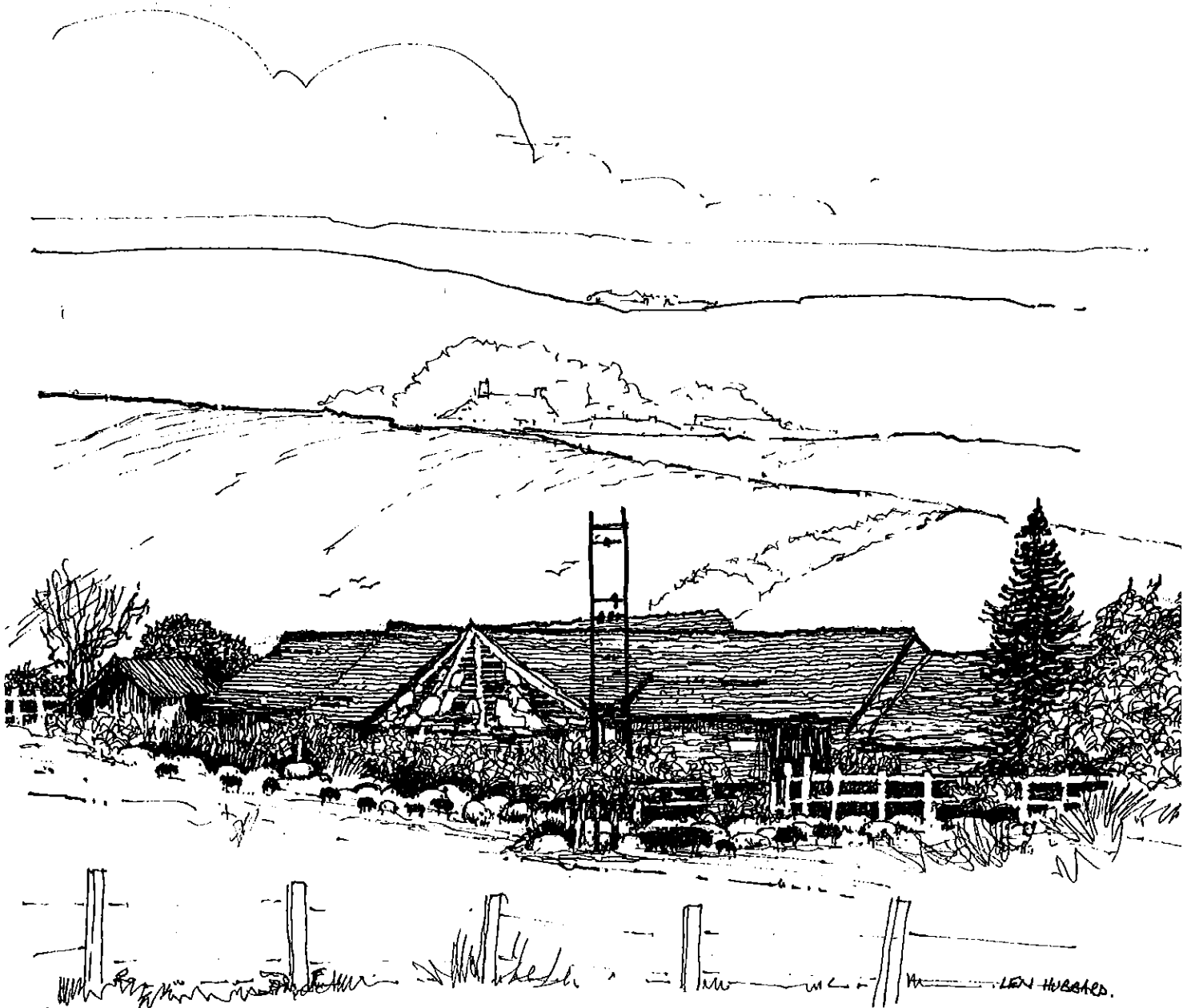


# VILLAGE VOICE



**APRIL - MAY 2001**





NUMBER 108  
APRIL - MAY 2001

The outbreak of Foot and Mouth disease, with Devon unfortunately one of the most affected areas, has inevitably impacted upon this parish even though the virus has not (as yet) found its way here. The new lambs in Geoff Stidston's field across from Court Park are full of the joys of spring, to the delight of residents and passing motorists. But they - like the farmers - face an uncertain future, as the government struggles to try and keep the epidemic in check.

Visitors, in reduced numbers, find themselves faced with restricted access, closed footpaths, and disinfectant barriers. Holiday bookings are hastily cancelled. Local farmers markets, and events like the County Show, fall victim too. The whole countryside is under siege.

Within this frightful context, our day-to-day activities and concerns seem trivialised and unimportant. We can only watch and wait, along with the farmers, for whom all our hearts have been deeply touched. In due course, but at no small cost, normality will return. Meantime, all we can do is to follow the guidelines, support the farmers in any way we can, and give a warm welcome to those visitors still willing to brave (and wholeheartedly accept) the constraints upon their movements.

Village life must go on, and this issue of Village Voice presents its regular mix of contributions to try and keep you informed and entertained. The project for a new village hall is about to rumble forward, and will no doubt keep us all on our toes for some time to come.

*But this spring is most likely to be remembered for the silence of the lambs.*

Founder Dudley Drabble

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# IMPORTANT NOTICE!

## FOOT & MOUTH DISEASE

Thurlestone Parish Council is particularly keen to stress how important it is for all of us living in, and visiting, the parish to follow the South Hams District Council's advice to the public during the outbreak of this very serious livestock disease -

- # *There is a legal order prohibiting the use of all public rights of way in the countryside in Devon (footpaths, bridle-ways, and the coastal path), backed up by a £5000 fine*
- # *DO NOT WALK OR CYCLE ACROSS AGRICULTURAL LAND, PARTICULARLY WHERE THERE ARE GRAZING ANIMALS*
- # *Dogs should be exercised in their own gardens or in urban areas. As all National Trust car parks and many private car parks on the coast have been closed, some beaches are not recommended. Slapton Sands, Blackpool Sands, South Sands and Bigbury-on-Sea are still accessible via car parks. Dog owners are asked to keep their pets on leads and to clean up after them.*
- # **South Hams District Council's Foot & Mouth Disease helpline is 01803 - 861252 during normal office hours.**

Despite all the notices and publicity, a farmer in the parish reports that he has seen people crossing his land on foot very recently. The offenders must be very insensitive and selfish people to put South Hams farms at risk by ignoring advice and warnings.

Please note that the Farmers Market at Kingsbridge on Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> April and the one scheduled for Totnes on Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> April have both been cancelled.

All outdoor Coast & Countryside Service events have been cancelled to the end of March and if you are planning to attend any events after March, please ring 01803 - 861130 first to check whether they will still be taking place.

# Village News Round-Up

## Annual Parish Council Meeting

This will be on Monday 23<sup>rd</sup> April, at 7.30 pm in the Parish Hall. **It is an ideal opportunity to get your questions answered so don't miss it** for not only will **Sir Simon Day**, our Devon County Councillor, and **Inspector Patrick** of Devon & Cornwall Police, Kingsbridge Police Station, be present, but so will the Chief Executive of the South Hams Council, **Miss Ruth Bagley**. Come and talk to them and tell them of your concerns, find out their views, get it off your chest now - don't complain later. If you can't get there, send a friend! If you are shy, bring a friend!

## Go Ahead for New Parish Hall

The thirty parishioners attending the Parish Hall's AGM on 12<sup>th</sup> March, gave their full support to the proposal to go ahead with plans for a new hall. They heard from surveyor **Malcolm Northmore** that an outline proposal submitted to the South Hams planning authority to build a new hall on the south side of the hall car park had been vetoed by the planners, who strongly recommend demolishing the existing hall and re-building on the same site.

The main impact of such a change would be a hiatus period of three months between demolition of the old hall and completion of the new hall. In response to a question from the floor, Mr Northmore was optimistic about the prospects of grant aid for a new hall costing "in the region of £150,000".

**Rowland Cole** (chairman), **Bill Clarke** (treasurer) and **Gillian Marshall** (secretary) were all re-elected for a further year. They were thanked for their hard work in keeping the hall running smoothly.

## Orange Flag Pole?

A mobile phone mast may replace the flag

pole on the church tower for Orange Communications, and the Council would like this information to be as widely known as possible so that parishioners can express their views on this subject should a planning application be made in the near future. A full report appears elsewhere in this issue.

## New Puzzle-Master

We are very fortunate, following our appeal in the last issue, to have a volunteer to prepare the Puzzle Page. **Keith Farrelly** is our new puzzle-setter and we would like to express our grateful thanks to him for taking on what we hope will prove to be an enjoyable task. **Joyce**, his wife, will be the guinea-pig no doubt - good luck Joyce, and our thanks to you too!

## St Patrick's Night Event

**Pat Crawford**, secretary to the local branch of the NSPCC, says a most successful Musical Evening/Dance was held in the Parish Hall on St. Patrick's Night, with over £450 being raised for the charity. She reports: *"The event proved a sell-out and 61 of us danced the night away to the strains of local band Four + One."*

*The evening started with a cheese & wine supper with musical accompaniment. Then the tables were swept to one side and for the next two-and-a-half hours we enjoyed dancing to our favourites - waltz, foxtrot, rumba, samba, even a jive....and one of the doyennes of our community performed a splendid Charleston! Military neighbours lined up for the Veleta and by the time the last waltz was called we began to wonder how stiff our joints would be next morning.*

*During the interval, Monica Dickins, who is retiring as chairman of the committee, was presented with a basket of flowers. Our thanks go to the Thurlestone Hotel and others who donated raffle prizes, to*

*Somerfield who gave us a food voucher, and to the good folk of the parish and other friends....."*

## **New Look Church Magazine**

We extend a warm welcome to "**The Rock**", the newly launched church magazine for the parishes of Thurlestone and South Milton. It is issued monthly and in a similar format to Village Voice. This means valuable additional work for the Risograph machine on which Village Voice is printed. The Rector and Editors **Liz Webb** and **Jan Turner** are to be congratulated on the content and appearance of the new magazine, which is available by subscription. It's a jolly good read!

## **Dolphin Tragedy**

The numbers of dead dolphins washed up on local beaches, the latest at Thurlestone and Bantham, are increasing, although the numbers we are seeing are believed to be only the tip of the iceberg, and that the casualties are far greater. Thirteen, including a mother and her baby, were discovered on our parish beaches in the middle of March and are likely to be members of the same family group. All showed signs of being caught in nets. They die a hideous death, running out of air and suffocating as they fight to get out of the huge trawl nets which ensnare them.

**Lindy Hingley** of Brixham is spear-heading a campaign to stop this dreadful slaughter of dolphins and porpoises. She says it is a European problem and we have to take the lead to come up with solutions, although Devon fishermen are not guilty.

Scottish, Dutch and Danish industrial fishing boats which catch such species as bass and mackerel, the fish on which dolphins and porpoises feed, are believed to have caused the deaths this winter of a record number of these beautiful sea mammals. Although most are probably caught accidentally it is believed some unscrupulous fishermen use them as indicators to identify where shoals of fish are likely to be. If things continue as they are, dolphins could soon be a thing of the past in the English Channel.

Lindy has just collected an MBE awarded for her services to marine conservation. We are hoping she may be able to come over here to give a talk on her work and tell us how we can lend support.

## **Millennium Mugs**

**Veronica White** has asked us to remind readers that there are still a few of the most attractive Thurlestone Parish Council millennium mugs available. They would make a very nice present for visiting friends and relatives this Easter - you could fill them with mini-eggs for the children! If you don't know what the mugs look like, there is one on display at Thurlestone Post Office. At £6.99 each they are available direct from **Veronica White**, who can be contacted on 01548 -560236. Cheques should be made payable to Thurlestone Parish Council.

## **St John's in difficulties - Can you help?**

The Parish Council has had a letter from the South Hams District Council about membership of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. The Brigade is the Council Chairman's charity and she was extremely concerned to learn that they are currently experiencing recruitment difficulties particularly amongst adults. As a result a number of branches have been forced to close.

She raised this matter at a recent District Council meeting when it was suggested that all Parish and town councils within the South Hams area should be asked if this could be drawn to prospective members' attention.

## **Inland Revenue**

The Inland Revenue's mobile advice centre will be visiting Kingsbridge Town Square on **25<sup>th</sup> April, 1<sup>st</sup> August and 14<sup>th</sup> November this year, from 10.00 am to 4.00 pm.**

They offer help with tax returns, repayment claims and tax codes as well as claims for Working Families Tax credits, and will also answer questions on National Insurance.

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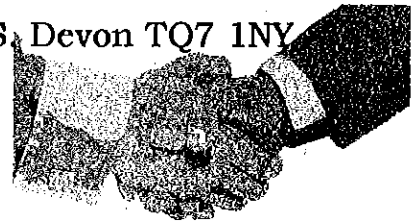
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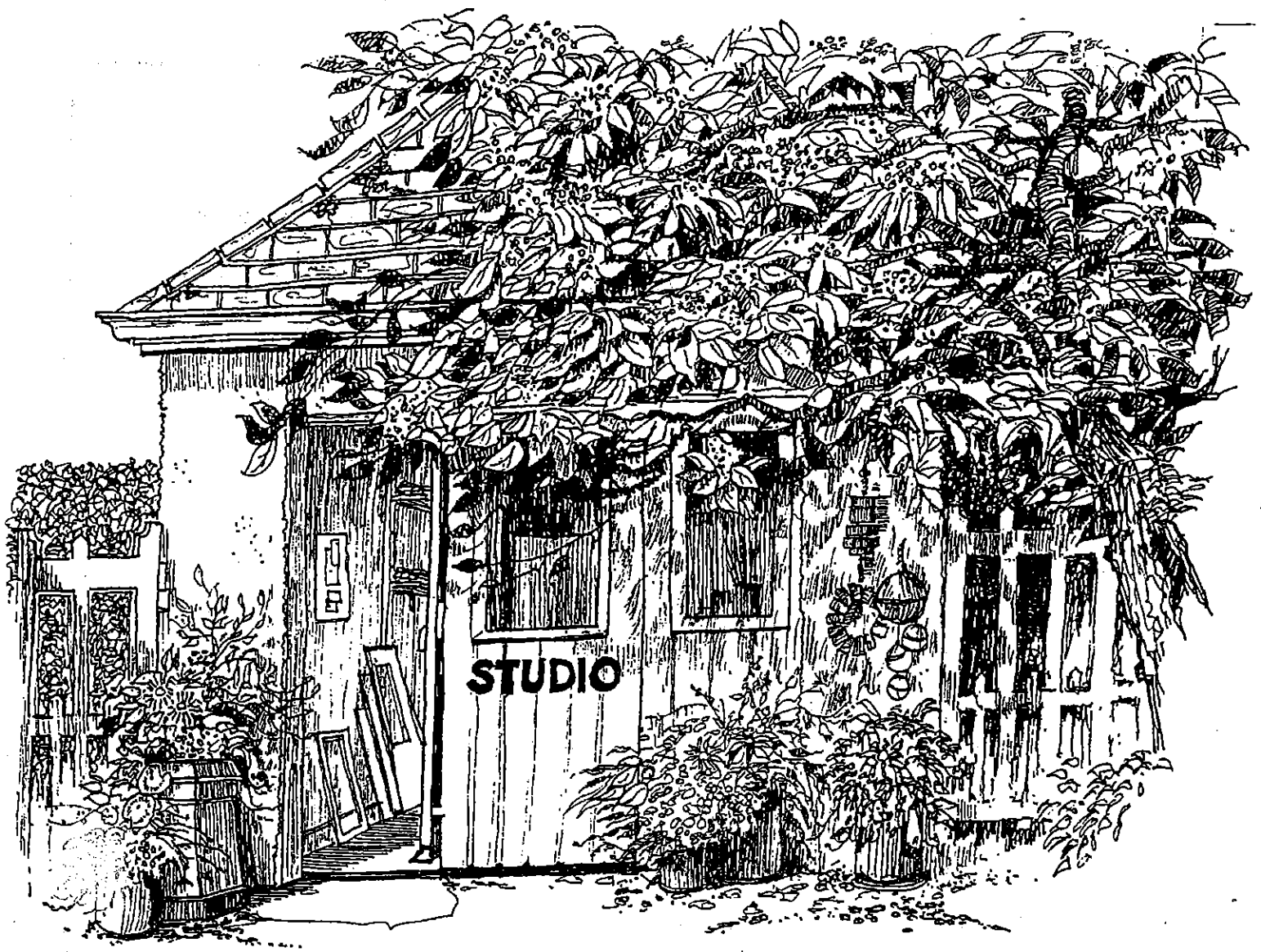
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# Deep Down to the Bantham Connection

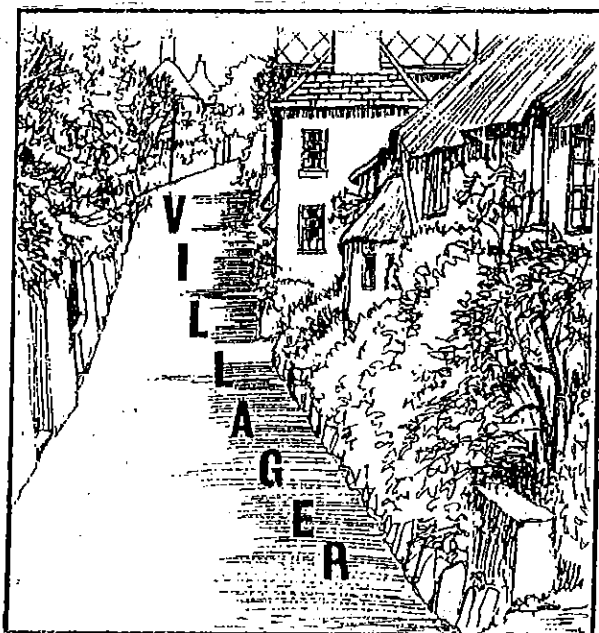
It's one of the great mysteries of the sea - a big liner missing for over 90 years. The hunt for her has been going on since the day she disappeared. And now, suddenly, during the latest search, they have found the wreck of a Bantham ship 370 feet down on the seabed just where that liner ought to be. But let's start at the very beginning of this strange tale...

The Blue Anchor liner *Waratah* disappeared in June 1909, on the return leg of her maiden voyage from Sydney, Australia to London, England. The *Waratah*, a brand-new ship of 8472 tons, simply vanished after she left Durban and headed for Cape Town, South Africa. Vanished with her were 211 people, 119 of them crew. No bodies or wreckage were ever found; not even one of her many lifebuoys.

