



# Gnome News

Newsletter No. 3.

APRIL 1979

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

## THAT'S LIFE" VISITS GNOME RESERVE

Do you know . . . there are, as well as the guardsmen outside Buckingham Palace, two Gnomes standing (on duty) in front of the Palace gates?

Have you seen the two Gnomes who stand on Richard Whitmore's desk while he reads the news?

In other words, did you see That's Life, BBC 1, 9.50 p. m. 4th March?

That's Life interviewer Paul Heiney together with six camera crew members from the programme visited The Gnome Reserve the previous week. Paul and I sat talking on logs in The Reserve surrounded by delighted and curious Gnomes. For in The Gnome Reserve, as in any country area, Gnomes are able to relax and enjoy themselves amid their idea of perfect surroundings. However they are quite happy to go with people literally anywhere, ("Gnome is where your Art is!") and this is what they did in the second half of the programme. . . they appeared springing up all over London, in bus queues, in shopping baskets, carried in peoples' arms, amid the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, on window sills of high office blocks, and even outside Buckingham Palace. And on Richard Whitmore's News desk while he read the news!

"The Gnome Office has decided. . . ."

Paul Heiney now has a 19" Gnome Club model of a Gnome with a bird perched on his outstretched hand living with him; and so does Nick Handel who directed the filming. Paul's Gnome lives in his house, while Nick's guards his garden shed by standing on it's roof. One of these Gnomes went for a ride on the step of a London bus although he did not take the bird on his hand. . . . perhaps he thought the pigeons in Trafalgar Square might not be friends with his bird - it being a beautiful rainbow coloured creature which could possibly have made the pigeons feel dull and drab!

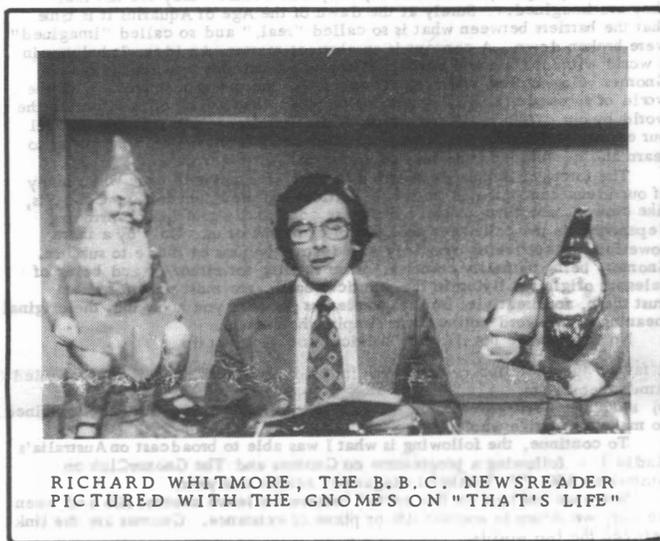
The Gnomes much appreciated watching Esther Rantzen reading their Gnome News newsletter.

Dear Esther & Co.

We have Gnomes in our garden too, so I have written a little poem which you might like to pass on to the lady with the Gnomes, featured in your programme, That's Life last Sunday.

Yours faithfully,  
A. A. Chrimes.

Continued on page two. . . .



RICHARD WHITMORE, THE B. B. C. NEWSREADER PICTURED WITH THE GNOME ON "THAT'S LIFE"



IS THIS WHAT THE GNOME DO IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT???

# GNOMES AND POLITICS

I'VE BEEN ASKED A NUMBER OF TIMES BY REPORTERS ETC. WHETHER GNOMES HAVE ANY POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE.....

The obvious reply to this is No, they are little creatures who live at the bottom of our gardens... but on closer examination a more serious level can be considered, one in which Gnomes stand (as a symbol) for the liberation of the human spirit.....

In the psychological forces at work between the forces of a controlled existence and a free society, there are concepts lined up in warfare against one another. These concepts obviously cannot be seen by the physical eyes but their agents form into symbolic beings which may be seen clairvoyantly, and their effects become apparent in the material world.

What on one level is to be sure an amusing hobby/interest/ornament is upon another level of comprehension of fundamental importance - for it is

by **ANN ATKIN**

in the mind and with the mind's concepts that we each determine our comprehension of the world in which we live and the further course of it's and our own development.

Just as, in order to grow into a living, structured embryo, an egg needs to be fertilised - the act of conception, so our comprehension, in order to become a living (whole) growing thing, needs a conception, an idea, which becomes at one with and illuminates Nature and the Universe.

Carl Gustav Jung wrote: "The unexpected and the incredible belong in this world. Only then is life whole."

Critics (sceptics) of Gnomes say they don't exist - they are not real - they are imagined... Surely at the dawn of the Age of Aquarius it is time that the barriers between what is so called "real," and so called "imagined" were broken down. A concept is an abstract matter. An idea, it belongs in a world without time and space. It enjoys an independent reality (as do Gnomes being ageless and eternal) and it has the power to interact with the world of substance (as do Gnomes for they encourage each of us to enrich the world by our different contributions, while simultaneously learning that all our earthly endeavours are merely experiences/exercises which permit us to learn and comprehend the laws of creation).

The forces of decay/destruction (we are at a point in time when many of our ideas/concepts will no longer suffice) are prevalent today. Concepts, like crowds, are never static. They are continually growing or shrinking depending on the collective thoughts of each one of us. Only by a more powerful concept taking over may any destructiveness be made to subside. Gnomes, being naturally creative, never settling for either/or and being of celestial origin yet living in the practical earth, are most powerful if we trust them, for creativity implies wholeness (perhaps you know that the original meaning of the word holiness was simply wholeness).

No Gnomes are not directly political and yet they do

a) favour human actions which allow individual freedom. This accompanied simultaneously by  
b) individual self government - i.e. 50% egoism and 50% altruism combined to make a creative whole.

To continue, the following is what I was able to broadcast on Australia's Radio 3 - following a programme on Gnomes and The GnomeClub on Australian ABC TV "Weekend Magazine" earlier this year;

When we are born on this earth I believe we leave another life and when we die, we return to another life or plane of existence. Gnomes are the link between the two worlds.

If a person buys a garden Gnome in stone, plastic or pottery, it is like a crystal ball or better still an earthing circuit. The person can hold it and use it as a kind of prayer wheel to regain a closer consciousness with other planes of existence.

There are, you know, many aspects of Truth. Today we are very much encouraged to stay on just the one plane of what I call dissecting life. The prevalence of drug taking reveals an urgent quest for seeing other dimensions and realities but Gnomes can help us to gain visions naturally and give us an understanding of the wholeness of the earth through their consciousness. If you dissect life for long enough, you end up with less and less until everything is reduced to a state of emptiness and vandalism about which the only thing to do is laugh - that is laughing at life instead of with life - and I'm suggesting that, instead of narrowing down our vision under the guise of realism, we should instead attempt to uplift our spirits towards a more joyous celebration.

I see small groups of Gnomes in peoples' gardens as communication links with the larger New Age centres like Findhorn, in G. B. and David Spangler in America, which are springing up all over the world as the earth moves into the Aquarian age.

"THAT'S LIFE" - CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

## OUR FRIENDS IN THE GARDEN

Sometimes we have a jamboree and invite our garden friends to tea the seven dwarfs, a big green frog a fisherman sitting on a log.

A penguin, hedgehog, crocodile all arrive in single file.

A mermaid by a wishing well a little man that rings a bell.

A man on a wind mill chopping sticks a mother duck with her baby chicks.

A dwarf who thinks he's Percy Thrower turns up at the party with his mower.

Then as the last of the guests arrive it's tea time as the clock strikes five they all sit down on their toad-stool seats

and fill themselves with drink and eats. Then after tea they dance and play

can anyone ever be so gay.

Then evening falls, they take their places happy people, happy faces.

A. A. Chrimes.....

It is interesting to know that Sir Winston Churchill and Abraham Lincoln both had mediums to sit for them, George Washington saw visions, Lady Dowding, who now runs Beauty Without Cruelty, saw fairies when she was a child and her husband Lord Dowding, Chief Air Marshall during World War II, included in his book *Many Mansions* a page on Gnomes.

Psychologists call the otherworld the subconscious. Meyers said: "Each of us is in reality an abiding psychical entity far more extensive than he knows - an individuality which can never express itself completely through any corporeal manifestation. The Self manifests through the organism; but there is always some part of the Self unmanifested; and always, as it seems, some power of organic expression in abeyance or reserve". William James called this religion of subconsciousness The B region. "It is", he said "obviously the larger part of each of us, for it is the abode of everything which is latent, and the reservoir of everything that passes unrecorded and unobserved."

Could we say that when we use our conscious mind in order to awake our unconscious mind, we discover the reality of gnomes/fairies and all the other non physical entities which are the inhabitants of this plane?.

And if we do unlock the unconscious mind and permit the reality of the dream state to co-exist along side our more conscious awareness, do we not find that these gnomes/fairies and other non-physical entities become equally as real as our more tangible friends and acquaintances? Perhaps we become like the (very normal) child of about eight years old who I heard say to her more sceptical parent "But of course Daddy there are gnomes".

To conclude - we hear a lot today spoken about freedom and liberation... How about the liberation of Gnomes into our consciousness? The following four quotations are very explicit and I cannot do better than end this piece of writing with them.

"Many poets, and all mystic and occult writers, in all ages and countries, have declared that behind the visible are chains of conscious beings, who are not of heaven but of the earth, who have no inherent form, but change according to their whim, or the mind that sees them. You cannot lift your hand without influencing and being influenced by hordes. The visible world is merely their skin."

W. B. YEATES

"During all these centuries the Celt has kept in his heart some affinity with the mighty beings ruling the Unseen, once so evident to the heroic races who preceded him. His legends and fairy tales have connected his soul with the inner lives of air and water and earth, and they in their turn have kept his heart sweet with hidden influence".

G. W. RUSSELL

"As regards the creation of structures and buildings, there is a complete account of the building of a Temple or Laboratory in Sphere Five. It is given by Arnel, but is much too long to quote. The salient point is that: 'It is not put together in bricks or blocks as of stone on earth, but grown of a piece in one together.' The design is first made, and then a company of builders under a powerful leader concentrate their minds creatively on the foundations, and gradually and very slowly raise the stream of their willpower from the ground up to the roof, and produce the outer building complete in outline but faint and of transient duration. This is repeated many times, the company spacing themselves equally around, until the outer shell is completed in form and solidified. Then the interior construction is undertaken in a similar manner, and finally the interior decorations and ornaments are attended to. The leader attends to the final inspection and correction of details, and finally a great Angel Lord comes down to perform the ceremony of Consecration.

This creation by will-power is universal in the higher spheres, and animals and flowers can be similarly formed; but it seems that in the lower spheres more mundane methods of building are employed. Raymond speaks of bricks being made out of emanations rising from the earth, and, in the Hells, stone and wood is apparently quarried and hewn as on earth."

From Air Chief Marshall Lord Dowding's book *Many Mansions*. It describes the activities on a spirit plane and could perhaps be of interest when considering Gnomes at work growing plants etc. from the earth.

... Most of the evidence also points so much in one direction that the only verdict which seems reasonable is that the Fairy-Faith belongs to a doctrine of souls; that is to say, that Fairyland is a state or condition, realm or place, very much like, if not the same as, that wherein civilized and uncivilized men alike place the souls of the dead, in company with other invisible beings such as gods, daemons, and all sorts of good and bad spirits. Not only do both educated and uneducated Celtic seem so conceive Fairyland but they go much further, and say that Fairyland actually exists as an invisible world within which the visible world is immersed like an island in an unexplored ocean, and that it is peopled by more species of living beings than this world, because incomparably more vast and varied in its possibilities.

W. Y. EVANS WENTZ  
(From *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*)

I had a gnome for breakfast this morning... Now I'm bouncing with Elf!.

Q. How does one promote Gnomes so that everyone has one?  
A. Have them available on the National Elf!

Q. How could Gnomes get indigestion?  
A. If they started Goblin!

How do you like this one; GNOME IS WHERE YOUR ART IS.

# Competitions

- 1) A painting or drawing (not larger than 8" by 12")

GNOME(S) PLAYING MUSICAL INSTRUMENT(S)

- 2) We enjoy our Gnomes . . . For the writing competition, can you suggest ways to aid a Gnome Clup pipe dream to nearer it's aim to see everyone in the world owning their own model of a gnome. (Up to 1,500 words).

