

MARCH-APRIL 1986  
Number 23

# The MALTHOUSE Workshops & Gallery

THE MALTHOUSE is a council owned building and when the former occupants Jade Components Ltd., moved to larger premises it was left vacant, but not for long. With the present government campaign for encouraging small new businesses very much to the fore, Kingsbridge Mayor, Mr. John Gillett, conceived the idea of using the once upon a time Malthouse to contain units which could form a base and working space for a number of deserving small local businesses and crafts-people. On Friday 21st. June 1985 the Malthouse was officially opened by Mr. Anthony Steen, our local M.P.

On Saturday 7th December a special Christmas Shopping Day was held. The idea of providing a glass of punch and a mincepie for all prospective customers proved to pay dividends. The old walls echoed with voices, laughter, the clink of glasses and most importantly, perhaps, some money changed hands! That Saturday everyone involved in the project sold something and there was not a moment during the day when the place was empty.

In the winter months The Malthouse may not be thronging with customers and holiday makers, but an interested visitor is sure to find someone quietly working in their unit and would be most welcome to come and have a chat.

At present there are six working units occupied by a fairly wide range of businesses and crafts. SUE BURNER throws, casts, paints and fires POTTERY in her ground floor unit. Sue used to work at The Mill, Ermington, and is married to a teacher at Stokenham Primary School and lives at West Alvington ALISON B. who works next door to Sue is a self-taught WEAVER & JEWELLER. She is engaged to be married and lives in Frogmore. Behind Alison's workshop there is a darkroom where CLARE PAWLEY develops her PHOTOGRAPHS. Clare is married to a writer for The Guardian, and has a son, Oliver. At the moment she is working on the illustrations for a book. The rest of the ground floor is taken up with small displays by each of the members of The Malthouse.

Upstairs there are four more units, an office, an exhibition gallery and the usual facilities. Kate, a former house and needlecraft teacher at Kingsbridge School makes 'GILL PINS', which are quilted leggings. She was born in Kingsbridge, is married to a builder and has two daughters, Juanita and Kirsten. DI. PERKINS is local too, she knits jumpers to order, personal designs in particular. Di. is a qualified caterer, but her knitting hobby has overtaken any other of her aspirations and become a full time job. MICK WEBB was once in the R.A.F., he now frames pictures in the unit next to Di. He is married, his wife being a personal assistant to a company director, and they have a daughter Alice and son Oliver..

So far there have been six local painter's work on display in the exhibition gallery, also-handwoven rungs, Christine Dack's pottery, Lee leaded light work, dried flower pictures and several other interesting bits and pieces.

As for the future, everyone involved in The Malthouse enterprise hopes that it will become a firmly established part of Kingsbridge and surrounding parishes, and a particular attraction to summer visitors as well. However, not only is it hoped to become a regular port of call for tourists, but a source of inspiration and hope for small aspiring businesss. It would even be successful if it became the haunt of young artists searching for ideas or a first chance to display their work to the public.

K.G.

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THE MALTHOUSE IS SITUATED AT 17 EBRINGTON STREET, KINGSBRIDGE

# VILLAGE VOICE

NUMBER 23 - FOURTH YEAR

MARCH- APRIL 1986

Edited and Published by: DUDLEY DRABBLE, 10 BACKSHAY CLOSE, SOUTH MILTON  
Kingsbridge TQ7 3JU. Tel: Kingsbridge 560533

Dear Reader,

..... Writing a final Editorial has not been easy. During the past few weeks I have received a number of letters, so I will start off by quotations from two or three: Dr. Neville C. Oswald of The Old Rectory, Thurlestone, writes:

"Many of us feel sad that this is to be the last issue of Village Voice. We have seen it grow in four years from rather tentative beginnings to a published record of village life in which many contributors have seen their thoughts and experiences recorded in print, some perhaps for the first time. We know the hours of care you have given to collecting, typing and producing our magazine and we are indeed grateful to you."

"What has Village Voice achieved?..... Surely, for all of us who have read with delight successive issues, it will now be remembered for having taught us what Thurlestone is and what it stands for. That is no mean achievement, and one for which you, the Editor, have been wholly responsible."

Then Kendall McDonald writing from his London address: "I can't believe that you are really going to let VV slide away without forcing some poor creature to take over. I will be delighted to help with production once I am down, but that will not be before August 29....."

And Ian C. Young from South Milton: "During the four year's of the Magazine's existence it has provided opportunities for local talent to stretch its wings, business men to advertise their services, and local historians to give newcomers an insight to the history and traditions of their adopted home."

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What can I say? That I am very happy the magazine has been so successful. It ceases production, just for the time being I would hope, because the passing years and my own private battle with cancer some years ago have gradually lessened my physical stamina so that I am finding it necessary to limit what I undertake- and I would rather stop at this point than see a lowering of the present standard.

Though I have quite voluntarily shouldered the 'donkey work' - there could have been no magazine worthy of the name without the excellence of the contributions. The many advertisers have ensured its financial success, but the great help of Parish Council Chairman Peter Hurrell and the people of Bantham and Buckland in raising the money to purchase the large duplicator cannot go without mention. That has revolved well over half a million times to bring you your bi-monthly magazine! The photocopier which John Norris gave to the benefit of the magazine cannot be overlooked, and I personally take my hat off to Peter Bromfield our local dairyman, who has for all four years distributed Village Voice in Thurlestone. And Mary Bromfield, his mother, who delivered them around Bantham and Buckland - a task later taken over by Jean and Peter Hurrell. The Garry Blight cover pictures have often been admired too.

I owe thanks to the Parish Council who were so helpful in agreeing to sponsor and support the publication of Village Voice in the first place, and to allow me such 'freedom of speech' as it were, in publishing it. A recent remark of Lt. Col Leaver, Director of the Community Council of Devon seems a good way to end: He said "We hold up Village Voice as an example of how to do it".

Very sincerely,

*Dudley Drabble*

Dear Resident . . .

A letter of intent from KENDALL McDONALD

I don't know quite how to break this to you. Perhaps it would be best if I came straight out with it. Take a deep breath, me not you, and here goes..... I think you ought to know that by the end of this year - if all goes well - we shall be settled among you !

Well, there, that wasn't too bad was it? And you can't say you didn't have good warning. There's still time to take to the hills, or to flee abroad, or even to stock up with a good supply of spirits to drown this new sorrow.

There's no need to be like that about it! Some of you, we hope, will welcome our coming. There are benefits. Just think of the savings which those of you who send me solicitors' letters can make - now you can give them to me personally and save all that postage.

You needn't think that coming down to live amongst you all was some hasty decision. We've been discussing it for years on and off and we didn't want to leave it too long because then we wouldn't be able to walk up the hill. We consulted everyone we could think of, particularly friends in both London and Thurlestone, and we listened carefully to their advice. Mind you, it was all a bit confusing. Listen to this:

A sixty-year-old London butcher friend: "Good grief! Whatever for? I can't imagine living anywhere but London. Just think of all the things you'll miss...the theatres, the cinemas, the shows, the shops..."

We noticed he didn't mention the dirt, the crowds, the trains and buses where you never get a seat, the crumbling roads, the parking, the towing away for a mere £67, or being clamped, or the pushing and shoving... And as Penny and I rarely go to the theatre or the cinema (and knew for a fact that neither did he!) there seemed to be little about London that we would miss. And as for the shopping, if you can't get it in the village then I suppose there's always Plymouth branches of the London stores.

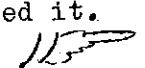
Fifty-five-year-old Thurlestone friend: "Good God! Whatever for? You don't play bridge and you don't play golf. You won't find anything to do down here!"

This comment, I must confess, did put us off for some time. Could he be right? Was there nothing to Thurlestone but bridge and golf? Obviously these twin terrors are something we must seriously consider. But then we thought of the sea, the rivers, the sailing, the fishing, and the diving - and we thought we'd probably find something to do.

"You'll find it cheaper". This comment came from a 45 year-old London woman who spends all her holidays in the South Hams. She has compared costs in London shops - not street markets - and is convinced that she lives better for the same money in her purse on holiday.

"The rates are lower". This from a Devon-based insurance broker. And when we compared like with like he was right. But his wife wouldn't agree about the shopping costs. She thought the South Hams more expensive. She cut down by buying from farm gate offers.

"But surely," I said, "no one buys vegetables around here. You must have a sort of barter system." A real Thurlestonian whose family have lived here for centuries, grinned - "You mean just pop over the hedge and take a cabbage when you feel like it? We used to do that when we were kids. Farmers expected it."



## VILLAGE VOICE

Continuing "DEAR RESIDENT" .....

But don't you try that now. They call it stealing just the same as they do in London!"

The idea that there was no swap shop for vegetables was a bit of a blow. I had had such happy thoughts of trading a few of my asparagus for a pound or two of curly kale. By the way whatever happened to curly kale? We rarely see it in the shops here. But once I'm down I have high hopes of renewing my long-lost love affair with real new potatoes. Were they Arran Pilot, Sharpe's Express or Epicure? You know the ones I mean - the waxy yellow ones with that superb taste?

And so we pressed on asking for opinions of a move to Devon. The thought either horrified people (Londoners mainly) or their eyes glazed over with pleasure at the very thought. There seemed no middle road. And we dithered about it the middle too.

It was a recent addition to the village who tipped the balance hard in Devon's favour: "It's not a matter of money," she said, "there's very little in that. What you'll find when you come down here is that you've gained enormously in the quality of life. It's the quality of life that's so good. Where else could you get such air, such countryside, such peace, such quiet and such nice people?" It wasn't a question really more a statement of fact. So that's it for us!

Now we're tarting up the house up here getting ready to put it up for sale. We're going to live in "Just-a-Cottage until we can find something just a little bigger because I seem to have a lot of books.

I do hope the sound of my typing won't disturb those of you who have found your quality of life already down here. I'll try to be quiet though I do tend to thump the machine quite a bit. I'm going to take it along for sound-proofing before I bring it down. You see I know what I'm going to do - even if I can't play bridge or golf. I'm going to write the great best-selling South Hams historical novel!

And that's no idle threat. I've written the first three paragraphs already. Harold Robbins eat your heart out! Would you like to read them? You would! Well here we go:

" 'Naked as she was born, she was! I tell you I seen her, not just the once, but many times. Coming in all stretched out on the bow of that big yawl, like she was the figurehead...' Cater paused to take a deep swig out of his tankard, conscious that he had the undivided attention of every man in the room.

A sudden gust of wind down the chimney made the fire in the Sloop's back room glow orange, almost white, and a log cracked. A spark flew out of the grey ash of the fire's surround and settled on a mud-spattered boot. The tiny hiss of its dying was loud in the silence.

The same gust of wind made the flame of the candle on the bar try to break free from the wick. Racing shadows made evil the faces turned towards the harbourmaster. 'Naked....' Cater said again. And this time the word, as though nourished with the spirit from the tankard, almost dripped off the tip of his tongue.... "

Good quality of life stuff, don't you think?

See you soon.

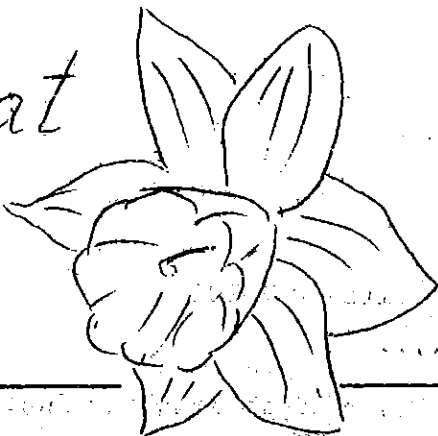
KENDALL McDONALD

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I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the evils of life by mirth, being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles - but much more so when he laughs - it adds something to this Fragment of Life.

STERNE

# Hold that Train — I'm on my way!



WHEN Ern Hurrell left school at 14 years of age way back in 1928, he went to work at the Buckland Flower Farm then owned by the late Mr. Maitland Tribe. Some three years later he was joined by his brother Alf when he also left school, and together they were to learn just about all there is to know about the business of propagating and growing daffodils.