Since then salvage ships have sonar-searched for her, men have dived for her, submarines have hunted for her, aircraft captains, looking down, have thought they have seen her deep down in clear water, but all to no avail. The *Waratah's* disappearance created intense interest all over the world. After all, it was almost her maiden voyage. She reported all well and had no list when she exchanged signals with another ship, the *Clan MacIntyre*, on 27<sup>th</sup> July 1909. After that she was never seen again.

Newspapers' marine experts speculated about the possibility of a sudden gale sinking her. A wind of "exceptional fierceness and power" and tremendous seas were reported by the *Clan MacIntyre* the next day. Then tales of the *Waratah* being top-heavy started to go the rounds. Soon they were saying that she took far too long to right herself after a roll in even the gentlest seas.

This theory became almost cast-iron, when a company director, **Claude Sawyer**, travelling home first class from Sydney to London said he found this long slow roll completely unnerving. He told the Board of Trade inquiry into her loss, in London in 1910, that the morning after he found the water in his bath had an almost permanent angle of 45 degrees, he decided to get off the ship at the very next stop. At Durban he



did just that. And as a result he was the only survivor.

Stories of other sea mysteries appeared in even the up-market newspapers. The *Mary Celeste*, even the *Flying Dutchman*, filled columns of print. The public couldn't get enough of sea mysteries. The name "*Waratah*" on a billboard guaranteed sales. In fact there was so much public interest in the *Waratah* that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes and a man much interested in the super-natural, was persuaded to hold a seance to try and contact the captain. It was rumoured that he got in touch instead with some of the passengers who told him they had been hit by a huge wave which turned them upside down and plunged the ship straight to the bottom.

After that the rumour-mill got out of control. There were stories that the ship had not sunk but, when her engines failed, had drifted to Antarctica where those on board had to resort to cannibalism. How they knew this if there were no survivors was never explained but, in response to this wild talk, the Royal Navy carried out vast searches and found nothing. The story of the *Waratah* would not go away and her loss proved disastrous financially for the Blue Anchor Line, which was then bought by P&O.

One of the most persistent hunters for the missing liner in recent years has been a veteran South

African diver called **Emlyn Brown**. He is a firm believer in the theory that a freak wave made the liner roll too far and he believes she lies on the seabed off the mouth of the Xora River on the Transkei coast of South Africa.

In July 1999 he got a sonar image from the seabed 370 feet down, which showed a ship of the right shape and size. This, he announced, was the *Waratah*. He also announced that he was going to get down to the wreck so the mystery could be solved once and for all. Divers could reach her despite the depth, though Brown soon found it was an area of great undersea currents. But even if he couldn't reach her in safety with modern diving techniques, **Emlyn Brown** was still determined to examine the wreck of the liner for which he had been searching nearly twenty years.

This year, with the help of an English backer, he managed to hire a Delta submersible - a two-man submarine - and a few days ago down he went with its pilot, **David Salter**. He got a terrible shock and an awful disappointment too! This is how he describes what happened.

*"The weather was good, everything was perfect. We were on the bottom in four minutes. It wasn't even that dark down at 117 metres. The visibility was about fifteen metres and the sub wasn't affected at all by the Agulhas current, which can run at more than four knots over the wreck site.*

*As we got closer I saw this enormous wreck, a dark blue outline. It was just so beautiful and everything was so quiet. I wanted to open the hatch and climb out and walk around her. It was amazing, just phenomenal.*

*We glided over the debris field towards the wreck.....and then there was an army tank, then another tank, and then some huge tyres. I thought 'Hey, nobody told me that the Waratah was carrying tanks'. And then it hit me .....it wasn't the Waratah at all!"*

He thought the ship he had found was an American steamer. But she really belonged to Bantham....and she got here like this.

At 11 pm on 11<sup>th</sup> May 1943, Korvetten-Kapitan **Eitel-Friedrich Kentrat**, commanding *U-196*, fired one torpedo from a bow tube at the ship he could see silhouetted against the South African coast. **Kentrat** was a veteran German U-boat

commander, having sunk his first ship in the Atlantic in 1941. Once again he did not miss. The torpedo exploded amidships on the port side of the ship called *Nailsea Meadow*. She sank swiftly. On her long bow-first plunge to the seabed her deck cargo of American 'Honey' tanks slid off, leaving a trail of tanks and other equipment across the seabed before she came to rest intact, but listing well over to port.

That ship, the *Nailsea Meadow*, was part of the fleet of the Bantham Steamship Company, owned by Commander **Charles Edward Evans**, founder of the Evans Estate at Bantham.

Commander Evans had the 4962 ton *Nailsea Meadow* specially built in 1936 for his fleet, which he first called the Nailsea Steamship Company but later expanded into the Bantham Steamship Company.

The *Meadow*, like her sister ship the *Nailsea Court*, built at the same time, was 420 feet long with a beam of 56 feet, and her 484 hp engines gave her a top speed of 11 knots. At the time of her sinking she was crammed with war supplies destined for North Africa. The Germans had reacted swiftly to the Allied invasion of North Africa and big U-boats like the 289 foot long *U-196*, with her crew of 57, were ordered to sink any shipping heading for Africa. The *Nailsea Meadow* was one of the victims of that order.

She was, too, the last of the Bantham Steamship Company ships to be sunk. The *Nailsea River* was the first to go, bombed and sunk in 1940. The *Nailsea Lass* was next, torpedoed by *U-48*. Next to be sunk was the *Nailsea Court*, torpedoed by *U-229*, and finally the *Nailsea Meadow*. In fact, the only one of the Bantham Steamship Company ships to survive the war was the *Nailsea Moor*.

But what of the *Waratah*? What really happened? I can't help you there. Nor can I guarantee another Bantham Connection with the next shipwreck **Emlyn Brown** decides to investigate. I ran into him and asked him whether he has any further surprises for us. And he laughed as he told me to be patient.

*He's diving on another ship very soon and he's sure this one really is the Waratah!*

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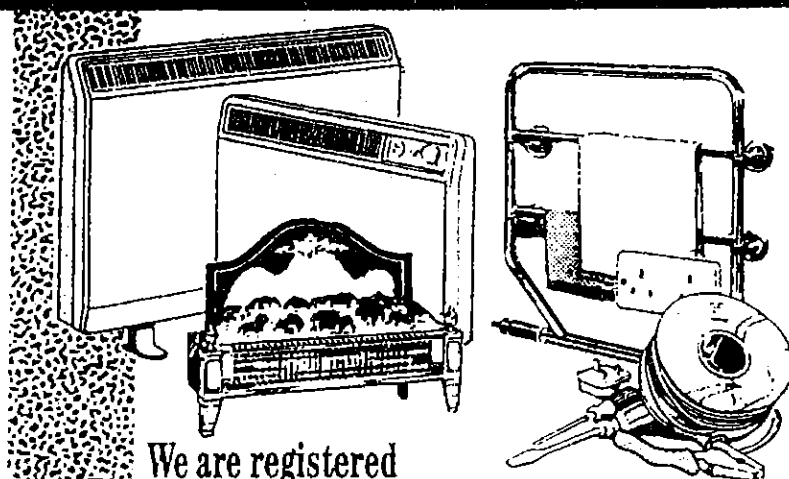
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# PARISH COUNCIL MEETING - 19<sup>th</sup> MARCH 2001

## Report by Citizen

### New Parish Hall

A brief discussion about the plans for the proposed new hall took place. **Rowland Cole**, chairman of the hall committee, said that it was early days yet but every hall committee member had been given a copy of the preliminary plan and a meeting would be held in the near future at which their observations would be considered and, if possible, incorporated into the final plan.

### School Playing Field

It has been decided that the field will be closed outside school hours, as a number of inconsiderate dog owners have allowed their pets loose in the field, resulting in a potential hazard to children's health.

As a result it has been decided, during the present outbreak of foot & mouth disease, that a number of plastic bins will be placed in spots around the parish into which dog-owners may deposit the results of their poop-scooping.

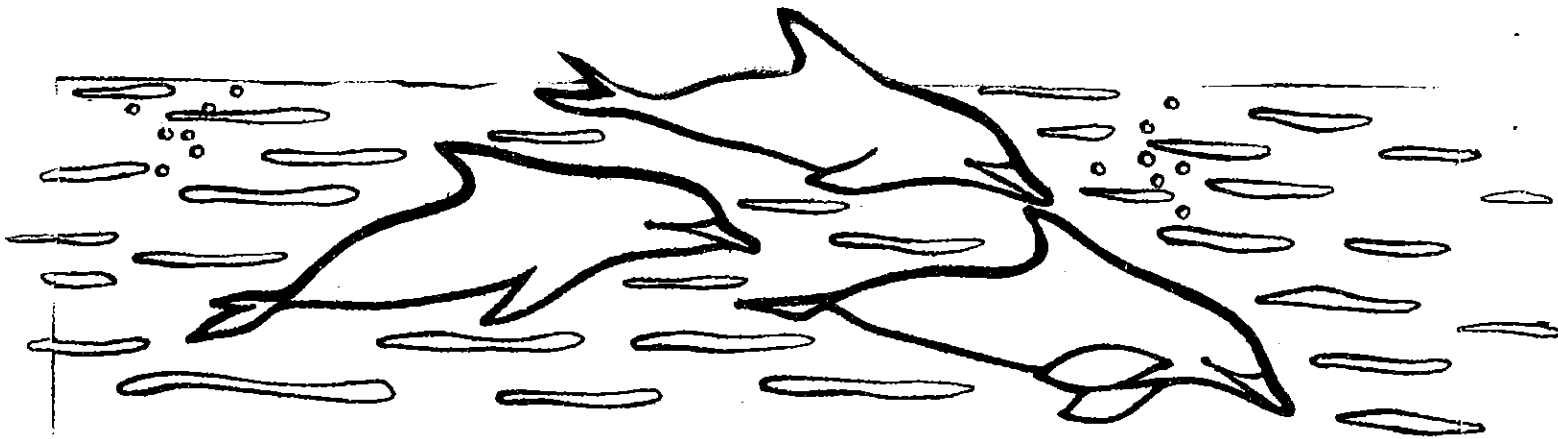
Dog-walkers are urged to use these bins and not to throw their plastic bags into the hedgerows, which has been happening. Not only is this extremely unsightly, the bags may also contain a source of the virus so should be disposed of in the special bins provided.

### Sea View Terrace development

A limited survey has been sent around the parish regarding this development. I will repeat as many times as I can that if this development is wanted for first-time buyers in the parish, then interested applicants must make their interest known to both the Parish Council and **Mr A.Fiske**, South Hams Housing Manager, at Follaton House.

### Proposed Yellow Lines & Virtual Footway

Details of this proposal was advertised in a recent South Hams Gazette. Anyone who wishes to comment on these proposals should write to Devon County Council now.



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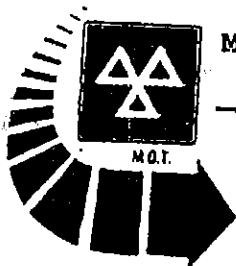
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# Puzzle Page

by Keith Farrelly

## NINE-LETTER WORD-SEARCH

The answers to the clues can be made up by combining three sets of three letters from the grid. When complete, three sets of three letters should remain. Combine these letters to find another 9 - letter word.

1. A girl's name
2. Beginners please
3. A continent
4. Things military
5. "Spirit of St. Louis"
6. Of Genghis Khan
7. Free from deception
8. Islands off Alaska
9. Dance steps
10. Not exactly fleet of foot!
11. A cascade
12. Trained to fetch
13. An American state
14. An obvious thoroughbred
15. That's the end
16. Bird on the beach
17. The world's largest island
18. Religious seat of authority
19. Prediction of the future
20. Musically, hard of hearing
21. ???

ANS	MON	ERF	CAT	DES	CON	TOR
ATE	GRE	ALE	RIE	THO	TRA	RGH
VER	HOR	WAR	NEO	SAN	USE	RIA
SIN	AUS	BEE	ENU	VEN	RAC	WAT
ALL	OSC	GOL	HED	XAN	RET	ING
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SSA	DPI	UTI	MIL	ENL	IAN	LIA
OUS	OPE	DRE	EHO	RAL	DBE	AND
PER	ITA	EHO	CHE	TES	SES	ALE

## TEN TEASERS

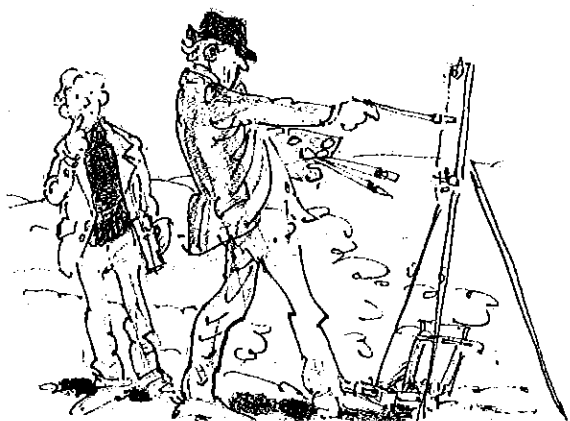
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. If you were to play "pizzicato", what would you be doing?</li> <li>2. How many countries surround, and border on, the Caspian Sea?</li> <li>3. In which country was Prince Philip hit by a tomato?</li> <li>4. What word links French Guiana and a pepper?</li> <li>5. In 1981 what became the then highest insured theatrical show in British history?</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6. In which year did the great storm hit Southern England?</li> <li>7. In which country did the dance called the samba originate?</li> <li>8. Which is the largest island in Europe?</li> <li>9. In which American state would you find Salt Lake City?</li> <li>10. The Farandole is a traditional dance from which country?</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

# ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Hubert Snowdon's brush with the local art world.

Picturesque Thurlestone parish has always attracted artists with its wide land and sea scapes as well as its local crooks and crannies. Arguably among the most famous of the professionals, the great **J.M.W. Turner** is reputed to have lodged at *The Whiddons* in Bantham. Impressed by the Thurlestone rock, he included it in a painting.

When I was a small boy, **Colonel Frank Hewett** could often be seen, in odd and awkward spots, with his easel set up, painting the scene he fancied. He lived in Buckland, in the house now called *Peep-o-Day*, a barn converted by the Ilberts. Boyishly rude, I used to stand and stare at the Colonel as he worked. He didn't much enjoy having his concentration disturbed by a juvenile onlooker, but I thought of him as a very talented and superior being - *an artist!*



(With acknowledgements to *The Countryman* magazine)

Other amateurs, especially Edwardian ladies hanging on into the 1920s, seemed always to be sat somewhere in the locality with their water-colours - there are still anonymous sketches of the parish about. In the 1930s a **Mr Dickson** of Bantham held an August-time art exhibition at Thurlestone school.

Little did I realise when I went to Kingsbridge Grammar School that art would become my best subject. Later, as an adult (at times to the neglect of my farming), I felt a compulsion to paint so I joined a class at Thurlestone parish hall. When at Langman's Farm, **Mrs Geekie's** brother, an art student, asked if I would join him in travelling to evening classes at Dartington Hall, which I did.

My forte was landscape and still life, but there is always someone at art classes who wants figure and portraiture tuition, with a model. One felt obliged to attempt them and a mote of interest for such subjects eventually developed in me.

In 1940 a gentleman took photographs of the girls picking daffodils in Zealands, a field off Bantham Ham rented by **Mr Tribe** of Buckland Flower Farm. Having been shown the photographs, and disregarding my inexperience in the field of portraiture, I attempted a painting of one of the young ladies holding a large bunch of the flowers in the picking field. Reasonably pleased with my efforts I showed it to her. She took one look and said *"That's not me, it's one of the other girls!"*

Back to the Dartington classes. Of course, after asking for figure models inevitably someone asked for nudes. I was surprised at the reply to this request from such a 'progressive' college - *"It wouldn't do in a small village like this!"* But a more liberal attitude developed within a year or two and in due course a nude female model appeared. We used large pieces of white-painted hardboard to paint on then. Bravely I took a large brush and, with a neutral colour, I outlined the top half of our model. At that moment our tutor spotted my work from the far end of the room and shouted to me *"Don't touch that any more, it's fine as it is"*. *"But I've only just started"*, I replied. Nevertheless, I left it as he wished. So often a few inspired brush-strokes have more artistic impact than an overworked finish. Was it so with mine?

The following week I found that my unfinished 'masterpiece' was hung in the corridor along with other 'meritorious' works by fellow students. It happened that from the angle at which I had viewed our model one of her breasts was fairly prominent. Two weeks later, passing my picture again, I noticed a change. Someone - who must have been female with a better knowledge of anatomy than mine - obviously thinking that the nipple was in the wrong place, had carefully shaped her chewing gum and stuck it on what she thought the correct spot. *Oh, mere men, be wary of infringing a lady's pride!*

# THURLESTONE TENNIS CLUB

*Janet Richardson, a Lawn Tennis Association licensed professional tennis coach, has recently re-located to the South Hams and she will be coaching tennis at Thurlestone Golf Club tennis section. Janet has many years' experience in coaching adults and children, individually and in groups, from beginners to county standard. The following programme will operate from Easter onwards:*

## COACHING PROGRAMME 2001

### EASTER HOLIDAY JUNIOR COURSES

Monday 9<sup>th</sup> - Thursday 12<sup>th</sup> April (2 groups) 3.00-5.00 pm (£8.00 for four-day course)  
Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup> - Friday 20<sup>th</sup> April (2 groups) 3.00-5.00 pm (£8.00 for four-day course)

### MAY BANK HOLIDAY JUNIOR COURSES

Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> May - Friday 1<sup>st</sup> June (2 groups) 3.00-5.00 pm (£8.00 for four-day course)

### SUMMER HOLIDAY JUNIOR COURSES

To be arranged

### LADIES AFTERNOON GROUP COACHING

Tuesdays 2.00 - 3.30 pm (£3.00 per week)

8<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, 22<sup>nd</sup> May

5<sup>th</sup>, 12, 19<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> June

3<sup>rd</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup> July

### ADULT EVENING CLASSES

To be arranged

### SMALL GROUP COACHING

Groups of 3 by arrangement (£7.00 each for one-and-a-half hours)

### INDIVIDUAL COACHING

Individual lessons by arrangement (£14.00 per hour)

## Contact telephone numbers

Janet Richardson - Coaching 01548-856007

Jan Meredith - Social Tennis 01548-560304

Lindsey Fletcher - Tournaments 02548-560157

Thurlestone Golf Professional - 01548-560405 Ext. 21

Members and non-members are welcome to play at Thurlestone. Courts can be booked at a fee of £8.00 for 90 minutes for non-members by contacting the golf professional as above.

