

Buckets & Spades

75th Anniversary WW2



July 2020

Issue 101

wsmfhs.org.uk



The Society, founded in 1983, grew out of an Adult Education Class which had been inspired by Brian Austin (now a Life Member) to continue their research. It has grown into an active membership of over 300 who come from all parts of the world as well as those who live locally.

The area covered by the Society includes Weston-super-Mare and Parishes in North Somerset and in the Axbridge Registration District, as shown on the back cover.

Meetings are held on the fourth Tuesday of each month, except August and December, at the Vintage Church, Hughenden Road, Weston-super-Mare, BS23 2UR. The doors open at 7.00pm for refreshments and informal research. Meetings start at 7.30pm. *New members and visitors are always welcome.*

The Society tries to encourage and stimulate interest in family history generally and has a very positive link with Weston-super-Mare Library, which has excellent local history resources and facilities. Each Saturday, volunteers from the membership are in the Library from 2.00pm until 3.30pm to assist anyone who wants to start searching for their ancestors or who has a problem with their research.

Enquiries may be made through our website www.wsmfhs.org.uk – Use the ‘Contact Us’ button towards the top right-hand corner of the home page. Enquiries can also be addressed to the Secretary of the Society: *125, Totterdown Road, Weston-super-Mare, BS23 4LW*, accompanied with a SAE, please.

Honorary Life Members

Brian Austin, 2001; Mrs Pat Hase, 2005; Paul Tracey, 2014;
Brian Airey 2018; Graham Payne 2018

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Please note: The next issue of ‘Buckets & Spades’ is due for publication at our November meeting, so deadline for articles and photos is 15 October 2020. Thank you.

Editorial
Sue Maguire



Best wishes, everyone! Hope you are well and that you will enjoy 'Buckets & Spades' Issue 101. Thank you for all your contributions. Several items, not included this time, will go forward to our November 2020 Issue 102.

This year marks the 75th Anniversary of the end of World War II. It was unfortunate that many VE Day (8 May) events had to be cancelled but good that there was a 'Plan B'. Sadly, we recently lost Vera Lynn – she was inspirational and loved by many people. We are now approaching VJ Day (15 August) with continuing uncertainty. Hopefully, there are similar alternative arrangements are in place.

A special thank you to Andrew of *Memory Lane Media*, who kindly gave us permission to reproduce their CD cover for the front cover of this issue of 'Buckets & Spades'. Memory Lane Media supplies to retailers but their many attractive products are available to view on: memorylanemedia.co.uk and, if you find something of interest, you can then purchase from various sellers, eg Amazon, eBay etc.

Please continue with your ideas/articles/photos and speak with me at Members' Evenings (when we meet again!) or email: smaguire15@yahoo.co.uk The deadline for our November issue is 15 October 2020. Many thanks!

Do You Need Assistance with Your Research?

Brian Austin, WSMFHS Honorary Life Member and our local historian, is happy to assist members with their research. To contact Brian, please send a SAE and your query to 11 Alma Street, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, BS23 1RB.





A Few Reminders!

If you have already served refreshments at one of our Members' Evenings – 'Thank you'.

At the moment, our meetings are 'on hold' but, when we are able to return – please sign in at the Welcome Desk, then choose *one date* on the list and add your name.

Also, WSMFHS mugs are still available (£5 each) and we have some copies of the WW1 War Memorial Books (£10 each).

Weston-super-Mare & District Family History Society Facebook Group



A great opportunity for history researchers, wishing to learn more about their ancestors! Also, a useful way to attract new members to our Society and encourage attendance at our Saturday Afternoon Help Sessions held in Weston-super-Mare Library, but currently unavailable.

Please join us and share your questions, photographs and memories but remember to use CAPITAL letters for surnames - it makes them easier to spot!

Adminstrators: Pat Hase and Lorna Gibson
Moderator: Jeanette Carter

Thoughts from the Chair Jenny Towey



When I wrote my first ‘Thoughts from the Chair’ for the March issue of ‘Buckets & Spades’, I certainly did not envisage the world we are experiencing today. We are living in troubled times - akin to our ancestors coping with Spanish flu, smallpox, typhoid and cholera, but they came through. We are the living embodiment of their survival and fortitude, and we should look forward to a future of hugging our loved ones once again.

Members’ meetings are cancelled until at least November, our AGM evening; your committee is keeping abreast of Government guidelines and, later in the year, we will have a clearer idea of if/when/which age groups/and how many people can gather together inside. We will keep you informed about when our meetings, and the free Saturday Afternoon Help Sessions in Weston Library, will recommence - only when we feel it is safe to do so.

In the meantime, I hope you are all keeping busy: taking up new hobbies, gardening, cleaning out cupboards and spring-cleaning the house. I am recycling greetings cards for charity, *but*, top of your list must surely be your family history! Have you, at long last, filed all those bits of paper/certificates/documents? Have you organised your photo albums and written the names of the people in them? Have you brought your family tree up to date or bought yourself a DNA test? Make this the year you contribute information to, or make a comment on, our very own website or Facebook page. Many societies/commercial companies are offering free or low cost webinars, talks and even data sets for you to research online whilst you are unable to attend Family History Fairs, Seminars, Archives and Record Offices: make good use of them. Be aware, though, that (from 1 June) the WDYTYA? Magazine online forum is temporarily closed whilst they perform an upgrade.

You know you kept saying to yourself, ‘I’ll do that when I have the time’. Well, *now* you do!

Keep safe.

Brian Austin
by Pat Hase



We are delighted to announce that Life Member, Brian Austin, has been awarded a BALH Award for Personal Achievement in Local History. This award is a means of publicly honouring local historians who have made a significant voluntary contribution to the subject in their own areas and beyond, to identify and publicise good practice.

The Award was going to be presented in June at a meeting in London but, of course, arrangements changed. We would like to publicly acknowledge Brian's well-deserved achievement in this field.

The British Association for Local History (BALH) has recognised the value in the enormous amount of work undertaken over the years by Brian as he researched and recorded the people and history of his home town, Weston-super-Mare. He has generously shared the results by depositing it (including many family trees) in the North Somerset Library, in the Somerset Archives and by being available to give advice in person, through talks or by post. The list of some of the documents which he still holds at his home can be seen on our website where his contact details are also given – he doesn't use a computer.

Our Society came into being in 1983 as a result of the enthusiasm for family history which Brian had engendered in the students in his Adult Education Family History Course and we are very grateful.

What to Do during Covid-19 Lockdown

by Jenny Towey

Now could be the time for you to write your very own story! Your children, grandchildren, spouse/partner, siblings and friends might love to read (now or later) how ‘you’ became ‘you’!

Where to start?

Write down your first-ever ‘Memory’ (or that of your mother/father). Where were you, how old were you, is there anything that has kept this image in your mind?

‘Family Christmas Traditions and Dinner’, for example, decorations (a real tree or an artificial one), were stockings (or pillowcases) hung up? When were gifts opened? What did you have for Dinner and did anyone ever swallow the Christmas Pudding six-pence?

Did ‘Relatives’ come to stay or live? If so, who were they and what did they do, for example, did they follow traditional family occupations (or something new)? Did anyone ever make, or give you, something still cherished today?

‘Nursery Rhymes’ (said or played to you) and ‘Family Pets’ - loved over the years. Also, any smells or sounds which recall your childhood? What did you and your friends get up to and do you still have scars to prove it! Were Sundays ‘special’, for example, attending Sunday School, visiting grandparents, relatives or friends?

‘Family Summer Holidays’ – were they affordable? If so, where did you go?

