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THE COUNTRY BIZARRE

PRICE 15p EDITION No 10

19 Danesmoor, Ruscote, Banbury, Oxon OX16 7PZ

This issue came to you via Andy, Bernard and a bottle of Beaujolais.

A very special anniversary thankyou to all those who have helped in any way, big or small, in the publication of this, our 10th edition, including Irene, Liz & Gavin, Mick and Kerreagh, Little Dave, Betty, The Chamberlain Family, David for lending us his books, Pauline, Ted, Richard St.Barbe Baker L.L.D., Elayn, Mrs Frost. Also thanks to all those who have been scouting round for places to sell the magazine, and to those who sell it amongst their friends. Further thanks are extended to Barry, Ron Wilson, and the nimble fingers of Janice, Liz and Stephine. This issue's cover is another engraving from that remarkable artist Gustave Dore. The picture is entitled "Chiquon and Cohegrue" and is from his book "Contes Drolatiques". Many apologies to Harvest who kindly lent us the photograph which we used on our last cover. Unfortunately the carefully typed credit found its way under the table, where no doubt other credits were hiding too - sorry for any omissions. P.S. Sorry, nearly forgot to mention John Rice.

Dear Friends

So we've actually made it to ten issues! We certainly have come a long way since our first issue, which in those days sold about 300 copies and cost us only £20 in expenses. Now we are to a 3000 readership, with 500 subscribers and a quarterly bill of £200. At first we only sold copies amongst our friends (and their friends) plus a shop or two in London, but there are something like 60 different shops selling the magazine to date, in all parts of the British Isles, as well as such far away places as Holland, Aus tralia and the USA. We'd therefore like to sincerely thank all the people who have helped in their own small way to bring the magazine some degree of success. Too much!

Apart from the increase in sales and distribution (and incidentally we still don't make a penny profit,) there is another side to the story of the magazine - that of its policy and whether this policy has changed. In order to decide one way or the other on this, we thought it important to tell you how and why *Country Bizarre* came together in the first place. When Andy and myself decided to create a magazine, it was primarily to give people something that we ourselves would most enjoy picking up and reading. That 'something' was a magazine that was an Almanac full of town and country miscellanea, information stories, poetry, beautiful illustrations and much else - something that could slip into your pocket, to bring out at odd moments and browse through. It wasn't just to be based on bygone days but would embrace things old and new. It was to have no religious or political dogma, no set particular viewpoint and above all it was to be completely non profit-making. Finally, we wanted it to be well designed and beautifully printed, (being sold at a price that anyone could afford,) so that people would want to keep them after reading instead of throwing them away. To these ends we can claim some sort of success. Our only bugbear really has been in getting more involved in Conservation matters than the other aspects of the magazine. But this of course is understandable. Still, we hope that future issues will contain a better mixture of articles. For instance, we intend to print more folktales (contemporary or otherwise) traditions, legends and the like. There will also be a stronger leaning towards craft-

work and to giving craft-people a bigger say.

On a final note, this is just to remind you that 1973 is the Year of the Tree. (See more later in this issue.) This is going to be the year when all you lovely people are going to go out and buy a tree for your garden, or your neighbour's garden, or your auntie's garden. We bet there are lots of *Country Bizarre* readers who haven't even got a single tree in their gardens at all, and if that's the case - shame on you! The Government is apparently sponsoring enormous three-planting schemes in wasteland areas, so if you think there are parts of your district that could do with a bit of greenery, please write post haste to Lord Sandford, National Year of the Tree, Department of the Environment, London, and get those green-fingered civil servants round there. Actually it would be rather naughty if we ourselves didn't join in the spirit of things, so to begin with we are furnishing Bizarre acres with four or five trees. Bizarre acres, incidentally, is not what you probably think it is, a rather picturesque thatched cottage set in a few acres of garden, nestling amidst the glorious Banbarian countryside - in fact it's a rather plain little council house on a new estate. You see, the old Bizarre acres were idyllically set in the Kent orchards, but Andy and his family, being sufferers of circumstance, had to move and had but little choice than to move to Banbury. It is set in beautiful countryside but seeing how everything has just been built, it appears rather empty at the moment. Anyhow, it gives us a golden opportunity to turn it into something nice. Not only will we be planting trees in Bizarre acres but also in quite a few neighbours' gardens. so that in a few years' time, Danesmoor will be a very pleasant place indeed. There will also be some more trees going into the Glamis Road Adventure Playground to replace a couple of dead saplings that never survived last autumn's plantings.

I leave you with a quote out of Richard St Barbe-Baker's new book:
'He that plants a tree is a servant of God. He provides a kindness for many generations and faces that he has not seen shall bless him.'
Goodbye for now
Bernard Schofield

The Cowslip Crusade



There was a time, and not too long ago, when the sight of a cowslip meadow in spring was a common sight. Not so now, for owing to various environmental reasons, the cowslip is fast disappearing from our countryside and there seems no hope at present of reversing that trend. One has to go a long way to find a flower that can match the simple beauty of the cowslip, for its rosette of pale lemon, deliciously scented flowers herald in spring like no other wild flower, surpassing even that of the primrose.

However, there is something that can be done to at least prevent the cowslip from disappearing altogether - grow them yourself. We have found a nurseryman who can supply the seeds to us and if you think it might be fun to grow some cowslips this spring, please write to us. The seeds will cost 25p per packet, nothing whatever being made on them by us as we have to pay 25p per packet ourselves; also send a s.a.e. if you would please. You can either plant the cowslips out in your own garden or replant them out in the country, providing of course, that they are put in their correct habitat. The cowslip loves moist pastureland, but is equally happy growing on grassland over limestone, chalk or clay. Growing them needs a certain amount of care but nothing really special. It is best to put the seeds in a fridge as soon as you receive them and leave them there until you intend to sow (the ice box is best). This has the effect of speeding up germination when you sow. It is important to buy some proper seed compost - either Levingtons or John Innes, etc. and to sow the seeds on the surface of the soil. Then just sprinkle about one sixteenth of an inch of soil over the seeds so that they are just barely covered. If you plant them deep they will perish.

As soon as the seeds have germinated, and are of a sufficient size, transplant to separate pots and then finally, out into the garden, woods or fields.

To end with, here is another extract from Geoffrey Grigsons 'The Englishman's Flora'. The subject - cowslips of course!

COWSLIP (*Primula veris*)

Local names: BUNCH OF KEYS (Som); COVE KEYS (Kent); COWFLOP (Dev. Som); COW PAIGLES (Herts); CARSLOPPE (Yks); COOSLOP (Lincs); COWER-SLOP (Shrop); COWSLAP (Herts, N'hants); COWSLOP (Dev, E.Ang); COWSLUP (War, Worc); COW'S MOUTH (Loth); COW STRIPPLING, COW STROPPE, COW STRUPPLE (Yks, Cumb, West, N. Eng); CREIVAL (Dor); CREWEL (Dev, Dor, Som); CUCKOO (Corn); CULVERKEYS (Som, Kent, N'hants); FAIRIES' BASINS (Som); FAIRIES' FLOWER (Som); FAIRY BELLS (Som); FAIRY CUPS (Dor, Som, Lincs); FRECKLED FACE (Som); GOLDEN DROPS (Som); HERB PETER (Som, Ches);

HODROD (Dor); HOLROD (Dor); HORSE BUCKLE (Wilts, Kent); KEYS OF HEAVEN (Dev); LADY'S BUNCH OF KEYS (Som); LADY'S FINGERS (Scot); LADY'S KEYS (Som, Wilts, Kent); LONG LEGS (Som); MILK-MAIDENS (Lincs); ODDROD (Dor); PAIGLE (Dor, Kent, Mdx, Herts, E.Ang, Beds, Hunts, N'hants, Ches, Lincs, Yks, N.Eng, Pemb); RACCONALS (Ches); ST.PETER'S HERB (Yks); ST.PETER'S KEYS (Som); TITSY-POSTY (Dev, Dor, Som, Wilts, Glos, Heref); TOSTY (Som, Wilts, Glos, Worc, Pemb).

Welsh names include 'dagran Mair' - Mary's tears.

Cowslip is not the most elegant of names. It is a polite form of Cowslop, in OE cusloppe, cu-slyppe, ('cow-dung', 'cow-pat'); obviously from a conception that the cowslip sprung up in the meadow whenever a cow had lifted its tail. 'The Herball', printed by Richard Banckes in 1525, called it 'cousloppe' or Herba Petri. 'The Grete Herball' of 1526 called it Cowslyp, Pagle, Saynt Peterworthe, and Herbe Paralyas. Gerard knew it also as Palswort. The medieval 'Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum' had commended the Cowslip as a cure for palsy or paralysis, a cure suggested perhaps by the trembling or nodding of the flowers. 'Primrose' (i.e. *Primula veris*) and lavender boiled together in ale were advised 'for trembelynge hand and handis a slepe' in a manuscript of the fifteenth century. The nodding flowers also suggested the bunch of keys which were the badge of St. Peter. One legend of Northern Europe is that Peter let his keys drop when he was told that a duplicate key to Heaven had been made. Where the keys fell the Cowslip broke from the ground. Cowslip or no, the deliciously coloured and deliciously scented flowers make the best and most delicate of all country wines.

There was quite a lot of excitement recently when, at the horticultural show of Detling near Maidstone in Kent, a runner bean presented to the judges by a Mr. Longshanks measured a magnificent 25 inches in length. The judges, who had probably been in the beer tent all afternoon, had no hesitation in presenting Mr. Longshanks an award for 'The Longest Bean'. It wasn't until the clapping had died down that a few wise gardeners began to realize that trickery was afoot and after many searching questions, Mr. Longshanks - alias a Mr. Archibald Morris of Hockers Close, Detling - confessed all. "The runner bean was actually two stuck together. I used soft cement to conceal the join and painted the whole lot green. It looked pretty good".

Mr. Morris, bye the way, happens to be the Secretary of Detling Gardening Society.

1975 has been designated European Architectural Heritage Year and in the words of Julian Amery, Chairman of the E.A.H.Y. British Committee, "The year has been initiated by the Council of Europe to awaken the interest of European peoples in their common architectural heritage; to protect buildings and areas of architectural or historic interest; to conserve the character of old towns and villages; and to improve their appearance to assure for ancient buildings a living role in present day society; and generally to encourage a higher quality in the urban environment for the benefit of present and future generations".

IF YOU KNOW of any source of craft materials round your way, could you please send on the necessary information to Bizarre Acres. We need addresses for instance of people who sell fleeces, cane for canework, vegetable dyes, cheap supplies of string for macrame, and so on. Ta.

Norfolk Society's Committee is worried about its country churches being closed or declared redundant and is appealing for money to repair many buildings in need of it.

PINK PEACE.

The new Pink Peace magazine is just out, much improved and with more pages. In all fairness, neither of us have had time to give it a thorough browse through yet but we hope you'll buy it anyway. 20p from John Rice, "Mumbles", 93 Biggins Wood Rd, Cheriton, Folkstone, Kent.

DECEMBER LIGHT

*Winter light descends into the earth,
Thoughts return in mist
Peaceful in the marshland grace.
I still see you December Light
Danger sign
Danger sign,
I feel the spirit of the misty
Frozen land of winter night
Depend on me
Depend on me,
Creaking sounds ring from the earth
Nature signs,
Native birth
Middle earth,
Middle earth.*

*Figures softly shine
feathered shadows fly
melting in the clouds.
Blessed be the spirit of December Light,
Blessed be the spirit of December night.*

Pete Dodd



Oast Houses at Udimore, Sussex

Hops and Oast Houses

Cultivating the hop for brewing was introduced in England from Flanders in 1524 or thereabouts. During the following three centuries the industry flourished but 20th century brewing methods have witnessed the decline in figures of national output. Many of the oast-houses are being left untended and even more are being converted into dwellings. Kent has always had the largest acreage of Britain's hop growing districts: the clays and loams of the east of the county grow fine hops equalled only by those of the Weald. But certainly in the south east of England lies the burning nucleus on the industry and sturdy oast-houses abound in Kent and Sussex. Clashing picturesquely against the surrounding greenery are the white cowls mounted high up on the apex of the building whilst the steep, sloping sides are covered in black pitch.

During the harvest of 1972, I went to a few farms where the hop-picking and drying took place. One of the friendliest and most interesting places I visited was Maidlands Farm at Brede in East Sussex. There, the hops are grown in a valley through which the River Tillingham flows. The oast-houses are situated higher up on the southernmost hill overlooking the valley. I arrived there when the apple-picking harvest was about to start in earnest - i.e.

mid-September, in fact they had just finished gathering the Worcesters. The hop is trained to climb to chest height before cutting and it is remarkable that it reaches the high wire mesh by following the sun; thus it spirals its way upward. When the time comes the hop is picked by local farm workers though before the war, labour was brought down from East London and Gypsies also helped. The imported labourers were, according to an old encyclopaedia of mine, 'very inferior' and often 'drastic measures were sometimes necessary to prevent or suppress disorder'. I'm assured though that things aren't quite so bad nowadays.

When cut the hop has a distinctive, singular scent, not unlike that of freshly picked mint though certainly much stronger. It is taken to the oast-house where it is cleaned of any leaves or stalks and then spread over fine meshing about 15 feet up inside the kiln. Down below the hop-dryer who controls the heat, tends to the machinery. In bygone days more skill was needed to keep the heat constant at the correct temperature of 140° F. - but nowadays thermometers provide an instant and accurate reading and today the hop-dryer simply keeps an eye on the dials, a wary eye mind you. Actually his job entails a great deal

of responsibility since for 3 full weeks the task of maintaining the oil-fires in good working condition is placed on his shoulders. All through the harvest he lives in the oast-house and 24 hours a day he nurses the fires.

In the heat the hops dry quickly: usually in about 8/10 hours. The heat rises up through the conical shaped building escaping through the wind turned cowl. Many different fuels have been used over the years and technology has often overtaken tradition; wood, charcoal and even turf were once used but electric air circulating and oil-fires have made the drying much easier and a great deal faster.

Once dry, the hops are extracted from the kiln and pressed tightly into 'pockets', large sacks holding approximately 1½ cwt. The dried hop is flakey and a pale greeny gold in colour. These pockets are collected from the farms and taken to the Hop Marketing Board's central depot at Paddock Wood where samples are taken from each pocket. Payment is made on quality and not quantity. Representatives from our large breweries are always on the spot looking out for the best crop.

However, much of the national crop is exported and sadly, chances are the beer you drink at your local may not be brewed with hops - chemicals are much cheaper and are more often than not substituted for hops. So next time you visit your local, buy two pints - one brewed with real hops and another synthetically brewed. Try one after the other and you'll soon taste the better. An old Sussex hop-dryer put me to the trial and I know which beer to avoid.

