

# VILLAGE VOICE

MAY · JUNE 1985  
· Number 18 ·



BLITE '85

*Published by Thurlestone Parish Council*

WOULD YOU LIKE A STEREO CASSETTE RADIO ? or £30 - or £20 - or £10  
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There will also be the ANNUAL RAM ROAST & BARN DANCE at BANTHAM  
on the 9th. AUGUST 1985 - 7 pm to 1 am.

oooooooooooooooooooo

Does your dog need the attention of a really first class CANINE  
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trimming, clipping or shampooing. She is a little 'out of town' at  
'Green Pastures', Moreleigh - a bungalow just outside the village  
nearly opposite the church. Her telephone is Gara Bridge 241 .

TOBY 'Shih Tzu' Drabble

oooooooooooooooooooo

Do you have any problem with overflowing roof gutters? GRAHAM JEFFERY  
(Kingsbridge 560851) is now offering a GUTTER CLEANING SERVICE, in  
addition to his window cleaning. Also, he says he will now undertake  
to clean your windows inside as well as outside - so no more  
dangerous clambering on a chair or steps. He will quote you the cost  
if you ask.

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# St. Luke's Hospice

\* \* \* \* \*

Please will YOU help me to raise £1,000 to provide ONE of the extra TEN beds needed by St. Luke's Hospice, to enable them to care for all the terminally ill cancer patients in our very large area of the South Hams.

From the dedicated work of Dr. Sheila Cassidy, the Matron and Nursing Staff, to the MacMillan Sister who visits you at home, there is complete support of patient and family and total commitment to the relief of pain and balancing of necessary drugs. Then should a spell in the Hospice be advisable for the well-being of the patient or to provide the carer with a short rest you are aware immediately of being surrounded by a happy and loving home from home atmosphere where any problems can be discussed with complete understanding.

From personal experience of the warmth and care of the Hospice I have no hesitation in asking you to give as generously as possible to such a worthwhile cause and where every penny goes direct to OUR bed.

Please send donations or cheques payable to Jean W. Cole, St. Luke's Hospice, at 30, Court Park, Thurlestone or direct to the account at the National Westminster Bank, 91, Fore Street, Kingsbridge.

Do please come to a COFFEE MORNING at the RECTORY BARN at 10.30 am on SATURDAY 4th MAY 1985.

Prizes for a raffle would be much appreciated.

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Mrs Cole may be contacted on Kingsbridge 560433

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## FOR AUTHORS DESIRING IMMORTALITY

### How to make Permanent Ink

Rub down, in a small mortar, 5 scruples of lunar caustic, with one drachm of gumarabic, 1 scruple of sap green, and one ounce of rain water.

From: MRS DALGAIRNS' Practice of Cookery, etc. 1829

+++++P

# The Morning after the sinking of the S.S. Persier

by DERRICK YEOMAN

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I well remember the morning and the days following the sinking of the S.S. Persier, (although I was unaware of the name of the ship until now).

Being a lad of 14, I used to walk with friends from West Buckland to Thurlestone to catch the bus to Kingsbridge School. On this particular morning my brother Tom and Reg. Bickle and I missed the bus - perhaps we had a premonition of what we were going to find ! - for on days when we were not at school a visit to Bantham beach "wrecking" was general practice.

I remember it was about half tide when we arrived at the beach, and all along the tide line were packets of Egg Powder in waxed cardboard boxes which were still in perfect condition. We gathered up quite a few and put them in the sand dunes, above the high water mark. (In those days this was regarded as having being salvaged, and no one else would take it away).

On returning to the beach a raft came ashore and this we reported to the late Maitland Tribe, who was the local Special Constable. We also found two containers, one had flares and smoke floats inside, and the other Emergency Rations!

By this time it was lunch-time, but in no way were we going to leave all this booty, and as the Emergency Rations contained biscuits, chocolate, Horlicks tablets, dehydrated meat and chewing gum in tins, we felt this was an emergency to us, so we opened a tin of the concentrated dehydrated meat, but as we didn't like it gave it to our two dogs. The tin must have measured 4"x3"x1½", we gave them half a tin each, and I remember they didn't eat anything else for about a week !

The next day we did go to school, where we acquired a lot of new friends as we had all these 'goodies'. As sweets were rationed most children were lucky to have only one section from a packet of chewing gum - and we had packets of the stuff !!

On this day boxes of Sunlight soap came ashore mixed up with the seaweed which the local farmers were carting on to their land. I remember some villagers were fined for not declaring soap which they had picked up in the fields, to the Customs men when they came around asking questions. Needless to say soap was also being collected instead of seaweed and dumped in barns, etc. some of which probably exists to this day, it certainly did up to about two years ago!

The next things to come ashore were tins of meat, again some still in wooden boxes. There were tins of skinless sausages and pork and soya links which resembled hogs pudding. Some of these also found their way into barns and sheds, and some were even buried.

All this reminds me of stories of the late 1800's, when smuggling was rife around this coast - "Brandy for the parson" and all that !!

In the March/April 'Village Voice', Kendall McDonald writes of the 'disaster' of this sinking of the S.S. Persier, but to the villagers around Bigbury Bay it must have seemed like 'Manna from Heaven', in those hard times of rationing. It certainly was to the village youngsters, who had't seen so much chocolate and chewing gum for years !

(The S.S. Persier was torpedoed and sank within a few hundred yards of Challaborough Bay on the night of February 11th. 1945 - the full story by Kendall McDonald was related in the Mar/Apl Village Voice)



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for THURLESTONE PARISH COUNCIL

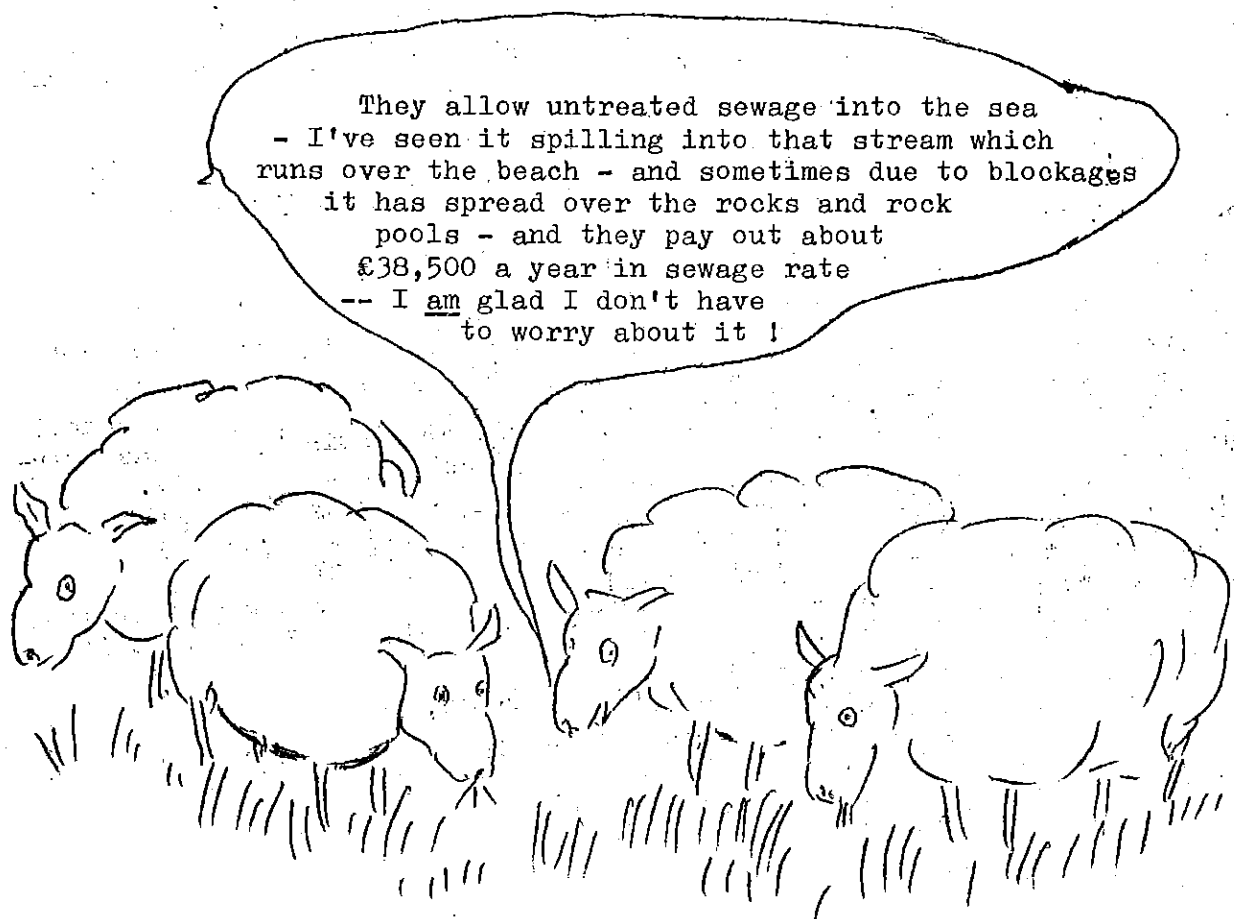
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# Mr. Grockle's Reply

to Miss Alice Sylvia Windell.....

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The Editor,  
Village Voice.

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

Dear Sir,

I had hoped that now there would be a period of reconciliation between us Grockles and the Rest, but I feel I cannot let the letter from Alice S. Windell of Kersed Cott, Thurlestone, go unanswered,

We all know, Mr. Editor, what happens when a minority try to impress their views on the majority and I for one do not want to see any violent picketing in this area. But surely that is what will happen if Miss Windell is allowed to get away with her suggestions for beaches and car parks reserved for locals only. We Grockles will not stand for that sort of thing! We cannot let the minority - the locals - stop us from exercising our rights as Englishmen to have free access to the sea.

Miss Windell goes further. She actually suggests toll houses on all roads leading into Devon to control the flow of Grockles. Does she not realise that we have them already - they are called petrol stations. And it surely does not take me to point out that the price of the fluid seems to rise directly one crosses the Devon border!

It is true that we Grockles are great travellers and do tend to migrate to this area in large numbers at the slightest sign of Spring, but that is no excuse for her unseemly outburst.

Let me assure Miss Windell that I for one am prepared to grant an amnesty to any local who has perhaps slightly transgressed the line dividing Grockles from the Rest by refusing to reverse in the lanes or by charging higher prices than the so-called locals are called upon to pay. But we cannot agree an amnesty for anyone, however high his local credentials, who has overstepped the mark by offering verbal abuse to a Grockle, however lowly.

Miss Windell is setting up dangerous precedents. Surely the next step is for the Grockle majority to require even Grade One Listed Locals (GOLLS for short) to carry passports or identity cards at all times?

Would it not be better if Miss Windell kept her peace and refrained from stirring up fears among the law-abiding Grockles who only ask to be left in peace on your beautiful beaches.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

Arthur Benhamin Grockle (Mr.)

# THE SLOOP INN

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rooms



Maledon Freeman

# Once Upon A Time . . .

## Kendall McDonald opens a file marked 'MEMORIES'

+++++

Breathes there a reader of Village Voice with soul so dead that he or she has failed to be fascinated by Arthur Edwards "Memories" in previous issues? Can anyone be other than delighted that he took the trouble to set it all down?

The cynic says that Memory is the place where the sun always shines and things never really were as bad as they seemed at the time. But memories, even those with a golden glow around them, are vastly important to us all. They tell us something of what it was like to have lived at that time - times we can never know ourselves - and so I hope we shall read more and more 'Memories' in this magazine.

Having said that, I suddenly realised that tucked away in various files I have pages and pages of Thurlestone memories from people who, sadly, are no longer with us.

Not all these memories, collected when I was writing "Just-a-Cottage", have the 'golden glow' around them. Some may in fact be upsetting to animal lovers, but they are history and as such deserve a wider audience.

