

MAY 11, 1987

VILLAGE VOICE



Published for Thurlestone Parish Council.

Our Front Cover is : : :

A V I L L A G E V O I C E

S P E C I A L O F F E R

Another superb cover by IAN HUBBARD. And this time readers of Village Voice can get their own special print of this marvellous picture of the Old Lych Gate of Thurlestone All Saints Church.

Mr Hubbard has produced a limited edition of 100 of these prints, without any overprinting, each one numbered and signed by the Artist. They are on art paper, ready for framing and measure 13 inches by 11 inches.

They are available to readers of Village Voice at the specially reduced price of £4 each. Non-readers will have to pay £5 to get a print.

To see the prints and claim your own copy call in at the Burwood Gallery at the top of the village, or book your print by calling Len or Kate Hubbard on Kingsbridge 560731.

The Lych Gate originally stood at the exact right-hand corner of the Churchyard and was built of timbers from an old shipwreck. The Gate was moved to its present position by the Reverend Peregrine Arthur Ilbert, who was Rector from 1839 to 1895. Under his direction new walls were built in the present position and the old roof was lifted bodily across by a number of men from the village.

They were rewarded for their efforts with some cider and for ever afterwards, or so they say it seemed, Mr. Ilbert used to say that the roof was moved by "cidraulic pressure" !

Over the years the roof deteriorated, and in the early 1900's the Reverend Frank Coope, Rector from 1897-1921, had already noted that "the roof is now quite rotten and needs renewing". This was done quite recently and today the timbers are strong and sound.

Lych gates are so-called because the word "lych" or "lich" was early English for "corpse" and it was at these gates that the bearers could wait under shelter until the priest came to meet the funeral procession.

The SUBSCRIPTION RATE for Village Voice is 70p per copy including post and packing. Cheques should be made payable to 'Village Voice Magazine'. The Magazine is issued free to residents only. Normally copies may be obtained from Mr. Morley, Newsagent, Village Stores, Thurlestone, price 35p. and the Post Office Stores, South Milton also. It is regretted that copies of Village Voice cannot be issued to holiday house occupants except for payment of 35p. Village Voice is a non-profit making project - and publishing and distribution is carried out by voluntary workers !

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

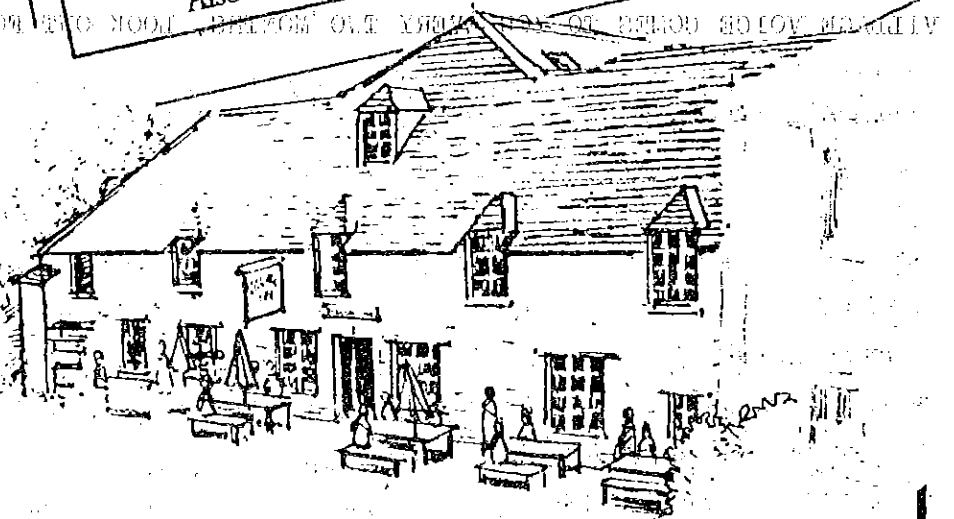
Village Inn Selection

OUR EXCELLENT FOOD INCLUDES

Hot soups
Farmhouse Pate
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Ploughmans
Sirloin Steaks

Home Made:-
Cottage Pies
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Salads Various
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Cream

Also real Ales, fine wines and spirits.



Thurlestone Village Inn

Tel: Kingsbridge 560382

Backing David Bellamy

In this issue we have included a publication about the MARINE CONSERVATION SOCIETY. We believe that it is only through this organisation and the Coastal Anti-Pollution League that we will ever get anything done about the shame of Leas Foot, or "Thurlestone North" as the planners like to call it.

As you receive this edition of Village Voice, the Marine Conservation Society, whose President is Prince Charles, and the Coastal Anti-Pollution League have joined forces and are launching their "Clean Britain's Beaches" campaign. We hope this campaign which we are supporting will make even South West Water do something about Thurlestone's sewage discharge into the stream and sea at Leas Foot.

Marine biologist and tv personality David Bellamy is Vice-President of the Marine Conservation Society and is a good friend of Village Voice. He tells us that the campaign which will start in earnest in the summer - when the tourists are straining all Britain's primitive sewage systems - will be aimed first at getting the full facts. This means that there will be two surveys carried out during the summer. The first, off the beaches, will be a full scientific investigation. The second will be visual. The result will be the most comprehensive survey of Britain's beaches ever carried out.

It is in the second part of the survey that the Marine Conservation Society would like all readers of Village Voice, indeed everyone, to report to the Society. It is here, says David Bellamy, that YOU can help by sending the Society reports of what you see and when. The Society's address is on the leaflet which is enclosed.

"This is not a political campaign," says David - "and we wave banners of no particular colour. Our organisations simply believe that we deserve a better seashore and our beaches deserve better from us. There are simple solutions to sewage on the shore. With sensible treatment and sensible disposal, the sea can cope with these particular wastes."

"We need to see that these solutions are applied - and we need your help to do so. Unless you want to go down to the shore and suffer the massive indignity of bathing in your own excrement amongst solid offensive wastes, in waters that may make you ill, then join us in our campaign for a cleaner sea."

Village Voice is backing Bellamy. And we know you will too. Let's use the muscle of these powerful societies to clean up Leas Foot.

WHAT DO YOU THINK about all the fuss about who supplies war material to whom?

It really is rather 'old hat', for during the Napoleonic wars, such was the world-wide demand for British products, that the soldiers of Napoleon marched to Austerlitz in boots made in Northampton, and to cap that, Bonaparte's soldiers lay down to die in the retreat from Moscow on the Russian Steppes in greatcoats made in Leeds.

VILLAGE VOICE

EDITED
and produced by
Dudley Drabble
Kendall &
Penny McDonald

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(Incorporating Thurlestone Topics & Newsletter)

Whilst Village Voice is published under the sponsorship of the Parish Council it is accepted as being Editorially independent and it is therefore necessary to point out that views and opinions expressed in any item should not be construed as being the views and opinions of any member of the Parish Council

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Cover Picture by LEN HUBBARD of Burwood Gallery Thurlestone

Number 25 (No.2 New Series) 5th Year.

MARCH/APRIL 1987.

Here we are again. Thank you for your praise. Thank you for your criticism. All of it, we think, deserved! We shall try to do better. And we hope that you think the mix of articles in this copy proves that we are people of our word.

For example, famous local author Anne Born was specially commissioned to write the article inside which tells you how to write a book - or at least to make a proper start. We are running this, of course, in your interest. But to be fair we have an interest too. The more authors we have in the area the better - just as long as they remember to supply Village Voice with articles after they become rich and famous.

Inside too is more from Neville Oswald, who caused no end of a stir last time with his piece about local house names. This time he's writing about names again, but now he's moved his sharp focus on from the names on the houses to the names of those who lived in them. Does your name crop up on Dr. Oswald's list?

Those are just two of our star writers' offerings. But we've got much more. Here's a visit to another Thurlestone "stately home", a review of a new book about Thurlestone, a drive, a walk, details of why local girls should run away from peacocks, the inside story of the good-old bad-old days of farming, that dreadful columnist called Walter Dee, Villager with his own special look at our life, and pages and pages of the things you ought to know if you will insist on living here.

And do you know we've even got our own, our very own, cross-word puzzle.

Who could possibly ask for anything more?

Knowing about where you be to

A new Village Voice series of interesting
tales of parts roundabout

It seems to have puzzled a lot of people - why on earth is the only garage in Thurlestone called Bantham Garage?

To discover the answer you have to go back quite a few years to the days when Bantham Garage really was in Bantham, run by Mr. S.P. Dent, and tucked in at the ^{back} of the Sloop. It was Mr. Dent, by the way, who built Pipers Bench, now being restored to its former glory and still with one of the finest views in the area - out over Balls Park, across the valley of the Buckland Stream to the sea and Burgh Island.

It was Dent who transferred his garage business to Thurlestone in 1925, building it where it is today on the site of an abandoned quarry (See Footnote). He built the centre section of the garage first, then the one on the right as you face it. During this second stage of the building, he cut into the hedge and incurred the wrath of the Church, who for some reason owned that particular bank. Not one to muck about, Dent promptly offered to buy the hedgebank and, perhaps to his surprise, a deal was agreed. That is why that bank verging on the village car park - a strip some eight feet wide - is today on a separate deed all to itself.

After that Mr. Dent expanded his garage the other way and built the third section last of all.

But why still the Bantham Garage? Why didn't Dent change the name? The simple answer is that he couldn't - there already was a Thurlestone Garage, next to the Village Inn and part of the Hotel. This had been in operation since before the First World War. Now of course it has ceased to function as a garage and the petrol pumps too are gone.

Bantham Garage today, at the top of the village of Thurlestone, has a fine reputation for repairs and service. It is Thurlestone's garage even though it has never changed its name, and is now run by Blight Engineering, Maurice Blight having brought his expertise from Spreyton, near Okehampton, to Thurlestone in 1970.

Footnote: If the idea of a quarry at the top of the village street surprises you, then you should know that these small quarries

were opened whenever a farmer or builder found a supply of suitable stone close to the surface. They were dotted all round this area. There are two in Ball Park. There was another almost on the beach on the Western (or smelly side) of Leas Foot. On old six-inch Ordnance Survey maps it is marked "Old Quarry". Close by is the wording "Old Shafts" and those who use the South-West Path will know that there is a sinister looking hole railed off there today.

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*You tell us how you
named that House*

Our "What's In a Name" piece from the prolific pen of Neville Oswald has set the village talking. And some distinguished residents have been telling us how their houses got their names.

Arpinum, for example, was the property of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan-Brown and they named it after a small village to the South-East of Rome. Was it a lovely village? we asked Mrs. Bryan-Brown, who now lives in Warren Road. "Not at all," she replied, "in fact I thought it rather dull!" Why then name the house in Eddystone Road after it?

Because Arpinum (now called Arpina) was the village to which Cicero, Public Orator of Rome, retired. And Mr. Armitage Bryan-Brown was also a Public Orator - at Oxford and he lectured there on Cicero too. So what better name to give to the Devon retirement home of a Public Orator!

Take next the home of Miss Diana Ide at Bantham which is called Quayle (not Quayley please Neville!). Quayle was so named by the previous owner after a fishing family of the Isle of Man, who taught him all he knew about boats and fishing and sailing and to whom he was forever grateful. The spelling on her letters is often "Quail", says Miss Ide, despite all her efforts to spread the right idea.

And then there's Celts Corner, home of artist Mrs. Hilda Davies, who is just completing the preparation of her memoirs for publication. She recalled for us how her house got its name. The plot on which the house was built was called "Clems Close", but as Clem Attlee was Prime Minister at the time, Mrs. Davies didn't want to be allied to any particular party so she decided to keep the initials - C.C. - and cast around for another name to fit. In the end a guest said "Why not call it Celts Corner - after all your husband is Welsh and you have Cornish ancestry..." And so Celts Corner it was.

And as for "Just-a-Cottage"..well the story goes that when Charlie Hill, the village postman for many years, married Beatty, she would have liked one of the new council houses, but when Charlie got the cottage from his father, Beatty said scornfully: "Why it's just a cottage!" And so it was.

And that's all about names for the moment. We'd like to hear from you about how your house got its name. Don't bother to write - a phone call will do just as well.

KENDALL McDONALD reviews a book about Thurlestone.....

VERY MUCH A FAMILY CONCERN!

You know we're building up a nice little library of books about Thurlestone. First there was the Reverend Frank Egerton Coope's "Thurlestone Church and Parish," which was written in the early 1900's. This book is without doubt the standard work about the village and many others, including myself, have cribbed from it shamelessly.

Next came my "Just-a-Cottage (1974) and then "More Than Just-a-Cottage," (1981). Then, in 1983, "Thurlestone Golf Club" by Dr. Neville C. Oswald made its appearance.

And now here is "The Thurlestone Hotel Family Concern," written by Peter Pugh, and published by Book Production Consultants. It is available to anyone who calls at the Hotel for £3.95, but it is expected to appear in local bookshops soon.

This is of course the story of the Grose family and the Thurlestone Hotel from the moment that William John Grose and his Margaret Amelia, together with their four young sons, moved from Trevilder, near Wadebridge in Cornwall, to farm in the South Hams at Court Barton in 1895. And the story brings us right up to the present day. On the way the story becomes more than the history of a hotel and much more a chronicle of the times in Thurlestone through which the main characters lived.

It makes fascinating reading.

Anyone who enjoys Thurlestone will enjoy this book, whether resident, casual visitor, or one of those devotees of the Hotel, who have become so addicted to it that they rate themselves by the number of years they have been coming without missing a single summer.

The "Family Concern" is a well-illustrated book of 61 big pages with colour cover and four pages of full cover inside devoted to the inside of the hotel as it is today.

Concluded overpage:-

Book review continued.

This use of colour is not surprising. The book is after all designed to be a good publicity vehicle for the hotel and all its works, as well as being a good read.

And good read it is all right. In parts there are some of the most fearless exposures of the politics of Thurlestone past that it has ever been my pleasure to boggle over.

Read for example the gripping story of the man who decided the Hotel was ruining the village and tried to shut it down!

Read about the barmaid, who not only doled out free drinks to all and sundry, but felt the rest of the takings were her own lucky dip. It took years though to discover the reason for the losses in the bar.

Read about the man who signed a petition against himself.

Read how the golf course landowner sold Thurlestone in a fit of temper.

Read how Margaret Amelia foiled a dastardly scheme and bought the hotel at auction for £4050 - just £50 above her opponent's limit.

