

VE Day 2015





CHRONICLE

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This will surely be a year to remember as the year no events happened in reality. The wettest winter, the driest April, late frosts all add up to being the most upside down year imaginable, together with the lockdown because of this wretched pandemic.

It was the 75th year celebration of VE Day. Did it happen ? yes it did. Here in Stock Green we had a street party, all be it 2 metres distancing being observed. We sat outside our houses with food and liquid refreshment, flowers and bunting, chatted to our neighbours and enjoyed ourselves. I didn't see any one doing the conga or dancing down the street but there was an air of celebration and community spirit. We will not be defeated by a little bug with a huge bite!

It was also a time of reflection as it was in 1945, when people realised that their loved ones were not coming home. We have to be so grateful for the bravery and service of those men and women who fought and gave their lives, or were injured, many beyond repair, that we might enjoy the freedom that we have today.

The ingenuity of people is amazing, there is Captain Tom, now having raised over £33 million pounds for walking round his building and Thursday night clapping to show support for all key workers .The Chelsea Flower show is going to produce an online show over the week starting on 18th May on the RHS link, hopefully it will be more about plants than celebrities this year.

The NGS are showing virtual visits to gardens which would have been open, it gives an opportunity to see gardens which are not in our area, so it's not all bad news.

Just remember the virus is still out there, don't relax too much, enjoy your selves but keep safe.

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Cover - VE Street party 2020 photo JB

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Church Services at Bradley Green NO SERVICES FOR THE TIME BEING

Dear Friends,

The lockdown goes on and we're starting to see just what the theory predicted: the best and worst of human nature.

The theory, of course, is that provided by Christian Anthropology, the study of what it means to be human.



We have seen great self sacrifice, stoicism and amazing love through these weeks. And we are beginning to see those who put their own freedoms, comfort and demands before the common good becoming more vocal and active. No surprises there. It was ever thus.

The Great White Stork is nesting in England for the first time in 600 years. The Blue Tits in the birdbox I can see from my desk are going to fledge today, by the look of it. But Australian scientists are starting to believe that global warming is going to be even worse than we thought with the consequent impact on climate change. There's a super monsoon heading for India.

Life is a mixture of the good, the bad and the ugly. Why are we surprised? Yet our whole popular media sells its newspapers on the simple principle that people are always wanting to know more about the best and the worst, as though this were news! Why? It's hardly a shock to know there are good people, and that there are bad people.

"It's all right, children", said Bob Cratchit, "Life is made up of meetings and partings. That is the way of it."

At least that's what Kermit the Frog said, playing Bob Cratchit in "A Muppet's Christmas Carol", a film that must be watched every Christmas in our house. It's a delight.

Children's stories, the best one's anyway, often have deep spiritual truths. (OK Dickens probably wasn't a Children's author but I think we can include A Christmas Carol in the genre) Alice in Wonderland, The Wind in the Willows, are two classics that are full of truth. The Harry Potter books are full of good stuff too ("It's love, Harry, love", said Dumbledore)

Children's stories are often about the both/and nature of life, the way the good and the bad rub alongside each other. We should learn that as children, and then so often kick against that truth for the rest of our adult lives.

Life has no guarantee of success. Life is not bound to give us unlimited freedom, life is not bound to be wonderful. It's a mixture of the good the bad and the ugly.

For me it's precisely in this mix, in the "both/and-ness" of life, so sharply cast into shadow through the Covid-19 pandemic that I discover the endurance of love, and love it turns out, is just another name for God.

Keep safe, and let love sneak through the cracks between this/that, both/and.

Wyn



The National Garden Scheme has put forward

some suggestions as to how to make it possible to visit gardens, if and when the restrictions are eased. It will be possible to book a timed and prepaid for visit via the NGS website. They don't expect that much will change before the autumn. However so that we don't miss out entirely, by going on their website it is possible to make. virtual visits to many gardens. This will give people opportunity to see

gardens that are beyond their usual sphere, so it is not all bad news.

As White Cottage Garden in Earls Common Rd is also a nursery we are able to be open. We are only admitting 5 visitors at any one time, keeping social distancing and preferably taking card payments. The garden is open for you to wander around, there is no charge this year but donations to the NGS would be welcome. Our telephone number is 01386 792414 if you would prefer to make an appointment.

