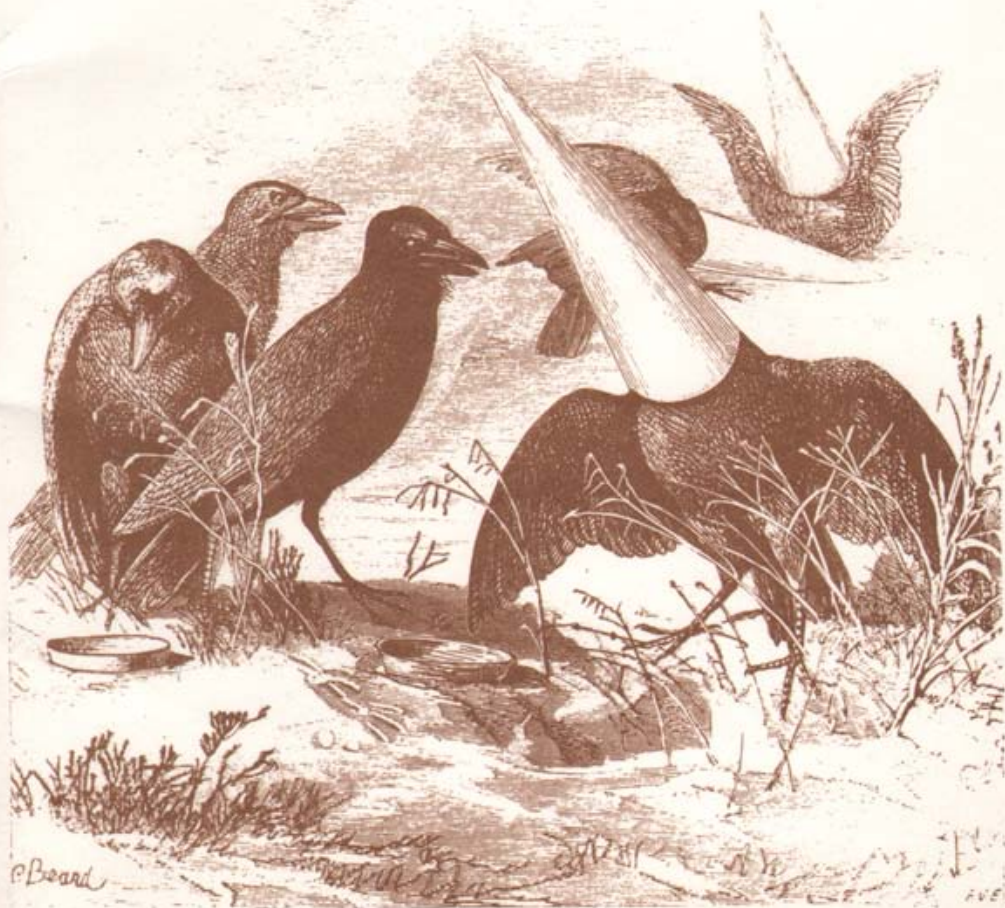


# THE COUNTRY BIZARRE

*Edition number 11*

*Price 25p*







# THE COUNTRY BIZARRE

19 Danesmoor, Ruscote, Banbury, Oxfordshire OX16 7PZ

This last issue in the present series of The Country Bizarre came to you via

Andy Pittaway & Bernard Schofield,

with much appreciated help from Irene, Liz & Gavin,

Ted Cooke, Ann Cleaves of Voices, Linda Wheeler, Smile Design Group, Joy Farren,  
The Chamberlain Family, David Green for bird pictures, John Rice, Barry for photographs,  
Robert Smith, Peter Critenden, Betty Swanwick and Mrs Frost.

Dear Friends,

This is the last issue of the Country Bizarre in the present series and we are now going into hibernation for a little while for which the reasons why will now be given. To begin with, we are now well underway with the production of our first book entitled 'The Country Bizarre's Country Bazaar' which will hopefully be on sale next spring. With all our other commitments, we thought it necessary to stop issuing the magazine for the sake of the book because we find it is taking our fullest concentration.

Secondly, we felt that the magazine needed an overhaul, with new ideas being brought in, a different layout etc., and by stopping production we can recharge, as it were, before re-issuing a fresher publication.

Thirdly, it is becoming almost impossible to produce the magazine on a part-time basis as our distribution, mail and so on is now bogging us down. Up until now, going full time had been impossible because Andy is at work with a family to support and I, myself was at college with all the responsibilities that that entailed, and so Country Bizarre happened in the evenings. Now, however, I am leaving college this July and intend to go full-time on the magazine, subject to a few changes, the most important of these being that the price of the issues will have to go up in price to cover a nominal wage for myself. Also, we may have to start charging for certain advertisements but this will sort itself out as we get going. Perhaps a change from a quarterly magazine to a bi-monthly one may also be necessary. The point is, the whole essence of the magazine must change for it to survive, as sad as that may be.

While we are incognito, as it were, Bizarre Acres will still be open for business, ie., for the sale of issues of the magazine, publication work etc. The only change will be that we will not be accepting anymore subscriptions until the new magazine appears. We will honour all subscribers of the present magazine when the next one appears when-

ever that may be.

Finally, myself, Bernard, am looking for a large room or studio to rent, 'in the country, somewhere in the southern counties but ideally in Kent or Sussex. I'd need only privacy for my work and space for magazine business etc. So if anyone knows of any where, please get in touch via Bizarre Acres or at 38 Adelaide Avenue, Brockley, London, S.E.4.

Well, thats about all for now, so until the emergence of the New Country Bizarre, we bid you farewell, from myself, Bernard, and Andy.

## THE SPRING

When wintry weather's al a-done  
An' brooks da sparkle in the zun,  
An' naisy builden rooks da vlee  
Wi' sticks toward ther elem tree,  
An' we can hear birds zing, and zee  
Upon the boughs the buds o' spring,  
Then don't envy any king,  
A-vield wi' health an zunsheen.

Var then the cowlslips hangen flow'r,  
A-wetted in the zunny show'r,  
Da grow wi' vilets sweet o' smell,  
That maidens al da like so well;  
An' drushes' eggs, wi' sky-blue shell,  
Da lie in mossy nests among  
The tharns, while the da zing ther zong  
At evemen in the zunsheen.

An' many times, when I da vind  
Things goo awry, and vo'ke unkind;  
To zee the quiet veeden herds,  
An' hear the zingen o' the birds,  
Da still my spurrit moore than words.  
Var I da zee that 'tis our sin  
Da miake oon's soul so dark 'ithin  
When God wood gie us zunsheen.

-William Barnes.





## Making your garden a bird reserve

Birds need land. But land is needed by man. He needs somewhere to live, he needs food, he needs to move from one place to another. Housing, intensive agriculture, industrial development and the need for faster roads and airports all use land. As a result habitat — the place where animals live — disappears.

You can seldom do much to change the course of such development. But you could help by replacing some of the disappearing habitat — in your garden.

### Somewhere to live

When replacing habitat for birds, you must fulfil two of their basic requirements — food and shelter. Food and shelter? Feeding birds and providing nestboxes does help. But there is more that you can do. You can provide a suitable habitat by growing plants on which the birds rely. Birds are part of nature — dependent like all animals and plants on other animals and plants. They are part of a food chain — a food chain which in turn depends on the soil and climate.

### Planning for the birds

How do you set about planning out your garden nature reserve? The basic requirements of food and shelter often go together. Therefore, if you grow plants for food, you will provide shelter as well. Plants for food fall into two groups — those that are eaten by the birds and those that attract insects that are eaten by the birds. The birds that visit your garden can be divided into three basic categories — those that eat mainly vegetable matter, those that eat mainly animal matter such as insects and those that will eat almost anything.

### No garden is flat

When planning your planting, remember that a garden has more than one level. It has a range of levels from the top of well-grown trees to the ground. So choose plants that will give you a wide range of heights.

The plants for the seed-eaters can range from the smaller varieties of daisies to the pyracantha that can grow up the walls of a house. Seeds of many herbaceous plants will attract members of the finch family (see pages 21 and 22). The most obvious of these is the sunflower. It is easy to grow and if left to go to seed is particularly attractive to goldfinches. Other suitable flowers include cosmos, china aster, scabious, evening primrose, antirrhinum and michaelmas daisy.

If you have a large garden and tolerant neighbours, you can leave a 'wild' area, where thistle, knapweed, teasel, groundsel and field poppy can grow. Nettles are also valuable because they provide food for insects, which in turn

provide food for birds.

Michaelmas daisies and other pink and mauve late flowering plants such as ice plant, buddleia and veronica seem to be particularly attractive to butterflies and other insects. Amongst insect-attracting plants, one of the most successful is the giant hogweed. This will grow to 12' or 14' and will attract many flying insects, and therefore fly-catching birds. Remember to warn children not to play with this plant because it can cause very unpleasant skin irritation.

The berry-bearing shrubs are a valuable source of food for members of the thrush family in the winter. You may even attract the redwing and fieldfare, winter visitors from Scandinavia. Researches by the RSPB into the shrubs that birds prefer have shown the following to be most popular —

Elder (mainly *Sambucus nigra*)  
Yew (*Taxus baccata*)  
*Cotoneaster horizontalis*  
*Cotoneaster simonsii*  
*Cotoneaster waterii*  
Autumn olive (*Elaeagnus umbellata*)  
Russian olive (*Elaeagnus angustifolia*)  
Red chokeberry (*Aronia arbutifolia*)  
Black chokeberry (*Aronia melanocarpa*)  
Barberry (*Berberis darwinii*)  
Holly (mainly *Ilex aquifolium*)  
Flowering currant (mainly *Ribes sanguineum*)  
Honeysuckle (*Lonicera* species)  
Hawthorn (mainly *Crataegus monogyna*)  
Wayfaring tree (*Viburnum lantana*)  
Blackberry (*Rubus fruticosus*)  
Rowan (*Sorbus aucuparia*)  
Firethorn (*Pyracantha coccinea*)  
Crab apple (mainly *Malus pumila*)  
Privet (mainly *Ligustrum vulgare*)

Some of these plants make excellent hedges. Hawthorn is particularly effective because it provides both food and nest sites. In fact, some gardeners prefer it to the more usual privet hedge which can be a nuisance because it takes so much nutrient from the soil. Remember that some of the bushes suggested have berries that are harmful to man and domestic animals, but not to birds.

Birds which eat berries will also eat fruit in winter. They are not as fussy as humans and can be attracted by windfalls and damaged fruit put out during

the cold weather.

Trees are a source of food as well as shelter for birds. If you want to plant trees, pick native rather than exotic species. Not only are they better adapted to the climate, they are also part of the pattern of our native flora and fauna. Of the native trees, the oak is undoubtedly the most productive; a mature oak supports so much life that it is almost a habitat in itself. However, oaks need space and take a long time to reach maturity. Therefore, you may prefer to choose a quicker growing species such as ash, elm, silver birch or willow. Like other plants, trees do have a preference for certain soil types and therefore you should plant species already growing in your area or take a nurseryman's advice. Remember to ascertain how much room a tree takes up when fully grown before you plant it.

Ash seeds or 'keys' provide food for a number of species and have been proven to lessen the damage of bullfinches on buds in orchard areas. Silver birches attract numerous small insects which all the species of tits eat. Many insects, especially moths, lay their eggs on willow leaves and their grubs are eaten by robins, tits, wrens and dunlocks. If you buy an elm, make sure it is one of the varieties which are less susceptible to Dutch elm disease.

Dead trees can be left, unless they have died through a disease, such as Dutch elm disease. Rotting trees provide nest-holes and a plentiful supply of insect food in the rotting bark. If you think a dead tree is unsightly, grow a climbing plant such as clematis up it.

### The importance of water

Throughout the year, birds need water for bathing and drinking. Birdbaths are the obvious way to do this. They can be purchased from garden shops and centres but often they are expensive, aesthetically unpleasing and badly designed, so that they do not fulfil their prime purpose. Basically, almost any receptacle is suitable as long as birds can reach the water and the sides are not slippery. A simple bath can be made from an upturned dustbin lid sunk into the ground or supported by three bricks.

In winter, freezing can be a problem. A small receptacle raised on bricks over a lighted nightlight can avoid this. If your birdbath is large or if you have a pond, you can use a thermostatic immersion heater designed for ponds. They can be bought from aquaria suppliers. Make sure you have a well-insulated lead. On no account use chemicals to lower the water's freezing point.

The RSPB sells a fibreglass birdbath, which is available from Sales Department, RSPB, The Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire, price £3.15.



## Your own pool

A garden pool is more effective than a birdbath as long as it has a shallow ledge around the edge. It will be used by birds for drinking and bathing. A pool very soon attracts a range of wildlife including creatures such as frogs, newts, and dragonflies. It also attracts other insects on which wagtails and flycatchers will feed.

Making a suitable pool is quite easy. First dig a hole approximately 5'x4'. The deepest part should be between 1' and 2' but the bottom should slope gradually to a shallow end. Remove all sharp stones and lay a 9'x8' sheet of 1,000 gauge polythene into the hole, allowing 2' to spare around the edges. Trap the edges by replacing turf. Spread soil over the base of the pool to a depth of 3" or 4", fill with water, allowing a week to settle before planting, and grow aquatic plants in the soil.

## Nesting sites

Natural nesting places for birds are often not available in gardens. Hedges have been removed (or on modern estates just not provided), rotting trees which provide nest-holes have been chopped down and a thick undergrowth is not tolerated.

Many of the bushes and trees recommended for feeding birds also provide cover for nesting. Particularly valuable are bramble and hawthorn which offer protection from predators.

The most obvious way to compensate for the lack of natural nest-sites is to put up nestboxes. However these are only suitable for certain species. Many types are sold commercially and when you buy one, avoid those with ledges beneath the entrance which might help predators to get to the nest. Ornamentation is unnecessary from the birds point of view — cupolas, balustrades, thatch or windows mean nothing to the birds. All they want is somewhere in which to nest safely.

Ideally, nestboxes should be put up in November but the early spring is not too late. Fix your nestbox to a tree or wall. For the birds' sake, avoid places which cats can easily reach and try not to have the hole facing south because the mid-day sun may be too hot for the nestlings. For your sake, find places where you can watch easily.

Tits, tree sparrows and house sparrows, starlings, nuthatches and pied flycatchers are all hole-nesters and will use nestboxes. For tits an entrance hole 1½" in diameter is sufficient and too small for starlings and house sparrows. Spotted flycatchers, pied wagtails and robins will use nestboxes with open fronts. They will also nest in old kettles and flower pots. If you leave the door of your garden shed or greenhouse open throughout the breeding season,

you may well attract robins, song thrushes, blackbirds, wrens, spotted flycatchers, pied wagtails or swallows to nest inside. Ensure that there are no open paint pots or tins of creosote because young birds may well fall into these when they leave the nest.

Many species will nest in holes in walls. If you remove a brick from a wall, you may well get pied wagtails, spotted flycatchers or wrens nesting in the hole. For details of the many types of nest-box that can be bought or made, you should read *Bird Nest-boxing* by Norman Hickin and the BTO Guide *Nestboxes*. Both are available from the RSPB.

At the end of each nesting season, clean out your nestbox in order to remove parasites. The remains of old nests may deter birds from nesting next year. The RSPB sells nestboxes and the Society can also supply details (send two 3p stamps to RSPB, The Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire) of a nestbox that you can make yourself.

## Nesting

When birds nest in your garden, leave them alone as much as possible. If you must look, make it a quick visit every other day. Be very careful not to leave signs of your visit such as broken twigs or trodden foliage because this might lead predators to the nest.

## Leave young birds alone

Young birds away from the nest, apparently without their parents, have normally not been deserted. They have probably just left the nest and are not yet flying freely. Do not attempt to catch them, their parents will return when you leave. To try rearing them yourself would be difficult and would probably end in failure. It is also illegal to do this unless the bird has been deserted or was injured. Further details are available in *Treatment of Sick and Injured Birds* and *Wild Birds and the Law* each of which can be obtained by sending 5p in stamps to the RSPB.

## Birdtables and feeding devices

In very hard weather, feeding birds can be important in helping them to survive, but remember that during the rest of the year, the main value of feeding birds is making it easy for you to watch them.

A variety of birdtables is sold and they range from the elaborate 'rustic' type to simple platforms. Which you choose is really a matter of individual taste. Many birdtables have roofs and while these are not vital, they do give some protection to food, especially from snow.

You can suspend birdtables from a branch or from a wall bracket, or you

can support the table on a post driven into the ground or on a movable stand. Avoid 'rustic' stands which are easily climbed by cats or grey squirrels.

Squirrels are inveterate birdtable feeders and it is difficult to keep them off the table. Many ingenious ideas have been tried but the squirrels' acrobatic ingenuity will often win. A table with a very smooth circular pipe around the post or a basket suspended on a long wire from a high branch will usually beat them.

House sparrows and starlings are considered nuisances on birdtables by some people and there is a variety of 'sparrow-proof' feeding devices—from baskets to coils of wire. They can be filled with nuts, fat or kitchen scraps. Unfortunately, some feeding devices can be dangerous and before you buy you should look carefully for sharp edges which can cut birds' feet, or springs which can trap birds by the feet or wings, or openings in which the birds themselves could become trapped.

Whatever feeding devices you choose, they should be moved occasionally because there is a danger that rotten food can accumulate in the ground, harbouring disease and encouraging rats.

Be considerate to your neighbours. Extravagant feeding can encourage birds to the extent that they become a nuisance.



Sheldrake

Taken with kind permission from "The Birds In Your Garden", a publication put out by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, The Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire. P.S. Don't forget to join!



Black Swan





# BRATS

Have you, on any occasion, ever had the misfortune to stroll past a group of school children. They're all standing in a circle on the pavement wearing their regulation type blazers, caps and short trousers with gipsy tart and ink stains on their fingers. As you sauntered past, did one of them ever scream

after you, "Get off your knees, Shorty" or some other such pleasantry, if so, you're lucky it wasn't worse. Because you have just been introduced to a minute segment of the schoolboys enormous amount of verbal ammunition that is hurtled daily between him and his colleagues. For hundreds of years this

distinct line of vocabulary has been bandied throughout every classroom in the country and will, to all probability, continue for many more.

I know when I was a brat, I really cringed at being tormented and mocked by the pimple faced rabble, even though I insulted them too; but now it's different. Now I can think back at those nicknames and epithets without any hatred at all, in fact I find them extremely funny and entertaining. But if by some quirk of chance you managed to miss such delights in your younger days don't despair. Because beneath this line there awaits reams of such names, all nurtured over the years, that I'm sure will include at least one for you.

