

THURLESTONE PARISH - No 15

VILLAGE VOICE

November - December

1984



I'M ALRIGHT !

There's nothing the matter with me
I'm as healthy as can be -
I have arthritis in both my knees,
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze,
My pulse is weak, and my blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Old age is golden, I've heard it said -
But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed
With my ears in the drawer, and my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up -
Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I could lay on the shelf?"

I get up each morning, and dust off my wits -
And pick up the paper, and read the obits.
If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I have a good breakfast, and go back to bed.

My Moral is this, as my tale I unfold -
That for you - and for me - who are growing old,
It's better to say "I'm fine" - with a grin
Than to let folks know the shape we are in !

B.D.M.

Speak to People, there is nothing so nice as a cheerful word of greeting

Smile at People - it takes 72 muscles to frown, but only 14 to Smile.

Call People by their name - the sweetest music to anyone's ears is
the sound of their own name.

That, my friends, is PEOPLE POWER !

ANON.

Annual Carpet Promotion

BRINTONS BELL TWIST – Extra heavy wear, Grade A, 80% wool, 20% nylon, Wilton carpet. Superb plain range of colours. Normal retail £17.60 sq yd.

OUR PROMOTION PRICE £13.90 sq yd

BRINTONS PALACE VELVET – Very heavy wear, Grade B, 80% wool, 20% nylon, velvet pile plain, Axminster weave. 31oz pile weight. Normal retail £22.60 sq yd.

OUR PROMOTION PRICE £17.90 sq yd

WILTON ROYAL SUPER CHARTER – 80% wool, 20% nylon, A Grade, extra heavy duty wear, 37oz pile weight. Full colour range. Normal retail £17.50.

OUR PROMOTION PRICE £13.90

CHARTER – Same colour range as Super. Charter Grade C, heavy wear, 27oz pile weight. Normal retail £14.56.

OUR PROMOTION PRICE £11.80

EXCLUSIVE – Superb range of 80/20 twist pile carpets in 15 beautiful furnishing colours, in 3 different pile weights. Top quality yarns are used in these ranges and the different qualities offer economical hardwearing carpets for for any area.

★ **COMMANDO** – 31oz pile weight, Grade B, very hard wearing £9.95 sq yd

★ **GREENDALE 38** – 38oz pile weight, Grade A, extra heavy wear £12.75

★ **GREENDALE ROYAL** – 45oz pile weight, heavy contract and heaviest domestic use £14.95 sq yd

★ **GREENDALE ENSIGN TWIST** – 50/50, Grade C, heavy domestic carpet with 30oz pile weight, in 15 plain and Berber colours £8.45 sq yd

FOR THE BEDROOM

LANCASTER BLISS – Europe's top selling bedroom carpet available in 22 pastel bedroom colours £5.85 sq yd

★ **BEDTIME** – 50% wool, Saxony luxury bedroom carpet, in 8 super decor colours £8.25 sq yd

★ **BOUDOIR** – 100% New Zealand wool luxury carpet, in 10 exciting bedroom colours. Only the best white wools are used to achieve the pastel shades in this range £10.95 sq yd

EGE MERAKLON VELOUR – Very tough velvet pile carpet, in 100% Meraklon. Has a pristine velvet Wilton-like appearance. Suitable for heavy domestic or contract use. Any width up to nearest 3in up to 13ft 1in (4m) £6.30 sq yd

FOR THE KITCHEN

LANCASTER CORDON BLEU £6.80 sq yd

HEUGA BISTRO KITCHEN CARPET TILES – Litable, washable and replaceable. What a practical way to carpet a kitchen. Normal price £3.47 per tile.
OUR PROMOTION PRICE £2.75 per tile

Top Quality Carpets at Unbeatable Value for Money Prices

Come in or call us up



Kingsbridge 2041

We will bring samples to your home and will be delighted to advise – measure – estimate and provide you with a quotation all without cost or obligation

Promotional prices are available (too numerous to list) for the complete ranges of manufacturers listed, i.e. If Brintons make it, its included in our promotion



Peter Betteridge
**FORE STREET,
KINGSBRIDGE**

Where Quality and Service come first

Bridge

A BRIDGE EVENING is to be held at 7 p.m.
on the 2nd. NOVEMBER 1984
at THURLESTONE PARISH HALL

ALL PROCEEDS ARE TO GO TO THE HALL FOR
MAINTENANCE

RUBBER BRIDGE (CHICAGO) WILL BE
AVAILABLE AS WELL AS A DUPLICATE
SESSION.

EVERY BRIDGE PLAYER WILL BE WELCOMED

Entrance £1.00 to include coffee and
biscuits at the interval.

PLEASE PERSUADE ALL YOUR BRIDGE PLAYING
FRIENDS TO COME ALONG TO SUPPORT OUR
VERY NECESSARY COMMUNITY HALL.

++++
Thurlestone Bridge Club

The newly formed BRIDGE CLUB in
Thurlestone will be very
pleased to hear from anyone
wishing to become members.
FURTHER INFORMATION CAN BE
OBTAINED FROM :

Mr. W. or Mrs B.C.PHILLIPS
Telephone: 560763

The Club let it be said has
arisen out of the initiative
of the THURLESTONE & WEST
BUCKLAND W.I. in this year
of "Women in the Community"
fostered nationwide by the
National Federation of
Women's Institutes.

++++

The THURLESTONE & W.BUCKLAND
W.I.

MEET ON THE SECOND THURSDAY
EVERY MONTH at 2.30 p.m. in
the THURLESTONE PARISH HALL.

++++

COME & JOIN US

Contrary to the report in the
'Gazette', the last barrier to
the 'Amusement Centre' in Kings-
bridge has not collapsed. A number
of residents of Thurlestone and
South Milton parishes have formed
the ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION
ASSOCIATION - to protect the young
and to fight this alien development.

If you feel you could spare a little
of your time to help this cause will
you please contact one of the
following:

PAT HAYWARD - 560205 (after 2 pm)
PAT SALTON - 560451
BARBARA CHAPMAN 560437
RICHARD KEMP - 560868

or add your name to the list we
have already opened in the Post
Office Shops at Thurlestone, Bantham
and South Milton. Come & join us
it will cost nothing but your time
- and put forward your ideas.

SOUTH MILTON GARAGE

ARE DELIVERING

CALOR GAS

TO YOUR HOME DAILY



RING KINGSBRIDGE 560233

VILLAGE VOICE

The Friends of Thurlestone School
have arranged an interesting Social
Event to be held in :

SOUTH MILTON VILLAGE HALL
on THURSDAY 8th NOVEMBER at 8 p.m.

Mr. IAN MERCER talking about
his work on

DARTMOOR WILDLIFE PARK

A small charge of 25p will include
light refreshments

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A friend is one who knows your
faults yet loves you in spite
of your virtues !

=====

FRIENDS OF THURLESTONE SCHOOL ; : : :

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BINGO & PRIZE DRAW

is being held at the
THURLESTONE HOTEL

on TUESDAY 11th DECEMBER 1984

ADMISSION IS LIMITED TO ONE HUNDRED
and tickets are available from the
School. All contributions of prizes
will be very gratefully received at
the school, without which our fund
raising function cannot be a success!

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All local Events can be advertised in
Village Voice without charge.

A SHOOTING OPPORTUNITY

from Pc John CASSON

I have been able to acquire the use of the Small Bore Rifle Range at Raleigh Road, Salcombe, for the use of shooting .22 rifles. I propose to take up to six persons at any one time, both male and female, who are aged 14 years or over.

This activity will occur during the Winter months and will be on a rota basis from a list compiled of those wishing to attend. We will be shooting, mainly on Saturdays or Sunday mornings, although possibly on occasions during the week, depending on my shift duties.

The cost is £1.50 per session, which covers the cost of ammunition.

The Club will not be making any charge for the use of the Range, but I have agreed with them that any person using the facilities with me, during the Winter months, will be requested to help with Range cleaning and maintenance, on one day, either during the Christmas Holiday or Easter holiday.

If you are interested, would you please complete the slip below - and return it to me at the Kingsbridge Police Station.

Pc John CASSON

Name.....Date of Birth

Address.....Tel No

I am the parent/guardian of the above named, and I am agreeable for him/her to attend the Small Bore Rifle Range at Salcombe with Pc Casson.

SIGNED.....



J.W.S.L.

Christmas Far Away and Long Ago

by J. W. S. Lindahl

OLD MEN tend to bore succeeding generations with their recollections but the following disjointed account of Christmas and New Year 1914 - 15, might have some interest.

Nobody retains a consecutive memory of the daily events of long ago, but individual episodes are often retained and, in my case, I have a very good memory for inessentials.

I was born and brought up in London, but my parents came from Sweden and we frequently spent summer holidays there, usually staying with relatives.

Accordingly, in the early summer of 1914 my mother and I went over for the usual stay, the idea being that my father would join us later. The outbreak

of war on August 4th. 1914 completely altered the situation and we were unable to get back.

I had my eighth birthday in October of that year, and at that age a child is old enough to realise that something unusual and serious is going on though not necessarily appreciating its significance.

During the summer and autumn only one episode remains in my memory. We were staying on an island in the Stockholm Archipelago overlooking the main sealand from that city. One morning a week or two before the outbreak of war I was hurriedly taken out and shown a large steamer going by and told that the President of France was on board. It was President Poincare, who had been on a state visit which had been cut short owing to the imminence of the war. However, the main memory of that time is Christmas, which we spent with my Grandmother who lived in a village in South Central Sweden called Vislanda.

As in most Northern European Countries, Christmas Eve in Sweden is the day for parties and jollifications while Christmas Day is quieter. All I remember of Christmas Eve is warmth, candlelight, presents, a large Christmas tree and a lot of kind people. Christmas morning however, is much clearer in my memory.

Snow at Christmas does not occur every year in those parts, but there was plenty in 1914, and we went to 7 a.m. Service in a sleigh, a tremendously exciting event for a small boy.

It was pitch dark when I was woken up, dressed in layers of warm clothing, taken downstairs and there, at the door, was the sleigh waiting, the driver in fur cap and coat and the horses breath condensing in the cold air. My mother, an aunt and I got into the sleigh which was a workaday job with no tourist attractions such as bells. The driver, however, lit a tarred pine knot and stuck it in a bracket, and away we went silently and smoothly.

The church lay some three miles away and all we heard was the swish of the runners, an occasional crunch over a piece of ice and the steady

clop, clop of the horse's hooves. After leaving the village we drove through woods of spruce and birch with an occasionally little house which usually had a lighted three branched candlestick in the window. Then, as we approached the church we saw the light of a big bonfire largely made up of the discarded torches of earlier arrivals, and, beyond that, the lights of the church itself. Of the service I remember nothing except light, warmth and the squeak of the farmer's Sunday Best Boots. I also seem to remember a whiff of mothballs, but I may be wrong.

Then there was the return journey, still in the dark, but it was just getting light when we got home. The rest of Christmas and New Year have left no mark, but memories start again in January 1915 when my father came over and we made the journey back to England via Germany and Holland, an experience relatively few people have had in wartime.

I was, of course, British born but under age and travelling on my parents passport and they, as far as the German authorities were concerned were subjects of a neutral country travelling to Holland, another neutral country.

We went from Trelleborg in Sweden by train ferry to Sassnitz on the island of Rugen. The lower deck of the ferry was packed with horses which, I was told later, were being bought up for the Army by German agents in Sweden.

From Sassnitz there was another ferry to Lubeck and thence by train to Rotterdam via Hamburg. On this journey my father got into conversation with an old German gentleman who got out at Bremen. When he got onto the platform he turned, reached back and shook me by the hand saying in English, "Goodbye little Englander" - a memory I like to retain.

The remaining remembered incident on the journey happened at Bentheim on the Dutch border, where something was found wrong with my mothers passport. The old German Commandant kept the train waiting while he made a telephone enquiry to Sweden and we stood around in his office while he did this.

CONCLUDED OVERPAGE

Concluding.....

Thurlestone Parish VILLAGE VOICE

CHRISTMAS - FAR AWAY & LONG AGO

Suddenly clearance came and, with it, frenzied activity. A German soldier grabbed me by the collar of my jacket and the seat of my pants, ran along the platform and heaved me into the train. My parents stumbled in, the door slammed and off we went.

The rest of the journey home was uneventful. We crossed in a Dutch ship, the Batavier III, which was full of Belgian refugees who seemed to spend their time singing their National Anthem.

And so ended an interesting experience. The next time I crossed from the Continent on a Batavier line ship was in 1944, from Arromanches to Southampton on the first leg of a posting which ended up in Sierra Leone.

J.W.S.LINDAHL.



CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

in aid of the

N.S.P.C.C

will be held

in the PARISH HALL, THURLESTONE

on SATURDAY 27th OCTOBER

at 2.15 p.m.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS + PRODUCE

CAKES + TEAS + RAFFLE



PEARSON NURSERY SCHOOL

THURLESTONE

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

at the TOWN HALL, KINGSBRIDGE

on FRIDAY 7th DECEMBER 1984

10 a.m. - 12 noon

COME AND BUY FOR CHRISTMAS FROM
A WIDE VARIETY OF STALLS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND DECORATIONS

CLAIRE KNITWEAR

RAFFLE - JUMBLE - Etc.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE GREEN FLASH ?

As the setting sun sinks below the horizon and the final rays strike the surface of the sea, you may observe a brilliant green flash for just a fraction of a second.

In order to witness this phenomenon with the naked eye, the sky in the vicinity of the setting sun needs to be cloudless and the line of the horizon clear of haze. If you watch from a point above sea level you must note carefully the sun's descent and steady disappearance. At the very moment when the sun dips below the horizon you will be rewarded for just a fraction of a second with a brilliant flash of the clearest emerald green - and it is over.

I have been lucky (or observant) enough to see this event on three occasions - twice from the cliffs of Hope Cove - once when in Cornwall.

A truly wonderful manifestation of natural beauty.

IAN C. YOUNG.