**Lindsey Fletcher**

# POSTBAG

Dear Editor

## More Babes

For once Villager has come up with an excellent idea.... a calendar of local luminaries. However, I was disappointed that the Yarmmer Yokels were not included in the list of potential models.

As an economy measure they would offer at least two sexes for a single calendar. A "spot-the-difference" competition might be run in parallel.

They could provide well chosen venues: such as one with Eddystone flashing in the background, or a bird's-eye-view from the umpire's chair on the tennis courts (complete with racquets, balls and other appropriate paraphernalia).

I foresee an enormous profit potential which should be put towards the proposed multi-storey car-park to be built under the Village Green.

With best wishes for your project,

Cristobal Mariscal

**[We hope that no readers received a Valentine Card with a plump, pink satin heart on the cover, and containing the following message :]**

Dearest Valentine

Keep this heart away from children. Although it is made from environmentally benign biodegradable material, a child could eat it and choke. When you have read it please destroy this card by taking it to an authorised municipal dump. Do not attempt to burn it or cut it up - fires can easily spread and 13% of all domestic accidents involve scissors or other sharp instruments.

I have sent you this card because I love you, and that is why I have also signed it because research shows that receiving an unsigned card may cause stress and anxiety leading, in some cases, to stroke or cardiac arrest, possibly both. When you open the card take great care not to cut

your finger on the edge. This could eventuate septicaemia which, if not treated in time, might involve amputation.

I have not sent you roses as you may suffer from a floral allergy, or you could prick yourself on a thorn, or get stung by something lurking inside one of the flowers. I have not sent you champagne as most ocular accidents are caused by champagne corks, the popping of which can also traumatize pets and chilled drenching can lead to bronchitis.

I have not sent you chocolates because caffeine accelerates the heart-rate, fats increase cholesterol, and sugar creates obesity (Belgium causes 32% of all British cavities). I have not sent a cuddly toy because on Valentine's Day thousands of unthinking lovers exchange furry animals. What they exchange them for is their health. Just over thirty percent of all undiagnosable diseases are found in patients who have gone to bed cuddling a thing consisting of an ersatz outside from Taiwan stuffed with an ersatz inside from Pyongyang. While almost anything can be caught off the outside, there is almost nothing that cannot be caught off the inside especially after the outside comes unstitched in the middle of the night and the inside comes out.

And I have not invited you to a candle-lit dinner because 94% of all domestic conflagrations to which emergency services are called on February 14<sup>th</sup> are caused by lovers leaning across the table to kiss one another, causing the flaming candle-sticks to topple to the ground - where they rapidly roll towards the curtains.....

I do so hope you understand my darling!  
Your ever-loving

VALENTINE

**[ Our thanks are due to Veronica White for this salutary contribution. Ed]**

# WHAT MAKES HARRY HUGGINS TICK?

Last January the *Daily Telegraph* had a little piece about a Stork which was living wild along the River Stour, in Kent. It didn't say if it was a White Stork, the one which brings babies, or a Black Stork, a shy, rare bird of the forests of Eastern Europe (but there are a few in Spain). Whichever it was, the twitchers came. Then it was found the bird came not from the Continent - drifted over by high winds as they tried to make out - but from a sanctuary in Canterbury. As one of the twitchers said "*We've come farther than that bird has!*"

It all sounded authentic. But the *Telegraph* can be ornithologically challenged. Likewise in January there was a long article by a man who went bird watching on Romney Marsh, also in Kent. He said he was not an expert - modesty maybe - but reckoned that with binoculars and a good book he found a lot. Including large numbers of Wigeons, which he said were waiting for the weather to change so they could go back north. A bit early for that in January, but they would in February or March. We had some on the flood at Thurlestone this last winter - still with us as I write this in February.

So that Yankee birders may know what we are talking about, we are supposed now to call them 'Eurasian Wigeons' to distinguish them from the other two sorts of Wigeon, both confined to the Americas. I say "confined" but the one from North America, which, with startling originality, we call American Wigeon, does turn up occasionally. Whether it has flown the Atlantic, or from a wildfowl collection, no one ever knows for certain. Our Eurasian ladies are rich reddish brown. The gentlemen are particularly

handsome - chestnut head with a creamy streak up the middle, pink breast, grey body, black rear end with a white patch in front.

They illustrated the article with a big photograph of a marsh scene, and one of a Wigeon. But the wrong Wigeon. He might have seen just one (unlikely, but he might); but in no way would he have seen a flock. The bird depicted was a *Chiloe* Wigeon, a native of the southern-most tip of South America. You can see them, captive birds, at Slimbridge. There were some at Saltram House, may still be there if the minks and foxes have not got them. Once, in 1994, one spent a week or two in Kingsbridge harbour, by the loos. But the chance of there being a flock of them in Kent is nil.



You recall the story (which may or may not be true) of the editor of a Scottish provincial newspaper who sent the office boy to the photograph library for a picture of Ayrton Senna and in due course the lad returned with a picture of Ayr town centre.

The tale of the Stork sounded valid enough, likewise the twitchers who went for it. Most of them must have been listers. Serious listers have to be twitchers, but twitchers don't have to be listers. We don't keep lists, but sometimes we twitch, provided there is a reasonable chance of seeing a bird and provided we don't have to go very far. For example, last October there was that Crane at Staverton. A magnificent bird, eight feet or so across the wings, and standing on long legs: we didn't have to go far to find it. Then last January we went for an American Black

Duck. For weeks we were told he was around. Finally he arrived at Slapton Ley, by the bridge. A male - looked like a very dark female Mallard with which species they interbreed quite happily. That is put forward as a reason for their decline in eastern North America, whence they come. The fact that hunters slaughter half a million of them every year might also have something to do with it.

He was sitting on the grass near the rowing boats they use for fishing on the ley, with half a dozen Mallards. He came up to be fed. The question is whether he is a genuine wild bird which had crossed the Atlantic under his own steam or whether he came out of someone's wildfowl collection. The fact he asked to be fed didn't make him *not* wild - those Mallard at Torcross which people feed with bread are perfectly wild - and being tame didn't mean he came from a collection; often the reverse.

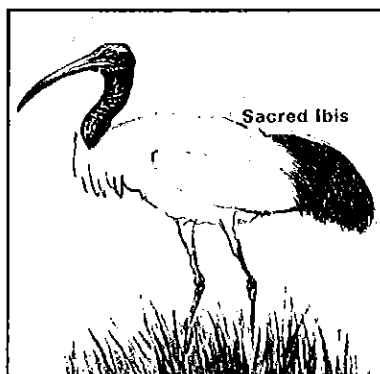
Some years ago at the RSPB Minsmere reserve there was a Sacred Ibis, like a big white heron with black head and neck, its beak curled down like a Curlew's. The ancient Egyptians made them into mummies, so successfully there is now none left in Egypt. A gentleman used to come to look at it, because it had escaped from his zoo near Lowestoft. But there was no way in which he could recapture it.

If you are into lists, you keep a life list, a UK list, a places-on-holiday list, an out-of-the-bathroom window list and, if really keen, a UK year list. That is where it gets competitive, fiercely so for some. There is a UK 400 Club whose members aspire to have a UK list of that number. Bill Oddie says he has about 370. A friend who set out to compile a year list got to just over 200. So to see 400 in all takes a lot of doing, and some of them try to achieve that, or near it, every year. If something like the Canterbury Stork turns up, a year lister has got to go for it, whatever doubts he might have about its origin because if it was later decided that the bird was genuinely wild, and so tickable, and

he hasn't seen it, and the others have, then he is one short.

There are some puzzling aspects about this list business: other people have only got your word for what you say you have seen. Mind, if you allege you saw a bird which they saw, and they didn't see you around at the time, you are not going to be believed. If you dipped out on a bird which the others have seen, you can try to rubbish it - make out they were all wrong about what it was.

Notoriously, some years ago at Portland Bill there was a lark. The twitchers who saw it said it was a Lesser Short-toed Lark, a very very rare vagrant. A highly prominent lister, who had dipped out, contended it must have been a Short-toed Lark, an annual vagrant to Britain. Both are about the same size, both have rather variable plumage. The only visible difference, if you can see it, is primary projection.



In a bird's wing there are flight feathers; the long outer ones are primaries, the inner ones, shorter, are secondaries, and close to the body there are tertials. When it folds its wing, the primaries and secondaries go under the tertials. The latter may cover the outer feathers completely - in the case of Short-toed Lark they do. For some other birds

the tips of the primaries stick out beyond the tips of the tertials. That is primary projection. Lesser Short-toed Lark shows about a quarter of an inch of it, provided the feathers are not too worn or damaged. All the twitchers, with their high-powered telescopes, must have convinced themselves they could see this on the Portland bird. And the other gent must have made out they could not, or they would all have one more tick than he had! How the matter was resolved I cannot remember.

For the listers, the greatest sin in the book is "suppression" - finding a rare bird and keeping quiet about it, so robbing the others of a tick. Oh yes, we have suppressed. June found in our garden here on the Mead a Subalpine Warbler, a bit bigger than a Blue

Tit. The ladies are more or less brown - if I saw one I would not be able to tell it from a Whitethroat. Luckily this was a gentleman, blueish grey above, pinkish breast, a big white moustache and bright red eye. It should have been in southern Europe. It had flown too far north.

In fact we didn't keep it *entirely* to ourselves. We rang a couple of friends, real experts both. Both said it would not stay. I expect they didn't believe us. One said if we did make it known we would get about four hundred twitchers crawling through our open plan gardens - a good twitcher will stop at nothing. So we suppressed it - took a few photographs to prove what we had seen (which was far from easy as it skulked in the bushes). All most embarrassing because next door the Brigadier and Mrs Brigadier were hosting a drinks party and there we were with binoculars and camera - and the hedge was not as thick as it is now.

If you are a year lister you tick away until midnight on 31<sup>st</sup> December, in the unlikely event you can still find anything fresh! Then at 00.01 on 1<sup>st</sup> January you begin again. Common birds are easy - Rooks Magpies, I was going to say Sparrows and Starlings, but they are becoming endangered species.

What you can't tick is a bird in a cage or one which obviously had just got out. Years ago in a pen at East Soar Farm, near Bolt Head, there was a very handsome Ruddy Shelduck, like the white, black and chestnut Shelducks we have around, but with a bright orange body and yellow head. The farmer had a small collection of wildfowl as well as some deer and cattle with enormous handlebar horns. You couldn't tick this Ruddy Shelduck. Mind you, if he had got out and made his way down to the Kingsbridge estuary you would have convinced yourself, and other twitchers, that he had come from eastern Europe where they belong.

A few months ago a birding friend saw in our valley here a couple of white geese with the Canadas. Snow Geese, from North America? No....farmyard geese which had joined the Canadas. They are descended from Greylag geese and can fly quite well if they do not get

too heavy. These two have been around for years!

Once he has ticked off all the common species, and has roared around the country after the rare ones (making a nuisance of himself by disturbing shy nesting birds) our lister has to wait to hear of foreigners arriving. From North America, some of them. Depressions, like we had in a never-ending stream in 2000 and 2001, carry small birds with them. Most must fall in the sea and drown, but some make it. Others hitch a ride on a ship. In one of his talks about being resident ornithologist on cruise ships, Mr T.Soper tells of frequent announcements over the ship's tannoy - **"Bird in Mr Soper's cabin"**. Not what people might think, but some little thing has come aboard and been taken by a crew member to Tony's cabin to be nurtured until the ship approaches land suitable for it to be released.

It doesn't matter if a bird has an assisted passage, provided it isn't being assisted when you tick it. A few years ago a cruise ship docked at Southampton with an American bird on board - a Brown Thrasher, like a thrush with a long tail. A *megatick* that would have been. The twitchers lined the dockside, waiting for it to come ashore. Then they could tick it, but not on board. But it stayed on the ship and disembarked on Malta, where no doubt it got shot.

What I cannot tell you is at what stage a species which has been captive or has been released becomes tickable. Like Ruddy Duck, the one they say they want to exterminate because it inter-breeds with the very rare White-headed Ducks in Spain. Escaped from Slimbridge, now breeding freely and very successfully in the wild. Or what about Goshawk, like a huge Sparrowhawk? There are several hundred pairs in the country, thought to have come from falconers' birds which escaped. And there is Pheasant, introduced hundreds of years ago from central Asia, and still being released, to be shot. Surely you can tick all these.

I am glad I do not have to decide!

**Harry Huggins**

# IN YOUR GARDEN



2001 is proving to be a wonderful year for daffodils but I think they have almost been out-done by the violets.

These are really magnificent this year. I was weeding in a sheltered spot, there was a

gentle breeze blowing, the sun was shining and suddenly there was a most wonderful waft of scent. I couldn't identify the source until my eye fell on a large clump of wild violets which I was about to fork out as an invasive weed. The flowers were large and the scent delicious! Alas, wild violets are almost a pest in our garden - they spread like mad, along with the pretty little pink purslane, intent on smothering every other plant of similar stature. I will stay my hand and not remove the violets until immediately they've finished flowering..... but I bet that this time next year they will be as thick on the ground as ever.

Prune early-flowering shrubs such as forsythia, winter viburnums, flowering currant, winter honeysuckle and winter jasmine, as soon as they've gone over. Cut out any thick woody stems of the old growth while you are about it to encourage new shoots to grow and ripen this summer to provide next spring's flowers. After doing this, remember to scatter some granular general fertiliser round all your shrubs and hedges for they too need sustenance as much as the flowers in the borders or the tomatoes and beans in the vegetable patch.

Large congested clumps of herbaceous perennials also appreciate being split up now. Dig them out and, ideally, use two garden forks (back to back in the centre of the lifted clump) to split and tease off healthy new growth from the sides of the clump. Replant the small clumps and discard the old centre of the plant. Put supports round the base of tall-growing plants well in advance of their shooting up - it's so much easier to do it whilst growth is still short and it makes the plants look so much better later on in the

season. If you use canes as supports always make sure they have 'stoppers' or caps of some sort on their protruding ends so as to ensure no-one will suffer eye damage as a result of bending over to cut the flowers or to pluck out a weed.

Despite a slight untidiness, bulb leaves must be allowed to die down naturally. Remove the dead heads so that seedpods will not develop for the bulb needs all its spare energy to go into laying down next year's flowers, not seeding. Bulbs can often be grown amongst something which will come up and hide their fading scruffy foliage. A useful plant for this is bergenia (elephants ears or pig-squeak), and there are lots of others. If you are bringing on seeds in your greenhouse never allow them to go short of water but, having said that, over-watering can be just as bad. So a nice happy medium should be struck!

As Farmers Markets are now cancelled we have lost our Kingsbridge source of aflatoxin free peanuts and untreated garden bird seed, but if you ring **Vanessa** (01548-560947) at Soar Mill Seeds she can deliver them to your home or you can go out there and collect. I went to see her the other week and during the course of a chat was delighted when she told me that when they arrived at Soar Mill nine years ago there were only four pairs of brown hare - but now there are about thirty-two pairs. Soar Mill, a National Trust farm, is hosting a guided walk round their arable land on the afternoon of Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> August, so watch out for further details you NT members. Should be plenty of interesting things to see, and how good to learn about the source of Soar's garden bird seed!

*Clocks went forward at the end of March so we now have more daylight for that little bit of extra work which will, increasingly, become necessary in our gardens to keep them looking good. Have fun but don't do too much at one go. Little and often is the answer!*

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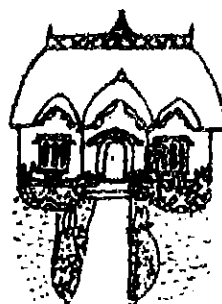
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# THURLESTONE & SOUTH MILTON HORTICULTURAL SHOW

Our Show this year is on Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> August at Thurlestone Parish Hall. So that you can prepare, or think about, your exhibits in advance, we thought you would like to see a list of what classes there will be. *Of course you must consult the printed schedule for full details.* These will be available at our Plant Sale at Thurlestone Parish Hall on Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> May or from the Thurlestone PO/Shop from that date.

## Vegetables

### **Open and amateur classes**

Four kidney potatoes (white)  
Four kidney potatoes (coloured)  
Four round potatoes (white)  
Four round potatoes (coloured)  
Eight shallots (not hybrids)  
Eight shallots (hybrid)  
Eight runner beans  
Eight French beans  
Three onions (seed)  
Three onions (sets)  
Eight pods peas  
Three stump carrots  
Three long or intermediate carrots  
Three globe beetroot  
Two lettuces  
Three courgette  
Six tomatoes (excluding cherry cultivars)  
Truss cherry cultivar tomatoes  
Six fronds parsley  
Pair vegetable marrows  
Two cabbages  
Three leeks  
Plate soft fruit (may be mixed)  
Collection herbs  
Two of any vegetable not on schedule  
Longest runner bean  
Heaviest onion  
Collection of vegetables, one each of six kinds

### **Cut flowers & Pot Plants**

Pot grown standard fuchsia (10" pot max.)  
Three decorative dahlias  
Three cactus dahlias  
Three gladioli  
Nine sweet peas  
Six pansies  
Six hybrid tea roses  
One rose bloom  
One stem floribunda rose  
Three stems hydrangea

Flowering pot plant (ex fuchsias and pelargoniums - 10" pot max.)  
Flowering fuchsia (not standard, 10" pot max.)  
Foliage pot plant (10" pot max.)  
Six stems annuals, 3 kinds  
Six stems flowering shrubs, 3 kinds  
Pot grown pelargonium, flowering (pot 10" max.)  
Six fuchsia heads

## Children

### **Age under seven**

Picture, size A3 max.  
Animal made from vegetables

### **Age 7-10**

Picture on a flat stone 6" x 6" max.  
Posy for Gran.  
Plate of four biscuits

### **Age 11-15**

Model of an alien  
Flowers in a basket  
Picture made with shells, size A4

**Show chairman David Coward says "We very much hope that residents will find some classes to enter from the above lists, and it would be good to see new faces amongst the prize-winners!"**

**Every year someone is overheard at the show saying "My vegetables (or flowers) look better than those, and I didn't think about entering". Well how about breaking the ice this year if you've never entered before? Make 2001 your year for DOING things.**

**Don't be a 'couch potato' - put your spuds on the show bench!**

## Cookery

Marmalade  
Raspberry jam  
Any other jam  
Jelly  
Lemon curd  
Chutney  
Bread, brown or white, machine-made  
Bread, brown or white, made traditionally  
Four almond macaroons  
Meat pasty  
Emma's Lemon Syrup Cake (set recipe)  
Savoury quiche

## Crafts

Item made of wood  
Hand-knitted garment  
Patchwork item  
Embroidered item, any technique (no kits)  
Hand or machine sewn item (or combination of)  
Item made of any material not in schedule  
Oil painting  
Water colour painting  
Picture using any painting or drawing technique - any medium  
Humorous snap  
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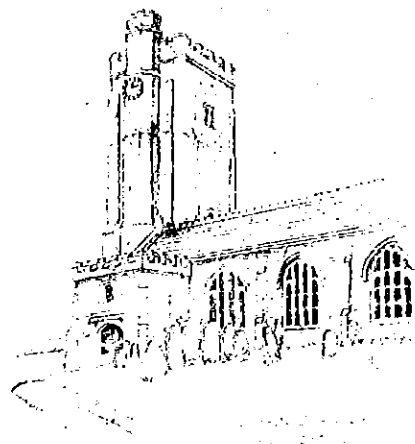
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# All Saints



**Priest in Charge:** Revd. Andrew Girling 562219

**Churchwardens:** Graham Worrall 562016 & Liz Webb 560090

**ANDREW GIRLING WRITES:**

## **SPRING AND FOOT AND MOUTH**

The daffodils are 'dancing in the breeze'. Spring has come. April with its green shoots heralds the season for celebrating new life after the deadness of winter. It's a time of spirits lifted, of baby lambs, of sunshine and fresh air, of happiness and hope.

