



# Gnome News

Newsletter No. 2. December 1978

From THE GNOME CLUB, West Putford, Devon. EX22 7XE. England

## PIONEER GNOMES FROM HARCOSTAR DISCOVER GNOME RESERVE IN DEVON

EARLY IN 1978 A GROUP OF GNOMES IN THE HARCOSTAR FACTORY AT WINDOVER ROAD IN HUNTINGDON PICKED UP NEWS, SENT PERHAPS BY SOUTH WESTERLY WIND, OF THE OPENING OF THE FIRST GNOME RESERVE AT WEST PUTFORD IN DEVON.

With high hopes and plenty of courage, they immediately set off to pioneer their way from Huntingdon to West Putford. I say pioneer for, although humans have of course made journeys such as this often enough, it was new to gnomes - and remember also the smaller you are the longer distances seem. As the gnomes neared their destination the railway ended and roads, which at first had been large and easily travelled, narrowed to smaller and smaller roads and lanes. Sign posts had to be carefully studied and at times they had to resort to asking the way. Often the people they asked did not know - they had not heard of a Gnome Reserve.

### SMILING

The Gnomes arrived, smiling in spite of their exhaustion and - what a welcome awaited them! After introductions had been made, they were carried the final stage of their journey, into the dappled sunlight of the woodlands which were to be their home, and placed beside streams and waterfalls, on mossy banks and in ferny glades.

### HUNDREDS

These gnomes were the early pioneers. . . . since then many more have come to inhabit the Reserve - the number is now well into the hundreds and includes groups of newly-born gnomes from the factories of Nedus and Mayco in Britain and Heissner in West Germany.

On days when humans consider it is raining, the gnomes continue their work of helping everything in Nature to grow, under the blue skies and sunshine of their own making - Humans sense this sunshine as a feeling of peace and happiness.

## British Gnomes send greetings to their colleagues in Australia

IN OCTOBER REPRESENTATIVES FROM AUSTRALIAN TV CAME TO THE GNOME RESERVE TO MAKE A SHORT FEATURE FILM FOR A LUNCHTIME PROGRAMME, HORIZON 5. A WEEK LATER THEY RETURNED TO MAKE A LONGER FEATURE FOR WEEKEND MAGAZINE - A SATURDAY EVENING PROGRAMME, WITH PEAK AUSTRALIAN VIEWING.

The film's showed the founder of The Gnome Club taking, in a wheelbarrow, some new gnomes to the Reserve and placing them amongst friends. She spoke to the reporter about the great need among the gnome population for their own club so that through the newsletters gnomes from different parts of the world may keep in contact. It was difficult for their work, she said, to be co-ordinated if they did not have proper communication.

Later she demonstrated how she is able to play doctor to some of the unfortunates of the gnome population, and showed how, with all the advanced knowledge we have at our disposal today, it is possible to repair practically every condition of accident and to restore a more youthful appearance to the sometimes faded and worn clothing of some elderly gnomes.

Finally the film photographed a few examples of the ceramic gnomes who have their births from a wood fired kiln at West Putford.

In the next Newsletter - Articles by the Soil Association and Dorwest Herb Growers.



HARCOSTAR'S NEW GNOME

The firm of Harcostar have recently introduced a seventh Gnome to their range. He is a sweeping Gnome. Their earlier models are Fishing Gnome, Gnome with leaf basket, Gnome with watering can, Gnome with plant in pot, Gnome with accordion and Gnome with sunflower.

## Gnomes award Knighthood to Marketing Director of Harcostar

The human man, who, at the Harcostar factory in Huntingdon, saw to the initial arrangements for the gnome's journey to West Putford is called DENNIS - As a mark of appreciation for his assistance to them, and to all the other gnomes who have their birth at Harcostar, the gnomes have placed his name on their human honor's list and now refer to him as Sir Dennis.

Footnote. In the countryside surrounding the Gnome Reserve a change has taken place. Visitors, gnome or human, to the Reserve can now be pretty certain to receive clear instructions as to how to reach their destination should they need to knock on the door of a house to enquire the way

# WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

THREE OF THE MORE INTERESTING REFERENCES TO THE GNOME CLUB WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN VARIOUS NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES SINCE THE FORMATION OF THE CLUB BACK IN JANUARY 1978. MEMBERSHIP ACTUALLY COMMENCED 1st. MAY.

FROM THE DAILY EXPRESS, MONDAY JANUARY 23rd. 1978

## THE GNOME CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN

If Ann Atkin has her way, 1978 will be the Year of the Gnome. She's launching the Gnome Club of Great Britain. It's for gnome-fanciers... garden gnomes in pottery, plastic, metal, cardboard and wood... and the "real" ones who are spirits of the earth, live underground, and guard hoards of fairy gold.

Ann Atkin is a painter-teacher who lives with her husband Ron and two schoolboy sons in a rambling old rectory at West Putford, near Bideford, in the heart of the Devon gnome-country.

She has ravens and buzzards in the garden, and the skulls of a greyhound, a sheep, a pig, a badger, a swan, a gannet and a curlew in the hall.

Any gnome-fancier will be able to join the Gnome Club - whether he or she simply has a couple of little green polystyrene men on the lawn, or better still, is one of the relatively few people in these fairy islands who've ever seen a "real" gnome.

"There'll be a badge," said Ann Atkin, "though it isn't yet designed. And a magazine - perhaps twice a year, with articles on gnomes ancient and modern, lists of gnome spottings, and a children's corner.

"And club notepaper..." She paused, breathless. "Have you ever seen a gnome?" I asked.

"Yes - in the vegetable garden I... sort of... became aware the gnome was here. Oh, you can be as sceptical as you like."

"When you see an acorn, can you see the oak it's going to be? You can't see how a plant grows, but you know it's growing, don't you?"

It was a pretty gnome reply. Deuced clever, these little people. "We need gnomes," Ann said, "In the land of science it's always this or that. In the land of the gnome, the gnomes join everything together. They don't settle for either/or..."

She'd got together a collection of gnomes - the garden variety - and took me out to see them.

A cold, strong wind was blowing in from Westward Ho, a few miles away, and every now and then a gnome toppled silently on to its back.

For creatures with super natural powers, they didn't seem very steady on their feet.....

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH 26 APRIL 1978

## VOICE OF REASON

"Wanted by the Founder of the Gnome Club of Great Britain/Gnome International, for the Gnome reserve: pre-1940 garden gnomes. Any size or material, wood, ceramic, etc."

This advertisement in a magazine evidently refers to the Great Gnome Reserve which the British Garden Gnome Authority

is planning. Its location is still secret because of the danger from kidnapers and vandals. There have been far too many cases of gnome-kidnapping by students, who falsely accuse gnomes of fascism, elitism, neo-colonialism and racialism for the Authority to take any chances before an adequate security force has been built up for the Reserve and warning devices installed.

Sir Howard Trém bath, chairman of the B. G. G. A. said yesterday that the Reserve would become a "Mecca for all who cherish the age-old values of tolerance and liberalism in the true sense which, to take the broad view, garden gnomes represent.

"We are particularly anxious to include pre-1940 gnomes in the Reserve. Many of them were members of the League of Nations Union and the Peace Pledge Union. Had their voice been heeded, such disasters in the Japanese, aggression in China, Mussolini's attack on Abyssinia and the outbreak of the Second World War might well have been averted.

"Now once again, when Man stands at the cross-roads of destiny, armed with powers which Science has placed in his hands to use either for good or ill, garden gnomes again stand as a key factor for peaceful progress towards the broad sunlit uplands of the future.

"It is a time for greatness", he added after a pause.

PETER SIMPLE.

FROM THE SUNDAY OBSERVER COLOUR MAGAZINE 27th AUGUST 1978

## GNOMES ABOUT GNOMES.

Ann Atkin has made it her mission 'to bring a consciousness of gnomes to all people'. She wants to draw together from every part of the world anybody 'who believes in and enjoys the life of the "Little People"'. To this end, she recently founded the Gnome Club of Great Britain and Gnome International, based at her home at the Old Rectory, West Putford, Devon. Here we see her in the Gnome Reserve she's founded in her four acres of woodland garden.

Already the club has an international membership, although it's only been going a few months. When faced with the 'odd gnome scoffer', Ann, a painter, simply tells of one of the many letters she has received from gnome lovers. 'Whenever this lady, who wrote to me, feels miserable or depressed, she only has to look at her small indoor gnomes to feel happy again.'

Incidentally, gnomes are a whole lot safer to keep indoors than out - nabbers have been known to pinch entire garden collections. Anthony Steen, Conservative MP for Wavertree, Liverpool, knows this to his cost, it seems, Ann tells me that last year he fell victim to garden gnome robbers. Safe and sound, however, are the 150 odd gnomes (retired through death of owner, etc) which inhabit the Reserve. Each one has been lovingly restored - broken limbs are mended, chips filled in, and new paint applied. All gnomes are welcome, and club members can come and visit. But, Ann Atkin declares, the real Little People find man-made garden gnomes amusing, 'mainly because they do not really resemble them'. She herself would like to see a higher standard of gnome manufacture for the market. Her dream is a grand national gnome exhibition to which people would contribute all kinds of home-made gnomes, modelled in clay, wood or papier maché; painted, embroidered, or made from collage.

