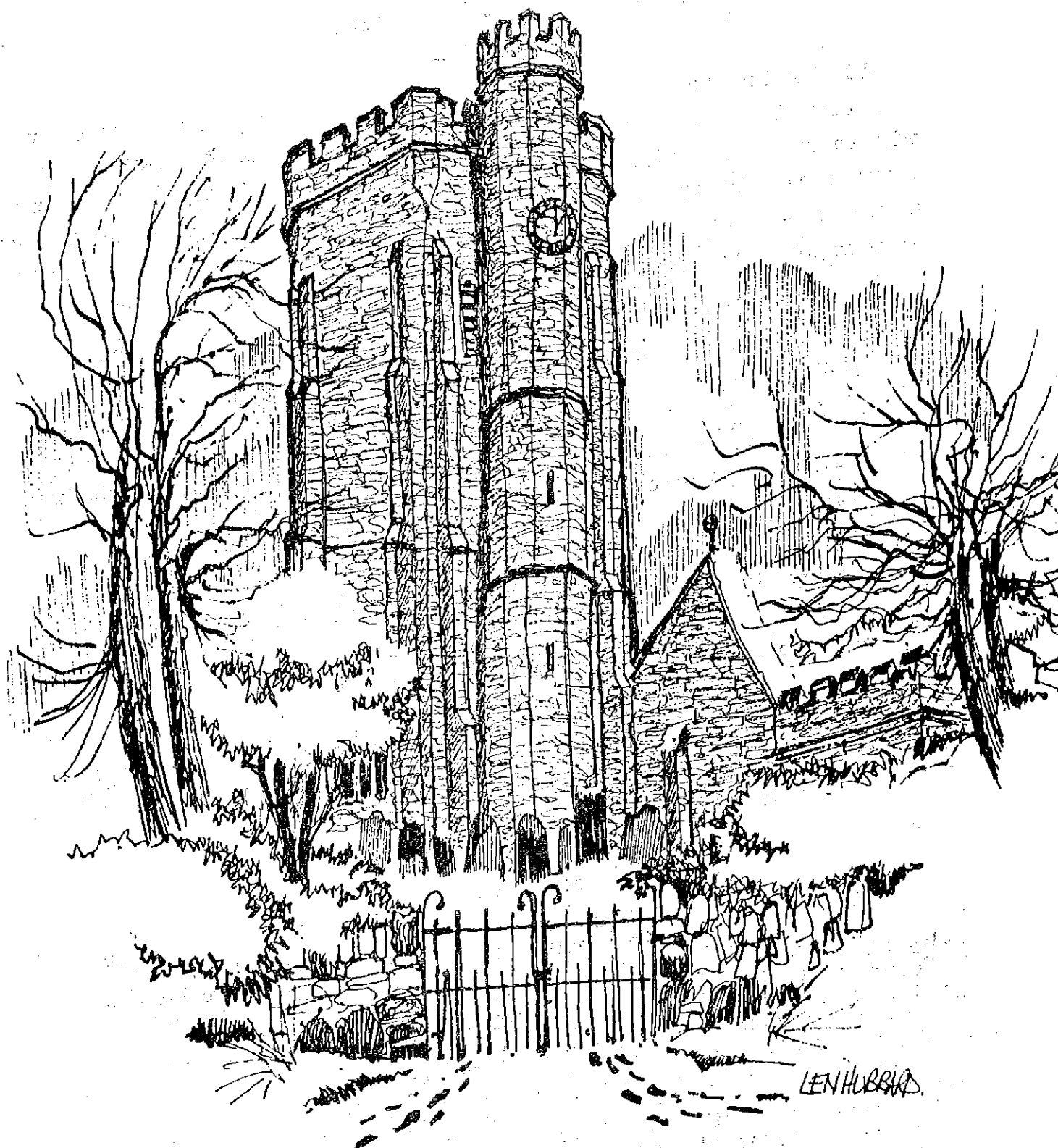


NOVEMBER + DECEMBER 1987

NUMBER 29

VILLAGE VOICE



Published for Thurlestone Parish Council.

The Lucky Seven WINNER

QUITE A NUMBER of people have told us that our competition in the last issue was too hard. But there were some who managed to winkle out where the seven spots featured in Len Hubbard's front cover were hiding. And so we have drawn out an envelope and we have a winner - a very local winner too! But first let's ease a lot of worried minds and give you the seven answers. They were:

1. Decoration on the roof of "The Dog Watches" at Bantham.
2. Notice in the passage entrance to "Woodbine Cottage" in Thurlestone.
3. Crest on the wall of Church Cottages, Thurlestone.
The crest, by the way, is of Hugh Feriars of Churston, who was patron of Thurlestone in 1279.
4. Coiled metal on the roof of Seaview House, Thurlestone.
5. Stile on the end of thatched cottages, Bantham.
6. Archway in the wall at the Buckland-Bantham corner in Thurlestone.
7. Brick archway with door next to the Whiddons, Bantham.

And our winner is....Derrick Yeoman, of Parkfield, Thurlestone. He wins a special colour print by Len Hubbard, mounted and signed by the artist himself.

AND HERE'S ANOTHER WINNER!

Despite those folk up in London who seem to be doing their best to prove that the Spanish Armada really won and that Drake had nothing to do with it - Thurlestone's Armada 400 committee are keeping the record straight and are planning great things to celebrate our victory. We'll be lighting our beacon on July 19 next year and there be a pig roast and fun day, barn dance, Armada flower festival, a bowls match in proper costume, and a week of real excitement in both Bantham and Thurlestone. Put the week of July 18 down in your diary and have a holiday at home.

Village Voice will be keeping you up to date as usual with all that's being planned. Watch this space!

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 29 (No.6 New Series) 5th Year NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1987.

Can Christmas really be that close! Why it seems like only yesterday that the queues of visitors in our village shops wound round and round inside and almost out of the door and up the village street! But let's be fair, though even now at October's end our local hoteliers still report record business, it is impossible not to feel the village settling down for winter - so, yes, Christmas must really be that close.

We were not caught entirely unawares as you'll see if you look at Kate's kitchen column. She may have been surprised at the speed of Christmas, but she still had time to give her piece a really festive touch. And note too that our front cover, another superb picture by Len Hubbard, has a Christmassy sprinkle of snow.

This Christmas will be a specially festive one too for Village Voice Editor-in-Chief Dudley Drabble - the duplicating machine on which all our issues are produced is being taken out of his garage and installed in Cradles Cottage. Though he pretends he will be sad to see it go, he is really having a secret chuckle about others coping with the times when the duplicator throws a fit - and ink - in all directions!

So from a smiling Editor-in-Chief and his ink-stained staff -
a Very Happy Christmas to You All!

Pre-Christmas BAZAAR

Will be held in the SOUTH MILTON VILLAGE HALL on

SATURDAY 14th NOVEMBER

at 2.30 p.m.

CHRISTMAS RAFFLE PRIZES + GIFTS FOR FAMILY AND FRIENDS, etc.

EVERYONE WELCOME

MISCELLANY

ROADSIDE HEDGES

The Highway Authority (Devon County Council) will only cut roadside hedges at locations where it is necessary to maintain visibility.

Most landowners and farmers are aware of the importance of roadside hedges and it is appreciated that maintenance has to be included with other farming activities, but the recommendation is regular cutting and trimming rather than severe cutting.

Failure of the landowner/occupier to meet this obligation will result in a notice being served requiring the cutting to commence prior to the County Council completing the work in default and charging.

CHEMICAL CONTROL

It may be necessary to use chemical sprays on roadside verges to eliminate weeds and control growth around posts carrying signs, along guard rails and generally on "hard" areas such as carriageways and footways.

The use of approved chemical sprays on rural verges is however limited to selective weedkillers for the spot treatment of noxious weeds, but must still be kept to an absolute minimum compatible with the required results and must be carefully controlled.

(Source: D.C.C Handbook on the Management of roadside verges)

VILLAGE VOICE can be sent to friends by subscription. It already travels quite widely in this way !

ARE THERE ANY 'YUPPIES' AROUND ?

What a delightful word. Surely it must go down into our folklore along with 'Grockle' and 'Emmet' !

You see, it is being reported that "low wages with an influx of 'Yuppie' house buyers has made the level of homelessness in the South West one of the highest in the country.

The Conservative controlled Association of District Councils has revealed that thousands of country people cannot afford to buy their own homes, and there are not enough available to rent. It claims the problem is getting worse with a third of those seeking a house unable to find one.

The South Hams, it seems, is one of the areas where the problem is at its most acute, with a combination of extremely high property prices and relatively low wages. The last census appears to indicate that one in eight houses were owned by people from out of the area who use them as second homes.

We know from our own Village Appraisal of 1979/80 there were then 140 holiday or second homes in the parish - and the selling off of the council houses pretty well ends any prospect for the younger generation to marry and live in their parish.

Can it be that you must become a Yuppie to buy a house in the South Hams ?

It is reported that a car being used in a recent joint Department of Transport and Police tax blitz campaign in Cwmbran, South Wales, was found to be untaxed.

Oh dear, off with somebody's head !



Some years ago a young man, a friend of a friend of a friend, went for a walk on Christmas Day afternoon to shake down his turkey, pud, mince pies and whatever had washed them down. In the meadows of the river valley, which was near Sudbury, in Suffolk, was a big flock of Peewits, as my wife calls them, or Lapwings, the name I use, the black and white looking plovers with long crests from the back of their heads, which should be joining us soon. When they flew he saw among them one with whitish wings and black wingtips; this bird looked brown when it alighted and he realised that he had found a Sociable Plover, a species of lapwing which breeds on the steppes of Eastern Russia and winters in Southern Egypt and the Soudan. Of course as he saw it after eating his Christmas dinner he was not believed, only if he had found it on April the First would he have had more difficulty in convincing people, but it was true enough and hundreds of us subsequently went to see it. This story has a moral, which is that every flock of birds is worth careful scrutiny, you never know what might be amongst it.

We tumbled into the trap early this past September: we looked at a big flock of Black Headed Gulls in the river bed just downstream of the bridge at Aveton Gifford. When, after a couple of hours, we returned from the other end of the tidal road a friend we met pointed out that standing with the Black Headed Gulls was a winter-plumaged adult Mediterranean Gull, a quite rare species; it has no black on wings nor tail, a black smudge over the nape of the head instead of the Black Headed's spot behind the eye (these are winter plumages; in summer both have dark heads) and its bright red bill appears heavier and more drooping than that of the common species. We made out that it was not there when we searched the flock earlier (this is one of the birder's regular ploys when someone else has found a bird you have missed), but I have a feeling that it probably was!

Despite the weather which Mr. C. Rich and his colleagues provided for us, our resident birds and the summer migrants appeared to breed as usual, or most of them. Not all; the Stonechats (the male is a smart little black-and-white fellow, robin shaped, with an orange breast) were wiped out by the hard weather of early 1986. They used to breed in every coastal bramble patch from the golf club to the Ham, but now you could count the numbers between Start Point and Plymouth on the fingers of one hand, and it may be a long time before they build up again.

What birds come to winter with us depend very much on the weather and their movements are equally unpredictable. You can rely on some. Mr. T. Soper has been taking our cash for tickets for his December Avocet cruises up the Tamar for some weeks now, secure in the knowledge that there will be Avocets to see and that if not his eloquence will suffice to explain the great interest occasioned by their absence! When on behalf of the British Trust for Ornithology

Harry Huggins continues:

we helped with 10,000 others in the fieldwork for the recently-published Atlas of Wintering Birds in Britain and Ireland, we began in mid-November and finished at the end of February. In theory the summer birds should have gone. In practice they had not - our records often included Swallows and on December 3 last year there was one drifting back and forth in the lee of the Thurlestone Hotel.

One or two of the little robin-like Black Redstarts I wrote about in the last issue often spend the winter with us and so do some of the warblers. We have noted Chiffchaffs in every month of the winter, though not actually in our parish - the sewerage farm at South Milton is a favourite place, so when we get our sewerage farm...!

We have seen a Blackcap in Court Park Lane in December; this is a little greeny-grey warbler, the female has a reddish-brown cap and the male a black one. In summer he sings a beautiful melodious song, a more than adequate substitute for the Nightingale which we do not have. Most Chiffchaffs and Blackcaps migrate to the South of course; whether any of those that stay survive the winter no-one is really sure, but have seen Chiffchaffs at the end of February which were hardly likely to have been early migrants.

