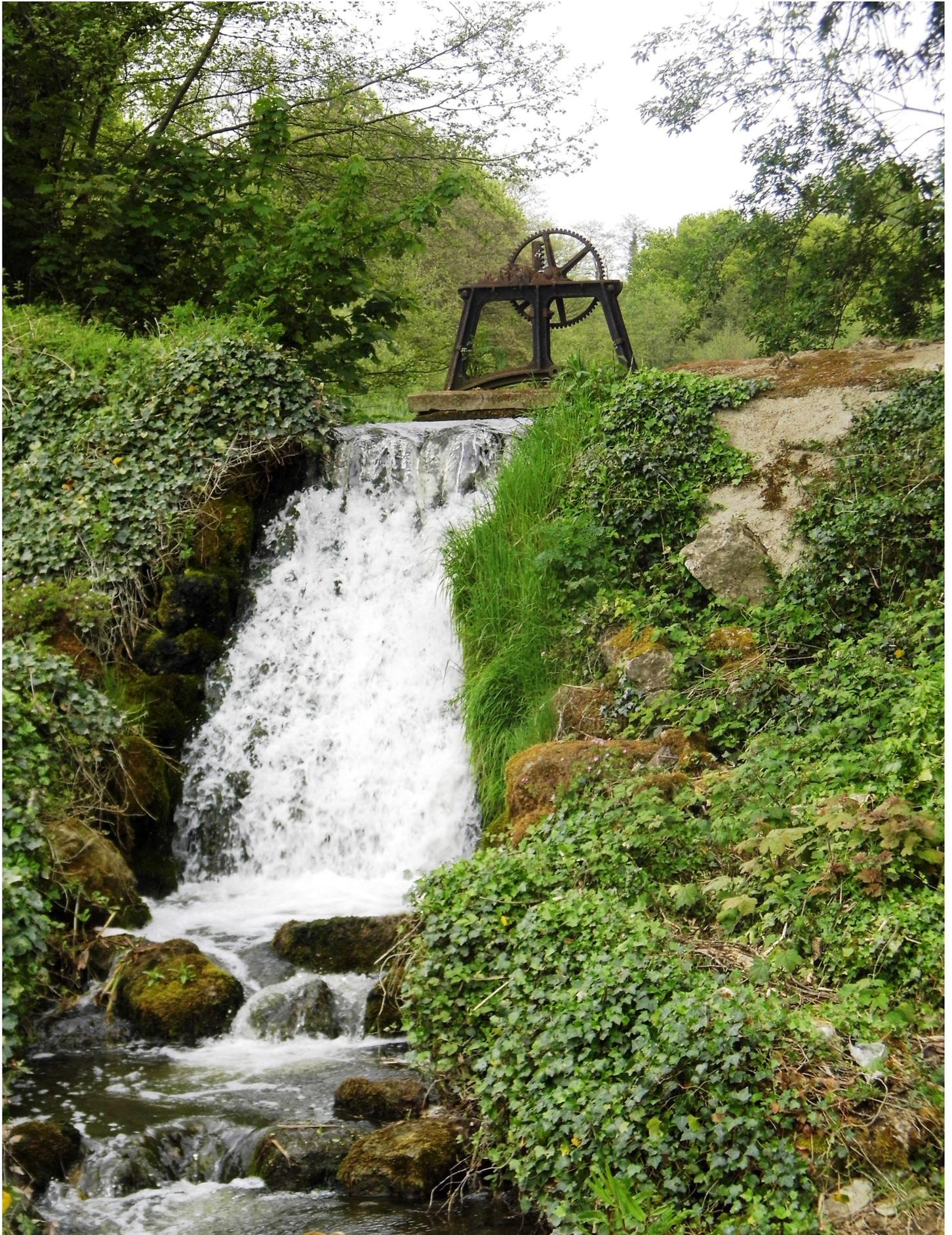


# HOTFIELD NEWS

BY THE COMMUNITY FOR THE COMMUNITY VOLUME 11 NUMBER 8 August 2020



# SAINT MARGARET'S CHURCH



For weddings, baptisms, etc. Contact the Parish Office [calehillpcc@gmail.com](mailto:calehillpcc@gmail.com) 07395 910317

