



# THE COUNTRY BIZARRE

Edition number 5 • Price 13p

One School Cottages, Cliffe Road,  
Frindsbury Extra, Nr. Rochester, Kent.

This edition of The Country Bizarre is limited to 2,000 numbered editions.

This is number: 200

PIECED TOGETHER BY:  
Bernard Schofield & Andy Pittaway

WITH LOVE & SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Irene, Jaquie Large, Tim, Dennis & Denny,  
The Chamberlain Family, Brenda, Gavin,  
Liz & her Mum, Betty Swanwick, Gordon,  
Lorna, Sarah, Charlotte, Sue Farrow, Flod  
& Margret, Peter Blake, Elayne, Margret, &  
Mrs J. Heath Robinson for her permission  
to use one of her late husbands beautiful  
drawings and to anyone else we have sadly  
forgotten.

It has now been a year since the first Country Bizarre was printed and we thought it an apt time to examine ourselves, the magazine, and its successes and failures. The magazine is still and always will be non-profit making. There seems to be no fear of anything else because unfortunately we run at a loss, (the last issue bringing us £21 into the red). Even so, there is no thought of us closing up shop because we feel that the magazine is as important as any other on the market.

In our first issue we said that the only revolution fit for this country would not be a bloody one (hopefully) but a reversal of a way of life that has so far brought poverty, ugliness, sickness and a blot to our environment. This still holds very true. Only by educating people into realising what the real values of life are, and by individual effort to give up all the technological paraphernalia of present day living, and by returning to the crafts and traditions that bring real happiness and satisfaction into our lives can we ever hope to achieve any lasting stability and direction for people everywhere. As the man once said, affluence is in the mind, not in the pocket.

We are at the moment, faced with a small dilemma which we feel sure you will sympathise with. We are receiving a good amount of nice material which we think should definitely be published in Country Bizarre. Up to now

we have, due to the high costs of printing, been limited to only 28 pages but we have decided that we should increase the number of pages to accommodate as much material as possible and in doing this, the price has regrettably been increased

We have managed in the past to keep prices down by doing as much of the work ourselves as possible. By this we mean that we have the equipment available for producing the essential negatives that a printer would charge £1 each for and also we manage to collate and stitch the printed pages by hand; here again a printer would charge us something like £15. So you see we save about £45 each issue (hook or by crook) which is no easy task but necessary if we are to survive another year. We do hope this will not offend you because we are as sick about price increases as the next man, but there just wasn't any alternative - anyway you now have thirty-two pages instead of twenty-eight to read!

The Ents Club is still flourishing. Jethro has elms, we have mountain ash, sycamore, oak and chestnuts springing up everywhere, as well as other members' trees which will be planted out in a few choice places sometime in the future. Incidentally, it's a good idea to salvage trees and plants from any demolition site in your area. Take them home and fill your own and other peoples' gardens with them, plant them in woods, open spaces, road verges etc. At least they can be something that survives from the bulldozes wrath.

Of the future, we have a few tricks up our sleeves. Firstly, next autumn sees the first Country Bizarre Annual. This will be a large, full colour book containing some of the best things in the past years' editions, plus a whole host of new stories, articles, traditions, customs, poetry, drawings and untold information that will surely be of good use to you all. We aren't sure of the price yet, but it is hoped that we can get it on the market for a pound or thereabouts, but as we want it to be a beautiful thing it may be a little more.

Finally, a few words about ourselves. Please don't for one minute think that we are able to be everything we seem to be; we're only human. As much as we would really like to own a goat, go galavanting after mermaids, track animals in the snow, eat sensibly and ride our bicycles everywhere, it isn't always possible, (in fact we don't own a goat - yet!) People often ask us if we carry out all we say and we can, sadly, only say no, (however hypocritical that may seem). Just producing this magazine takes up most of our time so there isn't always the opportunity. However, even if we can't always do the things we write about, others can, and after all, that's what it's really all about.

Love to you all

Ben Andy



"It has been most truly said that these old buildings do not belong to us only: that they belonged to our forefathers and they will belong to our descendants unless we play them false. They are not in any sense our property, to do as we like with them. We are only trustees for those that come after us".

*William Morris*

# St. Annes Community Centre

Some news for you folks, from the people at St. Annes Community Craft Centre who are getting together a good scene in Nottingham. Further information can be had from them at 90, Blue Bell Hill, St. Annes, Nottingham.

"It is now many months since the last newsletter came out and much has happened. So after a few changes we have now five members and one visitor. Mike and Jill spent the Summer working on the house and making it habitable as it had been derelict for some-time and needed repairing and redecorating. They moved in in the middle of August together with Phil Corbett who came from Nottingham and had been working on the house with them. By this time most food contacts had been made and as soon as they moved in the collection of food began. Jay and Richard Edwards moved up from Suffolk in the beginning of September and brought with them a van which is proving to be a great asset. Then Una Turnbull and baby Anna came to join but through personal circumstances left after two or three weeks. We had had doubts about being able to support a baby but we found we need not of worried. In November Sue Herbert visited us and decided to join us. She stayed and became the sixth member. Through lack of space we were unable to take any more permanent members though we did have many visitors. In early January Phil decided to leave and since then we have had no full-time member although we have had some long-term visitors.

We have found there has been a change of direction from the original ideas of the work we were going to do as a Craft Centre. This was mainly to do with more pressing problems arising and lack of space for full-time workshops. The first contacts made were with the kids and some of them were helping Jill and Mike to decorate the house and they all wanted to know what it was going to be. After we moved into the house they became regular visitors and we began playing with them in the street. We were offered the use of the church hall and we decided to open a play-centre for the kids after school. They mainly come in to let off steam but we do offer other activities especially for the younger ones. These consist of painting, drawing, sewing, collage etc., and so on average we get about sixty kids especially during the Winter months, with ages ranging from two to fifteen. All the materials used for this and other activities are all 'begged'. A recent addition to the Centre were ropes and tyres and also a pulley-slide. In good weather and if we have petrol for the van we take some of the kids out into the country or to a large park. At Christmas we

held an open party for the kids and we had 120 turn up. Surprisingly it went very well. Local mums sent along cakes and sandwiches, a local Cash and Carry donated crisps and sweets, and we even managed to get enough ice-cream for them all.

Through the kids we got to know many local mums and it was thus we discovered several repair jobs that needed doing. The landlords concerned are reluctant to do them because the area is being demolished. These range from putting in windows to sweeping chimneys and also include painting and decorating. Sometimes if it is difficult for a person to afford the paint and wallpaper we supply it as we are given odd tins of paint and rolls of paper from local shops. Mike and Richard spend most of their time doing these jobs or else removals in the van. The removals form an important part of the week as everyone has to be rehoused at some time. Local removal firms are expensive and have been known in the past to let people down when they had many jobs to carry out. We do not charge for these but if possible we ask for the cost of the petrol.

In December we started an old folks lunch club, and this is one of the most important things we have done as it is run on an entirely voluntary basis. Food is supplied on a monthly rota basis by local shopkeepers and wholesalers for about thirty people. This includes meat, fish and vegetables which is then cooked by local people and ourselves, and other local people make the sweets. We have the use of part of a church hall which is run as a coffee bar in the evenings. The lunch club operates once a week but the local Care Group is hoping to start one on the same lines thus catering for more people. Thirty is our limit as the cooker we use is just an ordinary domestic one with only two hotplates.

Also in December we started up a mothers' sewing group in the church hall on a Thursday afternoon. We had by then about seven sewing machines and quite a large amount of material. This was especially popular for making Christmas presents but partly through bad advertising it has now dwindled.

All the time we are being offered furniture, clothes, etc., and so we have been operating a gift shop. People bring in things they no longer need. There is no exchange of money at all. However through lack of space it has not been functioning too well until recently.

We have just obtained an additional house, rent free, which we hope will solve many of our space difficulties. Jill is setting up a weaving room as her loom which unfortunately had to be taken down, again through lack of space. We also have a full-time sewing room there which means that it can be used at anytime by mums and we are in the process of building up stocks of large pieces of material. We now have an electric sewing machine so that buttonholes can be tackled. Another room is going to be used as a full-time workshop with benches, tools ect. Before, this was opera-

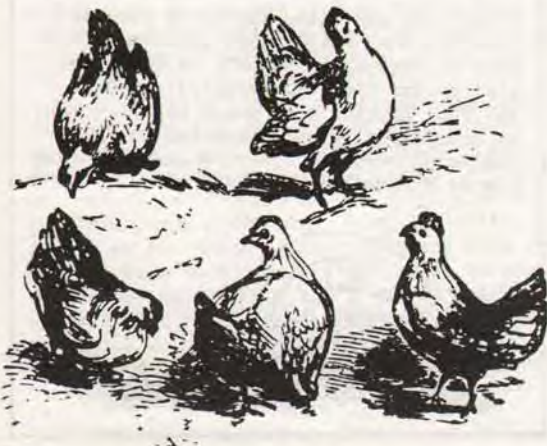


ting in the front of the shop as well as everything else, and things were continually getting lost. The other house has meant that the front of the original shop can now be set up as a gift shop.

We participate in other local activities such as Rubbish Drives, Care Group, Adventure Playground group which are run by SATRA, the local Tenants and Residents Association. We co-ordinate with them a lot but are not tied to them in any way.

As mentioned before we are getting a great deal of support from local industries. The food suppliers are supporting us still (it is now six months). We are also getting donations of money to cover milk, margarine, rent, electricity and rent. Unlike the mobile teams we don't have to do any pub collections so far.

We now have two years to go before we are pulled down and Mike and Jill are beginning to look for premises in the new St. Annes. Jay and Richard came with the idea of staying for a while and then starting something somewhere else. They are now feeling it is time to think about what they want and where and are beginning the hunt for premises, hopefully large and cheap. Sue is also thinking about what to do. With the dispersal of folk here to begin other centres, we are faced with the need for more people who would like to commit themselves to working here in Nottingham or at



one of the new centres to be formed. We believe during our stay here, we have shown that it is practical to live a voluntary way of life on a permanent basis - and if anything, with more success than the Mobile Teams. For living amongst the community, one has the chance to gradually extend one's ideas to include many of the local people and bring them to see there can be another way of working and getting one's daily needs.

One last comment - although we have just managed to finance this newsletter with our mailing lists and postal costs increasing, it's becoming difficult to find more money each time. One way you could help is to send us a stamp or two for your future newsletter to cut down on expenses. However, regardless of whether you can help in this way or not, we will still find ways to keep you informed of our progress. We would welcome news and criticisms too from you, as being here in Nottingham we don't get to hear very much of what is happening in other parts of the country. People often ask how they can help. Firstly they can help most by thinking over their own lives and helping us to grow by stepping out and building other alternatives; not necessarily a craft centre but whatever they feel they are best talented. You can also help by sending anything you think might be of use to the centre, such as odd balls of wool, material etc."

love Mike.

## An autumn evening

The gold sun went into the west,  
And soft airs sang him to his rest;  
And yellow leaves, all loose and dry,  
Played on the branches listlessly;  
The sky waxed palely blue, and high,  
A cloud seemed touched upon the sky -  
A spot of cloud, - blue, thin and still,  
And silence basked on vale and hill.

'Twas Autumn-tide, the eve was sweet  
As mortal eye had e'er beholden;  
The grass looked warm with sunny heat -  
Perchance some fairy's glowing feet,  
Had lightly touched and left it golden;  
A flower or two were shining yet;  
The star of the daisy had not yet set, -  
It shone from the turf to greet the air  
Which tenderly came breathing there;  
And in a brook which loved to fret  
O'er yellow sand and pebble blue,  
The lily of the silvery hue  
All freshly dwelt, with white leaves wet.  
Away the sparkling water played,  
Through bending grass and blessed flower;

Light and delight seemed all its dower,  
Away in merriment it strayed -  
Singing, and bearing, hour after hour,  
Pale, lovely slendour to the shade.

by John Reynolds.



