

The Baughans. Ringmore.

1958

We arrived in Kingsbridge in early April, to look for a cottage. We were staying at the Albion Hotel, (now flats) & collected property "for sale", from the only 2 house agents in Kingsbridge.

Why did we choose this area? Bacchus, my husband was still serving in the R.A.F. at 2nd T.A.F. H.Q., ^{Germany} when he decided to retire. & asked me where I would like to live in U.K. I said politely, "The furthest from my family & yours". Enough said.

After going through piles of properties we selected to look at 7 possibilities, The first 6 properties were impossible. We left Walnut Tree Cottage to the last, because we had been told that the Journey's End Inn, produced excellent sandwiches, plus good beer. & also, I had seen a picture of the cottage. & knew in a way - that that was my ideal home.

M^{rs}. Smith who lived in N^o. 4 Cumberland Cottages. Had the key. & showed us round "Walnut Tree Cottage". It was furnished? for letting purposes. Altho' there was a thick sea mist, we had no idea what the views were ^{like}, altho' we walked around the village & down to Aymer Cove. We decided at once that "Walnut Tree Cottage", & Ringmore was right for us.

Next day we saw the agent, & a figure was agreed. We were unable to move in, until 22nd July 1958, since the cottage was let. So we rented Chellabrough Cottage - in Ringmore.

The Rev. Alexander & Gwen Wood were our next door neighbours, & we formed a partip friendship. When Alex was with Bacchus, in our cottage, being instructed in wine making. (which was excellent) Gwen & I were dress making. & "fitting" each other.

Alex, taught me to make bread, scones, + many other "goodies" - I would cook trips for Alex + Barbara in our cottage + I rushed in to the Rectory for a girls lunch. I can't stand trips to eat - nor Gwen.

We enjoyed the Sunday Service, but when we were able, we went to Holy Communion. It was not long after we arrived, that we became very friendly with Hugh + Bessie Ashby ^{who lived at Maywell;} (she was Daniel) so she would go to Holy Communion, + she would look after Charles, + I did the same for her, her youngest son was 10 months older than Charles. We always sat in a back pew, + the boys would play "trains" on the back rest in the pews. Sometimes, one of the boys voices was Read. But Alex said he did not mind, but to carry on. In those days the church was quite full, + one had to go a little bit early to get our back pews. We also went to Kingston. where Alex also took the service. He travelled in a motor-bike + a sidecar. in which Gwen travelled, with their son Francis.

Before, starting the Xmas food preparations. Alex told me about a cheap way to make marzipan. But when I came to start making it. I had to ring Alex about it. He at once said "Have you got a sugar thermometer," "No" I said. "Right I'll be down in a moment, with mine."

Alex arrived - Mr. Ernest Farley, the local coffin maker, + carpenter, in the church choir, where his daughter Alice Mason played the organ; was building my kitchen with. So, we were a jolly little crowd. Alex arrived hung his coat up. unfolded his white apron. so I said "what are you doing" - + he replied, "I'm going to make this marzipan, + do you cake" - which he did, but in between making wrote the recipe down, which ended my saying. " + beat it like Hell!"

3. Coming back to Mr. Farley. (never Ernest) He took
over 1/2 miles to do my kitchen, because we had 4 deaths.
^{in the village} + it took nearly a week to make the coffin. then the
funeral, + to "keep" the hearse, the week after.

Whenever the door bell ~~rang~~^{rang} in the evening. + I
opened the door, + saw Mr. Farley with a clean shirt, +
no collar, + his long dark coat. I use to say. "Oh not
another." + he said "Oh, yes" - + gave me all the
details of death + plus other lurid details. Then he would
say. "I've just been to measure them up. I took my
tape round their hip down to get the right measurement"

One lady Mr. ^{Rid.} Smith, who lived at Three Ways, ^(The Green) she
left some semi precious stones, + a piece of silver.
for Alex to make into a beautiful chalice cup. which
I imagine is still in use. ~~But~~ Bertha Ashby's father
was killed in an air crash, during the war. + she gave
Alex some silver to make into a wafer box, + Alex
did the writing on the lid, in memory of her father, in
Danish, it was so beautiful.

