



TEN TORS

1960



TEN TORS

A Youth Expedition across Dartmoor

(for young men and young ladies) followed by a Jamboree

on

15th September, 1960

Under the distinguished patronage of:

THE LORD LIEUTENANT, LORD ROBOROUGH

MAJOR-GENERAL J. H. CUBBON, C.B.E.

SIR RALPH RAYNER

LADY SAYER

Sponsored by

The Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals.

Details are as follows:

- (1) **Entry.** Open to patrols of **ten** between the ages of 16 – 18 years.
- (2) **Assemble.** Denbury Camp by 14.00 hours, 14th September, 1960.
- (3) **Distance.** 55 miles—covering ten tors.
- (4) **Time.** 36 hours.
- (5) **Jamboree.** 10.00 — 23.59 hours, 17th September, 1960.
- (6) **Entrance Fee.** £1 1s. for each patrol.
- (7) **Bus Fare to Haytor.** £1 for each patrol.

“ If there is anything more important than the will to
succeed it is that the will shall not falter — — ”

Officials

CHIEF CONTROLLER

DENBURY MAJOR

CHIEF MARSHALL

Assisted by

CHIEF STEWARD

Assisted by

MASTER OF THE JAMBOREE

MEDICAL OFFICER

DESIGNER

SECRETARIES

Lt. Col. L. H. M. GREGORY, M.B.E., R. Signals

Major P. D. PARKER, R. Signals

Major C. O. BOUND, R. Signals

2/Lt. B. FROST, R. Signals

Lt. M. WAGSTAFF, R.A.E.C.

Capt. P. G. ROGERS, R. Signals

2/Lt. J. R. PLUMMER, R. Signals

Capt. P. D. E. GREGORY, R. Signals

Major H. ROTHWELL, R. Signals

Capt. J. HEWSON, R. Signals

Capt. J. HANCOCK, R. Signals

Lt. D. C. WHITEHEAD, R. Signals

2/Lt. B. LUNDIE, R. Signals

Capt. P. D. E. CHASE, R. Signals

Capt. D. G. ROWE, R.A.E.C.

Capt. G. A. BOWYER, R.A.E.C.

Capt. D. M. FORDHAM, R.A.E.C.

Major J. H. LANE, R. Signals

Major E. R. SMITH-OWEN, R.A.M.C.

Assisted by The Red Cross Society by
arrangement with Dr. R. L. MIDGLEY, B.R.C.S.

Lt. P. H. TYSOE, R.A.E.C.

Major R. W. NYE, R.A.E.C.

