



Gnome News

Newsletter No. 4. AUGUST 1979

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

How to contact Gnomes

by Allan Grice

This article was sent from Santa Monica by club member Allan Grice who passes on warmest regards from the Gnomes of Southern California to those in Devon.

BEFORE YOU AMBLE IDLY THROUGH YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD THICKETS HOPING TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION WITH ANY GNOME OR OTHER NATURE SPIRIT YOU MIGHT CHANCE TO DISCOVER, IT IS VITAL THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THEIR NATURE.

For most of us, Gnomes are pictured with pick and shovel, lantern aloft and marching in single file and sporting quaint sock caps on their way to work in a mine somewhere most likely for gold which they stuff into pots and place at the ends of selected rainbows. Anyway, such is the popular faerie story tradition.

But there is a deeper, more vital and enduring tradition concerning the nature of Gnomes that rings down through the centuries, and is couched in less pedestrian, esoteric terms. Knowledge of this grander and older tradition is prerequisite to attempting to establish rapport with the Wee Folk. It tells us that Gnomes are agents of a force which ensouls the Earth rather than merely an elusive if not invisible tribe whose function it is to provide a splash of color to our folklore.

To tell the entire story of how Gnomes came to be is to tell the story of how all of Creation came into existence, according to the Ageless Lore.

That makes Gnomes and the like sound very old and very interesting. And they are. As a matter of fact, very few humans have the foggiest notion just how important Gnome's work really is.

And, lucky for us, their job of instilling a mysterious life essence into the rocks and soil does not depend on our recognition and appreciation. If it did, there is grave speculation that the world would be in a great deal of trouble. Not to worry; Gnomes do their work with dedication and joy. But know this: without their ceaseless ministrations, our physical world would cease to exist in a robust and fertile a state as we know it.

On that rather profound note, I must return to the task at hand of suggesting precise steps for making contact with Spirits of the Earth.

The first step in this rapport-establishing business perhaps goes without saying: you must believe in Gnomes. This is the open sesame to all that follows.

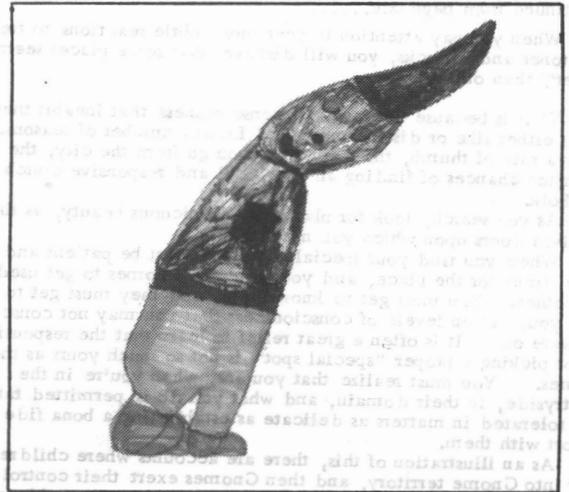
The second step is to culture a sense of appreciation for the marvels of nature that surround you: the beauty of the hills and trees and all of that. Bear in mind that appreciation of these wonders is in fact appreciation for the handiwork of the Gnomes which, taken a step further, is, when consciously done, an expression of appreciation for Gnomes. And they like that.

You will attract precious few Gnomes if you muse and dote on the wonder of it all in your second story flat. You have to get out into the country where the Gnomes are, for them to pick up on your fine sentiments.

So then, step three would be to find a special place in the country side. You will know this special place only by following your feelings, your instincts.

Continued on page two....

Pictures and Stories by some of our younger readers



"FRIGY"

The gnomes playing with there instruments. Ouce the was a gnome who had two frends Scooby and Dimbo and thay each had a instrument they were very good so they made a little band, and every Sunday they played for the gnomes in the village, and one Sunday the gnomes thought thay wud throw sum of there money to them and the gnomes were soon rich and thay lived haily ever after.

Story and picture by Simon (aged 7) and Paul (aged 3) Lane.



DIMBO FISHING IN THE GNOME POND.

"The Gnomes Pond"

Once upon a time there was a little gnome named Dimbo he was a very strong gnome and he loved fishing in the little pond in the village. Well one day he went fishing with his frends Fridgey and Scooby but when he got there, there were some bad goblins fishing there. Dimbo was very cross because it was the gnomes pond. So Dimbo got all the gnomes in the village and decided what to do. They soon decided what to do they were too kind to kill so this is what they did; they climbed the tree and put a net so when the goblins went for dinner the gnomes put the net down and when the goblins came back they fell in the net. The gnomes pulled the net up the tree and the goblins were to scared to get down so the gnomes had the pond for the day. And now they are to scared to come back because the gnomes might capture them again. The end.

Story and picture by Mandy Lane, aged 11 years.

A MEETING WITH AN ONDINE SPIRIT

I quickened by pace; for it was getting darker and aminous clouds were obscuring what would have been a beautiful sunset. The old oak trees cast long shadows that seemed to grasp and scabble to get a hold on the path, in the wind. I heard a crack and spun round to see a pair of bright green eyes glaring at me with an intense and evil stare; ignoring them, I turned and shaking slightly I began to jog along.

After about two minutes I sat down to rest on a felled log, somewhat damp from the drizzle that was falling. I could hear the stream bubbling and gurgling through moss covered rocks, meandering down the grove and into the small cave at Tun-Linn to become a subterranean stream before coming to the sea. But underneath the sound of the stream I thought I could hear a sad wailing that sounded like an ancient death song or a piccolo playing in the upper extremity of the range of notes. I sat and listened intently for a while, half hypnotised by the unearthly sound until, seemingly for no reason, I got up and started towards the sound.

Continued from page one.

When you pay attention to your most subtle reactions to trees and stones and hillocks, you will discover that some places seem "better" than others.

That is because the levels of consciousness that inhabit these places either like or dislike man, and for any number of reasons. But as a rule of thumb, the farther out you go from the city, the better the chances of finding an uncritical and responsive clutch of Wee Folk.

As you search, look for places of conspicuous beauty, as they are elvin doors upon which you may knock.

When you find your special spot, you must be patient and allow time for the place, and you, and the Gnomes to get used to each other. You must get to know them, and they must get to know you, but on levels of consciousness that you may not consciously be aware of. It is often a great relief to learn that the responsibility for picking a proper "special spot" is not so much yours as the Gnomes. You must realize that you are, when you're in the countryside, in their domain, and what you do is permitted rather than tolerated in matters as delicate as establishing a bona fide rapport with them.

As an illustration of this, there are accounts where children stray into Gnome territory, and then Gnomes exert their control in one form or another. Faerie tales recount instances of being enchanted, and eventual return to a normal state. But more often than not, the reaction is one in which you are not welcome, and an intruder, you will experience a sense of forboding, which if you do not leave, mounts to a sense of sheer and inexplicable terror which finds you running out of the forest. There are rather well-known accounts of construction firms undertaking to violate sacred Faerie Paths, where expensive and mysterious delays hamper and eventually terminate the project.

In the remote woodland dells you are likely to find best chances of success because the Gnomes there have had less contact with humankind. And given the less-then-angelic, in fact, downright ghastly behaviour of some of our fellows, it is likely that if Gnomes have had contact with men, it has been bad; something you must overcome. So then it stands to reason that if there has been little or no contact between your tribe of Gnomes and man, there will be little or no bias against you, and consequently there is less standing in your way in establishing rapport.

With that understanding, go to your special place, and relax and think of the Gnomes and their work. Send out thoughts of appreciation, and invite them to come near you.