The Gnome Club costs £2.50 to join; you get a gnome badge and three newsletters a year.

Barbara Chandler.

## GLEE!

A VISIT TO THE '78 INTERNATIONAL GARDEN AND LEISURE EXHIBITION  
Written by HIERODAT.

To introduce myself... I am a writing gnome. I have no wish to carry a wateringcan or a spade, fishing rod, rake or hoe. Neither do I like to play a musical instrument, much though I enjoy listening to my friends playing theirs. I am a writing gnome and I record day to day events in my book.

I was sent a couple of complimentary tickets to visit the '78 International Garden and Leisure Exhibition at the Birmingham Exhibition Centre, and I decided to ask Ann if she would like to come with me. (Well she is doing a lot for us gnomes with the Club and the Reserve, and I think she would have been hurt if I hadn't asked her).

We drove to Birmingham in our van. Neither of us had been to the Exhibition Centre before and we were amazed by the size of it. After parking the car in one of at least four giant car parks, finding the correct hall was next. We were looking for Hall 1. The scene was reminiscent of a Barbar book with the palace of pleasure and the palace of work. There is even a large lake in front of the buildings but with no bathing elephants.

Once inside the hall there appeared a myriad of stands with products ranging from greenhouses full of plants, garden tools, composts, fertilizers, seeds etc to garden ornaments and a lot of friends.

The first thing I did was to go to the stand of Harcostar to meet Sir Dennis. (You may remember we gnomes have recently knighted him). I enjoyed speaking with him - he is a nice man - well perhaps I'm biased because he does so much for us gnomes! He introduced me to several representations of Harcostar's new sweeping gnome who seems a pleasant fellow, and from the way he demonstrated to me how he can use his broom, I should think he will prove popular.

Imagine my delight as we discover the stand belonging to Chas. Bristol of Birmingham. They are the British importers of the German Heissner gnomes. Amid such a vast crowd of people, I was beginning to feel conscious of my small stature, when ahead of me, smiling and calling to me was this enormous collection representing the numerous different plastic and ceramic gnomes made at the Heissner factory. With their red caps held high they were able to tell me much news from Germany.

Brierland Garden Ornaments had several gnomes among their precast concrete products. They also had a wishing well which I liked very much and would have liked to take back to the Reserve with me. Ann was adamant and said I couldn't have it because - and this is more cheerful - she says she will soon build us one using stones which are to be found in West Putford. I hope she hurries up because after seeing this well, I realise how much in need of a well we are in the Reserve.

Before we left I suggested we should look at Unwins Tree seeds. Unwins sell these seeds in packets just like flower seeds. Coming home in the van we had with us over a dozen potential 70-100 ft high South American Southern Beech trees - (seeds to be planted in the Reserve).

## Gnomes to share home with Dr. Barnardo's children

CHILDREN AT DR. BARNARDO'S, NEW MOSSFORD, BARKINGSIDE, ILFORD, ESSEX, HAVE DECIDED THAT THEY WOULD LIKE TO SHARE THEIR HOME WITH SOME GNOMES.

Notice of free housing or rather garden space is shortly to be broadcast in local newspapers in the area, so that wandering or homeless gnomes may know where they will be made welcome.

A 3 ft seated representation of Alfredrick, who likes to be called Fred, will shortly be leaving the Gnome Reserve together with one of his brothers to take up residence.



Some children from West Putford Primary School being photographed with a group of gnomes in the Gnome Reserve - for a German magazine.

# SIEGFRIED IS GREMCALWALLER

IT WAS ANNOUNCED YESTERDAY THAT THE GNOMES IN THE GNOME RESERVE HAVE RECOGNISED THAT SIEGFRIED HOLDS THE POST OF GREMCALWALLER. IN HUMAN LANGUAGE THERE IS NO EXACT TRANSLATION OF THE TERM GREMCALWALLER BUT WORDS SUCH AS ADVISER, LEADER, GUARDIAN MAY GIVE SOME INDICATION ALTHOUGH NOT A LITERAL TRANSLATION AS TO ITS MEANING.

Every Gnome leads an individual existence and has his own particular work, the results of which he alone is responsible for. Group decisions are generally made by an instant gnome knowing - a process which in human comprehension would be best understood as telepathy based on the gnomes' fundamental purpose of the growth of everything with which they come into contact.

As you know Gnomes can be both the oldest creatures on the earth (this is symbolised by their flowing white beards) and also as newly born as a young child (this we comprehend from their small stature, childlike expressions and radiating happiness).

Siegfried appears to human eyes as a somewhat fearsome gnome. His whole person expresses great energy. Standing 3 ft. high, he has a massive white beard with black eyebrows and eyes which seem to see through whatever he looks at. He carries in his right hand a small golden ball. - This he calls his philosopher's stone but people sometimes think it looks more like a miniature sun. It is thought that the light which shines from this stone allows Siegfried to know and understand the answer to any dark problem and to find his way in any unlit place. Under the rough exterior to Siegfried lies a kind heart and a mind which is wise, simple and utterly committed to the laws of truth. This is perhaps why he carries the golden ball and why gnomes everywhere understand and love him.

As representations of Siegfried are made from a mould, several versions of his being are to be found in the Gnome Reserve. Most are usually to be seen standing near the entrance to Pradninch, leaving other gnomes to dig, rake, water, hoe, play music and contact the plants, animals and birds etc. - Siegfried is Gremcalwaller.



FRED - The true name of this Gnome is ALFREDERICK but when we see him in The Gnome Reserve he likes us to call him FRED. Representations of him show him with a bird in his arms. Here we see him with a basket full of birds. This basket never empties although birds fly out of it all the time as Alfrederick wishes them to. Tiny, brightly coloured birds which fly in the sunshine like rainbow lit dew drops.



A LOOK BACK TO LAST WINTER IN DEVON..... three gnomes beside the pond in The Gnome Reserve.

## Gnome stones..

A MESSAGE TO NEW MEMBERS..... AS A MEMBER OF THE GNOME CLUB YOU ARE ENTITLED FREE TO HAVE A GNOME STONE TOGETHER WITH A SKETCH AND A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ORIGIN. OF THESE STONES - THEY ARE AN OPTIONAL EXTRA. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ONE FOR YOURSELF OR A FRIEND YOU HAVE ONLY TO WRITE TO THE GNOME CLUB AND SAY SO.

These stones come from an Atlantic North Devon beach. A seashore Gnome gathered pebbles from this beach into his sack and there they turned temporarily into gold. Tipped back onto the beach again they appear ordinary, but.....

Obviously these stones will not heal any physical defect - broken bones for example - whether you believe they have other healing properties depends perhaps on whether you are prepared to step out of the confines of  $2 + 2 = 4$  into an infinitely wider vision of truth - a truth which includes  $2 + 2 = 4$  but is not contained within that sum.

## THE DUKE OF PRADNINCH

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GNOME RESERVE, WHERE LA WNS FINISH AND A LITTLE GRAVEL PATH LEADS INTO THE WOODS, IS THE SIGN PRADNINCH AND A 30 MILE AN HOUR SIGN (ALTHOUGH IF ONE WERE OBTAINABLE A 5 MILE AN HOUR SIGN WOULD BE FAR MORE SUITABLE, FOR GNOMES DO NOT LIKE PEOPLE TO MOVE TOO QUICKLY - IS DISTURBS THEIR CONCENTRATION).

Within four acres, between a pond and this wood, the whole set amid typical Devon countryside with views across fields to Dartmoor, is a small early Victorian Rectory. Here the founder of the Gnome Club and her family (husband, 2 teenage sons and parents-in-law) live. Her husband Ron has recently received the highest award known to be given to a human man by the gnomes - As a mark of their appreciation of his person and as a token of their gratitude for the assistance and friendship they have received from him, they have awarded him the title "The Duke of Pradninch" - Needless to say the regalia and uniform which accompany this honour are visible only to gnome eyes.....



THE DUKE OF PRADNINCH..... photographed on the day he received his title from the Gnomes.