In 1948 Mr. Tribe sold out to Mr. James Hillier and then, eleven years later - in 1959 - the two brothers took over and, helped by their wives and Alf's son Nigel ten thousand daffodils nodded their heads in approval in this lovely village of Buckland. From the end of February until the beginning of May more than fifty varieties were to be seen in this particular area.

If you imagine a daffodil is just a yellow flower heralding the spring you must accept you have little knowledge of the many varieties. To Ern and Alf it could be a Carlton, King Alfred, Dutch Master, Red Devon or even a Rembrandt to name only a few.

It is difficult to appreciate now, perhaps, but in those days of not so very long ago, nearly a 100 boxes of blooms would leave the farm daily for London, Leeds, Birmingham and other towns, as well as going locally to Kingsbridge and Newton Abbot, and Ern recalls that despite competition from the Scilly's and Channel Islands, their flowers had a quicker market because they were fresher. Perhaps one of the reasons was as Ern remembers, that when they were working in the peak of the growing season from seven in the morning until quite late at night picking, bunching and packing blooms, he would realise they were going to be hard pushed to it to catch the train at Kingsbridge - but invariably a quick phone call to the Stationmaster telling him the load of boxes was on its way - the train would be held for the load to be taken aboard!

The daffodil bulbs were left in the ground for three years, then they would be dug up and put through a process of being sterilised to rid them of any impurities. For this purpose they had a large steam boiler and a 1000 gallon water tank where the bulbs were held at a temperature of 112 degrees f. for just about 3 hours - around a ton of bulbs at a time. Of course they would not be replanted in the same ground over the next three years. Crop rotation was essential, and the three acres the daffodil bulbs had occupied would be taken over by potatoes and cauliflowers. Of course, as well as that three acres they had a further eleven acres devoted to tulips, polyanthus, Irises and anemones.

Have you ever tried to grow a daffodil bulb from a seed? It will take a good five years before you will. (if you are lucky!) get a flowering size bulb. After one year you might just detect something like a thin blade of grass, but some wonderful varieties have seen the light of day at Buckland Flower Farm - Clannacombe was one they were very proud of and which took many prizes at important shows, and Buckland Beauty was another very fine example.

Ern recalls when he first started - then living at Aveton Gifford and coming to Buckland on push bike or walking over the footpath via Osborne Newton. In those days they despatched flowers in full bloom with about 18 bunches to a box, and though Ern and Alf are fully retired they look back with no little pride and pleasure on the 50 years of their life on the Buckland Flower Farm. What a sight it must have been to see the thousands of daffodil blooms nodding their heads in the spring sunshine - what a pity Buckland no longer enjoys such a delightful scene.

Walter Dee

# PARISH NEWS

## PARISH CLERK

The forthcoming retirement of the Parish Clerk has called for the appointment of a new clerk, and the Parish Council are pleased to welcome Mr. WILLIAM LADD, of 'Thorntons', South Milton, whose telephone number is 560686.

Bill Ladd will already be known by the Horticultural Show Committee members as their Treasurer, and after many years as a Company Secretary he is well equipped to take over from Dudley Drabble. This will happen gradually. From February 1st. he has been working with Mr. Drabble and will be 'taking over' after the Council Meeting on April 8th.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE

The Village Hall Committee and Thurlestone & Buckland W.I. are arranging a

### FAMILY FUN DAY

in the Garden of THE DOWNS on

SATURDAY 24th MAY

from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

If wet in the Village Hall

More detailed particulars will be circulated later.

## THURLESTONE SEWER

The South West Water Board have now 'reviewed' this little matter and although they have seemingly devised a couple of 'Schemes', (one seems to be based on a proposal of some 20 years ago which was then estimated to cost £170,000 - is revived but costed at £700,000) - and another, a new outfall pipeline - cost £560,000 !

The problem is that they say Thurlestone does not yet qualify to be on the current priority list despite Leas Foot having the most polluted sea water of all South

Hams beaches. It seems another 12 points would have put us in that priority category!

One might ask who decides and on what basis? Unfortunately South West Water have no elected representatives - which really amounts to an oligarchy - being 'ruled by a small group of people' - and highly paid, I'm sure, to care for the needs of the communities they 'rule'!!

As the man said when he lay sick - "It's not sympathy I need, but treatment !"

We must not relax - but press on and on. The number of dwellings still to be erected can only mean even worse is yet to come in Leas Foot sea (bathing) water.

## NEWSLETTER

The Parish Council intend to publish a Newsletter periodically until such time as 'Village Voice' can be re-established.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

When I wrote the Editorial for this issue I was very remiss not to mention my wife. She did not take any active part in the production of Village Voice - but her tolerance in allowing a room of this small bungalow to be piled high with paper and 'machinery', and to bear with me at my moments of fury when the duplicator played tricks and her willingness to comment and criticise when I needed to discuss some item - have been an essential ingredient of a successful publication. !!

## NOTE THESE DATES OF COUNCIL MEETINGS

APRIL 8th., MAY 20th., JULY 1st.,

AUGUST 12th., SEPTEMBER 23rd.,

NOVEMBER 4th., and DECEMBER 16th.

THERE SHOULD BE A SEPARATE NOTICE inserted in this issue announcing the detailed Agenda of the ANNUAL PARISH MEETING to be held on 25th MARCH 1986 in the VILLAGE HALL at 7.30 p.m.

You can always contact the Parish Council Chairman - PETER HURRELL on 560496 or the Vice-Chairman and EMERGENCY OFFICER - Derrick Yeoman on 560607

# *This is something worth saving from extinction*

The young people of South Milton have been very fortunate to have a Youth Club for the past 16 years, and it really would be a great shame if the South Milton Club had to follow the Thurlestone Club into extinction, for the Milton Club is now the only Club of its kind where the youngsters of Thurlestone, Bantham and Buckland can also get together. The Club is almost entirely due to the continuous efforts of Ivy Yeabsley who has always been their greatest champion. Members have the opportunity to get together on Friday evenings in the Village Hall at South Milton for activities such as Table Tennis, Darts, Pool, Chess, Computer Games, and Disco Dancing, with Snooker available for the older members only. They get the chance to compete in inter-club contests, and this year there is a road safety contest as well as the annual competitions such as 'Super Stars' and the Swimming Gala. There are outings also - members have been to Lymington to the Commando Training Centre and when funds permit trips to Plymouth for Roller Skating or swimming are arranged. In August the Club has a Beach Barbeque which is usually well attended and raises funds for the Club and Charity also.

However, because there are currently very few 11 to 18 year old youngsters in the area the Club is floundering. Fewer children mean fewer parents to assist, so there arises a dire need to boost the membership of the management committee. It is essential there are at least two adults present to supervise on Friday evenings, so Your support is desperately needed; even at the level of offering help on two or three evenings a year - without joining the committee, such help would be invaluable.

It would be a shame if the South Milton Youth Club - which now also serves the Thurlestone area, has to follow the Thurlestone Club and close down. If anyone can give a little assistance please contact the Secretary HELEN STERRY on Kingsbridge 560665 - or please come to the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING on FRIDAY 14th MARCH 1986 in the Village Hall at South Milton.

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## *FRIENDS OF THURLESTONE SCHOOL*

Are holding a JUMBLE SALE at 2 p.m. on SATURDAY 1st MARCH in School. Tea and biscuits will be on sale in the hall for 20p. and we hope to have a Bring & Buy and Cake Stalls. Mr. Carpenter will be in charge of the Raffle, for which we should be very grateful for prizes. These can be sent to school and contributions for the Jumble can be accepted in school after half term.

On SUNDAY 16th MARCH at 10 a.m. we hope that parents and children and anyone else will be able to take part in a sponsored cross-country run over the same course as last year. This year the proceeds will go towards a new swimming pool liner, and also the upkeep of our school's Indian boy, Halkaveer Adjab Singh. The school adopted Halkaveer about five years ago when he was six, through Action Aid, and pledged to support him for seven years.

Some years ago, when FTS bought the changing room shed, the far end was equipped as a workshop. It has not been used as such in recent years because the children cannot work there unsupervised. If anyone would like to help the children use this workshop, please get in touch with Mr. Battell.

MURIEL BATTELL

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Never argue with your doctor - he has inside information



# The THURLESTONE Parish Newsletter

Number 1.

1986

MARCH-APRIL

Village Voice has proved so popular for the information and news and views it conveyed I have been persuaded by the Parish Council Chairman Mr. Peter Hurrell to produce this Parish Newsletter until such time as a group of people can get together to publish a magazine. This Newsletter will be distributed every two months through Peter Bromfield with a few spare copies in the village shops - Free !

Please send in notifications of forthcoming events to me, Dudley Drabble, at 10 Backshay Close, South Milton, Kingsbridge TQ7 3JU or phone 560533. The next issue will be for the May-June period and the closing date for that issue will be April 20th.

CLERK TO THE PARISH COUNCIL FROM 31st. MARCH is: Mr. WILLIAM LADD at 'Thorntons', South Milton, Kingsbridge, TQ7 3JU. Telephone 560686.

## UNITED BENEFICE OF THURLESTONE AND SOUTH MILTON

As this issue appears, the Institution and Induction of Prebendary Peter Stephens as Rector of Thurlestone with South Milton will be imminent.

The ceremony will take place at All Saints Thurlestone, on Monday March 3rd 1986 beginning at 7.30 p.m. The Institution will be conducted by the Right Reverend Hewlett Thompson, Lord Bishop of Exeter and the Induction by the Venerable Richard Hawkins, Archdeacon of Totnes.

Afterwards refreshments will be served in the Village Hall, Thurlestone, providing an opportunity to meet the Bishop. It is hoped that all who are able will attend the Institution and Induction to support and extend warm greeting to Prebendary Stephens and his family.

Now the period of interregnum is coming to an end, our gratitude goes to the Church Wardens and Parochial Church Councils of both Parishes, for their highly successful endeavours to maintain a smoothly running continuity between the retirement of The Rev. John Delve and the beginning of Prebendary Peter Stephens' ministry here in Thurlestone and South Milton. The responsibility has fallen chiefly on the Church Wardens and we are especially grateful to them.

We also give thanks to all visiting Clergy and Lay Readers who have helped to make the temporary loss of our Rector so interesting and not at all the grim time we were anticipating.

The Family Services held recently have been well attended and it is hoped to make them a regular feature of our Sunday worship.

The Festival of Easter falls early this year and dates to remember are:

Good Friday - March 28th and Easter Sunday - March 30th. Details of Easter services can be found in the appropriate issue of the Church Parish Magazine or from area representatives.

OVERPAGE:-

Continued from Page 1. UNITED BENEFICE OF THURLESTONE AND SOUTH MILTON:

The Bishop of Plymouth, The Right Reverend Kenneth Newing, will celebrate Holy Communion at All Saints Church, South Milton, on Wednesday March 5th at 7 p.m. Afterwards a buffet reception will be held in the South Milton Village Hall providing a further opportunity to welcome Prebendary Stephens and his family and meet the Bishop of Plymouth.

AUDREY TURNER

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KINGSBRIDGE LOCAL PLAN: FINAL PLAN

The Parish Council have been advised by the South Hams District Council that, subject to printing taking place as programmed the Plan will go on "deposit" on MONDAY 3rd MARCH 1986. The six week period for comments will end on MONDAY 14th APRIL 1986 - so there will be ample time for the Plan - particularly so far as it concerns this parish to be fully debated at the Annual Parish Meeting on Tuesday 25th March at the Village Hall 7.30 pm

Copies of the Local Plan will be available at the District Council offices, at Kingsbridge Town Hall and Kingsbridge and Salcombe Libraries. Copies may be obtained from the District Council at Follaton House, Plymouth Road, Totnes, TQ9 5NE, price £5 plus £1 postage and packing.

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VILLAGE 'SKIP' SERVICE

The South Hams District Council in conjunction with Devon County Council have given the following (provisional) dates for rubbish skips in the parish

THURLESTONE: Adjacent to Village Hall car-park. MARCH 3rd to 7th.

WEST BUCKLAND: Sited in layby MARCH 10th to 14th

BANTHAM. Adjacent to entrance to the Ham. MARCH 17th to 21st.