The church had candles + an oil lamp for
lighting, + at Xmas time, it was so ~~beautiful~~^{wonderful}. We
always went to the midnight service - which was such
a lovely start for Xmas.

The second Xmas we were here, I had a Xmas
dinner, for all those living alone. I did this, because
a previous owner of The Journey's End, called Henry.
always gave a Xmas meal to the lonely ones. He had
left the "J.E." when we arrived, but we use to visit
his various restaurants + pubs, because Jean, his wife
+ Mr. Green his mother-in-law, were the most splendid
cooks. Henry use to wear a patch over one eye. + his
appearance. was not unlike a Pirate.

Our first Xmas was really great. They had a party
for the young children + up to ~~the~~ ^{the} about 14 yrs old.

in the W.I. Hall. In the evening it was the Crown ups Lun. Bacchus looked after Charles, to enable me to go to this "knees up", also in W.I. Hall. We all took a plate or two of goodies for "Half Time". I although, I knew by this time nearly everyone in the village. (there were not so many houses, as now.) I had a hilarious time, especially when we played bins in the ring. John Taylor of Braswell Cross, was winking at me, whenever he had an empty chair. also we played musical chairs - ~~chairs~~ & we danced too.

Talking of parties, we no sooner moved in, when the parties started. But before I speak about them, my Husband & I, went back to our homes to collect the odd bits & pieces. We had a huge oak chest on top of our Jaguar, which was full, as well as inside the car. Michael Capps, was so kind, having met him & many others in the village. He lent us a camp bed, & a chair/bed. Because our furniture was not arriving until the Tuesday. 22nd July. But to our horror, there was not a single light bulb left. until I found one in a cupboard. Michael Capps, who was living next door at the farm, known as Higher Manor Farm. provided us with electric bulbs, as well as electric ^{wall} plugs. all of which were removed. no doubt, because, we were not interested in any of ^{the pieces we bought the cottage, chair} ~~the~~ furniture, nor broken linoleum. But I was able at some other time to repay Michael ^{for his kindness} by plucking his ducks. gave me one, & he came to ^{duck} dinner. ~~We also repaid him for butts etc~~

It caused a little stir, when Harrods 2 removal vans arrived. Jennie Wakeham was working here, & she agreed to wait for me. ^{when we arrived} All the china & glass etc had to be washed, so Jennie & Sylvia Burt, who lived in the village, & came to offer her help. ^{wasn't needed} Then at the week-end Charles arrived, aged 2 yrs 5 mths. He was very strictly brought up. as a result no trouble at all. In fact he & Michael became very good friends, & he was allowed to go up into the farm yard, & nurse the cats, & watch

* after leaving Chesh-brough Cottage. which was let from mid June. We moved lots of things with m^{rs} Smith at No. 14 Cumber-land Cottages.

Ray Hest milk the cows. + at a later date, he used to drive round the village, helping to deliver the "standing orders" ^{of milk} at various houses. for Ray

As I was saying. we moved into Walnut Tree Cottage on the 22nd July, + then the parties started. drinks at 6.0. Jennie used to baby sit. we went to 26 parties before my birthday on the 24th August. when we gave a party asking everyone back. we were more or less straight in the house, but the Hall was concrete floor + the kitchen also. we eventually had a wood block floor laid by Jewson's in Plymouth + tiles in the kitchen.

My hand-made wardrobe would not go up either stair case; ^{so} was taken apart by Mr. Farley, + re assembled it upstairs - after doing this, told me, I would not get that apart. + now ³⁸ yrs after, when I hope to get it down, we have to remove ^{a small} part of a staircase. This furniture was all hand made + carved, by a cabinet maker to Bucking. - Ham Palace. which included 4 other pieces all matching.

It was great fun living in this village. being smaller, + not so many houses, we often would go to each others houses, + hopefully, invited to partake of tea, coffee or glass of home brew. Also, we would offer anyone a lift into Plymouth or Kingsbridge.

