

Postscript by AW: This wasn't confined to the local press as the following cutting from the *Daily Express* 12 Sept. 1929 shows. No prizes for guessing the identity of 'Special Correspondent'! Please note that it is now the *Daily Express* that was used for this doughty deed which surely is in the mode of Tilting at Windmills rather than Slaying a Dragon.

ST. GEORGE OF GEORGEHAM.

PROOF THAT HE SLEW THE DRAGON!

LOCAL PAINTING

'Daily Express' Special Correspondent. ILFRACOMBE, Wednesday

NORTH DEVON is exciting itself over the claim of Georgeham that St. George actually slew the dragon on a Barnstaple Bay headland close to Georgeham village.

I have been hunting for dragons at Baggy Point, near Georgeham, which again is close to Croyde, near Saunton, not from Braunton, and that is the way to find Baggy.

There are of course dragons at Baggy. Any oldest inhabitant at Georgeham will tell you that "only daft faules frae Lunnon town" disbelieve in Baggy dragons. All the oldest inhabitants of Georgeham are "sartin sure" about it.

"Didden Garge kill one on 'em once," said one of the oldest inhabitants—'Stuck 'em right through the jaws with a spear? I can mind my wold fayther tellin' me that 'e'd a 'eard 'is old fayther say that 'is fayther seen one on 'em once out there a breathing the fires of hell from a mouth six foot wide—a fearsome beast, I tell 'ee, an ef 'ee doan't believe oi, look at that 'ere soihn up theer, painted by Miss Kemp-Welch to prove it."

SIGN ARTISTRY.

I looked at the village sign, an exquisite piece of artistry, the work of the renowned painter who lives at Croyde, near Saunton, not far from Braunton. It showed a youthful St. George on a white horse, and a green dragon with a twisty-twiny tail and red gaping jaws which bore a double set of horrid crocodile teeth.

"An' 'ere," I was told, 'Up at Baggy,

was wheer 'e done it, an' a mighty gude stroke of business it weer, as my wold fayther 'ave a said 'ee 'eard 'es wold fayther say 'es fayther 'ad told en."

On the top of the sign are the date 1326, and the name of St. George. That settled the matter for Georgeham, though unbelievers exist among the intelligentisia who have adopted Georgeham, and some of them, including Mr. Henry Williamson, the author even pasted out the roadside picture with a copy of the "Daily Express."

True, Mr Williamson has apologised, but Georgeham is not pacified. "Passon hissself calls Georgeham, 'ham-St. George,'" said another oldest inhabitant to me. "He said it to oi meself an' passon knows what he be talkin' about. Theer bean't nobody more up in the doin's at Georgeham than passon."

RUSTIC FAITH.

I could not learn, however, that "passon" was an orthodox believer in the local achievement of the saint, but you could no more shake the faith of rustic Georgeham that the saint and the dragon met at Baggy Point than you could convince a Chinese rice coolie that the world is round, not flat. I went towards Baggy, and there, sure enough, was something snorting out flames and smoke. It proved to be a "vuzz" fire on the edge of the cliff, and all the dragons found were Farmer Chugg's calf and a monster caterpillar six inches long, but Georgeham's 'Garge and the dragon 'ave a brought plenty of visitors, and no saint could 'a done better by the place."