, and should be open to the public in the spring.

(Extract from 'Landscape in Trust' in the Autumn issue of 'Village Green').

# Kendall McDonald TELLS OF THE TIME.....

## When the Wind blows in from the Sea

and there's that noise  
outside the door

ANYONE OF A NERVOUS DISPOSITION SHOULD AVOID READING THIS STORY

NOWADAYS when I hear a dragging scuffling sound outside the cottage front door, I tell myself that it's probably only someone who's overfilled himself at the Village Inn. And if the noise persists, well, then I, too, pour myself another drink, turn up the television and wait for it to go away.

'Cos they're out there you know. Well, no, of course they aren't. You've got to keep telling yourself that, but it is mighty dark out there. They come up and down the street in January - that's their anniversary you see - but they're only looking for the way back to the churchyard. So who's frightened? I am!

I don't think I should be telling you this story, but the Editor.... well he says you'd like a ghost story...and it's on his head if you don't. It starts a long time ago way back in 1803 when we started fighting that Napoleon Bonaparte once again and from then on, war being what it is, we had collected quite a lot of French prisoners by the time we won at Waterloo and it was all over bar the shouting.

Most of those prisoners-of-war were kept in Dartmoor Prison and though in later years "The Moor" became a dreaded place for our own convicts it was no picnic for those Frenchies specially in the winter, you can be sure of that. As soon as the war was over we wanted to get rid of them. Cost a pretty penny in food for them and they didn't get all that much.

So we sent them home. Well not all the way - just to the nearest French port. In batches. In carts at first. Most of them would have preferred a horse of their own as they were cavalrymen - from the 20th. Regiment of Cuirasseurs, the 4th Regiment of Chasseurs, and the Young Guard of the Horse Chasseurs - and could probably have ridden better than their escorts. But we couldn't go taking chances of having French cavalrymen riding loose all over Devon, so into the carts they went.

Not that they were enlisted men. No, these were all officers, Captains and Lieutenants of highly respected regiments. You didn't bother bringing enlisted prisoners all the way back to England if you caught them in out of the way places like Spain or Portugal. We reckoned if you took the officers away and shipped them off to Dartmoor then you wouldn't have any trouble with the men left behind. In those days nobody believed that any enlisted man could be a leader. The little Corporal Napoleon was reckoned to be the exception which proved the rule.

In the particular batch I want to tell you about there were just 65 men. There was snow on the Moor when they left the prison and the dark grey clouds piled up on the horizon and the biting wind promised more to come. But they got down to Plymouth without too much trouble and were taken straight to the

OVERPAGE:

# When the Wind blows in from the Sea

...AND THERE'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE THE DOOR

DOCKS AND ABOARD their transport ship, the Betsey. The Betsey was described by the Times of Monday January 15, 1816 as a "cartel".

At first I thought a cartel was a kind of ship, but soon it emerged that a cartel was "an agreement between hostile states concerning the exchange of prisoners" and so by calling the Betsey a cartel then you knew she was about the business of exchanging prisoners. And presumably somewhere in France, probably at Roscoff, the same number of British prisoners of the French were waiting anxiously for the Betsey to pick them up and bring them home at last.

The Captain and crew of the Betsey made the 65 released prisoners as comfortable as they could, but it was only a small ship and that Saturday night of January 6, 1816 must have been very uncomfortable. But at least they were on their way home.

On Sunday at dawn the Betsey sailed, but she hadn't got far out of Plymouth Sound when the weather began to worsen. All Sunday she fought her way against the wind, but was obviously losing ground. On the night of Sunday, the Captain took down all his sails and hove-to to try and ride out the enormous seas kicked up by the howling wind. On Monday morn he saw he was trapped in Bigbury Bay and though he tried every sailing trick he knew he was driven on shore near "Leys Foot" as they called it then.

Great seas rolled over the Betsey and she was soon smashed to pieces on those savage granite and slate reefs. No one saw her come in and no one in the village knew until the first of the survivors reached the farm down by the Church.

The first of the farm workers who saw them ran away. The ribbed rocks had so bruised and slashed them that they didn't look like human beings. They crawled on their hands and knees. And they shrieked out in pain in a language that no one could understand.

"Sauve les autres" and "Au secours" were not phrases that Thurlestone folk could cope with. It was the talk of the Devil. So by the time help did get down to the shore, 28 of the Frenchmen were dead and others that were dragged from the surf were close to dying too.

They say that one of the survivors, terribly hurt, had dragged himself both up and down the whole village street - judging by the trail he left - before dying. He was one of the 19 French prisoners whose bodies came ashore within the area of the village and were buried in the churchyard. You'll find that detailed in the parish registers.

What you won't find there is any mention of the noise of something dragging itself up and down the village street on these dark winter's nights. It's usually when the wind blows in from the sea that you can hear it most.

Not that it frightens me. Would you like to know the French for "Rest in Peace" ? Just in case....

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## Editor's footnote.

Kendall says the story about the wreck is true. As for the noises in the street, he will only add that he has always had a vivid imagination - and I did ask him for a ghost story.

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## Thurlestone PROBUS

At the November Meeting, held at the Thurlestone Hotel, Mr. John Hobson of Thurlestone, gave an authoritative talk on Marketing and its relation to publicity, advertising and selling. He gave his audience plenty of time for discussion and left them much better informed. A very successful meeting.

NEVILLE C. OSWALD.  
Chairman



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

# CATS

My last article looked in broad terms at cats as pets - in this issue I discuss practical points of cat care. Space available does not permit a full account but books are available and any veterinary surgeon is happy to advise on care of healthy animals as well as those that are sick. What follows deals with common problems and topical points.

+ + + + +

**FOOD** Canned foods available today form the best possible cat diet - they are superior to best meat and fish in that they are a fully balanced meal. The Petfood industry has devoted much time and money ensuring its products are nutritionally correct. Household scraps can be used to supplement diets based on canned foods. Dried cat foods have become popular but are associated with cystitis and other bladder problems - cats do not follow the instructions to drink enough water when eating them. In spite of this serious problem, crunching dried foods does give cats healthy teeth and gums - to take advantage of this, a few biscuits can be given as a "garnish" to an ordinary meal, exercising teeth and gums without excessive intake. Dried cat foods can be used occasionally when you wish to leave down non-perishable meals but I think that their long term feeding is not wise. Another common dietary problem concerns liver - irresistible to many cats and addictive to a few who refuse to eat anything else. High amounts of vitamin A in liver cause outgrowths of bone around joints in the limb and spine in cats, resulting in stiffness. Early cases are sometimes reversible but when severe, joints may seize-up completely. I hasten to add that "Liver variety" cat foods flavoured with liver have other meats to provide a healthy balance. Liver addiction brings me to the problem of the fussy cat - remember that pets, like children, prefer to eat what they like - not what is good for them. It is a war of nerves to be firm and remember that no healthy animal will starve for want of food. Regular variety in food prevents cats becoming fussy - if at first they don't eat what they are given - wait. Do not offer something else or they learn to manipulate you! One final note on feeding - cats need little to drink, but fresh water must always be available. Excessive thirst may indicate problems and should always be checked by your vet. Cats frequently prefer drinking from sources other than drinking bowls we provide - puddles, dripping taps and the W.C. are favourites but do not indicate a problem unless, as I mentioned, drinking is excessive.

**HOUSETRAINING** One pleasant surprise to the owner of a kitten is how instinctively fastidious are toilet habits. It is normally not time consuming to encourage the new arrival to use its litter tray. Problems can, however, arise later in life with breakdown in house-training - a fairly common problem and very upsetting since it involves "spraying" or urination around the inside of the house. Once this has happened, powerful scents become fixed onto carpets and other surfaces which encourage the cat to repeat this behaviour. In time the smell becomes unpleasant. Such cats are generally physically healthy but for various reasons feel the need to establish their territories inside the house instead of outdoors. Such behaviour may be provoked by "stressful" situations such as moving house or a new cat moving into the area. Should spraying occur, advice should be sought from a veterinary surgeon immediately to find out what is going on and combat the problem. It is vital to clean thoroughly, removing all traces of scent - plain detergents and solvents such as alcohol are best, rather than strong smells such as pine disinfectants which themselves provoke further spraying. The longer spraying continues in a household, the harder it is to break the habit.





Continuing . .

# CATS

## DISEASES

As a rule, kittens can be inoculated at 12 weeks of age. In the U.K. we vaccinate against 2 diseases. The first is feline enteritis which causes severe diarrhoea, frequently fatal: it can also cause brain damage in kittens if the mother is infected during pregnancy. The second is cat flu - as its name suggests it is a respiratory infection characterised by sneezing, discharges from eyes and nose and loss of appetite. Cats may be only mildly affected or sometimes quite ill, although with careful veterinary treatment and nursing, mortality rates are low, but quite a number of cats may never recover fully becoming carriers of virus. Vaccination against cat flu is widely available and strongly desirable; that for feline enteritis is a must. The "oriental" breeds such as the Siamese and Burmese succumb more to flu than domestic cats. There is no relationship between cat flu and human influenza. Unwanted visitors such as worms and fleas should be treated regularly - it is best to find out what compounds your veterinary surgeon recommends, since the array of home remedies in pet shops and chemists can be bewildering. Remember that your vet is trained to give advice on how to use medicines to best effect. Cats are not as often troubled by their own fleas as are dogs in the same household or sometimes the people.

There is one disease which I would like to single out for special mention since it has recently come to the public attention through news media. It is called toxoplasmosis, and is the 'mystery illness' that has kept Sebastian Coe off the running track and also has been implicated in the baffling disease "AIDS". It has been with us for a long time and is known to be a minor threat to pregnant women. Since cats catch the disease it has often been suggested that one should not be kept in the same house as a pregnant woman. Sadly, some cats are put to sleep for this reason. However, like many diseases that we catch from animals, it is possible to prevent it rather than take the draconian measure of doing away with cats.

It is the faeces of infected cats that pose the threat - therefore a pregnant woman should avoid emptying cat litter trays (or if she has to, wear rubber gloves). Contaminated soil may result in infection via the food we eat, so careful washing of fruit and vegetables will help to rule out that threat. Finally, partly cooked meat poses just as much of a risk as the pet cat.

To sum up, if a pregnant woman is told that she may contract a harmful infection from a cat, it is possible to minimise the risk of Toxoplasmosis and I would suggest seeking advice both from a sympathetic doctor or other health worker AND also a veterinary surgeon.

CAT FLAPS A note of this device which utilises the independence of the cat as an ideal pet. Some people (just a few) have problems with unwanted cats using their houses through this entry and exit. When buying a catflap, it is a good idea to get one which has the facility to accept an automatic lock, operated by a magnet worn on your cat's collar. The basic catflap cost approximately £9 - but the electronic gadget about £35, therefore not worth getting unless needed, although expensive it can pay for itself in stolen cat food and damage caused by unwanted feline visitors.

In the next issue, I shall be looking at the problems of dealing with my more unusual patients.

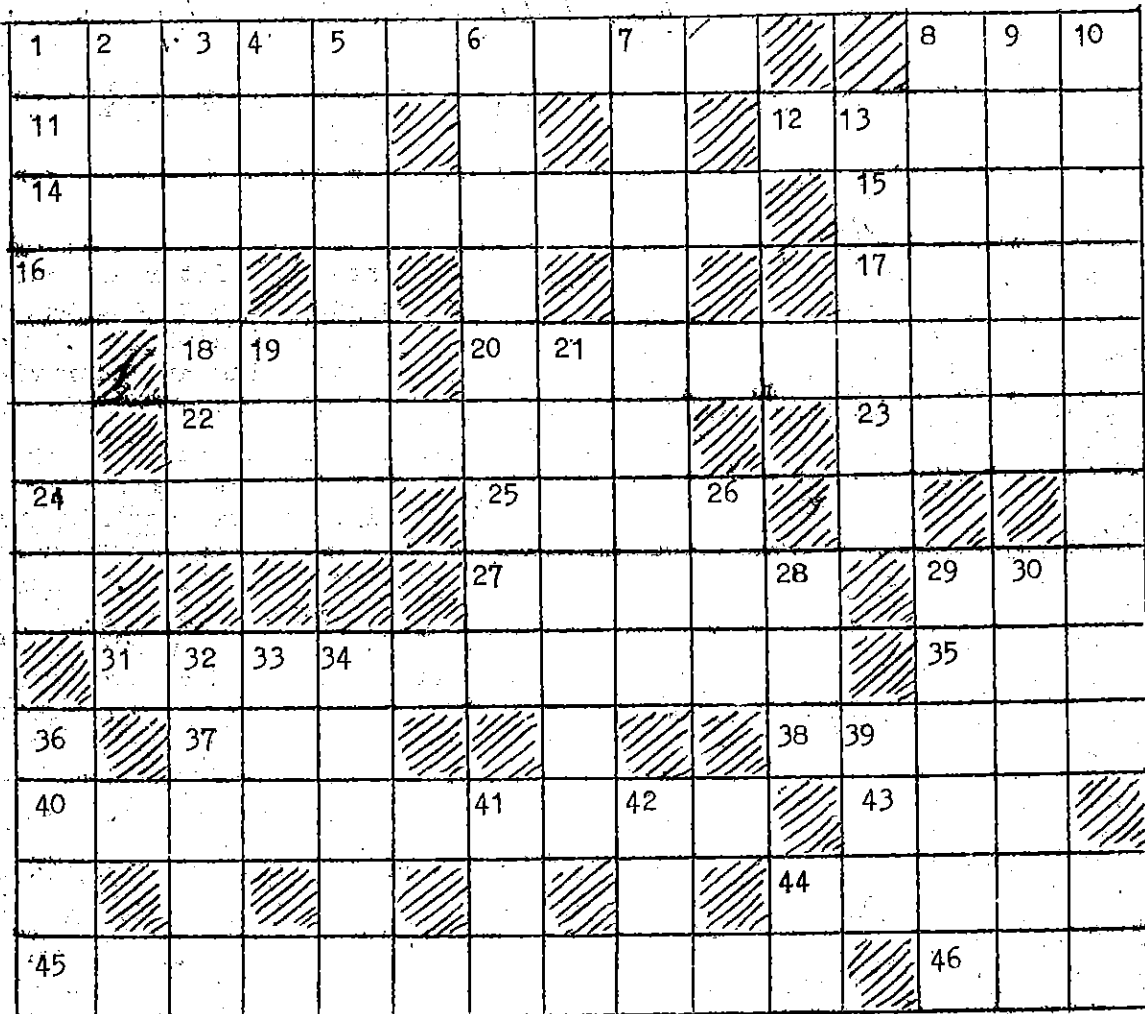
A.J.Webb. B.V.Sc. MRCVS

## PASSIONATE LEAVE

The November edition of the Kingston Bagpuize & Southmoor News contains the following bulletin from the local drama club:

