Cyngerdd Dathlu Gwyl Ddewi

Llywydd : Col. Syr Cennydd Traherne, K.G., T.D., Ll.D.



THEATR Y CAPITOL
CAERDYDD

Nos Iau, Mawrth 1af, 1973 am 7.30 o'r gloch

Yr elw at waith Cartref Cariad, Trerhyngyll

PRIS : 10c.

St. David's Day
FESTIVAL CONCERT

President : Col. Sir Cennydd Traherne, K.G., T.D., Ll.D.

Thursday, March 1st, 1973

Artistes appearing include :

CHRISTIAN DU PLESSIS (Baritone)

MORRISTON ORPHEUS MALE VOICE CHOIR
Conductor : Lyn Harry, B.Mus., G.R.S.M., A.R.C.M.

CORY BAND
Director of Music: Major H. A. Kenney, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., psm

NEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL SENIOR ORCHESTRA
Conductor : John Jenkins, B.A., S.T.C.L., A.R.C.M.

MARIO CONWAY (Accordion)

COR PLANT TONYREFAIL
Conductor : Richard Williams

NEIL COX, A.R.C.M. (Organ)

THE HENNESSYS

RENE GRIFFITHS

PETER TOTHILL (Treble)

PARTI TANNAU'R TWYN
Telynores : Mari Rhiannon Ellis

Accompanists :
Leslie Ryan, Doreen Williams, Judith Evans, Hywel John

—

Proceeds in aid of Jane Hodge Home, Trerhyngyll, Cowbridge

Programme

Introduced by
IWAN THOMAS AND STELLA MAIR OWEN

The Queen

Morriston Orpheus Choir
DEUS SALUTIS (arr. Mansel Thomas)

Côr Plant Tonyrefail (Tonyrefail) -- directed by Richard Williams
CAN Y GWANWYN (T. Hopkin Evans)
SONGS FROM THE CHINESE (David Wyn)
AMEN — "STABAT MATER" (Pergolesi)

Cory Band
CALON LAN (arr. H. A. Kenney)
MARCH : Paraphrase, MEN OF HARLECH (Edward German)

Parti Tannau'r Twyn
EIRLYSIAU (Waldo Williams)
Alaw : Yr Hafren
BYD YR ADERYN BACH (Waldo Williams)
Alaw : Moel yr Wyddfa
MYFYRDOD (Gwenallt)
CASTELL CAERFFILI (Trefniant : Lily Richards)
Alaw : Cainc Dafydd Broffwyd

Peter Tothill
MAE D'EISIAU DI BOB AWR (R. Lowry Ieuan Gwyllt)
PANIS ANGELICUS (Cesar Franck)

The Hennessys OWN SELECTION

Neath Boys' Grammar School Orchestra
FANTASIA ON WELSH NURSERY TUNES (Grace Williams)
SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE (Mozart)
with Mark Howells, Oboe — Martin Bowen, Bassoon
Andrew Richards, Clarinet — Huw Jenkins, Horn

Rene Griffiths
OWN SELECTION

Morriston Orpheus Choir
ROMAN WAR SONG (Wagner)
HEIMAT (Ernst Hansen)
MORTE CHRISTE (Emrys Jones)

INTERVAL — 15 minutes

Neath Boys' Grammar School Orchestra
FIRST MOVEMENT OF PIANO CONCERTO No. 2 (Shostakovich)
Soloist : Philip Thomas
FINLANDIA (Sibelius)

Neil Cox
PRELUDE ON "RHOSYMEDRE" (Vaughn Williams)
CARILLON SORTIE (Mulet)

Côr Plant Tonyrefail
I'VE GOT A ROBE (arr. Harry Dexter)
AVE MARIA (Schubert)
ELDORADO (Maldwyn Price)

Mario Conway
HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY No. 2 (Liszt, arr. Conway)
KONZERT STUCK (Weber, arr. Magnante)
FINALE : WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE (Rossini, arr. Conway)

Peter Tothill
O FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE (Mendelssohn)

Cory Band
Novelty : LIGHT AND SHADE (H. A. Kenney)
Tuba Solo : DEAR TO MY HEART (Edrich Siebert)
Soloist : Huw Williams
Trombone Quartet :
THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC (arr. H. A. Kenney)

Christian Du Plessis
Aria : SI VINCEMMO
From the Opera "Il Pirata" (Bellini)
Aria : SHALL I LOOK ON DESIRING
From the Opera "The Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart)

Morriston Orpheus Choir
NIDAROS (Daniel Protheroe)

Finale

Hen Wlad fy Nhadau

The Jane Hodge Holiday Home

for Physically Handicapped Children was opened in 1968 by H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent. A donation of £100,000 from the Jane Hodge Foundation made it possible to erect a purpose-built building—including an unique hydro-therapy swimming pool. Other amenities include a boating lake, play room and cinema/music room.

The Home provides a free fortnight's holiday for physically handicapped children—enabling them to take part in activities specially adapted to their needs.

During the fortnight the handicapped child is in the care of trained staff at the Home, the parents have a break from the special care and attention needed by these children. Often for the first time in their married lives they are able to go away on a holiday together.

The Home is run completely on voluntary contributions. There is no doubt it has proved a success—and helps to ease the tremendous burden placed upon handicapped children and their parents.

St. David's Day CONCERT APPEAL
in aid of the Jane Hodge Home for
Physically Handicapped Children

Donations received from :

The Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech, P.C., K.C.M.G.
Sir David Evans Bevan
Harry Secombe, Esq.
R. P. Lewis, Esq.
H. G. Walters (Publishers) Ltd. (Five Arches Press)
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Amgueddfa Genedlaethol Cymru

National Museum of Wales



Monthly Programme

March 1973

Special Exhibitions

National Museum of Wales

St. David's Day Children's Art Competition
1 - 18 March

Two hundred or so of the best entries from many thousands sent in for the 1973 St. David's Day Art Competition sponsored annually by the *Western Mail.* Not recommended for the faint-hearted or mediocre adult artist who will find this dazzlingly confident display of painting and craftwork by children aged 4 - 18 years a daunting experience.

Christopher Williams, 1873-1934
31 March - 22 April

An exhibition of paintings and drawings to mark the artist's centenary.

Children's Paintings
31 March - 22 April

A selection of the best entries from Shankar's International Children's Art Competitions.

Turner House

The Artist Looks at Buildings
Until 21 March

The attitude of painters and engravers in depicting buildings is not always the same. This selection of paintings, drawings and prints from the Museum collection starts with the factual approach of 17th century views of London buildings by Wenceslas Hollar and runs through to the stylisations of the present.

Dom Sylvester
25 March - 15 April

An exhibition of the concrete poetry of Dom Sylvester Houédard, a Benedictine monk. Dom Sylvester is a pioneer of this kind of art, which is a blend of poetry and typographical calligraphy. A loan exhibition from the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Modern Craftsmanship

The display of Georgian and Victorian silver which for some years has linked the Pyke Thompson Gallery to others in the Art Department is now balanced by a permanent exhibition of MODERN CRAFTSMANSHIP set out in a group of 'linked' cases on the west bridge above the Main Hall. This new structure shows the work of six leading British craftsmen and although it is not the first craft exhibition to be held in the Museum it is the first of a new series to which craftsmen will contribute in continuing succession, providing a permanent but changing selection of work of this kind.

Most people have clear ideas about the nature of craftsmanship and the majority appreciate conventional styles and a high degree of finish. Others prefer today's hand-made objects to be tangible 'signs of the times', distinguished by the freshness of their appearance or by the novelty of their materials.

It would be hard to find greater technical competence or a more complete divergence in attitude than that shown by the six distinguished artists whose work launches this series of exhibitions. It includes ceramics by Richard Batterham, joinery by John Makepeace, jewellery by Wendy Ramshaw, silver by David Mellor and weaving by Ann Sutton and Peter Collingwood.

Lunch-Time Gallery Talks

Wednesdays at 1.15 pm

The last two of five talks organised by the Department of Industry

7 March — **Industrial Archaeology Underground**
Richard Keen

14 March — **The Old-Type Tinplate Industry**
(Short Talk and Film)
D. Morgan Rees

Lunch-Time Recitals

Two concerts in the Cardiff Festival of 20th Century Music

Thursdays at 1 pm

Thursday 8 March — **Colin Staveley** violin
Martin Jones piano
Debussy Sonata
Messiaen Theme and Variations
Brahms Sonata in D minor

Thursday 15 March — **John Stein** violin
Richard Armstrong piano
Schubert Sonatina in D major
Britten Suite for Violin and Piano op. 6
Franck Sonata in A major

Films for St. David's Day

1 March 3 p.m. — in the Reardon Smith Lecture Theatre for young people over 12.

"A Shepherd's Calendar"
(colour, 40 minutes) :
A year in the life of an upland farmer in Cwm Prysor, Merioneth.

"They came to Wales"
(colour, 30 minutes) :
The Welsh industrial and social scene through the thoughts and voices of non-Welsh people working and living in Wales.

Ffilmiau ar Gyfer Gŵyl Dewi

1 Mawrth 4.15 p.m. — yn Narlithfa Reardon Smith i bobl ifanc dros 12 oed

"Codwyr Cromlechi"
(lliw, 20 munud) :
hen gladdfeydd megalithig yn Llydaw ac yng Nghymru a'r pethau a ddarganfuwyd ynddynt.

"Glasier y Rhôn"
(du a gwyn, 20 munud) :
golygfeydd o'r Yswisdir heddiw ac o nodweddion daearegol tebyg yn Eryri.

Amgueddfa

The Bulletin of the National Museum of Wales, published three times a year, in *April, August* and *December.*

A well illustrated journal of high quality containing articles about the Museum and contributions covering a wider field but bearing on the Museum's work. Annual subscription 85p (including postage)

Friends of the National Museum of Wales

are members of the public brought together to increase interest in the Museum and to provide an income for making special purchases.

Friends receive this programme and an illustrated report describing the year's purchases. They are invited to attend certain social events and an annual meeting in the Museum.

The minimum annual subscription for new Friends is one pound.

Cover photograph

See: *Modern Craftsmanship.*

National Museum of Wales, Cardiff Tel. 26241

Collections and exhibitions in
Archaeology, Art, Botany, Geology, Industry, Zoology.
Special exhibitions.
Lunch-time lectures, concerts, readings.
Library.
Open weekdays 10 - 5, October to March, 10 - 6 April to September.
Sundays 2.30 - 5.
Bank Holidays and Tuesdays following 10 - 6
Closed on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day and Good Friday.
A handbook is available at 20p and a leaflet at 1p.
The Reardon Smith Lecture Theatre is used for concerts, lectures and other events arranged by the Museum and is hired by other bodies.

Welsh Folk Museum, St. Fagans Tel. 561357

Comprising the Elizabethan mansion of St. Fagans Castle furnished in period
the garden and grounds, and buildings from all parts of Wales re-erected
in a folk park.
Craftsmen practising traditional crafts.
Collections illustrating Material Culture and Oral Traditions and Dialects.
Library.
Open weekdays 10 - 5 October to March, 10 - 7 April to September.
Sundays 2.30 - 5 October to March, 2.30 - 7 April to September.
Closed on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day and New Year's Day.
Admission 10p for adults. 5p for children under 16 and pensioners.
Organised educational parties on prearranged visits, free.
A handbook is available (editions in Welsh and English) at 10p.

Turner House, Penarth

A branch art gallery of the National Museum of Wales.
Open Tuesdays to Saturdays 11 - 12.45 and 2 - 5. Sundays 2 - 5.
Closed Mondays (other than Bank Holidays) and on Christmas Day
Boxing Day and Good Friday.
Admission free.

Legionary Museum, Caerleon

A branch archaeological gallery of the National Museum of Wales.
Displays of objects found on the site of the Roman Legionary fortress of Isca.
Open April to September. Weekdays 11 - 5. Sundays 2 - 5.
From October to March by application to the Custodian,
Sandygate, Cold Bath Road, Caerleon.
Admission 5p for adults, $2\frac{1}{2}$p for children. School parties free.

North Wales Quarrying Museum, Llanberis Tel. 630

A branch industrial museum of the National Museum of Wales.*
Waterwheel, foundry, smithy, fitting shops, slate-sawing tables and dressing
machines, items from quarry hospital, office furniture,etc.
Open weekdays and Sundays 9.30 - 7. May to September.
Admission 10p for adults, 5p for children and pensioners; special terms for
parties numbering eleven or more. School parties on pre-arranged visits free
(application to the Ancient Monuments Branch,
Department of the Environment, Gabalfa, Cardiff).
Leaflets are available (Welsh and English) at 1p.

Segontium Roman Fort Museum, Beddgelert Road, Caernarvon

A branch archaeological museum of the National Museum of Wales.*
On the site of the fort. Contains mostly material excavated there.
Open weekdays at 9.30, Sundays at 2. Closes at 7 from May to September,
at 5.30 in March, April and October, at 4 from November to February.
Admission 5p for adults, $2\frac{1}{2}$p for children.
Educational parties on pre-arranged visits free (application to the Ancient
Monuments Branch, Department of the Environment Gabalfa Cardiff).

**Buildings in guardianship of the Department of the Environment.*

Printed by Edward Roberts Limited Cardiff

CARDIFF

A Capital City

OK

Neville Rod, Thomson Hse
Noon, Fri – 43639
Tom Hopkinson, 32146
10 a.m.





Welcome to Cardiff

Cardiff, capital of Wales, has a style all its own. It's a mixture of the quaint and the elegant, the bustling and the beautiful. There's a baroque castle in one of the main shopping streets, and a fine civic centre of gleaming Portland stone. Attractive shopping arcades weave their way through a compact central area where the big stores, cinemas and hotels are all within a few minutes' walk of each other. Broad sweeps of parkland reach into the heart of the city, and within easy distance there are historic castles, splendid beaches, seaside resorts and delightful countryside. Cardiff has a fascinating history going back to Roman times, but the modern city of today – with its 300,000 population – is essentially a product of Victorian enterprise. In the heyday of the Welsh coal trade it drew its wealth from the mining valleys which fan out to the north, but today it is principally an administrative and business centre with fast rail and road communications. The Brecon Beacons National Park, a paradise for hill walkers and nature lovers, is only an hour's drive away.

Sightseeing

CARDIFF CASTLE

A sight not to be missed, if only because it's inescapable.
Towering in the very heart of the city, with its strange mixture of architectural styles, it's an excellent landmark as well as an attraction in its own right. As it stands today the castle is essentially a Victorian restoration by the 3rd Marquess of Bute, but with its Norman keep and traces of Roman stonework it takes one back to Cardiff's earliest history. There are richly decorated rooms, with extravaganzas of gold leaf, and a spectacular Clock Tower 165 ft high. Note the quaint 'Animal Wall' facing Castle Street, with its stone heads of wild beasts. Walk through lovely Bute Park, alongside the castle, where office workers eat their lunchtime sandwiches.

CIVIC CENTRE

Just around the corner from the castle is the Civic Centre in Cathays Park, Cardiff's pride and joy. Elegant buildings in Portland stone stand side by side in a parkland setting – a heritage bequeathed by the City Fathers of Edwardian times, who looked a century ahead long before anyone had ever heard of town planning. The domed City Hall, administrative hub of the capital, has a Marble Hall on the first floor with statues of St David, Owain Glyndwr and other Welsh heroes. It is flanked by the Law Courts – on your left as you face the City Hall – and the National Museum of Wales, a treasury of culture in the fullest sense. Paintings, stuffed animals, sculptures, fossils, scale models, archaeological finds . . . and much more.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH

The oldest building in central Cardiff is St John's Church, with its beautiful tower dating from 1473. 'A very faire steeple,' wrote an Elizabethan writer, and few would dispute it. The church stands in bustling St John's Square, where it dominates the modern buildings not only through its size but by sheer force of personality.

Cardiff's graceful City Hall, in its beautiful parkland setting, is the administrative hub of the capital.

LLANDAFF

The tiny cathedral city of Llandaff – reached via Cathedral Road – stood outside the boundaries of Cardiff until 1922, and it still has an atmosphere all its own. The Cathedral Green has a a tranquil, old-world air and a path fringed by a grassy slope leads down to the cathedral itself. Standing on the site of a sixth-century religious community founded by St Teilo, it has shown a remarkable facility for survival over the centuries. Cromwell's soldiers used it as an ale house, and in the last war much of it was devastated by bombing. Magnificently restored, it still has Norman doorways and beautiful early-English style arcades. The highlight, however, is the Epstein sculpture Christ in Majesty, a massive, awesome figure soaring above the nave.

WELSH FOLK MUSEUM

Just outside Cardiff is the Welsh Folk Museum (Amgueddfa Werin Cymru in Welsh, as the bilingual directional signs tell you) in the village of St Fagans, also reached via Cathedral Road. In the wooded grounds of a Tudor mansion, centuries-old cottages, farmhouses and other buildings have been re-erected after being transported from their original settings. As you step from one quiet room to another, it doesn't need the liveliest of imaginations to picture the people who used to inhabit them years ago. Little wooden cradles stand by four-poster beds; pious texts embroidered by little girls in time long gone hang on the walls.

CAERPHILLY CASTLE

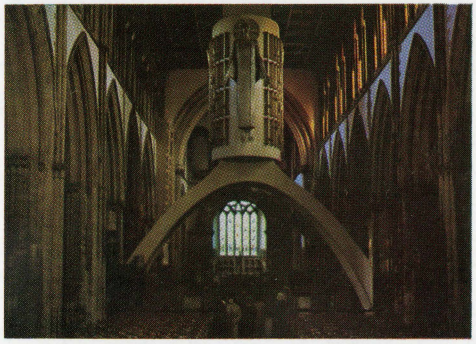
Mighty Caerphilly Castle, second largest fortress in Europe, is only eight miles north of Cardiff. And Castell Coch, like something out of a fairy-tale, stands on a wooded hillside at Tongwynlais, five miles from the city centre, on the road to Merthyr.



Renoir's famous Blue Lady, 'La Parisienne', in the National Museum of Wales.



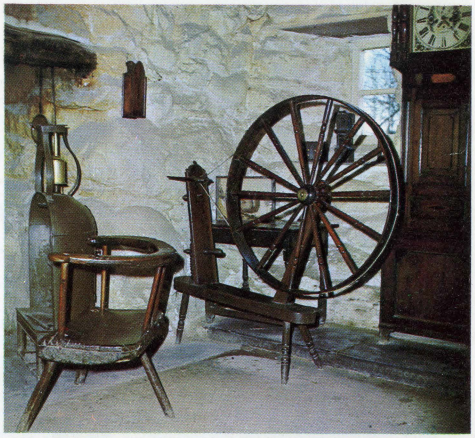
The New Theatre, owned by Cardiff Corporation.



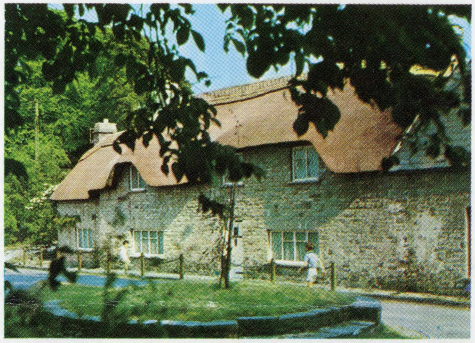
Epstein's 'Christ in Majesty' in Llandaff Cathedral.



A Cardiff spectacle – the tattoo.



A spinning wheel in the Welsh Folk Museum, St Fagans.



Thatched cottages at St Hilary, near Cardiff.



A ceiling in Castell Coch.



Statues and University College, Cardiff.

Shopping

You can buy everything from antique Welsh dressers to the trendiest fashions in Cardiff. What's more, it's easy to find your way around. The main shopping streets of St Mary Street, Duke Street, Queen Street and The Hayes are all within a short distance of each other – and there are plenty of handy car parks to dispose of that lurking fear of traffic wardens. Cardiff has all the large department stores you would expect to find in a capital city, plus cute boutiques and a host of small businesses selling jewellery, curios, antiques and all kinds of commodities. Arcades combining period architecture (late Victorian/ Edwardian) with up-to-the-minute shops with friendly service are a Cardiff speciality. Look out for shops selling Welsh tweeds and craftwork – even Welsh pop records! And for atmosphere drop in at Cardiff's indoor market, off St Mary Street, with its colourful stalls – well over 200 of them – with plenty of bargains. You may end up with a helping of cockles or laverbread, an edible seaweed which is a Welsh delicacy.

Away from the central area, there's plenty of good shopping in the quaintly-named Canton (don't go there looking for glimpses of the Orient), Roath and Cathays, which abound in stores and little businesses. Once villages outside the old town walls, these districts have a strong community pride. The newer suburbs, too, have excellent shopping facilities. For a taste of Cardiff's cosmopolitan flavour, pop into some of the shops selling spicy foreign foods. You'll find them in the central area as well as in the docks district – which the romantically-inclined still like to think of as 'Tiger Bay'. If, by some chance, you want a chronometer or anything else with a nautical air, Cardiff, as an important port, will provide that, too. Anything to please . . .

Entertainment

Where to go as the sun, to coin a phrase, sinks in the west? Cardiff has spacious modern cinemas, theatres, night clubs, discotheques, restaurants and pubs full of character. The three largest cinemas, the Capitol – where pop concerts are staged from time to time – the Odeon and Olympia are all near each other in Queen Street. Just around the corner is the New Theatre, owned by Cardiff Corporation, where the comfort and decor match the quality of the plays, musicals, concerts and reviews. The Welsh National Opera Company, one of Wales' proudest cultural possessions, hold regular seasons at the theatre. Top Rank Cardiff Suite in Queen Street is the mecca for dancers, with special sessions for the under-25s on Monday nights and the under-16s on Saturday mornings.

Whether your taste is for pub snacks or mouth-watering meals with all the trimmings, there are ample opportunities to eat well in Cardiff. There are steak bars galore, and restaurants specialising in Chinese, Indian and Italian dishes. The city's main hotel dining rooms and grills have a stylish reputation. For a meal out of town, try one of the many country inns and pubs within easy driving distance. Chamber music concerts are sometimes held at the Reardon Smith Lecture Theatre, and the public are freely invited to the occasional midday concerts by the BBC Welsh Orchestra at City Hall and in the Concert Hall of BBC Wales headquarters at Llandaff.

Touring

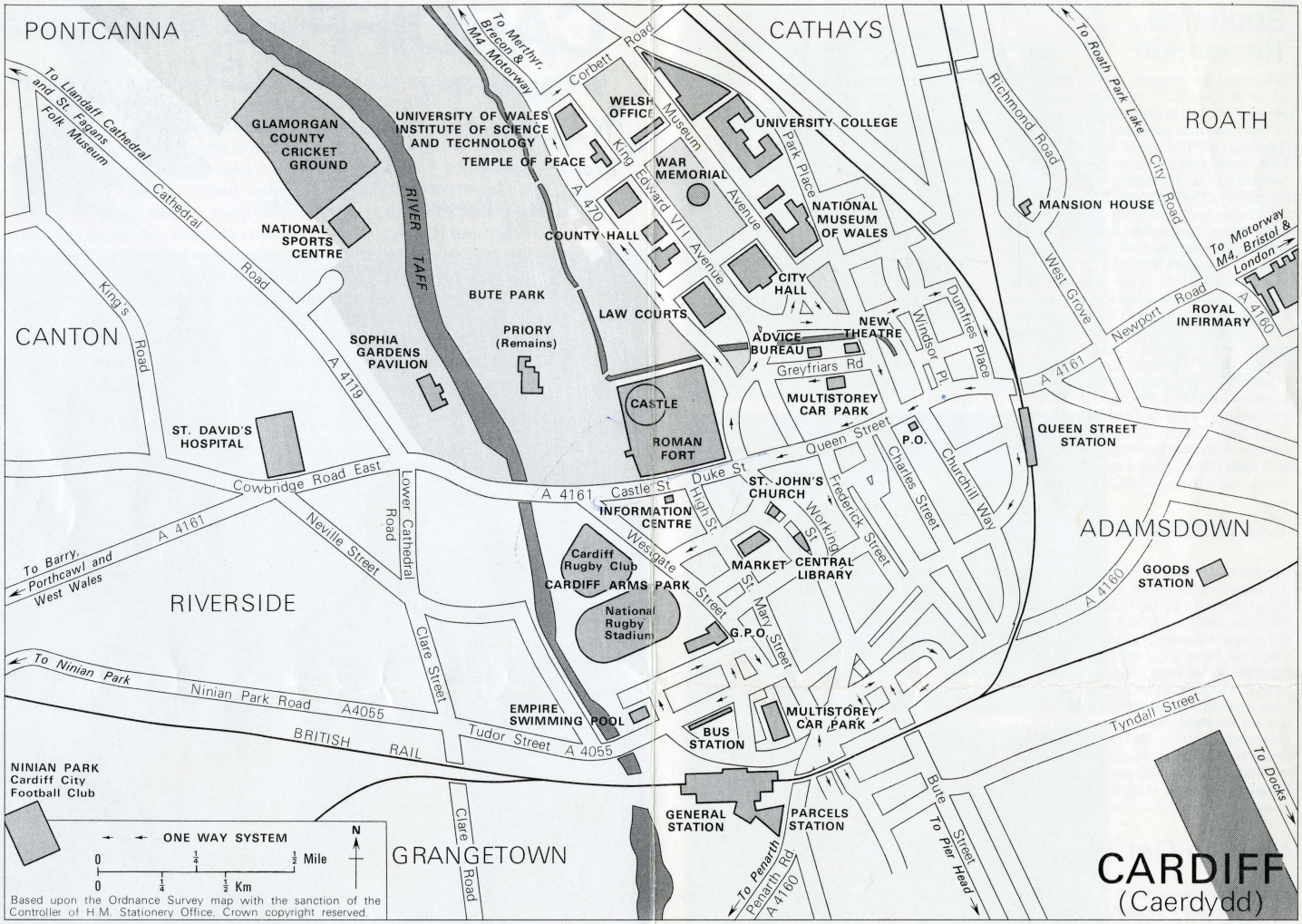
Cardiff makes a fine touring centre. An astonishing variety of scenery is within easy reach. What better than a drive around the beautiful Brecon Beacons, only just over an hour away by car? The grand sweep of these grassy mountains is a sight never to be forgotten. Take the A470 and continue through Merthyr. A tour of the Wye Valley is another delight. In the lower reaches, steep wooded cliffs plunge on either side of the salmon-filled river. Tintern Abbey has a haunting beauty which inspired Wordsworth to verse. Take the M4 to Chepstow and then the A466 to Monmouth, a quiet country town of great character.

There are panoramic views of the magnificent Severn Suspension Bridge from the restaurant in the M4 service station on the far side of the bridge. For another excursion, head west along the A48 through Swansea to the Gower, an area of outstanding natural beauty with quiet bays, smooth sands and dunelands where you can dream the afternoon away.

Nearer at hand are the highly individual resorts of Penarth, Barry Island, Porthcawl and Aberavon, with the pastoral hinterland of the Vale of Glamorgan. And don't forget the host of rail and coach excursions.

KEY

- Museum
- Castle or fort
- Cathedral, abbey, priory or large church
- Roman remains
- Pottery
- Nature trail
- Tourist Information Centre
- Canoeing centre
- Historic house
- Canal cruiser or boat hire
- Golf course or driving range
- Major swimming pools
- Wooded areas
- Fishing boat hire, trips or charter
- Yacht or boat club
- Pony trekking or riding
- Art gallery
- Water skiing



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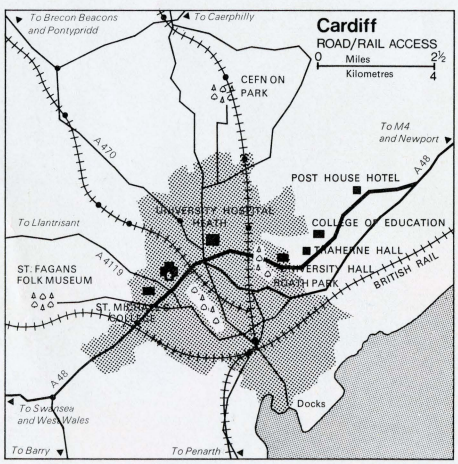
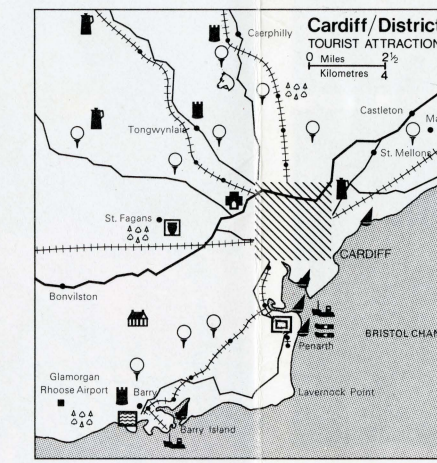
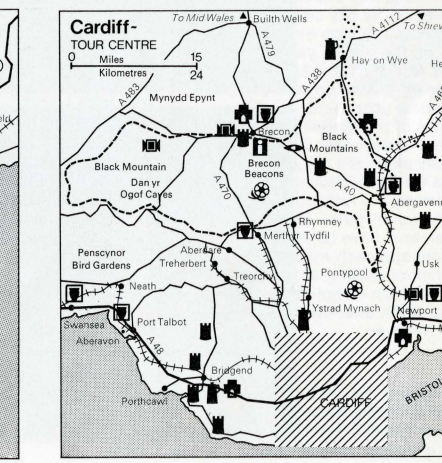
CARDIFF
(Caerdydd)







Sport and Recreation

Whatever the season, there's plenty to enjoy in Cardiff. In summer, there's county cricket at Glamorgan's ground in the beautiful parkland of Sophia Gardens, off Cathedral Road. The River Taff flows alongside, an eternal temptation to six-hitters! Also in Sophia Gardens is the National Sports Centre for Wales, with facilities for squash, badminton, swimming, fencing, and many other sports. Only a short walk away is the Welsh Rugby Union's National Stadium at the famous Arms Park, where international matches are played. Cardiff Rugby Club have their own separate ground alongside. Soccer centre of the capital is Ninian Park in Sloper Road, home of Cardiff City. Athletics lovers make for Maindy Stadium, North Road, where there are also squash courts. The Wales Empire Pool, near Cardiff General railway station, has fine facilities for swimmers and spectators, plus a health centre with sauna, Turkish and other baths. Golfers have a good choice of courses (there are eight in or near Cardiff) and there's a golf driving range at Pontcanna Fields, near Sophia Gardens. For those with more modest ambitions, there are pitch-and-putt courses at Llandaff Fields, Heath Park and Trelai Park. You can enjoy tennis and bowls in many parks, and there's an indoor bowling stadium at Rhydypenau Road, near the end of Roath Park Lake. Fairwater Park has a ski slope, and for a spot of riding try the Equestrian Centre at Pontcanna.

Yachtsmen, water skiers and sea anglers make for the sandy shores west of Cardiff and there is ample scope for freshwater fishing in the area. Cardiff is a green city, justly proud of its 2,700 acres of parkland. Roath Park has a half-mile long lake where you can feed the ducks, go boating or admire the lovely rose gardens. And don't miss a stroll through Parc Cefn On, Llanishen, where an amazing variety of flowers and shrubs flourish in an idyllic setting.

Conferences

Cardiff welcomes conferences, and has the facilities to match its ambitions. Biggest venue by far is Sophia Gardens Pavilion, with a 2,000 capacity, while the elegant Assembly Rooms in the City Hall have a capacity of 800. Far from living in ivory towers, administrators of Cardiff's university institutions have seen the potential in their halls and lecture theatres. New extensions of University College include a 1,250-seat Great Hall with excellent conference facilities and the 450-seat Sherman Theatre. Traherne Hall, Penylan, is a residential conference centre growing in popularity, and the college campus in Cathays Park has air-conditioned lecture theatres with tiered seating and projection facilities. Halls of residence, available during vacation times, house hundreds of delegates in comfort. Conferences of doctors and others working in the field of health are held at the magnificent new University Hospital of Wales. The National Sports Centre provides full facilities for conferences connected with sport. Many Cardiff hotels have excellent conference facilities, and there are other spacious halls in the city apart from those mentioned.

How to Get There

By road, rail or air, Cardiff is easy to reach. It's now a pleasant three hours' drive from London along the M4, 150 miles of motorway which come within nine miles of the city centre. You'll cross the suspension bridge over the Severn Estuary on the way. If you're travelling from the Midlands, the M5 from Birmingham linking up with the M50 Ross Spur is your route. There are fine views of the Malvern Hills on the way. From north-west England, either motorway along the M6, M5 and M50 or come via Shrewsbury, Hereford and Abergavenny – a fast route through delightful countryside. Extensive improvements have taken place on the immediate approach roads to Cardiff, and the inner radial road skirting the city centre has been completed with the opening of the dual-carriageway Eastern Avenue.

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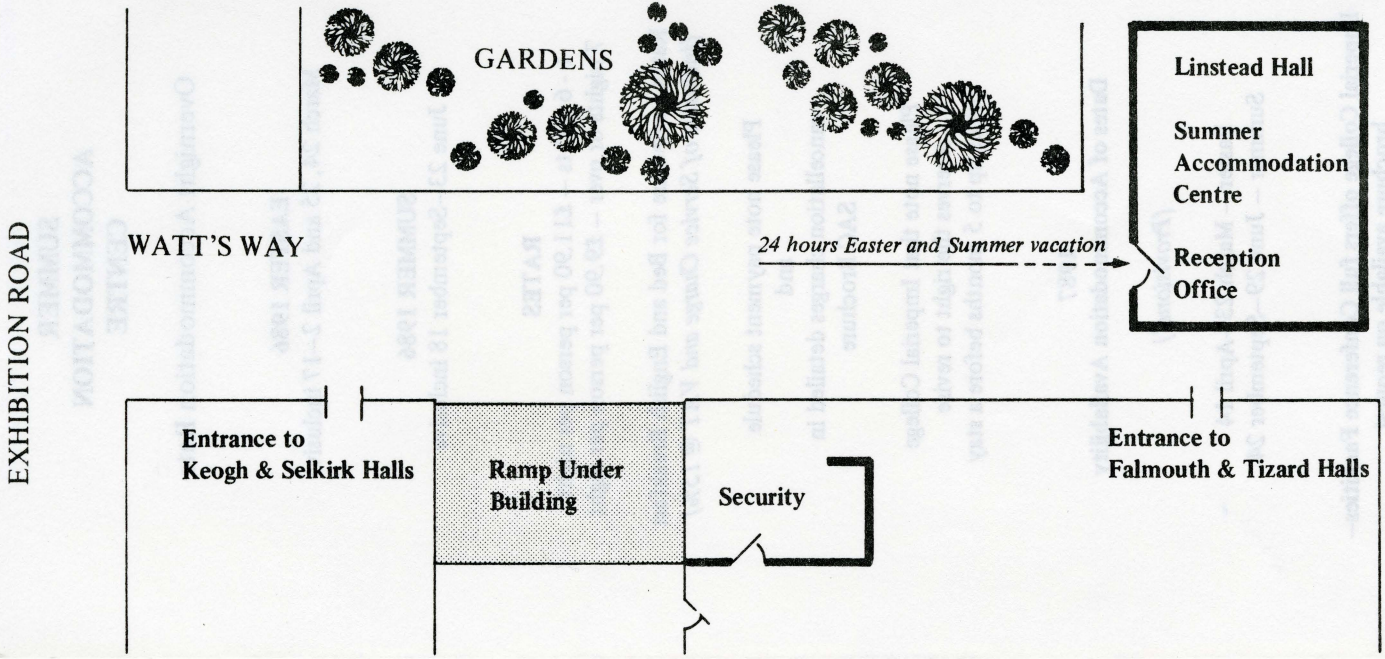

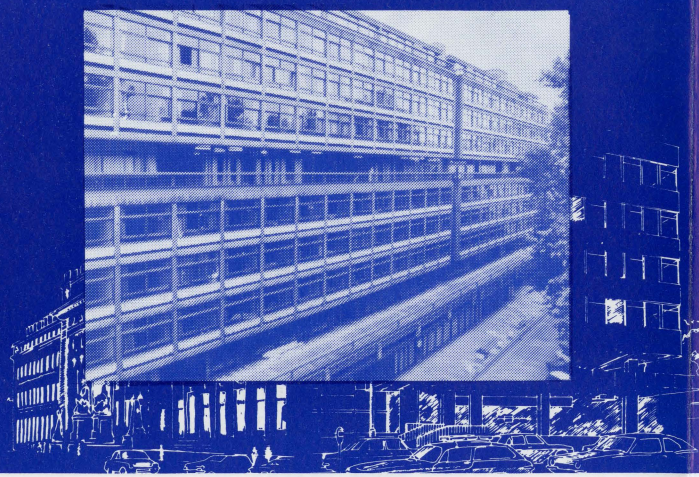



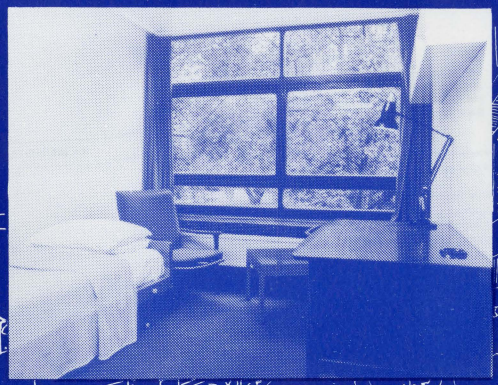

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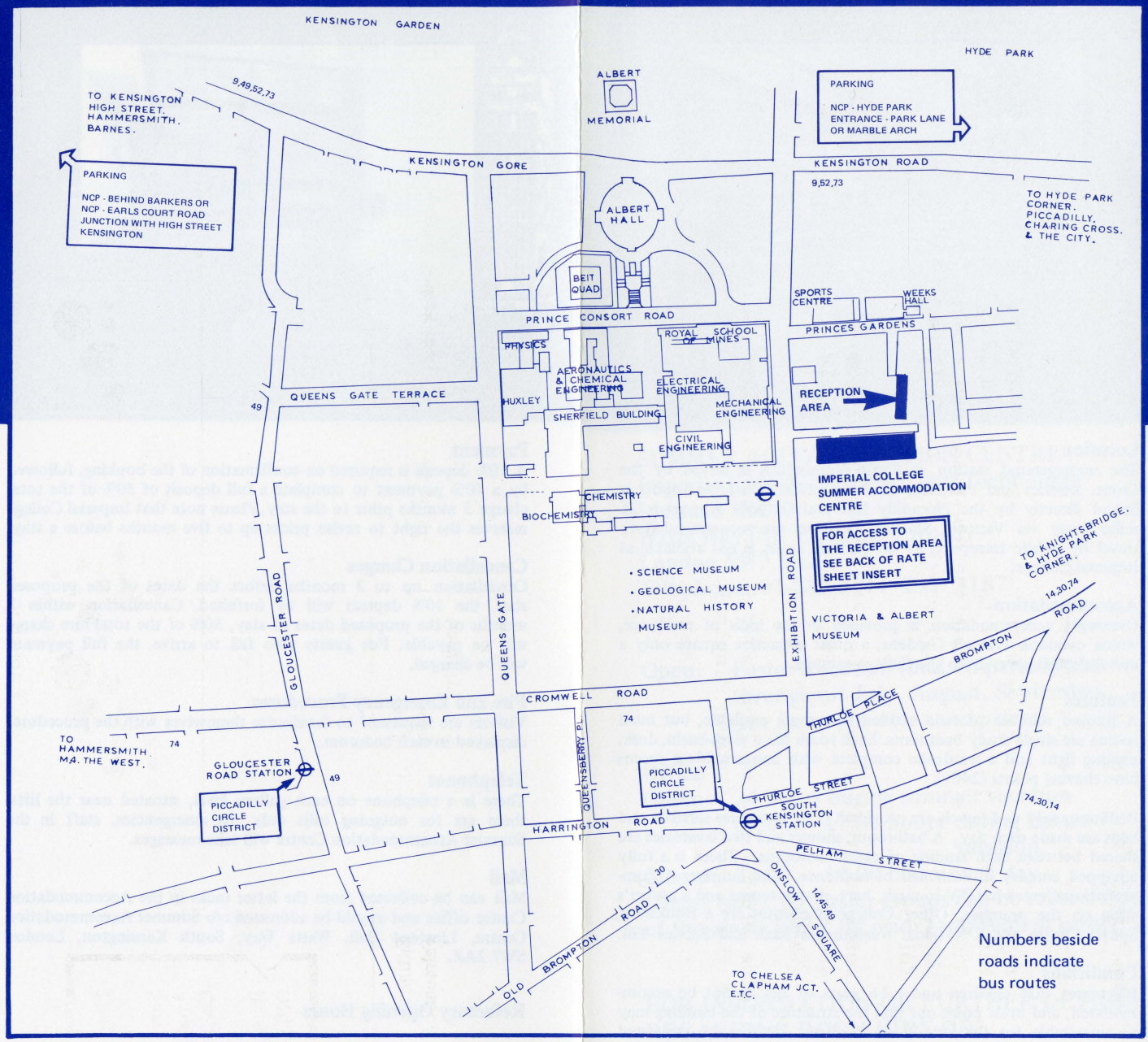

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England on the Wild Side

The naturalist's trail touches watery fen and wash, craggy dale and scar

By RICHARD MUIR

In an unfamiliar land it is all too easy to become stranded on the conveyor belts of the tourist industry, to see the most celebrated of the historical places, yet to return with an uneasy sense of having missed the essence or diversity of the country. The most heralded sights in a country's portfolio of tourist attractions may be linked to or surrounded by a number of wildlife habitats where one's travel-worn senses can be recharged and tranquillity restored.

Britain is much smaller than many American states, yet crammed within its modest boundaries are great contrasts. The most heavily traveled tourist trails run from London to Cambridge, perhaps with a diversion eastward to Norwich, then northward to the old Roman fortress town of York, and northward again to Edinburgh. These are all splendidly historic cities, though not one of them would appear in my top 10 list of places I am compelled to visit again and again.

Let me tell you about four that do. These are all places where some outstanding facet of nature is displayed, be it a rare bird, an outstanding passage of scenery or both — and they exhibit rural England at its best. Two of them, Wicken Fen, an area preserved by the National Trust in the flat farming country called the Fens, and a bird preserve in the area known as the Ouse Washes, lie within easy reach of Cambridge. The others, both within comfortable driving distance of York, are Malham, where geology has produced two remarkable scenic extravaganzas, and Bempton Cliffs, where the sheer chalk cliffs fall to the sea and are home to a colony of gannets. None of these sites are likely to be featured in the typical glossy guidebook.

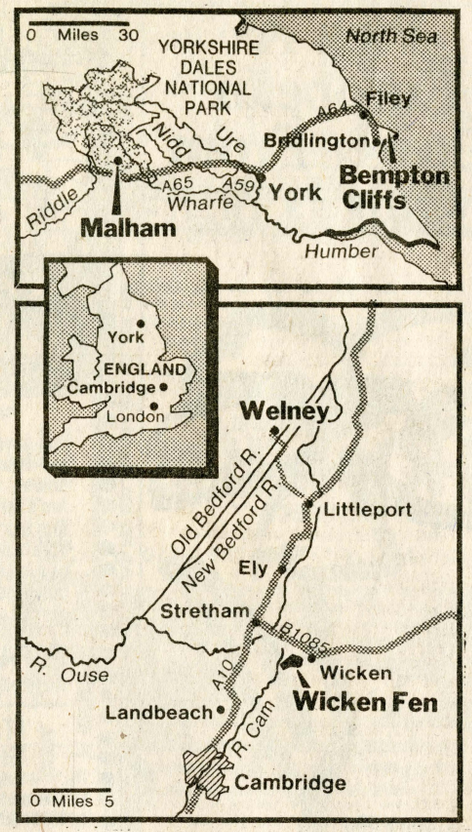
The countryside close to Cambridge (excluding Grantchester Meadows and Wandlebury Woods) is sad and uninspiring, blitzed into anonymity by modern farming, which has ripped out the old hedgerows, felled the woods, drained the wetlands and created what we now call prairie fields. A few miles to the north and northeast of Cambridge you enter the different and peculiar landscape of the Fens. This is flat farming countryside, dominated by lively, overbearing skyscapes and carpeted in black peat or buttery blue clay. It is a landscape that you either love or hate, but not a place for those with a fear of open spaces. Until the 17th century, however, the Fens was a wild and secretive place, a soggy, leaking landscape with mirror-like meres, tortuous streams, narrow canals or lodes, reed beds and groves of water-loving alder and birch.

Romans, Saxons, medieval villagers and churchmen all made piecemeal attempts to reclaim the Fenland, but it was not until the 1630's that a purposeful attempt began, under



Richard Muir

Waterlilies, sedge, birch and alder scrub and black poplars at Wicken Fen in Cambridgeshire.



The New York Times/March 30, 1986

low on its bill, making possible the identification of individuals returning successfully from the Soviet Arctic.

Adding their own loud notes to the cacophony are smaller numbers of the less rare whooper swan, slightly larger than the Bewick's with more yellow on their bills, and a few of the common mute swans. Bobbing and dodging among the swans are countless wild duck — up to 40,000 wigeon, mallard, pintail, teal, gadwall, shoveler, shelduck, pochard (with their strange red eyes), and black and white tufted duck. It is a sight that really has to be seen to be believed.

Malham is in the Yorkshire Dales, to which I moved from Cambridgeshire last year. (Nature watching had come to be a matter of island-hopping: driving across fastnesses of sterlized farmland to visit nature reserves, like the ones described.) From York a drive westward of about 40 minutes takes you to the boundary of the Yorkshire Dales National Park. The Dales is not a place but a large area of limestone and gritstone plateaus, deeply dissected by sparkling rivers like the Ure, Wharfe, Ribble and Nidd. Each river and stream gives its name to its own dale or valley, although the Ure flows in Wensleydale (famous for its cheese; but also try the creamy farmhouse Swalesdale).

The scenery of this region reflects the rocks beneath: the tough millstone grit gives rise to acid soils, heather moors and moist, tree-dappled valleys. The rocks of the Yoredale Series are a many-layered sandwich of limestones and sandstones and produce detailed steplike formations as they outcrop in the sides of valleys. The ancient limestones create a distinctive landscape of bright green pastures and silvery cliffs, or scars, and the rocks are also displayed in the pale gray field-wall tracery

Vermuyden, to drain the entire region. His straightened rivers and new canals proved inadequate, flooding was severe, and in the 18th century hundreds of windmills were built to raise the floodwaters from one level to another. They worked, but were replaced in turn by steam, diesel and electric pumps. The old Fenland disappeared and with it the legendary privacy and independence of the local people (who are still known as Fen tigers).

At Wicken Fen, a 670-acre morsel of old countryside is preserved. The scenery here is composed of languid rivers; deep ditches; thickets of alder, buckthorn, willow, birch and guelder rose, with a few superb specimens of the rare black poplar (a stately towering tree), and flat, shimmering expanses of reeds and sedges.

Villages around Cambridge — Whittlesford, Landbeach and Fen Ditton among them — display plenty of thatched, timber-framed houses from the 14th to the 17th centuries, and if you look closely you will see that some roofs are blond and slightly unkempt and others brunette and well-groomed. The blond roofs are thatched in wheat straw, the darker ones in reed. Wicken Fen is one of the very few places where thatching reed is still harvested, and the visitor will see cut and uncut reeds and stacks drying after the harvest. The regular reaping of the reeds helps to preserve the ecology.

A notable Wicken landmark is the timber windmill, really a wind pump, the last of many, which is now restored and in working order. The small mill is in timber cladding with white-painted sails on which canvas would have been hung. It was moved from its original site and re-erected here, helping in the essential task of maintaining the water level in the Fenland's last outpost.

Free from herbicides and pesticides, Wicken Fen is vibrant with bird and plant life, and fox cubs may be seen playing in quieter corners. The plants include the carmine or pink southern marsh orchid, masses of yellow flag iris, white and yellow waterlilies, the yellow loosestrife and the rare fen violet.

There is also a remarkable type of dead vegetation. If you ask the warden at the little display and information center, he will direct you to some bog oaks. Blackened by the peat but otherwise perfectly intact, these fossilized trees were drowned and submerged thousands of years ago during the North Sea's invasions of the low-lying Fens.

The bird life includes swans; a variety of wild ducks; rare birds of prey, like the hen harrier and long-eared owl; game like snipe and woodcock, and several fenland songbirds. Sadly, attempts to re-establish the gorgeous swallowtail butterfly have so far proved unsuccessful.

Wicken Fen lies beside the village of Wicken and can be reached from Cambridge in about half an hour, taking the A10 road toward Ely, leaving it at Stretham village and following the A1123 to Wicken. Just north of Landbeach on the A10, the straight stretch of road is Roman in origin and passes a wide ditch that is, in fact, the Car Dyke, an important Roman canal.

One evening a couple of years ago I was returning to Cambridge by train from Norwich and a United States airman, just assigned to a huge air base near Thetford in Norfolk, was sitting opposite, quietly sampling the mildly attractive countryside. Suddenly he leaped to his feet shouting, "My God, what is that?" He had just caught his first sight of Ely Cathedral.

The Norman cathedral at Ely, with its octagon tower built after the Norman crossing tower collapsed in 1322, is temptation to pause in this riverside market town on the way from Cambridge to the Welney bird reserve, the second place on my list of four. The Fens being so flat and the Cathedral so tall, the building is a majestic landmark on countless Fenland horizons. The lavish external decoration is in the Transitional style, which developed as the Norman Romanesque gave way to the Gothic Early English manner.

Welney's origin lies in the fact that Vermuyden's plan for draining the Fens involved canalizing and thus straightening the Great Ouse River. Soon he was obliged to make a second canal, parallel to the first, and since his patron was the Earl of Bedford, these became known as the Old and New Bedford Rivers. The rivers run side by side for about 15 miles, separated by wet meadows about half-a-mile wide. In winter these Ouse meadows, or washes, take the floodwater, and a remarkable assemblage of water birds fly in.

The most important section of washes, near Welney, is managed by the Wildfowl Trust. To reach it from Ely you go along the A10 road to Littleport and turn left on the A1101. In the Fens the rivers flow on raised beds well above the land; you will drive beneath the bank of the New Bedford River, but as the main road rises and bends left to cross the river keep straight on. Beside the track is a visitor center where payment of about $1 gains admission to the large timber hide overlooking the edge of the washes.

