

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## Birthdays and Anniversaries

### August

3<sup>rd</sup> Clare and Louise Edwards  
5<sup>th</sup> Mrs Walker 91 - Jane Staples mum  
6<sup>th</sup> Steve Bye  
7<sup>th</sup> Ray Naish  
    Lorraine Staples  
10<sup>th</sup> Stephen Brain  
12<sup>th</sup> Margaret & John Ball WA  
14<sup>th</sup> Mrs Edith Tripp  
15<sup>th</sup> Jean Naish  
22<sup>nd</sup> Dave Quinn  
23<sup>rd</sup> Mark Pascoe  
24<sup>th</sup> Sam Staples  
25<sup>th</sup> Stella Naish  
26<sup>th</sup> Peter Woods  
27<sup>th</sup> Caroline & John Hayden WA  
29<sup>th</sup> Sylvia & John Staples WA  
    Jane & Hartley Staples WA  
31<sup>st</sup> Jill & Matt Butland WA

### Thought of the Month

*To err is human, but to really foul  
things up requires a computer!  
(after a bad day)*

### Naish's Notes

Well done to all the ladies concerned with the Strawberry Cream Tea held in the Village Hall on the 18<sup>th</sup> July. It was so nice to be waited on and enjoy such a wondrous tea! My friends and I had a most enjoyable time, we could get used to it.

Ragwort is springing up around the village, so please, if you see it, destroy it. It is very poisonous.

Sheila Naish

## Church News

### Coffee Morning 19<sup>th</sup> August

Margaret Ford and Jean Naish hope to hold a Coffee Morning at "Cloverlea" on Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> August with proceeds going towards the Church Room

Bring and Buy – All welcome from 10.30 a.m.

### Friends of St. John's Summer BBQ.

A big "Thank You" to everyone who worked on the day and planned before, to make this one of our most successful events ever. Our "Catering Team" deserves a very special vote of thanks. For they not only did a lot of prior preparation but put in several hours of "HOT" and feverish labour to keep us all so well and fully fed on "The Day". Well done all.

John Griffin

### FRIENDS OF KENN CHURCH

## FAMILY BARBECUE

### KENN VILLAGE HALL/FIELD

**SATURDAY 30<sup>th</sup> AUGUST**

**Fun from 4.30 p.m.**

**food from 5.30 - 7.00 pm**

**Raffle - Bring and Buy**

**Various Attractions**

**Tickets:**

**£5 adult**

**- children (under 12) free**

**Bring your own drinks**

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## THE NEXT – FRIENDS OF KENN CHURCH SUMMER BARBECUE

**SATURDAY 30<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST**

By Popular Demand, following the undoubted success of our July BBQ, Jenny and Simon and helpers have agreed to do an “ENCORE”.

The date is fixed, the hall booked, the tickets are printed so all you have to do is buy one and come along and hope for a lovely sunny day.

Barbara Middleton and Mary Sayer with helpers will be running the Book and bric-a-brac stall – offers of help and merchandise will be gratefully received.

Jo and Rob Treble will arrange sports for the children.

John and Grace Griffin are running the Raffle and will be pleased to receive prizes.

Irene Stowell will have a soft toy stall and who knows what else may happen!

Tickets are now available from the usual suspects – Ray Naish, Julia Bush, Heather Noad, Robin and Marianna Mackay, John and Grace Griffin, Margaret and John Ball, Jenny and Simon Pascoe, Hartley and Jane Staples.

If you have difficulty getting one call me on 01275 874077.

Regulars know what wonderful value it is at £5 a ticket with children under 12 eating free of charge.

Margaret Ball

## **St. John's Altar Guild**

### **August Rota**

Altar Guild ladies on duty in August -

Jenny Croxton and Barbara Dixon

### **Under the Hammer**

The first Quarterly Specialist Antique & Fine Art Sale at the New Auction Centre was always going to be the big test for the new site.

The fortnightly general sales have proved a big hit, not least it would seem with the inhabitants of Kenn. The Antique Sale however draws its audience from much further a field with many of the countries top dealers from London and elsewhere making the trip down the motorway for what was for many their first visit to Kenn. Auctioneer Marc Burridge counted 200 cars in the field before being called away to more pressing matters.

After several months preparation for this big day there was a collective sigh of relief as the last of just under 750 lots sold in just over five hours without a break! The organisation of live telephone bids, sometimes with as many as four telephone lines on a single item, to bidders in different time zones around the globe passed without a hitch!

For the record the most expensive item on the day was the late 17<sup>th</sup> Century Walnut and Marquetry Chest on Stand that was estimated at £5,000 - £7,500 but was fiercely contested by two dealers, the winner paying £17,000 for the privilege. A Steiff Teddy Bear who had in all honesty seen better days stunned the saleroom into silence as the £500 -£750 estimate was reached and then left behind the hammer falling at £3,400!

If you have not yet made it to the Saleroom come along to the next view day or better still the auction itself but before you do just go and check that your old Teddy Bear does not have a metal button in its ear!

Toby Pinn, Clevedon Salerooms

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## Thanks

Many thanks to Mrs Mary Willcox of "Yew Tree Farm" who has donated the proceeds of the sale of plants which she has grown in her garden this spring to The Friends of Kenn Church.

## Best Kept Village

Many thanks to Chris Taylor for supplying the plants and to Sylvia Staples for planting and tending them – The flower bed at the top of Duck Lane is a picture!

## **The Blay Family from Ghana, and why the Folk from Kenn support them.**

About 20 years ago, I met up with Dr. Roger Harman, a dermatologist, and remarked that he looked very suntanned, considering we were in the midst of a miserable winter.

