

Buckets & Spades

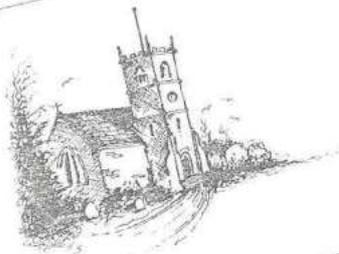
March
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Issue

100



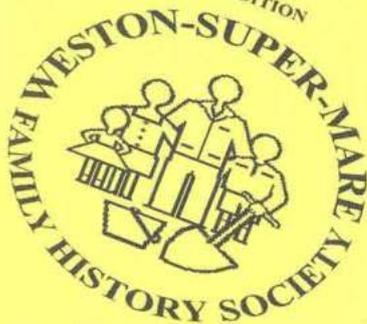
FAMILY
HISTORY
WORKSHOP



Weston-super-Mare



50th EDITION



July 2003

www.wsmfhs.org.uk



Buckets
& Spades



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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 July meeting, so the deadline for articles and photos is 15 June 2020. Thank you.

**Editorial
Sue Maguire**



Here we are – Buckets & Spades Issue 100! Thank you for all your articles and photos. Equally important, we are grateful to everyone who contributed to, and enabled the publication of, our previous 99 Journals! As you will see, Issue 100's front cover shows how we have evolved. In forthcoming issues, previous items will be reproduced - hopefully, you will find them interesting. After all, not many of us were there at the very beginning! On 8 May (VE Day) and 15 August (VJ Day), we will commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the end of the Second World War. Relevant items are included in this issue and additional ones would be appreciated for our July issue.

Please continue to let me have your ideas, articles and photos and remember you are always welcome to speak with me at our Members' Evenings. Alternatively, you can contact me by email at smaguire15@yahoo.co.uk

Reminder – Deadline for contributions to be included in our July 2020 issue of 'Buckets & Spades' is 15 June 2020.

Do You Need Assistance with Your Research?

Brian Austin, WSMFHS Honorary Life Member and our local historian, has kindly informed us that he 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 our Members' Evenings, 'Thank you' but, if you haven't, please take a turn. Simply, when you next sign in at the Welcome Desk, choose *one date* on the list and add your name.

Also, WSMFH Society 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 - Weston-super-Mare Library.

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



Happy New Year to you all! I hope that 2020 brings you new insights, new information, new sources to access and visit to broaden your family story.

These are my first ‘Thoughts from the Chair’ and I **thank you** for your patience and understanding when I stepped into the role of Acting Chair, back in 2018.

We are hoping to take the Society’s stand to **local events** more and we commenced this initiative with the 2019 Hutton Christmas Market. We will also attend the Hutton ‘Taste of Somerset’ show next September. If your grandchildren have a school fete coming up, or if their Scout/Girl Guide troops have a summer gathering and you think they would appreciate our attendance, do let us know the date and contact details. We hope to inform the family historians of tomorrow that you cannot find *everything* on the internet (as it would appear from watching TV and ‘Who Do You Think You Are?’).

Your committee is considering running some family history **workshops** – please come along with your questions on any topic. These workshops will probably be held in a church hall in Weston-super-Mare, so look out for notices in the local press and in ‘Buckets & Spades’.

We now have a **Library Catalogue** for you to peruse at meetings. If you fancy borrowing one of the books please let our librarian, Brian Airey, know and he will bring it along to the next meeting. This catalogue will also be available at the free Saturday Afternoon Help Sessions run by volunteer members in Weston Library and it will be on the Society website.

Several people have been asking where they can find **burial information** for their ancestors - for locals, look at our burial transcripts, which are available to members, on our website.

Elsewhere in the UK, consider www.deceasedonline.com – there is an index of all the areas covered and you can make a free search of the cemeteries but, if you find your ancestor's name, you have to pay for some credits in order to access the full details. You might also find scans of the cemetery and burial registers, photos of the graves and memorials, cemetery maps and other occupants of the same grave.

I am now looking for speakers for 2021 so, if you fancy giving a talk to the Society (any duration up to 45 minutes long or have ideas on topics you'd like covered), please let me know.

Did you get a **DNA** kit for Christmas? Are you wary of taking it? Have you taken it and have no idea what it means? Do consider attending one of the DNA classes that I run with the U3A (University of the Third Age). You could break down a brick wall, find a long-lost cousin or even confirm all the research you have been beavering away over the years!

Due to the corona virus, events/meetings may be postponed/cancelled at short notice.

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

1921 Census

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.

When we came to locating information regarding the one woman named on the Memorial, we had great difficulty in finding any details whatsoever. Her name was Charlotte Frances (aka Francis) Morgan. We were able, however, to ascertain from the 1911 Census that she was the daughter of a clergyman, the Rev Francis Augustine Morgan, and his wife, Annie. At the time of the Census, she was a spinster aged 45 and she was born in Chepstow, Monmouth, in 1866. The address given in those records said the family lived at 7 Beaconsfield Road, Weston-super-Mare. The Memorial records her as QM Charlotte Morgan. First of all, we did not know what the QM stood for but, subsequently, found it was short for ‘Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corp’, a nursing unit which looked after injured servicemen.

Following a considerable time searching the records, we could not find any information regarding her service with them, but we believe many records were lost in the Second World War.

As a ‘last throw of the dice’ we contacted the Records Office in Taunton and went through what we had done so far. They suggested we look to see if she had left a Will. Having taken this advice, we looked on the Wills website for the years 1914-18 and, to our delight, we did find her Will. This gave us a date of death as 2 November 1918 and the Will was administered in London on 27 January 1919 by her father.

The Will did not state where she was buried but we found her parents were still living in Weston so we took the chance that she had been buried in Milton Road Cemetery and, looking at the Cemetery records, we found that she was buried there on 5 November 1918 with a grave reference number TC 2667 (ref 52).