Amazing Grace number four is now out on sale at the very reasonable price of 15p plus postage. It's a little poetry magazine compiled by two friends of ours Elaine and Malcolm and contains some very nice poems, articles and drawings. It's a very friendly affair and if you would like a copy, please send the said amount to 'amazing grace', 71 Horn Park Road, Lee, S.E.13.



Another poetry magazine but completely different in approach is 'Crabgrass'. It has rather excellent graphics as well as rather excellent poetry and can be obtained from John Gilbert, 7 Rugby Road, Belfast7. Do try and buy one.

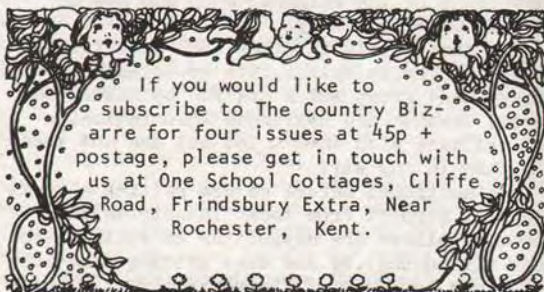


Artwork and design produced at very reasonable prices can be negotiated through Andy Pittaway, 1 School Cottages, Cliffe Road, Frinsbury Extra, near Rochester, Kent.

#### THIN QUERULOUS SNOW OUT OF LONG AGO

from childhood's hawthorn bush  
of shrunken yesterdays  
my forests etch their sound  
and all I wood and clay  
then in my gilt with dew  
almost starbright as flowers  
forever dry the insect hours  
from the town glint and fly  
from the red crooked sky  
from the sun in its autumn  
from the light  
as it passed  
like thin querulous snow  
out of long ago.

Bruton Connors



If you would like to subscribe to The Country Biz-  
arre for four issues at 45p +  
postage, please get in touch with  
us at One School Cottages, Cliffe  
Road, Frinsbury Extra, Near  
Rochester, Kent.

We are selling beautiful reproductions of illustrations that has appeared in any of our issues mounted on card. Cost, for black and white, 10x8" is 45p.

#### Rest in peace

FLASH, the one-time favourite for the International Snail Race, which was held at Torquay in August, is dead. He died on the field in preparation for the race of his life, which he never ran; unfortunately, slug poison had been scattered over his training area bringing him to a horrible end.



This July just gone, a little band of us decided to go on a ramble that we found in our local paper (one of many appearing each week by V.W. Morecroft). It was a lovely day; we took a pic-nic and had a good time. We have reproduced the ramble, with our own observations (in brackets). So if you feel like a nice day out, you certainly couldn't do better than follow our tracks, or find your own walks around the Weald, for that is where we went.

Total distance: about 5 miles. S.R. train to Harrietsham Station from Charing Cross or Victoria.

"Go down Harrietsham Station approach (on the banks of the road was a profusion of wild roses, buttercups, cowparsley, bittersweet and bush vetch and straight ahead a nasty grey concrete warehouse, completely out of keeping with its setting) and turn right on the High St. (there were some nice cottages on both sides the street, very rich occupants though. We made straight for the pub, The Blacksmiths Arms. Over our Guinness we got into conversation with the landlady, a once full-time farm woman with 1000 chickens, goats, geese, cats and a dog. She told us that she was trying to get together a culture centre in the village to try to bring together the community, and attract other people in the surrounding area. We wished her luck and off we went. In actual fact the pub isn't on the route of the ramble so when you come out, turn right back the way you came and then turn right again into what looks like a cul-de-sac. At the end of this little road and slightly to the left, is an alley (quite overgrown) which on passing through, leads onto the A.20.

Cross slightly right to a signposted path, (the signpost has dissappeared but the path lies beside a cottage, "Highway House") pass down the footpath to a stile (clouds of mid-gets and fleas attacked us, sides flanked by blackberry and elder). Once over the stile, follow by the hedge on the right and from the corner, bearing slightly right, come to another stile just to the right of a wooden hut. (The hedge on the right is an elder and hawthorn, the field was a good meadow with a liberal smattering of buttercups, parsley and nettles, oh and cows!) Cross over the stile and bear left on the narrow road (opposite the stile is a rich looking place and had some good pines,

firs and copper beeches and is called 'Lenhurst. Up the road and on the left was a dwelling called 'Ramchild' which had a glorious cottage garden with enormous poppies and delphiniums. Next to the house was marshy meadow, supporting a few cows and some rather odd looking vegetation that could only be described as wild rhubarb). Follow this road across a stream (very small tricklelet but very pleasant and called the River Len. Just beyond the stream by the bank on the left we found a mole, trying to bury into the tarmac of the road. It's quite surprising how small moles are, glorious creatures though and we put him to safety in the field opposite) and



uphill beyond. Where the road soon turns left, go to the right. (The hedgerows were ablaze with red campion and wild roses also the oaks, limes, hawthorns and quelder rose trees were looking very green indeed. Where the road turns right was a huge oak and must have been very old). Go up the track on the right about 150 yards (muddy lane). Turn left up a bank between two fields, (nothing but the yellow heads of wild mustard in the field on the right and wheat in the left, further on the mustard gives way to some fodder plants) follow the right hand edge of the field for a

short distance and then the left hand edge of the lower field. (The lower field was of wheat and on the left was a full bank and hedge with great masses of thistles and nettles and blackberry briars. There were horse tracks along this path, perhaps the local hunt, and one solitary poppy). This track later becomes a green lane (it certainly does, looking almost like an alley straight ahead. Very overgrown, so be careful you don't miss it) and winds up to pass rather to the right of farm buildings and to join a track coming from that farm. (Spuds on the left, wheat on the right and a partridge straight ahead). Keep forward on your track (through banks of bush-vetch, cow parsley) which soon enters woods. (By the entrance, as if keeping watch like sentinels, were big spikes of foxgloves and to the sides of these, bunches and bunches of red campion, looking very lovely indeed.) Follow the main track up (very cool under the shade of the chestnut copse. Lots of flowers too, especially forget-me-nots, foxgloves, ferns, elder and thistles. The track was very brick and ash strewn but easy going) until you reach a clearing. (Men at work felling the

copse for fencing; strong country folk by the look of them. The odd primrose was still visible, even as late as July). Go through the clearing into the woods beyond and a short distance along turn left into a clear-cut crosspath (it's not clear-cut, so be careful you don't miss it. Obviously a good wood to be in at blue bell time, for all the seed-heads were showing millions of them).

Follow this track out to road by Fairbourne Heath crossroads (A great mountain of rubbish was strewn everywhere, obviously some bright enterprising person had mistaken the woods for a rubbish dump. Rather a nice crossroads, just right for propping yourself up against siesta style).

Cross the road to the turning opposite; (take the road to Pye Corner and Head Corner) turn right on the road to which it leads, passing the 'Pepper Box' Inn on the left; (a great profusion of wildflowers in the hedges along this road: meadow pea, speedwell, campion, buttercups, dandelions, elder, oak, spindle trees and so on). A little way past the Inn; (an excellent aroma of cow dung was omnipresent outside this pub. A few pleasant cottages on the left, superb views over the Weald on the right) and on reaching the corner of an orchard on the right,

turn left on a path along the right hand edge of the field; (if you turn left at the 4th telegraph pole past the pub into the spud field, you'll find it easier; look out for shepherds purse and yarrow growing in splotches along this track. Nice views to your right) Next follow along the left-hand edge of the next field (open field to the right, next to the poplar tree and privet hedge-row, wheat blowing

across the other side quite merrily). Cross the narrow road soon reached, the path goes diagonally across the field opposite, but is not visible (nothing but wheat so don't tramp through it). It will probably be easier to turn left and follow round the edge for two sides (this proved to be heavy going, what with the mud and the ditches) to come, in the farther corner to a stile hidden by a holly bush.

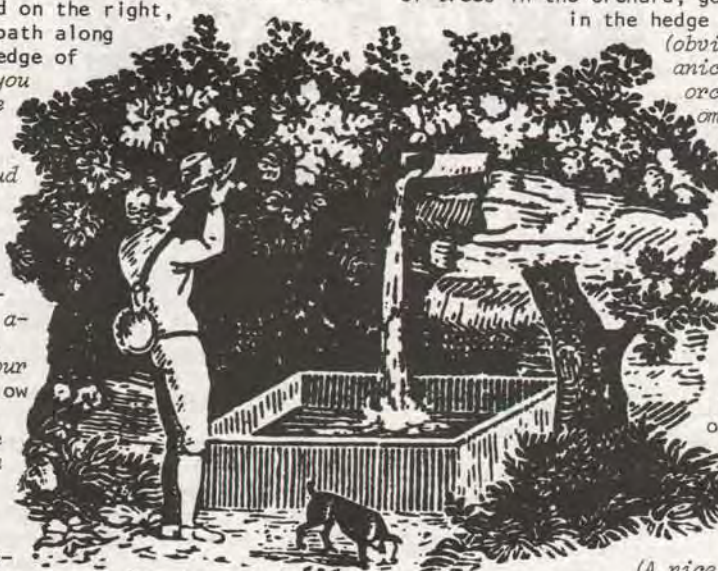
Over this stile, bear left on the path across the orchard (this is a fantastic place. The orchard itself has been left neglected for years, the trees are very old and in many cases dying, it is overgrown with lovely wild orchids here and there among the sweet smelling grasses. As we were making our way across it, wacking our heads every so often on branches above, we suddenly heard this

humming in the distance. The further in we went, the louder it appeared until we suddenly realised that it was bees. It was lucky we missed them by a row or two of trees) The path leads, by a stile to a road (beautifully coloured beetles and winged insects in the air) on which you turn left, a few steps on, turn right on a clear path; (another old orchard on the left with guelder rose, buttercups, red campion, speedwell and wild briars in a very old hedgerow flanking your right) this path bearing left, then right, then left to come by a fieldgate to a track and so to yet another road.

Go forward for a few steps and then climb the stile on the right, thence bearing a little to follow the grass track between the rows of trees in the orchard, going through a gap in the hedge on the far side

(obviously not an organic farmer owns this orchard. At the bottom of each tree was a white scorched area where a spray of some description had annihilated all life in the ground - really horrible!) and along the left-hand edge of another orchard, from the corners of which there is a clear path across fields to the road at the hamlet of Liverton Street.

(A nice part of the walk this, with mature orchards, raspberry and gooseberry fields, looking out on to beautiful views to your right. Spuds on the left, and out to the street down a little path pathed with box hedges and hawthorn hedgerows and pretty cottages all in a row) Here we decided to leave this chaps ramble and go our own way, mainly because we had taken such a long time getting to where we were now.





We turned left up Liverton Street, passing through the hamlet. There is a garden on the left that left us speechless. It was a solid wall of colour each side of the drive up to the doors of the cottage, of such diverse colours that it looked unreal. Next to it was a strange little place, a very old cottage with bars up at the windows and housing a monster dog that was prowling around inside.

The odd thing was, that the owner was a little old grey haired lady. Opposite was another lovely place, a Tudor house of exceptionally fine quality, full of mystery. We carried on happily up this road, with its single line of telegraph poles, past the elder and oak hedges housing the orchards and wheat fields behind them, and on till we reached a junction. We carried straight on into another hamlet but here the houses were newish looking with boring bungalows. Everyone had made a point of growing lots of vegetables, number 22 was an exceptionally nice place though.

On down the road then, past the general stores, the village church the village library and the village school. On our right, a pub, the 'White Swan', and past a guest house, 'The Firs' (should anyone be interested, the phone number is Lenhorn 232)

There was an awful lot of elder trees out in flower and further on was the biggest sycamore we've ever seen. We turned left past this tree down a little lane which came out shortly into a major lane where we turned left again: this road led back to Harrietsham. The Marley Tile Company owned most of the land down this lane down this lane, great huge quarries, now derelict and buzzing with rabbits and martins. At the corner of the lane where

we had just entered it was a small farm with a good old goat and a donkey to keep him company. It wasn't long before we hit Harrietsham again. The road was nice enough, very shady at first as it passed through woody parts, past Boldie Wood Farm, on the left, and Runham Farm and then more open as we first reached the cottages of the village. There were lots of fine chestnut, sycamore and birch trees by the roadside. Wild flowers, especially cow parsley,

were everywhere. The village had many interesting and lovely cottages. There was a group of very old alms houses with some old codgers looking very picturesque standing outside sunning themselves. An old pub on the left, the 'Bell Inn' must have been very old, for it still had the original taproom and smoking room. The lane led to the A.20 which we crossed over (just) and up into Harrietsham High Street and the Station.