On the other hand, if you have been subjected to such treatment in days gone by, it may be nice to just refresh some of those incredible childhood memories.

Probably the person to who most of the nicknames are directed is the unfortunate fat man. This 'ton of flesh' who is capable of 'packing a double-decker in his belly' is well known as: back end of a bus, balloon, barrel, barrel-belly, barrow-guts, Billy Bunter the Second, blood tub, bouncer, Buster, chubby, Chubby Checker, chunky, Crystal Jellybottom, diddle diddle dumpling, fat belly, fat duck, Fatty Harbuckle, flab, football, glutton, grub-tub, guts, gutsy, hammy-bones, jelly-belly, jelly-wobble, Jumbo, lumpy, lump of lard, pig, piggy, podge, porker, porridge, pud, plum-pudding, rubber-guts, sausage, slob, slug, steam-roller, tank, human tank, tubs, tubby and of course Two-Ton Tussy.

Thin people, although not causing such a deluge of names as their opposites, also have a place in the schoolboys vocabulary. These are: Bony Moroney, broomstick, daddy-longlegs, drain pipe, fuse-wire, hairpin, lamp-post, walking lamp-post, Lanky Liz, Long and lanky, skinny and cranky, Swanky Lanky Liz, matchstick, needles and needle-legs. Not forgetting, pencil slim, pipe cleaner, rake, flint, skinny, scarecrow, scraggy, skin and bones, skin flint, skinny-malink, spaggy or sparrow, Spindle Dick, spindle legs, spindleshanks, spindle sticks, taper, Thinima (opposite to Fatima), tin-ribs and the inevitable Tubby.

Small people fail to escape a mention too, for these include; ankle biter, dolly mixture, dumpy, flea, half-pint, imp, Jenny, junior, kipper, microbe, midge, nipper, penguin, pint-size and Pip. As well as shorty, shrimp, small fry, snitch, squib, squirt, stubby, stumps, stumpy, twinkle toes ('Put some manure in you boots'), toddler, tiger, Tiny Tim, Tom Thumb, tot and lastly, weed. Schoolboys have had a great time in nick-naming lanky people as well. These they have termed as; Everest, flagpole ('Cold up there cock?'), freak, Gulliver, giddy lamp post,

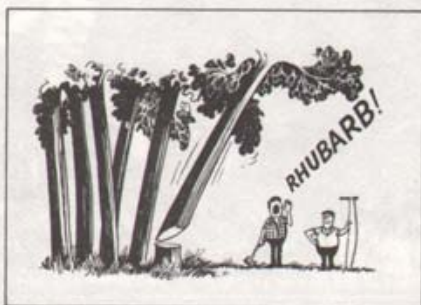
lanky, lofty, lean old lank looks like a plank, Long John Silver, maypole, Spike, skyscraper, snowy ('Brush the snow off your head!'), spider, stilty, streak, Tower of London, walking barge pole, walking lamp-post, Wagstaffe, and the complete opposite - Tich, Shorty and Little John.

We now come to the pimple faced variety who are affectionately known as; Spotty Dicks, Dalmation Face, Bumps, Dimples, Crater-face, Freckle-faced Faggot, Leopard, Mealy-face, School Dinners, Measle Nob, Pepper Pot, Pimple Bonce, Poxie and Scabbie Guts, 'If that's your face it's a dashed disgrace, I thought it was your bottom in the wrong place.

All the names that you have read until now have been concerned with appearances. The final list is dedicated to the greedy-pigs amongst us, these are the following; dust-bin, hollow legs, hog, face-packer, gluttons, gobble-guts, Gobble Gobble Gertie, greedy glutton, greedy-devil, greedy-grabs, greedy-hog, greedy-muffin, guts, guts-ache, gutsy sod, gutter, guzzler, guzzie-guts and guzzler-pig. And of course, hungry guts, Hungry Horace, piggy, pig-hog, pig-bin and rumble tummy.

strung together by Andy

Reproduced, by popular demand, from the pages of Country Bizarre No.1



Scientists at the University of Aston, Birmingham, have discovered a way of converting newspapers into "wholesome and nutritional" food for animals.

Mrs Christine Bradley, aged 35 of Washington Avenue, Chaddesden, Derby, has become the 100,000th member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

Ian and Phil, who are now selling craft materials in their shop at 40 Bellevue Terrace, Malvern, would very much like to take work by local craftsmen on a sale or return basis.



# BOOKS

## SPACESHIP-EARTH

*Spaceship-Earth is a local monthly broadsheet produced by the Bromley and Eltham branches of the Friends of the Earth. It makes interesting reading and gives news of the various action groups in the area who are trying their hardest to clean up the environment-Litter collections, river and stream clearances etc. Only 2p from FOE (Bromley) and Spaceship Earth: 20 Elm Walk, Beckenham, BR3 4JB. Telephone 01-650 7993.*

## EARTH GARDEN

Our Australian counterpart. A lovely magazine that will interest any country loving Pommie, with really good articles on organic food production, conservation, country recipes etc. Available at about 50p from Earth Garden, P O Box 111, Balmain 2041.

## GOTTA SING 'GOTTA DANCE

*If, like me, you are an addict of the 'Golden Age of Hollywood' films, then you will really love this book for it is extremely good value for the price. It is a fairly large publication, crammed with dozens and dozens of photographs from all the major musicals from the beginning, as in 'The Jazz Singer', up to modern times. Much cherished shots of the legendary Busby Berkeley productions are included, as well as innumerable film star faces from the 20's, 30's and 40's. Written and compiled by John Kobal and available from Hamlyn Books at £1.75.*

## WATERSIDE LONDON

A free booklet obtainable from any London Transport Enquiry Office. It explains how to see London's waterways by either bus or underground. A useful book to any devout Londoner with any interest in the city's waterways.

## THE COUNTRY BIZARRE'S COUNTRY BAZAAR.

As mentioned in the editorial we have now begun writing our first book which will be titled 'The Country Bizarre's Country Bazaar'. The book goes to print in the new year and should be out on sale next spring or summer. As a book, it's going to be superb. Based almost completely on craft-work, it will be bulging with information on dozens of crafts that can be taken up seriously for a living as well as coverage on a few other obscure crafts. There will be detailed explanations on a number of methods of working each of the crafts as well as details on sources of raw materials and specialist materials, details of further education, courses, folk and craft museums, details of the best places to sell finished work as well as beautiful drawings, photographs, engravings and odds and sods.



THE BOOK OF CEREMONY by Clem Gorman. Published by Whole Earth Tools, Mill Cottage, Swaffham Road, Bottisham, Cambridge. Price 50p.

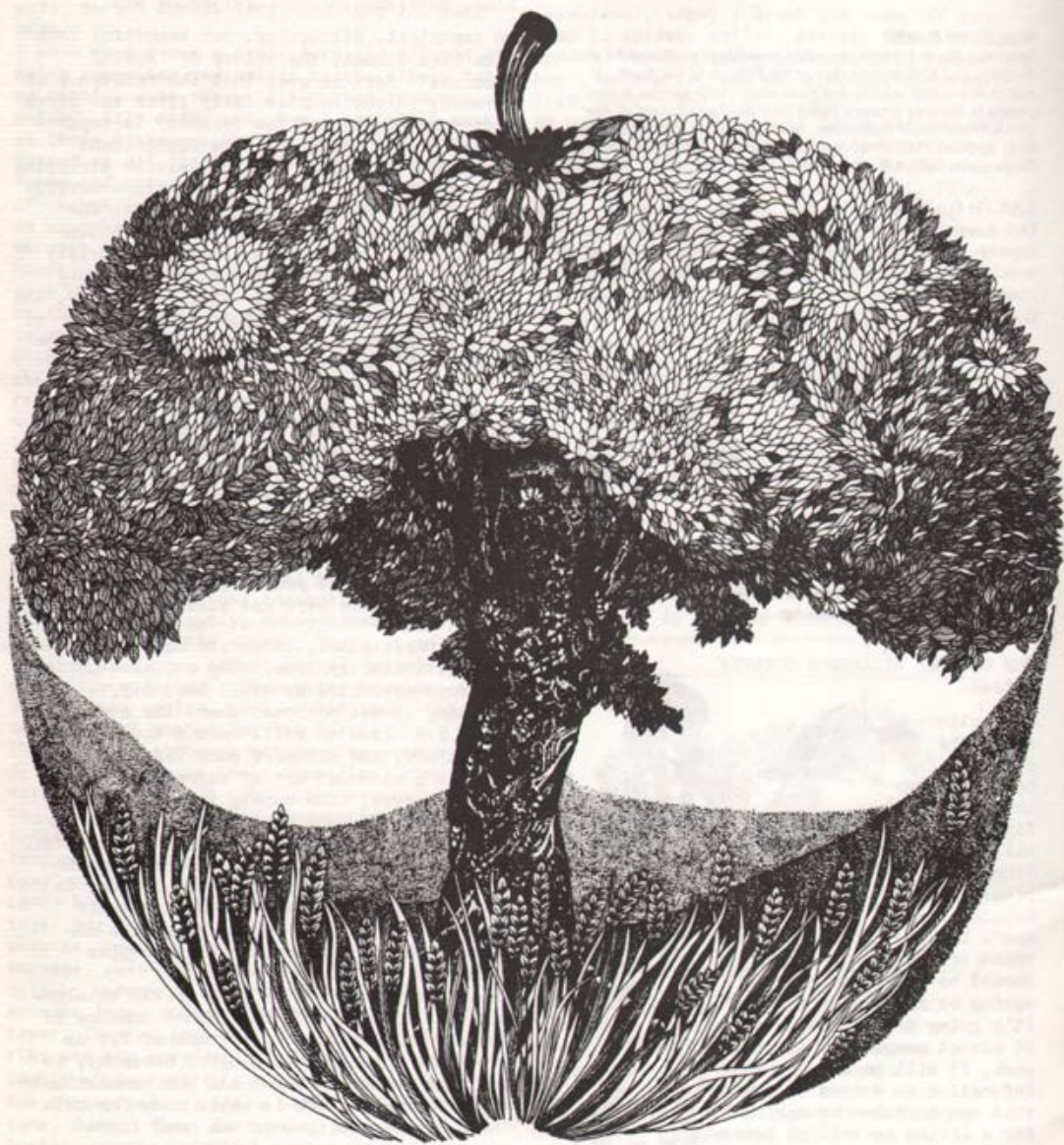
An important, disturbing, yet beautiful book from Clem Gorman, the author of 'Making Communes'. Here he goes into the relevance of ceremony in the peoples daily lives and gives many reasons why and how ceremony is important to us. Let me quote some significant passages - "Ceremony is a ritual for stripping away rituals that cover what we are - Revolution". "Revolution is as necessary to the health of the social organism as is autumn and spring to the help of plants. A society that resists peaceful revolution is simply one that needs it more". "Note in passing, the difference between the liberating laughter of ceremony and the escapevalve laughter of the music hall, where the jokes were always for the poor against the rich. A self denying laughter".

However, the book in my mind, is not without parts that I disagree with. For instance, Clem says that ceremony is not harmful because behind it you know there is an embracing unqualified, undifferentiated love. He then says that games are hurtful because people take them seriously whereas ceremony is not serious. It seems to me that there is a nasty loophole here and also a contradiction.

In the first place, if people can perform ceremony motivated by love, they can also perform ceremony motivated by evil. Secondly, if ceremony is not serious, then the motivation, i.e. love or evil, behind them is undermined, and rendered pointless. If ceremony is a communal act of expressing ones love (or evil) then surely that seems to be just about the most serious act one can perform. I also disagree that games are hurtful, but I would imagine that the borderline between what is ceremony and what is game is pretty close at times. Even Clem himself says on page 52 that "party games are excellent examples of ceremony as peoples theatre".

On a final note, I find it a little intolerant that most of the traditional theatre is termed 'irrelevant'. By all means, let us have more ceremony, meaningful ceremony, in our lives, but don't put all the established theatre down - there is ample room for both and I for one believe in the need for opposites. Many people derive an enormous amount of pleasure from 'traditional' plays, pantomimes, opera, etc, etc and it would be foolish to deny them this pleasure.

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Linda Wheeler did the drawing for the medicinal picnics article. If anyone wishes to see more of her work, contact her at 16 Bridges Avenue, Paulsgrove, Portsmouth. She is a full time illustrator and designer and is looking for work.



## MEDIEVAL PICNICS



Although the word picnic is at most only two hundred years old, the first recorded English picnic takes us back to the Dark Ages, when through a desolate country of swamp and forest the half-civilised Saxon fled before the wholly barbaric Dane. If the dictionaries are right in saying that the word picnic implies "a party of pleasure" as well as "a meal eaten out of doors", perhaps the meal in question does not deserve to be included in the picnic category. In exceptional cases, however, no one should stand on the letter of the law, and the most exceptional of all picnics is surely a miraculous one. The episode is to be found in the Chronicle of Reginald, a monk of Durham, who in the last half of the twelfth century wrote a little book or "libellus" recording the miracles of Saint Cuthbert, Durham's patron saint. His shrine was the most popular place of pilgrimage in the North of England, and the miracles reputed to have been performed there were many and various. This particular one, however, took place before the saint's body reached its final resting-place. In the year 875, driven out by threat of Danish invasion, the monks of Lindisfarne left their island monastery and fled to the mainland. For many years they wandered hither and thither all over the North of England, bearing with them their most precious treasure, the incorrupt body of Saint Cuthbert, until in 883 they found temporary shelter at Chester-le-Street. Here they remained until 995 when, forced by the unsettled state of the country to set out again on their wanderings, they discovered the almost impregnable site of "Dunholme", where they made their permanent home. The picnic miracle recorded by Reginald occurred sometime during the seven years of wandering between 875 and 883. Wherever the holy body of Saint Cuthbert rested on its journeyings the country people would flock to do it honour, the more wealthy offering money or silken vestments, whilst the poor brought humble gifts of cheeses and loaves of bread. The brethren probably welcomed these unromantic oblations with the greatest warmth. In that desolate country money could buy very little, whilst silken vestments went to clothe the dead saint rather than the living monks, but in time of famine nothing could be more valuable than food. Everywhere men were dying of starvation and, as Reginald has it, "pallid fear took its seat upon their faces, and emaciation consumed the whole body". In such circumstances no riches could be so desirable as a loaf of bread and a hunk of cheese. The picnic probably took place somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Roman Wall, for Reginald describes the little company as having reached "the vast confines of the desolate country of the Picts". Finding themselves in this barren neighbourhood with their stock of

provisions reduced almost to nothing, the brethren rejoiced greatly in the gift of a nice, fresh, newly-made cheese, which they carefully stored away in a locker all by itself intending to enjoy it later at their common meal. "But because", says Reginald, "the nature of human creatures is frail, vacillating and prone to slip, it happened that a certain brother was grievously tormented by reason of his desire for the aforesaid cheese, and was thrown into great commotion of mind by the sharp prick of a covetousness which he could not master. From whence it arose that, approaching by stealth, he purloined the cheese, and when he could do so unobserved, he hid it away in a secret place for his own use".

Alas, for the "certain brother"! He was to reap little benefit from his crime. Reginald's use of grammar and vocabulary makes his monk Latin almost unintelligible to the classical scholar, and simplicity is a virtue of which he strongly disapproves, being determined always to use six words where one would be amply sufficient. He rises to his giddiest heights of tautology in his description of the torments of imagination endured by the thief. "He wanted indeed, and resolved in his mind, to eat it all by himself in secret and, insatiate, to satisfy the frenzy of his gluttony by partaking of this eatable. For he saw that the tenderness of the cheese whetted the keen edge of his jaws; its rich fatness roused and enflamed his greedy longings, its sweet savour excited and augmented and nourished his ravenous appetite and eager cravings; its soft touch and the fragrance of its smell begat bile in the stomach, passion in the mind, and a commotion in his belly and in the gaping void of his inner parts." Reginald moralises solemnly over the state of mind in which the unfortunate man found himself. "Sinful desires postponed, and evil passions impeded, stimulate the lust of the mind more than they delight it by entangling it, because forbidden things please more than things which are permissible or ready to hand". Others among the brethren were also suffering from a "gaping void". For days no bread had appeared at meals, and their only remaining provision was the salted head of a horse. "At that time of scarcity and high costs", says Reginald, "even the head of a horse was scarcely able to be bought for ten pennies of silver", but its high market value did not make it any more appetising as picnic fare when "the brethren, having spread a table cloth over their knees, sat down on the ground to a lowly table in the lap of earth". Reginald rather unnecessarily adds, "no means of having a supply of tables presented itself in the desert, nor did an arrogant desire for honour on the part of anyone seek to procure the elevated position of a seat". No amount of arrogant desiring



could have procured the luxuries of tables and chairs away in the wastes of ninth-century Northumbria.

Thus uncomfortably seated and munching their repulsive meal of horse's head it is not surprising that "the remembrance of the fresh cheese began on reflection to fire the imagination of certain of the brethren". Great was the consternation when that dainty was found to be missing and loud the outcry against the unknown thief. "May Holy Cuthbert", exclaimed the enraged brothers, "grant us that the thief of his and our cheese may become a little fox and may be transformed from a man into the likeness of a fox, so that he may become a laughing-stock to others, for he has brought outrageous dishonour upon his fellow servants and companions, seeing that he lies hid in the very pit of dissimulation whosoever he may be who, under the guise of honesty, cunningly hides our cheese from us. Let him not partake of the communion of our fraternity in Christ and in Blessed Cuthbert, who thus by his hidden wickedness deceives and defrauds us of the little store we keep for our common need".

The brethren had not long to wait for the answer to their prayer. "Suddenly, wonderful as it is to relate, and still more wonderful in its astonishing result, they behold a little fox, running to and fro round the coffin of Holy Cuthbert, holding fast within its jaws the freshly-made cheese". Rapidly counting heads, they found one of their number missing, Eilaf by name. He, of course, was the thief whom Blessed Cuthbert had by a miracle transformed into a fox. As if this were not sufficient punishment for the poor man the brethren must needs add to his shame by laughing at him. "The little fox was running about here and there round the resting-place of Blessed Cuthbert, with its mouth open and holding fast the prize of the fresh cheese in its gaping jaws, and by the variety of its capers and its quick, darting movements was arousing not a few to immoderate laughter". It is pleasant, however, to know that after a while more Christian feelings prevailed. "Let us all with one accord", said they, "implore the mercy of Holy Cuthbert in order that out of the fox we may recover the original man and so may rejoice not so much that we have seen with our eyes the judgement meted out by his wrath as that we have experienced the beneficence of his pity". A second time their prayers were granted and Eilaf stood before them in his true likeness. He confessed his theft and, what was doubtless more important to the hungry brethren, returned the missing cheese, but he was not allowed to forget his slip from virtue, and many a time he must have squirmed inwardly at the mention of that famous picnic. The joke was too good a one to be forgotten and to him and his family for ever clung the taunting

surname of "Tod", the fox.