But to return to the subject, oast-houses. Early ones (built in cc. 1700-1800) were rectangular in shape and it was only during the later part of the 19th century that round oasts were introduced. They had draught holes around the base and up to four fires burned within the inner walls. The fires were encouraged by the fierce up-draughts and the surmounting cowl acted as a shield against the wind preventing 'blow back'. Present day oast-houses still retain the cowl for decoration though the side windows and draught holes have been bricked up, only a few rectangular oast-houses still remain but they are in disrepair.

Unfortunately the '72 harvest was a bad one for hops due to the high winds of April and May. Few of Britain's 500 hop-growers managed to equal their set quotas and great financial losses have been incurred. Nevertheless, the farmers are optimistic about the '73 crop and in the words of the above mentioned old Sussex hop-dryer:

'Well my guess is they'll be 'ere again next September, and so will I!'

by John Rice

BOTTON CANDLES

Made of 100% beeswax, each single candle is poured, finished and decorated by hand. Before use or display, the candle may be rubbed with a cloth to bring out the typical sheen of pure Beeswax.

Candles up to 1" diameter should burn dripless in still air. Thicker candles occasionally need attention. When extinguished the wick should not glow for more than 15 seconds. The natural shade of pure beeswax ranges from the ivory of Virgin Wax to the yellow and dark brown of older combs, strained by honey, pollen and brood etc. Therefore the shades of candles vary according to the age and type of wax used, but can have a final coat of dye. Available from Botton Village, Danby, Whitby, Yorks.

BARSHAM FAIRE 1972

I think anyone who turned up at Barsham Faire on Bank Holiday Monday, must have enjoyed themselves. The weather just couldn't have been better - deep blue sky with soft, white billowy clouds and a hot warm sun that really brought out the gaiety and colour of both medieval dress and events.

I arrived on the Sunday evening after spending a couple of days looking around the amazing Norfolk and Suffolk countryside and, although the faire had been open on Sunday, it hadn't really got off the ground as yet. Come Monday morning around 10a.m., there came from Beccles town, a procession of minstrels and other miscellaneous bodkins in medieval wear, headed by a rather nice young bit of stuff called Pamela, doing a Lady Godiva act complete with long flowing blonde hair - and a horse! After this, the various stalls began to open for business. There were candle stalls, and good food stalls. Stalls with handmade leather goods, prints, jewellery and pottery. There was also an excellent stall selling batik printed dresses etc - very good work it was too.

There was a nice touch about midday with children dancing round the ribbon pole. There was archery, a wheel of fortune, bowling, bell ringing, dancing, apple-bobbing, plays, singing, much musicianship and a very entertaining (though not officially on the list of entertainments) half hour of tent diving. This consisted of one guy climbing on top of a bigish square-rigged tent and diving into the arms of six other guys below. It sounds a pretty boring thing to find entertaining, but they were obviously having a whale of a time and so were many others watching them.

A good crowd of people turned up and they all looked happy enough. Next year there will be another Barsham Faire which promises to be even better than this years' so watch out for news in The Country Bizarre. We'll try and get a stall up there for it too if we can.

Bernard.

THEY CAME, THEY SAW, THEY CONKURED

Sixty-four competitors lined up on the village green at Ashton near Oundle, Northants, on the 8th October to battle for the World Conker Championship. Unfortunately we couldn't find out the results, so if anyone can enlighten us, we would be really grateful.

MIRABELLE, a beautiful 10 year-old Friesian cow gave birth in November to quads at Easton in Huntingdonshire.





The Men of the Trees came into being in response to an urgent local need. It grew and developed into a world-wide organisation because this need was found to be repeated in different forms all over the world. The urgent need in Kenya, its country of origin was to stem the invading desert. Our first members were men immersed in ancient wisdom, and together we devised our motto - TWAHAMWE - All as One. This motto has been a strong guiding influence in my life. The need to heal the scars on the earth's surface, the place of trees in doing this, and the need for men to unite lay behind my efforts in founding the Men of the Trees throughout the world. The tree on our badge is an eloquent symbol of unity and a promise of fruitfulness.

In my early days in Africa I soon found that a call for a voluntary effort in this all-important cause achieved far more than could be dreamt of using solely the all too meagre support of the colonial administration.

In Palestine a little later when the Men of the Trees came into being under the patronage of the High Commissioner, the Heads of all the religions in Jerusalem came together amicably for the first time in history, and the evidence of our work in those days is very obvious in the restoration of tree cover over Israel to-day.

In New Zealand, Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. the story is much the same. The Men of the Trees in the U.S.A. evolved into the C.C.C. - the Civilian Conservation Corps giving employment in healthy surroundings in a time of deep depression to six million young men. The Men of the Trees in New Zealand became the Farm Forestry movement, and in Australia the Men of the Land and the Junior Tree Wardens.

In those early days an important part of the work of the Men of the Trees was in maintaining amicable international relationships, and in these efforts both Russia and China were included. In our World Forestry Charter gatherings the representatives of up to 64 different nations came together annually for 12 years in support of the wide objectives of our Society.

In the past we have endeavoured to work at a ministerial or head of state level even to addressing His Majesty the King in Council.

It was some twelve years ago that I decided to settle in New Zealand, and although this may have been to the benefit of my international work at the time, I am grateful that I have now been led to return to this country and renew old associations. I have also come to the conclusion that the U.K. does in fact provide the best world centre for the overseas.

As many of you may be aware, my strong personal interest at the present is to help and encourage the nations of Northern Africa, and indeed the Nations of the World, to join together in the vast but eminently practical task of reclaiming much of the Sahara for the benefit of future generations.

In Great Britain, we are fortunate in having the influence of the Gulf Stream and our climate is such that we can provide hospitality for a greater variety of trees than anywhere else in the world. Unfortunately however, in spite of the beautiful wooded estates still remaining in this lovely land we have allowed our tree cover in general to fall far below that of other countries in Europe.

Our aim for the future must therefore be to work for an increase of tree cover and an increase in the variety of trees planted, strictly avoiding all monocultivation equally for scientific, commercial and aesthetic reasons. We must also give serious study to the possibility of developing some of the rarer and more valuable species including our native hardwoods, rather than producing coniferous woods of the type that are grown in vast areas of Canada and Scandinavia, areas unsuitable for anything else, woods that can therefore be supplied from outside this country far more cheaply than we can produce ourselves.

Our national planting policy for the future should therefore be one of quality first, and in support of the many contributions, biological, social and aesthetic, that trees can make to our environment. It is in promulgating ideas such as these that the Men of the Trees can be of the greatest value to the National interests, and at the same time to the world. Let us first, however, put our own house in order; the tree cover in Northern Ireland is far worse than even in England - some 2 to 2½ per cent as compared to about 26-27 per cent in France and Germany, and in Scotland also is well down. Can we not do something to help members of our own family? An organisation such as ours is often able to see with a clearer vision than a Government or Government Department.

We owe our gratitude to men like John Evelyn who both through his writings and through the Royal Society preached the gospel of tree-planting after the ravages made in our woodlands by the charcoal burners.

before coal was found. It is to be hoped that the Men of the Trees will deserve from succeeding generations similar feelings of gratitude.

1973 has been designated Year of the Tree and there will be widespread planting ceremonies throughout the British Isles. We should think in terms of restoring essential tree-cover to the minimum required for safety - $3\frac{1}{3}$ or one third of the total land area.

The word Year of the Tree will be in 1974 when we can "plant some more", and year after year, more and more.

With Ruskin, we believe, that "God has lent us the Earth for our life". It is a great entail. It belongs as much to those that come after us as to us and it behaves us by anything we do or neglect to deprive them of benefits which are in our power to bequeathe.

by R. St.Barbe Baker LLD.

You might like to join the 'Men of the Trees'. This is an organisation that is totally tree orientated and is a very good charity to support. Amongst other things, they give advice to those wanting to plant trees, as well as planting hundreds of trees themselves. They put out an excellent little magazine called 'Trees' to every member. Their address is - The Men of the Trees, Crawley Down, Crawley, Sussex.

*I watched a tree grow,
And it took a hundred years.
I saw a tree die,
And it took thirty seconds.*

Genevieve

PLANT A TREE THIS YEAR

As mentioned earlier on, this year is going to be national tree year, so, with the help of the Council for the Protection of Rural England, we'd like to give you a general list of trees that you might like to grow in your garden, or somebody elses if it's a present you're giving away.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT -

- a) Trees have many uses in the landscape, apart from their commercial value.
- b) They help purify the air.
- c) They provide shade from the sun, shelter from the wind and noise.
- d) They provide a habitat for wild life.
- e) They retain the moisture in the soil
- f) The relationship of their outline to buildings and landform can create a living harmony, and mask unsightly structures.
- g) A good tree doesn't cost very much to buy.

SPREADING FOREST TREES

- FIELD MAPLE** (*Acer campestre*) - Medium tree
Likes alluvial soils best. Will not grow in clay unless chalk or alkaline matter is present. Will withstand shade. Growth slow. Plant Nov-March.
- SILVER MAPLE** (*Acer dasycarpum*) - Medium tree
Likes rich moist loam or alluvial silt. Requires full sunlight, dislikes wind. Fast growing, pale soft green foliage, turning scarlet and gold in autumn.
- HORSE CHESTNUT** (*Aesculus Hippocastanum*) - Large tree
Likes deep loam, moist but well drained. Prefers sheltered position. Plant Nov-March
Can be transplanted when quite large.
- SILVER BIRCH** (*Betula Verrucosa*) - Tall tree
Likes light sandy loam. Prefers acid or neutral to alkaline soils. Sparse foliage, fast growing when young. Can be transplanted up to 12'. Nov-March.
- HORNBEAM** (*Carpinus Betulus*) - Large tree
Prefers silt or gravel overlying heavier subsoil. A good hedge tree and can be pleached. Good for wind shelter. Has wide spread when old. Nov-March.
- BEECH** (*Fagus Sylvatica*) - Large tree
Likes any well drained soil, but chiefly chalk, endures shallow top soil. Grows fast under good conditions, but is delayed by exposure. Nov-March.
- RIVERS BROADLEAVED PURPLE BEECH** (*Zlatia*) -the golden beech - Large tree.
Grows same as for common beech.
- ASH** (*Fraxinus Excelsior*) - Large tree
Likes chalk, limestone and alkaline soils, or moist loam and bolder clay. Fast growth in early stages. Early shoots subject to frost. Gross feeder. Nov-March.
- WALNUT** (*Juglans Regia*) - Large tree
Likes deep light loam over chalk or limestone. Dislikes thin acid soil or heavy loam. Good drainage essential, and full sun. Liable to damage by spring frosts. Free from aphid and other insects. Pruning must be done in early youth. If larger branches are removed from mature trees, the flow of sap causes loss of vitality. Yields valuable timber, and good nut crop if right strain. Transplant with care in March.
- TULIP TREE** (*Liriodendron Tulipifera*) - Large tree. Likes deep rich loam of neutral or acid reaction. Fast growing. Hardy, but requires sunny position. Bright gold in autumn. Transplant about 2' high in May.
- PLANE** (*Platanus Acerifolia*) - Large tree
Likes deep loam or gravelly silt, preferring neutral or nearly neutral soils to those with strong acid or alkaline tendencies. Grows well on light dry soils if sufficiently deep. Warm sunny position. Fast growth when young. Can be planted when quite large, Nov-March.

WHITE POPLAR (*Populus Alba*)/**GREY POPLAR** (*Candescens*) - tall trees. Likes moist light loam of neutral reaction. Fairly hardy. Fast growth. Need to be cut back to keep shape. Plant any size up to 12'. Nov-March.

BLACK ITALIAN POPLAR (*Serotina*) - Tall tree Likes moist loam or gravel or river silt. Greedy feeder. Hardy, but upper branches are brittle, and shape of tree suffers in exposed positions. Fast growth in early stages. Catkins in March ornamental, golden foliage in autumn. Transplant up to 10'. Nov-March.

ENGLISH OAK (*Quercus Pedunculata*) - Large tree. Likes tolerant wide range of conditions. Grows fastest and develops best timber on stiff loams overlying clay. Dislikes extremes of acidity or alkalinity, but will grow on light sandy soils. Very hardy. Growth normally slow. Transplant up to 14'. Nov-March.

EVERGREEN OAK (*Ilex*) - Large tree Grows best on deep, warm, alkaline loams, but will provide good wind shelter on thin sands or heavy clay if drainage is good. Tolerant of acidity. Open sunny position and dry atmosphere preferred. Tolerates sea wind and spray, dislikes frost laden winds. Slow growth. Dense and heavy foliage provides excellent screen. Transplant when young in early autumn or late spring.

SCARLET OAK (*Coccinea*) - Large tree Prefers retentive soils, moist well-drained conditions and rich loam. Will tolerate light sandy soils. Hardy, flourishes in full sunlight and sheltered positions. Vigorous growth in suitable soils. Nov-March.

WHITEBEAM (*Sorbus Aria lutescens*) - Large tree. Likes light well drained loams. Prefers calcareous soils, but will tolerate any open soil not highly acid. Hardy against frost and wind. Slow growth in early years. Foliage evenly distributed and dense. Transplant when small, Nov-March.

LIME (*Tilia Buchlora*) - Large tree Likes deep moist soil on limestone foundation. Hardy. If clipped or pleached, it forms a mass of twiggy growth, making a windbreak. The common lime - *T. vulgaris* - is subject to aphid attacks on leaves causing them to drip a sticky substance, and so is unsuitable for avenues or car-parks. Lime flowers are sweetly scented and beloved by bees.

CORNISH ELM (*Ulmus strictus*)/**ELM** (*Ulmus*) - tall trees. Prefers deep alluvial silt or moist gravel, but will tolerate a wide range of soils. Hardy against frost. Growth fast under suitable circumstances. Safer than English elms, being less affected by gales, or branch dropping. Can be transplanted up to 14'. Nov-March.

WYCH ELM (*Ulmus Glabra*) - Large tree Likes rich loam and heavy soils, particularly those overlying limestone. Very hardy

against frost and wind, and tolerates exposed positions. Growth vigorous. Does not sucker. Denser foliage and more spreading tree than most elms. May be planted 8' to 10s. Nov-March.

WILLOW (*Salix*)/**VIOLET WILLOW** (*Salix Daphnoides*) Tall trees. Likes moist valley loam. Dislikes heavy clays, wet peat, or stagnant moisture. Suffers from late spring frosts. Requires open, sunny position. Growth fast in good conditions. Grows best from 'sets' in permanent position.

