

## **Eulogy of Bill Budge**

**By his son, Richard Budge**

Richard Billy Martin Budge better known to many as Bill or Dad to Martin and myself, was born at the farm at Kingbear on the 4th of April 1934 to Richard Henry Budge, known as Dick or Granfer, and Winifred Budge, nee Martin, and was their only child.

Many of you may not be aware that Dad was named after a racehorse. In true dad fashion for those that do know the story, well, you're going to hear the story again.

Granfer Budge used to breed, break in and train racehorses. Once they had won a few races and shown a bit of potential he would sell them on. On the day of Dad's expected arrival Granfer Budge sent a horse off to East Cornwall Hunt's point to point races at Fore Downs, Pensilva with Ronald Peters and told him to put a bet on the horse and if the horse won, to buy a drink.

The horse won with odds of 33 to 1 and obviously after several drinks the message came back that horse had won and you should call the new born boy Billy. Dad used to say that some people were born with a silver spoon there mouth, but he was born with a big silver cup.

The cup on top of the coffin is the cup that the horse won on that day, which he very kindly passed on to me on my wedding day. Saying he was named after a racehorse horse and I looked like one!!

It reads

### **East Cornwall Hunt Point to Point, Farmers' Race**

**presented by S P Betty and W P Betty Esq**

**4th of April 1934**

The name of the horse - **BILLY**

Dad started school at Lewannick during the war due there being too many evacuees attending North Hill primary school, which is now the pub. So in his early years spent a lot of time at his grandparents at Lemala. He eventually did manage to get a place at North Hill School.

I can remember dad telling me stories of how he used to sit on the gate post and watch Plymouth being bombed during war at evening time.

The family then moved to Oaklands a small holding at Latchley Plain, Gunnislake in the Tamar Valley. Dad told us many stories of growing cherries and strawberries and how they used to pick them. He went to Headland College at Albaston Chapel then to Warren's Private School, at the North Hill in Plymouth. He caught the train at Gunnislake and helped the guards loads milk churns destined for Devonport Co-operative milk distributors. We found the school badge that was on his cap that allowed free entry to home games at Plymouth Argyle. The stewards confiscated the cap but allowed him to keep the badge as they thought he had out grown the cap!

The pot plant on the coffin is a Primula Hose in Hose a descendant from those growing at Oaklands, Latchley. It was found growing at Kingbear and almost extinct and is now registered with the Royal

Horticultural society as "Kingbear Gold". Over the years I have managed to propagate over a hundred.

The family then moved back to the farm at Kingbear where Dad worked alongside his father. He was also a self employed painter and decorator and to supplement his income he painted petrol pumps across the South West. He also painted shops at Perranporth where he told me he went to paint one shop at the start of the summer and by the end of the summer he had painted the whole street.

He later bought North Hill primary school and set about turning it in to a village pub of which he tells me there was a lot of objection at the time. He called it the Racehorse after his father's training days and the fact he was named after one and celebrated 50 years of being open last August.

Dad had three passions - politics, sport and farming.

Dad was heavily involved in politics over the years joining the Conservative party at the age of 16 after being introduced by John Panter's father. He became the chairman of North Cornwall Conservatives and once visited the Houses of Parliament where they confiscated his pocket knife. He later became very involved with Cornwall UKIP.

He also served as a Parish councillor for over 35 years due to too many emmets trying to change his beloved parish. He was chairman on many occasions and Hayley and Mum still serve. He was also a school governor at Coad's Green Primary School and helped save it from closure when both Martin and I attended that school.

He was hugely involved in the commoners association at St Cleer and district and Cornwall commoners being chair of both. Martin now serves on these organisations.

As many of you know Dad lived for his sport and played football and cricket and was a huge Plymouth Argyle fan. The entrance song played today was *Semper Fideles*, Dad's favourite piece of music and the song that Plymouth play as the players go out onto the pitch. They sadly lost the league 2 play off finals on Monday at Wembley. By the way Dad still owes the ten pound bet he had with Mum at the start of the season for not getting into the top half the table.

