

Published for Thurlestone Parish Council.

V I L L A G E V O I C E presents the TOP SPOT in Guessing Games: : :

# Name the Spot

and Win a

LEN HUBBARD ORIGINAL

Village Voice is always searching for something new to present to our loyal readers - and this time we have a guessing game with the original of our front cover picture as the prize.

Thurlestone Artist Len Hubbard crept off secretly one morning to draw the "streamscape" of our cover. It is a puzzle picture - can YOU spot exactly where it is?

We're not cheating - this is not an artist's impression but a true likeness of part of our local scenery. But can you say just where it is?

The first person to ring Len Hubbard and name the place correctly wins his original drawing on antique paper bearing a 1913 watermark. Len's number is 560731.

The contest is open to everyone - except a certain gentleman who spotted our artist at work and admired the picture as it took shape. He has been sworn to secrecy !

NOW.....can you name that spot.....?

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Editor's Note: We must apologise to Len Hubbard and to our readers for a mishap in the reproduction of the boathouse at Bantham on the cover of the May/June issue. Quite unaccountably the bottom right hand section of his drawing was obliterated completely. If the picture interested you do call at Burwood Studio and see the drawing as it should have been.

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It never does to draw attention to colleagues' mistakes - and we really should abide by the rule that dog never eats dog, but we couldn't resist this item in that big local paper:

"Rubbish skips for use as dumping points for Kingsbridge residents are to be sited at five different locations in the town."

Oh! Come now gentlemen, they aren't all that bad surely!

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# VILLAGE VOICE

EDITED

and produced by  
Dudley Drabble  
Kendall &  
Penny McDonald

ooOoo

(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 27 (no 4 New Series)

5th Year

JULY-AUGUST 1987

How many of us love to hear the postman's knock, or the click-clack of the letter-box flap? Most of us, probably, and we at Village Voice particularly, for we always suffer a feeling of great disappointment that we do not hear from you - our -readers - often enough.

We produce what we think is an interesting and informative magazine, but we really would like to hear from our thousand or so readers telling us we are quite right to pat ourselves on the back - or quite wrong to be so foolish!

Naturally variety is the thing. Something for everybody and for every point of view. Quite impossible, however, if you do not write and tell us and, even more - much more - important, send in a contribution for the pages of the magazine. We have, unfortunately, all too few regular contributors - and the production of a parish magazine cannot be a project for the few - it must have a measure of enthusiastic support from everyone to whom a village magazine is important as an essential means of conveying information and not least, the views and opinions of members of the community.

From this issue onwards we look forward to the postman's knock a great deal more often than at present. Please do tell us what you think - what you would like less of or more of. Our view at the beginning of publication in 1982 remains constant - a parish magazine must represent your views and opinions, as well as being informative and, we hope, entertaining.

Please don't put off that letter or article or story until tomorrow. Send it to the address above or to Co-Editor, Kendall McDonald at 'Just-a-Cottage' Thurlestone - whose telephone number is 560239.

D.D.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

South Milton

ANNUAL CHURCH FETE

Will be held in the gardens of

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(by kind invitation of Mrs J.Walker)

on SATURDAY 18th JULY 1987

commencing at 2.45 p.m.

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## SNAIL SPACE

FIFTY Scots farmers will make their way to Dumfries to probe the potential for a new livestock venture - namely snail farming!

A seminar on the pros and cons of how to produce a good snail is being run by the Scottish Development Agency along with the promise that Government cash is available to anyone willing to get into snails in a big way.

"Snails are prolific breeders and an annual output of 400,000 could confidently be expected even by a relatively small producer, providing yearly profits of between £7000 and £10,000," according to Brian McEnroy the SDA's regional manager.

He also claimed that U.K. breeders prepared to move into snail production would have an assured market.

## FEARS OVER DAIRY

### IMPORTS

Imported dairy products made from unpasteurised milk may be putting young children at risk of catching meningitis. Despite Ministerial assurances that health checks on

imports are unnecessary a Nottinghamshire farmer's wife is deeply concerned that the U.K. is not following the lead of Germany, which has banned some French cheeses, and the USA which insists on a 60-day ageing stage on imported dairy products.

Helen Bower, of Osmanthorpe Manor, Kirklington, first became interested in researching meningitis when her son John, now 10, caught the viral form of the disease 18 months ago. He was in hospital for a week but full recovery took another 9 months.

She was surprised to find that a bacterial form of the disease, *Listeria meningitis*, can be passed on in untreated dairy products, and that there is a connection with encephalitis from which her daughter Abigail, 7, had suffered.

Even more surprising was the discovery that the German government had become so concerned that certain French cheeses had been banned. These soft cheeses were blamed for a German outbreak of meningitis caused by the bacteria *monocytogenes*, while in California a Mexican soft cheese was implicated in a further outbreak. In the UK meningitis is on the increase, and Mrs Bower is now worried because many types of French brie cheese are made from unpasteurised milk. FARMING NEWS

# Old Thurlestone Families

## PART THREE - the 1800's

NEVILLE C. OSWALD, TD, M.D., F.R.C.P.

oooOoooo

Most of the leading families in the 1700s, according to the number of times their names appeared in the parish register, fared badly in the 1800s. By the end of the century the HINGSTONS TABBS HARDYS and WHIDDONS or WORDENS had all gone; the LIDSTONES just managed to survive into the 1900s. The MOORES are still with us and the CRISPINS and WAKEHAMS are hanging on by slender threads.

The new leaders in the 1800's were MOORE (175 entries in the registers) SHERIFF (76) HARDY (73) CLARK (70) LIDSTONE (69) ELLIOT (68) HANNAFORD (60) and SQUARE or SQUIRE (58). Thus the MOORES were far and away in the lead, principally because several of them had large families; five had no less than 9 or 10 children each.

Why is it that some families dominate the scene for so long and then disappear while others continue? The LIDSTONES had 294 entries in the registers between 1650 and 1912 and have not had a single one since. Nobody had heard of the HARDYS until John and Prothesa's son was baptised in 1671; a further 234 entries followed before they came to an abrupt end in the 1870s. On the other hand, the MOORES, after appearing out of the blue in 1691 when John's wife Phoebe died in childbirth, have gone merrily on ever since, clocking 297 entries. This irregular behaviour may be explained up to a point by taking a sample, for instance the MOORES in the 1800s.

In the 1800s some 105 MOORES were baptised; of these some five can be discounted for various reasons, leaving a manageable round figure of 100 to consider. Of these 16 died and were buried before the age of 15 and another 19 adults were buried, leaving 66 to be accounted for. These were reasonable percentages for a well entrenched family because overall only 20 per cent or one in five of those baptised were also buried at Thurlestone in Victorian times (in those days, before cremation became popular, virtually everybody who died in the parish was buried in the churchyard).

CONTINUED OVERPAGE:...

## VILLAGE VOICE

### OLD THURLESTONE FAMILIES - Part 3 - Continued

Sometimes their parents (13 out of 40) left after their children were born, taking their families with them; even the majority (27 out of 40) who remained and died in Thurlestone saw most of their children go. A few married and went to live somewhere nearby, but many went much further afield.

After the almost incessant wars of the 1700s, culminating in the final defeat of Napoleon in 1815, the country paused for breath. It was overpopulated with abysmally low living standards for the poor. The North of England, in the early stages of the industrial revolution, soon attracted whole families from Devon, as well as youngsters looking for something new.

Emigration, which was seen by successive governments as a means of strengthening Imperial claims, started in earnest in the 1820s and by the 1840s had become a flood. Plymouth was then the third largest port for emigrants in the country, after Liverpool and London. No less than 360,000 people went from there to Australia, 27,000 to Canada and 20,000 to North Africa during the century. Unfortunately, we have no record of who or how many went from Thurlestone, but we can be sure some did and looking around the parish now at the men who can trace their families back over several generations in our registers, such as Mr. Moore in his cottage at Bantham, another Mr. Moore playing the slot machines at the Golf Club, and Mr. JACKMAN tending the flowers at the hotel, it may not be easy at this distance to imagine their forebears confronting the aborigines in Australia or arguing with the Boers in South Africa or driving their covered wagons in clouds of dust and small stones into the setting sun of the Middle West in America; yet that is what happened and they have descendants out there now to prove it.

Although the tenor of life in Thurlestone was substantially unchanged throughout the century, society gradually became less stable as restless individuals threw off their family ties or indeed whole families upped sticks and left. Signs in the registers indicating gentry had disappeared by 1800 and farmers were not above dirtying their hands with red earth at times. The real changes originated in the 1890s and remain to be considered.

Read Part 4 of this interesting series of articles by Dr. Oswald  
in the September/October issue of Village Voice

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DARTMOOR NATIONAL PARK. Sixty-six per cent of the cost of the day to day work of the National Park Authority is funded directly by the Government, with the Devon ratepayer meeting the balance next year of £419,000. Community Grant Aid Schemes and town/village enhancement work will be extended. The Authority will also be considering its study of north east Dartmoor, centred on Chagford, which identifies and aims to provide for the social and economic needs of the people living in the area.

SOURCE: D.C.C. 'Background to Devon County' 1987

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Borough Kingsbridge

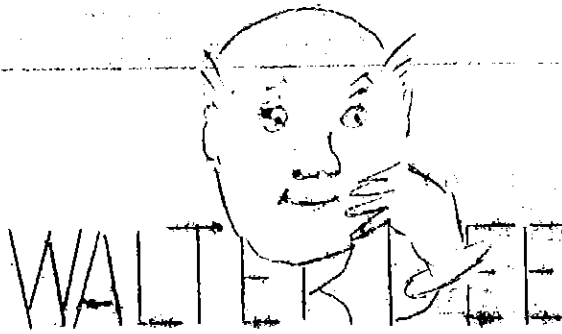
K I N G S B R I D G E S H O W

Thurlestone Rock

The rock's cries are muted  
stillness hangs over the valley.  
Clouds cover the cliff top  
press a weight of moisture  
on the undefined horizon  
The fields glow luminous  
beckon the morning

Trees quiver after night watch,  
silhouettes hazy.  
Cliffs stretch chalk fingers  
into a swelling sea  
as it gropes for the shore  
around Thurlestone Rock  
I shiver in the morning chill

Mavis Carter



IN A RECENT issue of the 'Sunday Times' it was reported that the "Neighbourhood Watch" centrepiece of the government's crime-prevention strategy was a failure. This was according to a research commissioned by the Home Office and backed by Scotland Yard. (Can you have it any higher than that?) Such schemes would seem to have no effect on crime levels and possibly make them worse!

The findings are a result of a two year investigation of neighbourhood watch carried out for the government at the Institute of Criminology in Cambridge, and include:

- + Crime levels went up in the watch area studies, while crime fell slightly in monitored areas that had no scheme. Both measurements are of crime committed, not just reported to the police, and were collected by detailed questioning.

- + Co-operation between police and public, measured by reported crime figures, and by information telephoned to stations, showed no improvement in watch areas and there was no rise in notifications of suspicious persons

- + The detection of crime and police 'clear-up' rates got worse. The number of burglaries for which offenders were caught fell sharply, while clear-up rates for criminal damage and motor thefts were also down.

"There is no evidence of beneficial effects in any of these areas", the 70 page report says in summary. "Neighbourhood Watch had no discernible impact on crime, its reporting or its detection." The only advantage discovered appears to be that some people were less frightened of household crime.

Whilst it can be accepted that the report dealt with more heavily urbanised areas, our police now cost us more than ever - manpower has been increased, mobility and computerisation vastly extended, yet it would seem the crime rate is soaring in all directions while the detection rate declines. Those in control always pooch-pooch the idea of the old-fashioned policeman on the beat. Few villagers would deny that a resident policeman on 'the beat' offer a far greater sense of security, and knowing and seeing a 'bobby' on the beat going his rounds, talking to members of the community must surely offer to that officer far more intimate knowledge of the people and the place than any number of police cars flashing along the roads bearing some unidentified officer at the wheel, who appears to have neither time nor inclination to stop and look around.

Is the police service of today becoming too remote? Is it out of real contact with the residents of the communities it is established to protect? At present the situation seems to be the more police the more crime that goes undetected.

That has not always been the case, but we have to return to the 'policeman on the beat'. One has to doubt it would cost us any more. After all we are the people who 'pay the piper' but we don't appear able to 'call the tune' any more.

Whose fault is that?

+ + + + +

I see that in August the job of Chairman and Chief Executive of South West Water goes to 52 year-old Mr. Keith Court at what must be considered the fairly adequate salary of £39,000 a year - not quite as much as Thurlestone pay in sewerage rates. If only the money the Authority take out of our parish were allocated - as it should be - for the up-dating of our sewer we should all be as pleased as no doubt Mr Court is with close on £800 a week!

+ + + + +

Last year the Parish Council, in its concern over untreated sewage pollution in the stream and bathing waters on the West side of Leas Foot - erected a sign warning of the potential danger to health. Someone - shall we say 'persons' removed the sign, obviously because they do not concern themselves about the well-being of others - children in particular.



# Education in Devon

Devon's Education Service is estimated to cost £197.5 million in 1987-88, plus 3 million of extra spending for various items which includes £400,000 to primary and secondary schools - and £500,000 as provision for teacher redundancies.

Education will be taking over 67 per cent of the County budget, and one has to ask if the pupils and students of today truly appreciate the extent to which education is being funded - when you can read of the awful percentage of illiteracy among some school leavers.

There are currently 444 primary schools in Devon with 70,260 pupils.

75 secondary schools with 58,485 pupils.