I then spent some time with a very helpful member of the Cemetery team looking for her grave. After a struggle, we found it, covered in grass, by the side of a gravel path in the upper part of the Cemetery. I took pictures of the granite cross which has been laid down on the grave, like many others in the cemetery, for safety reasons. The words the parents put on the grave say, ‘Died at her post in Hospital’ followed by the words, ‘Faithful unto Death’.

In Memory of

Charlotte Francis Morgan

Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps.

Died at her post in hospital in London

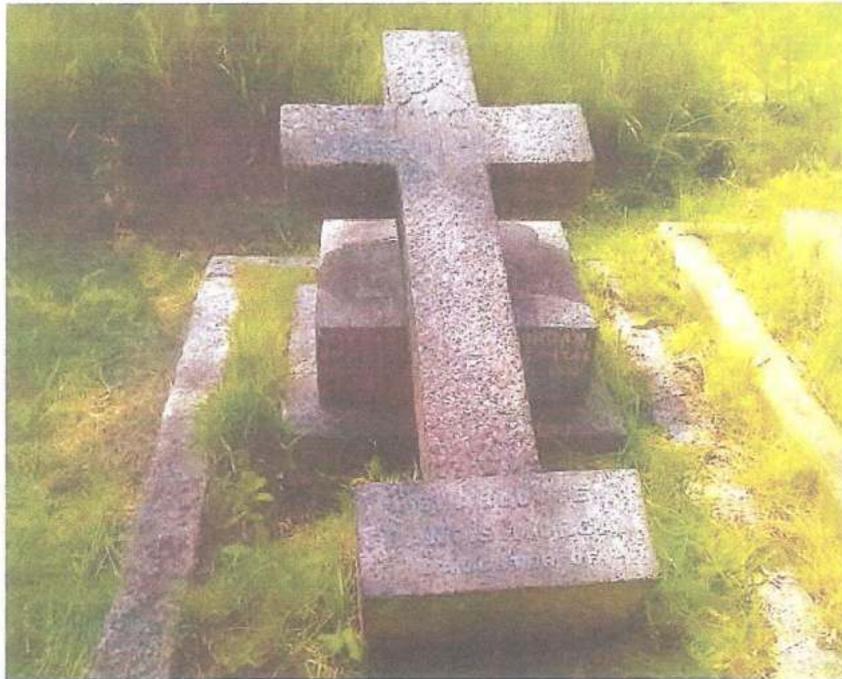
on the 2nd November 1918, aged 52

Daughter of Revd. Francis Augustine and Mrs Anne Morgan

7 Beaconsfield Road, Weston-super-Mare

Remembered at

Milton Road Cemetery, Weston-super-Mare.



"Died at her post"

"Faithful unto death"

We plan to include the photos of Charlotte’s grave in the Emmanuel brochure/booklet to be published later. With luck, help and determination over the past few months, we will be able to include her story with the other 66 people named on the Memorial, who lost their lives as a result of the Great War.

Editor: This article was published earlier but further information and photos have become available.

Then & Now by Bill Capel



Oxford Street, Weston-s-Mare c1850–2017



Souvenirs
by Sheila Mills, Blue Anchor, Minehead, Somerset
(and formerly of Weston-super-Mare)

Many people collect ‘souvenirs’ and I have, originally from my parents’ home, a pink cup and saucer with gold lettering, marked ‘A Present from Bristol’. It is said that it belonged to my maternal grandmother, Isabella Pentecost (née) Davis, born in Alma Street, Weston super Mare (1869).

Isabella’s Birth Certificate records that she was born in the Registration District of Axbridge, Sub-district of Banwell. In 1889, Isabella married Halse Ley Pentecost in St Thomas Church, Exeter, and the cup and saucer were a wedding present! Isabella and Halse Ley had ten children, my mother was one of them and she was born in 1905.



My Grandparents, Halse Ley and Isabella (née) Pentecost
on an annual family holiday at Dawlish Warren

My great grandparents were from Devon and great grandfather, Charles, was a journeyman carpenter - it was quite common for men to travel about to find work. Charles, born 1848 in Torquay, arrived in Weston-super-Mare with Eliza, born 1846 in Kenton. I suspect they travelled from Exeter to Weston-super-Mare by train (or perhaps their journey involved a horse!). Most likely, they rented a furnished house in Alma Street.

Three more children were born to my great grandparents - Susan, Lillian and William. I believe the family then lived in Bristol to be near great grandfather's work. Eventually, they moved back to Exeter and after the death of Eliza, in 1905, Charles returned to Weston-super-Mare.

I have memories of other family 'souvenirs' including some lovely china animal figures. I also possess a Bible, given in 1928 by my grandmother, Isabella, to my mother, Beatrice Irene, after the death (1927) of my grandfather, Halse Ley. In 1929, my mother, Beatrice Pentecost, married my father, Percy Sillick, in Exeter.

There are many types of 'souvenirs' today, for example, fridge magnets (my own fridge has many!) and Royal Wedding commemorative cups - often later found on bric-a-brac stalls!

Anyway - my grandparents' cup and saucer are now in a very safe place! There was some damage when I gained possession but, for me, they will always be a wonderful and much treasured 'souvenir'.

Scottish Ancestors? **(Contributed by Jenny Towey)**

The Scots had a distinctive naming pattern for their children, which can be useful in tracing your ancestry further back and, if one of the first three children died, often the next baby, born of that same sex, would be named after the baby that had died.