As you send out these sentiments into a nearby clearing your eyes tell you is merely grass, trees and brush, you will begin to detect "presences," to have feelings that someone or something has arrived, that the subtle psychic composition of the area has changed.

At this point, you must pay particular attention to things you think you see in your side vision; things that really aren't there when you look directly at them and focus on them.

You are being investigated in much the same manner and for the same reasons that a house pet checks out strangers. This is a long process, but a necessary one.

Your patience will be rewarded in time with being accepted by the Wee Folk of the area. You will feel the difference; you will perceive a sense of belonging, and being welcome. You will know when this happens just as you knew how the place you selected was "right". To our insensitive race, this may sound rather gossamer as distinctions go, but it is all-important in this endeavor.

When you have been accepted, bring your Gnome friends a gift. Something as simple as a strange looking rock from a far away place (one that is foreign in composition to the locale of your special place). This will be an object of fascination and endless speculation for the Gnomes. They will spend hours picking, touching, squinting at, sniffing and fondling the strange stone.

Gradually bring that stone closer to you, and you will slowly, gradually draw the Gnomes into your personal force field, acclimating them to you. With this done, you will be slowly drawn to each other to such a point that you will both begin to see each other not as diaphanous wisps, but as more solid, objective beings.

You will discover the supernal thrill of discovering that Gnomes are individuals with personalities and names, peculiarities, ambitions, and have a great sense of humor, as well as a *joie de vivre*.

Legend says Gnomes can help you, run errands, arrange things, and even heal you. Perhaps, if they really like you, they will share with you secrets of nature. Maybe even lead you to troves of Elvin treasure.

But then, what greater treasure can there be than getting to know Gnomes?

My walk brought me to a grove, festooned with the rotting remains of trees and covered in moss. In the half light I caught a glimse of a light in the corner of my eye; I turned and to my amazement saw a small translucent figure glowing with a natural brilliance of its own. In its hand it held a simple reed pipe which it blew to produce a shrill piercing note. It turned and I saw a face of great wisdom, yet possessing features of being youthful and free. At it saw me it uttered a single scream and became as still as a statue and seemingly turned to a lifeless lump of clay. I was not very frightened for I was more filled with a sense of awe; so cautiously, I picked up a small branch and tapped the statue lightly. It suddenly spoke in a low quiet voice, "Please go away, for I have betrayed my promise".

"What promise?" I asked.

"The promise of the Ondine water spirit people, never to be revealed to a human, or else they will tell other humans and our secret will be lost forever". It reached down to a small leather pouch and brought out a stone with a glass like texture, that flashed and glowed.

"If I give to you this, will you promise never to tell any human, for this stone holds the alchemist's dream, the secret of eternal life and wherever you go, if you go near water the Ondine people will protect you from any danger".

"But how long is eternity?" I asked.

"Eternity is a rock one hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide, every ten thousand years a small bird comes and sharpens its beak on this rock and wears away a few tiny particles off. When this rock is totally worn away, one second in one day of eternity has gone by. "But remember, if you tell a single person of our existance the stone becomes useless".

With that it took on its original form and started to melt, mix and blend with the flowing water until finally it had gone and the only sound was the bubbling of the water and the whistling of the wind in trees. But this time as I walked home through the woods I did not feel scared or frightened and the cold damp wood took on a new appeal. I felt a slight warmth from the stone in my pocket and thought of all the questions I wanted to ask the Ondine; I also remembered the words he had spoken on eternity:

Eternity is a rock, one hundred miles long, and one hundred miles wide, every ten thousand years a small bird comes and sharpens its beak on this rock. When the rock is totally worn away, one second in one day of eternity has gone by.

Our new Wishing Well

In GNOME NEWS No. 2 mention was made of a Wishing Well. The Gnomes in the Gnome Reserve wanted to have one. We now have a beautiful well, made on Dartmoor and the Gnomes are very happy with it.

Many wishes have already been made at this well - but of course they are all secrets. Here is a picture of it.



Man~Trees~Water

Reproduced by kind permission of the Vagan Society.

TREES AND THE WATER CYCLE

A few years ago, when our television screens were showing heart breaking pictures of starving Indian children, the director of Oxfam said that only a gigantic reforestation programme could solve the drought problem in India. Few people could have appreciated the connection. We must use the present water crisis in England to enlighten people as to the importance of trees in the water cycle.

Behind the obvious fact that trees take in great quantities of water lies the all important truth that they also regulate its supply, helping to keep it available, not only for their own use but for other plants on whose functioning all life depends.

Water is constantly being drawn up from land and sea to form clouds; trees promote its precipitation, check its rush down slopes to rejoin the ocean, shield it from the heat of the sun and the drying winds that would draw it into the air again too rapidly and prevent it from sinking deeply into the earth beyond the reach of the searching roots. Thus they keep it available in the soil where it can be used for the maintenance of life.

The roots of the great forest trees reach deeply into the earth and draw up enormous quantities of water most of which passes out of the pores of the leaves to create "oceans of the air". Thus water that might sink beyond recall (there is a lake as big as France beneath the Sahara) is made available again for rain.

It is well known that the water vapour of clouds when forced to rise by mountain ranges cools and therefore condenses and falls as rain. The cooling effect of the water transpired by forests promotes precipitation in a similar manner. Dr Paul Schreiber, the meteorologist who did much research in this field, concluded that a region covered by forest increased rainfall to the same degree as elevating the region 650 ft. Other observers maintain that the vertical influence of the forest extends in some cases to thousands of feet. Meteorologists in Russia have recognised the value of trees and thousands of acres have been planted in strips across the open plains greatly increasing the crop yields. Such belts of trees also protect the soil from desiccating winds their benign influence in this respect extending to thirty times their average height. The beneficial effect on crops well compensates for loss of cultivatable acreage.

Trees help to prevent floods as well as droughts. When rain falls on a forest canopy its force is broken by the leaves and branches; the sponge like debris of the forest floor soaks up the water and prevents it from rushing unchecked down the slopes, carrying valuable top soil with it to swell the rivers and cause floods. Instead it sinks slowly into the soil, replenishing underground pools and feeding springs, regulating the flow of rivers. Floods and droughts caused by exceptional weather conditions cannot be prevented by forests but their effects can be greatly mitigated.

There is nothing new in these ideas. Plato's Critias spoke of happier days when Attica's mountains were tree clad - "The annual supply of rainfall was not lost, as it is at present, by being allowed to flow over the denuded surface into the sea, but was received by the country, in all its abundance, into her bosom, where she stored it in her impervious clay and so was able to discharge the run-off from the heights into the hollows in the form of springs and rivers of abundant flow and wide distribution." There have been serious floods of the Arno at intervals ever since the 14th Century when the woodlands were cut down to make pasture for sheep and goats. In 1333 Vico del Cilento urged reforestation but went unheeded - to this day, when 1967 brought another tragedy. In the Meiji period of Japan the felling of the forests caused disastrous floods and strict forest protection laws were passed. When they were broken in 1945 floods and erosion followed. More recent examples can be found in Jamaica, in Brazil, in Australia and all parts of the world where man, the ruthless predator, pursues his course unchecked.

In level regions where the water table can rise too high and make swamps, trees can help to drain the soil. One particularly happy modern example of this is the use of eucalyptus trees to drain the malarial swamps, thus checking the breeding of the mosquitoes and incidentally yielding valuable products instead of the poisonous side-effects of D. D. T.

The story of man's ruthless felling of the forest makes sorry reading. In many areas of the world "he has upset the balance under which wind and water were beneficial agents of construction, releasing them as twin demons which carve the soil from under his feet and hasten the decay and burial of his handiwork." There are however today many hopeful signs that he is at last beginning to realise his folly. Richard St Barbe Baker who has done so much to forward this enlightenment mentions some of them in the last article.