His face softened, and he explained that every year he spent a months in a developing country, sharing his expertise with local medical students. He then said that he had just returned from Kumasi, Ghana, and that he was deeply worried about his friends there. "They are so hungry they just sit down between lectures, and they have no energy to walk about". I asked if I could do anything, but he was doubtful if it would be practical..

Within a week, he sent me a copy of a letter from Mr. Emmanuel Blay, The medical stores manager. "A most upright soul" to whom Dr. Harman had left most of his clothes on his return from Ghana.

Mr. Blay needed children's clothes "for my children cannot attend school if they have nothing to wear". For several years we sent boxes of clothes, becoming very skilled at avoiding unnecessary cost to Mr. B (import duty) by wrapping the best stuff in the worst. He once wrote "Dearest Madam, your parking is magnificent!" I think he meant PACKING!

The Blays are Ashanti, and soon dwarfed the Bushes, so we sent money instead. Then my business fell on hard times and since then the Kennites have raised enough money through a couple of cake sales each year to keep the younger Blays in school.

I know that this kind of direct giving is strictly non-PC, but doesn't it say somewhere "If a man asks you for bread, do you give him a stone? If he asks for water, do you give him a snake?"

THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO HAS SUPPORTED US IN THE PAST. I WILL KEEP YOU UP TO DATE WITH THE BLAY'S PROGRESS.

Julia Bush

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## Kenn Women's Institute

During the business side of our meeting Mrs Ruth Dyer thanked Members for their sympathy and support following the sad death of her husband, Sam. Sam was a great support to our Branch in supplying 'muscle' whenever required and supporting our open events and parties; a sad loss of such a nice man.

We also learned that we shall be entering the skittles competition again this winter: our aim is to reach at least round 3 as we have been moving forward a little year by year!

Mrs Susan Marshfield was our speaker on the 9th July. She is a natural entertainer (a born comedienne) and we were treated to anecdote after anecdote looking at the 'Lighter Side of Life'. Her stories were all true, having been gleaned from newspapers, friends, church groups, WI Branches; in fact she talks to so many different groups that she must have an almost bottomless pit of material.

However, it is not only the content of the tales but also the enthusiastic and delightful way in which Susan recounts them. We heard of the parrot trained to say "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight, pieces of eight" for a pantomime; rehearsals were fine but there must have been a joker around because at the performance the audience heard "Piss off mate, piss off mate!"

Then there was the Nativity Play where Joseph looked into the stable and said "You're not Mary" to which 'Mary's' stand-in replied "No she's gone home with nits!"

Susan's Father decided he would teach her about the birds and the bees by taking her with him to have their sow impregnated by a boar a mile down the road; they put the sow into the sty and left the two animals together over night. Upon collecting the sow Susan could see no difference and despite asking the animal every day for weeks if she was going to have babies, she received no reply. However, it was apparent all was well when twelve healthy piglets were produced; it was years before Susan

discovered that there was more to sex than going away for the night and then going home!

There were many more stories, all true, but I have run out of space. Susan Marshfield is one of the best.

The competition was a cartoon and Rose Jeffrey won gold, Marlene Arney silver, and Madeleine Crawley green. Our trade table also did brisk business, manned as always by Thelma Blake and Margaret Bessant.

I hope when you read this you will have supported our annual Strawberry Tea in aid of Clevedon Hospital, and enjoyed a rather 'diet ignoring' tea!!

On 13th August we are having our 50th Birthday Tea in the afternoon and all Members and 'retired' Members are invited. This event is an additional one as we do not usually meet in August.

Our next evening meeting is Wednesday the 10th September when we are 'Playing with Pigments' under the watchful eye of Mrs L. Sellars. The competition is a favourite vase.

DO COME ALONG AND MEET US at 7.30 p.m. in Kenn Village Hall, second Wednesday in the month. A welcome awaits you.

ROSEMARIE FORD 01275 542651

## **Summer Walks in August**

We hope to have two country walks in August the first on Monday 11<sup>th</sup> and the second on Monday 25<sup>th</sup>. Meet at "Cloverlea" at 7.00 pm each time. All are welcome to join us.

Ray Naish

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## SNIPPETS

### Strawberry Tea 19<sup>th</sup> July

The tea organised by members of Kenn Women's Institute raised £456.00. It has been decided to give £300 to The Friends of Clevedon Hospital and £156 towards the cost of the new kitchen at Kenn Village Hall.

The name of the Teddy Bear was Eustace and he has gone to live with Lois Webb at The Old Chapel.

Sincere thanks to everyone who supported the afternoon with gifts of cakes and raffle prizes.

### Kenn Women's Institute

Members are celebrating their Golden Jubilee this year. A tea for members and past members will be held in the Village Hall on 13<sup>th</sup> August at 3.00 pm.

### Kenn Village Hall 27<sup>th</sup> August 7.00 pm.

A Jumble Sale for the new kitchen will be held in the Village Hall on Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> August at 7.00 pm.

Goods to the Hall 10.00-11.00 a.m. on the morning of sale.

Offers of help will be appreciated

### Celebrations

15<sup>th</sup> July, we flew our flag to celebrate the one hundred and first birthday of Grannie Griffin.

### Wedding Friday 25<sup>th</sup> July

We flew our flag to celebrate the wedding of Hazel Hansford and Andrew Limage of Bram Rigg.

### Wedding Thursday 31<sup>st</sup> July

We were pleased to fly our flag to celebrate the marriage of Avril Flower and Stuart Withyman

We wish them many happy years together.

