Village Lives

Parish News selected articles

1975 - 2009

Cover: Ralph Hoare of Mount Barton returns home, C. 1940

Back cover: Vera White and Ruby Manning washing their hair at Higher Lake Farm, late 1920s

Village Lives

in Woodland, Broadhempston, Staverton, Landscove and Littlehempston

Published by Parish News Editors

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Sara Coish helping out the Mannings and the Webbers

Introduction

The Editors of the Parish News were keen to preserve and publicise some of the interesting articles published over many years. These chosen items within give a wide and wonderful picture of village life, it's people and society, it's changes and even it's controversies. They were published in the Parish News between 1975 and 2009, presenting a rich and varied picture of life in our five villages. Among memories of wartime, for instance, are the Home Guard in an old chicken house on the Beacon, looking out for enemy aircraft; a young evacuee having to learn "manners" and eat in the kitchen before being allowed to join the family for meals, and the Women's Institute receiving food parcels from Australia. There are descriptions of the blacksmith's shop, of young Mary travelling from Ireland with her friend Bridie in 1929 to work in service at Gurrington House, memories of school days in 1930 and mention of the first solar panels in Broadhempston in 1980. In all, these articles give a fascinating insight into the way village lives have changed over the years.

The oldest Parish News in the Broadhempston Archive is dated February 1971; simply a notification of Broadhempston Church services and information, neatly typed on a piece of A4, folded to present four typed pages. Over the years it expanded so that by January 1977 the Parish News had a designed cover, 20 pages of comments, articles and adverts, and cost 10p. At that time it represented the Churches at Broadhempston and Woodland. In 1981 the parishioners of Littlehempston Church joined the Parish News, followed in 1987 by Staverton and Landscove – the five combined parishes as represented in our magazine today. Since 1990 the church has relinquished it's role in the Parish News production and it has been edited and presented by a group of interested parishioners.

Chapter 1
Agriculture

THREE GENERATIONS OF THE HOARE FAMILY AT MOUNT BARTON

John Hoare came to Mount Barton in 1903, a tenant of the Church Commissioners estate, from Luscombe Farm in Buckfastleigh, with his wife, five daughters and three sons. Mount Barton was a mixed farm covering 350 acres. The fields were named after individual enclosures (smallholders) who owned the land many generations ago. John did much public work on agricultural committees and was Chairman of the NFU.

His son Ralph took over the tenancy of the farm in 1936. His brother Christopher was a tenant of Hole Farm, Staverton. The Church Commissioners owned most of all Staverton farms and cottages. Ralph met his wife, Maude Wakeham from

Ralph and Maude Hoare with their children Barbara, Colin and Pamela at Mount Barton Farm, C.1940

Cobberton Farm, Dartington at a hunt ball held in the barns at Mount Barton in 1919. Balls were held at Mount Barton until a fire in the barn; after that they were then held in the Court Room. Ralph and Maude had one son, Colin, and two daughters, Barbara and Pamela. Barbara now lives in Broadhempston; her eldest daughter Irene married Raymond Hill, formerly of Barkingdon Manor. Pamela lives with her family in Paignton.

Ralph Hoare was a Chairman of Devon NFU, a member of the Wartime Agricultural Executive Committee, a member and past President of the South Devon Flock Book Association and South Devon Herd Book Society, Director of the Cornish Mutual Insurance Co., and Chairman of South Devon Farmers Ltd. He was Church Warden of Staverton for many years. He was a member of the Parish Council and Court Room Committee, and the Special Constabulary.

The Rev. Drake Brockman was Vicar of Staverton in Ralph's time. His wife taught at Staverton School. Drake Brockman wrote a wonderful history of Staverton called "Staverton on the Dart".

Ralph's son, Colin, farmed with his father and they were well known breeders of pedigree South Devon cattle and pedigree South Devon Longwool Sheep. They won many prizes at agricultural shows. Colin then took over the tenancy when his father retired. Ralph and Maude built Mount View at the top of the hill from Mount Barton, where they lived until Ralph's death, when Maude moved to Paignton to be near her daughter Pam.

At that time, the acreage was increased to around 450 acres and the milking herd changed from South Devons to Friesians. Modern times had begun with new tractors and combines. Colin eventually gave up the milking herd in 1960s to concentrate on a suckler herd, beef cattle and cereals.

Mount Barton also had several cider apple orchards, the ground being especially good for them. Picking up the apples was back breaking work, as the apples were picked by hand off the ground once they had fallen. They were then sold, either to Whiteways or Hills Cider in Staverton. Colin married Betty, and they had four daughters, Elizabeth, Sara, Caroline and Jane.

Ralph Hoare paying his workers. William Goss at the front, and behind them are Bill Maye, Walter Putt and Jack Knapman

Colin was Chairman of the Totnes branch of the NFU. He was also a member of the Dart Vale & Haldon Harriers Hunt Committee, the Totnes Show Committee, South Devon Farmers Committee and Sheep Steward at the Devon County Show. He also rode many Point-to-Point runners, one very good one being Trapper, owned by his cousin Bob Hoare who then farmed at Hole Farm.

The family always helped with the Church activities, especially with Rev. & Mrs. Cardale. Betty helped with meals-on-wheels, collected from Landscove School delivering to the elderly; the children always loved competing at the Staverton Garden Show. All four daughters were married at Staverton Church.

Colin retired from Mount Barton in 1982. He and Betty now live near Harberton. An end of an era!

Elizabeth Hoare, January 2004

FARMING NOTES

As we sit writing, the sun is shining, the temperature warmer but we still have a cool NW wind and it is very wet underfoot.

The cows are standing at the yard gate fed up, as though to tell us that they have had enough of silage and walking around on concrete for the past six months, wanting to get out to the green grass that surrounds them. Might we tell them the farmer is equally fed up by this time, running to their needs, trying to keep them happy and cleaning up after them. He will compromise; they are his main source of income.

At this time of year, before the milk quotas arrived, the farmer could turn the cows out to grass (weather permitting), cut back on the daily intake of concentrates and benefit from the higher milk yield produced from grass. Not so now; the EEC does not want so much produced of what's put into that "lotta bottle", that daily pinta which we hope will never disappear from the doorsteps.

Last summer's drought with no second-cut silage and a shortage of hay, many farmers had to start feeding what should have been their winter fodder during the month of August, thus making their winter fodder supply short. Some pastures have not fully recovered from the drought, grasses have died and weeds taken over. Re-seeding is expensive; looking back on last year tells one who is the master in farming.

After the severely cold winter, the soil temperature is still below average and growth of grass is slow, thus reflecting the price of grass at local grass sales making up to 139 pounds per acre. Splashed on one of the pages of a local newspaper last week, "Are dairy products ruining your health?". As a farmer's wife, I immediately thought, "well, I'm 1 1/2 stone overweight, but put it down to middle-aged spread", and sat down to enjoy bread, cream and jam at my next meal. Farming is this country's main industry, but the press seem to enjoy knocking it at every possible opportunity.

The countryside surrounding villages such as Broadhempston has been made and moulded by the farmer, thus obtaining a fine balance between agriculture and nature. Let's hope it remains that way.

R. & I. T., May 1985

EEC BUTTER

A very big 'Thank you' to Keith Beer, assisted by Ann Read, for delivering 1lb. of EEC butter to every pensioner and one-parent family in the village on his one free Saturday afternoon.
It was a feast of organisation, going from one end of Broadhempston to the other, sometimes needing to make a second visit when the occupier was out.

On behalf of all recipients, Keith, thank you for your time and trouble.

Hilary Ford (Senior Citizen), April 1987

Staverton Bakery

THE FARRIER IN BROADHEMPSTON

Once upon a time the forge was the most hospitable corner of a village. It offered a free fire where you could sit around and talk of prices or the blimmin' weather or better still, the government. Likewise blimmin'.

So it was at Broadhempston, when there were 500 horses and ponies in the neighbourhood and when the blacksmith was a mighty craftsman, as important as his craft.

Once, the forge at Broadhempston was a butcher's shop, owned by Mr. Luscombe. Mr. Taylor was the first blacksmith. Then came the Soper family. And after the Sopers came Mr. William Atwill, who learned his trade from Mr. E. Soper, starting in 1911 when he was 13 years. And bellows arm seemed very high indeed. You had to tip-toe for it, then you pressed down, throwing your weight on it, making it as smooth as a shove-halfpenny. Then up the arm it went and you had to reach for it, and by the end of the day you were sure your back was breaking. Young Atwill was the son of an insurance agent, but his uncle, Harry Atwill, was the blacksmith at Bridgetown, Totnes, so he was following a good tradition. By the time he had completed his five years of apprenticeship, the war was getting old and tired. Asquith was gone, so was Churchill, Gallipoli was a memory, half understood except that respect for the Turk was higher than it had ever been. Lloyd George was in all the papers, and young Atwill found himself a machine-gunner, wondering how long it would last.

Khaki and puttees lasted until February 1919, when he was recalled to the anvil by Mr. Soper. But times were thin and wages difficult, so he moved to the wheelwright's shop of Mr. George Halwell. There was talk of him entering the Metropolitan Police, but Mr. Soper passed away and Mrs. Soper needed someone to work the forge, so young William found himself back at the anvil. Thoughts of holding up the London traffic with one wave of his hand were abandoned in the village

emergency; for of course Broadhempston could not face the future without a blacksmith.

When Mrs. Soper passed away, young Atwill took over the forge in his own name. The same faces came in to show their shivers to the fire and puff their pipes and cut their bread and cheese with practised knife against tough, black thumb. "Half a cottage loaf in the days", Mr. Atwill said, "no sandwiches then. No such thing as sliced bread either."

He remembers Mr. Boon from Staverton and Mr. Almond "who drove for Harry Searle, the miller", and Emmanuel Ellis and George French. Their talk was always of horses and changes. Each change was a villain and the arch-villain was the motor car, "lettin' out nort 'cept smitch and frightenin' the good ole hoss."

Farms of 200 acres had eight horses, sometimes more. Baker Willcocks had his box-trap for delivering; butcher Palk had his big van, with his butcher boys on sturdy ponies. Ned Vallance of the Church House Inn, had his carriers van to Newton Abbot market. Everything seemed much as it had been, but there was more and more talk of machines and soon the old days seemed to be slipping away. Soon the tradesman's van was a commonplace, soon the family car was punching it's horn. Soon, agriculture was converted to machinery; soon the incredible happened and the horse was out of date.

Forges in the neighbourhood struggled on for years, but one by one they went out like lamps at night. Mr. Harry Lark of Denbury retired from the forge to the Union Inn. Soon only a few remained, and one of the few was the Broadhempston forge: with electric bellows instead of the wooden arm, and a single electric bulb, as lonely as a flower in the forest, instead of the lanterns.

Now you have the irony, the horse is coming back, brought back by a weariness of machines, by the energies of pony clubs, by the enthusiasm of the young for the living thing. But there are so few farriers ready to shoe, that there is plenty of work for those who remain. Men who were in work, but only half in work, are now busy. The blacksmith is important again.

The cost of shoeing 40 years ago was "seven shillun all four" for a farm horse and 'five shillun for a pony". Some farmers called it a 'wicked price'. The cost now is 25/- all four, and some farmers still call it a 'wicked price', recalling 1920 when prices were fair and nobody minded paying. That's the way it is with prices, so the blacksmith is well served by a sense of humour. Mr. Atwill's sense of humour is in his glance.

About ten years ago he decided that if horses could not easily come to him, he would go to them. These days he travels a great deal, going as far as Taunton, where his skill is talked about like a legend. He travels by car and train, with wooden box for his tools. People, especially children, are glad to see him. He is never so busy that he has not time for children.

Anon, June 1988

THE WASTED SQUEAK

Joan Hutchings, now Mrs. Joan Hawkins, was born and brought up at the Bridge Inn, Littlehempston early this century. The pub is now known as the Pig and Whistle (appropriately as we shall see) and looks very different today. Mrs. Hawkins' daughter-in-law, Hazel Hawkins, encouraged her to tape record her memories, has transcribed them all and produced them in typescript for members of the family. She very kindly let me photocopy a set for the Dartington Rural Archive and I thought PN readers might be interested in reading an extract from them. Mrs. Hawkins dwells on a variety of subjects from

Clothes and Christmas to farming and fleas. From this wealth of material, I have selected one topic which is perhaps a little gruesome, although to spare you, I have edited out some of the detail. But it reminds us of what a privileged lifestyle we lead today, far removed from the messy realities of feeding ourselves. Think yourself lucky – this is what our forbearers had to do.....

Every house in Littlehempston used to keep a pig and would feed it on scraps, with a little bit of extra from the farmer, 'seconds' of barley that wouldn't pass for malting. Everybody on Ackrills Hill kept their pig in the garden and we always had pigs behind the pub. We'd keep some of the litters and fatten them up for six months or so, depending on how fat we wanted them. Black pigs, white pigs... it was just pigs to us, though in those days there was the Middle White, the Long White Lopears, Tamworth and Gloucester Old Spot, Saddlebacks and Large Black. Then there was the Smaller Black which had a very chubby face, a proper pig face – I forget what those were called. We never gave them names; we never kept them long enough. We did have one for a time that had a screwed neck. His head was always looking sideways (looking over his shoulder), so he used to go around in circles, anti-clockwise, because that was the way he was facing. He was kept in what we called the Pit, up in the woods.

Pig killing was a long job from start to finish and the whole family was involved. You'd want a cold day when there was an 'R' in the month, as that was the only time you could be sure of the animal setting firm.

The first thing you had to do was see about getting plenty of boiling water. This was boiled up in the furnace, in the clothes copper. You'd get that done and make sure you had plenty of wood; because for each bucket taken out, you'd tip in another half bucket to keep the supply going. One of the children would be given that job. Whoever was stoking the fire would be very pleased when they heard, "That's enough. We don't want any more".

I was always taken for a walk, so I shouldn't hear the pig scream. My brother Claude had to take me. We went up the road to a milestone beyond Bridge Inn. Above it there is a slate stile where the field path goes in to Gatcombe Mill. The pigs made an awful noise... and I knew what was going on all right. Local butchers used to come out from Totnes to kill the pigs and expected a part of the pig for doing it. Then people saw that Father did his own animals and thought he could do theirs. I watched him many a time and he took a pride in it. Anybody who was anybody at their job made sure they did it well.

So that was how he took over the pig-killing in the village and he got a shilling or two for it. The first time he went off they said, "Where's your tools? You've forgotten your tools Mr. Hutchings!" But they were tucked under his arm, wrapped up in the waterproof pinafore that he used to wear. This was made out of a bit of tarpaulin, held on with binder twine. He took his sticking knife, scraper, claw remover, chopper and sharpening stone. The scraper used to be an old candlestick with a sharp base and his claw remover was an old shoe horn with a hook on the end. You can just imagine all that packed and rolled tightly in the pinafore.

The wooden form and the boiling water would be ready when he arrived. Then the pig would be tied – they make an awful din when you put the rope around and pull the nose up. He would kill it by hoisting it up and slicing it's throat. Then, when the blood was drained and it was dead, it would be lifted down onto this old table called a form. Boiling water from a kettle was gently poured over the pig and then father would start scraping off the hairs. When he had done one side, it would be tipped over to do the other. After it was scraped out, with ears, claws and eyes removed, a stick with notches in it would be put through the hind legs. I think it was called the 'gammon stick' and was almost like a coat hanger. The legs would be

cut and the strings pulled out to make a loop to go over this, caught up in the notches. The stick would then be put in the pulley hook and hoisted up. This would be done out of doors or in a shed.

After it had been hung up and cut down the middle, the belly and offal would be taken out. Then father would put his hand in the mouth and pull out the clotted blood. If ever we got a bit of bloody pork from the butcher, father would say, "Well, they haven't drained this one properly. They don't know their trade!"

Next day, Father would return and would cut the carcass down the back, so that it hung in two halves. Then he would lift down one half and start cutting it up. Meanwhile, the owners would have cleaned the belly and got it ready for making their hog's pudding or 'chittlings'. Of course, some of the farmers didn't want the belly, so we used to have it. They'd say, "Oh just take it away. We'd only bury it". My sister Dora would drive the cob over to wherever it was and it would be put in the back of the cart in a bath, with a blanket over it to keep it warm. Then she would drive it home. Mother would clean it up and there would be something taken off the price for the killing.

They used to say, "The only thing that's wasted is the squeak".

Mrs Hawkins – taped by her daughter-in-law Hazel Hawkins, September 1996

WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO OUR MILK?

As if the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food had not enough on their plate with curried eggs and cheese, it is adding the problem of bovine somatrotopin – BST. The natural hormone is produced in the cow's pituitry gland. Now, however, a genetically-engineered BST has

Mrs. Hoare

been developed, not absolutely identical to the cow's own growth hormone. Certain well-known agri-pharmaceutical companies have developed and invested in this BST. Apparently secret tests of the imitation hormone's effect, when injected into dairy cows, are being undertaken on British farms, with the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture. The location of the farms is kept a secret for reasons of 'commercial confidentiality', but the milk from these trial cows is going into the national pool and any of us may be drinking it.

The purpose of the injections is to increase milk yield and trials have shown that it increases 10 – 20%. No one is quite certain how BST works in the cow but the most probable answer is that it moves nutrients away from the body tissues to the mammary gland where milk is synthesised.

The effect on the cow. The dairy cow is surely already a hard enough worked animal, producing a calf and a 1000 or more gallons of milk year after year. With BST injections, cows are being made to yield even more by drawing on their body reserves. Although the promoting companies claim that BST has no ill effects on the cow, some trials have shown an increased incidence of mastitis and fertility is also affected with higher embryo loss. These results are not surprising when one considers the additional strain on the cow.

The effect on the consumer. The majority of consumers do not want additives in their food or drink. An opinion poll conducted by NOP Market Research Ltd. in April/May 1988 showed that 83% agreed with the statement "The daily pinta should remain as it is and not come from cows injected with BST." Some studies have shown that BST injections cause changes in milk composition. It seems likely that if BST milk were to become widespread, many consumers would give up milk all together and use milk substitutes.

Effect on the farmer. Cows injected with BST are more likely to require veterinary attention. Even one of the firms producing the hormone admits that a reduction in the number of dairy farmers would be likely. Somerset farmers are leading a national campaign to ban the use of BST, saying that it would put hundreds of farming jobs at risk. The Somerset farmers were reported to have the support of 30 out of 41 NFT branches.

Who would benefit? The main beneficiaries would be the drug companies that are doing their utmost to get their product onto the market (eg. Inviting MPs on free visits to US). A Channel 4 programme revealed how the companies targeted the UK as the most likely country in which to obtain a BST licence.

If we do not want BST milk to be forced on us, we should do all we can to prevent it, by writing to our MP, the Ministry of Agriculture, or the Press, opposing it's use.

John McElderry, July 1989

THE HAYLLOR DYNASTY

Don and I started our married lives and farming in our own right in 1954 at Ewhurst near Guildford in Surrey. We had a small farm rented from the Guinness Estate, consisting of 26 acres with a small farmhouse with two up and two down. It was here that we spent the first six years of married life and produced four children – Linda, Ian, Paula and Stewart. We also managed to build our dairy herd up to 26 Ayrshires, milked in a converted barn, plus followers.

All in all our stocking rate was getting on the high side. By this time we decided that we should look for something bigger. We decided to try and buy a property as finding somewhere to rent was impossible. As you might imagine, in Surrey we found prices far too high, so we decided to look further afield.

The Hayllor Family

My mother offered to have the children for a long weekend, and a friend agreed to look after the stock, so off we went to the West country. My grandfather had come from Gidleigh near Chagford, so we had ties in Devon, also we loved the area. After looking at several farms, we finally arrived at Blackler Barton in Landscove. This was a farm of 230 acres - enormous it seemed after Coophurst, our Surrey farm. Also, it had a lovely old large farmhouse, although in much need of TLC.

After a lot of heart-searching and negotiating with the agents, we agreed to buy. I may say that in those days property prices were reasonable, although we didn't realise it at the time. Nowadays, you would pay more for a family car. After agreeing to purchase, the doubts started - could we afford it, could we stock it and what would the parents say about moving all this way? Now, years later, our son has been in Australia farming for 20 years. How distances and attitudes have changed.

As you can imagine, life in this area has changed dramatically since then. At that time there was no electricity on the farm. We had to wait ten years for that. The A38 was not built then. What a difference that has made. Landscove has grown quite a lot: we can think of at least 20 new houses built in that time.

Anyway, the day finally dawned when we had to move down to Devon. Julia and Mum and Dad moved down on the Monday with the furniture and children, leaving me to clear up and get ready for the big move. On the Thursday, our final day in Surrey, the cattle trucks were due to arrive at 6 am so milking had to start at 4 am, then the hassle of loading the cows onto lorries, which of course they objected to, also dismantling milking equipment and loading that up. Eventually we set off, more or less on time. A friend and myself followed on with the odds and sods on board an old Bedford lorry, which we had bought for 25 pounds. After a fairly uneventful journey, we arrived in Devon about 6

pm, just ahead of the cows.

In those days we milked in a cowshed, so after they were unloaded and tied up, they were milked once again. Eventually we got to bed after a very long day, but happy that things had gone pretty well. Anyone who has moved house can, I am sure, imagine what it's like moving a farm.

January 1961 saw the Hayllor family installed at Blackler Barton, bringing with us four children, cats, dogs, ponies, 60 head of cattle, 200 laying hens and a few pigs.

At Easter 1961, our daughter Dawn was born, a week before our first holiday PGs were expected. We needed to have 'guests' to bring in much needed cash. We did quite well with holiday makers in the early days, and had some interesting times with them. We also ran a riding school for seventeen years. Over the years we have managed to get together extra land to try to make a reasonable living for our families, not that the economics are too clever at present. Including some rented land, we now farm around 1000 acres. Our most important acquisition was Gullaford farm in 1984, now the home of Stewart and family, and also the base for our arable and organic enterprises. Also, over the years Dawn, Andrew, Alison and Jenny were born at Blackler Barton, bringing our family to eight.

Our main enterprise here at Blackler is our dairy herd, managed by Andrew and helpers. We now have 180 milkers and followers.

In 1980, our son Ian went to Australia for a year but liked it so much he stayed and married an Australian lass, Debbie. They had triplet sons, Daniel, James and Nicholas, who are now 18 years and about to go to University. Ian farms about 5000 acres in partnership with two other farmers, one English. We try to visit at least once a year, in our winter.

Fred Pearse, aged 13 years

Stewart and Andrew are full partners with us, and we produce milk, cerals, beef and organic vegetables for the Riverford Co-operative.

Stewart and Sue's children are Rachel, Robbie and Katie. Andrew and Annalies have Danielle, Claudia and Stephanie. Paula and Phi's are Stacey and Stephen. Ali and Nick's are Christina and Michael. Most of these are or will be attending Landscove School. As always we are great supporters of our school.

Dawn and husband Phil farm on the edge of the Moor at Holne, and have two children, Lisa and Thomas. Linda, our eldest daughter, has three children, one of them, Emma has produced our first great-grandchild. Terry, our oldest grandchild, has become a well-known international three-day eventer, winning a gold medal in Germany, also a couple of silver medals back home. Gary, his brother, is a kennel huntsman – who knows for how long.

Paula and Phil Jessop's two children are at South Dartmoor school. Paula is school administrator at Landscove School, while hubby Phil carts organic vegetables all over the country for the Riverford Co-op. Alison and Nick Berry's two children go to Landscove. Ali works at Bidwellbrook and Nick is a fireman. Jenny and John Potter have one very young daughter. Jen is a teacher and John a carpenter. This brings our total grandchildren to nineteen.

Over the years farming has been quite good to us, although jolly hard work, but the last few years have been a different story. It seems as though farming and the countryside are not important, which we think is a grave mistake. Anyway, we are still in business and we have a wonderful family. All the time we are able we shall continue to visit Ian in Australia, where we have our own little house and the door is always open to visitors, so if you are out there at the right time, look us up.

Finally we would like to thank the people of Landscove and surrounding areas for making us welcome when we first came, and have become our friends since.

Julia and Don Hayllor, January 2003

THE HILL FAMILY OF BARKINGDON

The Barkingdon estate was bought by Ray's grandfather, Edwin J. Hill (Jack) in early 1900s, so the family has completed all but 100 years of occupation. Ray and I were the third generation of the Hill family to live and work the farm, our sons being the fourth; but the end of an era has been reached. The biggest step we have ever taken in our lives – apart from getting married, that is – we took at the end of July 2002 and that was to leave Barkingdon and Staverton where Ray has lived all his life, the village where we were both born, were married in Staverton Church and have spent 31 happy years since, and where our two sons were born, have lived, gone to primary school, and worked. I, although born at Mount Barton, was raised and educated in East Anglia and returned to Devon in the late '60s to work in Torbay Hospital. I lived with my grandmother, Maud Hoare, who by then was living in Paignton, having left Mount Barton many years before. I met Ray again at his 21st birthday party and two years later we married. We lived in Broadhempston initially while Torcorn bungalow was being built, and moved into Barkingdon Manor about two years after and with year old son, Simon. Richard was born two and half years later.

At that time not only did we have a farm to run, which was mixed, with a dairy herd, pigs, sheep, beef cattle and cereals, but a large cider business as well – Hills Devon Cider. Ray was exceptionally busy, running and working on the farm and travelling the country for the cider business, me indoors in the office, dealing with cider orders and

the paperwork. Our staff at that time numbered about nine full time. We seemed to form quite a good double act. The dairy herd was sold in early 1987 and we closed the cider business down later that same year, due to health concerns, to concentrate on the remaining farming activities. When our sons started at Landscove Primary School, our village social life began in earnest. Involvement with the PTA, as it then was, and Ray became a governor. We were encouraged and persuaded to join in with village life. From then on we seemed to be very active.

Times change. Ray worked long and very hard to keep the family farm going, but with the deaths of Edwin and then Peggy Hill, his parents, the family estate was sold.

In 2001 we applied for a permanent residency in Australia.

Ray and Irene Hill, February 2003

DAWS CREAMERY

The other day I was in the Tally Ho talking about milk production and how the number of farms in the Parish had decreased since the end of the last war. Kevin told me that he is the production manager at the milk factory near the station and invited me to come and see the plant there that fills 200 plastic bottles per minute, when they are all shipped all over the place to various supermarkets.

We made a date and I turned up at the security office to be shown the way to Kevin's office. For those of you who may remember the creamery, the building is over the leat on what used to be Totnes Town football ground. I was then decked up in factory clothes, white hat and a mask to cover my beard, white coat and factory shoes. Kevin dressed the same and both of us had to wash our hands and then apply an antiseptic cream. We repeated this as we went into each section of the factory. I simply cannot describe the machinery. Empty bottles were pushed into the start of a maze of conveyors where they were washed, labelled, filled, capped, sealed and packed in containers with the correct amount of milk in each. It is mind boggling.

In 1922, my father started to produce milk here at Buckyette with South Devon cows. Milking was done by hand and the more cows you had the more hands were required at milking time. The problem then was to sell the milk. If one lived near a town or small village one could hawk it off the back of a pony and trap. Some could be made into butter or cream on the farm, but if one had to rely on dairymen in the town, it became a nightmare situation with farmers undercutting each other and a lot of milk was simply poured down the drain.

After a lot of discussion and talk at the highest level, in 1931 the Milk Marketing Board was set up by the government of the day. Farmers could sell their milk to the Board at an agreed price that could then sell on to non-existent processors and bottlers. This is why in 1932 Daws Creamery was started in the old Brunel atmospheric pumping building at Totnes station, the forerunner of what there is now. GWR lorries collected the churns from farms and that was the start of endless complaints of noise on the churn deck. Farmers were under no obligation to sell to the Board, but those who did had a secure market. It is not until much later that all milk, with few exceptions, had to be sold to the Board.

The MMB was the saviour of the milk industry, and the government could impose a maximum retail price if so desired. Farmers are, I think, like most of us not always fully truthful. One of the first means of possibly increasing production from each cow was to record the daily yield of milk from each cow. Simple! Yes, but to ensure accurate record-keeping, inspectors were appointed to visit farms at regular intervals. This was just the start of the selected

Haymaking at Forder Green Farm; Harry Lin on top, Sid Hearn striding out, evacuee girl watching.

breeding programme and the fantastic increase in yields per cow we accept today.

I cannot remember the exact date, but early in 1940s a severe venereal disease of cattle became widespread, caused by farmers sharing the use of infected bulls, resulting in no calves being born and therefore no milk.

Mr. L.K. Elmhirst, who had studied agriculture in USA had set up an agricultural economics department at Dartington Hall under the direction of Jock Currie. It was realised that it was imperative to stop the spread of the disease by stopping the shared use of bulls. With the money and drive of Dartington, the AI Centre was started. The MMB and others were doing the same at this time. Selective breeding was then possible and with the advancing technology of deep frozen sperm, milk yields of cows have increased beyond the wildest dreams of my father. He was pleased if his cows' yields were 400 – 500 gallons a year for his best cows. Now, yields in excess of 1,200 gallons are not uncommon. But this brings in it's wake, that fewer cows are needed to feed the nation's demand. In Littlehempston there used to be six milk producers, now there is only one.

It was realised that the spread of TB had to be contained, and so pasteurisation, discovered by the Frenchman Louis Pasteur, was introduced. Testing of cattle became the norm, to make sure infection was kept to a minimum. At present we have a problem with the spread of TB but I have no wish to get into this argument. Other diseases have also been tackled.

In the 1930s, horse transport was used in London which required the green belt to provide food for them. Milk was transported by rail to London. Tankers were loaded in Totnes station and had to be filled to the brim otherwise the movement of the train would turn the cream to butter. The use of churns has been replaced by tankers collecting

Simon and Lot Sutcliffe planted 200 acres of woodland using an ingenious contraption designed and constructed by Lot. He drove the tractor and Simon worked the contraption that was hauled behind. It cut a slit in the sward, a bell on a bicycle wheel marked the two metre distance between each whip and Simon would drop one in and two rollers closed the slit.

from farms in refrigerated bulk tanks. Daws has changed a lot over the years, with several owners, who produced butter, cheese and clotted cream, as well as bottled milk for the local trade. Now the cooled milk from the tankers is tested for quality and is piped into Kevin's part of the factory where it is pasteurised and homogenised, which means it is put under high pressure to stop cream forming a skin in the tops of the plastic bottles, and it all happens in the maze which so impressed me during that tour with Kevin. I have seen such changes in my lifetime.

Roger Miller, August 2003

THE SUTCLIFFES – A BROADHEMPSTON FAMILY

Many people who enjoy walking in Broadhempston's Community Woodland do not realise that they owe their good fortune to a young Yorkshire teacher who arrived to work at Dartington Hall Nursery School in 1932. Jennifer Sutcliffe, who is now of course our own Jennifer Lambe, grew up in Bradford and had not intended to settle in Devon. Dartington Hall School was an experiment in revolutionary new, relaxed ways of teaching. It was owned by a Yorkshireman Leonard Elmhirst and his American wife Dorothy; Jennifer stayed.

She encouraged her brother Peter and his wife Ann to send their children to this school, so they duly moved to Devon, buying Forder Green Farm

in 1936. It was only 30 acres then, but farming had been in such a serious decline throughout the 1930s that land prices were low, so that by 1963 when their son Lot took over the farm, it extended to 130 acres. Peter had run a mixed farm with grain production, a milking herd and sheep.

