

LUPPITT PACKET



July & August 2020

THE LUPPITT PACKET

Some said that the pandemic caused the demise of the Packet - not so, we are back. We had a break for a month during the pandemic because distribution by our normal team was not deemed sensible and the cost of postage was prohibitive. We are pleased that our team is back in action and we are able to give you a varied selection of articles from Luppitt contributors, to whom we are very grateful.

We will continue to produce and distribute a paper version of The Packet and plan to provide an electronic copy to the village website once that becomes available.

We hope that in September we may be able to advertise some village events.

Nigel Hurst & Claire Stevens

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WHAT'S ON

OR perhaps what might have been on ...

LUPPITT FLOWER SHOW

Sorry, there won't be a Flower Show this year.
Keep your cups and we'll see you all in 2021.

Joan Beckett

SUMMER MADNESS

Sadly, it has become clear that we cannot proceed with the planned Summer Madness in July, nor do we think now that we will be able to do so later in the summer. Hopefully things will be more normal (old normal, that is!) next summer, so that we can try again.

If by any chance we reach a stage later in the year where we have no social distancing etc we would look to organise a 'short notice' party type event.

That said, we have just received guidance notes with regards to what needs to happen to resume using the hall safely, but obviously as the Packet goes to press this is still uncertain.

Meanwhile, stay safe and we hope to see you soon.

Entertainments Committee

A SHORT NOTE FROM JOHN THORNE

With my council hat on and on behalf of the Luppitt Parish Council, I would like to say a BIG thank you to each and every-one of you who has helped, in any way large or small, to keep all of our parishioners safe over the last three months.

A special thanks to Lucy for setting up the 'Luppitt Here To Help' WhatsApp Group which has worked well and been very helpful in many ways.

As a council we have had to change the manner in which we hold our monthly meetings and our clerk, Rosalind Buxton spent a lot of time and hard work setting up 'Virtual Meetings' on Zoom. Considering that some of the councillors came from an age when we had to rub two sticks together to make a fire, this has worked extremely well!

I feel sure that we are all pleased that the lockdown is beginning to ease, BUT lets not get too complacent as it is not over yet!

Take care and stay safe everyone.

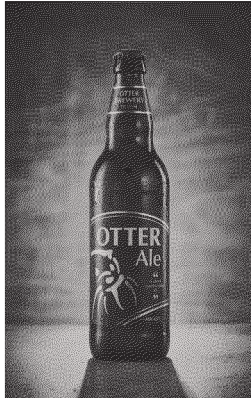
OTTER BREWERY DIGS DEEP.....

We are so proud to have established a brand for which, over the last 30 years, Devon (and Luppitt) can be proud. Everything we have made, we've ploughed back into an industry that has become really challenging over the last few years. Many more established brewers have deeper pockets than ours but when it comes to the crunch the family get behind it and we start packing the boxes....

We have found different ways to get beer to our drinkers, thanks to Tom McCaig, who's back from Bath University, manning the Honiton deliveries and Fedex who are doing the rest! Patrick, under the strict guidance of Tor, stuffs bottles into boxes and beer into bags. Mary Ann and David have the peachy job of distilling the gin (New Moon). All hands on deck.

Over 50 deliveries a day are going out to people's doorsteps which is keeping the Otter brand in good shape – but we are missing our pubs...aren't we!

If anyone would like a special delivery of beer to their doorstep, simply go to www.otterbrewery.com/shop and Tom will be with you before you can say "Derek the Otter"!



Who knows where this journey will take us but one thing is for sure - we promise you'll be able get a pint of Otter or Tarka somewhere – we're not going anywhere!