Please do not overfill. When one skip is full one additional skip will be supplied at each site.

These skips are intended to help residents dispose of their private and personal rubbish NOT TRADE RUBBISH OF ANY KIND.

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SURVEY OF COASTAL BATHING WATERS

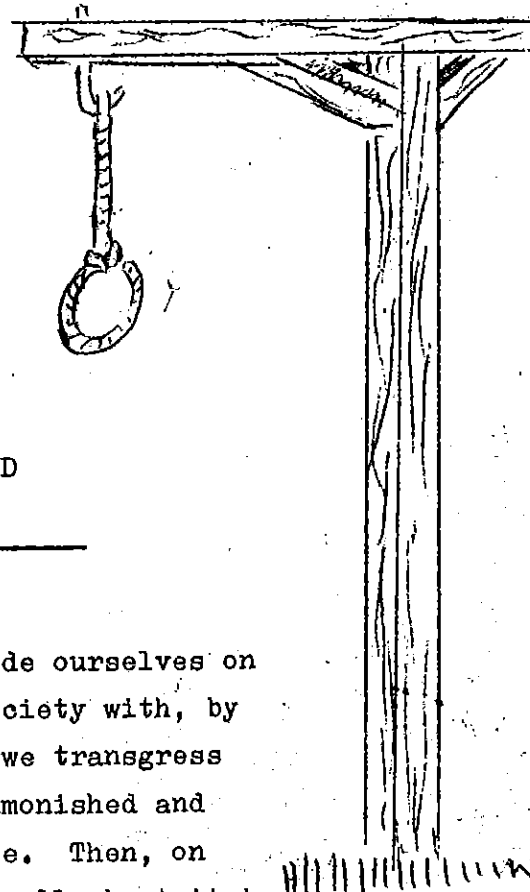
All Village Voice readers (January-February issue) will have read of the District Council survey of the 19 South Hams beaches. Mr. J.A. Wakefield Chairman of the Coastal Anti-Pollution League writes:

"Before you 'whoop for joy' and decide there is no longer any need to subscribe to the League (the Parish Council do!) you should read the DOE press release: 'The purpose of this survey is to collect information. Inclusion of a water does not necessarily imply that the water will be identified in terms of the Bathing Water Directive, nor that it will receive any priority for expenditure. Spending priorities are matters for local decisions'." Mr. Wakefield concludes: "For a Government that is supposed to believe in the European Common Market I find this an extraordinary stance to take." So do I !!

WALTER DEE

# Rough Justice

NEVILLE C. OSWALD



Down here in the South Hams we pride ourselves on living in a reasonably well ordered society with, by and large, a respect for the law. If we transgress and are caught, we can expect to be admonished and fined by the magistrates in Kingsbridge. Then, on the following Friday, our friends read all about it in the 'Gazette' and that's about it, apart from a bit of a shock to the system. It was not always so civilized. Indeed, our forebears often had to put up with pretty rough justice.

In Elizabethan times, the law was administered by Justices of the Peace of whom there were 55 in Devon in 1592 (a year that has been well documented); four of them lived in the South Hams. They were almost all prosperous land-owners who, as eldest sons, had been sent up to one of the Inns of Court in London to let off steam and pick up some legal training before embarking on their orderly lives as local legislators and country gentlemen. In court, they were known chiefly for their intolerance and fondness for hanging.

Quite a lot of people were hanged in Devon - 74 in 1592 - but identification of the site of our local gibbet, or rather the designated spot where it could be erected when required, has eluded me. However, we know that Henry Muge of Stokenham was hanged in chains at the Start for smuggling. Then, going towards Exeter from Aveton Gifford we come to the 'T' junction short of California Cross which the signpost identifies as Hangman's Cross. How sad it is to think that some simple yokel from a nearby village may have been taken there in the back of a farm cart and left hanging in the roadway for passers-by to see; he probably had not done much wrong anyway.

The commonest of all punishments was whipping, especially for first offenders. Alternatively there were pillories and stocks several of which, unaccountably,

are now displayed in or near the porches of our village churches. Branding was ordered for rather more serious crimes. Take the Midsummer Quarter Session in Exeter in 1598, for example. There were 35 prisoners all of whom were charged with stealing animals, goods or money; 8 were hanged (including 2 women), 13 were flogged, 7 were branded and the remaining 7 set free. As a matter of fact, nobody was sentenced to be hanged as such because the JPs, wishing to exercise their knowledge of Latin, ordered that they be 'sus. per coll. (Suspended by the neck). By the time this verdict got down to the Clerk of the Court, he usually entered no more than s.c., whether because he was unsure of his Latin or because he was just plain lazy is, after all these years, uncertain.

With such severe sentences, comparatively few law breakers were brought to court, probably much less than one-half. Instead, friends saw to it that they were not arrested and dealt with them appropriately in their own communities, a custom which has not entirely died out.

Moving on to the 1600s, punishment became rather less severe. Hanging was replaced to some extent by giving prisoners the option of joining the army or being transported, usually to the West Indies. Houses of correction were introduced; sometimes they were no more than stinking dungeons and we find that our man Henry Moore, a "very lewd and dangerous fellow", was confined to one of them for an indefinite period.

Much litigation and punishment related to religious differences, especially in the first half of the 17th century when Puritans pretty well took charge of Devon. They forbade "minstrelsy of any sort, dancing and such wanton dalliances" on Sundays, because they deemed them to be responsible for an "increase of bastardy, of dissolute life and very many other mischiefs and inconveniences." Whilst some virtuous girls must have met their downfall at parish revels and May Games, the rate of bastardy in Thurlestone itself remained comfortably below the national average throughout the period. Surely, the Puritans could hardly expect to do more than dampen temporarily the natural exuberance of full-blooded Devonians, who continued to hold their village revelries until about a hundred years ago when improvements in road and rail transport gave them access to more sophisticated pastimes further afield.

When Queen Anne came to the throne in the early 1700s, several factors were already contributing to improvements in the quality of justice in Devon. Better relations existed between landlord and tenants, religious controversies were in abeyance and local government officers were appointed to ensure that justice was done.

This process has continued ever since.

---

Intercourse with books is my comfort in solitude. For diverting my troublesome fancies there is no resource like that of books; they easily turn my thoughts to themselves and drive out others. They always receive me with the same welcome.

MONTAIGNE

HOWEVER CLEAN YOUR PET and however much grooming and attention it may receive, the sad fact is that sooner or later it will harbour a flea and bring it into the house.

Fleas are reported to be on the increase because they are finding modern central heating an ideal place to settle down and bring up an alarmingly large family.

The female flea is most prolific laying eggs twenty at a time - and may well produce an amazing 400 to 500 eggs in all, usually on the ground in dust, or in cracks or crevices. The length of time for the eggs to develop can vary from around three weeks to many months, depending on the temperature and humidity, and since the flea is a small armour plated insect with the ability to leap as much as 200 times its own length, the chances of your pet escaping during the 'flea season' - warm humid weather usually - cannot possibly be ignored.

Another rather unpleasant side issue of the flea is that they may also be carriers of tapeworm eggs, and a cat or dog may become so infected after licking or grooming itself and swallowing a flea - for fleas are an important intermediate host for the tapeworm.

Dogs suffer the specie (C.canis); cats (C.felis) but they can also be hosts to the human flea. (Pulex irritans) !

Fortunately your vet or your chemist has quite a range of 'medicants' to cope with the problem!

W.D.

**Philippa Sayer**

(Cordon Bleu Trained)

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# **T A X I**

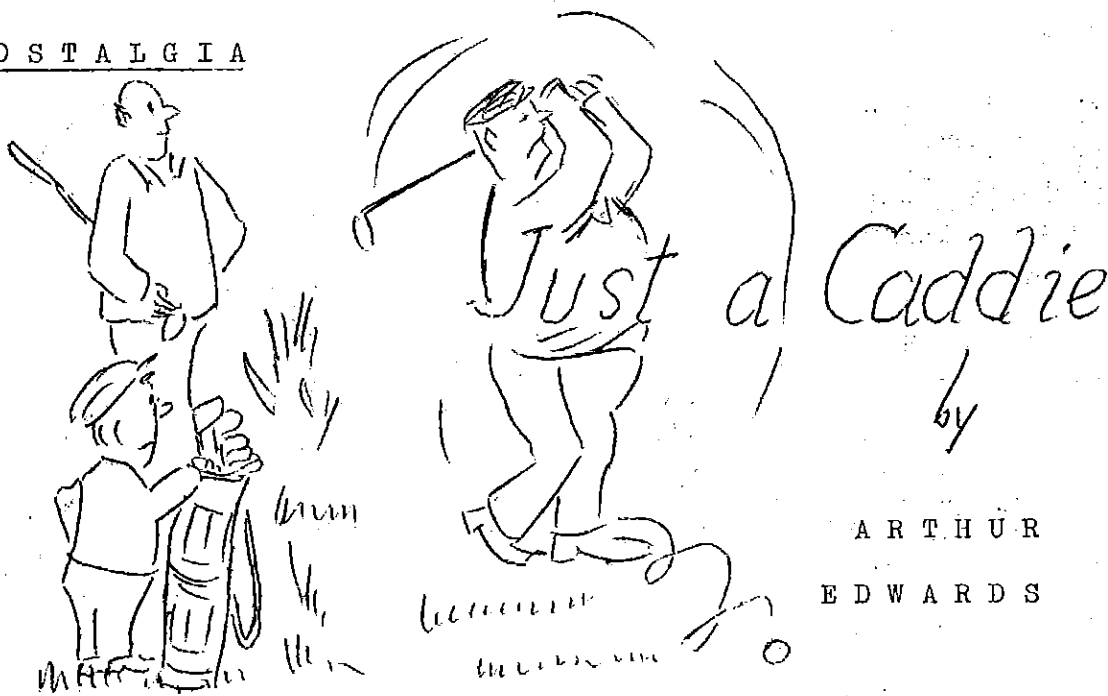
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I must crave forgiveness from Kendall McDonald for the title !

I am certain this small contribution to 'Village Voice' will not be as interesting as his story of modernising an ancient cottage was - and still is !

Whilst on holiday from school during the summers of 1923 to 1928 I was one of those who caddied for the golfing visitors, and the more affluent residents of Thurlestone, who enjoyed playing on the beautiful Thurlestone Course, which offers such scenic pleasure to add to an enjoyable pastime.

I had lost my father when I was only seven years of age and my Mother had to work very hard to support me. No child allowances in those days. I originally went to Primary School in Thurlestone but later attended Kingsbridge Council School at Dodbrooke where Mr. Reeves was then the Head. His Deputy was also a Mr. Reeves and, at times, the similarity of their names could cause confusion!

My Mother, having decided that only the best education available was good enough for her Son made up her mind I must go to Kingsbridge Grammar School. However, such was my deficiency in ability, according to Mr. Reeves, that he decided that it would be a waste of time to allow me to attempt to obtain a Scholarship and, if I went to the Grammar School, my Mother would have to pay the fees which, to her, must have been astronomical.

She decided there would be no problem but, even at that tender age, I knew differently and decided to try to earn a few bob to enable me to contribute.

In the early 1920's it was not difficult for golfers to go to the First tee, wait, perhaps, for five or ten minutes for those who had preceded them to drive off and then follow. Later, however, they had to enter their names on a Time Sheet the day before to be sure of a round, and if they did not arrive on the tee by the appointed time they had to forego their round unless someone else defaulted.

The drive at the First was downhill between banks of gorse bushes, across the road which ran in front of the Clubhouse which linked Thurlestone with South Milton, then over the stream before, hopefully, depositing the little white ball on to the fairway. Some balls ended up in the gorse not many yards from the tee, others landed in the stream or in the sand on the seaward side, or in the field on the left. The poor Caddie then had to find the wayward balls, at times, this was a profitable occupation as other balls, lost by previous golfers, came to light. These were pocketed and later sold to the Professional - not one of the TV specimens but none other than a Mr. Coombes. He would pay as much as six whole pennies for an unmarked ball. They were later sold at bargain prices ! I recall seeing an amusing sign on the First tee which some wag had borrowed from one of the narrow stretches of road - DRIVE SLOWLY FOR THE NEXT MILE !

