

Number Twelve



*a digest of village news
a forum for village views*

May - June 1984

PUBLISHED BY THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL

Articles, stories, news items, notification of forthcoming events for publication are welcomed. The opinions expressed in "Village Voice" do not necessarily represent the views of the Thurlestone Parish Council.

ANNUAL PARISH COUNCIL MEETING - TUESDAY 22nd. MAY 1984 at 7.30 pm

THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL

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South Hams Theatre & Arts Trust

Monthly Programme of Events at

KINGSBRIDGE THEATRE & CINEMA

Wednesday & Thursday, May 2nd & 3rd, at 8p.m.



Burt Lancaster
"LOCAL HERO"

(Certificate PG)

Bill Forsyth's film set in the Highlands of Scotland.



Wednesday & Thursday, May 9th & 10th, at 8p.m.



Burt Reynolds & Goldie Hawn
"BEST FRIENDS"

(Certificate PG)

Marriage is a funny thing to do if you want to stay best friends!



Wednesday & Thursday, May 16th & 17th, at 8p.m.



Paul Newman & Charlotte Rampling
"THE VERDICT"

(Certificate 15)

with Jack Warden, James Mason, Milo O'Shea.



Wednesday & Thursday, May 23rd & 24th, at 8p.m.



John Travolta
"STAYING ALIVE"

(Certificate PG)

The all-action dance movie of the 'eighties.



Wednesday & Thursday, May 30th & 31st, at 8p.m.



Christopher Reeve & Richard Pryor
"SUPERMAN III"

(Certificate PG)

If the world's most powerful computer can control even
Superman — no-one on earth is safe!



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

Kingsbridge

Theatre and Cinema

JUNE PROGRAMME

DATE

FOR YOUR DIARY

MONDAY 2nd JULY

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY
June 6th & 7th, at 8pm. FILM

David Bowie, Tom Conti,
Ryuichi Sakamoto :

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE. (Cert 15)

A thought provoking film that will
haunt the memory long after viewing.

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY,
June 13th & 14th, at 8pm. FILM

Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange

"TOOTSIE" (Certificate PG)

The comedy hit of 1983, which earned a
"Best Actor" Academy Award for
Dustin Hoffman.

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY,
June 20th & 21st, at 8 pm. FILM

Michael Caine and Julie Walters

"EDUCATING RITA". (Certificate 15)

Willy Russell's award-winning play made
into a film that gained three Academy
Awards: Best Actor (Michael Caine),
Best Actress (Julie Walters), and Best
Film.

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY,
June 27th & 28th, at 8pm

Details of the film to be shown on the
above dates will be advertised in the
'Kingsbridge Gazette' issue of 22nd June

DID YOU BOOK YOUR TICKET FOR THE
'ANY QUESTIONS SESSION' to be held
by Thurlestone Conservatives at the
PARISH HALL on THURSDAY 3rd. MAY 1984
at 7.30 pm for 8 pm. SPEAKERS are to
include Mr. ANTHONY STEEN M.P. and
Mr. ARNOLD SAYERS. C.C. and Mr. JACK
THOMAS. Contact Mrs Jean Sadler at
Cedar Rose, Thurlestone for more
information.

THE ROYAL SHOW,
STONELEIGH
Warwickshire .

THE WORLD'S LARGEST
AGRICULTURAL SHOW

A DAY TRIP to the Show is being
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went.

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Sloop Inn. Return approximately
12.00 midnight.
Price approx. £12 (to be confirmed)

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Kingsbridge 560489

SEWERAGE : W. BUCKLAND

The Parish Council have been
advised that following a meeting
between South West Water and the
District Council, authority has
been received by the District
Council to carry out a detailed
investigation of the Sewerage
System commencing in East
Buckland to determine:-

- what properties drain to the
system and
- whether or not a septic tank
is present on the system.

It is anticipated the survey will
commence in May 1984.

LATE NEWS. It is understood
the Parish Council have
recommended to the South Hams
District Council, where they
consider the most appropriate
sites for Low Cost 'Starter'
homes and a Playing field Area
should be situated, based on
the proposals of the Draft Written
Statement and Plans for the
Future of the South Hams.

VILLAGE VOICE

Edited on a bi-monthly basis for THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL by the
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Devon TQ7 3JU. Tel: Kingsbridge (0548) 560533

Contributions of articles, stories and other items of interest are
always welcomed by the Editor. Enquiries with regard to ADVERTISING
should also be sent to him.

Number 12. MAY-JUNE 1984.

This issue 450 copies plus

..... SPECIAL NOTE

The Thurlestone Telephone Exchange has now ceased to
exist and all Thurlestone numbers are now on the
Kingsbridge Exchange.

Owing to the necessity for advanced 'printing', many
advertisements in this issue still indicate the
Thurlestone Exchange number. This should be amended
in all instances to KINGSBRIDGE and all numbers now
bear a prefix of 560. Everything will be put right
by the next (July/Aug) issue.

.....

EDITORIAL

I read an short article in a recent issue of 'Farmers Weekly' by someone
called Harry Hope. "As a word merchant who regularly knocks up to 10,000
words a week on technical farming subjects, I cannot remember when I last
sent a non-essential letter to members of my immediate family, ageing
relatives or the few friends I can claim.....Let's face it, when it comes
to mundane chat, we reach out for the receiver - a Buzby inculcated
automatic reaction. And the result is that honeyed words of endearment,
amusement, comfort or just mundane chumminess are never recorded for
pleasure, reference or posterity."

The question is does it matter? Letters record the major and minor details
of life, as it is lived when they are written. They are the raw material
of autobiographies, biographies and slants on the business, political and
social scene of the day, not counting those that are kept next to the heart
till they go tatty and disintegrate. Perhaps, the most valuable of all?

Without coherent and decipherable letters, history and informed comment as
we know it could come to an end. Is it not time we made a conscious effort
to resuscitate the letter writing art, before it withers on the vine?

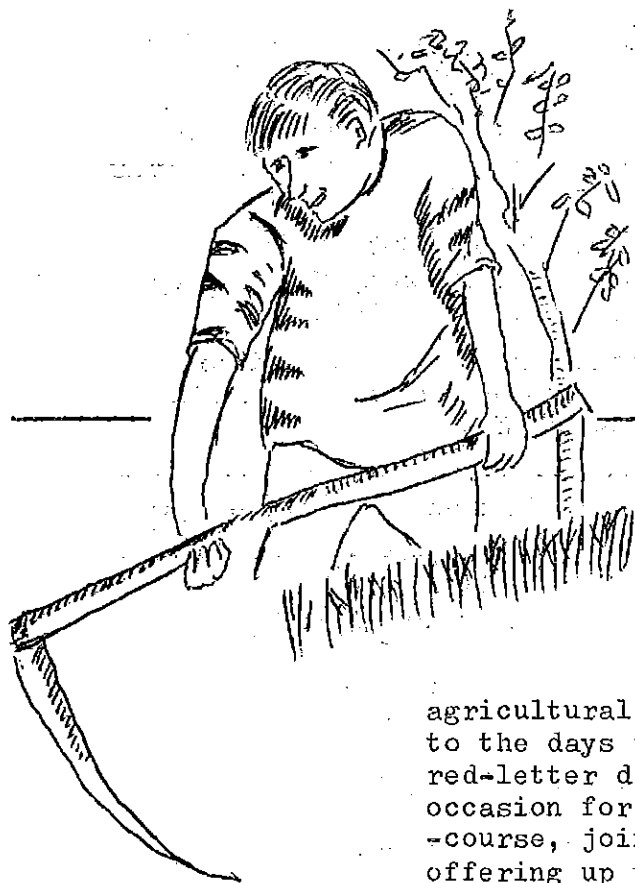
Do you have letters stuffed in old filing cabinets, roll-top desks and
drawers, that describe personal and rural scenes. Who knows, you may have
a 'goldmine' of information on past events. There are few of us who have not
some little story to tell or some little memory to unfold, or some 'buried
treasure' awaiting the light of day after long years of neglect. We at
Village Voice would love you to put pen to paper - to inform, to interest,
or perhaps just to amuse.

Where would the world be without the written word - no history - not even
the bible.

Dr. H. Hope

Knights of the Sickle

Another little Cameo of Yesteryear told
by John Pinyon



THERE has been a lessening of regard for many old-time customs in Devonshire, but there are many who have been loath to see the decay of folklore and picturesque ceremonies in rural parts of the country. Here at Thurlestone, in the midst of an

agricultural people, we like to hie back in imagination to the days when the harvest festival was one of the red-letter days in the parish, when it was made the occasion for master and man to meet in friendly intercourse, joining in each other's joys, and together offering up thanks for the blessings vouchsafed during the year. The gradual disappearance of the simple and

pleasing gatherings which brought farmer and labourer and squire and tenant together has probably had much to do with the gulf which has been widening from year to year between master and man.

Landlords, tenants, and labourers should pull together and it is regretted that the means of promoting good fellowship between the three classes are so fast disappearing. It is only here and there we now hear of the farmer entertaining his harvesters to a 'harvest home', 'Crying the neck' was a picturesque ceremonial. As the reaping was rapidly nearing its finish, the oldest labourer went round the field picking the best ears of corn he could see in each sheaf. These he tied together and intricately plaited into a sort of broom, topped with the ears. This was called the 'neck' or 'knack', and when the cutting of the last corn was heralded with the shout "I've gotten it," the others shouted, "What hast tha' gotten?" When the first yelled, "I've gotten the neck." It was the proclamation that the last shock of corn on the farm had been cut, and then came the following song, which was one of triumph for the knights of the sickle:

We-ha-neck! we-ha-neck! Well aplowed! well asowed!
We've areaped! and we've asowed! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Well acut - well abound! Well azot upon the ground!
We-ha-neck! we-ha-neck! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

And after the cider 'virkin' was passed round, a move was made for the farmer's kitchen, where a supply of beef, pork, vegetables, 'viggy pudden', cream, junket, and cider was attacked with vigour. Then, amid the smoke arising from the long clay pipes, songs were sung and tales told. When the health of the master and mistress was drunk there were no formal speeches. Such a method of returning thanks could never convey the real feelings of men, some of whom no doubt, represented generations of the same name who had laboured on the same farm. No, it was only in song that justice could be done to the toast, and then something like the following occurred:

Here's health to our master, the lord of the feast.
God bless his endeavours, and send him increase,
May prosper his crops, boys, and we reap next year,
Here's our master's good health, boys, come drink off your beer.

The Ice Caves at Werfen

*A story of two hours in Fairyland
Told by Ian C. Young*

A colourful poster in the Salzburg Tourist Office prompted us, my Wife, my young daughter and myself, to set out on a trip to Werfen and the Ice Caves.

The car trip up the Salzach valley was a lovely start to an exciting excursion, and we had no difficulty parking the car in Werfen before buying our tickets at the local office. The advice to carry plenty of warm clothing struck us as superfluous as we stood in the sunny street waiting for the mini-bus to take us on the first part of our journey.

We had hardly taken our seats, before the bus started, rushed down a narrow back street, dashed across the main road, before flinging itself along an unsurfaced road, which almost immediately became an unsurfaced goat track, leading up a mountain in a series of heart stopping hairpin bends, each with a steeper gradient than the one before, and with no guard rails. Huge rocks, held in place by creepers apparently no thicker than the threads of a spider's web, or the roots of a half dead tree, overhung the track, and the whole scene was frequently obscured by dust storms raised by the wheels of other buses driven, I am sure, by escaped lunatics, which hurtled past us going down the hill to collect fresh loads of innocents for what, I felt sure, would be inevitable slaughter.

By some unknown but assuredly Divine ordinance, we reached a point, about half way up the mountain, where we dismounted and prepared to continue our journey by cable car. The trip was short but pleasant, as we swung gently above the trees and rocks which only a few minutes previously had appeared so menacing.

The final part of our journey to the caves was along a rough path, about 3000 feet above the valley floor from where our excursion had started.

On reaching the entrance to the caves we were told it would be about twenty minutes before our bus party could be admitted, but the time passed very pleasantly as we sat in the sun gazing out over the wonderful panorama spread below where as far as the eye could see the silver thread of the Salzach river twisted its way through the valley, while the little village of Werfen, and the traffic on the roads, looked like a collection of childrens' toys, guarded by the frowning towers of Hohenwerfen Castle on its isolated rock. On the ultimate horizon the snow clad peaks of the Dolomites glittered in the sunlight.

Right on time we were called and formed up with the rest of the party outside the cave door which, in a few minutes, opened to allow a similar party to leave. Their exit was accompanied by a gale force blast of the coldest wind I have ever experienced, so when it was announced that overcoats and other wraps were available for hire, the Young family were well to the fore. It was obvious that the various garments issued had been in continuous use, probably for years, so when we reformed our 'lines' we looked more like a huddle of refugees fleeing from barbarian hordes, than a group of tourists on a pleasure trip. Along with the coats each group was issued with several acetylene lamps to carry with us into the caves.

MORE:-

The ICE CAVES of WERFEN

Continued from previous page.....

Fully equipped, we moved forward into the caves and, with the door closed behind us we were in a world of wonder. The mountain, over 5000 feet high and under a permanent cap of snow, is of limestone. As the snow melts during the day water percolates through into the caves, where the temperature is so low that the water freezes into fantastic shapes, slowly and continuously changing as more water dribbles through the rock.

We entered a vast 'hall'. On every side hung curtains of ice glittering in the feeble light of our handlamps. Suddenly the whole place sprang to life as our guide lit a magnesium flare, and the majesty of this area of the caves was revealed, but also, not without some trepidation we saw a huge wall of ice, stretching from side to side, and apparently, to the roof in front of us. Our guide informed us that our route lay over the top of that wall!

As we approached we were glad to discover that a series of ice stairways had been cut across the face of the wall making our ascent comparatively easy. When we reached the top of the wall, first climbed by three mountaineers in 1913, we walked along a narrow passage and entered the 'Hymir Hall', another huge cave. Our guide hurried about lighting many flares, and a scene of truly unimagined beauty appeared before our eyes. Towers, castles, steps, grottoes and flags, all glittered and shimmered, reflecting all the changing colours of the spectrum. There was a lovely chapel, and a fairy organ with scores of pipes so clearly modelled that little imagination was needed to hear the faint crystal notes of a fairy dance.