All in all a very fine day. There was n't much cover anywhere should it have poured with rain, but there was the odd pub, when open. So if you're out over in the direction of the Weald,

have a jaunt on our ramble; perhaps you might have just as nice a day as we had. But should

you arrive at Liverton Street earlier than we did and still have the desire to travel the whole distance of the ramble instead of taking another route as us, here is the remainder, which we hope you enjoy as much as the first part.

"Cross to go up the cement steps opposite to an enclosed path which later leads along the left-hand edge of a field, with fine views rightwards over the Weald. The path leads to a farm, just to the right of Boughton Malherbe Manor - now a farm house.

Turn left on the road soon joined, with Boughton Malherbe Church on the left, and when past the church and along to the cross-roads. Keep forward here and rather over a quarter of a mile beyond, turn left on the road to Lewsome Farm. Just before reaching the farm buildings, go through the field gate on the right and follow the track

across the field to another field-gate. No path is visible in the path beyond; go forward to posts seen on the farther side, so coming to a track which soon swings right into a farmyard.

Do not go into the farm-yard, but bear left to a field-gate and through this, turn right along by the hedge with the garden and farmhouse on the right. Follow along the right-hand edge of the strawberry field, turn left



by a cottage garden and then bear right to a rather awkward stile in the corner.

Turn left on the road here and very soon fork right by the inn at Platts Heath. Opposite the second turning on the left (Green Lane), turn right where a signpost indicates a public footpath, following the hedge on the right for a few steps. From the corner the path may not be visible; bear a little left to cross the field diagonally towards the corner of the woods, there to find a gap and a broken-down gate and a clear path leading into the woods. Keep to the main path, leading down to a stile and over this go forward across the corner of the field to a stile in the hedge on the left.

From this stile go forward into a somewhat rough copse, where the line of the path is not clear; but a way can be found diagonally across to a stile near the farther corner.

From this stile, go forward across the field to a field-gate and turn left on the track here joined, following this along to Lower Runfold Farm. I could not trace the line of the path round to the road so I followed the track to where it turns left into a farmyard, then went through the large double gates on the right, bore left between farm-buildings and then right to a track leading down to the road.

I suggest you follow this route; if you meet any farm hands, they will advise you as to the right way which, I suspect, however, is too obscure and perhaps obstructed to be followed.

Turn right on the road and at the top of the hill, just past cottages on the right, climb a stile beside a field-gate, on the left

to a clear path going diagonally rightwards to the corner of the field across into a dip and up and out to a road, on which turn left into an outlying part of Harrietsham. Follow this road out to the A.20 and cross this diagonally to the turning opposite - the Station Approach is a short distance along on the right".

*This extra part of the ramble is roughly 4 miles.*

When on your walks across our green and pleasant lands, please try and put these few suggestions into practice:

**FASTEN ALL GATES** - even if you found them open. Animals can't be told to stay where they're put; a gate left open invites them to wander possibly onto roads where they can very easily be hurt.

**GUARD AGAINST FIRE RISKS** - crops, woods and heaths are highly inflammable; every year acres burn because of carelessness.

**KEEP TO PATHS ACROSS FARM LAND** - good crops can be ruined by people's feet. Remember too that grass is a valuable crop, in some cases the only one on the farm. Flattened corn or hay is extremely difficult to harvest.

**AVOID DAMAGING FENCES, HEDGES AND WALLS** - they are expensive items in the farm's economy. Keep to recognised routes, using gates and stiles.

**LEAVE NO LITTER** - all litter is ugly, and dangerous as well. Take your litter home; in the country it costs a lot to collect the stuff.

**SAFEGUARD VALUABLE WATER SUPPLIES**  
- your chosen walk may well cross a



catchment area for the water supply of thousands of people. Do not pollute it in anyway and never interfere with cattle troughs.

**PROTECT WILD-LIFE, PLANTS AND TREES** - wild-life is best observed and not collected. To disturb wild animals and birds, or uproot flowers and carve trees ruins our fine countryside and other people's pleasure as well.



"We cannot embrace a slab of poured concrete, but we can embrace a tree, and we can feel tender about a flower and deer grazing in Richmond Park, the sheep in Hyde Park, or the return of the nightingale to Hampstead Heath.

It is time that we stringently defend the perimeters of and the approaches to our heaths and parks as an essential measure of protecting our balance of mind".

*Yehudi Menuhin*

## The North Devon Snail

It's nice to know that the Devon Snail is flourishing well down in the cider country. This is a fine little magazine that concerns itself with the problems of Devon, both environmentally and socially. There are poems too, as well as interesting odds and sods from the local inhabitants. Price 10np from Peter Blake, The Flat, Corffe, Tawstock, Nr. Barnstaple, North Devon.



## SOMETHING.....

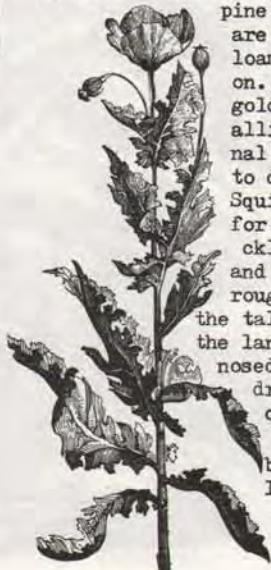
When on the subject of conserving as much of our heritage as we can, it might be a good time to remind you of the importance of using your local MP to the fullest. After all he is supposed to be the voice of the community and should therefore be heard in the right places at the right time. So next time something important happens in your area that could effect the well-being of your district, waste no time in pressuring him into fighting for your demands by writing strong letters of complaint and organising petitions so that he has no choice but to take the matter further.

### CONKER CONTEST

At the 'New Inn' of Goodleigh near Barnstaple, Devon, an annual conker competition is held on the Wednesday nearest to 20th October. Here the competitors gather by the avenue of chestnut trees in the village and given conkers that have been collected by the children, checked, numbered and threaded. Each player is allowed an agreed number of strikes and is decided over by a referee to see fair play. The contest normally starts about 7pm, finishes about 10pm and spoken about all year.

This is part of a letter that we received last autumn from a guy named Pete from Wrotham in Kent.

"It's a beautiful time here where I am at school. We have 600 acres of land clothed in pine, silver birch, oak, elm and so on, and despite a scything rape across the middle with pylon giants marching through, it is lovely at all times of the year. Right now the pine needles and crisp leaves are growing into the cushiony loam that is so soft to walk on. Over the tarmac yards the golden leaves skid into spiralling patterns like an eternal kaleidoscope, or pile into drifts against the wall. Squirrels frantically scurry for their fodder over the prickly beechnut strewn lawns and leap now more visibly through the denuded branches of the tall trees. The air is white, the land russet, the children red nosed and snuffy. Winter is drawing on, and in the searching winds the leaves scatter to prepare the way, bidding farewell to the last warm glints of a joyous summer.....".



Only a man harrowing clods  
In a slow silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.  
Only this smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch grass;  
Yet this will go onward the same  
Through Dynasties pass.

*Thomas Hardy.*



# COUNTRY WORKSHOPS

In the uphill fight against vast capitalist organizations and huge companies geared only to making enormous profits by exploiting the working class, it is essential that all contact with these people is avoided as much as possible. This means simply that you should refrain from buying goods that have been mass produced, usually in a very shoddy way and instead obtain your needs from local craftsmen. We realise that this isn't always possible, but you will be surprised to find how many craftsmen still exist, even in the cities. It is absolutely essential that people get out of their systems the assessing of the value of goods by costs alone. It is this national blindness that has helped to put companies like ICI and Unilever on the map. All-right so their products are a few pence cheaper than your local trader but so what. However are we going to get back to the community serves the community' way of thinking if everyone still buys junk from Big Brother who controls the country. Obviously poor people i.e. old age pensioners, large families in depressed areas etc., cannot afford to do this, but the average man in the street can.

Always buy handmade goods if you can because they are much nicer than mass produced goods and they are something personal from another human being.

Each issue from now on will contain a good list of small craftsmen and workshops and we hope that if you are making hand made goods yourself you will get in touch with us and we shall advertise you and your wares for free.

## BEDFORDSHIRE

Mrs B. de Meur, 'Robin Trill', Honeywick Lane, Eaton Bray, Dunstable. Tel; Eaton Bray 657

*Handmade wrought iron lanterns.*

Ironcrafts (Stotfold Ltd), 'Rook Tree Forge', Baldock Rd Stotfold. Tel; Stotfold 671

*High quality wrought iron-work, including balustrading, gates, fire baskets, flower pedestals, wall lights and wind vanes. Spiral staircases made and fixed. Restoration work undertaken.*

Peter Merrin (Artist & Illustrator), Manor Cottage, West St. Great Gransden, Sandy Tel; Great Gransden 487

*Original wildlife and countryside paintings and watercolour drawings - framed or unframed.*

Mrs Morgan, Mill Lane, Pavenham, Bedford. Tel; Oakley 2393

*Table mats, rush baskets, assorted shapes and sizes.*

*Rush-covered containers for bulbs, pot plants or flower arrangements. Rush chair seats renewed.*

Osier Handcrafts, The Old Mill, Gravenhurst. Tel; Shillington 269

*Hand made leather belts. Sheepskin rugs home dressed from local sheep. Hobbyhorses and various soft toys.*

## BERKSHIRE

Aldermaston Pottery, Aldermaston. Tel; Woolhampton 3359

*Tin glazed decorated earthenware and lustreware, tableware, overware, tiles and individual pots.*

MATA Company, The Woodlands Lodge, Lambourn Woodlands, Newbury. Tel; Lambourn 551

*Fine original metalwork. Tables for indoors and the garden; saucepan and flower-pot stands; trivets and nice things for the home.*

Routh Lane Pottery, Tilehurst,

Reading. Tel; Reading 27247

*Stoneware, slipware and majolica tableware, overware and individual pieces.*

Oliver Swanston, Flat Four, Tidmarsh Court, Pangbourne. Tel; Crowmarsh 4272

*Stools, firescreens, cushions in petit-point tapestry, nests of tables, coffee tables, small bookcases, table lamps, bookends, waste paper boxes, cutlery boxes, trays, book racks in selected hardwoods. Customers' own ideas designed and made to order. Also knotted wool hearthrugs.*

Walter Douglas Tiffany, 34 Mill Green, Caversham, Reading.