But not this year. So much of the joy of spring has been denied us by the spread of a sinister and sickening disease. Cattle are destroyed. Farm gates are closed and disinfected. Farmers live with anxiety and fear for their livelihoods. All our spirits are laden by a shared concern and anxiety. England, the 'fortress built by nature for herself against infection and the hand of war', has, it seems, capitulated to disease.

It must, however, not capitulate to a threat to its community and sense of responsibility. Many in the front line, the farmers themselves, have spoken eloquently of the support they have received. Our temporary loss of countryside walks and the cancellation of sporting and other activities, is a small price to pay for us to stand with our farming friends and to reduce the risk of further infection.

We face a real threat to our agricultural industry and the future looks bleak for many farmers. But, as it has done so often in the past, crisis can strengthen resolve and build community. We are all involved in this. When one suffers we all suffer. Let us at least pray for the farmers, for the government, for MAFF and all who are most involved in the battle. Let us pray too that our God-given sense of being together in this may enable us, as Jesus both told us and showed us, 'to overcome evil with good'. Let life, not death, have the last word. Let God's springtime triumph again.

*Andrew Girling*

## **Annual Church Meeting**

**ON THURSDAY APRIL 26<sup>TH</sup> AT 7.30 P.M. IN THURLESTONE CHURCH**

Everyone is welcome and all may vote in the election of churchwardens. Those on the Church Electoral Roll are entitled to vote in the rest of the meeting.

Wine and Cheese will be served after the meeting.



# All Saints Diary

## Church Services

### Sundays & Festivals

APRIL 1ST	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Book of Common Prayer)
PASSION SUNDAY	10.30 a.m.	Family Service at South Milton
	11.10 a.m.	No service at Thurlestone
	6.00 p.m.	Evensong (Book of Common Prayer)
APRIL 8TH	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
PALM SUNDAY	10.45 a.m.	Palm Sunday Procession to church and Family Communion
APRIL 12TH	8.30 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
MAUNDY THURSDAY	6.00 p.m.	Benefice Eucharist at South Milton
APRIL 13 <sup>TH</sup>	10.00 a.m.	Family Service at South Milton
GOOD FRIDAY	2.00 a.m.	Last Hour Meditation at Thurlestone
APRIL 15TH	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (Book of Common Prayer) with hymns
EASTER SUNDAY	11.10 a.m.	Family Communion (Common Worship)
APRIL 22ND	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
	11.10 a.m.	Parish Eucharist (Common Worship)
APRIL 29 <sup>TH</sup>	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
	11.10 a.m.	Parish Eucharist (Common Worship)
MAY 6 <sup>TH</sup>	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Book of Common Prayer)
	11.10 a.m.	Family Service
MAY 13 <sup>TH</sup>	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
	11.10 a.m.	Matins (Book of Common Prayer)
MAY 20 <sup>TH</sup>	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Book of Common Prayer)
	11.10 a.m.	Family Communion (Common Worship)
MAY 24 <sup>TH</sup>	8.30 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
ASCENSION DAY	6.00 p.m.	Benefice Eucharist in Thurlestone Church
MAY 27 <sup>TH</sup>	8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
	11.10 a.m.	Parish Eucharist (Common Worship)

### Weekdays

EVERY THURSDAY	8.30 a.m.	Holy Communion (said) (Common Worship)
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You would be welcome at any of these services, particularly those during Holy Week and Easter  
Please note that the church now has a loop system



## Homemade Soup & a Ploughman's

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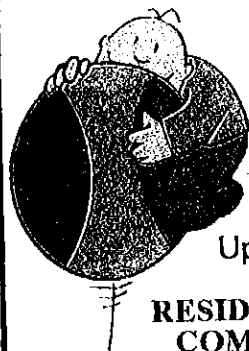
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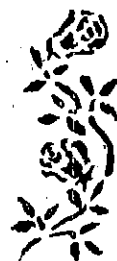
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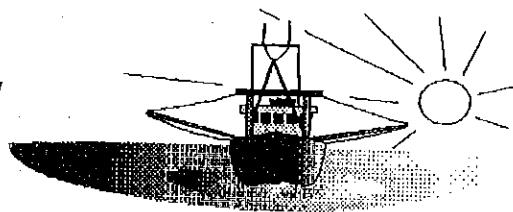
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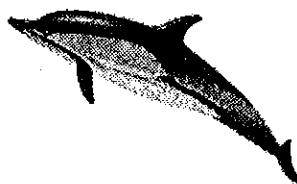


# **Dolphin Code *of* conduct**

**There is no reason why boats and dolphins should not be able to co-exist if care is taken to observe the following rules:**

- **Do not** chase dolphins or drive a boat directly towards them; wherever possible, let them approach you.
- **Do not** respond to them by changing course or speed in a sudden or erratic manner; slowing down or stopping suddenly can confuse and alarm dolphins as much as sudden acceleration.
- **Avoid** dolphins with young.
- **Do not** swim with, touch or feed dolphins, for your safety and theirs.
- **Ensure** that no more than one boat is within 100 metres, or three boats within one kilometre of dolphins at any one time.

Remember that dolphins and porpoises use sound as a daily part of their life, for locating and capturing food, locating and communicating with one another, detecting predators, and forming a picture of their underwater environment in often very dim light. Many of the sounds made by craft directly overlap the frequencies used by dolphins and porpoises, particularly those caused by cavitation of the propellor blade, producing a very loud broadband, high frequency noise. This causes interference with their daily activities, sometimes excluding them from preferred feeding or nursery areas. It can also lead to undue stress, particularly when mothers are pregnant or with small young. Scientific studies have shown that dolphins respond negatively to craft moving directly at them, increasing the time they spend underwater, and often causing them to swim rapidly away from the sound source.



# NO NEED TO SEE RED AT ORANGE!

In the latter part of last year, the Parochial Church Council (PCC) received an unsolicited request from the Agents acting on behalf of Orange Personal Communications Services, to place a small low power aerial on the Church Tower. Users of mobile phones in this area will know that currently there are many blank spots where phones do not operate. It is the purpose of this proposed aerial to improve local coverage for personal and trade use and also to enable emergency services to be contacted quickly by mobile phone should a public or domestic phone be unavailable.

In pursuance of the requirements of the Licence issued by the Government, all telecommunications companies are requested to meet the increasing demand by providing sufficient capacity and to extend the coverage in areas of poor or negative reception - which means increasing the numbers of aerials of various types. There is a phenomenal rate of growth in the use of mobile phones with 5 million sold last Christmas and over 25 million altogether in the UK - nearly one phone for every two people, with 90% of phones in regular use.

Much of the information contained in this article is from the report "Mobile Phones and Health" drawn up at the request of the Government to provide a completely independent report. Published in April 2000, the Stewart Report as it is known is 125 pages in length, incorporating constructive inputs of information gathered from individual sources. The paragraph numbers referred are from the Report.

There are several aspects of the application that the PCC has considered and are currently progressing, including:

## Appearance

The aerial would be in the form of a white flagpole which would be in the same position and replace the existing pole and would incorporate a system to enable a flag to be raised/lowered.

## Contract conditions

All aspects of the engineering, electrical, legal responsibilities, insurance ethics, etc. are being established and will have to be agreed with the relevant bodies. With regard to financial reward, the PCC have unanimously agreed a proposal that a significant proportion of any receipt from Orange would be given to charitable causes.

## Health and Safety

It may be helpful to identify the radio waves used for mobile phone communication. The electromagnetic spectrum is divided into ionising and non-ionising. Radio waves are non-ionising which is described as not having sufficient energy to biologically alter the structure of human cells. TV and VHF/FM radio waves are adjacent to the radio wave bands used for mobile phones.

It is important to recognise that the exposure from mobile phone base stations (aerials) is just one component of Radio frequency exposure that people receive. Indeed the exposure received by people living near to broadcast transmitters (TV and FM radio) of high power output is likely to be appreciably greater than that received by people living near to mobile phone base stations, although less than that from a mobile phone near the body." (4.20)

The signal from an elevated aerial is focussed into an horizontal beam approximately 6° wide in a vertical direction, the main beam is tilted slightly downwards, reaching ground level some 50 - 200 metres from the aerial. (4.30) The microcell proposed is intended to cover an area of approximately 800 metres around the aerial, and would operate at a relatively weak signal strength, appreciably less than the approved guidelines.

"Use of a mobile phone can expose tissues adjacent to the (phone) aerial to levels of Radio Frequency radiation more than 1000 times higher than people would normally encounter from base stations." (6.71)

A Department of Health publication entitled "Mobile Phones, Base Stations and Health" dated December 2000 in referring to the conclusions of the Stewart Report, states:

"The balance of evidence indicates that there is no general risk to the health of people living near base stations, on the basis that exposures are expected to be small fractions of guidelines."

The report recommends further research on a number of related issues including planning, public information and consumer choice, advice to Government and Industry, and health.

It is appreciated that this article is a brief commentary on a very extensive subject, and an attempt to touch on some of the items that may be of interest.

The PCC fully appreciates that the proposed aerial is an emotive issue, and understandably can cause concern to individuals. The PCC have no wish to influence the opinion of others, but ask that a balanced view is considered, based on independent recognised scientific reports, rather than alarmist unsubstantiated comments, or unproven media articles based on studies that are not rigorous enough to be published in scientific journals.

Whilst the PCC gave a unanimous response to the application, it was considered necessary to advise the Parish Council of the request from Orange, prior to any application for planning permission, to ensure that knowledge of the request was generally known.

The Archbishop's Council of the Church of England has set up a working party to consider all aspects of aerial installation on Church property, over 4300 Churches having expressed interest. Guidelines will be issued later this year, which will directly address the subjects with which the church and the public are concerned, including safety and moral issues.

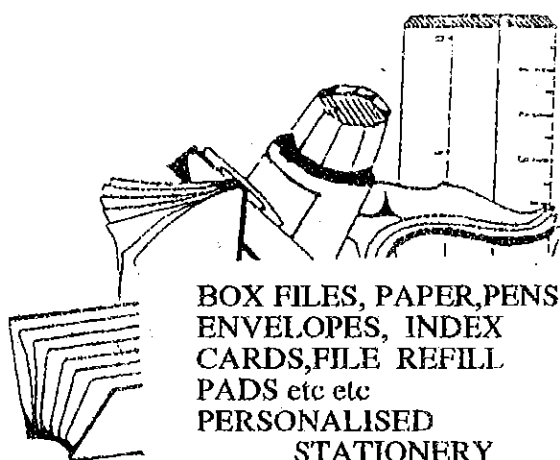
A decision has been taken following discussion with the Archdeacon that the PCC will await the recommendations and guidelines from the Archbishop's Council before considering the request further, Orange having been advised of that decision.

Graham Worrall  
Churchwarden

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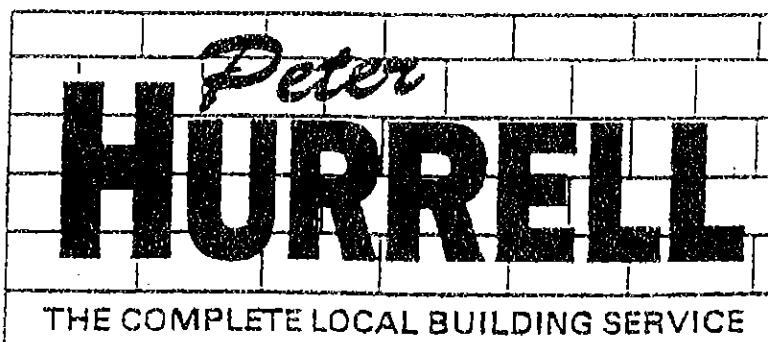


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# HORSWELL DIARY

***Jambo! Habari?*** (Hello! How are you?)  
*Is winter over? Are the daffodils in bloom?*  
*Is it safe to come home?*

I am writing from East Africa, on the Kenyan coast just south of Malindi. As I look out over the Indian Ocean the water is palest aquamarine streaked with violet and indigo, its deeps and shallows like dark veins and purple bruises beneath lustrous translucent skin. As far as the eye can see a broad curve of perfect white sand edges the ocean, separating it from a hinterland of coconut palms, the roofs of private residences just visible in their dense foliage. A varied fleet of sport fishing boats dots the horizon, their gleaming white hulls reflecting the sun and dazzling the eye. High-prowed and low-waisted they bristle with radar and radio masts, their rods splayed out on either side like insects' antennae.

At low tide the sea recedes to reveal an extensive coral reef pocketed with rock pools and large outcrops of coral rock of intricate shape. Idly we give them names. One, smoother than the others, low and long with an upturned tail becomes Whale Rock; another, with angled holes like eyes pierced through it, is Demon Rock; a third with a conical projection in the centre we call Smokestack.

Between the rocks small craft come and go, collecting passengers and supplies from the beach to service the yachts anchored in the bay. The gentle putter of outboard engines is carried on the breeze mingling with the excited squeals of small children playing with their Aya in the shallows. Escorted by his owner, a pale camel lurches and sways along the beach towards them adding to their delight.

A smiling young waiter appears with a drink, ice tinkling in a frosted glass. It is hard to reconcile the luxury of this magical place with the backbreaking poverty and urban decay we have witnessed on our

travels throughout the country. The former glories of Nairobi and Mombasa are lost now in a dusty haze of poverty and neglect, the romantic candle-lit stalls at night hiding the shabby squalor visible during the day.

Crumbling cratered roads have rattled our bones through scenes of immense beauty but also of such deprivation and human resourcefulness that their images remain seared into our consciousness. Lack of water and lack of investment in the country's infrastructure seem to be immense problems. Failed maize crops have left families with neither food nor income. Instead, they take what they can from their parched land, digging for rocks and sand from the dry riverbed, carrying them in woven baskets to the roadside. Turbanned in rags against the blistering heat men sit cross-legged relentlessly hammering the larger rocks into building blocks, pounding the off-cuts into loose road chippings and heaping them in piles beside the road in the hope of making a sale to a passing truck.

Brightly clad women trudge wearily beside the road balancing empty five gallon drums on their heads to the nearest watering hole, often several miles away. Later we see them struggling home laden like beasts of burden. A wide band around their foreheads supports the water now resting heavily on their backs. They clasp their hands behind their heads to prevent their necks snapping backwards with the weight. The water supply, when we see it, is often fetid or stagnant, a herd of cows trampling the muddy banks.

In towns simple roadside stalls lie dusty and disused through lack of produce. Where there are fruit or vegetables they are stacked three high at the front to disguise the emptiness of the tray behind. Another stall may boast a single hub-cap or windscreen wiper blade gleaned from the roadside in the hope of making a sale. Wood carvers and metal workers ply their trade. Beside

them braziers char the bark of mango trees for fuel. Old shoes, battered and mis-shapen from hard use are offered for sale along with second hand clothes. Between the stalls immaculate children with neatly braided hair play happily in the dust whilst men sit around unfed and unemployed, returning dark stares to the tourists' waving hands.

The earth is rich and red like Devon soil, the prosperity or failure of its crops dependent upon a reliable and accessible water supply. Where water is available we drive through neat plantations of sisal, pineapples, peas, tea, coffee, roses and carnations. It is easy to see that governed and managed well the potential for Kenya is enormous. Already several Jumbo Jets leave Nairobi every day laden with green beans and roses for the UK, presumably to other countries too and yet the country's vital services seem in terminal breakdown with power and water supplies, roads, transport, schools and hospitals in desperate need of investment and organisation. Some international aid agencies are now cutting back their aid programmes citing "lack of transparency in the handling of their funds" as the reason. Sadly, the problems seem insurmountable.

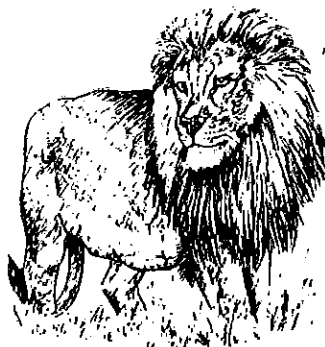
In the countryside it is extraordinary how little the twentieth century has altered a way of life practised for generations. The houses are still made of mud, the men erecting a framework of thin wooden supports then leaving it to the women to fill in all the gaps with a mixture of mud and cow dung, rather like a bird building a nest. Nearer the coast the roofs are steeply pitched and covered with palm thatch, which allow a cooling passage of air within the house. Inland, where material for thatch is not available, the roofs are lower, rounded and made, like the walls, of mud. Some have galvanised tin roofs which withstand the winter rains well but, without the appropriate insulation, in summer heat the house to intolerable temperatures.

Polygamy enables the men to ensure a male heir, but also to leave their homes in search of work, sure in the knowledge that their

land is being cared for by the women left behind. The more land he has, the more wives he needs to look after it. Traditionally the man has his own house, with separate houses for each wife. This is not as democratic as it first appears as the wives have to share their homes with not only their children but their goats too!

Meanwhile, Papa shares his with the food supplies and a gourd full of alcohol!

In the Mara, a vast area of grassland in the south of the country close to the border with Tanzania, the Maasai tend their herds of cows and goats as they have throughout history. Young boys awaiting circumcision, their rite of passage into adulthood, live with their animals away from their homes with just a blanket, a pointed stick, a club and a bow and arrow for protection from the wild animals that hunt and kill beside



them on the Mara.