23 special schools with 1846 pupils.  
6895 teachers.

9 colleges for 16,000 full-time students.

Plymouth Polytechnic with 5145 students.

1432 lecturers.

48 adult education centres with 30,000 students,

It is reported that primary school numbers are continuing to increase compared with a significant reduction in earlier years, but pupil numbers in secondary schools will be falling by 3,145 in the 1987-88 period.

The pupil-teacher ratio in primary schools will remain at 22.6 to 1, but with additional resources allocated to secondary teaching the ratio will improve from 16.7 to 16.5 to one.

The average rateable value in Devon is said to be £178 which means the weekly outgoing to domestic rate-payers for 1987-88 is £5.87 - of which £3.47 goes on education. Such a low rateable value cannot be applied to Thurlestone - and the parish must be contributing very substantially more than the figures projected in this example.

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VILLAGE VOICE is very grateful to Mrs Jill Goddard of Bantham for lending us a rare and treasured account written by REGINALD SMEATON in 1895 of.....

# A Bass Haunt in South Devon

In the humble opinion of the writer, bass-fishing takes a lot of beating when compared with other branches of the angler's art. For we have a combination of those two prerequisites for all really satisfactory work - a bold fish and fine tackle; a fish which, in the estimation of many anglers, and not a few cunning fish hawkers in their dealings with unsuspecting visitors to the seaside, is no mean substitute for salmon. But we must get to work, and what likelier surroundings than these? The entrance to a large river where the tide inflows for many a mile; where the sea comes tumbling over a sandy bar in white-foamed breakers which you must look out for pretty sharply if you are in a small boat, and do not want to turn turtle. We drop down on the ebb towards the bar, looking back to the quaint little fishing village of Bantham, past the one or two picturesque boat houses which the few residents who can afford to do so have built themselves under the cliffs, between the tall sloping banks, bracken covered to the water's edge, past the salmon pool where good old Mitchell holds up a noble salmon from the net with a kindly morning greeting, and a hope expressed that we, too, may have good sport, and so on to the broken water where our hopes rest. "Just the day for it!" says Jim, "not too much sun, the water a little clouded after two days' rough weather, and plenty of surf on the bar." Out with the tackle! We will have it fine too, for Labrax lupus will bite short to a certainty (in spite of all that his name implies) if he sees the ghost of a hook. So we have a medium gut cast of 5ft. or so, and a No 8 hook, Redditch scale, with a small lant or sand-eel hooked carefully through the head, so that he tows exactly straight, or as near as may be, for no bass will take one that tows askew.

The tide runs fast, so we adjust some lead to one line and employ a good-sized pike float, fishing in the Nottingham style, with a light, well-greased, floating silk line. This is the tackle which has him first. "Out with the landing net, Jim! and get it well sunk in readiness, for its a long salmon net and otherwise it will float about on the top of the water, over instead of under the fish. Give him time, and let him run after he is struck, for there is no weed about here, only the clean hard sand." He looks fine as he comes at length alongside; with his bristles up, and silvery shining sides, and Jim has the net nicely under him. A grunt of approval discloses, I fancy, a bygone grave apprehension most politely suppressed, as to "that there mess o' tackle" of mine, and only now, I fear, partially dissipated.

But sport on the whole is slack. We must wait for the turning of the tide.

Concluded overpage....

Lunch and the beauty of our surroundings afford food for the mind and body. The colouring and configuration of this Devonshire coast are certainly magnificent. What strikes one is the force behind the colour. Even the violet haze which hangs over Borough Island - soft as daybreak - is replete with power - the power which seizes the artist's soul, which he in turn would seize, and, though he loses all else, drag out into his picture. But heigh ho! this won't do. What is that out there, tumbling about in the surf? "Here they come," says Jim. "Great bangers! Five, six, eight pounds apiece. Get round to the side of them, not over the shoal. Off with the float and lead, and let the bait come floating down to them, just under the surf." The little rod is bending nearly double, but we do not lose a fish, and though not a large bag, we have enough to make a pretty basket, and a most enjoyable day.

There was a time when few places in England afforded better fishing than this little out-of-the-way place at the mouth of the Avon, and it is pretty good now. What hit it hard for a time - so the story goes - was some prodigious takes of bass by illicit netting off the bar, and the very large cessation of the pilchard fishing. But the bass seem to be returning to their old haunt, and there is already some pretty sport to be had amongst them, while any angler who will take anything like the trouble which our neighbours across the Channel take, may, without doubt, catch a quantity of grey mullett at the mouth of the river, and they run to a good average size. There is also some excellent pollack fishing, not to mention such mundane considerations as good and reasonable accommodation, complete freedom from 'los convenances' and the best of pure cider.

REGINALD SWEATON 1895

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P A R I S H C O U N C I L

As you all know, there was no District or Parish Election, Mr Jack Thomas being returned unopposed as our District Councillor, and there being just seven nominations for the seven Parish Council 'seats' they too, were all unopposed - all of which indicates a general satisfaction with the way local affairs have been managed over the past four years. At the first Meeting of the 'new' Parish Council on May 12 the Chairman and Vice-Chairman were elected for the ensuing year - which will be until May 1988.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. P.W.J.Hurrell, Woodlands, West Buckland.	Tel: 560496
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Mr. D.J.Yeoman, 8 Parkfield, Thurlestone	Tel: 560607
Mr. Roy Adams, Buckland Farm, West Buckland.	Tel: 560247
Mr. John Dayment, Lower Aunemouth Farm, Bantham	Tel: 560295
Mr. David Grose, Kennedy, Thurlestone	Tel: 560375
Mr. Geoffrey Stidston, Court Park Farm, Thurlestone	Tel: 560695
Mr. Geoffrey S. Wilkinson, 19, Mead Lane, Thurlestone	Tel: 560512
PARISH CLERK: Mr. William G.Ladd, Thorntons, South Milton	Tel: 560686
DISTRICT COUNCILLOR: Mr Jack Thomas, Little Thatch, S.Milton	Tel: 560269

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# Villager

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## A VERY SUCCESSFUL EVENING...

Over forty tickets were bought for the Pipers Bench Wine and Cheese Evening, and despite a very cold wind which sprang up from nowhere and whistled across the lawns, everybody agreed it was very successful. The selection of British cheeses supplied by Mr Gray of Maid Marian of Kingsbridge opened the eyes and mouths of those present as the range and flavours were as varied as any of the French cheeses. Washing the cheese down with either dry or medium dry wine supplied by Mr Sampson of the Loddiswell Vineyard completed the evening.

The introductory talk given by Mr Sampson was very interesting and helped those present to understand the problems of producing wine in a country where the summers vary so much.

The raffle was won by Mr and Mrs Slinger of Crosslands, and they will have the opportunity to have an evening meal at Pipers Bench. The total proceeds from the evening amounted to £64.50 and were donated by Lindsey Townsend to the Parish Hall Funds.

The sincere thanks of the Parish Hall Committee go both to her and to all those who supported this evening.

D.M.Y.

Our thanks to Mrs Pauline Eaton for yet another lovely old prayer.....

SLOW me down, Lord; ease the pounding of my heart by the quietness of my mind.

Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time.

Give me, amid the confusion of my days, the calmness of the everlasting hills.

Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations - of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat to a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines from a good book.

Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise, that I may know that the race is not always to the swift, that there is more to life than measuring its speed.

Let me look up into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew great and strong because it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values that I may grow toward the stars of my enduring destiny.

Thank you, Mrs Eaton

## DO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS...

Village Voice costs well over £100 per issue - and if you are a permanent resident you get it free! That is entirely due to the revenue produced from advertising - so in supporting our advertisers you are ensuring that your Parish Magazine is entirely self-supporting - with just a little help from one or two who feel our work deserves a donation now and again.

If you are a resident and our unpaid and uncomplaining distributor - Peter Bromfield, doesn't call on you, if you will let us know we will try to arrange where the odd copy may be collected - genuine residents only please. For all others the magazine is on sale at the Village Stores Newsagency at 35p a copy. Sorry, but we do need the money - and think its not a bad buy at little more than the cost of a daily paper - and no politics - which must make it priceless.!

Next issue Sept/Oct - out end of August.

# CAR BOOT SALE

THURLESTONE PARISH HALL

SUNDAY 12<sup>th</sup> JULY

10 a.m. ----- 4 p.m.

STALLS  
REFRESHMENTS  
RAFFLE

+++

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## Star Gazing

Astronomy is an age-old science - it enabled our ancestors to measure time, foretell the seasons and, most important of all, navigate the seas and explore the world. It's an enormous and crucially important subject and it would be quite impossible to try and condense thousands of years of research into a few words, but it doesn't take any great expertise or expensive equipment to get hours of enjoyment from studying the night sky - just a willingness to learn and some warm clothing to help brave a chilly evening. As Carole Stott, Curator of Astronomy at the Old Royal Observatory in Greenwich, says, "Astronomy is a really rewarding hobby for people of all ages." You may consider joining the Junior Astronomical Society, which despite its name, has members ranging in age from 8 to 80. Write the Secretary of JAS C/O 36 Fairway, Keyworth, Notts NG12 5DU. You could add a new dimension to your retirement - !!

## Thurlestone Sewerage

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"We do not believe that children under the age of four should bathe in these waters unless some definite improvements are made"

ANNE SCOTT

of the MARINE CONSERVATION SOCIETY speaking of West-country beaches at which they point the finger.... and they include Thurlestone Leas Foot !

++++

FOR HOW LONG CAN THE SEA ITSELF CONTINUE TO ABSORB MAN'S POLLUTIVE ACTIVITIES ?

Western Morning News

26.5.87

# The Cavern

SAMUEL WEBB

I am Martin Coleman, son of a local farmer, just 20 years of age and learning Estate Agency work with a local firm. I feel I have to tell the story of 'The Cavern', for I think you will find it quite extraordinary, perhaps incredible, but I can assure you it is very true.

It was early in February of this year that I had spent a most enjoyable evening at the Sloop Inn at Bantham, playing in a Darts Tournament with a group of old friends. I imagine the Sloop, an ancient and delightful hostelry situate just above a row of old thatched cottages and only a few hundred metres from the beach and sea, is far too well known locally to require any description from me. I was born and bred in the neighbourhood, living just outside the adjoining hamlet of South Milton, and when I left the Sloop it was around 10 O'clock on a calm and pleasant night for that time of the year, with a fitful moon dimly indicating the landscape as the light clouds traversed the sky, and I decided, perhaps foolishly, to take the coastal path as a short cut to my destination. I had, of course, walked into Bantham following the main route by the lane leading down from Thurlestone village, being in need of exercise for a forthcoming Marathon being run locally to sponsor a village charity, and well, at 20 I was active in many sports and considered myself as fit as they come. I had known and used the coastal path from childhood and reckoned I knew every inch of the way - and I did too, never doubt that.

Climbing over the stile leading to the path, near the Surf Life Savers Club-house, I proceeded uneventfully enough to the second stile in the stone wall, and came very shortly to the top of the rise where I stood for a few moments looking back at the lights of Bigbury-on-Sea, though Burgh Island lay in darkness. I hadn't checked if the tide was coming in or ebbing - the factor had no importance in my mind. Then on I strode, loping pretty quickly, passing the area of the Long Stone and then Butter Cove, on past the green hut and Broadsands and then towards Loam Castle, really a small promontory which had a variety of theories over such a title. Around this coast there have been, over the centuries, a great number of ships wrecked, and in my opinion there is no doubt that many prominent rocks and minor headlands and even rock outcrops bear a name related to some particular ship wrecked at that spot. Be all that as it may, I had not slackened my pace when quite suddenly the ground beneath my feet gave way and I found myself plunging down the cliff face - something around 100 metres in depth I imagine.

It is really remarkable the thoughts that pass through one's mind at such a time. If the tide is out, I thought, I must land on jagged rocks, but if the tide is in, I might be lucky enough to be cast into the water - and being a pretty good swimmer I felt I might have a good chance of survival without serious injury. I quickly realised I was going down still on the top of the cascading ground and then, I landed. To say the breath was knocked out of my lungs would be an understatement and was as nothing to the agony that swept through my body before I lapsed into senselessness.

+ + + + +

I have done a very small amount of ab-sailing and once enjoyed the tremendous exhilaration of two parachute jumps. I mention this only to give you some idea that I was not without some experience of falling through space. This present experience, however, was not something in any book of instructions. To step on a piece of solid ground, to feel it beneath your feet, and then to realise in a matter of split seconds you were descending, in the dark, very rapidly indeed, probably to your death, did not surprisingly fill me with fear. As consciousness had slowly returned my first realisation was that it was still pretty dark though now quite starlight. My head ached abominably

OVERPAGE:



## VILLAGE VOICE

### THE CAVERN - continued

but what concerned me most of all was the fact that I couldn't move. Considering this, in the darkness, I thought that I must be pretty well buried in the fall of earth and shale, and I was particularly disturbed that I couldn't hear the sea.

I discovered I lay facing the cliff face down which I had been precipitated, and though I found it difficult to focus my eyes properly for some reason, I could very dimly make out what appeared to be a large cavern and, to my joy, I believed I could discern two figures. I yelled at the top of my voice.. Help, help, help - two or three times, but the figures never moved or gave the slightest indication they had heard me. I tried again, and the realisation dawned on me that I couldn't hear myself. Was I deaf, or had I lost my voice? That really did have me in a bit of a panic for the first time. I could not move and apparently I could not make myself heard. Was this then to be the end - would I lie here, unseen and unheard until I died a lingering death for want of food, water and medical attention? Returning consciousness was making me only too aware of the pain in my head and the agony of pain in my whole being. I looked again for the cavern and the two figures. I could see nothing. Was it all an hallucination? Had the fall caused such injury to my brain I was no longer rational? For the first time in my life fear began to take its hold on me.

