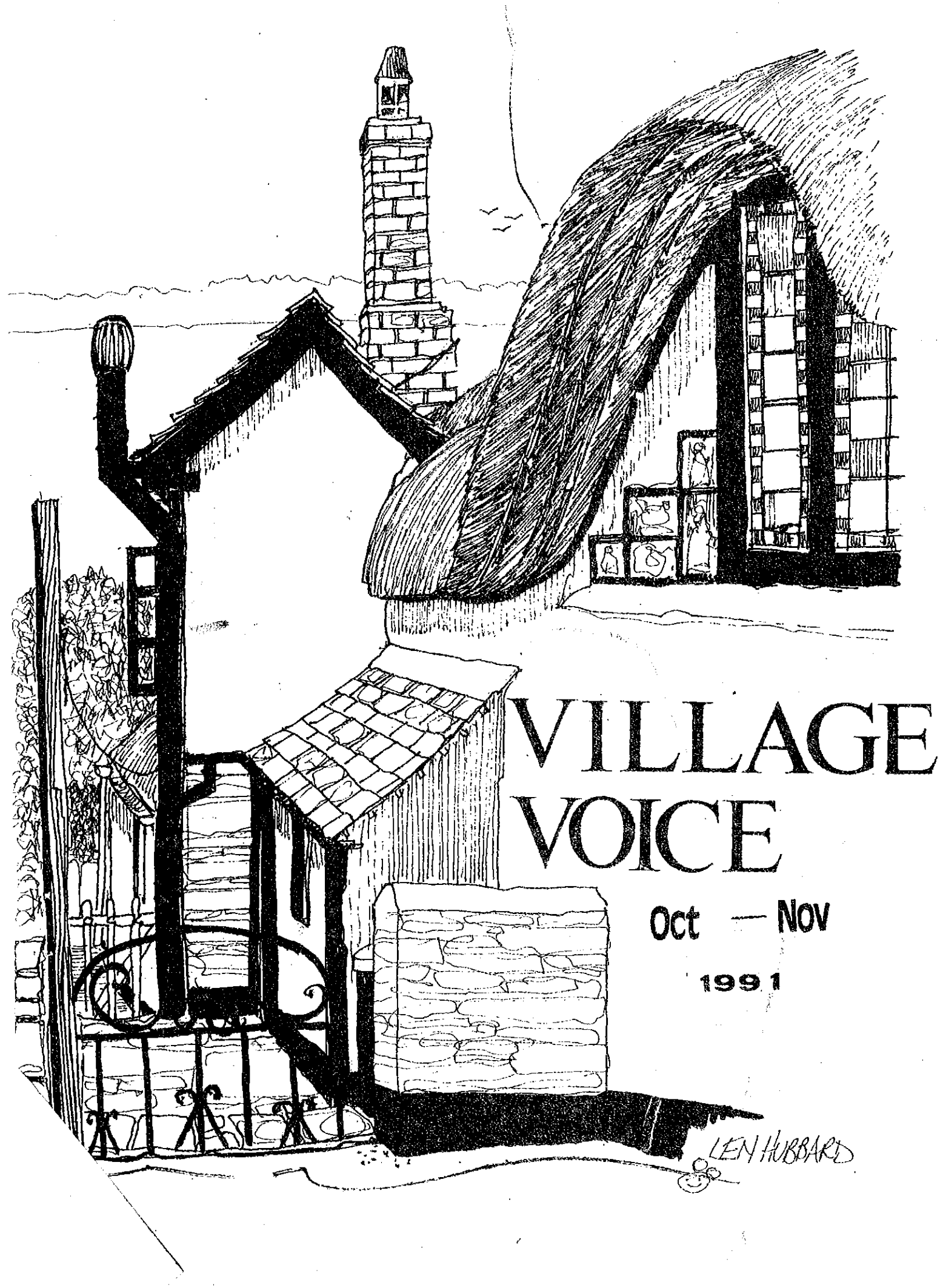

VILLAGE VOICE

Oct — Nov

1991

Stop Press local news: The cream tea operation at the Rectory Barn was highly successful raising £1,100 for the Devon Air Ambulance.

LEN HUBBARD'S STRIKING COVER FOR THIS ISSUE IS OF PEEP O' DAY, WEST BUCKLAND.

Founded by Dudley
DRABBLE
1982.

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY.
EDITED AND PRODUCED BY
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& PENNY McDONALD
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Thurlestone.
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by
LEN HUBBARD.

NUMBER 52. NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION. OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1991

WE FEEL LIKE SHOUTING OUT HURRAY! So Hurray! And Hurra! Three cheers for Thurlestone! And for Bantham! And for Buckland!

Three cheers for Joan Mackenzie. Three cheers for every member of her team. Hurray! Hurray! And Hurra!

Surely there can be no one in the parish who doesn't know the cause of our excitement. But just in case there is let us state proudly and loudly that Thurlestone has won the Best-Run Village Hall competition for the whole of the South Hams.

The prize - a foot-high silver cup with our name on it, a plaque to go on the Parish Hall wall, and a cheque for £100 - was collected by Hall Chairman Joan Mackenzie when the Community Council Council of Devon presented the prizes at Buckland Monachorum on September 11.

Nor is that all. Now our Hall goes forward to compete with the other eight Devon district winners for the title of the Best-Run Village Hall in the whole of Devon. This you must agree is good going, especially when you know that we only entered the competition, which has been going since 1986, for the first time this year.

Nothing can surely stop us now. And working purely on the basis that nothing suceeds like success, shouldn't we be entering Britain's Best-Kept Village competition in 1992?

So why not? We are after all a pretty damn-good-looking place. We'd need to make some minor touches here and there of course. Now just supposing for a start we put back the village pump...

HERE IS A LOCAL CAUTIONARY TALE. THOSE WHO HAVE TOURED LOCAL HOSTELRIES WILL KNOW IMMEDIATELY WHICH PUB WAS HOST TO THE EVENTS DESCRIBED AS TAKING PLACE ONE RECENT CHRISTMAS EVE. ONE FURTHER POINT:OUR HERO'S NAME WAS NOT ARTHER. NOT REALLY

AT LAST, After a seemingly unending torrent of gloom and doom reports on how the demon drink is responsible for broken health, marriages, and careers - and even reducing the size of a certain (very) vital man's statistic - the medical profession has finally come up with some good news.

Propping up the bar, say two West German doctors, can do wonders for your health!

According to the delightful duo, the way drinkers put an elbow on the bar and a foot on the rail is the best posture for relaxing back muscles. The slight droop of the shoulders traditionally affected by flies also helps to ease physical and therefore mental tension, points out a report which will surely surprise as many licensees as anti-drink campaigners. For the good doctors actually conclude by claiming that the time honoured inactivity of propping up the bar is almost as good as any physical exercise!

Thinking of all those round shouldered, pot bellied pint shifters propped against the bar in the selfless support of increased fitness puts me in mind of an old customer of mine, who would regularly down at least ten pints of his particular poison from his fiercely guarded station at the bar.

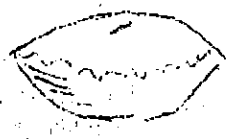
I always thought that his fierce insistence on occupying exactly the same spot every night was just a typical example of the average punter's belief that the price of a few pints also buys him a part of the pub which is forever 'his'. But in Old Arfur's case there was another reason, as I was to discover.

Universally admired for his ability to knock back prodigious amounts of booze whilst remaining upright, Old Arfur amazed us all one Christmas Eve by sinking enough wallop to float a fair sized battleship, whilst refusing all other offers of a bar stool.

As the fateful moment for drinking-up arrived, the other customers (eventually) quit the premises, leaving Arfur and I alone in the bar. After all pleas that he should wend his contented way homewards fell on deaf ears, I walked through the counter flap to assist him to the doors - and discovered artful Arfur's secret.

The reason he always insisted on standing in precisely the same spot every evening was to be found on the bar counter front, at the exact height of his belly button.

A MINCE PIE TASTING



DON'T LET CHRISTMAS KNOCK THE STUFFING OUT OF YOU . . .

- DON'T BE THE STOKER OF A HOT OVEN, LET US SOLVE YOUR MINCE PIE PROBLEMS.
- OVER 500 LOCAL MINCE PIES ARE LOOKING FOR A NEW HOME... LET IT BE YOURS (among others!)
- TASTE A PIE BEFORE YOU BUY...PIE AND TEA JUST 50P.
- BUT PIES ARE NOT ALL WE HAVE TO OFFER. WE'VE GOT CHRISTMAS GIFTS. WE'VE GOT CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, AND, OF COURSE, A SUPER RAFFLE.

COME TO THE RECTORY BARN

2·30 p.m NOVEMBER 28th

FOR THE CHURCH CHRISTMAS FAIR

My predecessor in the pub had made a vain attempt to give the place a bit of class by screwing a series of cup hooks into the vertical face of the counter, so that any ladies actually visiting the place would be able to hang their handbags on them.

Over the years, the hooks had all been nicked by DIY enthusiasts. All, that is, save the one at Old Arfur's spot. At some time in the dim and distant past and during a particularly heavy session, he had found that - by fortunate happen-stance, the cup hook fitted neatly into his belt buckle. This, he had discovered, gave him ample support as the evening wore on and the knees began to buckle.... and at the same time left both hands free for drinking and smoking.

So all this time he hadn't been standing at the bar.

He had been hanging from it

Needless to say, I carefully disengaged him from his hook, called a cab and sent him home.

Old Arfur's secret was safe with me until his demise some years ago, which freed me of my self- imposed promise not to reveal just how he drank so much and stayed upright.

After all - who wants the responsibility of destroying a living legend?

(This article was reproduced by kind permission of Food and Drink Magazine.0705-839859)

In this issue, Villager looks at the"man of the match"at the footpath inquiry, worries about whether there will be yet another public inquiry soon...
....hopes that the village will have a better way of keeping warm in the winters yet to come.. And finally discovers that village vandalism is nothing new.

THE SECOND BIGGEST EVENT in the village this autumn - the first was of course winning the cup for the best run village hall in the South Hams - was the public inquiry into the footpath across the northern end of the golf course.

Though we won't hear the result until some time after you read this, it was an event which certainly brought the village together - at one point those trying to hear had filled the entrance lobby of the Hall and were spilling out on to the car park.

Man who came out best of the inquiry was undoubtedly the man who held it. Mr.J.N.Holden was the inspector appointed by the Secretary of State for the Environment and from the very first moment he was seen to clip the wings of the legal eagles. A very no-nonsense fellow is Mr.Holden and he certainly impressed all those present. So much so that "Win or lose," said one distinguished local celebrity afterwards, "I will accept his decision as final!"