(*Salix Tortuosa Matsudana*) - Tall tree Likes rich moist soil. Once established, will tolerate fairly dry conditions. Twisted configuration dramatic in winter. Interesting for flower arrangements.

CEDRUS ATLANTICA GLAUCA - Tall tree Will tolerate fairly dry soils, prefer neutral, deep well drained loam. Growth slow. Can be pruned. Eventual height and spread considerable.

CEDRUS DEODARA - Tall tree Plant when small, in early autumn or late spring. Cedrus Deodara has crinoline appearance, when young, becoming tall, slender tree when mature.

MAIDENHAIR TREE (*Ginkgo Biloba*) - Large tree Likes deep well drained loam of neutral or alkaline type. Very hardy against frost. Needs warm, sunny conditions in summer. Shelter required to induce good shape. Growth erratic until established. Foliage turns rich yellow in autumn. A unique deciduous tree. The single survivor of a pre-historic family of trees. Transplant 3' to 4'. Nov-March.

LARCH (*Larix Europea*) - Tall tree Flourishes in good loamy soil with ample moisture and good drainage. Very decorative in spring and autumn foliage. Plant at 2' high. November - March.

SCOTS PINE (*Pinus sylvestris*) - Tall pine Likes light, well drained acid soils. Enjoys pure peat or sand, but tolerates a variety of ordinary soils. Very hardy. If exposed to sea gales, may assume stunted growth. Growth fast when established. Plant 18" to 2'. October-April.

BLACK or CORSICAN PINE (*Laricio*) - Tall tree Likes any well drained soil. Very hardy and resistant to wind and draught, but enjoys warm, dry, sunny position. Endures sea gales. Growth slow after planting. Once established, growth rate rapid. Transplant when very small. Early autumn, late spring.

WEeping TREES

YOUNG'S WEeping BIRCH (*Betula Pendula*) Medium tree. Requires light, porous soil, and care in planting to ensure that fibrous roots are not too deeply buried. Resents being lifted when in foliage. A beautiful small



weeping tree, the central trunk can be trained to grow upwards.

CUPRESSUS (Nootkatensis Pendula) - Medium tree. Tolerates dry soils. An unusual weeping tree, with upright trunk and downward sweeping branches, from which foliage hangs like a fringe. Desirable.

BEECH (Fagus)/WEeping COPPER/WEeping GREEN - Medium trees. Likes any well drained soil. Weeping varieties will eventually need a wide area to display their beauty. Plant Nov-March.

WEeping WILLOW-LEAVED PEAR (Pyrus salicifolia argentea pendula) - Small-medium tree Likes rich well-drained loam, over limestone or chalk best. Very hardy against frost and wind, but blossom may be spoilt if position is exposed. Growth slow in early stages. Careful shaping rewarded. Valuable as specimen lawn tree.

WILLOW (Salix Babylonica) - Large tree Likes moist valley loam. Dislikes heavy clay, wet peat or stagnant moisture. Suffers from late spring frosts, prefers open position, dislikes shade from other trees. Growth fast in early stages if in sheltered position. Best grown from 'set' or cutting.

GOAT WILLOW (Salix Caprea Pendula) - Small medium tree. Also known as the Kilmarnock willow, with strange down-curving branches.

LIME (Tilia)/PENDANT SILVER LIME (Tilia Petiolaris) - Large trees Prefers deep moist soil on limestone foundation. A commanding tree which needs space.

WEeping ELM (Ulmus Glabra Pendula) - Medium tree, large spread. Likes rich loam, neither too dry nor moist. Prefers neutral or slightly alkaline soil. Will grow well on light soils if well manured. Hardy but, because of its shape, it is not suitable for wind shelter. Slow at first, rate of growth increased when established. Shade dense and heavy. Transplant Nov-March.

SMALL OR DECORATIVE TREES

MAPLE (Acer Negundo variegatum) - Medium tree Tolerates dry soil. Likes full sun, shelter from wind. A small dense irregular shaped tree, with white and grey foliage. Plant Nov-March.

SNAKE BARK MAPLE (Leopoldi Variet) - Medium and slender tree. The pale markings of the bark give these trees a dramatic quality, particularly in winter. Several varieties.

ALDER (Alnus imperialis)

Although stream-side tree, will succeed in dry soils. Very hardy. A slender tree casting little shade. Foliage resembles that of Japanese Maples. Plant Nov-March.

JUDAS TREE (Cercis Siliquastrum) - Medium tree Likes light loam or sandy soils preferred, but will succeed in chalky soils or heavy soils if well-drained. Full sun required and shelter from late spring frosts. Growth vigorous when established. Transplant when young, preferably in late spring.

COTONEASTER (Cornubia) - Small, medium tree Tolerating thin, chalky soils, and strong winds. Holds foliage and berries till mid-

winter.

(Cotoneaster Frigida) - Medium tree
C. frigida retains berries until spring.

COMMON HAWTHORN (Crataegus oxyacantha prunifolia) - Small, medium tree.

Soil tolerant, but prefers rich loam. Hardy, but distortion may result if grown in exposed positions. C. prunifolia has spectacular autumn foliage. Plant standards up to 6' to 7'. Nov-March.

HANDKERCHIEF TREE (Davidia involucreta) - Medium, large tree. Prefers moist, cool soils. Dislikes dry limestone areas. Needs some shelter, as in woodland garden. A handsome Chinese tree, it is highly ornamental with creamy white bracts accompanying each flower cluster.

BLUE GUMS (Eucalyptus) - Height dependent on conditions and treatment. Usually small, medium in Britain. Numerous varieties suitable for gardens. More tolerant of soil than of wind and frost. Resent root restriction, check to growth, or soggy conditions. Best grown from seed obtained from hardy provenance, or pot-grown seedlings. Should be transplanted when very young, and firmly staked. To ensure bushy growth, cut back leader annually in late spring or early summer. Provides excellent firewood.

SWEET GUM (Liquidamber) - Will attain 60'. Dislikes lime, but may succeed with annual feed of sequestrine. Growth slow. Dramatic autumn foliage until cut by frost.

(Embothryium lanceolatum) - Rarely attains 40'. Prefers woodland, lime-free conditions. Spectacular in June with clusters of scarlet flowers.

WILD CHERRY (Prunus Avium) - Tall tree
Tolerant of soils, but prefers alkaline loam. Hardy, unsuitable for wind-screen. If grown in open position, quality of autumn foliage is heightened. Medium growth. Transplant 2' to 5'. Nov-March.

MEDLAR - Small, medium tree.
Prefers moist, rich loam, but tolerant of most soils. Growth slow, but can be trained into a handsome, ornamental tree.

(Parrotia persica) - Medium tree
Tolerant. A handsome small tree with spreading growth. Brilliant autumn foliage.

ROWAN ASH (Sorbus) - Small, medium tree
Prefer lime-free soil. Hardy and disease free. Fern-like pinnate foliage, clusters of small bright fruit.

(Vilmoriniana robusta) - Medium tree
A small, graceful tree with rose-like foliage and clusters of deep rosepink fruit.

(Cryptomeria elegans) - Tall tree, eventually
Prefers moist soil. Spectacular bronze foliage in winter. Handsome when young, but of untidy form when older. Worth replacing.

A FOREST of a million trees overlooking Nazareth is to be planted to mark the silver wedding anniversary of Elizabeth and Philip.

*I ask so gently of you who can see
To cherish with love each flower and tree
Look with wonder at Fir and Pine
Which almost kiss the sky -
At the wild flowers by the roadside
..... as you pass by.*

*Wander in a bluebell wood,
A carpet - soft and blue.
Your chair shall be a mossy bank
Where sweet violets grew.
What balm these simple things
Bring to a tired heart
No human hand fashioned this -
Angles must have taken part.*

*So, I ask the planners of tomorrow -
If you must remove that tree
PLEASE plant another, and another
In grateful memory
Of that quiet spot, of
Peace and Tranquility.*

*Archaeologists at Lyveden, near Arundel,
have uncovered what they believe could be
the best preserved medieval tiling kiln
in England.*

LEAVES

Do not lament us when we fall
And die, as grass and roses die:
For this is not the end of all
The glow and rapture we put by.

Our beauty pulses in the sap,
And fills with life the flowerless mould:
Our withered pennons serve to wrap
The woodland blossoms from the cold.

Thus put to use in diverse ways,
Though harshly crushed beneath your tread,
We live another span of days,
And are not numbered with the dead.

- by Laura Ackroyd.

THE GARDENERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, an organisation that assists old retired gardeners and their wives and widows with pensions and grants, as well as care and accommodation, has a large range of calendars, greetings cards, tea-towels etc for sale at very reasonable prices. The calendars are especially nice and well worth getting. Remember that most of these old boys, who have now retired, were responsible for keeping in peak condition some of the beautiful gardens that you get your enjoyment from now. The society's address is at Papace Gate, Hampton Court, East Molesey, Surrey.

Windmills

THE TOWER MILL

The somewhat cumbersome procedure of turning the whole mill was eventually surpassed in the 15th century when the tower mill came into use. This is a round brick or stone tower, with tapering walls which has a revolving 'cap' carrying the sails. Tower mills were obviously stronger than post mills; consequently they required less maintenance and survived up until the industrial revolution. Some mills of this type were built entirely of wood and were usually octagonal, although six and twelve sided ones were occasionally built. These are known as 'smock mills' because of their resemblance to the old-fashioned countryman's smock.

Only the cap of the tower and smock mills turns to face the wind. This cap can be of many varied shapes (according to the district in which the mill was made) and runs on a circular metal track mounted on the top of the tower. The caps of early tower mills were luffed by means of a tail beam (this is still done on present day windmills in Holland) but this was later achieved automatically by means of a 'fantail'. This is a fan mounted on the back of the cap at right angles to the main sails which does not revolve when the mill is correctly luffed. However, when the wind changes direction it causes the fan to rotate and this, through gearing, turns the cap and sails into the wind again. This fantail system of luffing was so good that it was often used to modify earlier post mills.

Some smock and tower mills which are still occasionally worked are at: Stelling Minnis, Kent (smock); Pakenham, Suffolk (tower); N. Leventon, Notts (tower); Alford, Lincolnshire (tower); Shipley, Sussex (smock); Cranbrook, Kent (smock); Polegate, Sussex (tower).

MILL MACHINERY

The method of transferring the power of the wind to the mill stones is basically the same in all types of windmills used to grind grain. Each of the sails is fixed at right angles to the end of the 'windshaft' which is a large wooden shaft running through the top of the mill; (later, windshafts were cast iron). To this, a 'brake-wheel' is fixed which not only provides drive to lower parts of the mill, but also acts as a braking device for the sails by having contracting bands around its periphery. Geared onto the brake-wheel is a 'wallower' and shaft which runs vertically down the mill. This then connects either directly or via further spur gears to the 'runner stone' which is the top revolving mill stone. The lower, stationary stone is called the 'bedstone'. All gears, including the actual teeth, were originally made of wood but later developments led to the use of cast iron gear wheels.

The two mill stones are surrounded by a

Tragically, the working windmill, many fine examples of which once graced our countryside, is no longer a common sight. They were replaced during the industrial revolution with the oil, steam and electrical contrivances of our 'modern' engineers.

Windmills were generally speaking put to work on two tasks: a) drainage of marshland as in the Fens and Broads, and b) the grinding of grain mainly in Eastern England. The earliest windmills were built in Western Europe during the 12th century, but the oldest surviving mill in this country is probably Bourn Mill in Cambridgeshire which is known to have been standing in 1636. There are two types of windmill: the post mill and the tower mill.

THE POST MILL

This is the earliest type of windmill and consists of a square wooden box-type body which carries the sails and which houses the corn grinding machinery. This body is pivoted upon a vertical 'post' which was normally made of oak. This is achieved by building a 'crown-tree' which supports the body of the mill and is free to rotate on the top of the post. The post itself is supported in its upright position by diagonal 'quarter bars' which are fixed between the post and the two horizontal 'cross trees'. To further steady the post, the lower end of it is cut to fit over the cross trees, but it is not actually supported at this point. The cross trees in turn simply rest on four brick piers. The body of the mill was 'luffed' (turned into the wind) by hand using a long sturdy 'tail pole' fixed to the back of the mill and protruding rearwards toward the ground. The ladder which provided access to the bottom floor of the mill, normally rested on the ground but could be raised slightly to enable the body to be turned. The ladder was lifted by using a simple lever and chain fixed to the tailpole. Only on the very early mills was the lower structure of the cross trees and quarter bars left open to face the elements. Usually a brick 'roundhouse' was built around the lower part to protect it from weathering, and also to act as a convenient store for the sacks of grain and millwrighting tools.

The oldest mill still to work by wind is the post mill at Outwood in Surrey. This fine mill was built in 1665 and is now kept in good working order. It is open to the public every Sunday during the summer months and is well worth visiting to see the mill working as it was originally intended. Other post mills still to be seen in action are at Drinkstone, Suffolk; Saxted Green, Suffolk and Wrawby in Lincolnshire.



box called the 'vat' which supports an inclined 'shoe' down which the grain flows toward the centre of the runner stone. The flow of grain is controlled by the 'damsel', a rotating square shaft which knocks the shoe and so regulates the volume of grain. The damsel is so named because it is said to be the noisiest thing in the mill and constantly 'chatters'! There is a hole through the centre of the runner stone called the 'eye', and grain flows down from the shoe, through the eye and into the 'furrows' of the two stones. It is then ground as it makes its way to the outer edge of the stones and is collected in the vat. From here the ground grain moves down a 'spout' into a meal bin. It is then normally cleaned and sifted into flour, middling and bran. There are two types of stone generally used for the mill stones; peak stones which are solid stones quarried in the Derbyshire Peak District, and French burr stones which are constructed of small segments of fresh water quartz quarried in France.

SAILS

The sails of windmills have a 'weather' - a twist, rather like a propeller, to catch the wind. The angles of weather varies along the length of the sail from a shallow angle at the tip to something like 30 degrees at the inner end. The earliest type of sails were common sails which consisted of a lattice-type framework across which a strip of canvas was unfurled. In order to set the sails, each one had to be brought to its lowest position and the brake of the mill was applied. The canvas was then unfurled from one side of the sail to the other.

In 1772, Andrew Meikle (also credited with the designing of the fantail) invented the 'spring' sail which consists of a series of shutters, rather like those of a venetian blind, which are the full width of the sail. All the shutters are connected together and controlled by a spring whose tension can be varied according to the power required. The shutters are normally held closed by the

spring, but should the wind pressure increase, the shutters will open against the spring and 'spill' some of the wind, hence maintaining a constant sail speed. As with the common sail however, each sail had to be set individually. Sir William Cubitt invented the 'patent' sail in 1807 whereby the shutter arrangement of the spring sail was set for all sails simultaneously and without stopping the mill.