One time when my mother was staying here with his wife + 3 children. The youngest was intelligent, but not bright at school. in fact a real boy. when some friends who were here, asked Glenn, what he wanted to do, later in life, as a job or hobby. when Glenn did not answer at once. being a shy 9 yr old. my mother Neil said, "oh! I have told him to find a rich widow, + do a paper round". This was heard by Chouler, who was about 5 yrs old, + a little time after this, he asked me if he could do a paper round. I know from where he had heard this, he always had his ⁴⁴⁵ pinned back, + never is missed out. So, I had

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to explain to him, that Mr. Buck was doing it, because she wanted to earn a little money. Then a few weeks later, she burst into the kitchen, saying, "Mummy, Mr. Buck has been bitten in the arm. Please can I now do the paper round?" + that ~~was~~ had been when delivering papers to the Vein, which was occupied by Mr. Kinnicor + his wife Margaret, + had an albatross dog. I have forgotten how I got out of that problem.

Mr. Grace Blacker lived next door to us. "Spring Cottage". she was a real dear - + very fond of Charles. who posted her letters, + ran messages. for her. + the pennies he earned all went into his Piggy Bank.

Grace Blacker used to put on various little plays. She used to swear like a trooper if they were not sure of their words. But all productions, were hilarious, Roy Hext, was brilliant, as indeed Barbara Taylor, Alice Mason, Margaret Locke, + many others, including Florie Barden, who was splendid, but died, ^{very suddenly} she knew this cottage very well, as she had piano lessons here, ^{when young}, which was wonderful to know, how this cottage used to be. Our Hall, was the kitchen. + our kitchen now was the dining room, with an earth floor in those years, not so long ago.

We had a huge Walnut tree in our front garden. + one old resident, Mr. Luscombe, who lived in the house (now changed) the first on the left, just past "Smugglers". called that to-day. but was known before as "Prince Cottage". was to turn down here, to pick up walnuts before going to school. When we arrived, it was covered with ice, + was a pretty "sick" looking Walnut tree, but many of the villagers remarked, how healthy it looked. until one day, a large limb of the tree was taken off by a tractor + hedge trimmer standing up. The poor tree ^{was} dead for nearly 3 weeks - I was mad, that I did not get advice, + seal the severed branch. Because some years after, Charles

lent against the tree which moved slightly. Then we had a family conference. The outcome: the tree in such a condition, could have fallen, on a child? a new car? etc etc. So, the tree was felled, + I rushed to the top of our locked garden, + sobbed my heart out, for that lovely tree. It was felled on the 27th Feb: my mother's birthday. She was a singer, + often sang. "Nothing lovelier than a tree". But she had been dead for many years on this occasion. But memories came back.

Gracie Blocker. was such fun as a neighbour. Her back door was nearly always open, as were our kitchen windows. We would hear perhaps a crash. + then a wonderful string of swear words. + I would shout back. "That must have been a nasty ^{accident} crash", which made us all laugh. Another day, Charles had a water pistol, which he silently used on a Brigadier's wife who was visiting Gracie. I heard her say. "Gracie it is trying to rain," ~~she~~ then ^{she} looked up + saw Charles, + called up to him. saying. "Go on see if you can hit me with water."

Jan Henry at the Inn, had a couple of donkeys, she "saved" forgotten from what? + she stabled them at the wooden shed or whatever, a few yards up the Rocky Path. No cars used the path. It was only when some new sewage work was being done in the village, that traffic had to be diverted to + from Challeborough, up the Rocky Path, that a surface was put down. I still wish like many of the original inhabitants, that the lovely rock surface was exposed again. I believe there was a suggestion it should stay. because of coal being delivered to Hill Cottage, you should see how far our coal man has to go. He still delivers after over 37 years. except it is now the little boy who came always with his father + joined Charles with an orange or lemon drink plus a home made biscuit or hot scene.

M^r. + M^{rs}. Jefferies who owned Chellabrough Cottage had 3 daughters. Felicity the youngest one, used to exercise the donkeys. + she also did some light washing for Grazius Blocker. Felicity used to take Charles out for a walk, or to the beach. I often took him myself. + we built dams etc in the stream. whilst he was busy. I was doing mending, sewing, stringing beans etc. housey days. I also taught Charles a lot about marine life. + as soon as he could swim from one side of Gymar Cove to the other, he was allowed to swim alone. One day we saw a shark's fin, near the rocks, (in the middle of the bay) we, + others on the beach shouted madley. + he swam ashore, not realising what all the fuss was about.