These primitive picnicking conditions were very different from the state which prevailed at Durham when Saint Cuthbert's body found its final resting-place there. During the early middle ages his shrine was reputed to be second only in riches to the shrine of Saint Thomas of Canterbury. The pomp of prior and bishop matched the pomp surrounding their patron's body. Though in death he was the centre of such ceremony and splendour in life Saint Cuthbert had been the simplest of men, living for preference a life of strict poverty and abstinence in a hermitage on the wind-swept Farne Islands. For the bishops who traced their spiritual descent in unbroken line to this ascetic saint there was neither poverty nor hermitage, but the almost royal state of a Prince Bishop, temporal as well as spiritual lord of the County Palatine, which included all the lands lying between Tees and Tweed.

Every summer it was the custom of the Prince Bishop to go hunting in his forest of Weardale surrounded by all the state that his rank and authority demanded. The picnic fare provided must have been very different in quality from the horse's head and the little cheese of poor Brother Tod, and the accommodation was certainly not so humble as his "lowly table in the lap of earth". We are told, for instance, that three turners in wood contributed three thousand one hundred trenchers or wooden platter yearly for the use of the Bishop and his greenwood men. The Boldon Book, a survey compiled about 1183, gives a description of the elaborate arrangements made afresh every summer to house the Bishop and his train. The local villains are obliged to construct "a Hall for the Bishop of the length of sixty feet and the breadth of sixteen feet from post to post, with a buttery and buttery-hatch, a chamber, and other conveniences. Moreover, all the villains construct for the great hunts a kitchen, and a larder, and a dog-kennel". So that souls should not be neglected when bodies were well provided for "they construct also a chapel, the length of forty feet and the breadth of fifteen feet, and they have of charity two shillings". This tip of two shillings was not the only perquisite enjoyed by the villains; on the Bishop's departure "they have a tun of ale, or half a tun, if so much shall remain". No particulars have come down to us of the picnic meals eaten in these luxurious encampments. The steward's accounts for 1338 record that three-quarters of wheat were used to bake bread "for the use of Master John de Whitchurch and those along with him hunting in Weardale". It would have been interesting to have details of the provisions which, by their terms of feudal service, the villeins were obliged to carry up from the little town of Wolsingham to the "lodges" at the head of the dale.



Large quantities of food must have been required for, as well as the members of the Bishop's household, many of his tenants came to these great hunts either from choice or because the terms of their tenure obliged them to supply the Bishop with some necessity for the chase. For instance, the family of Washington or de Wessington, the remote ancestors of George Washington, held their manor "by a free rent of four pounds, and by the service of attending the Bishop's great hunt with two greyhounds".

These hunting feasts were the most common form of medieval picnic. At the time of the "great hunts" recorded in the Boldon Book the art or science of hunting was still undeveloped. We read that some of the Bishop's tenants were called upon to provide ropes with which to surround the deer, a proceeding scorned by the more sophisticated huntsmen of later ages. When the conventions of the hunt came to be regularised the feast was given its proper place at the "gathering" or meet before the hunt proper, and directions were laid down as to how it should be conducted "after the guise of beyond the sea".

In hunting, as in many other of the niceties of civilised life and manners during the middle ages, England borrowed rules and conventions from France. The chief authority on the art of hunting "in the guise of beyond the sea" was the famous Gaston de Foix. In 1387 he wrote a small treatise entitled *Le Livre de Chasse*, which was translated into English by Edward, Duke of York, grandson of Edward III, best known for the part he plays in Shakespeare's Richard II and in Henry V. In the earlier play he is known as the Duke of Aumerle, his father being still alive, and a more unpleasant personage is hardly to be found in the whole list of Shakespeare's minor characters. He contrives to be false to Richard false to Bolingbroke, and false to the confederates with whom he has plotted against Bolingbroke. In Henry V, however, all this is changed, and instead of perfidious Aumerle we have "brave York", who begs of Henry the command of the vanguard at Agincourt and is killed in the place of honour leading the army to victory. There seems to be even less likelihood that the young Aumerle could have become the mature warrior York than that Prince Hal could develop into King Harry. His metamorphosis is another instance of the cursory characterisation which we would see as a major blot on Henry V were we not overwhelmed and enchanted by the surge and thunder of Shakespeare's patriotic rhetoric.

However bravely York met his death there seems to be no doubt that in life he was indeed a crooked customer. Sometime between the years 1406 and 1413 he was once again accused of treachery and imprisoned in Pevensey Castle. Here he made use of his enforced

leisure to translate Gaston de Foix's little book, giving it the English title of *The Master of Game*. As a great nobleman and first cousin to King Henry IV he probably experienced few of the more severe hardships of prison life, but some of the nostalgic longing of the captive for the sights and the sounds of the outside world has crept into his description of the joys of a hunting morning. "And when the sun has arisen he shall see fresh dew upon the small twigs, and the sun by his virtue shall make them shine. And that is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart". Traitor though he was, it is impossible not to feel some pity for the captive shut away from the sights and sounds of the sport in which he took such "great joy and liking".

Following the original French, *The Master of Game* has a lyrical description of the moral perfections of the good hunter. "I will prove by sundry reasons that the life of no man that useth gentle game and disport be less displeasable to God than that of a perfect and good hunter. The first reason is that hunting causeth a man to eschew the seven deadly sins. Secondly, men are better when riding, and more alert, and more at ease, and more undertaking and better knowing of all countries and all passages; in short and in long all good customs and manners cometh hereof, and the health of man and of his soul".

Chapter thirty-three describes the "gathering" and gives a detailed account of the feast that should be held. The port that is (or was, before the war) handed round at lawn meets is today the only surviving trace of this custom, though the hunt breakfasts of the Victorian age may be regarded as its lineal descendants. "The place where the gathering shall be made shall be in a fair mead, well green, where fair trees grow all about, the one far from the other, or beside some running brook. And it is called gathering because all the men and the hounds for hunting gather thither, for all they that go to the quest shall all come again in a certain place that I have spoken of. And also they that come from home, and all the officers that come from home shall bring thither all they need, every one in his office, well and plentifully, and should lay the tables and board cloths all about upon the green grass and set diverse meats upon a great platter" - this is a mistranslation, the original French meaning "in great plenty" - "after the lord's power. And some should eat sitting, and some standing, and some joke, some play, in short, do all manner of disport and gladness".

In the midst of this picnic feasting and jollity an almost solemn note is struck by the arrival of the "hunt servants", intent



upon the serious business of the day. "When men be set at tables, ere they eat, there should come the lymers and their grooms with their lymers the which have been questing, and every one shall say his report to the lord". A lymers is what is now known on Exmoor as a harbourer. He it is who goes off before the start of the main hunt to spy out the size and whereabouts of the various "harts", the invariable medieval term for a stag, and from the reports of the several lymers the "Master of Game" or the lord, if he is a sufficiently knowledgeable lord, can decide which beast is to be hunted that day. The appearance of these scouts with their lymers, a special breed of hound employed only on this preliminary search, is the signal to break up the picnic party. "When they shall have eaten the lord shall devise where the relays shall go and other things which I shall say more plainly, and then shall every man speed him to his place and all haste them to go to the finding." When we have such a detailed description given of the place suitable for this hunting picnic and the manner of serving the feast it is the more disappointing to find no mention of the food eaten. However, the description of another medieval picnic gives a clue to the type of food provided for any out-of-door meal. In his book, *Social Life in England from the Conquest to the Reformation*, Dr. Coulton gives a charming translation of an account of a picnic which is to be found in Froissart's autobiographical poem *Espinette Amoureuse*. Froissart was a young man at the time of this picnic, probably so young that today he would be considered merely a school-boy, but he himself tells us that even in childhood his mind was filled with thoughts of romantic love. It took place in France but, though born a Frenchman, Froissart was the most determined of Anglophiles and spent a part of his life in England. The manners and social habits of fourteenth-century France and England were so similar that Froissart's picnic party might just as easily have ridden through the spring-decked meadows of Kent or Surrey as the country around his native Valenciennes. "In the first day of jolly May - God, how fair was the season! - the air was clear and windless and serene, and the nightingales sang aloud, and we came to a thorn bush all white with blossom; lance-high it stood, with fair, green shade underneath. Then said one, 'Lo! a place made for our pleasant repose; here let us break our fast!' Then with one accord we brought out the meats, pasties, hams, wines and bakemeats, and venison packed in heather. Then was my lady ruler of the feast; and then it pleased her to say, for comfort of my martyrdom, that she retained me for her own; whereat my heart opened a fathom wide". The mention of venison packed in heather may

possibly be a reference to some medieval form of haybox designed to keep the food warm. The wine drunk would not commend itself to modern palates, being so acid that it was necessary to flavour it with honey and spices, nor would the "bakemeats" in any way resemble the pies taken on modern picnics. A fifteenth-century cookery book gives a typical recipe for "a bake mete". "Take and make fair little coffins" - a coffin is the name given to the outer casing of pie-crust - "then take pears, and if they be little, put three in a coffin, and pare clean, and between every pear lay a goblet of marrow; and if thou hast no little pears take great, and gobbet them and so put them in the oven awhile; then take thin mixture like as thou takest to cheese-cakes and pour thereon; but let the marrow and the pear be seen and when it is enough, serve forth". This mixture of sweet and savoury, of pear and marrow from the marrow bone, is typical of all medieval cookery. A still more peculiar combination of ingredients is given in the recipe for "darioles", which may well be the "pasties" referred to by Froissart. "Take wine and fresh broth, and cloves, and mace, and marrow, powdered ginger, and saffron, and let all boil together, and cream (if it be clotted draw it through a strainer) and yolks of eggs, and mix them together, and pour the liquor that the marrow was seethed in thereto; then make fair coffins, and put the marrow therein, and minced dates, and strawberries in time of year, and let them hard a little, and take them out, and put the liquor thereto, and let bake, and serve forth". This Maytime picnic must have been typical of many others, for in the Middle Ages the month of May had special significance as the time above all others for feasting and outdoor festivity, the month especially propitious to lovers. The privations of a medieval winter must have been extremely severe, even for the rich. In their cold, stone-built castles there was no form of heating except log fires, no glass in the windows to keep out the winter wind, no artificial light except very primitive candles and torches. Fresh meat, vegetables, or fruit were almost unobtainable, and all communication between neighbour and neighbour was at a standstill when the unmade roads and tracks became impassable with mud or snow. No wonder that with the coming of spring lords and ladies escaped out of their grim houses as if out of prison to feast and make love under the hawthorn trees, standing lance-high and white with blossom. Never has the stage been more brightly set for picnics.

The End



# Barsham Faire 1973

Last year we held a Faire at Barsham Nr Beccles over two days. Craftsmen sold their wares, actors acted, musicians performed and the crowds paraded, ate and drank with great merriment adding colour and festivity to an event that proved to be profitable, original & good humoured.

Our site this year is again in Barsham, at The Rectory Paddock which is a very beautiful wooded and undulating field. It is about 7 acres and has the advantage of 14 acres of parking in adjacent fields.

This year the entertainments will include more theatre, dance, music, games & competitions with the extra attraction of a Horse Faire (mon) and a Mediaeval Circus.

The aims of the Faire are to bring friends to a happy event, and to finance the development of the arts and crafts in East Anglia through the East Anglian Arts Trust.

We invite you to come gaudy garlanded on horse, on foot or otherwise transported, prizes for the best acclaim for all.

The organisers of the Faire will charge £2 site fee to all craftsmen; a further toll of 10% will be required at the end of each day on sales totals from each stall.

It is hoped that all stallholders will provide appropriately dressed Mediaeval stalls & persons.

At last year's Faire the following crafts etc. were represented, Potters, herbs, beads, bread, pancakes, candles, leather, wood, rushweavers, organic foods, palmists, buns, dried flowers, artists, patchwork, jewellery, corn dollies, batik, pewter, love potions, toys, brass rubbers, pies, enamellers & more; join and add to the list this year.



**Barsham Faire**

**Rectory Paddock Barsham  
August Bank Holiday**

## THE BLEED'N' SPARRER

We 'ad a bleed'n' sparrer wot  
Lived up a bleed'n' spaht,  
One day the bleed'n' rain came dahn  
An' washed the bleeder aht

An' as 'e layed 'arf drahdred  
Dahn in the bleed'n' street  
'E begged that bleed'n' rainstorm  
To have 'is bleed'n' feet.

But then the bleed'n' sun came aht...  
Dried up the bleed'n' rain...  
So that bleed'n' little sparrer  
'E climbed up 'is spaht again.

But, Oh! - the crewel sparrer 'awk,  
'E spies 'im in 'is snuggerly,  
'E sharpens up 'is bleed'n' claws  
An' rips 'im aht by thuggery!

Jist then a bleed'n' sportin' type  
Wot 'ad a bleed'n' gun  
'E spots that bleed'n' sparrer 'awk  
An' blasts 'is bleed'n' fun.

.....

The moral of this story  
Is plain to everyone....  
That them wot's up the bleed'n' spaht  
Don't get no bleed'n' fun.

ANON

## FOLKESTONE AGAIN

We'll hear the gulls' loud clamour from the cliff,  
The grey doves' croon in holly-oak and pine,  
Gay youngsters speaking French or Dutch; and if  
The ban's on, wafted melody divine.

And it will be the warm late afternoon,  
Folk sit in quiet talk along the Leas,  
The vast air still and radiant - but soon  
The first cool stirring of an off-shore breeze;

Beyond the jetty, triangles of sail;  
The ferry's creaming furrow just begun  
Into a sea of blue and silver glance;  
And far away, along the roads of France,  
The pin-point flash of wind-screens in the sun.  
E.G.J. Rice.

Fralberry, Fralberry,  
I love your country wine,  
I need more time  
to think about your  
lovely glistening eyes,  
your wild country skies.  
Fralberry, Fralberry,  
I love your yellow hair,  
I breathe the air that  
Smiles around your,  
warm embrace your,  
brown country face.  
BS

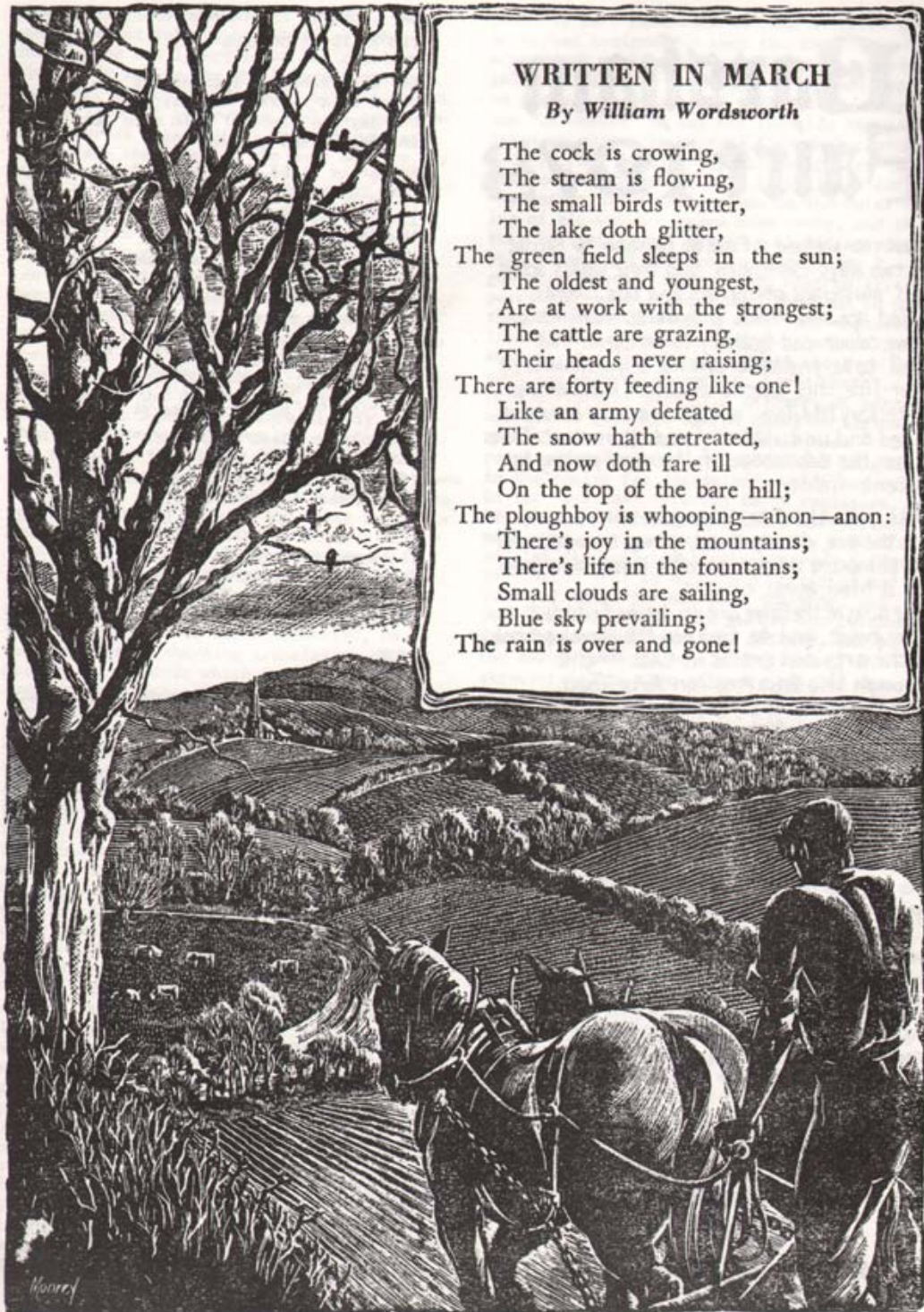




## WRITTEN IN MARCH

*By William Wordsworth*

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest,  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!  
Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!





## MARCH

It is pleasant to follow the woodcraft trail in March, when wild daffodils curtsy to the spring wind. Daisies whiten the fields and dandelions mint their gold in the meadows. Lesser celandines and marsh marigolds brighten the brookside. On dry banks dove's-foot crane's-bill shows small pink petals, and ground-ivy spins a purple-blue carpet. Country names for this plant are "Gill-go-on-the-ground." In cool moist corners, saxifrage is green and gold.