The late Geoffrey Inchbald, author and historian, once wrote a manuscript, which he entitled "Once Upon A Time." He intended this for private circulation. As Mr. Inchbald's father built the 'Downs' (then called 'The Grey House' and completed in August 1909) this volume of his memories is of course heavily accented by his Thurlestone.

As Mr. Inchbald gave me a copy of 'Once Upon A Time' and urged me to use anything I wanted in my book, I do not hesitate to pass some of his work on to you. In Chapter Nine, for example, he reveals a life-long passion for shooting. When he was 14 years old his father gave him his first shot gun....but I had better let Mr. Inchbald's words tell the story and a revealing insight into Thurlestone and district before the First World War.....He writes:

" As I have said when we went to live at Thurlestone, my father rented 1,000 acres of rough shooting. In addition to stretches of arable and pasture



## VILLAGE VOICE

land this comprised a sizeable marsh or lea, as it was called, which extended inland for perhaps half a mile from the golf course.

"Not so many years before, the high ground which lay between the spot which was subsequently selected as the site for The Grey House, and the edge of the cliffs a mile away, was a noted place for partridges and on one occasion a party of four or five guns accounted for 60 brace before lunch, although I should be surprised to hear that today what with the extension of the golf course, the encroachment of building and the division of the remaining land between a number of different owners or tenants, there was a single partridge left." (Mr. Inchbald was writing in 1968)

"There was not a great deal of woodland," continues Mr. Inchbald, "and in consequence only a limited number of pheasants but, of course, as was usual in those days there were countless rabbits. In fact I cut my shooting teeth, so to speak, on rabbits and feel sorry for the aspiring young sportsman of today who, following the ravages of myxomatosis, is to a great extent denied the opportunity of the practice afforded by this particular form of shooting, although I understand that in some parts of the country the rabbit population has become more or less immune to this horrible disease and is beginning to proliferate once more.

"Apart from the numpers which were put out of the brakes and hedgerows by our spaniels we used to do a lot of ferreting particularly on the cliffs, which were literally honeycombed with warrens and provided an exciting and at the same time not inhumane kind of shooting. The rabbits did not bolt across an open space but simply scuttled from one hole to another and, as you only had a second or two before they disappeared you had to be exceedingly quick on the draw, and misses were frequent.

"However, if you did score a hit, the rabbit, even if it was not killed outright, was dead by the time it reached the bottom of the cliffs, which were perhaps 200 feet high in places, and at the end of the shoot we would gingerly make our way down and collect the bodies.

"I remember one morning when I got stuck myself half-way back and nearly slipped down on to the rocks below. I suppose anyone who disapproves of blood sports may think I would only have got my deserts if I had done so, but we really did our utmost to be as humane as possible.

"What we enjoyed most of all in those early days at Thurlestone was to get down to the Lea in the early morning or late evening and have a crack at the duck of which there were several varieties, including mallard, wigeon, tufted, pochard and teal and we very rarely drew a blank. In parts where the reeds were not too high it was also a wonderful place for snipe. I have often seen a rise of more than 30 snipe at the same moment and when a wisp (that I believe is the correct word) as large as that approaches you high and down

## VILLAGE VOICE

### ONCE UPON A TIME.....MEMORIES.....

wind with half a gale behind their tails and each individual bird jigging or weaving according to its own particular fancy, there is no better shooting to be had or one which requires more speed and precision if you are to have any hope of connecting.

"Another form of shooting which my brother and I used to enjoy as much as anything else was on the river Avon from the village of Bantham, near to its mouth, right up to the saltings just below Aveton Gifford. We had a flat-bottomed boat specially constructed for us, so that we could negotiate the shallows, and in this we would paddle up stream on the flood tide.

"Then we would drift our way back very quietly and slowly round the wooded bluffs, which sheltered the many creeks where there was always a shot to be had at a duck or a curlew, or occasionally a golden plover.

"The channel criss-crossed from one side of the river to the other, and often one of us landed while the other paddled over to the opposite bank which gave us a double opportunity for a shot, but it required a considerable amount of patience and skill to get within shooting distance and this, of course, was half the fun. And if we happened to be coming down on the ebb tide in the late afternoon or evening one of us used to collect a number of wood pigeon as they flew out of the trees, which sloped down towards the river on either side, while the other kept the boat steady with the paddles.

"Unfortunately the game book which we carefully preserved before the 1914 war has long since been lost or destroyed, but I remember that it included a surprising variety of 'game' which we shot on these expeditions and which was sometimes increased by the odd partridge or pheasant, when we found a suitable spot to land and make a foray into a field of roots or stubble which was part of father's shoot and, very occasionally perhaps, when it wasn't! I can remember too my first woodcock. They were few and far between and when the bag included one of these it was indeed a red-letter day.

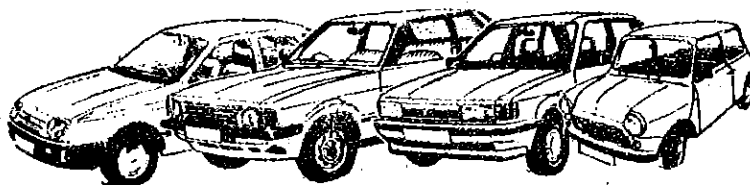
"Like the game book, the flat-bottomed boat has also long since disappeared and after the 1914 war in which my brother was killed, I do not remember that I ever took it out again. The Avon is a beautiful river and before 1914 we had it practically to ourselves on those expeditions which I can still see through a kind of golden mist.

"There was, however, one dreadful day on another part of the shoot above the Lea when I was out with a friend and I shot one of my spaniels. We had two of them working at the time and one of them put a rabbit out of a clump of bushes above a wide ditch. The rabbit was well clear of the dog but, just as I fired, the other spaniel which I thought was some distance away, sprang into the ditch after the rabbit and I shot him through the chest at almost point blank range. What made it so terrible was that he was not killed outright but lay dying at my feet. My companion told me to walk away and a few moments later I heard a shot and knew that it was all over. This tragedy was, of course, solely due to my own crass stupidity and negligence and it took me a long time to get over it.

"But it is sad to reflect how many dogs come to a violent end sooner or later. Of the dozen or so which I have possessed one was shot as I have just described, two, both fox terriers, were killed by cars, and my favourite, an Airedale bitch, died from an internal haemorrhage after swallowing a sharp stone while playing with the children on the beach.

"In fact only a few have survived to a ripe old age. Each event seems to be a personal tragedy and every time it has happened I have thought of Kipling's advice - "Don't give your heart to a dog to tear". On that sad note, I end this Thurlestone memory for the time being. But there are other sections of Geoffrey Inchbald's memories which are not sad at all and I hope to pass those on to you in future issues of the Voice.

KENDALL McDONALD.



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### DEVON CHAMPIONSHIPS

Will be held at BANTHAM on  
SATURDAY 1st. JUNE 1985  
with teams from all over Devon.

Weigh in 1 p.m.  
First Pull - 2 p.m.

BAR AND REFRESHMENTS

Any Queries: Contact V.G. ADAMS  
Buckland Farm, West Buckland.

### ANNUAL EVENT SATURDAY 8<sup>th</sup> JUNE 1985

Will also be at BANTHAM

Weigh in - 5 p.m.  
First Pull - 6 p.m.

BAR AND REFRESHMENTS

Preliminary Notice: FRIDAY 9th AUGUST  
RAM ROAST & BARN DANCE AT BANTHAM



DEVON County Council propose spending £322,238,000 in the 1985-1986 financial year. Education will take £186,000,000 of that sum, (£112,000,000 of it in teachers and lecturers salaries!) - and it will mean that just over 59% of your County Council rate goes on education.

Surely it is high time this Government fulfilled its promise of a fairer rating system, which at present so heavily penalises the elderly who have already spent most of a lifetime paying their fair share.

Could it possibly be that a Government so ready to act and spend against picketing miners and marauding Argentinians has now 'chickened out' on a revised and fairer rating system.

Political expediency? I thought better of Mrs Thatcher.

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I have to wonder how far the very modest increase of only 3½% in the County Council rate is 'contrived'. I am disturbed that they have now withdrawn nearly a million pounds they previously paid out for the Sheltered Housing Warder service. District Councils now have to foot that bill - and add it on to their rate increase. Another £1,680 million has been 'taken' from a special fund, also. I predict you won't get off so lightly next year.

\*\*\*\*\*

I cannot help wondering if striking miners and striking schoolteachers are setting the right kind of example to our youngsters on how to behave in a civilised society. Without being a member of Mrs Thatcher's 'fan club' I am certain most people recognise the sound sense in her thesis that we all have a responsibility to teach the young how to behave by the manner of our own behaviour.

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When I offered these few lines to the Editor he said, "I believe in free speech - so Village Voice is a vehicle for free speech - so long as readers accept it as the opinions of the contributor."

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Whilst I am delving into the subject of rates, let me tell you the Devon Fire Brigade are going to cost us £10,696,000 and the Devon and Cornwall Police Authority £23,257,000 for the 1985-86 period.

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There are now more than 132,900 pupils at 551 primary, secondary and special schools in the county, and the previous decline in pupil numbers in the primary schools is now being reversed with an estimated 640 increase in 1985-86. whereas the decline is now accelerating in secondary schools with an estimated drop of 1,635 pupils in 1985-86. leaving the teacher ratio as at present i.e. one teacher to 16.8 pupils in secondary schools, and one teacher to 23.5 pupils in primary schools.

\*\*\*\*\*

What a pity there was no one in Thurlestone Village who felt it was worthwhile to establish an 'organisation' to carry off a prize by entering the 'Best Kept Village' Competition. Perhaps we are already enough of a tourist area without adding to the attractions!

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WANTED: BABY'S COTS in reasonable condition and price. Please ring Mrs Pauline Jeffery on Kingsbridge 560851

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WALTER DEE is on holiday, so the Editor asked IAN C. YOUNG, a regular contributor to the pages of Village Voice to report on

# The Annual Parish Meeting

MARCH 26th 1985....the day when each voter in Thurlestone Parish was given the chance to play their part in the continuing history of one of the most ancient units of democratic Government.

To stand, in spirit if not in body alongside Queen Boadicea, Hereward the Wake, Simon de Montford, John Hampden, the Tolpuddle Martyrs, Mrs Pankhurst, and the many thousands of heroes and heroines who have fought, and frequently died, to win and hold the Right of Free Speech - the Foundation of Democracy.

March 26th 1985, the day of the Annual Parish Meeting.

The meeting was called to order at 7.45 pm, which we all thought was a good idea, as the meeting was timed to start at 7.30 pm !

Apologies were not received, nor acknowledged, from approximately 750 voters who had decided that watching T.V. was more important, and possibly more exciting, than defending Democracy and Free Speech, while perched somewhat uncomfortably on a steel and plastic chair.

The Minutes of the 1984 Annual Parish Meeting were read - most of the discussion seemed to have been about sewage. Anyway they were approved, rather apathetically, I thought, and signed.

The Chairman then announced that as the three main speakers were touring the South Hams Halls - the Parish Halls, he hastened to explain, so they would be able to deliver only very short speeches (the ripple of applause was quickly hushed), and even shorter answers.

We started with a speech by Mr South, the Chairman of the South Hams District Council, which soon became a double act as he was joined by our own District Councillor, Mr. Jack Thomas. Their spirited cross talk on sewage held the audience enthralled, but did little to 'clean up' the problem. Among other things we were told that Mr. Hill, revered Chairman of South West Water had, like the Lord High Executioner in the Mikado, a little list of sewage plants and drains needing attention, but that Thurlestone wouldnt appear on any list before 1990 - perhaps even 2090.

However, the list might be altered if it could be proved that there were 500 people on the beach at any one time. On that comforting thought both Mr. South and Mr. Thomas left for West Alvington. (I understand that 500 volunteers are to asked to report to Leasfoot Beach at 8.30 am. each day for the next ten weeks. Photographs will be taken in order to give proof of the event, but it is believed bathing costumes need not - repeat not - be worn)

A sudden rush of cold air heralded the arrival of our County Councillor Mr. Simon Day, who informed us breathlessly, that he was a Conservative who didnt mind which side he voted for provided it was right, that he had just returned from Europe, that he had been a County Councillor for 20 years, had just addressed a meeting at West Alvington with an audience of 10, and was now going to another meeting at Kingston. So, with another rush of cold air Mr. Day departed.