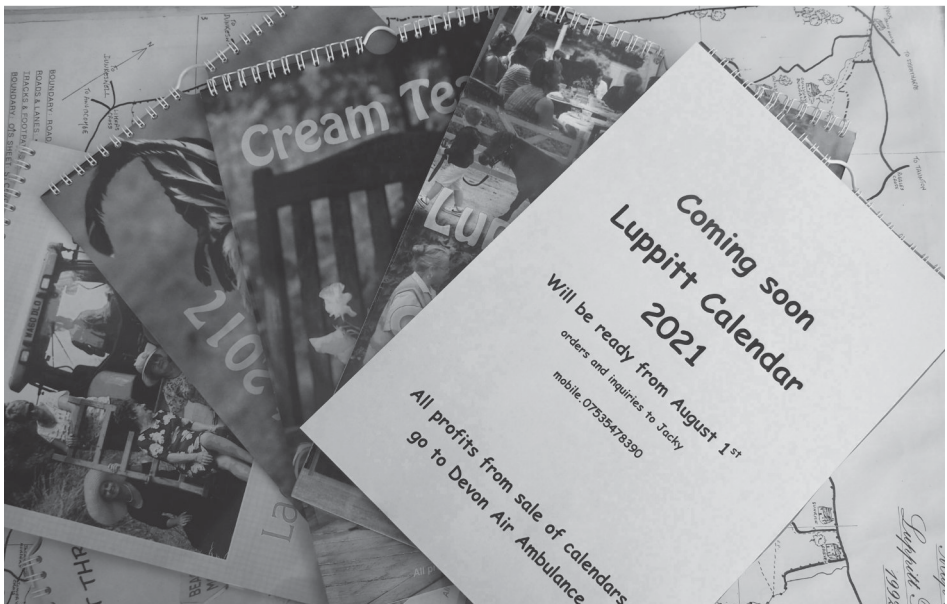
Patrick McCaig

LUPPITT INN CHRONICLES IN THIS TIME OF (CONTINUING) PLAGUE

It is sad to report that the Inn remains closed, but hope springs eternal and maybe, perhaps maybe there will soon be good news and the denizens of Luppitt can once again enjoy a glass of ale and an hour or two of riveting highbrow conversation.

The Inn is the Luppitt's equivalent of the Roman agora, where gossip, opinion, and trivia from all and sundry, high born and low born share their views without fear or favour. Luppittus can hear the voices now - Phil or Caroline behind the bar - fervent discussion of the fine/hot/wet/unseasonable (take your pick) weather, the quality of the beer (fresh, tasty or going off) and what does an R number of zero mean to Luppitt? Graham is there, perky as ever, probably debating some finer point of decorating with Mick, Russell is muttering into his beard about wheel bearings, Ken suavely clad in yellow Lycra sipping his ale knowledgeably, Danek in full country bumpkin mode, Glenn "why did they ever let him into a cockpit?" with flying goggles hung rakishly from his neck and Nigel fiddling with his hearing aid! What's not to like? The conversation can be mundane, entertaining, funny and at times even outrageous but we miss it.

C. Luppittus



THE LUPPITT PAINTINGS

ROBERT POLHILL BEVAN

For anyone who has seen the paintings of Robert Bevan it's easy to instantly recognise the Luppitt landscape that he so vividly captured. Robert Bevan was one of the Camden Town Group of artists founded in 1908 by Walter Sickert. An informal group of male only artists (females were not permitted!), it included Spencer Gore (father of the well known Freddie Gore), Augustus John and Lucien Pissarro (son of the famous Camille Pissarro) amongst many others. These acclaimed artists painted mainly in London but in 1912 a few, including Bevan, were invited to the West Country to stay at Applehayes Farm, Clayhidon by Harold Harrison, a sympathetic benefactor. Bevan was so taken with the beauty of the Blackdown Hills that he rented a cottage near Clayhidon, later staying at Goulds Farm, Luppitt, before finally seeking a permanent home in the Blackdowns and purchasing Marlpits Cottage on Hense Moor in 1922.



Tapsterwater

Of his twenty-seven art notebooks now held in the Ashmoleum Museum in Oxford, four are solely concerned with the period he spent in the Blackdown Hills, including Luppitt. Bevan's work was influenced by his friendships with Gauguin and Renoir and his style is considered to be 'angular', fitting well with the strong patterning of the landscape. Many works by Bevan can be found in the Ashmoleum Museum and in other public UK collections. A couple hang in the Luppitt Inn - although not verified as originals!

The artist sadly died of a stomach complaint in 1925 (b. 1865). He was succeeded some 30 years by his Polish wife Stanislawka de Karłowska, also an accomplished artist who painted in Luppitt. An excellent book about Robert Bevan and The Campden Town Group written by Richard Emeny ('A Fragile Beauty') contains many references to Luppitt and is available from www.courtgallery.com. Copies of many of his paintings and those of his wife can be found on the internet (and in the pub!).