On the floor of the woodland copse wood anemones, or "wind flowers," bow their white heads. This flower does not open until the winds sport high; it is also supposed to be a herald of the swallow. Folklore tells us that woodland fairy folk sleep in the flower at night, and that is why wood anemones curl their petals at sundown.

The sycamore and the horse-chestnut now unfurl their green banners, and clustered blossoms on the elm glow crimson in the sunlight. From the hazel's red-tufted buds nuts of autumn will develop. Breaking buds star the hedges with points of green, and the larch wood takes on new colour. Japanese quince hangs warm red flowers on cottage walls and sweet briar perfumes the garden.

Rooks are busy about their nest trees, and meadow-pipits return to the pastureland for the breeding season. These lark-like birds run instead of hop, and are also called tit-larks.

The whimper of the redshank is heard over the marshland, and, should one go near the nest, wild cries greet the intruder. This bird might be called the sentinel of the marshes. About this season the gannet, merlin and hooded crow go northwards.

Birds nesting this month: blackbird, carrion crow, dipper, hedge-sparrow, little grebe, long-eared owl, lapwing, mistle-thrush, partridge, moorhen, stock-dove, song thrush, and wood pigeon.

The month-end sees the return of that handsome bird the wheatear to downlands and sheep-walks. About the same time comes the chaffinch, that little bird which delights to call its own name from the woodlands. Redwings, fieldfares, snipe, teal and woodcock begin to depart.

Although hares are usually nocturnal animals and keep to their "form" most of the day, they go a little mad about their love affairs this month. In the courting season many a jack will fight almost to death over the affection of some doe. When danger threatens the hare is as cunning as the fox, and shows remarkable ingenuity to escape death when pressed by man, dog, or fox. Wild rabbits are busy with young, and does often seek ploughed fields for safety and peace.

Bat, dormouse and hedgehog awaken from their

winter sleep. Earthworms are active, and Darwin estimated fifty-three thousand worms to an acre. Toads and frogs spawn. Spiders reappear and a few butterflies come out on sunny days.

Weather Wisdom:

"A wet March makes a sad harvest."

"March dry, good rye."

"A peck of dust is worth a king's ransom."

Norse folklore terms March:

"The lengthening month that wakes the adder and blooms the whin."

## APRIL

April, with its sunshine, showers and rainbows, calls forth many wild flowers. Wild violets and wood-sorrel grow under hedge and tree, vetches make a skein of colour in neglected places, and charlock shows delicate yellow flowers on the ploughed land. Goldilocks gild the woods and moist places, and various speedwells show blue on the cornfields. Dead-nettles brighten fields and waste places, and stitchwort gives white stars to green banks. In quiet meadows cowslips hang their deep, yellow heads. Horse-chestnut, hornbeam, ash, beech, oak, wild cherry, alder, birch and willow are in flower. In hedge-sides the blackthorn stands arrayed in white, which contrasts vividly with the black bark. This tree blossoms before its leaves are out.

Aspen, balsam poplar and silver birch will be tasselled with catkins, and the elm, beech, larch, lime, maple, walnut, plane, sycamore, ash and black poplar will begin to leaf. The following birds are due to arrive this month, in the order that they are set down, their chief haunts being also given: wryneck-woodlands, orchards and timbered gardens; ring-ouzel - moorlands, mountains and wild hills; willow warbler - open country; sand-martin - river banks, sand-pits and sea cliffs; tree-pit - always in vicinity of trees; blackcap - woodlands and bramble lanes; whinchat - railway embankments, rough pastures, marshes and gorse commons; redstart - ruins, rocks, downland valleys and thickets; house-martin - caves, bridges and inland cliffs; sedge-warbler - waterside, in reeds and rushes; whitethroat - hedgerows; swallows - meadows and waterways; sand-piper - rocky streams; nightingale - woodland and quiet gardens; cuckoo - river meadows, downs and woods; corn-crake - grasslands; turtle dove - woods, spinneys, thickets; nightjar - woods, heaths and commons; swift - villages and open country; flycatcher - quiet gardens. Birds nesting: bullfinch, barn-owl, blue-tit, chaffinch, chaffinch, coal-tit, coot, curlew, gold-crest, great-tit, goldfinch, jay, kestrel, linnet, long-tailed tit, magpie, meadow-pit, nuthatch, pheasant, ring-ouzel, redstart, ringed



plover, stonechat, skylark, sparrow-hawk, tree-creeper, tree-pipit, wheatear, wild duck and yellow hammer.

In the valley many yellow-banded bumble bees hover around the dead nettles. And in the dyke, toads still place their necklaces of eggs. Perhaps some adventuresome bat on the wing, during a brief daylight flight, will fall a victim to a sparrow-hawk. Squirrels now build their dreys and young moles and shrews are born. Frog tadpoles are seen in ponds, and the common lizard basks on some sunny bank.

These butterflies are to be seen: orange-tip, small copper, holly-blue, large and small white.

One may often glimpse a hedgehog in some quiet lane at twilight. Numerous moths are on the wing, and include the emperor, garden carpet, humming-bird, hawk and oak-tree pug.

Weather wisdom:

"April wet, good wheat."

"A cold April brings us bread and wine."

"When the elm leaf is like a mouse's ear, then to sow barley never fear."

## MAY

May is a month of flowers, and every lane is margined with the white beauty of wild parsley and stitchwort. Germander speedwell and ground-ivy spill their blue on hedge-side banks. The greater celandine has opened its yellow petals and may bloom until the swallow departs. Buttercups, dandelions, silverweed, bird's-foot trefoil and gorse throw gold across the land. On placid waterways the flowers of water-crowfoot make a raft of white, and by the banks lady's-smocks, or cuckoo flowers, attract the orange-tip butterfly.

The woods are misted with bluebells which change their sheen as they curtsy in the wind. Over the clover fields butterflies and bees gather; beside the tangled corner, where the fields meet, a wild crab-tree is in blossom. The bittersweet, or woody nightshade, shows clusters of purple flowers and the white bryony twines about the rank growth. Below, goose-grass straggles along the bank. The hawthorns are heavy with bud and blossom, and their fragrance is sweet on the air. In sun-kissed orchards apple trees are flushed with rose, and cherry trees are garlanded with white, and black-faced lambs play in the shade. In manor gardens horse-chestnuts are decorated with pyramids of bloom; oaks are beautiful with gold and green; limes and willows grow more verdant. Sycamores display bronze tufts, mountain ash is full of flowers, chains of gold encircle laburnum, and lilac shows sprays of purple.

From the plantation a cuckoo calls. This bird usually sings in D or D sharp, and

White of Selborne held this opinion. But some musicians give the note as C natural and G sharp. One authority says that the cuckoo begins early in the season with the interval of a minor third. The bird then proceeds to a major third, next to a fourth, then to a fifth, after which his voice breaks without attaining a minor sixth.

Swifts make a rural picture as they circle round village church and street, and the air vibrates with their wild screeches. From an ancient tombstone a spotted flycatcher or bee-bird darts after bees, wasps and flies. Swallows dip low over roadside pools and sedge-warblers chatter from the reed beds. In the elms young rooks test their wings and peewits call over the pastures. A blackcap pipes from a thicket, and wood wrens weave music from the beech and oak. Blackbird, chaffinch, garden warbler, whitethroat, thrush, robin and nightingale add their voices to the choir. Just before dusk the churn-owl sings his weird song, which may be likened to an old spinning wheel in motion. And he chases cockchafer under the oaks and ghost-moths in the meadows.

In the copse-side holly-blue butterflies dance in the sunlight; over heath and common drift meadow-browns, small heaths, blues and small coppers; and pear-bordered fritillary seeks the bugle plant. About eighty species of moths are on the wing. Hedgehogs are persecuted by gamekeepers and gardeners. Young rabbits are shot and otter hunting is in progress. Field-mice, fox cubs, moles, stoats, leverets, water voles and weasels are to be seen.

Weather wisdom:

"A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay"

"Water in May brings bread through all the year."

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This is the time when bit by bit  
The days begin to lengthen sweet,  
And every minute gained is joy -  
And love stirs in the heart of a boy.

This the time the sun, of late  
Content to lie abed till eight,  
Lifts up bedtimes his sleepy head -  
And love stirs in the heart of a maid.

This is the time we dock the night  
Of a whole hour of candlelight;  
When song of linnet and thrush is heard -  
And love stirs in the heart of a bird.

This is the time when sword-blades green,  
With gold and purple damascene,  
Pierce the brown crocus-bed-a-row -  
And love stirs in a heart I know.

Katherine Hinkson.





## The Need for Rail Expansion

By Sidney Weighell  
Assistant General Secretary  
National Union of Railwaymen

Our towns and cities are being choked by cars and lorries and there is increasing public concern about their effect on our daily lives, yet what action is being taken to curb this growing menace? The answer from the Department of the Environment seems to be to build more and more roads to take the greater volume of cars and the larger heavier lorries.

Recent reports suggest that they may be looking at means to push even more vehicles on to our roads by a massive cut-back in the rail passenger and freight services. Are these really the answers? Can we afford to continually sacrifice acres and acres of land to the motorcar? By the end of 1971 the first one thousand miles of motorway had been completed and by the early "eighties" a further one thousand miles will have been constructed. No fewer than two thousand, three hundred million pounds worth of motorway and trunk road schemes are in the pipeline. In the last sixty years a million acres of land has been taken to build roads. If all these roads were concentrated in one place there would be enough to cover South Wales in solid concrete.

It is not as if we cannot anticipate what will happen. We have only to look at the situation in America to see what happens in cities when the motorcar is allowed free rein. In the last decade they have come to realise the importance of maintaining public transport and are pouring millions of pounds into the development of rapid transit systems, and they look with envy at London with its extensive

underground system. Have we in this country to wait until we reach saturation point or can we learn from the mistakes of others?

There are now fifteen million vehicles in Britain. By 1980 it is forecast that there will be twenty-five million, and by the year 2000 our roads will be three times as crowded as they are today, no matter how many roads we build. There is a vehicle for every twenty-four yards already, and those of us who have tried to get to the coast at the weekends during the summer often feel there are more cars than road space.

### Spare Rail Capacity

What is the answer? It is certainly not to build more and more roads or to allow heavier, longer lorries on to our roads. There is obviously no single solution, but I firmly believe that a very good place to start to ease the situation would be to transfer as much as possible of the long and medium distance heavy freight from our roads to the railways. There is ample spare capacity available, and it certainly makes sense from an environmental point of view.

Instead of looking at cutting-back passenger and freight services the Government should be examining ways and means of encouraging people to use public transport. This cannot be done by reducing the standard of service. Much needs to be done to improve public transport, but it cannot be done without more investment.

What can we do to make others realise that road transport, if it is allowed to go unchecked, represents a very real threat to our future well-being and that of our environment? No-one is saying that we should ban all road vehicles, this would be a foolish policy to pursue. Much of our distribution of food and other essential services is provided by road over a very restricted area. In fact, eighty-five per cent of the traffic carried by road is on journeys of less than fifty miles. There are, however, many areas where it would be more sensible to transfer heavy freight from the roads to the railways, at least for the major part of its journey. We have all seen the massive containers which ferry goods from the docks and transport them through our towns and villages to reach the motorways. Many of us will have seen the havoc these lorries create and the distress which is caused to those unfortunate enough to live by the side of the roads used by these juggernauts. With the coming of the Common

Market we are threatened with an increase in the size and weight of these lorries, and no doubt an increase in the noise and vibrations.

The N.U.R. is calling on everyone who is interested in maintaining our railway system to co-operate in a campaign to press the Government to look most closely at transport as a whole. As I see it, with all the forecasts of imminent chaos on our roads and a fuel crisis looming, the only available alternative which is ready-made to take some of the burden is the railway system.

My organisation is campaigning for an expanding role for railways within a co-ordinated transport system. We believe that investment decisions cannot be taken in isolation—there must be an overall plan for transport and balanced investment between roads and railways.

Taken from the newsheet of the Council Preservation of Rural England, 4 Hobart Place, London, SW1.

COLLARDS books and food shop is one of the few places in England where one can get a first edition with ones first course - and a print with ones pudding! So drop in if your passing at COLLARDS, Hendham House, Woodleigh, Kingsbridge, South Devon.

EXHIBITION by the 'Craftsmen of Gloucestershire' 6th-15th of July at Southam Tythe Barn, Cheltenham. Talks, demonstrations and refreshments- free admission.

THE BOOK OF A.D.I.C. Available now, the esoteric teachings of today and tomorrow. Further details from Spooft Enterprises, 38 Woodfield Ave., W5 1PA.

Great grave of Caledonia  
the oaken ghosts of caledon  
murdered for war that slew half a nation  
who saught the lovely chequered skipper  
who drank the fiery blueberry wine.

yet oak was the daughter  
who fought the slaughterer  
BS



JO & GERRY HARVEY invite you to their workshop in the quiet village of Shroton which nestles under Hambledon Hill, home of prehistoric man. At peace in the gently rolling downland of Dorset, one can regain the natural rhythms of life and experience the satisfaction of creating beautiful things from clay. This summer they will be running 4 courses.

- Course 1. Mon 23rd July - Sat 28th July 1973  
Course 2. Mon 30th July - Sat 4th August 1973  
Course 3. Mon 6th Aug - Sat 11th August 1973  
Course 4. Mon 13th Aug - Sat 18th August 1973

Each course of a weeks duration, runs from Monday morning, 10am until 12.00 the following Saturday.

**FEES FOR COURSE.** The fee for each weekly course is £20 and they would appreciate a £5 deposit at the time of booking. The fee includes all materials, the firing and glazing of 5 of the pots made on the course plus free postage and packing of these pots to your home destination (UK only). More pots can be fired at extra charge if wished.

**WHAT TO BRING.** The only equipment needed are an adequate apron (or old clothes) and an old towel for use in the pottery. All other equipment will be provided.

**ACCOMMODATION.** We suggest that you write direct to the hotels as soon as possible to confirm prices and so on.

Recommended hotels;  
Courtney Cottage Hotel, Shroton, Blandford,  
The Talbot Hotel, Iwerne Minster, Blandford.  
The White Hart, Shroton, Blandford, Dorset.

FOR MORE DETAILS CONTACT JO & GERRY HARVEY at; Shroton Creative Workshops, Sheriffs Mead, Shroton, Blandford, Dorset.

Recipes for Feasts, Forays, Parties, Picnics and special Occasions are all in- **THE ALTERNATIVE FEASTBOOK.** Delicious and Diverting Recipes using Wholefood ingredients. Including Savouries and Salads, A Flummery, Syllabub, Frumenty and Posset, Pools, Trifles, Pies, Puddings and Fine wines. A thoroughly delicious book printed on fine quality paper with illustrations. 32 pages for 50p including postage. Published by The Juniper Press, The Old Vicarage, Marshfield, Nr Cardiff, CF2 3UP.

GILLIAN would love to crochet things for people. Send your pattern or drawing + size + colours to: Top Flat, 3 Harvey Road, Cambridge. Small profit only. I'll try to be quick.

## MOONFLEET

If you remember, sometime ago we mentioned a project that a guy called Maurice Bransfield intended to bring to life. Well the project is now off the ground and is called 'Moonfleet', which aims to encourage, advise and provide for those who wish to take control of their own destinies and live a healthier and more satisfying life. The focal point of the activities at Moonfleet will be a Truck Store from which will operate

(1) A retail and mail order service for (a) goods and gifts normally found in headshops, records, posters, books, magazines etc. The main difference being that from us these items, where possible, will be cheaper; (b) equipment and products that will make it easier to live a more natural alternative to the consumer rat-race: small farming/gardening tools, camping equipment, bottle choppers, functional household utensils etc; (c) 'Cottage industry' merchandise: they will act as an outlet for items made by individuals, families and communes in their own homes or workshops: candles, toys, clothes, leatherwear, etc.

(2) Printing Press. They will provide cheap or even free printing services for community and ecology groups and charge standard rates for commercial enterprises. They will also print and publish their own posters, leaflets, catalogues and books.

(3) Information Service. Giving both verbal and written answers to any problems or queries people have related to our area of activity - especially to those who wish to live a more free and wholesome life as opposed to queries relating to our own cultural consumerism.

(4) Craft Workshop. As well as making some of the craft products for the Store, they hope to have facilities and tools for other craftspeople to use.

The address of Moonfleet is: Maurice Bransfield, 130 Saint Alphonsus Road, Clapham, London SW 4.

WE ARE LOOKING FOR POTTERS, WEAVERS, JEWELLERS, DRESSMAKERS, SCULPTORS, BLACKSMITHS, FARMERS, LEATHERWORKERS, CARPENTERS, PRINTERS, FURNITURE MAKERS, INVENTORS, ARTISTS.

We feel deep disenchantment with the quality of products and the decline in standards of workmanship. General increase in awareness has led people to search for a higher quality of workmanship and durability; and this we intend to foster.

CAPRICORN GRAPHICS, a nonprofit-making art organization, have acquired a 30 acre farm in Scotland where there are facilities for a self-sufficient art and crafts unit.

If you are interested in helping to form an art and crafts group in Scotland with us, or help, or have suggestions to make, please contact Jason Wason, Paul Sanders, any weekday between 10am-1pm at 12, Phillimore Place, London, W8. (01.937.0574/01. 637.1585)

### Nothing gold can stay

Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold,  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sunk to grief,  
So dawn goes down to day -  
Nothing gold can stay.

robert frost.





We are obviously no longer accepting subscriptions. There are, however, lots of back issues still available which must be all got rid of. The issues still available are Nos 4, 5, 8, 9, and 10. They all cost 15p each plus postage from Bizarre Acres Publications, 19 Danesmoor, Ruscote, Banbury, Oxon. Incidentally, we are still trying to pool information on sources of raw materials in regard to craftwork. If you know of any places that supply willow cane, fleeces, chestnut poling, rafia, rushes etc., please let us know. Obviously we are more interested in knowing where these raw materials are growing in their raw state because this will inevitably cut out the middle-man and his crippling addition to prices.

#### Summer Song

At the waning of the summer afternoon  
The hot clear sunlight changes  
Silvering the glades, the bracken.  
The multitude of leaves are silver coins.  
Silver run the streams.

So, when the summer of my days  
Gently approaches evening  
Silvering my hair in the mellow light,  
May there be plentitude of coins  
For others, quiet waters for the dallying,  
And beauty that will touch them  
As they pass by.

- by Clare Cameron, from her 'Poems for my friends'.

#### Water Piece IV

Tear drop  
rippling brook  
factory haul  
opening wall  
escaping factory  
into brook  
into river  
into sea  
into me

-by Genevieve.