First Born Son: named for the paternal grandfather

Second Born Son: named for the maternal grandfather

Third Son named for the father, unless he shares a name with one of the grandfathers

Fourth and subsequent sons were often named after father or mother's brothers

First Born Daughter: named for the maternal grandmother

Second Born Daughter: named for the paternal grandmother

Third Daughter named for the mother, unless she shares a name with one of the grandmothers

Subsequent Daughters were generally named for mother or father's sisters

**The Fighting Chaplain – Cheddar’s Forgotten Hero
James Hill (Ancestor of My Wife)
by Arthur Redman**

Cheddar is a popular village in Somerset and located at the base of the Mendip Hills, with its scenic, beautiful and majestic Gorge, steeped in ancient history. Cheddar is also famous for its Caves in the Gorge, where the skeletal remains of a 10,000-year-old man, known as Cheddar Man, were found. It is a village where signs of a Roman settlement can be found, also later Saxon habitation and the remains of the Saxon Palace, which were excavated within the present school grounds. Then there is the world-famous Cheddar cheese and strawberries and cream. There are also local heroes like Hannah More and her work in the area forming, against opposition, a School for the poor of the village. We must also remember Cheddar Village’s young men who fought and died in the First World War, the Second World War, and indeed other wars. They enlisted into the Armed Services and did their duty, without fear, in the hour of need.



Another hero who should not be forgotten, probably unknown by most residents, is James Hill, the only Cheddar person (and perhaps Somerset) to have been presented with the United States of America Medal of Honor.

The Medal of Honor is the United States highest and most prestigious personal Military Medal Decoration, which is awarded to recognise United States Military Service Members who have distinguished themselves in acts of valour during conflict. It is awarded by the President in the name of Congress.

James Hill was born in Cheddar on 16 December 1822 and he was baptised at St Andrew’s Church on 10 October 1824. He was the second child of William Hill, a cordwainer/farmer, and his wife Sophia Hill, née Hawkins.

In 1848, James married Sylvia Brown and, at that time, he was most likely already a Baptist Minister. The couple were probably married in the Baptist Church at Cheddar, as there is no record of their marriage at St Andrew's Church. The couple emigrated to America in 1849 and went to reside at Cascade, Iowa. He was a farmer and Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cascade, which also served Epworth and Worthington.

The American Civil War began in 1861 and, on 9 August 1862, he gave up his Church and enlisted as a Private into Company I of the 21st Iowa Volunteer Infantry. He was promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant.

On 16 May 1863, he served with the 21st Iowa Infantry at the pivotal battle of Champions Hill (Bakers Creek) and acted as the Unit Quartermaster in command of a foraging mission. Whilst alone in dense woodland, he came across and single-handedly captured, without firing a shot, three Confederate Pickets. One prisoner later said, 'Lieutenant, you could never have taken us but for that devil of a bodyguard we thought you had by the way you kept halting them'.

James had been an unofficial spiritual counsellor to the men in his Unit. On 4 August 1863, he was made Full Regimental Chaplain and soon became known as the 'Fighting Chaplain'. He was mustered out of the Army on 15 July 1865 and returned to his family home, where he continued as a Baptist Chaplain/farmer. He was involved in the organisation of the Railway in Cascade and, in due course, served as Vice President of the Railway line.

His wife Sylvia died on 12 March 1874, aged about 55 years, and there are no known children from their marriage.

In September 1874, James re-married. His second wife was Susan Angeline McClune (1842 - 1925) and there is no record of any children from this marriage either, although she had children from her first marriage.

On 15 March 1893, his deeds during the Battle of Champions Hill were recognised and he was awarded the Medal of Honor by the then President of the United States of America, Grover Cleveland. The citation reads as follows:

‘The President of the United States of America in the name of Congress takes pleasure in presenting the Medal of Honor to First Lieutenant (Chaplain) James Hill, United States Army, for extraordinary heroism on 16 May 1863 while serving with Company I of the 21st Iowa Infantry in action at Champions Hill (Bakers Creek), Mississippi. By skilful and brave management, First Lieutenant Hill captured three of the enemy Pickets.’



James Hill was one of only four Chaplains to receive the Medal of Honor during the Civil War and only five more have been issued to Chaplains since that time.

He died on 22 September 1899, aged 77 years, and he is buried at Cascade, Dubuque, Iowa.

At the time James and his wife emigrated (1849/1850), other members of the Hill family and the Hawkins family (his mother’s relatives) also went to America and they all seem to have settled in Iowa.



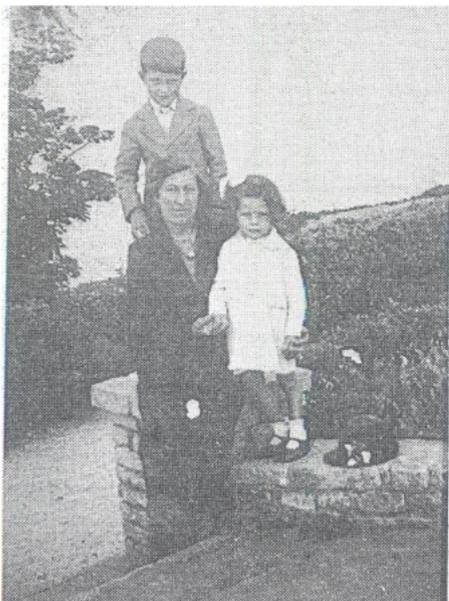
Red for Danger
A Memoir by John W Fuller
(Contributed by Edna Fuller)

I imagine I may be the only remaining person alive today, who was buried in that blitzed building for some hours, before being rescued by the family doctor, Dr Blockley, who then lived in St Marychurch Road, Babbacombe.



I was then seven years of age. The building partially standing was my house where I lived with my mother and sister. They were both killed in this raid, my sister being four years of age at this time.

My father was in the Plymouth City Police Force and, only an hour before, left us at Castle Circus on a Western National bus for Plymouth, having spent the weekend with us. It was August Bank Holiday and the actual date of the raid was Monday, 3 August 1942.