VILLAGE VOICE

NUMBER FIFTEEN

Third Year

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1984

Edited and Published on a bi-monthly basis
by D.W.DRABBLE, 10, BACKSHAY CLOSE, SOUTH MILTON, Kingsbridge, Devon
(Telephone: Kingsbridge 560533)

This publication is Edited on a 'Freelance' basis and the views and opinions expressed in any item herein do not necessarily represent the views and opinions of any member of the Thurlestone Parish Council

Contributions of articles, stories, poems, drawings, crosswords and other items of local or general interest are always welcome - and are an essential ingredient to the production of a village magazine.

Due to increasing demand from outside the Parish production is being maintained at 500 copies per issue - of which 375 are delivered free of charge to the residents of Thurlestone, Bantam and Buckland. The subscription rate for sending by post outside the area is 60p. per issue (including 29p average postage charge).

ADVERTISING SPACE is limited and copy should be forwarded at least 28 days before the date of issue, i.e. by November 30th for the January February issue of 1985. All communications should be addressed to the Editor as above. All cheques should be made payable to Thurlestone Parish Council and crossed Village Voice A/c.

Dear Reader,

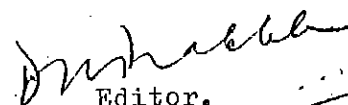
I had quite high hope of advising you in this issue that 'Village Voice' had taken the top prize in the Community Council of Devon Village Ventures Competition.

This Magazine was entered in the 'Non-Construction Projects' section and the judges made the following comment:

"They were exceedingly impressed by the organisation and design of the magazine. They particularly commend Gary Blight for his humorous cover pictures, and the editor for his tremendous commitment.."

Why then didn't we win? The Non-Construction Section apparently received 38 entries involving a very wide spectrum of community effort projects - projects from founding a pre-school playgroup, toy, record or book sharing scheme for children and the elderly, organising a pensioner's club or good neighbour scheme - the aim of the competition was to encourage progress in a particular aspect of village life - and while the actual winning project has not been disclosed at the time of writing this I am able to disclose - no parish magazine or newsletter defeated 'Village Voice' - but a project that must rate in a higher category of actual physical involvement of members of a community than a village publication. A matter of relativism, perhaps! Anyway, jolly good luck to the winning project.

The next issue will see the commencement of a New Year - so this means here is the only opportunity to wish all readers a very, very Happy Christmas.


Editor.



St. ANDREW'S NIGHT

DANCE

in SOUTH MILTON VILLAGE HALL
on FRIDAY 30th. NOVEMBER 1984

8.30 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Music by

TREVOR BURGESS
on the Electric Organ

LICENSED BAR + RAFFLE

Tickets £3.00 including Buffet
available at the South Milton
Post Office Stores
& Village Hall Committee Members
(Proceeds for the Village Hall
new heating fund)

THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL

ARE ALWAYS PREPARED TO DISCUSS ANY
MATTER OF LOCAL CONCERN

CHAIRMAN: Mr. P.W.J. Hurrell. 560496
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Mr D.J. Yeoman. 560607
Miss R.S. Stocken 560257
Mr. Roy Adams 560247
Mr. D.W. Grose 560375
Mr. J. Dayment 560295
Mr. G. Stidston 560695
Parish Clerk 560533

THERE IS AN OPEN FORUM SESSION
AT EVERY COUNCIL MEETING WITH
PARISHIONERS PRESENT - AND THE
DISTRICT COUNCILLOR Mr. THOMAS
IS USUALLY AVAILABLE TO ANSWER
YOUR QUERIES DURING THAT SESSION

THE NEXT COUNCIL MEETINGS:

TUESDAY 6th NOVEMBER and TUESDAY
18th. DECEMBER 1984

GEOFF. CHURCH at 83a Fore Street
Kingsbridge (Tel. 6626) offers a
first class printing service
and will give your Christmas
requirements special attention.

SOMETHING HAND MADE ? It makes
quite a pleasant change to see
useful wooden bowls produced by
a talented local young man. A
visit to see for yourself the
work of C. Marsh Dawes at
'Thatchways' Thurlestone will
help solve your present problems!

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Give someone

a lovely surprise

PLEASE ORDER EARLY
DEVON CREAM
BY POST

Peter Bromfield

DAIRYMAN

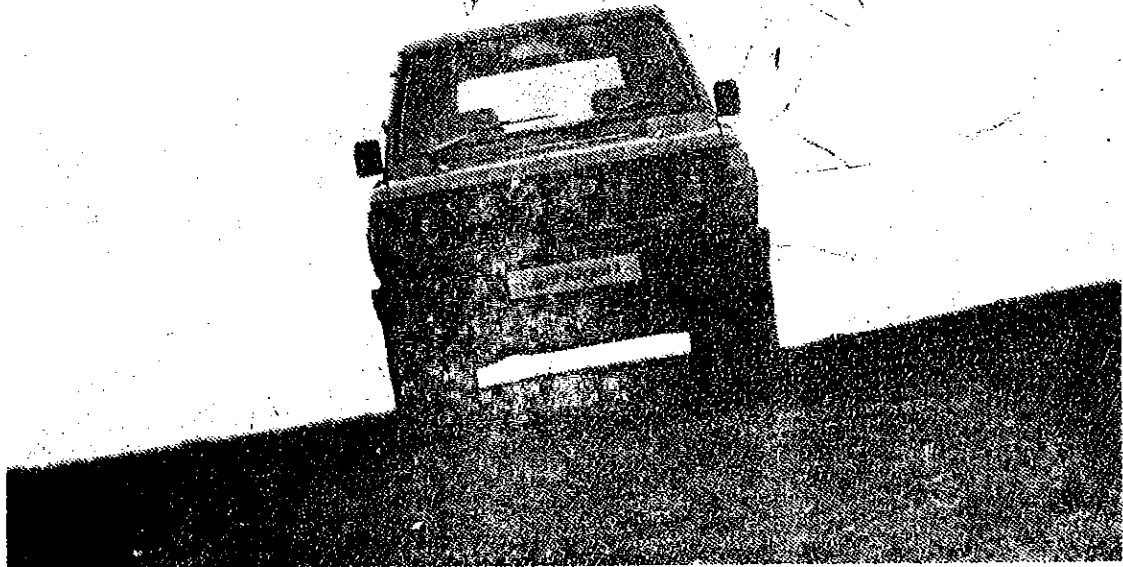
WELL PARK, LINKS ROAD, SOUTH MILTON
Tel: KINGSBRIDGE 560888

ACROSS: 4 Indigo, 7 Ploke-te-d
8 Ease up, 10. 0-mega, 13 Pal-e
14 Fowl, 15 Tall, 16 She, 17 Open.
19 Oslo, 21 Point duty, 23 Toms.
24 Hate, 26 (g) Nat, 27 Trey.
29 Vell, 32 Four, 33 Cello(phane)
34 Spo-I-Is, 35 Egg plant.
36 Gnomes.
DOWN: 1 Sp-o-of, 2 ScREW, 3 Vera
4 Idea-L, 5 Dose, 6 Gauch-o.
9 All out, 11 Mop, 12 G-Loom
13 Panther, 15 Ten(net), 16 Sly.
18 Pistol, 20 St-eve, 21 Pot(Top)
22 Day, 23 Tarpon, 25 Nil.
28 Rus(h)es, 30 E-las, 31 L-Otto
32 Firm, 33 Cape.

SOLUTION TO THE CRYPTIC PUZZLE

CROSSWORD No. 11

The Shogun. In its field there's nothing like it.



The Shogun is one four wheel drive that's just as at home on a shopping trip as it is taking feed out to cattle.

Because at the flick of a switch you can change it into more economical two wheel drive.

You can also cruise all day at up to 90 mph in the kind of comfort you'd expect of a luxury saloon.

And choose between 2.6 litre hard and soft top models, or a 2.3 litre diesel turbo.

So come and test drive the Shogun range now.

At prices from £7,252*, we can even make light work of buying one.



*Price excludes VAT and on the road charges. The hard top illustrated costs £9,440 including car tax and VAT but excluding number plates and delivery.

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General Provisions

KENDALL McDONALD JUDGES THE TIME IS NOW



SOME PEOPLE would say that I am a born worrier. Of course I'm not really. I just happen to know that the worst will happen if you give it half a chance.

HOWEVER, I've been worrying in a good cause lately. Yes, I have. I've been trying to put my finger on exactly what is wrong with 'Village Voice'.

I'm sure most of you think there's nothing wrong at all with this splendid magazine. You may be right. On the other hand you may all be friends of the Editor.

NOW I don't want you to start worrying about the ^{thing} that's missing in Village Voice - because after all that worrying I've realised what it is. It's quite simple really. It's just that 'V.V.' hasn't got an Editorial Campaign.

YOU MUST have noticed that every newspaper and most magazines have an Editorial Campaign from time to time. With the Daily Mail it was Zola Budd. With the Daily Telegraph it was, and still is, Mrs. Thatcher's Good Works. The Morning Star has Russia right but never wrong. The Sun has Big Ladies, And the Guardian campaigns about absolutely everything.

SO what's the matter with Village Voice? Why doesn't it have a Campaign?

I mean there are campaigns all over the place to choose from. There's the Campaign for Real Ale, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the Campaign for a Speed Limit on the River Avon and the Campaign for Women's Liberation, to name but a few.

BUT there's no need for Village Voice to adopt any of those. We want a campaign that's going to succeed, unlike most of the others I mentioned. So relax. I've got it. What about the Campaign for B.B.V.P.? You've never heard of it? You will.

DON'T you think it's got a catchy sound! Bee-Bee-Vee-Pee....why I can almost hear you beating it out now on your car horns! But don't blame me if our friendly village policeman doesn't take too kindly to that sort of thing. Well not at first, but I bet the beat will soon get him going, if you'll pardon the pun.

WE shall need a Campaign Director of course. All big campaigns have a 'Campaign Director'. It'll be his job to get some stickers printed for the backs of all our cars. Perhaps of course, the C.D. won't be a him, but a her. I shall offer my assistance of course. I have some experience of advertising in the back windows of cars. And I know for a start that it's no good making it too big - then people won't use it because they say it blocks their view.

THE STICKER mustn't be too small either, or the backs of cars get bent when people get too close trying to read it. But the most important thing of all is not to have them in my favourite colour - blue. You see, every garage and car firm have their rear-window stickers in blue. You know the sort of sticker I mean"Another Maurice Blight car" (Blue on White)....or "Supplied by Bantham Garage" - (white on blue). No, to make our BBVP campaign really go we need distinctive stickers in anything but blue.

BY THE WAY, did you know there is nothing to stop you having any

sort of message on your actual number-plate as long as it doesn't make the numbers and letters of your registration difficult to read? It's an American thing really and some of the messages on their numberplates are enough to make you crash just by reading them! But there is nothing to stop you having "I Love Thurlestone" on your number-plate as long as all else is clear.

COURSE you do have to be careful not to upset people. I mean I haven't got over that bloke who thought I was the parson, so I try to keep my car as inconspicuous as possible, which is not easy when you drive a bright yellow Volkswagen. (Editor's note: This appears to be a deliberate error to conceal the make of the author's car.)

WHERE was I? Oh yes, the BBVP Campaign. I expect by now that you'll all want to take part. What's that?....What's the campaign about? Why BBVP of course. Surely I've told you. Lor lumme, haven't I?

IT'S SIMPLE. It stands for "Bring Back the Village Pump". Why? Well, it seems to me that in these days when everyone is knocking things down or building things which nobody wants, it would be a good idea to put something back from the past which would make the village a nicer place to look at - if, of course, that's possible.

PERHAPS, too, in these days of water shortages it would remind us how premature they were - was it in 1949? - when they took away the village pump. I was in a village - in Sussex - the other day and they'd restored their village pump. And jolly nice it looked too, though I'm sure it wasn't connected to the old water supply.

YOU KNOW everywhere - well, almost everywhere - in Thurlestone had their own water supply way back at the beginning of this century. I was re-reading the memoirs of the late Monica Winkle again just now and she details in them the way the village got its water. Monica Winkle was the former Monica Coope, one of the daughters of the Reverend Frank Egerton Coope, who was Rector of Thurlestone from 1897 to 1922. She wrote: "All the water in Thurlestone had to be drawn from a covered well in the village, and carried home in two pails on a wooden yoke. We had our own well at the Rectory, but it took an hour to pump the
MORE.....

Thurlestone Parish VILLAGE VOICE

CONCLUDING:

Kendall McDonald's B.B.V.P.

tank full up in the attic so we had to be very careful of water, especially in the summer when the rain water tank was running low...." She added, "At the top of the village a tap ran off the same spring that fed the well and sitting by it on fine days on his little camp chair, was old Pound, smoking a pipe and exchanging yarns with whoever stopped to speak to him. Mrs. Pound kept the sweet shop and supported herself and her husband, who was so crippled up with rheumatics that he could only just crawl down to the tap with the help of a couple of walking sticks, and there he stayed, hour in, hour out..."

"IN THOSE DAYS the women wore pattens over their shoes to go to and fro from the pump with their pails, and they made a peculiar sound which is best described by the word itself."

BUT Monica didn't detail all the wells in the village and Gordon Jeffery and Mike Penwell tell me that they often come across them in their building work-

they found one across the road from my cottage around the back of Rockhill and it seems that every important house or group of houses had their own well. Certainly the old Inns did - there's a fine well at the Sloop at Bantham for example.

BUT back to the Village Pump. Of course the well is concreted over now and should I think stay that way. Even so, with due respect to the work of the W.I. whom I'm told arranged for the pump house to be turned into a bus shelter, I'd like to see the pump come back to its rightful place.

But could it? Could it be found after all these years? I suspect it still exists, abandoned on some municipal dump - just another piece of the past thrown away and forgotten. Who gave permission for it to be taken away in the first place. What secrets lie locked in the parish council records? Is there a clue where the pump is today?

Bring back the Village Pump, say I.
Bee - Bee - Vee - Pee for ever !