Roger Hicks

A SHORT SPRING WALK ROUND THE LANES OF LUPPITT

It is 14th April, two days after the Christian festival of Easter and nearly a month after the spring equinox on March 19th. I am becoming irritable and “lockdown stir crazy” with not enough to keep me occupied. It is a lovely bright day, with a brisk chilly north easterly so I decide to do a brisk circumnavigation of our valley

At the front door I look at our carved Green Man above the lintel, his eyes open with a bird popping a nut into his mouth, which reminds me that the recent spring equinox is also an ancient pre-Christian pagan festival celebrating the arrival of spring – a time of renewal and fecundity, celebrated with the giving and hunting of Easter eggs. I had to laugh recently when I heard that the National Trust in its wisdom had banned Easter egg hunts because this was a Christian activity and might not be acceptable to non-Christians – what a load of ignorant nonsense! Even our modern name for “Easter” has ancient origins - deriving from the Latin word “oestrus” suggesting frenzy (of spring), or a similar word in ancient Greek, meaning passion. In modern usage of course oestrus/oestrogen relates to the biology of reproduction.

Leaving the front gate I turn right at the corner and head down the hill past the Greenlands. The hedgerow is bursting with life – primroses have been out for a while but there is now a thick rush of bluebells and stitchwort, and the first crop of campion is appearing. In the woods on the left there are violets amongst the primroses, and one or two purple orchids on the bank. On down the hill and then a steady climb along the south side of the valley past Meadowcroft with views across to Hartridge. Passing New House Farm, I can’t see any of their doves so I guess they are back at our barn, getting breakfast at our expense – they seem to fly back and forth several times a day to their various fast food outlets!

At the crossroads by Corner Cottage I head downhill towards Shelvin and Penny Thorn Cross where I turn left. So far I have seen not a soul apart from the sheep (do they have souls?) quietly grazing. I am struck by how quiet it is; no traffic noise in the distance, no planes or contrails in the crystal clear sky, just the susurrations of the leaves in the breeze. It feels like the countryside in the early 50’s and I half expect an Austin 10 to come grinding its gears round the bend. On I head down to the brick bridge at the bottom over the River Love. I have never really looked at this bridge before although I’ve driven over it many times. It is in fact a very fine solidly built brick bridge which I am guessing probably dates to before the last war (does anyone know?). I hang around for a bit, watching and listening to the water gurgling below – very relaxing.

Next it is a short climb up to Barn Cross and left there to the village. It is warmer and sheltered from the wind this side of the valley so am beginning to work up a sweat. Passing Mill Rise I bid a cheery good morning to a lady trimming the verge – I don’t think we know each other so I wish her good luck with her nail scissors and stride on. A small van passes (the first motor) and then there is a

steady pounding of rubber on the tarmac coming up behind. It is our neighbour Kate resplendent in blue lycra and we are able to keep pace with me jogging alongside for a few hundred yards while we natter. Kate presses on before we hit Luppitt Harbour and she disappears on up the hill. I decide to try taking the hill at pace but start to flag and slow as I pass the Luppitt Inn (sadly shut), well before I reach the bench below the church. A young man heading the other way with a large labradoodle smiles at me – do I detect a smidgen of pity? I take a short breather then head up at a more considered pace and am gratified to see that Kate is still in view at the top of the hill. I can't be doing so badly then! I've passed the church, the road is flattening and I am pleased to report that I hit Mount Stephens at the top without another rest.



St Mary's Churchyard looking beautiful with a mass of ox-eye daisies

It is now left and downhill nearly all the way. Two more motors – a tractor and 4WD – a friendly smile and on to the last stretch with a host of bluebells on my right as I head towards the “Badgers holes” (scene of a previous near disaster with a large crane). I reach my gate after exactly 60 minutes – my new and only “Personal Best”!