"We regret to announce that our January production "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers" has had to be postponed as one of our cast became pregnant during rehearsals"





Compiled by Miss Rosemary Stocken

ACROSS

1. Did Mary's little one have his own playground? (5,5.)
9. Thus seeing may make one more prudent (3)
11. Hip bone (5)
12. East African Game Park (5)
14. Claims to be the oldest borough in England (10)
15. In a way I go beyond the execution of a command (4)
16. Cumbrian river.
17. Cherubic girls name. Abrev'd (4)
18. Dora is confused and the bull-fighter leaves her for cover (3)
20. A true claw (9) Anag.
22. Might describe Juliet's lover (7)
23. Found in a newsletter again (4)
24. He gave his name to the famous city housing the Hermitage Gallery
25. River running into Caspian sea (4)
27. Possession of land by freehold (5)
29. Cornish river (3)
31. Top of the Judiciary (10)
35. "When you are...and gray and full of sleep and nodding by the fire" (3)(Yeats)
37. Deal one (3).
38. Open-mouthed (5)

40. Reptilian chatterbox? (10)
43. Biblical priest descended from Aaron (3)
44. So be it with the old penny (4)
45. Just the food for a cold day (11)
46. "In excelsis..." (3)

DOWN

1. Feature in Avon & Erme Estuaries (4,4)
2. Festive occasions without the fifth note (4)
3. First on the round? (7)
4. Boat supplying fresh provisions (3)
5. Famous lighthouse now on Hoe (7)
6. Sailors stew (9) 7. Pairs list (9)
8. Servant of Olivia (6) anag.
9. New York's fifth for a spending spree (6)
10. Crabapple (5,5)
13. Separates England & Scotland (6)
19. French friend (3)
21. Marine animals (7)
26. Famous orchestra (abbrev) (1,1,1)
28. Photographic instrument without part of its machinery (3)
29. The mare has produced her filly (6)
30. Garden in the snow? (6)
32. Being this & not reciprocating, you'll be a man, says Kipling (5)
33. Parliamentary decree (3)

DOWN cont'd: 34. Wanting (5). 36. Shetland Isle (4) 39. Precious stone (3)  
41. Lively dance (3) 42. 22nd letter of Greek alphabet (3)



# BANTHAM SURF LIFE SAVING CLUB

We are now well into the winter and quite a number of members and friends make the weekly trip to the swimming pool at Totnes. Many of the youngsters attending are improving their swimming ability by leaps and bounds.

The Jumble Sale we held in the Kingsbridge Town Hall at the end of October was a success financially, and was an enjoyable event for the members who helped to raise just over £80 towards Club funds. Thanks to everyone who contributed jumble.

Our Annual General Meeting, with Mr David Grose in the Chair, was held at the Sloop Inn on November 26th and was very well attended. We were honoured by the presence of the Chairman of the Surf Life Saving Association of Great Britain, Mr J. Tarr, who said a few words on the future of Surf Life Saving in relation to the Sports Council who are in the process of changing their grant policy. Mr Tarr also presented certificates and badges to members who had gained awards during the summer, the Junior of the Year Award to Kevin Crabb who won the award for the second consecutive year, and Anne Douglas was presented with a small gift for being the Collector of the Year. She raised over £200 in beach collections.

Incidents recorded in the log book for Sundays were 15 rescues, 28 lost children and 8 first aid cases, but there were many incidents which were unrecorded due to the pressure of events and the vast crowds who visited Bantham. Club members also assisted the professional Lifeguards in many rescues during weekdays.

Officers elected for the next year were:

PRESIDENT: Mr D. Grose. CHAIRMAN: Mr F. Shillabeer. CAPTAIN: Mr S. Thomas  
VICE-CAPTAIN: Mr M. Taylor. SECRETARY: Mrs L. Cope. TREASURER: Mrs A. Thomas.  
COXSWAIN: Mr F. Shillabeer. GEAR STEWARD: Mr J. Cope. JUNIOR CAPT: Mr M. Ackland  
COMMITTEE: Mr R. Jackson, Mrs J. Crabb and Mrs B. Ackland.

## AWARDS PRESENTED:

Resuscitation Certificate & Badge: MATTHEW ACKLAND. JASON HAYWARD.  
KEVIN CRABB. DAVID IVES. STEPHEN COX. PHILIP JACKSON. MICHAEL HURRELL.

## Sea Survival II.

SUSAN JONES. NICOLA ACKLAND. ANNE DOUGLAS. JAMES CLARK. STEPHEN COX.  
PAUL MCCARTHY. STUART TAYLOR. CULLEN WARD. DAVID IVES and RICHARD VENEEL.

The Club now has two new members to join Mr Derrick Yeoman on the Board of Trustees. They are Miss Rosemary Stockan from Thurlestone and Lt/Col. Tull from West Buckland.

After the Meeting members enjoyed refreshments supplied by Mr Neil Girling of the Sloop Inn.

Officers of the Surf Life Saving Association in conjunction with officers of the Club are now busy organising events to be held in Devon in 1984.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE...

# BANTHAM SURF LIFE SAVING CLUB --

NATIONAL JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS at  
Paignton in JULY.

NATIONAL TRAINING WEEK-END in North  
Devon in the SPRING.

DEVON REGIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS in Devon.

AUSTRALIAN TOURING TEAM - first week  
of AUGUST in Devon, hopefully Bantham.

NATIONAL SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS -  
Croyde Bay or Woolacombe in AUGUST.

With all these events plus activities  
in the Club to organise, you will see  
the winter is not a time to relax.

Finally, I would like to wish all  
readers of Village Voice a HAPPY &  
PROSPEROUS 1984 from the Bantham  
Surf Life Saving Club.

F.W. SHILLABEER  
Chairman

Telephone: Home - Thurlestone 774  
Club - Thurlestone 447

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FRIENDS OF  
THURLESTONE SCHOOL  
MAKE A SPECIAL NOTE OF THIS DATE !

SATURDAY 17th MARCH 1984

## JUMBLE SALE

is to be held at the

ALL SAINTS PRIMARY SCHOOL

THURLESTONE

For further details see the next  
issue - March/April - due out at  
the end of February.

Jane Howey  
Hon. Secretary

Hingston Barn  
South Milton. Tel: Thurlestone 600

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It has been said that the best the  
Government ever did for sport was  
to ban cigarette ads on TV. Why?  
Because private firms are delighted  
to subsidise any sporting event  
that is given television time so long  
as the name of their produce is  
prominently displayed !

# COUNTRY CRISIS

is the title of a series of eight  
programmes to be shown on Channel 4,  
commencing on the 3rd. January 1984  
at 18.30 hours. Somewhere in the  
series (which should be well worth  
viewing anyway!) will be an interview  
with Parish Council Vice Chairman  
Mr Derrick Yeoman and Thurlestone  
Ward District Councillor Mr Jack  
Thomas.

The interviews (by a TSW team) were  
'on site' at the Leaside/Merchants  
Field development of flats, and in  
the main will give shots of the  
development and indicate the concern  
of the parish that an 'outsider'  
appointed by the Ministry of the  
Environment to hold an 'Inquiry'  
has the power to decide what  
development a community should suffer  
despite the fact that the Village  
Appraisal indicated 82% of the parish  
were opposed to any such major  
development - an Appraisal carried  
out by ten freely elected members of  
the parish - and despite the fact  
that both Parish and District  
Councils refused the development in  
full support of the Appraisal.

If you cannot get Channel 4 - make  
friends with someone who can - for  
it could be an interesting series.

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# Village Ventures

DEVON VILLAGE VENTURES is a competit-  
-ion to encourage and support  
voluntary projects started by local  
groups. The doors are open to entries  
from now until August 1st. 1984.  
Cash prizes, engraved plaques, and  
certificates of excellence will be  
awarded to the most enterprising  
projects benefitting their local  
communities. Production of a  
Village Newspaper is one kind of  
'Venture'. Any project which started  
after January 1981, or can demonstrate  
a specific development during the  
period of Village Ventures will  
qualify for entry. Thurlestone  
Parish Council are in full support  
of 'Village Voice' 'having a go' !

# COMMUNITY CARE

Following the request, for more voluntary helpers only two people have been kind enough to take the plunge. It is somewhat disappointing that more parishioners have not shown their willingness to be called upon in an emergency. I am confident that their reticence stems more from a fear of feeling committed and perhaps embarrassed when called on because of some personal commitment at the time of the call. I am sure I am right in thinking that if an emergency arose and assistance from the present stand-by group was not available through personal commitments, a phone call to non-listed caring friends would soon elicit help. Having said that, however, I would greatly welcome more names for the stand-by group. Do give me a call on Thurlestone 257 - or just ask the Editor to arrange for me to explain just what is involved in joining us.

June Jeffery has worked hard to produce 'Meals on Wheels' for the Parish since the scheme commenced on February 1st. 1983. and I have no doubt that when she gives up her job catering for the school at the end of term (1983) - she will feel sad at having to sever the close link she has had, with all the school-children

and all the others who have benefited from her cooking over the years. June has taken almost as much pride in her school kitchen as she has in the production of wholesome meals for up to 60; her department is always so spotlessly clean and her kind and cheerful personality has endeared her to so many. On behalf of the recipients of "Meals on Wheels" I would like to say "Thank you, June", and every happiness in the future. You will be missed.

COMMUNITY CARE CO-ORDINATORS:

MORNINGS. 9 am to 1 pm.

Mrs Mary Moore - Thurlestone 548

Mrs Mary Elliott - Thurlestone 463.

AFTERNOONS: 1 pm to 5 pm.

Mrs Lottie Jeffery - Thurlestone 676

Mrs Mary Elliott - Thurlestone 463.

EVENINGS: 5pm to 9 pm.

Mrs Pauline Eaton - Thurlestone 404

Miss Rosemary Stocken " 257.

If no reply on one number please try the alternative number for period.

Editor - Thurlestone 533

R.S.S.

HELP TO KEEP YOUR VILLAGE POST

OFFICE BY CASHING YOUR BENEFITS

& PENSIONS LOCALLY. USE IT OR LOSE IT !

ANSWERS - CROSSWORD NUMBER 5

ACROSS: 1. Lamps Close. 8. Par. 11. Illum. 12. Tsavo. 14. Malmesbury. 15. Obey. 16. Esk. 17. Lina. 18. Mat. 20. Catewan. 22. Amorous. 23. Anew. 24. Lenin. 25. Ural. 27. Setse. 29. Pal. 31. Chancellor. 35. Old. 37. Ace. 38. Agape. 44. Natterjack. 43. Ell. 44. Amend. 45. Tiddlyogies. 46. Deo. DOWN: 1. Lime Kiln. 2. Alas. 3. Milkman. 4. Bum. 5. Smeaton. 6. Tobscouse. 7. Spritsail. 8. Fabian. 9. Avenue. 10. Royal Wilde. 13. Solway. 19. Amt. 21. Aurelia. 26. L.S.O. 28. Era. 29. Roaled. 30. Alpine. 32. Hated. 33. Act. 34. Needy. 36. Unst. 39. Gem. 41. Jig. 42. Chl.

ANSWERS - CROSSWORD NUMBER 4

ACROSS: 1. Laburnum. 4 Canada. 8. Bane. 9. Beaver. 11. Betters. 12. Universal. 14. Ire. 16. Me. 17. Anll. 19. Reim. 20. Owl. 22. Extend. 24. Aunt. 25. Fee. 27. Act. 29. Strip. 33. Steeps. 35 & 41. No-No. 36. Ivor. 38. Are. 39. Knave. 41 see 35. 42. Alec. 43. Re. 44. Ten. 45. Err. 46. Slapton. 47. Elate. DOWN: 1. Labour Relations. 2. Beatification. 3. Roe. 4. Cat. 5. Ant. 6. Need. 7. Distrain. 8. Below. 10. Rarebit. 13. 14 & 15. Em in el. 18. Nut. 20. Off. 21. Lee. 23. Err. 26. Expect. 28. Deal. 30. Flin. 31. Invert. 32. Poe. 34. Ere. 37. Romp. 39. Kine. 40. Area. 42. Ago.

# South Milton W.I

Mrs Joan Milcoy is the new President for the Womens Institute, and it is going to be a special year for her, and all the members, as fifty years ago in February the South Milton Branch was formed.

Whilst reading through the minutes and programmes it is seen that Lady Alexander was the first president and Mrs Cornish the Secretary.

On the programme for the years activities, before each meeting there is a motto, and it was presumed that members felt better for having it read to them - here are some at random from the year 1934.

"Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so."

"It's best to go straight than to move in the best circles."

"Learning to be good neighbours is the secret of happy living."

D. Julian  
Secretary.

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## Wind Surfing

The South Milton Parish Council are greatly concerned about the uncontrolled wind surfing on the South Milton beach - and have had this subject discussed at the Chairman's Meeting on December 7th at Follaton House, Totnes. It was felt that there is far too much wind surfing amongst the bathers, and especially the children, considering this area is supposed to be "Safe Bathing".

Before long there will be an accident, either to a child who could just be paddling on the water's edge and getting hit by an incoming board, or to an adult, when the sail falls heavily on to the water, as so often happens with inexperienced wind surfers. The Water Safety Officer indicated in a letter, that there have been a number of complaints, and the District Council might seek powers to prohibit this activity at certain times of the day during the season.

# Thurlestone W.I.

Thurlestone W.I. held its Annual Meeting in November, when a new committee was elected.

Pat Macdonald is now President, Valerie Brown the Secretary and Joan Smith the Treasurer, with Anne Grose, Connie Hughes, Joan Mills, Barbara Noden, Sheila Norris, Betty Phillips and Elaine Treleaven forming the committee.

The new President, in accepting office, likened her situation to a quotation from Shakespeare ...

"Some are born great, others achieve greatness, whilst others have greatness thrust upon them..."

feeling she didn't fit into either of the first two categories but the third was near the truth!

A varied and interesting programme of events and activities was outlined for 1984 which promises to make it another active year.

