

KENN NEWS & VIEWS.

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KENN

NEWS

And

VIEWS

Editors

KATE DENMEAD
& SHEILA NAISH

your own
magazine

TYPED BY JO COOPER
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STOWELL

TITLE BY KELLY BURSTOW

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS

"Ne'er cast a clout till May be out" so the old saying goes. There is some difference of opinion as to whether 'May' is the month or the blossom; but the following story, related to me years ago, took it to be the former.

A gentleman dressing one December evening in the days of detachable starched collars, mislaid a collar stud. Much vexed, the gentleman searched high and low in vain. Like odd socks in the laundry, it had vanished. It seemed destined to become one of the great mysteries of all time, until the beginning of June when the warmer weather promised. The gentleman thus removed his winter vest - and there was the long lost collar stud. This is a true story and the gentleman is alive and well today - probably thanks to his winter vest!

SHOESTRINGS RENEWED

We have had several kind replies to our plea last month for a coffee morning venue. In order as they came in are, Mrs. Gladys Denmead, Mrs. Trish Hanison and Mrs. Jenny Pascoe, and there have been many more offers of help. To this end the first coffee morning has been booked at Conifers, Duck Lane - the home of Mrs. Gladys Denmead, on Tuesday, 13th June, 10.30 till 12 noon. There will be a raffle and a bring and buy for which donations will be gratefully received. Everyone is welcome, of course, and your support will help towards keeping KENN NEWS & VIEWS coming through your letter box. K.D. & S.N.

DEADLINE 18th MAY

NAISH'S NOTES - Sunshine After Rain

During last month we had 3 villagers in hospital. Philippa Jenkins fortunately only stayed a short while, Tim Taylor and Jim Middleton. Thankfully they are all safely back with us and fully fit. Tim Taylor would like to thank all villagers and friends who sent cards and gifts during his stay in hospital.

BIRTHDAYS

We have a string of belated birthday wishes to report;

April 1st	Clare Stowell
3rd	Antoni Papasolomontos and Avril Flower
4th	Robin Taylor
6th	Andrea Waters, 18 - Congratulations!
21st	Barbara Middleton
22nd	Liz Jaehme
24th	your illustrious printer Margaret Stowell
28th	Theresa Waters

and back on the 11th one of your illustrious editors - the big one, who is having a crisis as she reaches another $\frac{1}{2}$ decade.

The following have birthdays or anniversaries during May.

May	9th	Happy Ruby Wedding to Beryl and Sam Stuckey (Juliet Stowell's parents)
	10th	Jill and Jayne Morris
	26th	Brian Stowell
	28th	Sally Taylor, 18 - Congratulations!

and finally, ex-Kennites Hartly and Jane Staples have birthdays on the 1st and 26th respectively.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Whilst discussing safety in the home recently with a certain villager, the merits of smoke alarms were raised. "Oh, I've got one of those", said the villager keenly - "in a box in the cupboard under the stairs." SN

B.R.I. INTENSIVE THERAPY UNIT FUND

The Pot Luck Supper last month to start off the fund-raising for the B.R.I. I.T.U. Fund proved to be a great evening. Some 32 people arrived armed with various dishes to tempt us all and we had a really good get together.

Some enjoyed themselves more than others. Ian and Mark arrived downstairs the next morning delighted to find a new train track had been built for them in "BRIO".

Sheila as always did very well with the Raffle and left with a few I.O.U.s in her pocket.

We talked over many good ideas for the coming year; look out for adverts about A Barn Dance, Car Treasure Hunt and BBQ in July, another Fun Run, Skittles Evening, Quiz Night, Matchmaker Party (Wow!) and events for the children like a sports day and sponsored Sunflower growing competition.

Everyone enjoyed the evening and with many willing hands helping donate crockery, cutlery glasses and help with the washing up, it gave us all some great "eats" with the minimum of effort. Let's hope the rest of the year's programme goes as well.

P.S. Can we all have your recipe for Chicken Stroganoff please Kate, I only got the sauce.

Jenny Pascoe

No sooner said than done K

CAR TREASURE HUNT & BBQ

Sunday, 24th July - Watch for details next month.

MATCHMAKER PARTY

Tuesday, 30th May at 8.00 p.m. Co-ordinating bed linen, towels etc., china and gifts. Raffle. To be held at The Chalet - home of Avril Gaunt. ALL WELCOME.

