



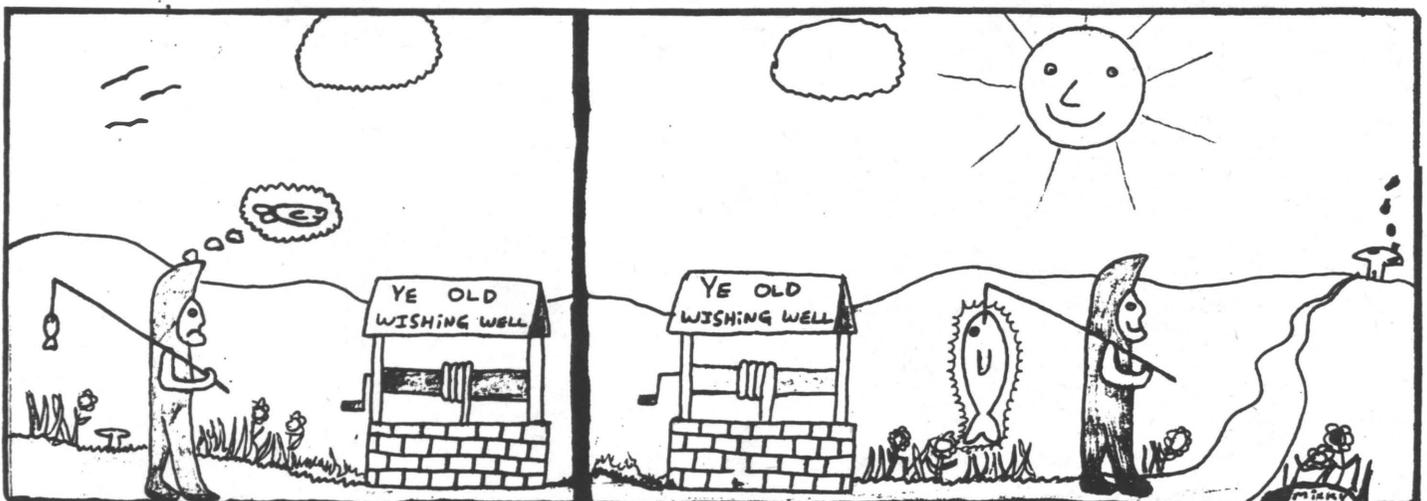
# Gnome News

Newsletter No. 8



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

## ST. VALENTINES DAY EDITION





Dear Mrs. Atkin,

I enclose a photograph for use in the magazine, if suitable, of a rather splendid gnome I came across in the Queluz in Portugal. He would appear to be an indoor variety, if there are such creatures.

I've been searching a number of guide books to try to find out something about him but unfortunately I've not been able to find anything at all. As far as I can remember he is about 2½ feet tall and seemed to be made of metal but I could not be sure of this as I could not touch him due to ropes around the room. We were there independently and the guide spoke no English at all. He stands in a room furnished mainly as a nursery.

Queluz is a very pretty 18th century Royal Palace, no more than about fifteen miles from Lisbon. The gardens are magnificent, very formal, rather in the style of Versailles, with marvellous constructions of very decorative tiling.

I'm sorry I can't be of more assistance. I can't recall seeing a gnome displayed in a Royal Palace anywhere else!

Yours sincerely, Patricia M. Rice. Essex.

Here is a lady and she is making some girl gnomes and some boy gnomes and we choose a lady and a man and the lady had a curly hat and the boy had a straight hat



Dear Mrs Akin,

Our Family visited your Gnome Reserve whilst we were on holiday at Westward Ho! We were all enchanted with your friends especially our young daughter Sally. She has since drawn the enclosed picture of you at work making some of your pals. (one of which adorns our corner cabinet!) and she asked me to post it on to you.

With kind regards to you all.  
from Sue, Richard, Sally and Toby Hall.

Dear Ann,

Here is my Valentine Gnome with good wishes to all; and the "progress report" as promised. I wish to share my good news with my fellow gnome club members for I feel they may be interested in the fact that gnomes (our small earthly spirit helpers) through God's divine power are most certainly with us all the way, and assisting us all when we strive to do our little bit of good on this troubled planet.

It all started for me, when joining the Gnome Club. Prior to this I was already engaged in doing a series of paintings, illustrating scenes from Johanne Spysi's "Heidi", for a well known Swiss/Canadian Restaurant in Ontario, my brother acting as my Agent out there.

Well, (now this is strange indeed) when I decided on reaching my 5th painting to introduce a small gnome, incorporating him with my signature, things started to happen! No sooner said than done! My luck changed and before long I found myself being commissioned to do endless gnomes in full colour for the Canadian and U.S. Market - eventually to be put into book form.