I think I must have relapsed into unconsciousness again - for how long I had no knowledge - unable to move - I had been unable to look at the luminous dial of my watch. I became aware I was being lifted, lifted it seemed to me without care, for pain was tearing through my whole body. I realised I was screaming - but there seemed no outward sound of it. What was happening - who were these black hooded figures.? Were they people - real people? I realised I was being tied or strapped to some sort of board and then transported by these dark shadowy figures. I realised we had entered the vast cavern I had observed. It seemed vast but so brilliantly illuminated my eyes couldn't take the glare. Then I sensed rather than saw some white clad figures, one coming right to my side displaying a hypodermic syringe. I attempted to struggle but they had secured me too well and I saw rather than felt the needle pressed into my arm. I felt nothing. Then another figure came out of the glare, and this one wore a kind of mask and carried another in his hand. I felt total panic again. Why, why? What were they going to do to me. The mask came over my face. Who were these dreadful people, wasn't I in enough pain, enough pain - enough....?

When I next became conscious I still felt utterly helpless, but now more able to comprehend what was going on around me. I must be secured to some form of bed - and a very hard bed it seemed. My legs appeared to have been tied together and my arms clamped at my sides. My eyes still wouldn't focus properly but I could hear again. There seemed to be a conversation going on in which they were talking about transplants. Transplants? My God, was I intended as a source of transplants rather than for transplants. Was I in the hands of some terrible organisation which traded in human organs? Would they perhaps keep me alive on artificial devices whilst they removed any organ they could sell - to the rich? The more I thought on these lines the more convinced I was becoming. After all an organisation of qualified people could make a mint of money. Would I too, be reported as 'missing' - "He fell over the cliff during the night and was washed out to sea," they could report. Was this the answer of many missing people never being found again? I admit by now I was literally cringing with horror of my own thoughts. I didn't want to die just yet. It was all so incredible and I was so utterly helpless.

+ + + + +

"Martin, Martin - can you hear me, darling?"

I could hear that - and I could recognise the voice.

My lips formed the word, 'Mother'...

"Oh, Martin dear, you've come round at last."

CONCLUDED OVERPAGE:::

Concluding THE CAVERN

"Oh, mother, mother - they haven't got you as well, have they?"

A puzzled look came over Mrs Coleman's face. "My dear," she said, "You've been in a coma for over two weeks - ever since the collapse of the cliff path where you went over, were almost buried, and you had caught your head very severely. You have been strangely delirious this past few days, as if you were living through some terrible ordeal."

"So, its really all been a dream - a nightmare really," said Martin.

"Yes, dear, you were found by two early morning golfers who, noticing the cliff had fallen away just before you reached Yarmer, and looking over the edge could just make out your head sticking out of the earth. Naturally, they alerted the Coastguard immediately, and just about everyone in the village turned out to help or just look. I'm afraid you disrupted an important match on the course that morning, my lad."

"So my Cavern was really the hospital," I half mused to myself, laying back on the pillows trying to take it all in.

"Yes, that must be it," his Mother responded, "and thank goodness, apart from the bump on your head, a broken leg and dislocated shoulder, you're almost as good as new."

And seeing her son was dozing off, she kissed him gently and crept out of the Recovery Ward.

=====

THURLESTONE . . . .

# PROBUS

At our May Meeting we were given an excellent talk by Brian Nice, on Telecommunications = Past, Present and Future. Unfortunately the time allowed was hardly sufficient to grasp even the basics, but it is hoped that if Brian can spare the time, and suitable arrangements made, that a longer evening talk can be held.

On the 9th. June the Speaker was Mr. Charles Oldroyd on Champagne (which cannot be fully reported due to Village Voice 'press date')

Our July Meeting will hear a talk on the Armada by Dr. Neville Oswald.

D.M.YEOMAN  
Secretary

Thurlestone Probus (560300)

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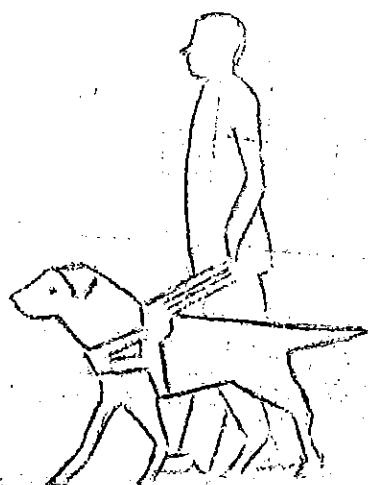
## *Rural Remedies*

Strapping a piece of bacon to your chest or wearing a 'vest' made from goosegrease and brown paper next to your skin were two ways of preventing bronchitis that our country fore-fathers believed to be particularly effective.

If these precautions failed - and many, no doubt, preferred the risk of infection to suffering such discomfort and embarrassment as wearing bacon on the chest - then a number of well-tried folk cures could be called upon. Boiling elderflowers in water and then drinking the liquid was one remedy, hot elder-berry wine another, while gypsies preferred to boil the bark of the black-thorn, which was then drunk with a sweetening of sugar.

Mind you, Village Voice is not prepared to take any responsibility for any of the consequences that might arise - though there are no reports given of anything nasty happening - so one must suppose anything is worth trying. If you do try any of these remedies will you please let us know the result. That is, of course, if you are able!

D.D.



# GUIDE DOGS for the BLIND

(SOUTH HAMS BRANCH)

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# Thurlestone Parish Hall

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NOTICES informing parishioners of the Parish Hall Annual General Meeting, were placed on the Notice Boards on all three villages a week prior to the meeting in the hope that a good representative number would attend. Come the day, one member of the public attended in addition to the majority of the Committee.

Those on the Committee are, throughout the year, being asked why this, that, or the other, cannot be done to improve the facilities, comfort and general appearance of the Hall. The Annual General Meeting is the time when these points can be raised and discussed. However, the complete lack of interest is hardly the best incentive to the Committee and the few dedicated helpers to continue giving up their time in an effort to make the most of the facilities available. Despite this lethargy, but with very little alternative open to them if the Hall is to remain in being, all the Officers and Committee agreed to re-election for a further year.

Unfortunately this attitude prevails in other areas. Your Parish Council arranges every year for a skip to be placed in the Hall Car Park. There is no doubt at all as to the usefulness of this facility and the vast majority of the people making use of it ensure that their rubbish is placed in the skip. Unfortunately there are the unthinking few who just don't think! This year an unknown person(s) deposited a large chest freezer and two fire resistant doors in the Car Park. It was obvious that the skip was full, but that didn't worry 'them' as they managed to dump their unwanted rubbish. A number of people had to be 'volunteered' to assist in the removal of these very heavy objects, as the driver collecting the skip will only take it away if it can be transported safely and is not overloaded. Neither will he load any refuse left outside the skip.

If in future you find the skip full don't just dump your unwanted rubbish. Either take it back home again and await the arrival of the replacement skip - normally on the Wednesday p.m. - or take it to Kingsbridge District Council Depot at Manor House, where two skips are always available for household refuse. Please be thoughtful in future years or the very few thoughtless people may cause the Parish Hall Committee to refuse the Parish Council permission to place the skip in the Hall Car Park.

(SPECIAL NOTE: This skip service is only provided once a year and is not an all the year round facility. For that you must go to Kingsbridge)

To ease the conscience of the person(s) whose ears are burning, perhaps a contribution (anon. if preferred) be sent to the Hall Treasurer: Mrs E. Spear, Query, Downs Road, Thurlestone.

However, despite everything, a number of decisions were made, the most important being, subject to the approval of the Trustees and the Charity Commissioners, a major improvement to the comfort of all Hall Users. All this work costs a lot of money which can only be raised through lettings, Jumble Sales, etc. the next event of this nature being a CAR BOOT SALE on Sunday 12th July from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. PLEASE COME ALONG.

Finally, our thanks go to Lindsey Townsend who organised a Cheese and Wine Party to launch a rejuvenated Pipers Bench - and has generously donated the profit from the evening to the Parish Hall.

D.M. Yeoman  
Chairman

Parish Hall Committee (560300)

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the old Village Inn  
for tasty bar meals!*

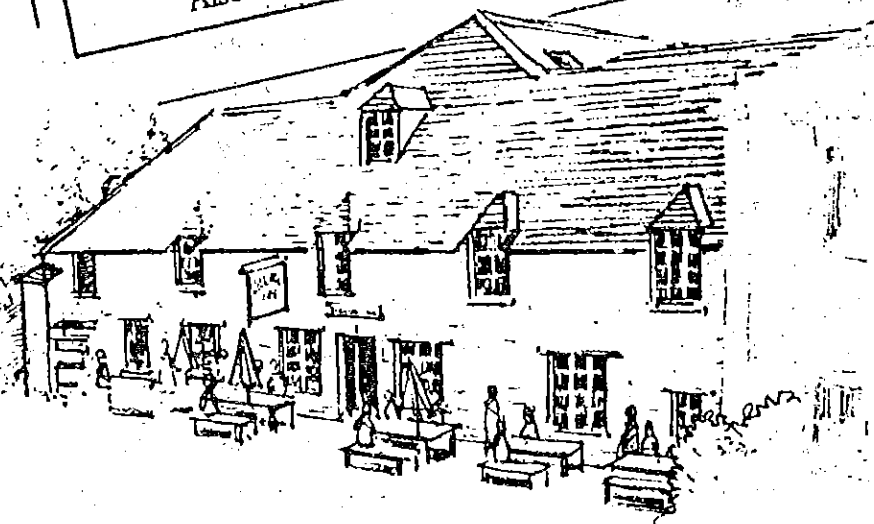
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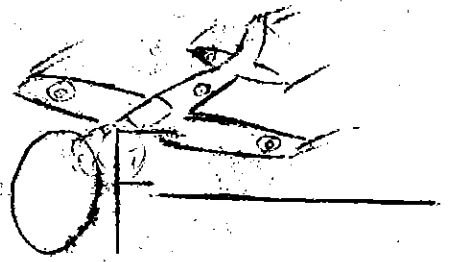


## *Thurlestone Village Inn*

Tel: Kingsbridge 560382

ANOTHER VILLAGE VOICE WALK WITH A PURPOSE.....

# ON THE TRAIL



This time we have a walk, which can be done all in one, ~~only~~ for those who prefer a gentler stroll, divides neatly into two. The idea for it came when talking to Laing and Marion Leith, who have been proprietors of the Port Light on Bolberry Down for only a few months. Laing was the Deputy Chief Sub-Editor of Daily Mirror Features and Marion was deeply involved in catering. He escaped from Fleet Street and now, together, they are making the Port Light, perched on the Down nearly 450 feet above the sea, known as a good hotel with a super menus available not only to the residents, but also to the tired and weary who make the Port Light a refreshment stop on the South West Path. Now many others who wouldn't be seen even walking to a car-park ticket machine, are making the easy drive to the restaurant to spend a special night out with Marion's cooking expertise as their guarantee of first-class food.

Laing Leith was serving in the bar one night recently when a customer said to him "I was stationed here during the war - I flew from Bolt Head airfield." The man then introduced himself as Tom Slack, a former Spitfire pilot with 41 Squadron, R.A.F. Later in the evening he promised to send Laing a photocopy of some of the pages from his wartime flying log about operations from Bolt Tail. "To be honest," Laing said, "I didn't think he'd do so, but he did and there they are..." So on the wall of the Port Light today you can read those wartime flying logs for yourself, decorated with young Tom Slack's own comic drawings at the time. Flying clip-winged Spitfire Mark XII, Tom Slack recorded mission after mission, sweep after sweep over France in support of the troops after D-Day. He records shooting up trains, and convoys, German staff cars...and records too how he himself was shot down over the sea and spent two-and-a-half hours in the water before being picked up. One of his friends never came back from one sweep. Tom Slack recorded it simply: "Lost Robbie".

Those logs certainly bring back memories of less peaceful days in this part of Devon and so came the idea of a 'Village Voice' walk to see the old airfield and come back by the South-West Path to the Port Light.

But even so the first part of our walk becomes a drive. Well, not every walk can start from Thurlestone Church! This time we must drive through

OVERPAGE.....



# THE CLIPPED WING SPITS

Malborough heading for Bolberry, but we don't turn off to the right for Bolberry Down, and now follow the signs for Soar Mill Cove. But we don't go on down to the Cove either. After passing Furzedown Farm on your left (they serve exceedingly fine cream teas and are open until dusk) we bear left following the sign which says "East Soar Farm -  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile". Not much further and right opposite the coastguard cottages at Soar which housed the keepers for the lookout at Steeple Cove, is the gate for Bolt Head airfield just on the left of the road. A large notice says that this is Ministry of Defence property and you must go no further, but a footpath does use the same gateway for those who wish to walk to Rew. Behind the gate you are looking down the main entrance road to the airfield. On your left were the dispersal points for the aircraft and indeed a Nissen hut and a big hanger are still there today. The main premises though are now a radio station and a big antennae reaches up from what was almost exactly the junction of the two runways. One ran for 3,680 feet from left to right as you look towards Bolt Head and reaching within a few yards of the clifftop at the Warren and the other, longer at 4,200 feet running out towards the valley of Starehole Bay.