THE NEXT ISSUE OF VILLAGE VOICE WILL BE COVERING THE JANUARY/FEBRUARY PERIOD - 1985. IF YOU HAVE ANY VILLAGE EVENT PLEASE LET ME HAVE IT AS EARLY IN DECEMBER AS POSSIBLE - CERTAINLY NOT LATER THAN THE 15th. DECEMBER.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THAT ISSUE WOULD BE APPRECIATED BY THE END OF NOVEMBER. THE DEMAND FOR THE MAGAZINE HAS BEEN SUCH THAT BOTH THIS AND THE NEXT ISSUE WILL CONTINUE AT 500 COPIES. BUT IT TAKES SOME DOING - SO YOUR CO-OPERATION IS VERY NECESSARY - PLEASE !

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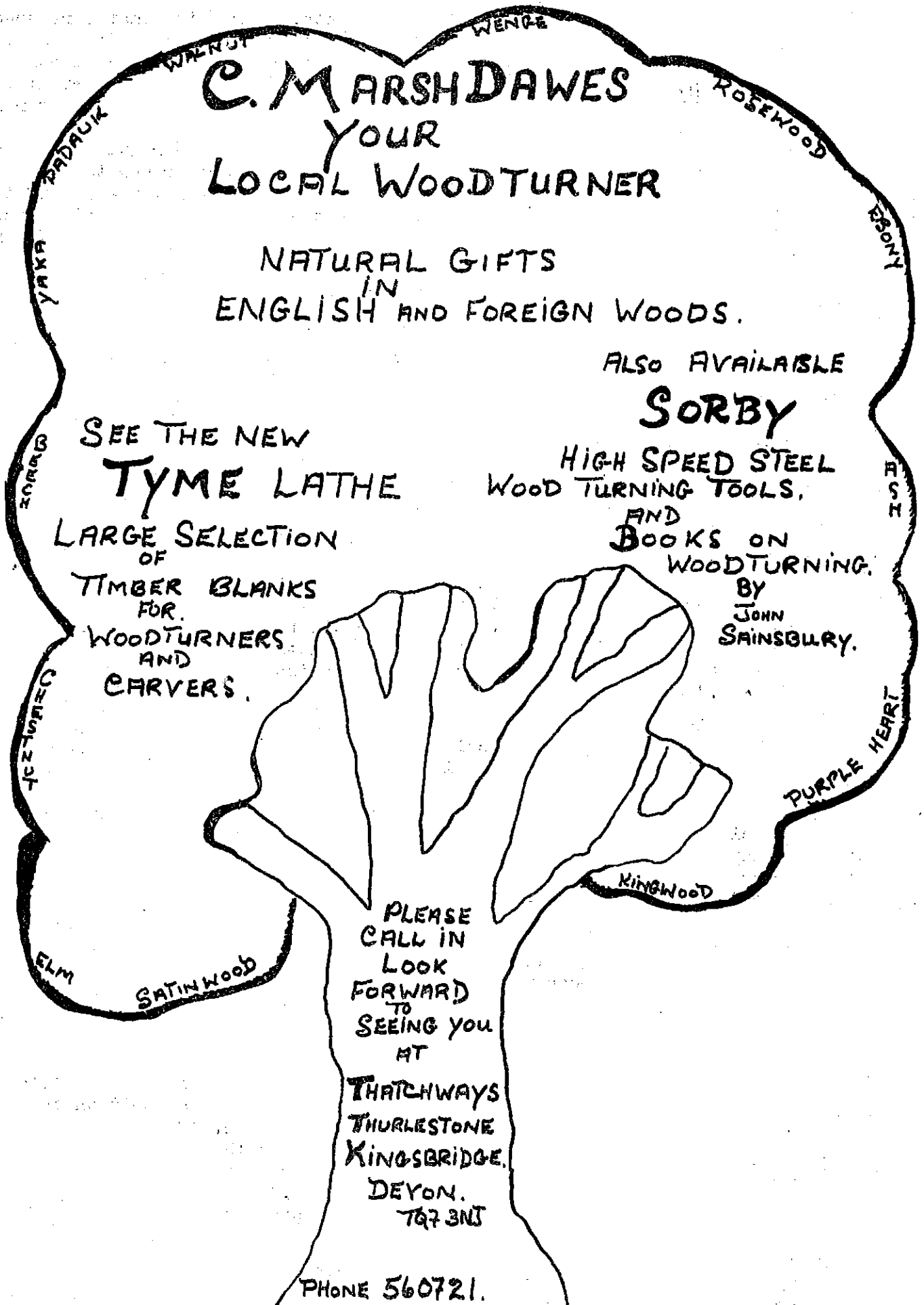
AND
BOOKS ON
WOODTURNING.
BY
JOHN
SAINSBURY.

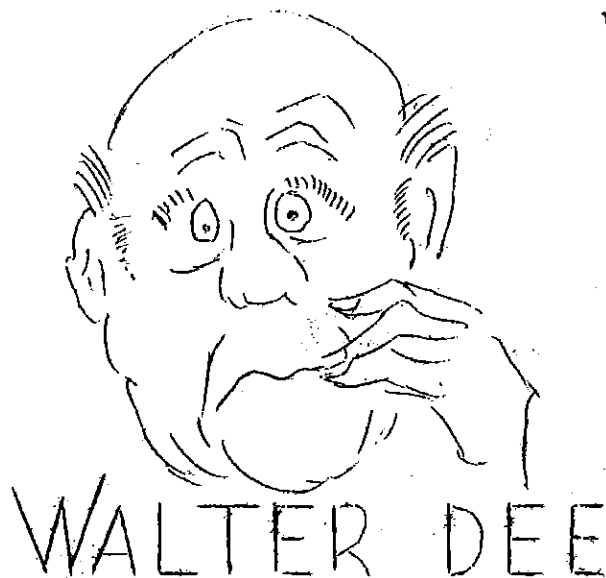
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One might feel that the Chairman's Foreword to the Annual Report of the Devon Association of Parish Councils contains something of a warning to parishes:

"EACH year", he writes, "in the life of the County Association has its own special character. April 1983 to March 1984 was no exception. In May (1983) we held the Parish Council Elections and once again suffered the disappointment of some parishes without an election, and even some without sufficient candidates to fill all their seats without a second nomination day."

"As we can see in the Metropolitan Councils, the aroma of yet more local Government reorganisation is in the air once more, and it may be that we shall have to justify anew the purpose of Parish Councils. In the days of the Redcliffe-Maud Commission it was the National Association and the County Associations of Parish Councils who were able to demonstrate the effective role that local councils play in community life, that persuaded the unbelieving city dweller that our purpose was worthwhile, and that we were worth, not only saving, but actually enhancing. A lazy attitude to our business, or, worse, a lethargic approach to our democratic processes will wipe us out at a stroke. Your Association will play its part, but like a chain we are all as vulnerable as our weakest link, and that is the unthinking local council."

+ + + + +

I have to thank the Guild of Experienced Motorists for putting in print what I find many people regard with concern - the lack of brake and indicator lights on trailers towed by farm tractors - also often without number plates and rear

lights. I realise that farm tractors are allowed on the roads without having an excise licence if they are only travelling a short distance to local fields, but I am interested to learn if this absolves them from ignoring the requirements that the private driver has to observe when towing a trailer - and if they can travel without an excise licence are they also absolved from the MOT and insurance?

+ + + + +

We are now into the season of muddy roads once again and the Editor has passed onto me a number of letters from some obviously irate residents about the lack of action by either the Highway Authority or the Police. Once again it seems, the farm tractor is made the culprit. I would say that farmers brought to a head the burning of straw and stubble - and have paid the penalty of a stiff byelaw. Oddly enough the present byelaws governing the depositing of mud on the highway could be considered adequate - if the authorities concerned were to campaign a little more.

+ + + + +

Did you know of the old superstition which suggests that it is unlucky to have anything to do with blackberry picking after Michaelmas Day, because his Satanic Majesty renders them poisonous after that day? It is probably that the old Michaelmas Day was concerned, which was 10th. October. I am told of a lady making blackberry jelly when she realised she had not the quantity she needed. She called to a neighbour asking her to let her children go and secure a further lot of berries. The neighbour refused, saying: "Do you know what day it is? It is October 11th, and the devil has spit on the blackberries. If the children pick any today they will die, or fall into great trouble before the year is out." No more blackberries were picked!

+ + + + +

Write to Walter Dee C/O The Editor at 10, Backshay Close, Sth. Milton. He really is a freelance journalist - and always looking for items for his column.

BANTHAM SURF LIFE SAVERS A.G.M

FRIDAY 23rd. NOVEMBER 1984

7.30 p.m.

at the THURLESTONE HOTEL

ALL ARE WELCOME

F.W.Shillabear

Chairman.

=====

READY TO FIGHT WATER-SKI TRIAL

It is reported in the 'Gazette' that a bid to open up part of the Kingsbridge Estuary to water skiers will be sunk if Salcombe town councillors get their way.

The councillors, it is stated, are determined that speed boats and water-skiers must be kept out of the estuary - and they have voted to back protesters who want to see the whole suggestion dropped.

The idea allowing water skiing in Charleton Bay was floated earlier this month by the South Hams Harbour Committee, and a special demonstration was to be set up.

A meeting of Salcombe Town Council reportedly slammed even the idea of a trial. Mrs Annie Turner is stated to have said: 'the whole idea of being able to police water-skiing once it is permitted was 'farcical'.

=====

Avon Estuary

Reference the Editor's note in the last issue, having had a cottage in Bantham for many years, and had sons who from the time they were infants in arms spent all their holidays in and around the Avon, I have some knowledge of the past history of water skiing on the Estuary.

The late Mr Maitland Tribe, about 20 years ago, was the first to introduce this sport on the Avon, and he taught many youngsters. This was a low key exercise as outboards and engines were not as powerful as today.

It was due initially to his efforts that local boys such as the McCarthy's, took up the sport and are now competing at National level.

Local opposition I feel only became vociferous when the District Council in 1979 called a meeting to discuss bye-laws, which was not representative of all interested parties, and when water skiing was becoming commercialised by advertisements for water skiing and tuition by a local organisation and a local hostelry

To go through the trauma since the meeting called by the District Council to date would fill this magazine ! - but as far as I personally have been concerned I have had more heated and at times hurtful comments than on any other subject since I have been on the District Council. As my wife often said to me - 'we shall have no friends left' !

I believe a reasonable compromise has been reached, and I would like to thank all who attended the recent meeting at Follaton House, for their restraint, which enabled the compromise to be reached.

Confirmation has been received from the Home Office that the Byelaws as prepared can go ahead, and a meeting on implementation with all concerned will, I understand, be held shortly.

JACK THOMAS

P.S. Now the area for water-skiing has been reduced - it is outside the parish !

VILLAGE VOICE

SOUTH HAMS THEATRE AND ARTS TRUST

Programme of Events at Kingsbridge Theatre & Cinema

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

Dennis Quaid, Bess Armstrong, Simon
MacCorkindale

"JAWS III (Cert. PG)

Is it safe to go back into the water?

= = = = =

November 10, 12th, 13th, 16th & 17th
at 8 p.m. Theatre:

G.B.Productions Presents the Musical
Comedy

"KISS ME, KATE"

Based on Shakespeare's "Taming of the
Shrew", this sizzling version is
packed with fun; with superb Cole
Porter numbers sung by your favourite
vocalists; and with fast-action
dancing by a lively chorus.

Seats may be booked at The Music
Centre, Fore Street, Kingsbridge, or
at the Theatre Box Office on evenings
of performances.

= = = = =

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

Barbra Streisand in
"YENTL" (Cert. PG)

A delightful musical of courage and
tenacity - an untamed spirit not
afraid to fight alone.

= = = = =

Saturday, November 24th, 9.30 a.m. to
12.30 p.m.

C H R I S T M A S B A Z A A R

Christmas gifts, jewellery, clothes,
giant tombola, bric-a-brac.
(Cakes and coffee in the Gallery Club

= = = = =

TUESDAY to SATURDAY, November 27th - December 1st. at 7.30 pm. Theatre
Kingsbridge Dramatic Society Presents the hilarious Ray Cooney-John Chapman
comedy

"MOVE OVER, MRS MARKHAM"

a play which reaches splendid heights of lunacy.

Seats at £1.75 (OAPs & children £1) may be booked at Ashby & Rogers, Fore St,
Kingsbridge, or at Theatre Box Office on evenings of performances.

N.B. KINGSBRIDGE CINEMA WILL BE CLOSED DURING DECEMBER FOR ANNUAL MAINTENANCE
OF THE EQUIPMENT. IT WILL RE-OPEN ON JANUARY 2nd 1985, with "SUPERGIRL".

SPECIAL NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

Despite the announcement in the
"Gazette" of Friday 19th Oct. I
am sorry to say that my
Editorial is correct - Village
Voice did not obtain a top
award in the Community Council
of Devon Village Venture Competi-
tion. No village magazine or
newsletter received an award.

The awards did go to very worthy
community efforts - to the
Friends of Plymtree School for
their efforts in retaining the
school in their village. To
Welcombe Parish for a new
Village Hall, to Bratton Fleming
Parish for their Festival which
raised over £500; and to
Kingswear for turning a rubbish
heap into a playing field.
Cornworthy - like Thurlestone
Village Voice did not get a top
award - just a Certificate of
Merit - to come.

Pleased and proud as I would
have been to see this magazine
win - I think the awards went
to the better community projects.
Just a pity the 'Gazette' don't
always get their facts right!

M O N D A Y

November 26th, at 7 p.m.

ANNUAL BRIDGE EVENING

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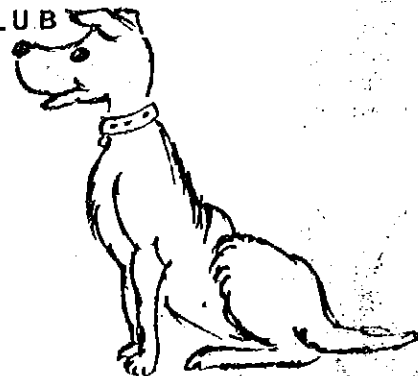
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 VILLAGE VOICE

The Men of the Trees

Dr. Richard St. Barbe Baker, O.B.E. (founder of The Men of The Trees) was one of the first to realise that we are running out of natural resources and he set out, during his very long life, to use his affinity with forests and his great knowledge to unite all the effort he could raise against insidious disaster.