We are open daily from 10.30-4.30pm.There is a good range of herbaceous plants which would enjoy finding a new home.We look forward to seeing you.

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STOCK AND BRADLEY GARDENING CLUB

Garden Club cancelled until further notice

If you require any further information, ring Dinny Pynsent (Secretary) on 01527 821355 or Rob Cole (Chairman) on 01527 821156.

The Meadow at Meadow Farm

Rob Cole



When we moved to Meadow Farm, Feckenham, in September 1998 we found ourselves with 3 acres of land - a very different proposition from our previous 100ft x 30ft garden in Moseley, Birmingham.

Part of the land was a separate two acre meadow on a west facing slope. The lower end of the meadow had been used for various rough and ready purposes and was reasonably level, and we built our nursery on this less interesting part of the land, having gained planning permission in early 1999. The remaining acre and a quarter was old unimproved grassland, and had not been ploughed in over a hundred years. Although we have not yet found any real rarities, it is typical of a fast disappearing clay grassland floral habitat. We therefore asked the Worcestershire Wildlife Trust to conduct a survey for us and to give us management advice, and we now manage the land as a wildlife area.

To add to the habitat range, we planted two small copses of native trees and shrubs which have added stretches of 'woodland edge', much favoured by birds and butterflies. We found a few native primroses and cowslips when we first arrived, and every year since then we have raised many hundreds of offspring from their seed and planted them in the meadow, the primroses in half shaded areas and the cowslips in the more open areas.





The meadow is cut once a year in either August or early September during a dry spell, but we keep a pathway cut through the grasses to allow easy access around the meadow for our visitors, many of whom remark that it reminds them of their childhood days.

In the next edition of The Chronicle, I will describe some of the flowers, butterflies and birds which make our meadow their home.

VILLAGE HALL bookings contact Rachel Cresswell on 07854 483684

Village Hall Committee

Chairman Mel Bates, Vice chairman Treasurer Stella Wallis Caretaker Rachel Cresswell Jan Bates, Karen Devereaux Barry Newton, Liz Farquharson and Wendy Ralphs



Stock & Bradley 100 Club Annual Draw 2019-20

The Annual Draw for the Stock & Bradley 100 Club has been made in May and concludes the draws for the 2019-20 club year. Under normal circumstances this end of year draw would have taken place at an event held at the Village Hall as in previous years. As this was not possible the draw was made at home, outside, with social distancing neighbours watching on!

The results are as follows:

1st Prize: No: 102 - Mrs Anne Heath - £100 2nd Prize: No: 171 - Mr William Baldwin - £50 3rd Prize: No: 100 - Mr Teck Tolley - £50 4th Prize: No: 194 - Mr Paul Elvins - £50 5th Prize: No: 106 - Mrs Liz Tiesen - £25

6th Prize: No: 120 - Mr David Fletcher - £25
7th Prize: No: 58 - Mr Phil Postans - £10
8th Prize: No: 138 - Mr Martin Gill - £10
9th Prize: No: 30 - Mr William Parry - £10
10th Prize: No: 93 - Mr Peter Teisen - £10
11th Prize: No: 116 - Mr Leslie Grundy - £10

Many congratulations to all the winners and cheques will be in the post in due course.

It is the intention of the Village Hall Committee to continue with the 100 Club just as soon as lockdown restrictions permit. So please watch out for renewal forms for the new 2020-21 club year over the coming weeks.

Thank you to all members for their continuing support which makes vital contributions to maintaining the Village Hall.

Barry Newton - Stock & Bradley 100 Club



A June Birthday

Prince Philip Prince Consort and Duke of Edinburgh

Born June 10th 1921 in Corfu Greece. His original name (title) is Philip Prince of Greece and Denmark. His father, Prince Andrew was the son of King George 1 of the Hellenes. His mother, Princess Alice was the daughter of Louis Alexander, Prince of Battenburg. (Myth has it that battenburg cake was devised for the wedding of Princess Victoria to Louis of Battenburg in 1884, though not proven)

Prince Philip's grandmother, Princess Victoria of Hesse was the grandchild of Queen Victoria which meant that Prince Philip, through birth, already had ancestral links to the British Royal Family before his marriage to Queen Elizabeth, who through her father's lineage is a direct descendant of Queen Victoria

Philip's Father Prince Andrew commanded an army division in the Greco-Turkish war (1919-22) it went badly for Greece and King Constantine 1 was forced to abdicate. Prince Andrew was arrested along with others. Senior politicians were executed. Prince Andrew was banished from Greece for life and Prince Andrew's family were evacuated by a British naval vessel. Philip was carried to safety in a cot made from a fruit box.

