

# CLAWTON CLARION

January 2023



## Welcome to the January edition of the Clawton Clarion

I hope everyone is having a fabulous festive Christmas and New Year. We have a tighter deadline in December, resulting in a skinnier edition of the Clarion. With several tins of sweets, boxes of chocolates and delicious home bakes, it's likely to be the only skinny item in our house this January!

Please send contributions for the next edition by email to [clawtonclarion@gmail.com](mailto:clawtonclarion@gmail.com) or by phone 01409 259972 by midday on Friday 20<sup>th</sup> January.

Wishing you all a wonderful 2023,

*Alison*

## Dates for your diary:

Event	Date	Time	Place
Women on Wednesday	Wednesday 4 <sup>th</sup> January	7:00pm	Clawton Parish Hall
Holy Communion – Rev Stephen Skinner	Sunday 8th January	11:00am	St Leonard's Church
Evelyn's Walk	Monday 9 <sup>th</sup> January	10:00am	Clawton Parish Hall
Parish Council Meeting	Monday 9 <sup>th</sup> January	7:30pm	Clawton Parish Hall
Whist	Wednesday 11 <sup>th</sup> January	7:30pm	Clawton Parish Hall
Coffee Morning	Friday 13 <sup>th</sup> January	10:30am	Clawton Parish Hall
Café Church - Cath Paddon	Monday 23 <sup>rd</sup> January	11:00am	St Leonard's Church

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## Holsworthy Walk and Talk



Even though the sharp frosts of mid December turned the countryside into a picturesque Christmas card scene it made for very unsafe travelling and walking conditions. Therefore, in the interests of safety, we cancelled all walks in that week which we have not had to do before.

During our Clawton walk a few weeks earlier we came across a post box embedded into the wall of an old building on the side of the road. On closer inspection we found that the box bore the inscription of the Royal Cypher of King Edward VII who reigned for 10 years from January 1901 to May 1910 and is the great

grandfather of King Charles III. What a lot of written history has been posted there over the years and it looked as though it is still in use.

A group of rather damp walkers last month were rewarded with a spectacular rainbow over Roadford Lake which was caught on camera and kindly sent over to us for our archive. All of our photos can be found on the website below together with up to date information on walks and lots of other interesting information.



We wish everyone a happy and healthy New Year.

If you would like to join us on any of our walks and find interesting snippets of local history or spectacular views amongst all the physical and psychological benefits of walking in a group then please come along.

We walk on Mondays and Fridays. All walks start at 10.30 am and are **FREE**. Membership forms are available from our Volunteer Walk Leader prior to the start of the walk.

Our website has lots of up to date information, together with our current programme of walks, details below.

### Contacts:

[holsworthywalkandtalk@gmail.com](mailto:holsworthywalkandtalk@gmail.com)

<http://holsworthywalkandtalk.co.uk>

Gillian Aston 07854677784

Mike Jackson 01409 261196

Paul Davies 01409 253250



## POP GOES THE WEASEL

Round and round the cobbler's bench  
The monkey chased the weasel,  
The monkey thought 'twas all in fun  
Pop goes the weasel.  
A penny for a spool of thread  
A penny for a needle,  
That's the way the money goes  
Pop goes the weasel  
Good money earned, good money spent  
And all things being equal,  
That's what makes the world go round  
Pop goes the weasel.

**Half a pound of tuppenny rice**

**Half a pound of treacle,**

**Mix them up and make it nice**

**Pop goes the weasel.**

Up and down the London Road

In and out of The Eagle,

That's the way the money goes

Pop goes the weasel.

I've no time to plead and pine

I've no time to wheedle,

Kiss me quick and then I'm gone

Pop goes the weasel.

*An 'oldie' that has more verse to get you thinking.*

*Obscure meanings of 'monkey', 'weasel', and 'pop'*

*For my readers to research after Xmas.*



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\*subject to eligibility

**'Women On Wednesday'**

The next meeting is on Wednesday 4th January 2023 at 7.30 p.m.

In Clawton Village Hall.

The speaker is Clair Roberts who will be talking about

**The Ration Years.**

Visitors are welcome.



We look forward to seeing you there.

**Thank You**

Once again, the Parish Council would like to thank Nigel and Edwina Stacey for their gift of a Christmas tree, complete with lights, at the village cross-roads.

**From Les at Town Farm**

# Clawton Parish Hall by Maralyn Bailey

**January 2023**

## **Hello 2023 - Where did 2022 go?**

Like everyone, our hall year has been busy. The committee hosted a very well attended village Jubilee Tea in honour of the Queen's Platinum celebration. The Parish Council arranged the beacon lighting evening at Herdicott; we have tried to make the hall the hub of parish events and we are always open to suggestions for the coming year. We also have a charity collection box. This year's figure is a little short of £400 (the exact amount will be published in the next issue).

The regular clubs or groups who meet are:

Monday 2pm **Short Mat Bowls** - all welcome

Tuesdays & Thursdays - our own **skittle teams**

Wednesday - 1st Wednesday the hall hosts the **WOW group**,

Every second Wednesday during the autumn and winter there is a **Whist evening** - again all are welcome.

Once a month, on the second Friday we hold a **coffee morning**, we work a rota system, but you do not have to be on the list.

The second Friday of the month the **Railway Club** meet at 7pm. I am told a perfect escape from the world.

The **Young Farmers** use the hall too for some of their meetings. We even have two couples who refine their dancing moves within the hall!