**Only one Service in August  
Sunday 2 August  
11.00am: The Eucharist  
With Rev. Sue Starkings**

Save this date for  
St Margaret's Church  
Hothfield's Angel Festival  
November 28<sup>th</sup> & 29<sup>th</sup> 2020



We would be delighted if you would create an angel to decorate our church

## THE BENEFICE OF CALEHILL WITH WESTWELL



CHARING WITH LITTLE CHART, CHARING HEATH, EGERTON, HOTHFIELD, PLUCKLEY AND WESTWELL

## HOTHFIELD NEWS

is edited by Hedley Grenfell-Banks, printed and published by Richard Sutcliffe, financed by Hothfield Parish Council and distributed free to every house in the village by dedicated volunteers. Email: [hothfieldnewsletter@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:hothfieldnewsletter@tiscali.co.uk)

Available on line at <http://www.hothfield.org.uk/community/hothfield-parish-council-17945/newsletter/>

The deadline for the September 2020 issue is 20 August.

Letters and articles for publication are always welcome. Advertising is free to businesses working in, or for, the Parish of Hothfield. Email the Editor for information on advertising prices for outside companies.

## HOTHFIELD PARISH COUNCIL

Sadly Wimbledon has not taken place this year. However, this is a note to remind residents that you can now play tennis here in the Village.

The keys for the box on the Muga where the net is kept are obtainable from either

Penny Sutcliffe 01233 634191 or

Malcolm Cook 01233 627323

## Is Delivery still best?

We asked this question in the June issue of Hothfield News, inviting you to email the Editor if you would prefer to have your village paper online rather than through your letterbox. This is your last chance to state your opinion.

Replies so far:

Prefer delivery 2  
Prefer online 3  
Prefer delivery, but will accept online 4

Email your preference to [hothfieldnewsletter@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:hothfieldnewsletter@tiscali.co.uk)

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## Opening Times

Sunday	0900 – 1200	Post Office closed
Monday	0700 – 1300, 1400 – 1800	
Tuesday	0700 – 1300	
Wednesday	0700 – 1300, 1400 – 1800	
Thursday	0700 – 1300, 1400 – 1800	
Friday	0700 – 1300, 1400 – 1800	
Saturday	0800 – 1300, 1400 – 1800	PO morning only

## HOTHFIELD EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION

We would like to remind you that we are a charity that primarily supports the education of young people within the Parish of Hothfield.

We will consider making financial contributions towards such items as secondary school logoed uniform, school bus passes, sports-related training, job skill related training, music lessons, school trips, further education and personal development.

If you think that we may be able to help, please e-mail [hothfieldeducation@gmail.com](mailto:hothfieldeducation@gmail.com) Alternatively, you could leave a letter at the Village PO/Shop.

The Foundation meets 3 or 4 times a year, and the dates are regularly advertised in Hothfield News.

We would ask that applications are received at least three weeks before a meeting.

Our next two meetings will be on  
**4 August and 27 October 2020**

For full minutes of meetings of Hothfield Parish Council, please either see the noticeboard outside the village shop or visit [www.hothfield.org.uk](http://www.hothfield.org.uk)  
**PLEASE NOTE: The email address for the Parish Council is [parish.clerk@hothfield.org.uk](mailto:parish.clerk@hothfield.org.uk)**



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# AUGUST ON HOTHFIELD HEATHLANDS 4



Bison coming to Kent was a national headline in mid-July as Kent Wildlife Trust launched its flagship wilding project. Bison, a keystone species missing from the British Isles for thousands of years, will live in ancient Blean Woods and help naturally manage and restore an abundance of wildlife. No bison are heading to Hothfield, but longhorn cattle, another conservation grazer, have been settling in here this summer. These gentle descendants of 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> century draft animals enjoy the unfertilised and at times tough all-year grazing here, controlling the more rampant plants to give space to a wider plant range including the rare and less vigorous. Their hooves churn the soil creating pools for insects to hatch in and revealing invertebrates for birds to eat. They have a distinctive white line or finching along their back above dappled flanks, and a rosette of curls on their brow. Their spectacular horns, which can grow at quirky angles, used to be used for buttons, beakers, cutlery

and thanks to their translucency, lamps. Their aggressive appearance is deceptive, centuries of breeding have produced a calm animal, unless worried by dogs or someone gets between a mother her calf. Herds are usually matriarchal. Rearing of the Kent Wildlife Trust calves through winter was supported by crowd-funding. As this conservation work progresses there are many ways to help nature beyond Kent Wildlife Trust reserves. Encouraging insects in the garden by leaving wild corners, being less tidy generally, and ditching the poisons for organic alternatives are small steps with big results.