Certainly after reading this book you could never say that the village was a quiet little place. There's much more in the book and I am not going to spoil it for you. Suffice it to say that when they mounted an anti-aircraft gun on the Hotel roof, it might have been for home defence!

READERS of Village Voice's last edition will have noted the work on Snowdons and the Old Post Office detailed in the article called "Pearses Farthing", the 1777 name of the house. They will be interested to know that later work revealed that buried in one back wall was a tiny wooden frame, which contained just one little arch-shaped piece of glass with lead still wrapped around it. So old was the wood that it practically crumbled away. But the intention was clear - angled stones in front of the glass would have given a wide-angle view from the inside looking out over an area which was probably once a courtyard.

This leaves two questions, which will probably never be answered:

- 1) Where did those villagers of long ago get that single piece of leaded light? Glass, remember, was very, very expensive.
- 2) Was this a leper light? When lepers wandered free, these little windows were installed to ensure that no door was opened to them.

INTRODUCING THE VILLAGE VOICE WALKS...

While some walk just for the pleasure of it, some others must have a reason for their stroll. Village Voice begins here a series of walks, all of which have a point to them. Walk No.1 leads us to the spot where you are actually standing over the site of a terrible wreck. Here then is the story of and the walk to...

William Wise's PIT

WILLIAM WISE was a seaman aboard HMS Ramillies, a man o' war of 90 guns. He was one of her crew of 734 men at sea on February 15, 1760 when a hurricane hit the South-West. Trees were torn up, houses lost their roofs, haystacks disappeared and even whole cottages were blown down. In Plymouth, as in every other harbour in Southern England, ships were smashed and sailors drowned. And out where William Wise was, conditions were so appalling that ships either ran before the wind with bare poles, or struggled to find any sort of shelter from the stormy blasts.

Ramillies was on her way with the Channel Squadron to join the Fleet in Quiberon Bay and dutifully kept her station near the Royal William, the flagship of Admiral Edward Boscawen. It says a great deal for the seamanship of Ramillies' captain, who bore the strange name of Wittewronge Taylor, that, despite the huge winds, he had managed to stay with the flagship for Ramillies was long past her prime and leaking badly.

All hands were at the pumps and teams of men with buckets were baling too. Finally she was making so much water that Captain Taylor had no choice but to turn and run. All that night she ran up Channel with the South-West hurricane behind her. In the dawn she had no idea where she was - rain and spray enveloped them. But towards noon in a gap in the rain they suddenly had a glimpse of an island off shore. The sailing master identified it as Looe Island, which meant that he was still to the West of Plymouth and the shelter of the Sound was not far away.

Unfortunately, he was totally and utterly wrong. He had the wrong island. What he had seen was Burgh Island. And now he made another dreadful mistake. Thinking all he had to do was to get around Rame Head and into the shelter of Plymouth Sound, he set sail to get round the great headland they could now see through the spray clouds over the bow.

It was a fatal move. The wind drove them into the cliffs and the backward suck of the great swell breaking and rushing high up the rocks drew Ramillies in. Now Captain Taylor took back command of the ship from the sailing master. "Let go the main sheet", he shouted and William Wise and James Robuck did as they were ordered.

Now the huge crowds on the cliffs - a ship in trouble always drew huge numbers of people to the shore in hope of a piece of the wreck - were looking right down on Ramillies. She was only 400 yards from the cliffs. At about that moment the main-mast went over the side and so did the mizzen. Down went her anchor. But unfortunately

Village Voice walk continued:

as it did it got tangled with the smaller bower anchor and both went down together. Both cables crossed one another, but the anchors held and brought the ship bow to wind. It was 2 p.m.

All afternoon she held, but just before dusk the two anchor cables sawing across one another finally parted. She swung broadside to the next great wave and her starboard side struck the rocks. Her bow ground round and now she was in the crushing machine between the waves and the rocks.

Walls of water swept over her. The Captain of Marines went off his head and marched about declaiming poetry. The boatswain who had brought his young son to sea with him, tried to save the child by flinging him on to the rocks, only to see the child's brains dashed out. Seconds later the bosun's lifeless body joined that of his son in the surf.

Men struggled screaming to jump off the ship on to the rocks. Most were flung to their deaths like straws as the waves shot them high in the air up the cliff face. Only 26 men managed - out of 734 - to get some sort of grip and drag themselves into cracks and crevices where the waves could not get them.

William Wise was the last man away. He let down the starboard stern ladder, scrambled down it and threw himself on to the rocks. As he did so, another monstrous wave lifted what was left of the ship and smashed it down on his right leg, turning most of it into pulp. Despite this he got up and dragged himself into a small gully away from the sea. When he looked back the ship was gone. All that was left was firewood in the froth and everywhere were the mangled bodies of his shipmates. William Wise turned away and started to drag himself tuft by tuft, crevice by crevice, up the cliff. He hadn't gone far before it was completely dark. Finally he slid into a hole and could go no further.

The Walk starts by the Old Lifeboat House in Hope Cove, tucked in against the side of Bolt Tail itself. By the lifeboat slipway a gate leads on to National Trust property and part of our route will be along the South-West Path.

Though our walk is going to take us up some 300 feet, it is not a violent climb and is easily mangled. At first the path takes you through some low woodland and when you emerge from the overhanging bushes, you will see you have a choice of paths up to the crest of Bolt Tail. You can take either. The one to your right takes you around the curve of Bolt Tail. The path directly ahead is steeper, but leads more directly to the top.

We take the right-hand path. As you approach the Westward tip of Bolt Tail, look back for a super view. If the sun is shining, close in are the white cottages and houses of Hope contrasting with the pale blue sea. Those black rocks jutting out from Hope are of particular interest. The big long one with grass on the top is the Shippen Rock, said to be the site of the wreck of the San Pedro El Mayor, the Spanish Armada ship which circumnavigated Britain only to be finally driven ashore here.

Look further West and you can of course see the Rock and beyond that the houses of the Mead. Further West is Burgh Island, which the Ramillies mistook for Looe Island, 26 miles further West before Plymouth, and the entrance to Plymouth Sound is in among those very distant headlands.

Now for Ramillies. If you are using maps, you should either be on the six-inch Ordnance Survey Sheet SX 63 NE or the smaller Sheet 202. You'll see Ramillies Cove on there, but take no notice she isn't there and never has been, Village Voice will put you

Village Voice walk continued:

right! Follow the lower path to the East just under the crest of the cliffs. A broader path goes along the top and that might be a quicker way and safer on a really windy day. Put your dog on a lead and do not leave the path or go down the slopes for a better view - or you may be unable to stop when you want to! This lower path leads along below the Coastguard Lookout on the tip of Bolt Tail and is narrow.

After the deep red rocks of Redtrot Cove and the deep chasm of Partridge Cove, the path will soon lead you round the indentation called Whitechurch and climbs up to a small peak. From this spot the path goes down and across a grass and bracken area, which seems to swoop down to the sea. Sticking out of the right centre of this grassy area and slightly below you on the path is a grey rock outcrop. It is small but the only one in the area so you can't miss it. Some 50 yards on from this outcrop and you are standing right over the grave of the Ramillies. Literally right over it for part of the ship was driven into a cave under your feet and there are three cannon inside the cave to this day. Where you are is the spot too where the people of Hope and roundabout looked down on the wreck more than two centuries ago. When you look down today you may well see a diving boat anchored below you for divers are carrying out an underwater archaeological investigation of the site at the present time.

Are you sure you are in the right place? You can check it very easily. If you continue along the path to the East it will take you up to join the main path. As the two paths come together they open out on to an area of tufty grass. A short distance on and you will come to the site of the old Coastguard practice mast for use with their rocket apparatus. The mast has been moved but the foundations are clear to see. If you reach this point you have gone too far.

But before you leave the area, look around at the depressions or pits in the surface at the top of the cliff. One of these was for years known as William Wise's Pit. Yes, William Wise survived having been found in one of those pits the next morning and then carried down to Hope. Which pit? No one seems to know today - perhaps one of the older residents in Hope can tell us. That ends our walk and unless you are fit enough to walk on five miles to Salcombe, we suggest you wander back the way you came.

WHILE on the subject of wrecks and cliffs and things like that, can any twitcher - which we are told ornithologists are called today - enlighten us. Are those big black birds, which swoop and tumble over the sea cliffs hereabouts, ravens? And how do you tell a raven from a crow? And if those birds are ravens, can any one tell us where Raven Rock, Bantam, is today. You see there was a ship called DRIAD lost on Raven Rock in the Great Storm of 1774 and we'd like to find her.

AND WHILE on the subject of birds, here is a message from Chris Broomhead, our village thatcher. Chris, whose bird-mark is spreading all over Thurlestone's thatchy parts, has just placed a very fine kestrel on the roof of Just-a-Cottage, but now says: "Don't anyone else ask for a kestrel. I'm right off kestrels... It took me longer to do than thatching the roof!"

There is only three of us to do all the work of producing, publishing and assembling and stapling the magazine ready for distribution. Because the 54 pages of this (we hope you will consider is a super issue) - we had to commence assembly work somewhat early, and in consequence the items on these two pages could not be stapled in, but we felt they were of such local interest we just had to include them - and, anyway we could not let down people we had asked to send in contributions.

• W I • N E W S •

The year got off to a good start with a Christmas Lunch Party, followed by comic sketches and songs by the Drama Group. This was the occasion when the new President, Val Brown, was in the chair for the first time and outgoing President, Pat MacDonald, was presented with a large bouquet of flowers as a "thank you" from the members for her 3 years of office.

On a wild December night some 20 members braved the elements and a Force Nine gale to carol-sing in the village, the first port of call being "Charnwood" where a warm welcome awaited them. Slow progress was made through the village before wet and half-frozen singers were forced to give up and dash for the shelter of the Hall wherein to enjoy hot punch and mincepies. But as a result of their struggles, members raised £50 for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and the W.I. would like to thank all those people who gave so generously and to say "sorry" to all those they had to miss out.

Marion Brice from South Milton was the first speaker in 1987, and she showed the preparation and cooking of supper dishes, demonstrating an imaginative range of items not usually tackled when using an unknown cooker. (As Mrs. Brice pointed out, "There's always a reason why a cooker is given to a village hall!"). She produced excellent results which were much-enjoyed by the tasters and raffle-winners, despite the vagaries of the stove.

Several members went to Exeter to discuss a short list of 11 Resolutions for the WI's Annual General Meeting at the Albert Hall in June, and to vote on which they would like to see on the final agenda. Similar meetings are taking place all over the country wherever there is a WI, and the 3 such meetings held in Devon all chose the same first three, concerned with Consumer Credit, Environmental Pollution and Irradiation of Food.

Sadly Thurlestone lost to South Huish in the first round of the County Scrabble competition but a good time was had by all. However, on February 18th we hope to redeem ourselves when the skittles team meets West Alvington and East Allington at The Taverners, Aveton Gifford.

A microwave "Teach-in" will be held at the Parish Hall on Thursday March 5th from 2 to 4 p.m. This is open to everyone, WI members or not, and this, of course, includes gentlemen. Please ring Mrs. MacDonald on 560436 for further details.

At the time of going to press we are looking forward to our February meeting which will include a talk by Mr. C.Easter of Chillington on the "Story of Brass Rubbings" - a look at the costumes and social conditions of the subjects. Our meeting on March 12th will have P.C.W. Dixon giving us some tips on self-defence!

In December we were sad to say goodbye to Grace Holden, who has moved away to live in Hampshire where we understand she has already joined the WI at Hook. We send her good wishes and our thanks for her hard work as a former Secretary. We have also said au revoir to Vee Raymont, who has gone to Exmouth, and she too has joined her nearest WI, Marley. Vee was also a hard-working Secretary and member of the drama group, but we will have the pleasure of seeing her from time to time. Very sadly, Australia is a long way off and that is where Jeanette Bickford has gone to live. She was a hard working committee member and when she went as a Delegate to any meetings we always knew we would get an excellent report - she didn't ever disappoint us. Good luck, Jeanette, we'll miss you! OVERPAGE:-

W.I. NEWS - continued:

This is the year that Thurlestone & West Buckland WI reaches the grand old age of 60 - and our diamond year will be marked by special celebrations during the week of November 9th - so watch this space !

You're not a member of WI ? Please come along to any of our meetings and see if you like us - you needn't join directly, you can come as a guest. We meet every second THURSDAY in the month at the Parish Hall, 2.30 p.m. We are a non-party political, non-sectarian, educational charity...come and make some new friends, see new faces, make fresh contacts....and have lots of fun at the same time !

Pat MacDonald.

Secretary Mrs Betty Phillips may be contacted on (Kingsbridge) 560763

Thurlestone Parish Hall

Furstly an apology to those who were unable to use the Hall during the "big freeze". Despite every possible precaution being taken - system drained and the anti-frost heating being turned on, we still froze up with the inevitable bursts and three inches of water in the toilets and entrance hall. All is now well, and certain changes are to be made to minimise any further risks.

Work on the Car Park is due to start at any time - it may even be completed before you read this. The external painting and replacement of the doors will commence in the Spring.

All this very necessary work has cost more than we anticipated, so a Car Boot Sale is being organised for the Spring/early Summer. Full details in the next edition. Our President, Rear/admiral A.E.Bickford has at last managed to overcome the bureaucracy of Australia House and will be leaving Thurlestone around the middle of February. The Committee arranged a small party for Charles and Jeanette at which a suitably inscribed presentation was made in appreciation of all the work they had done over the last ten years to rescue the Hall from bankruptcy and so place it firmly on the road to recovery. Our very best wishes go to them both for their future happiness in "the land of Oz".

D.M.YEOMAN

Chairman - Parish Hall Committee.

THURLESTONE PROBUS CLUB

At the last meeting on January 9th. Ray Sharman gave an extremely interesting talk, illustrated by slides, of his visit to the Yosemite Valley in California; a really fascinating and beautiful area.

Our next meeting on the 13th February will be the A.G.M., but by the time this copy is received it will be all over and the new officers and committee appointed for 1987/88. The March Meeting will take place on the 13th. at the Thurlestone Hotel - the Speaker is yet to be arranged.

D.M.YEOMAN, Secretary.