This is a place best visited in winter, when the meadows are flooded and the rare Bewick's swans are here in numbers up to 3,000 seeking relief from the rigors of the Siberian winter. Offerings of food bring the birds right to the water margin, where they squabble over potatoes on the mudflats just below the hide in a kaleidoscope of noise, dispute, arrival and departure. With their great numbers and elegant forms the Bewick's swans are the stars of the show, and work at another Wildfowl Trust center has shown that each bird has its personal pattern of black and yel-

RICHARD MUIR is the author of 15 books on the countryside and landscape history of Britain, most recently the National Trust Guides to "Prehistoric and Roman Britain" and "Dark Age and Medieval Britain."



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Fishing boats near Flamborough Head at the edge of the Yorkshire Wolds.

There is no predominant center in the Yorkshire Dales but a series of stone villages and market towns set in largely unspoiled countryside. At Malham, geological history has produced two spectacular scenic sites: Malham Cove and Gordale Scar.

During the Ice Ages, when the ice in the ground sealed the porous limestone, the great cliff arc of Malham Cove, a sheer wall of limestone over 200 feet high, was formed as a gigantic waterfall by torrents of meltwater, which wore back an old fault scarp.

A footpath safely scales the flanks of the cove, and above the cliff face is an expanse of limestone pavement crisscrossed by deep fissures carved by percolating rainwater. The path to the cove passes several parallel stony banks, the remains of Roman or Iron Age field walls.

Just a mile to the east is Gordale Scar, which, while its mode of formation may well be similar to that of Malham Cove, has a quite different aura. (Some believe that the deep gorge here was not formed by the regression of a waterfall but by the collapse of the roof of a great cavern.) The path from the road follows a stream between sheer limestone cliffs, which become progressively higher and almost seem to meet in the narrowing sky above. In the darkness at the head of the gorge there is a cascade — and above it another, fed by a river that bursts out of the rock wall high above.

I know of no more magical place in the whole of Britain. On my last visit last month, the coldest February since 1947, the waterfalls existed as vertical glaciers of solid ice.

Just beyond the approach road is the more conventional waterfall of Janet's Foss, owned by the National Trust and in former times a place where local sheep were dipped.

The fortunate visitor may catch sight of a peregrine falcon, perhaps even a golden eagle on a long foray from homelands in the Lake District. On the upland plateau above Malham, the small lake of Malham Tarn is an incomparable wetland site, the waters being trapped by a small exposure of impermeable rock. Visitors are advised to use the parking lot and the National Park Information Center on the outskirts of Malham village, pack some tough shoes and walk the final one mile to Malham Cove and the two miles from the parking lot to Gordale Scar.

Malham is a village with stone cottages and farmsteads of the 17th and 18th centuries, periods when it was a major assembly point for cattle walked down the Pennine range from Scotland. The next village, Kirkby Malham, has a superb example of a church in the late medieval Pennine Perpendicular style of the region. The long low roofline, slender tower and square-headed windows epitomize the idiom.

To reach Malham from York, drivers can take the A59 to the Victorian spa town of Harrogate and the medieval castle and market town of Skipton. You then follow the A65, soon leaving it at Gargrave and completing the journey on narrow country roads; less than two hours of driving are involved.

The Yorkshire coast has known many tragedies, the sea carrying away fields and villages from vulnerable stretches of the shoreline. But between the resorts of Filey and Bridlington, the chalk escarpment of the

Continued on Page 16

Dartmoor in a Gentler Light

Few places smell so fresh or flower so unexpectedly as this ancient landscape

By PETER LEVI

The bulky hill wastes of Exmoor, Dartmoor and Bodmin Moor all but rub shoulders. They present a formidable series of obstacles to the motorist to this day, and they still protect the ultimate mysteries of Cornwall from most of the English, whom the Cornish traditionally and correctly regard as a foreign race.

Exmoor has its own breed of ponies; the first time I fell seriously in love was with an Exmoor pony called Tommy when I was 11. Bodmin Moor is farther west, inside Cornwall. A kind of road crosses it and reveals a wilderness of hill grazing and a few rain-eaten prehistoric monuments. You descend from it into perfectly quiet, perfectly innocent villages.

Dartmoor is a large part of Devonshire and an important source of rivers. It has a sinister reputation because of its famous prison, its terrifying quagmires, its wicked storms and thick, sudden blankets of mist, in which one is utterly lost within two minutes. This reputation was greatly increased by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle with his "Hound of the Baskervilles" and the film that was made of it. Dartmoor is one of the last genuine wildernesses in Britain, a breeding place of hawks and buzzards and a hill range of remarkable beauty. Today, the farmers argue with the conservationists around its fringes, but as most of Dartmoor belongs to the Prince of Wales, we need have few fears. The Government speaks of putting a big road across it to relieve the 10-mile bottleneck at Okehampton, the usual tourist route into the southwest, but sensible drivers avoid it already, and the new road is likely to be fiercely opposed. It is sometimes a relief that governments run out of money for these projects.

Dartmoor rears up purple in the distance like a promised land. Just under it lies Chagford, which used to have an isolated inn, now the Easton Court Hotel, where writers would stay before the war to finish their books. I do not think I would choose it today because the small road has got busier and the inn has changed hands. It is where Evelyn Waugh wrote most of "Brideshead Revisted," on extended leave from his long-suffering regiment. Chagford is the seat of the Mid-Devon Hunt, which pursues foxes. Staghounds and otterhounds are still kept on the moor, which is a measure of its wildness. Stags are pursued but otterhounds now hunt mink.

Before otter hunting was made illegal, I used to run with the Dartmoor otterhounds. Everyone was on foot and there was a lot of standing knee-deep in rivers to watch the otter slip between one's legs. Sometimes one had to jump into deep pools, though I am not sure why. The hounds were large, shaggy and amiably stupid. No otter ever seemed to get caught, though one did see them. The Master was a small, devoted, elderly woman with cropped hair and a bowler hat. The best



Fox hunt pauses near Wrangaton on the moor's southern edge.



At Buckfast Abbey, a monk crosses a river bridge on the grounds.



deep love affair with this country and a serious knowledge of it, and I think gives a fair account of what the area was like in the Golden Age before 1914. If one wanted a garden, one cleared the rocks by blasting and used the fragments for retaining walls. The people were warm, simple and subtle.

How far have things altered? Not long ago the progressive, arts-minded teaching insti-

Where to shelter on the moor

Accommodations

The Two Bridges Hotel at Two Bridges (tele-

must once have stood in every river on Dartmoor, in some of them many times. Otters for some reason were hunted in summer, among the sweet, pungent smells of wildflowers. One day they did catch one, a big dog otter. He was killed very quickly and lifted up. I never saw a more beautiful beast, and I never went otter hunting again. But if I were 20 years younger I would like to wander about again in that clear brown water for the sight of an otter. And I remember a man of 90 I met on a bridge. "I roused myself up," he said, "to hear the sound of the horn."

One of the most exciting features of Dartmoor is its woods. When they stand on the exposed moor the oak trees are so stunted, so gaunt and wind-beaten, so pale with lichen and so huddled together in their gloom, that they seem a miracle of survival. They seem part of an older creation than ours, which after all is largely man-made or propagated by mankind. Their shade is an inky dark green and an almost luminous gray. The wind whistles in them as it would in a forest of bones, but more thunderously. The poet of Devonshire at present is Ted Hughes, but he sees it with Yorkshire eyes. You can see farther in Yorkshire than in Devon, just as you can in his poems. Dartmoor ought to breed a poet of its own.

Exmoor has R. D. Blackmore, of course, and "Lorna Doone." That epic of superhuman strength and wickedness has too many Victorian colors and yet it compels belief; one remembers it many years. Blackmore gets at the core of his wild people as his hero tears out an enemy's muscle like the pith of an orange. It is a relief that one will encounter no such characters, but it is still true that in wild, isolated farms, wild, isolated acts of madness do sometimes take place. Blackmore was a poet: his translation of Virgil is even more more civilized than the original; he entitled his first two georgics "The Fruit" and "Farm of Old." His remarkable insight into the people of the moors was partly based on research, but the dark fire in him probably owed more to his awful boyhood at Blundells School at Tiverton, where the bullying gave him epilepsy for the rest of his life.

Dartmoor, or rather a very pleasant village under its southern edge — close to the modern Buckfast Abbey where the monks still come into choir red-faced from their haymaking — once nourished the unlikeliest of rural poets, Robert Herrick. He was Vicar of Dean Prior for 34 years, in exile from London. Today the village is overwhelmed by an enormous modern road, but in the 17th century it must have been a fine little place. Herrick had a pet pig that went about with him and drank beer out of a tankard. He wrote four lines in memory of his old, unmarried housekeeper:

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin (once my maid)
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet

Nowhere in Britain are the violet and the primrose so abundant or so early as in south Devonshire. The lanes are so embanked and enclosed with hedges that in summer they are often like tunnels. In spring they are full of violets and primroses. Most of the 1,350 recorded prehistoric dwellings on Dartmoor, small round huts of stones that once had thatched roofing in the shape of wigwams, lie on the southern slopes, and almost all of them have their doorways southward and their backs to the northwest gales. Some were isolated, some grouped in villages with an earth rampart. It is pleasing to realize that as many primroses and violets flowered for them as for us. The most impressive of these lost villages is Grimspound, which stood on the crest of Hamildon Tor (about 1,700 feet) above the village of Widecombe in the Moor.

Dartmoor is habitable. It has been preserved as a wilderness because the Normans made it a royal hunting forest, and Princes of Wales have owned it since the Black Prince. The Normans bred rabbits on it, their principal contribution to English agriculture. Random settlers on the moor were permitted only if they could build and roof a house between sunrise and sunset, but no such structure has been put up since 1835. Dartmoor can, however, boast various scars of mining and quarrying, including a disused tramway, which acts as a flypaper to the serious-minded, leaving the wilder countryside free for you and me. The red deer have died out, though tiny Japanese deer, which have now spread all over England, are some compensation. The grazing of sheep creates a tranquil and attractive atmosphere, and no better sheepdogs are to be seen at work anywhere than on Dartmoor. All the same, central Dartmoor is more or less empty. So is that part of Exmoor that falls within the boundaries of Devon rather than Somerset.

Two roads cross Dartmoor: one the beautiful road from Tavistock on the west that crosses open moorland to Ashburton and on to Exeter; the other crazier, wilder and even more exciting, from Yelverton in the west to Moretonhampstead near Chagford. They meet at Two Bridges, an idyllic watery spot close to Princetown Prison, the English Alcatraz.

Once many years ago I was a prison chaplain, and I never knew a prisoner who failed to take "the Moor" extremely seriously. But like many British prisons it has for outsiders the charms of antique, dramatic architecture. It was designed for the Prince Regent in 1785 as an agricultural settlement. It failed, and 20 years later it was redesigned for French prisoners of war. Later, it got its own tramway to supply granite to Plymouth; only in 1846, when transportation of prisoners to Australia was causing protests, did Dartmoor become an English criminal prison, with convicts breaking stone in the quarries. Today in summer it looks like some palatial barracks in a beautiful green place. The parish church was built by French and American prisoners of war.

As the wildflowers of Nepal flourish under the very eaves of the Himalayas, so the isolated farms and little villages of Dartmoor flourish on the abundant water supply of the high moor, which is deeply scored with river valleys. Cecil Torr's "Small Talk at Wreyland," the autobiographic table talk of a Victorian London barrister who retired to become a Dartmoor squire, is the record of a existence by examining its own effect on the surrounding country. They found three cases of traditional agricultural witchcraft within a mile or two of their fence. Cecil Torr would lead one to expect something of the sort.

"Most of the old houses here have groups of box-edged beds with narrow paths between them, making up some pattern as a whole," he wrote. "And these are known as Pixey Gardens. As pixies are 12 inches high, these little paths are pretty much the same to them as Devonshire lanes to human beings. I was taught that one could always tell a pixey from a fairy, as fairies wear clothes, and pixies go without; but I have never seen either sort myself, in a pixey garden or elsewhere." This story becomes much funnier, in paragraph after wandering paragraph, but the humor is cumulative as a landscape.

One should begin exploring Dartmoor by skirting its edges. The most thrilling and open views I recollect are from the north: the moor is so heaving and vast and unexpected.

The traditional drink of Dartmoor is cider, which if it comes out of barrels is lethally strong. The cider of Normandy is lemonade by comparison. In the last century, according to Torr, a workingman would drink three pints a day, and be "always in the genial stage of drunkenness," though some went further, making themselves "never proper drunk, nor proper sober neither, but always a-muddled and amazed." Some years ago I encountered an inn where that description was apt, but the Golden Age is not to be revived, even on the fringes of Dartmoor, and if as an outsider you show a disposition to drink more than a glass of local cider, you will not be well viewed, particularly if you are armed with a car. In 1916, Cecil Torr thought that tea drinking was doing more harm than cider ever did. His private cider press would turn 800 pounds of apples into 60 gallons of cider in about two hours. His father wrote to him in a letter of March 1845, "The old workmen here think we shall have cider plenty: they think more of that than the crops in the fields." Everyone had apple trees, not everyone had crops: modern fertilizers have made a great difference to the viability of crops.

The Tavy, the Plym, the Yealm, the Dart and the Teign are in their small scale among the most beautiful rivers in Britain. One never forgets them. The hamlet of Dartmeet, high up on the moor, is set in a private world of standing stones and prehistoric monuments. Drewsteignton below the northeast edge of the moor, not far from Chagford, is a classically perfect English village.

Dartmoor, like the rest of Devonshire, was conquered by the Anglo-Saxons, and the Britons and Celts fled westward into Cornwall. The pattern of its settlements and the clearance of its forests, which can still be traced in the stubbornly individual shape of fields and the windings and embankments of lanes, date from that time. Even in central Dartmoor most of the place names are English, and the more obvious ancient monuments are still encrusted with typically Anglo-Saxon mythology. In few places has an ancient landscape been so preserved alive. Few places smell so fresh or flower so unexpectedly or loom so solemnly. It is not a landscape to be taken lightly. ■



Photographs by Jonathan Player

Walkers follow a rocky track on Hameldown in Devon.

PETER LEVI is professor of poetry at Oxford and the author of many books, among them "The Hill of Kronos" and "Grave Witness" (St. Martin's Press), a mystery.

main roads cross, is a good center for walking enthusiasts. Bed and breakfast costs $16.50 to $26 a person; dinner is about $9.50. Your eyes are not deceiving you if you see llamas grazing alongside sheep in a nearby enclosure: the owners keep the llamas out of interest, not for consumption.

At the Forest Inn at Hexworthy, (36 43 211), the charge for bed and breakfast ranges from $17.50 to $23 a person. Specialties are duck and chicken forestière; the hotel also smokes its own salmon. Twenty-three salmon were caught last year in the hotel's 300-yard stretch of the Dart. A nearby riding stable hires out ponies to those who wish to explore the moor on horseback.

In the Chagford area, the Gidleigh Park Hotel (Chagford 2225) is among the most highly regarded country hotels in Britain. Prices, including dinner and breakfast, range from $145 to $240 a night for two. There are discounts for those staying for at least three nights from December through March. Saddle of hare and mousse of partridge are among the specialties in the restaurant, where a typical dinner for two, with wine, will cost about $130. Gidleigh's wine cellar is one of the best in Britain.

At the Easton Court Hotel at Chagford (Chagford 3469), where Evelyn Waugh wrote "Brideshead Revisited," an 11-hour videocassette of the entire television series is available to visitors. Prices for bed and breakfast range from $32 to $35 a person a night in summer, and $25 or $26 out of season. The food is essentially good country cooking — no nouvelle cuisine here. Dinner: about $20 a person.

Cream Tea

Down in the leafy depths of the gorge at Fingle Bridge, near Drewsteignton, and on the rim of the fast-flowing Teign, is the Angler's Rest, a restaurant run by the Price family for 90 years. It is a favorite spot for a Devonshire cream tea (two scones, strawberry jam and thick, primrose yellow clotted cream with a pot of tea for $2.30).

Castle Drogo

Castle Drogo, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens and built between 1911 and 1930, crouches like a Crusader's castle above the gorge of the Teign River. It is open daily from April through October; admission fee, about $2.90. Drogo, now owned by the National Trust, was given to the nation by the Drewe family, wealthy grocers who built it. There are terraced gardens in the grounds of the granite castle, which includes towers and a chapel.

Annual Fairs

Two of Dartmoor's major fairs take place in autumn. Widecombe Fair, on the second Tuesday in September, and Tavistock Goode Fair, on the second Wednesday in October, are occasions for country people to celebrate. Both events have made deep imprints in the folklore and legends of Dartmoor.

Further information and literature about the area can be obtained from Devon Tourism, County Hall, Exeter, Devon, England (Exeter 53260).

James Mildren



Detail from a Mbukushu Beaded Apron, Botswana
Détail d'un tablier de perle de la tribu Mbukushu, Botswana
To benefit UNICEF • Au profit de l'UNICEF

Merry Christmas!



When you go to Britain in the Spring you might contact George & Diana Pensotti, 101 Elgin Crescent, London W11 01-229-9598.

Diana is a Journalist affiliated with an independent newsagency & has international contacts.

Alice & Pete

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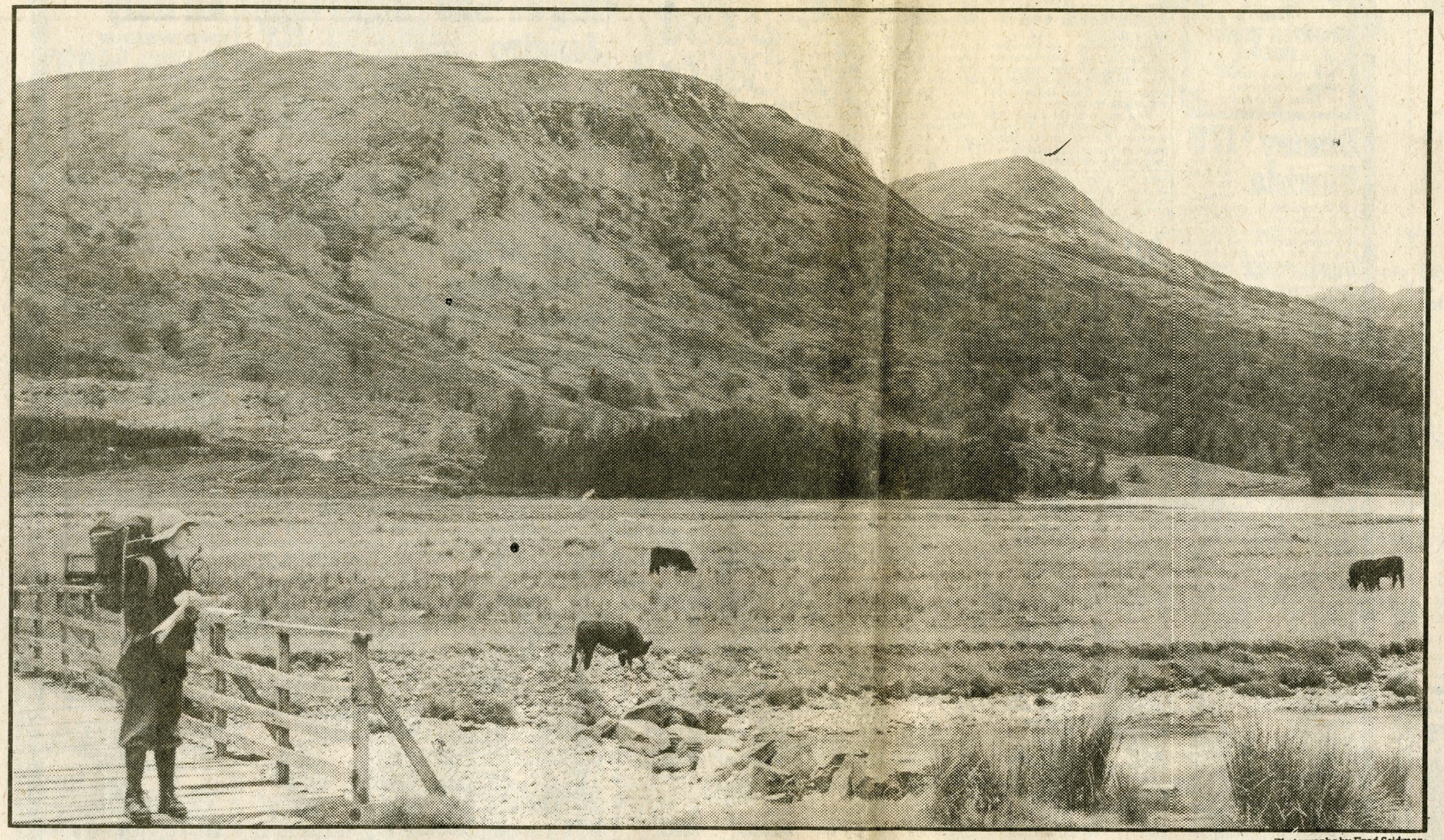
On the Road in the Highlands

For the dedicated walker, northwestern Scotland is a challenge and its own reward



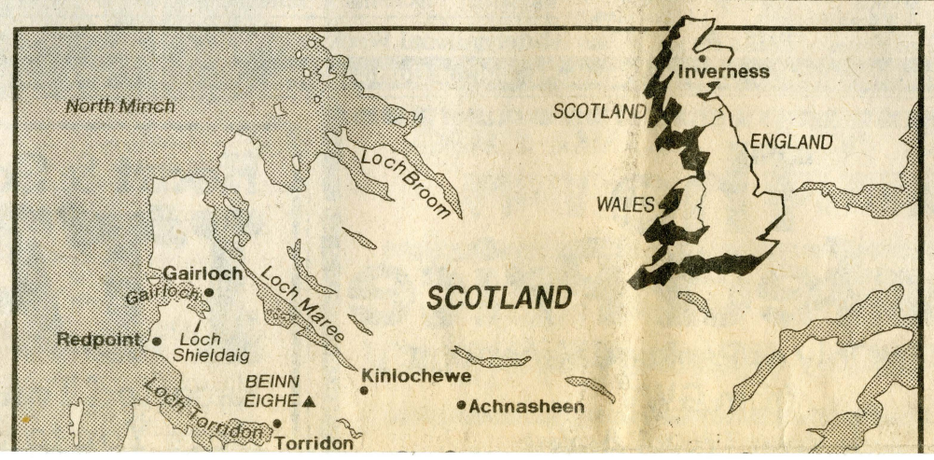
Photographs by Fred Seidman

"I could see the bones of the earth. The loneliness of this landscape is compelling and beautiful."

By AMANDA MAYER STINCHECUM

In the Highlands of Scotland you can still travel without a car, walk in the mountains for seven or eight hours without meeting a single person (and feel safe doing so) and arrive, late in the afternoon, at a gracious Victorian inn, where you fall into a wing-back chair in the sunny lounge and ring for afternoon tea. As you gaze vacantly at the clouds reflected in the loch outside, a white-napkined tray arrives loaded with pots of tea and hot water and piled with traditional home-baked goodies.

If you have walked all day from your last night's lodgings with all your belongings on your back, there is satisfaction in actually



pots there was coffee, tea, hot water; hot milk for the coffee, cold milk for the tea, brown Demerara sugar for the coffee, white sugar lumps for the tea; a touch of Chinoiserie in the flower-patterned cups, saucers, and plates; pure butter shortbread, pancakes spread with butter and red-currant jam, and muffins — all freshly baked. All this for an amazing $1.80 apiece.

Dinner and breakfast were up to the same high standards (food in the Highlands isn't always this good). The hotel was the best place we stayed, due at least in part to Miss Kathleen Moodie — a formidable presence in western Ross-shire, who has had everything under her control there for the last 18 years —

confidence to do it alone, so we bused to Torridon instead. I regretted my timidity when I learned that a 70-year-old woman had walked over the pass from Torridon to Loch Maree alone a few days earlier (I was told the views were lovelier that way than the reverse).

Real dangers are involved in hill-walking, as the British so modestly call it: getting lost, injuring yourself, exposure. It is important to know your own capacities and have a clear sense of what the walk involves.

Torridon was a dramatic change from the gentler shores of Loch Maree. It was wild and stark: whitecaps on the loch (an arm of the sea), above which towered the peaks of Torridon, overwhelming us, who were just casual walkers. The Loch Torridon Hotel, built in the mid-Victorian period for the local laird, or clan chief, is movie-set perfect, with its own herd of sheep and long-haired Highland cattle. Our room had a wonderful circular bathroom with a large, curved window from which I could enjoy the view of loch and mountains while soaking in a hot tub. But the place was strangely lifeless; we missed the sense of continuity and tradition that we had learned to expect from Highland lodgings.

Although it was late in the day to learn the lesson, my great discovery at Torridon was that luggage could be sent ahead by post-bus, providing there *were* buses, of course, and the drivers were willing (there, they were). If you plan to walk from one night's lodging to the next, be sure to ask about this.

From Torridon an old track leads to Gairloch, 20 miles over the hills. There is also a coastal route, but the hill-path promised to be more scenic as well as more challenging (but too much for my friend, who hitchiked to Gairloch). I followed a good Nature Conservancy trail up a steep hollow and between two peaks to a large loch; there, as I had anticipated, the trail petered out, and for several depressing miles I made my way over lumpy hillocks, spongy bogs, and streams. Although I knew that the element of uncertainty was what gave spice to the adventure, my anxiety to reach the end of this trackless stretch robbed the loch and sheer gray walls of stone rising from its bank of their charm.

My spirits lifted as soon as I picked up the stalking road that leads to Gairloch at the far end of the loch. The landscape changed completely: The bare sweep of the Torridons was behind me, and ahead were low, rounded green hills, broken by outcroppings of gray rock, with bays and inlets beyond; small lochs glittered between the hills — a landscape typical of Scotland's northwest coast.

The road winds down to Loch Shieldaig and the Shieldaig Lodge Hotel, about three miles from Gairloch village. My friend, with visions of me up to my neck in some bog, was pacing up and down in the lounge when I fi-

reaching the next destination under your own steam. And the promise of new vistas and the excitement of arriving at a new place after a hard day make this mode of travel special. Even when your shoulders hurt and your legs ache, the challenge of the accomplishment and anticipation of fresh pleasures spur you.

The western Highlands are ideal for this pursuit. Although the northwest of Scotland is sparsely populated and almost totally unsuited to cultivation, for hundreds of years it was traversed by great herds of cattle and sheep being driven to Lowland markets. Now these old drove roads, along with stalking roads used only during the hunting season, are left to the walker. These mountains and glens, so wild and remote, are at the same time so easily accessible that the sense of adventure is imminent, without the difficulties of most exotic excursions.

You need little special equipment, no involved arrangements. The Highlands let you get to a wilderness of extraordinary beauty and back to civilization in one day, and you can do this for as many days as you choose without retracing your steps.

I set out with a friend to explore western Ross-shire — one of the best parts of the Highlands for a first walking trip because so much spectacular variety is contained in such a small area. We decided on a route that would take us from Inverness through Glen Carron to Wester-Ross by train, then farther west by foot to Loch Maree, south to Loch Torridon, and finally to Gairloch village on the west coast (all within the parish of Gairloch). We allowed 12 days for this part of our trip, but could gladly have spent more time lingering at Loch Maree, or planned a shorter itinerary, but I would recommend at least a week to build up stamina and to get the real flavor of the countryside.

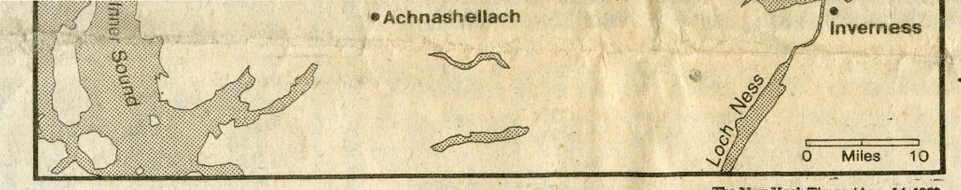
The train from Inverness climbed through late afternoon light (which goes on for hours in midsummer this far north) from lush, cultivated fields to treeless and rounded mountains. Since I first took this train 25 years ago, I have always felt that here I could see the bones of the earth, barely covered with a thin skin of bracken and heather. The loneliness of this landscape is compelling and beautiful. At Achnasheen station, already in the middle of nowhere only 43 miles from Inverness, there was no ticket-taker; a sign posted on the wall explained the honor system, which people actually seemed to heed.

Half a mile from the station, hidden in a stand of glowing purple rhododendrons and dark pines, the Ledgowan Lodge Hotel gave us our first taste of Scottish inns. Typical of many small Highland hotels, it was originally built (in 1910) as a hunting lodge. Discreetly converted into a hotel, it preserves even the elaborate Edwardian bathrooms. Generous windows, surprisingly characteristic of Scottish stone-built houses of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, brighten the rooms, which are furnished with dark wooden period pieces.

The next day was the first real test, especially for my companion, who would think nothing of crisscrossing miles of Manhattan on foot but had grave doubts about the idea of hiking, which he associated with Boy Scouts eating baked beans out of a can in the driving rain, rather than poached salmon at the end of the rainbow. After an early breakfast we took the train one more stop down the line to Achnashellach, where a disused road led through a moss-carpeted forest, over the Coulin Pass to Kinlochewe, 11 miles away.

The highest point of the pass was only 950 feet, but the weight of our packs, with all of our gear for a month's stay in Scotland, made a relatively easy walk into a mountain marathon training session. We crossed the River Coulin over an old stone bridge into a broad valley where the stark Torridonian mountains swept up from the banks of Loch Coulin and Loch Clair in the distance.

Satisfied that seven hours of walking was a good day's work, we hitchhiked the six miles from Kinlochewe to the Loch Maree Hotel, on the shores of one of the loveliest lochs in the Highlands. (A loch is a body of water hemmed in by land, sometimes a lake, sometimes a long finger of the sea, like a fjord.) Outside, a stone monument commemorates in Gaelic Queen Victoria's visit in 1877. Exhausted from our hike, we immediately ordered afternoon tea in the fern-filled lounge. The sea-trout and salmon mounted in glass cases, the fishing log and the map indicating the numbered "beats" on the loch to which anglers were assigned, showed that this was a serious fishing hotel. But clearly tea was taken just as seriously. In old Sheffield silver



The New York Times / Aug. 14, 1983

There are many splendid walks in the Loch Maree area; we chose a short but rugged hike of four-and-a-half miles laid out by the Nature Conservancy Council. The trail rises 1,800 feet in two-and-a-half miles. We climbed through one of the few remaining traces of the ancient Caledonian Forest that once covered much of Scotland, up to a lunar landscape where lochans (small lochs), backed by the amphitheatrical curve of Beinn Eighe's pink and grey sandstone peaks, looked like water-filled moon craters.

The descent was steep: the vivid blue of Loch Maree, with its little wooded islands and green shores, was visible all the way down, the colors growing more intense as we climbed down. Walking without a pack was a revelation of freedom, and I longed for some ideal way to combine the best features of the day-hike and the primal satisfaction of walking from one day's lodging to the next.

The following day I had planned to walk over the shoulder of Beinn Eighe to Torridon, about 12 miles. But the prospect of rough footing and an unmarked stretch of several miles discouraged my friend, and I did not have the

After the wildness of the Torridon landscape, the hills and bays of Gairloch conveyed peace and rest. We decided to stop there for several days, to enjoy gentle walks and afternoon teas, and fresh salmon and trout for our last few days in the Highlands. Our high-ceilinged room had large windows facing the loch, but even those at the back of the hotel were charming, looking out over kitchen gardens filled with roses, strawberries and gooseberries, all surrounded by a crumbling stone wall. In September and October there is deer-stalking as well, and plenty of venison on the table.

Our last day in Gairloch we walked down the coast from the red sand beach of Red Point in the direction of Torridon. The sun blazed down all morning on the brilliant blue sea and green cliffs, and we picnicked on a rock with gentle waves lapping round it. The parish of Gairloch is a microcosm of the Highlands, with alpine peaks and green hills, mountain lochs and tidal inlets, sleepy coastal villages and isolated upland settlements. Twelve days was only a taste, but fortunately I had made a convert to go back with me, for more walks and more shortbread. ■



The lounge of the Ledgowan Lodge Hotel, Achnasheen.



The dining room. The hotel was originally a hunting lodge.

AMANDA MAYER STINCHECUM is a writer who lives in New York.

Where to put your feet up, on and off the trail

Basic Information

If you plan to hike in the Highlands, take warm clothes; although the highest peaks are little over 3,000 feet, the weather is capricious — wind and rain are bitterly cold. You will need rain gear and good hiking boots.

Never go into the mountains without a detailed map (Ordnance Survey maps are available at many shops in the Highlands). You should also take a good compass, water and sufficient food. Do not go alone unless you are an experienced mountain hiker.

Get as much information about your route as possible from local Nature Conservancy and Youth Hostel wardens, and give your planned route to someone who will expect your return.

D. G. Moir's "Scottish Hill Tracks: Old Highways and Drove Roads, Vol. 2, Northern Scotland" (1975) outlines hiking routes and distances. A treasury of local lore is John J. Dixon's "Gairloch," a history and guide to the Gairloch-Loch Maree area originally published in 1886, reprinted in 1975 by TRUEXpress, Oxford.

Lodging, Food

Bed-and-breakfast can be booked through local Tourist Information Centers for $10.80-$14.40 a person a night. The standard tip for most lodgings and restaurants is about 10 percent; some places add a separate service charge.

Ledgowan Lodge Hotel, Achnasheen (044-588 252). A double room with bath is $24 a person; dinner for two with a drink each around $29, not including service charge.

Loch Maree Hotel, Talladale (044-589 200). Bed, breakfast and dinner in double room $30 to $33 a person a day. Fixed-priced dinner for two, with drinks, about $23.

Loch Torridon Hotel, Torridon (044-587 242). Double room $31 to $58 a person a night; dinner and a drink for two about $28.

Shieldaig Lodge Hotel, Gairloch, (044-583 250). Twin-bedded rooms with bathroom from $35 to $38 a person, without bathroom from $31 to $35. Fixed-price dinner and drink each for two around $27.

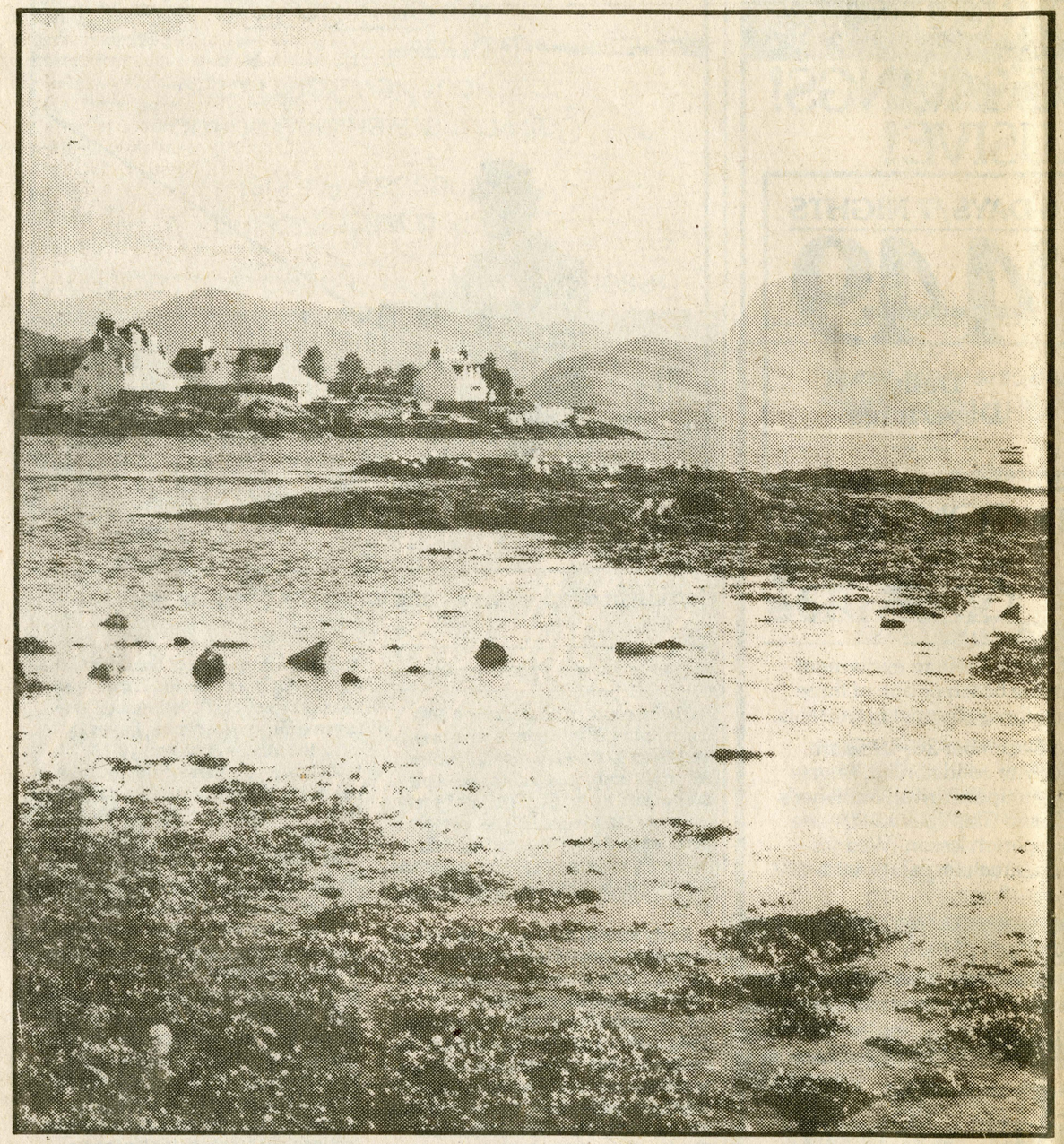
Central Hotel, Gordon Street, Glasgow (041-221 9680). Double $66 on week nights, $45 Friday-Sunday, including breakfast. Malmaison Restaurant dinner $35 for two with drinks to around $60. Separate restaurant around $21.

North British Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh (031-556 2414). Double with bath $60 for two Nov. 1 to March 31, $64 April 1 to Oct. 31. Dinners from $25 for two.

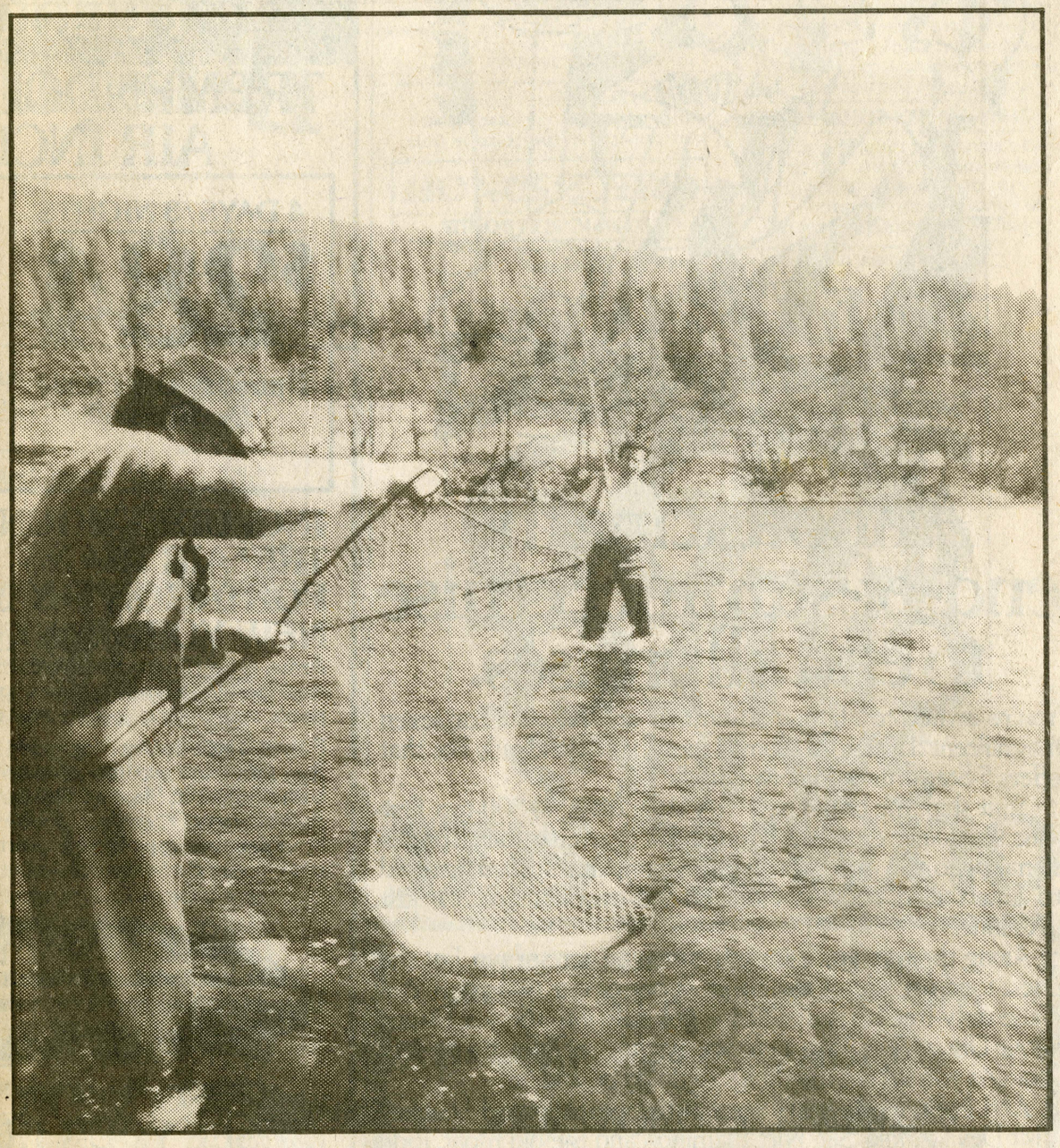
Station Hotel, Academy Street, Inverness (046-323 1926). Double $32 to $39 a person, including breakfast. Dinner for two with drinks, around $30. ■

Salmon Fishing: Scotland's Royal Sport

The rivers are still supreme, despite high costs and high-tech poaching



An inlet at Plockton at the mouth of Loch Carron in the Highlands. Color Library International



Fisherman uses a net to recover a salmon caught in the Spey River in Inverness-shire.

By DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND

The reputation which Scotland has long enjoyed as the Eden of anglers for whom the Atlantic Salmon is the king of all gamefish is well deserved. Certainly, Iceland, with its heavy run of fish, has its champions, and so does Norway, with its reputation for big fish and fast-flowing rivers. But for sheer variety perhaps the best loved of postwar American ambassadors to the Court of St. James's, was a dedicated salmon fisherman. Even after a great gust of wind once whipped his fishing fly back into his face, causing serious injury, he remained a cheerful and undeterred visitor.

Not all visitors, however, live up to such high standards. One niggardly fellow who fished all day in the freezing rain, having fre-

their rivers of origin in their mysterious migrations from the deep waters of the Atlantic can now be located by radar equipment and snared in the deadly, almost invisible monofilament nets. Perhaps worse than the deep-sea poachers are in-shore intruders operating invisible hanging nets off the estuaries.

The salmon, even when it reaches its home river, can still fall victim to ruthless gangs

evidence of recovery from the virtual extinction of its salmon that was caused by the development of Newcastle as an engineering and shipbuilding center in the second half of the 19th century.

Even more surprising is evidence that through the strenuous efforts of the Thames Water Board, the river may see the return of the salmon. The Thames, which not many years ago was little more than a septic sewer,

cilities. Specifically geared for the requirements of sporting parties, they often own or control their own fishing and shooting and like to encourage the camaraderie of the old-style upper-class house party. You don't have to eat your porridge with salt while standing in front of a roaring log fire, but it can be fun. The broad river valleys of Perthshire and Aberdeenshire are probably the richest areas for this type of accommodations.

of accessible rivers, dramatic changing scenery and consistent sport, Scotland has long been the most highly esteemed.

The names of the great Scottish salmon rivers roll off the tongue like battle honors. One is the Tweed, which marks the English-Scottish border and where the excellence of the sport is matched only by the aristocracy of the owners of its beats (stretches of water) — dukes like Roxburgh and Buccleuch and families of even more ancient lineage like that of Lord Home of the Hirsel, the former Prime Minister. Another is the majestic Tay in Perthshire, Scotland's longest and broadest river, which appropriately holds the record for the largest salmon caught on rod and line in British waters, and where it is said salmon of up to 100 pounds have been taken by the light of a poacher's moon. Then there are the Aberdeenshire rivers, including the Dee, which owes much of its fame to the royal family, who own one of its finest stretches at Balmoral Castle, their Highland home.

The royal family are almost without exception keen salmon fishers. There is a story of a woman fishing the Dee from the opposite bank to Balmoral when, to her consternation, she realized that the person casting from the opposite bank was the Queen. In a moment of panic she made a deep curtsy, whereupon icy water filled her waist-high waders.

Farther north, emptying into the Moray Firth, are the fast-flowing spate (or flood) rivers, which rise and fall with disconcerting suddenness, according to the rainfall in the high Grampians where they have their source. Of these, the Spey is probably the best known. If you hit the water right, very big catches indeed can be expected.

North of the Great Rift marked by the Caledonian Canal and Loch Ness there are many highly individual salmon rivers, each with its own characteristics. They, too, are spate rivers; they are short, sometimes only a few miles, and often loch-fed. A few are still privately owned but most are syndicated to fishing parties who take over one of the small hotels or fishing lodges where traditionally they drown their sorrows or celebrate their success with enthusiasm. The rivalry between these Highland rivers is keen. The day's catch on the Oykel, for example, is known by some mysterious bush telegraph on the Brora or the Wick within minutes, and gillies (guides) have been known to bully their parties back to the river bank to attempt to even up the score.

Fine salmon fishing is also available in the rivers and lochs of the Western Isles. Wealthy sportsmen travel year after year, for example, to the remote west coast of Lewis in the Hebrides.

Of all the overseas visitors who flock to Scotland to fish for salmon the Americans are easily the most popular. Not only were they the first to pioneer Scottish waters, long before the French, the Dutch, the Germans or the Italians, who now come in such numbers, but they also have a style unmatched by the Continentals. The late Lewis Douglas, inner warmth, failed to extend the same comfort to his attendant gillie. Toward the end of the day, trying to light a cigar with a box of sodden matches, the man complained, "Is there no dry spot where I can strike a match?"

"Ye could try the back of my throat," the gillie replied.

The man who fishes new waters and does not heed his gillie's advice is a fool, for gillies are wise in the whims and caprices of the salmon and places where they are most likely to lurk. Suspicious of strangers by nature, gillies have the capacity to become devoted once the first barriers are broken.

Unhappily, another kind of visitor poses a major threat to the sport. Poaching, once an almost acceptable cottage industry, has become such big business that it could endanger the future of Scotland's salmon rivers. With advances in modern technology, poaching techniques have developed far beyond the slyly wielded gaff or the flaming midnight torch. The huge shoals of salmon returning to only empty stretches of water of salmon but every other living creature as well. The comparative ease of capturing salmon, the high price paid for them, deep-freeze storage facilities and quick transportation to English and Continental markets enable professional poachers to make a lot of money.

Yet the picture is not one of unrelieved gloom. Outmoded legislation designed to restrict the activities of the old-time poacher, who fished "one for the pot and one for the pocket," is likely soon to be replaced by more updated restrictions and more realistic deterrents. Even so, the pessimists who blame the poorness of this year's spring run on poaching are probably exaggerating, for already the signs are that the autumn run will be a rich one.

In some parts of Britain there are even signs that salmon are returning to their rivers after an absence of many years. The Tyne in Northumberland, once one of the finest of England's salmon rivers, is showing

There is comfort, too, in the fact that in Scotland in particular the standard of comfort offered to fishing visitors is higher and more sophisticated now than a few years ago. There has never been much wrong with the traditional small fishing inns, where the beds might be a trifle hard but the rooms are clean and the food good, plain and plentiful. They tend to cater to dedicated fishermen. Over the last few years, however, there has been a marked improvement in the standard of cuisine and comfort in the country-house type of hotels.

In the 1950's and 1960's many families found their mansions too large, impractical and expensive to maintain purely as a family home and, rather diffidently, started to take in guests. At one end of the scale they tended to be competently amateurish and at the other end downright eccentric. Now, 20 years on, many of these splendid houses have been taken over by professionals who seek to combine that quality of country-house living with high standards of accommodations and fa-

ing how long is a piece of string. Take the grandest beat on the Tay for a week and the permit will set you back well over £1,000 ($1,520), with your hotel and other comforts on top of that, but you may divide the fee among as many as six rods. Beats on lesser rivers run into hundreds of dollars, according to the season. Take a day- or a week-ticket on club water, stay in more modest accommodations and you can have some of the cheapest fishing in the world. Even on the most famous rivers you can find considerable stretches where a club ticket costs only a few dollars and your chances of getting fish are almost as good as that of the high flyers just down the water.

Finally, some advice from a hardy practitioner of the gentle art in the last century: "Should you be of a delicate temperament and be wading in the month of February, when it may chance to freeze hard, pull down your stockings, and examine your legs. Should they be black, or even purple, it might, perhaps, be as well to get on dry land; but if they are only rubicund, you may continue to enjoy the water." ■

For a Good Catch, Plan Ahead

By ANTHONY TROON

The open season for salmon fishing in Scotland varies slightly from district to district but it generally runs from mid or late February to late October. Information on dates for individual rivers can be obtained from the Scottish Tourist Board, Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh 4, Scotland (031-332-2433). Among helpful books on the subject is the Automobile Association's "Guide to Angling in Great Britain," available from the British Travel Bookshop, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 ($7.95 plus $1.50 postage).

The growing popularity of the rivers has led to spiraling costs for the angler. A note of pessimism can be detected in the assessment made by a spokesman for John Dickson & Son, leading makers and suppliers of fishing tackle, who operate an informal advice service for sportsmen (21 Frederick Street, Edinburgh — 031-225-4218 — with branches in Glasgow, Aberdeen and Kelso). Increasingly, he said, the best beats are being bought by companies and overseas consortiums for very high prices ($1.5 million is not unheard of for a good stretch of water). Elsewhere, he added, numbers of anglers are restricted, and reservations are generally made in advance. It's wise to plan a salmon fishing trip well before the season opens.

The following information on hotels, restaurants and fishing is listed by region.