We climbed still further into the caves, in semi-darkness, but a backward glance showed scores of flickering lights carried by members of following parties, giving the impression of a procession on its way to meet 'Orpheus in the Underworld', or workers making for a rendezvous with Snow-whites Dwarfs.

A cold and windy passage led us towards the Ice Door, a huge arch draped with ice curtains which, when lit from

behind, appear semi-transparent. From here we descended to the Alexander von Nork Cathedral, where we stood before the memorial to the man who discovered, and made the first exploration of these wonderful ice caves before the first World War. Unfortunately, like so many of his contemporaries he died in the service of his country, but his ashes were brought home and buried here within the mountain caves he loved.

Beyond the Cathedral we entered the Ice Palace, the highlight of the tour. Here the beauty and variety of the formation beggars description, but can be clearly pictured within the memories of those fortunate enough to have entered the Palace.

The Palace is the limit of the tour and we turned back, returning to the entrance by another route, passing curtains, walls, strange beasts and mighty towers reflecting light and colour from the flares ignited, at intervals, by our guide, and it was with something of a shock that we returned to the sunshine of the natural world after two hours in fairyland.

(Copyright - Ian C. Young)

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ARROW	
CARS	
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ANY	TIME WHERE OCCASION
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The opinions expressed in Village Voice are those of the contributors ...

Villager Looks back and Forwards - a Little

March 5th 1894 witnessed the establishment of the Parish Council system of Local Government, taking over the task of caring for their communities by members elected by their fellow parishioners.

To survive for 90 years must surely mean that Parish Councils' have - and still do - served a useful purpose in the life of communities. Whether it is a system which will go on for another 90 years lies in the mists of the future, but already I believe there is a growing feeling that in local government and in business 'Big' is not better - the small elected local council is so much nearer the grass roots of its community than the far too remote authorities that arose from the 1974 regrettable re-organisation of local government, and I believe a further retrograde step has been the establishment of 'political' fronts in both County and District. The point is perhaps well illustrated in the report when Mr John Turpin took 'early retirement' as Chief Planning Officer of Devon County Council, recently. "I leave with mixed feelings after 29 years with the County Council. I think local government changed for the worse on re-organisation in 1974. This is not because of the split between county and districts but due to the introduction of politics. How much better it would be if councillors of ability, no matter what their political persuasion, were able to pool their resources for the benefit of the people of the county."

I think it offers a condemnation I will not add to.

+ + + + +

Can you remember the tram-car - and the omnibus for that matter, which had a very distinct notice on the partition behind the driver - 'Spitting prohibited' or sometime just 'No Spitting'. I was quite amazed to read in my 'W.M.



News, that Liskeard Town Council had campaigned to ban spitting on the town's streets and pavements.

It was decided to take no action on the introduction of a suitable by-law because members considered it would be impossible to enforce!

* * * * *

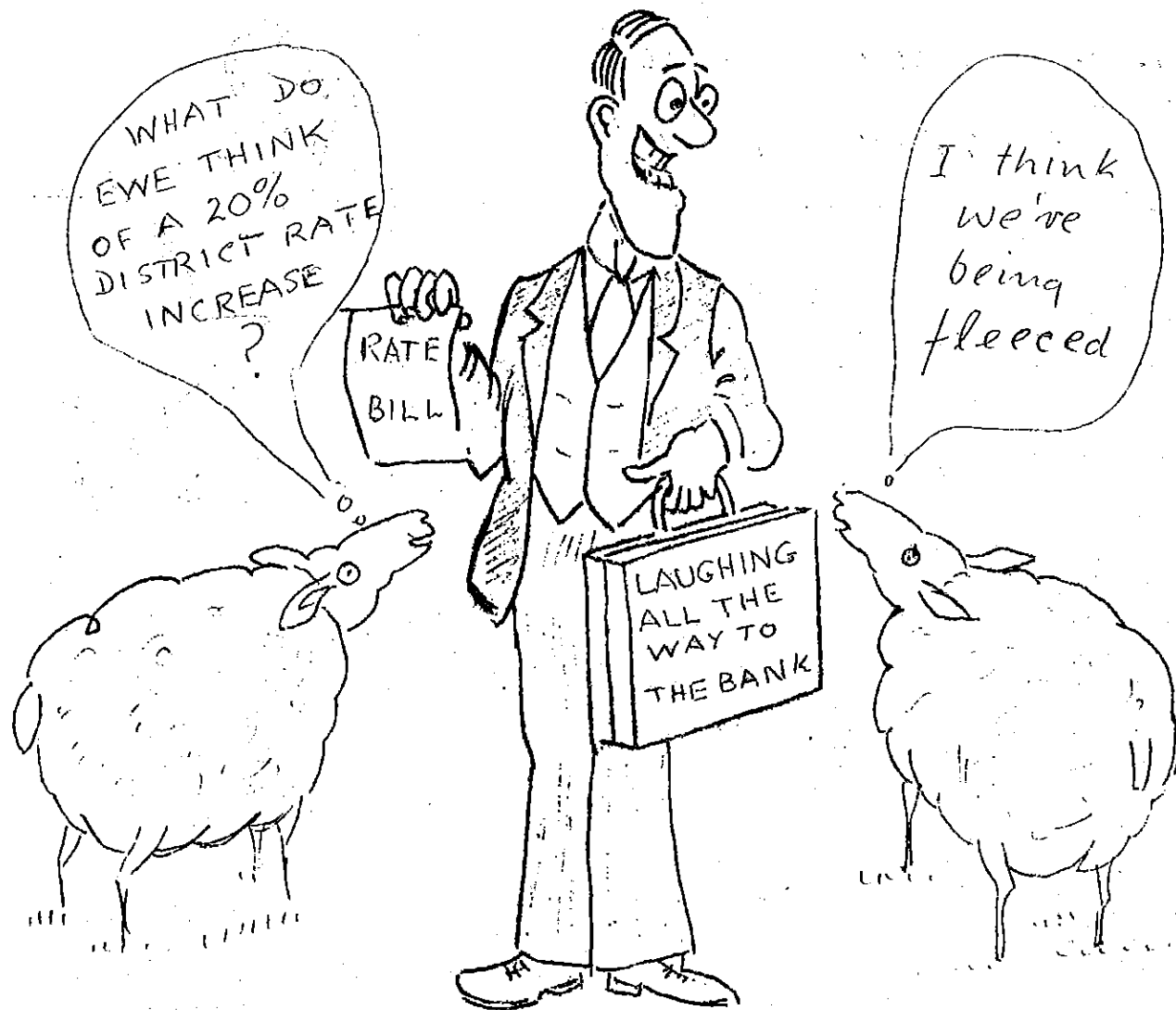
Oddly enough when the District Council produced the Plan for the Future of the South Hams - the Avon Estuary was within the 'Modbury Plan' under Aveton Gifford. They stated that "Conservation interests should prevail over recreation in this estuary, and the present level of recreational use is the maximum desirable. Any significant increase in recreational use would be detrimental."

The Plan had the approval of the whole District Council.

Of the Yealm estuary "....the pressure for more boating facilities and moorings is likely to increase. The Council considers that the existing capability of the Yealm estuary to provide for water recreation should be maintained, but that further provision should only be allowed when this can be achieved without damage to the environment."

Of the Erme estuary - is perhaps the least developed estuary in Devon. It is remarkably beautiful, unspoilt and tranquil - controlled by the Flete Estate.

Unspoilt and tranquil. That's how so many want to see the Avon. R.W.P.A.



The "Garden" Mole

The next time you survey the damage to your garden and lawn you must bear in mind that the mole is remarkably adapted for the life it leads. The great shovel-like front paws, together with the powerful though sensitive snout, are really splendid equipment for burrowing through the soil. The back feet are comparatively weak, but quite sufficient for speedy progress underground. One of the chief peculiarities is the fur, which is black and velvety, and set vertically in the skin like the pile of velvet. The fur can be stroked in any direction, and thus earth does not cling to it, and the Mole can move backwards if necessary without the discomfort that would be caused by fur which lay in a definite direction.

The Mole leads a life of intense activity

feeds voraciously and fights fiercely. Its principal food consists of Worms, but Leather-jacket Grubs, Slugs and various insects and their Larvae are also devoured. It is also carnivorous when it gets the chance, and has been known to eat dead mice and any kind of meat in captivity. The Mole is a fierce animal, and needs to be handled with care, as it can give a nasty bite. Though the Mole possesses tiny eyes, it is practically blind, and thus seeks its food only by scent and hearing. When gorged the Mole will kill or disable Worms, and then bury them in the earth until required. They do not 'pair', and breeding is promiscuous. The males seek the females in the early spring, and during this process make straight surface runs which throw up the earth in ridges.

(Research-Walter Dee)

- - CONTACT - -



*David Frost
Electrics Ltd.*



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• • KENDALL Mc DONALD • •

offers the story of his researches into

EXERCISE TIGER⁴¹

It's fortieth anniversary time. Well, haven't you noticed how everything seems to be having its fortieth anniversary just about now?

Life, they say, begins at forty, but it is sad to note that all these forty-years-ago events were concerned with sudden death. There was, it will not have escaped your notice, a war on at the time.

For example, there's D-Day. The Queen is going to visit the beaches of Normandy and thousands who can say "I Was There" are going back for a more peaceful look.

Later on this year there'll be the fortieth anniversary of the Bridge Too Far at Arnhem and hundreds of survivors - grey-haired now - will be going back there too. As part of that anniversary I was diving in the Rhine last year in search of arms and ammunition from that battle for the Airborne Museums at Arnhem and Aldershot and those diving expeditions will continue this year in search of more of the things they left behind them.

We found rifles and Sten guns and it was incredible the way the mud of Holland's dykes had preserved those weapons which were dumped in the Paras escape across the Rhine. Do you know even the swivels worked after forty years under water?

But, as usual, I am wandering away from the point. It was forty years ago, of course, that the South Hams were evacuated, and the troops moved in with their live ammunition to practise for the coming D-Day landings. Those practices took a terrible toll.

For example, it was forty years ago that I stood on the beach at Lea Foot and saw evidence of a disaster out at sea swept by wind and tide into that little cove. I was on my last visit to Thurlestone before the Army claimed me as ideal tank fodder.

Mind you, though Thurlestone was not evacuated, it did have a pretty military air. The Royal Marine officer cadet training unit - all such units were called OCTU's for short - were based in the Thurlestone Hotel and delighted in letting off bangs all over the place. One particularly favourite spot was Bantham Ham and it is impossible to say how many hand-grenades of the Mills bomb variety were hurled into the sand-dunes by those cadets. An enormous number without a doubt. Every year I find at least one base plug.

That OCTU did in fact change the coastal scenery of Thurlestone somewhat. Near Broad Sands there was a high bluff which stuck out into the sea and it could be reached at all states of the tide by a hole near the top just big enough to squeeze through. It was used by Thurlestone's youngsters for a spot of illicit cigarette smoking before the war because there were niches there where you could not be seen from land or sea. It was a safer hide-away than the much-used caves near the Links, into which adults could - and did - walk at just the wrong time!

Continued over....

Now it is not the same - thanks to an over-liberal application of high explosive by those same Royal Marine cadets. We called the rock the Chimney Stack, but I think the Ordnance Survey mappers insisted on calling it part of Loam Castle. Anyway it's not the same now. One compensation though for the presence of all those common soldiery - or do they call themselves sailors? - was the Marine Wren.

There was not just one Marine Wren, there were lots of them. A proper Wrennery in fact. The story goes that the W.R.N.S., Marine variety, were a very exclusive bunch, very snooty, high-bred and hard to handle, but I don't think that was Thurlestone's experience! Certainly I know my grandmother looked after some in Woodbine and Uncle Charlie and Auntie Beattie often had others in for a proper Devon tea in Just-a-Cpttage. Pages of the family photograph album seems to be full of pictures of smiling Marine Wrens - did they have a red flash behind their badge and did they always wear berets? - But now we'll never know who they were except for the occasional Christian name written besides some of them. Margery and Betty and Ruth and Pamela...where are you now?

But I'm getting well away from my visit forty years ago this early May to the sea shore at Lea Foot (yes I know it should be Leys!) and the thing which was bobbing about in the icy cold water.

It came in towards the beach agonisingly slowly until finally I could see that it was a piece of American Army-issue webbing, kept afloat by its empty water-bottle.

When it was almost within grabbing distance without getting my feet wet, I could see that the webbing was in fact a complete cartridge belt with pouches hanging from it. Then the tide turned and the webbing slowly started moving out again. It was clearly now or never and so pulling off shoes and socks I went after it. I got it but only after slipping on the stones and getting soaked to the waist.

On close examination, there were four rounds of live ammunition for an American calibre rifle in one of the pouches, the water bottle was indeed empty and much lighter than the British Army issue, the first aid kit was intact in a waterproof tin and there were not only sulphur powders in it but also some pain-killer tablets with clear instructions to "chew" rather than swallow.

I didn't know then where it came from and assumed that some G.I. had slung it away during training - everyone said how over-equipped the Yanks were in war supplies as well as nylons and chewing-gum. We were just jealous!

It was many years later that I learned exactly where the equipment was likely to have come from and ever since I knew I have been collecting details of an accident of war which had such tragic results that more Americans died in that training exercise than did when they stormed the beach in real combat.

By now you will know that I am talking about the massacre in Lyme Bay, which featured in a recent TSW "Scene South-West" tv documentary called the "Sands of Silence". In that sea battle 638 Americans died (not 750 as they say on tv). They were all rehearsing for the assault on UTAH beach at the time.

It is an amazing story and I planned to do a book about it at one time so I have masses and masses of material from the German E-boat commanders who did the damage, the Americans who suffered so badly, and the British captains who tried so hard to protect them.