*Woodcarving of all descriptions from lettering and reproduction to portrait heads and modern wood sculpture.*

## BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

John & Heather Brunson, 17 Bedford St. Woburn, near Bletchley. Tel; Woburn 606

*Original hand-etched, hand-printed coloured etchings and ceramic ornaments.*

Michael & Shelia Casson, Pottery Workshop, High St., Prestwood, Gt Missenden. Tel; Gt Missenden 2134

*Stoneware, some porcelain individual pieces, table and oven-ware.*

Claycutters Studio, Sheep St., Winslow, Tel; Winslow 2663

*Hand-made reduction fired stoneware. Domestic and individual pieces.*

R. Gomme, The Foundry, Loosley Row, near Princes Risborough, near Aylesbury. Tel; Princes Risborough 546

*Firebacks, fire dogs etc, cast to customers' individual requirements. Door furniture, plaques. Also garden furniture in cast aluminium or wrought iron.*

Lake, Muckley & Co Ltd, 1 Wycombe End, Beaconsfield. Tel; Beaconsfield 3632

*Wrought ironwork specialists, gates, lanterns, interior light fittings. Restorations.*

Robert Mabon, Tanglewood,

Wilton Lane, Jordans, Beaconsfield. Tel; Chalfont St. Giles 3189

*Hand-woven rugs, tapestries, wall-hangings and textile constructions.*

Ivor Newton, Aston Rd, Haddenham. Tel; Haddenham 461

*Woodcarver and craftsman. Designer and maker of ecclesiastical and domestic furniture.*

Andrew Oliver, Pondsides, Kiln Lane, Lacey Green, Aylesbury. Tel; Princes Risborough 5863

*Marquetry cut on an actual 17th century 'donkey'. Period restoration work. Marquetry pictures of every description.*

Speen Weavers & Spinners, Speen, Aylesbury. Tel; Hampden Row 303

*Hand-woven rugs, silks, linens, wools and cottons. Cot and full-sized blankets. Tapestry and tweeds.*

Tingewick Pottery, Tingewick House, Buckingham. Tel; Fimere 250

*Hand-made pottery lamp bases to order.*

Helen Whately, 13 High St., Marlow. Tel; Marlow 3319

*Pottery dolls dressed in hand stitched period costume, doll kits, heads and limbs in pottery. Patterns for dolls clothes in historical fashions.*

#### CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Abington Pottery, 35 High St., Little Abington. Tel; Linton 723

*Hand-made stoneware, domestic ware and individual pieces.*

Keith Bailey, Rose Cottage, Meldreth Rd, Shepreth. Tel; Melbourn 565

*Memorial tablets and headstones. Architectural carving and modelled sculpture in traditional and modern materials.*

'The Craftsman', 15 Magdalene St., Cambridge, CB3 0AF. Tel; Cambridge 62515

*Stoneware and earthenware Pottery made on premises. Baskets and other crafts.*

Dinosaur Publications Ltd., Beechcroft, Over, Cambridge CB4 5NE. Tel; Swavesey 324

*Publishers of unusual books, and in particular the Althea Book series for young children (the result of careful research into the needs of imaginative children. British Toymakers' Guild members.*

Silver & Leather Workshop, 23 Magdalene St, Cambridge, Tel; Cambridge 54326

*Silver and gold jewellery leather goods, and stone cutting all hand done on the premises.*

David & Brenda Thomas, Queen Ann Lodge, Milton, Cambridge. Tel; Waterbeach 638

*Hand-thrown stoneware, mugs, jugs, bowls, casseroles, coffee pots and individual pieces. Cottage furniture and wooden bowls.*

#### CHESHIRE

Philip Hough (Norley) Ltd., Norley, Frodsham. Tel; Kingsley 692/3

*Wrought ironwork - ornamental ironwork. Tables, firescreens, mirrors, fire dogs, grates and railings, copper fire canopies and church wrought ironwork. Also a range of pottery, cooper crafts and handmade goods.*

Miss Doris Parton, 'Five Steps', Betley, Crewe.

*Individually designed and painted china - full sets and single pieces, embroidered pictures, patchwork etc.*

'Shellcraft by Kay', Mary's Cottage, Vicarage Lane, Frodsham. Tel; Frodsham 3375

*Wide selection of animals made from British shells, tropical shells made into lamps and jewellery, British and tropical shells for collectors and flower arrangements. Also driftwood sculptures by Karen Wilson.*

#### CORNWALL

Art Candles, 7 Walker Lines, Bodmin. Tel; Bodmin 3258

*Nice hand-made candles*

Avalon Pottery (S.J. & V.R. Bouny), Tintage. Tel; Tintage 210

*Genuine hand-made pottery including coffee sets, condiment sets, vases, jugs, egg cups etc. A wide variety of shapes and colours.*

Stanley Brown & Family, Pike St., Liskeard, PL14 3JE. Tel; Liskeard 3582 & 2480

*Hand-made wigs and hair pieces of all kinds and qualities, ready made and to order. Lightweight undetectable wigs and toupees for men and women. Inspection invited.*

John Buchanan, Anchor Pottery, Copperhouse, Hayle. Tel; Hayle 2106.

*Hand-thrown domestic earthenware, including coffee sets, mugs, jugs, teapots, bowls, vases etc. Also stoneware individual and art pieces of every description.*

Dennis Bullock, Pottery Workshop, 4 Tamar St., Saltash, PL12 4EJ. Tel; Saltash 3864

*Stoneware pottery. Domestic range, catalogue available.*

Camelot Pottery, Roger Irving Little, The Old Bakery, Boscastle. Tel; Boscastle 291

*Hand-thrown traditional Cornish pots, ovenproof ware to 500 year-old glaze formulae. Individual slipware.*

Celtic Pottery, The Old Schoolhouse, Wesley Place, Newlyn, Penzance.

*Hand-thrown and cast individually decorated earthenware and stoneware by Maggie Fisher & Ev Stevens.*

Craft Shop (Tintage) Ltd. The Craft Shop, (opposite the Old Post Office), Tintage. Tel; Tintage 430

*Specialists in handicrafts of all descriptions. Suppliers of craftworkers' materials.*

D.C. Mobiles, Norfolk Studio, Norfolk Rd, Falmouth. Tel; Falmouth 313599

*Mobiles, handcrafted room decorations for children and adults.*



THE  
COTTINGLEY  
FAIRIES

One of the most lovely mystery tales of all time is the story of the Cottingley children's fairy photographs which caused a great controversy when they were first published in "Strand" magazine in the year 1920. The magazine was on the bookstalls at the beginning of December, and the issue was sold out in three days. Very much public interest was aroused; in fact, the magazine story spread around the world, and many newspapers referred to the photographs and narrative, naturally with reserve and, in some cases, with great criticism. However, we have laid down before you the sequence of facts in the case and leave it to your goodselves to form an opinion of its authenticity. Even so, the photographs (four of which are reproduced overleaf) have great charm and beauty and if you should like to know the full story we suggest you buy the book that this article was based on, titled "Fairies" by Edward L. Gardner. Anyhow, the story runs thus, from the book, with Mr. Gardner as narrator.

Three years earlier, in July 1917, a young cousin from South Africa had come to stay with a family called the Wrights. This was Frances Griffiths, then ten years old. Mrs. Griffiths had come, too, to live with her sister, Mrs. Wright, while her husband was in France as a volunteer soldier of the South African contingent. The two girls, Elsie Wright and Frances Griffiths, then thirteen and ten years old, were thus together for the summer of 1917, and they spent most of their time in the beautiful glen at the back of the cottage. There they played, and repeatedly spoke of the fairies they met in the glen. The parents took little notice of this, and merely chaffed the children, thinking they imagined most of what they described.

Then it happened that Mr. Wright had a small camera, a Midg quarter-plate left with him by a relative, and he amused himself by taking snaps and developing them in the scullery cupboard. It had been in use only about a month when, one day, it gave Elsie an idea. It was on a Saturday at the midday meal that there had been some bantering about 'the fairies' and Elsie retorted: 'Look here, Father if you'll let me have your camera and tell me how it works I'll get a photo of the fairies. We've been playing with them this morning.' Mr. Wright laughed at them, and said he wasn't going to have his plates spoiled, and put them off. But the girls persisted and worried him, and at last he gave way. Putting one plate only in the box he set it, showed Elsie the trigger, and sent them off delighted. In less than an hour the girls were back and Elsie called out to her father, who was spending the Saturday afternoon in the garden, 'We've got the photo, I believe. Will you look?' Mr. Wright took the camera, saying he would see to it in the evening—and they had to be satisfied with that.

The story had got so far when Mr. Wright came in to his tea and, after introductions,

we all sat down to this good Yorkshire meal together. I learnt then that Mr. Wright was going to work as manager of a small estate nearby, looked after an electrical plant, among other things, and generally attended to the outdoor work of the house there. Of the hearty Yorkshire type, of forthright speech and character, with a sense of humour and, like his wife, with a very cheerful disposition. Confirming the accounts of events so far he then told me of his experience when developing the plate that evening three years earlier. With Elsie wedged in beside him in the small cupboard he put the plate in the dish, fully expecting only a blur, he was startled to see flash up, almost at once, the dark figures which he took to be some white swans. Elsie saw them too, and hearing her father's exclamation shouted to Francis outside, 'We've got them; you'll see.' When the plate was finished Mr. Wright put it aside, saying they'd get a print in the morning and see what the swans looked like! Really uncertain as to what the children could have got hold of, as he told me, he took a sun-print in the morning with some curiosity, and was amazed at what he saw.

His questioning of the girls did not satisfy him, though they insisted that the figures in the photograph were the fairies they had so often described. Nothing would induce the children to give any other explanation, though the parents felt convinced that somehow they were being deceived. Mr. Wright told me at this point that neither he nor his wife had ever accepted the story given by the girls, notwithstanding that a month later they got the second photograph. So, convinced, however, did Mr. Wright feel that the figures must be made of paper or the like that he went up the glen to the waterfall, which he recognised, and searched all about for scraps of paper cuttings. While the children were away he and his wife searched all about the girl's bedroom, too, for some sign as to the way it had been managed, but neither in the glen nor in the cottage could they discover anything. Not having found either of the two girls untruthful, both were really concerned at the persistence with which they maintained their explanation—so the parents decided to let the matter alone. The camera was not loaned to the girls again, and beyond taking a few prints during the first weeks the two negatives were put away with some papers and books on a shelf and were there for the next three years.

*Before the answer is found as to whether the children were in fact lying or not, it seems as if the matter must wait for further evidence of the effect of mind upon mechanical devices.*













APPLE SNOW.

THE APPLE is a British fruit, and may be eaten raw, or cooked in various ways. The best for eating are: the Margarets, Blenheim Oranges, Ribstone, Golden and other Pippins, Nonpariel Russets, Pearmains, Kentish Codlins and Downtons. As a rule the rough-rinded apples are the best for eating, while those of smooth exterior are most suitable for preparation. For cooking the most preferable are: the Wellingtons, Colvilles, Rennets, Pearmains and Russets; while both for eating and for baking purposes the American Pippins occupy a high place.

#### APPLE DUMPLINGS

Take as many apples as you wish to make dumplings, allowing one dumpling for each person. Pare them, and scoop the core out without breaking them. Fill each cavity with a clove, a little piece of butter, and as much Barbados sugar as will fill it. Place them in a floured cloth, and boil. Before serving, put a little piece of butter and sugar into each dumpling. Loosely-knitted cloths are very nice for puddings; they are most easily washed and produce a pretty effect. Boil for about half an hour.

#### APPLE ROLLS

Chop a few apples very fine, and sweeten them with Barbados sugar. Lay three or four table-spoonfuls of this in a circular or oval piece of pastry (made with whole-meal, stone ground flour), rolled out a quarter of an inch thick. Fold it in two, lengthwise; join the edges, and press or scallop them with the bowl of a tea-spoon. Lay the rolls on a baking-tin that has been previously greased with butter, and put it into a moderate oven. It is a good plan to use apple marmalade instead of chopped apples, as then there is no fear of the fruit not being sufficiently cooked, but if you take your time everything should be allright. Time to bake, about half an hour to an hour.

#### APPLE SNOW

Reduce half a dozen apples to a pulp, press them through a sieve, sweeten and flavour them. Take the whites of six eggs, whisk them for some minutes and strew into them two table-spoonfuls of fine Barbados sugar. Beat the pulp to a froth, then mix the two together, and whisk them until they look like stiff snow. Pile high in rough pieces on a glass dish, stick a sprig of myrtle in the middle, and garnish with small pieces of bright-coloured jelly. Very nice too.

#### APPLES PRESERVED FOR WINTER USE.

When it is desired to preserve apples for use in winter, the fruit should not be allowed to remain too long on the trees, as there is a danger of its being blown down when it becomes quite ripe, and then it is useless for keeping. Apples, and indeed all fruit intended for keeping, should be hand-picked. The best way to remove them from the tree is to cut them off with a pair of strong scissors, and to handle the fruit as lightly as possible. If practicable, the apples should be gathered in fine, dry weather. They should then be wiped thoroughly dry, and every one which appears in the slightest degree unsound rejected. In storing apples, they should be placed in a dark, dry place in single rows upon clean straw, with straw placed between each row, so that they are not allowed to touch each other: each layer must be treated in a similar way. They should be looked at every few days and any apples that seem to be going bad, removed. Apples may be also stored in boxes or jars, care being taken in packing the fruit, that is not bruised or injured, and that every apple is quite sound. The air must be excluded from the case as much as possible.