The December meeting was arranged by the members as a 'thank you' to the outgoing President, Elsie Brewster, and her committee and after a beautiful Christmas tea members were entertained to a delightfully comic sketch with the actresses competing to be the best fairy on the Christmas tree!

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## IT IS REPORTED

That South Hams District Council are to introduce transferable car park tickets from April. At present short stay and long-term tickets can only be used in the car park of issue. But no lowering of the cost of a ticket is proposed!

\* \* \* \* \*

The District Council collect the County rate with their own demand. The County are calling for earlier payment from the District Council which at present earns substantial interest before paying over the County share! This could cause a 'rethink' on District Council financial strategies and a higher District Rate demand to cover the 'loss'.

\* \* \* \* \*

District Councillor for Thurlestone  
Ward and Vice Chairman of the South Hams  
District Council Planning Committee -  
Mr Jack Thomas writes..

## Planning and Listed Buildings

The older you get the quickly time  
flies and, therefore, we not, in  
this article, been able to accumulate  
information on items used in the  
November/December issue.

However, a few comments to make:  
In that issue Walter asked a question  
about listed buildings can quote  
from 'South Hams Planning Policies,  
Practices and Program' Volume 2  
page 49.5.

"With certain exceptions applications  
for Listed Building (planning) Consent  
must be published in a newspaper.  
Beginning with the date of publication  
21 days must elapse at which time  
the application must be inspected by  
the public. Further advice containing  
the same details must be displayed at  
or near the building for less than  
7 days. Determination of the application  
by the District Council must not be  
before the 21 day period has elapsed  
beginning from the date of publication  
in the newspaper of the notice.  
was first displayed (whichever is the  
later)."

Referring to the above citation there  
are two volumes, also come on  
'Planning Facts and Figures'. Copies  
are held at Kingsbridge and can  
be perused by any member of the public.  
A good occupation for an hour!  
Seriously, it is a first reference,  
well documented and easy to understand,  
and will give answers to queries  
parishioners may have.

+ + + +

I attended the launch of first  
published Local Plan - Dartmouth, -  
at the Guildhall. I am to say it  
was well received and people involved  
seemed to generally agree was in line  
with what they wanted. My help if  
I outline the procedure.

MONDAY - Opening of Exhibition and  
evening meeting with Pann Town

Councils to present the Plan.  
Rest of the week - Exhibition  
open to the public. Friday  
evening there was a Public  
Meeting. After this six weeks  
are allowed for comments and any  
suggested alterations.

The same procedure will, I think,  
be adopted for the Kingsbridge  
Plan (in which Thurlestone and  
South Milton parishes are included)  
The date has not yet been fixed  
- but I understand before the end  
of March.

This Plan is for the next ten  
years and all parishioners simply  
must participate.

May I wish you all everything you  
wish for in the New Year.  
To the younger parishioners - may  
your planning difficulties be  
'little ones'. To those more  
advanced in years - I well under-  
stand your conservation and pre-  
-servation problems, but planning  
law and guidance does not always  
enable me to find a solution  
which is in accord with all points  
of view.

In conclusion - I have tried hard  
to get a 10p for 1 hour on the  
Kingsbridge top car-park, but  
without success. However, 15  
were in favour - so there is  
growing support.

J.T.

## PLEASE NOTE

THE GALMPTON TELEPHONE EXCHANGE  
HAS NOW CEASED - IT IS NOW  
UNDER KINGSBRIDGE - BUT THE  
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this issue - lives in South  
Milton. BILL LADD at 'Thorntons'  
Tel Thurlestone 686.

## Water Boards told to Tighten up.

The two water authorities covering the Croydon area - Thames Water and the East Surrey Water Company - have been given three months to show how they can become more accountable locally to their customers.

New guidelines put forward by Environment Secretary Patrick Jenkin call for consumer consultative committees (CCCs) to be set up to represent the interests of householders, businesses, farming, commerce and others. The guidelines, which apply to all nine regional water authorities in Britain, also recommend that the interests of recreation, sport, amenity and conservation should also be covered by a single committee for each water authority region.

Mr Jenkin envisaged that "quality and the standard of service and fundamental questions, including charging and investment policies, are among the issues to be discussed by the CCCs". He wants the committees to be the main forum for representation, consultation and explanation and should be open to the Press and public to attend.

"The point of view of the domestic and business consumer is best considered at a local level", said Mr Jenkin. "That is why the CCCs are envisaged at the level of the operational division. Local authorities and local interests will be involved."

The water authorities must submit their ideas by January 31st on how they will approach the consultative task, and the Government expects the new arrangement to start next year.

=====

I've always had the notion that the secret of perpetual motion was just a bit of a bore, but with prices rising so fast, I've discovered at last the secret ain't a secret any more!

D.W.D.

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# NUMBER OF VISITORS 1982

According to the Devon County Council Consultation document on the South Hams Heritage Coast - the number of visitors to the South Hams in 1982 was as follows:

Hotels and Guest Houses: 42,600  
 Flats and cottages: 16,150  
 Chalets: 36,450  
 Static Caravans: 60,700  
 Touring Caravans: 35,100  
 Tents: 41,750.  
 Private Caravans: 75,100.  
 a total of 307,850.

=====  
 In the same period Torbay saw 1,004,250 visitors.  
 =====

The number of visitors to the South Hams in a 'Peak Week' (not stated which week.) 2,950 went to Hotels and Guest Houses. 1,500 to flats and cottages. 36 3,050 to Chalets. 5,950 to Static caravans. 4,050 came in touring caravans, 7,450 were in tents and 6,800 in private caravans. The precise difference between 'static', 'touring' and 'private' caravans is not stated.

## The Truth about TENNIS ?

Kevin Keegan takes the penalty and blasts the ball yards over the bar  
 Does the referee say: "I know you didn't mean to do that - take the kick again!"  
 Ian Botham scoops a ball up into the air and is easily caught. The Umpire could say = "That was just unlucky, so you are not out!"  
 Jack Nicklaus misses a three foot putt. Does a steward say: "Come, come, you can do better than that, so don't count that shot, have another try!"  
 Ridiculous? Maybe, but what about tennis where every player is given at least two chances at knocking the ball over the net when serving.  
 What a soft game !

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Dear Sir,

Your correspondent, A.H.Dudley Tyas - who inveighs against the rather rare folk, who sunbathe in the 'altogether' on one of Thurlestone's beautiful beaches - is perhaps feeling his years !

As the poet Browning says - "Let Age approve of Youth".

I believe in - and fought for - Freedom of Speech and action - and am not offended or outraged by the sight of one of my fellow humans - of whose form I am not un-aware - in a State of Nature.

Usually, one finds, they are discreet, bronzed, well rounded youngsters - in fact, they do my aging circulation a power of good. Live and let live, say I.

"PETER PAN", Thurlestone.  
(Name & Address supplied)

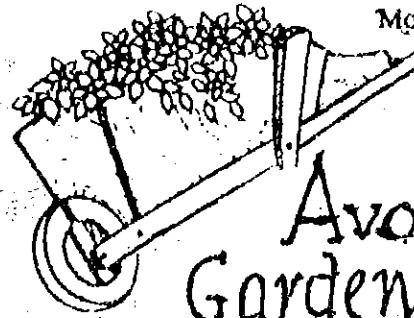
(Editor's Note: Mr Tyas was at least prepared to expose his name in expressing his point of view!  
It does my circulation no good at all !!! )

*Graham*  
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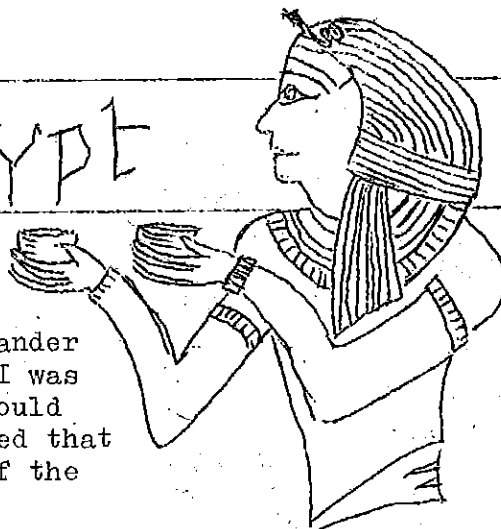


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# Christmas in Egypt



LATE IN DECEMBER I was transferred to the Royal Naval Hospital at Aboukir just outside Alexandria, and when Surgeon Commander Sadler made his rounds on Christmas Eve, I was suprised to hear him tell Sister that I could 'go out tomorrow' ! Sister later explained that my 'going out' comprised a say with one of the Cotton Barons named Monieur De La Rue.

PROMPTLY at 11 a.m. on Christmas morning a Rolls arrived at the Hospital and Lieutenant Shute (brother of the Author) and I were transported to the Baron's Mansion, about five miles away. We were greeted by M. De La Rue and introduced in french, to his family. There were fourteen in all, and after a welcome drink we were escorted to the Dining Room wherein we found a large Yule Log burning in the fireplace, although the temperature outside was in the high sixties !

THE WHOLE of the conversation was in french, and after we had been served with soup, not only the plates were removed, but our silk serviettes, embroidered with the family crest, were taken away and replaced, whilst the used ones were thrown into the fire. We had a chicken apiece, from which all the bones had been removed and the bird reassembled in aspic, and the usual Christmas Dinner trimmings and wines. A truly sumptuous repast enjoyed by all.

AFTER this huge meal we were all taken to a cinema in Alexandria, where my Host had booked the entire circle, which apart from 16 seats in the centre, was wholly covered in flowers, the scent from which was almost overpowering. After the films we returned to the Mansion where we completed a most enjoyable day with the family.

THE NEXT DAY Surgeon Commander Sadler, asked me if I had enjoyed myself, and on hearing my account of Christmas Day told me that M. De La Rue had invited me, by myself, to spend another day with the family, which was quite agreeable to me !

ON ARRIVAL at the Mansion at about 11.30 a.m. M. De La Rue met me at the door, and invited me to have a game of billiards with him, and of course I complied. When we had been playing for about a quarter of an hour I was suprised to hear him say to me, in English, "I expect you wonder why I have invited you back today, and alone." I told him I was very flattered to be entertained again, and that, of course, we had all had an immensely enjoyable day on Christmas Day, and that it was kind of him to invite me again.

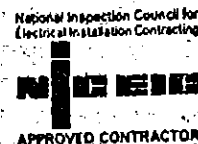
"WELL," he said, "I only invited you for one reason, and what I am about to reveal to you, you must not tell my family. Nineteen years ago M. De La Rue died, without a son, and I, his then manager, was placed in charge of all his estate provided I changed my name to De La Rue, and looked after his family of fourteen until I died. This I agreed to do, and have carried out my former employers wishes to this day, but when you spent the day with us yesterday, although you were kind enough to speak french all the day, your westcountry burr, very detectable, made me feel homesick for the first time for over twenty years. You see my original name was Cross, and I was born in Exeter.

SEA BEE

- - CONTACT - -



*David Frost*  
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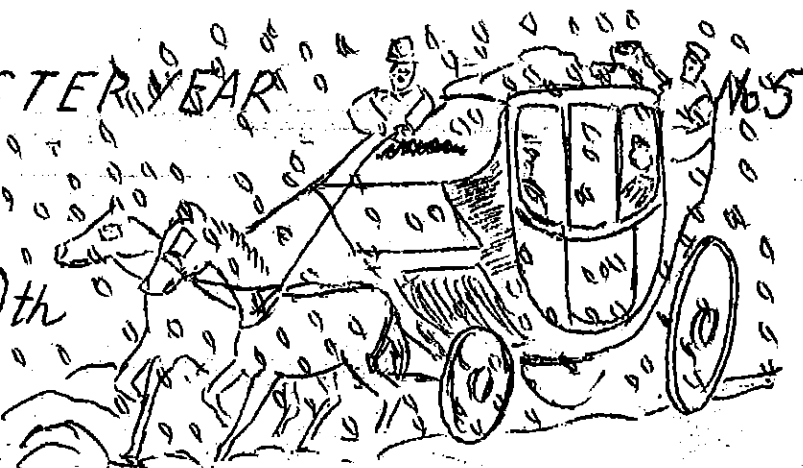
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# TALES OF YESTER YEAR

MONDAY  
MARCH 9th  
1891



The opening of the South Devon Railway from Plymouth to Exeter naturally led to improved methods of travelling, and the ten miles between the nearest station and Kingsbridge was constantly travelled over by a good service of coaches. These in their turn were abolished when the branch line of railway was opened from Brent to Kingsbridge in December, 1893. The ten mile drive from Kingsbridge to Wrangaton Station was at times unpleasant, but probably the severest journey ever made by one of the coaches was on the evening of Monday, March 9th, 1891, when the whole of the South Hams district was visited by a devastating blizzard. A passenger by the evening coach on that evening gave the following graphic description of the journey:

"Having been at Salcombe on business we left the King's Arms Hotel, Kingsbridge, on Monday March 9th, at 5 p.m., in Foale's 'bus for train at Kingsbridge Road Station, 9½ miles away, myself and seven others, in a conveyance only fit to hold six with any degree of comfort. It was a case of close stowage and warmth, but as at starting it was blowing hard from the north-east, with sleet, and the air bitterly cold, the warmth we could well appreciate. In due course we passed the village of Loddiswell, three miles on our journey, where we set down a lady passenger, and took up a gentleman connected with the telegraph department at Exeter, and bound there. At Loddiswell it was still blowing hard, bitterly cold and sleeting, there was also a little snow on the ground, but we little knew then what our experience would soon be. We had only gone a mile from Loddiswell when the 'bus stopped with a jerk; a snowman, or a shapeless mass of snow, with a human being in the middle, appeared. The sudden rush of outer air froze the perspiration-covered 'bus and ourselves into ice in a second. The man, or nondescript being was our driver. He commenced with 'I'm not going any further, I tell you gentlemen, I am not going any further, I can't and won't.' 'Why, what is the matter?' we all asked. 'Matter,' said he, 'I can't see my horses; it is snowing in sheets, and there is a drift in front across the road four feet high.' 'But you can't leave us here,' we all cried, 'we must get on,' said one; 'I have an important engagement at Plymouth,' said another; 'I have one in Teignmouth,' said a third; 'I'm due at the Post Office at 8 o'clock,' said the telegraph official; and so on, until it went the round of all of us. 'Well, gentlemen, I know all that,' said our Jarvie, 'but what can I do?' We then offered him a gratuity of five shillings each, and increased it to ten each, if he would go on, and one said he would keep him company on the box seat. Jarvie then shut the door without a word, and we found the 'bus moving on again after a tremendous jolt as if we had topped something. But we seemed to have gone only a few hundred yards further when it again stopped, and the driver once more appeared, and said, 'It's no use, gentlemen; we are stuck; I can do nothing further, and now there is no possibility of going back the mile we are from Loddiswell; as that road is also blocked by the snow-drift, so you have either to stop where you are until the storm is over or assistance sent, or struggle on through the snow on foot to California Inn, 1½ miles ahead.' Out we gentlemen tumbled from the 'bus up to our knees at once in snow, and blowing a terrific gale from the north-east, with the snow falling in a dense mass, making breathing difficult. We then found the cause of the trouble not to be the driver, for right in front of the horses was a solid mass of snow-drift, eight feet high, caused by the snow being

driven across the fields through a gateway to the opposite road-wall, completely filling the road. So there we were in 18 inches of snow, normal depth, barred both in front and rear by a solid wall of eight feet high, or the height of the hedges.