115

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**Continuing JUST A CADDIE.....**

The 2nd hole was very short, running almost at right angles to the 1st fairway, and ending just short of the sandy section of the old road to South Milton. The 3rd. tee was at the side of the sandy road and the green far away on the horizon. Not far from the tee was a narrow stretch of sand followed immediately by a deep pit. There was an uphill climb to the green with, on one side, the dear old gorse bushes adjacent to the first tee, and on the other side, the edge of the cliff. Those who did not keep their eye on the ball often gave the caddie another opportunity to go hunting ! Hole No 4 terminated near to the edge of the cliff - the home of many a wayward ball. Later one reached the 7th tee with the green about 140 yards away. There was no fairway, as such, the ground between the tee and the green being covered with long grass with well worn paths as a guide to the golfer. The green itself was surrounded by bunkers and more long grass. After hole No 8 holes 9 to 11 ran alongside the cliff. At times the fairways were so dry that a well-hit ball to the right often ran away towards the cliff edge - and the sand below was yet another hunting ground for the Caddie !

I always appreciated the 12th green for the wonderful panoramic view - to the left Bolt Tail, and the Thurlestone Rock. On a clear day Eddystone lighthouse. Unfortunately a 'clear day' meant rain to follow with such vision.

The next hole to justify special mention was, in my opinion, the 16th, with its green on no less than six different levels - three pairs of two, and so far as I can recall its length was 655 yards - more than a third of a mile! Alas, for the poor Caddie, no scrounging in beautiful gardens for along the left hand side for more than half its length stood the 'posh' houses, and I can still recall the names of several of the lucky owners, several of whom were golfers who had a regular supply of little white balls !

15

## BRIDLEWAYS & FOOTPATHS

The Annual Report of the Heritage Coast says a survey of the Coast Path has shown a variety of deficiencies such as lack of signposting, damaged surfaces and areas of poor drainage, some of which has been put right whilst others are programmed for work in the near future.

During the year almost 100 new signs and way-markers have been provided on the extensive network of footpaths and bridleways. Further work is required to replace some old signs, and generally improve the standard of way-marking. Further improvements have been made by the repair and maintenance of stiles and gates, clearance of blocked paths and repairs to erosion and the surface of paths. Thurlestone looks forward to this continued work on the footpaths.

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Continuing 'JUST A CADDIE' by Arthur Edwards

At long last came the welcome sight, certainly for the Caddie and, at time I am sure, for the tiring golfers also, of the 18th green at the top of the hill. At the end the Caddie would disappear from the scene with instructions to clean the clubs. A sixpenny tip for this service was a welcome bonus !

There were times, of course, when the services of a Caddie were not required. This was the time to go scrounging around the gorse and long grass areas, the cliff edges and even the sands in search of lost balls and even if no balls were found, scrounging helped to pass the time !

My knowledge of the way golf should be played, by watching the experts, paid dividends over twenty years later when I was in the Army. I was stationed at the H.Q. of 1STC Royal Signals, Catterick Camp, Yorkshire, and there was a golf course alongside the Camp. One of my 'mates' was a Scotsman who, as may be expected, played golf, and in off-duty hours he was on the Course and I used to accompany him and use his clubs. One day I was told the C.O. wanted to see me, and wondering what I had done to merit the CO's wrath, I reported in some trepidation. To my surprise he told me he understood I played golf! He also said that one of the Unit's golf team had been posted and a replacement was required. "Was I interested?" I could hardly believe that I was in the army facing my Co! Of course I was interested but pointed out I had no clubs. "No problem", he said, "there's a spare set, get used to them by Friday." By Friday I had obeyed 'orders', and left with the Team for Whitby. I lost one game but managed to be all square in another. From then on I was away with the Team for most week-ends and had a marvellous time, even though I lost more games than I won - and the highlight for me was in a game on the Yorkshire Championship Course at Ganton. I 'fluked' a hole in one - although I searched all the surrounding rough before my opponent told me my ball was in the hole!

A.E.

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## The ancient Village Church at Thurlestone

Local people know their Church well, but the newcomer to our Parish and the visitor these few lines will perhaps be of interest. The present building dates from early in the 13th century, the oldest surviving portion being the north wall of the chancel with its narrow lancet windows. The church at this period consisted only of a nave and tower, but during the 15th century considerable additions and alterations were made. First the Lady Chapel was added; later its west wall was taken down and the present south aisle added. The fine pillars of Dartmoor granite were erected between the old nave and the new south aisle, and the tower was raised in height. The next addition was the south porch with its interesting granite carvings which were erected during the reign of Henry VIII. The present priest's vestry was built in 1913, replacing an earlier one that had fallen into disrepair. As with many old churches, parts have been rebuilt at various times.

In the course of centuries the foundations of the tower had sunk unevenly producing a definite tilt eastwards. During the incumbency of Revd. Peregrine Ilbert (1839-94) the upper part of the tower was taken down and rebuilt; hence the 'kink' that can be seen. The south wall was rebuilt in 1904.

It is worth noting that at that period the community was entirely agricultural, and no wealthy patrons lived in the parish, so that the considerable sum needed for repairs - £3,500 - was raised by a large number of small efforts over many years.

(Source) Guide to the Parish Church.

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## *The Victory of Ellen Doyle*

CHARLOTTE STOPFORD

oo00oo

Aidan Brennan, in his Sunday clothes sat on the edge of the table under the window in the kitchen, looking as he felt, extremely sulky and uncomfortable beneath a volume of indignant speech from his mother. The Brennan family had attended Mass that morning, but it is to be feared that any edification they might have derived from their devotions and Father O'Meara's excellent discourse was obliterated by the startling announcement of the banns of Aidan Brennan and Ellen Doyle, this being the first intimation that the young man had given to his parents of the step that he intended to take.

Such surprises were not uncommon in their class of life, especially where opposition was to be expected; but unpleasant experiences were bound to follow, and Aidan, after having slipped off from the chapel door with his sweetheart and her sisters and spent the afternoon in her society, had now returned home prepared to face the worst.

It may be said once for all that Dan Brennan was a moral coward. There was no reason why he, a man of three and twenty, in good health and constant employment, should not take to himself a wife; but he had good cause to fear the strength of his mother's character and the bitterness of her tongue, and he knew instinctively that no daughter-in-law would please her but one of her own choosing.

Mrs. Brennan was a masterful woman and a fond mother; she loved power, and felt she positively hated the clever, capable girl who had set her fancy on the good-looking, stupid Aidan and had lured him from his dutiful allegiance. Mrs. Brennan had, moreover, had the spending of her son's wages for several years past, and chose to ignore the fact that they were mainly spent for that son's benefit, she herself being in receipt of a comfortable pension and free gate lodge and practically independent. His ingratitude to his poor old parent was, therefore, one of the chief themes of her discourse, which ended with the sarcastic inquiry as to how he expected to set up housekeeping and pay the expenses of the wedding since, as she vehemently declared, "not a penny-piece would she be giving him towards it."

Overpage:::

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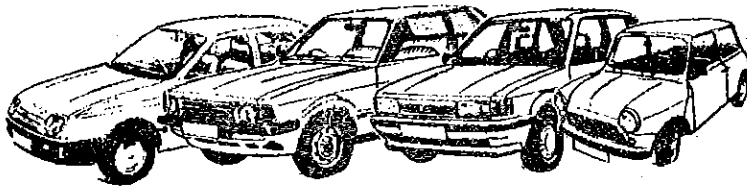
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Stung at last into speech and confidence the young man retorted: "I'm not asking you; 'tis herself that's doing it all. She knows I've nothing, and she says the price of a few chickens she has got reared will do whatever we want just now, and there'll be room and to spare for us in her father's house." After this outburst Dan betook himself out of the kitchen and was seen no more till night.

During the weeks that elapsed between the calling of the banns and the wedding very few words passed between mother and son. Mrs Brennan spent many hours whilst he was away at work in washing, mending, and patching Aidan's scanty wardrobe, so that, as she expressed it, the boy might go from her decent. There was nothing really to be said against Ellen Doyle except that she was not a neighbour's child, her father having only settled in the parish within the last few years. Her character for good management and industry was beyond reproach; a widower's eldest daughter, she had brought up a flock of brothers and sisters, and, in the opinion of the neighbours, "the young slips she was sending to school were a credit to her."

The wedding took place in due course, and Mr. and Mrs. Aidan Brennan took up their temporary residence in John Doyle's already overcrowded cottage. The bride had no intention of remaining there, but had wisely reflected that, taking all things into consideration, she had better secure her man first and her house afterwards!

Then came Friday, the working-man's pay-day, and a new and perplexing problem presented itself to poor Aidan's mind. Could he, dared he, withhold his wages from the mother who had claimed them ever since he was able to earn? He shuddered at the remembrance of the beating he had received when, once as a little boy, he had dared spend an undue proportion on his own pleasure. He thought of his mother's regular demand for his money on Friday evening, invariably followed by the return of the sum she considered sufficient for his weekly pocket-money. What should he do? No words on the subject of money had passed between him and Ellen, the fact being that she took for granted that what was his would, when pay-day came, be hers also. But the idea struck him: Did she want it as much as his mother who lately had been always talking about her small means? Had Ellen money, or was John Doyle perhaps a comfortable man? Anyway, he had never had cross words from his wife as yet, and he knew his mother; so finally, his steps led him on Friday evening to the old home, and the money was paid into the accustomed treasury with the sulky remark: "Ye'd best take it; I'm not wanting it just now."

Mrs. Brennan (senior), did not choose to betray the surprise she felt, and Ellen also said little when her husband confessed to her the disposal of his finances. She felt that the situation required careful handling, and merely observed that Dan had a right to do what he liked with his own, and that as long as she knew where she was she had no objection. But she thought over the matter and laid her plans.

The following morning when Aidan appeared in the kitchen, where his wife was laying breakfast, she requested him to run over "to Mrs. Dooley's down the road and get the loan of her bucket; Overpage;;;

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If Dan were to take the way across the fields, she added, he would be there and back in no time.

Aidan started on the errand without delay, but the way across the fields proved far longer and more puzzling than he had been led to expect; and on his return with the bucket all signs of breakfast had disappeared and an imperious wife bade him hurry off to his work. His request for something to eat was met with scorn.

"Breakfast, is it? Go to them that has your money and get it there!" and, seizing Mrs. Dooley's bucket, Ellen Brennan retired into the inner room and banged the door.

Hungry and downhearted Aidan repaired to his work, and longed as he, even as a boy, had never longed for the ringing of the dinner-bell, bringing the welcome troop of women and girls with their baskets and parcels. But no one came for him, and, really sick and faint for want of food, he lay gloomily on the ground apart from the others and pretended to sleep.

"What's ailing you, Dan?" said a voice after a while, and, opening his eyes, he saw his Uncle Peter gazing at him with concern.

Poor Aidan's troubles had often been confided to the worthy old ploughman's ear, but never before had they been received with such uncontrollable laughter. Finally, however, after very plain expressions of his opinion of Aidan's wisdom, he

marched him off to his mother's house and peremptorily desired her to give the lad a bit of dinner and the few shillings she had taken from him the day before. And she obeyed!

So the battle between the two women was fairly fought out, and from that day Aidan Brennan's destiny was controlled by his victorious wife. She proved a wise despot, and, as years went by, and 'granny' grew feeble, she, too, found herself submitting to Ellen's sway. By that time, however, each had learnt to know and trust the other.

I saw them one day; the kitchen was clean and still, the two women were seated silently together, and in one corner, amidst a drapery of muslin, lay a tiny waxen figure with a candle on either side.

"We're waking poor little Mary," said the grandmother softly, as she led me to the cradle, whilst the mother gazed away into the fire. Such experiences as these had drawn their hearts together.

=====

FROM THE "BIRTHS" column of the Guernsey Evening Press: "Betts - on May 26 1985. Debbie and Keith are delighted to announce the arrival of all 8½lb of Benjamin, a brother for Mark. Thanks to all concerned. Keith would also like to announce the imminent arrival of mother-in-law, weighin in at rather more, and intending to stay just as long".