History tells us of many civilisations brought down by man's conviction that exploitation does not matter and that the earth will heal itself. Today, we are realising that this rarely happens without man's helping hand. The Men of the Trees, which is an international organisation, are actively working towards the worldwide effort of slowing down desertification and bringing the waste lands back to fertility, by the millions of trees planted annually, worldwide, and our extensive educational work to alert peoples and governments of the importance of increasing our tree cover. As a by-product, we are also helping to beautify the environment in which we live.



Trees and Mankind

The story of the forests of the world is an endless one. It begins long before man existed on this planet, and it will end only if man fails to recognise his dependence upon tree-growth for his existence. The fundamental history of civilisation is the history of the soil and its cover. Civilisation is a race between education and catastrophe. We have already witnessed the disastrous effects which follow the removal of the essential covering. We have seen that it is possible to

conserve and replenish the forests of the world and maintain an adequate standard of living in all countries, provided the people unite in this task. The earth is a great entail, and it belongs as much to those who come after, as to ourselves.



Only at last when we are being driven to face the threat to the human race by the destruction of the forests of the world, are we becoming conscious and aware of our vital dependence on adequate tree cover.

John Evelyn (1620-1706) of Wootton once wrote 'We had better be without gold than without trees'. Those words, penned more than two centuries ago, are as true today as when they were written.

Wood is necessary to civilized life and therefore it is a basis of civilisation. Wood may be regarded as merely a by-product of trees, but their greatest value is in the growing tree with their beneficial effect upon our daily lives. Their effect upon climate, soil, rainfall and streams, clean air and eventually our health. Trees provide shade for humans, stock and crops, maintain the right level of water in the soil, (the water table) at which it can be used by man, and provide infinite beauty in the countryside. The neglect of forestry, and the destruction of tree cover, in the past, has accounted for the deserts that exist, because when the tree cover disappears the water level sinks lower and lower. Indeed, when the trees go everything collapses.

A man can live less than five weeks without food and trees make the production of food possible by improving the quality of the soil, thus helping man to grow the crops he needs and good grazing land for cattle.

A man can live less than five days without water. Trees preserve watersheds and catchment areas, regulate rainfall which is identical with the distribution of the forests.

A man can live less than five minutes without air. Trees purify the air by absorbing vast quantities of carbon dioxide, exhaled by man and created by the burning of fossil fuels, and giving off almost pure oxygen, so essential to life.

In short, the quality of our food, the purity of water and air is dependent upon an adequate tree cover, for it is the tree that is constantly working for the benefit of mankind.

Trees then, are not such a 'wooden' subject as they may at first appear to be. Our attitude towards them today could well determine the feast or famine of tomorrow. Their presence or absence could, and probably will, decide for posterity: health or disease; food or famine; pure water or rectified fluids; crops or failure; rain or flood; helpful birds or harmful insects; prosperity or poverty; pure air or foul air; fertile lands or deserts and dust bowls—THE CHOICE IS OURS.

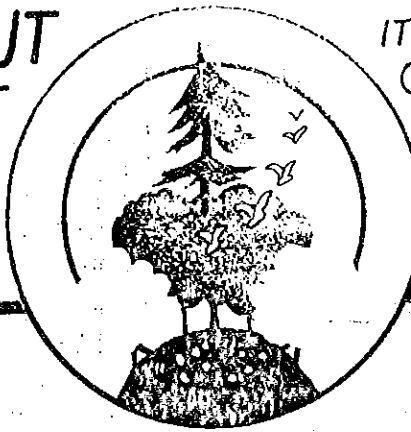


Robert Chambers wrote 'When the forests go, the water goes, fish and game go, crops go, herds and flocks go, fertility departs. The age old phantoms appear, stealthily, one after the other—FLOOD, DROUGHT, FIRE, FAMINE AND PESTILENCE'.

All through the present age of industrialism, man has been trying to conquer Nature. Now the implacable forces of the natural cycle are hitting back. The deserts are advancing. Man must accept this challenge.



EVER THINK ABOUT THOSE GIANT PLANTS CALLED TREES?



IT'S OBVIOUS THAT TREES ARE OUR FRIENDS. THEY PERFORM 100s OF TASKS FOR US AND ALL OTHER CREATURES. AND THE SOIL & AIR. THEY DO IT BY SIMPLY BEING THERE..



Villager - - on Water -

I believe we all feel the Water Authority are a complete failure.

Water is such a vital commodity - can you think of anything more vital to sustain the life of all living things - which, of course, includes you and me!

This Water Authority, foisted upon us following the ill-considered re-organisation of local authorities in 1974, and for some years now 'captained' for some quite unaccountable reason by a ex-train driver I am told, has completely failed to apply the slightest degree of foresight to their job since the drought of 1976. Blaming shortage of money is crying 'wolf' rather too often, when so many millions has been found for the

'panic station' actions and the immense cost of the necessary overtime on work which could and should have been carried through in those eight intervening years

In the end, of course, we, the public, will no doubt be asked - asked - what a hollow joke that is - to pay and pay very dearly indeed for their dereliction of duty. Such incompetence in private business would have long since paid the penalty of extinction - with no public purse to plunder.

No one can blame the 'indians' for all this - the blame lies fairly and squarely at the door of the many 'chiefs'. They should go NOW - and WITHOUT golden handshakes.

Was not the final insult given when we were told not to be greedy is using water - when the whole area was teeming with tourists?

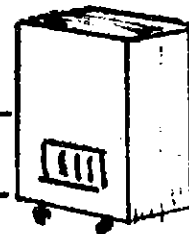
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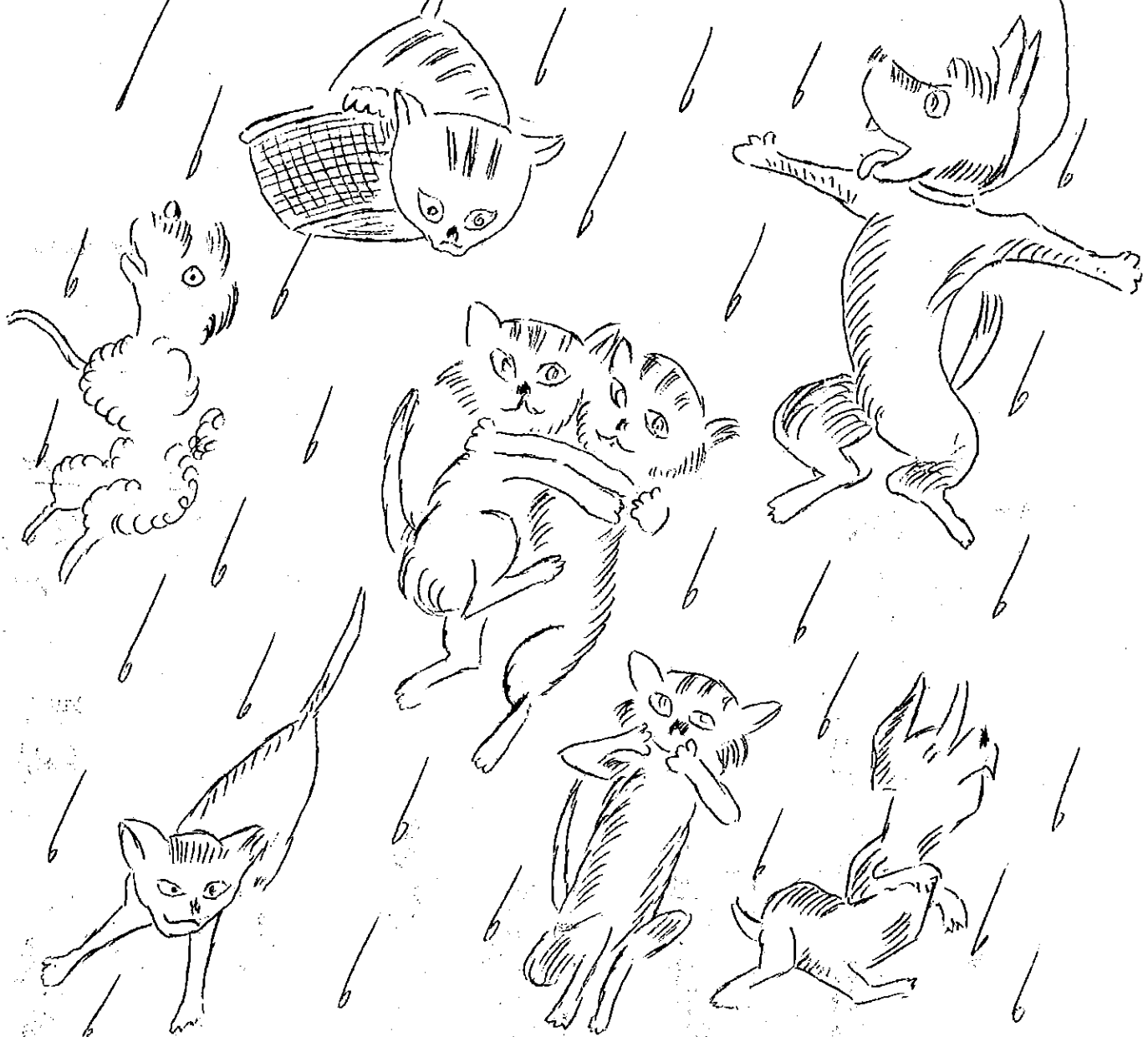
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AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

....no house could be conceived more warm and cosy than that built of cob, especially when thatched and with not over-large windows.

Cob is warm in winter and cool in summer, and the old time labourer generally preferred cob to a stone built cottage.

The art of building with cob was already becoming extinct at the turn of the century. Clay was kneaded up with straw by the feet - and then put on the rising walls which were enclosed in a framework of boards, although this was not always necessary where the quality of clay was consistent enough to hold together, and all that was then required was to shave down the wall as it rose in height. Few of us need to be told on the proven durability of cob-built cottages which have lasted for centuries so long as a sound roof has prevented water from percolating the clay - then watch out !

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Read about local shipwrecks and how to get to them....

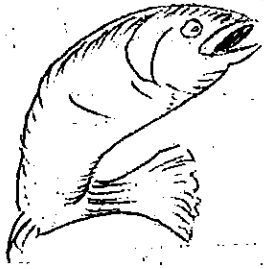
Read about the goings-on underwater just off your beach.....

It's all there in three books by Kendall McDonald, who writes regularly for "Village Voice".

MORE THAN JUST-A-COTTAGE - the inside story of Thurlestone and the South Hams - on sale at the Village Stores, Thurlestone

So is THE WRECK WALKER'S GUIDE. Both books are published by the Ashgrove Press, 26, Gay Street, Bath, Avon.

And you'll find THE DIVER GUIDE TO SOUTH DEVON, also by Kendall McDonald at Kingsbridge Watersports - half-way up Fore Street in Kingsbridge.



GONE FISHIN'

Dr. NEVILLE C. OSWALD

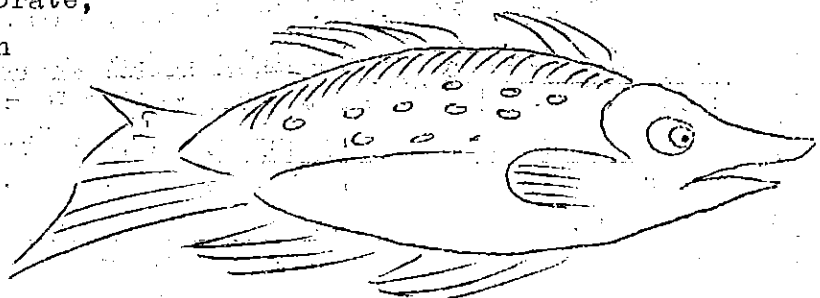
Now there is an expression that has echoed down the centuries. Surely just about everybody has gone fishin' at some time and returned with a story to tell. I have landed tiddlers on the seashore and pollock in Bigbury Bay, experiencing on both occasions the curious mixture of ecstasy and frustration that comes the way of all fishermen.

My last venture, some three years ago, was at the invitation of a fellow parishioner P - A - . On a bright summers day we set off for Bantham and manhandled fishing tackle, lunch and an inordinately heavy load of petrol down the awkward lane to the quay. P - 's plastic dinghy, which was leaning up against a wall, was launched and what with the petrol and his 15 stone and another 15 stone of mine, we just managed to get in without sinking. A fair incoming tide was running at the time so P - rowed some distance seaward before going hell for leather on a diagonal course across the stream towards his boat, which we just managed to grab as we shot past. Having climbed aboard with some difficulty, we spent the best part of an hour baling and sluicing and generally messing about, a procedure observed by all Bantham boatowners and one which I have learnt to view with a tolerant eye.

Eventually we made a dash for the open sea and patrolled off-shore, trailing some wretched sand eels behind us. Each time we went over towards Burgh Island we reached a point at which I felt a grinding and scraping under the boat. P - said he had noticed it several times before and assumed there must be some rocks round about there. He was not worried and so why should I be on such a beautiful day. We cruised slowly back and forth for three hours with nary a bite between us. No matter. I thought of those who had fished there long ago.

I've often wondered about those salt pans scattered along the estuaries of the South Hams that William the Conqueror's men noted when they came down to look the place over for the Domesday survey. They were indentations where sea water was left to evaporate, leaving salt for the preservation

of fish. Maybe there were one or two at Bantham, but nobody seems to know where. Then I thought of a pretty unusual sequence of events that took place in the reign of Elizabeth I.



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From time to time, lookouts on Burgh Island signalled the approach of shoals of pilchards, which were quickly netted in their thousands by the villagers. The bulk of the catch was deposited temporarily at Hope Cove, whence most but not all of it went on to the Plymouth Market. One man who was anxious to lay his hands on as many pilchards as he could was Mr. Nicholas Ball of 16, High Street, Totnes, whose house still bears his initials with the date 1583. He salted the fish, packed them into barrels and sent them off to France, thereby amassing a considerable fortune before he died. His widow married Thomas Bodley, from an old Devon family, who went on to endow the magnificent Bodleian Library in Oxford - arguably a fitting memorial to our erstwhile pilchards.