Out of season, the hall becomes a warm meeting place run by the brewery on a Saturday afternoon 3-30 to 6.30 or thereabouts, as we hold a year round licence to sell alcohol, ideal for meeting up with neighbours & friends over some liquid refreshments. The hall and church **quizzes** are a regular feature. Check the Clarion or village notice board for dates.

**Big Breakfasts** have been another chance to have a morning out.

My family and I hire the hall for our Christmas get together, our small cottage cannot house ever growing numbers. So this is a perfect solution for us. The hall's catering equipment can easily cope with 60 people, which means a family party, small wedding breakfast or other gathering at the hall is an ideal hire option.

Any enquiries can be sent to the writer; maralynjohn@hotmail.com or 07368 621009 please leave a message & contact details.

## **Wine & Wisdom Update:**

Sixteen tables took part in our early December event, which raised just over £400 towards church running costs.

Many thanks to all who helped set up, serve food, run the bar and clear up, to Revd Stephen for being the question master, to Henry Westlake for loan of amplifier and speakers and to Sophie and Ryan for taking on the task of scoring.

## Mum's The Word by Ann Goodspeed

Thirteen years ago, we lived in a cottage at the end of a very long single track lane. It was in some ways idyllic. That is until it snowed. It was beautiful to photograph and admire and I held on to thoughts of using the images for Christmas cards the following year. After three weeks the novelty wore off!

We were watching The Exorcist which I'd never seen. Steve mentioned there had been strange accidents and even deaths and a huge fire at one of the homes of people involved in the making of the film.

I decided that we needed something nice to counter balance the experience of the dark film and its background so we thought a walk into the village the following day for a pub lunch, pick up our post that had been stored up and then walk back, would be the perfect antidote. It was a mile and a half, and we set off looking like we'd planned to go to the Himalayas. All went according to plan and we made the journey home ..... almost.

About 300 metres from our cottage I busy bodied myself into instructing Steve to walk on the drier patches under the hedge. I was mid-sentence in fact when my right foot went on its own and I hit the ground.

I felt the pain in my ankle immediately remember shouting loudly "Get my welly off"

The humiliation that followed was UNPRECEDENTED.

Unable to walk and already freezing parts of my anatomy that had helped to cushion the fall, Steve called upon the services of a farming neighbour who was happy to help and said he'd be down immediately with "the mule". Now I like a laugh but the thought of arriving back home slung across the back of a donkey was frankly terrifying.

Relief came when Shaun arrived in a small jeep type vehicle and although the loading could have been a little more gentle, the journey to the front door was so welcome.

Leg elevated immediately and a cold compress applied. That's all it needs ..... I thought.

When the swelling didn't decrease but the pain tolerance did, we called the doctor. He said it required an xray which could possibly be done in Okehampton. Not on a Friday it can't. The machine is only there Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The mule was employed once more and delivered us to another neighbours car that she'd parked at the top of the lane. By now it was 5.30pm and farmer Shaun promised he'd be there with his trusty steed, for our return journey.

So off to Exeter A&E in blizzard conditions and arrived at 7pm. I was placed in a hospital wheelchair and faced what looked like the crowd surrounding the pyramid stage at Glastonbury. Daunting.

Surprisingly it wasn't long before I was called by the triage nurse to join her in her room. Steve dutifully steered the chariot only to find it was too wide for the doorway. I was pirouetted during several attempts but no way. The nurse suggested I got out and "hopped" in. It had been approximately 55 years since I'd hopped and I didn't feel the this was the evening to relive it.

Through gritted teeth Steve helped me out and into the room to the allotted chair.

I answered all her questions and she gave me two paracetamol. Now I'm not one to question the integrity of the medical staff but I feel confident that this could have been done without the panto performance. I have the ability to answer questions and swallow pills on either side of a door.

However, we returned to the waiting room and waited. It became apparent that kids are given priority. Each time another one arrived it sent the message to the brain that I was to be moved down the list. I

began to dislike children intensely. Especially those that managed to devour huge snacks and run across the backs of seats despite their ailments.

It was gone 10 when I was eventually called to an area wide enough to accommodate a tank so it posed no difficulty for big Bertha that I was sitting in.

The x ray proved that I'd severely fractured the bone and it needed to be plastered. Not the only one I thought!

There was a mix of dread and excitement. From the age of about 8 I'd wanted to break a limb. I thought it would be wonderful to have people lining up to sign the plaster and to ask if they could have go on your crutches (not a term used these days!!) which back then would have been ugly heavy wooden structures with a leather under arm support block.

Imagine the surprise when I was offered a choice of colours. Black, blue, pink or purple. I chose the one that would display any literary works at their best. Pink.

We drove back, in silence, through even worse conditions than we'd had on the outward journey as the snow had been joined by patches of thick fog.

Faithful Shaun was there as promised to take us on the final leg, (irony) of our trip (more irony) By now it was 12.45am. Shaun's alarm was set for 3.30 am 😊

This whole experience taught me so many lessons and highlighted many regrets.

1. Even if you feel like you're still 20, just double check with yourself.
2. If you know that if you saw someone your age on the news, doing what you're doing in those conditions, and you know you'd be screaming at the TV to stop, then take your own advice.
3. Consider the impact on other people and no matter how much they like to help, just know that deep down they can't help feeling that you are an irresponsible nuisance.
4. Never watch The Exorcist!



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