We held a counsel, and quickly made up our minds to force a passage for ourselves on foot to California Inn, which, as I have said, was 1½ miles away.

We had to leave the poor driver to get assistance at the nearest farm for his horses, as we could do nothing for him. By avoiding roads, which were impassable, taking to the fields, and climbing hedges, under the guidance of one of the passengers, who lived half-a-mile from our destination, fighting our way inch by inch, we eventually reached the California Inn - an ordinary country roadside inn, with very little accommodation, and no other houses near. We were, however, glad of any shelter after our terrible buffeting.

They were nearly snowed up themselves, no entry at the front door could be observed, so we had to go round to the back. We found several other snowed-travellers from the surrounding places in the same predicament as ourselves, all being caught by the extreme suddenness of the storm. The good landlord and landlady did all they could for us, but our numbers astounded them, for at a place like that over twenty extra guests cannot be catered for at once. After being supplied with tea and plenty of ham and eggs in a spare room the inn afforded, we had perforce to make up our minds to stay the night. And what an awful night it was. The wind shrieking around the house, exposed as it was. At daybreak we looked out on a grand sight. The whole countryside covered deep in snow, the roads being full from hedge top to hedge top, and the fields covered to an average depth of three feet, and still snowing and blowing a hurricane.

The Coach remained snowed up from Monday the 9th. to Thursday the 19th March, when the road was cleared sufficiently for it to be got back to Kingsbridge.

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# South Devon Heritage Coast

SOME EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM A CONSULTATION DOCUMENT FROM DEVON COUNTY COUNCIL

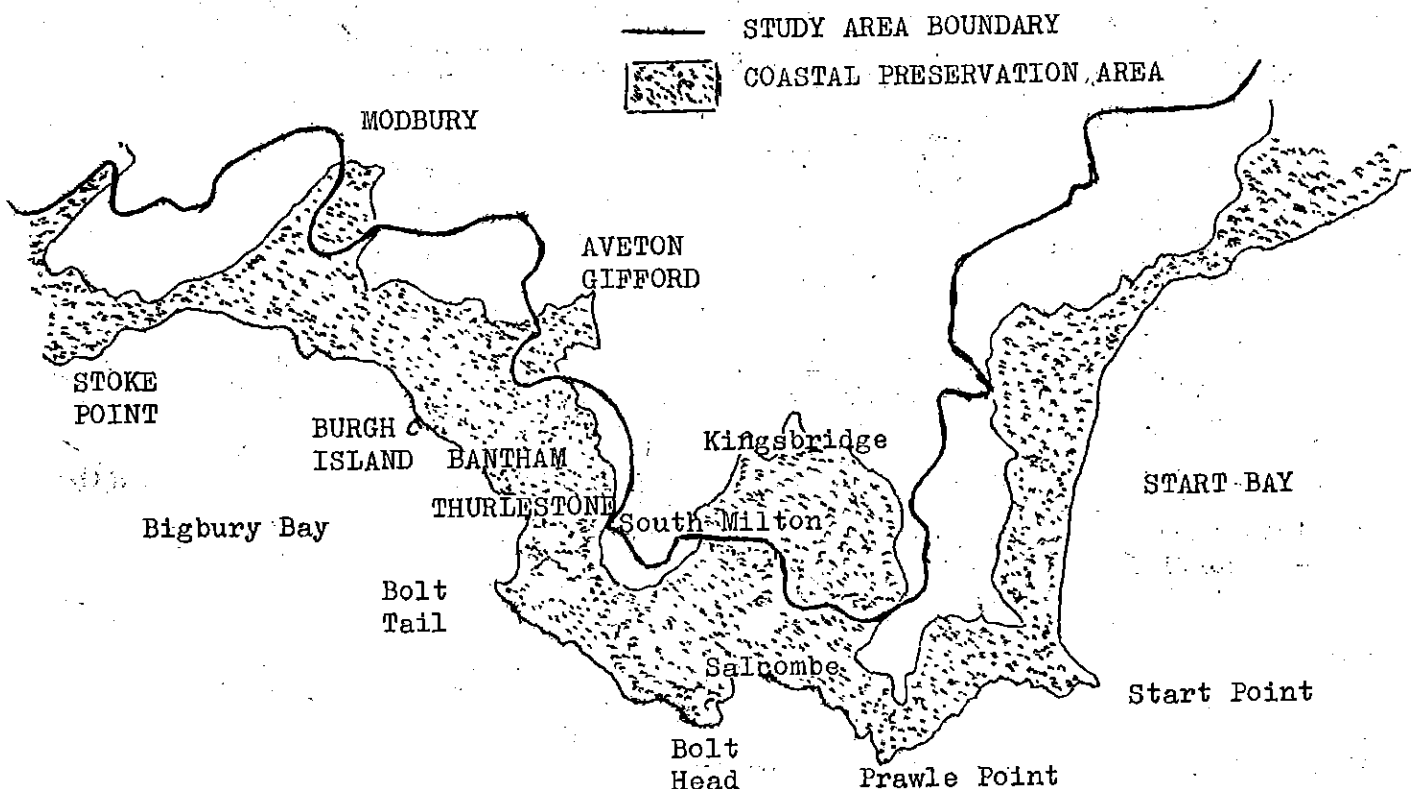
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RETIREMENT to Devon from elsewhere has largely accounted for the County's population growth, and the growing numbers of retired people in the Study Area mirrors this general trend. The high proportion of people of retirement age is particularly evident at THURLESTONE 309 (41%), South Huish 167 (38%), Stokenham 602 (37%), Strete 157 and Malborough 335 (both 36%) and Salcombe 754 (35%).

In 1973 the South West Economic Planning Council suggested that about 9% of all properties in the Kingsbridge area were holiday or second homes. The County average was 1.1%. In 1981 the South Hams District Council found there had been an increase in numbers of second homes, particularly around the Kingsbridge Estuary, and Salcombe where 45% of all properties are estimated to be second homes. Parishes with more than a quarter of the houses used in this way included East Portlemouth 38% (79), THURLESTONE 29% (132) and Slapton 27% (54). Half the parish councils in the Study Area considered this trend to be among the most serious of their problems.

Service industries and agriculture together employ between 82% and 84% of all those working in the area, based on the figures of the Dartmouth and Kingsbridge Employment Offices. On average about 3% of Devon's working population is employed in agriculture, but in the Kingsbridge Employment Office area in 1978, 14% of the available jobs were in farming. Some parishes in the area are even more dependent on this type of work (e.g. 45% in Chivellstone, 42% in Ringmore, 31% in East Portlemouth and 25% in Slapton). In general terms about 70% of those working in the area are employed in service industry, and the only

-----  
This 'map' is only intended to get you interested and involved and gives you just a general idea of what the Heritage Coast Area may be. It does not indicate the more extensive Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty, nor should it be considered as indicating any definitive boundary at any point.



relatively large employers are at Dartmouth, Kingswear, Salcombe, Bovisand and H.M.S. Cambridge, with considerable seasonal employment in the holiday trade at THURLESTONE. Many of those living in the area obtain employment in Plymouth, Kingsbridge, Dartmouth, Kingswear, Totnes, Brixham and Paignton.

Most of the agricultural land within the area is classified as Grade III, with poorer quality land found in the badly drained valley bottoms. About half the farms are dairy farms and another 29% dependent on livestock. Less than a quarter are devoted to cereals, horticulture, fruit and vegetables.

Each year an estimated £20 million is spent by visitors to this area providing temporary jobs and helping to maintain the local economy, although of a seasonal nature. Traffic congestion, as well as the erosion of heavily used areas, is a less acceptable result. The coastline and the immediate rural areas are the attraction for the holidaymakers who stay in the resorts of Dartmouth and Salcombe, and at chalet, caravan and tent sites along the coast. Of the 2,400 units of chalet and static caravan accommodation in the South Hams District, 2,150 (89%) are located close to the coast. Eleven sites have more than 100 permanent units. Less than 400 of the 1100 touring caravan pitches are in coastal parishes, but additional capacity is provided during the peak period on Paragraph '5' and '28 day sites'. Sixty-six sites, in 1982, together accommodated 250 additional touring caravans and 300 tents.

The long distance Coast Path gives good access through most of the area, although the coast is inaccessible from it between Strete Gate and Little Dartmouth. There are many linking footpaths within the area particularly between Dartmouth East and Little Dartmouth, around Start Point, Prawle Point and East Portlemouth, between Bolt Head and Bantham, Wembury and Bovi. and.

#### COASTAL RECREATION

All the beaches in the area are well used at peak holiday periods, particularly the larger ones with good access and car parking. Small isolated coves along the coastline are popular, but rarely come under great pressure.

ACTIVITIES UNDERTAKEN include: SAILING - popular throughout the length of the coast and in the larger sheltered estuaries, with centres at Dartmouth, Kingswear, Salcombe and Newton Ferrers.

WATER SKIING - requiring much space is carried out at Hallsands.

DIVING. - widespread but concentrations at Beesands and Hallsands, Hope Cove, THURLESTONE and Wembury.

SURFING - mainly at BANTHAM and less frequently at Challaborough, Bigbury-on-Sea and Blackpool Sands.

FISHING - Sea fishing trips mainly from Dartmouth, Salcombe, Hope Cove and Newton Ferrers.

BIRDWATCHING - two locations on this generally interesting coastline are particularly important, Slapton Ley and THURLESTONE SANDS/SOUTH MILTON.

WALKING & RAMBLING - the COAST-PATH is inevitably attractive to walkers, and throughout the area, but especially on the estuaries.

THE AVON IS THE MOST IMPORTANT RIVER FOR FRESHWATER FISHING IN THE SOUTH HAMS.

The attractive setting of THURLESTONE Golf Course serves a much wider area than the immediate locality.

TOURIST ATTRACTIONS - include Dartmouth Castle (35,000 visitors - 1980, Sharpitor including Overbecks Museum at Salcombe (25,000 visitors - 1980) Paignton-Kingswear steam railway (300,000 passengers in peak 6 months -1980) Devon Shire Horse Centre at Yealmpton (250,000 visitors 1981). and Kitley Caves (20,000 visitors 1981).

The attraction of the coast to local people, particularly from Plymouth and Torbay, and to holidaymakers is evident. The level of use which different parts of the area have and can be expected to attract in the future, varies considerably. However areas or zones with similar characteristics can be identified and adopted as a guide for their management.

REMOTE ZONES. - where conservation should take priority over public access and where noisy pursuits or recreational activities by large numbers of people would not be encouraged. Facilities should be kept to a minimum.

OVERPAGE:-

# South Devon Heritage Coast

## REMOTE ZONES (continued)

The principal areas being west of Sharkham Point to the Dart Estuary, Two Stones, west of Start Point to Langerstone Point; Gammon Head to Limebury Point; Starehole Bay - to near Bolt Tail, west of Challaborough to Erme Estuary; Erme Estuary to Wembury Point.

**INTENSIVE ZONES** - where large numbers of holiday makers will continue to be received and although it is not anticipated that there should be any substantial expansion of facilities, opportunities could be taken to add to the enjoyment of visitors; and where congestion and erosion exists it could well be helped by better organisation of facilities. Intensive Zones include the popular beaches of Blackpool Sands, Slapton Sands, Beesands, Hope Cove, THURLESTONE, Bigbury on sea, Challaborough and Wembury.

With few exceptions neither the intensive use of the area by holidaymakers nor the other activities undertaken detract from the beauty of this rural area. It has been maintained this way through the planning policies of the local authorities (could we disagree to a degree?) - and by the land management carried out by concerned farmers and landowners. The pastoral seaside setting will no doubt be maintained and reflect the aims of the County Structure Plan and District Plans for the Heritage Coasts. (Let us hope this really will be so!)

Despite this, the effects of increased accessibility and use of the area, new farming practices and natural changes are having an impact. This suggests that there is now a need for greater co-ordination and for clarification of objectives and the means of achieving them.

Furthermore many of the activities taking place which affect the Coast lie outside the scope of formal planning control and can only be satisfactorily accommodated if existing management arrangements are extended to a similar level and type as those in East Devon. (Already a Heritage Coast Area) The increase in population, particularly in the west of the area, together with the need to maintain the numbers of holidaymakers to ensure continued employment in the large service industries which depends on tourism, will

result in intensified activity. To these trends must be added the general increase in leisure time and its greater use for active recreation, which will make increased demands upon and physically affect the coastline and inland rural areas. Certain recreational activities are appropriate and might be accepted in each of the zones. Most facilities could be located within the intensive zones leaving the remote zones free of all facilities but the natural resources themselves. Facilities should be of a scale and type appropriate to acceptable uses, well sited and preferably grouped at the main focal points. In any event facilities should be kept to a minimum.