My daydreaming was halted by the failure of our engine which, despite frantic efforts, refused to restart. The outboard took over and we set off for home, successfully by-passing the sand bar on theebb tide. Alas, the Outboard then cut out and we were faced with the prospect of rowing home against the current. Taking one oar each, we managed to gain about 200 yards, losing much of the skin on the palms of our hands in the process, and were about to abandon the struggle when Hugh Cater, who runs the Bantham boat-yard, turned up with his motorboat. He swung round neatly, applied his sharp end to our stern and began to push. The indignity implicit in the manoeuvre struck me at once; soon, it was almost too much to bear. I did not know whether to scan the shore for the mocking eyes of friends or lie flat in the bottom of the boat and hope I would not be seen. In the event, the circumstances persuaded me to sink my pride and face the consequences. I thanked Hugh for shoving us up to our mooring, thereby allowing us to regain our equanimity at least in part. Within minutes we were back on dry land.

Neville C. Oswald.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE WORD

Curling
from IAN C. YOUNG

Many English people when asked to explain the game, commonly known as 'Curling' will say, "It is like bowls, played on ice", and like so many sayings amongst the English, they will be entirely wrong !

The game of "Stane-hurling" has been popular amongst the Northern tribes of Scotland for many hundreds of years, having been invented by the Picts as a winter pastime during that period of the year when climatic conditions made it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on the more popular 'sport' of raiding and cattle stealing. The game consisted of picking up large stones or 'stones', and hurling them for quite incredible lengths across the frozen surfaces of the Highland Lochs.

It was only when diplomatic relations between Scotland and England had improved sufficiently for the exchange of Ambassadors to be possible, that the English discovered this ancient sport of 'Stand Hurling', but because of their more peaceful and softer way of life became adapted to the game of 'Bowls' - played on grass !

With the passing of the years the name 'Stane Hurling' has fallen into disuse and the name 'Curling' has been adopted, but the art of Curling is really the secondary use which, over the years, has been adapted for the 'stones'.

All true Scottish lassies have long and very beautiful hair, and although the average length is a few inches below the waist, some girls have tresses stretching to the back of their knees. When these young ladies start preparing for an evening's dancing or courting, they wash their hair carefully and comb it into two locks, one over each shoulder. Then after asking their Father's permission for the use of the stones, one stone is tied to the end of each lock of hair, and then for the next hour the young lady continues her preparations with a large stone tied on each side. When everything is ready the stones are cut loose, and as a result of the sudden release of tension the hair becomes beautifully curled. Hence the origin of the name 'Curling'.

The writer has in his possession two quite genuine stones and would be very willing to lend them to any reader who might like to experiment with a new and inexpensive hair style. Editor's Note: Girls, something free from a Scotsman - hurry - he only has two!

ADVICE FROM A TUDOR DOCTOR

Whole men of what age or complexion soever they be of, should take their natural rest and sleep in the night; and to eschew meridian sleep. But if need should compel a man to sleep after his meat: let him make pause, and then let him sit upright in a chair and sleep. To bedward be you merry or have marry company about you, so that to bedward no anger nor heaviness, sorrow nor pensiveness do trouble or disquiet you. In the night let the windows of your house, especially your chamber, be closed. When you be in your bed lie a little on your left side, and sleep on your right side. Let your night cap be of scarlet: and this I do advertise you, to cause to be made of a good thick quilt of cotton, or else of pure flocks or of clean wool, and let the covering of it be of white fustian, and lay it on the feather bed that you do lie on; and in your bed lie not too hot nor too cold, but in a temperance.

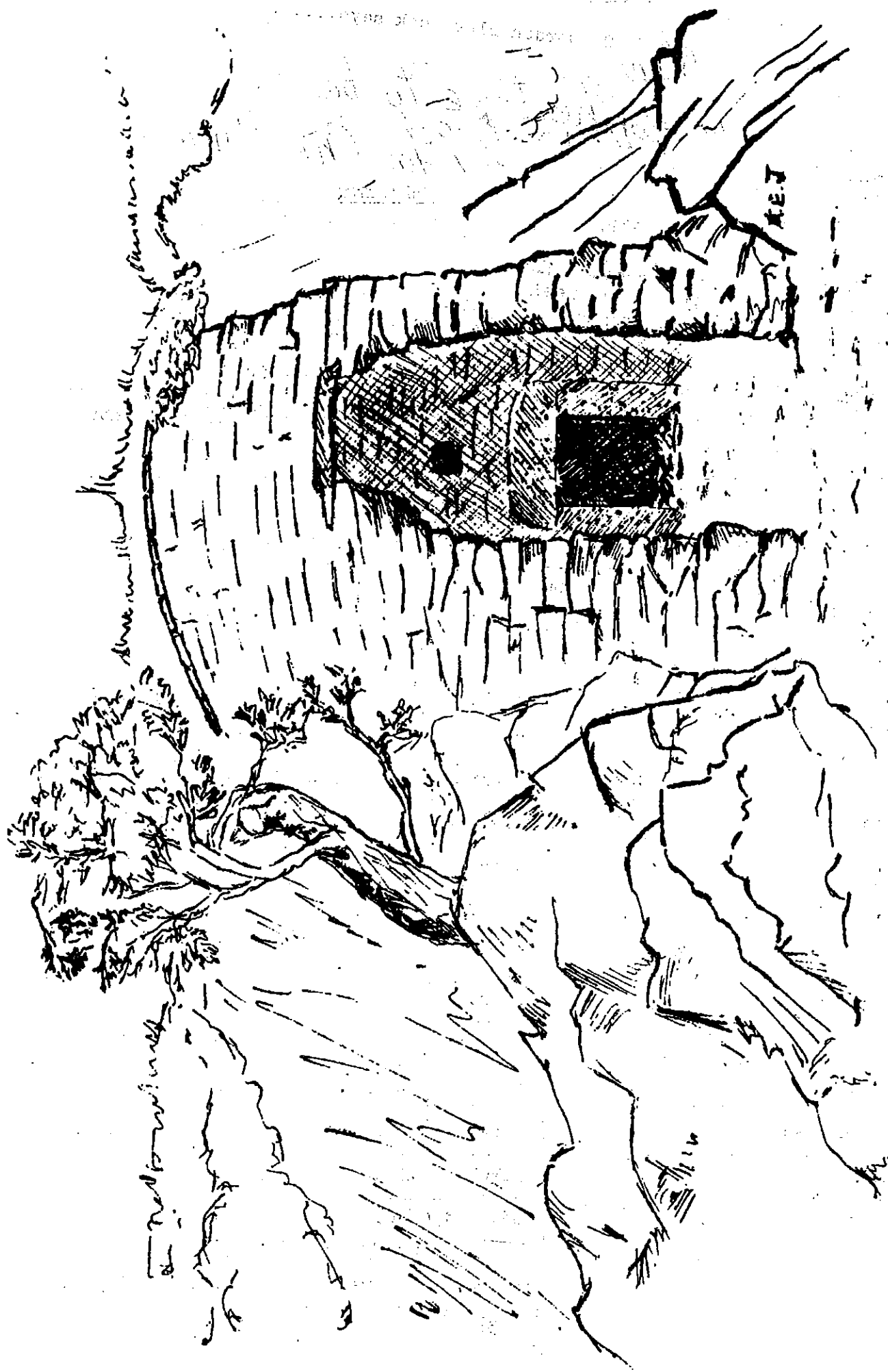
Old ancient Doctors of Physic say seven hours of sleep in summer and nine in winter is sufficient for any man; but I do think that sleep ought to be taken as the complexion of a man is. When you do rise in the morning, rise with mirth and remember God.

ANDREW BORDE from
A Compendious Regyment, 1557.

GOOD NIGHT

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room
O thou - whoe'er thou art -
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let tomorrow mar thy rest
With dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend:
His love surrounds thee still,
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each garish light.
The stars are shining overhead -
Sleep sweetly. Good night!

Anonymous.



Time Kuhn: Siddicombe Creek

The VILLAGE VOICE Cordon Bleu Cook says.....

*Now is the time to be
getting ready for Christmas.*



CHRISTMAS PUDDING

1lb. suet. 1lb. Sultanas. 1lb. Raisins.
 1lb. Mixed peel. 1lb. grated carrot.
 1lb. breadcrumbs. 1 lemon. 4 eggs.
 4oz. Soft dark brown sugar. 1 teaspoon Nutmeg.
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon. Wineglass sweet sherry
 2 tablespoons. Syrup.
 Enough strong ale to make a soft consistency.

Mix all ingredients and divide into pudding basins. Steam over rapidly boiling water. 1 pt. pudding 5 hours. 1 1/2 pt. pudding 7 hours. 2pt. pudding 9 hours

On day of serving: 1pt. 2hrs. 1 1/2 pt. 3 hrs. 2pt. 3 hrs.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

INGREDIENTS.	6" dia.	7" dia.	8" dia.	9" dia
Margarine	4 oz.	6oz.	8 oz.	10 oz.
Soft Brown sugar.	4 oz.	6 oz.	8 oz.	10 oz.
Eggs.	3	4	5	6
Plain flour	4 oz.	5 oz.	7 oz.	9 oz.
Pinch of Nutmeg	-	-	-	-
Salt.	1/2 teas/pn	3/4 teas/pn	1 teas/pn	1 teas/pn
Mixed Spice and Cinnamon	1/4 teas.each	1/2 teas. ea.	1/2 teas. ea.	1/2 teas. ea
Currants.	4 oz	6 oz.	8 oz.	10 oz.
Sultanas.	3 oz.	5 oz.	6 oz.	7 oz.
Raisins.	3 oz.	5 oz.	6 oz.	7 oz.
Glace Cherries	2 oz.	3 oz.	4 oz.	5 oz
Mixed peel	2 oz	3 oz	4 oz	4 oz
Whole Almonds	2 oz	3 oz	4 oz	4 oz
Grated Lemon Peel	1/2 teas.	1/2 teas.	1/2 teas.	1/2 teas.
OVEN SHELF.	Middle	Middle	Middle	Middle

Oven Temperature 150° C. or 315° F Electric
Mark 2 Gas.

TIME	3 1/2 hrs.	4 hrs.	4 hrs.	4 hrs.
------	------------	--------	--------	--------

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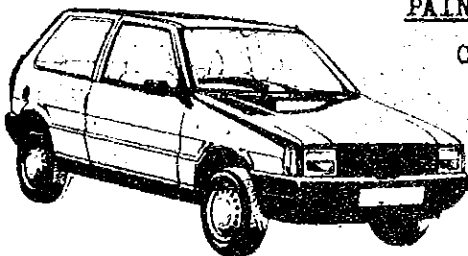
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MAKE DO AND MEND

by BRENDA STEEL

"Been up in your attic yet?" Flora asked me, her collector's eyes gleaming, when I recently moved into an old house. "Could be all sorts of treasures up there."

"Such as an Attic vase?" I suggested flippantly, as I struggled up into my loft, only to gaze on an empty shoe-box, some snippings of coaxial cable and a lot of dead spiders.

"Sorry," I said, "No mislaid Ming."

I don't happen to share my friend Flora's insatiable curiosity for the junk people throw out of their lives. If they don't want it, neither do I.

But Flora is never happier than when poking around jumble sales, Oxfam shops or charity bring-and-buy stalls, unearthing some hideous ornament to take home and polish up.

"Look at that," she'll cry ecstatically, "that's pure Art deco! Keep a thing long enough and it becomes fashionable and comes round again."

"It should never have seen the light of day the first time", say I firmly.

Take that fearsome oil-painting she once bought. Surging sea-scapes, however well painted, especially the dark and stormy variety, are just not my cup of tea, but then I'm seasick if I have to cross Westminster Bridge. However, Flora loved it and spent hours painstakingly touching up the heavy frame with gold paint, got it up on the wall and the glass came crashing out, upsetting gold paint all over her chenille velvet sofa. It cost a fortune to replace the glass and have the sofa cleaned. I still feel nervous sitting there with all that ocean behind my head.

I think Flora hopes to convert me, as she drags me round yet another Good-as-New bazaar. "Feel the quality of that," she will say in a sepulchral whisper, fearful of being overheard by a rival bargain hunter, and thrusting a repulsive looking bundle of fusty cotton objects into my arm. "They just don't make material like this these days."

"But they're covered in iron-mould", I say.

"Dye them," Flora says, behind her hand.

She spent three or four days happily cutting up an old jumble sale tweed coat, sides-to-middling the good parts to make a skirt, because the wool, she said, was unbeatable value, then rushed into town to buy a zip for it and came out of the shop to find she'd got a parking ticket.

"That," I said, "sounds like an expensive bit of thrift."

"Ah," she replied, "But you're never going to see another woman wearing a skirt like mine, are you?"

"I can't afford bargains like you can," I say.

"Whatever do you mean?" she cries indignantly. "I've furnished my whole house from sales."

MORE....

CONCLUDING.....

MAKE DO AND MEND

Overflowing with her finds and gleanings, her rambling house is any dramatic society's property hunter's paradise. Victorian coffee grinders, fireside companion sets, rickety deck-chairs and assorted top hats, mingle with bound sets of Encyclopaedia Britannica (1934 and 1951), boxes of "At Home" cards and solid (you just can't buy them) leather suitcases.

"I just don't know how the young of today manage," she sighs happily.

She bought a set of second-hand dining-chairs for her newly married son and his wife. Eight - I have to admit it - charming little chairs, but not one of the cane seats was what you might call trust-worthy. To have the lot re-caned would of course have cost the earth these days, so, ever resourceful, Flora joined a caning class.

"Ever done any caning?" she asked me. "Absorbing work. Very difficult, mind. I'm beginning to get the hang of it!"

Her son has been married six years now, I think.