Then another piece of luck, which we assume to be supernatural... One fine day, a jolly stout gentleman with a mane of white hair and beard walked into the aforementioned Swiss Restaurant in Canada to see himself portrayed seven times as Heidi's Grandpa in seven paintings. An absolute double, yet this artist has never seen this jolly person in her life. How can one account for a painting being done before seeing the model? Time put into reverse?

He was so taken with the likeness of himself that he commissioned me (through my brother) to illustrate two books, about his life as Santa, for children. It appears he is the real "Santa Claus" and is a vital part of Santas Village, Ontario and Santa Town U.S.A. (sort of miniature Disneyland).

But here is where the gnomes come into my story. Each illustration is literally swarming with his countless mischievous little gnome helpers.

This letter is not intended to be egotistical - quite the opposite - it is intended to be a tribute to the gnome population and most of all to our founder Mrs. Ann Atkin for bringing joy and innocence into our lives and for binding us all together in our new common love of gnomes, for keeping the "child" within us alive.

Happy New Year to us all and Happy St. Valentines Day and to all the Gnomes.

Yours Joan Martin May (Mrs. Sparrow) Herts.



# MY ENCOUNTER WITH FAIRIES

by

Margaret Hopkins

The following article is reproduced with the kind permission of the editor of "Magic Saucer" Magazine.

I was intrigued by Phyllis Palmer's account of her meeting with Fairies in Dyfed, Wales. I know its absolutely true - because I met a whole troop of fairy folk in Powys, on the road to Llandrindod. First of all let me tell you about an earlier incident in my home town of Swansea.

Having left Swansea when I was a young girl, I chose to re-visit the district a few years ago. I spent quite a lot of time in Singleton Park as it was during a spell of lovely summer weather. I had borrowed some books from the Public Library from which I learned that some very famous people including Yeats the Irish Poet, Lord Dowding, and even the writer Conan Doyle had professed a belief in Fairies and elementals. Lord Dowding claimed to have seen them in his garden. All this set me thinking - if anyone should be able to see fairies surely that person should be me? - I have always been psychic - I once saw a witch back in my childhood, but that is another tale.

Anyway, I set of - determined to find myself some fairies - and maybe a few elves thrown in for good measure. I sat in a fairly secluded spot away from the main pathways - and concentrated hard upon a setting of woodland trees - it looked just the sort of place where fairies might frolic. I sat there for about an hour as if hypnotised. Nothing! I learned one thing though. It is simply no good at all going out willing the elementals to appear - they please themselves in this matter - they are accountable to no-one but themselves.

Another thing, it could prove to be rather embarrassing. As I had been sitting their staring intently at nothing I had been under scrutiny from the Park Keeper. I looked up to find him staring suspiciously across at me. "You all right?" he enquired. "Oh, yes, just looking at the squirrels," I lied. "I thought you wuz in a trance," he said, and added, "You ought not to be sitting around here on your own as there is some funny characters bin prowlin' around hereabouts," and with this dark warning, he marched off.

After this, I gave up looking for fairies and pixies, deciding that perhaps they did not really exist. How wrong was I!

A few years later I went to live in Powys, Wales, where the buses were few, and I spent a lot of time waling through the mountains. I had no thought of meeting fairies, in fact I had quite forgotten my earlier enthusiasm for elementals, I was simply walking for exercise and delighting in the beauty of the surrounding countryside. I remember I had just found two four leafed clovers, they were quite common around there even five leafed clovers to. I stopped to rest at an old stone bridge crossing over a rushing stream, tossing the four leafed clovers into the churning water beneath. Then I heard, faintly at first, a sound of pipes and flutes being played. I listened entranced, thinking it was perhaps to music of shepherds or gypsies.

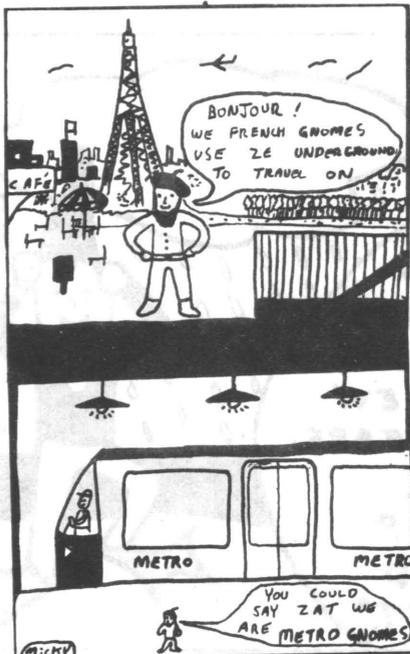
The musical sounds intensified and seemed to surround me, As if under some enchanted magical spell I became aware of a crowd of little figures all dressed in green - I was seeing them with my inner eye. They surrounded me chattering excitedly in thin piping voices. I was enthralled. I found myself leading them as they formed themselves into a troop behind me, still playing a merry, jiggling tune. We set off along the deserted road - I found myself tripping along in time to the fairy music. It would have looked a very funny sight if another human had come and seen, to all intents and purposes, one person - me - apparently jiggling along a welsh road for the sheer fun of living.