Man's awakening is coming only just in time, for, apart from the drought stricken areas, there are signs throughout the world that water is becoming a scarce resource. The technologically advanced countries make enormous demands on water resources. Europe is reported to be extracting water at three times the rate of replenishment. In Britain the demand is increasing at the rate of about 5% a year, quarter of the whole supply going to the public, and most of the rest to industry and Electricity Generating Board for cooling. To meet the growing demand more reservoirs are being made thus taking more precious land from food growing, and more wells are being sunk with little realisation of the fact that this often represents a dangerous living off of capital. Little attempt is being made to make people sensitive to the need to save such a precious resource. Our water boards perform a marvellous technological feat in providing us with practically unlimited safe water today, but what about tomorrow? Once again there is danger of linear, profligate living. It is all too easy to turn on the tap - and let it run - and not worry whence it comes or whether it goes. In this as in other areas, it is vital that man realises before it is too late that he must harmonise his living with the cycles of Nature, not savage her with his unthinking greed.

K Jannaway

Sources :- "Forests & Water in the Light of Experimental Investigation" by R. Zon; "Forestry in Soviet Russia"; "Forestry in Communist China", by S. Richardson; "Deserts on the March" by Paul Sears; "Vision of Glory" by John Collis.

Continued on page ten,

Joan MacDonald May's story "Amy's Adventures with the Magic Millstone" will probably be continued in the Christmas issue of Gnome News. Alternatively, she has offered to introduce us to more characters and verse like Dibber.

"Dibber"

I am a garden worker Gnome
Known to all as "Dibber",
I'm not the one that's made of stone
But real! I'm not a fibber.

I tend the flowers I love so well
They all respond to me
Daisy, Rose and Mauve Blue-bell
They fill me full of glee.

The spring is best when buds emerge
and Daffodils shine gold
to cancel out poor winter's derge
Give joy to young and old.

I'm a lucky little garden Gnome
as Fairies offer aid,
While I dig away at rich brown loam
With my garden spade.

For Fairies are my dearest friends
and concentrate on flowers,
Their help is ever great ammdend
for my labour of the hours.



Dibber, the Garden Gnome

RESERVE VISITORS



ONE OF THE SCHOOL PARTIES WHO VISITED THE GNOME RESERVE WERE HIGH BICKINGTON PRIMARY SCHOOL, SEEN HERE WITH TEACHER MRS JOHNSON.

BOOK REVIEW



THE REAL WORLD OF FAIRIES

By Dora Van Gelder.

Published by Theosophical Publishing House 1977. Second Quest edition 1978.

What are we four billion people who inhabit Mother Earth but four billion people each of us containing within the psyche a world or earth which, like the chicken and the egg, is distilled from and simultaneously colours our vision and perceptions of the earth/universe.

Our increasingly technological world pressures us all to steer our thoughts and our children's thoughts away from intangible realities. As Dora Van Gelder says, "The way so many parents treat children puts them on the defensive in this matter (seeing fairies). Being spanked for 'telling lies' is no encouragement to pursue the subject further. It makes a child ashamed of a beautiful experience". Today, however, we live on the brink of a potentially wonderful world and a New Age, with the silicone chip of necessity giving to vast numbers of people a lot more leisure time (which in previous generations was the coveted privilege of only the very wealthy). So we have the chance to constructively pursue the less tangible vistas of the Universe. (And this is where Gnomes and a Gnomish consciousness are so important).

I believe Dora Van Gelder and I can't imagine anyone who in their heart of hearts would not like to have the ability to see as she sees.

It's a refreshing book - like a glass of cool spring water compared with the too often devitalised chemically treated water we draw from the tap.

The following are four extracts which I hope will tempt you to want to read the whole book.....

1...."it is important to mention these things, for if once we see the world from the fairy point of view, we get a glimpse of a new universe. So many things which matter very much to us do not seem to matter at all to them. Life and death, for instance, are things which they know all about; to them there is no uncertainty and no tragedy involved. Mankind so often shrinks from life and fears death. Fairies actually see the flow of life through all things. We live in a world of form without understanding the life force beneath the forms. To us the loss of form means the end of the life, but fairies are never deceived in this way. They have a penetrating and powerful lesson for us.

2... Between the human point of view and that of a fairy, or any member of the angelic kingdom, one of the main differences is that we live in a world of form, and they live in a world of life. Our thoughts are primarily concerned with the form things have, and we seldom go further than that. But fairies are mainly concerned with the energy and life flowing around and within the form - life which is everywhere. For example, if we look at a tree we respond to its size, its shape, its colour, its leaves and fruit. These things combine to create its beauty for us. But when one comes to think of it, this is rather a limited way of seeing the world in which we live. In contrast, the fairy first beholds the spirit of the tree and responds to its vital energy. To a fairy, the tree is a living breathing personality which is expressing itself in the form we see. There is then an exchange of feeling, a mutual response, between the fairy and the tree. And thus fairies live a life which is much less limited, and much more interesting than ours. We humans are so hampered by the limitation of our senses that often we grow old too quickly out of sheer boredom with the dreadful monotony of our static world. We have feelings for the pets we are fond of, such as our cats and dogs and a few exceptional human beings may feel something like a personal friendship with respect to trees or flowers. But the relationship between fairies and the creatures that live around them is so different as to be almost a new order of existence. Since this point is important, I should like to explain further.

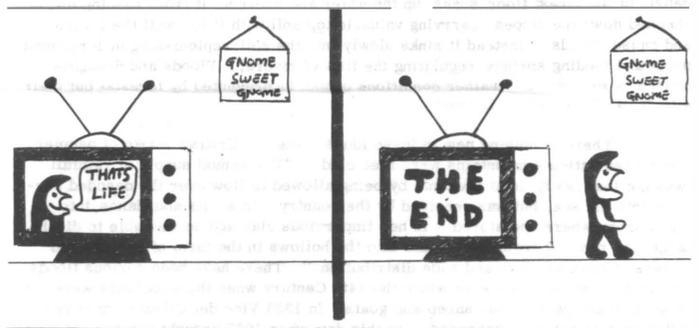
Most of our world is composed of inanimate objects or things that appear to be dead. Not only are we ignorant of the true life of animals, plants and rocks, but we are surrounded, and our lives are filled with things - just things - like chairs, tables, food, typewriters, cars and television sets. Ours is a world of objects. But a fairy never experiences anything of this character. He lives in a world where every blade of grass and every leaf are thrilling with the sense of being alive. In his world nearly everything expresses itself in some form of rhythm. Grass has a certain kind of pulsating life, each tree is an individual friend, and the flowers, birds, insects and fishes are, to a fairy, like his children. Furthermore, he lives in a world of friendliness, with thousands of creatures which have no physical form. Everything, from the butterflies to the leaves floating in the wind, is filled with a riotous, joyous life, and he senses this and feels akin to them in just being alive. His world pulsates with life, motion, feeling; these are its most essential characteristics.

Even one good look at the world in which the fairy lives is enough to convey this unique quality. It is not a world of surfaces - of skins and husks and barks, with definite separate edges and identities - but a state in which everything merges into everything else in an astonishing manner; nothing is static, all is dynamic. Let us begin with the fairy himself. As one looks at him one sees he has no skin. He is more or less a cloudy form. If you try to touch him there would be no point at which you could say, "This is his outer layer", because although he is increasingly dense as you penetrate towards his centre, it is a gradual increase; there is no boundary of skin or fur to mark him off. In the same way, the trees and grass and everything else in his world are to him like a pillar of light or a spot of glowing colour, melting and mixing and fading into the surroundings. It is like living in a fluid world in which creatures

have shapes which are sufficiently definite to be perceived, but which are always glowing, transparent, changing and mingling.