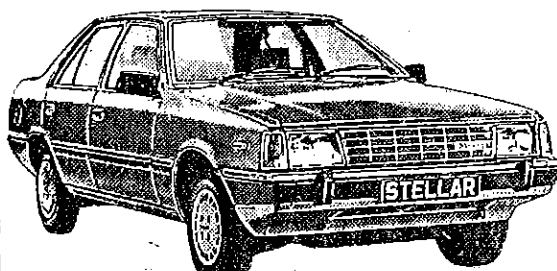
CHARLES & JEANETTE BICKFORD. The departure of Rear/Adml. and Mrs Charles Bickford in February to pastures new in Queensland, Australia, will leave the village of Thurlestone with a gap it will be hard to fill.

Charles and Jeanette gave a lot to the village they have lived in for the past 12 years - to the Parish Hall, the Church, the Horticultural Show and the W.I., who all benefitted from their considerable help and hard work in so many quiet ways - and they gave that help so willingly, uncomplainingly and reliably, a rare combination! They take with them sincerest good wishes to their new life from their many friends in the village.

ANON

HYUNDAI

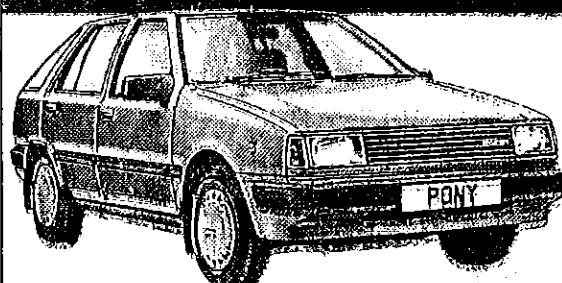
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For if your friends left mess behind
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Why should we have to move this
filth

Or scrape it off our shoes.
This should be in your garden,
The place for your Dog's loo's !

(Signed) A. Dog Owner

(And a local one too !!)

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WHATEVER NEXT ?

Headline in a farming journal:
"Swimming in a Sea of Milk". Fears
that USA farmers would be plunged
deeper into debt by a new bio-tech
product have been expressed by a
leading American agricultural
economist. A new bio-tech product
'Bovine Growth Hormone/ (BGH)
promises to increase milk produc-
-tion by 10 to 25 percent and is
scheduled to marketed in 1988 -
"would spell economic disaster for
many (US) dairy farmers.

The concern is that use of the
hormone would flood the market with
more surplus milk.

It was said that some dairy scient-
-ists researching the use of the
hormone believe that only farmers
with very high quality, high pro-
-tein forage could afford to us
the product efficiently.

Can we hope no one will want to
import and use the damn stuff on our
cows. I'm not against the profit
motive - I am against being dosed
with milk hormone' or beef ditto -
are you?

W.D.

MILK



FRESH
EGGS

DEVON

BUTTER

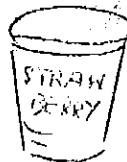


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VILLAGE VOICE is proud to introduce ANNE BORN to those readers who have not yet read her splendid books about this area of Devon or enjoyed her poetry. Here this famous local author passes on some of her secrets to those who have been told "You ought to write a book" and encourages one and all to...

Write it yourself

by Anne Born



It's a well-known saying that everyone has at least one book in them. Well, it makes sense. Every life is a story, a variation on a theme or several themes. Everyone has a fair knowledge of some or many other life stories. Not a few have the imagination to add a few colourful details, at least in thought, to their own and others' stories. Even if not to tell tales, each individual is bound to interpret others' words and actions differently - you can't get right inside someone else's head - and how well in fact do we always interpret our own?

All this enlarges the scope of story-telling, true or imagined. So what's yours? Just about everyone can compose a story and the types to tell are endless. Seriously, you may want to write autobiography. There are many ways of doing this, perhaps you hadn't thought of that? It can be in straight prose, chronologically from birth to where you're at now; it can be a detailed account of early, middle or late childhood, or a particular school term; it could describe one single event, journey or piece of work; if you prefer not to be too subjective it could dwell most on the people closest to you, or a special relationship. You could concentrate on a hobby or interest, a special discovery or predilection. It might lead on to a book on gardening or cookery or philosophy or natural history!

Then the form: it needn't be prose. You could write in the form of poems; or letters or diaries. A series of articles to a periodical. Or it could be in photographs or your own drawings or paintings.

Once when the poet Philip Larkin was asked why he wrote he said: 'I write to record something.' That is one of the strongest reasons for autobiography. The pace of life has changed at such frenzied speed in this century that the 1950s seem another age - look at the films and photographs taken then! Particularly in the country the recent past seems both near and far: some things, like land - and seascape, remain relatively unchanged and contrast sharply with the latest inventions. The microlite hums over 300 million-year-old cliffs, the massive power boat zooms into the harbour past the angler on his rock and the Salcombe yawl, descended from early crabbing boats. Venerable bells ring out from medieval towers whose roofs made excellent storage hideaways for 18th and 19th century contraband, Thurlestone included. In the church the vicar uses the latest audio equipment. We make history in our lives. Writing it

ANNE BORN continued:

adds to the records. And the best piece of advice writers can have is: write about what you know. And to make a proper mark you must write with the essential ink of feeling.

You may prefer to write straight history, many do. This is invaluable too in the cause of preservation and conservation. How much local history needs to be written everyone knows. To begin is to join an association of friends that will give lasting mutual inspiration. It's worth spending some time pondering on the subjects that appeal to you: whether prehistoric, medieval or modern periods. Industries and occupations through the ages. Industrial archaeology is a fascination I'd never have thought would be mine. And a word of warning: the infection grows and can get fanatical! My own passion for quarries has friends and family groaning and headshaking sometimes. Or it may be one of the many styles of architecture: country houses, castles, churches, or vernacular architecture: farms and their buildings and barns, cottages, toll houses, such rarities as ice houses or follies.

Whatever you plan to research and write, unfailing help and courtesy are available from the West Country Studies Library and Devon Record Office in Exeter or the West Devon Record Office and local history library in Plymouth. Our local museums, the Cookworthy in Kingsbridge, the summer maritime museum and Overbecks at Salcombe, are rich in materials too. The most precious sources of information perhaps are stored in the memories of local residents, who are usually very willing to pass them on if they don't want to write themselves. Personally I've found talking to people and going out on fieldwork investigating subjects far the most enjoyable part of the job.

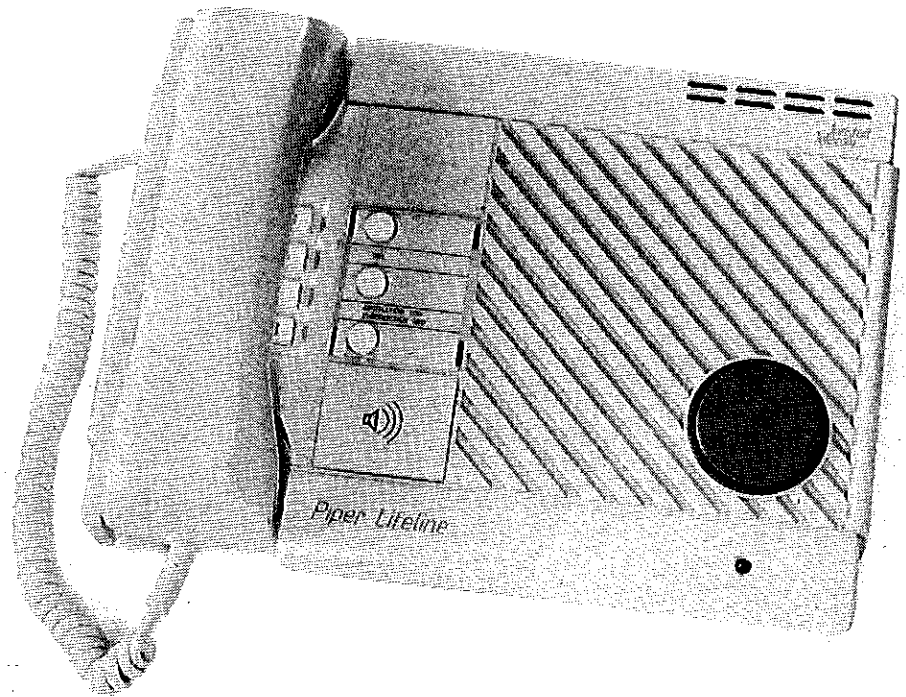
Of course you need a plan for whatever you do. How complex and rigid or flexible depends on you. Making notes is bound to be a feature, and keeping accurate references: title of book or document, where held and catalogue number, author's name and publisher's if possible, date of publication and page numbers where your quotes come from, are vitally important and must be cross-checked towards the end of the project. The historian's nightmare is a file of unreferenced notes -- and it's even more of a nightmare to his fellow researchers! The same goes for illustrations, whether your own sketches or photos or those of others, which you must always get permission to use, as with modern published material of all kinds, because of copyright.

When after great enjoyment and interest you have assembled all your material, or all you have time to collect, for there is never an end to the riches, and are ready to write, you must think about presentation. Even if you are not considering publication you should produce a typescript on standard lines: in double-spacing with an inch of margin all round. Spelling is still quite important and so is punctuation. This latter has been streamlined in recent years, which means chiefly that you should only use commas when necessary, usually where there is a natural pause in the narrative. Short words are always better than long ones, English than Latinate. Clarity is all. Think hard, but don't let rules put you off. If you enjoy your writing, so will your readers. Good luck!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Wiving in a house at South Sands, Salcombe,

Mrs Anne Born has already helped one Thurlestone lady to prepare her memoirs for publication. She is well qualified to do so. Her two books about Devon -- "South Devon, Combe, Tor and Seascapes" and "A History of Kingsbridge and Salcombe" -- are widely acclaimed.

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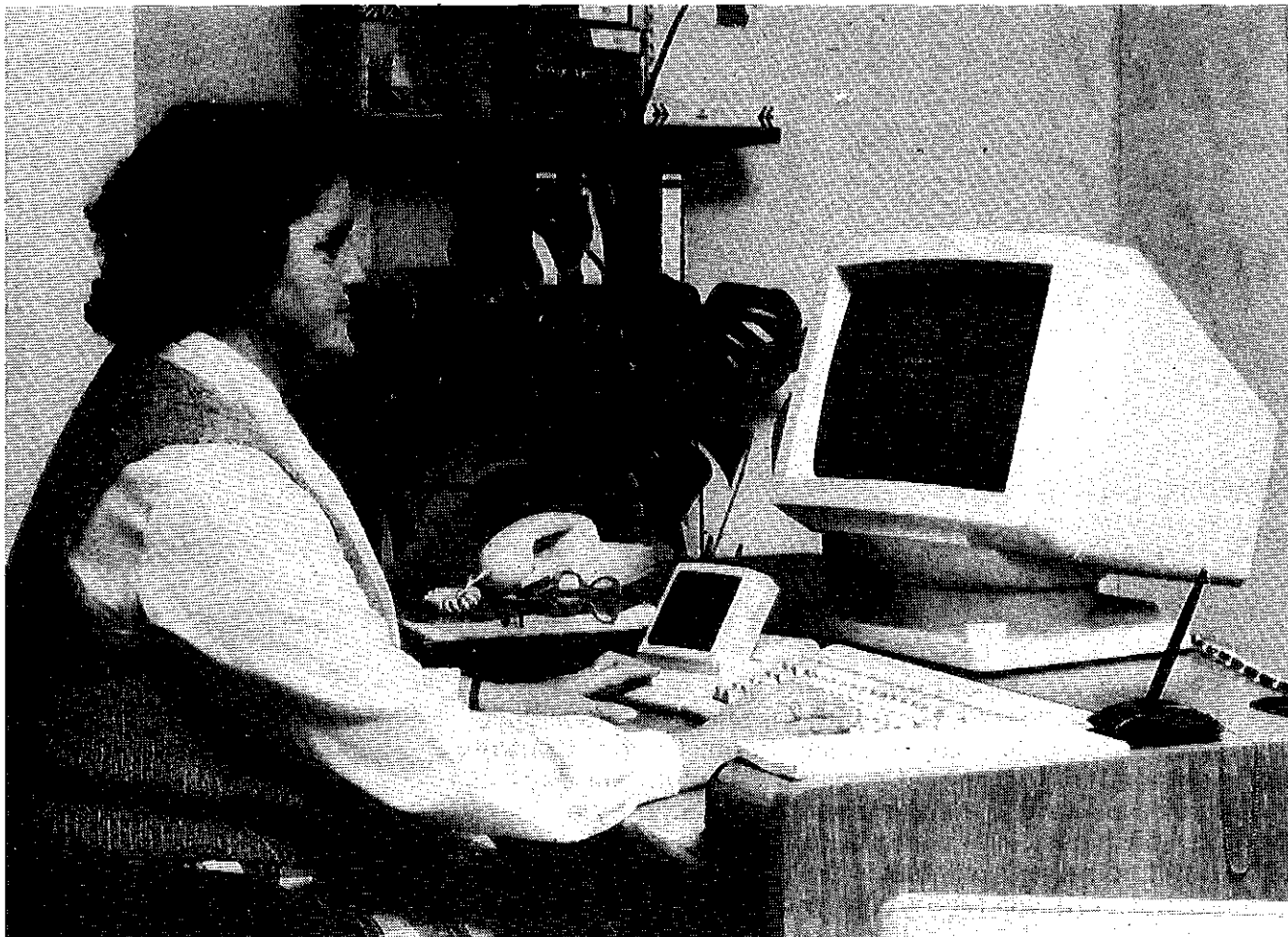
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Radio
Trigger

- A remote answering facility which allows the user to take a call, and conduct a conversation, even when some way from the unit.
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The system is available to any elderly or disabled person living in the District.

It is possible to BUY the alarm unit from the Council, and by paying a "user charge", link into Central Control. Alternatively, for an "all inclusive" weekly charge, the alarm unit and link to Central Control can be RENTED from the Council. Details of the current charges are available separately.



How the system works...