As the November nights draw in, when we stand in the garden after dark we will hear soft noises like a sibilant "ssep" - the calls Redwings make to keep together as they fly South from Scandinavia. They may pass over without stopping, but soon we hope to see some; they are thrushes a little smaller than Song Thrushes, orange-red under their wings and on their flanks, and with prominent yellow streaks over their eyes. We should not have to wait long then for Fieldfares, big bold thrushes with chuckling calls; these are handsome birds with chestnut back and inner wings, grey heads and rumps and black tails. They will feed on berries for as long as these last, and then take to the meadows in search of worms and insects.

If there is rain enough to make the valley soggy there will be Snipes, probing for worms with absurdly long bills, and recognisable by the bright yellow stripes down the brown of their backs. The Mallards will come and maybe a few Wigeons, whose greatest build-up in numbers is in the New Year. The Wigeon duck is nondescript brown, like all the females of the duck species, but distinguishable by being white underneath. The male is resplendent with pink and grey body, chestnut head with a cream stripe up the centre of the forehead, and black under the tail.

There is likely to be a Moorhen on the stream opposite the golf club, and we saw a Water Rail there once, a smaller, daintier version of the Moorhen, very shy and seldom seen; one is aware they are about by hearing their song in summer, a noise which is said to resemble that made by a pig being killed! I am noncommittal, because I have heard plenty of Water Rails but not a pig being killed!

As always it is worth looking out to sea, especially in the bays off Bantham and Thurlestone and if the wind has stayed in the East for a few days. These are then sheltered places and an auk or two may well appear, perhaps a Razorbill, black above and white below, with a deep bill (the bird got its name from the handle of the old cut-throat razor); there might be a couple of Guillemots, browner above than the Razorbill, and with sharply-pointed beaks. Red Throated Divers are rather rare, but most winters there are a Black Throated Diver or two and perhaps a Great Northern Diver, far from easy to tell in winter plumage. They are bigger than the auks, which are duck sized, and sharper billed than the Cormorants and Shags, which are always with us. You can tell a Diver by the way it dives: Cormorants and Shags do a little jump out of the water first and go down showing quite a long tail

Harry Huggins concludes:

as they disappear. The auks go down kicking their little feet out behind them; the Divers just sink!

While we are gazing at the sea, and the fields, and the trees, we have also to try to keep an eye on the sky. There is nearly always a Kestrel about, with long pointed wings and long tail. Sometimes there is a Sparrowhawk, with even longer tail, but short blunt wings; the wings of a bird designed to dash through woodland. A Sparrowhawk will often be followed by a flock of scolding finches, Linnets and Goldfinches, practising the ultimate in brink-bird-ship, for the hawk could catch one in an instant, and down! To flock is the Birds' defence against a predator, for if there are a hundred of them there are a hundred pairs of eyes to keep watch, and each has only a one in a hundred chance of being caught. But when every bird everywhere, ducks and gulls included, dashes into the air in a panic, then look quickly, for there will be a Peregrine around; he, or she, is a real butch of the bird world, broad-shouldered and powerful, not very large - about the size of a Woodpigeon - with pointed wings and shortish tail. They are hardly very common, but there are the odd one or two about and we see them quite often.

One December evening a year or two ago we sat in the window as it got dark watching parties of Lapwings flying to the South-East; maybe there would be twenty in a party, maybe a hundred, and we estimated that five or six thousand passed over. We assume they went right on over Bolt Tail and across the Channel, because next day we could not find one, but on the next day there was a North-Easterly blizzard which they knew was coming and were fleeing from it. Let us hope that this year there is no blizzard from which the birds must flee!

THURLESTONE PROBUS CLUB.

At our September meeting we had an enlightening talk from South West Water. In the absence of Derek Brown, the original speaker, S.W.W. very wisely nominated a replacement whose responsibility was the supply rather than the disposal of the product, thus precluding us from obtaining an answer to our most obvious question.

Despite these frustrations a lot was learned of the problems of supply - the most surprising fact being that up to 30% of water can be lost between reservoir and consumer.

In October we had our usual Golf Meeting, with the next Thurlestone Hotel meeting being on November 13, when the speaker will be Ken Carter from the Heritage Coast Service.

D.M. YEOMAN,
Secretary (560300).

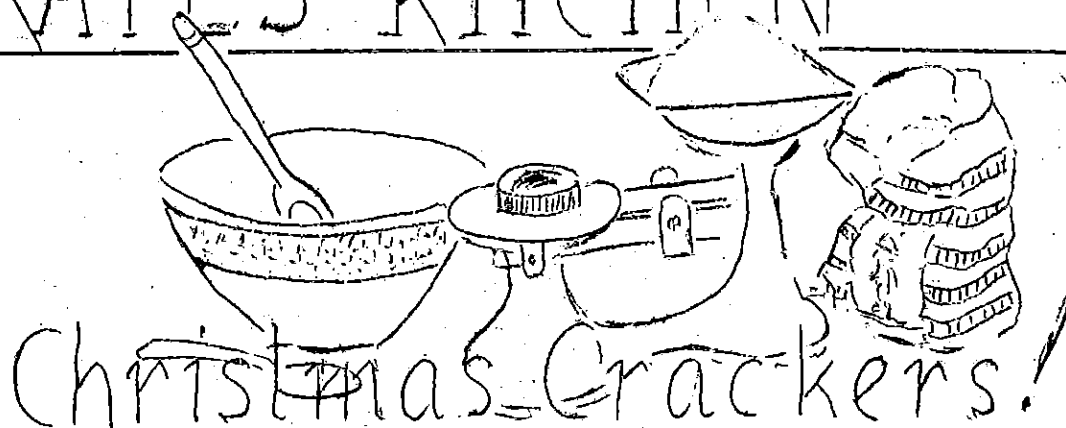
A CRY FROM THE MEAD.

SOMEONE - or some two - in the village are, it seems, upsetting the residents of the Mead by using the Mead's exclusive garden rubbish tip. Furthermore they have not confined their wickedness to garden rubbish - an old refrigerator and push-chair are the latest illegal dumps to have taken place.

Chairman of the Mead Property Owners' Association, Mr. Keith Millman told Village Voice on behalf of the members that he fears the whole facility may be withdrawn if the furtive dumpers do not stop their tricks. "Identities are known" he adds darkly "and further serious steps may have to be taken".

KATE'S KITCHEN

+++++



Christmas Crackers!

IT WAS NOT until the appearance of Christmas cards and tinsel in the shops that I realised that the festive season was approaching at great speed. Now we all have our favourite and often handed-down recipes for "The" pudding and "The" cake - in fact my own is great granny's - but a few new ideas and surprises are often welcome.

For a starter with a difference and which leaves plenty of room for the Turkey and trimmings: Serves 4-6 persons

1 tin Pear Halves, 1 Egg, 2 tbsp. Castor Sugar, 3 Tbsp. Tarragon Vinegar, 2½ fl.oz. Double Cream, Chopped Walnuts.

Beat egg and sugar in a bowl over pan filled with hot water until thick, beat in vinegar and then allow to cool. When cool, add the cream. Arrange the pear halves on individual plates, pour over sauce and sprinkle over with the walnuts. Decorate with watercress or shredded lettuce

As a change from the usual mince pies, try using this delicious orange pastry and a shortie topping: Makes approx. 12

8 ozs. Plain Flour, 2 ozs. Lard, 4 ozs. Butter or Margarine, grated rind and juice of medium orange, Mincemeat.

Rub fats into flour, add rind and mix in juice to form a soft dough. Line patty tins and put about a dessertspoonful into each of mincemeat. For the topping: 1½ ozs. Plain Flour, 2 ozs. Demerara sugar, 1 teasp. Cinnamon, 1 teasp. Coriander, 1½ oz. Butter. Sieve the dry ingredients together, rub in butter then add the sugar. Divide between the pies and bake in a hot oven for 15-20 minutes (380-400 F. 190-200 C.)

Here are a couple of party snack ideas:

4 slices of bread, 1 oz. Butter, 7½ oz. can Tuna Fish, 1 dessertsp. Mayonnaise, 2 eggs - separated, 3 ozs. grated Cheese.

Spread the bread with butter, cut off crusts, put on baking tray. Drain fish, put in bowl, mix in mayonnaise and egg yolks. Divide filling between slices of bread. Whisk whites until stiff, fold in cheese, spread over filling. Bake at 400 F (200 C) for approx. 20 mins. When cold cut into squares or triangles.

Pineapple and Cream Cheese Dip:

6 ozs. Can Pineapple pieces, 4 ozs. Cream Cheese, 2 tbsps. Tomato Chutney, 4 tbsps. Mayonnaise.

Chop the pineapple finely, mix Cream Cheese and tomato chutney with the mayonnaise and add the pineapple.

Finally, a spicy hot punch to make it a really Merry Christmas:

Kate's Kitchen continued:

1 quart of cider, 1 pint dry ginger ale, 2 red apples, 12 sugar lumps, 6 cloves, 1 cinnamon stick, 2 oz. crystallised ginger, rind and juice of 2 lemons and 2 oranges, 1 tblsp. black treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water.

Dissolve sugar in the boiling water. Add the cloves, cinnamon, and chopped ginger and then the fruit juices and grated rind. Stir well and leave for one hour. Strain into a large bowl. Add the treacle and stir well. Add the cider and ginger ale. Reheat but do not boil. Float slices of red apple in the punch. Serve very hot. Cheers!

JAM TODAY!

August was a busy month for the Hall and I am now able to cease making promises of jam tomorrow and to say that the new ceiling has been installed, together with improved lighting, the outside has been painted, new fire doors have been fitted between the Hall and the Football Club premises, and various other improvements, not so obvious, have also been made. In fact, all that remains is for the new front doors to be delivered and fixed and then the Hall will not only be a far more inviting place, but also considerably warmer in the coming winter.

At our last committee meeting it was agreed that rental charges will be increased from January 1, 1988. A letter will be sent to Secretaries of Clubs or Groups using the Hall on a regular basis so that they can make the necessary arrangements with their members.

It was also decided that those using the Hall for Jumble Sales etc should be asked to ensure that all unsold jumble is removed from the Hall within 48 hours of the sale, thus clearing the clutter which is left on stage and football section following most such sales. Any jumble which is considered unsaleable can always be taken to the skips at the Kingsbridge Council Depot at the top end of Fore Street (opposite the Plymouth Road).

As you will have gathered from the advertisement elsewhere in this issue of Village Voice, our present caretaker has handed in her resignation and it is therefore necessary to ask Hall users to leave the Hall as they would wish to find it, particularly the kitchen area. However, I sincerely hope that before this issue of Village Voice reaches you a successor caretaker will have been found, but if not and you have any queries about access and so on, please do not hesitate to contact me.

D.M. Yeoman,
Chairman (560300).

WHAT a GOOD PRIZE!

Thurlestone Golf Club Tennis Section played their Invitation Mixed Doubles on Saturday October 3 and the semi-finals and finals the next day in appalling weather. Despite this 12 couples entered this American tournament. The winners were Mr and Mrs Peter Bell who beat James Isaacs and Lindsey Townsend 6-4, 6-7, 6-3.

The first prize for the Bells were two British Airways return flight tickets to Jersey. Which was fortunate - because the Bells come from St. Helier, Jersey!

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BIRDS

THROUGH THE GOOD offices of Mr. David Darke, who purchased Trendwell Farm, South Milton, from the estate of the late and much lamented Miss Ilbert, Devon Bird Watching and Preservation Society has been able to buy the southern part of the reedbed in South Milton Ley extending from the footbridge we cross on the way to Thurlestone Sands and Hope to the road just below Trendwell Farm.

With the part it already had the Society now owns most of the reedbed which is of immense value as a wild life habitat. You do not actually see very much, but in summer there are 30/40 pairs of Reed Warblers breeding, rather fewer Sedge Warblers, and smaller numbers of Cetti's Warblers, Water Rails and other birds; there is usually a Kingfisher or two.

In autumn there is an enormous roost of Swallows; we estimated in excess of 10,000 this year, and there were three species of bat. These are only some of the goodies.

To make the purchase the Society put itself heavily in debt. To repay this, to provide funds for paths, information boards etc., and especially for maintenance (a neglected reedbed turns ultimately into scrubby woodland) Tony Soper is heading an appeal on behalf of the Society, about which you have probably read in the Press.