Nigel Hurst

WANTED

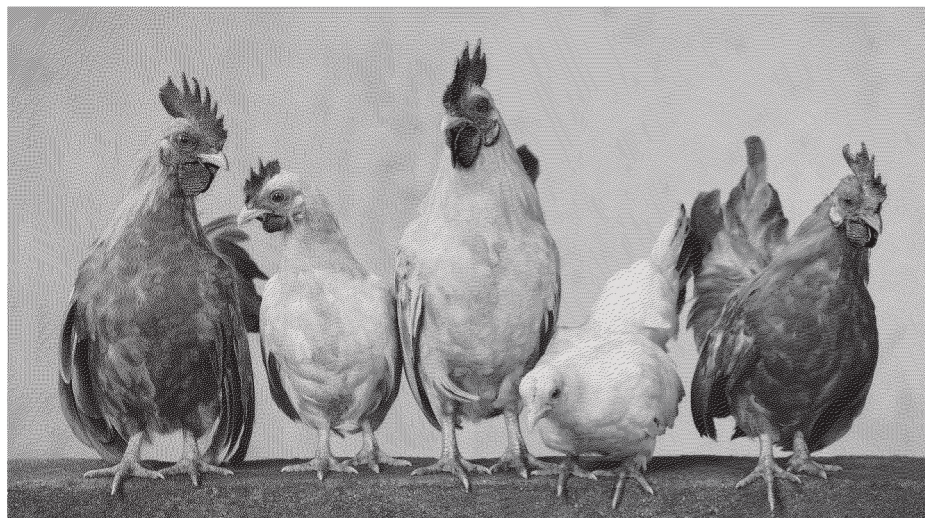
**SMALL FIELD / MEADOW APPROX. 1 ACRE IN LUPPITT AREA
To BUY / LEASE - PREFERENCE TO BUY**

**Contact: MARGARET RENDLE, Pilgrims
01404 89153 Email: Mrr1@mail.com**

OBSERVATIONS ON FREE RANGE POULTRY KEEPING

Finding four clean warm eggs of various hues from dark brown to light blue in a nest hidden in the hay bales is just as joyful as putting your hands in the warm earth and rooting around for the first new potatoes. Egg and potato, each one a perfect oval treasure picked up with a sense of discovery and delight.

Last October my hen acquisitions included a Belgian Bantam, her five mates and a cockerel called Pluto, whose glossy scarlet and orange neck feathers gleam like wet oil paint.



After a few days I realised that the bantam who resembles a tailless tea cosy, with brown and cream horizontal strips on her feathers had scooped all her mates' eggs into her own nest and was sitting with definite resolve. Her appearance and confrontational eye contact reminded me that chickens have been around a lot longer than humans and know a thing or two about survival of the next generation. Here was a very broody bantam. I let her sit. Twenty one days later the eggs started to hatch and perfect chicks arrived, a Sussex white, a Dutch bantam, a Bluebelle (in fact beautifully grey) and two miniature Plutos the liveliest Dutch bantams. Three days later the last egg to hatch contained a small black chick that was at first ignored and then pecked at, as it struggled to keep up with the flock. Having had enough inactivity Mrs Bantam went into overdrive, performing her scratching dance in the dirt, a shower of earth flicked with the right foot then the left, then the right again, head down and a little army of cheeping chicks rushing in to peck up the tiny morsels revealed from the scratched earth. The last of her brood could not keep up. It was a cold wet Sunday when I picked up the lifeless body of the two day old chick from the mud.

In the kitchen I looked at this little bird as he lay lifeless in my hand. Scientists

tell us chickens are descended from dinosaurs two hundred and thirty million years ago. Wherever he came from he seemed a little miracle of creation and then his little beak started to open and close. Little cheeps followed and later under a heat lamp he was enjoying meal worms, chick crumbs and other treats.

Reintroduction to the flock did not work. Mrs Bantam's beady eye would fix on him and then feathers spread she would go in hard to peck his head. In contrast she was just as ferocious in protecting her other chicks tirelessly finding them food and not eating herself, spreading her wings for them to vanish beneath her skirts.

Meanwhile to keep my chick company I borrowed another of her brood and the two chicks, Lazarus and Sargent Pepper would hop onto my feet as I sat drinking my coffee in the kitchen and in jumps quickly end up on my shoulders. Whilst the other chicks played chase with worms mine chased each other round the garden with strings of spaghetti hanging from their beaks.

Now six months on those two orphans are proud cockerels, still best friends and sharing a new flock of hens. They fan their wings and strut their stuff, settle disputes between the hens and gallantly always let the hens eat first and demonstrate suitable nesting sites by sitting in piles of straw in hidden away parts of the barn. Pluto races up through the garden, through the field to their hens for a quick flirtation and runs helter skelter back to his own family before he is discovered.