After all this coming and going of high powered executives it was almost a relief to settle down and enjoy speeches by Mr. Butler, the County Heritage Coast Officer, P.c. Casson, our Community Policeman, and his superior, Inspector Bob. Wilkinson, all of whom claimed little knowledge of sewage, but were able to give us a clear outline of their duties and responsibilities as they affected the local community - and so we saw the close of yet another Annual Parish Meeting for another year - and we all went home to bed!

# Dear Sir

To The Editor,  
Village Voice.

Sir,

May I take advantage of your free-lance principle to express my view on a South Milton subject.

I am told that a local farmer is willing to release a small area of land for the establishment of a very much needed car-park for the South Milton Village Hall, but I understand the great problem is access.

I believe it has been suggested that by moving the War Memorial to an adjacent site by the Village Cross a possibly acceptable point of access could then be obtained. I can see no valid objection to such a move, carried through with due consideration, when a car park would so obviously be in the interests of the community.

I have observed the car parking that occurs in the main road, and my heart has been in my mouth on numerous occasions at the sight of mothers struggling with wee children in the face of traffic flowing down the road apparently oblivious of the fact that two way traffic is patently obstructed. Others I have seen parking in Backshay Close, which I am told is the home of most of the over 70's in the village - and it has been obvious to me that neither an ambulance nor a fire engine could get through in an emergency.

I do feel most strongly that those who object to what seems a golden opportunity to establish a much needed village facility, should reflect carefully on how they might feel if an unfortunate accident were to occur and some child, or someone, were killed or seriously injured. I must say that taking up an attitude on such a matter is all very fine - if you are not putting yourself at risk. I would suggest perhaps only conscience!

Soon we shall be in the midst of all the holiday traffic - perhaps someone would like to tell me why they don't want a car park for South Milton Village Hall. Most other parishes saw the light years ago.

With apologies,

MILTONIAN

Name & Address supplied.

# Thurlestone Sewer is the Sea!

The Parish Council and our District Councillor Jack Thomas have been doing everything they possibly can to get something done about the Thurlestone sewerage pipe-line. Mr Thomas has taken up the matter with Ian Gow, the Minister for Housing & Construction, with Anthony Steen M.P., and Len Hill, Chairman of the Water Authority. The Parish Council have unsuccessfully battled with the Water Authority for years and years, and have 'had a go' at the EEC through Lord O'Hagan. In the main all the answers have been in the negative - and thus far only Mr Thomas has succeeded in getting the South Hams District Council to press the Water Authority to include a treatment plant for Thurlestone (and Hope Cove) in their current five year plan. But, as the Parish Council have said, and Mr Thomas tries to impress upon everybody, villagers must shake off the present apathetic attitude and really join in the fight. Write to Mr. Steen, write to Lord O'Hagan, write to Len Hill. In this day and age, it seems, those who shout loudest get some action - and that means the whole body of villagers must join in - or rest content for years to come with more and more untreated sewage in the sea = in the stream - on the beach - over the rocks and in the rock pools. No one with children and grand-children can surely rest content with such pollution.

Medical evidence is unconvincing when you note the long term effect of so many things are being quietly disclosed. Prevention is better than any cure - won't you help to do something about it?

VILLAGER

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If you would like your July or August Event publishing in Village Voice - the sooner it is to hand the better display it will get!

-- the deadline is ~~JUNE~~ 12th

=====



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# John Wolcot alias Peter Pindar

by NEVILLE C. OSWALD

+++++

ANYONE driving out of the Quay car park at Kingsbridge and looking half right will see a notice proclaiming Pindar Lodge (if it has not been taken down). This is where John Wolcot was born in 1738 and where his father practised as a country surgeon, as his father had done before him. When John became an essayist, he called himself Peter Pindar, the name by which he is now remembered. He was not, in my view, by any means a typical Devonian. Indeed, having read several descriptions of his life and times, I admire his enterprise but am forced to the conclusion that he feally was a bit of a so-and-so.

PETER was educated at Kingsbridge Grammar School (now the Cookworthy Museum) and, following his father's death when he was only 13, lived with various uncles in Cornwall and London while serving his medical apprenticeship. In 1767, aged 29, he was invited to go to Jamaica as physician to Sir William Trelawney, newly appointed Governor and an old family friend. Finding the medical prospects out there poor, he thought about becoming a parson, especially when the rector of a wealthy parish fell ill. He hastened home and a few months later was ordained deacon one day and priest the next by the bishop of London. On his return to Jamaica Peter found the vacancy he had in mind was not forthcoming, because the rector's health had improved, and he was given a poor outlying parish. He soon arranged for a deputy to do his duties, went to live near Government House as physician-general to the troops on the island and started to write poetry.

IN 1773, after six years as Governor, Trelawney died. Peter returned home and set up practice in Truro but left after upsetting his medical colleagues and the town councillors, whom he ridiculed in verse. He then moved to Exeter where, after some of his poems had been successfully put to music, he decided to abandon medicine and try his fortune in London as a writer.

IN 1781, aged 43, he took Opie, then a raw Cornish artist, to London and launched him on his very successful career. They shared lodgings for a time and then quarrelled partly, it seems, because Opie thought little of Peter's attempts at painting but mainly because Opie made quicker progress than he did. Peter wrote a series of humorous lampoons on various well-known artists which were well received but brought in little money, so he switched to ridiculing the private life of the king, which was more remunerative.

115



IN the late 1780's, King George III started to have periodic attacks of madness. He was cared for by Sir George Baker, born and bred in the rectory at Modbury, who was required by Parliament to give frequent progress reports, especially regarding the chances of the King's survival. In this atmosphere of uncertainty, the Prince of Wales assumed responsibilities that were not yet his and was supported by much of the press and the mischievous Peter Pindar. Parliament tried to buy Peter off with a pension but failed because the amount could not be agreed. Instead, he sold the copyright of his works to his publisher for an annuity of 250 pounds.

PETER continued to be belligerent towards the king and Parliament, but met more than his match in the writer Gifford who not only attacked him savagely in print but got the better of him in a scuffle in Piccadilly ("The battle of the Bards"). Peter was by no means silenced but, losing the support of the Prince of Wales when he became regent, his writings became less provocative. His last years were clouded by increasing blindness. He died in London in 1819, aged 81, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden.

WHAT sort of a man was Peter Pindar? Despite at least eight portraits by Opie, his looks were against him; he was described as a thick, squat man with a large and flat face and no speculation in his eye. Yet he gained considerable fame from his humorous yet outrageous poetry. Also he was a fair artist and a good musician. For most of his life he seems to have been at odds with his fellow men, but was probably driven more by ambition and the need to earn a living than by malice towards those he attacked. Rather a difficult man to get to know and appreciate, I would have thought.

Neville C. Oswald

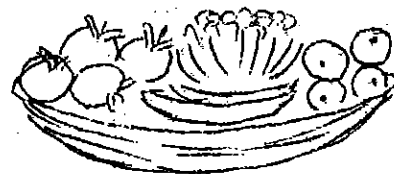
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VILLAGE VOICE No.19 - JULY-AUGUST will be published at the end of June 1985.

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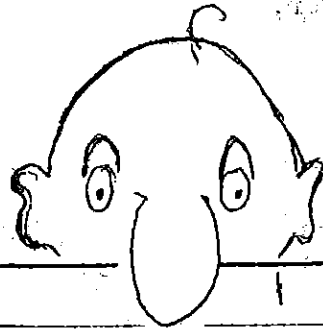
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It was with profound regret that I learnt of the death of HARRY HEARSON - a kindly, considerate man, ever ready to be helpful to the Editor of a small village publication.

I feel privileged to have known him.

D.W.D.

*Seeing is  
believing - maybe!*

In Boston, Massachusetts recently 80 accident investigators watched a car crash staged for their benefit, and were then asked to say what happened. Despite being prepared for the accident, and being knowledgeable of what to look for, the eye-witness accounts differed markedly in some cases.

They resolved these differences by distrusting their own eyes and putting their faith in Newton's three laws of motion as applied to the crash evidence.

In another test, 30 students were individually required to guess the speed of a car that drove past them. They were told it would be travelling at between 30 and 70 miles per hour. The 30 tests produced widely different results, some saying the car was going at 30 mph, other saying 50mph and others estimated it at something over 70 mph. Yet the vehicle travelled at 30 mph in all cases - it was just the different use of gears and the consequent engine speeds that suggested the different responses.

Such examples would seem to indicate the need for some more scientific examination of the crash evidence in all disputed cases of motor vehicle accidents.

Where an accident occurs there is obviously more of a traumatic

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WHIT-MONDAY

27th. MAY 1985

in SOUTH MILTON VILLAGE HALL there will be COFFEES in the morning

from 10.30 am to 12.00 noon

and

CREAM TEAS

in the afternoon from 3 p.m. with

RAFFLE, CAKE STALL, etc.

in aid of

ST. LUKE'S HOSPICE, PLYMSTOCK

Please help this worthwhile local cause by your support

+++++

*Its Naughty - but*

Five thousand years ago Moses said

"Park your camel,

Pick up your shovel and mount your ass and

I will lead you to the promised land."

Five thousand years later Roosevelt

said "Lay down your shovel,

Sit on your ass and smoke your camel, this IS the promised land."

Today, Thatcher will take your shovel, sell your camel,

Kick your ass, and tell you there is no promised land !

"I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things don't improve, I will have to send for another doctor."

(Extract letter to Local Welfare Dept)

incident than an accident - the shock can upset thought processes and make for a bad recall. Impartial observers can often turn out to be highly unreliable, often wildly inaccurate, claiming to have 'seen' things they could not have seen.

W.D.

# PARISH CHAT

## by Observer

+++++

### THE ANNUAL PARISH MEETING

What a pity this annual 'event' turned out to be more a 'parade' of speakers which led to such a disjointed meeting.

The Chairman, Peter Hurrell, must have had a very difficult and trying time endeavouring to deal with the 'comings and goings', - all seemed in a hurry to be the first to speak and rush off somewhere else. Next year I would suggest the Parish Council arrange for speakers like Mr. Butler, the South Devon Heritage Coast Officer who, despite the fact that he lives at Exmouth, gave such a clear picture of his work and intentions. Inspector Bob Wilkinson also had everyone 'rolling in the aisles' for a few moments and Community Policeman P.c. John Casson again suggested that everyone with valuables should have them photographed and, where possible, marked with one of the invisible ink pens, obtainable at any good stationers.

Mr. Hurrell did manage to get his own report in eventually, after giving way to the speakers who 'had to get away' - and was able to tell everyone that the parish rate precept was down to .8p - and only two parishes out of 62 in the South Hams had managed that. He asked for support for a twinning project with another similar parish in the British Isles - but, alas, there was no interest. He also said he hoped there would be good support for the efforts to raise a £1,000 to purchase one of the extra ten beds so greatly needed by St. Luke's Hospice.

Seems rather a pity that only about 45 folk troubled to attend!

+++++

### CONSERVATION

It is understood that the Nature Conservancy Council may undertake a biological survey along the lower Avon during 1985, because it is felt that the value of the Estuary is greater than existing records indicate.

After all the Estuary does possess significant areas of good quality saltmarsh which must never be allowed to be destroyed, and it is used by numbers of wintering wildfowl and wading birds, particularly Teal, Mute Swan, Oystercatcher, Curlew and Redshank with a heronery at Stiddicombe Wood.

+++++

### MEALS ON WHEELS

Here is another kind of appeal. Is there anyone who would like to take over the organisation of the Parish Meals on Wheels Service. Thanks to so many willing and unselfish helpers it is now operating three times a week throughout the year. Rosemary Stocken says it has been her pleasure to be closely associated with this service for 2½ years - since its inception, in fact, and she feels sure there must be someone who would enjoy arranging this very rewarding (tho' not financially so!) and worthwhile service for our senior citizens. Enquiries please to ROSEMARY STOCKEN on 560257.

