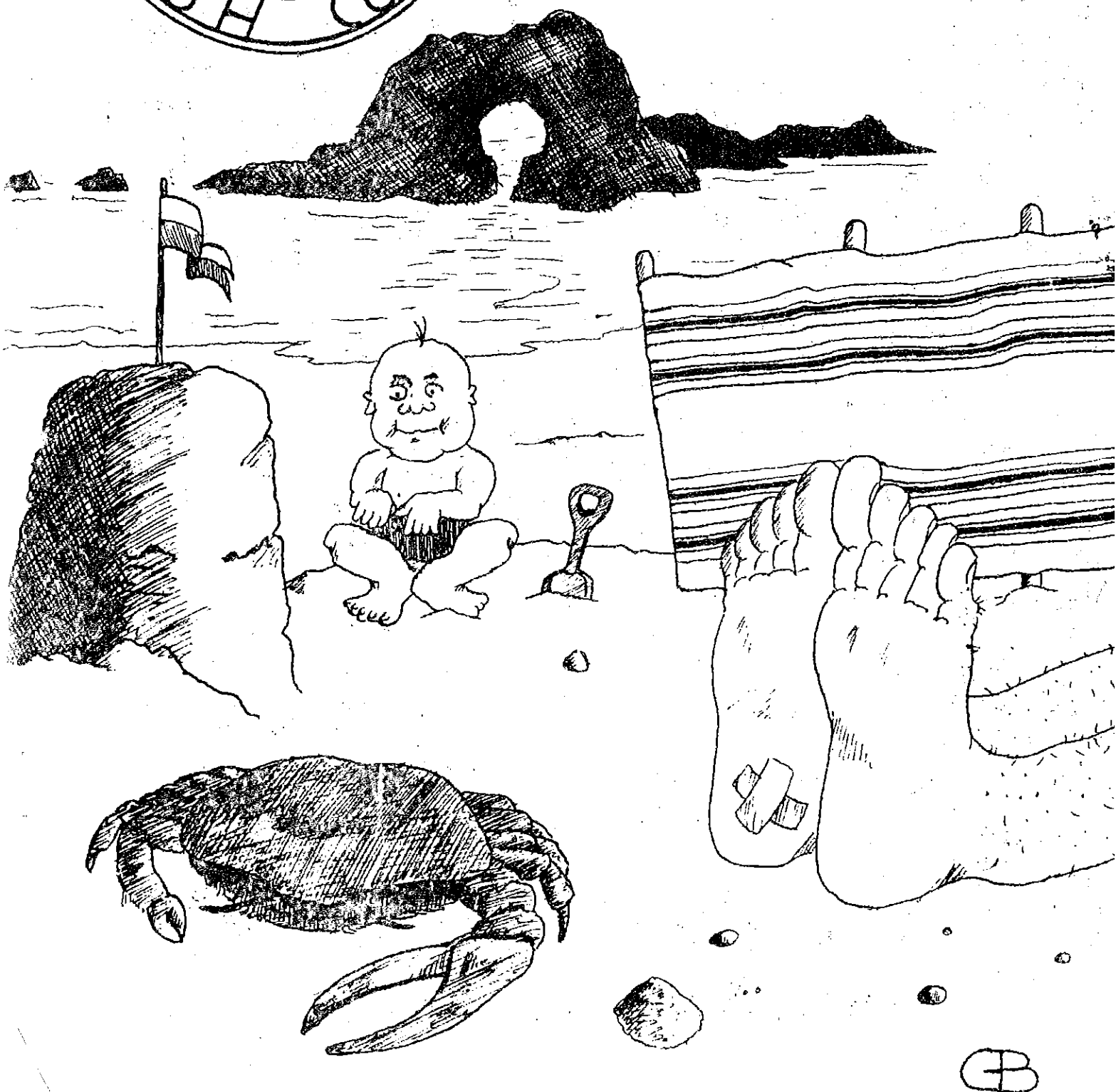




No.13 · July · Aug 1984



# LIGHT on the Mountain

ONE by one the clouds lifted, and the dense drooping veils of mist were slowly withdrawn. The great mountains became visible, clearly defined against the heaven's ethereally faint blue. Eternal snow lay frozen white upon them, and their cold, high peaks seemed very far away. But one wide bar of luminous gold lightened their slopes towards the East; and in that warm and tender haze the hard snow melted, and the purple violets opened into bloom.

TWO dark figures of men advanced into the Light. They had climbed for many hours. They had seen the radiance from afar, and now they entered it together. They were brothers in their common lot and creed, but as they stepped into the golden glory their brows grew heavy with distrust and wrath. "What doest thou here?" said the one. "The Light is mine!" "Nay, fool," said the other, "thou liest - the Light is mine!" The evil frown deepened on their faces, and they forgot their brotherhood, and fought; fought with a merciless fury for every inch of that wonderful Light that was not theirs; fought till the violets on the turf sickened and died in the torrent of blood that was shed. But suddenly between them a shadow fell. And the Shadow's name was Death. Then those contesting twain shrank from each other's grasp in fear, and covering their eyes they fled swiftly, and the Shadow went with them. And their blood sank into the cool brown earth, and the violets bloomed again. And Light lay still upon the mountains.

TWO women came into the Light. They were great Queens, browbound with gold and burdened with a weight of gems. With them they dragged a fainting and feeble creature like a child with wings; an almost dying thing that wept and wailed aloud and shuddered as it came. Reaching the Light the women paused and faced each other. "Loose thou thy hold of Love," said the one; "for lo, we have reached the goal, and, by the wonder of my beauty in the Light, both Light and Love are mine!" "O traitress!" cried the other. "What hast thou to do with beauty where I am? I am the mistress of the world; Love is my servant, Light my heritage. Dispute no more, for Love and Light are mine!" And again the Shadow fell. Then those two rival Queens grew pale and thin, and melted like frail ghosts into the darkness. But the winged child remained alone, weeping. And Light lay softly on the mountains.

A solitary wayfarer advanced into the Light. Bareheaded and with uplifted eyes he paused and looked, - and smiled. His limbs were very weary; his hands were hard with unrewarded toil; but though his face was pale and careworn, it was beautiful. His lips parted in a sigh of rapture. "This is the Light!" he said "My God, I thank Thee. And the winged Love, who wept alone, drew near to him and kissed his feet. "Oh, who art thou?" it questioned his sobbingly, "Who art thou that has toiled so far to find the Light, and has no word of envy on thy lips, but only peace and praise?" The stranger, smiling, answered - "I am known as the Despised and Lonely: in all the world I possess nothing, not even a blessing. Alone I have sought the Light and found it; wherefore I praise the Giver of the Light who hath not suffered me to be dismayed. For I bear the name most hated among men; the name of Truth!"

AND again the Shadow fell. Only it was no more a Shadow but a Brightness, brightening into the Light itself. And tired Truth drank in the golden Glory, and grew strong. Love dried its childish tears, and afar off there was a sweet sound as of the singing of angels. And God's Light widened on the mountains.

From: God's Light on the Mountains. An Allegory and taken from 'Cameos' by Marie Corelli first published in 1896.

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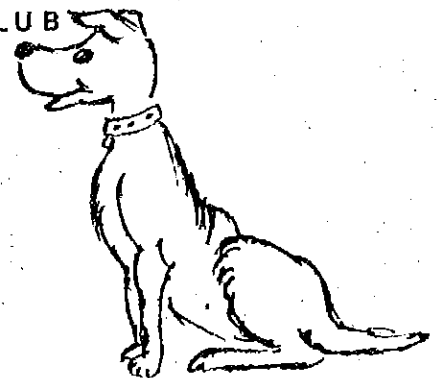
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# Villager - on Second Homes

There has long been a feeling abroad, (and I'm not talking about foreign parts) that there are too many 'second-homes' in our parish.

From time to time it has been said by your Parish Council and was a quite specific point made in the Parish Appraisal carried out in 1980. There is little doubt that Thurlestone village is being steadily converted from a truly rural to an urban area. The trouble is it has not achieved the benefit of all the facilities of an urban community. One thing is certain - the indigenous population is now a distinct minority. Surely though, this applies to all parishes which may approach the attractiveness of Thurlestone !

I would number myself among that minority - and I can say I have come to terms with the fact of the growth of second homes - already comprising something like a third of the total housing stock - and from the disclosures from the District Plan that there are still 100 dwellings still to be erected in the Thurlestone village at four dwellings to the acre - that growth is not difficult to forecast - for such dwellings can only be classified as 'luxury homes' on a quarter acre site, in this day and age.

The trouble is, I suppose (and let's be honest about it) we 'lesser mortals' tend to envy the people with the where-with-all (that means money!) to acquire an expensive 'second home'; but hostility to second homes as such should not be interpreted as hostility to the folk who make their transitory visits. Can you blame anyone wanting to breathe the sweet clean air of this area? After all, if a property of any kind is offered for sale, someone, sometime is going to buy it - and in a democracy the decision to live there as little or as often as they desire in their free choice. A lovely seascape, a panoramic 18 hole golf course, swimming, fishing, sailing, glorious walks - a Country Club. Personally I admire the foresight of the developer who knew what he was about. Just a pity

maybe, that just quite so much land was available.

So, to cut a long story short and having said that, as the best of television speakers often remark (somewhat too often) - no one can deny there is now a very definite housing imbalance in the parish and 'second-homes' where normally people come to relax or play as the mood may take them, cannot do much to foster community spirit. In that respect they must tend to be 'on the outside looking in'

I think it very probable that the majority of folk who buy a 'second home' in Thurlestone will form the nucleus of a permanent population of the future !

P.S. I live almost next door to a 'second home' family, and they even entrusted me with a spare key - 'just in case anything is wrong'

What the sale of land and the planning system has inflicted on Thurlestone parish is not anything to to be blamed on the people who have reaped the benefit of having a house in our lovely parish.

: : : : :

Who should receive a free copy of 'Village Voice'? It is sponsored by your Parish Council, but financially it lives a life of its own - based on advertising revenue - donations, and the sale of the very limited number of each issue available - so it is not a case of being a ratepayer entitling anyone automatically to a free copy. The policy is that such copies go to residents. Anyone not resident may obtain a copy by post (60p including postage) or for a small charge from the Village Store & Newsagency. Outside the parish from the South Milton P.O. Stores. This issue has been stepped up to 500 copies to try to contend with outside demand.

: : : : :

The September/October number will be distributed at the end of August.

All items for inclusion should be sent in as soon as possible please.

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## Know your Herbs!

MANY holy men were aware of the virtues of natural medicines, and both the old and the New Testament contain references to them.

ISAIAH was not only a prophet - he was also said to be a medic. He told one of his patients to lay figs on his boils - and the man was cured. The fig has been used in Bavaria. Simmered in milk to treat mouth ulcers. Hindus use the sap of the fig tree to treat toothache, and in the USA it has been used to treat warts. One of Isaiah's greatest achievements was to write a book detailing herbal cures for every known disease of man at the time. This priceless treasure was stored in a temple in Jerusalem, but when the Roman General Titus invaded that city this unique manuscript was destroyed and thus lost to us for ever.

AT ONE time man believed that providence having supplied plants to fill every need in health would also be a source of remedies in sickness. Modern man has tended to disregard simple remedies that are near to hand and available to everyone, and has preferred to develop test tube drugs, imagining he can improve on nature!

FRANKINCENSE and myrrh were known as effective medicines of the day. Frankincense also being used as a perfume fixative and chewed to sweeten the breath. Myrrh, a gum resin obtained from the myrrh tree has been used to treat asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and is still used in some cosmetics and toothpastes, it is said.

(Source of information included Christine Hall in 'Healthy Living')

+ + + + +

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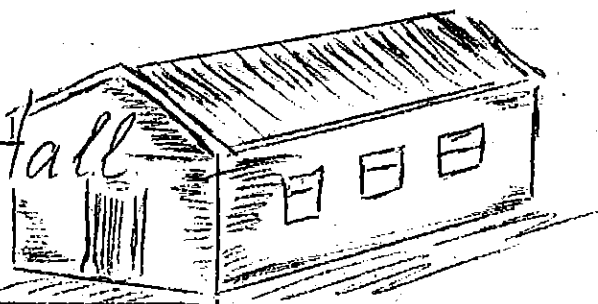
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# A brief History of Thurlestone Parish Hall by Sea Bee



ON MARCH 2nd. 1934, in the Schoolroom at Thurlestone, the first Committee Meeting was summoned. The then officers were Mr. A.E.Stidston (Chairman), Mr. R.W.Prowse (Hon. Sec.) and Mrs. E.M.C.Grose (Hon. Treasurer). in attendance as committee members were: Mrs E.M.C.Grose, Mrs. Lancey, Mrs. Sherriff, and Mrs. G.Prowse together with Messrs W.Morgan, N.Hill, W.Dufty, A.Moore, F.R.Yeo, J.T.Snowdon and F. Ingram. At this meeting, elected and adopted by consent were Capt. Chick, Mr. Charles Bevell and Miss Shirley.

A SITE of about a quarter of an acre of land for the proposed Hall and a Carpark for 30 cars was to be inspected on March 7th., and the Chairman had proposed to donate that piece of land for this purpose. The proposed site was immediately to the East of Bantham Garage, but this was later substituted by a similar site on the opposite side of the road.

BY MARCH 1935 over £720 had been raised towards the building of the proposed Hall, and this sum had been increased to £1,180 by March of 1937.

UNFORTUNATELY, the then Rural District Council entered into the problems of site acquisition, and that authority required substantial road construction works to be carried out on the North and West sides of the plot, so ultimately Mr. Stidston withdrew his offer of the plot of land, at which stage Mr. Frank Russell Yeo offered an alternative site, being the land and car park area upon which the present Parish Hall stands. Upon the death of Mr Yeo in 1937, his widow confirmed that she would carry out her late husband's promise, and would convey the land to Trustees to be appointed for that purpose. This was carried into effect by a Deed of Gift in October 1938, which Deed, in addition to giving the site, set out the charitable purposes of the Foundation, which are still operable.

WAR broke out before any building operations could be commenced, and the project was suspended indefinitely.

SOON AFTER the war was over the National Council for Social Services entered upon the scene, and a protracted period of correspondence then ensued from March 1946 to June 1949, mainly with that body, but also with the Devon County Council, the Charity Commissioners, the Kingsbridge Rural District Council, Architects, Contractors and suppliers of fixtures, fittings and furniture, during which period of correspondence plans were passed, altered, amended, resurrected, again amended, changed and finally approved, and the present building was erected at the instance of the National Council for Social Services with financial assistance from the Thurlestone Parish Council, and the use of the funds raised by the Parish Hall Committee. The opening ceremony was held on the 23th July 1949.

THE PARISH Hall Committee between 1934 and 1949, with, of course, the assistance of the residents, raised over £2,000, which sum was expended in the embellishments to the utility conditions of the premises provided by the National Council for Social Services. One fund raising item in the late Spring of 1939 was a 'Sing-song' at "Kennedy", which produced £40 - a truly large sum for those days.

FROM 1949, and for some years to come, the Parish Hall was leased by the Committee from the National Council of Social Services, at an annual rent of £13. The concrete floor caused many problems, especially for the Old Time Dancers, and eventually the present oak block floor was installed in October 1950.

## VILLAGE VOICE

In December 1953, after steps were taken to ascertain whether the National Council for S.S. would sell the Parish Hall to its Committee, procrastination by that Body ensued, and, being pressed by the R.D.C. additional sanitary facilities were installed at the rear of the premises at the Committee's expense.

In July 1957 a letter was received from the National Council for S.S. requiring the annual rent to be raised to £105 p.a. The Committee passed a resolution unanimously, that they thought this iniquitous in view of the large sums of money contributed by local events since 1934, and by dint of persuasive meetings between Mr. E.M.C.Grose (as Chairman), the District Valuer and the National Council of Social Services, through its Regional Director, Mr. Cottam, the Hall premises were eventually conveyed to the Parish Hall Trustees for the sum of £425, and were then vested in the Commissioner for Charity Lands, to be held in perpetual trust for the benefit of the Parish upon the terms of the Foundation Deed of 1938, and still remain so.

At this time (1963), upon medical advice, Mr E.M.C.Grose resigned from the Committee, having been a member continuously for 28 years, and Chairman for the past 13 years. A great debt is owed by the village to the families of Yeo, Grose and Penwell in relation to their respective community activities on behalf of the Committee.

One of the main problems encountered at the Hall since its erection has been the poor quality of heating, and although in its history seven different (and at times expensive) systems have been installed, and eventually removed as unsatisfactory, so the latest installation in 1983 is hoped to effect an improvement to the use of the Hall. Part of the heat loss is explained by the poor design of having the entrance doors immediately opposite the doors to the main Hall, but careless use of the outer doors has contributed largely to this heat loss.

In 1963 the Thurlestone & Spath Milton Football Club obtained a grant from the Devon Football Association towards the erection of changing rooms, showers and a small kitchen at the rear of the Hall premises, and the Club now rent the land upon which the erection took place at a nominal Ground Rent of £1 p.a. In 1968 the Car park was resurfaced and a Notice Board erected inviting users to pay the reasonable charge, and the Committee are indebted to the various occupiers of 'Hilltop' for collecting this revenue from time to time.