SUNFLOWER GROWING COMPETITION

Calling all children in Kenn:- Grow a Sunflower and ask your friends and relatives to sponsor you so much per foot, with the funds going to the Intensive Therapy Unit at the B.R.I. Sponsorship forms are available from Kathy Burstow at "Meadow Lea", Kenn Street. You should all pick a spot in the garden and plant your seeds on Saturday, 13th May. A future date will be chosen for the judging and there will be a prize for the tallest Sunflower.

Kathy Burstow

SNIPPETS

Celebrations

Our flag flew on April 21st to celebrate the birthday of Her Majesty our Queen.

We also flew St. George's flag on April 23rd - St. George's Day.

MR. MIDDLETON

We are pleased to know Mr. Middleton has returned from hospital. Despite her anxiety Mrs. Middleton has maintained her wonderful service with a smile, even when the wholesale delivery man 'kidnapped' two lots of her daily newspapers.

YOUNG WINNER

Joseph Dyer won a prize in a poster competition 'Endangered Animals in the Rain Forests' organised by the National Westminster Bank.

WANTED

More stamps for Leukaemia Research Fund. Over £12,000 has been raised by the sale of used stamps for the fund. Rowena Ayres collected two large carrier bags of stamps at her office - thankyou Rowena.

AND TIN FOIL

Please don't throw it away. Miss Griffey collects it for funds for Guide Dogs for the blind. R. M. Dyer

PROFITABLE COFFEE MORNING

A very successful coffee morning was held at Jean Naish's for St. John's Altar Guild Fund. The amount raised was £108.55. Many thanks to everyone that supported it and also everyone that helped and brought things for the Bring and Buy. We are most grateful to everyone.
J.N.

KENN WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Members of Kenn W.I. were absolutely fascinated by Miss Burrows's talk on Clevedon violets. It combined wonderfully most people's two main interests, natural history and local history. Miss Burrows was warmly thanked by Mrs. Withers.

The Whist Drive was successful and made a small profit. It is hoped to hold another in the autumn. Sadly the skittles team were not successful in the latest round of the tournament. The team is more proficient each year, so perhaps next year! Reports were given of the Group Meeting and the Spring Council Meeting.

Two of the resolutions for the Annual General Meeting were discussed. One expresses concern at worldwide deforestation and urges governments to unite to halt it. The other called for the government to ensure the strictest possible controls on the importation, treatment and disposal of toxic waste to prevent pollution. Members agreed unanimously to support them.

At the May meeting Felicity Snook will talk about her trip to Australia. The competition will be for an apple recipe. This month's competition for a flowered tea towel was won by Mrs. Bullock, gold; Mrs. Dyer, silver and Mrs. Lamb, green.

KENN PARISH COUNCIL NOTES

At the meeting of Kenn Parish Council on 17th April, Mr. S. Dyer was re-elected Chairman for the coming year. Mr. R. Naish will be Vice-Chairman and Miss D. Holtham will continue as Clerk.

The Best Kept Village Competition was discussed at the Annual Public Meeting which followed. Most of the marks which are awarded in the competition are given for the absence of litter. It was noted that Kenn Street is usually litter free. It is the main road and Davis Lane which are the principal areas of concern. Mrs. I. Stowell offered to do what she could in Davis Lane; Mrs. Harrison of Walnut Tree Farm, Mrs. R. Dyer of Kenn Court, Mr. Neill and Mrs. Davis, a newcomer to the village, undertook to try to keep the main road litter free. They will be grateful for any help they can get. It was emphasized that it is not villagers who create this litter, but cars and lorries passing through. There will again be a Poster Competition for the children. Mrs. Dyer and Mrs. Ings have details. It is hoped that the Village Hall Committee will give permission for them to be displayed in the entrance to the Village Hall so that all the effort is not washed away in the rain.

Those people who did not attend missed a very clear talk on the new Community Charge by Mr. Taylor, Deputy Treasurer of Woodspring District Council. The procedures in the coming year or two were explained and some misconceptions and anxieties were relieved. He was warmly thanked by Mr. Naish.

It is hoped that soon there will be a second Neighbourhood Watch in the village, which will mean that all of Kenn Street will be covered. Perhaps the other main part of the village, Duck Lane, will follow!