Those of an astrological bent will not be surprised therefore to be told that Mr.Holden is a Scorpio, born in November 1924. Nor could anyone of any bent be surprised that such a commanding figure was an Army man. Commissioned in 1943, he was made a Brigadier in June, 1974. A staff officer, who had served in the Royal Engineers, he retired from the Army on his birthday in 1979.

NOW IT COULD BE, it just could be, that the footpath one is not the only public inquiry which the village may have to host this year.

I say this because no less than five objectors are holding up the Thurlestone sewage plan!

Continued overleaf.

VILLAGER continues:

At the moment work has been suspended while the Secretary of State for the Environment (that man again!) considers their appeals. And no, not all the objectors are from South Milton. In fact I understand that two conservation groups are also involved, one local and one national.

The proceedure now is that the Secretary of State considers their appeals and also writes to them asking for more information about the basis for their arguments. Once he has received this extra information, the objections are considered and the Secretary of State's decision is based on the correspondence, including that from the National Rivers Authority.

This stage usually takes about a month and if the objections are over-ruled the work starts again. But if the Secretary of State feels that he must tighten up on the NRA's conditions on South West Water's proposals and the South West Water appeals against this, then, bingo!, you have another public enquiry.

And though I don't want to be really gloomy, it could be that in the end South West Water could wash their hands of the whole plan. And then we would really be up that famous creek without a paddle of any kind!

WHAT A CHANGING WORLD we live in -- and I'm not thinking about sewage or footpaths now, though you may think that the subject of gas is not unrelated to both.

The gas I have in mind could be good news for Thurlestone for it is of the North Sea kind belonging to British Gas. It seems there is a chance that at last the gas pipes may be extended to the village.

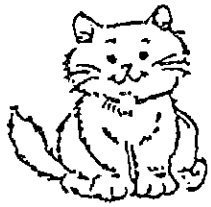
At the moment the gas main is nearest to South Milton and it will probably have to come that way round. Certainly we are the subject of a feasibility study at the present time and a decision is not all that far away.

Personally, I hope we do get gas. For keeping me warm in winter there seems to me nothing better than good old gas central heating. It makes those electric night storage heaters a cold prospect in comparison. The coming of gas will mean that my log fire will be a luxury rather than an essential!

BUT SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE. Reading of vandalism in villages roundabout, one tends to think it something new. But there was vandalism in Thurlestone even during the days of the Second World War. Some of the evacuees from London in the 1940's, I'm told, took delight in throwing stones at the stained glass set into the wheels of the Reverend Peregrine Arthur Ilbert's wedding coach which he built into the wall of the barn when he converted it into the fine house we know today as Rockhill.

Retribution was swift and more effective and more painful than anything dished out to the so-called "deprived" today. And the glass was quickly replaced with a perfect match by a man who hastened out from Kingsbridge.

Country Hill Cat Kennels



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Janet Lemmy

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YOUR MAGAZINE.

VILLAGE VOICE can only be distributed FREE to RESIDENTS of the villages of the Parish.

The magazine is entirely self-supporting and is not a charge on the Parish Rate, but it was founded on behalf of the Parish Council and is delighted to remain under the Council's sponsorship.

But this does not mean that the views and opinions expressed in these pages are the views or opinions of any member of Thurlestone Parish Council and should be ascribed only to the authors concerned.

Your copy is delivered to you by our volunteer distributors. In Thurlestone, this is dairyman Peter Bromfield, and in Bantham and West Buckland, Mrs.Jean Hurrell.
Extra copies may be bought from local newsagents, Mr.and Mrs. Bob Morley at the Village Stores.

There is also a subscription service, which already sends copies to readers all over the country at an annual cost of £5, which includes postage.

Neville OSWALD reports

ANYONE VISITING Thurlestone for the first time must surely be impressed by the size of our Church. It is by far the most important building in the parish and contains more information about the past than all the others put together.

Who owns it - some religious body, the Government, the Monarch or the parishioners? I prefer not to know, but I do know that during its chequered career it has been claimed by all four.

With the aid of a suitable book or pamphlet, a visitor sitting in the nave can see 800 years of history spread out around him. First comes the Norman font, to be followed a little later by the wall to the left of the altar with its lancet windows and the base of the tower, both of which date from the early 1200s; evidently there was then a poorly lit chancel with a long narrow nave leading to a tower at the end. That was when, in 1230, Pope Gregory IX licensed a man called Henry, whose surname we do not know, to hold the rectorate as an additional benefice.

Who was Henry? Well, the Abbots of Buckfastleigh farmed much of the neighbourhood and exported their produce through the little town of Kingsbridge, which they virtually owned, and for which they obtained a market in 1219. Tradition has it that monks came down from Buckfastleigh, enjoyed a convivial evening at the Church House Inn at Churchstow where they stayed overnight and then walked down here for Sunday services; perhaps Henry was one of these.

The Church was enlarged in the following years, under the guidance of its Catholic rectors, leading to its completion about the year 1500. Thus it became the centre of local rural life, with ample room for every religious, educational and social event; indeed its power and influence were unchallenged.

Meanwhile, the villagers became increasingly resistant to Papal authority and the demands it made, and successive monarchs, resenting the Church's dominance, eyed with envy its considerable wealth. Eventually, of course, in the 1530s, Henry VIII abolished the monasteries, seized their lands and became the religious head of the State. There followed a period of mopping up, with the suppression of local Catholic uprisings and the maintenance of royal authority.

On the south wall is a pleasant memorial to Henry Luscombe, kneeling quietly at prayer; he became Rector in 1597. In 1634 he was followed by John Snell, who had been chaplain to King Charles I. Snell played an important part in the Civil War. He was chaplain of the garrison of Salcombe Castle when it was besieged by Cromwell's men. It was the last place in Devonshire to hold out for the King and when it was forced to surrender part of the deal was that Snell should be allowed "the quiet possession of his parsonage". The pledge

NEVILLE OSWALD CONTINUED

was not kept and he was forced to fly for his life with his wife and family. He was officially turned out of his living in 1646 and a John Buckley put in his place. Buckley was dismissed at the Restoration and John Snell was brought back. What a series of disruptions these must have been for the villagers.

The 1700s were an unhappy time for the Church in Devon. Thurlestone had a succession of rectors, of whom we know little, but almost half of the parishes in the county had no priest at all; those that did often had to tolerate one who was absent for long periods or spent much of the winter months in the hunting field. Eventually, the redoubtable Henry Phillpotts became Bishop of Exeter in 1831 and vastly improved the conduct of religious affairs.

The Reverend Peregrine Arthur Ilbert was inducted as Rector here in 1839 and remained in office for the next 55 years. A tablet in the chancel and the east window were erected in his memory. He was akindly and much respected cleric who preached to packed congregations and wanted to know who and the reason why anybody failed to attend. He, with the parish council comprising half a dozen farmers and a couple of "gents" with private means, ruled the parish. Then in 1895, following legislation, the council was forced to split into the parish council to administer the needs of the village and the parish church council to order the affairs of the Church.

The villagers, several of them farmers, were duly elected to the new parish council and have continued to dominate it ever since; with their enthusiasm and detailed knowledge of the district they have served the community well, even if they have been irked at times by the limitations put on them by higher authority.

The parish church council soon attracted the newcombers to Thurlestone who came to live in the village following the opening of the golf club in 1897, and who occupy the many houses which have been and are still being built to accommodate them. They are mainly retired people who now fill most of the offices in the church and comprise the greater part of the congregation.

What on earth does our visitor, sitting alone in the nave, think of all this? Surrounded by the symbols of a faith which he may have difficulty in understanding, he finds himself confronted by something beyond his day to day experience, something that offers the dimensions of a nebulous world which is somehow contained within the walls of a building so laboriously erected by the villagers many years ago.

He is reminded of the dramatic evolution from the Norman Conquest, Catholicism, the tyrannical monarchs, the Puritans, the godless 1700s, the resurgence and controversies of the Victorian age, and ultimately the calm yet curiously indifferent present. The Church is there for him to pursue his thoughts and it will still be there long after he is gone.

DEPARTMENT OF UNBELIEVABLE FACTS:

We are told, by someone who said they have seen it, that Tintagel, home of all things pertaining to King Arthur and his Round Table, really has a hotel with a watering hole they call "The EXCALIBAR". We don't believe it, do you?

ALL SAINTS SCHOOL
THURLESTONE

DISCITE BENEFACERE

OUR QUEEN IS MISSING!

ACCORDING TO A VERY OLD photograph (circa 1903) there was once a niche above the main window at the front of the school wherein resided the haughty bust of Victoria Regina.

The exact position and shape of the niche is clearly visible, though at some stage during the last eighty-eight years it was filled in. We do not know why or when this happened and the whereabouts of the magisterial bust is similarly shrouded in mystery. Conceivably, it is shrouded in the cement and plaster that fills the niche, but it would satisfy genuine historical curiosity if someone in the community could yield any information about this matter.

The shhool, of course, is an ever-changing institution. In 1974 the school was substantially extended so that children from South Milton could be accommodated. As a result, All Saints School became (and remains) the envy of many schools of similar size in the area. Its spacious entrance, hall and dining room, library and practical areas give the children remarkable opportunities to explore and study. And now we move on again. Modest remodelling has taken place during the recent summer break and soon the oustide will be completely redecorated. We hope to have a school that will not only set high academic and personal standards but one which the whole communtiy can proudly claim to be its own.

A.F.WILLIAMS. Headmaster.

FREE TREES FOR YOU!

Devon loses thousands of trees each year. Now here's a chance to put some back. Devon County Council are offering free trees to Devon residents to plant on their o: land.

Types of trees available are: Ash, Sycamore, Wild Cherry, Lime, Willow, Whitebeam, Beech, Alder, Grey Poplar, Oak, Hornbeam, Field Maple, Sweet Chestnut, Birch and Rowan.

Best planting time is between December and March. Applications must be in before November. Trees will be brought close to home. Want a tree or two, or more? Contact Thurlestone's Tree Warden Charles Mitchelmore on 560602. And make it soon.

PAUL SHEPHERD, OUR COMMUNITY CONSTABLE, WRITES:

As this is the second opportunity I have had to write in your magazine, I thought you might like to know a little more about me, your village Policeman.

Ijoined the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary in 1973 as a police cadet having just left school. I spent 18 months at Exeter at the Police Training College. My only experience of of police work before this was when I was five years old and I got told off by our local Police Constable for standing too near the kerb when doing traffic control!!

Having joined the 'proper' police at 19 and completed my initial training, I went to work in Plymouth City Centre. I spent eleven years here, patrolling Union Street and the city centre. I also spent three years on the Mobile Task Force which dealt with major enquiries and public order problems. I was also the Police Officer for two years who was responsible for the area around Freedom Fields and Greenbank Hospitals.