During the war things were particularly difficult because Ann took the children to America in 1940 and then found that she couldn't get back. Peter lived alone at Forder Green until 1944 when the family was eventually allowed to travel home. At the end of the war, in 1945, Peter became Managing Director of Dartington Hall Ltd. And as his work at Dartington increased, he ran Forder Green with hired help. The dairy herd was sold in 1953 and the farm given over to sheep and grain production. Jennifer meanwhile married Felix Lambe in 1940; they settled at Danesford eventually and have been stalwarts of Broadhempston society ever since.

Of the four children, two of them, Lot and Simon, took on the running of the mixed farm, while Peter and Ann continued to increase their acreage. Gradually things altered. Lot and Simon gave up sheep and reduced the beef herd to concentrate on grain production - with advice and incentives from the government - until all 200 acres of the farm were growing grain. The government then, of course, discovered that Europe had a huge grain mountain.

1988 was the turning point. Peter had died in 1986 and both Lot and Simon realised that none of their children would continue in farming. It was also the year when the government introduced 'voluntary set-aside', whereby farmers were paid not to cultivate their land. Much of the land at Forder Green became 'set-aside'. Next the government introduced the Farm Woodland Scheme, which later became the Community Woodland Scheme. Under these schemes farmers received grants to plant woodland on their set-aside land, provided that the woodland was open to the public. Lot and Simon took it up enthusiastically, and rather to the surprise of the Ministry of Agricuture, have spent many back-breaking but happy hours planting 200 acres of woodland at Forder Green.

So here we are 15 years later, Broadhempston Parish contains 'the best managed' small woodland in England, and we are all able to enjoy it, thank you Sutcliffes.

And what about Jennifer who began it all? Well, she and Felix still live at Danesford and have the distinction of being Broadhempston's "Oldest Married Couple".

Ann Zealley, September 2003

A LOCAL VIEW OF THE REFORM OF THE CAP

The Common Agricultural Policy was introduced in 1962 with the intention of increasing domestic production and reducing imports, using production and export subsidies and import taxes to achieve it's goal. In this it has been very successful. However there have been many criticisms of the policy over thee years, both of the cost (currently costs every man, woman and child in the European Union six pounds a week), the unfairness (75% of the subsidy being received by 25% of the farmers) and the fact that it has distorted and undermined production in less developed countries. (Sugar is an extreme example of this, where tariffs ensure that we are paying at least three times the world price). But now all this is changing.

From 1st January 2005, the link between production and subsidy has been removed and been replaced by the Single Payment Scheme based on agricultural land held. The total paid out in subsidy will be the same for the present. Farmers have to fulfil certain requirements in order to qualify and there is an emphasis on environmental

protection. The new scheme replaces ten major CAP payment schemes and is intended to be simpler but inevitably in these massive systems, in trying to be equitable and to ensure farmers don't face sudden reduction in their income, there are complications. This scheme is for England; Scotland and Wales (and other European countries) are different.

I asked local farmers and a butcher how it might affect their operations:

Rodney Cleave - butcher and farmer of 50 acres.
Rodney farms sheep and beef extensively. Under the old system he claimed a subsidy for the sheep only, so he will be better off under the Single Payment Scheme.

He is concerned that others will not be so fortunate, and fears for the future of the traditional suckler herds, those South Devon traditional farmers from whom he buys his beef locally. He believes that the loss of the cow and calf payments will represent a substantial loss over the seven year period of adjustment. With the average age of farmers being about 60 years, Rodney wonders whether he will be able to buy good local meat at a price customers will be willing to pay. The theory that shortage will lead to an increase in the price, and thereby the supply increases, is negated by relatively cheap imports of meat from South America, Africa etc. He points out that shortage of English pork and milk, for instance, has not resulted in higher prices. On the contrary, the price has gone down. In addition, while supermarkets will proclaim their local or British goods, they tend to also stock imported meat which is often cheaper. Most customers buy by price and in addition, domestic consumption of meat has gone down with the culture of fast foods and prepared ready-meals.

Jonathan and Violet Cock, the grandparents of Patrick and Graham Cock of Younghouse Farm, 1923

There are not many pig farms left – Rodney buys his pork from Nigel Tope at Blackawton. He thinks that sheep farming will hold it's own. Overall, Rodney thinks that there will be instability and fears for the short-term future.

Patrick Cock, Younghouse - 900 acre dairy farming.
Patrick farms with his brother Graham producing four million litres of milk a year from a herd of 430 cows. The core of the enterprise is at Younghouse, with 400 acres on tow farms at Bowden, Totnes. Under the old system, the market in milk is restricted by quotas and supported by Europe's intervention of buying butter and skimmed milk powder. There were also IACS payments – acreage payments for wheat and barley - of about 96 pounds per acre, subject to set-aside. Most of that has gone from 1 January, quotas and set-aside remaining at present. The removal of intervention could allow milk prices to drop, in Patrick's view. Even now the current price of around 18p a litre

is way below the 26p rate in 1997 and he fears a possible drop to 15p.

However, the new Single Payment will provide a substantial amount. The Compliance requirements, such as leaving a two metre buffer from the centre of hedgerows and along water courses, and not cutting hedgerows between 1 March – 31 July, are not too onerous. There are other restrictions, for instance on practises that compact the soil, such as maize harvesting and out-wintering stock, which will reduce flexibility.

Patrick has concerns about the changes but is 'reasonably optimistic'. He thinks expansion is likely in the long-term and maybe if land availability were to increase, they could consider other crops, and maybe try other environmental schemes, reducing fertiliser usage and stocking rates. He foresees milk production at Younghouse for many years to come – for the next generation?

Jill Greet, Bickaton – a suckler herd, beef, steers and sheep all farmed extensively.
Jill is uncertain how the changes will affect them and will be taking advice. Her situation is very complex with much of the land they farm being rented. However, she takes the view that the change is here and must be dealt with. She thinks it is a good thing in the long run with it's emphasis on the environment.

Mark Irish, Well Farm - 230 acres with 300 sheep, a suckler herd of cattle and a small acreage of Christmas trees.
Before this reform, there were payments for every ewe, with a quota system. There were annual payments for the suckler cows and a slaughter premium too. Mark believed the CAP needed a 'shake up', and he is confident about the future. The market for sheep is reasonable at present, and whereas before he had sold the cattle at 12 to 14 months as stores, under the new system he may reduce their numbers and keep them longer, finishing them.

He thinks the SPS will be good for the environment and that compliance with the environmental regulations will not be a problem. "We're doing most of it anyway" – he is optimistic.

Lot & Simon Sutcliffe, Waytown - 200 acres of community woodland, 30 acres grassland.
The Community Woodland Scheme under which this woodland was developed, is not affected by the introduction of the SPS. The support currently received for it will end in five years time, possibly to be replaced by some other scheme.

Simon and Lot farm their 30 acres organically and extensively, keeping a dozen or so store cattle for finishing and they have a very small pig operation. Under the old system they received a special premium and a slaughter premium for the beef, and the new arrangements will make little financial difference. They may have to change some of their farming practise in order to comply with the new requirements.

Both Lot and Simon approve of the principle of decoupling the link between production and subsidy, and are optimistic about the future of farming, the one proviso being that it shouldn't become too bureaucratic.

Guy Watson, Riverford Organic Vegetables - with Oliver and Louise, Guy and Kate farm about 1000 acres, 200 are vegetables.
Guy thought the principle of decoupling production from subsidy was right. He liked the emphasis on the environment and hoped that the current environmental compliance standards would improve in time. The whole of the farm is in the Stewardship Scheme, currently managed by Oliver Watson, so it's already meeting the environmental requirements demanded of it and much more.

There had been no subsidy on growing vegetables until this reform, but now Guy can claim payment on the land he uses to produce soft fruit,

vegetables and potatoes. Whilst welcome, it will represent but a small proportion of the value of the crop. Because of the way the payments are calculated, based on the total subsidy for the area, it is not yet known the amount per acre but probably about 100 pounds.

The uncertainty created by the prospect of this reform over the past three or four years, has created a problem for Guy in his search for good land suitable for vegetables. Some farmers felt unable to make a decision about their future operations, concerned to maintain the level of their existing subsidy as this determines a large proportion, initially at least of the new Single Payment. This has created some distortion in the industry and is a criticism of the way the change has been carried out, in his view.
With some reservations about the management of the change, Guy is in favour of the reform.

Hilary Sutcliffe, February 2005

THE MANNS OF DOWN, BROADHEMPSTON

There were Manns at Down for three hundred years or more, not only involved at different times in farming, serge making and cider making, but associated with romantic and tragic tales of adventure and enterprise involving the Armada, Nelson and travels to the other side of the world.

This is just one small part of their remarkable story, the story of John and Peter Mann in the early 19th century. The Manns had traditionally passed on Down to the eldest son, and in this generation William and Elizabeth nee Furneaux, had five sons as well as five daughters. So William, the eldest would inherit the farm and Peter, John, Samuel and Thomas had to look elsewhere for a living. Girls didn't feature in that way then.

William Mann Senior had a sister, Ann Elizabeth, who had married John Hosking, a Wesleyan school teacher and colonial merchant. They had gone to Australia and had done very well and were perhaps examples to the younger Manns. In 1821 the Hunter River Valley, New South Wales, had been opened up to free settlers who were knowledgeable and had capital, and with their Hosking connections the prospect for the two young brothers of acquiring a land grant looked good. Peter 23 years and John 20 years left Down on 18th March 1828 and set sail on the Caroline with 20 pipes of cider and 1,000 pound each from their father in bills drawn on their cousin in Sydney. John valued the cider at 20 pounds a pipe, considered by his cousin to be a conservative sum, so the two brothers were wealthy young men. There is a plaque on the outside wall at Down stating simply that Peter and John had left, and the date. A touching monument, perhaps indicating that their parents realised that they were unlikely to ever see them again.

The brothers arrived in Sydney on 12 September 1828. They stayed with their cousin John Hosking, son of John Senior and Ann, at 19 Pitt Street, Sydney. John Hosking had already selected land for himself on the Hunter River, and soon after the cousins' arrival he took them there to show them his land and for them to consider whether this area would suit their purposes. The work on the Great North Road linking Sydney to Newcastle had only just begun, going through sandstone mountains and deep gorges, using convict labour often working in irons, but that would take another eight years to complete. So the only way to get there would have been by sea, going against the difficult and dangerous Southerly current, and then sailing up the Hunter river.

Thus it was that six months after leaving Down, sailing many thousands of miles, they were about to begin their new life, when on 30th September 1828 a terrible accident occurred: Peter was shot by John and died shortly afterwards. It seems

that a fowling piece in Johns hands, went off accidentally. John Hosking was present and stated that the dying Peter had said that his brother John should have his money. A very generous gesture, given the circumstances, not to mention presence of mind. News of the death would not have reached Down for some months. There is a headstone in Broadhempston Churchyard to Peter's memory. His mother Ann died two years later on 1 October 1830, aged 52 years.

John stayed in Australia and was made a primary land grant of 1,920 acres. By November the same year, three months after arriving, he owned three horses, 400 head of cattle, and 240 sheep. He selected land on the upper reaches of the Williams River, a tributary of the Hunter, and was issued with a letter of possession on 13 October 1829. He had to clear the land and build dwellings for himself and his workers – that year he employed three convicts and three free servants.

In 1834, John puchased a further 300 acres on the Hunter River and called it Down Park. This was fine alluvial land and was intensively cutlivated. His granted land was largely used for grazing sheep and cattle.

In March 1833, John's younger brother Samuel arrived with his wife, and also his 18 year old sister Elizabeth. Samuel sought to make his fortune as a merchant. John borrowed money through him and raised mortgages and by 1842 he and Samuel owned a flock of 5,000 sheep. But when the land boom collapsed and Samuel became bankrupt in 1834, John lost his granted land, lots of money and never recovered financially. Perhaps not psychologically either, as family lore has it that that he took to drink and gambling. It was due to the latter that he 'won' his wife from her brother when he offered her hand in marriage as part of a bet.

In 1848, 40 year old John married 18 year old Harriet Holcombe. Not surprisingly it was not a happy or loving relationship. They had six children, two sons dying in infancy. John died aged 52 years on 10 August 1860. Their descendants still live in the area.

Of the rest of the family, another daughter of William and Ann also went to New South Wales; there is a headstone in Broadhempston Churchyard for Mary, who died at the Upper William River, New South Wales on 12 March 1851aged 39 years. It seems that the fifth son, Thomas, also went, dying there in 1862. So of the ten siblings, six went to Australia. The first and remaining son, William, married, had children and his descendants continued at Down until William Butland Mann died in 1924 and the family emigrated to New Zealand. There were no longer any Manns at Down.

Hilary Sutcliffe, March 2005

Chapter 2
The Church

EDITORIAL

The Fete is, we hope, becoming the 'cynosure of neighbouring eyes', as it is only by neighbourly action that the fabric of ancient buildings in small parishes can be maintained. The Church Tower, for the restoration of which the fete is being held, stands today in the same 'rough cast' with which it was covered in 1835. Then the cost of rough-casting was about twenty times less and the population of the Parish, twice as much as it is now.

The suggestion that the Tower harboured a fugitive from Monmouth's defeated followers is hardly likely to be true, and it is unfortunate as liable to create prejudice against a Tower which, if not weather proof, is certainly law abiding. It is true that on the lead is punched up the name 'Geoffrey Edwards' and the date '1685' from which the inference has been drawn that he was in hiding on the top of the Tower and, to kill time, carved his name.

Anon, June 1977

OPEN CONTUMACY

The Vicars of Broadhempston – Sir Thomas de Burmyngham, Priest, was instituted to Broadhempston at Chudleigh on 30th April 1362, the Patrons being the Prior and Convent of Studley. On the evidence of his name and the propinquity of Studley and Birmingham, it seems fair to assume that Sir Thomas was a former monk at Studley. Judging by the comment made by the Bishop at his institution, he was regarded with suspicion, for the Bishop "enjoined him that in respect of tonsure and in proper breadth and length of gown he should demean himself honourably according to the requirements of his order and position".

The warning, as it turned out, proved only too necessary. In 1370, the Bishop of Exeter reports to the King, Edward II, "that Sir Thomas, the perpetual Vicar of Broadhempston, on account of his open contumacy in persisting in having a helpmate, has been bound by sentence for 40 days and more and has stubbornly refused to give up Cecelia Westcote or the keys of the Church".

Anon, January 1979

A FOOLISH FASHION FOR LATIN

Seventh Vicar of Broadhempston – Michael Veysey, 1383-1422, had a busy time, as it was during his encumbency that the Church was rebuilt. Representations were made to Bishop Stafford of Exeter, asking permission to rebuild the Church on a larger scale and in a different

part of the Churchyard, because the edifice as it then stood was "ruinous and notoriously clumsily constructed". It is not stated that the Vicar made these representations himself. It is more than likely that he did so.

The Bishop, whose reply was dated 28th December, 1400, graciously consented on condition that the work was completed in two years. He also granted indulgences to "all the faithful that should contribute to so great and pious a work". As a result of this, the new Church was so well advanced by 22nd December 1401, that a licence was granted for one year to celebrate Divine Service "in Quadam Ecclesia sive busilica in vitrio de novo erecta et constructa", as it was put in that quaint way, which a foolish fancy for Latin made and still makes a certain type of mind cling to.
The licence was renewed for the same period on 4th November, 1402, and again and finally on 4th November, 1403. As there is no record of the consecration of the new Church, it is probable that, after all, it was built on the same spot. This is borne out by the fact that portions of the Chancel and the base of the tower are said to be of 13th century construction.

Anon, April 1979

BELL RINGERS' OUTING

All were gathered in the Square, but where was the coach – nowhere! This was the scene at the start of our annual bell ringers' outing. Frantic phone calls to the coach operator brought little response. Unfortunately for us, our coach had broken down the previous evening and a substitute from North Devon was hastily drafted in at the last moment, complete with a driver from Plymouth.

Dedication of the extension of the Churchyard of St. John the Baptist Church, Woodland, circa 1924.

So, with some delay, we left the village, heading for Axminster. On arrival, the scene reminded me of Marty Feldman's (the one with the squiffy eye) coach trip to the seaside, when the coach stopped, it's contents were discharged throughout the town to enjoy the delights of various 'watering holes', and to reassemble at the appointed time and no late comers.

We crossed into Dorset for our first ringing stop at Askerwell and disaster befell us again. The tower had been double booked so we had to vie with the Dorset Guild for a few moments' ringing. By now, a little dejected, we moved off to Weymouth for lunch. Once again, the coach disgorged it's contents. Our non-ringing friends buried themselves on the beach, others took to the shade, while some hearty souls strode off with rucksacks on their backs. The remaining 'all weather' ringers rejoined the coach for a trip to Preston.

As we pulled up outside the Church, had disaster befallen us again? A wedding was in progress! In the event, all was well. We provided the ceremony with some free wedding peals to the delight of the unsuspecting guests. The bells were in good order and much enjoyed.

The return journey began with a stop at the historic village of Abbotsbury. The bells rang out and 'steam' was sampled. At this point we were joined by Steven Lentern. Well done, Steve. A lot of us were recalling the happy hours spent with your great-grandad, Jim. He would have been proud.

"We rang a peal of 1000 call changes as a sponsored peal to raise money to repair the tenor bell which was out of action due to water damage. The year was circa 2005." - Graham Pascoe

The Broadhempston Bellringers. Line up from left to right: Jake Pascoe, Chris Pascoe, Spencer Keys, Christine Pascoe, Julia Jarvis, Graham Pascoe, Douglas Cock, Lauren Rideout, Sheila Beare, Bill Campion, Chris Parker, Lesley Rowe

The next leg of our journey provided a rare moment on the Downs of the parched Dorset countryside. To one side of the coach a deer was spotted motionless and camouflaged among the long dry grasses. On the other side were a pair of foxes stalking in the broad daylight, their red-brown hue standing bold against the arid scape of summer of '89.

Our last stop was at Honiton, where the proprietor of the chip shop thought Bingo night had been moved to Saturday, his shop suddenly filled with with 30-plus hungry people from Marty Feldman's coach outing by the sea.

On behalf of all those who enjoyed the day, thanks to Bill Campion who single-handed organised the trip. He must have had kittens when his best laid plans were threatened by failings of others. Bill, many thanks from us all.

Now from all the ringers, a big thank you to all who supported us again. We look forward to your company next year.

Graham Pascoe, October 1989

KATHLEEN GIBBINS

Kathleen was People's Warden for 10 years; appointed in 1967, she welcomed me in and brought to the office all the gracious charm that she alone could bring, coping with all the problems that necessarily occur in the same magnificent way in which she coped with her life in general, with all the adversities to which she herself was subject.

A Churchwarden's job is not an easy one, one reason being that it is voluntary and it can be time-consuming. Kathleen took her office seriously and supported everything that was arranged by the PCC, even though she may have had doubts about it. She master-minded the 1970 Flower Festival, 'The Church in the Village', inspiring all and sundry to grow the right plants for the occasion. She was a great gardener, travelling all over the country with her gardening friends, gaining ideas for her own beautiful garden which, over the years, has been enjoyed by her family, her friends and all others in the village who have visited it.

As a result of the Flower Festival, and with money raised from 'Murder in the Cathedral', which of course, she actively supported, we were able to overhaul the whole lighting system for the Church and redecorate the interior. Having fused the lights we realised that complete renewal was needed, so Kathleen and I visited two or three Churches, finally settling on doing what Dittisham had installed.

There were many other things to which she would unsparingly turn her attention, never sparing herself, never letting up. Through her inspiration she spurred us on to almost doing the impossible; we even found the money to repair the clock. Through her, and of course her husband, Bernard, I was on good terms with the Church Commissioners, who were always interested in what we were doing, and generous when asked to support major efforts. This 'special relationship' extended to help Saint Matthew, Landscove, as well, entirely due to Kathleen being Staverton's Churchwarden.

After vacating office, she continued to work for our Church. When union with our neighbouring parishes was realised and I had care of Berry Pomeroy for 20 months, I well remember Kathleen (of Staverton) and Penny Kittow of Broadhempston rushing to greet each other in Berry Pomeroy Church at the first combined service we held there. I know it's only a tiny incident, but it is those little things which produce such a person as Kathleen. She would ring me and say, 'Vicar! Bernard's got an idea...' and I would go over and we would chat about it. Yes, I did miss her; she was always the same.

Broadhempston Church Council.

Chairman:—
Rev. F. E. WALDIE.

Hon. Secretary:—
Mr. C. NEWNHAM.

Members:—
Mr. T. MICHELMORE, Mr. W ATWILL, Mr. W. B. MANN.

RULES

— FOR THE —

Broadhempston Guild of Ringers.

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1. That all eligible Ringers in the parish from time to time who are Churchmen may be members of the Broadhempston Guild of Ringers.

2. That a Captain and Sub Captain be appointed from the Guild whose particular duties shall be to arrange for a sufficient number of ringers for ringing the bells for the Sunday and other Services of the Church. To bring on young ringers, be responsible for order in the Belfry and for the proper ringing of the Bells. To see that no untrained ringers (other than young ringers under instruction) be allowed to interfere with the Bells.

3. That the Bells be rung for the Services on Sundays from 10-15 to 10-50 a.m. and from 5-45 to 6-20 p.m. and then chimed for five minutes. The Sexton to ring the one bell as usual for the last five minutes before the Services.

4. The Practice Nights to be on Wednesdays for the regular ringers and Fridays for young ringers. The hour to be arranged by the members.

5. No smoking, drinking, or bad language to be allowed in the Belfry.

6. Each member to endeavour to carry out the instructions of the Captain, or in his absence the Sub Captain; and to maintain reverence and order in the Belfry.

7. Any question in dispute shall be submitted for consideration of the Church Council whose decision shall be final.

F. E. WALDIE, Vicar.

Bell ringers notice, 5 November 1904

All her life in Staverton, she was active in the village, and through Bernard and his work, throughout the Parish. She presided over the WI and supported her husband in every way possible, including his work for the Society of Friends, of which he was a member.

Kathleen loved music; she played the piano, was involved in many musicals and latterly, the creation of Staverton's choir was a great joy to her.

I am sure her family would like to add that she was a real home-maker, a superb wife, a loving and well-loved mother and grandmother, knowing just what was needed in presenting her own three to the world at large. She loved having her grandchildren around her and she spent her time thinking of them and their needs, right up to the last day of her life. Her wider family, as well as Bernard's, were ever in her thoughts and prayers; she was the aunt and cousin they all liked to visit.

Her last few years at Church Cottage were extremely happy ones. She was not really alone, in place of Bernard she had everyone around her; and for this feeling her family will always be grateful, since she was able to spend her last days in her own village with all her friends, all whom she had helped in the 40 years she was here. Staverton has indeed lost a great and good parishioner.

C.A. Cardale

HAND BELL RINGERS

It was Elspeth Cavell, who in 1980 brought the village handbells out of obscurity, found a teacher and a venue for weekly meetings and thus enabled some 50 children and 25 adults to enjoy the pleasure of handbell ringing. Thanks to her, they were rung in Churches, at fetes, for Christmas carols, for charities, at WI Christmas parties and for Harvest suppers. We shall miss our dear friend and our greatest source of encouragement.

The cost of repairing and retuning our bells has now almost been covered by a third generous grant by the Village Fete Committee and we shall begin our winter session of meetings nearly 'out of the red', as shown in the Statement of Accounts which follows.

The meetings will be for children at Clouds on Wednesday evenings from 6.30 to 7.15 pm, starting on 4 November. Telephone Ipplepen 812348 if you are interested.

Statement of Account

Income

Contribution 3 March to 28 April Junior team	£12.40
Grant from Village Fete Committe	£35.00

	£47.40

Expenditure

Insurance of bells	£6.65
Postage	£0.13
Debit	£50.25

	£57.03

Debit £9.63

Milton Lowden, November 1987

ORDINATION OF WOMEN

The Ordination of Women – should women be able to become priests (and by implication, bishops) in the Church of England? At present,

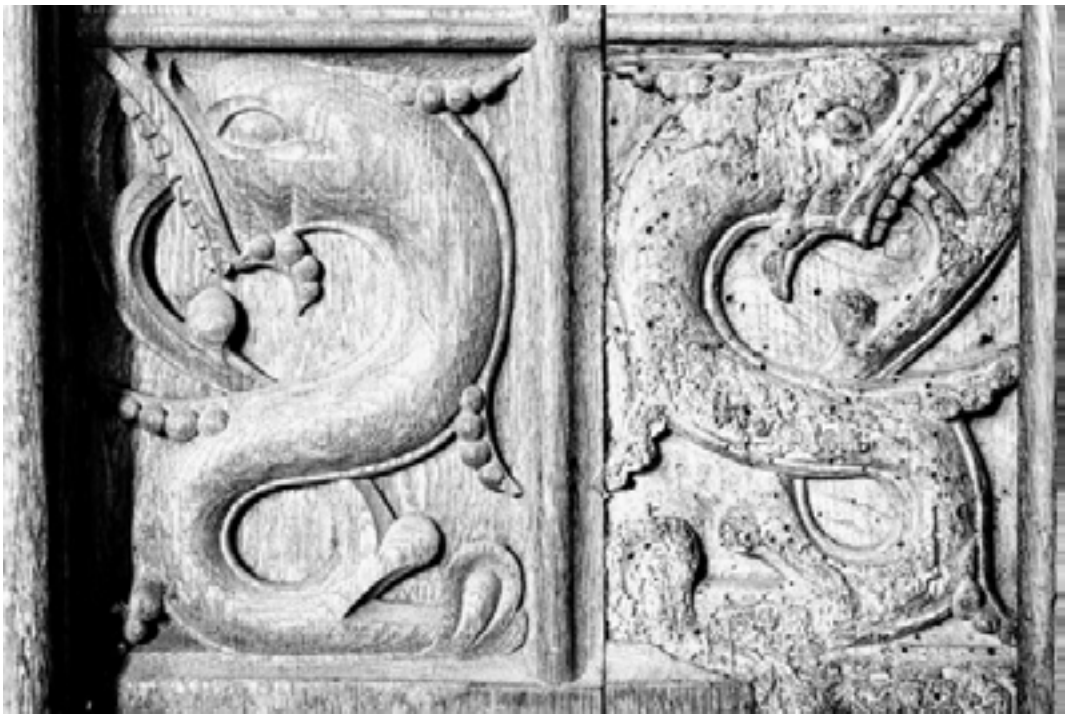
and has always been the case, they cannot. Some Church members are firmly of the opinion this should now be changed, others are equally convinced it should not, while many in between are undecided. Parishes have been asked to discuss the matter and PCC's to vote on the issue.

Anon, May 1991

DOLPHINS IN BROADHEMPSTON – WHEN? WHERE?

Look carefully at the lower part of our lovely 15th Century Church screen where you can see six representations in excellent condition, two less so. Why should dolphins be included in Church wood carvings? This powerful swimmer, "most royal of those that swim" says Gregory of Nyasa, was of frequent occurrence in Greek art and mythology. Among it's special functions was thought to be that of baring the souls of the just across the sea of death to the Islands of the Blest – could this be why they are featured in our Christian Churches? They are depicted in Beverly Minster, Gloucester and Ludlow Cathedrals, so we are in good company. Mr Malcolm Upham thinks they are rare in village Churches.

In Heraldry, the term used is "Dolphin HAURIANT" if the head is curved towards the tail, as it is in our dolphins. From ancient times they have been thought to be musical, to respond to the human voice and to have empathy with humans. When we were on holiday in Crete, visiting the wonderful excavations at Knossos at the Minoan site, dated 1600 BC, we saw the magnificent frescos which are partly restored and include an appealing one of dolphins swimming. Our Greek lady guide told us, that for Greeks, dolphins have always represented happiness; indeed in photographs they do appear to be smiling. But, at the risk of destroying this happy illusion, it is an action of the jaw muscles! To bring us up to date, Dr Horace Dobbs is



The dolphins on the rood screen (the right hand one is original and the left a replacement in late 19th century. Courtesy of the Broadhempston Archive & Local History Group

the Director of International Dolphin Watch, a worldwide organization for the study and conservation of dolphins. It is working and studying to use the healing power of dolphins in the treatment of nervous disorders.

After observing and living with dolphins in various parts of the world for many years, Dr Dobbs has come to the conclusion that these highly intelligent animals are using their brains in a way that could benefit human beings. We have much to learn from them.

The work is ongoing. There are instances of individual dolphins around our coasts happily making friends with people over long periods. I'm indebted to Mr Malcolm Upham of Littlehempston for research on dolphins featured in Church carvings.

"In ancient Greece it was thought
That nothing finer than a dolphin
Had ever been created.
It was thought they were once men,
Who lived in cities, along with mortals
That they exchanged the land for the sea,
Taking the form of fishes;
But that they had retained the righteous spirit of man,
Retained human thought and could perform human deeds.
Because of this, the killing of a dolphin
Carried the penalty of death . . .
A punishment which may yet be on the books."

HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS – lines from his epic poem 'Whale Nation'.

E. A. McElderry, May 1997

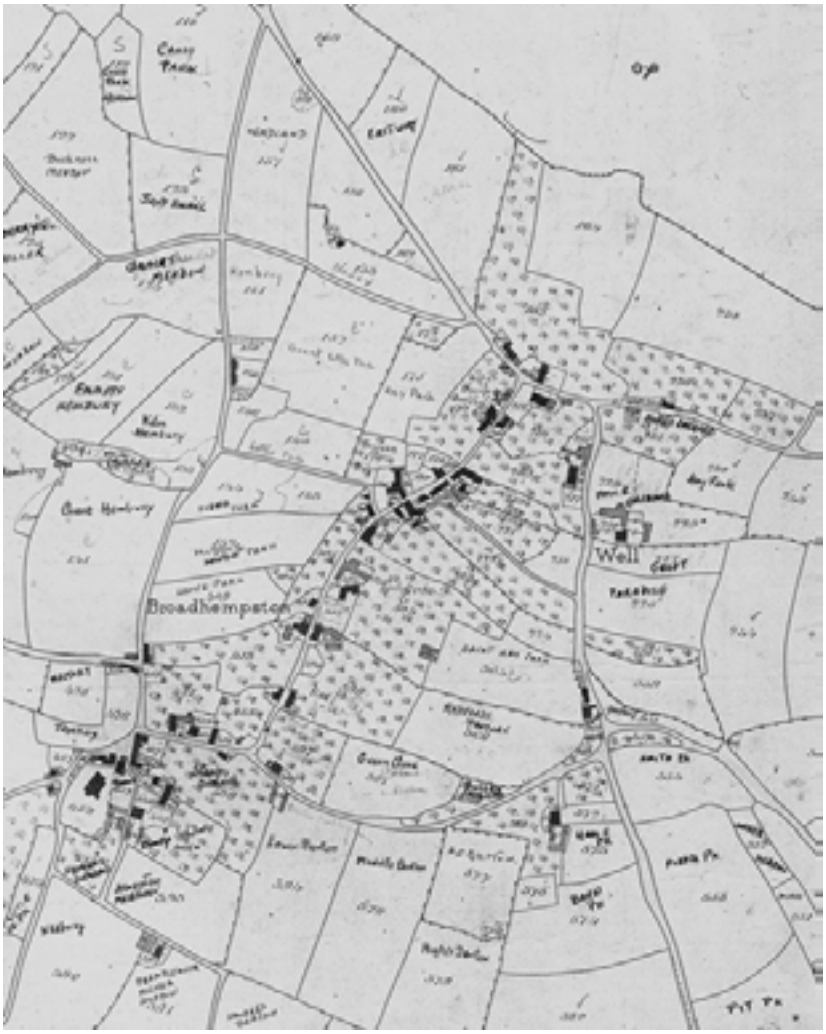
THE BROADHEMPSTON TITHE MAP OF 1841

The 1841 tithe map was the first accurate map to be made of the Parish of Broadhempston. We are fortunate that we still possess one of the three original maps in the village. For more than a century it served as the village's 'single working map' so it is fairly battered around the edges. More recently, it has been carefully looked after as an historic document, but not many people have seen it. Now, thanks to lottery funding, we have been able to have the map photographed and a full size photograph of it is to go on exhibition in the Church. But why is it called the 'tithe' map?