The history of Bolt Head R.A.F. lasts only six years. It was opened on level grassland in 1941 and was at first a temporary airfield, one of many set up along the South Coast of England to enable fighters to penetrate deeper into Europe. Some of these - and Bolt Head was one - provided only the most basic facilities and was rated as an advanced landing ground. This was to enable fighters from 10 and 11 Groups to escort bombers from 2 Group deep into Western France.

But the first aircraft to actually use the airfield were none of these, but Lysanders of 276 Air Sea Rescue Squadron. In 1942 the facilities were much improved - mainly by the laying of metal grids over the two grass runways, building a taxi way, enlarged hangars and fuel storage tanks. Barrack huts were set up for the ground crews and flight and administration offices built at high speed. Now the airfield was in a position to support its own resident fighter squadron, but for some time it still acted as only an advanced landing ground. It was, however, clearly destined for greater things when billets and messes were set up around Hope Cove and the Cottage Hotel at Hope became an officers' mess!

Bolt Head R.A.F. soon became a satellite air station and commenced

OVERPAGE....

## Concluding 'ON THE TRAIL OF THE CLIPPED WING SPITS'

full operations. Fighter Squadrons which used the airfield included 133, 234, 257, 266, 302, 306, 308, 310, 317, 401, 412, and 610. Such activity could not go un-noticed by the Germans and 133 and 317 Squadrons in particular suffered heavy casualties. In fact the German High Command obviously considered Bolt Head a considerable threat and ordered several attacks made on it, but these hit-and-run raids did little to stop the airfield's operations.

Tom Slack came to Bolt Head in April 1944 with 41 Squadron, which was transferred from Tangmere with their clip-winged powerful Spit XII's in order to protect and support the vast concentration of troops and landing craft being assembled in the South Hams ready for D-Day. When D-Day came the Spitfires of 41 Squadron ranged far ahead of the assault troops shooting up anything German that moved, as you can read in Tom Slack's logs in the Port Light.

However, on June 19, 41 Squadron were hurriedly recalled to Join 11 Group and cope with the V-1 German flying bombs which were plunging into the London suburbs and exploding with deadly effect. Londoners may have called them contemptuously 'doodle-bugs' and 'buzz bombs', but the casualties caused were too heavy to be borne. The Mark XII Spitfires were one of the few fighters which could catch and destroy the fast flying bombs.

The airfield was used after 41 Squadron left by 151, 263, 275, 276 and 610 Squadrons, but the war was moving further and further away into Europe and in April, 1945 the airfield was put into a 'care and maintenance' only role. It was finally closed in 1947 when most of the land reverted to farmland.

Much of the airfield can be seen by walking down the road to East Soar Farm - this road is a little further on near an old aircraft dispersal point, which is now used for the storage of road gravel. There is, however, plenty of parking space and it is here that you should leave your car.

Remember that one runway extended right out to the edge of the Warren? Well it is at the Warren that we can pick up the South-West path on our way back to the Port Light, which was also used as a billet for Bolt Head airmen during the war. To find the South-West path, follow the road from the gravel heaps straight on (not down to East Soar Farm) and by an old ammunition storage hut is a footpath signpost 'To the Cliffs' pointing towards a gate on your right. Go through and follow the rutted grass road, heading for a ruined farmhouse ahead. This is Middle Soar Farm and parts of the farm look as though they date back to medieval times with cone-shaped pillars and a grass ramp up to give wagons access to the hay lofts. A small spring runs out amid the stones to your right as you pass the ruined wall of the farm yard and continue on through another five-barred gate. Keep to the right hand edge of this field, and in the corner of the wall which now blocks your way you will find one of the best of all the stone stiles in the area. It even has a steadying pole to hand at the top! Once down the other side have a look at the wall over which you have climbed - this is some of the finest dry stone walling in the county if not the country. Just think of all the time and effort spent in building that great long run of stones!

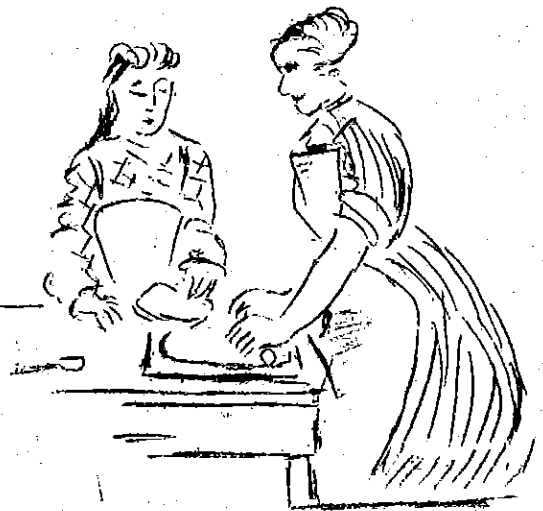
Straight across the field and through the gorse lies the well-trodden South-West path. It leads through the Warren along above Steeple Cove. Here is the finest cliff scenery you'll see anywhere in Britain and at times it is quite giddy-making. Local sheep don't seem to care and are often seen grazing far below on the edge of awesome drops.

Steeple Cove is named after that fantastic pinnacle of rock you look down on from the Western End. The pinnacle also serves as a mark for diving boats out of Salcombe, for almost right under that rock lies the remains of the 'Cantabria', a Spanish steamer bound for Newcastle from Bilbao with a cargo of coal. She ran aground there in thick fog just before dawn on 13th December 1932. Her 24-man crew abandoned ship and reached the shore, but were

BOTTOM OF NEXT PAGE....



# More Recipes from Kate's Kitchen



Two lovely lemony recipes for  
HOT SUMMER DAYS.....!

## LEMON DRINK

2 large lemons or 3 small  
2 lb sugar  
2 oz Citric Acid  
4 pints water.

Squeeze the juice from lemons, chop or put skins into Magimix or similar. Into a large saucepan put the skins and water, bring to the boil and allow to boil for about 1 minute. Take off the heat and add juice and Citric Acid. Put sugar into large bowl and strain liquid into it - stir until sugar is dissolved. Bottle and store in the fridge. Dilute according to taste in either water or Perrier.

ooo00ooo

## LEMON FLUMMERY

Half pint water  
1oz butter  
1 lemon (juiced and grated rind)  
1 oz plain flour  
4 oz castor sugar  
2 eggs (separated)

Boil together water, butter and rind. Mix flour and sugar in a bowl and pour on hot liquid whisking well. Return to pan and whisk in the egg yolks, bring slowly to the boil and cook gently for ten minutes. Add the juice to the pan and fold in the egg whites stiffly whisked. Put into a bowl and chill.

Decorate with a border of crushed digestive biscuit or ratafias.

KATE WILL BE IN VILLAGE VOICE KITCHEN EACH ISSUE

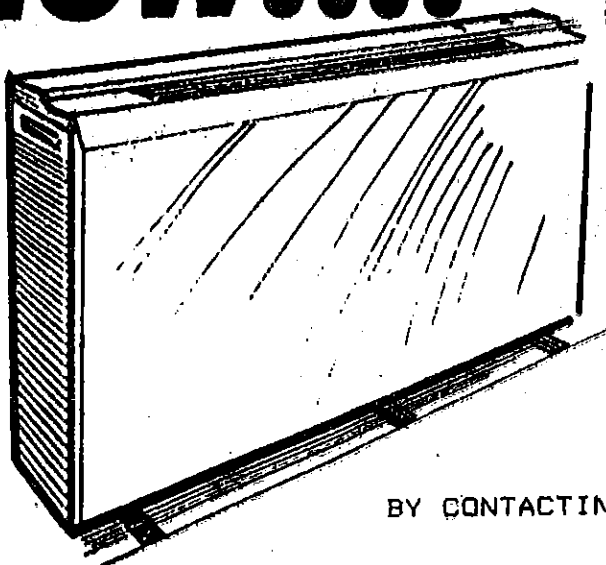
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- "ON THE TRAIL OF THE CLIPPED WING SPITS"

Continued from previous page:

(but were) - then no better off because they could not climb the cliffs. They were finally rescued by the Salcombe lifeboat, but the 263 foot-long 1803 ton steamer was a total loss. She is now completely broken, but divers like to swim over her remains, which lie on a seabed of extremely pretty coloured growths. It is at this point on the cliffs that you should decide what kind of walker you are. To push on now means dropping right down to Soar Mill Cove and then climbing up the same height the other side and so on to Bolberry Down and the Port Light. Wise walkers will, of course, have arranged for someone to pick them up at Bolberry if they do decide to tackle this stiff switchback. We have decided here to return to the car at Soar! In the next issue we'll finish the walk to the Port Light & Soar Mill Cove. K.M.

# Think about a really cosy winter NOW!...



*David Frost*  
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# Creda

# *This is The Devonshire Association*

This year sees the 125th Anniversary of the Devonshire Association which was founded in 1862 in Exeter by William Pengelly and others with the idea that Devon should have its own miniature British Association, hence the full title - "For the Advancement of Science, Literature and the Arts."

If this sounds a bit daunting - do not be put off by it. It is a friendly and helpful Society, and although we have many very distinguished members - experts in many different fields, I have found they are always very ready to give advice or answer queries concerning their own subjects, and also to give of their time to come and talk to our local group. The Association has now grown to over 2,000 members throughout the County, and therefore there are now eleven branches covering the whole County. The South Hams Branch, of which I am Secretary, covers the area Kingsbridge, Salcombe, Modbury and the whole of the South Hams to Dartmouth.

The Association holds an Annual Meeting each year in early June, comprising a long weekend from Friday afternoon through to Tuesday, in a different town each year - (we try not to repeat the venue in less than twenty years!) This is most rewarding as the programme always includes a town walk - except for large cities - and one spends long enough in the place to get to know the area. Apart from the business side of the proceedings there are usually at least two coach outings to places of interest in the locality. Of recent years we have been to Ilfracombe, Moretonhampstead, Teignmouth, Hatherleigh, Ottery St. Mary and Buckfastleigh.

This year's A.G.M. will be based on Exeter to celebrate the 125th Anniversary, with a Civic Reception in the Guildhall on the Friday, and a celebration lunch on the Sunday. Next year the A.G.M. will be in Plymouth to coincide with the Armada celebrations, when our President will be the Earl of Morley. Many distinguished and well known people have served as President, among them the late H.G.Hurrell (Naturalist), Stuart Hibbert (Broadcaster), Crispin Gill ( Author and past Editor of the 'Countryman' magazine and Western Morning News), Sir Eric Smith, C.B.E. and Malcolm Spooner, M.B.E. (Marine Biologists), W.G.Hoskins (Historian), Ian Mercer (Dartmoor National Park) - the Abbot of Buckfast, the Rev. Amos Creswell (Past President of the Methodist Conference, and Lords Clifford, Foot, Viscount Amory, Sir. Dennis Studey - after 125 years the list is endless!

In conjunction with this year's Anniversary, an Exhibition of the scope and work of the Association will be on view at Exeter Central Library during

OVERPAGE.....

the Annual Meeting from June 12th - 16th. It is hoped that this Exhibition will later tour other principal libraries in Devon. As soon as the date for Kingsbridge is known the Village Voice will be informed, also the Kingsbridge Gazette. The Association also runs sections in Botany, Entomology, History, Folklore, Geology and Art and Literature - all of which members can join at no extra cost, and which will be featured in the Exhibition.

Perhaps the most important contribution of the Association, and of which it is most proud, is the publication of the yearly Transactions - a slim green book containing reports from the various branches and sections, but most importantly, papers and articles on all manner of subjects relating to Devon by scholars and researchers. Our own Dr. Neville Oswald, a valued member of the local South Hams Branch, is a frequent contributor. In the past he has written on "Devon and the Cod Fishery of Newfoundland", several papers of medical interest, and this year has a paper on "Life in Thurlestone in the past hundred years - so this will really put our parish on the map, as these Transactions are available for study by anyone interested for many years to come. A long run of back numbers can be found in the reference section in Kingsbridge Library, also the Cookworthy Museum.

All branches hold a series of winter lectures and summer outings. The first two lectures for our branch are held at Thurlestone Village Hall in October and November. This year we hope the speakers will be Dr. Oswald on a subject relating to Thurlestone, and Dr. Joyce Youings on Drake and the Armada. Dr. Youings, Historian and authority on Tudor England, is Chairman of Council of the Devonshire Association. After Christmas the venue for lectures moves to West Charleton. Last year we had talks on Dartmoor, Salcombe and Kingsbridge Fruit Schooners with Malcolm Darch, Mr. Jim Woodrow of Thurlestone on his year as High Sheriff of Devon, Mrs. Anne Born on Quarries of the South Hams, and Mr. Hubert Fox on the Early History of the Quakers.

Summer Outings in the past have included visits to the Royal William Victualling Yard at Plymouth, Mrs Ruth Murray's Badger Sanctuary on Dartmoor, Ivybridge Paper Mill, also various historic and interesting old houses and excursions on Dartmoor.

This account has been written at the suggestion of one of the Editors' and is in no way intended as a recruiting drive - but rather as an opportunity to make the existence of the Devonshire Association and its various activities better known to a wider public; at the same time if anyone reading this is interested in joining or learning more, I shall be delighted to hear from them. We do need new members and would like to attract a younger element, as well as our much valued retired population.

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PREBENDARY PETER STEPHENS, RECTOR : : :

# The Good Governing of Schools

The standard of teaching is to some degree a matter which is in the hands of the Governing Body since it is the Governors who appoint the staff - or more precisely recommend to the Local Education Authority who shall be appointed, and throughout the whole of my time I have never known the L.E.A. do other than appoint the recommended candidate. This places a very heavy responsibility on Governors, because if they make a mistake they have almost no powers for rectifying their error!