John Fuller, his mother, Florence May, and his sister, Joyce May (1942)



John Fuller, a Post Office worker for 38 years

I can perhaps answer some questions regarding the photograph. Firstly, the two unmanned ‘Stop me and buy one’ ice cream tricycles belonged to the Walls Ice Cream Factory, which stood on the opposite corner to Ogdens tobacconist shop, shown in the picture, at the junction of St Marychurch and Manor Roads. This factory I believe was later to become a freezer centre.

Whether or not the persons manning those cycles were at work that day I cannot say, but I do know that several Walls employees and others helped with the rescue of those buried in the debris.

The large gap between the partially destroyed house and Ogdens shop was originally the house of our next door neighbour, a 61-year old gentleman named Mr Kitt, who was also killed in the raid.

On the day in question, just after mid-day, after returning home from saying good-bye to my father, I went into Mr Kitt’s as I often did. He gave me a paint brush and a pot of brilliant red paint for an old kitchen chair ‘to keep me out of mischief’. I never finished the work of art and I never saw Mr Kitt, my mother or sister again.

At the side of Mr Kitt’s house and the shop, there was a large entrance way leading into a courtyard. Our house and the shops in St Marychurch Road surrounded this courtyard. At the time of the raid, an old gentleman named Mr Blades was sitting in his wheelchair, which he propelled with two handles by pushing and pulling them forwards and backwards.

The wheelchair was in the centre of the courtyard and the bomb, which I believe was 1000 lb, probably made a direct hit on the dear old man because, to my knowledge, nothing was ever found of him or the chair.

I was told after the events of that day that the bomb was known locally as the bouncing bomb of Torquay. The reason for this was the fact that it was dropped over Babbacombe, tore through Cary Park, destroyed several large trees, jumped the houses, ripped through the back and through the front of the house opposite ours in Warbro Road (which was repaired and still stands), before crashing, exploding and causing devastation and deaths.

One other interesting factor might be of relevance. A person is seen standing in front of the main door of our house. This could be Constable Bert Lidstone (later to become Councillor Lidstone). The police were asked to watch over the blitzed buildings for some time following the raid in order to stop looting – yes, even in those days we had problems! Constable Lidstone, I understood from my father later on, volunteered for this duty as a great friend of the family.

The only building left standing on that corner block was, and is today, the public house ‘The Fortune of War’ - what a coincidental name.

As a postscript, I was admitted to Torbay Hospital for some time, being operated on for abdominal and facial wounds and the removal of shrapnel and stone from all parts of my body.

On release from hospital, I was taken to my grandmother and grandfather who lived at 73 Fore Street, St Marychurch. My grandmother told me tearfully that my Mum and sister ‘had gone to be with the Lord Jesus’, words I shall never forget - they were her daughter and grand-daughter.

At the same time she said, ‘I would like to take you tomorrow to our church, St Marychurch, to thank God for you being saved’.

We were on our way in through the church’s lychgate when the church was bombed and its tower clock remained at the same time for many months – twenty minutes to three. There were 21 children and three teachers killed in that raid.



I thank God for watching over me during that awful time of war and for his continued love to me ever since. Surely, one thing arises from all these terrible occurrences – man’s wickedness caused the tragedies but God’s love heals.

My Wartime Experiences by Peter Lamb

When the Second World War was declared in September 1939, I was 6½ years old and living at Peverell, Plymouth. I remember my parents huddling around the radio with very serious faces and listening to the Prime Minister's broadcast. The first impact of the dreadful news was a German spy plane flying over Plymouth in broad daylight. We could see it from our rear balcony which looked over the valley, including Central Park and Plymouth Argyle Football Stadium. I recall my father getting quite agitated and demanding that someone should shoot it down but, of course, the City was not prepared to repel invaders so soon and it went on blithely photographing everything without hindrance.

The first sign of changes in the domestic scene was my father setting off on Sunday mornings dressed in Army uniform. He had volunteered for duty with the Home Guard and because of his previous service in the Territorial Army (Staffordshire Yeomanry) in Wolverhampton. In his job as Consumers' Engineer with Plymouth Corporation Electricity Department, he had been designated as 'Reserved Occupation'. He was promoted to the rank of Captain, under Major Symons. These two men created 'H' Company, known as the Prince Rock Company (100 men from the electricity industry and others associated with defending the Power Station). It was part of the new 16th Battalion of Plymouth Guard (Devonshire Regiment).



Capt. Lamb in his initial Home Guard uniform with son Peter in his uniform

At the beginning, my father was in charge of recruiting and the photo below shows him interviewing potential candidates for this Company. Major Symons owned a wholesale fruit and vegetable business and their cosy relationship ensured that we were never short of fresh produce throughout the War!



*Capt. Lamb, with Clarence Mumford,
enrolling members of W.Mumford & Sons*

On Sunday mornings, my father would zoom off with a Mr Baker (I think he was a Lieutenant) in a racy red sports car! We didn't have a car. Both men looked very smart in khaki open-necked uniforms and ties, wearing flat hats with the Devonshire Regimental cap badges.

The second sign of change was my mother hastily making blackout curtains for all the windows and, during the evenings and on Saturdays, my father would beaver away building a shelter. Our house at 27 Churchill Way was relatively new (1934). It appeared to be only one storey like a bungalow, but it was built on a steep slope which meant there were three storeys at the back and my father discovered a void under the house. He broke through a natural stone supporting wall from the basement playroom and dug out a space deep enough for a cube-shaped shelter, roughly 12 feet x 12 feet. The walls were about 18 inches thick with Government standards of reinforced concrete. As far as I can remember, he mixed the cement himself with the help of a portable mixer, borrowed from a friend, and occasional assistance from a neighbour and work colleague, Mr Drury. The construction of this edifice went on endlessly each week – or for at least 6 months!