A tithe was an annual payment of one tenth of the agricultural produce of a village which Parishioners paid to support their Parish Church and clergy. Tithes date back to medieval times when they were paid 'in kind', one tenth of all the grain, animals, vegetables, fruit and fish produced by the Parish was paid to the Church.

In the 16th century, during Henry VIII's reign, the state took control of much Church property. This land was then passed to laymen who became the new owners of the tithes. It was difficult to pay a tithe of, say, three sheep to a landowner who might live miles away so, from early times, money payments were often substituted for payments 'in kind'. This process accelerated during the 18th century as a result of the many scientific improvements in farming methods which took place then.

In the 19th century, the government decided to commute all tithes, that is, to substitute money payments for 'payments in kind', over the whole country. Under the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836, every piece of tithable land was to have a tithe rent charge assigned to it. Tithe Commissioners were appointed to be in charge of creating accurate maps of the whole countryside, usually parish by parish. On the basis of this information, fair tithe rents were established. Hence the name 'tithe map'.



Broadhempston, from part of the tithe map of 1841, courtesy of the Broadhempston Archive & Local History Group

The survey of Broadhempston Parish was carried out in 1841 by H. Symons, Surveyors from Plymouth. They produced our map at a scale of 'Four Chains to the Inch' – in modern terms, 20 inches (or approximately 50 centimetres) to a mile. Beautifully hand-drawn, it covers the whole Parish, from Halswell in the east to Hemsford in the west, in great detail. It shows every dwelling and barn together with all the fields, orchards and woods and each plot is numbered. It really does provide a marvellous record of the Parish as it was in the middle of the 19th century.

Attached to the map is a document, known as the Apportionment, which lists every plot of land by it's number on the map. For each plot it gives acreage, whether it is arable, pasture, orchard or garden, and the tithe rent payable. Some of the entries make interesting reading, for example Edward Palk rented four acres at Great Hembury (where Hembury Cottages now stand), for which he paid the Vicar £1.5s.9d.

Ann Zealley, April 2006

Chapter 3
Housing

A STROLL AROUND THE VILLAGE AS IT USED TO BE

Let us start from the Church, that historic centre of our village. Perhaps we can imagine as we leave the Church and pass under the archway a chorus of 'twice one are two, twice two are four...' for at one time a little Dame school was held up there. On our right is a blocked-up doorway believed to have led to a lock-up where local wrong-doers 'cooled off' before being dealt with. After a wedding, the landlord of the Church House Inn (which then belonged to the Church) would stand by the archway with a mug of beer and as the bride and groom came out, they took a sip of this 'bridal ale'.

Through the archway, look over at the stone building which is now Frank Mark's garage. Imagine, if you will, the industrious sounds of men at work, for this was a tannery. Here skins were cured and thigh boots manufactured to be shipped off to Newfoundland. Many of the bootmakers lodged with the cottagers and on Mondays they never worked but spent the day in the Church House Inn which they called 'Shoe makers' Monday' and themselves 'Cordwainers'.

If we can tear ourselves away from the delicious smell coming from the bakery at Moorview, let us proceed around the corner, past the shop (owned by Frank Marks' mother but not then a Post Office), down Church Hill. You are advised to wear sturdy shoes for the roads are spread with broken stones, worn in only by traffic. As we pass Stoope Cottage let us pause to imagine it as another tiny grocer's shop. Turn left up the street and we could stop at the butchers, (now Radford's Farm) and we might pop into Rose Cottage which was then yet another wee shop.

Under the little Dame School, Broadhempston

If you wanted any shirts or sheets washed you could take them to Jubilee Cottage, where there was a busy laundry. The Post Office was at Moorside, opposite the New Inn, which we now know as the Coppa Dolla. Perhaps we should pause now for refreshments at the New Inn and continue our stroll next month.

Anon, December 1975

HISTORY OF BROADHEMPSTON HOUSES

After our pause at the New Inn in the December edition, let us continue our walk through the village.

We had reached the Post Office, which you will remember was then at Moorside (incidentally, it is just 25 years since a young couple, Gwen and Frank Marks, on returning from honeymoon, learnt with some excitement that they were to take over the Post Office on its transfer to the present site). Opposite the New Inn is Vine Cottage which, like its neighbours, is rich in history. At one time there was an old cob barn at the back, used as a slaughter house and for many years before that, for stone masonry. The lapidaries carried on their work in what was known as 'the court' (formed by several small cottages now demolished). Jenkins Marble Works in Torquay originated here. It is intriguing that the Roberts found a Napoleonic coin in the orchard, but the history of Vine Cottage goes back much earlier, as there are title deeds dated 1770.

Nearby Barters (dating from 1473) was once three cottages, and it's fascinating chimney and obvious antiquity catch the eye of all who pass through the village. Further up the street, on the opposite side, we come to Hans Napp. One of the few remaining thatched houses in the village, this was once the home of George Hingston who, in addition to being a pig killer, was the champion thatcher of Devon. He used to park his cart in the small area in front of the cottage and lead the horse through the house to the yard behind!

In those days there was a wagonette drawn by two horses named Tommy and Violet to take folk to the butter market at Newton Abbot on Wednesdays and Totnes on Fridays. I gather that Newton Abbot has not changed much since those days (it seems a pity that such drastic plans for its future are afoot today). Farmers had to drive their stock to market and pigs went in open carts.

Without lingering over these two delightful old farmhouses, Lower Well and Ashwick, we turn right, passing Wottons Farm, once owned by Mr. Blackler, whose dignified designation of 'gentleman farmer' was rather counteracted by the fact that he was always known as 'the Nipper'!!

Further along the top road, (more properly known as Houndhead) on the left, is Well House which was formerly owned by Richard Palk. This gentleman, a well known Cider Merchant, certainly made his mark on the village for not only did he build Salem Chapel, but he had the distinction of being the last Lord of the Manor, to whom the villagers presented their tithes. It was in 1935 that the last meeting of the Court Leet was held in the Long Room (upstairs) of the Church House Inn. It may be of interest to some older readers to note the names of the 'Homage and Jurors' present on that historic occasion. They were R.B. Palk, W. Atwill, J. Ford, R. Reed, T.H. Cox, G. Matthews, F. Pearee, G.C. Atwill, A.E. Atwill, C.R. Wakeham, E.J. Hill, H.R. Evans (Vicar) and C.W. Palk. After all the customary rights and dues of the Barony had been redeemed, the proceedings ended with a real Manorial dinner.

Anon, March 1976

THE GREAT HOUSING DEBATE

The Great Debate of the summer took place further down the road at the new council development. Fine houses, lovely roofs, sensible windows... but why the 'fortress' in the middle and, in particular, why a gap of about 3 ft. between it's giant stone outer wall and the inner one of building blocks? "It's a covered way", said a workman, "and a flower bed". Seems it is the outer manifestations of a (very prestigious) garage block. And here is another disturbing rumour – are Broadhempston people going to live there? Was local research done? There are young people locally in need of Council housing, yet these properties, intended for the elderly, are too small. If 'foreigners' have to be shipped in from other parts of Teignbridge, then the whole project makes little sense. Perhaps by the time you read this, we'll know some of the answers.

Editorial, October 1987

AFFORDABLE SOCIAL HOUSING

Just as today 'affordable social housing' need is being considered for our villages, so in 1913 the Rural District Council set up a committee to consider 'Accommodation for the Working Classes of the District'. They wrote to Parish Councils enquiring as to need, and the availability of potential sites. Broadhempston Parish Council replied that there was no demand for houses here at that time. However when the RDC wrote again in 1918, the PC stated that there was a need for at least six cottages.

There was little progress until 1932 when special grants were made available for the housing of agricultural workers; it was expected that such houses could be let for 'about 3/- pw'. Work started on four houses in early 1932 and there was pressure to give one of the tenancies to an overcrowded Broadhempston family: 'I should be glad to know if the above family could be helped in any way to get a Council house – I understand that there are four being built in the village – as at present they have only two bedrooms for nine people. The mother and three girls sleep in one bed and in the same room, in another bed, two boys of 16 years and 12 years and a girl of 8 years. In the next room which is only about 4' wide, the father and another boy sleep in a single bed. The woman is expecting another baby next month.'

Six applications were made for the tenancies of the four houses and the PC chose the four which included the overcrowded family, and submitted them to the RDC. The overcrowded family were rejected – the RDC thought it 'inadvisable' to grant them a tenancy. The chosen four families moved in to Church Hill Cottages on 9 January 1933 and paid a rent of 6/8pw. They had a 'living room, scullery, bathroom, 3 beds, shed, electric light'.

In 1940, four more houses were built, 5 - 8 Church Hill Cottages, and in 1943 the Parish Council were pressing for more. Hembury Cottages 1 - 6 were completed 30 May 1949 and in 1957, the RDC took over Rock Villa which the Parish Council had said was uninhabitable in 1946.

There were big changes in public housing in 1980s and 1990s with the policy of selling Council housing to tenants at discounted prices. A further six houses were built at Radfords in 1987. Of the total 20 Council houses built, 10 were still in public ownership by April 2004 and these were transferred from the Housing Dept. to Teign Housing Association at that time.

It will be interesting to see what the latest housing needs survey elicits.

Hilary Sutcliffe, October 2007

Chapter 4
Village People

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS 1

They are not the oldest couple in the village, but their tales of local life could fill a book. Percy and Doris Braund are well-known and loved in the village for their kindness and generosity.

Scarcely a day goes by in the summer without a stream of people leaving their home laden with vegetables, fruit and plants. And it is certainly not unheard of for the odd visitor to try a tipple or two of Percy's delicious home-made wine.

Doris' roots are buried deep – her family's links with Broadhempston going back several hundred years. She was the sixth of eight children born at Kiln Cottages under the family name of Ellis. Her father was the champion ploughman of the district for many years and her great grandmother was the village postwoman who used to go to meet the stagecoach at Ashburton to collect the mail.

This latter tradition continued down the line to her grandmother and then her aunt, the postmistress Bessie Ellis, who used to persuade her young niece to take telegram messages all over the district. "Nobody had private phones in those days, so all the calls came through the Post Office. If it was busy, I had to help deliver them and I used to walk miles and miles. The worst trip was the late afternoon one to Ambrook House on the other side of Ipplepen. It used to get dimpsy and owls would hoot and the leaves flutter – I can tell you young Doris' heart was fluttering too!"

The Trade Unions might have had something to say about the rate of pay; a Staverton trip paid 12d., Landscove 9d. and within the village 3d.

Percy does not have such a long relationship with the village. He was born in Torquay and moved to Ipplepen when he was seven years. He left school at 14 and worked on his uncle's farm on Dartmoor until he joined an Ipplepen building firm at 18 years. It was soon after that, that a momentous event occurred: he met Doris at the Broadhempston Flower Show and it was then his heart's turn to flutter. It was three years of energetic cycling between the two villages before Doris agreed to walk up the aisle. They lived at Stoop Cottage in Broadhempston for three years before moving to the house where they have lived for the past 51 years.

Percy has worked in the building world all his life; one of his first jobs was to build Redpost filling station, but he soon went on to bigger projects, such as building estates in Totnes (at 350 per house!). He helped build Paignton School and the cattle market in Newton Abbot and spent four years restoring the Elizabethan House, now the Museum, in Totnes. Denbury Manor also came in for some attention from his fair hands, as did a long list of Churches in the area.

Doris and Percy Braund at their son Arthur's wedding, 1944

Both have been involved in community life, with Doris a founder member of the Women's Institute and a keen church goer, and Percy a founder of the village Cricket Club. He also played football for Broadhempston and Kingskerswell.

They are both keen gardeners, with a handsome collection of geraniums, fuchsias and chrysanthemums. Percy also has a vegetable plot which seems to produce everything under the sun – and more. What isn't eaten or given away is carefully put aside for his wine-making hobby and nobody needs to praise his skill at that!

Another of Percy's many talents was his writing skill; he used to be a reporter for the Mid-Devon Advertiser, and also contributed to the Western Morning News, the Totnes Times and the Western Times.

Painting is another of his interests and when the odd spare moment appears, he can be spotted disappearing off with easel and paints in hand, to capture another local scene.

Between them they have seen many changes in the village. Doris recalled the two memorable days when the water and electricity were installed. "It was like another world", she said, "and now we have the telephone as well. There are very few of us old parishioners left now. The face of village life has changed but you can't go backwards", she added. Percy interrupted: "But I think it's a wonderful world."

PS. Just one little secret that I couldn't resist letting you in on: Doris used to be nicknamed the "Mad March Hare' by her teacher because she used to bound out of achool like a flash at the end of the day!

Anon, June 1984

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

11 June 1984

74 Cowick Lane
Exeter EX2 9HD

Dear Mrs. Kittow,

The Broadhempston Parish News is passed to me each month by Mr. Edwin French. I was very interested in the article 'Friends and Neighbours' in the June edition as Mrs. Doris Braund is my cousin.

I was born in the former Post Office when Miss Bessie Ellis was the Postmistress, and I lived the first 17 years of my life there. Like Doris, my brother and I delivered many telegrams, especially during our school holidays and usually earned enough money to enable us to have a yearly holiday with our paternal grandparents in Cornwall.

Our maternal grandmother lived to the age of 93. She was left a widow in middle age and beside delivering the mail, she became the village midwife (after having 13 children of her own) and delivered many babies. Our aunt, Miss Bessie Ellis, who succeeded my grandmother as Postmistress, played a prominent part in village and Church life. She sang in the Church choir for most of her adult life, and for a time, was secretary of the Parish Church Council. Her name sometimes appears in your article 'Church News of 39 years ago' which is of great interest to me. There is a seat in the Church dedicated to my aunt's and my grandparents' memory.

Your sincerely,

(Miss) Lilian Burrows, August 1984

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS 2

No-one could say that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Davis have not contributed much to Broadhempston. They have been inextricably involved in Church life and farming in the area for over 50 years and with 11 children, 22 grandchildren and five great-grand children behind them, the population of the village must have been swelled by nigh on 50%!

While Henry's great passion in life was horses, Ida has devoted herself to the Church, singing in the choir since the age of eight years and caretaker for 50 years. "We used to have to get down on our hands and knees and scrub the floor then", she remembered. "There were no such things as hoovers!" She also recalled another duty – washing and ironing 30 choir surplices by hand for Easter Sunday each year. "I certainly could have done with a washing machine in those days."

Ida was one of seven children and was born at Long Cottage in Broadhempston, then called Rose Cottage. She left the village school at 13 and was a nanny in Ipplepen for two years before working on Ashwick Farm. But in contrast to Henry, who worked with cows and horses all his life, Ida would steer clear of the animals. "I didn't like the cows, so although I had to clean the dairy, I never went near them", she declared.

Henry was born at Chudleigh, and lived at Dawlish for most of his school days, until coming to the village to look for work. It was thanks to him finding a job at Wottons Farm that he and Ida met. "I was coming home one day and I saw this boy outside the blacksmith's with a horse", said Ida, "we both nodded to each other, so from then on we dated." Courting took place at Stoney Style, where they used to meet for a chat. "My parents knew about it. You can never keep a secret in this village", said Ida.

They were married four years later after hundreds

of romantic country walks, and after living at a number of farms in the area, including Beaston, Simpson and the Coppa Dolla, they moved to their current home, Churchill Cottages, 22 years ago. "We had 30 shillings a week to live on and although it was hard sometimes, we were always happy", said Ida.

Henry has clocked up dozens of ploughing prizes. "I always loved horses", he explained. "I drove them right up to the time I retired 10 years ago. I used to walk miles and miles around the place, to all the ploughing competitions".

During the war, Henry was in the Home Guard. Four of them used to do two-hour shifts throughout the night on Beacon Hill to keep watch for the enemy. "One night one chap thought there was an air raid and ran all the way to Woodland to find that it was just the moon shining a the chicken house", he laughed. Once they even spotted a German plane: "it was flying around the moon" but it got shot down when it returned to Plymouth.

"In those days you knew everybody in the village and people used to make their own fun", said Ida. "When they were cutting the corn fields, about 30 children used to hang around the edge and it was nothing for them to catch 40 rabbits as they fled from the machines. Mine used to come home with a brace quite regularly. I think people were a lot happier then because there was always something to do. Everything took much longer to do because there were no machines, and of course television wasn't even thought of then".

Four years ago, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, which was a grand event shared by all the family (the walls of their home must have been bulging!) "They are all wonderful", said Ida. "All the things we have got have been given to us by them. They look after us well".

M.S., 1984

BROADHEMPSTON PARISH COUNCIL ELECTIONS

For the first time in many years, we have 19 people standing for election on 7 May.

Keith Beer
He has attended most Parish Council meetings during the year and hopes to serve the village in this way.

Di Blackmore
She would like the Parish Council to be the starting point for open discussion of community matters. Hopes to see a village the young can afford to live in.

Jim Brown
Is involved with soccer, fete and village hall. Wants to see village kept as a village and keep the school going.

Maurice Cock
Is not against planning, but does not want too many houses in small areas. New houses should fit in with existing properties.

Jim Dixon
Wants a fair consideration of village problems, taking account of everyone's views.

Billy Field
Previously served eight years on Parish Council. In favour of limited developments, believing to cease building would close the school. Born in village.

Roger Ford
Flexible approach. Wants to keep the village as a village.

Bryan Franklin
Against development like Ipplepen and Ogwell.

Daniel Harvey
Born in Parish. Farmed here 22 years. Past Chairman NFU etc. Keen to preserve the village and rural life.

John Hosea
Hears a cross section of opinions as landlord of Coppa Dolla and would like to represent these varied views.

Doreen Hunt (Lower Well)
Would like to be more involved in village life.

John Hunt (Beaston)

Ex-Clerk to Coombe-in-Teignhead Parish Council. Understands the responsibilities of a Council and would like to look after the interests of Beaston.

David Pittard
Would like to be involved again in the village now that he has come off the PTA.

Anne Read
Is keen to see projects aimed at young families to keep village alive.

Caroline Wilson
Would like a lively village with work and housing for young people and wants to explore possibility of a community bus.

Vanessa Newcombe
Apologises for not being able to get hold of her before going to press.

Vicky Stevens
Keen to promote the school and welcome new families, while hoping to maintain the existing character of the village.

Andrew White
Unable to contact before going to press, but he was born in the village and has the good of the village at heart.

Frank Marks
Was away from the village and we were unable to contact him.

Thank you for the information and good luck to you all. May the village turn out to vote!

Editorial, May 1987

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

2 Churchill Cottages
Broadhempston

Dear Editor,

I am writing to say how pleased I was to sing to you at the Harvest Supper.

It brought back memories, and meeting some old and many new faces and friends from the village, all joining in with the community singing. With my daughter, Pauline at the piano, it was most

Gurrington House

certainly an enjoyable evening.

Ida Davis, May 2006

GURRINGTON HOUSE 1939 – 1969

My first connection with Gurrington House began in 1939, due to the outbreak of World War II. My father, Walter Hutcheson, known as Jock, was employed by Mr. Gerald Mere and his family from 1928 as chauffeur/mechanic. At that time, the Meres lived in Great Cumberland Place, London and we lived in the mews flat over the garage, where I, my sister and brother were born.

At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Mere left the London house in the care of two servants and moved to Gurrington, taking my father with him. My mother, myself, my sister and brother were moved out of London into Mr. Mere's large country house at Liphook, Hants, which was surrounded by many acres of beautiful grounds and gardens, designed by Gertrude Jekyll and Sir Edwin Lutyens.

During the period 1939 to 1956 we saw very little of my father. Eventually Mr. Mere sold the London and Hampshire houses, and my mother and I moved to Orchard Cottage, Woodland, to be reunited with my father, who was now in poor health.

One of the stables housed three generators, all of which could be used to charge the bank of glass batteries filled with sulphuric acid. The main generator would be run twice a week to charge the batteries. Mains electricity arrived in 1957 and superseded the generators.

Although the family cars in London, before the war, included a Rolls-Royce, it was replaced at Gurrington with a 1939 Humber Super Snipe and a 1939 10 hp 'Flying Standard'. There was also an American Packard but due to difficulty in obtaining suitable white-walled tyres, it was sold to Hutchins Garage, Highweek. My father had to wash and valet the cars after every journey and was never allowed to sit in the car while waiting for his employer.

When I visited Gurrington I would be invited to visit Mrs. Mere's elderly mother, Mrs. Marcus, who was bedridden and lived in the corner bedroom overlooking the lake. She would be lying in a four-poster bed and the room would be dark. She was always pleased to see me, and would slip me a pound note – a lot of money to me then. Her companion, Mrs. Tyres, who looked after her was not to be outdone and always gave me a 10 shilling note.

The Head gardener and his wife, Mr. And Mrs. Macklin, lived at Larch Cottage, and when it was mealtimes, her call of "David" would echo across the valley to call him home.

Later, Mrs. Evelyn Long was fetched daily from Pulsford by my father to do the cooking and other household duties, but only my father was allowed to use the Hoover, as he was trusted not to hit the valuable antique furniture.

The vast lawns were cut with a 36" petrol 'Dennis' mower, a job often done by my father. A roller with a seat could be attached, but as the lawn sloped toward the lake, this option was not advisable. On one occasion Mr. Mere ended up in the lake when trying this method.

A very large flock of Mallard ducks resided on the lake and lawns at Gurrington. They would congregate outside the stables at feeding time. Father would feed them grain from a storage bin in the harness room. This job sometimes fell to me when father drove his employers to London on business. It is hard to describe the noise of the ducks at feeding time. The lake contained trout, which were occasionally fished from the punt which was usually moored at a landing stage. In

Mr. Walter Hutcheson and his son Richard

the field below Orchard Cottage, previous owners of Gurrington reared coypus for their skins, known as nutria.

There was a formal rose garden on the Woodland side of the house. A lead statue of cupid on a plinth with his bow and arrow, overlooked the roses. This statue had been brought from the terrace of the Hampshire estate, as was the revolving summer house; they were part of earlier designs by Gertrude Jekyll and her friend Sir Edwin Lutyens. The summerhouse has collapsed over recent years and I believe only the frame remains. My brother and I had great fun as children, spinning each other around in the summerhouse.

'Jock' as my father was known, was a regular customer at the Rising Sun for many years and I believe he was responsible for providing some of the door keys to start the collection in the bar.

It was my father's duty to go down to the big house every night by the light of a storm lantern in all weathers, to stoke the boiler and Aga. This, plus having to stand waiting by the car for his employer, resulted in poor health. My parents moved to Lee Cottage, Broadhempston after the horrific winter of 1963, although my father would still occasionally go to work at Gurrington when well enough. He succumbed to his illness aged 68.

I am pleased to see that new owners continue to upkeep of this great house.

John D. Hutcheson, December 1987

"I REMEMBER....."

I was born two years before the First World War in a house opposite the Court Room, on what I am told was a cold and frosty night. In fact, it was snowing. One of twins. My brother is the elder by about ten minutes. I always say he was lazy and I pushed him. We grew up together and were always very close, always getting into all sorts of mischief and we always had the advantage of saying it was the other one.

We were christened together and I got called George Ernest and he was called Ernest George which led to more confusion. In fact it still does. Many years later, there was an extraordinary coincidence when he was Chairman of Dartington Parish Council at the same time that I was Chairman of the Staverton Council. I doubt if that has happened many times, twin brothers chairmen of neighbouring parishes.

Staverton had it's own school then, flourishing with more than a hundred pupils. That was when you stayed on in the same school until you were 14. The headmistress was Miss Callaway and the Infant teacher was Miss Simms. Teachers were very severe in those days. Miss Callaway had a terrible

habit of putting her thumb between her fingers and cracking you on the head, saying: "Go to the ant thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise."

Of course, the Church played a bigger part in the life of the village than it does today. We weren't allowed to play games on a Sunday. The only thing to do was to go to Church and there were three services every Sunday, eight o'clock, eleven o'clock, and six thirty in the evening. I was in the choir with Ernest and my other brother Leslie who was about 12 months older than us. We boys used to get a shilling, I think, once a quarter. In those days Staverton had one of the finest Church choirs for miles around, with a fine number of men, women and boys. The women used to sing out of sight. It wasn't done for them to be seen with men and boys, resplendent in their surplices.

That was in the days of Rev. Stephens. He was a very clever old parson, far too clever for most people in Staverton. He used language we didn't understand. I remember he had a parrot that used to swear, came out with some terrible expressions. Most of it was taught to him by a gardener called McDermott. When the parson was away, McDermott would spend his time teaching that parrot some really foul language. The Vicar used to say: "It's speaking Spanish, boys. I got him from a ship's captain." But we all knew what the words meant, of course.

Decorating the Church was a great occupation for ladies in those days. They used to persuade us boys to collect a lot of moss to line the windows. On one occasion we were very naughty; we got some grass snakes and mixed them in with the moss. When the ladies came to empty the baskets and put their hands in, to put the moss on the window ledge you never heard such a commotion in your life, screaming and shouting, a terrible fuss. We kept out of sight for a while after that.

2

Goodrington was the favourite place for the Sunday School trip. Buckfastleigh had an outing to Teignmouth by train and that was always good fun. Another great time for us was Buckfastleigh Races. They used to run special trains from Plymouth and we used to wait at level crossings, either at the station or what they call now, Knappers Crossing. If the racegoers had had a good day they used to throw us pennies, and that was a fine job.

There were very few cars; when those houses on Moor Road were built just after the war, there wasn't a single car in the street. When I was young, there used to be a late train from Totnes on a Saturday; it ran at half past ten but if the pictures were late, it would wait for you. The old picture house was where the Post Office used to be. It was run by a man called Joe Tarpley, and for a place the size of Totnes it was a darned fine picture house.

Train fare to Totnes was 6d and Staverton to Plymouth on a Saturday 1/9d return. We'd go to watch Plymouth Argyle play. It cost 1s to get in to the ground. Then we would go back into the city, go to the first house at the Old Palace Theatre, which was a wonderful building. We would have something to eat and have change from a 10s note. You can't compare it with prices today, but that was wonderful value.

Dartington Hall was one of the very few places in Devon where there was cricket on a Sunday. I used to play there and if you had an all-day match we would start at 11.30. I used to cycle past Dartington Church just as everyone was going in, and they used to look at me as if I was the very devil himself.

3

The football club started when I was a youngster and it was all because of a lady who had a boat on the Dart. She was going under

the bridge one day, when one of the local lads dropped a stone and it went through the bottom of the boat. He ended up in court at Newton Abbot and was fined.... a shilling, I think... but there was quite an uproar in the village that it was caused by youngsters not having enough to do, so the football club was started.

The pitch was in the same place as today, but then it used to be part of Newtake Farm and the Church Commissioners owned it. The cricket club started about the same time and used to be good fun. I remember a football match between Staverton and Landscove that got so rough the referee abandoned the game. The changing accommodation was non-existent when we started, but then from nothing to a hen house, with a nesting box with a lock on it, to keep the gear in.

4

When I was a boy, we had what we used to refer to as the Gentry, people who lived in the posher houses. It seems to have disappeared completely these days.

The only employment for girls was domestic service. Most of the bigger houses had indoor servants and they had to get up at 5 am in winter to light the fires. They used to get half day off, once a fortnight and they had to be back in by 10 pm in summer and 9 pm in winter. On Sundays they were allowed out in the evening to go to Church. Some of them used to wait outside the Church door to hear what the text was, then dash off somewhere else. They were usually asked, when they got back, what the text had been – just to prove that they had been to the service.

I remember dear old Maria James, who was quite a character. She did just about everything that was necessary in the Parish. She was caretaker of the Court Room and she was the village midwife, and also did the laying out of the dead. I recall her saying that one Easter Sunday, before she was married, she went to Church wearing a hat. The Vicar's wife called her aside and rebuked her, saying, "Maria, hats are meant for ladies, bonnets are for servant girls". A lovely lady was dear old Maria. I remember a posh wedding at the Court Room, when Maria slipped us out some cake and fancy food, but it was much too rich for us and made us sick.

There was a lot of forelock tugging in those days and the Church Commissioners had a terrific influence in the village. They controlled the farms and the farmers couldn't say much against them. One man went to a Conservative political meeting and asked some awkward questions. He worked on a farm, and one of the top people was heard to say, " We don't want a bloke like that in the Parish".

George Clake

Fursdon Farm

He was given his notice and was gone before the week was out.

5

On Boxing Day we used to go rabbiting. I once broke my nose rabbiting. I was on one side of the hedge and my oppo was on the other. When the rabbit leapt out we both jumped after it and met in the middle, very painful that was. We used to catch a lot of rabbits down there, where the Joinery now is. They were worth catching then for the price of their skin as much as for their flesh. Another good thing for pocket money, was catching moles. We used to skin them and put the skins on a board to dry. Made good trousers that took a lot of wearing out.

In my opinion, the best thing that has happened to Staverton is the building of new houses. Without them it would be a dead village. Rev. Drake Brockman tried for years to get the Church Commissioners to put up houses, but they wouldn't sell any land. Eventually they agreed to eight council houses in Moor Road; and later Nelson Close, Woodland Close and Sherwell Close and that's been a very good thing. The majority of the people who came have played an active part in the life of the village.

George Clake in conversation with Lincoln Shaw, between May and October 1997

A SPECIAL CENTENARY FOR STAVERTON

Douglas Matthews of Fursdon Farm was born on 5 January 1908 when the doctor rode his horse through the snow to deliver him, in the very same house he lives in today.

His father came from a long line of Devon farmers. They had previously farmed at Well, near Caddaford but, when in 1870 the Church Commissioners, as landlords, amalgamated five small farms and built a farmhous with buildings, his grandfather and two sons became the first tenants.

Douglas describes the Staverton village centre at the time, as consisting of cottages for the farm and railway workers. There was also a bakery shop, the mill, the Church and about five cider houses where the locals could buy a drink. Beer and spirits were

Albert Searle's bakery in Staverton,1925

not available then, as the public house did not yet exist. The Staverton families he mentions are still well-known to us: the Searles, Clakes, Shinners, Hoares and Kellocks.

As an only child who was considered delicate, Douglas must have had quite a lonely childhood. However, he does remember one friend who came to play. Their greatest fun was to climb trees to collect bird's eggs and on one occasion, trousers were ripped reaching for a kestel's eggs in fir trees near Charlie's Cross. There was no embargo on such activity at that time!

Between the ages of five and eight, his parents, Alfred and Alice, arranged for him to have a governesses. One was the Vicar's daughter from Totnes who cycled to work. She had to light the fire to warm up the dining room before lessons could begin. He then spent four years at King Edward VI grammar school in Totnes, running down the hill to catch the 8 am train from Staverton.

During the First World War, the local farmers were required to take their carthorses to the playing field to see whether they were strong enough to join battle and pull the cannons in France. Two of the four Fursdon horses, upon whom the farm depended, were requisitioned and Douglas remembers the depressing news which followed, of the men in the trenches and their sobering experiences.

Aged 12 years, Douglas became a boarder at Queens College, Taunton. Luckily his mother's cousin had an open Citroën car and she drove them the first time and thereafter he went by train. These were happy days for him with friends and shared activities. Douglas felt that leaving home for the first time he became a person in his own right. He left after five years, having successfully gained his school certificate, and he will always be grateful to a wonderful mother whose decision it was that he should become a boarder.