#### Funny

*funny summers back on you  
whirls of isles embossed in blue  
oily beach head crowned around  
distant lights afar we found*

*funny way the dawn sun flies  
on the rippled surface lies  
orange sunset solent mists  
creeping liquid needle cliffs*

*funny sloopfolk swans ice melts  
into day fair wind is felt  
shady glade illustrious hand  
soft unwind beneath soft sand*

*funny talk summers secret lies  
found you gave us darkest eyes  
one little room I painted white  
kept the other out of sight*

*funny now the season fades  
sorry I that words were made  
whisper nonsense chattering  
why winters thrush still sings*

*funny we funny you  
island red island blue  
back I went to see me  
funny*

BS



Anne and David Lazell of the Flower Patch Magazine have been producing rather nice headed note paper for some time and now they

have brought out some new designs. If you would like some samples then send off 10p to them at 127, Tower Road South, Warmley, Bristol. BS15 5Bt

Handmade shoulderbags can be bought from the people at 81, Moss Lane, Pinner, Midlxx.

VASECTOMY?-Have you considered this foolproof method of contraception? If you would like to hear from someone who has already had the operation in the UK, send a 5p stamp for a full report to H.Rurlander, HFS, 5630 Hof-Rastein, Austria









**T**he dream is for a place in the country, a small piece of land, a few animals. Somewhere to live alone or share with your loved ones. Many of us spend a great deal of our spare time in serious or half-hearted pursuit of this ideal.

Often the nearest we come to our dreams is a camping weekend or a holiday spent with country friends. All too soon we are back in the city.

Now Britain is a small country, over crowded, civilised, they tell me. We have no deserts, no jungles to get lost in, even so there are still things we need to know. To be transported suddenly from the bright city lights to the dark country roads can be quite an unnerving experience. If you are used to the streetlights and ever-lit shop windows of the city then the dark of the country can be very dark indeed. What is more it is still possible to get lost in Britain, damaged, or even attacked by friendly animals (e.g. cows) or unfriendly ones (e.g. the farmers' guard dog).

Once upon a time, in a vain attempt to conquer my fear of heights, I took up the sport of rock climbing. Every weekend, along with many others, I headed for the Lake district, and with sweating hands, trembling knees and a cold lump of fear in my heart I would make vague efforts to climb, what were to me rather large steep hills.

Eventually the lure of the local pub and the warmth and safety of the campfire became more attractive. It was pleasant, not to say romantic, to wander across the lakeland hills in the moonlight. However, returning to the camp one night my girlfriend and I managed to get lost. The camp was not difficult to find, nor was it very far from the main road, yet somehow we took a wrong turning. It was dark. No moon that night. To our horror we found ourselves scrambling around on a very steep and slippery hillside without a match between us to light the way.

We did finally manage to find our way back to the camp, more by accident than anything else, but the memory of those few hours remains with me.



So, one of the first skills you need to develop for country life is the ability to find your way around unsigned areas.

If you are walking in the country, you should carry some matches or a lighter with you, a map of the area, and a compass. Even if you only intend to be out for the afternoon it is not a bad idea to carry an extra pair of socks, an extra sweater, some food and water as well.

The extent of many people's knowledge of what to do if lost in the country consists of the idea that you find a stream or river and follow it downhill until you reach civilization. This is all well and good in settled country but even in Britain there are areas where this is not the case and having followed your stream you may still end up miles from anywhere. And this after having dodged marshes and fought your way over rocks and through undergrowth. Following a river downstream is certainly not a good idea if you are in the mountains, that way you come across waterfalls and suchlike obstacles.

Although to stay lost in Britain you would really have to work at it, even to be lost for an hour or two can be a terrifying experience to be avoided if at all possible. If you do stray from your path, the realization that you are lost can produce a strong inclination to panic and thus make the situation worse.

So if you do lose your way: 1. Don't panic. 2. Sit down and think back. 3. Signpost in some way where you are. 4. Try to find your path again. 5. Return to your signposted site if unsuccessful.

In daylight hiking in a straight line in any direction should get one out of trouble. This can be done without a compass by continuous lining up of two objects ahead (e.g. two trees). On almost reaching the first object select another sight in line further ahead. And so on and so on.

Sounds can lead you to safety, so can smoke. Walls and fences generally lead somewhere.

If you rely on sounds remember that it is sometimes difficult to tell from what direction a sound is coming. Turn the head until it seems loudest. Holding a hand over

one ear may help, or closing the eyes to reduce distractions.

Remember that distances are deceptive. Multiply estimated distances by three. Some people prefer to measure distance by time. For example if you walk for three hours along a shore you may not know how many miles you have covered but if you return over the same route at a similar pace you should return close to your starting point.

Sun, stars, the prevailing wind, landmarks, all these may be used as a guide by the traveller.

Moss often does grow thickest on the shadiest side of a tree. A tree in the open where the sun can reach it unimpeded all day will have moss growing on its North side. Growth rings exposed on the stumps of trees tend to be widest on the sunniest side, usually south. Tops of pine trees naturally point towards the East. Though allowances must be made for strong prevailing winds.

Something you must remember if walking in Britain is how quickly mist can fall. If you are caught by mist in the hills and can't or don't want to use your compass, then unless you are on familiar ground the best thing to do is to try and descend to a lower altitude.

If you are lost in the dark, one of your greatest dangers may be your own imagination. Terror can mount in the dark, all those childhood bogies come rushing back. It can become a major effort to look behind you. Just in case there really is something there waiting to pounce upon you. Animal noises become frightening. Silence terrifying. If you have to move in the dark use your senses in a rough order of priority. 1. Sight where possible. Get your eyes used to the dark. Use your matches or torch only as necessary, but never trust your eyesight entirely in limited light. Pits can look like puddles. Cliffs a small drop.

2. Touch. Use your hands as antennae. Arms should sweep as wide an area as possible.

3. Memory. But don't trust it. It probably got you into the situation in the first place. Look for landmarks.



4. Sound.

5. Smell.

And if you do finally manage to find a main road try not to get run over by some road hog.

**Maps.** You don't have to have a super professional map unless you are using a compass. Draw your own as you go along, that way if you get hopelessly entangled you can always find your way back. If you do use a regulation ordinance survey map you should know how to read it. Contour maps are the most valuable for wilderness use as they indicate valleys and mountains.

**Compass.** Most of us may never use a compass, but it is still a good idea to know how to. The compass was brought from the East by Marco Polo nearly seven centuries ago. You can make a temporary compass by first stroking an ordinary needle in a single direction with a piece of silk and then placing the now magnetized needle so that it will be free to turn. You can accomplish this more easily if you rub the needle with oil (a sufficient amount could be gathered by passing the thumb and forefinger over the nose and forehead). Now take two thin bits of grass or some other fibre and double them to form two loops in which to suspend the needle. Lower it carefully into still water. (A tiny pool trapped by a stump or rock will do). If you are careful the top of the water will bend noticeably under the weight of the needle, but the surface tension will still float it. The support may then be cautiously removed. The now free needle will turn until it is aligned with the north south magnetic poles. If you have stroked the needle from head to tip the head will point north. (from "Skills for taming the Wilds" by Bradford Angier).

Remember that compasses do not point to true north. They are governed by the magnetic pole. Although the compass line to the magnetic pole is not constant all you have to know for ordinary purposes is the difference between true north and magnetic north, so as to be more easily able to read the map for that area. In Britain the magnetic north lies about 10 degrees west of the true north. Most maps show this magnetic variation but you can find it yourself if you know

where to find the North Star. As the North Star lies almost exactly over the North Pole you only have to note the difference between where the North Star is and where your compass is pointing to find the variation.

A compass should have a luminous dial, otherwise you may find yourself wasting precious matches if you're lost at night. As compasses can go wrong and get lost it's quite a good idea to carry a spare one with you.

Don't use your compass near metal objects or camera exposure meters.

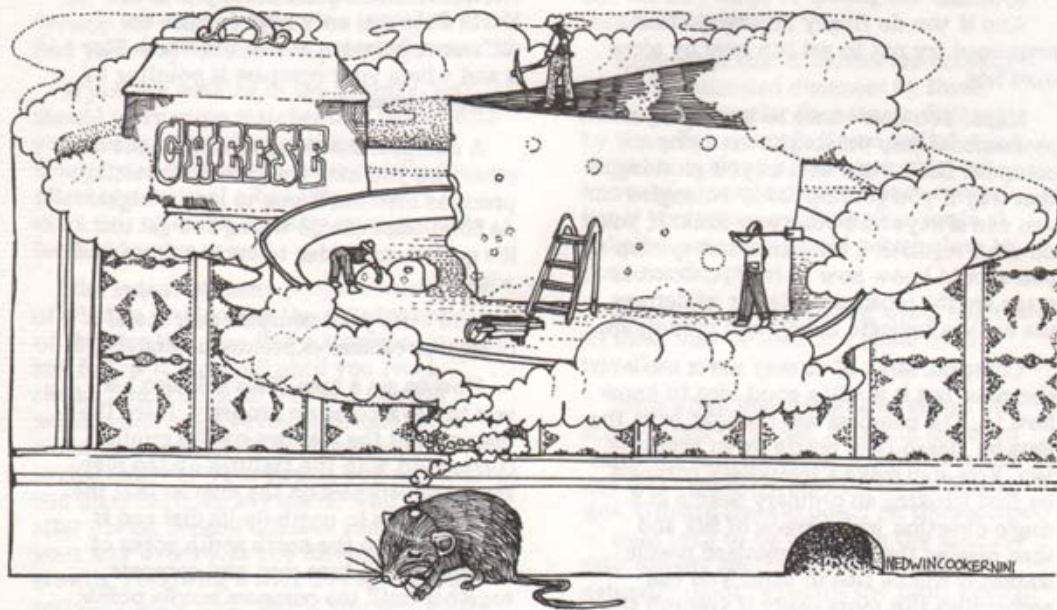
**How to set a map.** This will also help you to use a compass properly. Place the map so that the features on the ground correspond with the features on the map. Place the compass on the map so that the needle points to north on its dial and is also parallel to the north south edges of the map. Then turn map and compass together until the compass needle points 10 degrees west of north.

by Joy Farren.

Taken from the pages of IT.







# English Cheeses

*God of the country, bless today thy cheese,  
For which we give Thee thanks on bended knees,  
Let them be fat or light, with onions blent,  
Shallots, brine, pepper, honey; whether scent,  
Of sheep or fields is in them, in the yard,  
Let them, good Lord, at dawn be beaten hard.  
And let their edges take on silvery shades,  
Under the moist red hands of dairymaids:  
And, round and greenish, let them go to town,  
Weighing the shepherd's folding mantle down:  
Whether from Palma or from Jura's heights,*

*Kneaded by august hands of Carmelites,  
Stamped with the mitre of a proud abbess,  
Flowered with the perfumes of the grass of Bresse,  
From hollow Holland, from the Vosges, from Brie,  
From Roquefort, Gorgonzola, Italy!  
Bless them good Lord! Bless Stilton's royal fare,  
Red Cheshire, and the tearful cream Gruyere!  
Bless Kantercaas, and bless the Mayence round,  
Where aniseed and other grains are found:  
Bless Edam, Pottekees and Gouda then,  
And those that we salute with 'Sir', like men.*

Until quite recently, the majority of cheeses made in Britain and indeed in all European countries, was still being made as it had been for ages past, that is, by individual farmers. There were not only a vast number of different varieties of cheeses, but also a difference in the quality of cheeses of the same type, depending on the various breeds of cattle supplying the milk, and even according to the different herds of the same breed. Not only that but cheese tasted different when made at different times of the year and always seemed to be at its best in early summer, that is, buttercup time.

Needles to say, we have kissed good-bye to all that because owing to the exodus of farm workers to the city, the increase in transport mobility, and the rising costs of farmer's overheads, they are only too glad to sell their milk daily, to be delivered to the factories where all the different milks go into one big vat, become anonymous, and the cheese made to specification. The general quality of English cheeses are not too bad, but they lack the individuality we had in the past.

Anyway, what follows is an account of all the available cheeses in Britain today (plus some that aren't), with a short account on the processes involved in their

manufacture. At the end there are a couple of recipes for making your own cheese, that is, without rennet (which is a bit difficult to get hold of in small quantities).

## BATH

No longer made, but the recipe is as follows. With every 2 quarts of fresh milk, at a temperature of 90 F, add sufficient rennet to bring out the curd in about 5 hours. Remove the curd in layers from the vat and put it in the cheese mould in layers and the why allowed to drain off. Place a clean thick cloth or mat and a board over the mould and rapidly turn it so that gradually the cheese will become solid. Cover with a fine layer of salt and then leave to ripen for two or three weeks, turning daily, until a fine white mould covers it — it is then ripe enough to eat.

## BLUE DORSET

A dead white cheese with a blue vein and is a hard cheese made from the herds of Gloucester bred cows from May to October in the pastures round about Sherbourne. The cheese is very rare today but still available to those who may go there.



#### CAERPHILLY

This cheese was originally made in the Welsh village of the same name but is now only occasionally made there. Modern day Caerphilly now comes from Wiltshire and Somerset. The cheese has a mild flavour, white with a springy texture. It ripens quickly but tends to deteriorate fast.

#### CAMBRIDGE

A soft farmhouse cheese made from unskimmed cows milk. Large amounts of rennet are added so that curd is formed within the hour and it is pressed in layers without cutting, very similar to Bath cheese. It is a cheese that fails to keep, is of local demand and cannot be bought anywhere else.

#### CHEDDAR

The name has today been adulterated to cover a large variety of cheeses from all over the world, but it was not always so. Original Cheddar came from the Somerset village of the same name. There are two basic types of English Cheddar, factory Cheddar and Farmhouse Cheddar. Factory Cheddar is made from cows milk at anytime of the year and usually made in vast quantities. It is a close, smooth cheese and fairly hard. Some are coloured with annatto, and sometimes with marigold or carrot juice. Farmhouse Cheddar is made from May to October and always from the same herd of cows. It has a close, buttery texture with a full flavour and has the tendency to improve with age.

##### Method:

The evening milk is kept overnight and mixed with the morning milk, rennet added and the curd obtained is very slowly heated at the rate of 1 F every five minutes until a temperature of 100 F is reached. The curd is then left to settle, the whey drained off and after this, the curd is removed and placed on lengths of cloth in a cool place, where more whey will drain off.

The curd is then milled and salted at the rate of 2lb salt to every 100 lb of curd, being thoroughly stirred to allow air to get into the mixture. The curd is then pressed for three days, starting off at lightly until it reaches 30 cwt, usually in 4 hours. The cheese after pressing is bathed in water at 140 F for one minute which gives it a hard rind, and then well greased with lard and the ends covered with cloth. Finally, the cheese is cured in a well ventilated room.

#### CHESHIRE

Cheshire cheese is a full-cream, hard pressed cheese, it's texture loose and flaky; it's flavour mild and mellow; it's body firm but not too hard and the colour can either be red white or blue.

##### Method:

The cheese is made by mixing the morning milk with the evening milk, and rennet is then added at the rate of 1 oz. to 20 gallons of milk. When the curd is obtained, it is cut many times into cubes and most of the whey is drained off. The cubes are stirred and scalded and what whey is left is then drained off completely. After this, the curd is milled, and salt added, at the rate of 1 oz to 3 lbs of curd, and then it is moulded into cheese.

The moulds are filled with curd and are placed in a warm room, away from draughts. Next, the cheese is turned into a dry cloth and left a day, when it is then turned into another cloth and is now ready for pressing. The cheese is pressed first of all under a pressure of 5 cwt, the 10 cwt. and finally to 15 cwt, all increases being at 4 hour intervals. The cheese is kept at this last pressure for two days until it is dry, being turned each morning into a new dry cloth. The cheese is then covered with a thin cloth instead of a thick one and removed to the ripening room where it is left in a temperature of about 60 F for three weeks, turning each day.

#### COTHERSTONE

A double-cream cheese which was made in Yorkshire though now very rarely made.

#### COTTENHAM

Sometimes known as double Cottenham. This cheese, which originated from the Cambridgeshire village of the same name, is no longer made. It was a hardish, double-cream, blue moulded cheese with a creamy rich taste.

#### DAVENTRY

Very similar to Stilton, with a dark green skin and body, white, veined and rich in taste.

#### DERBYSHIRE

A solid cheese with a flaky texture. Each cheese is cylindrical, weighing from about 20 lb to 30 lb each and there are 30 gallons of milk to each cheese. Derby cheese is still made on a large scale, and although it needs six months to ripen to its best, is rarely sold with a ripening of longer than 6-8 weeks. Occasionally sage juice is added which gives the cheese a green colour.

#### DUNLOP

Dunlop cheese is still made and first originated from the village of the same name in Ayrshire. It is a hard pressed cheese, very similar to Cheddar though it has none of the other attributes of Cheddar. It is creamy-white and has a sharp, acidic taste which appears when the cheese is fully ripe.

#### ESSEX

An apparently unpopular cheese because of its extreme hardness, and now unavailable.

#### GLOUCESTER & DOUBLE GLOUCESTER

Originally, these cheeses were made in either the Vale of Berkeley or the Vale of Gloucester. The single Gloucester is an uncoloured cheese, weighing about 16 lb. but the double Gloucester weighs from 24 lb to 28 lb and is coloured with annatto which gives it its red colour. It needs six months to mature.

#### LANCASHIRE

Before the last war, Lancaster cheese was a farmhouse cheese, but now there are numerous factories producing cheeses on quite a large scale. There is, however, one or two farms still producing cheese which will undoubtedly have a higher quality than the factory cheeses. The cheese has a mild flavour mellowing with age and has the reputation to of being the best cheese for toasting. There are three sizes; a 10 lb cheese, a 30 lb cheese, and a 50 lb cheese. Sage Lancashire was an old cheese produced up to war times which contained the juice from sage leaves but now sadly unavailable.

#### LEICESTERSHIRE

A cheese made from the mixture of evening milk and hardpressed. It has a strong flavour, with a flaky texture and coloured red by the addition of annatto, 1 dram to every 2½ gallons of milk. Leicestershire cheeses take, on average, about six months to ripen fully but do not keep for longer than a year.

#### LINCOLN

Lincoln is a cream cheese which is made from a mixture of fresh milk and cream. It comes in pieces about 2 in. thick and cannot be kept longer than about three weeks.



### LOAF

Not really based on area of production, but on the shape and size of the cheese. One would find a loaf cheese made from either Gloucestershire, Cheddar, or Wiltshire cheese.

### SUFFOLK

"Hunger will break through stone walls and anything except Suffolk cheese", is a saying attributed to this very hard cheese. Sometimes known as "Suffolk Bank", it has not become a popular cheese and like its counterpart, Essex cheese, has now become virtually unattainable.