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### ON MAY 1st

The Parish Hall Committee are holding their ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING and also a edited version of the 1977 CONCERT which they then held to raise money for the piano. I am told it was an absolute scream - which means great fun. Do go along.

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### THURLESTONE CAR BOOT SALE

Held in aid of the South Hams Ethiopian Appeal Fund. The Organisers, Mrs Oswald and Mrs Galloway are most grateful to all those who helped to make the Event so successful on Sunday 24th March - when over £1,000 was raised.

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Look out for the JULY/AUGUST No. out at the end of June.

" THIS IS HARDLY A SUBJECT FOR THE  
PARISH MAGAZINE"

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOMEONE TO DRIVE UP TO  
YOUR GATE, OPEN THE BACK OF THEIR CAR AND  
LET OUT ANYTHING FROM 1 - 6 (YES, SIX!!)  
DOGS WHO THEN PROCEEDED TO USE YOUR GARDEN  
AS A LAVATORY.....BUT THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT MANY PEOPLE  
REGULARLY DO AT BANTHAM.

"BUT BANTHAM IS NOT A PRIVATE GARDEN....." NO, BUT IT IS  
PRIVATE AND LARGE NUMBERS OF PEOPLE INCLUDING CHILDREN, PLAY THERE  
DAILY IN THE SUMMER, AS IF IT WERE A GARDEN.

THE SITUATION BECAME SO SERIOUS IN 1984 AND SUCH WAS THE LEVEL OF  
JUSTIFIABLE COMPLAINTS THAT THE DIRECTORS OF EVANS' ESTATES CONSIDERED  
BANNING DOGS FROM THEIR LAND. THIS THEY DO NOT WISH TO DO, BUT IT IS  
WORTH REMEMBERING THAT IN SOME COUNTRIES OWNERS ARE REQUIRED TO CLEAR  
UP AFTER THEIR DOGS, SO WHY NOT GIVE THEM A RUN IN YOUR OWN GARDEN FIRST?

THE THOUGHTLESS OFFENDERS ARE NOT IN THE MAIN, HOLIDAYMAKERS, BUT  
RESIDENTS LIVING LOCALLY AND WITHIN THE AREA OF KINGSBRIDGE AND  
SALCOMBE.

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM ?

R.J. Michelmore

AGENT Evans' Estates (1956) Ltd.,

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## PROBUS

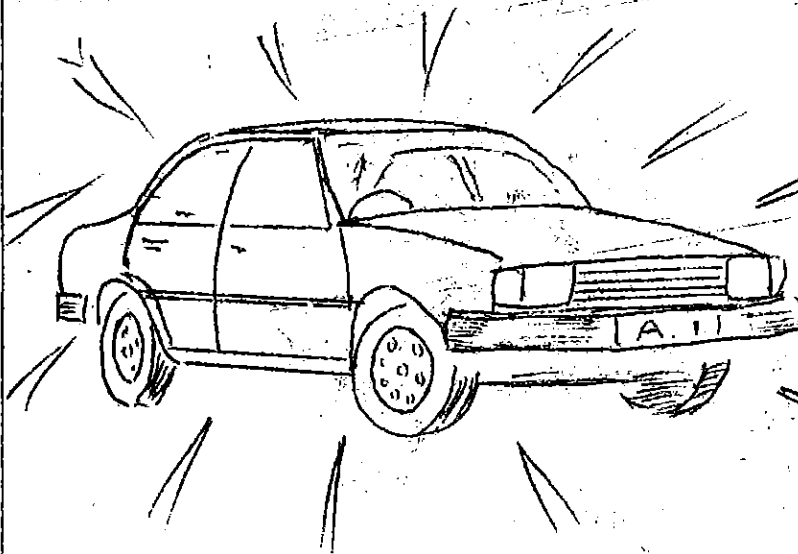
In March we were entertained by Keith  
Statters, who gave a most amusing talk  
on "Diving in the Royal Navy." Although  
his particular subject as a R.N.V.R. was

Electronics he found himself "Ship's Diving Officer" on H.M.S. Hermes at  
Aden. Later he became "Met. Officer & Diving" at Culdrose !  
(the connection can only be water).

At our April meeting we heard Dennis Martin-Jenkins talking about  
"Shipping past and present". Our position in the maritime world with  
our powerful Merchant fleet prior to 1939 and what it is today gives  
food for sombre thoughts. He paid particular tribute to the Merchant  
Navy who as the Fourth Arm of our defence are always available in an  
emergency, as the Falklands conflict illustrated all too well. A most  
instructive session very well received.

Our next two meetings are on MAY 10th and JUNE 14th, so please make a note  
of these in your Diary. In May our speaker will be Christopher Allen whose  
subject is TEA.

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FORTHCOMING EVENTS AT THE BANTHAM SURF LIFE SAVING CLUB :

SATURDAY 4th MAY: JUMBLE SALE AT THE TOWN HALL, KINGSBRIDGE

SUNDAY 12th MAY: COMMENCEMENT OF BEACH PATROLS FOR THE SUMMER

New members will be welcome at the Clubhouse from 10 a.m.

SATURDAY & SUNDAY 20th and 21st. JULY. NATIONAL JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS  
at ABERAVON, Wales

SUNDAY 11th AUGUST: BANTHAM SURF LIFE SAVING CLUB ANNUAL OPEN DAY  
on Bantam Beach. 25th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

SATURDAY & SUNDAY 24th and 25th AUGUST: NATIONAL SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS  
at BUDE, Cornwall

SUNDAY 8th. SEPTEMBER: DEVON SKI RACE at BIGBURY.

## Long before a Parish Council.

In an age when conditions were primitive, the countryside sparsely populated, and largely untilled, and money was rarely used since trade was more or less non-existent, it was not unnatural that the 'Manor' should be the focal point for what activities there were, and also for the primitive administration that was necessary. A 'Manor' consisted of a Lord and his family, his retainers headed by his Steward, and by his tenants, free and unfree, and they were all bound together by obligations and services.

With the passage of time it became necessary to modify and regulate these and two courts were set up. One, the 'court baron' for the free tenants and the other the 'court customary' for the unfree tenants. Their chief business was the management of the land, the rotation of agriculture, and the supervising of agricultural jobs. The Lord of the Manor was under an obligation to attend them and to hold them regularly. The tenants were also bound to attend. Usually, after the Manor had become established, the Church appeared on the scene in the person of the priest who came as a representative of the bishop or as a missionary. Now, as he could not live upon the Manor without a holding, nor build a Church unless the Lord of the Manor provided the labour and material, the Lord was in a dominant position, at least for the time being. As the years passed, things were gradually changing, movement through the country was increasing, followed by trade and an increase in agriculture together with an increase in the circulation of money. Thus local customs became hardened into laws which the

King's new circuit courts would enforce. In time the encroachment of external affairs upon the life of the 'Manor', the Manor Court became weakened, and by the time of the social upheavals following the ravages of the Black Death (1349) their importance had virtually ceased with the first Tudor King (1485), but as the Manor Court's importance declined, the power of the Church increased in influence, wealth and responsibility. As an organisation it had recognised rights as well as obligations of Christian charity.

D.W.D.

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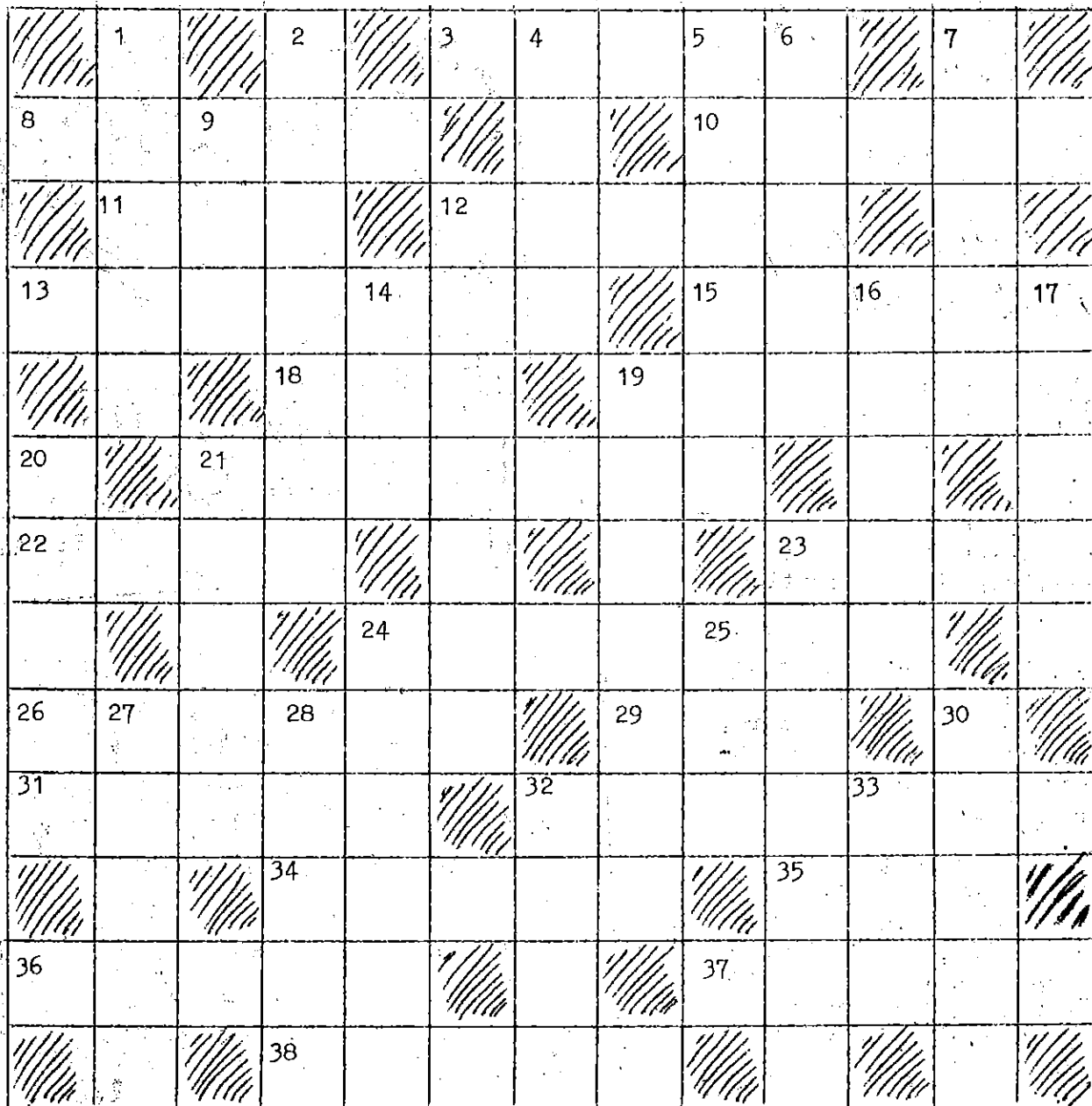
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# VILLAGE VOICE CROSSWORD NUMBER FOURTEEN



Compiled by Arthur Edwards

**EASY PUZZLE - CLUES ACROSS:** 3 Mildew (5). 8 Traded (5). 10 Boat Crew (5)  
11 Border (3). 12 News (5). 13 Writes illegibly (7). 15 Muffler (5)  
18 Born (3). 19 Continue (6). 21 Bullfighter (7). 22 Hero's tale (4)  
23 Sea bird (4). 24 Bend (7). 26 Shaggy (6) 29 Organ (3) 31 Guide (5)  
32 Mechanic (7). 34 Devils (4). 35 Central (3) 36 Shadow (5). 37 Top (5)  
38 Cassia (5).