Somehow finding that equipment floating off Lea Foot made the whole thing come alive for me and so I hope you'll bear with me if I tell you a little of what I learned about it.

It all happened during Exercise Tiger, which took place from April 22 to April 30, 1944 and was the final rehearsal for those American units who were to storm ashore across Utah beach (another code name) on the Cherbourg peninsula on D-Day. "Tiger" was carried out as though it

OVER....

EXERCISE TIGER

.....

it were the real thing. The 101st American Airborne took up positions as though they had been dropped by parachute inland and tanks and infantry were landed on the beach at Slapton Sands under cover of a live shell bombardment from Navy ships offshore. Several men died in that bombardment. After the tanks came support units as the infantry and armour drove on to Okehampton, which was playing the role of Cherbourg in Occupied France. Slapton had been chosen because it looked so like the real thing in Normandy.

The whole mock-battle too was made as real as possible, but it seems that few people took a warning, underlined in the documents handed out, as seriously as they should have done. That warning told of E-boat activity from a Cherbourg base and was stressed as being real, not "Tiger" make-believe.

On the night of 27/28 April that warning turned out to be right - deadly right.....

It was a dark night with the moon in its last quarter shedding little light on a flat calm sea. One group of ships were using that calm to cruise at their top speed of over 40 knots. They were the brand-new motor-torpedo boats of the 9th E-boat flotilla and they were hunting an Allied convoy of seven ships moving up Channel towards Portsmouth. The Germans missed the convoy and, frustrated, cut their speed to turn for home....

Another group of ships were using the calm of Lyme Bay to make a smooth voyage to a holding area off Slapton Sands where they were to play their part in Exercise Tiger. This was convoy T-4. Now T-4 was made up of eight tank landing ships, one of which was towing two huge pontoon causeways for use on Slapton Beach. There were hundreds of troops and many tanks aboard the ships.

In Tank Landing Ship No.515, the convoy commander, Commander Ben Skahill was thinking how smoothly the whole operation was going and wondered if the real thing would be just as quiet.

His wondering ceased abruptly at exactly one minute to two in the morning. Tracer lit up the sky and cannon and machine-guns shattered the still. A ship burst into flame. The E-boats, much to their own surprise, had run into convoy T-4. !

Tank Landing Ship No.507 was the one in flames, hit by a torpedo in the engine room. All attempts to fight the fire were useless and they could get no power to the pumps. Her captain, Lieutenant J.S.Swarts, USNR, gave the order to abandon ship and with his Executive Officer went over the side himself. It was only possible to launch two boats and two life-rafts for the 165 Navy men and 282 Army personnel aboard. Despite strafing of the men in the water with machine-guns from out of the darkness and the lack of boats, the Executive Officer survived, though Swarts didn't., described the abandonment as "orderly". Later other survivors revealed that 100 men tried to get into one boat designed for only 40 and it capsized.

Other reports reveal, however, that some men behaved heroically, keeping their wise-cracking sense of humour and shouting "Dry run!" as they jumped over the ship's side and into the water. Even so, only 94 Navy and 151 Army men survived the sinking of 507.

Eighteen minutes later, it was the turn of 531. Two torpedoes hit her, killing her captain. Four minutes later, the senior survivor, Ensign Douglas G.Harlander gave the order to abandon ship. A minute later she rolled over and sank. As she went down, 114 Navy men and 310 Army men went with her. Next 12 men were killed when No.289 was torpedoed in her turn, but she didn't sink. Lieutenant Harry A. Mettler used the landing craft he had aboard to tow his stricken ship to safety.

It was all over in 30 minutes. In that half-hour the German torpedo boats had killed 638 Americans practising for the assault on Utah Beach. OVER...

CONCLUDING.....

EXERCISE TIGER

by Kendall McDonald

The actual assault on June 6 that same year the American troops who stormed ashore across Utah Beach lost exactly 12 killed and 100 wounded !

But you know I like to think that the Yank who jettisoned his equipment so that it finally floated ashore at Lea Foot will be there with all the other veterans on Utah Beach when they hold their fortieth anniversary parade.....

END

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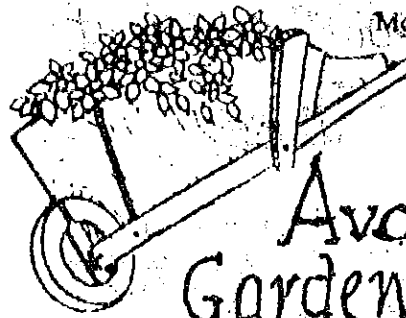
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Did You Know? No.1 of a series

How a famous product got its Name

In the Free City of Koln, in what is now West Germany, during the 18th century, certain of the Citizens began to distill and market an alcoholic product with a variety of uses ranging from an apertiff, to an antiseptic lotion for wounds and damaged limbs.

After the success of the Revolution the new rulers of France decided to spread their policy of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity", by force of arms, and in 1794 the French armies compelled the citizens of Koln to accept the domination of the Revolution.

In order to protect the secrets of their distillation the makers of this Koln "liquor" managed to persuade their conquerors that they made only perfume, and in honour of their New Rulers would henceforth call their product "Eau de Cologne"1

Although an important trading post Koln, or as it was now named "Cologne", was a comparatively small town and all the inhabitants knew each other well there had seemed little need for street names or house numbers. This had worked adequately in the past but now the place was filled with foreign troops things became complicated as many strangers to the town tried to find their correct billets.

A climax was reached when, after a late party the Commanding Officer spent the entire night wandering through the dark streets looking, without success, for his billet.

Next morning a directive, to take immediate effect, was issued from the Command Post. All buildings in Cologne had to be numbered consecutively, starting with the Cathedral, which would be No.1. So street by street the numbering continued until every house, church, factory or office building was numbered. The manufacturers of the newly named "Eau de Cologne" found that their number was "4711". As a result of the French Revolution a German company was given a name - Eau de Cologne - and a trademark, "4711" - which during the past 190 years has become a household name in the World.

THE COUNTRYSIDE COMMISSION

The Countryside Commission has, apparently, to be considered as a Government "Quango", despite the fact that this government seemed determined at one time to extinguish such "institutions" !

However, the Commission is a very live quango, receiving funds from the Treasury of some eleven million pounds or more, much of which is passed on to Local Authorities who carry out a great deal of work for the Commission as their "Agents".

Private landowners, farms and Trusts, such as the National Trust and Woodland Trust also benefit. The Commission's headquarters are based at Cheltenham, and their policy with footpaths is to try to follow the old parish tracks and lanes, and to encourage retention and maintenance of all public footpaths.

They are also very involved in research into tree diseases, including Dutch elm disease, of course, and the felling and disposal of diseased trees, and the choice of trees and best method of replanting.

They are concerned with public access to coast and mountain, and the necessary waymarking to prevent trespass. The production of definitive footpath maps, creation of new woodlands, employment of voluntary workers for tree planting, fencing and maintenance of public recreational areas such as country parks and picnic areas, and also with all legal matters arising from ownership disputes, etc.

One example of the Commission's work was the assistance they gave in re-establishing the Coastal Path at Warren Point - and paying the cost of the work required and necessary signposts "Beware of Golf Balls" - but not yet "Beware of Golfers"!

The Eye of the Beholder

The old man, crumpled in his chair,
His face a tapestry of lines,
Held in his hand, a stone.

His eyes, withdrawn but seeing all,
Visualised within his grasp
A thread from the unknown.

His horny thumb And roughened palm
Caressed the time-smoothed pebble.
He sensed the past, the fire, the
heat

The liquid rocks, the glowing seas
A monstrous power, released unchecked,
That cracked and split and flung aside
Huge mountains from its path.
That raised the shell-strewn ocean
floor

To spawn bare virgin ground,
That pressurised the mighty rocks
And crushed them into sand.

In his hand, a small survivor,
Insignificant and grey,
And yet, to him, it conjured up
A magic lantern of the past,
A segment of the arch of time.

The young man, upright in his chair,
His face, unlined, untouched by time,
Had just to manhood grown.

His hand received the proffered pebble,
Felt it, warm and polished, but his
eyes
Saw nothing but a stone.

MARGOT NORMANTON 1983

+++++

JUNE 1937!

EMPIRE HEALTH WEEK

The Parish Council were in receipt of a letter from Kingsbridge R.D.C. enclosing a copy of a letter and a leaflet from the Royal Sanitary Institute, with reference to the celebration of Empire Health Week and suggesting that the Parish Council might consider the matter and take whatever action thereon they thought fit.

It was considered that the subject might be of interest to the Thurlestone Branch of the Womens Institute and the letter and leaflet were forwarded to them !

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IRIEAD ANY GOOD ROCKS ILATIELY?

by Margot Normanton

Don't be put off by the first bite of the geological cherry! It may be difficult to swallow the vast time scale and tremendous forces contained in our spinning globe, but a slow, ruminative digest of what is under your feet, may not only surprise you, but also lead on to a new hobby.

I write about rocks in order to share some of the excitement and the fascination attained by placing one foot on the first rung of the 'know-your-rocks' ladder, which starts today and stretches back almost to the beginning of our planet.

In Devon, particularly in South Devon, we have a complex past; with newer-formed rocks lying incongruously under older ones; with huge slabs of slates pushed askew and folded in curves, with chunks of limestone neatly bisected by solid rivers of red sandstone, and slap down the middle of the south west peninsular, an enormous batholith of granite, only the tips of which we can see, guarding the moors. I used to wonder how those strangely weathered rocks came to sit so insecurely on the very brow of the windswept hills. It is most likely that all the granite was once covered with a thick layer of chalk. Wind and water, in their relentless way, have chiselled the soft covering away and, over millions of years, erosion has revealed and sculpted the granite outcrops. And is still revealing and sculpting today.

Geology is in no hurry - but it never ceases to change the face of the earth.

If you pick up a stone, spare a thought for the history it holds. It is the end product of a long line of titanic disasters. When the earth was first formed, heat and pressure forced molten rock to the surface. Some of it was blown out and fell back to cool quickly, becoming lava or basalt. Some of it was forced upwards but remained under the surface, cooled slowly, and became granite. Other rocks were fused together and ran, red hot, into crevices and cracks, forming, among other things, crystals of quartz, which abound along our shoreline. It is the constituents, the different cooling time, and the nature of erosion, which has given us the exciting variety of rock formations around us. Some of this variety can most easily be seen along the coastal cliffs, which offer to the probing eye of the amateur geologist, a wealth of detail. Each piece of rock or stone, by the nature of its structure, crystallisation, colour or texture, carries a message to be read.

Devon is lucky in not having endured the crushing weight of a glacial ice age. Great cold, yes, but no ice damage. Our granite moors remain a comparatively 'warm' area, with heat still trapped far below the surface. On the perimeter fringe can be seen rocks which, eons ago, were baked and completely re-structured by the intense heat of the granite mass.

There is another way in which rocks are formed, and indeed sedimentary rocks cover a major portion of the continental land masses. As the name implies, this is 'sandwich' rock, consisting of mud, gravel, soil, sand

OVER...

and any sort of material carried, rolled or washed into the sea. There, layer upon layer, squeezed, packed and littered with shell fragments, the sheer weight jamming everything together, begins the birth of a new continent. Some giant cataclysm then lifts the whole floor of the ocean, and these rocks hold a pleasing array of fossils, which are identifiable today.

Beneath our feet lies the accumulation of the world's changes. We tread on fragments from outer space, debris from the solar regions, and it is a miracle of man's ingenuity that he can deduce and read from the rocks the probable progression and transformation of our four thousand million years of history.

Beneath our feet lies land that was originally tropical land, somewhere near the equator. All Thurlestone folk will have seen - but few will have noticed? - the huge chunk of red sandstone rock lying across the grey shaley cliffs which underpin what was formerly known as The Links Hotel. This massive red 'stranger' belongs to its mother cliffs as far eastwards as Exmouth, though it may be connected to them under the sea, as there are small outcrops at Slapton and Torbay.

Beneath our feet lies land which, in its time, has lain under a warm coral-forming lagoon, and skeletal imprints can be found in rocks north of Torbay.

Even a small magnifying glass makes highly informative pictures. The surface of the rocks come alive, especially those built up of crystals.

When I find a recent fall of cliff-face in Kingsbridge estuary, I wrest from its hiding place, a piece of newly exposed rock, and know that no human eye has ever seen it before. I only wish I were expert enough to read its history.

Margot Normanton 1984.

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Fact & Fiction of Thunderstorms

The old saying that lightening will make the corn grow has some truth in it, because lightening forms nitrogen oxide and ammonia, which by further chemical reactions, forms a plant fertiliser. For instance a dream of lightening without thunder is said to portend good crops for the farmer, happiness to lovers, or a prosperous voyage to sailors.

A more unusual form of electrical discharge is St Elmo's Fire, which we usually associate with the bluish glow on the masts of ships, but it also appears on power lines, the wings of planes and even on the tips of soldier's bayonets, and anywhere that conditions are suitable. Columbus and some of the ancient seafarers regarded it as a sign of better weather to come, but others in more recent times consider it a harbinger of bad weather. It is actually a sign of an intense electrical field, which may be followed by other electrical manifestations - perhaps thunderbolts.

The thunderbolt, or ball lightening, is a strange and little understood form of lightening which is fortunately rare in Britain. In other parts of the world, such as Norway, and in high altitudes, it is reported more frequently. Thunderbolts vary in size from that of a small bead, to a sphere several feet in diameter. They are usually red when mobile, and white when stationery, and they may emit sparks and a hissing sound. Some disappear quietly without causing any trouble, others cause considerable damage with fire and explosion, and sometimes loss of life, both animal and human. Maxwell Cade and Davis in 'Taming of the Thunderbolts' cite a number of cases of people being burned to death, when their surroundings, and even their clothing, were not burnt. They suggest that these fatalities might be ascribed to thunderbolts.

It is understandable that these strange lightening balls, with their uncanny movements and their ability to

suddenly appear in a completely closed room, should inspire fear and superstition. In the past they were thought to have a sacred or supernatural origin, and today they are perhaps sometimes taken for UFO's. One country saying advises people to open doors and windows for any thunderbolts to go out, and not to stand in front of a stove or chimney.