The shutters of all four sails are connected via cranks to a 'striking rod' passing through the windshaft to the back of the mill. This striking rod is moved back and forth by means of either a rack and pinion or a rocking lever, attached to an endless chain upon which weights are hung. The weights lift when wind pressure increases, but fall (and hence close the shutters again) when the wind drops.

The usual number of sails on a windmill is four, but some mills had five, six or even eight sails. A few mills even had annular sails, such as at Haverhill in Suffolk which had a sail 50ft in diameter with 120 shutters!

In their hey-day it is possible that there were as many as ten thousand windmills at work in England. Today, only about ten work by wind although many disused mills are kept in good order and sometimes turned into dwellings. So next time you come across a windmill, be it in good order or just the remains, take a closer look at it for it may not be around much longer. If you get the chance, go up inside a windmill when it is working for the experience of being surrounded by the very basis of engineering is unique. The heavy wooden parts lend an air of warmth to the atmosphere. The bearings and gears are all rumbling smoothly, the damsel clatters away as if it were talking to the mill, the wind howls over the sails and the whole mill rocks slightly, its timbers creaking under the strain. The smell of old wood, freshly ground flour and machinery oil and grease combine to fill the air with an aroma which is hard to forget.

Finally, some very nice words from a tune called Dusty Miller, written in 1708:

O the little rusty, dusty miller
Dusty was his coat
Dusty was his colour
Dusty was the kiss I got from the miller.
If I had pockets
Full of gold and silver
I would give it all
To my dusty miller.

by Barry

HOLIDAY EXTRAORDINARY?

How would you like to spend a week or so in a fort, or a castle, or a temple, or a windmill, or an old railway station, or the engine house of an old copper mine? If it sounds the sort of thing you'd be interested in doing, then The Landmark Trust can offer all these, plus much more. The Trust was started by John and Christian Smith in 1965, "for preserving small buildings, structures or sites of historic interest, architectural merit, or an amenity value, and where possible, finding suitable uses for them; and for protecting and promoting the enjoyment of places of historic interest or natural beauty".

The Landmark Trust has a preference for buildings or places, part at least of which can be let furnished for short periods. This often enables a new use to be found for a building without spoiling it by the works needed for permanent occupation; and it also helps to fulfil the second object of the Trust - "promoting the enjoyment of places of historic interest or natural beauty". To appreciate a place properly it is not enough to see it briefly by day; it is essential to go to sleep there and wake there, and be there in all lights and weathers. By letting such places for short periods - in suitable places, combined with public access - the maximum number of people get the most out of them; and visitors who go just for a holiday return with an interest in 'conservation' which will last them all their lives and greatly benefit us all.

Unfortunately, as could be expected, the prices, at least in mid-season, are a bit expensive - i.e. one weeks stay in The Gothic Temple, Stowe, costs £35 in August. But earlier on, and later on, the prices drop by £15 or more. Still, this really is a unique opportunity to stay in some quite outstanding and unusual places.

The address is - The Landmark Trust, Shottesbrooke, White Waltham, Berkshire. The catalogue which is full of interest is free on request.

PLAYPARK CALENDERS

The Glamis Road Playground have once again produced a calendar for the forthcoming year. It has reproductions of drawings done by some of the local children and can be bought for only 20p + postage from Alan and Marie Jenkins, 38 Adelaide Ave., Brockley, S.E.3.



PUDDINGS

Like the pie, the pudding is ages old and a very traditional dish. The trouble is with most latterday puddings, they tend to be somewhat 'heavy' and have the effect of bloating the devourer rather than merely sweetening his or her mouth after the main course. Even so, a pudding can be a noble dish provided it is made correctly and with wholesome ingredients and to prove the point a selection of some rather unusual dishes have been brought together for you to prepare and cook yourself. Some are very ancient dishes and some not so old.

AMBER PUDDING. Beat half a pound of butter to a cream. Mix with it $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of wholewheat flour, six table-spoonfuls of breadcrumbs and two of Barbados sugar, the finely chopped rind of three lemons, pinch of sea-salt, and three well beaten eggs. Beat all well together, fill a buttered mould and boil for 4 hours. Sufficient for 5 or 6 persons.

AUNT MARY'S PUDDING. Well butter a plain mould and stick alternate layers of raisins and sliced almonds round it. Pour a breakfast cup of warm milk over a teacup full of breadcrumbs. Let them soak for a little while, then add a small piece of butter, a dessert-spoon of Barbados sugar, a little thinly, grated lemon rind and two eggs. Beat all well together and after pouring the mixture into the mould, cover it closely and steam for 3 hours. Feeds 4 or 5 persons.

CHESTNUT PUDDING. Take about a pound of chestnuts and after piercing each one, boil until the insides are tender. Remove the shells and skins and dry the kernels in the oven. Next, grind or pound the kernels to powder, and with half a pound of this, mix with six ounces of butter beaten to cream, two table-spoonfuls of Barbados sugar, two or three drops of vanilla essence, a cup of milk and 6 well beaten eggs. Stir these well together, then pour the mixture into a well buttered mould. Place a piece of buttered greaseproof paper over the top and steam for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or bake in a hotish oven. Feeds 4 or 5 persons.

GEORGE PUDDING. Cook till tender, a cup full of brown rice in milk (about a pint will do) which a piece of butter and three cloves has been added. When the rice has absorbed all the moisture, remove the cloves and beat the rice thoroughly, and add a dozen large apples which have been boiled to a pulp. When cold, mix with the rice and apples, a glass of sherry. Pour the mixture into a well buttered pie-dish and bake in a moderate oven (until lightly brown) for three quarters of an hour. Sufficient for 5 or 6 people.

HASTY PUDDING. Put a pint and a half of milk into a saucepan, add a pinch of sea-salt, and when the milk is just boiling up, sprinkle some finely ground flour with the left hand, and beat well with a fork with the right, to keep the flour from getting into lumps. Con-

Herbs by the ton

tinue until the pudding is like a thick batter, which it will be when about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of flour has been added. Let it boil 5 or 6 minutes longer, beating all the time; then turn it into a dish with two or three ounces offresh butter and serve immediately. Treacle, brown sugar or cream is ideal with this pud. (It is especially important to add the flour ONLY when the milk is boiling otherwise it will taste pasty). Serves 5 or 6 persons.

NEWMARKET PUDDING. Boil and simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of milk with 3oz of Barbados sugar, a bay leaf, the rind of half a lemon and a little piece of stick cinnamon. Simmer for 10 minutes, and when cool, mix with it the well whisked yolks of five and the whites of three eggs. Strain the mixture through a fine sieve. Butter a pie dish and put a layer of thin wholemeal bread and butter at the bottom, then a layer of currants and raisins. Repeat until the dish is nearly full. Pour the mixture over, let the bread soak for an hour and bake in a moderate oven for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Serves 5 or 6 people.

SUMMER PUDDING. Beat five tablespoons of fine wholemeal flour with $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk. Add gradually, $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of boiling milk and boil the mixture, stirring all the time, for 5 minutes. Pour into a bowl until it becomes partially cool, then add two fresh eggs and half a cup of Barbados sugar. Beat the mixture for a few minutes and stir in a cup of fresh fruit of your choice. Put the mixture into a buttered bowl, tie it securely in a floured cloth, plunge it into boiling water and keep it boiling for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Turn out and serve immediately. Serves 4 or 5 persons.

TANSY PUDDING. Pound a handful of green tansy leaves with three or four fresh spinach leaves and squeeze out the juice. Pour a pint of milk over $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of breadcrumbs and let it stand until cool. Add 2oz of butter, a glass of brandy, 2 tablespoons of Barbados sugar, the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon and 2 tablespoons of the tansy juice. Mix the lot thoroughly, then add 4 well beaten eggs. Pour the mixture into a buttered dish, and bake in a well heated oven for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Serve very hot with Barbados sugar or treacle. This very old dish serves 3 or 4 people.

There are firms manufacturing medicines in many of the principle cities, but as London is the chief of these, there are more herb growing farms in the Home Counties than anywhere else in England; climatic conditions are also suitable.

These herb farms usually grow either medicinal or culinary and domestic herbs. Medicinal herbs are poisonous and non-poisonous. The term 'herbal remedy' means that only non-poisonous varieties are used. The poisonous varieties such as digitalis, henbane, aconite etc are the raw materials from which powerful alhaloids are made, used in orthodox medical practice. The growing of these plants is concentrated in one area and not alongside non-poisonous herbs. Nowadays, large quantities of drugs are imported from abroad.

Some herbs are grown for their volatile oils. Chamomile, dill, caraway, coriander, juniper, mints and roses are in this class.

Many herbs from which medicines are prepared, grow wild, often in great profusion and are often gathered there. Some of these will not respond to cultivation so there are commercial herb gathering firms who collect the wild herbs where they grow best, at the right stage of maturity - when their medicinal properties are at their maximum. Then they are transported quickly to the firm's central drying depots even a hundred miles or more away, and dried rapidly over steam-heated flues. Other firms purchase these and blend their own mixtures.

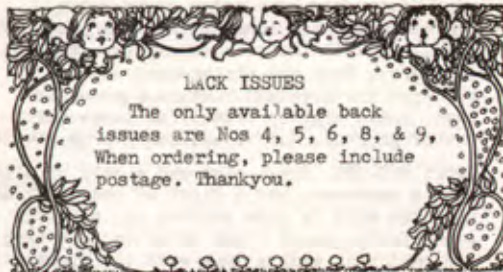
Most herbs, when dried and cleaned, are packed into $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. sacks and sent to manufacturers in large quantities - often in tons. Dried nettles, from which much chlorophycc is obtained, run into hundreds of tone.

As well as leaves and stalks, there are roots, bark of trees, berries and seeds which all come under the title of herbs and drugs.

Firms which specialise in the wholesale production of packed culinary herbs are probably the chief buyers of these.

Research is continually going on, yet many herbs known 2,000 years or more ago are still used, or the alkaloids extracted from them are used as their value has been verified by research. Orthodox medicine will not accept any herbs whose value has not been proved scientifically, but their number is continually being added to as tests and experiments are carried out. All the big manufacturing firms have research and analytical departments.

R. Clough.





THE S.B.B.

We bring you once again, the complete list to date, of shops and the like where cheap second-hand bikes can be obtained. We still need lots more addresses, so please, if you know a shop or somewhere in your area, please write in and let us know. Thanks to all those who have written to us with addresses.

BUTCHER SHOPS & THE CO-OP STORES. Check for any butchers' shops etc that may be closing down as they might be disposing of their trade bikes. Heavy and cumbersome machines but nothing quite like them for moving stuff about (or going down hill).

LOST PROPERTY CYCLES. The store opens some Sundays, so either ring before hand or check the Exchange & Mart (out Thursdays). The shop opens at 11am and is usually sold out by 11.30 so make sure you're there on the dot. 144a Crystal Palace Road, SE22.

THE SALVATION ARMY. Yes folks, the Sally Army quite often get rid of old bikes so check your local hostel or church.

THE G.P.O. The Post Office sometimes sell their old machines. The thing to do is to ring up or go to your local sorting office.

BRITISH RAILWAYS LOST PROPERTY. One can quite often get a good bike amongst the millions of umbrellas - check your local office.

MARKETS. Top end of Portobello Road on a Saturday and Petticoat Lane on a Sunday have always been good reliable sources. I got my third bike from Portobello Road, and until it was pinched, proved to be an excellent companion.

JUMBLE SALES ETC. Auctions, house sales, jumble sales, fairs etc - keep your eyes open.

HOLIDAY CAMPS. If you live near one, the chances are they hire out push bikes in the summer season - so call in and see (but don't book up for a holiday there!)

BRICK LANE.

On a Sunday morning up and down the roads of Chiltern St. and Bacon St. there is a vast array of second-hand bicycles.

WORK MATES, FRIENDS, RELATIONS, NEIGHBOURS, ETC. are all possibilities. Well worth checking.

GENERAL SHOP LIST

F.W.EVANS - 44-46 Kennington Rd (Nr Waterloo Station) London.

A.LYCETT - On the corner of Taunton Road and Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, SE13.

ALL SALES - 437 Lower Woolwich Road, Woolwich, SE8.

THE SWOPSHOP - Lee High Road, Lee SE13.

THE BICYCLE SHOP - Marray Road, Rugby, Warks.

F.EASTWOOD - 296 Brockley Road, SE4

EXCHANGE & MART FAIR - 319 Portobello Rd, W11.

ROBERT NEWTON - 65 Arkew Road, Shepherds Bush London, W.12

BICYCLE EXCHANGE - 258 Conway St., Birkenhead

MESSRS. DUNCAN HEINES - Portland St., Hereford, Herefordshire. Auction every Wed at 12.

SCRAPYARD - In the High Road, Ickenham. Between West Ruislip and Ickenham underground stations.

R.C.RENHAM - 1,3,5, Lodge Road, Southampton. Tel: Soton 56470.

STRIDES of TOTTON (nr Soton) - Not quite sure of the address, but shouldn't be too hard to find as it's the most well known shop in the area. They also sell good second-hand books and furniture.

BIKES can also be purchased at 168 Fair Oak Road, Eastleigh, Hants. Tel: Fair Oak 447.

AND FINALLY, Peter Waite of 27 High Worples, Harrow, Middx, has a bike to dispose of. He told us, "I've got one I want to get rid of to someone who doesn't want it as an extra to their two cars".

SILVIA FERRETT, 11 Kingston, Yeovil, Somerset. Tel. Yeovil 21263

London's largest selection of secondhand cycles - always over 300 in stock, all sizes.

8 Watley Road, SE22 or 201 Kennington Road, SE 22 or 257 Wandsworth Road, SW8

LOST PROPERTY, ladies and Gents cycles - good running order. 47 Rangemoor Rd, Tottenham N15.

Maud Kennedy would very much like an old ladies bicycle. Any offers, please contact her at - Purcell Cottage, Heyford, Oxford

A.M.Holt, Nightingale Road, Derby. Tel: Derby 44193. This shop was warmly recommended by Mic Ayre who says that it attracts people from near and far.

FOR NOTHING!

P. J. Lovelock of Banbury informs us that an old gents bicycle is lying out in the weather at No 78 Reading Rd, Northolt, Middlesex, could be made serviceable, to be picked up when required. He or she is also trying to pick up a cheap bike for a niece living in Bodicote. Any offers please contact at Flat 6, Dashwood Lodge, Dashwood Rd. Banbury, Oxon.