Having decided I would like a change, you can imagine my delight in exchanging Union Street for the Kingsbridge area. I have been here for just over four years, and I have the responsibility for Thurlestone, South Milton, Banthan, Churchstow and West Alvington.

I would say the highlight of my Police career to date would be the honour of being one of a few Officers selected from each Police Force to go and police the Papal Visit of Pope Paul in the Midlands ten years ago. Also I was involved seven years ago in the year long Miners' Strike, where for a year I was involved with the massive contingent of police officers from Devon and Cornwall going to Derbyshire. I went up about 15 times, and each day we had to get up at 1 a.m.(!) and travel for about two hours to our destination. That makes a normal 6 a.m. start like a lie in!

I am married to Karen and have two children, Hannah aged nine and Jonathan who is seven. Karen works as the Practice Nurse at Kingsbridge Health Centre, and I am sure many of you will have met her. As a family we all enjoy sailing, cycling and I play cricket for my local village team.

Now that our Summer rush is over, I look forward to spending more time in your village. I'm sure for those of you who saw me recently 'struggling' around on the old Police bike, it brought back nostalgic memories of 'the good old days'. Well, it is my intention, duties and commitments permitting, to use our Police cycle more often in and around Thurlestone.

Finally, please do not forget the usual crime prevention advice about locking windows and doors. Crime is relatively low in Thurlestone, so with your help and our Neighbourhood Watch, let's keep it that way. Best wishes to you all.

PAUL SHEPHERD, Community Constable.

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

A selection from this menu is always available during the following opening hours:-

Monday-Saturday 11.30-2.30, 6.00-11.00
Sunday 12.00-2.00, 7.00-10.30

LUNCHTIME

Home-made Soup
Smoked Salmon Pate
Hot Prawns
Various Sandwiches
Pasties
Scampi
Chicken
Ploughman's
Lasagne Verde
Cod
Steakwiches

EVENINGS

Prawn Cocktail
Home-made Soup
Smoked Salmon Pate
Smoked Mackerel
Avocado Crab Cocktail
Fillet Steak
Sirloin Steak
Grilled Plaice
Chicken Kiev
Lasagne Verde

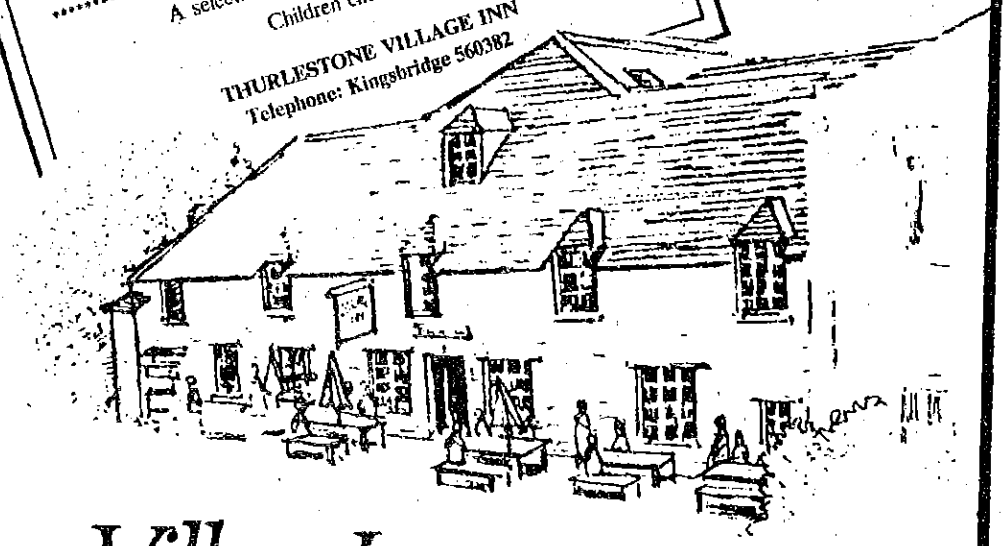
Sweets to include:-

Hot Chocolate Fudge Cake · Home-made Apple Pie
Home-made Meringues · Home-made Treacle Tart
Salcombe Dairy Ice-cream

A selection of real ales, wines and spirits

Children catered for

THURLESTONE VILLAGE INN
Telephone: Kingsbridge 560382



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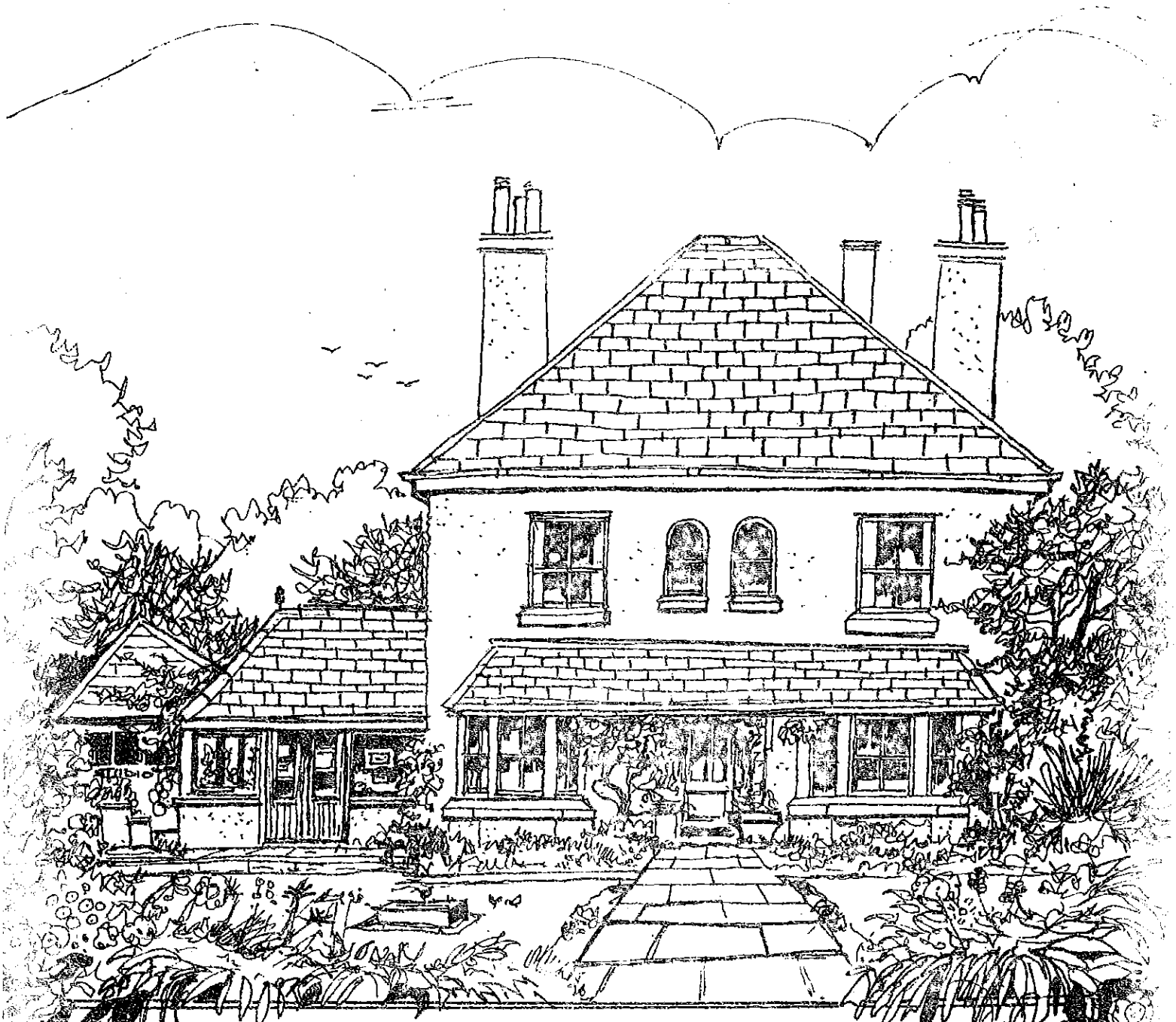


Kate's Kitchen

SAYS KATE: Chocolate is enjoyed by everyone. The Aztecs cultivated it over 3,000 years ago. At one time the cocoa bean was used as a currency - now we bribe children with it!

THIS DELICIOUS CAKE RECIPE is just the treat for all "chocoholics". Chocolate whether used in confectionery, puddings or cakes is one of the most versatile cookery ingredients.

5 ozs Butter and Margarine mixed
5 ozs Soft Brown Sugar
3 Eggs (beaten)
7 ozs Self Raising Flour and
1 oz Cocoa seived together.
2 good tablespoons Dark Chunky Marmalade
1 oz Candied Orange Peel (optional)
1 oz Plain Chocolate cooking drops.

Cream the fats and sugar, add the marmalade and beat in, then slowly add the beaten eggs a little at a time, adding a little flour if the mixture starts to curdle. Fold in the flour, choc drops and peel and cocoa. Put into a lined and greased 2lb loaf tin and cook for approx. 1 hour 320F 160C. If using a Circotherm oven aslightly lower temperature is used. Test with a skewer before removing from the oven.

If you own a food mixer or processor, all the above ingredients, with the exception of the last two, can be mixed in one stage, but add one level teasp. of baking powder. Add the Choc Drops and peel by folding these in at the end of processing.