The Borders

Ednam House Hotel, Bridge Street, Kelso, Roxburghshire (Kelso 24168), backs onto the Tweed, the most southerly of the salmon rivers, The hotel has 32 rooms (11 of them single), of which 22 have private bathrooms. Bed and breakfast, $20.50 to $26.90 a person a night; full board, $175 to $220 a week. Fishing must be planned well in advance. Permits are handled by **Redpath and Company** (Kelso 2578) and **John Dickson & Son,** 35 The Square, Kelso (Kelso 2687). Costs vary but start at about $9 a day.

The **Kirklands Hotel** dining room, West Stewart Place, Hawick (0450-72263), has a set dinner at $13 and à la carte with wine for two at around $38. **Cringletie House,** a Victorian mansion set in parkland in Eddleston, near Peebles (07213-233), serves dinner at $15 for four courses; à la carte for two with wine at around $42. (Good wine list; closed December-March.)

Tayside

Permits for fishing the city of Perth's two-mile beat of the Tay River are the cheapest in Scotland — about $6 a day or $15 a week. Visitors' permits are restricted to 20 rods on any day. Season runs Jan. 15 to Oct. 15: after Aug. 21 only weekly permits are available. Applications by mail are accepted: write to the Director of Finance, Perth and Kinrose District Council, 5 High Street, Perth, Scotland. For information, phone 0738-21161. On more famous beats of the Tay permits can cost up to $106 a rod for one day. A single day's fishing is sometimes available, if booked well in advance, through Peter D. Malloch, 96 Atholl Road, Pitlochry (0796-2228), for $12 a head. He deals in fishing tackle and can offer informal advice about local fishing opportunities.

Ballathie House, Kinclaven by Stanley, Perthshire (Meikleour 268), is a 19th-century



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Continued on Following Page

DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND, a novelist, lives in a castle in Scotland.

ANTHONY TROON is deputy editor of The Scotsman Magazine.

At Home in County Cork

With time, an Irish harbor town yields blackberries, adventure and the music of its people

By DANIEL MENAKER

Last summer, my wife and I rented a small house a mile outside a town called Schull, in southwesternmost Ireland. I had been to Ireland once before, in the summer of 1976, and had scooted around the country in a rented car, seeing the usual tourist sights. The place stayed with me like the most vivid of dreams; the landscape, which varies from rugged mountains to placid farmland to stormy seacoast, is lovely beyond description, and the people beguile you with their odd mixture of boisterousness and truculence and mischievousness and vigorous, colorful conversation. In short, I wanted to go back and live for a while in one place.

I got the name of a land agent in southwest Cork — a part of the country I hadn't visited — from a friend who lives in London. He himself had been to Schull and he said the area was one of the most beautiful places he had ever seen. I wrote to the agent describing what we were looking for — a house or cottage for the month of July with a good view of something or other for about $150 a week.

He responded with an air-letter that described a "traditional stone-built Irish cottage" near the village of Schull that had a "kitchen/dining/living room . . . open plan" on the first floor and three small bedrooms on the second, and that "enjoyed pleasant views." The cottage was "situated in a rural area," and had been "modernized very tastefully" by its American owners. "You will supply your own tea towels," the letter went on. The rent was 125 Irish pounds a week (which worked out to $800 for the five weeks we spent there). We took the chance of renting the place, sight unseen.

At Shannon Airport, jet-lagged and bedraggled, we picked up the compact car we had rented. With a deal from the travel agency it cost about $700 for five weeks. Driving on the left for the first time in six years, in the rain, is not the stuff of which fond travel memories are made, and we stopped in Killarney for a night of phantasmagorical, where-am-I sleep in a hotel. The next day, as we headed south from Bantry Bay, the road narrowed. As we turned west toward Schull, we speculated pessimistically about what the house would be like.

Schull itself, we were happy to see, was a pretty town — one street lined with two-story shops and pubs of Neccoesque pastel hues — on Schull Harbor, an inlet of Roaringwater Bay. The town was bustling with holiday-makers (not tourists) from Cork City and England and the Continent, many of them

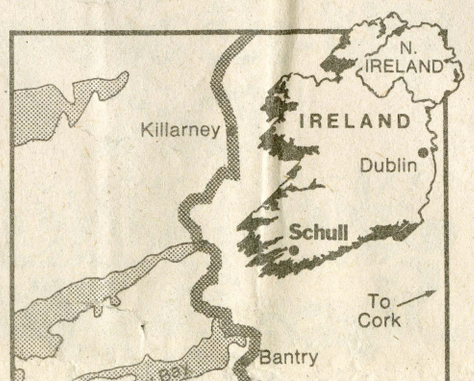


Photographs by Myles Byrne

Casey's Pub in nearby Durrus: "In most small Irish towns, the pubs form the center of social life."

To the west was more of the West Carbery Peninsula, with three medieval-looking towers jutting out of the rolling farmland. In front of the house was a small yard, with delicate pink tea roses blooming on a high wall. In back, behind the caretaker's place, was a hill outfitted with picturesque sheep.

Inside, the place got mixed reviews. Chartreuse slipcovers adorned most of the furniture, and some similarly violent-shaded oilcloth lay on the table near the kitchen. But there was an ancient-looking peat fireplace, too, and a cast-iron wheel that when turned blew a draft for the fire. We stripped the place down to its essentials, storing the



feet high, and an interior stone staircase took us up past one floor that was in the initial stages of remodeling to the two higher floors, where there were rough sleeping quarters, a rain-collection system (the place had neither electricity nor running water) and a makeshift kitchen.

As time passed, our walks yielded the quieter reward of ripening blackberries along the roadside. The locals came out to collect them, too, and everyone shared the discovery of particularly good patches with each other.

We did our odds-and-ends grocery shopping in the small grocery stores in Schull. For major food shopping we would drive 15 miles

he ascends. On the road to Mizen Head is a superb and dramatic white sand beach at the back of funnel-shaped Barley Cove.

Baltimore, 20 miles away, is, like Schull, a yachting center, but it's more resorty. The best part of our trip there was a visit to Croagh Gardens, four miles north of the town. The public is admitted to this private estate for a nominal parking fee. It has cultivated fuschia of every hue, a dappled lily pond hundreds of years old and a peaceful walk along Church Strand Bay through a tunnel of trees. When we returned to the parking area in front of the estate's handsome old house, we met the owner, a man of about 70 who introduced himself as Harold Barry. He was accompanied by a dachshund that keeled over and went belly-up for scratching at the slightest glance.

We had a long literary conversation on a grassy bank with Mr. Barry (as I called him several times), and he delivered himself of variously sharp and generous aphoristic opinions about various Irish writers. "Clever as paint," he said of Flann O'Brien. And of another writer, "She did plays when she was younger, but we didn't like hem." And, of a well-known novel, "It wouldn't be much without all the swearing." Recently, after I wrote to Mr. Barry to see if he would mind if I wrote about his gardens, I learned from his gracious reply that he wasn't Mr. Barry at all but Mr. Harold-Barry.

As they do in most small Irish towns, the pubs in Schull form the center of social life. There are eight or nine "bar-lounges" for the 500 inhabitants. They range in size from Newman's, "a real three-seater," as a native described it to us, to the Fastnet Inn, a large establishment with a hall where dances and other community functions are held. Most of the pubs draw a certain faction: young people, say, or yachtsmen, or older folks. Kids scamper in and out of the bars, and pets are less tolerated than welcome. In the evenings the pubs become densely packed, part of their function seems to be to provide physical closeness for a sometimes diffident and reserved race.

During the Schull Festival, the informal music making that goes on in the bars in the evenings turned formal. At the Bunratty Inn, we heard a trio of young Germans do excellent if strictly imitative renditions of Clancy Brothers songs, followed by a fat boy, about 12, who played "Moon River," badly, on the trumpet. He blushed when he was finished, put the trumpet in its case and fled.

At the Fastnet Inn, there were old-time waltzes played by a three-man band, traditional Irish dances by boys and girls from throughout the region and an elimination

harbor. The Fastnet Light, the point in a sailing race that originates in Cowes, England, is clearly visible about eight miles out to sea. North of the town stands Mount Gabriel, which looks more imposing than its 1,340-foot height would suggest, whether because of some trick of atmosphere or wishful thinking, I don't know.

We went to the agent's office to report our arrival, do the paperwork and pick up the keys. The office windows were decorated with blurry Polaroid pictures and descriptions of houses and cottages for sale or rent. The text for the pictures generally included a demurrer about the quality of the photograph: "This photograph belies the beauty . . ." "I could not get a good angle . . ." "No picture could capture . . ."

We performed the necessaries with the agent's assistant, a pale man who entertained us with conversation as we waited for one of the agent's sons to come to the office to show us the way to our house. "Not so many English people visit nowadays, because of the troubles up North," he said. "Because of the troubles up North," he added. "The Schull Festival is starting next week, it is, yes. It's starting next week, and there will be singing in the pubs. Foot races too, you know — there are foot races as well." "Now you might rent an electric typewriter from Mr. Mc—, but I think he wants a price that's too steep. You may rent it, but I myself think he wants too much for it."

Finally, we were driving away, west from the town, up a long hill, following the agent's son's car at a terrifying clip. He turned into a lane so strait that the wild fuchsia on either side scraped our tiny car, and 100 feet down that lane he turned into a patch of grass behind a gray stone house. He showed us around, explained that the caretaker lived at the head of the lane in the white house we had passed, turned the electricity on and left.

The house did indeed enjoy pleasant views — meadows sectioned off like patchwork, complete with cows, and the bay, with Cape Clear Island lying like a long green bolster miles away. No photograph could convey . . .

DANIEL MENAKER is an editor at The New Yorker.

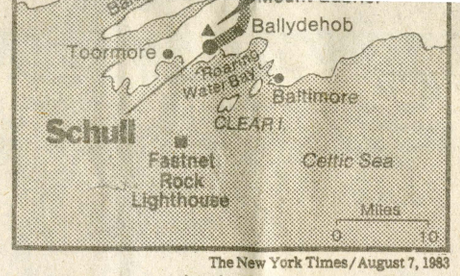
coverings in a closet, and it looked fine. The bedrooms upstairs were bare, but adequate. The bathroom — just a tub, sink and toilet, no shower — had been built on at the back of the house. We settled in.

For the first five days, it rained on and off, but more on, as it will in Ireland. I kept saying how romantic it was, with the leaden clouds scudding past overhead and spraying rain down on us, in the hope that such effusions would make the weather less gloomy. After a cold weekend, we drove to town to buy some peat.

As it happened, the Schull Festival was beginning that day. We watched as the townspeople — of every age and style of dress, from tweed coats and caps and white shirts and black trousers to polyester print dresses and Irish cardigan sweaters to shorts and T-shirts for the children — gathered on the pier and listened while through a bullhorn a white-haired and ruddy-complected priest stood on the deck of one of the trawlers, blasted out Hail Marys, and asked God to "bless all these craft, great and small, big and little." The harbor was filled with sailboats and fishing vessels, and some hardy teen-agers skimmed over the whitecaps on windsurfers beneath the pearl-colored sky.

As soon as we had a good supply of peat briquettes and had learned how to start and nurture a peat fire, the weather of course became much warmer. In fact, it turned into a long dry spell, and the papers called it a heat wave, though the daytime temperature never got more than a few degrees above 70. Even the nights were warm, and the sky remained clear for the rising of the moon out of the water and hills and islands to the east — a moon that competed for romance and exoticness with the beam of the Fastnet Light, which illuminated our bedroom with distance-softened light every five seconds or so.

The local denizens' response to the balmy weather was frantic. They tore off their shirts and basked on the town dock or on the rocky beach nearby, in front of a fragrant seafood-processing plant called Bolhea Fisheries. Or they took their large families and careered in their cars a few miles east to Toormore Bay, where there was a tidal cove with a white-sand beach. There the men would go bare-chested, the women would



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strip down to their underwear if they didn't have bathing suits and the children frolicked about naked. Within a week, almost everyone had a bad case of sunburn. The climate there may be subtropical, but it's almost never so warm as it was last July, and pub-and-shop conversation, which usually centers on weather matters anyway, became even more relentlessly meteorological.

On many afternoons we would go for a two- or three-mile walk along one of the numerous lanes near Schull, or through the fields. Every turn of the road revealed new-mown hay lying in herringbone patterns or a surprising prospect over the water or a different view of distant hills.

One golden day, we drove to a place near a headland that jutted out into Toormore Bay and struck out over some boggy fields toward one of the towers that we could see from our cottage, miles away. An American living in a restored farmhouse hailed us and invited us to choose some boots from a large selection. "We call this Wellington Station," he said, and sent us on our way well protected.

We soon met a pretty, dark-haired woman coming from the tower on the point. She and her family lived in the tower when they weren't at home in Dublin. They were renovating the place, and she told us by all means to take a look at it, and apologized for no one's being there to show us around inside and give us tea. We thanked her and were about to go on when she stopped us and gave us the key and told us to make ourselves at home and leave the key under a rock outside the door.

We got to the castle over a bridge that spanned a narrow 50-foot chasm. It was a wild, poetic place to live. It stood about 50

to Bantry, where there was a junior-size supermarket and a place that sold wine and beer and whisky. (Liquor, which the government taxes heavily, is expensive: $4.50 for a six-pack of Harp lager, $16 or $17 for a smallish bottle of Irish whisky.) The bread — Irish soda bread, rough brown bread, a lighter brown loaf — is excellent, as are the cream, milk and butter.

We bought meat at Mr. O'Sullivan's, a victualer's in Schull, who also sold carrots and potatoes from burlap sacks on the floor. A pot roast cost about $6. "Don't tell me you're American," Mr. O'Sullivan said, "or I'll charge you twice as much."

Our chief source of main courses for dinner proved to be the small retail seafood shop of the Bolhea Fishery, which processes and packs seafood for export. We got prawn tails, boiled crab claws, mackerel fillets, John Dory, plaice, Dover sole — all of it absolutely fresh. The crab claws made a great, regressive dish — we'd take a pound home, get a hammer and smash them open on the stone step in front of our house. The young people who work at the fishery take turns waiting on the retail customers; one young man, with a raffish earring in one ear, would often tell us how he and his wife like to cook the seafood. Of mackerel: "Put it in a pan with some butter." Of plaice: Fry it with some butter in a pan." Of John Dory: "It's nice fried with some butter."

The West Carbery Peninsula is not a good home base from which to travel to the main tourist sights of Ireland, since it's so removed from the center of the island. But the region has its own landscapes and landmarks, all the more attractive for their comparative obscurity. No medieval feasts in castles here, no smelly brewery tours, no famous writers' digs to gawp at. Instead, at the end of the peninsula, 15 miles east of Schull, stands Mizen Head, an imposing bit of coast with carpety fields leading right up to the edge of highly gawp-worthy cliffs whose bases have been carved by the Atlantic surf. There is a most horrifying staircase on one of these defiles — a switchback series of stone steps that cling to the side of the cliff with a measly chain bannister, for the sailor who has had the bad luck to fetch up against these bleak, columnar cliffs to steady himself on as

shoes sit down," the emcee said over the microphone as the couple circled the floor. "All who had a meal of chicken today sit down," he said; that one disposed of many.

A sailboat race provided the climax for the festival. We watched it — out to the Fastnet Light and home again — from our house on the hill, and it was marvelous to see the 30 white sails billowing like the breasts of white birds and the masts tipped at parallel angles, as if carried by a ragged troupe of lancers.

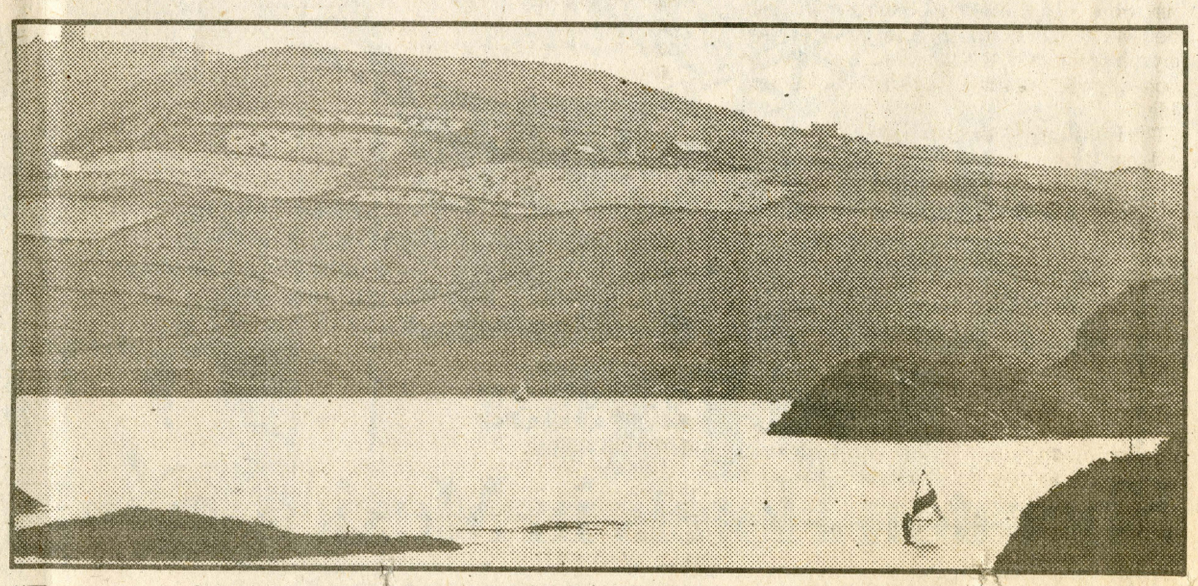
We had no television, and we passed up the movies and plays at the church in town — it was mostly the day-to-day things that entertained us, like conversations with a woman who lived near us and brought us phlox and roses from her garden one day. (She told us that our house was built by a farmer in the 1920's, and during drills the local detachment of the I.R.A. used to march right through it.) And walking up the hill behind our place to watch astonishing sunsets. We were often joined there by a 10-year-old girl and her brother, who was about seven. The girl loved to look through our binoculars at the clouds, "to see what shapes they do," as she put it, and her brother, knowing that I had a mild case of urban ungulaphobia, kept shouting, "Look out — here comes the cows."

When we got home, I found myself seeking out Irish music played over local college stations. My fondness for the music is a rekindling of the affection I felt for it when I was studying Hibernians of another sort — Yeats, Joyce, Beckett. Now that I've spent five weeks living in a corner of that poor, historically vexed, violent, stunningly beautiful place, I cannot listen to the music, sentimental or strict, without wanting to go back. And I cannot fully account for its hold on me. Maybe it's as one Irishman said to me when I told him I was from New York: "New Yorkers are very much like the Irish in that nothing is dearer to either than complaining."

Or maybe it's because I find something appealingly complete, allegorical, about so much human complexity — high-spiritedness and resignation, extravagance and realism — set down in the midst of so much natural grandeur. ■



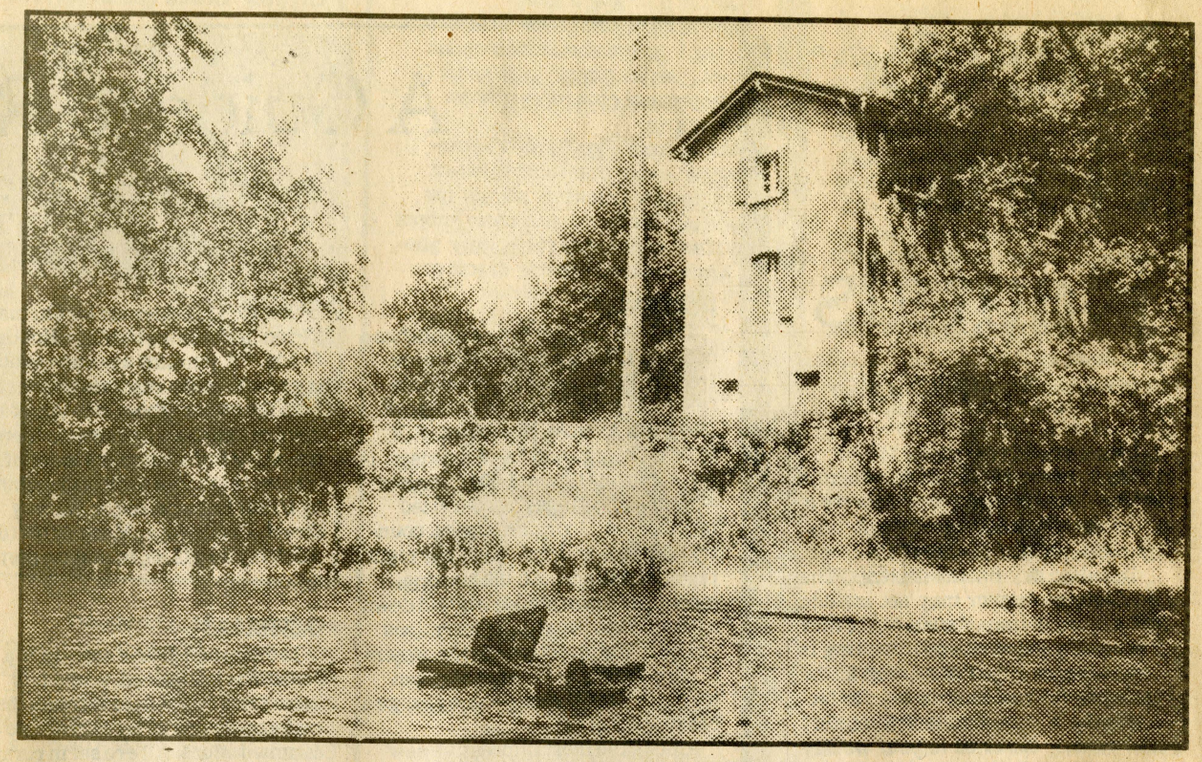
The hairdresser's salon in Schull, West Cork.



"Every turn of the road reveals a surprising prospect."



Features of the two-bedroom house in St. Puy ran from a laundry room to a croquet lawn.



The water mill in Dordogne had room for six, a rose garden and a stream with fish.

Peace and Plenty— Two Weeks at Ease In Rural France

Reflective solitude and simple pleasures refresh the spirit

By JOHN WAIN

To love France is, sooner or later, to love her countryside. Paris, we are told, is where good Americans go when they die (and good Germans, and good Swedes, and good Australians, and good Japanese), but even Paris, for all its vitality and style, is in the end a big city with the big-city disadvantages — noise, fumes, bustle, expense, a life lived among hordes of strangers.

In the countryside, with its seasonal rhythms and accustomed relationships, we find our roots and recover our real identity. It offers a reflective solitude totally different from the ghastly loneliness that afflicts people in cities. The life we find there links us with our traditions. Country people grow food and look after animals; the work they do was, until a few generations ago, the characteristic work of the human race.

To spend a vacation in the country is not, however, always easy. There are vast areas of the earth in which there seems to be no countryside in the traditional sense, only agriculture on a huge scale, serviced by a small, specialized work force whose psychology is urban. France, I feel, will be one of the last to sink into this state. It still has the kind of country we learn to recognize from childhood picture books, with cottages, little winding roads, brooks and ponds, hedges.

Ancient villages dream among quiet fields; golden crops wave, cows chew, geese waddle about, swallows skim, fish dart, everything does the right things. And every few miles there is a chateau, a word the French seem to use to cover the whole range from vast frown-

recreation, the big house had a tennis court, which we were free to use, and I believe fishing licenses could be obtained locally.

Our pattern of life was much the same throughout the trip. We rented bicycles by the week, which is very easy to do in France, and pedaled around the leafy lanes, stopping at village shops and markets to buy anything that looked good enough to be worth carrying home for the evening meal, and to drink (usually white wine, but sometimes the standard French beer, a trifle characterless but still light and refreshing) at quiet little cafes. Even if we had traveled down by car (the normal expectation at Vacances en Campagne), we would still have rented bikes, because they allow movement through a landscape at a pace adapted to the human eye and brain.

As for the terrain, it varied from the first

Gascony has a very different atmosphere. The country there, stretching for miles and miles, is first and foremost land that is worked, and if tourism is also a source of income, it is so only on a modest scale. In a busy little town like Condom you feel yourself among ordinary French people who are simply getting on with their lives; we found them easygoing and pleasant to deal with, as people always are when they don't feel threatened by an invasion of foreigners.

(If Parisians sometimes seem curt and disagreeable, think how sick they must be of the likes of you and me. The tourist industry is, of course, the great example of Oscar Wilde's line from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" — "For each man kills the thing he loves.")

The house at St. Puy was altogether more

able will suddenly reveal, cupped in a hollow, an ancient village of surpassing beauty. The produce, too, has its surprises. Like everyone else, I eat prunes now and then, but I never knew how totally delicious a prune could be until I tasted those grown in the neighborhood of Agen. They are unlike the ordinary humdrum prune as a Veuve Clicquot is unlike supermarket wine. Thin-skinned, dark-fleshed, moist — how excited can you get about a prune? Very excited, in Agen. They are left to grow almost overripe on the tree before being picked, but apart from that I don't know of any particular secret. It must simply be the climate and the soil.

I would prefer to praise the Agen prune than that other specialty of the region, foie gras. It may be ethically justifiable to eat the flesh of animals, but it can hardly be natural to eat their diseases. The method of producing foie gras is to induce a metabolic imbalance in the goose — in other words, make the creature ill — so that the liver bloats out to an enormous size. If you want to eat that kind of stuff, go ahead. On the other hand, the trade does mean that a large number of geese are produced in this region, and the fat is used in many excellent recipes: in cassoulet, for instance, which I take to be one of the world's great dishes, though so rich that it is best eaten after you have pedaled 40 miles on a bicycle.

All this about humble foods like prunes and goose-fat. You may well ask: What about the drinks — Armagnac, or the noble wines of Cahors, or the dry, bubbling brut which is bottled at the chateau of St. Puy, and sold only to those who take the trouble to go and seek it there. Mention them yourself. I am too busy drinking them.

and withstand months of siege, to handsome but unremarkable manor houses.

Then, too, France is big enough for the rural areas to isolate themselves. The English countryside, weight for weight, can often be just as attractive, but because England is only half the size of France and has about the same population, you are seldom far from a big town, which means that you have to choose your location with some care and if possible take advice from people who know the terrain.

In France, it is easier, after a glance at a map, to plunge in and take your chances. There is so much unspoiled country. Yet one is never cut off from the amenities of civilization. In a remote part of Spain or southern Italy, the local poverty is oppressive; but France, wherever you go, is a land of plenty. Good food and good wine abound, not only for you but for the people about you, so that you don't feel guilty as you settle down to another marvelous meal.

All this praise wells up because last summer we spent two weeks in the deep countryside in France, staying in houses rented through an English company called Vacances en Campagne whose directors, a young couple, must themselves be fond of country life because the office from which they run their business is itself situated in a Sussex village. [The company also has a representative in New York — see Page 16.]

The outfit is run on similar lines to those of the large and established Paris-based organization, Gîtes Ruraux de France, but my impression is that Vacances en Campagne, being smaller, has to take more trouble, and certainly its properties are carefully screened before being included in its brochure. The rent for each of the two houses was about $212 a week.

Our first week was spent in a charming old water mill beside the River Céou, a tributary of the Dordogne in the southwest; our second, farther south in Gascony, in a large and stately house with wide lawns and wrought-iron gates. We found the water mill ideal for two people though it would easily have taken four or five; the second house was amusingly too large and stately for the two of us, but fortunately two Oxford friends who happened at the time to be wandering through France ("touring" is too purposeful a word for what they were doing) dropped by to see us, liked the house and stayed with us four or five days, helping us not to be awed by the large rooms, grand staircase and wide lawns outside.

The Dordogne water mill had a double bed and four singles; the plumbing, downstairs in a basement, consisted of shower and separate toilet; the kitchen had a gas stove and refrigerator. The hot water was entirely adequate for washing ourselves, clothes and dishes. Drinking water had to be fetched from an outside faucet on the wall of the neighboring big house but this meant only a stroll of a hundred yards through a beautiful garden with roses, lawns and a quiet stream with fish.

It was my job to fetch the water every morning, and it made a delightful start to each day; one trip with a large kettle was enough for the day, for who, especially in France, wants to drink much water? For

JOHN WAIN is an English novelist, poet and critic.

place to the second just enough to make an interesting change but not a violent readjustment. Both regions are green, fertile, well-wooded.

The Dordogne, of course, runs through a classic river valley, the land being flat on either side of the river for a mile or so and then rising to a shoulder. The river itself is sometimes deep and smooth-running and sometimes shallow and gravelly; I would not like to canoe it for any distance, but it gave us a pleasant afternoon's paddling. Our village here was Daglan, and the neighboring town, to which we had to resort for such things as renting bicycles, was Sarlat, an attractive, historic place of narrow streets and steep slate roofs.

For the Gascony week our village was St. Puy in the département of Gers, and the neighboring towns were Condom and Fleurance. It was when we got down there that we realized, without having been fully conscious of it before, that in the Dordogne we had been living in a perpetual state of slight



The New York Times / Aug. 7, 1983

wariness, like an animal that expects sooner or later to be hunted. Peaceful as our mill was, idyllic with the gentle pouring of the water and the descant of the nightingales in the deep dusk from among the riverside trees, we tended to issue from our backwater with a certain caution, ready to leap back to safety at any moment. For the Dordogne is, very decidedly, a Tourist Area.

Innumerable camping sites absorb the young; as for their elders, if you mix with reasonably prosperous English people, you soon discover that every third or fourth person you meet has "a place in the Dordogne." There are villages along the banks of that river where to hear a French voice in high summer gives one a slight surprise, like hearing an English voice in Oxford in August.

elaborately fitted out than the water mill. Of the two bedrooms, one had its own bath, shower and toilet, the other the same minus the bathtub. Besides the usual refrigerator and gas stove, there was a laundry room complete with washing machine, a color television set in the salon, garden furniture, a barbecue, croquet hoops and Heaven knows what all.

We pedaled miles to Beynac to see its chateau perched high on a ridge, but when we got there the place was so bespattered with souvenir shops and choked with parked cars that we turned and fled, and now we never shall see that chateau. Perhaps by writing this I am helping to bring the same fate to the towns and villages of Gascony, but I don't think so. The region is spacious, and its picturesqueness is not of the travel-folder type. It is ideal not for the mass tourist or the fashionable country-clubber, but for the much smaller number who are genuinely interested in country life.

This land of Gers is full of surprises. A landscape that seems no more than agree-

There are so many other things I could write about: the charming small towns like Fleurance with its elegant market square, or Gourdon where we changed trains, and walked up steep medieval streets and looked out from great ramparts across the landscape; the Sunday afternoon at the water mill when the village youths and girls came to the stretch of river under our window to sunbathe and swim, boys on one bank, girls on the other, indulging in a mating dance as complex as those of certain insects yet with the same immemorial end in view; the red squirrel, quite fearless of human beings, whose territory was the garden of our Gascony house; the blue cornflowers among the rich green grass of the roadside. And those incredibly cheap liter bottles of red wine.

Decent, ordinary drinkable wine is far cheaper in America than in England, but in France it is cheaper still, and the comforting feeling that you can pour an extra glass without putting yourself in the poorhouse — this, too, is part of a good vacation. ■

How to Rent a Cottage Abroad

Europeans call it 'self-catering.' A guide to living like a local

By DAVID WICKERS

Although the "self-catering" vacation — renting a house, cottage or apartment and doing your own housekeeping — now ranks as one of the most popular types of vacation for Europeans, it remains near the bottom of the list of choices for Americans when they go to Europe. Last year, for example, some 60 percent of people in Britain vacationing in their own country decided to rent a do-it-yourself holiday home. Only 5 percent of Americans visiting Britain chose such an option, the majority staying in conventional accommodations, be they bed and breakfast or the Ritz, or staying with family or friends.

By renting a vacation home, and shopping in the village grocery and making excursions to the open-air market in the nearest town, the vacationer inevitably savors more of local life than staying in a resort hotel. Getting to grips with local customs, away from tourist crowds, is one of the delights of self-catering in Europe.

Over the last four or five years the number of housekeeping properties available in Europe, and the overall standards of accommodations, have risen considerably. The changes are the result of minimum standards now imposed by national tourist boards and the higher degree of professionalism generally applied to the business.

However, a measure of suspicion and wariness about renting someone else's property is perfectly natural. To begin with, don't be deluded about the nature of this type of vacation. The term self-catering means what it says. You don't *have* to cook all your own meals, provided there are restaurants close at hand, but there will be no resident staff to take care of your needs. Some properties include the services of a maid in the price — there may even be someone to perform shopping errands — but these are the exceptions.

Apart from having someone meet you, show you around and hand over the key, there's usually no such thing as staff. Nor are there pre-arranged tours (though most cottage owners provide a comprehensive package of information suggesting places to visit and recommended pubs and restaurants). You can expect to find the property spotless when you arrive, but then it's up to you to keep it clean, make the beds, cook your own meals and do the dishes afterward.

Since holiday home accommodations don't offer hotel services, costs are considerably less. A couple renting a cottage roomy enough for four will pay more or less the same as in a hotel. But add another couple, or two children, and the opportunity to cook meals, and the savings can be substantial.

Prices vary widely, depending on the type and size of property, its location and the time of year. As with most things, you get what you pay for, so don't interpret lower prices as a bargain or, conversely, higher ones as a rip-off.

[Examples of vacation housing, and prices, available in various European countries are given in the chart on Page 16.]

Bear in mind that although all the places listed in the chart are recommended as representing good value, European residential standards are different from those in the United States, especially in, say, the now exquisite cottages that were originally built to house farm laborers.

Room sizes tend to be modest. The living room, kitchen and dining area are often designed in an open-plan space and you won't find showers as well as baths. Refrigerators are minuscule, dishwashers virtually nonexistent and washing machines rare. Groups of cottages often have communal laundry rooms, with washing machines, dryers and a pay phone, but renting an isolated house usually means taking plenty of clothing or making a weekly pilgrimage to the nearest laundromat.

When you scan the various books and brochures, make sure you understand exactly what the sleeping arrangements constitute. Check that there are the right permutations of single-, twin- and double-bed rooms for your needs. In Denmark, for example, double beds are rare, and bunk beds are more common than in, say, France. A property that "sleeps eight" may include a living-room

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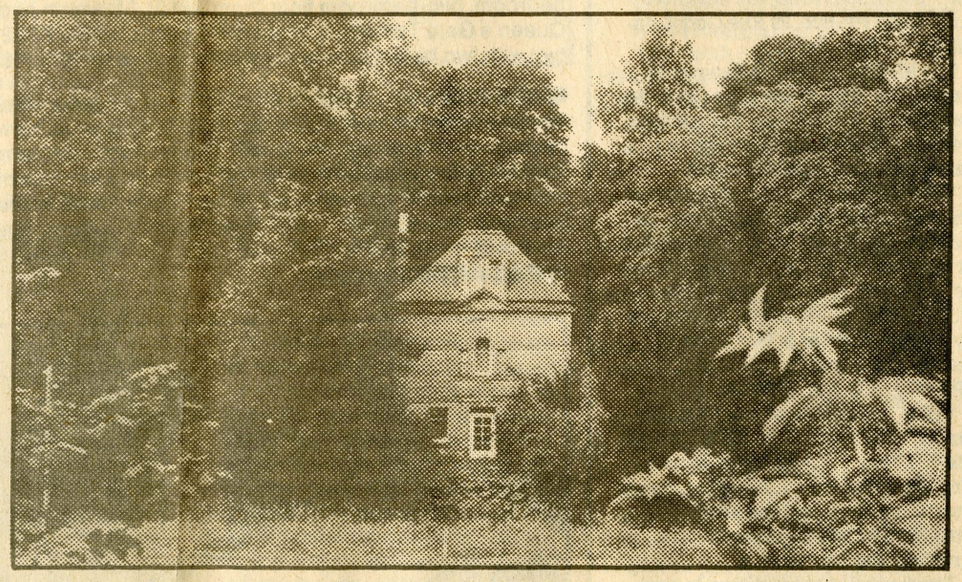
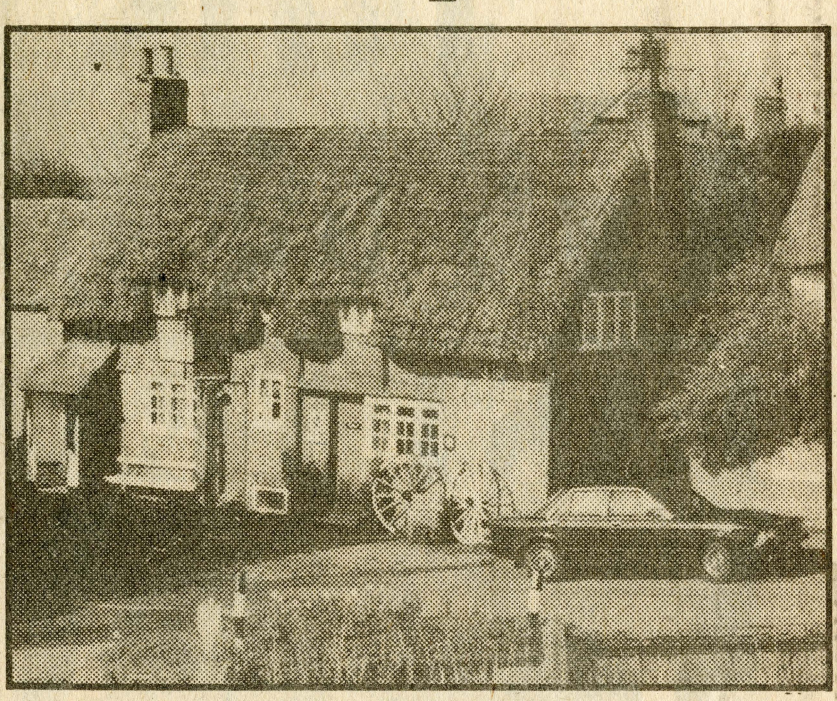


Blackadder Cottage in Berwickshire, Scotland ($116 a week).

DAVID WICKERS, a writer based in London, is the author of "Britain At Your Feet," a walking guide.

Bibliophiles



Robin Laurance

The Five Elms, the pub in the center of Weedon.

Continued From Page 6

unexpurgated edition of Rabelais's works in English for $200.

"A lot of this came from private collections. But you'd be amazed how easy it is to pick up rare stuff," he said. "I once bought off a barrow a mass of documents thrown out by Churchill's private secretary: secret letters sent to him by Bernard Baruch and the old man's notes for his books on the Second World War. The most amazing thing was a dustman once brought me 200 letters by the Pre-Raphaelite William Michael Rossetti, which had just been thrown onto a scrap-heap. In this business, you become a great scavenger."

Peter Eaton has a talent to preserve. His art collection includes works by Ruskin, Rossetti, Solomon and Sandys: a portrait of the Old Testament Judith by the last-named he picked up in the 1940's for $100 and it is now worth about $80,000. Equally remarkable is his private collection of ephemera.

A poster proclaiming "Roll On The Red Republic" stands piquantly above a case containing documents signed by Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth I and the World War II ration book belonging to George VI. You also find such random oddities as what is described as the first TV cathode-ray tube (source of all our troubles), the Empress Josephine's wedding dress and wood from Lord Nelson's ship Victory.

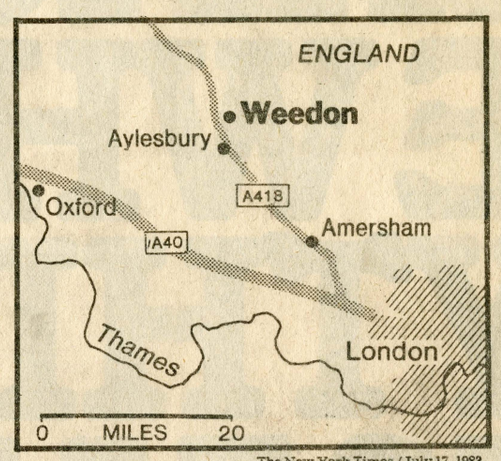
A trip to Lilie's is like combining a visit to art gallery, museum, park (the grounds contain a rare fernleaf beech and redwoods), private house and, of course, bookshop. Indeed, it's a cornucopia of a bookstore where the individual must come and browse for himself; there are no catalogues, except for rare books, and Peter Eaton regrets that he can't search for individual titles.

I know of no bookshop in the world quite like Lilie's. It is a place where you can consider buying Carlyle's "French Revolution" or "A Third Supply of Yankee Drolleries" for a few dollars; inspect Indian masks from Ecuador and G. F. Watts's cartoons for his oil paintings in St. Paul's, and walk in the woods where Oliver Cromwell planned the Battle of Aylesbury in the English Civil War.

"Booksellers, of course, don't like customers," says the candid, self-taught Mr. Eaton, who says he started out life as a hobo. I suggest you take his words with a grain of salt. For Lilies is vast, welcoming and overwhelming: a cultural Aladdin's cave and browser's paradise where time slips quickly by, where you find infinite riches in 33 book-lined rooms and from where you stagger back to London with a quiverful of books without having bust the bank. ■

England's Paradise For Bibliophiles

By MICHAEL BILLINGTON



The New York Times / July 17, 1983



Photographs by Robin Laurance

Peter and Margaret Eaton outside Lilies, which was built in 1870; left, one of the rooms and a few of the nearly one million books.

Some bookshops you just browse in; Lilies, just over an hour's drive from London in the heart of the Buckinghamshire countryside, you surrender to. Indeed to call Lilies a bookshop is rather like calling the Queen Elizabeth 2 a boat.

This rambling, red-brick, 70-room Victorian country house contains not only close to a million second-hand books but also boasts more than 300 Pre-Raphaelite and Victorian paintings; 150 old posters, and glass cases teeming with documents, sculptures, photographs and masks.

Lilies is not just a bookshop. Set in 13 acres of rolling countryside with squirrels racing across the lawn, it is also the private dream of a well-known London bookseller, Peter Eaton, and his wife, Margaret, who in 1968 bought what was then a rundown former hospital for a bargain $38,000. They wanted a weekend retreat. They also wanted a place to house their overflowing second-hand book collection, then occupying three warehouses in London. Today Lilie's is a collector's paradise. Having left school at 14 and in his youth been short of a farthing to buy a sausage for supper, Mr. Eaton now says, "I suppose I'd be a millionaire if they sold me up."

You can buy any of the million books (mostly around the $4 or $5 mark) or inspect — but not buy — the artwork at Lilies. You don't, however, just drop in. You ring Eaton's Holland Park bookshop in London (01-727-5211) to make an appointment and you can visit, any day except Sunday, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. To get there, take a train from Marylebone Station to Aylesbury (about an hour's trip) and then get a taxi the remaining three miles to Weedon. Even better, drive on the westbound A40 route out of London and then follow the A413 road through Amersham and Aylesbury till you get to Weedon. (You might eat in Weedon's one pub, the Five Elms, which offers a ploughman's lunch — bread, cheese, pickle and the like — for around $3.50.)

Peter Eaton is an amiable, shambling figure who bears a slight resemblance to his close friend, the Labor Party leader Michael Foot. Without much prompting, he outlined the colorful history of Lilies.

"There was a French monastery here back in the 12th century called The Lilies after the national emblem. There's said to be a ghost that haunts the monks' burial place near the kitchen-garden, but I've never actually seen it. The house we're in dates from 1870 and was built by George Devey, whom John Betjeman says was one of the great Victorian architects. It was first owned by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. In the last war the exiled Czech President, Dr. Eduard Benes, used it to train his resistance fighters. And when we bought it, it was a dilapidated former hospital with nothing in it except for 30 baths and 40 lavatories."

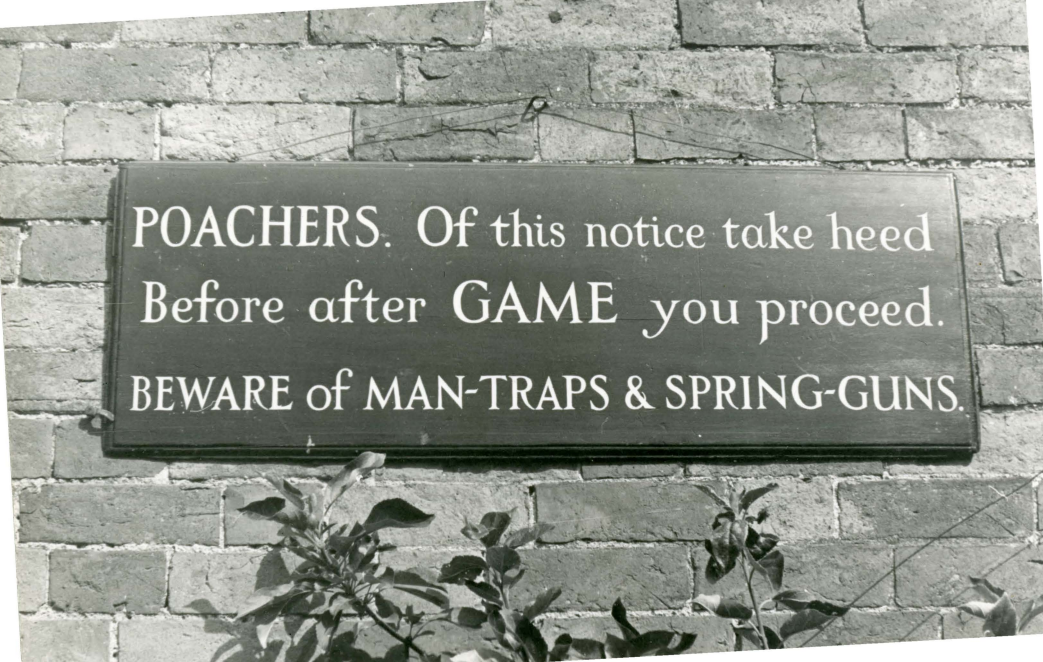
Now it bears eloquent testament to Mr. Eaton's voracious enthusiasm for collecting. There are 33 book rooms alone, on three floors, each labeled according to subject: everything from Bibles to Birth Control, Music to Medicine, Travel to Theology. What is more, the books are amazingly cheap. I bought an immaculate 1948 edition of Stefan Zweig's biography of Balzac for $4. And, for around the same price, I noticed a wide variety of volumes: a study of "The Werewolf" by Montague Summers, a journal of Captain Cook's voyages, "What I Believe" by Bertrand Russell, Churchill's "History of the Second World War."

Not surprisingly, Lilie's is a mecca for bookmen, including the novelist Graham Greene, the biographer Michael Holroyd, the zoologist Desmond Morris, the politician Denis Healey.

But one room is also devoted to more expensive rare books and journals. "We've got some interesting stuff here," said Mr. Eaton in his flat, gravelly North Country voice. "A set of books on spaceships and space travel at about $30 each. A 14-volume edition of Charles Darwin's 'The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication' for $400. Thirty-four volumes of the Duke of Wellington's military dispatches for $600. The first

Continued on Page 28

MICHAEL BILLINGTON is theater critic of The Guardian.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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 3, 1900.—172

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Don Wintersgill Walking London piece
in overseas Guardian, Oct. 6(?), '73.

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FOR OUR GUESTS INFORMATION

SERVICE OF MEALS

Morning Tea from (please order)	8.00 a.m.
Breakfast	8.30—9.30 a.m.

(*We shall be delighted to serve breakfast in your room*)

Luncheon	12.30—2.15 p.m.
Afternoon Tea	4.00—5.30 p.m.
Dinner	7.30—10.0 p.m.

Packed lunches. If possible please order them the previous evening from the head waiter.

A service charge of 12½% will be added to Hotel Bills.

The Hotel is open until a late hour, but should Guests be later than 11.30 p.m. we would be grateful if you would let us know.

Cleaning and laundry services are available if you require them.

Should you wish to pay your account by cheque may we please have a minimum warning of four working days.

So that your room may be prepared for the next guests we should be grateful if you would vacate it before 11.30 a.m. on the day of your departure, otherwise we may have to charge you for accommodation for an extra day.

Guests parking their cars in the Hotel grounds do so at their own risk.

Owing to new Police Regulations, lights *are* required for parking.

Some Inns of Britain
1971



BTA
Publication

Published by British Tourist Authority,
64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1,
with the co-operation of the Brewers' Society.
1971

900225 73 4

Welcome to the friendly inns of Britain

To stay at an inn is one of the great pleasures of a visit to Britain, and to help you decide which inn to choose, a list of over 800 is presented here. Many make ideal headquarters for exploring such lovely areas as the Cotswolds, the Yorkshire Moors, the Welsh mountains, the Lake District, the Highlands of Scotland, County Down or the West Country. Others provide the perfect retreat for a fishing holiday or a few days by the sea. All of them serve good meals at reasonable prices and offer the hospitality for which British inns are renowned. After you have planned your itinerary, select an inn, or several, on or near the route to your destination. No two inns are alike. In age they range from mediaeval to modern. Many have historical associations; others are connected with famous literary figures, old-time smugglers or highwaymen. There are thatched inns, Tudor inns with oak-beamed ceilings and old coaching inns with cobbled courtyards. But at all of them you will find the same warm welcome. Only inns which provide full meals and which, in general, have a minimum of three bedrooms and a maximum of twenty, have been included in this booklet. Inevitably, in a list so short, there will be some omissions, but when you are exploring Britain you will find many other inns as interesting and comfortable as those listed here. No London inns have been included, but a selection of inns and similar establishments in London where it is possible to wine and dine in interesting and friendly surroundings may be found in the British Tourist Authority's publication "Inns noted for Good Food in and around London". Information on other accommodation is provided in the British Tourist Authority's official guide *Hotels and Restaurants in Britain* which is published annually.

Tourist information on Britain is provided by the fully qualified language-speaking information staff of the British Tourist Authority at its Tourist Information Centre, 64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1 (Tel. 01-629 9191).

All establishments appearing in this booklet conform to the minimum standards recommended by the British Travel Association's Memorandum of October, 1966, except for those marked Ⓜ which, whilst conforming in all other respects, provide heating in bedrooms only on payment of an extra charge.

Copies of these "Recommended Minimum Standards for Guest Houses, Boarding Houses and Hotels" may be had on application to the British Tourist Authority, Queen's House, 64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

Notes

1 It is particularly important that visitors should confirm rates when making reservations as prices are liable to change subsequent to the publication of this Guide. All prices are given in decimal currency.

2 Many of the inns listed in this booklet make a service charge.

3 Map references to places listed in this Guide are shown thus: Abbotsbury, Dorset (Map) 2/F2.

4 ⊗ Denotes closed for a period during winter months.

ABBOTSBURY
Dorset. 2/F2

Ilchester Arms. T 243; BB £1·63; Bd 10; L ALC, D 75p. ⊗ Old coaching inn.