# AUGUST

## SEPTEMBER

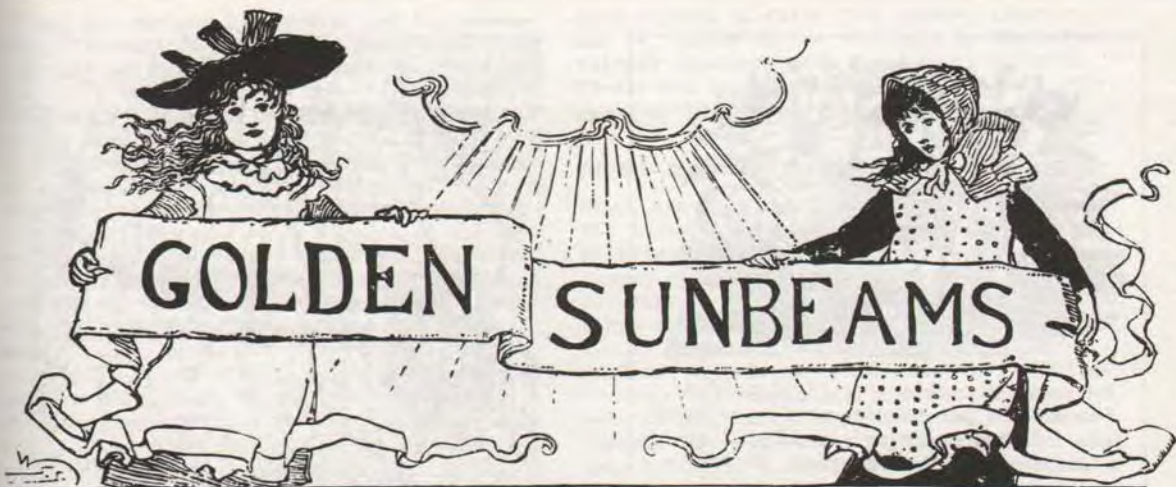
2. Sheffield Show, YORKSHIRE  
Ryde Carnival, I.O.W.
3. Morris Ring Meeting,  
Ludlow, SHROPSHIRE
4. East Kent Morris Men  
'Hop-Hoodening' Tour
6. St.Giles Fair, OXFORD  
Mummers Plays, ABERDEEN
11. Harvest Home Folk Festival  
Owlswick, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.  
Sheriff's Ride, Lichfield,  
STAFFORDSHIRE
13. Candle Festival, Winter  
Garden, ABERDEEN  
Glastonbury Tor Fair, SOM-  
ERSET.
15. Autumn Antiques Fair, Old  
Town Hall, CHELSEA
17. Medieval Banquets, Richmond  
Castle, Richmond, YORKS.  
Bromyard Folk Festival,  
HEREFORDSHIRE
22. Chrysanthemum Society Show  
Beverley, YORKSHIRE
29. Michaelmas Fair, Walling-  
Ford, BERKSHIRE
30. World Ploughing Contest,  
Nynehead, Wellington, SOM-  
ERSET.

## OCTOBER

2. Bury St.Edmunds Festival,  
SUFFOLK  
Croydon Fair, SURREY
3. Wrexham Fair, DENBIGHSHIRE  
Preston Festival, LANCS.
4. Dudley Fair, WORCESTERSHIRE  
Bodmin Fair, CORNWALL
7. Glossop Fair, DERBYSHIRE  
Goose Festival & Fair,  
NOTTINGHAM  
National Gaelic Mod, STIR-  
LING
8. Swansea Fair, GLAMORGAN-  
SHIRE
10. Falmouth Festival, CORNWALL  
Stroud Festival, GLOUCEST-  
ERSHIRE.  
Swansea Festival of Music &  
the Arts, GLAMORGANSHIRE
16. Ilkeston Fair, DERBYSHIRE
18. Luton Fair, BEDFORDSHIRE
20. Colchester Fair, ESSEX
21. Autumn Cattle Show, Spring-  
field, JERSEY
23. Pony Fair, Brendon, DEVON
26. Late Autumn Flower Show,  
R.H.S.Halls, LONDON
30. Folk South, SALISBURY
31. Hallowe'en.

## NOVEMBER

1. Newark Fair, NOTTINGHAM-  
SHIRE
2. Poole Fair, DORSET
4. Huddersfield Festival,  
YORKSHIRE  
Coventry Fair, WARWICKS
5. Guy Fawkes Day
6. Preston Fair, LANCASHIRE
7. Rochdale Agricultural  
Fair, LANCASHIRE  
London - Brighton Veter-  
an Car Run.
8. Antiques Fair, SOUTHPORT  
Kendal Festival, WEST-  
MORLAND
11. Wakefield Fair, YORK-  
SHIRE
12. Festival '71', Queen's  
University, BELFAST
13. English Folk Dance and  
Song Society National  
Gathering, Cecil Sharp  
House, LONDON
19. Truro Fair, CORNWALL
22. Guildford Festival, SURREY
24. Newcastle-upon-Tyne Fair,  
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
26. Sheffield Fair, YORKSHIRE
30. Saint Andrew's Day.



How many times have you tuned into Auntie EBC and heard the weather forecaster going into raptures about how hot and beautiful the coming day is going to be. With this in mind, you pack a great sumptuous pic-nic, head for the solitude of the countryside but only to be saturated to the skin an hour later by a thunderous storm crashing in from the land around you. So you turn for home. Dejected, in a cloud of steam, saddened for having your gastronomical delights reduced to a slop and saddened by the idiots at the weather bureau for yet another blunder.

"But what can be done to predict the weather?" you say to yourself. Well read on because here we have assembled a vast array of traditional weather predictions for your information, use and delight.

When you observe moles creeping above ground, fish seem easier to catch, king fishers gathering over river-banks and swallows diving over farm yards, good weather can be expected. Also should ravens gape towards the sun and crows build their nests in the uppermost branches of trees or the larva of the cicada insect lays with its head upwards in cuckoo-spit this too can mean fine conditions.

But, when birds of the sea come inland and inland birds fly much higher than normal, this is an indication of approaching rains. Other signs include animals eating greedily or licking their hooves and the breathing of air with open nostrils, the scurrying of moles underground, the appearance of worms in daytime, the ants busy moving their eggs and the hens flying to their perches covered in dust. Also the continual squawking of the crow or the unusually loud cries from pigs and peacocks as well as cattle licking their bodies against the hair and the chirping of sparrows in the morning foreshows rain. Insects such as wasps, hornets and gnats biting more sorely than normal is yet another prediction of impending rough weather. So too are the spiders who creep out of their holes and narrow receptacles at the first sniff of rain. Sea-

urchins thrust themselves into the mud or strive to cover their bodies with sand; cows lay down and huddle together (the reason being that if the cows laid down during the rain, they would have to lay on wet grass), pigs hide bunches of straw and hay; horses rub their backs against the ground; the late appearance of chickens from their roost and sheep putting their hind feet into a hedge are considered accurate forecasts of dismal days. The calix of the knap-weed plant which does not wither when the flower blooms, closes round the sea-vessels and forms a hard globular substance; in dry weather this calix expands, but at the approach of rain, it shuts again. Another sign of some change in weather is the falling of 'fluff' from colt's foot, dandelion and thistle when there is no wind. And lastly the sparking of a lamp or candle or the falling of soot down a chimney more than ordinary can be considered to foretell storms.

And there you have it. Whether you want to believe the official forecasts more than these traditional ones is up to you, but I know which I'd choose.



RAIN on the green grass,  
And rain on the tree,  
Rain on the house-top,  
But not on me.



*You haven't smelled beautiful perfume, incense and pot pourries until you have some of Margret Bruce's wonderful concoctions in your possession. Write for catalogue from: Margret Bruce (Folk Botanist) Helmington Old Inn, Hurwick, Crook, Co. Durham.*



**"THE VIEW  
OVER  
ATLANTIS"**

By **JOHN  
MICHELL**

35/- Sago Press

**THE GREEN REVOLUTION**

'The Green Revolution', from R.T., Box 129, Freeland, Md. 21053, USA, is the best earth magazine we've seen from over there. It covers the sad state of the American environment and puts forward sound ideas to help alter the country's present catastrophic course. Price \$35.

# The Ecologist

is a fine magazine concerned with the problems of urbanization and social disintegration, erosion of cultural patterns, environmental pollution, depletion of natural resources and the extermination of our wildlife.

If you would like to subscribe to The Ecologist (price £3 a year) please write to; Subscriptions, Darby House, Bletchingley Road, Mersham, Surrey.



# Gardens fair

*Once again we bring you only a few of the many delightful gardens that can be visited in these fair Isles of ours and if you know of one that you think will give somebody pleasure on a sunny afternoon, please let us know.*

SISSINGHURST GARDENS, 2 miles South of Sissinghurst Village off the Maidstone - Hawkhurst road (A229) . . . . .



Of all the gardens I have ever had the pleasure of seeing in my time, the gardens at Sissinghurst are by the far the most beautiful and tranquil; they have to be seen to be believed. There is a castle and an Elizabethan house with a tower that the poet Sackville-West lived in for a period of time. There are a number of gardens in the grounds, two of which are the most memorable. The first is The White Garden which is filled with white flowers of all descriptions - white roses, white peonies, white clematis, white daisies and trees and shrubs with silver foliage: cinerarias, eucalyptus, etc. It's an incredible sight, waves of white snowy blooms, white and silver snow. The little path winds out of this piece of joy through arbours and patios, themselves pure delight, into the herbery which is just too lovely for words. There is a nuttery, an azalea walk, a cottage garden and lots besides, all joined by the most magical walks and patios that it leaves you breathless. Along with all this, plants of the more unusual varieties can be purchased there. You must see it and if you do, it will haunt you forever.

Ben

EXBURY, near Southampton, Hampshire. . . . .

This woodland garden consisting of large groupings of trees and shrubs separated by wide grass rides, is at its peak in beauty this time of year with its berries and turning leaves in their autumn colours.

PACKWOOD HOUSE, Hockley Heath, Warwickshire. .

The most prominent feature of this large open garden is the collection of clipped yews, which is said to represent the Sermon on the Mount. There are yews in many shapes and sizes which appear to be in procession and are supposed to represent the multitude proceeding to the Mount. Behind these is a walk surrounded by twelve larger yews known as the Apostles and in the centre are four trees of incredible size which are the Evangelists; and in the centre of these is the Master.

Although this is quite beautiful, the rest of the garden shouldn't be ignored because there is a lovely flower garden and a sunken rose garden expertly designed and proportioned.

CHILWORTH MANOR near Guildford, Surrey. . . . .

This fine garden has remained unchanged since its creation in the early 16th century. It is a good example of how a garden can be extremely beautiful due simply to its nice uncluttered design. There are many apple trees and Irish yews along the terraces which lead from the flower gardens to a wild garden made around the old stew pond. Classical simplicity at its best.

LEVENS HALL, Kendal, Westmoreland. . . . .

There are few gardens in this country where so many specimens of the art of topiary are to be found and fewer still where they are so well preserved.

The house, that stands in this garden, is a

good example of early 17th century architecture and is flanked on the east side by these fine clipped specimens each standing in a formal flower bed that contrasts well with the sombre green of box and yew.

GLAN-Y-MAWDDACH, Barmouth, Merionethshire

There are only a few gardens on this beautiful island of ours that have so fine a natural setting as this lovely garden on the steep slopes stretching down to the great Mawddach estuary. It was created in the grand Victorian times and contains many of the trees and shrubs that were most popular then. These include tulip trees, monkey puzzles, wellingtonias, Lawson cypresses and rhododendrons as well as many shrubs that are popular today. Towards the house there are more formal flower beds including a small enclosed garden with lily pool and at the uppermost point of this garden is a splendid rock garden. There are also many winding paths and steps which lead to some incredible viewpoints.