When cool, cover with a branded cake coating or this one I use on special occasions:

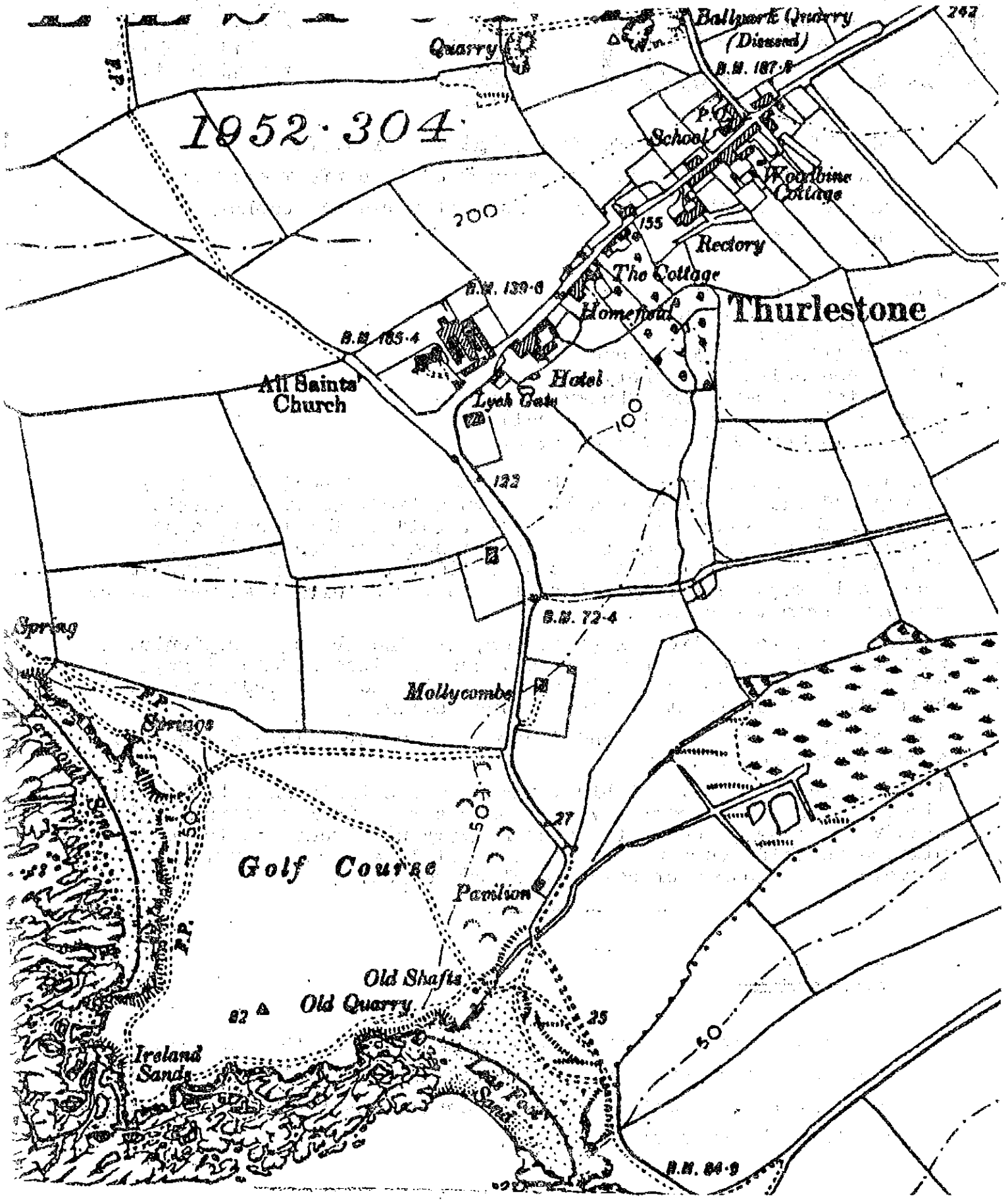
4 fl.oz Double Cream, 1 tablsp.Brandy, 4 ozs Plain choc broken into pieces. Bring the cream only just to the boil in a saucepan, add brandy and choc pieces, stir continuously until choc melts and the mixture is thick and smooth. Leave until luke warm, stirring occasionally. Pour over cake and allow to set.

LOCAL NEWS.

Thurlestone Conservatives made £100 more than they have ever made at a coffee morning before when they totted up the sums after their July 6th coffee morning at the Thurlestone Hotel. Final amount: £276.00.

THURLESTONE IN 1907.

And for the real story of Miss Molly of Mollycombe, turn to our POSTBAG Page...



POSTBAG LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BEFORE WE START on this issues crop of new letters, let's hark back for a moment to a letter in our last edition. Written by Pat Macdonald, it asked about the name plate which used to be attached to the post box on the hill from Hotel to Golf Club. The plate, she recalled, used to read "Mollycombe". Why? asked Mrs.Macdonald.

Your replies poured in. Mollycombe we were told was the name of a house. And what is more the person it was named after - Miss Molly Beer - was alive and well and living close by. So that is how Village Voice found itself talking to Miss Molly of Mollycombe.

Molly Beer is now 90 and lives at Auton, near West Alvington. The house was near Merchant's Field and had indeed been named after her. "The house was built for my mother and she named it after me. I'm told that the mason carried me up a ladder and I scratched my name on one of the slates.

"The house is gone now of course. There were no cars then and everyone either walked, rode a horse or a bicycle. There were only two houses down near the golf course then - Mollycombe and the Prowses' house, Heathfield. Oh, and there were two bungalows. The Gibson girls lived in one. I think there are a lot of houses there now...I haven't been back for years..."

Miss Molly Beer has another claim to fame, besides her house. She was one of the first people to play on the golf course - "it was nine holes then and the clubhouse was a sort of wooden thing. Parson Coope was in the Rectory with all his daughters, Mrs.Chandos-Pole was in Thatchways, and whenever my mother wanted to get us out of the way, she would give us a penny to buy some winegums from Mrs.Pound's shop at the top of the village.

"I was born in Kingsbridge in a lovely house where Gateways is now. We left there in the Twenties and then it became Wreford's garage. Then we lived in Thornfields in West Alvington. We had a house at Hope Cove called The Morrings, which was left to my sister and I had Auton. I didn't marry, I had enough to do looking after myself, let alone anyone else!"

DEAR EDITORS,

May I remind your readers of a second series of flower arranging sessions in Thurlestone Parish Hall each Wednesday from 2 - 3.30 p.m. starting on October 30th and concluding on 4th December.

Enrolment for the six sessions will be at 1.45 p.m. on Wednesday 30th October at the Hall.

I will be pleased to provide further details if enquirers will telephone 560884.

ALICE FOSTER, Crosslands, Thurlestone.

More letters overleaf.

POSTBAG - MORE OF YOUR LETTERS.

DEAR EDITORS,

Our first home after our marriage was a darling little cottage in Buckland just below Clanacombe House. The path to the front door had a grass lawn on each side, one on the level and the other sloping down to the stream.

I decided rather foolishly to level the sloping lawn and without more ado started digging away not realising there would be a dangerous drop on the left of the path. I had been working for some time when suddenly our little dog, Biddy (part terrier and part samoyed), came from the back of the house walking backwards and making a most peculiar noise. All the hair on her back was standing upright and she was looking at something 6 ft over her head and about 6 ft in front of her. As she passed me my blood ran cold.

She backed as far as the gate and there she sat down and hung her head wagging her tail very slowly as if in apology. I hastily started to fill in the ground I had disturbed thereby quite possibly preventing my husband from breaking his neck one dark night.

A few years later I read a little book by Daisy Ingram, whose father had been the blacksmith in Buckland. She had emigrated to Canada as a young woman and wrote nostalgically about her childhood in Buckland. In her book she mentions the supposed ghost at Clanacombe which the villagers firmly believed in. I wonder if anyone else has had a weird experience regarding it.

HILDA R.DAVIES, Thurlestone.

DEAR MADAM EDITOR,

May I use your columns to put a minor matter right. There is, so I am told, a gentleman who frequents Thurlestone Sands who persists in telling enquirers that "the woman who wrote the book called Just-a-Cottage is dead". So may I just say - no she didn't and I ain't!

KENDALL McDONALD, THURLESTONE.

DEAR SIR,

In a previous issue the writer of "Drabblemania" listed the many inventions and innovations which have been introduced to our daily life during the past 80 years. However, scientists have never tackled the REAL problems which have afflicted the human race since the dawn of civilisation.

I list three mysteries which strike at the heart of civilised life and which, to my knowledge, no scientist has ever come up with an explanation - why if a piece of jammy bread is dropped does it always land jam side down; why when a basin of dirty washing up water is emptied is there always a spoon or knife left unwashed, and why, if the soap slips from one's hand in the bath, is the water always cold by the time the offending lump is recovered?

IAN C.YOUNG, SOUTH MILTON.

DRABBLEMANIA

A MISCELLANY OF THIS & THAT

THE HUNGRY ONES ??

Lev Davidorich TROTSKY once said: "Nobody who has wealth to distribute ever omits himself !"

Could I dare to suggest an Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not rip the public off"

WHEN I read about the couple who responded to an advertisement in 'Exchange & Mart' for 50 cigarette lighters at the knock down price of £13 (W.Morn News 21.6.91) and all they received was a box of 50 coloured matches, reminded me of a similar money making 'stunt' of many years ago. Send 5/- for a life like portrait of the King (George V) which ended in your receiving a penny stamp - which, of course, bore a 'portrait' of His Majesty .(No! I'm not that daft either !!)

+ + + + + + +

GETTING TO SCHOOL . . .
THE PROVISIONS of the 1944 Education Act costs the country £250 million pounds a year, and it seems less than 5% of pupils nationwide have to pay ! I wonder how many buses are needed, nationwide ?

+ + + + + + +

A Centipede was happy till . . . .
One day a toad in fun . . . .
Said "pray which leg goes after which ?
This strained his mind to such a pitch,
He lay distracted in a ditch,
Forgetting how to run . . . .

M.S.

MORE : : :

D R A B B L E M A N I A P a r t I I

THE NETTLE has never been a popular plant, which is a trifle surprising, because it has a wealth of uses. It is, of course adored by butterflies such as the Red Admiral, the Peacock and small Tortoiseshell, for protect--ing their eggs and as a food plant for their caterpillars, and about 30 specie of insect are said to feed off one plant. Flies are supposed to steer clear of it for some reason, and there is a household hint for keeping flies out of the house by hanging a bunch of fresh stinging nettles indoors.
The stinging nettle hairs have a swollen base or sac with an irritant fluid , and this bears a tube which has a bent tip as brittle as glass. This microscopic tip breaks off when our hand brushes past the leaves, and we are injected with the equivalent of a hyperdermic syringe of poison. The phrase 'to grasp the nettle', has arisen from the experience that when handled roughly the hairs are snapped off lower down and do not penetrate the skin. The stinging properties have, however, been harnessed by some people, for it was an old remedy used by people with rheumatism, who beat themselves with nettles in order, by such a process, to draw more blood to the affected joints.
Nettle beer is an old country standby, something like ginger beer, and is supposed to do away with aches and pains. Nettle tea is also considered a useful blood purifier, and nettles are said to be good as a hair conditioner and to stop hair falling out. Nettle juice combed through the hair is supposed to help hair growth - (personally untested) - .
You might think it impossible, but nettle cloth was actually made from the strong fibres of the nettle plant, chiefly by the Germans in the First World War period. It made a kind of cotton substitute, and was used in the making of shirts and overalls.

+ + + + + + + +

TWELVE NEW FORESTS. It seems a desire to enhance the appearance of the English countryside for wildlife and (perhaps unfortunately), fresh opportunities for recreational pursuits (??), lie behind the announcement made recently by the Countryside Commission and the Forestry Commission, that in a £70 million government scheme for 12 new forests, covering a total area of some 600,000 acres, are to be created around towns and cities across the length and breadth of England. It is hoped that in a hundred years time the various fofests will be like those beautiful wooded areas found in England today - the New Forest and the Forest of Dean. The scheme is far ranging, and amongst the areas which will be close to the new forests are Durham, Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, Bedford, Bristol, Swindon, South Hertfordshire and a site to the east of London..