‘Pocket Money – (if received) how much/how spent, also did it increase each year? Were there ‘jobs’ that had to be done? (I had to clean family shoes and, ever since, I hate shoe-cleaning!)

‘Old photo or Heirloom’ – who (or what) is it? Where did you get it and is there a place strongly connected to your ancestry? Do you still live there or visit? (One of my Weston-super-Mare neighbours has never lived anywhere else, apart from their holidays!)

‘Family Meal’ or ‘Dish’ related to an occasion or a person? Where did your family shop, for example, corner shops, local farms, town? (I remember shopping for my step-father’s cigarettes when I was just 13 years old!)

‘Singing and/or Playing Musical Instruments’, including pantomimes, variety shows, cinema, theatre, amateur dramatics and dances? Have you or family been involved?

‘Sport’ played at local, county or national level and have any medals, shields or commendations been received?

‘First Job’ – description/duties involved and was a uniform required? Why did you leave and what other jobs have you had since?

‘Entertainment’ (Radio and TV) - what programme/s did you particularly enjoy? Do you recall Radio/TV/Pathé News footage and were you involved in any way?

So many questions! Words above include ‘*what, when, where, who and how*’. Time to think about and record our feelings (then and now). Remember – ‘Memories’ are a mixture of happy, sad and all those ‘in-between’ moments.

Keep safe!

Gene-allergy
by Jenny Towey

Definition: a contagious disease (but we love it!)

My Wartime Experiences

Part 2

by Peter Lamb

Life at Middletown with an unmarried lady, Della, and her desperately strict Mother, was not very pleasant. Sugar was forbidden and any other joyful things. I had to walk about 1½ miles to a small school, which was across the border in England. The pupils were from a wide catchment area of farming communities (at least 5 miles) and the kids were very rough. The boys in many cases had their shirts sown to their trousers to prevent them discarding them and when they ripped their trousers you could see their bottoms - they had no underwear!



Capt Lamb and Peter

After about a week, I was asked to stand in front of the class and describe my experiences in The Blitz, which I gladly did. My willingness, arrogance and general knowledge (know-it-all attitude) did not go down too well with young male fraternity. Leaving and going to school became a very hazardous business for me - I was beaten up on each occasion. Not content with that, they attacked me in the playground as well and, shame-upon-shame, the teachers put me in the girls' playground. After about a month of this, my life became intolerable and Mother decided, since the end of term was not too far off, that she would send me to Dudley.

My Uncle collected me and I had a long summer holiday in Dudley. No sooner had I arrived than Jerry caught up with me and dropped a high explosive bomb bang in the centre of the High Street. My Aunt, who was in the WVRS, took me to the town to view the crater and she wasn't very pleased when I said 'Oh, yes I've seen one of those in Plymouth'. She had a habit of giving me a 'clip around the ear'! My Uncle had no proper shelter - he opened a trap door under the stairs and set up a bed using chicken wire! We would retire there, whenever the siren sounded. Living in Dudley was very pleasant socially. My Uncles and Aunts used to play Solo (with chips) on Saturday evenings. On Saturday nights, my Uncle and Aunt would drive over to Wolverhampton with shrouded car headlamps and no street lights. I would go to bed temporarily in my Aunts' houses until I was roused and taken home about 2.00am. Driving up the Birmingham New Road was an exceptional sight at night with all the blast furnaces lighting up the sky. It looked like Dante's Inferno. I always thought that it was inconceivable that so much light was shown, since I had been brought up in Plymouth with absolute black-out conditions.

Sometimes when the ‘card sharpeners’ came to Dudley, I would sleep with my cousin, Ann. I was eight and she was four. In future years this would give rise to much hilarity, when I told everyone at her 21st birthday that I had slept with her – well, I did!

Whilst I was enjoying myself, two family things had happened in other places. Firstly, when we left Plymouth, my Father immediately looked around for suitable accommodation in the countryside to bring his family home. Following a chat with a business colleague, electrical contractor Stanley Wise, he discovered that Stanley had found an empty labourer’s cottage on Dartmoor at Creason Farm near Horndon, Mary Tavy. It was in poor condition with no services on tap, ie water and electricity. Father found the poles and Stanley’s electricians wired an overhead circuit from the owner’s farm over two fields. Water was also brought in from the farm across the fields. The cottage was so damp that both men would drive out to the cottage at weekends in Stanley’s old Hillman Minx to screw hard board onto the interior walls of every room. The cottage consisted of two rooms upstairs, two rooms downstairs and an adjacent piggery. The latter was converted into the kitchen. The plan was for the two families, Wises and Lambs to share the property. Each family had one bedroom and one living room with a common kitchen. Stanley’s wife was called Mary and they had one son, about my age, called Jimmy. They were successful with this project and, by October 1941, the cottage was habitable, so my Mother and I were recalled from the Midlands.

By this time, the second major event had happened in our family. A daughter called Christine, later to be shortened to Tina, was born on 31 August 1941 in Welshpool Hospital. My Mother and I returned to Devon with the new baby. I enjoyed our sojourn in the countryside at Horndon. We had chickens and I went rabbiting with Mr Phillott, a farmer, and his ferret. Phillott would shoot the rabbits as they careered out of their burrow and once offered me the gun. I shot a small bird much to my horror when I went to inspect its remains, however, I enjoyed the haymaking in autumn 1942 - it was great fun.

Jimmy and I trudged $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to the village of Horndon to catch the school bus to Mary Tavy Primary School. This was great in the fine weather but, when it rained and in deep winter snow, life in the heart of Dartmoor was very harsh. One morning upon arriving at Horndon, we were greeted with dreadful shrieks coming from a lock-up garage. On investigation we found a pig trussed up and a farmer cutting its throat. This certainly toughened up my attitude to life! In summer 1942, organised school parties spent afternoons collecting hedgerow berries. My task was rose hips to be made into replacement orange juice due to their high vitamin C content, so we were told.

We were often taxed by the farmer's five-year-old daughter, Felicity Phillott. She could only say 'Tissy Tott', which caused considerable amusement. At weekends, the men returned. I helped my Father paint the roadside stones, leading up to the farm across the moorland, with whitewash. On some evenings during winter 1941/42, months after a big raid on Plymouth, we could see the glow in the sky of the burning city and wondered about Father's safety.

Life in the cottage was basic and, with no bathroom, the kitchen doubled as both. We had to take turns in its use and access to fresh water for washing, teeth cleaning etc. It was generally freezing cold in the kitchen and a fire was constantly required in the living room. This became a hard chore for Mother with a young baby.

By the second winter, 1942/43, my Mother was finding life difficult in contrast to Mary Wise, who lapped up the basic living conditions. My Mother became very run down and ill with shingles. By 1943, my Father decided, even though The Blitz continued on a much smaller scale, that we should return to Plymouth. This was not easy, as by this time Father had had an older couple billeted with us because they had been bombed out. They were Mr and Mrs Smale, who were in their sixties. My Father gave them the best part of the house, which was the lounge, dining room, kitchen and one bedroom, while he was sleeping in the basement. We were told a story that, one morning after a raid, my Father had not woken up and Mr Drury went around to the back to find the door blown in across Father's bed and he was still asleep and unhurt!

... to be continued

Research?
by Jenny Towey

If, at first, you don't succeed -
search,
search again,
and then, search again.
That's why they call it
research!

**Diary of War Memoirs –
Chapter 1 – The Territorial Army
Part 2
by Arthur de Dulin
(contributed by his son, Peter de Dulin)**

Eastbourne

January 1940

On a bright sunny morning with six inches of packed snow on the ground, we marched to Woolwich Railway Station, preceded in all its glory by the Royal Artillery Band. There we boarded a long steam train. On the platform, the Band played and cheered us as we pulled out. We had come to know quite a lot of the musicians and we felt very honoured that they had sent us off so regally.