Douglas then joined his father to work in all the varied aspects of their mixed farm. During these years he became Church warden, but not for very long. The Vicar, Drake-Brockman was a controversial character and difficult to work with. Some of us even defected to St. Mary, Dartington! He recalls attending the sale of the Champernowne's estate to the Elmhirsts, which included the Great Hall with collapsed roof.

Douglas enjoyed playing rugby for the Totnes team, and became friends of Phil Tucker and George Reeves. It was through this connection that, visiting to reclaim a lost rugby boot, he met and eventually married George's sister Mabel in 1934 in Totnes Baptist Church. The couple had two daughters, Jane and Susan.

Douglas took over the farm from his father when he married and a few years later the Second World War began. Douglas registered for RAF but was not called up as he was in a protected occupation. Douglas remembers climbing up the

hill behind the farmhouse and seeing the flashing lights beyond, as Plymouth was bombed and burned. He also recalls visiting Exeter and seeing the devastation there, with houses sliced in two and beds hanging in the air. Some bombs even fell locally: one in Totnes, one in Bumpston and another at Tidwell.

During the war, new techniques and the internal combustion engine were developed. The four carthorses at Fursdon were replaced by four tractors, and output dramatically increased. The farm prospered and extended from 250 to 300 acres.

Douglas was at the forefront of innovation in the South-West and became an influential and respected figure in agriculture. Together with the Elmhirsts, Peter Sutcliffe, other local farmers and vets, he helped to pioneer the Artificial Insemination (AI) Centre and became Chairman of the company. He was also Chairman of the Agriculture Advisory Committee for Westward Television and after the war, a judge of quality and output of farms as far afield as Sussex. A regular attendee of the Oxford Farming Conference, he served on it's committee and was a director of the Cornish Mutual, which was set up to offer insurance specifically to farmers. He even crossed the Atlantic by sea in 1952 to attend a World Conference of Agricultural Economists in USA.

Farrier William (Bill) Atwill and John Soper

Those of us who have known Douglas have had the privilege to experience a handsome, upright, self-disciplined and uncompromising man who maintains an intelligent and informed interest in all the people and countryside around him and meticulously high standards in all aspects of his life. He lost his wife, Mabel in 1996, but is in close contact with his daughters and their families and values their visits highly.

Elizabeth Fergusson (nee Gibbins), December 2007

MR. W. M. ATWILL

I was sorry to read in last Parish News of the death of Mr. Atwill. Though we have a potter in the village and the WI tries to keep some old crafts alive, Mr. Atwill was one of the last craftsmen in the Parish. In many villages the smithy was one of the important centres. This was certainly true of the Broadhempston blacksmith's shop. It is sad to think that nobody, especially our children on their way home from school, will have the pleasure of the sights and sounds of the smithy. As one approached, one was likely to hear the clanging of the hammer on the anvil. You could see the large bellows, which were pumped by hand, turning the black fire into a bright red glow. The red hot shoes made the water they were dipped in hiss and steam and the smell of the smoke

from the burning hoof as the shoe was fitted was unforgettable.

Mr. Atwill, wearing a thick leather apron, always had a cheery word for everyone who looked in as he went quietly about his work. If walking by in the evening, when work was done, one was likely to see several locals sitting round in semi darkness, talking over the day's events and no doubt putting the world to rights.

Sometimes the door of the smithy was closed and this usually meant that Mr. Atwill had been to the field and saddled up his Dartmoor pony, Topsy, and gone off to such faraway places as Teigngrace or Liverton for a day's shoeing. The lanes were not so perilous in those days and one could see him going off at a spanking trot with that twinkle in his eye and a cheery greeting to all he met on the way. We shall miss him.

Jennifer Lambe, June 1978

MRS. FLORA ANNA BALL

Mrs. Ball, who was buried on Saturday 15th November, had a wonderful and varied life. Born on the 28th March 1885 at Burgh St. Peter, Norfolk, she became a teacher. In 1911, she sailed to India to marry Band Sergeant R.F. Ball in Bombay. Her eldest daughter, Celia, was born in Bombay. After a few years she returned to England and held teaching posts in Norfolk, Suffolk, Sunderland and Devon. In 1923, she was appointed Head Mistress of Broadhempston School and stayed there until her retirement in 1949. It was to Australia she sailed in 1952 to visit her daughter, Joyce, and family. This holiday lasted for three years. On her return to England she played the organ in both Broadhempston and Woodland Churches. From this activity she finally retired in 1977 at the age of 92.

Having been a pupil of hers from 1925 to 1931 and, in fact, having known her all my life, I have nothing but admiration for her, for her courage and determination and for the way she taught me and many others still living in the Village. A very apt phrase she often used when one or more of her pupils had done reasonably well in life was, "Well, it was the GROUNDING, you know."

She leaves behind three daughters – Celia, Joyce and Monica. And all I have left to say is, "May she rest in peace", as she so deserves.

L. J. P. , December 1980

WING COMMANDER FRANK PARVIN, OBE

Wing Commander Frank Parvin, OBE, was just sixteen years old when he entered the Royal Air Force as a Halton apprentice. By 1935, he was a Sgt. Pilot and received a commission one year later. By 1939 he had flown many different types of aircraft and became a flying instructor at Grantham. A posting to Canada followed, then, after the War, he reverted to the Engineering side of the RAF and saw service in Aden and Singapore. It was there at RAF Seletar that he received the Order of the British Empire. After these Middle and Far East tours, he was posted to Maintenance Command, Andover, then in the early 1950s to Fighter Command at Binbrook. It was from there that he went to Reading Training Command, where he stayed until his retirement in 1967.
For many years, Frank Parvin had hankered for a boat and a bit of land on which to build a house not too far from a sailing area. This ambition was never fulfilled, but he settled happily in Broadhempston after building Brook Cottage.

When Mr. Wilfred Hewitt gave up the post of Treasurer of the Parochial Church Council Frank took over. Not satisfied with keeping meticulous accounts, he did a thousand and one jobs in and

around Broadhempston Church and made his presence felt at Committee Meetings of the PCC.

Frank did not suffer fools gladly and spoke his mind on all occasions but, as well as being a wonderful worker for the Church here, he was a supremely honest and modest man and hated being praised or thanked for his activities. "It gives me something to do and I enjoy it," he would say. On one occasion he said to me, "Now push off will you. I've got to mend the boiler or there'll be no heating for the Service on Sunday Address at the Funeral Service." A jewel of great worth. Assiduous in his work for the Church, loyal and possessing a deep rooted sense of duty.

So we say thank you, Frank, for all you did. Yours was truly a labour of love. Not only will you be missed, you will be remembered for a long time to come.

Peggy Parvin has asked us to say that she has been completely overwhelmed by the kindness and support from everyone.

Anon, August 1982

TRIBUTE TO PETER SUTCLIFFE

It was sad news that broke upon us one morning that Peter Sutcliffe had passed away rather unexpectedly, and we do offer our heartfelt sympathy to Ann and the family in their sad loss. At the cremation Service, Peter Cox of Dartington Hall spoke of their sorrow and sadness in losing the much loved and deeply respected head of a large family, in fact a greatly enlarged family if one takes into account all who worked for him and with him at Dartington over a great many years.

Peter and Ann came to Forder Green in the early thirties with Bridget and Lot as toddlers (Felix and Simon were born at Forder), and a tremendous amount of work was done on the then dilapidated farm house, then the farm buildings and finally the workmen's cottages. His chief interest in those early days was a fine pedigree herd of South Devon and later Guernsey cows, but he was destined for much greater things and in the forties took over as Managing Director of Dartington Hall Trust, who at the time were finding it hard going with the war and it's transitional period. Michael Young in the Dartington Voice periodical writes: "Peter and Ann

Peter Sutcliffe

were the best thing that happened to Dartington in all that time. They were farming people interested in the arts, they were Anglo-American, and Peter turned out to be the best manager that Dartington had had. There was something about his walk, about the way he smiled at you, about the lack of any pomposity, about his way of making the complex simple, about the way he did what he said he'd do, without fuss. He was a confidence builder and without him I doubt if we would have survived."

His attitude to a meeting was to take a detached point of view. He has this wonderful ability to remove himself from the general discussion, pursue the theme mentally, and then produce the answer that everyone else was looking for. Great mutual respect and affection developed between him and Leonard and Dorothy and it was probably their wish that he became a member of the Devon County Council for several years. He soon became Chairman of all he could survey at Dartington, including Staverton Builders which was a most exciting role. One of his early involvements was to help start the Cattle Breeding Insemination Centre and he was it's Chairman for 41 years and this led to him being one of the founders of the Associated A.I. Centre, which is the National body and he was it's Chairman from 1948 to 1970.

He was instrumental in starting a Dartington Agricultural Discussion Society which was most successful and appreciated by the farming community and was it's Chairman for 25 years. He became a Governor of Bicton Farm Institute (as it was then) and of Seale Hayne College. One of his early interests was National Milk Records and he presided over the Devon Committee from 1944 to 1953 and was national representative for the South West from 1946 to 1968. From the start he was enthusiastic about the formation of a Dart Valley Railway and was a founder Director and Company Secretary and later he helped to form the Torbay and Dartmouth line. Perhaps his greatest success was his idea of the Dartington Glass factory at Torrington. By 1977 he had moved away from day to day company management. He was Chairman of the Community Council of Devon, a member of the South west economic Planning Council, the Council of Small Industries in Rural Areas, and the Council of Exeter University.

Peter Cox concluded: "Before his fellow men he never stooped to bid for popularity, but pursued his own calm and steady way, he accepted such material comforts as fortune had put at his disposal; when they were to hand he would avail himself of them frankly, but when they were not, he had no regrets."

Grateful thanks to the "Dartington Voice".

P. B. , April 1986

MR. FRANK ATWILL

The funeral service in Broadhempston Parish Church towards the end of April with a large congregation, a full choir, the bell tolled by Mr. Bill Campion was a fitting tribute to Mr. Frank Atwill who, until his retirement, had played a great part in the Parish affairs.

For nearly twenty years, he was Churchwarden, a position he held when the late Rev. H. R. Evans retired, with the result that for twelve whole months we had no Vicar. During all that time he supervised the running of the Church and, with his wife Marie, they organised the annual Church Fete which, in those days, was held in the Vicarage grounds.

For a great number of years he was also treasurer to the Parochial Church Council. He was, for many years, the Parish representative on the then Newton Abbot Rural Council and he was a popular figure with the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows and ran as Secretary the Hempston Vale lodge (a

position his father and founder grandfather had held before him) until it was amalgamated with Paignton Lodge. Except for service in the First World War, when he was in the Flying Corps, as the R.A.F. was known, he was the village school correspondent.

The greatest sympathy goes out to his wife, Marie, who he married in 1931, and one thing that I remember well was when the late Rev. H. R. Evans retired we were without a Vicar for practically twelve months and Frank (then Vicar's Warden) and Marie supervised the running of the Church.

Frank was a very popular secretary with the Exeter District of Oddfellows for a number of years. He was a Parish Councillor until 1974 and was also elected as our Rural Councillor on what was then known as the Newton Abbot Rural Council, a position he held for fourteen years.

There was a large number of friends and sympathisers at the funeral service conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. R. Baker, with Allan Cox at the organ, there was a full choir and the bell tolled by Mr. Bill Campion. In the evening, the ringers, under their captain, Mr. Douglas Cock rang a muffled peel, a last token of respect for a man, who, as one can realise by this tribute, worked in various ways for his village, all his life and consequently was held in the highest esteem by everyone.

Percy Braund, June 1986

MRS FLORRIE WHITEFOOT 'AUNTIE B'

Staverton recently lost one of it's most colourful characters in Mrs. Florrie Whitefoot, Auntie B to so many. She would have been 93 on the 4th January, but was laid to rest on Christmas Eve.

She came to Beara in Landscove where she had evacuees; her other war time job was in the Pound House at the Cider Works, at the apple chute, putting the apples 'down the devil'.

In early life she married Harry Prout, uncle to Mr. French of Staverton, but for many years was Mrs. George Blackler. Widowed again for some years, in 1973 she married Jack Whitefoot of the Dart Valley Railway, and herself became the railway Mascot, waving the flag at tiny Staverton Holt, built for a wedding and left by the young couple for her exclusive use, and it nearly broke her heart when it had to be dismantled.

In 1923, she became a Jehovah's Witness and remained within their beliefs, but left a written message asking for a Church Funeral, which I promised her and which she definitely got.

There is many a story of her colourful life which Staverton children since the war will recollect; and there is, of course, her book of poems which she had published some years ago to remind so many of Auntie B. A great soul has passed to her Maker.

May she rest in peace.

Anon, February 1987

ELSPETH CAVELL

Readers of this magazine and especially those living in Broadhempston, must be saddened by the death, on Bank Holiday Saturday, of Elspeth Cavell.

Elspeth was the kind of person that every village needs and when she arrived at Pippins with Edward in 1973, she threw herself wholeheartedly into Broadhempston affairs. Everything woke up. Soon there was little going on in which she was not involved..... gently organising events and causing things to happen.

She had a full time job at the South Devon Technical College as course tutor for nursery nurses. But nevertheless, she found time to join the Church social committee and to flood the village with coffee evenings, whist drives, treasure hunts.... entertainment which was enjoyed by Church members and non-members alike. Flower arrangement was one of her passions, so Broadhempston took that up as well, culminating in two large scale flower festivals, which attracted visitors from all over South Devon. Then there was the WI, hand bell ringing, membership of the PCC, her role as a sidesman, the weekly flower rota, and latterly the new style Sunday Club for children. After her retirement, she was school secretary for some years and continued to read aloud to the infant class once a week until very recently. At home, she set up a small pottery and took paying guests.

Among so much activity, two major achievements stand out. The one that probably benefitted the local community most was the development of this Parish News from a single sheet of paper to what it is today. For eight years, Elspeth, with Edward, did it all – from cover to cover, including the advertising. When they eventually handed over the reins in 1982, it was only because Elspeth had more projects up her sleeve, although she still carried on as organiser and editor of the Junior Parish News section. Among her other projects, the most unique was her establishment of the Broadhempston Aid for Africa fund. Everyone had been touched to see the television films of Ethiopia and responded readily to the official appeal. But only Elspeth had the vision and determination to tap the mood of this small Devon village so that it kept it's own appeal going for years after the media coverage has passed. She laid on some fund raising event virtually every month and finally 'adopted' a Sudanese village, forging real links between it and Broadhempston. This must be an achievement on a global scale.

Elspeth had one important characteristic which helped her to become an achiever – and that was the courage to ask people to do things, telephoning them and chasing them up. This is far from easy. A frailer plant would have given up if rebuffed too often; but Elspeth was made of sterling stuff and that is why she succeeded.

She will be greatly missed.

Anon, October 1987

PERCY BRAUND

Parishioners were saddened to learn of the death of Percy, on the 13th May, in the night of his return home after a short stay in hospital. At his funeral on Thursday, 18th May, the Church was filled with friends who had come to pay tribute to him.

Percy came to Broadhempston from Ipplepen in 1930 to make his home here when he married Doris Ellis, second daughter of Emmanuel and Emily Ellis of Kiln, one of an old Broadhempston family. He worked in the building trade, locally and at Ipplepen and Totnes, cycling to and fro many miles each day, before getting a motor bike and later a car. He soon became involved with village activities, helping to run some of the highlights of the early years: the Flower Show, which needed many willing hands; the Church Fete; the Gymkhana; the Hempston Vale Lodge Oddfellows monthly meetings; the Football and Cricket Clubs. The latter he much enjoyed as in later years he enjoyed attending matches, especially Taunton. For some years he was a bell ringer and a member of the Church Choir. His interests and hobbies were many – a keen gardener with especial fondness for fuchsias. Many in the village, I'm sure, received a fuchsia plant or cutting from him. Landscape painting was a pleasure for him and he enjoyed listening to music.

When the Parish News was started, he consented to greet new arrivals, to tell them a bit of our history, to learn some of theirs and to welcome them. He was always ready to lend a needy hand and helped many of the housebound by cutting their hair. He did this for a few years for my husband, Frank, who would look forward to his visits and chat over a cup of tea.

We shall greatly miss him and our thoughts and sympathy are especially with Doris and their son and family.

Marie Atwill, July 1989

HARRY DAVIS

He and his wife, Ida, were closely connected with the Church, both being past members of the choir. Harry helped Ida as caretaker of the Church for many years and also helped to keep the Churchyard tidy. His support at village functions never failed and although not enjoying very good health for several years, Harry took a keen interest in all that went on in and around the Parish.

Anon, April 1990

HAPPY MEMORIES OF HARRY

It was with a real sense of loss that I learned of Harry's passing. The last link with my childhood days at Simpson had been broken.

When I came back to Simpson to live in 1981, my brother, Jim, being unwell, one of my first calls was on Harry and his wife, who were still living in the village of Broadhempston.

How we enjoyed reminiscing over the photo of Harry (Yay-Yay), as I called him, not being able to say Harry, I suppose; (incidentally I was Babe) with Prince and Tinker, our horses, taking part in a Ploughing Match, and another of Harry, smartly dressed in breeches and leggings, holding Tinker, probably at some Village Show. I have an idea some classes for horses might have been included in the annual Fete or Flower Show that used to be held at Broadhempston, although this seems very unlikely in this day and age!

I have wonderful memories of Harry and his brother-in-law, Sid (French) grooming the horses in preparation for a show. They would give a lot of attention to the horses' feet, washing the hair with warm, soapy water and rinsing thoroughly, then brushing well when it was dry before they blackened the hooves.

My brother and I loved watching them plait the horses' manes and tails, tying them with raffia, but the greatest thrill for me was when Harry put the shining brasses on Prince and Tinker, the type of brasses you see nowadays decorating the beams in old public houses. There were all kinds of designs, but my favourite was the one of a horse's head. Often attached to the bridle, Harry would put little white woollen cords with small wooden bobbles in red, white and blue hanging down and also a lovely brass on the harness with a small brass bell which would make a glorious tinkle as the horse moved along.

Harry took such great pride in Prince and Tinker and I remember he used to look so well groomed himself. He proudly told me in a conversation since 1981, how he used to show the two horses in carnivals, but I did not remember that; also that he used to sometimes take me to a little school at Ipplepen (Mrs Cobley's); he would be riding our trap horse, Violet, with me sitting up in front of him. This I had forgotten, but how lovely it was to hear about his memories.

I remember Harry, with Sid, singing in the Church Choir and Ida and her sister, Chrissie, too, quite

often singing solos. This would probably have been at the Harvest Festival when we would, as a family, have walked across the fields from Simpson to join the Waterford Cross road from Easterway (Mr White's field) and then walk via Kiln Lane to the Church. The bells would be ringing and the Church would be lit up and beautifully decorated, mostly with sheaves of corn. I remember the ringers standing by the belfry door taking a breather from their duties, among them possibly Jim Lentern (Curly's dad) who was Harry's brother-in-law, and Frank and Emmanuel Ellis.

One of the last things Harry told me was how he carved his name (and the date, I think) on a crossbeam above the window of the stableloft at Simpson on the first day he started working for my dad (was it in 1929?). I have yet to climb up a long ladder to see if his name is still there. It will be a great thrill for me if it is.

Kathleen B. Luscombe, April 1990

DORIS BRAUND 1909 - 1991

Doris Braund, who has just died, came from one of the very old Broadhempston families. She lived in the village all her life, until the last two years when she went to Taunton to be beside her son.
I used to have long discussions with her and with Percy about Broadhempston in days gone by. They were both passionately committed to the village, past, present and future.

Doris was the daughter of Emmanuel Ellis. "Champion Ploughman of 1935", she always proudly announced as she produced his photograph. Her grandmother had been the village postmistress (and midwife!) who used to, in her youth, walk to Ashburton daily for the mail. By the time Doris was a girl, everything came to Staverton and she would help her grandmother, by walking there with any telegram that had to be sent. For this, she earned 1/- . For going as far as the station she got 1/3. The post office's telephone was the only one in the village, so the family were also commandeered to deliver telephone messages.

Doris went back to Broadhempston school at the age of sixteen as an apprentice teacher; but she didn't really take to it and left when she had a bout of illness. By and large she remained at home, enthusiastically taking part in village activities, until the noticeably frequent visits, on his motor bike, by Percy Braund of Ipplepen, culminated in their marriage in 1930.

At first they lived at Stoop Cottage, where the rent was 2/6 a week and the rates 9d (a total of 17 pence in modern money). Later they moved to Highway, at the top of the village, where they remained until Percy's death two years ago. The door there was always open, with a welcome for all and often a potted fuchsia as well.

Doris had a sweet and gentle nature and I can still hear her soft Devon accent as she talked of the village in the old days. Her own words say it all: "We were like one big family. We all knew each other and all stuck together. If anyone was in trouble, others would run. There was never any bad feeling from one to another and my best friends when I was a girl are still my best friends today".

Editorial, September 1991

TRIBUTE TO FRED PEARSE OF WICKERIDGE FARM

It's always sad to lose friends, but when Fred Pearse died recently, it was a sad loss to the whole Parish of Woodland, because Fred was one of the cornerstones, and a driving force in the Parish.

He was Vice-Chairman of the PCC, a sidesman, and despite being very busy, he made time to attend meetings, helped with Spring Cleaning the Church, and did a month each year on the grass cutting rota.

Fred was a founder member of Woodland's Parish Hall Committee, and with tremendous support from his wife Margery, and children, Helen, Ann and Michael he helped with all the social events in the village, not just turning up on the night, but being involved in the planning, preparing and running of the events. One prime example was the Beating of the Bounds, where he provided the map, asked owners' permission to cross their land, and then led the walkers.

I'm sure those who attended Woodland Fetes may have admired the skittles set, which was used to raise money, but what you may not have known was that Fred made it himself.

My personal lasting memory of Fred is watching him, in the sixties, each spring, working down ground which had been heavily poached, with his Fordson Major Diesel roaring like a lion, pulling a roller, disc harrows and drag harrows – all in tandem.

David Wrayford, March 1991

FRED PEARSE

We have just heard of the death of Fred Pearse of Wickeridge Farm. He will be sadly missed in our farming community. Before his illness he was always willing to help at all social events and he personally contributed a large sum of money to the Church by hiring out a field to be used as a car park. When our children were younger every year he would take them and several others in his land rover around the Parish carol singing for charity. His funeral service was held on February 15th at Woodland.

Teresa Irish, March 1991

MR WALTER IRISH

Mr Walter Irish, who farmed here at Well for 22 years, died on January 25th at Ashburton Hospital. He was always a busy member of the community here at Woodland, helping with all social events, and after he and his wife retired to Buckfastleigh they always supported our Fetes.

He was aged 88. His funeral service was held at St. Lukes, Buckfastleigh at which many of his relatives and friends were present. Afterwards there was a short service at Exeter Crematorium.

Teresa Irish, March 1991

BARRY PEAD OF HIGHER LAKE FARM

We were all very sad to hear of the sudden death of Barry Pead of Higher Lake Farm, and send our condolences to Sue and their family. He was well thought of in this area and did his bit to help keep Woodland tidy. His funeral service was held at Torquay Crematorium.

Teresa Irish, March 1991

KIT DAVIES

It was with great sadness that we learned of Kit's death from a heart attack on 12th August.

He joined Littlehempston Parish Council in May 1987 and was Vice Chairman until his resignation in June 1992. His contributions to the village and to

the Parish Council were valued for his humour and his ability to see a way round contentious issues with tact and wisdom. He set up Telethon events in the village and was responsible for master minding the village questionnaire. Kit was well known in the area as producer for TSW'S Farming programme and for 'Cottages and Cobblestones' which he made with David Young.

His death was totally unexpected by his friends, although we have since learnt that he was awaiting a heart by-pass operation. We extend our sympathy to Carryll and Toby. Kit will be greatly missed.

Janet Grant, Parish Clerk, November 1992

MR WILLIAM LEONARD GERMON - TIME TO GIVE THANKS TO A FRIEND FROM HIS FRIENDS

Recently Mr William Leonard Germon, who has lived in Broadhempston for the greatest part of his life, celebrated his 81st birthday. I think it is time to thank him for all his help and kindness to me and to many others far too numerous to mention. He has never refused to help anyone at any time. He has fortunately enjoyed good health for most of his life, leaving bad weather to be his only setback, but not often; he would not let that stop him. He worked on many farms in the area helping with various jobs, and his main place was with the Harvey family at Purcombe farm near Woodland. Leonard has been with the family for over 60 years and still visits and helps Miss Merlie Harvey (the last of the Seniors). She lives nearby and so he is able to visit her daily, enjoying an early cup of coffee together and a chat to start the day. Len is Miss Harvey's right hand and is very faithful to her.

I think his main pal in the village would certainly be Mr Arnold Lentern. 'Curly' to all who knew him well and when it comes to a good old country yarn and a glass of cider, I know they have truly become inseparable and he enjoys hours with Arnold cutting up logs as Len's favourite machine is his chain saw. Always happy and contented, he never worries about a thing.

He did his duty for King and Country during all six years of the 1939 - 1945 World War in the Royal Navy and sailed through practically every ocean and sea all round the world. Facing many dangers and having many lucky escapes, he still talks with enjoyment of the many ships he did action on in spite of the enemy, and has quite a few medals to show for gallentry.

Thankfully, at the end of the war, Len returned to the Harvey's farm. Since his retirement he has helped many elderly neighbours and friends by sweeping chimneys, cutting their lawns and doing many kindnesses for the infirm. Above all he loved his Church of St Peter and St Paul and in his spare time he has for many years kept the grounds, graves and grass in immaculate order which was greatly admired by visitors to the village.

Now, Len is taking life a lot easier having more time to visit his relatives and friends, and watching his favourite sport on TV. He is very domesticated, cooks his meals, does his washing, his housework and has a day off to go shopping, as his wife passed away in 1987. Arnold and his wife Beryl make Len more than welcome at their home at all times, we would all be lost without him and it's a great pleasure when I visit his home and there is always a great welcome. Thank you, Len.

Daisy Joint, Lower Coombe Farm, Staverton, Arnold Lentern, 2 Hillside Cottages, Broadhempston, July 2000

GEORGE CLAKE

It seems almost impertinent for an

"incomer", a yesteryear grockle who only knew him for a trifling 16 years, to pay tribute to a true man of Devon when there are so many others who knew him so much better. But since I have been asked to do so, here are my impressions of George Ernest Clake.

It is no easy task. As I write I feel a hand on my shoulder and that gravelly voice growling: "Watch it, Lincoln. Nice and short, please. None of this Michael Aspel nonsense".
Sorry, George, but one or two things have to be said. The first is that I admired the man, found him great company and thoroughly enjoyed the several long sessions we had, talking about a way of life that has gone and generally putting the world to rights.

George was an interviewer's dream. Switch him on and he was off on the memory trail, as clear and confident when talking about his boyhood as if it was yesterday. Just nudge him in a different direction and his wit and wisdom would carry you off to the days between the wars when life seemed more carefree and you could travel to Plymouth by train, watch Argyle lose, have a slap-up meal and round the day off with a visit to the theatre. And still have change from a ten bob note.

But not so carefree for some. George would remember, too, the days when Parish Council elections were decided by a show of hands, when farmhands living in tied cottages dared not speak their minds for fear of losing jobs and homes. As in the case of one brave soul who asked an awkward question at a political meeting; within a week he was given notice. Or little Maria James, the Court Room caretaker as well as midwife and layer-out of the dead, a friend to anyone in need. She went to Church on Easter Sunday wearing a hat and was buttonholed by the vicar's wife who advised her: "Hats are meant for ladies. Bonnets for serving maids".

George never stayed serious for too long. I have just listened to a tape of a half-hour conversation in which I hardly got a word in edgeways. But you can hear me laughing at his stories: of the dignified lady who was told just before a dinner party that cook had found a dead mouse in the soup and replied, "That's all right. We won't have any... and they won't know".

Of the man who lost a leg in a train accident and used the wooden stump that replaced it to make holes to grow the best cabbages in the village. Followed by a roar of Clake laughter as he added, "Isn't it ironic that I should tell such a story when now I've also got an artificial leg. And I can't plant cabbages with mine".

He told sporting tales about the day fighting broke out in a football match between Staverton and Landscove and the referee abandoned the game. Of the days when the dressing room on Staverton playing field was an old chicken coop and the effectiveness of the after-match bath depended on how much rain there had been. "And since it was the only time in the week some players washed their feet it paid to go straight home".

George would have made a great actor. He was asked to appear in a film, part of which was shot in our village Church, and the producer asked me to go along and "hold his hand". As soon as the camera turned on him, George took over and delivered his words fluently, in one straight piece.

He was a man of solid integrity with a firm faith that carried him through a tough war as a gunner on an armed merchant ship and, much later, the great pain he suffered after having a leg amputated. But he still turned up at freezing cold Parish Council meetings, collaring the seat next to the heater and glaring at us when we made stupid remarks.

Whatever story you told, he could cap it. So when I wrote about a man who had lost his false teeth in a sewage pit, he countered with a tale he swore was

true, of the chap who not only retrieved his teeth from a similar situation but put them straight back in his mouth, explaining, "I dipped them in Jeyes fluid. Kills all known germs". If that made you laugh, he assured that George, somewhere up there, will be giggling with you.

Sleep well, old friend.

Lincoln Shaw, September 2000

ARTHUR FERNLEY RAYMONT
18 SEPTEMBER 1913 TO 2 MARCH 2003

My Father was born at Bourne Bridge Farm near Meshaw, South Molton, though the family moved shortly afterwards to Bilsdon Farm, Tedburn St Mary.

He left school at 14 to work on the farm. He wanted to continue his studies to become a teacher but his dad wouldn't allow him to do this. In those early days for motor vehicles, he didn't have to take a driving test. In fact, dad went to Exeter Market with his father in the lorry one Friday where a second lorry was purchased. Dad walked to County Hall, got his driving licence and went back to the market and drove the second lorry home to Bilsdon. The Raymonts, along with Frank Langford of Exeter Cattle Transport, were two of the early cattle hauliers in the area.
Mum and Dad were married at Tedburn St Mary Methodist Chapel on 14th April 1936. Mum and her sister Laura, married Dad and Leslie Clark, a double wedding that was going to be the first in the new Methodist Chapel. However, on the morning of the wedding, the Minister realised that the new chapel wasn't licensed, sanctioned or whatever the term was for marriages, so he quickly married them in the old chapel and then they went through the whole ceremony again in the new chapel for the congregation. A double wedding it certainly was.

Mary Mounce (wife of George) with her children Kathleen and Bert at Lower Lake farm C.1940

A short honeymoon in London with Mum's auntie in Hammersmith, and then back to East Park, Broadhempston. Their first year's accounts for 1936/37 show an income of just over £400 and expenditure of £420. The thing that surprised me most was the amount of cream they sold: 5 cwt. 7lbs at 1s/6d a lb. That's a lot of cream! They spent 62 years together before Mum died in January 1999. They were both proud and pleased when they received a Diamond Wedding congratulations card from the Queen in 1996.
During the war, Dad was a member of the Home Guard, a bombing sergeant, and teaching, amongst other things, live firing of a grenade. One day at Bittaford, the trainee had a misfire of a grenade. Dad shouted at him not to drop it but he panicked and did drop it, releasing the

pin, which meant seven seconds to the grenade exploding. Acting without thinking, Dad pushed the recruit out of the way, picked up the grenade and threw it over the hedge into the adjoining field where it exploded harmlessly. The men were so grateful they gave Dad a silver cigarette case with the inscription, 'In recognition of your promptitudeness in dealing with a live bomb. August 1942'.