## **What's on at the Drum?**

Quiz Night every Wednesday  
with Raffle

**Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> August**  
**Village Lunch meet from 12.30**  
**pm.**

**Everyone Welcome**

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**13<sup>th</sup> October**  
**All the way from California**  
**The Cell Block 7**  
**Dixieland Jazz Band**

**Wine and Dine £12.95 ticket**

## **Thanks** **Rose Baker**

Rose Baker would like to thank her many friends and family for their cards, gifts and good wishes on the occasion of her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday recently.

*God has given us two hands, one for  
giving, the other for receiving*

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## Village Diary

### At Kenn Village Hall

Monday 4<sup>th</sup> August

Parish Council Meeting at 7.30 p.m.

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### At the Drum and Monkey

Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> August – from 12.30

**Village Lunch  
Everyone welcome!**

Every Wednesday – Quiz Night  
with Raffle

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### Meet at Cloverlea, Kenn Street

For two Country Walks at 7.00 pm  
Monday 11<sup>th</sup> August and  
Monday 25<sup>th</sup> August

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### At Kenn Village Hall

Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> August 3.00 pm

Kenn W.I. Jubilee Tea

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### At Cloverlea, Kenn Street

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> August  
**10.30 am Coffee Morning**  
Proceeds for Church Room

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### At Kenn Village Hall

Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> August 7.00 pm

**Jumble Sale**

Proceeds towards our new kitchen.

### At Kenn Village Hall/Field

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> August from 4.30 pm

**FRIENDS OF KENN CHURCH**

Family Barbecue, Children's Sports  
Book Stall, Bring and Buy etc.

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### Clevedon Salerooms

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> August  
**Sale commences 10.30 am**

Sale of Victorian and Later Furniture  
and Effects.

Viewing Tuesday prior 2.00-5.30 pm  
Wednesday prior 10.00am-6.30pm  
Morning of sale from 9.00 am

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### Mrs Gladys Griffin

We extend our thanks that Kenn's flag  
was flown on July 15<sup>th</sup> to celebrate my  
mother's 101<sup>st</sup> Birthday. I wonder if  
mum now holds the record for the  
longest living Kennite?

Thank you also to those who sent her  
birthday congratulations and greetings,  
which she much appreciated. Her  
birthday treat was a day out to visit one  
of her granddaughters and family at  
Kingsclare near Newbury, Berks – a  
two hundred mile car journey.

John Griffin.

*Be kind, everyone you meet is fighting  
a hard battle*

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## SAMUEL GORDON DYER

Sam Dyer has passed away recently. He died in the bed he was born in at "Kenn Court", Kenn, the house he had lived in all his life, he was aged 82.

Sam had been a very important member of the local community all his adult life.

The following are some of the organisations he had been involved in. School Manager of Kenn School; he fought hard to keep the school open. Church Warden for 37 years.

He represented Kenn on the old Long Ashton Rural District Council until it was taken over by Avon. Chairman of Kenn Village Hall for 52 years. In his young days he was a member of North Somerset Young Farmers Club.

Sam had been a member of Yatton Fatstock Committee and Somerset Executive Committee also Clevedon Yeo Rotary Club.

He was a life-time member of North Somerset Agricultural Show, being President of the show at one time and a founder member of Clevedon Horse Show.

Sam had a Certificate for being Chairman of North Somerset Drainage Board for 21 years.

A member of Kenn Parish Council for over 40 years, Chairman for many years; his contribution to life in Kenn and the local community has probably never been or ever will be equalled.

In 1918 Sam's father Mr. Frank Dyer was elected Churchwarden at Kenn. In 1922 his brother Tom was elected as his fellow warden. Mr. Frank

continued as warden until his death in 1945. Sam was then elected to this post, which he held for 37 years. Sam and his father together held this post for 64 years continuously.

When Sam was elected he was only 25 years old. His friend Ralph Bye was elected as his fellow warden at the same time. He was only 23 years old, and they were the youngest pair of Churchwardens in the diocese of Bath and Wells at that time. Imagine asking people of that age to take on those responsibilities today.

There have been very few important events taking place in Kenn over the past 60 years that Sam was not involved in.

Sam was a very progressive farmer. When he took charge at Kenn Court, immediately after the war the farm, as were most other farms in the district at that time, was run in the system that had been used for very many years.

Sam gradually changed this, having a large part of the farmland tile drained and the neglected ditches dug out so that the surface water got away quickly.

Sam was lucky that he had reliable workers on the farm with great experience who had worked there for many years including Tom Baker and Joe Cox. Joe worked there for around 40 years and was capable of doing any job that was asked of him.

Sam's funeral at Kenn Church on mid-summer's day was a wonderful occasion. More than 300 people attended. It was a great gathering of the local and farming community.

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

The church was packed and there were around 160 people seated in chairs around the churchyard in glorious sunshine. The service was relayed outside. Sam's three grandsons and one granddaughter bore the coffin into church. Sam was buried in the area of the churchyard where all his forebears are interred.

Sam had been married to Ruth for 55 years. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Ruth, her children Marianna and Richard and their families on their sad loss.

Ray Naish

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Dear Friends,

Marianna, Richard and I and families wish to thank all Kennites and friends for all the support and friendship we have received at this very sad time.

We have lost a loving husband, father and grampa leaving a huge gap in our lives.

We say thank you to everyone who came and helped at his 'thanksgiving' service.

We do appreciate your support and say 'thank you' for all the donations.

Thank you once again,

Ruth

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Marianna's appreciation of her father which was read by her at Sam's funeral.