This was another of those rail journeys where we did not have to change trains. It is apparently possible to go from ‘anywhere to anywhere’ in Great Britain this way even though the linked lines are never shown on maps. On this occasion, we went to London first, then crossed to another line and finally arrived in Eastbourne in the late afternoon. Eastbourne had had even more snow than Kent and there was a very hard-packed layer of ice on all the roads.

In retrospect, it is quite apparent that the Regiment was by no means fully equipped - we had our guns (18/25-pounders) but we certainly did not have our full quota.

Our gun party arrived late afternoon and we encountered enormous difficulties on the journey because of the road conditions. The Battery office was located at the Ordnance Depot in a road called ‘Seaside’. We were billeted in guest houses all over the town, while the Officers requisitioned the San Remo Hotel on the seafront.

It was as though we had never left Woolwich as far as pleasure was concerned. The town was determined to make our stay as happy as possible, starting with the Mayor, who immediately organised a dance on the Pier every Saturday night and the cinemas were still open. There were many delightful young ladies and I struck up a friendship with the Mayor's daughter, taking her home from dances on more than one occasion. ‘The Phoney War’ was still on.

From the second morning, one of the Sergeants, Alan Pethybridge, had a dip in the sea. With a large audience of on-lookers he would appear in swimming trunks, dash down the beach and swim swiftly out (about 300 yards), then straight back again to loud cheers from the assembled troops. The temperature was sub-zero. This did not deter him but there were no volunteers to join him!

Being spread out in billets, the Battery was by no means as compact as it had been at Woolwich, where conditions were 'custom-made'. It was necessary to have everybody on parade by a stipulated time each morning, usually 9am. The landladies provided breakfast and they were supplied with rations from the cookhouse. In most cases, the men were fed better than if they had been given Battery rations.

Breakfast was the only meal taken in the houses, the rest were given in the Ordnance Yard, where conditions were far from ideal.

In my capacity as Lance-Sergeant one of my duties was to go around with the Billeting Officer once a week to pay the landladies. It was amusing to see the different reactions when they were given their payment. You might get a conversation something like this:

'Good morning, Mrs. Tomlinson. I've come to pay you for your lodgers. It's a lovely day, isn't it? Let me see, you have four staying with you. How have they been behaving? Are they causing you any trouble or making too much noise?'

'Good morning, Sir. Fine, thank you, Sir! Yes, they are grand. No trouble at all. I wouldn't change them for any others.'

or:

'Good morning, Sir. I don't want to get him into any trouble, but there is one lad who always seems to be muddier than the rest and he's always the last one in.' (All men were supposed to be in the billets by a stipulated time unless there was anything special on such as the weekly dance on the Pier.)

'Oh yes, Mrs Tomlinson - we'll see what we can do about him and possibly change him for somebody else.'

'Oh no, Sir! I wouldn't want that. He's alright really and besides he always keeps us in fits of laughter with his funny stories, but I thought I would mention it.'

‘You wouldn't want him to be changed then, Mrs Tomlinson? Well, that's OK. I'll have a word with him about his late habits and do let me know if you are not entirely happy with him. Now, let me see, you have had 4 chaps for seven days, 3 chaps for four days and one for one night. I make that £1.6s.3d. Please sign here, Mrs Tomlinson.’

I would then dish out the money, while the Officer produced the necessary forms. Sometimes they would not agree the amount because the seaside landladies kept a very firm eye on their dues and, usually, they were right. Of course, we were offered many cups of coffee during our round. It certainly made a very pleasant change from routine training!

By and large, the men kept to the ‘letter of the law’ and the Battery, and the Regiment, made a very good impression on the town.

We were in the Ordnance Yard one morning and I was about to have my first motorcycle-riding lesson, given by Bill Searle. The Yard had many oil drums in strategic positions which marked boundaries. I was given the due instructions: put the engine into gear, release the brake, and slowly (slowly) let out the clutch. I did this. Nobody could have let out the clutch more slowly than I did but, when fully out, I hadn't even moved. It was then pointed out to me that I was still on the stand! So, let's try again! This time I quickened up and the motorcycle shot forward at a rapid speed. I careered around the Yard, knocking over oil drums as if they never existed. A whole crowd of onlookers were shouting at me to put the brake on, but the noise was too much. I knew what to do, but had forgotten where the brake was and, after two perilous circuits of the Yard, was just about to demolish the doors of the vehicle park! At last I found the brake and pulled up one foot away. It was the greatest entertainment that the Sergeants had seen for many a day and they were rolling with laughter.

It took me some time to live down that episode, but I learnt to ride a motorcycle and travelled hundreds of miles on one, both as a Sergeant and later as an Officer. At that time, the machines we had were 500 cc Nortons, powerful and capable of high speeds. All Senior NCO were expected to ride motorcycles. They were used for many duties: messengers, despatch riders and column control when the Regiment was on the move. The last duty was most important, as a Convoy Regiment is spread over a large distance - the rider would ride up and down, keep it evenly spaced and sort any vehicle that had broken down. Although I became quite proficient on a motorcycle, I never took to it like some of the other Sergeants, perhaps, due to my first unfortunate lesson!

These two-wheeled machines were used right up until the time we were in the desert. In sandy conditions, motorcycles were useless, so we were pleased when they were replaced with American Willys Jeeps.

We had many impressive vehicles in the early 1940s. I learned to drive a motorcar with a fellow Sergeant, Ron Salmon, in a large Chrysler saloon and I soon mastered the art of changing gear. One day, we were bowling down the main Eastbourne to Bexhill road - wide, straight and virtually empty of other traffic. After a while, Ron asked if I knew what speed I was doing. I looked at the speedometer and was surprised to see 70 miles an hour! This car had a large and silent engine, so I had no idea that I was travelling at such speed.

Priory College, Dover

Whilst at Eastbourne, the Regiment was required to assist in supplying guards for the vulnerable railway tunnels at Dover. I duly found myself on one of these stints for a week. In hindsight, it is quite apparent that the defences of the UK must have been in parlous condition if a unit in Eastbourne was required to perform guard duties as far away as Dover. However, here I was billeted at Priory College and living in comfort. It was probably one of the most pleasant weeks of the War. The grounds themselves, in early spring, were delightful with sunny days and cherry blossom in full bloom. Our duties were not onerous. I learned to play 'Fives', which is part of the college curriculum. Rules are similar to squash, but a heavy glove is used instead of a racquet. Also, more bending is required to reach the small ball, hence less speed.

This idyllic existence was shattered when I had a telephone call from Regiment calling me back immediately. Arrangements were made for me to be relieved and, within a short time, we were back at the Ordnance Depot to find that it was in turmoil. One part was roped off and inside this cramped area were some 70 internees in various stages of manner and dress. One rich Austrian had been taken from the Grand Hotel in his pyjamas and he was understandably angry. Most people looked miserable. The rules governing the internment of enemy aliens had been in existence since the beginning of the War and, with the worsening situation in Europe, it was suddenly decided that it would be rapidly stepped up.

It occurred to me at the time that those responsible for this move were ruthless and heartless. It has since been established that our treatment of these people was disgraceful, particularly bearing in mind that most of them (some 75,000) had fled from Nazi oppression.

Some internees were German or Austrian-born and married to English people, but they were still regarded as potential enemies. I thought that they should have been given the chance to dress properly and to gather some of their possessions.

This period coincided with another order that all soldiers were to be removed from civilian billets and we were accordingly confined to strictly one area. It was about this time that the Legend of the Fifth Column was born.