ABER
Caerns. 5/C3

Aber. T Llanfairfechan 639; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L 52p, D 62p. Located in good fishing area.

ABERAERON
Cardigan. 5/B1

Harbourmaster. T 351; BB £1·75; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

ABERDOVEY
Merioneth. 5/B2

Penhelig Arms. T 215; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L 77p, D £1·05. Ⓜ

ABERFELDY
Perth. 11/B2

Weem. T 381; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 17; L 70p, D 95p. ⊗ Salmon and trout fishing.

ABERGAVENNY
Monmouth. 6/D1

Lamb and Flag Inn. T 4255; BB £2·00 to £3·00; Bd 5; L £1·00, D £1·00.

ABERGYNOLWYN
Merioneth. 5/C2

Railway Inn. T 279; BB £1·50; Bd 4; L ALC, D ALC.

ABERYSTWYTH
Cardigan. 5/B2

Cambrian. T 2562; BB £1·75; Bd 17; L 65p, D 75p.

Prince Albert. T 7160; BB £1·62; Bd 10; L 52p, D 72p.

AGHADOWEY
Co. Londonderry. 9/C3

Brown Trout Inn. T 209; BB £1·47; Bd 5; L 62p, D ALC. Fishing.

ALLOWAY
Ayrshire. 10/E4

Burns Monument. T 42466; BB £2·50; Bd 8; L 65p, D £1·05. Site of birth place and monument to Robert Burns.

ALNWICK
Northumberland. 8/B3

White Swan. T 2109; BB £2·85; Bd 17; L 85p, D £1·00. Centuries old inn with unique panelled restaurant.

ALRESFORD
Hants. 3/B2

Bell. T 2429; BB £2·10; Bd 6; L 72p, D ALC. 18th century coaching inn.

Swan. T 2302; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 11; L 75p, D £1·12. 17th century inn with Cromwellian associations.

ALSTON
Cumberland. 8/B2

Hillcrest. T 251; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L 80p, D £1·25.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

ALTON
Hants. 3/B2

Swan. T 2074; BB £2·60 to £3·50; Bd 21; L 70p, D 80p.

ALTRINCHAM
Cheshire. 6/D4

George and Dragon. T 1504; BB £3·00; Bd 13; L 82p, D £1·27.

Unicorn. T 1436; BB £1·87; Bd 9; L 52p, D 62p. Ⓜ

AMERSHAM
Bucks. 3/C3

Crown. T 3344; BB £3·00; Bd 18; L 85p, D 95p. 16th century inn with Tudor mural in lounge.

King's Arms. T 6333; BB £2·25; Bd 6; L £1·20, D ALC.

AMESBURY
Wilts. 3/A2

Antrobus Arms. T 3163; BB £2·37 to to £2·75; Bd 20; L 85p, D 95p. Fishing.

AMLWCH
Isle of Anglesey. 5/B4

Dinorben Arms. T 358; BB £2·10 to £2·50; Bd 16; L 75p, D £1·10. Fine old Georgian house.

AMPTHILL
Beds. 3/C4

White Hart. T 2158; BB £3·00; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC. 13th century building with Tudor and Georgian additions.

ANDOVER
Hants. 3/A2

Star and Garter. T 3332; BB £2·55 to £2·97; Bd 19; L 55p, D 55p. Historic inn dating from 1380.

White Hart. T 2266; BB £2·50; Bd 23; L ALC, D 80p. ⊗

ANGMERING-ON-SEA
Sussex. 3/C1

Three Crowns. T Rustington 4074; BB £2·12 to £2·25; Bd 12; L 77p, D 87p. Ⓜ

APPLEBY
Westmorland. 3/A2

Royal Oak Inn. T 463; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC.

ARDGAY
Ross and Cromarty. 11/B4

Inveroykell Lodge. T Rosehall 200; BB £2·00; Bd7; L 62p, D £1·25.

ARMAGH
Co. Armagh. 9/C2

Beresford Arms. T 2082; BB £1·75 to £1·87; Bd 20; L 47p, D 62p. An inn since 1749. Salmon and trout fishing.

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
⊗ Closed for period in winter.
Please confirm prices when making reservations and mention this booklet.

ARMATHWAITE
Cumberland. 8/A2

Duke's Head Inn. T 226; BB £2·00; Bd 7; L 62p, D £1·05. Fishing.

Red Lion. T 204; BB £1·92; Bd 9; L 67p, D 87p.

ARNSIDE
Westmorland. 8/A1

Crown. T 203; BB £1·75 to £1·87; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗

ARUNDEL
Sussex. 3/C1

Bridge. T 2242; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 12; L 67p, D 77p.

ASHBOURNE
Derby. 6/E3

Green Man. T 2017; BB £2·37; Bd 11; L 75p, D 90p. 18th century coaching inn.

New Inns. T Alstonefield 203; BB £1·75; Bd 9; L 72p, D 72p.

ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH
Leics. 6/F2

Fallen Knight. T 2230; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 6; L 52p, D 77p.

ASKHAM
Westmorland. 8/A2

Queen's Head Inn. T Hackthorpe 225; BB £2·25 to £3·00; Bd 8 doubles; L 37p, D £1·32. ⊗

ASTON CLINTON
Bucks. 3/B4

Bell Inn. T 252; BB £2·00; Bd 19; L ALC, D ALC. Coaching inn built in 1750.

ASTON ROWANT
Oxford. 3/B3

Lambert Arms. T Kingston Blount 496; BB £2·27 to £2·77; Bd 12; L 75p, D 87p. 17th century coaching inn with modern motel attached.

ATCHAM
Shrops. 6/D2

Mytton and Mermaid. T Cross Houses 220; BB £3·00; Bd 8; L 80p, D £1·00. Queen Anne house.

ATHERSTONE
Warwicks. 6/F2

Old Red Lion. T 3156; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 11; L 70p, D 75p.

AUDLEM
Cheshire. 6/D3

Crown. T 233; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn.

AUSTWICK
Yorks. 8/B1

Game Cock Inn. T Clapham 226; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 4; L 77p, D 97p. ⊗Ⓜ

AXMINSTER
Devon. 2/E2

George. T 2209; BB £1·75; Bd 10; L 65p, D 80p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

AXMINSTER
(*contd.*)

Hunters Lodge (Raymonds Hill). T 3286; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L 62p, D 97p.

AYCLIFFE
Co. Durham. 8/B2

Gretna Green Wedding Inn. T 3141; BB £2·10; Bd 8; L 67p, D 77p.

AYLESBEARE
Devon. 2/D2

Halfway Inn. T Woodbury 273; BB £1·37; Bd 5; L 52p, D 52p.

AYLESBURY
Bucks. 3/B4

King's Head. T 5158; BB £2·25; Bd 13; L 70p, D 87p. 15th century inn with Cromwellian associations.

AYLSHAM
Norfolk. 7/C2

Black Boys. T 2122; BB £1·62; Bd 8; L 42p, D 52p. Ⓜ Coaching inn dating from 1655.

AYNHO
Northants. 3/B4

Cartwright Arms. T Croughton 218; BB £2·60; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC.

AYSGARTH
Yorks. 8/B1

George and Dragon. T 226; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L 90p, D £1·15. ⊗

BADACHRO
Ross and Cromarty. 11/A3

Badachro Inn. T 214; BB £1·80 to £2·20; Bd 6 doubles; L 60p, D 80p. Old coaching inn in unique position.

BAGSHOT
Surrey. 3/C3

Cricketers'. T 3196; BB £2·50; Bd 15; L 90p, D £1·05.

BAINBRIDGE
Yorks. 8/B1

Rose and Crown. T 225; BB £1·50 to £1·62; Bd 12; L 62p, D 80p. Established in 1445. Fishing.

BALDOCK
Herts. 3/C4

Ye Olde George and Dragon. T 2207; BB £2·75; Bd 11; L 80p, D 80p. Ⓜ

BALLYGALLY
Co. Antrim. 10/D3

Ballygally Castle. T 212; BB £3·00 to £4·00; Bd 24; L 87p, D £1·05. Ancient castle now luxury inn.

BAMFORD
Derby. 6/E4

Marquis of Granby. T 206; BB £2·75; Bd 10; L 82p, D 82p.

BAMPTON GRANGE
Westmorland. 8/A2

Crown and Mitre. T 225; BB £1·62 to £1·75; Bd 10; L 75p, D ALC. Georgian style inn. Salmon/trout fishing.

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
⊗ Closed for period in winter.
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BANBRIDGE
Co. Down. 9/C2
Downshire Arms. T 2638; BB £1·50 to £2·00; Bd 8; L 50p, D 87p.

BANBURY
Oxford. 3/A4
Crown. T 3797; BB £2·45; Bd 15; L 67p, D ALC. 1615 house converted in 18th century.

BARBON
Westmorland. 8/A1
Barbon Inn. T 233; BB £2·25; Bd 8; L 87p, D £1·25. 17th century inn.

BARNSTAPLE
Devon. 1/C3
Wrey Arms. T 2637; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 8; L 87p, D 87p. Ⓜ

BARROW-IN-FURNESS, Lancs. 8/A1
Clarke's Arms. T 25456; BB £1·80; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC.

BARRY
Glamorgan. 2/E4
Ship. T 2161; BB £2·12; Bd 16; L ALC, D ALC.

BARTON
Lancs. 6/D4
Airport. T 061–789 1610; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

BARTON MILLS
Suffolk. 7/B1
Bull Inn. T Mildenhall 3230; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 15; L ALC, D ALC.

BASINGSTOKE
Hants. 3/B2
Red Lion. T 21271; BB £2·75; Bd 14; L 70p, D 80p.

BASSENTHWAITE LAKE
Cumberland. 8/A2
Castle Inn. T 230; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 17; L 87p, D £1·37.

Pheasant Inn. T 234; BB £2·07 to £2·57; Bd 17; L 70p, D £1·20. 300 year old coaching inn.

BATH
Somerset. 2/F4
Christopher. T 60029; BB £2·20; Bd 18; L ALC, D ALC.

BATH EASTON
Somerset. 2/F4
Old Mill. T Bath 88476; BB £2·00 to £2·75; Bd 16; L 88p, D ALC. Fishing.

BATTLE
Sussex. 4/D2
George. T 2844; BB £2·30; Bd 18; L 85p, D £1·00. One of the oldest Sussex inns.

BAWTRY
Yorks. 6/F4
Crown. T 341; BB £2·75; Bd 18; L 75p, D 93p.

BAYCLIFFE
Lancs. 8/A1
Fisherman's Arms. T Bardsea 387; BB £2·25; Bd 11; L 78p, D £1·05.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

BEACONSFIELD
Bucks. 3/C3
George. T 3086; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 13; L 75p, D 87p. 16th century inn built round ancient oak tree.

BEAMINSTER
Dorset. 2/E2
White Hart. T 219; BB £2·00; Bd 7 doubles; L 60p, D 70p.

BEAULIEU
Hants. 3/A1
Master Builders House. T Bucklers Hard 253; BB £2·37; Bd 7; L £1·05, D £1·50. Once the home of Henry Adams (1713–1805) famous shipbuilder.

BEAUMARIS
Isle of Anglesey. 5/B3
Ye Old Bull's Head. T 329; BB £2·37 to £2·87; Bd 15; L 87p, D £1·50. The original posting house of the borough.

BECCLES
Suffolk. 7/C1
King's Head. T 2147; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 15; L 70p, D 80p.

BEDDGELERT
Caerns. 5/B3
Tanronen. T 245; BB £2·00; Bd 10; L 65p, D £1·05. Ⓜ

BEDFORD
Beds. 3/C4
Embankment. T 61332; BB £2·90; Bd 19; L ALC, D ALC.

BEER
Devon. 2/E2
Anchor. T Seaton 137; BB £1·40 to £1·75; Bd 15; L 70p, D 80p.

BEETHAM
Westmorland. 8/A1
Wheatsheaf. T Milnthorpe 2123; BB £2·00; Bd 9 doubles; L 75p, D £1·05. Brown trout fishing.

BELFORD
Northumberland. 8/B3
Blue Bell. T 203; BB £2·85; Bd 13; L 85p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn.

BELPER
Derby. 6/F3
Lion. T 2388; BB £1·75 to £1·87; Bd 5; L 30p, D 62p.

BEMBRIDGE
Isle of Wight. 3/B1
Crab and Lobster Inn. T 2244; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 62p, D £1·37. Old fisherman's inn.

BERKELEY
Glos. 2/F4
Berkeley Arms. T 291; BB £2·37; Bd 12; L 72p, D 87p.

BERKHAMPSTEAD
Herts. 3/C4
Swan. T 3782; BB £2·00; Bd 8; L 87p, D £1·00. Old posting house.

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BIBURY
Glos. 3/A3

Swan. T 204; BB £2·75; Bd 17; L ALC D ALC. Old coaching inn. Fishing.

BICESTER
Oxford. 3/B4

King's Arms. T 2015; BB £2·65; Bd 14; L 90p, D £1·05.

BIRMINGHAM
Warwicks. 6/E2

Plough and Harrow. T 021–454 1131; BB £5·00 (room only); Bd 18; L ALC, D ALC.

BISHOP AUCKLAND
Co. Durham. 8/B2

Queen's Head. T 3477; BB £1·82; Bd 8; L 60p, D 87p.

BISHOP'S STORTFORD, Herts. 4/D4

George. T 4042; BB £2·50; Bd 20; L 80p, D 95p. Parts date from 17th century.

BLANCHLAND
Northumberland. 8/B2

Lord Crewe Arms. T 251; BB £3·10; Bd 14; L 85p, D £1·00. Originally a Priory guest house with priest's hole and chimney. Trout fishing. Rough shooting.

BLANDFORD FORUM
Dorset. 2/F2

King's Arms. T 2163; BB £1·70; Bd 12; L ALC, D 42p.

BLETCHINGLEY
Surrey. 3/C2

Whyte Harte. T 231; BB £2·00; Bd 5; L £1·00; D ALC. Built 1388. Originally home of Sir Francis Drake.

BODINNICK-BY-FOWEY
Cornwall. 1/C1

Old Ferry Inn. T Polruan 237; BB £2·00; Bd 6 doubles; L ALC, D £1·25. 400 years old.

BOGNOR REGIS
Sussex. 3/C1

Sussex. T 21940; BB £1·87; Bd 9; L 63p, D 77p.

Victoria. T 22335; BB £1·37 to £1·75 Bd 12; L 52p, D 52p.

BOROUGHBRIDGE
Yorks. 8/C1

Crown. T 2328; BB £2·37 to £3·00; Bd 29; L 77p, D £1·27. Fishing.

Three Horseshoes. T 2314; BB £1·75; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

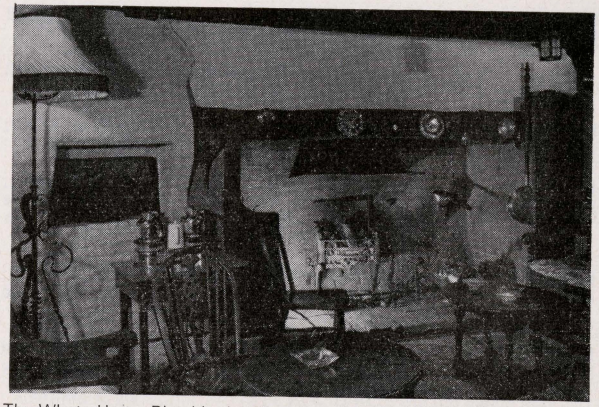
BOSTON
Lincs. 7/A2

New England. T 5255; BB £2·75 to £3·10; Bd 11; L 72p, D 80p.

BOURNE
Lincs. 7/A2

Angel. T 2025; BB £1·75 to £2·10; Bd 10; L 47p, D 62p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.



The Whyte Harte, Bletchingley, Surrey.

BOURNEMOUTH
Hants. 3/A1

Commodore. T 46919; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 19; L 65p, D 82p.

Saxon King. T 43478; BB £1·75; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC.

BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, Glos. 3/A4

Duke of Wellington Inn. T 539; BB £2·10; Bd 7; L 75p, D 90p. Cotswold stone building with original ship's timber.

BRACKLEY
Northants. 3/B4

Crown. T 2210; BB £2·25; Bd 10; L 65p, D ALC. Ancient hostelry. Recorded that King John stayed here.

BRACKLEY HATCH
Northants. 3/B4

Green Man Inn. T Syresham 209; BB £2·25 to £3·25; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC.

BRADFORD-ON-AVON, Wilts. 2/F4

Swan. T 2224; BB £2·10; Bd 14; L 77p, D 82p.

BRANDON
Suffolk. 7/B1

Great Eastern. T 229; BB £2·25; Bd 9; L 70p, D 77p.

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BRANSCOMBE
Devon. 2/E2

Mason's Arms. T 300; BB £1·75 to £2·25 Bd 19; L 92p, D £1·12. 14th century inn.

Ye Three Horseshoes Inn. T 251; BB £2·92 to £3·18; Bd 15; L 88p, D £1·05.

BRASTED
Kent. 4/D2

White Hart. T 2512; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 8; L 90p, D £1·25. Old coaching inn. Ⓜ

BRATTON
Wilts. 2/F3

Duke. T 242; BB £2·10; Bd 7 doubles; L 90p, D 90p. 17th century coffee house popular with visitors to the White Horse on Bratton Hill.

BRAY-ON-THAMES
Berks. 3/C3

Hind's Head. T 26151; BB £3·50; Bd 5; L ALC, D ALC. Originally a hunting lodge dating from 1580.

BRENDON
Devon. 2/D3

Stag Hunter's Inn. T 222; BB £1·75; Bd 20; L 72p, D 87p. Ⓜ An old inn originally part of an abbey. Fishing.

BRENTWOOD
Essex. 4/D3

Lion and Lamb. T 6427; BB £3·00 to £3·50; Bd 11 doubles; L 55p, D 55p. 1857 coaching inn.

BRIDGEND
Glamorgan. 2/D4

Wyndham. T 2080; BB £2·25; Bd 21; L 62p, D 82p.

BRIDGE OF EARN
Perth. 11/C2

Moncrieffe Arms. T 216; BB £2·00 to £2·10; Bd 10; L 75p, D £1·10. Old coaching inn. Fishing.

BRIDGNORTH
Shrops. 6/D2

Falcon. T 3134; BB £2·25 to £2·65; Bd 14; L 77p, D ALC.

BRIDGWATER
Somerset. 2/E3

White Hart. T 2160. BB £2·10; Bd 19; L ALC, D ALC.

BRIDLINGTON
Yorks. 7/A4

Victoria. T 4589; BB £1·70 to £1·95; Bd 18; L 52p, D 72p.

BRIDPORT
Dorset. 2/E2

Greyhound. T 2944; BB £1·75; Bd 18; L 63p, D 75p.

BRIGG
Lincs. 7/A3

Angel. T 3118; BB £2·70; Bd 13; L 75p, D 90p. Famous timbered coaching inn.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

BRIGHTLINGSEA
Essex. 4/E4

Jacobe's Hall. T 2113; BB £2·00; Bd 5; L 75p, D ALC. A small 13th century hall, heavily timbered.

BRIXHAM
Torbay, Devon. 2/D1

Bolton. T 3246; BB £1·65 to £1·95; Bd 11; L 57p, D 72p.

Smugglers' Haunt. T 3050: BB £1·75 to £2·25; Bd 14; L ALC, D ALC. 400 years old stone building.

BROADWAY
Worcs. 3/A4

Swan. T 2278; BB £2·50 (double); Bd 10 doubles; L 83p, D 83p.

BROTHERTON
Yorks. 6/F4

Brotherton Fox. T Knottingley 2131; BB £2·25; Bd 8; L 70p, D £1·05.

BROUGH
Westmorland. 8/B2

Castle. T 252; BB £2·12; Bd 13; L 52p, D 77p. Trout fishing.

BROXTON
Cheshire 6/D3

Travel Inn. T 202; BB £3·25 to £3·52; Bd 16; L ALC, D ALC. Old inn dating from 1671.

BRUTON
Somerset. 2/F3

Blue Ball. T 2315; BB £1·75; Bd 6; L 45p, D 75p. 16th century coaching house of historic interest.

BUCKDEN
Hunts. 7/A1

George. T 304; BB £2·12; Bd 12; L 72p, D £1·05. Ⓜ 16th century coaching inn.

Lion. T 313; BB £2·50; Bd 11; L 85p, D £1·05. 16th century coaching inn.

BUCKFASTLEIGH
Devon. 2/D2

White Hart. T 2336; BB £1·42 to £1·50; Bd 6; L ALC, D 62p.

BUCKHURST HILL
Essex. 4/D3

Roebuck. T 01–504 1620; BB £3·00; Bd 14; L 95p, D £1·00.

BUCKINGHAM
Bucks. 3/B4

Swan and Castle. T 3082; BB £2·25; Bd 6; L 82p, D 82p.

White Hart. T 2131; BB £2·90; Bd 19; L 75p, D £1·00. 18th century hostelry.

BUILTH WELLS
Brecon. 5/C1

Greyhound. T 3255; BB £1·82 to £1·95; Bd 12; L 67p, D 75p. Salmon/trout fishing.

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BULL BAY
Isle of Anglesey. 5/B4

Trecastell. T Amlwch 65; BB £2·00; Bd 17; L 70p, D £1·00.

BUNGAY
Suffolk. 7/C1

King's Head. T 2377; BB £1·75; Bd 16; L 50p, D 75p.

BURFORD
Oxford. 3/A4

Bull. T 2220; BB £2·62; Bd 13; L 90p, D £1·00. Fishing.

Cotswold Gateway. T 2148; BB £2·95; Bd 13; L ALC, D ALC.

Lamb Inn. T 3155; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 14; L £1·00, D £1·25. 15th century Cotswold inn.

BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, Essex. 4/E3

Ye Olde White Hart. T 2106; BB £1·50 to £1·75; Bd 14; L 62p, D 82p. Ⓜ

BURNSALL
Yorks. 8/B1

Red Lion. T 204; BB £2·20; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

BUXTON
Derby. 6/E3

Eagle. T 3564; BB £1·75; Bd 10; L ALC, D 75p.

CAERNARVON
Caerns. 5/B3

Prince of Wales. T 3367; BB £2·25; Bd 19; L ALC, D ALC.

CAIRNDOW
Argyll. 11/A2

Cairndow Inn. T 206; BB £1·87 to £2·12; Bd 8; L 55p, D 87p. John Keats stayed here.

CALNE
Wilts. 2/F4

Lansdowne Arms. T 334; BB £2·40; Bd 17; L 62p, D 72p.

CAMBERLEY
Surrey. 3/B3

Cambridge. T 5127; BB £2·25 to £3·00; Bd 18; L 82p, D 92p.

CAMBORNE
Cornwall. 1/B1

Tyacks'. T 2628; BB £2·12 to £2·45; Bd 12; L 72p, D ALC.

CAMBRIDGE
Cambs. 7/B1

Great Northern. T 50315; BB £2·10; Bd 10; L 62p, D 92p.

CANTERBURY
Kent. 4/E3

Queen's Head. T 62373; BB £2·12; Bd 6 L 52p, D 87p. 15th century inn.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.



The Swan, Broadway, Worcs.

CAPEL GARMON
Caerns. 5/C3

White Horse Inn. T Bettws-y-Coed 271; BB £3·50; Bd 7 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. 17th century inn.

CARDIGAN
Cardigan. 5/B1

Angel. T 2561; BB £1·50 to £1·60; Bd 10; L 82p, D 87p. Ⓜ

CARK-IN-CARTMEL
Lancs. 8/A1

Engine Inn. T Flookburgh 341; BB £1·37; Bd 6; L 75p, D 75p. Built 1689, originally called "The Fire Engine Inn".

CARMARTHEN
Carmarthen. 5/B1

Boar's Head. T 6043; BB £1·75; Bd 14; L 75p, D 75p. Ⓜ Old coaching inn.

CARNLOUGH
Co. Antrim. 9/C3

Londonderry Arms. T 255; BB £1·87; Bd 14; L 70p, D £1·05. Coarse and trout fishing.

CARRICKFERGUS
Co. Antrim. 10/D3

Dobbins Inn. T 2597; BB £1·25 to £1·75; Bd 14; L 47p, D 62p.

CASTLE CARY
Somerset. 2/E3

George. T 215; BB £1·75; Bd 8; L 75p, D £1·12. 15th century coaching inn.

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CASTLE COMBE
Wilts. 2/F4
Castle. T 233; BB £4·00; Bd 6 doubles; L 77p, D ALC. 13th century coaching house.

CASTLETON
Derby. 6/E4
Nag's Head. T Hope 248; BB £2·50; Bd 11; L 90p, D £1·00. 17th century coaching house.

CATTERICK BRIDGE
Yorks. 8/B1
Bridge House. T Old Catterick 645; BB £2·75; Bd 16; L 70p, D 90p.

CAWSAND BAY
Cornwall. 1/C1
Halfway House Inn. T Millbrook 279; BB £2·50; Bd 7; L 72p, D £1·12. ⊗

CERNE ABBAS
Dorset. 2/F2
New Inn. T 274; BB £2·00; Bd 7; L 62p, D £1·12. Ⓜ

CHAGFORD
Devon. 2/D2
Three Crowns. T 3279; BB £1·97; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC. Originally built in 1200 as a monastery. Fishing.

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH
Derby. 6/E3
King's Arms. T 2105. BB £2·00; Bd 10; L 75p, D £1·00.

CHARING
Kent. 4/E2
Swan. T 357; BB £1·92; Bd 10; L 72p, D ALC.

CHARLBURY
Oxford. 3/A4
Bell. T 278; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 67p, D 77p. Old coaching inn dating from 1700.

White Hart. T 391; BB £1·50 to £1·62; Bd 5; L ALC, D 75p. Old coaching inn.

CHEDDAR
Somerset. 2/E3
Bath Arms. T 425; BB £1·55 to £2·05; Bd 6; L 62½p, D 75p.

Cliff. T 346; BB £2·15 to £2·30; Bd 23; L 72p, D 82p.

CHELMSFORD
Essex. 4/D4
Saracens Head. T 54940; BB £2·50; Bd 5; L 62p, D ALC. A 16th century inn.

CHELTENHAM SPA
Glos. 6/E1
Lansdown. T 22700; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 12; L 77p, D 87p.

CHENIES
Bucks. 3/C3
Bedford Arms. T 3301; BB £3·25 to £4·00; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. Red brick Georgian house of charm.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

CHEPSTOW
Monmouth. 2/E4
George. T 2365; BB £2·40 to £2·70; Bd 18; L 70p, D 80p.

CHERTSEY
Surrey. 3/C3
Bridge. T 3175; BB £2·25; Bd 9; L 87p, D £1·25.

CHESTER
Cheshire. 6/D3
Oaklands. T 22156; BB £2·50 to £3·25; Bd 20; L ALC, D ALC.

CHESTER-LE-STREET
Co. Durham. 8/B2
Lambton Arms. T 3265; BB £2·50; Bd 10; L 68p, D 80p.

CHIDDINGFOLD
Surrey. 3/C2
Crown Inn. T Wormley 2255; BB £5·50; Bd 4 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. Established in 1285. Has unique panelled room.

CHIPPENHAM
Wilts. 2/F4
Bear. T 3272; BB £2·17; Bd 7; L 70p, D ALC. Ancient hostelry.

CHIPPERFIELD
Herts. 3/C3
Two Brewers Inn. T Kings Langley 5266; BB £2·80; Bd 8; L £1·05; D £1·25. 18th century inn.

CHIPPING CAMPDEN
Glos. 3/A4
Noel Arms. T Campden 317; BB £2·25; Bd 16; L 85p, D £1·00. 14th century inn.

CHIPPING NORTON
Oxford. 3/A4
Crown and Cushion. T 2533; BB £2·25; Bd 19; L 77p, D 82p. Old coaching inn.

Fox. T 2658; BB £1·90 to £2·15; Bd 13; L 52½p, D 75p. 17th century inn.

White Hart. T 2572; BB £2·50 to £2·80; Bd 17; L 80p, D 95p. Old coaching inn.

CHIPPING SODBURY
Glos. 2/F4
Cross Hands. T 3000; BB £2·37; Bd 14; L 80p, D 90p. 17th century inn built on site of Roman encampment.

Grapes. T 3108; BB £2·00 to £2·25 (double); Bd 8 doubles; L 75p, D 92p. Ⓜ 16th century Gloucestershire inn.

CHIRK
Denbigh. 6/D3
Hand. T 2479; BB £2·75 to £3·75; Bd 14; L 85p, D 85p. 16th century coaching house.

CHOLLERFORD
Northumberland. 8/B2
George. T Humshaugh 205; BB £3·10; Bd 15; L 85p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn, part built with stone from Hadrian's Wall. Trout fishing.

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CHORLEYWOOD Herts. 3/C3
Sportsman. T 3466; BB £2·00; Bd 10; L £1·00, D £1·50.

CHRISTCHURCH Hants. 3/A1
Somerford. T 2610; BB £1·90; Bd 6; L 62p, D 82p. Tudor inn.

CHURT Surrey. 3/B2
Pride of Valley Inn. T Hindhead 799; BB £2·60 to £2·80; Bd 11; L 80p, D 95p. Old inn situated in National Trust Woodland area.

CIRENCESTER Glos. 2/F4
Crown. T 3811; BB £2·40; Bd 16; L 67p, D ALC.

CLANFIELD Oxford. 3/A3
Plough. T 222; BB £2·40 to £3·55; Bd 8; L 88p, D £1·13.

CLARE Suffolk. 4/D4
Bell. T 430; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 10; L 80p, D £1·25. Interesting carved beamed ceilings.

CLIFTON HAMPDEN Oxford. 3/B3
Barleymow Inn. T 215; BB £1·87 to £2·10; Bd 6; L 82p, D ALC. Built in A.D. 1350.

CLITHEROE Lancs. 8/B1
Victoria. T 2601; BB £1·80; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

CLOVELLY Devon. 1/C3
New Inn. T 222; BB £1·75 to £1·87; Bd 17; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗

CLOVENFORDS Selkirk. 11/C1
Clovenfords. T 203; BB £1·50; Bd 4; L 57p, D 87p.

CLYDEBANK Dunbarton. 11/B1
Boulevard. T 2381; BB £2·75; Bd 13; L 67p, D 92p.

Radnor. T 3427; BB £3·50; Bd 12 doubles; L 70p, D £1·00.

COALBROOKDALE Shrops. 6/D2
Valley (Ironbridge). T Ironbridge 2247; BB £1·75; Bd 12; L 75p, D ALC. Salmon/trout fishing.

COBHAM Kent. 4/D3
Leather Bottle. T 327; BB £2·50; Bd 5 doubles; L 97p, D 97p. 17th century inn with Dickensian association.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

COCKERMOUTH Cumberland. 8/A2
Trout. T 3591; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 17; L 80p, D £1·35. Fishing.

COLCHESTER Essex. 4/E4
Rose and Crown. T 6677; BB £2·25; Bd 13; L 87p, D ALC. Exposed beams and interesting decor.

COLEFORD Forest of Dean, Glos. 2/E4
Speech House. T Cinderford 3307; BB £2·50 to £2·90; Bd 15; L 80p, D 80p. Built in 1676 and known as the King's Lodge.

CONGLETON Cheshire. 6/E3
Lion and Swan. T 3115; BB £3·00; Bd 13; L 75p, D 87p. Old Elizabethan hostelry.

CONWAY Caerns. 5/C3
Erskine. T 3415; BB £1·87 to £2·00; Bd 10; L 62p, D 90p.

COOKHAM Berks. 3/C3
King's Arms. T Bourne End 20146; BB £2·50; Bd 6; L £1·00, D £1·25.

CORBRIDGE-ON-TYNE Northumberland. 8/B2
Angel Inn. T 2119; BB £2·25; Bd 7 doubles; L 68p, D 85p. Inn of Tudor origin near Roman wall.

CORBY Northants. 7/A1
Raven. T 2313; BB £1·87; Bd 14; L ALC, D ALC.

CORNHILL-ON-TWEED Northumberland. 8/B4
Collingwood Arms. T Coldstream 2424; BB £2·85; Bd 17; L 85p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn. Trout fishing.

CORSHAM Wilts. 2/F4
Methuen Arms. T 2239; BB £2·25; Bd 16; L 75p, D 90p.

CORWEN Merioneth. 5/C3
Owain Glyndwr. T 2407; BB £1·75; Bd 14; L 77p, D £1·05. Salmon and trout fishing. Old coaching inn.

CRACKINGTON HAVEN, Cornwall. 1/C2
Coombe Barton. T St. Gennys 345; BB £1·50 to £1·75; Bd 7; L 53p, D 83p.

CRANBROOK Kent. 4/D2
George. T 3348; BB £2·30 to £2·70; Bd 11; L 95p, D £1·05. 16th century hostelry used for 300 years as a Magistrates' Court.

CRANFORD Middlesex. 3/C3
Berkeley Arms. T 01–759 0610; BB £3·00; Bd 14; L ALC, D ALC.

M See foreword, page 1.
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CRAVEN ARMS
Shrops. 6/D2

Craven Arms. T 3331; BB £1·50; Bd 8; L 75p, D 75p.

Stokesay Castle. T 2304; BB £1·75; Bd 9; L 75p, D 87p. Ⓜ Fishing.

CRAWFORDSBURN
Co. Down. 10/D2

Old Inn. T Helen's Bay 3255; BB £2·60 to £6·30; Bd 26; L 92p, D £1·37. 350 year old inn used by smugglers in 18th century.

CRESSAGE
Shrops. 6/D2

Cound Lodge Inn. T 322; BB £1·50 to £2·00; Bd 8 doubles; L 55p, D 75p. Fishing.

CREWKERNE
Somerset. 2/E2

Red Lion. T 2008; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 12; L 70p, D 82p. Ⓜ 17th century coaching inn.

CRICKLADE
Wilts. 3/A3

White Hart. T 206; BB £2·40 to £2·60; Bd 14; L 80p, D 95p.

CROFT-ON-TEES
Yorks. 8/B2

Croft Spa. T 319; BB £2·88; Bd 19; L 80p D 98p.

CROXDALE
Co. Durham. 8/B2

Bridge. T Meadowfield 269; BB £2·70; Bd 9; L 75p, D £1·05. Trout fishing.

CULLOMPTON
Devon. 2/D2

White Hart. T 3260; BB £1·50 to £1·75; Bd 6; L 60p, D 75p. Ⓜ An old posting house.

DACRE BANKS
Yorks. 8/B1

Royal Oak. T Darley 200; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L 42p, D 77p. A 1750 coaching inn.

DARTFORD
Kent. 4/D3

Royal Victoria and Bull. T 23104; BB £2·50; Bd 10; L 60p, D 75p. Old coaching inn.

DARTINGTON
Devon. 2/D2

Cott Inn. T Totnes 2373; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 6; L 85p, D ALC. 14th century inn.

DEAL
Kent. 4/F2

Black Horse. T 4074; BB £1·87; Bd 16; L ALC, D ALC.

Swan. T 4839; BB £1·75; Bd 9; L 52p, D 82 p.

DEDHAM
Essex. 4/E4

Sun. T 2179; BB £2·25; Bd 5; L 80p, D £1·00. 15th century coaching inn with outside staircase.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

DENBIGH
Denbigh. 5/C3

Crown. T 2776; BB £1·75; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC.

DERSINGHAM
Norfolk. 7/B2

Feathers. T 207; BB £2·25; Bd 6 doubles; L 75p, D 87½p. Old Sandringham posting house.

DEVIL'S BRIDGE
Cardigan. 5/C2

Hafod Arms. T Ponterwyd 232; BB £2·35; Bd 21; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗

DEVIZES
Wilts. 2/F4

Bear. T 2444; BB £2·50; Bd 23; L 82p, D 97p. Established 1599.

Black Swan. T 2906; BB £1·75; Bd 9; L 47p, D 52p.

DINAS MAWDDWY
Merioneth. 5/C2

Red Lion. T 247; BB £1·65; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC. Historic inn. Salmon and trout fishing.

DIRLETON
East Lothian. 11/C2

Open Arms. T 241; BB £3·50 to £4·00; Bd 7 doubles; L 82p, D £1·50.

DISLEY
Cheshire. 6/E4

Ram's Head. T 2019; BB £2·27; Bd 8; L 62p, D £1·05. Old coaching inn.

DOLGELLAU
Merioneth. 5/C2

Cross Foxes. T 487; BB £1·25 to £1·75; Bd 6; L 77p, D £1·05. Typical Welsh country inn, well modernised. Fishing.

DORCHESTER-ON-THAMES, Oxford. 3/B3

George. T Warborough 404; BB £2·75; Bd 14; L ALC, D ALC. An old coaching inn, parts dating from 1430.

White Hart. T Warborough 501; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 14; L 72p, D 87p. 16th century inn.

DORKING
Surrey. 3/C2

Star and Garter. T 2820; BB £2·25; Bd 9; L 62½p, D 72½p.

DOUGLAS
Lanark. 10/F4

Douglas Arms. T 322; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 4; L 58p, D £1·05.

DOVERCOURT
Essex. 4/F4

Phoenix. T Harwich 2071; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 7; L 75p, D £1·12. ⊗

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The Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent.

DOWNTON
Nr. Salisbury, Wilts. 3/A2
Bull. T 374; BB £2·25 to £3·25; Bd 17; L 75p, D £1·25. Fishing.

DRIFFIELD
Yorks. 2/F4
Bell. T 3342; BB £1·95; Bd 16; L 57p, D 72p. An old coaching inn.

DUDLEY
Worcs. 6/E2
Ward Arms. T 52723; BB £2·37; Bd 13; L 67p, D ALC.

DULVERTON
Somerset. 2/D3
Lamb. T 369; BB £1·64 to £2·25; Bd 22; L 35p, D £1·00.

DUMBARTON
Dunbarton. 11/B1
Dumbuck. T 3818; BB £2·50; Bd 15; L 57p, D £1·00.

DUMFRIES
Dumfries. 8/A3
White Hart. T 3337; BB £1·62; Bd 7; L 62p, D 77p.

DUNBAR
East Lothian. 11/C2
St. George. T 2213; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 9; L 62p, D 97p. ⊗

DUNDONNELL
Ross and Cromarty. 11/A4
Dundonnell. T 204; BB £1·50 to £2·10; Bd 15; L 70p, D 95p. Over 150 years old.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

DUNMOW, GREAT
Essex. 4/D4
Saracen's Head. T 2820; BB £2·50; Bd 15; L 75p, D 90p. 14th century hostelry.

DUNS
Berwicks. 8/B4
White Swan. T 3263; BB £1·37; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC.

DUNSTABLE
Beds. 3/C4
Highwayman. T 61999; BB £2·25; Bd 12; L 62p, D 72p.

Old Sugar Loaf. T 62036; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 9; L £1·05, D £1·50. 250 years old coaching inn on Watling Street.

DUNSTER
Somerset. 2/D3
Luttrell Arms. T 393; BB £2·90; Bd 21; L 80p, D £1·00. ⊗ Originally guest house of ancient monastery.

DURHAM
Co. Durham. 8/B2
Three Tuns. T 4326; BB £3·10; Bd 16; L 85p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn.

DURSLEY
Glos. 2/F4
Old Bell. T 2821; BB £1·87; Bd 10; L 82p, D £1·05. Ⓜ Old coaching inn dating from 1430.

EAGLESHAM
Renfrew. 11/B1
Eglington Arms. T 2631; BB £3·30; Bd 13; L 65p, D £1·00.

EAMONT BRIDGE
Westmorland. 8/A2
Crown. T Penrith 2566; BB £2·20; Bd 14; L 70p, D £1·25. Fishing.

EAST DEREHAM
Norfolk. 7/B2
George. T Dereham 3119; BB £2·12; Bd 15; L 67p, D 87p. Ⓜ

EAST GRINSTEAD
Sussex. 4/D2
Crown. T 23117; BB £1·87 to £2·25; Bd 12; L 62p, D 87p.

Dorset Arms. T 21797; BB £2·50; Bd 13; L 65p, D 85p. 16th century inn.

EAST HADDON
Northants. 6/F2
Red Lion. T 223; BB £1·75; Bd 3 doubles; L ALC, D ALC.

EAST HORSLEY
Surrey. 3/C2
Thatchers. T 4291; BB £2·50; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

EAST KILBRIDE
Lanark. 11/B1
Torrance. T 25241; BB £2·75; Bd 18; L 55p, D £1·00. An old coaching inn built in 1792.

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The Old Inn, Crawfordsburn, County Down.

EDINBURGH
Midlothian. 11/C2

Harp. T 031–334 4750; BB £2·50; Bd 17; L 65p, D £1·00.

Rutland. T 031-229 3402; BB £3·75 to £4·25; Bd 18; L 90p, D ALC.

EGGESFORD
Devon. 2/D3

Fox and Hounds. T Chulmleigh 345; BB £2·40; Bd 14; L 75p, D 90p. Fishing.

EGHAM
Surrey. 3/C3

Anglers. T 3886; BB £2·75; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

ELLESMERE
Shrops. 6/D3

Bridgewater Arms. T 2512; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 11; L 47p, D 62p.

ELTERWATER
Westmorland. 8/A2

Britannia Inn. T Langdale 210; BB £1·87; Bd 9; L 52p, D 92p. ⊗

ESKDALE
Cumberland. 8/A2

Bower House Inn. T 244; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 12 doubles; L 80p, D £1·50. Rough shooting.

EVESHAM
Worcs. 3/A4

Crown. T 6137; BB £2·75 to £3·00; Bd 12; L 75p, D £1·00.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

EVESHAM (*contd.*)

Norton Grange. T Harvington 215; BB £1·87; Bd 12; L 37p, D 37p.

EXFORD
Somerset. 2/D3

Crown. T 243; BB £2·25; Bd 21; L 60p, D £1·50. ⊗ Fishing and rough shooting.

White Horse. T 229; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 20; L 75p, D £1·00. ⊗ Fishing.

EYE
Suffolk. 7/C1

White Lion. T 264; BB £1·85; Bd 6; L 52p, D 78p. 15th century posting house with Georgian assembly room and musician's gallery.

EYNSFORD
Nr. Dartford, Kent. 4/D3

Castle. T Farningham 3162; BB £2·00 to £3·00; Bd 6; L 62p, D £1·00.

EYNSHAM
Oxford. 3/A4

Swan. T 225; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 67p, D 72p.

FAIRFORD
Glos. 3/A3

Bull. T 535; BB £2·20 to £2·80; Bd 14; L 80p, D 80p. Old hostelry, part 17th century. Fishing.

FAKENHAM
Norfolk. 7/B2

Crown. T 2010; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 11; L 70p, D 85p. Old 13th century posting house.

FAREHAM
Hants. 3/B1

Red Lion. T 3339; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 20 doubles. L 80p, D 82p.

FARINGDON
Berks. 3/A3

Bell. T 3134; BB £2·50; Bd 9; L 73p, D 93p. Historic posting house.

Crown. T 2196; BB £2·25 to £3·00; Bd 23; L 75p, D 92p. Ⓜ Historic posting house.

FARNBOROUGH
Hants. 3/B2

Tumbledown Dick. T 42055; BB £2·40; Bd 13; L 72p, D 87p.

FAVERSHAM
Kent. 4/E3

Ship. T 2179; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 14; L 67p, D 92p. Ⓜ Dates from 1300.

FAWLEY
Hants. 3/B1

Falcon. T 205; BB £1·75; Bd 6 doubles; L 53p, D 63p.

FEATHERSTONE PARK
Nr. Haltwhistle,
Northumberland. 8/A2

Wallace Arms. T Haltwhistle 375; BB £1·75; Bd 5; L ALC, D 43p.

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FELIXSTOWE
Suffolk. 4/F4

Cavendish. T 2696; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 13; L ALC, D ALC.

Fludyer Arms. T 3279; BB £1·90; Bd 12; L 57p, D 62p. Ⓜ

FFESTINIOG
Merioneth. 5/C3

Abbey Arms. T 727; BB £1·20 to £1·50; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

FITTLEWORTH
Sussex. 3/C2

Swan. T 429; BB £2·25; Bd 7; L 83p, D £1·00.

FOCHABERS
Moray. 11/C4

Gordon Arms. T 220; BB £1·88 to £3·00; Bd 18 doubles; L 68p, D £1·25. 200 year old coaching inn.

FORDWICH
Kent. 4/F3

George and Dragon. T Sturry 661; BB £2·50; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. Rough shooting.

FOREST ROW
Sussex. 4D/2

Bramble Tye. T 2575; BB £2·20 to £2·50; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC.

FOSSEBRIDGE
Nr. Northleach,
Glos. 3/A4

Fossebridge. T 310; BB £2·25 to £3·25; Bd 11; L 57p, D 57p. Historic building. Trout fishing.

FOWEY
Cornwall. 1/C1

Riverside. T 2275; BB £1·85 to £2·25; Bd 13; L 65p, D £1·25.

FOWNHOPE
Hereford. 6/D1

Green Man Inn. T 243; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 5; L 88p, D £1·25.

FRAMLINGHAM
Suffolk. 7/C1

Crown. T 521; BB £2·50 to £3·80; Bd 15; L 90p, D 95p. 16th century inn subsequently reconstructed.

FRILFORD HEATH
Berks. 3/A3

Dog House. T 230; BB £2·75; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC. Historic inn dating from 18th century.

FROME
Somerset. 2/F3

George. T 2584; BB £1·95; Bd 16; L 62p, D 75p.

GAINSBOROUGH
Lincs. 7/A3

White Hart. T 2018; BB £2·40; Bd 20; L 70p, D 90p. Famous old coaching inn.

GALASHIELS
Selkirk. 11/C1

Royal. T 2918; BB £1·63; Bd 13; L 75p, D 75p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.



The Britannia Inn, Elterwater.

GANTON
Yorks. 7/A4

Greyhound Inn. T Sherburn 242; BB £1·62 to £2·00; Bd 7; L ALC, D 77p.

GARRISON
Co. Fermanagh. 9/A2

Casey's Lake. T Belleek 217; BB £1·50; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗ Fishing and shooting.

Melvin. T Belleek 216; BB £1·62; Bd 14; L 42p, D 62p. Salmon, trout and coarse fishing.

GARSTANG
Lancs. 8/A1

Royal Oak. T 3318; BB £2·00; Bd 7; L 72p, D ALC.

GARTOCHARN
Dunbarton. 11/B2

Gartocharn. T 204; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 5 doubles; L 66p, D 85p.

GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET
Kirkcudbright. 10/F3

Murray Arms. T 207; BB £2·35; Bd 28; L 63p, D 98p.

GIFFORD
East Lothian. 11/C1

Goblin Ha'. T 244; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L 67p, D £1·12.

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GIGGLESWICK
Yorks. 8/B1

Hart's Head. T Settle 2567; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L 72p, D £1·05. Old coaching inn.

GISBURN
Yorks. 8/B1

Ribblesdale Arms. T 234; BB £2·12; Bd 7; L 62p, D 90p. Famous old coaching inn.

GLASBURY-ON-WYE
Radnor. 5/C1

Maesllwch Arms. T 226; BB £1·87; Bd 14; L 87p, D 87p. Fishing.

GLASTONBURY
Somerset. 2/E3

Crown. T 2242; BB £1·97 to £2·37; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn.

GLENFINNAN
Inverness. 11/A2

Stage House Inn. T 403; BB £1·75; Bd 13; L 62p, D 87p. Fishing.

GLYNDYFRDWY
Merioneth. 5/C3

Berwyn Arms. T 210; BB £1·62; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC. Salmon and trout fishing.

GLYNGARTH
Isle of Anglesey. 5/B3

Gazelle. T 236; BB £1·90 to £2·65; Bd 16; L 65p, D £1·05.

GODALMING
Surrey. 3/C2

Manor. T 22195; BB £2·20; Bd 9; L 87p, D ALC.

GODSTONE
Surrey. 4/D2

White Hart. T 521; BB £2·00; Bd 6 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. Dates from reign of Richard II.

GOLSPIE
Sutherland. 11/B4

Sutherland Arms. T 216; BB £2·00; Bd 19; L 62p, D 87p.

GOMSHALL
Surrey. 3/C2

Black Horse. T Shere 2242; BB £1·90; Bd 5; L 77p, D £1·50. Georgian Inn near village of Shere.

GOODRICH
Hereford. 6/D1

Ye Hostelrie. T Symonds Yat 241; BB £1·95; Bd 8; L 65p, D 80p. 17th century inn reconstructed in 1830.

GORING-ON-THAMES
Oxford. 3/B3

Miller of Mansfield. T 2829; BB £2·15 to £2·25; Bd 9; L 70p, D £1·00.

Ye Olde Leatherne Bottel. T 2667; BB £1·77; Bd 7; L £1·18, D £1·25. Fishing.

GORRAN HAVEN
Cornwall. 1/B1

Smugglers. T Mevagissey 3228; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 6; L ALC, D 97p. ⊗

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

GOUDHURST
Kent. 4/D2

Star and Eagle. T 338; BB £2·10; Bd 6 doubles. L 62p, D ALC. Originally a 13th century monastery rebuilt in 15th century.

GRANGE-OVER-SANDS, Lancs. 8/A1

Crown. T 3103; BB £2·25; Bd 17; L 75p, D £1·25.

GRANTCHESTER
Cambs. 7/B1

Red Lion. T Trumpington 2121; BB £1·80; Bd 8; L 92p, D 92p. Ⓜ

GRANTHAM
Lincs. 7/A2

White Hart. T 3131; BB £2·17; Bd 12; L 62p, D 82p.

GRASSINGTON
Yorks. 8/B1

Devonshire. T 525; BB £2·25; Bd 12; L 82p, D £1·07. 17th century coaching house.

Wilson Arms. T 666; BB £2·40; Bd 17; L £1·00, D £1·65. Trout fishing.

GREAT AYTON
Yorks. 8/C2

Royal Oak. T 2361; BB £2·50; Bd 7; L 80p, D £1·05. Dates from 1771.

GREAT BARRINGTON
Glos. 3/A4

Inn for all Seasons. T 224; BB £2·10 to £2·25; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC.

GREAT SALKELD
Cumberland. 8/A2

Highland Drove Inn. T Lazonby 349; BB £1·88; Bd 7; L ALC, D £1·05. ⊗ Fishing.

GREAT YARMOUTH
Norfolk. 7/C1

Two Bears. T 3198; BB £2·50; Bd 14; L 70p, D 80p.

GRIMSTHORPE
(Bourne), Lincs. 7/A2

Black Horse Inn. T Edenham 247; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 4; L ALC, D ALC.