Lightening in all its forms can be very alarming, as well as dangerous. However, experiments on storm control are being carried out, so perhaps, some years hence, we will lose our thunder storms, and with them some of our folklore.

It is said that a bull is supposed to be safe from lightening, its immunity will extend to you if you stand near it in a storm. Personally I prefer the lightening !

Research Walter Dee
Acknowledgement-E.Clay

RECIPES OF ANCIENT ROME!

Despite the fact that the Romans set great store by the pleasures of the table, few of their recipes have come down to us. Here is one typical ...

DORMICE

Stuff the dormice with minced pork and the minced meat of other dormice, pounded with pepper, pine-kernels, asafoetida (aplant resin with a bitter taste and a strong smell of garlic) and liquamen (a salty, fish-flavoured sauce). Sew up, place on a tile, and cook in a small oven.

Is it any wonder that Apicius (who lived in the 1st century AD, committed suicide !!

J.P.



Wrestling

Devon Fashion

by Dr. NEVILLE C. OSWALD

All small boys wrestle. They always have and always will. Indeed, wrestling is not a bad way of learning how to control normal physical competitiveness during the process of growing up. Yet there was a time, before about 1850, when it was much more than that. In those days organised contests took place all over Devon, giving promising lads even in the remotest villages a chance to win a measure of fame and fortune. There may well have been informal encounters in Thurlestone for youngsters who fancied their chances, the winners going on to Kingsbridge or some other town nearby to compete or at least to have a look at the real thing. Doubtless many of them soon decided that the rigours of wrestling Devon fashion was not for them.

Clad in breeches and a loose jacket of untearable linen, the contestants were allowed to wear shoes and to kick their opponents up to and including the knees. Hence, shins were protected by skillibegs or hay bands against injury from the shoes that were "soaked in bullock's blood and baked in a fire, making them hard as iron". Even so, severe lacerations were quite common but they needed to be inflicted with speed and precision because the aggressor, momentarily standing on one leg, might then be toppled by a wary opponent. At the onset of a contest, the wrestlers grasped each other above the waist and manoeuvred until one of them managed to execute a "hug and fling", that is, he threw the loser to the ground and pinned him down in a "three point fall" on his shoulders and hips. Ordinarily, a match consisted of the best of three falls.

Over the years, Devon wrestling produced its folklore, now largely forgotten, and also some memorable fighters, including Dowden the Mole-catcher and Stone the Little Elephant. Among the best documented is James Cann, champion of the county in the 1820's. He challenged Polkinghorne, the champion of Cornwall, in 1826. Polkinghorne was the landlord of the Red Lion at St. Columb and had not wrestled for several years but, standing at six foot two in his socks and weighing in at 23 stone, he was still a formidable figure and, doubtless attracted by the prize of 200 pounds for the winner, he agreed to fight. Immediately, the question of whether or not shoes should be worn was raised because in Cornwall no more than padded shoes were allowed and even then, using them to cut the skin was frowned upon (as often as not Cornishmen wrestled in bare feet). Eventually, with some misgivings, Cann was allowed to wear his shoes.

The contest, at Devonport, drew 17,000 spectators, of whom no less than 10,000 were seated, and attracted side bets totalling hundreds of pounds. Polkinghorne won the first fall and Cann the second. Cann then hacked furiously, the umpires disputed the rules and a halt was called for an hour. Polkinghorne then managed a fall which was disallowed and so walked off in a huff, leaving Cann the winner by default.

The South Hams never produced a county champion, so far as is known, but Frost the Moorman of Aveton Gifford and Rogers of Modbury each holds a modest place in the annals of the sport. Frost was known to be a "fearless young man and a severe punisher withal" and, rightly or wrongly, he was put up against the formidable Cann. Alas after 45 minutes of "furious contesting and much use of the heavy toe, Cann brought him over flat as a flounder amid stentorian acclaim."

The man who says what he thinks...



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY !

But not the money in your pocket.

Most motorists who fall foul of the law after May 1st. will probably be digging deeper into their wallets when the time comes to pay fines. From that date the maximum fines in magistrates' courts are being doubled !

The Magistrates' Association, however, say that it does not follow that courts will be immediately doubling penalties. What will please them is that the limits have been increased to deal with the more serious examples.

At present, Magistrates' Association 'guidelines' suggest a fine of £1.50 for every one mile an hour above any speed limit, but under the new system, the maximum fine for exceeding the speed limit will go up from £100 to £200.

Drink and drive offenders risk a maximum fine of £2,000 !

The majority of courts dealing with drink-drive offenders start off with a 'base' fine of £120 and 12 months disqualification. This applies where the alcohol-breath content is between 35 (the 'guilty' limit) and 52 micrograms/100ml. which would attract a three year disqualification and a fine of around £400. So, after May 1st. they could be asking for £800.

The uprating of the fines structure reflects the general thrust of government policy to generally strengthen the enforcement of law and order. The prospect of paying a heavy fine or being disqualified for a longer period ought to be a deterrent for those inclined to gross breaches of the law.

Maybe they'll get round to football hooligans sometime - or the people who bash old ladies over the head for a few pounds.

* * * * *

Every time you take on board a gallon of petrol do bear in mind that it is the government who take over 50% of the price you pay, in excise duty and VAT.

THIS PLANNING BUSINESS

It has been stated in the House of Lords by Lord Skelmersdale, Government Environment spokesman, that the Environment Secretary has no power to hold an inquiry when a local planning authority has granted planning permission except where he is satisfied the local authority was grossly wrong, when he might be justified in using his powers of revocation of a planning consent.

Does it not seem entirely wrong that any planning authority can have such total power in granting planning consents against which there can, apparently, rarely, be any redress to any community. Even an applicant for a planning proposal has a right of appeal against the decision of a planning authority - but not a community against a decision favouring a proposal.

Surely no community, basically represented by a minor authority in the form of a Parish Council, should be excluded from having some right. Is it beyond the wit or will of government to devise an acceptable procedure where, say, the Ombudsman or similarly appointed person, can rule that an appeal by a community must be allowed.

* * * * *

Re the above the Editor asked me if I realised how long it takes a drip to wear away a stone. But it did, didn't it - in the end !

* * * * *

THE RATES RACKET

The Government is taking a lot of stick and being blamed as the 'bogey man' for the awful increase in rates with which we are faced. Take the District - "it's only 22p" I was blandly told. That's 20%! But, can you wonder when the Kingsbridge Sports Centre is nearly quarter of a million 'over the top' - and then £47,000 for tourism. I do know its important - tourism, I mean - but can it be afforded now ?

DO YOU KNOW?

The famous song "On Ilkla Moor Baht'at" reputedly originates from the outing of a Church choir to Ilkley Moor in 1886. Sung to the tune of the old hymn 'Cranbrook' - translated it would read:

Where were you going when I saw
You on Ilkley Moor without a hat?
You've been courting Mary Jane.
You're going to get your death of
Then we shall have to bury you. (cold
Then the worms will come and eat you
up

Then the ducks will come and eat the
worms.

Then we shall eat the ducks.
Then we'll all have eaten you.
That is where we'll get our own back!

So now you know!

ONLY TO BE READ WHEN YOU'VE DONE IT!

31. Lap. 32. Hlan. 33. Dart. 37. Hae.
27. Rlm. 28. Agile. 30. Item.
19. Spar-buoy. 23. Mt. 24. Smirch.
13. Nestor. 16. Hoar. 18. Alm.
7. Reredos. 8. Zest. 9. El
4. Grist. 5. Envid. 6. Ukelele.
1. Masquerade. 2. Accuse. 3. Nora

DOWN.

40. Note.
36. Ah. 38. Cleopatra. 39. Alchemy
29. Dribble. 34. Em. 35. Ritual
25. Maestro. 26. Aroma.
20. Os. 21. Eel. 22. Diplommat.
14. Quasi. 15. Leth. 17. Teased
11. Keel. 12. Scriveners.
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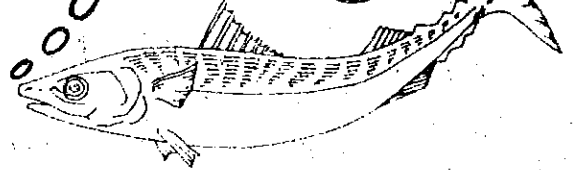
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Never underestimate a Yak

By HARRY HEARSON

"Oh, I tell you," said the stranger, "there's magic still in Tibet."

I must have looked sceptical.

"I know," said the stranger. "I saw it happen."

"Saw what happen?"

"This thing about Polievski," the stranger explained patiently. "You asked me about Tibet. People always ask me about Tibet when they find out I come from there, and I'm telling you about Tibet - the old Tibet. And it is old, you know," he insisted, "oh, very old. Its customs go back into the womb of antiquity. It smells ancient."

I was willing to believe him, for he had brought a small of antiquity with him into the Thurlestone Hotel lounge late that afternoon. You couldn't easily have missed him as he came through the door past the display of tea-cakes and sandwiches, and I supposed he must have been brought down in the lift after being shown his room.

Obviously, we are used to seeing foreigners all through the year at the hotel, but this one - and it would have been difficult to explain why - looked very foreign. He was thin, rangey, brown, with a Mongol, almost Russian type of face, and very hairy. And there was something about him that, well, just didn't seem quite normal. His searching, liquid eyes had located me sitting by myself having tea in a corner of the lounge and he had asked if he might join me. He'd come, he told me, from Plymouth Airport by taxi: his first visit to England. Lived all his life in Tibet, but had always wanted to travel, and when he had read about Thurlestone in a holiday guide-book he had determined to spend a month or two here before exploring the rest of the country. Besides which, he had added, he wanted to learn to play our English game of golf. Could I help him?

"That's no problem," I said. "I'll introduce you to our pro, Neville Whiteley, tomorrow morning, and he'll see you're all right."

"I'm really obliged to you," the stranger replied.

And then I'd asked him about Tibet, and he'd begun to describe the strange power of his mountain people. "For one thing," he said, "it doesn't do to be sceptical up there. Polievsky was sceptical, and look what happened to him!"

"Well, what did happen to him?" I asked.

"That's what I'm telling you," said the stranger.

* * * * *

"Polievsky came up with some sort of expedition from Nepal," the stranger explained, "from the heat of the plains to the cool of the mountains. The journey had made him irritable, you could see that. Otherwise, he might not have been so tactless."

MORE....

Thurlestone Parish VILLAGE VOICE

"It seemed he had a letter of introduction to the Dalai Lama's Principal Secretary, and he managed to get an immediate audience. The Secretary received him in one of the outer consulting rooms of the Potala Palace - an enormous room with mirrors on the walls and the Principal Palace Yak lying on a comfortable bed of rugs in the corner, and -"

"In a consulting room?" I interrupted incredulously.

"Certainly. Why not?" The stranger was clearly offended, and I made apologetic noises.

"Yaks are very important in Tibet, I'd have you know," he said severely. "Come to think of it, Polievski must have been of your way of thinking, for I recall he looked at the Principal Yak with something of a sneer. And I can tell you that all he got for his rudeness was a supercilious look from the Yak."

I must have failed to control my eyebrows.

"Let me tell you," the stranger said with some irritation, "yaks are very intelligent creatures. They have a language of their own, you know, and they can pick up information from human beings, and - well, never mind all that. The point to remember is: never underestimate a yak..."

"Anyway," he went on after a pause, "when Polievski and the Principal Yak had finished looking at each other icily, the Secretary settled his visitor into a chair and offered him buttered tea."

Breaking off for a moment from his narrative, the stranger distastefully eyed the tray on the table between us. "Thin stuff, this," he said, which I thought an odd comment for hotel tea. "Now, buttered tea," he explained fondly, "really is good. We use brick tea from China, and we put it in a cauldron and boil it up in water flavoured with soda. Then we put it in a churn, add lots of yak butter and salt, and churn the whole lot up together. Grand stuff!"

I shuddered.

The stranger eyed me with amusement. "That's just what Polievski did," he said. "Made a very bad impression, that, and the business of cocking a snook at the Principal Yak. You could see the Secretary didn't like it. But we have good manners, you know, in Tibet: the Secretary covered up his annoyance and offered Polievski a glass of yak's milk instead. When they'd got through the ceremony of drinking that, he asked Polievski what was the request he'd come to make."

"Polievski hummed and hawed for a bit, then decided to come straight out with it," the stranger winced at the memory. "It shook me, I can tell you. What a nerve! As if we'd be likely to sell a national relic of that significance! The Secretary was furious. For a moment, I thought he was going to hit Polievski, but he controlled himself and spat out that the Dalai Lama would refuse finally and absolutely even to hear such a proposal. I was so embarrassed that I turned my head away and very nearly missed Polievski's reply. But I just caught it." The stranger mopped his brow at the memory. "Oh, dear!" he said, "the Secretary nearly fainted. You just can't say things like that about His Holiness in Tibet!"

"What did he say?" I asked eagerly

"I can't tell you. I daren't repeat it - not even here," the stranger said. "I thought the Secretary was going to have a fit, and when he found his voice he made it clear to Polievski that under Tibetan law he had committed a capital crime. 'But I'm not going to have you beheaded,' the Secretary told him, 'because we don't want to embarrass our Communist acquaintances just now. Instead, I'm going to punish you by making you change places with our Principal Palace Yak over there.' Polievski looked at the Secretary as if he had taken leave of his senses. 'You think I'm mad don't you?' said the Secretary quietly."

"Yes," said Polievski rudely.

"Ah," the Secretary replied, "that's because you have a materialistic
OVER..."

Concluding:

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE A YAK

outlook: you don't believe in magic.' And without more ado, the Secretary held his hands palm downward over Polievski's head and began to mutter a spell.

"For a moment, Polievski looked astounded. Then he began to laugh. He stopped laughing, though, when he found himself changing into a yak. He was sitting opposite one of the wall mirrors, and you should have seen his face when he caught sight of his reflection! That got rid of the sneer all right! He didn't quite believe it, even then, until he poked his head forward and the yak in the mirror poked its head forward to meet him.