Age Groups . . . . .	Adult	1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes
	12 - 17 years	in all groups.
	Up to 12 years	

Entries to: The GnomeClub, Old Rectory, West Putford, Devon, by 1st July 1979. If you would like your entry returned please enclose S.A.E.

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 1300° 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 trousers; holds a white bird, and sits on a red spotted yellow topped toadstool.



Example of a Mayco Garden Gnome. Made in unbreakable weather resistant vinyl, approx. 14" high. Red cap, grey check jacket, yellow trousers. Holds lantern.

"Gnomes in a Wood" by Annemarie Sampinon wins first prize in the adult section of our last painting/drawing competition.

(A miniature indoor Gnome Club pottery Gnome on his way to Holland where Annemarie lives).

"Gnomes and their Homes" by Taras Fortuna (Mr) wins first prize in the adult section of our last competition.

(A miniature indoor Gnome Club pottery Gnome on his way to Yorkshire where Taras lives.)

## GNOMES AND THEIR HOMES

Gnomes and their homes are always wise  
They usually come in a delicate size  
Close to Nature you find them living  
Teaching mankind the art of giving.

At Gnome dwellings throughout the nations  
Bright flowers spell greetings and felicitations!  
In beautiful spots of garden and field  
Enlightened kindness is high in yield.

Gnomes in ones, twos or more  
A welcoming spirit is at the fore.  
As a hermit or as a commune  
From financial worries they are immune.

Peaceful smiles adorn each homely reserve  
For understanding is a gnome's best preserve.  
There is always room for living love  
For Gnomes are as pure as a white dove.

Gnomes are ethereal creatures  
Devoid of impeding domestic features.  
External appearances do not matter  
For the lovely beings without the chatter.

Gnomes are a breed apart  
For home is within their own heart.  
In any sun-ray along the ground  
With perceptive eyes they may be found.

Every place is home and free  
For the gnome with some Earl Grey Tea.  
Of all the spaces under the world's dome  
One and all is home sweet gnome.



"GNOMES IN A WOOD" BY ANNEMARIE SAMPINON. FIRST PRIZE WINNER IN OUR ADULTS DRAWING COMPETITION.

celebrations at the Royal College of Agriculture in Cirencester, Glos, yesterday.

NEWS ROUND-UP

# Man's abuse of world 'to change climate'

SCIENTISTS ended their World Climate Conference in Geneva yesterday with the warning that significant climatic changes could occur within 10 years if mankind continues to disregard his environment.

They were unable to assess whether the world's climate was becoming hotter or colder, and that it was premature to call a ministerial conference on the impact for mankind until "adequate information" became available.

The 300 weather specialists, in a final declaration, warned that if man continues to burn fossil fuels and cut down forests at the present rate the increased carbon dioxide in the atmosphere would gradually raise the planet's average temperature.

Rainfall patterns could change as well as temperature, the experts said, adding that there was an urgent need for an international study of the relationships between man and his climate.

They said that during the last century, fossil fuels, deforestation and changes in land use had increased the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere by 15 per cent. This poisonous gas was now increasing at a rate of 0.4 per cent annually.

# Gnome Writing

THE FOLLOWING "GNOME WRITING" WAS SENT BY COSETTE WILLOUGHBY - SHE TELLS ME IN HER PART OF THE WORLD, NEW MEXICO, USA, THE LITTLE PEOPLE HAVE CONVEYED TO HER THAT THEY ARE CALLED THE ANCIENT SERPENT PEOPLE, THE HIVIM.

She has, she says, over the years, learnt a lot about their ways and about the world's beginning, from looking at the inscriptions on the story stones that she finds in the desert in New Mexico.



# Founding a new age community

BY DAVID PARRY.

IN ALL AREAS OF HUMAN LIVING AND EXPERIENCE WE ARE ENTERING A NEW AGE. I AM ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF A NEW AGE GROUP SEEKING TO EXEMPLIFY THE FORCES OF THE NEW AGE BY BUILDING A COMMUNITY IN THE SOUTH OF WALES.

Many centres, groups and individuals share our vision which very basically speaking is of pioneering a new spiritual planetary culture of love and unity among all of humanity.

The whole forward movement is universal and embraces many diverse groups. We worship the God by living the life of limitless love and truth - working as co-creator with the God, and thus by demonstration show what is possible when humanity co-operates with nature rather than dominating it; forming a living partnership with nature. Of course, working with Gnomes and other inhabitants of the realm of the nature spirits - (incidentally I have been told by various people that the realm of the nature spirits is rapidly re-aligning to the New Age energies). We affirm the Oneness of all life as an essential step to restoring the ecological balance.

The life of the group is an integral part of our Community. Living, working, studying, meditating, and playing together in groups to learn sharing and co-operation. Blending individual needs with the good of the whole teaches appreciation of the unique contribution of each person. We seek to raise human consciousness to one of communion, attunement and wholeness from one of isolation and separation.

There are many practical obstacles in the physical foundation of a Community. For instance our finances at this time are solely from members contributions and our present challenge is one of finding initial accommodation for our group to be together and thus grow as a community. We will be an agricultural farming community, although I hope that our vision will include many of the traditional arts and crafts and the use of alternative technology for our needs of lighting and heating.

There is an urgent need for unity with all the centres and individuals who have our ideals. We welcome enquirers of all beliefs as there is room for many points of view - the New Age is the Age of Synthesis. We hope you have found this brief resume of our group interesting. There is no 'one way' but there is a best way for each of us. The New Age is here. May the God bless you all.

A comment about this Daily Telegraph cutting (Jan. 1979) from Siegfried which was overheard, . . . . "The Earth, like a mother, is quite prepared to put up with a great number of inconveniences for the sake of her children's development - But . . ."

# CHOOSING A GNOME

I'VE BEEN ASKED ON A NUMBER OF OCCASIONS FOR ADVICE ON CHOOSING A GARDEN GNOME, e.g. "I WOULD LIKE TO BUY A GNOME FOR MY PARENT'S GARDEN. CAN YOU RECOMMEND ANY WHICH WILL NOT BE OFFENSIVE TO THE NATURE SPIRITS?"

The Gnomes, fairies and other nature spirits will be happy with any Gnome of whatever material you care to put in the garden, as long as you are happy with it. e.g. if you like ceramic Gnomes, then have a Ceramic one; if you prefer plastic, then have plastic. I believe the Gnomes etc. find all our man made models amusing but are nevertheless delighted to see them as though they become in our thoughts.

The paintwork on any model, concrete or plastic etc, will be greatly preserved by bringing the Gnome indoors during bad winter weather. Of course any Gnome who permanently resides in the house (perhaps on a kitchen window sill - they like to be placed near pot plants and flowers when possible) keeps his clothes intact virtually "for ever". He also avoids the risk of an unwanted change of address through the Gnome-nabbers.

And although we traditionally think of model Gnomes as properly living in our gardens, in fact they make extremely cheerful, bright, decorative and amusing indoor ornaments (even or perhaps especially when they are quite large ones!) Plus the added advantage that we see them more often and thus get to know them more intimately.

Ann Atkin.

# A small problem

STEPHEN DELLAR, Abbott Way, Swan View: I am an inveterate television watcher - and most of all I enjoy the advertisements.

Recently I have been getting a lot of pleasure from the Telecom advertisement for the yellow pages in the Telephone Directory - the one where the television explodes etc.

However I really feel for the old woman who decapitates her garden gnome.

Where, I wonder, do you look for gnome head reattachers in the yellow pages?

In vain I tried G for gnome, O for odd job, G for glue and even F for fix it. Alas my hunt was in vain. I tried A for advice, L for little people and I for Irishmen. But no.

I am distraught. I really suspect that there are no gnome-head regainers in the yellow pages at all.

Left: A newspaper cutting sent in by Russel Gofflum, South Australia.

# GNOMIC MEAL

For those interested, how about a gnostic meal . . . . .

by "The Duke of Pradninch"

SINCE MODERN MAN WAS GIVEN A CHEMICAL SPRAY HE HAS RUTHLESSLY DESTROYED A VALUABLE SOURCE OF MINERALS - THE STINGING NETTLE.

The young leaves and shoots should be gathered while wearing gloves, the sting being rendered harmless after cooking for a few minutes. (Nettles may also be made into beer or wine). They are excellent for anyone on a salt reduced diet since they contain minerals and natural salts which are in no way injurious to the system. They contain Vitamins A and C which help to combat the common cold. If you don't like the thought of eating them direct, chop them up into your compost heap and reap the benefits of their nitrogen in your vegetables.

If you've only a window box for a garden perhaps there are other plants you prefer to grow - However, in a garden, the small tortoiseshell butterflies appreciate a few to breed in!

# HOW CAN WE HELP THE GNOMES?

by Marcus

GNOMES ARE SAID TO BE LINKED WITH THE COSMOS UNDER THE FIXED GRAND CROSS OF THE ZODIAC. The fixed cross is made up of the signs Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius. Taurus is an Earth sign and the Gnomes are believed to fulfill their purpose under this sign.

The Gnome club has been formed to help the work of Gnomes and there can surely be no more potent way of helping them than through our own use of the Cosmic cyclical laws under which they have to do their work. This is where a knowledge of Astrology can assist us to help them.

Man imposes his will on nature, where he can, with long term results that often prove disastrous and which must greatly frustrate the Devis world. When we humans come to understand and work within the Cosmic way, beauty and harmony will fully manifest.

Orthodox, established science increasingly recognises the part which the Sun and Moon play in Nature's creative role but would scuttle themselves rather than admit to the truth of Astrology.

How can we humans help the Gnomes? We can dig and sow, reap and let lie fallow according to cyclic law. We can build in the "right" places. In our greed for speed and expediency we build motor-ways across natural lines of power.

Not all of us plan motor-ways or build them but we can tend our little patches of ground in a right-way.

The Bible states there is a "time to sow, a time to reap". Dig when the Moon is passing through an Earth sign, Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn. (It takes 2½ days for Moon to pass through a sign). Weeds are best dealt with when Moon is in Virgo, Leo or Gemini.

Sowing is best done when Moon is in a Water sign, Cancer is prolific (good for poultry too). Equally important is the phase of the Moon. Sow when the Moon has passed its conjunction with the Sun (New Moon) and before its 1st quarter (7 days).

Reap when the Moon is full and thereafter. If possible we have to combine both Moon's phase and fruitful sign and for this we should have an ephemeris of Moon's daily movement.

If a sufficient number of people are interested possibly a Moon diary might be printed in the magazine.

In the spring of last year Jupiter entered its sign of exaltation Cancer (England is believed to have an affinity with this sign too) and there have been some outstanding crops of grain and fruit.

## Companion Plants

Combinations of vegetables, herbs, flowers and weeds that are mutually beneficial, according to current reports of organic gardeners and companion planting traditions.

PLANT	COMPANIONS AND EFFECTS
Asparagus	Tomatoes, parsley, basil.
Basil	Tomatoes (improves growth and flavour); said to dislike rue; repels flies and mosquitoes.
Beans	Potatoes, carrots, cucumbers, cauliflower, cabbage, summer savoury, most other vegetables and herbs; around houseplants when set outside.
Beans (bush)	Sunflowers (beans like partial shade, sunflowers attract birds and bees), cucumbers (combination of heavy and light feeders), potatoes, corn, celery, summer savoury.
Beets	Onions, kohlrabi.
Borage	Tomatoes (attracts bees, deters tomato worm, improves growth and flavour), squash, strawberries.
Cabbage family	Potatoes, celery, dill, chamomile, sage, thyme, mint, pennyroyal, rosemary, lavender, beets, onions. Aromatic plants deter cabbage worms.
Carrots	Peas, lettuce, chives, onions, leeks, rosemary, sage, tomatoes.
Catnip	Plant in borders; protects against flea beetles.
Celery	Leeks, tomatoes, bush beans, cauliflower, cabbage.
Chamomile	Cabbage, onions.
Chervil	Radishes (improves growth and flavour).
Chives	Carrots; plant around base of fruit trees to discourage insects from climbing trunk.
Corn	Potatoes, peas, beans, cucumbers, pumpkin, squash.
Cucumbers	Beans, corn, peas, radishes, sunflowers.
Dill	Cabbage (improves growth and health), carrots.
Aubergine	Beans.
Fennel	Most plants are supposed to dislike it.
Flax	Carrots, potatoes.
Garlic	Roses and raspberries (deters Japanese beetle); with herbs to enhance their production of essential oils; plant liberally throughout garden to deter pests.
Horseradish	Potatoes (deters potato beetle); around plum trees to discourage curculios.
Leek	Onions, celery, carrots.
Lettuce	Carrots and radishes (lettuce, carrots and radishes make a strong companion team), strawberries, cucumbers.
Lovage	Plant here and there in garden.
Marigolds	The workhorse of pest deterrents. Keeps soil free of nematodes; discourages many insects. Plant freely throughout garden.
Marjoram	Here and there in garden.
Mint	Cabbage family; tomatoes; deters cabbage moth.