GRINDLEFORD BRIDGE, Nr. Sheffield, Derby. 6/E3

Maynard Arms. T 321; BB £2·75; Bd 15; L 80p, D £1·00.

GUILDFORD
Surrey. 3/C2

White Horse. T 64511; BB £2·90 to £3·25; Bd 23; L 80p, D 95p.

GUISBOROUGH
Yorks. 8/C2

Moorcock. T 2342; BB £2·50; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

HACKNESS
Yorks. 7/A4

Everley. T 202; BB £1·99; Bd 7; L 72p, D 97p. ⊗ Over 200 years old inn.

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HADDINGTON
East Lothian. 11/C2

George. T 3372; BB £2·13 to £3·13; Bd 10; L 68p, D 98p.

HAILSHAM
Sussex. 4/D1

George. T 144; BB £1·75; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC.

HALESWORTH
Suffolk. 7/C1

Angel. T 2102; BB £2·10; Bd 8; L 72p, D 87p. Old coaching inn dating from 1569.

HALSTEAD
Essex. 4/E4

Bull. T 2144; BB £2·25; Bd 7; L 52p, D 60p. Black and white timbered inn dating from 1569.

HALTWHISTLE
Northumberland. 8/B2

Grey Bull. T 298; BB £1·50; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

HARLECH
Merioneth. 5/B3

Queens. T 480; BB £1·75; Bd 11; L 77p, D 87p. Ⓜ

HARLESTON
Norfolk. 7/C1

Magpie. T 211; BB £1·75; Bd 14; L 62p, D 77p.

HARLOW
Essex. 4/D4

Green Man. T 21342; BB £2·50; Bd 8; L £1·15, D £1·15. Old coaching inn, 15th century.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL
Middlesex. 3/C3

King's Head. T 01–422 5541; BB £2·50 to £3·15; Bd 20; L £1·05, D £1·25. Ⓜ Henry VIII shooting lodge.

HARTFIELD
Sussex. 4/D2

Hay Waggon. T 252; BB £1·75; Bd 3; L 82p, D £1·05.

HARWICH
Essex. 4/F4

Pier. T 2210; BB £2·50; Bd 11; L 72p, D 77p.

HASLEMERE
Surrey. 3/C2

Lythe Hill. T 4131; BB £3·00 to £4·50; Bd 6 doubles; L £1·25, D ALC.

Swan. T 4608; BB £2·00; Bd 8 doubles; L 62p, D ALC.

White Horse. T 2103; BB £1·97; Bd 8; L 67p, D 87p.

HATHERLEIGH
Devon. 1/C2

George. T 454; BB £1·62 to £1·87; Bd 10; L 67p, D £1·07. Originally cell of Benedictine monks. Parts of premises over 1,000 years old. Salmon/trout fishing.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

HAWARDEN
Flint. 6/D3

Glynne Arms. T 3235; BB £1·75; Bd 6; L 75p, D ALC. Ⓜ

HAWES
Yorks. 8/B1

White Hart. T 259; BB £1·50; Bd 8; L 62p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn.

HAWKHURST
Kent. 4/D2

Royal Oak. T 2184; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L 72p, D 82p. An old coaching inn.

HAYLING ISLAND
Hants. 3/B1

West Town. T 3703; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 70p, D 80p.

HAYTOR
Devon. 2/D2

Rock Inn (Haytor Vale). T 205; BB £1·50 to £2·12; Bd 9; L 80p, D £1·25. Old Dartmoor coaching inn.

HEDDONS MOUTH
Nr. Parracombe,
Devon. 2/D3

Hunters Inn. T Parracombe 230; BB £2·00; Bd 16; L £1·00, D £1·25.

HELMSLEY
Yorks. 8/C1

Crown. T 297; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L 62p, D 80p. 16th century coaching inn.

Feathers. T 275; BB £2·00; Bd 16; L ALC, D ALC. Converted 15th century coaching inn.

Feversham Arms. T 346; BB £1·85 to £2·00; Bd 10; L 70p, D £1·00. Ⓜ

HELSTON
Cornwall. 1/B1

Angel. T 2701; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 22; L ALC, D ALC. Original home of Duke of Leeds.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES
Oxford. 3/B3

Little White Hart. T 4145; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 20; L 78p, D 98p.

Old White Hart. T 3103; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 9; L 97p, D £1·37. Old posting house dating from 1490.

Two Brewers Inn. T 4375; BB £1·87; Bd 3; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn 400 years old.

HEREFORD
Hereford. 6/D1

Booth Hall. T 2898; BB £1·87 to £2·00; Bd 11; L 67p, D 72p. Ⓜ

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
⊗ Closed for period in winter.
Please confirm prices when making reservations and mention this booklet.

HERTFORD
Herts. 3/C4

Salisbury Arms. T 3091; BB £2·75; Bd 15; L 75p, D £1·00.

HEVER
Kent. 4/D2

King Henry VIII Inn. T Edenbridge 2163; BB £2·50; Bd 4; L 92p, D £1·25.

HEVERSHAM
Westmorland. 8/A1

Blue Bell. T Milnthorpe 3159; BB £2·25 to £3·25; Bd 15; L 80p, D £1·25.

HEXHAM
Northumberland. 8/B2

Royal. T 2270; BB £2·75; Bd 18; L 75p, D 90p.

HIGHBRIDGE
Somerset. 2/E3

George. T Burnham-on-Sea 3248; BB £1·62 to £1·75; Bd 10; L 62p, D 62p.

HIGHWORTH
Wilts. 3/A3

Jesmond House. T 364; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 13; L 77p, D ALC.

HIGH WYCOMBE
Bucks. 3/B3

Falcon. T 20126; BB £2·75; Bd 12; L 75p, D 92p. 14th century inn.

HINDON
Wilts. 2/F3

Lamb. T 225; BB £1·87; Bd 10; L 82p, D 97p. 13th century inn.

HOLBETON
Devon. 2/D1

Dartmoor Union. T 288; BB £2·20 to to £2·45; Bd 6 doubles; L ALC, D £1·25. Orginally 18th century workhouse. Cider cellar.

HOLT
Norfolk. 7/C2

Feathers. T 2318; BB £2·50; Bd 25; L 75p, D 95p.

HOLYBOURNE
Hants. 3/B2

White Hart. T Alton 2302; BB £1·75; Bd 6; L 32p, D ALC.

HONITON
Devon. 2/E2

Angel. T 2763; BB £1·50 to £1·87; Bd 9; L 62p, D 92p. Fishing.

HORAM
Sussex. 4/D2

Horam. T Horam Road 2692; BB £1·25 to £1·50; Bd 11; L 62p, D 62p.

HORNBY
Lancs. 8/A1

Castle. T 204; BB £1·79; Bd 9; L 62p, D 62p. Salmon/trout fishing.

HORNCASTLE
Lincs. 7/A2

Bull. T 3331; BB £1·75; Bd 8; L 50p, D 82p. 16th century hostelry.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

HORNING
Norfolk. 7/C2

Swan. T 316; BB £2·10 to £2·25; Bd 10; L 65p, D 80p. Coarse fishing. Good centre for Norfolk Broads.

HORNS CROSS
Devon. 1/C3

Hoops Inn. T 222; BB £2·00 to £2·05; Bd 16; L 40p, D £1·15. ⊗ 13th century thatched inn.

HORSHAM
Sussex. 3/C2

Station. T 3016; BB £1·75; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC.

Ye Olde King's Head. T 3126; BB £3·00 Bd 15; L 87p, D ALC. Old coaching inn built in 1401.

HOVINGHAM
Yorks. 8/C1

Worsley Arms. T 234; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 12; L 75p, D 95p. Trout fishing.

HOYLAKE
Cheshire. 6/D4

Stanley. T 3311; BB £2·75; Bd 16; L 72p, D 92p.

HUNSTANTON
Norfolk. 7/B2

Wash and Tope Arms. T 2250; BB £1·50; Bd 11; L 45p, D 45p.

HURLEY
Berks. 3/B3

Ye Olde Bell. T 244; BB £5·25; Bd 10; L £1·50, D ALC. 12th century priory guest house.

HURST GREEN
Lancs. 6/D4

Shireburn Arms. T Stonyhurst 208; BB £3·00; Bd 10; L 77p, D £1·10.

HURSTPIERPOINT
Sussex. 4/D2

Stroods. T 3232; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 10; L 82p, D £1·00.

HYTHE
Hants. 3/A1

Drummond Arms. T 2150; BB £2·10 to £2·20; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

HYTHE
Kent. 4/E2

White Hart. T 662261; BB £2·25; Bd 10; L 62p, D £1·12. Ⓜ Old coaching inn.

ILFRACOMBE
Devon. 1/C3

Royal Britannia. T 2939; BB £1·90; Bd 12; L 67p, D 82p.

ILKLEY
Yorks. 8/B1

Crescent. T 3534; BB £2·80; Bd 20; L 80p, D £1·00.

Listers Arms. T 3284; BB £2·50; Bd 14; L 75p, D £1·00. Ⓜ

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
⊗ Closed for period in winter.
Please confirm prices when making reservations and mention this booklet.

ILMINSTER
Somerset. 2/E3

George. T 2654; BB £2·00; Bd 11. L 72p, D ALC. Ⓜ

ISLAY, ISLE OF
Argyll. 11/A1

Port Askaig. T Port Askaig 245; BB £1·80 to £3·60; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. Fishing.

ITCHENOR
Sussex. 3/B1

Ship Inn. T Birdham 284; BB £2·40 to £3·00; Bd 5; L ALC, D ALC.

IVER
Bucks. 3/C3

Tower Arms. T 120; BB £2·25; Bd 4 doubles; L 52p, D £1·05. Ⓜ

KENDAL
Westmorland. 8/A1

County. T 22461; BB £2·65 to £3·40; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

KENILWORTH
Warwicks. 6/F2

Queen and Castle. T 54153; BB £2·50; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

KESWICK
Cumberland. 8/A2

George. T 72076; BB £2·20 to £2·50; Bd 16; L 75p, D £1·00. Ⓜ 15th century coaching inn.

King's Arms. T 72083; BB £2·00; Bd 18; L 75p, D £1·00. Ⓜ 15th century coaching inn.

KILKEEL
Co. Down. 9/C1

Kilmorey Arms. T 220; BB £1·75; Bd 12; L 62p, D 62p.

KILKHAMPTON
Cornwall. 1/C2

London Inn. T 205; BB £1·62; Bd 6 doubles; L 57p, D 75p. Ⓜ

KILMOREY
Isle of Arran. 10/E4

Lagg. T Sliddery 55; BB £2·00 to £2·60 (includes dinner); Bd 16; L 75p, D £1·22. ⊗ Historic inn. Fishing.

KINGHAM
Oxford. 3/A4

Mill. T 255; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L 87p, D £1·12. 14th century inn.

KINGSBRIDGE
Devon. 2/D1

King's Arms. T 2071; BB £1·77; Bd 15; L 57p, D 92p.

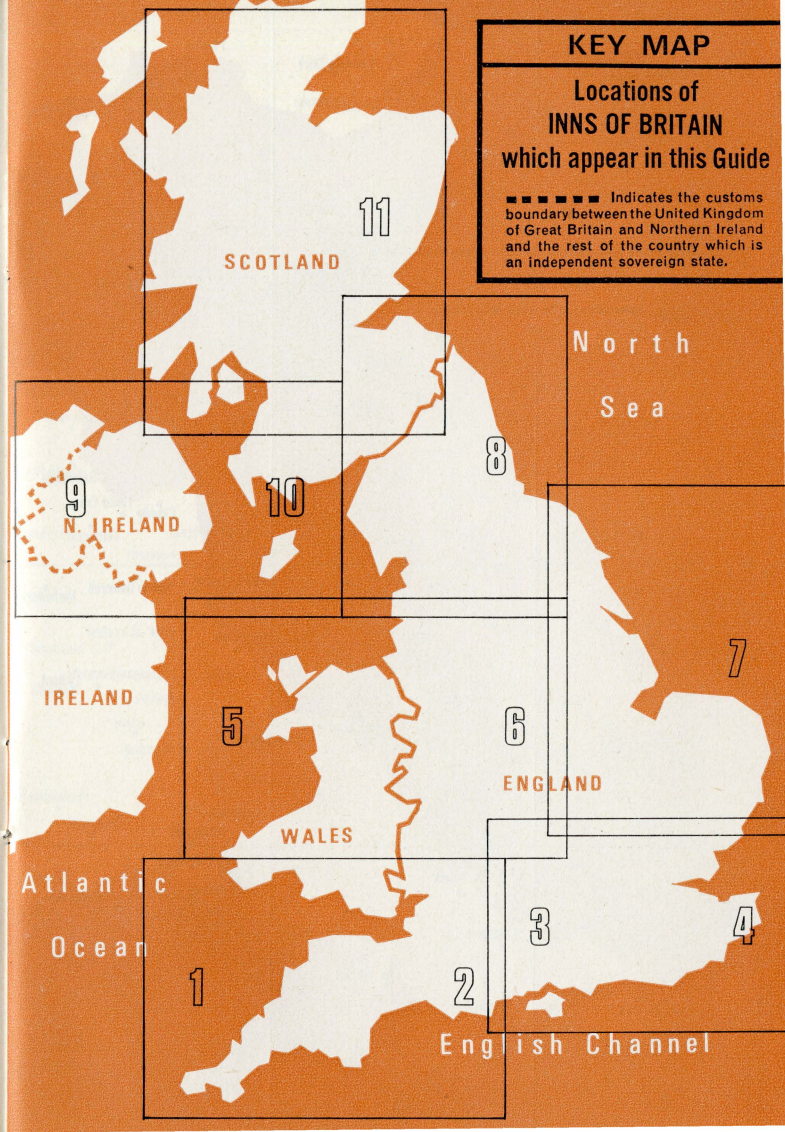
KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, Surrey. 3/C3

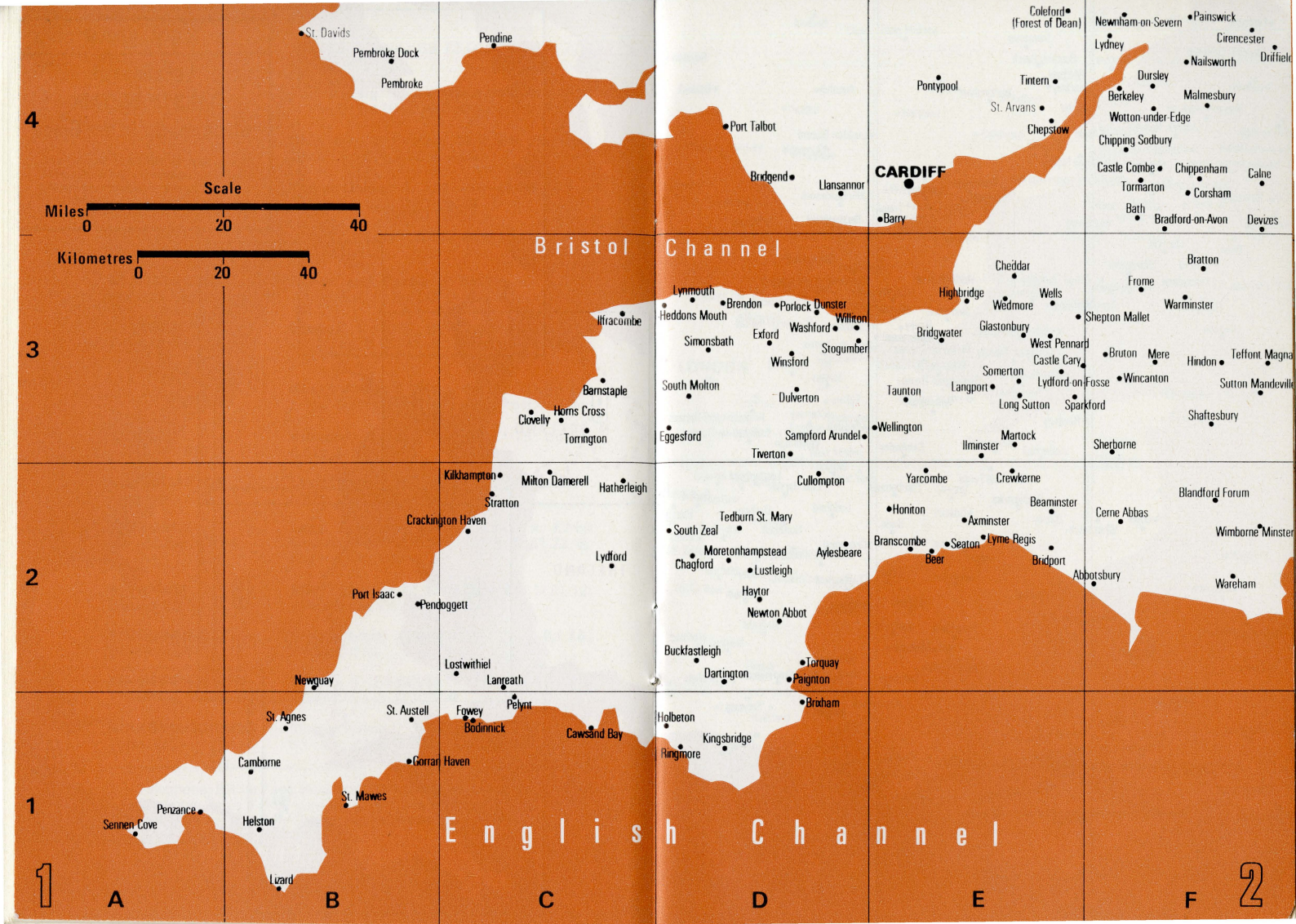
Griffin. T 01–546 0924; BB £2·50; Bd 6 doubles. L 52p, D 57p. Ⓜ

KIRKBYMOORSIDE
Yorks. 8/C1

King's Head. T 340; BB £1·62 to £1·75; Bd 11; L 62½p, D 82½p. Old coaching inn.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

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Bristol Channel
English Channel
CARDIFF
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Pembroke Dock
Pembroke
Pendine
Port Talbot
Bridgend
Llansannor
Barry
Pontypool
Tintern
St. Arvans
Chepstow
Coleford (Forest of Dean)
Newnham-on-Severn
Painswick
Lydney
Cirencester
Nailsworth
Dursley
Berkeley
Malmesbury
Wotton-under-Edge
Chipping Sodbury
Castle Combe
Chippenham
Calne
Tormarton
Corsham
Bath
Bradford-on-Avon
Devizes
Cheddar
Bratton
Frome
Highbridge
Wells
Wedmore
Warminster
Shepton Mallet
Bridgwater
Glastonbury
West Pennard
Castle Cary
Bruton
Mere
Hindon
Tefont Magna
Somerton
Langport
Lydford-on-Fosse
Wincanton
Sutton Mandeville
Taunton
Long Sutton
Sparkford
Shaftesbury
Wellington
Ilminster
Martock
Sherborne
Lynmouth
Brendon
Porlock
Dunster
Heddons Mouth
Williton
Washford
Ilfracombe
Simonsbath
Exford
Stogumber
Winsford
Barnstaple
South Molton
Dulverton
Horns Cross
Clovelly
Torrington
Eggesford
Sampford Arundel
Tiverton
Kilkhampton
Milton Damerell
Hatherleigh
Stratton
Crackington Haven
Lydford
Port Isaac
Pendoggett
Lostwithiel
Newquay
Langeath
Cullompton
Yarcombe
Crewkerne
Honiton
Beaminster
Axminster
Blandford Forum
Cerne Abbas
Wimborne Minster
Tedburn St. Mary
South Zeal
Moretonhampstead
Chagford
Lustleigh
Aylesbeare
Branscombe
Seaton
Lyme Regis
Beer
Bridport
Abbotsbury
Wareham
Haytor
Newton Abbot
Buckfastleigh
Dartington
Torquay
Paignton
Brixham
Holbeton
Kingsbridge
Ringmore
Fowey
Bodinnick
Pelynt
Cawsand Bay
St. Austell
St. Agnes
Camborne
Gorran Haven
St. Mawes
Penzance
Sennen Cove
Helston
Lizard
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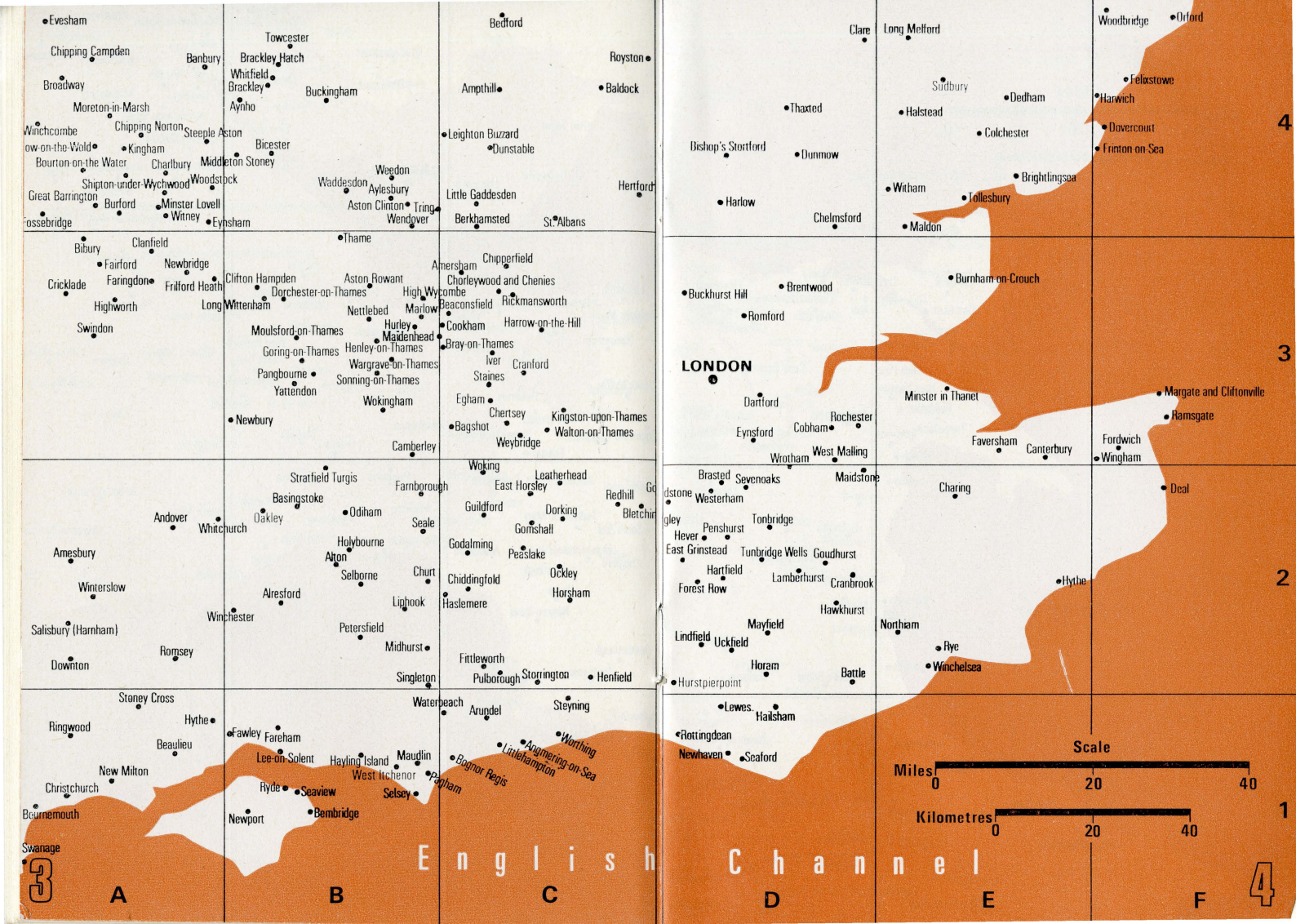
Evesham
Chipping Campden
Broadway
Moreton-in-Marsh
Winchcombe
Bourton-on-the Water
Great Barrington
Burford
Bibury
Fairford
Cricklade
Highworth
Swindon
Towcester
Banbury
Brackley
Brackley Hatch
Whitfield
Aynho
Chipping Norton
Steeple Aston
Kingham
Charlbury
Middleton Stoney
Bicester
Shipton-under-Wychwood
Woodstock
Minster Lovell
Witney
Eynsham
Clanfield
Newbridge
Faringdon
Frilford Heath
Clifton Hampden
Dorchester-on-Thames
Long Wittenham
Thame
Aston Rowant
Nettlebed
Hurley
Moulsford-on-Thames
Maidenhead
Goring-on-Thames
Henley-on-Thames
Wargrave-on-Thames
Pangbourne
Sonning-on-Thames
Yattendon
Wokingham
Newbury
Bedford
Royston
Buckingham
Ampthill
Baldock
Aylesbury
Weedon
Waddesdon
Aston Clinton
Tring
Wendover
Leighton Buzzard
Dunstable
Little Gaddesden
Berkhamsted
Hertford
St. Albans
Amersham
Chipperfield
Chorleywood and Chenies
High Wycombe
Beaconsfield
Rickmansworth
Marlow
Cookham
Harrow-on-the-Hill
Bray-on-Thames
Iver
Cranford
Staines
Egham
Chertsey
Kingston-upon-Thames
Bagshot
Walton-on-Thames
Weybridge
Camberley
Stratfield Turgis
Basingstoke
Andover
Whitchurch
Oakley
Odiham
Farnborough
Woking
Leatherhead
East Horsley
Guildford
Dorking
Gomshall
Seale
Godalming
Peaslake
Holybourne
Alton
Selborne
Churt
Chiddingfold
Ockley
Horsham
Haslemere
Liphook
Alresford
Winchester
Petersfield
Midhurst
Fittleworth
Pulborough
Storrington
Singleton
Henfield
Amesbury
Winterslow
Salisbury (Harnham)
Romsey
Downton
Stoney Cross
Ringwood
Beaulieu
New Milton
Christchurch
Bournemouth
Swanage
Hythe
Fawley
Fareham
Lee-on-Solent
Hayling Island
Maudlin
West Itchenor
Ryde
Seaview
Selsey
Bembridge
Newport
Waterbeach
Arundel
Steyning
Worthing
Angmering-on-Sea
Littlehampton
Bognor Regis
Pagham
Clare
Long Melford
Thaxted
Bishop's Stortford
Dunmow
Harlow
Chelmsford
Maldon
Witham
Tollesbury
Brightlingsea
Sudbury
Dedham
Halstead
Colchester
Harwich
Felixstowe
Dovercourt
Frinton-on-Sea
Woodbridge
Orford
Buckhurst Hill
Brentwood
Romford
LONDON
Burnham-on-Crouch
Minster in Thanet
Margate and Cliftonville
Ramsgate
Dartford
Rochester
Cobham
Eynsford
Faversham
Canterbury
Fordwich
Wingham
Wrotham
West Malling
Maidstone
Brasted
Sevenoaks
Westerham
Hever
Penshurst
Tonbridge
East Grinstead
Tunbridge Wells
Goudhurst
Hartfield
Forest Row
Lamberhurst
Cranbrook
Hawkhurst
Mayfield
Lindfield
Uckfield
Horam
Hurstpierpoint
Battle
Charing
Deal
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Winchelsea
Lewes
Hailsham
Rottingdean
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Scale
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Scale
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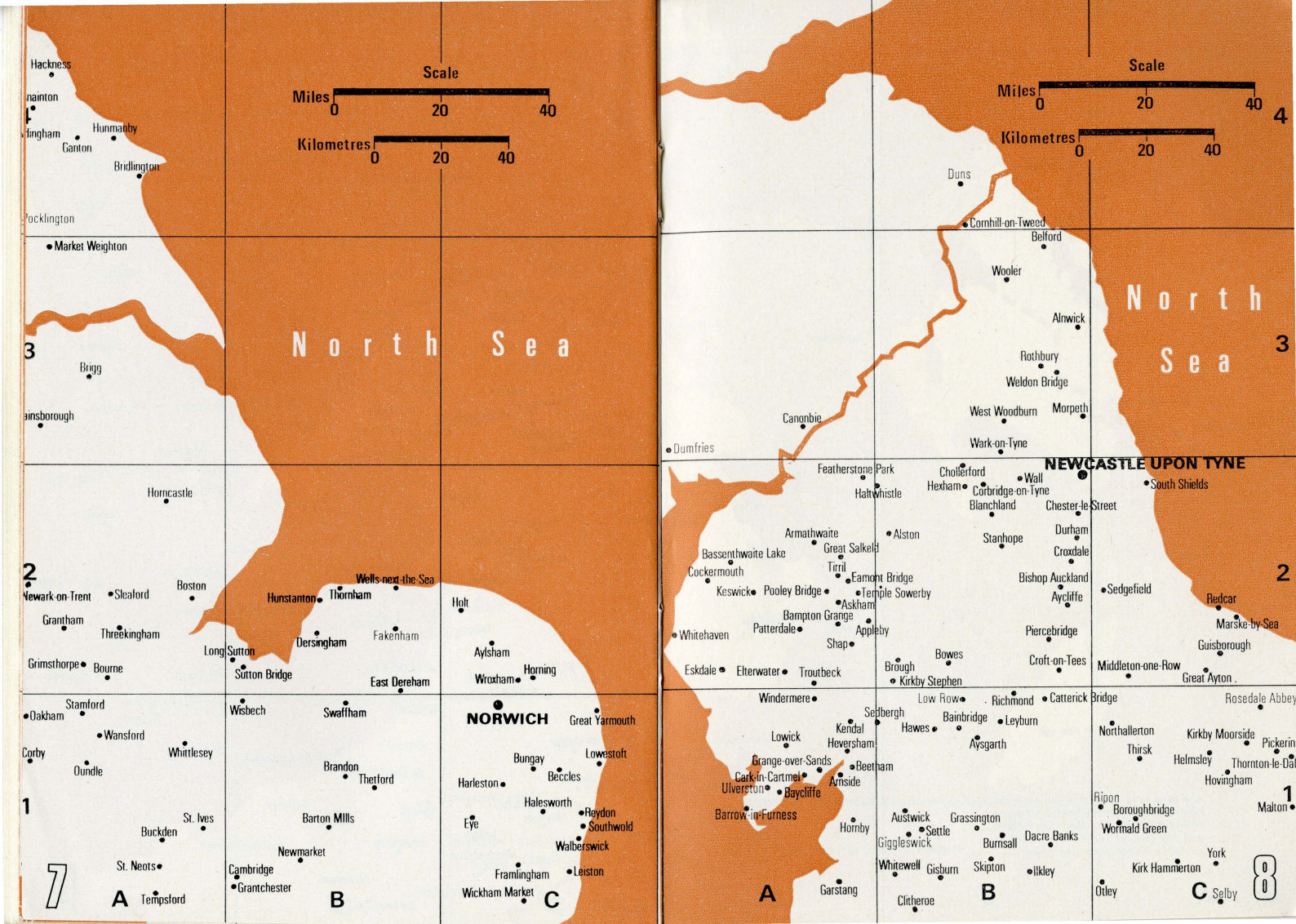
Barton
Hurst Green
Brotherton
Tarleton
Rochdale
MANCHESTER
Bawtry
Bull Bay
Amlwch
Hoylake
Warrington
Altrincham
LIVERPOOL
Disley
Castleton
Bamford
Chapel-en-le-Frith
Buxton
Grindleford
Spinkhill
Worksop
Macclesfield
Rowsley
Parkgate
Plumley
Northwich
Chester
Sandiway
Hawarden
Congleton
Leek
Southwell
Broxton
Nantwich
Ashbourne
Belper
Audlem
Whitchurch
Kirk Langley
Mackworth
Ruddington
Stone
Uttoxeter
Tutbury
Market Drayton
Llangollen
Ruabon
Chirk
Ellesmere
Whittington
Llanarmon D.C.
Melbourne
Llangefni
Llanfairfechan
Conway
Llannefydd
Beaumaris
Aber
Llanfairtalhairarn
Llangernyw
Denbigh
Glyn Garth
Tal-y-Cafn
Llansannan
Caernarvon
Ruthin
Capel Garmon
Nant Peris
Nant Gwynant
Beddgelert
Ffestiniog
Corwen
Tremadoc
Talsarnau
Glyn Dyfrdwy
Harlech
Llanbedr
Llangynog
Llanfyllin
Dolgellau
Dinas Mawddwy
Abergynolwyn
Aberdovey
Machynlleth
Tre'r ddôl
Talybont
Llanidloes
Aberystwyth
Devil's Bridge
Llangurig
Newport
Stafford
Rugeley
Ashby de la Zouch
Melton Mowbray
Rothley
Shrewsbury
Wellington
Atcham
Tamworth
Cressage
Coalbrookdale
Wolverhampton
Atherstone
Dudley
Market Harborough
BIRMINGHAM
Stourbridge
Bridgnorth
Solihull
Rugby
Knowle
Craven Arms
Kenilworth
East Haddon
Ludlow
Stourport
Warwick
Leamington Spa
Southam
Presteigne
Tenbury Wells
Pembridge
Newbridge-on-Wye
Aberaeron
New Quay
Builth Wells
Weobley
Stratford-upon-Avon
Wellesbourne
Worcester
Malvern (Wynds Point)
Hereford
Fownhope
Malvern
Pershore
Cardigan
Llangammarch Wells
Glasbury-on-Wye
Three Cocks
Much Birch
Ledbury
Tewkesbury
Velindre
Crymmych
Pumpsaint
Llyswen
Goodrich
Ross-on-Wye
Llangadog
Cheltenham
Llanhamlach
Symonds Yat (West)
Llandeilo
Carmarthen
Llangynidr
Abergavenny


Scale
Miles
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North Sea
Hackness
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Ganton
Bridlington
Pocklington
Market Weighton
Brigg
Horncastle
Newark-on-Trent
Sleaford
Boston
Grantham
Threekingham
Grimsthorpe
Bourne
Long Sutton
Sutton Bridge
Wells-next-the-Sea
Hunstanton
Thornham
Dersingham
Fakenham
East Dereham
Holt
Aylsham
Wroxham
Horning
NORWICH
Great Yarmouth
Lowestoft
Bungay
Beccles
Harleston
Halesworth
Reydon
Southwold
Eye
Walberswick
Framlingham
Leiston
Wickham Market
Stamford
Oakham
Wansford
Corby
Whittlesey
Oundle
St. Ives
Buckden
St. Neots
Tempsford
Wisbech
Swaffham
Brandon
Thetford
Barton Mills
Newmarket
Cambridge
Grantchester
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Duns
Cornhill-on-Tweed
Belford
Wooler
Alnwick
Rothbury
Weldon Bridge
West Woodburn
Morpeth
Wark-on-Tyne
Canonbie
Dumfries
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE
South Shields
Featherstone Park
Hexham
Corbridge-on-Tyne
Blanchland
Chollerford
Wall
Haltwhistle
Chester-le-Street
Durham
Stanhope
Croxdale
Armathwaite
Alston
Great Salkeld
Bassenthwaite Lake
Cockermouth
Tirril
Eamont Bridge
Keswick
Pooley Bridge
Temple Sowerby
Askham
Bishop Auckland
Aycliffe
Sedgefield
Redcar
Marske-by-Sea
Guisborough
Barnpton Grange
Patterdale
Appleby
Whitehaven
Shap
Piercebridge
Croft-on-Tees
Middleton-one-Row
Great Ayton
Eskdale
Elterwater
Troutbeck
Brough
Kirkby Stephen
Bowes
Windermere
Low Row
Richmond
Catterick Bridge
Rosedale Abbey
Sedbergh
Bainbridge
Leyburn
Hawes
Aysgarth
Lowick
Kendal
Heversham
Grange-over-Sands
Beetham
Cark-in-Cartmel
Ulverston
Baycliffe
Arnside
Barrow-in-Furness
Hornby
Austwick
Grassington
Settle
Giggleswick
Burnsall
Dacre Banks
Whitewell
Gisburn
Skipton
Ilkley
Garstang
Clitheroe
Otley
Selby
Northallerton
Thirsk
Kirkby Moorside
Pickering
Helmsley
Thornton-le-Dale
Hovingham
Ripon
Boroughbridge
Wormald Green
Malton
York
Kirk Hammerton
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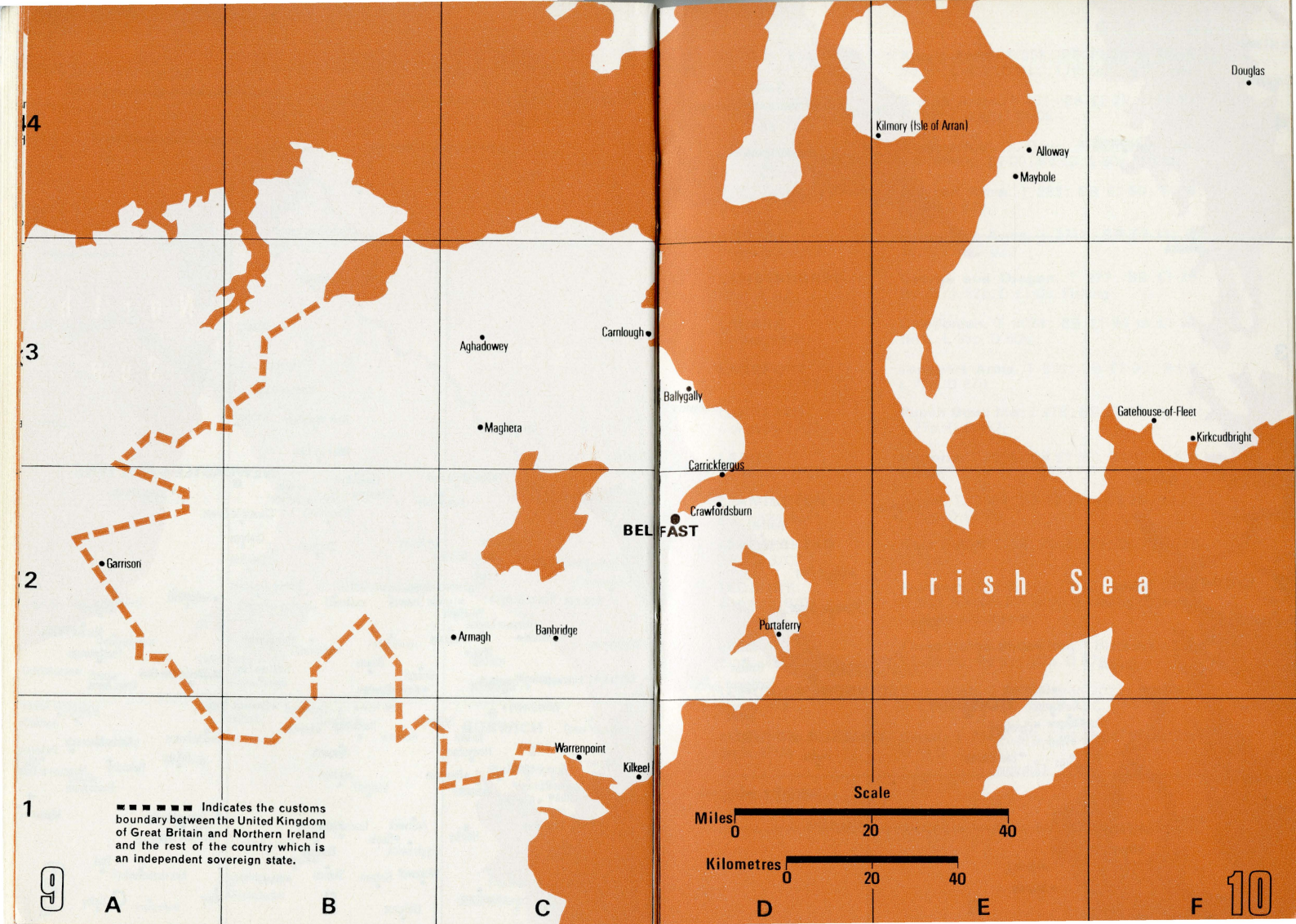
4
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Aghadowey
Carnlough
Maghera
Ballygally
Carrickfergus
Crawfordsburn
BELFAST
Garrison
Armagh
Banbridge
Portaferry
Warrenpoint
Kilkeel
Irish Sea
Kilmory (Isle of Arran)
Alloway
Maybole
Douglas
Gatehouse-of-Fleet
Kirkcudbright
Indicates the customs boundary between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the rest of the country which is an independent sovereign state.
Scale
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Kilometres
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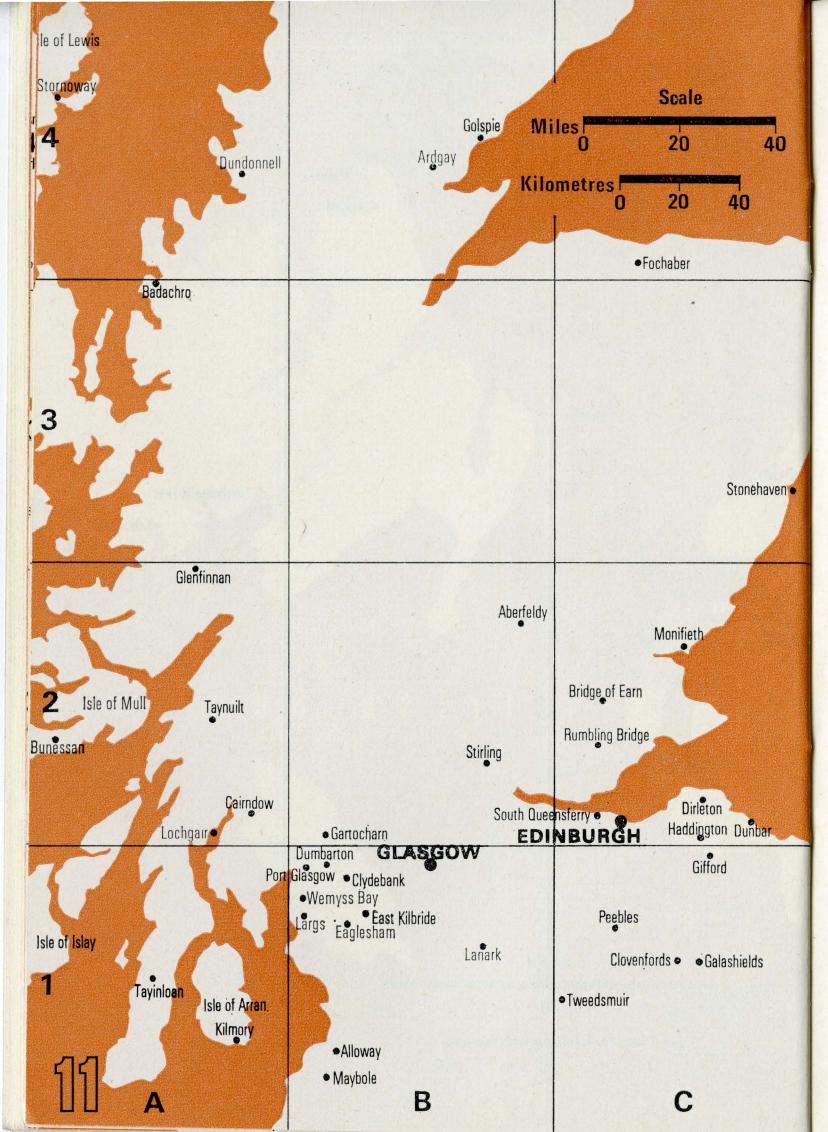

KIRKBY STEPHEN
Westmorland. 8/B2
King's Arms. T 358; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. 17th century hostelry.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT
Kirkcudbright. 10/F3
Selkirk Arms. T 402; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 25; L 80p, D £1·05.

KIRK HAMMERTON
Yorks. 8/C1
Hammerton. T Green Hammerton 294; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 10; L 60p, D 92p.

KIRK LANGLEY
Derby. 6/E3
Meynell Arms. T 283; BB £2·50; Bd 9; L 62p, D 87p.

KNOWLE
Warwicks. 6/E2
Greswolde Arms. T 2711; BB £2·37; Bd 14; L 72p, D 92p.

LAMBERHURST
Kent. 4/D2
George and Dragon. T 277; BB £1·75; Bd 14; L 52p, D £1·05. Fishing.

LANARK
Lanark. 11/B1
Caledonian. T 3084; BB £1·80 to £1·90; Bd 6; L 35p, D 50p.

LANGPORT
Somerset. 2/E3
Langport Arms. T 530; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L 75p, D 87p.

LANREATH
Cornwall. 1/C2
Punch Bowl Inn. T 218; BB £1·87; Bd 19; L 77p, D £1·17.

LARGS
Ayrshire. 11/B1
Victoria. T 2355; BB £1·50; Bd 12; L 65p, D 75p.

LEAMINGTON SPA
Warwicks. 6/F1
Angel. T 23683; BB £2·25 to £3·25; Bd 13; L 70p, D £1·00.

LEATHERHEAD
Surrey. 3/C2
New Bull. T 2153; BB £2·10; Bd 7; L 72p, D 77p.

LEDBURY
Hereford. 6/D1
Feathers. T 2600; BB £2·40; Bd 11; L 80p, D 90p. Ancient inn with interesting collection of brass and copper.

LEEK
Staffs. 6/E3
Three Horse Shoes Inn. T Blackshaw 296; BB £2·62; Bd 5; L 82p, D 87p.

LEE-ON-SOLENT
Hants. 3/B1
Swordfish. T Stubbington 2022; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 8; L 62p, D ALC.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD
Beds. 3/C4
Swan. T 2148; BB £2·62; Bd 17; L 77p. D ALC.

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
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LEISTON
Suffolk. 7/C1
White Horse. T 830694; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L 55p, D 60p. Ⓜ Shooting.

LEWES
Sussex. 4/D1
White Hart. T 3794; BB £2·40 to £3·25; Bd 15; L £1·00, D ALC.

LEWIS, ISLE OF
Ross and Cromarty. 11/A4
Royal (Stornoway). T 2109; BB £2·20; Bd 18; L 60p, D 95p.

LEYBURN
Yorks. 8/B1
Bolton Arms. T 3122; BB £1·90; Bd 4 doubles; L 80p, D £1·25.

LINDFIELD
Sussex. 4/D2
Bent Arms. T 3146; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 8; L 87p, D £1·25. Ⓜ 16th century hostelry.

LIPHOOK
Hants. 3/B2
Royal Anchor. T 2244; BB £2·40; Bd 20; L 70p, D 75p. Old coaching house dating from reign of Edward II.

LITTLE GADDESDEN
Herts. 3/C4
Bridgewater Arms. T 2408; BB £2·80 to £3·00; Bd 21; L 75p, D 90p.

LITTLEHAMPTON
Sussex. 3/C1
Dolphin. T 5789; BB £1·75 to £1·92; Bd 9; L 62p, D 75p.

New Inn. T 3112; BB £1·50 to £1·75; Bd 6; L 32p, D 75p.

LIZARD
Cornwall. 1/B1
Lizard. T 456; BB £1·75; Bd 12; L 63p, D 80p.

LLANARMON DYFFRYN CEIRIOG
Denbigh. 6/D3
Hand. T 296; BB £2·00; Bd 13; L 80p, D £1·00. ⊗ 16th century with modern additions. Trout fishing.

West Arms. T 205; BB £2·00; Bd 12 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. 400 years old. Trout fishing.

LLANBEDR
Merioneth. 5/B2
Victoria. T 213; BB £1·35 to £1·75; Bd 10 doubles; L 65p, D £1·00. 400 years old.

LLANDEILO
(Talley) Carmarthen. 5/B1
Edwinsford Arms. T Talley 254; BB £1·37; Bd 8; L 62p, D 62p. 16th century coaching inn.

LLANFAIRFECHAN
Caerns. 5/C3
Llanfairfechan. T 620; BB £1·62 to £1·75; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

LLANFAIRTALHAIARN
Denbigh. 5/C3
Black Lion. T 205; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗

LLANFYLLIN
Montgomery. 5/C2
Cain Valley. T 366; BB £1·87; Bd 13; L 72p, D 72p. Ancient hostelry with historic interior.

LLANGADOG
Carmarthen. 5/C1
Red Lion. T 357; BB £1·75; Bd 5 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn in Black Mountains.

LLANGAMMARCH WELLS, Brecon. 5/C1
Cammarch. T 205; BB £1·50; Bd 12; L 72p, D 87p. ⊗ Fishing.

LLANGEFNI
Isle of Anglesey. 5/B3
Bull. T 2119; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 15; L 70p, D 70p.

LLANGERNYW
Denbigh. 5/C3
Stag. T 213; BB £1·75; Bd 5; L 75p, D 75p 17th century inn.

LLANGOLLEN
Denbighs. 6/D3
Bridge End. T 3234; BB £1·37 to £1·75; Bd 11 doubles. L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

LLANGURIG
Montgomery. 5/C2
Black Lion. T 223; BB £1·75 to £2·12; Bd 10; L 75p, D £1·00. Salmon/trout fishing.

LLANGYNIDR
Brecon. 5/C1
Red Lion. T Bwlch 223; BB £1·75; Bd 6 doubles. L 62p, D £1·05.

LLANGYNOG
Montgomery. 5/C2
Tanat Valley. T Pennant 227; BB £1·60; Bd 4; L 60p, D 75p. ⊗ .400 years old hostelry with ancient oak beams

LLANHAMLACH
Brecon. 5/C1
Old Ford Inn. T Llanfrynach 220; BB £1·85; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗ Ⓜ

LLANIDLOES
Montgomery. 5/C2
Red Lion. T 270; BB £1·62; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC. Trout fishing.

Unicorn. T 268; BB £1·50; Bd 7; L 62p, D 75p.

LLANNEFYDD
Denbighs. 5/C3
Hawk and Buckle Inn. T 249; BB £2·10 to £2·35; Bd 6; L ALC, D £1·37.

LLANSANNAN
Denbighs. 5/C3
Saracen's Head. T 212: BB £1·50; Bd 6; L 52p, D 72p. Ⓜ Old coaching inn.

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LLANSANNOR
Glamorgan. 2/D4

City Inn. T Cowbridge 2437; BB £2·37 to £2·87; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

LLWYNMAWR
Denbighs. 6/D3

Golden Pheasant. T Glynceiriog 281; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 15; L 90p, D 90p. Good fishing and shooting on hotel grounds.

LLYSWEN
Brecon. 5/C1

Griffin Inn. T 241; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 75p, D £1·00. Ancient inn dating from 1429.

LOCHGAIR
Argyll. 11/A2

Lochgair. T 213; BB £1·88 to £3·25; Bd 15; L ALC, D ALC. Fishing.