The nectar-rich papery flowers of the ling, *Calluna vulgaris*, started flowering in July and we hope for a longer display than in last year's drought. Meanwhile, rising elegantly above the bracken is another of my many favourite flowers, although not an indicator species for Hothfield habitats. Rosebay willow herb, *Chamaenerion angustifolium* is a pioneer plant able to colonise burnt bare ground. Its subtly

coloured flowering spike deserves close inspection, the four magenta petals are not quite identical, the sepals a deeper hue, the pollen is grey, the long flower stems colour red where they face the sun. Up to 80,000 seeds per plant (who counted?) float far and wide on tiny plumed parachutes. British Canadian indigenous groups use the flowers and young leaves for food, add the seed fluff to other materials for weaving and padding and use stem fibre for twine. The white variety is an attractive less vigorous garden plant. Rich in nectar, the flowers provide sustenance for many insects, including the equally beautiful gold and pink elephant hawk-moth, *Deilephila elpenor*, which lays its eggs on the plant where the caterpillars larvae feed before the chrysalis drops to overwinter in the ground litter.

Everyone is welcome to visit Hothfield Heathlands but please remember this is first and foremost a haven for wildlife.

Please keep dogs close to you at all times, do not let your dog run and play off the

paths and through the areas of heather and gorse. Breeding and feeding birds are seriously impacted by this disturbance, causing them to abandon nests or preventing them from collecting the food they need.

Make sure anything you bring with you leaves the reserve with you. Remove litter, dog mess and place all dog bags in the bins.

Hothfield Heathlands is one of the best spots of wildlife in the county, with your help we can keep it that way.

Please keep dogs in check and close to you at all time, do not allow them to remain on the main path and not to venture off into the heather and scrub in check, especially around children and livestock, and away from the scrub, heather and undergrowth where they will disturb sensitive wildlife. Fire is now a big risk, please help ensure no fires are ever lit on site. Please remove dog mess, including in the Triangle compartment and take your general litter home. Be tick aware for dogs and humans throughout the summer; guidance is available from [publichealthmatters.blog.gov.uk/2014/03/24/tips-and-tricks-to-stay-safe-from-ticks/](https://publichealthmatters.blog.gov.uk/2014/03/24/tips-and-tricks-to-stay-safe-from-ticks/)

Enjoy and take care.

Margery Thomas





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Scouting is taking a bit of a back seat during the summer as we aren't able to get together as we would like. Nevertheless, lots has been happening. Beavers have achieved a record number of badges by working hard at home.. One has even gained the Chief Scout's Bronze Award which is the highest possible for a beaver. Well done! Cubs have had the result of the carrot growing competition. Quite a challenge when we were unable to get to water them during the dry spring. We are very grateful to the Charing Gardeners Society for their help and support.

Scouts are itching to get back to proper scouting . There is lots of planning going on.  
Can you help.

Our fabulous beaver leadership team is hoping to recruit another helper. If you have been involved in scouting in the past that would be wonderful, but no experience is necessary. All necessary training is provided. I'd love to hear from you

**Terry Lister Group Scout Leader 07748818660**

## VILLAGE HALL LOTTERY

### July Draw Results

1st prize £21.75 no. 194

2nd prize £13.05 no. 30

3rd prize £8.70 no. 91

Cost to enter: only £1 per draw, £12 per year or £6 for six months. Collect a form from

HOTHFIELD POST OFFICE

Or telephone Peter on 01233 623568

## Flossy's Fussy Bakes



If you would like to follow us on social media or have a look at our past bakes, you can find us on the following:

**Facebook – Flossy's Fussy Bakes**

**Instagram – @flossyfussybakes**





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## They Don't Make Them Like That Any More, Thank Heaven

Fred Bolton was the sort of entrepreneur who gets Salmonella a bad name. I worked for him over three or four seasons as a waiter, in summer vacations. Fred was the proprietor of Fred's Grill, a single-storey jerry-built building, all windows and low ceiling, on the sea front of what was then a popular resort. He also owned a hamburger kiosk out front on the promenade.