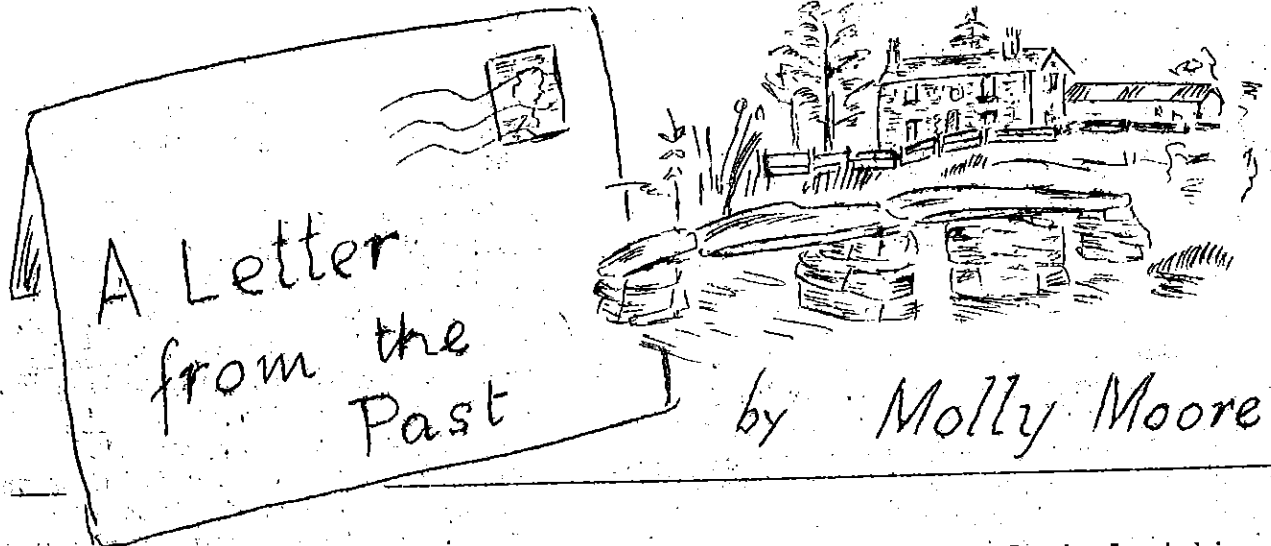
The road system to the remote zones should not be improved so as to encourage more traffic. Signposting and car parking too should not encourage more traffic to enter the Remote Zones. Traffic management (including signposting) should be used to channel traffic along suitable routes to intensive zones and focal points in intermediate zones. Car parking should only be provided at these key points and at a scale appropriate to the road network and the environment.

One of the objectives of a Heritage Coast Plan should be to improve and promote better use of the footpath network for the benefit of walkers, farmers and landowners.

The main value of a new approach to the South Devon Heritage Coast is the co-ordination and liaison it would bring in resolving conflicts between those who live in, work in, or have responsibilities for the area, and those who visit it for recreation. Any service which is provided would complement the major planning policies but cannot replace them or the need to implement them in the area. However it could play an important role in helping to protect and enhance the quality of the area for the benefit of everybody. The approach should be practical and straightforward.

A booklet 'Consultation Document - South Devon Heritage Coast' = 40p+pp. from D.C.C. County Hall Exeter.





MARY TRELOWAN sat at her window, her eyes lovingly taking in the familiar outlines of Dartmoor, of which she never tired. Although it was only May, the day had been as hot as if it were August and had brought a number of people out from Plymouth to enjoy the peace and vast emptiness of the moor - so welcome a contrast to the bustle of city life.

Mary loved Dartmoor in all its moods. It reminded her of her childhood, when she used to roam the hills of Argyllshire with Alec McLeod. At this moment she was reminded of it even more poignantly by the sight of a young couple making their way towards a battered old Mini, their arms entwined and with eyes only for each other. In the young couple she could see herself and Alec forty years ago, but without the Mini: all they had were two old push bicycles and their dreams.

They were rosy dreams, Mary mused. She and Alec would get married, of course, but first he would go to university and graduate with a degree in maths, and she would write and become famous. Alec was clever, especially at maths - Dux of the school the year war was declared, but Mary never won a prize, not even for English, her favourite subject.

But she had always been determined to win one, even by proxy. "When I'm a famous author," she used to tell everyone in and out of Knighton Road High School, "I shall give a prize for creative writing - and never mind silly old grammar."

The sight of the young couple with the old Mini really had loosened and concentrated those memories, and Mary found herself wondering once again, as she had so often wondered over the years, what had become of Alec since that day when, vowing undying love, he had come to Glasgow to see her off on the train when her family had to move to Plymouth. At first there had been long, passionate letters, but they had petered out after Alec joined the R.A.F.

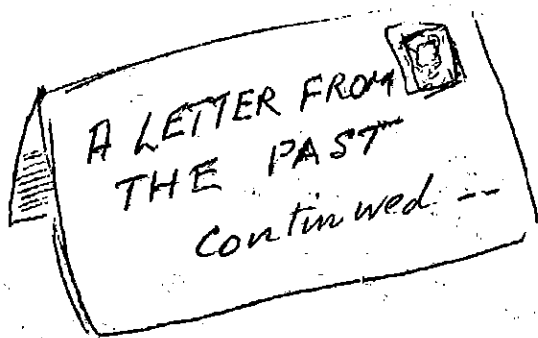
Her own life had been simple enough. She had married a moorland farmer, worked hard and been happy. For long years she had forgotten about writing, but when Tom had died and she had retired to this cottage, the old longings had welled up like a flooding reservoir and burst through the mental dam that had held them back for too long. She wrote every day, pouring her heart out on paper. She wrote about romance and her love of the moor - and she was a success.

As Mary rose and walked to her desk, she caught sight of her reflection in the silver-framed mirror Tom had given her on their Silver Wedding day. Her newly-earned wealth enabled her to dress well and make regular visits to the hairdresser, but the eyes that stared back at her were the same dreamy grey eyes that had met Alec's clear blue ones all those years ago.

Mary gave herself a mental shake. Now she knew what she would do with the cheque that had arrived from her agent that morning. It should be used to fulfil the vow she had made at school. Seating herself at the desk, she began to write:

'Dear Headmaster....'

CONTINUED OVER....



IAN STEWART burst into his office in his usual impetuous fashion. "Anything interesting in the post this morning?" he asked his pretty red-haired secretary, but gave her no chance to reply as he took her in a most unprofessional embrace. "How's my fiancée this morning? I thought I'd never get away from old Johnson. He's not happy with my arrangements for the sports: 'Not the way it was done in Mr. McLeod's day' he told me. The usual story. I can't do anything as well as your father did."

Peggy wriggled free from Ian's arms. "Behave yourself! Suppose one of the children were to come in and find the Headmaster kissing his secretary!"

Ian grinned boyishly. "I expect the whole school knows by now that we're going to be married. But I suppose we'd better get on with the letters; I've a maths class at 10.30."

Peggy smiled tenderly as she watched Ian settling himself in the swivel chair which was once her father's, and using her left hand so that she could see the diamond sparkling on her third finger, Peggy passed over an envelope and letter. "I think this one is really meant for Dad, whoever wrote it doesn't realise that the High School has been moved."

Ian flipped over the envelope. "I don't see why you should assume that it's meant for the present High School. It is addressed to Knighton Road."

"Yes, I know. But it says Headmaster of the High School. Read the letter and you'll see the writer, a Mary Trelowan, says she's a former pupil. I wonder when she was here? I can't remember anyone of that name. It's Cårnish, isn't it?"

Ian whistled in surprise as he read the letter. "It's a very good offer," he said. "Pity we've got a Creative Writing Prize already. Wonder if she'd change it to a maths prize?"

"D'you notice anything about the wording?" Peggy asked. "It says 'To be awarded to the pupil whose creative writing shows most imagination, irrespective of grammar and spelling.'"

Those are the exact words Dad used when donating his special English prize."

"So they are." Ian looked momentarily puzzled. "All the same," he went on, "I don't see why it should go to your father. Although it's addressed to this school, you immediately think your dad should have it. Well, I'm Headmaster here now, and I'll answer it myself." And folding the letter and putting it into his pocket, he stalked out of the room, very much on his dignity.

Peggy didn't know whether to laugh or cry at this display of childish jealousy. She had always been aware of Ian's determination to outshine her father as Headmaster. She had disliked him for it until she realised it was only his expression of insecurity at having to follow such a popular figure. Her father had been a pupil at Knighton Road in the 'thirties; returned as Senior Maths Master after war service and university; and remained as Headmaster until moving to the new school. The only thing that had disturbed the even progress of his life had been the death of Peggy's mother five years ago.

Perhaps if Ian could get upset so easily, she thought, she ought to think twice about marrying him. Blinking back the tears, she tackled the pile of paperwork on her desk with fierce concentration.

There wasn't much chance to talk in the school canteen at lunchtime, but Peggy did manage to say "I'll look through the old registers this afternoon. I might be able to find out when Mary Trelowan was a pupil."

Ian met her placatory smile with an aloof frown. "Don't bother. I can ask her myself when I write."

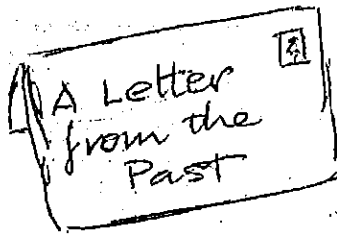
"All right, be like that, then!" Mary flashed at him. "I suppose you won't mind if I just mention the letter to Dad?"

"I'd really rather you didn't," Ian said coldly.

"As you wish," Peggy replied, turning on her heels and, missing the sudden look of misery on Ian's face, tip-tapping her way out of the canteen with head held high.

CONCLUDING.....

VILLAGE VOICE



and, outside in the corridor, hurrying back to the office before anyone could see the tears in her eyes.

Peggy's typewriter chattered furiously all afternoon as she sped through her work at breakneck speed. Leaving the letters which required Ian's signature in a neat pile on his desk, she picked up her handbag and left the school early.

AS IAN PASSED the McLeods' kitchen window that evening on his way to find Alec in the garden, he caught sight of Peggy busy ironing and gave her a nervous smile. When she seemed not to notice, he felt even more miserable and guilty and made his way unhappily to where Alec was working in the vegetable patch.

"I've been such a jealous fool," Ian opened his confession. "Nearly all the teachers at school served under you for years. Whenever I try to change anything, I'm told 'Mr. McLeod wouldn't have done it that way'. I just couldn't persuade myself that Peggy believed in me, either. Now I've spoiled everything over a silly letter." Drawing the letter from his pocket, Ian put it into Alec's hand. "I think it was really meant for you, anyway."

Alec laughed as he took the letter. "Don't be impatient, Ian," he told the younger man. "You should have heard what I had to put up with when I introduced mid-week sports and tennis courts. Most of the staff told me the children would grow up to be idiots if their noses weren't kept to the grindstone."

Ian thought he saw a puzzled recognition in Alec's eyes as the old man examined the handwriting on the envelope, and he noticed Alec's hands were unsteady as he drew out the letter and began to read. He was quiet for so long that Ian became alarmed. "Are you alright, Alec?" he asked, and saw the effort that Alec made to bring his thoughts back to the present. "Eh? Oh, yes, I'm alright, Ian. You go indoors and make it up with Peggy. Tell her I can guess who wrote this letter. Trelovan must be her married name or a pseudonym."

CONCLUDED OVERPAGE.....

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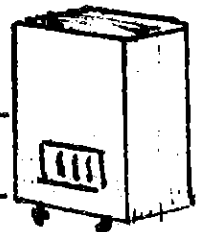
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=====

A LETTER FROM THE PAST - concluded  
from previous page

=====

IAN was with Peggy when, a week later, Alec received a letter addressed in the same handwriting, and they saw him smiling gently as he read the six closely-written pages. Evidently, Mary Trelowan was never short on words.

"Well, what does she say, Dad?" Peggy asked impatiently. "Is it your old schoolfriend?"

Alec's blue eyes twinkled at her. "Yes. It's wee Mary Boyce. She says that since I've given her prize, she'll give one for maths. And, by the way," he tried to sound casual, "She's coming up to present the prize herself. You'll manage to put her up here, won't you?"

"Of course, Dad," Peggy replied, hiding a smile.

Afterwards she confided in Ian. "You know, I don't think Dad will need a housekeeper when we're married. I think he's got plans of his own. END.

+++++

ODE TO A TREE

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me  
Harken ere you harm me.  
I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights,  
the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun,  
and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.  
I am the beam that hold your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat.  
I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, the shell of your coffin.  
I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.  
Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer, harm me not.

-----

This was found on a tree in Portugal.

D.W.D.

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# WHO WOULD ARGUE?

...with the pundit down at the local who insists that you drive better on a couple of pints? After all, it's a well known fact. Everybody has also heard of a friend, or someone who knew a friend, who is only alive today because at the time of the accident he wasn't wearing a seat belt.

Many well known facts are connected with motor-cyclists - such as the fact that they cause all the accidents and then blame the motorists. As for children, it is a well-known fact that once they can recite the Green Cross Code at eight years of age, and once they have passed their cycling proficiency test at ten, they are safe to use the roads.

I haven't the space to go into all the well-known facts about tourists, lorry drivers, children in cars, women drivers, and motorists who have nodding dogs in their rear windows. There are so many well-known facts about, in fact, that it may seem surprising that we are Road Safety keep on at the general public as we do.

It's the statistics that get us going. During 1982 - 5840 people were injured in road accidents in our lovely County of Devon. Over 100 of them died. With casualties on such a scale as this, it is surely obvious that many of our well-known facts need to be challenged.

(Extract of article by PETER GIMBER  
Devon County Road Safety Officer  
writing in Autumn 'Village Green')

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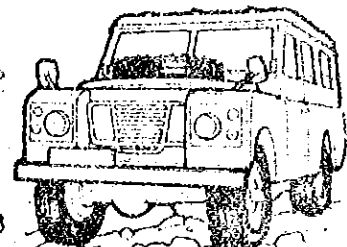
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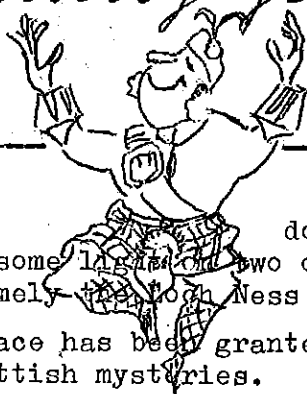
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# Strictly for the Young in heart



THROUGH SPACE generously donated by the Editor I have, I hope, been able to shed some light on two of the great mysteries concerning Scotland and the Scots, namely the Loch Ness Monster, and the Haggis.

I am happy that further space has been granted so that I can offer a solution to the greatest of all Scottish mysteries.

Personally I cannot see what all the excitement is about. I have, on hundreds of occasions worn my kilt and beyond seeing that the selvedge is straight, and the pleats uncreased I have never given the matter any further thought. I have, of course, referred to the matter in conversation with my kilt wearing fellow countrymen, but none of us have ever considered the matter worthy of more than a passing thought.