In the matter of buildings especially, but also other matters, it is by no means unusual to find that the Governors have a financial liability with little or no resources for meeting their responsibilities. It is then perfectly proper for the Governors to look for local support for the local school from both Parish Councils and if a Church School, also from the Parochial Church Councils, a very real way for the local community to indicate its appreciation of retaining a local school.

The lack of funds for Governors to fulfil their responsibilities sometimes arises from the school being an ancient Foundation, the assets of which are eroded by time and inflation.

For example - One school for which I had a responsibility had, dating from 1702, an annual Endowment Income of £10 - of this £7.10 was to be paid to the Schoolmaster as his annual salary, the remainder to provide books and clothes for six poor boys (the quality and colour of the woollen cloth was specified), and the schoolmaster who was to be "virtuous, sober and honest" had a mandate to teach children to "read, write and cast accounts in three years" and he was also to instruct them in the Church of England Catechism.

With the passing of almost three centuries, not suprisingly, times have changed. School Governors have considerable and increasing responsibilities but as I have indicated they are often deficient in funds.

Not only do Governors often lack the funds to fulfil their obligations, but they also have very little real power and such as they do possess has often to be exercised whilst walking a tightrope.

Let me explain,

One of the schools for which I had a responsibility was due for re-building. It had been due for re-building for twenty years before I went to the parish. I determined to get it rebuilt! In my efforts I was much aided by Our Lord's parable about the "Importunate Widow", who whilst totally lacking power to obtain her purposes, did possess one quality of inestimable value i.e. the ability to nag and nag away at those who did possess the power, until, wearied

Continued overpage:-

## VILLAGE VOICE

by her much asking her petition was granted.

By not dissimilar means the school was placed in the list of projects for that year and I felt able to leave the parish for pastures new - only to hear not much later that the project had been axed from the list again due to Government spending cuts. Not too long after that I was delighted to be invited back to drive the bull-dozer which cut the first sod for the new school. - No, the Department of Education and Science had not decided to reinstate it, the Governors had decided to go it alone! And they did, and the school was built. I mention this as a tribute to Governors who with singleness of purpose have a determination to do what is best for "our school."

Although one doesn't deliberately seek it, controversy and confrontation can be the lot of School Governors - not least the Chairman.

In the Royal Navy the Chief Petty Officer is sometimes known as the Chief Buffer, because it falls to his task to be a sort of "buffer" between the Ward Room and the Lower Decks.

School Governors can often find themselves in much the same position. If the "well-being of the school" is their proper concern which may sometimes involve caring for drain pipes and boundary fences, and sometimes the appointment of a specialist teacher gifted in everything! - nevertheless the well-being of the school will best be discerned as the wellbeing of the children, but that is not nearly as easy to define as one might suppose and can lead to contrary points of view all clamouring for recognition.

An example from the past will suffice to illustrate: "Should the Governors admit Rising Fives?" (i.e. those coming up to their fifth birthday).

The Governors must admit statutorily qualified children, i.e. 5 years and over.

The Governors may admit (if there is room, etc) the nearly five year olds.

The parents of rising fives want the Governors to admit because their children can benefit from one, two or even three more terms at school. The teachers are "up in arms" because their classes are already full enough without the rising fives, and it will require reorganising of all the classes. Is that good for the other children? The other childrens' parents don't think so.

The Headteacher certainly would not use any influence for this reason, but the Chairman knows that the decision can in the longer term alter the "Grouping" of the school, both affecting the Headmaster's salary and also cause a reduction in staff. The Governors must decide! And whatever their decision one or more parties to the matter will feel affronted.

Not infrequently too, Governors find themselves in dispute with the Local Authority over matters affecting "their" school, usually over buildings, nowadays often over Admissions Policy which is the responsibility of Governors, against which parents now have right of Appeal.

At one such Appeal Meeting I found myself being introduced by an Education Officer to the County Solicitor as "Meet Prebendary Stephens", he's the man who

OVERPAGE:::

writes those letters we put in that drawer marked "too difficult to answer". To which I replied, "Yes, and I'm also the chap who makes sure you take them out again!"

School Governors mustn't have a closed mind. To start with there is all that new terminology to learn, ranging through 'Lollipop Ladies' - 'Zoning' - 'Appeals Board' - 'Group 2' - 'Redeployment' - 'Nuffield Maths', - 'I.T.A.' - 'Balanced Diet' - 'Lead Flashings' - 'Damp Course' - 'Rising Fives' and 'Statementing'. Then there are the changes of the 1980 Education Act with Parent Governors and Teacher Governors, and the latest requirement of the 1986 Act for Annual Reports to parents and Annual Meetings of parents, and with at least the prospect of proper training sessions for the school Governors.

So, if you possess the Wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the skin of a rhinoceros, the tact of the Diplomatic Corps, and a flair for learning a whole new vocabulary, then you certainly must not allow anything to dissuade you from readily agreeing should you be asked, "Would you like to be a School Governor?"

P.S. Responsibility for appointing School Governors at Thurlestone is as follows:

The Rector - Ex-officio Foundation Governor.

Six Foundation Governors - Appointed by the Diocesan Education Committee and the Parochial Church Councils of Thurlestone and South Milton.

One Parent Governor - Elected by parents.

One Teacher Governor - Elected by teachers.

The Headteacher.

Two Local Authority Governors - one appointed by the County Council  
one appointed by the Minor Authority

Prebendary Peter Stephens  
Rector

---

## Helping the Honey Bee?

EVERY season vast numbers of foraging honey bees are killed when they are hit by chemicals sprayed on oilseed rape. Now researchers are looking at biological ways of manipulating their behaviour to ensure they are nowhere near a crop when it is being treated.

Bees have some powerful alarm pheromones which act as repellents. One is contained in the sting gland and another in the mouth parts of the honey producing insect. Scientists at Rothamsted have found that these natural "switch-off" chemicals can repel other foraging bees, "Field tests in oilseed rape a few years ago showed promise as there was an 80 per cent reduction in foraging in the crop for 30 minutes after the pheromone was released," explains entomologist Andrew Ferguson. "Over 20 different alarm pheromones from the sting have been analysed and some components found to be more powerful than others. Another pheromone extracted from the Nasanov gland near the sting has actually been used to attract bees to a crop. The work is continuing and it is hoped to be able to copy nature and to make man-made versions of the naturally-occurring repelling and attracting pheromones.



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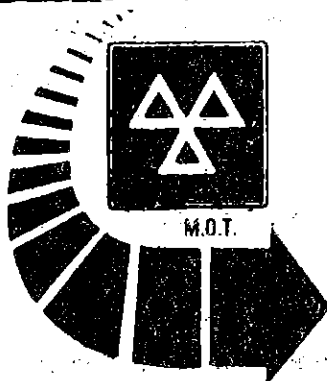
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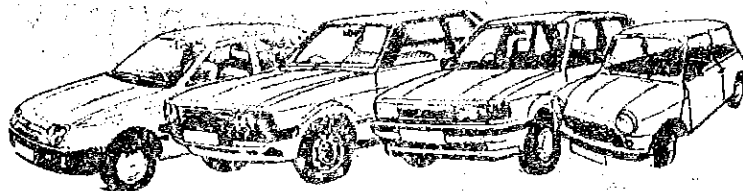
# Was it the measured tramp of marching troops ?

We were in bed by ten, for we wanted to be up and away on our tramp homeward with the dawn. I hung fire, but my companion, Harris, went to sleep at once. I hate a man who goes to sleep at once; there is a sort of indefinable something about it which is not exactly an insult, and yet is an insolence; and once which is hard to bear, too. I lay there fretting over this injury, and trying to go to sleep; but the harder I tried the wider awake I grew. I got to feeling very lonely in the dark, with no company but an undigested dinner. My mind got a start by-and-by, and began to consider the beginning of every subject which has ever been thought of; but it never went further than the beginning: it was touch and go; it fled from topic to topic with a frantic speed. At the end of an hour my head was in a perfect whirl, and I was dead tired, fagged out.

The fatigue was so great that it presently began to make some head against the nervous excitement; while imagining myself wide awake, I would really doze into momentary unconsciousnesses, and come suddenly out of them with a physical jerk which nearly wrenched my joint apart - the delusion of the instant being that I was tumbling backwards over a precipice. After I had fallen over eight or nine precipices and thus found out one half of my brain had been asleep eight or nine times without the wide-awake, hard-working other half suspecting it, the periodical unconsciousnesses began to extend their spell gradually over more of my brain territory, and at last I sank into a drowse which grew deeper and deeper and was doubtless just on the very point of becoming solid, blessed, dreamless stupor, when - what was that?

My dulled faculties dragged themselves partly back to life, and took a receptive attitude. Now out of an immense, a limitless distance, came a something which grew and grew, and approached, and was presently recognisable as a sound - it had rather seemed to be a feeling, before. This sound was a mile away, now - perhaps it was the murmur of a storm; and now it was nearer - not a quarter of a mile away; was it the muffled rasping and grinding of distant machinery? No, it came still nearer; was it the measured tramp of a marching troop? But it came nearer still, and still nearer - and at last it was right in the room: it was merely a mouse gnawing the woodwork. So I had held my breath all that time for just a trifle.

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# Refuse Collection

The District Council do not supply either plastic sacks or dustbins to householders, but collection is made of up to 2 dustbins which may contain small quantities of garden waste. This is a concession as the Authority is not obliged to pick up any garden waste. Larger quantities should be disposed of either within the garden, or by the householder taking them to our Depot at Manor House, Kingsbridge, where a skip is available for free use during working hours Monday to Friday. This skip may also be used to deposit large items of unwanted furniture, etc. that will not fit into a normal bin.

The weekly collection will be made from the back door of the property unless the householder chooses to place the bin at the gate or other convenient point should the householder not wish the collector to go round the rear of their property. For safety reasons the Council requires the householder to place the bin adjacent to the road where the refuse collector would otherwise have to climb in excess of 20 steps.

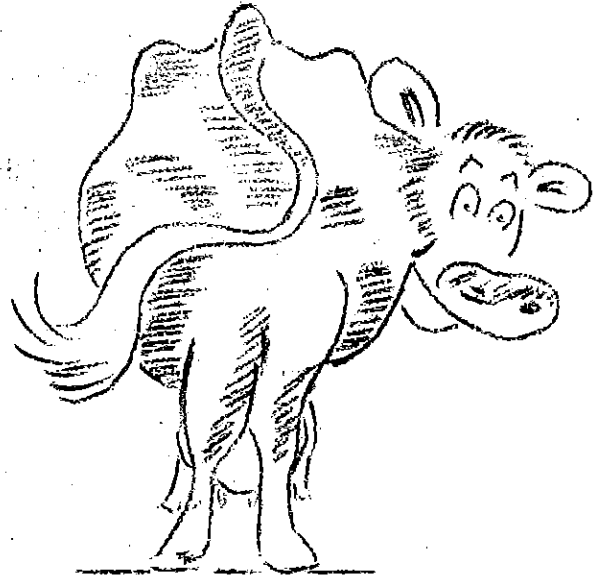
Collection of refuse from trade premises is chargeable by law and the current figure is 43p per bin per week with 2 free bins per week to allow for the domestic element of resident owners.

For single day Bank Holidays, collections are made one day late the week following. For Easter and Christmas, the collection is a day early the week before the holiday and a day late the week after.

Should residents experience problems with the service or if they find that they genuinely cannot cope with only the bins for their domestic refuse, contact the Area Supervisor, Mr. G. Hodgson at the Kingsbridge Depot - (telephone Kingsbridge 2246).

(The above information is taken from a letter on the subject from the District Council Director of Technical Services - Mr. M.F. Johnson - to Mr. W.G.Ladd, Clerk to Thurlestone Parish Council - so its official !

=====



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## SATURDAY 1st AUGUST 1987

at 2-30 p.m.

### EXHIBITORS PLEASE NOTE :-

Persons Resident in the Parishes of South Milton and Thurlestone (which includes Bantham and East & West Buckland) are eligible to submit entries in the varied Amateur and Professional Classes :-

VEGETABLE AND FRUIT  
CUT FLOWERS AND POT PLANTS  
FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS  
HOME ECONOMICS  
HANDICRAFTS

Also JUNIOR SECTIONS for ages 5 to 8 and 9 to 15. These Junior Sections are also open to visiting children who have a close relative permanently resident in the Parishes.

Entry Forms MUST be submitted by TUESDAY 28th JULY 1987, and all Entries MUST BE STAGED IN THURLESTONE PARISH HALL BY NOT LATER THAN 9.45 a.m. on 1st August.

Please see Show Schedules for Detailed Rules. SCHEDULES AVAILABLE FROM VILLAGE SHOPS or Show Committee Members, etc. or Telephone 560436 or 560686 for information.

ALL RESIDENTS ARE URGED TO PARTICIPATE & ATTEND  
THE SHOW

### FOUL FACTS ON THE DANGERS OF A QUICK DIP

SWIMMING in many of the waters around the British coastline could put bathers in danger of illness and infection, according to a new study carried out by Professor Bruce Denness, formerly principal scientific officer of the Institute of Geological Sciences in London, and professor of Ocean Engineering at Newcastle University, now believes he has come up with disturbing findings.