Halfway back to the village where I lived, I stopped at a five - barred gate overlooking a meadow, as I sensed that the fairy folk would not want to go any further. Leaning on the gate as they crowded around me I became aware that they were pleading with me to join them - to enter their Kingdom. I must say I was tempted. However, the thought of perhaps disappearing for ever from human sight - I wonder if this is the reason for those inexplicable, mysterious vanished, missing children and people one hears about from time to time? - was a bit too much for me. So, regretfully, I tried to explain to the fairy folk, whereupon their mood changed from merriment to vexation and they started behaving like fractious children - pulling at my clothes and kicking at my legs. Suddenly, tiring of all this, they formed themselves into a troop and set of back to their bridge to the sound of pipes and flutes. Sadly, I watched them go as I really had not meant to offend them. I became aware of a tugging at the hem of my coat and, looking down, I saw a little fairy child or pixie looking up at me. He did not speak but his look said plainly, "I do understand" and with that he skipped off to catch up with the others.

That was the last I saw of the fairies - but on another occasion I heard the faint sound of fairy pipes and flutes as I was standing by the stone bridge.

There were also welsh spirits in those hills and mountains - as on several of my solitary walks I received telepathic answers in welsh - to my thoughts. Now this is very odd as I do not myself speak the language, although being half welsh I do know a little about the pronunciation. Whenever I received these telepathic communications I had to wait until I was able to visit a Library to consult a welsh Dictionary to find out the meaning of the messages. The strange thing was that they always had some bearing upon the subject I had been thinking about at the time of my solitary ramblings, some were in the nature of foretelling future happenings.

This is a true experience.



SMILE ... SMILE ...  
 SMILE ... SMILE ...  
 SMILE ... SMILE ...

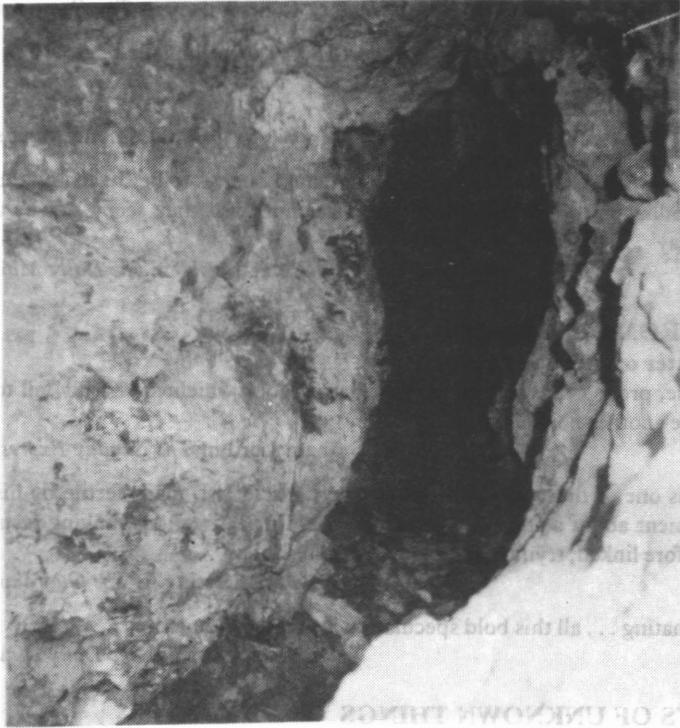
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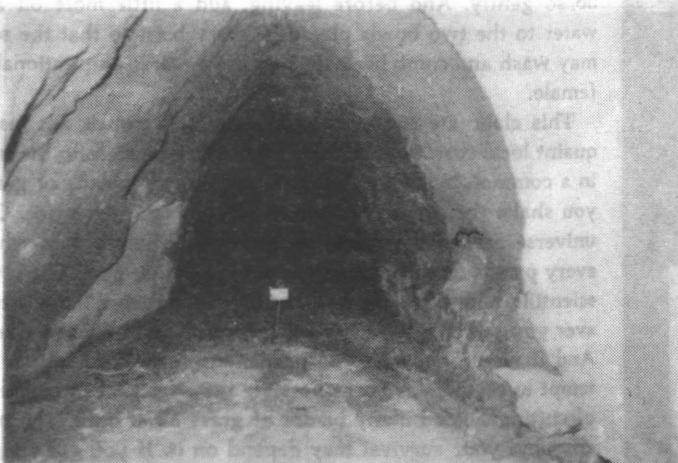
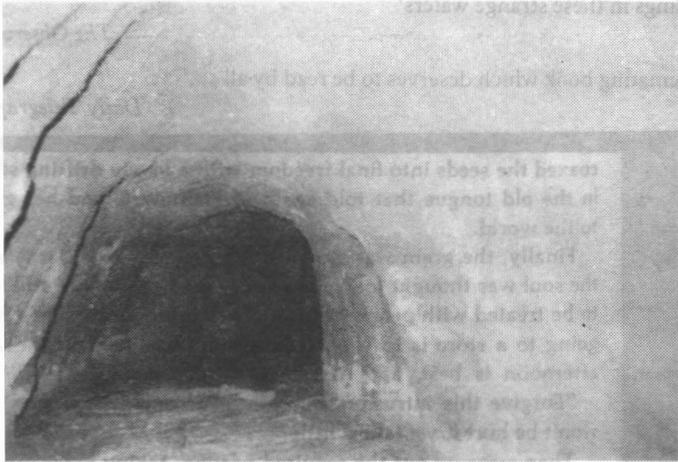