Notwithstanding the total lack of interest amongst Scots, of both sexes, the question seems to have attained international importance. The question, and the possible answers have been known to take precedence over the question of human rights in the United Nations, the S.D.P./Lib Alliance has even been fractured by the unsolved problem, and it has been suggested that the Russians are delaying the Geneva talks in the hope that the next President of the U.S.A. may be of Scottish descent, and therefore able to give them an acceptable answer to the most important question, at least to a none-Scot, the most important question facing mankind.

I myself have had experience of the intense international interest created by this problem. As soon as I appear in a foreign country wearing my kilt all conversations cease, and movement is frozen. After a few moments there is a slight easing of tension and one individual, braver than the rest, advances, and in humble tones asks the inevitable question.

I have been asked the question in Dutch, German, French, and on one memorable occasion in Mandarin Chinese, the oldest language in the world. Unfortunately as I am unable to speak any of these languages it was, of course, impossible for me to give an answer which the questioner would understand. I carefully placed the first finger of my right hand on the inquirer's lips, indicating the importance of the secrecy surrounding the whole problem.

After this little byplay the questioner returned to his waiting compatriots, who after a few moments of silent and personal mourning, would continue about their affairs possibly sadder, but certainly no wiser than before.

I really cannot understand why this, to a Scotsman, trivial question has attained the world wide importance it has. No one ever worries about ballet dancers tutus, or the fancy uniforms of the Greek Palace Guards, or even the vegetation covered bodies of Hawaiian beauties, but apparently in this, as in everything else Scotsmen are a class apart!

However in view of the importance of this series of Scottish mysteries to the future happiness of the readers, I have decided to give you instructions which, if followed carefully, will solve the problem for each individual concerned.

Marry a kilt wearing Scotsman, and all will be revealed P

IAN YOUNG

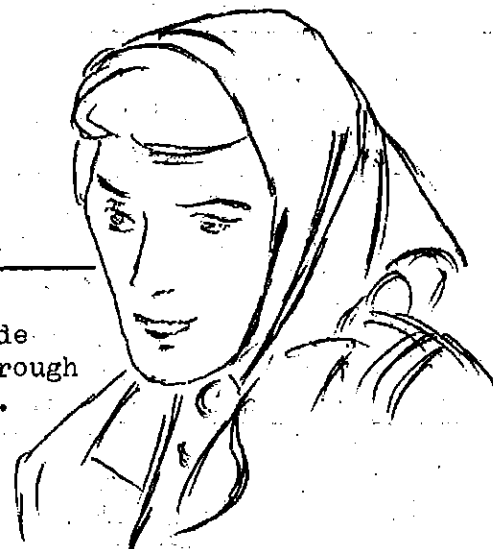
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# The Wrong Note

by AUDREY HATTON



THE DAMP, CLINGING blackness of the countryside that night suited Natalie's mood as she drove through the tree-lined avenue leading to the concert hall. Even the gloom of the caverns between the trees matched her depression. Richard's refusal to come with her, and her own emotional reaction, had robbed her of the hope that this would be an evening she would want to remember.

She had bought the tickets weeks before, determined that her husband should accompany her this time, longing to share it with him. She knew perfectly well, of course, that Richard wasn't very keen on the idea of a piano and cello recital. He would rather stay at home and watch a film on television, or perhaps drop into the village pub for a chat. Not that there hadn't been occasions when he'd come with her: it depended on the programme and the artistes. His first excuse this time had been that the concert clashed with his rugby club committee meeting, but when that was cancelled, he'd grudgingly agreed to come until that very evening. Not more than an hour before they were due to depart, his mother phoned. There had been a burglary next door and she was upset. Would he come over and check all her locks and windows, and see if any additional security could be provided for her?

"You go to the concert, dear," Richard had said. "Ask one of your friends, if you like. I must go and see Mum, she sounds very disturbed."

Natalie pressed the accelerator harder as she remembered how, at that point, she had lost her temper.

He'd only been looking for a loophole to escape the concert, she'd told him, and now he'd found the best one of all - his duty to his mother. Never mind that he knew perfectly well Natalie's love of music. Of course he knew. He was glad enough of the extra money she earned teaching children the piano at home - so long as she finished by 6.30 p.m. in time to prepare his evening meal, she'd remarked bitterly. She reminded him how she had given up playing the piano for the local operatic society because he'd said it took her away too many evenings, especially when there was a show on. And he would never come with her to one of the shows. He would always find some excuse, like tonight.

Natalie hastily dipped her headlights as a warning flash from an approaching motorist told her that her preoccupation was causing problems. Why couldn't his mother have phoned the police and have them check the house for her? she'd asked Richard. It was just an excuse to get him there. If it wasn't a burglar, it was noises in the pipes, or a loose doorknob, or anything else she could use to claim his attention. It was time he realised he had a wife and a home of his own now. "It's a pity you can't be more kind to my mother," he'd snapped in return. "If you showed a bit more concern by visiting her or having her here sometimes, she wouldn't make so many demands on me." And he'd slammed out of the house.

She left the car in the car park and began to make her way towards the concert hall. There were no lights on the paths except those from the buildings around, and she flashed a pocket torch ahead of her to find the paving stones which led through the cobbles. The smooth and the rough, running side by side, and you can choose which to walk on, she thought. Is life like that? Are there two parallel paths, with the choice of following either? Here, she was deliberately choosing the smooth path, but she could be sure that earlier this evening she had no shown such wisdom.

MORE::::::

She passed under the archway and followed the path as it curved round by lighted windows. Occasionally, the paving stones were interrupted and she was forced to walk on the rough cobbles. She entered the massive doors of the hall, and immediately became aware of her isolation. Couples, and groups, stood together, talking, laughing animatedly. She had often wondered what people found to say to one another at times like these. It was the same at the parties which Richard so enjoyed. He could always find something to say, however trivial, but years of listening to him had never taught her the art. Not that she couldn't communicate with people. She just needed time, needed to feel her way carefully, always a little wary until she was sure that, verbally, they wouldn't bite or scratch. She lacked Richard's freedom, his trust. Yet it was always to her that he turned when he needed a judgment of someone's character, depending on her because although reserved, she was observant.

Sometimes she wished she were less aware of her surroundings. Like now, for instance. As she settled in her seat and glanced around the hall, she noticed immediately that there was one dark bulb in each of three candelabra around the walls. And, as she caught sight of the autumnal flower arrangement behind the platform and let her eyes dwell on it, at first with deep satisfaction, she felt a twinge of disappointment as she noticed the floppy head of a dying chrysanthemum at the back. Why! oh why! couldn't people pay attention to detail? Why must they mar their hard work with one small mistake? Sometimes, she had the feeling that everything was set against the finding of enjoyment or fulfilment. The irritations, the flaws would become so apparent that it was impossible to keep them in proportion, they loomed larger than the good things, drowning them in shadow.

She glanced up at the shadows on the wall and her eye was caught by the pale masonry around the arched windows. She had sat here before, her emotions uplifted by the pure sound of the music she had come to hear, eyes being drawn ever higher by those arches until, upheld by the music, it seemed she gazed into heaven itself. But now she noticed that the arch furthest from her was showing signs of crumbling. Perhaps that was what was happening to her own set of ideals and standards. Had she arrived at a flat, factual view of the world which allowed for no romanticising, no cover-up of faults and frailties, but saw everything with stark, uncompromising clarity? She shuddered. She'd always disliked that about Richard. Whenever she had wanted to make an intuitive approach to the great experiences of life, had sought to explore by using not only her senses but that inborn capacity for vision which the artist has, he had always clawed her down to earth, as he put it, by insisting that all experience be subjected to reason. He was right up to a point she knew, but why should reason always have the priority he demanded for it? If reason had been the predominant force in Beethoven's mind, she would not be here tonight, with many others, to listen to his sonatas.

The pianist and cellist, both young men who taught at the adjoining college of music, entered to the audience's applause. With the minimum of fuss and preparation, they began to play and, in seconds, Natalie was swept along on wave after wave of beautiful melody.

She was not one of those people who close their eyes to listen. She liked to look as well as to hear. Perhaps to watch the musicians themselves, noting their technique in particularly exacting passages, or the way their personalities were both revealed and absorbed in their music. And she liked to look at her surroundings, especially here in this beautiful old building.

The music stirred from andante to allegro, a cheerful, bouyant melody which made Natalie glance upwards at the battered arch. It seemed transformed, an ageing soldier returning home with dignity, bearing an honourable wound high on his shoulder. Natalie almost laughed aloud. You haven't outgrown your fancies, she told herself, and suddenly wished that Richard was there to share her thoughts. Oh yes, he would laugh, of course, but not unkindly. She was aware that, in his way, he loved her for her flights of imagination, though at times he sought to control them. Perhaps she hadn't tried hard enough to share with him. Perhaps if she agreed to go along to one of his beloved rugby matches, or to see a film he particularly wanted to watch, maybe he would come with her more often. MORE:::



CONCLUDING ....



## The Wrong Note

by AUDREY HATTON

After all, he loved some of the popular classics, and there was to be a Chopin concert here soon, given by a famous pianist. What was that film he'd wanted to see? She would offer to go with him, and see what happened.

More in sympathy with the world and at ease with herself than she had been for a long time, she settled to listen again. As a new sonata began, her thoughts returned suddenly to Richard. Where was he now? Still mollycoddling his mother? The thought struck a harsh discordant note and she felt ashamed, turning her mind deliberately from it to the music. She concentrated deeply, using each familiar phrase to suppress the unpleasant thoughts just below the surface.

She was watching the cellist when he made a mistake. If she had not known the piece so well, she would never have noticed for, as he nodded apologetically to the pianist, his partner's quick smile acknowledged it, and, with flowing touch, the pianist improvised a disguise for the small blemish, allowing the cellist to blend the discord into new harmony. Like love, thought Natalie, covering a multitude of sins, but this was one very small sin, only a wrong note. Love would do that, though, real love would cover the tiniest flaw..... wasn't that what lovers did for one another? The smallest blemish was excused, explained, forgiven? Her throat grew tight with shame as she remembered her recent feelings towards Richard and his mother. What kind of love did she want to see in him? One which only surrounded and supported her, or one which they both shared and spread around?

The atmosphere in the hall from that moment was something so precious that Natalie wanted to

stay in it for ever. It was as though the pianist's compassionate treatment of his friend's error, the cellist's response to it, and the audience's participation, had created something fresh, something more wonderful than the music they had originally planned. Together they had all become a unity, a rapt assembly drawn into a moment of splendour.

As the music ceased and the applause after the last encore finally faded, Natalie rose to retrace her steps to the car park in a kind of euphoric daze. She was almost there when she realised she'd been walking on the cobbles, torch forgotten, nothing in her mind but the afterglow of that splendid moment.

She drove home slowly. Tomorrow she would find out about the times of that film. And she would begin visiting her mother-in-law.

END.

## Can You Remember?

PARISH COUNCIL MEETING 17th JAN 1950

....a letter was read from the Devon County Council which stated that in view of the economic crisis the work on the Coastal Road between Thurlestone and South Milton, had to be deferred, but it was hoped to re-open the road for light traffic during the summer months. The Parish Council resolved that a letter be written to the County Council, pointing out that far less traffic used the road in the winter months than in the summer, and that by opening the road for the summer months only, it would benefit the visitors, whereas it was local residents who suffered the greater inconvenience. It was further resolved that the DCC be requested to open the road now.

On the 7th March 1950..it was reported there had been no answer to the Clerk's letter other than an acknowledgement. As there is no further Minute on the matter it must be assumed the road was re-opened. -----

DID YOU KNOW....the top of the Font at Thurlestone Church was made by the late Mr John Ingram of West Buckland.

In 1952 Parish Council membership of the Devon Association of Parish Councils cost £1.10 (£1.50p) - now it exceeds £46.00 !!

# The Origin of Popular Expressions

----- by IAN C. YOUNG -----

THERE ARE many expressions which are in daily use amongst all classes of the community, whose origin are completely unknown.

Prompted, as I have often been, by a desire to help my fellow men, and women, I decided to carry out some research into this little known subject, and after years of effort involving hours of study in institutions throughout the World, I am glad to announce that through the good offices of the Editor I am able to announce some of my more interesting discoveries.

MANY YEARS AGO, in mid-winter, when you will appreciate that conditions can be somewhat difficult, a young man was making his lonely way across one of the high passes in the Himalayan Mountains on his way to the sacred city of Ding Dong, where he planned to spend the rest of his life in quiet contemplation of the distant horizon. The young man was not entirely alone as he was accompanied by a Yak, a lovely creature with long brown hair and limpid eyes, like forest pools in summer.

As the travellers made their slow and weary way across the pass they were delighted to see, crouching below the summit, sheltered from the prevailing wind, a small Hotel, with the sign 'T.H.F.' above the door.

The young man hurried down towards the entrance where he was rather disappointed to see a sign, which read: "No Circulars, no Children, no Yaks." However, fastening his Yak to a nearby lamp standard he entered the Hotel and ordered "lemon tea and chocolate biscuits". His order was complied with very quickly, and as he bit into his first biscuit he looked up and there, standing in the doorway, was his Yak watching the happy scene with a sad look in his limpid eyes. The young man smiled, raised his glass of lemon tea and said "I'm all right Yak". This is the first time that the expression 'I'm all right Jack' was used.

\* \* \* \* \*

The twin villages of Upper and Lower Dentures are keen rivals in the cricket field; and their annual match, held alternately in each village on August Bank Holiday, arouses more partisan feeling than the deciding match in the Ashes

test series.

However, the keen competitive attitudes during the actual game has in no way destroyed the sportsmanship which has delighted spectators and team members throughout the long history of the match. A few years ago, just before going in to bat the captain of the Upper Denture team realised that he was a man short. Immediately the captain of the Lower Denture team suggested that an approach should be made to a large white horse, which was grazing in the field adjoining. After a few minutes of conversation the horse agreed to play, jumped the fence, and took his place at the crease, where he defied the Little Denture bowlers throughout the innings, and carried his bat for 64 not out.

When the innings closed, for a total of 198, the players retired to the pavilion for lunch, and the horse jumped the fence and started grazing again, as if nothing had happened.