+ + + + + + +

FIGURES ISSUED - SO FAR - FROM THE 1991 CENSUS indicate that the main destination for those seeking refuge from overcrowded London and its surrounds - yes, you've guessed it - the South West, with a net migration from the South East of 21,000 !
Sadly, (for the children) - the number of births outside wedlock jumped dramatically in the 1980's, accounting for 26.8 per cent of all births compared with 12.5 per cent in the 1970's (1981 Census). Scotland had the highest death rate in the 10 years period to 1991 at 12.6%per hundred thousand population - the only region whoredeaths outstripped births.

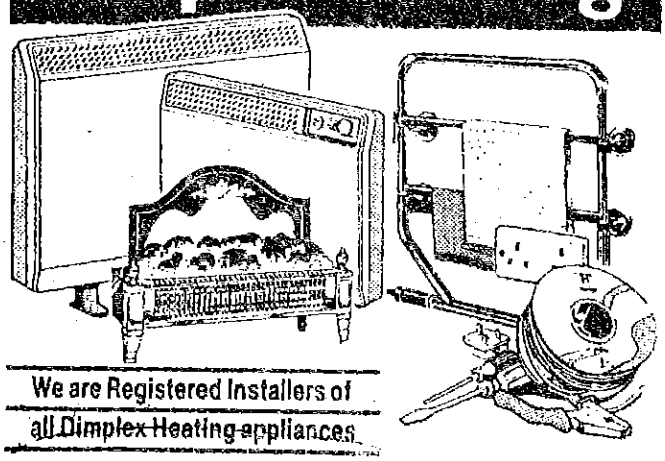
+ + + + + + +

Where does the family start? It starts with a young man falling in love with a girl - no superior alternative has yet been found.

Winston Churchill (Attrib)

OVER:-

House Rewiring? Extra socket? Dimplex Heating!



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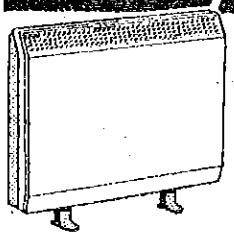

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D R A B B L E M A N I A P a r t I I I

THE WHEY TO BEAUTY & LONG LIFE The dictionary definition of whey does not sound wildly attractive - "the watery part of milk that remains liquid when the rest forms curds". This liquid, however, was often taken by young ladies as a sure recipe for a soft skin and general good health. Francis Kilvert's unique picture of daily life in Radnorshire and Hereford--shire in the 1870s, mentioning many lovely, fresh faced country girls he met. He recalled that his own grandmother, when a 'fair and beautiful young maid', would make a point of visiting the farm dairy to drink a glass of whey "every morning during the sweet month of May". He explained "the reason why the whey is so sweet and wholesome in May and June is because the grass eaten by cows is so full of flowers and young sweet herbs"

The whey suited most country people, of course, not just the girls. It was the proud boast of Thomas Parr of Shropshire, that its consumption had helped him to live to the incredible age of 152 years! This noteable ancient was buried at Westminster Abbey, but his village church at Wollaston in Shropshire displays a brass plate, handsomely engraved with his portrait and the following winning words: 'The old, old, very old, Thomas Parr, was born at Glyn in the year of Our Lord 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten kings and queens of England. He died age 152 years and nine months (November 1635.")

Thomas was an appealing character who in his later years, when quizzed about his longevity, described his basic rural diet as his recipe for success, He lived upon rancid cheese, milk, coarse hard bread and always drank whey. This diet was the background to his vigorous life - he claimed that at 145 he was still working daily on the farm, managing all the tasks including the threshing of corn! His fame spread and Thomas was brought to London where he met King Charles I; he admiredall the famous sights of the Capital and he himself became the talk of the town. It was perhaps the rich food of London (plus the excitement) that upset the old gentleman and it was there that he died.

+ + + + + +

When as a child I laughed and wept - Time crept.
When as a youth I dreamed and talked - Time walked.
When I became a fully grown man - Time ran,
And as I oldem grew - Time flew;
Soon I shall find when travelling on - Time gone.

(Quotation taken from the Tower ofBidborough Church, Kent. (Thank you Mrs Strain)

+ + + + + + +

CONGRATULATIONS to GARY BLIGHT - eldest son of Paul and Jillian Blight, who own the South Milton Post Office Stores. Gary was a great help - as a schoolboy - in the early days of Village Voice, producing many of the excellent cover pictures, right up to 1986. His drawing of a surfer gave early indication of his blossoming talent, so it came as no surprise to learn that he obtained a BA Honours Degree (First Class) in Communication Media, specialising in illustration, at the Kent Institute of Art and Design, Maidstone. He was also awarded the Mont Blanc prize for the best thesis submitted this year. We are going to hear more of this young man in the years ahead.

+ + + + + + +

The House of Lords has a value ... it is good evidence of life after death.
Lord Soper

The Agricultural State of the Kingdom in February-March-April 1816

At the end of the Napoleonic War Agriculture had reached a desperate state of depression by the year 1816 and the Board of Agriculture were so deeply concerned they sent a 'Circular of Queries' to leading farmers and landowners throughout the Kingdom, requesting a detailed report on the true situation. Here we are chiefly concerned with the reply of a Mr R Hawkins of Kingsbridge AND A Mr Taylor of Newton Abbot. First though, a short

INTRODUCTION

In the period 1814-1816 the Agricultural Industry of the Kingdom passed quite suddenly from great prosperity to extreme depression. Farms were thrown up; notices to quit poured in; countless numbers of tenants absconded. Large tracts of land were untenanted and often uncultivated. Bankers pressed for their advance, landlords for their rent, tithe-owners for their tithe, tax-collectors for their taxes, tradesmen for their bills to be settled. Insolvencies, compositions, executions, seizures, arrests and imprisonments for debt multiplied. Farmhouses were full of Sheriffs' Officers. Many large farmers lost everything, and became applicants for pauper allowances. Agricultural improvements were at a standstill. Livestock was reduced to a minimum. Lime kilns ceased to burn; less manure was, therefore, used on the land; the least possible labour was employed. The tradesmen, Innkeepers and shopkeepers of the country towns suffered heavily through loss of custom. Blacksmiths, wheelwrights, collar-makers, harness makers and carpenters found no work.

At first the depression had been chiefly felt in corn growing districts, especially on heavy land. But by 1816 it had spread to mixed and grass farms. The whole fabric of high agricultural investment, often made with borrowed money, and the higher living standards that landlords and farmers had come to adopt, rested on the continuance of wartime prices. When these began to fail the crash came. Profits were reduced by half; burdens remained the same. Tenants-at-will could at least quit their holding, but tenants occupying under long leases found themselves in a difficult position. Landlords could not meet their liabilities unless rents were maintained; without reduction of rent, the bankruptcy of their tenants seemed inevitable. From the accounts from contemporary statements of agricultural distress, the most remarkable and best documented was ths enquiry carried out by the Board of Agriculture in the early months of 1816. The background to this enquiry was the painful readjustment, not only of agriculture but the whole of the British economy, a readjustment necessi--tated by the ending of the 30 years of war, the great reduction in government spending, the rapid running down of the armed forces, and the return of trade to peace time channels and nation wide repercussions. But the condition of agriculture, the largest source of wealth and supporting about a third of the country's labour force was the subject of the greatest public discussion and concern.

OVER:-

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Mrs.Veronica White 560236

Parish Clerk: Mr.W.G.Ladd 560686

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The reply to the Circular of Queries from Mr R.Hawkings of Kingsbridge Verbatim et Literatim

There were a great many farms now untenanted in the Kingsbridge area, a situation here described in the words of Mr Hawkins :

"I know of twenty-four, of various sizes, containing, together about 4,000 acres. The landlords unfortunately knowing very little of agriculture, and being taken by surprise have not the means of managing their farms; and, consequently, they are, in great measure, uncultivated.

A number of tenants, to my knowledge, have given notice to their landlords of quitting their farms, to the amount of nine or ten thousand acres; but what is far more calamitous, the usual method, now-a-day, among tenants, is not to give any notice, but advertise all their stock to be sold by auction, immediately before a Quarter Day, pay up the rent to that period, and then desert the farm, leaving the landlord the only remedy, of prosecuting on the lease (if any) if he chooses. And a considerable number of farmers, still more unprincipled, have driven off the whole of their cattle, and even removed their household furniture, and all their dead stock, by night, leaving the landlord without a remedy. This shocking conduct of the tenantry is daily increasing. The plough, in consequence, is nearly at a stand, and extra manure mostly put a stop to, hence unproductive crops must be expected, on the reduced number of acres that are tilled.

In the seven years, ending at Christmas, 1814, the average quantity of lime burnt for manure, in this neighbourhood, annually amounted to between 50 and 60,000 hogsheads, or quarters. Last year, ending at Christmas 1815, not more than 20,000 were burnt for the same purpose; and this year, the lime merchants, owing to numerous losses and disappoint--ments, at the usual time of payment from the tenantry, will only burn lime for the landlords, or those tenants who are known to be men of property and good character; hence, a great many small vessels, which heretofore had constant employment to and from Plymouth, and Dartmouth, &c for limestone (none being found within ten miles of Kingsbridge) and a number of vessels, of a larger description, which had a regular trade to Wales for culm, are nearly all laid up, for want of their usual employment.

The distresses of the farmers are nearly innumerable. Their farm stock is not of more than one half the value, or three-fifths at most, of what it would have fetched two years ago; hence nearly double the quantity of each kind of their produce must be sold to pay the same amount of rent, taxes, &c; even at this reduced price, it is two to one they cannot find purchasers, without giving long credit. Two years ago they had a ready-money market for every article of their produce. The expenses of a prudentfarmer are nearly the same now as then. His manure, his taxes, his tithes, parochial and county rates, clothing, &c are the same. His rent is somewhat reduced, but not generally. I speak of those farmers who hold on their leases. The leases of this neighbourhood, contain a covenant respecting extra manure, and expressly state, "that, for every acre of land that is broken up for tillage, not less than ten hogsheads or quarters of lime, shall be brought on the land for two crops of grain, one of which is to be wheat, the other barley, or oats; and, with the last the tenant is to sow grass-seeds.

The state of the labouring poor at this time is very deplorable indeed. Many serving in husbandry, who two years ago received from 10 to 12 guineas a year wages, and their board and lodging, are now, in numberless instances, very glad to work for board and lodging only. Carpenters, Wheelwrights, masons &c. are without employment half their time, the farmers having no money to pay them, they are in consequence compelled

Concluded overpage:

Concluding:

THE AGRICULTURAL STATE OF THE KINGDOM - 1816

to ask relief from the Poor Wardens; hence poor-rates are increasing in such a manner, that it is impossible to draw an average with earlier years.