### STILTON

One of our most popular cheeses and perhaps the 'Rolls Royce' of English cheeses. It is made from milk of cows out to grass from May to September and the milk used is the richest possible with added cream. It is a blue veined, mould ripened cheese, injected with 'penicillium glaucum', and is reasonably soft because it isn't pressed.

Originally, Stilton was made in the Huntingdonshire village of the same name but now comes from many places in Leicestershire and Rutland, as well as Huntingdonshire.

#### Method:

To every 4 gallons of milk, one dram of rennet is added and the curds form in about an hour. The soft curds are ladled off into damp cheese bags to acidify in the whey and when ready, they are broken into small pieces and salt added at the rate of 1 oz to every 3 lb of curd. The curds are then placed on calico sheets to drain and after about 10 days, the curds are put into moulds and the 'penicillium glaucum' added. The moulds are turned daily and each cheese takes about nine months to ripen to perfection. There are two sizes of stilton, one at 10 lb and one at 16 lb.

### WENSLEYDALE

Wensleydale used to be a blue-veined cheese like stilton, but when the Ministry of Food imposed cheese ration gradings during the war, the cheese became white and has remained so ever since. Most of the cheese comes from cheese factories today, but needless to say, Wensleydale in Yorkshire was the home of this cheese in days gone by, and some is still made there now. The cheese is made during the summer months from surplus milk and old Wensleydale cheeses, after being injected with bacteria, were pickled in brine. Today, the white, unripe cheeses are of various sizes, the most popular being the 1 lb and 2 lb cheeses.

### WILTSHIRE

A cheese similar to Gloucester in shape and size but because the curds are heated a second time, the flavour and texture are different.

### YORK

This cheese is made from unskimmed milk and is a soft farmhouse cheese. The curds are not pressed but put in the moulds in layers and left to cool for 24 to 36 hours. Coagulation with rennet only takes one hour with this cheese because the curds are heated to a temperature of 90 F. A local cheese, rarely seen in shops because it will not keep. Still available.

### MISCELLANEOUS CHEESES

#### CREAM CHEESE

Made principally in Devon and Cornwall but can be found in most parts of the country. There are two types, single-cream and double-cream. Double-cream is usually made from cream





with a high fat content, kept cool for about 12 hours, drained and then lightly pressed. A recipe for this follows at the end of this article.

#### COTTAGE CHEESE

Made from skimmed milk which is then heated till the curds coagulate and then cooled. Sometimes cream or fresh milk is added.

#### CHEESE RECIPES

##### SAGE CHEESE

Bruise the tops of young red sage leaves with a likewise quantity of spinach leaves and squeeze out the juice. To this mixture, add the rennet and stir into the milk. When the curds have coagulated, add salt to taste, place in a cheese mould after draining off the whey and lightly press for about 4 hrs, then leave to ripen for 2 weeks. If you cannot get hold of a proper cheese mould, you will have to improvise I'm afraid using an earthenware vessel, or a colander etc., with a lid and heavy weights on top.

##### POT CHEESE

Add together in a saucepan, 2 quarts of sour milk and 1 quart of buttermilk. Heat till nearly boiling and the appearance of curds. Remove the curds from the whey and put them in a muslin bag, tie tightly and allow to drain for an hour or longer. Remove the curds from the bag, add a very little cream to moisten, add a little salt and then mould the pieces into balls. Let the balls cool for a few hours and then serve.

##### CREAM CHEESE

###### (1) Double Cream Cheese

Obtain as much double-cream as you can (1 lb of cheese is obtained from about 1 pint of Double cream) and lay a piece of muslin around the inside of a sieve or colander and pour the cream into it. Keep at a temperature of about 40 F (fairly low) for about 12 hours. Place a lid or some other flat object over the cream and add weights to lightly press it for about 4 hrs. then serve.

###### (2) Ordinary Cream Cheese

To your muslin lined sieve or colander add as much single cream or rich fresh milk as you can add and simply leave for three or four days. Nothing to it, and ready to eat.

#### CHEESE DISHES

##### CHESTER CAKES

Cream 6 oz. of butter and work into it, 6 oz. wholemeal flour, 6 oz. Cheshire cheese, 2 tablespoons of cream, a pinch of salt and an incy-wincy pinch of cayenne. When thoroughly mixed, mould mixture into balls and leave for an hour. When cool, roll each ball 1/4" thick, stamp or cut out biscuit rounds and bake in a moderate oven till golden brown. Take two biscuits and sandwich together using butter and cheese creamed. Reheat till warm and serve. Enormously delicious.

##### CHEESE WAFFLES

Mix 2 cups of wholemeal flour with 2 tablespoons of Barbados sugar, 1 cup of grated Cheddar cheese and mix thoroughly. Add two well beaten egg yolks and 1 1/2 cups of milk and 1/4 cup of melted butter and mix thoroughly again. Add the egg whites and then bake on a waffle iron or tray. Serve hot. Full of cholesterol but very nice.

##### CHEESE AND RAISIN PIE

Make about 8 oz. of wholemeal pastry, split into two pieces and roll each to fit a small pie plate. Line the bottom of the plate with one piece of pastry. Make a good cheese sauce (recipe below) with Cheddar or Cheshire cheese. When the

sauce is cool, add a beaten egg. Fill the pie dish or plate with alternate layers of sauce and raisins and cover with the other piece of pastry. Brush the top with a beaten egg and bake in a fairly hot oven for 35 minutes.

##### CHEESE SAUCE

1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour (preferably cornflour) 1/2 pint milk, 1 1/2 oz. cheese, seasoning.  
Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour little by little, add the milk and stir till boiling. Let it boil for a few minutes then remove from heat and add grated cheese and seasoning.

##### CHEESE PUDDING

Fill a casserole dish or pie-dish with layers of bread and butter sprinkled with grated Cheddar cheese until there is about 1" room at the top. Cover with a mixture of vegetable stock to which five egg yolks have been added (and well mixed). Bake in a moderate oven.

##### SOMERSET POTATOES

Butter a casserole dish or pie-dish and rub over the bottom a clove of garlic. Thinly slice 1 lb. of potatoes and lay them in the dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with 3 oz. Cheddar cheese, pepper, salt and an incy-wincy pinch of nutmeg. Boil 1/2 pt of creamy milk, add one beaten egg to this mixture and then pour on to the potatoes. Dab knobs of butter on the top and bake in a moderate oven for 1/2 hour until golden brown.

#### A FUNNY MAN

One day a funny kind of man  
Came walking down the street.  
He wore a shoe upon his head,  
And hats upon his feet.

He raised the shoe and smiled at me,  
His manners were polite;  
But never had I seen before  
Such a funny sounding sight.

He said, "Allow me to present  
Your Highness with a rose".  
And taking out a currant bun  
He held it to my nose.

I staggered back against the wall,  
And then I answered, "Well!  
I never saw a rose with such  
A funny-looking smell".

He then began to sing a song,  
And sat down on the ground;  
You never heard in all your life  
Such a funny feeling sound.

"My friends why do you wear two hats  
Upon your feet?" I said.  
He turned the other way about,  
And hopped home on his head.

by Natalie Joan.



# All About Flowers

Collecting wild flowers is a hobby which most people have indulged in some time during their youth; but it is definitely a hobby which is worth consideration by the adult.

Those who have not much space at their disposal and are not keen on doing things with their hands will most profitably join a botanical society. One of the aims of members is to find as many different kinds of wild flowers during the year from March 1st as possible, marks being allotted accordingly, and extra marks for those actually found on the first of March.

Collecting is done with the aid of some standard Flora. The one used by botanists until they are far advanced is "Collins Pocket Guide to Wild Flowers".

People who collect flowers in this way pick one or two good specimens, except in the case of rare flowers (when looking at the growing plant only, is permitted), and bring them home, after noting height, surrounding herbage, etc., for identification. It is never necessary to uproot a plant for purposes of identification. Then the corresponding illustrations in the illustrated "Collins" are painted in, in correct colours, the date and locality being added beneath. A member of a botanical - or wild flower - society will then enter in the book supplied for the purpose, the date and exact places where the specimens were found.

## FORMING A HERBARIUM

If, on the other hand, you are good with your fingers, the actual collecting of wild flowers to form a herbarium, will interest you most. The principal requirement is some really good drying paper, blotting paper is not substantial enough. Botanical drying paper is bought by the ream. Besides this some small squares of glass are useful for keeping down petals which will curl up; 3 in. square is a good size for them. Presses can be bought but you can make them quite easily out of three-ply wood. Cut out two pieces the size of your drying paper, and cut some pieces of cardboard this size too. The specimens, placed between layers of drying paper, are put between these boards, and a weight is placed on top, or the frame may be bound with webbing or string and hung in a warm place to dry. An old brush, a pair of scissors, and a penknife, are also needed.

## OBTAINING SPECIMENS

Go out armed with a notebook in which to write date, locality, type of soil, and also height of plant, colour of flower and leaves, which may alter as the specimen dries. Take a small trowel for digging up plants, but you must not do this in case of rare ones, or if

notices are posted forbidding it, without permission. It is this indiscriminate uprooting of wild flowers which is forcing into the ranks of rarities those plants which a few years ago were locally profuse.

Besides these, you will need something in which to take your plants home. Some botanists use a japanned box, known as a vasculum, but a portable press is often handier. Make it out of two pieces of cardboard with a strip of linen, which will form the hinge, joining them at the back. Place sheets of drying paper inside, and slip a rubber band or two over it to keep it closed.

A specimen should consist of root, stem, leaves, buds, flowers and fruit. Some specimens will of course be too big to deal with in their entirety, so cut them into sections with scissors. In the "Collins" all plants showing sections are tall ones.

Any plants with bulbous roots, and any heathers should be plunged into boiling water (not the flowers), in order to kill them. This stops them from going brown when drying, and prevents the leaves from falling off heathers when dry. A label must be attached to each plant marking name, family, variety, locality and date.

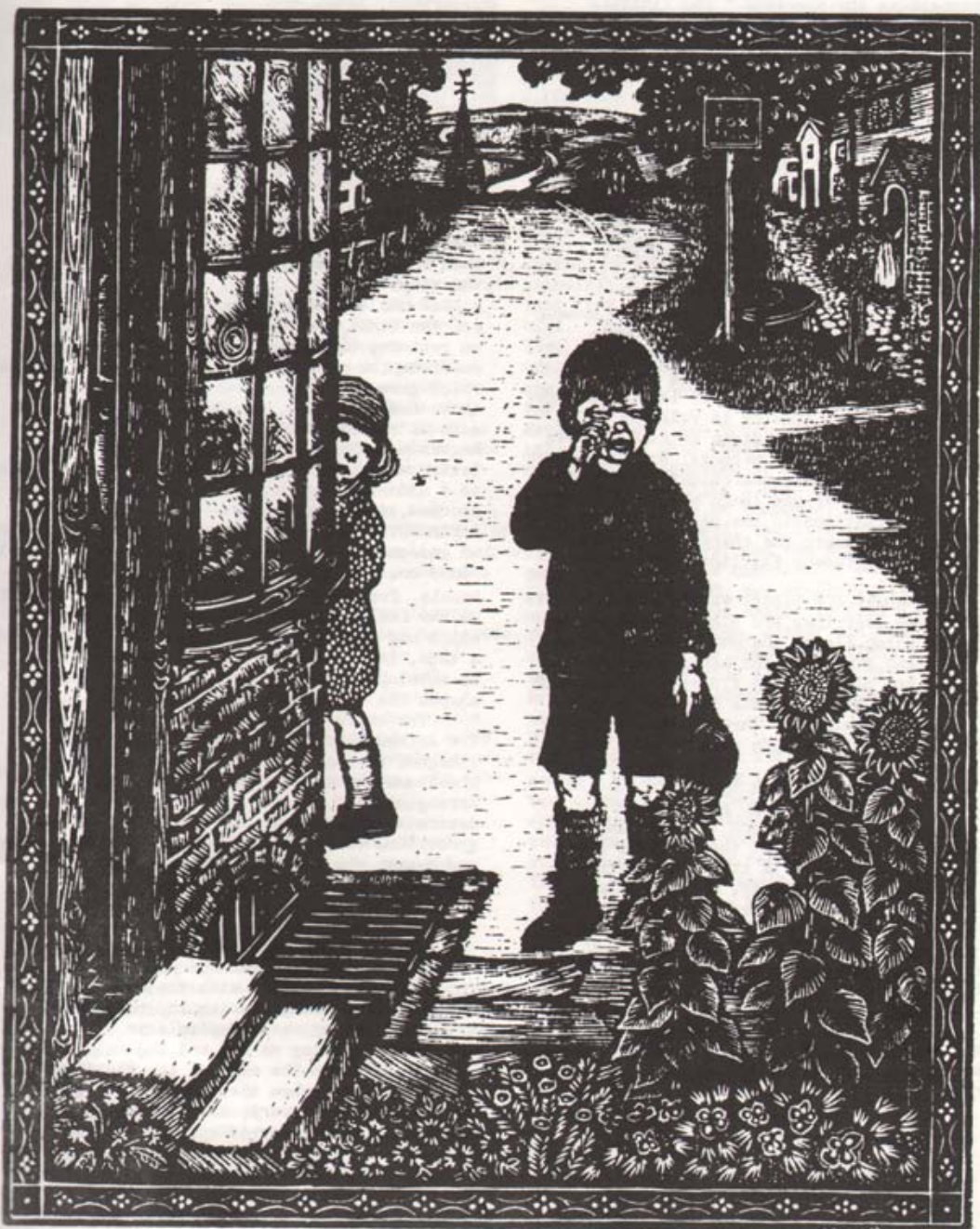
Plants with very thick roots, like bluebells or big flower heads like thistles, may have the underside of them sliced away to avoid squashing them when they are in the press. Leaves or flowering branches may be trimmed off too, but leave enough to show where they do grow.

## DRYING SPECIMENS

Many people get much better results if their drying paper is hot first before placing several sheets of it on one of the boards of the press. When you have your first specimen arranged naturally, clip some drying sheets to the top of your board, and then fold over your plant, removing any glass squares you have used as you go. If you have a stout plant to deal with, be sure to put several sheets of drying paper between it and the next one, and after ten specimens, put in one of the cardboards. When you have got all your plants in, put on the top board, and add a light weight.

After a few hours change your drying sheets and put on a heavier weight. Do this from time to time for about four weeks, after which the plants should be really dry. Then they can be mounted on separate sheets of cartridge paper or Bristol board. Most botanists prefer fish glue or a flour paste, with some preservative, as a sticking medium. Brush it sparingly on the underside of the







specimen, and smooth it on to its mount with a very clean rag. Put these mounted ones back in the press between sheets of drying paper for two days.

Write on each mount all details concerning the specimen. The finished articles can be kept in a cupboard fitted with sliding racks. Flake naphthalene should be left in the cupboard to ward off insects.

#### CLASSIFICATION

Flowering plants are classified into families. Each family is distinguished from another by differences in stems, leaves, flowers and fruit. According to details of these, subdivisions: Genera, are made; and these again are divided according to smaller differences, into Species. The number of genera and species which belong to a family varies considerably.

Each plant, then, has two Latin names; its genus and its species. The common groundsel, for instance, is a member of the family Compositae, but its botanical name is *Senecio Vulgaris*, it is of the genus *Senecio* and the species is *Vulgaris*.

It is necessary first to find to what family your specimen belongs; but a good deal of preliminary searchings in "Collins" will be saved if you learn what are the common variations in the parts of a plant, and also what are the characteristics of the largest flower families.

Annuals are plants which flower and die the same year they are planted, biennials, those which flower the year after they are sown, and then die; and herbaceous perennials are plants which flower and make seed each year, but which die down above the ground each winter. Shrubs and trees are woody perennials which usually shed their leaves in winter.

ROOTS are fibrous when their branches are thin and numerous, e.g. grass; they are tuberous when any branch thickens into a tuber, e.g. *Celandine*; they are tap roots when the main root is thickest and throws off small branches only, e.g. *Wallflower*. This is the commonest root form.

#### THE STEM

The part where it leaves the root is called the rootstock; and this sometimes grows horizontally just under the surface, in which case it is called a rhizome, e.g. *Iris*; or it may be in the form of a bulb, e.g. *Daffodil*; or form a rounded tuberous rootstock called a corm, e.g. *Crocus*.

The way the stem grows is important when determining species. It is called erect when it grows straight up from the ground, prostrate when lying flat, and creeping when it grows fresh roots downwards at the joints.

BRANCHES as well as leaves can be alternate



when they grow singly up the stem, opposite - when in pairs, and whorled when a circle round the stem.

A LEAF has two parts, the blade, or lamina, and the stalk, or petiole. When leaves have no petiole, they are sessile, and if they encircle the stem, they are perfoliate. Leaves which grow from the root-stock are radical, those from the stem, cauline. Some plants, such as the Field Buttercup, have both types. Leaves may also be simple or compound, the latter when they are composed of leaflets joined to a mid-rib, e.g. *Rose*. Their edges may be toothed, i.e. dentate or serrate, like a saw. A PERFECT FLOWER consists of a calyx, a corolla, an androecium and a gynoecium arranged in whorls round one another. The calyx is composed of sepals, free or joined, and numerous, according to the family. The corolla is composed of petals which may be of any number, free, or joined into a tube, in which case the corolla is said to be tubular. If the petals are of different shapes the corolla is called irregular.

The androecium is composed of stamens. The anthers, or pollen bags are generally attached to stalks, i.e. filaments, but some times sessile on the corolla. The number and arrangement of stamens is a very great help in determining the genus and species. The gynoecium, or pistil, consists of stigma, style and ovary; the style is often absent or rather so short that the stigma appears to join directly to the ovary. This is divided into a number of carpels.

The Receptacle is that part on which the actual flower grows. If the pistil grows on top of the receptacle, with the calyx, corolla, and stamens growing beneath it, the flower is hypogynous, when the receptacle is cup-shaped, the pistil growing on it, and the calyx, corolla and stamens from the edge of it, the flower is perigynous; and when the receptacle grows over and encloses the ovary, and only the stigma protrudes, the flower is epigynous. These positions are important when verifying specimens.

#### SEEDS AND FRUITS

The differences in fruits often determine species, so try to get a specimen with fruits





attached. The three chief pod-like fruits are: the legume, splitting down the margin and midrib, e.g. Pea; the follicle, splitting down the margin only, e.g. Marsh Marigold; and the siliqua, splitting from the base upwards, with seeds attached to a replum, e.g. Wallflower.