December

Although country folk say that the worst of winter is yet to come, the gorse on the moor has lighted a few golden lamps to greet the New Year. And in the woodlands the hazel has hung grey tassels that tremble in the wind; about the keeper's cottage the jasmine displays points of yellow. On the weathered wall moss has woven a mosaic of green and brown. In the churchyard ancient yews will soon open their curious clustered blossoms.

From a laneside elm the mistlethrush utters his wild lay and, on days when an icy wind carries snow in his lap, the 'storm-cock' will sing his rattle song in defiance of the weather. But the robin is more cautious, for when storms are near he sings from some hedge or bush; when the weather is good he sings in the open. Thus, country lore gives to him the credit of being a weather prophet.

Down the lane a hedge-sparrow sings 'wee, sissy-weeso, wee, sissy-weeso.' Another name for this bird is duncock. From the coppice a great-tit rings his repeated notes that remind one of a file on the teeth of a saw. From the hedgerow a wren sounds his alarm, for this little brown bird delights to play the sentinel.

Over the wheatfield a skylark plays his pipes of Pan. On an average the lark sings throughout the year, except in August. As a slant of sunshine touches the side of the wood, a green woodpecker becomes a jester with a laugh, and pigeons coo in contentment.

In the air hovers a kestrel, and the small birds vanish into the lattice of the hedges, and starlings deploy over the more distant fields. From the oster-beds comes the wail of peewits. Greenfinches, linnets, still keep together in flocks. But the snow-buntings will begin to depart, as they are winter visitors.

The following birds may be heard in song this month: mistle-thrush, thrush, blackbird, wren, robin, hedgesparrow, woodlark, chaffinch and nuthatch.

When the winter sunshine gives a genial glow of warmth at the lane corner, one may glimpse the gnats in a crazy dance. They revel in the amber light, and their rapidly vibrating wings reflect the transient gleam of rainbow colours.

The rabbits feed at the edge of the wood, and indulge in a gambol, but the hares seek the shelter of the hedgerow. Dormice, hedgehogs and squirrels are still sleeping. The hedgehog is not worried by lack of food and sleeps on till the sun is sufficiently warm to lure him forth, but on a fine day the dormice and squirrels may awaken to visit their stores, and an occasional pipistrelle may be seen on the wing.

On the upland ridge baby lambs bleat, and are answered by deep-voiced ewes. As the twilight deepens the shepherd lights his pipe, and watches the sunset behind a heavy bank of clouds, which he knows forecasts rain or snow.

Later a pale moon hangs above the hill, and the rugged form of the shepherd is silhouetted on the skyline.

January

February has been called the gateway of the year. In cottage gardens snowdrops hang their white lamps, and about the porch a straggle of jasmine is aflame with gold. And tiny ivy leaves creep up the grey wall like dark green shadows. At the foot of the privet hedge two glossy-coated blackbirds quarrel about the lady of their choice.

Alongside the bank coltsfoot is bright with yellow flowers, which appear before the leaves. By canal and river one may see purplish flowers of the butterbur, followed later by large heart-shaped leaves, and the yellow powder from hazel catkins is carried on the wind.

Young nettles push their way through the earth, and on waste-land red deadnettles are found. These plants, unlike the common nettles, possess no sting.

At the foot of the sheltered bank several early celandines peep through the grass, and crimson-tipped daisies make a spangle of white among the green.

Against the wooden bridge over the stream a group of sombre alder trees show dull purple catkins, which give colour to the landscape. Beside the backwater a row of willows unfold their silver catkins. Both the goat willow and the white willow flower this month.

On the water pastures lapwings are pairing, and the male bird does most extraordinary antics of flight when wooing his mate. His stirring, melancholy cry of 'pee-wee' rings like a challenge over the lonely marshes, and his aerial performances make one pause in admiration. Listen to the different notes of the lapwing - peewit, pee-weet, pee-wee, and will-o'-wit.

Watch the pied wagtail about the waterside, and listen to his quick cry of 'chiz-zit'. This bird also frequents sheep-folds, fresh-turned furrows and fields where cattle are grazing.

The song-thrush becomes more musical as the days lengthen; in the beech-coppice and fir-woods, coal-tit, marsh-tit, blue-tit and long-tailed tit sing their curious themes.

About cottage gables starlings whistle and impersonate the notes of other birds; form the eaves, sparrows cheap monotonous music. On the gorse, common yellow hammers ask for a 'little bit of bread and no chee-se.' Along sedge-fringed waterways moorhens cry 'crek-kek-kek!' At sunset the cry of partridges comes from the countryside, and blackbirds tune their mellow flutes.

Other birds in song are brown owl, great-tit, robin, skylark and woodlark.

These birds may nest this month: blackbird, house-sparrow, heron, rook, raven, starling and tawny-owl.

Moles are very active and new molehills dot the field. Moles hunt at night and also in the daytime. It is said that they work for three hours and then rest for three hours.

When the weather is mild, frogs, toads, newts, snails and the blind-worm will be on the move.

February 2 is Candlemas Day, and the weather-wise

*If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight.
If Candlemas Day be cloud and rain,
Then winter will not come again.*

February

Although the year grows old and the December days shorter, one still finds little adventures along the woodcraft trail. Even before dawn the farmyard cocks sound reveille and the rooks leave their dormitory to seek breakfast in the meadowland. When the blackbird gets out of bed, he chatters like an old gentleman with a nasty temper.

In the field by the wood are a motley company of birds, which include buntings, bramblings, chaffinches, greenfinches and a detachment of sparrows. On the stubble titmice give an acrobatic display on some dried stalks, and larks find something that suits their fancy on a piece of old ploughed land. Linnets wander from field to field in a restless nomadic manner. By the brook a pied wagtail says 'Chizzit, chizzit' when disturbed. From the wood an owl hoots before he goes to sleep and a jay is like a fleeting coloured shadow. Along Blackberry Lane the denseness of the bushes make a safe and warm harbourage for the birds, and the pine trees shelter a number of goldcrests. The rickyard also becomes a guest house in severe weather, and the grey church tower is a sanctuary for jackdaw and barn-owl.

Most of the thrush family are fond of berries, and the fruit of the yew attracts the mistle thrush while fieldfares visit the holly. According to old country lore, a heavy crop of berries foretells hard weather ahead.

The ploughman moves up and down the tawny acres with a plodding gait, which he occasionally breaks at the corner for a brief rest. On the broken soil, jackdaws, rooks, hooded crows, songulls, plovers and robins find a variety of food.

Holly is cheerful with red berries, bramble shows a trace of green, dogwood is dyed red, wild clematis is pretty with grey-white plumes, and mistletoe is beautiful with pearl-white berries.

Trees are full of colour when caught in a loop of sunlight. Oak and beech buds shade brown, the ash is decorated with points of blackish-green, and limes glint red.

Already some shepherds have completed their pens, in readiness for the lambs that may arrive before the month is out. In the pastures sheep wait for fodder at the troughs, a seasonal picture of the month. Against a background of rural sounds the hum of the threshing-machine comes over the fields and will continue until sown down.

At nightfall winter moths will flock about the shepherd's lantern as he goes to the fold. The continuous hoot of brown owls in the moonlight mingles with the dog fow's bark as he journeys through deep shadows in search of a mate, and the death of the Old Year closes the last page of our diary.

Weather wisdom:

'If sun shines through the apple trees upon a Christmas Day,
When autumn comes they will load a fruit display.'

'If New Year's Eve night wind blows south
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north, cold and storms there will be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If north-east, flee it, man and brute!'





WINTER

DECEMBER

1. Stockport Fair, CHESHIRE
2. Lancaster Festival, LANCS
8. Truro Fair, CORNWALL
- Flint Fair, FLINTSHIRE
10. Proclamation of the Beast Mart, Boston, LINCS
11. Bath Fair, SOMERSETSHIRE
17. Falmouth Festival, CORNWALL
- Stratford-on-Avon Fair, Grantham Fair, LINCS
18. St. Nicholas Festival, Aberdeen, ABERDEENSHIRE
19. Falmouth Fair, CORNWALL
25. Merry Christmas folks.
26. Greatham Sword Dance & Play, Greatham Village, Co. Durham.
31. Baal Fire Ceremony, Allendale, NORTHUMBERLAND.

JANUARY

1. Engravings by Merlyn Evans Victoria & Albert, Museum LONDON
- Indian Sculpture, BRUM
- HAPPY NEW YEAR FOLKS! Stockport Fair, CHESHIRE
6. Haxey Hood Game, LINCS
8. Stamford Festival, LINCS
9. Stamford Festival
14. King's Lynn Festival. NORFOLK
- Bath Fair, SOMERSETSHIRE
- Blessing the Nets, Norham, NORTHUMBERLAND
19. Deanery Players Pantomime King's Hall. ILLKEY
21. Falmouth Fair, CORNWALL
27. Harpsichord Ensemble, Q.E.H. London.
30. Up-Helly-Aa Fire Festival, LERWICK, Scotland.

FEBRUARY

1. Stockport Fair, CHESHIRE
2. Reading Fair, HAMPSHIRE
3. Keswick Festival, CUMBERLAND.
- Flint Fair, FLINTSHIRE
4. Bodmin Festival, CORNWALL
9. Hereford Fair, HEREFORDSHIRE
10. Blessing the Plough, CHICHESTER
- Preston Fair, LANCS
14. St. Valentine's Day 'Blessing of the Nets Ceremony, Norham, BERWICK-UPON-TWEED
22. Aylesbury Festival, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
- Kendal Fair, WESTMORLAND
23. Barnsley Festival, YORKSHIRE

Sorry about the dreadful list of events this issue - either the Torist Office are keeping the best ones to themselves or we're in for a very depressing year



THE BACKYARD DAIRY BOOK, 40p from Whole Earth Tools, Mill Cottage, Swaffham Rd, Bottisham, Cambridgeshire.

Certainly one of the most impressive little paperbacks to reach Bizarre Acres this Autumn was the Backyard Dairy Book. This well illustrated book sets out in detail all one needs to know about the starting up of a dairy - whether it be with a few goats or cows, and in later chapters covers the various stages of dairy production in your own home. Certainly a worthwhile book if you're intending to start a self-supporting commune somewhere, or indeed, if you're just cheesed off with the incredibly high costs of today's dairy produce. Available from the above address and well worth every penny.

GOD BLESS LOVE by Nanette Newman. Published by Collins for 65p.

A charming book containing children's sayings about love, the idea of which came from Emma, one of Nanette's own children. All money collected from the royalties of this book are being donated to the Invalid Children's Aid Association.

'FOOD FOR FREE', by Richard Mabey. Published by Collins for £2.50.

Well, I must say the emergence of this book came as a great surprise to us. We thought we had covered just about every form of wild food in our 'Complete Guide to Wild Eating', and then Richard comes along with 320 different sorts - 320 would you believe! This is without a doubt the finest book out this year and will probably end up as a classic. From sea food, through to nuts, berries, leaves, roots and fungi, it lists in the nicest possible way all you really need to know about the finding and eating your wild nosh.

THE MAGIC OF HERBS by Audrey Wynne Hatfield. A Mini-book by Corgi. 17½p.

For those who know almost nothing about herbs, whether medicinally or for kitchen use, this little book would be a good introduction. The style of writing is very friendly and to the point and covers a pretty well extensive range of the more common herbs.

A GARDEN OF HERBS by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. Published by Dover for 2 dollars - fifty. (about £1)

Hundreds of lovely things to make and do. Recipes from Herbals and 'Housewives Companions' from the 16th - 19th centuries for all sorts of things: candying flowers, making wines, jams, pot-pourri, pies, cosmetics, conserves, herb salads. Lots of useful information on a huge variety of herbs and wild-flowers and their uses, including how to start a herb garden. Also folk-lore and interesting bits of history.

A very sad and beautiful book - sad because many of the things it contains, people just don't do any more, and nowadays, it's almost impossible to believe that they ever did.

This is by way of mentioning that we have just received two rather excellent books and will be reviewing them in our next edition. They are - **TEACH-IN FOR SURVIVAL**, published by Robinson & Watkins and available from their bookshop in Cecil Court just off Charing X rd; and **THE ALTERNATIVE FEASTBOOK**, published by Juniper Press who reside at The Old Vicarage, Marshfield, Nr Cardiff, CF2 3UP.

If you're vegetarian, there is a paper out that makes for interesting reading called simply 'The Vegetarian'. It's put out by the Vegetarian Society and costs 3p from most good health shops or from 53 Marloes Road, Kensington, W8. Incidentally, should you have any problems or enquiries concerning being a vegetarian, they will be only too pleased to help you.

CARAVAN STORY and COUNTRY NOTEBOOK by R. St.Barbe Baker, 20p from Leagate House, Bramley, Surrey.

This little book is a must for anyone with a love of the open road branded on their souls as it concerns the author's roamings throughout the world in his home made caravan. In case you haven't already realised, Mr St. Barbe Baker is the world's greatest living forester. He suggests, in the book, that if everyone who goes and stays on a caravan site, planted a tree while they were there, the site would begin to look rather pleasant. So take note you caravaners, plant a tree this year.



THE HUNT SABOTEURS

Basic tactics for disruption of fox, otter, stag & beagle (hare) hunts.

Hunting seasons (all hunt at least twice a week, always Saturdays and never Sundays.)

Fox (206 packs)	Nov - April	11am start
Otter (11 packs)	April - Sept	10.30 start
Stag (5 packs)	Aug - April	11am start (only in W. country and New Forest)

Beagle (79 packs) Oct - March Noon - 2pm start

What are my local hunts?

Check with HQ or look in your local reference library's copy of 'Bailey's Hunting Directory'.

Where do they advertise their meets?

- 1 Under 'Hunting Appointments' in the weekly magazine 'Horse and Hound' (browse through it any Friday in WH Smiths.)
- 2 Local papers.
- 3 Monthly fixture lists sent by the Hunt secretaries to subscribers and interested persons.
- 4 Some pub notice boards, particularly ones they meet at.

Basic operation of a fox hunt

Successful hunts rely on the scenting ability of the hounds teamed with their huntsman's expert control - he in turn relies upon the co-operation of the field and supporters to let him work unhindered, unless they've seen the fox he's after in which case they call him over with a loud yell (a 'hulloa') and so get him quickly back on the line. Some hunts employ 'earth stoppers' to go out the night before the hunt and, while the foxes are abroad hunting, block their earths to ensure that they stay above ground the next day to provide a good day's sport. The aim is to keep after the one fox until the hounds' greater stamina finally overcomes it, whilst ensuring that both riders and supporters have a good entertaining day and so contrive to pay their membership fees.

Otter, stag and beagle hunts are only slightly different. Otter-hunting and beagling are both on foot and the latter is usually at a very fast pace.