If you wish to contribute to the future of a reserve which is right on our doorstep (several local residents have already given very generously) please make your donation to any Devon branch of the Bristol and West Building Society, or to Mrs. Morley at the Village Stores, or to me, as Hon. Treasurer of Devon Bird Watching and Preservation Society, at 19 Meadcombe Road, Thurlestone.

HARRY HUGGINS.

WILLIE, Willie, Henry, Ste,
Henry, Dick, John, Henry Three,
One, Two, Three Neds, Richard Two,
Henry Four, Five, Six, then who?
Edward Four, Five, Dick the Bad,
Henrys twain then Ned the Lad.
Mary, Bessie, James the Vain,
Charlie, Charlie, James Again.
William and Mary, Anna Gloria,
Four Georges, William, then Victoria.

One of our most reliable contributors has drawn the above - the Victorian Way of Remembering the Kings and Queens of England - to our attention. Don't know about you, but we don't think that this little poem would have helped us all that much!

DID YOU KNOW??

KINGSBRIDGE HAS A NEW MUSIC SHOP!!!



Tucked away between the Market Hall and Bonsers Sweet Shop, this specialist business (formerly in Plymouth and originally dealing almost exclusively in Jazz records) now provides a service for ALL musiclovers - whether your taste is for Handel, Hutch, Humphrey Lyttleton or Englebert Humperdinck. The stock we carry is still principally Jazz and Blues/Dance Bands/Vocalists (no Pop) but we also have a good selection of CLASSICAL CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS and can obtain ANYTHING that is currently available - FAST! We import rarities and hard-to-get items from overseas and we have a Mail-Order export service to 86 countries world-wide - at the last count!

Here's a thought: Why not let US take care of your CHRISTMAS or BIRTHDAY PRESENTS to your friends and relations abroad? Just call into the shop, choose the gift(s) and write a card to go with them. We'll pack them up and mail them (gift-wrapped, of course) to arrive at the right time.

We're open for counter-trade at the following times:

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY from 2 to 5.30 pm
FRIDAY & SATURDAY from 10am to 1 pm & 2 to 5.30 pm

A C O R N M U S I C for everything from *ALBINONI to AMBROSE* BACH to BRUBECK*CARUSO to CROSBY*DEBUSSY to DEANNA DURBIN*ELGAR to ELLA*FAURE to FORMBY*GOUNOD to GERSHWIN*HUMPERDINCK to...HUMPER DINCK*IBERT to THE INK SPOTS*JANACEK to JOPLIN*KODALY to EARTHA KITT*LULLY to LAYTON & JOHNSTONE*MOZART to MIFF MOLE*NIELSEN to NORKs*OFFENBACH to OKLAHOMA*PURCELL to JACK PAYNE*QUILTER to QUEEN*RESPHIGI to HARRY ROY*SCHUBERT to SKELLERN*TELEMANN to TORME*URIPIDES to UNDECIDED*VARESE to SARAH VAUGHAN*WAGNER to FATS WALLER*XYLOPHONES to XAVIER CUGAT*YSAYE to PETER YORKE*MONICA ZETTERLUND to BOB ZURKE* (phew!) and many more.....

ACORN MUSIC - INCORPORATING PETER RUSSELL'S HOT RECORD STORE, 57a FORE STREET, KINGSBRIDGE, S.DEVON TQ7 1PG. TELEPHONE KINGSBRIDGE 3939 (with Ansaphone out-of-hours).

Kingsbridge in the 17th Century

The Abbot of Buckfast was once the Lord of the Manor of Kingsbridge, and at the top of the Fore Street stood the old monks banquetting house. Along the street, which could be termed the main thoroughfare were a tavern or two, a number of stone dwelling houses with gardens and orchards, and a few shops - the barber with his pole, the apothecary with his coloured bottles, the maltster with his sheaf of barley. In the middle of the street were "conduits" from which water could be drawn by householders, and the fifteenth century church had a pillory close by.

Each year a fair was held in July and cockfighting was a popular pastime. The nearest physician lived at Totnes thirteen miles away, and the roads that led to the town were no more than rough tracks. Letters were sent on from Totnes by horseman after the Mail Coach had come in, and those for Salcombe collected by a woman on foot. There were no newspapers and many people could not read or write.

The countryside around Kingsbridge, the rich red soil of the South Hams, was good for sheep and barley growing. At many a thatched farmhouse and cottage wool was combed and spun and woven. The small farms were farmed by the tenants of the big landlords and labour was scarce with the Justices fixing the wages of the farm labourer as high as tenpence (less than 5p) a day, as good a wage as a skilled artisan would get.

The town comprised about 100 houses. The fields around were ploughed with horses or oxen and corn was sown by hand, the seedlip strapped to the shoulder of the sower, the seed being flung out with a rhythmic movement of the hand. It was also harvested by hand. In the late spring when the sheep rounded up to be washed. A few days later shearing was commenced, a skilled man getting through as many as ninety in a day. When they were stored, the fleeces were piled in tens so that tithe for the parson could easily be taken. Women milked and baked, made and mended, grew herbs to cure the children's ailments and helped with the harvest. Law and order was upheld by the Justices, country squires who hunted and hawked together and mixed on easy terms with their poorer neighbours round the ale bench, where they all spoke the broad Devonshire dialect. The squires had libraries but the farmers and tradesmen who could read were content with the Bible. Many families would gather round the open hearth of their homestead when the day's work was done, while the head of the household read from the Good Book, William Tyndale's translation of the New Testament having appeared in print just a hundred years earlier.

With due acknowledgement to the writings of Abraham Hawkins.

LOOK OUT FOR THE JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1988 VILLAGE VOICE which will be distributed the first week of January

VILLAGER

DID YOU ?

complete your Electoral Registration form ?

If by any mischance you did not do so or for any reason did not receive a form because you were just moving into the parish, perhaps - or for any reason - it is still quite possible to be included, provided you qualify.

The DRAFT REGISTER will be published in December - look out for a copy on display in the Church porch and the sub-post offices. Check you are correctly included.

If you have any query contact the Electoral Registration Officer at South Hams District Council offices, Follaton House, Plymouth Road, Totnes. TQ9 5NE. Telephone (97) 864499. Just ask for the Electoral Registration Officer.

+ + + +

THIS APPRAISAL BUSINESS

"Appraisals" says the Rural Officer of the Community Council of Devon, Susanna Friel, "can get results in two ways. First they can focus the attention of the community on its needs and the possible solutions. Second, they are a proven way of drawing attention of other local authorities and public bodies to the community's own hopes and wishes for the future."

Which may well be all very true, but she goes on, "Thurlestone saw its Village Appraisal comments on the need for a more socially balanced policy of housing development incorporated into the District Council Plan."

One must ask if the parish is perhaps in need of an update on the 1979-80 Appraisal - for how many villagers - the younger generation in particular - have put their names forward for a

GO
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
WITH

**THURLESTONE
PRIVATE HIRE**

(BRIAN HATTON)

Up to 4 people to PLYMOUTH
+ back, shop for 2 hrs £25
or longer period £30
(or ask for rates to Exeter, etc.)
Usual service to stations, airports.

Kingsbridge 560 283

'first' or 'starter home'. Unless a very positive record can be established and produced there is really little likelihood of any Housing Association being prepared to help - so can it be that the Appraisal got it wrong somehow, and there is no actual demand in this parish for a more socially balanced housing policy?

Generally speaking, the records indicate that most parishes get at least some measure of what it urgently fights for. If on the other hand the community is well satisfied with socially unbalanced housing - so be it. I can only predict that as the years roll by the lack of a younger generation in the parish must see the ultimate closure of the village Primary School through lack of that vital item - a child.

The Man with a load of smiles

John the Dentist was on his way to see a patient, deep in the Devon Countryside. After a long search, he found a five-bar gate bearing the name of the cottage he was looking for. It was chained and padlocked. He clambered over, and found himself on a long path between dense trees. After a while there was still no sign of a cottage, so he stopped and gazed around for signs of life. Then he froze - a large black dog was loping towards him. 'Nobody knows where I am,' he thought. 'If the dog attacks me, how long will it take to find my body?'

Usually it's the patient who takes fright on the way to the dentist. John is that uncommon thing, a dentist who goes out to examine house-bound patients, and this time the fright was on him. But it didn't hurt a bit. The dog, sent out to find him, led him to a lonely cottage where he found the lady who needed his services.

Dentists don't advertise, so John must remain anonymous for the purposes of this article. It is ten years since he realised that many people confined to their homes or their beds by illness or old age suffer from inadequate dentures, and set out to develop what the NHS calls a 'domiciliary full-denture service.' Since then a long list of elderly, infirm, handicapped or otherwise house-bound people have actually learned to look forward to seeing their dentist.

He's a jovial character who easily gets through to the shy and lonely and the mentally confused. Once he called at a nursing home with a new set of dentures to be tried out for use. He was early, and the patient was still taking a bath. 'He had no objection to trying on his new dentures while he soaked in the warm suds', said John. 'I got a bit damp, though.'

At various times he has seen patients in bed, in the kitchen, in dining rooms, laundry rooms, medical rooms - even, once, with a lavatory seat serving as a dentist's chair. 'This is an age of longevity,' he said. 'Many people live on to need a full set of dentures. Some find it difficult, and others impossible, to go to a dental surgery. So they put up with old and ill-fitting teeth. They don't have to.'

Three important aspects of dentures, according to John, are appearance, comfort and function. Any faults can lead to social problems or dietary complications, and so to a serious deterioration of the quality of life for some house-bound people.

John limits his service to denture work, because for other dental treatment the full facilities of a properly appointed surgery are essential for the safety of the patient. He uses a technique for taking impressions which causes a minimum of discomfort - in fact, some of the patients can't believe he has already done so.

'I love the older generation', he said. 'They are always so grateful for anything I can do for them. I don't see why they should be expected to accept anything less than the best. I like to think they feel ten years younger as a result of what I can do for them. Many of them look ten years younger once they have been fitted with new dentures.'

In their letters of appreciation they tell him: 'I enjoy my meals, 'my life is so much better' and 'I am no longer afraid to smile.' Most of them are NHS patients: John points out that for NHS treatment people must be able to verify that they are physically unable to attend a dentist's surgery. He is willing to travel anywhere in the County. One day, he says, he is going to sit down and write a James Herriot-style account of life as a travelling dentist. If he does, he could do worse for a title than 'The Man With a Load of Smiles.'

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UNION ROAD Kingsbridge

KENNETH WEEDY



I can never drive up that hill without feeling a faint lowering of my spirits. Just below the crest stand the remains of the gaunt grey stone building, half fortress, half prison in appearance, which was the 'Union' - The Workhouse.

In my mind's eye I see the pathetic destitute poor of another age, with their last few possessions wrapped in a dirty quilt, making their cowed way up heartbreak hill to present themselves at its forbidding door, there to be parted, segregated according to age, sex and physical classifications. How that building and the threat it implied must have dominated the little market town in its shadow.

Throughout the 1700's rural poverty had been increasing steadily in Britain. It was incumbent on each parish to provide for its own poor and by the General Workhouse Act of 1723, parishes were empowered to set up places of accommodation for the indigent and to remove them from their homes. As the century progressed it became clear that the problem had become far too large to be dealt with in this piecemeal way and the Gilbert Act of 1782 authorised parishes to combine their efforts by setting up centralised 'Places of Employment' to cater for their poor in a united way - hence the term "The Union" for the buildings erected for this purpose. The Kingsbridge Union consisted of twenty-six parishes, stretching from Stokenham to Modbury. The workhouse itself was actually in the then parish of Churchstow and was built in 1837 at a cost of £6,000, to house a total of 350 paupers.

What had caused this inexorable decline in the fortunes of some rural areas and their people? It was, and still is, common to blame the effects of the Enclosure Acts, which consolidated thousands of tiny peasant smallholdings into larger units, but this is by no means the whole story. The population of the country was steadily increasing,

while the farming practices followed by the majority of both tenants and freeholders were still largely mediaeval, so that output was often below demand and famines, actual or threatened, were frequent. Yet even judged against their contemporary levels, farm workers' wages were abysmally low. The standard accepted rate in Devon in 1795 was £6 to £8 PER YEAR for men, while £3 was deemed sufficient for women, dairy-maids and the like. Thieving was rife, for as a prisoner arraigned for sentence at Exeter said "No man can raise a family on Three Shillings a week and Honesty".