3... It is of course, possible for a tree to have an aversion to a person and feel dislike, and a case of this sort happened when I was a little girl. Though I cannot vouch for all the details of the story, as I did not witness the incident, I did observe the tree spirit to whom the story was ascribed. There was an ancient tree in a garden in Java, but its branches were endangering a house, so some Javanese were delegated to trim it. Each time anyone went up the tree or on the roof for this purpose something happened to him:- either his leg was broken by a fall, or his arm was thrown out of joint. Because of all these accidents, the upshot was that nothing happened to the tree, for the men refused to do the work. They attributed the accidents to the malignant influence of the old Kashmir nut tree spirit. I can vouch for the fact that when I was a child I did not like to play under that tree, although I was at the same time fascinated by the strong and powerful looking old tree spirit. He did not like human beings at all, for he really blamed human beings for his isolation and loneliness. When he projected himself towards people he looked rather like a thin grey faced ape of huge dimensions, perhaps fifteen feet tall. When within his tree, he was much taller, for it seems that the operation of densifying the body outside the tree draws the matter of his subtle vehicles into a smaller volume.

4... At a school in California where we were invited to the commencement exercises of the graduating class, the children performed a play about fairies. One girl, who had been very happy at the school, took the part of the spirit of a fine live oak. At a certain moment she emerged from behind the tree as though she came from within it, and was to address the tree as her home in terms of affection. When she came to the words "Dear old tree", she said them with real sincere feelings, which were especially intense because she was going to leave. Because the play was about fairies and performed by children, and because the audience was sympathetic and attuned, when she said those words, they were an appeal to the REAL spirit of the tree. He responded by coming out with a rush of affection so strong that the whole audience was stirred, and many people had tears in their eyes though they did not know why. The girl who had called him out was also greatly affected. This was a clear case of the natural feeling of trees for humanity, when people are of right mind towards them. In this case, the spirit of the tree put on an appearance of a tall benign being radiating good will. How very different from the spirit of the Kashmir nut tree.



SMALL ADS.

£5-£15 each paid for metal Gnomes by BTITAINS Ltd. Shamus O. D. Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London, W. 3.

W. KING, Belvedere, Bell Lane, Bedmond, 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.

CONTACTS 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 worded with psychic and magical abilities. They are also story stones when viewed correctly. \$10 each from Losette Wiloughby, P.O. Box 317 Fairacres, New Mexico 88033. U. S. A.

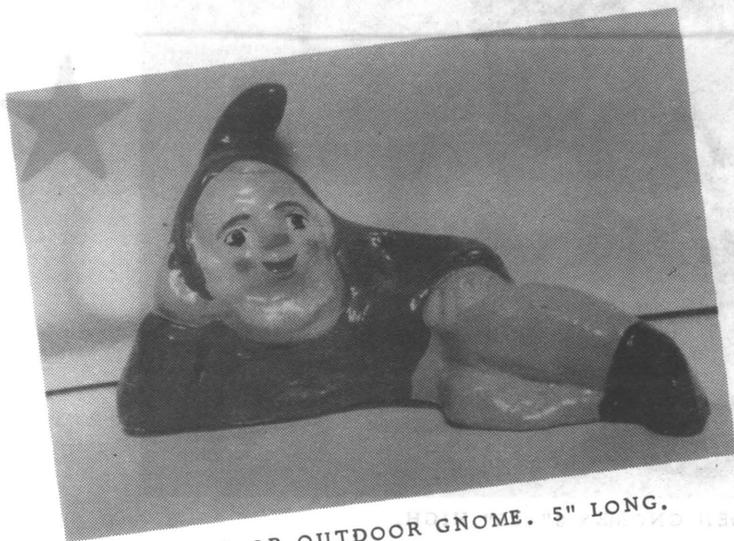
YOUNG OFOLOGISTS may like to contact Crystal Hogken - Editor of Magic Saucer, 8, Ely Close, Habberley Estate, Kidderminster, Worcs. "Magic Saucer" is a bi-monthly magazine, price 25p.

IF YOU WISH to receive and be included in a world-wide directory of people interested in LEY LINES and EARLY ENERGY, write us a letter. Include a brief description of your interest and/or involvement in the subject as well as a self-addressed standard-large-size envelope. If you live in the UNITED STATES, place return postage on the envelope - if beyond, include international coupon for the return post. Thank you. - Hyperborea, P.O. Box 1646, Dallas, Texas 75221 U. S. A.



GNOME CLUB GNOMES

ILLUSTRATED ON THIS AND THE NEXT THREE PAGES ARE SOME OF THE GNOMES WE HAVE FOR SALE. PLEASE SEND STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR PRICE LIST.



INDOOR OR OUTDOOR GNOME. 5" LONG.



HAND THROWN SALT GLAZED GNOME TANKARDS



HAND THROWN SALT GLAZED GNOME TANKARDS



POTTERY PIXIES ON TOADSTOOLS. 3 1/2" HIGH.



GARDEN GNOME 3ft. HIGH



GREEN PIXIE ON RED & WHITE TOADSTOOL. 3½" HIGH.



A GROUP OF GARDEN GNOMES 8"-15" HIGH.



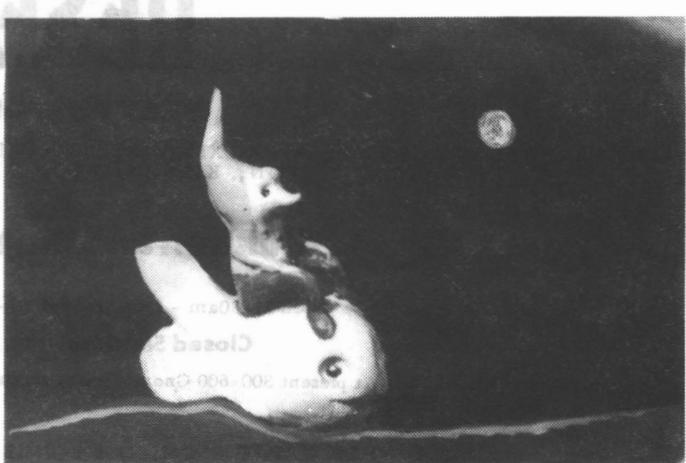
INDOOR INDIVIDUALLY MODELLED POTTERY GNOMES. 3½"-4" HIGH.