Mole plant	Deters moles and mice if planted here and there throughout the garden.
Nasturtium	Tomatoes, radishes, cabbage, cucumbers; plant under fruit trees. Deters aphids and pests of cucurbits.
Onion	Beets, strawberries, tomato, lettuce (protects against slugs), beans (protects against ants), summer savoury.
Parsley	Tomato, asparagus.
Peas	Squash (when squash follows peas up trellis), plus grows well with almost any vegetable; adds nitrogen to the soil.
Petunia	Protects beans; beneficial throughout garden.
Potato	Horseradish, beans, corn, cabbage, marigold, limas, eggplant (as trap crop for potato beetle).
Pot marigold	Helps tomato, but plant throughout garden as deterrent to asparagus beetle, tomato worm and many other garden pests.
Pumpkin	Corn.
Radish	Peas, nasturtium, lettuce, cucumbers; a general aid in repelling insects.
Rosemary	Carrots, beans, cabbage, sage; deters cabbage moth, bean beetles and carrot fly.
Rue	Roses and raspberries; deters Japanese beetle. Keep it away from basil.
Sage	Rosemary, carrots, cabbage, peas, beans; deters some insects.
Strawberries	Bush beans, spinach, borage, lettuce (as a border).
Summer Savoury	Beans, onions. Deters bean beetles.
Sunflower	Cucumbers.
Tansy	Plant under fruit trees; deters pests of roses and raspberries; deters flying insects; also Japanese beetles, striped cucumber beetles, squash bug, deters ants.
Tarragon	Good throughout garden.
Thyme	Here and there in garden; deters cabbage worm.
Tomato	Chives, onion, parsley, asparagus, marigold, nasturtium, carrot, limas.
Turnip	Peas.
Valerian	Good anywhere in garden.
Wormwood	As a border, keeps animals from the garden.
Yarrow	Plant along borders, near paths, near aromatic herbs; enhances essential oil production of herbs.

Reproduced with kind permission of PREVENTION Magazine.

## Chamomile

WITH AN AROMA OF APPLES, THE GREEKS CALLED IT "GROUND APPLE" KAMA I (ON THE GROUND) AND MELON (AN APPLE) - THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME CHAMOMILE.

In the Middle Ages it was planted in green walks in gardens where, when walked on, it gave off a fragrant scent. It was considered in the past to be very beneficial to all plants in the garden if dispersed about it. In fact it was thought to be the "plants physician".

In England before the war, it was grown in the famous herb growing district of Mitcham and during the first world war both foreign and English chamomile obtained very high prices.

Perhaps it was the strain of the war which made the price of chamomile rise to such exorbitant levels, for one of its medicinal uses is as a carminative sedative and tonic.

Chamomile tea should be made in a teapot or other covered vessel. The medicinal properties are considerably reduced if evaporation takes place during the ten to fifteen minutes standing before straining off.

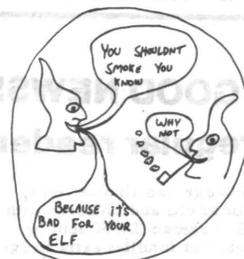
Chamomile may be purchased loose for 25p per 1 oz, or in packets of 20 sachets for 43p.

DP

Articles about Gnomes and The Gnome Club are to appear in THE YOUNG OBSERVER colour supplement in May and in the June issue of SFE (Reporter Judith Stares).

**Two Thoughts:** "A man can't always do what he likes, but he can always fancy what he likes." John Ruskin on "Fairyland", an essay in Art and the Pleasures of England (1894)

"Many poets, and all mystic and occult writers, in all ages and countries, have declared that behind the visible are chains on chains of conscious beings who are not of heaven but of the earth, who have no inherent form, but change according to their whim, or the mind that sees them. You cannot lift your hand without influencing and being influenced by hordes. The visible world is merely their skin." W. B. Yeats. (1865-1939)



Gnome Joke - sent by Michael Wright.



Nigel Edwards

IN NEWSLETTER NO. 1, GNOME NEWS FEATURED THE VAST ROCK GARDEN AT LA MPORT HALL, NEAR NORTHAMPTON WHICH FOR FIFTY YEARS FROM 1847 SIR CHARLES ISHAM BUILT AND TENDED AND WHICH HE POPULATED WITH NUMEROUS TERRACOTTA GNOMES FROM NUREMBERG. THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM THE "MEDIUM AND DAY-BREAK" PUBLISHED 21st NOVEMBER 1889, WITH THE ACCOUNTS COMMUNICATED BY SIR CHARLES ISHAM.

# Visions of fairy blacksmiths at work

VISIONS OF FAIRY BLACKSMITHS AT WORK. Also a Fairy Fiddler. (Communicated by Sir Charles Isham, Bart.)

Mr. Fanning Evans, lessee of the Amlwch mines, Anglesey and for eight years H. M. Inspector of British metalliferous mines, sends me by request the following account as witnessed by himself and Captain W. Hughes, the now manager of same mines, accompanied with a sketch, drawn from description, by the agent, Mr. R. Bridson:-

One dark night in November 1864, I was pursuing my way to the famous Vale of Avoca (Wicklow), accompanied by my friend, Captain William Hughes. I had to visit the mines for which the Valley of the "Meeting of the Waters" has for ages been celebrated. The line of rail, which now conveys the traveller from Dublin to this gem of Irish scenery, had not then been completed, and after a lighting at its terminus, I was obliged to make as best I could for the little town of Rathdrum. While my friend and I were enquiring the way, a gentleman kindly offered us seats in his jaunting car for a portion of the journey, and on our alighting at his point of departure from our road, gave us directions as to our further course.

Not long after leaving him, we saw on the slope of a slight hillock, distant not more than fifteen or twenty yards from us a smithy all brilliant with the light of two fires, and a number of men of dwarfish proportions working busily at the bellows and upon two anvils. They appeared to be hammering away at ironwork of dimensions corresponding with their own. My friend and I then made no other remark than that the whole thing was on a reduced scale, and that it was an unusual sight to see blacksmiths working between midnight and one o'clock in the morning.

On the following morning, before starting for the mines, we met outside the door of the little inn the landlord and some neighbours, to whom we described what we had seen. They stared and smiled, saying there was no smithy near. We drove to the place, and to our utter amazement found that our new acquaintances were right; we could neither find smithy nor ashes, nor anything else to indicate that the neighbouring knolls had ever echoed to the ring of an anvil. When we returned to our quarters, the usual solution - "a dream" - was suggested; but could we have dreamed whilst walking? Could we both have dreamed the same thing?

Mr. Fanning Evans adds to the above an account given him by the late Rev. William Roberts, of Amlwch:- "I had been preaching at Llanfechell, one Sunday about the middle of July, and had spent the night at the house of my friend, Mr. John Elias (the great pulpit orator of Wales), and had occasion to rise at an early hour. I was then a tallow-chandler at Amlwch, making candles in large quantities, and was obliged to work in summer before the heat of the sun prevented the newly-made dips from hardening.

"When I started homewards, it was as light as day. I could see everything as distinctly as at noon. My horse was docile but active, and I was enjoying the cool morning breeze, when at Hafod-y-Gof (the smiths summer abode), I saw a smithy by the roadside, with men working, fires blazing to the blasts of the bellows, anvils all in order, and tools lying about as usual in a blacksmiths shop. I stopped my horse, stared in astonishment at a scene so extraordinary, and saw it go gradually dimmer and dimmer until it vanished entirely, and left nothing visible but the green sward it had so recently occupied."

Account given by the late Rev. W. Johnson, Rector of Llanfehle, Anglesey, written out for me by his daughter Mrs. Vincent and confirmed as correct by her brother, Canon Johnson.- C. E. Isham. June 1889:-

"My father has more than once told me and all his children, that when he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin, about 1812, he was returning after winter vacation from his mother's house in Anglesey by a night boat leaving Holyhead. He was riding along the old post road, and just after passing the village of Boderdern, at the corner of field belonging to Mynydd-y-Gof (the smith's mount), just where a cross road from Llanddensant joins the main road, he saw a considerable light, and looking over the stone wall he saw a little man playing the fiddle, and several other little men and women dancing. I think he also said there was a fire. Being in a hurry for his boat he did not stop. I do not remember whether he said they vanished or he rode on. He was always a very true-spoken man, and merely told the thing to us as a curious fact."

Reprinted from the "Medium and Daybreak", November 22, 1889.



**THE GNOME CLUB OF G.B. & GNOME INTERNATIONAL.**

WEST PUTFORD  
DEVON EX22 7XE. TEL. (040 924) 435

**GNOME NEWS IS GOOD NEWS!**  
**Why not become a regular reader?**

Membership includes an enamelled Club badge and Gnome News, published 3 times a year. Competitions for adults and children with many Gnomes as prizes. £2.50 a year G.B. (abroad £3.50 sent by surface mail). Payable to The Gnome Club. For families extra badges available at 50p. Please state if you would like a free Gnome Stone.

Members please check if your subscription is due.

The editor does not necessarily agree with every view expressed in Gnome News. Layout and print by Nottingham Sport, Nottingham 214863.



A SWING BETWEEN WORK. THE STONE FISHER GNOME AT BERRYNABOUR, NEAR ILFRACOMBE.

# GNOME SITING NEAR ILFRACOMBE

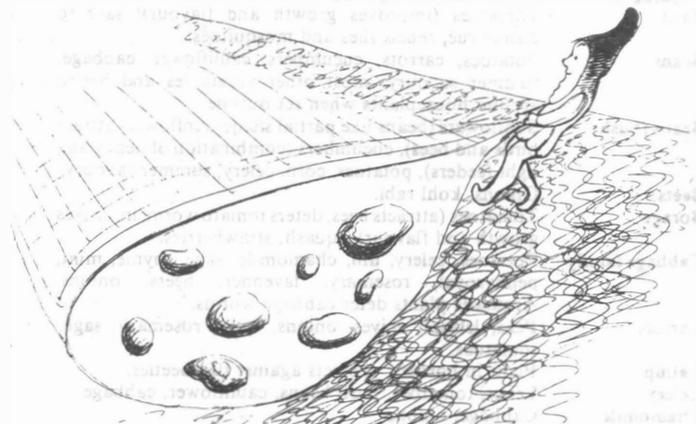
In a farm field at Berry Nabour near Ilfracombe - a typical Devon hedge growing from a bank at its base. A gap through between two fields. Where the bank ends at the gap there are hollows and rough pieces with the edge of the hedge growing above. Here a Gnome has a swing. He is quite a large Gnome, perhaps as much as 4-5 ft. tall (Gnomes are more often about 2½ ft). He appears, although composed of all the colours, to be predominantly red and green, and he is a very cheerful Gnome.

Every so often he jumps off his swing as it is moving forward, into the ploughed field in front of him. To him the field is as fluid as the sea is to us, and in his field there is a vast net which sinks down into the "water" in the manner of a trawling net. He hauls the net in to where he is standing at the edge of the field (and although I did not see them, I think there must be seven or more similar Gnomes at intervals along the edge of the field, for the net is pulled in right across the field).

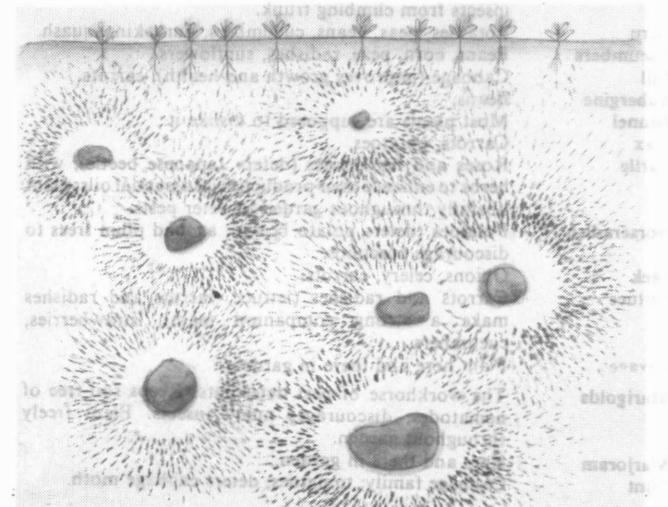
The Gnome is catching stones. He empties them from the net into piles besides him.