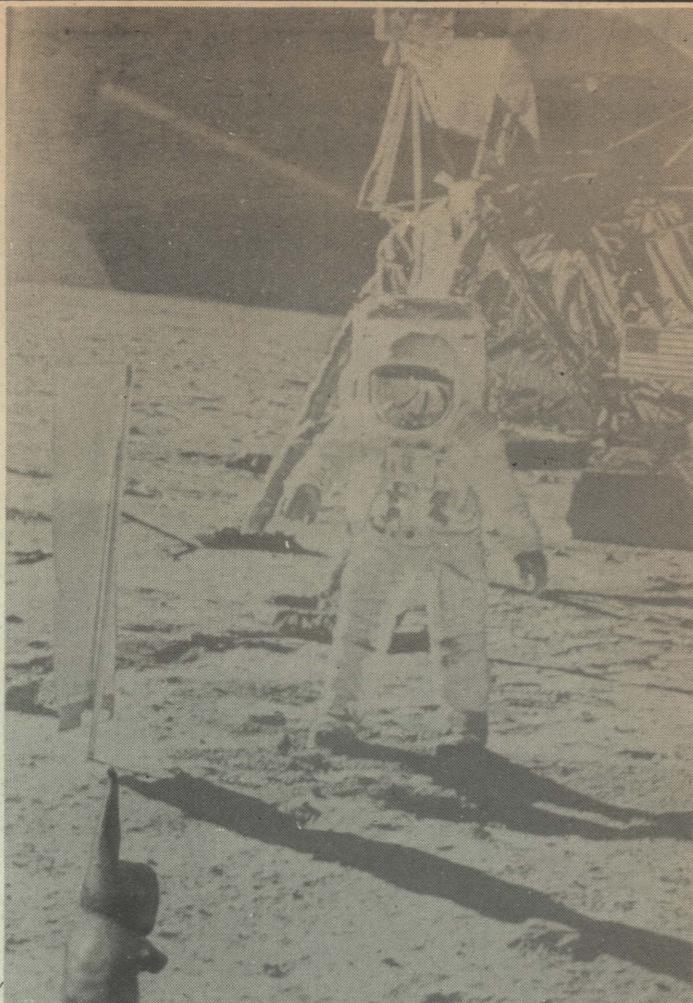
# EXCLUSIVE MOON SHOTS?

## CAN WE BELIEVE OUR EYES?

TWO HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED  
MOON SHOTS.

IS NEIL ARMSTRONG REALLY ABOUT  
TO SHAKE HANDS WITH A GNOME  
ON THE MOON?

IF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TO A  
ATTRACT GOVERNMENT ATTENTION,  
JUST IMAGINE MEMBERS OF ALL  
PARTIES AND COUNTRIES CHANGING  
FROM THEIR NORMAL TOPICS OF  
DEBATE ON SUBJECTS SUCH AS WAR,  
DETANTE, HUMAN RIGHTS AND  
UNION STRIKES AND INSTEAD  
DISCUSSING THE POSSIBLE IMPLICA-  
TIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS!



### Gnome News ADVERTISEMENT RATES

SMALL ADS: Up to 30 words free to members

DISPLAY:	Eighth Column.....	£1.50
	Eighth Page.....	£2.50
	Quarter Page.....	£4.00
	Half Page.....	£7.75
	Page.....	£15.00

THE GNOME CLUB, West Putford  
DEVON. EX22 7XE.

### Purchases all types of PRE-1940 GNOMES

Please write with descriptions

# DEVON GNOMES MAKE CONTACT WITH LARGE COMMUNITY OF GNOMES IN HAMPSHIRE

Gnome News has recently learnt of the existence of a very large community of Gnomes living in the village of Little Beverstonia in the Portsmouth District of Hampshire.

This is the second very large established Community of Gnomes living in Britain, that Gnome News has been able to report. (In Newsletter No. 1 details were told of the Gnomes and creatures who live in the garden, kept by Edward "Taffy" James, at the Fishes Public House at North Hinksey in Oxford.)

The following is a human's account of Little Beverstonia.....

I went to see the tiny people of Little Beverstonia the other day. They would admittedly, be hard to find, even if you knew your Hampshire really well, .... but they are there in Upper Paulsgrove, for all the world to see -- and we can take a few tips from them in the art of gentle living and contentedness.

Little Beverstonia actually lies within the three back garden walls of No. 52 Beverston Road, on the chalky slopes of Paulsgrove, and the gnomes you meet there can show the financial gnomes of Zurich a thing or two when it comes to radiating a wealth of happiness.

The little people always appear busy about their daily tasks in the atmosphere of a mountain village, locked away from the seething masses of humanity ..... and for quiet moments there is a mountain stream where glimpses may be caught of real goldfish or frogs.

The frogs, of course, could be anywhere - maybe in among the carnations, the fuschias, Livingstone daisies, or Swiss mountain rock plants; even, perhaps, leaping down the main street of Little Beverstonia, among the shops, or through the fashionable residential district with its white-fenced houses.

## TWO YEARS WORK

The only humans regularly intruding on this far-away-from-it-all life are Mr. Percy Carter and his wife, Kay, who created it out of a 'goeey' chalk

garden that held, among other things, stone relics of bygone ages.

It has taken them more than two years to give Little Beverstonia (their name), a heart, and Mr. Carter has worked late at night under the glare of floodlights to give the little people a village they can be proud of.

The houses are built from plastic model kits; the church spire is a piece of lino, and the cross, held in place with a matchstick, is real silver; the streets are the sort of coloured shingle sold for indoor fishponds; and the background greenery effect is from "flattened down" gloss paint.

Mr. Carter has constructed the village without any plans. He just stands looking at the sunny, elevated corner, and the picturesque developments "just happen".

## RELAXING

The Carters believe that water - the trickle of the stream and the whooshing fountain - has a relaxing effect on the mind, which makes you want to stand still and daydream, though they do anything but.....

Bigger and better things are planned in between Mr. Carter doing his job as a Gas Board inspector, and his wife composing poetry and songs.

An illuminated diamond cave is under way which should prove a highly successful tourist attraction from the little people's point of view. And a new, Upper Beverstonia is beginning to arise at the top of the concrete steps, from where you will be able to look down on the colour splendour that is 60 different types of plants, "imported" from the Hampshire countryside and beyond.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter will be looking out for some unique "furnishings" for their new "mini-kingdom" on their daily travels, while their cat, Whisky, sits on the indoor window-ledge with the air of ruler of Little Beverstonia.

One day, there may also be fairies at the bottom of the Carter's garden. But that's another story.

Gnome News would like to hear from anyone with information as to the whereabouts of other Gnome communities large or small in Britain or abroad - with, if possible, photos and any details of interest.

## A GNOME CALLED SIDNEY

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIDNEY - DESCRIBED BY HIS HUMAN FRIEND  
MRS. M. GRIFFITHS, 83 BEECHWOOD PARK ROAD, SOLIHULL, WEST  
MIDLANDS.....

My son and daughter-in-law enrolled our garden gnome SIDNEY, in the Gnome Club of Great Britain and Gnome International, and what a joy it has been to me as I read of your Club and re-live the life of SIDNEY our garden gnome.

We had been married only a very short time, the war had just finished and we were in our first home, when my Husband came home from a Meeting carrying in his arms the gnome which we called SIDNEY. The name SIDNEY was given to him because that was the name of the Chairman of that particular Meeting. Shortly after the gnome took up residence with us that particular Chairman was knighted, so our SIDNEY acquired a Knighthood and the mighty status of SIR SIDNEY, no mean feat after being with us for so short a time.

SIDNEY soon enjoyed the company of a cat, Buntie, and then a dear baby boy, Steven, whose picture is in the family album at a very early age "making his first acquaintance with SIDNEY" who smiles proudly and knowledgeably at our newcomer, our new little master, treasured in much the same way as was SIDNEY when he arrived.

Then comes a dear little girl, Julia, to join us and between Steven and Julia the love of "little people" in the home seemed to grow in such proportions as to almost surpass that of parental love, because be they made of clay, concrete, china, wax or have a beating heart, they were to become a predominant feature of our family life.

To join SIDNEY we had a cat, then a budgerigar, goldfish, tropical fish, 17 guinea pigs (only two of which were intended) an almost human dog and at one stage her four puppies, two white mice and later on a pony.

These "little people" were all part of a loving family, they gave great joy as we laughed at who got the first kiss when Daddy came in? why, the dog of course, because she was first at the door. Who was fed absolutely on time? the guinea pigs, because their demanding little squeaks could be heard so far off. Who had the most comfortable chair? the cat, because she was the most relaxed. Where did Steven and Julia go when they "hated" Mummy and Daddy? to the "little people" for love. The budgie watched all this, jumping around his cage in a state of hyper-activity, up and down his ladder, ringing his bell, shouting "where's that pussy-cat, where's Steven, where's Julia, gone to school? demanding kisses after saying his nursery rhyme and demanding to be let out of his cage when all was safe and quiet. When we were due to go on Holiday I dreaded the performance of housing all the "little people" and would vow and declare when we got in the car that "some would have to go" but this mood was short-lived mainly because I recognised strong opposition which was demonstrated by complete silence. What happens when we open the door on our return, SIDNEY beams with delight at us, the cat rolls sensuously on the floor in sheer ecstasy at our return, we go off in different directions to reclaim the "little people" without whose meows, barks, squeaks and chirps the house seems unbearable.

SIDNEY has shared all this, he has been stolen and found by children (on a rubbish dump) who recognised him as they had passed him on their way to school and nicknamed him CHARLIE. He has sat in state on a pedestal in a front garden smiling at all who passed him. He has sat on a front door step where Steven and Julia's friends would turn his face to the wall as an indication of their visit when we were out. He has beamed at everyone on the staircase as he sat outside a flat. He has been rather hot in a sun-lounge and now in his later years he sits in glory at the head of a rose-bed beaming at the kitchen window and at all who look at him from the back of the house.