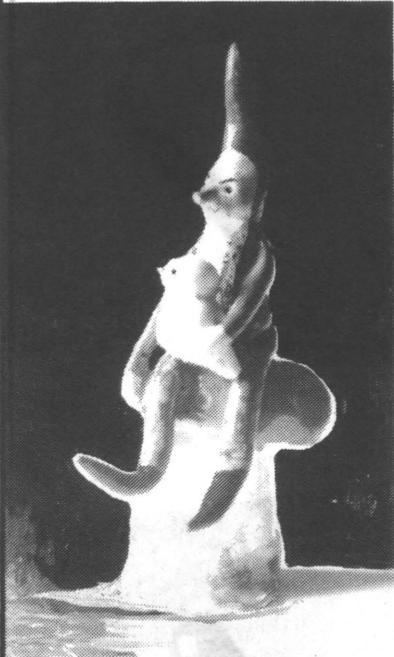


4" HIGH GNOMES IN SALT GLAZE POTTERY ALSO IN STONE FOR THE GARDEN

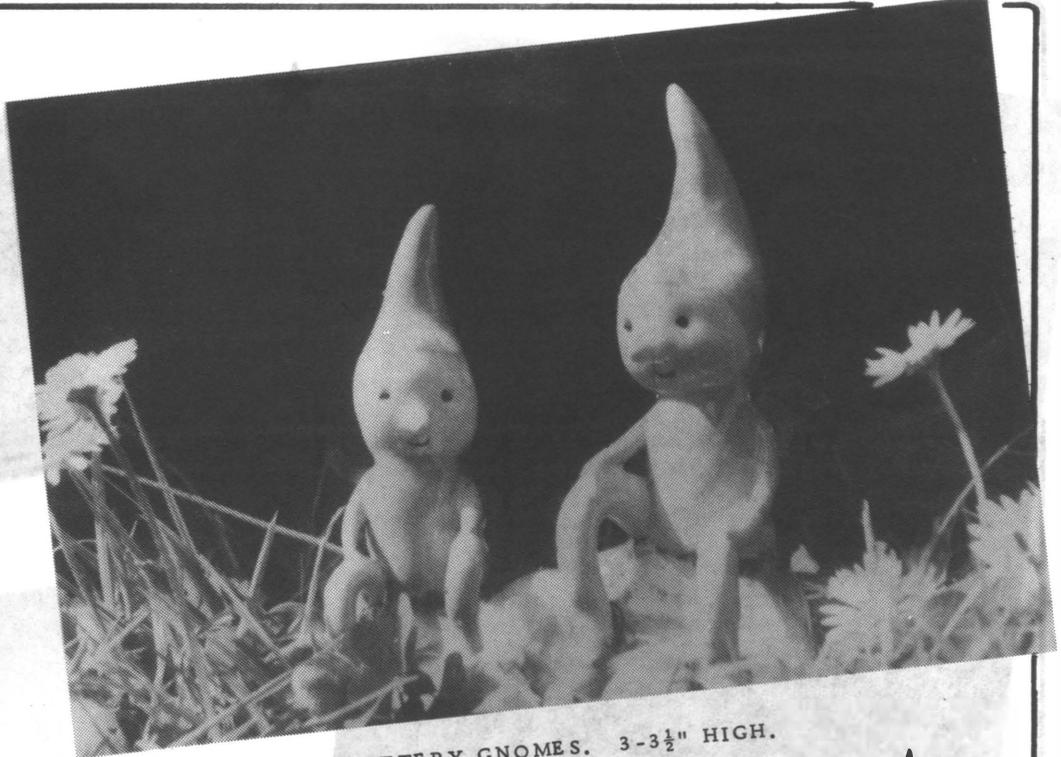


ABOVE: SALT GLAZED POTTERY GNOME 9" HIGH.
TOP RIGHT: HAND THROWN SALT GLAZED GNOME TANKARDS.
RIGHT: GARDEN GNOME, 18" HIGH.
BELOW RIGHT: INDOOR POTTERY GNOME 3" HIGH.
BELOW: GARDEN GNOME 3ft. HIGH.

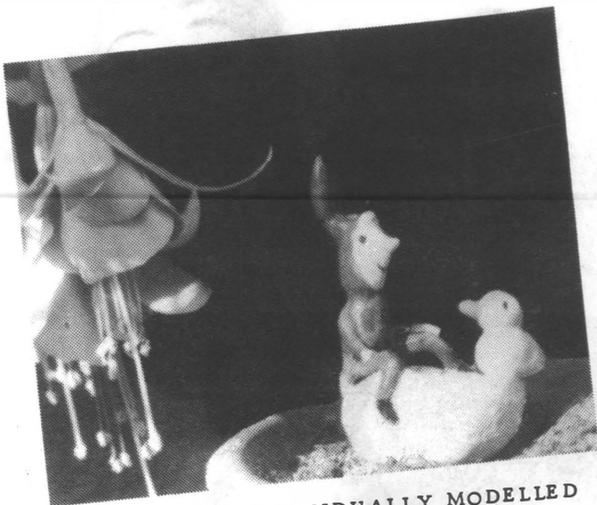




INDOOR INDIVIDUALLY MODELLED POTTERY GNOMES. 4" HIGH.



INDOOR POTTERY GNOMES. 3-3 1/2" HIGH.



INDOOR INDIVIDUALLY MODELLED POTTERY GNOMES. 2" HIGH.



INDOOR POTTERY GNOMES 2" HIGH.

THE GNOME RESERVE

WEST PUTFORD · DEVON

2 1/2 MILES FROM BRADWORTHY. APPROXIMATELY 10 MILES FROM BIDEFORD, HOLSWORTHY, CLOVELLY, TORRINGTON, KILKHAMPTON AND BUDE.

FOR
Children and the Young at Heart

Open 10.30am - 1pm. 2-5pm. 7-9pm During Summer sea

Closed Sundays ADMISSION FREE

At present 500-600 Gnomes living on the Reserve (increasing daily !.)

“ WHEN I WAS A CHILD I LONGED TO BE ABLE TO GET INTO THE FAIRY WORLDS I READ ABOUT. I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD BE ABLE TO ACTUALLY WALK IN SUCH A PLACE ”

Account of the history of Man by Hierodat the Gnome

Recorded by Ann Atkin.

HIERODAT BEGAN....."WHAT I AM ABOUT TO TELL YOU, BEING SO DIFFERENT FROM THAT GENERALLY FOUND IN HISTORY BOOKS, YOU PERHAPS WILL NOT BELIEVE - BUT THEN AGAIN PERHAPS YOU MAY....."

Long long ago, at the earth's beginnings, when Man lived in complete harmony with himself, with everything on the earth, and with the very earth itself, everything was like thought vibrations, without any fixed boundaries of form, and everything communicated with everything else throughout the whole of life by these vibrations - so Man was completely linked with and an integral part of the whole of creation.

This state continued in perfect harmony until one day a person discovered he was a separate entity. He knew this because he found that he himself had the ability to think a thought which, if he wanted, did not instantly communicate itself. "This thought is mine", he thought to himself, and at that moment he became a separate unit, aware of himself and of his ability to decide for himself.

"I", he thought, "I am", and he paused, for what was he? "I must have a name", he decided and he gave himself a name which unfortunately has been obscured in the mists of time, so that today people do not know what that name was - but any name would have sufficed so long as it distinguished him from everyone and everything else.

This step once taken by all people, a hardening process set into the vibrations - and so Man hardened and in fact took on what he now accepts as his physical body, within the form of which he contained what he now thought of as himself. He lived in groups and he divided himself into two sexes so that he could reproduce himself, for he discovered in this hardened physical state he was subject to numerous strange happenings and limitations which previously had been non-existent - not least of which was that he had become aware of time.....

Before this there had been no time. But now he discovered that as time passes his outward body form grew older and eventually even ceased to function. Old was a word he invented to describe what happened. In fact he found it necessary to invent words for everything because in his new state he seemed to be losing the ability to keep in touch in the old way.

As Man gained the ability for each to live a separate, independent life, he found it more difficult to perceive and keep in contact with Gnomes who are the very essence of the inside life of the earth. He now verbally and with the use of written words etc., communicates with his own kind just as, for example, individual species of birds sang their own songs, and the animals squeaked, grunted, roared or whatever to their own kind.

So partly out of necessity, because of the loss of what had been unity with all life, but mainly out of the excitement of discovery, Man gave to every different form of life that he saw, a name. It was what one could perhaps call The Naming of Parts. The whole appeared to have fragmented so that each individual part of it could lead a separate existence maintaining its own life and relying on itself to do so.

During the Naming of Parts, Man experienced a new sensation, one which gave him pleasure for he felt that by knowing the name of something he became in command of the situation - which was just as well, for the earth had become a place where in order to keep his outward physical body alive, he had to spend most of his newly discovered time in hunting and foraging for food, and building and maintaining a shelter.