In 1968 the Committee agreed to lease to Mr David Frost, a small area of land at the rear of the Car park for 25 years to enable him to commence an Electrical Contractors business to create some local employment. In 1981 before the expiration of his lease, Mr Frost asked the Committee to sell him the land, the subject of his lease, and terms were agreed and his lease enlarged into a Freehold, with the benefit of a right of way from the main road, and subject to other terms. This transaction was agreed by a specially convened public meeting, approved by the Charity Commissioners, and carried into effect.

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CONCLUDING :

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THURLESTONE PARISH

----- HALL -----

The Parish Hall was re-wired for electricity, the walls provided with insulated panelling, and substantial re-decorations completed all with the assistance of Grants from the Parish Council and Parochial Church Council. The windows were fitted with black-out blinds for slide and film presentations, a Music and Dancing Licence obtained, and the size of the kitchen doubled.

The interior of the Hall was re-decorated again in 1984 by Mr. Mike Penwell and his wife, and it is hoped that a new lease of life will take off now that the premises are to be available for lonely people in the village, in addition to the normal bookings throughout the year.

(The Editor apologises to the author of this most interesting article, for the very, very, very inadequate drawing at the commencement. Unfortunately the magazine has no resident artist - something which perhaps some talented parishioner might care to take up ?)

=====

Sign in a Wallpaper Shop:

Shop here and hang the consequences !

+ + + + +

An affectionate Irishman once joined the 75th regiment in order to be near his brother in the 76th. !

DOWN. 1. Community. 2. Nostalgia. 3. Turner. 4. Respect. 5. Imitate. 6 & 9. North Sea. 8. Too. 13. An. 15. Dose. 17. Schism. 19. Yen. 21. Warranted. 24. West. 26. Redress. 27. Mistake. 28. Copyist. 30. His. 31. A.T.S. 35. Tot. 36. Ada.

ACROSS: 1. Consternation. 7. Mistress. 10. Liar. 11. Won. 12. Pea. 14. Roadside. 16. Roc. 17. Sty. 18. Film. 20. Stance. 22. Eve. 23. Hat. 25. Yarn. 27. Music. 29. Re. 32. Soars. 33. Is. 34. Datestamp. 37. at. 38. Star. 39. Pod. 40. Fatalist. 41. Disinterested.

ANSWERS FOR CROSSWORD No. 8

# Is South Hams a "No Hope" Council?

It would seem from press reports that South Hams District Council is firmly under the control of a 'political' group - a group which for reasons of its own was formed in April 1983 after the election.

This 'ruling group' has apparently made certain that only members of the group will chair any of the main committees. It is, in fact, reported that all councillors were circulated with a memo of who was going to be the new Chairman of the council and who were going to be committee chairmen.

Mr Jim Laphorne is reported to have declared that many traditional 'party' supporters in the South Hams were becoming disenchanted with the way the group were acting. He claimed that they tried to persuade himself and other councillors to join this majority group, stating that he had been told that he had 'No Hope' of ever becoming a committee chairman unless he did.

Village Voice offers no comment. The facts seem to speak for themselves !

Appointments reported:

CHAIRMAN of the S.H. Council  
Mr George South, M.B.E. (Kingswear)  
Vice Chairman. Mr C.J. Eales  
(South Brent).

Committee Chairmen:

Planning: Mr. Robertson Cooper  
(Modbury)

Policy Management: Mr. G. Heywood  
(Dart Valley.)

Leisure & Recreation: Mr. G. Roach  
(Ivybridge)

Finance & Management: Mr. R. Barrington  
(Kingsbridge)

Economy & Employment. Mr. R. Yonge  
(Yealmpton)

Health & General Services.  
Mrs H. Rickard (Ugborough)

Editor's Note: The opinions expressed in any articles in this magazine do not necessarily represent the views of any member of Thurlestone Parish Council.



## *If the oil runs out - how shall we Travel*

BEFORE the advent of the railway Kingsbridge was a great coaching centre, three and four coaches running daily to and from the Great Western Station at Wrangaton. Great as was the improvement from the coach to the railway, equally great was the coach upon the methods of locomotion in the earlier parts of the nineteenth century. If persons desired in those days to go or come from Plymouth they had the chance to ride in a lumbering wagon, stowed away amongst all sorts of merchandise or lumber, but with this disadvantage to the traveller, he or she being live lumber and not likely to break (except in temper!), was generally stowed away by the driver in an uncomfortable place. But then as a sop to the aristocratic traveller of that day, an enterprising townsman, Mr Thomas Haynes, put on a one-horse spring trap, which can best be described as a square box on two wheels, a cover on top, curtain around, which could be opened or drawn at pleasure. Later on a Mr Foale started a coach to Plymouth. Great and dire were the prophecies of ruin and disaster in respect of that coach. If persons wanted to Exeter they had to go by wagon. They went as far as Totnes, when they transferred to others. The conveyance to Dartmouth was even worse, over fearful roads, and the wagon for a great part of the year on its return was loaded principally with salt fish, which was not particularly pleasant for passengers!

The opening of the South Devon Railway from Plymouth to Exeter naturally led to improved means of travelling, and the ten miles between the nearest station and Kingsbridge was constantly travelled over by a good service of coaches.

V.V.

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# More about SELENIUM

Nobody should ever regard any substance as some kind of miracle 'cure-all'. Don't jump to anything a non-medical person like myself has to say. Ask your doctor what he thinks.

+ + + + +

In the March/April 1983 edition of 'Village Voice' I gave an account, based on an article from the 'Sunday Express' on the apparent success some sufferers from arthritis were indicating from taking a formulation of a substance called Selenium with added vitamins A, C and E.

Since that time my wife, who suffers from an arthritic knee in particular, has taken one capsule a day based on a product produced by Wassen International of Walton-on-Thames. In that period of time - 15 months - she has definitely had less pain and has not again lost the ability to bend her left knee without such pain that she had to seek the help of a Physiotherapist.

Selenium (Se) is stated to be the world's rarest known trace element. It is a mineral which was established some 20 years ago as an essential nutrient in the human diet. It is in reality a diet supplement.

The most visible and talked about effect of selenium is that many people appear to have reported a noticeable easing of arthritic symptoms. It now seems to be recognised as beneficial for building a healthy heart and generally slowing down cell damage, eventually leading to a longer life span! This, I have seen it stated, can be demonstrated when looking at the selenium rich area of Sheringham in Norfolk - one of the few areas in Britain which has an adequate concentration of selenium in the soil. In Sheringham it is said, selenium has been isolated as the factor responsible for the unusual long life expectancy of its inhabitants, together with their general well-being and good health even in old age.

Selenium is stated to assist in breaking down cadmium build-up in the kidneys - cadmium being a pollutant mineral accumulated by many city people due to its presence in the atmosphere. Excess leads to high blood pressure apparently.

Other areas of research are reported to include the effect of selenium in treating cystic fibrosis, muscular dystrophy, sexual function, cancer, various allergies, stress and even migraine. It is understood new research areas are being instigated all the time by the medical profession.

It seems that working closely with vitamin E, selenium works to attack free radicals, the highly reactive fragments of molecules which can cause chain reaction damage to the cells. The Oxidisation of the cells has been linked with diseases of many parts of the body. Vitamins E and C and selenium are said to be anti-oxidants which provide the body's ability to fight back and also to protect against further cell damage or decay.

Selenium is a silver grey element which is unevenly distributed in the earth's crust. Most of Britain, with the exception of a tiny area in Norfolk, is low in selenium, whereas certain areas of Canada and America, for instance, are said to have a much higher content, as do areas of the Netherlands, France and Italy. Many Scandinavian countries are apparently lacking in selenium.

In Britain, selenium is said to be present in foods like wholegrain wheat flour, sesame seeds, brewers yeast (but not beer!) garlic, mushrooms, beans, fatty fish and other seafood, kidneys and Brazil nuts. However, over-processing easily destroys selenium and refining removes a high percentage from cereals. Vegetables grown in this country are unlikely to carry much since the general lack of selenium in British soil.

I gather that it's not much use moving in a hurry to Sheringham if you are elderly. You need a period of at least eight years residence to reap the long term benefit claimed for the area. I can only say that it does seem to have been of benefit to my wife - otherwise this article must certainly not be read as a recommendation to you to rush out and spend £5.87 on a 3 months course.

D.W.DRABBLE.

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*The Sloop could  
tell a few tales!*

BANTHAM folk will no doubt be well aware of their history. Many tales are told of smuggling and wrecking, some true, some embroidered with telling, but in those days most local inhabitants regarded plundering and looting almost as a right with little regard being given to survivors. As the law stated "if any man or living thing escape to shore alive it is no wreck."

Bantham history goes back to pre-historic times. During the great storm of 1703 an old kitchen 'midden' or refuse heap was uncovered and many traces of pre-historic dwellings were found. Later a Bronze age promontary fort and signs of a Roman camp were unearthed. In 1067 a band of Irish marauders used Bantham as a base while raiding as far as Totnes. You will, if you are a regular reader, recall the detailed story of the Pilchard fishing industry which thrived in the 1800's described by Kendall McDonald.

Around 1830 the policing of the beaches was increased, stopping some easy smuggling, but many devices were used to continue this profitable 'side-line'. Small barrels were linked with rope and dropped in shallow water, to be picked up later by small local boats passing as 'crabbers' to avoid the gaze of the Customs Officer. The barrels were hidden around the villages, two known 'hidy holes' were on the porch roof of Thurlestone Church, where up to 50 barrels were hidden at a time. "Brandy for the Vicar"!! - and above the Whiddons Smithy at Bantham.

In those 'good old days' (about 150 years ago) the Sloop Inn minted its own coinage. These were used as payment for goods and services rendered, and could only be exchanged at the 'Sloop' for beer or cider ensuring a full house.!

# VILLAGE VOICE

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held their A.G.M. on May 21st.  
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Mr. Steve Sullivan, Secretary, and  
Mr Mike Hansen as Treasurer.  
Their 'End of Season Awards' were  
presented at a Buffet held at the  
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1st. team PLAYER OF THE YEAR:  
Mike Yeoman

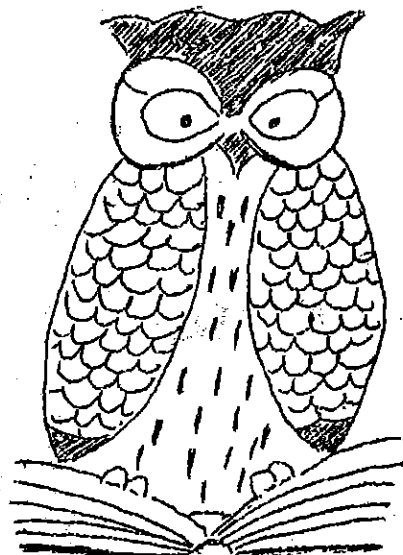
1st. team PLAYERS-PLAYERS:  
Phil. Burns

2nd. team PLAYER OF THE YEAR:  
Adrian Martin

2nd. team PLAYERS-PLAYER:  
Des. Bickle

Mark Sheppeard was named as the  
most improved player of the year  
and Steve. Sullivan the best  
Clubman.

DO MAKE A NOTE OF TUESDAY 10th  
JULY - when Mr R.K.Butler will  
talk about the HERITAGE COAST  
during the THURLESTONE PARISH  
COUNCIL MEETING. 7.30 p.m. at  
the PARISH HALL, Thurlestone.



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MEET THE STAFF ; SEE THE SCHOOL  
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Anthony Perkins in  
**"PSYCHO II"** (Certificate 15)

It's 22 years later . . . and Norman Bates is coming home.



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Kevin Kline, Angela Lansbury, Linda Ronstadt in  
**"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"** (Certificate U)

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Wednesday & Thursday, July 25th & 26th, at 8p.m.

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THURLESTONE

# Parish Notes

The Annual Parish Council Meeting held on the 22nd May 1984 saw the unanimous re-election of Mr P.W.J. Hurrell as Chairman and Mr D.J. Yeoman Vice-Chairman. Mr Yeoman was also elected as the Parish Council Representative to the Parish Hall Committee.

+++++

For year after year after year it comes up! Crude sewage from the overflow sump at the bottom of Warren Hill - into the stream it goes - polluting the atmosphere with its stench.

The Parish Council protest in vain that the simple pipeline to the sea is now completely outdated. Put down in the 1930's just look at the increased housing. Is Thurlestone being taken for a ride? I'll say it is.

A sewage rate of 22p in the £ of your rate assessment plus the crafty 'Annual charge'.

Another protest has gone in. This time it was 'gravel in the pipe'! Gravel - what will it be next time?

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## The "Kingsbridge Plan" and the Parish Council

With only about fifty people reviewing the Exhibition of the 'Plan' displayed at the Thurlestone Parish Hall in March, and just over the 100 (out of 850) attending the Annual Parish Meeting when the proposals were discussed, it could well be that a number of people have obtained a less than clear second hand picture of the Parish Council's approach.

For example, there has never been the remotest proposal for the erection of a 100 Low Cost Homes! However, there are some 52 more dwellings to be erected on the 'Mead Estate' by Eagle Developments (Plymouth) Ltd., and there are still two blocks of flats comprising 16 dwelling units, to be erected on the 'Leaside/Merchants Field' development, again by Eagle Developments and there is yet a further outstanding and still valid consent for a yet further development of 4 to the acre on a 8 to 8½ acre site adjacent to the Mead Estate, but held privately by Mr Eric Stidston. When all that development proceeds there will be 100 more 'luxury' houses in the parish. The term 'luxury' is only used to distinguish a property built on its own ¼ acre site probably worth £20,000 or more in itself, compared to a 'Low cost home' which shouldn't cost £20,000 ready to live in! Apart from the blocks of flats development which the Parish Council fought 'tooth and nail' for two years, all the other development - at least the planning consents in outline to permit it - were granted in the 1960's in the days of the Kingsbridge R.D.C.

PLEASE TURN OVER FOR MORE-----

The "KINGSBRIDGE PLAN" & the PARISH COUNCIL

and with the Devon County Council as the Planning Authority. That was a time when Parish Councils were not consulted in any way, or advised of what was going on !

One very important factor to keep in mind is that this 'Kingsbridge Plan' which incorporated plans for Thurlestone and other parishes in the area of Kingsbridge was a DRAFT PLAN. It made proposals and suggestions - and anyone who took time off to read it would understand that. Many of the things it had to say or proposed for Thurlestone were based on our very own Village Appraisal (which had a 72% response) and upon the District Council's own 20 page Questionnaire which had been completed by your Parish Council after every question and every answer had been read in full to a well attended Parish Meeting - and unanimously approved. The Village Appraisal and the Questionnaire both called for some smaller houses to help counteract the imbalance being caused in the village housing. These smaller houses were specifically detailed for 'the younger generation, the elderly and the one person 'family''. The other item called for was a Playing field and Amenity Area - somewhere for children and somewhere for the Football Club.

The Draft Plan detailed the possible plots or sites with a time limit for comment and recommendation. With the mandate of the Village Appraisal and that Questionnaire the Parish Council could act decisively and recommend that the most suitable site for a small number of low cost houses was the 'Alternative Residential Site' on Inset 2 of the Draft Plan. This would have easy access from Seaview Road. It would not be a serious extension of the 'built' area of the village of Thurlestone nor an unpleasant intrusion into the landscape. It would give access to the Primary School without entailing a long trek by children up the main road and all services were readily available - though the foul sewer would probably require some attention.

What about a Playingfield/Amenity Area? The Football Club undoubtedly needed a permanent area. Children of the area would benefit from the establishment of an area where they could play freely. The 'Five-a-Side' football game was thriving and an established Amenity Area would serve a multitude of purposes in the parish. Few parishes the size of Thurlestone were without such a facility.

The Draft Plan offered two prospective sites. Only one, the 'Alternative Recreational Area' on Inset 2 of the Draft Plan made sense. It too, was close to the Seaview Road access, as well as having access from the main road. It was situated close to the Parish Hall and Carpark and to the Football Club Dressing rooms which were attached to the Parish Hall. It would also be possible to establish access from the Seaview Road Area without the children having to use the main road.

So, the recommendations were made - but let us be quite clear - they were made on the proposals based on a Draft Plan - which it is expected will be a full twelve months in being made into a firm statutory plan, and when the District Council arrive at that stage they have said there will be another period for consultation with the public. Furthermore, as Mr Carpenter, the Director of Planning stated at the Annual Parish Meeting, "Write to me and tell me your likes and dislikes of the Draft Plan."

One might say that 'everything is very much in the melting pot' for the next twelve months when the final decisions will depend entirely on the views then expressed.

Incidentally - if smaller dwellings are built for sale the Parish Council insist that they must be only for people with reasonable residential qualification. They would prefer houses to rent - but that seems most unlikely.

JOHN PINYON.

HERITAGE  
COAST

The NEXT MEETING of Thurlestone PARISH COUNCIL will be held on

TUESDAY 10th JULY 1984

when they have arranged for Mr R.K.BUTLER, Devon County Council Amenities & Countryside Officer to talk on Heritage Coast

# THE SLOOP INN

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rooms



# Thoughts at the Chancel steps

by I A N C. Y O U N G

"Without ambition there can be no success." As he stood by the chancel steps awaiting the arrival of his bride, Donald Chalmers could not help remembering those words which had echoed so many times through his school years which he was very willing to admit had been, for all the hard work, unspectacular.