SKYE (29.3.89 - 7.4.89)

In the Easter I spent a fortnight with the Army Corps of my school in Skye. We stayed at a campsite that must have been the most remote in the island. Fourteen hours from Bristol to Skye - three stops - and after that, the same day even, we had to go and climb a mountain. The next day was windy. I had been picked to go with a fitness fanatic who allowed no rests and no slowing down. The wind went up and up and then the weather turned nasty. There was sleet and the wind became so strong that even he gave in (minor miracle). Afterwards I learnt that our wind speed instrument had given a reading of Force 9. We'd survived a full scale blizzard. For the rest of the time in Skye it shone bright and warm.

Our School Chaplain was on the trip and the next day I accompanied him, his son and two others on a three day camping expedition. The first night I spent in a bothy - which is

the name for a mountain hut anyone is allowed to use - accompanied by three unintelligible Scots. Then in the morning a 10 mile hike, in the course of which I saw an eagle and some seals and climbed across a practically sheer rock-face called the Bad Step. The next couple of days were spent resting in camp. Then news of another three-nighter.

The first camp was in a small ravine with just enough space for our two tents. Thank God they were tied down, because my companion was a very bad sleeper. Next day we were off at the crack of dawn, surprising three feeding deer and a lovely stag.

Eventually we arrived at the Comish Peninsular where our leader suggested that for supper we cook and eat our own mussels. Strangely enough they tasted quite good.

Food at base camp though was rather different - twenty-four hour ration packs - yuk! AND I had to cook it myself! Not much fun and I'm no Cordon Bleu.

On the last day I only had time for a spot of abseiling before we broke camp and set off home the next morning at 7.45. The scenery was wonderful; the sun glinted off the snow and flamed on the mixture of brown grass and bracken that covers all mountainsides. The majesty and beauty began to make me quite drowsy...sleepier...quieter...**BANG!** The other van had a puncture. Delay of about an hour. Arrived in Bristol at the stroke of ten.

James Mackay

Thankyou James for a super description of your trip. I apologise if the name of the peninsular is wrong but I didn't think you'd want me to ring you at 11.30 p.m.

Any other children wishing to follow James's example and write for Kenn News and Views? I know of one young man who is good at poetry. K.D.

THE PROBABLE BACKGROUND OF 'DRUM AND MONKEY'

In years gone by when Bristol was foremost in overseas trade and commerce, the normal method of recruiting for the Royal Navy and the Merchant fleet was to visit the centres of population. The Bosun headed his motley crew and made tracks to the city, towns and villages followed by the drummer boy banging his drum. When the men came out to see the cause of the commotion the King's shilling changed hands and another seafarer was recruited.

The drummer boy, whose job it was to bring the powder from the magazine to the guns was known as the Powder Monkey. Hence the name of many a house of refreshment became The Drum and Monkey. The job of keeping the guns supplied with powder during battle was obviously a hazardous one. J. Middleton

THE MISSING SOLDIER

Around the turn of the century there was a family called Locke living at 'Stonehouse', Kenn Street, now the home of Toby Gale. Mrs. Locke was for many years the village midwife. This was in the days when there was no District Nurse and Doctors were seldom called to a birth. When I was a young lad I was talking one day to old Mr. Dick Orchard who lived at 'Woodbine Cottage', now the home of Jack Hanson. Mr. Orchard told me that his wife had, if I remember correctly, nine children. Mrs. Locke had attended all the births and they had never needed to call a doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Locke had several children. Two of their sons joined the Army and the eldest was sent to South Africa to take part in the Boer War. He was one of two men from Kenn engaged in that war, the other being Jack Ellis who lived at Court Cottage and worked at Kenn Court until an old man.

Luckily both returned home to Kenn safely and Mr. and Mrs. Locke were so pleased with their son's safe return that they arranged a party to celebrate. It was summertime so they held the party in the orchard at the back of the house. Just by chance, the younger son arrived home on leave at the same time. In those days soldiers came on leave wearing dress uniform, or the colours as it was known. On this evening of the party, the youngest son went to The Rose and Crown, as Kenn pub was called at that time. When he arrived home he had had a few drinks and this annoyed his father. One word brought another and in the end father and son had a serious row. Father told his son that he was a disgrace to the uniform he was wearing and this was a very serious thing to say to a man in those days. After the party they all retired to bed. During the night the son got up, put on his uniform and without anyone hearing him, he slipped out of the house and disappeared. No word was ever heard of him again. The only clue his family ever had was when the Titanic sank in 1912. A list of missing people was published in the newspapers and on that list was the name J. Locke. His family assumed

that this was their missing son. Naturally his mother was terribly upset and she never gave up hope of seeing her son again. She even kept a light burning in her home every night until she died, hoping he would one day turn up. Ray Naish

THE STORY OF MOORGATES(Continued)

Some errors and omissions from last month's issue :-

I should have included in the Stowell brothers of 'Moorgates', Hugh "Boy" Stowell. He too worked in the business, married Miss Kate Marshall while at 'Moorgates' and lived there with his wife until they bought 'Portbury House Farm'. They moved there in 1919. Their two children, Kathleen and John, were born at 'Portbury House'. John remains there today, running the farm with his wife Irene and their son Michael.