I shouldn't like to think I mock my friend. She sometimes has moments of inspired usefulness. I won't deny it.

"You don't happen to have a camp bed, Flora?" I once asked. "My brother is coming to stay."

"Of course," she said obligingly. "I have just the thing. A dear little Gurkhan leather folding cot. Look!" She unwound it and set it proudly before me.

"Is it safe?" I asked. "Tips a bit, doesn't it?"

"Oh, it's got a leather thong or two missing, but that's easily remedied. You've got a few of those haven't you?"

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"I happen," I said ungratefully, "to be clean out of them at the moment."

"Don't," Flora replied sternly, "be difficult. But do borrow it. Neat little article, isn't it? I just had to buy it, it was going so cheaply.."

"Going, I suppose," I said "for a thong?".

BRENDA STEEL

DID YOU READ?

Winter sprats are being caught off Christchurch, Dorset, four months earlier than usual, and local fishermen say it means a hard winter to come. The last time sprats were caught there in August was in 1962 - and the big winter freeze of 1962-3 went on for four months!

VILLAGE VOICE

A LETTER TO SET YOU THINKING

I am a Grockle!

"Mon Repos"
London Road,
Birmingham AG1 2DT.



The Editor,
The Village Voice.

Dear Sir,

I am a Grockle and proud of it. We Grockles have a long and a proud history and our family tree will stand comparison with that of any of your readers.

There were Grockles at Waterloo and at Trafalgar. There were Grockles at Dunkirk and at Arnhem. And though I have not had time to check the exact details I am sure there were Grockles in the Falklands.

So what is wrong with being a grockle? If your readers who make little jokes about us, like "When did you hear the first grockle?", and speak derisively about us, saying things like "Nice day for grockles" were only to stop and think they would realise that when they go on their excursions to London or on their holidays to far-off parts they become grockles immediately they cross the borders of Devon. Now reflect on that for a moment, me dears. It may be that the name "Grockle" originated in Devon. Certainly Collins English Dictionary thinks it does. Their entry reads: "GROCKLE. Devonshire dialect - a tourist, esp. one from the Midlands or North of England; 20th century of unknown origin."

So the name may have been Devon-made, but it has spread all over the country:

In Wales they call us grockles.

In Hampshire they call us grockles.

In Dorset they call us grockles

and in Wiltshire the name is the same.

So you see we are spreading - and we are proud of it. I don't know if you realise it, but we grockles have our own code for dealing with the locals. Perhaps you'd like to see a few extracts from the 'Grockle Code'. It goes like this:

"A grockle is good and kind to locals for they do not know any better."

"A grockle does not laugh at locals however quaint they may be."

"Grockles always follow footpath signs; locals knock them down."

"Grockles can reverse in narrow lanes; locals can't because they never do."

"Grockles must remember that they are fortunate in that they can get away from it all."

"Grockles get sun-tanned like Indians; locals are the palefaces."

The Grockle Code is much, much longer than that, but you will see the way it goes. I hope this letter does not offend any of your readers. That was not my intention. In fact I hope I have demonstrated to you the need for some place in your excellent magazine where the Grockle point of view can be put. Is it too much to hope that you could see your way to providing us with a regular outlet for the independent Grockle viewpoint.?

I am, Sir, your faithful servant, Arthur Benjamin Grockle (Mr.)

Editor's comment: Village Voice is here to serve all sections of the community and if Mr. Grockle will send more material I will endeavour to find room for it. If you happen to disagree with Mr Grockle - no doubt I will try to find room for what you have to say also!

D
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Has anyone walked across the Ham at Bantham recently? Well, it is a difficult journey to the sea and the reason is the fouling of the path by literally hundreds of dogs daily. How is it that people with their own garden and plenty of apace thinking that those of us who haven't got a dog, but do enjoy the walk to the sea, should mind the filthy messes that we have to navigate. Even in the village, on the little bits of grass outside the cottages dogs deposit their mess - and right on our doorstep.

There is a great deal of publicity in the press about the health hazards that dogs could cause, but it seems to be a very difficult problem to tackle nationally, so surely it is up to the conscience of the dog owners themselves to train their dogs not to foul public places. How many people I wonder will read this letter and do something about their dog?

J.S.

Name & Address supplied.

=====

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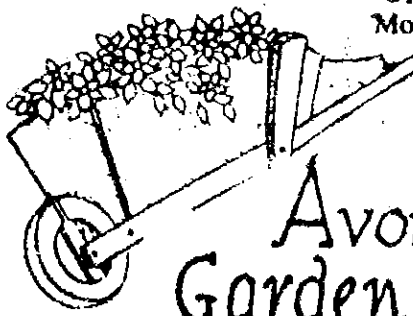
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EAU DE COLOGNE

In Koln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous
stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers & sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Coleridge.

++++

No man can be happy without a friend,
nor be sure of him till he's unhappy

From poverty to profusion is a hard
journey, but the way back is easy!

++++

Young Lady Visitor to hospital:
"Can I see Mr Simon Barker
please?"

Matron: We do not allow
ordinary visiting. May I ask
if you are a relative?"

Young Lady (boldly): "Oh, yes!
I'm his sister."

Matron: "Dear me. I'm glad to
meet you. I'm his mother."

++++

INSCRIPTION ON A MEMORIAL
TABLET near MURREN:

Erected in memory of Miss....
who was killed by lightning
on this spot by her sorrowing
sister.

++++

THE WISH

Oh that I were where I would be!
Then should I be where I am not;
But where I am, there I must be,
And where I would be I am not.

++++

EXECUTION IN THE PALACE

Among the records preserved in
the College of Pestology is a
receipt for two guineas paid in
July 1827 to the "Bug-Destroyer
to His Majesty King George IV
for destroying bugs in four
bedsteads.

++++

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Make me, dear Lord, polite
and kind
To every one, I pray,
And may I ask you how you find
Yourself, dear Lord, to-day?

J.B.TABB

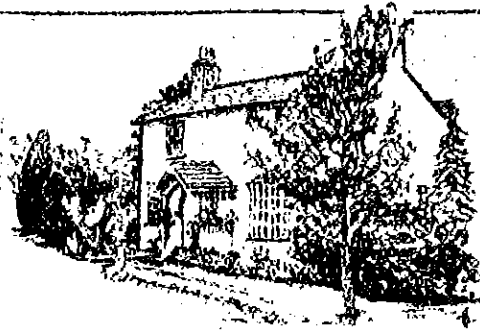
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A CAPITAL LETTER

(From a School-boy to his Uncle)

S.O.S., L.S.D., R.S.V.P.

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Remember ?

.....all-those scare stories spread by doctors about how eating too much salt caused high blood pressure ?

Utter twaddle, says the Medical Research Council's Blood Pressure Unit in Glasgow.

In a letter to 'The Lancet', the unit says that it is "unjustified and irresponsible" to advise all patients to reduce their intake of salt. And that there may well be cases in which it would even be harmful for people to cut down on salt.

Is it too much to hope that doctors will learn something from all this. And first of all find out what they are talking about.?

J.A.

COFFEE MORNING AT THE
CHARNWOOD HOTEL, THURLESTONE

A Coffee Morning was held at the Charnwood Hotel on Saturday 25th August, when the new owners "The King Family" opened the doors to local residents.

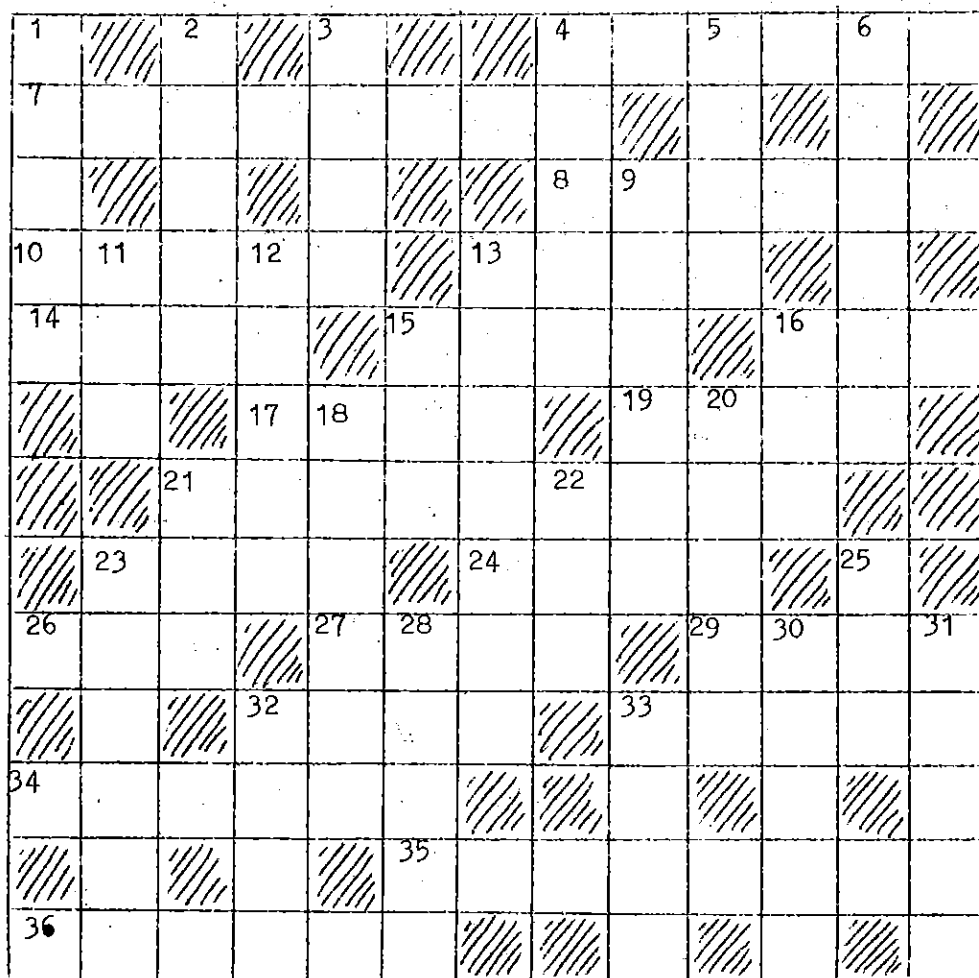
The function was very well attended and included a display of very high grade ladies fashion shoes and handbags. The proceeds from the event came to £15 - which was donated to the R.N.L.I.

=====

PARTING THOUGHT

Modesty is the art of drawing attention to whatever you are being humble about.

Anon.



'EASY' CLUES

ACROSS: 4. Lithe (6). 7. Garden of Eden (8). 8. Twists (6)
 10. Pigeons (5). 13. Arrow (4). 14. Level (4). 15. Aid (4)
 16. Nod (3). 17. Confinement (4). 19. Related (4)
 21. Pampering (9). 23. Fish (4). 24. English River (4)
 26. Prod (3). 27. Orient (4). 29. Reverbrate (4). 32. Egg (4)
 33. Pale (5). 34. Simple (6). 35. For manicuring (4,4).
 36. Believe (6)

DOWN: 1. Digger.(5). 2. Weighty (5). 3. Verses (4)
 4. Handrail post(5) 5. Lass (4) 6. Host (6). 9. Mend (6),,
 11. Fish Eggs (3). 12. Please (5). 13. Free (7). 15. Not hers(3)
 16. Vast (3). 18. Aver(6) 20. Joints (5)., 21. Taxi (3).,
 22. Bird (3). 23. Hastier (6). 25. Definite article (3). 28. Rep.(5)
 30. Fetter (5). 31. Start (5). 32. Not new (4) 33. Partner (4)

CLUES FOR CRYPTIC PUZZLE ON FACING PAGE

SOLUTION TO CRYPTIC PUZZLE ON ANOTHER PAGE

ACROSS: 4 Nimble. 7 Paradise. 8 Writings. 10. Doves. 13 Heed. 14 Even.
 15 Help. 16. Bow. 17 Jail. 19 Akin. 21 Cossetting. 23 Rays. 24 Aire.
 26 Jab. 27 East. 29 Echo. 32 Urge. 33 Ashen. 34 Chaste. 35 Nail file.
DOWN: 1 Spade. 2 Grave. 3 Odds. 4 Newel. 5 Maid.
 6 Credit. 9 Repair. 11 Ova. 12 Enjoy. 13 Release. 15 His. 16 Big.
 18 Assent. 20 Knees. 21 Gab. 22 Tit. 23 Rasher. 25 The. 28 Agent.
 30. Chain. 31 Onset. 32 Used. 33 Ally.

ACROSS: 4 A colour I'd go in.(6)
7. Chose half the team for special treatment (8)
8. Pause, perhaps, at the compass point (4,2).
10. Possible game to love to end the series (5).
13 A friend helped to make this stake (4). 14 Was a wolf involved in unfair play? (4)
15 The unquestioned tally was high (4). 16 Did Haggard know her? (3). 17. Allow access to the confused Indian messenger(4)
19 Part of Czechoslovakia is in another Country(4). 21 Do the police sharpen the job? (5,4)
23 ~~Most may be male cats~~ (4)(3)
24. There is often more than one confused race at the Olympics(4)
26 He sounds like an insect(3)
27. Three of a kind(4)
29 It hides something which may be vile(4). 32 Not against this number, it seems(4). 33 Part of this transparent wrapping is an instrument(5). 34 I spilt the slops and created ruins(6)
35 Did the gardener go to work on it and put it in the ground?(3,5)
36 No gems, perhaps, in the garden (6)
DOWN: 1. A humorous deception upset vain men about nothing(5)
2 Turn in three directions with some credit(5). 3 She's average but of no age(4). 4 A plan followed by a student is excellent(5). 5 Odd odes provides some medicine(4).
6. The cattle herdsman is almost clumsy(6). 9 Nobody at home?(3,3)
11. A cosmopolite has thick untidy hair(3). 12 It's great to suddenly appear in the dark (5)
13 Is it really pink? (7)
15 Overturn the trap for this number(3). 16 Not quite shy, but crafty(3) 18 Do pilots carry this gun?(6). 20 Was this virtuous woman a famous jockey? (5)
21 The spinning wheel has over-turned(3). 22 Leap year has an 'extra' (3). 23 No part for a fish(6). 25 Nothing emerges if you overturn part of the linoleum(3)
28 Most of these tall plants produce tricks(5). 30.Did he sail erratically to the east?(5)
31 The learner has a name for this game(5) 32 A stable business establishment(4). 33 A prominent seaside feature(4)

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Some years ago, the older people in my husband's family were dying off in rapid succession. All were cremated in the same place, and the emotional pressure on the rest of us was increasing with every visit. As we gathered on the third occasion within a few months, a cousin turned to me and said, "I oughtn't to say this, but I must. Do you come here often?"