Recent research in America (where 80% of sewage discharged into the sea is disinfected) has shown that vast quantities of bacteria and viruses are not killed by sea water. In fact, sewage viruses can live for 17 months in the sea. All bathers in waters polluted by untreated sewage are in danger of illness, Denness believes, especially if they have cuts or abrasions on their skin. He now thinks that many gastroenteritis cases from eating factory farmed chicken are not from salmonella but from contaminated fish meal containing human sewage germs. He also believes it is unsafe to eat raw oysters and many other shellfish. The large amounts of undetectable sewage germs in the sea threaten us with hepatitis, food poisoning, respiratory infections, skin diseases, conjunctivitis and other nasties. Professor Denness declares: "The latest research indicates that no sewage should be released into the sea without proper disinfection to ensure that disease is prevented." Just who were the uncaring persons who removed the warning sign erected at Leas Foot Beach last year by the Parish Council?

Source: Robert Temple in the 'Sunday Times' 17.5.87

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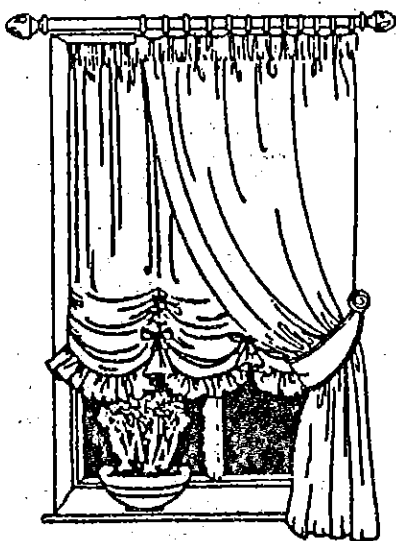
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# HARRY HUGGINS on WHAT TO LOOK FOR THIS SUMMER

It is time to tell the truth about that Whiskered Tern which entertained locals and a large crowd of twitchers in mid-April (the name comes from the white streak across the face - the whiskers - between the black cap and the dark grey underparts): it was my wife's birthday present to me! A rare bird makes a good birthday present - exciting, makes you neither sick nor tipsy, requires no maintenance, and goes away before you have time to be tired of it!

This tern is very rare in the British Isles - the twitchers will go from Scillies to Shetlands and back again for a rarity, and they came from all over for this one, but unless it is a real rarity they do not want to know. More such birds must pass this way without being seen, but this time conditions were just right for it: the men mending the bridge by the golf club had dammed off the stream which runs down the valley, thus flooding the fields opposite the club, doubtless to the great discomfort of Mr. Geoffrey Stidston, but to the delight of the tern, and tern watchers. It thought it had found the marshes in Spain where it breeds and which it had accidentally passed by on its Spring journey North from Africa.

It was sitting on a tuft of grass, surrounded by water, when my wife first saw it sometime during the morning; we decided this one could be shared with friends, since it was best seen from the public road with no need for trespassing, and so we rang two couples at lunchtime. By teatime, people were ringing us to tell us it was here and the crowd was assembling! But some birds you have to keep quiet about. Her piece de resistance last year, a grotty little thing called a Subalpine Warbler, which as its name suggests belongs in the Mediterranean area and is probably even more desirable to twitchers, was in our garden, just outside our window, and we told no one, for one's thoughts boggle at the prospect of all those birders in the open-plan gardens of the Mead.

However, these rare things are the cherries on the cake. Many birders go a lifetime without ever seeing one, nor wanting to unless it is right under their noses (you can travel a long way for a bird but not find it - then they say you have "dipped out" - or other people see it and you do not - then you have been "gripped off"!) Most of what we do is watching, and recording, the ordinary birds as the seasons pass, not that we can write down in our diary everything we see, for we would soon have ornithological indigestion if we did. Much of our time during the last two Springs has been spent walking the coastal path in search of nesting Ravens; they are fairly commonplace to us, though oddly enough one of the tern-twitchers asked to be directed to some, he lives in Surrey and they are a real rarity to him.

During July and August we will be looking for three sorts of birds. Some are the permanent residents, like ourselves - Herring Gulls, Rooks, Blackbirds, Wrens and Robins, to name but a few.



Harry Huggins continued.

Then there are the summer visitors. The Swallows and House Martins began to trickle in at the beginning of April and by high summer are fully engaged in domestic duties. Engaged likewise are the warblers: commonest this year seems to have been the Whitethroat. The male is a little fellow with sandy-chestnut back, grey head and white chin who sings a scratchy little song from the tops of bushes and hedge-rows. Their reappearance has been a joy to us, for several years ago their numbers dropped to a tiny percentage of what they had been; they winter in the Sahel, South of the Sahara, and the droughts which brought famine to the human population spelled death for most of the Whitethroats. In the last year or two there have been rains however, and the numbers bred in this country have more than compensated for losses on migration and during the winter.

Then there are the happenings which you cannot really predict, like the nesting of a pair of Buzzards in 1986 in a pine tree not 100 yards from the golf club; they reared one young bird successfully and it was about the valley until they dispersed in the autumn.

Tawny Owls always used to nest in the garden of the Thurlestone Hotel - you saw the young ones in July in the trees by the path between the Hotel golf course and the Mead. In 1985 and 1986 we saw no young; we think the old birds did not come into breeding condition, probably because of a shortage of mice, their winter diet. There is no shortage of mice this year, and we hope for young owls again.

A long gaze out to sea is always worthwhile, especially in the morning for it is likely to be rewarded by the sight of a Gannet or two, magnificent birds nearly six feet across the wings, and brilliant white with black wing tips. Identification is confirmed when they plunge down into the sea after prey. Plunging closer inshore is likely to be a Sandwich Tern, a large tern nearly as big as a Black Headed Gull, distinguished by its black beak tipped with yellow and harsh "kirrik" cry.

The beaches, especially Yarmer, are worth searching in the evening, after the people have gone, for as early as July waders which breed in the far North are stopping briefly on their way South: Dunlins, maybe some with still their black bellies and reddish backs. Sanderlings, which scamper back and forth at the water's edge on black legs - they are palest grey in winter, but in July may still show traces of red breeding plumage - and Ringed Plovers, the adults easily distinguishable by the black ring across their white breasts.

On the golf course in August there will be Wheatears, smart sandy brown birds, about the size of a sparrow, with a tail which is whiter than white with a black tip.

If the summer is wet and there are puddles on Farmer Stidston's fields opposite the golf club again, there will be Greenshanks, large waders as big as a Collared Dove - those mentioned earlier are no bigger than Starlings - with long slightly upturned bills and long green legs. Last year there were three sorts of smaller sandpiper in the fields: Common (which is not common!), Green (which is neither common nor green!) and Wood (which is likewise scarce, and which we have never seen in a wood. What's in a name!)

By the end of August the Swallows and House Martins will be assembling in hundreds on the wires - preparing to go. The Swifts, which have spent the summer screaming up and down over the thatched houses in Thurlestone, where they nest, will already be gone, and we will be thinking about the winter birds which will soon be arriving.

WOULD YOU LIKE GAS IN THE VILLAGE? We mean the cooking kind of course. It seems that if enough people would like it then an application could be made for gas to be piped out to us. If you are in favour please ring Bill Ladd on 560686.

VILLAGE VOICE GOES OUT AND ABOUT... And a very long way indeed!

# Roller Coaster to the Sun

Jean Sadler has written to us from Gibraltar with the story so far of their voyage on their yacht Gemelli, call sign Two Sierra Golf Delta, destination Cyprus. Gemelli with Ted and Jean aboard left Plymouth at dawn on May 4. The next day they reached Camaret, Brittany and decided to spend a couple of days there before moving along the South Brittany coast in company with another yacht called Tacavi. Writes Jean:

"However all this was to change on Thursday lunchtime. A yacht berthed opposite with Weatherfax aboard and the forecast was too good to be true. As soon as we saw it, we said farewell to Tacavi and her crew and set course for La Coruna. As we reached the Raz du Sein the wind died away and it looked like a motor only trip, but no matter how I did the sums it just did not add up to sufficient fuel to complete the trip under power alone. Luckily the gods were with us and during the first evening the wind again came up from the NNE and we had fantastic sailing for the next 24 hours. We took a reef in the main and furled the genoa to working jib and still we were screaming along at a steady 6.5 knots, tacking 7 knots at regular intervals. Certainly we had not experienced such thrilling speeds over sustained periods before. The third morning saw the wind die away again and the coast of Northern Spain appeared out of the mist. By lunchtime we were in La Coruna. Contrary to our expectations, La Coruna proved to be a lovely old city, not dirty and down at heel as the books would have us believe. We would happily have stayed there for a week, but the Portuguese Trades called and we were itching to move on ever Southward.

"Reluctantly we paid our dues and once again Gemelli was on her way. We cleared Cap Finisterre and continued out to sea in search of the Portuguese Trades and the Southward-flowing current. About 50 miles off shore we found both. The steady Northerly wind blowing 5-6 and the big Atlantic rollers soon had us in their grip. Gemelli suddenly seemed very insignificant and we realised the power of nature as we clambered up the great waves and shot down their faces sometimes being picked up on the breaking crests and surfing on great cushions of foam regularly reaching speeds of 12 knots and speeds as high as 18 knots being recorded. The first really fast surf ride was to put it mildly a little scary, but the next time we knew what to expect. We were then able to enjoy ourselves. Gemelli's personal record now stands at 141 miles over a 24-hour period and I can't see us ever breaking this record!

"During our time on the roller-coaster we saw very little shipping, just an occasional mast as we climbed up the big Atlantic rollers. It was all very awe-inspiring and we really very sad when we had to alter course to join the 'Piccadilly Circus' at Cap St. Vincent. Having been completely alone, except for a couple of superb aquabatic shows given completely free of charge by the dolphins - these natural shows put even the greatest dolphinarium shows in the shade - across the Bay of Biscay and down the Portuguese coast we just could not believe that now there were so many ships in the area.

"We reached Vilamoura Marina three days and 18 hours after leaving La Coruna at an average speed of 5.7 knots. She may be heavy but she sure is fast and Gemelli and her crew thoroughly enjoyed their trip on the Roller Coaster to the Sun."

VILLAGE VOICE spotlights a piece of local justice....

# Not Guilty!

## *Even if they did steal the bedclothes*

Now here's a strange tale of wild goings-on one stormy night in Thurlestone of long, long ago. A tale of surf crashing down on Thurlestone Sands and sweeping shorewards right over the top of Thurlestone Rock, of two ships shattered on the beach and a mob of men making their way down to the Sands in howling winds with loot in their hearts and money on their minds.

The ships' captains and their crews who had come ashore by boat from the ships earlier during the storm could only stand and watch as their entire ships and belongings were dismantled and whisked away by the locals. There was nothing they could do at the time, but they could and did turn to the courts for recompense.

It was nine years later - in 1238 - that the case finally came to trial. Legal matters, it seems, moved no faster then than now. But the ship masters must have thought that even after this long lapse of time they did stand a good chance of reasonable compensation for the stripping of their ships. They had not perhaps taken into account the fact that they now stood before a local court with a jury of local men....

The accusation of Robert de Colestok, Richard Stranga, Thomas Curteis and Oliver, son of Richard Piper, was quite clear. The men of Thurlestone had robbed them of everything they possessed - right down to their beds and bedclothes. They had witnesses to prove that, and they now asked the court of the Stanborough Hundred for justice.

The report of the case at the Stanborough Hundred, a sub-division of Devon into which Thurlestone fell, might well have been overlooked for ever for the parchment on which it was written down was sewn by mistake into parchments of the Lifton Hundred, which was a completely land-locked area just above the Tavistock Hundred on the edge of Dartmoor. And you wouldn't have been able to read about it here if Derrick Yeoman had not found it while doing some research into his family history and passed it on to Village Voice. Not that the Yeomans were involved in the robbery. The accused were Reginald Bloiob, and Roger, Peter and Walter de Baketone. And according to the tale of Robert de Colestok, these four men had led the men of "Thurlestone, South Milton, Galmpton, Huish, Little Bolberry, Great Bolberry and Herbert Buzun's vill of Sewer" down to the beach during the great storm of January 18, 1229.

Continued overpage....

"And when Robert and the others came through a tempest towards Thurstlestone with two ships laden with wine, and because of that tempest disembarked from the ships and came to land at Thurstlestone, and shortly afterwards the ships were broken up by the tempest, and all the wine in them and all their chattels were thrown to land by the tempest, Reginald and the other accused, with the men of those villis, then came and broke the heads of the tuns and poured away the wine, and carried off all the chattels in the ships, and their coffers with their money and their other things, and they likewise took their beds with their bedclothes, whereby they suffered losses to the value of five hundred marks and they were ready to prove this as the court shall decide."

It is clear from the parchment too that Reginald Bloiob, and Peter and Walter de Baketone appeared in court to answer the charge, but it may be that Roger had died during the nine years it took the case to come to court, for there is no mention of him attending, nor of him being punished for not doing so.

But we do know there now came a quite surprising verdict. The Court decided that as the shipowners hadn't said in their accusation what loss each individual suffered and particularly "who inflicted how much loss on whom" that the charge was null and void and Robert and the others who had brought the charges were fined two marks each! And the jurors testified further that Reginald and the other accused had "nothing from those wines or chattels against the will of their owners. Indeed they said that if they had anything they had it with their free will"! So Reginald and all concerned were acquitted. It seems the men of South Hams stuck together even then!