Five years ago we stood here celebrating my parents Golden Wedding, and what a glorious day that was. Today we are here to celebrate my father's life. He was a true gentleman of the old school, who selflessly gave his whole life to his family, village and wider community.

He adored his family, and was the rock on which it was built. I am sure it gave him great comfort to know that his wife, children and grandchildren were around him to the end.

He worked tirelessly for this Church and the village of Kenn, both as Churchwarden for 37 years and the Parish Council for 48 years. One of my earliest memories is of him stoking the church boiler one frosty January day. He was always involved with the running of the village hall and had many happy memories of events that took place there over the years. Even when he retired he took on the responsibility of flying the flag for all village anniversaries and occasions.

But his sense of community service went beyond the borders of Kenn. For 37 years he was Chairman of the Drainage Board overseeing enormous changes, he served on the Long Ashton Borough Council, the Yatton Fatstock Committee.

He was on the county executive of the National Farmers Union. He was one of the prime movers of the Clevedon Horse Show, and in latter years got involved with the Rotary Club.

One of his proudest moments was when he became President of the North Somerset Show, an event that meant so much to him in fact I believe he never missed a show during his entire adult life.



# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

On a slightly lighter note he always enjoyed his nights out with the skittle team, no doubt having a few beers and listening to the local gossip.

My personal earliest memories are of climbing into the four-poster bed and snuggling up between my Mum and Dad (the house was extremely cold in those days!).

He used to drive us around to all the Pony Club Shows and other events without complaint. He tolerated all my boyfriends, late nights during my teenage years, the odd car crash, moving to Bristol - I never remember him being really angry with me--- the LOOK said it all!!!!

In many ways Richard and I, had an idyllic childhood, we could run free on the farm. There were always ponies, pet lambs, dogs, kittens and lots of other animals. I think I buried my pet hamster three times until he persuaded me it had gone to heaven!

We never wanted for anything Dad always made sure the family came first.

Later when we married and the grandchildren were around, there was always a Land Rover full of sheepdogs and grandchildren waiting for Grandpa whilst the famous pipe was lit. Off they all went to the moors to re-emerge a couple of hours later having burnt off most of their surplus energy and ready to face the rest of the day.

My father fulfilled his destiny in every sense of the word. He was born in Kenn Court on November 16<sup>th</sup> 1920 in the four-poster bed. His path from birth was much clearer than it would be today.

He was the quintessential Englishman and Farmer, his values and morals perfectly reflected a time when England stood for decency and honesty. His life was to be based on a locality he knew intimately and loved deeply. In fact recently when I took him to the Mall shopping all he really wanted to know was what on earth all these people did.

He lost his own Father at a very young age and had to leave school to come home at the age of fifteen to run the family farm. What a nightmare that must have been! But he did have some fun along the way. I've heard about the antics he got up to with Ralph in Young Farmers.

In fact Young Farmers brought my parents together. In 1939 Dad was climbing a tent pole at Wick St Lawrence Harvest Home when my mother's eye fell on him and their 55 years of Happy Marriage was the result. Gradually together they have improved the Farm and the House for the next generations to take them on.

In later years they were able to enjoy the fruits of their labours and did a lot of travelling. They went on trips to New Zealand, Canada, Scandinavia that many people half their age would have found arduous. They also went on many coach holidays with a group of what sounded like riotous friends---- so many memories.

I will miss my Dad, we all will miss him. He was a man who people warmed to, he was kind, caring and loving. All who knew him will have their own memories but mine will be special memories of a man who I admired, respected and loved deeply, who was simply the best father.

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

**Simon John Richmond Pinder**  
**25<sup>th</sup> May 1930 - 25<sup>th</sup> June 2003**

It is with much sadness that I write this tribute to our friend, and until early this year, neighbour of over thirty years. Simon, Joy and their family had, a few months ago, moved to a new home in Glastonbury, and it was there in the late afternoon of June 25<sup>th</sup> that Simon died, suddenly and without warning. His death was a great shock and huge loss to his loving family.

Simon was born in Cuckfield, West Sussex. He was an only child, his parents Barbara and Walter Pinder separated when little Simon was only five and he was largely brought up by his maternal grandparents. Grandfather was Canon Wilson of Cuckfield.

From the age of 7 Simon was at boarding school. He was a very bright and clever child and did very well, leaving when he was 16. He found employment and training with a large electrical engineering company in Treforest, South Wales. Then it was National Service in the R.A.F. Happy days for a tall handsome young man who soon became an officer. He stayed in the R.A.F. until he was twenty-four, having travelled much and spending three years in Egypt.

At twenty-four he met Joy Slape on a train from Cardiff to London. It was almost love at first sight!" They were soon married. Simon left the R.A.F. and joined Albright and Wilson of Portishead as an electrical engineer and studied at evening classes for four years to gain his Degree in Electrical Engineering.

At the age of twenty-nine he left the firm to start his own business which

was a good success. In 1966 Simon, Joy and their family Melanie, Sarah and Melinda moved to "Moorgates", Kenn which was to be their home until they moved to Glastonbury in December 2002.

Simon's business was Electrical Automated Control Systems, which was at one time Clevedon's third largest employer. They installed systems for many well known firms. e.g. Coca Cola, Findus, McVities, Cadburys, Bird's Eye, British Leyland etc. etc. One Simon enjoyed greatly was a trip to Brunei to install an automated system for the Sultan of Brunei's wardrobe!

Simon was, in his field, a Genius. He was also a very fine gentleman, which high standards and ethics which was seen in absolute commitment to and care of his family.