**CLUES DOWN:** 1 Rod (5). 2 Calendar (7). 4 Sculls (4). 5 Smaller (6)  
6 Records (5). 7 Bewitch (5). 9 Aura (3). 12 Gratified (7). 14 Moist (3)  
16 Anything (5). 17 Pretend (5). 19 Waves (7). 20 Tires (5). 21 Insect (5)  
23 Stints (7). 24 Scorn (6). 25 Chew (3). 27 A tax? (5). 28 Class (5)  
30 Withered (5) 32 Like (4). 33 Drink (3)

**SOLUTION-ACROSS:** 3 Would 8 Deal 10 Eight 11 Rlm 12 Press 13 Scrawls  
14 Scarf 18 Nee 19 Resume 21 Matador 22 Epic 23 Shag 24 Deflect 26 Ragged  
29 Ear 31 Steer 32 Artisan 34 Nicks 35 Mid 36 Cloud 37 Upper 38 Senna  
DOWN: 1 Perch 2 Almanac 4 Oars 5 Lesser 6 Discs 7 Charm 9 Air 12 Pleased  
14 Wet 16 Aught 17 Feign 19 Rollers 20 Wears 21 Midge 22 Scrimps 24 Deride  
25 Eat 27 Atoll 28 Genus 30 Faded 32 Akin 33 Sip



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CROSSWORD No.14 CRYPTIC PUZZLE

**CLUES ACROSS:** 3 Miserly delivery (5)  
8 Punished by an out-of-date dance (5)  
10 From here, not where (5)  
11 She takes a letter along this  
route (3) 12 Prevent crumbled  
bread (5). 13 She hardly blushed (7)  
15 Solve - an anagram you'll like  
it (5). 18 Canine evidence of  
delight (3). 19 This ship was a  
celebrity (6). 21 Was Paddy so  
devoted to his Country that he  
created a disturbance? (7)  
22 Ah! Some boy gives a nautical  
call (4). 23 It is never totally  
this during the daytime (4).  
24 Never on the outskirts (7)  
26 It sounds as if this island was  
once a tree (6). 29 Did this  
floor covering have a mat finish? (3)  
31 A surprise affirmative in Kent (5)  
32 The stopper in front caused  
confusion (7). 34 Have a drink  
on the street and play noisily (5)  
35 Is this corn spike used for  
listening? (3). 36 Only a few  
there in confusion (5). 37 Did he  
calmly receive this award, or turn  
red? (5). 38 Veracity is almost a  
vulgar exclamation of amazement (5)

**CLUES DOWN:** 1 Father held half a  
dozen for the Welshman (5)  
2 Progress was made when the route  
was followed by the master (7)  
4 Made familiar by habit (4).  
5 A cosy talk with the French at  
this wooden hut (6).  
6 The German river was disturbed by  
this bird (5). 7 The gang went south  
and turned (5). 9 You get nothing if  
you exclude the east from the river (3)  
12 They fall when the cold weather  
sets in (7). 14 Did this animal  
desert the ark? (3). 16 Five mixed  
kinds of fuel can be heard (5).  
17 A ladder and this crawler is the  
name of the game (5). 19 This will  
uplift the orator (7). 20 Two can  
make it (5). 21 This flower revives  
memories (5). 23 Angry looks? (7)  
24 This general arranged truces (6)  
25 Animal told to get a move on in  
the song - and did! (3). 27 Marina  
accommodates one (5).  
28 Leisure out east makes a change (5)  
30 Kay follows the broken reed for  
her man (5)  
32 The fag end is broken (4)  
33 Something between 50 and 500 for  
the boy (3)

SOLUTION ON ANOTHER PAGE !



## Octaviaus helps with The SPRING CLEAN by Pearl Hawkins

Octaviaus was worried.

"Mrs I Can't Make up my Mind" was bustling around the house. Yes - definitely bustling. She seemed to know just what she was going to do, and that meant only one thing - Spring cleaning.

The trouble was, she did not spring clean once a year like everyone else. Oh! no. She did it just when she thought she would, and had been known to do so four times in one year.

Octaviaus twitched and twitched his red beak of a nose. Really, he thought,

well really. He believed there should be a place for everything, and everything should be in its place. When spring cleaning took place, or winter cleaning, or whenever or whatever - oh! - it was so confusing, nothing and nobody was ever in its right place. Everything was everywhere. Octaviaus himself had once been sat on the floor for a while - on the floor mind you. The indignity of it was with him for weeks, although to be quite fair, 'Mrs I Can't Make Up my Mind' had at least let him sit with some of his friends on a clean piece of sheet.

"Now", she said, "it is a nice dry day and not at all cold, so I think I will put everyone on the lawn, and all the chairs and tables too. Well! thought Octaviaus, I can't think what ever she will do next. Out with the chairs and tables indeed!

But for once he had got things wrong. There was a blanket spread over the grass, and on it was Yum Yum Bunny, Pigsy Porker China Pig, Little Brown Wooden Owl, 'Sir Frederick' and the tiny little bit conceited Crinoline Lady and the Black Cat, (whom I have failed to tell you about as yet, Margaret Bridget, the stuffed cushion Pig and Gladys, a cuddly Teddy Bear who sat on the bed all day in the bedroom. It was a gathering I can tell you. Hettie the Hedgehog came over to see what was happening and even Percy stopped gardening. There were a lot of folk, and well, really, it was rather nice out there. The hedge sheltered them from the breeze, the sun was shining, and the birds were singing as they flew around gathering twigs to make their nests. They could even hear the cows munching the sweet green grass in the field too. Little Brown Wooden Owl looked up at Octaviaus beside him and said, "It would be lovely if you would tell us a story." "Yes, yes!" everyone said, please - a story.

Octaviaus shuffled importantly. "All right my dears I will. I will tell you one of my Island stories. Now when I was in the Phillipines," he began, and went on with one of his tales. Oh, how they all enjoyed it. The cows looked over the hedge listening, and Mrs. Rabbit and her family who were passing, stopped as well. Even the dog who was sunning himself and pretending he was a fierce guard-dog made sure he didn't miss a word. Time simply flew by, and when "Mrs I Can't Make Up My Mind" came to take them all back indoors and put each of them in their proper places, they were really just weeny bit sorry.

Octaviaus stretched and blinked. He really was a great help, looking after them all whilst she got on with her work. When she said "Thank you, Octaviaus", he nearly burst his cocconut sides with pride. "Too-whit-too-Whoo", he said sleepily, and he dozed off with Little Brown Owl cuddled up beside him on his very own shelf again.

# *It Happens Everywhere*

## *A Short Story*

*By Audrey Hutton, B.D.*

Even though he had warned us that it would happen, it was difficult to believe that the sentence of execution would actually be carried out. We kept our distance throughout the trial, partly out of fear of what might happen to us as his friends, and partly because we didn't want to be hauled in as witnesses. Fear overcame shame, and we lay low.

The end came quickly. John and Pete had been the most in touch with events, and they reported to us that Josh had already been taken from the barracks and was being marched to the place of execution. This public exhibition of the prisoner under sentence took place regularly. The sight of a man being marched through the streets to his death was calculated to have a demoralising effect on any would-be supporters.

We couldn't watch. We hung about on the edge of the crowd, hardly catching a glimpse of our leader as he was hurried along. Just outside the city, the crowd formed a semi-circle around the hapless victims, for only then did we realise that there were two others for execution with him. We caught sight of them briefly as, blindfolded and haggard, each man was set against his post. We turned away. The sounds of rifle shots schoed around the valley and, at that moment we heard a voice, his voice, cry out in anguish. It was more than we could bear. Yet again we fled, back to the city and to the house where less than twenty-four hours ago, we had shared our last meal with him.

We just didn't know what to do. The next day was Saturday, a holiday for all of us, and we just holed up together. We were scared, of course, the more so because we still could not understand on what grounds the authorities had passed sentence of execution on Josh. Nothing he had done or said could possibly have threatened the government. It was too securely installed to be affected by the utterances of one artisan. Certainly, he had aimed a few home-truths accurately at some of the religious folk, particularly at those in positions of leadership, and that hadn't gone down too well with the establishment. But there was nothing in that to make a man worthy of death. Or was it just too close to home, that and the fact that ordinary people fell under his influence so quickly? A magnetic personality and an incisive tongue may have roused such passions in them that they had deliberately set out to bring about his death. Things like that were happening, for political and religious reasons, all over the place, so why not here? The world has never given up the habit of stoning its prophets.

So we spent Saturday hidden away. The womenfolk brought food in for us and flasks of coffee, and told us some news we hadn't waited to hear. It had never occurred to us that the army would allow anyone else to bury Josh. Usually, after executions, the bodies were dumped in the back of a truck and driven to an outlying camp. Nearby was a piece of waste ground which acted as a burial place

CONTINUED:-

Continuing IT HAPPENS EVERYWHERE

- or so we had heard - no one was allowed to verify this.

But it seems that on Friday, after the execution, Joseph Armat, a senior city councillor and one of Josh's acquaintances, had gone to the officer in command and asked if he might take Josh's body to be interred in his own family grave. His ancestral home stood on the edge of the city and possessed its own private chapel with a small burial ground around it. Joseph had taken Josh there with the help of another councillor known to be sympathetic to Josh's cause. A cleric who acted as chaplain for the Armat family had also assisted and together they had given Josh a decent burial. We were glad to know of it, though Joseph's courage and loyalty made us feel all the more ashamed. Dispirited and exhausted, we slept fitfully that night with the doors securely locked.

Early next morning we were rudely awakened by hammering on the front door downstairs. Instantly, we leapt to our feet, fear gripping all of us. But within seconds, the women were among us, all talking at once. They were so excited and voluble that it was difficult to make out what they were talking about, but bit by bit we began to piece it together.

Like us, they had been unable to sleep well and, at first light, had got up and dressed, deciding to go and put flowers on Josh's grave while no one was about. As they walked through the early morning mist, they had been talking about the hurried burial and wishing they could have been there to see that the body was properly cared for. They entered the little graveyard by a tiny gate from a lane. They were sure of finding the correct grave because it would be the only one with freshly dug earth, but they were totally unprepared for the sight that met their eyes. At first, they thought their information was incorrect and the funeral had not yet taken place, for they found a pile of freshly dug earth beside an open grave. Drawing closer in complete mystification they looked down into the grave and to their utter bewilderment and horror, saw an open coffin, the lid pushed back against the grave wall! This was too much for them. Without further investigation, they ran back into the city and came straight to us. They had hardly finished their story when

John and Pete grabbed the anoraks they had been using as pillows, and rushed out. The rest of us stayed with the women, to hear their story again in less garbled fashion.

John and Pete meanwhile ran quickly through the still sleeping city street, and out to Joseph's graveyard. John, being the younger of the two, got there first and stood peering into the empty grave. Pete came puffing up behind him and flung himself on the ground, bending his head and shoulders into the grave.

"The shroud's still there," he said. "Look! - it's not folded up, it's somehow deflated just as if - as if the body had passed straight through it!"

John knelt down then and looked for himself and, so Pete told us, said nothing but began to nod his head.

They both came back to us, silent and wondering, and slowly began to corroborate the women's story.

None of us had particularly noticed that one of the younger women, Mary Magden by name, was not with the others, until suddenly the door burst open, and she rushed into the room. Always an emotional woman, we had expected extremes of grief from her, but were not prepared for her extraordinary outburst.

"I've seen Josh!" she cried, and fell on the settee.

"What do you mean? You've found his body?" we cried incredulously.

"No - no!" she didn't seem to know whether to laugh or cry. "I went to Joseph's graveyard about half-an-hour ago and the grave was open. At first, I thought the funeral hadn't taken place, but then I looked in the grave and the coffin was open! I couldn't believe it. Who could do such a thing, I thought. Who would open a private grave and take away the body of an executed man?"

Continued:::

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I turned round, meaning to look in the chapel to see whether the body had been placed in there, when I almost bumped into a man. It was misty, and I could hardly see for tears anyway, and I thought he might be Joseph's gardener, so I said, "Oh please, if you have moved my friend's body, tell me where you have put him, and I will take him away."