K.M

=====

*Drabblemania!*

BEING the village bobby is hard work, make no mistake. Stile-stealing and orchard vandalism is on the up. We had a spate of murders here recently. It was the gamekeeper. He was very clever but not quite clever enough. He left one clue that gave him away. All the victims were professionally skinned. We had a bank robbery, too, but I was out chasing speeding sheep-drovers and by the time I got to the scene of the crime the robbers had gone and most of the witnesses retired. We had the nasty business of the Wetherby boy. He was found behind an ancient burial mound with the verger. He said he was only researching an evocative account of a country childhood. A likely story. Then that hang-glider got shot and we caught the lock-keeper dressed as a woman. He said he was going to a fancy-dress party as Flora Thompson. Another likely story. Then we had the rape and that got harvested and made into little cattle-cakes. And of course Drabblemania hit the town. The women went barmy when Mr Drabble came to talk to the W.I. Speaking of which, I had to arrest Mrs Hobbs for causing unnecessary suffering to animals when she gave a very informative talk on moths to the young farmers. It's a busy life being a village bobby. Make no mistake about that. (With acknowledgement to PUNCH)

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John Casson



# Free Range?

KENNETH WEEDY

As the late Professor Joad might have said "It all depends on what you mean by 'Free Range' " Merely to take a hen out of the confines of a battery cage and give it in lieu two square feet of space in a deep litter house is certainly not what I mean by free range.

When poultry and their products were regarded more as a source of housekeeping pin-money for a farmer's wife, and not as a vast and highly specialised commercial enterprise, the term meant that hen houses holding between fifty and a hundred birds were positioned in the middle of pastures or, temporarily, on cereal stubbles after the harvest had been cleared, so that they could glean the fallen grain which would otherwise be wasted. They had liberty to come and go as they liked but therein lay the rub. No one should crusade for Hens' Liberation who has not experienced the many frustrations of keeping those avian Machiavellis in unconfined freedom.

Consider the bird itself. A longish neck surmounted by a skull which would appear hard put to accommodate anything larger than a hazel nut and yet, packed into that small cranium, is a brain so filled with guile as to make the average conman look like a child.

Regularly, the daily yield of eggs in the in-house nest boxes would start to fall and it would be obvious that illicit deposits were being made in, henwise, more attractive places and a watch must be set to discover them. Observe the casual way in which Rosie Rhode-Island or Susie Sussex saunters across the field towards the hedge. A quick hop and she disappears into the greenery. So that is where her secret nest is? Don't you believe it! She has gone straight through and, turning right or left, has done an Olympic sprint to a point fifty or sixty yards from where you saw her vanish, and there, hidden among the thorns and nettles, fourteen or more eggs, in ascending order of ripeness, lie uncollected.

But surely not all hens behaved like this? Indeed no! In wet weather they gathered in mournful sodden groups around the henhouse, where they busily occupied themselves in paddling the surrounding soil into a morass.



OVERPAGE:-

FREE RANGE ?

There is a critical moment when, feeling that she had got her feet, legs and breast feathers fully loaded with liquid mud, the laying urge set in.

Ascending the walkway to the inviting pop-hole entrance, she contemplates the warm, straw-lined, nesting boxes. No easy choice this, so she tries each one in turn and, in so doing, coats all the eggs therein with one more layer of mud, superimposed on those that her predecessors had left in their turn. When collected every egg would have to be washed, individually, by hand. It was said that warm water removed the bloom from the shells, lowering their market appeal, and so cold water washing was the order of the day. Try washing a couple of hundred eggs in cold water on a February morning and see what that does to your chilblains.

It has been assumed so far that the hen in question is basically filled with maternal instincts and kind thoughts, but woe betide if a clumsy bird should happen to crack or break an egg, an accident which transforms the species into voracious cannibals. At first she will eat only the broken egg, often shell and all, but when she is hooked she soon finds that a smart peck will open up an unlimited supply of goodies and all you are left with is a nest full of yolk stained straw and a large number of totally innocent looking suspects. Hardest of all to bear was the effect that real free range poultry keeping had on one's social life. Hen keeping consisted among other things of a constant battle against foxes, a fact which the birds themselves seemed totally oblivious, taking every chance they could to offer themselves as sacrificial victims. Every night as dusk fell it was necessary to go round closing the sliding hatches on the pop-hole doors when the flock was safely inside. Just as the last door was shut a group that had been scratching unobserved in the next field would appear, wandering slowly homewards in the gloaming. Open a door for them and they regard it as if they had never seen the like in their lives - getting toothpaste back into its tube is simple compared with persuading a reluctant hen to enter its home. But worse still, open the door and you could hear the flock inside saying, in hen language, "Blimey Girls, that was a short night, but it must be morning because the door is open," and out they would all stream to gather round you waiting for their breakfast corn ration twelve hours too soon.

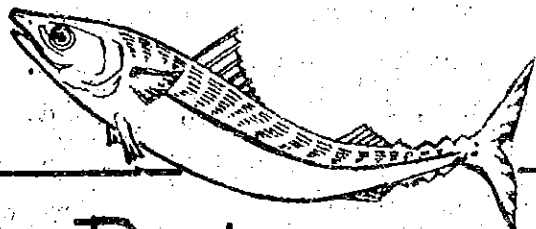
If you were asked out to supper, no attempt would be made by farming folk to fix a hard and fast time; it was "We will be round as soon as we've got the hens in."

Back to your cages, you hens.

You brought it all on yourselves.

K. G. WEEDY  
1987

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WALTER DEE has done a little researching on:

# The Siege of FORT CHARLES

WINDOW ON DEVONSHIRE - No 3

MANY of you well know I am sure, that down the Salcombe Estuary on a point forming the northern boundary of North Sands Bay and on a rock nearly level with the water of the Estuary at high water, stand the ruins of an ancient castle. Little now remains of the structure that at one time defended the entrance to Salcombe harbour, the last fortification to hold out against the Parliamentary Forces in Devon. Only Pendennis Castle at the entrance to Falmouth harbour in Cornwall sustained anything like a similar role during the Civil War involving Royalists and Parliamentarians during the mid 1640's when Charles I was King.

There seems to be no good record of when the Castle was first constructed. By some it has been attributed to the Saxons, which might well be right, and then again it has been described as a 'Round Fort built in the time of Elizabeth I - a little before the Spanish Invasion. Personally I tend to feel it is more probable in the period when Henry VIII was known to be disgusted and disturbed by the constant liberties being taken in his waters by the French and Spanish Rovers, for he instituted a survey of the south coast and had forts and block-houses erected in the most vulnerable places, and others designed to be erected where thought desirable.

This ancient castle which really had a very honourable career was known as 'Fort Charles', and was considered to have been of circular construction in hewn stone on the south and west and partly so towards the north-west; but the end to the north-east, the section nearest to Salcombe town would seem to have narrowed almost to a point, whilst it is thought a straight wall extended half its length facing the high ground behind it.

Oddly enough at the time of the Civil War it was said to have been in a state of 'utter ruin and decay' (How history repeats itself!). However, the Royalist High Sheriff of Devon in 1642 was Sir Edmund Fortesque of Fallapit (East Allington) apparently desirous of being of service to his King at such a time undertook to rebuild and refortify and even to man the structure. At that time Prince Maurice, the King's nephew was stationed at Witley, near Plymouth with the Royalist forces, and he appears to have commissioned Sir Edmund on the 9th day of December 1643 to proceed with this restoration and manning. On the receipt of the Warrant to Proceed, Sir Edmund appears to have set about the work with immense vigour, and in a comparatively short period of time is said to have

OVERPAGE:::

## VILLAGE VOICE

"thoroughly rebuilt and restored and fortified the castle, and also to have victualled and manned it ready for any siege."

Payments and disbursements for the rebuilding and fortifying of the structure, including 'great guns and musquets,' are questions one would naturally like to answer as fully as possible. It appears the cost of the rebuilding and fortification was in the region of £2,400, whilst the victualling added a further sum approaching £900. A great deal of money in the 1640's to be sure, and it is not without interest to note the type and volume of some of the victualling in particular, as these do appear to have been reasonably recorded. For example:

10 Hogshead of punch - £50. 2 Hogshead of vinegar - £4. 22 Hogshead of beef and pork - £165. Then there was 1 tun of March beer - £17. 10 tuns of cider - £35 and quite incredibly 200 lemons - 16/8!

600 'dried whiting' cost £24. 300 ox tongues a mere £6. 3 sides of bacon £4. 3 doz poultry £2.5.6. 5 sheep - £3 and 8000 'bisquet' at £9 a thousand - £72. 10 rolls of tobacco was probably a very important item for moral and at twelve pence a pound - £30.

Then came 1000 'musquet balls' - £11 but 30 barrels of powder cost £180.

There are no 'Audited accounts' and wages paid to workers on the reconstruction are not known, though it has been recorded that at such a time stone masons, quarrymen and carpenters were paid one shilling a day each, plasterers could achieve one shilling and twopence and joiners - apparently distinct from carpenters - could expect as much as one shilling and eightpence a day.

Labourers, as always perhaps, had to be content with tenpence a day.

Where was all the necessary money being obtained? For all his outlay Sir Edmund was assigned by an 'Order from the Commissioners of the County of Devon' dated at Exeter on the 12th day of August 1644, the weekly contributions of the Parishes of Malborough and Portlemouth amounting to £17.15.0 with West Alvington contributing £7.1.8.

It would seem, from incomplete records, that prior to the main land based siege of Fort Charles, there were two previous attempts to overwhelm its defenders by the Parliamentary forces, both of which were launched from the sea by a small fleet under the command of Admiral Hatton. Both were unsuccessful. So far as can be ascertained, the land siege commenced about the 16th of January 1646. It is known that the siege was not commenced until after the Parliamentary forces had captured Plymouth and Dartmouth. Apparently Dartmouth had made only a feeble attempt at resistance and was easily taken by troops in charge of Sir Thomas Fairfax. Immediately afterwards a regiment was sent under the command of Col. Inglesby to attack Fort Charles, the fortifications of which included eight guns. It is curious to note that some of the publications of that period reported the commencement of the siege. For example the 'True Informer' of January 25th 1646 said:-

OVERPAGE:

THE SEIGE OF FORT CHARLES - 3

"An attempt will suddenly be made on Charles his Fort, which is now commanded by Sir Edmund Fortescue; but we hope it will shortly find another Governor. The place is verie strong, and therefore there are Ordnance designed to batter it, and a great strength of assaylants there are yet before it, and these the country are sending into be under the command of Col Inglesby in the managing of the work."

The "Moderate Intelligeneer" dated January 26th 1646 says:

"We go on to attempt upon Charles Fort, Salcombe. It's commanded by Sir Edw. Fortescue. There must be Ordnance to batter it, which are coming. Likewise some additions of forces to Col Inglesby's Regiment now before it, are to be raised out of the country, which they do willingly."

Plymouth having already fallen to the Parliamentary forces Col. Weldon made overtures to Sir Edmund to surrender the fort, on what he termed 'very faire' conditions. It was supposed by the beseigers that Sir Edmund intended to yield, and word was sent to Plymouth and even to Parliament to that effect - but it soon became obvious such was not the intention of Sir Edmund Fortescue.

Just how the seige was conducted does not appear to be fully known, but according to tradition the Parliamentary artillery took up positions at Rickham Common on the Portlemouth side where it is still just possible to trace the remains of earthworks, and from which place there was an excellent command of the Fort. It is very probable they also had other positions. It does not appear there was much loss of life on either side. Sir Edmund's account gives just one death and two wounded, whilst the burial register of Malborough only records one interment in connection with the seige, viz: "April 24 1646 - Roger sonne of Phillipp Hingston, slaine against the fort of Sale." During the time the seige was on, Salcombe was naturally 'a scene of constant uproar,' the batteries thundering from each side of the Common - from Rickham and from the Fort on the opposite side of the Estuary.

By the 7th May 1646 'Articles of Surrender' were agreed between Sir Edmund Fortescue, of the one part, and Major Pearce and Captain Halle of the other part, for the surrender of Fort Charles into the hands of Col. Weldon, of Plymouth, 'for the use of King and Parliament'. The Articles of Surrender document commenced:

"Imprimis. That sir Edmond Fortescue Govenor, and sir Chr. Luckner, with their servants and all and every of the souldiers now in ye said fort Charles, shall have and anjoye in there and every of there severall and respective places, capacities, and degrees, full liberty in thire profession of the true protestant religion professed and vowed by both houses of this present parliament, in their first grand protestation, and shall not act any time hereafter by letter or censure in theire or any of theire places or aboads for perseninge.

CONCLUDED OVERPAGE;



WHEN you have tried all the other 99 ways with apples, try this simple recipe:-

# APPLE SCONE

1 medium cooking apple  
8 oz S.R. Flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
1 level teaspoon Baking Powder  
2 oz butter  
2 oz Caster Sugar  
Approx 4 fluid oz. Milk

GLAZE: A little milk and 1 oz of Demarara sugar.

00000000000

## METHOD

Sift together flour, salt and Baking powder; rub in butter, add Caster sugar and apple roughly cut in to pieces approximately  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch diameter. Mix to a soft dough with milk and gently knead into an 8 inch round. Place on a floured baking sheet, mark into 8 portions and brush with milk, then sprinkle on Demarara sugar.

BAKE for 20 - 25 minutes at 400°f (200°c)

Preferably eaten warm and extra special with (to h-- with the diet !) Devon Clotted Cream or butter.

## Concluding: THE SEIGE OF FORT CHARLES

in ye practice and exercise of popery; So it is agreed if any papist their be hee will forfeit ye benifitt of ye articles."

There followed nine further clauses in these Articles of Surrender, but despite his decision to surrender, Sir Edmund Fortescue, the sturdy Royalist commander, stipulated he should be allowed to march to his own house with the pomp of war, and so the villages all the way to Fallapit, ten miles distance, were startled by the apparition of a defeated garrison tramping along with drums beating and colours flying, and singing in the face of these 'pestilent Roundheads', "The sweetness, mercy and glory of their King."