But in East Anglia a group of landowners had realised, individually at first, but later in concert, that the outmoded patterns of farming must be changed. For instance, it was still customary to kill off all meat-providing stock not needed for breeding purposes in the late Autumn, regardless of whether it was 'market-ready' or not, for the simple reason that there were insufficient provender to carry livestock through the average winter.

In the early part of the century, Charles (Viscount) Townshend had been instrumental in introducing on his estates the sowing of turnips by machine in lines or 'drills', instead of the seed being scattered broadcast by hand. This meant that the ground between the drills could be kept clear of weeds by horse-drawn or hand hoes, so that the amount of fodder yield increased tenfold or more over the miserable weed-swamped roots produced by the broadcasting method. This allowed many more sheep to be folded on a given acreage of land, so increasing its fertility and, in consequence, the production of all crops surged upwards where this Norfolk system was followed. Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester carried on and developed Townshend's work but among the peasant farmers, hidebound by tradition and hamstrung by lack of capital, the 'improvements' as they were known made little or no progress. As the century ended, Marshall, commenting on Devon and Cornwall, said "Nowhere, not even in the remotest Highlands of Scotland, has the spirit of improvement slumbered more deeply than in these two Counties." Faced with inertia like this landlords seized the chance of taking into their own hands land which was merely being scratched by its impoverished tenants.

The majority of agricultural holdings at this time consisted of a relatively small area of cultivated ground held and tilled by the individual, with access to communal grazing on adjacent commons, woodlands and wastes. The Acts which permitted landlords to enclose these common areas and to bring them into cultivation undoubtable caused...

OVERPAGE-

UNION ROAD, KINGSBRIDGE continuation

caused hardship, in that the demand for workers to tend the new farms so created did not equal the number of those displaced, but there was no way in which farming could possibly carry on -- a virtually unchanged since the evolution of the manorial system under the Normans seven hundred years previously.

The right to extinguish ancient grazing privileges was obtained by the passage of Private Members' Bills through Parliament - one thousand three hundred such Bills received assent in the thirty years between 1770 and 1800, while a further thousand were enacted in the first twenty years thereafter. As at that time the vast majority of M.P.'s were landowners, it is not surprising that most Bills went through on the nod! But the anger which was felt by the dispossessed was reflected in arson, political cartoons and verses, such as:-

They hang the man or flog the woman,
Who steals a goose from off the common,
But the greater felon still goes loose,
Who stole the common from the goose.

And so the stream of paupers continued to arrive at the Union gate: the industrious but unfortunate, the idle and feckless, soldiers and sailors back from the many wars of the period with no trade but arms and often years in arrears with their pay, the mentally and physically feeble...the list seems never ending. What happened to them between their arrival at that gate and their ultimate liberation in an unmarked pauper's grave?

The work they were to perform, if they were deemed able bodied, and the food they were to receive, were laid down by law. Rations were set out in a 'Table of Allowances' for every day of the week, sub-divided as to quantities for four categories of inmates - Men and Women; Boys and Girls 12-15 years; Children 7-12 years and, finally. Children under seven. Take for example the menu for twelve to fifteen year olds for Fridays throughout the year, which was:-

Breakfast: Bread - 3 ounces. Broth - 1½ pints.

Dinner: Bread - 4-ounces. Skimmed Milk - 1½ pints

Supper: Bread - 4 ounces. Cheese - 1½ ozs. Beer - ½ pint

The only difference between these quantities and the amounts given to younger children was that the beer was deleted and a quarter of an ounce of butter was substituted. Small wonder that Oliver Twist asked for more! Only on Sundays and Thursdays does the word 'Flesh' appear, and this was usually the boiled mutton from which the daily broth was derived. Quantities varied from six ounces for adults to three for the youngest.

CONCLUDED OVERPAGE:-

UNION ROAD, KINGSBRIDGE concluded

But among the unhappiest facets of the administration was the custom called 'The Binding of Apprentices'. Children so bound to farmers were taken from their parents at the age of eight and bound to their masters for thirteen years, until they reached the age of twentyone. The words of Marshall, the agricultural commentator of the period, convey a melancholy picture of how they were treated in Devon and, probably, elsewhere

"This is an easy and ready way of disposing of the children of paupers. To the farmers such children under proper care and tuition might be made highly valuable in their concerns and, in the end, would become very profitable. The contrary, however, is generally the case. Instead of treating them as their adopted children or relations whose love and esteem they are desirous of gaining, for their mutual happiness during the long term of their intimate connection, as well as to secure their services when they are the most valuable, they were frequently subjected to the most adject drudgery, servitude and cruelty."

Merri England?

Don't you believe it!

Kenneth Weedy.

=====

FROM 'AUTOCAR ARCHIVES' of 1902 !

The East Sussex Standing Joint Committee has authorised the Chief Constable to obtain an electric battery, bells and wire, at a cost of £9 for the purpose of enabling police to check the speed of autocars on the public highway. It is believed Maxims were suggested - informally.

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In Sleep's Theatre

Seeking the cause of our dreams - what it is that makes our former sensations repeat themselves - we notice that we do not dream during profound sleep, for then we are completely unconscious, asleep without and within. But our inner consciousness falls asleep last and awakens first, because it is more lively, more active, and more easily disturbed than our outer consciousness. Consequently it is during the periods of light or incomplete sleep that we dream, renewing our former sensations, especially those on which we have reflected in our waking hours. Then our inner consciousness, unable to operate on actual sensations while our outer consciousness is quiescent, concerns itself with past sensations. The most vivid will be those which have been most frequently apprehended, and the more vivid the sensation the more extraordinary will be the scene presented. Hence our dreams are very often either terrifying or extremely pleasant.

Our outer consciousness need not be entirely dormant in order that our inner consciousness should operate - it is enough that it be quiescent. Although we are accustomed to give ourselves up as a matter of course to expected sleep, we do not always readily do so. Our bodies, relaxed and extended, may be quite motionless; our eyes under their closed lids see nothing in the darkness; our ears tell us nothing, so quiet is the night; we are entirely at rest, yet no part of us is entirely lulled. Then, when we have no thoughts, our outer consciousness being inactive, our inner consciousness assumes control, and presents us with grotesque images and tumbling shadows. We become spectators in sleep's theatre. If we are in good health we receive pleasant impressions, but otherwise it is different - we see old hags and dreadful ghosts which seem to speak to us and which succeed one another with startling rapidity. It is like a slide show which fills our brain then empty of other images, and these phantoms are the more lively, the more numerous and the more unpleasant in proportion as our faculties are out of order, our nerves upset and our bodies enfeebled; for the effects of real sensations being greater in illness than in health, the images of such sensations which the renewal of these effects produces must also be more vivid and more unpleasant.

We remember our dreams just as we remember actual sensations that we have recently received, and the only difference here between the lower animals and ourselves is that we are able to distinguish between dream sensations and actual sensations. Into this operation of our memory (which involves a comparison) the idea of time enters. The lower animals, however, being unable to make this comparison, cannot distinguish between their dreams and their actual experiences; so that to them all they have dreamt appears to have actually happened.

From: *Sur la Nature des Animaux.*

=====

THE LOST CHEQUE Mr A., a barrister, sat up one night to write letters, and about half-past twelve went out to put them in the post. On undressing he missed cheque for a large sum, which he had received during the day. He hunted everywhere in vain, went to bed, slept, and dreamed that he saw the cheque curled around an area railing not far from his own door. He woke, got up, dressed, walked down the street and found his cheque in the place he had dreamed of. In his opinion he had noticed it fall from his pocket as he walked to the letter box, without consciously remarking it and his deeper memory awoke in slumber.

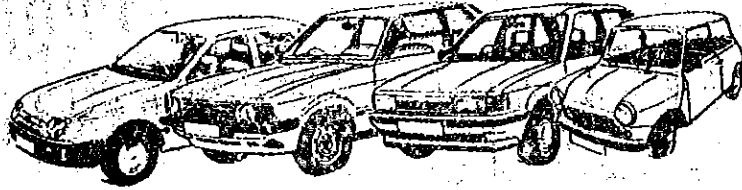
ANDREW LANG

=====

We go to our favourite classical author, as it were for conversation with a friend; and we discover that these benevolent antique minds reflect our own thoughts, but in richer maturity. Their friendship never fails us, and their serene philosophy bring us reconciliation - and how often do we need it! - with mankind - and with ourselves!

D.D

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LETTER to the Editor.

OUR DRAIN

Dear Editor,

Thurlestone.

WHATEVER else Village Voice may have achieved since its inception in 1982, it has made us unusually aware of the state of our drain. Indeed, I can think of few topics of marginal interest upon which I now feel better informed. For the benefit of those people who have not been following the saga since the beginning, perhaps I may be allowed to explain developments as I see them.

THE DRAIN, laid in the 1930s, extends all the way down to Leasfoot, where it discharges its effluent out at sea. It served the community well for many years; as recently as 1980, when the Village Appraisal came out, the South Hams District Council and the South West Water Authority pronounced it adequate for all purposes. At that time our attention was directed principally towards trying to limit development on the Mead but when that failed, the drain came under sustained scrutiny and anything that went wrong with it was automatically blamed on the people down on the Mead because, allegedly, there was little trouble before they added their contribution.

WE HAVE had some spectacular incidents when excessive volumes of effluent have caused manholes to blow their covers, the details of which were rapidly transmitted by word of mouth throughout the parish and then picked over at meetings of the Parish Council. At the AGM in 1985, the Chairman of the South Hams District and our local District Councillor took part in spirited crosstalk on sewage that held the audience enthralled. Further, several unflattering comments were made about the South West Water Authority which was accused of giving a poor return for the money it gets each year from the parish sewerage rate. Yet somebody somewhere along the line must have sympathised with our plight because since increased attention has been given to pressure clearance of the outflow, so far as I know, no manhole has blown its top since.

ALL THIS drain bashing was good fun while it lasted, but now we find we are being swept out of our depth by a whole range of imponderables that are beyond our control. It all turns really on the tendency of the effluent, after being discharged into the sea, to make a bee line for the western end of Leasfoot with the oncoming tide, to the discomfiture of anybody who happens to be bathing there. This 'backtracking' has attracted the attention of Devon County Council, the Department of the Environment and, believe it or not, the European Economic Community. Indeed, what started as a long slanging match is fast becoming a cult, with a dazzling array of facts and fancies which are enough to baffle some of the best minds in the parish.

The EEC started to get agitated about the state of some of our beaches in 1975 and eventually, in 1986, the SHDC was called on to report on the degree of pollution along the coast of the South Hams. Of the 19 beaches tested, Leasfoot came up with the highest figure for pollution by bacteria, well above the maximum permitted and at least fifty times more than Bantham or Thurlestone Sands. We thus have a localised area of excessive pollution, and the question is what should be done about it? Well, there are two possibilities. The effluent could be treated or it could be discharged further out to sea. Three quarters of all sewage in Devon and Cornwall is discharged at sea. Treatment plants are often unsightly and expensive to maintain and the chances of obtaining such a plant are probably minimal, I would think. The alternative - a new and extended outflow pipe seems the best bet, but it would cost an estimated £560,000 - about £1000 per head of the population of Thurlestone village! Thankfully, Leasfoot is the least attractive of our beaches and anyone intent on getting his (or her) feet wet would be well advised to try Yarmer or Bantham - and replace the warning signs at Leasfoot.

Yours sincerely, FULL NAME & ADDRESS SUPPLIED

° Barbecues

IN THE 50s
and 60s

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

In the good old days, say twenty or thirty years ago, Barbecues down at Leasfoot were a prominent feature of the summer season. We do not seem to have them any more, or at least I do not hear of them. Admittedly, they are not the easiest things in the world to organise. When they go well they are splendid, but they can go wrong - Rain, of course, is the biggest hazard; even at an ideal site on a fine summer evening, they fail if the meat is not served hot.

The most successful barbecue I have ever attended was in the outskirts of the pleasant little university town of Porto Alegre in southern Brazil where they are known as CHIARASCOS, their Portuguese name. When we arrived, some 500 of us, lumps of meat were being taken off the grills and skewered onto branches of wood about the size and shape of walking-sticks. We sat down and, at a given signal, a couple of dozen locals acting as waiters advanced on us, waving their sticks in the air. They plonked the sharp ends on the tables and we grabbed whatever we fancied. The first course was innards and I did not like the look of some of it, but managed to dislodge a fairly solid chunk; it turned out to be liver which is fine with mustard, but there was none. The next three courses were served similarly and comprised lamb, beef and then pork. The meat was hot and tasty but, with no knives or forks and only rather dry bread and red wine to help it down, I found the going hard after a time. Happily, there were about 50 somewhat unkempt women and children from the village nearby sitting down on the ground a few paces from our table, waiting for left-overs; they must have done pretty well. After we had fed, a bunch of dancing girls and musicians in national costume helped us on our way.

