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Officer
18 JUL 2012
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Esme Goldingay

16.7.2012

Dear Sirs,

I live in Old Milverton Village and have done so all my life - I was born in No 16 in 1942 and now reside in No 12. I am the oldest villager who was born here and lived here all my life.

Let me get one point clear, I am not a nimbly, but I fail to understand why anyone would want to desecrate this beautiful and historic corner of Englands green and pleasantland.

Many visitors from all over the globe come here and remark on the peacefulness and charm of the whole village and surrounding area - I have met people from the U.S.A, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, not to mention Europe and all parts of the U.K, and all express the same sentiments.

My son works for a local funeral service, and while people are living longer and babies being born, an awful lot of people are passing away each week, so one more or less counteracts the other - hence the question why do we need all this extra housing in the Green Belt which should be sacrosanct, a haven for wildlife, birds, insects amphibians and mammals, many of which inhabit this area of unspoilt countryside. I will list the species on a separate page -

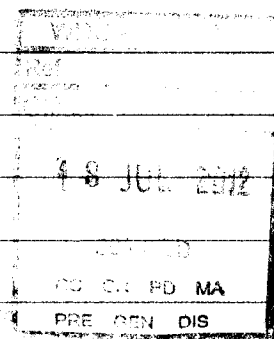
I have family at rest in St James churchyard and it would be good for their tranquil and peaceful resting place to be maintained - I laid my husband to rest there eighteen months ago, he was a gifted poet and wrote about all of natures creatures and if he could speak

for himself he would reiterate everything I have said. My parents are also in the churchyard and they were both staunch county folk, the salt of the earth and would help anyone, they came to the village in 1932, so I feel I am also doing this for them -

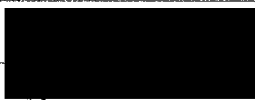
I do hope you will see the necessity of keeping our Green Belt as it stands and refer back to the 2009 plans which were much more nature friendly. I also think about our mighty oaks which have spent several hundreds of years growing and there would be plenty of them the bulldozers would demolish. Also our hedgerows which look very pretty with all the dog roses and foxgloves which help our butterflies and bees.

I do hope you will reconsider the direction your actions will take and that our peace will not be compromised in this beautiful corner of England.

Yours in anticipation



Mammals



foxes

stoats

Weasels

Muntjac deer

Voles

odd sightings of
otters

Bats

Hedgehogs

Amphibians

Newts

Toads

Frogs

Grass Snakes

Adders

Slow worms

Birds

little Owl

Barn Owl

Robin

Kestrel

Red Kite

Thrush

Kingfisher

Blackbird

House Sparrow

Hedge Sparrow

Chaffinch

Greenfinch

Bullfinch

Goldcrest

Coal Tit

Blue Tit

Green Woodpecker

Greater Spotted Woodpecker

Jay

Heron

and many more

Flora and fauna too many to name.
Butterflies and insects also.

The following written by Derek E. Goldingay

This is a tale of some country folk
Who lived in a village below an oak
Some were wise and some were funny
And none of them used what we called money

At number one lived Michael Mole
Snug and warm in his little hole
He had lived there now for over a year
A quiet chap who knew no fear

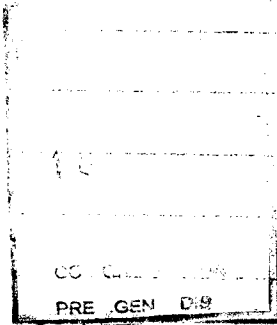
At number two lived Molly Mouse
A family of six inside her house
Two boys, two girls and Mr Mouse
All living happily in their dried grass house

High in the oak at number three
Lived Oswald Owl so wise was he
When they had problems down below
To Oswald Owl they all would go

At the next house lived a funny old chap
Dressed in an old tweed suit and pork pie hat
With a cup of tea upon his lap
There sat old granddad Regent Rat

At number five lived a fine young fellow
All dressed up in a coat of yellow
He was a ferret name of Phil
And he was always dressed to kill

The law was kept by P.C. Robin
In his bright red coat becomes a bobbing
If anyone should break the law
He'll soon be pecking in their door



A Gypsy Queen is Sally Small
As she glides along her silver trail
A shell upon her back it grows
So into houses she never goes

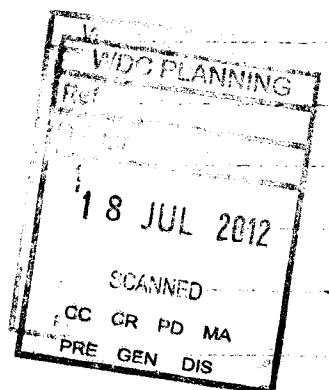
At the foot of the oak lived Harold Hare
The creatures had voted him Village Mayor
Thinking how cares can get round fast
So any troubles would soon be passed

In a hole in the trunk lived a Squirrel called Sam
Each morning for breakfast he ate bread and jam
Though he had a sweet tooth not greedy was he
For he shared his breakfast with Bernice the Bee

In the roots of that tree lived a spider called Sid
He was a clever old spider and he kept well hid
For if Benny the lizard should pass by that way
Sid knew that he would not last out today

To the village came a Showman
He was named Flash Fred the Frog
As he came hopping down the village
The creatures ran out all a jog

He said I've brought to you a circus
With lots of thrills and spills for you
Herbie Hedgehog is Ringmaster
And tonight a show we'll do



Down the road lived Tim the Tortoise
Round the bend at number eight
He heard the news but as he moved slow
He thought that he'd be much too late

The show it started dead on four
With Lucy hadybird on the door
The ring was darkened the seats were packed
As Harbie called out the very first act

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This is the tale of Tobias Toad
Who lived in a ditch beside the road
He liked to sleep the winter through
Covered up to his eyes in mud and goo

When spring came around to the bank he would hop
All covered in mud with a very loud plop
Then looking around with never a care
He filled up his lungs with nice fresh spring air

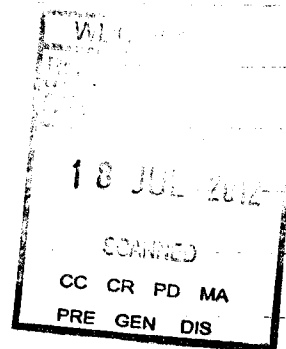
As I listen and he gave out a wheeze and a croak
And I'll tell you now of the words that he spoke
I must find a garden be it long be it wide
With plenty of slugs and somewhere to hide

I could live in the grass like a little brown lump
When someone comes by I would hop they would jump
I could catch me some slugs as they came sliding by
When a dog came along I could spit in his eye

I could manage this easily the whole summer through
With never a worry and without feeling blue
'Till along comes a human with a fork and a spade
Making a mess of the life that I've made

They will dig up the borders
And cut all the grass
I will have to move quickly
As a scythe it flies past

With their slug pellets and weed killer
They will make life so poor
That life here very long
There will be toads no more



For with their poisons
The thing they don't know
Is that they cut off the food chain
That starts down below

As I stood and thought of the things Toad had said
I thought of my own home and comfortable bed
And this year when gardening I'll take much more care
That I don't disturb any creature that's there