It was a deep misfortune that he, some years ago, suffered a severe business setback that was to be cause of a great deal of stress. This he faced with immense courage and fortitude. He remained working for the care and support of his beloved family right to they end. They have our sincere sympathy in their great loss.

John Griffin

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Joy, Sarah and Mindy wish to thank all their friends and neighbours in Kenn for their kind messages and cards of condolence following Simon's death. Also "thank you" to those who attended the funeral at Glastonbury Cemetery.

It was a real help and comfort to know that they were being thought of.

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## From Simon's Family

Anyone can be a father, but it takes someone special to be a daddy. He wasn't just a daddy; he was a wonderful man to all of us with so many special gifts.

He was kind and gentle, strong and patient with an incredible mind that made him a unique walking dictionary. He was the perfect gentleman, yet down to earth with a wonderful sense of humour.

He never forced his opinion on us and never made judgments. He always listened. His support, wisdom and love, made you feel safe with just a touch of his hand. There was nothing he couldn't make or fix. He could make something out of nothing when he had the time to be creative. His mind was of a true engineer always using logic, which made him quite remarkable.

He was a fighter for what is fair, true and honest, his faith and humanity and trust of people is a rare quality in this world. Some would say kindness and trusting is a weakness; he was living proof that it is a strength to be proud of.

He gave 100% commitment to his work and true devotion to his family, even though we had to sacrifice valuable time with him. We accepted it, not always liked it, but we respected and loved him for it. He loved to be quiet and close to nature, he adored the sea; sadly rarely did he get the time to truly enjoy it.

Always so much to do, but he loved working in all forms of the word. He worked so very hard in all his life and has lost so much through the

greediness of others, but he never, ever, gave up through it all. He always had faith in himself, in others and in life. He will always be our hero. We've lost our best friend, our musketeer - all for one and one for all! We will be lost without him, yet stronger because of him and we will never forget him. The true essence of him remains in us, around us and will never leave us. We all love you so.

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## Ted Neath

Ted has passed away. Long time residents of this area will remember him. He was one of the six sons and one daughter of George and Annie Neath. They were brought up in a cottage at Kingston Bridge.

Ted was probably the last person to have worked at "Kingston Seymour Brewery" when it operated from "Moorgates", Kenn Street.

Ted joined the army in the last war. He became a corporal. When he returned to Yatton after the war he got a job as cowman for the Crossman family at Ham Farm. After his retirement he became part time caretaker at Yatton Church where he was highly thought of.

Ted will be remembered for always having a bag of humbug sweets in his pocket, which he handed round to all his many friends.

The church at Yatton had a very large congregation at his funeral. After the service everyone in the congregation was invited to take a humbug from a bowl provided in his memory.

Ray Naish

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## BIRD NEWS I

Most of our birds are coming to the end of their nesting cycles as I write this (18<sup>th</sup> July) but our resident Blackcap was singing until a couple of days ago and now our Chiffchaff has started to sing again after a 3 week gap.

Nationally there is concern about Swallow numbers, but in this area they seem to be plentiful. Because they rely on buildings for nesting it is difficult to improve their chances. They don't take to any form of nest box unless it is in a building.

The Lesser Whitethroat is a fairly anonymous little bird with a rattling song. Their numbers are up this year which probably indicates good migration and wintering conditions. There have also been more Hobbies this summer and the recent heatwave will have suited them (they winter in equatorial Africa) I noted one over Congresbury and there have been reports of one on a bungalow roof in Yatton.

We are seeing Bullfinches and Song Thrushes regularly in and around our garden and these species seem to be increasing locally. Reed Buntings also seem to be doing a little better and I hear that Yellowhammers are increasing on the Mendips. Now there is less intensive management of all of our land I expect many of these species to build up their population levels.

The Kestrels on Congresbury Moor raised 3 chicks again this year, albeit a fortnight later than in 2002. This was considered to be related to the dry spring, which retarded grass growth and therefore vole breeding.

Trevor Riddle

## BIRD NEWS II

It has always been recognised that many birds stop singing and go into moult after mid-summer's day. This has never been more noticeable than this year.

There has been a Chaffinch singing in an Ash Tree opposite our garden gate all the summer. It started singing at half past four in the morning and kept going until dusk. On midsummer's day it stopped and I have not heard it since.

Chiff Chaffs, which are the first birds to arrive in spring, are still singing all around this area. It is amazing how much sound this very small bird can produce. There are a few Song Thrushes still singing, otherwise it is very quiet on the bird front.

A pair of Swans has reared nine cygnets in the Moor Street Bow area. I can't remember seeing such a large brood before. They were swimming near the Bow the other day as I drove to Yatton.

A bit further along on the road was a wild Duck with ten newly hatched ducklings, fortunately they ran into the long grass on the roadside before cars ran over them.

John and Jenny Croxton have told me that a pair of Little Owls has hatched two young in a willow tree near their garden in Duck Lane. They tell me that the parent birds are very protective of their young; driving away anything that is a threat including cats.

I spotted a deer in the orchard behind Stonehouse Farm one morning recently. This is a first, then it saw me and was gone like a flash.

Ray Naish

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## Typist's Bird Note

Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> July whilst I was driving along Kenn Street a Sparrowhawk flew from Brian Stowell's farm drive across the road to Ray Naish's field adjoining the Village Hall.

In his talons he was carrying a pale grey, fluffy, wide eyed Little Owl.

The poor little creature had presumably been day-dreaming on a post.

## Open day at Littlewood Kenn Moor Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> September 11am-4pm

This YACWAG Wildlife Reserve will be open to visitors. However there is NO PARKING at the site except for bicycles.

Shuttle Bus from Yatton Station car park on the hour.