"Have you ever," the stranger asked me, "seen dismay spread across a yak's face? Laugh - it was the funniest thing I've ever seen." And at the memory of it, the stranger's shoulders began to shake and he broke into a fit of uncontrollable neighing.

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STING IN THE TAIL OF A SECRET WEAPON

by PATRICK COLEMAN - Author of 'NATURE WEST' - a collection of delightful nature studies. £1.95

Quite a large number of the garden lizards which have been basking in the recent few hours of sunshine show the tell-tale signs of molestation by the cat.

Like all reptiles, the common lizard is cold-blooded, which means its body temperature fluctuates with the weather. Having hibernated all winter it cannot really get going at this time of year until the early morning sunshine warms it up sufficiently. For the rest of the day it controls its body temperature by the amount of basking it does.

On a sunny day, therefore, lizards are virtually uncatchable and dart about at incredible speeds. In the early or late hours, however, when their temperature is low, not only are they sluggish but they expose themselves fully to catch as much sunlight as they can. This is when they are most vulnerable. Even so, they still represent a great challenge to a hunting cat which often manages to grab a retreating tail. This is when the lizard's secret weapon comes into play. In such an emergency it can snap off its own tail. The cat is left with a lizard-less, wriggling tail, whilst the lizard is tail-less but free.

The tail can soon be grown again and careful examination of the basking lizards soon reveals how many of them have been through such an adventure. However, the tail-less lizards use up their food reserves to restore their tails to their former splendour and in so doing deplete the food stored for the next hibernation period. They also lose their status amongst their fellow lizards, go through a period in which their insect hunting success is diminished and, to cap it all, their sex life may become non-existent. All in all their secret weapon is a bit drastic and, like all such weapons, should only be used as a last resort.

The Manor of Bigbury

was held for nine generations by a family of that name, and then passed to the Champernownes, and afterwards to the Dukedom of Cleveland. The church was rebuilt in 1872 and contains memorials to the Bigbury family, and a fine carved oak pulpit and eagle lectern, purchased from Ashburton Church, where the latter had been given by Bishop Oldham (1504-1519), whose symbol was an owl, but when purchased for the church at Bigbury the owl's head was sawn off and replaced by that of an eagle, though the body remains that of an owl. Within the parish, at St. Anne's there is a holy well.

From the Domesday Book

Most people know the 'Domesday' name of Thurlestone is Torleston. However, did you know South Milton was Mideltone, West Akvington - Alvintone. Galmpton - Galmestone, whilst Huish was Hewis-Twis. Bolberry was given as Boltesberie and Boteberie, Modbury was Mortberie, Slapton - Sladone, Loddisswell - Lodeswille. Dodbrooke was Dodebroch whilst Combe Royal was termed Cumbe Court. Woodleigh was then known as Odelie and Sherford as Sireford and South Pool simply Pole.

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"THREE ACRES AND A COW"



THERE is a ditty which many eighteen hundred and ninety-one goes on that in "eighteen hundred nothing to do" - and so on. There is a significance in the second phrase because 1892 saw the first "Act to facilitate the acquisition of small agricultural holdings", being the result of controversy arising in the mid-19th century on basic questions which had been discussed as the central issues affecting British Agriculture, namely the disappearance of the yeoman and small farmer, the depressed condition of the agricultural labourer, and the size of agricultural holdings. Many of the agricultural workers of the period and earlier did indeed find themselves "wuth nothing to do".

AGRICULTURE underwent enormous changes in the 18th century, as a result of which small cultivators of a few acres were forced to emigrate to towns. Population growth was increasing the number of labourers faster than jobs became available. In the early 19th century the trend was to larger farms which was not difficult to justify on economic grounds, but as now the size of the unit had social as well as economic effects which affected the rural community. Pressure against the large farm and reduction of labour and the way economic advantage was sought with scant regard for the welfare of the individual subject culminated in political agitation expressing feelings which some think linger today.

AS the 19th century advanced a call came for the use of allotments as the first rung on a ladder to a farm of the worker's own. There was a strong feeling that the concentration of land ownership at the time was not good, and the underlying desire to emphasise the advantages to the rural community as a whole of the retention of skilled agricultural workers, with the opportunity for the saving and careful to become farmers on their own account, resulted in the 1892 Act. It must also be remembered that another change was beginning in Agriculture in the later 19th century. Corn growing was declining and stock and dairy farming which is the strength of a small farm was on the increase.

It was the 1908 Smallholdings and Allotments Act which brought allotments and smallholdings together and placed a duty on Counties to meet the demand for holdings. In 1908 and 1909 some 60,800 acres (they had no use for hectares in those days) were acquired. Rural benefits, the gain to rural communities, and the satisfying of the small man's land hunger, all were encouraged by many distinguished men of the day. The clouds of war brought further development to a halt, but it was the war and the awareness of food shortages and the losses of imported foods which prompted a further look at the potential of small farms. There were also apprehensions of widespread unemployment after the war.

THE then Board of Agriculture urged County Councils to expand their Smallholding Estates, and it was in the early 1920's that many Estates were developed. The upper permitted size limit was 50 acres, but there were many very much smaller and easily cultivated by one man. Some 16,550 individuals were settled on about a quarter of a million acres, a crude average of 15 acres each.

ONCE again Agriculture was entering into a very depressed period, and in the mid-20's the government proposed further legislation to continue the provision of smallholdings in order to increase production and employment; County Councils had a duty to provide holdings to meet the demand. In the late twenties and the thirties there was severe agricultural depression. There were tumbledown fields and lack of tenants for farms. It is, however, interesting that even then official reports stated that smallholdings tenants, though suffering, were riding the depression and doing better than large farmers. Is this an example of small is beautiful?

CONTINUED.....

Concluding:

THREE ACRES AND A COW

WORLD WAR II came and afterwards a White Paper explained that if we were to have a prosperous and efficient agriculture men must be attracted to the land, one means of doing so being by the provision of a career on the land. Agricultural considerations therefore became primary and the concept of a ladder for farm workers to become farmers on their own account was given the force of Law.

WHEN the war ended the use of horses was declining fast and hand operations such as milking were rapidly ending. Holdings were becoming larger because one man with machinery could work more land and stock more heavily. Agricultural productivity was increasing through the adoption of new and scientific techniques. Water supplies, provision of electricity, and improved land drainage heading the list of improvements to holdings. Milk and Daries regulations demanded improved fixed equipment and facilities. The younger trained and experienced tenants were able with additional fixed equipment to raise production to new levels.

In the fifties and sixties the numbers of small arable holdings was declining and already amalgamations were creating holdings capable of increased production with a reduced labour force.

The Agriculture Act 1970 under which County Councils now provide holdings made it their duty to have regard to the general interests of agriculture and made the general aim the provision of a "gateway" through which able and experienced young people would be able to enter on a farming career which might otherwise be denied them. The voluntary re-organisation which had begun in many places was enforced by requiring the approval of restructuring plans prepared with a view to providing holdings that might give a better livelihood to the occupiers.

We have now come about full circle. The number of applicants of very high calibre is rising and it not unusual to have over 100 for any one farm to let.

(This article is based on one written by Mr C.H.Moore in the Local Council Review)

=====

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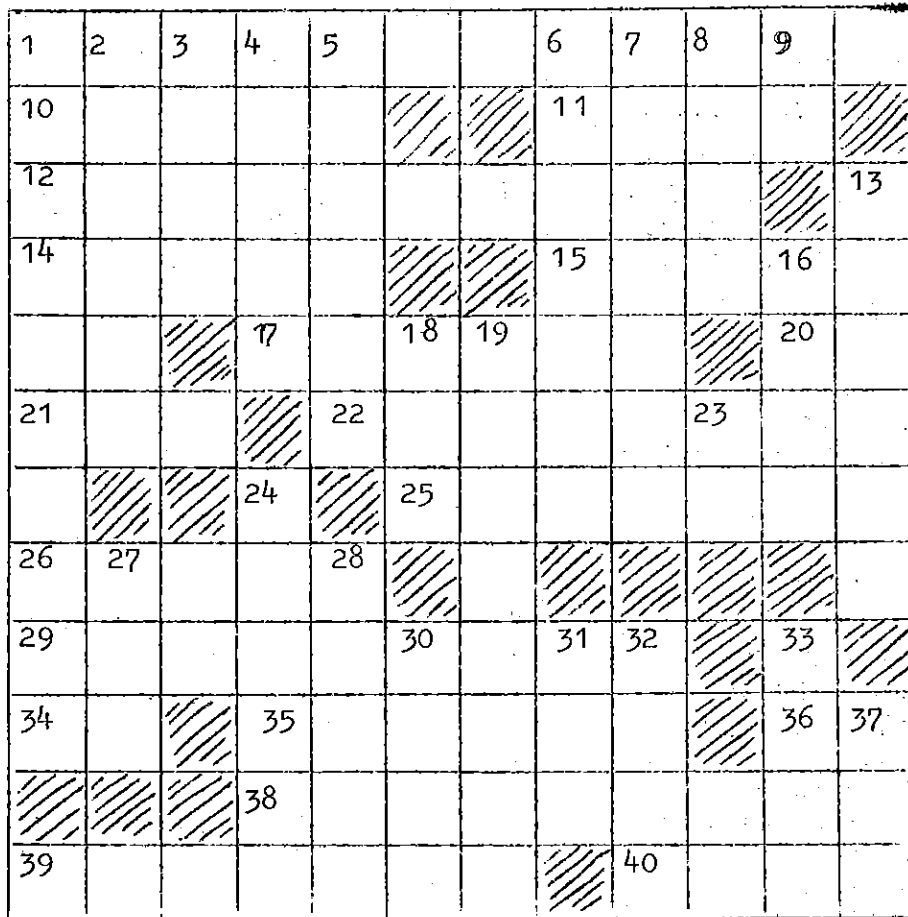


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Compiled by Miss Rosemary Stocken

ACROSS

1. Cattle food (6-6)
10. Sign of the Long Distance Footpath (5)
11. "When icicles hang by the wall
and greasy Joan doth....the pot (4)
12. Working hard they suffer from palsy(10)
14. Cord not missing in the Spanish
conqueror turns to as it were (5)
15. River in Hades producing forgetfulness
of the past (5)
17. Combed for cloth making (6)
20. Orifice (2)
21. It leaves its freshwater home to
spawn in the Sargasso Sea (3)
22. His corps is mostly concerned with
foreign legations (8)
25. The greatest in music (7)
26. Was this from the sandalwood, cedar-
wood & sweet white wine that
inspired Masfield (5)
29. The Zeppelin & Hindenberg were
examples of this (9)
34. Printers measure.(2)
35. Such acts are still performed at
Stonehenge (6)
36. Exclamation (2)
38. Did Tony needle her? (9)
39. He may mix with 150 for studying
basic metals (7)
40. "Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit Tu-who a merry.... (4)

DOWN

1. Don Giovanni & Cossi van Tutti
both involve one (10)
2. Indict (6)
3. A rondo returning without the
key note will name her (4)
4. Corn for grinding (5)
5. Sometimes thro' discontent (6)
6. George Formby's music? (7)
7. Altar screen (7)
8. Gusto (4)
9. ..Salvador (2)
13. Homer's wise old man (6)
16. "There is a willow grows
aslant a brook That shows his
.... leaves in the glassy
stream" (4)
18. Ambition (3)
19. Fisherman's marker (4-4)
23. Mountain (abbrev)
24. Spoil one's reputation?(6)
27. Raised edge.
28. Delicate when fronted by the
french coin -otherwise nimble(5)
30. In effect it embellishes the
article (4)
31. Circuit of the race track(3)
32. French vivacity. (4)
33. Missile, not necessarily of
war(4)
37. "Scots wha...wi' Wallace
(3)bled" (Burns)



Despite Jimmy
Saville
THIS
is the age
of the CAR.

Most elderly people without major health problems are no older than they choose to be, though far too many are inclined to regard retirement as "declining years", and allow brain and body to atrophy. Others, either continue to work in one form or another or take up some new active interests. I can well remember a retired civil servant saying to me, "when I retired I thought that a bungalow overlooking Salcombe Estuary and my small yacht were all I needed for a happy and enjoyable retirement. After three years of it I'm going out to one of the third world countries in a consultant capacity - and I thank the Good Lord for the opportunity." For the majority of us however, our motor-car is a key factor, in our retirement, in getting around for golf and bowls and other leisure pursuits, holiday travel and shopping (with the wife, of course!)

Thirty years ago when, if one ceased to drive, public transport was widespread and frequent for most of us, and rural day-to-day shopping was made easier with mobile purveyors of essentials. However, as car ownership has increased and more and more of us have continued to drive at a more advanced age, we have seen the closure of the smaller railway stations and a tremendous decline in bus services. There are now, I believe, in excess of 1.3 million licence holders of 70 years or older. Elderly people generally (drivers and non-drivers) are increasing - 7,500,000 in 1977 to almost 8,000,000 in 1981. Centenarians increased dramatically in 10 years from 300 in 1971 to 1,800 by the 1981 census - six times up! The biggest foreseeable rise will be in the 85-plus group - 67 per cent more men and 61 per cent more women by 2001. The Office of Population Censuses forecasts that the number of persons more than 75 years old will rise by 29 per cent (more than a quarter more than now) by 2001 - so elderly people cannot be considered an insignificant minority, can they?

Car ownership has allowed many people to live in the country and work elsewhere. If for any reason driving has to stop after retirement, not all will be able to manage to move to a town or larger village offering greater shopping facilities and other services, such as doctors, dentists, and so on.

Eighteen years from now says a 1981 Transport and Road Research Laboratory Report, despite much greater car availability among the elderly, at least one in two people will depend on their feet or public transport. So if you are a driver now, see that you remain one! If by any chance you cannot drive - learn - especially 'passenger' wives - for even if living in a town, in those 18 years public transport is likely to shrink even further. Despite Jimmy Saville, and the sketch at the heading, this IS the Age of the Car.