Strike off every tax that presses Industry and Agriculture particularly the duty on small culm carried coastwise, for burning lime for manure, and the duty on horses used in husbandry; these, however, without a great alteration in the price of farm produce, will fail of themselves by the natural course of things, for if no lime is laid on the land for manure, culm will not be want to burn it, nor horses to carry it, or town manure or any extra kind of dressing.

The price of beef 6d per lb, mutton 5½d; pork 3d to 4d., butter 13d; cheese, none made in the neighbourhood but for family use.

I have used my utmost endeavours to send as correct answers to all the Queries as lies in my power. The picture is very gloomy, yet true. In cases of distress for rent, which have been numberless in this neighbour--hood, the charges of the bailiffs are very heavily complained of; this, in short, is the only trade that seems to be flourishing."

R.Hawkins

Mr Taylor of Newton Abbot:

"The Poor Laws, which, however humanely intended, have been found from experience, to act as an encouragement to idleness and vice, and to promote those improvident marriages by which a population larger than the country can employ in the works of honest industry, is produced: and, if it shall then appear to you that such increase of population be necessary for the maintainance of the national strength, we trust you will cause the premium for such increase to be paid by the nation, and not by the parishes. Did the poor consist only of those who had spent their better days in the toils of Agriculture, we should blush to complain of the burthens occasioned by the support of such men and their families; but two thirds of the Poor of this County (and especially in the maritime parts) are not of this class; but seamen and their families, discharged soldiers, and manufacturers out of employ; and your petitioners humbly conceive, that such persons, their wives and children, ought in justice to derive their support from other sources, than those parishes, which have never benefitted by their useful labours."

Researched by DUDLEY DRABBLE: "Agricultural State of the Kingdom - London, 1816" English Farming Past & Present. The Agricultural Revolution 1750-1880. Farming in Wartime 1795-1815. G.E.Mingay. &c.

Tilling an Acre of Wheat, at Michaelmas 1814 & an Acre of Barley, Ladyday 1815

Lime - 10 hogsheads per acre @ 5/3 & carriage (2 crops)	3.	7.	6
Tithe of wheat per acre 10/6 - ditto Barley 7.6.		18.	0
Parochial & County rates, per acre per annum. 2 years @ 7s		14.	0
Assessed taxes. per acre, per annum 9d - two years		1.	6
Property tax (suppose rent 30s per ann. 2 years @ 2/3 for tenant		4.	6
Preparation of land for wheat (without rent) per acre	3.	5.	0
Seed (Wheat) Oct 1814) 2 bushels @ 12/6 per acre	1.	5.	0
Preparation of land for barley (without rent) per acre	1.	12.	0
Seed Barley (March 1815) 4 bushels an acre at 4/6		18.	0
Total expenses without rent	12.	5.	6
Sale of wheat - 20 bushels at 8s - £8. Ditto barley £4.4	12.	4.	0
LOSS on two crops without rent	0.	1.	6

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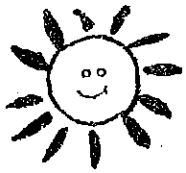

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The Rector Writes

ALTHOUGH THE OLD JEWISH CHURCH had two great feasts associated with the Harvest - the Feast of Pentecost and the Feast of Tabernacle - there has never been any official Harvest Thanksgiving in the Christian Liturgy.

In medieval England "Lammas Day" - August 1st - was observed as a celebration of the first fruits of the harvest with bread made from the new wheat used at Eucharist that day. It was a revival of that custom by Parson Hawker of Morwenstowe, Cornwall (Cornwall at that time being in the Diocese of Exeter) in 1843 which gave birth to the modern, unofficial, religious festival of Harvest Thanksgiving, which has been beloved for almost 150 years.

I've been wondering this year, with our harvest supper and Thanksgiving services just over, what caused Hawker to re-invent this popular festival. Throughout my ministry I've been aware of the Gospel for the 14th Sunday after Trinity with the teaching of our Lord of the duty of expressing gratitude, made clear in the healing of the ten lepers, only one of whom returned to give thanks. The following week the Gospel of the 15th Sunday after Trinity has the invitation to "Consider the Lilies of the Field" with the promise of God's providence.

Could it be that it was these two prods, just at the time the harvest was being gathered in, that sparked that inspiration which has resulted in Harvest Festival being celebrated in practically every Anglican church and a great many non-conformist churches for a century and a half? Of course every Eucharist is a Thanksgiving, that is what the word means. One of the most ancient parts of the Eucharist is the familiar "Lift up your hearts" which dates from about the 3rd century and continues with the invitation "Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God", to which the people respond: "It is meet and right so to do".

It occurs to me that it is also meet and right, at this time, to give thanks to our farmers, although we don't often do so, for while it is undoubtedly true that no matter how hard they labour there would be no harvest unless "The Lord gave the increase", it is also equally true that without their labour there would certainly be no harvest. As the great St.Augustine put it:

"Without God we cannot
Without us God will not".

So, having spent half my ministry in country parishes, with the opportunity to observe their ways, let me on behalf of all of us say "thank you" to the farmers of our parishes, I have over some 30 years had ample opportunity to observe and be impressed by the

the farming communities' diligence and commitment to their task. Oh, I know it's easy to say "it's their job", or "they are working for themselves", but when I see the early start on cold winter mornings, the continual labour through to evening milking, and then from June to September often labouring until dark to get in the harvest, I realise that the farmer and his family have very little relaxation.

Whilst mechanisation has removed much of the heaviest labour, it has also reduced greatly the work force (some 80,000 have left the industry in the past decade). As a consequence the farmer is frequently forced to work seven days a week, because cows need milking and pigs need mucking out whether it's Saturday, Sunday, Christmas or Easter.

So we ought at Harvest anyway to say thank you for all that diligence. Thank you, too, for all the care you take of the countryside. Oh, I know we moan sometimes because the roads are muddy - or worse!! And many of the modern farm buildings are so ugly compared with the lovely ones now largely converted to other use, but we certainly owe a great debt of gratitude to our farmers for the care and appearance of the beautiful countryside.

Although we may not understand all the technical details involved, we are not unmindful of the exceptional burden of worry that has afflicted the farming community in recent years - BSE, 'salmonella' eggs, too much cheese, land prices falling, milk quotas, now sheep quotas, with several bad winters, parched summers, and a wind-blasted landscape with so many trees down that even in our not very tree populous area, many still lie just where they fell. So farmers please note that at the time of Harvest Thanksgiving we do recognise that some at least of our thanks should go in your direction.

PETER S.STEPHENS

SOLUTION TO PAT MACHIN'S CLUELESS CROSSWORD:

Across: consequential, saner, zephyr, akimbo, tor, vex, few, jib, mug, rob, ago, dirndl, isobar, realm, [illegible] entomologists.

Down: craze, heap, easy, urn, mark, item, lemon, art, ear, hexagon, inferno, owing, vein, web, adobe, ale, oil, cribs, rapt, drum, smog, bows, ail.

1=p, 2=a, 3=t, 4=h, 5=z, 6=l, 7=n, 8=d, 9=w, 10=k, 11=u, 12=o, 13=e, 14=r, 15=v, 16=y, 17=m, 18=g, 19=v, 20=q, 21=s, 22=f, 23=j, 24=b, 25=x, 26=i.

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All the PINTA POWER facts are taken from the 'BOOK OF FACTS'

Talking About

THE EVACUATION TO THE LINKS HOTEL, THURLESTONE OF THE STUDENTS FROM FARADAY HOUSE, LONDON.

An extract from "The Wise Men of the Wires" by F.W.Lipscomb, published by Hutchinson and Company in 1973.

AFTER THE Battle of Britain had been won in the summer of 1940, the bombing of London began, and life for students became very different. Those living in London had disturbed nights and made their way as best they could to the College the next morning, only to find sometimes that the lecturer had no hope of turning up. Others, who lived outside the metropolis, while possibly having less disturbance at night, would find themselves deposited from their train as much as ten miles from Faraday House. This situation made serious training in electrical engineering almost impossible, and the decision was made to evacuate the College to the Links Hotel, Thurlestone. The Rev. L.Van Vestraut and Alfred Tong, the laboratory assistant and caretaker, remained behind to keep a 'link with the Links', the former dealing with the paper work of the students' affairs at the College and the latter to look after the building.

Dr. Coode-Adams and his staff all went to Thurlestone. The move was mostly carried out by the students who helped to load the equipment in London and unload it at the other end. Before leaving London some students had done voluntary work in munitions factories and they were sorry to have to abandon this contribution to the war effort. Nearly all had declined to take any money for their labours.

At Thurlestone the whole framework of the College was altered. Instead of a complete dispersal at the end of the day's work, and virtually no contact at all during week-ends except for games, there was now a close family atmosphere. Students not only came to know each other better than ever in the past, but also the closer contact with their teachers made for a relationship of friends rather than one of instructors and pupils.

Staff and students who were married were accommodated either in the hotel or in houses which had been taken over by the College. Dr and Mrs. Coode-Adams lived in the hotel, the Sergeant was accommodated in the village. Mrs Coode-Adams took on much of the clerical work but also assumed the role of nurse to the sick and earned the personal gratitude of many.

A student joining Faraday House in these strange surroundings travelled by the 'College Train' from Exeter and disembarked at Brent. In the autumn of 1941 the journey from Dondon was finished in the dark, and the enemy planes could be heard overhead lining up for their run in to bomb Plymouth. Londoners who had experienced the blitz felt

strangely remote in the Devonshire countryside at the end of the single track which took them from Brent to Kingsbridge for the final leg of the journey. But they fully realised what must have been going on in Plymouth. The ageing porter would call out at Brent that everyone was in the thick of it, but the students felt they were in 'the back of beyond'.

On the domestic side a Mrs Powell ran the hotel with a greatly diminished staff with only Arthur, the head waiter, remaining in the dining room. The food was not good, but this was wartime. A house-keeper assisted Mrs Powell, but this lady did not understand the students or their larks at her expense, and became rather cross with the whole 'set up'. Things were a bit upside down; for example, the dance hall had been turned into a drawing office. Laboratory work was quite out of the question at Thurlestone, so arrangements were made to do this at the Technical College at Plymouth. Later this instruction was extended to heat-engines and electrical machines. Students went to Plymouth once a week by coach. Each successive time they saw more and more devastation. This gave many an urge to be doing something about the war, and so the College formed its own Home Guard to augment the local unit. Sergeant Goodman was in charge but never really mastered the task of controlling a bunch of young students. All the same, in time, the Faraday unit became efficient through rifle shooting on the cliff tops, instruction by the Royal Marines in firing Bren guns, throwing live Mills bombs and night exercises over the countryside.