After Boy Stowell and his wife had been in their home a year or two, Jim Stowell and his mother, having left 'Moorgates', moved into the cottage at 'Portbury House' until Jim left for Canada. His mother stayed on for a while before following her son to Canada, where she lived for the rest of her life. She died out there and is buried in Vancouver.

Now back to our main story :-

In the early '40s, Sid and Von (Veronica) Cox took on the tenancy of 'Moorgates', buildings and land, from Ern Baker. (Note the ownership of 'Moorgates' had stayed within the family because Ern Baker had married a Stowell daughter.) Sid and Von had with them their daughters Irene and Beryl. (Irene was, in due course, to marry John Stowell, see above notes.) After about five years they took over the house as well, and worked 'Moorgates' as a farm until the 1950's when they purchased and moved to Clevedon Farm in Davis Lane.

While Sid and Von were working the farm, the Bakers were running the corn milling business, using power from the Fielding and Platt engine. The Cox's let off some rooms to Sally and Richard Whitehead - and other folk to use part of 'Moorgates' after Sally and Richard left to move to Corner Cottage, were Bert Puddy and Freddie Stokes to name but two.

When the Cox family moved to Clevedon Farm, Ern Baker sold 'Moorgates' to Jim Withers, a farmer and general dealer in property and war surplus. A man who would buy an entire Army camp, strip and dismantle the buildings and sell these off for re-erection, again mostly on farms. There is one at Mill Farm to this day. Jim Withers ran the farm with the help of Jack Hanson who now lives in retirement at Woodbine Cottage on the Yatton Road.

Now Don and Hilda Staples come back into the story. In the 50's Jim Withers decided to sell out and move on. He put the house, buildings and about 7 acres of land on the market. The asking price was £7,500.....NO TAKERS.

Eventually the house was sold to Bob Seeley (of Seeley's of Hill Road, Clevedon) and his wife for (Don and Hilda think) £2,500. Then Don and Hilda bought the buildings and orchard for £2,000 and a little later paid another £1,000 for 5 acres of land. So Don was now the owner of the property where he had once worked as a lad. They, with their son John, including the smallholding/market garden they already owned in Duck Lane, worked 'Moorgates' and land until about 1960. Hilda kept 2,000 hens and also looked after 6 incubators for hatching hen and duck eggs, any surplus chicks or ducklings being sold at Yatton Market. She recalls they had no running water to the hen houses so she carried all the water in buckets. A typical day for the Staples would see Don or John in Bristol Fruit Market delivering produce by 6.00 a.m., then back to Duck Lane to milk their herd at 7.00 a.m. before a good Somerset breakfast of eggs, bacon and mushrooms. The mushrooms would have been gathered by Don at dawn. He was famous for knowing where all the Kenn mushrooms grew. After breakfast the real work began and never stopped until dark, with boxing up produce for the morrow by lamp-light until a late hour - often an 18/20 hour day. Their enterprise included market gardening, milking cows and keeping pigs and poultry. They remember the day they picked and put into punnets 1 cwt or 50 kilos of strawberries, 450 punnets in all. They also grew anemones, one year planting over 20,000 by hand.

In 1959/60 the Staples sold off the buildings and paddock to the Bert Puddy we mentioned earlier. Bert built a bungalow in the paddock and put this, with the buildings and some land, on the market for £7,000.....again NO TAKERS. Some of you may recall the nation was in the grip of the TED HEATH SQUEEZE - no loans and no mortgages. This was when

Grace and I arrived, having married in 1959. We had lived in a caravan at Mill Farm. We offered Bert Puddy £5,950 and he sold to us. (Those were the days - 1961.)

Meanwhile, 'Moorgates' house itself had changed hands several times. The Seeley's sold to the Mickleburghs; they sold to the Wilsons who were followed by Major Boyd. Then Simon and Joy Pinder, the present owners, moved in in 1966. Now the industry returns. Simon started his own electronics business. This in due course he moved to Teignmouth Road, Clevedon, but now has returned to 'Moorgates' to continue a tradition of personal enterprise by forward looking men, from the Stowells to the Pinders.