I am now in my 50's and our dearly loved Daddy died at quite a young age, 12 years ago. SIDNEY has shared many upheavals with us, many joys, many sorrows which are all part of family life, he has smiled through them all. He shares life now with a cat and a beautiful crock swann called SYBIL and many many lovely garden and sun-lounge plants, all with names and a certain character. They are a constant reminder of the love of God, our heavenly Father, who shares our joys and sorrows and gives us that peace which passes human understanding and which is portrayed so wonderfully in His "little people".

P. S. We laughed quite a lot because SIDNEY seems to have been registered in your Club as Dr. Sidney Griffiths, which could only have been picked up from my son's cheque "Dr. S. Griffiths". You see he has acquired yet another title!

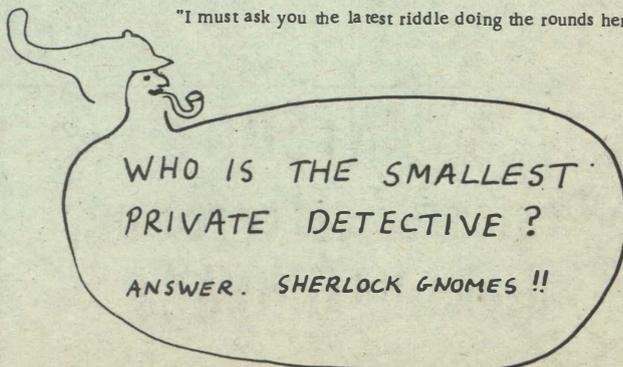
## Gnome insurance

Extract from the Hampstead and Highgate Express, 15th September '78. Consuming Interest by Liz Sagues. An article titled The Price of Underinsuring. It starts "If your home burnt out totally tomorrow, would your household insurance cover the cost of replacing all your possessions? Probably not"..... It continues later in the article "common omissions from insurance cover are garden gnomes....."

GNOME VALUATION UNDERTAKEN FOR INSURANCE PURPOSES BY THE GNOME CLUB. (If you think this is funny, here's a :)

Mr. Joseph Hobson, magician, from Brighton, South Australia, writes.....

"I must ask you the latest riddle doing the rounds here...."



# COLLECTOR'S CORNER

DID YOU KNOW THAT BRITAINS LTD - THE MAKERS OF TOY SOLDIERS - ALSO MADE GNOME MODELS?

Their gnomes come in three sizes - large, which are approx. 5 ins. high, medium, which are 2½ ins. high, and small which are 1 5/8 ins. high.

It is believed that Britains first produced these gnomes in 1930. They are still shown in their catalogue in 1959.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### GARDEN ORNAMENTS

These Gnomes and Animals are brightly coloured, and are very attractive pieces. They will appeal to all Garden lovers.



J1 Gnome lying with book. Measures 3½" long.



J2 Gnome standing with pipe. Measures 5" high.



J3 Gnome sitting with Violin. Measures 4½" high.



J4 Gnome standing. Measures 5½" high.



J5 Gnome with Flower Pot. Measures 5" high.



J6 Frog. Measures 4" long.



J7 Newt. Measures 5½" long.

MANUFACTURED BY  IN LONDON ENGLAND  
TRADE MARK  
Patent No. 459993

The following is perhaps not exactly a gnome, but nevertheless an interesting collectors piece. - A between the wars impression of a gnome-like creature.



By kind permission of Sonia Roberts who is writing a book on Gnome Collecting.

## WANTED

# Postcards, old or recent, depicting GNOMES

Please write with details to:  
THE GNOME CLUB, West Put ford, Devon. EX22 7XE.

# GNOME LOVERS WRITE TO THE 'SUN'

EXTRACTS FROM THE SUN'S LETTER PAGE, 2nd. AUGUST 1978.

### I FOUND A GNOME FROM HOME!

My Friend, who lives near me, loves her gnomes. She has about 20 of them in her front garden.

She dusts them every day, and when March comes around she gives them a fresh coat of paint.

Early in the morning of April 1, she phoned me in a alarm. All her gnomes had vanished.

I found them for her. They were at the bus stop near her home, lined up two by two.

She said it was the funniest sight she had seen.

MARION HALL,  
Exeter, Devon.

When my friend has a row with her husband, she makes him sleep on the sofa.

If she wants to make up the quarrel she puts a gnome in the bed.

E. WILL  
Brockley, London.

Passers-by sometimes snigger when they pass a neighbour's house, because gnomes cover her front garden.

But she has the last laugh. She is the luckiest lady I know. She says her gnomes keep trouble away.

G. BAILEY,  
Lancing, Sussex.

### PRISON

It breaks my heart to see a garden gnome.

Three days before we were due to be married, my fiance was sent to prison. His work in prison is to paint gnomes.

I like to think that, when I see a happy gnome, it is one my fiance has painted on a day when he had a letter from me.

Ms. G. KILBURN,  
London

Suzu, our sheepdog, is jealous of Jock, our Scottish gnome.

The evening after we first had Jock, he disappeared.

Later we found that Suzu had buried him.

She buried him every day, until Dad filled him with cement so that Suzu could not pick him up.

Now she lies in front of him, snarling and growling at him.

JOY MAKIN  
Bedford.

One night I rushed in to the garden to bow three times to the new moon, chanting "Bring me luck, luck, luck."

As I did so, I stepped backwards and fell over our gnome.

I hurt my leg, and the gnome crashed and lost its head.

MRS. M. T.  
Canterbury, Kent.

A friend moulded a gnome for me, and painted it red and blue. It stood in my front garden for less than a week. Then it disappeared.

A few days later, I saw it in the garden of a house further along the road, but I couldn't claim it as I had no proof that it was mine.

Next month, that house was burgled twice, and had a fire that caused a lot of damage.

Then, one evening, I found the gnome was back in my garden again.

Evidently gnomes have supernatural powers.

E. D.  
Southwark, London.

### BLACKBIRD

Every day, in rain or hail, a blackbird sat on the head of our gnome.

It fought any birds that came near.

Then I painted the gnome in cheerful colours.

The blackbird flew off as soon as it saw the gnome, and never came again.

SUSAN GALLAGHER  
Leasdale, Merseyside.

My Husband and I noticed a jolly gnome among the flowers in a front garden.

I said, "He's lovely but I don't like the stone pigeon they've stuck on his shoulder."

My husband agreed that it didn't look natural.

At that moment the pigeon flew away.

MRS. J. BRANT,  
Richmond, Surrey.

# IT'S NEW! IT'S UNIQUE!

FOR CHILDREN AND THE YOUNG AT HEART

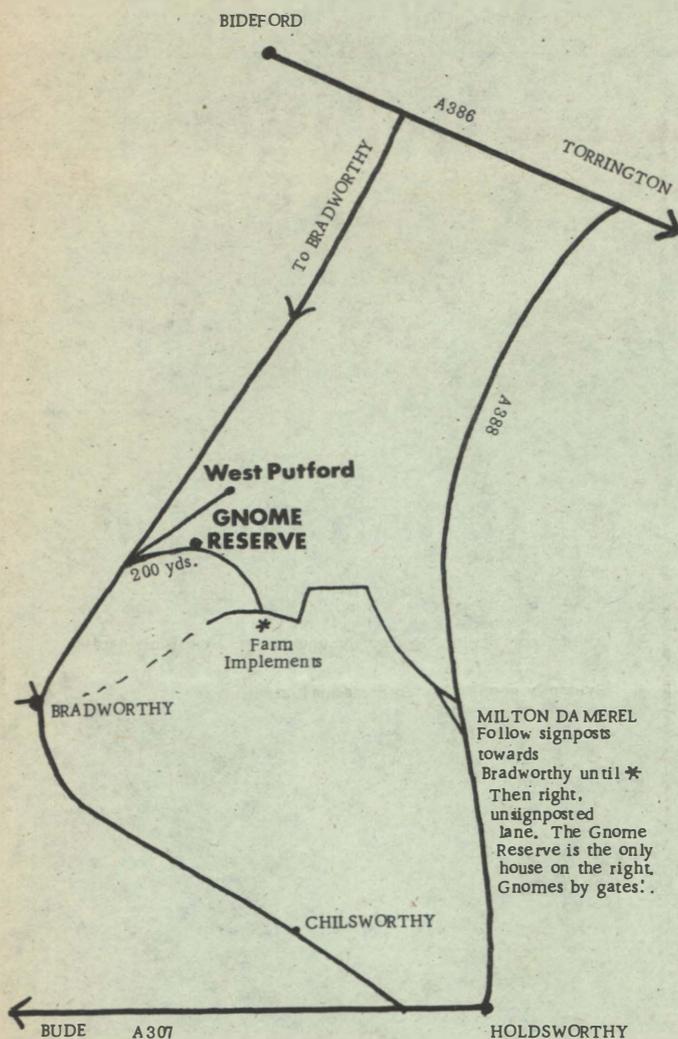
# THE GNOME RESERVE

WEST PUTFORD • DEVON

OPEN 2-4PM ALL THE YEAR (CLOSED SUNDAYS).