One of my Eastbourne sojourn pleasures was map-reading exercises on the South Downs. They were great fun - a party would be transported to a remote spot and split into pairs with an Officer and a Senior NCO. We would then be given instructions to move on compass bearings, reading something like this:

First Leg	75 degrees	400 yards
Second "	125 "	630 "
Third "	90 "	270 "
Fourth "	15 "	800 "
Fifth "	131 "	770 "
Sixth "	68 "	450 "

Each group would have a different set of directions, worked out on a map beforehand, so in theory they all finished at the same spot – invariably, a pub! Walking over the Downs in the dark by compass bearing was by no means easy, particularly when one part of the leg took you through a copse or wood where it was difficult to maintain correct distances. We normally started about 8pm and should have finished about 9.30pm. It was rare for anyone not to arrive before closing time!

I was having breakfast in the Sergeants' Mess one morning when Major Cathie walked in and asked me to be ready in 10 minutes. I would not need any equipment. Of course, this request was an order, but being the perfect gentleman that he was, Major Cathie would not have put it any other way. Soon, the Battery Commander (my Troop Commander), Captain Stowell, and I were in a staff car to somewhere near Ashford. En route, Major Cathie told me that we were going on a TEWT (Tactical Exercise Without Troops). We arrived at the rendezvous and proceeded to a given map reference.

To my astonishment, when we arrived, the place was teeming with Officers of all ranks from Captains to a Major-General and I was the only NCO. The location was on top of a hill with panoramic views and the TEWT was presided over by a Brigadier. He was talking about a possible invasion. He indicated on the ground where the enemy was coming from and he invited solutions from the assembled Officers as to how they would deploy their troops, both before and after the invasion. I was intrigued by some of the answers but, in the presence of such exalted company, I kept myself very much in the background! I think I might have got away with it but, after hearing from some half a dozen Senior Officers, the Brigadier turned to me and said, ‘You have been keeping quiet, Sergeant. Have you any other solution?’ I gave him my views, which were similar to those expressed by Major Cathie. I was flattered when he said ‘*Well done, Sergeant! You are probably right.*’ On the way back to Eastbourne I commented to the Battery Commander that I had felt out of place in such an assembly. He merely smiled, said it had done me no harm and that I had spoken well.

... to be continued

Brown Paper and Vinegar - Really?
by Jenny Towey

*Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.
Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper
To old Dame Dob, who patched his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.*

Turns out that people did, indeed, apply several sheets of hot brown paper, simmered in diluted cider vinegar, to bruises and swellings. A cold version was used for nosebleeds and headaches.

The paper would be secured with rags or a handkerchief. Several applications of the vinegar-soaked paper might be required for bad bruising!

**The Champeny Family
and One Who Achieved Fame in America
by John Parsons**

My grandfather on my mother's side of the family was William Champeny, a farmer's son from Blackford (near Wedmore). He married in 1908 and moved to a small farm at Knightcott on the edge of Banwell, where my mother was born. William was one of many Champenys living in the Wedmore area in those times, though the name is not as common today.

I can trace the Champeny line accurately back through six generations to an Edward who lived at Blackford in the mid-18th Century, although the family certainly goes back a lot earlier, both there and in other villages around Wedmore. There are many Champenys, with various spellings, who can be found in the older parish records of Wedmore, dating back into the mid-16th Century.

One of those ancestors was Charles Champeny who lived at Brook Farm, Blackford. He was born in 1808, died in 1898 and was the eldest of four children. Charles had two brothers, William and Edward, and a sister, Ann, who married Stephen Callow. They all, apart from Charles, emigrated to America and settled in Wisconsin in the 1850s.

Charles married Sarah Tyley and remained at the family farm where they brought up a large family. Presumably, there wasn't much local work as four of their sons, William, Joseph, Edward and Norman, also emigrated and joined relations in the Wisconsin area. Charles' youngest son, Alfred (my great grandfather), remained with his father on the family farm.

The extended family established themselves in America and, by the late 1800s, they were running a chain of creameries and other businesses in the Milwaukee region. As time passed, their descendants appear to have moved to different parts of the country. One of these, a grandson of Joseph, was Arthur Seymour Champeny who had a very distinguished career in the United States Army, taking part in World War I, World War II as well as the Korean War.



Arthur Seymour Champeny
13 August 1893 – 11 April 1979

Arthur was born in Briggsville, Wisconsin and also lived in Kansas, later in life. He spent his life in the United States Army, ultimately achieving the rank of Brigadier General.

He is the only American to earn the Distinguished Service Cross in three different wars.

In addition to his three Distinguished Service Crosses, he was awarded the Silver Star, two Legions of Merit, five Purple Hearts, two French Croix de Guerre, the French Legion of Honour and the Italian Bronze Medal of Military Valour.

A full account of Arthur's career can be found on the internet but here is a short summary of his achievements:

World War I – Arthur served in northeast France as a 1st Lieutenant in the 89th Infantry Regiment and subsequently as a Captain. During his time there, he took over from the Battalion Commander who had been severely wounded. He was awarded his first Distinguished Service Cross in September 1918 for extraordinary heroism in action.

World War II - Arthur served in Italy as a Colonel in the 88th Infantry Division and was awarded his second Distinguished Service Cross (or, more accurately, a first Oak Leaf Cluster to the award). The award cites his leadership, personal bravery and zealous devotion to duty.

Following the end of World War II, Arthur was made the first Director of National Defence in Korea and was responsible for forming and organising the Korean Army and Navy. Though he was still a Colonel, he wore the rank of a Brigadier General while serving in this position and became the Seoul Area Commander, later the Deputy Military Governor and then the Civil Administrator of Korea.

Korean War – When the War started, Arthur was made Commander of the 24th Infantry Regiment, 25th Infantry Division. After a controversial start in charge of the Regiment, he subsequently went on to be awarded his third Distinguished Service Cross and a fifth Purple Heart for military operations near Haman in Korea. He was severely wounded in this War and evacuated to Japan. In July 1951, he was promoted to Brigadier General and assumed duty as Deputy Chief, Korean Military Advisory Group.

In 1953, Arthur returned to the United States and retired with his wife, Marjorie, to Oxford, Kansas, after 35 years on active duty. He died on 11 April 1979 and he is buried with his wife at the Old Mission Mausoleum, Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas, USA.

DNA Tips **by Jenny Towey**

Taken a test with Ancestry and/or My Heritage?

Make sure you have a tree and attach it to your DNA results. Ancestry and My Heritage will trawl through their record databases and offer you hints and suggestions. Generally, at least half of these hints will be correct (it's up to you to decide which ones) and you can add them to your tree. They will also look at other people's trees and offer suggestions from those – beware, that way madness lies! Be especially careful about adding anything from other people's trees - double check their information first. However, if you strike gold and they *are* your family, then they may have uploaded documents that are not readily available online and, more importantly, photographs!

Another Generation!
by Sheila Mills, Blue Anchor, Minehead
(and formerly WSM)

This is a photo of me, taken about 1952, sitting in an armchair in the living room of my home in Exeter and now I would like to share my memories with you.



You may think ‘so what’ but ‘that’ armchair was part of a leather suite that I grew up with. Father was very strict. My sister and I were not allowed to climb onto the furniture wearing shoes, for fear of scratching or marking the leather! Every time, it was ‘off with the shoes!’ We were brought up to look after and value things that had been bought with hard-earned cash. A good principle, but I am afraid our cat got away with scratching the back of the sofa, when no one was looking!