N.B. There may be some errors over dates, you will note many are approximate, and other details too. The problem is, when you try to recall events and dates going back more than half a century, it is impossible to be really accurate. I'm sure the Editors would be pleased to receive any corrections and additions or future contributions.

John Griffin

John - Yes, we would. This is fascinating knowledge. It makes me wonder whether our lives will be as interesting to those in the village in another half century's time. Kate

CONGRATULATIONS

To John Griffin for his excellent story in last month's News & Views on 'Moorgates' and the Stowell family. It was very interesting reading. Let's have some more please, John.
Ray Naish Your wish is granted, Ray. - Eds

JUST TWO HENS by CHRISTOPHER WINDRUSH - A GENTLEMAN OF TICKENHAM

One day someone will write a book on the psychology of chickens. Indeed it may already have been done. I find the actions and motivations of my two brown hens, Annie and Jenny endlessly entertaining and often predictable.

Free to roam for most of the day in my half-acre, they reward me with superb eggs... and some mess for which they are forgiven. It is a happy sight to see them stroll across the lawn with the slow dignity of ancestral peacocks, cropping the grass and pausing ever and anon to gobble a wriggling delicacy.

As so often when two spinsters live together, one of them plays the dominant role. Annie has the more splendid plumage and lays more frequently. They are inseparable. When Annie takes herself off to the nesting box, Jenny goes too, not to lay but to give her friend moral support, or so it seems.

Occasionally kitchen left-overs include morsels of meat from which I choose two roughly equal pieces and call the birds to the front lawn for their treat. Annie, without hesitation, grabs the piece nearest to her and departs in the direction of the shrubbery, probably hoping to enjoy it in peace. Jenny's whole body language speaks indecision and doubt. She picks up her meat dutifully and carries it back and forth, making no attempt to swallow it and never taking her gaze from Annie. She is clearly torn by the thought that Annie has the more desirable piece.

Another student of chicken behaviour waits high in the cherry tree and watches for the moment when he knows that Jenny, unable to stand the suspense any longer, will drop her morsel to go in pursuit of Annie. Down swoops Jim Crow, in a perfectly calculated glide path, to snatch and carry away the prize on purposeful wings.

The curtain now rises on Act II of the ballet, the 'Pas de Deux'. The choreography is derived from the fact that Annie is in possession of the only remaining piece of meat, which is too large to be swallowed immediately. It must first be put on the ground and pecked. This, as she well knows, is a risky thing to do because while it is there it may be claimed by a well timed swipe of Jenny's beak. Annie now embarks on a complicated routine of twisting and turning designed to present towards Jenny, at all times, that part of her which is opposite to where the meat is. She evades Jenny's flanking attacks by turning away abruptly from the direction of her friend's approach. In the meantime, Annie, by craning her neck forward in a series of jerks with wide open beak, is gradually forcing the meat down. At last it is gone. The drama is over. She strops her beak appreciatively on the grass and both parties resume their favourite pastime, "Scratch with the right foot, then with the left; step one pace to the rear to see what has been brought to light. There may be nothing, but peck once absent-mindedly before moving on to fresh territory."

One evening, sitting in my study, I was surprised to see Annie fly up to the window-sill and peck the glass. Wondering what she was trying to tell me, I followed her to the run to see that the door had been shut by the wind, thus preventing them from getting to their roosting place. Only a chicken knows how important this is! If the greenhouse door is left open, they seize the chance of a peck at my ripe tomatoes. Begrudging them this only slightly, I growl at them in pretended anger. Quick to notice the change in my voice, they depart in a cloud of dust, feathers and flapping wings. I even wonder sometimes whether this display of mock terror is their way of joining in the spirit of the game!

Their day ends with the dusk and Annie leads her companion to their sleeping quarters. From the farthest corner of the garden they come, along by the beech hedge, across the drive, up through the orchard like pilgrims on their way to a distant shrine, to climb a small ladder and disappear into their hut. Later, I go, wet or fine, to thank them for the beautiful eggs, tell them to sleep well and bid them 'Goodnight'. They puff up their feathers and make tiny answering noises to me. It matters not in the slightest what I say to them; I could be counting up to fifty. It does not matter a great deal that I am talking to them because, through my voice, comes the contact which enriches all our lives.