After the war, in which Dad was promoted to the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, he joined the Army Cadets as an instructor, taking charge of Ipplepen platoon. He was very proud of his 'boys'. One, who was captured by the Chinese in Korea, managed to escape and make it back to the British lines. While he was avoiding the Chinese soldiers, he said he remembered what Dad had taught them – at night keep perfectly still to avoid detection. He said the soldiers searching for him came so close he could have touched them, but they never found him.

Dad's work on the farm gradually branched into contracting. He taught himself to use explosives (gelignite) and was often asked to blow trees or rocks at a time when hedges were being removed. Once, he went to blast a large oak tree quite near to East Park with my young brother and a neighbour's son. The first charge of half a pound of gelignite didn't do much damage so another hole was bored in readiness for a second charge. Dad placed one stick of explosive in the hole and whilst his back was turned the two lads put a second stick in. Dad meanwhile decided that as one stick didn't do much damage, he would put a second stick in. When the fuse was lit, the two young lads started to run. Apparently Dad said there was no need to run away like that, but then he didn't know what the two lads knew.
My younger brother was the one who would take on the farm, but sadly, on 8th April 1970, he was killed in a tractor accident. A bitter blow to all the family, and one from which Mum and Dad never really recovered.

My Father was a man who would help anyone. A neighbouring farmer said to me quite recently, "If I called him for help at 3 o'clock in the morning, he would be there". I think that sums Dad up very well. He was always there for me.

Clifford Raymont, July 2003

SIDNEY GEORGE MOUNCE

George died peacefully in his sleep on 7 January 2005, aged 94 years. Earlier in the evening he had had a glass of Abbey wine with his Liz's daughter Caroline, was in bed by 10 pm and died by 11 pm. Good for him.

He lived all his life in Devon and only left the county once – going to Dorset on a trip – but he didn't think it worthwhile repeating the experience. He was buried as he wished, with his wife in Woodland Churchyard on 15 January 2005.

George Mounce

George Mounce and Walter Irish with horses Boxer and Prince

George was born at Lower Lake Farm on 27 October 1910 to Albert and Ellen Mounce. The house he was born in was situated where Chris Irish has a new cattle shed now. In the late 1960s the local water authority were planning to flood the valley and this house would have been under water, so a replacement house was built, where Chris and his family now live, and then the water authority changed it's mind about the reservoir. The reprieve for the house came too late, though, as it had become very dilapidated and Chris demolished the remains in the last few years.

George had two sisters, Olive and Ivy. They all went to school in Ashburton, walking there and back, of course.
George married Mary Hanlon from Cheek Point, Waterford, Ireland, at Buckfast Abbey on 27 July 1932. Mary had come over to work in 1929, arriving at Fishguard on a cattle boat with her friend Bridie, and ending up in service at Gurrington House, getting £2 a month. That's how George met her, out walking one day on Orleycombe bridge when he was 18 years old. He was on the way to the Rising Sun. George was working for a farmer, Mr. Merchant, at Diptford then, and their first child, Kathleen, was born there. He was earning 32/6 a week. Their second child, Bert, was born three years later at Rose Cottages, Woodland. George worked for Walter Irish at Well Farm for many years. The Mounces had a few moves, living in Torbryan and Ashburton before settling at Mount Pleasant (which they now call Mount Pheasant!), where they lived for over 40 years until 1980 when they came to Forder Green. Bert says that these were his parents' happiest places.
George loved English game poultry, raising them carefully and lovingly, and entering them at shows in Rattery, Ashburton and Totnes. He won lots of prizes. He also kept ducks, chickens and Silky Bantams. We used to have eggs from him, and George would never accept any money. He had a large garden and in his prime the whole area, apart from the fowls, was down to vegetables; he

grew everything – a typical cottage garden – and he particularly enjoyed wonderful strawberries and runner beans. He was the local authority on apple varieties, particularly cider apples, and could name any sample presented.

George liked to show horses and would show anyone's horses, given the opportunity. There used to be a show at Tigley. He also took part in ploughing matches.

In latter years he worked for the Council, maintaining ditches and drains on the local roads. Mary died in 1972 and George lived alone at Forder Green until it was just too difficult for him and he went to live with Bert and Liz in Ugborough. Bert says that he couldn't have had a better father. George leaves his two children, eight grandchildren, numerous great grandchildren and even two great, great grandchildren.

Hilary Sutcliffe, February 2005

JENNIFER LAMBE

Jennifer Lambe died on 16 April 2005, aged 92. She was born Margaret Jennifer Sutcliffe on 21 June, 1912, in Bradford, Yorkshire. Her father, Lot, was a pharmacist and her mother, Margaret, was an energetic literary woman, very interested in politics and a fair society. She had two older brothers, Roy and Peter. Jennifer went to Bradford Grammar School (where Barbara Castle was head girl), and then trained as a nursery teacher at the Rachel MacMillan Nursery in Deptford, London.

In January, 1932, Jennifer started as an assistant in the Nursery School at Dartington Hall. Within two years she was it's Director. She was an advocate of the progressive education practised at the school, and suggested to her brother, Peter, and his wife, Ann, that they send their children there. The cluster of Sutcliffes in Broadhempston is the result: Peter and Ann moved to Forder Green in 1936, and her parents and elderly great-aunt Min came to Dansford in 1938.

Whilst lodging at Puddavine Cottage, Totnes, she met Felix Lambe, also lodging there. She described seeing Felix for the first time, sitting at the kitchen table with a chenille tablecloth wrapped around his legs because it was so draughty. They married in July 1940.

Jennifer left Dartington that summer after over eight years there, and the head, Bill Curry, wrote a glowing testimonial which included: "The Nursery School, under her charge, has been one of the most satisfactory departments of the school and I cannot imagine anyone better qualified to take charge of young children.... teachers of her quality are rare."

She and Felix lived at Forder Green during the war. They cultivated a large vegetable garden, and took in three sisters, evacuees from London. She joined

Jennifer 'Aunt Jen' Lambe

the WRVS where she had responsibility for relaying messages and she was a committee member of the early WI, making the proverbial jam and receiving parcels of soap from Australia. She was a member of the Broadhempston Invasion Committee in 1943 and '44. At the end of the war, there were great celebrations and rejoicing and Jennifer described an impromptu procession with a tractor and trailer, with Miss Holwill on the piano, Percy Brawn playing the violin and Jennifer on the flute. They went around the village singing and playing, and a procession of happy people followed them.

Jennifer was first elected to the Parish Council in 1946, and in time became Chairman. She was involved with the Parish Council's Association and remained a Councillor until 1970. She also ran the village library; the books would be delivered by lorry and kept in boxes at the school and changed periodically. In 1966, having done the library for about 20 years, the Parish Council made her a presentation in recognition.

She pursued her interest in education by taking a governing role in the village school, Ashburton School and Forde Park Approved School, Newton Abbot. It was a role she found very stimulating. Jennifer was musical, had a fine piano, played the flute too and was 'instrumental' in regenerating the hand-bell ringing in the village. She was a member of the Dartington Community Choir and drove three friends to rehearsals each week. They sang until 1997.
At her funeral, Felix gave an address with the theme of friendship: Jennifer was a true friend to many, even some from early days in Bradford when she and her friend pushed their dolls in Lister Park. Four of the friends had annual reunions until 2004. She was always very interested in what one was doing, and for her own part was self effacing despite her own obvious abilities. But Jennifer was no pushover: she was forthright with very firm opinions; whilst she would seek consensus, she would not back away from confrontation and would stick to her principles. Jen was extremely warm and friendly, compassionate and supportive, with a gift for relating to children. She was a marvellous aunt, much loved by her nephews and nieces, all of whom have tales of picnics – lots of picnics – and cakes, and selling her their first garden produce, and there aren't many aunts who would bring a gift of a swarm of bees to a six year old nephew!

Hilary Sutcliffe, July 2005
Thank you Moira Mellor for the use of her marvellous taped interview with Jennifer.

SYDNEY WILLIAM RYDER

Sid has died at the grand age of 90 years, having lived and worked in Woodland and Broadhempston for 88 of those years. He was born in Holberton, Plymouth, but his parents brought him to Woodland at 2 years, when his father took work there. His father died when he was 10 years, leaving his mother to support him and his 7 year old brother John. His mother used to clean Woodland Church and Sid would pump the organ during the services and also ring the bell.

Sid worked for the Pearces when he left school, and later worked for George Ellis at Lower Woodland Farm. George Ellis had a number of working horses but also a very good stallion. It was Sid's job also to take the stallion around to other farms to cover the mares. This was done in the spring and Sid would walk as far afield as Widecombe, stop over in a bed and breakfast and then walk on to the next place. There was a regular 'round' and it would take 6 - 8 weeks to serve all the farms. This was prior to the internal combustion engine being used on farms, and farmers had to ensure that they had good working horses. Sid was very good with them. When young, he entered a local ploughing competition and won. He entered the horses in the Broadhempston Gymkhana too, dressing them in their polished

brasses and fine plumes, and often won. Muriel still has those plumes.

Sid joined the army in 1935 but didn't care for the military life and left after two years. He was in the Denbury Home Guard during the war and became a sergeant. It was at a Home Guard dance at Denbury that he and Muriel got together; through his work with horses and his regular visits to the village blacksmith Bill Atwill, he'd taken a shine to Bill's daughter Muriel. Muriel describes her mother teasing her about Sid, but they started 'walking out' and courted for four years.
Sid and Muriel were married at Broadhempston Church on 26th June 1948 by Rev. Evans and Ivy Holwill played the organ. After a few days honeymoon at Yealmpton, they started family life at Woodland, in the house where Sid's mother had lived. They moved as Sid got different jobs – Cross Park, Forder Cottage, Sparkwell and Liverton, before moving in with Muriel's father at East View, opposite the smithy. In 1961, they moved to Church Hill Cottages and here they stayed happily. Sid was a great gardener, at one stage he had ½ acre allotment and had 900 brassica planted. They kept themselves to vegetables and raised chickens too when living at Sparkwell. Muriel helped on the allotment and the family did too when Sid broke his leg – twice.

They had a son Anthony, followed by twin girls Alison and Muriel. Twins seem to run in the family, with Muriel's mother having had twins, her grandmother having two sets, and now there are great granddaughter twins too.

Sid worked for the Council as a lengthsman for many years. There were four of them in Broadhempston and each worked from home and had their own area of roads to work on – George Mounce, Henry Michelmore and Harry Davies. In the 1970s the Council decided that this was an inefficient way of working and brought the four of them together with an HQ on Orley Common (where the car park is). They kept all their equipment there. It was a closed shop so they all belonged to the TGWU and Sid was the Shop Steward. He was very protective of their rights, and when George Mounce became lame through burning his feet when walking on the hot tar, Sid

From left to right: Arthur Rayment, and Nancy and Bill Nosworthy in their home at Beeston.

pursued and got compensation for him. Sid was a man of principle; as he was the only one of the four with a driving licence, the Council promoted him to a higher status than the others and he received a higher wage. But Sid did not like this, he reverted to his former status and former wage. There are not many who would do that, I think.
Sid was interested in village affairs and attended Parish Council meetings regularly. Eventually he stood for election and served a number of terms.

Sid was a family man, steady and reliable with his wife, three children, five grandchildren and even five great grandchildren. They all live in the area and he loved them all around him, coming for meals and family get-togethers – "he was a great dad", said daughter Muriel.

Hilary Sutcliffe, April 2006

BILL NOSWORTHY - AN APPRECIATION OF BILL NOSWORTHY WHO DIED ON 15 JANUARY 2008

Bill Nosworthy used to say that when he died it would be the end of an era. He was a legend in his own time, and I think we will be talking about him for years to come. He was a man with a huge heart, great love for his family, a generous friend with a strong moral code, an old fashioned farmer and a great judge of character. Sometimes he behaved quite badly. He loved the camaraderie of pubs, he liked drink, but first and foremost he was a family man.
Bill was born in 1929, one of four children, at Shallowford near Widecombe. He loved the Moors, and always thought of them as his true home. As a child he helped on the farm and rode ponies. He loved school and would walk the two and a half miles each way with his elder sister Marn. He competed in gymkhanas, and from a small child he rode with the South Devon Hunt. He had a great gift for breaking and making horses. He loved the land and countryside. In those days sheep came off the moor in the autumn and wintered near the coast. As a child Bill would drive them down to Manor Farm, stop there for the night, and drive them on to their winter pastures behind Paignton the next day.

He met Nancy at a dance in Totnes – he was a handsome young man who danced well and had a wonderful singing voice. He was witty and smart. They married in Broadhempston Church when Bill was 21 and Nancy was 19. It was a long and mostly happy marriage. Nancy was a lovely patient woman, and Bill missed her badly since she died on January 25th last year. Nancy came from Staverton, and at first the young couple lived at Waddons Cottage between here and Staverton. Later they lived at Welwyn, which was one of the cottages on the bottom lane between the village and Bow Bridge. When his father retired, Bill and his young family moved into Manor Farm, in Main Street, Broadhempston.

It was there that Margaret, Nick, Lin and Cathy grew up, surrounded by animals. Bill loved his sheep and his herd of mainly Guernsey cows who produced rich creamy milk. Some of this Nancy would turn into proper clotted cream, and many people here will remember the wonderful stuff delivered on Sunday mornings. Children, dogs and cream would pile onto the trailer and Bill would drive round to his regular customers. There were hens, and geese for Christmas. Bill loved his animals, but he also liked good food and worked hard to produce proper meat for the table. And he liked to cook. The goose at Christmas was usually home-reared, often cooked by Bill.

He loved his children – Margaret, Lin, Nick and Cathy – and was much loved by them. His six grandchildren – Steve and Shirley, Dan and Lisa, Nadine and Selina – adored him too. He is survived by his children and grandchildren, his two sisters Marn and Bren, and his sons-in-law Tony, Simon, Keith and Mark.

Throughout his life Bill loved horses. When Lin was a small child she had a Dartmoor pony called Cola, and Bill was often out there grooming and petting him. She remembers that sometimes he stole her grooming kit, and she would find it in the shippen where he had been smartening up his favourite Guernsey. He followed the South Devon Hunt for more than 70 years – on a Dartmoor pony, then on a smart hunter, and later on in Nick's van. He often helped at the kennels, mucking out and feeding. Most years, there was a Nosworthy meet on Bill's land in the village, and in recent years at one or other of the pubs. He was looking forward to this year's meet on March 1st, and had talked of buying new shoes for the event. The meet will go ahead in the village square, in memory of Bill, on March 1st.

Bill was a Special Constable for 20 years. Bill valued friends and friendship, and if he could he would always help them out. Ron Greet remembers how when his father was ill in the mid 50s – Ron was still a boy – Bill would come over each morning and evening and milk the Greet cows. He didn't get paid, but he knew what was right and he did it. He inspired love and loyalty – many is the time that Ron had rescued Bill, or his tractor, in the early hours of the morning. They would sometimes go into Totnes together, where Bill was much loved. Bill used to tell Nancy, "Don't worry, Ron 'll take care of me". He had so many circles of friends. Ron said, "Bill had a heart of gold". He had a rousing baritone voice. He sang folk tunes, hymns, 'Old MacDonald had a farm' and a few hits from the 40s. As he left the Coppa Dolla he would often say, "I'm on my way to Mandalay", and hanging in the pub is a picture of Bill walking across the car park waving his stick, with a Mandalay road sign superimposed.

I remember the day my son, Archie, and Cate were married. While we were at the ceremony in the morning we left Tito, the lead singer of the Afro Cornish rock band Zambula, at Stoop cellars, making salads with other friends. Tito was the son of a Ugandan Anglican bishop, and he enjoyed his drink. Somehow Tito disappeared to the pub, and was brought back three hours later in the

Bill Nosworthy sitting in his armchair in the back of the tractor, whilst being driven around Broadhempston by his son, Nick

link box behind Bill's tractor. They were singing hymns together at the top of their voices as they rocked through the Devon lanes. Bill had hosts of friends in pubs, and was loved by young and old. He was a good judge of character, and he couldn't abide cruelty to people or animals. He was very protective of those he loved.
Bill was extraordinarily robust. Twenty years ago he was told to stop drinking or he would be dead within the year. He didn't heed that warning.
In later years he suffered from diabetes, and he became very lame. He struggled to the Coppa Dolla as long as he could. Once he arrived in smart white trainers, which were admired. Bill said, "There's only one problem with these – one gun shot, and I'm off". When he could hardly walk, Nick would drive him around in his tractor, Bill sat in a comfy chair in the link box, with the dogs around him. A bit later he had bits of his feet amputated. David Field met him in the Monks and asked him how he was. "The Grim Reaper's coming for me bit by bit" he said. He had such a strong presence, and I hope you can hear his voice in your heads. That special way he said "w-o-n-d-erful" often followed by the word "woman".

For the last few years Bill has been lovingly looked after and nursed by Nancy and the family, with expert help from Totnes District Nurses. The family want to give them special thanks. Bill didn't want to suffer any more. Although he was in hospital, he was expected to come home again. But it was not to be, and he died quietly in Torbay Hospital, just before eight on Tuesday morning (January 15). Simon, Steve and Dan sat with him all the night before.

Everyone has a good story to tell about Bill. He was inspirational. He was a w-o-n-d-erful man.

Caroline Wilson, March 2008

ARNOLD (CURLY) LENTERN

Arnold James Gilbert Lentern (Curly) was born at Hillside Cottage, Broadhempston on 12 December 1926. He was the first child of Chrissie (French) and Jim Lentern and he weighed a whopping 13 lbs. He had beautiful blond curls, and thus his nickname. He was surrounded by a large supportive family – Grannie and Granfer French, and Chrissie's two brothers Sid and Ted were also living at Hillside, and Grannie and Granfer Lentern lived not far away at Mount Pleasant. A brother Horace arrived later. Curly lived here until he was eight when the young family moved to Coppa Dolla Farm.
He attended the village school and then at 11 years moved on to Ashburton. He was clever at school, always top of the class and was particularly good at arithmetic. On leaving, he got a plumbing apprenticeship with Northcott at Newton Abbbot, cycling from Coppa Dolla Farm – often leaving himself 10 minutes to get there.

When Curly was 16 or 17 years, he and his friend Reg joined the Home Guard, along with lots of

Arnold 'Curly' Lentern

other local men; they met a few evenings a week and did their duty from a chicken hut up on the Beacon where they looked out for enemy aircraft. There was a search-light station on Reggie Cleve's field, Lee Farm. (The chicken hut was later moved to Beryl and Curly's field where it once more houses chickens.)

On 30 November 1946, Curly married Beryl Radford of Pulsford at Broadhempston Church. They and their families had always known each other and Beryl's brother Reg was Curly's friend. They started married life at Coppa Dolla Farm with Chrissie and Jim Lentern, and Beryl said that they were 'lovely' parents. In about 1950, Granny French had a stroke and wasn't well, so Curly and Beryl moved to Hillside Cottage to look after her and Granfer. Then Chrissie died suddenly, aged only 44 years and Jim never really got over it, so when he left Coppa Dolla Farm he came to live with them at Hillside Cottage. They had two small sons by this time too, Tony and Graham. Meanwhile Curly left Northcott having completed his apprenticeship and worked at Torbay Hospital for the next 25 years.

Sometime after the war, the Council bought a field for an allotment; people applied for and chose their plots and areas were pegged out. Curly and Beryl had theirs, benches were put up and Beryl said that everyone had a fine time. Curly's dad did most of it to begin with, and he'd go and pull weeds on other people's patches too. They had the allotment for years.

Granfer French cut the Churchyard with a scythe, tidied up the graves and then would go to the pub for some cider. He loved it. Beryl said that he was as thin as a rake and a 'rascal'. He died at Hillside Cottage.

Curly and Beryl got the field next to Hillside Cottage about 15 years ago and their flower and vegetable garden is a sight to be seen. They had chickens, ducks, geese and guinea fowl, and

Curly Lentern and his wife Beryl going out

turkeys for Christmas (I can vouch for those!). They incubated goose eggs and sold goslings and geese at Christmas. Curly and Mick Radford built a summer house in the field and they would sit with 'Nipper' Germon admiring the productive scene. Curly loved it there, and on a summer evening, if there was nothing on the telly, he'd go out there. Curly and Beryl had great success with their vegetables in the Broadhempston shows, and the certificates are displayed on the summerhouse wall. This year Beryl entered their produce again and won five 1st Prizes and one Highly Commended.

Beryl said that Curly was very knowledgeable and that people would call in him for his advice, and of course, he knew all about plumbing and would turn out to deal with occasional burst pipes. He worked with Tony and Graham when they were doing up their houses too, but Beryl said he was no good with cars and couldn't sort out his rotavator.

In July he had a pacemaker fitted and seemed to make a good recovery from the operation, but Beryl could see him deteriorating. He died in Torbay Hospital a week after being admitted on 11 August. They had been married nearly 57 years. They had parties for their silver, ruby and golden weddings, and also for Curly's 65th birthday. He loved parties and was a good dancer, always going to dances when he was young. He could do all the steps. Beryl says he was very light on his feet despite his size.

Apart from their two sons, Curly and Beryl have four grandchildren and two great grandchildren – all living locally. Curly loved the little ones and one of his last remarks was to ask after Alice.

His funeral service was at Broadhempston Church and he was buried in his grandmother Lentern's grave, as he had always requested. The collection was in aid of Devon Air Ambulance and raised 855 pounds. Beryl is very grateful for the sum collected and also for all the kind wishes and cards she and the family have received.

Hilary Sutcliffe, November 2003

Chapter 5
Natural History

BIRDS AROUND BROADHEMPSTON

Peewits? Yes, dozens of them. Have you ever seen so many around the village? Some folk call them Green Plovers, some Black Plovers and some even Pyewipes. There were 47 on the ground with Gulls, in the first field, over the brook going up toward Beeston the other day and over 60, again with gulls, on Brooklyn Bow Mill Farm on 11 January. Although it's plumage looks black, it is in fact a dark green, with a touch of purple.

A bigger surprise was in store the next day with the appearance of 40 or more Skylarks on a rather sad looking potato field on the Denbury road. It seemed as though all the larks for miles around had got together for a discussion or an outing, but seconds later they were airborne and making for the village. A similar number were seen around Waterford Cross last Friday, both morning and afternoon.

Not so many Redwings nor Fieldfares are around at the moment. Having stripped most of the Holly Trees of berries before Christmas, they seem to have moved elsewhere, just a few roosting in the

Sneydhurst

yews of the Churchyard and the odd two or three with Starlings between Waterford Cross, Forder Green and Woodland. Fewer Yellow Hammers than last year, perhaps, but Wrens must have enjoyed a wonderful breeding season last year. They seem to be in every garden and hedgerow in Broadhempston.

Of course, it is not long now before 14th February, St. Valentines Day (the birds Wedding Day) and already the Song Thrushes and Blackbirds are tuning up and even the Great Tit (bicycle pump bird to some) is trying out his distinctive call. A Greater Spotted Woodpecker has been busily 'drumming' for several weeks, high up from those very tall trees at Sneydhurst, and as I write on this mild 20 January, a Dunnock is attempting his first notes of the season. Better known perhaps, as a Hedge Sparrow, but so different in habit and manners from the ordinary Sparrow, this charming, rather shy little bird, known in some parts as a Shufflewing, spends most of it's time on the ground and is easily distinguishable from other Sparrows by it's almost apologetic, hesitant, jerky sort of movement, whether walking or hopping on the lawn or across the flowerbeds.

E. W. C., February 1977

SOLAR HEATING

Mr. Leakey is, we believe, the first in the village, to have solar heating installed. There are solar panels on either side of the roof at Applegarth, and when the sun shines the water gets very hot indeed. The cost in this case was around 2,000 pounds, and normal fuel saving is about 80% in the summer and 15% in winter.

Editor, September 1980

WOODLAND STORM

June started off with a terrible thunder storm. It did not last long but it did a lot of damage to Levaton. It split the chimney and went right through to a bedroom. The electric wires and plugs were blown off the wall. At Levaton Farm it melted a telephone. The lightning hit electrics at the kennels and knocked a telephone off the wall. It also put other phones in the area out of action. The poor old dog at Pulsford was knocked against a wall by the force of it. It must have been very frightening to be near it.

Anon, July 1989

RAINFALL JANUARY

January rainfall of 9 inch is not exceptional, but since 1978 we have not had a combined December - January rainfall of over 20 inches until this year. Of course it has not been just the rainfall but the wind that has made this year exceptional, with the fierce storm of 25th and continuing gales since then.

Is this the Greenhouse Effect? "Nonsense" say some. Yet the past decade has been the warmest since records were kept, and the sea has warmed up; strange things have been happening to the weather with exceptional droughts and excessive rainfall, not just here but all over the world; plancton not being where they should be because of the warming of the sea, and so depriving fish, seabirds and humans of their normal food supply. Small signs like the overwintering of birds, such as Blackcaps and Chiffchaffs that normally migrate.

But why such gales and rain? Warmer seas, greater evaporation, more cloud, more rain; with uneven warming, winds rushing from warmer to colder regions. Some say the Greenhouse Effect is with us now and that we cannot stop it; all I can say that by

John McElderry

the middle of next century Venice, Bangladesh, the Thames Valley and many other parts of the world could be under water due to expansion of the sea on warming. Would the sea be lapping at Totnes and Newton Abbot?

Perhaps we have been pushing Mother Earth around for too long and she is saying, "Enough is enough", that we do not own her, rather, she owns us, and while she could get on very happily without us, we can't do without her!

John McElderry, March 1990

COUNTRY COMMENTS

I am sometimes upset by the comments of people who move into our beautiful countryside and then criticise the farming, hunting, shooting and fishing methods of us, the local people.

Contrary to what these green conservationists may say, modern methods have not destroyed the wildlife, in fact the reverse is true.

In my 54 years, in the Parishes of Littlehempston and Staverton, we have seen a healthy increase in deer, otters, hares and partridges. What is more exciting is the increase in kingfishers, dippers, barn owls, geese, woodcocks and hawks. However the daily visit to the Dart Valley by a pair of Peregrine Falcons has decimated the Ring-Neck Dove population who are slower than our local Wood Pigeons. Another un-natural explosion is that of the magpie, which is bad news for the hedge birds, whose eggs and young they feed upon. Humane larson traps are available to catch them and thousands have been caught this way. Their cousin, the aggressive jay, seems to remain at the same population.

I am no expert on fauna but the wild flowers, especially in the hedgerows are thriving. The flail hedge trimmer is mainly responsible here for, instead of felling hedges and burning the top growth, flails mulch the year's growth and return it to the hedge. My one concern is that (except for road safety) there should be a ban on hedgecutting between February and July to protect nesting birds.

Foxes and badgers are a problem. Their increase has exceeded their natural food supply and many die of mange and starvation. However that is nature's way of balance. The mink, once at epidemic proportions, seem to have disappeared as fast as they arrived from North America. I caught 103 at Littlehempston Bridge in 1970s. I also lost 120 duck in the same period. The rabbit population rises and falls with nature's food supply and myxamatosis; buzzards and foxes are also a hazzard for baby rabbits. The non-indigenous pheasants add a splash of colour to the countryside but they would die out within three years if shooting them were to be banned. Very nearly all of them are raised in captivity and released for shooting.

I hope that I have laid to rest some of the fears which people have about the destruction of wildlife. The country farmer, shooter and fisherman are all very concerned about our environment, long may it continue. Keep your eyes and ears open, slow down in the lanes and enjoy your surroundings; it's a beautiful part of the world.

Peter Davis, June 1997

A MEANDER DOWN THE HEMS

I wonder how familiar readers are with the river Hems which lends it's name to two of our villages, two hamlets and several properties including an old manor? No prizes for naming them all, but does anyone know where the word 'hems' comes from?

It is a geography teacher's model river system in miniature. Starting off as a clear, fast flowing shallow stream, it broadens it's girth at Tally Ho bridge where it meets the Ambrook. It then slows and colours Devon red, winding through the orchards above Littlehempston. Here it's flow is boosted by the sparkling little Gatcombe Brook which heralds from the Berry Pomeroy Castle estate. Below the Parish Church, the Hems changes nature again as it becomes tidal and, after a series of brackish meanders, it finally discharges into the Dart upstream of the sewage treatment works.

Unfortunately, there is little public access to the river and it's pretty valley, although it can be admired by train or from the road from Hemsford to Littlehempston, and there is a stretch of public footpath below the Church. But it is probably this unspoilt aspect of the valley which makes it home to herons, kingfishers, mallard, buzzards, foxes and otters, all of which I have either seen or found traces of in my piscatorial ramblings.
What drew me to investigate the Hems was the lure of fish! I cannot pass a stretch of water (as my wife will vouch), no matter how small or shallow, without wondering what angling opportunities it may hold, so you can imagine my delight to find when we moved to Hempstone Park that the Hems had real prospects! At least according to our then Australian neighbour (who, I later found, is prone to a little exaggeration – but only a little!).

The Hems holds a healthy stock of wild (as opposed to stocked from a fish farm) Brown Trout – not gargantuan mind you, but real trout nonetheless. Over the last four years I have fished, often with his daughter. We have tried with worms and spinners (very effective but frowned upon by purists) and this season with the fly rod fishing, fishing wet (sunken) and dry (floating) imitation flies. In flood water in March I landed a hungry salmon parr, not much longer than my forefinger (believe it or not, I have it on good authority from the master fisherman Nigel 'Pheasant' Gipson that salmon do run the Hems).

In April things improved with a trout of over a foot long, (this is big by River Dart standards). In June, July and August we have the insect fest, as anyone spending any time near a river will know. Not to miss the opportunity of taking advantage of the gung-ho feeding frenzy that can attend the evening rise, I have at last mastered my seven foot brook rod well enough to hook and land a trout on dry fly and on a good evening, maybe even three or more in a session.

All fish have been returned to fight another day, so no worries on that score beginning to wonder whether there are any left. So next time you walk the river or cross a bridge, incline your head and see what may be darting below your feet.

Now what I really want to catch is a Hems Sea-Trout but so far these have eluded me, but again my sources tell me they are there.....

Vernon Clarke, September 2002

THE ORIGIN OF HEMS

In last month's Parish News, Vernon Clarke asked if anyone knew where the word "Hems" came from. Fortunately, I have the answer, thanks to the reliable research of a previous vicar, Rev. H.R. Evans.

It is all down to a West Saxon called Haemma, who moved into this area round about 9th century AD. The Welsh had previously been top dogs in the South West and their last bastion near here was Denbury Down. In 710 the Welsh king, Geraint, was defeated and slain in battle with Ine, the Saxon king, somewhere between the Teign and Denbury, and the Saxons pushed as far west as Totnes. Geraint's army retreated towards his capital at Callington. For decades after that there were skirmishes between the Saxons and pockets of the remaining Welsh, who tended to settle on the uplands and around Dartmouth. Later on, in 815, King Ecgbert defeated the Cornish near Lew Trenchard and the South West became a relatively peaceful place.

So it was probably some time after 815 that Haemma packed his bags and came down here. It isn't known what part of Wessex he came from, but he would have had to get permission from the King to move, as Wessex was becoming depopulated. Every man was needed. Nevertheless it was also necessary to colonise the new territories and to prevent any further incursion from the scattered Welsh. Each colonist was allowed to take only his key workers with him – his reeve, his smith and his children's nurse. Two other Saxons arrived about the same time, Bicca and Bagga, and they set up independent farms whose names, Bicaton and Beeston, still reflect their originators. However it was Haemma who was the dominating personality. He must have settled roughly where Broadhempston Church is now, where the land sloped gently down towards the river. Borough Farm (now being turned into houses) was established in his day. The river became known as Haemma's Ea (and before you ask, 'Ea' meant river – add a 'u' and it is french for water.