1. Mrs Smith has an accident in her home and falls injuring herself. She has not fallen near the telephone so cannot easily reach it for help.
2. She presses the button on the pendant she wears around her neck which sets off the alarm. Immediately, she knows the call for help is being transmitted because she hears the bleeping tone on the alarm.
3. Central Control receive the call and identify the caller as Mrs Smith because of her unique code number on her alarm equipment.
4. Central Control speak to Mrs Smith through the speech module and ask her what her problem is.
5. Although the door is closed between the hallway and the kitchen (where Mrs Smith had her fall) she can hear Central Control and they can hear her.
6. Having ascertained the problem, Central Control call the ambulance service. They also contact a friend (name previously suggested by Mrs Smith) who agrees to go to Mrs Smith's home to wait with her until the ambulance arrives.
7. Central Control then call Mrs Smith back and reassure her that the ambulance is on its way and tell her that her friend is on the way to wait with her.
8. Central Control will close the speech channel down after making sure Mrs Smith has no other requirements. Thus Central Control is ready and able to deal with the next emergency.
9. Mrs Smith, who sustained a badly bruised knee, returns home after her visit to the hospital confident that if the situation had been worse her emergency alarm would have been able to cope quickly and efficiently.

If you would like a Council representative to call, without obligation, please return the enclosed request form to:

Director of Planning and Housing, Follaton House, Plymouth Road, Totnes
or telephone David Ashman on Totnes 864499



THURLESTONE SHOCK!

Horror at gruesome find!

RESIDENTS STUNNED!

By Our Special Reporter

THURLESTONE, Friday.

Residents of this quaint old Devon village were still stunned today after the shock discovery of a grim relic in their midst. Even in the Village Stores, usually all-a-buzz with all the latest lines of gossip, voices were hardly raised above a whisper as these real country characters discussed the meaning of the find. Outside, apart from the usual thudding of solicitors' letters through letter boxes, all was deathly still.

Even the young man who made the actual discovery was unavailable for comment as he had been transferred to other work in nearby Salcombe. However, Village Voice has it on good authority that even when he made the find, disguised as a lintel over an old fireplace, he had no idea of the true nature of his discovery. Nor, if truth be told, had many old and distinguished residents who walked by it daily on their perambulations up and down the village main street.

It was, in fact, a nearby resident's wife who first correctly identified the old timber as it leant against the wall of 'Snowdens' amid the debris of the restoration work to the old building. "That", said she, "that looks very like part of some ancient stocks to me!". This surely must have been a flash of real intuition, as readers can be assured she has no experience of stocks at all.

But she was right. The ancient timber is indeed part of Thurlestone's stocks with the place for the miscreant's neck clear to see. And it is particularly interesting that it was found during work on Snowdens. For research in Thurlestone's literature produced the following from the Reverend Frank Coope's book. (Mr. Coope was Rector 1897 to 1921).

"There were some Stocks which stood within the memory of man in the church porch, into which naughty boys were put who behaved badly in church. A drunken man, having been put into them once, afterwards carried them off and threw them into the stream at the bottom of Thurlestone Hill. They were brought back again, and, having been disused for many years, were built into a cottage as a lintel to a window by William Snowdon, who at ninety-two years of age could not remember which cottage it was."

Well, now residents know which cottage it was - his own! But it will doubtless be some time before the repercussions of this discovery of part of Thurlestone's not-so-glorious past have ceased and the village returns to its usual calm.

CORRECTION: On the third page of the article "Good Old Days" by Kenneth Weedy, Mr. Weedy says that line six which starts "Barley was the real killer" should in fact refer to Wheat and not Barley. Wheat was sacked in 2½ cwt units; Barley sacks weighed 2 cwt and Oats 1½cwt.

UNITED BENEFICE (Thurlestone & South Milton)

The Rector and Church Officers would like, through the courtesy of Village Voice, to greet all our parishioners, and especially welcome any who are new to the district.

In accordance with the general practice of the Church of England, we would like to indicate that we gladly welcome all-comers to our worship of whatsoever denomination, and all who are communicant members of their own church are welcome to receive the Holy Communion with us at either church in the United Benefice (Thurlestone and South Milton).

At Thurlestone there is a Celebration of Holy Communion at 8 a.m. each Sunday, and a Family Service at 9.20 a.m. on the first Sunday each month. Each other Sunday the main morning service is at 11.10 a.m. - either Mattins or Parish Eucharist. There is also a mid-week Celebration of Holy Communion each Thursday at 8.30 a.m..

At South Milton main morning worship is at 9.20 a.m. (11.10 a.m. on the first Sunday in the month), with Evensong or Family Service approximately twice per month.

+++++

PROVISION FOR CANDIDATES

ADDRESSES IN VILLAGE VOICE

If, in the forthcoming District and Parish Election scheduled to take place on Thursday 7th May, there are sufficient nominations to require an election to be held in our Parish, all candidates are invited to publish their address in the pages of Village Voice. The fee will be a nominal £5.

As the number of nominations will not be known until the closing date laid down for such - April 7th - we will, therefore, extend our 'press' date until April 11th. All other items are requested earlier than that date please.

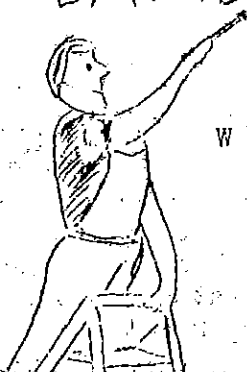
Do please remember there is NO charge for notification of LOCAL EVENTS. Do send in details as early as possible.

All the above refers to the May-June issue which will be distributed by April 30th.

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GOOD OLD DAYS ?

KENNETH WEEDY



As the years slide by and I find memories outweighing plans for the future, I wonder increasingly how many of those who sigh nostalgically for the "Good Old Days" really recall how things were within our lifetimes.

I left Seale Hayne in 1937 to go farming. There was no family farm to return to at the end of my studies and so I travelled the South-Western counties in search of a holding. Among the first that I was offered was the tenancy of a four hundred acre farm at Snowhill, on the Cotswolds near Broadway. It had stood empty for two years since the bankruptcy of the previous tenant and the terms which I was offered were that no rent at all would be payable for the first three years; five shilling (25p) an acre for the next two years and by mutual agreement between the landlords and myself thereafter. I was sorely tempted but lacked the courage to believe that I could succeed where another had failed.

Eventually, with my Father's help, I bought a 250 acre farm in the Southern end of Taunton Vale, near Ilminster. The price? £7,000 or about £28 an acrebut this price included all the live and deadstock on the place, including a flock of sheep and the small dairy herd. But this is where reality takes over from nostalgia.

The newly formed Milk Marketing Board was starting to bring order out of the chaos in the cut throat selling of milk. My herd was Grade A and Tuberculin tested, but I still remember my first milk cheque, and the enhanced Winter price, worked out at the equivalent of 3½p per gallon in today's money.

CONTINUED OVERPAGE:-

Continuing - GOOD OLD DAYS ?

About three or four months after my start I was cornered one day by three of my neighbours at Taunton market. They had a grievance. My cowman's wife had been unwise enough at a local whistdrive to divulge that I was paying her husband thirty-two shillings and sixpence for a fifty hour week, when the going rate was really only thirty bob (150p) ! I was spoiling the market and they let me know in no uncertain terms.

Haymaking is portrayed as a gentle and dream like pastime, lethargically performed by a mixture of the sexes, the maidens being equipped with long handled wooden rakes with which they gently formed the crop into windrows. In fact haymaking against the clock and the weather was the nearest thing to sheer slavery. There were two basic methods of getting hay to the stack; you could either load wagons drawn by horses alongside the dried windrows or you could use a multi-pronged 'sweep', either drawn by a horse or mounted on the front of a tractor. At the stack an elevator powered by a small motor, carried the hay delivered to it to the ascending height of the stack, where it was received and spread by the stackers. Whatever method was used, the inescapable fact was that every ounce of the crop had to be manhandled not once, but time and time again, with sweat running off you like a river. And then, one morning, you would be passing through the rickyard and a never to be forgotten smell stopped you in your tracks....a stack was 'heating' spontaneously and could soon be alight deep inside. I doubt if the inmates of Stalin's Gulags ever knew labour like the race to dismantle, spread and rebuild a hot haystack.

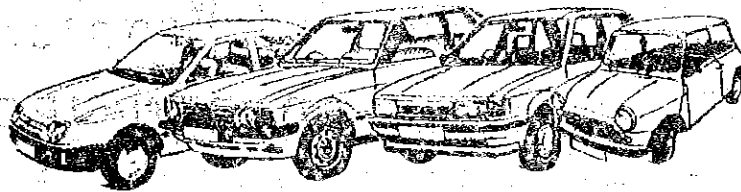
Corn harvest lacked the sheer physical toil of haymaking, but made up for this in other ways. Before the days of selective weedkillers thistles, with spines like hypodermic needles, made sheaf handling a form of torture. They got everywhere - not only painfully into the palms of your hands, but also inside your open-necked shirt and into your Wellingtons where, embedded in your socks, they vented their spite not only on your feet but later on the hands of the luckless person who did your washing.

When harvest was over, ploughing started at the accepted pace of one man with a team of two horses and a single furrow plough being able to turn over one acre a day. Horse ploughing with a good team was both mentally and physically satisfying, but how many people realise that, cutting an eight inch furrow, an acre of ploughing represents twelve miles of walking for the ploughman, each and every day for five and sometimes six days a week during the Autumn cultivations. No wonder Gray's homeward bound worker was weary and plodding.

Then came threshing and a fresh encounter with those damned thistles. Of all the unrelenting, filthy dirty jobs invented by man, commend me to tending a stationary drum thresher from first light until it got too dark to see. The dirtiest and most unpopular job, usually reserved for someone known locally as mentally "only about nineteen bob in the Pound", was raking out 'dowse',

CONCLUDED OVERPAGE:-

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VILLAGE VOICE

CONCLUDING - GOOD OLD DAYS ?

the chaff and, in the case of barley, the spiny awns from beneath the threshing machine, bagging it up and then dumping it where it could be safely burned at a later date. At the end of the day you looked like a refugee from the Black and White Minstrels. But the real hard graft was at the tail of the machine where the streams of threshed grain came down the chutes into the waiting maws of the old West of England sacks. Barley was the real killer, at two and a quarter hundredweight to the sack....eighteen stone deadweight. Two of you lifted the sack on to the tail of a nearby wagon and then one man would get underneath it and carry it on his back across the yard and, frequently, up a flight of stone steps into an upstairs granary. No wonder that hernias, single and double, were the agricultural worker's commonest injury! Rheumatism was endemic. An old chap worked for me who had once been a shepherd but who, in his advancing years, had now turned to hedging and ditching. From the time the leaf was gone until buds burst again he carried on thinning, laying and pleaching in all weathers with no more protection than a sack draped like a cape across his shoulders and another like a kilt about his waist. I wonder how many of those who lament the removal of hedgerows begin to comprehend what the upkeep entailed. One man, one chain of twenty-two yards a day was reckoned to be fair and on a neglected hedge as little as half that. It was never ending, like painting the Forth Bridge. But we had our fun. My neighbours, Walter Bromfield and his Father-in-law, Harry Forward, had a skittle alley on their farm where they kept open house after Church on Sundays. And they had what seemed to be an inexhaustable supply of the most potent farmhouse cider I have ever tasted, christened by its admiring devotees as 'Old Tanglefoot'. But that is another story.....

K.C.WEEDY

COB REVIVAL?

Until the first world war cob was the the principal house-building material in most Devon villages, and cob-wall and thatch was also used extensively in the construction of farmhouses, and a great many of these 'monuments' to past skills are still very much in existence today - something like a 1000 in Devon and there are now only a handful of men left to maintain them. Among the secrets of a good cob wall are keeping its head warm and its bottom dry - so a stone base was an esseential part of building with cob. In its

virgin state cob is a distinctly unattractive material, being a mixture of sub-soil and straw moistened to just the right consistency. To revive interest in country crafts and activities like cob-walling, the Devon Rural Trust, under the presidency of Viscount Falmouth, and the energetic chairmanship of Eric Blatchford have been holding working demonstrations, with some classes almost over subscribed. Alf Howard, a veteran builder from Morchard Road, represents the fourth generation of family builders specialising in cob walls - and there is no doubt about his enthusiasm. "A house built of cob would save enough money in energy to pay for itself in 20 years" he says.

District and Parish Elections

Firstly, you must be a person on the current Electoral Register for the Parish.

There are seven members of the Thurlestone Parish Council, so there would only be an Election should more than 7 Nominations be received by the Returning Officer, who for this area is usually the Chief Executive Officer of the South Hams District Council, at Pollaton House, Plymouth Road, Totnes. Anyone who seeks election must obtain Nomination Papers from the Returning Officer, and will require a 'Proposer' and 'Seconder' to be named thereon.

The period of service on a Parish Council is 4 years. There is no provision in the Local Government Act for any payment for attendance at meetings. Being a Parish Councillor is one of service to your community.

Anyone seeking election to the District Council should follow a similar procedure. Nomination Papers should be obtained from the Returning Officer (as above). You will need a Proposer, Secunder and ten others. One very important factor is that the District Councillor for Thurlestone also serves the parishes of South Milton and West Alvington. There is provision in the Local Government Act for a District Councillor to receive an attendance allowance and also travelling allowance - in fact these two items cost the Council some £50,000 a year!

If there is to be an election for the District Council, the Returning Officer will have to be in receipt of more than one Nomination!

All dates relating to any Election will be published by the Returning Officer in due time. Adherence thereto is absolutely vital, too.

The date of any Election for both the above is May 7th. Final date for submitting Nomination Papers 6th April by 12 noon

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so they can enjoy
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+ + + +

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to be
a lot of people
who
are not so fortunate.