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# VALUE FOR MONEY?

The District Council has approximately 380 full-time permanent employees, plus an additional 50 or so part timer's, said to be the equivalent to 23 on full-time - and, of course, during the summer season extra people are employed on services with increased demand.

Employees are located at Headquarters, Pollaton House, Totnes; Depots at Dartmouth, Kingsbridge, Plympton and Totnes; Dartmouth Ferry, Salcombe Harbour and Kingsbridge Sports Centre. In addition there are wardens of sheltered schemes for the elderly in various parts of the District.

To give you some little idea of what all these employees are a doing of let me tell you some 28 are concerned with car parking and the Ferry. 37 are concerned with Parks, Open Spaces, Leisure Facilities - which includes the Sports Centre. 56 or so are concerned with Public

Health - Environmental Health Inspections, Public Conveniences and Street Cleaning with a further 50 on Refuse Collection. The Planning Services - the folk who make sure you don't build in the wrong place, or put up a structure with a flat roof instead of a pitched roof, and make all these Plans for the Future of our communities - well, they need somewhere around 52 staff. Then the Housing Services, including Warden Accommodation and maintenance of Council Houses absorbs an office staff of 60 and a 'working staff' (!) of a further 70 or so, and, bringing up the rear are Other Services - Beach Safety, Rent Allowances, Rate Rebates, Electoral Registration requires 46 office staff and 24 'manual workers'. You should know how your money is spent on all these various Services because it is normally detailed on your Rate Demand - and it won't be so long before that drops through your letter-box.

One must not forget that apart from rate money and Government Grant money, your District Council do draw in a substantial amount from Council House rents, Car Parks and the Ferry Service, Agency fees from South West Water (around a quarter of a million plus!) . Planning and Building Control fees also now realise around £150,000, and the growing number of Industrial Estates is also an increasing revenue producer. All of which is quite enlightening.

I wish the South West Water Authority would make such information available. If the sewerage rate money taken out of Thurlestone every year were to be spent on Thurlestone - we should have had a gold plated sewerage system years ago.

WALTER DEE

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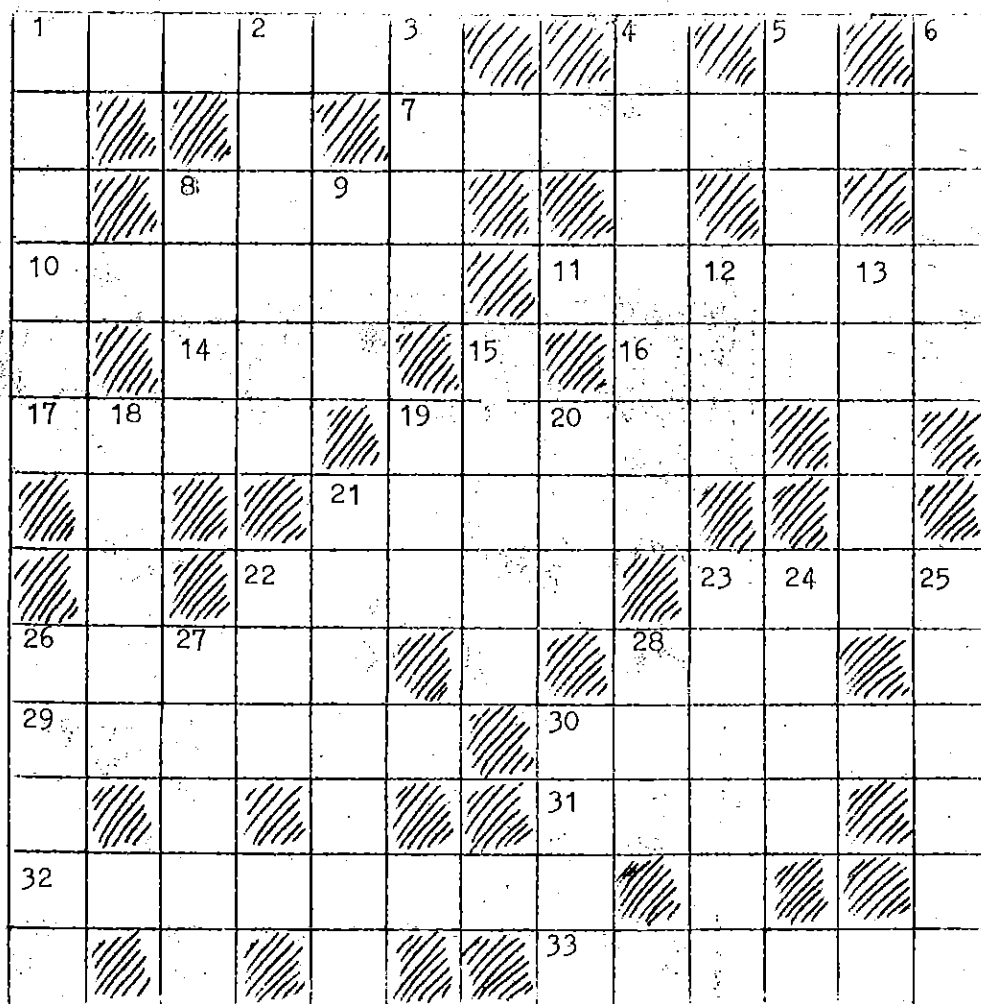
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Compiled by Arthur Edwards

# THE TEN MINUTE PUZZLE

**ACROSS:** 1 Row (6) 7 Stance (8) 8 A stout pole (4)<sup>10</sup> Not the shallow one (6)  
 11 Esteem (6) 14 Ancient (3) 16 Narrow roads (5) 17 Meshes (4)  
 19 Strapped (5) 21 On the wagon (5) 22 Cockney Heat (5) 23 Secures (4)  
 26 Matrimonial partner (5) 28 Pot (3) 29 Crows (6) 30 Chess piece (6)  
 31 And (4) 32 Outlives (8) 33 Fences (6)

**DOWN:** 1 Fruit tree (6) Parts of a coat (6) 3 Protect (4) 4 Roof Musician (7)  
 5 Flower (5) 6 Relinquishes (5) 8 Espy (4) 9 Too (3) 12 Crazy (3)  
 13 Governs (5) 15 Tag (5) 18 And (5) 19 A wee dram (3) 20 Through (3)  
 21 Printing aid (7) 22 Poetry (3) 23 Over (6) 24 Within (4)  
 25 Pages (6) 26 Metal (5) 27 Tusk (5) 28 Chum (3) 30 Money (4)

SOLUTION ON ANOTHER PAGE.

**CRYPTIC PUZZLE.** ACROSS: 1 Avoids direct answers (6). 7 West & East (8)  
 8 Except the Orient (4) 10 Does he pay attention? (6) 11 An airline with a broken  
 limb-the hound! (6) 14 Beat it with a trump (3) 16 Southern apparel, curse it! (5)  
 17 Hurry up for the waterside plant (4). 19 Started with an appeal & had some fun (5)  
 21 Music ending with a little work (5) 22 Trainee, the rotter with a celestial  
 vista (5). 23 Amuse the court (4) 26 Essential with some tea in a small bottle (5)  
 28 With it between 100 & 1000 (3). 29 Loved to make a fuss with a colour (6)  
 30 Rush hour traffic often is (6) 31 Palindromic group (4) 32 Shaped like a  
 pamphlet? (8) 33 Alcoholic cream, perhaps (6)

**DOWN:** 1 Not the kind used in a bakery (6). 2 The hen uses it when driving,  
 perhaps (6). 3 Cut reduced by 5 for a prophet (4). 4 She compensates (5,2). 5 Burn  
 a southern dean (5). 6 On target (5). 8 One sided bowling (4). 9 The start of a  
 hole (3). 12 A beard with two points? (3) 13 Playful birds (5)<sup>5</sup> Half a number follow  
 us for the composer (5). 18 A Frenchman unravelled it (5). 19 Will there be 500  
 sleeping in it? (3) 20 Procured in the past (3) 21 Sad because there is no room (7)  
 22 Was this vehicle so called because it is French? (3) 23 What a mess! (6)  
 24 Pip is often followed by her (4) 25 Only one under the eight, perhaps (6)  
 26 Victory with a possible cane (5) 27 Trips to a French town (5) 28 A Mixed  
 alphabetical start for transport (3) 30. Discordant bottles (4).



# THE SLOOP INN

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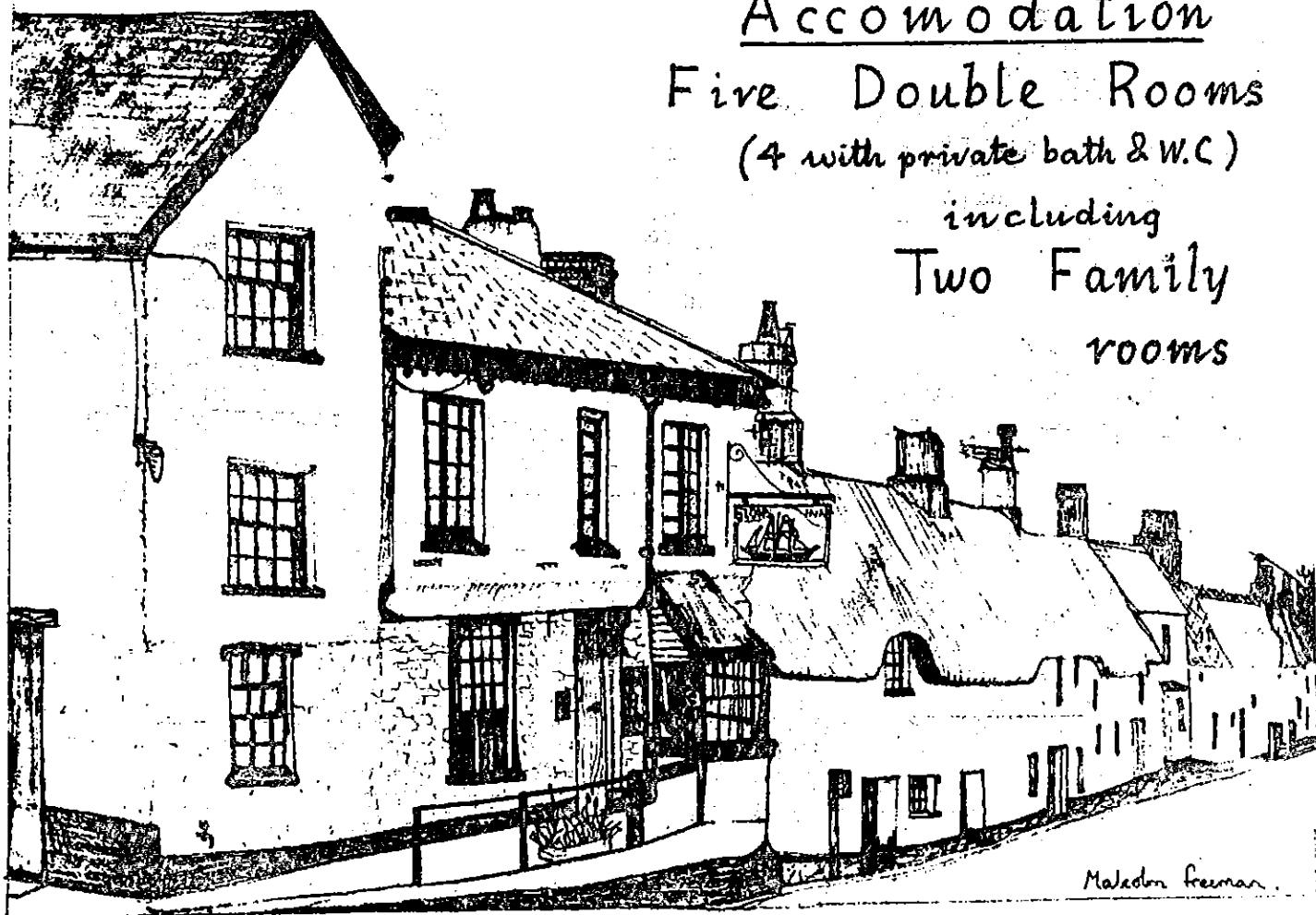
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Dorothy arrived at her grandmother's home wearing a very fashionable and very backless evening gown.