By the time of the Norman conquest, the settlement had become well established and was known as Hemeston ('ton' meaning farm). The 'Broad' bit came later still and had nothing to do with the width of the valley. In 1166, the Red Book of the Exchequer tells us that the Mano of Hemeston was held by one Bosco Rahardi, whose name was changed fortunately to Ralf de Borehard. Borehard was tacked onto Hemeston as a prefix and of course, in time became Broadhempston. As to the origins of Littlehempston and Uphempston, you can draw your own conclusions.

Moira Mellor, October 2002

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD, 1930

After my sister and I attended Sunday School in the Village Institute, my father Sam Germon would take us for a long walk around the hamlets of Beaston, Bickington and Dansford and usually it was a nature walk. Dad would point out to us girls wildlife, especially wild flowers, one of his specialities. Sam knew the names of all wild flowers and various plants. He taught us what species were poisonous, like the Foxglove, Bluebells, Laburnum seeds and Monkshood. Monkshood grew in abundance in my childhood, by streams and brooks of running water. I vividly remember our Broadhempston Flower Shows; it was a joy to gather flowers to exhibit in the event, arranged in 2lb. jam jars. Not all wild flowers were allowed in the collection or class, like Honeysuckle, Oxeye Daisy and various Shaky Grass. Sam was a great gardener exhibiting vegetables, Sweet Peas, Carnations and soft fruit at the flower show. He could recognise different bird song, really he was just a true naturalist.

One thing of the past that does not occur, because the little gem, the Primrose, is now a protected species. In 1930 there was a market for picking Primroses in the month of March to 19 April which is Primrose Day. The same goes for the Fair Maids of February, the Snowdrops. We used to pick a bunch, pack and and send to Smithfield Market in London, by rail from Staverton Station to Paddington. We used to get 4 1/2d or 5d a bunch. People in 1930 were very poor, it was a way of life to earn some money in Devon.

I must thank my father for giving me both knowledge of the simple life and a character of strong belief. My Dad lived in Broadhempston for 60 years.

Written by his daughter, Mrs. Hazel Evans nee Germon (aged 87 years), May 2008

Chapter 6
The School

VILLAGE SCHOOL

On 26 June 1876 the school opened with Mr. Tom Coles as Master in Charge. During that year 120 pupils were enrolled, most from the Parish. The average attendance was half the figure. Bad weather, harvesting and other farming activities were responsible for most of the absenteeism. In 1878 Mr. Coles was awarded his certificate and Mr. John Widdicombe arrived. He stayed until 1882, when Mr. Frederick A. Chaff took over. He was followed two years later by Mr. Charles Mole who lasted some 39 years.

The attendance figures show an average of 75 out of 108 pupils which seems remarkable as there must have been some overcrowding. The children sat in tiers around the main classroom and discipline was well maintained as there is little mention of corporal or other punishment. Large families were the order of the day and a lot of children came from Woodland. The school has always been co-educational and from 1876 pupils could leave once they got to Standard 5 or 10 to 11 years. This was stopped just before the First World War and from 1918 to 1939 the number of pupils dropped considerably when it ceased to cater for all ages and became a primary school.

Editor, December 1976

MY VILLAGE

The Council School stands next to the main entrance to the Church. Mr. Mole was the Headmaster and there was also an Assistant Teacher, while Mrs. W. Atwill was the Infant Teacher.

There were 120 children or more, some of whom came from neighbouring villages, having to walk up to three miles each way in all weathers. The Infant Room was partitioned off and the infants sat on seats on each side of the staircase. The older pupils sat in long, wooden desks with narrow shelves underneath to hold their books. Rain water was collected into tanks and this, the only water available, was used for washing. There were only earth closets. At Christmas the children held a concert at which carols were sung. Afterwards each child received a paper bag containing an apple, an orange, a bar of chocolate and a penny bun. The money for this was collected from the villagers. There was very little ground attached to the School Master's house and on washing days the girls' playground could not be used, for it acted as the drying ground for the Schoolmaster's wife's washing. During winter evenings, classes for woodwork, in the charge of Mr. Mole, were held for pupils who had left.

Each July a Flower Show was organised by Mr. Newman and a committee. This was a great day for the villagers and a marquee was hired and erected.

Vegetables and fruit, together with floral table arrangements were exhibited by the Parishioners. The school children would gather wild flowers; these were taken to the schoolroom the evening before to be arranged in a jam jar. The next day the children would take their arrangements to the show field to be judged later.

The Maypole dancers, trained by Mr. W. Field, would parade through the village, preceded by the Ashburton Town Band, the girls all dressed in white with bouquets of flowers, together with by the May Queen and her attendants. This was a great attraction,especially watching the dancers weaving the coloured ribbons around the Maypole. Sports were held and teas were served in another Marquee.

Boys used to wear a kind of Norfolk jacker with a cellulose collar which could be kept clean by sponging it. The girls wore frilly white aprons to keep their dresses clean. Most of the children wore hobnail boots and some of the girls wore high-legged button or laced boots.

Minnie Marks nee Glover, July 1983

GUESS WHO REMEMBERS?

The year was 1912 and a little girl* aged 3 years had just started her education at Broadhempston School, where she was taken by her three elder brothers, 12 years, 7 years and 5 years. The Headmaster was Mr. Charles Mole; there was an Assistant Teacher and the late Mr. Frank Atwill's mother was the Infant Teacher.

Her early memories were of being made to write with her right hand, although she was naturally left-handed, and also the discipline of those days, of how Mr. Mole used to walk up and down with a cane behind his back and woe betide anyone who was misbehaving.
In that year there must have been 120 odd

Mr. Will Field with the Maypole dancers

children attending, coming from Woodland, Torbryan, Ambrook, Fishacre, two or three from Landscove and Hemsford and all the outlying farms. All those who could not go home at midday carried a packed lunch and the question is – what did they wash it down with? There were a few, if any, thermos flasks, so perhaps it was bottles of cold tea or cold water from the tap. She remembers those from a long distance coming into school wet and forlorn and the teacher taking their wet clothes and placing them on the guard that surrounded the only source of heat, the tortoise stove.
By the age of 5 or 6 years, she had progressed to Standard One and the big room where the desks seated two pupils. The Standards were numbered up to seven and to go up a Standard depended on the progress the pupil had made. In addition, there was a top desk in each class, which provided the children with competition – regular exams during term time determined who would reach that coveted position.
The day started with religious instruction and grace was sung before and after the midday break. Subjects taught were arithmetic, history, geography and english. The girls did needlework when they became old enough and the boys carpentry. At one time, the school had a piece of allotment in a field adjoining the Staverton road. Playtimes only lasted about ten minutes.

She believes the school Managers had a rota, one member visiting the school once a month. An Inspector of Education had his regular visits, as did the late Canon Hall on religion, and the Attendance Inspector. Every Christmas each child was given an orange and a few nuts.

The maximum age for attending school was 14 years, but if a child had a promise of employment, he or she could leave at 13 years. And those children could attend the evening classes that Mr. Mole organised. Her older brother and sister both attended these classes and during this time the sister completed a lovely piece of oak woodcarving.

In 1923 Mr. Mole retired. Mrs. F. Ball was appointed as headmistress and our little girl, now 14 years, experienced only one term of her teaching.

In conclusion, it should be stated that at that time Broadhempston School had a very high reputation.

Recorded by her husband, November 1987

**This must be Doris Annie Ellis, born 6 November 1908, who in 1911 census was living with her parents Emmanuel and Emily Ellis, her older sister, also named Emily, and her three older brothers, Francis, Sidney and Arthur, at Kiln Cottages, Broadhempston. In 1930 she married Percival S. Braund.*

MEMORIES OF SCHOOLDAYS

Here are a few memories of mine during 1909 – 1921. I cannot remember my first day at school or much of the years spent in the Infants room. It always seemed a cosy room, especially in winter with a good fire in the open grate, which had been lit, along with the two tortoise stoves in the big room, before 8 o'clock each morning by a dear old widow, Mrs. Radford, who always had a smile.

We learned to count with the aid of a frame with rows of coloured beads on steel bars, about 20 beads in a row, almost a modern visual aid. Letters and short words were written on the blackboard for us to copy onto slates, and we modelled with plasticine.

Our lessons were more varied when we were promoted to Standard 1 and the big room. We sat in pairs, each desk having two lockers with seats which tilted back like cinema seats. The lockers held all our books for the term. School always started with a hymn and prayers. "New every

morning is the Love" was a favourite I remember, then followed a Scripture lesson. We read aloud almost daily, I think, each child reading a portion of the current book. We each had a copy of the book for the term, such as 'Coral island' or 'Children of the New Forest', and learning poetry was encouraged. These poems, recited from memory, would form part of the Christmas Concert. Lochinvar's 'Ode to a Skylark', and favourites of mine, 'Fidelity' and 'Barbara Frietchie' are a few.

Arithmetic was a daily lesson. Geography was taught with the aid of a large globe. A large map of the world was the only decoration on the walls which were always coloured pale green; this colour being the most restful to the eyes, the Master said. History was mainly British, and Nature Study was linked with drawing. We kept records of the date of picking the first Primrose or seeing the first Swallow, etc.

Sewing took place about three times a week. This I disliked, my stitches were always too large and I constantly had to unpick. How I wished I could have joined the boys at carpentry.

Enough about lessons, we had a play break about 11 am, girls and boys each in their own playground. Before going home for dinner, Grace was sung:

'Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee".

Empire Day, 24 May, was observed by the hoisting of the Union Jack by one of the senior boys and the singing of Rudyard Kipling's "Flag of Britain", ending with the last line that "God would bless our Motherland". We wore red, white and blue ribbon or flowers of red, white and blue.

Twice a year His Majesty's Inspector called and would question children at random. One hoped to be able to answer the question, if asked, as the Master would be standing by. An Attendance Officer called each week. There was a rota of Managers and one would visit the school each month to call the Register. A school doctor called and we were measured for height. War savings were encouraged and stamps sold at the school. At Christmas, as now, each child received a bag containing nuts, fruit and sweets.

M.A., February 1977*

**Sadly the author of this interesting piece has not given us her name. It is probably Marie Harvey French nee Atwill who was known as Mary; she married Sydney G. French in 1937 and they lived at Stoop Cottages. (Born 16 December 1905, died 1995)*

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL

Schooldays commenced for me after the end of the war, and although I can't remember my first day at school, I do have a very vivid memory of seeing my future classroom on an election day, when my parents took me with them to vote. At school I can remember crowding around the cast iron stove in the room for warmth in winter, or to dry our clothes after walking to school in wet weather (I lived about a mile from the school).

Mrs. Ball taught the older pupils – she lived in the school house opposite the school. We juniors seemed to have a succession of teachers, the only one I can remember was Miss Willing who lived at Tor Newton. At the end of the autumn term we all took part in the Nativity play and mums and dads came to watch us. I don't know how they managed sitting on our little chairs: it must have been very uncomfortable for them.

In January 1947 we had a blizzard which cut off the village for several days. I can still remember my dad fetching me from school in the early afternoon

Staverton C of E School classroom lessons. Miss Mary Rowan, Headmistress teaching the 14 pupils, March 1954

and walking home through the snow. I used to wear hobnail boots on my feet and walking home that day, the snow would build up on the soles of the boots and I grew taller as we walked along until the lumps used to drop off and the whole process started again. We were snowed in for sometime – no school, but no birthday party either, which was a big disappointment. Because tradesmen were unable to call on us, a group of men from the village walked to Ipplepen to collect the bread. The bread was hot from the baker's ovens and the loaves were carried home in sacks over the men's shoulders. The loaves were all sorts of funny shapes when they arrived back in the village. But I'm sure they were very welcome. My own family were all right for meat because for Christmas dad had butchered a pig and salted the meat down. It was kept in a large earthenware container which no doubt had a special name which I can't remember.

Mr. Bird used to be the Landlord of the Church House Inn (now called the Monk's Retreat). He used to own a small dog (probably a Jack Russell). After school, some boys used to play football in the Square, and I've lost count of the number of times Dickie Bird, (as we used to call him) sent his dog out to take the ball away from us. That used to be the dog's exercise: Dickie would stand in the pub doorway and throw one of our balls across the Square and the dog would retrieve it, whilst we all stood and watched. I don't remember being told off for playing football in the Square but the sudden appearance of Dickie Bird's dog soon stopped our fun and it was a race to save the ball. Sometimes we won, sometimes we didn't. Remember, this was in the days before we had a playing field. The other pub in the village was called the New Inn (owned by the Plymouth Brewery, I think) before it was changed to the Coppa Dolla.

The Reverend H.R. Evans was the Vicar, residing in the Vicarage, a large Victorian property with big

1. ??
2. Patricia Teague
3. Iris Fay
4. Angela Keys
5. ??
6. ??
7. Larry Teague
8. Jennifer Mugeridge
9. Venitia James
10. Thomas Mugeridge
11. Edward Putt
12. Trelawny Knapman
13. ??
14. Marylyne Jackman
15. Bridie Teague
16. Wendy Foale
17. Miss Richards

Staverton C of E School

gardens. One of the highlights of our year was the Village Fete, held on the vicarage lawns with sports and a free tea for all the village children. If it did happen to be wet, there always seemed to be enough outbuildings there to cater for the various stalls and keep things dry.

The village boasted several tradesmen, full time and part-time. Mr. Atwill blacksmith, Mr. Atwill the builder, Mr. Radford, who used to cut our hair on Sundays, and there were six farms within the confines of the village: Borough, Radfords, Manor, Lower Week, Ashwick and Wottons. Mr. and Mrs. Marks Sr. ran the village shop, and Mr. White at Wottons Farm delivered the milk. There wasn't a butcher in the village but Mr. Lang from Ipplepen used to deliver the meat on Fridays. I can also remember a fishmonger calling sometimes, with a motorbike and sidecar, but I don't know where he was from. Bread was delivered from Ipplepen (Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays) and also from Searles at Staverton. In Landscove, we had Hill's Cider, which provided local employment, and in Staverton there was Staverton Builders, who collected the workmen from the surrounding area in a covered lorry and brought them back each day.

In those early years I think I knew everyone who lived in the village. They certainly seemed to know who I was, and if I was ever tempted to misbehave, I knew Mum and Dad would soon hear of it and justice would be administered.

Clifford Rayment, May 2000

As well as school in the village, in my very young days, there were three Sunday schools – the Methodist Sunday school at the top of Brook Hill, the C of E Sunday school, which I believe was held in the Church Institute, and Salem Chapel just below Manor Croft run by the Plymouth Brethren. The Methodist Sunday school was the first one I attended and was the first one to close. I can't remember too much about attending Sunday school there but I think it was in the mornings in the Sunday school room as the morning service was being held in the Chapel. I can remember receiving a book for good attendance though, at the annual Sunday school anniversary. Snow features in my memories again (we used to have proper winters in my younger days). Walking to Chapel after an overnight fall of snow, when you were the first person to journey along the lane from home, and looking back to see yours were the only footprints, although in places you could see the tracks of a rabbit or bird that had been out at dawn. This happened on at least two occasions as far as I can remember. The snow was always so crisp and white but usually the sun had started to melt it by the time we made our way home from the Sunday service. I was always given a sixpence (2 1/2p) to put in the collection plate. Sometimes, if the preacher was there for the evening service as well, one of the congregation used to provide dinner for them. I can remember Mum doing this on a number of occasions. One of her favourites was Rev. Brian Greet. He christened my brother who was also called Brian. He often remarked afterwards that his initials were BAG and my brother's were BAR.

Our family had a long association with the Methodist Chapel; I'm sure my great-grandfather used to attend services there in the late 1800s and early 1900s, and although he is buried in the Churchyard, he gave away his daughter (my grandmother) at the Chapel when she got married. The organ there was operated by hand bellows, and as I got older, I used to sit by the organist and pump the bellows during the hymns. There was a weight on the plumbline that you had to keep between two lines on the organ and when the organist started to play lots of notes together or play very loudly, you had to pump a lot faster – the organist would hiss 'faster, faster' when the notes started to fade.

During the school summer holidays there was always a Sunday school outing to the beach by charabanc. One year we went to Buckland Beacon first, and we all walked up from the road to see the ten commandments carved on the granite rocks. The summer outing of 1948 was one I had to miss. There was a polio epidemic that year and Mr. Manning's younger brother caught it quite badly and had to wear a calliper on his leg. I also went down with it, but not so severely as some children. I was kept isolated in the spare bedroom at home and my young brother was not allowed to come and see me for several weeks. It was terribly painful and I used to take lots of aspirin for it.

Clifford Rayment, January 2001

BOARDING SCHOOL DAYS AT WOODLAND

Wickeridge House in Woodland was at one time a private boarding school. Jackie Jenkins (nee Maycock) went there as a boarder in 1948, when she was only five years old. She has written a long account of her extremely happy time there and this is a very short extract from it.

I don't remember my first day at St. Margaret's

School very clearly, except being taken there by 'Madam', who was my mother's employer. I went into a room with other children; we played together and that was that. No goodbyes, no tantrums, I was in. I wasn't to know what a mother was from then until I was nearly eleven years old. My mother was the servant I rarely saw, who lived in the servants' part of North Lew Manor, near Okehampton. Now that I went to school, I lived on Madam's side of the house.

St. Margaret's was a small boarding school possibly taking about thirty boarders, both boys and girls, and a few day pupils. It was run by two sisters, Miss Dorothy K. Snow and her sister, whom we knew only as Auntie Elsie. We had a number of different nurses and day teachers whilst I was there, who either lived in or came daily. Other ladies came in every day to help Aunty Elsie with cooking, cleaning and washing.
Miss Snow was our Headmistress and we loved her. She was a sturdily built lady with her hair pinned back – it was wispy, as if untameable. She wore a brown tweed skirt and jacket and sensible shoes. She was wonderfully patient, was an artist and a great lover of nature.

Auntie Elsie had dark, smooth hair done back in a tight bun. She was plumpish and wore loose fitting dresses. Her domain was the kitchen. She was mostly full of fun, but would stand no nonsense and woe betide you if she chased you out of the kitchen or caught you – she would twist your nose and it hurt. I'm sure that is why my nose is long, but we loved her anyway in spite of being a little afraid of her.

The school seemed large to me. You came upon it past a lodge house and down a winding drive which led to the gravelled area at the front of the school. The entrance was through a conservatory that always smelled of Geraniums, into a hall with a staircase on the right. In our schoolroom, in the Headmistress's sitting room and elsewhere, were glass display cases of birds. I'm afraid all this nature

Sisters Dorothy and Elsie Snow

around me was a great distraction to my learning, which I never found easy anyway. There were times when I had to stand behind the blackboard as a punishment – probably for not concentrating but I didn't mind as it meant I could get a better look at the birds in the cases. My school desk was near the french windows and I looked straight into the conservatory. The white paint was peeling with age and it was full of Ferns and plants, especially Geraniums. I would wonder at the colours in summer and could smell the Geraniums and the earthiness.

Miss Snow's study, a cosy room with a fire in the grate, was more like a library. Sometimes on a winter's evening we were invited in to listen to a battery radio. The battery was a big bulky thing that didn't last long and the radio crackled a lot. We had to be very quiet. On Coronation Day in 1952, we were listening to the ceremony when I

was ousted for coughing. It turned out that I had whooping cough and I was sent to the isolation room where there were already a few others. The other times you went into the sitting room was for a telling-off, a very private affair that no-one ever talked or asked about. It was a humbling experience, standing in front of Miss Snow's table with hands behind your back. She would talk very quietly and calmly, pointing out the errors of your ways. I don't remember ever being physically punished. Only once was anyone spanked and that was in the classroom. One of the boys went across Miss Snow's lap and was spanked on his bare bottom with a book. I remember the shock of it and feeling so sorry for him. I can't remember what he had done, but it must have been pretty awful for that punishment.

On cold days we were brought in a mug of cocoa half way through the morning's lessons. It was heaven for warming our hands for we all tended to suffer from chilblains. Mostly on dark evenings we did prep for an hour after tea. The older pupils did written work whilst the rest of us were taught to knit dishcloths or embroider fine lawn handkerchiefs, which I didn't like doing very much. This was meant to be a gift to take home for Christmas, but mine always seemed to get dirty.

We spent half of our time out of doors. Our nature studies were mostly done outside and we went for long walks. Miss Snow had a wonderful way of helping us to understand everything around us. It was all of interest from trees and grasses to insects and birdsong. Once on a walk a gamekeeper threatened to fire his gun at us. Miss Snow told us to keep very close to her and that there was nothing to be afraid of. We had every faith in her as they shouted back and forth at each other, while all the time we kept walking.

I was a boarder at St. Margaret's for five years from the age of five until nearly eleven, when I rejoined my mother who by then had moved to

Three sisters evacuated to St. Margaret's school in Wickeridge House in 1942

London. Looking back, it has made me realise what a wonderful learning experience Miss Snow and Auntie Elsie gave us – what freedom and what love of nature and of caring for each other. We had hugs and cuddles from both of them when the need arose, but on the whole, we were a contented lot and didn't miss home. I am sure I am not alone in my gratitude to the Misses Snow. I feel very blessed that they were such a big part of my life. St. Margaret's was a wonderful place and my happiest childhood memories were there.

The school eventually closed in 1957. Miss Snow died in 1980; her sister Elsie had predeceased her in 1979.

Jackie Jenkins, February 2006

BROADHEMPSTON, LANDSCOVE & BERRY POMEROY - PRIMARY SCHOOLS SUMMER CAMP

School camp this year was at Broadleas Farm, Haytor. Wonderful weather, a swimming pool, very late nights and a host of activities ensured the children had a marvellous time. (Sandy Guertin-Bryan said weakly that 7.30am – 11.30pm was a VERY long day!) Janet Marshall particularly enjoyed the spontaneous river activities of the last day. Dams were built, bridges constructed and Edward managed to construct a working lock, of which he was very proud. Although the bridges were all left intact, the dams were all 'busted' at the end of the day to allow water for the animals to flow.

At the Rare Breeds Farm, Bovey Tracey, Ro Murray

Douglas Cock in charge of Shooting Gallery

saw "lots of different kinds of animals like Jacob sheep, and goats and Gloucester Old Spot pigs. Then we went on a long walk and saw sheep and a bit of a goat's leg."

Sam Sharpe was well prepared for a day on the Moor: "it was very hot so we took lots of water. I liked the time when we had a paddle in the river. We saw a rock basin on the side of of Haytor Rock so we found out that Haytor Rocks have been turned over."

Sketching Haytor at sunset was an adventure and the journey back to camp exciting, especially "when Sam fell down a hole. It was really funny." (Poor Sam!)

Walking on Dartmoor can be such fun and the children particularly enjoyed eating 'Wortle Berries that Mr. Symons said we could eat.' However Marcus Ford had this to say about his day: "I went and put my foot in a bog and in a minute my leg began to hurt and I was hungry and I took two pictures and it was about five hours to get back." Sadly, Marcus was taken ill and had to return home on Wednesday (nothing to do with moor walking!) James Salt got lost looking for numbered clues in Yarner Wood but found his way back in time for lunch. Abby Murray particularly enjoyed the midnight feast, and three helpings of spaghetti bolognese, which everyone else thought was DISGUSTING. Nathan Carr had a great week and particularly liked the hot chocolate at bedtime.

Camp week is one of the high spots of the school year and many kind people work very hard to ensure it's success.

Anonymous (probably written by one of the teachers), August 1989

THURSDAY 12 JULY – SPORTS DAY

My first race was the 100m sprint. I did not have time to take my shoes off and I came third, but I beat Amy Loverock. My next race was the sack race. I was level with Amy all the way and I pipped her at the post. There were lots of other races, like the bean bag on the head for Infants, but they all cheated. They held them on. And there were races like the skipping races. Nathan thought he would win, but he came third and Rupert came first in the Egg and Spoon and Amy came second. When Mr. Edwards announced the winner, the microphone kept stopping and starting again. The Blues were in the lead all the time and Yellows were drawing with Reds, but the Reds kept ahead of the Yellows and closed on the Blues. Then it came to the last races. Years 3 and 4 200m and James Topham from Landscove won that. He was on my team, the Reds. Then it was the Year 6 400m and Marcus came first and beat Sally from Berry Pomeroy. Then it was my race, 400m. I was behind at the beginning, but I started to sprint and pipped Amy at the post again and came second, and James came first. Then in the end, Blues won and Reds came second and Yellows came third. Then we gave them the Cup and everybody went home.

Ro Murray's personal account of this year's Joint Sports Day with Landscove and Berry Pomeroy Schools, is but a taster of the wonderful day shared by our schools, and so well supported by everyone – right down to the last of the 40 lbs. of strawberries, picked specially by Juniors from Broadhempston and Berry Pomeroy schools that very morning!

Ro Murray, August 1990

Chapter 7
The Shop

MY VILLAGE

September 1906 was the month I arrived with my parents from Plymouth to live in Broadhempston. Mr. J. Palk the Landlord of the Church House Inn, met us at Staverton Station with his horse-drawn wagonette. The station was three miles from our village and as we drove along we were astonished to see so many orchards with rosy apples, several lying on the roadside.

Church Hill House, which was to be my home, was a shop and a dwelling. The previous occupant did not reside there. My father had to make several alterations, for there was no cooking facilities: mother had to try and cook a midday lunch on one of the upstairs grates, which, I understand, collapsed.... and Mother nearly in tears. Paraffin lamps were the only means of lighting, which seemed very poor after gas, and I did not appreciate going to bed by candlelight.

At the rear of our house was a large tank which collected rain water: this was used for washing.

Mr. Need's shop at 3 St. Josephs

Drinking water had to be fetched in cans from the pump half way down the hill.

Minnie Marks, July 1983

THE SHOP

For many it is still within living memory to recall the days when a village like Broadhempston supported half a dozen shops – it's own butcher, baker, candlestick maker. But now, in the face of 'progress' only one survives. The village shop and post office is more than just a place to buy stamps and stock up with last minute provisions, it is one of the major focal points of any village and is run by Gwen and Frank Marks.

Frank is still convinced of the need for the corner shop. "It is really a convenient store now as opposed to a village shop. There is a need for a shop in the village, but like the buses, unless people support it, then it will disappear", he warned. "However, as far as Broadhempston was concerned, there was no danger of that.", he added.

A typical day for the Marks begins with an alarm call at 5.30 am for the bakery delivery. Gwen pops back into bed for forty winks after the bread van has gone until 6.15am when it's time to pack the newspapers which are delivered from Newton Abbot. They distribute papers to about 130 houses in the vicinity before returning home for breakfast at 8 am.

As the bacon is sizzling, the shop is being opened by one of their four employees – Jennifer Lewis, Debbie White, Eileen Pittard or Marlene Beer – for the first customers, normally school children buying sweets or last minute bits for their cookery lesson or early morning birds on their way to work. For Gwen, her days are spent in the shop – "You get to hear the good news and the bad news" – while Frank is busy either buying wholesale, taking orders and delivering to Staverton or working under his District Councillor cap.

He is currently Vice-Chairman of Teignbridge District Council, Chairman of the Policy Committee and sits on all the other committees. His Parish Council experience dates back to his return from the war and he is now the oldest member. Interest in District Council work started in 1974 after council reorganisation was introduced. Instead of one representative for Broadhempston alone, the village was lumped together with Denbury and Ogwell to become Ambrook ward. "With all the changes, I felt it was essential that the representative should come from Broadhempston", he said. Certainly the village has reaped the benefits of his interest and enthusiasm. Without him the Village Hall might still be a tin hut, the playing field a figment of the imagination and the community tennis court, which was laid two years ago, no closer than Wimbledon is to Timbuktu.

He was the founder member of the Village Hall Committee which raised the money for the Church hall to be converted, and was Chairman of the Policy Committee at Teignbridge when the playing field and tennis court was acquired for the village through a sports council grant and a rural aid grant.

His own interest in sport – he used to play football for Dartington United and then Broadhempston United – is reflected in his membership of the Broadhempston Cricket Club and Football Club. While Frank has always been in the public eye, Gwen has kept behind the scenes. "I am just a housewife and look after the shop. I've never known anything else", she declared. Not many would agree with the choice of the word "just"!

M.S. , April 1984

Gwen and Frank Marks, with Marlene Beer on their left, the other unknown

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Pippins, Broadhempston

Dear Editors,

At the end of November an important event took place when, as we are all aware, our Village Shop and Post Office changed hands. I know I am speaking for many when I say how much Gwen and Frank were appreciated for the service they gave to the community. Where else would you find such helpfulness and personal attention as we have enjoyed over the years?

How lucky we are that two well-known and well respected local people are carrying on where the Marks left off. The Beers took over at just about the busiest time of the year but they coped cheerfully and bravely with all the Christmas orders and intricacies of oversees mail, as well as all the other bewildering Post Office business. One can still be sure of a friendly greeting and the helpful services we have become accustomed to. We welcome Marlene and Keith. We hope that everyone will support them in their new venture and we wish them great success.

Yours sincerely,

Elspeth and Edward Cavell, January 1986

FRANK MARKS 1922 – 1994

Frank Marks was a 'son' of Broadhempston and when he grew up he virtually became it's 'father' as well. Rarely these days does anyone become so closely identified with the village in which he lives. For many years Frank almost WAS Broadhempston - he knew all that went on; he

knew everyone; and he was involved in everything. Try to think of an organisation in which he did not play a positive part – well, there is the WI! He was stymied there. From his early days in the Scouts, he went on to join the Dramatic Society, the Choir, the Cricket Club, the Football Club, the Parish Council, the School Governors, the Village Hall Committee, the Gymkhana Committee, the Broadhempston Society – he was a member of them all and an organiser of most. I am also told that he was a nifty ballroom dancer, much in demand as a partner by the girls of the village. Then there were his 'outside' interests, notably his work with Teignbridge Council, where he was Chairman of the influential Policy Committee for several years and Chairman of the whole Council for two. It cannot be said that he was 'well known' at Buckingham Palace, but he and Gwen did go to two garden parties there, in recognition of his role in local government.

Of course, in his spare time Frank has to earn a living! His mother Minnie Glover, had come to Broadhempston at the age of eight, when in 1906 her parents took over the shop in Church Hill House. Eventually she and her husband Bill Marks ran it and Frank was born there in 1922. In due course, after war service in the RAF, it was Frank's turn to take over the shop and it was he who added the Post Office to it. In 1950, this very sensible fellow married Gwen Guy, daughter of the Dartington shop keeper, and immediately acquired experienced 'staff', although no doubt there were other considerations as well. Of Frank and Gwen's two children, David has carried on the family tradition of shop-keeping and Parish-Councilling, but this time in Ipplepen.

Frank and Gwen sold the shop in 1985 to Keith and Marlene Beer, and since retirement had been able to spend much more time out and about together. They became particularly active in their support of the Teignbridge Indoor Bowling Club, which Frank had been instrumental in establishing and which was his latest passion.

Now, unbelievably, Frank Marks has gone. And it will never be quite the same in Broadhempston again.

Editor, September 1994
This appreciation was compiled from information supplied by Ron Baker, Maurice Cock, Jennifer Lambe and others.

ALL CHANGE AT THE SHOP

In a sense, it was the end of an era when Keith and Marlene Beer left Broadhempston village shop in August (1995). They were given a little send-off party in the garden of the Coppa Dolla and were presented with an envelope stuffed with money to spend on their new house. All the villagers present expressed their appreciation of the friendly service they had received over the past eleven years.