Sabotage tactics

- 1 Unblocking blocked earths before the hunt begins.
- 2 Flushing 'harboured' stags the night before the hunt.
- 3 Hulloa-ing (listen to and copy the supporters) when the fox is nowhere around to draw the huntsman over and then either fading away or giving him misleading directions ('the fox went that way') - done convincingly, if not too often, you can get away with it all day without drawing too much suspicion.
- 4 Spraying strong smelling substances to deaden the hounds' sense of smell, unobtrusively at the meet, along roads and river banks the hounds are to follow and around field entrances through which they'll come. Don't spray the hounds themselves though.
- 5 Horn blowing - copy the huntsman's calls, especially when hounds are out of his sight - you can often split the pack completely with this tactic.
- 6 Making any loud or high-pitched noise to distract the hounds.
- 7 Driving slowly ahead of the pack, when it's being taken down a country lane, with the choke out.
- 8 Laying smoke screens between quarry and hounds if the gap between them is closing too rapidly.
- 9 'Heading' the hunted fox, by shouting or simply moving onto a

different line (NOT back towards the hounds) - the hounds run straight, noses up, with an occasional sniff at the ground to ensure that they are on the right track - they can lose a lot of time searching for a new one.

10 Holding banner protests at meets for the benefit of the press. Don't wave them or you'll scare the horses and line yourselves up for good photogenic shots (i.e. in amongst the hounds.)

11 Arguing sensibly with the supporters - but don't let the hounds get away in the meantime.

12 Calling the lead hounds by name.

13 Calling the hounds 'dogs' within earshot of the huntsman - his sensitivities aren't designed to take it.

Sabotage materials

- 1 Sprays - form per shops (e.g. Bob Martins 'Antimate', Shirleys 'No fo!', etc.) or any other spray that will be harmless to the hounds if it should accidentally get on them.
- 2 Chemicals - various (details from HQ)
- 3 Hunting horns - from antique shops or branches of Moss Bros. The short straight variety. Must have a tone similar to the huntsman's.
- 4 Smoke - marine distress signals from yacht suppliers or home-made (details from HQ)
- 5 Whistles, bicycle horns, football rattles etc.
- 6 Banners - home-made with suitable, unlibellous slogans.
- 7 Maps - Ordnance survey maps can be borrowed from Public Libraries.
- 8 Cameras and binoculars.

General hints

- 1 If any police turn up, give them as much co-operation as possible. They'll warn you if they think your actions are likely to cause a breach of the peace and, if you persist, may arrest you - so don't persist. Being local they will obviously have more acquaintances amongst the hunters than amongst us but generally do try to treat both sides fairly. It's nice to have them around sometimes.
- 2 Avoid direct confrontation with the riders and supporters. If you get hurt in a brawl you can take the perpetrators to court but it'll be held in the area in which the incident occurred and the defendants will get a minimal fine while you'll probably find yourself bound over with a hefty sum to keep the peace for a year, so always walk away from a potential fight.
- 3 Basically you can go on anyone's land even if 'No Trespassing' signs are up, but must get off when the landowner tells you to. No-one else has the right to order you off though don't argue if he's stronger than you. If you don't get off when first told by the landowner he can theoretically take you to court but, if you caused no damage to livestock, crops, hedges or fences he'll have a weak case.
- 4 Avoid tactics which don't directly help the hunted animal, such as deflating supporters' car tyres, wiring gates (if a rider jumps one you've wired, falls off and kills himself, you'll be up on a manslaughter charge), frightening the horses, throwing flour bombs etc as these will only get us a hooligan tag.
- 5 Don't leave cars unattended.
- 6 Have the telephone number of the kennels handy in case they don't turn up at the expected venue.
- 7 The hounds don't bite and like being made a fuss of.
- 8 If you inform the local press when you're going out, make sure they they don't stir things up - a punch-up makes a better story for them than a peaceful demo...so make sure you don't provoke one.

Finally, if you have any ideas for any other tactics, let us know before you use them so that we can offer advice.

Vegetable dyeing

Over the past few issues we've covered the various stages of weaving from actually obtaining your fleeces, preparing them and also the making of a continuous yarn, and so by natural progression we are now going to consider the art of vegetable dyeing and all the various stages which go to make-up this beautiful craft. Originally, of course, dyers and weavers had no choice but to use the only dyes readily available to them, i.e. vegetables and in a few other countries, certain little insects, but with the introduction of trade routes to America and India it was possible for new dyes to reach European dyers. In the British Isles, due mainly to French and Flemish influences, the use of natural dyes was slowly given up in favour of the new foreign ones.

Probably why these chemical dyes were so readily accepted was because they were so much less time consuming, easier to handle and control and in most cases produced such incredibly bright colours and beautiful variations of colours, that our weavers were completely overwhelmed - and who wouldn't be? I think it's only due to the fact that after all this time, people are beginning to compare these qualities and to question the craftsmanship of producing colour from a mechanical process instead of a natural one. As we all know, there is a hell of a lot of unrest over mass-produced goods and weavers (along with all craftsmen) are beginning to look elsewhere for ways in which they can become more involved with their art and to make it a much more personal statement, and they realize of course that these ideals cannot become reality all the time that they are in the firm grip of technology. Of course, many of today's weavers, fabric designers and so on, have found to their horror that the colours they are beginning to obtain from natural processes aren't always as bright and gay as the chemical ones, but never-the-less these colours have an underlying richness and warmth that they never before had been able to create; these colours are ALIVE as all beauty is alive.

As with all crafts, whether it be thatching or what-ever, there are certain formalities governing the preparation and execution and vegetable dyeing is no exception. For example, make sure that your skeins are securely tied before mordanting commences or else - should they become undone - a lot of time and money may be wasted; but on the other hand, don't tie them too tightly or you may find that the dye won't penetrate the fibres and you will be left with white patches (as with

tie and dye methods). Ensure that you have mixed the various mordants carefully so that they are completely dissolved or you may encounter bad stains in the dyeing. The size of pans which you will use are also very important - too small a size will mean poor mordanting and return, poor results. DO NOT stir the wool that is being mordanted or it may become felted, i.e. the various strands will join to each other and become shorter; just simply turn the wool over a few times with a stick.

There are two types of dyes - the non-mordant dye which is absorbed direct into the wool or other material without any need for preparation - (lichen dyes, by the way, are the most important in this section and we will be covering these probably in our summer edition) - and mordant dyes in which unfortunately the material to be dyed has to be specially prepared before it can absorb the colour. This process is known as mordanting. Now the success of dyeing depends so much on the care which is taken over the mordanting, so much so that if a skein of wool is unevenly mordanted then you don't stand a chance of producing an unevenly dyed skein. Wool (as can



Marsh Marigold.
1. Fruit.



Meadow Sweet.



Borage, and section of Flower.



Marsh Mallow.

be expected) is easy mordant as the fibres are extremely resistant and is difficult to get the mordant to penetrate (but we'll come to these later)

There are many varieties of mordants and each one has its own distinct qualities. For example a tin mordant will usually brighten a colour where on the other hand a tin mordant normally darkens it.

The four most useful and well known mordants to use are 1) Iron, 2) Alum, 3) Tin, 4) chrome.

IRON MORDANT

This mordant, out of the 4 listed, is probably the most difficult to use as wool is apt to dye blotchy if not carefully done. Unlike all the other mordants where they always precede the dyeing, iron does infact jump in halfway.

PROPORTION. For 1lb of wool, use $\frac{3}{4}$ oz of copperas mixed with 1oz cream of tartar.

METHOD. Boil the wool for about half an hour in the dye and on removing, add the copperas and cream of tartar to the dye. Stir thorough-



Common Wood Spurge.



Wood (*Isatis tinctoria*).



Nettle (*Urtica dioica*).



Belladonna and Frost.

ly, and when completely mixed return the wool to the dye for finishing. This method is sometimes called a 'saddening process'.

ALUM MORDANT

This is probably the most commonest of all mordants and has been recorded as being used by our most ancient dyers.

Alum (potassium aluminium sulphate) is normally used in conjunction with cream of tartar as this combination tends to brighten and smooth the colour evenly over the fibres. Alum also tends, if not very careful, to make the wool sticky - so be cautious when weighing up the proportions.

PROPORTIONS (for wool). 3oz to 4oz alum, (this amount it must be remembered is for the mordanting of a fine, delicate wool and not for a rather rough strong wool - in the latter case $\frac{1}{4}$ lb of alum per 1lb of wool is needed) 1oz cream of tartar, 1lb of wool, large pan of water.

METHOD. Mix the alum and cream of tartar together and add them to the pan of water. Gently heat the pan and as the water begins to warm-up, place the wool into it making sure that it is completely submerged and continue to heat till the water begins to boil. Once it has reached the required temperature, turn the heat down a little and allow it to simmer; one hour for rough textured wool and roughly $\frac{3}{4}$ hour for a softer textured wool. Remove the material from the pan with a stick, and allow it to drain for a while before gently squeezing the excess water out. DO NOT wring or wash it! Although the wool is now perfectly ready for immediate drying, it is normally best to put it into a linen bag so that it will remain damp for a day or so.

Mordanting silk with Alum is a laborous process as in some cases silk is covered with a sticky gum which must be removed before it can be successfully dyed. Normally silk bought from a reputable firm dealing in this material has already had the gum removed, but if this isn't the case, tie the skeins up in a muslin bag and place them in a pot of hot soapy water ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb of soap to 1lb of silk). Heat this solution up till it reaches boiling point and allow it to simmer for about an hour. Take out the skeins, and after washing them carefully to remove the suds, the silk is now ready for mordanting. We can't emphasise enough the care which must now be taken as silk can very easily lose its lustre if not handled with care. Before the mordanting starts, gently wash the silk in luke warm water.

PROPORTIONS (for silk). 1lb silk, 4oz Alum, 1oz cream of tartar, pan of tepid water.

METHOD. As with wool, dissolve the cream of tartar and alum and add them to the pan of

water. Gently place the silk into the pan and slowly heat the water till it reaches LOOF; remove the pan from the stove and allow the silk to get cold (still in the water). Leave the silk steeping in this solution for at least 12 - 15 hours. DO NOT allow the silk to dry before dyeing.

We now come to the method necessary for mordanting cotton and linen with Alum.

To make sure that the material is completely free from grease etc, boil it for at least an hour in water with a small amount of soda and soap mixed with it; leave in this solution for 24 hours. Now soak the cotton or linen in a strong dinding solution, such as tannic acid for example - 1oz to 1lb; bring it to the boil and allow to simmer for half an hour. Remove the pan from the stove and leave the material to get cold (still in the water) for about 8 hours. The actual mordanting is the same as explained for wool except that it should be left soaking in the solution for roughly 10 hours and not for an hour or so as before.

TIN MORDANT

As mentioned earlier, tin is normally used to enhance various colours, especially when very bright shades of red and yellow are required for wool or silk. Unfortunately tin mordant isn't really suitable for cotton or linen although it can be added to the Alum mordant if very bright colours are sought. Make sure that the tin has completely dissolved before putting into the pan of galvanised iron as it tends to demolish the surface. It also tends to make the material rough and brittle if too much is used - so beware!

PROPORTIONS. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz tin crystals (or mixture of tin or stannous chloride), and 2oz cream of tartar to be used for 1lb of wool.

METHOD. Exactly the same as for Alum.

CHROME MORDANT

Now probably one of the most useful mordants to have around the work shop is the last one in our list - namely Bichromate of Potash (but more commonly known as Chrome). This mordant tends to give a nice soft and smooth finish and although it has a rather odd peculiarity - that of being sensitive to light - it is never-the-less well worth investigating. This sensitivity is a bit of a swine, but as long as you keep a lid on the pot of your bichromate mordant, you shouldn't encounter any problems. If in fact you don't take this advice, you may find your dye will be uneven. Similarly the wool shouldn't be subjected to light after mordanting with chrome, but instead should be washed, and if not intended for immediate use, stored in a dark cupboard or light-

proof bag. Please remember that too much chrome can weaken the colours, so be very careful when weighing it out.

PROPORTIONS. $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ oz bichromate of potash to be used with 1lb wool.

METHOD. As for mordanting with Alum.

Whatever method of mordanting you may choose, the wool must be thoroughly free from grease and dirt; if it's not, the dye won't have much chance of being absorbed into the fibres of the material. Simply wash the wool as you would any of your clothes making sure that it is completely free from scap after a few rinses; wool which has just been washed can in fact be mordanted whilst still wet.

The actual method of dyeing is quite a simple process really - the only thing you need (apart from a few large pans of course) is plenty of time as vegetable dyeing can be a very labourious occasion. If you intend using plants to give you your dye, then the normal method is to put the dyestuff into cold water and heated slowly till it reaches boiling point and left to simmer for varying



lengths of time before the wool is submerged. Any form of powder dye which may be used - such as flavine (bark) - should be completely dissolved or any lumps which are left in the solution could cause uneven dyeing.

Should the dyestuff be made up of twigs, it's generally a nice idea to tie them up in a muslin bag so they don't get tangled up in the wool. Alternatively, some dyers prefer to strain the liquid off and dye with that. Any of these 2 methods are suitable for tree barks too.

There are many dyestuffs which you may come across that need a lot of boiling before they produce a good colour; on the other hand though, there are lots which can be spoilt by this. For instance, nearly all the yellow dyes are normally dyed at a slightly low temperature (140 - 150 degrees F.); you will find if boiled for too long at a higher temperature, they will become dull in colour. One point to remember at this time is that wool looks darker in the dye-bath than after it has been washed and dried. No doubt you will make a few blunders in this respect when first starting but please try not to worry as you will soon

get the hang of it. One other point I should mention before closing is the importance of rinsing the dyed wool thoroughly till no colour whatsoever comes from it.

As a protection against moths getting into the wool, it's always a good idea to store it in large linen bags and checked regularly; the occasional airing wouldn't come amiss either.

And that's it for this issue. In our next edition, we shall go into the do's and don'ts of collecting the necessary plants for dyeing and also we shall be listing some 30 or more plants and recipes for you to marvel at.

Andy

FOOTNOTE

At the same time as the appearance of these articles on vegetable dyeing, I will be adding my own comments in lieu of experiments I am carrying out. One of the things I am doing is compiling a dictionary of colour samples on both wool and cotton of as many plants that I can collect.

I would like to point out that vegetable dyeing has a number of disadvantages over synthetic dyes. With regard to the flora of this country, the colour range is limited compared to what you can get out of a tin. Unless you can get hold of foreign plants that will give you really bright colours, the range of colours here will fall mainly into yellows, browns, dull greens and purples. I may be wrong, but I don't think there are any bright blues, bright greens or oranges to be had from our flora.