Down in Spanish-speaking Argentina, I was invited to an even larger medical congress, of which I remember little but cannot forget the open-air feasts or ASADOS, which are similar to CHIARASCOS in Brazil. We assembled at Bahia Blanca, about 500 miles south of Buenos Aires and had a private asado before the meeting started. There were some 150 doctors and their families and friends and we managed to get through an ox, three sheep and two pigs. Of course, there is a lot of meat in Argentina and the women eat as much as the men. Shortly before I arrived, there had been trouble at the little port of Fray Bentos, across the River Plate in Uruguay. The Government, short of cash, decided to nationalise the meat packing firm. The firm objected and decided to send for an extremely tough Scotsman who, in the event, proved to be so tough that the company

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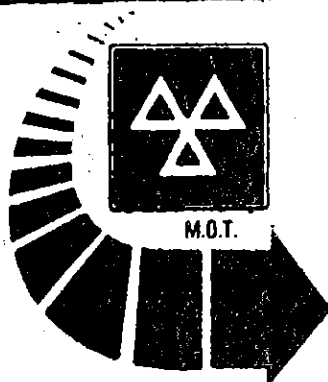
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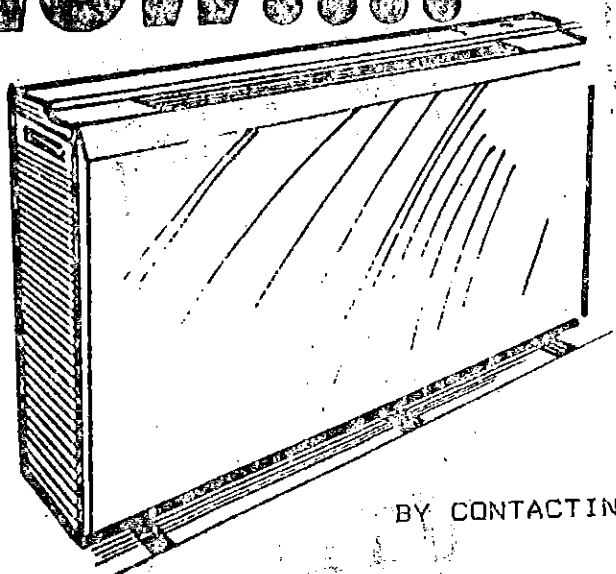
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Creda

remained in private hands. Ever since then, whenever I have come across a tin of Fray Bentos, I have always looked at the bottom to see where the corned beef came from; surprisingly, the last one came from Yugoslavia.

During the congress we had two asados. One was a splendid affair run by the Argentine Navy, whose main base is at Bahia Blanca. About 1,200 of us sat down in a wood at trestle tables covered with newly starched and ironed white tablecloths and were served in style by naval ratings. The other, for 500 or so, was hampered by a sudden rainstorm. Whilst the roasting proceeded under cover, we made for the only building of any size in the vicinity, which happened to be the local rifle range and was, of course, long and narrow and poorly lit with the usual acid smell of spent ammunition. We squeezed through the narrow entrance and found there was nowhere to sit down; as a matter of fact, by the time we had all got in there was only just about enough room to stand up and what with passing lumps of meat and bottles of wine backwards and forwards, it was quite a party.

How does all this apply to Thurlestone? Well, elaborate barbecues are out, it seems to me; we simply are not used to them. On the other hand, simple affairs are perfectly possible. May they continue.

=====

A Simple control of Motion Sickness?

Motion sickness while travelling by car, or ship or aircraft can cause genuine misery and distress to the victim and their companions - as many children and some adults caught on a particularly rough Channel crossing will testify, I'm sure. Now, there would seem to be a simple cure from California called Sea-Bands.

Sea-Bands are elasticated wrist straps which gently squeeze the acupressure points on the underside of each wrist. They look like sweat bands, but Sea-Bands contain a specially shaped plastic button which applies pressure to the Nei-Kuan point believed to control the body's nausea response system.

Unlike travel sickness drugs, Sea-Bands are claimed to work the moment they are worn and do not, of course, have unpleasant side-effects such as drowsiness and dryness in the mouth.

The Sea-Bands were tested by the Royal Navy last winter in the South Atlantic on 17 volunteers aboard the RFA Sir Lancelot. Eleven men found the bands totally effective in preventing sea-sickness, three found them effective in all but extremely severe weather and three found them no help in combating nausea.

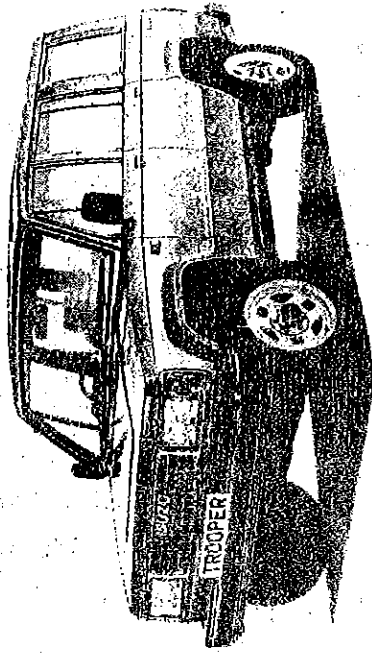
This information is taken from 'Motor' magazine and is passed on to anyone who finds travel nausea difficult to contend with. They say that their own 'on road' trials with both adults and children have shown Sea-Bands to be comfortable, remarkably effective and they have no hesitation in recommending their use. If you want a pair write to 'Motor Officer' 31 South Street, Dorking, Surrey RH4 2JZ. They cost £6.95 a pair

D.D.

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15 Bridgestone Desert Dueler tyres. Dimensions: Wheelbase 104.2in (2650mm). Overall
length 172.4in (4380mm). Overall height 70.9in (1800mm). Overall weight: 3678lb
(1672kg). Fuel capacity 18.2 gall (83 litres). Performance: Top speed: 75mph. Overall
consumption: n/a. List price: £12,999.



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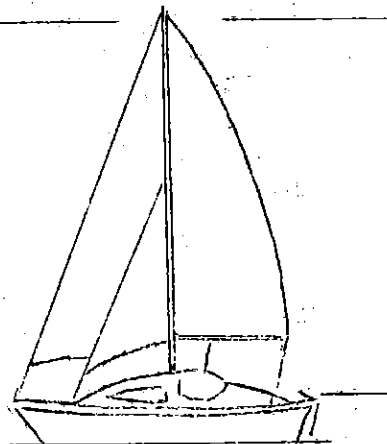
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Village Voice has received a letter, all covered with pretty stamps, from Cyprus. And this is what it says:

Well —
We made it ---



...five months and three thousand four hundred and twenty-one miles since leaving Plymouth we are now in residence on the Marina here in Larnaca.

We have had a wonderful summer, been to so many wonderful places, met so many people of so many different nationalities that the mind is still boggling about it all. Where have we been, well, question is where were we when I was last in touch. I have written so many postcards and letters over the weeks that I must ask your forgiveness if I have failed to remember where it was I last wrote from. In fact just to make quite certain that I miss nowhere out, I will assume that I have not written since Gibraltar. Thus, bored you may be if I have said it all before, but you never know I might even remember something I forgot last time round!

Whilst we were in Gibraltar, which I found most disappointing, we made one of the trips which must be a highlight of the whole voyage, when we went over to Tangier. Such a different world and one I would not have missed as it may well be the only trip into Arab lands we make. We paid a guide to show us around Tangier and the surrounding countryside. It was an all-day affair and included a really good Moroccan lunch. I bought a fab. kaftan whilst there, which I think was a bargain!

After Gibraltar we cruised the Costa del Sol and the Costa Blanca in Spain. We had not been to Spain for many years and were sorry to see that the coast of the country had been completely sold out to hotels and timeshare complexes. I appreciate the natural requirement to make money, but I feel that so many places in Spain have completely lost their character. In fact we seemed to spend day and night on building sites. The consequent boat cleaning was unending. Still the climate was good and the people super so one must not complain.

By the beginning of June we were in the Balaerics. We stayed on the islands for about ten days and then it was off again on the next long passage (250 mls) to Cagliari in S. Sardinia. We liked this city so much that we stayed nearly a week and with promises to return again we departed on another 48-hour passage to the small island of Ustica, just off the North coast of Sicily. Unfortunately this was literally just a night stop and then it was off again through the legendary whirlpools of the Straits of Messina to Reggio on the toe of Italy. Yes, there were whirlpools in the Straits, but the morning we went through the weather was calm so there were no problems at all. We stayed a further week in Reggio, then off again on a two-day passage to the Ionian island of Kefalonia. This was our first stop in the Eastern Med and our arrival in Greece.

We stayed two months in Greece, all diverse and interesting. We

Sailing on with the Sadlers:

called at Trizonia Island in the Gulf of Corinth, where we intended to stay just a night, but ended up staying nearly a week. From there we went via the Corinth Canal to the island of Poros, the first of the Cyclades. Then it was into the Aegean and the Cyclade archipelago. These islands had been described to us as volcano tips lashed by near hurricane winds. We could not believe this, but now that we have visited many of them over a six-week period, I fear I must agree. They are almost without exception barren volcano tips and the local Meltemi wind blows for days at a time at near gale force.

There were bright spots though in islands like Serifos where we were welcomed into the local community and saw and did things that tourists rarely have the opportunity to do and see, like joining in village church festivals which involved eating a three course dinner at 9 a.m. and drinking lashings of home-made wines with it. This event took place on the top of a mountain miles away from any form of habitation except the small church!

From the Cyclades we crossed to the Dodecanese Islands, visiting Astapalia, Kos and Simi. Kos in particular we loved, it is less barren therefore greener. From Simi we went to Rhodes, another place which has sold its soul to tourism, where we stayed in the Mandraki harbour in the centre of the city. This harbour has been in constant use since the days of the Trojans and the Greeks when it was a galley harbour and the entrance was between the legs of the Colossus of Rhodes! If nothing else you did feel quite a sense of history.

We left Rhodes for Cyprus about a week ago now (the letter is dated September 26), a two-day passage and the first landfall in Cyprus at Paphos where we stayed only one night as the harbour was almost untenable and then it was on to our new home at Larnaca, where we will be basing ourselves over the next couple of years. I'll be writing again in the next few weeks. See you at Christmas. As ever,

TED AND JEAN SADLER.

EDITOR'S NOTE:- Though the Sadlers will be home for Christmas - overland - those who want to write to them before then should know their address is: Yacht Gemelli, c/o M.J.Hillyar, Esq., P.O.Box 69, Larnaca, Cyprus.

URGENTLY REQUIRED:

A caretaker to look after Thurlestone Parish Hall and to take bookings etc. For full details of what is involved please contact either D.M.Yeoman on 560300 or Evelyn Spear on 560492.

And for the latest report on the Hall see "Jam Today!" in this issue of Village Voice.

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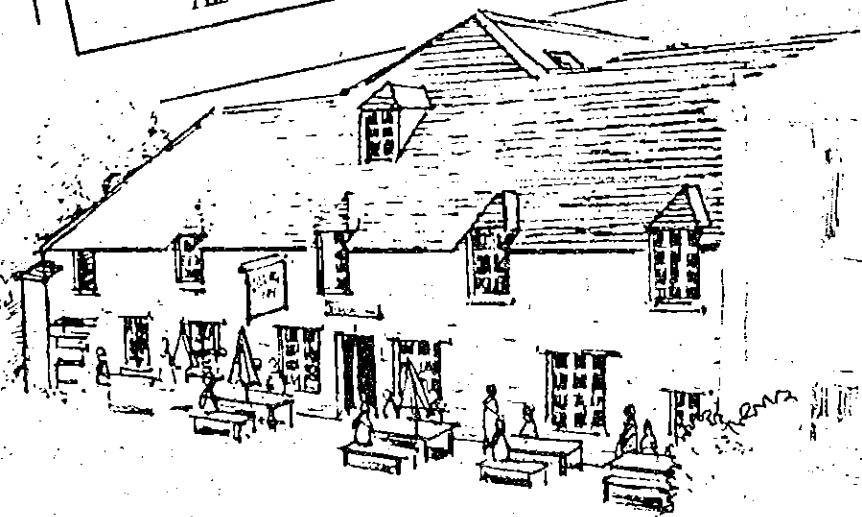
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The Sea Dogs

THE little village of Hallsands was overwhelmed and devastated by the storm in 1917 as very many of you already know, but here is just a little story which will tell you something of the life and hardship of such people as lived there which is not so widely known.