Capt. J. W. JOYNER, R. Signals

Quadrant Troop

Bruno Troop

Kukri Troop

Francisca Troop

Anzio Troop

Kohima Troop

White Swan Troop

White Spear Troop

Jerboa Troop

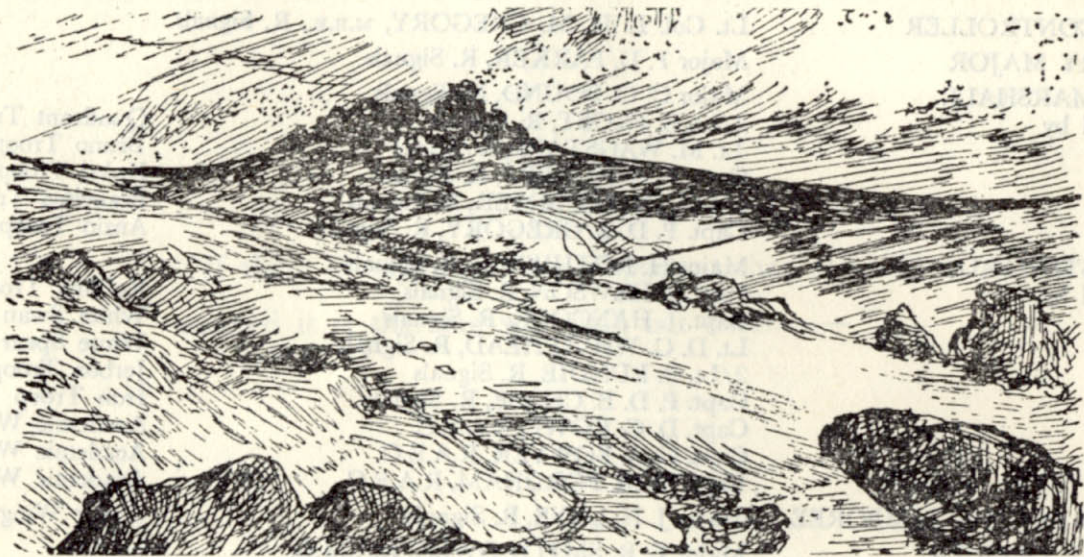
Iron Troop

Academic Wing

Academic Wing

Academic Wing

Senior Wing



FUR TOR

Major R. W. Nye, R.A.C.
Capt. J. W. Joyner, R. Signals

DESIGNER
SECRETARIES

. . . *Still through Chaos works on the ancient plan,
And two things have altered not since first the
world began —
The beauty of the wild green earth
And the bravery of man.*

P. P. Cameron Wilson.

I did not meet Sir Guy and Lady Sayer until the idea of TEN TORS had been planted in my mind. I had not had the good fortune then of reading *Outline of the Dartmoor Story* written by Sylvia Sayer, or her delightful chapter on Dartmoor in the publication *Britain's National Parks*, but since meeting them my very humble purpose has been reinforced with a determination that the TEN TORS project must be carried out in 1960, or else we fail ourselves and Dartmoor, for if anything inspires a sense of purpose and determination it is indeed Dartmoor.

To the average man and woman, Dartmoor conjures up a picture of a bleak, dismal, mysterious moorland inhabited by mischievous pixies, escaped convicts, and perpetual mists. To us at Denbury it is a happy training ground and a friendly opponent for the bold in spirit.

Junior Leaders from Denbury have had the good fortune to roam over Dartmoor's lovely hills and valleys, its streams and woodlands, and to watch the ageless, timeless Mother Nature, dressed according to her seasonal mood in wistful submission or breath-taking splendour. Three hundred square miles of moss, peat and heather, over which is inscribed in hard granite the facts of self reliance, initiative, and leadership; the pattern of the will that never falters, and the determination that survives when all but the mind lies exhausted. And underlying it all, in an endless tapestry of silver, the singing streams of the Dart and Tavy, the Erme, the Plym, the Yealm, the Teign, the Okement and the Tor, emphasise with their music the importance of these things in the quest for Peace.

On a still night in September, when the inscrutable face of Dartmoor lay hidden in the mesmeric glory of a starlit sky, a small party of Junior Leaders moved slowly across the moor towards their camp. The magic of the elements lay about them and the glory of God's creation filled each mind. It was then that the idea was born.

“TEN TORS”

“Dartmoor has so much to give,” said one of them, “everyone should experience this. Why not an international adventure over the moors for Junior Leaders and Junior Ladies? Call it a competition, a challenge,

a youth congress—anything you like—but the purpose remains the same: a date with Dartmoor and all the loveliness she has to offer.”

It has been the talk of Denbury ever since. Years from now, in the early days of September, patrols from all over the world may be busy packing their bags and organising themselves for Denbury and the “TEN TORS.” What a vision! And if only it could be realised, the great love that beats in the heart of the Junior Leaders Regiment of Royal Signals for its dearest and closest friend will not beat in vain, and YOUTH will come to Dartmoor—the home of the young.

It takes time to appreciate the magnificence of Dartmoor and its value as a training ground. Like the bouquet of good wine it cannot be forced, but emerges naturally with time, filling the mind with admiration and the heart with warm affection.