The church fêtes were great fun. Charles would be so excited, + willing to do anything. Taking the cake round to be raffled, + helping in numerous ways. I am afraid the church fêtes to-day are not nearly so much fun. since the church after Alex left, said we were gambling too much. That finished me. I do not, after years belonging to the church, ~~not go either~~, where ever we have been living. enjoyed church bazaars, + get together. Tea + cake parties, in the church hall, + someone to entertain us. in all manner of ways. looking after the elderly + poor is genuine!! Times change I know. but are they for the better? not for me they are not.

M^{rs}. Roger ran the Post office, when we came. It was P.O. plus a few "damn it" items. which one would forget to buy. but M^{rs}. Roger kept it. it was so small. would hold about 4 or 5 persons. but became a meeting place, as well as a "News" centre. There was one little boy who used to live in the Council Houses, + come every day with his mother, who was very pregnant. He naturally heard a great deal about this baby, + must have asked his

mother, where was the baby now? because one day he went to the P.O. alone, when Mr. Rogers saw he was alone, she got quite excited, thinking of all the news she could relate - & said, "Oh, has your mummy had the baby". No, said the little boy. "We are not having one now. she has eaten it." Mr. Rogers was our Newsletter. !!

Soon after we arrived we had a census form come round to all the village, & one question - we had to put in was our age - Gracie Blacker, had no intention of filling in her age. because she knew Mr. Rogers, would look & see what it was, because it was ^{always} ~~almost~~ a mystery - so Gracie put 28 yrs. years later, she almost told us that it was about 80? mark. But the inquirers were suspicious.

In 1962. (I believe) we had a lot of snow, & Baechus (my husband) went & cleaned pathways round the houses of neighbours nearby. Gracie's sister, Dorothy Miller also a widow, was very grateful. she lived at "Little Barn", so she was able to visit her sister - Baechus asked them if there was anything they wanted, which we could supply. Poor Dorothy was so embarrassed, she badly needed a toilet roll. which we were ^{able} to supply. must say, my faithful Aga was a tremendous asset to have, & my huge larder/store room too - so there was always bread etc to hand out, when needed.

In the early days, I use to visit a lot of the folk in the village. Mr. Hunter who lived at the Quarry was such a nice old man. who decided one day to sell up, & move nearer to his family - I bought a lovely old Brass kettle from him - the early chair did not last long. I discovered wood-worm - then a Mr. Searle came to live there, Fearley as he was known, had his sister, a tremendously large lady called Auntie Nellie, she was more or less bedridden in the end & died, & soon after Fearley moved nearer to his daughter - Fearley would come & stoke up the Aga, when we were away - also worked

Being there

friend came to see us. She was most interesting person. & had a tremendous leaning towards old houses. & in fact, at most made a study of them - One day, she was sitting in what we call the Drawing-room, & she said, "You know this part of this house, is a chapel," & gave very sound reasons for this - When I told Charles ~~this~~, when he was about 10. He said "I could have told you that." which shook me, so much. I did not ask him how he knew. All I can say is that the fireplace, when we came here, was not so old & in keeping with the rest of the house. So, I am leaning a little to this theory - Firstly, we had to have a complete new floor, put down - because the wood under the floor was sitting on real earth. A certain amount of this earth was removed during Xmas time, whilst we were away - by Mr. Farley & a helper. Mr. Farley put some concrete down in little piles, with new wood resting on them, then a new floor. Then later we had a new fireplace, that is when, we were told, it was not a very old fireplace. The new one, which blends in so well, was created with stone, from a cottage, that was bombed at Averton Gifford, during the war, & was built by Charlie Toms. an Uncle of Alan King.

Whilst writing about this cottage. I would like to mention - the fact, we had a friendly ghost - at least to us. A previous owner, was worried about this nice young man. whom he said was a menace, & he saw him 7 times, & each time at ^{what is} my bedroom window - & where I have seen him in broad daylight, too - He has a lovely face. & buried in Ringmore church yard. with other members of the Ash family - He was buried June or July 1896. One day I was told, I should have him exorcised, & I did this myself. for he has never been seen again.