Sadly, there are too many elderly people driving with handicaps undeclared, that should keep them away from the wheel for their own and others' safety sake, at least until skilled medical or optical attention has given them a new lease of driving life.

CONTINUED OVER...

This is the age of the Car!

A Transport Road Research Laboratory survey of older people showed that ill-health and disability - not poverty, were the main reasons for ceasing to drive. Weakening muscles, perception and sight (particularly night vision were mentioned. So was hearing loss. Although convictions for driving with uncorrected sight are few, the problem is big.) Anyone with limbs stiff enough to impede rapid movement of hand or foot should seek a doctor's advice about whether to get a car with suitably adapted controls. If heart trouble is suspected or known, medical advice is imperative. Diabetes treated with insulin injections or any progressive disorder of the nervous system may also call for medical advice to continue driving.

It is not defeatism to seek treatment or an adapted or different car to keep you road-worthy, which is all you want - and correct action early enough could prevent an accident and possibly the inconvenience of being banned or having to take a test.

The Guinness Book of Records will tell you that on his 100th. birthday, Herbert Warren drove a BBC Television crew around Warlington, Norfolk. Until he was nearly 100 he took his Standard 10 into busy King's Lynn, and in 50 years of driving never had an accident!

To the healthy age is only an attitude, of course. Those not so fortunately endowed can only sensibly come to terms with their lot!

(Article & Research by D.W.Drabble)

CHANGING TIMES

The Wesleyan Chapel at South Milton, (now converted to a house with garages under) was erected in 1882 at a cost of £300 - with seating for 150 persons.

In 1857 population of South Milton was 414 - at the 1981 census it was down to 403!

D.J.

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IAN C. YOUNG

From a Village Voice
Special Correspondent

News from the PARISH Hall

Noticed how nice the inside of Thurlestone Parish Hall is looking these days? This due to the hard work of Mike and Dot Penwell who have devoted much of their spare time to painting the inside of the Hall, entirely free of charge, with paint generously donated by Doris Jackson. "Thank you" to the three of them from all of us... if only there were more people like you about! Mike also added skirting-boards which have smartened things up greatly.

Hopefully, during this summer, the Parish Council will be arranging for the Hall to have an outside tidy-up.

Please note that the Parish Hall A.G.M. will be held on WEDNESDAY 2nd. MAY at 7.30 p.m. It would be super if more of you turned out to this meeting..... after all, it is YOUR Hall! We should also welcome any new ideas about fund-raising. Talking of which, now that we are smartened up with re-painting, we are holding a Coffee Morning Bring and Buy at the Hall on THURSDAY 17th MAY at 10.30 a.m. to Noon, TO RAISE FUNDS FOR NEW CURTAINS FOR THE HALL.

The W.I. has kindly volunteered to make them if we provide the material, so all we need now is the money. Come along and support us on the 17th. May. Cakes, produce, raffle prizes and gifts much appreciated.

What with the new, lower, hiring charges for the Hall and the marvellous new heating system (and the new curtains before long?), our village meeting-place is proving a most attractive venue for all social occasions. Have you thought about hiring it for your family party, that coffee morning or jumble sale you are always meaning to hold for your favourite charity or other fund-raising functions? Ring Dot Penwell on 560666 for bookings.

COMMENCING Tuesday 5th June 1984, the Parish Hall will be open on Tuesdays from 10 a.m. to noon for Community leisure and/or chat. Free admission, coffee will be for sale, and if this project is well-supported attempts will be made to have occasional visits from the Citizens Advice Bureau, Community Health Council, Parish Council, National Trust, and so on.

For travel assistance please phone Kingsbridge 560297.

COMMENCING DATE:

TUESDAY 5th JUNE

PROBUS

At our March Meeting we were entertained by Mr Norman Addison speaking on the history of one of our most famous schools - ETON, where he was a Housemaster. It was probably a surprise to most of us to hear that in its early years Latin took absolute precedence and the 3 R's were not even thought necessary. Discipline was strictly enforced, although the boys were not entirely suppressed, and on occasion the whole school was flogged, the exercise being much to the detriment of the Masters who were so exhausted that they needed time off to recover! Our thanks to Mr Addison for a most interesting talk.

On Friday 13th April - what a day to organise a meeting - Mr Charles Roberts of the Irish Fish Conservancy Board gave us a most interesting insight into the breeding habits of that wonderful fish, the Salmon. Members who had fished for Salmon for many years said that they were surprised at the information he was able to impart; but even the speaker had to admit that how a fish found its way back to the river where it was spawned remained a mystery.

Please note that the next two Probus Meetings are on MAY 11 and June 8, and let me know if you are not attending not later than the WEDNESDAY before each meeting.

A.H.Dudley Tyas
Kingsbridge 560656.

Council House Sales

and the RIGHT TO RESELL

Source of Information:
District Councillor Mr Thomas

In general terms there are two types of Council House sales operated by the South Hams District Council :-

- (i) where a property is let and the tenant exercises his right to buy under the 1980 Housing Act,
- (ii) where a property is built by that Council/developer for the purposes of sale.

Dealing firstly with category (1) right to buy sales, the conditions regarding resale for properties purchased after 1980 will depend largely on whether the property is considered to be in a rural or non-rural area. Non-rural areas may be defined as those within the 4 towns of Dartmouth, Kingsbridge, Ivybridge and Totnes but excluding any locations within those towns designated as areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty. The remainder of the South Hams, including Salcombe town, may be considered as 'Rural'.

Rules Relating to Rural Areas Under Right to Buy.

- (i) Houses, Flats, etc. The purchaser may not dispose of the property without the written consent of the Council. Consent will only be granted if the disposal is to a person who has been working or living in Devon throughout the 3 years immediately preceding the application for consent.
- (ii) Bungalows. The purchaser may not dispose of the property within 10 years of the sale unless it has been offered for resale to the Council at market value.

There are no such conditions imposed on sales in the non-rural areas.

If the property is resold within 5 years a proportion of the discount allowed will be repaid to the Council as follows:

Property sold during 1st. year. 100% of discount to be repaid. 2nd. year 80% 3rd. year 60%. 4th year 40% and 5th year 20% of discount to be repaid.

Where properties are built specifically for resale. The Council imposes no restrictions regarding resale other than requiring the repayment of a discount where land has been sold at below market value. The repayment requirements are the same as those described in the previous paragraphs.

The situation regarding low cost starter homes was recently reconsidered by the Housing Committee and it was reaffirmed that no restrictions other than those described immediately above should be applied.

AM ANSWER TO YOUR QUERIES . . .

The KINGSBRIDGE DISTRICT PLAN has referred to 'Environmental Improvements' at the Golf Club car parks. The District Council state:

"There is already a concentration of public access to the coast at Thurlestone and the Plan indicates that there should not be any substantial increase in this level of access. The Draft Plan in paragraph 52.14 states that "in and around the village improvements could be made to beach footpaths, the provision of information, trees and hedgerows, street furniture, grounds surfaces and car parks."

"All these suggestions are tentative at this stage. No detailed schemes have been drawn up. The notes to the policy state that the co-operation of the landowners as well as the Parish Council and other local interests, will be sought. The Golf Club would be involved by the District Council in drawing up any scheme. The Council certainly do not want to get involved in improvement schemes that are not locally acceptable or desirable."



Villager goes to the Annual Parish Meeting

This is not a verbatim report - I must leave that to those who take the Minutes of such events. It is just a general chat on some of the things discussed - for the benefit of the 750 folk who were not able to attend.

In the afternoon of 27th March, the South Hams District Council's Mr Bletcher erected the complete Exhibition of the 'Kingsbridge Plan' in their 'Future of the South Hams' proposals for the next ten years - 1984-1994. I gather around 50 people came and viewed this very excellent display, but everyone criticised the format of the plans - so faintly printed that it was extremely difficult - almost impossible - for some to sort out what was what.

In the evening, come 7.30 p.m. there was a gathering well in excess of 100 people at the Annual Parish Meeting, chaired by Mr Peter Hurrell, who gave the apologies of County Councillor Mr. Simon Day - laid up with 'flu - so there was a speaker short. However, after the usual preliminaries of such meetings the Chairman opened up 'shop' with his Annual Report - well, as he said, the advent of 'Village Voice' pretty well covered that part of his task, but he was happy to say that the magazine had so far proved a financial success, due to advertising revenue and donations, helping them to acquire a later model duplicator and a new typewriter for stencil work. He was also more than happy to say that Thurlestone was one of only three parishes out of 62 to have a rate precept below 1p. .9p to be precise. With regard to the playing field problem, he said it just might be solved by a proposal from three farmers (who had helped the football team with a playing area over the years) on some basis of a 'four-year rota'. The meeting, probably thankfully, was not asked to resolve this and I would think the 'ball' is very much in the Parish Council's corner! I would think that what has to be considered is, that here we have a plan that could see the establishment of a parish playing field, an opportunity that if it is not taken now will probably not recur for ten years or more. There had also been a suggestion that the Parish Hall site be sold off, and a new Parish Hall erected on any playing field site decided upon. Surely much food for thought, and not a matter for instant off the cuff decision.

After all that, things were lightened a little by our Community Policeman, Constable John Barrett, who was accompanied, as he said, by his boss, Inspector Bob Wilkinson. Mr Barrett gave a few statistics on the wearing of seat belts over the period February-November 1983. These were just for Devon only, and indicated that in the period there had been 32% less fatalities, 19% less serious injuries and 11% reduction in slight injuries. He was not, unfortunately, able to offer any statistics for unbelted rear seat passengers, which seems a pity. However he did say that 98% of people were wearing front seat belts and the percentage was on the increase. (Who am I to dispute official statistics!) There was just one adverse statistic - the reduction in fatalities had created a shortage of kidneys and other organs for transplants. Mr Barrett also spoke briefly about drink/driving.

THEN we came to the event of the evening. The team from the South Hams District Council, led by Director of Planning, Mr Michael Carpenter, ably supported by Mr Kim Cooper and Mr Smale. Mr Carpenter said he wanted people to tell them what they wanted. All would be affected in some degree, and only by hearing directly from people could the final plan reflect what was

READ ON...

Villager at the Annual Parish Meeting - continued

needed in each community and by each community. Mr Kim Cooper screened a slide of the Thurlestone area, which was welcome, though you still couldn't see very much detail. There was considerable discussion regarding housing, and a paragraph from the 'Draft Written Statement' of the Plan was questioned in a letter from Eagle Developments Ltd., disclaiming that they had 100 dwellings still to be erected. Mr Carpenter explained that in the 1960's an area of around 8 acres below the Mead Estate, was granted outline planning consent for about 35 dwellings (at 4 to the acre) and this area still remained in private hands and the planning consent was still valid. Eagle Developments still have just 52 more sites to develop (with 8 still in process of development, in addition). In reply to a questioner Mr Carpenter said it would not be possible to consider the site for low cost housing as there were covenants restricting development to only four houses to the acre.

In a discussion regarding the possible erection of some low-cost 'starter homes' for the 'home-bred' younger generation only - if that were possible - Mr Carpenter said he agreed on the necessity of limiting exploitation of low-cost homes in a coastal area. It was something his department were working on, and hopefully could resolve. Obviously the meeting, generally in favour of low-cost homes to help Thurlestone to be a 'living parish' desired to see some guarantee that such dwellings could not become future holiday homes. On the possibility of houses to rent, the meeting was told that the housing investment programme was a third of what it was and, therefore, there was not a lot of hope in that direction.

Mr Jack Thomas, the District Councillor for Thurlestone, South Milton and West Alvington, said that no services were to be cut, and the rate increase was only 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ p in the £. (That's 20% though, Mr T.!) He also spoke of the delays over the Avon Estuary Bye-law. The District Council were having the greatest difficulty in getting replies from the Home Office and he was, once again, going to ask MP Anthony Steen to try and get things moving. Perhaps I ought to mention that he thanked everyone for helping to re-elect him, and there is no doubt Mr Thomas devotes a great deal of his time to parish matters.

Well, as usual, as a 'free agent' I'm going to conclude with some 'Villager' comment - for what it is worth. I think that you are being presented with a Plan - whether you like, or think it is needed, or not. It would be somewhat foolish to ignore it - for example, the question of a playing field area is very important to the younger generation. Should they or should they not have an area of their own. When I say that, it would obviously be a parish playing field and not merely a football club playing field. Much farmland seems to have gone for luxury housing, is it now too outrageous to consider a small area for a playing field and for 'starter' low-cost homes?

One very important point was put forward by Mr Carpenter. WRITE TO HIM at the Planning Department, Tollaton House, Totnes TQ9 5NE and say what YOU think about the plan and its proposals - not just for Thurlestone - but as far as it concerns the Kingsbridge Area. Perhaps the younger generation will write and put forward their point of view - for after all the future belongs to them. I should say the Parish Council would probably like to have a copy of every letter that is sent off - for they are going to have to make some firm decisions on all the matters raised - be it starter homes, playing fields, Avon estuary bye-laws - even on a suggestion for a one-way traffic system at Bantham/Buckland. Surprisingly there was no suggestion, that I heard, of any proposal to by-pass Thurlestone village main road. Ah, well, I suppose many of these things can be termed 'hot potatoes' - nevertheless, somebody, somewhere is going to make decisions - so why not help. If a plan is anything it is surely all about looking forward. You have until the end of May to make your mind up - but I shouldn't leave it that long.

R.W.P.A.

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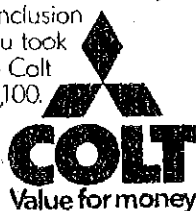
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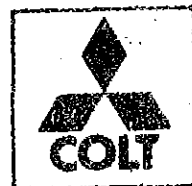


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General Provisions

Eavesdropping at a purely imaginary Parish Council Meeting of a purely imaginary Parish Council.

Yarmington-by-the-Sea Parish Council

An occasional way of conveying interesting information.

The Councillors, for no particular reason had gathered a little earlier than usual, allowing the Chairman, Dudley Davenport to open the meeting spot on time.