Dartmoor has many tors—meaning peaks or summits—the highest of which is Yes Tor, over 2,000 feet above sea level. The best known is North Hessary Tor overlooking Princetown. The tors provide a wealth of picturesque history, and although it is easy to see how Vixen Tor, Fox Tor, Hawks Tor, Hen Tor or Sheep Tor got their names, the imagination is intrigued by the appearance of Great Miss Tor or Little Miss Tor.

Perhaps the spirits of these remarkable ladies still haunt those places!

But to the ordinary down-to-earth youth who believes in keeping fit, each tor is a challenge and presents the occasion for a real sense of achievement. A little extra effort is always required to mount the summit, but having scrambled up the last few feet to a peak, one is confronted with a view which is itself a reward that few experiences can rival.

I have thought a great deal about “TEN TORS” and wondered just how I could set about organising it for 1960.

“Too big an undertaking,” says one authority.

“The farmers will be up in arms,” says another.

“It will be much too expensive,” murmurs the nuts and bolts man.

“It will be an awful flop if nobody turns up,” prompts the pessimist.

“But go ahead,” urges the Prince of Denbury, “get on with it and rely on youth. The vital, tremendous, indefatigable youth of Britain will always rally to a good cause. Give them a place to camp, water to wash in, and a few latrines, and that is all they need. Add to this a Jamboree with dancing and singing and refreshment stalls, and above all, give the whole undertaking an atmosphere of goodwill and trust, and be sure that it will succeed beyond your wildest dreams.”

So, directed by the Prince of Denbury we, at Denbury, invite youth to come to the TEN TORS. I present, most gratefully, Sylvia Sayer's chapter on "Dartmoor" with her gracious permission. It paints the picture of Dartmoor vividly and from it I am sure every reader will draw inspiration, if that reader is interested in adventure—in the cause of Peace.

Perhaps the question will spring to mind "Who is the Prince of Denbury, and what is he?" But to learn the answer to that you must come to Denbury, for that is quite another story.

L.H.M.G.

THE DARTMOOR EXPEDITION

Instructions.

1. THE AIM

To encourage teams of young men and teams of young ladies to take part in an expedition across Dartmoor, and to meet in a festival setting and a Jamboree.

2. THE MECHANICS

- (a) The Mechanics will be simple involving no more expense than the total contribution received from all competitors. The entrance fee from each patrol of ten—including the patrol leader—will be a guinea, plus £1 bus fare, and the only accommodation offered will be a piece of ground to set up camp. Water and latrines will also be available.

- (b) All patrols must arrive by 14.00 hours on 14th September, 1960.
- (c) The expedition will not begin before 04.00 hours on 15th September, and all patrols will leave Denbury for Haytor (the starting point) as directed between 04.00 and 06.30 hours.
- (d) Patrols will be released from Haytor at 07.00 hours on 15th September to a fanfare of trumpets and, after the playing of the National Anthem, the expedition will begin.
- (e) By 21.00 hours on 16th September, all patrols should have reported back to the marshalling area at Denbury, and the time taken by each patrol will be made known for the general interest of all taking part. There is, however, no question of the expedition being organised on competitive lines, nor are prizes to be awarded.

3. THE EXPEDITION

- (a) Patrols will walk a course across Dartmoor calling at Ten Tors.
- (b) All competitors will travel by bus from Denbury Camp to Haytor and this will be the starting point of the expedition.
- (c) At Haytor, patrol leaders will receive a sealed envelope containing 2 maps of Dartmoor.
- (d) Each team must then decide for itself the route to take, and set off.

- (e) At every one of the Ten Tors there will be a check-point, wireless post, and first aid facilities.
- (f) Patrols may approach these in any order they please, in spite of the check-points being numbered 1 - 10.
- (g) At each check-point patrol captains will report their patrols present, and hand in their route cards for stamping.
- (h) To qualify in the expedition it will be necessary to complete the course in 36 hours, and each qualifying team will receive a small reward.