LONG MELFORD
Suffolk. 4/E4

Crown Inn. T 366; BB £1·87 to £2·00; Bd 8; L 82p, D ALC.

LONG SUTTON
Lincs. 7/B2

Bull. T 2258; BB £1·75; Bd 11; L 65p, D 92p.

LONG SUTTON
Somerset. 2/E3

Devonshire Arms. T 271; BB £2·12; Bd 6; L 82p, D £1·10.

LONG WITTENHAM
Berks. 3/B3

Plough Inn. T Clifton Hampden 238; BB £1·37; Bd 6; L 72p, D 92p. 500 year old inn.

LOSTWITHIEL
Cornwall. 1/C2

Royal Talbot. T 498; BB £1·50 to £1·87; Bd 9; L 62p, D 75p.

LOWESTOFT
Suffolk. 7/C1

Harbour. T 2931; BB £2·25; Bd 11; L 60p, D 72½p.

LOWICK
Lancs. 8/A1

Farmer's Arms. T Greenodd 277; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC. Reputedly dates from 14th century with quaint timbered rooms and period furniture.

LOW ROW
Nr. Richmond, Yorks. 8/B1

Punch Bowl Inn. T Gunnerside 233; BB £1·87; Bd 15; L ALC, D ALC.

LUDLOW
Shrops. 6/D2

Angel. T 2531; BB £2·25; Bd 16 doubles; L 77p, D 97p.

LUSTLEIGH
Devon. 2/D2

Cleave. T 223; BB £1·75; Bd 5 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. 14th century inn.

LYDFORD
Devon. 1/C2

Castle Inn. T 242; BB £1·75; Bd 5 doubles; L ALC, D ALC.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

LYDFORD
(*contd.*)

Dartmoor Inn. T 221; BB £2·20 to £2·45; Bd 6; L ALC, D £1·25.

LYDFORD-ON-FOSSE
Somerset 2/E3

Cross Keys. T Wheathill 281; BB £1·50; Bd 4; L ALC, D ALC.

LYDNEY
Glos. 2/F4

Feathers. T 2826; BB £2·50 to £3·25; Bd 15; L ALC, D ALC.

LYME REGIS
Dorset. 2/E2

Three Cups. T 2732; BB £1·75 to £2·10; Bd 16; L 67p, D 75p. ⊗ Regency inn.

LYNMOUTH
Devon. 2/D3

Rising Sun. T Lynton 3223; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 15; L 75p, D £1·00. 14th century inn with thatched roof.

MACCLESFIELD
Cheshire. 6/E3

Bull's Head. T 5871; BB £2·00; Bd 16; L 57p, D £1·10.

MACHYNLETH
Montgomery. 5/C2

White Lion. T 2048; BB £2·00; Bd 20; L 67p, D 77p.

MACKWORTH
Derby. 6/E3

Mackworth. T Kirk Langley 324; BB £3·00; Bd 15; L 90p, D £1·25.

MAGHERA
Co. Londonderry. 9/C3

Walsh's. T 250; BB £1·50; Bd 7; L 52½p, D 77½p. Old coach house inn.

MAIDENHEAD
Berks. 3/B3

Bear. T 25183; BB £2·75; Bd 12; L 70p, D 75p.

Boulters' Lock Inn. T 21291; BB £2·50 to £3·15; Bd 14; L 97p, D £1·17. Formerly a flour mill built in 1726.

MAIDSTONE
Kent. 4/D2

Bull. T 58750; BB £1·75; Bd 6 doubles; L 32p, D 62p.

MALDON
Essex. 4/E4

Blue Boar. T 2681; BB £2·80; Bd 20; L 80p, D 95p. 14th century inn with old beams and Jacobean oak panelling.

MALMESBURY
Wilts. 2/F4

Old Bell. T 2344; BB £2·12 to £3·00; Bd 22; L 77p, D 82p. Built on site of 12th century castle. Contains part of original masonry. Has 13th century window and staircase.

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MALTON
Yorks. 8/C1

Green Man. T 2662; BB £2·00 to £2·10; Bd 22; L ALC, D ALC.

Wentworth Arms. T 2618; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗ Old coaching inn.

MALVERN, GREAT
Worcs. 6/E1

Lygon Arms. T Malvern 5887; BB £1·62; Bd 5; L 62p, D ALC.

MALVERN, (Wynds Point), Hereford. 6/D1

British Camp. T Colwall 237; BB £2·65; Bd 16 doubles; L 72p, D ALC. Situated on one of the highest of Malvern Hills.

MARGATE AND CLIFTONVILLE
Kent. 4/F3

Ye Olde Charles. T Thanet 21817; BB £1·87; Bd 17; L 72p, D ALC.

MARKET DRAYTON
Shrops. 6/D3

Corbet Arms. T 2037; BB £2·00; Bd 10; L 57p, D £1·10. Ⓜ

MARKET HARBOROUGH
Leics. 6/F2

Angel. T 3123; BB £2·75; Bd 18; L 70p, D 90p. 16th century coaching inn.

Three Swans. T 3247; BB £2·37; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC.

MARKET WEIGHTON
Yorks. 7/A3

Londesborough Arms. T 2219; BB £2·00; Bd 10; L 52p, D 75p. Coaching inn.

MARLOW
Bucks. 3/B3

George and Dragon. T 3887; BB £2·00; Bd 11; L 70p, D 80p. Georgian architecture.

MARSKE-BY-SEA
Yorks. 8/C2

Ship Inn. T Redcar 2640; BB £2·10; Bd 7; L 67p, D 97p.

MARTOCK
Somerset. 2/E3

White Hart. T 2246; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ Built in Regency style ham stone.

MAUDLIN
Sussex. 3/B1

Coach and Horses Inn. T Chichester 34690; BB £1·50 to £2·25; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn.

MAYBOLE
Ayrshire. 10/E4

King's Arms. T 2209; BB £1·63 to £1·75; Bd 7 doubles. L 63p, D ALC. Ⓜ.

MAYFIELD
Sussex. 4/D2

Middle House. T 2209; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 8; L 62p, D 77p. Ⓜ 16th century, restored in 1950.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

MELBOURNE
Derby. 6/F3

Melbourne. T 2134; BB £1·07; Bd 6; L £1·07, D £1·07.

MELTON MOWBRAY
Leics. 6/F2

George. T 2112; BB £2·37; Bd 20; L 67p, D 82p.

Harboro'. T 2529; BB £2·50; Bd 18; L 65p, D 90p. Old coaching inn.

King's Head. T 2210; BB £1·87; Bd 13; L 57p, D 87p.

MERE
Wilts. 2/F3

Old Ship. T 258; BB £2·00; Bd 13; L 80p, D £1·00.

Talbot. T 427; BB £1·75; Bd 7 doubles; L 70p, D 70p. Historic old inn.

MIDDLETON-ONE-ROW, Co. Durham. 8/C2

Devonport. T Dinsdale 255; BB £2·70 to £3·00; Bd 15; L 80p, D £1·10.

MIDDLETON STONEY
Oxford. 3/B4

Jersey Arms. T 234; BB £2·40 to £4·00; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC.

MIDHURST
Sussex. 3/B2

Angel. T 2421; BB £2·65 to £2·87; Bd 18; L 55p, D 55p. 500 years old hostelry.

Egmont Arms. T 3403; BB £1·75 to £2·25; Bd 12; L 62p, D 72p.

MILTON DAMEREL
Devon. 1/C2

Woodford Bridge. T 252; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 16; L 77p, D £1·25. ⊗ Trout fishing.

MINSTER-IN-THANET
Kent. 4/E3

Old Oak Cottage. T 229; BB £2·10; Bd 3; L 82p, D ALC. Original guest house to Minster Abbey.

MINSTER LOVELL
Oxford. 3/A4

Old Swan. T Asthall Leigh 614; BB ~~£2·25~~ 2·75; Bd 9; L 92p, D ALC. 13th-15th century inn. Trout fishing.

MONIFIETH
Angus. 11/C2

Panmure. T 2911; BB £1·19; Bd 10; L 55p, D 75p.

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MORETONHAMPSTEAD, Devon. 2/D2

White Hart. T 406; BB £2·50; Bd 20; L 75p, D 85p. Georgian posting house.

White Horse Inn. T 242; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. Georgian posting house.

MORETON-IN-MARSH Glos. 3/A4

Redesdale Arms. T 308; BB £2·75; Bd 15; L ALC, D £1·05.

White Hart Royal. T 731; BB £2·50; Bd 18; L 85p, D £1·00. Charles I spent the night in 1644.

MORPETH Northumberland. 8/B3

Newcastle House. T 2004; BB £2·00 to £3·00; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

Queen's Head. T 2083; BB £2·50; Bd 15; L 78p, D 90p. Old coaching inn. Fishing.

MOULSFORD-ON-THAMES, Berks. 3/B3

Beetle and Wedge. T Cholsey 381; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 17; L ALC, D ALC. Fishing.

MUCH BIRCH Hereford. 6/D1

Axe and Cleaver. T Wormelow 203; BB £3·75 (double); Bd 3 doubles; L 77p, D 77p.

MULL, ISLE OF Argyll. 11/A2

Argyll Arms (Bunessan). T Fionnphort 240; BB £1·78 to £2·25; Bd 13; L 62p, D 92p. Fishing.

NAILSWORTH Glos. 2/F4

George. T 2070; BB £1·62; Bd 11 doubles; L 62p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn.

NANT GWYNANT Caerns. 5/B3

Pen-y-Gwryd. T Llanberis 211; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 18; L 62p, D £1·10.

NANT PERIS Caerns. 5/B3

Vaynol Arms. T Llanberis 284; BB £1·25 to £1·50; Bd 3; L 55p, D 75p.

NANTWICH Cheshire. 6/D3

Crown. T 65283; BB £2·27 to £4·25; Bd 16; L 55p, D 80p.

NETTLEBED Oxford. 3/B3

White Hart. T 245; BB £1·92 to £2·10; Bd 9; L 67p, D £1·12.

NEWARK-ON-TRENT Notts. 7/A2

Ram. T 2255; BB £2·20 to £2·35; Bd 18; L 70p, D 80p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner ALC à la carte.



The West Arms, Llanarmon, Dyffryn Ceiriog, Denbigh.

NEWARK-ON-TRENT (*contd.*)

Robin Hood. T 3858; BB £2·42; Bd 14; L 67p, D 82p.

NEWBRIDGE Oxford. 3/A3

Rose Revived Inn. T Standlake 221; BB £2·75 to £3·75 (room only); Bd 7 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. Ancient Thames-side inn. Fishing.

NEWBRIDGE-ON-WYE Radnor. 5/C1

New Inn. T 211; BB £1·82; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ 16th century inn.

NEWBURY Berks. 3/B3

Bacon Arms. T 408; BB £2·40; Bd 11; L 72p, D 72p.

Queen's. T 47; BB £2·40; Bd 11; L 67p, D 67p.

NEWHAVEN Sussex. 4/D1

Sheffield Arms. T 3340; BB £1·87; Bd 7 doubles; L ALC, D ALC.

NEWMARKET Suffolk. 7/B1

Golden Lion. T 2703; BB £1·50 to £2·00; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC.

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NEW MILTON
Hants. 3/A1

Milton. T 6; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 10; L 50p, D 65p.

NEWNHAM-ON-SEVERN, Glos. 2/F4

Victoria. T 218; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 14; L 77p, D 87p.

NEWPORT
Isle of Wight. 3/B1

Bugle. T 2800; BB £2·25; Bd 24; L 72p, D £1·02.

Wheatsheaf. T 2053; BB £2·25; Bd 15; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

NEWPORT
Shrops. 6/D2

Royal Victoria. T 2109; BB £2·50; Bd 16; L 75p, D £1·05.

NEWQUAY
Cornwall. 1/B2

Central. T 3810; BB £1·60 to £1·90; Bd 18; L 62p, D 87p. Coaching inn in centre of Newquay.

NEW QUAY
Cardigan. 5/B1

Black Lion. T 209; BB £1·75; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. Historic inn.

New Quay. T 282; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 12; L 77p, D 87p. ⊗

NEWTON ABBOT
Devon. 2/D2

Globe. T 4106; BB £2·62 to £3·00; Bd 22; L 67p, D 75p.

NORTHALLERTON
Yorks. 8/C1

Cleveland Tontine Inn. T East Harsley 207; BB £2·37; Bd 10; L 67p, D 92p. Coaching inn dating from 1804.

NORTHIAM
Sussex. 4/E2

Six Bells. T 2110; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L 67p, D 87p.

NORTHWICH
Cheshire. 6/D3

Woodpecker. T 2029; BB £2·62; Bd 11; L 75p, D £1·12.

OAKHAM
Rutland. 7/A1

George. T 2284; BB £2·17; Bd 10; L 62p, D 72p.

OAKLEY
Hants. 3/B2

Beach Arms. T 210; BB £2·50; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC.

OCKLEY
Surrey. 3/C2

King's Arms. T Capel 3224; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 5; L 80p, D £1·50.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

ODIHAM
Hants. 3/B2

George. T 2081; BB £2·40 to £2·65; Bd 8; L 82p, D 82p. Old hostelry dating from 1547.

King's Arms. T 2559; BB £2·50; Bd 4; L ALC, D ALC.

ORFORD
Suffolk. 4/F4

Crown and Castle. T 205; BB £2·50 to £4·10; Bd 10; L 80p, D 95p. 18th century posting house.

King's Head. T 271; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 4 doubles; L 50p, D 75p. 13th century coaching hostelry.

OTLEY
Yorks. 8/C1

Royal White Horse. T 2191; BB £1·87; Bd 7; L 52p, D 87p. Old coaching inn.

OUNDLE
Northants. 7/A1

Talbot. T 3431; BB £2·62 to £3·25; Bd 15; L 74p, D 96p.

PAGHAM, Nr. Bognor Regis, Sussex. 3/B1

King's Beach. T 2006; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 12; L 62p, D 77p.

PAIGNTON
Torbay, Devon. 2/D2

Gerston. T 59016; BB £1·70 to £1·95; Bd 12; L 67p, D 75p.

PAINSWICK
Glos. 2/F4

Falcon. T 2189; BB £2·25; Bd 7; L 75p, D £1·25.

PANGBOURNE
Berks. 3/B3

Copper Inn. T 2244; BB £5·25; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC.

George. T 2237; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 18; L 67p, D 82p.

Swan. T 3199; BB £2·50; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC.

PARKGATE
Cheshire. 6/D3

Ship. T Neston 3931; BB £2·75; Bd 19; L 73p, D 93p.

PATTERDALE
Westmorland. 8/A2

White Lion. T Glenridding 214; BB £1·75; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

PEASLAKE
Surrey. 3/C2

Hurtwood Inn. T Dorking 730851; BB £2·60; Bd 11; L 80p, D 90p.

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PEEBLES
Peebles. 11/C1

Countryside Inn. T 2100; BB £1·87; Bd 5 doubles; L 60p, D ALC.

Cross Keys. T 2248; BB £1·63; Bd 8; L 47p, D ALC.

PELYNT
Nr. Looe, Cornwall. 1/C1

Jubilee Inn. T Lanreath 312; BB £2·15 to £2·25; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. 15th century inn.

PEMBRIDGE
Hereford. 6/D1

New Inn. T 427; BB £1·75 to £1·87; Bd 7; L 67p, D 82p. ⊗

PEMBROKE
Pembs. 1/B4

Old King's Arms. T 2539; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 16; L 82p, D 92p.

PEMBROKE DOCK
Pembs. 1/B4

Royal Edinburgh. T Pembroke 2974; BB £2·00; Bd 11; L 82p, D 82p.

PENDINE
Carmarthen. 1/C4

Beach. T 220; BB £1·87; Bd 8; L ALC, D 87p.

PENDOGGETT
Cornwall. 1/B2

Cornish Arms. T Port Isaac 263; BB £2·50; Bd 7 doubles. L 77p, D 92p. Several hundred years old.

PENSHURST
Kent. 4/D2

Leicester Arms. T 551; BB £3·15; Bd 7; L £1·10; D £1·63. 14th century inn.

PENZANCE
Cornwall. 1/A1

Yacht Inn. T 2787; BB £1·62 to £1·87; Bd 8; L 62p, 75p. Ⓜ

PERSHORE
Worcs. 6/E1

Angel Inn. T 2046; BB £2·37 to £3·50; Bd 18; L 75p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn. Fishing.

PETERSFIELD
Hants. 3/B2

Red Lion. T 3025; BB £2·25; Bd 12; L 55p, D 55p. Ⓜ Old coaching inn.

PICKERING
Yorks. 8/C1

Forest and Vale. T 2722; BB £2·00 to £2·75; Bd 14; L 72p, D £1·05.

PIERCEBRIDGE
Co. Durham. 8/B2

George. T 249; BB £2·85; Bd 7; L 85p, D £1·00. Historic old coaching inn. Fishing.

PLUMLEY
Cheshire. 6/D3

Golden Pheasant Inn. T Lower Peover 2261; BB £2·50; Bd 6; L 75p, D £1·00.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

POCKLINGTON
Yorks. 7/A4

Feathers. T 3155; BB £1·87 to £3·00; Bd 14; L 60p, D £1·00.

PONTYPOOL
Monmouth. 2/E4

Clarence. T 3050; BB £2·25; Bd 20; L 52p, D 77p.

POOLEY BRIDGE
Westmorland. 8/A2

Crown. T 217; BB £1·75; Bd 5 doubles; L 82½p, D £1·25.

PORLOCK
Somerset. 2/D3

Castle. T 504; BB £1·62, Bd 15; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

Ship Inn. T 507; BB £1·37 to £1·50; Bd 12; L 62p, D 77p. Early 13th century inn.

PORTAFERRY
Co. Down. 10/D2

Portaferry. T 231; BB £1·62; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC.

PORT GLASGOW
Renfrews. 11/B1

Star. T 41441; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 50p, D 60p.

PORT ISAAC
Cornwall. 1/B2

Port Gaverne. T 244; BB £2·00 to £3·00; Bd 22; L ALC, D £1·10. ⊗

PRESTEIGNE
Radnor. 6/D1

Radnorshire Arms. T 406; BB £2·20 to £2·70; Bd 12; L 75p, D 95p. Built in 1616. Has been an inn since 1792.

PULBOROUGH
Sussex. 3/C2

Arun. T 2162; BB £2·00; Bd 7; L £1·00, D £1·00. Ⓜ

Chequers. T 2486; BB £2·25 to £3·00; Bd 8; L 75p, D £1·00.

PUMPSAINT
Carmarthen. 5/C1

Dolaucothi Arms. T 204; BB £1·75; Bd 8; L 65p; D 87p. Salmon/sea trout fishing.

RAMSGATE
Kent. 4/F3

Foy Boat. T Thanet 52662; BB £1·75; Bd 10; L 55p, D 70p.

REDCAR
Teesside, Yorks. 8/C2

Clarendon. T 4301; BB £2·38; Bd 11; L 68p, D 80p.

REDHILL
Surrey. 3/C2

Lakers. T 61043; BB £2·82; Bd 13; L ALC, D ALC.

REYDON
Suffolk. 7/C1

Randolph. T Southwold 2313; BB £1·85 to £2·00; Bd 12; L 72p, D 92p. ⊗

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
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RICHMOND
Yorks. 8/B1

Black Lion. T 3121; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L 57p, D 67p. Old coaching inn.

King's Head. T 2311; BB £2·85; Bd 18; L 85p, D £1·00. Old coaching inn.

RICKMANSWORTH
Herts. 3/C3

Victoria. T 75211; BB £2·25; Bd 10; L 82p, D 82p.

RINGMORE
Devon. 2/D1

Journey's End Inn. T Bigbury-on-Sea 205; BB £1·90; Bd 5; L ALC, D ALC. 14th century inn. Rough shooting/wild fowling.

RINGWOOD
Hants. 3/A1

Crown. T 3326; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L 52p, D 52p. Ancient inn dating from reign of Henry VII.

RIPON
Yorks. 8/C1

Unicorn. T 2202; BB £2·50 to £3·12; Bd 20; L 67p, D 92p.

ROCHDALE
Lancs. 6/E4

Flying Horse. T 45705; BB £2·62; Bd 12; L 57p, D 87p.

Sun (Littleborough). T 78957; BB £2·12 to £2·25; Bd 10; L 32p, D 75p.

ROCHESTER
Kent. 4/D3

King's Head. T Medway 42709; BB £2·50; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC. 300 year old hostelry.

ROMSEY
Hants. 3/A2

Dolphin. T 3260; BB £2·37 to £3·00; Bd 7; L 77p, D ALC.

ROSEDALE ABBEY
Yorks. 8/C1

Milburn Arms. T Lastingham 312; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 11; L 80p, D £1·20. ⊗ Fishing.

ROSS-ON-WYE
Hereford. 6/D1

Rosswyn. T 2733; BB £1·87 to £2·10; Bd 6; L 67p, D £1·05. Ⓜ Historic inn. Rebuilt in 1608.

ROTHBURY
Northumberland. 8/B3

Newcastle House. T 334; BB £1·75 to £2·10; Bd 10; L 67p, D 87p.

ROTHLEY
Leics. 6/F2

Rothley Court. T 2618; BB £3·25; Bd 14; L 80p, D £1·05. Historic inn part of which was chapel of Knights Templar.

ROTTINGDEAN
Sussex. 4/D1

White Horse. T Brighton 31955; BB £2·50; Bd 16; L 83p, D 93p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

ROWSLEY
Derby. 6/E3

Peacock. T Darley Dale 3518; BB £2·75 to £3·25; Bd 21; L 90p, D £1·50.

ROYSTON
Herts. 3/C4

Banyers. T 2110; BB £2·75 to £2·87; Bd 8; L 82p, D ALC. Old historic inn dating from 1520.

Bull. T 42003; BB £2·00; Bd 8; L 82p, D ALC. Old historic inn dating from 1520.

RUABON
Denbigh. 6/D3

Wynstay Arms. T 3836; BB £1·87; Bd 8; L 52p, D 67p.

RUDDINGTON
Notts. 6/F3

Nottingham Knight. T 211171; BB £2·50; Bd 9; L £1·07, D £1·07. Mediaeval decor of the Crusade era.

RUGBY
Warwicks. 6/F2

Three Horse Shoes. T 4585; BB £3·50 to £4·50; Bd 23; L 95p, D ALC.

RUGELEY
Staffs. 6/E2

Shrewsbury Arms. T 2028; BB £2·00; Bd 8; L 47p, D 77p.

RUMBLING BRIDGE
Kinross. 11/C2

Rumbling Bridge. T Fossoway 325; BB £2·38; Bd 26; L 75p, D £1·05. ⊗

RUTHIN
Denbigh. 5/C3

Bridge. T Cyffylliog 652; BB £1·62 to £2·00; Bd 4; L 62p, D 77p. Fishing.

Eagles. T 2449; BB £2·10; Bd 5; L ALC, D ALC.

Griffin. T 2792; BB £2·25 (double); Bd 3 doubles; L ALC, D ALC.

RYDE
Isle of Wight. 3/B1

Spencer's Inn. T 3301; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 14; L 72p, D 77p. Ⓜ

RYE
Sussex. 4/E2

George. T 2114; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 20; L 75p, D 85p. 400 year old inn with oak beams and huge fireplaces.

Mermaid. T 3065; BB £2·50 to £3·25; Bd 25; L £1·00, D £1·50.

ST. AGNES
Cornwall. 1/B1

Driftwood Spars. T 428; BB £2·72 to £3·22 (includes dinner); Bd 17; L 77p, D 87p.

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ST. ALBANS
Herts. 3/C4

Black Lion. T 51786; BB £2·50; Bd 10; L 62p, D ALC.

Great Red Lion. T 61411; BB £2·60 to £3·50; Bd 18; L 70p, D 80p.

Peahen. T 53256; BB £2·20 to £2·88; Bd 16; L 78p, D 78p.

White Hart. T 53624; BB £2·00; Bd 10; L 52p, D ALC. 13th century posting house and coaching inn.

ST. ARVANS
Monmouth. 2/E4

Piercefield. T Chepstow 2614; BB £2·10; Bd 5; L 75p, D 75p.

ST. AUSTELL
Cornwall. 1/B1

White Hart. T 2100; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 18; L 52p, D 75p.

ST. DAVIDS
Pembs. 1/B4

Old Cross. T 387; BB £1·63 to £2·25; Bd 17; L 82p, D 97p. ⊗

ST. IVES
Huntingdon. 7/A1

Pike and Eel. (Overcote Ferry). T Swavesey 225; BB £2·00; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC. Historic inn with Cromwellian connection. Coarse fishing.

ST. MAWES
Cornwall. 1/B1

Rising Sun Inn. T 233; BB £2·50 to £3·00; Bd 20; L ALC, D £1·75. ⊗

ST. NEOTS
Huntingdon. 7/A1

Bridge. T 2044; BB £2·30 to £2·50; Bd 12; L £1·00, D ALC. Parts date from 1303. Fishing.

Cross Keys. T 2368; BB £2·00 to £2·10; Bd 14; L 42p, D 72p. Parts date from 1303.

SALISBURY
Wilts. 3/A2

King's Arms. T 27629; BB £2·75; Bd 16; L 70p, D 80p. 15th century oak beamed inn.

SAMPFORD ARUNDEL
Somerset. 2/D3

Beam Bridge. T Greenham 223; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 7 doubles; L ALC, D ALC.

SANDIWAY
Cheshire. 6/D3

Blue Cap. T 3006; BB £2·75; Bd 9; L 80p, D 80p. Historic old inn.

SEAFORD
Sussex. 4/D1

Hole in the Wall. T 3785; BB £1·87; Bd 4 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. 18th century coaching inn.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

SEAFORD
(*contd.*)

Seven Sisters. T 2646; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC.

SEALE, Nr. Farnham, Surrey. 3/B2

Hog's Back. T Runfold 2345; BB £2·75 to £3·25; Bd 14; L 90p, D £1·20.

SEATON
Devon. 2/E2

Pole Arms. T 19; BB £1·37 to £1·62; Bd 13; L 52p, D 72p. Ⓜ Old coaching inn.

SEAVIEW
Isle of Wight. 3/B1

Seaview. T 2174; BB £1·75 to £2·25; Bd 13; L 47p, D 47p. Ⓜ

SEDBERGH
Yorks. 8/B1

Bull. T 264; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 18; L 75p, D 95p. Ⓜ Early 16th century coaching and posting inn. Salmon/sea trout/trout fishing.

White Hart. T 205; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L 75p, D 95p. Ⓜ Historic inn. Shooting.

SEDGEFIELD
Co. Durham. 8/C2

Hardwick Arms. T 218; BB £1·50; Bd 8; L 40p, D 50p. Ⓜ

SELBORNE
Hants. 3/B2

Queen's. T 272; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 9; L 70p, D 90p.

SELBY
Yorks. 8/C1

Londesborough Arms. T 2885; BB £2·60; Bd 16; L 75p, D £1·00. An old coaching inn near Selby Abbey.

SELSEY
Sussex. 3/B1

Selsey. T 2317; BB £1·75 to £2·25; Bd 15; L 75p, D 90p.

SENNEN COVE
Cornwall. 1/A1

Old Success Inn. T Sennen 232; BB £2·05 to £2·65; Bd 19; L 80p, D £1·25. ⊗ 17th century smugglers' inn patronised by local fishermen. Fishing.

SETTLE
Yorks. 8/B1

Royal Oak. T 2561; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 70p, D £1·00. Coaching house built 1686.

SEVENOAKS
Kent. 4/D2

Bligh's. T 54092; BB £2·95; Bd 14; L ALC, D ALC. 17th century hostelry.

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SHAFTESBURY
Dorset. 2/F3

Mitre Inn. T 2488; BB £1·63 to £1·75; Bd 7 doubles. L ALC, D ALC.

SHAP
Westmorland. 8/A2

Greyhound. T 208; BB £1·70; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC.

SHEPTON MALLET
Somerset. 2/E3

Red Lion. T 2262; BB £2·00; Bd 11; L 62p, D 77p.

SHERBORNE
Dorset. 2/F3

Antelope. T 2077; BB £1·65; Bd 8; L 52p, D 62p. 17th century coaching inn.

Crown. T 3472; BB £2·15; Bd 6; L 68p, D 93p.

Plume of Feathers. T 2315; BB £1·75; Bd 7; L 75p, D 87p. Ⓜ Historic inn of 17th century. Sea trout/trout fishing.

SHIPTON-UNDER-WYCHWOOD
Oxford. 3/A4

Shaven Crown. T 330; BB £2·25; Bd 13; L ALC, D ALC. 14th century hostelry.

SHREWSBURY
Shrops. 6/D2

Pengwern. T 51045; BB £2·40; Bd 9; L 80p, D 90p.

SIMONSBATH
Somerset. 2/D3

Exmoor Forest. T 341; BB £1·45; Bd 14; L 62p, D 82p. ⊗

SINGLETON
Sussex. 3/B2

Horse and Groom. T 282; BB £1·75; Bd 3; L ALC, D ALC.

SKIPTON
Yorks. 8/B1

Midland. T 2781; BB £2·38; Bd 10 doubles; L ALC, D ALC.

SLEAFORD
Lincs. 7/A2

Lion. T 2127; BB £1·75 to £1·90; Bd 8; L 55p, D 60p.

SNAINTON
Yorks. 7/A4

Coachman Inn. T 231; BB £2·00; Bd 11; L 57p, D 77p. Ⓜ

SOLIHULL
Warwicks. 6/E2

George. T 1343; BB £2·75; Bd 19; L 90p, D £1·00.

SOMERTON
Somerset. 2/E3

Unicorn. T 330; BB £1·87; Bd 3; L ALC, D ALC.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

SONNING-ON-THAMES, Berks. 3/B3

White Hart. T 2277; BB £2·90 to £3·50; Bd 19; L £1·40, D ALC.

SOUTHAM
Warwicks. 6/F1

Craven Arms. T 2452; BB £1·90 to £2·00; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn.

SOUTH MOLTON
Devon. 2/D3

George. T 2514; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 16; L 65p, D 80p. 400 year old inn.

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY
West Lothian. 11/C2

Hawes Inn. T 215; BB £3·00; Bd 5; L 92½p, D ALC. 300 year old inn overlooking the Forth Bridges.

SOUTH SHIELDS
Co. Durham. 8/C2

New Crown. T 3472; BB £2·62; Bd 12; L 70p, D 85p.

Sea. T 2889; BB £3·10; Bd 18; L 85p, D £1·00.

SOUTHWELL
Notts. 6/F3

Saracen's Head. T 3143; BB £3·43; Bd 11; L 73p, D ALC.

SOUTHWOLD
Suffolk. 7/C1

Pier Avenue. T 3342; BB £2·10; Bd 12; L 77p, D 95p. ⊗

SOUTH ZEAL
Devon. 2/D2

Oxenham Arms. T Sticklepath 244; BB £2·37 to £2·50; Bd 8 doubles; L 77p, D £1·25. Originally a 12th century monastery, an inn since 1477.

SPARKFORD
Nr. Yeovil, Somerset. 2/E3

Sparkford Inn. T North Cadbury 218; BB £1·87; Bd 5; L 67p, D 82p.

SPINKHILL
Derby. 6/F3

Angel. T Eckington 2315; BB £1·75; Bd 4 doubles; L 47p, D 62p.

STAFFORD
Staffs. 6/E2

Garth. T 51402; BB £2·25; Bd 8; L 52p, D ALC.

STAINES
Surrey. 3/C3

Pack Horse. T 54221; BB £2·75; Bd 18; L 75p, D 85p.

Swan. T 52494; BB £2·45; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. Dates from 1600. Mentioned in Pepys' Diary.

STAMFORD
Lincs. 7/A1

Crown. T 3136; BB £2·12; Bd 19; L 57p, D 97p. Ⓜ

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STANHOPE
Co. Durham. 8/B2

Phoenix. T 214; BB £1·12; Bd 6; L 50p, D 52p. Ⓜ Rough shooting and fishing.

STEEPLE ASTON
Oxford. 3/A4

Hopcroft's Holt. T 259; BB £2·65; Bd 8; L 85p, D £1·00.

STEYNING
Sussex. 3/C1

Three Tuns Inn. T 3146; BB £1·87 to £2·10; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

STIRLING
Stirling. 11/B2

Portcullis. T 2290; BB £2·75; Bd 5; L 77½p, D ALC. 12th century building.

STOGUMBER
Somerset. 2/D3

White Horse Inn. T 277; BB £1·90 to £2·20; Bd 4; L 60p, D 75p.

STONE
Staffs. 6/E3

Crown. T 3835; BB £2·40 to £2·60; Bd 13; L 90p, D £1·05.

STONEHAVEN
Kincardine. 11/C3

Mill Inn. T 2324; BB £1·75; Bd 10 doubles; L 52p, D 75p. 200 years old.

STONEY CROSS
Nr. Lyndhurst, Hants. 3/A1

Compton Arms. T Cadham 2134; BB £2·25 to £2·87; Bd 17; L 87p, D 97p. Situated in heart of New Forest.

STORRINGTON
Sussex. 3/C2

White Horse. T 2180; BB £1·75; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC.

STOURBRIDGE
Worcs. 6/E2

Bell. T 5641; BB £2·37; Bd 20; L 67p, D 72p.

Talbot. T 4350; BB £2·37; Bd 20; L 72p, D 75p. 17th century hostelry.

STOURPORT
Worcs. 6/E1

Mitre Oak (Crossway Green). T Hartlebury 352; BB £1·87; Bd 8; L ALC, D ALC.

STOW-ON-THE-WOLD
Glos. 3/A4

King's Arms. T 602; BB £2·00; Bd 9; L 72p, D 87p.

Unicorn. T 257; BB £2·90; Bd 16; L 82p, D ALC. Old coaching inn.

White Hart. T 30674. BB £2·00; Bd 7; L 62p, D ALC. 14th century inn.

STRATFIELD TURGIS
Hants. 3/B2

Wellington Arms. T Turgis Green 214; BB £2·00 to £3·00; Bd 7; L 68p, D ALC. 17th century farmhouse. Became an inn after Battle of Waterloo with Duke of Wellington's groom as first licensee.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, Warwicks. 6/E1

Old Red Lion. T 3564; BB £1·75; Bd 8; L 47p, D 52p.

STRATTON
Cornwall. 1/C2

Tree Inn. T 2338; BB £1·87 to £2·25; Bd 16; L 77p, D £1·05. ⊗

SUDBURY
Suffolk. 4/E4

Four Swans. T 2793; BB £3·25 to £6·00; Bd 18; L 67p, D 97p.

SUTTON BRIDGE
Lincs. 7/B2

Bridge. T 222; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 11; L 65p, D 80p.

SUTTON MANDEVILLE
Wilts. 2/F3

Cribbage Hut. T Fovant 220; BB £1·50; Bd 5 doubles; L 52p, D 62p.

SWAFFHAM
Norfolk. 7/B1

George. T 238; BB £2·50; Bd 16; L 75p, D 90p.

SWANAGE
Dorset. 3/A1

Ship. T 2078; BB £1·75; Bd 16; L 57p, D 87p.

SWINDON
Wilts. 3/A3

Great Western. T 22047; BB £1·25; Bd 14; L 77p, D 77p.

SYMONDS YAT (WEST), Hereford. 6/D1

Old Court. T 367; BB £1·40 to £2·20; Bd 22; L 67p, D 87p.

TALYBONT
Cardigan. 5/B2

White Lion. T 245; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 6; L 80p, D £1·00. Ⓜ

TAL-Y-CAFN
Caerns. 5/C3

Ye Olde Taly Cafn. T Tynygroes 203; BB £2·10; Bd 7 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. 16th century coaching inn.

TAMWORTH
Staffs. 6/E2

Castle. T 2045; BB £2·00 to £2·75; Bd 21; L 67p, D 87p.

TARLETON, Nr. Preston, Lancs. 6/D4

Rams Head Inn. T Hesketh Bank 2493; BB £1·75 to £3·00; Bd 4; L 75p, D £1·25. Built in 1640.

TAUNTON
Somerset. 2/E3

George. T 5603; BB £2·75 to £3·00; Bd 19; L 70p, D 75p. Early 19th century coaching inn.

Winchester Arms. T 2488; BB £2·25; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC.

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TAYINLOAN
Argyll. 11/A1

MacDonald Arms. T 33; BB £1·75; Bd 4 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. Old historic inn.

TAYNUILT
Argyll. 11/A2

Taynuilt. T 226; BB £1·25 to £2·75; Bd 24; L 53p, D 75p. Fishing.

TEDBURN ST. MARY
Devon. 2/D2

King's Arms Inn. T 233; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 10; L 64p, D 84p.

TEFFONT MAGNA
Wilts. 2/F3

Black Horse Inn. T 251; BB £1·75; Bd 3; L ALC, D ALC.

TEMPLE SOWERBY
Westmorland. 8/A2

King's Arms. T Kirkby Thore 211; BB £1·87; Bd 12; L 70p, D £1·10.

TEMPSFORD
Beds. 7/A1

Anchor. T Blunham 233; BB £2·25; Bd 5 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. Fishing.

TENBURY WELLS
Worcs. 6/D1

Royal Oak. T 417; BB £1·50 to £1·75. Bd 7 doubles; L 62p, D 72p. Built in 1557.

TEWKESBURY
Glos. 6/E1

Swan. T 3155; BB £2·00 to £2·42; Bd 20; L 75p, D 77p.

THAME
Oxford. 3/B3

Black Horse. T 2865; BB £2·25; Bd 8; L 75p, D ALC. Early 18th century hostelry.

Spread Eagle. T 2917; BB £3·00 to £3·50; Bd 18; L 93p, D £1·25.

THAXTED
Essex. 4/D4

Swan. T 321; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

THETFORD
Norfolk. 7/B1

Anchor. T 3329; BB £2·50; Bd 15; L 75p, D 82p. About 400 years old.

THIRSK
Yorks. 8/C1

Golden Fleece. T 3108; BB £2·60 to £2·80; Bd 20; L 75p, D 80p.

THORNHAM
Norfolk. 7/B2

King's Head. T 213; BB £1·75; Bd 6; L 70p, D ALC. Dates from 1760.

THORNTON-LE-DALE
Yorks. 8/C1

New Inn. T 226; BB £1·87; Bd 9; L 75p, D £1·05. Old coaching inn. Ⓜ

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.



The Hawes Inn, South Queensferry, West Lothian.

THREE COCKS
Brecon. 6/D1

Three Cocks. T Glasbury 215; BB £2·00; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. Ancient hostelry, parts dating back to 13th century.

THREEKINGHAM
Lincs. 7/A2

Three Kings. T Billingborough 249; BB £1·50; Bd 4; L ALC, D ALC.

TINTERN
Monmouth. 2/E4

Royal George. T 205; BB £2·20 to £2·90; Bd 11 doubles; L 80p, D 85p. 17th century inn. Good centre for the Wye Valley.

TIRRIL
Westmorland. 8/A2

Queen's Head. T Penrith 3219; BB £2·00 to £2·20; Bd 9; L 62p, D 82p. 18th century coaching inn.

TIVERTON
Devon. 2/D3

Boar's Head. T 2313; BB £2·50 to £2·75; Bd 9; L 60p, D £1·05. 200 years old inn.

TOLLESBURY
Essex. 4/E4

Hope Inn. T 238; BB £1·75; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

TONBRIDGE
Kent. 4/D2

Angel. T 2151; BB £2·25; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. Historic old hostelry dating from pre-Reformation.

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TORMARTON
Glos. 2/F4

Compass Inn. T Badminton 242; BB £2·00; Bd 4; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn.

TORRINGTON
Devon. 1/C3

Black Horse Inn. T 2121; BB £1·62 to £1·87; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ Old inn with civil war history. Good fishing.

Globe. T 2220; BB £1·50; Bd 9 doubles; L 52½p, D 72½p. Ⓜ Fishing.

Gribble Inn (Little Torrington). T 2235; BB £1·62 to £1·75; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC. Inn dates from 1622.

TOWCESTER
Northants. 3/B4

Brave Old Oak. T 533; BB £2·25; Bd 11; L 68p, D 75p. Dates from 1547.

TREMADOC
Caerns. 5/B3

Madoc. T Portmadoc 2821; BB £2·00 to £2·10; Bd 24; L 75p, D 95p.

TRE'R DDOL
Cardigan. 5/B2

Wildfowler Inn. T Talybont 333; BB £1·50 to £1·75; Bd 4; L ALC, D ALC.

TRING
Herts. 3/B4

Rose and Crown. T 2326; BB £3·00; Bd 17; L 75p, D 95p. Beside Tring Park.

TROUTBECK
Westmorland. 8/A2

Mortal Man. T Ambleside 3193; BB £2·00; Bd 10; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗

TUNBRIDGE WELLS
Kent. 4/D2

Swan. T 27590; BB £2·00; Bd 13; L 62p, D 90p. Situated on the historic pantiles.

TUTBURY
Staffs. 6/E3

Dog and Partridge Inn. T 2182; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 3 doubles; L £1·12, D £1·12. 15th century half timbered inn.

TWEEDSMUIR
Peebles. 11/C1

Crook Inn. T 272; BB £2·00; Bd 8; L 70p, D 87p.

UCKFIELD
Sussex. 4/D2

Ye Maiden's Head. T 2019; BB £2·12; Bd 15; L 77p, D ALC. Ⓜ

ULVERSTON
Lancs. 8/A1

Railway. T 2208; BB £2·00; Bd 8; L 75p, D 75p.

UTTOXETER
Staffs. 6/E3

White Hart. T 2437; BB £2·90 to £3·50; Bd 13 doubles; L 80p, D 80p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

VELINDRE CRYMYCH
Pembroke. 5/A1

Ye Olde Salutation Inn. T Newport 348; BB £1·37; Bd 5; L ALC, D ALC.

WADDESDON
Bucks. 3/B4

Five Arrows. T 302; BB £2·00; Bd 6; L 82p, D 82p.

WALBERSWICK
Suffolk. 7/C1

Anchor. T Southwold 2112; BB £2·00; Bd 18; L 70p, D 95p.

WALL
Northumberland. 8/B2

Hadrian. T Humshaugh 232. BB £2·75; Bd 8; L 75p, D £1·12. A 200 year old building constructed with stone from Hadrian's Wall. Trout fishing.

WALTON-ON-THAMES
Surrey. 3/C3

Ashley Park. T 20196; BB £2·50; Bd 10; L 75p, D ALC. Ⓜ

WANSFORD
Northants. 7/A1

Haycock. T 223; BB £2·37; Bd 21; L 87p, D £1·00.

WAREHAM
Dorset. 2/F2

Black Bear. T 2846; BB £2·10 to £2·20; Bd 15; L 67p, D 92p. An old coaching inn, established 1643.

Red Lion. T 2843; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 13; L 70p, D £1·00.

WARGRAVE-ON-THAMES, Berks. 3/B3

St. George and Dragon. T 2815; BB £2·40 to £2·75; Bd 7; L 77p, D 82p.

White Hart. T 2949; BB £1·50; Bd 5; L 22p, D 72p.

WARK-ON-TYNE
Northumberland. 8/B3

Battlesteads. T 209; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 11; L 70p, D £1·05.

WARMINSTER
Wilts. 2/F3

Bath Arms. T 2484; BB £2·40; Bd 16; L 62p, D 72p.

Old Bell. T 2097; BB £2·75 to £3·00; Bd 14; L 70p, D 80p. Historic inn with 16th century beams.

WARRENPOINT
Co. Down. 9/C1

Crown. T 3665; BB £1·50 to £2·00; Bd 15; L 60p, D £1.00. Trout fishing, rough shooting.

WARRINGTON
Lancs. 6/D4

Patten Arms. T 32826; BB £3·00; Bd 19; L 72p, D 87p.

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
⊗ Closed for period in winter.
Please confirm prices when making reservations and mention this booklet.

WARWICK
Warwicks. 6/F1

Crown. T 42087; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC. Ⓜ

WASHFORD
Somerset. 2/D3

Washford. T 256; BB £1·40; Bd 10; L 62p, D 62p.

WATERBEACH, Nr. Goodwood, Sussex. 3/C1

Richmond Arms. T Halnaker 361; BB £2·87 to £3·25; Bd 17; L 97p, D ALC.

WEDMORE
Somerset. 2/E3

George. T 264; BB £1·85 to £2·00; Bd 9; L 77p, D 97p. 16th century coaching inn adjoining 11th century church.

WEEDON
Northants. 3/B4

Globe. T 336; BB £2·12; Bd 7; L 72p, D 87p.

WELDON BRIDGE
Northumberland. 8/B3

Anglers Arms. T Longframlington 655; BB £2·25; Bd 3; L 75p, D £1·00. On A697 7 miles north of Morpeth. Trout fishing.

WELLINGTON
Somerset. 2/E3

Squirrel. T 2636. BB £2·00; Bd 17; L 48p, D 53p. Historic building.

WELLINGTON
Shrops. 6/D2

Swan. T 3781; BB £1·62 to £1·75; Bd 8; L 57p, D 62p.

WELLS
Somerset. 2/E3

Crown. T 3457; BB £3·05; Bd 10 doubles; L 92p, D £1·15.

King's Head. T 3032; BB £1·50 to £2·00; Bd 6; L ALC, D ALC.

Sherston. T 2069; BB £1·62; Bd 6; L 70p, D 70p.

Star. T 3055; BB £2·37 to £2·62; Bd 23; L 82p, D £1·12.

White Hart. T 2056; BB £2·17; Bd 10; L 62p, D ALC. 15th century inn.

WELLS-NEXT-THE-SEA, Norfolk. 7/B2

Crown. T 209; BB £1·75 to £2·25; Bd 17; L 75p, D 97p. Ⓜ Old coaching inn.

WEMYSS BAY
Renfrews. 11/B1

Wemyss Bay. T 2285; BB £1·75; Bd 12 doubles; L 65p, D 75p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

WENDOVER
Bucks. 3/B4

Red Lion. T 2266; BB £2·50 to £3·25; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC. Historic inn dating from 17th century.

WEOBLEY
Hereford. 6/D1

Red Lion. T 220; BB £2·25 to £3·25; Bd 8; L 77p, D 87p.

WESTERHAM
Kent. 4/D2

King's Arms. T 3246; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 16; L 52p, D 82p. Georgian period coaching house.

WEST MALLING
Kent. 4/D3

Swan. T 3000; BB £1·90; Bd 10; L 47p, D 67p. 16th century Tudor inn.

WEST PENNARD
Somerset. 2/E3

Red Lion. T Baltonsborough 258; BB £1·37; Bd 9; L 62p, D 72p. Ⓜ

WEST WOODBURN
Northumberland. 8/B3

Bay Horse Inn. T 218; BB £1·90; Bd 6 doubles; L ALC, D 80p. Fishing.

Fox and Hounds. T 210; BB £1·62; Bd 11; L 72p, D 77p.

WEYBRIDGE
Surrey. 3/C3

Ship. T 48364; BB £4·25; Bd 16; L £1·05, D ALC. An old coach house.

WHITCHURCH
Hants. 3/A2

White Hart. T 2018; BB £2·40 to £2·70; Bd 7; L 80p, D 90p. Believed to date from 1461 but re-built 17th and 18th centuries.

WHITCHURCH
Shrops. 6/D3

Dodington Lodge. T 2539; BB £1·75 to £1·90; Bd 11; L 67p, D 67p.

Victoria. T 2031; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 9; L 62p, D £1·12. Ⓜ

WHITEHAVEN
Cumberland. 8/A2

Golden Lion. T 3906; BB £1·60 to £1·70; Bd 17; L 60p, D 80p. Ⓜ

WHITEWELL
Yorks. 8/B1

Whitewell. T Dunsop Bridge 222; BB £2·25 to £2·38; Bd 11; L 82p, D £1·37. Ⓜ Fishing.

WHITFIELD
Northants. 3/B4

Sun. T Syresham 232; BB £1·75 to £3·25; Bd 11; L 77p, D £1·05. Cotswold stone country inn.

WHITTINGTON
Shrops. 6/D3

Ye Olde Boote Inn. T Whittington Castle 250; BB £1·62 to £1·75; Bd 6; L 62p, D 75p. An old coaching inn.

Ⓜ See foreword, page 1.
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WHITTLESEY
Cambs. 7/A1

Falcon. T 3247; BB £2·00; Bd 5; L £1·00, D £1·00.

WICKHAM MARKET
Suffolk. 7/C1

White Hart. T 203; BB £2·00; Bd 10; L 87p, D 87p. M

WILLITON
Somerset. 2/D3

Egremont. T 500; BB £1·88; Bd 13; L 63p, D 93p. Fishing.

Forrester's Arms. T 508; BB £1·50; Bd 8; L 70p, D 90p. Approx. 300 years old inn.

WIMBORNE MINSTER
Dorset. 2/F2

Horton Inn. T Witchampton 252; BB £3·75 to £4·25; Bd 5 doubles; L £1·05, D £1·50. 17th century inn.

WINCANTON
Somerset. 2/F3

Dolphin. T 2215; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 10; L 77p, D 82p. Old coaching inn.

WINCHCOMBE
Glos. 3/A4

George. T 331; BB £2·80; Bd 16; L 97p, D £1·25.

WINCHELSEA
Sussex. 4/E2

New Inn. T 252; BB £2·10; Bd 7 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗ Old coaching inn.

WINCHESTER
Hants. 3/B2

Southgate. T 3411; BB £2·62; Bd 14; L 52p, D 62p. Elegant Wren house with Cromwellian connection.

WINDERMERE
Westmorland. 8/A1

Elleray. T 3120; BB £1·80; Bd 12; L 65p D 85p.

John Peel Inn. T 3699; BB £1·50; Bd 5; L ALC, D ALC. ⊗

WINGHAM
Kent. 4/F3

Red Lion. T 217; BB £1·87; Bd 6 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. 13th century inn.

WINSFORD
Somerset. 2/D3

Royal Oak Inn. T 232; BB £2·00; Bd 13; L 75p, D £1·37. Historic inn. Trout fishing. ⊗

WINTERSLOW
Wilts. 3/A2

Pheasant. T 374; BB £2·25; Bd 9; L ALC, D ALC. Modernised old coaching inn.

WISBECH
Cambs. 7/B1

Ship. T 2614; BB £2·10; Bd 16; L 72p, D 77p. Rough shooting. Wild fowling.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

WITHAM
Essex. 4/E4

White Hart. T 2245; BB £2·50 to £3·25; Bd 17; L 87½p, D 97½p.