His early years were spent in Paris where he went to school, he then went to live with his maternal grandmother in England and went to Cheam school. He also went to school in Germany before going to Gordonstoun School in Scotland and at the Royal Naval College in Devon. He served in the Royal Navy between 1940 until 1952. Aside from his official duties, he is renowned for his philanthropic engagements. He was president of the World Wildlife Fund for 21 years.. He helped develop the equestrian event of carriage driving which he has enjoyed doing right up into his nineties. The Duke of Edinburgh award scheme for people aged 14-24 has done a great service for the youth of Britain The scheme aims to give young people a sense of responsibility to themselves and their communities. He is patron of some 800 organisations, particularly focused on the environment, industry, sport and education.

Before the announcement of the engagement of Elizabeth to Philip he relinquished his Greek and Danish titles, became a naturalised British subject and adopted his maternal grandparents surname Mountbatten.

His marriage to Elizabeth took place with a great ceremony on 20th November 1947 at Westminster Abbey .It was a great celebration for the country as there was such austerity after the end of the war. The evening before the ceremony he was conferred with the following titles; Earl of Merioneth, Knight of the Garter and Baron of Greenwich in addition to his famous title –The Duke of Edinburgh. When Elizabeth became Queen in 1952 he retired from his position as Commander in the Royal Navy and was formally made a British prince in 1957.

Since then he was bestowed the title of Lord High Admiral by the Queen on the occasion of his 90th birthday.

Prince Philip and Queen Elizabeth have four children, Charles in 1948, Anne in 1950, Andrew in 1960 and Edward in 1964.

Prince Philip first met Elizabeth at the age of 14 when she was just 8 years old. It was at the wedding of one of Philip's cousins in 1934. In 1939 King George V1 and Queen Elizabeth toured the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth and Philip was asked to escort the two princesses. This resulted in Elizabeth writing letters to Philip and they fell in love.

After the war Philip asked for the hand of Elizabeth in marriage but was told he would have to wait until she was 21, which was the following April 1947.

After the honeymoon Philip returned to his naval duties at the Admiralty and later was transferred to Malta. He was a handsome young man and attracted the attention of young ladies which caused some concern so Elizabeth went out to Malta for a while.

Following a tour of Canada, Elizabeth and Philip set out on a tour of the Commonwealth and it was whilst they were in Kenya that King George died and they immediately returned home.

This changed Philip's position as he became the Queen's consort. At the coronation he swore to be Elizabeth's 'liege man of life and limb'. A duty which he has always fulfilled.

In 1956 he inaugurated the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. He travelled on the new yacht Britannia to open the Summer Olympics in Melbourne, and visited the Antarctic and became the first royal to cross the Antarctic Circle. He was patron of some 800 organisations, president of the National Playing Fields Association, UK president of the World Wild Life Fund, patron of the Industrial Society, and president of the International Equestrian Federation, to name a few.

Philip was a great sportsman playing polo until 1971 and then exchanged that for carriage driving. He was a keen sailor and enjoyed yachting. He has over his lifetime accrued 5,150 flying hours .He has painted with oils, and collected artworks and cartoons which decorate their numerous properties.

He is renowned for his down to earth attitude with plain speaking which has caused a stir on more than a few occasions. In 1960 at an address he gave at a Dental Council he jokingly coined a new word for his blunders 'Dontopedology is the science of opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, a science which I have practised for a good many years'

Here are a few of his one liners:-Overheard at Bristol University's engineering dept."It doesn't look like much work goes on here"

On a visit to Canada "I declare this thing open ,whatever it is"

Talking about his equestrian inclined daughter Princess Anne "If it doesn't fart or eat hay, she isn't interested"

When a man opens the car door for his wife, it is either a new car or a new wife.