4. THE CONDITIONS

- (a) Patrols must carry all they need for the entire journey. Only water may be obtained en route.
- (b) There will be no marching between 20.00 and 06.00 hours, and all patrols must camp.
- (c) Each patrol will carry sufficient of the following for all its members :—
Sleeping Bags or Blankets, Ground Sheets, Food, Cooking Equipment, Toilet Kit, Compass and Protractors. Other miscellaneous items they may wish to carry.
- (d) **NO LITTER WILL BE LEFT. STREAMS AND RIVERS WILL NOT BE POLLUTED. NO FIRES WILL BE LIT.**

- (e) **ANIMALS, ANCIENT MONUMENTS AND WALLS WILL BE LEFT UNDISTURBED.**
- (f) **NO TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY OR LAND MARKED IN RED ON THE PATROL MAP.**
- (g) Should it be necessary to open a gate, the gate will be fastened after the patrol has passed through.
- (h) The highest standard of courtesy, consideration and good manners is expected from all competitors.
- (i) **A JUNIOR LEADER SENTRY WILL BE STATIONED AT EVERY POINT LIKELY TO LEAD COMPETITORS ONTO PRIVATE LAND OR OVER UNAUTHORISED GROUND.**

An infringement of any of the regulations enumerated above will render a patrol liable to disqualification.

5. THE JAMBOREE

- (a) Throughout the day of 17th September, 1960, a Youth Jamboree will be held in Denbury Camp culminating in a floodlit military display, community singing, folk dancing, and associated activities.

- (b) Various sports and athletic events will be organised, and individual competitors invited to take part *ad hoc*.
- (c) Two dances will be held in the evening, and will include folk dancing, modern dancing, and jiving.
- (d) Refreshment stalls and Ice Cream kiosks will function throughout the day.
- (e) Refreshments will be provided, and in the evening barbecue sites will be set up in suitable places.
- (f) Refreshments will not be free, but will be provided on a 'non-profit' basis.
- (g) A special book stall will be set up, selling photographs of Dartmoor taken by Junior Leaders, and copies of various works on Dartmoor including the *Outline of the Dartmoor Story* by Sylvia Sayer.
- (h) Special transport arrangements will be made between Denbury and Newton Abbot with the Devon General Omnibus Company, and details of these will be published on the Central Notice Board, DENBURY CROSS.

- (i) All information concerning TEN TORS, including train and bus timings, will be published on the Central Notice Board at DENBURY CROSS.
- (j) The arrangements for all the above will be the responsibility of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals.



APPLICATION FORM.

We will be entering patrols for the
TEN TORS in 1960, and we hope to arrive in Denbury
at on

Enclosed herewith is postal order/cheque for
guinea(s) being entrance fee and bus fare to Hay Tor
for patrols.

The patrol captain(s) name/names is/are :—

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and particulars of the patrol/patrols is/are attached.



Haytor, looking out from Denbury.

Dartmoor

by Sylvia Sayer

IT has to be admitted that the word 'Dartmoor' conveys to many people simply a vision of stone walls and iron bars and of sullen captives cracking stones in a wind-swept quarry. When a newspaper headline announces that 'Dartmoor men complain of badly cooked food', this is not generally understood to mean an outbreak of domestic trouble in moorland farmhouses. Typically, a recent article in a national daily was captioned 'Life on the Moor, by a Murderer', and somehow one knew it was not going to be a saga of the open spaces.

Yet this widespread association of the Moor with the Prison, which is endured by the real Dartmoor men and women with a kind of exasperated fortitude, is only—comparatively speaking—quite a new thing, no more in fact than one brief jarring note in a long magnificent symphony. Two hundred years ago the prison and its ugly satellite village, Princetown, did not even exist; in another two hundred it will probably have become a holiday camp for children, or a back-to-toughness health centre for their flabby fathers. What after all are two hundred years in Dartmoor's existence-span of perhaps two hundred million? The great tors, massive against the skyline, seem to know the answer to that. One can imagine an echo of giant laughter in the roaring of the wind about those rocky battlements.