DURING SUMMER SEASON ALSO OPEN 7-9 PM

ADMISSION FREE.



THE GNOME RESERVE IS 2½ MILES FROM BRADWORTHY, 11 MILES FROM HOLDSWORTHY; 7 MILES FROM CLOVELLY; 13 MILES FROM TORRINGTON AND 15 MILES FROM BUDE.

## YOUR LETTERS

Members may like to know of my experience with arthritis.....

I am now 79 and four years ago my hands were painfully disfigured by this, as yet, incurable affliction. Three years ago I was prescribed 9 soluble aspirins a day to ease the pain, which I thankfully took. (I also followed a strict sugarless diet). In February of this year, however, I heard of a herb from South Africa "DEVILS CLAW" a most unprepossing name but which has been to me a gift from heaven. After a few weeks of taking these tablets I was able to gradually reduce the Aspirins until I stopped taking them altogether. For the last 7 months I have just taken Devils Claw and I find to my delight that I can now walk further than I did 4 years ago - and enjoy life more.

Agatha Victoria Hull,  
(Leicestershire).

Dear Editor,

Rabbits in the garden hiding behind gnomes can be a destructive luxury particularly when you are growing cabbage and carrot and lettuce - Mr. McGregor had his problems - and so did I, until I read that onions planted round your plot will keep out our white tailed friend.

I tried it this year and, to my and everyone's amazement, found it worked - plus enough onions to supply a village shop.

J. A.  
(Devon).

\*Companion Plants  
by Helen Philbrick and Richard B. Gregg.

### GARDEN GNOMES FOLLOW IN USE OF TRADITIONAL COLOURING FROM CLASSICAL GREEK SCULPTURE.

The following letter from The British Museum may interest members particularly when they are repainting their garden gnomes.....

Thank you for your letter of 8 September. You are quite correct in thinking that the Greeks painted their stone sculptures in bright colours, chiefly red and blue with some green, yellow, brown and sometimes gold. This applies both to sculptures in the round and to reliefs. The background of friezes in low-relief was usually blue.

You will find further details if required in W. B. Dinsmoor, The Architecture of Ancient Greece; see the Index and Bibliography under 'Polychromy' and pp.178-9 for the Parthenon.

Yours faithfully,

B. F. Cook  
Keeper, Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

12 September 1978.

A POEM RECEIVED BY THE GNOME CLUB ON 30th NOVEMBER - FROM A MEMBER WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN GIVEN CLUB MEMBERSHIP BY AN ANONYMOUS DONOR.....GNOME NEWS TRUSTS OTHER MEMBERS ARE AS HAPPY WITH THEIR BADGES.

"Gnome International and Club of G. B.,  
Who would have paid for this badge for me?  
A lovely emblem with a border of gold,  
With a dear little chap I wonder how old?

To this unknown person I must say 'ta',  
Although with no name I could look far!  
So will you be kind to a fellow gnome,  
And tell me who, and address of their home?

Your little badge has caused a storm,  
Can you send me a membership form?  
I keep getting looks from all of the girls,  
Your badge is more precious than a bag full of pearls."

## QUOTATION...

"To my amazement I have heard that there are people who have never seen a gnome. I can't help pitying these people. I am certain there must be something wrong with their eyesight."

AXEL MUNTHE

# WATER SHORTAGE: GNOMES NOT AFFECTED

RAINFALL IN RECENT MONTHS HAS BEEN LOW IN BRITAIN - IN THE SOUTH WEST DUE TO A LACK OF LARGE RESERVOIRS PEOPLE ARE ASKED TO CONSERVE WATER WHENEVER POSSIBLE. THEY ARE ASKED NOT TO USE WATER HOSES FOR CAR WASHING ETC.

Gnomes with watering cans seem not to be effected - their watering cans are always full. However, at a recent meeting held in The Gnome Reserve they unanimously agreed to construct a large wishing well. Posters have been placed in the surrounding neighbourhood telling gnomes in the area of this intention.

## SMALL ADS.

£5-£15 EACH PAID for metal Gnomes by Britains Ltd., Shamus O. D. Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W3 - phone 01-749-1045.

VISIT LAMPORT HALL - Home of the Isham family since the time of Elizabeth I. See one of the first Garden Gnomes to take up residence in Britain. Made in 1848 he was one of many terracotta gnomes who inhabited the unique rock garden built and tended by Sir Charles Isham for fifty years. Lamport Hall, on the A508, eight miles North of Northampton is open to the public all Sundays from Easter to end September; all Thursdays in June, July & August, Easter weekend, Monday & Tuesday; Spring Bank Holiday, Monday and Tuesday late Summer Holiday, Monday and Tuesday 2.15 - 5.30 p. m.

# FAR FROM GNOME!

FROM THE READING EVENING POST 2nd November 1978

I am reminded of the peculiar story of the mysterious travelling gnome, which comes out of the top drawer of practical jokes.

A friend on a pleasant suburban housing estate decided to join the garden gnome-owning classes. He bought himself a lovely porcelain one, complete with fishing rod, and placed it proudly by the pond in his front garden.

Imagine his sorrow when a dastardly gnome-snatcher nicked it never, he thought, to be seen again.

Two weeks later, however, a stcard arrived from Spain.

It read quite simply: "Having a lovely time, Wish you were here. Love, Gnome."

## Gnome Club Badges

A few members have asked for extra club badges, in order to wear them permanently on several jackets, coats, dresses etc. Sometimes a married couple express interest in The Gnome Club and either the Husband or the wife enrolls but both would like to have badges. Children sometimes lost things!.. Extra badges are available from The Gnome Club at 50p each to include postage.

## T.V. INTEREST

BBC TV PEBBLE MILL HAVE EXPRESSED THEIR INTENTION TO VISIT THE GNOME RESERVE IN JANUARY TO DISCUSS FUTURE PLANS FOR FILMING IN THE SPRING OF 1979.

# COMPETITION WINNER

"GNOMES AT PLAY" by ERICA PATON (Aged 10) wins First Prize in the up to 12 years section of our Newsletter No.1 Painting/Drawing competition. The adult section winner is Andrew Marland whose entry is published on page twelve.



# ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN



THE CHILD AMY IN THIS STORY IS LIKE ANY CHILD OF TODAY. SHE ENJOYS TELEVISION, CYCLING, SWIMMING, READING, WRITING AND DRAWING, IN FACT ALL THE THINGS THAT CHILDREN LIKE.

## CHAPTER I

### "THE MAGIC MILLSTONE"

Here am I standing on this magic "Millstone". As I look down at it and marvel at it's age and it's most curious markings, I wonder how on earth it was possible for this incredible object to be the means of transporting me back through time. How was I to know what was in store for me in the way of adventures? How could I have told that this very stone, on which I now stand, would introduce me to the world of "Gnomes", to six in particular who became and still are my ever faithful friends and helpers.

As I stand here in wonder, on this so ancient of stones, I notice how the sharp October sunlight picks out the strange grooves, carved on the surface for the grinding of corn, through the ages. Above me stands our old beech tree and in front of me the long green lawn sweeping up to our old home.

As I am in a dreamy sort of mood, the right sort of mood for story-telling, I will choose this opportunity to tell you how it all started. It came about in a very unusual and "roundabout" way. My first meeting with the "Gnome Folk" and all that ensued would take at least 3 chapters, but I cannot possibly keep you waiting that long.

#### SUMMER PROJECT

To start at the very beginning, which is usually the best place to start, our history teacher gave us all a project to do during our Summer Holidays, this being, to write and illustrate as much as we know or could find out about the district in which we live. I wouldn't have minded in Winter, but in hot weather I like outdoor activities, not being couped up indoors.

However, my resentful mood soon changed on entering our quaint old local museum, which was the beginning of my quest for knowledge. Amid many fascinating relics of the past going back to Mediaeval times, I found amongst the more recent treasures, one faded sepia photograph, taken about 100 years ago. I almost wished myself into this picture, as it showed something that not only gave me a pleasant surprise but gave me the inspiration I needed for my project. It gave me that small spark, that was to set a "fire" of enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that was endless! This precious photo showed a charming old windmill that used to exist on the Green opposite our very own home. It also showed our house in the background. In the foreground, sitting in the shade of a spreading tree, sat three children dressed in Victorian clothing, two girls and a boy. What had happened to that picturesque Mill and why had it not been saved?

"This", I thought would surely be the focal point of my project. Everything would revolve around this fine old brick Mill. Even though other places of historical interest would come into my story, this Mill would deserve all the attention I could give it. Thus starts my tale.....

#### SPECIAL DAY

... The day it all began was a very special day. Hot, sunny and beautiful and as I had studied long enough, my two brothers and I decided (having asked Mummy and Daddy first) to take both the dogs over onto the open Green opposite and let them splash about in a small pond, near where the Mill would have been. It was good to see them cooling off on such a hot day.