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+ + + +

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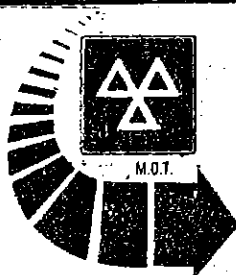
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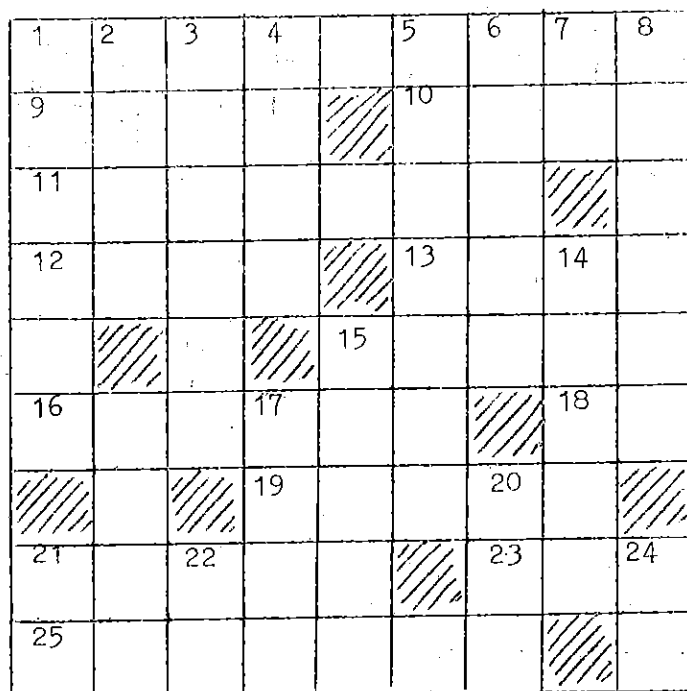
CROSSWORD No.1

CLUES ACROSS

1. I bet you can't do it! (9)
9. The animals went in two by two
10. Not in the West (4) (4)
11. Insinuated (7)
12. Dam it all ! (4)
13. Jeer (4)
15. Double Sirloin in the good
16. Diminish (6) old days(5)
18. Not you (2)
19. An engineering job, maybe.(5)
21. Don't cry, put it in some water
23. Is it a craft? (3) (5)
25. Respond.

CLUES DOWN

1. You don't have to be cruel to use this (6)
2. Almost as good as honey, but sharper (4)
3. Up at the top (3)
4. Suggestive, perhaps (40)
5. Do it in style (7).
6. Look straight up to Heaven (5).
7. Don't come (2)
8. Holder of mystical tenets (6).
14. One of the anchors.
15. Legumens! (5)
17. They get it in the Navy (4).
20. Did you have it? (3).
21. Is it either?(2)
24. Not from (2)



Compiled by Mrs. Pauline Eaton

Readers are invited to send in original Crossword Puzzles for future issues

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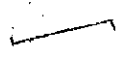
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Old Thurlestone Families

Part 1.



1650-1700

By Neville C. Oswald, T.D., M.D., F.R.C.P.,

ooo000ooo

Soon after I retired in 1975 the rector, the reverend John Delve, allowed me to have a look at the old Thurlestone registers of baptisms, marriages and burials, which were then kept in the safe in the vestry. Opening one of them at random, I saw that William POLYBANK married Elizabeth WAKEHAM on October 15, 1705. Having no previous experience of or indeed interest in local history, I considered this item for a while and wondered whether perhaps I was prying into the affairs of people who were in no position to answer back. Yet, it seemed to me, the whole of history is based mainly on the affairs of people, especially those who have made names for themselves. For instance, we know that Catherine CHAMBERNOWNE of Modbury was the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh and also of Sir Humphrey Gilbert by her first marriage (not bad for a Modbury girl). Sir Francis Drake was born at Crowndale Farm just outside Tavistock, the son of a shearman. Such information derives largely from parish registers, which are available for all to see (ours are now kept at the Devon Record Office, Exeter). I believe they should be used to illuminate local history; maybe ours have something to tell us about the people who lived in Thurlestone many years ago.

The date of the POLYBANK'S wedding means little in isolation, but if it could be related to William and Elizabeth's parents and children, it would provide the beginnings of a family history. The next stage would be to find out who else married or had children or died round about then. So that families could be pieced together with a view to drawing up a family history of the whole parish. This is called "family reconstitution", a new science which has been exploited by members of the Social Research Council (SRC) at Cambridge, with whom I have been in touch. The registers of 300 to 400 parishes up and down the country have been copied out, sent to the SRC and put on a computer, but disappointingly few publications of their findings have appeared so far. Thurlestone is one of the very few parishes that have been analysed in isolation and is second in Devon only to Colyton, one of the first parishes to be studied by the SRC.

CONTINUED OVERPAGE:2

OLD THURLESTONE FAMILIES - Part 1. continued:

How far back one can go with family reconstitution depends upon the state of the registers. Ours start in 1538, but there are gaps in the early years and again during the Civil War in the 1640s. So, 1650 has been taken as the starting point and reconstitution of the whole parish has been completed from then up to 1975.

Anybody looking at the years 1650 to 1700 in the registers can hardly fail to be impressed by the number of LIDSTONES there must have been. During the period 136 or one in seven of the entries in the registers were Lidstones. Then there were the children of the Lidstone girls who had changed their names on marriage and all the Aunts, uncles and cousins that were milling around. Probably, not less than one-third of the people in the parish were either called Lidstone or were closely related to them by marriage. Other common names were PHILLIPS (62 entries), SQUIRE or SQUARE (53), followed by PILDITCH(39), RANDELL (39) and CORNISH (32). These seven names, all well established in the parish before 1650, comprised no less than 40 per cent or two in five of all the entries in the registers; with their close relations by marriage, they must have accounted for more than half of the community, which in those days amounted to about 350 souls.

Other names that appeared before 1650 include LAKEMAN (28), ROGERS (27), TABB (16) and POLYBANK (15), REVILL (12) was hopelessly mixed up with BOABILL, BOBILL and BIBILL. STIDSTON (5), which is a difficult enough name to spell in all conscience, maintained an insecure foothold.

What about the others? There were many "sojourners" who came for a limited time, the men working in the fields and the girls in domestic service. They sometimes married into the old families, stayed for a generation or two then left, never to be seen in the registers again. They were part of the incessant flow in and out of the parish over the centuries. Two such men with names not previously seen in the registers turned up during this period, John HARDY and his wife Prothesa arrived and started a family in 1671. John MOORE and his wife Phoebe had a daughter in 1641 who was baptised on the same day that her mother was buried. Evidently, Phoebe died in childbirth and her daughter probably died too. These two sojourners had a considerable effect on the future composition of the community.

Before leaving the 1600s, there is just one more figure to be considered. Only 44 per cent. of those who were baptised in Thurlestone were also buried here; if children who died before reaching the age of 15 are excluded, the figure is reduced from 44 to 36 per cent. That is, little more than one-third of those born here and surviving to be adults were ultimately buried here. Obviously, some went to live in nearby parishes, especially South Milton, others were girls who married and set up homes with their husbands elsewhere.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF:-

CONCLUDING PART 1 -
OLD THURLESTONE FAMILIES

Among the remainder, some must have been frustrated by the local scene and wanted something different. They may have been unsettled by the turmoil of the Civil War, which ended in 1646, and was followed by Cromwell's dominance and imposed austerity. The rector was removed and replaced by a Puritan. He was reinstated in 1660 when the monarchy was restored, after which life returned to normal and all sorts of opportunities arose. Coastal trade, the life blood of the south coast of Devon in those days, was quickly re-established. Sailing ships were made ready to revive the vast cod fishery with Newfoundland, especially from Dartmouth. Trade with and emigration to New England, Virginia and the Colonies was resumed. Adventures such as these must have appealed to some of the young people of Thurlestone, as indeed they have to Devonians down the ages.

----- P

Part 2 will appear in the May/June issue of 'Village Voice' which it is hoped will be distributed at the end of *April*

=====

DON'T SPOIL THE 'SHIP'

for a ha'porth of tar, a common enough warning against the folly of false economy, when penny-pinching may cost you more in the long run. But it has nothing to do with ships! The word should really be 'sheep', but countrymen pronounced it 'ship'. Sheperds used to protect their flocks by dabbing tar on an open sore to ward off flies - for they 'did'nt want to lose a sheep for a ha'porth of tar'.

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o o Pook!! o o

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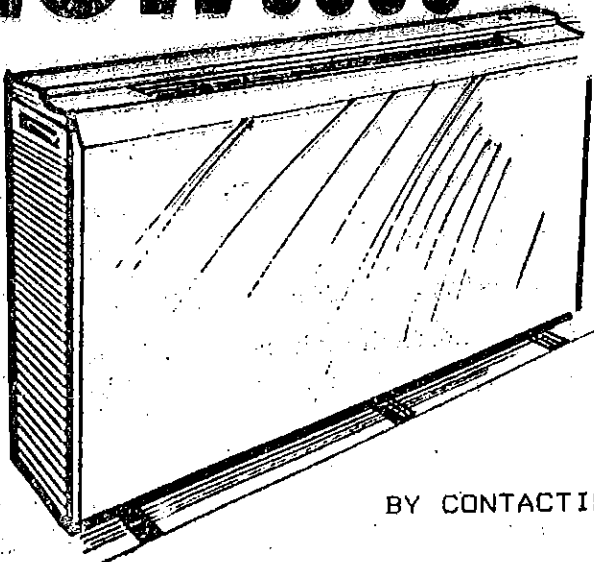
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drainpipe to

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Creda

Folklore

One for sorrow, two for mirth,
 Three for a wedding, four for a birth.
 Five for silver, six for gold,
 Seven for a secret never to be told.

How often have you heard that. In my childhood it related to the magpie, but I have also heard it applied to the crow. Well, the magpie belongs to the crow family so it makes little difference. It used to be looked upon as a bird of ill-omen. Perched on the roof of a house, it was thought to foretell of the death of someone who lived there. For years, as a youngster, if I saw one magpie I would search for a sight of a second. Funny thing is that rooks were considered lucky and farmers protected them, for it was believed that if they deserted a neighbourhood it would be overtaken by adversity. A farm bereft of rooks could expect a famine, yet I knew a farmer in Buckinghamshire who, during the lambing period shot them to protect his new born lambs - and he didn't suffer famine either!

I do understand that it was thought prudent to take care of the swallow, for this was a bird which was looked upon as a messenger of Spring and a bringer of new life. 'Swallow storms' were periods of bad weather which seemed to coincide with their arrival and departure. A swallow nesting in any part of the house was thought to protect it from fire, lightning and tempest, and dreadful misfortunes would occur if a swallow were deliberately killed; the herd would give a poor milk yield and it would rain for forty days.

To kill a robin was also believed to invite catastrophe. The culprit would lose a limb and a death would occur in the family. Stealing a robin's egg would bring trouble or illness and the possibility of being struck by lightning. This little bird, whose red breast was thought to have been acquired when it tried to remove a thorn from Christ's brow and a drop of His blood fell on it, was not as welcome as it is nowadays.

The cuckoo on the other hand usually heralded good fortune. On first hearing its call people were advised to turn their money over and wish, then immediately turn their hand to something they enjoyed so that they would continue doing it for twelve months. The number of its cries was significant. One meant a good haycrop, two foretold of a summer of fine weather and three meant a quick recovery from illness or disease. A child born on the day a cuckoo was first heard would have a happy life.

VILLAGE VOICE

Continuing FOLKLORE

Peacocks, looked upon as royal birds in the Middle Ages, have always been associated with bad luck. Their beautiful feathers were supposed to represent the colours of the seven deadly sins including the yellow eye of Envy, the green eye of Jealousy and the red eye of Murder. It was said that a girl who handled peacock's feathers would never marry and no suitors would come to a house where peacocks were kept.

The majestic swan, another royal bird, was connected with gods and angels. In most countries it was considered unlucky to see a swan killed and it was believed that the killer would die within the year. Mind you, numerous birds in olden times must have owed their lives to the conviction that killing them would be followed by affliction or disaster. Although they believed that it brought stormy weather, sailors would never kill an albatross for seabirds were thought to embody human souls. Seagulls, for example, were supposed to contain the souls of dead fishermen and if one came near, it was a warning of danger.

A more romantic belief was associated with butterflies. These 'little birds of good news' as they were called were thought to enclose the souls of unbaptised babies. Because they emerged from the chrysalis butterflies were recognised as a symbol of the resurrection and were supposed to bring new life wherever they settled. A white butterfly stood for purity and it was lucky indeed if one entered the house. Then all the doors and windows would be closed to prevent the luck escaping. Whether anyone was concerned with its survival is unrecorded.

A great deal of folklore was indeed little more than superstition, of course. Take the the lengths some people will go to in order to avoid walking under a ladder. Here was a superstition which had nothing to do with the practical possibility of a falling brick or paint tumbling from above. It seems that the origin of this superstition lay in the interpretation of the triangle formed by the ladder with the wall and ground as a symbol of the Trinity. Breaking the triangle and walking through it was regarded as a sign of disrespect, even of friendship with the devil.

In conclusion let me tell you the ladybird was welcomed as a bringer of wealth, especially if it was a dark colour, and the more spots it had the more money it would bring. A ladybird was never brushed away but treated with care, and if one settled on the hand, it was addressed:

Fly, little ladybird, north, south, east or west,
Fly in the direction of the man who loves me the best.

It was, of course, important then to watch which way it flew. And should you be getting married in the Spring remember that a bee appearing in church during the wedding service promises perpetual married bliss.

Research: WALTER DEE

When Cereals were not in surplus

We all, particularly the younger generation, take the farm tractor as the utility powerplant of the agricultural scene; just something accepted in this modern age, but in many ways the tractor in this country had its beginnings in the dark days of World War I. The German U-boats were blockading our shores and starvation became a stark reality. So serious was the situation in 1917 that Henry Ford of America received an urgent order for 5000 of his Fordson tractors - the machine which ultimately built such a name for themselves on the farms and smallholdings of the land.

There was already a tractor industry in England, but the concept of an alternative form of power to the steam engine that dominated the agricultural scene came as early as 1890, when Herbert Stuart, a Yorkshire engineer, came out with a stationary engine to run from either paraffin or oil. Starting was a time consuming business, with the fuel having to be pre-heated by a blow lamp, though once the engine was running it would carry on as long as was needed. Taken out into the fields these engines provided the power for the threshing drum; in the farm yard they were capable of driving any stationary agricultural machine that was in use - but the natural progression was to try and make these Stuart engines provide the power to drive wheels, but this never proved successful. Imagine trying to work a tractor of the age, weighing anything up to four and a half tons, in the Devonshire countryside. The stationary engine was accepted, but the tractor had to wait for the dark days of Europe in conflict.

While the Fordson was probably the best known of the American imports into England, there were other famous names of the era. The International Harvester Company had their Mogul and Titan tractors, nearly 3000 of the Titans came into the country in fact. With two forward gears giving a speed up to $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h., and a reverse, this Titan was one of the most successful tractors of the period, despite a primitive appearance with a girder framework. Nevertheless, this new form of mechanisation on the farms appears to have been accepted without the distrust engendered by the invasion into the time-honoured methods which had prevailed in the past. Price being a matter of serious concern to the farmer of those times, the Fordson was very popular because it scored well over all its rivals in this direction.