The reason he fishes for these stones is that he likes holding them. They appear to be his reason for existence. By holding the stones, he charges them with energy and then he throws them back into the field. Energy currents radiate out from each stone and pass between the stones, activating and giving life to the earth, which in turn gives energy to the crops that will grow in this field.

Ann A tkin. (An extract from my Gnome diary).



HAULING IN THE STONES



THE STONES RETURNED TO THE FIELD.

# IT'S NEW! IT'S UNIQUE!

FOR CHILDREN AND THE YOUNG AT HEART

# THE GNOME RESERVE

WEST PUTFORD · DEVON

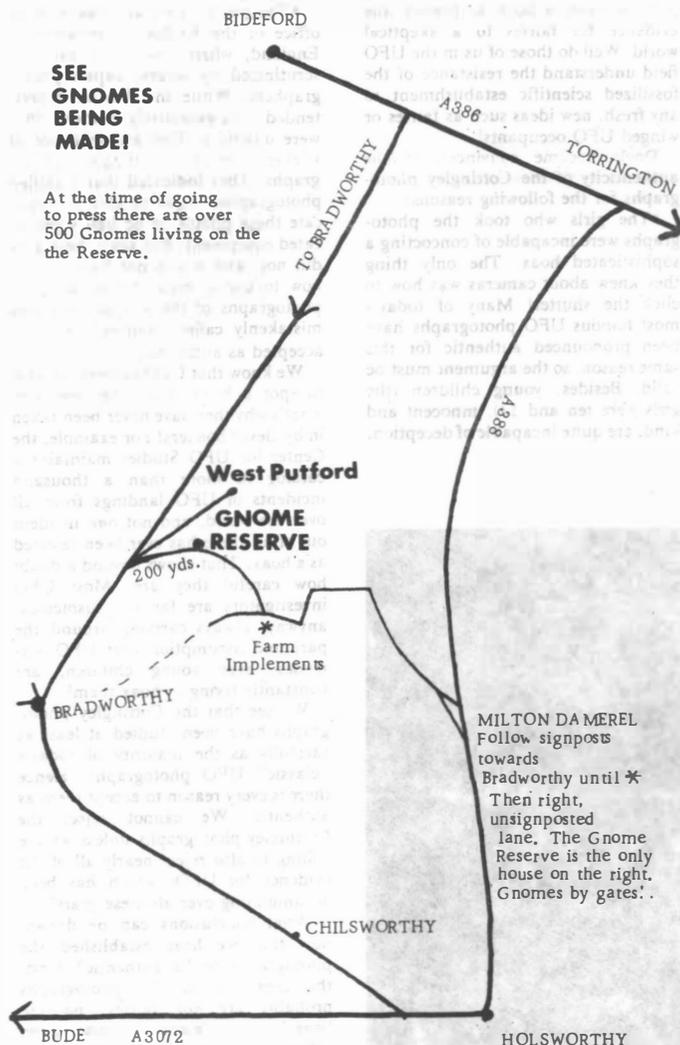
OPEN 2-5pm and 7-9pm  
DURING SUMMER SEASON

Closed Sundays

ADMISSION FREE

### SEE GNOMES BEING MADE!

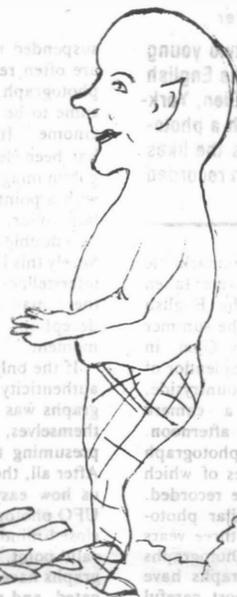
At the time of going to press there are over 500 Gnomes living on the Reserve.



# CURE FOR TROUBLES

Dear Mrs. Atkin,

You asked for my experience with Gnomes. . . . well this is it. First I would like to say I was the kind of person that didn't believe in ghosts, fairy stories or any other such thing until I had a job on a large private estate. When I didn't have a great deal to do I often went to sit by a nice clear stream that flowed through the grounds. One day as I lay on the grass near the stream, I heard this singing but it was so unusual and unlike anything I had heard before that I got up and looked around but there was nothing. I thought I was hearing things, or was it the wind, and so I went, but a few days later I passed again and as I walked past the turning of the stream, there right in front of me was, well, what looked like a man about 3ft. high. As I approached he disappeared before my eyes. I was scared, but only for a few minutes. Since then if I ever feel low, I go to this place and sit there. Soon any troubles I have are gone. Many lovely wild flowers grow around this place, but nothing grows there - it is like a circle where nothing grows and always so peaceful. Please don't mention my name or the place as I think it should be kept peaceful. I have enclosed a drawing of what I saw.



## 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. If you would like to have one for yourself or for a friend, you have only to write to The Gnome Club and ask for one.

Gnome Stones should be kept in the light. Place them in direct sunlight from time to time.

If you hold a Gnome Stone in your left hand and close your eyes, you could perhaps see Gnomic pictures. . . . .

People who practice psychometry have held these stones believing they are ordinary beach pebbles, and been surprised to see Gnomes.

## SMALL ADS.

£5-£15 EACH Paid for metal Gnomes by Britains Ltd. Shamus O. D. Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W.3.

W. KING, BELVEDERE, Bell Lane, Nr. Watford, Herts. - If anyone in his area would like a mould made from a model, or a casting of a Gnome, he will be pleased to quote a price.

CON TACTS AND INFORMATION urgently needed regarding locations of good examples of Gnome Havens, Shell gardens, topiary, and other domestic gardens of distinction. Mike Kingston, Flat 4, 324 London Road, Cheltenham.

AMULETS FROM the desert in New Mexico, carved by "the ancient Serpent people". These stones seem loaded with psychic and magical abilities - They are also Story Stones when viewed correctly. \$10 each from Cosette Willoughby, P. O. Box 317, Faviacres, New Mexico 88033. USA.

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

DEAR MRS ATKIN - I READ ABOUT YOUR GNOME CLUB IN "PURSUIT" AND WAS VERY INTERESTED. ENCLOSED IS AN ARTICLE I HAVE WRITTEN ABOUT UFO'S AND FAIRIES. I THINK IT WILL BE OF INTEREST TO YOU.

Yours sincerely - ROBERT SHEAFFER, 9805, McMillan Avenue, Silver Springs, MD 20910 USA.  
(Committee for the Scientific Investigation of claims of the Paranormal, UFO Sub Committee.)

# COTTINGLEY PHOTOS: Winged UFONAUTS?

By Robert Sheaffer

In the summer of 1917 two young girls took a camera into the English countryside of Cottingley Glen, Yorkshire. They returned with a photograph showing creatures the likes of which have never been recorded before!

■ Some of the most remarkable photographs of all time were taken near a small village in the English countryside, beginning in the summer of 1917. In the Cottingley Glen, in Yorkshire, in the pastoral splendor of the unspoiled English countryside, two young girls took a camera outdoors with them one afternoon. They returned with a photograph showing creatures the likes of which no camera had ever before recorded. A few weeks later, a similar photograph was obtained, and three years later a second series of photographs was taken. These photographs have been submitted to the most careful expert scrutiny and have never been shown to be hoaxes. The winged creatures in the photographs are said to be fairies.

The first photograph, dating from July, 1917, bears the perhaps misleading title of "Frances and the Fairies." Five winged creatures are seen in the photo (one is almost obscured by two others). They appear to be dancing about in gay abandon, some of them seemingly so light as to be almost

suspended in air, as UFO occupants are often reported to be. The second photograph, taken in September, has come to be known as "Elsie and the Gnome." It depicts a creature which has been described as "the quaintest goblin imaginable," a winged creature with a pointed hat, wearing a ruffled lace collar, carrying what appears to be a double-piped musical instrument. Surely this is not how we would expect interstellar visitors to appear! But there may be good reasons for this deception, as we shall see in a moment.

If the only evidence we had for the authenticity of the Cottingley photographs was the testimony of the girls themselves, one *might* be justified in presuming the photos to be a hoax. After all, the skeptics keep reminding us how easy it is to fabricate hoax UFO photographs, and perhaps these closed-minded naysayers do have a valid point. But the Cottingley photographs have been exhaustively investigated, and pronounced to be authentic, by one of the most learned and respected men of his day: none other than the celebrated Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Everyone is familiar with Doyle's fascinating stories about Sherlock Holmes, skillful detective and master of scientific logic. But not as well known today is Doyle's real-life role as a scientific investigator of the paranormal, and especially his pioneering efforts in the authentication of the

Cottingley photographs. Serious UFO researchers and organizations of the present day, who follow in the footsteps of the illustrious Conan Doyle, owe him an unacknowledged debt of gratitude.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes has brought the investigative skills and sharpness of judgement of that famous detective to bear upon these photographs, and he has found no reason to suspect a hoax. Doyle carefully considered every possible explanation—"being by nature of a somewhat skeptical turn," he informs us—and found the photographs so convincing that he wrote a book to present the evidence for fairies to a skeptical world. Well do those of us in the UFO field understand the resistance of the fossilized scientific establishment to any fresh, new ideas such as fairies or winged UFO occupants!

Doyle became convinced of the authenticity of the Cottingley photographs for the following reasons:

• The girls who took the photographs were incapable of concocting a sophisticated hoax. The only thing they knew about cameras was how to click the shutter! Many of today's most famous UFO photographs have been pronounced authentic for this same reason, so the argument must be valid. Besides, young children (the girls were ten and 13), innocent and kind, are quite incapable of deception,

as every scientific UFO investigator is well aware!

• A number of highly experienced photographic experts have studied the photos and declare them to bear absolutely no signs of retouching or trickery! Mr. H. Snelling, a commercial photographer of many years' experience, who was thoroughly familiar with the techniques of trick photography, stated "there is no trace whatever of studio work. . . they are both straight untouched pictures." Mr. Snelling declared himself willing to stake his reputation that the photographs had not been faked!

• The photos were also taken to an office of the Kodak Corporation in England, where they were carefully scrutinized by several expert photographers. While the Kodak experts tended to be excessively cautious, they were unable to find any evidence of trickery in the Cottingley photographs. They indicated that a skilled photographer *might* be able to duplicate these photos, if he had sophisticated equipment. But since these girls did not, and would not have known how to use it even if they did, the photographs of the winged creatures mistakenly called "fairies" must be accepted as authentic.

We know that UFO experts are able to spot a hoax when they see one. That's why they have never been taken in by clever hoaxers! For example, the Center for UFO Studies maintains a catalog of more than a thousand incidents of UFO landings from all over the world, and not *one* incident out of all these has ever been rejected as a hoax. That shows beyond a doubt how careful they are! Most UFO investigators are far too suspicious, anyway, always carrying around the paranoid assumption that UFO witnesses, even young children, are constantly trying to hoax them!

We see that the Cottingley photographs have been studied at least as carefully as the majority of today's "classic" UFO photographs. Hence there is every reason to accept them as authentic. We cannot reject the Cottingley photographs unless we are willing to also reject nearly all of the evidence for UFOs which has been accumulating over all these years!

What conclusions can be drawn, now that we have established the photographs to be authentic? First, the creatures in the photographs probably are *not* fairies, because believing in fairies is just plain ridiculous! And besides, UFO expert Jacques Vallee, one of the most respected scientific investigators of the UFO phenomenon, has repeatedly pointed out the similarity between fairy sightings in the past and UFO



Continued on next page. . . .

## COTTINGLEY -Continued...

occupant sightings of the present time.

We also know that "temporal provincialism" (a form of arrogance that has always proved annoying to posterity) often causes people to interpret strange phenomena in a way that fits in with the popular ideas of their time. For example, the mysterious "airships" that were sighted in 1896-97 were described as Jules Verne-type contraptions, because that was the idea then popular of unknown flying objects. Of course, we now know that they must have been UFOs, and all those reliable witnesses were apparently led astray by popular misimpressions. Similarly, since UFOs were not yet widely known around 1920, but fairies were, what could be more natural than that these tiny winged creatures would be mistaken for a known (but mythical) creature, instead of being correctly identified as UFO occupants?

