

Sunday 29th June
Killerton N T Car Park - 10:00
Killerton House - 10:30

29th June Meeting.

Unfortunately, we have insufficient players to be able to field a full team this year at Killerton against Broadclyst CC so sadly we have cancelled this year's fixture.



Taff has contacted Phil Walker at Broadclyst CC and let them know that we will not be able to play this year, and almost certainly not in the future. Phil was most understanding and appreciated that we were reaching the end of our cricketing careers. They hope to be able to arrange a last-minute fixture on the 29th with another team in Devon.



Phil also passed on the sad news that Simon Gray passed away in January. People who attended any of the games at Killerton will probably remember Simon. He was the chap who looked after the pitches. Indeed, it was he that Vijay met at the ground many years ago and who arranged our first matches with Broadcast. In his earlier life Simon played regularly for Thorverton CC and remained a close friend and supporter of the Club.



We still have our invitation from Rob Meakins to visit Killerton House from **10:30 on Sunday 29th June**. Meet in the National Trust Car Park at 10:00.

This will probably be the last time that we attend as a group so I hope some of you are still able to make it and share a few more of those distant memories.

After the visit to the House, some may like to take part in the "[Two Chapels Walk](#)". It is a circular trail that takes in the Killerton Chapel (Chapel of the Holy Evangelists) and the Columnjohn Chapel - where the graves of Sir Richard and Lady Anne's are sited.



Of interest to many is a website outlining the excavation by a team from the University of Exeter adjacent to Columnjohn where they have discovered the remains of the [Elizabethan manor house](#)

I recently heard from David Treharne – chairman of Exeter City FC 2003-2006, and latterly a radio presenter on Phonic FM in Exeter. He shares his memories of his first days at Killerton just 60 short years ago:



It was 60 years ago.....

It was in September 1965 that I drove up the drive to Killerton House. Information about what awaited was hard to come by. I suspect that I was allocated a place because I'd expressed an interest in music, though nobody had asked me what sort of music.

I was allocated a room with Gerry Oldfield (RIP), who, unlike me, believed in God. It was a strange but mercifully brief tenure, as he moved into college to be nearer the chapel within six weeks, and for the next 20 months nobody else moved into share my room- probably lucky for someone as I had a plethora of unpleasant habits – as I was to discover several other inmates of the house had, though not necessarily shared with others.

The strangest thing for me was the hierarchy in the house – the proctors at the time were all much 'older' than the majority of the newcomers, mainly since they had all done National Service, something that I had avoided by two years.

They seemed to consider that almost any behaviour deviating from their 'norm' was deviant and they frowned upon any activity that wasn't either sporting or classroom related. It must have been uncomfortable for them at times as although most newcomers played some sort of sport, most of the habits of the occupiers related to drinking, playing music, organising 'socials' and repairing dilapidated motor vehicles, with college related work mostly coming a very unhealthy last.

Fellow 'inmates' were a hugely diverse group of individuals. For me it was a social learning curve that embraced a multitude of rituals that came to define the norm.

Life in the house centred around the bar, eating by no means bad food at set hours (I can't remember too many breakfasts), cadging lifts to and from college and music.

For me, the music is the main recollection. Alan Player-Mason gave me an introduction to Jimi Hendrix and The Doors. Eric Morse introduced me to Thelonious Monk – his attempts to play it on the organ are indelibly etched - and I met 'Pasty' Pete Holman which I've written about somewhere else on this website. I also struck up a friendship with Ian Jones and Paul Edgington, the outcome of which was to be a memorable year living in Exmouth.

Aside from the music but indelibly etched on my mind were three things to carry forward from '65 –'66.

Killerton gave me space to do a bit of self reflection. I saw badgers in daylight gambolling (over the hill in the estate) and drinking at the White Lion in Bradninch.

... to be continued

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