Nor has he ever walked again, he often walked, whilst I was in bed, + "lived" beside my bed. I have an old cruetary table beside my bed, with a pair of dried ~~of~~ gloves, which created a lovely smell, when he walked, through them but I never saw him, when it was dark.

Whilst talking of ghosts. About 18 mths ago. (1993 to 4) I was approaching the church with a Mr. Gander, who once ran the P.D. when suddenly I saw a man, tall, in grey come out of the church, + saw the door was closed. I at once said to Mr. Gander, look, there is a ghost coming out of the church, + we both saw him return, through the door.

Then another time, but I never saw anything - but only comments from owners, living in old cottages. Sir Douglas Hall's eldest daughter was getting married, the bells rang out, before the wedding. again when she left, after the service, + again, when the cake was cut. Sir Douglas's cottage, is opposite the church. I am not sure, if they rang again when ^{major} she + her husband left the village. But anyway. all this bell ringing really upset the ghosts. In middle manor. the lady in grey - was very busy attending to her lovely flat in bed room, ^{which is} over the dining room. At the Veen. Peter Lutwyche, heard a noise upstairs of doors banging + movement. thought his daughter Penny had come back. + he called out + went up to her room, but she was not there. Another house, "Hill Cottage". Mr. Foster - her 2 sons. + her mother were there. The Granny heard foot steps passing her door, + thought they were going to a bathroom. but returned past her door. (I don't think the bathroom was built then, as it was 2 very small cottages in 1958 + 59) so it may have been a staircase. However it was so real. that he got up to see if someone was ill - but all were asleep. The key to this is, ghosts were disturbed

by all the bell ringing - but I, have no explanation to make, although I wish I could.

Speaking about the church - brings me to the two Miss Scoles. who lived at Higher Manor. a very old Victorian house, with stone floors. oil lamps, cooking by oil. These 2 sisters, were truly very nice - & for some time, climbed over a bank, dividing our gardens at the back, & come to my kitchen door, with something from their garden - & I would give a pot of jam - Emily the eldest wore brown thick stockings, & Casey wore black. I was very naughty & named them Arstic & old ^{LARGE} ~~black~~. I often went up to them at breakfast time 10.30 to 11.0 a.m. - & had a cup of tea. I learnt so much about the village from them - when I told them one day, that I thought I would join the W.I. Emily said - "You don't seem the type to join they lot". All Jerusalem & Jams". In fact, having a son young was out of the question. One day Emily asked me, if I had any fine linen or lawn. I did have some, all small squares, on which during the last World War, were photographed maps of parts of N.W. Europe. Being in Intelligence, I saw & heard they were going to be burnt & managed to have quite a lot of these maps. with a firm promise, that I would boil & boil, until the material was quite clear. So gave some of the squares to Emily, & she was a keen sewer, & turned them into chalice cloths. to wipe the cup after those, who took wine at Communion. As I have just said Emily was very clever with her needle, & in fact made Barbara Taylor's Wedding Dress. (which Barbara still has)

Her wedding was a lovely country village do. all the village was outside the church. I went up with Gracie Blacker & Charles. who sat up in the tree, where the bus shelter is. When Barbara came out of church. Charles up in the tree shouted to me. "Mummy what is that nurse going to do".

This remark was the aftermath, of a rough + heartless nurse, who was treating him one time. injection or what-
-ever. But it brought a host of laughter, from those who heard.

When Charles was about 5 yrs old, he + I would be invited to tea, + we, Ruth + I, the 2 boys, + Gladys from the next village - Kingston. who was a nanny, cook, + general super person. all got into a trailer, ^{behind} the tractor, with ~~us behind~~, ~~and~~ taken to a meadow, where a wide ditch of running water, that went down to the old mill, at Lower Manor Farm. We 2 mums, had our sewing, Gladys would look after the boys, + then lay out the tea - Potatoe cakes, Scotch pancakes, jam, just every-
-thing. It was so wonderful for us, as well as the boys. A little taste of bygone days.