"There was silence for a moment, and then he spoke my name 'MARY'. That was all he said, but suddenly the mist was cleared, both from the graveyard and from my eyes. It was Josh! I cried his name and flung myself at him, but he said, "Don't try to cling to me. Go instead to all my friends and tell them the victory is won." "

Well, at first, of course, we didn't believe her. Who could trust the word of a woman like Mary Magden - up one minute and down the next, first roaring with laughter, then

dissolving into tears?

But later that day, as evening came on, our bewilderment and excitement and all the confused emotions of the day seemed to settle into an all-pervading peace and calm. We sat together, talking quietly about things which Josh had told us, some of us even prayed for a few moments, quite naturally, out loud and with eyes open.

And then suddenly, although we were still frightened enough to have the door locked, HE was there! It wasn't just that our eyes saw him, it went deeper than that. Something in the depths of everyone of us responded to the reality of him. We didn't even really need the evidence of the bloodstain on his shirt, nor the bullet-hole in the centre of it. It was the sheer quality of the man that was real, the goodness of him, the invincibility of his kind of truth, his kind of love. Bloodstains and bullet-holes were merely peripheral to all that. We knew that nothing, no one, could ever finally kill or destroy him.

"Go and tell the world," he said

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you're in dispute over a boundary or party wall, do bear in mind it is a subject of great fun in English law - for lawyers !

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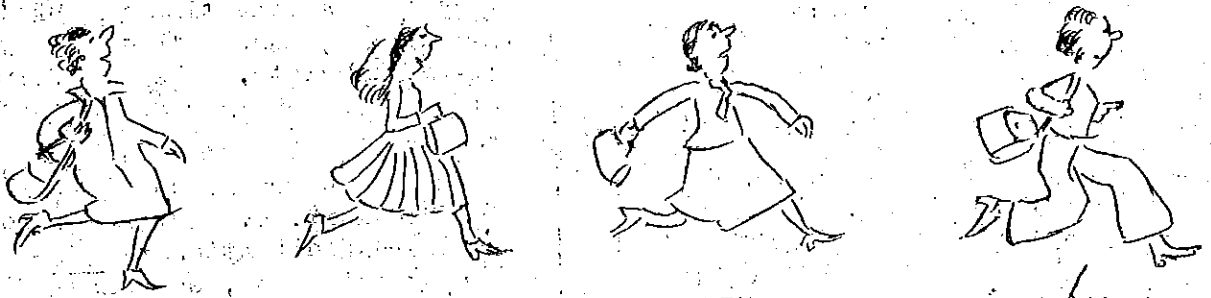
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So is THE WRECK WALKER'S GUIDE. Both books are published by the Ashgrove Press, 26, Gay Street, Bath, Avon.

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



## Joining the Demo + <sup>by</sup> DAPHNE JULIAN.

I was preparing the lunch in my steamy kitchen when Joan called in. "Would you come to a cookery demonstration tonight? May has sent back her ticket, and told me to give it to someone who could do with a few cookery lessons; so I immediately thought of you. It's supper dishes on a low budget - just up your street"

"Thanks, yes I would be quite interested."

"Good, would you pick me up, we've just had our car washed, the salt on the road absolutely ruins it, could you drive yours?"

I told Fred that I had been invited out, and that he had better wait for his supper, and I would try out one of the concoctions on him when I returned. He then told me that there was no petrol in the car so I would have to buy a gallon. I went to my savings tin, and took out two pounds earmarked for the telephone bill.

On arriving at the Hall, I was buttonholed by a lady selling raffle tickets:

"How much are they?" I asked.

"Four for a pound."

"Well, I'll just have one."

"Sorry, we only sell them by the strip."

I dug around in my purse and found the pound coin I was going to pay the paper-man with. I suppose I had had free admittance, but I was very short of housekeeping.

Joan found a friend and sat with her, so I sat on the front row, gazing at the embroidered cloth on the side table which would soon groan with cheap supper-dishes. In the centre

of the room there was a trestle on which were placed numerous glass bowls filled with sugar, flour, fats and eggs. The whole working top was covered with a white plastic sheet, and standing beside the mobile stove was the demonstrator who was attempting to replace a 13 amp plug to a 15 amp. She struggled to remove the screws with her paring knife, and then asked if anyone had a large screwdriver on them. I looked around to see how many ladies had come with a canvas holdall of tools instead of a handbag! The raffle lady said she only lived opposite, and would pop home to get one so that we could have HOT supper dishes, not cold ones.

Mrs Wilks stood up in her starched overall, and welcomed us to the meeting, and read out the ingredients of her warming winter soup. Stock made from boiling chicken legs, lentils and leeks. She poured this porridge like fluid into a bowl, and shook a blob of cream on to the top, which melted and spread, and then formed a fatty crust which didn't look too appetising. Next, we were to be shown how to make a sausage flan. She pricked some pale pink sausages and scattered them on a baking dish, and put them in the oven. Whilst they were cooking she made white sauce with a measure of milk and put that on the red boiling ring.

"Which sausages do you prefer - beef or pork?" came a question from the second row. Mrs Wilks turned towards the audience. Being a pig farmer's wife she was able to extol the qualities of good pork, in fact mentioned that she had plenty of home-made saugages for sale, but as she spoke the milk bubbled up and over the saucepan, spitting and sizzling. Smoke spread everywhere, everyone coughed and wafted the fumes away with their hands, but Mrs Wilks

OVER:::::

## JOINING THE DEMO : : : :

undeterred peered through the gloom into the oven, and withdrew the slightly darker pink sausages. She placed them down on to the plastic cover, which hissed and shrivelled as it took the full brunt of the heat, and then in her confusion she picked up the pan with her bare hands, and dropped it immediately muttering "Mein Gott". My neighbour asked "What did you say, I didn't quite hear." I said, "My, its hot", and then she shook her hands vigorously and blew on her fingers, when the raffle lady again called out, "Put your hands in some cold water, it will take out the sting." In a one handed sort of way Mrs Wilks finished the flan.

"Now," she said, "this is a lovely crunchy salad to go with the flan. First you chop the red cabbage finely ....then crush some peanuts."

Peanuts flew everywhere and one somersaulted into a bowl of whipped egg white reminding me of a woodlouse riding the crest of a wave..."and then coarsely grate a carrot...oh.. has anyone a piece of plaster I seem to have knicked my knuckle....this is a very colourful salad." Colourful I agreed...orange carrots...mauve cabbage...brown peanuts and hopefully nothing RED.

The onion Scotch Eggs looked most appetising surrounded with lots of parsley, and the flan smelt delicious. "Now, a lovely quick dish." she said, as she scooped the nut out of the egg white, she then whipped it into peaks, she creamed the yolks and then informed us that with a souffle all the ingredients must be prepared before-hand. She picked up a small plastic bag, looked into it and said she had unfortunately brought breadcrumbs by mistake, but ended by saying that plain souffles' are just as tasty.

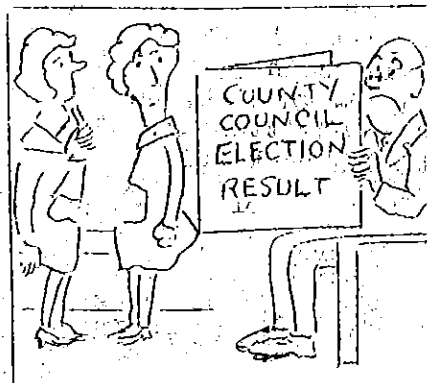
Her last dish was a foamy affair in which she tossed tinned pineapple, mangoes, and black cherries. I quickly priced this sweet and didn't think I could afford to make it. From under the table she drew out a piece of greaseproof paper on which lay intricately spun chocolate shapes, at the same time mentioning that they took a long time to make, and must be made with the very best Swiss chocolate. That confirmed that I definitely could not afford it.

"This is a marvellous sweet for the freezer", and after she poured this orange creation on to a flimsy foil dish, she passed it to me to put on the table adding, "that time was getting on," I felt like a sailor in a ship on a stormy sea balancing a tray of glasses. The frothy mass slithered from end to end, and as I gently put it down I watched the chocolate flowers sink slowly into the mousse.

The demonstration ended, and the raffle numbers were called. My number..437..was drawn. I knew Fred would enjoy a Scotch egg, but I was informed I had won the salad. Fred hated peanuts, he always got them stuck in his throat, and I was not too keen on the bowl of 'coloured vitamins' which had cost me a pound and the price of the petrol.

I drove Joan home, dropped her with her prize of the luscious sausage flan, and on arriving home saw Fred was watching "Match of the Day." He called out, "What did you learn - I'm really hungry," I quickly threw the salad into the waste bin and fed Fred with his favourite - beans on toast !

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# Arthur Edwards UP FOR THE CUP With a difference!

---

On the Saturday following the end of the reign of King George V. Plymouth Argyle were due to play an FA cup match against Chelsea and a large number of Argyle supporters came up to London, hopefully to watch the end of Chelsea's Cup run for that season. Many of these supporters had never been to London and their proposed visit had a dual purpose - to watch the match and see some of the sights of the Capital.

I had then been in London for several years and was able to find my way round better than many Londoners who had spent all their lives in the City. I was delighted to receive an enquiry on behalf of seven local lads from the Thurlestone area whether I would be prepared to meet them at Paddington Station, show them round some of the City and go to the match. I readily agreed and was at the Station to watch the train steam in promptly at 5 a.m. Eight young lads arrived, all of whom were, of course, known to me.

In those days there were no less than four Lyons Corner Houses and I planned our day with a view to having a meal at each one of them. We walked from the Station to Bayswater Road, along-side Hyde Park and thence to Marble Arch. Conditions in London between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m. on a Saturday were very different to those to which I was accustomed during my normal working day. Although there were quite a number of people on the streets, no shops or offices were open. It made

me realise, however, that London does not accommodate only those who sleep at night! Our leisurely journey then continued along London's main shopping street, passing Selfridges, His Master's Voice, Lilley & Skinners, D.H. Evans, Bourne & Hollingsworth (which no longer exists), to the Tottenham Court Road Corner House where we had breakfast - at about 7 a.m.! After our meal we then wended our way along Charing Cross Road to Trafalgar Square and saw some early pigeons having their breakfast under the watchful eye of Nelson. We looked at the various buildings which surround the Square - St. Martins-in-the-Fields Church, the National Gallery, Admiralty Arch, Africa House, etc. and then made our way along Whitehall. What an historic street! We had a look at the entrance to Horse Guards Parade with the mounted soldiers on guard. Whenever I pass the Parade now I am reminded of a young French lass who stayed with us and was one of a party of students who had come to England to improve their knowledge of the English language and its pronunciation.

Our tour continued past the Cenotaph, at that time the memorial to those who gave their lives in the First World War. Nearby we saw the facades of the Home Office, the Treasury, the Privy Council, etc., and, of course, entered Downing Street and gazed at No. 10

and the adjoining No.11 where the Chancellor of the Exchequer decides how much money to extract from us - and how to spend it ! We then entered Parliament Square and checked our watches with Big Ben over 300 feet above us. Just after 8 o'clock in the morning ! We saw the various monuments in the Square, Westminster Abbey, the Central Hall, Headquarters of the then Middlesex County Council and above all, the magnificent Houses of Parliament. We entered Westminster Hall and saw King George V lying in State. That was a somewhat eerie experience which I will never forget. Our visit occupied less than half an hour. Later that day crowds queued for hours to pay their last respects to their beloved Monarch who had reigned for over Half a century.

After this solemn occasion we walked on to Westminster Bridge and looked along the River Thames and saw, from one side of the bridge, New Scotland Yard and, on the opposite side of the river, "County Hall", then the London C.C. now the G.L.C. Will this magnificent building soon bear the Notice "Offices to Let" ? Farther along the river we could see Hungerford Bridge with, alongside, the Southern Railway bridge leading to the terminus at Charing Cross. Incidentally, this bridge received a direct hit during the War, as one of Thurlestone's parishioners, Leonard Jeffery, will know because he and I saw the railway lines hanging down into the river when we were crossing Waterloo Bridge. We could see that bridge now, with the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in the background.