WITNEY
Oxford. 3/A4

Fleece. T 2263; BB £2·00 to £2·20; Bd 12; L 67p, D ALC. M

WOKING
Horsell, Surrey, 3/C2

Wheatsheaf. T 3047; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 24; L 62p, D 87p.

WOKINGHAM
Berks. 3/B3

Bush. T West Forest 4467; BB £2·40 to £2·65; Bd 9; L 72p, D 87p. Old coaching inn.

WOLVERHAMPTON
Staffs. 6/E2

Castlecroft. T 61264; BB £2·75; Bd 26; L 75p, D 80p.

Park Hall. T 35756; BB £2·75 to £3·25; Bd 21; L 85p, D £1·00.

WOODBRIDGE
Suffolk. 4/F4

Crown. T 4242; BB £2.80; Bd 15; L 85p, D 95p. Famous old coaching inn.

WOODSTOCK
Oxford. 3/A4

Bear. T 511; BB £3·25 to £7·00; Bd 22; L £1·25, D £1·62. Famous 13th century coaching inn.

King's Arms. T 412; BB £2·00 to £2·50; Bd 9; L 72p, D ALC.

Marlborough Arms. T 227; BB £2·25; Bd 14; L 72p, D 87p. Famous 13th century building.

WOOLER
Northumberland. 8/B3

Tankerville Arms. T 581; BB £2·75; Bd 15; L 67p, D 92p.

WORCESTER
Worcs. 6/E1

Great Western. T 23867; BB £1·75 to £2·00; Bd 20; L 75p, D 85p. M

Ye Olde Talbot. T 23573; BB £3·00; Bd 14; L 65p, D 65p. Parts of 13th century building.

WORKSOP
Notts. 6/F3

Ashley. T 3044; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 6; L 65p, D 75p.

Lion. T 2179; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 12; L 75p, D 75p. 15th century coaching house.

M See foreword, page 1.
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WORMALD GREEN
Yorks. 8/C1

Rose and Crown Inn. T Bishop Monkton 214; BB £2·00; Bd 3 doubles; L 71p, D ALC.

WORTHING
Sussex. 3/C1

Downlands. T 33592; BB £1·50 to £1·75; Bd 11; L ALC, D 72p. M

George. T 47226; BB £2·00 to £2·25; Bd 11; L ALC, D ALC.

Spaniard. T 34795; BB £1·98 to £3·95; Bd 12; L ALC, D ALC.

WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE, Glos. 2/F4

Swan. T 2329; BB £2·50; Bd 12; L 87p, D £1·05.

WROTHAM
Kent. 4/D2

Bull. T Borough Green 3092; BB £2·50; Bd 6; L 72p, D £1·50 14th century coaching inn.

Moat. T Borough Green 2263; BB £2·25 to £2·75; Bd 7; L ALC, D ALC.

WROXHAM
Norfolk. 7/C2

King's Head. T 2429; BB £2·25 to £2·50; Bd 9; L 80p, D 90p.

YARCOMBE
Devon. 2/E2

Yarcombe Inn. T Upottery 218; BB £1·50 to £1·75; Bd 7; L 62p, D 87p. 14th century inn.

YATTENDON
Berks. 3/B3

Royal Oak. T 325; BB £2·37; Bd 5 doubles; L £1·12, D £1·27. 14th century inn.

YEDINGHAM
Yorks. 7/A4

Providence Inn. T West Heslerton 231; BB £1·25; Bd 4 doubles; L ALC, D ALC. Old coaching inn.

YORK
Yorks. 8/C1

Ainsty. T 78147; BB £2·12; Bd 6; L 82p, D ALC.

Shoulder of Mutton (Heworth Green). T 25293; BB £2·00; Bd 12; L 47½p, D 87½p.

T Telephone. BB Bed and Breakfast. Bd Number of Bedrooms.
L Minimum Table d'Hôte Luncheon. ALC à la carte.
D Minimum Table d'Hôte Dinner. ALC à la carte.

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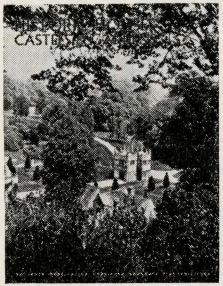

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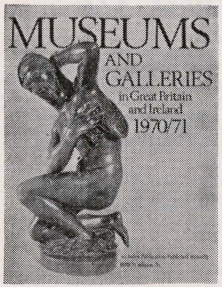

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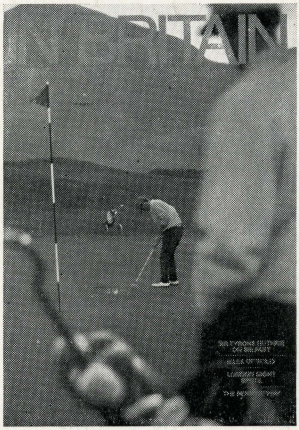

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What's Doing Around CANTERBURY

By IAN LYON

INVADERS AND PILGRIMS — The Romans came and settled. Today the French pour in off the boats and stagger home with bargains. The pilgrims in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" came to Canterbury's great cathedral. So famous was the journey on horseback that "canter" has become an everyday verb. In the cathedral, Archbishop Thomas à Becket was murdered after he had opposed his king's takeover of the church. Today "Original Sin" is the name given to a banana covered with ice cream that is served just outside the cathedral. And yet the lure of Canterbury and the attraction of the surrounding country remain.

Kent is the name of this county area. It, and not London, is the melting pot of England. For here invader and immigrant have struggled to establish themselves. In the magnificent houses they have vaunted their success. In the countryside and along the coast they have built their escapes from city pressure, only to meet with the tide from Europe: students and housewives, smugglers and emperors. In Kent the English are at their least insular.

GETTING THERE — From London, you can travel to Canterbury by train from Victoria, Waterloo or Charing Cross stations. The round-trip fare is $19 in first class and $13 in second. British Railways also has special round-trip fares, called "Awayday" tickets, that can save up to 45 percent if you return the same day. Railrover and Runabout tickets are useful for extended exploring. For times of trains check with B.R.'s Travel Center on Lower Regent Street off Piccadilly Circus. In New York, call 212-725-7711.

Canterbury can also be reached by bus from London's Victoria Coach Station, where an information counter is open from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. (730-0202). The trip by rail or bus takes one and a half to two hours. By car, you take the A2 and M2 roads. But many tourists enter Kent after exploring the Continent, arriving from France and Belgium at the ports of Dover, Folkestone and Ramsgate.

In Kent itself the East Kent Bus Company offers excursion trips, including visits to France. It also sells a Busranger ticket that gives virtually unlimited bus travel in Kent and Sussex for a day or one week. The company's Canterbury office is on Station Road West (66151).

THE CITY — Canterbury has two railroad stations: Canterbury East and Canterbury West. It has to be admitted that arrival at either is not the most uplifting of experiences since they are in suburban areas. But the West station is five acres near the timbered old town of Cranbrook. Tea on the lawn, log fires in the lounges. Double rooms start at $18, including breakfast. Phone: Cranbrook 2032. For a historic inn, go to the 14th-century George and Dragon (Canterbury 710661) in the village of Fordwich on the road between Canterbury and Margate. Rates run from $14 to $40.

Dickens addicts—and Kent has many associations with Dickens—can make their way to the Royal Albion (Thanet 62116) in Broadstairs, where "Nicholas Nickleby" was written. The hotel, which has beach and harbor views, charges $12 to $30. For golf addicts: the Imperial (Hythe 67441), which is set on the seafront in 55 acres at Hythe and has its own nine-hole course. Room rates start at $22. The Hotel Burstin, the Harbour, Folkestone, can be used as a base for side trips to the Continent. A double room starts at $18 and special rates include trips to France and Holland. Folkestone 57455.

For the cautious and the homesick there's a Holiday Inn (Dover 203270) at Townwall Street, Dover. Every room (from $39) has a private bathroom, which is not always true of the other hotels.

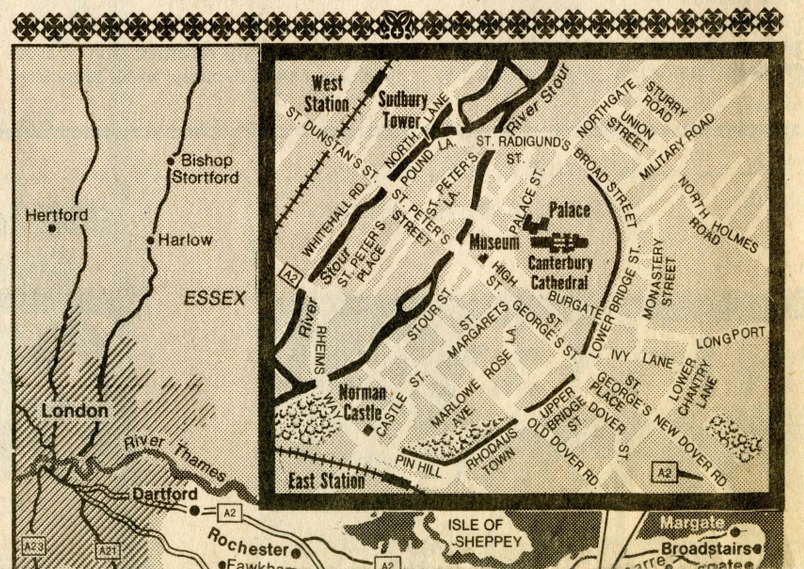
The British Tourist Authority publishes a helpful booklet, "Where to Stay '78," which has an edition covering Southeast England and lists hotels, motels, inns, farmhouses, camping sites and cottages. It is available for $1.60 from the British Travel Bookshop, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

LOCAL BREWS — "Everybody knows Kent," said Mr. Jingle in "Pickwick Papers." "Apples, cherries, hops and women." So it is worth searching for fresh fruit pies and experimenting with the local beer brewed from the

another struggle is commemorated with a museum that contains relics of the aircraft flown during the Battle of Britain in World War II. Chilham is open afternoons from April through October, except Monday and Friday. For evening visitors on certain days, medieval banquets are organized, with venison, minstrels and a discothèque. For reservations telephone Chilham 561.

Five miles from Maidstone the turrets and battlements of Leeds Castle are reflected in its lake. "Pure Hollywood," say some. "The perfect medieval castle," sigh others. Truth lies between: dating from 1119, it was carefully repaired in the last century, and contains furniture of the 16th and 17th centuries, armor and fine tapestries. Leeds is open in the afternoons, except Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, March through October. The trust that owns it has most things organized with brisk efficiency: cream teas, lunches, conferences, rare birds (no dogs allowed). The phone number is Hollingbourne 456. There is even a nine-hole golf course that is open daily (Hollingbourne 467).

The Government in the guise of the Department of the Environment has been a devoted saviour of castles. Its castle on the coast at Dover dominates the environment and has done so for nearly 800 years. The town of Dover says it is England's natural gateway, the place closest to Europe, the busiest international passenger port anywhere, with more than seven million passengers each year. And no foreign force has ever captured its castle. For many people, the massive Norman keep is their first sight or last view of England on the voyage over the English Channel. Haughty, upright, devoid of flashy decoration, the castle is almost the stereotype of English gentlemen, until you remember it was built by invaders from



sociated with V.I.P.'s. The gardens of Prince Charles's Chevening (1616), four miles from Sevenoaks, will be open from 11.A.M. to 7 P.M. on June 21, but there is no guarantee that the Prince will appear. At Sir Winston Churchill's old country home, Chartwell (Crockham Hill 368) at Westerham, there are gifts from Stalin and de Gaulle, the great man's siren suit and paintings in his garden studio. Nearby is Quebec House (Westerham 62206), home of Gen. James Wolfe, conqueror of Quebec for the British Empire and inspirer of French separatism in the present age. It is part of England's obsession with "fair play" that Wolfe's defeated foe—the Marquis of Montcalm—should be the name of the village's leading restaurant, on Quebec Square.

The National Gardens Scheme has a list of gardens that can be toured between now and mid-October. The list costs 10 cents and is obtainable from the organization at 57 Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1. (01-730-0355). Two of the most admired, especially for the roses in June, are Scotney Castle at Lamberhurst and Sissinghurst Castle, Cranbrook,

SPECIAL TASTES — The British travel industry is better organized than it used to be in catering to tour groups and individuals whose idea of a vacation is not a perpetual series of limousine excursions. Some vacation ideas for Kent concentrate on hobbies from philosophy to birdwatching. Lecture courses are arranged by Quest for Culture, Windword, Plain Road, Marden, Kent, and RVS Enterprises, Hilton House, Norwood Lane, Meopham, Kent. Pottery students should get in touch with John Solly, 36 London Road, Maidstone, Kent, while Galleon World Travel, Galleon House, King Street, Maidstone, conducts painting courses.

Parachuting and underwater training are offered by Eagle Adventure Sport Centre, Ashford Airport, near Hythe, Kent; three days training costs from about $70. The Kent Gliding Club, Squids Gate, Challock, Ashford, Kent, gives a week's tuition for about $150. Weekend and weekly birdwatching: Barn Owl Travel, 27 Sea View Road, Gillingham, Kent.

EVENTS — The spring and summer are an odd blend of the antiquarian and the latest technology. The English psyche is obsessed by both. Medieval tournaments are being staged at Chilham Castle on May 28-29 and Aug. 27-28. The St. Lawrence Ground, Canterbury, is the setting for the curious rituals of cricket when Kent plays the touring team from Pakistan May 27-30; the

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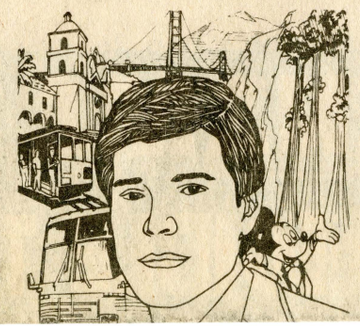

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the one to aim for as it is closer to the cathedral and the trail leads past many of the more striking buildings.

It is pointless to drive through the city center because the streets are infuriatingly narrow and the beauty of roofs and windows, towers and inn signs is totally obscured. Therefore, walk from London Road at the Eight Bells Inn along St. Dunstan's Street into St. Peter's Street until you reach Mercery Lane on the left. At the bottom of the lane, barely visible, are the clustered towers of the cathedral.

The most noticeable features of this approach are the mixtures of different types of buildings and the juxtaposition of different types of business. On St. Dunstan's Street, you get a chop suey restaurant next to the 15th-century Falstaff Hotel and there is an Indian restaurant opposite. The style of the buildings covers many different periods, but nowhere is the jumble of bow windows, narrow doors and medieval arches ruined by sudden surges of skyscraper development, as has happened in many other English cities.

THE CATHEDRAL — The medley of ethnic and architectural styles in the city streets does not prepare the visitor for the gaunt and slender mausoleum that is the cathedral. It is an edifice consecrated to pain and effort. Becket was murdered by King Henry II's friends in the northwest transept in 1170, and it was the miracles claimed for his tomb in the crypt that started the series of pilgrimages to Canterbury. Today the grave of Becket is in the Trinity Chapel.

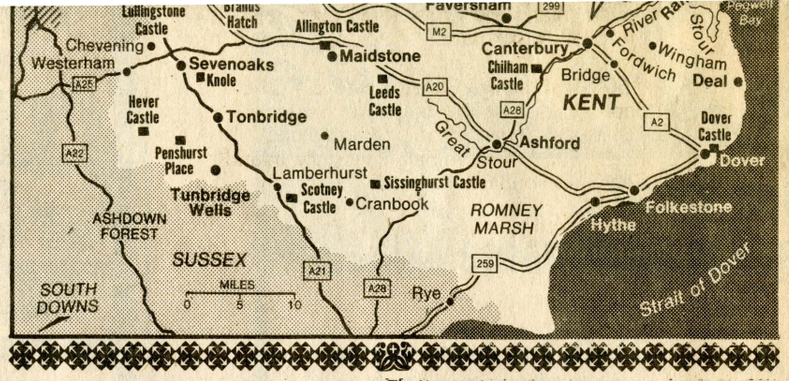
Meanwhile, the cathedral is appealing for $6 million to preserve the building, which contains the largest single collection of 12th- and early 13th-century stained glass in England. But that glass is now corroded to less than a quarter of its original thickness; as the poster for the appeal fund declares, "St. Augustine founded it, Becket died for it, Chaucer wrote about it, Hitler bombed it, time is destroying it."

The times of services are: matins, 9:30, evensong on weekdays, 5:30, Saturday and Sunday, 3:15. The Sunday evening service is at 6:30.

ACCOMMODATIONS — The choice of hotel depends on whether the visitor wants town bustle or rural peace. In the center of Canterbury is the Chaucer (64427), a modern building in Ivy Lane, with rates for a double room running from $19 to $38. The County (66266) on High Street is small and comfortable, even though parts date from 1100. The rates are $14 to $38. Somewhat more recent is the Falstaff (1403) on busy St. Dunstan's Street, a pretty place with only nine bedrooms. Rooms are $16 up. Phone: 62138.

Top for country calm is the Kennel Holt, an Elizabethan manor house in

IAN LYON is editorial adviser for the British Broadcasting Corporation's travel programs.



The New York Times/Arnold Bombay/March 26, 1978

hops. Regional brewers are Shepherd Neame and Whitbread Fremlins. On the A28 road between Canterbury and Margate there is the Crown Inn which boasts a unique cherry brandy, sold by the glass, bottle and case. Its name is Pay's Crown Invicta, from Shepherd Neame. The inn itself dates from 1492 and is in the village of Sarre.

Pubs commended by residents: King William IV at Benenden, Three Chimneys at Biddenden, King Henry VIII at Hever and the White Hart in Northgate Place, Canterbury. For a selection of more than 260 whiskies, go to the Dog Inn in Wingham.

RESTAURANTS — Look for roast lamb and saddle of mutton; there are sheep throughout the South Downs and Romney Marsh. Kent is also the land of Dover sole and Whitstable oysters, so the Shellfish Restaurant, 78 Broad Street, Canterbury (65442), is usually a good bet for lunch or dinner, which costs around $13. For superb lamb: the Duck Inn (Bridge 830354), a 17th-century hostelry at Bridge, off the A2 from Canterbury to Dover, with regular customers and eccentric times. It is closed Monday and Tuesday. A meal costs $19 to $23.

At the heart of a fine Georgian shopping center called the Pantiles in Tunbridge Wells is the Chalet Arosa, adding Swiss and French cuisine to English gentility. The price is about $17 and there is dancing every night except Sundays. Tunbridge Wells 30000. Or, after shopping expeditions among the antiques, cashmere, lavender water and British cloths in the Pantiles area, you can escape four miles southwest of town to the High Rocks Inn (Tunbridge Wells 26074), set in peaceful woodland on High Rocks Lane, which serves French and English dishes. About $17. It is closed "most Mondays."

CASTLES — Some visitors spend their entire vacation touring the region's castles. These are some highlights. Chilham Castle, five miles from Canterbury, is really two foundations: a keep from Norman days and a 1616 castle in superb terraced gardens overlooking the valley of the River Stour. On the opposite bank is the grave of a Roman tribune killed when Caesar's army was attacking the hill. In the castle grounds France. It is open every day, except Sunday mornings, and admission is about $1.20.

The salvation of Hever Castle, near Edenbridge, was American money—from William Waldorf Astor, who became a British subject and resolved at the beginning of this century to restore the castle. He built a maze, courtyards, rose gardens and a lake; paintings inside are by Titian and Holbein. The castle was Anne Boleyn's home and here Henry VIII courted her. Within the Henry VIII rooms are Anne's bed and a mirror that belonged to her daughter, Queen Elizabeth I. The best viewing days are Tuesday and Friday afternoons when more rooms are open. (Edenbridge 271-2205). Visitors must pay admission to the gardens, about 60 cents, before they enter the castle for $1.90 more.

HOUSES AND GARDENS — When you have had your fill of castles, try mere mansions and villas. Kent's are distinguished by their antiquity, their architecture or their residents. For antiquity go to the Roman villa at Lullingstone on the bank of the River Darent, near Eynsford. There are baths, splendid mosaics, pagan worship plus Christian emblems and strange swastika designs—1600 years before the Nazis.

Knole (Sevenoaks 53006), near Sevenoaks, and Penshurst Place (Penshurst 307), near Tunbridge Wells, are stately homes par excellence notable for their architecture. Knole dates mostly from the 15th century and includes seven courtyards, 52 staircases and (they say) 365 rooms, as well as 1,000 acres of deer park and 26 acres of gardens. There are paintings by Van Dyck, Reynolds, Holbein, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, and Queen Anne stools and furniture bearing the arms of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.

Henry is ubiquitous in Kent; he spent £770 repairing Knole in 1548, and he took over the massive 900-year-old mansion of Penshurst Place after being invited to dinner there by the Duke of Buckingham. Knole is open Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Saturday and holidays. Penshurst is open in the afternoons, except Monday and Friday.

There are plenty of other places associated with Kent's literary and theatrical past. Canterbury's Marlowe Theater has the same arena has a Cricket Week Aug. 5-11. Allington Castle has a medieval fair and market June 17.

Brands Hatch at Fawkham is a leading track for motor racing. The saloon car championship races are on May 1, vintage and sports car events on May 21 and the British Grand Prix for Formula One cars on July 16.

In the musical world, one of Britain's leading organists, Michael Howard, and a former BBC music executive, Eleanor Warren, have planned Rye Spring Music, a series of concerts and recitals in Kent and Sussex April 25-30. Most of the performances are in the coastal towns of Rye, an old smuggling port, and Hastings. But Cranbrook Church has Bach and Stravinsky in a chamber concert on April 29. Details are available from Janet Howard, 50 Church Square, Rye, Sussex (Rye 3188).

Inevitably, there is the annual Dickens Festival at Broadstairs June 17-24. This year it includes a dramatization of "Oliver Twist" June 19-24, plus Victorian musical evenings June 19-22. Advance information from Miss Smith, Lancaster House, Broadstairs, Kent (Thanet 62853).

BOOKS AND GUIDES — Kent is an area that has provoked poets, playwrights and historians. The dramatic power struggles of Canterbury's past produced Jean Anouilh's play "Becket," first performed in England in 1961, now in paperback for $1.90. An American author, Shelley Madans, has presented the turmoil of the Archbishop in her novel "Thomas" ($1.85).

A poet's passion and a reporter's precision are combined in Richard Church's guide, "Kent," a brilliant parade of characters who shaped the towns and countryside and punctuated by his own assessments of the landscape that remains. About $6. "Kent's Historic Buildings" by William Webb includes castles and mansions, royal residences and garrisons, about $8.50.

These books are usually stocked by the SPCK bookshop in the Canterbury Cathedral precincts. Three others appear on practically every newsstand in the city. "What's On and Where in Kent" is a comprehensive guide to hotels, restaurants, shops and sights for those exploring widely. About 70 cents. When your focus is just Canterbury, you will probably enjoy "Canterbury Cathedral," a 95-cent pamphlet with excellent color plates of the stained glass. A companion paperback at the same price is "The City of Canterbury" by Canon Herbert Waddams.

The tourist information office is at 22 St. Peter's Street, Canterbury (66567) and it has two helpful city trail leaflets at 95 cents each. Free on the shelves is the monthly "Around Canterbury."

FINAL NOTE — The opening and closing times of many establishments are rather eccentric. In many towns, cafes and stores tend to close down on Wednesday or Thursday afternoons; check locally. ■



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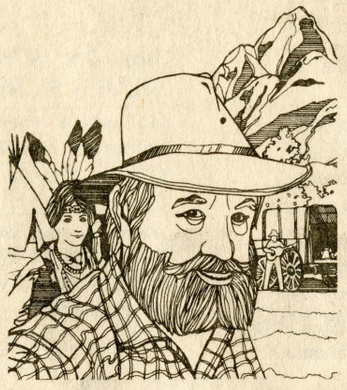

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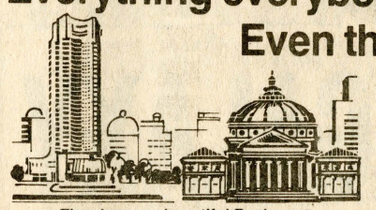

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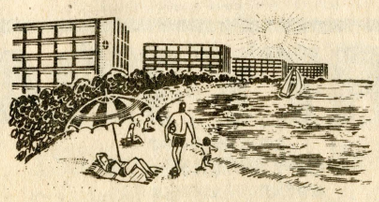

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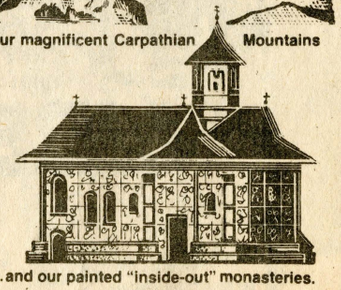

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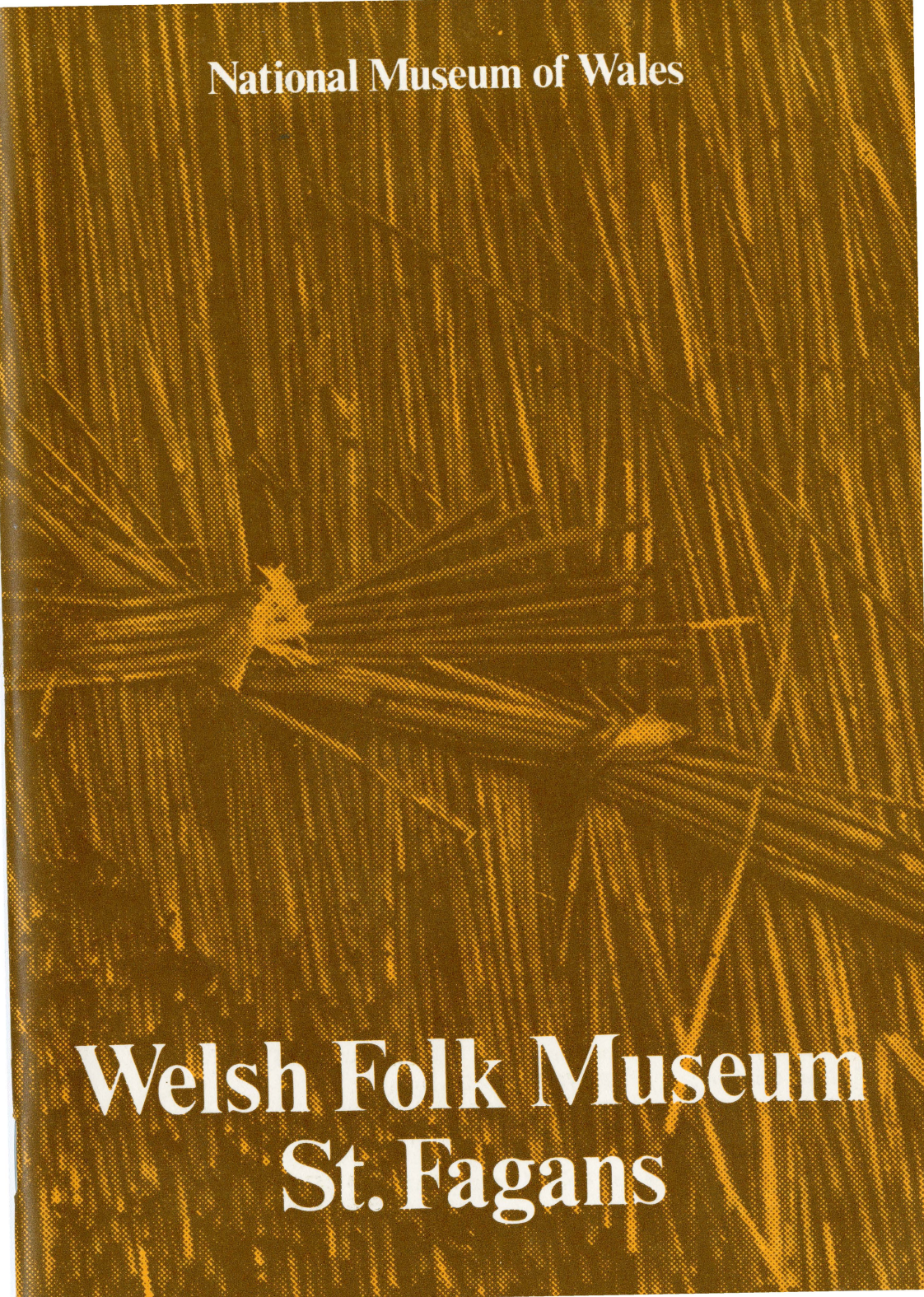

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St. Fagans

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NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES
WELSH FOLK MUSEUM
ST. FAGANS

HANDBOOK

ST. FAGANS
1972

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A gwledig oludoedd sydd ynddi:
Nid mynwent lwyd mohoni
Ond lloches ein hanes ni.

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PREFACE

The Earl of Plymouth's most generous gift of St. Fagans Castle and its grounds made the Welsh Folk Museum possible. This handbook, written by the former Curator, defines the nature and purpose of a folk museum, and describes what may now be seen at St. Fagans. On pages 16–21 and 36–42 the exhibits in the Gallery of Material Culture and in the first part of the Entrance Hall are described. Since the Welsh Folk Museum is new and expanding, and because its further growth depends upon public support, there are sections at the end of the handbook which describe the future developments that are hoped for and the urgent need for funds if they are to be realized.

The Welsh Office (Department of Information) is thanked for permission to reproduce its copyright photograph of weaving and Mr. J. B. Hilling for preparing the map (see inside back cover). Mr. O. Parry Owen is thanked for permitting the use of his *englyn* on page ii.

TREFOR M. OWEN,
Curator

Welsh Folk Museum,
St. Fagans,
April 1972

INTRODUCTORY

In March 1946, the Earl of Plymouth offered St. Fagans Castle, with its gardens and grounds, to the National Museum of Wales as a centre for a Folk Museum, for, as he wrote, a 'much-desired extension' of museum service to the public. When it was brought to Lord Plymouth's notice that to create a national Folk Museum for Wales more land than the eighteen acres included in the gift would ultimately be needed, he arranged for the transfer on very acceptable terms of the eighty acres of St. Fagans Park immediately adjacent to the gardens. Through Lord Plymouth's generosity, therefore, Wales has been provided with approximately one hundred acres of land in situation and character ideal as a site for the development of the Welsh Folk Museum.

WHAT IS A FOLK MUSEUM?

A folk museum represents the life and culture of a nation, illustrating the arts and crafts, and in particular the building crafts, of the complete community, and including in its illustration the activities of the mind and spirit—speech, drama, dance and music—as well as of the hand. Such museums are in two parts: a building for the systematic display of the materials of life and culture, where the research student can study the details of folk life in exhibits emphasizing the evolution and distribution of types, their chronology and many other problems. The environment of the national life is presented in the open-air section. As circumstances enjoin and funds permit, suitable houses of various dates and character, condemned to destruction for a variety of reasons, are rebuilt on the site: craft workshops are brought together and illustrated, until the complex of structures and their fittings presents a picture of the evolution of society covering a period of several hundred years. Furniture and furnishings occupy their rightful place in the houses; carts, ploughs and other implements their place in sheds and barns. This is no imaginary picture: it has been fully achieved on several sites in the Scandinavian countries, where the influence of the folk museum in improving the standard of taste and maintaining the pride of the people in the best traditions of their past has been remarkable. Such a museum, indeed, comes to be a cultural centre of the nation which it serves.

Where a mansion is available in such a museum, it is used as an exhibit to depict the type of life associated with it. St. Fagans Castle and its gardens, therefore, form one of the exhibits in the Welsh Folk Museum.

ST. FAGANS CASTLE: HISTORY

The Castle

The lordship of St. Fagans dates from Norman times. It was bestowed upon Sir Peter le Sor by Robert Fitzhamon, the Norman conqueror of Glamorgan. It was the le Sors who founded the fortress which gave St. Fagans Castle its name. The lordship passed in the 14th century by marriage to the le Veles. Through the marriage of Alice de Vele to David Mathew of Radyr in 1475, St. Fagans came into the possession of this well-known Glamorgan family. By 1560 a part of the manor had come into the possession (probably by purchase) of Dr. John Gibbon of Cefn-tre-Bayn (now known as Pentrebane). It was Gibbon who built the present house (see below). His daughter married into the Herbert family and through this alliance, St. Fagans Castle passed into the hands of Sir William Herbert of Cardiff, and from Herbert, Sir Edward Lewis of the Van, Caerphilly, bought the Castle and estates in 1616. In 1730, his descendant, Elizabeth Lewis, who had succeeded to the St. Fagans possessions, married Other Windsor, third Earl of Plymouth and ninth Baron Windsor. St. Fagans Castle remained in the possession of the Plymouth family from 1730 to 1947.

During the Lewis ownership, the parish became for a brief day (8th May, 1648) notable in the history of Britain when the battle of St. Fagans, between the royalists under General Laugharne and a Parliamentary force under Colonel Horton, was fought to a finish, the royalists being completely routed, and three thousand of their men taken prisoners. This was the most considerable engagement in Wales during the Civil War.

Remains of the 13th-century curtain wall of the medieval castle (from which the present house takes its name) is clearly traceable throughout its course. The house was built within this curtain. The wall has a (modern) archway through which the visitor enters the forecourt of the house: it continues in a sweep southwards on the slope of the knoll on which the house is built and returns between the house and the lower fishpond, the north façade of the house (overlooking the formal garden) completing the enclosure. Part of the foundations of the north-west corner of the wall is visible in the present Tea Room (while the site of another excavated

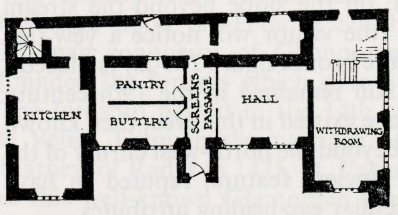
medieval wall is marked in crazy paving in the floor of the Tea Room). The postern (or back door) of the medieval fortress still remains, facing south-west.

To complete our review of the medieval remains, it should be stated that Leland (who visited St. Fagans in the time of Henry VIII) stated that 'ther is yet by the village a chapelle of S. Fagan sumtime the paroch chirch'. This old church stood within the present grounds, on the slope beyond the stream which feeds the fishponds: (the visitor will notice a yew-tree west of the island on which the bronze figure *The Elf* is placed). The ruins of this building still remained in the 19th century when part of St. Fagans village existed in this area, then known as Y Cwm. St. Fagans Well beyond the north-west corner of the lowest fishpond is another ancient feature, reputed to have been a wishing well with peculiar eye-healing attributes.

Leland, writing about 1538, stated: 'The castelle of S. Fagan standith on a litle hille: and a part of it yet standith'. It had evidently fallen into ruin. Rice Lewis, writing about 1596, mentions 'St. Ffagans wherein there is builded a very faire house', while Richard Symonds who visited the Castle in 1645 refers to 'a faire howse within the old walls of a castle called St. Faggins'. The present house, therefore, was built on the ruins of the medieval fortress, the north wall of which was incorporated into its northern façade. The precise date of its building is unknown. It was built by Dr. John Gibbon between 1560 and 1580. The house is a dignified, picturesque and characteristic example of the commodious many-gabled style of the Elizabethan period, containing lofty, well-lighted rooms. Unfortunately it was allowed to fall into disrepair during the first half of the 19th century. In 1847, for instance, both a day school and a Sunday school were housed in the Castle 'which is not occupied at present except by the schoolmaster and his family'. Rooms were often occupied by villagers from time to time while their cottages were being repaired. It is said that the Baroness Windsor of that time never stayed at the Castle when visiting St. Fagans but always put up at the local inn. Down to the middle of the 19th century the Castle grounds extended only to the boundary wall just above the highest of the four fishponds (the wall is still to be seen) nor was the present rose-garden then enclosed, the old boundary wall being that between the rose-garden and the present formal gardens.

The fishponds are typically mid-18th century in style but the terrace parapets between the ponds and the Castle gardens were built in the 1850's when very considerable renovations were made, including the erection of the Tower and of the

Servants' Hall (now the Tea Room). It was during this period that the interior of the house was considerably repaired and the present main staircase probably built. In view of the fact that no old drawings or plans are available, it is difficult to trace with any accuracy the original lay out of the Castle rooms but it appears obvious that the ground floor followed the well-established plan of kitchen + buttery and pantry + hall.



The kitchen (see below) still retains its ancient features, but the buttery-pantry area was converted into domestic offices in the 19th century. The present Exhibition Room is a still later addition, having been built in the 1890's for use as a dining room.

Certain features of architectural and historical interest were introduced into the Castle during the 19th century. The elaborately carved over-mantel in the Hall, bearing the Windsor arms, is of 16th-17th-century date, but it was not until 1730 that the Windsor occupancy began. It is obvious therefore that this over-mantel was introduced at a later period. A map of the Castle environs made in 1850 shows that the magnificent lead cistern now in the forecourt was not then in position.This cistern which is dated 1620 bears in addition to the royal arms a panel bearing the arms of Sir Edward Lewis (but inserted later). The cistern was removed after 1850 probably from the Van, Caerphilly.

It was the practice for many centuries in Wales, and in Glamorgan in particular, to whitewash the walls of houses both great and small. *Muriau gwynion Morgannwg* (the white walls of Glamorgan) have indeed become proverbial, and it is probable that the 16-century 'faire house' was a white house: indeed traces of this colouring were discovered in the work of restoration. The exterior of the house has therefore been whitened to restore it to its original appearance.

THE HOUSE: GROUND FLOOR

The visitor enters through the porch into what was originally the 'screens-passage' with the hall on the right. He should turn left at the end of the passage to begin in the kitchen.

Kitchen

This room has two 16-century fireplaces. At that period the kitchen was strictly a room for the preparation and cooking of food, and kitchens with more than two fireplaces are known.

The kitchen contains material of the 17th and 18th centuries. The later material will be withdrawn when the Museum obtains, with the co-operation of the Welsh public, more specimens of Elizabethan date. The visitor should note the variety of cooking utensils and appliances, notably spits of various types. The weight-driven spits are characteristic of the 18th century. Note also the dog-driven spit, the wheel coming from Cefn Mabli mansion, Glamorgan. The 18th-century 'smoke-jack' driving the spits in the main fireplace was a fixture at St. Fagans Castle. A horizontal vane in the chimney rotates by the action of the uprising hot air from the fire. On both tables are interesting examples of curved bread-knives from Monmouthshire and Glamorgan, used for cutting the large flat wheaten loaves of the period. From the ceiling are suspended a dated 18th-century bacon rack, and a bread crate from Caernarvonshire. The crate held the complete baking of bread which was thus kept free from the depredations of mice. In some instances, such crates were suspended on pulleys and could be lowered as desired. In this case, it was necessary to mount the table to put in or remove the loaves. Other exhibits include holders for rushlights and a gresset for preparing them, and a fine ark-lid chest, dated 1688. The iron-studded door, about 1670, is from Monmouthshire.

Back Hall

In the back hall (from which you enter the kitchen) is shown an 18th-century sedan chair from Glamorgan.

Hall

The Hall, furnished in 17th-century style, was the room where the family and its servants met for meals. It contains several fine pieces of furniture, including an oak box chair, about 1530, from Pembrokeshire; a baluster-turned 'justice's chair', about 1550, from Tre-gib, Carmarthenshire; two buffets, about 1590 and 1630, from Monmouthshire; a two-piece cupboard, of the first quarter of the 17th century, said to have been at one time in Jesus College, Oxford; a *tridarn*, dated 1677, from Harlech, Merioneth (presented in memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jones, Wrexham, by their daughters); a table-chair, of the mid-17th century, from the Gower peninsula; and a dining table, from Plas Gogerddan, Cardiganshire. The finely carved over-mantel (see above, p. 10) bears the arms of the Windsor family. Through the courtesy of Lord Plymouth, a Windsor portrait is shown here: others will be found elsewhere in the house. The walnut chair with

turned rails, about 1650, is from the mid-Wales border. The Welsh Bible is the 1620 edition.

Withdrawing Room The Withdrawing Room (to which the family 'withdrew' for privacy, music, needlework, etc.) is furnished down to about 1720. It is notable for its good oak floor, the coat-of-arms of Lewis of St. Fagans Castle on the over-mantel, and the Flemish-made tapestries (deposited by Lord Plymouth). One of these bears the weaver's name P. VAN DEN HECKE and the mark of the Brussels factory. They are early 18th century and the scenes are copied from paintings by David Teniers (d. 1690). Note also a finely-embroidered screen of the second half of the 17th century from Brogyntyn near Oswestry. The room also contains a chair about 1590 and a writing desk from Chirk Castle, Denbighshire; a table desk dated 1635 from Caernarvon; chairs (including two leather-backed), a chest-of-drawers on stand, and a double stool, all of 17th-century date, from Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire; a 16th-century table and a day-bed from Glamorgan; a triple harp of the first years of the 18th century, formerly belonging to Huw Siôn Prys and Humphrey Humphreys, harpists at Powis Castle, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, and a bracket clock by *Watkin Owen, Llanrwst*, Denbighshire. The virginal, dated 1654, comes from Plas Boduan near Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire, the painting on the lid depicting Apollo charming the beasts with the music of his lyre. Note also a fine veneered corner-cupboard of the late 17th century from Tredegar Park.

Staircase The Staircase, with furniture and tapestries on its landings and a brass chandelier about 1720 from Aberthin, near Cowbridge, Glamorgan, is of 19th-century date.

THE HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR

Long Gallery The Long Gallery extends from the main staircase to the back staircase.

Long galleries, which were normal features of Elizabethan mansions, were used for a variety of purposes, including the display of tapestries, pictures and furniture. When the Museum possesses more furniture of the 17th century it is hoped to refurnish the gallery with greater homogeneity than at present. The visitor should note a side-table from Tredegar Park; a chest on stand, dated 1734, a tallboy and two inlaid chests from Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire; and a cupboard with drawers, a chest of drawers, and chairs from the Castle itself and from Tredegar Park; a pier-glass

in black lacquer frame, early 18th century, from Glamorgan; two mirrors, 18th-century, from the Heath, Cardiff, and Dunraven Castle, Glamorgan; a late 18th-century settle from Carmarthenshire; a long-case clock about 1775 by *David Parry, Carmarthen*, from Cardiganshire. Note also a fine linen cupboard dated 1717 from Anglesey. The tapestries shown here are of the late 17th century, made in the Mortlake factory; they depict scenes from the legend of Calisto and Diana from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Here, too, are shown portraits of Elizabeth Lewis, Countess of Plymouth (d. 1733), and her husband Other, the third Earl, through whose marriage in 1730 St. Fagans passed into Plymouth ownership. A portrait is also shown of William Williams, *Wil Penmorfa*, the blind family-harpist of Tre-gib, Carmarthenshire.

Dining Room The Dining Room, of the 1860's. All the contents of this room were generously presented by the Misses Bythway of Pontypool, in memory of their father and brother. The room represents the dining room of Glantorvaen House, Pontypool, and includes a sideboard with mirror, dining table with chairs, console with mirror, wine-cooler, an epergne sarcophagus of mahogany, a six-light gas chandelier, marble fireplace, clock, pictures, japanned ware and other bric-à-brac. All the furniture was made for the room in the 1860's by Trapnell of Bristol and Newport.

Bedroom The 17th-century Bedroom has a carved frieze about 1620, an over-mantel dated 1635, and oak panelling painted at a later date. The tapestries, late 17th century, were probably woven at Lille. The oak chest, about 1590, restored about 1670, comes from Pontypool, Monmouthshire. The bedstead, originally in St. Fagans Castle and deposited by Lord Plymouth, is much restored and has been widened. The bed-hangings, consisting of four curtains and six valances, are reproductions of embroidery work of about 1670. The bedspread, with embroidery of the second half of the 17th century, comes from Coed-coch, Abergele, Denbighshire.

Library With the exception of the carpet (made by members of the Powis family of Powis Castle, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire), the centre table (from Hendre Ifan Goch, Bridgend, Glamorgan), the clock by John Thackwell, Cardiff (1740–1830) (from Cardiff Castle), the side table (from Glamorgan), and the books (principally from the National Library of Wales), all the contents of this room were generously deposited by the late Miss Margaret Brodrick and represent the furnishings of the library at Coed-coch, Abergele, Denbighshire. The bookcase, library steps, chairs, and settee belong to the

first decade of the 19th century, and the portraits of John Lloyd Wynne (over the fireplace) and his wife (shown seated on the settee exhibited below the portrait) were painted in 1811. The library furniture was made for John Lloyd Wynne. The wall-maps include one of north Wales by John Evans, 1795. The marble bust of John Lloyd Wynne, junior, is by John Gibson, R.A., and is later. The painting of John Wynne, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph and of Bath and Wells, is about 1730.

Parlour The Parlour furnished in 17th-century style also has a carved frieze inscribed *E B L/1624* (for Sir Edward Lewis and his wife Blanche). The iron fireback inscribed *EL/1620* bears the Lewis arms. Two of the tapestries depicting scenes from paintings by David Teniers (d. 1690) were probably woven at the Soho factory under the supervision of John Vanderbank (d. 1727); the third was probably woven at Lille in the 17th century. Note the fine veneered walnut cabinet with ivory and tortoise-shell decoration, of about 1680, from Cardiff, and hanging shelves about 1630 from Chirk Castle, Denbighshire. The *cwpwrdd tridarn* (1695) is from Caernarvonshire, the table dated 1699 from Coed Coch, Abergele, Denbighshire, and the pair of cane-backed chairs from Tredegar Park. The child's chair is from south Wales.

Bedroom The 18th-century Bedroom has painted panelling above which is a finely carved frieze about 1620. The bed, about 1710–20, is from Cors-y-gedol, Merionethshire. The chest, in the north-window recess, and inscribed *Sarah Ward/her chest/1722*, is of about 1670, the inscribed panel having been inserted in 1722. Note also a fine walnut-veneered chest of drawers and an unusual pair of cane-backed chairs, about 1720, from Tredegar Park. The stone mantel, dated 1583, was originally at Tŷ Mawr, Whitchurch, Glamorgan. The painting above it is said to be of a hunt near Ruperra Castle. The tapestries, of the end of the 17th century, bear the mark of the Mortlake factory. They form part of a series illustrating the legend of Calisto and Diana from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

GARDENS AND GROUNDS

These illustrate the spacious setting of the nobleman's life and should be considered by the visitor as part of the exhibit. The visitor will note, on entering, the 18th-century gates and the cedars of Lebanon. The formal garden immediately north of the house has interesting examples of topiarian work. The cherub figures leading to the fountain are of late 18th-century

date. Beyond the fountain garden is the mulberry grove; east of the fountain garden a path leads past a herb garden (surrounded by a yew hedge) in the direction of the rose-garden. At its entrance is a pair of finely-wrought iron gates, about 1900, possibly of Italian workmanship; they lead to the bronze figure *Joyance*, the work of Sir William Goscombe John, R.A. The vinery and flower-house are situated between the rose-garden and the mulberry grove. In season, grapes are available for purchase and flowers are also for sale from time to time. In the grounds west of the terraces and beyond the fishponds (which are stocked with carp, bream, and tench as they would have been in the 17th century) the visitor will note several fine specimen trees. To the north of the fishponds on an island, *The Elf*, a bronze by Sir William Goscombe John, R.A., should be noted. The head gardener is Mr. T. Dimond.

CRAFT

Part of the purpose of the Folk Museum is to bring together craft workshops illustrating the traditional Welsh crafts: in these, craftsmen will produce their wares which will be available for sale to the public. At the present time, two such crafts are exhibited, the craftsmen working temporarily in rooms in, or adjoining, the stable-yard. They will be housed in re-erected workshops as soon as circumstances permit. In addition, all the processes of the rural woollen industry are demonstrated in the Esgair Moel Factory (see p. 45).

Wood Turner The Wood-Turner (in a work-room off the stable-yard), Mr. Gwyndaf Breese (from Aberangell, Merioneth), trained at the Welsh Folk Museum, works on the traditional pole-lathe and also on a modern electrical lathe. With him works an assistant, Mr. David Jones (from Bwlch-llan, Cards.). The bowls produced are based on traditional designs. He also produces spoons and ladles. Apart from the sycamore exclusively used for spoon- and ladle-making and for certain traditional types of bowls, the woods used are oak, yew, walnut, and certain fruit woods. The turner's wares are for sale: enquiries should be made at his shop.

Basket-Maker The Basket-Maker. His materials are slats of hazel and other woods, green, buff and peeled withes. In addition to the traditional oval baskets he makes various other types, all of which are for sale: enquiries should be made of him.

Textile-worker, see p. 46.

NEW MUSEUM BUILDINGS

Plans have been prepared by the Museum architects (Sir Percy Thomas and Son) for new buildings to house the administrative offices, library, archive and workrooms, and exhibition galleries, storerooms, restaurant and museum shop. A further development will be a theatre and educational unit. Work on the first half of the first stage has been completed and the administrative offices, library, archive and workrooms, together with the north exhibition block and part of the storage block have now been occupied.

Work on the second half of the first stage of construction is at present in progress. This is estimated to cost about £250,000. It will include the south exhibition block (with a colonnaded open gallery below for agricultural vehicles, etc.), the entrance hall, a textiles gallery, a restaurant, shop, etc. Until this contract has been undertaken and completed, visitors are asked to exercise patience in the matter of inadequate facilities: these are matters beyond the Museum's control. Public conveniences have been provided near the main ticket office.

THE GALLERY OF MATERIAL CULTURE

This gallery is the first of a series planned for the exhibition of Welsh folk life material. In it are shown objects illustrating aspects of the domestic, social, and cultural life of Wales.

The House: Fabric and Furniture

A small selection is shown. On the right-hand side of the entrance are two oak screens. The unpainted screen dated 1583 was made for the hall of Plas Newydd, St. Asaph, Flintshire. Plas Newydd was built by Ffwc or Ffulk ap Robert whose name is carved on the screen. The painted screen, dated 1574 came from Rhiwlas, Bala, Merioneth. It illustrates the fashion of decorating house interiors at that period. The long oak table is also from Merioneth: it was made for the Vaughan family of Nannau, Llanfachreth, in the 16th century. Several types of furniture, characteristic of Wales, are shown: the two-piece and three-piece cupboards, and examples of north, south, and mid-Wales dressers. Fine pieces made mostly by unknown craftsmen are also shown. The side table with pedestals and urns immediately facing the entrance was designed by Robert Adam for Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn; the oil painting above it of Treworgan near Raglan, Monmouthshire, dates from the late 18th century and should be compared

with the existing house.[1] In the centre of the section are exhibited a cabinet, bureau and two chests; the lacquer cabinet bearing the coat of arms of Charles I and (probably at first in the Palace of Whitehall) comes from Glansevern, Berriew, Montgomeryshire. It illustrates the influence of Chinese fashion on furniture in Britain. To the left of the doorway is an 18th-century mantel-piece brought from London to Plas Llangoedmor, Cardiganshire, on horseback in the early 19th century, in the over-mantel panel is an oil painting, said to be the work of the Dutch artist, Thomas Wyck (1616–77).