Alongside me is a radiogram, something that brought endless pleasure to the whole family in those days. The top part could be lifted to reveal a turn table which only Father would operate! I was brought up with classical music and Beniamino Gigli, a famous Italian singer, was popular then. Occasionally, a record such as the ‘Laughing Policeman’ would be played for us children! The radio had to be tuned into the ‘required’ station. Sometimes, there would be a loud buzzing noise, called atmospherics, interference caused by someone using an electrical appliance or even the rare passing of a car! It was lovely to listen to ‘Saturday Night Theatre’, ‘In Town Tonight’ and ‘Dick Barton Special Agent’.

I recall VE Day, 1945 - Father connected an extension speaker to our radiogram to provide entertainment for a street party near our home.



The shy little one (at the front) is me!
At the right is my sister and Mother is behind our group

On the wall above the radiogram is my parents' wedding photograph. Percy James William Sillick (1906-1998) and Beatrice Irene Sillick (née Pentecost, 1905-1974) were married on 7 September 1929 at St Sidwell Church, Exeter.

Unfortunately, this church was bombed during WWII. I recall being taken to the area as a child. There was a huge crater, where the church previously stood - I remember how upset my parents were.

On the top of the radiogram is a pipe stand with pipes. Father was a smoker at one time in his life and what a lovely aroma from the tobacco! Alongside, is a framed photo of my dear brother, Ronald Ley Sillick (1932-1933).

Here's an interesting thing! When 'Googling' to re-affirm these dates, low and behold, a Sillick family tree came up which, definitely, requires a follow-up!

More DNA Tips! **by Jenny Towey**

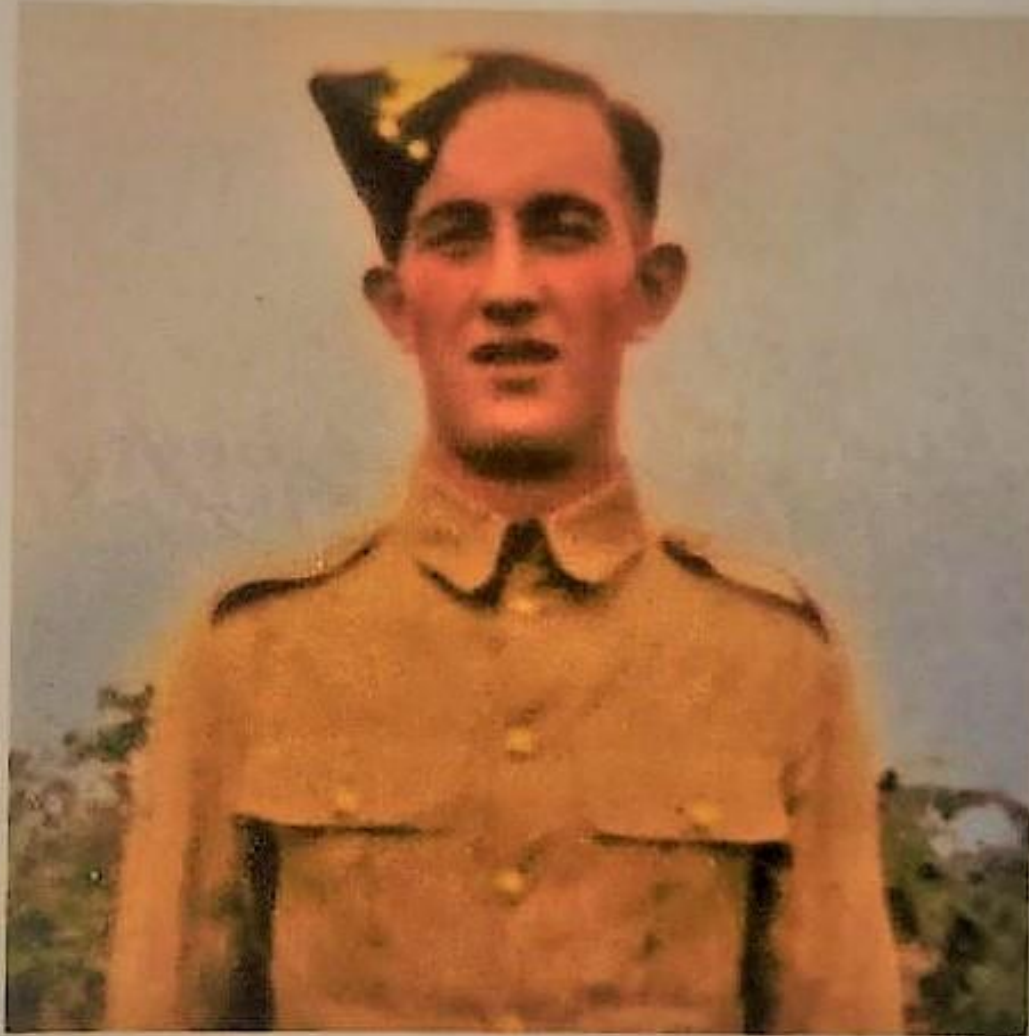
Can't work out how you connect with your DNA matches?

Utilise the tools that your testing site(s) offer. One of the best tools is shared matches/in common with. Compare the trees that your shared matches have and see if any similarities of surname and/or place occur.

If your matches don't have trees, then research their tree for them! If your match has filled in their profile with their country of origin and approximate year of birth, then you have a good starting point. Using a combination of *freebmd*, www.gro.gov.uk and your testing company's database, quite often you can start your UK match's tree from scratch or extend what tree they already have.

I have created a surname database. I alphabetically list my matches' surnames (with place where known, match's name and relationship when confirmed and you might like to add in testing site). Slowly, this is paying off.

**George Edward Wintle
by Brian Yandell**



George Edward Wintle
Gunner in the Second World War,
prisoner in Burma for 3 years until liberated

George Edward Wintle (1922-1986) was born in Weston-super-Mare. He was the 5th child of 7 born to William Wintle (1889-1953) and Martha, née Bartlett (1888-1974).

George, aged 20, joined the Royal Artillery Army in 1941 and his number was 1779105. He trained to be a Gunner on practice ranges in Wales. That September his Regiment was ordered to prepare for embarkation for the Middle East, so he proceeded to Liverpool for embarkation.

On 14 September, the Regiment sailed aboard the 'Monarch of Bermuda' in Convoy WS12, bound for Iraq to join the build-up of AA defences for the oil terminal at Basra. However, on 8 December, while the Convoy was in Durban, the Japanese invaded Malaya shortly before attacking Pearl Harbour. On 11 December, the Convoy was split and the part containing 6th HAA and the 3rd HAA Rgt, which George was assigned to, was now aboard 'HM Transport Aorangi'. It was diverted to Singapore where it arrived on 13 January 1942.

The Battle of Singapore began at the end of January and 3HAA Battery positions came under daily air attack and some of the Gunners were shifted to AA positions at airfields in the north of the island. Once their guns were out of action, they manned trenches as infantry or joined anti-tank gunners as the defensive perimeter shrank.

Singapore surrendered on 15 February and 40,000, including George, became POW. They were held at the notorious camp at Changi which was organised into battalions. The Japanese made it clear that they had not signed the Geneva Convention and the POW were put to work on repairing the airfield and damaged docks in Singapore. In September 1942, there was the Selarang incident where the Japanese wanted the POW to sign a declaration not to escape. They refused and 20,000 POW were herded into a barrack square and held there for 3 days. They only signed on British and Australian Commanders' orders to help save hundreds of men from dying of disease and heat. Officers made it clear that it was not binding as it was signed under duress. At this time, 10 POW were shot on a local beach.

In 1943, George was with the British 4 Group and was shipped with others to Saigon where he worked on the Burma Railway and then force-marched to northern Thailand to complete the 260-mile Burma/Thailand Railway.