Hallsands was 'pure and simple' the abode of fishermen, nearly all the residents following that occupation, which at times was very hazardous indeed. At regular intervals, specially fitted for this trade, a vessel would come in and lie offshore. The vessels' hold was a series of deep wells into which was admitted a supply of sea water, and living crabs were stored until with a full load it would leave for Hamble with the result of the Hallsands men's harvest of the sea.

Strangely, Beesands fisherman of this time, just about a mile distant, were chiefly engaged in the lobster fishery, but why this difference between the products of the two places whose positions are so similar is difficult to understand. The difficulties of landing at the beaches were so great at times, that the help of Newfoundland dogs, which were kept for the purpose, can only be considered quite remarkable.

An instance of this hardship in the fisherman's life and also of the use of the 'Hallsands dogs' is well illustrated by the following report given by a visitor to the village.

"The day had been gloriously fine, but in the evening the weather changed and promised a wild night. In a short time a thunderstorm burst, and golden sheets of lightning shot forth on three sides, as if from three distinct storms, in the centre of which Hallsands appeared to lie without feeling the full force of any of them. Burning wires of most intense depth of colour seemed to hang from the dark clouds above and flash down to the dark sea below, whilst the peals of thunder rolled in the distance. An anxiety, deeper than the blackness of the clouds could cause, was, however, hanging over the place, and was increased rather than dispelled by the vivid lightning. A boat with four men had gone away early that morning to Brixham for bait, and was now several hours overdue. Everyone was gazing out in vain before the darkness came on to distinguish her form, and now heavy rain as well as wind had come on. Suddenly there was heard a shrill whistle. It was the signal from the crew of the boat, and its purpose was evidently to collect all the neighbours together for the difficult task of beaching the boat and taking the crew ashore.

There was the boat at no great distance from the shore. But how was she to reach the gravel beach? Unlike one of sand it is exceedingly steep, and if the boat came on 'broadside to' the chances were very strong of her capsizing and

concluding THE SEA DOGS

all four hands perishing before the eyes of those ashore and in very sight of home. The difficulty seemed to be as to how communication was to be established between her and the shore. A rope could not be cast in or out. But here it was that two black Newfoundland dogs shewed their value. They had been down in the crowd all the time in a state of great excitement evidently knowing their time for work had come. Plunging into the sea, and battling bravely with the surf, they soon reached the boat, where one of them eagerly seized a stick thrown overboard from the boat. To the stick was made fast the end of a thin line, which the dog carried safely to the shore. Communication between the boat and the shore was thus established, and a strong line, passing through the sternpost of the boat, quickly followed. Everybody on shore lent a hand, and soon the boat touched the shore, and all danger was at an end. "

How difficult now to accept that excursion steamers ran trips to Hallsands and a landing was effected by the vessel's bow being run into the shelving beach, and a gangway dropped forward, so that the passengers could walk ashore ! And - there was a small chapel belonging to the United Methodists at Hallsands, and a reading room used by the fishermen.

=====

The next issue will be for the JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1988 period which should be distributed the first week in January.

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You may safely count on a fruitful year.

If New Year's Eve night wind  
blows south  
It betokeneth warmth & growth;  
If west, much milk, and fish in  
the sea;  
If north, cold and storms there  
will be;  
If east, the trees will bear  
much fruit;  
If north-east, flee it, man and  
brute.

Christians can only have one wife.  
This is called monotomy.

Henry VIII thought so much of  
Wolsey that he made him a  
cardigan

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As I look across the valley,  
the peaceful scenery has no troubles,  
Just natural sounds, and different shades  
of greenery cover its ground.

The rippling of a stream,  
Breezes rustle through the trees,  
Birds a-twittering and buzzing bees,  
The sweet scent of grass and clover and wild flowers.  
How I love these precious hours,

Butterflies of many colours fluttering from flower to flower.

A rabbit hops about for fun,  
Then warms itself in the sun.

As shadows of the evening fall,  
Almost silence. Just a bird or two call,  
Little squeaks settling in the hedgerows.  
Even the stream more softly flows, saying  
Goodnight as I go.

JUANITA

## VILLAGE VOICE

This is the first of a short series from "A REVIEW OF MEDICAL CARE IN THE SOUTH HAMS OVER THE CENTURIES" by Neville C. Oswald, T.D., M.D., F.R.C.P.

# Bishops' Licences

In 1511 a petition was presented to Henry VIII in Parliament with a daunting preamble:

For as much as the Science and Cunning of Physick & Surgery... is daily within the realm exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part have no manner of insight in the same, nor any other kind of Learning... common Artificers, as Smiths, Weavers and Women boldly and accustomedly take upon them great Cures and things of great Difficulty... to the Displeasure of God, great infamy of the Faculty, and the grievous Hurt, Damage and Destruction of many of the King's liege People, most especially of those that cannot discern the cunning from the uncunning.

As a result, an Act was passed in 1511 requiring all physicians and surgeons to be examined and approved by their respective bishops or vicars general in the seventeen dioceses of England. This solution, which had no counterpart in Continental Europe, reflected the strength of the monarchy and church and was also thoroughly sensible in that the church alone had an administrative structure covering the whole population down to parishes and was best able to arrange fair assessments of the applicants. The system served the country well, on the whole. There were delays in putting it into effect and disappointingly few of the early applications and licences have survived. The bishops were debarred from issuing certificates during the Commonwealth period and were blamed from time to time by the College of Physicians for admitting licentiates of poor quality. Devon is fortunate in having 162 applications dating from 1600 to 1783, with several in the years 1660-62 when the bishop's authority was resumed at the Restoration. The earliest reads:

"These... may certify that Mr John Tregassrike is of pious and unblameable life and hath practiced physick for the space of a year or thereabouts in the town of Kingsbridge with good success to the great benefit of many people (as well poor as others) and that there is no other physician within several miles of the town aforesaid where he lives and that we humbly conceive him to be a person well qualified for the practice in these parts.

Witness our hands

Wm. Bastard  
- Baker  
Francis Tukwood  
Archdeacon of Totnes"

Please turn over:

The request perhaps reflects anxiety lest Mr. Tregassrike should not be approved. Presumably he started to practice when episcopal authority was in abeyance and a spate of unqualified practitioners appeared all over the country. The townspeople may have seized the chance of securing somebody they knew, with the support of the land-owning Bastard family and the Archdeacon of Totnes. Another application from the early eighteenth century, stresses professional skills whilst ignoring character:

"This is to Certify that the Bearer hereof Thomas Smith of Allington in the Countie of Devon Gent. being employed in the cure of Severall Distempered Persons, hee hath by God's helpe and the dextrous application of his Medicines given ease to such as have the Gout, but perfectly one that was afflicted with the Dropsie. Besides he had done divers other cures in the said Countie and in other parts, Of which wee are well informed by persons of Credit and esteeme. And therefore by reason of such cures, wee conceive him fitt to have a Licence to practice Physick and Chirurgery.

Thomas Thomson  
John Jone"

When Mr Isaack of Modbury sought a licence in 1753, his application achieved the correct balance, extolling his professional skill, sobriety, faith in the church and loyalty to the monarch, surely the qualities the bishop and his medical advisers were seeking. His rather ponderous request reads:

"To the right Revnd. Father in God Lord Bishop of Exon or his Vicar general. The humble petition of Gilbt. Isaack of Modbury in the County of Devon and Diocese of Exon. knoweth that your Practitioner hath for many years studied the Art of Physick and therefore humbly hopes your Lordship will grant him your Licence or faculty for practice thereof. Gilbt. Isaack.

And we whose names are subscribed do hereby certify we have for many years known the said Gilbert Issack that he is a person of sober life and conservation well skilled in the Art of Physick and well affected to the present Establishment both in Church and State in witness whereof we have set our hands this 16th day of July 1753.

Tho. Hall.  
Tho. Heskett  
Rector of Aveton Gifford."

The Act was not repealed until 1948.

=====

We all know well enough what the present is - and realise how truly difficult it is to visualise the future. From the pen of our regular contributors and from our own researches, we are so very often involved in events of the past - and readers tell us how interesting and absorbing they find so many of these articles. That means, of course, that we are always seeking for more ! By putting pen to paper you will be adding something for the enjoyment of others - and if you would prefer it we would arrange an acceptable time to record on tape and write your story for you - and only publish when fully approved !



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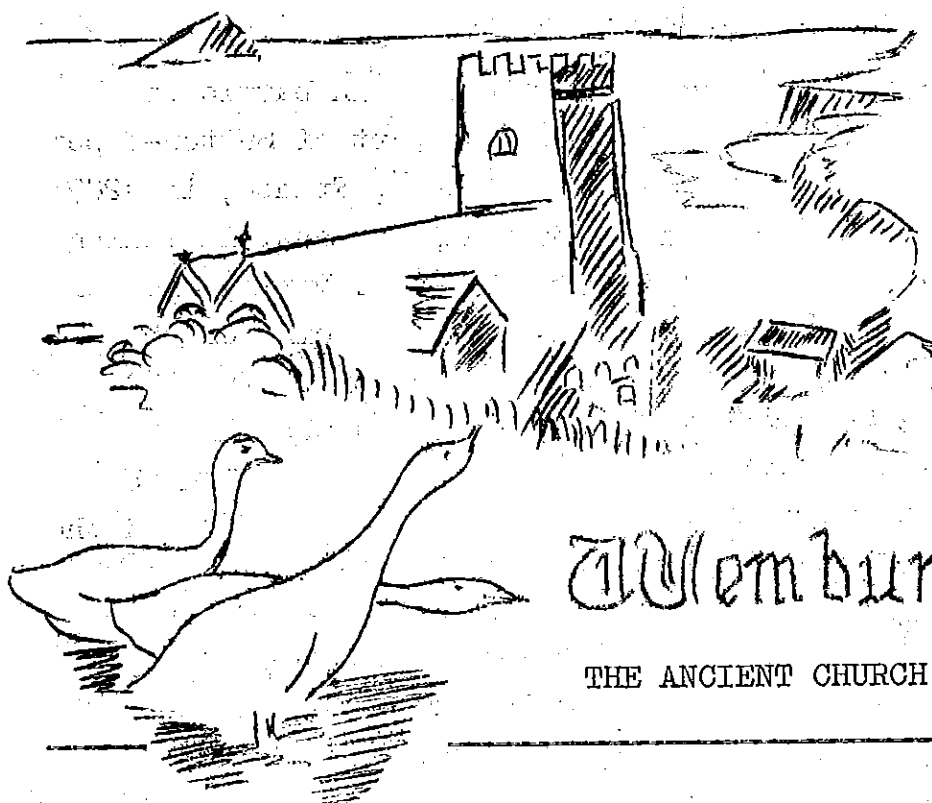
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AWAITS A VISIT FROM YOU.....



## Wembury Church

THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF S. WERBURGH

The episode of King Alfred the Great peacefully meditating in the Somersetshire neatherd's hut while the cakes were reduced to cinders belongs to a distant past, and may well be dismissed as a legend; but it is by no means legendary that even in those far-off days (A.D.878) there existed a place of worship on the site of this venerable church.

So far as is known, no record exists of the exact date of the foundation of S. Werburgh's, but, it is almost certain that on this cliff site there stood a Christian Celtic or Saxon oratory in the early years of the ninth century.

Wembury once formed part of the ancient British kingdom of Dyfnaint (Dammonia), which comprised Cornwall, the western half of Devonshire and part of Somersetshire. The origin of the British church here is lost in antiquity, but it is well established that Christianity was taught and practiced by the British long before the advent of King Alfred.

+ + + + +

It is said that walls have ears, but why not eyes? For this once, let us imagine that this church has eyes; what it has seen through the centuries will help you to appreciate its unique position and how well it has stood the test of time.