The undertakers were probably shocked at our burst of relieved laughter.

Given the choice, we would rather laugh than cry, and when situations which begin depressingly turn out to be comic or even joyous, we mentally fall on our knees with gratitude.

Like the day I tried to cheer up Maisie

Her voice on the telephone had lacked its usual cheerfulness.

"Theat you, dorling? Eoh mai Godd, Ai do feel depressed! Do something for me, angel !"

Maisie's accent was the tenth wonder of our private world. On first acquaintance, we'd believed it to be affectation, but after ten years of fairly close friendship, we'd accepted it as a fixture.

"Come with me this afternoon to the W.I. meeting," I replied briskly. "There's a really good speaker, and they're a lovely lot of women. It'll cheer you up no end."

It was bitterly cold, with more than a hint of snow as Maisie's grey eyes peered worriedly at me over layers of blue wool scarf.

"Do you think it's waise, dorling," she questioned, "to inflict me on the W.Ay. They maight not laiike me being so depressed."

I patted her arm encouragingly. "Don't worry about that! They probably won't even notice."

There was a flurry of snow as we arrived at the hall where the W.I. met, but Maisie was welcomed with all the warmth I'd promised.

"I'm worried about Mr. Blacker, our speaker," said the secretary. "If it's snowing here, it will certainly have done so on Dartmoor where he lives. I hope he arrives all right!"

"Oh, I'm sure you'd have heard by now," I replied optimistically.

"Well, I hope it's not going to be one of those afternoons. Betty Miller can't come - her husband has just been rushed into hospital - and poor Vera's cut her hand on something sharp in the kitchen. She's helping with the tea instead of Betty."

"Eoh, mai Godd!" a voice muttered faintly beside me.

"Come on, Maisie," I grabbed her arm, remembering she was allergic to the sight of blood. "Let's get away from this draughty door. It'll be warmer nearer the front and we shall see Mr. Blacker's slides of Dartmoor better."

MORE:-

CONCLUDING....

CHEERING UP MAISIE

Maisie shuddered, either from the cold or the mention of blood, and obediently sat down.

"I'm so sorry there is a delay in the arrival of our speaker," said the President. "Our secretary has just slipped across the road to telephone his wife and find out what conditions are like on Dartmoor."

Maisie giggled unexpectedly. I looked at her apprehensively.

"Ai hope she hasn't slipped too far!" She giggled again, increasing my anxiety. "Ai've heard what happens at meeting laike this when the speaker doesn't arraiive," she confided. "There's always a Miss Honora Stanley-Longbottom who kaindly volunteers to sing folk songs."

Yes, that would turn anyone's depression into hysterics, but, I thought comfortingly, there are no Stanley-Longbottoms in the village, folk singing or otherwise.

A sudden blast of cold air announced the return of Hon. Sec.

"Im afraid poor Mr. Blackler has had to turn back," she began. "I popped over to Mrs. Smithers and phoned from there, and Mr. Blacker himself answered the phone. He'd just returned. Apparently, conditions on Dartmoor are positively arctic. But..." with a beaming smile which boded ill. "We are in luck. Mrs. Smithers has her great-niece staying with her - Miss Valerie Dalton-Smithers, who has kindly volunteered to sing us some folk-songs, accompanying herself on the guitar."

"Don't laugh now but Ai told you so!" Maisie gurgled triumphantly.

Miss Valerie Dalton-Smithers, equipped with instrument and ankle length skirt, swept to the front, tossing back straight hair and peering at us, benignly enough, through enormous spectacles.

"She'll sing Eriskay Love-lilt, Annie Laurie and the Road to the Ayles!" Maisie burbled dangerously.

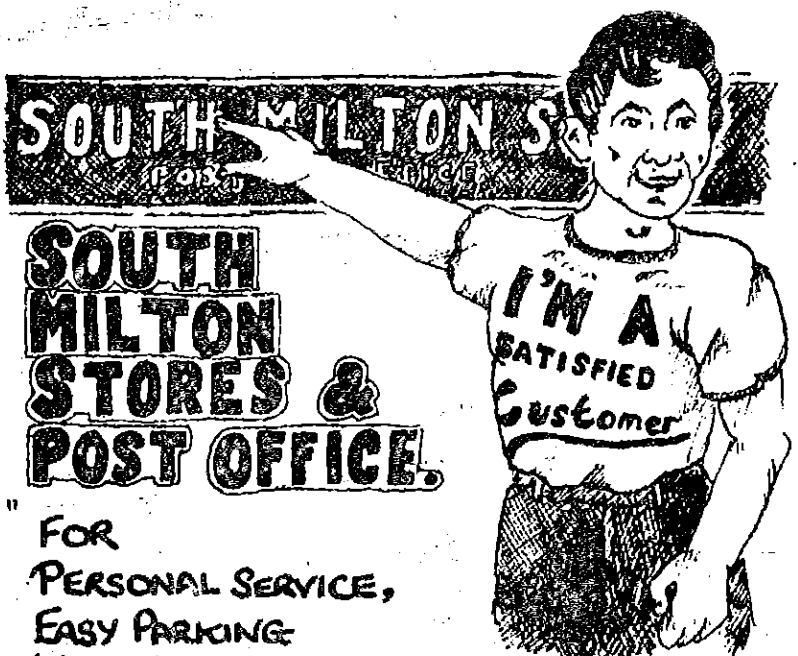
Miss V.D.Smithers began safely enough with the 'Ash Grove', but then.....

"And now for that enchanting melody, the 'Eriskay Love-lilt.'"

I flinched and held tightly to the edge of my chair. I could sense the tension rising in Maisie as one by one her prophecies took musical form. At last it was over and, in the final polite applause, Maisie's arm touched mine and I felt her shaking. Dismayed, I turned to her. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she struggled womanfully to stem the rising tide of mirth. Handkerchief to mouth, she suppressed it until, mercifully, the President made a joke and we caould all laugh. When conversation became general, Maisie was still laughing.

"Woh!" she gasped. "Theat was wonderful! Ai wouldn't have missed it for worlds!"

Well, perhaps it was an extreme case, but it proves my point. AUDREY HATTON.



MEMORIES

of ARTHUR EDWARDS

WEST BUCKLAND - 1911-1929

PART ONE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the title, my recollections of West Buckland do not cover such a long period as I was a babe in arms in 1911, the year after the late King George V became our Monarch. I can, however, recall something of my life at West Buckland Post Office from about 1915 onwards.

My Father was the sub-postmaster but as he was also the local postman, my Mother assisted at the Post Office counter. Dad's duties as postman necessitated a 4½ mile cycle ride to Kingsbridge early each morning to collect the incoming mail and, on his return journey, laden not only with letters and cards but also parcels, he used to deliver to houses and farms on his route, from Piers Cottages to West Buckland. After the delivery was complete the outgoing mail was collected and taken to Kingsbridge. This was repeated each afternoon. Dad was also a Tailor and on his return from Kingsbridge he could be seen sitting cross-legged on a large table in the corner of one of the two "ground floor" rooms of the house either making or repairing men's outer clothing. I have referred to the "ground floor" rooms of the house. The house was built in the side of a steep field. The front door was approached via a long flight of stone steps from the road. Inside the front door was a small hall, which was, in effect, the Post Office, and, immediately ahead, a flight of stairs led to the two rooms of the "first" floor with a doorway directly ahead. Such was the gradient of the land that, on opening this door, one found oneself at ground level again. Outside this door could be found an outhouse which contained the copper in which the laundry was done. This outhouse was surrounded by garden and other tools and all the odds and ends for which there was no room in the house. Next to this was the unhygienic toilet but, at least, its contents did not find its way to the stream in the valley. Garden produce was prolific!

My Dad's work and his poor health precluded him from service in the Forces but I sometimes think that he worked far harder than many of the men in the Forces, other than those at the battle front. On many occasions during School holidays I used to meet Dad on his return from Kingsbridge in the afternoons. At times I walked as far as the foot of Clannacombe Hill. I dare not climb the hill as he often had mail for Clannacombe House and he would go through the top gate to the drive leading to the house and leave by the bottom gate near the foot of the hill. I used to feel very proud when Dad entrusted me with a letter or small package to deliver.

My Dad died in August 1918, a few months after my seventh birthday and just before the end of the war. My Mum was then appointed as sub-postmistress. The income from that job, however, was insufficient for us to live on and so Mum decided to take on the tailoring as well as continue with the little dressmaking which she did whilst Dad was alive. I can still remember Mum's first tailoring job. It was to repair a badly torn farm labourer's corduroy trousers. She spent the whole night at it as she was determined not to be beaten. I recall her showing me the finished job next morning when I woke up. It was almost impossible to find where the tears had been and she was justly proud of her achievement, coupled with the fact that she earned her first shilling at tailoring! The income from all these jobs was still inadequate and Mum decided to take in visitors during the holiday season. She soon made such a success

MORE.....

of the venture that she would be fully booked from Easter to the end of September and, at times, well into October. Then, later, to relieve unemployment in Wales, a party of Welsh miners came to work in the area and we had four of them staying with us during the non-holiday period. Some of these men still live in the South Hams, perhaps because they decided that South Devon was much prettier than Wales! Later, we had an old lady staying with us for quite a while but she was a terrible problem, at times! She was by no means a teetotaler and Mum had to use all her ingenuity to try to keep the old lady sober! The old lady was very crafty, however, and often disappeared from the house in search of her favourite tipple. When Mum realised her guest had escaped she went in search of her and sometimes I went with her. We soon learnt of the old lady's favourite haunt - the Sloop at Bantham! She usually found her way back but I recall one occasion when she did not return to base. We found her lying in the hedge on the Bantham road between Chaddar's farm and The Sloop. Apparently she could not wait until she returned home before sampling her purchases. When she was sober the old lady was a delightful person to talk to. She was very educated and very generous. I learnt a lot from her and she gave me many books of educational value. I still have some of them. It may well be that my interest in Crosswords was prompted by one of the books - Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases - the 1925 revised and enlarged edition. I still use it!

When Mum had visitors staying with her she adopted an unusual method to obtain her meat supply. She did not have time to go to the Butcher's Shop across the valley. She used to look across and watch for Mr or Mrs. Moore or someone else at the shop to appear outside and then shout her order, obtain an acknowledgement and, shortly afterwards, receive the goods!

I have two clear recollections of West Buckland during the First World War. One was the excitement caused when a German plane came down in a field between Thurlestone Church and the sea. We all flocked to inspect - and pinch a piece as a souvenir if we could! The other was seeing Mr. Jeffery, our next door neighbour, marching down the road at West Buckland in his Army uniform en route for his Unit.

Next to West Buckland Post Office was a detached thatched cottage in which lived Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery and their three sons, Wilfred, three years older than I, Leonard, thirteen months my senior and Wallace, born ten weeks after I was. All three sons married and are still alive, two living in Thurlestone. In front of their cottage were some outbuildings, one of which was used to stable the local carrier's horse. Beneath these outbuildings and partly in front of the Post Office was a large shed which housed the carrier's cart. The carrier was a Mr. Burns who lived in the village. He was a most obliging person and often very amusing. I can remember one occasion when he was carrying out some repairs to his cart and had left one of his tools at home. He called out to his daughter. "Winnie! Bring up a spanner in your hand." The immediate reply was, "You don't expect me to bring it up in my foot, do ee?"

The Post Office was set back a little from the main village 'street' in which there were five other cottages. In the first lived the Snowdons - Mother, Father, Daughter and two Sons. They later moved to what was known as East Buckland and later still, moved to Thurlestone, opposite what was then Dent's Garage. A little farther down the street lived Mr. Summers and his Daughter. Their house always alarmed me because the front wall bulged and I expected it to collapse whenever I was passing by. Next door lived Francis Robins and her Mother. Frances later became Mrs. Chaddar and lived at their farm next to the Chapel on the Bantham road. It always fascinated me to watch the apples being crushed there to produce the cider only a little of which was sufficient to make one not a little tipsy.