You could say that all the troubles in the world began with the first person who gave himself a name, and you could also say that the first person who gave himself a name took mankind out of the mists of "eternity" where, at a thought, anything could happen, and into history.

Gnomes understood what was happening. We know that Man needed this experience in order to forge his own consciousness with free will to decide for himself. Consequently we were content to give life to the earth often unacknowledged by Man. We have patience in plenty and we know that the beginnings and the ends are identical except that that which in the beginning is not conscious, at the end become conscious.

In the beginning, in Man's primal, timeless state, that had been in essence, everything that could have been, is, or could be. There was pure vibration. In other words, thought was and thought alone determined the shape of things. But Man was not conscious that this was so.

Now that Man had become a conscious being himself, there issued forth from his mind two great streams of activity - both of which were equally necessary to him. One was concerned with more and more discovery about the physical world, understanding its properties and finding ways with which to use this knowledge for the benefit of Mankind's needs. While the other activity was concerned with keeping alive the origins, the awareness of the primal state which in fact was still everywhere although to Man's new consciousness not so readily perceived.

All the world over since the dawn of history there have been peoples who have seen clairvoyantly and by visions and who have known instinctively The Little People. And this makes us happy for when Man contacts us he feels relaxed and at peace within his mind.....and at peace with the earth so that he treats every thing that grows and lives on the earth with care and respect because through us he feels at one with all life - even the smallest "weed" or pebble is looked at, almost as if never had such a jewel been seen before.

In times of economic struggle when Man seems forced to spend

all his energies to provide for his family (and the tax man), it would be hardly surprising if he omitted to contact us - but paradoxically it is just when he is forced to concentrate his efforts upon practical survival that he most needs us. He needs us in order to relax, to get off, however briefly from the treadmill of physical routine. He needs us so he may escape from the pressures in order to return with renewed strength, happiness and fortitude. And yet what is it that we Gnomes possess?.....Fabled as the guardians of the earth's treasures, in fact in a sense we are quite powerless. As old as the earth itself and simultaneously as young as a small child, we want no power over anyone or anything.....and it is just because we are this way that we are most potent - we are said to be seven times as strong as a man - With us a person may become as at one with a tree or a blade of grass, an elephant or a mouse, with a mountain or a stream, may travel to the stars or move within the wind.

"You see", continued Hierodat, "there are many different types of Gnomes"....."There are for example the Gnomes who each live in a specific place on/in the earth and whose duty it is to stay in that place, tending and caring for the earth and energising it so that the plants which grow there have good soil for their roots. And then there are the "free living Gnomes" who have no special place to live but who are magnetically drawn to where ever they are most needed - for example to a composer who is from the earth of his mind, creating strings of sounds, or to a painter combining colours and harmonies".

"And this", said Hierodat, "leads me on to my final point... Everything grows from the earth and the concept of Gnomes (whether seen clairvoyantly or contacted through model Gnomes) can gladden peoples' hearts, lighten their tasks, and inspire their thoughts - as they perhaps attempt to emulate our ways - for at heart and in essence Man is a part of us and we are a part of him. Whether we carry a rake or a hoe, a spade or a wheelbarrow, a lantern or a musical instrument, whether we converse with a bird or a frog, or take a break from doing and sit thinking, to us it is not work at all, but a privilege at which with the tenderest of care we creatively play".

Editorial Comment.

GNOMES - the link between the Buddic (Heavenly) plane or the soul within and the outward manifestation in physical matter of Mother Earth, on whom we all depend for life. A consciousness of Gnomes leads towards an individual's psychic awareness and thought structure realisation, and simultaneously to a more harmonious living upon the earth and understanding of the nature of ecology. Gnomes being the spirits of the earth give a wholeistic concept applicable to all the deeper meanings and problems of life - yet are in essence simple enough to be comprehended and loved by children.

OUR COMFREY

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE ELEVEN



SOME GNOMES BESIDE OUR COMFREY WHICH GREW TO BE SIX FEET HIGH.

YOUR LETTERS

Dear Gnome Club,

Rudolph Pufendorf - a wonderful gnome - is a very close friend and he strongly suggested that I join your organization. Since his advice has never failed me, I have enclosed a money order for three pounds fifty pence sterling.

Sincerely,

Carole Gray,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

P. S. Rudolph has promised that he will one day start a fan club for humans that only gnomes could join.

Dear Ann,

I was delighted to receive my first copy of Gnome News in the mail today. It is a joy to Gnome-lovers. I look forward to receiving a Gnome Club badge and would also like to put in my request for a Gnome-stone, having read about them in the Newsletter.

I am enclosing one of my poems which you may, or may not (as you choose) wish to include in a future issue of Gnome News. Thank you for all your time and effort towards the Gnome Club.

Sincerely,

Melody Thomason,
Cheshire.

P. S. I use my maiden name (Collins) for my poetry - if you were wondering why the names are different.

THE FELLOW WHO LIVES IN THE GARDEN

I danced in the sun and the shadows,
And fancied there danced there with me,
The fellow who lives in the garden,
The fellow I never quite see.

As I whirled all about in the greenness,
All dazzled with laughter and light,
Did I hear music seep through the shadows?
Did I see someone move? No, not quite.

Now when mist rises up in the garden
On a night when the wind mourns and wails,
How it seems to shroud laughter and singing,
And the telling of weird, lovely tales.

For the fellow who lives in the garden,
The one who comes dancing with me,
Is a creature of moon dust and stargold,
A friend I can never - quite - see.

Melody Collins.

Dear Sir/Madam,

Would you please send me a gnome for indoors or outdoors. I enclose a cheque to cover costs.

I feel I must tell you about the gnomes here in Shetland. Because we have such a lot of small islands around Shetland, there is a group of gnomes who do a lot of travelling from island to island. This makes them a 'Gnomadic' tribe. One of them called Percy, is too old to do a lot of travelling now, so he stands outside the door of mycroft and lets me know a long time in advance if anyone is coming. If he doesn't like anyone he spits at them. A habit of which I am trying to get him out of. Most of my friends ask me where I got Percy from, at which I reply, the 'Ideal Gnome Exhibition'.

Near the Croft there are some standing stones. The gnomes particularly like the stones because where I ride my horse up the hill I often see them dancing there in a circle and sometimes if I'm quiet I see them sending out the light and praying for their fellow gnomes all over the world. At the end they say AGNOMES just like we say Amen.

Would you please send me any gnome hat you recommend. A gnome club design if possible.

Sincerely,

Margaret Rushton,
Shetland Islands.

Dear Margaret Rushton,

There has been a general clamoring here at the Gnome Reserve among the inhabitants as to who should be favoured to live on your beautiful island.

Anyway I trust you will like the two gnomes enclosed. They come with best wishes from all their friends. Do let me know your

reaction to them and also Percy's. The small one insists on bringing his overnight bag (its the largest he's got) and his favourite book. While the larger being fond of birds is much hoping to contact some seabirds from his new home.

They are both in need of names - and are in fact indoor living gnomes.

Dear Mrs. Atkin,

Thank you so much for sending the gnomes, Percy was delighted at meeting his two new friends. He came to meet me as I was walking across the fields to the croft and it was indeed exciting as they all exchanged hand-shakes and hugs. We have called the large gnome with the bird, Francis. He has settled in nicely here and he has been sitting at the window watching for unusual birds. He is very taken with the puffins here!

The smaller gnome we have called Brother John. He is quite happy to sit quietly and read his books. He reads all about the different religions of the world and we often catch him praying for humanity and his brother and sister gnomes in the reserve and around the world. He is such a good soul. He particularly likes it when I light the candle and he jumps off the shelf and comes and sits by my bed and reads to all hours of the morning. It took him a while to get used to there being no electricity here, but now he finds the candle light more natural and better for his eyesight. In the summer months it rarely goes dark here, so it is ideal for a book worm like Brother John!