Secondly, there is the time factor if one needs a vast colour range. You would have to spend an awful amount of time in tramping all over the country collecting all your various plants in season and if you are contemplating spinning or weaving as a living, you must give this consideration. Also I think that the spinner and weaver have an advantage over the textile printer because (a) the mordanting time for wool is considerably shorter than for cotton, and (b) the weaver has no complicated gum recipes to mix up before he can get the dye to adhere to the cloth.

If one is going to embark on dyeing by natural methods for a living i.e. to dye wool to weave, or to dye cloth for clothes etc., one has really got to accept what one can get from the local flora. The colours will invariably be soft, but at the same time very beautiful.

I shall be visiting a number of people this coming year who have been doing vegetable dyeing professionally for some time, so as we get the information to Bizarre Acres it will be passed on to you. And finally, if you have anything that would be of interest for future issues, please pass it on to us.

Bernard Schofield.



Sweet Bay or Laurel.



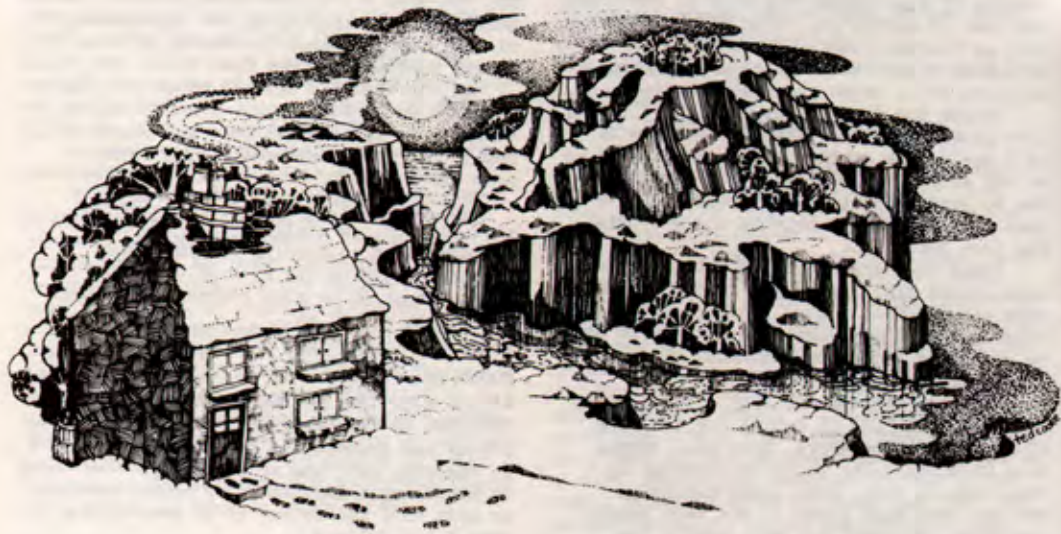
Mulberry (*Morus nigra*).



Flax.



Nightshade (*Solanum nigrum*).



After frantic activity with buckets and mops, Cragg rd., Mytholmroyd, near Halifax, has still not fully recovered from the effects of Eddie Baker's muck-spreader. On the night of October 8th, as Mr Baker of Lower Lumb Farm, drove down the road with a load of several hundred gallons of liquid manure freshly collected from a chicken farm, the muck-spreader began to operate.

Unaware of what was happening behind him, he carried on driving, and the first house to be hit was the home of the local public health inspector. The Vicarage also got its share, and the Reverend Roderick Butterworth also had left his car parked outside with the windows open.

"It was completely plastered inside and out", he said. "Luckily a motorist driving behind managed to attract Mr bakers attention, but some 300 yards of road recieved the fullforce of the muck-spreader.

"The first we knew was when my daughter commented that the street lights were going dim. When we looked out, we discovered why."

About 70 houses, gardens, and several cars were covered by manure. The unluckiest victim was Mrs Gwynneth Boulton. "I had been talking to a neighbour and was still outside when the tractor went past. I was covered from head to toe." Mr Baker's father Mr James Baker said: "It was a terrible thing to happen, but no one seems to be holding a grudge. With a bit of luck they might even be able to laugh about it in time.

Many apologies to all you nice people who have written to us lately and had to wait for a couple of weeks before receiving a reply. It will probably get worse before it gets better so please be patient.

We don't, as a matter of policy, reply to those people who take out a subscription as we save quite a bit in postage and envelopes. We are very grateful to all of you who subscribe so please don't think us rude in not thanking you on receipt of your money.

WARNING!

In the papermaking article which appeared in our last issue we failed to tell you that after testing the caustic soda and water solution with your hands to see if it felt 'greasy' that you should then immediately wash your hands thouroughly. Caustic soda can cause considerable damage to your skin if it is allowed to stay on the surface for some time. Also be very careful about splashing it into your eyes. Normally every tin of the stuff carries a warning but we thought it only right to warn you ourselves.

Flowers & Children's Games

Children are inquisitive little mortals: from the moment they have learnt to talk they seem to be filled with 'satiabile curiositas', as was the Elephant's Child in the 'Just So' stories, and besiege their 'dear families' with questions. Although they believe in fairies, gnomes, and witches, they have also a great desire for all mysteries to be explained to them.

Fairies belong to 'once upon a time', and that enchanted period is over; but the children listen eagerly to what happened then, never doubting the existence of Tom-tit-tot and Jack the Giant Killer. Nevertheless the miracles of to-day puzzle them. The seed that wakes to new life in the moist brown soil, putting forth tiny green blades in the springtime; the blue eggs in the nest covered by shy Mistress Thrush, who waits there so patiently until the shells chip and out come the unfolded nestlings; the insects that roam through forest glades in the grass of the lawn; the poor ladybird that is told to 'fly away home' for her 'house is burnt down' and her 'children are gone' - all these are wonders of Mother Nature, and much more difficult to understand than the Gnomes and Pixies who lived 'once upon a time', whose dancing places are still sometimes seen in the meadows - pale green rings where fairy feet have trod.

And as children seem to have a special affinity with Nature, it is not surprising that many of their games are connected with plants. For one thing, most children have, I think, an instinctive liking for flowers, from the little town children who pick the dead blossoms from the dustbins of their richer neighbours, to the country children who roam the hills and dales, gathering from Nature's abundance, with a prodigality only to be equalled by 'John Broom' when he mowed down the rose-coloured tulips in Miss Betty's garden.

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all,

writes Stevenson of the flowers in his 'Child's Garden of Verses', and he understood a child's mind better than most folk.

Children would like to live with Ariel, 'under the blossom that hangs on the bough', or to lie 'in a cowslip bell'; so from children we get some of the names for our flowers; not from herbalists, monks, or

apothecaries. 'Heartsease' is the name given to the pansy by those who have lived long enough in this world to taste of its sorrow, perhaps, more than of its joys.

But the children, their heads filled with the tales of cruel stepmothers, tell a wonderful story of the pansy and show the stepmother petal who sits on a green chair, clad in gold and purple, with her own children in yellow, each on its little seat, sitting one on either side of her. They tell how the two poor step-daughters have to sit together and do not wear such bright dresses, while the father is almost hidden - indeed, only his red nightcap shows in the heart of the flower. Therefore Yorkshire children call the Pansy 'Step-mother' or 'Step-daughter'.

In Cheshire the Luzula Campestris is known as 'Chimney Sweep', and when the children first see it in the springtime they say:

Chimney Sweeper all in black,
Go to the brook and wash your back:
Wash it clean, or wash it none;
Chimney Sweeper, have you done?

To do this, say the compilers of the 'Dictionary of Plant Names', was in all probability a mode of divination for ensuring good luck.

Many North Country names are derived from Swedish and Danish sources: the word *Kempe*, used in Scotland for the black heads and stalks of the Ribwort Plantain, is one. 'Kemps' comes from a Danish word *Kaempe*, meaning a warrior, and the word *kemp* is used in Cumberland for striving or contending:

See how the kemping shearers run
An' rive an' bind an' stook their corn;

while in Percy's 'Reliques' we find

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the town,
But in did come the Kynge of Spayne
With Kempes (warriors) many one:

which shows the old English use of the Word. So much for the origin of the name; but it is to the children we must look for the reason of its having been given to the Ribwort Plantain, and this reason is found in a game. In nearly every part of the British Isles children put the Plantain to the same use, and the battles with the Danes are fought again by sturdy little Britons as they play with their Plantain warriors, striving to knock the heads off each other's mimic weapons. The Welsh name of 'Men's heads' (*Pennau'r gwyrr*), and the Gaelic, 'The black men' (*Bodaich dubha*), show that the practice of using the Plantain in 'warfare' is common enough.

When Scotch children first see the *Hypericum* they say:

St. Columba's wort, unsought, unasked, and please God I won't die to-night.

'Motherdee' is a name given to the red Campion by Cumbrian children, who believe that if they pluck this flower their mother will die, or that some misfortune will befall their parents.

A superstition of a similar nature is found in Lancashire, where the name 'Mother's Heart' is given to the 'Shepherd's Purse': children hold out the seed pouch to their companions, inviting them to take it. It immediately cracks, when they cry, 'You've broken your mother's heart!'

Then there are numerous games played by children into which the names of flowers and fruit are introduced for no apparent reason.

We all know 'here we go round the mulberry bush', 'Ring-ring-of Roses, our pockets full of posies'; and most of us have played 'Oranges and Lemons' in our nursery days, and felt a thrill of excitement at the words, 'Here comes a chopper to chop off your head'.

There are 'Here we come gathering nuts in May' and 'Old Roger'. In 'Old Roger' we have the dramatic representation of a funeral, and not only does this game show the belief that a dead person has knowledge of acts performed by the living, and of a belief in the sacredness of the grave, but also the game seems to be a survival of the manner of portraying old plays. The three actors - Old Roger, the Old Woman, and the Apple-tree - say nothing; they do their parts in dumb-show, the other children acting the part of chorus and singing the incidents of the play. It would be interesting to know why, when

Old Roger is dead and gone to his grave,
They planted an apple-tree over his head.

Apples were, it is said, considered sacred by Celtic priests, and in many fairy tales from different countries we constantly see how apples are introduced as being a mysterious and enchanted fruit; also the apple has been thought to be a symbol of immortality; so perhaps some reason may have existed for the apple-tree in 'Old Roger'.

Then there is the apple-tree of St. Paul's for we are told:

Upon Paul's steeple stands a tree
As full of apples as may be.
The little boys of London Town
They run with hooks to pull them down,
And then they run from hedge to hedge
Until they come to London Bridge.

In some parts, on St. Catherine's Day, children go from house to house asking for apples, singing a rhyme beginning -

Catterin an' Clemen' be here, here, here,
Give us your apples and give us your beer.

A choosing game called 'Oats and Beans' comes from Lincolnshire, and the first verse runs:

Oats and Beans and Barley grows,
As you and I and everyone knows.
Oats and Beans and Barley grows,
As you and I and everyone knows,
Waiting for the Partner.

Then:

First the farmer sows his seed,
Then he stands and take his ease,
Stamps his feet and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view his lands,
Waiting for the Partner.

In the last verse the first line contains an undoubted perversion of the wife's vow to obey her husband, but perhaps only the latter half of the verse is meant to be applied to the boys:

Now you're married you must obey,
Must be true in all you say,
Must be kind and must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood,
Waiting for the Partner.

Another choosing game comes from Scotland, and is called 'The Three Flowers'. It seems to be one for winter, when the little folk are gathered round the fire. Two children leave the party and consult together as to the names of three others, either boys or girls, whom they call 'The Rose', 'The Pink', and 'The Gilliflower'. If they choose boys, on their return they say to a girl -

My mistress sent me unto thine
Wi' three young flowers baith fair and fine -
The pink, the rose, and the gilliflower -
And as they here do stand,
Whilk will ye sink, whilk will ye swim,
And whilk bring hame to land?

The child then chooses one of the flowers named, answering in this manner: 'I will sink the rose, swim the pink, and bring hame the gilliflower to land'. Then she is told the real name of the boy she has chosen, who it may be is Alan, who pulls her hair and whom she does not like, while she has slighted Malcolm and Andrew, whom she much prefers!

In Galloway the children play at hide-and-seek with the Cuckoo Grass, which they call Davie Drap, repeating the while:

Within the bounds of this I hap
My Black and bonny Davie Drap,
Wha is he, the cunning aye,
To me my Davie Drap will fin'?

while with their forefingers they mark out the circle in which it is hidden. Most children tell the time by blowing away the pappus from the Dandelion 'clocks'. In Scotland the children call the Spear-thistle



(*Carduus lanceolatus*) 'Marian', and treat it in the same way, saying,

Marian, Marian, what's the time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock - it's time we
were away.

It is sometimes to be feared that Dandelion clocks prove but poor timepieces to little loiterers in country lanes; and then the Wall Pellitory (*Parietaria officinalis*) may be found useful, if it is grasped 'hard' and threateningly while repeating the following 'words of power':

Peniterry, peniterry, that grows by the
wall,
Save me from a whipping, or I pull you
roots and all.

and is really far better than coming in contact with the birch, which 'hath an admirable influence upon children to quiet them when they are out of order and therefore some do call it Makepeace'.

In the Northern counties the *Scabiosa Succisa* is known as 'Curly Doddy', so called from the resemblance of the flower head to the curly pate of a boy, and in Fife the children address the plant in these words:

Curly-Doddy, do my biddin',
Scoop my house and shoal my widden.

'Chew-bark' is a name given to the Elm, because the inner bark of this tree, possessing a pleasant clamminess, is chewed by children.

The children call the Broad Dock when in seed 'Cushy Cows' in Berwick and Durham, because they 'milk' the plant by drawing it through their fingers, when the seeds fall down. In Cornwall the Foxglove is known as

'Pop-Dock' - dock, because of its large leaves pop, from the custom to inflate and burst the flower; while nearly everywhere, when boys and girls are unfortunate enough to get stung by nettles, they apply the leaves of dock, sometimes saying:

Out Nettle,
In Dock,
Dock shall have a new smock

or

Nettle out,
Dock in,
Dock, remove the nettle sting -

a practice which has its origin in folk medicine.

Of children's rhymes which introduce flowers there are several, such as

Lavender's blue, diddle, diddle, lavender's
green,
When I am King, diddle, diddle, you
shall be queen, etc.

And

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty-maids all in a row -

Pretty-Maids being the double (garden) variety of the *Saxifraga Granulata*. An old rhyme, which is often said by children upon first seeing the Daffodils in the spring-time is:

Daffadown-dilly
Has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

And another flower rhyme is:

Draw a pail of water
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a King, and my mother's a
Queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in
green.
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies,
One rush, two rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my
bush.