It was in 1921 that the Royal Agricultural Society brought various makes of tractor together to work under typical farming conditions, with worldwide interest shown in them. However, to the farmer concerned with practical agriculture, the highlight of that year was the 'three point linkage' that Henry Ferguson brought out. Now the driver could make adjustments to the implements he was using with-

without leaving his seat. It was the beginning of a system that was perfected and used generally on the tractor, giving a combined linkage and hydraulic control over the tool being used.

Adhesion and grip when working in the fields, especially on the hilly land, was a major problem. Although metal slats were fitted to the large metal rear wheels, with ridges on the front wheels to improve steering, this was only suitable on the land, moving from farm to field created havoc with the tarmac of the road surface !

The benefits of rubber were obvious early on, but despite lengthy experiments with solid rubber tyres they were never really successful. It was not until 1932, when the Firestone Company brought out a pneumatic slatted tyre that the evolution of the tractor took another step forward. Food surpluses may be a major concern nowadays and cost we taxpayers a tidy sum, but we would have a greater worry if it were the other way round. W.D.

Sweet Violets

Perhaps you already know that exciting things have been happening to the humble 'violet' lately. It all started in the U.S.A., where African violets have been collectors pieces for many years. Slowly, some of their varieties were discovered by enthusiasts here, and as they became more popular, new varieties were produced in the U.K.

Recently my wife acquired, through mail order, six 'new' varieties which were displayed at the Chelsea flower Show in 1986. These are 'Rococo Pink' - a full double pink. Milestone Sport, single magenta and white variable markings. Porcelain is white single with dark blue markings. Ruby is a single rich magenta. Sandringham Blue is a single bright blue and Lilac Beauty bears large frilled lilac flowers.

They need humidity, so stand the plants in trays of gravel and water that regularly to keep it moist - or grow lots of plants close together so they create their own humidity. D.W.D.

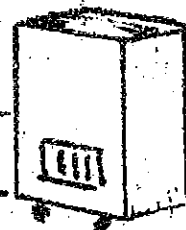
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Walter
Dee

BRING BACK LOCAL GOVERNMENT !

In 1974 the Government of the day, (Sh-h-h! No politics please, I'm British!) we had thrust upon us, an unsuspecting, uninformed public, something they called: The Re-organ-isation of Local Government!

This left most of us bewitched, bothered and bewildered. Bothered because we were to see the demise of local government, bewildered because we could see no sense or reason in the project, and bewitched? That was to come later.

Can you, bearing in mind the old 'set-up' of small Rural District and Urban District Councils, small, tolerably efficient and cheap to run, really consider you have benefited from the change-over?

To start with the South Hams District Council covers far too extensive an area to be considered 'local' to anybody, except perhaps Totnes. It stretches from Bickleigh on the outskirts of Plymouth, down along the Plymouth boundary to Wembury, right along the coast to Dartmouth, thence, believe it or not, up along to Marldon above Paignton. It includes the townships of Ivybridge, Totnes, Dartmouth, Kingsbridge and Salcombe, (all of which at one time had their own Town Councils.

From towns and parishes having individual representation it is now shared out with one representative serving two, even three parishes - a single voice among 43 others many of whom cannot reasonably be expected to have any knowledge or real interest in the aims, desires and needs of parishes which are just a name on a map.

We have seen the building of a mini-empire, with a constant increase in rate demands, but we still get little more than our dustbins emptied.

The bigger the better - for the officials whose job it is to operate this unfortunate system. It is not really their fault that the 'bigger the empire' the bigger the salary they get - and, of course, the bigger the rate demand.

Only the National Government can change it. Ask your candidate at the next General Election to sponsor the return of local Local Government.

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So say the Government with regard to the sewage pollution of our coastal waters and beaches.

Why the long wait ?

The Government don't propose to release any money, and Mr. Hill, Chairman of South West Water tells us that this will mean the sewage rate doubling or even trebling when the work is carried out.

Surely there is some measure of total dishonesty in taking money - tens of thousands of pounds - over the years for untreated sewage down a drainpipe to the sea.

Almost seems to be a form of blackmail. Press for pollution free sewage disposal and it won't half cost you !

Surely, another question at the General Election hustings ?

+ + + + +

KINGSBRIDGE ESTUARY BARRAGE

Dream or nightmare ? Where will the money come for that?

+ + + + +

PARKING AT KINGSBRIDGE

Why do the Highway Authority and the Police condone car parking in Plymouth Road. ?

The expensive 'By-Pass' doesn't seem to have made it any quicker up Fore Street does it?

+ + + + +

DART PORT PROPOSAL

Another 'Dream' that will become a nightmare on the approach roads?

+ + + + +

ANY COMMENTS?

Write to WALTER DEE, c/o The Editor
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are important - write soon.

+ + + + +

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Window on Devonshire-1

— Honeychurch —

Editorial Note: We would like to have a series on this subject - the pleasure of day tours by car within a radius of 50 or 60 miles or so of the parish. Readers are invited to add to the enjoyment of others by contributing to the series.

ooooOOoooo

Proceed out of the parish and make for the old B3196 road via Loddiswell to the Wrangaton turn-off to the A38. Carry on to the Drumbridges turn for Bovey Tracey. Go up through Bovey T. for the Mortonhamstead road which will eventually bring you to Whiddon Down and the A30. Proceed for Okehampton but before getting to that town look out for a signpost on your right for Sampford Courtenay - about 6 miles upalong-downalong. Sampford Courtenay is considered one of the most beautiful villages in Devon and has earned numerous awards through the energy and devotion of its parishioners entering the Competition. Enter the village by the Inn and travel up the village street, past the Post Office on your left and the Church on your right and go straight forward for about a mile and a half to the outskirts of a hamlet called Honeychurch - and there you will see what this little story is all about.

Perhaps it is now as well to quote from the writings of Professor W.G.Hoskins regarding St. Mary's Church, Honeychurch:

"You are standing in a church where Christian worship has been carried on for at least one thousand years. The derivation of the name - Huna's Church - tells us that it was founded by a landowner of that name, in all probability in the tenth century when so many of our parish churches were founded by landowners for the benefit of themselves, their families and their tenants.

The parish of Honeychurch is very small. It covers only 607 acres at the north-western corner of the large parish of Sampford Courtenay, and it is clear from the map that it was in all probability carved out of this great parish when Huna built his church. It is quite likely that the ecclesiastical parish, in fact, represents the original small estate of Huna and that he endowed his church with the tithes of this land.

Before we deal further with the church, a few words are necessary about the little parish which is now reunited with Sampford Courtenay for ecclesiastical purposes after so long a separation. In Domesday Book (1086) we are told that the manor of Honeychurch had been held in Edward the Confessor's time by Alwin Black, and that it passed at the Norman Conquest to Baldwin the Sheriff, though in fact it was held by one Walter under Baldwin. We get a picture from Domesday Book of the manor as it was then, and remarkable thing is that its five farms as depicted in 1086 have never changed; they have neither been reduced nor increased except by the late creation of a small farm out of the glebe land. Walter's demesne farm, worked by four slaves, is represented today by Middle Town, the large farm immediately west of the church. This is the kind of position in which one would expect to find it in a parish where the lord of the manor had caused the first church to be built. He would naturally have it built as close to his own household as possible. Furthermore, Middle Town was still the largest farm when the Tithe Survey was made in 1840; and one would expect the demesne farm to be the largest farm as in many other places in Devon. The four villein farms of 1086 are represented today by Westacott, Slade, Bude and East Town, so that Honeychurch has remained, in one sense, remarkably unchanged ever since the Norman Conquest and from some time before that.

Continuing 'HONEYCHURCH'

The church was founded well before the Norman Conquest, as its name clearly indicates. The small building of that time was replaced completely about the middle of the twelfth century by the little stone building which we see today. An entry in the episcopal register of John Bothe (Bishop of Exeter from 1465 to 1478) refers to "St. Mary of Honeychurch" when a new Rector was instituted on the 18th December, 1466.

At first sight the church we now see appears to be a typical little Devon church of the perpendicular period, but in fact it is essentially a Norman church of nave and chancel to which a small western tower and south porch were added, probably late in the fifteenth century. There are clear indications of the Norman origin of the nave and chancel; for example the south window of the chancel with its deep splay and a small round-headed opening in the north wall of the nave. Then there are two twelfth-century corbels now placed on either side of the south door. Finally, the font, a sculptured tub font of unusual design, is mid-twelfth century in date and almost certainly marks the completion of the rebuilding of Huna's church in stone. In the latter part of the fifteenth century the Norman church itself was partly re-constructed, added to, and refurnished. A small tower was added at the western end which still contains three bells. Two of these are probably contemporary with the tower. The third - the treble - has been dated from the time of Mary I (1553-58). In the fifteenth century, too, the chancel arch was rebuilt and several windows were altered or added in place of the small Norman windows. The external masonry of nave and chancel, of small uncoursed rubble, is that of the original twelfth-century church, in contrast to the coursed masonry of the Perpendicular tower.

The church was re-seated at the same time, or perhaps was given seats for the first time, and these medieval benches remain substantially untouched to this day. Some have roughly carved ends but most are plain oak. The nave was given a new roof with carved ribs, bosses and wall plates and ceiled over. This remains unaltered. Last of all a porch was added on the south side, perhaps in the early sixteenth century. The plain box-pews on the south side of the nave are of eighteenth-century date.

One small puzzling feature remains and that is the medieval cooking pots now preserved in a glass case in the nave. The priest's door in the south wall of the chancel had been blocked up and filled in at some date - possibly in the eighteenth century - and when it was re-opened in 1914 these pots were found in the filling. It is impossible to say how they got there, unless the material used for the filling came from a site close to one of the farmhouses (perhaps Middle Town) which had long been used as a rubbish dump, including worn-out pots. The transfer of archeological material in this accidental manner is well known to occur on and near long used sites. The old pots would have been regarded as a useful "fill-up".

Honeychurch is one of the simplest and most unsophisticated country interiors in the whole of England. It is essentially a small twelfth-century church altered and improved in the late fifteenth century, and hardly touched since. It owes its preservation from any kind of vigorous Victorian "restoration" to the fact that it has always been a small parish without a squire, and without the money to ruin it by reckless alterations as happened in so many of our parish churches in the Victorian period. There is occasionally something to be said for not having too much money.

Partly because there has probably never been a resident squire, Honeychurch has only one modest mural monument. This is to John Dunning, who died on 3rd March 1778. "

There are no specific picnic sites around, but it should not prove difficult to pull off the pretty narrow lanes - and there is the Inn back in Sampford Courtenay and Hotels and Cafe's in Okhampton. Incidentally, it is quite feasible to call in at Chagford after leaving Mortonhamstead - have a look at Castle Drogo and Fingle Bridge, and after visiting Honeychurch to return to Thurlestone going back through Okhampton on the Tavistock road and leaving Tavistock via the Princetown road.

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Notes by the Parish Clerk

Council Meetings were held on 16th December in Thurlestone Parish Hall and at Bantham on the 27th January, this latter meeting being attended by 25 parishioners.

The Ministerial statement to the House of Commons in December that EEC cleanliness standards are to apply to many West Country beaches, including Thurlestone, signified modest progress achieved by our anti-pollution campaign, but as no Government assistance to the Water Authority was intended, the new system for the district could still be delayed for many years. The Council will continue its efforts to persuade the authorities that clean beaches and a good infrastructure promote tourism to Devon better than artificial amenities. A formal protest was recorded in respect of the continued failure to remedy the faults in the sewerage system below the Mead Estate.

At the December Meeting, District Councillor Jack Thomas sought the opinions of Parishioners on the Kingsbridge Barrage Project, but the majority did not favour that scheme, and in January it was learned that the project had been shelved, at least whilst a report was prepared on the Kingsbridge Pool and Council land in the area.

The Council objected to a proposed extension of the water-skiing area on the Avon Estuary, and pressed for the Bye-law to become effective without further delay. Mr. Thomas reported that the SHDC Health and General Services Committee was expected to support that view, but certain formalities concerning the extension proposal would have to be observed.

Action to remedy the poor condition of many roads, especially Buckland Rd, Post Office Lane and the Road to Bantham Ferry was discussed. Councillors considered that the dangers and delays on the A.384 road at Riverford Bridge, Dartington were unlikely to be eased by the signal-controlled one-way shuttle flow system being installed. Representations to the District and County Councils were to be made for the construction of a second bridge (eg. Bailey) was still most urgently required for this principal traffic route to the South Hams.

Parish Councillor Derrick Yeoman was asked to head a Committee to co-ordinate any Parish participation in the Fourth Centenary Celebrations of the Spanish Armada, it being believed that the Spanish Fleet was first sighted from Thurlestone Churchtower. Anyone with information, souvenirs or ideas are asked to contact Mr. Yeoman on 560607.

The two new Information Boards are now being erected in Thurlestone and Bantham by the Heritage Coast Service, who are also investigating the security of the disused shafts at Leas Foot and re-siting a new litter bin in a more suitable location above Broadsands Beach.

The Parish Precept of a one penny rate would still be one of the lowest of any parish in the South Hams. It was agreed that Polling Cards should not need to be specially printed for the Parish Council election procedure.

THE ANNUAL PARISH MEETING WILL BE HELD ON TUESDAY, 24th MARCH 1987, at 7.30 p.m. in the PARISH HALL, THURLESTONE. Speakers invited to attend: County Councillor SIMON DAY, Chief-Inspector J.H. BAVERSTOCK, Mr E.J. HARDING the Divisional Surveyor of Devon County Council for this area, and District Councillor J.V. THOMAS.

ALL PARISHIONERS ARE URGED TO ATTEND THIS MEETING, as well as the usual Parish Council Meetings.

W.G.LADD
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THIS IS THE COTTAGE

It sits behind the big iron gate and the little courtyard with a secretive air. Visitors who pass along the raised footpath opposite often stop and stare at the little pink and yellow sign high up on the wall over the front door, but unless they use binoculars or have the most fantastic eyesight they'll never make out what it is. From that distance the sign looks very much like a pink and yellow rose. What it really is we'll come to in a moment, but first the house.

This is The Cottage. Just that. Not Holly Cottage, or Rose Cottage, or Something Else Cottage. It is The Cottage. It is shown on Ordnance Survey maps as that and it has been just that for many many years. But not always.