The bombing of Plymouth did not start until the Germans gained control of the French coast in June 1940. We had a whole week of retiring to the shelter following the siren alert. This became somewhat boring to me since nothing, at that time, was dropping near us. I pleaded with my father to allow me to go into the back garden. After all, he was outside with his helmet on, chatting to our local Air Raid Warden and watching the excitement, so why couldn't I do the same with my tin hat on (Woolworth's version)!

You could hear the drone of the planes overhead very clearly and everyone in the shelter, which included Mr and Mrs Drury from over the road, would conjecture on whose planes we heard - one of ours or a Jerry? You could also hear the Ack-Ack guns, juddering away, situated in the grounds of a private school on top of the hill above us. Father would come in occasionally to tell us if any enemy plane had been brought down.

After each raid, my father would walk roughly half a mile to the local substation on the corner of Weston Park Road to telephone the Control Room at Prince Rock and check if he or his men were required for repair work. We did not have a telephone or a car, even though by this time my father was a senior manager, Consumers' Engineer, with the Corporation's Electricity Department.

I lived through ten months of the blitz before it was decided that we should leave. There was no evacuation system in Plymouth until May 1941 and my parents were not keen for me to be separated from them. Some of the air raids were very exciting and, due to my age, I never had any fear or considered the dangers. I will retell some of these exciting times.

Incendiary bombs were being unloaded on the residential areas in their thousands and many landed on our slated roof but never penetrated, glancing off the roof and exploding, or not exploding, on our steep drive at the side of the house. Father would rush out and throw sandbags on them, the proper thing to do. One night, our next-door neighbour threw a bucket of water from a height on a smouldering bomb and it exploded. Fortunately, he was not injured but I remember my father's words, 'Silly B'Fool'.

On another night, I was allowed out after an all-clear siren to see the mess and, in a house opposite, a bomb had gone through the roof and the front room curtains were alight. Fortunately, the Fire Brigade arrived in time to put out the blaze and save the house.

One of the most spectacular sights I witnessed (October 1940) was on the adjacent Railway Estate in a road called Long Rowden, when a bomb landed on a gas main. My father took me to see the gusher, truly incredible and rising about 40 feet. My presence did not go down well with the Air Raid Warden. He cautioned my father, particularly because the Anderson shelters on either side of the road held bodies of local residents killed by the shock wave.

Even more memorable (April 1941) was the setting alight of Plymouth Argyle Football Stadium. Stacks of furniture, including many pianos, had been rescued from blazing houses and stored in the Stadium, commandeered in the crisis. Unfortunately, Jerry splattered it with incendiary bombs and created the biggest fire I have ever seen, lighting up the whole of Peverell, Central Park and Milehouse. I remember the discussion about whether the German raiders would return to our ‘gloriously illuminated’ city. We waited with bated breath, but none returned, and we watched the conflagration with disbelief.

We went about our daily lives during all this havoc. Every morning, my mother would walk me to school past Plymouth College on North Hill. I can remember stepping across piles of glass on the wide pavement in front of the shops, where windows had been blown out the previous evening. Some of the major stores, which lost their buildings in the Centre, relocated to Mutley Plain with grim determination to carry on business, albeit on a smaller scale.

One day in April 1941, word got around that incredibly a bus had been blown to the top of the Bus Depot at Milehouse. My mother decided we would see it and we walked to Tavistock Road to catch a bus which went past the Bus Depot. When the bus drew level, everyone surged to the Depot side to witness this remarkable sight.



Sunderland Flying Boat on the slipway at Mount Batten (from "Blitz" by Gerald Wasley)

Often, we would take a bus to the Hoe to see all the ships and a host of barrage balloons - it seemed there was one for each ship. Over to the left, I was excited to see the Sunderland Flying Boats at their base on the Mount Batten peninsula and taking off from the sea at Cattewater.

During nearly a year of blitzes, I was part of a gang of eight children in Churchill Way and other roads abutting some waste land, known by us as 'The Tip'. Most of it was garden waste but it included a field where horses grazed. We had numerous dens in the hedgerows, where we would examine bomb debris gathered by us from the streets. Occasionally, the older boys would bring a complete incendiary bomb, which they pinched from an Air Raid Warden's post. Many of these bombs landed unexploded and, in the morning, the Wardens collected them. On one occasion, I remember an incendiary bomb was loose enough to be unscrewed and out came thin sticks of amber-coloured gelatine about 3 inches long. Obviously, we were unaware of the dangers involved and, eventually, I ended up with an empty incendiary bomb!

Shortly after the terrible blitzes (March and April 1941), which laid the centre of Plymouth totally flat, the local authority relented and started to evacuate children. My school was going to the countryside at Gunnislake. At this time, it transpired that my mother was pregnant. My father thought we should go to the Midlands, where my uncles and aunts lived. Father's brother was a Bank Manager at Tipton, living in Dudley, and my aunts were in Wolverhampton. My uncle was not too happy about this responsibility so eventually we went to my mother's friend, Della Evans at Middletown, near Welshpool on the Welsh borders. Mother and I caught a No 15 bus and set off for North Road Railway Station. En route there a slight hold-up, manoeuvring around a bomb crater, which caused considerable interest and, once again, everyone rushed to one side of the bus. I always sat upstairs – was there anywhere else! We boarded a train to Birmingham but, when we arrived at Bristol Temple Meads, we were ordered off the train and under the platforms for safety because there was an air raid in action over the city. I believe we were stuck there about 1½ hours before continuing to Birmingham New Street, where my Uncle Reg in his Austin 10 met and drove us all the way to Middletown. Where did he get the petrol? ... *to be continued*

**Weston-super-Mare & District Family History Society
Minutes of the Annual General Meeting
26 November 2019**

Apologies: Brian & Pam Airey, Bill Caple, Peter Follett, Graham Payne, Arleen Pilgrim, Grace Rubery, Patrice Sessions.