Conditions were harsh - their diet was a meagre portion of rice, vegetables and seaweed soup. The formula was simple. If you worked, you received food; if you did not, you had no food. Men who were ill relied on those who worked and shared their ration. They worked from dawn to dusk (10 days on, 1 day off), moving earth, building bridges, blasting through mountains and laying track, mostly by hand.

Very few guards spoke English and internees were forced to learn some Japanese to understand commands. Failure to comply with instructions resulted in a beating. George had a rare blood group, O-Rhesus negative which can be given as a blood transfusion to any blood group. He was called on numerous occasions to donate blood for Allied prisoners and I believe a Dutch doctor, Henri Hekking (also a POW), might have arranged the transfusions and probably saved many POW working on the Railway.

After the Railway was completed, the POW still had 2 years to survive. George was sent to a relocation camp to be available for maintenance crews. Here they suffered appalling living conditions as well as increasing Allied air raids.

The number of UK, British India or Crown Colony POW who worked on the Burma Railway numbered 30,131, of which 6,904 died (a death rate of 23%). In total 61,811 Allied soldiers worked on the Railway - 12,621 died (a death rate of 20%).

On 15 August 1945, an unconditional surrender by the Japanese was announced and, almost immediately, POW working parties began returning to Singapore from other destinations. By early September, over 17,000 men were congregated around the Changi Jail Compound and at the same time medicines and medics were parachuted in to assist the suffering men.

George returned to Weston-super-Mare and was medically assessed. He failed to fulfil his medical requirements and was put on the reserve list. He had completed 5 years and 61 days as a Royal Artillery Gunner and then completed 5 years and 34 days as a Reserve which is a total of 10 years and 95 days. He was discharged on 17 May 1951.

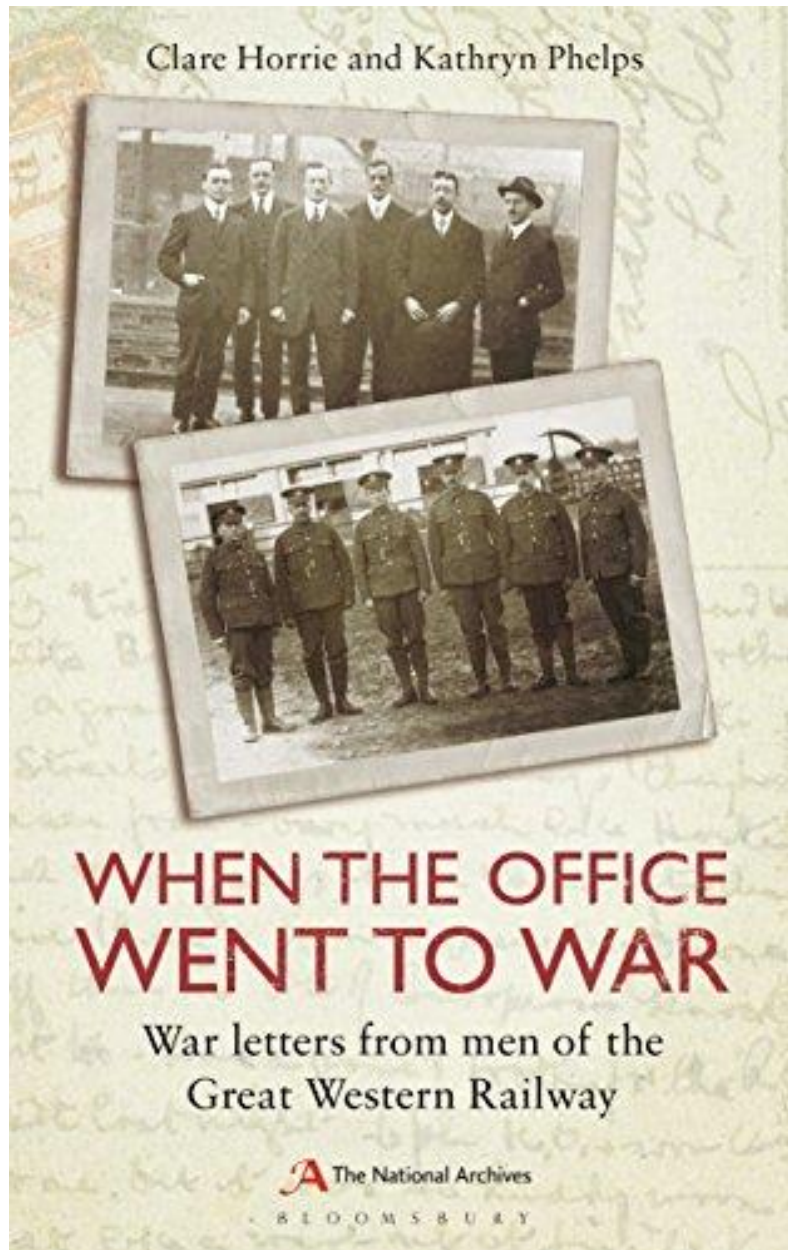
George was awarded the War Medal, Pacific Star, Burma Star and 1939-1945 Star.

In 1948, George married Iris Snell (née Williams) and they had 3 children. He adopted Rodger from Iris's first marriage and became a painter/decorator, living and working in Weston-super-Mare.

George never fully recovered his health – he suffered with stomach ulcers and other conditions due to his poor diet as a POW. He died in 1986 (aged 64). During his family life, he never discussed his 3½ years as a Japanese POW.

**‘When the Office Went to War - War Letters’
A Book Review (WWI)
by Libby Owen**

At first sight this looks like a book that would only be of interest to people who have GWR ancestors and, indeed, the letters refer to those workers who joined up for the First World War and wrote back to the office about their service.



However, as so many of us have ancestors who had similar experiences, this book can be read with interest by all.

Sadly, there are some typos and spelling mistakes which may mar the reading but - read on!

Every chapter presents a month during the war when the men wrote in about the happenings in their lives wherever they were serving. The letters of course were censored but what that leaves the writers with is the minutiae of life whether training or in the trenches. We all know now something about where battles took place and general movements in the frontline but these letters tell of being able to shelter from rain, finding a café that is open, when they will get rest days and their interest in their fellow servicemen.

Having received the letters, the GWR office at Paddington put them together to make newsletters for the offices and for the men who came home on leave. The attachment to their workplace is quite poignant.

Well worth the read for finding out more of the day-to-day life of the servicemen and reminding us of their hardships.

Diary Dates - 2020

Due to coronavirus, many local and national events have been, and continue to be, cancelled/postponed.

Please continue to check our website or contact Jenny Towey for updates:

01934 248399; jenny@towey.me.uk

WSMFHS Meetings and Speakers – 2020

Meetings at The Vintage Church, Hughenden Road, Weston-super-Mare, BS23 2UR. The venue is open from 7.00pm with coffee/tea and biscuits. Meetings start at 7.30pm.

However, due to coronavirus, many of our meetings have been cancelled/postponed.

We hope we can meet in November (as shown below) - but only if it is safe!

*Please continue to check our website or contact Jenny Towey for updates:
01934 248399; jenny@towey.me.uk*

- **24 November 2020** (Please note, this meeting is yet not confirmed)
AGM followed by MEMBERS' EVENING – MEMORABILIA

Do you know any 'black sheep'? Do you have famous, or infamous, people on your tree? Be prepared to talk about your naughty, but interesting, ancestors! Question and answer session. Quiz.

Speakers: Members of the Society

No Meeting in December

Excuse Me, Please!
by Sheila Mills, Blue Anchor, Minehead
(and formerly WSM)

My father, Percy James William Sillick (1906-1998) always maintained when I was growing up in the 1940/50s: ‘Manners begin in the home’ and ‘Manners maketh a man’.