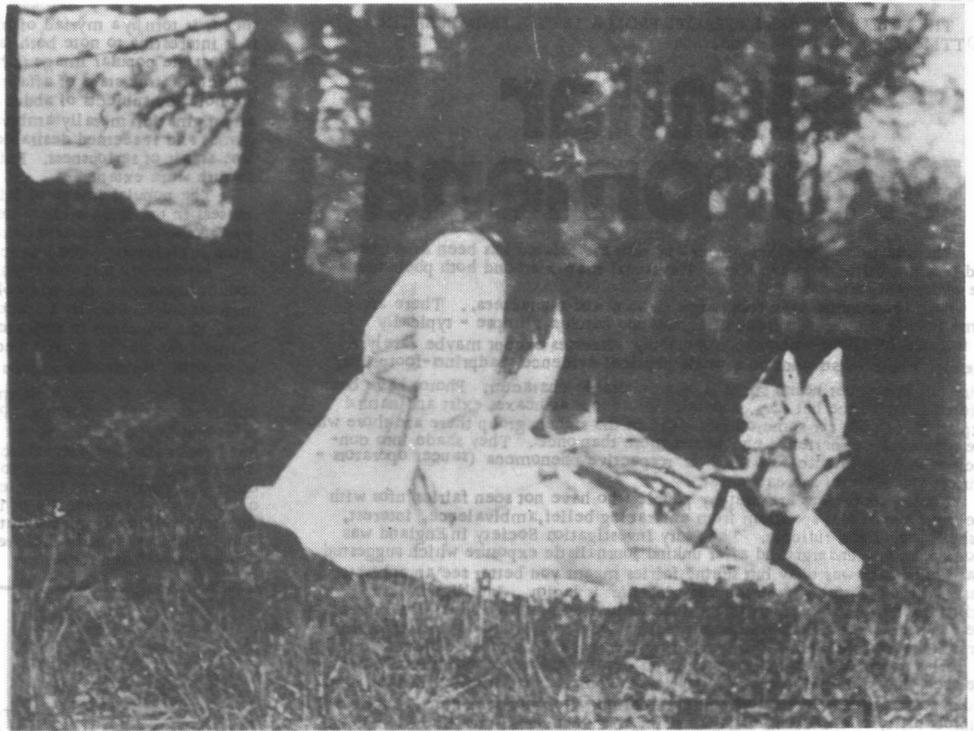
Since *authentic* photographs of UFO occupants are exceedingly rare, we should make every effort to extract as much information as possible out of the Cottingley photos. The noted authority on UFO occupants, James McCampbell, states in his book *Ufology*: "Their appearance, therefore, may be a significant clue to environmental conditions in their homeland and their place in the scheme of evolution." Using the techniques pioneered by McCampbell (whose book the celebrated Dr. Hynek has praised as "an implied treasure chest of knowledge which could prove of monumental benefit to mankind"), what can we learn about the creatures from the photos?

The creatures are very small in size, no more than 12 to 18 inches high. This suggests that they come from a large planet, where the force of gravity is quite high. They appear to be thin; indeed the skeptics have claimed that the "fairies" are just two-dimensional cardboard images. But McCampbell points out that a thin body would help a creature to dispose of excess body heat in a warm climate. This is corroborated by the girls' statement that they most often sighted the fairies on warm days, in the heat of the afternoon.

McCampbell also notes that "agility on Earth" suggests that a creature comes from a planet where the force of gravity is significantly greater. No creature could possibly be more graceful than the "fairies" photographed at Cottingley! All this fits together amazingly well, far too nicely to be due to chance. Hence the UFO creatures must come from a large planet which is quite close to its sun.

All of the Cottingley photographs clearly depict creatures with wings, implying the ability to fly. This matches well with the frequently mentioned ability of UFO occupants to 'float' or 'fly,' which we so often find in close encounters of the Third Kind. However, present-day UFO occupants are almost never reported to have wings, except for the sinister Mothman-type creatures which terrorize West Virginia. But we may be able to explain this if we hypothesize that 50 years ago, the extraterrestrials' technology had not been sufficiently developed to permit them to fly without some external apparatus dependent on wings, mounted on their back.

Today, UFO aliens seem to be able to nullify gravity, rather than overcome it. McCampbell cites numerous incidents in which UFO occupants have been observed to hover and fly, and he suggests that their clothing provides some sort of shield against gravity. This fits quite well with the idea that anti-gravity devices had not



yet been developed by the extraterrestrials in 1920, and wings were still necessary.

McCampbell notes that UFO occupants are frequently observed to be collecting samples of various types when they are spotted, and it appears that the Cottingley UFO occupants are doing exactly that. For example, consider the photograph from the second series, to which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gave the name "Fairy Offering Posy of Hare-Bells to Elsie." Is it not clear that this creature was busily gathering up biological specimens, when Elsie came along? Both Elsie and Francis reported that the creatures were nearly always seen chasing in and around the plants in the Cottingley glen. This suggests that they have a very active and advanced program of botanical studies.

Some may object that if the Cottingley "fairies" were in fact UFO occupants, their craft would have been sighted. But how do we know it wasn't? No systematic records were kept of UFO sightings prior to 1947. The "fairies" probably kept their craft in some secret underground location, and only ventured out in it late at night, after the girls had gone to bed.

The first series of fairy photographs was obtained during the First World War, in the summer of 1917. It is thus quite likely that the fairies' craft, when sighted, was mistaken for one of the many German dirigibles that were seen over England at that time, and hence it would not be correctly recognized as a UFO. It seems likely that these creatures may even have deliberately disguised their craft, painting German markings and emblems on it so that they could carry out their reconnaissance unrecognized. Likewise, they may have deliberately adopted the dress and mannerisms of terrestrial fairies so that their true identity as extraterrestrials would not be suspected.

Why were these creatures first sighted during the First World War? Some have suggested that their regular planetary surveillance, by means of which they keep track of developments on many planets across the galaxy, revealed the appearance on Earth of a frightening new technology of war. They came here to investigate. Their instruments revealed that earthlings for the first time were using such deadly poisons as mustard gas as

weapons of war. This threatened not only to destroy all life on Earth, but to pollute the environment and perhaps even upset the Plan for Cosmic Evolution. Little wonder that the extraterrestrials chose this moment to intervene!

We do not know exactly how they intervened, or where, or in what manner, but we do know one thing: their intervention was successful. Because mustard gas and other dangerous poison gases have never since been used as weapons of war.

As if further proof of the authenticity of the Cottingley photographs were required, we can briefly note that many other individuals throughout England and Scotland and elsewhere reported seeing the *same* types of fairy-like creatures at this time. Multiple independent witnesses cannot *all* suffer the same delusion! If we begin to even *suspect* that this might happen, we might as well throw out every UFO sighting on record.

Mr. Geoffrey Hodson, a leading Theosophist writer with Geller-like powers of clairvoyance, accompanied Frances and Elsie into the Cottingley glen, to look for "fairies." All three of them saw dozens of little people engaged in many different activities. Surely three sane people cannot all share the same hallucination!

Further sightings soon poured in, from West Sussex, the Isle of Man, from Ireland, several from New Zealand, from Canada and the United States as well. All of them were remarkably consistent in describing tiny winged creatures very much like the ones photographed at Cottingley. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle set up, in essence, a "clearing house" for scientific fairy investigations. He did not have a "hot-line" for responsible individuals to phone in their sightings, because such advanced telephone technology did not yet exist. He had to rely on the mail to accumulate reports of fairy sightings, and of course no computers were then available to enable Doyle to compile a computerized catalog of reliably witnessed close encounters.

Summarizing the many highly reliable sightings of winged fairies which continued to pour in from around the globe, Doyle wrote in 1921:

"It will be clear that there was a good deal of evidence which cannot be

brushed aside as to the existence of these little creatures before the discovery of the photographs. These various witnesses have nothing to gain by their testimony, and it is not tainted by mercenary considerations . . . One or two were more or less ingenious practical jokes, but from the others I have selected some which appear to be altogether reliable."

Even 50 years ago, the hoaxers were getting their laughs! But a wise and learned man like Conan Doyle was too sophisticated to be taken in by them. Just like the respected UFO investigators of today, who follow in his footsteps, Doyle carefully separated the signal from the noise. What was left was a hard-core residue of highly reliable eyewitness reports of creatures that were described as winged fairies.

The challenge of the Cottingley photographs is clear. We cannot reject them out of hand, due to prejudice or ignorance, for they have been exhaustively studied by qualified experts, and have been found to be authentic. Multiple independent witnesses, throughout the British Isles and indeed around the world, confirm that tiny, winged creatures, dressed exactly like fairies, have unquestionably been sighted. We cannot reject a wave of sightings as well-documented as this unless we are willing to repudiate every last UFO sighting on record.

The Cottingley photographs must be considered one of the great unsolved mysteries facing the UFO analyst. Where do these creatures come from? What do they want? Why did they disguise themselves as fairies? Here is a *real* challenge to the truly scientific UFO investigator!

For more information on the Cottingley incident, see:

*The Coming of the Fairies* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1921; reprinted 1972 by Samuel Weiser, Inc., N.Y.).  
*FAIRIES: The Cottingley Photographs and Their Sequel* by Edward L. Gardner (1945; reprinted 1974, Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd., London).

These books are available from Samuel Weiser, Inc., 734 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

'OFFICIAL UFO' Magazine  
October 1977

THE FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MARTIN KOTTMEYER - ILLINOIS, USA.

# Similar phenomena

The question of whether fairies and ufos are related has been asked before and it is not difficult to see why. The social matrix around both phenomena are undeniably similar.

Both phenomena have subgroups: sightings and contactees. There are some people who through freak circumstance catch a glimpse - typically in isolated locations without corroborating witnesses except maybe rarely a friend. There exists once in a while physical evidence (padprints-footprints; fairy circles-saucer nests) but it is of a debatable character. Photos have been offered in evidence but they, too, are ambiguous as hoaxes exist and natural explanations exist for some others. Within the sightings group there are those who are repeaters - experience encounters more than once. They shade into contactees who communicate with their respective phenomena (saucer operators - fairies) and learn of a great secret.

Their experiences are met by people who have not seen fairies/ufos with the same emotional spectrum from embracing belief, ambivalence, interest, disbelief and even ridicule. The Fairy Investigation Society in England was prompted to go underground after unkind journalistic exposure which suggested that seeing ufos was okay but seeing fairies meant you better see an analyst. Cases of ufo sightings experiencing ridicule is legion. Intelligent doubt exists among some members of the intellectual community generally expressing the desirability of an unambiguous meeting seen by a group of scientific observers. Theoretical doubts exist regarding the probability of the objective reality of fairies and ufos. (For fairies the doubts center on how evolution could generate such tiny human-like beings and how the small brain implied in their size could possess the capability of communication. For ufos it centers on the improbability of an advanced race arising that behaves in the illogical manner reported i. e. the lack of contact en masse yet they fail to efficiently camouflage themselves if they wish to hide. Further, the size and time scale of the universe mitigate against technical civilizations interacting.) Among believers there are factions arguing against the physical reality of both phenomena but adhere to mediumistic, para-physical, and multiple reality conjectures. Further rumor and lore are grist for speculation which is engaged in by a sub-culture which surrounds each phenomena.

Perhaps the first person to suggest the relationship between fairies and ufos was a prominent researcher of the occult, Leslie Shepard. According to Daniel Cohen, Mr. Shepard had in the sixties written an introduction to The Fairy - Faith in Celtic Countries in which the following surmise was offered:

"I have a strong suspicion that in the newer mythology of flying saucers, some of those 'shining visitors' in spacecraft from other worlds might turn out to be just another form of fairies."

Shepard recently wrote an Encyclopaedia of Occultism which probably contains his speculations of this possible link. It is very expensive however and have been unable to obtain thru my local libraries. Checking this book may prove valuable in researching this topic further.