When play recommenced, with the Little Denture team batting, the Upper Denture captain crossed to the fence and again entered into conversation with the horse, but on this occasion there was no reaction from the horse, who continued grazing, while the captain returned to his waiting team. On being asked about his conservation the captain said: "he looked me in the eye, and said straight out, 'Who ever heard of a horse that could bowl?' "

So that is the first time that a statement came "Straight from the Horses' mouth".

\* \* \* \* \*

In the early Middle Ages the district of South Hams was owned by a knight called Sir Jasper Dogsboddy, who although of ancient lineage was always short of money. Because of this difficulty with his cash flow Sir Jasper was reluctant to buy clothing and other equipment for himself, and other members of his family

Continuing:

VILLAGE VOICE

The Origin of Popular Expressions

One day while walking on Bantam Beach Lady Gertrude, Sir Jasper's lovely wife, discovered a lovely leather jacket, obviously discarded by one of the many visitors who came to the beach from nearby South Milton.

When Lady Gertrude first saw the jacket she thought it might be suitable for Mardant, her eldest son, but closer inspection showed her that it would be too large for the boy, but it would be the right size for Sir Jasper. She took it home, tried it on Sir Jasper and found it would be all right.

This is the origin of the expression "It will be all right on the (k)night."

\* \* \* \* \*

If you would like Ian Young to investigate any of the well used expressions - he will undertake to examine many of his long playing records. Send in a note to the Editor at 10, Backshay Close, South Milton, Kingsbridge. Mark the envelope with a 'X' in the top left hand corner.

=====

EVERY EFFORT is made to keep you informed AND entertained in the pages of 'Village Voice'. A very great deal of work and effort goes into it, not just on the Editorial side, but by the contributors of articles and stories. I am always grateful to record new contributors. So, if you happen to appreciate 'Village Voice' - do please remember it cannot exist without the work and effort of contributors to its contents.

Editor

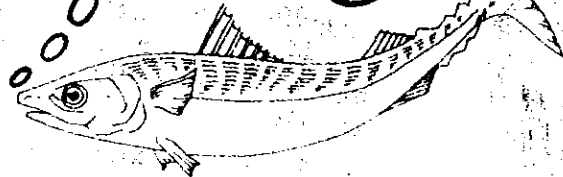
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# The Reasonable Man

Law  
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Feature

THROUGHOUT the law relating to damage claims for injury to life, limb or property, one word stands out like a beacon, a path of light upon which many civil actions stand or fall. That word is negligence.

For a person bringing an action for negligence must prove that the defendant owed him a legal duty of care and suffered damage as a result of a breach of that duty.

Whether or not a duty of care exists in any particular situation is a question of law for the trial judge to decide.

Today the test most readily accepted by the courts to decide whether a duty of care exists is based on a decision of the House of Lords in 1932.

It all arose when a shop assistant became seriously ill after drinking ginger beer from an opaque bottle which contained, she said, a decomposed snail.

She sued the manufacturer who had sold the ginger beer to the retailer who had sold it to her friend. After much argument as to whether or not the manufacturer owed a duty of care to the ultimate consumer of the product, the House of Lords held that he did. In his judgement Lord Atkin laid down the test on the duty of care which is most regularly accepted by courts today:

"You must take reasonable care to avoid acts or omissions which you can reasonably foresee would likely injure your neighbour," said Lord Atkin, who went on to define who, in law, could be held to be a neighbour. "The answer seems to be," he said, "persons who are so closely and directly affected by my act that I ought reasonably to have them in contemplation as being so affected when I am directing my mind to the acts or omissions which are called into question." It is on this definition that courts usually decide whether a duty of care is owed or not.

The injury caused need not be physical. In recent years courts have held nervous shock to be sufficient providing physical or mental harm follows and shock arises from the fear of physical injury to oneself, close relatives such as children, or even workmates. This was extended quite recently to include a man who suffered shock as a result of the horrors he saw as a voluntary rescuer at the scene of a major train disaster.

A recent Act of Parliament gives the government power to make regulations controlling the design, manufacture, and packaging of most types of goods, and even the instructions for using the goods. Once regulations have been made for a particular product, a person injured because the product does not comply with the regulations will have to prove that the manufacturer owed him a duty of care in order to succeed in a claim for damages.

The ambit of duty of care has been extended to include careless statements. To hold someone responsible for financial loss caused by a careless statement, the plaintiff must show he relied on the special skill and judgment of the defendant in making the statement and the defendant knew, or ought to have known, of the reliance being placed on him. Normally there is no duty to act positively for the benefit of others. In effect the breach of duty consists in omitting to do something a reasonable man placed in the defendant's position would do or doing something a reasonable man would not do. The care a reasonable man would show varies with the circumstances but the test remains the same. Relevant factors may be considered and these include the magnitude of the foreseeable risk and whether or not the defendant in an action was faced with an emergency.

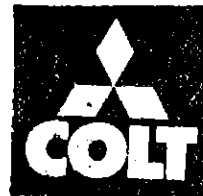
In sporting events mere errors of judgment or lapses of skill on the part of a player will not render him liable for injury to the spectator. Only reckless disregard of a spectator's safety or a deliberate intent to injure him would make a player liable in law and the damage caused must be a direct result of the defendant's conduct and not too remote. Contributory negligence must also be considered. Since the Law Reform (Contributory Negligence) Act 1945 a person who has partially contributed to the cause of his own accident will get his damages cut. If 50% responsible the damages could be halved.



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# DEVONSHIRE CIDER

by Dr. NEVILLE C. OSWALD

THE HARVEST is in, Yuletide and the New Year are upon us, so let us celebrate. But how? A couple of hundred years ago the answer was cider and I believe it is possible to reconstruct fairly accurately how things were then in Thurlestone.

We know from the Earl of Devon's detailed map that there were little apple orchards dotted all over the parish and it takes little imagination to picture whole families picking the ripened fruit and carting it off to one of the presses. The largest one was at West Buckland and there was another at Clannacombe; doubtless there were other smaller ones. Then, when New Year's Eve came along, we might have found Mr. William Adams, the yeoman owner of Thatchways opposite the rectory, sitting in front of his fire with a pint of cider in one hand and a pipe in the other and Mr. John Shepherd doing the same thing at The Cottage just below on the other side of the street. What were they thinking about? They might well have been spitting mad. Let me explain.

Devonians started to make cider in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I and by about a hundred years later, say 1650, it had become a popular drink with a thriving export market. Barrels were rolled down to little landing stages in the various creeks and estuaries along the coast. Presumably most of the Thurlestone cider was taken from West Buckland to Bantham, where it was transported either to Plymouth or Dartmouth direct or by way of Kingsbridge or Salcombe. From there it went to London and other parts of the country. Devon provided as good cider as any county and it sold for 20 shillings a hogshead or 25 shillings if it came from the South Hams.

The quality of the apples varied from year to year and indeed from tree to tree and branches from trees yielding the best strains were grafted onto others with a view to increasing the market value of the cider. By the early 1700s, when competition between growers had become brisk, a pretty far-fetched encounter took place. Mr. Hugh Stafford, a landed gentleman living outside Exeter, found a tree whose apples yielded the finest cider he had ever tasted. As it was a "wilding", not having been grafted, he called the strain Royal Wilding and carefully controlled its propagation. He had no objection to his neighbours grafting from it and charging up to five guineas a hogshead but he feared growers in the South Hams with their better soil and who were, he thought, not above uprooting and stealing a tree on a dark night. When this did not happen he decided they were probably satisfied with their own favourite, White Sour, and being "so wrapped up in their own sufficiency" they probably would not bother him.

The rival merits of Royal Wilding and White Sour for long remained unresolved and were finally settled in a civilized fashion. A gentleman from the South Hams waited for a vintage year and issued a challenge to a grower of Royal Wilding. The two men tasted and deliberated and "such was the generosity in their breasts that each affirmed that his was the worst." Alas, shortly afterwards Royal Wilding and White Sour disappeared without trace.

The industry reached a peak in the 1750s, and stimulated by increasing imports of wine from France, some enterprising individuals tried to improve the taste of the cider by adding sage, clary and powdered angelica root. Then just when things were going well, the Government imposed a tax of 50 shillings on each hogshead. This virtually killed the further development of refined strains and blends and led to the neglect of orchards in isolated villages like Thurlestone which for a time supplied no more than local needs. That is why I think Mr. William Adams and Mr. John Shepherd may have been fed up.

The industry picked up again by the end of the century and prospered throughout Victorian times. The South Hams, especially Batson, once more supplied its high quality cider and contributed to the record year of 1870 when 11,265 hogsheads were exported from Exeter and Dartmouth (including Salcombe) between them. Devon had its own hogshead, namely 63 and not 64 gallons, which means an awful lot of cider. By that time cider mills could turn out 15,000 gallons a day, as they still do mainly in Somerset. I am inclined to think that Thurlestone is the poorer for having abandoned its orchards and presses.

# A remarkable success story...

I cannot possibly enter another New Year without acknowledgement to all who have so generously given of their time in writing stories and articles, making drawings and sending in so many items of interest for the pages of 'Village Voice'.

Although it is a free issue throughout our parish - and sold for a very nominal sum outside - I can think of no better term than to say every issue is a 'sell out'. I have a job to hang on to a library copy! The answer is simple - the quality of all those contributions to the contents of the magazine - and hope - fully all those contributors will continue to inform and entertain and be joined by others.

Thank you for your support without which there can be no worthwhile publication. This is a year when 'Village Voice' is to be entered in the Community Council of Devon Village Venture Competition (for which the first prize in the class for village magazines and newsletters is £100 and a plaque to hang on the Village Hall wall.)

Like little Oliver - I always ask for more!

I would particularly thank four people who have been so consistently supportive from the very beginning - Rosemary Stocken, Dr. Neville Oswald and Kendall McDonald, with special mention for James Derounian, Rural Officer with the Community Council of Devon who perhaps as much as anyone put the match to the fuse which blew up as 'Village Voice'.

## Parish Rate...

I read (from the Winter issue of the 'Local Council Review') that all over England and Wales district council pressure - polite and otherwise - is being put on parishes to restrict their rate precepts to avoid pushing districts over the Government limit and so make them liable to lose grant. However, as the Secretary of the Sussex Association of Local Councils

The contributors whom we all have to thank for making Village Voice so interesting, entertaining and informative.

+ + + + +

John BARRETT  
BUZBY  
Gary BLIGHT  
Shirley BARRINGTON  
Patrick COLEMAN  
John CASSON  
Walter DEE  
John EVE  
Mary FINLAY  
Malcolm FREEMAN  
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Eileen GRANT  
Audrey HATTON  
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Dr Neville C. OSWALD  
Kendall McDONALD  
Michael ORR  
Rita PARSONS  
Fred SILLIBEER  
Eric STIDSTON  
Brenda STEEL  
Rosemary STOCKEN  
Jack THOMAS  
Pat TOWNSEND  
Mark TOWNSEND  
VILLAGER (R.W.P.A....?!)  
A.J. WEBB  
Evelyn SNOWDON  
Jean & Derrick YEOMAN  
Mike YEOMAN  
Ian C. YOUNG  
Dudley TYAS

is reported to have remarked: "Most parish councils would'nt know how to be reckless if they tried.."  
Thurlestone parish has not, in my time anyway, ever exceeded a 1p rate precept on the district, and as its Clerk and Treasurer I can state categorically our district council will not go 'into the red' because of this parish!  
Mind you, if the parish required a new Burial Ground because the Churchyard were full that would be a very serious case of borrowing and the consequent annual interest charges. D.W.D.

# Walter Dee is disenchanted



I do not believe I can be the only person who has become increasingly disenchanted, even somewhat incensed by the platitudes and attitudes of the South Hams District Council.

The Clerk to the Dartmouth Town Council is reported as saying, on her retirement after 40 years service to that Council (bless my soul!) ..... "each day, almost, we have brought to our attention decisions by our overlords that savour increasingly of George Orwell's predictions for 1984." "I think," went on this worthy lady, "that both sides are to blame, staff often regard their work as a 9 to 5 job with cushioned increments, and a reluctance to do just that little more than the job requires: And as far as Councillors are concerned, I feel that in some cases there is not that degree of commitment that in the past has been more.... total."

To see the real truth of those remarks just browse through your local paper 'The Gazette'. Aveton Gifford Parish Council ask, "Why wasn't the parish council consulted when the South Hams District Council agreed to go ahead with the industrial units". "Why was it made secret?" "Who decided that the present site is the only suitable site in Aveton Gifford?"