The secret of Fred's prosperity was simple; charge the going rate for what you sell, but go for cheap buildings, cheap ingredients and cheap labour. I was part of the last element. But at least we all kept our own tips, You had to be quick to clear the table, though, because if you weren't, somebody else would do it for you. The oldest waiter was most adept at this. I would come into a dining-room to find my table cleared. 'Oh, thanks. Was there a tip?' 'No. Mean buggers this week.'

Mean buggers, in fact were rare. I regularly made twice my (admittedly pitiful) wage in tips, which were understood to be tax free. Fred paid in cash, with no pay slip and no questions asked. The tips varied slightly from week to week, according to the origin of the visitors. Those were the days of Wakes weeks, when the whole industry of a town would shut down for a week and the workers go on holiday. Oldham was a good week, Bolton a bit thin. Best of all was, surprisingly, Glasgow.

It wasn't that Glaswegians were actually more inclined to lavish spending than their reputation would suggest. The real pickings were on the first Sunday morning, when the Grill opened at four o'clock just as the coaches began to arrive. Their passengers had been loaded the previous evening in Glasgow, each containing forty holidaymakers and two crates of Whisky. By the time they arrived, they were happy and hungry, the pubs were closed and the boarding-houses wouldn't take them in until midday. All three of our dining-rooms would be full, vast quantities of food consumed, and the tips were phenomenal. It was not uncommon, on a Glasgow morning, to have a single table give a ten-shilling tip – the same sum as my pay for the early shift. 'Ah, spoil yersel', laddie, I've a year's holiday pay in ma pooch'. The landladies knew it, too, and would extract every last penny of their bill before opening the room; they knew that their guests would be stony broke by Wednesday, yet somehow still drunk till Friday.

There were, as I have said, three dining-rooms and a hamburger kiosk. There was also a Fish and Chip shop. At the hub of all this activity was a cubby-hole containing the till, the telephone and Fred. From there, directly or through an array of mirrors, Fred could keep an eye on everything that went on in the Grill. If a punter patted a waitress's bum, Fred would see. 'Good tip coming there, gel'. If a diner sent food back, Fred would stop you the moment you were out of sight. 'What's up with that steak, then?' 'Says it's not cooked right.' 'Turn it over. T'other side always looks different.' And back the steak would go, different in appearance, to a grateful customer, who, having asserted himself and been satisfied, would in turn leave a good tip.

Fred himself always had a good tip, but of a different sort. The telephone was constantly in action, not taking bookings – we didn't do anything as fancy as that – but keeping Fred in contact with his bookie. I don't think he ever missed a race; but all the time his eyes were on the business, seeing everything, missing nothing. 'Rescue that chicken', he would bark as I came flying past him with the débris from a table, or 'Rescue that 'am.' All the rescued food went into a special bin, which Fred himself took down to the basement at the end of the day's work. It was the great secret of the ever-popular hamburgers. No wonder they looked and tasted different; they contained chicken, ham, fish, meat pie, the occasional twice-

turned steak, all the leavings of a busy restaurant. They were, I must admit, delicious.

Of course, all our customers had grown up during the War, when to waste food was the greatest of sins; none of them, in all probability, had ever owned a refrigerator; all of them had developed an immunity to germs which a later generation, schooled in American concepts of hygiene, has, alas, lost. But most of them would have shuddered had they known some of the other little secrets of Fred's grill.

The kitchen, for a start, was tiny; there was just room for the one cook, and no more. It was never cleaned – there was neither time nor space – in the course of the day; at ten o'clock at night, the cook would scrape out the accumulated underfoot mess and wipe the work surfaces down with a solution of bleach. Ted insisted the bleach be diluted ten to one, though he bought such thin stuff in the first place that the waitress who, one day, accidentally drank a cup of it suffered no ill-effects at all. The cook, actually, would make a fairly thorough job of this, as he was rarely in a hurry to retire to bed. Most of our cooks – there was a pretty fast turnover in a twelve-hour-a-day seasonal job – slept rough, usually under the Pier. What this did for their personal hygiene, I shudder to think. If one came in early in the morning, the cook would usually be found bare-chested, washing at the sink; but below the waist, nobody dared contemplate.