By now we were feeling a little weary and, after a welcome cup of tea at Joey Lyons' cafe next to Westminster Station, we entered the station and boarded a District Line train to Tower Bridge Station to have a look at the Tower of London, the Royal Mint and Tower Bridge.

It was then nearing the time when we thought of wending our way towards Stamford Bridge and boarded a bus to the heart of the City and saw the Mansion House, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, etc., all at the junction of Cornhill, Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, Princess Street,

Queen Victoria Street, Poultry and Walbrook. We boarded a No.8 bus going westward to Marble Arch, passing the Old Bailey, the rear of St. Paul's Cathedral, had a glimpse of Smithfield Meat Market, along High Holborn, New Oxford Street, Oxford Street at Tottenham Court Road where we had had our breakfast.

Having alighted from the bus opposite Selfridges we strolled along to the Marble Arch Corner House, and having 'stoked up', we made our way through part of the 361 acres of Hyde Park to Hyde Park Corner Station, boarding a Piccadilly Line train, changing to a District Line for Fulham Broadway. Leaving the station we mingled with and were jostled by the crowds of football fans, including many with broad Devon accents, but they were well behaved and obviously enjoying themselves as much as we were. It is sad that football crowds are now infiltrated by gangs of hooligans who are merely intent on causing disruption and vandalism, both inside and outside the grounds, on public transport and in the surrounding streets.. I no longer have any desire to attend matches because of the risks involved.

Although both Argyle and Chelsea played entertaining football, Argyle's intefest in the cup came to an end but this did not interfere with our continued enjoyment of a "day in London." After the match we returned to the West End and had our third Corner House meal - at the Strand this time !

In the 1930's to improve Theatre attendances, it was possible to acquire two tickets for the price of one and I had obtained four 'doubles' in the same row at the Victoria Palace to see the Show in which Sir Seymour Hicks was the star. However, our party were one seat short so, having arrived at the Theatre I asked to see the Manager and told him my story. He was most sympathetic and -beyond my wildest dreams - gave me a free ticket for a seat in the stalls.

The Show ended just after 10 pm, and with three hours to go before the return journey to Plymouth for the Thurlestone 'boys' we all enjoyed a 'Supper' at the last of the four Corner Houses - in Coventry Street. When I worked out the mileage we had walked that day it came to 27 miles. Phew! No wonder there were some sore feet P.

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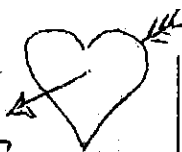
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## A King's Love Letters



Written by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn in the year 1528 when the King was seeking a Papal pronouncement annulling his marriage with Katharine of Aragon.

My mistress and friend, my heart and I surrender ourselves into your hands, beseeching you to hold us commended to your favour, and that by absence your affection to us may not be lessened: for it would be a great pity to increase our pain, of which absence produces enough and more than I could ever have thought could be felt, reminding us of a point in astronomy which is this: the longer the days are, the more distant is the sun, and nevertheless the hotter; so is it with our love, for by absence

we are kept a distance from one another, and yet it retains its fervour, at least on my side; I hope the like on yours, assuring you that on my part the pain of absence is already too great for me; and when I think of the increase of that which I am forced to suffer, it would be almost intolerable, but for the firm hope I have of your unchangeable affection for me: and to remind you of this sometimes, and seeing that I cannot be personally present with you, I now send you the nearest I can to that, namely, my picture set in bracelets, with the whole of the device, which you already know, wishing myself in their place, if it should please you. This is from the hand of your loyal servant and friend.

H. R.

## Snippets of History 2 PORTLEMOUTH

THOSE who know and visit the Portlemouth of today, stepping from the ferry from Salcombe, will probably not know that at one time the access to the village was by a curious rocky pathway cut in steps, somewhat like the street at Clovelly, for donkeys to go up and down.

WHEN the alterations occurred in 1879, this curious and interesting pathway was destroyed, along with many other features attached to the village at that time that had made it extremely picturesque. Of the alterations, the demolition of houses and the evictions that then took place, were reported by the late Professor J.A. Froude in September 1880:-

"Not a mile from the place where I am now writing, an estate on the coast of Devonshire came into the hands of an English Duke (the Duke of Cleveland). There was a primitive village upon it, occupied by sailors, pilots, and fishermen, which is described in the Domesday Book, and was inhabited at the Conquest by the actual forefathers of the late tenants, whose names may be read there. The houses were out of repair. The Duke's predecessors had laid out nothing upon them for a century, and had been contented with exacting the rents. When the present owner entered into possession it was represented to him that if the village was to continue it must be rebuilt, but that to rebuild it would be a needless expense, for the people living as they did on their wages as fishermen and seamen, would not cultivate his land and were useless to him. The houses were therefore simply torn down and nearly half the population was driven out into the world to find new homes. A few more such instances of tyranny might provoke a dangerous crisis."

E.W.

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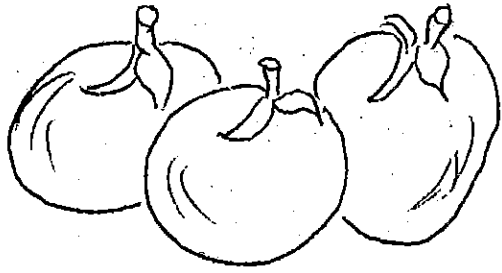
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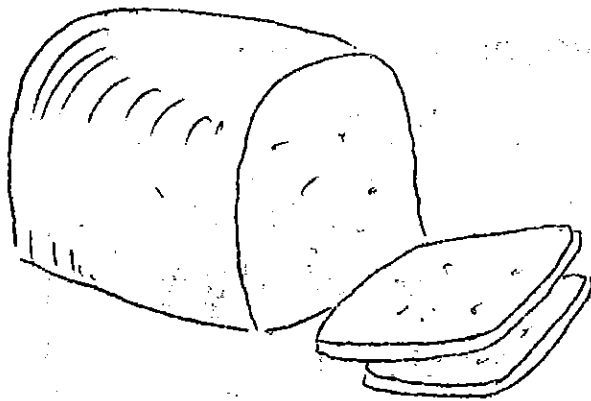
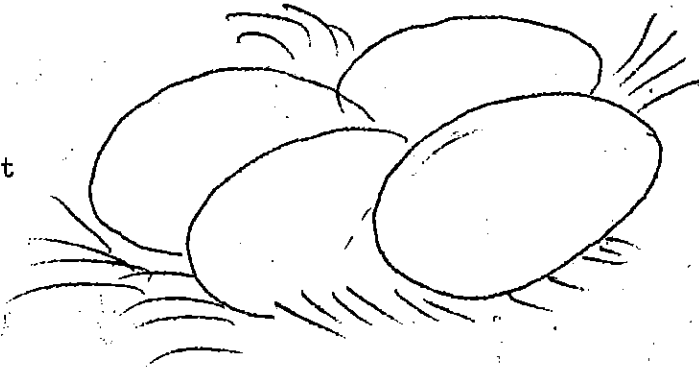
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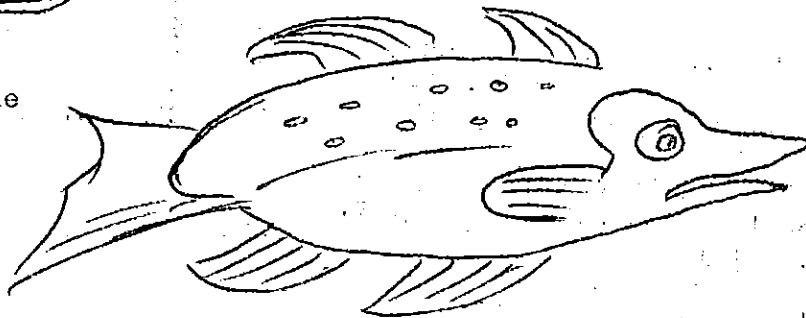
1 pint of MILK has the same vitamin A content as 225g (8 oz) of tomatoes

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1 pint of MILK has the same amount of calcium as 700g (1½ lbs) of white bread

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*Throw it into  
the eye of the  
Devil     °     °     °*

The spilling of salt is a well known omen of bad luck in every home. This probably on account of the fact that salt is a food preserver and was especially valuable in days gone by, when people salted meat to last them over the long winter months - the spilling of salt was considered to be very wasteful indeed. In addition, however, tradition said that Judas, at the Last Supper, knocked over a salt-cellar which immediately brought him into ill-repute for his later actions. The only way in which bad luck resulting from the spilling of salt can be reversed is to throw salt quickly over the left shoulder - into the eye of the devil himself. On no account must salt be thrown over the right shoulder since a guardian angel sits there at all times.

Of course, there are many omens of good luck and bad luck to be observed in countries all over Europe which are very much the same in all homes: such as misfortune following the first sight of a full moon or new moon through a window, or the breaking of a mirror (which incidentally does not signify bad luck but rather a change in luck), or breaking a photograph frame in a home and bringing misfortune to the person in the photograph. This proves that such omens have a common origin whose significance goes back way into the past of all nations and certainly do not belong exclusively to individual countries at all.

Those who implicitly believe in such signs and omens in the household will point out that they are often accurate if interpreted correctly, and the more one studies them the more one finds such omens all around one throughout the year

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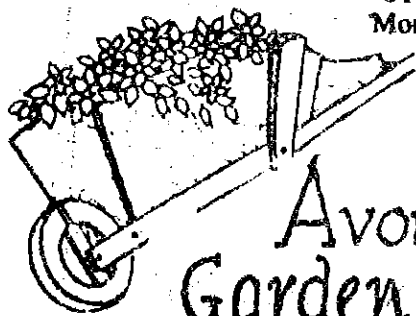
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Many people like a colourful display of plants in their homes, but sometimes find that they fail miserably in their endeavour to keep the plants healthy. Much of the time the reason is not to realise that a plant is a living, growing thing with its own characteristics and requirements, and the importance of a few simple demands being met with.

When it is stated that a plant should be kept warm, light and draught-free positions, it does not mean that it should be placed in full sunlight on a window-sill or over the top of a radiator! In such situations the temperature may well reach over 100° and then plummet down when the sun sinks or the heating is turned off. How can anything tolerate such extremes?

The same reasoning applies to watering. A person, under normal circumstances, would never be deprived of a drink until he or she was on the point of collapse. So why should a plant have to go without water until it has wilted, or the soil has set like concrete? If a small amount of water is then added it will scarcely wet the top inch or two, and the roots at a lower level will still remain parched. The other extreme a plant often has to endure is to have to stand continually in a few inches of cold water, which means the soil remains continually wet and cold, so that the plant begins to rot. Most plants need watering about once a week. Do take it into the kitchen, pour tepid water on the soil and allow it to drain through, or if the foliage does not hang too low down, even plunge the plant up to the rim in a bowl of tepid water, and then allow it to drain, and foliage plants can provide almost as much colour as flowering varieties, and in many ways are less demanding.

Alison Bell

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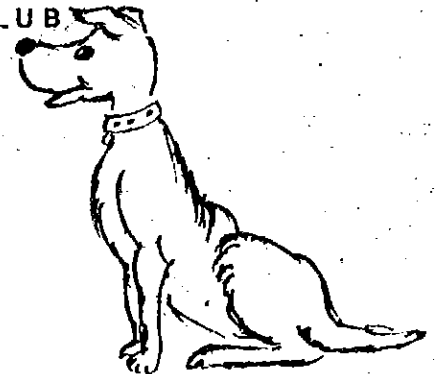
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# The Thoughts of Millie Brooks by Pearl Hawkins



Millie Brooks sighed, switched off her television set, and picked up her knitting again. She tried to concentrate on the intricate pattern, but failed. She really liked to be able to knit and watch at the same time, but the programme had been uninteresting and she had wanted something to numb her mind.