The Pimpernel has a tribute paid to it in the following:

No heart can think, no tongue can tell
The virtues of the Pimpernell.

And the hopefulness of the Groundsel, which most folk strive to exterminate from their gardens, is expressed thus:

Thro' storm and wind,
Sunshine and shower;
Still will ye find
Groundsel in flower.

My father left me three acres of land,
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy;

My father left me three acres of land,
Sing Holly, go whistle, and Ivy.

I ploughed it with a ram's horn,
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy;
And sowed it all over with one peppercorn
Sing Holly, go whistle, and Ivy.

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy;
And reaped it with my little penknife,
Sing Holly, go whistle and Ivy.

There still exists the annual 'rush-bearing' at Grasmere, in which children take such a prominent part; and on the first of May the little ones still go amaying, while in some villages and towns the festival of the goddess Flora is kept up with old-time splendour. In the little town of Knutsford, in Cheshire, this May-day ceremony is produced with much of the ancient pomp and pageantry. Morris dancers, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and Robin Hood, decked in Lincoln green and scarlet, trip it round the May Queen as they may have done in Gerard's day, or later, when Miss Matty had her little shop there (for Knutsford is Cranford) and dispensed goodies to the children with such liberality.

Readers of 'Mary's Meadow' will remember how the child 'Mary' was 'on all common occasions' the 'little mother' to her brothers and sisters; but how in the 'Earthy Paradise' they called her 'Traveller's Joy', because she was 'going to serve their senses that travel by hedges and ditches and perhaps have no garden'. Children are travellers' joys in more senses than one, for they help to cheer and lighten the hearts of men and women; but in many of our large cities there are children who do not know what it is to gather flowers - they see them, maybe, in public parks, in shops, in other folk's gardens - but they cannot wander down a lane in springtime yellow with primroses, silver and gold with the catkins of the 'Pussy willow'; they are not late for school through being over trustful to dandelion clocks; they have never helped to drive home the cows at milking time, or held buttercups beneath their chins to see the yellow reflection they call 'butter'; for to many butter is only known in the form of a pale and thin scraping of margarine; and milk, they think, lives in tins.

And it is to these children, who dwell in the courts and alleys, knowing none of the delight and freedom of green fields and heath-covered moorlands, that those country children (in the same social position as the children in 'Mary's Meadow') may if they will, become 'Travellers'Joys'. For they can send flowers to the towns, and to the hospitals there to 'serve the senses'

There is a flower-riddle which children like to puzzle each other by asking;

At the end of my yard there is a vat,
Four and twenty ladies dancing in that!
Some in green gowns and some in blue hat;
He is a wise man who can tell me that.

To which the answer is 'Flax'.

Under the furze
Is hunger and cold
Under the broom
Is silver and gold,

sing the children; and there is another rhyme which they also sing

of those little flower-travellers who have no gardens, and 'save up' their pennies to give some child a week in the country or by the sea, where half-starved bodies shall learn what it is to feel really hungry for wholesome food, and pale cheeks borrow the colour of the wild roses.

'All of you with little children', writes the Nature-loving Jefferies, 'and who have no need to count expense, or even if you have such need, take them somehow into the country among green grass and yellow wheat, among trees, by hills and streams, if you wish their highest education - that of the heart and the soul - to be accomplished. Therein shall they find a secret - a knowledge not to be written, not to be found in books. They shall know the sun and the wind, the running water, and the breast of the broad earth. Under the green spray among the hazel boughs where the nightingale sings, they shall find a secret, a feeling, a sense that fill the heart with an emotion never to be forgotten. They will forget the books - they will never forget the grassy fields.'

'If you wish your children to think deep things, to know the holiest emotions, take them to the woods and hills and give them the freedom of the meadows'.

SNOWDON, Europe's most popular mountain, is becoming a rural slum. The 500,000 visitors who walk or take the train to the top are literally wearing out its slopes - and leave a ton of litter a day at the summit. Most footpaths in the official guide are down to bare rock in places and become treacherous skidpans in wet or icy weather. There are five or six deaths every winter. The Countryside Commission is looking for technical consultants to plan a recovery programme for the mountain, but one suggestion is that each walker should be handed a bag of soil to sprinkle on the worn paths as he scrambles about.



All wise owls subscribe to The Country Bizarre.
It costs only 70p for 1 year (four editions) which includes postage and packing from Bizarre Acres, 19 Danesmoor, Ruscote, Banbury, Oxon OX16 7PZ

AN ESSEX TOWN IN WINTER

*A landscape of patchy, broken snow lies
Across the vision; pale sunlight waters ice
In stiff pockets of mud; fat-daubed skies
Fill the world, the imminent white-fall is
stayed.*

*Momentarily by a forced cloud-parting of
light -
As I stand in a sea of still, cold air.*

*The iced-town lies below me: sudden bright
Roofs of houses, red roofs ranged along
steel streets,*

*Their frozen gardens with frost-stripped
trees*

Like twigs of death in orchards of mist.

*I see a silver train snake through the
cutting
From Theydon Bois; I hear a distant
spluttering*

*Of a car; and, as the scene embedded in
winter
Attempts movement, I hear water trickle
somewhere.*

William Oxley

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe -
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old man asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said, Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea -
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish -
But never afeard are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

And all night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam -
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
"Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea -
But I shall name you the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken and Nod

Wynken, Blynken, are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

by Eugene Field.

NATIONAL CRAFTS EXHIBITION

From the 14th March to 29th April 1973, there is going to be a large exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum, London which is hoped will generate a greater awareness in the creative craft field. The exhibition is open to all artist craftsmen and students. Work being submitted must be original in design and not be the result of mass-production. Entry is free and you can enter up to six pieces. There are no set categories and each item of work will be considered on its own merit.

For further information and entry forms, write to Sally Jones, Greater London Arts Association, Garrick House, 27 Southampton St, London, WC2E 7JL.

A FAIRY TALE FOR GROWN-UPS

Once upon a time there was a black cat called 'Football'. Football was an intelligent cat and used to lie around thinking a lot. He gave other cats the benefit of his wisdom. To have wisdom means when asked for advice, you merely suggest they do what they want to do and if things go wrong, you also have the wisdom to go on a long holiday.

Flattery is often mistaken for wisdom. You must learn never to make such a mistake. It is a very easy mistake to make, for who can doubt the wisdom of any cat who tells you how fantastic you are. In some parts of the world, cats flatter you even whilst they are clawing you to death. I hope this example will make you see the wisdom of choosing your friends carefully.

Howsoever, one particularly bright night when the moon was bouncing madly about the sea and stars falling like nine pins across the skies, having been infected by the insanity of Spring, Football was put on a spot by a dear friend of his. The friend was a female feline and her case a delicate one; full of pitfalls.

To be put on the spot means, in cat parlance, to be caught by a mad bulldog in a dead end with no way out.

'Fifi', for such was the name of Football's female feline friend, had always considered herself a coat above the other cats. Word had it her mother was a mink. No substantiation available but if Fifi's nature was anything to go by, the rumour held a certain truth. Minks are not always vicious. Sometimes human characteristics are attributed to them. You will appreciate we are not here to give Fifi a character recommendation.

This day Fifi found herself in dead lumbar. A situation only to be likened to as above. (See 'put on the spot.') She was losing her coat. Hair by hair it was disappearing, not yet gone but soon to be forgotten, leaving behind nothing but beautiful memories of yesterday. She was a trifle touchy about the bald spots appearing on her personage. She felt she was losing a very definable something. A definable something is diametrically opposed to an indefinable something. These indefinable somethings are usually only shrouded in mystery to the cat losing them. Other cats can put their claws on the cause with no difficulty.

Poor Fifi, what to do about her coat, she asked Football. Football was a Genuine Old Friend. He was noted for his wisdom. Who better to turn to. He advised Fifi to pay a call on the local psychiatrist, one by the name of Doctor Tom. A cat well spoken of. In his early days, before he was recognised as a wholesome puss, no cat would have been seen on the same couch. Times change and Doctor Tom was now a reputable member of society. His memories of hanging around the local dustbins were fading. At six fish fingers a session and still hearing what happened at the local binneries, Doctor Tom couldn't lose. Alas, his jubilation was misplaced. Fifi told Doctor Tom her sorry story. She had blue eyes, Doctor Tom noticed. They looked very nice blue eyes. 'Tell me the truth,' Fifi said and Doctor Tom did, still looking into those clear seeker-after-truth eyes. 'You're getting old,' he said lifting an elegant paw to stroke a suave moustache. Fifi's instinctive reaction to this outrageous statement was a desire to scratch Doctor Tom's eyes out. So she did.

She never heard what he was going to add, about her having a certain mysterious charm, a quiet but oddly exciting maturity, a dignified but essentially youthful attitude, which is a shame in a way. She never did pay her six fish fingers either and Doctor Tom was last heard of studying up on technique.

So Fifi returned to Football in anger. She accused him bitterly of betraying their friendship, sending her defenceless to such a quack of a cat. She yowled and screamed at him until the moon took fright and hid behind a handy cloud. Falling stars turned on their tails and re-fixed themselves shudderingly in the heavens. All the flowers were late up the next morning and the leaves on the trees curled up in tight battalions.

Fifi stood alone in her enormous fury. Football has long since left the field of battle, diminished but not defeated. He bears his scars bravely, maintaining that the loss of an ear has only served to give him a certain rakish charm.

Would that this were the end of this tragic story. But no, fresh horrors are in store. Fifi never regained her coat.

She took to wearing rabbit.

by Genna Grant



THE MAP OF THE STARS IN WINTER





The time is approaching when the shorter days will be with us. The temperature begins to fall, and in a little while we will be stoking up the fire, to add extra warmth to the colder days. But what of nature? Many people think that winter is the time when nature sleeps. Nature takes her course through the winter months just as she does through the rest of the year. The changing seasons always bring about changes in the countryside, but nature is prepared. Leaves falling from the trees herald, for many people, the fact that autumn is here and that winter is not very far away. There are a lot of 'whys' during this time of the year, if we care to think about them. Why does one group of trees lose its leaves during the autumn, whilst another tree keeps its cloak of green? Nature is versatile and she has endowed a tree with the ability to lose its leaves so that winter will not be such a burden. The air temperature falls, and the temperature of the soil also drops. Water in the soil is much colder now. Too cold in fact for the tree to be able to use it for making food, and so it sheds its leaves - the factory of the tree - until the better and warmer days arrive. A time of rest for the tree. There are those trees which do not lose their leaves for winter. The cone bearing trees remain clothed in green, standing sentinel over a white, almost silent countryside. The shape of these trees is much better suited to cope with the heavy falls of snow which features prominently in many of our winters. The triangular shape of the tree means that much of the snow which falls on the branches will slide off. This could not happen with deciduous trees - trees which lose their leaves in winter - because of the irregular shape. Heavy falls of snow would accumulate on the boughs and damage them.

Many of the brightly coloured flowers of our summer country scene have vanished by the time that autumn has reached us. Instead of bright yellow flowers of the buttercup, we now have the seeds. Seeds which are nature's way of ensuring that next year the buttercup's offspring will begin to germinate and flower, and will once again add to the splendour of the country scene. A plant withers and dies, but lying in wait for the warmer days are the seeds, often scattered some way from the parent plant.

Perhaps the most interesting aspects of nature are the preparations which many of the animals of the countryside make in autumn, so that they can have a store of food. The squirrel scuttling about among the oak trees collecting the acorns for its winter store. A forgetful fellow he buries his hordes, but he is unlikely to find them when he wants them later. But his forgetfulness may herald the birth of a new oak tree in the following spring. Like many of the animals of the countryside, the squirrel will eat more than he really needs during autumn. This extra food is stored as a layer of fat under the skin. This layer of fat serves a very useful purpose. It will act as a reserve store of food when there is not much about, and it will also insulate the animal protecting it from the cold which has temporarily changed its way

of life. Other animals of the countryside are making their preparations too. Animals like the hedgehog, which can be seen hunting for a suitable area in which to make his nest. A hedge bottom, a stump of a tree, he does not mind as long as it will provide him with some protective shelter during the unkind days ahead. When he feels the cold he will curl up there. It is surprising that many people still believe that all animal life stops when winter reaches our shores. This is true for only one or two animals. In fact naturalists suggest that there is only one animal in the British Isles which can be considered a true hibernator and this is the dormouse. This is not surprising as the dormouse is known to sleep for long periods at other times of the year as well. Many animals will curl up and sleep for a few days in winter, if the conditions are unfavourable. Many of the animals will venture out when the weather is suitable to forage for food. Even the hedgehog, which spends much of the winter asleep, will be seen abroad in the countryside when there is a mild spell. The animals which make their homes along the banks of rivers and streams are also taking precautions. Their summer homes have been near to the water, but as winter approaches they will move from these further up the bank because of the likelihood of flooding.

There are some groups of animals which almost entirely disappear from the country scene. Insects is one such group. It is, therefore, not surprising that insectivorous animals, like frogs, will also spend the winter asleep. A suitable pond, with some mud at the bottom, and here he will dig himself in, and sleep until the sun's rays reach him and he knows that the time has come for life to be resumed as normal.

The birds which find that our winter is too severe will make way to foreign shores. The most popular place for them is the African continent. Funnily enough, there are birds which find that our shores offer them more hospitality than their own, and although we say goodbye to some species which have been with us since spring, we also welcome those species which will be here with us for the winter months. It is not surprising that the insect-eating bird, the swallow, leaves these shores. Not only does the temperature drop, but the insects have vanished too.

In spring and summer the bright colours of the many butterflies add to the colourful atmosphere of the countryside, as they dart from flower to flower. In winter they too vanish. Some of them will migrate to warmer countries, but many will die, leaving their offspring in the form of chrysalids. This is the resting stage, and it is in this form that they will spend the winter, emerging in the following spring to continue the unending cycle.

There is plenty to look for in winter. The birds which may be too timid to visit the garden in spring and summer are hungry now, and will take almost any of the food which is offered to them. A walk in the countryside when it is covered with a layer of crisp, firm, fresh snow, and there is a nip in the air, can be very rewarding and lead to many interesting discoveries. Those tracks in the snow when followed, may lead to a resting animal. We should observe it, if this is possible without disturbing it. Other tracks may lead us to discover what animals take which particular food during the colder months of the year. A pile of feathers may mean that a hungry fox had found a much needed meal. We can find out whether this is so by following the tracks which may lead to a fox's home. A piece of fur on a barbed wire fence may mean that a badger passed that way. Nibbled cones and squirrels may be in the area. Tracking nature, and finding out more about her ways in winter, is often as rewarding as searching for nature in spring and summer.

By R Wilson.





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