Once upon a time - way back in the 1700's - it was called Hington's Cottage and, despite that, was owned by one of the gentlemen of the village, a Mr. Thomas Square. Mr. Square not only owned Hington's Cottage, he owned 34 acres of land here too. Much of the ground on which the Mead now stands was his as was all that marshy ground lower down, known then as Playstow or The Ley, which leads down to "Leys Foot".

The Cottage is now the home of Mr and Mrs. Robert Hide. Mrs. Hide's mother bought the cottage in 1922. Bob Hide is a retired forester, a real expert on trees and timber, who saw war service with the Army forestry companies in Normandy and the Ardennes. Both Bob and Jean Hide are great enthusiasts about Thurlestone and its history and tell me that an expert study of some of the mortar used in The Cottage dates it as at least 1630 and probably earlier. But the section which joins it to Broads is much later.

Like many of the old houses in Thurlestone, The Cottage had its share of shipwreck timbers used in its construction, and one of them when taken out to make more room was so sound that it has been re-used by builders in some much more modern work in the village.

All really old houses present a puzzle to those who look at them today and wonder whether the stairs were really there or whether an old fireplace lies behind some recently smoothed wall. But the puzzle for Bob Hide is not in the building, but outside in the garden at the back.

And it is only when you are standing in the orchard at the back that you get some real idea of the joy of The Cottage. Whoever built it knew exactly what he was doing. Simple lines make it a house of great beauty. Looking up at it from the slope of the orchard, you get an incredible feeling of the past. Get too fanciful and you can almost see Thomas Square strolling with his guests in the garden on some summer evening of long, long ago.

But that very garden is a puzzle all right. Someone at some time - before 1777 for the garden shows clearly on the Courtenay

The Cottage continued:

Map of that date - someone brought in cartload after cartload of good earth to raise up a quadrangular garden on a level with the house. It was obviously a very formal affair for walks are shown on that old map. In the steward's book that goes with that old map, detailing for Sir William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, all his Thurlestone holdings, Hington's Cottage is described as "House, Cellar, Court, Garden and Orchard" of one rood and 34 poles or perches. The older readers of Village Voice will, of course, remember that there were 40 poles or perches to a rood, and 40 roods to an acre. They would also know that a square pole or perch was $30\frac{1}{2}$ square yards. And if they know all that, I'm going to leave them to work out the size of the house and garden for themselves!

The puzzle about the raised garden is that there is no apparent break in the banks which bound the garden through which those earth carts could have come. And the gap that existed all those years ago between the cottage and Broads, which in 1770 was called "Home Tenement", looks far too narrow for carts. How did they do it, puzzles Bob Hide - and why? Such effort. And yet the raised garden was obviously put in after the little building away from the house at the back - once used as the loo - for the earth of the garden comes halfway up its wall.

At one time the Hides, having read the 1777 description of their home, were convinced they were sitting on a cellar. Fortunately before they started digging, Bob Hide's research showed that a cellar in those days often simply meant an above-ground foodstore!

Now to that pink and yellow sign on the front of the house which once was buried under the wall plaster close up to the thatch. It is in fact a copper plate and years ago when Gordon Jeffery was painting The Cottage - on one of his first jobs after he set up on his own - he began to uncover it. At first he reported to the Hides that it was a woman. But as more emerged from the plaster he corrected this saying: "It's a well-developed man!" Well, man it is, or rather god, for the sign depicts Atlas holding the world on his back. It is in fact a "Fire Mark", issued by the Atlas Insurance Company sometime between 1808 and 1838 to show that the premises were insured against fire.

The Atlas issued its first fire policy on Midsummer Day, 1808 when Britain was at war with Napoleon. Six weeks later they had their first fire loss and paid in full. The business spread and it would be nice to think that they had a keen salesman in the Thurlestone area, for there is another fine example of the fire mark of Atlas in South Milton. This can be clearly seen from the road on the wall of "Little Thatch".

Atlas had its own fire brigade and each fireman had a silver arm badge, which also protected him from being taken by the Press Gangs. Whether the Atlas had their own fire team in this area I don't know, but fire - don't we know it - was much feared in thatched villages and timbered towns. Notices posted in public places at that time warned that if any servant was convicted of having caused a fire through negligence, he or she would forfeit £100 or get 18 months hard labour. For anyone found guilty of arson the penalty was death. And the gallows was often set up on the site of the crime so the criminal swung amid the blackened ruins of his handiwork.

You couldn't have a bigger deterrent than that, but the fire mark was also thought to have special powers. The word soon got around that property bearing the fire mark simply would not burn.

Concluding The Cottage Story:

Policies were never issued by the Atlas without the copper plate fire mark, which was always fixed to the property by an Atlas official. There was a fee for the mark in addition to the premium. Mind you in the early days it did happen that if one of the private fire brigades was called out, but on arrival at the fire found the building bore the mark of some other company and that nothing bearing their mark was in danger, well then they just went home and let it burn! Fortunately that obviously never happened to The Cottage!

Footnote: Those interested in seeing more fire marks will find a fine collection in the lounge of the Castle Inn, Taunton.

KENDALL McDONALD

DISTRICT COUNCILLOR JACK THOMAS

In view of the many queries and letters which the Planning Committee receive when details of further houses on the Mead Estate are received, I thought it would be helpful if I explained the situation and how the hands of the Planning Committee are tied.

The outline for the development was granted in February 1960.

The outline consent and subsequent legal agreement established that the development would be four dwellings to the acre. What is not understood is that providing the four dwellings to the acre is not exceeded over all the site some acres can be less than four (some already built are) and therefore some can be more than four to the acre.

Regarding sewage, the South West Water still insist the pipe is capable of dealing with all houses already built and there is no control over the remaining dwellings to be built at the Mead as there is the outstanding outline planning permission.

Any question of covenants on the estate is entirely a matter between the owner/purchaser and the developer.

KINGSBRIDGE BARRAGE

This scheme has been put on ice! In other words no more money will be expended on outside Consultants, but the Management Team have been asked to look at the whole area around the Estuary including all the Council owned land, and when this is prepared (not before the end of this year), there will be full public consultation before any action is taken, including the spending of money.

LIFELINE

Included in this issue of your village magazine are full details of the Piper Lifeline Emergency Alarm System. The Equipment includes a Piper Lifeline alarm unit, Matched Radio pendant, 13 amp mains electricity plug and telephone socket plug. Total cost of this Equipment is £333.50 (including V.A.T). There is an additional cost of 50p per week (plus VAT) Central control user charge (Total weekly of 58p including VAT) and £20 per annum for Service of equipment. Alternatively the Equipment may be rented for £2 per week inclusive of Service and V.A.T).

It is the user's responsibility to provide the telephone line and pay all the normal line rental charges and call charges to British Telecom. Piper lifeline will not operate on a shared line. If a number of people are interested it could be possible for a demonstration to be arranged in the Village Hall.

The Pensioners of Devon

As if we didn't know!

Government statistics, it is reported show that Devon and Cornwall are becoming highly popular as retirement areas for pensioners from other parts of the country. A quarter of Devon's total population is drawing a pension.

The statistics show that Devon's population of 988,000 in 1985 included 226,000 pensioners with 87,000 of them aged 75 or older.

In Devon it is no surprise to find that of Torbay's population of 118,000 about 34,000 are retired, but the greatest number of pensioners is concentrated around Plymouth where 44,000 live among a population of 253,000.

Of 11,340 babies born in Devon during 1985, almost 2,000 were illegitimate, but in Cornwall 760 out of 5,200 babies were born to unmarried mothers.

Migration to Devon in 1985 increased the population by 15,000.

The estimated population of England and Wales on June 30th. 1985 (the most recent date for such figures) was 49,924,000, and increase of 289,000 or 0.6 percent since 1981.

Figures quoted are from tables produced by the Office of Population, Consensus and Surveys.

Surprising

A fisherman has reported: "Sometime ago I had occasion to read the scales of a 13 pound bass, for a fish scale records annual growth by rings like those of a tree and I was amazed to discover that this bass was a least 50 years old. So it had been travelling the estuaries and beaches of Devon and Cornwall, before the start of the last war. I wonder how many more years it might have lived, save for its unfortunate encounter with an angler?"

Of course, trees are the real long livers and the odd Yew is known to

be 2,000 years old; oaks some 400 years, redwoods 2,000 plus and a famous Wellingtonia known as 'General Sherman' has been around for an unimaginable 4,000 years.

It has been scientifically reported that a European clam lived 116 years - surely a record, but, strange as it may seem, a female octopus survives for only two years and mayflies for a brief hour giving longevity a quite different dimension.

MANY A TRUE WORD..... !!!

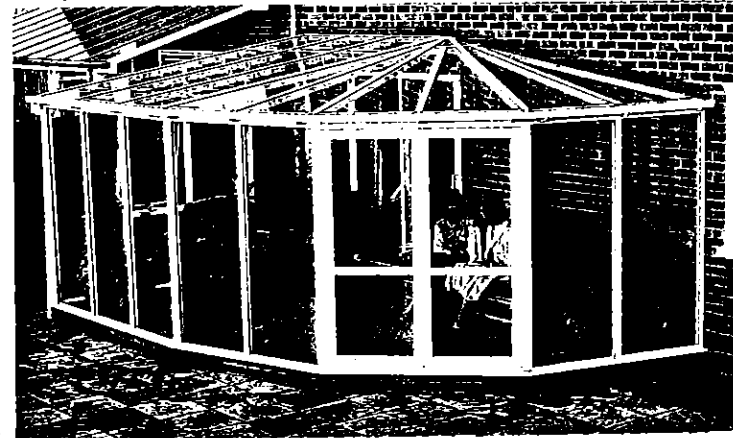
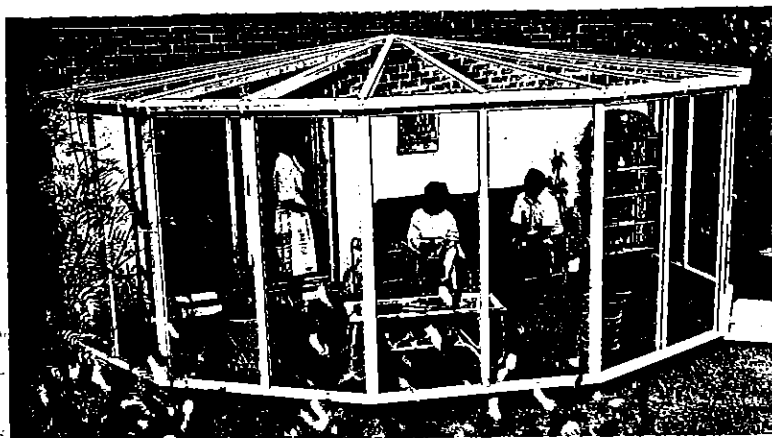
The West Devon chief executive is reported when speaking of plans for a nuclear bunker in Tavistock: "It would accommodate a skeleton staff..."

DON'T BE AFRAID OF SPIDERS.....

Some people do have a most unreasonable fear or loathing of spiders. They really are quite wrong: "If you wish to live and thrive, let the spider run alive", is what the old rhyme will tell you. They have in times past been used to help cure gout, ague, asthma and even jaundice. You just swallowed an arachnid, still wriggling and covered in butter! The more squeamish were said to carry about their necks a little bag with one or two live spiders inside - or even ate part of a web, and the web rolled into a small ball was rubbed onto a wart was also claimed to be beneficial.

PLEASE NOTE. At the conclusion of Part One of 'Old Thurlestone Families' it is stated that the May/June issue will be distributed at the end of May. This is obviously incorrect. Some copies have been corrected. APRIL is correct date!

ACROSS: 1. Challenge. 9. Note. 10. Laos
DOWN: 1. Crowel. 2. Home. 3. Attics.
4. Teer. 5. Elegant. 6. Nadir. 7. Go.
8. Essene. 14. Bower. 15. Beano.
17. Stop. 20. Had. 21. Or. 24. To
25. Respond.
19. Lath. 21. Onion. 23. Art.
15. Bapon. 15. Lessen. 18. We.
11. Entered. 12. Weir. 13. Gibe.
SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD No. 1