I chose to relax under a shadey tree and felt exceedingly drowsy and fanciful. Looking at the empty space, I tried to conjure up a mental picture of that Old Windmill and almost "wished" it back into existence.

Suddenly, there was a bit of excitement. Both dogs were digging frantically at something near the water's edge. The boys beckoned to me. I ran over, full of curiosity to see what had been found. It was a strange metallic object covered in loose soil. I rubbed off the earth and found it to be an old fashioned flour-shaker. But this was not all the dogs had unearthed.....

.... There was something else and here is the very start of my fantastic tale! This "thing" was hard and made of stone, but at this stage almost unrecognisable. We all three scraped away feeling like famous archaeologists on the point of an "epoch-making" discovery. Gradually this strange object made itself known to us. After being fully revealed with all earth and turf removed, there it lay in all it's glory,.... a Millstone!..... the one on which I am now standing.

#### WIERD MARKINGS

"This proves, without the shadow of a doubt", I cried excitedly, "that this is the very site of the ancient Windmill of Hadley!" I went over to examine it more carefully, puzzled by the wierd markings on it, almost reminiscent of something to do with witchcraft, .. no of course, it was to do with grinding corn. I stepped gingerly onto it is stone, trying to work out its size, and it was huge. I was holding my little flour-shaker and standing right in the middle of the curious device, when... suddenly something most odd happened. I felt as though I were being spun around like a spinning top, whizzing round and round in never ending circles. The air swishing past my ears made them pop and I even expected my hair to be swept off. The speed was indescribable! Was I in a flying-saucer or what? After ages of being whirled around in this strange manner, the stone eventually came to a stand-

still and I found myself sitting, not standing as before. The tremendous force and speed of the thing must have flung me into a sitting position. It all seemed like a dream and quite out of this world. I got up feeling shaky, dizzy and unsteady on my legs. The first thing that struck me was the change of temperature. How cold it was, considering we had been in the middle of a heatwave when all this happened. Next I noticed I was standing in a dark shadow.... I turned around to see what was causing this... I just could not believe my eyes! The stone on which I stood was solid and real enough. Well I most certainly was not dreaming. There it was, my dear old WINDMILL come to life (as I had wished). It stood there upright and proud, defying the elements with it's huge white sails turning round in the fierce wind. The sky was blue and white puffy clouds were scudding across like a speeded up movie-film. Strange how the weather had changed so suddenly from Summer to Spring or (Autumn?). Pleasantly fresh and a lot healthier than it had been. I stood there hypnotised by the huge bulk of the brick Mill, still in a state of disbelief, and then I looked back at our house... was it our house? Funny, I recognized it yet there was something different. It took me some time to find out what that difference was. Perhaps I was still in a state of shock? For a start, the high privet hedge which surrounds our garden, was nowhere to be seen, consequently our home was more visible from where I stood. The great 90 year old beech tree (under which I now stand) was a mere sapling.

#### COUNTRY TRACK

Later I will explain how and why the stone arrived into our garden. But to return to the beginning of my adventure, the stone had arrived where we had originally found it. The main road which separates our home from the



Green and small pond, was no more. It was now a rough country track. The monument to the death of the Earl of Warwick was still there further up the road. Well I must have travelled back in time, but what time? It must be within the last 200 yrs. because of the age of the obelisk, built in the 18th century.

#### FEELING GIDDY

Now let me see, I must get my bearings. I was still feeling giddy. Now due North points to Scotland and South to London. I was on the West side of the road and our house on the East. "Oh dear where and when was I?" I asked myself. It was just as rural then as it is now. Except for the silence and absence of traffic, nothing had really altered. Then at last something appeared which showed what century I was in. It was a small pony and trap which drew up outside "our" house. Waiting at the gate with three children was a woman dressed in Victorian clothes. And do you know they were the very self-same children in that old faded sepia photo at the museum? Presumably the driver was their father, as he lovingly helped the little ones into the trap, probably to go to the local market (which still exists in the 20th century, but goes back to Mediaeval times). Mama waved them out of sight, then turned quickly and went up our long path and into the house. Now I knew I was in the 19th century! Occasionally one or two rather elegant horse-drawn carriages passed by, belonging to the wealthier homes.

#### CALM AND TRANQUILITY

What had been the means of sending me back through "time"? Well of course, it must be the ancient Mill tone. It was evident I have left my brothers, parents and dogs in the future. Strangely, I felt no anxiety, but a sort of peace, calm and wonderful tranquility. I stood there listening to the bird-song, (music to my ears), ancestors of our present day bird population. No din of traffic, just the gentle meaning of the wind in the trees, the slow pace of a bygone era. I had been dreaming long enough. It was high time

I got off the stone to do a bit of investigating on my own account. I just had to go over and touch the Mill, to prove to myself that it was not a mirage, or a figment of my imagination. The afternoon sun was low in the sky and getting very red. As it shone behind the enormous edifice, it made the Mill seem larger and darker than it really was. Then a strange thing happened, as I stepped off the stone, it seemed I was being drawn towards the Mill, like a pin to a magnet and quite powerless to resist. Before I knew what had happened, I was slap up against the circular brick wall. I touched the old hand-made pink bricks. They were hard and real enough. At the base of the building was a small wooden staircase leading up to the entrance door. Dotted all around were many small, white painted windows contrasting nicely with the mellow pink of the old bricks.

#### FAT GREY TABBY

Attached to the Mill was a tiny cottage, with an equally tiny garden, the miller's living quarters? In one of the cottage windows sat a fat, grey tabby, running round the garden was a honey coloured dog and grazing on the Green nearby was a diminutive grey donkey. When he saw me he looked up and gazed at me wistfully. To me this was all very idyllic and like a fairytale. I must see if anyone is at home. Nervously I climbed the small stairway and stood looking at the tiny door. I plucked up courage and knocked. ... no reply ... knock again, still no reply. Oh well let's turn the handle. Unlocked, the door moved slowly inwards. My heart pounding with excitement and anticipation, I walked straight in. I wondered what awaited me inside? ...

.... Once inside the Mill, I noticed a strange grinding sound as though flour were in the process of being made. It was so dark in there, that it was a while before my eyes became accustomed to the lack of light. Firstly I saw a huge stone grinding the wheat to a fine white dust. Was it the "ghost" of my own stone?

As my eyes were adjusting to my surroundings, I noticed something else. A semi-circle of six white statues, very small and all grinning at me. The Mill must be a museum and this was a display of figures. For what seemed ages nothing happened. Until one of them, the youngest, couldn't contain himself any longer and burst into a rich, fat chuckle. I really got the start of my life! Once one started to laugh, they all joined in, and there was the jolliest chorus of laughter you ever did hear. Now I must describe them to you. They were "Gnomes" and quite small for men. They put me in mind of the seven dwarves from the fairytale "Snow White". Only in this instance there were six. Each one was quite an individual and had his own characteristics and mannerism. Some wore pointed hats, the tops of which just about reached my shoulders. They were dressed in traditional mediaeval Gnome's outfits, almost covered by miller's aprons. They wore little jerkins, pointed ears peeping from under pointed hats, funny little stocky legs stuffed into hose, and comical looking boots, or some had soft leather shoes with pointy toes on their funny little feet. Underneath a film of white flour dust, their clothes appeared to be the colour of nature itself, soft earthy browns and grassy greens.

#### MINIATURE SANTA CLAUSE

The oldest, and I assume the leader of the group, stepped forward and held out his chubby hand to me. "Hello Amy, how nice to meet you at last. How are Robert and John and your parents? You enjoy taking Sandy and Teddy for walks on the Green? And how is your dear Grandma and her little dog?" I was astounded that he knew, not only my name, and all about my family, pets, but my Grandma who lived with us. In fact I was quite dumbfounded. He so resembled a miniature Santa Claus with his white, bushy beard and fat tummy bulging over a huge leather belt, pink cheeks, red nose and the merriest, most sparkling blue eyes, the exact colour of the sky. All in all, he must have been the most loveable little gentleman I ever had the privilege to meet.

"How did you know my name and all about my family?" I asked.

"Before I tell you anything at all, let us make ourselves comfortable. Look here is a stool for you, we will make do with flour bags. A my, you must be so tired after your long and unusual journey, so rest a little. Then I will introduce you to my brothers."

We were all gathered together in a cosy little group. By this time the old Gnome had lighted an old ship's lantern and brought me a glass of "magic" wine to revive me after my strange experience. The other five were

sitting in different positions on tightly packed sacks of flour. Some leaning forward chins cupped in hands, elbows on knees; others lying back, tired from a day's hard work, their legs stretched straight out and hands behind, supporting their heads. They were all "agog" waiting to hear what their leader had to say or how I would respond.

#### FEELING AT HOME

Now I was beginning to feel at home and more like my old self, so the old gentleman proceeded with the introductions. By this time the aprons and white dust had been removed. We were all relaxed, comfortable and ready to chat.