Even after leaving school and getting a job in the office of the local shoe factory, there had been for some quite considerable time, little sparkle in his achievements. However, the unexpected and serious illness of one of his colleagues resulted in a complete reorganisation of the office and he, although with some misgivings on the part of his superiors, was transferred to another position involving new responsibilities and new skills.

The effect on him of his new position had amazed not only his employers and his parents, but most of all himself. For the first time in his life he began to realise that he thrived on responsibility, and over the ensuing months as he became more involved in his work, and the organisation of the Company, the mutual advantages of his new outlook became more and more apparent.

His increasing personal status at work changed his whole attitude to the world outside, with consequent greater involvement in social and sporting circles. He applied for membership of the Tennis Club and the local Dramatic Society, where he discovered that his shyness and lack of confidence disappeared quickly, and he found it increasingly easy to make contacts on a purely personal level.

This new found attitude stood him in good stead when he was introduced to Mary, a lovely girl of his own age, whom he had admired from a distance for many years. The friendship

developed quickly and Mary and he were soon discussing plans for their joint future, notwithstanding his doubts regarding the suitability of his job, and the rather chilly atmosphere when he was first introduced to Mary's parents because he was afraid that they might not approve of having an office clerk as a son-in-law.

Fortunately Mary had made it very clear that her mind was made up and convinced her parents that they really were deeply in love with each other and prepared to face up to any problems which might arise.

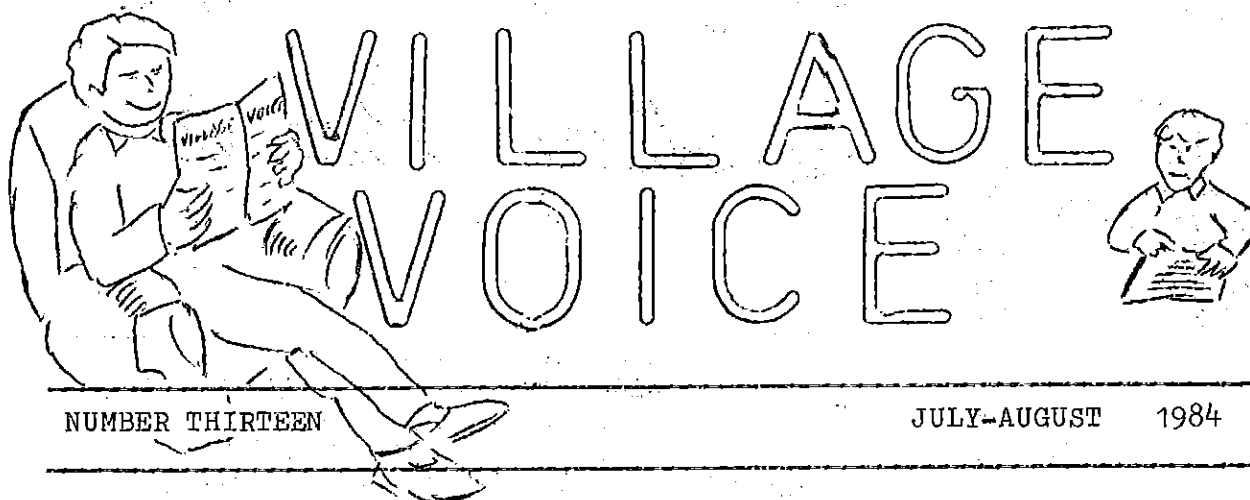
After that everything went happily along, until now he was waiting for Mary's arrival, on her father's arm, to become his bride. Mary's father had paid the deposit on their new home, and only the previous week he had been promoted to the rank of Office Manager, with a promise of even greater things in the future.

The sound of the Wedding March interrupted his thoughts, but as he turned to meet his bride he wondered if having a great ambition was really as straight a road to success as marrying the Boss's daughter !

=====

## Widow wins

A Farmer's widow who helped her husband on their farm all her married life has succeeded to the tenancy. At the tribunal, the landlord's agents argued, in Thirsk, North Yorkshire, that Mrs Gladys Broadwith had not been trained to run the 208 acre Street Farm, Thornton-le-Street. Acting for the trustees of the late Major George Parkinson, they were trying to gain possession of the holding. But the tribunal felt that as the business had been run as a family partnership, with mother and two sons participating, Mrs Broadwith satisfied the criteria required to succeed to a tenancy.



This Magazine is Edited on a bi-monthly basis for THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL by the Editor: D.W.Drabble, 10, Backshay Close, South Milton Kingsbridge, Devon, TQ7 3JU. Telephone. Kingsbridge (0548) 560533.

Contributions of articles, stories, drawings suitable for reproduction, Crosswords and all items of interest are not only welcomed by the Editor, they are an essential ingredient in producing a village magazine.

There is a limited amount of space devoted to advertising - please contact the Editor as to terms and availability.

#### EDITORIAL

When I suggested to the Parish Council that a Village Newsletter cum Magazine might be an acceptable form of communication, I really had little idea of what I was proposing. Needless to say, the Council granted the idea their full support, although one whom I shall not name did say to me later, "I thought it might just be a seven days wonder!". Perhaps secretly I might have thought the same thoughts!

All that was two years ago - during which time, because of the generously sustained contributions of articles, stories, drawings, etc. the magazine has 'grewed and grewed!' Without such contributions you could have little but a two page report on the latest 'blow-out' on the sewer pipeline.

Unfortunately the free issue of copies cannot possibly extend beyond the actual residents of our parish. It was parish money that started it off - it was parish donations that permitted the establishment of the right sort of 'machinery' to produce it - and a cost of not less than £50 per issue must never be permitted to be a charge on our parish rate fund. So non-residents are asked to pay a very nominal price - and to cope with the visitor's demands this issue has been expanded to 500 copies just to see how it goes. Last year just £49 was received from such sales.

Paper is not cheap - and does not get cheaper. This issue will consume about 25 reams (500 sheets to a ream!) The duplicator has to rotate some 15,000 times at least - say 100,000 rotations a year. So, a little reserve 'fund' is an essential to prompt maintenance.

I hope you think it all worth while - and I do hope to see an expanding list of contributions to the contents of future issues.

DON'T FORGET IT COSTS NOTHING TO ADVERTISE YOUR FORTHCOMING EVENTS.



NOW is the time to prepare this winter for..

# Lasting Beauty

**DRIED FLOWERS !** In the past this has often conjured up a picture of dusty pampas grass in a boarding house window; or fading grasses in the hall.

How different are today's arrangements from dried material. What a nice way to beat rising prices by ensuring a colourful display which will last when hedgerow and garden flowers are dried up and the florist's flowers seem too expensive; unaffected by central heating and just perfect for hay fever sufferers !

All summer long, and right into autumn, you can collect material for assembling into winter through to spring arrangements. Experiment, try and dry anything interesting as this adds to the excitement of preserving plant material.

There are many ways to preserve - natural drying being the easiest. Just cut your grasses, etc. tie them in small bundles. If you want straight stems, hang them upside down in a dry, warm place; or for curvy effects, stand them upright in a jug and allow the stems to follow their own inclinations! You can hasten drying by hanging your gleanings in the airing cupboard, but this sometimes causes loss of colour.

Flat heads of achillea are more colourfully dried if you sprinkle them with powdered borax. The 'trick' with hydrangea heads is to wait until they feel papery and rustly on the bush, but still retaining colour; cut on a reasonable stem, immerse the ends in boiling water for five minutes. Then stand the stems in a shallow container of cool water and place in the airing cupboard. Allowing the bracts to dry out slowly, whilst the water evaporates, ensures drying without shrivelling. You can then use the heads whole in large arrangements, or split them up and wire them into tiny posies for smaller ones.

Helichrysums are so easy to grow in your garden in dwarf or larger varieties. So are the multitude of ornamental grasses,

and many seedsmen are now offering a packet containing a good selection. Wire helichrysum in shades of yellow, red, bronze or white in graduating sizes to form a spray - more effective than singly wired heads. Stems can be formed from strong dried grasses or simply drinking straws. Bend a little hook on the end of a piece of fine wire, push the straight end right through the centre of the dried 'straw flower', pull the wire through until the 'hook' embeds itself in the flower's centre. Wrap the remaining wire around the natural or false stem - cover with gutta-percha or florist's tape if the stems will show in your finished arrangement

Two plants so fool-proof that they seem to dry themselves are honesty (lunaria) and sea holly (eryngium). Seed heads to enhance any dried decoration include those of the globe thistle (echinops), Chinese Lanterns (physalis alkekengi) poppy heads, Love in a Mist (nigella), sea Lavender, teasels and the really striking seed heads of all the allium family - ornamental onions, leeks, even small chives and garlic heads.

Cheaper still are dried weeds ! What a gorgeous russet colour is obtained from dried dock spikes. Later on, the seed heads of rosebay willow herb (after the fluffy nuisances have flown away) are left like pale golden, curly wood shavings on the stems. Dried meadow grasses are infinite in their variety. Each time you go around your garden, removing a seed head of columbine, don't throw it on the compost heap - dry it! Fluffy clematis seed heads, sprays of golden rod, newly opened - the list is only waiting for you to make a start.

# Dear Sir

Despite the seeming popularity of 'Village Voice' letters are on the rare side, so it does rather make our day when quite out of the blue they pop through the letter box....

29th April 1984.

4, Chestnut Close,  
Middle Assendon,  
Henley-on-Thames.

Dear Sir,

Whilst on holiday at Easter in Bantham we were introduced to 'Village Voice'.

May we congratulate you on an excellent publication. The main articles in particular, were extremely interesting and full of many gems of local information.

We wish you every success in the future.

From Nick and Val Thomas.

For the first time this issue of the magazine is 500 copies - I'm hoping the extra fifty will bring in more letters like that !!! Ed.

April 29th 1984.

Holmewood Ridge,  
Langton Green.

Dear Mr Drabble,

Thank you very much for the 'Village Voice' and your letter which came this morning. I enclose my cheque for the next six issues - indeed I would like to continue receiving the magazine, it's pure delight to me, a breath of Devon air and makes me feel a part of Thurlestone though I can get down there so seldom, sad to say, but I enjoy Village Voice to the full and read it from cover to cover - and think the whole project such a wonderful idea and do appreciate all the work you must put in to carrying it out. I have no suggestions - I like each issue just as it is.

Again many thanks and best wishes for all the coming issues.

Yours sincerely, Marjorie Strain.

Thank you Mrs Strain, you do make it seem all worth while. Ed.

## SET YOUR SIGHTS

There's no doubt about it, air rifles and pistols can be really enjoyable, especially when handled with skill and care. Being able to knock the bull's-eye out of a target can give a lot of satisfaction. Air weapons provide a good introduction to a wide range of shooting sports and they're an excellent and competitive activity at club level. Most owners take good care, use them responsibly and get a lot of enjoyment as a result. Unfortunately air weapons become

dangerous when they get into the wrong hands or are not handled with proper care and attention. They are not toys: they are potentially dangerous firearms.

There are many cases of people being blinded or scarred for life, pets and other animals being killed or injured and property damaged. Some of these cases are accidents, and some are acts of sheer vandalism - all could be avoided.

It is illegal: To carry a loaded air weapon in a public place without lawful authority or reasonable excuse. Youngsters between 14 and 17 may not buy or hire an air weapon, but can receive one as a gift or on loan.

# Church Brasses.

Dr. Neville C. Oswald

WHEN it comes to choosing suitable subjects for the Village Voice, monumental brasses are unlikely to make the top ten. Or the top twenty, come to that. Yet they have a passing fascination for some of us. Anyone wishing to learn something about them will not find any in Thurlestone, but the de Bikebury ladies grace Bigbury Church, where their brasses are elegantly displayed on the floor of the south transept. Are they worth a visit? Certainly, they should not just be dismissed as some sort of intellectual sandwich, to be fitted in on the way to a day's shopping in Plymouth. For those who enjoy a glimpse into the past, they are a memorable sight in their rural setting with the church and its surrounds, especially on a fine day in early summer.

THE de Bikebury (Bigbury) ladies, or rather their brasses, have been there for more than 400 years. Dressed in the finery of the times, Dame Elizabeth (1450) wears a horned head-dress supported by wires with a kerchief, a full dress and a sideless cote-hardie or jacket, fashionable in the reign of Henry VI; two little dogs gambol at her feet. Her expression suggests refinement, even haughtiness. Alongside her lies the indent of her knightly husband, reputedly killed in a duel. On her other side, her daughter Margaret (1470) has a flowing, high-waisted gown with full sleeves. Surely these were precisely the clothes they wore at important village functions or when distinguished visitors came to stay in their mansion nearby.

WHY should these ladies be so ostensibly and reverently commemorated? Before their time, large tombs were sometimes erected in memory of eminent priests and wealthy benefactors but they occupied a lot of space. Brasses, like simply incised stones, had the advantage that they did not interfere with chairs and other impedimenta in the nave, although many had to be re-sited when fixed pews became fashionable.

BRASSES first appeared in English churches in the 13th century, following their successful development in Continental Europe. During the next 300 years many thousands were made but most of them were destroyed, often for firmly held religious reasons, during the Reformation and Civil War or were stolen by petty thieves; few new ones appeared after about 1600, apart from some during the Gothic revival in Victorian times. Almost 60 have survived in Devon, probably little more than a tenth of all those whose indents may be seen on the walls and floors of churches throughout the county. Of these, 17 are in the South Hams including, at Stoke Fleming and Dartmouth, the two finest examples.

THE oldest dated brass in the county lies in the original indent in the floor, below the lectern, at Stoke Fleming. It shows John Corp who died in 1361 and his sixteen year old grand-daughter Elyenore who followed him in 1391. The bold unshaded lines and expressionless faces are typical of the Plantagenet period, as are John's long pointed shoes. A little later in the magnificent Lancastrian brass of 1408 at St. Saviour's, Dartmouth, showing John Hawley in full armour with his two wives. He, of course, was the merchant, privateer, pirate, mayor and member of Parliament who created Dartmouth's first phase of prosperity. Other examples from the 1400's include the Virtuous Lady of Dartmouth at St. Saviour's and the unknown lady, possibly named Fowell, of Ugborough.



CONCLUDING:

CHURCH BRASSES

BETWEEN 1500 and 1600 attempts at portraiture, grouping and elaborate effects are exemplified by the Fortescues at East Allington, the Strachleighs at Ermington and the Fordes at Blackawton; there are also splendid if rather showy brasses of Sir John Crokker at Yealmpton and Thomas Williams at Harford. Several brasses at St. Saviour's and St. Petrock's, Dartmouth dated 1600 and 1640 are of special interest because they were engraved during the period of prosperity from the cod trade with Newfoundland, shortly before the Civil War; they show wealthy local merchants and their wives in their Sunday best. At Harford, the Prideaux memorial of 1693 is a rather rare example of an enamelled brass.

ANYONE giving a thought to monumental brasses should be warned that they are liable to be habit forming. After seeing only a few, the facial features and clothing can be fairly accurately attributed to the various periods. It is then but a short step to the jargon of the subject. Before getting too involved, a visit to the Brass Rubbing Centre in Exeter can be recommended, both to see a sample of casts from brasses and maybe to rub one.

P.S. At the time of writing, the Bikebury ladies are in need of a polish. There is a fine rub mounted on the wall alongside which shows all the details.

Neville C. Oswald

=====

TO CAUSE ONE TO SLEEP.

Take drie rose leaves, keep them close in a glass which will keep them sweet, then take powder of mints, powder of cloves in a gross powder, and put them to the rose leaves, then put all together in a bag, and take that to bed with you, and it will cause you to sleep, and it is good to smell unto at other times.

A New Herbal (1578).

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Go back to the days of Elizabeth I - for this story....

# The Adventures of a Shilling

by JOSEPH ADDISON

To those poor souls who do not remember the silver shilling this may well seem an odd yarn - but it could, in a way, apply to a modern coin of the realm - or could it....?

\* \* \* \*

"I was born" (says he) "on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalised, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth I on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not; as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a

twelvepenny ordinary or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, "That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money". I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars, when to my shame be it spoke, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in service of the parliament.

As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practice the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, till my officer, chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, "To my love and from my love." This ungenerous gallant, marrying her within a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with a hammer, again set a-running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant,

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CONCLUDING "ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING....."

gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

# GOING AWAY ?

OWING TO THE HEAVY demands upon the police today, it is not possible to inspect unoccupied property as often as the police would wish. Irregular police visits will be paid but their frequency will depend on circumstances. This article has, therefore, been reproduced from an official leaflet reminding householders of the precautions that they should take before going on holiday or when they leave their property unoccupied for any length of time.

FIRSTLY seek the help of a friend, or a trustworthy neighbour, to keep an eye on your property. This should not be difficult to arrange, especially if you offer to return the favour.

Ask them to inspect the property frequently, not only from the point of crime, but from hazards due to the weather, fire or even a fractured water pipe should you be absent during the winter period. If the neighbour is particularly anxious should anything unusual be encountered, the police should be called by the 999 system without hesitation.

Deposit cash, valuable antiques, jewellery and silverware with the Bank.

Cancel all papers, milk, etc. Many persons still forget to do this before leaving for holiday.