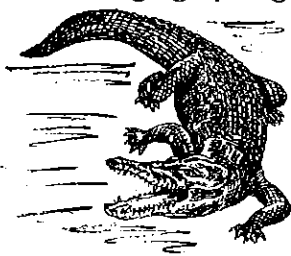
Traditionally a Maasai could not be called a warrior until he had killed a lion with his bare hands. They survive on milk and blood and maize, and the camaraderie of their peers. They

are tall and lean, darkly handsome in their brilliant red robes and multicoloured beads, as exotic as all the birds and animals we had come to see.

We saw leopard, cheetah, lions with their cubs, hyena, gazelle, impala, oryx, wildebeest, dik-dik, waterbuck, buffalo, zebra, elephants, giraffe, rhino, crocodiles and hippopotami - to name but a few! And all at such close quarters we could have reached out and touched them - but then I suppose I wouldn't still be here to tell the tale! The birds and butterflies alone were so numerous and beautiful they deserved a safari dedicated solely to them. We saw herons and storks, flamingos and ostrich, sea eagles and osprey, secretary birds and guinea fowl, kingfishers and weaver birds, pelicans and hornbill, many others too.

Here on the coast the sport fishers have

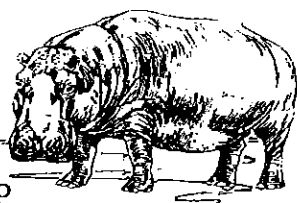
returned with their catch. We sit having tea, like *tricoteuses* at the guillotine, as enormous Marlin, Sailfish and Shark are hoisted and weighed on the gallows, photographs taken and experiences shared. The sun slips down behind the palms leaving the sea pale and smooth as an opal, glinting with fire. Soon cocktails will be served followed by dinner under the stars. In the warm darkness of sudden night I reflect on our holiday. Memories are filed like snapshots in my head. All vivid and remarkable. A feast for the senses, to sustain us through grey English days to come.



Flicking quickly through my mental photo album I see huge crocodiles slithering out of muddy rivers, heaving

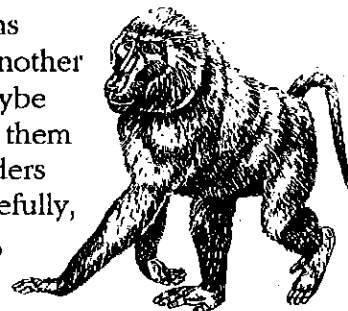
their gross bodies up on to the mudflats to snap and crunch at bones left for them there; the shores of Lake Nkuru rimmed pink with thousands and thousands of wading flamingo; small flashes of yellow as weaver birds dart in and out of their nests which hang suspended like fruit from the thorn trees; three magnificent cheetahs singling out an impala from its herd and chasing it to its death; the leopard lying fat and sleek in a tree after eating a small gazelle; in a nearby clearing the gazelle's mother watching pitifully with mournful eyes; the cobalt blue and speckled black plumage of the vulturine guinea fowl worthy of a creation by Dior; the ridiculous gait of an ostrich on the run, like a ballerina on points; the sight of an osprey soaring against a cloudless blue sky; a convention of enormous black and white storks like balding professors discussing the merits of standing on one leg; the size of the elephant that blocked our path trumpeting for us to get out of its way; the beauty of the giraffes galloping across the plains or standing tall amongst the trees plucking at leaves.

I remember our amusement at the hippos plodding about on the river-bed and coming up



for air with a terrific whoosh and snorting and blowing of bubbles. Apparently they are vegetarians and will travel ten miles from water in search of food. I loved the big grey baboons

following one another Indian style, maybe thirty or forty of them at a time, the elders walking purposefully, setting the pace, the young ones tumbling off



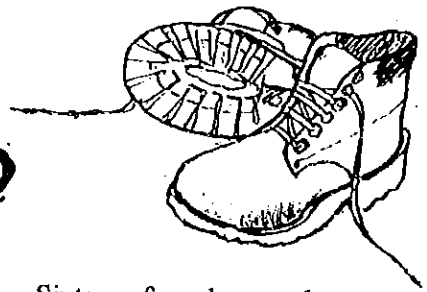
their mothers' backs to play and squabble with their peers, the babies tucked up close to their mothers' chests suckling her milk and peeping out with bush baby eyes.

Then there are the colours, the sounds and the smells: I see vibrant cascades of Bougainvillia trailing through trees and over palmthatch - crimson, magenta, gold and white; fields of tall Sunflowers - splashes of sunshine yellow against red earth; brilliant blue Morning Glory winding through creepers; the pendulous bells of Datura, white against dark leaves; the flaming orange-red of casuarinas trees; the soft blue of Jacarandas made pale by the intensity of the sky. I hear the lions roaring in the still morning air and the chit chat of birds, the mamba rhythm of African music and the soft spoken "*Hakuna matata*" ('No worries') of the gentle Kenyan people. I am reminded of our driver's reply when I asked if we really should have driven over the Tanzanian border to see the leopard. "*We are not allowed*", he said, "*but the road is taking us*". I smell the dry musk of red earth, elephant and lion, the cloying sweetness of the waxy frangipani blooms and now, as I write, taste the saltiness of the sea.

As our last day in this earthly paradise draws to an end I turn my thoughts to Horswell, to Abo and Bertie and Flossie. I close my eyes and imagine them running to greet us. I try and hear them barking their greeting but all I can hear is the scrape of cicadas and the sound of the sea sighing in its sleep, the rise and fall of its breath muffled by a soft pillow of sand.

**Prunella Dart**

# TRAMP



**1** Amazingly, incredibly, once again despite dire weather warnings - rain, gale, snow on the moors - we had no rain for our January tramp except, when it did not matter, during our lunch.

It cannot be said nevertheless that it was a nice day. It wasn't; it was grey, bleak. Twenty-two people had at one point said that they would be coming but possibly after too-careful study of their television screens at weather forecast times, had found excellent reasons why they could not. So, in the end, ten of us and the valiant Ambrose gathered at the car park somewhere in Hembury Woods.

Crossing the road we went immediately down into the wood to the path by the Dart. The river was very high and very spectacular; stretches where it was foaming down over the rocks and the, in contrast, stretches of deep water, calm, smooth, oily-green.

We followed upstream, skirting the Country Park, not difficult walking, just a few natural woodland hazards such as tree roots and overhanging branches. However, our leader, presumably to make up for the relative briefness of the walk, a mere six miles, took care to give it an element of adventure. There was a rocky-bedded stream to cross with the help of a sturdy horizontal pole placed with six-foot walkers in mind; another which could be crossed only by making a flying leap. We had noticed that our leader had brought a strong-looking rope. Then a steep bank with a sturdy fence and a wall to climb at the top to reach the road.

The pub at Holne had been warned of our coming and their soup (a choice of three) was home-made, substantial, excellent, served with an enormous wedge of bread - and the most expensive yet encountered. After lunch, warmed inwardly and outwardly, we had but a short distance to go; two stretches of road linked as an antidote by a track whose upper part more closely resembled another rocky-bedded. It was here that Ambrose took to a supermarket bag as the rocks were too hard for his ageing paws. *Then we were back at the cars, well satisfied with the success of the day!*

**2** Sixteen of us plus one dog set off from Lee Mill for our February walk. Crossing the first fields on the edge of the village, some of us reflected how different it was from last time, when these same fields had a scattering of snow and our journey had been a trifle interesting on roads with patches where the snow had frozen!

Not so today: the sunshine was almost hot. We arrived at the railway line but there was no train to wave at. It was in the woods just before Sparkwell that we encountered an engaging piglet who, with wagging tail and friendly remarks, followed us, clearly intending to accompany us. Luckily he changed his mind when we came into the village.

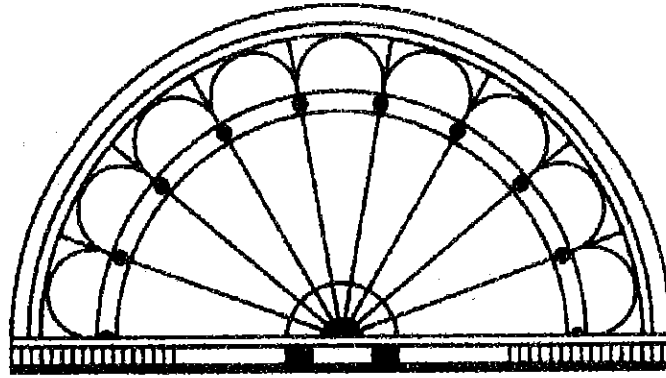
After Sparkwell we made our way, mostly along paths, to Lutton, to the Mountain Inn in fact. Here we scored a first: a three-month old baby joined us for the second half of the walk, together of course with his mother and grandmother. It was lovely sitting outside at the picnic tables, gazing at the sunlit view, but some preferred the cosy interior. We did not linger over long, however, and with the baby safely in his special carrying bag we set off down the track which leads, conveniently, straight out of the village towards and past Slade.

It was somewhere along there that one walker, clearly desirous of a closer contact with Mother Earth - although our boots bore witness of a certain amount already - tripped and fell flat on her face in the grassy, muddy path. She carried quite a lot of Mother Earth with her after that.

Our path led down to the woods and beneath the Slade viaduct. A train did come along this time but too high and too important to be waved at satisfactorily. In the last field before Lee Mill we were greeted in a friendly way by three Shire horses and then we were back at the cars, slightly muddy (in one case, very) but content with our day.

**Pam Brewster**





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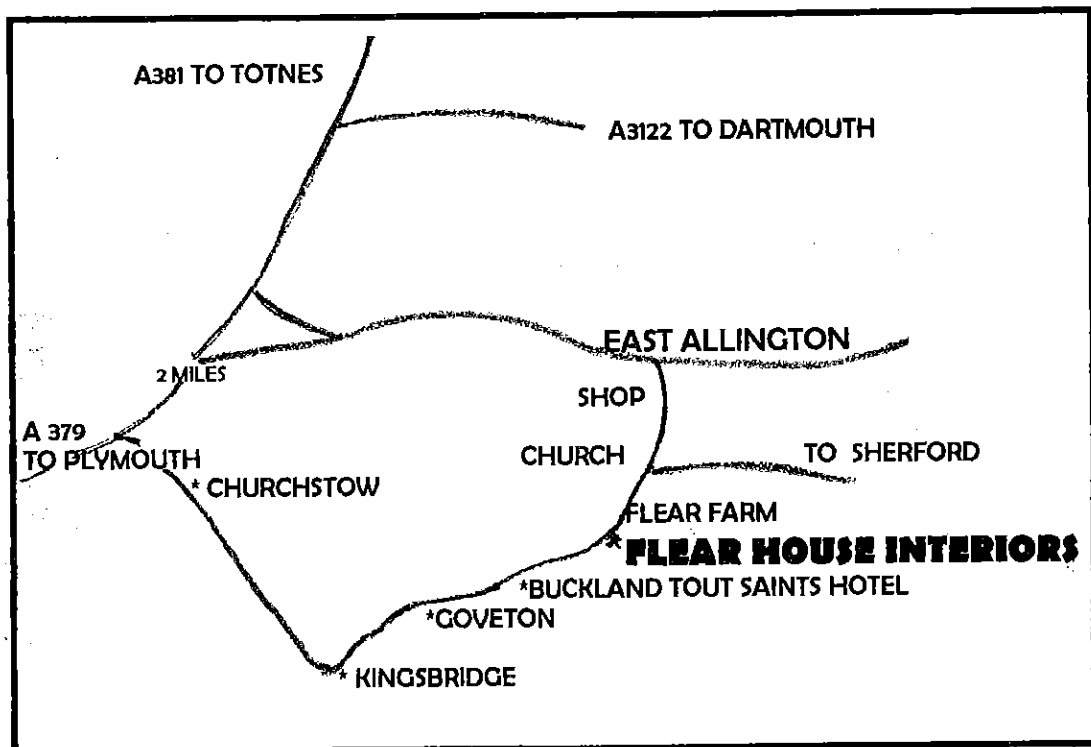
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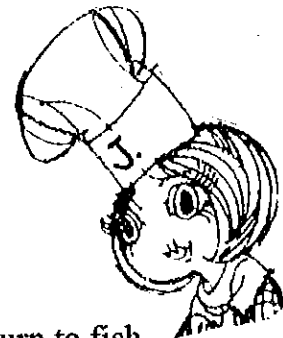
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# Kate's Kitchen



Given the current problems with the production of meat, it seems wise to turn to fish as an alternative. As a nation we are not known for imaginative fish cookery and most of us stick to **cod** and **haddock** as our favourite white fish, but in this recipe any of the alternatives will do. **Coley, hake, pollack and ling** are all sometimes to be found on the supermarket fish counters and are often cheaper. The soup can manage without its *rouille*, but a spoonful swirled into it adds some fire and a very pretty dash of colour.

## FISH SOUP

### Ingredients

- |                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 carrots                  | 1 tin of mussels           |
| 2 ounces of frozen peas    | 1 lb. of white fish fillet |
| 1/2 a bulb of fennel       | 8 ounces of prawns         |
| 1/2 a big leek             | 1/4 pint of cream          |
| 2 tablespoonfuls of butter | 1 clove of garlic          |
| 1 tablespoonful of flour   | saffron                    |
| 1/4 pint of white wine     | a bay leaf                 |
| 1 1/2 pints of fish stock  | thyme, sage and fresh dill |

### Preparation

Dice the carrots and fennel and saute them with the sliced leek and the peas in the butter. Stir in the flour and add the wine and the fish stock with the saffron and herbs. Bring the soup to the boil and simmer until the vegetables are nearly cooked. Meanwhile, cut the fish into small pieces and add it, letting it cook for a few minutes before tipping in the mussels and prawns and the chopped dill ( saving a bit for a garnish ). Make sure it is really hot ( but not boiling! ), stir in the cream, and then all you need is your *rouille* and some garlic bread.

## ROUILLE

### Ingredients

- 7 ounce tin of red peppers
- 1 clove of garlic, crushed
- 1 small chilli pepper
- 2 tablespoonfuls of olive oil



### Preparation

Liquidise everything together and there you have your *rouille*!

# 100 YEARS AGO

## A YOUNG MAN GOES TO THE BOER WAR

*Continuing extracts from the letters young Francis Jenkins wrote to his father, H.L. Jenkins of Clanacombe, whilst on board RMS "Majestic", en route for South Africa. By kind permission of Anne Jenkins, Francis Jenkins daughter.*

22nd February 1900

My dear Father

My last letter was posted at St. Vincent or rather left there to go aboard the next homeward bound trooper, to be posted in England.

We got into St. V. about 2.30 pm on Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> February. It is a very neat little harbour shut in by reddish coloured hills without a sign of vegetation anywhere. I went ashore in the afternoon, the town is a little bit of a place, very like a little Spanish town except that the people are black or rather coffee coloured. What white people there are to be seen look as if they'd got a pretty heavy strain of native in 'em.

There is a market where they sell beans and maize, oranges, bananas etc. I suppose these come from the other islands as there is no sign of them growing here, only a few cocoa nut palms, limes, tamarisk and prickly shrubs here and there wherever a fellow has made enough mess in front of his house to grow something in.

I don't know where they get their water from as there's been no rain at all for two years and no "good" rain for seven, so I was told. I walked up one of the hills which are made of sort of red cindery stuff with a few stones sticking in it. On the side of the hill the native keeps his pig sty and Bubble U combined. He digs out a hole and drops his pig in then he partially covers the mouth of the hole round the edge with stones and things so that the pig shan't climb out, leaving a hole in the centre which he and his friends use for the second named purpose. We shipped no bacon at this port.

It took us till 5.30 pm on Monday to finish coaling, and a filthy noisy job too. We heard the news from the British cruiser there (the "Cambria" I think). At least we heard this much news -

*French relieved Kimberley and joined K.  
Kenny in pursuit of Cronje who is retiring*

*on Bloemfontein. Guards encamped in  
enemy's position at Magersfontein".*

This made us all mad to get on before it is all over.

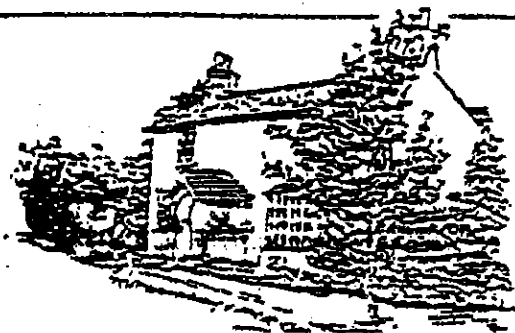
Well, of course it is very hot now, we were about 100 miles north of the Line at noon today so we ought to cross it this evening as we average a run of 430 miles in the 24 hours. One of my men has gone mad. There is nothing else exciting going on. Shoals of porpoises and flying fish about. We passed a whale of some kind this morning. I spotted something ahead and nipped down and got my carbine and put a bullet into the old brute's tail, which was all I could see of him, then when he was kicking about I got him again just at the waterline but it didn't appear to do him much harm.

It's a very jolly voyage if only one wasn't in such a beastly hurry to get there - we are all in great terror of being too late. It is much cooler now, might be June in England, and there is more sea but nothing bad. We expect to be in Table Bay the day after tomorrow, some time in the morning. We are all ready for anything now except myself. The embarkation staff at Southampton went and dumped my valise down into the hold instead of the baggage room so I can't get at it to pack it finally for the front, nor can I get at the clothes I want to disembark in. However, I shall have Richardson watching as soon as they begin to get the stuff up and hope to get it in time, but it is a nuisance.

My lunatic will have to be sent home, otherwise all the men are fit I think, and I'm as fit as any of 'em. I'm afraid this will just miss the mail at the Cape and have to wait a week. After this you must not expect much in the way of letters. My love to Mother. I shall shut this up now as I shall be very busy the last day on board.

Your affectionate son  
Francis Jenkins.

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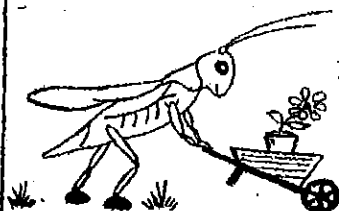
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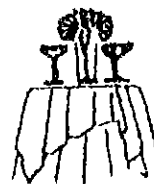


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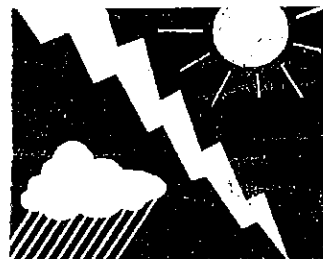
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# Weather Wag

By Jan Turner



I have a reference book open beside me with the chapter heading '**Blow, Winds, Blow**'. Relevant? I should say so! Winds have been east or South east today all day 20th March, the Vernal or Spring Equinox and gusting to 60mph. Rain by the millimetre, and (thank goodness and praise be) what fell out of the sky was not in the form of SNOW. Poor old North Devon has taken a hammering in so many ways, now it is 4-6cms of drifting snow. Tradition has it that where the wind is on the Equinox it will be the predominant wind for 6months. It is also a saying that rain from the east doesn't know when to stop! Don't stand a chance do we?