TOYS HILL, Ide Hill near Sevenoaks, Kent.

At this time of year I can't think of any other place I would rather be than this great expanse of woodlands known as Toys Hill. In all my travels I have never seen such magnificent trees. The ground on which you walk is a great plush carpet of moss, green and smelling as only good English moss can. In the centre of the wood is a ruin surrounded by an incredible array of rhododendrons in a variety of colours. There are many small pathways leading in and out the mass of trees hidden by many beautiful shrubs and lots of fine views overlooking Kentish farmlands.

Andy





THE  
HUNT SABOTEURS

With the dedication of guerilla fighters, the hunt saboteurs, under the guiding hand of Dave Wetton have had another successful year wrecking fox and otter hunts throughout the country. There are in fact quite a number of groups in action and this article was written with the hope that other groups might organise themselves against all kinds of animal hunts. The Hunt Saboteurs Association began in Brixham, Devon in 1963 and snowballed rapidly as groups sprang up all over the country amidst a welter of publicity. It has a provisional annual subscription of 25p minimum to cover such costs as advertising, postage, printing etc., which also goes towards financing new techniques within the groups. Each member receives a biannual news sheet which gives news and views of the various groups and any other related topic. Of the groups themselves, the foxhunts, and the people who ride with them, please study the following text and should you be interested in joining the Hunt Saboteurs Association please contact Dave Wetton, 74 Babington Road, Streatham.

Fox hunts are normally held on Saturdays around midday, Bank holidays and very occasionally during the week. The hunt season extends from September to April/May and all addresses of the various hunts can be found listed in the Horse and Hound Year Book (get your library to obtain it for you). To find out where and when each individual meets take place, you must purchase "The Horse And Hound Weekly", price 7<sup>2</sup>/<sub>p</sub> weekly, normally from any W.H. Smiths. Meets normally start outside the local pub or inn, (no doubt to give the huntsmen courage!) or front of the largest manor house or large farmyard or crossing. The H.S.A. working on this knowledge usually rendezvous in the outskirts of the village at around 9.30 a.m. to be ready on time. Dave Wetton says:-

"If the press are present or the meet is in a large town we may have a poster demo and leafletting, otherwise we remain as inconspicuous as possible. It's often possible for an unrecognised member to ask a hunt official for the rough route the hunt intends to follow and it's worth remembering that any day's hunting area is inevitably limited by trunk roads or railways. A 1" Ordnance Survey map is always useful. The hunt moves off and we follow by car. The huntsman will take the hounds into a covert and try to flush a fox and if one breaks cover it'll be "holloa-ed" away by the "whippers-in" or car supporters. A "holloa" is a loud yell, learnt by listening to the supporters, which the huntsman will invariably bring the hounds over to investigate. By holloa-ing and bringing him back over ground he's already unsuccessfully tried we can waste much of his valuable hunting time. If not overdone it's possible to holloa misleadingly all day without being suspected.

As soon as they're sure we're around it's O.K. to use the hunting horns (from antique shops) to draw the hounds away from the huntsman. This usually done near the roadside as it's easy to lose a fast moving hunt in the

woods. Once we've got the hounds over to our side of a covert - we spray them with "antimate" (from pet shops) to temporarily deaden their scenting ability. They never bite. Calling the lead hounds by name also adds to confusion. We carry smoke distress signals (from marine suppliers) for real emergencies if there's no other way out for the fox or otter but don't use them indiscriminately. The procedure on an otter hunt, which is on foot along riverbanks, is similar but not really unusual or necessary unless they've picked up a scent (rare these days). They know us to well for secrecy to be adopted. We stick with them spraying the ground ahead as we see fit and only need use the holloas, horn and smoke bombs if they're onto a really fresh scent. It's important to keep one driver back to follow the hound van in case they decide to "van" the dogs from a bridge upstream and so leave us stranded.

Beagling (hare hunting), also on foot, again gets us off the roads and is very strenuous. The beagles are hard to get away unless they're hunting in kale. Holloa-ing and horn blowing are the methods used. Whistles help to confuse them too. We avoid violence on foxhunts by our "hit-and-run" tactics using cars most of the time. 3 people can sabotage a fox hunt successfully whereas 10 or more are needed for otter and beagle hunts which take us off the beaten track and in much closer proximity to the hunt supporters. Cars shouldn't be left unattended as the supporters aren't renowned for their wellmindedness. Cameras and binoculars often come in handy. We don't use doped or ordinary meat although the latter is O.K. if any left uneaten is picked up afterwards - if left to rot it contravenes the Perishable Goods Act. We don't use aniseed or dog whistles as we've found them to be ineffective and we don't throw flour bombs, wire up gates, deflate tyres or harm horses and hounds as this would be defeating our own aims of sincerity and non-hooliganism.

Other saboteur groups have slightly different methods but our have kept us out of trouble for the five years of our existence, whilst at the same time proving successful time and time again!

#### OTHER ANTI-BLOODSPORTS ORGANIZATIONS

Apart from the League Against Cruel Sports, (17-21 Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, SW1) and National Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports, who both do so much on the parliamentary reform, informative and fact finding levels, a notable new West Country group has sprung up this past year. Based in Dorset and calling itself C.R.O.W. (Campaign for the Relief of Wildlife) it consists of an entirely independent body of non-violent people of all ages fighting cruelty to all animals and other abuses of nature. Apart from hunt demos, their activities include finding homes for unwanted dogs, rescuing oiled-up seabirds and cleaning up local riv-

this out as well so it will act as a socket. With a sharp kitchen knife, carve out either a face (the more gruesome the better), or a tree and place the candle firmly into the prepared socket. Now make two small holes near the top of the lantern so that a handle can be looped through. A wire handle would be best as this wont catch fire, but keep it quite long to prevent your hand from getting singed. The lantern can then be either held or hung-up somewhere quite safely.



## *Some herbal remedies*

During one of my many occupations as an antiquarian bookseller I came across the following remedies and cures in a book dated 1764 and thought that perhaps you may like to share them. If you do try them, don't hold me responsible for the results!

Hair;- Take the tops of Hemp as soon as the plant begins to appear above ground and infuse for four and twenty hours in water. Dip the teeth of a comb in this fluid and it will certainly quicken the growth of hair.

Rules for teeth and gums;- Take the best instrument which is a small piece of wood like a butchers skewer rendered soft at the end. It is general to do this when alone; only once a fortnight dip it into a few grains of gunpowder. This will remove every spot and blemish and give your teeth an inconceivable whiteness. It is almost needless to say that the mouth must be well washed after this operation. (and I might add no friends about with matches).

Wrinkles;- (A secret to take them away). Heat an iron shovel red hot, throw on to it some powder of Myrrh, and receive the smoke in your face, covering the head with a napkin to prevent it being dissipated. Repeat this operation three times, then heat the shovel again and when firey hot pour on to it (or spit) a mouthful of white wine. Receive the vapour of wine also on the face and repeat three times night and morning until you find the wrinkles gone. (or your features!).

A remedy for moist feet;- Take twenty pounds of the ashes of the Bay tree, three handfulls of Bay leaves, a handfull of sweet flag. With the same quantity of Calamus Aromaticus and Dittany of Crete boil the lot together for some time then drain off the liquor and add two quarts of wine. Steep your feet in this bath for an hour or so every day and in a short time they will no longer exhale a disagreeable smell.

A fluid to clear a tanned skin;- Take unripe grapes, sack them in water, sprinkle them with Alum and salt, wrap them up in paper and roast in hot ashes, squeeze out the juice and wash the face with it every morn, it will soon remove the tan.

I hope you found them interesting. It is hard to think that people really did go to all this trouble and discovered these remedies for themselves. All we do is reach for a jar.

### THE VASE

*The flowers that stand there in the vase  
with rushes furred and feathered - DEAD.*

*What beauty now ?*

*No softness perfumed petal*

*- pulsating sap mainlining veins to velvet  
leaves of green*

*- now only crackling brown bent aged  
parchment pages,  
curled, furrowed, lined, and Autumn's time.*

*What price now the gold ?*

*No vase for me when I am old.*

*june cramer*

### BAINBRIDGE HORN-BLOWING

There hangs in the entrance of the 'Rose and Crown' Inn at Bainbridge in Yorkshire, a huge buffalo horn that for the past 700 years has been sounded nightly at 10pm from September to the following spring. Its purpose was to guide any travellers lost in the moorland and forest surrounding the village. Although this custom may have been much more useful in days gone bye, it still helps many folk in times of fog and storm.

### ABBOT'S BROMLEY HORN DANCE

One of the most famous ancient customs is held annually at Abbot's Bromley, Staffordshire on the Monday after the first Sunday following 4th September. Taking part are a selection of characters from the Robin Hood era including Maid Marion and a number of bizarrely dressed men each carrying enormous reindeer horns on their shoulders and accompanied by the inevitable 'Fool' (who always seems to make an appearance at such functions). Starting from St. Nicholas' Church, where the horns are stored, they dance and leap their way from house to house, inn to inn, and farm to farm, chasing and clashing with the Fool and each other as they make their way around the village. This custom commences between 8am and 9am.



## An apple a day.....

In one of the most famous incidents in scientific history, Sir Isaac Walton was supposed to have discovered the Theory of Gravity after witnessing a wind-fall in his orchard at Woolthorpe, near Grantham, in 1666. At least his niece, Mrs Conduit, said as much, though others have doubted it. A similar fallacy surrounds another momentous occasion; the tempting of Adam by Eve in the Biblical Garden of Eden. The Bible is vague, only mentioning 'the fruit off the tree in the midst of the Garden', but somehow the idea has sprung up that it was the Apple that caused Man's downfall. In fact Biblical experts have laid down stronger claims for the fig, the grape, the pomegranate, the apricot, or some member of the citrus family.

Nevertheless, these stories show how ancient is the prestige in which the apple is held; it is the supreme, the symbol of fruit itself, by which others are compared. Even now we refer to other fruits as the pine-apple the custard-apple, the love-apple (as the tomato was once known, for its supposed aphrodisiac qualities), while to the French the potato is known as 'Pomme de Terre' or 'Apple of the Earth'.

Originally growing wild throughout Europe and Western Asia, the wild or crab-apple was developed by the Romans until they had seven distinct varieties, which they spread throughout their domains and into Britain, whose climate was ideal for the establishment of orchards. The wild apple was probably already indigenous to Britain, however, for the Druids revered it as the bearer of their sacred plant, the mistletoe. The crab-apple, incidentally, derives its name not, as many suppose, from its 'crabbed' method of growing, but from the old word 'scrub' which simply means 'wild', as in 'scrub-land'. Strangely, the Romans called the apple 'Malus', which later writers possibly confused with the Latin word for 'evil' which is also 'Malus'; perhaps this is why Eve's fruit was referred to as the Apple, though few trees have been so useful to Man. In every country, the apple is regarded as a holy and magic fruit, a symbol of fruitfulness, and variously as a means of immortality, a cure for all ills, a giver of love, and a test of constancy.

In the Celtic Paradise, the hills were clothed with trees bearing flowers and fruit together, and the Vale of Avalon where King Arthur was taken for the healing of his wounds was the 'Apple-Vale', i.e. Paradise, later called Glastonbury. To the Norsemen, the apples of Perpetual youth grew in Asgard, the home of the Gods, guarded by the goddess Idhuma, while the Greeks believed that in the fabled isles of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Western Ocean, were to be found the Golden Apples of the Hesperides, guarded by the dragon, Ladon, who never slept. Hercules, requested by the goddess Hera to obtain them, as a means of immortality, tricked Atlas into getting them for him, and these same apples reappear in the story of Atalanta, the proud and athletic virgin who challenged all her suitors to racing, at which she excelled. An astute suitor raced with her and, throwing down the Golden Apples, distracted her with their beauty, which no woman could resist; thus winning the girl and the race. The Golden Apples were supposed by some to be the oranges of Spain, about which the Greeks has heard some obscure accounts.