Tell your local police station, if possible a week in advance, when you are going away, and let them know the name, address and telephone number of the person who will be keeping an eye on your property, and leave with them your address should you be required in an emergency.

Before you leave remember to lock all windows. Do not forget the small windows.

Lock all exterior doors using all locks and bolts available. Remember to remove keys from the locks.

Do not draw the curtains, as this indicates your absence.

Do not lock internal doors, wardrobes or cupboards. A thief has no respect for property and could well cause damage to this type of furniture.

Do not forget to lock the garage and garden shed, and make sure that ladders are locked away out of reach.

. . . . .

Please tell the police if your stay away is to be longer than originally notified.

IF A GOOD NEIGHBOURLY POLICY IS ADOPTED THEN THIS WILL GO A LONG WAY TO PREVENT CRIME.

The Devon and Cornwall Police wish you a safe journey and a very happy holiday.

=====

Some local events go unnoticed in 'Village Voice' because nobody has said a word about it. Don't miss out on the extra publicity your event can have from 500 copies of the magazine circulating throughout the parish and into South Milton, and during the summer season among numerous visitors. It won't cost anything because it is all part of the service for which your village magazine is intended. The September/October issue will be distributed at the end of August - get any information to the Editor before 15th August - earlier if possible !

# Helpless Males by Mavis Dean

## A little tale of Yesterday

There is no doubt in my mind that some blame could be laid at the feet, if that is the right way to put it, of her mother and very probably even her mother's mother. I am speaking of Grandmother!

It could, of course, be argued that the 'breadwinner' has to work long hours, and that the little cottage with its two up and two down became crowded to such a degree that the only possible way of coping was by dividing all chores quite firmly and allocated on a basis of sex. Thus all work concerning the house fell to the girls, and all outside tasks to the boys.

The girls dealt with all the housework - cleaning and dusting, the piles of washing, the preparation of bucketfuls of vegetables straight from the garden, often clogged with mud and mire. They also tackled the sewing, the flowers, the preserves, washing-up and the humping of water to fill the jugs in their basins in the bedrooms. They wrinkled their noses at the hard yellow soap, the lines of damp linen on wet days, and the steam as they wielded the dolly over the copper, with Grandmother calling them to "make sure that everything has a good boil." They also hated the clank of the old wooden mangle and the bucking line on windy mornings, and the look of their wrinkled fingers at the end of the day.

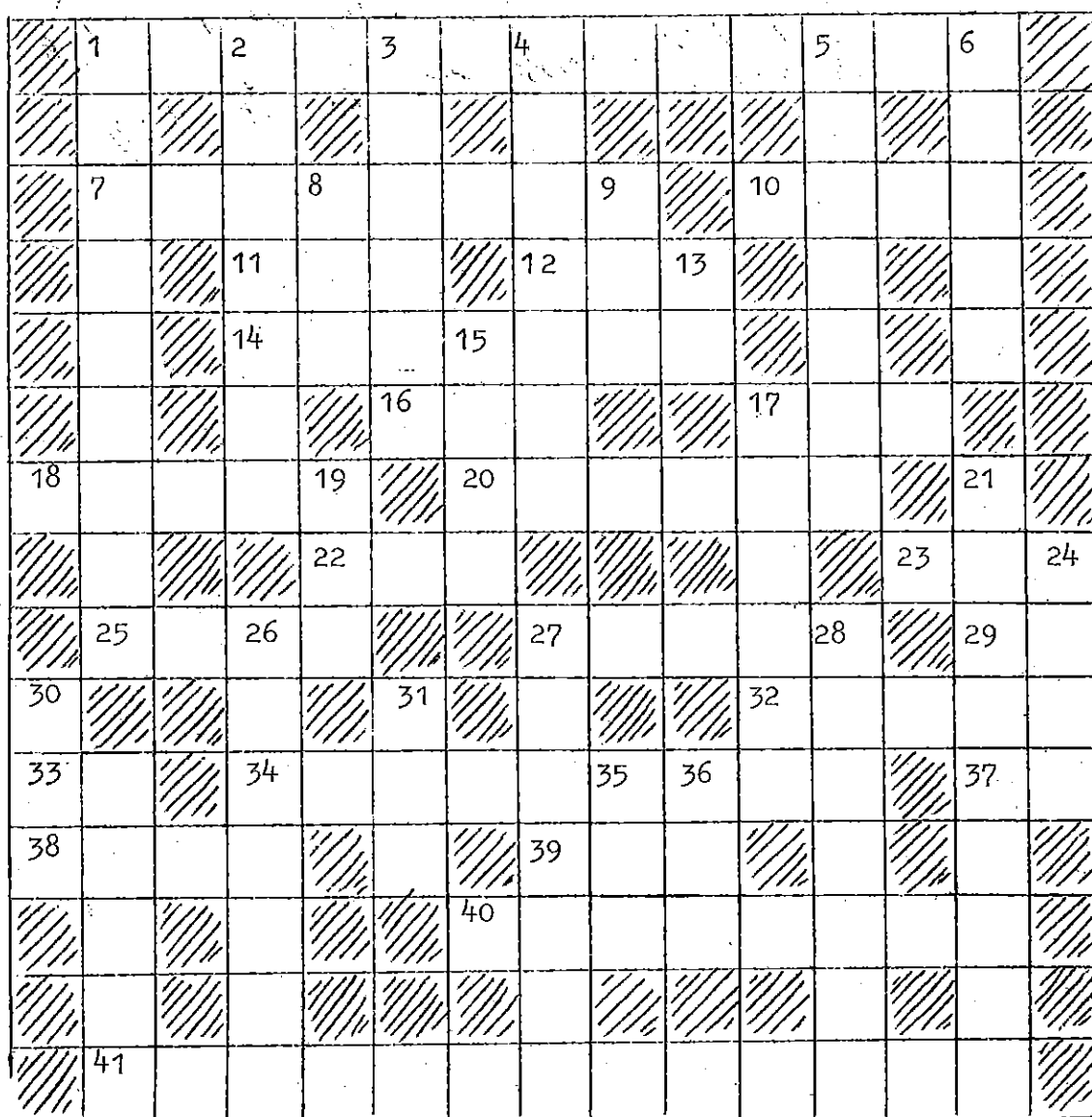
The boys had their chorse, too, but the girls always felt that being male, they got off too lightly. "Man's work" consisted of pumping the water from the well, gardening, feeding the chickens and the pig and, of course, "going sticking". Every night there had to be a pile of 'kindling' to put on the cooling range, so that in the morning it was dry for re-lighting the fire: and every day the boys went down into the woods for barrow loads of twigs and branches and cut them up with axe and saw. The girls envied their brothers' freedom because they could always give 'sticking' as an excuse, returning as late as they dared,

just so long as they were back in time to clean the rows of boots and shut up the fowls.

Grandmother insisted on these kind of 'demarcation lines' claiming it was for the sake of efficiency, but it became a fetish, not only to herself, but to the family too. When the traditional women's work became too much - with autumn and the hot aroma of boiling fruit, or the spicy pickles, or on bake-day with its homely aura - she produced 'bread-and-scrape' to keep the boys from 'under our feet' and they would then wander unchecked. The girls seethed amid the heat and being confined within the house, tackled their jobs with clouds of bad temper. The boys said the girls were the lucky ones, particularly when the woods were sodden and the bitter east wind blew; then they would ask who had the best job, crouching over the front of the range making toast. But, which ever way the 'battle' went, one thing was certain: all Grandmother's sons were helpless in the house.

Even today, elderly retired miners in Cornwall and farm workers in Devon can be seen, walking the lanes in all weathers and sitting on the village bench because they have been 'shooed' out of the house while the work is being done. Worse still, when their wives of fifty years or more die, they are completely lost and can only sit, helpless, until a daughter or niece or another comforting lady comes to the rescue. When this was pointed out to Grandmother, she refused to admit that it was in any way her fault, or the fault of her generation, and when her grandchildren grew up she was frankly horrified at the job-sharing that went on. The first time she caught a grandson changing a nappy she cried in an agony of spirit. "There's women's work, and there's men's work, and you shouldn't be let do it."

village voice crossword number 8



Compiled by B.R. MacKay

ACROSS

1. Would one constraint make you panic ? (13)
7. Shakespear's lover composed a ballad to her eyebrow (8)
10. We hear stringed music - he's not true ! (4)
11. Don't do it on the Motorway (3)
12. Vegetable or flower (3)
14. An establishment for young ladies (7)
16. Imaginary bird (3)
17. Orwell's animals lived here (3)
18. Diaphanous (5)
20. Does one take this ? (6)
22. Temptress (3)
23. When you are frustrated don't eat this (3)
25. Try Arnold Bennett for a good one (4)
27. Food of love (5)
29. About (2)
32. Hovers - no pain ! (5)
33. Verb (2)
34. Has your car tax disc got the right one? (9) 37.  $\frac{2}{3}$  fo 23 across (2)
38. Rodents back in the sky (4). 39. Is this German dead ? (3)
40. One who believes in destiny (8)
41. Inside rested - so not so keen (13)

VILLAGE VOICE CROSSWORD No.8

Clues - DOWN

1. Does Thurlestone have a chest like this? (9)
2. But this won't cure the broken guitar (7)
3. Did this artist work in wood? (6)
4. Children must do this to their elders (7)
5. Do I go on a Motorway to the gallery to copy? (7)
- 6 and 9. Gold place to swim (5.3)
8. As well (3)
9. See 6 down.
13. Article (2)
15. A specific quantity (4)
17. A division (6)
19. Do the Japanese long for these? (3)
21. Are you guaranteed to rent a draw? (9)
24. Try this flower in Hampshire (4)
26. Would you find this change on the sideboard? (7)
27. An error (7)
28. Carbon paper helps this person (7)
30. Gareth is able to hide this clue (3)
31. They also served (3)
35. Don't let the child drink this (3)
36. I go into her for an opera (3).

ANSWERS UP-SIDE-DOWN ON ANOTHER PAGE !

---

## A Letter

---

Written just 112 years ago as a Reference for someone applying for a job as a plumber/fitter.

April 6th 1872

Windwhill,  
Bishops Stortford

Gentlemen,

I have no doubt you will receive numerous applications for the appointment of Engineer and Fitter to the Institution referred to in your advertisement. A man whose name is J.Sell will offer himself.

Permit me to speak in terms of his ability to fill this situation. I have known him over 15 years - and this experience justifies my recommendation. He is thoroughly skilled in and practical in all Mechanical arts particularly in those connected with Steam, Hot and Cold Water Supplies and Hydraulics - Gas works &c. in each and all of which he is both Practical and Theoretical, and a good general handy workman - to these I may add he is perfectly thrustworthy and in every respect should he be elected, I have the fullest confidence he will be found efficient.

I remain Gentlemen,

Yours truly,

GEORGE PERRY  
Architect & Surveyor.

---

Editors Note: I was given the original of the above together with a number of similar letters, all beautifully hand-written, of course, and it appeals to me as very interesting to record the kind of reference a good workman could have in what are often termed 'the bad old days' for the working class.

# A TRIP TO THE SALT MINES

by

I A N C .

Y O U N G

---

AS we approached the cable car station at Hallein we were rather worried to see that there was a queue of about 200 people already standing at the entrance, and our trip began to acquire overtones of Tsarist Russia, or the K.G.B., when we were able to read a notice which declared "PASSENGERS TO THE SALT MINES DO NOT REQUIRE RETURN TICKETS ".

Both causes for worry were removed as we got nearer and discovered that the cable cars were arriving at frequent intervals and the queue was moving steadily forward, and on our trip through the Salt Mines we would start at the top of the mine and move downwards, arriving at the end of our excursion almost alongside our starting post.

We didn't have long to wait before we were installed in a small car and whisked up the mountain to our starting point, some half way up the Durrenberg.

After a wait of about thirty minutes at the entrance, during which we had a bowl of very good soup, and were able to buy postcards, we were shown into a large room and each issued with white cotton boiler suits, to protect our clothes, and were asked to deposit all hand bags, cameras, etc., so that our hands would be free during our journey downwards through the mine.

These preparations completed, our Guide, a smart young man dressed in leather, and carrying a large and efficient handlamp, opened a door and ushered us into the mine, and along a passage about six feet wide and eight feet high.

After a walk of about a mile and a half, during which we had crossed from Austria into Germany, we halted, and with the help of charts and pictures our Guide explained, in considerable detail, the works of the mine and the route we would follow during our journey.

Durrenberg is a huge mound of salt crystals mixed with sand and rock. Miners, who have been digging into the mountain continuously for several hundred years,  
MORE.....



## VILLAGE VOICE

and look like being able to continue for another hundreded years. The rock and sand are tipped into an underground lake, and over several months the salt dissolves in the water, which becomes brine. The brine is pumped out and piped to distillations plant further down the valley where the salt is extracted, graded and sold. The mine produces about 70 tons of pure salt each working day. The mining operations were being carried out in another part of the mountain which, for safety reasons we were not allowed to visit, but we were to be shown the various mining operations, and move around our particular section in the same way as the miners when actually at work there.

Our first piece of real excitement came when we were shown the shute down which we were expected to travel to the next, and lower section. The shute consists of highly polished timber sloping at an alarmingly steep angle downwards into darkness. The Guide took his place first, and we were instructed to sit one behind the other, as close as possible, with our legs stretched out in front along the sides of the shute, and our hands on the shoulders of the person in front, and when everyone was in position we would lean back, the Guide would release the hold, and we would all descend to the lower level. It all sounds simple, and in the end it was simple, but I must admit that for several seconds after completing the run I was sure that I had left my stomach behind !

We made several further trips on shutes of varying lengths, one about 200 feet, and by the time we had finished we were all enjoying ourselves to the full. On each level we were shown tableaux of life size figures illustrating mining methods used during the hundreds of years of mining operations within the mountain. One display was of statues of famous people, carved by miners.

On the lowest level we were shown into a vast brilliantly lit cavern, containing a huge lake, with a barge floating gently on the surface. We were invited to take our places, and as we were towed across, our Guide explained that this was one of the lakes into which the freshly mined rock was tipped, to be dissolved into brine. After several weeks the water was pumped out, the sediment cleaned out, and the whole process repeated. There are several such lakes throughout the mountain ensuring that the salt extraction process is continuous.

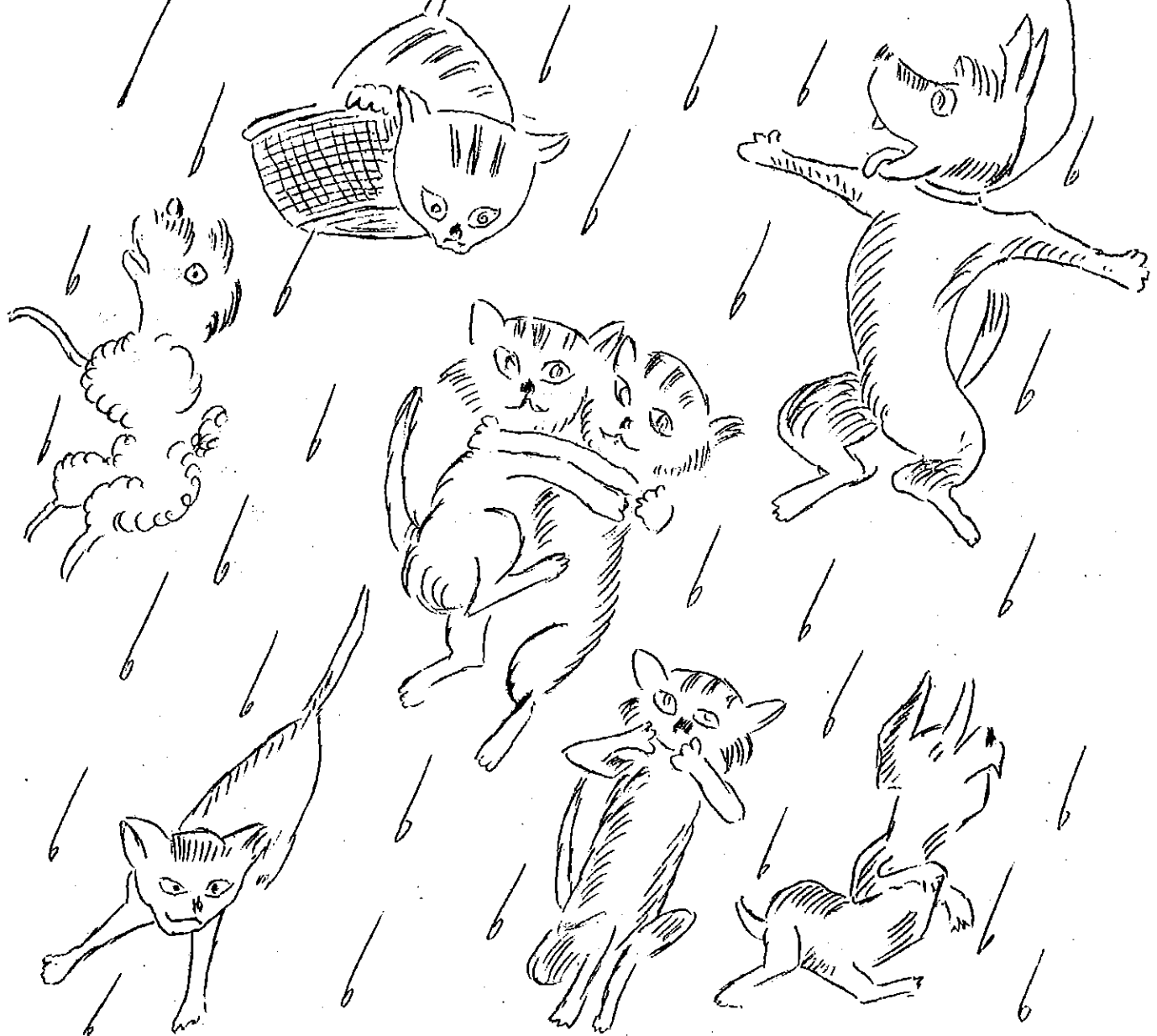
On disembarking from the barge we were conducted to a small train, and after a short journey we alighted, once more in bright sunshine, near the point of our departure two hours previously.