Going back as far as possible, it can safely be said that S. Werburgh's has witnessed such historic events as the invasion by the Danes in the

OVERPAGE:-

## WEMBURY CHURCH....

middle of the ninth century, when they were defeated in battle on Staddon Height; the sailing of 325 ships from the port of Sutton-super-Plymouth, to take part in the expedition to Guienne, France, in 1287; and the sailing of the Black Prince on all his expeditions, including the one which led to the victory of Poitiers in 1356. During the wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it saw the coming of the French fleet and the burning of Plymouth on two occasions. In 1470 there was the coming by sea of the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence, who landed at Plymouth and began the revolt which led to the temporary restoration of Henry VI. The following year it witnessed the coming of Henry's Queen, Margaret of Anjou. In 1501 the vessel bringing the hapless Katharine of Aragon to Plymouth passed the Mewstone. Eighty-seven years later the church of S. Werburgh gazed upon the awe-inspiring sight of Philip II's "Invincible Armada" and the English fleet under Sir Francis Drake going out to engage them. It may be that it saw also something of the Royalist forces who beleaguered Plymouth in the Civil War of 1642-6. Certainly it saw, in 1779, the combined fleets of France and Spain lying off the Sound for four days, too scared to launch the intended invasion of the actually defenceless town !

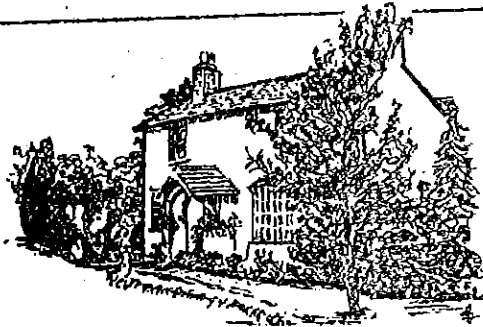
We can well imagine what lingering looks the first Puritan pilgrims gave to the receding coastline when they sailed in 1607 for America. Wembury Church must have been a landmark for them, as also for the Pilgrim Fathers when the Mayflower sailed in 1620 for New England; for Captain Cook, who left Plymouth in the Endeavour in 1768 to explore the shores of New Zealand and New South Wales, and again in 1772; and for Sir Ernest Shackleton when he made his final voyage in the Quest in 1921. In 1700 the church saw the first fantastic erection of Winstanley's on Eddystone, and the almost immediate destruction of it by storm. Six years later construction began on Rudyard's lighthouse, and Wembury Church caught a glimpse of a French privateer swooping down upon the rock and carrying off the workmen captive to France. This lighthouse was constructed of wood and the fire which destroyed it in 1755 was easily visible. Two years later arose in its stead Smeaton's lighthouse, which later was removed to the Hoe, supplanted by the present edifice of Sir James Douglass in 1882.

You really should consider a journey to Wembury Church if only to get hold of a copy of 'The Romantic Story of Wembury Church' - written originally by the Reverend Kenneth Tagg in 1945 and six editions later revised and re-issued by the Reverend Anthony K.F. Macey in 1982.

On a pleasant afternoon I can think of nothing better. This article takes barely two pages from this well produced 24 page publication. D.D



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There was once a time when the parish could have had a large playing field and for Thurlestone village a central car-park.

Where you there?

A Special Parish Meeting was called and held in the Thurlestone Parish Hall back in 1975 under the Chairmanship of the late Mr Peter Grose, to discuss a plan to establish a Playingfield or Leisure Area and a Carpark on an area of about six acres sited behind All Saints Church.

The Meeting heard from the late Mr. Yeo, then the Technical Services Officer of the South Hams District Council and the late Mr Donald Turner the parish District Councillor. Mr Yeo stated that the Kingsbridge Rural District Council prior to being absorbed into the new S.H. District Council had earmarked a sum of £6,000 for the establishment of such a scheme in Thurlestone. The District Council, said Mr Yeo, were ready and willing to honour that undertaking and had prepared a plan for consideration.

For the sake of brevity, let it be said there was a very 'full house' of parishioners and a great deal of discussion took place - some of it just a little heated, perhaps. There was simply no support for taking in such an area of 'good farm land' for such a purpose, and no support for the idea of a central car-park. When Mr Grose submitted the proposed plan to the meeting no one offered it any support, and, on a show of hands the project was declared unanimously rejected.

So the parish were offered a golden opportunity - and rejected it. Perhaps, in hindsight, it was a pity a scheme for a smaller area was not promoted by anyone. What might have been done then for £6,000 would now be nearer the £60,000 region.

WALTER DEE

# CROSS NUMBER

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| 38 |    |    | 39 |    |    |    | 40 |    |    |    |
|    |    | 41 |    |    | 42 |    |    |    |    |    |

Specially compiled for Village Voice by Pat Machin of Thurlestone

## CROSS NUMBER CLUES

### ACROSS

1. Phone number of our Post Office
6. John Buchan's Steps
8. In athletics one lap is XXX metres
9. 15 percent VAT on £3380
10. 3x3x3
11. 30x7-13
12. Cards in a pack(with Jokers)
13. Square of 96.
15. 8 dozen -2
16. Hours in 2 days
17. Date of Spanish Armada.
19. Number of film Dalmatians
21. Heinz Varieties
23. Number of inches in a mile
25. 3x3x3x3
27. DCXXI
29. Year of Charles II Coronation
31. Length of cricket pitch (in ft)
32. Number of degrees in a right angle
33. Date on Thurlestone School
36. Two Rugby Union teams
37. Acres in a square mile
38. Number of books in Old Testament
39. 1000 - 214
40. A furlong or 1/8th of a mile (yds)
41. Number of balls on a snooker table
42. Village Voice's phone number

### DOWN

2. Peter the Milk's phone number
3. James Bond
4. Treble top in darts
5. 11b is equivalent to xxxg
6. Axxx = our main road to Plymouth
7. Yards in a mile
10. 18x12 -9
11. Year World War 2 ended
12. 2999+2884
14. Number of old pence (d) in a £
16. 10000 - 5439
18. 5817 divided by 7
19. Norman Conquest
20. Square root of 324
22. Trombones leading Big Parade
24. 330x5x4
26. Steve Cram's metric distance
28. 20 dozen.
30. Half past nine (p.m.)
32. 10000 - 597
34. One short of a century
35. 4 gross less 4
36. Days in a year
37. 25x25
40. A score.

SOLUTION ON ANOTHER PAGE

# Walter Dee on Danger, Farce & Lunacy

## SPEEDBOAT LUNACY FURY

Quite possibly you have already read that headline with Capt Jim Blazeby, Harbourmaster at Salcombe and in control over the Avon Estuary reported as indicating his concern at the callous attitude this season of some power boats 'rparing through busy harbours'. "They don't seem to care any more if they are causing a great wash and swamping somebody or upsetting a child in a boat or breaking the speed limit. The prospect of a substantial fine seemed to be no deterrent."

As already stated in the last issue of 'Village Voice' exactly the same attitude has been experienced on the Avon, where it seemed as if there was, in one instance, a deliberate attempt to swamp a boat.

No responsible local boat owner could be considered to act in such a manner, but Capt Blazeby must show these irresponsible people that bye-laws do have teeth and stamp on such dangerous behaviour wherever and whenever it occurs. Otherwise. . . 'DANGER - BEWARE OF BROKEN BYELAWS' can only make the establishment of bye-laws covering boat useage on any Estuary somewhat farcical.

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## SO THIS IS WHERE OUR MONEY GOES...

How to spend ratepayers money without apparent accountability. Join the South West Water Authority. A spokesman for that Authority is reported as admitting that a project for a 242 million gallon reservoir near Milton C ombe in Devon, where they constructed a lengthy roadway 'to take the traffic for construction work', cut down many trees, demolished five cottages and a farmhouse and even blasted a 300 yard long tunnel through rock, completely desecrating what had been a beautiful valley and then, only then, it seems, arrived at the conclusion that 'due to changes in technology and improvements in distribution they really had ample back-up water supplies and the proposed reservoir was unnecessary.

The cost was put at hundreds of thousands of pounds.

No wonder they cannot find the money to up-date the Thurlestone Sea Pollution Sewerage System - but one does have to wonder if a few executive heads should roll. But they never do, do they. Get into any kind of local authority organisation and you never have to pay for your blunders. That only applies to those who do pay - the ratepayers !

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## ARE WE REALLY AS DAFT AS THIS ?

It is said, in Britain, farmers are being driven from the land at a rate unequalled since the great plague. In 1939 our milk came from 155,000 registered producers - now there are only 48,000 and in many areas of Britain it would seem there is not enough milk to make cheese, yet the Common Market have contrived to butter Russian bread for a handful of roubles.

On the reverse of the coin grain production in Britain has rocketed by 30% in 30 years - yet not enough grain is fit for our daily bread - mouldering in the soil or in 'Intervention Stores' - so, incredibly, we turn to Saudi Arabia for bread making wheat.

The report that the Common Market CAP system costs every family in Britain £10 a week surely only adds to the lunacy !

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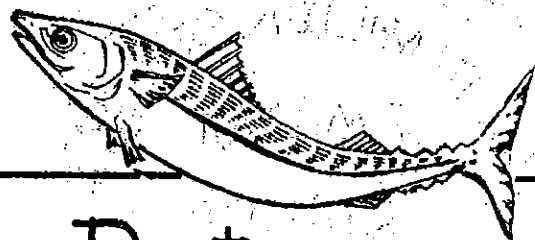
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# Legends & Fairy Stories

In the last issue you were promised to be told about 'Adders-meat' and other strangely named flowers. Adders-meat is difficult to understand for it takes us right at once into the middle of the very curious subject of plant names which refer to birds, animals and reptiles. Two possible explanations may be given. One is that Stitchwort and Adders frequent similar places and appear in spring about the same time, and that Adders according to ancient tradition, eat Stitchwort as either food or medicine (as Cuckoos eat Wood-sorrel or Cuckoo's-meat). The other possible explanation is that at some time Stitchwort was considered a poisonous plant, and that the word Adder comes from the Anglo-Saxon 'attor', which means poison.

The red berries of the Wild Arum (or Lords-and-Ladies) are also called Adder's-meat or Adder-berries, meaning simply poison berries.

In England much superstition has been gathered around the Elder, and all sorts of dreadful things happen to folk who make use of it. In some parts of England one used to hear about an 'elf-woman', called the Elder-mother, who lives in the tree and who objects to the plucking of the flowers. Legend says that elves bury their children under these trees. On the other hand one can come across stories of the beneficent action of the Elder. Sufferers from rheumatism may carry about them a small cross; a rightly shaped cross is supposed to bring about a cure. A further condition was that the tree itself must have been grown in a churchyard. Such trees used to be found in Gloucestershire, where the country folk used to have a deep faith in this tradition.

From time to time when ancient Britons wore jerkins of bear skin and the fields were blue with Woad, there has been much legendary and folklore associated with the remedial and poisonous nature of plants, and even to this day in those very rare untouched villages something of the past still remains, and old customs prevail whereby it is possible to drink Elderberry wine and Sloe gin, brewed in old copper pans, and far sweeter and more mellow than anything bottled in factories!

TURN OVERPAGE:-

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Whenever you drive down Duncombe Street think of the epitaph to his memorial. "Here lyeth the Body of Mr William Duncombe, the son of John Duncombe of Buckinghamshire, Esqr., who was some time fellow of King's College in Cambridge, and the First School Master of the Free School in Kingsbridge, and taught there 28 years, and brought up many Young Gentlemen, who by His Industry became useful members both in Church and State, and dyed the last day of December 1698, and left All that he had to pious uses."

Mistletoe is considered the embodiment of lightning. Note its forked branches. The Swiss name it Donnerbesen (Thunder Broom), and country folk assert that it protects the homestead from lightning and also from fire. The Hawthorn also has its legendary roots in lightning, and in Europe has, from time immemorial, been considered a sacred tree. But all sacred plants and trees must be treated carefully and reverently; evil may come to him that handles them rudely it is said. Therefore there are many traditions and stories about the luck or ill-luck which these trees may bring. Many people will not allow Hawthorn blossom in the house, and from old and stunted Hawthorn's, known to be trysting-places of the fairies, it is still more unlucky to gather a leaf and bring that into the house.

Hazel is another tree which is considered sacred to Thor, the god of thunder. In many legends it is mentioned in connection with lightning and fire and as a promotor of fruitfulness; hence the numerous accounts of its use in divinations relating to love and marriage. It is by means of a branch of Hazel that one may discover subterranean water - and even hidden treasure on occasion.