It is better to forget the Dartmoor of the newspaper headlines and to take a look at it as it really is: the last great wilderness of south-western Britain, the granite plateau-land rising austere above the soft lush cosiness of agricultural Devon. Its lonely beauty has an oddly diverse effect upon those who see it for the first time. Either it instantly appeals or it as instantly appals—it seems to allow of no neutrality. To some it seems a place of magical fascination, capturing the heart, to others it seems sinister, cruel, repellent, a place of fear where it is unbearable to be alone.

'You must admit it has atmosphere', said a distinguished (and obviously unflappable) acquaintance to me the other day when we were discussing Dartmoor, and from the way he said it I knew that he had felt the atmosphere to be intimidating. It sounds strange to say that this was a heartening thing to hear, but in fact I found it so. Land that has an awe-inspiring atmosphere is land still untamed, still in possession of its essential character in spite of all the encroachments of powerful opportunists and greedy little men. It was for the sake of its wild and natural beauty, and for no other reason, that Dartmoor was made a National Park. Once it is denatured, it loses everything.

Those who really know and love Dartmoor certainly have no fear of it, but neither do they regard it with romantic sentimentality. To them its character is that

of a savage goddess of splendid integrity, possessing an extraordinary power to challenge, to renew, and to inspire. The goddess deploys her power with subtlety; compared to that of some of the other National Parks, Dartmoor's landscape is not dramatically mountainous: it has no towering Snowdonian peaks or sharply cut abysses; the nearest it gets to that kind of thing is at Tavy Cleave or in the valley of the Dart below Bench Tor, where the river winds in a foaming ribbon five hundred feet below.

Certainly, seen from the mid-Devon plain, Dartmoor's northern bastions rise loftily in a magnificent serrated wall, 'the very obverse and reverse of beauty'; but the more characteristic Dartmoor landscape is one of long, calm lines, of rolling contours rising fold upon fold to the upflung granite crests of the tors. It is a high land of space and silence, and these are potent ingredients of its spell.

Thousands of the people who visit Dartmoor every summer season, pouring along its narrow roads in cars and motor-coaches, swarming at the 'beauty spots', cramming the village cafes and spending a great deal of money on regrettable plaster pixies, concrete gnomes and mass-produced Tom Cobley ashtrays in the Gifte Shoppes, never have the faintest idea of what this particular National Park really has to offer them. Sucking ice-creams and chucking the wrappings out of the

car windows, they crawl along in a mechanised queue, bound for Princetown to have a gape at man's two major excesses on the Moor—the Prison and the T.V. mast—or Widecombe because of That Song, or Becky Falls because the coach driver says it's nice. Dartmoor itself they see as a bare and barren expanse, just miles and miles of nothing much spreading away in vastness on either side of the road; and not for worlds would they leave their metal boxes and set off adventuring across it. To them the granite goddess has nothing to say. She makes them shiver.

It is a pity. The loss on both sides is great. If the car-bound strangers could be induced to explore Dartmoor on foot or on horseback, not only might they find an undreamed-of enjoyment and well being, they might also begin to realise its true value—and so to want to protect it more strenuously from disfigurement.

No one can ever know Dartmoor who sees it only from a car. Certainly containers on wheels are useful for getting to the Moor from somewhere else, but once there, the packaged humans should be free of them; and if a pony is hired from one of the farms to give the youngest children a lift, even a family party can have considerable mobility. Before an expedition starts, however, those in charge must be quite sure that the chosen route does not lead into one of the Services' live-ammunition training areas on a firing day. This is the skeleton in

Dartmoor's cupboard, a skeleton in battledress with a gun in its hand. It is absolutely essential for visitors to consult the 'danger area' maps and firing-day dates displayed in the local village post offices. There have been tragedies, and until the Government can be got to face the fact that National Parks should be the last places in the country to be used as military training areas, such precautions remain an unhappy necessity.