I can well remember our family always sitting up to the table to have our meals. When everyone had finished, I appropriately asked, ‘Please, may I leave the table?’ (of course, literally, I could not take the table with me!)

During my school years (1940/1950s) whenever a teacher came into the room, as a sign of respect, our class would stand up and say, ‘Good morning/good afternoon, Miss/Mr/Mrs or Sister’. (I attended St Wilfrid’s Convent School, Exeter). Good manners were part of one’s curriculum and we had to raise a hand and say ‘Please, Miss’, before speaking with a teacher.

Similarly, I brought my own children up to ‘Mind your manners’ and I always say ‘Excuse me, please’ if I have to pass in front of someone in a limited space. I am not a ‘goody, goody’. I just respect other people.

Being of the older generation, now people (often youngsters) hold doors open for me and I feel it’s wonderful that ‘Good manners’ are still valued in today’s modern society.

1921 Census – A Reminder

The contract to publish the 1921 Census has been awarded to Findmypast, in association with the Office for National Statistics, the National Archives recently revealed. It will be published in January 2022.

The 1921 Census consists of 28,000+ bound volumes of original household returns on nearly 38 million people. Images and transcriptions will be provided.

Help?
by Laura Williams

Can anyone identify this photo? Where is it and does anyone know who the men are? I believe the man in the white jacket is a relative of mine. His surname would be Radford. If you can help, I would be grateful. Please contact me via Sue Maguire, 'Buckets & Spades' Editor, smaguire15@yahoo.co.uk

Thank you!



Ghost in the Closet
by Philip Clark
Charlottesville, Virginia

My grandparents, William Holder and Florence Mabel Pople married in 1912 and moved from Burnham to a new house in Sandford Road, Weston-super-Mare, the following year. My mother, Dorothy Holder (1915-1969), was born there.

Mother never talked about her grandfather, Gabriel Pople (1857-1910) because he died before she was born which meant she didn't know him, but did she know the truth about his death? If so, did she tell anyone? There are many questions and, for me, it's a great mystery.

When I started my genealogical researches many years ago, all I knew about Gabriel was that he was a tailor in Burnham and that he died young, aged 52. I did not bother with his death certificate because I was then interested in my more distant ancestors. I guessed Gabriel suffered a heart attack or a stroke.

I had access to a family bible in which Gabriel had written the following and I came to conclusions about the kind of man he was.

'Whit Tuesday, 27 May 1890

Myself and a friend, Thomas Luke, went this day to see and hear Mr Gladstone at his home, Hawarden Castle in Flintshire. I look upon this day as a 'red letter' day in my life to have had the pleasure and privilege of seeing and hearing England's greatest statesman - aye, the Greatest Statesman of the Nineteenth Century. I count it worth remembering and handing down to my children in the way I have here done.

Gabriel Pople, 22 June 1890'

So, when my daughter, Rachel, in London eventually obtained Gabriel's death certificate and read it over the phone, we both were horrified. She read, 'Being of unsound mind, did kill himself by cutting his throat.' The certificate was dated 6 February 1910.

REGISTRATION DISTRICT		Axbridge							
1910 DEATH in the Sub-district of		Burnham in the County of Somerset							
Columns:-	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No.	When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar
390	26th February 1910 No 7 Burnham Parsonage, Axbridge	Gabriel Pople	Male	52 years	Sailor	Being of unsound mind did kill himself by cutting his throat	Certificate received from N. Whitehead, Statham, Deputy Coroner for North Somerset. Inquest held 9th February 1910	South February 1910	Richard Stedman Registrar

Cutting his own throat? How? Why? And what did ‘of unsound mind’ mean? He didn’t look sick in the last photograph of him taken by his future son-in-law, William Holder, when he posed with Mabs (his daughter, my grandmother), Cliff (his son) and a very happy Rhoda (his wife) and there was a little kitten perched on his shoulder.

Perhaps, if I looked in the local newspaper for this time, I might find some clue to the reason for this tragic event or at least an obituary?

... to be continued

Rebellion!

A Story of Disruption, Disaster and Despair

by Rev Patrice Sessions

People living in our part of Somerset led generally quiet and uneventful lives but, in 1685, they became aware of divisions within communities and conflict breaking out again. The Duke of Monmouth, eldest illegitimate son of King Charles II, believed that he should have inherited the throne when his father died and sailed from exile in Holland to challenge the new king, James. He came seeking the support of the West Country, where he had been greeted with great enthusiasm on previous visits. History reports 1500 foot-soldiers and 500 horsemen collected round Monmouth within days of his landing at Lyme Regis on 11 June and so began the last popular uprising in England.

There are many accounts of the Great Rebellion, telling of the skirmishes, the Duke's 'coronation' at Taunton and praising the loyalty of the mainly artisans, miners and farm workers. This article, however, is to show the other side of the coin. (Later, you will be able to read about retribution and slavery.)

Nothing was well organised, probably due to the lack of authority figures or people with military experience to inspire and organise the untrained, enthusiastic men. As a result, none of the weapons and armour Monmouth brought from Holland was ever distributed to replace the odd weapons, such as pitchforks. Food supplies were always a problem. The numbers joining Monmouth's rebellion grew rapidly and many like-minded Somerset men joined him and groups from Dorset and Devon over the next few weeks.

They fought their way from Dorset to Somerset with a 'coronation of sorts' held at Taunton amid great acclaim from residents, but the rebels soon found themselves cornered in Bridgwater by the King's troops and allies, about 3000 in all. Despite trying to break free across the drained marshes of Sedgemoor in a daring night manoeuvre, Monmouth's army was cut to pieces, with 900 killed outright and over 300 captured. 150 rebels are said to have retreated in good order to Bridgwater, this out of an estimated 4000 when the battle began, so one must assume a great number of rebels escaped back to their towns and villages.

A newspaper report of the Battle of Sedgemoor later stated:

'The West Country peasantry and miners, though assailed by sixteen pieces of artillery and charged in flank and rear by the Household Cavalry, fought with Ironside tenacity. They were slaughtered where they stood, and a merciless pursuit with wholesale executions ended their forlorn endeavour'.

Less than a month from Monmouth's landing at Lyme Regis, he was found disguised and hiding in a ditch after the rout of his followers; he was quickly beheaded for treason on Tower Hill by Executioner, Jack Ketch, on 15 July. Incidentally, from then onwards Jack Ketch's name was immortalised as the hangman in Punch and Judy shows.