Said Grandmother: "It's shameful. I hate to think what your mother would say if she saw you in that dress."

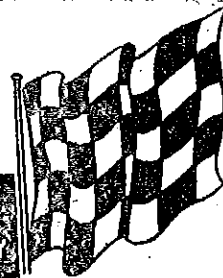
Said Dorothy: "So do I - because it's hers!"

A beauty shop is a place where men are rare - and women are well done!

A man went to an insurance agency to apply for life insurance. The Agent inquired: "Do you drive a car?" "No", replied the applicant "Do you fly?" "No". "Sorry", said the agent curtly "but we no longer insure pedestrians."

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# SAIL —

## *The Surviving Tradition*

There is a growing interest in traditional wooden vessels, most noticeably on the East Coast of the U.S.A., but also in Great Britain and Northern Europe. Attracted by the beauty of their lines, and their elegance under sail, enthusiasts are preserving or restoring old sailing ships and reviving the construction of extinct boat types. Sail training schemes for teenagers are now well-established and chartering wooden sailing ships is becoming increasingly popular.

In 'Sail: The Surviving Tradition' Robert Simper has charted the development of this phenomenon and considers the new roles played by these vessels as well as the more traditional tasks of working vessels.

The second part of the book is in the form of a gazetteer, listing over 250 surviving sailing ships from four-masted barques to Essex coast smacks. Each entry contains details of the constructions of the vessel, together with an outline of her history, and the areas in which she is likely to be seen. The book is illustrated throughout with photographs of the author's extensive personal collection, and will prove an invaluable companion for all those who own, restore, sail, or merely love looking at traditional sailing craft.

(Conway Maritime Press  
London - excellent  
illustrations, 162 pp)

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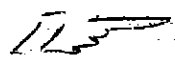
DELIVERIES EVERY THURSDAY

# Concluding the William Harvey Memories of Thurlestone

Now, this is my last story...

The Drag, which I pulled for the South Pool Hounds, one morning. I forgot to say that the huntsman and his hounds stayed at the farm for the night and, when morning came, as usual, I was out milking when up came Maister and Perry, saying the usual "Good Morning", and said that it was a nice day to give the hounds a good run. I said, "What are they going after, there are no hares on this farm?". Silence for a moment and then Mr. Broad said, "Ah, that's where Mr. Perry and I want your co-operation. What we would like you to do to make things a bit exciting would be to have this rabbit skin on a bit of string. Pour some turpentine in the skin..." I was given all the 'what to do and what not to do', like handicapping my foes by picking up the skin and dropping it every so often. I said, "It sounds pretty grim to me. How much start am I going to get?". "Well," says Perry, "you will get an hour's start, but mind you do pick up the skin and run a few hundred yards and drop it, and so on, and make your way to Kerse Bracken." I guess that was a mile and a half from Western Lower Downs. I got to the starting point and away I go. I ran for about three parts of an hour and looked back and listened. Then I heard the hounds not many hundred yards behind me. A cold shiver went up my spine, and then I ran like 'ell. My first thought was a tree, but there was not one in sight. I crossed the Thurlestone-Kingsbridge road, jumped a gate and stopped. There was a wind-swept oak tree on top of the hedge in a freshly ploughed field belonging to Farmer Stidston. My heels brought up stones and hit the back of my head while I was running. I just made that tree, which was only a few feet high, but it was tall enough to save my bacon. The villagers told me afterwards that the hounds went so fast the riders had to break off and make for the main road. When Perry arrived he said, "what a lucky little oak tree for you!" I was winded and frustrated and told him to go to blazes, and that was the first and last time I'd ever attempt a task like that.

I often think of that adventure. Well readers, I made up for it the following year, and I often think of that too. Sometimes I regret what I did - but I had some fun. Maister and his friends collected some hares and planted them in the farm grounds, to make for a real hunt. The Hunt arrived and there was what they call a 'stirrup cup' - drinks all round - but not for me and Owen Masters, as we were in the cellar drinking cider until the Hunt moved off, then we approached the house opposite the farmyard, and made our way to the



## William Harvey's MEMORIES....

the kitchen door. When the lady's maid asked, "Haven't you had any drink?" The answer was "No"! "Well, help yourselves, there's plenty of it here," said Miss Welch. That was her name and very well known to us. She was a friend of Miss Mary Broad.

What we drank I can't really remember until I said, "Owen, o' chap, we've had enough", and off we go to see the hunt. When a rider went by with a red coat I asked how many huntsmen did they have with a pack of hounds. Well, they had a good run over the farm and caught one hare. Then they went further afield and scattered. Maister followed them up on his pony and left me to carry on with the work. I felt like nothing on earth!

Well, it was milking time, and I sits down and completed milking seven cows out of twenty and turned them into a field. Miss Broad said, "Bill, is this all the milk there is tonight?" "Yes, I'm afraid so" I replied. "Well, can you explain it?" "Yes, I blame the Hunt. The cows were running about the field with their tails cocked in the air with so many dogs about." "Ah well," she says, "perhaps we shall get a better yield in the morning." And there was a double amount. When I drove the cows in, I deeply regret to say it, they were squirting milk onto the road. I often think about that, but I never bragged about it, because it was a callous and cruel thing to neglect milking cows - but when drink's in - wit's is out Before I finish I must tell you

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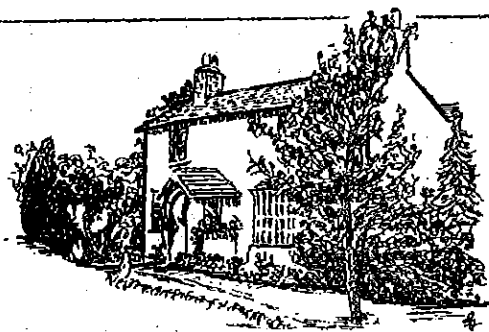
Kendall tells the story of his renovation of Just-A-Cottage and delves into the history of Thurlestone. And, as he says, "Once the door of the cottage is opened to it, my story goes rushing out into the South Devon countryside."

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## WILLIAM HARVEY'S MEMORIES concluded

when the Boss said one day "Bill, put on your best bib and tucker, put Tommy in the trap and drive Miss Mary and her friend to Modbury. When we gets to Modbury I asks, "What time do I fetch you tonight?" "Oh," said Miss Mary, you are coming to Plymouth with me. Put the horse in the stable." This was the first I knew of it, but without argument away we goes. Gets to Plymouth - we were all looking in shop windows and I felt a proper 'Charlie' hanging on to the apron strings of two womenfolk. I was just 15 years old and Miss Broad gave me half a crown which I took as a sure sign they didn't want me, so I made my way up to the Hoe when they weren't looking. First time I'd ever been to a big town. Whilst I was walking around a policeman came up to me and said, "Have you come here with a couple of young ladies?" "Yes, why?" I asked. "Well," he says, "they are looking for you. Go up Old Town Street and you'll find them in a restaurant. If they are not there, you come right back here and stand by that shop window." I came back and the copper said, "Didn't you find them? Did you look upstairs?". "Not bloomin' likely," I said, "What, me go up to somebody's bedroom?". He had a good laugh, and so we all did when we met. It was a long time before I lived that down.

Eventually I thought I'd like a change from farm life and decided to go out and see the world, I hoped. I joined the Navy and following me were a few other local lads - Cecil Edgecombe, Harold Prettyjohn, Arthur Moore, Peter Wood and a few others. Cecil and Harold lost their lives in the last war. I have very happy memories of the seven years amongst the people of Thurlestone, Buckland and Bantham. Happy days !

END.

QUACK - QUACK ! !

Nine ducks,  
Hungry ducks,  
Rush to leave their bed.  
Searching for the early  
worms,  
Eager to be fed.

Black ducks,  
White ducks,  
Sitting all together,  
Glossy heads and golden  
beaks  
Tucked 'neath downy  
feathers.

Short ducks,  
Tall ducks,  
Resting in the bushes,  
Dreaming of the  
wriggling eels  
Hiding in the rushes.

Sleek ducks,  
Fat ducks,  
Wake, and beady eyes  
Look to tiny shadow  
Drifting in the skies.

Buzzard calls,  
Swoops and wheels,  
Looking for her food.  
Searching for a little  
mouse  
To feed her hungry  
brood.

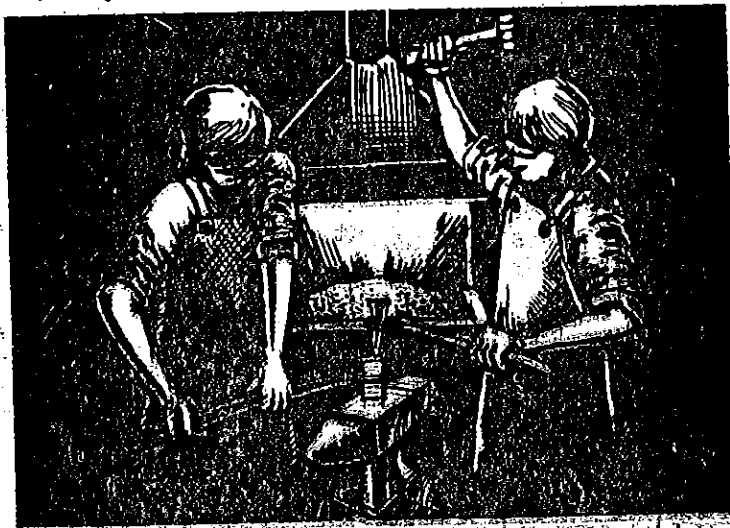
Busy ducks,  
Hungry ducks,  
Dabbling in the river.  
Bobbing heads and  
delving beaks  
Little tails a'quiver.

Tired ducks,  
Sleepy ducks,  
Amble to their shed.  
Warm straw, sweet dreams,  
Time to go to bed.

Heather McKillop

=====  
"Duck or grouse" - sign on  
a low beam in antiquarian  
booksellers at Lichfield.  
=====

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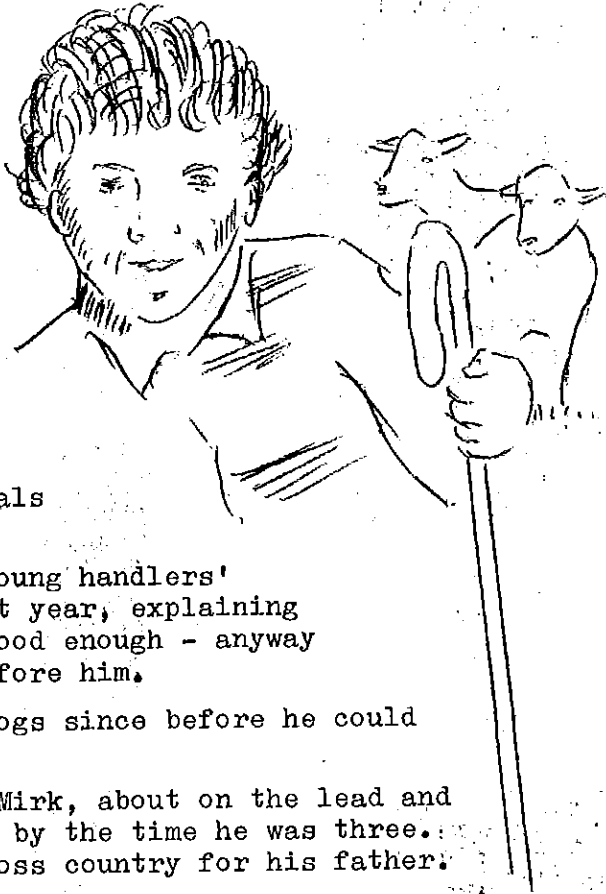
#### TAKING THE SOUTH HAMS INTO THE 1990's

In the last decade the population of the District has grown at a greater rate than any other District in Devon. A large influx of elderly people to the coastal belt has taken place. In these locations there is now an unusually elderly age structure, house prices are high and the more active younger people have been leaving. There is a need to re-establish the balance of population within villages. The provision of more speculative housing is not considered to be the answer as it is likely to be taken for holiday or retirement homes. The population of the District will continue to grow, particularly in the main towns. Some limited population growth is planned for the larger villages, in order to meet local housing needs.