Minutes of 2018 AGM: Tony Horry pointed out that his name had been omitted from the list of Committee Members elected. Agreed to add his name. The amended Minutes were agreed. Proposer: Peter Towey; Seconder: Peter de Dulin.

Matters Arising: The Society has now published, as we promised her, the results of the research into the ancestors of the late Kerry James. It has taken a bit longer than expected but has now been finalised with the help of Sue Maguire. The book will be presented to Kerry's family.

Acting Chair's Report: Jenny Towey presented her report which will be attached to these Minutes.

Treasurer's Report: Roy Smith presented the accounts and his report. The main additional expenditure this year has been on redeveloping and upgrading our website. Our finances are still in a healthy condition. The accounts were accepted. Proposer: Tony Horry; Seconder: Sue Maguire.

Nominations for Committee: Lorna Gibson has decided to stand down after several years. We thank her for all she has done while on the Committee, especially in organising our new Facebook page.

The following put themselves forward as candidates for the Committee: Chair: Jenny Towey; Vice-Chair: Peter de Dulin; Secretary: Brian Airey; Treasurer: Roy Smith; Editor: Sue Maguire; Membership: Graham Payne. Members: Bill Caple; Sue Dury; Pat Hase; Tony Horry; Paul Tracy and Brian Yandell. They were elected en bloc. Proposer: Arthur Redman; Seconder: Libby Twite.

Nomination for Accounts Examiner: Brian Wilson, who undertakes this essential task, is willing to continue. He is not a Society member.

Any other business: There being no further business, the Meeting was closed. The next AGM will be on 24 November 2020.

Diary Dates for 2020

Due to the corona virus, events/meetings may be postponed/cancelled at short notice.

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

| | |
|-----------------------|---|
| 17/18 April | Family Tree Live Family History Fair Alexandra Palace, Alexandra Palace Way, London, N22 7AY |
| 24 – 26 April | Guild of One-Name Studies 41st Conference/AGM - ‘Sources and Resources’ Jury’s Inn, Godstow Road, Oxford, OX2 8AL This event is open to non-GOON members and it is an excellent way to mix with fellow family history enthusiasts, listen to some top-notch speakers and even (hopefully!) buy some home-made marmalade. |
| 16 May | GOONS Seminar - ‘On the Wrong Side of the Law’ Ruishton Village Hall, Cheats Road, Ruishton, Taunton, TA3 5JD Again, open to non-GOON members. 9.30am – 4.30pm |
| 20 June | The Family History Show York Racecourse, Knavemire Road, York, YO23 1EX 10.00am – 4.30pm |
| 26/27 June | THE Genealogy Show The NEC, Perimeter Road, Birmingham, BS40 1NT 10am - 5pm |
| 19 September | Somerset & Dorset FHS - Annual Open Day/AGM The Sir John Colfox Academy, Ridgeway, Bridport, DT6 3DT 10.00am – 4.00pm |
| 05/07 November | RootsTech London ExCel, Royal Victoria Dock, 1 Western Gateway, Royal Docks, London, E16 1XL |

Society Meetings and Speakers for 2020
Weston-super-Mare & District Family History Society

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.

Due to the corona virus, events/meetings may be postponed/cancelled at short notice.

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

- **24 March 2020 – ‘The Formidable’ (cancelled/postponed)**

Pauper Bristol boys were placed on this training ship.

Speaker: Shirley Hodgson

- **28 April 2020 – 100 Years: the Skidmore Family in Weston-super-Mare**

Speaker: David Skidmore

- **26 May 2020 – The West Somerset Railway**

We're going on a trip on this iconic railway line!

Speaker: Don Bishop

- **23 June 2020 – Who Lived in Clara's Cottage?**

Speaker: Pat Hase

- **28 July 2020 – Members' Evening**

Did your ancestors live/work overseas?

Speakers: Members

No Meeting in August

- **22 September 2020 – My Family and Other Stories**

What I discovered through researching my family history.

Speakers: Jeanette Carter and Brian Yandell

- **27 October 2020 – Clevedon Pier: 150 Years of Resilience**

Betjeman would be thrilled to see this pier continuing to attract thousands of visitors a year.

Speaker: Abbie Edbrooke

- **24 November 2020 -**
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

Alma Susannah Sims **(Contributed by Jenny Towey)**

Are you missing an Alma Susannah SIMS from your family tree? She was baptised on 25 June 1871 at Pitcombe, Somerset, the daughter of John and Susan Sims.

Alma emigrated, at the age of 18, to Australia and, in 1894, she married Frederick Alfred James Hoddle in Queensland.

**Diary of War Memoirs -
The Territorial Army (Chapter 1)
by Arthur de Dulin
(Contributed by his Son, Peter de Dulin)**

April 1939

For me, the Second World War did not start on 3 September 1939, but on a day in early April of the same year, when I walked about three-quarters of a mile to a large red-brick building in Eltham Road, Lee Green, South East London, and I joined the Territorial Army. This decision was to influence every other move that I made in the six years of the War.



Arthur (me!), Ted Petty, Charlie Webb and Our Little Friend!

Since the rise of Hitler in the early 1930s, the threat of war had loomed ever nearer with each passing year and each phase of Hitler's territorial claims. When he marched into Austria in 1938, it was thought that this was the final straw, but Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain came back from the Munich Agreement with the historic words 'Peace in our Time', however, soon those words were no longer viable. A great wave of patriotism was sparked off with many young men and young women joining various organisations, amongst which the Territorial Army was perhaps the most popular.