Traditions about fern seeds are widely spread, probably originating in the mistaken belief that the fern had no seed, or that the seed was so small as to be invisible. Plenty of reason for the wealth of legend that has grown up around the fern seed ! In Celtic countries the whole plant was once considered sacred; it was full of all sorts of powers; but those attached to the seed were the most marvellous. To carry fern seed about one's person was to possess the secret of making oneself invisible.

The fern root is also credited with magic powers and may be made into love philtres. This was a very widespread belief, as this verse from an old song shows:

" 'Twas the maiden's matchless beauty  
That drew my heart a-nigh,  
Not the fern-root potion,  
But the glance of her bright eye."

An old story told in Cornwall was of a girl who was seeking work and sat down to rest by the way and idly began to break the fronds of ferns growing around her. A man appeared and told her he would give her some work if she would serve him for a year and a day. She promised, and he made her kiss a fern leaf. She was away for a year and a day exactly, but at the end of that time found herself back in her own bed at home. She told her mother that the man had taken her to fairyland, a country lying under one of the hills. Every one believed her, and her story grew into a legend.

Among Highlanders the plantain was known as the 'healing plant' because its astringent value and the relief occasioned when applied to cuts and open sores, or the swelling caused by insect bites and stings.



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# WHAT'S IN A NAME

by Prebendary P. S. Stephens

(The Titles of the Clergy of the Established Church - continued)

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All the Clergy are either Bishops, Priests or Deacons. Now we come to their job names:

On the Certified copy of an entry on the Marriage Register the minister is asked to state whether he is Rector, Vicar or Curate. And immediately we are in a state of confusion because of the way the word 'Curate' has changed its meaning. Strictly speaking I am the Curate of Thurlestone and South Milton, i.e. I have the "Cure of Souls" committed to my care. With the passing of the years those parishes who had an Assistant Priest - i.e. an Assistant Curate, gradually dropped the word 'Assistant' and so the Assistant Curate became known as "The Curate". Certainly in my last parish if anyone said The Curate had done or said something, no one would have thought it referred to me, but to one of my staff.

What about Rectors and Vicars - what is the difference? Now the answer is "not much" ! Though again, historically there was a difference, which perhaps I can best explain by referring to the first parish of which I was the incumbent.

Up to 1322 or thereabouts Buckland Monachorum had Rectors, their names are recorded on the traditional board. From that point on they had Vicars. Why ? The answer is that Buckland Abbey was founded by the Countess of Devon, and the Rectorial Tithe, (i.e. the Rector's income) was taken away and given to the Abbey as part of their finances on the condition that the Abbey provided a priest "in place of" the Rector to minister at the Parish Church. One who acts "in place of" is said to be acting vicariously - hence he became known as "The Vicar".

Generally speaking those parishes which still retain the title Rector for their minister have not been associated with any monastic house, (i.e. Monastery Priory or Abbey). Where they were so associated in the past, usually their minister is a Vicar. For those who like the technical details, the great or Rectorial Tithe consisted of produce from such things as grow out of the earth, e.g. Corn. The lesser or Vicarial Tithe consisted of such things as are nourished on the earth - i.e. sheep, pigs, eggs, etc. Rectors, Vicars and (Assistant) Curates then, are all parochial clergymen, having charge of or working in parishes.

The Name generally used of clergymen who are non-parochial is Chaplain and

Continued overpage....

originally implied that he had charge of a chapel (i.e. school chapel, a prison chapel, etc, not a non-conformist place of worship). There are of course Chaplain's to the Queen, a high honour and dignity. The most familiar for most of us would be the Chaplain to the Armed Forces - usually known as The Padre.

Parishes are grouped together in an area called a Deanery presided over by the Rural Dean, who is one of local clergymen usually appointed by the Bishop, but in Exeter Diocese retaining an ancient right of being elected by his brother clergy and then licenced by the Bishop.

In addition to the Bishop of the Diocese (Exeter) we have two other full-time Bishops, the Bishop of Plymouth and the Bishop of Crediton. They are full time assistants to the Diocesan Bishop but without territorial jurisdiction, although in practice they do have care of particular parts of the Diocese, but not independent of the Diocesan. (There are often other Assistant Bishops, retired men).

The Diocese of Exeter is divided into four Archdeaconries. The "Archdeacon" is an ancient office and he is the Bishop's officer for general administrative and disciplinary affairs. Each Archdeaconry consists of several Rural Deaneries.

The Bishop's Church or - in our case - Exeter Cathedral is so called because the Bishop has his Cathedra, his throne or chair there. It is serviced by the Residentiary Canons or non-residentiary Canons who hold a Cathedral benefice and in some cathedrals (of which Exeter is one) they are known as Prebendaries rather than Canons, although both titles are equally correct.

In conclusion may I just say one word about addressing the clergy as I'm sure people would rather get things right than wrong. The title The Reverend attaches to the Christian name (just as does the title Sir . . .). It is therefore correct to use it only with the Christian Name or with initials - e.g. The Revd. A.B.Smith; or The Revd. Arthur Smith but NEVER The Revd. Smith. If only the surname is known the correct title is Mr Smith or possibly Father Smith.

Just to confuse matters, the title Prebendary can attach to surname, with or without Christian names or initials. So when the Editor says at the commencement of this article it is by Prebendary P.S.Stephens he is, naturally quite correct !

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#### NOTE FROM RECTOR

#### NOVEMBER 8th is REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

As last year, our special Remembrance Services will commence at normal times, i.e. 9.20 a.m. SOUTH MILTON. 11.10 a.m. THURLESTONE

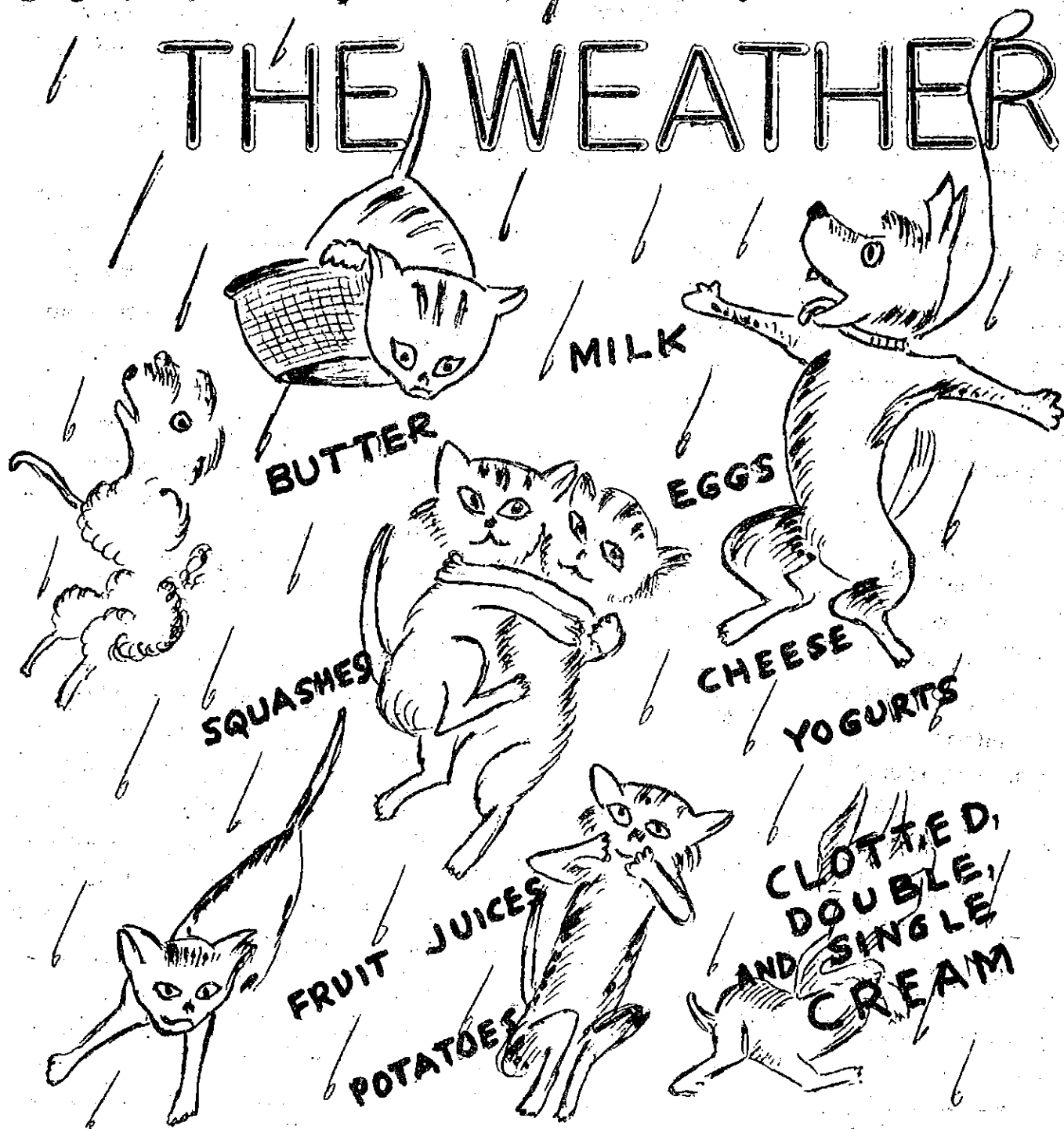
We shall keep the Silence as it occurs in the official Order of Service and in both cases proceed after the service to the respective War Memorials for the traditional Wreath Laying ceremony.

I hope we shall all be present to honour the memory of those who died that we might live

P.STEPHENS  
Rector

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# WHATEVER THE WEATHER



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# Do not be manipulated by your pet!

YOU arrive home tired at the end of a working day, and there's Rover bouncing up and down in the hall, tail wagging furiously, one of your favourite slippers in his mouth.

All your office troubles melt before this display of generosity and devotion. But is he really demonstrating his undying love for you, or responding to something much deeper in his canine psyche?

According to vet Bruce Fogle in his fascinating "Games Pets Play" - a manual no pet owner can afford to be without - Rover is simply reinforcing his status in the 'pack', which is the way he sees his adoptive human family.

Gift-offering is just one of the rituals that governs his life. There are feeding rituals, play rituals, territory rituals - that symbolic marking of gates and lamp-posts (if any) when out on his daily constitutional.

Such behaviour is predictable. But it can step out of line and enter the realms of the bizarre - as in the case of Ben, an angelic cocker spaniel who lapsed into tyranny only at bedtime - insisting on taking over his owners' bed, forcing them to take refuge in the spare room!

Why did his owners, an intelligent professional couple, let the little horror get away with it? Probably it wasn't their fault. Ben might have been born with an over-inflated innate urge to defend his own den. But a lot of anti-social doggy behaviour can be avoided with common sense training, and the author gives plenty of hints under the general heading: "How not to be manipulated by your pet."

The important thing is to remember that the family dog is not another human being. He is a pack animal, with a biological need for attachment. To treat him as a child or even parent substitute is a mistake. To acquire a guard-dog breed and allow him to appoint himself pack leader, usually end in disaster.

This is a captivating book, highly entertaining and sometimes touching. Most importantly, it tells us a few home truths about ourselves - the faults that lead some people to smother a pet with love and protection. Others choose one as a status symbol, or because they need something to dominate.

A dog or cat should be invited to share a family's life on a partnership basis, his animal needs understood and respected. If this is ignored, he will be exploited - or he will exploit you.

('Games Pets Play' by Bruce Fogle (Michael Joseph £9.95)  
Reviewed by Pamela Leeds

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ACROSS: 1. 560624. 6. 39. 8. 400. 9. 507. 10. 27. 11. 197. 12. 57. 13. 9216. 15. 94. 16. 48. 17. 1588. 19. 101. 21. 57. 23. 63360. 25. 81. 27. 621. 29. 1660. 31. 66. 32. 90. 33. 1905. 36. 30. 37. 640. 38. 39. 39. 786. 40. 220. 41. 22. 42. 560533. DOWN: 2. 6494. 3. 007. 4. 60. 5. 454. 6. 379. 7. 1760. 10. 21. 11. 1945. 12. 5883. 14. 240. 16. 456. 18. 831. 19. 1066. 20. 18. 22. 76. 24. 6660. 26. 1500. 28. 240. 30. 2130. 32. 9403. 34. 99. 35. 572. 36. 365. 37. 625. 40. 20. Hope you found it good fun. Do let us know!

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