Food preparation was original, too. I have already mentioned that chips were blanched in advance, for a quicker fry. I have not mentioned that the blanching was done on Thursday, a quiet day in seaside catering, and the blanched chips were spread on bread trays and stacked up from floor to ceiling to be used through the week. Not one member of Fred's staff would, even for a bet, have eaten chips on a Wednesday.

he food preparation area was in a basement under the kitchen, a narrow, low space – I had to bend under the ceiling – with an open drain running down the middle. Here, at off-peak moments during the day, the cook would frantically cut steaks, slice ham, chop carrots, while I or one of the waitresses attended to the potato peeler. The potato peeler was fun; a carborundum drum in which the spuds rolled and tossed and were abraded, and the resultant slush pumped by a continuous stream of water into the drain underfoot. Sometimes it got blocked, and the potato slurry rotted amazingly quickly and smelt terrible. But that basement was hardly a perfumery at the best of times.

The menu never changed over the years I worked for Fred. A board outside announced 'Today's Special', which was always and invariably pie and chips. Amazingly, not one customer ever complained that when the Special arrived it was half a pie, cut diagonally and liberally covered from the steaming vat of gravy kept constantly bubbling on the back of the stove.

The actual job of a waiter at Fred's was easy. You took an order, wrote it down, went and stuck it on a spike in the still-room and yelled it at the cook. Everything was always ready cooked – everything, including steaks, ham and the fried eggs at breakfast time; so the plates were quickly filled and carried out to the tables. I was young, tall and dressed in black trousers, white monkey-jacket and black bow tie, like the evening wear of a ship's steward on a cheap cargo-passenger boat. I amused myself by playing the stately-home butler as I handed out the food, and got twice the tips of the poor waitresses simply on impressiveness. Setting and clearing the tables was less fun, except for the little presents tucked under the plates; it was the performance that brought me back year after year. And, of course, the amazing fact that in all the time I worked there, we never actually poisoned anybody.

# AUNT JEMIMA'S STILL LAUGHING – JUST

I know a great joke about Corona Virus, but you probably won't get it.

If I get shut in for two more weeks with my husband and I die, it won't be the virus that killed me. With all this talk of hygiene, the people who make sanitising gel are rubbing their hands together. The pandemic killed my neighbour. In his house they found 1000 cans of food, 50 kilos of pasta, 80 kilos of rice, 300 toilet rolls and 50 litres of hand sanitiser which he had panic purchased from the supermarket and stock piled "just in case". The whole lot collapsed and buried him.

Since everybody has now started washing their hands, the peanuts at the bar have lost their taste.

They said that a mask was enough in the supermarket. They lied, everyone else had clothes on.

2020 is a unique leap year. It has 29 days in February, 300 days in March and 10 years in April.

I sneezed in the bank today, it was the most attention I've had from the staff in the last 10 years. Never in my wildest of dreams did I ever think I would go up to a bank teller with a mask on and request money .

To the people who bought 20 bottles of soap, leaving none on the shelves for others, you do realise that to stop getting Coronavirus, you need other people washing their hands too.

To those who are complaining about lockdown, just remember that your grandparents were called to war, you are being called to sit on the couch and watch Netflix. You can do this.

Dogs: "Oh My god, you're here all day and this is the best as I can love you, see you, be with you and follow you! I am so excited because you are the greatest and I love you being here so much!

Cats: "What are you still doing here?"

The Coronavirus has achieved what no female has every been able to achieve. It has cancelled sports, closed all bars and kept all the men at home.

The science community has figured out that the spread of Coronavirus is based solely on two things. 1. How dense the population is. 2. How dense the population is

Have you had to wear glasses and a mask at the same time because of Covid-19? You may be entitled to condensation.

Now is definitely not the right time to start surrounding yourself with positive people.



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