Many of my colleagues in the office went to their local Units. Likewise, I reported to my nearest TA Unit which was the headquarters of the 65th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. It was sufficiently near for me to walk to drills, which took place twice a week in the evenings. It soon became clear that the 65th could no longer absorb the large number of new entrants and a second-line Unit was formed, the 118th Field Regiment Royal Artillery. It had two Batteries 259 and 260 and the Commanding Officer was Lieutenant-Colonel C E MacKellar. I was in 259 Battery under a charming Scotsman, Major Cathie. Most of the other officers, warrant officers, and senior non-commissioned officers came over from the 65th Field Regiment but it was necessary to promote among the new recruits for the junior NCOs. In June I was promoted to Lance-Bombardier, with one proud stripe, which excluded me from doing guard duties, although there were other duties. The Regiment had a mixture of 18-pounder guns and 4.5 howitzers and it was to be many months before they were replaced by the new 25-pounders.

Okehampton Firing Camp

July 1939

In July, both regiments went to Firing Camp at Okehampton in Devon. On a Saturday morning we marched to Blackheath Station and there we entrained on a very long steam train, which took us all the way to Okehampton Station. It was a very slow journey because we rated a low priority and had to give way to all the other traffic that happened to be on our route.

The Camp was set on the moors above the little town of Okehampton and consisted of some Nissen Huts, a few red brick buildings and many rows of bell tents. These were located on a plateau, which had been cut out of the steep hillside. My memories of that Camp are now somewhat vague, except for some isolated incidents, but the one thing we all would remember was the vile weather.

Dartmoor can be a wonderful place when the sun is shining but it can also be subject to much mist and low cloud and, when it rains, it rains. Apart from four good days, it rained for the whole of the fortnight we were there. The worst night was when the continuous rain poured off the moor behind us and flooded right through the Camps of both the 118th and the 65th, soaking everything in its path. We had very little sleep that night and spent most of the next day drying out.

There was a good-natured rivalry between the two Regiments, resulting in competitions, football matches and tent collapsing but we did manage to get in some very useful firing practice as well. As for the nightlife, Okehampton was not exactly the soldier's dream of heaven and our leisure moments were spent in the many pubs in the town or going to the cinema, of which Okehampton boasted no less than three. Some of the officers had brought their cars and were able to go further afield but we had no transport for such luxuries.

On the middle Sunday, with two other companions, I decided to walk to the top of Yes Tor, the hill that lies to the east of the town and which is one of the highest points on Dartmoor at 2028 feet. We were warned to keep to well-defined paths as there were many quagmires and marshy ground, which could be recognised by the presence of small white flowers. We had been told the wonderful story of a full team of guns and horses which many years before had completely disappeared into one of the bogs! We did not believe it, of course, but we were nevertheless very careful as to where we were treading. The climb to the top was steep, but not too difficult, and we were able to admire the wonderful view. It was not until we started to descend that we realised that we had left it rather late if we were to get back before dark. We had no torches with us and, in the fading light, had to be particularly careful on our route. We were certainly glad to see the lights of the Camp as darkness was falling and I can remember thinking that Dartmoor was no place to be at night. By some freak of accounting, I discovered that I was the only Lance-Bombardier to receive a Lance-Bombardier's pay at Okehampton. Apparently, none of the other one-strippers had gone through records and they accordingly received the pay of Gunners, not that the difference represented a fortune. I should mention here, perhaps, that all companies were obliged to allow such members of their staff to go to Territorial Camps without affecting their normal holiday entitlements and, of course, to be fully paid whilst they were there.

August 1939

In August, I went on a two-week holiday to Shanklin, Isle of Wight, with my friend John Wall and his mother. We were due to return on Saturday, 1 September but, as we listened to the radio each day, the news from Europe was getting very critical and we were not surprised when it was announced that there was to be a general mobilisation of the Armed Forces, which included the Territorial Army. We had to report to our Units by 5 pm on 1 September. I had no alternative but to return on the Friday and this we did. Our train from Portsmouth was probably like every other train in the country, packed to overflowing and vast crowds of people moving in all directions. There was no class distinction either and we returned to Waterloo in a First-Class compartment. I was amused to note that one Lance-Bombardier shared a compartment with a Major-General and a Naval Captain.

On arriving home, I changed into battledress and, after a hasty meal, reported to Lee Green, where chaos reigned supreme. There were dozens and dozens of chaps milling around awaiting orders and eventually they came. We were to return to our homes and report the following morning at 9 am. Some of our number lived quite a fair distance away and, since I was comparatively close, I took John Walter home with me. On the following morning, we duly reported.

The situation was no better than the night before. We were told to report back at 11 am. At 11 am, it was to be 1 pm and at 1 pm, it was to be 3 pm. This time we stayed as there seemed to be some semblance of order and we had a muster parade and drew our stores. I can imagine that this scene of total disorganisation was repeated all over the country.

West Square, Woolwich

1 September 1939

At 6 pm, the 118th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, marched from its peacetime headquarters at Lee Green, South London, to Woolwich, the home of the Royal Artillery, where we were billeted in West Square and were immediately confined

to barracks. We supplied guards on the gates, drew palliasses from the stores and settled down in our barrack rooms, named after famous battles in which the Artillery had fought, my room being Ypres.

War Is Declared

2 September 1939

The following morning the War was declared at 11 am. We all heard the Prime Minister's historic broadcast saying that we were at war with Germany and this had a reasonably sobering effect upon everybody. This was somewhat relieved a little later by the sound of the siren and the illuminating sight of the Regimental Sergeant-Major running round the centre of the square in a small tin hat, respirator at the alert, and frantically blowing a whistle. It doesn't take much to make the average British soldier laugh, but this was a very funny sight indeed and it broke the tension caused by the siren. We had a muster parade and, very shortly afterwards, the All Clear was sounded.