# CAVEMEN ....

Small cave photos taken by Bernard Vaegs of West Germany - with local folklore explanations.



Entrance of a cave beside the ALTMUHL - RIVER (Germany)  
It is said in days of Yule there lived Dwarfs/Gnomes. At night time they came out of the caves, crossed the river and were of assistance to the Miller of BUBENROTH Village. (cave too small for human size).



Abandoned dwarf cave (height 2ft 9ins, base 2ft 8 ins) at MERGENTHAY, near AUGSBURG, GERMANY.

# Fairy Drawings

BY MRS. MARIAN PARRY  
nr. Birmingham, age 73.



# Competition

"Gnomes in their homes"

A painting, drawing, cartoon, story or poem. Entries by 1st May please. Prizes will be 8" high concrete garden gnomes dressed in red and green.



Photograph Annie Wilson

DR. LYALL WATSON is a scientific nomad. Born in Africa; educated in Holland and Germany; taking his doctorate at London Zoo; he has been involved in anthropology in Jordan, Nigeria, Indonesia and Brazil; archaeological excavations in Israel, Turkey and Peru; palaeontology in South and East Africa; marine biology in the Indian Ocean; botany in the deserts of Sonora; and medical research in the Philippines. For the past decade he has been pursuing the paranormal, travelling constantly in search of the unusual; pausing only to publish what he calls 'position papers' on his progress. *Supernature*, *The Romeo Error* and *Gifts of Unknown Things* are three of these.

## LYALL WATSON

### SUPERNATURE

#### The Natural History of the Supernatural

'A book of considerable importance, perhaps the most significant book about the supernatural to appear in the past decade . . . very exciting'

Colin Wilson in *The Spectator*

'A fascinating feast of cosmic law and order . . . compelling reading'

*New Scientist*

'A fascinating survey . . .'

Dr. Desmond Morris

'To read this fascinating and well-documented book is to be shaken by the sheer piling-up of evidence that things are not what they seem, not by a long way'

Peter Lewis in *The Daily Mail*

### THE ROMEO ERROR

#### A matter of Life and Death

'A brave, provocative and utterly fascinating book which can hardly fail to become another bestseller'

Graham Lord in *The Sunday Express*

'This is one of those valuable books where a scientist, made fertile by his excitement about a subject, sparks off ideas in all directions, linking facts not before linked, trying out all kinds of associations'

Doris Lessing in *The Guardian*

'Fascinating . . . all this bold speculation is greatly stimulating'

Peter Lewis in *The Daily Mail*

### GIFTS OF UNKNOWN THINGS

'One of the most fascinating books of its kind I have ever read'

Colin Wilson

'It is impossible not to be impressed and intrigued by his spectacular soundings in these strange waters'

*The Observer*

'A fascinating book which deserves to be read by all . . .'

*Daily Telegraph*

#### Books of interest...

The extracts are from  
*Gifts of Unknown Things.*

Published by  
Hodder and Stoughton.

But I no longer have that problem. Not since I number theoretical physicists amongst my friends. They have taught me that the objective world in space and time does not exist and that we are forced to deal now not in facts, but in possibilities. Nobody in quantum mechanics talks about impossibilities any more. They have developed a kind of statistical mysticism, and physics becomes very hard to distinguish from metaphysics. And that makes things a little easier for a biologist faced with biological absurdities.

coaxed the seeds into final freedom with a lovely drifting song in the old tongue that told again of Hainuwele and her gifts to the world.

Finally, the grain was stored in huge bins in the barns and the soul was thought to be reasonably secure; but rice still had to be treated with proper respect. The correct procedure when going to a store is to choose an auspicious moment, the late afternoon is best, and first make your apologies to *djiwa*.

"Forgive this intrusion," but we need some more rice. You won't be hurt if we take a little?"

Then measure out the required portion, taking great care to do so gently. And before leaving, add a little more oil and water to the two bowls placed in every barn so that the soul may wash and comb her hair, because *djiwa* is unquestionably female.

