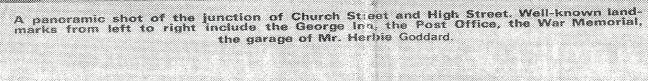
A village that it is a privilege to share







EAST MEON

When you live in a pic-turesque village do you show it off to visitors and put up with the inconve-nience that may result, or should you discourage the outsiders? This is the question Fast Meon people asked themselves recently.

The answer, provided by the village's "Mayor," Mr. Herbie Goddard, chairman of the parish council and Village Hall Committee, was that East Meon is a lovely village

Story — Glynn Williams Pictures — Donald Eades

the many bridges and watch the waters of the Meon which first gave life and name to the village more than 1,000 years ago.

ing st a film set. As Every-day story of country life with the setting, the heart

and the site sold to pay for a new hall on which work

Until it is finished, David Goddard will conti-tue to make his front-room, where the old shop counter once stood, avail-

ing corners of the village and the stream is the domi For years this has been "Herbie" Goddard's garage The old flint buildnent feature throughout, although one is always aware of the church with ings are listed as being of interest and as such are protected against major alterations. Instead of bales of hay, petrol pumps its grey spire which can be seen for miles.





The Vicar of East Meon, the Rev. Rodney Smith, in the impressive beil tower of All Saints Church

couple of weeks ago, and his opinion was shared by the majority of the audience There is no doubt about it, East Meon is a friendly village.

One can stroll along the tigh. Street beside the stream or stand on one of chairen of All Saints sitting on a rise at the foot of Park Hill.

The hill with the church provides a back-cloth to the village. A path starting by the church takes one to the top and on a clear day one can see for miles.

You might see Glenthorne Farm opposite the old cobbler's shop in the High Street, with its cowshed, stables, dairy, and apple store. In the yard is the hay, a water trough—the kind of thing that one expects to find in a farmyard.

and talked to some of the people you might find yourself visualizing the scene 50 or 60 years ago.

This is in the centre of the village. Next door is the village shop, with groceries in one half and bicycles in the other. The farm and the shop are owned by the Coles family.



The shop is the general store. Two oak-clad iron pillars are in the middle of the room supporting a wooden beam 25ft, long. The reason for these massive supports is that the upstairs room is a corn store which will hold 60 tons of grain.

In 1974 many of the old walls and buildings remain and the village has retained its rural charm, but there have been changes. One is not likely to see a herd of cows wander down the High Street, but the farm buildings still remain.

troublesome successor, the motor car.

peen susted from the

In the yard is a 1932 Bedford breakdown truck which was only withdrawn from service three years ago and is now being reno-

Mr. Goddard (senior) has officially given up running the garage, although he still deals with the paper work and mans the pumps when he is not driving the school hus or one of the village's taxis.

His son, David Goddard, a partner with his father has taken over most of the everyday work of running the garage business.

David lives in the old shop next door. Now a private house called "Gastehouse," the name refers not to the large old gate posts which stand at the entrance to the old farmyard next door, but to its one time owner, author Cyril Coles, who wrote under the pen name of Francis Gaite.

Even now that the shopno longer exists, the building is still very much a centre of the village. Last year the village hall was closed

Files. Born in Somerset, he went to America at an early age before coming to East Meon, where his uncle, Bill Laff, was landiend of The George

Mr. Piles first worked in the village as a shepherd boy, earning 7s. 6d. (374p) a week for minding sheep on the nearby hills.

He now lives in a small flint cottage. On the wall outside are boxes of flowers — and Mr. Files himself on summy Sunday afternoons.

He will tell the interested visitor how the cottage. Flint Cottage came into his family's possession.

"It was bought over the bar of The George," he says, and explains how a man who lived in another part of the village liked his beer so much that he sold the cottage for it.

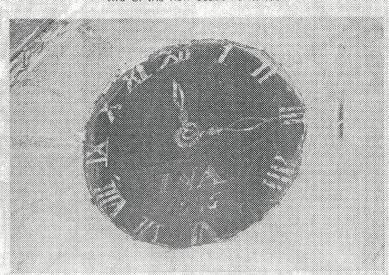


Running out of money, he sold the cottage to Mr. Luff, the landlord, for £150 — a sum which was paid in pints of beer.

There are many such tales, and many interesting people in the village — too many to name individually — and it is the people that give East Meon much of its



All part of the rural scene in springtime — shepherd Mr. John Read with two of the new season's lambs.



Something one has to look for — this "clock" is painted on slate set near the roof at the end of the old dairy sheds at Glenthome Farm — now the garage. Believed to be an "insurance clock" it bears the date 1875 and the initials L.N.A.

Below — East Meon's famous All Saints Church attracts visitors from all over the country, and it would not look the same in Spring without the glorious blooms of the daffodils, admired here by some of the women from the village.



The "Mayor" of East Meon — Mr. Herbie Goddard (left), Chairman of the parish council and Village Half Committee, and owner of the garage, seen here with his son, David, and the 1932 breakdown truck.