No one need ever ask 'What on earth is there to see on Dartmoor?' It is much more a question of 'How on earth shall we choose from all the things there are to look for?' That bare deserted look of the rolling moorland is utterly deceptive. Almost every yard of it is steeped in prehistory and history, tradition and legend. Here can even be seen, written on the ground, how the land itself began, and children love to discover it. 'The target for today is to hunt out a certain rock that tells you specially clearly how Dartmoor was made. You can see what it looked like at the very moment the granite was boiling and flowing up from below, with some of the more melted stuff being whirled around harder bits and squeezed into channels, and other bits breaking off and flowing away. It's all hard and solid now, of course, like black-and-grey treacle turned into stone. When you look at it you'll be looking back millions of years! The game is to find it for yourselves; we'll leave the car on the road at X, and the only clues I'll give are that it's a flat rock

that breaks out of a green track about a mile north of X, and that its position is about at OS No. So-and-so on your maps. When you've found it we'll have our picnic there.'

Boy Scout stuff? Certainly; and much more exciting than the stereotyped games of cricket by the roadside, with the grown-ups always batting and the ball always getting lost in the heather. So too is the hunting for flint arrowheads, knives and scrapers, dropped by the little fierce people who lived on Dartmoor thousands of years ago. Anymolehill, any furrow of turned-up turf or newly-ploughed field may yield such treasures, which were made in prodigious quantities and as prodigally lost, perhaps in the excitement of the chase or the terror of a sudden flight.

If you have a sharp eye for the dark shine of flint (which is a stone foreign to Dartmoor and so comparatively easy to espy) you are very likely to be lucky, and it is a thrilling experience to pick one of these tiny implements out of the earth and examine its symmetry and precision, knowing that the last hand to hold it, a sinewy and sunburned hand, must have belonged to someone living about three or four thousand years ago. The centuries seem to shrink and slide away and for a moment he seems to stand beside you, looking out beetle-browed over the Dartmoor that has changed astonishingly little since his day.

If he did return to the Moor he would still be able to find the places where his people lived and worked and worshipped. 'Even more than Exmoor', says Jacquetta Hawkes,¹ 'the compact granite upland area of Dartmoor asks to be accepted as a single monument of antiquity—indeed far more, for here vast numbers of huts and villages with the outlines of their plots and fields are still visible. So extensive are they that when the light is favourable, one can almost restore the prehistoric landscape.'

On Dartmoor, prehistory and history are closely intertwined. Some of the stone crosses that the monks of the border abbeys put up to guide wayfarers across the wolf-howling wastes were hewn from prehistoric menhirs, just as some of the huge slabs of stone forming the sides and lintels of old Dartmoor hearths were probably once the uprights or cover-stones of megalithic tombs, hauled down from the Moor by mediaeval settlers who preferred risking the Devil's curse to the labour of shaping the stones.

One's mind ranges at random over the loved territory and the variety of human experience linked with its silent expanse. . . . Deep Swincombe, where the mould-stones used by mediaeval tin-miners still lie half-buried in the turf. . . . The great Bronze Age cairns on Corndon,

¹A Guide to the Prehistoric and Roman Monuments in England and Wales (p. 152).