It was an apple that Paris gave to Aphrodite to show she was the most beautiful of the goddesses; and we still refer to a loved one as 'the apple of one's eye'. 'An apple for the teacher' is similarly a reminder of this ancient belief in the value of the apple as a token of merit.

The old apple-farmers of England had many superstitions about their crops; for example the sun shining through the branches of the orchard on Christmas Day was a good omen for the future crop, and they made sure of this by the ceremony of Wassailing or Apple-Howling, usually around Twelfth Night, to appease the spirits of the orchard when, laden with pots, pans, guns and of course jars of cider, the locals went to the orchard and with much merri-

ment and noise, toasted the chosen tree repeating the words:

Here's to thee old apple tree,  
Whence thou mayest bud, and whence thou  
mayest blow!  
And whence thou mayest bear apples enow!  
Hats full! Caps full!  
Bushel, bushel sacks full!  
And my pockets full! Wassail!

However this did not always work, for a frost in mid-May would ruin the blossom, and this was called a 'Saint Dunstan's Frost' after St. Dunstan who apparently made a pact with the Devil that the blossom would be spared nine years out of ten, the tenth year allowing the frost to come on St. Dunstan's Day, May 19th. Also one should not eat of the new crop until after St. Swithin's Day (July 15th) when the crop was blessed; in some places this took the form of 'crabbing' or pelting the parson with the new apples, as at Clent (Worcs), Mobberley (Ches) and Hawkridge (Somerset).

The apple as a means of divination is probably derived from the Druidic religion, as in 'apple-bobbing' or dipping for apples. A Hallowe'en game for the unmarried consists of everyone putting an apple on a string and twirling it round; the first one whose apple fell off would be the first to marry. In the same way, if an apple is peeled in one strip and the peel thrown over the left shoulder, it should form the initial of one's future mate.

A report by J. Harvey Bloom in 1929 tells this supposedly true story: on visiting an old woman near Wimpstone, Warwickshire, she offered to bring her sister to him, from ten miles away. Taking an apple, she thrust twelve new pins into it, and put it on the fire, murmuring a few charm words; at noon, her sister arrived saying 'something she was unable to resist' made her come. (Anyway it was cheaper than a phone call).

According to old wives such as these, to cure one's warts one must rub them with two halves of an apple and then bury the halves in the garden. As they rot, the warts will go. Rheumatism could be cured by a good rub with a rotten apple, as could cuts, grazes and scrapes; like many old tales this one has been proved to have some truth in it, for pectin from the apple is a good germicide and also encourages the growth of skin tissue. As a beauty treatment, apples are very good for red noses.

As for its digestive qualities, the apple is an invaluable source of minerals and vitamins, especially vitamin C, and the saying, 'An apple a day, keeps the doctor away' is a wise one. Apples (best eaten raw as cooking usually destroys most of the vitamins) combine well with many foods such as cheese, milk, yogurt



and as apple sauce, with mutton and pork. As a juice, it is very refreshing.

The world's champion apple-eater was Tony de Laurentis, a Philadelphia barber, who devoured 240 apples in two hours in 1935, but there is no need to go this far.

The British are lucky in having the finest apples in the world on their doorstep; no others taste so crisp and fresh; even those bright red Italian ones look delicious but taste of cotton-wool, though of course refrigeration has a lot to do with this. The names of some of the varieties of apple sound as good as they look and taste; Cornish Gilliflower, Coe's Golden Drop, Cox's Orange Pippin, Pineapple Russet, Laxton Superb, Orleans Reinette, Blenheim Orange, Bramley's Seedling, and Worcester Pearmain.

The Pearmain (pronounced Permain, incidentally) is our oldest named variety, first recorded in Norfolk in 1204 and is still one of the most popular apples. Its name derives from its long, pear-like shape, while the Costard Apple, another old favourite in medieval times, gave its name to the 'costermongers' of London. In Tudor times several forgotten varieties were popular such as Apple-John, Leathercoat, Pomewater, Codlin, Jennetting, Catshead, Redstreak and Nonpareil, while later types were developed by accident such as 'Bess Pool', discovered growing wild by Bess Pool, an innkeeper's daughter of Gloucestershire, and 'D' Arcy Spice', originating on a tree in the orchard of the noble family of Tolleshunt D' Arcy of Essex.





After this, controlled breeding was introduced and such apples as the 'Ribston Pippin' from Ribston Hall, Yorkshire (1707) and the 'Blenheim Orange' from Woodstock near Blenheim (c 1818) were developed.

'Lanis Prince Albert' was introduced in 1857 and the original tree still stands in the High Street at Berkhamsted, Herts, while 'Peasgood Nonsuch' was grown from a pip planted by Mrs Peasgood of Stamford in 1876. 'Sturmer Apples' are named from Sturmer near Haverhill, Suffolk, where they first grew in the 1880's.

'Cox's Orange Pippin' first appeared in the 1850's, grown by a Mr Cox of Slough, and his original tree still stood in the 1930's. 'Beauty of Bath' arrived in 1864, from Bath, of course, and 'Annie Elisabeth' was named after the wife of Mr Greatorex of Leicester, who produced it in 1857. This was followed by 'Bramley's Seedling' (1876) bred by Mr Bramley of Southwell, Notts, and 'Newton Wonder' raised in Newton near Derby (1887). The famous firm of Laxton produced several well known



varieties after 1893, such as Laxton's Superb, in 1923, but the famous 'Granny Smith' Apple was accidentally bred from a pip sown on a rubbish heap by Granny Smith of Australia (date uncertain).

And of course, we can't forget the wonderful cider, the potent brew from the seemingly mild apple. 'Scrumpy' is cider made from the last underdeveloped apples of the crop, and can easily be made at home with a bit of patience, and a large tub or bath to brew it in.

#### SCRUMPY

Collect the last small apples, of any type - crab, cookers or dessert, preferably when they are really ripe and mature. Leave them in a loft or cupboard for 14 - 16 days to mellow, during which time the alcohol and carbonic acid content develops. Then the juice is extracted from the fruit by pressing or rolling until all the juice is extracted, and this is put in a tub and kept if possible at a temperature of 60 degrees (F). Allow to stand for a week, until the sediment subsides then draw off the clear liquor and store in a cool place in jars or casks. Then the longer you keep it, the stronger it gets, (you hope)!

by Christopher Chamberlain

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE APPLE

The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him, and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Sap draws sap. His fruit-eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat he wants the apple just the same. Before meal or after meal it never comes amiss. The farm-boy munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the hay-mow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits.....

The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street; when you can carry them in your pocket and your hand not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbour has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visits to his orchard; when your lunch-basket is without them and you pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy either in heart or years.

\* \* \* \* \*



In this issue, we are going to show you all how to play fivestones, or Jackstones as it is sometimes called. Now we expect many of you already know how to play this simple little game, but are perhaps unaware how it came to originate. No one really knows where the game actually started, for it has appeared all over the world from the earliest of times. The American children have a version called 'ted-ama' (handballs) and is also played in Japan by the children there where it is known as 'otadama' or Japanese Jacks. That it is one of the earliest of games there can be little doubt and if you want to try your hand at it, so to speak, you must first get yourself five stones, little ones, and then proceed as follows:

(A). 1. Put down the five stones on the palm of your hand (while doing the trick, say "Five"): throw them up in the air, turn your hand so that the stones, in coming down, fall on the back of your. 2-8. Do the same trick seven times running, saying "Fifteen", "twenty" or ("no lie"), "Twenty-five", "Thirty", "Thirty-five", "Forty", "Forty-five".

(B). 1. Throw the five stones on the ground, pick one up and throw it into the air, then take two others, and, as the first one falls, catch it. Do the same with the first stone and the other two. (Say "one for churn".)

2. Throw down the five stones, throw one of them up, take three others and catch the other as it comes down ("two for churn"). 3. Throw up one of them, take the other four and catch the first as it falls ("three for churn").

(C). 1. Throw down four stones, throw the fifth up in the air, pick up two of the four, strike them on your knee without letting them fall, then catch the other as it comes down ("Two for striking knee"). 2, 3. The same trick twice ("Two for striking knee"), ("Three for striking knee").

(D). The same, but strike your chest ("One for striking chest", etc.)

(E). The same, but strike your other palm ("One for striking palm", etc.)

(F). Strike the stones on the floor before you catch the one in the air ("One for striking the ground", etc.).

(G). Put two stones in your mouth, throw another in the air, pick up two from the ground,

put your hand into your mouth, and take out the two that were there, then catch the one in the air. The same trick three times ("One for striking the mouth", etc.).

(H). Your two hands in this trick. Rest the tips of the fingers of your left hand on the ground, held apart so that there is a gap, or door, between each two fingers, i.e. four doors. Now put a stone in front of each door. (The stones are likened to donkeys passing through doors.) Now begin with the furthest stone, and shove the stones in under your hand. Take the fifth stone in your left hand, throw it up in the air; take the other four stones in your left hand and catch the falling stone in your left hand ("One for Donkey", etc.). The same trick three more times. That is the game of sgreaga or jackstones.

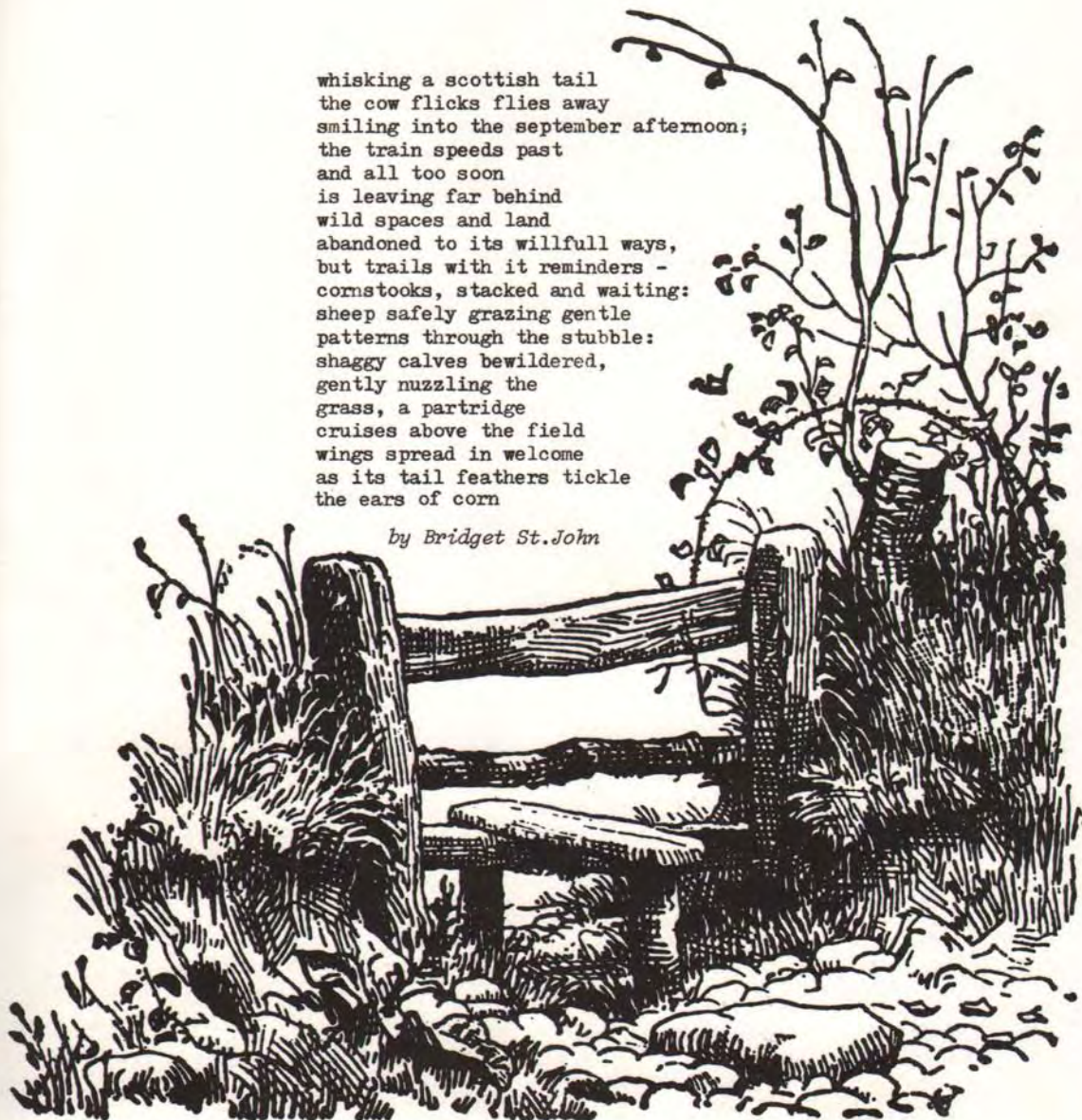
*It's a sort of fizzy day  
When the wind doesn't bite  
and the sun doesn't come  
and the rain is a dream of  
drizzle  
that never really happens*





whisking a scottish tail  
the cow flicks flies away  
smiling into the september afternoon;  
the train speeds past  
and all too soon  
is leaving far behind  
wild spaces and land  
abandoned to its willfull ways,  
but trails with it reminders -  
cornstocks, stacked and waiting:  
sheep safely grazing gentle  
patterns through the stubble:  
shaggy calves bewildered,  
gently muzzling the  
grass, a partridge  
cruises above the field  
wings spread in welcome  
as its tail feathers tickle  
the ears of corn