Extract "District Council's  
"STRATEGY INTO THE 1990's"

=====  
As all who read the 'Daily Telegraph' - 'The Guardian' and other 'dailies' know spelling errors and other omissions do occur. Village Voice sometimes feels in good company !!!!  
=====

# The Kid with a Crook



FOUR-YEAR OLD James Howard has already had a great disappointment in his life: his father would not let him compete in the local sheepdog trials this summer.

James had his heart set on entering the young handlers' class but Father Jim said no, perhaps next year, explaining that his son's co-ordination is not yet good enough - anyway he has 20 years of opportunities still before him.

James has been mad about sheep and sheepdogs since before he could walk.

He was two when he began taking his dog, Mirk, about on the lead and was controlling it by command and whistle by the time he was three. At that age he would bring sheep home across country for his father.

The Howards live at Lane Farm, Holme, Yorkshire, and their land runs up to the moors.

In May, when his father was ill, neighbours' sheep came down on to Lane Farm. So, without being asked, James gathered them, penned off the rams first, sent back his father's sheep and sorted the rest. He then went indoors to tell his mother which farmers should be 'phoned to fetch their animals. He knows the marks of all the flocks in the vicinity and knows individual sheep within his father's flock.

Recently his mother had a 'phone call to say he was down in the village asking if a local farmer was coming out. "Keep him there", she said. "I'll come for him." But when she got there James had disappeared.

After a long search he was found up on the moors "working" with the man he had been seeking.

"What's wrong with helping a chap to dip his sheep?" he countered when they scolded him.

Though not five until November, James started at the village school this term - but his headmistress has her anxious moments.

"What if James spots a sheep in the mowing grass," she says.

How will they be able to keep him in school then?

(This rather delightful little story is taken from the Farmers Weekly Farmlife supplement of 4.10.85 - to whom due acknowledgement is made)

=====

In 1953, the year of the Coronation of our Queen, Elizabeth II, by the combined efforts of the people of Nantham and Buckland, led by Mrs Clare Fox, staged an exhibition of village history, and it was during the preparation of this exhibition that some of the pottery found by the late Mr. H.L.Jenkins (of Clannacombe) a late Victorian antiquarian was first identified as being from the Dark Ages, 500 to 600 AD, and previously only found at Tintagel and Garranes (Southern Ireland).

=====



THE SALES Director of an old established Leicester company which makes nurses uniforms has received the following letter:

"Dear Sir, following your recent visit to our hospital will you please forward six maternity overalls as soon as possible."

+ + + +

Mr and Mrs Cohen were walking along when Mr Cohen decided to cross the road. He was almost immediately knocked down and lay motionless on the ground. A Doctor was quickly on the scene with every possible aid to the victim. When the doctor at last stood up he said to Mrs C. "I'm afraid your husband is dead Mrs Cohen." As he spoke the still figure of Mr Cohen gave a shudder and he sat up. "Lie down, lie down", Mrs Cohen cried out to him, "Listen to what the doctor says."

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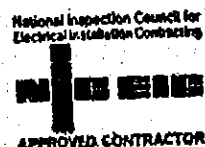
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# Doctor's Dilemma

I think this case which I attended must be unique in the annals of medicine.

By telephone a request came that I should go to a house in the mountains 14 miles away, on the Eire side of the border in Ireland. As it was not possible for me to go at once I gave certain directions to be carried out, and promised to visit the patient later in the day. Some time later the 'phone rang again. From the story poured out incoherently it was evident the case had become an emergency. So I rushed off, but before leaving called on a local carpenter to accompany me with his tools. Eventually we bumped to a standstill at the door of a tiny thatched cottage. When I entered the strangest sight I have ever seen confronted me.

All the neighbours were there. In the centre of the floor stood a 40 gallon churn. Protruding out of the top were the naked head and shoulders of the biggest and fattest woman I have ever seen. Beside the churn, standing on an up-turned box with a dipcan in her hand was the daughter trying to bale water out of the churn. I cleared the neighbours out and told the carpenter to remove the hoops from the churn. Eventually, when the 3rd. hoop came off the churn came to pieces, and the woman fell to the floor. I brought the neighbours in and made them rub her down briskly and get her into bed. When I received the first phone call I thought the symptoms were that of a woman suffering some rheumatic complaint. I told them 'to give her a hot bath.' Unfortunately they did not have a bath, so they put her in the churn and poured hot water on her until it reached the top. On account of the heat she swelled and became wedged at the shoulders, hence the predicament. (Doctor. Co Down)

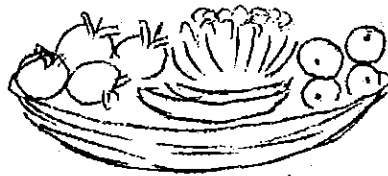
J.M.

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ANDREW GEORGE, Rural Officer of the Community Council of Devon writing in the December 'Village Green' says:

#### POST OFFICES COULD LOSE OUT

A new threat to post office services in the countryside has come from the Public Accounts Commission. They have advised the Department of Health & Social Security to offer a cash reward to people who transfer their pension or social security payment from their local post office to a bank account. The financial inducement could be as much as £50, writes Andrew George.

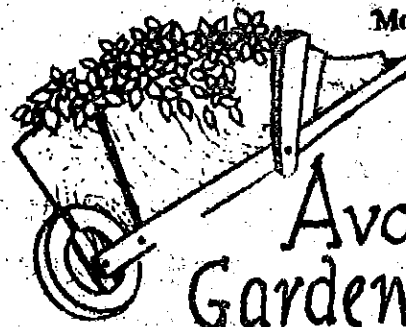
The Federation of Sub-Postmasters has been quick to object, and they are supported by the Development Commission and CoSIRA. The loss of pension business could spell disaster for rural post offices, as the fees for handling DHSS benefits form a large part of the sub-postmaster's (low) income. Throughout the country, thousands of village shops are able to remain viable because of their post office 'income', and because of the shopping trade of people coming in to use the post office services.

The last attempt to persuade pensioners to accept their pensions by direct payment into a bank was turned down by over 90 percent, who opted to continue drawing the payments from their local post office. But how many will think of the difficulties of getting to their nearest town to do business with their bank when they are offered a cash bonus to desert the post office?

Who pays out in the long run?

The Editor of 'Village Voice' says: 'I have not heard of this from any other source. Like so many things in life you may only fully realise the value of your village post office if it isn't just up the road any longer.'

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# HOUSING

WHAT THE COMMUNITY COUNCIL OF DEVON  
IS SAYING IN THEIR DEC 'VILLAGE GREEN

Lack of low cost and rented housing is destroying Devon's villages. This is the conclusion often reached by villages which look at the present and the future prospects for their community through a 'Village Appraisal'. A survey of the views of local people at Thurlestone uncovered the following conclusion:

"It was considered that any future development should not be of the luxury type which has so dominated the building scene over recent years, but be of small low-cost type suitable for first time buyers, or a limited concil development, or for elderly people living alone."

Housing problems arise because of the unequal competition in the housing market between 'locals' and more affluent outsiders, particularly in areas of attractive countryside and planning constraints.

However, sadly, many people do not even believe there are housing problems in rural areas. "Where is the evidence?" they cry. "Because there is no evidence then there can be no problem." Unfortunately on issues like housing, evidence does not jump up and hit you between the eyes. There is very little opportunity for local people to express their needs. For example, would you stand waiting at a bus stop when you know there are no buses running on that day? Of course not. So how can we expect to know what the housing needs of local people are when (a) there may not be a council house waiting list for their village, or no chance in the foreseeable future of getting a council house - particularly if most of them have already been sold off! - and (b) there is no point in starting negotiations for purchasing houses they cannot afford? Even trying to find out the extent of rural housing problems is problem enough!

On the other hand, others argue that solving the rural housing crisis is the key to stemming the decline in rural community life. Certainly there is much evidence to show that local people who manage to find houses and stay in their community are those who provide the most support for local services - shops, post offices, school, etc. - and activities. A village surveyed recently showed that 80% of future housing needs were for houses at a price of £25,000 or below whereas there had been no houses available at that price in the previous years. If the trend continued then local people will migrate away, and any houses which were sold would go to people from outside the village. This would result in a declining demand for the bus, shop, school, etc. and when these services are one by one eventually removed, so more local people will leave because of the loss of such services, and so a rural community gradually becomes what some people just call 'another suburban residential zone'. That fate has already befallen some Devon villages and is threatening others, as we all know only too well. Village Voice might ask, "Do we?" and "Do we care enough to get something done about it. Will we be content to realise that the only children playing on the beach are those belonging to visitors." ?

A Housing Association Scheme may be the only answer which would ensure that only those with an established residential qualification can rent or buy - and when they buy they can only re-sell to someone with such qualification.

Thurlestone Parish VILLAGE VOICE

A HELPFUL PAGE OF INFORMATION FOR YOU TO PUT ON FILE

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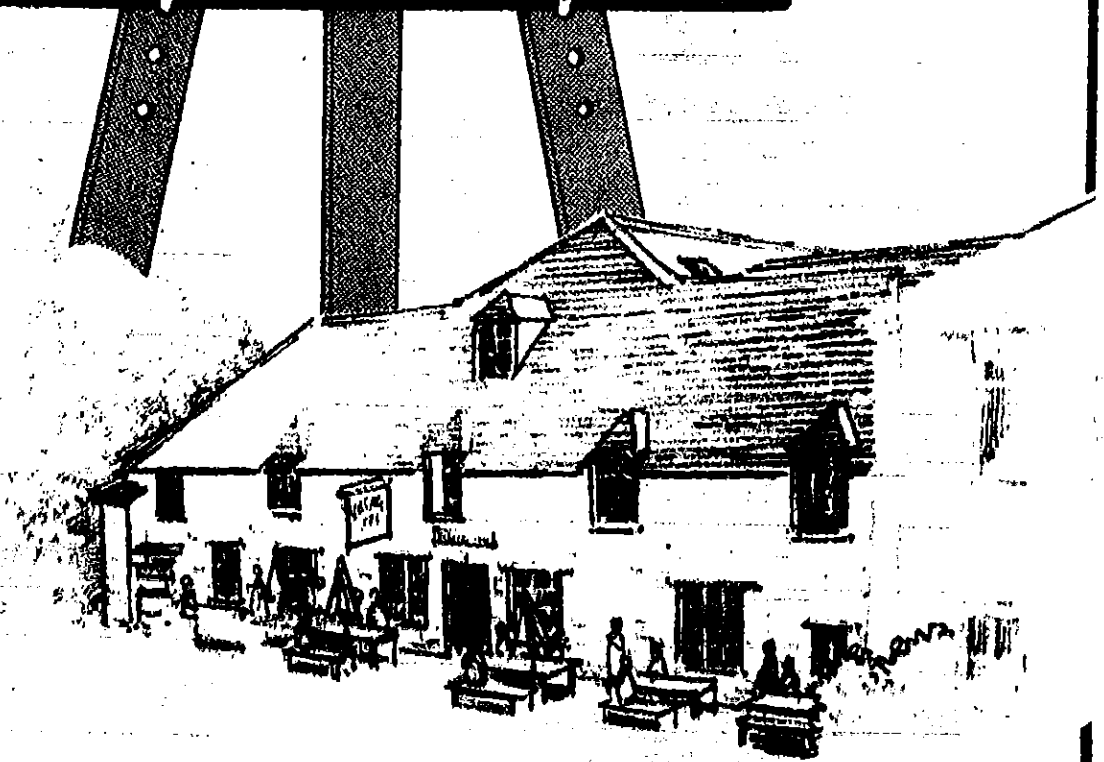
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# THURLESTONE

## and the Devon Eyre of 1238

by NEVILLE C. OSWALD

It does seem an extraordinary thing to me that we know so much about the Devon eyre (visit by royal justices) of 1238 and the way it affected Thurlestone. After all, the ink was then hardly dry on the Magna Carta where King John had signed it and Simon de Montefort had not got around to forming the first parliament. Yet parchments exist in the Public Record Office in London explaining just what happened; they have been deciphered and translated from the latin by Henry Summerson and published as "Crown pleas of the Devon eyre of 1238" by the Devon and Cornwall Record Society (1985).