rifled in the 1820's by a party of young men from Bovey Tracey who hoped to find golden treasure and found only (only!) 'an old earthen pot' which they immediately smashed. . . . The Coffin Stone on Yar Tor Hill, where the bearers of the carrying funerals used to rest their burden while they refreshed themselves on their weary way to Widecombe Church. . . . Siward's Cross, the ancient boundary-stone which in 1240 was visited by the twelve perambulating knights, and in 1846 was thrown down and broken by two farm boys, but mended soon afterwards by John Newcombe, a stonemason (thank you, John). . . . Saddle Bridge over the Wo Brook, where the Prince Consort is said to have killed his first Dartmoor trout. . . . The miniature canyon in the Aune valley, leapt over by daring John Dill the smuggler on a stolen horse, to evade a pursuing posse of angry farmers. . . . The fir plantation on Cator Common where a barrister's wife saw a white ghost hound ('with a kind of golden sheen on its coat') that vanished as she tried to touch it. . . . Annie Pinkham's Men, the long row of upright stones bordering the high road above Mary Tavy, so called because the old lady who lived at lonely Cholwell Farm always used to say that she was not afraid to be alone there because 'My boys on the main road look after me all right.' . . .

And so one could go on, like the Dart itself in spate, for there is no end to the long lively story of people on the Moor.

It is a far cry now from the time when 'Dertemore' was regarded by travellers as one huge, unknown, uncharted hazard. From the days when 'sublime' scenery first began to be appreciated, visitors have walked and ridden on the Moor for pleasure, and some of these pioneer ramblers enjoyed recording their expeditions in poetry and prose. In 1830 a splendidly active lady, Miss Dixon, described in her journal for May 19th how she had 'Left Princetown at half past four o'clock—a pleasant mild morning; the larks up and singing at every step' and, after breakfasting at Tavistock, continued her ramble until it terminated near the Tamar, 'having travelled from the time of our leaving the Prisons [sic] twenty-five or thirty miles and continued walking, with slight interruption, during a period of 15 hours.' On May 27th she set off for the West Okement valley and climbed Black Tor, utterly undeterred by the fact that 'the clouds suddenly collapsed.'¹

The weather never seemed to worry these 19th-century explorers; the clouds might collapse, but the explorers never did. Another energetic Amazon, Miss Rachel Evans, wrote in 1846 of a walk to Tavy Cleave :

It was a stormy afternoon . . . the sun sent an occasional ray through the lurid veil, rendering the darkness more visible, and throwing a flickering and uncertain light on the frowning tors and gloomy valleys. However, this

¹ R. Hansford Worth : 'Dartmoor' (p. 88).

threatening aspect but heightened the grandeur of the scene, and we went on our way impressed with awe and delight, and really enjoying the prospect of a storm.

No fainting Victorian lilies these. Hampered though they must have been by their voluminous skirts and petticoats, constricted by their armoured tight-lacing, they strode the Dartmoor miles, enjoying the storms.

Dartmoor's invitation to happiness is expressed in many different ways. There are the great rock-masses of the tors to be climbed, until you haul yourself triumphantly on to the topmost slab and rest there with the clean fresh air fanning you to coolness again, and all Dartmoor spreading away below you; there are the peat crevasses of the northern boglands to be dared, where the baby rivers rise, and where in the silence and loneliness you know that you must pit all your wits and strength against the wilderness; there are strange primeval oakwoods of the upper valleys—Wistman's Wood, Black Tor Beare—that have existed for a thousand years and more, where the ferns and mosses hang in festoons from the contorted limbs of the dwarf oaks as though Nature were having a joke at her own expense, and where the dark old gods in a far from respectable mood seem shiveringly near; there are the deep wooded gorges, like the Dart valley below Eagle Rock, where the sherry-coloured river slides and cascades over huge rounded boulders, and where in the cool water-smelling summer

evening as you lie on the bank, half-bemused by the river's roar, you will presently see the salmon at play—their river-brown bodies springing and arching and splashing out of the depths of a great dark pool.

But perhaps for sheer staggering beauty, the Moor under snow or in the grip of an 'ammil'—the Dartmoor name for a Dartmoor glazed frost—is at its most astounding. You may have to be dressed like Sir Vivian Fuchs, but how you will be rewarded if during an ammil you go out on a moonlight night and walk the Dartmoor lanes, when every bough and twig, blade and frond is brilliantly outlined in flashing silver, and the silence is broken only by the sound of your own footsteps in the crunching snow and by the brittle tinkling of a myriad ice chandeliers swinging gently in the frostbound air. In the blue-white light, wherever you look there is beauty. You will be walking in an enchanted land.