Meanwhile, it is another Broadhempston couple who have bought the shop. Cathy Pratt is the daughter of Bill and Nance Nosworthy and was brought up at Manor Farm. Her husband Paul comes from Ipplepen, where his family had the garage near the 'Teapot'. With their two children, Dan (11) and Lisa (8) they have now moved to Church Hill House. Cathy's niece Shirley Lentern, will be helping out full time, so it's all in the family.

Paul and Cathy are excited about their new venture and their plans for the future range from erecting new shelving to stocking video tapes. So whether you are into hiring tapes or just for plain eating, drinking or posting letters, let's all hope the shop will be a great success in it's new hands.

Moira Mellor, February 1996

Marlene and Keith Beer and Gwen Marks on the right

A LOOMING CRISIS?

A big issue in Broadhempston at the moment is the future of the Village Shop. There has been concerned rumblings for some time, but matters came to a head on Sunday 9th April when there were no newspapers and the shop itself was closed.

Fortunately Caroline Wilson, foreseeing this situation, leapt into action and called a public meeting for Monday 10th. The Village Hall was overflowing with newspaperless and worried residents. Simon Sutcliffe chaired the meeting, which was addressed by David Hinchcliffe, Devon Field Officer of ViRSA (Village Retail and Services Association).

Caroline summarised the current situation – the Post Office will continue to run until the obligatory three months notice has expired; but the shop will not be re-stocked unless Paul Pratt receives a firm offer to purchase. Over the weekend (since the price for the shop and four bedroom living accommodation had been lowered to £159,950) there had been more interest from would-be buyers. Nevertheless, it was deemed prudent for some sort of a village rescue plan to be set up, ready for action if need be. In the recent past, the Shop, together with the Post Office, has been financially viable and has supported two full-time and two part-time staff. It was felt that, if a future marketing policy could offer fresh local produce as well as 'basic', custom would pick up again.

A lively discussion took place, during which Andrew White announced that he would be taking over the paper round with immediate effect. Finally, an ad hoc committee was appointed to examine the financial, legal and practical implications of a community buy-out. Members are, initially: Simon Sutcliffe, Caroline Wilson, Pam Perriman, Mike Dow, Jeremy James, Tony Mellor and Lesley Ford.

By the time you have read this, a lot more may have happened. But so far, so good....

Moira Mellor, May 2000

BROADHEMPSTON SHOP

A letter is being sent to all residents of Broadhempston. It is hoped that the desirability for a shop will appeal to the wider community. If you are willing to help, please contact the steering committee.

Editor, October 2000

BROADHEMPSTON VILLAGE SHOP AND POST OFFICE

The Steering Committee would like to thank all those who responded to the letter asking for pledges to set up a scheme to restore the village shop and post office.

In excess of £40,000 has been offered if an acceptable scheme can be arranged. Various possibilities are being considered including a 'partnership' with any prospective purchaser. Villagers will be kept informed if and when there is anything to report.

Editor, November 2000

OPEN ……

There has been great rejoicing in and around Broadhempston – at last our shop is open again. It has been a long hard struggle, but after six months of nerve racking negotiations, Kevin and Julia Jarvis have finally made it – the shop is theirs. And we are all delighted.

Moira Mellor, August 2001

Chapter 8
Wartime

BROADHEMPSTON IN WARTIME

When war broke out in 1939, I was ten years old and living in Sheen Road, Richmond. Opposite was a cul-de-sac and along the bottom ran the railway into Central London, which the German bombers followed. In 1940, I went to Kew Central School but my schooling was interrupted by air raids. In the four months I was there, we spent half our school life in the shelters and when we got home, we spent every night in the cellar with our neighbours.

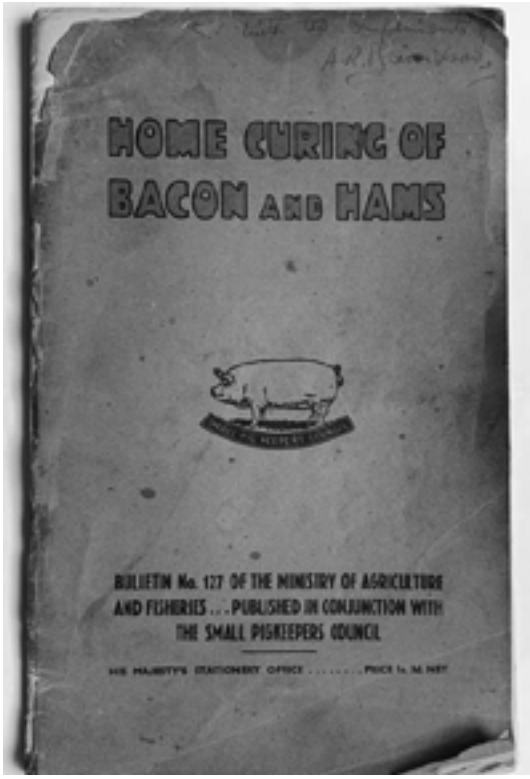
We tried to go to America, and had places to stay there, but ships were being torpedoed and we couldn't go. However, my foster mother, Auntie Vi, had a sister in Torbryan, so in 1941 she visited Devon and managed to rent 2 Coleman's Cottage in Broadhempston. She brought her niece and nephew and five other foster children. (Two had lost their home when a landmine hit it, just near to my home). I was the eldest.

The cottage had no electricity, a tap outside the back door, a toilet bucket at the top of the garden and we had to dig a hole to empty it. (We grew lovely nasturtiums). Auntie Vi had an allotment opposite the Church House Inn at Torbryan and we walked across the fields after school to meet her. Auntie had to cook on a double burners oil stove with an oven on top and a primus. The first time she lit it, the oil poured out and she ran and threw it out into the garden. Someone showed her how to use it after that. There were two bedrooms, so Auntie Vi slept on a wicker settee downstairs. No bathroom, of course, but a bungalow (tin) bath in front of the fire, and oil lamps.

Mr. Needs and his wife had a little shop up the road at 3 St.Joseph's, and Auntie sent me to buy some potatoes. "Six pounds teddies?", said Mrs. Needs. "No, potatoes". "Yes, teddies" – I had to learn the Devonshire dialect. I can't remember how long we were at Coleman's Cottage, but later we moved to 2 Churchills in the Square and life was easier.

At first I went to Ashburton School, then passed the exam to Highweek Girls School, where Southwark Central School from London had been evacuated. We had classes in a cloakroom and the gym and did typing, shorthand and French in another house. There were only two buses to Newton Abbot a week, so Auntie arranged a lift to Ipplepen with Mr. Reg Harris, and from there I caught a bus. At one time I travelled by milk lorry, calling on all the farms and reaching Newton Abbot just in time for school. Coming home I caught the bus to Ipplepen and walked from there in all weathers.

There was a searchlight and army personnel past the Methodist Chapel towards Greet's farm and one of our evacuees spent a lot of time there. Auntie asked him what he did and he said he went



to the pub for their cigarettes and washed their socks! Once, the boys were late home for dinner and came in with matches and cigarettes. They told Auntie that the Americans at Kingston House sent them, because the boys said their foster mother couldn't afford to smoke. They weren't allowed to go to Kingston again, but of course they did.

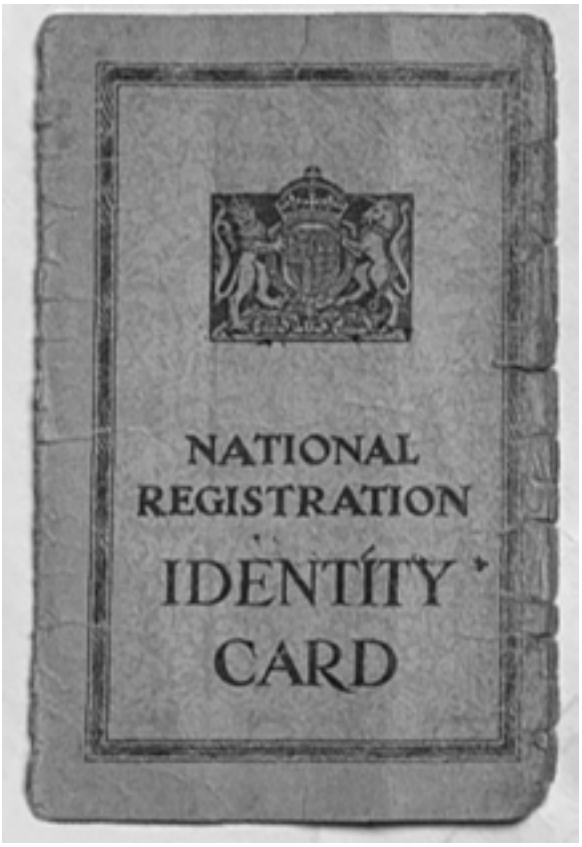
After a time, the evacuees went back to London, but I stayed in Broadhempston until my marriage in 1953, when we moved to Landscove for the next 47 years.

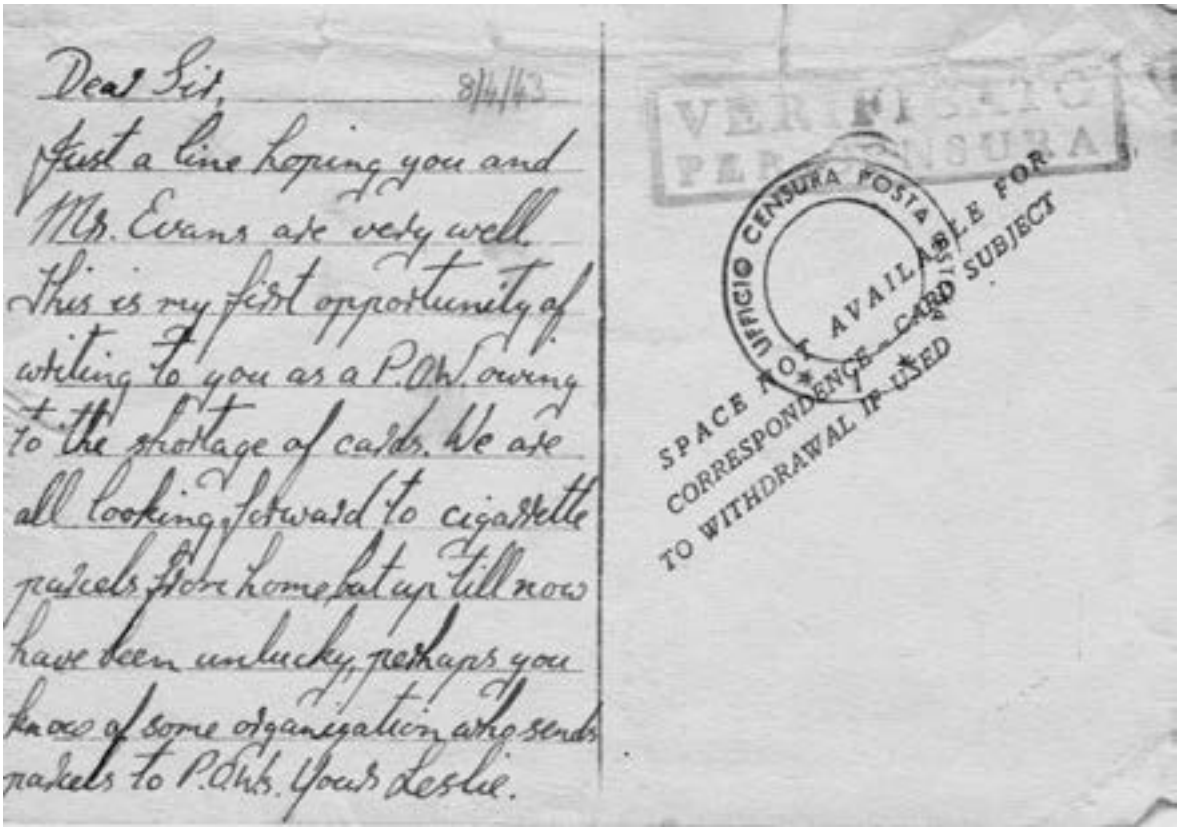
Jean Carpenter nee Gosling, April 2004

WAR TIME

I was born in January 1941, a war baby I suppose you'd call me. Dad worked on the land but was also a member of the Home Guard. I don't remember too much about the war, although I've been told that I used to run screaming in terror every time a plane flew over home. This was after German fighters shot at Ipplepen Church tower (that incident apparently first scared me). I can also remember being squashed under the stairs in the policeman's house in Houndhead with other people, including Mum, when Newton Abbot was bombed, although I have no idea why I was there and not at home.

Between home and village two Nissan huts were built in Mr. Cleave's field to house about a dozen soldiers who operated a searchlight at night. I used to like visiting them with Dad. Apparently they would provide Mum with the ingredients and she would bake cakes and apple tarts for them. We used to walk to the huts across the fields and cross the stream on the trunk of an oak tree that used to bridge the stream. Towards the end of the war and just after we used to see a lorry filled with German prisoners of war travelling the roads each





Postcard received by Rev. Evans in 1943, sent by Mr. Leslie Hamlyn

morning and evening, taking the captives to work in the area. I don't know where they were based. One day I met a 'prisoners' lorry as I was leading a carthorse with a cart full of mangolds down the hill from Waytown Cross. I know I stopped in fright as soon as the lorry came into view, the horse tried to stop as well but slipped up on it's rear between the shafts of the cart because the road was slippery. Quite frightening at the time but the horse, Beauty, soon regained her feet and I led her past the lorry.

Those early days were pre-electric days for us – oil lamps in the living room and candles for the bedrooms. After the war was over we upgraded to an Aladdin Lamp. This was a great improvement in brightness – one wondered how on earth we used to manage to see with the oil lamp. Electricity finally arrived in the mid-fifties.

Clifford Rayment, May 2000

PRISONER OF WAR

Mr. Leslie Hamlyn, who had been a prisoner of war in Italy, has, we regret to hear, been taken to Germany. After the capitulation of Italy, Mr. Hamlyn's many friends had been looking forward to seeing him. It is good to hear that he is cheerful and in good health.

Editor, January 1983

A WARTIME CHILDHOOD IN STAVERTON

My name is Pauline Jordan nee Cullen and when I was four years I was evacuated to Staverton along with many others. I was born in Ramsgate and in 1940 it was a very dangerous place to live.

I have been back to Staverton many times, but this year I was thrilled to visit the house where I was billeted. In those days it was called Mill House, now it is known as Town Mills.

Visiting Nelson House was a joy for us children. We helped harvest eating and cider apples in their very large orchards. The shop was the meeting place for the villagers and I can still smell the aroma of freshly baked bread. There were no luxuries in those days but Staverton village shop always seemed to have some home-made products which were shared between the local people.

We loved going to Totnes on Bulliver, the steam train. We used to walk from the Mill House, through the meadow and Staverton Builders' yard. It was such a treat.
In summer we played and swam in Still Pool, collected sticklebacks in jars and watched the salmon swimming. They seemed so big. We fished for eels in the leat with a bamboo cane and a bent pin. We used worms as bait, and had great success with this method.

In the Autumn, we were out early collecting mushrooms for breakfast. There were many evacuees at Mill House, mostly young children, so we had to help in whatever way we could. I later moved to Totnes and remember dancing in the streets on VE Day. Although I was only ten, I felt the relief and joy of that special time.

The years I spent in Staverton were some of the happiest in my life. The children who were evacuated to your lovely village were very lucky. We were greeted with kindness and love. We had hardships, of course, but we were fortunate to live in such a wonderful part of the country. Safe as you could possibly be in those dreadful times.

Pauline Jordan, November 1998

WARTIME MEMORIES

I was an evacuee in Broadhempston and for over twelve months, this was the most enjoyable period of my life. When evacuation from Plymouth was discussed, my parents had decided to keep me with them and we had gone through the blitz together. Lying in bed listening to the hum of the German bombers, getting up each night and going to the air-raid shelter, experiencing the bombing and the firing of a huge anti-aircraft gun nearby, then going on to school in the morning, became normal routine to me. At eleven years old, I cannot remember experiencing any stress, but my parents must have suffered.

After the blitz, when the offer of respite came from Capt. and Mrs. Tyler of Broadhempston, it was decided that my mother and I should go, and at week-ends my father would join us or we would return to Plymouth. A friend of Mrs. Tyler had recommended my father's widowed sister, her two children, my mother and myself to the Tylers. It proved to be a wonderful experience for me, a very sheltered only child, and I learnt many things.

The Tylers lived in a large house with an attractive separate annexe (now Hempston House) where the master of the house had once entertained his sporting guests. It consisted of a large 40ft. room, with a bathroom and six or seven bedrooms upstairs. Elm Park itself was a typical big, old house and had the usual servants rooms behind the hall door – scullery, boot hole, pantry and so on. When we first arrived, they still employed a gardener, maid and nanny, although these gradually disappeared. The gardener was called up, the maid died in suspicious circumstances in the local quarry, and nanny eventually left.

Capt. and Mrs. Tyler seemed very grand to us. Capt. Tyler had been a tea planter in Kenya. His first wife died, leaving him with five children. He had re-married and Thomas had been added to the family. Whilst we were there, Paul was born and after we

returned home, Catherine arrived.

Living in the annexe was a great adventure and we played with all the Tyler children when they were home from boarding school. The Tyler's policy was that pocket money had to be earned – a bit of a shock to us. However, there were many ways of earning quite a bit of money – helping with the weeding, killing white butterflies, picking the shoots off stored potatoes, finding eggs that were sometimes all over the orchard and, best of all, picking up cider apples – even those from which we had taken a bite.

My father joined us some week-ends, walking from Shinner's Bridge, Dartington and returning again late on Sunday night. At other times, my mother and I would go to Plymouth at the week-end. This meant getting up very early in order to catch the bus at Shinner's Bridge. In winter, this walk in both directions, would be in pitch darkness owing to the blackout. Apart from the twice weekly bus to Newton Abbot, we had to walk everywhere and it became essential to have a bicycle. This was my twelfth birthday present. Bikes were our salvation and journeys were taken and shared in a way not possible now. One person would ride for about a mile, leave the bike in the hedge and walk on. When the other person reached the bike, they would mount, ride on until they passed the other person, and so on to the end of the journey. Thanks to our bikes, swimming was possible in the river Dart at Staverton. There was a weir in the river and behind it a natural pool where we swam. With Mrs. Tyler's help, I learnt to swim in the cold fresh water. Many years later I returned to the area and the whole course of the river had changed. In fact, if it were not for the bridge and Staverton Station, I would not have believed it to be the same place.

School had to be attended and my cousin Mary and I were entitled to go to grammar school as we had both passed the scholarship exam. The nearest was Totnes, but there was no means of getting there. Ashburton Secondary School had a bus for the local village children, so it was decided that we should go there. Remembering the school bus still makes me smile. Mary and I were products of girls' grammar schools in Plymouth where we were taught to be 'ladies'. The children on the bus were village children and, more noticeably, London evacuees, East Enders and quite rowdy. Just imagine Mary and me, sitting there primly in our complete school uniform, which meant hats and gloves. Strangely, I can't remember any trouble.

I went to Ashburton school for two weeks and loved every minute of it. I learnt three useful things – laundering, smocking and how to climb a rope. But sadly the education authorities decided I should attend Newton Abbot grammar school. To get there meant a walk up the hill to a neighbour who took us by car to Ipplepen, where we caught the bus to Newton Abbot. The return journey was memorable. The Devon General bus returned us to Ipplepen, but that was three miles from Broadhempston, so Mary and I had to walk home every day. Petrol was rationed, so a car on that journey was very rare. Our only hope was on a Wednesday when a local farmer might pass by and give us a lift on the back of his lorry. However, the walk gave Mary and me a great love of nature and we learnt to recognise and look out for birds and plants as we went along. We were told to keep to the roads, but we did know one or two shortcuts across fields. The farm at Poole, round about half way, was a welcome sight, especially in Spring when, if we were lucky, we could bottle-feed a lamb. Surprisingly, they were not so cuddly as they looked, sticking their little legs straight out. Eventually we would reach the top of the village and would come down the hill into the main street; this was a long road, but at the end of it we turned up the hill into the village square, full of relief as we were just around the corner from home. Rainy days are still to be remembered. The first mile you got wet; the second you were drenched and by the third you were past caring. But mum was waiting at the end with a change of clothes and tea.

At the end of my school year 1942, raids on Plymouth had almost ceased and we decided to return home, leaving my aunt and cousins to stay on for some time.

Doreen Johnston, May 2004

AN EVACUEE RETURNS TO BROADHEMPSTON

A few weeks ago we had a most moving visit from an elderly, disabled lady who had been evacuated to Broadhempston more than sixty-five years ago and who had spent three happy years living in our house.

Pam Heaton came from a poor area of South-East London and she was just five years, when in June 1940 she was sent to Broadhempston. She could remember being in the Village Hall, wearing a red blazer, while the Vicar was in charge of distributing children to various families in the village. Pam was eventually allotted to the Burbury family who lived at Sneydhurst. It must have been an incredible change for her going to live in a six-bedroom house with, in those days, a live-in maid. Her bedroom was a little box room which has marvellous views over Dartmoor.

Because Pam was so young when she lived here, her memories of Sneydhurst were quite selective and sketchy. She remembered the large stone dog kennel built at the back of the house and the family's maid doing all the laundry in a large copper down in the cellar. She could also remember cider being made down in the cellar.

Evacuees from London, all brothers, named Gillett. The woman behind them is Chrissie French

Mr. Burbury was a distant figure whom she hardly remembered at all, but Mrs. Burbury was very kind and Pam was allowed to call her 'Aunty May'. Young as she was, Pam and the other evacuees realised that many village people did not like them, or want them in Broadhempston, so Pam felt very fortunate to be with Aunty May. She clearly enjoyed going to the village school and liked the local children.

Chatting to Pam now about wartime in Broadhempston, the thing which struck me most forcefully was the huge gulf that existed between the social classes at that time. Apparently, the day Pam arrived at Sneydhurst, Mrs. Burbury asked her if she liked strawberries and cream. Pam's reply - in broad cockney - was "not 'alf Mrs". She was then sent to have all her meals in the kitchen with Myrtle, the maid, until she learnt table manners and how to speak correctly. Only then was she allowed to eat with the family in the dining room.

The story had a rather sad ending. Pam never heard from her own mother throughout the three years that she lived at Sneydhurst. Mrs. Burbury obviously became very fond of Pam because in 1943, she tried to adopt her. Pam was immediately whisked back to her mother in London. There she rapidly had to unlearn her posh table manners and cease to 'talk proper' in order to avoid being bullied at school.

Nevertheless, for the whole of her life Pam has cherished wonderful memories of the halcyon three years which she spent in Broadhempston. So much so that her three daughters made a huge effort to bring her to Devon to find Sneydhurst while their mother was still fit enough to travel.

Ann Zealley, December 2008

Chapter 9
Ramblings and Curiosities

WISHING STONE AT BEESTON

I wonder if any of your readers can tell us anything about 'The Cock Crowing Stone' or 'Wishing Stone', as some children call it. For those who don't know it, it is the large round flat stone which used to lie at the entrance to the lane, on the left hand side halfway to Beeston. I was sorry to see that it had been moved and put up in the hedge. Many generations of children must have kept the tradition of walking three times round it and then wishing.

As it has long been a village landmark and reminder of times past, couldn't it be reinstated?

Jennifer Lambe, December 1978

WEDDING IN THE FAMILY

Please forgive me if I start by being rather personal. May I ask, are you feeling overweight? Have you put on a few pounds over Christmas? Perhaps you've thought of trying the Cambridge Diet, or the F Plan Beans and Bran, or the old faithful Weight Watchers? I've tried the lot, but the one that's worked best is a new one called the wedding in the Family Diet. The magic formula is not high protein, or low fat, but 'we'll have the reception at home and do it ourselves'. Magic!

But, to begin at the beginning. Our eldest daughter, Kate, was always one for the boys. After her first day at primary school she told me that she was in love, that he was called Matthew, he had WHITE hair – he was actually ash blond – and had a lovely loud voice. Even as young as five she knew what she liked in A Man.

When she was a little older, she'd a succession of delightful and some not so delightful, young men, who arrived and departed with such rapidity that I felt like employing a uniformed commissionaire, to open and close the front door while announcing, 'Those coming in on the right, those going out on the left'.

Then she met James and we endlessly heard James, James, James. We thought nothing of it, because we'd already heard Alan, Alan, Alan and Philip, Philip, Philip and John, John, John, et cetera in their turn ad nauseam. However, one evening, when Kate was away at college in Cheltenham, James phoned to ask if he could borrow a tile cutter. He called round after work to collect it and, while having a drink, the conversation took an unexpected turn. Something like, 'Thank you, Roger, for lending me your tile cutter and, by the way, while I'm here, please may I have permission to marry your daughter?'

It was something of a surprise, but Roger and I went into overdrive, so while he shook James's

hand unnecessarily hard, I hugged him a lot – and may even have shed the odd tear. Roger went out of the room, I thought perhaps to blow his nose with emotion, until I heard the unmistakeable sounds of my husband SEARCHING. He's a noisy searcher, mainly because he hopes that if he makes enough racket, I'll go and help him. Having experienced the daft places where my husband's secreted things, I stayed where I was and enjoyed my drink, while talking to James and savouring words like son-in-law.

The bumping and muttering reached a crescendo and then there was a yell of Eureka or something. And a dusty, cobwebby Roger appeared triumphantly brandishing a bottle of champagne that he'd been saving for an occasion, which this obviously was. I think it must have been the bubbly that brought the fatal words to my lips, because through a golden haze it seemed a lovely idea to have the reception at home and do it ourselves. The wedding date was 11th April 1987, so we had a year in which to plan it, which I actually found rather frustrating, because we couldn't there and then send out the invitations, or stuff the freezer with sausage rolls and I wanted to do something.

The first practical thing we did was to compile a guest list. Roger and I made one, Kate and James made one and his mother and father made one. Together they looked like the first section of the London telephone directory. We all blue pencilled and as we cut names and reduced numbers to a fairly manageable quantity, we realised that having a wedding is a foolproof way of losing friends and making lifelong enemies.

The next thing that we could sensibly get on with was Kate's dress, so the bride and bride's mother endlessly browsed round bridal shops to get ideas. Kate's twin, Vicky, was giving her the dress as her wedding present and had commissioned a theatrical designer friend to make it. Kate wanted to have a few ideas of her own, but our browsing only clarified what she didn't like. All the dresses we saw were overblown and looked like 1920s crinoline ladies that were popped over the telephone to hide it away – I can't think why. Kate is not only short and slim and she'd been swamped by these over-flowered, over-ribboned, over-flounced and over lacy monstrosities.
She met the designer and discussed style and materials and I tracked down a bridesmaid's dress in Laura Ashley that was the right colour green for a spring wedding. I then metaphorically held my breath until I could get all my chicks together for a few days at Christmas, to see if they liked what I'd chosen, and if it suited them all.

Eventually they arrived from their various outposts of the Empire; Caroline from St Andrew's very much JUST before Christmas because she was in her fourth year at University and had finals looming; Anna from Brighton, in her second year at University; and Vicky literally at the last moment on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. She was the icing on the cake, because she'd originally thought she'd only have two days off from the theatre – she works in the wardrobe of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin – and it was hardly worth the expense of flying home for such a short time. When she found she had longer, she and Kate and James plotted so that it would be a surprise for Roger and me. It was a lovely one, particularly as I was getting my knickers in a knot because Kate hadn't arrived home by mid-afternoon after putting James on the train to spend Christmas with his family. When she finally arrived, she forestalled all my Mother Hen clucking of, "I've been so worried", by saying that she'd been collecting my present from Bristol and I must go and look in the car NOW – and there was Vicky. With all my girls at home I was able to forget my worries a bit, so that Wedding in the Family Diet slipped, mostly with a thud on to my waist and hips!

After Christmas, my appetite disappeared magically when I found the designer was never in when I called and my frantic messages on her ansaphone were being ignored. Eventually I spoke

to her and she dropped her bombshell. She was so busy that she couldn't START Kate's dress until March. We contemplated Kate travelling up to London for fittings in the month leading up to the wedding and at the very thought I lost another half stone. Fortunately, Kate agreed that it was too risky, so we had to think again.

Luckily, a friend heard of our problem and offered a solution. Her daughter-in-law had had her wedding dress designed and made by another friend of Vicky's and she was willing to lend it to Kate, if it fitted and she liked it. I loved it – we ALL loved it. End of problem, until we tried the bridesmaids' dresses with it, when with one accord we all went YUK. Kate's dress was an unusual colour, a sort of creamy, apricot silk, which changed according to the light. The bridesmaids' dresses were a flat green and looked 'orrible.

My next move was to Laura Ashley in London where I would try to change the dresses for a different green, IF there was one. The night before I went I tossed and turned, wondering what I would do if they didn't have another green dress. I walked towards the dress department in the Regent Street store with my eyes shut. Then I opened one bloodshot orb to a slit. There, shimmering on a hanger, was a green taffeta shot with apricot. Perfect with Kate's dress.

The wedding was a long way off and then it was only a month away. Anna came home from University and she and I started cooking. The freezer filled with 300 sausage rolls, 400 meringue boxes of tiny savoury bites and crab and lobster cooked and dissected by Roger with devotion beyond the call of duty.

Anna iced the three tiers of the wedding cake, matching the tiny fondant roses to the exact colour of the flowers in Kate's bouquet and the finished effect was pretty and delicate.

I felt anything but pretty and extremely delicate.

For at least three months before the wedding, I woke every morning at 3.00 am and had a really substantial worry. There wouldn't be enough food/drink, there wouldn't be enough room in the house, people would be standing on each other's shoulders, it would pour with rain, our guests would be plastered with mud when they arrived and so on and so on boringly.

On 10th April it poured. It had poured on 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th April, so this was no novelty. We'd hoped to cut the grass in the churchyard, but it was too wet, so in the wedding photos we've all lost our legs and look like a row of plastic gnomes. The house was ready, the flowers were done, they'd had their rehearsal in Church and Kate had had a bad go of pre-wedding heeby-jeebies, fortunately vented on Stephen, who was actually marrying them.

Stephen Peters has known all our family since the children were very young, so a touch of Miller temperament was no novelty. Kate was ratty over Stephen's attention to detail, but this insistence on stage management, for want of a better word, was justified when the next day everything went without a hitch. (Stephen defused the atmosphere at the rehearsal by cueing the organist, my friend Dorothy, with the unlikely instruction to 'Hit it, Doll!')

On the day she played magnificently and the service was inspiring, not just for the young couple, but for all of us who'd been married for some time and needed to be reminded of our vows.

Sorry, I'm jumping ahead. On The Day, I woke at my usual time of 3.00 am and sneaked out of bed to check on the weather. It was dry which was a good start. As I snuggled down in bed, I suddenly felt, not terrified any more, but thrilled, excited, expectant – all good feelings and I wanted it all to start right then. From that moment on, I was happy all day. To everyone's astonishment, I didn't shed a single tear.

By 9 o'clock we could see it was going to be a fine day and a marvellous gang of willing helpers had arrived and formed a production line. My god-daughter and a cousin filled 300 vol au vents or vool ao vongs as a friend used to call them. We had butterers and spreaders of sandwiches and another cousin stood by with an electric carving knife, looking I may say like something from the chain saw massacre. She provided the finishing touch by slicing off the crusts, producing neat little isosceles triangles to warning cries of, "Timber!". The food was ready plated and trayed and cling filmed, the champagne chilling, and then it was time for me to bath and dress, and the car was waiting to take me to Church. I looked at the gorgeous bridesmaids, at my distinguished husband, immaculate for once, in morning dress (with socks that matched) and at the beautiful bride whose eyes were ready to swim, and even then I didn't bawl. I don't remember what I actually said, but it was something as matter of fact as possible, like, "See you in Church, old fruit".