Would you please send me another gnome with toadstool as sometimes the roof leaks and it is nice for them to shelter under something if possible.

Thanking You,

Sincerely,

Margaret Rushton.

VERY many thanks to Club Membr C281 who very kindly sent the following tapes to the Gnome Club...

From the Findhorn Foundation Lecture Series:

- 1) The Findhorn Garden. G/2 RC "Conversations with Pan by R. Ogilvie Crombie.
- 2) The Findhorn Garden. "The Animal, Mineral and Vegetable Kingdoms" and "The Elemental Kingdoms" by R. Ogilvie Crombie.

Both very much recommended.

Man-Trees-Water. Cont'd from page three....

THE MAKING AND RECLAIMING OF DESERTS

Men and trees, water and trees, man and water, are inseparable. This is the trinity of life. A chemical analysis of the human body shows it to be 90% water. Similarly a tree is found to be 90% water. Water is the basis of life. When the trees go, the water table sinks. During the past fifty years of my experience in equatorial Africa I have seen high forests deteriorate into orchard bush and orchard bush in turn deteriorate into savanna country and savanna into desert. In the course of my many safaris I have talked to old men who remembered days gone by when great forests covered parts that are now desert.

In remote times the evergreen covering of the forest reached from pole to pole for there was no ice and snow. If viewed from the stratosphere in clear atmosphere, our world must have looked like a great green star, but today the unbridled avarice of man is, in nearly every continent of the earth, destroying the biological balance. What appears to be inexhaustible treasure laden earth is really becoming a plundered planet. Our woods and forests, the indispensable lungs of our earth organism, are falling in a murderous dance of death. Our earth is literally being skinned alive, and the top soil is being washed into the ocean. Soil bacteria and the free animal kingdom are subjected to ignorant or systematic extermination. Vast areas of the earth are beginning to dry up as the result of deforestation. Rivers, instead of serving the valleys through which they flow, come down in flood carrying away top soil, wreaking death and destruction in their wake.

The finding of the first Sahara Expedition was that the desert was advancing along the southern perimeter for about 2,000 miles often to a depth of 30 miles in a single year. But a wonderful thing is happening. Country after country of the Sahara is now coming together to form a greenfront against the desert. They are trying to lift the spring water table by tree planting. Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia and Libya all have intensive planting programmes and I have seen for myself the amazing results of their regenerative planting. Experiments have been carried out with many varieties of eucalyptus, and I have had the privilege of accompanying study groups, including foresters of the Food and Agricultural Organisation of the United Nations, to discover the most suitable varieties. For the greater part Eucalyptus camaldulensis has been found the most acceptable. It has the largest leaves and therefore transpires the greatest amount of moisture into the air and is thus valuable for creating microclimates in which to grow food crops. While in Algeria visiting the Inspector General of Forests, my team carried out interesting experiments with transpiration and it was found that a single tree 45 feet high would transpire up to 82 gallons of water per day into the air. Just imagine what a great forest of these trees would achieve. One of the great advantages of this quick growing species is that it provides much needed fuel in a country where there is no coal. A more valuable species for building is Eucalyptus gompacephala. It is slower growing and cannot be said to transpire as much water as E. camaldulensis. I found that the former can be regenerated from coppice every 7 or 8 years and worked on a sustained yield basis thus fulfilling the economic requirements of the people and at the same time serving its vital function in the water cycle.

Richard St. Barbe Baker.

The relevance of Gnomes and other little people to modern thought

by Richard Bond

THE BELIEF IN THE EXISTANCE OF GNOMES AND SIMILAR "LITTLE" PEOPLE IS PERHAPS OF GREATER RELEVANCE TO MODERN THINKING THAN INITIALLY APPARENT, AND IT IS MY OPINION THAT THIS BELIEF SHOULD INFLUENCE OUR ATTITUDES AND PERSONAL PHILOSOPHIES AS MUCH AS ANY RELIGIOUS, SCIENTIFIC OR OTHER ETHICAL FAITHS. HOWEVER, AS THIS OPINION IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS EITHER "IMMATURE" OR "INSANE", AND SINCE THIS APPEARS TO BE THE MAJORITY VIEW, IT WOULD BE DEMOCRATIC TO ANSWER SUCH CRITICISM FIRST.

Adult "fantasies" are undoubtedly regarded by sceptics as a childish tendency, and yet the seemingly illogical ideas of children have frequently proven to be enlighteningly profound and refreshingly valid. Children, remember, are essentially unconditioned to modern society, the foundations of which are laws and conventions that constitute a dubious concept which possibly isn't as admirable as we are brought up to believe.

Similarly, adults who state, unashamedly, a belief in fairies, gnomes, elves, etc., are also considered to be "mad" or "crazy". This is because such critics associate these unproven visions with the equally inexplicable hallucinations of the insane. Yet, to be called mad, in many ways, is as much a compliment as being called immature, and suggests similar unrestricted and original thinking. Not only were nearly all significantly great men and their ideas considered mad in their time, but also, there is a strange tradition, perhaps not unconnected, for profound and adverse truth to be found in the visions and words of so-called insane people. Shakespeare, for example, was obviously a believer in this tradition as many of his characters reveal. Subsequently, a popular belief that is generally regarded as immature and/or insane, could well signify a considerable relevance in that belief.

It is my opinion that we are living in an Era of Uncertainty. In the last three hundred years of immense technological advancement in the Western world, we have constructed a logical and presumptuous society geared towards the normal majority (which, as any Darwinist knows, will select an increasingly 'normal' and similar population) and the concept of the 'single perfect' (the one correct answer). It generally disregards the mysterious abstract phenomena of the human mind and the invisible reality of our environment. It is very much a material world. Therefore, although way ahead in terms of scientific advancement, in the field of psychic awareness, I would rate our current civilisation way below that of the ancient Chinese, Indian and, to a lesser degree, South American and Greek cultures, all of which highly regarded individual philosophy and imaginative thinking beyond the apparent confines of the visible, definable world.

However, in the late 20th century we are finally beginning to regress towards recognising the subconscious realities (as opposed to fantasies) and appreciating that the physical limitations of our bodies, in particular the obvious sense organs, are not the limitations of our perception. The imagination is, after all, possibly our best developed and certainly most fascinating sensory body. Its apparently obscure and irrelevant behaviour should not be ignored as a harmless, insignificant state of mind.

The uncertainty that I mentioned is therefore the result of the dissolution of our inherent conventions regarding the fundamental nature of ourselves and our environment and the birth, or rebirth if you like, of our appreciation of the invisible, undefinable, but not unconceivable, mysteries of the universe.

This is where gnomes and the "little" people become relevant. Their significance is that they are not real. By this I mean that they are not "real" as we, perhaps wrongly, define the word, and so they supply evidence for the existence of reality beyond our immediate and conventional understanding. Emmanuel Kant's famous saying, "We see things not as they are, but as we are", explains perfectly that our objective limits are unnatural and subjective thinking would be of great benefit to the modern individuals awareness and mental progress. For instance, a person lying on the floor observing the symbol 99 on the ceiling would describe it as "ninety-nine", whilst another person lying the opposite way would describe that same symbol as "sixty-six". Neither are wrong (or right for that matter). There is more than one Single Perfect image in this, and indeed all situations. Even an object with optical symmetry, like a sphere, is seen differently from all positions because it is dependant upon the observer's personal concept of a sphere. It depends on what you are not on what it is. This unique nature of perception can be translated to our general comprehension of reality and so any, apparently, definable object has, in fact, an infinite number of variable impressions, none of which are imperfect. Nothing is therefore strictly definable and many objects, e.g. Gnomes, are more elusive to our relatively narrow senses than others. Despite their curious behaviour, the "little" people are considerably relevant to us and are important in our impression of reality. As George Bernard Shaw states in reference to the visions and voices of Saint Joan, "The test of sanity is not the normality of the method, but the reasonableness of the discovery".