A few years later Jacques Vallee published an important book exploring the folklore/mythology elements common to ufos and fairies. In fact the title Passport to Magonia refers to the land fairies come from according to folklore. It is an extensive enumeration of motifs common to both lores (though not exhaustive in its treatment) but the parallels uncovered are frequently betrayed by the later information that a number of cases involve hoaxes. This does not undermine the thesis that as mythology similar psychological processes might generate these parallels so the discovery of hoaxes does not really argue against Vallee. Among the many parallels are abductions, perceptant amnesia, reality of time in the other realm, the inability of the perceptant to retain solid evidence of the encounter, rings on the ground, and the goodness of the visitors. The most striking parallel offered is the Joe Simonton case. The man received wheat cakes from saucer men. A analysis showed them to be without salt - consistent with Irish lore that the Gentry never take salt. They also only like water, which is what Simonton gave them. Can that be attributed to psychological parallelisms? Or was Simonton versed in Irish lore? Or does it suggest a material link?

Jerome Clark and Loren Coleman carries the arguments of Vallee further in his book The Unidentified but with a twist. The objective evidence is psychokinetically created while the rest is culturally conditioned myths i. e. visions and fantasy. One must view the psychokinetic hypothesis with considerable doubt but Clark & Coleman do an admirable job collecting together data for viewing plausibly that at the core of many types of experiences is a culturally determined version. In the discussion of fairies the most impressive find is the Anne Jeffries testimony of being spirited away to fairyland in the mid 1600s. It is nicely shown to be related to visionary experiences of other mythic beliefs. They also pull in some first-person experiences of fairies they came across in their research. One involves EM-fx and another deals with a horse stoppage (analogous to a car stoppage?) which is certainly of interest. Also included are some cases where ufos seem explicitly to be piloted by gnomes. (The '64 Bell-Wilson sightings, the '65 Sea tile ufo repair in a house, the '47 Prof. Joannis case.)

It must of course be noted that the popular term "little green man" is not a journalistic concoction according to Clark. Such cases do exist. The description fits folklore descriptions of certain gnomes. Postulating that such ufoauts are identical with gnomes is tempting. Furthermore we have the word of John Peel in Operation: Trojan Horse that:

Among the great heaps of neglected and ignored UFO data, we find hundreds of "minipeople" accounts. These are very rarely published anywhere because they are so unbelievable. Most of them are identical to the fairy and gnome stories of yesteryear. The mini people are only a few inches in height. Some dress like spacemen, complete with transparent helmets, while others are described in much the same way as the Irish leprechauns. Witnesses to these events can experience conjunctivitis, akinesia (paralysis), amnesia, and the other effects often noted by witnesses to more conventional UFO events. Many contactees admit that they have seen minipeople cavorting on their furniture and even riding around in miniature flying saucers.

(Futnam, 1970 edition, pp. 180-1)

Keel's book only mentions the Seattle case as an example for his amazing assertion. One can find a few "little men" reports of about the 3 foot variety which lies in between any clear cut categorization as gnome-ish and humanoid. . . . Now can I offer any new insights you may wonder. I fear your humble

seeker is torn by a myriad of impulses. On the subject of cultural conditioning it is interesting to note both fairy and ufo mythologies have changed over time. - at least the popular image (I have reservations whether popular images reflect the true state of affairs with regard to first-person accounts) In particular we note the subjects of abductions and behaviour. Fairies in the distant past had an enigmatic, morally ambivalent character. Fairies engaged in vengeance games and it seemed desirable to avoid them. Theft was common and there was an air of seriousness. Fairy abductions were common lore. Fairies of human stature were extant.

The popular image of fairies now is of light, whimsical, winged beings. They possess in the large a character of joy. The van Gelder book strongly reflects this image though with significant exceptions. Fairy abductions are unheard except in distant Malaysia. They dance and tend flowers.

Within ufo lore the image of the beings now includes a predisposition to abduct humans - this is an objective change; numbers of abductions have increased dramatically in recent years. There is now the men-in-black lore. The messages to stop atomic warfare may still exist among contactees but we hear less of them. Ted Bloecher speaks of increasing strangeness in reports. Humanoid reports increased dramatically in 1973.

I am drawn to the view implied that ufos and fairies are first and foremost cultural constructs. People form hallucinations and delusions and tales and hoaxes about them. It is the dreadful sceptical-mundane worldview. But I recognize the enigmatic character implied by the reports and speculations other people are compelled to engage in. I humbly decline acceptance of other explanations not because of an overwhelming conviction in the correctness of the theory of nonreality of ufos and fairies, but unambiguous evidence has not been forthcoming, theoretical objections to the reality of extraterrestrial and fairy visitations in their reported form are compelling personally. But I am eager to listen more.

## Gnome away from home

GARDEN GNOMES are abhorred by some, adored by others. Love me, love my gnome it might be said.

Whatever our feelings towards the little concrete creatures at the bottom of many gardens, one thing is certain - gnomes do hold a fascination for the light-fingered.

It's not that these little men are nocturnal gnome-mads, here today, gone tomorrow. Their owners know better. Yet every so often they are the victims of an outbreak of gnome-nicking and infectious it is. Currently on the missing file of the Upper Hutt police, for instance, are two gnomes and a frog with a hole in its head - total value \$41.

However, to put a price on their colourful heads is to take the soul out of gnome collecting. To their owners

they are part of the family - even if they are made to stay outdoors. And their loss is deeply felt, whatever the anti-gnome lobby might say to the contrary.

Take the case of Jerome Gnome who, with his Christchurch owner, Henry Sunderland, has visited the Tate Gallery, London, the Chinese border and was unlucky enough to be dropped in Glasgow. Glue and recuperation (plus a dab or two of paint in the appropriate places) soon had Jerome restored. Next year Henry hopes the pair will make it to the North Pole.

Therefore, next time one has an overpowering urge to do one of these diminutive garden guardians a mischief, try to suppress that spite for sprites. Remember, somebody must love them.

Newspaper cutting sent by Joseph Hobson, South Australia.



GNOME IN HILLY COUNTRY, OFFERING GREEN JAM TARTS TO TRAVELLERS.

# Freedom to choose

By PEARL COLEMAN.

Reprinted with kind permission of PREVENTION MAGAZINE.

A letter of mine concerning our freedom to choose forms of medicine other than those prescribed by our doctors was published recently in a national newspaper, and the overwhelming response and support from readers convinced me that our rights to the use of alternative remedies needed further discussion to bring to the attention of the public how our medical liberties are being curtailed more and more by the powers which govern this country.

My letter concerned a rumpus in the House of Commons on July 12, 1978, when MP's raised the affair of the flouridation decision in Hampshire, where the drinking water is to be flouridated in spite of the fact that 12 district councils have said 'no' to this dosing via the public water supply.

Here is further proof, if any more was needed, that far from being a dental or scientific issue, the matter of flouridation is one of freedom, and in this vein I wrote to the newspaper.

When Solzenitsyn visited this country and made his outstanding address to our nation concerning our inability to treasure our freedom or notice its erosion, he was hailed and championed from every quarter. Sadly, memories are short.

Again the national press gave us bold black headlines on the recent trials of Russian dissidents, and quite properly so. Meanwhile, concealed in the inner pages in less impressive style, was the report on Hampshire and the parliamentary uproar it provoked.

Obvious losses of freedom like the incarceration of dissidents in prisons where they are tortured with 'drug therapy' for daring to think, speak, believe or read a book not in line with Kremlin policy is simply the culmination of minor losses of freedom. The disregard of the wishes of the people's elected representatives in favour of the opinions of Whitehall minions, the fact that a man may not employ another and dismiss him subsequently for working lazily or badly without State penalisation, the perpetual winding down of our armed forces, the introduction of the Medicines Act which has already made many biochemic remedies unavailable, erode our freedom in the same way. This loss of freedom should constitute a dire warning to the medical profession.

Already, people who choose private medicine and thereby not be a burden on the State are being squeezed out by the non-availability of hospital beds and treatment.

Naturopaths, osteopaths, accupuncturists, herbalists and many other unqualified practitioners, have a large question mark hanging over their heads concerning the giving of injections (*General Practitioner*, July, 1978). They now have six months' grace while

somebody decides. Who is that somebody? Big Brother?

Never mind that such practitioners have given undisputed relief to many people over the years. This doesn't count, Big Brother wants to work the strings of the puppet Medicine.

There has been much talk about the dangers of vitamins, their side effects and should they, too, be on prescription? Oh yes, we can see what is coming and should be on our guard; these events overtake us like a thief in the night.

## Inquiry Into Homeopathic Medicine

Nowhere is what I am saying illustrated more clearly than in the case of homeopathy. A Government inquiry into its future has been called for by the Conservative Opposition (*Lancet*, July 15, 1978).

Its aim is simply this — to prevent homeopathy being squeezed out of the National Health Service by a combination of medical hostility and Government lethargy and inactivity.

Our Royal Family support and advocate homeopathy and the D.H.S.S. has said that, since it is

---

Although homeopathy is recognised by the State, training is not readily available.

---

recognised by the N.H.S., homeopathic treatment must be available to the people who prefer this treatment. What constitutes availability?

Doctors, wishing to add homeopathic qualifications to their training, are restricted from doing so because, although officially homeopathy is recognised by the State, training is not readily available. There are few hospitals where treatment is employed, treatment is not advertised by the D.H.S.S., notices are not placed in doctor's surgeries and waiting rooms, and the general public often remain in ignorance that they can, in fact, opt for this treatment.

What is more, the Council for Post Graduate Medical Education holds the prejudiced view that training in homeopathy is not sufficiently relevant to modern practice to warrant financial support for courses for General Practitioners.

Thus, many doctors who desire to include such studies in their curriculum, are financially fettered

---

Soon our only choice may be allopathic medicine or death if we are sick.

---

from doing so.

What is more, the existence of three of the five N.H.S. centres providing homeopathic treatment is cunningly being allowed to disappear into the mist.

Liverpool Clinic is due to close, and with it their Department of Homeopathy. Hostility from the medical profession prevented the installation of a consultant in homeopathy in the new Liverpool Teaching Hospital. In Tunbridge Wells the small homeopathic hospital faces closure because there is no replacement for the present consultant, and the local area health authority has made no sign of advertising the vacancy!

The Royal London Homoeopathic Hospital is marked for closure in 1982, subject to a

decision by the Secretary for State. Anyone who wants this hospital and the others kept open should write to their M.P., the Prime Minister, the newspapers and protest loudly.

If we lose this battle for homeopathy, it is simply a question of time before our only choice is allopathic medicine or die if we are sick.

The House of Commons' motion, according to the *Lancet*, attracted 150 signatures from all parties. It is the largest backing yet for almost any Commons' motion. At the same time of writing the Faculty of Homeopathy state that the figure stands at 226 M.P.'s supporting it. We must increase this number, and preserve our freedom to choose. □

## CHIROPRACTIC

By CHRISTOPHER ROWSE (Now living in New Zealand)

AS MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE READING AND HEARING ABOUT THE VARIOUS ALTERNATIVES TO THE GENERALLY RECOGNISED FORM OF HEALING, ALLOPATHY, IN THE WESTERN WORLD, I WOULD LIKE TO DRAW ATTENTION TO AN INTEGRATED SYSTEM OF HEALTH CARE WHICH IS NOT WIDELY KNOWN IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Chiropractic literally is the use of one's hands, in this case to heal, and is concerned with human health and disease processes. Doctors of chiropractic are physicians who consider man as an integrated being, but give special attention to spinal mechanics and neurological, muscular, and vascular relationships. Allopathy, with its extensive use of drugs and surgery, has produced a society which is dependent on such extreme measures even for often minor illnesses. This type of medical practice sometimes leads to an emphasis on the treatment of symptoms rather than looking deeper to find the root cause of the illness.

The American Chiropractic Association offers the following definition of the chiropractic principle:-

'Chiropractic is based on the premise that the relationship between structure and function in the human body is a significant health factor and that such relationships between the spinal column and the nervous system are the most significant, since the normal transmission and expression of nerve energy are essential to the restoration and maintenance of health. Chiropractic is that science and art which utilises the inherent recuperative powers of the body and the relationship between the musculoskeletal structures and functions of the body, particularly in the spinal column and the nervous system, in the restoration and maintenance of health. . . . ( . . . ) . . . The practices and procedures which may be employed by doctors of chiropractic are based on the academic and clinical training received in and through accredited chiropractic colleges. These shall include, but are not limited to, the use of diagnostics and therapeutics, specifically including the adjustment and manipulation of the articulations and adjacent tissues of the human body, particularly of the spinal column; included is the treatment of intersegmental disorders for alleviation of related neurological aberrations. Patient care is conducted with due regard for environmental, nutritional, and psychotherapeutic factors, as well as first aid, hygiene, sanitation, rehabilitation, and physiological therapeutic procedures designed to assist in the restoration and maintenance of neurological integrity and homeostatic balance.'