Mrs Bantam as we speak has six new chicks and with the possibility of more crowing, I promise my neighbours if any of them turn out to be cockerels I will give them away immediately!

Vanessa Nancarrow

GALLANT PIGEONS OF WORLD WAR II

In the grounds of the church "All Hallows by the Tower" in London there is a strange memorial. It was dedicated in 1946 by the then vicar the Revd. P.B. Clayton and was organised by Miss Nancy Price.

The memorial takes the form of a small Rowan tree trunk with forked branches set in a rough stone base which forms two pools of water. Between the branches at different heights, are wooden troughs for crumbs to feed the birds. On its branches are carved wooden pigeons and sparrows.

The memorial is dedicated to the memory of the pigeons that died on active service during the war. Apparently in one operation 27,000 pigeons were used and it was a pigeon that brought the first news of the fall of Tunis* to the British Army Headquarters in North Africa.

This is of particular interest to me as my father bred racing pigeons and some of his birds were used during the war.

Joy Tofts

GARDEN JOTTINGS

Most people wait until autumn to set out daffodils and tulip bulbs. They wait for March to sow peas, May for beans, when the year is later and the sun higher. But have you ever thought of waiting for the Moon to be full or new before planting your radishes or cucumbers?

I happened to mention to John Thorne the other day that this month's Jottings were going to be about gardening by the Moon. I said we had a book on the subject. He knew about planting by the Moon. He lent me another book "Gardening and planting by the Moon". So this month it's about things lunar.

Apart from full moons, half moons and no or new moons, there is also Moon gravity. The Moon doesn't go round the Earth in circle. It travels in an ellipse. Once a month it's farthest away and once a month it's nearest. So half the month lunar gravity is increasing and half the month decreasing. Some researches have found that sowing when lunar light at the time of a full moon and lunar gravity are near maximum helps seeds take up moisture better. This encourages good germination and eventually better crops.

And there are the Nodes. The Moon doesn't revolve in the same plane as the Earth round the Sun. It's path is tilted. So sometimes it's above the Sun, sometimes below. Twice a month it crosses the Sun's path. These times are called Nodes. Eclipses occur at nodes. Eclipses are traditionally no planting times.

During the year both Moon and Sun pass through the zodiacs of the background stars. From early times these have been classified into earth, fire, air and water signs. Crops are associated with different signs according to their uses. Carrots for instance are earth crops. For best results root plants or seed plants should be sowed under their appropriate sign.

As well as gravity and light heavenly bodies exert other influences on us - magnetism and electricity for example. Our North Magnetic Pole has been moving more quickly than normal recently on its way from Russia to Canada. We may not be able to detect magnetic change, but plants may be affected by it. I like to set plants in pots in the same direction of magnetic lines in case they are affected by them. There are also electrical influences we cannot feel. The Australian platypus has developed a sixth electrical sense to catch its prey.

Many farmers take note of moon positions and moon times when planting and sowing. As for Luppitt farmers, I cannot say potatoes at the Dove veggie outlet will have been moon-planted, but there's every chance they have been. If you want to go further into moon planting Quantum (Foulsham) publish an annual Moon Planting Calendar. This is a subject full of belief, superstition and scientific truth.

David Street

CATS AND DOGS

DOG n. A kind of additional or subsidiary Deity designed to catch the overflow and surplus of the world's worship. This Divine Being in some of his smaller and silkier incarnations takes, in the affection of Woman, the place to which there is no human male aspirant. The Dog is a survival — an anachronism. He toils not, neither does he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory never lay upon a door-mat all day long, sun-soaked and fly-fed and fat, while his master worked for the means wherewith to purchase the idle wag of the Solomonian tail, seasoned with a look of tolerant recognition.



CAT, n. A soft, indestructible automaton provided by nature to be kicked when things go wrong in the domestic circle.

from the Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Ingredients (makes 24)

115g/4ozs plain flower	Pinch of salt
Pinch of bicarb of soda	115g/4ozs butter
125 g/4 1/2ozs light brown sugar	
1 egg	1 tsp vanilla essence
225g/8ozs crunchy or smooth peanut butter	

Cream together the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. In a small bowl mix the egg and vanilla, then slowly beat into the butter mixture. Stir in the peanut butter and blend thoroughly. Stir in the dry ingredients. Chill for at least 30 minutes. Preheat the oven to 180C/350F/gas 4. Grease 2 baking sheets. Spoon out rounded teaspoonfuls of the dough, and roll into balls. Place the balls on the baking sheets, and press flat with a fork into circles, making a crisscross pattern. Bake for 12/15 minutes until lightly coloured.