This elaborate concern for a basic food crop is not just a quaint local custom. It is shared by all people close to the land in a common belief that every time you cut a blade of grass, you shake the universe. Modern physics tends to agree. Our universe seems to be one of unbroken wholeness in which every part is directly connected to every other part. The latest scientific name for the soul is "hidden variable," but whatever you call it, it seems to be firmly rooted in consciousness. And it would appear to be prudent to make a conscious attempt to regulate as far as possible the effects on the universe of cutting a good many blades of grass all at once. The next crop and your survival may depend on it. If you are obliged to shoot an arrow into the air, it makes sense to ensure that it is properly flighted so that you have some chance of predicting

This kind of orientation based on memory and a knowledge of the land is not unusual amongst animals. Honeybees remember the location of good foraging grounds for a long time. Continuously dancing bees can even reproduce from memory the distance of these sites and their angle to the sun, and make allowances for any change in solar position. In one instance a bee that visited a particular food source was kept in a closed hive for five weeks and at the end of that time was still indicating the position correctly, making all the appropriate astronomical corrections.

earth flow has become "sour." They believe it is possible to purify these streams by driving metal stakes into the earth along their course. The theory is that this lets good energies in and an excess of bad ones out. It restores balance in the same way as acupuncture is believed to maintain equilibrium between the complementary forces of yin and yang.

Acupuncture meridians follow the pattern of no known physiological system. They were thought to be purely imaginary until instruments such as the Russian tobiscope were developed to give the lines, and points on them, the kind of electronic reality that science requires. It is possible that this vital current which seems to animate the human body is the same as that which flows through the arteries of Earth. In the cosmology of the Australian aborigines, Earth is regarded as a giant organism in its own right. Many of their rituals are designed to ensure the continued harmonious flow of the planet's vital essences. They take direct responsibility for its health and well-being.

around with ideas like this; anyone can play that kind of academic game. But the wonderful thing about this is that it is strongly supported by much recent scientific theory.

John Wheeler's concept of superspace involves a quantum-mechanical scattering of an indefinite number of coexisting universes all interconnected by "wormholes" which carry signals like nerve cells feeding a great cosmic brain. He suggests that the entire universe may consist of only one electron which is scattered in time to perform all particle functions everywhere.

Harris Walker sees space as inhabited by an unlimited number of interconnected conscious entities responsible for the detailed workings of the universe, answerable for each event involving every individual particle. Consciousness, he says, is everywhere.

Jack Sarfatti believes that consciousness distorts space and time by knocking black holes in the biogravitational field that organizes matter. He thinks that gravity may also turn out to be the carrier that brings consciousness into the system from beyond space-time.

Fred Wolf suggests that order, in the shape of the reality we know best, is introduced by the fact that the path of history takes the line of least action between two events. It creates the least cosmic disturbance.

But he goes on to say that every time we make a measurement, every time we get involved, we stop the world, and this changes it in a way that puts the path of least action in another place. Existence produces awareness, which changes existence, and so on.

These are some of our top theoretical physicists struggling to come to terms with what we now know about the world. Their ideas are bound to change and grow as consciousness grows. Nothing is certain except that there is no going back

Children have easiest access to it. In the first few years of life, everything has a magical quality. Before minds ossify into the channels prescribed by the current educational formula, all events are shrouded in mystery. They take place in a world where anything is possible. Objects appear and disappear, the sun rises and sets, people come and go. As a child's mind moves to take all these things into account, it begins to make connections and to draw inferences without having access to all the facts. This leads to conclusions that to us seem bizarre and totally delusional. Holding your breath for a long time is a good way to make the sun stay behind a cloud. Counting very quickly up to twenty while you stand on one leg with your eyes closed is how to make a wish come true. Thinking about a tire blowout is enough to cause the thing actually to happen. Isn't it?

Emptiness makes us uncomfortable. Silence is usually interrupted by applause from someone who thinks the symphony is over. We try to abolish intervals by our manic insistence on keeping busy, on doing something. And as a result, all we succeed in doing is destroying all hope of tranquillity.



to the easy optimism of the Age of Reason. The cosmos is an unreasonable state of affairs that seems to owe more to mood than to method. It dances to music inaudible to individual ears, but it is just possible to pick up the rhythm if you concentrate on being rather than doing. If you get deeply involved, as children do.

It is possible that the ritual was devised by a creative ancestor with inside information about geophysical periods. It could also be true that the synchrony is totally accidental.

But I doubt it. Everything in me says no. I see instead an almost incomprehensible mutual interdependence between all matter in our system. I begin to feel the strength of ties that bind our forms together.

Look and you see nothing but rice plants and brass gongs. Feel and you sense a common thread leading back to the same universal ground. Back to a folded order hidden from view but available to sensibility.

The lights that shine so softly through our firmament are the patterns involved in unfolding. Pick out a pattern and you have the key to meaning, the means for healing, and all the help you need to find the way.

Earth lives. Like a great beast it stirs in its sleep, rumbling with internal gases, dreaming and itching a little. It breathes and grows, its juices circulate. The nerves of the world crackle incessantly with vital messages, and now, through the agency of sentient collections of cells on its skin, it begins to feel self-conscious.