Arrived at Fallapit, the garrison then dispersed, the men taking to their homes the recollections of the distresses or enjoyments of the seige, whilst the officers went to make terms with the victors for their lands.

Sir Edmund Fortescue afterward went to Holland where he died in 1647 at the early age of 37 years, his body being buried at Delft.

After four months of seige Fort Charles was the last place in Devonshire to carry the flag of Charles I, or to surrender to the arms of Fairfax, yielding only after ensuring the capitulation was granted 'all the honours of war.' Such capitulation arose very probably from a growing scarcity of ammunition.

What a pity a place of such historic interest was allowed, once again, to become such a total ruin, for from all the evidence available, the Fort (or Castle) was not much damaged in the seige, and one of the Article of the Surrender document stated that: 'No coat of arms in the dining room and nothing belonging to the Fort should be defaced.'

(The Author of this article would like to pay due acknowledgement to "Salcombe & Neighbourhood" by the late James Fairweather. Liberal use has been made of books and documents previously published)

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Well, sometimes I'd be tempted by the 90p scrub-off if I hadn't been indoctrinated at an early age with stories about wing mirrors and aerials ripped away, panels dented and door seals wrenched aside to let a drenching squirt in. We're

told that those days are long past now and that - provided you remember to retract your aerial, close your sunroof, wind up all your windows, and take out a better-than-comprehensive insurance, you shouldn't suffer too much.

Maybe I'll chance it eventually - stop giving those rolling brushes the brush off and raise the stake to 26 million and 90p.

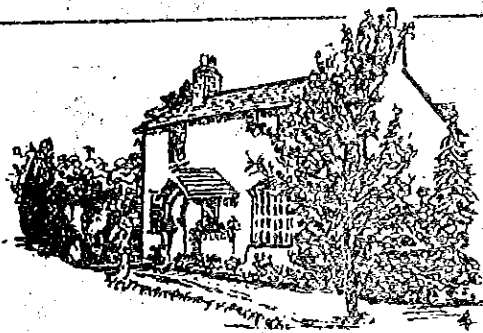
Well, you have to live dangerously sometimes, don't you?

Ralph Thoresby in 'Private View'  
Motor Magazine 10.4.87

The DEVON & CORNWALL POLICE AUTHORITY will receive £27, 829,000 from Devon County Council during 1987-88 and just over £2½ million will go to water authorities - mainly SOUTH WEST WATER, for land drainage.

D.C.C. Publication 'Background'

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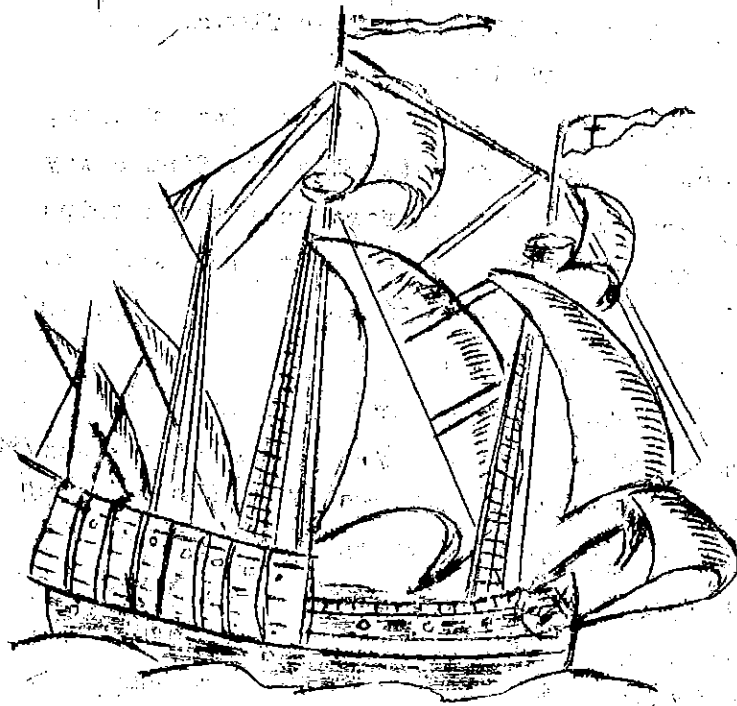
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# Devon Prepares for the Spanish ARMADA

NEVILLE C. OSWALD, T.D., M.D., F.R.C.P.

+ + + + +

WHEN the Armada sailed up the Channel in July 1588, Devon was ready and waiting. It had the ships, but above all it had the skill of its seamen led by Francis Drake, no less. The Spanish were defeated and yet another chapter was added to the County's illustrious maritime history. Next Year, we rightly celebrate the victory but we should also remember the remarkable band of Devonians who created the naval tradition that made victory possible. How was it that Devon suddenly became such a force in the nation?

It all started really in the 1490s when Christopher Columbus discovered America, Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope and headed east and the Cabots, sailing out of Bristol, explored the mainland of North America. Even more exciting, Cortes found and invaded the Aztec Empire of Mexico with its gold in 1519. Plymouth was in no position to take up the challenge at first, but aided by the creation of the Royal Navy by Henry VIII, it steadily developed into a port for general trading. By the 1550s it was assuming national importance as the principal naval base for possible war with Spain; it was also by then the clearing house for prizes taken at sea and the starting point for voyages of exploration. The Quays were often packed with foreigners, maybe Frenchmen selling wine and taking away cloth and fish, or merchants from the Mediterranean trading treasures from the Indies (Far East) that had been brought thousand of miles overland by the Silk Route to the Levant. One day, a ship loaded with perfumes and scent was ransacked by the populace and soon afterwards the smell enveloped the whole of the town. On another occasion delegates from London were sent down to study conditions. They noted a ship coming in and went along to see what happened; they were

OVERPAGE:::

intrigued by what they saw. As soon as it had berthed, a bevy of ladies of the town went on board with bottles of gin secreted on their persons. Indeed, Plymouth had become a pretty rough place, with packed drinking houses along the waterfront. Maybe it was little different from any other flourishing Elizabethan port.

Who were these mariners with an urge to explore the high seas? Two of them, fascinated by stories of wealth in the Indies, were determined to find a way there by first travelling north. John Burridge of Bideford made three trips to Russia, naming North Cape on the way, and sailed miles past Archangel and Murmansk until he was finally thwarted in the Kara Sea which, on the map, is a very long way along the top of Russia. John Davis of Dartmouth tried to find a North-west passage, naming the Davis Strait between Greenland and Canada and turning back after finding his way blocked in Hudson Bay. Davis was the finest navigator of his time; he sailed round the world ten years after Drake, surveyed the Antarctic and took merchant ships round the Cape to the Far East. He was killed in a skirmish in Malaya.

Plymouth could hardly have flourished without the Hawkins family, several of whom combined exploration with the development of its harbour and armed merchant ships. They, together with their cousin Francis Drake of Tavistock and their mutual friend John Oxenham of Plymouth, repeatedly raided Spanish ships and property in the West Indies, often acquiring easy pickings of gold on its way to Spain in mainly unarmed ships. Drake, of course, established his reputation by sailing round the world in 1577-80 and bringing home £890,000 of treasure for the Queen. He was knighted the following year, probably the most important knighthood ever to be conferred by an English Sovereign, for it gave approval to Drake's piratical exploits, was a direct challenge to Spain and encouraged the nation to look to the sea for its future. He became mayor of Plymouth and gave it a water supply by diverting the leat from Yelverton. He died from dysentery off Panama in 1596.

Other notable Devonians of the time were Walter Raleigh of East Budleigh, Richard Grenville of Bideford and Humphrey Gilbert of Dartmouth. They all came from well-known Devon families of gentry and could not see much long-term purpose in merely taking gold away from the Spaniards. Their ambitions lay in founding colonies in North America, well away from the Spaniards and the disease ridden regions in which they operated. Gilbert led two abortive expeditions to America, claimed Newfoundland as the first English colony and drowned in a storm on his second trip. Raleigh and Grenville's repeated attempts at colonisation in Carolina and Virginia were the beginnings of the new American nation. After distinguished and colourful careers, Grenville went down with the Revenge in a memorable encounter against 53 enemy ships and Raleigh met his end on the executioner's block.

CONCLUDED OVERPAGE



## CONCLUDING:

DEVON PREPARES FOR THE SPANISHARMADA

When the Armada set sail, Drake and Hawkins were in their prime. Plymouth was packed with half the fighting ships of the realm, together with supplies of all kinds. Four hundred years later, we may imagine the scene. Entering the town by the A379 we come to Laira bridge with the estuary of the river Plym on the right and on the left its continuation as the Cattewater which stretches in an arc round to Sutton harbour and the Barbican. The Cattewater was then "a sea of masts". Somehow amidst the confusion, the battle fleet managed to emerge in good order and confront the enemy.

Neville Oswald

Editor's Note: Further articles on the Armada will be in future issues. Mr. Derrick Yeoman of 8 Parkfield, Thurlestone - phone no 560607 will be glad to hear from anyone who can offer any items that would prove helpful in promoting a local Exhibition as part of the proposed Armada Celebrations next year.

## Movement Detector

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NEXT VILLAGE VOICE - SEPT/OCT

CHRIS. FRADLEY of 3 Parkfield Thurlestone, tells us about the:

## Whiskered Tern

It was the morning of Monday 13th April, 1987 when I first heard from Mrs. Huggins who is the local Birder's wife, that there was a Whiskered Tern on the water meadow at Thurlestone.

A Whiskered Tern is a Marsh Tern which spends all summer in the Mediterranean, only one or two a year end up in England.

I quickly went down to the meadow but by that time the Tern had gone; six hours later Mrs. Huggins phoned to say the Tern was back. I rushed down to the meadow to find to my astonishment over one hundred people lining the bank overlooking the meadow watching the Tern twisting and diving to catch flies off the water. Some people I met that evening had come over three hundred miles to see this spectacular sight.

At 7 am the next morning I went back down to the meadow to see if the Tern was still there; judging by the number of people looking through telescopes and binoculars, I knew it was.

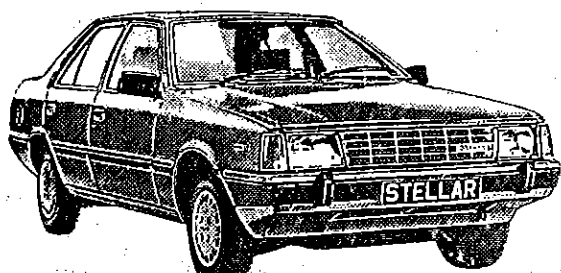
The Tern stayed there all day Tuesday and Wednesday but on Thursday at 7.30 am the whole of Thurlestone was covered in a blanket of fog. About 25 people that morning were sitting on the bank, waiting for the fog to lift. The group of people that I was sitting with had come from London and Leeds. Later on in the morning the fog lifted a bit, but the Tern did not seem to be there. I led a small group of people to a nearby reed field where the Tern could have gone, but there was no luck. So we trudged back and sat on the meadow bank again. Half an hour later I went home to have something to eat and the three people from London went a few miles away to Prawle Point to look for Gull Buntings. Later on in the afternoon I returned to the meadow to find my three companions from London asleep on the bank. I asked them if they had had any luck and they said they had seen four Gull Buntings. I carried on talking to them for a while and then one of them went to the pay phone to phone Bird Line. We could see him standing there looking rather disappointed, when suddenly he burst out shouting: "The Tern is in Slapton Ley". Slapton Ley is a nearby nature reserve.

I said Goodbye to the friends I had made during this wonderful experience.

Chris 13.

# HYUNDAI

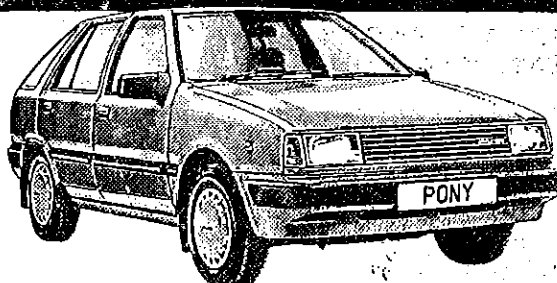
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To the artist and poet alike, Bantham and its surroundings are rich in inspiration, and from these undated lines taken from the Memoirs of the late Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Evans, he expresses something of what he felt for this delightful village:

## At the Sign of the Sloop

A lane of white-washed houses roofed with thatch,  
Swathed with grey mist indrifting from the sea,  
A door that opens quick upon the latch,  
To all men free.

Above the door hangs sign of colour rich,  
A white sloop sailing through transparent sea,  
A dog that watches, this a mark in which  
Lies mystery.

Adown the village street all Summer long,  
Gay people haste to play beside the sea  
To fish, to boat, to sport the waves among  
With noisy glee.

When sets the sun in clouds of loveliness  
Behind black-outlined isle and purple sea  
Folk going home in happy weariness  
Play-tired maybe.

Lift smiling eyes to where on a white sign  
A black sloop poses on a golden sea,  
Facing the sun, a day-dream of benign  
Tranquillity.

Long may the signboard swing before the Inn  
Twin pictures swayed by languid breath of sea,  
Or shaken by rough gales when foam-clots spin  
Across the lea.

O Giver of the Sign, may thy life's log  
Show good adventure on a flowing sea,  
May eve bring sunny rest, and may thy dog  
Watch faithfully.

---

Poetry awakens and enlarges the mind by a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought. It lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world. A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination. Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination and strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb.

SHELLEY

# THE SLOOP INN

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