More details from Trevor Riddle 01934 835208

## A visit to Wharf Farm - 23 July 03

It was a very damp start to Ray's 3<sup>rd</sup> Summer Evening Walk and just 3 of us accompanied Ray to the meeting point at Kingston Seymour Church. Once there we were heartened to find a small group waiting for us and wonder of wonders the rain eased off. Seats were soon sorted out and a small convoy of 4x4s transported us safely to Wharf Farm.

On arrival Thelma Blake the owner of Wharf Farm and three of her cats greeted us. We were told that the farm was probably originally called Warth Farm. There are certainly references on the current Ordnance Survey map to Wick Warth and Warth Lane on the Wick St Lawrence side of the river Ye.

Ray explained that during World War 2 a decoy had been set up close to the farm. This was one of several set up in this part of

Somerset. Troughs were filled with oil and set on fire in an attempt to draw enemy bombers away from Bristol. Ray remembered that Gilbert Knowles was one of the men who kept the troughs filled.

Small teams of Airmen billeted with local residents manned the decoys. Ray recalled that Mrs Stuckey had two RAF sergeants billeted with her and she made good use of them during haymaking.

The farm track we were told had also been upgraded at this time using material from the blitz on Bristol. This material had also been used to good effect on the droves around Claverham.

After this introduction we set off through the farm buildings on the track leading to the sea wall. The first surprise was Thelma's garden, which surely would win prizes – I have never seen a farm with a flower garden before. It certainly hinted at what a magic place this is. Away to our right we could see a small copse, which is the site of Wharf Cottage – once home to the Eglington about whom we have heard so much on the two previous walks.

From the farm to the outer sea wall is only a few hundred yards and having climbed onto it we could see the full expanse of the Bristol Channel stretching before us. Thelma must be privileged to see the most glorious sunsets from here. Tim pointed out the remains of two wrecks in the mud banks. These had been positioned here deliberately and were used for bombing practise.

Tim explained that this outer sea wall was constructed in 1984 using material excavated from what is now Blake's Pool. Prior to that the only sea defence was the inner bank, which is much lower and is very close indeed to the farm itself. Thelma explained that in 1981 the sea topped the inner wall and the farm and vast areas of surrounding land was flooded. Luckily only a handful of livestock were lost. Thelma passed round some photographs, which gave us an idea of the extent of the flooding.

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Looking back towards the farm Ray & Tim pointed out Thelma's herd of Beef Shorthorns. This breed is rare in this part of the country. In the past Thelma owned a world record-breaking cow called Kingsley Musical the 3<sup>rd</sup>. During its lifetime this cow produced 21,000 gallons of milk. Thelma's herd have numbers but much more reassuringly they have names, and such lovely names – Music and Roaney were two that I recall.

The next surprise was the transport waiting for us – namely Tim's tractor and trailer. The latter luxuriously equipped with bales of straw forming seats at each side. Just enough for the twenty or so that happily climbed aboard. And so we set off in style for Blake's Pool with running commentaries from those who knew concerning the wildlife we passed. Most noticeable was the little Egret that kept position with us, but also spotted were sandpipers and a skylark was heard.

At the end of the seawall we dismounted, complimented the driver on the smooth ride but totally forgot to tip him. Tim led us the short distance to the pool and we spent sometime looking around and at the land on the far Wick St Lawrence side of the river Yeo. In this remote place the far side of the river might as well have been a separate kingdom and although the local experts offered some names as to who might live there no one seemed quite sure.

We were now offered the choice of returning as we had arrived, by tractor or by foot along the inner sea wall. We all opted for the latter.

Along the way we passed two more pools both overgrown with reeds and low bushes. These were thought to be likely haunts for flocks of starlings and probably home for many foxes.

Conversation turned to wild Mink, which were once very common in these parts but seemed to have declined in numbers recently. This was thought to be more likely the result of disease rather than deliberate extermination. The mink have a devastating

effect on local wildlife such as moorhens and the Canada Geese that were once visitors here.

The inner sea wall is the defence that earlier inhabitants off Kingston Seymour were obliged to maintain. On our previous walk Norman had shown us a Meare Stone that was used to allocate sections of the sea wall to Kingston homeowners. On this walk we counted approximately eight of these stones embedded in the soil.

The walk was turning into quite a nature ramble and we spotted 3 hares, a heron a kestrel and finally a Reed Warbler was heard. Ray spotted an unusual cow, a French breed called a Montbellier.

Back at the farm Thelma had one more surprise for us, her flock of Polled Dorset sheep. These are unusual in that they breed twice a year. Were we surprised that most had names, not a bit, it was just some more of the magic of Thelma's home.

And so to the conclusion, many thanks to Thelma for sharing her farm with us, a real privilege as this land is private, special thanks to Ray of course and also to Tim, Norman and Bob.

Ray suggested the next walk should be at Castle Farm Walton to which we all readily agreed. This will take place on August 11<sup>th</sup> and the meeting place is Ray's house at 7:00 p.m.

Robert Down

## **The Cassy**

The Cassy, which is an old Somerset pronunciation of the word Causeway was a footpath that ran from the Churchyard in a straight line to the corner of the garden of "Chapel Cottage". It passed within a few feet of the front of "Mendip View". There was another path that started in the front of "Mendip View" and ran out to the road.

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In the spring-time this path was a haven for wild flowers like periwinkles and celandines, it had no tarmac and was just an earth path.