The leader stood up and said, "Amy, they call me "Kemel". No, I know what you are thinking, I am not in the army, but as I am the leader and in charge, it seemed an appropriate name. Kernel means the very heart of a grain of wheat, the wheat that is so necessary to make bread, your staple diet. Now to my five brothers. Firstly their names are: Husky, Rusky, Crusty, Barleycorn and Mow. Now as I call out each name, men, will you stand up and be introduced please? "Husky, you first." So number one stood up and said, "I'm called Husky because I'm named after the "Husk" or outer casing of the wheat grain, the opposite of "Kernel". As we are miller-men our names are to do with corn. Corn is a general term for wheat, barley or maize." With that he handed me a bunch of droopy flowers he had hidden behind him. Of course I thanked him. I was so taken with his impish eyes and reddish hair. He had the look of the "Irish" about him, rather like a leprechaun, I thought. Then he sat down with such a thud on his tightly packed bag of flour, that I expected it to burst.

Then came "Rusky" the youngest. He had large blue baleful eyes, and his fair shaggy hair bursting out from under his all pointy hat reminded me of wheat. His most endearing quality was his shyness. He proceeded, as if to get it over as soon as possible, "I'm Rusky, named after the rusk. Rusks are toasted bread - Babies like them. I'm the baby of the group. So I'm Rusky. That's me." He promptly blushed and sat down.

Then came "Crusty". He was quite a contrast from the others, having been endowed with a good deal of confidence. When he stood up, his muscular little legs were planted a part like the stance of Henry VIII. He was heavily built and through his hick thatch of shaggy, dark hair, out popped his pointed ears. "I am "Crusty" because of the crust on bread and rolls, Hello Amy." With that, he sat down arms folded, legs outstretched on another sack. I liked him as much as the others, but could see how his name would suit him if he got in a mood.

#### INSEPERABLE

Then came "Barleycorn" and "Mow". They both stood up together, seeming to be inseperable. Barleycorn, who was stout and was peeping sheepishly from under his tall point of a hat, said "My name is not strictly to do with Bread although it is the grain of barley used to make malt, which is in turn used for beer. Well, it's a member of the corn family, and it seems to suit me." He stood holding his brother's hand. Then it was Mow's turn. "I'm Mow, and that means "Sack of corn." So you see we are all connected with growing things. So we should be as miller men." He was the sixth and last. He was the opposite of "B.Corn", being lanky and thin and rather nervous. Simultaneously they sat down on their respective bags of flour.

It was now my turn to speak. "Thank you all for your patience, for telling me your names and explaining them. I hope we will be great friends from now on." Then I turned to Kernel, "Please would you tell me Sir, how you knew all about me and seemed to be expecting me?"

The Kernel pondered for a bit, took a few puffs at his tiny clay pipe, which I noticed had a wheat-sheaf embossed on it, cocked his head to one side like a friendly little bird and said, "My dear, we know more than you will ever realise. There are many of us about and we are "timeless". Some folk see us, some don't. It all depends on how near to nature you are. We are all allotted different tasks. It is our job to look after the old Mill. Others of our tribe care for trees. During that dreadful drought some Summers ago, your beloved beech tree would have died had it not been for your great love of it. We have our own secret supply of magic water, which is underground. It is good to talk to your plants you know. Many fairies look after flowers but being the same colour are camouflaged. When you are in the garden, and there is a rustling amongst the plants, it isn't always a bird. Many times it is one of us. And when a flower stalk is broken, it causes much concern. Then we send an alarm, such as ringing a Canterbury Bell, which



*Amy and the Miller Men*

summons a bird who carries a message to our chief "Flower Surgeon". You have heard of tree surgeons? Well we have our own special department to deal with casualties in the garden or vegetable allotment. There are others who care for animals. There is so much unkindness about today and the traffic so cruel. Yes we know you got your three dogs from "Animal Rescue". They are fine dogs, and all credit to you, for your regard for our dumb friends. By the way did you notice our menagerie? Our grey puss is called "Pussy Willow", our dog is "Honey" and our Donkey is "Misty" (all to do with nature once again). We love animals and birds and it pains us to see any creatures hurt or neglected."

#### GUARDIAN OF THE STONE

"Now to you, Amy. You need help don't you? We are the ones to give you that help, for your history project. The great Millstone which brought you here, you thought you found that by chance did you not? Far from it. That very stone has been lying there waiting for the right person to come. You are that person. We all had a Council Meeting of Gnomes, Leprachauns and Pixies, and we all unanimously agreed that YOU would become the "GUARDIAN OF THE STONE" . . . so guard it you must or it may lose its power. It must be put in a safe place away from prying eyes! It must go into your garden! So once this wish is carried out, you will start your journeys to us, in your garden (preferably under the beech tree) but will always arrive here by the Mill at the very spot where you unearthed this most precious of possessions".

Kernel's merry face had become so solemn that I quickly promised on my word of honour, and also thanked him for the great privilege bestowed upon me.

He cheered up and the merry twinkle returned to his eyes, "Now let's have fun. I know, shall we take you around the Mill? But this is all we can do this visit. Mustn't overdo things. It's been perhaps a little too much for you to take in. So quickly before it gets dark, follow me Amy. Quick lads get moving!" As we all got up from our seats, I said I was getting anxious about my family. There was no need to worry as time stood still in my world. To spare my parents any anxiety and to give me maximum time, they had resorted to "magic" for this purpose.

#### ALMOST HYPNOTIC

They took great pains to explain the workings of the vast machinery which was quite fascinating. We climbed up creaky old wooden ladders from one floor of the Mill to the next, until we arrived at the very top. Looking out of one of the tiny square windows, we could see the enormous sails flashing past, it was almost hypnotic. Outside there was a small gallery running half way round where the dome-shaped white roof joined onto the Mill itself. We all stepped out and stood in a semi-circular row, leaning on the white wooden rails. Up that high the wind was fierce and nearly blew us off, just like a lighthouse! We had a superb and uninterrupted view of our surroundings. To the South we could see the old rooftops of our familiar shopping centre, as it was 100 years ago. To the East, the magnificent tower of our old Norman Church and quaint village. In the same direction we got an excellent view of our home. There was the pony and trap returning from market and off-loading its cargo of bouncing children. It was almost like looking down on a model village. Oh how I was enjoying myself! How many children have such a chance as this, not only a guided tour around a Mill that is still working, but a journey into the past? Then to the North was the "Battle of Barnet" Monument, and in a Westerly direction we saw people in Victorian clothes playing golf, the course extending towards the ancient city of St. Albans. (St. Alban being our first British Martyr.) Strange how long the sun took to set. There was a lovely rosy glow everywhere. Could it be the Gnomes had "stopped the clock" in order for me to savour every second?

#### REAL WOODEN BARRELS

Suddenly I noticed the heavy sweet smell of malt and barley, the aroma wafting along the breeze. It came from our local brewery (badly burnt down in the mid-1970's, but now in the 19th century in its prime). I noticed big burly men in leather aprons, working very hard, loading huge wooden barrels of beer onto carts. Great heavy Dray horses, full of pent up energy, were pawing the ground, longing to be on their way. When I think of the mass produced metal things they call "barrels" today. What has happened to those craftsmen who made real wooden barrels, the coopers of yesterday? And what about the old wheel-wrights?

I asked Kernel if he knew the family who lived in our house. He replied, "Yes. I have known every generation of people from each century. 300 years ago there was a cottage, (it is now your dining-room and the oldest part of your house). Then 200 years ago folk came and built your house adjoining the cottage. Yes I knew them all. Then came this, the 19th century and I know those people too. They have added one or two Victorian bay windows. Perhaps I will take you to meet them one day, but not just yet. No, we must let some time pass to allow the stone to build up energy. We hope we are able to help you. We are the unseen spirits, and we are only in tune with the sort of person who can retain a small spark of their childhood innocence. Always be satisfied with what God has given you. Keep a bit of the "Peter Pan" in you. Don't grow up too fast."

"So you believe in God?" I asked.

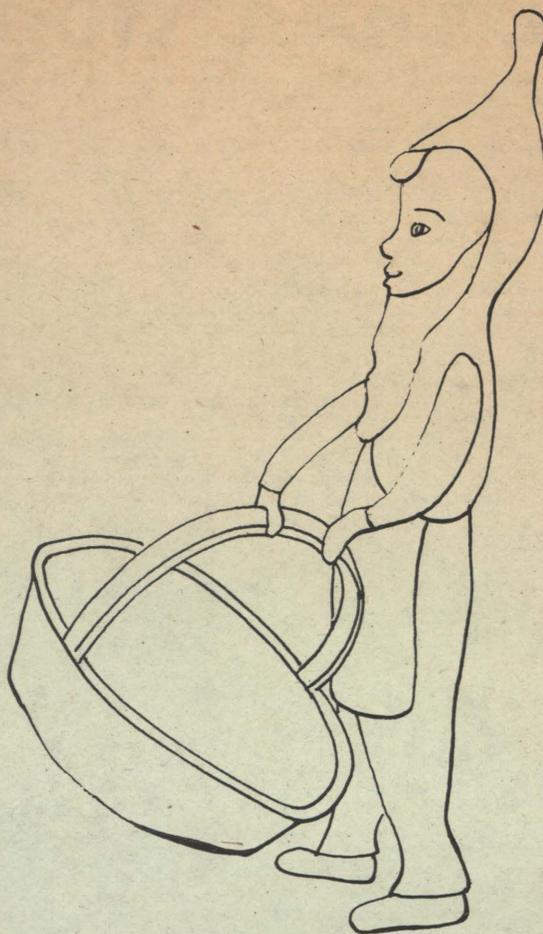
"Of course we do. He made everything. The world. The universe, everything. We are like angels only a little more "Earthy". We are the spirits of the trees, the fields, the hedgerows. All that God made, we are a part of. . . . to protect this poor little planet from evil is a full time job!"