... to be continued

DNA Glossary contributed by Jenny Towey

- **Autosome** – one of the twenty-two non-sex chromosomes in the human genome
- **centiMorgan** – a unit of genetic distance (thought up by a Mr Morgan)
- **Chromosome (chr)** – a highly organised and packaged DNA molecule
- **Chromosome browser** – a tool that lets test takers see exactly which segment(s) of their chromosomes are shared with other test takers
- **DNA** – (deoxyribonucleic acid) a double-stranded molecule comprising two intertwined strings of nucleotides which store genetic information
- **Ethnicity estimation** – method of inferring the geographical origins of an individual's DNA by comparing that DNA to one or more reference populations. (note the word *estimation*)
- **Genealogical family tree** – a collection of all an individual's ancestors, regardless of whether or not they contributed DNA to the individual
- **Genetic family tree** – a collection of genealogical ancestors who contributed DNA to a genome; it is a subset of the genealogical family tree. (As the percentage share of DNA decreases the further back you go in your tree you can only be guaranteed to match with second cousins or closer. However, in some cases, you can match with more remote cousins – possibly 6th cousins)
- **Genome** – the genetic material of an organism. It consists of DNA
- **IBD** – identical by descent
- What this means is that a matching segment of DNA, between you and a DNA match, is shared by both you and the match from a common ancestor
- **IBS** – identical by state
- Even though you may share a segment of DNA with a DNA match you do not have a common ancestor with that DNA match – because you only share by chance. These segments are usually small (below 7 centiMorgans [cM]) and are often shared by many people with no genealogical significance.
- You can, on some DNA sites with a chromosome browser, lower the cM level to below 7cM – and you will usually find that you share *loads* of segments with everyone – whether you are genealogically related to them or not!
- **MRCA** – most recent common ancestor
- The ancestor who is shared by two or more individuals and was born most recently. Sometimes you can only get back to an ancestral couple rather than an individual – but, over time, you may discover which is the actual mrca individual
- **Segment** – a section or piece of a chromosome that is delineated by a numerical start and stop number
- **Test** – (in DNA terms) where a person has submitted a DNA sample (usually from saliva or cheek swab) and received results such as a list of possible relatives
- **X chromosome** – one of the two sex chromosomes that determine gender, among other traits. Two X chromosomes (one inherited from each parent) result in the individual being female
- **Y-chromosome** – one of the two sex chromosomes that determine gender, among other traits; one X chromosome (inherited from the mother) and one Y chromosome (inherited from the father) result in the individual being male

With thanks to the International Society of Genetic Genealogy (ISOGG) and 'The Family Tree Guide to DNA Testing and Genetic Genealogy' by Blaine Bettinger

Some Useful Local Addresses

The Editor is always pleased to receive additions or corrections to this list, based on Members' experiences.

Bath Library	Tel: 01225 787400
Bristol Central Library, College Green, Bristol	Tel: 0117 9037200 email: <i>bristol-library-service@bristol.gov.uk</i>
Bristol Family History Centre (LDS), 721 Wells Road, Whitchurch, Bristol, BS14 9HU	Tel: 01275 838326
Bristol Record Office, 'B' Bond Warehouse, Smeaton Road, Bristol, BS1 6XN	Tel: 0117 9224224 email: <i>bro@bristol-city.gov.uk</i>
Clevedon Library, 37 Old Church Road, Clevedon, BS21 1RQ	Tel: 01934 426020 email: <i>clevedon.library@n-somerset.gov.uk</i>
Clevedon Story Heritage Centre, Waterloo House, 4 The Beach, Clevedon, BS21 7QU	Tel: 01275 341196
Nailsea Library, Somerset Square, Nailsea, BS48 1RQ	Tel: 01934 426030 email: <i>nailsea.library@n-somerset.gov.uk</i>
Weston-super-Mare Museum, Burlington Street, Weston-super-Mare, BS23 1PR	Tel: 01934 621028. Fax 01934 612526 email: <i>museum@wsm-tc.gov.uk</i>
Portishead Library, High Street, Portishead, BS20 6EW	Tel: 01934 426040 email: <i>portishead.library@n-somerset.gov.uk</i>
Registrar of Births Deaths and Marriages, Town Hall, Walliscote Road, Weston super Mare, BS23 1UJ	Tel: 01934 427552 email: <i>register.office@n-somerset.gov.uk</i>
Somerset Heritage Centre, Brunel Way, Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton, TA2 6SF	Tel: 01823 278805 email: <i>archives@somerset.gov.uk</i>
Somerset Studies Library, Paul Street, Taunton, TA1 3XZ	Tel: 01823 340300. Fax: 01823 340301 email: <i>somstud@somerset.gov.uk</i>
Weston Library, Town Hall, Walliscote Grove Road, Weston super Mare, BS23 1UJ	For general enquiries: Tel: 01934 426010 email: <i>weston.library@n-somerset.gov.uk</i> For local history enquiries: Tel: 01934 888855 email: <i>answers@n-somerset.gov.uk</i>
Weston Civic Society, The Old Town Quarry, South Road, Weston super Mare	Tel: 01934 412144
Worle Library and Children's Centre, Mendip Avenue, Worle, BS22 6HN	Tel: 01934 462090 email: <i>worle.library@n-somerset.gov.uk</i>
Yatton Library, 48 High Street, Yatton, BS49 4HJ	Tel: 01934 426100 email: <i>yatton.library@n-somerset.gov.uk</i>

Officers and Committee

Position Held		Current Occupier of the Position
Chair	E	Jenny Towey
Secretary, Librarian & Publication	E	Brian Airey
Membership, Transcripts & Web Contact	E	Graham Payne
Treasurer	E	Roy Smith
Journal Editor	E	Sue Maguire
Webmaster	E	Paul Tracey
Vice-Chair & Data Protection	C	Peter de Dulin
Research Consultant & Facebook Admin	C	Pat Hase
Public Relations Officer	C	Sue Dury
Welcome Desk	C	Bill Caple
Exchange Magazines	C	Brian Yandell
General	C	Tony Horry

E=Elected Position according to Constitution; C=Co-opted Position by the Committee.

Please direct enquiries or information to the appropriate Post Holder and remember to enclose a SAE if you require a reply.

All Committee Members may be contacted using the Society's website. From any page on the site, go to the top right corner and click on 'Contact Us'. This will bring up a Contact Form for you to complete. Please choose the correct category so that the form is addressed to the correct recipient.

Neither the Editor nor the Committee necessarily agrees with the views or opinions expressed by contributors to the Journal. Articles remain the property of the individual author and may not be reproduced without their permission.

Map of the Parishes covered by the Weston-super-Mare & District FHS

On the rear cover is a map of the general area that we cover as a Society, showing the Parishes that are known to have existed in 1832. This basically equates to the same area that forms North Somerset District Council's boundaries plus that covered by the Axbridge Registration District which was set up in 1837:

1. Easton-in-Gordano	2 Portbury	3 Abbots Leigh
4. Portishead	5. Clapton in Gordano	6. Wraxall
7. Long Ashton	8. Weston in Gordano	9. Tickenham
10. Nailsea	11. Backwell	12. Flax Bourton
13. Barrow Gurney	14. Dundry	15. Walton in Gordano
16. Clevedon	17. Kenn	18. Yatton
19. Brockley	19a. Chelvey	20. Wrington
21. Butcombe	22. Nempnet Thrubwell	23. Winford
24. Kingston Seymour	25. Wick St Lawrence	26. Puxton & Hewish
27. Congresbury	28. Churchill	29. Burrington
30. Blagdon	31. Kewstoke	32. Worle
33. Banwell	34. Weston-super-Mare	35. Hutton
36. Locking	37. Christon	38. Winscombe
39. Uphill	40. Brean	41. Bleadon
42. Loxton	43. Biddisham	44. Compton Bishop
45. Axbridge	46. Shipham	47. Rowberrow
48. Cheddar	49. Charterhouse	50. Ubley
51. Compton Martin	52. Chew Stoke	53. Chew Magna
54. West Harptree	55. East Harptree	56. Berrow
57. Brent Knoll	58. Lympsham	59. East Brent
60. Badgworth	61. Weare	62. Nyland
63. Rodney Stoke	64. Westbury	65. Priddy
66. Burnham on Sea	67. Huntspill	68. Mark
69 Chapel Allerton	70. Wedmore	

The following Parishes were split as follows:

Clevedon into All Saints; Christ Church & St Andrew.

Nailsea into Christ Church & Holy Trinity.

Weston-super-Mare into All Saints; Christ Church; Emmanuel; Good Shepherd; Holy Trinity; St John; St Paul & St Saviour.

Map of Parishes covered by Weston-super-Mare & District FHS