THERE WILL BE ANOTHER CHAPTER
OF THE MEMORIES OF ARTHUR ENGLAND
IN THE JANUARY/FEBRUARY ISSUE

VILLAGE VOICE LOCAL INFORMATION PAGE

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KINGSBRIDGE HEALTH CENTRE.....3551
SALCOMBE HEALTH CENTRE.....84--2284
LOCAL LIFEGUARD SERVICE.....560774
LOCAL EMERGENCY OFFICER.....560607
SOUTH HAMS DISTRICT COUNCIL

All Depts. TOTNES97864499
DISTRICT COUNCILLOR.....560269
COUNTY COUNCILLOR - Ivybridge
9284...2576
S.W.E.B. EMERGENCY - Torquay
93...26200
S.W.WATER - EMERGENCY- Freephone 920

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BUILDERS: Hurrell & Weeks..... 560496
Jeffery & Penwell... 560525
and 560662

MILK DELIVERIES. P.Bromfield...560888
R.McCarthy...560321

VILLAGE STORES & NEWSAGENCY....560211

VILLAGE STORES & POST OFFICE
at THURLESTONE....560230
at Sth. Milton....560235

NOTE: THURLESTONE SUB-P.O. has a
separate Telephone number...560624

ALL ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS
AND EQUIPMENT. David Frost...560348

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Thurlestone560220

SOUTH MILTON GARAGE560233

SALCOMBE ROAD GARAGE for
Mitsubishi COLT Cars.....561333

BOTTLED GAS SUPPLIES & DELIVERIES

R. McC RTHY (West Buckland)....560321
SOUTH MILTON GARAGE.....560233

INTERFLORA SERVICE

Garden Centre - Kingsbridge..... 2541
British Teleflower Service..... 3988

HEALTH FOOD CENTRE..... 3988

GARDEN CENTRE...Loddiswell.....55-338

VILLAGE INN, Thurlestone.....560452

SLOOP INN, Bantham.....560489

FRESH FISH DELIVERIES.....560355

COAL DELIVERIES.....560230

CARPET CLEANING etc.....2168
(Kingsbridge)

ESTATE AGENTS.....3131
(Kingsbridge)

SOUTH HAMS COTTAGES
Local Letting Agency....560804

DOG TRAINING FOR OBEDIENCE
560205

TAXI SERVICE (Kingsbridge)
6120

DECORATING CONTRACTOR
(Kingsbridge) 2645

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WINDOW CLEANING.....560851

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Charnwood Hotel.....560824

Sloop Inn, Bantham.....560489

+ + + + +

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Mrs Lottie Jeffery....560676

Mrs Mary Elliott.....560463

EVENINGS - after 5 pm

Mrs Pauline Eaton.....560404

Miss R.S.Stocken.....560257

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What happens if --

The problems of divorce and separation are so widespread nowadays that building societies are usually fairly sympathetic to wives who get into arrears when their marriage breaks down - but they tend to be less helpful when a separated or divorced wife is looking for a mortgage in her own right, unless she has a secure job with a reasonable income. Not many (if any) building societies are willing to grant a mortgage to a wife whose only income is maintenance payments!

Statistics indicate that these days over 90 percent of couples buy their houses in joint names. A jointly owned house cannot be sold without the consent of both owners. But if the home is in only one name, the other partner normally has a legal right to live there, even if he or she has put no cash into it. However the non-owning partner's consent is not required for a sale. So if a husband and wife are separated and the house is in the husband's name he could sell it and dispose of the money - in an attempt to defeat her claim to any share of the house on divorce.

To prevent this, any wife whose home is in her husband's name only, should consult a solicitor straight away if her marriage hits a rough patch. The solicitor can register a 'notice' or a 'land charge' on her behalf. Then her right to occupy the house will show up when a prospective buyer's solicitor makes his usual conveyancing searches, and since few buyers would be likely to take on a house in which someone else has the right to live, the sale would be blocked.

"PRAYER FOR THOSE GROWING OLDER."

Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed of the idea that I must express myself on every subject.

Keep me from the recital of endless detail. Give me the wings to get to the point.

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Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs.

Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches & pains. They are increasing with the years - and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful, but not nosey, helpful but not bossy.
B.D.M.



A SATURDAY IN AUGUST with Ian C Young

A few minutes after 5 p.m. on Saturday 4th August, 1934, I stepped from the shadow of the grandstand at the White City Stadium, in London, to start the loneliest journey of my life.

It was about 1 p.m. when the men and women, both officials and athletes, who made up the Scottish team for the Second Empire Games, left their hotel, climbed into the coach and set out for the stadium. After leaving my running kit in the dressing-room, I made my way to the large space below the stand, whose shadow did little to dim the kaleidoscope of colour as the scores of athletes and officials made their way to their allotted positions in preparation for the Grand Parade which would signal the opening of the Games. White trousers for the men, skirts for the women, were standard for all, but each country had selected a special colour for their team's blazers, which varied from black and silver through contrasting shades of green, blue and red, to white.

Exactly on time we were called to attention and, led by the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards playing, most appropriately, the march "Fleet of Foot", the teams marched out into the brilliant sunshine, and were welcomed by the cheers of more than 40,000 spectators crowding every inch of the terraces surrounding the red oval of the track. Canada, as hosts of the First Games held in 1930, led the procession, followed by the other teams in alphabetical order, except for England, who as hosts to these Second Games, brought up the rear. The speeches were short, and the oath, binding all the competitors to honourable struggle was listened to in silence, before the release of thousands of pigeons to carry the message of the Games to all parts of the country, signalled the end of the opening ceremony, and in reverse order the teams and officials marched off and the first event was announced.

My first competition was the 100 yards, and as I was due to run in the first heat I changed as quickly as possible and made my way out on

to the track, as ready as I would ever be for what I thought to be the pinnacle of my athletic career.

My experience in senior athletics had started in 1929, but as I lived in Inverness, and trained by myself in a school playing field I had had little opportunity to compete in top class competitions, and my experience of the pressures, both physical and mental at international level was minimal, so while fully committed to doing my best I could see no possibility of success against the group of international stars who lined up with me for the first heat of the 100 yards.

I remember nothing of the race beyond the fact that I won, and in a time which equalled the Games record for the distance. In the semi-final which followed 45 minutes later, A.W.Sweeney, one of the English competitors, who had also equalled the Games record in his heat, lined up with me, and beat me by a few inches in our race to the tape, but as the first three in each semi-final qualified for the final, I realised, suddenly, that I would be running in an Empire Games final !

The next three quarters of an hour were 45 minutes of nervous hell ! I was afraid to walk about in case I twisted my ankle, and sitting quietly in the dressing room was equally unsatisfactory as I felt there was no guarantee the clock might not stop and I would miss the event ! However, with the help of my team-mates I managed to live through this crisis, and with their good wishes ringing in my ears started my long and lonely walk to the starting point.

The sun was still shining brilliantly with the red blaze of the track in sharp contrast to the green grass of the centre area, all surrounded by a solid bank of colour created by the closely packed ranks of spectators in their summer outfits. But none of these factors really registered as I walked slowly to the starting point to join my fellow competitors and get ready to receive 'Starters orders'.

I was drawn in lane 1, on the outside of the track, and nearest to the spectators, but even that could not make me feel more nervous. In an effort to control my nerves I checked and rechecked the starting holes I had dug in the track behind the scratch mark, making sure they were as perfect as possible. Then I removed my sweater and trousers, folding them in an unnaturally careful manner, confirmed that my number cards, back and front of my running vest, were in place, and for the hundredth time retied the laces of my running shoes. Then, and only then, did I take notice of my fellow competitors. There were just six - two Englishmen, a South African, a Canadian and two Scots, and I must admit I was glad to see they appeared as nervous as I felt.

"Get to your marks", called the Starter. I stepped forward, placed my feet in the holes I had previously dug so carefully, and with my finger tips on the 'scratch' mark, crouched and waited. "Get set," again came the Starters voice. A quick glance along the track, and then I rose slowly, balancing...P.T.O

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CONCLUDING.....

A Saturday in August

with IAN C. YOUNG



myself on toes and finger-tips with every fibre of mind and body concentrating, listening for the sound of the Starter's gun to propel me into action.

"Crash - crash", a false start, we are all on the move when we hear the second report, slow to a halt, turn and retrace our steps. "Get to your marks", again I crouch. "Get set", again I concentrate. "Crash - crash", another false start, slow down, stop, and once again return to the start.

As we step forward to the starting line for the third time I think we all prayed for a clean start. I know I did. We settle to our marks, and even the crowd falls silent, and all the vast assembly concentrates with the runners to ensure a perfect start.

"Crash," - I'm off, every muscle moving perfectly, the track clear ahead as I strive to reach the distant finishing mark before any of the other runners. Suddenly I'm conscious of the tape against my chest and know the race is over, but as I slow to a breathless stop I realise that the winner will have been the runner who actually broke the tape, and we wait listening for the crackle of the loud-speaker announcing the result.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," here is the result of the final of the Men's 100 yards. First - Sweeney, England. Second - Thunessen, South Africa, and Third - Young, Scotland - and the World stood still!

Officials seemed to spring out of the ground, shepherding us across the arena to the Official Stand where we received our medals, and then to the three tiered dias, where, one on each level, along with everyone in the stadium stood to attention as, to the

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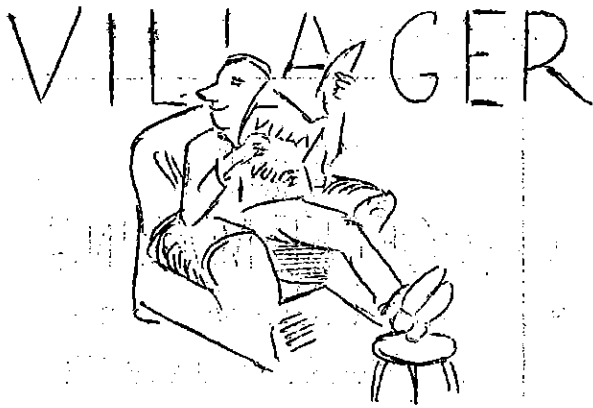
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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

He brought light out of darkness, he can bring thy summer out of winter, though thou have no spring; though in the ways of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintered and frozen, clouded and eclipsed, damped and benumbed till now, God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of spring, but as the sun at noon. (From a Sermon at St. Paul's, 1624.

the accompaniment of the National Anthem the cross of St. George was raised to the head of the central flagpole, followed in turn on their own poles by the flag of South Africa, and finally the blue and white St. Andrew's Cross. I think you will all understand when I tell you tears were running down my cheeks as my native country was honoured before the Empire.



THURLESTONE SEWERAGE

I understand members of Thurlestone Parish Council met with representatives of the Water Authority, in the person of Mr. A.J. Adlard, the Dart Area Operations Manager, and the South Hams District Council in the person of Mr. M.F. Johnson, the Director of Technical Services and his assistant Mr. Robinson, with the Golf Club Secretary Mr. Marston and District Councillor Mr Thomas also in attendance. Parish Councillor Mr David Grose kindly lent a room at the Thurlestone Hotel and a constructive debate resulted in the acceptance that Thurlestone 'did have a problem' but there was definitely no prospect at present of any major works to ameliorate the situation. However, there was a basic undertaking to carefully monitor the outflow pipe which has caused so much trouble this summer, in an endeavour to ensure there were no blockages.

The District Council cannot impose any foul sewer restrictions where outline planning consent already exists - and in this direction the village of Thurlestone suffered disastrously through classification as a 'Key Development Area' in the 1960's. It could well have been thought at the time a 'Good Thing' and only the present Government monetary restriction on local government spending holds up that which must inevitably come sometime - a modern sewage disposal system.

It seems we shall have to live in 'Hope' - or perhaps we could invite Arthur Scargill to take up residence !

The latest subscription for regular copies of 'Village Voice' comes from Scotland !

"THE GREEN LANES OF DEVON"

By the time you are reading this it may well be that this organisation, operating through the Manpower Services Commission ('Bridge' - based at Dartington) - will have commenced a 'clean up' of some of our 18 footpaths, restoring fingerposts, cutting back hedging, helping with stiles where the materials are available, and so on. The parish will not be asked to make any direct contribution to this Government backed scheme in providing work for the unemployed of certain categories. Personally I would like to see Government money applied to building more houses, removing hazards on some of our roads. Some very positive long term action is really needed to deal with unemployment - why not houses to rent ?

* * * * *

QUIET INTERLUDE !

In its recent newsletter, the York Minster Choir Old Boys' Association announced: "The Ladies Literary Society will meet on Wednesday, Mrs Jones will sing 'Put Me In My Little Wooden Bed' accompanied by the Vicar."

+ + + + +

OH DEAR !

The Devon County Newsletter on Civil Defence tells me that nuclear explosions can be air bursts or ground bursts. Air bursts create more damage but have no significant radioactive fallout. But ground bursts sees debris drawn up into the sky, becomes mixed with the radioactive elements of the explosion, and descends to earth as radioactive dirt or dust called fallout. Where and when it falls depends on the weather. Recently, the wind deposited sand particles from North Africa over Western Britain. Suppose it had been fallout from a possible future battle between nations in the Middle East or North Africa? Civil Defence is about knowing what to do in such circumstances.

+ + + + +

AVON ESTUARY

It is understood the Home Office have now approved a revised byelaw the conditions of which were apparently agreed at a meeting of the parties concerned, - but subject to yet another meeting. !

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Voice' readers '1985 - Your Future'
in the January/February issue !

THURLESTONE
CONSERVATIVES

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at the THURLESTONE HOTEL

25p.

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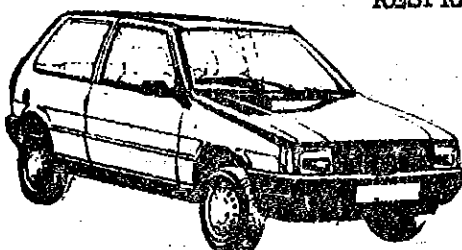
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HOME MEADOW

I recently had a look over the South Hams District Council's Sheltered Housing concept at 'Home Meadow' Warlands, Totnes.

Here you have a totally new building which, with the land, cost in the region of £1,750,000, and provides 64 one-bedroomed flats and two somewhat larger for the Wardens. It may appear a great deal of money, but broken down into 'units' - it works out at £26,515, per flat with rents ranging from £23.83 to £26.04p including the central control service charge, but excluding the cost of heating - all electric, of course. At the time I was looking round I was told 54 flats were already allocated and the remaining 10 under consideration for allocation.

Of the 54 I mention, 21 were going to married couples, 27 to single ladies (widows and spinsters I presume) and 6 to single gentlemen.

There were two resident Wardens who would visit each flat every day - but no nursing provision whatsoever. There were lifts except to the roof flats, 3 communal rooms, two shower units and 3 laundry rooms, a communal refuse disposal system, aids in all bathrooms, 'radio paging' of all Wardens, two guest rooms for putting up the occasional visitor and landscaped grounds and car parking spaces.

Just one flat was very completely fitted out for 'disabled persons' into which a very great deal of thought - and expenditure - was obvious - already allocated to a couple both of whom were in wheel-chairs but, with the facilities available enabling them to live an independent life.

The corridors - which I thought a trifle space-wasting in size - were heated and carpeted and, along with the communal rooms lifts and staircases and grounds were to be maintained by the District Council. It is indeed an ambitious set-up in providing a well planned easily managed home for coping with 'growing old'

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