It hardly needs to be said that these gentle creatures have brought me untold delight, giving me of their best and asking little in return save a clean, dry house, food, water and occasionally my company. It pleases me to see their comfort and well-being. I leave them, quietly bolting the gate to protect them, as they sleep, from unwelcome callers.

TAILPIECE

A lady acquaintance tells me that, as a small child, she used to take her pet hen round the neighbourhood tucked in her doll's pram. This conjures up for me a picture of pure enchantment.

Thanks to John Griffin for the loan of this piece.

A NOTE FROM THE POND

Thank you to all the kind friends who so generously helped me in my quest for frog spawn. The pond is now throbbing with life as the tadpoles develop. I was also given several varieties of snail, which I had been unable to buy at any of the water-garden centres, and some lovely weed and water plants. I have also been promised a variety of newts in due course.

I was also given a box marked "Toads (2) (Pregnant)". They were certainly very busy proving the point when I tipped them into the pond. However, I haven't seen them since but I gather this is quite normal, so we await further events.

I'm afraid that although I did say "thank you" last month, I missed the deadline so I hope you will forgive me. Thank you all again. Iris Goldsworthy

Note: With all that wildlife and activity, it would be nice perhaps if some of the children could come and see your pond. Natural ponds are so scarce, remote or protected these days, this kind of nature is almost monopolised by David Attenborough. K.D.

THAT SPRING FEELING

It was a lovely warm afternoon and as I loaded up the car with bales of newspaper, having already picked up one lot in Clevedon, I thought longingly of a cup of tea. No, I drink too much tea I decided, and would take the paper down to Ray Naish's first.

At the farm, as I unloaded the first couple of bales, I heard all the dogs barking excitedly and then, with a patter of dainty feet, a bull came cantering round the corner and into the yard. Now I like all animals, but do draw the line at Bulls - a heavy line - especially when they snort, kick up their heels and head-butt everything in sight, like dustbins, the wall, etc. So, I hopped back into the barn.

After a time, as it all seemed quiet, I looked carefully round the door and saw he was having a chat to the cattle penned up on the other side of the yard. Could I chance getting down to the car to blow the horn, as nobody was about and he might take it into his big head to go down to the gate and then out into the street? But might the noise annoy him even more? Being a true-born coward and very unathletic, so if he did see me

my chances of dodging round the car in front of him would be poor, I hesitated. Just then he set off again for another dash round the yard and that made up my mind for me. I sat down inside the door and listened to his progress.

Suddenly the puffing and blowing seemed very near. I realised he must be having a nosey round at the open boot of the car, only a few feet away! I had been to a funeral that day and my mind was already full of the transience of our time on this earth and the thought of being squashed by him was not nice. So in case he took it into his head to skip up the steps and into the barn I quickly moved into the far corner, hoping if necessary I could cower down under the paper bags piled up there. I am always saying I hope I come to a quick end, but not that way and not just yet!

Another thought struck - there were still no sounds of humans - what if everyone was out? I could be here for hours. I wished I'd had that cup of tea; my throat was very dry. Fear does that to you, I'm told. But with all these piles of newspapers, at least I'd have something to pass the time.

All was quiet again, so I had another look out and by now he was down near the gate - and, thank goodness, it was shut. That meant two things; he couldn't get out and someone must know he was loose!

I sat down to wait and then a voice called out "Anyone there?" It was Ray, with a big stick. I asked if the bull was as vicious as he looked, (well he did to me). Ray smiled as he said he was quiet really.

When I called at the shop on the way home Barbara said I looked flushed. Well yes, I said, I'd been lugging heavy paper round half the afternoon and had just spent ages - that's what it felt like - hiding from a frisky bull. Barbara thought this very funny and suggested I write about it for the village magazine. Yes, I said, all right, I will, when I have had a cup of tea. Shirley Livesey

FROM THE POTTING SHED

Things are hotting up in the garden at last, or perhaps I should say in my case, indoors. Although I must confess that during the last couple of weeks I have been strongly tempted to join you in paving it all. You may find this hard to believe, although I am willing to prove it in private, but I have duck's feet from all the wet - or that is my explanation of the phenomenon.

When I say I have been busy indoors, it is the seed sowing season that has been taking up my time. I expect everyone is at it, after all it is more economical, much more fun and really doesn't need special skill or equipment. I'm sure most people can find the odd flower pot or tray and a few of the ubiquitous plastic bags in place of the expensive propagating trays. Pick them out when germinated and place on a windowsill and there you have them, all your own work.