She found these days that it was easy to fall into moods of apathy. When you were young the years stretched endlessly ahead. There were so many things to plan for, old age seemed something that was worlds away. It was something that would come sometime, but one never really connected oneself with its happening. Then suddenly it was there - waiting just around the corner, so to speak. That was, when the moods came over her.

Things would still continue to revolve. Life would go on. Spring - summer, Autumn - Winter. Her not being around would make no difference. So why, she asked herself, did she bother with the everlasting cleaning and cooking, decorating and all the rest of the things that went to make up living? She had always had the secret conviction that she had been cheated of something, she didn't know quite what, and yet when she reviewed the past, going over each phase piece by piece, she knew that things could have been much worse.

Her childhood had not been exceptionally happy or unhappy. Her father had died when she was thirteen, but entering the threshold of youth there had been so much to do, new things, places, people. Making her own way and deciding things for herself. She had grieved for him, but it had passed. Looking back now she remembered her Mother, how she had after a few months' rearranged her life, and plodded on, keeping her grief to herself, and refusing to share it with anyone.

Millie realised now the loneliness her Mother must have suffered, and with it came a sense of guilt. There were so many things she could have done, but then again, when you were young the world was yours, and you tended to take everything it had to offer with both hands. Only now, perhaps, you saw things as they really were.

All the seasons, each one unalterable, each one to be enjoyed in its own way. But how, she thought, could one enjoy Autumn with winter so close. And what after that? Four seasons for nothing - all toil and struggle, unhappiness and pain? The word unhappiness seemed rooted in her mind. Had she ever been really happy? Marriage had seemed at the time to be the very peak of joy and love, but it had not lasted, and now she could not think how she had ever thought so.

This then, was the measure of her feeling of being cheated. She knew she must have been happy then, but the years of strife had blotted out completely the

OVER:---

remembrance and she could feel nothing. The only real feeling now was for her children, grown up and away, but still part of her she felt. She could blame no one. Maybe she herself was to blame - who was to judge. She had done her best but perhaps it was not good enough.

Did everyone feel as she did but were afraid, or would not admit to such thoughts, much less express them? Were her thoughts now a punishment for not grieving for her husband as perhaps she should have done? She had not wept hysterically and shown the usual signs of bereavement. She could not. How often in those unhappy years she would have left him if she had had somewhere else to go, but she had never wished him dead - only to live her own life away from him. Well, now she had the freedom she had longed for but what was she doing with it? Nothing !

The clock went forward, not back, and so must she. Some good had come out of her marriage, her past - there were the children.

Her husband had left her a little money when he died, at least enough to re-arrange her life. In his life he had been frugal, the cause of many a quarrel, but for all that, he had never been a drunkard or a woman chaser, indeed, he insisted on saving in all things, even denying himself pleasures he could well have afforded. Very few conversations passed between them, only such subjects that had to be discussed, generally ending in an argument. Maybe he had felt the same way about her, and would have been relieved if she had left him. He had been dead now for two years. Sometimes it seemed like twenty, sometimes unreal that he had gone at all.

She wondered if they would meet again in the next world, for surely there must be something beyond. Would all the bitterness be obliterated - would things be again as they had at the beginning of her marriage to him. If only she could feel sure there was a devotion and caring that you took to the grave - that there was a life beyond. Perhaps it did not matter now, her concern was for the children - they must never feel cheated. The young were wiser nowadays, they talked more freely, expressing their feelings. She comforted herself with such thought.

She went through, in her mind, all the friends and people she knew, some much older than herself, and discovered to her surprise that there were those who had a different togetherness than the rest. They were the wise ones who had held on to that elusive something which had passed her by. She prayed her children would find it.

Millie suddenly realized it was getting dark and that she was cold and cramped. She must have been sitting there reliving the past for hours. It simply wasn't any good, it could make no difference for what was past - was past. Something someone had said suddenly came to her, "Take each day as it comes and enjoy it", and, "You never know what's around the next bend in the road."

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CONCLUDING: THE THOUGHTS OF  
MILLIE BROOKS

Millie got up and went into the kitchen and put the kettle on, switching all the lights on as she went glancing in the mirror over the mantelpiece. No young thing gazed back at her - nor yet an old hag either. A bit of grey hair admittedly - a few wrinkles - but you could do things with your face and figure these days, and she had a few nice clothes in the wardrobe if only she took the trouble to get them out. The small sitting room would look all the brighter for some lighter wallpaper and some white paint too, she thought. Whatever made her fall into these moods she wondered.

She felt guilty when she thought of all she should really be feeling thankful for. At least she was able to work and had a little place of her own. Many would envy her that. There were friends she could always visit, and a small dog for company - enough money with a little part-time job to ensure her independence if she was careful.

A prayer passed her lips that wherever her husband was he was happy and contented now, and a prayer for forgiveness for herself. Forgiveness for doubting the pattern that the Great Someone, somewhere had created for her, and she prayed for guidance for her children.

Tomorrow was another day, to be lived and enjoyed. She drank her tea, and on a sudden impulse put on her coat, took the dog's lead from

its hook. There was just time to give the patient little fellow an extra run before it was fully dark. She would fill the morrow with all the things that made up living. Everything would fall into the pattern destiny had shaped for her, she no longer felt any need to worry. Let her do what she had to do and be grateful she had the strength. A sense of contentment came over her and a strange peace that she was not alone any more.

PEARL HAWKINS

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Advice on administration, registration, starting a new organisation or club, or for information about registered charities in the County:

Charities Officer, Community Council of Devon, County Hall Exeter EX2 4QD. Exeter 77977 extension 2534

ALCOHOLISM

Groups of Alcoholics Anonymous meet in various centres - details can be obtained by telephoning Exeter 55151. or Devon Council on Alcoholism, Torbay Centre, rear of 11 South Street, Torre, Torquay. Telephone: Torquay 214101.

Village Voice for

JULY/  
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# The ENGLISH OAK

Oak trees are an integral part of England and their magnificent timber used in old time warships, led to the vessels becoming known as 'hearts of oak'. Another striking instance of their timber's lasting qualities was provided by the piles of London Bridge, taken up in 1827 and still sound after six-and-a-half centuries' use. The wood of the bog oak, blackened by the action of iron salts in peat mosses, remains sound for even longer periods.

Medieval architects greatly favoured the oak for building. An outstanding example of their use is in Westminster Hall, whose great roof beams are made of English oak grown from trees in the Sussex Weald that were planted not later than the sixth century. This famous building is said to be the largest hall in the world unsupported by pillars. Although it was badly hit by fire during the Second World War, and the roof, which dates from the reign of Richard the Second, has been patched in places, it remains a magnificent memorial to the lasting qualities of England's oak trees. Beneath this historic roof many of England's rulers have lain in state - not far from Westminster Abbey, where they were crowned, and where stands the fourteenth century Coronation Chair, which like a great deal of the furniture of that and other centuries, and the picturesque half-timbered houses with their stout structural bones of oak, was made of English wood throughout and symbolises England's story, and no tree is so hospitable to living things, some 2,000 insects finding a home within the trees embrace. Mice, rats, squirrels, and birds are all fond of acorns, which are also a useful food for pigs and poultry.

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## When Life really was tough —

On the very edge of destitution there were whole families who lived crowded into a single room, taking it in turns to sleep on whatever passed for a bed. There were others who slept under arches or in derelict buildings and alleyways, which many thousands do today, of course, but my little story belongs to the 1830's.

Few houses had running water - usually there was one street stand-pipe to serve twenty to thirty houses for just one hour a day on three days a week.

The jobs for the very poor were mostly seasonal or match sellers or street hawkers. The children of the poor were regarded as a useful source of income by their parents almost as soon as they could walk. A five year old might well have started earning a few pence learning glove making or lace making, both of which could be done at home, and eight and nine year olds worked in silk mills, or as chimney sweeps. It was not at all uncommon. In cities children were set to pick up cigar ends which could be resold, for which they might receive  $\frac{1}{4}$  a pound, or collecting and sorting bones for 3d. a day, and for those who lived by river banks, mudlarking. What little food the poor could afford was mostly bread, porridge and cheese and vegetable peelings thrown out by others.

Clothes were ragged and many went barefoot, but most were not prepared to trade their tough lives for that of the 'workhouse'

These were the days where a large proportion were condemned to a life of abject poverty, but fear of the workhouse was such that many preferred to face the prospect of starvation and death rather than enter its clutches. The Poor Law of 1834 effectively ended all out-door relief for the poor and replaced it with admission to a workhouse - which was deliberately kept as unwelcoming as possible.

On entering the workhouse they would be 'examined' by the medical officer, made to bathe, deprived of their clothes and possessions and clothed in workhouse 'uniform'. Husbands were separated from wives, children from their parents. Work would be scrubbing and cleaning, breaking stone and for women, unravelling old hempen rope for use as caulking material for boats.

Food served to the inmates was of appalling quality and the rations meagre. Breakfast always consisted of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of gruel for both men and women with 7 oz bread for men, 5oz. for women. On three days 'dinner' might comprise 5oz. meat and 1lb. vegetables - the other four days would be meatless with perhaps 2 oz. bread,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of soup or 14 oz. rice pudding. Children were given relatively smaller portions - no wonder Oliver asked for more! . E.W.

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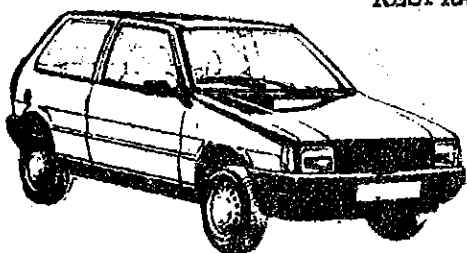
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## Village Voice Cordon Bleu Cook



### HOME MADE COOKED MUESLI

8 oz. rolled oats. 8 oz. wheat or harley flakes. 1 oz. Sunflower seeds  
1 oz. Sesame seeds. 2 tablespoons bran. 1 tablespoon Wheat germ.  
2 oz. Chopped mixed nuts. 2 oz. sultanas. 2 oz. chopped apricots, dates  
4 oz. margarine. 4 oz. honey. 4 oz. coconut. or figs.

METHOD: Melt margarine and honey. stir in all thoroughly and bake in a tin  
for 20 minutes. 190° c. 360° f. Gas 4.

### DIGESTIVE BISCUITS

6 oz. wholemeal flour. pinch salt. 2 level teaspoons Baking powder.  
2 oz. medium oatmeal. 2 oz. margarine. 1½ oz white cooking fat.  
(1½ oz. sugar optional - I prefer them plain. 3 tablespoons milk to mix.

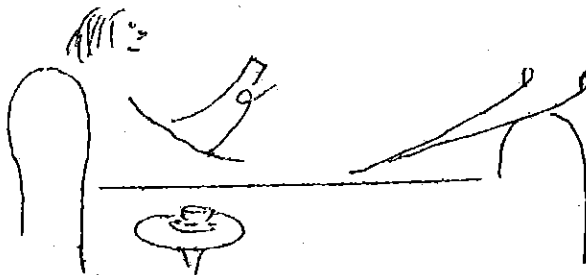
METHOD: Mix all dry ingredients in a bowl and rub in the fats till like  
fine bread crumbs. Add milk to make a dough. Turn on to floured  
board and roll out ¼ inch thick. Cut into round, prick and bake  
in a hot oven until lightly coloured - about 12 minutes.

400° F. 200° C. Gas 6.

## My Spring Clean

Because of the spring, I am making a list  
And another, to list all the things that I missed  
On the first. I am very surprised and impressed  
By the length of each list. Here is the gist:  
To turn out the cupboards, and mop up the dust,  
To oil the shears, having rubbed off the rust,  
To beat up the spiders just when they are nesting,  
To whitewash the cellar, no stopping or resting,  
To tidy the boxroom and throw out the jumble,  
Prepared to look innocent, when people grumble.  
To hang out the blankets and shampoo the rugs,  
And wash all the lamp shades and slaughter the slugs.  
My lists are completed, I'm feeling conceited.  
(I shan't do a thing in the spring.)

SUE



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