The exact origin of therapeutic manipulation is not known. Findings show that this health approach has existed throughout the world since the beginnings of recorded time. The Chinese, Greeks, and other early civilisations used manipulative techniques. This knowledge was revived in the United States at the turn of the century, and now with the setting up of colleges in the United States, Canada, Australia, and the United Kingdom, it has become internationally recognised. The colleges offer a minimum of four academic years of residential study. The first two years are concerned mainly with a study in anatomy, biochemistry, microbiology, pathology, physiology, public health, diagnosis and x-ray, clinical disciplines, related health sciences, and chiropractic principles and practice. The remaining two years are devoted to practical and clinical studies dealing with the diagnosis and treatment of disease, during which period the student spends approximately half of his time in the clinic. The students must pass the same basic science examinations as osteopathic or allopathic physicians. The Anglo-European College of Chiropractic Ltd., Bourne-mouth, Hampshire, England is a recognised college by the Chiropractic Association. Further details about this college may be obtained from this address.

It is encouraging to see this growth in a science based on wholistic health care which emphasises preventative medicine and avoids unnecessary use of drugs and surgery wherever possible, reserving such extreme treatments for only advanced cases; and even then osteopathic chiropractic therapy can contribute much to the patient's speedy recovery. Chiropractic believes there must be more to health care than the numbing of pain, the camouflaging of symptoms, or the removal of pathological debris.

# YOUR LETTERS

As a new member, I would just like to add my appreciation of the Gnome Club. A very enlightened idea that works! How long do you think it will be before politicians and businessmen put aside their selfish greeds and listen to what gnomes can tell us about living in harmony? In these modern days, when materialistic pre-requisites seem to rule the minds of men and women, it is a warm comfort to pursue such artistic tendencies as learning the knowledge of gnomes. There's still hope!

I notice in the (interesting) Gnome News that new members are eligible for a 'Gnome Stone' together with a sketch and a photograph showing the origin! If it is not too much trouble, could you please forward one.

Also, I enter my own poem "Gnomes and their Homes" for the Competition. (Age Group: Adult... the childish variety!) The Gnome Club pottery indoor gnome speaks to me, so that is what I prefer. I hope you have received lots of entries.

Thanks for your efforts.

Sunny smiles to you, your family and all the gnomes on the Reserve.

Love

Taras.

Officially called Mr. Taras Fortuna.  
Member C210.

PS. It is not widely known, but gnomes are extremely fond of Earl Grey Tea. It is their favourite drink. The caressing aroma from this brew fills their

heads with a relaxed understanding, while the gentle and soothing taste of this river of life fills their whole bodies with strength and the ability to see the years without any physical depreciation. This secret was once disclosed by a very wise gnome. (from Yorkshire).

I am writing this letter, because, I recently saw a programme which featured you, and your Gnomes, on Television.

I was interested to hear of your Gnome International and wonder if you could supply me with details of this organisation as I would like to become a member.

Also could you tell me if there is a chapter of your organisation here in Victoria, because if there isn't I would like to get a chapter started as I know a few people who get delight out of gnomes, and I would like to get more people involved in Gnomes, and what they mean.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

Trevor Thornton (from Victoria, Australia).

I was most impressed by the interview you gave on Television last week. As a believer in the Little People I too, think they help as a link between the world of nature and the world of people.

So often we are laughed at for believing the "fairy" world, but it seems that modern people have lost the perception which their ancestors possessed - perhaps somewhat unavoidable with city folk. You, of course, live in a lovely part of England - I was born in the midlands with its rolling hills; here in the North-West of Australia we are just in the foothills of the Nandwear Ranges and it is a much harsher landscape than that of England. Nevertheless, the Little People are here and many English flowers grow during the winter.

I grow herbs and these seem to have a special affinity for Gnomes. In April I hope to open an herb nursery. This has grown purely from a love of herbs and gardening; so many people have asked me for different herbs that it seems imperative to open a nursery here. I was wondering if it would be possible to put your Gnomes in the herb garden - I am not a business woman and do not know the cost of shipping etc., but I do think it would be marvellous to "Put a Gnome in every garden" here! And please, what do I have to do to become a member of "Gnomes International"?

Very best wishes for your work in promoting(?) an understanding of Gnomes - I would like to help in any way possible. A friend in Narrabri is also going to write to you, so there are two of us here eager to help!

Yours sincerely,

Barbara Stone.  
from New South Wales, Australia.

Dear Ann,

Thank you so much for putting your advertizement-letter in the Winter '78 issue of Search Magazine.

Yours is, perhaps, the only worthwhile note to appear in that organ in months -- nay, nay, years.

Well, getting down to it, when I was a tiny tweek getting ready to retire, I caught a glimpse of a diminutive man who sported a long beard and nose, and who dressed in a rather antiquated and peculiar fashion. When I looked full at him in an attempt to study and then greet him, he faded, and has since departed to his more than likely ancient domain and duty of maintaining the countryside as well as pursuing the most venerable of Elvin customs; collecting string. Thus, I am a card-carrying believer.

As such, I am joyfully awaiting the receipt of appropriate Gnomesque literature -- all of which I will take very seriously indeed.

The reason for that being that I have asked for and received the co-operation of Gnomes in formal proceedings that would be met with profound doubt by the uninformed gentry if I were to tell all.

From the Gnomes by the Sea in Southern California to the Gnomes of Devon, a Salute!

Truly,  
Allan Grise.  
from California, USA.

Please forgive me for penning this unsolicited letter to you up there in Devon, England, from here so deep down in the Earth. You see - I read the enclosed clipping in the Wellington Evening Post and felt impelled to write to you by some strange gnomic force over which I have no control.

I am writing on behalf of a good friend of mine who is a "Pommie" from Liverpool, England. He has lived here for 25 years and has a nice house along north beach with a beautiful garden which harbours no less than 34 gnomes of various shapes, colours and sizes.

Undoubtedly he must be the paron saint not only in New Zealand, but probably in the enti South Pacific and Australasia.

He spent days last summer re-painting and repairing them right down to the last hooked nose with a wart thereon.

His one regret in living here is that were he still living in England he could probably have got the pains etc. on the "National Elf Service", and as that old Pommie song goes "Yer far better off with a-nome."

Now you see - a little gang of us who frequent his club felt that something ought to be done and HMQ Liz II did not mention him in the new years honours list.

We are more like fans of the Cornish Pisky ourselves - I hope my spelling of that is right - we drink a le together.

To come to the point, what I would ask is that you would consider granting this Pommie gnome fancier some very grand sounding title such as the New Zealand Grand Master of Gnomes - or something like that - of the Gnome Club of G. Britain. Perhaps on some kind of scroll with a seal etc. or on some impressive looking paper.

If you would consider doing this, then we - his Pisky friends would arrange a suitable presentation with much pomp and ceremony. "Eaven elf us, he would like that."

His name is Mr. Paul Williams an Antique dealer and Auctioneer (He should be licensed to deal in gnomes especially old ones).

I hope you can assist us in this.

Yours sincerely,

D. A. Hawke  
From New Zealand

I'm known as ARRY  
and I drinks yer elf!

## GNOME COLONY AT BLACKGANG CHINE, ISLE OF WHITE

Article by Jacqueline V. Laidlaw B. Ed., F. R. S. A.

Picture Postcard kindly sent to The Gnome Club by R. J. Miller after his visit to Blackgang Chine.

BLACKGANG CHINE GARDENS, SITUATED AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, ARE ON A CLIFFTOP 400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL. THE WORD 'BLACKGANG' DERIVES FROM THE LEGENDARY GANG OF SMUGGLERS BELIEVED ONCE TO OPERATE IN THIS AREA; 'CHINE' IS A SAXON WORD MEANING CHASM, A GORGE IN THE CLIFF-FACE CAUSED BY EROSION OF WIND AND SEA.

In this idyllic locale lives a colony of gnomes who first arrived in 1934. Being creatures of the earth, they are very industrious, and are usually to be found fishing, or about their various chores. Those gnomes making well-earned leisure breaks may sit upon a swing to relax and reatune themselves to the earth's more soothing vibrations; smoke a peaceful pipe or two, or just sit atop a toadstool contemplating the mysteries of life.

Their work is serious enough - since 1934 these gnomes have collected over £10,000, which has found its way to various charities, predominantly to the Cancer Research Fund. Visitors are invited to donate funds for the gnomes to 'gamble' on their behalf, for everyone knows that any gnome worth his salt enjoys gambling so much that it is one of life's chief pleasures, yet takes it so seriously that it is also the most draining form of work, Gnomes have a great



respect for material things - it is they who invented coinage after all, having puzzled their brains about what to do with surplus ore left on their hands after the making of their tools and cutlery.

During the summer the gnomes work by day, and the younger ones sport throughout the long warm evenings, their games illuminated by coloured lights suspended from the trees and by the glow of their own lanterns. The more sedate gnomes prefer to sit and tell tales of bold ancestors or discuss the day's events, but all enjoy a hearty meal of oatcakes and honey, washed down by fruit-juices, once the last of their visitors has gone home. Only children can catch this fleeting movement of a hand or foot, the wink of an eye or the flush which spreads across the cheek of a bashful gnome who becomes aware that he is the object of someone's gaze. Only children can hear the gentle humming of the gnomes as they go about their work; only the young can catch the sweet heavy scent of gnomecakes being prepared or the lingering aroma of gnomemeat emanating from a ruddy and reeling creature of the soil.

The gnomes do not have to endure the harsh bite of winter; they 'retire' to their workshop where they are measured up and fitted out with new clothes. No Chine gnome is ever spotted with down-at-heel boots or a threadbare cap; no broken fishing-line will be overlooked by the Master Workgnome, no gnome will ever have to make do with a broken satchel strap. Winter is predominantly a time of rest, when the gnomes prepare for the following summer's work and play.

Finally, a word of advice for those who wish to make friends with the gnomes. Never point at a gnome (or an elf, pixie or fairy, come to that), as the little folk consider such behaviour the height of rudeness. Never make extra work for the gnomes by dropping litter, as they resent wasting energy which should properly be put to far better uses. And never speak too loudly in their vicinity - it hurts their sensitive ears, and besides, if you do so you will never be able to hear the clash of their tiny hammers, the splash of the water in their pails, or their ringing laughter, which you might easily mistake for the song of birds.

# ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN



## CHAPTER II

### "GNOMES TO THE RESCUE"

HELLO CHILDREN! IT SEEMS AGES SINCE I LAST SPOKE TO YOU ABOUT MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE GNOME FOLK... OF HOW WE DISCOVERED THE "MAGIC MILLSTONE" AND HOW IT ENABLED ME TO TRAVEL BACK 100 YEARS TO SEE THE DEAR OLD WINDMILL COME BACK TO LIFE FOR MY BENEFIT ALONE, AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL HOW I MET THE MOST CHARMING LITTLE FAMILY OF MILLER MEN. TRUE AND LOYAL FRIENDS INDEED!

Well, I am by nature an impatient child, so can you imagine how I longed for my next journey into the past? I had already carried out Kernel's instructions and waited for the stone to build up fairy power. Also Daddy and the boys had managed to get it placed under our old beech tree in the garden, away from prying eyes. So one fine day, I walked down our front lawn towards the stone, wondering as I did so, how and when could I explain to my family of it's strange powers. So far they were under the impression I needed it for my project, and I left it at that.

### GLORIOUS SIGHT

I took up my position in the centre of this most precious of possessions, shut my eyes and wished. Slowly but surely I started to revolve back, through time. What a glorious sight met my eyes on my arrival at the Windmill! Coming towards me was dear old Kernel sitting on "Misty" the little grey fairy donkey. She was all decked out with ribbons and flowers tucked into her brow-band. She looked a treat and I think she knew it! I think this was all done for my benefit.

"Hello Amy", said my jolly, fat friend, "Let us go into the cottage and have tea and then you can tell us of your plans for today. Where would you like to go? You be thinking about it as we walk along."