Capsules are seed boxes which open in various ways. Those from which the seed escapes through pores or valves include the Snapdragons and Poppies. Violets and Pansies grow capsules which split down the midrib, and Primroses have capsules opening by teeth.

Many plants have dry, indehiscent, i.e. non-splitting fruits; these are nuts and achenes, and are of many shapes. Others enclose their seeds in succulent covers, berries, drupes and pomes; of such are gooseberries, cherries and apples.

Among the two hundred and fifty flower families perhaps the biggest are: Ranunculaceae, the buttercup family; Cruciferae, the wallflower family; Caryophyllaceae, the pink family; Geraniaceae, the geranium family; Papilionaceae, the pea family; Rosaceae, the rose family; Umbelliferae, the parsley family; Compositae, the daisy family; Scrophulariaceae, the snapdragon family; and Labiateae, the dead-nettle family.

#### RANUNCULACEAE

With the exception of the clematis, these plants are herbs with radical and cauline leaves, often much cut. The flowers have five free sepals and petals, sometimes modified; but all the flowers have numerous free stamens with separate carpels, and the flowers are hypogynous. The fruits are achenes or follicles. To this family belong all the buttercups, the meadow-rues, the anemones, the hellebores, the columbines, and the larkspurs.

#### CRUCIFERAE

Members of this family are easy to distinguish by the four petals and sepals arranged in the form of a cross. They also have six stamens, four long and two short, and a siliqua fruit. The leaves are alternate. To this family belong the stocks, wallflowers, all the cresses, the mustards, the cabbages, and the

shepherd's purse.

#### CARYOPHYLLACEAE

The outstanding characteristic of this family is the way the stalks are swollen where the opposite pairs of entire leaves join them. No wild flower belonging to this family is yellow. The sepals vary from four to five, and are often united to form a tube, while the petals are twisted when in bud. There are eight or ten free stamens but it is the difference in numbers in the floral whorls which determine the genera of this family. To it belong the pinks, theampions, the sandworts,\*the chickweeds, and the stichworts.

#### GERANIACEAE

Although the five petals of these flowers are also twisted in the bud as in the pink family, plants belonging to this order have opposite, divided or compound toothed leaves, with stipules; and the fruit is a capsule separating into five parts, in the form of a stork's bill. There are five sepals and petals, and five or ten stamens, sometimes united. To this family belong the crane's bills, the stork's bills and herb robert.

#### PAPILIONACEAE

Herbs, shrubs, and trees can all be found belonging to this family, but members of it are easily recognized by reason of the flower which is always like a pea. The leaves are alternate, simple or compound, with stipules. In the flower itself, the five sepals join to form a single calyx; and the irregular five-petalled corolla is composed of one large petal, the standard, two smaller, called wings, and two central ones united to form a keel. There are ten stamens, either all united or nine united and one free. The fruit is a pod. Among members of this family are the furzes, brooms, medicks, clovers, trefoils, vetches, and peas.

#### ROSACEAE

This is another large family including in its members herbs, shrubs and trees. The leaves are alternate, toothed, and both simple and compound. The outstanding characteristic of this family is the numerous stamens growing round the top of the receptacle, and all the flowers, except the apple, are perigynous. The genera belonging to this order do differ from one another a good deal owing to the form of the receptacle; and although the number of sepals and petals is usually five, the latter are sometimes absent. The fruits may be follicles, drupes, pomes, berries or achenes. Among this family are found sloe, cherry, apple, blackberry, roses, meadow sweet, the avens, cinquefoils, tormentils, silverweed and agrimony. Those lacking petals are salad and great burnet, and lady's mantle.

#### UMBELLIFERAE

This family takes its name from the way the flowers are arranged in little bunches radiating from a central point, i.e. umbels.



These plants are herbs and have alternate leaves cut and divided. Most of the umbels have bracts at their base. The calyx is five-toothed, and the petals, sometimes notched and irregular in size, grow round a disk on top of the ovary, the five stamens alternating with them. The fruit is separating, but it is differences in shape of the fruit, besides the arrangements of bracts and the size of the petals, which mark out the various species. So when you are collecting specimens of this order, take one with ripe fruits attached. In this family you will find parsleys, hemlocks, celery, carraway, dropworts, fennels, sweet cicely, chervils and carrot.

#### COMPOSITAE

This is the largest flower family. The flowers belonging to it are really flower heads. Masses of tiny flowers or florets grow on a receptacle surrounded by bracts which serve as a calyx. There are numerous genera belonging to this family, but it is easier to regard them in three main divisions: those which have florets all of the same type, i.e. strap-shaped, like the dandelion, those which have disk florets surrounded by strap-shaped ray florets like the daisy; and those which have tubular florets, like the cornflower, or only disk florets, like the groundsel.

The leaves of the compositae are alternate or opposite, and the fruits achenes attached to a pappus. Here again the different species depend upon the form of the achene and of the pappus.

Among those with strap-shaped corollas are hawkbits, hawkbeards, hawkweeds and sow thistles. The commonest flowers with both ray and disk florets are daisies, corn marigolds, chamomiles and the yarrow. Thistles, hardheads, knapweeds and groundsel all have tubular florets.

#### SCROPHULARIACEAE

The main characteristics of this family are the two-lipped corolla, the pairs of stamens, either two or four; and the two-celled capsule, each cell of which contains several seeds. The corolla have three different forms, five lobed in the mullein, four lobed in the speedwells, and mouth-like as in the snapdragon. All the English members of this family are herbs, the leaves are simple and usually opposite. Toadflaxes belong to the snapdragon group; and there are 16 different speedwells, besides bartsias, rattles, and cow wheats.

#### LABIATEAE

Though at first sight this family can be confused with the last because of its two-lipped tubular corollas, yet there are marked differences. The stalks are always square, the leaves and branches are always opposite, while the flowers grow in the axils of the leaves, mostly in a whorl. Most members of this family have a strong scent, for to it belong the sages, thymes, mints, horehound, betony, and also the dead-nettles.

#### WEeping Willow

So graceful by the water's edge she stands  
In every changing season of the year  
In summer her slim leaves are green cascades  
Which, gently shaken by the passing breeze  
Caress the moving surface of the stream.  
Then, as the year casts off its summer gown  
Like some sad water nymph she weeps  
For its departed joys  
And soundless fall her leafy tears.  
Winter-long her branches finely pencilled lines  
Hang straightly down, they beauty unadorned  
Reflected in the water's mirror clear.  
What words can tell her loveliness in spring  
When like a waiting bride she seems to stand  
Each pendant strand misted with tender green  
To make for her a matchless wedding veil.

by Mrs M.J. Irvin.

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WHOLEFOODS by mail order available from DEVA Wholefoods, 12 Church Street, Folkstone, Kent. The folks at Deva have just brought out a new magazine, by the way which should be worth investigating.

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THE COSMIC CANDLE. Handmade candles and leatherware available from Martin Smith, 15 Firtree Gardens, Shirley, Croydon, CRO 8JS

ARGO NAIN DESIGNS, Hurst Cottage, Compton Dundon, Nr Somerton, Somerset, sell handmade to measure boots and shoes.

#### KESTREL

A kestrel stalls upwind  
the mice below select  
their cracks and awnings

aroused by a wingbeat  
to counter an air pocket  
the kestrel sights  
the last of three darting mice  
on his downward swoop

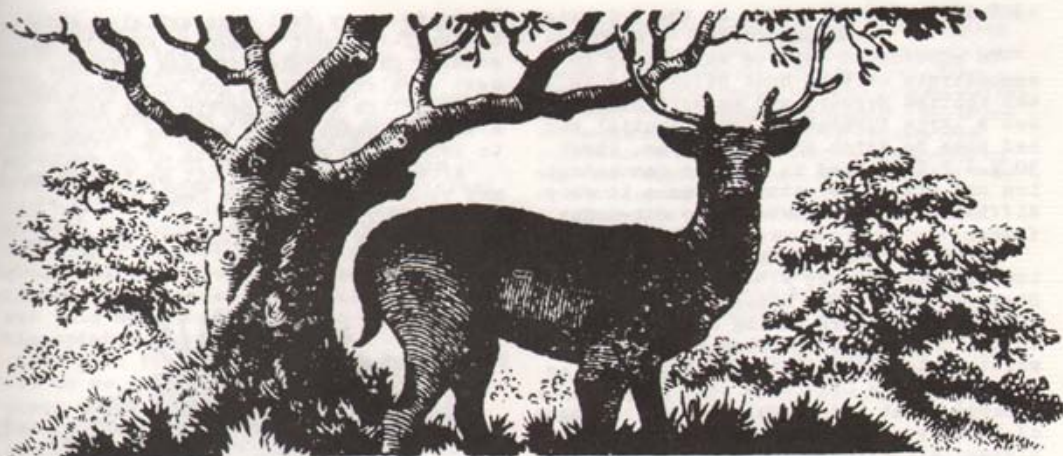
The mouse hesitates  
at an overhanging boulder  
its head jerks to reverse  
but he continues  
to follow the leaders

the first grasp of the talons  
brings blood spurts  
from the mouth of the mouse

the other mice do not concede  
they slink back to the wheat-field.

John Rice.





# Friends of the Animals

## WHY SHOULD WE SABOTAGE?

The idea of groups of people running all over the countryside disrupting village life and country peace by spraying a rather smelly liquid along country lanes, waving banners outside Public Houses and generally causing a disturbance for a cause which, for most people, does not head their list of world priorities would seem hardly justified if it were not for the fact that hunting for pleasure is the most barbaric 'sport' around.

The term 'sport' is not a fitting description of this sadistic orgy of blood. It is not a sport, since both sides do not have a fair chance. Anybody who thinks that a fox has a fair chance of escape when its earth has been filled in, so that it has to remain above ground, to be pursued by 20/30 hounds and 70/80 horsemen across the country until the wretched animal drops through exhaustion; these people must be either sick, demented or sadistic.

Some people say that foxes are a pest, that they kill chickens and sheep. This may be true but, as far as chickens are concerned, the farmers do not seem to want to stop this. On two separate occasions, in different hunting areas, I have seen chicken farms where the chickens are protected merely by a 2ft. high wire mesh that any animal could

get over let alone the fox. If you ask a huntsman why they do not protect their chickens better by building higher, stronger fences the only reply you can get is a claim that you do not know anything about foxes. I have yet to see a fox jump a 6-7ft. high fence!

As for sheep, many sheep farmers claim that foxes do not kill sheep, they only eat sheep and lambs which are dead or sick, through some illness. Biologists who have carried out post mortems on dead foxes, have proved this by examining their stomach content.

Our methods of sabotage are based on the idea of killing the fox scent. This is done by spraying the area around the meet. We also divert the hunt by imitating hunting calls using hunting horns, whistles, and by shouting holloas. Explosives are never used, although, when they are available, smoke bombs which make no sound or use little or no flame are used for emergencies.

I, therefore, feel that we are fully justified in our aims and our methods.  
Stephen Goddard - Secretary

## HUNT REPORTS

We have hit several fox hunts since the present season began and we are proud to announce that we have definitely saved the lives of two foxes and probably many more.



WEST KENT HUNT 18th Nov. at the Cricketers,  
Meopham Green H-60 8-30

We advertised that we were going to demonstrate at this hunt beforehand in the Kentish Mercury and we were pleased to see a large turnout of local 'antis' who had come to watch and support us. About 30 W.A.P.S. turned up for the demonstration and stayed to attempt to make it very difficult for the huntsmen to catch any foxes.

While the bulk of us were demonstrating with newly made W.A.P.S. banners, Steve Goddard, Pete House and I mingled with the onlookers giving out leaflets to the adults, and bubbles and party whistles to the children. Although a few members of the Committee were rather dubious about the usefulness to the cause of this type of action we were all pleased with the result.

The onlookers who were not committed for or against fox-hunting felt freer to put their view of the argument when they realised we were not hooligans with fireworks, bombs and steel capped boots. The bubbles and party whistles tended to attract attention to us, get the children on our side, and make the locals realise that we were not vandals and really believe in our cause. We also went around with a collecting box and were pleasantly surprised that a number of people contributed. The money raised paid for our costs for the day, so no expenditure was incurred.

The most successful factor of this hunt was the use of three hunting horns which brought the pack and the huntsmen in completely the wrong direction on at least three occasions. We are hoping to get this method of sabotage to a fine art in the near future.

We must say that the terrier man and his body guards in the now infamous land rover had been protecting certain gateways and by his bullying methods sometimes kept us off. We were not prepared to stoop to his methods to sabotage hunts, but we are going to discuss how to FOX him when we next hit the West Kent hunt.

A favourable article appeared in the Kentish Mercury the following Thursday and we must thank them for the publicity they are giving us.

ESSEX UNION 25th Nov. at the Ship, Stock.  
H-50 8-30

This Saturday was also one of mixed fortunes. We drove to Essex to help some fellow comrades to demonstrate and sabotage. The demo, which was a success, prompted two of the local papers in

Essex to carry full page articles about the anti-fox-hunt movement. We will be sending photo-copies of them with our next newsletter. I do not know what the local police were expecting but they almost outnumbered us as they threatened to lock us up at the spray of an aerosol.

After the demo we split up in our cars and vans and it was not long before we saved a fox. Jan Jones and two of the members from Essex University saw a fox



running towards them closely pursued by some hounds. Jan managed to get in-between them and spray the area with anti mate which lost the concentration of the dogs for a couple of seconds enabling the fox to escape. Unfortunately, though, a couple of minutes later the hounds, by chance, saw another fox and killed it.

Later on in the day, Dave Paul, a member on his first hunt sabotage, spun his sporty Crotina on a bend crashing into a bus. Unluckily, Jan Jones and I

were in it and all three of us ended up in Chelmsford Hospital. Jan suffered from concussion, Dave broke his collar bone and I cracked my spine and had some stitches in my arm. The car is a write-off but all three of us hope to be back in action soon. The photo-copies will enlighten you as to what happened for the rest of the day.

Paul Dickson.

WEST KENT HUNT Boxing Day at the Bell,  
Kemsing Village. H-100 8-20

Arrived at 10.00 to meet six new recruits from Otford at the Bell. Four cars had a lavish spraying operation. The hunt kept in the sprayed area for most of



the morning. We had a good demo at the meet though the police would not let us use our collecting box for the 'Hunt Saboteurs Benevolent Society'. We gave out leaflets to a very large crowd of onlookers. Although some told us what we could do with them, some politely refused, but most accepted with interest. One man drew up in his three-wheeled invalid car and shouted out that he thoroughly supported us. This caused a great response from our crowd but he was immediately pounced on by the 'terrier-man' who told him in no uncertain terms to keep his opinions to himself.

We left the meet before the hunt moved off so we could be at the head of the queue of cars which is of a phenomenal length on the big hunts. On leaving, the terrier-man recognised me as 'one of the regulars' and said, 'there's not going to be any trouble is there?' On being told that the trouble usually came from him he told us, obstinately, to keep out of the way and to stay in our cars. Then one of his strong arm men came up, 'Yer. Overwise you get done.' At this point I took my leave to catch up with the others. The rest of the day was not very successful.

We split into three separate groups. One group managed to call the dogs over several times using the hunting horn but the hunt, being more skilful at blowing their own trumpets, managed to get them back under control.

My party, trying to get them from a different angle, followed holloas for about half an hour. We reached the edge of a steep slope and were expecting to see the hunt in full flight the other side. However, it turned out to be a rugby pitch with some very loud voiced players ..... Yes, funny now, but not at the time. Two of us went back to get the cars. While walking back on our own a mini-van screeched to a halt and two of the terrier-man's private army got out and searched me. Having found no sprays they drove off. Good job that they did not search the other chap.

The third party from Otford were not so lucky. They were badly knocked about. (We are still waiting for their report which we shall have to print in our next newsletter.)

Stray riders and red-coats were seen late morning and the hunt dissolved early afternoon. No kill was noted but we were not with the hunt all day.

by Robert Smith.

Wild Animal Protection Society, Resident  
Flats, Guys Hospital, London, SE1.

#### FRODSHAM (CHESHIRE) BADGER-DIGGING VIGILANTES

Badger diggers in north Cheshire have so reduced the badger population that the village of Frodsham has formed a Badger Protection Group which regularly patrols the vulnerable areas on a rota system. The group works in close co-operation with farmers, landowners and police and patrols carry printed cards which authorize them in the names of the landowners to challenge any diggers and, if diggers refuse to leave, to call in the police. There are 45 active patrollers.

The Frodsham experiment has received both local and national press and TV coverage and the organizers hope that other communities whose badgers are threatened will try to follow their example. Full organization details and newsletter can be obtained from H and R PYLE, 9 CARRIAGE DRIVE, FRODSHAM via WARRINGTON, CHESHIRE (please enclose 3p stamp).

(Note: Badger digging is on the increase all over the country - keep your eyes and ears open and report back to us any incidents you may come across, especially furriers dealing in badger pelts).

RSPCA REFORM GROUP (aim: to oust those members with bloodsporting interests from the RSPCA)

Five of the eight RSPCA Council members elected last year were members of the Reform Group and since then the RSPCA, showing a much friendlier attitude to the Reform Group than hitherto, have now formed a Cruelty to Wild Animals Committee, one of whose main priorities is to bring other hunting to an end. Those wishing to contact the Reform Group should write to JOHN BRYANT, 'SAVANNAH', 15 STRATFORD ROAD, PRESTON PLUCKNETT, YEovil, SOMERSET

#### FRIENDS OF THE EARTH LTD

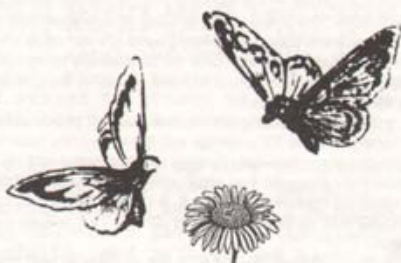
For those interested in the conservation, restoration and rational use of the Ecosphere (our environment) FOE can be contacted at 9 POLAND STREET, LONDON, W1V 3DG.

#### KILLING IS FUN.....

To people who participate in chasing wild animals to exhaustion and death, or take part in badger digging. These activities violate all humane and moral principles. The National Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports, 8 Elsworth Road, London NW3, needs YOUR support.







This has got to be the final article on Veg Dyeing. We must apologise for all the mistakes in the last article which was due to an oversight when pasting-up the artwork. Hope this one makes more sense to you. It was kindly sent in by Peter Crittenden.