Following the reading of the Minutes of their previous meeting by the Clerk, which were duly adopted by members and signed by the Chairman, a number of minor items under the heading of 'matters arising' were quickly despatched, and the meeting proceeded to the next item on the Agenda - a complaint regarding a bull in a field with a public footpath. The Clerk read out a letter:

"I should like to know what the Council is going to do about the bull which is loose in Farmer Freeman's lower field. The footpath there is used by quite a number of children going down to the beach and back from the Willow Estate, and also by pensioners such as yours truly, Robert Redvers (retired postman)"

Members nodded. They all knew Robert well. Galvanised into action at the very mention of children, retired school-teacher George Trotter asked, "Is there anything we can do?"

"I think there is some new regulation," said the Chairman, "perhaps the Clerk can bring us up to date?"

"Yes," Mr Chairman, "there's been a change in the law," the Clerk Peter Piper replied. "It is an offence, subject to a fine of up to £200 to keep any bull in a field where there is a public path or byway. Except if the bull is not over ten months old, or is not of a recognised dairy breed, and is with cows or heifers, also at large."

George Trotter snorted. "How are you supposed to know how old it is? Ask it for its birth certificate, I suppose, before it starts to charge - and its pedigree."

The Chairman suggested that the owner of the bull would know all that.

"I daresay he would. But could he still get away with it, because you or I wouldn't know or couldn't report it?" George was getting worked up.

"Dairy breed presumably being more ferocious than others," Mary Mollet murmured thoughtfully. "I certainly wouldn't know the difference."

"What happens if it's crossbred?" George wanted to know.

"I must say, Mr Chairman," asserted Arthur Austin, "even if a bull was guaranteed safe and was with a number of cows, I shouldn't care to get between him and his intended - and you easily could, without knowing."

"The trouble is, Mr Chairman," the Clerk managed to put in, "Robert doesn't give us enough facts. Would the council wish me to write giving him the quotation from the 1981 Act, which I've just mentioned." This was agreed.

Ernest Eagle had been silent through this debate. Quietly re-arranging his papers he now said. "Mr Chairman, I must say I have a good deal of sympathy with the farmers. They have to put up with so much nowadays - dogs worrying sheep, trespass, and all that sort of thing, but I'm not happy at the way footpaths are ploughed up. Nobody seems to give notice any more, before ploughing, and I do wonder if there is anything we can do about it."

"They should give seven days notice," George Trotter plunged in "and make the path good within six weeks", he went on firmly. "Well, actually, Mr Chairman," the Clerk said gently, "there again there's been a change in the law recently. It isn't necessary now to give notice, but the path must be made good within three weeks from the start of ploughing."

There being no further business the Chairman thanked members for attending and formally closed the meeting.

D.W.D.



Half-awake I walked
A dimly-seen sweet hawthorn lane
Until sleep came;
I lingered at a gate and talked
A little with a lonely lamb.
He told me of the great still night,
Of calm starlight,
And of the lady moon, who'd stoop
for a kiss sometimes;
Of grass as soft as sleep, or rhymes
The tired flowers sang:
The ageless April tales
Of how, when sheep grew old,
and their faith told,
They went without a pang
To far green fields, where fall
Perpetual streams that call
to deathless nightingales.

And then I saw, hard by,
A shepherd lad with shining eyes,
And round him, gathered one by one
Countless sheep, snow-white;
More and more they crowded
With tender cries,
Till all the field was full
Of voices and of coming sheep.
Countless they came, and I
Watched, until deep
As dream-fields lie
I was asleep.

WILLIAM KERR

Get born on a Sunday

Sunday's child is full of grace,
Monday's child is full in the face,
Tuesday's child is solemn and sad,
Wednesday's child is merry & glad,
Thursday's child is inclined to
thieving,
Friday's child is free in giving,
Saturday's child works hard for
his living.

A Cornish Rhyme.

A Little Local Gen

THURLESTONE Parish Council are one of only three - out of sixty-two - to keep their rate precept below 1p. To be precise just .9p !

South Hams Council Member's Attendance Allowance for 1983-84 amounted to £29,000 and Members's Travel, subsistence, Conferences and Courses took another £21,000 whilst the Chairman's/Vice Chairman's Allowances amounted to £3,000.

The Owner's contribution to collection and disposal of an abandoned vehicle is now £55.00.

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Rules for Staying Young

"Grow old along
with me !
The best is yet
to be"

DOTTINESS is not
inevitable in
old age according
to Robert Chapman
writing in the

'Sunday Express'. If you try you can remain mentally alert well into your 80s psychologists say. You may be forgetful at times but, by and large, you will still be able to give younger folk an intellectual run for their money.

There are apparently, three golden rules: Mix with other people, keep up intellectual exercises like reading and doing crossword puzzles, and seek new experiences if only simple ones like occasionally visiting a new restaurant.

The rules are the outcome of a survey involving more than 3000 people in Seattle, U.S. over the past 30 years which have overturned several entrenched beliefs about what happens to the brain as we grow older. Researcher Dr. Warner Schaie says in a report on the survey that crucial areas of human intelligence do not decline with old age among people who are generally healthy. He comments: "Those who do not accept the stereotype of a helpless old age but feel they can do as well as they have at other times in their lives do not become prematurely ineffective." The research highlights one key mental faculty called "crystallised intelligence" which continues to improve over the whole life span of healthy active people. Crystallised Intelligence is our ability to use an accumulated amount of general information to make judgments and solve problems. One dramatic finding was that brain cells are not lost automatically as people grow older.

OLD BANTHAM DITTY FOR POULTRY KEEPERS

I used to keep some poultry
But the beggars they
wouldn't lay
An egg large enough for me.
So what did I do one day,
I took the kitchen bellows
and blew down their necks
with glee,
And every day they lay an egg
I'm very pleased to say
they are getting larger and
larger by the day.
First they were so tiny and
small
But now they are as big as a
bouncing ball
So the grand old wind
Makes them lay larger and
larger and larger every day.

THIS was sung to me by HENRY MOORE, a sprightly 85 year old with a glint in his eye and a hearty chuckle.

He now lives alone in the very cottage where he was born, next to the Sloop Inn. He keeps six hens and "them be laying larger eggs than ever before."

Henry Moore tells me that he and his mates, in their young days were always singing ditties when they met for an evening at the Sloop. (Was it Mackeson even then, I wonder?!). He is a fund of good tales from old times, be it a visit to the doctor in Kingsbridge by horse and cart, or his escapades in the navy as a steward during part of World War I - in Plymouth and Scapa Flow.

In the afternoons after school, he used to help deliver bread as far as South Milton from the old Bantam Bakery. His father helped in building the chapel at Buckland and a very proud team of builders they look in a photograph taken in the front of the chapel. Henry only retired ten years ago from his work for Evans Estates.

Nowadays he watches all sports on T.V. - especially golf. He used to be a crack golfer at Thurlestone and held many records and silver trophies, and few can beat him at the Skittle table in the Sloop!

PROVOCATIVE? CONTROVERSIAL? DOES HE KNOW SOMETHING THAT WE DON'T ???

Local Government WHAT IS ITS FUTURE?

Writing in the Spring edition of the 'Local Council Review' under the simple heading "1984- - 1994", Mr Charles Arnold-Baker OBE, former Secretary of the National Association of Local Councils and author of "The Law and Practice of Parish Administration" made some pretty dramatic comment.....

"The imminent demise of the present local government system, collapsing in the electronic age under the weight of its own overmanning, decreasing efficiency and growing expense, must give all local councils furiously to think. The 1972 and 1973 Acts took away much work from the district and county councils, who nevertheless contrived greatly to increase their staffs. The reason for this, heavily concealed under slogans, is that the elected councillors no longer have control: this is shared between the officials and Whitehall, because most of the major councils' work is routine, repetitive stuff which has to go on, and in which trade unions have done very nicely, as anyone who troubles to look up employment statistics, or the Purple Book salary scales published in the Municipal Year Book can see."

Mr. Arnold-Baker goes on to say....."the character and function of villages is about to change very rapidly. The total population goes on rising but it is already leaving the big cities....and moving into the smaller towns and villages. By the year 2000 most office workers will be able to sit at home, communicate and calculate on video, and hold board meetings and business conferences without being in one place. It is being done intercontinentally now. More locally, it is a very probably spin-off from cable TV. Many industrial processes will be handled in a similar fashion. Japanese robot factories and Czech remote control coal mines already exist. Commuting will never quite cease, but far more people will work outside industrial centres. It is already happening near London, and speaking generally, the villages have been expanding for some time."

Mr. Arnold-Brown considers. "The character of village populations is thus changing and will change faster. Agriculture is, of course, the foundation of everything, but through mechanisation and chemistry, farming has ceased to use great labour forces and has become industrialised in habits and outlook. The cultivator (in the broadest sense) is in a small minority in his own rural landscape."where society dissolves into a geography of large villages and small towns there ceases to be much purpose in district administration, for the services which go beyond the scope of such communities (roads, water, electronics, power and so forth) already require a scale bigger than a district. There is, equally, no logical or God-given reason why houses should be provided, or rates collected, or environmental health organised, or development controlled, on a district basis. Most of these things, if not hived off to specialised corporations, could be as efficiently run by the county, which, unlike the district, and like the village, still attracts a certain human loyalty. The district, in fact, was a financial expedient, useful in its day for providing drains, but now outmoded....To sum up, ..I would lobby the Treasury for forward-looking finance, and I would lobby Parliament for a fully adaptable legal status embodied in a Village Charter Act.."

Mr. Arnold-Baker is such an acknowledged authority in the sphere of local government that one is left wondering if he has 'inside knowledge' or is merely speculating on a pet theory of 'things to come'. A view of a great many people is that the 'district' council concept is very much akin to the 'middleman' in industry. As reported in 'Village Voice' Sept/Oct issue 1982 the Council of Europe had for over two years formed a committee to prepare a draft charter setting out the basic principles of freedom and autonomy of local authorities as an indispensable element of democratic government, and essential for safeguarding the rights and liberties of the citizens, proposing that local authorities shall have a general residual right to act on their own initiative with regard to any matter with adequate financial resources of their own!

JOHN PINYON.

'VILLAGE VOICE' presents a little yarn by a promising young local writer

Isn't Old age a caution! by Mark Cook

"OO-OO!OUCH." With an odd little grunting noise the old man straightened up. Leaning on the handle of his fork he peered into a can at his feet, and decided he had dug enough lug-worms for the fishing expedition planned for the next day. His dog, Rex, who had been watching him with resigned boredom, sprang to his feet wagging his tail and expressing his pleasure with a single bark.

"Hold it, now," the old man admonished him, and went stiffly to the dry rock where he had left his various belongings. The tide was rapidly on the turn, and a chill night breeze was coming in off Bigbury Bay. The old man shivered, and swore softly to himself, but he could not hurry.

First he cleaned his fork on some loose tresses of seaweed hanging from a rock. Then he washed his hands in a nearby pool and dried them on an old rag that probably passed as a handkerchief, before putting on his coat. Lastly, he picked up his false teeth, which lay grinning at him on a small pinnacle of rock. A new set with which he had recently been fitted, were unfortunately not fitting at all well and, when he stooped to dig they were apt to fall out. So to overcome the problem he had temporarily discarded them. He washed them carefully in a second nearby pool, put them in his mouth, and grunted with an odd satisfaction at the harsh, clean taste of salt water. Then picking up his fork and can, he ambled slowly up by the Surf Life Savers Clubhouse to where he had left his bicycle. With another short, single bark, Rex ran ahead.

When he reached his cycle, the old man realised that it was already later than he had bargained for. Darkness had descended rapidly and he could see the lights in the village winking as he strapped his fork to the bar of his cycle, prongs foremost, hung his bait-can over the handlebars, and then slowly, with a series of stiff hops, mounted and pedalled down the track, with a wide, capering motion until he reached the slope up the village road. He remounted as he came abreast of the Sloop Inn, his mind pleasantly concerned with thoughts of supper, when a voice broke in upon him, and he nearly fell off in surprise.

"Stop!"

The old man pulled up, to see a large form looming out of the dusk. "Stop, you. Where's your lamp?"

"Well - I declare, Officer, would you believe it? If this isn't the second time in a fortnight I either lost my lamp or it's been stolen. Isn't that just the very devil? I swear it was lit just now."

The constable looked at the fork and the bait can, his big chin on his chest.

"Tell me," he said at last, "and what age of a man might you be?"

Well, sir, officer. I'm nearer eighty than I care to be."

"Goodness, you're a fine man for such an age, but you're a very foolish one. All cycles must have a lamp fully lit as darkness falls upon us. Don't you know that at your age?"

"Sure, I know it well, officer; and I observe it too. I'm known as quite the carefulest man in this village on a bike. I wouldn't cycle five paces without my lamp was lit."

"Where do you live?" asked the constable.

The old man waved his hand vaguely in the direction of West Buckland, but all the time they had been speaking he kept glancing nervously towards his dog. Rex knew his master was in a bit of a jam - he could tell by the tone of his master's voice, and he was obviously only waiting for the shred of an excuse, even the flicker of his master's eyelid, to be at the policeman and bury his teeth in his leg. He kept circling round the blue-clad legs, his back straight, the hair on his neck standing up, his whole body committed and cleared for action.

Even as the constable had finished speaking, Rex had sensed fear, and edged in closer. The old man's blood chilled within him. He had had no licence for a dog

MORE

CONCLUDING.....

IS'NT OLD AGE A CAUTION ?

=====

this twenty years. His mind leapt ahead in anguish and saw only disaster. No lamp - no licence - keeping a ferocious dog not under proper control - a policeman badly bitten -- good grief. He swore again softly under his breath. The very least he could expect would be a heavy fine - perhaps an order for Rex to be 'put down' - perhaps even a spell in goal.

As if reading his thoughts, the constable glanced down. "Here he said. "Call this animal of yours off - away from my legs."

"Come here, Rex, come here this minute. Have you no sense?"

The old man's voice rose fiercely. Hesitating for only a moment, the dog, albeit reluctantly, came round to the back wheel of the bicycle. From that distance he continued to survey the 'enemy' growling softly.

The constable eyed the animal with disfavour. "That's a queer sort of beast. What do you call it?"