One of the greatest events to look forward to, was the pancake "run". From the church to church hall, with so many crosses to be made on the route. Contestants were asked to dress up. Barbara Taylor was always the Queen of pancakes. Dressed in the old fashioned school uni-
-form. - gym tunic, blouse, black stockings all cinched a dirty hankie which showed the light of day now + again from a pair of bloomers, + attached to her girdle, that was acting as a belt, + was the usual thing, with a gym tunic was attached a dead rat. She was not in the race to win, but to be just Barbara. + keep us all in fits of laughter.

The Scotts sisters ran the Sunday School here, but unluckily for us. stopped doing this, because there were so few really young at that time to make it worthwhile.

So, I had, + still have it, a lovely little book. called "line upon line", which I had as a little gift. so when Charles was ready. I would read these little bible stories. + then asked him various questions about the stories, to see if he was attending!! The result of all this, during a

Service for children at Xmas, that we visited. The Rector asked the children questions, which Charles answered, all of them. At the end of the service. When the Rector saw Charles. he said. "Oh, you are the little boy that answered all the questions. I suppose you go every Sunday, with your parents to church." & Charles replied "No, I never go."

There was no village school in Ringmere, but a bus to Madbury - but Alex's (our Rector) son, & Margaret Hocke's son Michael, had a taxi each day, to take them to Gay-Lidge. One of Beith's sons the eldest went to Kingston - & no doubt, because his father was a Gentleman Farmer, it upset the boys. & he suffered terribly. with the horrid things they did. so Peter, went off to the Dragon School at Oxford. But Beith, Mary Smallwood & I, decided to teach our own sons & one daughter. It was very correct, with Wednesday afternoon off. & on those afternoons, one of the mothers, would "do something", with all the children - It was a huge challenge every 3 weeks. but so rewarding. But ^{when} ^{at} they were all boarders at various Prep schools.

I am sure to teach children the rights & wrongs is a must, & perhaps living in a village. it was easier, & not having T.V. was a big help.

When the Queens E. II. celebrated her 25th Jubilee - we had much fun in the village. At a meeting held at the W.I. Hall. to decide what we would do. Peter Hutwych, unknown to me suggested I was in charge of a "Group Up" in the church Hall. I then had a meeting here to allocate various things to be made & done. ^{Not successful.} I dismissed the meeting - & went round to various people saying, would they please do this & that. possibly something they were good at. & that all worked out well. I planned, kept all receipts, & produced a table that no one could fault. Barbara & Freddie Cullum did the wine. Home Brew. which was excellent, & also soft drinks. We had a selection of puddings & I made a huge chocolate

Cake, with E.R. II in silver balls. All the food ^{left} over was sold, which helped to pay for food etc, as well as an entrance ticket. Those that did not work, decorated the Hall. All children up to 12 or 14 yrs, had a silver plated commemorative spoon. which I got wholesale. Altogether it was a huge success. + many in the village were so generous, i.e. eggs. cream + so forth.

For a time I did the Harvest Festival Feasts - + these again, people asked to buy left over. altho' these never was much left. I usually did the main course + Ella Todd, Sue Freeman undertook to do some of the puddings. It was great fun. Some of us acted as helpers. + after, I would bring out from a hiding place. our goodies. + some home brew. Oh! Pearly days - everyone was pleasant, + no "litcheners".

In the early days, a family at Hill Cottage (I think the name was N. Wiles.) they had a dear donkey + its stable was a very nice shed in the garden. Mrs N. Wiles most afternoons, would go for a walk, pushing the pram, + the donkey, dog + cat, went along too - all off leads. the dog guarded the cat. There was not a lot of traffic in those days. passing through the village.

We had a big talk about having a donkey + house it in "The Croft", (land opposite our cottage) we even went to Cornwall + selected a young one. + named it "Moonbeam" It was at the time of the landing on the moon. Then a friend told me, that a donkey alone in an enclosure, would cry, with ~~potholes~~ pouthyners. I also read a book called "People with long Ears", + I knew I would not have the time to have my mid morning coffee, lunch + tea, sitting with the donkey. Since I saw the donkey, with tears running down its face, ~~see~~ at Hill Cottage. whilst going to see it, only 2 days we gave up the idea of having a donkey.