Since his retirement on 2nd August 2017 aged 96 he has lived at Wood Farm on the Sandringham Estate,, where he enjoys the peace and quiet of the countryside. He has attended some functions on the basis of ''wake up and see how I feel" on deciding whether to go. He has had some health problems which he has overcome.

He has supported the Queen as the longest serving consort, as long as he has been able, and she still regards him as her "constant strength and guide". He is now residing in Windsor Castle whilst we are all in lock down and he has sent a heartfelt letter in support of all those key workers and those in the medical world working hard to protect us from Covid 19.

Happy 98th Birthday, Your Royal Highness, Prince Philip.



Pam Ayers has been at it again. I think she wrote this for all the oldish girls out there:

I'm normally a social airl, I love to meet my mates. But lately with the virus here, we can't go out the gates. You see, we are the 'oldies' now, we need to stay inside. If they haven't seen us for a while, they'll think we've upped and died. They'll never know the things we did, before we got this old. There wasn't any Facebook, so not everything was told. We may seem sweet old ladies, who would never be uncouth. But we grew up in the 60s -If you only knew the truth! There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll, the pill and miniskirts. We smoked, we drank, we partied, and were quite outrageous flirts. Then we settled down, got married, and turned into someone's mum. Somebody's wife, then nana, who on earth did we become? We didn't mind the change of pace because our lives were full. But to bury us before we're dead is like a red rag to a bull! So here you find me stuck inside, for 8 weeks, maybe more. I finally found myself again, then I had to close the door! It didn't really bother me, I'd while away the hour. I'd bake for all the family, but I've got no flaming flour! Now Netflix is just wonderful, I like a gutsy thriller. I'm swooning over Idris, or some random sexy killer. At least I've got a stash of booze, for when I'm being idle. There's wine and whiskey, even gin, if I'm feeling suicidal! So let's all drink to lockdown, to recovery and health. And hope this awful virus, doesn't decimate our wealth. We'll all get through the crisis, and be back to join our mates. Just hoping I'm not far too wide, to fit through the flaming gates!

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June 2020

This has been one of those weeks which come but infrequently when all feel 'tickety boo', the sun shone most days though the nights were crisp and a fullish moon allowed late evening walks without a torch. One of those weeks in which, if you are as fortunate as us, you can lean on a gatepost, enjoy the bird song and

activity, and the hedges all of which have at least one flowering tree in them.

It was also the 75th anniversary of VE Day on Friday. On that day the predominant feeling was one of delivery and that is why Churchill in his speech on that occasion referred only to the British People. The war had a host of consequences as we were reminded in passing on Thursday morning, including a national debt 250 times greater than the annual gross national product. Even for us, born early in the war, memories of that period are at best hazy and even may have actually come from stories heard. For today's generation what can it mean. But it has to mean something, for without that sacrifice our world today, hard though it is for many and most at times, would have thrown away the heritage the world had from John Locke that eventually led to the basic beliefs entrenched in the constitution of the United Nations and its associated bodies. But in some ways the standout memory of Friday is that there was no sense of glorification or triumph but instead memory of all those who lost their lives and relief.

Perspective is very difficult to hold onto when the going is rough, but it is inexcusable that the present pandemic is described as the worst ever to hit humanity. Not only no perspective but, as is the modern way, absurd hyperbole. The Black Death killed at least 30% of the population, the Great Plague 15% and they were just the two biggest of a string of epidemics from time immemorial.

In some ways it has been a quiet week with Tim away from the farm on care duties, and most stock movements completed over the weekend. That is not to say the farm in the daytime is that quiet as contractors have been in several times. The business park is certainly quiet as people from most units work from home - so quiet indeed that the guinea fowl have been emboldened to stray as far as the drive. How many will survive when normal activity returns is very questionable as they have no traffic sense at all. Chris somehow manages to keep an alarming number of balls in the air from ensuring we have organic land to rent to take hay from, and seeking to benefit the farm as much as possible from the support currently being offered by government. We may get that additional barn yet.

Rosie and Boots continue to go out animal checking with Chris on a slightly irregular basis. For now, Chris **is** the stockman in addition to everything else. In a way the fact that all the cattle are out of the barn makes the task slightly easier unless the need for two adults becomes imperative. Family is not always

sufficient, but fortunately we have positive relationships with most of our neighbouring farmers and co-operation can normally be found.