We and our planet are reaching for maturity together. Opening up our collective senses to the universe, watching and waiting for the chord that signals the start of a new and even more fulfilling dance.

We are ready to respond to the music of the spheres.

# Gnoming in the gloaming

POLICE made a quick arrest after being called to a North Devon Gnome Reserve at the weekend.

One of the hundreds of gnomes living on the reserve had disappeared and the Warden Mrs. R. J. Atkin, was most upset.

"I don't know whether he has been kidnapped, or just packed his bags and left," she told police. Using all the modern technical

aids available. Constable Fitzhenry of Holsworthy, began an intensive search of the area.

But it was one of the oldest aids in the book which helped him find the gnome lying in a ditch just a few hundred yards from the reserve. PC Fitzhenry's size ten boots.

"Constable Fitzhenry decided that the gnome was sleeping it off after a heavy night out and arrested him for vagrancy," said a police spokesman.

The gnome was returned to the reserve. It is unlikely that any will be preferred.



The police came out  
to report the missing gnome  
They wrote down in their note books  
That he must have left his home.

The police were about to drive away,  
They thought they could no longer stay,

When  
Suddenly

Our neighbour gave a cry  
And she said "Oh my, oh my"!

Fred was lying in a ditch.

He was just five yards from his usual spot;  
The police took the news to the press red hot!

Now everyone knows that Fred likes to drink  
He doesn't just sit on the bank and think.

PS.

Now everyone asks about "dear old Fred"  
We'll just have to hope it won't go to his head!

PPS.

But what puzzles me  
And what I'd like to know

is  
what did he drink?  
And where did he go?

PPPS

Do gnomes like gin?

And do gnomes like rum?

Is drinking spirits to them good fun?

One day Fred gnome gave us all a fright...  
It happened at the dead of night...

He went missing!

Every day - you've probably heard

He sits on a bank and holds a white bird.

But

Suddenly

Gone.

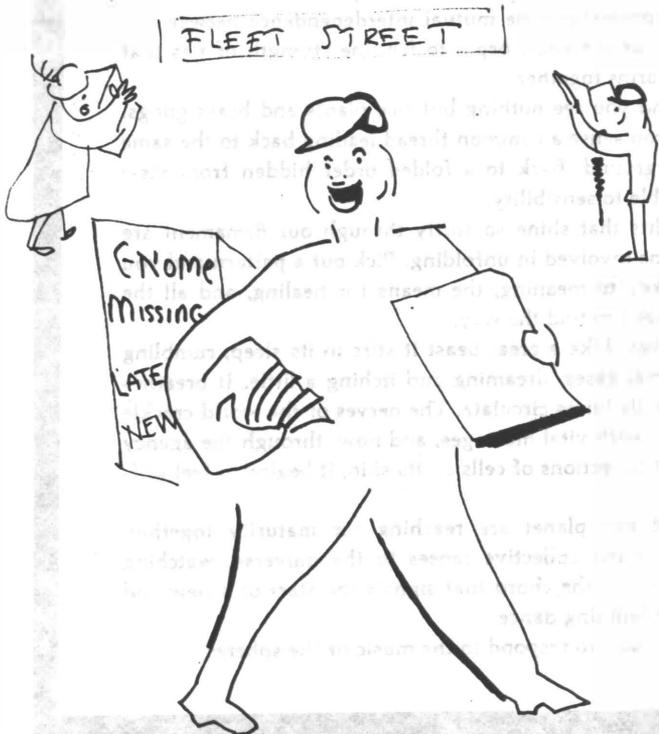
PPPPS.

or shall we learn  
when all's said and done

That he doesn't like whisky  
And he doesn't like rum?

He drank

Spring Water?





# CHRONICLES FROM THE GNOME WORLD

BY GNOFI THE GNOME

via Taras Fortuna, West Yorkshire.

As one of the chief chroniclers of our world, I feel it a good idea to tell you about the four great occasions that ornate the Gnome Calendar. You must realise what a great privilege it is to hear about these sacred events; many have not heard, while many that have, still disbelieve. But you must trust your good friend Gnofi the gnome, as he acts in the capacity of chronicler. Thus so, I will reveal to you this knowledge.

Scene won: it is deep in the heart of winter.

Through an amazing network of secret underground passages, gnomes from all around the world make their way to a meeting place at the foot of the Himalayan Mountains. Newly repaired boots crunch the snow, while thick hoods are pulled over ears to keep them warm. As the multitude of gnomes congregates, the air is thawed into friendly warmth. Much shaking of hands and patting of shoulders occurs before the gathering moves off on the sacred climb, to praise the Food of Nature.