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Charles went into the Royal Marine Commandos. so he was very useful to those who drilled us all, in case of nuclear war starting up, at any time. He attended courses in Totness, + was quite helpful. We used to have a "field meal" up behind the W.I. Hall - + everyone took it all very seriously. I have not heard of any "field meals" since those days.

I remember one year, we had a great deal of snow - + Charles was in great demand, to ski up to "Jelly's" Jelma's shop, opposite the Pickwick Inn. load up his back pack, + ski back, at a tremendous speed, with the weight of "goodies" - deliver same, + requests from others. He loved doing things for people, + still does.

In 1962. They put the new sewage plant in, + our roads + lanes were dug up, for pipes etc. We had a very hot summer, + Charles was fascinated by all the machinery being used. One day, it was so hot, + I gave Charles an iced lolly. (I used to make them + deep freeze the lollies.) + off he went up the rocky path to where the men were working. Apparently, they asked Charles where he got his lolly, + ^{then said} they would buy some of his lollies. Back came Charles + told me the men wanted to buy his lollies. I gave my little talk, + said he was not to sell, but give. + that you never "sell" bread + water, to anyone needing it. However Charles became a "friend", to them all, + then the foreman said he would love to care for him on the odd days, when he was moving gear with his tractor + trailer. The foreman always brought him back home. At this time Mr. Wallis who had a steam roller, to do the necessary repairs was an added attraction, + was parked each night on the green near the Rectory. Charles had a most exciting life, with all his "men" friends, + they in turn told me, what an interesting + splendid little boy. as in deed he was. being strictly brought up. He got the message of right from wrong. We often saw Mr. Wallis who lived in Kingston. + whenever we were out + saw him - always stopped to chat.

Also in 1962. The farmer at Lower Manor Farm called Thornberg, wanted to close the Bridle Path, going down to the beach, through a corner of his farm, + beside the sheep dip. This really got the village into an uproar.

So, we got our Solicitor. Jimmy Krape of the large firm in Plymouth - Bond, Pearce + Krape to come along, who then agreed to act for the village. Mr. Thornberg employed a Barrister.

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Mr. Thornberg owned a magnificent 2 seater car,
specially designed American Essex chassis, built
for a Indian Maharajah. for the purpose of shooting.
~~It was built on an American Essex.~~

He bought it, whilst he was serving on the
North-West Frontier.

This Bridle Path, was in constant use, not only by us + our friends, but a large number of others in the village.

The "case" was held in the W.I. Hall. It was a circus. Apparently Mr. Thornberg was unaware of a long standing law. (having lived a lot abroad) that if more than 2 people were using the Path during the year, it could never be closed. So, the Bridle Path has been "open" ever since.

Thornberg sold the farm. We discovered the asking price (£12,000 or £14,000) from a man who stopped Bacchus, to ask the way to the farm. To discover he was an ex. R.A.F. Officer, whom he knew. Apparently at this time. Mr. + Mrs. Wells were viewing the farm + bought it.

The Farm changed hands on Lady's Day, September 1962. + in October Jim Dadds arrived, + about 2 years later, his wife Ella came. + their 3 daughters were born during the following years.

Charles had a wonderful life, with Michael Capps, Hugh Ashley at Maxwell, + their 2 sons. Learning how to get a calf to drink milk from a bucket, by putting your hand into the milk, + the calf would suck the hand. + also learned a great deal from Jim Dadds. How to carry new born lambs, by the forelegs. + why. Not to put pressure on the heart, + later to put little rubber rings on their tails. I was washing Charles' farm clothes one day, + found these rings in Charles' pocket. + tore him off a strip. by saying - no more dinkie toys for him, if he was going to break them up, by taking the wheels off. I was immediately informed, that they were NOT from his dinkie toys. but were rings to put on the lambs tails, to stop the blood pipes, + their tails would drop off!!!

x. Mr. Ironberg owned a magnificent 2 seater car,
and a specially designed American Essex chassis, built
for a Indian Maharajah, for the purpose of shooting.
~~It was built on an American Essex.~~

He bought it, whilst he was serving on the
North-West Frontier.