I believe that gnomes and the like constitute an anomaly of our reality, popularly called illusions, by inter-relating between the visible consciousness and the invisible subconsciousness (or unconsciousness, as Freud prefers to call it). They exist, as it were, on the boundary between the limites of our primitive senses and the realm of imagination, which means that they are subjected to the

extent of personal perception. Hence, individuals with greater imagination and perception are more likely to experience those illusions. This throws new and beneficial light on the indefiniteness of our "home" reality. As Richard Bach states in his highly recommended book, "Illusions": "The original sin is to limit the Is. "Don't". After all, to define the seven colours of the spectrum is to destroy its continuity, or as the Lao-tzu puts it; "The five colours blind one's eyes, the five tones deafen one's ears, the five tastes ruin one's palate".

The 20th century has seen a definite trend for escapism in all fields of artistic thought, from the expressionists and surrealists of the early century to the psychedelics and science fantasists of the sixties and seventies. Psychologists probably put this down to disillusionment with the explicable, lawful environment of modern man and his desire with the mysterious excitement of a fantasy world. Personally, I feel it is actually an intrinsic drive towards this alternative, more complex expansion of reality that our intelligence and imagination is now capable of understanding and our subconscious wishes to explore. A natural tendency for progressive mental evolution, inhibited by our specific conditioning (in the same way that technological advancement has frequently been inhibited by inherited superstitions). There is no scientific proof that gnomes do "exist", as the word is normally defined, but isn't it about time we examined the limitations of "scientific proof" and "logical thought" and begin to discover the incredible and relevant images of this new dimension? "The imagination is not a state; it is the human existence itself", William Blake.

COMFREY...

AN ORNAMENTAL PLANT, COMFREY IS A MEMBER OF THE BORAGE AND FORGET-ME-NOT TRIBE BORAGINACEAE.

In the photo you will see it is erect in habit; not seen is the fact that it is rough and hairy all over.

(In the water-meadows which form such a well known feature in South Wilts, especially in the valleys round about Salisbury, Common Comfrey is abundant, and the flowers vary in colour from creamy-white to a pretty rose-pink, while the purple sort is the commonest. Note by a Wiltshire writer).

A variety with flowers of a rich blue colour, *S. Asperum*, Prickly Comfrey was introduced in the British Isles from the Caucasus in 1811 as a food for cattle. Growing to 5ft or more this species is the largest of the genus with prickly stems and bold foliage. 40-50 tons of green food per acre can be achieved. It was found after extensive cultivation however that although cattle, pigs and horses would eat it, they never took to it kindly. Perhaps their mates in the Caucasus didn't have life quite so good and found a prickly munch of Comfrey preferable to dry windswept grass.

Comfrey grows best under the shade from trees.

VITA(L)MIN Details.

A part from its many herbal remedies the leaves contain up to 33% protein and it is probably the best known plant to contain Vit. B12 usually found in raw liver and raw egg yolk (the anti-anaemia vitamin). It also contains the vitamins A, C and E and the B complex group. Of some interest is the claim by herbalists that it is one of the only herbs that will help to prevent cataract of the eye in middle age.

Medical Action and Uses. Demulcent, mildly stringent and expectorant. Comfrey's demulcent action has long been used in the home for lung troubles, quinsy and whooping cough. The root more effective than the leaves in cases of coughs. Its history of benefits to the body is long. From help to the kidneys and its talent for dissolving gall stones, to rectifying ailments of the bladder, bowel problems such as constipation and piles, and the urinary tract (eg cystitis). A tincture used by modern homeopaths is made from the roots with spirits of wine - 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water several times a day.

Powdered root, dissolved in water to a mucilage, sa's Surgeons, is far from dismissable for fractures and bleedings, and the callus of bones under repair is accelerated. Culpepper says: "The roots being outwardly applied cure fresh wounds or cuts immediately".

A good green vegetable can be made from the young leaves. A vegetation "coffee" can be made which has none of the injurious effects of ordinary coffee, by mixing Dandelion roots, Chickery roots and Comfrey roots together - excellent, I drink it - as a coffee, not for whooping cough! Equally good is Comfrey and burdock root.

No doubt a City dweller with a predisposition for ulcers would find this drink of immense comfort and perhaps on his death bed at 100 years be heard to whisper "all praise to Comfrey".

For further reading... Comfrey. The Herbal Healer by Lawrence D. Hills.

RON ATKIN

NB. We may have a few spare roots of Comfrey in the Autumn. If anyone is keen to grow it send a strong envelope and 15p to cover costs.

Competitions

A message from the Gnomes... they are not very happy because they have discovered that there are rather a lot of "lazy" Club members within the Club. Will more members and their families (adults and children) please be more active and send in lots of competition entries.

1. A PAINTING OR DRAWING. A GROUP OF GNOMES HAVING FUN.
2. WRITING UP TO 500 WORDS. A GROUP OF GNOMES HAVING FUN. WHAT ARE THEY DOING?.

Overseas members, do enter the competitions, for if your entries arrive too late, there can always be a time slip and winning entries appear in the following Gnome News.



Above: "GNOME PLAYING MUSICAL INSTRUMENT" by SARAH BACON. A Gnome News Number 3 prize winner, children's section.

By fair lake Constance' verdant shore
 Our comrade Gottfried stands,
 With glasses (as his eyesight's [poor])
 A pot between his hands

For he's a potter gnome by trade,
 Ceramical by birth;
 And though perhaps his feet are [clayed],
 He's very down to earth.



Gottfried

Resides he at the pottery
 Surveying the potters' wares
 In tranquil peaceful Constancey
 Devoid of woes and cares.

Above: Part of a joint entry. Verse by RUSSEL GOFFLUM and drawing by PIP WHITE (Australia) "GNOMES AND THEIR HOMES". Gnome News No. 2 prize winning entry adult section.



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.

The Gnome Club welcomes members to join in active participation by sending in serious and/or humorous articles, thoughts about Gnomes and their relevance, stories, experiences, drawings, photos, comments and competition entries, etc., etc.

When writing to The Gnome Club for any reason, it would be greatly appreciated if members could mention their Club number, as this makes life, this end, much easier.

Members who joined the Club previous to August '77, if you have not already renewed your subscription, can we remind you that it is now due. You already have a Club badge and so in addition to next year's issues of Gnome News you will receive a small baby (one year old) Gnome made in pottery by The Gnome Club.

A moon chart for Jan - April '80 for gardeners is being compiled by Marcus and will appear in the December Gnome News - ready for the spring.

If anyone did not receive their copy of Gnome News 3, please say, as there were some postage troubles at the time.

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

Baby Gnomes



INDOOR INDIVIDUALLY MODELLED 2" HIGH POTTERY GNOMES. THESE BABY GNOMES ARE SENT TO MEMBERS WHO RENEW THEIR CLUB MEMBERSHIP FOR A SECOND YEAR. (HE IS A 1 YEAR OLD GNOME) TO MARK ONE YEAR OF THE GNOME CLUB.

GNOME ROBBERY!

Why not write or 'phone a radio station and request to hear "The Great Gnome Robbery". It is sung by Brian Murphy (George in TV's George and Mildred), and is a PYE record 7N 46086. You might help to launch this record into the charts..... Surely the Gnomes must like to hear themselves being sung about! On the reverse side of the record is a song called Jogging.