The most important item of each gnomes baggage is a carton of his favourite yogurt, which makes the journey in the safety of the gnome's shoulder bag. The ascent of the mountain, however, finds it in the gnome's left hand, as the procession winds its way up the snake-like path which eventually ends at the summit. On this flat top, the oldest and wisest gnome in this world sets the ritual in progress by peeling the lid off his yogurt, in order to empty the contents by rapidly swinging the carton over his left shoulder. In this way the contents are emptied onto the mountain top. Henceforth, four gnomes at a time repeat this action, until every yogurt carton is left empty. As a result, the mountain top has grown in size. You see, the Himalayas are really made of yogurt covered in snow thanks to the gnomes.

After a hearty meal, with hearty talk, followed by a hearty warm rest, each gnome makes his way back home. The empty yogurt carton, but not the lid, travels back in the shoulder bag. When the gnome arrives home, he climbs his favourite tree and leaves the carton resting safely on a branch. After its exposure to the Himalayan conditions, the resting carton has a crystalline surface both inside and out. Occasionally, when the rain has filled it with heavenly water, the memory of that ritual in the cold snow makes it jerk the contents into the air. If this fountain of rain-water lined with a path of shining diamonds meets another such cascading flower in full flight, the two merge to form. . . . a rainbow, a seventh heaven. It is a communication between two such yogurt cartons, sharing their experiences of the pilgrimage to the Himalayas, which left them encased in an endless path of crystals shining and combining the freshness of the mountains with the beauty of home.

Whenever a gnome sees a rainbow, his whole body and soul smiles with the understanding and knowledge of its ineffable beauty. He too remembers the Himalayas, or as gnomes know them, the Yogurt-layers.

Scene two: spring is in full swing.

With the aid of migratory birds, gnomes fly to a spot somewhere in the Welsh mountains. The reason for this is to celebrate the anniversary of the gnomes favourite drink. You see, a long long time ago, a giant copper teapot descended onto this planet from another cosmos. It contained a hot drink made of herbs and water. An earnest gnome was the first to discover this rounded flying object. Being a wise gnome, he thought that the drink should be spread throughout the world, so he collected the herbs at the bottom of this tea-pot (which was clearly inscribed with the words "Earl Grey Tea") and sent his sons to plant them around the world. Of course, he kept some for himself and his friends. That is the beginning of Earl Grey Tea on this earth.

So, the day of the mysterious invasion is celebrated by the gnomes of this world. They approach the sacred site in the early hours of the morning, in no particular formation (the first tea-herbs were found in no disciplined order), but each carrying a daffodil in right hand - a marvellous sight. As the party nears the exact spot, this altar of sacrifice and worship being marked by a tea-pot shaped boulder, each gnome kisses the flower he is carrying on its inviting mouth, then places it in the stream that appears above-ground by the quiet boulder, so it can sail down to the wide open sea. This is a symbol of the life of each being, as well as of the infinite flow of Earl Grey Tea.

When this ritual is completed, the gnomes congregate on a concourse area of grass, where Earl Grey Tea, the drink of life, is served to all in locally obtained porcelain noggins. It certainly runs freely. The wind, in the meantime, caresses them as they sit cross-legged on the grass, exchanging tales of adventure and warm smiles. All around them the mountains breathe in serene appreciation.

Finally, before departing to their places of abode, be they near or far, mush kissing of foreheads occurs, as well as rubbing of furry boots side by side. One last look at the reminder of the gods' gift, then the merry gnomes, full of Earl Grey Tea smiles, begin to scatter in all directions, forever grateful for that first ever tea-pot. But where did it come from?

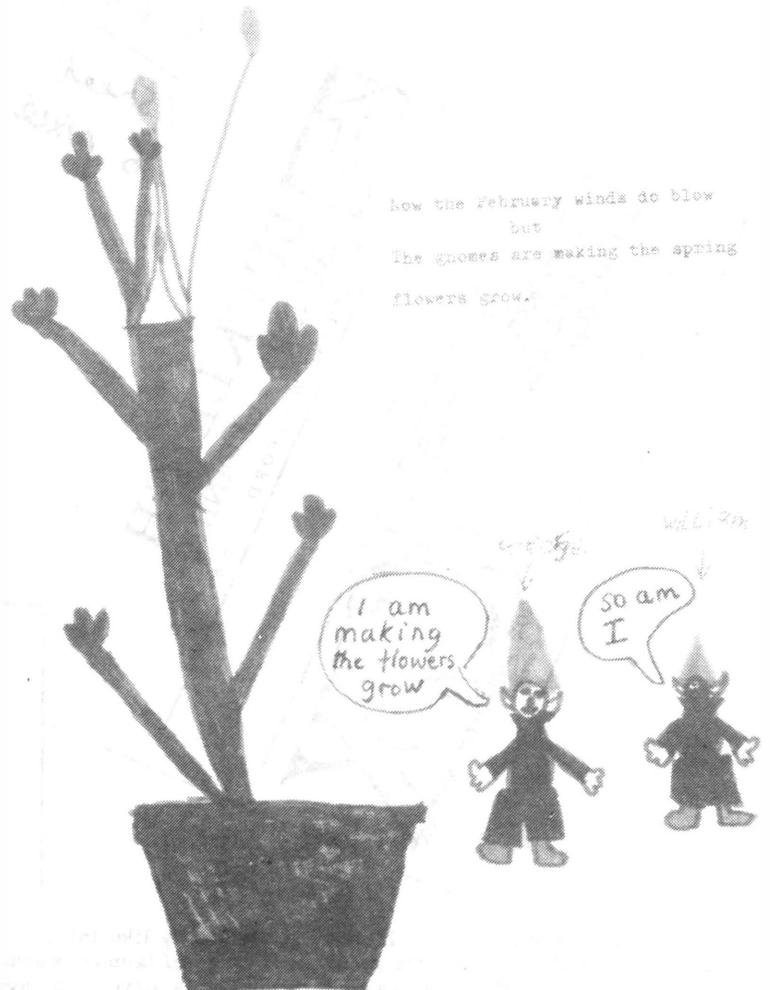
Scene Three (which takes place at the height of summer) and Scene four (which is when Autumn is in progress) of these lighthearted chronicles will be told in Gnome News 9.