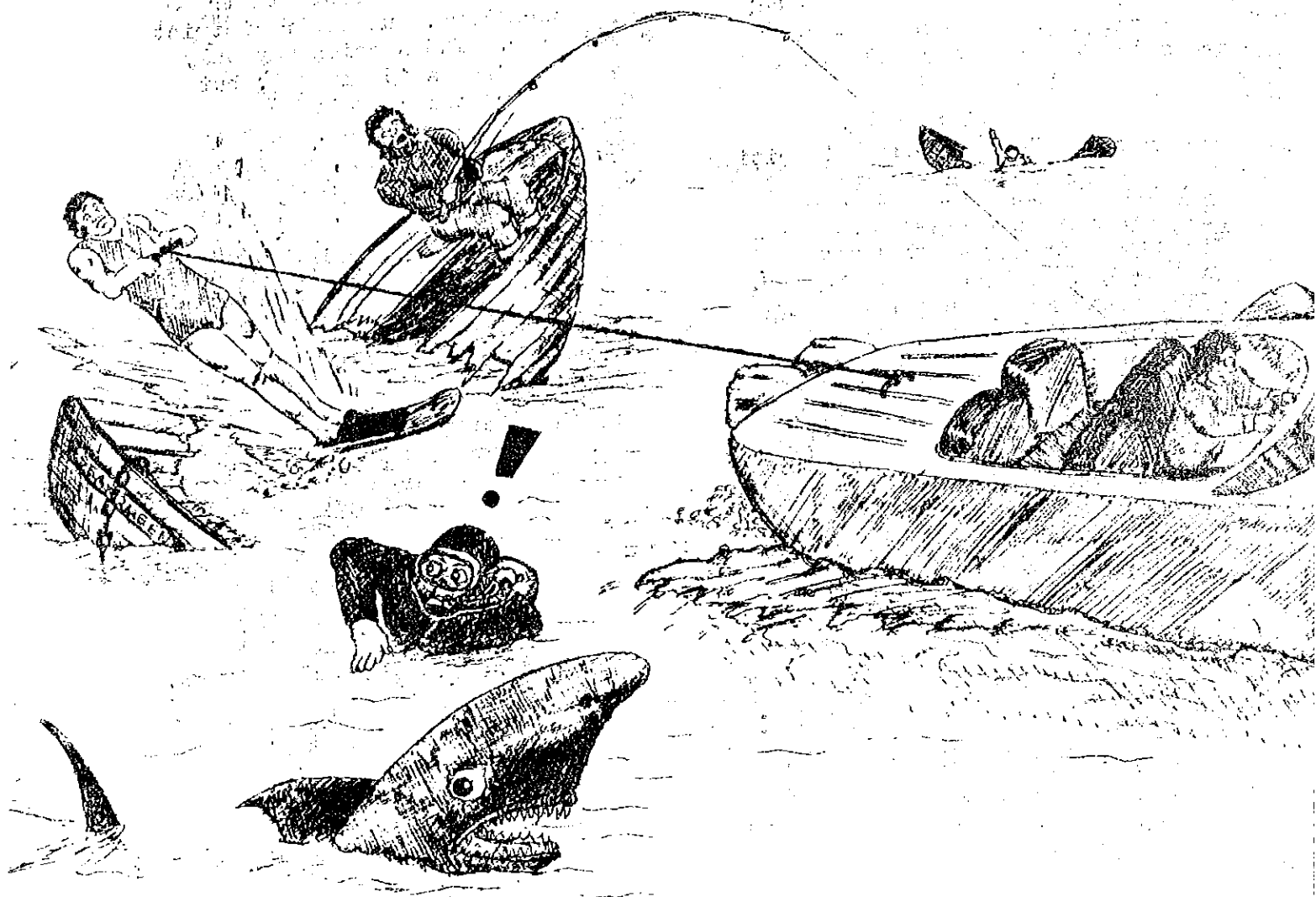
Modbury Parish Council express, "bitter disappointment and regret" at the District Council planning decision. The 'Crabshell' decision continues to leave protesters sadly frustrated and now, much nearer 'home' it is reported that waterskiing will be allowed on the complete length of the River Avon Estuary. Capt. Blazeby is reported as recommending the Estuary for such use. Should he not, perhaps, 'declare an interest', for I can imagine he wants to ensure there is no possibility of water-skiing being promoted anywhere near him. A Mr. Yonge, who happens to be District Councillor for Yealmpton says that 'the sports centre committee has agreed that waterskiing should be allowed on the Avon and I think there is much to be said for its view'. Well, why not the Yealm Estuary or even the Erme at Mothecombe. It seems to me it's quite O.K. as long as 'it isn't in my backyard'. The Devon County Council Heritage Coast document states 'water-skiing requires an extensive area and is carried on at Hallsands'.

Capt. Blazeby states the Avon Estuary is little used compared to Salcombe. Obviously quite true. The Avon Estuary has managed with a little water skiing by a few reasonably concerned people over quite a number of years - but little becomes more and more. A remote & beautiful area destined for inclusion in the County Heritage Coast scheme as a haven for wildlife with quiet fishing and sailing. The Bantham sailing Club has around 150 members I believe. What of them?

Water skiing is a great sport for those taking part in it without a doubt - but it does need an extensive area, which simply does not exist on the Avon except perhaps occasionally on a flood tide. If you see it then you might well be deceived. It is a minority sport. A disruptive sport. A dangerous sport. A wonderfully exhilarating, exciting sport - but nobody in their right mind - no authority who give the matter thorough and exacting examination can surely ever decide that the Avon Estuary is a suitable or desirable place for such a space eating pastime. Thurlestone and Aveton Gifford Parish Councils are on record against waterskiing on the Estuary. Are we simply to see one more instance where communities are subjected to 'George Orwell treatment'.

Walter Dee





G. Blight

# A Guide through the Jungle

'Seeing the Wood for the Trees', by James Derounian, Price £1 - Community Council, County Hall, Exeter

The new 34-page handbook from the Community Council of Devon is an accurate compendium of all the regulations on the preservation and control of tree felling, and the grants available for replanting. The author threads his way authoritatively through the jungle - in my view an unnecessary jungle - of Felling Licences and Tree Preservation Orders. Rules for trees in Conservation Areas, for trees in planning consents - trees in the way of development; all are dealt with.

It has a very useful list of the addresses of all the Planning Authorities in Devon and their various systems of communications and contacts on tree matters. In most authorities care for amenity extends to informing parishes; in some to the Devon Trust for Nature Conservation and Royal Society for the Preservation of Birds also.

The text avoids much of the jargon of statutory regulations, and is relieved by jolly anthropomorphic illustrations. As no amount of Regulation or Protection by Order will extend to the natural life of that growing organism, the tree, I am glad to see emphasis on aids to replanting.

There is a careful list of Free Tree Schemes and how planting grants may be obtained. Another list suggests useful publications, some of which are free.

The list of voluntary organisations unfortunately omits the most senior body, the Royal Forestry Society of England, Wales and Northern Ireland. It also lists as a trade organisation a body that does not trade, Timber Growers United Kingdom. It would be useful to include the Forestry Training Association which gives training in the techniques of planting and in safety matters, such as the correct handling of tools.

Altogether the author is to be congratulated on putting together so much useful information in one slender handbook.

MICHAEL HARLEY

# Open Forum

Democracy does begin at the grass roots. Democracy can only be seen to work, even at parish council level, if it is made generally known that every parishioner is welcome at the regular meetings of the council.

For some years now Thurlestone Parish Council (and the adjoining Parish of South Milton) have been holding a OPEN FORUM SESSION at some stage when Council business is temporarily suspended. It is a time when members of the parish can ask questions and make comments, not only on issues before their own councillors, but their district councillor. The session may only last for perhaps 15 minutes, but any point raised can either be answered there and then, or left until the next meeting, so that it can be properly researched and put on the agenda.

The whole procedure is intended to do away with any 'them and us' attitude, and to clear any misunderstandings more quickly and to the greater satisfaction of the community.

It is the District Council which has the authority to make most of the decisions - particularly in planning - but the Parish Council is the 'ear of the inhabitants' and is there to pass on the majority view. They are the first line of defence, and it should always be up to the District to make its decisions after hearing all views.

A parish council exists to serve its community it is up to the community to make the fullest possible use of it - by taking advantage of these Open Forums.

Voice your opinion where it can be heeded !

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VILLAGE VOICE is a 'freelance' publication. It's pages are open for YOUR point of view on any local matter - barring politics and nuclear missiles.

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South Hams Theatre & Arts Trust

Monthly Programme of Events at

# KINGSBRIDGE THEATRE & CINEMA

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with choreography by Pauline Bristow

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Wednesday & Thursday, January 11th & 12th, at 8p.m.

PETER SELLERS, DAVID NIVEN, HERBERT LOM, JOANNA LUMLEY

## TRAIL OF THE PINK PANTHER (Certificate PG)

There is only one Inspector Clouseau: his adventure continues.



Wednesday & Thursday, January 18th & 19th, at 8p.m.

SEAN CONNERY, BETSY BRANTLEY

## FIVE DAYS ONE SUMMER (Certificate PG)

The story of a middle-aged man with an overwhelming obsession for a  
young woman . . . and she for him.



Friday, January 20th, at 8p.m.

A recital of popular pianoforte works, featuring composer pianists from Mozart  
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South Hams concertgoers who recall the visit of Julian Lloyd-Webber will remember the brilliant  
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# Winged Farmers

N A T U R E W E S T

by PATRICK COLEMAN

WHILE walking in the local woods last weekend I decided that this year's crop of sweet chestnuts was good enough to harvest.

As I began to fill my pockets with the more succulent ones I noticed that a number of woodland animals had been there before me. It wasn't long before I spotted a pair of jays busy under another tree and I stopped to watch for a spell.

They were rifling the spiky cases of the nuts and swallowing as many as they could before flying away with a full crop. I was aware of their habit of collecting acorns and beech mast in this way but I had not previously seen them so busy with sweet chestnuts.

Acorns, of which there was an abundance in the wood, are the most important part of the jay's diet. One observer noted that a jay could swallow up to nine acorns at a time and that one bird could take over 2,000 in one month's activity.

As the birds then plant most of the acorns in moist soil as a food store, the consequences are of vital importance for the future of the oak tree.

The stores hold more than the jays can cope with during the winter so the following spring sees a number of them germinating and growing as seedlings. This worries the jay not at all as young oak seedlings are ideal food for its next brood of growing nestlings. Of course a large number of the seedlings survive even this to produce the next crop of oak saplings - all thanks to the farming activities of the jay.

Perhaps in my local woods the jays are providing the next crop of sweet chestnuts as well.

Patrick Coleman.

The collection of articles and superb illustrations produced by

PATRICK COLEMAN

for the Western Morning News over the last year have now been published in book form

'NATURE WEST' price £1.95 from your local bookshop

# A GENTLE COUNTRY STROLL

NATURE, it is said, is quick to offer compensation. So, perhaps, it is not suprising that so many people find today in Nature a soothing balm to calm the irritations produced by the hurly-burly of modern concrete living.

Patrick Coleman has month after month held his illustrated dis-course with Nature - and now he has produced a book - Nature West: (published by ECO South West).

Do not devour the book: It is to be read as gently as it is written or sipped as delicately as a country wine.

Read the year from January, through to spring and summer and autumn to December. Read of the salmon spawning; of sadness over the badger. Listen to the noisy; calling birds on the clifftops of Devon and Cornwall; savour the cowslip memories of Plymouth, marvel at the ruthless sparrow hawk.

Mr Coleman, with his vast knowledge of animals, natural history, and human evolution, has administered Nature's balm so well.

He hopes to produce a major work on the Natural History of the Tamar Valley "when time permits". Take time, Mr Coleman, please make time.

K.S.

In a quiet corner of 'Thursday Plus' issued with the "Western Morning News", in a gentle yet intriguing style, you can read a Nature West item every week.

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## THE NEXT ISSUE

of Village Voice

will cover the MARCH-APRIL period

Articles and stories by the end of January at the latest.  
Notice of forthcoming Events by 15th February.

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YOU MIGHT BUY SOME GROCERIES A BIT CHEAPER IN 'TOWN' but you've got the cost of travel and the hassle of parking your car or waiting for your bus. WHY ?

BROADS DAIRY (Mr and Mrs Gordon Bromfield) on Thurlestone 230 (They also run the village sub-Post Office - note a different telephone number - Thurlestone 624 the VILLAGE STORES (Mr and Mrs Bob Morley) who also have a NEWSAGENCY and deliver newspapers and magazines all over the area are on Thurlestone 211

and at SOUTH MILTON - Mr and Mrs Blight run the SOUTH MILTON STORES and also the village sub-Post Office - Telephone 235

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In the adjoining parish SOUTH MILTON GARAGE (John Wallis) will not only service your car but sell you a 'new' SECOND HAND ONE. CALOR GAS SUPPLIES are now also available here.

When the question of a NEW CAR arises you really should try out a new COLT - the car with an unlimited mileage THREE YEAR WARRANTY. Chris Waterfield at the SALCOMBE ROAD GARAGE, Marlborough (Tel: code 9 - 561333/561366) - would be happy to arrange a trial run. No obligation, of course.

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RICHARD MCCARTHY on Thurlestone 321 operates a BOTTLED GAS DELIVERY SERVICE and can supply you a SUPER SER HEATER. Everyone should have an alternative means of heating. Also Milk delivery service.

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IF THE VIEW OUT OF YOUR WINDOWS IS NOT WHAT IT SHOULD BE - there is a simple answer. Ask GRAHAM JEFFERY on Thurlestone 851 to come and clean them for you.

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The GARDEN SHOP, Fore Street, Kingsbridge are agents for the INTERFLORA SERVICE  
Call - or phone Kingsbridge 9 - 2541

The Kingsbridge HEALTH FOOD CENTRE, Church Street, also have the TELEFLOWER SERVICE - phone Mrs Hewson on Kingsbridge 9 - 3988. Here you can also obtain ALL HEALTH FOODS including 'Selenium A.C.E' - a non-drug help to some sufferers with rheumatism.

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THATCHING & PATCHING - requires special skill. Ask for an estimate from local thatcher C.R.BROOMHEAD, 3 Island View, Thurlestone. Tel. Thurlestone 584

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MILK - EGGS - BUTTER - POTATOES - YOGURT, etc. Delivery service throughout the parishes of Thurlestone and South Milton. PETER BROMFIELD, Well Park, Links Road, South Milton. Telephone THURLESTONE 888.

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You can't beat  
the old Village Inn  
for tasty bar meals!

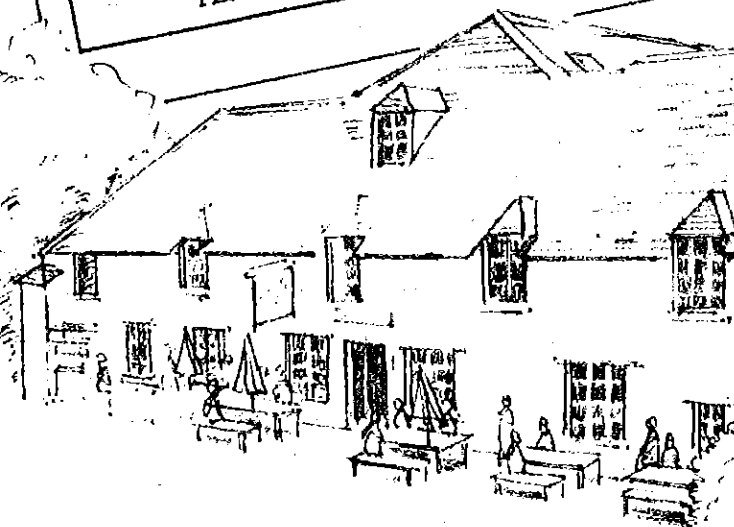
### Village Inn Selection

#### OUR EXCELLENT FOOD INCLUDES

Hot soups  
Farmhouse Pate  
Smoked Salmon Pate  
Hot Smoked Mackerel  
Ham Baps  
Pasties  
Ploughmans  
Pizza

Home Made:-  
Cottage Pies  
Moussaka  
Lasagne  
Chilli Con Carne  
Salads Various  
Apple Pie and  
Cream

Also real Ales, fine wines and spirits.



Thurlestone Village Inn  
Telephone Thurlestone 452