Every now and again Misty would stop with a jerk in order to nibble some grass and in so doing would throw off her chubby rider. He always came up with a grin. Once at the cottage we tethered her to the picket fence. I put my arms around her and buried my face in her woolly mane. I wished she were mine. Then arm in arm, Kernel and I went into the tiny Tudor dining room. I was ushered towards the old old table groaning with food, home-made fruit cake, bread straight from the oven, farm butter and milk... anything you can think of was there.

The five little brothers stood politely as we approached them and I was offered a seat near the ingle-nook by a roaring fire. During tea, I decided what I would like to do, so I said to Kernel, "Do you think we could go and visit the Victorian family who live in our house? Do you think I could have a ride in their trap? It would be such a novelty for a 20th. century child."

"I don't see why not," said Kernel, handing me another slice of succulent fruit cake. As I ate this perfection of a cake I wondered how these small men had time not only to cook, but to grind flour and care for the Mill, the latter being a full-time job in itself. Then I heard a rustling-sound in the adjoining kitchen and when I looked around I saw two fat little ladies bent over the range, working busily. I asked Kernel why he hadn't told me he had someone to do the cooking. He thought for a while taking one or two puffs on his clay pipe and proceeded to explain, "Well Amy, those two ladies are our twin sisters. Of course we should have told you about them, but you see they are so very shy of mortals so heaven knows how you can gain their confidence? For short we call them the "Corn Dollies" as they are connected with corn and the Mill, it seemed appropriate. Their real names are Holly and Elderberry. Holly is married to our good friend, Jolly and they are blessed with two fine infants. "Elder" as yet has no desire to marry, although a little gnome, Robin Goodfellow is most anxious for her hand in marriage... perhaps one day, who knows? Let us finish our tea. We will then chance our luck. Perhaps you will make friends after all."

### QUAINT OLD KITCHEN

After tea I was taken into the quaint old kitchen, heavy with black oak beams... I was then formally introduced to the Corn Dollies who immediately turned quite pink on being confronted with a human. They were short and stout like their brothers, both wearing identical flowered cotton dresses which exaggerated their bulk. Their corn coloured hair was tied in thick short plaits reminiscent of ears of wheat. Perched on top of each round pink face was a huge mob cap.

Then, fortunately for the little women, I was distracted by two lovelly gnome children. One in a cradle and the other a toddler. I went into ecstasies over both of them. The infant was called "Pod" as he was born at the time of the pea-harvest and was as round as a pea in a pod, and also dressed in pale green from head to toe. "Pip", the toddler was so called as he was named after golden delicious apples and dressed in pale golden-green. I noted the point on Pod's hood was tiny while his elder brother sported a taller one. I was informed that as gnomes grew so did their points, resulting in very tall pointy hats on the older ones. The fuss I made of the precious infants soon put an end to the Corn Dollies shyness. We then all hopped out into the tiny sunlit garden, where I met "Jolly", Holly's husband and a jolly gnome he was too. I played with the babies and lost all sense of time when suddenly Kernel said, "Amy I think we should make haste if we are to meet the family in your house. Even

though time stands still for your family, it still moves on here you know. So I said my farewells and "Thank you's" to the Corn Dolly family and off we went to untether Misty. I was amazed at Kernel's agility, considering he was so fat and in what a spritely fashion he hopped onto the little animal's back. Misty would not budge an inch and continued munching away with a dreamy look in her eyes. I pulled, and the five brothers pushed, to no avail. Elder ran out with an apple, so I took the lead tempting her along holding this delicacy for donkeys. In next to no time we were all trotting up our path to "our" front door as it was 100 years ago. The family welcomed me in, but as they evidently could not see my fairy friends, the latter departed to return to the Mill.

### WE ALL PILED IN

After explaining away my strange attire, which I attributed to the fact that I came from far away, I then broached the subject of a trip in the trap... Yes of course I could go. Papa would soon be returning from market, so we all waited at the front gate. Out of the corner of my eye I could see little faces peering at me through the windows of Mill Cottage and the Mill itself. Soon Papa, "Dobbin" and the trap arrived and we four children piled in. Did I tell you they were the very children I had seen in the faded photo at our museum? We waved "Goodbye" to Mama and off we went down into the local countryside, which looked just the same as it does now except for the welcome absence of noisy traffic. Victoria, the youngest and about my age (the age I was when all this happened) suggested we stop by a yellow corn field to play "Hide and Seek" amongst the "Stooks". If you haven't seen these, they are stacks of corn tied into upright bundles and ideal for hiding behind. Today we have bales.

Suddenly the oppressive heat and so much racing about made me both tired and sleepy, so I flopped down, and leaning against a stook, must have dozed right off... as when I awoke, it was evening and a chill in the air. Worst of all I was all alone, No pony, No trap, No people, Nothing! I was petrified with fear and stood up to survey the empty field. Not a movement to be seen anywhere. I felt completely lost in "Time". In despair and panic I flopped down on the corn stubble which normally would have scratched and hurt me, but if it did, I was far too frightened to notice. I sobbed and sobbed and would have carried on doing so, had I not been distracted by a sound beside me. I looked and looked but could not see a thing. It appeared to me that one ear of wheat was moving about on its own, but there was no breeze! Curiosity overcame my fear, so I got right down on eye level and what do you think I saw? A tiny golden man, so small as to be almost invisible. He wore a tall pointed golden hat and his thin little arms and legs were like stalks. This caused him to be quite camouflaged against the rest of the wheat.

Continued on page fourteen....



"Hello Amy," said Kernel

HIGH PITCHED SQUEEKY VOICE

Then he spoke in a high pitched squeaky voice, "Hello A my, Let me introduce myself. I am the Corn Fairy. Please cry no more, and do not fear, as I am here to help you. You have not heeded the Kernel's warning never to stray or leave your friends. However, what is done is done, so watch." Like a grasshopper he sprang out into the field and cupped his tiny hands around his mouth and let out a high pitched note, barely audible to the human ear.

The next scene which presented itself was quite breath-taking. By this time the evening sky was pink from the setting sun. This huge red orb was sinking behind the forest which skirted the corn field. Floating gracefully down from the trees was an enormous blackbird, which landed gently beside us. Much to my surprise, the corn fairy mounted the bird.... but before "taking off" he called.

"A my wait here. I will return soon, as soon as thought itself. It was fortunate you brought your "Gnome Stone", for although it was hidden in your pocket, yet still it signalled your S. O. S. to me. And now I am off to get help."

QUITE STUNNED

Had I dreamt all this? Had it really happened? I was quite stunned as I watched the shiny blackbird with his lovely yellow bill winging his way across the sky, the little golden man clinging to his back with one hand and waving with the other. Higher and higher until they vanished from my sight.

In the "Wink of an eye", they both returned, a mere speck in the sky getting larger and larger, till they were hovering above me ready to land by my side.

"A my, all is well. I have spoken to Kernel and his family. He has deci-



ded to make himself known to Victoria, the youngest, as she and she alone believes in Fairies, that is to say in her family. She will take Kernel's message of your whereabouts to her father. So having done my bidding I must away. But before taking my leave, here is a remembrance gift from us both." With that, he pressed a small object into the palm of my hand and vanished before I had time to thank him. He had given me a tiny golden ear of wheat to hand on my charm bracelet. Where does a candle flame go when it is blown out... where did my fairy friends go? To some Fairy Kingdom where no mortal would be allowed?

Soon I heard the clip-clop of the returning pony and trap. When they halted on the country lane, "Vicky" jumped down and ran towards me, almost falling over the stubble in her relief at seeing me again. As she held out her arms to me, she said, "A my we are so very sorry. It was getting so dark and Papa called to us to go home. We all piled into the trap not realizing you were missing. On our arrival and to our horror, you were nowhere to be seen. So we scattered in all directions looking for you. I headed towards the old Mill and what do you think I saw standing at the entrance, but seven little men, Kernel and his five brothers and Jolly. The leader, Kernel, summoned me to him to tell me where you were and how a goldensprite, the "Corn Fairy" had brought news of you to him. And would he pass it on to me, Victoria. And then he asked me to tell my Papa in such a way as not to mention the fairy folk? I was astounded at seeing real fairies as I had always believed in them and now at last my dream has come true. And here we are to take you home."

TOO TIRED TO TALK.

With that, we all climbed into the trap, all too tired to talk. As we trotted home, I thought of all the strange happenings of the day and had it really happened to me, a child of the 20th century?

Mama was waiting at the front gate looking very anxious. I was invited in to tea, but had to refuse as I wanted to be reunited with my miller friends. They offered to take me home, but how could I explain my journey through time? I replied, "Well you see I have friends here who will help me to get home, but thank you all the same and thank you for a lovely day. Yes I enjoyed it even though I had a nasty shock."

So I said "Goodbye" and walked across the traffic-free road to the Green opposite. I waited till the family were indoors and Papa had gone to the stable with "Dobbin". However, I could see Victoria waving at me from her bedroom window. She knew all about fairies so that was alright.

I would never advise a child to go out alone in the 20th century, but here it was different as I was protected by my friends. I walked over to Mill Cottage where I was treated to fairy wine, a great revive. The Gnome family warned me never to stray again, especially as there would be plenty more adventures in store for me.

Time was drawing on and I really had to tear myself away from this most loveable of families. I kissed the babies, stroked the cat and dog and went out to see Misty in her warm comfortable stall. Then I said my farewells to Kernel and the others and heavy hearted, I walked towards the Magic Millstone. Just before making my wish, Kernel called out, "A my wait for the stone to build up energy before you come again. God bless, see you soon."

Then the whizzing started and in next to no time I was back in my own garden and my own time.....

# BOOK REVIEW



FAIRY PAINTINGS

THIS CHRISTMAS I RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED AND MOST WELCOME PRESENT.... IT WAS A COPY OF FAIRY PAINTINGS BY BEATRICE PHILLPOTTS, AND WAS SENT BY THE PUBLISHERS ASH AND GRANT LTD, OF 120B, PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON N1 9JB.

It is a superb book - one which I should imagine anyone would be pleased to own, but a person who likes Gnomes and The Little People should certainly try to have a copy. (A hint to family or friends at birthday or Christmas time?)

The publishers say in their letter to me:- "Although entitled Fairy Paintings, whether or not the subjects of some of the paintings are indeed Gnomes who are suffering the indignity of mis-labelling might be a subject that your members would want to debate".....

The book costs £3.95 and has 40 reproductions of paintings, 9½" by 7½", in full (very good quality) colour. Paintings include works by Sir Joshua Reynolds (Painted for the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery, Reynolds' impish Puck was a great popular success. At the 1805 Boydell sale it went for £215.5.0, and "excited such admiration that there was a general clapping of hands". Auctioned again in 1856, its value had increased to 980 guineas, William Blake (Blake the committed visionary, left an account of an actual fairy sitting: "I was walking alone in my garden, there was a great stillness among the branches and flowers and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound and I know not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures the size and colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs and disappeared. It was a fairy funeral.") Henry Fuseli, Richard Dadd, Richard Doyle and his brother Charles Atamont Doyle (father of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. A Fascination with the occult was inherited by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from his father, and his published defence of the Cottingly fairy photographs in 1922 won much support for the phenomenon.) Joseph Mallord William Turner (Queen Mab's Cave, painted Circa 1846, "A daylight dream created in all the wantonness of gorgeous, bright and positive colours, not painted but apparently flung on the canvas. In kaleidoscopic confusion" wrote the Art Union reviewing the 1846 British Institution exhibition. The fairies appear almost as tricks of the light, partially dissolved in the phosphorescent sea haze, and evoke an atmosphere of enchantment integral to the realms of the fairy queen.) Sir John Millais. Sir Edwin Landseer. Sir Joseph Noel Paton (Lewis Carroll reported, when The Quarrel or Oberon and Titania was exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1850, "We counted 165 fairies." When shown with The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania, the crowds were so great that extra attendants had to be posted.) General W. J. Chamberlayne (Watersprites in the Stream, painted circa 1865, Through fairy eyes, the stream bed is transformed into an endless vista of giant boulders and raging waters in this dramatic fairy landscape which conjures a Romantic sense of the 'sublime' in nature. In similar vein, Coleridge, "Hung over the Bridge and musing" had speculated how the stream rushing beneath might appear "to the eyes of a fly".)

The book has an overall size of 8½" x 12". There are ten pages of most interesting text together with 24 smaller black and white reproductions, in addition to the 40 full page colour plates.

Well worth while. A must!