When Henry III took his coronation oath in 1216, he swore that he would maintain peace and administer justice. To do this, he arranged an eyre for each county every ten years or so. Its purpose was primarily to demonstrate the king's authority; it also tried cases (presentments) submitted to it, saw that the local legal system was working properly and made sure that the king's taxes were being collected. In 1238, four justices came down to Exeter Castle for a month and heard 776 presentments. Most of the accused were acquitted; those that were not, paid fines that went to the Crown.

Devon was then divided into Hundreds, each with a lord of the hundred or manor and having its own Hundred Court, the local centre of government and jurisdiction, where most disputes at all levels of society were peacefully settled. When an eyre was imminent, each Hundred elected a jury of twelve reputable men who had to decide which suspects should be brought before the eyre. That was no easy matter because anybody accused of committing a crime since the previous eyre ten years before might be selected for trial. Once they had been chosen, their names were sent to the sheriff who arranged a day for them to face the eyre. The jury's difficulties then started in earnest. Most of those charged with serious crimes, such as murder, ran away and were never seen again. Many whom juries managed to get to the eyre were acquitted because there seemed often to be doubt about whether anybody had been killed or was even dead and the justices were not really concerned because the only punishments they were interested in were fines, which helped to pay expenses, and enriched the king.

Suicide, a felony entailing the confiscation of all lands and chattels, was always a problem; only two reached the eyre in 1238; doubtless there was some

## VILLAGE VOICE

covering up, with a corpse silently burned here and another passed off as an accidental or natural death there. Rapes could also be troublesome; the 13 cases submitted were mainly of disreputable women whose appeals were rarely successful. "Respectable women were seldom, if ever raped or some considerations inhibited them from prosecuting when they were so injured". Then there were 92 thefts of all kinds. These various felonies, spread over a ten year period are alarming enough, but the populace in general dreaded most the brigands who haunted the roadside and broke into homes at night.

The Stanborough Hundred, in which Thurlestone lay, duly selected its jury of twelve with Nicholas de Molis in charge and Gilbert de Tywe his sergeant. They all went up to Exeter with their 25 presentments, a copy of each being handed to the justices and another being read out by them, when their turn came.

Only two presentments referred specifically to Thurlestone. No. 601 listed the names of various people who had taken casks of wine washed ashore from shipwrecks; their fines varied from two to twenty shillings a cask.

In No. 621, Richard de Colestok and others claimed that "on the Thursday next after the feast of St. Hilary nine years before (ie. Jan 28, 1229, as if you did not know) they were forced by a storm to beach their two vessels laden with wine on the Thurlestone shore. Whereupon Reginald Bloiob, Roger, Peter and Walter de Baketone, all of Thurlestone, together with other men from Thurlestone, South Milton, Galmpton, Huish, Little Bolberry, Great Bolberry and Sewer came down and broke the heads of the tuns and poured away the wine and carried off all the chattels in the ships and their coffers with their money and other things and they likewise took their beds with bed-clothes, whereby they suffered losses to the value of 500 marks." Our men Reginald, Peter and Walter were there in the eyre court and successfully pleaded that they took nothing against the free will of the owners. Thus, having cheerfully disregarded the rights of both the shipowners and the King, they got off scot-free.

Ah well, those were the days.

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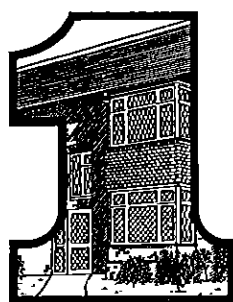
VILLAGE VOICE ASKS.....

## *Parish Hall or Village Hall?*

Last year the Parish Hall Committee voted to change the name - 'Parish' Hall to 'Village Hall'. There have been objections - particularly from the people of Bantam and Buckland, who not unreasonably claim it should remain as the Thurlestone Parish Hall. Your chance to vote on this will come at the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Village Hall Committee to be held on WEDNESDAY 7th MAY 1986 in the 'VILLAGE' HALL at 7.30 p.m. If you do not attend these meetings the Committee has no opportunity to base a decision on your opinion! DO MAKE A NOTE OF THIS DATE - there can be no amendment to the title unless enough of you are there to vote. It is up to you !

W.D.





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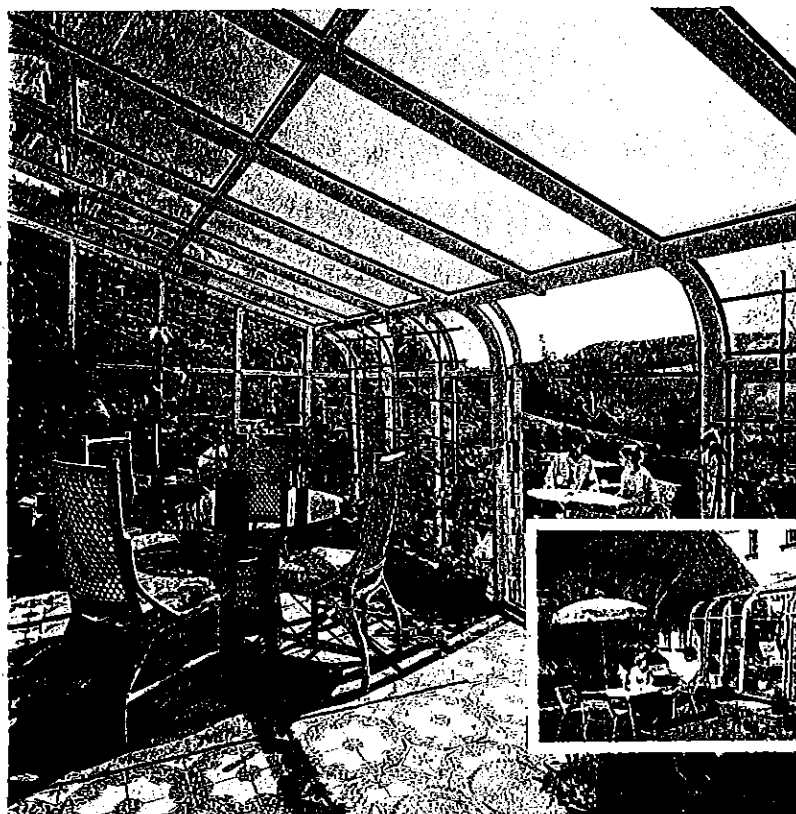


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By becoming a Grandfather a man attains the apex of his parental ambitions, and with the arrival of his grandchild experiences a feeling of euphoria, but if the child is a boy, this feeling takes on an incandescent glow.

As a Grandfather of many years standing, and many times over, I can appreciate grand-daughters, who are in many ways completely delightful, but unfortunately they possess female characteristics. They dislike getting dirty, and having wet feet, and in many cases prefer to go shopping with their Grandmother than tree climbing with Grandfather.

This means that with a Grand-daughter it is more difficult to re-enter the "country of one's youth," where as with an extrovert Grandson, or Grandsons, as companions the transfer is easy and speedy, so within a few minutes of leaving the family home "Paradise is Regained" !

If a bald headed slightly stiff jointed gentleman is seen trying to maintain his balance while walking along the pavement kerb, passers by are apt to look askance, but if the same gentleman is following a laughing child trying to do the same, all is well, and the spectators smile understandingly and go on their way.

My Grandsons and I have danced and shuffled our feet through piles of fallen leaves, sat on doorsteps and blown bubbles, stood in the local churchyard with wagging fingers counting as the clock strikes twelve, looked for dragons amongst gorse bushes, sailed paper battleships in the garden pond and jumped, sometimes unsuccessfully, across puddles in the road.

Do not think that our entire time together has been devoted to the pursuit of pleasure. We have spent many hours discussing subjects of vital importance to the future of mankind, which, if we could have solved them would have eliminated many of the problems facing the major powers.

We have tried to decide why caterpillars have many legs while worms have none. Why the outside of hens eggs are hard though frogs eggs are all squashy, . and most important of all, why Mothers and Grandmothers get into such a state when fellows come home from a peaceful afternoon in the country with wet feet and nice clean mud on their hands and faces.

There are hundreds of other adventures to be shared and discoveries to be made by Grandfathers accompanied by Grandsons on their journeys through the land of simple pleasures..

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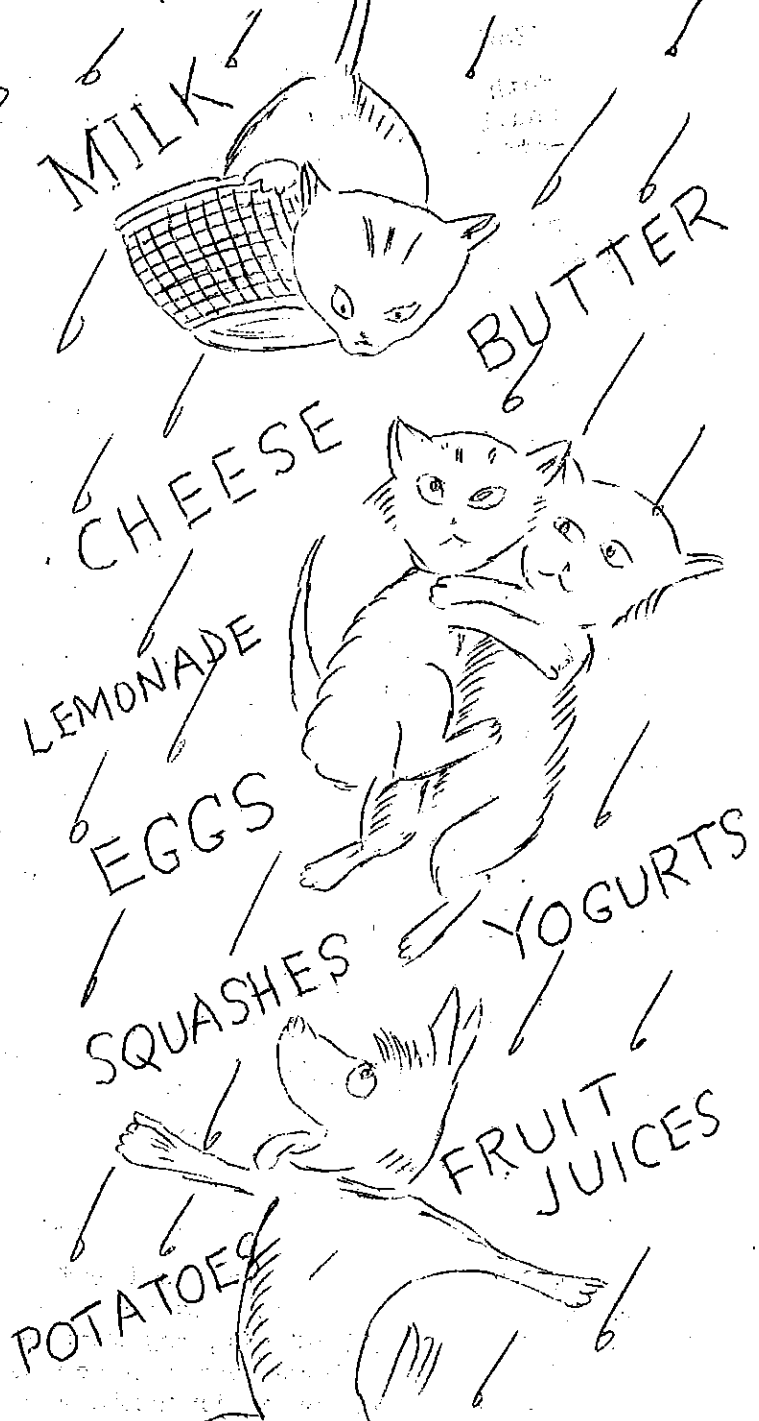
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