Between this path and the road on the School and playground end was a garden belonging to Mrs. Isabella Arthur who was the landlady of Kenn Pub, then called "The Rose and Crown". This is the area where "Rorty Crankel" bungalow now stands. When Mrs Arthur retired the garden was sold to a lady known as Mrs. Bill John. She was the wife of William John Staples, she grew flowers there and sold them.

When Mrs Bill John sold the garden it was bought by a developer who built the property now known as "Rorty Crankel" on the site. Before the building of the bungalow was finished the builders ran out of space. The result was they built over the Cassy and got away with it by providing the present Church Path alongside the Old School.

At the other end of the Causeway, now known as Church Path, the people of Kenn are very fortunate that the occupiers of the two cottages, Mrs. Sally Whitehead and Robin and Marianna Mackay, who live on Church Path, keep that area in such beautiful condition. Both their gardens are a picture, summer and winter, making it a delightful approach to the Church, which is much admired by the many visitors who pass by.

We like to think that this part of this ancient Causeway has changed little over hundreds of years. Perhaps it is very much as it was way back in Saxon times. One thing is certain, this area has seen many thousands of both Wedding and Funeral Processions pass along on their way to the Church. It is thought that the hedge on the right hand side of the path going towards the Church is very ancient. If this hedge could talk what a story it could tell about the joys and sorrows it has witnessed.

Ray Naish

## Kenn's slight connection with Thomas Hardy

I watched the programme on T.V. recently about Thomas Hardy. It reminded me of an old lady who lived in Kenn when I was a boy. She was Mrs. Amelia Crumpler who lived at "Elm Bank" with her daughter and son-in-law Teresa and Charlie Cox.

When Mrs. Crumpler died in 1937 I remember the Revd. Arthur George Hodgson, who was Vicar of Kenn, or "Perpetual Curate of Kenn" as he signed himself writing in the Parish Magazine about her death.

The Revd. Hodgson wrote that he was sorry to report the death of Mrs. Crumpler at the very advanced age of 93 years. He went on to say that it was a mercy that she had passed away considering her frail state.

He then went on to say that Mrs. Crumpler's claim to fame was that when she was a young girl she worked as a nursemaid in the Thomas Hardy family.

I remember Mrs. Crumpler well, she always seemed to be sat in the corner of the room, a very tiny lady dressed in black.

Ray Naish

*Diplomacy is the art of tranquil fishing  
in troubled waters*

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## Children of the 50's and 60's

According to today's regulators and bureaucrats, those of us who were kids in the 50's, 60's, 70's and early 80's probably shouldn't have survived, because...

Our baby cots were covered with brightly coloured lead-based paint which was promptly chewed and licked.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, or latches on doors or cabinets and it was fine to play with pans.

When we rode our bikes, we wore no helmets, just flip flops and fluorescent 'clackers' on our wheels.

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags – riding in the passenger seat was a treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle and it tasted the same. We ate dripping sandwiches, bread and butter pudding and drank fizzy pop with sugar in it, but we were never overweight because we were always outside playing.

We shared one drink with four friends, from one bottle or can and no-one actually died from this.

We would spend hours building go-carts out of scraps and then went top speed down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into stinging nettles a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back before it got dark. No one was able to reach us all day and no one minded.

We did not have Play stations or X-Boxes, no video games at all. No 99 channels on TV, no videotape movies, no surround sound, no mobile phones, no personal computers, no Internet chat rooms. We had friends - we went outside and found

them.

We played elastics and street rounders, and sometimes that ball really hurt.

We fell out of trees, got cut and broke bones and teeth, and there were no lawsuits. They were accidents. We learnt not to do the same thing again.

We had fights, punched each other hard and got black and blue we learned to get over it.

We walked to friend's homes.

We also, believe it or not, WALKED to school, we didn't rely on mummy or daddy to drive us to school, which was just round the corner.

We made up games with sticks and tennis balls and ate live stuff, and although we were told it would happen, we did not have very many eyes out, nor did the live stuff live inside us forever.

We rode bikes in packs of 7 and wore our coats by only the hood.

Our actions were our own. Consequences were expected. The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke a law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law. Imagine that!

This generation has produced some of the best risk-takers and problem solvers and inventors, ever. The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas. We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all. And you're one of them.

Congratulations!

Pass this on to others who have had the luck to grow up as real kids, before lawyers and government regulated our lives, for our own good.

For those of you who aren't old enough, thought you might like to read about us.



# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## ZAMBIA 1966-1968

As we are busily collecting money for a Priest's house in Kabwe, I thought that I would write a short piece on my life in Zambia.

In June of 1966 I saw an advertisement seeking Managers for various positions with United Transport in Zambia.

The salary was good by U.K. standards and there was the added bonus of free housing. After an interview in London, I found myself bound for foreign parts leaving Margaret behind to sell the house and arrange for furniture to be packed and shipped out.

On arrival in Lusaka, I found that positions were available in Ndola, Broken Hill, Livingstone, Fort Jamieson and Lusaka. I was fortunate to be given the job of running 70 plus lorries for the Government of Central African Road Services, a subsidiary of United Transport.

As Rhodesia had declared independence under Ian Smith, Zambia would not allow cross border trade, although they closed their eyes to train loads of coal from the mines at Wankie that were required for the copper mines at Ndola. We therefore transported copper, tobacco, maize etc. to Salima in Malawi over un-made dirt roads the trip taking  $\frac{3}{4}$  days depending on the weather. If a vehicle broke down the driver would be expected to stay with his vehicle until a fitter could be sent from H.Q. sometimes this could be several days.