Jacki Street



Our Church in Luppitt has continued to function during the lockdown and our clergy are utilising technology to bring us God's Word in these challenging times. If you are lonely, would like our prayers, are facing hardship, or are in need of any kind, we are able to offer actual and pastoral support. Please do not hesitate to contact our Rector on 515083, our Churchwardens, Church Secretary or Administrator. See inside back cover for phone numbers.

Schedule of digital services

We are delighted that restrictions on Churches are starting to be eased but it seems likely that it will be some time before regular services will again be held at St. Mary's. During this period our clergy continue to provide recorded and live services for everyone within the Mission Community. They would love you to join them:

Monday to Friday at 10am: John's Daily Reflection via dial-in. Also published on YouTube

Daily at 8pm: Night Prayer with Jane via Zoom and dial-in

Sunday at 10am: Morning Worship via dial-in. Also published on YouTube

Sunday 19th July & 16th August at 5:30pm: Evening Prayer BCP via Zoom and dial-in

For more information, dial-in telephone numbers and Zoom joining details please see dunkeswell.org.uk or call John: 515083, Jane: 841523 or Sara: 891140

Easing of lockdown restrictions on public Worship, Weddings and Baptisms

From 5th July St. Mary's will be open every Sunday for private Prayer.

Further restrictions are being lifted at the time of going to print. A link to the latest guidance from the Church of England can be found on dunkeswell.org.uk.

Should you not have internet access please contact John Hayhoe on 515083 who will be able to provide an update.

Church Electoral Roll

If anyone would like to be on the Church Electoral Roll, and you would be very welcome, please contact the Electoral Roll Officer Jean Hooper for a form on 892969, the Secretary Sue Piechowiak on 891924, or alternatively our Administrator on 891140, who can email you an electronic copy. Thank you.

THE RECTOR'S LETTER

It is extraordinary how traumatic life can still be when one's life is as restricted as it has been for all of us tied down by Covid 19 – for many people in 'essential employment' it will often have been even more traumatic because of the nature of their work. I have hardly left home for twelve weeks and even now don't anticipate going out much at all; that applies to many of you as well. Those who are able to go out are still very restricted. We have all been on a roller coaster hearing the news of increasing infection and death rates, for some of us hearing of friends and family who have contracted the disease, for some hearing of people who have died – and there has been nothing we can do, we couldn't visit the hospital or attend the funeral, the ways in which we can show our love have been curtailed. We, ourselves, have felt at risk and fearful, and this has been made worse by the inevitable effects of cabin fever. It is going to take time for everyone to recover fully from their particular level of trauma. We are all going to need our communities to help us out of this.

The communities of the six parishes that make up the Dunkeswell Mission Community have a population of about four thousand. I want to express my appreciation, admiration and gratitude to everyone – everyone, in their own particular way, has been making a difference to others, maybe to a few or many, and that is wonderful. There have been countless acts of love and compassion, some seemingly insignificant, some quite costly to the giver, but they have all made a difference. As the lockdown lifts slowly these acts of love and compassion will need to continue, and I am certain will. For some peoples' lives will return to a sort of normal, for others life will never be the same. Some children will have lost a critical period of schooling, some adults will have lost their job and they might struggle to find a new one, there will be a few who will not have had critical medical treatment at the right time or will not have taken a medical concern to their GP, and there will be many other variations on this theme.

At the centre of Christian belief is a God who is three persons, and that example demonstrates the need for relationship, for community, for love and fellowship, and we need this now more than ever.

John Hayhoe

DUNKESWELL MISSION COMMUNITY CHARITY SKYDIVE

John Hayhoe will be undertaking a charity sky dive with Skydive Buzz at Dunkeswell Airfield to raise money for the 6 Churches of our Mission Community.

The date will be confirmed when the current restrictions are lifted.

To sponsor John or for details of how
YOU CAN JUMP TOO in aid of our Church
please call Sara on 891140