The practice of live Mills bomb throwing by the students was carried out on the sand dunes at Bantham. After one of these practices two students picked up a device on the sands. They took it back to the hotel and proceeded to dismantle it and in doing so it blew up, Both students were killed and the hotel was seriously damaged. This was a great shock to all at the Links and no one has really solved the mystery of how such intelligent young men, engaged in the study of engineering on a high level, could have done such a thing. There were some dangerous spots around the hotel which inthemselves were a warning, as the defences of the coast included laying land mines. Yet here again people who should have known better met with disaster. This time is was a Royal Marine and his Wren girl friend who were seen to be walking dangerously near one of the minefields. Before anyone could warn them the Marine was killed and his girlfriend seriously injured.

To the disappointment of many the unit was never called upon to go into action, although there was one night when it seemed that an invasion was imminent and they might be doing just that. Actually some students had hoisted a bell to the top of the hotel flag pole, and that night, as there was a full gale, the bell began to toll. This was the signal for the Sergeant to call out his unit. Students rushed to dress in their battle clothes and grab their rifles, Bren guns and hand grenades. On being marched out of the hotel the source of the alarm was quickly established. There were no Church bells ringing in Kingsbridge, only the single toll from the top of the flag pole. Not all the members of the unit appreciated the joke, least of all the Sergeant. Besides the Home Guard hoax, other practical joking went on. One of these jokes closely concerned John Ince, the grandson of the founder, who had joined Faraday

House in 1939. He had a.22 rifle and was a keen shot. One night a student placed a jerry on the top of one of the chimney stacks and the Sergeant challenged Ince to shoot it down. It was an awkward shot from Ince's window, but being proficient in his hobby, he got it in one. When the broken crockery arrived inthe grate of the hotel manageress's room the lady nearly collapsed with astonishment which turned to considerable annoyance, partly due to the fact that she was entertaining a young man at the time. As the catering was done by her, close frienship with the students was an important matter. Fortunately the cold atmosphere did not last long. Explanations were happily accepted and the inmates were fed as usual.

On balance, students found Thurlestone a delightful place, but not as 'down to earth' as Southampton Row for learning their job. They enjoyed the countryside and excellent walks along the cliff tops from where they could occasionally see convoys in the Channel and battles between escorts and enemy aircraft. At weekends students joined in the social life of the village, organising groups for theatricals and musical entertainments. A band was formed - rather a good one - and dances were held in the hotel. Some romances naturally blossomed between the Kingsbridge girls and the students in this delightful Devonshire retreat.

For Dr. Coode-Adams the evacuation to Thurlestone was perhaps a period of anxiety as he had not expected to find himself in charge of a residential College, a post for which he was totally unprepared. Like the students, he and Mrs. Coode-Adams found times of peace and quiet in the countryside and often went for picnics by the river Dart, but on one of these afternoons they saw a boy and girl bathing, when suddenly the boy was seen to be in difficulties in a whirlpool caused by the strong current. As the boy disappeared beneath the surface of the water Coode-Adams dived in after him. The bottom of the pool was about fifteen feet deep, and at great risk to himself , he managed to pull the boy to the surface and bring him to the bank and then rwent back to help the girl to safety. Meanwhile the boy's father had gone in too, but he was carried away by the strong stream and in spite of Coode-Adams' efforts, assisted by a policeman who had come on the scene and also went in fully clothed, they were unable to save him. Coode-Adams was awarded an Honary Testimonial of the Royal Humane Society.

In the Summer of 1942 the Governors thought hard and long whether the College should return to London. There had been no bombing for many months and all manner of activities were re-opening. Even some boys' preparatory schools announced that they would return and re-open in the autumn. In July, shortly before the summer term at Thurlestone came to an end, the announcement was made that Faraday House would open in London for Michaelmas term. This was greeted with great pleasure by students and parents alike. The Links Hotel had done a good job and the facilities offered for practical training at Plymouth had helped enormously, but nothing could really replace the advantages which Faraday House could give in classrooms, the library, machinery and so on, in spite of the fact that the Customs and Excise had requisitioned some of the best rooms in the new part of the building.

PAT MACHIN'S PUZZLE CORNER

PRESENTS A CLUELESS CROSSWORD

No clues are given, but each number represents a letter. For example, 1 is P, 2 is A and 3 is T. So begin by repeating these letters where these numbers appear in the grid. Identify other numbers with their letters and when finished the diagram will resemble a normal crossword. Each letter of the alphabet is used.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

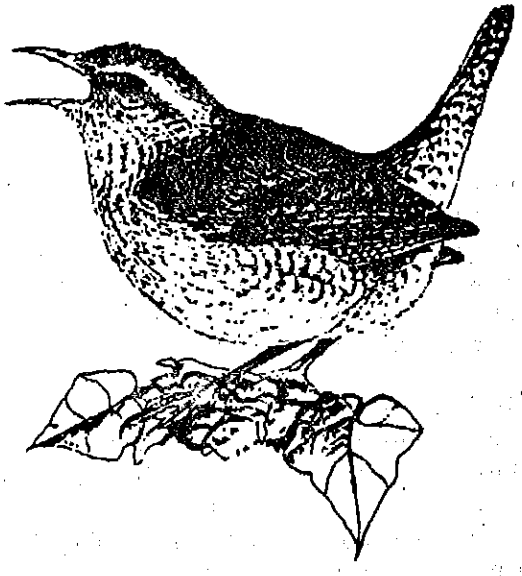
15	12	7	21	13	20	11	13	7	3	26	2	6
14		13		2		14		2		3		13
2		2		21	2 A	7	13	14		13		17
5	13	1	4	16	14		2	10	26	17	24	12
13			13		3 T	12	14		7			7
	19	13	25			9			22	13	9	
	26		2		23	26	24		13		13	
	17	11	18			7			14	12	24	
2			12		2	18	12		7			15
8	26	14	7	8	6		26	21	12	24	2	14
12		2		14	13	2	6	17		12		26
24		1 P		11		26		12		9		24
13	7	3	12	17	12	6	12	18	26	21	3	21

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

REFERENCE GRID

1 P	2 A	3 T	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

HARRY HUGGINS



LAST AUTUMN a friend who was netting birds at Prawle caught a Goldcrest.

Nothing sensational in that, they sometimes teem around here in winter. You do not see them much, for they stay in cover of the trees; you hear their soft high-pitched pumping song. This is our smallest bird, smaller even than the brown Jenny Wrens we see in our gardens. He was catching birds to put rings on their legs, and this one had a ring already attached in Sweden.

So how had it got to Prawle? It is only quite recently that people have started asking such questions. The wildfowlers who netted ducks for the London markets, and the shepherds who trapped Wheatears on the South Downs (Lark pies?) must have known for centuries that birds came and went. Probably they never concerned themselves as to whence and whither. They were only interested in the bottom line of the profit and loss account. And it was not until the eighteenth century that the intellectuals began to take a real interest in birds, what sort they were and what they did.

The Hon. Daines Barrington was one of the two recipients of the letters which make up "The Natural History of Selborne". In fact it is arguable that without his encouragement, and prodding, Gilbert White would never have produced the book - White was an unusual observer and doubtless a conscientious country clergyman, but to say that he was indolent in some ways is to understate the case. But where White looked at things for himself, Barrington believed that an ounce of theory was worth a ton of practice, and he would have none of migration.

Firstly it was patently obvious to him that little birds were far too weak to fly far and why should they when the had all they needed for food and shelter in England. You have to agree that the thoughtful Mr. Barrington had a point there - it seems daft that Ospreys, which winter amidst the plenty of Africa, ample fish to catch, ample trees to sit on, should fly all the way to Scotland or Scandinavia to breed. But where did the little birds go in winter? They hibernated, of course. Even Gilbert White set people to search likely bushes and holes in the ground during the winter. Naturally without success.

White got more of the message from his brother John. This gent, a clergyman likewise, apparently committed some minor peccadillo - I do not know what it was and am not sure that anyone else does - and was bundled off to be chaplain to the garrison at Gilbraltar. There he saw, and recorded, our summer birds passing through in spring and autumn.

There is still the problem of how the Goldcrest got to Prawle. They thought at one time that little birds much hitch lifts on things like eagles. Not the best choice of transport - swans or geese would be better, though: equally unlikely. Eagles, and the other big birds of prey, fly much too weakly to be of help. This sounds a strange statement, but it is true. The big raptors are designed to conserve energy and to make do with little food, because they eat by killing and if they find nothing to kill they do not eat. If there is no prey for a day or two, or even longer, they have to be able to get by. So when they fly, it is often by soaring on stiff wings in rising air currents, and they spend much of their time just sitting.

Eternity has been defined as waiting without an appointment for an interview with a cardinal. Waiting for a Peregrine to fly can be very similar. Its last meal was probably a pigeon, weighing a third as much as itself. Imagine a man carrying off and eating a lamb. Not a baby one, but one ready for its one way journey to the chop factory. Then he eats it all in one go, meat, bones, fur. He regurgitates what is completely indigestible. He would not want to eat again for aday or two. Nor does the Peregrine!

These big raptors lack the strength to migrate by flapping all the way. They have to go like sailplanes do, gaining height in rising air, then gliding on and down until they find more rising air. There are no thermals over sea - updraughts are caused by the sun's heating chunks of air over sandy fields and the like. So these birds must migrate via Gilbraltar or the Bosphorus, where the sea is narrow enough for them to glide across with a minimum of flapping.

Swans and geese are vegetarians. There is plenty of what they eat, so they can stoke up for direct flapping flights to where they want to go. We always promised ourselves a couple of small geese in the garden, to keep the grass short. But we realise they would make a mess, and chew the plants, and anyway what can you do with these stupid open plan gardens on the Mead. Doubtless they look very nice on the architect's plans, and to holidaymakers who want to drive round gazing in our windows. But open plan is a perishing nuisance to live with. Your dog gets out; other peoples' get in, and as for the rabbits....! We cannot even borrow a gun to try to shoot them for fear the Brigadier, next door, might think he is under fire again and counter-attacks.

So the swans and geese have no problem in stoking up for long flights. Nor does the Goldcrest, tiny though it is. It eats insects, which are highly efficient converters of vegetable matter into protein - witness the greasy spots on your windscreen after driving on a sultry summer day.

A lot of travelling birds fly for a while and then stop to feed before trickling on. Here in our parish you will go out one morning in April to hear Chiffchaffs chipping, Willow Warblers singing their sad song, and even, in a copse, a Wood Warbler shivering. One or two of the Chiffchaffs will stay, the rest will soon move on.