---

I have lived and I have loved; I have waked and I have slept; I have sung and I have danced; I have smiled and I have wept; I have won and wasted treasure; I have had my fill of pleasure; and all these things were weariness, And some of them were dreariness, And all these things, but two things, Were emptiness and pain: And love - it was the best of them; And sleep - worth all the rest of them ! Charles Mackay

VILLAGE VOICE

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## Basketful of Bugs

I believe I am the only surviving basket-maker who during the 1860's and 70's, made, in the ordinary course of his work, the wicker bug-traps then surviving in use in middle-class families. Such, as I remember, were placed in every bed in my great-grandfather's house in Whitechapel and in my grandfather's house in Spitalfields. In order to preserve specimens of this quaint instrument I made one for exhibition in our Cambridge Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, and another for the London Museum of Pestology....The trap was placed behind the bolster and between it and the head of the bed - the iron bed had not then been invented. The little anthropophagi after their nightly meal would retire to digest between the interstices of the wicker trap. The housemaid in the morning would take the trap into the yard or garden and shake out the victims, who would meet a violent death under her feet. She would then replace the trap in position for the following night's service.

THOMAS OKEY  
(from a Basketful of Memories)

### ABOUT LETTER WRITING.....

The chief interest of a study of the great letter-writers is that it introduces us, not to literary works, but to persons. This is the triumph of letter-writing, that it keeps a more delicate image alive and present us with a subtler likeness of the writer than we can find in the more formal achievements of authorship.

Sir Walter  
Raleigh  
(1861-1922)

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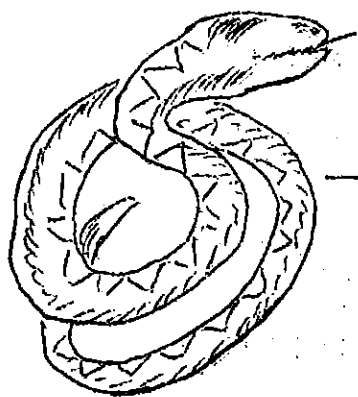
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## "Beware of Adders"

PEOPLE "rambling around" are obviously more deterred by a sign warning 'Beware of Adders' than the age old 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted'.

Is the Adder so deadly? Walter Dee has been delving into a few facts about the snake so commonly considered the most dangerous of its species in the British Isles.

ADDERS, like most snakes, are shy, retiring and inoffensive, and will not strike unless trodden on or molested. That seems to be the general conclusion of the Knowledgeable in these things. Domestic animals, including dogs, usually recover completely if bitten, and actual deaths among man from adder bites have averaged about one every ten years since records were first kept. Bees and wasps can be considered more dangerous I am advised !

Adders hibernate in late autumn and emerge from hibernation - their 'winter sleep' early in March if the weather tends to be warm in our South West area, and it has been noted that once they come out of hibernation only the most unpleasant weather will send them back into their hiding places under boulders and tree-roots. The best time to observe Adders in the wild state is in early April, when they are warming their sluggish blood after their long absence from the sun's rays. They are then somewhat reluctant to move

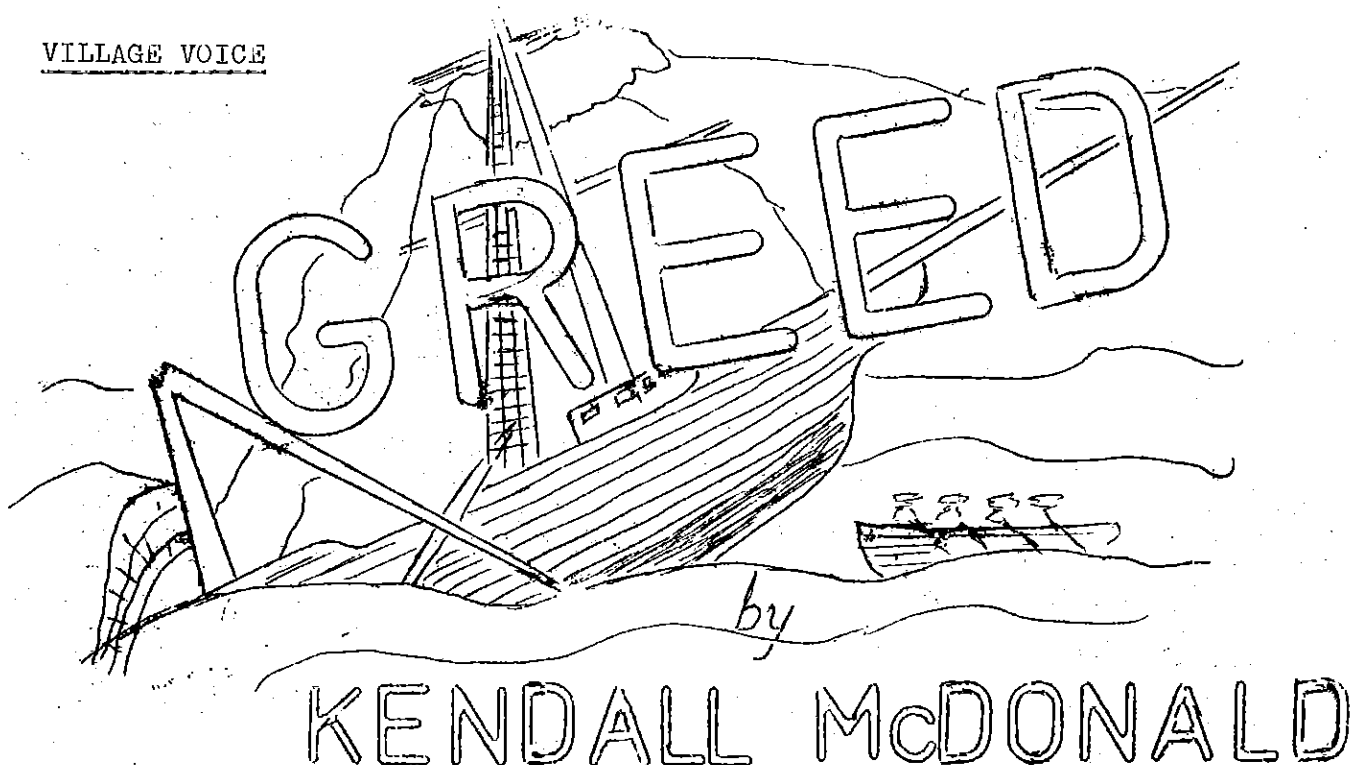
The typical Adder zig-zag stripe along the back of the female is usually a dull brown against a background of almost lime green, while the male has often a black zig-zag over a blue-grey body colour. However, Adders can vary considerably in colour, regardless of sex, some specimens even being totally black. Males are generally smaller, are brighter, and both sexes are clearer in colour after sloughing their skins, which they do every six to eight weeks during the active spring and summer period. The average length is usually about 20". They appear to be considered somewhat deaf, but seem sensitive to ground vibrations, and experts

say their sight is only fair but they have a very efficient sense of smell. This apparently operates not so much through the nostrils, which play a secondary role, but by the forked tongue which picks up minute scent particles that are then passed to an organ in the roof of the mouth. If you spot an adder you may well notice that it's tongue is always in use if you are standing upwind of it.

It is known that they pair near to their hibernation area, but after mating they normally move away to a summer hunting ground where they prey upon mice and voles.

The young are born in early autumn, fully formed, the eggs hatching inside the body of the female, and a brood will normally number about a dozen youngsters just about an inch or two long. It is said the young are born with sufficient fat to see them through a hibernation period and their first feed might well, therefore, be in the following spring. Much depends on weather conditions at the time of birth.

There really is no good reason for killing adders. Their bite is most certainly dangerous and requiring prompt medical attention, but they are really beneficial in helping to control the population of small rodents, and the superstitious and all to frequent destruction of them on sight is quite senseless. Leave them alone and you have little to fear. It is illegal now to take one as a pet without a licence !



I HAVE BEEN ACCUSED...yes, of course you find it unbelievable... but it is true - I have been accused of "preaching" !

To give my critic credit he was quite blunt about it. Told me straight to my face, he did, that my contributions to the 'Voice' were not only rubbish but he thought reading them was like having the parson preach at you.

Well... Now steady Reverend, I'm sure he didn't mean that ! In fact, I'm sure the man holds your sermons in high esteem. It's just my poor offerings he doesn't like.

Well....I was most upset I can tell you. And for a lad not long out of the stews of Fleet Street, comparing me to a parson was the most upsetting out of all. Good heavens, Reverend, I didn't mean that ! I think parsons are absolutely super. And to prove it, here is Parson McDonald's latest little sermon. Our subject today, dear children, is greed. And it's no good you rolling your innocent eyes at me; some of you could have a tale to tell about that subject - or certainly your ancestors could....

The news that there was a Dutchman ashore on Prawle Point feached Thurlestone just as fast as a horse could carry it.

Equally as fast the whole countryside set off in trap, cart, haywain, on horse and foot in high hopes of rich pickings because this was no Naval wreck but a trader just back from the East Indies and surely stacked tight with things worth having !

And so she was. But from the moment that the Dutch East Indiaman's bowsprit had speared Gull Rock on that gale-ripped morn, Captain Jacob van Duijnen had abandoned all hope of getting his cargo ashore intact. You see his ship was full of Ming. Ming vases, pots, cups...she was almost solid with Ming porcelain carefully packed in mud and straw inside sturdy crates, all packed so tightly that no storm could make them shift and shatter. But this was too much even for that packing.

The ship on Gull Rock was called simply De Boot (The Boat) and was the property of the Dutch East India Company's Rotterdam Chamber. Captain van Duijnen knew from the way the great rollers raced across the bay which held the entrance to Salcombe and, driven by the South-Westerly gale, now smashed down on his ship as though trying to push her right into the land that she was never going to see Rotterdam again. Nor would the crates of Ming, however carefully packed, be able to stand up to this battering for very long.

OVER...

## GREED

by  
KENDALL  
McDONALD

From previous page..

November 8th, 1738, was going to be the day De Boot died.

Before that happened though, the Captain had to do his best to save what could be saved. The Ming he abandoned almost at once. His ship was breaking up. He could feel that. But he did carry other cargo even more precious than porcelain, and that too was carefully packed in a set of very small stout boxes. Twice he was thrown off his feet as he bent to turn the key in the locker which held the cases, but finally he got it open.

Then he organised a chain of sailors to pass the boxes, one by one, from his cabin along the whole 130 feet of her deck to the bow and then to lower them to Roeloff Blok, the First Mate, who was in charge of the small party of seamen who had already got ashore, though their foothold on the seaweed-covered rocks was precarious indeed.

The Captain watched anxiously as this cargo was transferred and noted with some surprise that Paulus Schults, the ship's book-keeper, was noting down each package as it went. For a moment the Captain wondered if Schults knew what the boxes contained. Only that sort of knowledge would account for such devotion to duty! Could Schults know that they were crammed tight with diamonds and rubies?

Now the locals were slithering and slipping down the steep slopes of Prawle Point to get to the wreck. And as the men of Prawle and Portlemouth had the shortest distance to go, they were the first there.

But men from Hope and Thurlestone, Salcombe, South Milton, Malborough, South Pool and even Kingsbridge weren't far behind. Hundreds and hundreds of them. And it would be nice to think that my great-great-great-great-grand father, old Nick Hill of North Pool, made it too! Because a wreck was sometimes literally a matter of life and death - and not just for those aboard. The standard of living of the labourers, fishermen and the like was desperately

low in those early 18th century days. Disease stalked starvation and a penny was riches. A wooden wreck when it broke up left goods for the taking floating in the sea - especially if they were taken up before the lord of the manor or his men could claim them. A beam of wood was worth more than a man could earn in the fields in a week and as for luxuries - even a chest or clothing - they didn't exist - unless the sea gave them up.

Imagine then the joy the sight of De Boot gave to those who came down from the land. With luck they would be able to snatch something and then hide it in the thatch until the hue and cry died down.

Captain van Duijnen had no time for such thoughts. His ship was breaking up fast and he could almost hear the Ming smashing to smithereens beneath his feet. He carried the last of the boxes of precious stones to the bow himself and tossed it down to one of the locals, who braver or hardier than the rest, was up to his neck in the water under the bow. The Captain saw the box caught safely and carried, not without a struggle, to shore.

That was the last anyone connected with the ship was to see of that box! When the dark came down on Prawle Point that night, De Boot wasn't a ship anymore, nor was she any kind of boat. The local men scrabbled and squabbled over the bits of her that were left, but the man with the box of diamonds was no longer among them!

The Sherborne Mercury thought such daring worthy of comment and said: "The Dutch India Man, lost off Praul Head carried cargo which by report of the Captain was worth near 250,000 pounds sterling. Part of which consisted in Diamonds; one of the Boxes in which they were contained, being by the Captain delivered to a Countryman, the Fellow had the Modesty to march off with the same, and has not been since heard of..." *LF*

CONCLUDING .....

# GREED

by Kendall McDonald

Now I'm sure it all becomes clear to you and you realise why the subject of this sermon is "greed." "Greed", they say, "and Happiness never saw each other, how then should they become acquainted?" Benjamin Franklin wrote that in 1734 - only four years before the loss of De Boot. And do you know I suspect that box of diamonds brought no happiness to the man who stole it. I suspect that because the stones being uncut would have looked like shiny pebbles. Can you imagine how a countryman would go about getting those stones, even if he knew what they were, to a diamond cutter?

Yes, I suspect they brought him no joy and if he didn't throw them away to join all the other pebbles on some beach, what do you think he could have done with them?

Well, perhaps you recall those pebbles that your family have used as games counters ever since you can remember? You do? Well get them to me quickly and I'll never breathe a word about you being greedy again!

But just before I leave you, dear friends, let me tell you there's a jolly nice wooden bench to sit on overlooking Gull Rock, which is covered with seagulls most of the time even today. Poking out of the water at low tide you'll see modern ship wreckage. That tangled iron-work is the remains of the Heye-P, a 300-ton ship carrying china-clay which sank there on December 16, 1979.

Oddly that china-clay carrying ship's wreckage lies right on top of the porcelain-laden De Boot. Underwater there's a cannon from the Dutchman encrusted solidly on to Gull Rock. But you'll not find a single piece of Ming. Well not intact anyway. The Belgian underwater archaeologist Robert Stenuit who dug great trenches in the seabed there a few summers ago in the hope of finding just one piece intact, later told me: "The seabed was made of Ming! It gleamed and glistened everywhere around our trenches with tiny shards of blue and white porcelain. But the sea had long ago smashed everything almost into dust."

On that sad note I conclude my sermon for this month. My next will draw other morals from the days of long ago.

Down Reverend! I'm only joking. Over to you!

Thank you to Mr. B.D. MacKay for...

# GOOD COUNSEL

GO placidly amid the noise & haste, & remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter, for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection; neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

Found in Old Saint Paul's Church.  
Baltimore; dated 1692.

# Curse of the QUALGO

From our own Special Correspondent

A NEW SPECIES has been discovered by the Adam Smith Institute, the private 'think tank' which introduced us to the sport of Quango hunting some five years or so ago.

Little was known of the Quango (Quasi-autonomous National Government Organisation), before the Institute published a Treatise on its habits, by Sir Philip Holland, Con MP for Gedling.

Another field worker from the Institute has now emerged to alert the nation, with a report called "The Qualgo Complex"

The Qualgo is a Quasi-autonomous Local Government Organisation. Mr Douglas Mason, the free-market economist who identified it, states: "Although these Qualgos have existed for centuries, their number has grown explosively in recent years. Proud of its achievements in drawing attention to the amount of public money wasted on Quangos, the Institute hopes to provoke a similar outcry against what it describes as "The Curse of the Qualgo."

Explaining the difference between the two species, Mr Mason says: "Whereas it is Government Ministers who use their patronage to appoint other people to positions of power, in Local Government it is the councillors who use their powers to appoint themselves and their officials to the ever-extending range of associations, committees, conventions, boards and voluntary organisations that make up the Qualgo complex."

Mr Mason claims that local authorities spend about £40 million a year appointing 66,000 people to 25,000 such bodies. The Qualgos are themselves in charge of enormous budgets and workforces, he maintains, negotiating wages worth some £20,000 million, and organising the deployment of more than three million employees.

Can the poor old ratepayer ever win ?