All this Dartmoor can offer, to counterbalance the strain and tension of life in an over-populated, over-urbanised island geared to the pace of keeping up not only with the Joneses but with the Kruschevs as well. But the greatest of all the gifts of the granite goddess are those she offers to the young—the freedom, the tough conditions, the contact with reality that they can never find in towns. I think of the children I have known living and learning on the Moor: the schoolgirl blissfully riding her pony bareback for miles in the heather; the

eleven-year-old commando child who slew three vipers in one afternoon with the butt of an old brass pistol; the twin brothers who with nonchalant efficiency so often rescued trapped sheep from bog or bramble; the little boy who, while the grown-ups stood around nonplussed, wriggled far into a fox's earth and somehow managed to reach and haul out a beloved, obstinate, exhausted terrier; the very young fisherman who hooked a big salmon-peal with a trout fly on the West Dart and managed to bring it home: 'It was dead low river, and the fish fought like anything, but when he was tired I couldn't get hold of him, my hand's too small. Then the cast broke and the fish got away and I thought I'd really lost him. It was awful, I swore like mad. I went back to the bank and put on another Red Spinner, then I thought I'd just have a look to see if I could see the fish anywhere (the river was gin clear) and d'you know there he was, lying on his side with his head under a rock! I chucked my rod down and got into the river again and put *both* my hands around him very gently and then I could hoick him out on to the bank. And my fly was still in his mouth!' (This is a fishing story that is true; I know; I cooked the fish—and dried the clothes.)

And I remember an incident in the education of fourteen-year-old Oliver, who shot a brown speckled duck in Wallabrook Marsh that he thought was a wild one but which in fact was a traunt from Riddon Farm—

and the dialogue that followed: 'I *thought* it looked a bit big. What on earth shall I do about it?' 'Take it back to Mrs. N., tell all, say how sorry you are and offer to pay.' 'What if she screams and says, "But that's my Betty"?' 'I'm afraid that's your funeral—and Betty's.' But dear Mrs. N. received the corpse cheerfully, declaring that she'd been thinking of wringing its neck anyway, and now Oliver had saved her the trouble.

I remember too the speed and surety with which a pair of little hard brown hands freed the leg of a screaming, snapping dog from a gin-trap's iron jaws. . . . Yes, Dartmoor can do a great deal to teach small fugitives from the urban jungle how to live. It challenges all their qualities of initiative and decision, while unknown to them its beauty steals silently into their hearts and minds, enriching their lives for ever.

Most of Dartmoor belongs to a schoolboy, the Prince of Wales, who has not seen it yet. How much of its magic will he ever know? Will the official welcomers and the pushing crowds ever allow him to hear what the granite goddess has to say? Will he have to be restricted on his visits to no more than a tour or so of the main roads (where the disfigurements are greatest) and the agrarian pleasantries of a Duchy audit dinner? There is yet no knowing. Certainly, circumstances must inevitably make it harder for the Prince than for any of his mother's subjects to recognise and appreciate the true character of his bleak upland inheritance.

And as one looks out over ridge and valley to the turreted skyline of the Moor, other questions rise hauntingly in one's mind. The beauty and magic of wild places still holding their own in this small mechanised overcrowded island, enjoyed by so many, actively defended from spoliation by so few, apparently regarded by most politicians as of little importance—how long can this wildness and beauty continue to exist? Will realisation of their value come too late?

For the moment the prospect seems as chill as the nightwind sweeping over the Moor. Then one remembers the ageless endurance of the granite, so long outlasting all the contrivances of the little busy human beings who have striven to make their mark on it: and then the nature of Dartmoor seems unconquerable, and one is able to believe again that, however ugly the few discordant notes may be, the long magnificent symphony itself will play on for ever.



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