

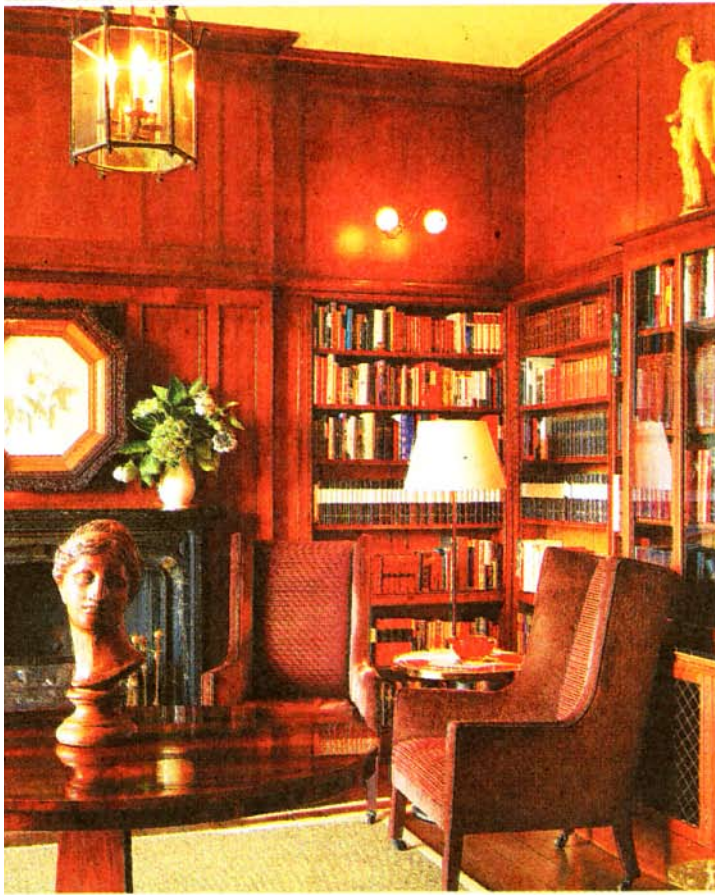


et Earth's greatest hits » Page 3

Five best road trips » Page 9



**dd a bit of that.  
British holiday**



## ooth

om top . . . it doesn't get  
r than the Hotel Endsleigh  
of Dartmoor; the all-  
throom at the Hotel  
St Mawes, which Mimi  
a little nocket of paradise'



turn into a savage." But, alas, you do.

Family camping, I soon discovered, is an oddly intimate experience. You get to watch your neighbour in the Khyam 400 demolish a saveloy and chips for his tea. You soon learn to recognise a man by his sneeze. Farts are, of course, funny if you're five. But not if you're 37 and trying to get some sleep on a blow-up bed. Pretty soon – after about a day – the rot really sets in.

Thank heavens, then, for our patchwork plans. We could Go Posh to Wash. It doesn't get much posher than Olga Polizzi's latest acquisition – the Hotel Endsleigh on the edge of Dartmoor. This magnificent place, designed in 1812 by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville as a cottage orné, boasts 16 exquisite rooms, 108 acres of woodland, and seven rods on the Tamar, said to be some of the best salmon and trout fishing in England. More importantly, it had three sorts of cake for tea, served on bone-china plates featuring a design commemorating Humphrey Repton's Grade I-listed gardens. You get silver teapots, and waiting staff in fetching tunics. You get Farrow & Ball colours and vast, lose-yourself beds.

Endsleigh was a triumph, though – I would add – rather wasted on the very young. As we left, the bill was obviously weighing heavily on Paul's mind. "It was lovely char-grilled squid," I reminded him brightly. "And tonight's accommodation will cost us precisely 10 quid." He looked perkier and switched on the cricket on Radio 5 as we trundled off towards the Ruthern Valley campsite near Wadebridge.

It's a great little place, with just 30 pitches in landscaped wooded alcoves. The tent went up in minutes, and – fortified by the Endsleigh – I set about knocking up a stack of bacon sarnies on my natty twin-burner stove with grill. Paul happily tinkered about, fixing this and that in the way that content men do outdoors. The children dashed about on the green sward. And I considered the home improvements that would make family camping in the UK a