There followed a period of intensive training with lectures, meetings, and gun drills with church services in the splendid garrison church (later destroyed by enemy bombs) each Sunday morning. It was not long before the Confined to Barracks order was lifted and life became very much more interesting. Woolwich Barracks was the home of the Royal Artillery Band under its Director of Music, Lieutenant O W Geary, and we were lucky to have them with us during this period. They played in the Square every evening for about ninety minutes and were always delighted to play requests from the assembled Gunners.

Almost from the day that we entered West Square Barracks, and during the period we were confined, my parents used to come to the Barracks gates and chat through them, together with many other people doing the same thing. After all, it should be remembered that we were all within easy bus rides of our homes. This all changed once the ban had been lifted and most fellows used to go home for the evening at least once a week. I was fortunate that the No 54 bus took me from door to door and, more often than not, the conductor was not interested in taking the fare.

There was one little incident that was amusing. Somewhat to my surprise, one evening I was put on guard at the main gate and we had full strength in the Battery. It was always the accepted rule that guard duties would be taken by Gunners, NCOs being exempt. The Guard Commander was usually a Sergeant but, occasionally, a full Bombardier would do the duty. Lance-Bombardiers were betwixt and between and, therefore, avoided all guard duties, although they did have other duties. On this occasion, I was lucky enough to draw first guard and was standing at the gate when the Battery Sergeant-Major, Bill Searle, came out. He looked at me and asked, 'What are you doing on guard?' to which I could only reply that I had been designated. He went back into the Barracks, shortly returned with a Gunner, told me that I was no longer on guard and that the rest of the evening was mine. He was not going to have his junior NCOs doing guard duties when there were plenty of Gunners about. That was the one and only time that I did actual guard duty, although I was later to do many duties as Guard Commander.

The weather in September and October 1939 was warm and sunny. We were near home, we had plenty of entertainment with concerts and dances, we were allowed to go to the cinemas and pubs (plentiful in Woolwich), the Royal Artillery Theatre was on our doorstep and nobody would have thought that there was a war on. In other words, we were having a great time. We worked hard as well and, with full-time training, were rapidly becoming an efficient Field Regiment.

I was designated as the Battery PT instructor and, accordingly, spent a lot of time in the gym under the tutorship of Sergeant Instructor Swift, who had been loaned to us from the Army School of Physical Training. He was a charming man and I got to know him very well, taking him home and introducing him to my parents. It was also here that I first met Bert Craddock, the other PT instructor of the Battery, and we worked together to introduce as much variety in the physical training as possible.

October 1939

At the beginning of October, some five or six of my fellow Lance-Bombardiers were promoted to Bombardiers, with two stripes, filling the vacancies which existed in the Battery at the time. I was curious to know why I had been passed

over and decided to tackle Sergeant-Major Searle on the subject. He laughed and told me not to worry as there were other promotions to come but I was quite unprepared two weeks later when I was informed that I had been promoted to Lance-Sergeant with the coveted three stripes. I thus missed the rank of Bombardier completely and from now on I had the full use of the Sergeants' Mess where there was more food and comfort than in the Main Mess. At this point, perhaps I should add that the rank of Lance-Sergeant was a stepping-stone towards a full Sergeant in charge of a gun and a full Sergeant had a brass gun on his stripes.

Shrapnel Barracks, Woolwich

November 1939

In November, the Battery had to make room for some Canadian Artillery and was moved to Shrapnel Barracks, about half a mile away on Woolwich Common. We missed the evening concerts from the Royal Artillery Band but, in most other respects, life went on as before. We had a Regimental dance once or twice a week and we were still able to get home as often as we liked. Sometimes I went home with Bert or he would come with me and meet our respective families. Bert lived with his family at Ladywell, behind Lewisham Hospital, and had only recently married Violet.

It was during this period that I saw my first German. He was an Airman who had been shot down, had parachuted to earth and was slightly injured. Consequently, he was in the War Memorial Hospital and, being an enemy, had to be guarded. I was the Guard Commander on one occasion and spoke to this tall blonde specimen of the German race. His English was well-nigh perfect, he was very arrogant and quite sure that Germany would win the War. There was no pleasure in guarding him, our first prisoner, particularly as he had to have a room to himself because the hospital was in full use for civilians and military alike. He needed an extra guard - nobody was sorry when he was transferred to another more suitable hospital.

I was sitting in the office one day when Bill Searle came in and said ‘You don't look very busy. I've got a job for you’. He gave me a long list of names of conscripts to join the Royal Artillery and they were to be apportioned between the two Batteries of the Regiment. At first, I was inclined to just split the list two ways but then I started to look more closely, particularly with regard to previous occupations. In this way, I chose the more interesting ones for 259 Battery. We acquired people like Denis East, who was registered as a professional violinist with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Gus Anckora, described as a member of the Magic Circle.

There were many others, but these two names stand out. I was naturally attracted to Denis who had his violin with him. I introduced him to my family and, somewhat surprisingly, he played our piano - not from Beethoven or Schubert, but Billy Mayerl!



Christmas came and went and a lot of it was spent at home, although we had no official leave. Winter really clamped down with heavy downfalls of snow. Then, just as we thought that we were going to spend the rest of the War defending Woolwich Barracks, we were ordered to move.

... to be continued

Surname Mapping/Distribution (Contributed by Jenny Towey)

Ever wondered how unique your surname is? Do people you meet say ‘Never heard that surname before’? Have you considered how to find out?

There's a product entitled Surname Atlas (available from www.archersoftware.co.uk) which contains information from the 1881 census. You can discover where your surname, and variants, existed in 1881. You get shown a map of the country, with the counties delineated, and the places within those counties where your surname shows up – marked in colour. The stronger the colour, the higher the concentration of the name.

Using this system, you can ascertain whether there was one origin for the name – or several points of origin. This may help you when researching your family tree.

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 & 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