## CLUB MEMBERSHIP SUB.

Members who joined the Gnome Club before January 1980 ... Can we remind you subscription is due for renewal. £2.50 G.B. (£3.50 Abroad).

People renewing after one year of membership received a small pottery one year old "baby" gnome. After two years, a similar two year old "toddler" gnome.

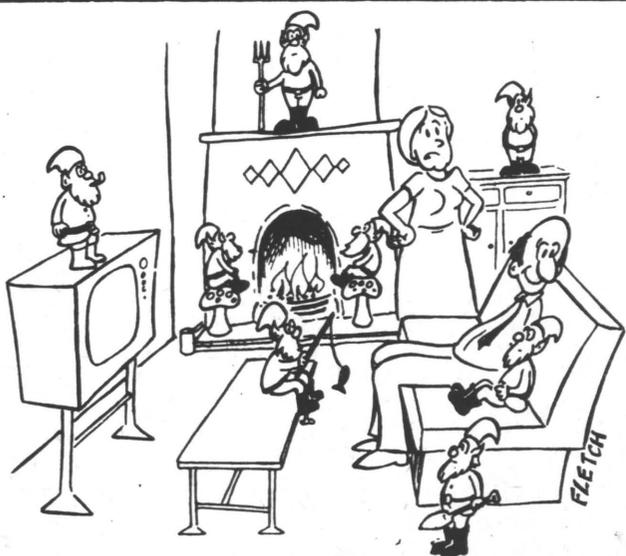


By Darren Hogben, Worcs. age 7.



St Valentines Day  
 Is the birds Wedding Day  
 Or so I was told long ago -  
 And I like to think  
 For it tickles me pink  
 That the woods are filled with music  
 Played by many a pixie band  
 And this strange and gentle music  
 Can be heard o'er all the land.





Well, I think they looked much better in the garden.



DID YOU KNOW GNOMES  
 LIKE TO DANCE TO RECORDS  
 BY **ELFIS PRESLEY**

Gnomes in red,  
 Gnomes in blue.  
 Gnomes in colours of rainbow hue  
 On St Valentines Day  
 We'd all like to say  
 That  
 we love you.

At the risk of being Thought we are mental!  
 Or worse - being called sentimental!  
 We'd like you to know  
 And this rhyme is to show  
 That  
 we love you.

You read our news  
 And share our view  
 That it's great to be alive!  
 Old or young - high or low  
 She or he - we think you're smart  
 'Cause you're generous, long life, and are  
 young of heart!

It would be absolutely impossible for us to have a brain, if the world were not so ordered that gnomes and undines can exist.  
 Rudolph Steiner.



**THE GNOME CLUB OF G.B. &  
 GNOME INTERNATIONAL.**  
 WEST PUTFORD  
 DEVON EX22 7XE. TEL. (040 924) 435

**GNOME NEWS IS GOOD NEWS!**

Why not enroll a friend?  
 Imagine their surprise!

Membership includes an enamelled Club Badge and Gnome News published three times a year. Cost £2.50 GB £3.50 abroad (Gnome News sent by surface mail).

Members range in age from three to the late eighties and live in various parts of the world. They are all young at heart.

Gnomes News contains a wide range of articles about Gnomes and related subjects, some serious (ecology, metaphysics etc.) others humorous. Also many photographs, drawings, cartoons, jokes, stories, competitions, letters etc. etc..

About 1,500 garden Gnomes live here in the Gnome Reserve, set in an acre of beechwood with a stream running through. They are visited by perhaps 25,000 people a year during the summer months. Gnome News is really their publication - linking Gnomes around the world - via their human friends.

Small ads up to 30 words - free to club members.

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