#### BRILLIANT GOLD LIGHT

"Time is drawing to a close. Soon you will have to travel back to your century. Let us go downstairs as I have something very special to give you before you leave". Once on floor level we went through a tiny oak door that led into the Mill Cottage. The ceiling was white plaster and heavy oak beams, and there was a roaring fire in the Ingle Nook. In front of this was a fat grey tabby, the one I had seen before. Next to him was Honey. Kernel went over to a small box on the old dresser. When he opened it, a brilliant gold light seemed to glow from inside. He lifted out a golden pebble and explained how a friend of his had collected a pile of these from the beach, and turned them to pure gold and they had healing properties and he would like me to have one. . . . and always to think of him. How could I forget him or his brothers? While he held the "stone" it glowed, but as it reached my hand it turned back to its natural grey.

He had one more thing to tell me, "Amy you are now a registered member of the "GNOME CLUB". Centuries ago it was called the guild of GNOMES Later, when you come again, I will tell you all about this ancient GUILD. . . . there is no time now." I felt saddened beyond words to leave this lovable little group. First I said "Goodbye" to the animals. Misty was now in his tiny stall, munching hay. Then I shook hands with the Miller Men, my eyes filling with tears of gratitude and sadness. Yes I would get the Millstone put in a safe place. I wandered reluctantly over to the Millstone, took one last look at my beloved Mill and its delightful occupants, placed myself dead centre; and unwillingly, started to wish myself back to my own time. . . . nothing had changed in my absence. The boys and dogs were still there, as though nothing had happened.

To be continued. . . . .



Here is Alfred (Fred) again for younger readers who may like to colour him in and give him as many birds as they like. . . . both in his basket and flying about.

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# Competitions

- 1) A PAINTING OR DRAWING not larger than 8" x 12" "GNOMES IN A WOOD"
- 2) A POEM "GNOMES AND THEIR HOMES"

Age Groups..... Adult,  
12 - 17 years.  
up to 12 years.

1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes in all groups.

Please state with your entry which of the following gnomes you would prefer should you win one...

- 1) MAYCO garden gnome
- 2) Gnome Club hand made miniature pottery "indoor" gnome, fired to 1200° and painted in bright colours.



Sketch of a Gnome Club pottery indoor Gnome. This particular model is 4½" high; has a red cap and jacket, orange trowse; holds a white bird and sits on a red spotted, yellow topped roadstool.



Example of a Mayco Garden Gnome - made in unbreakable, weather resistant vinyl, approx. 14" high. Red cap, blue jacket, yellow trousers and green shoes on

Entries to be received by The Gnome Club by 1st. March. If you would like your entry returned, please enclose s. a. e.

Gnome News hopes that very many members and their families (children and grandchildren or parents and grandparents) will enter the competitions. Great technical skill is not necessary.... Gnome News is looking for spontaneity and a feeling for Gnomes.



"Gnomes at Play" by Andrew Marland wins 1st. prize in the adult section of our last Painting/Drawing competition.

# STOP PRESS WELSH RADIO BROADCAST

I AM A TINY GNOME - JUST 3 INCHES HIGH. I'M MADE OF BRASS BUT HAVE A PAINTED BLACK COAT AND RED TROUSERS AND I'M HOLDING IN FRONT OF ME AN OPEN RED UMBRELLA. I WAS MADE ABOUT 100 YEARS AGO, AT A TIME WHEN GNOMES WERE GIVEN DIFFERENT NAMES FROM THOSE OF TODAY. NO HUMAN KNOWS MY NAME - IT IS MY SECRET. HOW I GRIN WHEN THEY ASK ME WHAT IT IS - MY TINY BLACK EYES TWINKLE MORE THAN USUAL AND I DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL EVER GUESS IT.....

I am going to tell you how Alfredrick, Bill and I travelled with Ann to Exeter... To the radio broadcasting studio in order to link up with the studio in Cardiff, so as to be able to contribute to the AM programme broadcast by Radio Wales on 30th November.

Alfredrick you remember likes to be called Fred. He came in the smaller painted stone version of his being (The larger size at nearly 3ft seated is a little weighty for getting in and out of transport and the studio easily), so Fred came at the height of 1 ft. 7½ in., dressed in a blue hood, with rose coloured trousers and with his black shoes shining. And of course bringing with him one of his birds.

My other friend is Bill. Bill at the moment is fond of wearing mainly yellow clothes with a red cap. He always carries a wateringcan with him regardless of weather conditions. When Ann suggested he could perhaps leave his wateringcan in the Reserve, he was very upset and he said he refused to journey to Exeter without it and if he couldn't bring it with him, he wouldn't come. And he kept saying "you never know what may be in Exeter needing to be watered". So the wateringcan came with us. Actually although I kept very quiet at the time I knew exactly how he felt, for I always carry my umbrella everywhere I go because you never know when that may be useful.

So - Up at 6 a. m. Not difficult perhaps when three of you have spent the night in a cardboard box on the floor by the front door. Into the van quietly so as not to disturb the remaining sleeping inhabitants in the house. Headlights switched on, and away we go.

Just 51 miles later, now in daylight, we reach Exeter. We enquire the way to Bedford Street where the broadcasting studio is situated. To get there it appears Exeter is composed almost entirely of one way streets, and as the main road has a diversion we ask the way several times. We think we are told contradictory routes but somehow manage to get quite near to our destination - as the crow flies. Rather than pursue the remaining numerous left and right turns needed, we park the van near Exeter Cathedral, just fifteen minutes before we are due at the studio. Fortunately, because of our predicament timewise, policewoman Constable 2418 comes to our assistance and with a note on the windscreen keeps at bay any possible prowling traffic wardens who may find NUO 210 R still parked in the same place after the allotted one hour has terminated.

We walk and it is not too far. The studio is on the third floor. We ascend by lift.

We are met by friendly Bob Forbes who we believe quickly finds he likes us very much. He tells Ann he has never had gnomes in the studio before and he would like a photograph of us as we stand on his desk. So he telephones a friend who is a photographer for the Western Morning News. The telephone disturbs this photographer while he's shaving (only his sideboards we later discover, for he wears a beard) and prevents him from doing his daily press-ups and touch toes, by asking him to drive to the studio to photograph us. He will arrive approximately when the broadcast is completed.

Ann is delegated to speak on the radio on our behalf and she's given a headphone to wear and installed in a comfortable chair at a desk with a microphone in front of her, while we stand on either side of this microphone. We are eager to watch and listen to all events and Ann knows that we will be very critical of all she says on our behalf. Humans can be so stupid sometimes!

We wait while Mr. Forbes contacts the radio network in London so they can link us with Cardiff. Although we are booked for 9 a. m., it is not to be. The operator in London tells us lines are short and can we please call back at 9.15. They will inform Cardiff and it will be alright. At 9.15 a. m. we try again and within three or four seconds of contact with Cardiff, we are on the air.

We are delighted for Welsh broadcaster Anita Morgan has a lady called Olive with her in the Cardiff Studio and Olive, we learn, has seven gnomes of her own. She has brought one of them, Jim, into the studio. While we listen to Anita, Olive and Ann speaking on the programme, we four gnomes hold our own conversation. We can easily do these two things at once!

Then as quickly as it started, it is all over and Ann says goodbye to Welsh listeners, asking them to remember if they are ever in the West Country to come and see us at The Gnome Reserve.

The Photographer arrives... Ann had smiled a lot during the radio broadcast and was asked to repeat this action, still engulfed by her headphone, facing the microphone and with Mr. Forbes and us beside her. Can you smile to order in the same way you smile when you smile? Having the kind of face which would be good nightmare material for a prospective beauty queen, she is suddenly conscious of her unparallel features, her long nose and especially of her crooked teeth. A bigger smile please. Click. Click. Why does she worry? Doesn't she realise she is only there out of courtesy? It is us who are being photographed. However, if she is not too disturbed by the results she has promised us to include one of these photos of us in Gnome News No. 3.

Bob Forbes now runs a tape recorder and he and Ann discuss us, the Club and all the other gnomes in The Gnome Reserve. He thinks possibly this could make another radio programme.

Then Mr. Forbes kindly escorts us to our van, gallantly carrying Fred who is a little tired from over excitement.

We have been well over the hour and we are grateful to constable 2418. Ann does a little shopping in the town, making use of what she says was an unexpected visit to Exeter. Unexpected, my foot - we knew of it weeks ago!