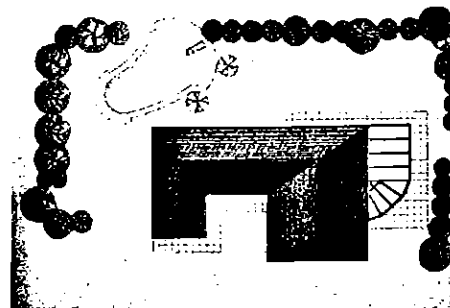
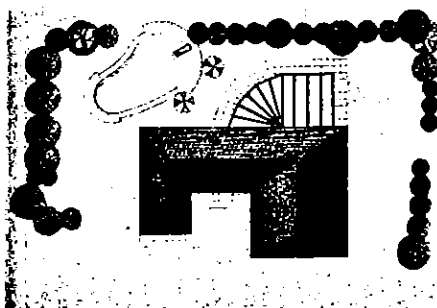
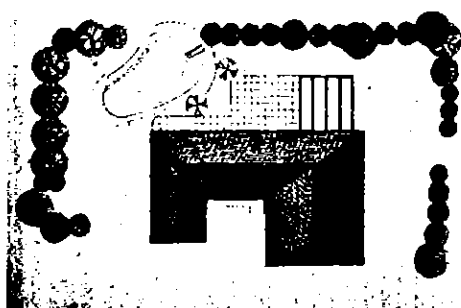
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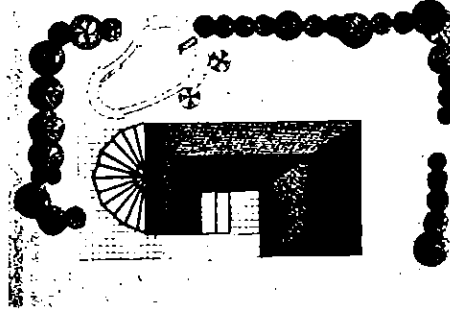
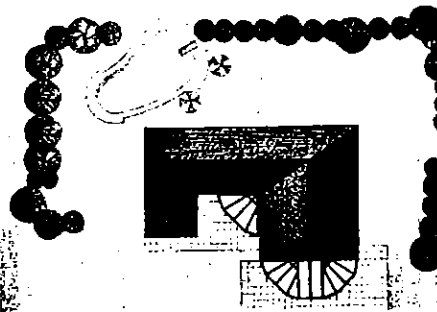
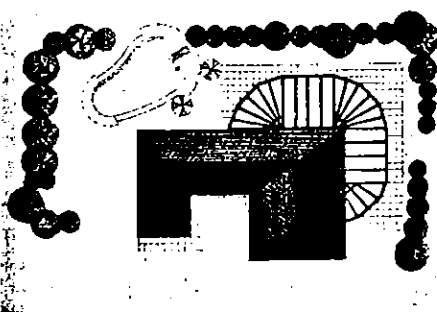
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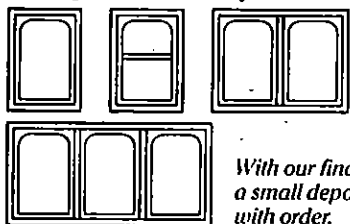
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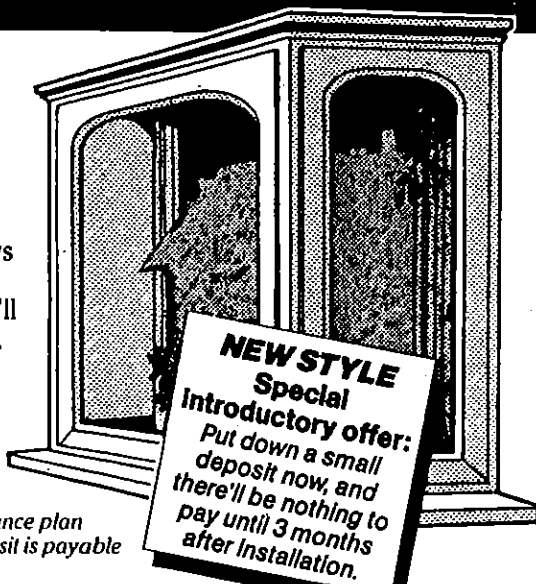
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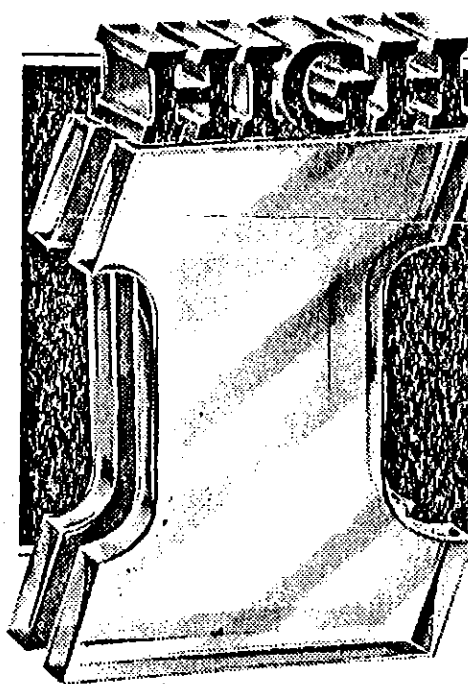
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FIRST IN WINDOWS

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Villager

Parish registers of baptisms, marriages and burials are no longer kept in their respective parishes. Before ours were sent to the Devon Record Office, Castle Street, Exeter. Dr. Neville Oswald copied out all the entries from 1650 to 1975. He has now arranged them in alphabetical order by surname, for easy reference. The fair copy has been given to the Rector for safe keeping, together with a photo copy. Anyone wishing to see them should get in touch with the Rector, Prebendary P.S. Stephens at the Rectory, Thurlestone, Telephone Kingsbridge 560232.

=====
It's the chemistry !

IF, like me, you find the lists of ingredients which are to be seen on everything in the shops these days either faintly disturbing or downright baffling, you may like to see if you can guess where this example of the genre comes from...

"Water, isopropyl myristate, decyl oleate, propylene glycol, stearic acid, squalene wheatgerm oil, Polyamino sugar condensate, Allantoin, pantheol, glyceryl stearate, glyceryl stearate SE, lanolin oil, polysorbate, dimethicone, carbomer 941, triethanolamine, methylparaben, propylparaben, butylparaben, trisodium EDTA, fragrance.

The answer?

A bottle of Miss Dior body lotion.

If you ever wondered why it was so expensive..... !!!

=====
HEADS DOWN

I was once asked to plant out a dozen blackcurrent bushes. When I had done this to my satisfaction, I was told, "That's not the way - you plant them with the roots uppermost!" I thought at first the chap was joking, but no, he insisted that

it should be done like that. Anyway, during the winter the aerial roots were cut back and next spring a profusion of young stems arose from the branches which should have been above ground from the start but had now begun as subterranean suckers. There was of course no fruit that year, but the following summer produced a bumper crop - the finest I've ever seen, in fact. It seems there was a certain method in this seeming madness for blackcurrants fruit from young wood, whereas red currants, for example, fruit from the old.

I'm always ready to learn.

=====
COCKLES

In the few years of war when I was stationed out in the East a very good comrade of mine came from Sheringham Norfolk and I spoke of the cockleridge at Bantham. "Oh, he said, first you dig 'em up in a bucket. Then you wash 'em over and over till the water comes clear. Then you chuck in a few handfuls of flour; they will eat that and it makes 'em spit out the grit. Then you boil 'em till they come out of their shells."

I don't like shellfish personally, but that information is offered gratis for what it may be worth !

=====
IN THE DARK HOURS

As the passing years tend to wither me away there is something I have tended to bitterly resent. I have accustomed myself to prolonging the day, and I will resign myself to beginning it before I feel it is worth beginning, but this other thing, this awful interloping piece of time, neither honest today nor splendid tomorrow, is a horror. You suddenly wake up, open your eyes, expecting welcome daylight and the morning post, only to discover it is still dark, that nothing is happening. You roll over, turn back then turn over again, curl your legs up, stretch them out, push your hands under the pillow, then take them out, all to no purpose. You seem to be thrust, with dreadfully alert consciousness, into some black no-man's-land of time. Do you ever get like that ? Drop me a line if you know a cure!

Mobile Library

and other LOCAL NOTES.

The DEVON COUNTY LIBRARY SERVICES have advised that with effect from 9th January 1987 the MOBILE LIBRARY will operate as follows:

The Service will operate on Friday visit Thurlestone FORTNIGHTLY

VILLAGE HALL arrival time 10.40 am

CHURCH - arrival time 11.20 am

January 9th and 23rd.

February 6th and 20th

March 6th and 20th

April 3rd Holiday

May 1st. 15th and 29th.

June 12th and 26th

July 10th. and 24th

August. 7th and 21st.

September 4th and 18th

October 2nd., 16th, and 30th.

November 13th and 27th.

December 11th. Holiday

May I suggest you make a note on your calendar - and you will then know at a glance the date of the next visit !

PARISH AGRICULTURAL ADVISER

Mr. R.J.Dayment was appointed in this capacity by the Parish Council and will join Messrs Yeoman, Hurrell, Grose, Rodney Stidston and Peter Giles on the Parish Emergency Committee.

PARISH RATE PRECEPT

To cover the financial year from 1st. April 1987 to 31st March 1988 the Council have precepted for a 1p rate - a .2p increase on the past two years, but they had to consider their liability for the cost of the Parish Council Election in May. Any surplus will see a reduced Precept in 1988.

MAKE A NOTE OF THE DATES OF PARISH COUNCIL MEETINGS IN 1987.

10th March. 21st. April.

Annual Parish Council Meeting - the first Meeting of the new Council

12th May

23rd June. 11th August.

22nd. September. 3rd. November

15th. December.

THE ANNUAL PARISH MEETING will be held on 24th March

That's the one where you have your say!

ALL THESE DATES ARE ON A TUESDAY

Old Tom stopped digging in my garden and leaned on his spade. "Cold," he said, "Just the day for a drop 'o rum and 'ot milk," "I'm sorry," I said, "I haven't any rum. I could make you a mug of hot cocoa." He ignored my offer, and went on dreamily, "I did a job for a varmer once. 'E 'ad a sick cow. Vet said give un rum and milk. My job was to take it to un. Good stuff it were too.". He paused, lost in pleasant memories. "What happened to the cow, Tom?" I asked. "Oh - e' died."

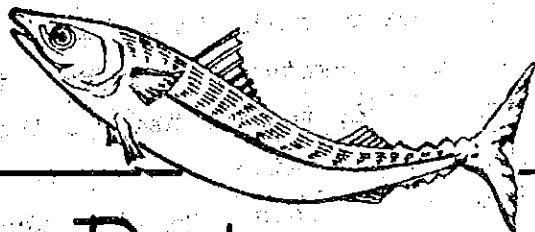
YOUR VILLAGE IN AD 2000

Will our village be a thriving community in the year 2000? Will it still be a village. What do you propose to do about the future of our parish?

Susanna Friel, Rural Officer with the Community Council of Devon asks if there might be sufficient interest in this very important subject to perhaps start Courses covering topics of local interest - how the countryside has changed, who does what in local government, what is the Rural Development Programme, planning, housing, transport, schools, with scope for items of particular interest to the community concerned. If there was sufficient support in this parish - and only then - could Susanna Friel be asked to organise the Courses.

VILLAGE GREEN

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At the turn of the Century

The Reverend Frank Coope, an old Harrovian with a small private income, decided that his young family should be brought up in a large country parsonage by the sea. Appointed rector in 1897, he and his family came down from Sussex to face the rigours of rural existence at the rectory with its oil lamps and candles, no bathroom, an outside earth closet and buckets of water from the village well. Within a decade they had settled down, their household then comprising eleven children, a governess, a nurse, two maids and various daily helps who came to launder and scrub. Day to day purchases were very much in the hands of the cottagers, with the butcher and baker calling at intervals and the village shop and post office supplying a limited range of goods.

Exploring the village shortly after he arrived, the rector found the Chandos Poles living quietly nearby and the Groses trying to establish a small hotel, principally for visiting golfers. All the other residents lived in dark, damp and overcrowded cottages, "a great many of them unfit for human habitation." He had some of them condemned by the Sanitary Inspector but when he threatened the landowners, he received nothing but personal abuse and temporary ostracism (his wife continued to be suitably accepted) and achieved virtually no improvements. All water was drawn from a well in the middle of the village and carried home by women in two pails on a wooden yolk across their shoulders, the clatter of the pattens on their shoes being a familiar sound in the rough and often muddy village street. Yet the cottagers were happy despite their hard lives. They had their own festivities in summer and winter; at night, youths could be heard on their way home from the inn at the bottom of the hill "singing as they went with their accordion and mouth organs setting the tunes .. harmonious singing not raucous or drunken." A trip to Kingsbridge might lead to a flirtation or an offer of work. Down on the beach a fleet of Portugese men-of-war drifted in one day with their bright blue sails, to be cast ashore in their hundreds and perish in the sun. Soon afterwards, the bay was invaded by a swarm of octopus which ravaged the crab pots and scared bathers.

The rector had an early opportunity to sample the flavour of village life at the inauguration of the 'new-style' Parish Council, which took over from the church responsibility for local government, when he was proposed as Chairman "because he had the advantage of not having had time to mix in the politics of the place." However, there was considerable opposition to this proposal although it was eventually ruled 'that the meeting was only too glad to see the rector and any other strangers that might be present'. !

(With acknowledgement to Neville C.Oswald, a Kingsbridge Gazette Report of 19.3.87 and to Kendall McDonald's 'Just-a-Cottage' pp 143-168)

Roughing it off the Horn in 1840

The decks were covered with snow, and there was a constant driving of sleet. In fact, Cape Horn had set in with good earnest. In the midst of all this, and before it became dark, we had all the studding-sails to make up and stow away, and then to lay aloft and rig in all the booms fore and aft, and coil away the tacks, sheets, and halyards. This was pretty tough work for four or five hands, in the face of a gale which almost took us off the yards, and with ropes so stiff with ice that it was almost impossible to bend them. I was nearly half an hour out on the end of the fore yard, trying to coil away and stop down the top-mast studding-sail tack and lower halyards. It was after dark when we got through, and we were not a little pleased to hear four bells struck, which sent us below for two hours, and gave each of us a pot of hot tea with our cold beef and bread, and, what was better yet, a suit of thick, dry clothing, fitted for the weather, in place of our thin clothes, which were wet through and now frozen stiff.

This sudden turn, for which we were so little prepared, was as unacceptable to me as to any of the rest; for I had been troubled for several days with a slight tooth-ache, and this cold weather, and wetting and freezing were not the best things in the world for it.

When we went on deck at eight bells, it had stopped snowing, and there were a few stars out, but the clouds were still black; and it was blowing a steady gale. Just before midnight, I went aloft and sent down the mizzen royal yard, and had the good luck to do it to the satisfaction of the mate, who said it was done "out of hand and shipshape". The next four hours below were little relief to me, for I lay awake in my berth, the whole time, from the pain in my face, and heard every bell strike, and at four o'clock, turned out with the watch, feeling little spirit for the hard duties of the day. Bad weather and hard work at sea can be borne up against very well, if one only has spirit and health; but there is nothing brings a man down, at such a time, like bodily pain and want of sleep. There was, however, too much to do to allow time to think; for the gale of yesterday, and the heavy seas we met with a few days before, while we had ten degrees more southing to make, had convinced the captain that we had something before us which was not to be trifled with. and orders were given to send down the long top-gallant masts. It was an interesting sight to see our noble ship, dismantled of all her top-hamper of long tapering masts and yards, and boom pointed with spear-head, which ornamented her in port; and all that canvas, which a few days before had covered her like a cloud, from the tuck to the water's edge, spreading far out beyond her hull on either side, now gone; and she, stripped, like a wrestler for the fight. It corresponded, too, with the desolate character of her situation; - alone, as she was, battling with storms, wind, and ice, at this extremity of the globe, and in almost constant night.

From 'Two Years Before the Mast' - R.H.DANA

CHILDREN

Why not see your name in the pages of your village magazine. A page of Village Voice (or two if you make it possible) - is open to every youngster - age, say, 4 to 11 - a story, a letter, a drawing or a poem. Many Parish Magazines are given great support by village boys and girls about what they do and what they like. Send something along before 10th April to: Village Voice, 10 Backshay Close, South Milton, Kingsbridge, TQ7 3JU. or just drop your notes through the letter box of 'Just-a-Cottage' and save the postage. We do look forward to hearing from you.

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