"Rex," constable, sir.

"No, you idiot, what breed is it?"

"Well, you puzzle me there, constable. I don't rightly know his pedigree."

"I can believe you, said the constable, still looking at the dog, now by the light of his torch.

"Well, tell me, where are you proceeding to now?"

"I'm going home to me supper." The old man's face creased artfully, and ingratiatingly he said, "I'm always preaching to they at home about lamps on cycles and motor-cycles and they cars. It's funny I should be the one to fall foul of the law meself this way - but as you'll know -"

The constable cut him short with feigned ferocity. "Listen here to me. Will you just brundle that cycle and yourself and that", pointing at the dog, "and get to hell out of my sight. It's time you were in bed!". "Indeed, you're right, constable. Old age is such a caution I do dread it coming on me!"

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'Showing a Leg'

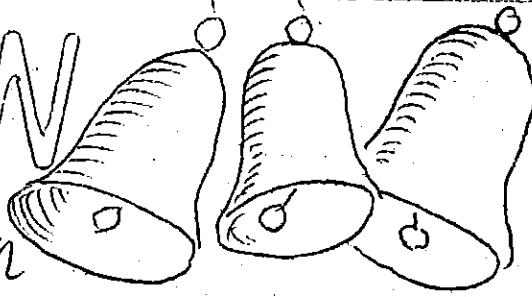
In Nelson's time, when His Majesty's ships were in harbour, ladies were allowed to sleep on board. The sailors were required to get up at the usual hour, but ladies might please themselves. A nice problem of discipline thus arose.

A solution was found in the fact that the ladies wore their stockings in bed, while the men slept barefooted. If (as usually happened) all the sailors did not appear punctually on deck, it was necessary for the Boatswain to search for defaulters. He went along the bunks calling out "Show a leg! show a leg!". The owner of a bare leg was promptly dealt with; but any leg wearing a stocking was allowed to return to where it came from, and doubtless the Boatswain would apologize to the lady in nautical terms. Evidently our sailors, being such innocent fellows, never thought of borrowing the ladies stockings!

A.S.

CURFEW

Ancient and Modern



Contrary to the general notion, it appears that no "curfew law" was ever enacted in England. There was, however, long before the Norman Conquest a curfew custom which was followed by the English as well as by other European peoples as a precaution against fire.

There is for example, an old tradition that a curfew bell was rung every evening at Carfax in Oxford during the reign of Alfred the Great and that at its ringing all persons were expected to cover their fires, shut up their houses and go to bed. The medieval Church gave the weight of its authority to this beneficial custom, and somewhat improved upon it when a Synod at Caen (1061), held by the Duke's authority and attended by Bishops, Abbots and Barons, ordered that a bell should be rung every evening, at hearing of which prayer should be offered, and all people should get within their houses and shut their doors. We are told the object in view was 'protection from night thieves,' and nothing appears to have been said about fires or lights. Thus the old custom became a police regulation and also a call to evening prayer.

Doubtless the sanction of the Church facilitated the enforcement of the old English curfew and extended its scope in England after the Norman conquest. But it was not, as has been said so often, a punishment inflicted by William I on a conquered people. If we can believe William of Malmesbury, Henry I allowed the use of candles at court after curfew; but kings will be kings, or at least they would in those days.

In London, in Edward III's reign, the bells of St. Martin's-le-Grand rang curfew for the closing of the city gates and the shutting of all taverns. Before the end of the 14th century the Great Bell of Bow had become the Common Bell of London, and curfew was

then rung by the whole peal of Bow. The Customary Records of London for the year 1495 show that curfew custom was then strictly enforced in the city:- "yf ther be anye paryshe clerke that ryngeth curfewe after the curfewe be ronge at Bowe Chyrche, or Saint Brydes Chyrche, or Saint Gyles without Cripelgat, all suche to be presented" (that is, the offending clerk was to be summoned to appear before the Quest - or Court - of Wardmote). Another typical record is furnished by the Articles of Faver-sham settled in 1531:- "Imprimis, the sexton, or his sufficient deputy, shall lye in the church steeple; and at eight o'clock every night shall ring the curfewe by the space of a quarter of an hour, with such bell as of old time hath been accustomed." The curfew was evidently a municipal rather than a state institution.

Curfew is still rung in several English towns and villages throughout the year - in some places at 8 O'clock, in others at 9 o'clock, and this variation of time has existed for at least four centuries. In the Middle Ages curfew ringing began at Michael-mas and ended at Lady Day.

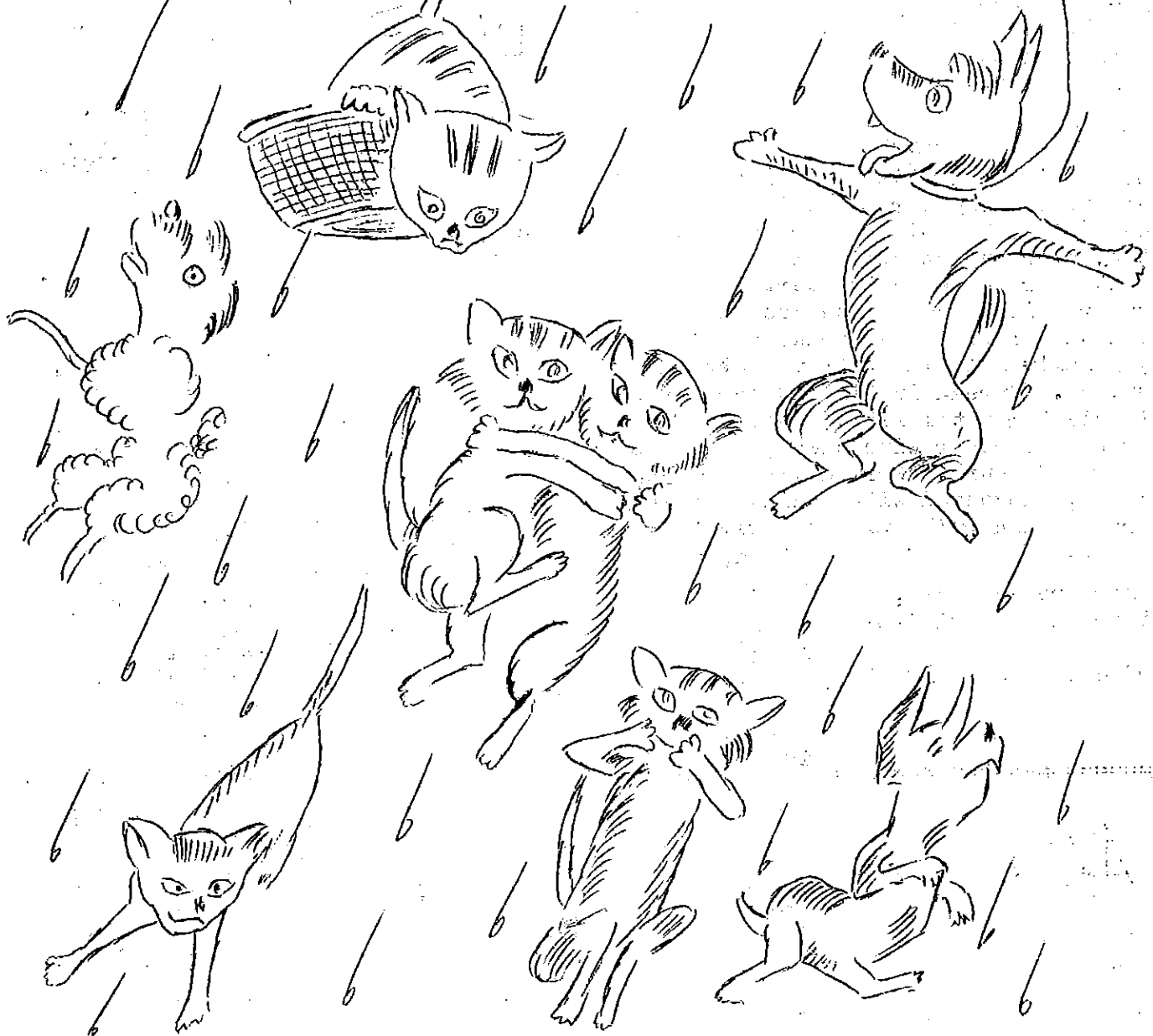
The first English 'curfew law' is probably to be found in the Regulations issued by the Board of Trade during the European War and known as the "Curfew Order", which sought to reduce the consumption of gas and electricity in order to save coal. This order came into operation on April 2nd. 1918:

No lights to be used in shop fronts.
No hot meals to be served and no food cooked in hotels, restaurants, clubs, or public eating-places between 9.30 pm and 5 am. and no light to be exhibited in the dining-room of such places after 10 pm. No gas or electric current to be consumed on the stage or in the auditorium of any place of entertainment between 10.30 at night and 1 pm the following day.

Research W.Deer.

VILLAGE VOICE

WHATEVER THE WEATHER



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CHOCOLATE ROULADE

6oz Block dark chocolate
5 Eggs
8oz. caster sugar
3 - 4 tablespoons water.
Vanilla, rum or brandy.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.
Icing sugar.

METHOD:

Line Swiss roll tin with greaseproof paper. (Baking parchment is best). Beat egg yolks with sugar until creamy. Put water and chocolate in bowl and melt over pan of hot water. Do not let water boil as chocolate goes lumpy. Add chocolate to egg yolks and then carefully fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread in tin and bake 15 to 20 minutes until firm. Remove from oven, and cover with clean, damp cloth. Leave 12 hours. Spread with whipped cream, flavoured with vanilla, rum or brandy, and roll up. Dust with icing sugar.

This freezes well, so can be ready to impress your visitors this summer!

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Anon.

After the Flood--

was over Noah lowered the gangway from the Ark for all the animals to leave. As each pair passed him, Noah said, "Go forth and multiply". All the animals left except two snakes who lay quietly in the corner of the Ark. "Why don't you go forth and multiply?" demanded Noah. "We can't," answered one snake, "We're adders." !

GARY BLIGHT GIVES A LEAD

from
SOUTH MILTON !

Do you recall the drawing in the March/April issue of a Post Office being demolished ?

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SUB-
POSTMASTERS. 28th. March 1984.

Dear Mr Blight,

Further to our letter of the 3rd. February 1984, we would like to thank you once again for the excellent poster drawn by your son.

The Executive Council of the Federation have seen the poster and all agree that it is indeed a highly original idea. It has, therefore, been decided to use the drawing as a forerunner to a competition with a prize at the end.

As your son's poster has given us the idea for this competition, which we hope will promote interest in the 'Use your local Post Office campaign', we would be pleased if your son would accept the enclosed £10 gift voucher from the Publicity and Development Committee of the Executive Council.

In addition of course, your son's poster will form part of a competition proper and he may even receive a prize at the end should the judges decide that your entry is the best of all those submitted.

I would be pleased if you could get in touch with me at Federation Headquarters and let me know your son's Christian name as a small article on the competition and how the idea came about will be placed in the May edition of the Journal.

Yours sincerely,
COLIN BAKER.

+++++ MISCELLANY +++++

THURLESTONE VOLUNTARY COMMUNITY CARE

Telephone numbers of Co-ordinators:

MORNINGS: 9 am to 1 pm.

Mrs Mary Moore - Kingsbridge 560548

Mrs Mary Elliott - Kingsbridge 560463

AFTERNOONS: 1 pm to 5 pm

Mrs Lottie Jeffery - Kingsbridge 560676

Mrs Mary Elliott - Kingsbridge 560463

EVENINGS:

Mrs Pauline Eaton - Kingsbridge 560404

Miss R.S. Stocken - Kingsbridge 560257

Just a little local scheme to try to help anyone over a temporary crisis.

If no reply on one number for any reason do use the alternative number.

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'WATER' IS THE THEME

RICHARD KEMP of Collacott, South Milton is having a 'one man' EXHIBITION of oils and water colours, many of local scenes, with 'water' as the theme, at:

CIRCA FINE ARTS

Island House,

Barbican,

Plymouth.

from MONDAY 30th APRIL to SATURDAY
12th MAY 1984

10 am to 5pm each day

Should be well worth a visit when you are in Plymouth

+ + + + +

GETTING YOUR BODY PAINTED !

SOUTH MILTON GARAGE tell us, and ask us to tell you, they now have a fully operative PAINTWORK AND BODY DAMAGE section with a qualified operative.

This Garage is also now operating a CALOR GAS DELIVERY SERVICE.

Ring Kingsbridge 560233 for a free estimate on the 'body' - or a recharged Calor Gas bottle.

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THE NEXT MEETING

of THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL will be on TUESDAY 22nd MAY in the Parish Hall at 7.30 p.m.

THIS WILL BE THE ANNUAL PARISH COUNCIL Meeting with the usual Open Forum Session.

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CHANGES AT SOUTH MILTON

Many will be sorry at the departure of the South Milton Parish Council Chairman (Mr Brinkworth) and the Clerk (Mrs Julian), after serving their community with industry, devotion and ability for many years.

When a vacancy now occurs on a Parish Council, the vacancy has to be advertised asking ten people to put their names forward to the Electoral Registration Officer at Totnes. In the event it seems only two did so and the council were then in a position to co-op. Their choice fell on Mr Richard Kemp of Collacott, and the new Parish Clerk is Mr Paul Blight of the Post Office Stores, who shouldered that task from the 1st. April.

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THE END OF 'THURLESTONE'

Isn't it rather sad to see our 'Thurlestone' telephone exchange replaced by 'Kingsbridge'. I suppose 'they' would say it is all in the cause of efficiency. We'll see, won't we !

One thing to remember now, is when you want someone in Kingsbridge itself you just dial whatever the number is without the old '9' prefix, so a simple 2326 will put you through to the Police Station - and 999 is still the 'Emergency' call number. Decimation - Metrication - and now this !

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

Nik and Louise
offer Home cooked
traditional English fare
and a selection of Fine Ales,
Lagers & other Refreshments.
Look forward to seeing you.



Thurlestone Village Inn

Telephone: KINGSBRIDGE 560452