Someone said to me today that the wind had been whistling around his house, weren't we lucky to be sheltered! I ask you, when you are at the end of a corridor or narrow street, even a slight breeze can get up quite a speed. We are at the end of a 'narrowish' valley and boy does the wind gather speed as it hurtles down from the Salcombe road. Our house is rather like a wall at the end and the wind does its best to blow us out to sea. I suppose it likes to give the slates on the leeward side an airing and make them feel even with those on the seaward side! What light-weight litter that blew up from the beach a day or two ago is probably back down there now.

Throughout the day the surface of the sea has hardly been ruffled, (until you look at Bolt Tail and see the east winds hurtling past it!) just a slight swell to liven the neap tides. It is strange and fascinating the way winds and waves behave. By the way, there has been a large rock fall from the high sandstone cliffs below the road outside our gate. The south entrance to the cave has been blocked and the fence is hanging free. The sand dunes at the mouth of the Ley have suffered a terrible period of erosion too. About 30 years of development has been washed away by the high destructive tides of 10 days ago. Helped

by a strong westerly wind and the route the river decided to take, thousands of tons of sand have been transported. I guess it will return but not in time to save the edge of the sandbank.

Earlier last month, in church, we heard the story of the time when a sudden storm hit the Sea of Galilee and caused consternation among Jesus' disciples. Well, you know the rest of it (Luke 8 vv 22-25, Matthew 8 vv 23-27, Mark 4 vv 35-41). Afterwards, when we were leaving church, one of the congregation said to me (having been prompted by Andrew from the pulpit!), *"Well, why was there such a sudden storm on the Lake?"*

In an attempt to answer that question I'll say this; the land surface around the Sea of Galilee is very rugged, particularly on the eastern shore. To the north-east is a grey escarpment (very steep slope) we know as the Golan Heights. To the north lies the snow-capped Mt. Hermon, and all around the lake there are deep valleys and ridges leading down to a narrow plain surrounding the lake. To the west of the lake the land is fertile and rich in vegetation. To the east it is much more barren, though not so extreme nowadays – modern man has seen to that.

Back to the winds! Mt Hermon is the great master in the area, cool winds from the summit are attracted to the lower levels by the rising air as it is heated during the daytime by the sun. This action is imitated all around the lake in the valley / ridge land formations. The reverse is the case at night. It works like this. During the day the sun warms the air over the valley slopes. The air rises, creating a valley (or anabatic) wind. This would be like a sea breeze on the coast, and would not be a great problem to boats out on the Sea of Galilee. However, as night-time approaches the sun dips down

over the mountains along the western shore, and the air in the valleys cools rapidly. It sinks below the warmer air and is drawn by gravity to drain swiftly down the valleys and out on to the lake. This is a *katabatic* wind and is more ferocious, resulting in a greater effect on the lake's surface to the extent of whipping up a sudden storm of quite dangerous proportions. Multiply this action by the number of steep-sided valleys surrounding the lake and you can see how the results can be disastrous.

There was a similar incident (on Lake Geneva I think) a couple of years ago when several people were drowned during such a storm. Most sailors will tell you that lake sailing poses many different challenges to sea sailing, mainly because of the way the winds behave

in a confined space. So I can imagine the disciples, even though several of them had been fishermen, became alarmed when Jesus slept on. They knew the vagaries of the sea, but didn't know with whom they were quite yet.

To get some idea of the way the wind can be speeded up while funnelling down a valley, turn the nozzle of your hose-pipe to the narrowest (without turning the tap down) and see what effect it has on the speed of flow! Well, the wind is still blowing (but not quite so hard), and we await the next warm front as it winds up out in the western approaches. At least we know what to do in the garden - nothing!

Jan Turner

In aid of St Luke's Hospice

## MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS

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# At the Bridge Table



The Duplicate Bridge Clubs in Thurlestone and Kingsbridge operate on four nights a week (Thurlestone Wednesday and Friday - Kingsbridge Monday and Tuesday) and have a total membership of more than 100. Rubber Bridge is also available on two afternoons.

Many more people play Rubber Bridge of a social nature in their own homes - the so-called "Kitchen Bridge", which can on occasion turn out to be of the cut-throat variety, particularly when spouses play together! Shades of the American case where the lady was so incensed by her husband's bidding that she shot him dead at the table. If my memory serves me right, she got away with the excuse of justifiable homicide. Thank heavens for the strict gun laws in this country, which have enabled me to survive many years of competitive partnership bridge. But if looks could kill.....! Incidentally, if you want to change social bridge from Rubber to Duplicate, why not play a number of hands *before* dinner and then play the same hands with the polarity reversed *after* dinner? Provided that you have enough packs of cards, and that there is sufficient liquid refreshment, I can guarantee that this works well!

The purpose of this article (and hopefully further ones) is to illustrate the fascination of Duplicate Bridge, set a few problems for your interest, and perhaps encourage more people to join the local clubs. If you are uncertain as to how Duplicate works, you can telephone David Hugo on 562267. Duplicate lessons are available via Brian Cook (phone 852565), who is just retiring after 26 years as Editor of the Kingsbridge Gazette. For those wanting Rubber Bridge tuition, lessons are available from Jenny Underhill (phone 560368).

The following hand is taken from a high level competition and produced the results shown.

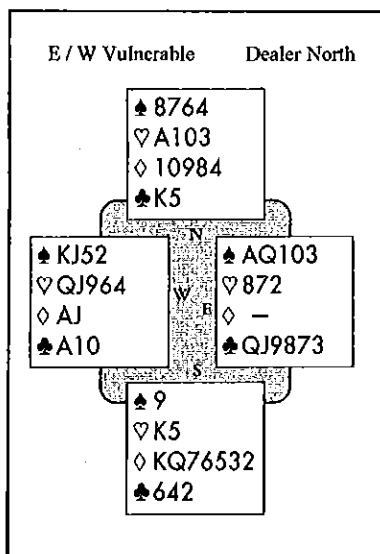


Table	Contract	Declarer	Result	N/S Score
1	6 Spades	E	-2	+ 200
2	5 Diamonds*	S	made	+ 550
3	6 Clubs	E	-3	+ 300
4	4 Spades	E	made	- 620
5	5 Hearts	W	made	- 650
6	4 Diamonds*	S	-1	- 100
7	4 Diamonds*	S	made	+ 510

(\* = the contract was doubled)

As can be seen, at Table 2 the N/S pair score a "top" and E/W a "bottom", and vice versa at Table 5. The seven different scores show how varied and interesting one hand can be.

## Question Time

- You are East at Table 4. The opening lead is the King of Diamonds. Can you make your contract? How would you play it?
- At Table 7
  - West leads Ace of Clubs? What should East signal?
  - West then plays 10 of Clubs to your King. How should you play the hand, sitting South?
  - What is the name of the play to make South's contract?

Answers to Village Voice at 3 Leonards Close, Thurlestone, TQ7 3LE. The first correct solution out of the hat (from Village Voice recipients only) will receive a £5 prize.

*VICTOR* (sometimes!)

# NEWS FROM THE WI

## February Meeting

**Elena Bell** gave an account of her experiences last summer as a volunteer in a play-scheme at a Romanian orphanage. It was a very moving talk. She told us about the squalid conditions in most of these institutions but, thanks to **Anita Roddick** of Body Shop, the one she worked in had been cleaned up, redecorated and equipped with carpets, curtains and some other home comforts. All manner of activities for the children, from sports to crafts and quiet reading, gave them some of the love and attention so lacking in their lives. Before the talk **Caroline Shergold** demonstrated how to make nappies for the orphanages using old towels, and several members volunteered to make some up.

As promised in the last issue of Village Voice, **Pat Clarke** gave a brief summary of the NFWI resolutions chosen by Devon members. A regional conference on the three finally chosen nationally will take place in April at Ivybridge.

*[Although arrangements had been made for attending this and the Spring Council Meeting at Exeter University in April, it was later learned that all the DFWI's events for the immediate future were being cancelled because of the current agricultural crisis].*

The Skittles Supper Evening had been a great success and **Pat Clarke** was thanked for her superb organisation.

The saunter through the West Alvington bluebell woods would take place on 23<sup>rd</sup> April, and **Mary Tregelles** confirmed the details for the visit to the Eden Project on 21st June (friends and family would be welcome to join the party).

## March Meeting

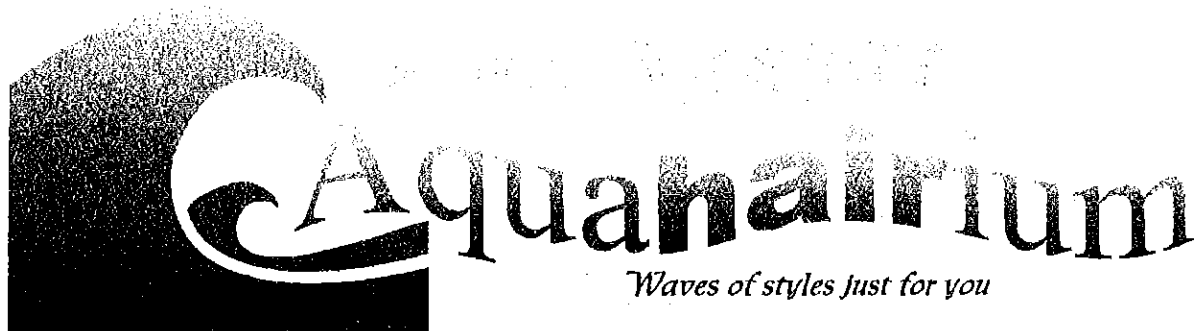
The *Elsie Brewster Award* competition was for small cakes. There was a wonderful display of bakery, with most members taking part, from the modest iced bun to more ambitiously decorated goodies. It was **Glenys Phillips's** artistic entry, including chocolate icing with almond sides, that scooped the award.....but she must be patient as the specially commissioned trophy (a paperweight) is out of reach on the moors! The members had a delicious tea after the judging had taken place!

West Alvington would be the hostess WI for the next Sea Coast Group Meeting, and twenty Thurlestone members would attend on 10<sup>th</sup> April. **Gordon Field** would be the guest speaker on "The Value of Junk".

*Visitors to the meeting are also asked to come with their handbags. Is it to make sure everyone brings money to buy their raffle ticket, or to see who is carrying the most junk at the bottom of the bag? They do not give a reason!*

Slapton Ley was the subject for guest speakers **Rebecca Barrett**, the new second-in-command there, and **Mike Elder**. As Rebecca was new to the job it was Mike who did all the speaking! The differences between the northern and southern areas of the ley were described, along with the various habitats of its indigenous flora and fauna. Members were keen to ask questions about the future of the Line but Mike pointed out that as they only rent the property the centre cannot make any decisions.

Speakers and demonstrators at the April meeting are none other than two of our own WI, **Pat Crawford** and **Rosemary Durrant**, both keen members of South Hams Spinners, Weavers & Dyers.



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# SWEET GEORGIA

## Part 2 - Life on the Balcony

Lali's house is in the centre of Tbilisi. When Russians or Georgians describe a building as 'old', they mean anything built before 1917. So Lali's house, where we stayed, was old. It also seemed to be constructed mostly of wood painted a sort of smudgy cream and light sage, like a Southern Railways station in the 1930s - nostalgic, functional, clattery but full of liberty and sunshine. But it had the advantage of being pleasantly shabby - thus deterring the *nouveau riche*.

The rooms, which opened on to a first floor shared balcony, had a simple cheerfulness about them: clean, slightly artistic and gently furnished as if designed with half an eye on comfort but with greater concern to appeal to those with cerebral or cultural pursuits. We looked across a tarmac-covered courtyard to a curiously formidable - though not especially high - block of flats, peopled, it seemed, by large old bare-chested men who called frequently to each other and seemed wedded to their tenement.

Our little dwelling was, by contrast, rather select, housing not only as it did periodic travellers but also an eccentric indigenous population. We thought, though we were never told, that these long-standing residents rented rooms from Lali (with whom they seemed to have a distant though congenial dependency).

Lali and her husband Victor seemed as if they would be comfortable in any professional or semi-academic settlement. She was short, darting and dark. Clever, yet trusting, she had travelled widely in Europe and America, preferring what she called "the more ancient cultures". Her husband, a partly employed physicist from Moscow, was a cultivated, mild-mannered aesthete. He talked methodically, yet candidly, about recent Soviet, Russian and Georgian history. For Shevardnadze he had no respect, only indifference.

"There's no real alternative" he said gloomily.

"No alternative?" I pondered. No alternative to an ineffectual seventy-two year old former Soviet Politburo member presiding over overwhelming unemployment, abandoned factories, unfinished houses, unusable roads, an unpaid police force, an utterly corrupt political system and a desperate energy crisis? Almost worse is the way artistic and

scientific talent in this ancient Christian country of brave and engaging people should be unrecognised, unrewarded and squandered. No alternative?

Living in the fading elegance of his Tbilisi town house, Victor saw things differently. He remembers the repression under Stalin, the hard won and bloody independence struggle, the madness following the election of Georgia's first president, Zviad Gamsakhurdia, and the country's rapid descent into chaos. The choice was between insanity and disorder - and Victor chose disorder.

Partly because he spoke so patiently, so thoughtfully and largely in response to questions put by inquisitive English visitors, his statements seemed weighty and irrefutable. He looked as if he might have taken part in an early Aldermaston march in the 1960s - flanked possibly by James Cameron and Michael Foot. His longish, slightly untidy hair, comfortably dishevelled appearance and heavy framed spectacles marked him out as among Tbilisi's intelligentsia, lively in company but publicly inert.

He saved his harshest words for Yuri Andropov, who succeeded Brezhnev as First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party. I had my own reason for reviling that particular Soviet monster. "A clever man", said Victor, "clever, but unspeakably cruel." He smoked reflectively on a fat Georgian cigarette and in an instant there was a brief, old-fashioned image of how in the west smoking had once been civilised and a restraining influence.

When Lali and Victor went into the hills to restore a recently acquired country cottage, we were fed and watered by Lali's sister, Manana. She was plump and dark with slightly compressed facial features and she sang duets with her husband, a distinguished pianist, conductor and chain smoker. She was, as it turned out, a biologist. It was she who told me of one of the permanent residents: "He is a little cuckoo".

The "he" in question lived at the end of our balcony and had the improbable name of Romeo. He was one of those men who turns his lips down to smile. He closes his eyes and is enveloped in silent, sightless laughter. Yet most he is lugubrious. For several days he would walk past us on the balcony, appearing not to notice us - or any of his neighbours -

purposeful, plodding but in an endless labyrinth. He travelled nowhere. He was, we discovered, unusual rather than simple.

We were astonished to discover that he spoke English and after his grin frost had given way to something more sunny, we discovered a genial human being, self-contained but secure. He revealed to us that he had been listening to the BBC World Service since 1957 and that he was an 'old-style' Communist. The potential conflict between practice and belief was unacknowledged. However, he sensed a kindred spirit in us (as far as I am concerned, wholly misplaced) and after the initial diffidence had retreated, greeted us by crossing his arms on his chest and clenching his fists. I, keen to talk more, would occasionally ask after his health. And the answer was always the same: "So-so!"

But he was a curious man. My travelling companion, always ready with a literary allusion, suggested to Romeo that he should be on the ground floor looking up instead of being on the balcony looking down. Romeo's lips slipped into their sliding position and he rocked with mirth. Seeing himself, perhaps for the first time, as an impulsive romantic, may have been as amusing to him as it was to us. He had a scrubbed, taut face, a long nose and closely cropped hair. His trouser legs came under and over and half way down each foot. His final words to me were: "Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother". His arms were crossed in the usual fraternal way. Perhaps he thought that she was an old-style Communist too.

The final flat leading on to our balcony appeared to have three residents. I never discovered whether the lady who lived there shared it with her husband and son, husband and father, father and son or, indeed, whether these was any formal kinship between them. She, we learned, was a professor of French at Tbilisi University and she never spoke any other language but French in our presence. Her tenacious addiction to this language and her determination to speak it, regardless of the effect on her hearers, made the Quebecois seem like relaxed liberals. Whenever we sat on the balcony eating, drinking, smoking or reading, she would appear, nodding and smiling: "Bon soir".

Sometimes that is as far as it went. My French has always been more like an abandoned and rusty piece of machinery slowly grinding into inaction than an engaging linguistic experience, and the thought of having to speak it in far away Georgia filled me with gloom and mild irritation. But she was very appealing. Slightly crouched and always wearing a

floral frock, she padded up and down on the balcony in a pair of flimsy slippers usually to pursue some trivial household chore and always with the same curious combination of distraction and pertness. Her raven black hair, a mass of wild and inconsequential curls, wine-coloured lipstick and tendency to look self-absorbed gave her a faintly exotic air.

From her flat would emerge two men, one old, the other of indeterminate age but perhaps around thirty-five. Both seemed to be about equidistant in age from the woman, which made the relationship of this little *menage* hard to fathom. The younger man wore his hair very long, 1970s style, was muscular, bronzed, and had a tattoo on his left shoulder. He usually wore vivid yellow shorts and little else. More like a kitsch effigy of a flamboyant all-in wrestler, he never spoke, and provided an amusing counterpoint to his more aged companion.

Yet even here, there was some concession to physical fitness. For the old man, little, stooped with snowy hair and military moustache, *always* wore blue tracksuit bottoms with a neat white stripe down the sides, though he never seemed to be engaging in anything even potentially energetic. He spoke to us, formally and briefly, but he never made eye contact.

"Good morning" - though the "oo" part of "good" sounded faintly Scottish and the "d" was pronounced much more like an emphatic "t". However, towards the end of our stay in Lali's strange and appealing house, he too began to address us only in French. The reason for this was not obvious and remains as arcane as some of the other residents and their practices. Our professor of French went through a daily ritual of sliding a piece of hardboard into a groove in the bottom of her door frame. This enabled her to keep her front door open while preventing certain small, barely mobile and as yet unidentified creature from making an unsolicited entrance. Since it created in my mind the impression that we should be welcome as far as the door but should proceed cautiously thereafter, its primary purpose seemed to be psychological.