But other species reckon to make their flights in one or a few enormous hops. The fascinatingly named Wandering Tattler is one. It is a wading bird, about the size and shape of our Redshank which you can usually find beside the Aveton Gifford tidal road. It breeds in Alaska; some winter on the coast of California. Others spread out over the islands dotted about the southern Pacific. Their first hop must be one of nearly 3000 miles, to Hawaii, for there is no land between there and Alaska. We saw them in Tahiti, and thatia another three thousand miles.

We have a little bird here which for its size, makes even more incredible flights - the Sedge Warbler. It is a little brown thing, rather smaller than a sparrow, with pale stripe over its eye. There was one singing his scratchy little song for much of the summer in the small patch of reeds across the road from the golf club car park. Sedge Warbler goes from here to its winter quarters south of the Sahara in one hop taking about forty eight hours. If it is not grounded by adverse weather on the way, that is.

How can it do so? The answer is fat. It weighs normally about eleven grammes - say forty of them to the pound. At the end of the summer it starts to put on fat, mainly by eating aphids! After about a fortnight it has more than doubled its weight; off it goes and by the end of its flight it is down to eleven grammes again. For those of my friends who are concerned about a little surplus avoir du pois may I recommend a flight to Africa!

Which leaves us to ask how birds find their way, and that I'll tell you about in our next Village Voice.

LOCAL NEWS...LOCAL NEWS

THURLESTONE PROBUS CLUB

Our first meeting following the summer recess was a sad occasion as members stood and remembered Doctor Mac, a founder member and past Chairman of the Club.

Due to holidays, absent mindedness and other commitments only 24 members were in attendance, but they were entertained by an absorbing and interesting talk by Colonel Bye entitled "Services to Service" in which he outlined his career in both the Forces and civilian life, Col.Bye did his Marine officer training in Thurlestone during the war.
The October meeting is the annual golf competition and Al Parker has contacted all concerned.

On November 8th one of our members, Derek Holden will be giving a talk on his experiences in South Africa and at the Christmas meeting on December 13 th it is hoped that Graham Cocks will be giving a short talk entitled "Confessions of a Solicitor"

D.M.Yeoman. Hon.Sec 560300.

LOCAL NEWS FROM THE W.I.

ANN WALKER OF MODBURY started the members thinking about Christmas when she demonstrated her ideas for festive home decorations. Red apples, oranges, lemons, even halved Kiwi fruit, together with evergreen branches, took over from the more traditional materials and proved to be very effective.

Connie Hughes will use her Bursary to Denman College to take a course on Japanese silk flower making at the end of September.

A warm "thank you" letter has been received from St.Luke's Hospice for our £100 donation as a result of the cake stall on Plymouth Hoe in July.

Members voted to support the NFWI's campaign urging the Government to remove adult education from its White Paper proposals (Education and Training for the 21st Century). If carried through, these proposals might cut off Government funding for adults' non-vocational and "leisure" classes and this could mean the disappearance of, for instance, the local classes which are held at Kingsbridge Community College (Tresillian) and in many local village halls. Without funding, many people, particularly rural women and senior citizens, would be deprived of a chance to study. It was agreed a letter should be sent to our local M.P. stressing the social need which was filled by adult education and the important part it plays within the local community.

Thurlestone's contribution to the Devon Federation wall-hanging is well on the way, having been designed by Alex Sawyer and now being worked by Jenny Roberts.

Several members would attend the Autumn Council Meeting at Plymouth Guildhall in October, when the special guest would be David Battye from Sothebys (and Antique Roadshow fame) On November 26 it was hoped to run a coach for Christmas shopping in Exeter, cost approximately £3.50.

On October 8 there would be a county outing to Hinckley Point Power Station (W.I. meets the Power Makers!) and on November 12 a Tap Dancing taster day at Longdown and on the 19th a Dry Ski Day at Exeter.

Pat Macdonald.

MORE LOCAL NEWS

Pat Townsend's annual Coffee Morning for the National Children's Homes is on Saturday 26th October from 10.30 a.m. to 12 noon in the Rectory Barn.

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THURLESTONE & SOUTH MILTON HORTICULTURAL SHOW

The 1991 Annual General Meeting will be held in the THURLESTONE PARISH HALL at 8 pm on MONDAY 14th OCTOBER. (We know it should be at South Milton because next year's Show will be held there but unfortunately their Hall has a prior booking). ALL residents of Thurlestone, West Buckland, Bantham and South Milton are very welcome. Indeed, the Committee would be delighted to receive ideas for ways in which to improve the Show and suggestions for alternative classes.

THIS IS **YOUR** OPPORTUNITY TO LET US KNOW WHAT **YOU** THINK

PLEASE COME

The date of the 1992 Show in South Milton Village Hall is SATURDAY 1st AUGUST. Working on the basis of 'third time is lucky', next year will be a superb growing year with the elements timing everything perfectly for us!

For those of you who missed the results of this year's Show in the Gazette we reproduce them below but before so doing we would like to congratulate Penny McDonald onher delightful entries in the Handicraft Section. Everybody who saw her Tree House and the proligerous Scarecrow family returning from market will appreciate the hours of meticulous needlework (in all senses of the word) required to achieve the award winning tableaux.

The results of this year's Show held in the Parish Hall, Thurlestone, on Saturday 3rd August are as follows:

Section A - Vegetable & Fruit Cup (Amateur):	D Coward
Section B - Vegetable & Fruit Cup (Open):	M Orr
Section C - Cut Flowers & Pot Plants Cup: Joint: Mrs S Chapman / M Orr	
Section D - Senior Children's Cup (9 - 15 years):	Miss J Anderton
Section D - Junior Children's Cup (5 - 8 years):	Miss B Daniels
Section E - Home Economics Cup:	Mrs D Amess
Section F - Flower Arrangements Cup:	Mrs J Goatly
Section G - Handicraft Cup:	Miss E Snowden
Cup for South Milton Exhibitor with the highest number of points:	Miss E Snowden
Cup for Thurlestone Exhibitor with the highest number of points:	D Coward
Yeo Cup (Best Amateur Vegetable):	T Church
Wray Cup (Best Open Vegetable)	M Orr
Chapman Bowl (highest number of points in Rose classes:	M Orr
Marshall Cup (best rose bloom):	C Thompson
President's Tankard (best fuschia):	Mrs G Goodfellow
White Cup (Best Entry - Senior Children):	Miss J Anderton
Yeoman Cup (Best Entry - Junior Children):	Miss B Daniels
Doris Tyler Trophy (Set Cake Recipe):	Miss E Snowden

Certificates of Merit:

Section A - Vegetable & Fruit (Amateur):	T Church
Section B - Vegetable & Fruit (Open):	M Orr
Section C - Cut Flowers & Pot Plants:	M Orr
Section D - Children (9 - 15 years):	Miss J Anderton
Section D - Children (5 - 8 years):	Miss B Daniels
Section F - Home Economics:	Miss E Snowden
Section F - Flower Arrangements:	Mrs J Goatly
Section G - Handicrafts:	Mrs P McDonald

First Prizes:

Section A: D Coward (11) T Church (4) A Jordan (2) Mrs P Jephcott (2) Dr B Boughton G Wilkinson K Goatly

Section B: M Orr (11) D Coward (4) Mrs A Grose (2) T Church

Section C: Mrs S Chapman (5) Miss A Jenkins (2) M Orr (2) Miss E Snowden (2) R Reece Mrs K Prosser C Thompson Mrs G Goodfellow

Section D: Miss J Anderton Miss D Yeoman Miss B Daniels

Section E: Mrs A Grose (3) Mrs L Gunning (3) Mrs D Amess (2) Miss A Jenkins (2) Miss E Snowden Mrs J Yeoman

Section F: Mrs J Goatly (2) Miss A Jenkins

Section G: Miss E Snowden (2) Miss L Rogers (2) Mrs P McDonald Master P Gunning Mrs Z Weedy Mrs J Wilson E G White

The Committee would like to take this opportunity to congratulate all Prize Winners and to thank all exhibitors without whom the Show would not be able to take place.

Don't forget ..... the dates for your diary .....

The 1991 Annual General Meeting on Monday 14th October at 8 pm in the THURLESTONE PARISH HALL

and

The 1992 Show on Saturday 1st August in South Milton Village Hall

THE COMMITTEE

THE WORLD IS FULL OF GOOD GUIDES AND BAD GUIDES, BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE REAL GUIDE TO WAHT'S GOING ON IN THIS PARTICULAR PARISH AND THAT IS...

THE VILLAGE VOICE SUPERGUIDE FOR 1991.

OCTOBER.

Fri 4th Oct. Anthony Steen "surgery". Parish Hall 5p.m.
Tues 8th Oct. Parish Council Meeting. Parish Hall, 7.30 pm.
Mon 14th Oct. Thurlestone and South Milton Horticultural Society Annual General Meeting. Parish Hall 8 p.m.
Wed 16th Oct. Tramp Walk. Start Point.
Sat 19th Oct. Friends of Redfern Centre.Coffee morning. Rectory Barn 10.30 am.
Sat 26th Oct. National Childrens Homes. Coffee morning. Rectory Barn 10.30-12 noon.
Wed 30th Oct. Flower Arranging II. Parish Hall. Enrol 1.45 p.m.

NOVEMBER.

Wed 6th Nov. Flower Arranging II. Parish Hall 2.00 p.m.
Tues 12th Nov. Parish Council Meeting. Parish Hall 7.30 p.m.
Wed. 13th Nov. Flower Arranging II. Parish Hall 2.00 p.m.
Wed 20th Nov. Tramp walk. Swincombe Valley.
Wed 20 th Nov. Flower Arranging II. Parish Hall.2.00 p.m.
Wed 27th Nov. Flower Arranging II. Parish Hall 2.00 p.m.
Thurs. 28th Nov. Church Christmas Fair and Mince Pie Tasting. Rectory Barn. 2.30 p.m.
Sat. 30th Nov. NSPCC Christmas Bazaar. Parish Hall 2.15 p.m.

DECEMBER

Wed 4th Dec. Flower Arranging II. Parish Hall 2.00 p.m.
Sat 7th Dec Conservatives Christmas Bazaar. Parish Hall.10.30 a.m.
Tues 10th Dec. Parish Council Meeting. Parish Hall 7.30 p.m.
Wed 11th Dec. Tramp Christmas Walk. Dittisham.
Mon 16th Dec. Rising Generation Christmas Show. Parish Hall 7.00 p.m
Sun 22nd Dec. Carols at the Sloop. 7.30 p.m.

VILLAGE VOICE is now taking your dates for 1992. Details of coming events - in writing - should be given to Mrs.Joan Mackenzie, 7, Old Rectory Gardens, Thurlestone, so that they can appear in the DECEMBER-JANUARY issue.

DON'T let your event be a flop because people don't know about it. Dates by November the First for the next issue please.

Would all contributors please note the same copy date for the Christmas issue of Village Voice.

THE SLOOP INN

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