For the return journey we would carry petrol or diesel in 45 gallon drums several of which would be leaking by the time the vehicle reached Lusaka. Some fuel was flown in from Dar Es Salaam by Freddie Laker but his aircraft only carried 45 drums so it was a very

expensive operation. It was not unusual to see a driver sitting under his lorry cooking maize over an open fire whilst petrol from the leaking drums dripped around him.

Margaret and Diane joined me in August and we took advantage of spare time to visit Victoria Falls, the game parks and to camp out among the wild life on the banks of the Zambezi. We have made several trips back to Zimbabwe where we had friends but not to Zambia, something that I would like to do someday.

Maurice Ford

NOTE: Fort Jamieson is now Chipata and Broken Hill is now **Kabwe**. Wankie in Zimbabwe is now Hwange.

## Zoom in on Zambia

### – Kabwe Appeal

There are still a few tubes of Smarties in Church and now is the time to start returning the **TUBES FILLED WITH MONEY!!**

Thanks to all who supported the Friends of Kenn Church BBQ in July a proportion of the money raised has been added as part of Kenn's contribution to the Kabwe Appeal.

The next Fundraiser is a **Treasure Hunt Walk and Barbecue at Kingston Seymour on Friday 29<sup>th</sup> August** - further details in the weekly Church News

Margaret Ball,  
Kenn's Mission Circle Member

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## Lucky Lucky Jim

Jim Whitmarsh had always been a lucky sort of man, not the sort of luck that could win him the lottery you understand, but the sort of luck that if his marmalade on toast fell from his breakfast table, it would always land butter side up.

He was married, had a couple of 'near-teen' children, two cats (names Spic & Span), and lived in a nice house in Hampshire. He had a job that he liked, as a travelling 'rep' for a drugs company, calling on pharmacies and doctors' surgeries. His patch was the West Country, Somerset, Devon & Cornwall.

One day, in late July, having had a tiring day, he was driving home and going through a small Somerset town. He at first, failed to notice the coloured bunting strewn over the road. Until that is, he found himself in the wrong traffic lane and being directed by the police. The directions took him to a large field, and then it finally dawned on him that this was the day of the town Carnival and the field was the car park for the funfair and circus.

Rather grudgingly, he paid the £1 parking fee, and put the ticket in his pocket. Well, now that I'm here he thought, I may as well look around for an hour or so. Amongst the various charity stalls, there was one where you pay your 50p. and pull one of the dozens of coloured strings. You might get just one toffee, or you may get something better. Blue was his favourite colour, so he pulled a blue one, and up came a large box of chocolates, lucky old me, he thought.

An hour or so later, he decided to head for home, so with the Black Magic safely in the boot, he started for the exit. "Your ticket sir", said the young woman in the kiosk. At first he couldn't find it, but at last he did so. "This is your lucky day sir!" said the girl as she examined his ticket "you've won a prize in our raffle" and she handed him a large bunch of flowers together with a bottle of good sparkling wind. All were put in the boot.

At last, rather tired, he arrived home. The children were pleased to see him, as were Spic & Span but his wife was quiet and unsmiling. "Are you alright dear?" he asked and only got a grumpy "yes" in reply. Later, after the children were abed, he tried again, "Is something the matter dear?" "Yes" she said, "there is, you've forgotten again, haven't you, same as you did last year".

All the little cogs in Jim's brain began whizzing round, then the penny dropped. Good grief, he thought, it's our wedding anniversary and I've forgotten it. Then, another penny dropped. "Would I?" he said, smiling and handed her his car keys. "Just look in the boot"

Whilst she was away, he started to think, luck, he mused, can be magic, sometimes, even Black Magic, and today I'm not just lucky Jim, I'm Lucky, Lucky Jim.

Cliff Edwards

# KENN NEWS & VIEWS

## PARISH OF YATTON MOOR

**1<sup>st</sup> Sunday – 3<sup>rd</sup> August**  
**Seventh Sunday after Trinity**

**08.00 Holy Communion Kenn**  
08.00 Holy Communion Claverham  
09.30 Parish Communion Yatton  
09.30 Holy Communion Cleeve  
11.00 Family Service  
Kingston Seymour  
**14.30 Holy Baptism Kenn**  
**15.30 St John Ambulance Brigade**  
**Service Kenn**  
18.00 Evensong Yatton

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday – 10<sup>th</sup> August**  
**Eighth Sunday after Trinity**

08.00 Holy Communion Yatton  
09.30 Parish Communion Yatton  
09.30 Holy Communion Claverham  
11.00 Family Service Cleeve  
**11.00 Sung Communion Kenn**  
18.00 Evensong Kingston Seymour  
18.30 Holy Communion Cleeve

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday – 17<sup>th</sup> August**  
**Ninth Sunday after Trinity**

08.00 Holy Communion Claverham  
09.30 Holy Communion Cleeve  
09.30 Family Communion Yatton  
11.00 Sung Communion  
Kingston Seymour  
**18.00 Evensong Kenn**

## SERVICES FOR AUGUST 2003

**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday – 24<sup>th</sup> August**  
**St Bartholomew the Apostle**

08.00 Holy Communion Yatton  
08.00 Holy Communion  
Kingston Seymour  
09.30 Holy Communion Cleeve  
09.30 Parish Communion Yatton  
10.00 Family Service Claverham  
**11.00 Family Service Kenn**  
18.00 Evensong Yatton

**5<sup>th</sup> Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> August**  
**Eleventh Sunday after Trinity**

### TEAM SUNDAY

08.00 Holy Communion Claverham  
09.30 Team Communion Yatton  
18.00 Songs of Praise  
Kingston Seymour

*There will also be a  
Holy Communion service  
at St. John's Kenn on  
Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> August at 11 am*