*In Georgia there are unique and exhilarating places to stay and the hospitality is always genuine and grand. Only on Lali's balcony however, were we not among our hosts or those paid to make us comfortable. Yet that balcony, variegated and fragmentary, provided for us a complex of curiosity and ordinariness which would not have been possible in different or more conventional accommodation.*

**Alun Williams**

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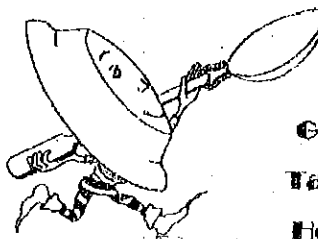
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# BOOKSHELF

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## **The Constant Gardener**

by John Le Carre  
(Hodder £16.99)

I have enjoyed Le Carre's novels in the past but if you are contemplating buying this book I should think twice about it. I found it very wearing to read and was glad when I finally finished the 508 pages!

He uses the novel as a tirade against unscrupulous pharmaceutical companies which make huge profits by selling drugs of debatable value to the poor countries of Africa. Although his attacks in some cases are probably justified, he makes heavy weather of it.

## **A Painted House**

by John Grisham  
(Century £16.99)

It is nice to have a book by John Grisham which does not consist of tales about bent lawyers so this makes it refreshingly different.

It is not a particularly exciting or thrilling book, but it tells an interesting story tenderly, with a wonderful range of characters.

It is based on his own childhood in Arkansas, and portrays the lives of poor farmers in that area struggling to make a living growing cotton. However, there are various intriguing diversions which serve to make it a very pleasant and worthwhile read.

## **Disobedience**

by Jane Hamilton  
(Doubleday £12.99)

"One of the most profound writers we now have" (The Times). She also has a wonderful sense of humour, and knows how to keep the reader enthralled. No skipping this book - every word counts! The narrator is a boy who discovers his mother's love affair by

intercepting her e-mail letter, but much of the story concerns his sister, a very funny girl. It's the best book you'll read this year!

GW

## **Bitter Lemons of Cyprus**

by Lawrence Durrell  
(Faber & Faber £6.99)

Not a new book, but a re-issue in paperback of a 1957 classic. Poet, novelist, and travel writer Lawrence Durrell settled in Cyprus in 1953, in the Greek village of Bellapaix (the tale of his house-purchase is recounted in hilarious and glorious detail).

This idyllic situation, however, provided no immunity from the political strains and mounting tensions between the Cypriots and their British rulers, and in Durrell's last two years there ('55 and '56 when he held the post of Government Press Advisor) he saw at first hand the tragic consequences of the breakdown of Anglo-Cypriot relations.

His love of the island and its people shines through every page. Indeed, his hope was that "Bitter Lemons" would be a "*not ineffective monument raised to the Cypriot peasantry and the island landscape*". It is a beautifully crafted work of great warmth and humour, and should be compulsory reading for anyone visiting the island (especially the TRNC - Turkish Republic of North Cyprus).

The Tree of Idleness is still there at Bellapaix, the food and drink as lavish as in Durrell's day, and Cypriot hospitality and friendliness still deep and genuine, though the language now spoken is Turkish rather than Greek.

Readers new to Durrell will discover a rich store of his work, in both verse and prose, awaiting their further exploration. Old friends will find a second taste of "Bitter Lemons" rewardingly sweet.

RFM

# THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

David & Diana Smeeton in Downunderland!

*David & Diana Smeeton emigrated to Western Australia on 3<sup>rd</sup> October last year. With their computer at last up and running again they have sent Village Voice this first report of life "down under", and how it compares with South Devon.*

Greetings to all in the Land of the Five Beaches from the Land of Rivers and Lakes, south of Perth, in Western Australia. Five months have passed since we left Thurlestone. Twenty-two weeks that have been fully taken up with finding a home, buying a car, recovering our effects from the shippers, adjusting to the Australian way of doing things, and learning to cope with the heat.

Since our arrival on 5<sup>th</sup> October we have felt real rain once.....a sou'west gale in November, but then only an hour's downpour. For the rest of the time it has been sunny and hot. How hot? Well, on Christmas Day it hit 40 degrees Celsius - that's around 104F! At other times it ranges from a very pleasant 79F to 95F but often with very high humidity. So the first thing you learn about a Western Australian summer is that when the winds come from the east, blowing hot air off the desert in the interior of the continent, you go indoor, shut the windows, turn the air-conditioning on, and only venture out again around 6 pm when it has cooled to a reasonable 75F. On 1<sup>st</sup> March the radio announced that summer had officially ended....and the temperature promptly shot back up to 40C.

While we are nostalgic for rain, the Aussies tremble at the thought of it. Recently the Perth forecasters said there could be rain during the day. Our five-year-old grand-daughter immediately put on a blazer and set off for school armed with an enormous golfing umbrella, concerned that there might be a shower. It never happened. We compensate for the lack of rain by listening to the 'reticulation' - that's Australian for watering the garden. It happens automatically early in the morning and in the evening. Pipes buried in the lawn and flower beds suddenly send out sprays and jets of water.

Nipper, the Elizabethan sea-dog, is totally confused. Nevertheless he is very happy living by the water for we have bought a home on a

residential canal system branching off the River Murray. Our garden slopes down to the water's edge, and is packed with palm trees of various heights and sizes, together with fir trees and a giant eucalyptus tree, whose roots are threatening to undermine the patio. We shall have to get it taken down, along with several shorter palms with 'orrible spikes on the undersides of their fronds. We plan to replant with perennial shrubs.

Hibiscus do exceptionally well here. Believe it or not, 6 am is the best time of day as by 9 am the sun is really up. So Nipper takes us on early morning and late evening walks, with 'cooling off' swims in the water at the bottom of the garden.

Our great delight is canoeing on the canals, out on to the river, and down to the inlet lake. Nearly every household on the canal-river banks has a jetty and a boat. The river is as wide as the Thames at Maidenhead, and opens out into a huge shallow lake larger than Plymouth Sound. We launch our canoe every other morning and explore the river and estuary.

There is an amazing amount of bird life here. As I write this we have just come in from feeding black swan, twenty ducks and a dozen seagulls on our strip of waterside. Tomorrow there may be a pelican cruising our waters. The Peel Inlet (lake) is one of the major breeding grounds for pelicans. On any walk along the river or by the lake's edge we see egret, heron, cormorant, darter, ibis, curlew and a whole variety of wading birds. Once winter comes there should be many more migrating through. In the trees overhead there are raucous crows and magpies, red and grey crested parrots called Golaes, and our bird table attracts green and red parrots and doves.

The inlet and river are said to be full of crabs. The locals wade out into the shallows armed with enormous wire baskets on poles, or sling nets into the water weighted down with bait.

We've tried but so far have not had much luck with this type of fishing. Other fishermen surge across the lake then out into the Indian Ocean, where they hoist enormous fishing rods and hunt the larger denizens of the deep. Meanwhile, we swim off a gentle beach where Nipper can run as if on Leasfoot. That's the gentle side of life here.

Venturing through the Looking Glass to Downunderland means you must be prepared for what the environmentalists would call an abundance of insect life. There are ants of all sizes in profusion, a flying hornet, with an elongated two-stage body, that hovers around and builds mud nests in the higher corners of the garage and caves, and bees that hide wild honeycombs in the fir shrubs. The flies have not been too troublesome, and there have been fewer mosquitos around this year. Helicopters spray the river, but it is still vital to keep fly screens closed at all times to deter the red back spider from 'breaking and entering' We even have a small slate-grey lizard-goanna type creature living in the bush next to the letterbox.

It's a topsy-turvy world here. In England, when one goes for a ramble one thinks of anoraks, jerseys, bars of chocolate, flasks of coffee, gloves, scarves, boots, and perhaps even an umbrella. Here it is the exact opposite (in any case the choc bar would melt). Before you exit into the blinding heat you must check off the following list: water bottles (essential), anti-mosquito spray, sun block cream, dark glasses, wide-brimmed hats, and the antiseptic and histamine creams in case you are bitten/stung.

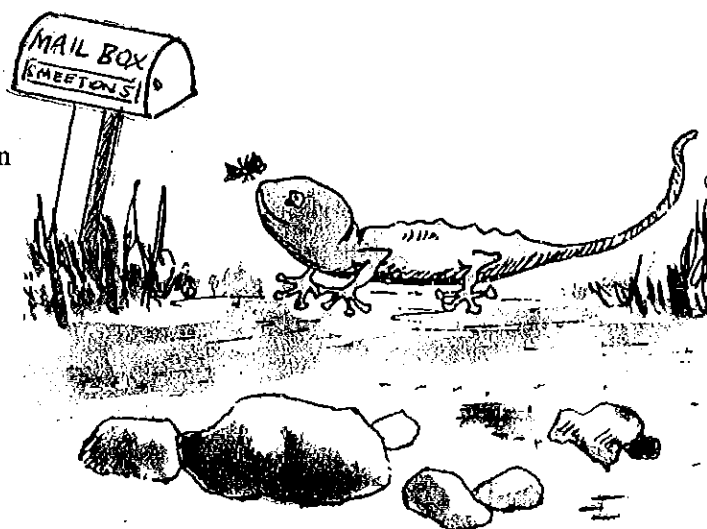
Across the road there is what we call 'The Jungle'. It's an area of uncleared bush, where it is said there are deadly snakes. It's a landscape of coppice, and long yellowing grasses. By this time of year it is incredibly dry and fires can break out in an instant. Only two days ago a section of bush caught fire a quarter of a mile up the road. Sparks from the blaze were swallowed by an air-conditioning unit on the roof of a house. Luckily the fire was kept to a small section of roof space.

Fire-fighting is done by volunteer emergency teams, led by professionals. You have to hand it to them for having the courage to go out into the

swirling dense black smoke of a bush fire, to try and control flames that often jump from point to point as the winds swirl around. They are the land version of the RNLI up over.

In Western Australia it turns out they do not greet everyone with "G'dye". Instead they ask "How are you going?". The answer is not "On two feet!". The standard reply is "Good". We tend to confuse them by replying "Excellent", or uttering that well-known Westcountry saying: "'Better'n what I wuz, when I wuz worse than what I am now". A lot of the place-names around us are from the old Aborigine. We live in Yunderup, which really sounds right if you pronounce it Westcountry style - "I be goin' down Yunderup"!

We have spent most of the time so far in shorts and shirts. One says it in the plural for in this heat one gets through two to three shirts a day. The Australians only dress formally when they



are playing games such as cricket and, most definitely, when they are playing bowls. Pass our local bowling green on most days and no fewer than sixty bowlers, men and women, can be on the green all dressed in identical, brilliant white, kit. The same goes for the tennis group at the Sports Club here, but they all dress in light blue. They play bowls, like all other games, fanatically. Some boast of playing six days a week. We are not sure if we can meet that sort of challenge.

Golf is a different matter. We have a variety of courses near us, ranging from parkland fairways to seaside courses. These are usually shoehorned into strips running between acres of beach-side

holiday homes. We play on a particularly interesting course where the fairways are lined with tall, silent, and apparently un-moving, trees. Underneath them is a deep scatter of dead leaves, branches, and sandy soil. It is only when you hit a golf ball that the trees in Australia actually move. They reach out a branch and drag your ball down into the bush. *Aaaaaagh!*

The course has several lakes, judiciously placed, and with warning signs that it is an offence to go in after a mis-hit ball. All players must also carry a small flower pot sized bucket on their trolley. The bucket is filled with what appears to be sand. We are told that it is a highly nutritious filler for any divot holes we may dig out, and that the grass will immediately recover. So you have this spectacle of golfers bending over after their shots, sprinkling the ground with yellow dust.

Western Australia is large enough to hold all the countries of western Europe. But its population is only the size of Devon, Cornwall and Dorset. In national terms, Perth, the capital of Western Australia, is like a very modern Exeter to the capital Canberra in the east. The similarities, on a grand scale, go further. This is an agricultural and mining state. The concerns are all about how those who live in the big cities and conurbations in the east, who do not understand the rural ways of life here, and how tough life is in the countryside.

Here in Western Australia and rural Queensland, the ruling Liberal Democrats (conservatives) were thrashed by Labour and the Greens in recent elections at State level. So now in the capital, Canberra, the national conservative coalition government is shaking in its boots and fearing the worst for the coming General Election. Out here in the countryside of WA there are a lot of angry people who do not much like politicians ignoring their problems - bringing in GST (that's Australian for VAT), allowing developers to cut down trees, banks to close rural branches and, most serious, petrol prices to sky rocket. Enough of Aussie politics - but those interested should 'watch this space' when their General Election comes along.

Suffice to say we find it very interesting living in a country area, and not in the big city. There are

cows and horses in the fields and two horse-racing tracks nearby. One for flat racing, the other for Trotting, where ponies pull light-weight carts. Up in the hills behind the coastal farmlands the men of the trees tend the huge forest areas of WA. In times past the timber was brought down by train. Yes, you've guessed! The old steam train still runs for the tourists - just like the line from Buckfast to Totnes.

When we moved here we planned to live in the seaside township of Mandurah. But we found it was growing into the Torquay of WA, so we moved a little inland to the river and lakes. Our 'village' has a pub, a shop, two restaurants, a hairdresser and a doctor's surgery. The pub is also the local betting shop, where customers read the sports pages, place their bets, and call for another drink as they watch the races on giant TV screens. When it gets *really* hot we can go into Mandurah to the cinema/theatre, or prowl the half mile shopping forum - all well air-conditioned.

There are art and drama clubs much like Kingsbridge. Like Thurstone everyone is very active - bowling, golfing, boating, swimming, fishing - there are even rubbish-collecting groups out on the beaches.

Diana is busy with the water colour brushes trying to get to grips with the different colours in the landscape and the incredible light. We hope to build a jetty, and acquire a boat, so that our Australian grand-children are brought up in proper Bantham style. (Hugh Cater we need you - all they seem to make are metal boats!).

*It's all very different and yet very much the same. We knew we had arrived in the right place when David met a local, who said "Marvellous place, Yunderup. You'll like it here, very peaceful". And then he added "It's God's waiting room"!*

**David Smeeton**

Note. The Smeetons new address is:  
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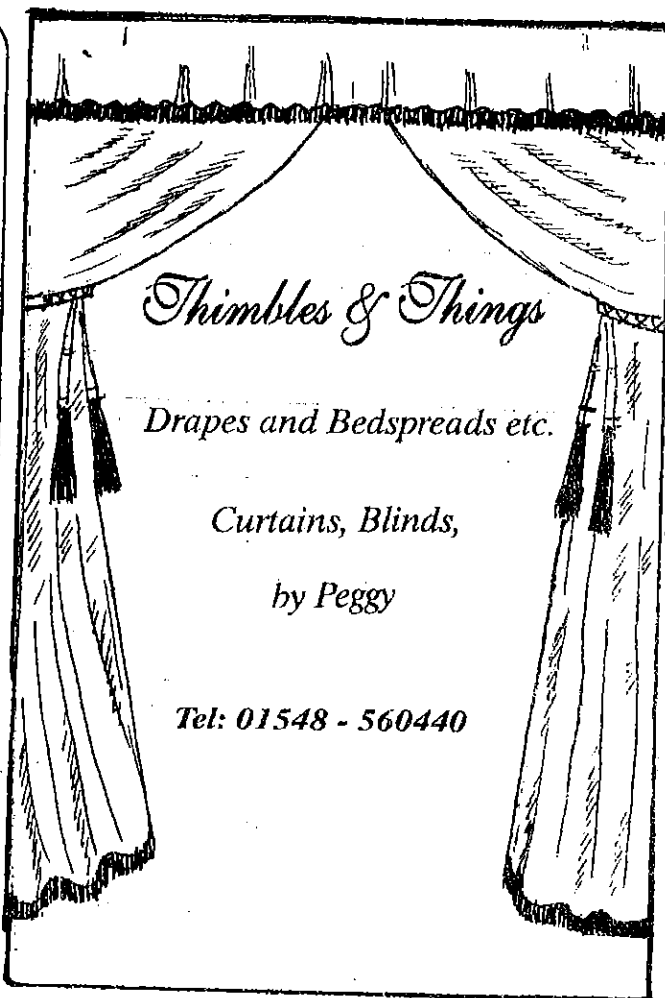
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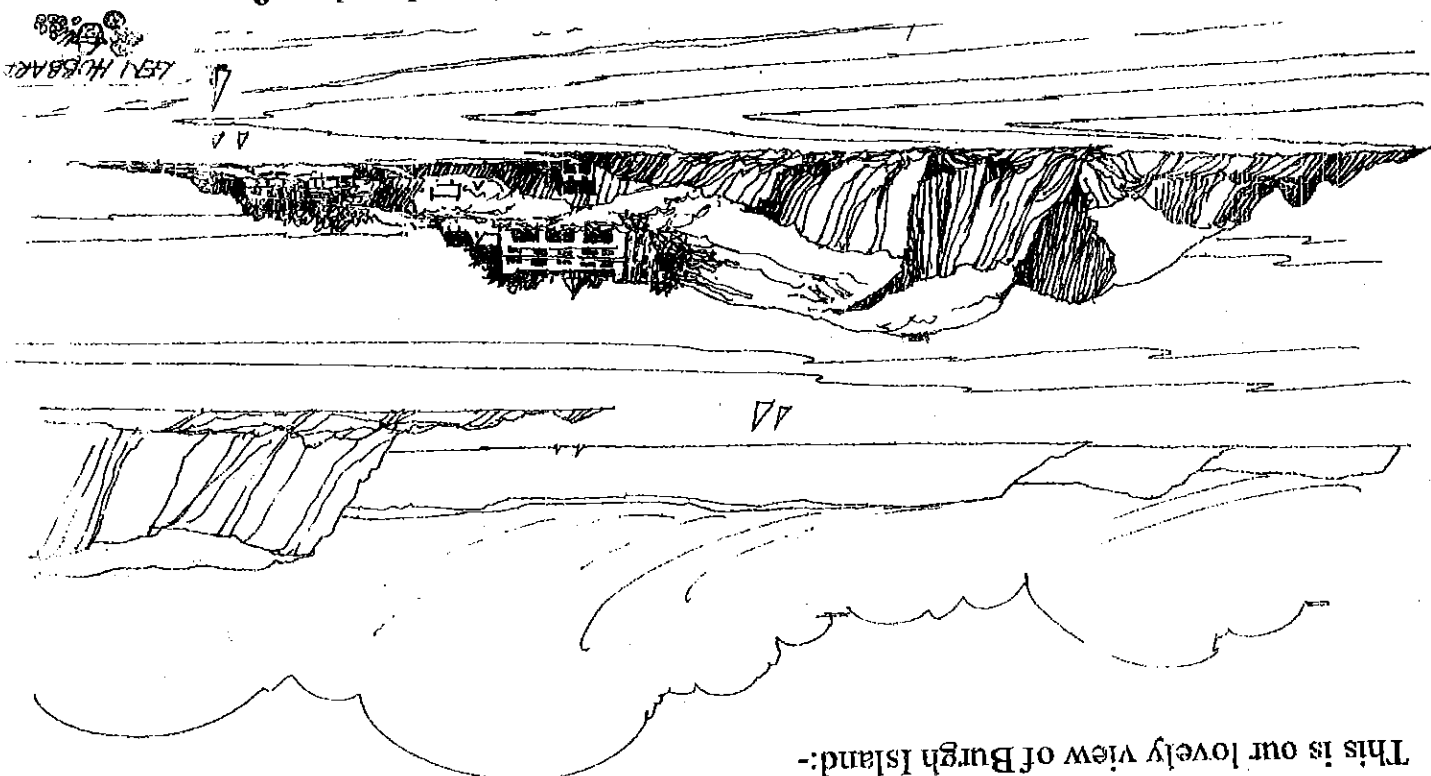
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# **NOTICE OF ELECTION**