# FROTHING at the Mouth

A report

RABID pets could be next on the list of British imports after UHT milk, vaccinated poultry and Golden Delicious apples.

A hint of the Euro-rabies threst came from EEC Farm Commissioner Paul Dalsager in reply to a question from a German MP.

Delsager said: "The Commission considers that it would be appropriate to harmonise the conditions of import of pets by tourists.

The threat to quasi British quarantine laws provoked an outcry from Barbara Castle - at the time of writing Euro-MP for Greater Manchester, North. "We know from experience that the Commissioner's statement means Britain and Ireland will be forced to bring down protective barriers."

At present only Britain and Ireland require an import licence and a six-month quarantine period.

## THE GUEST

From a Hindu Law-Book

The householder, when the day's work is finished, shall rest awhile in the evening. He shall sit before his dwelling, during the time required for the milking of a cow, in readiness for the arrival of an unexpected guest.

For the first time this issue of 'Village Voice' is 500 copies. This is to cope with 'outside' demand from visitors to the area - who do not, of course, get it free !



# THE FRENCH LESSON

by

Daphne Julian

Last Friday evening, John and I embarked on the P. & O. Ferry from Southampton to Le-Havre, on one of those speciality shopping week-ends. Having spent all the winter going to evening classes to learn French conversation, here at last was my chance to 'parlez le-Francais.'

I must say I thought the boat did look rather small beside all the other ships which were tied up, but then we only had to cross the Channel in ours .....suddenly I panicked....cross the Channel, whilst all the other liners would be sailing up and down, surely we would be mown down by the Queen Elizabeth, or a huge tanker.

However, on board we found our couchette comprising of four bunks, a small collapsible table, an aluminium ladder to reach the upper bunks and a profusion of plastic bags. Eventually the engines began throbbing and by the volume of noise, we must have been right over the engine room, but then after a few creaks, we felt the gentle movement of the boat nosing towards France and our journey had really begun. John raced to the Duty Free shop, bought a bottle of good red wine and we then sat on the lower bunks sipping it from plastic beakers with our bodies bent in half.

I surveyed my resting place for the night. At one end of the bunk there were two crisp white pillows, and at the other end, a royal blue blanket .....my thoughts wandered. How many people had slept under it and when was it last washed? So, I decided to leave it folded and place it under my pillows. The heat was intense so I asked John to open the air conditioning in the ceiling; he managed to climb on to the top bunk and pushed an opening which let in a rush of oily smelling air. Over the deafening noise, I asked him to close it and settled down to a few hours of hot swaying claustrophobic sleep.

Morning came at last, and after queuing in the open washroom and listening to the symphony of teeth being cleaned, both in and out of the mouth, we collected our large empty holdalls and descended to a lower deck in order to leave the boat. The sun was rising as we stood, like a herd of cattle, peering at the docks, and waiting for the stevedores to crash down the huge steel plates which were to connect us to French soil. With a shout of "Mind your backs", the luxury coaches emerged from the bowels of the ferry, showering us with black fumes from their exhausts whilst north country people with bleary eyes, waved at us as they started their journey to Spain. We piled into a coach and a mile away we were left at the rather dismal railway station. We were looking for somewhere where we could get a really good cup of coffee, and then I saw a rather shabby cafe on the other side of the road. It was only 7.30 a.m. but it was open, so I entered the swing door followed by John.

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## VILLAGE VOICE

### THE FRENCH LESSON.....

"Bon jour", I said cheerily, and went to sit at the table by the window. After a few strange glances from the other clients, who were already sipping brandy, I realised it was self-service, so walked to the counter, and the attendant smoking a strong smelling French cigarette, nodded at me.

"Deux tasse de cafe, s'il vous plait," (lesson three in my course), then I added hurriedly, "Au lait."

The bartender put the stub of his cigarette on the ashtray and asked quizzically, "Ole - est ce que vous Espagnote." Deflated, I mumbled, "Croissants aussi," and returned to the plastic covered table. John had found a revolving postcard stand and was grinning to himself, but on seeing two large cups of black coffee being put on our table, he returned to me and went on smiling. A small basket with two croissants were placed in front of us and we waited hopefully for some butter and marmalade, but in vain, so we ate our warm feather-light pastries, and left. John grumbling that there was nothing as good as an old English breakfast.

We walked to the centre of the town, nearly being run over by a Fiat. We had forgotten it was right-hand drive in France. The words the driver shouted out of the window were unknown to me, and were not in any of my lessons. We had been recommended to visit the open market but everyone we asked told us it was 'a droit,' we 'a droited' for at least three kilometres, but never found it.

John was now suggesting we had lunch, and having bought his lobster pick he was determined to put it to good use in a restaurant where fruits de mer would be served. We found an attractive little place, with brown and white striped awnings, and tried the door, it was firmly closed, and a pretty young girl seeing our plight informed us that it was early closing day in Le Havre, and there was no chance of getting food until the evening.

Our baskets were still quite empty, so we decided we had better visit the huge hypermarket in Auchen and bought a few bargains. Long crusty loaves, cheap wine, pate de fols, and delectable cheeses. I bought a box of delicately iced pastries and assorted eclairs as a treat for the grandchildren.

By now we were very hungry, and exhausted, and even worse, it was time to return to the station to be transported back to the ferry. With aching legs, we waited for the reception area to open, and it was there that John espied a small cafeteria, which was full of fellow travellers. We ordered coffee and looked at the selection of sandwiches, various pink meats in the centre and all packed in cling foil, they really looked most appetising. We found a seat and shared a beer covered table with two Irish men, who had obviously been drinking plenty of cheap wine all day. John said to me, "I'm starving, I could eat a horse..." He turned to Paddy and asked him what his sandwich was like.

"Oh Jasus, I don't know what's in it, but it tastes like b....Shergar."

John quietly told me he had really got past eating, so we drank our coffee in dead silence.

Whilst boarding the ferry, John asked if he could go on the bridge, and he was invited up by the Captain to watch the departure from Le Havre docks. He arrived back at our couchette an hour later. Telling me in great detail how the Captain had now gone to bed, and the ship was on auto-pilot, or radar, or whatever they have these days, and that he wouldn't be woken till 4.30 in the morning, when he would steer into Southampton. Panic set in again....no captain on the bridge, we must collide with a liner, there was no doubt about it. I checked to see where the life jackets were....and found lots more plastic bags. We locked our door, John pushed down the cork into the neck of the bottle of Rose wine, and we both had a long drink. I then attempted to spread some pepper cheese on some chunks of bread with the lobster pick.

CONCLUDED OVER..

## The French Lesson

We left the ferry on a cold, Sunday morning and passed through the 'Nothing to Declare' Customs rather apprehensively. John went forward to fetch the car, and as I saw him approach I picked up my heavy basket - squeezed through the swing door, when the strap snapped, and all the contents smashed onto the tarmac. I stood in bewilderment as a colourful river of all the mixed alcohols ran towards the drain, whilst my choux pastries bobbed along, like soggy crushed rafts, finally lodging on the iron grating.

Next winter, I am going to do Book Binding!

D.J.

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## Bird Song

According to Gilbert White's generalisation, June 21st. marks the period of maximum bird-song, but from the beginning of the month there is no perceptible increase in its amount. Our native vocalists are reinforced by our summer visitors. There is the wren "with little quill" pouring forth such a volume of song from its tiny throat as to make one think with Izaak Walton, that the age of miracles has not ceased. The rich flutings of the blackbird, the ouzel cock so black of hue with orange-tawny bill, and the cheery repetitions of the song of the thrush are still in full force. Sky larks "at heaven's gates sing," and scatter their loud notes around, while the less aspiring meadow-lark rises to less ambitious heights and warbles its simple song as it descends. And see, there is the tree-lark! It rises in the air above the tree top, turns and begins to sing as it descends with outspread wings. Reaching the tree top it there finishes with a few sweetly pathetic notes, "linked sweetness long drawn out."

O ye fresh wild flowers,  
O ye birds that sing  
In new blooming bowers  
for my welcoming.

W.D.

## Is there a DANGER

FROM AN EXCESS OF NITROGEN ?

A recent letter writer to the Farming press, a farmer from Dumfries, stated that a Professor Hayes had said that levels of nitrate being found in water supplies are the result of organic matter breakdown, rather than being caused by the use of chemical fertilisers.

This assumes, the writer proceeded, that the soil organic matters contains the same proportion of nitrogen no matter the rate of nitrogen applied. But there do not seem to be any good grounds for such an assumption.

My farm, he said, has a private water supply, and with hindsight I have every reason to suppose that for many years it was being increasingly contaminated with nitrate.

After suffering from gastritis for many years I eventually began to feel extraordinarily quite unwell. It became impossible to rear calves, and I had a group of single suckling cows which 'just lay down and died!'

My experiences are, of course, merely anecdotal and were never properly investigated, but significantly they corrected themselves as soon as I reduced the amount of nitrogen I was using.

It is my opinion, the writer concluded, that the dangers of nitrate poisoning should not be minimised, and that it is quite a bit like radiation, in that quite low levels, although safe to most people, are likely to have unfortunate effects on a few.

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Editorial Note: There does appear to be far more 'tummy upset' incidents in all age groups these days, and it could well be the over liberal use of chemical fertilisers and weed sprays affects some of us more than others. It would be interesting to hear what people have to say - especially as to what the percentage of these products is absorbed into the fruit and vegetables we eat.

# The HALLSANDS Disaster

A STORY FROM THE PAST

OF A DISASTER THAT SHOULD NEVER  
HAVE HAPPENED.....

Most local people have visited what remains of ruins of Hallsands overwhelmed by the seas in 1917, but here is an account leading up to the tragic event.

Though England contains many odd nooks and corners, possibly none surpassed the little village of Hallsands, the chief peculiarity of which is that it did not seem to possess a square foot of soil in the whole place. The visitor could look north and south along the curving lines of Start Bay and see plenty of green fields. Closer home, almost overhead, uprise the cliffs, which form the background of the village, breaking off into gentler slopes. But down in the village itself there was nothing but gravel and rock.

The peculiarity of Hallsands was that it lay upon bare gravel, more or less compact, or else upon platforms of bare rock, just where the mile of steeply sloping grass which sweeps round from Start gives place to a line of cliffs gradually increasing in height from 50 feet to the south of the village to 120 feet at the back of it, falling again further northwards. The back of the village, consequently, consists of a natural wall rising to its greatest height about the centre of the village itself, and gradually falling off to right and left, whilst above this natural wall a rapid incline of grassy glaucis leads the eye up to a very near horizon, having an average height of 300 feet, and forming the backbone of the Start peninsula. The village of Hallsands itself looked as if it properly belonged to the sea, and had only been borrowed from it for a time.

The whole of the platform on which the village stood is only less than forty feet wide, with a single row of cottages just under the cliffs, and a narrow road along which a van could pass until about the middle of the village, where it

abruptly ended in the gravel.

Hallsands faces due east, and as it stood within a few yards of the sea, it was very exposed, and received a fierce beating of sea and spray in a strong easterly gale, but the place held its own against the sea because of a pebble beach that had formed in front of the village. The source of supply of this beach was not from the sea, but was of great age, and came from the land.

The shingle had always been there, and had oscillated from side to side, but disaster overtook the village in consequence of a licence having been granted to a contractor for the extension of the dockyard works at Keyham, Devonport, to take shingle from Start Bay for the purpose of making concrete for the works. The terms of the licence stated that should the Board of Trade be of opinion that any such operations might in any way damage the foreshore defences of the adjacent district, then the licence could forthwith be cancelled. Previous to the operations of the contractor, there was sufficient beach to allow the fishermen to draw up their boats, and but for these operations it would have remained so. But after the contractor obtained leave to use the beach for his purpose some 650,000 tons of shingle were removed, resulting in a depression of the beach on an average of 12 feet, and in some places 20 feet, allowing the sea at high water to reach the sea-wall directly in front of the village, and the cliffs, which was formerly 80 feet from the high water line, but was now being eroded. The dredgers ultimately worked their way in to inside the original

OVER..

THE HALLSANDS  
DISASTER.....

high water mark of the beach. In 1900 complaints were made by the villagers of the damage being done, and also in the following year, for some easterly gales began to make great havoc with the houses. The following will give some idea of the havoc wrought by the removal of the shingle:-

Such a battering has the village received owing to the gales and high tides, that there are ominous signs that the whole place must be swept into the sea, unless some costly and effective methods are adopted immediately. The natural breakwater of gravel being removed, the sea rolls right in to the foot of the retaining wall - laid bare by the removal of the gravel - and undermines the foundations. Whilst these dredging operations were proceeding the fisherman continually agitated to have them stopped, but there seemed no lawful redress, and it was only stopped on New-Years day, 1902, when the fishermen of both Hallsands and Beesands assembled on the cliff, and refused to allow the mooring rope of the dredger to be fastened to the shore. This had the desired effect, but the action was taken too late. The havoc wrought by the gales was terrible. At the extreme west of the village a cottage was in the gale so weakened by having its foundation sucked from under it that part of it was completely swept away by the sea, and the other part remained standing on the very edge of the platform ready to wholly fall away the next time the tide came in.

One end of the village was completely isolated owing to the destruction of the road, and it was only possible to establish communication when the tide receded far enough to walk to and fro on the sand below.

The village had been showing signs of weakening for some time, but it was not until this last gale that any serious visible damage occurred. Most of the villagers had been up all night, fearing that with the heavy sea some part might be swept away.

Unfortunately their fears proved only too well grounded. A fisherman was looking round the quays - as the space in the front of the houses was called - for possible damage, with a lantern, and stepped on to the quay in front of what was then the village inn, when the surface gave away with him and he fell into a large hole, and but for his being a very powerful man must have been taken off shore by the outrush of the water. The place had become undermined during the night. Practically all the masonry in the retaining walls had had the foundations washed away, and the whole foreshore of the village was in a state of collapse, all undermined. Parts of the village had to be protected with lines, and a glass tea-house was so completely undermined that it had to be supported by baulks of timber stretched across the beach. One fisherman, whose cottage was threatened, moved his furniture to another. With the next tide that also was threatened, and he had again to move. Seven cottages were destroyed and the question of accommodation became serious. After every tide the villagers were engaged in piling stones, furze bushes, and timber to fill up fresh gaps and prevent more gravel washing out. This had to be done twice a day, and sometimes whilst standing in water. At this juncture the Admiralty and the head of the firm of contractors in question, subscribed £1,500 towards the cost of constructing a new sea-wall to protect the village. The wall was built, and the invading element arrested for the time being. A public subscription was started and liberally responded to, with which a few new houses were erected on the top of the hill behind the village and near the coastguard buildings.

Hallsands was purely and simply the abode of fishermen, nearly all the residents following that occupation, which at times is very hazardous. The crab fishery was the real industry of the place. At regular intervals a vessel, specially fitted for this particular trade, would come in and lie off shore. The vessels hold was formed of deep wells holding sea water, and the living crabs were shipped in these, the vessel leaving for Hamble with the result of the Hallsand' men's harvest of the sea.

Research V.V.

# Dear Old Devon

The expressions "out-along," "down-along," and others of a like kind were at one time frequently heard for indicating the route to be taken by persons inquiring the way to certain places. The following lines by an old Devonian makes use of these expressions to describe the rural beauties of the County:

Dear old Down-along! Loved old Down-along!  
O, to breathe they zephyrs now,  
Feel thy breezes on my brow,  
Tread the path along thy meads,  
Smell the perfume of the hay,  
Hear the song-birds' roundelay,  
Watch the lambkins as they play -  
Far from city cares and needs,  
All in dear old Down-along! Loved Old Down-along!  
Still the burden of my song shall be,  
"Dear Old Down-along".

Dear old Down-along! Loved old Down-along!  
O, to climb they swelling hills,  
Hear the tinkle of thy rills,  
As they steal adown the coombe;  
Catch the wild thyme's gentle scent,  
Mark the gorse with heather blent,  
Note the gipsy's lowly tent,  
Far from the city glare and gloom.  
All in dear old Down-along! Loved old Down-along!  
Still the burden of my song shall be,  
"Dear old Down-along".

Dear Old Down-along! Loved old Down-along!  
Nestled in some happy nook,  
Near some gently purling brook,  
Fringed with bright forget-me-not -  
Were it mine my days to spend.  
Heaven methinks would foretaste lend,  
Of the joys that have no end -  
For, of all earth's pleasant spots,  
None so sweet as Down-along! Loved old Down-along!  
Aye the burden of my song shall be,  
"Dear Old Down-along!"

ANON

## The Family burden

The Department of Employment's latest family expenditure survey shows that the purchase and running of private vehicles dominates the family budget. In fact it costs an average of £15 a week - £8.64 on maintenance and £5 on petrol. On top of that you have licence, insurance, --stop, - anyone want to buy a good car ??

## Subsidised "profit"

It has been stated that public transport subsidies in England alone in 1982-83 amounted to £1,700,000,000. Of course, a great deal of that goes to the railways - who then profess to have made a 'profit'. They must have a clever accountant !

# Man and the Moon.

The first to bring man materially closer to the moon was Galileo Galilei of Pisa, who in 1610, fashioned a primitive telescope, and trained it upon the moon's mountains and valleys even estimating the heights of the peaks from the length of their shadows.