## Lichen Dyeing

Lichens (pronounced li'kens or lich'ens) are a fascinating but often overlooked group of plants. Many species are common in lowland rural Britain while they abound in regions with the cleanest air such as the S.W. peninsular, Wales, Northern England from Cumberland to Northumberland and Scotland. In some of the latter areas they may form more or less continuous covers on stone walls, wooden fences, roofs, trees and on heaths amongst heather and moss. A close examination will reveal that lichens are very varied in form and colour. It is not unusual for the layman to regard lichens as a type of moss, indeed the reindeer moss is a lichen of the genus *CLADONIA*. However, they are a completely different kind of plant. It would be better to think of lichens as fungi, not of the class which encompasses the toadstools (i.e. the Basidiomycetes) but of the lesser known class Ascomycetes. Even this view is oversimplified because lichens are dual organisms with this type of fungus and a green alga growing together, the fungus giving the plant its shape and form and the alga buried amongst it. This phenomenon, where two organisms help each other, is known as a symbiosis; the result in the case of lichens is a slow growing but successful hardy plant able to live on barren surfaces with a very limited supply of nutrients and water.

There are about 1,200 species of

lichen in Britain although many of these are rare. Three types are usually recognised, crust forms which one can only scrape off surfaces, leafy forms and erect or bushy forms (crustose, foliose and fruticose respectively). However, when one becomes more familiar with the group it becomes apparent that some forms lie somewhere between one and another of these three, but in general these are good descriptions. Lichens can easily be distinguished from mosses and liverworts, an area of much confusion, because the fungal component of the former is white. Thus, when the surface 'cortex' of a lichen is scratched away or when a leafy lichen is turned over, the white colour of the fungus should be apparent, whereas a moss or a liverwort is uniformly green. However, a few types of lichen are brown all the way through their structure and hence cannot be classified in this way.

In arctic tundra areas of the world bushy *CLADONIA* species are grazed by reindeer and caribou. In Britain today they have no economic value, although between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries certain species were used extensively as a source of dyestuffs, a country craft now superseded by synthetic processes. The Bible probably has a reference to the early usage of lichens for dyeing, (Book of Ezekiel, Chapter 27, v. 7). This property possessed by many lichen species to produce dyes is due to the presence of unusual chemical compounds peculiar to these plants. The common orange lichen (which is more often yellow), *XANTHORIA*, and which is particularly common on sea shore rocks, produces a golden brown dye. The common wall lichen, *PARMELIA SAXATILIS*, one of the commonest of the leafy forms, also produces a brown dye. Extracting the dyes is straight forward, no mordants or intermediary compounds are required to enable the dye to be taken up by fibres. The procedure for dyeing wool using *PARMELIA SAXATILIS*, for those who would like to try, is as follows:

If using raw wool collected from fields, first wash it thoroughly in soap and soft water and rinse well. Do not wash the lichen, dirt and grit will not affect the dye but any bark present must be removed. Approximately 1 lb. of dry lichen is required per lb of wool, (or a little more than 1 oz. for an oz. of wool). Shred the plants with scissors and bring them up to the boil in soft water to which one teaspoonful of acetic acid (vinegar will do) has been added for 1 lb. of





plant. Acid and peat stained water is said to be even better. Once boiling, the heat is lowered and the whole left to simmer for three hours, after which the heat is turned off and the dye left overnight to cool. The well-wetted wool is loosely wrapped in thin muslin cloth and submerged in the brew the following day, which is then brought up to the boil once more, and while occasionally turning the wool over gently the whole is simmered until the desired strength of colour is obtained. When the wool has been removed and gone cold it is washed several times.

*PARMELIA SAXATILIS* used in this way will produce an orange-brown colour.

It is a great pity that due mainly to air pollution lichens are fast disappearing from many parts of lowland Britain and I would stress that on conservational grounds only common species, such as the *XANTHORIA* and the *PARMELIA*, should be collected and only from areas where I have already said them to be in profusion. There are also many other sources of vegetable dyes which might be preferable for larger scale dyeing attempts. Heather is just one example. Crofters used young stems of heather to obtain an orange-brown dye, while old heather tops yield a purple colour.

Lichens are not now generally well-known by common names although a few old floras indicate that many were known by colloquialisms, but they often referred to more than one species. For example, in Scotland, crottle is the general name given to the dye lichens but *PARMELIA SAXATILIS* is also known by this name. Pustulous moss or rock tripe (*UMBILICARIA PUSTULATA*), crab's eye

lichen (*OGCHROLECHIA PARELLA*), cudbear lichen (*OGCHROLECHIA TARTAREA*), stag's horn or thorn lichen (*EVERNIA PRUNASTRI*), old man's beard (several species of *USNEA*), lungwort (*LOBARIA PULMONARIA*), pearl lichen (*PARMELIA PERLATA*) and pixie's wine glass or common cup lichen (several species of *CLADONIA*) are a few other interesting names. There are several books which enable the beginner to attempt to identify some of the commoner species from pictures and these are given below.

#### Further reading:

The Biology of Lichens. M. E. Hale, 1967. Edward Arnold (London).  
Heaths and Heathers. T. L. Underhill, 1971. David & Charles.  
Lichens for Vegetable Dyeing. E. M. Bolton, 1960. Studio Books (London) now out of print.  
Observers Book of Lichens. K. A. Kershaw, 1963. Frederick Warne (London).  
Oxford Book of Flowerless Plants. F. L. Brightman, 1966. Oxford University Press.

Peter Crittenden.

#### SOME DYE RESULTS.

As promised last issue, there appears now a list of the results I have achieved with vegetable dyeing. To make things a little easier the strengths of the colours obtained have been classified into (a) Weak (b) Fair (c) Good (d) Strong. So if I get a bright green from a particular plant it will be classified as 'strong', and so on.



All the following colours were on a cream coloured, unbleached wool.

**BLACK MUSTARD (Brassica nigra)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good yellow  
Wool mordanted on alum - a fair yellow (primrose)

**WOODY NIGHTSHADE (Solanum dulcamara)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good green-grey.  
Wool mordanted on alum - a good blue-grey

**RED CLOVER (Trifolium pratense)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a fair primrose yellow  
Wool mordanted on alum - a strong yellow ochre.

**DOGROSE (Hips) Wild Rose.**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good pinky-grey  
Wool mordanted on alum - a weak yellow-Pink.

**HORSE CHESTNUT LEAVES (autumn picked)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good pinky-brown.  
Wool mordanted on alum - a weak pinky-brown.

**ELM LEAVES (autumn picked)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a strong ochre brown  
Wool mordanted on alum - a good greeny-ochre

**CHRISTMAS ROSE LEAVES (Hellebore)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a fair yellow-grey  
Wool mordanted on alum - a weak yellow-grey

**Berberis Berries**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a fair pinky-brown  
Wool mordanted on alum - a weak pinky-brown

**APPLE: GRANNY SMITHS (skin only)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a strong yellow ochre  
Wool mordanted on alum - a strong pinky-primrose yellow.

**WALNUT LEAVES (autumn picked)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a strong brown  
Wool mordanted on alum - a strong green-brown.

**BEECH NUTS**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a fair pinky-brown.  
Wool mordanted on alum - a weak primrose yellow.

**PLANE LEAVES (autumn picked)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good yellow ochre.  
Wool mordanted on alum - a weak pinky-ochre.

**BEECH BARK**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a strong pinky brown  
Wool mordanted on alum - a weak pinky-brown.

**BEECH LEAVES (autumn picked)**

Same as for Beech Bark.

**HYPERICUM (Rose of Sharron)(leaves only)**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good yellow-grey  
Wool mordanted on alum - a fair yellow-grey

**RED CABBAGE LEAVES**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a strong greeny-grey  
Wool mordanted on alum - a good greeny-grey

**WEeping WILLOW LEAVES**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good yellow-grey  
Wool mordanted on alum - a fair yellow-grey

**CHAMOMILE FLOWERS**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good yellow-grey  
Wool mordanted on alum - a strong yellow

**YEW BARK**

Wool mordanted on chrome - a good pinky-grey  
Wool mordanted on alum - a good grey

Well that's it. Obviously you may have different results but it will give you a rough idea. To end up this veg dyeing series, I would just like to get a few facts straight. Dyeing by vegetables and plants is not so romantic and innocent ecologically as most people think. To begin with, minerals are needed for mordanting which if used commercially in the textile industry instead of the synthetic dyes, would mean vast mining operations to extract them. Secondly, three times as much water is needed in the dyeing process. Thirdly, it is time consuming and on a large scale, waste consuming considering all the mordanting baths and dye extracting baths needed. Finally let no one think that the colours are unique to vegetable dyeing only. Any and every colour possible under the sun is easily obtainable from synthetic dyes. Also if we were to suddenly revert back to vegetable dyeing, then the countryside would be denuded within a week from all the vast quantities of foliage, berries, nuts and roots needed.

I have said this because there is a popular illusion nurtured by many that natural methods are always the best. I also happen to be

involved in textile printing and it would drive me daft having to rely on vegetable dyes only. However, the natural processes are fun and if only small amounts of dyed wool or fabric are needed, then it is a good process to use - the choice is yours.

Bernard





## *The Funeral of a Badger*

About nine o'clock I came to the badger's sett, and settled down to watch. I loved the little silver-grey cubs, and I knew that the old mother would bring them out as the evening drew in. The breeze - a very light and gentle breeze from the north-east - blew from over the entrance into my face. A few birds were singing their good-night songs. A large brown owl swept low round the bluff of the down - and close by my concealing gorse-bush.

After twenty minutes, the sow poked her head out and sniffed the breeze. This was of interest, for invariably, on the other occasions on which I had watched, it had been the male that had first scouted and sniffed the breeze in search of danger. Satisfied, she came into the open. For a moment or so she faced me directly, and I knew she was

excited. The hair of her back was running up and down, forming tiny wavelets, and the hair of a badger's back is the barometer of the animal's emotions. I thought she had seen me - she could not have scented me, for the breeze was in the wrong direction - because almost at once she turned and disappeared into her home. This was disappointing, but as the night was yet young I remained concealed by my gorse-bush and waited for her to bring out her cubs. A missel thrush alighted on my bush, saw me, and flew off with an angry chatter. At 10.40 the badger poked her head out again, sniffing the breeze. She remained there a full minute, and then, satisfied that the coast was clear, came into the open.

This time she face up-wind, standing with head lowered, her back rippling in



a most agitated manner, uttering a very tiny subdued snuffle, her short stumpy tail jerking from side to side and looking very ridiculous. All this was strange, and most curious of all was the fact that not one sign had I seen of the cubs or the father. Possibly he had already departed on his evening foray..

And then, suddenly, she raised her head to the heavens and uttered a cry - the first real sound I have ever heard from a badger. It was a weird cry, half whimper, half howl, shrill for so square a beast, and in the still night so sudden, so eerie, that the hairs on the nape of my neck stiffened involuntarily.

There was no time for analysing my feelings, because the badger immediately moved briskly to my right, where on the very edge of the downs a disused rabbit-warren showed white in the dim light. This was about twenty yards from me and rather difficult to see - impossible to see clearly - and I did not wish to move for fear of disturbing her. However, it soon became apparent that she was scratching in the warren, for I could hear clearly the sounds of earth being moved, punctuated by an occasional grunt. Eventually - the time was 11.51 by my watch - she came into the open again, moving across to her own sett, down which she vanished, to reappear almost immediately, sniffing the air and moving about in the most agitated manner, once coming within a yard or so of my hiding-place, yet taking not the slightest notice of me.

I sat still, entranced and mystified. This was behaviour beyond my knowledge, and I was by now convinced that I was to witness something unusual. The badger had gone over again to the warren, and it seemed to me that there must be something there she wanted and could not get out, so anxious did she seem.

At 12.15 a dog fox came into sight down-wind, but instantly sheered away. He must, I think, have scented me. It was becoming slightly lighter now, and there seemed to be more movement generally - I could hear, for example, a cuckoo down the valley suddenly shatter night with its monotonous call. It was cooler too, and I was taking cramp in one leg. My badger appeared determined to pass the night in an odd manner. Evidently she had no thought in her head for her cubs, and it seemed probable that the father had taken them out - though this was against all rules - thus giving her a holiday, which she did not know how to spend or which had gone to her head. She kept at the warren, returning every ten minutes or so to her

sett, down which she would disappear, to return again to the warren after first sniffing the breeze in an anxious manner. I discovered, however, to my great relief that movement on my part did not seem to disturb her. Watching now became an easier matter, as the morning became appreciably lighter. So it went on, with periodic journeyings from sett to warren by the badger and periodic shifting of position by myself, until at 2.5 approximately, another badger suddenly came into view round the bluff.

At first, as he skirted the bushes, I thought he was the husband, the owner of the sett, returning from his nocturnal prowls. But as he came closer I saw that he was not, for this was a smallish badger, whereas the one I had watched so many times before was a large beast, weighing anything up to forty-five pounds, I judged. I expected the newcomer therefore to be warned off; but the female stood stock still, her back ruffling agitatedly and her nose touching the ground. The male advanced to within a few yards and then halted, his nose also lowered.

Now commenced an extraordinary scene. First the female, with a jerky, upward toss of the head and a swift downward movement until the nose touched the ground, uttered a thin, musical, whistling sound, rather as though the wind had been sharply expelled through the nostrils. The sound lasted - perhaps it was more of a squeak than a sound - just as long as it took the head to complete the motion described; but there was no notable change, or if there was I was unable to distinguish it, in the sound during the upward and downward movement of the head. The squeak was without cadence. At the same time she moved forward with two tiny jerky steps, the hairs of her back ruffling very quickly. The moment she stopped and was standing still with nose almost touching the ground, the male, stationed exactly opposite her, went through the same performance. I was unable to distinguish any difference between the sounds emitted by male and female, while the movements performed were exactly the same in both cases.

As each animal came to the end of the act the other commenced afresh, until, finally, their noses appeared to be touching. When this point was reached the two badgers performed at the same time, presenting rather a ridiculous appearance in the half light, and then abruptly stopped. The whole affair reminded me strongly of W.H. Hudson's tale of the two hedgehogs in 'A Shepherd's Life'.



How long the performance lasted I cannot say, for I had by now become too interested to look at my watch - an admission I hate to make, since a naturalist should always be methodical and exact.

The performance over - to my great regret - both animals repaired to the sett and disappeared, the female leading and the male following nose to tail. They were gone for some time, and I was left staring at the entrance and the trees behind and wondering greatly. After some time - though how long I cannot say, time always seems longer when one is awaiting something - I looked again at my watch, and found that it was 3.15.

I was beginning to wonder, in the nasty manner of human beings, whether the domestic life of the badger was quite blameless, and when this Don Juan of badgers would go, or if he would be caught by an irate husband, and what would happen if he was - in fact my mind was behaving in a thoroughly civilised way - when the visitor reappeared, or at least his tail. Gradually the whole of him came into view. And then I saw that he was dragging something. It was the body of a badger. Had he added murder to his other sins? But no sooner was the body clear of the entrance than the female appeared. At this point I sneezed loudly twice, but neither animal took the slightest notice. Together they dragged the body of the old male across my line of vision to the rabbit warren. The male had hold of the corpse by a hind leg: I could not see how the female was assisting him, but assisting him she was.

In a very short time they had reached the warren. Here, even in the improved light, I was unable to see clearly what was happening. Indeed, though at various moments I made out both badgers, I could not really see what they were doing. It was not hard to guess, however, and soon the indistinct sounds of scratching confirmed my guesses. Father was being buried.

Shortly, they had finished. The service was over. There was no further performance of any kind. No sounds, no noise at all. No more touching, nothing. The male vanished, moving very quickly, the way that he had come. The female came back to her home, stood for a moment at the entrance, looking straight at me as though saying, "Now, what do you think of that?" and then disappeared below the ground.

It was 4.10. Unnoticed, the dawn had broken. Unnoticed, the birds had commenced their daily round. Though by no

means light, it was much lighter, but I had not observed the passing of time. I waited another half-hour, conscious now of chill air and great hunger. But there was no movement from the sett, and at last, lighting my pipe, I went over to examine the warren. Earth had been shovelled into the mouth, and packed by the bodies pressed against it. It would have been easy to loosen the earth and exhume the body inside, but I did not. That would, to me at least, have been sacrilege. I turned away, and, after examining the track, clearly defined, from sett to warren, tramped off home, thrilled and hungry.

I have watched a badger's funeral. But many points remain unanswered in my mind. How did the young male know? Badgers are by no means uncommon - certainly not rare, as some townsmen imagine - and are on the increase so far as can be judged, in this district. All the same I know of no other sett nearer than five miles off. Had the young male been summoned by that first great cry of the female? That seems impossible. The human ear, at least, could not catch the sound at any such distance. How, then had he learned? Why was the female expecting him, for expecting him she certainly was? How did she know that he would come? Had she journeyed to his home - wherever it was - to tell him? That seems unlikely, for but two nights before she had taken her cubs - already turning from silver-grey to brown-grey - for a walk, and the old male had been alive and, to the human eye, fit and well. Perhaps she had spent the previous night telling her friends of her loss, but somehow I do not think so - she would scarcely leave her cubs for two nights in succession. How had her helper learned? Was it sound, or scent, or instinct, that indefinable quality? And was he mated, and if so what did his wife think of it all? And - but I could go on asking questions for ever.

The following night saw two heavy showers - our first rain for more than three weeks - and early the next morning I was at the sett. The ground was covered with badger tracks, large and small. Evidently the mother had had her family out; or perhaps she had had further visitors? Steeling my heart, I shovelled away the earth from the burrow mouth. There was the badger, his body cramped up awkwardly. He was old, for his muzzle was white like the muzzle of an old dog. Crawling over his body were thousands of ants. And the smell was unpleasant. I pushed back the earth.

Washington Irving.






There was a time, when meadow, grove, and stream, the earth, and every  
common sight, to me did seem apparelled in celestial light, the glory and  
the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore; turn wheresoe'er I may, by night and  
day, the things which I have seen I now can see no more.


THE END





THE COMPLETE


# THE COUNTRY BIZARRE



REMEMBER back in those good ol' days when conservation, and preservation were in their infancy; when Berny Scofield had long hair and made enormous nut roasts; when for 5/- you could buy a pint of brew and a big bag of chips; and when the very first issue of Country Bizarre appeared?

All those many hours of bad typing, bad spelling and bad hangovers had finally paid off. Here it was, 500 copies scattered across the floor. Amazingly we went on to produce a further 10 issues (steadily getting better) until one day we stopped.

Our hopes of starting Vol. 2 haven't and probably won't develop so for all those without a complete set of Country Bizarre or for those of you who've forgotten the nice times, we bring you 'The Complete (and final) Country Bizarre.



*best wishes - Andm*

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