I expect the houseproud among us will throw up their hands in horror and say "Not on my paintwork", but we all have plastic bags or cling-film which we can place beneath the trays and it is only for a short time. Certainly I have had a houseful of seeds for the past several weeks and there have been no shrieks of horror from my dear partner due to damaged paintwork.

Last year, due to the kindness of our dear Sheila, a number of us gave a home to the wild cowslips in imminent danger of being destroyed by the Russ Lane tip. I am delighted to be able to report that my little bit of conservation is alive and well. The cowslips have bloomed beautifully - well done Sheila.

I have heard on the grapevine that some people are curious as to my identity, but surely everyone in the village - and also a few beyond - knows Uncle Freddie.

Don't forget to harden off all your seedlings, geraniums, etc., but do be careful of the late frosts that occur during Buchan's cold spell around the middle of May. Have a good garden Kate. Yours, Uncle Freddie

FROM H.Q.

Dear Uncle Freddie, Cast your mind back through the murky depths of my garden and you will recall that the decision to pave same was instigated by the actions of the lovely Cassy. Let it now be known that she objects!

Having achieved the levels required for each new patio by major earthworks, He-who-must-

not-be-obeyed spent Saturday, 22nd April, engaged in the transportation of 1 ton of dust and chippings - THROUGH THE HOUSE - by sack trolley. Purchase was made the previous evening of a suitable shovel and rake with which to lay these foundations. The lovely Cassy spent the day happily trying to help - she keeps her nose approximately one foot away from the point of the operation. Firstly a large sheet of polythene was laid on top of the earth to prevent weeds in the future. Then the dust was put down to form a bed for the chippings. These were carefully raked to and fro and after much detailed alignment by way of spirit level, were deemed true. A short break followed while Roger collected some edging stones, which double as reinforcement for the flower beds between levels. By tea-time the second stage was complete - only have to lay slabs now.

We were going out to dinner that night and whilst applying the regulation "one of sand, two of cement" to the ever deepening lines, I could hear a curious scuffling. On examination I discovered the lovely Cassy had been carefully watching the day's events and was now scratching back the chippings and dust and trying to extract the polythene! If my dog were a cat she would by now have run out of lives. Watch this space - or the 'Pets for Sale' column! Yours, Kate

COOK'S CORNER

Fish Cakes

- 1 tin of pilchards in tomato sauce or brine (any size)
- Cooked mashed potatoes (twice the weight of the tin of fish)
- 2 small eggs
- Dried parsley (or other seasoning) to taste.
- Golden breadcrumbs. Lard or oil to fry.

Place the mashed potatoes into a large bowl, beat one of the eggs and add to potato. Strain off any excess juice/tomato sauce from fish and add to potato; add seasoning. Beat the second egg. Form the mixture into balls (about a heaped tablespoon size), dip in the egg and roll in the breadcrumbs. Flatten into a round shape about $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and fry in shallow fat, turning as required until golden brown.

For a fat free meal - cook in a non-stick frying pan until golden brown. Serve with spaghetti or baked beans.

Savoury Potato Cakes

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs mashed potato.
- 1 large onion
- 1 medium egg
- Lard or oil to fry

Slice and chop the onion and fry over a low heat until the onion is soft but not browned. Beat the egg, add to onion. Add this to mashed potato and mix thoroughly. Form into balls as above and flatten to round cakes. Fry as before - makes 6 to 8 cakes. Serve with cold meat and baked beans.

Fat free method - Instead of frying the onion, par-boil it until soft and instead of frying the cakes cook them in a non-stick frying pan without fat until brown. Do one cake at a time and keep it moving in the pan to avoid it breaking up. Chef

Chicken Stroganoff - to serve 4

Preparation: 10 - 15 mins. Cooking: 15 - 20 mins

- 4 boneless & skinned chicken breasts
- 2 oz butter
- 1 chopped onion
- 1 chopped green pepper
- 1 chopped red pepper - optional but adds colour
- 4 ozs mushrooms, chopped
- 2 teasp lemon juice (or 1 teasp lemon juice and 1 teasp. brandy)
- 1 teasp. tomato puree
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pt single or soured cream

Beat the chicken breasts until flat, then cut into pencil-thick 2" strips.

Melt half the butter in a frying pan and cook until soft but not brown. Add remaining butter and cook until foaming. Add chicken strips and cook for 2 minutes. stirring. Add mushrooms and peppers and cook a further 2 minutes. Add lemon juice (or juice and

brandy), tomato puree and cook until liquid is reduced and syrupy - about 5 - 7 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in cream. Serve with boiled rice.