Once out, the cattle expect to be visited during the day to have their water and health checked, but otherwise usually make no other demands though we do need to bear in mind, from the last pregnancy testing, that three are certainly due to calve in the next three months. The herds are reduced in numbers by the four that left us this week. How time does pass; we have now had 162 live calves born - and starting from a handful of animals have now one of the larger herds in the country.

The lambing seemed to have stalled, so all the ewes were put together, and this week had their 'turnout' drench as appropriate. Given we are now into fly strike season preventive measures have been applied, but during the season a close eye has to be kept on them, as it does on the lambs, especially since they are not yet old enough to have their clostridial vaccination. On Friday Rosie and Boots delivered two fine lambs so there are 6 ewes still to lamb.

This week has seen further work both erecting new fences and stripping out rotten ones. In the process we are sorting out the location of gates, all of which adds to the cost but is not part of the grant from government - though the work is inseparable.

On another front the battle against poisonous plants has had to start. Hemlock is as dangerous to animals as it is to humans especially if it gets into the haylage. It has to be dug out, gloves have to be worn and then it must be burnt. The plant tends to be found in wet area and close to ditches.

Later on in the year it is ragwort that has to eliminated. Though particularly poisonous to horses, it can also kill cattle. In a way ragwort is the greater problem because it is spread by the wind and will grow anywhere from roadside verges to pastures. By law local authorities have the responsibility of killing it, but as is every governments way, pass the buck but not the bucks to enable the work to be carried. Pulling will never eradicate it totally because the plant, being a great survivor, has a root system of five 'claws' and rarely can one get it all out. When young it seems that sheep can eat it without putting themselves at risk, but it must not get into hay or haylage.

I was particularly happy this week to see that swallows have returned to their nest on the house though slightly less pleased that the wood pigeons are once again nesting in the wisteria. Watching solitary rooks or crows making their different ways at several hundred feet across a field the thought came to me that in contrast to the time when aircraft passed overhead, I had no idea whether their path was purposeful or not and if purposeful, why did they seem to have no common destination.

The cost but is not part of the grant from government- though the work is inseparable.





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INSPIRATION

I lot of The Chronicle readers will remember Kath Bather, both from her years of running the Boarding Kennels at Stockwood and later help in running Lulworth Stores and Post Office in Bradley - and also for the hundreds of events within the village that she and her late husband Tom were enthusiastically involved in.

Kath and Tom upon their retirement moved to Droitwich and still kept in touch with all their friends here in

Stock and Bradley. Sadly, 18 months ago Kath had a serious heart attack followed by a severe stroke and now lives with her daughter Linda near Inkberrow.

Forever thinking of others, Kath was inspired by Captain Tom and so, in her efforts to get herself walking again she has decided to do 90 minutes on the Treadmill installed in Linda's home. She is currently up to 6 minutes a day and improving! Her efforts are now being put to good use and she is asking for sponsors towards the charity of her choice ie The Shakespeare Hospice at Stratford upon Avon. The Shakespeare Hospice provides Hospice at Home for end of life patients. It is not part of the NHS, being a charity and is entirely reliable on public donations.

If any of the Chronicle readers wish to support Kath in her efforts, cheques, payable to The Shakespeare Hospice can be posted to me at The Bizzi Bee, Church Road, Bradley Green, B96 6RW or just left in my letter box. With super thanks to those of you who have already donated.

Take Care, Keep Safe.Janet Ctesswell

Cabin Fever

With apologies to J Masefield

I must go down to the pub again, the lonely pub down the lane. All I ask is a pint in a glass to keep me sane; But I must not forget the lockdown that has kept me at home so long, I may be safe from a knockdown but confinement is no song

I must go down to the pub again to see old friends once more My only hope is that I will not be met by a closed door You may ask how I will drink wearing a mask But I am sure there will be a way of achieving the task

I must go down to the pub again, the lonely pub down the lane. The house is painted, lawn is mown, and the last weed slain And now that the veg garden is planted All I wish is for my request to be granted, a pint in the pub down the lane. Michael Butcher