However, a full half century before Galileo's discoveries, the magnificent mind of Leonardo da Vinci designed a bat winged machine for manned flight. In the light of the limited knowledge of his day, this genius arrived at amazing conclusions: "The moon has every month a winter and a summer. And it has greater colds and greater heats....than ours," he wrote.

"The moon is an opaque and solid body," he wrote, "has no light of itself, but so much of it as the sun sees, it illuminates."

Leonardo's predictions about flight and his mechanical 'bird' strangely foreshadow across four and a half centuries what man and Apollo 11 finally accomplished. "The great bird," said Leonardo, "will fill the whole world with amazement and all records with fame."

Only Old Mother Shippam is reputed to have foretold the future with equal accuracy.

J.P.

## Remain Young!

The secret of remaining young in spite of old age and white hairs is to preserve our enthusiasm, and this we can do by means of meditation and goodwill - in short by maintaining harmony in ourselves. When everything has its proper place in our minds we are able to stand in equilibrium with the rest of the world. A solemn enthusiasm for the order and beauty of the universe, an elevated mind and a serene benevolence - these things are, perhaps, the very foundation of wisdom.  
(From Fragments d'un Journal Intime)

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# KING'S CUTTERS

A Review of a book by Graham Smith  
---The Revenue Service and the War  
Against Smuggling. (Conway Maritime  
Press £10.50 (hard cover)).

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In November 1983, the Lord Chief Justice gave the seventh annual Darwin lecture at Cambridge. He couched it in a characteristically forthright style, urging people of Britain to go into battle against crime and 'the immoral society.' One of the main targets for his address was the alarming increase in the amount of heroin coming into this country, which he described as the 'flood of death' from Pakistan. Enormous amounts of this prohibited substance are reaching the streets of Britain, and there must now be very few people engaged in the law who have not had some opportunity to observe the appalling effects it has brought about on those unfortunate enough to become addicted to it.

Many of these are young people, who become addicted to it due to the persuasion of older pushers, or through trickery. It is not unknown for cigarettes supposedly made up of cannabis to be laced with heroin, so that the individual who smokes them becomes addicted to the more dangerous drug. Once the habit has been formed, it is extremely difficult to break, even for individuals of strong will-power. So the habit must be funded, and the addict finds that the price he has to pay increases. He or she turns to prostitution and petty theft; there are grounds for supposing that the current spate of attacks on children in prams is to a great extent accounted for by heroin addicts attempting to get their hands on the fee for their next fix.

Lord Lane produced some dramatic figures to underline his case. Heroin seizures had increased from 93 kilogrammes in 1981, to nearly 200 kilogrammes in 1982. Street prices of heroin in Britain

have tumbled, pointing to the increased availability of the drug, and the growing number of addicts. It could be that the true number of heroin addicts is five times larger than the figure for December 1982 of addicts who had registered. He observed that an addict needing one gramme of heroin per day to satisfy his habit would have to produce £200 per week in order to pay for it.

In the course of this speech he made a remark of the greatest significance. 'If anyone deserves to be hanged, it would to my mind, not be the murderer, who is often inoffensive, but those who import and distribute heroin and similar drugs.' Although the House of Commons has recently declined yet again to reintroduce the death penalty, the studied observations of those in the highest judicial positions have a way of passing into legislation at a later stage. The situation is currently out of control and in some areas it is felt that conditions of war now exist.

There are of course spectacular successes at the ports and airports when officers of the Customs and Excise apprehend a major gang of heroin importers, and they are sentenced in the full glare of publicity. ~~For~~ prosecutions for possession of drugs inland may be brought by the police. But the maximum penalty in these cases is only fourteen years imprisonment, and as the amounts intercepted increase in size, these terms seem inadequate for the misery caused, particularly if remission and parole are taken into account. It is reported that couriers are recruited in countries where heroin originates by the consoling information that, if they are caught and sentenced in Britain, a prison here is as comfortable as a two star hotel in their own country.

The book is a timely publication. It is rich with the colour of the sea, and crammed with the battles which the revenue cutters have fought over centuries. 'Brandy for the parson' may have been the call in the heyday of the 18th century, but today's smugglers are bringing in lethal substances which bring death opposed to creature comforts.



# PROBUS

The remarkable Neville Oswald gave us an unusual and surprising talk in May on COD FISHING OFF NEWFOUNDLAND. In 1570 to 1600 some 300 boats went to the Grand Bank from the River Dart, Plymouth and Barnstaple producing an average of some 9,000 tons of fish. The French also fished the same area. There were violent fluctuations in the catches from year to year and in 1680 they fell to 750 tons. The early 1800s saw improved techniques and heavy catches, followed by the advent of the Factory Ship, and a general decline in West Country participation.

In June, Clifford Jones - Surgeon - told of his experiences in Iraq. The people are highly distrustful of one another, and as thieves, appear to have no equal. Clifford Jones was visiting Professor at the University, and told of a rather poorly dressed student who tried to become a surgeon and was 'failed'. Later he saw him immaculately dressed, driving a Mercedes and discovered he owned a first class chain of Chemist's Shops - obviously out to improve his business! Iraq being in the news at the present time meant that the speaker had to answer more than the average number of questions - a sure sign that he was appreciated by his audience.

The speaker in July will be Rear Admiral Charles Bickford on 'Espionage' - a subject which should attract a larger than average attendance. This meeting will, in fact, be held on July 13th. Please note that there will be no meeting in August, and the next (after July 13) will be September 14th.

A.H. Dudley Tyas  
Kingsbridge: 560656

## SOUTH HAMS YOUTH CLUB

### BARBECUE

FRIDAY 10th AUGUST - THURLESTONE ROCK

from 7 p.m.

HOT DOGS - SOUP - BAKED POTATOES - COKE

## A Coffee Morning

will be held in the

THURLESTONE HOTEL

on THURSDAY 26th JULY 1984

at 10.30 a.m.

RAFFLE : BRING & BUY and  
CAKE STALLS

Admission 25p.

Organised by Thurlestone  
Conservatives.

## ANNUAL FUN DAY

A GRAND BARBECUE and DISCO will be held on the PLAYING FIELDS and in the VILLAGE HALL at MALBOROUGH on  
14th AUGUST 1984

Attractions include a visit by the  
SOUTH POOL HARRIERS

and a

DEMONSTRATION OF SHEEP DOGS WORKING

MUSIC FOR DANCING  
in the evening will be provided by  
JONATHAN MATHYS DISCO.

Lots of games, stalls and Tombola.

Two Bars.

Ample FREE PARKING.

Fun for all the Family  
from 5 pm to Midnight

Organised by Central Area of  
South Hams Conservatives.

At their Annual Meeting, South Milton Parish Council elected Mrs Margherite Trant to the Chair and Mr. Richard Rogers Vice-Chairman.

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## VILLAGE VOICE

STOP PRESS :STOP PRESS :STOP PRESS: STOPPRESS: STOP PRESS: STOP PRESS : STOP

### An Apology

The Editor regrets that the advertisement appearing in this issue on behalf of the Guide Dogs for the Blind refers to the late Mr Dennis Martin as 'Secretary'. He was, of course, the Treasurer.

+ + + + +

### A Reminder

The next Meeting of Thurlestone Parish Council will be held on JULY 10th. when Mr R.K. Butler, the Devon County Council Heritage Coast Officer will be giving a talk on that subject.

+ + + + +

### Avon Estuary Byelaw

The District Council had arranged a meeting for ALL the parties concerned on June 25th at Tollaton House, Totnes. At the last minute they cancelled this meeting and said they would advise a date 'as soon as possible'.

+ + + + +

### That Kingsbridge Plan - and Thurlestone

Don't get too worried about this Plan - Village Voice understands it will be fully eighteen months or even two years before any concrete proposals will be put before the public by the South Hams District Council.

+ + + + +

Phew !

The rateable value of Thurlestone Parish is over £148,000.00 - so I leave you to work out what the Water Authority get out of the parish for sewage rate and standing charge - for a system that just pops it into the sea.

+ + + + +

### And Again !

After a ramble that took members onto Leasfoot beach the Secretary of South Milton W.I. has handed in a small 'petition' from all those who were

present about the pronounced 'pong' of untreated sewage !

+ + + + +

### July/August Cinema Programme

Due to circumstances beyond control, this insert has been delayed and cannot be included in this issue. Even magazines like 'Village Voice' do have a positive 'dead-line'. It takes quite a time to assemble and pin 500 copies of a 60 page issue !

+ + + + +

### Water

I can remember the time when it was considered the 'Avon Dam' would solve all water problems in our area - but the big question is are the Water Authority drawing off 'our' water to supplement supplies to areas who did not have the foresight of those who ran the old South Devon Water Board.

+ + + + +

### A compliment - or....?

The Editor had a letter the other day enclosing a subscription for the next 6 issues to be posted on. The writer said.. "We are, you will understand, 'grockles', 'visitors', 'holiday home owners', 'foreigners', 'Outsiders', - or whatever else you may choose to call us editorially ! We very much enjoy 'Village Voice', and rely upon it to keep us up-to-date with all the gossip - and of course, local news and events."

+ + + + +

### Low cost homes

...for the younger generation - for the elderly - provided you have some reasonable residential qualification - now is the time to write in to the South Hams District Council. It may never happen - it certainly won't if you don't get your name down for it to happen in Thurlestone.

## Guide Dogs for the Blind

The late Mr D.H.Martin who was Hon. Secretary of the South Hams Branch had prepared this 'advertisement' and handed it personally to the Editor asking for its publication less than two hours before he died whilst in attendance at an Open Forum Session of a Thurlestone Parish Council Meeting. You might well remember him by helping in any way you can to make this Annual Dance and Tombola Event the great success he would have wished.

+ + + + +

The South Hams Branch is holding its ANNUAL DANCE & TOMBOLA (With Grand Draw) on SATURDAY AUGUST 11th. 1984 at 8.30 p.m. at the THURLESTONE HOTEL.

Music will be by MUSKETT, tickets £2.00 each. Smart casuals.

Our Branch makes a big effort each year in August to raise funds for the training of guide dogs. With a well trained dog blind persons gain an independence which completely transforms their lives, for instance, they are able to go to work, to the shops, or just for a walk alone.

Over the years the South Hams Branch has paid for the training of a number of dogs and hope this year to be able to provide two or three more.

Do please come to the Thurlestone Hotel on August the 11th. and help to achieve this.

Tickets are available from Mrs H. Stanier, Lower Goosewell, Thurlestone (Tel: Kingsbridge 560224)., or from Mrs J.Ide, Fairfield, Wallingford Road, Kingsbridge (Tel: Kingsbridge 2441).

IF YOU CANNOT COME ON THE 11th - PLEASE BUY SOME OF THE GRAND DRAW TICKETS or send a donation or a Tombola prize, large or small, to Mrs J.Ide at her address above, or to Mrs J. Barton, 9 Meadcombe Road, Thurlestone, (Tel: 560864) or Mrs. C. Parkin, Horswell Mews, South Milton (Tel:560509)

## "Village Voice" says "HERE IS A WARNING!"

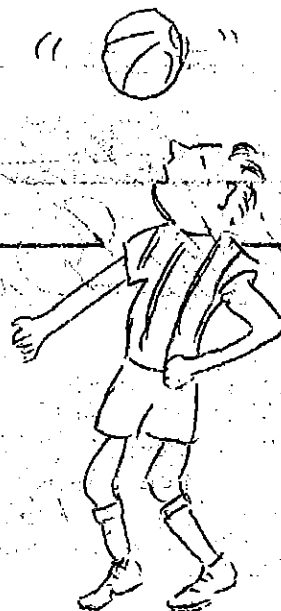
We have been given very clear instructions by our Supervisory Officers this year that the parking regulations in Thurlestone, Bantham and South Milton must be adhered to. The main reason for this being that clear access must be available at all times, particularly to the beaches, for emergency services, in particular the ambulance. Also by keeping the lanes clear, in the restricted areas, it enables all of us to be able to move around the area more easily. I am glad to say that out of those persons reported last year for parking offences, none were local people. It would be nice to see that position remain the same this year.

Kingsbridge Police Station.  
Telephone: Kingsbridge 2326.

P.c. John CASSON.

# Better than Argyle?

by MIKE JONES



IT WAS with some trepidation that I arrived at a local Five-a-Side Competition for Primary Schools with my two sons, Chris, aged 9 and Gary 8, just a very short while ago. There were twelve teams taking part from as far afield as Modbury & Dartmouth, split into three groups of four, Thurlestone being drawn with Aveton Gifford, Stokenham & Stoke Fleming, the winner of each group going into a final league, the matches being of 6 minutes duration, with no half time.

AS Thurlestone took the field for their first game against Aveton Gifford, I couldn't help feeling a bit concerned that our team members seemed about half the size of the other teams representatives, but I needn't have worried, young Gary got stick in like a Nobby Stiles or a Billy Bremner, soon becoming a general favourite for his gutsy and skilful play, as did all the local boys namely, Chris Treaise, Mark Howey, Andrew John, Chris & Gary Jones with Russell Blight as substitute. This first game was good, with all the pressure coming from Thurlestone, which payed off when Gary dissected the defence with a square pass to Chris Treaise who gave the goalie no chance with a firmly struck shot. RESULT. Thurlestone 1 - Aveton Gifford 0.

After games amongst the other groups it was soon clear that the strongest teams were from Kingsbridge and Dartmouth. Next for Thurlestone was Stokenham, who had drawn 0-0 with Stoke Fleming in their first game. This looked a formidable task, as Stokenham had a really big lad in defence, but again Thurlestone played good football, passing the ball around and applying all the pressure. Then came the moment for me to treasure. The big defender received the ball from his goalie, but before he could do anything with it, little Gary nipped in, pinched the ball from under his nose, and to the great delight of the spectators, stuck it in the net. Gary hit the post with another strong shot and Chris Treaise had a couple of good efforts, but the scored remained: Thurlestone 1 - Stokenham 0

The boys were now getting very excited, and the talk was of qualifying for the final - but Stoke Fleming were going to do their best to upset that plan. As expected, Kingsbridge and Dartmouth won their respective groups, and the very last match would decide if Thurlestone could get to the final. Stoke Fleming had 3 points, from a draw and a win, Thurlestone 4 points from two wins. A draw would be good enough. This game was a different proposition altogether. After a good early spell Thurlestone came under their first real pressure of the tournament, but good defending, especailly from Mark, and some good saves from Andrew, kept them in the game. Then came the quick counter attack, with Thurlestone moving the ball around intelligently giving Chris Jones the chance to emulate brother Gary. Receiving the ball at the halfway line, he kicked it past a defender and ran on to glide it past the 'giant' goalkeeper - who must have been 5'10" - the biggest 10 year old I've ever seen. And so Thurlestone were through: Thurlestone 1 - Stoke Fleming 0.

When they played Dartmouth, Thurlestone were under a great deal of pressure but kept their heads, playing their usual game and refused to be ruffled. They matched Dartmouth in all departments, if not getting the better of their bigger opponents. About half way through the game Thurlestone broke away and a good early through ball by Chris Jones left Chris Treaise clear to run on and place a firm shot past a luckless keeper. Thurlestone finished strongly and Andrew made an importance save which added to their confidence. Thurlestone 1 - Dartmouth 0.

Concluding:

BETTER THAN ARGYLE ?

Kingsbridge - the team everybody tipped at the start, to win, looked a safe bet as they piled on the pressure, but again good tackling by all the Thurlestone lads putting the ball out of play rather than give anybody a chance. But, then it happened - Kingsbridge scored. Oh well, runners up, not bad for a little school, better than we dared hope for when we got up this morning, well done lads, well tried, I thought.

"No goal", shouted the ref. "The ball was outside the area. Free kick to Thurlestone."

We were still in with a chance !

Kingsbridge were looking very dangerous - then all of a sudden Thurlestone broke away, Andrew out to Mark, Mark to Gary, Gary to brother Chris, back to Gary, across to Chris Treaise - "GOAL" - Thurlestone had scored, what excitement - better than Argyle, I heard it said ! Not long after that goal came the final whistle. Thurlestone had won all their matches and therefore the whole competition - for the first time ever. There was cheering, jumping up and down, laughing, crying for joy, feelings you would normally relate to the F.A. cup itself, and that was just me. The boys were quite pleased as well !

The shield was awarded to captain Andrew John, and a winners medal to each player in the squad, including Russell Blight, who was very sporting to say he didn't mind not getting a game, the most important thing was that Thurlestone had won.

The runners up were Dartmouth, who beat Kingsbridge in a 'sudden death' play off.

I was very proud of all our lads, as I'm sure Mr. Battell was too. A very big thank you to the organiser, who is a teacher at the Kingsbridge school, but lives in our village, I believe ! M.J.

## ODE TO THE 'KINGSBRIDGE PLAN'

SOUTH MILTON SECTION

Like ploughmen in the elegy by Gray  
We Villagers Hallwards wend our way,  
And sit on chairs, like beggars at the gate  
With trembling limbs to hear our  
awful fate.

We will discuss the Village Plan  
Quite the best devised by man,  
And it will guide us all our days,  
So the Parish Chairman says.

Starter homes will rise in every field,  
And to the buyers you must yield  
The right for them to sell  
Next year to some big city swells .  
Who want them for their summer homes  
And line to paths with garden gnomes.