Slimmers could use low-fat margarine instead of butter and natural yogurt in place of cream.

GARDEN PARTY

Saturday, 10th June, 2.30 - 5.00 p.m. Garden party at The Cottage, Duck Lane, for the R.N.L.I. Clevedon Youth Band playing, Steam Rides, Clown Lots of Stalls. Cream Teas. All for £2.75 Adults. Children £1.00.

Please come and support us. Tickets on sale at the Jet Garage.

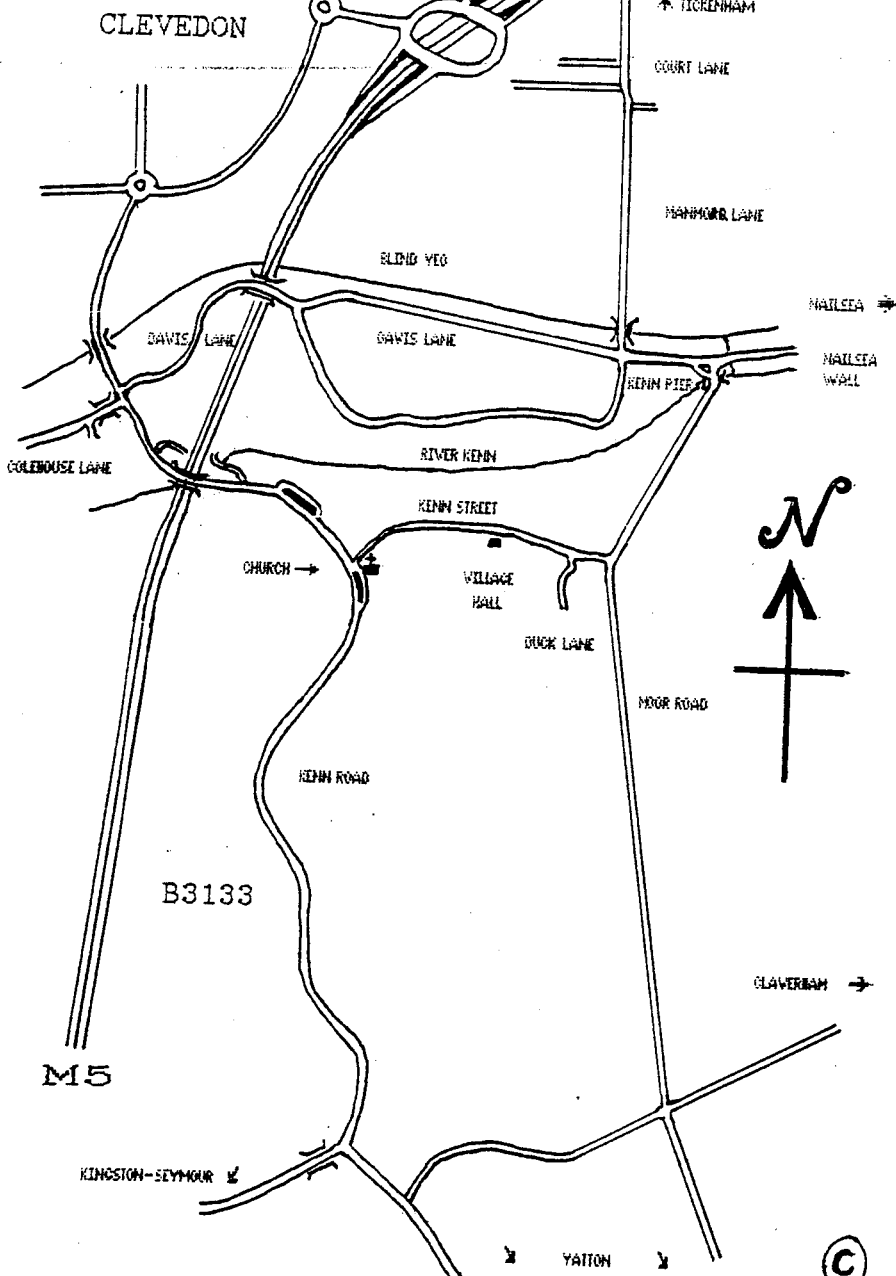
Peter Neill

THE LAST WORD

After redecorating and rehangng all the pictures painfully (!) I had to chuckle at this anecdote I read in a magazine:

NAIL : A small piece of metal used to take aim before lowering the hammer on to the thumb.

K.D.



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