For the Divisions listed below :-

<b>County Division</b>	<b>Number of Councillors to be elected</b>
Dartmouth Rural	One
Ivybridge	One
Kingsbridge Rural	One

<b>County Division</b>	<b>Number of Councillors to be elected</b>
Modbury and Salcombe	One
Totnes Rural	One
Wembury and Erme	One

1. An election is to be held of County councillors for the said electoral divisions as set out above.
2. The number of councillors to be elected for the said divisions is set out above.
3. **NOMINATION PAPERS**  
Nomination Papers may be obtained from the offices of the Deputy Returning Officer, Follaton House, Plymouth Road, Totnes, South Devon, TQ9 5NE on Monday to Thursday 9am to 5pm and Friday 9am to 4pm (excluding bank holidays), who will, at the request of any elector for the area, prepare a nomination paper for signature.
4. **DELIVERY OF THE NOMINATION PAPERS**  
Nomination Papers must be delivered to the Deputy Returning Officer, Follaton House, Plymouth Road, Totnes, South Devon, TQ9 5NE, on any date after the date of this notice, on Monday to Thursday 9am to 5pm and Friday 9am to 4pm (excluding bank holidays), but not later than NOON on TUESDAY, 3RD APRIL 2001.
5. **POLL**  
If the election is contested, then a poll will take place on THURSDAY, 3RD MAY 2001.
6. **ABSENT VOTES**  
Electors and their proxies should take note that applications to vote by post or by proxy must reach the Electoral Registration Officer by 5pm on WEDNESDAY, 25TH APRIL 2001 if they are to be effective for this election.

Alterations to existing arrangements for postal voting by electors or their proxies who already have an indefinite or fixed period postal vote must reach the Electoral Registration Officer by 5pm on WEDNESDAY, 18TH APRIL 2001.

All applications and notices regarding absent voting must be sent to the Electoral Registration Officer, Follaton House, Plymouth Road, Totnes, South Devon, TQ9 5NE.

Dated 19th March 2001

**RUTH E BAGLEY**

Deputy Returning Officer

# YOUR WASTE COLLECTION AND DISPOSAL

A summary of the South Hams District Council's practices and policies

## Domestic Waste

This operates as a 'back door' collection, on a weekly basis, by the Council's own Direct Services Organisation under a contract that has run for seven years. This contract costs the Council about £2 million a year. Domestic refuse is collected from over 40,000 domestic properties and fourteen vehicles are used, with one driver and up to four loaders on each vehicle.

The Council does not provide any receptacle for this refuse and consequently will accept it in sacks, bins or another suitable container. This rubbish is currently disposed of at Chelston Meadow landfill at Plymouth and at the Vindor-run Heathfield landfill at Newton Abbot.

## Bulky Waste

Bulky household domestic items, such as furniture, are collected for a charge of £30. This collection **DOES NOT INCLUDE BUILDERS' RUBBLE OR GARDEN WASTE.**

## Clinical Waste

The Council serves 167 domestic properties (at November 2000) with a clinical waste collection. The householders are provided with a sharps box or sack and no charge is made for this service.

The materials collected are disposed of at a landfill site. The Council also collects clinical wastes from commercial premises for which there is a charge. The contract for this service is held with the DSO and all materials are disposed of by incineration.

## White Goods

The Council collects household goods - such items as washing machines, cookers and refrigerators and freezers **BUT NOT MICROWAVE OVENS** - free of charge. These white goods are then delivered to one of the CA sites within the district, degassed and recycled.

## Commercial Waste

This waste is disposed of in accordance with Devon County Council, the waste disposal authority, practice but is controlled by the SHDC. There are currently 1350 business-rated properties that use the commercial waste service, which can consist of a twice-weekly, weekly or fortnightly collection.

## Garden Waste

The Council currently permits a maximum of one sack of garden waste per household per week to be included in the domestic waste collection

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## PUZZLE CORNER ~ ANSWERS

### WORDSEARCH

- |               |               |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. ALEXANDRA  | 2. NEOPHYTES  | 3. AUSTRALIA  | 4. MILITARIA  |
| 5. LINDBERGH  | 6. MONGOLIAN  | 7. INGENUOUS  | 8. ALEUTIANS  |
| 9. GLISSADES  | 10. TORTOISES | 11. WATERFALL | 12. RETREIVER |
| 13. WISCONSIN | 14. RACEHORSE | 15. CHECKMATE | 16. SANDPIPER |
| 17. GREENLAND | 18. CATHEDRAL | 19. HOROSCOPE | 20. BEETHOVEN |
| 21. WAREHOUSE |               |               |               |

### TEN TEASERS

- |                    |             |           |              |            |
|--------------------|-------------|-----------|--------------|------------|
| 1. String-plucking | 3. Tasmania | 5. Barnum | 7. Brazil    | 9. Utah    |
| 2. Five            | 4. Cayenne  | 6. 1987   | 8. Greenland | 10. France |



# DIARY DATES

## APRIL

Wed 11<sup>th</sup> TRAMP, Cadover Bridge  
 Thur 12<sup>th</sup> WI, Parish Hall, 2.30 pm (South Hams Spinners)  
 Mon 23<sup>rd</sup> Annual Parish Council Meeting, Parish Hall, 7.30 pm  
 Sun 22<sup>nd</sup> Blundells School Choristers, Thurlestone Church, 6.30 pm  
 Wed 25<sup>th</sup> TRAMP, Lydford Gorge

## MAY

Thur 3<sup>rd</sup> Polling Day (Elections), Parish Hall  
 Wed 9<sup>th</sup> TRAMP, Dartington River Valley  
 Thur 10<sup>th</sup> WI, NFWI Resolutions, Parish Hall, 2.30 pm  
 Sat 12<sup>th</sup> Plant Sale, Parish Hall, 10.00 am  
 Mon 14<sup>th</sup> Annual Council Meeting, Parish Hall, 7.30 pm  
 Wed 23<sup>rd</sup> TRAMP, Mary Tavy  
 Sat 26<sup>th</sup> NSPCC Jumble Sale, Parish Hall, 2.30 pm

## JUNE

Wed 13<sup>th</sup> TRAMP, Dartmoor - Burrator  
 Thur 14<sup>th</sup> WI, Dancing for Zagreb National Ballet, Alexandra Pickford  
 Thur 21<sup>st</sup> WI, Eden Project outing  
 Sat 23<sup>rd</sup> St. Luke's Hospice Concert, Parish Hall, 7.30 pm  
 Mon 25<sup>th</sup> Parish Council Meeting, Parish Hall, 7.30 pm  
 Wed 27<sup>th</sup> TRAMP, Malborough

**Please notify Village Voice of any forthcoming events, corrections, changes, or additions, by the deadline for the next issue.**

**Advertising Rates for Village Voice - 12 months (six issues)**

**Whole Page - £70.00**

**Half Page - £50.00**

**Quarter Page - £30.00**

# VILLAGE VOICE

Your "Cut out and Keep"

## PARISH DIRECTORY &

## DIARY DATES

**Village Voice is available free to permanent residents of the villages in the parish.**

There is also a subscription service, which mails copies to readers at an annual cost of £8.00. Please apply to:

Sheila Parker, 8 Mead Lane, Thurlestone (01548-560330)

The magazine is entirely self-supporting and is not a charge on the parish rate. It was founded on behalf of Thurlestone Parish Council and is delighted to remain under the Council's sponsorship. This does not mean that the views and opinions expressed in these pages are the views and opinions of any member of the Parish Council, and they should only be ascribed to the authors concerned.

Village Voice is delivered in Thurlestone by Bill and June van der Welle and Vicki Dent and a team of volunteer helpers. It is delivered by Mrs Jean Hurrell in Bantham and Buckland.

**DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE : 5th MAY 2001**

**Please drop any contributions marked "Village Voice" through the letterbox at 25 Mead Lane before that date (or e-mail to RobinMacdonald@compuserve.com)**

# PARISH

<b>BANTHAM SURF LIFE SAVING CLUB</b>	Clubhouse	560447
<b>BOWLS CLUB</b> (indoor) Tuesdays and Thursdays, Parish Hall, 7.30 pm	Contact Eileen Dayment	560295
<b>BRIDGE CLUBS</b> 7 pm Parish Hall Wednesdays Fridays	Contact Mary Fulford-Smith Contact Dorothy Stone	842467 560708
<b>CHURCHWARDENS</b>	Graham Worrall Liz Webb	562016 560090
<b>COFFEE TIME</b> (Parish Hall) Mondays, 10.30 - 11.30	Contact Liz Webb	560090
<b>FRIENDS OF THURLESTONE CHURCH</b>	Contact Kit Marshall	560214
<b>THURLESTONE GOLF CLUB</b> <b>TENNIS SECTION</b>	Secretary/Manager, John Scott Contact Lindsey Fletcher	560405 560157
<b>KEEP FIT</b> Tuesdays, 10 - 11.30 Parish Hall	Contact Brenda Murch	560487
<b>HORTICULTURAL SHOW</b> (annual)	Contact John Lonsdale	560742
<b>PROBUS</b>	Contact Ron Parkin	561215
<b>TRAMP</b> (Thurlestone Ramblers)	Contact Tony Ward	560544
<b>W. I.</b> Second Thursday monthly (ex. August) 2.30 pm Parish Hall	Contact Jo Parkin	561215
<b>RECTOR</b>	Canon Andrew Gilling	562219
<b>PARISH COUNCIL</b> Chairman Vice - Chairman Parish Clerk District Councillor County Councillor Members	Peter Hurrell Veronica White John Lonsdale Carolyn Steen Simon Day David Grose Charles Mitchelmore Geoffrey Stidson Derrick Yeoman Kit Marshall	560496 560236 560742 560742 560742 560742 560742 560742 560742 560742 560742

The Parish Council meetings take place on Mondays. See dates on Diary page overleaf.

# DIRECTORY

<b>HEALTH CENTRES</b>	Kingbridge Salcombe	853551 842284
<b>MILK DELIVERY</b>	R. Bruckner & Son	01803- 832801
<b>VILLAGE SHOP</b> Thurlestone Village Shop	M. T. Th. F., Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday,	8.00 am - 5.30 pm 8.00 am - 3.30 pm 8.00 am - 2.00 pm 8.30 am - 1.00 pm
<b>PARISH HALL</b> Chairman Bookings	Rowland Cole Pat Crawford	561006 560688
<b>POST OFFICE</b>	Thurlestone P.O.	561917
Open Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri 9.00 am - 5.30pm Postal collections 10.30 am and 4.25 pm Monday - Friday 10.30 am Saturday, 11 am Sunday	Wed, Sat, 9.00 am - 1.00 pm	
<b>POLICE</b> Emergency Force Enquiry Centre	999 0990-700-400	0990-777-444 0800-555-111
<b>RUBBISH COLLECTION</b>	Thursday (But Friday in Bank Holiday - Monday weeks) Green (recyclable) bins alternate Thursdays from 5 <sup>th</sup> April 2001	
<b>BUSES</b>	Devon Bus enquiry line provides information on all Devon bus services - Monday to Friday 0830 am to 5.00 pm South Hams & West Devon	01392 - 382800 01752 - 402060
Timetables are available FREE from the Kingsbridge TTC		
<b>GARAGE</b> (Blight Engineering)	Maurice Blight	560220
<b>LIBRARY</b> (Mobile Library calls alternate Wednesdays) Kingsbridge		852315
<b>MOBILE FISH &amp; CHIP VAN</b>	11.10 - 11.30am Bantam 11.50 - 12.15pm Thurlestone Parish Hall 12.20 - 12.35pm Thurlestone Church 12.40 - 12.50pm Thurlestone Sands	

Calls alternate Wednesdays, from 28<sup>th</sup> March 2001, outside All Saints Primary school.

# **THE VILLAGE INN**

**THURLESTONE 01548 563525**

**GOOD FOOD, GOOD BEER, FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE**

**SUNDAY NIGHT IS "2 for 1" STEAK NIGHT**

**Traditional SUNDAY ROAST LUNCH**  
**Delicious & excellent value at £5.95 pp**

**HAPPY HOUR 6-7pm Mon, Tues & Weds**  
**QUIZ NIGHT - Tuesdays 8.30pm**

**HOWARD JONES plays Live**  
**Thurs 19th April, Thurs May 10th + 31st**  
**JAZZ Sundays - April 1st + 15th**

**NICK T - Guitar wizard Thurs 5th April**  
**Coming up... VILLAGE INN GOLF TOURNAMENT**  
**Please ask for dates and details**

**SPRING TREASURE HUNT - SUNDAY 22nd APRIL**  
**11AM Kick-off from the Village Inn**  
**Entry £4 per car-**  
**ALL PROCEEDS TO CHARITY**

**We look forward to seeing you soon!**

# THE SLOOP INN

## BANTHAM

EGON  
RONAY  
PUB GUIDE

Tel. Kingsbridge  
560489/560215

'WHICH'  
GOOD PUB  
GUIDE

The warm and welcoming 'Inn' Place

A Fine Free House range of Draught Beer,  
— Ciders, Wines and Spirits. —

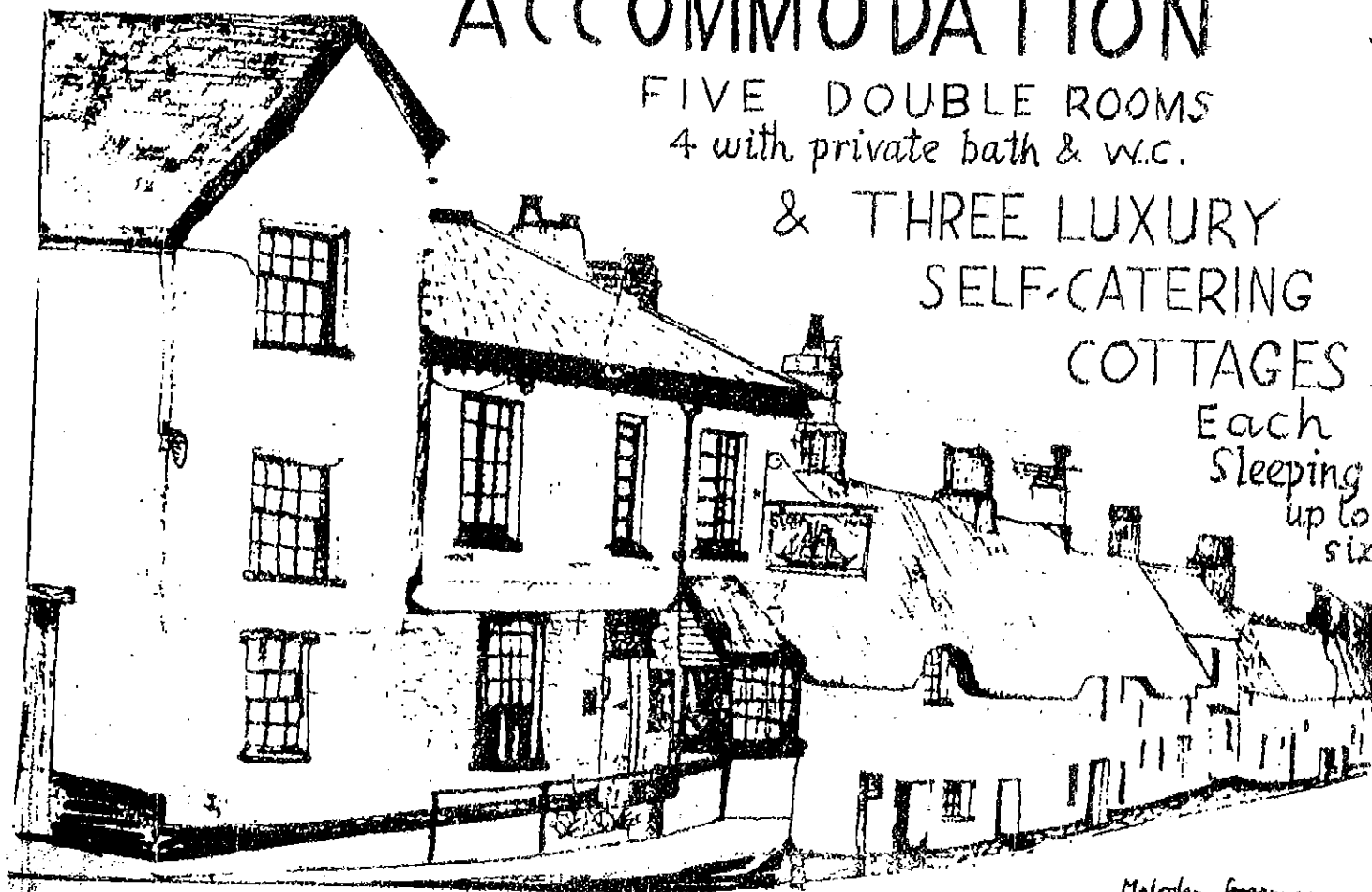
FOOD · Choose from the Chef's Fresh Local Seafoods  
Prime Devon meats, Speciality Salads and a variety of Home  
Prepared Dishes

## ACCOMMODATION

FIVE DOUBLE ROOMS  
4 with private bath & W.C.

& THREE LUXURY  
SELF-CATERING  
COTTAGES

Each  
Sleeping  
up to  
six



Malcolm Greenman