A place for children we must provide,  
Where they can learn their bikes to ride,  
Fall off slides, & break their legs,  
And climb up poles by means of pegs,  
While down below their Mothers wail,  
And sometimes wish they were in jail.

A park for cars, in winter a minor  
incidental,  
In summer when the tourists come in,  
an essential.  
Behind the Hall we will arrange to build  
A park, with fifty cars it will be  
filled.

And the farmer's cows would have to  
stray,  
Across the fields another way.  
Or we could fit them all with wings,  
And they could fly o'er cars, and  
other things.

A vote on all will now be taken,  
And to make sure you're not mistaken,  
No matter what you may agree  
Can be overturned by me -  
Because I am the Council Boss,  
For you I do not give a toss,  
For, like Sinatra in the song,  
I'll do it my way, all along.

(Name and address supplied !!!)

=====

A budget is a method of worrying  
before you spend - instead of afterwards.



# PLAY PÉTANQUE

*Britain's  
newest sport*

W A L T E R D E E says, you haven't to wonder for very long just what a Playing field/Amenity Area could mean to the Parish. Here is briefly described a game which can readily be played on rough ground by all age groups. Then you have youngsters wanting to play 'Five-a-Side' Football, the Football Club with its home fixtures. Tug o' War training and matches, Village Fetes and organised Games - . In this era of ever greater leisure pursuits such an area is not just a need - it's a dire necessity !

## POTTED HISTORY OF THE GAME OF PETANQUE.

The game has been played for many centuries in various forms and was particularly popular with the Services who played using small cannon-balls. It is worthy of note that Sir Francis Drake was playing a game with cannon balls on a shingle surface at Plymouth Hoe when the Spanish Armada arrived, surely a form of Petanque rather than bowls.

In 1911 the first metal Petanque Boules were manufactured and official rules devised. At this time the game was played mainly in the South of France, but after the Second World War it spread rapidly and is now the second largest participant sport in France.

The day is long since gone when Petanque was merely a game played by fanatical Frenchmen and enjoyed as a quaint diversion, by the odd holiday maker. In common with most major countries of the World, Britain is experiencing a dramatic expansion of interest in the game. Surely Petanque warrants the title of "Britain's fastest growing sport" in addition to that of "Britain's newest sport." At pubs and clubs and even universities up and down the country, young and old alike have been captivated by this basically simple but skilful game which is both easily learned and inexpensive to start and participate in.

## THE GAME OF PETANQUE

The game is played singles, doubles or triples. In singles and doubles each player uses three boules, but in triples only two boules.

Players use metal boules, 7cm to 8cm diameter, weight not to exceed 800 gms. The 'marker ball' (cochonnet) is wooden, 25mm to 30mm diameter.

The starting team is decided by the toss of a coin. One member of the team chooses the starting place and draws or marks on the ground a circle in which to stand, 35cm to 50 cm across. Both feet of the thrower must remain inside the circle till the boule lands.

The first thrower throws the cochonnet between 6m and 10 m. away, not nearer than one metre from any obstacle. (Wall, tree, etc). He then throws his first boule trying to place it as near as possible to the cochonnet. A player of the other team then comes into the circle and tries to throw his boule nearer to the cochonnet, or knock away the leading boule. Then it is up to a player in the team not leading to throw until his team get a leading boule, and so on. When both teams have no more boules the points are counted. The winning team gets as many points as it has boules nearer than the best of the losing team, and the game then goes on until one team reaches 13 points. A full set of playing rules is issued to each licensed member of the British Petanque Association, who are actively bringing the enjoyment of Petanque to the attention of potential players throughout the country by arranging visits to clubs, by demonstrating the game and providing advice and assistance regarding purchase of boules. Write John Nicholson, Hon. Secy, B.P.A., 41, Linley Drive, Boston, Lincs.

PLEASE CONTACT : \_\_\_\_\_



*David Frost*  
*Electrics Ltd.*



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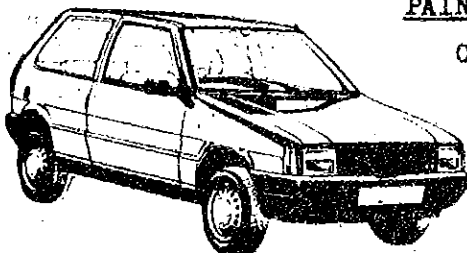
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CALOR GAS DELIVERIES DAILY



Tel: KINGSBRIDGE : 560233

It's cheap and is seen by all the  
readers of 500 copies every issue  
-- an advert in Village Voice !

# THOSE WERE THE DAYS

DURING the Civil Wars, a clergyman called Lane held the joint livings of Ringmore and Aveton Gifford. He was a strong Royalist, and when the Parliamentary troops were marching from Plymouth to Salcombe for the siege of the Castle, Mr. Lane mustered the able-bodied men of his parishes, drilled them, obtained some cannon, and stationed them on one of the bridges below Loddiswell, and caused the Parliamentary troops so much annoyance, that several boats full of armed men were despatched from Plymouth to capture and shoot the sturdy rector. Forewarned, Mr. Lane took refuge in a small chamber in the tower of his church at Ringmore, in which was a fireplace, and here he remained for three months in concealment, his parishioners bringing him food daily. His most painful experience was on Sundays when he had to listen to the heresies and disloyalty of his Puritan successor. The soldiers are said to have landed at Ayrmer Cove and proceeded to the rectory, which they ransacked, but failed to discover the rector. The secret chamber in the tower remains.

+ + + + +

An instance of the old time folk-lore of our neighbourhood was once related by a gentleman walking from Aveton Gifford to Bantham, and being overtaken by a farm labourer, with whom he entered into conversation, by remarking:

"Tis a fine evening."

"Yes, tis; but there'll be rain before the morning."

"Rain before morning! Why, there's not a cloud to be seen and we've had no rain for some weeks, what makes you think there'll be rain?"

"Well, the frogs makes me think so. I've zid lots of 'em jumping across the road this evening. There goes another!" And he pointed one out. "I'm sure there'll be rain before morning."

He proved to be right; for although the sky was still cloudless, when I went to bed at the 'Sloop' at Bantham, there was rain enough before next morning to convert the thick dust into thick mud.

+ + + + +

Did you know that the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh lies buried in Modbury Churchyard?

+ + + + +

Four ladies were travelling in a compartment of a London suburban train when one showed signs of faintness. Under the ministrations of the other ladies she recovered. One of the ladies said she formerly suffered from fainting attacks, and said she was cured by Devonshire air, cream, and honey, having spent a long holiday in the county.

(That must have been Thurlestone, surely!)

+ + + + +

A farmer was courting, with the very best intentions, a buxom comfortably circumstanced widow, who lived some distance away. Whether or not the strong cider, aided by the sloe gin, which the widow gave him at starting, made the farmer see things which were hidden from other mortals, is a moot point, but his story runs thus: "I war a comin' over thicky down in the dimpses, quite comfortable, thoughts was pleasant like, and I'd low I'd 'ad a drop of summat to kip the nip o' the cold out. All to wance I seed a crowd of little figgurs all wi' lanterns alight dancin' bout the ground. Sim to me twas a purty sight, sure nuff. Then some on 'em catched a hold o' me, an' made me dance so well. We toombed into bogs, and I had a bad vall or two min, 'mongst the clitters and down awver thicky rocks. I wor theer vor hours pon hours, zim to me. Bime by I 'lowed they little varmint must be the 'Pisgies', zo I zes to meself: 'Nuff o' these yer May games,' and I up and turns my pocket inside out. The pisgies was all gone by magic like, and I found myself wisht and lonesome, sure nuff, wi' a hade on me buzzin' like a whole hive o' bees. 'Twas a warnin' - I never went a countin' agen, and I never means to."

Research: Walter Dee



Thurlestone & South Milton Horticultural

SHOW

SATURDAY 4<sup>th</sup> AUGUST

at 2-30 p.m.

in SOUTH MILTON VILLAGE HALL

MODEL STEAM ENGINE DISPLAY

REFRESHMENTS

PRESENTATION OF CUPS AND AWARDS AT 4.30 p.m.

YOU SHOULD FIND A SCHEDULE FOR YOUR ENTRIES INSERTED IN THIS ISSUE,  
FOR AN ADDITIONAL COPY PLEASE ENQUIRE AT THURLESTONE OR SOUTH MILTON  
SUB-POST OFFICE OR ANY COMMITTEE MEMBER.

A MEAL FOR A SUMMER DAY

Quick and easy and can be cheap  
or expensive:

Cheap: 1 large tin Salmon - or

Expensive: 1lb cooked fresh salmon

Salt, Cayenne pepper for either.

Small tin evaporated milk or

$\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt Whipping cream

chilled overnight in fridge.

1 pkt. Gelatine.

METHOD: Add two tablespoons of  
cold water to gelatine, then put  
bowl into hot water to dissolve  
gelatine until clear. Put fish &  
seasoning into liquidizer and  
liquidize. Add gelatine. Fold  
in Tightly whisked cream or  
evaporated milk. Put in mould  
(fish one if available) to set.  
Turn out and decorate with cuts  
of lemon, cucumber, & pipe  
mayonnaise if liked.

A Coffee Morning

in aid of the

CHESHIRE HOMES

TAMERTON FOLIOT

Will be held on

TUESDAY 10<sup>th</sup> JULY

in the RECTORY BARN, Thurlestone

from 10.30 a.m. until Noon

CAKE STALL + BRING & BUY, etc.

Please give your generous support to  
this very worthy cause.

(Mrs G. Hughes : Tel: 560829)

# SLOOP INN DARTS CLUB

..have enjoyed a good season under their captain, John Dayment, having played 32 games, winning 22, losing 9 and drawing just one.

In the 'Beer Peg' the team won 18, lost 13 and one was not played. In the Cup Finals played on May 4th. Mike Michelmores was in fine form, winning three of the five cups.

The results were:

Ladies Singles: 'Pam Gillard'.

Men's Singles: Mike Michelmores.

Ladies Doubles: Jean Adams  
Margaret Kibler.

Men's Doubles: Mike Michelmores  
Derrick Yeoman.

Mixed Doubles: Jean Adams  
Mike Michelmores.

Mike played well to reach the final of the Frank Ford Memorial Cup on May 11th. but found his match in Brian Trant of 'The Forces, Blackawton, who won the cup and a bottle of whisky, given by the 'Sloop' landlord, Neil Girling. Mike won a half bottle of whisky, which was soon empty, though his steps home were as straight as his darts !

The Annual Meeting was held at the 'Sloop' Inn on Sunday 20th May, under Chairman Peter Hurrell, with 15 members in attendance. Peter, who has been Chairman for many years thought it was time for a new Chairman and from the Chair proposed Neil Girling. This was carried unanimously with Fred Shillabeer being elected Vice Chairman.

On behalf of the team, John Dayment said he would like to thank Peter for his time and help over the years. As the captain for the past three years he also thought it was time to step down, and the new captain will be Mike Michelmores, with Jean Adams as Vice Captain.

## ADAMS & NICHOLLS

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NICHOLLS



## Meringue Gateau

METHOD: Put nuts on a tray in a moderate oven for a few minutes, tip then on a clean towel & rub them & skins will flake off.

4 ozs. Nuts (Hazel or walnut).

4 egg whites. 8oz. Caster or soft brown sugar.

1 teaspoon white vinegar.

$\frac{1}{4}$  pt. double cream. Fresh fruit (Strawberries, raspberries perhaps)

Don't worry if there are still skins left on. Put in blender & grind. Brush two 8" sandwich tins with oil & line base with non-stick paper. Whisk egg whites until stiff with half sugar a spoonful at a time. (Kenwood is very suitable). Mix nuts with remaining sugar & fold in with the vinegar. Spread in two tins & bake in lower part of oven for 30 mins, Gas 5. El. 190°c or 375° F. Leave to cool in oven, turn out & sandwich together with whipped cream & fruit & decorate top with piped cream and fruit.

"ANON"

South Milton  
Church

\*\*\*  
ANNUAL FETE

in BACKSHAY PARK  
(If wet in Village Hall)

Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> July

at 2.30 p.m.

ALL THE USUAL ATTRACTIONS AND  
STALLS, SIDESHOWS, etc.

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## *The Sunset*

The Sunset, 'tis beautiful, A wonder to see  
As it stretches from moorland around to the sea,  
In the west it is golden, orange and red  
And lasts for a lifetime - inside one's head.

For long after nightfall, when all the sky's dark,  
And even on mornings when up with the lark -  
I still see the wonders of Earth, in my mind  
The colours of sunset - they're all different kinds.

Each one is different, and holds a new joy  
For all grown up people, not just girls and boys,  
So when we grow older, we thank God, as we pray  
God bless and keep us to see more every day.

His creations are glorious and free for us all,  
Both daytime and nighttime; as nightingales call.  
The sky starts to darken, and peace then descends;  
As a balm on life's conscience for a wonderful end.

To a day that began - it seems long ago  
When the stars took a rest and the sun then arose.  
Now set once again on a day filled with pleasure  
Ending so well as it gave of its measure.

That brightness, and warmth, which has kept us all bringt;  
Now sleeping at last for the rest of the night.

# South Milton Womens Institute

Wish to raise funds on behalf of ST. LUKE'S HOSPICE, Plymouth this year, and so they have arranged to have a STALL at the STEPS leading on to S O U T H M I L T O N S A N D S (also known as the Thurlestone Rock Beach)

on SUNDAY 12<sup>th</sup> AUGUST 11am to 5pm.

THEY WILL BE SELLING SANDWICHES, HOME MADE CAKES, SAVOURIES, ICE CREAMS - and in fact EVERYTHING FOR A PICNIC ON THE BEACH, or "GOODIES" TO TAKE HOME

ALL PROCEEDS will go to ST. LUKE'S HOSPICE, which was opened in January 1982 at Dean Cross Road, Plymstock, and is ENTIRELY DEPENDENT ON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. It is a place of special welcome and care for people who are suffering from terminal illness.

As the cost of this very specialised and intensive medical and nursing care is about £300 per week per bed, there is a great and continuing need for funds, as well as other kinds of voluntary help. The only criterion for admission is medical. An essential feature of Hospice care is the control of pain and other symptoms often associated with terminal illness. These procedures are carried out in an atmosphere of care and comfort designed to enhance the quality of life as much as possible. Security and peace is provided for patients in the advanced stage of an illness. Patients are admitted irrespective of religion, creed or ability to pay.

The Hospice itself consists at the present time of a 10 bedded inpatient facility. In addition there are two MacMillan domiciliary nurses available for the care of patients in their own home.

EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT A BEACH LOVER PLEASE VISIT THE STALL  
AND HELP US TO HELP THIS HOSPICE.

*If by any chance it rains, the Stall  
will be in the South Milton Village Hall.*

# SHARPER IMAGE

FAST FOCUS SHOPS THAT COULD SAVE LIVES

ONE of the first things you will be asked when taking your driving test is to read the number plate of a car parked 25 yards away. If you can, without difficulty, then that crude test satisfies the demands of the examiner. And, if you are taking your test at 17, you will not be required to take another eyesight test for a further 53 years, until you reach the age of 70.

Yet checks have revealed that over 30 per cent of drivers on Britain's roads have below-average vision. Even more worrying is the fact that a large proportion do not even realise that there is anything wrong with their eyesight. Anyone who wears spectacles permanently, or not, just for reading or driving, will know how sight can alter over the years. So those drivers who only wear glasses when behind the wheel may be tempted to stay with the same pair for years.

Getting your eyesight tested costs nothing, but it does take time and many people are put off by the prospect of making an appointment to see an optician. The result can be a continued deterioration in eye condition that could have most serious consequences.

But a new device, recently on the market, which uses laser technology is designed to take the waiting out of wondering if your eyes are past their best.

Called the LaserSpec, it uses low power laser to produce a speckle pattern on a small screen. How the pattern moves when you look at it provides an instant assessment of any eyesight problem. For example, if the pattern moves up, you have long sight; down, short sight. A diagonal movement indicates lens distortion - astigmatism. The faster the pattern appears to move, the worse the defect.

Do PLEASE send in all items for publication as EARLY as possible. I

Checking can be done in a matter of seconds and the device - which costs around £1,200 a time - does not have to be manned by the optician all the time. It can be left, switched on, in the shop window, so that passers-by do not even have to go inside.

In June, the so called "Opticians' Bill" will have probably become law in Britain. Essentially, this removes from the present group of dispensing opticians the monopoly to supply glasses, although anyone doing so must work to a recent prescription. Anyone who wears glasses permanently will know only too well the exorbitant prices charged for the frames. So if an element of competition is brought in, more drivers might be persuaded to get their eyes tested more frequently, especially as they grow older, with the result that they will see more clearly and make a major contribution towards improving road safety.

Perhaps some enterprising person will investigate the possibility of a LaserSpec in a Kingsbridge shop window. Would certainly attract attention.

(With due acknowledgement to 'Autocar' )

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## *Crossing the Bar*

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of  
the Bar,  
When I put out to sea.  
But such a tide as moving seems  
asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out  
the boundless deep,  
Turns again to home.  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of  
farewell  
When I embark.  
For tho' from out our bourne of  
Time and Place,  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to  
face,  
When I have crost the Bar.

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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.  
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