After that my responsibilities were over. I'd promised my family that I wouldn't fuss or interfere at the reception, but would leave it to the team of Eileen Pitts, Ruby Smith and Carol Pitts who would be in charge, and I kept my word, and of course everything went beautifully without me.

Elizabeth Miller, January 1988

BROADHEMPSTON SLIDE SHOW

The first show of the Broadhempston Society was a great success and congratulations go to Moira Mellor and the Dartington Hall Archives on the slide show of old photos of the village shown in the Church.

We are indeed lucky to have someone like Moira who has spent hours and hours interviewing people, borrowing old photos, now recently taken off for slides, then putting it all together and writing up all the history and finishing up with a superb commentary! I was surprised and pleased that so many people enjoyed the Show, considering the fact that they were not living in the village when the photos were taken. I was particularly interested in the photo of the Atwills working on the Elm Park stonework. Years ago, I worked with the late Owen Atwill and heard all about how the Summer House and gate piers were built. It was primarily the idea of the then owner, Donald Morrison.

The grey limestone all had to be weathered and was gathered from Tor Newton and Torbryan and brought to Elm Park on wagons which had a layer of straw on the floor for protection. As viewers will see, no jointing can be seen and I have admired this work ever since. I cast eyes on it and consider that stonework of this nature is very rare indeed. This method apparently has been adopted in recent years as will be seen at Orleigh Road, Ipplepen, the difference being that it is done with any old stone and a long way from the same craftsmanship.

Percy Braund, March 1989

WOODLAND – BEATING THE BOUNDS

We all enjoyed a lovely day and beautiful views when 22 past and present villagers plus one from Exeter and one from Bovey Tracey walked the boundaries of Woodland. This event took place on Saturday, 14th October, and the walk began at the Rising Sun. It is only when participating in such an event that you realise the vast size of each Parish. The walk took place from 10.25 am to 4.00 pm, stopping for a short time at Purcombe Cross for lunch. This was kindly prepared by Tuppence Hanson and consisted of hot pasties and rolls filled with cold meat and salad, freshly made jam doughnuts and coffee (scrumptious!). The total

distance was 11.5 miles and the walkers varied in age from six years upwards.

From the Sun we headed north through Down Farms, up Coombe Hill and along Pitley Lane. We then touched Tor and Dipwell Farm top fields to Whistley Hill. Once at the top, we descended down the valley in front of Hoopers Hayes and crossed the River Hems to enter Purcombe Copse. At Purcombe Cross we decided to uphold tradition and bump a small boy on a stone. As no one volunteered, a stick was used instead. After a much appreciated lunch and rest we marched on along the Broadhempston road, tracking the boundaries through Levaton Farm and Tor Newton, bringing us out on to the Denbury Down Road. From here the remainder of the boundary travels along the road all the way back to the Sun.

I think it fair to say we were all glad to approach the finish line, a little bedraggled after a couple of showers but the satisfaction of the achievement outweighed it all.

Everyone who walked enjoyed this social as well as educational outing, so roll on 1996 when we can do it all again!!!

Anon, November 1989

EDITORIAL

I am writing this on top of a ladder, while scraping paint off a ceiling – and no, I've not secretly been doing a YTS, or whatever it's called now, with Billy Smart, as a trainee contortionist. I am, of course, writing it in my head. Anything to alleviate the jaw cracking boredom of the job. Buckyette Spring Cleaning has started, and I'm not enjoying it.

My negative feelings about this ritual go back a long way. My childhood memories of spring cleaning are of extreme discomfort, and a terrible, antiseptic, cold smell. Our house lost it's warm welcoming atmosphere, and became bare, chilly, denuded of curtains, carpets and rugs, furniture pushed into unnatural positions, and all unfamiliar and alien. My father, I remember, wandering around from room to room, vainly trying to find a spot where could smoke his pipe and read his newspaper in peace, with my normally even-tempered mother snapping at his heels like a Border Collie, until he was eventually driven into the garden, whence she perversely followed him, to envelop him in clouds of dust, as she bashed seven bells out of a rug, draped tent like over the washing line. My job was to clean all the brass, a hateful job, and even now I only need a whiff of Brasso, and my skin creeps at the memory of that horrible, dry, powdery feel to my hands. Looking back I know that all the misery and discomfort was unnecessary. My mother was an efficient housewife, who kept everything spotless and tidy, despite her untidy family.

I only spring clean because I have to. At this time of year we prepare for the start of the holiday season. We redecorate, this year three bedrooms, and we also have to move out of our bedrooms into cramped quarters at the back of the house. It's not too bad now, but when the children were young it was a mammoth task, which I tackled when they were all at school. Plastic sacks bulged with rubbish. If left to their own devices, they lovingly hoarded headless dolls, old comics, jigsaws with half the pieces missing, moth eaten jumpers, odd socks, and even party balloons partially deflated into unappetising wrinkliness.

I suppose I haven't explained why I'm standing on a ladder scraping the ceiling. Our ceilings have always been prone to skin problems. They began with infantile eczema, which was bearable, progressed to adolescent acne, which was more difficult, but now in maturity they have full blown psoriasis.

It all goes back to the days when ceilings were lime washed, and when painted over the lime wash causes blisters, blebs, stys, scabs, pimples and pustules to erupt alarmingly. The only remedy Is to remove every vestige of the old stuff, seal it, and then paper, and the result is a treat – as smooth as a baby's posterior, and worth all the effort. Worth all the effort, I say, but for us it's a necessary evil connected with our business. For most people spring cleaning is an archaic and needless ritual inherited from our mothers. It's 1991!

Housewives of the world unite! Strike a blow for freedom, for yourself, for your families. Metaphorically throw down your paint brushes, and like the Mole in 'The Wind in the Willows', cry, 'Blow Spring Cleaning'.

Elizabeth Miller, March 1991
The above militant cry does NOT apply to spring cleaning our Churches!

Chapter 10
Controversies

EDITORIAL

It has been estimated that rather less than 350,000 tons of eating apples are produced annually in the UK, yet the annual consumption is about 750,000. The deficit, a large one, means a big import bill from various countries, including South Africa, which at this time of year is exporting some very good apples indeed. The English apple growers have done well with 'Discovery' since the much publicised war of words with the French 'Golden Delicious' a year or two ago.

Editor, September 1982

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

After reading the item on South African apples in the Parish News, I read an article in the Guardian newspaper about the proposed new Pass Laws in South Africa.

These laws would restrict the movement of black people very greatly and allow them into so-called white areas only to work. The white area compromise three quarters of the country, allowing the black people a quarter of the country, on so-called homelands, in which to have any sort of freedom.

This seems very unjust, as the black people make up well over half of the population of South Africa. I think the people of this country should not support, in any way, the government of South Africa' s racially oppressive policies.

Yours sincerely,

S.B. Sutcliffe, October 1982
Knowle Linney, Broadhempston

RETURN FROM THE FALKLANDS

Thursday 17 September 1982. What a day to remember. Glorious sunshine, bright blue skies and huge crowds of happy, cheering, flag waving relatives and friends greeted HMS Invincible as she came home to Portsmouth from the Falklands Campaign. The Queen and Prince Philip were there to greet their son, Prince Andrew, then to walk about and talk to those assembled on the quayside. As the Royal party got toward the end of their thousand yard long 'walk about', the crew of the mighty ship streamed down the three gangways and so began the hundreds of happy reunions. It was smiles, laughter and some tears, perhaps, but mostly relief for the safe return of loved ones. What a wonderful change it was to

see all this spontaneous delight with not a picket, protester or striker in sight. This was England at it's happiest, greeting it's heroes after a difficult campaign. Thank God so many returned safely.

Rule Britannia and God Save the Queen.

Anon, October 1982

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editors,

I am not one who easily writes letters to the press, but the last seven words in your article on the Falklands has provoked me to state another point of view.

I have no quarrel with Saving the Queen, along with the rest of mankind, but I do not want Britannia to rule – or any other country.

What I want is co-operation and understanding of the East/West and North/South's problems. For unless man recognises the ecological problems he faces – pollution, over consumption of fossil fuels, worldwide poverty – and works together to solve them, there will be no place to rule. They are the real problems, humanity's problems. Not our national ones. There is only one earth.

Do people realise that worldwide military spending now totals almost one billion a day. Yet UNICEF, working in 12 countries, had only a total of 171 million pounds in 1981 – the equivalent to four hours ten minutes military spending.

Think for a moment what this could do if channelled into international bodies, (UNICEF, UN Environment Programme, War on Want, World Health Organisation and many others) who are already tackling these problems jointly, but need money desperately.

So, when I read in the Parish News, 'Rule Britannia – God save the Queen' oh, I am saddened. For these are divisive sentiments, not ones to bridge the great divides of nationalism.

Yours sincerely,

Helga Forrester, December 1982

A COUNTRY TALE

It was during those few surprising days of snow and pale sunshine earlier in the year, that we first saw the hare. The field was gloriously, eye-hurtingly bright, and the unaccustomed whiteness blanketed Staverton, nestling in the valley. Across the river, the dark patch that is North Wood was brought into stark relief. Relishing treading the virgin snow, appreciating the silence the snowy landscape offered, we spoke little, my family and I. It was enough to be there.

Suddenly, creating a small flurry, the hare, which must have been crouching near us, hurtled away. Over the white, clean contours of the field she bounded, and I thought that moments like this stay with us – the beauty, the freedom and grace of this creature speeding over the pristine whiteness into the sunshine.

Conscious of our plodding slowness, we followed the prints of this will o' the wisp, until they led under the gate and into the lane. We laughed: "Make sure you stay in this field, little hare, for here you are safe from hunters and hounds."

During summer months, our ponies enjoyed the field, standing together at the highest point, and swishing tails in mutual effort to gain relief from heat and flies. We visited them several times a day, and often the hare was there, sometimes just feeding close to the ponies, sometimes with a companion. As the months passed, we fancied that

Badger Cull

their dashes were less frantic. Were they getting used to our presence? Were they beginning to trust us? Probably not, but our fancy liked to make us think so.

Autumn came, the ponies were moved to more sheltered surroundings down the valley, but I still came to the field for the pleasure of seeing the hare now and again. She seemed to be solitary once more, her summer companion had perhaps moved to other pastures.

Time past. Working outside, I heard the herald of confusion and death – the hunting horn. I drove to the field, worried. Not our field, they have no permission, they can't, she'll be all right. Hounds, hunters, followers, noises. Death.

Dear hare, I failed you. They tell me they flushed you out of your favourite place in our field, near the little copse, where you so often fed in the early morning. I saw the hounds in the next field, and sickened, turned for home. Did they have good sport with you? Did you last up to 90 minutes and more, for that's what makes a good hunt? Did the 35 hounds, bred for stamina and not speed, gradually wear you down? Did you 'scream like a child in pain'? Did you give pleasure to the hunters, and the followers who watched with field glasses, the better to see your agonies.

Seven hares were hounded that day, I'm told, and one killed. It doesn't matter in this final count, if it was you or one of your gentle kind. Hares that escape the savagery may die later, from sheer shock and terror.

Hunters and followers, when next you sing:

> 'All things bright and beautiful,
> All creatures great and small...'

For some of you, do ponder this: you cannot begin to know the grief you have brought to our home, and to the homes of others in this community. A gentle parishioner, distressed by her accidental

sighting of the hunt at it's grisly work, said, "Why do they do this? For us, it is a great joy and a privilege just to see a hare."

I don't know why you do it, but may your God forgive you, for I never will.

Suzanne Reeves, December 1994

FOX HUNTING

Over the last few weeks, whilst trying to harvest potatoes, I have been distracted by a large number of letters and telephone calls protesting that the fox hunt have been allowed on the land at Riverford.

This is not a debate which I enter into willingly. There are many other issues concerning both cruelty to animals and the environment which I find more worthy of the lobbying public's attention. A campaign has been orchestrated to put pressure on my family to ban hunting, and as I am aware that a large number of my customers have strong views on the subject, I now feel obliged to express my views.

I would not defend fox hunting on the basis that it is an effective means of controlling the fox population. It obviously is not. In my view, the only argument for fox hunting is that a considerable number of people choose to do it and that for many of them it is a large part of their life. Before you can reasonably ban them from doing it, there must be strong rational arguments for doing so.

The letters I have received, cite the following arguments, to which I offer my replies:

'It causes suffering to animals.' This is undoubtedly true but so do many activities which are widely condoned such as keeping domestic cats, factory farming and driving cars. The suffering caused by other human activities such as these, is on a much higher scale. Many cats account for more deaths and torture in a week than a pack of hounds would in a season.

'It damages the environment.' Yes again, but the damage is minimal and many hunting people are active in conserving covers etc.

'It is unnecessary.' The old sheep/lamb argument is fairly weak. Outdoor pig and free-range poultry keepers, however, fight a constant battle against foxes. These are presumably farming systems that animal rights campaigners would like to encourage. We tried a small-scale poultry experiment to see if we could produce free range eggs for the boxes. The fox had the lot. However, as the hunt actually catch so few foxes, the question is largely irrelevant.

In short, I do not find the arguments convincing. Anyone who keeps a cat, eats meat, uses leather, in their house, drives a car, poisons rats and mice in their house... one could go on, has no business telling others that they cannot hunt foxes. It is my feeling that what people really object to is the idea that people do it for sport and that it provides one of the strongest images of the remains of a repugnant class system. This is an emotional rather than a rational argument: it makes no difference to the fox. To form policies based on class prejudice and emotional judgements is a dangerous precedent (it lead to China's Cultural Revolution). As far as possible, people should be allowed to do what they like. For me, there is an issue of liberty at stake here which outweighs all arguments against hunting.

If you see yourself as an 'anti', as I did until quite recently, I ask you to question yourself: 'Is your argument considered and rational?' Intolerance, even of people who make a sport of killing, is a bad thing in society.

So what has this got to do with growing

vegetables, some of you may be asking. Not a lot, I would say. However, some of the letters have suggested that allowing the hunt over our land is inconsistent with the organic principle. I refute and resent this suggestion, which is rather like suggesting having long hair is inconsistent with voting conservative.

Guy Watson, November 1995

This article about fox hunting stimulated 13 responses, four of which are included below.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Parish News,

I read Guy Watson's succinct and seductive article on fox hunting with interest.
Intolerance and curtailment of individual freedom are certainly important issues and ones that we would all do well to heed. But is 'intolerance, even of people who make a sport of killing' such a bad thing? Surely killing for pleasure (presumably sport is partaken of for pleasure) cannot be applauded, nor even tolerated. Should we 'tolerate' the traditional sports of bear baiting or cock fighting? If all life is considered sacred, then if we must kill to eat, let it not be done for pleasure, but of necessity. It is presumably this sentiment that motivates many people to buy organic and free-range meats from Guy's brother's shop, Riverford Farm Foods.

Nor is the buying of organic vegetables as disconnected from the fox hunting issue as Guy would have us believe. There are many reasons why people choose to buy locally grown organic vegetables, but surely the underlying reason must be concern and respect for our natural environment? If Guy can allow fox hunting on his farm, then why not also desecrate it with chemicals? What, I wonder, motivates Guy to follow organic principles?

Anna Lunk, West Park, Staverton, December 1995

The hunt at Wickeridge Farm

PS. Am I not right in thinking that Riverford Farm is rented from the Church Commissioners, who should themselves be taking a moral stance on this issue?

GOD BLESS THE FOX

Dear Editor,

Many years ago, I was driving along a lane in Hampshire, on the way back from school with five children all under the age of 10 years. The hunt was active and suddenly the fox appeared through the hedge and barred my way, forcing me to stop. It was exhausted to the point where it was staggering on it's legs and could hardly stand and the look of fear on it's face will haunt me forever. We were deeply moved by this experience: the children in tears and myself feeling rage and the injustice of it all.

There is a quality sadly lacking in society today and that is compassion. Those who condone and perpetuate the exploitation and torture of humans and animals not only lack compassion, they are dead inside; they have not even reached the lowest rung on the ladder of spiritual awareness. In fact, they are totally unevolved. However, I believe in divine justice and they will reap what they sow.

May I remind you of the fox's secret in 'The Little Prince':

'It is only with the heart that one can see rightly,
What is essential is invisible to the eye'.

Yours faithfully,

Carol M. Elliott, Staverton, January 1996

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Many comments have been made in the recent fox debate. May I, as a retired poultry farmer and breeder of exotic water fowl, put another point forward.

The fox is a nasty vicious killer, who kills for the pleasure of it as well as for food. Many is the time that I and other poultry keepers have had the terrible task of picking up headless bodies and severely injured and shocked birds. Many country children, my own son included, have been given a few chicks as their own to raise and to be able to earn some pocket money. When the fox strikes, they are absolutely devastated and suffer for many weeks to come.

The countryside is not a friendly place as many would like to think. Foxes kill rabbits, as do stoats and weasels: hawks kill small birds, and badgers will also kill poultry and rabbits if they get the chance.

There is now a new threat from the fox. We are joined to the rest of Europe by a tunnel and despite 'assurances' from 'experts' that it is 'foolproof', we only need one fox with rabies germs to outwit them, to have that horrible disease abroad in our country.

No, I am totally anti-fox.

R. Dynely Parkin

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

It was surprising that in the November magazine you should have printed the opinions

of two people who were so obviously prejudiced against the traditions of the English countryside which have endured for centuries. Without redress to their opinions, and I beg to put the case 'for the other side' and try to restore the balance on a doubtlessly emotive subject.

Fox hunting has certainly stood the test of time and has been part of the history and culture of the English countryside for many generations. So who has the right to destroy part of my beloved country and it's centuries old traditions? The modern idiom is to shoot down anything that has the tag of 'establishment' and replace it with a nebulous and puerile nothingness that has no substance or purpose save but to 'appeal' to those who seek to destroy the 'decent' England we once all knew.

Today's England is crime and drug-ridden as never before, and it's statutes have been progressively destroyed as part of the scheme of things. But such evil has not yet won the day for fortunately there are still those of us who remember and love the many Colours of Life that made our country a Rembrandt among all 'pictures' and we will fight on to retain the sense of purpose that our forbears brought about, and stay with the many traditional splendours that really have made our country unique among nations.

Long live fox hunting and all that it stands for in this Merrie and Precious England.

Yours sincerely,

John F. Prescott-Day, Broadhempston, January 1996

Chapter 11
Water

THOUGHTS IN A DRY CLIMATE

It seems timely, on days of blistering heat and continuous drought, to remember our village wells and one worthy of interest here is the Vicarage Well. This little edifice, now sadly overgrown and probably tumbledown, stands in a dip behind a low wall on the right hand side of the Red Post road, just before Well Meadow Gate. Steps used to lead down to it through a small doorway. It is the property of the Church and water was once used from it for Holy Baptism in the Church. Time was, before the mains water came to Broadhempston and other wells in the village ran dry, when residents used a water cart to fetch water from this well, which was never known to run dry. There are many of these little wells all over our countryside, some known as 'holy wells' such as those at St. Neot and at Holywell Bay in Cornwall. Would our conservationists be interested in restoring our Vicarage Well to it's former condition?

Mrs. Sampson, August 1976

We feel sure that these comments will be of interest to a considerable number of people and we are grateful to Mrs. Sampson for drawing attention to it. Perhaps the Parish Council can discuss the possibility of clearing the site of undergrowth, etc. prior to mounting a full scale rescue operation.

WATER PROBLEMS

Reading recently a letter in the Western Morning News from a correspondent deploring the fact that the South West Water Board had not reinstated the village of Black Torrington's own water supply, reminded me of farmer Fred White, who was at Wottons Farm for many years before handing over to his son, Ken. Fred was as good a water diviner as anyone could find and long before the village had mains water, he had told the Parish Council that deep down there was enough water on Rowdens to supply the village (perhaps remembering that water was not used so extravagantly as it is today). This generous offer was turned down by the Council but Fred's discovery was confirmed during this last long hot summer when Mrs Shears brought in a water diviner in an effort to augment the supply at Ambrook. During the course of his investigations he must have passed over this same spot and his comment was that "deep down, probably a hundred feet, there were thousands of gallons of water".

When a start was being made on the building of Clouds and workmen were wondering where to start digging to uncover the water main, Fred, who was working at Grey Gables then, and on his way home to breakfast, quickly saw that he could give valuable help, and so he turned up with his old gramophone spring and within a few

minutes, holding it similarly to the hazel twig, he had pointed to the spot and also volunteered the depth and in both instances was spot on. A fine man was Fred.

P.B., December 1976

PIP - PERAMBULATIONS IN THE PARISH, A WELL WALK (or WELL, WELL, WELL.....)

On a clear Tuesday evening, the 25th May, about 25 of us, guided by Peter Mitchelmore, visited a few of the many wells within the Parish. Having always been drawn to peering down old musty well shafts and wondering about how life was before water was piped into our homes, it was a stimulating and enjoyable exploration.

We found many different well shafts, often finished off with bricks at the top of the shaft. Many were low due to lack of rain at that time, and although most of the wells had been used for drinking water at some time in the past, we didn't actually sample any of them. There were also wells used for storing butter (and probably other perishable goods). These butterwells are often situated within an existing stone wall with a stream running through, or bubbling up nearby, and often were in some quite remote places.

One such butterwell can be found at Pennywell. Those of us familiar with the Green Lanes of the Parish were amazed to be taken through thick undergrowth into a previously unknown walkway with no evidence of human life having attempted it for many years. Eventually we found our butterwell, hidden away, still intact, although the houses it had served were long gone.

Another favourite of mine was the butterwell at Landscove House. A fair trek from the house, down a precariously steep meadow and surrounded by boggy ground lies this perfectly preserved old butterwell, with an intact slate shelf. As the story goes, the maid would have to fetch the butter and then return it after every meal, regardless of the weather. A fair way to keep fit, we thought.

The high point for many of us was the final stop at Baddaford. By kind invitation of the Hickman family we were treated not only to refreshments, but also to a splendid garden that quite outshone the well and the butterwell situated in the stone wall. In the fading light, a stunning blue Meconopsis poppy against a huge backdrop of Arum Lilies amidst the rocks and running water, with supper just moments away, perfectly encapsulated a very enjoyable evening indeed.

Maggie Rosier, July 1999

Chapter 12
Women's Institute

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE, 1986

A music evening arranged by the committee and held on April 17, was a great success. Ten members and husbands were present and we must thank Mr. & Mrs. Bradburn for their hospitality, and for providing an excellent programme of classical music from their collection of records.

We have had another Coffee Morning, and this time 45 pounds was raised and sent to the Rowcroft Hospice, Torquay. Thank you to Mrs. Matthews and all who supported her.

At the May meeting we had to consider the resolutions, which are being put forward at the AGM at the Royal Albert Hall in June. We had a lively discussion on the topical subject of AIDS, children with dyslexia, and punishment for child abuse.

We are again having a Produce Stall at the Broadhempston Village Fete on June 7. Donations of plants of any type, vegetables, fruits, jams, chutneys and cakes etc. will be most welcome.

Our next meeting is on Thursday June 12 when Mrs. Brown will help us to achieve a professional look with our dress-making.

Penny Gale, June 1986

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE, 1988

Our President, Gussie Maker, welcomed us all to this first meeting of the year. How delighted we were to have some new members and some younger mums, too, who came as visitors and whom we hope will join us – how well behaved the baby was!

Dr. Fry entertained us with her experience as a country GP. Some of you will remember her as the doctor who looked after Broadhempston during the war. She came to this area as a locum in 1936 and retired in 1967.

She told us of many amusing occassions travelling through our narrow lanes in the blackout, with dim car lights, and in the snow, often on foot; of her eccentric patients! Of the encounters with a ewe which had been taught to box by some evacuees; and even of the times when she had to deal with animals when a vet was unobtainable.

Our next meeting will be on 11 February in the Village Hall at 2.30 pm and the speaker will be Mr. Dan Harvey on growing vegetables.

Bobby Parkin, February 1988

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE, 1989

Our vice-president, Edna Dow, took the meeting as Gussie Maker was away for her second grandchild's christening.

The four resolutions that are to be debated and put to the AGM in London, were very clearly explained to us by different members of our institute. After much discussion it was decided how our delgate should vote on behalf of our institute.

The Resolutions concern:

The possibility of stricter control on the importation, treatment and disposal of toxic waste material.

The possible legislation for compulsory DNA testing in those areas where a violent crime has been committed.
The awareness of osteoporosis (brittle bones) and the improvement of treatment for those at risk.

Deforestation and the need to halt ecological imbalance of the planet.

Great news! At the Group Meeting in Totnes on 18 April our WI won the Cup again. The competition involved pâté and confectionary making, and a flower arrangement. Congratulations to those who took part.

B.J.P, June 1989

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE, 1989

A very special meeting on 13 June – a birthday celebration! 50 years ago Broadhempston WI was founded.

The Village Hall looked really festive and welcoming to our distinguished guests. Our thanks to those who arranged the flowers and made the posies.

We were very honoured to have with us our County Chairman, Mrs. Betty Aust, and our County Secretary, Miss Joy Manning, and especially fortunate that four founder members were able to come, namely: Mrs. Marie Atwill, and her sister, Mrs. Eva Mogridge, Mrs. Celia Palk and Mrs. Kay Pearce; plus Mrs. Jenny Lamb and Mrs. Loveday Yelf, both former Presidents, whose mothers, Mrs. Sutcliffe and Mrs. Burberry are founder members. No less important were representatives from all the other institutes in our group. Our thanks for coming.

Sadly, Mrs. Doris Braund was not with us. She is another founder member and we think of her especially at this sad time.

Our President, Gussi Maker, welcomed everyone and was presented with a posy as a birthday gift (her own birthday!). The flowers were blue and yellow, the colours of her national Swedish flag.

A most delicious tea was provided by our members. The very decorative cake was made and donated by Mr. And Mrs. Lentern, in honour of Mrs. Lentern Senior, a founder member. A grateful thanks to them both.

After tea we were entertained by Loveday Yelf who read extracts from the original Minutes book, the first entry having been signed by her mother. Mrs. Kellocks of Crickets had been a member of the WI in New Zealand and it was she who gathered everyone together and founded this institute on 11 May 1939. There were 39 members, described as 'young and energetic'! This they needed to be, because during the war they were involved in the following:

The starting of a Jam Centre at the Village Hall. For this they could buy sugar for 37/- per hundredweight. Each ounce had to be accounted

for! It was sold to the Ministry of Food, Christmas presents to members of the Forces and some to the Village Shop. It was made under difficulties, due to lack of facilities at the Hall, though water had been laid on – this was a great achievement.

The knitting of 'comforts' for the troops. Ida Davis' mum was the best knitter, though Mrs. Pearce won the prize for the best darn to a woollen sock.

The sending of primroses to Plymouth Hospitals. 'The post was too slow and unreliable to send to London hospitals.'

The making of 150 garments for the Plymouth bombed victims.

The sending of hampers to minesweepers.

Christmas presents to members of the Forces. For this, 12 pounds was made at a whist drive.

Parcels to Prisoners of War, through the Red Cross.

A competition to grow the most potatoes from a single seed. Result: 17 lbs. sent to Newton Abbot Hospital.

In 1946, a link was formed with a WI in New Zealand, at Bucklands Beach, Auckland. They kindly sent our WI a food parcel: the dried fruit was especially welcomed. As a gift to them, an embroidered tablecloth and a patchwork apron were sent, together with a photograph of the members. After seeing this photo and how well fed everyone looked – no more food parcels from New Zealand.

Jenny Lamb assured us that the WI was not all hard work, as this list may imply. In fact, a 'Keep Fit' was started, though soon abandoned. She also gave a dramatic account of the Hall as it was then, with it's leaky tin roof. How thankful we should all be for our present hall.

The new curtains were up for the first time. Grateful thanks to Gussi Maker, Edna Dow and Tina Hart for making them and especially to Col. Hart for cutting them all out. What a gifted husband!

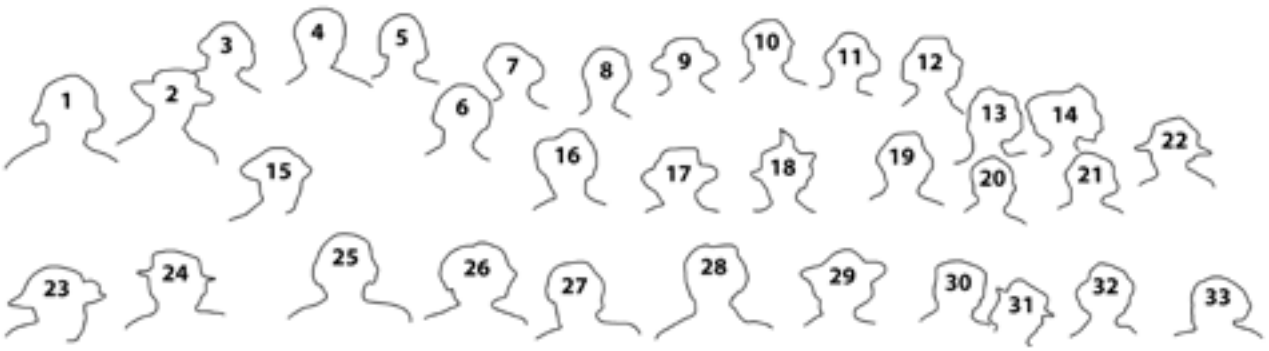
Jenny Lamb also told us of the fight by the WI to procure allotments for the village. Some are vacant now – any offers?

Loveday and Jenny were thanked for giving us all this nostalgia, and history by Miss Joy Manning.

We then all enjoyed the cake, ably cut by Marie Atwill, who was presented with a basket of flowers, and drank a toast of the WI with sparkling wine. 'A real booze-up' as our husbands would say. In fact, Mr. Frank Atwill always called the members 'the wild Indians'.

In honour of this occasion, a tree will be planted in the churchyard in the autumn, when the weather will be more suitable.

Bobby Parkin, July 1989



1. Mrs Chrissy Lenton
2. Mrs M Smith
3. Mrs Brendon
4. Cherry Friend?
5. Mrs Doris Braund
6. Miss Flora Pearse
7. Mrs Minnie Marks
8. ??
9. Nurse Saunders
10. Mrs Wills
11. Miss Potter
12. Mrs Eva Mogridge
13. Mrs Loveday Yelf
14. Mrs May Pearse
15. Miss Vosper
16. Miss Dorothy Evans
17. Mrs Jackson
18. Mrs Clara Coombes
19. Mrs Bampton
20. Mrs Watson
21. Mrs Rickwood
22. Miss Sinclair
23. Miss Hayward
24. Miss Hayward
25. Mrs Ella Whitworth
26. Mrs Jennifer Lambe
27. Mrs Sutcliffe
28. Mrs Burberry
29. Mrs Ada Harris
30. Miss Maud Smith?
31. Miss Minnie Albery
32. Miss Lucy Laxton
33. Mrs Annie French

Broadhempston Woman's Institute. Mrs. Burbery is holding the parcel from New Zealand, September 1945

Acknowledgements

The articles included in this book are from authors, named and anonymous, and others with just initials to tantalise the curious, and to them all we are truly thankful that they took the trouble to write them.

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The items were selected and the book was edited by Hilary Sutcliffe, Penny Hickman and Chris Parker.

Design by Jose Rietveld

Village Lives is a selection of articles taken the Parish News from 1975 - 2009, capturing people, history and the social life of five South Devon villages - Woodland, Landscove, Staverton, Littlehempston and Broadhempston.