*by Bridget St. John*



# Wares & Whatnots



CLOTHING WANTED by Rev. F.E. Poad, Lambeth Mission, Lambeth Road, London, SE1. If you have any to offer please let him know.

o o

We are collecting very old photographs and drawings, engravings etc of country crafts, traditions, children & their games, nature etc.. Please get in touch with us at The Country Bizarre if you have any to offer.

THE VICTORIAN SOCIETY needs more members to help it financially avert destruction of our Victorian Heritage. All information from The Secretary, 29 Exhibition Road, SW7.

Georgian Group, 2 Chester Street, W.1.

Jeremy & Lissen Cussens would very much like craftsmen of all descriptions to call on them at 10 Millans Park, Ambleside, Westoreland. Not sure what it's exactly about but all craftsmen travelling in the area please heed their call.



FOR SALE \* \* \* \* \*  
A tape of the last hour of the now defunct Radio London. Price one pound. Contact Teresa, 'Gambia', London Road, St. Ives, Huntingdon, PE17 4EX  
\* \* \* \* \*



## THE GOLDEN AGE

A prophecy



*In futurity  
I prophetic see  
That the earth from sleep  
(grave the sentence deep)*

*Shall arise and seek  
for her maker meek;  
And the desert wild  
Become a garden mild.*

William Blake



### PEOPLE NOT PSYCHIATRY

HUNG-UP/ISOLATED/DESPERATE/  
SCHIZOPHRENIC/ETC? THEN PHONE:

Jenny-Jerry-Jack W14 603 4042  
Peter NW3 794 6369  
Geoffrey Tucker Harrow 868 8749  
Maggie-Tony W13 567 3941  
Irene-Tony SE19 653 7778  
Val-Pete NW3 485 9370

PLUS 100 MORE LONDON & REGIONAL CONTACTS. 'PHONE FOR DETAILS.

*Just a reminder that animals look to us for justice — and mercy.*

This Gunned Tape (200 ft. for 25p) and information from the Invertebrate Federation for Animal Welfare, 296 Regents Park Rd., Finsbury, London, E.C.3

PETER & TINA wish to communicate with other communes in Eire with regard to help and advice on community living; write to Skeeter Park, Bailey Commons, Murrin town, Wexford, Eire.



COUNTRY CRAFTS, LIFE & MEMORIES : GOOD CHOICE OF SECOND-HAND BOOKS (MANY PRE-WAR) FOR GENTLE PEOPLE: Arne Lazell, 127 Tower Road South, Warmley, Bristol BS15 5BT (please send 5p stamp for list).



WANTED. Sound reliable medium sized bicycle for a bloke. Not a drop handlebar job, but a good roadster, suitable for the odd spin out into the country. If you have one and would consider selling it please write to The Country Bizarre

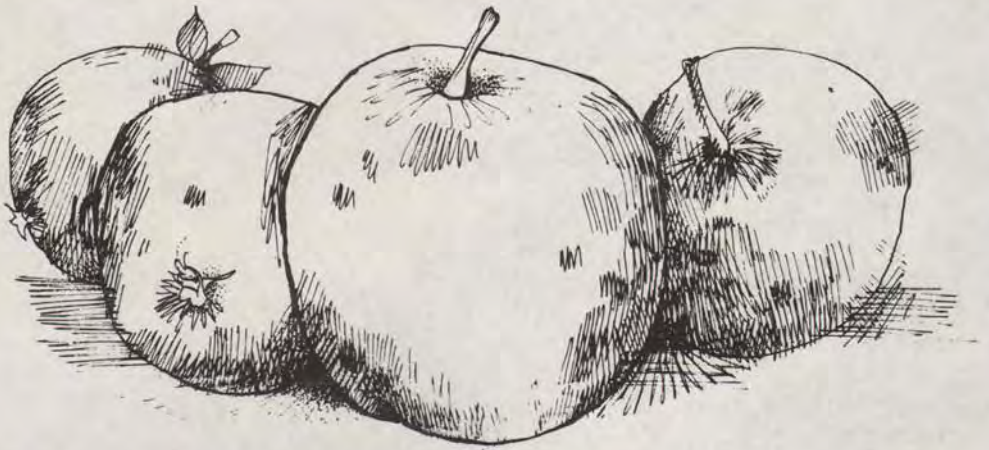
Rather nice embroidered bookmarks, hand made on silk in many colours, available from The Country Bizarre price 50p.

IF YOU ARE A CRAFTSMAN of any description and you would like to advertise your wares free of charge, please get in touch with us at The Country Bizarre.



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Only the entire apple is a whole, an integral food. The throwing away of the peel and the core involves a loss of food factors (vitamins and mineral substances) of high nutritional value, and at the same time a disturbance of the natural balance. For instance, the core contains twenty times as much iodine as the whole of the rest of the apple put together, a fact which in goitrous countries is of considerable importance. Even during my own childhood it was still reckoned a sin not to eat the core of the apple. Today, almost everyone peels the skin and leaves the core. Children copy their elders example. Further mistaken conceptions of medicine have spread the notion that peel and core are difficult to digest by reason of their rich cellulose content, and are thus dangerous for the digestive organs. This idea has today been proven to be entirely without foundation. A healthy child requires the whole apple if it is to enjoy good health.

The above paragraph was taken from the writings of M. Bircher-Bennet, M.D. in childrens diets and a world authority on food nutrition. The following article was written by Ella Hanford, Natural Foods, Sante Fe, U.S., and it appeared recently in "The Astral Projection"; a very good paper that is published in the States.

'To make the eating of apples (the whole fruit) both palatable for very young children or adults with poor teeth, the fruit may be grated after removing the stem and calyx. All kinds of gadgets are available for this purpose: a flat tin grater, or an upright one, wire graters, hand operated graters, the fine disc on the various salad makers as well as electrical gadgets.

The grated apple is an important ingredient in Muesli, the cereal dish widely used in Europe for many years which is now becoming more and more popular. For Muesli soak 1 table-spoon freshly ground grain-oats, rye, wheat and buckwheat in two tablespoons of water for 12 hours (for each serving) with a little dried fruit (raisins, currants, sultanas, figs etc.) for sweetening, and when ready to eat,

add the juice of half a lemon, 1 tablespoon cream, one or two grated apples and stir together. Top with one tablespoon of any finely ground nut. This makes a satisfying meal.'

#### Some applefacts from other people.

"One of the few normal jaws that I have seen was that of a man who comes from Devonshire. It was absolutely perfect, such as you would find in primitive Australian man. He was 58 years of age and not have a decayed tooth, and had lost only one. As a young man he 'almost lived on apples'-----Dr. Harry Cambell, Manchester conference on the Prevention of Diseases of the Teeth.

'Apples contain phosphorus, sulphur, iron, magnesia, and calcium. Life cannot live without phosphorus, and there is a full dose of this excellent tonic in its soluble form, phosphoric acid, in an apple. For just the right dose of iron, eat apples. The iron found in apples is more easily taken into the bloodstream in this form than in any other. Apples are a good thing for the complexion, as the sulphur in them has an especially beneficial effect on the skin and skin diseases. Children with rickets should have plenty of apples to eat. They form nourishment for the bones and teeth. The lime and phosphoric acid contents of apples are so beautifully combined that they make an ideal dose for this sort of trouble. To aid digestion, clear the voice, obtain a beautiful complexion, relieve insomnia and reduce the high cost of living depend on the good old apple.-----J.H. Tilden, M.D.

And dont forget that if you have a garden an apple tree is a must. They can be obtained very cheaply thesedays and they dont require an awful lot of looking after especially after they have become established. You get pounds and pounds of fruit from just one tree and the fruiting season varies considerably with each variety so that one can have apples to eat from August to March. And what a world of difference there is between the soggy fruit bought in the shops to the fruit which comes straight from the tree. Plant an apple tree this year.



## OPERATION 'SURVIVAL'

Survival is all that matters today. It isn't just the weapons; pollution is creeping up on us hourly and there's a galloping population problem. Millions will starve in the next 30 years.

Pollution and overpopulation can both be cured by money. As living standards rise, birthrates fall. But the money is going into weapons; so now pollution, population and the arms race are *all* out of control and we're heading straight for destruction.

Everything we care about has become meaningless; work, art, faith, research, education, career, savings are all in vain. Even our homes will soon stand empty and polluted. Yet if only we can solve the problem of survival, all these things will recover their old familiar value. Is it too late? Is there nothing we can do?

There are two things that are fatal. One is to accept the existing system and carry on as if everything is going to be all right; the other is to smash it because everything is going wrong. The only intelligent thing is to *USE* the system. That's what Q is about.

**Q is an international movement of ordinary people whose sole object is to make sure the human race survives. Q has no connection with any political party. It has no officials and no committee. There's no subscription.**

The world consists of about 130 states, all out of control. They're called sovereign states, but 'sovereign' simply means uncontrolled. There's no authority which can stop them tearing each other to pieces. The UN can't; the nations won't let it.

Q intends to *force* governments to federate. We can't wait till they're all ready, so we'll have to start with a few and then go on expanding. Presumably the 'big boys' will stay out at first; but as the new federation grows, they'll find they aren't big boys any longer. Then they'll have to come in.

And how can we force governments to do this? By concentrating on the one thing that makes a politician wince—his seat. It's no use demonstrating or lobbying or signing petitions. The only way to force an issue into the foreground of politics is to use the electoral system intelligently. It's your *vote* that hurts.

Do you realise that in the 1960 American election, if one person in six thousand had voted differently, John Kennedy would have lost? At the next election in Britain a swing of one and a half per cent will change the government. With figures like these the voter has got the politicians at his mercy.

All you have to do is make sure your M.P., deputy, congressman, etc. knows that if he puts immediate federation in the forefront of his election programme, you'll vote for him, and that if he doesn't you'll vote for his opponent. It's as simple as that.

We'll get this organised on a local basis when the time comes; the details will vary from country to country. As for one-party states, they have competitive politics too, though they hide it under the carpet. The people on the spot will know how to make use of it.

The one thing we all want is to stay alive. So it's up to us to make this *the only priority in the world*. There are lots of difficulties, but if we use our brains, we've got a chance. Don't let's miss it; there won't be another.

**Get in touch with Q. Put others in touch. There's still time.** Already Q is operating in more than 60 countries. There's a booklet (10p.) and a series of free newsletters to bring you up to date. And there's a world at risk.

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