Dad made his football debut for Morval reserves and went on to play for Tavistock, Darite, Ashwater, South Hill and Altarnun where he retired from playing at the age of 47, playing alongside Neil Gubbin in defence, Dad saying "That's it I am finished" and Neil saying "He was far from the worst on the pitch that day".

He managed Altarnun on two occasions, the first being successful with several promotions and the second time with the reserves when Martin and I had progressed to men's football.

He also managed St Cleer Youth Football Club and Launceston Youth Cricket Club when Martin and I started playing. Many of the lads will have fond memories of singing rude songs on the way to away matches in Mum and Dad's Bedford team bus, our farm van that used to have bales of hay in the back as seats.

Dad was also a keen referee and as small lads, Martin and I have memories of visiting many grounds across the county watching him referee.

Cricket-wise Dad started playing for Latchley as a lad and when the family moved back to Kingbear he played for Linkinhorne, South Petherwin, and Lewannick 1st and 2nds. He made a comeback for Lewannick when I started playing there if they were short, along with Mum.

We also had the pleasure of all four of us playing together in the same team and winning a division eight runners up medal for Launceston 3rds.

In later years Mum and Dad spent many Saturday afternoons following Martin and me around the county's cricket and football grounds and Dad's stories will be missed by many.

Dad met Mum whilst refereeing a ladies football match at South Hill and love blossomed from there. Mum also being the only child of Alfred Edwin Hodge and Lillian Hodge nee Simmons. My Dad never called them by their christian names and always called them Mr and Mrs Hodge to their dying days.

They got married at Golberdon chape in on the 31st of August 1974 and helped pay for the reception which was held at Rosecraddock Manor by painting Polbathic Village Hall together. Dad was aged 40 and Mum 23 (The lucky s\*d, it will soon be my time to find a 23 year old).

They ended up living in a caravan at Bowda Lane where Doreen Soady lives today whilst their proposed first home was renovated. Their marital home was going to be the old village shop at Minions, which is now the tea rooms opposite the pub. After renovation it was sold before they had chance to move in. They then later moved in and ran The Racehorse for several years.

I came along in March 1977 and Martin in January 1979. We lived at The Racehorse and Dad ran the farm at Kingbear until 1981 when it was decided it was best to leave the public house trade following complaints by the neighbour that I was watching her cutting her lawn from my bedroom window when I was 3½ years old and had half of larger in one hand and a fag in the other.

Following the death of Grandma Budge in 1979 Dad decided to renovate the farm cottage and added an extension.

We moved there in 1982 after living in a caravan for a few years. We were forced to move in early after the caravan roof blew off in a blizzard.

Dad unfortunately got organo sheep dip poisoning, which very much ruined dad's health in his later years forcing them to scale the farming down and sell the top half of the farm, which he offered to Martin and me before doing so but he advised us to get out as he couldn't see a future in farming.

They invested the money in properties throughout Devon and Cornwall and wished he done it when he inherited the farm all those years before.

Martin and I have been trying to get back in to farming ever since. I have a small holding and Mum and Martin rent extra land at Bowda. Although it is hard work it's a wonderful way of life, one that we fondly remember from our childhoods.

Dad wrote a book for my children, Ellie and Oliver, detailing a lot of his history and family information and would urge you all to think about doing the same as this history will live on, long after you.

Well, Dad, looking around the church today you always said to me that there would be no one at your funeral, as you had either out lived them or upset them. Well, Dad, you either have a lot of young friends or a lot of enemies that want to see the back of you.

All joking aside on the behalf of Mum, Martin and myself and our families I would like to thank everyone for their thoughts and good wishes.

I walked into the Mum's lounge at home and thought it was Christmas with all the cards hanging up. There were well over a hundred.

Please do join us in reminiscing and enjoying some refreshments at the village hall after the service.