Cooking

A selection of the Museum's extensive collection of kitchen utensils and appliances is shown. The first panel is devoted to the equipment used in the preparation of oatcakes, formerly an important item in the diet of country people. Oatmeal formed the basis of numerable dishes such as *uwd*, *llymru*, *bwdran*, etc., as well as oatcakes. Oatcakes in turn were often ground with a wooden roller to form the basis of such dishes as *picws mali* (or *siot*) and *briwes*. There were two types of oatcakes: the thin type spread with butter and eaten with or instead of bread; and a thicker variety designed for crushing. Recipes for oatcakes varied from district to district, but the most general recipe given by Mair Morris in *Bwydydd Cymreig* (1956) was as follows:—

3 tablespoons of boiling water
½ tablespoon of bacon fat
4 tablespoons of fine oatmeal
Pinch of salt

Melt the bacon fat in water, mix with oatmeal.
Spread out and knead well.
Roll out thinly and cut into circles.
Bake on moderately hot bakestone or a thick frying pan for ten minutes.

In some areas, it was believed that better oatcakes were made if the rolling were done with the palm of the hand or the bare forearm rather than with a rolling pin.

The open fire was the main cooking agent in the Welsh home and a selection of appliances, ranging from cranes to dangle spits and from clockwork jacks to standing toasters are shown. Baking was done in an earthenware (or later iron) oven; cooking utensils were suspended over the fire on cranes and tilters. For the actual preparation of food a wide variety of locally-made utensils was used; only a small proportion of

[1] See the Welsh Folk Museum publication *Monmouthshire Houses*.

the collection is shown here. In addition, some of the early mechanical aids in the preparation of food are also shown, including an 'Improved meat and vegetable chopper' and a potato-peeling machine.

Dairying

Butter and cheese were made in most Welsh farmhouses. Some of the equipment used for the processing of milk is shown. Cows were often milked in the open air and coopered vessels were used for carrying the milk to the dairy, where it was emptied into stone or lead pans for separating. The cream could be separated with a skimmer or in mechanical separating-machines, which became common in many farm dairies during the last quarter of the 19th century. An example from Llanwenog, Cardiganshire, is shown. Butter churns varied in design, but there were three main types. In the first, the churn, resembling a coopered bucket was swung by hand from side-to-side until the butter was made. A more advanced method of swinging was in the rocker churn, which was operated by rocking the rectangular box backwards and forwards like a cradle. The second method of churning was by means of a plunger churn where a perforated disc was plunged upwards and downwards through the cream. In the box churns, seen against the end wall, and in the churn attached to the dog wheel, multi-bladed wooden fans were made to agitate the cream. The third type of churn was barrel-shaped: here the whole churn was revolved. Dairy equipment was produced by the so-called 'white coopers' who practised their trade in most market towns; the most notable cooperage being that of 'G. Llewellin' at Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, who earned a considerable reputation as a maker of dairy equipment. An 'end-over-end' churn and a butter-working table produced by the Llewellin Churn Works are shown. Although on most farms, churns were hand-operated, the process was mechanised by connecting the churn to a water wheel or 'horse-power'. One ingenious method of mechanising became common in north-west Wales, where the churn was connected to a large wheel, driven by a chained dog that pawed the inclined wheel to revolve it. An example from Caernarvonshire is shown.

Butter prints and moulds bearing floral and animal motifs were produced in many designs and the products of each individual farm could be recognized by the print on its butter; prints were almost a trade mark, and some even carried the name of the farm. Many of the dairy hand-tools, made of sycamore, which may be seen above the butter-working table, were made by a remarkable Cardiganshire turner, William Rees of Henllan. Sycamore was greatly favoured for making

dairy equipment, for it is one of the few timbers that does not taint foodstuffs.

Laundering

In the washing and preparation of linen, there have been great changes during the past hundred years. The ponderous box-mangle with its huge chest weighted with stones and moved to and fro on rollers by turning a handle was widely advertised during the last quarter of the 19th century. A variety of early washing machines, dating from the early 20th century are also shown in the exhibition, while in the case on the right-hand side may be seen an evolutionary sequence of flat irons, ranging from a simple iron to a gas-fired example. Glass calenders were widely used for smoothing linen. In the days when women wore caps and bonnets, gofferers were necessary for fluting or crimping lace trimmings. The simplest form of gofferer was a small metal bar (*cwic*) which was warmed and used for fluting, while a more advanced version of the *cwic* was the box gofferer or 'Italian iron'. In this the fully-heated bar was thrust into a tubular case fixed horizontally on an iron stand. The wooden goffering stack was widely used throughout Wales, and in this, damp lace or linen was fixed in a zig-zag manner in between the wooden quills. The loaded gofferer was then placed in front of the open fire and removed after drying. The small mangle-like table crimping-machine marked the last stage in the evolution of crimping and goffering equipment.

Heraldry

Some examples of Welsh heraldic material are shown on the panel in the centre of the gallery. On the bottom right-hand side of the panel is a framed series of the arms of the fifteen tribes of north Wales, of late 17th-century date. The pedigree roll on the left is of the Jones family of Llwyn Rhirid, Forden, Montgomeryshire. The pedigree records the ancestors and collaterals of John ap Mathew. The roll was prepared in 1638 by James Dunn. The oak panel at the top is carved with the arms of the Rt. Rev. John Williams, D.D. (1582–1650) as Bishop of Lincoln. Williams was a native of Aberconwy, Caernarvonshire, and became Dean of Salisbury (1619), Dean of Westminster (1620), Bishop of Lincoln (1621), and Archbishop of York (1641–50).

Lighting

The development of lighting appliances during the present century has been so phenomenal that it is difficult to realize that as late as the 1890's rushlights and tallow candles were widely used throughout Wales for domestic lighting. The manufacture of these was very much a part of the household routine of most country homes. Rushes were gathered in the height of summer and the peel, with the exception of a narrow supporting strip, removed before the pith was drawn through

scalding grease until saturated. The light provided by the rushlight was small: the rushlight, due to its length and lack of rigidity had to be supported in a special holder, of which several types are shown. Tallow candles, made by dipping cotton strands in melted fat or by moulding, had to have constant attention by snuffing, for the old type of wick did not burn away by itself. Snuffers were used as far back as the 15th century and while ordinary snuffers were of steel or brass, the best were of silver or Sheffield plate. When a plaited wick was introduced the burning end curled in and snuffers became unnecessary.

The equipment for obtaining a light also has a long history. Before the introduction of matches, the most common piece of equipment for fire-lighting was the tinder box. A flint was struck against a piece of steel so that sparks fell on the tinder in the box. The tinder was then blown upon until it burst into flame. A sulphur match was then used to light the appliance. Although friction matches were devised as early as 1826, they replaced the tinder box in Wales only very slowly. Various types of matches ranging from 'Congreves' to 'Vestas' became increasingly available in the towns during the 19th century and a selection of the types is shown. From the end of the 19th century too, oil lamps became popular in the countryside and many types developed.

Arms A selection of arms, ranging from cross-bows to muskets and from rapiers to duelling pistols are exhibited. In the case illustrating pistols may be seen a rare pair of silver-mounted and silver-inlaid pistols by Smith of London, dating from about 1730. A 16th-century wheel-lock pistol represents the earliest type, which was first made at Nuremberg in 1515. Sixteenth-century pistols were imported from the continent, but by 1625 pistols were being made in Britain. The earliest types used were the matchlock, in which the charge was ignited by a slow match of burning tow; the flintlock, in which the charge was fired by the friction of a piece of flint against steel; and the wheel-lock where the piece of flint held by a spring was in contact with a serrated steel wheel. The discovery of chemical substances which exploded spontaneously when struck between two hard surfaces gave rise to the detonating pistol. These percussion pistols became common after about 1820 and an interesting and unusual example is 'Captain Ritso's patent' with a triple-loading system. The 'duck's foot' pistol exhibited, a type widely used by sea captains for quelling mutinies, was made by William Jones of London in 1812.

Among the shotguns is a 16th-century air-gun using compressed air for firing. One of the most notable 19th century gunsmiths was Joseph Manton (1760–1835). The fine Manton sporting-gun exhibited was made by him in 1817. A blunderbuss of about 1800 is also shown: this was used on stage coaches and with the 'riot gun' beside it, the shot discharged from it spread widely. The seven-barrelled rifle in a case was made by another well-known gun maker, William Smith of London, between 1810 and 1827.

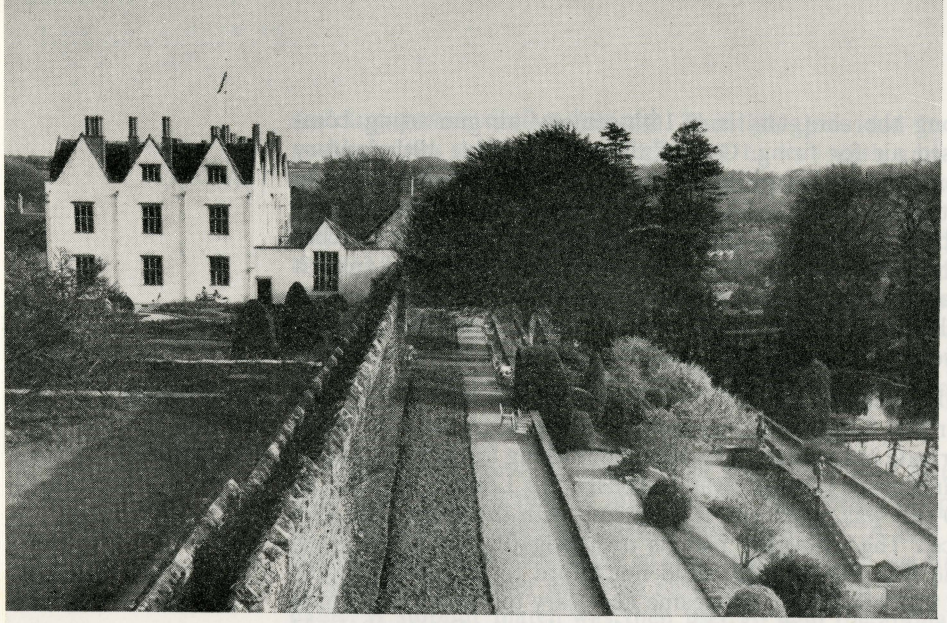
Fire-Fighting and Law and Order

Until the early 19th century fire-fighting was mainly a private affair and fire brigades were operated by insurance companies or private individuals. The first undertaking formed to transact fire insurance business was established in London in 1667. In 1680 this was made into a Company with the name 'The Fire Office'. The Company had its own brigade, but it was soon found that the brigade could not afford to extinguish all the fires that broke out. It became necessary to mark every house which the Fire Office had insured, so that the fire mark could be a guide to the Company's policies. Other companies followed the practice and until about 1800 each company had its own fire brigade. They issued their own fire-marks which had to be purchased by the person insured for nailing on the outside of his premises. The manual fire-engine exhibited dates from 1786 and was used at Ruthin, Denbighshire.

Until the formation of police forces during the last half of the 19th century, the maintenance of law and order was also a private and local affair and the justice meted out was often rough. The Schedule of Sentences at the Glamorgan Summer Assize of 1831 on the back wall of this section gives an indication of the stiff sentences passed for petty pilfering, and sheep stealing. Numbers 12 and 14 in the list, Lewis Lewis (*Lewsyn yr Heliwr*) and Richard Lewis (*Dic Penderyn*) were found guilty of high treason after being arrested for their part in the Merthyr riots of 1831, and condemned to be hanged, but Lewsyn was reprieved and transported to Australia.

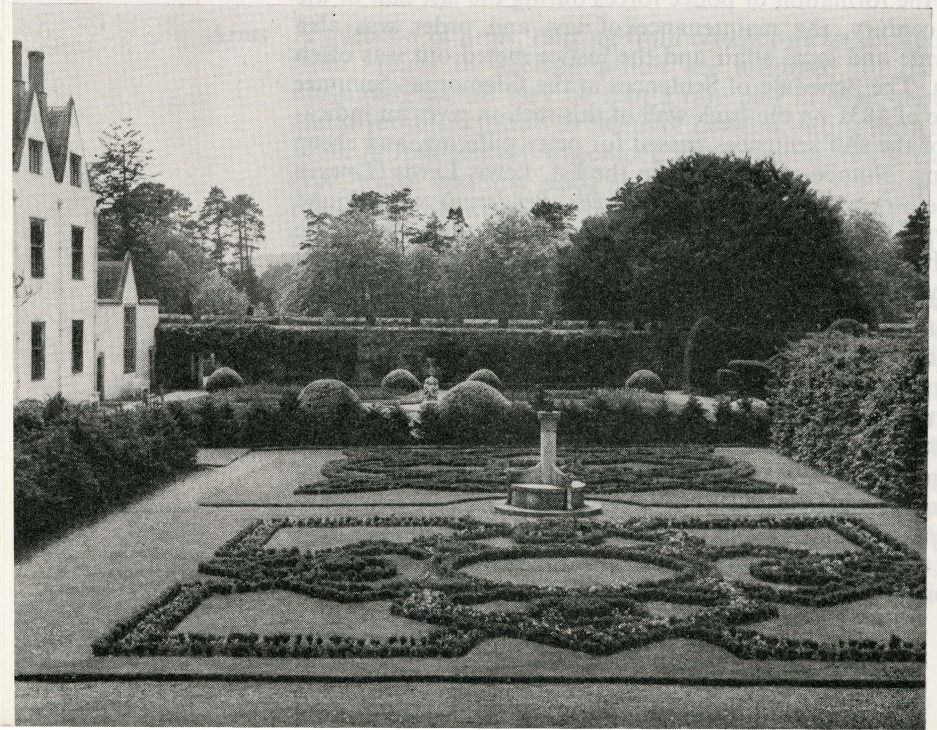
The stocks are the Dolgellau town stocks last used in the 1860's for the punishment of a man charged with drunkenness. Stocks were widely used in Wales from early medieval times for the correction of petty misdemeanours such as vagrancy, begging, and drunkenness.

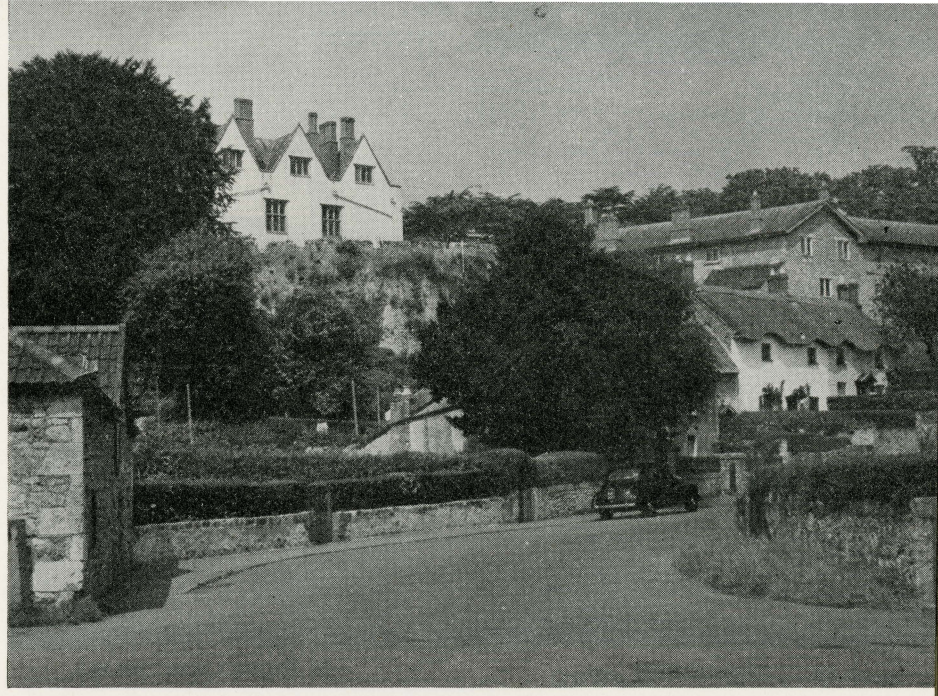
For gossips, a metal bridle, which prevented the movement of the tongue had to be worn: poachers and others who trespassed over private land were likely to be caught in a lethal man-trap. Both an ordinary and a so-called 'humane' man-trap are exhibited.



St. Fagans Castle: view from the north

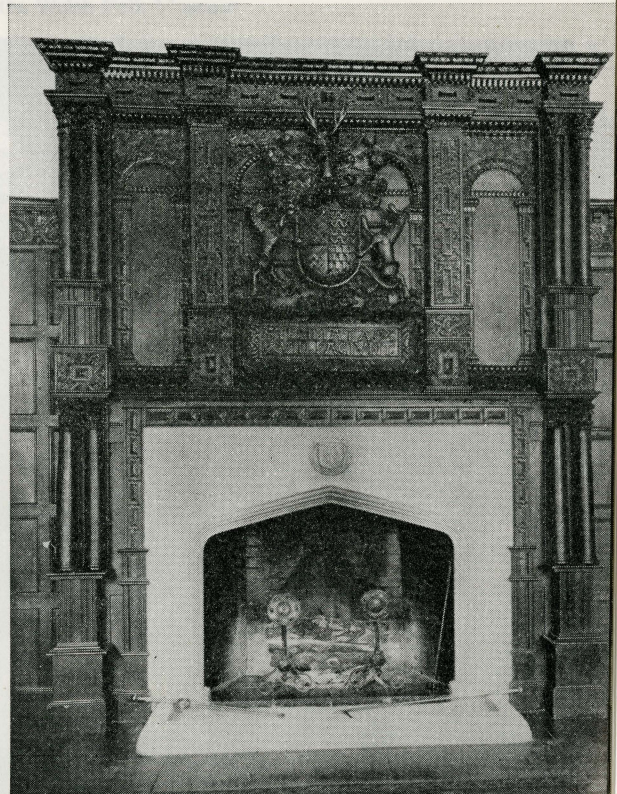
St. Fagans Castle: the knot garden

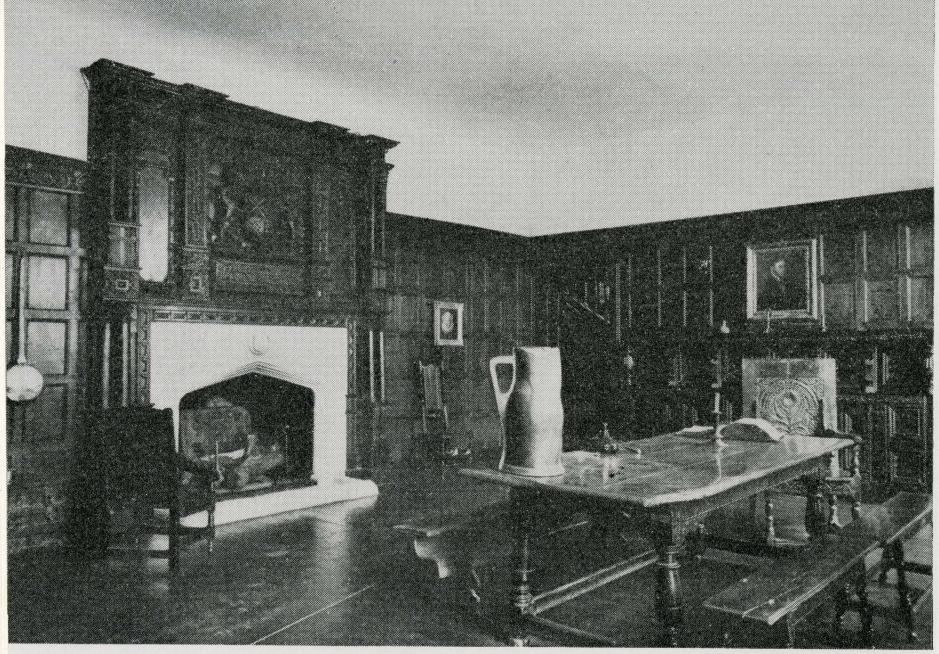




St. Fagans Castle and part of the village

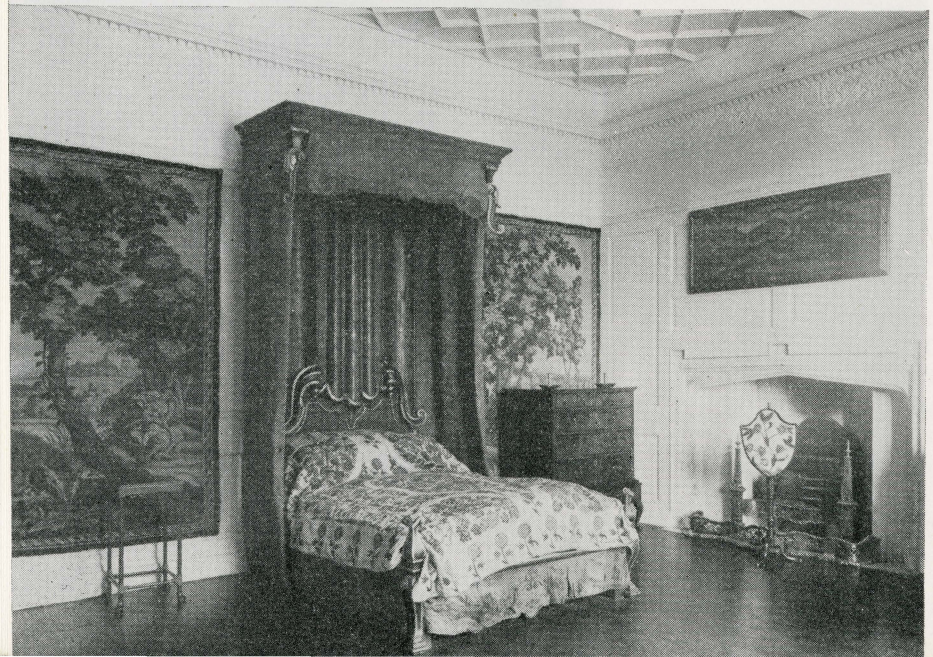
St. Fagans Castle: the hall fireplace

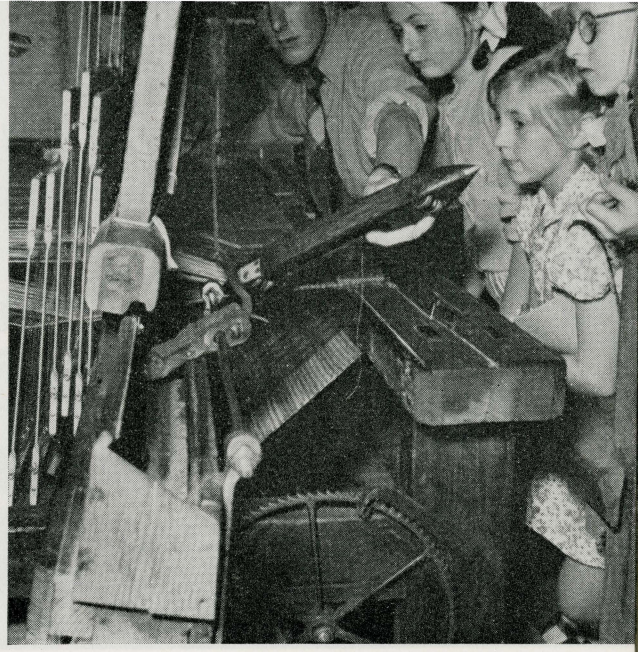




St. Fagans Castle: the hall

St. Fagans Castle: 18th-century bedroom





Weaving at the Welsh Folk Museum

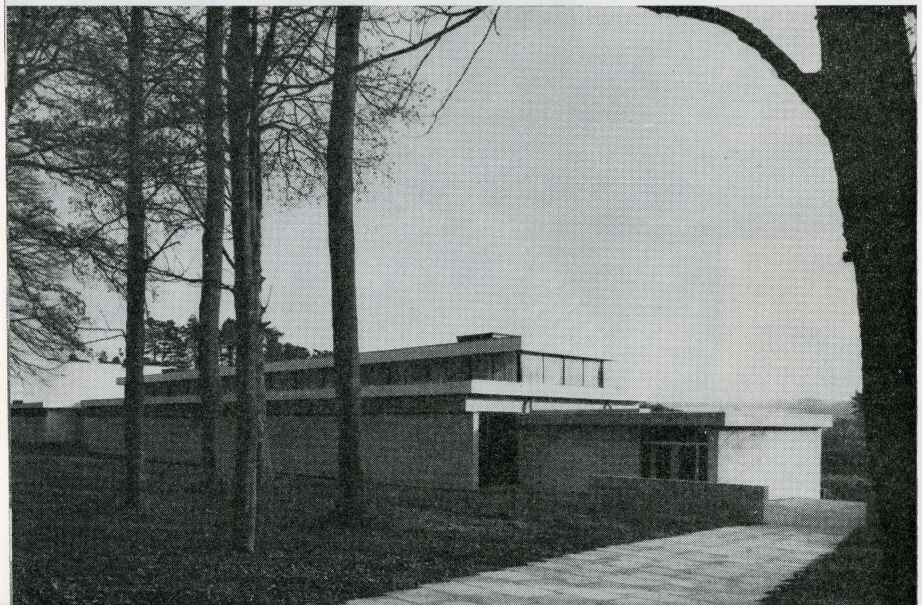
Wood-turnery made at the Welsh Folk Museum





Welsh Folk Museum: administrative block

Welsh Folk Museum: the first gallery block





The Stryt Lydan barn

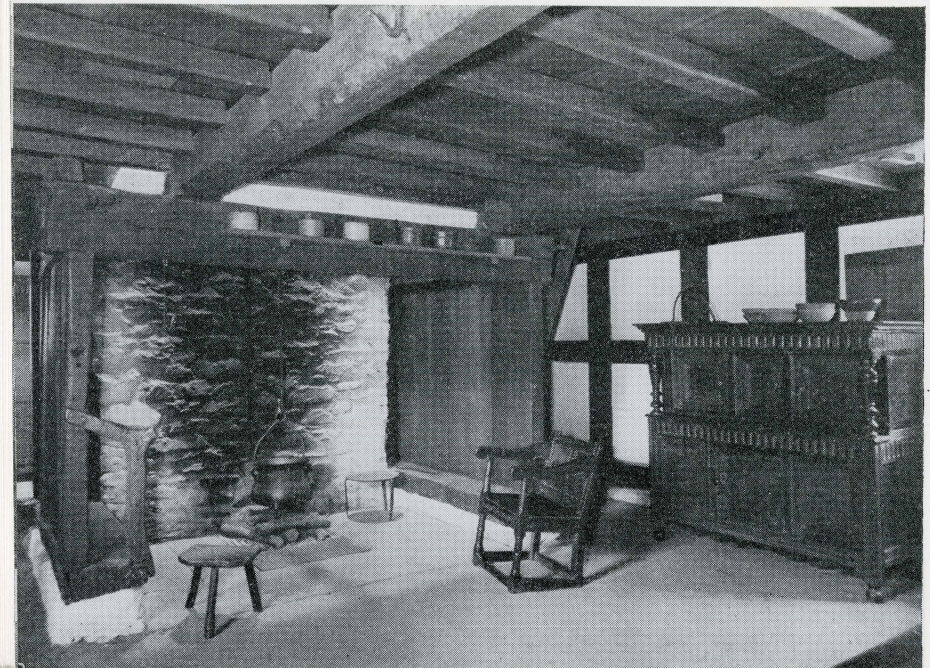
Esgair Moel woollen factory

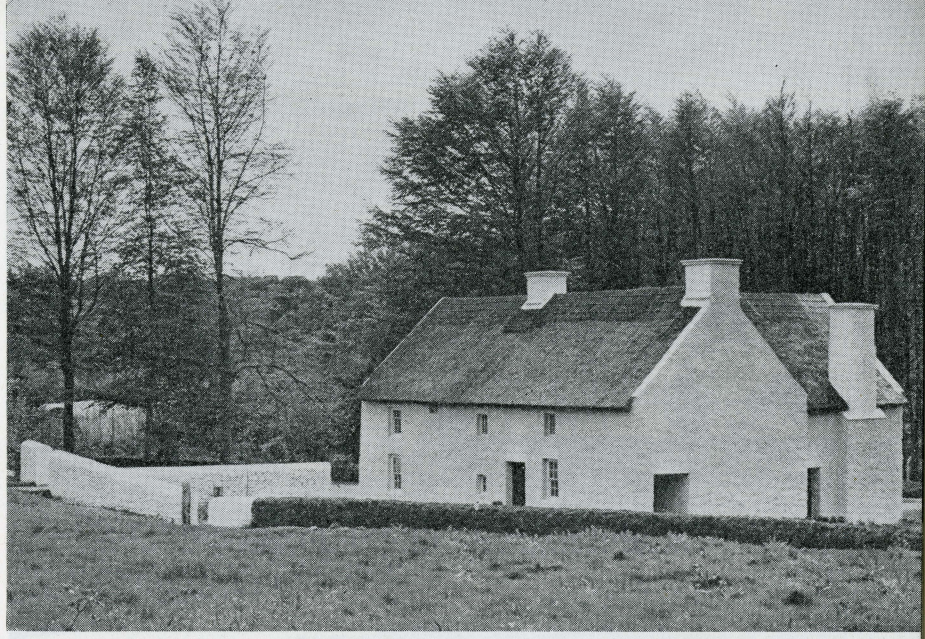




Abernodwydd Farmhouse

Abernodwydd Farmhouse: living room

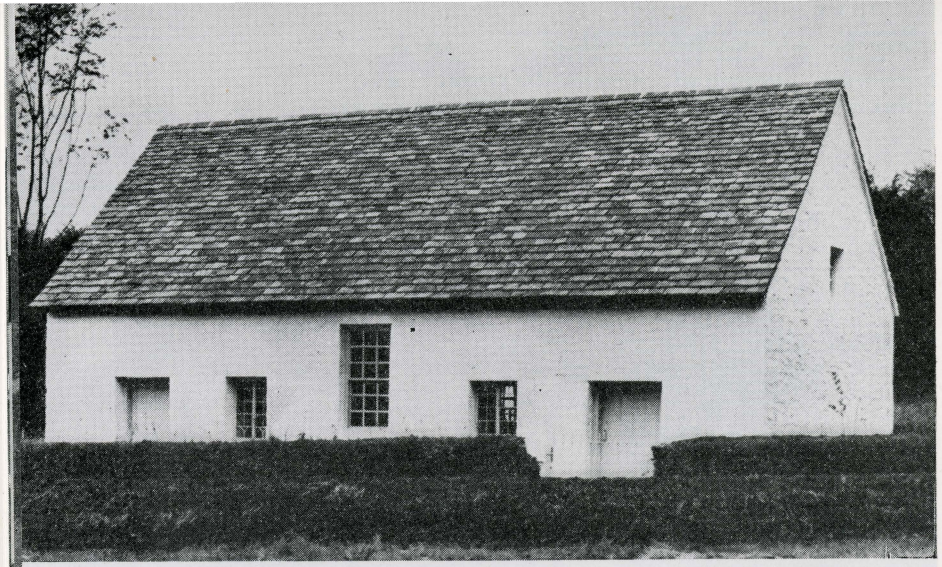




Kennixton Farmhouse

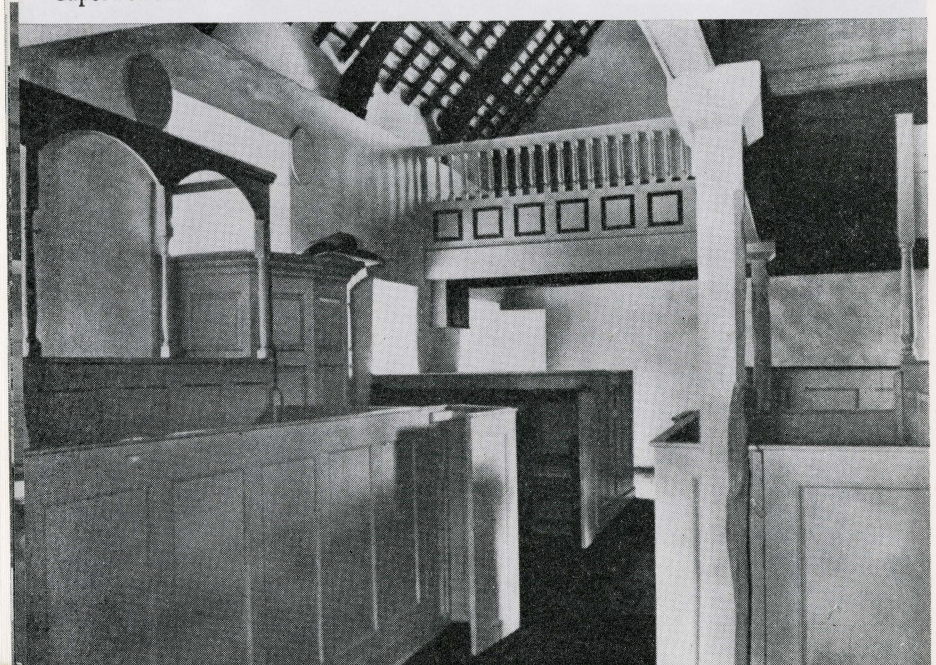
Kennixton Farmhouse: a bedroom





Capel Pen-rhiw

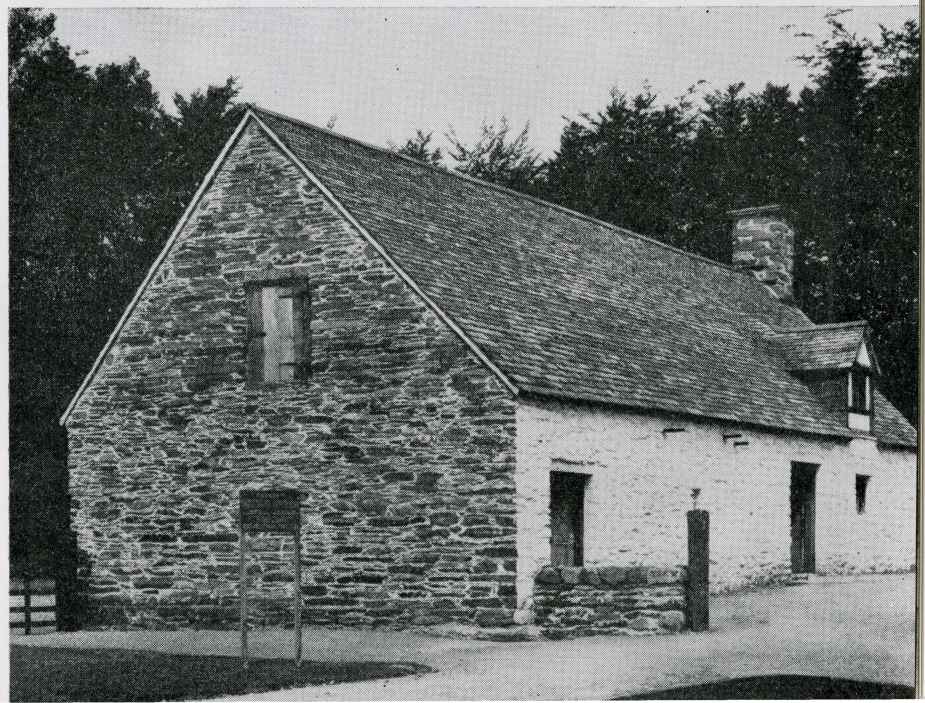
Capel Pen-rhiw: interior

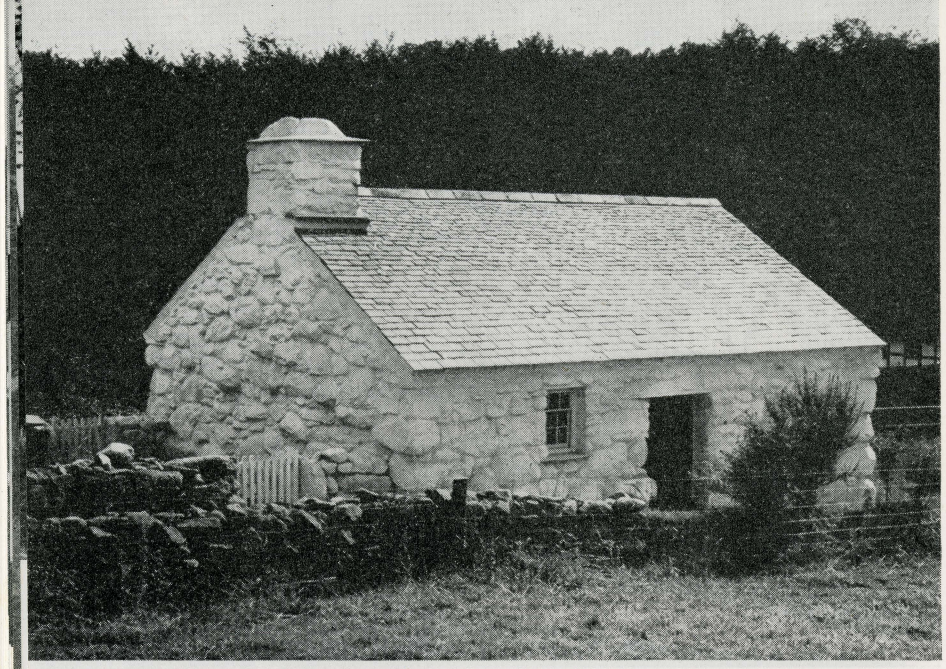




Hendre'r-ywydd Uchaf Farmhouse

Cilewent Farmhouse

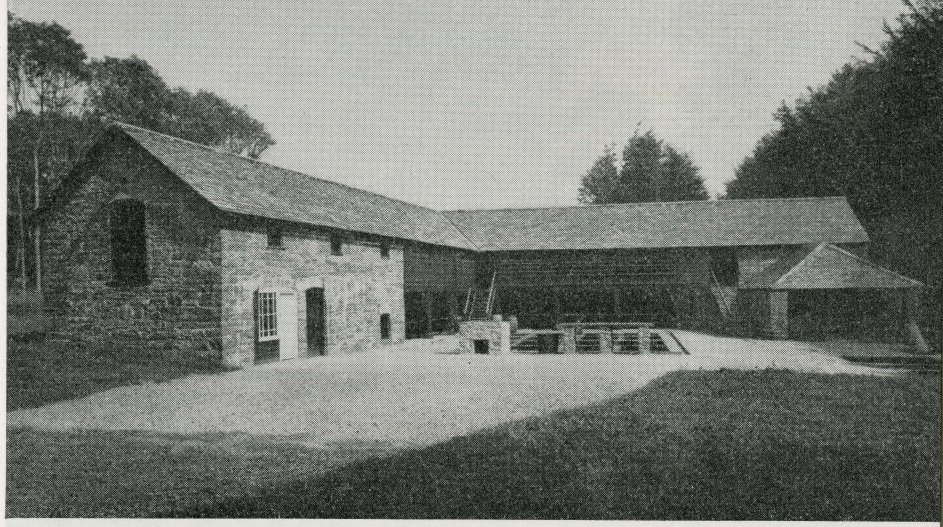




Llainfadyn: cottage

Gipsy caravan





The Rhayader Tannery

The Rhayader Tannery: currier's bench





Tollgate House

Tollgate House: interior





The Cockpit

The Cockpit: interior



Among the material illustrating corporate life is the mace of the now defunct Borough of Kenfig in Glamorgan. This was a mediaeval borough abolished by Act of Parliament in 1883. From the 13th century onwards, Kenfig was gradually overwhelmed by blown sand, the ancient site being abandoned in the 17th century. The maces of the Borough of Kidwelly are also shown.

Folklore Many of the objects shown here were associated with festivals and saints' days, while others commemorate elemental human occasions. Many of these customs have ceased to exist and the material objects associated with them are all that remain to remind us of their former importance. The first case is devoted to customs associated with birth and death—memorial sheets, cards and plates, together with early birthday cards. An interesting item in the wall case on the right-hand side of the section is a caul (*breithell*) known as 'The Veil of Good Fortune'. Infrequently a baby comes into the world with a thin translucent tissue, a fragment of the amniotic membrane still covering its head. The caul was preserved as a talisman and a protective against drowning and was in great demand by sailors. The possessor of a caul was also said to see ghosts and be able to talk to them, while a person born with a caul was said to have the ability to tell fortunes.

Several customs also grew around courtship and marriage, the most widespread being the sending of cards on St. Valentine's Day (14th February) a custom of considerable antiquity. A selection of Welsh Valentines is shown in the second case. The Museum possesses a large collection of love spoons, of which several are shown here. The spoons were carved by young men for presentation to their sweethearts. The earliest spoon in the Museum collection is dated 1667. Some of the early spoons were copies of silver spoons but generally the love-spoon was a conventionalized elaboration. It became important not to carve a serviceable spoon, but one which manifested the carver's art. Some of the best examples of carving are, therefore, functionally the most ludicrous. A pocket-knife was generally the only implement used by the carver and being a personal token of love such spoons were never associated with any craft and never mass-produced.

The *Mari Lwyd* custom was formerly widespread through Wales but during the past two hundred years became associated mainly with south Wales. A horse's skull covered with a white sheet and adorned with coloured ribbons, papers and streamers was placed on a man's head, the sheet draped to conceal his body completely. He was led at the head of a small

procession during Christmas and New Year festivities. The man worked the jaw bone of the skull while moving from house to house. All doors in the locality were closed and barred when it was known that the *Mari Lwyd* had begun her itinerary. The procession having stopped before a house, the supporters of *Mari Lwyd* sang their request :

Wel dyma ni'n dwad
Gyfeillion diniwad
I ymofyn am gennad
I ganu.

O tapwch y faril
Gollyngwch yn rhigil
Na fyddwch ry gynnil
I ganwyr.

A rhyming dialogue ensued and finally *Mari Lwyd* and her companions were allowed to enter the house. Feasting and drinking from the wassail bowl followed. The two earthenware bowls shown were made at the well-known Ewenni pottery, near Bridgend, Glamorgan, one being early 19th century in date and the other early 20th century.
The wren house decorated with streamers and ribbons was associated with a Pembrokeshire custom, although this, too, was formerly widespread in Wales. A live wren was hunted and then placed in the house to be taken round in procession at Christmas.

Harvest customs are represented in the last case. The 'Harvest Mare' or 'Corn Maiden' represents a custom known throughout Europe. Welsh examples plaited in the manner of a mare's tail can be contrasted with the more elaborate 'cages' or 'dollies' characteristic of the border counties of England.

Friendly Societies

Friendly Societies developed in most parts of Wales between about 1790 and 1850. In many districts, they became a necessary element in the life of working people. By means of voluntary association and regular contributions to a common fund, members achieved companionship, a convivial feast day, medicine, and money towards the bare necessities of life when they fell sick or grew old and a decent burial when they died. Most of the early societies were small, independent of each other and locally sponsored: material relating to these local societies is shown in the wall case. The establishment of these local societies was encouraged by the Act for the Encouragement of Friendly Societies in 1793. After that date, hundreds of societies were established and they flourished throughout the 19th century. Some were disbanded after the passing of Lloyd George's National Insurance Act of 1911, and

in recent years many of their duties have been undertaken by the 'Welfare' State.

In addition to locally organized societies, the national orders such as the Oddfellows, Foresters, and Ancient Britons also flourished in Wales. Some such as the Ivorites were Welsh in origin; others like the Buffaloes and the Moose were founded in North America. Temperance Societies like the Rechabites and Good Templars were to be found in many parts of the country, especially after the religious revivals. In addition to providing mutal aid for their members in old age, sickness, and death, they were social welfare organizations of considerable importance. The members of many friendly societies walked in procession to church or chapel for the annual service, led by the president, secretary, and treasurer, followed by the stewards of the club carrying a silk banner. After the service, the annual dinner was held.

Sports and Games

On the first panel, examples of equipment used in such games as bando, quoits and tennis are shown. Bando, a rough, vigorous game was particularly popular in Glamorgan and in other counties, and the two teams that took part each had twenty to thirty players. Play lasted for two hours and the goal posts, perhaps miles apart, were set on the actual day of the match. In the late 19th century, it rivalled rugby as the most popular game in Glamorgan, but during the present century, rugby has become by far the most popular game. In the case against the end wall is a collection of specimens relating to rugby between 1881 and 1927. The collection of caps worn by the famous scrum-half T. H. Vile of Newport is shown. They trace the player's career from the local team, Pill Harriers, through the Newport and Monmouthshire teams to his International Cap. An International Welsh Cap won by Edward Peake and dated 1880 is probably the first of its kind. Another popular sport in Wales was that of cock-fighting which reached the height of its popularity in the 19th century. Great care was taken in the feeding of fighting cocks and they were often given a diet of sweet butter with white sugar candy and rosemary, wheatmeal mixed with ale and the whites of eggs. They were put out to spar, their spurs being covered with muffles during training and were prepared for fighting by clipping their wings and sharpening their beaks. The birds were equipped with metal spurs, in some cases of silver. A cock-pit from Denbigh may be seen re-erected in this Museum.

Of the indoor games, the outstanding exhibit is a set of ivory chessmen of late 17th century date from Plas Llangoedmor,

Cardigan. A set of dominoes made by French prisoners of war is also shown. Napoleon is depicted on the lid of the box. Some home-made and early mechanical toys are also shown. The dolls in the centre case date from the second half of the 19th century and include two simple examples carved out of solid pieces of timber.

Medical

Some of the instruments and cures adopted by both qualified and quack medical practitioners are shown. They range from simple tooth-extractors used without anaesthetics by village blacksmiths to comprehensive sets of surgical instruments used by highly-qualified doctors. The cure for many ills at one time was bleeding and two jars for carrying leeches—slug-like creatures—for sucking blood, are shown. An ingenious machine for creating electricity, used in the treatment of rheumatism may be seen on a shelf in the corner case. This was used by John Rees of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, in the mid-19th century, while the other piece of electrical equipment on the lower shelf was used at the beginning of the present century in Denbighshire.

An outstanding orthopaedic surgeon of the 19th century was Owen Griffith of Tryfan, Caernarvonshire, who published a standard textbook on trusses and invented such equipment as an invisible mechanical crutch, a movable-position bed for invalids, leg rests, artificial limbs and a variety of mechanical instruments for remedying deformities. Examples of his work are shown.

The most eccentric of all Welsh medical men was William Price (1800–93) of Llantrisant who was regarded both as an outstanding doctor and as an eccentric: he was, in fact, schizophrenic. He became interested in Druidism and his life was ordered by what he conceived to be the teachings of that faith. He was the pioneer of cremation in Britain and in 1884 cremated the body of his son whom he had named Jesus Christ. Dr. Price's own cremation was spectacular and tickets were issued for it. The public cremation took place at Llantrisant on 31st January, 1893. A wide range of material illustrating his activities is shown.

Education

Material relating to early Board and Private schools is shown. The Museum possesses an outstanding collection of samplers and embroideries and a few of those made by pupils in 19th century schools are shown here. The fine work was executed by children, both as an exercise in needlework and for learning the alphabet. School exercise-books from Cardiff schools are shown. Some of the printed material is concerned with the

organization and administration of School Boards. An exhibit illustrating the attitude of the authorities towards the Welsh language adopted in most schools in Wales in the 19th century is the Welsh Not, a rectangular piece of wood. Two specimens, one from Pontgarreg, Cardiganshire, and the other from the school which used to be held in Capel Pen-rhiw, Dre-fach, Felindre, Carmarthenshire (now re-erected in this Museum), are exhibited.

The Not was suspended round the neck of any pupil caught speaking Welsh and, in the course of the school day, it passed from neck to neck, the unfortunate holder of the Not at the end of the day being thrashed.

Ecclesiastical

In the first case communion cups and plates are shown. The cups range from a fine silver porringer used in Cardiff's first Nonconformist chapel, that of Trinity Congregational Church, Womanby Street which dated from the 17th century, to simple tankards and earthenware bowls. The silver chalice on the top shelf was made by William Gibson of London in 1703 and used in Penmorfa (Anglican) Church, Caernarvonshire, while one of the copper lustre cups on the bottom row is said to have been used by the Rev. John Elias (1774–1841) at the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Llanfechell, Anglesey. The communion table from the Independent Chapel, Pen-stryd, Trawsfynydd, Merionethshire, was made in 1789 and at it the Rev. William Williams (*Williams o'r Wern*) 1781–1840, was received into membership. The preaching desk was used by John Wesley at Bedwas, Monmouthshire: desks of this type were frequently used by Nonconformist preachers for services in the open-air and in farmhouses.

The tongs in the second case were used for the removal of troublesome dogs from church services, while the bell on the floor of the case is an Obit Bell used on the death or the anniversary of the death of a person. The third case is devoted to material associated with the Sunday school in Wales.

Eisteddfod

The Eisteddfod as we know it today is indirectly a development of sessions held in the 15th and 16th centuries for the purpose of regulating and licensing bards. The Eisteddfod as a folk institution may be said to have originated in the 18th century. Its work was fostered by several notable societies, chief among them the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion and the Gwyneddigion Society. Material relating to these societies is exhibited.[1]

[1] A descriptive booklet is published by the Museum.

Connected with the Eisteddfod from 1819 onwards is the ceremonial of the Gorsedd of the Bards. Its adherents, at one time, claimed descent from the ancient Druids, but this had no basis in fact. Edward Williams (*Iolo Morganwg*), 1746–1826, chief upholder of the Glamorgan literary traditions, succeeded in grafting the new Gorscdd's ceremonial on to the Eisteddfod. Part of the ceremony created by him was the sword ritual at the Chairing Ceremony. The sword which was sheathed and unsheathed three times in this ceremony is exhibited: this was first used by Iolo in 1819 at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod.

Another tradition invented by the Glamorgan bards in support of their claim to be the successors of the druids was 'the wooden book' which consists of square wooden sticks in a frame. This was called a *peithynen* from its resemblance to a weaver's reed, and it carries a bardic alphabet (*coelbren y beirdd*), which was an adaptation of the alphabet for cutting on wood. The model figures represent the Gorsedd Ceremony of about 1915 and include figures such as Cadfan, Dyfed (then Arch-druid), Vinsent, Carwr Cymru, Arlunydd Pen-y-garn, Elfed, and the then Recorder, John Thomas (*Eifionydd*).

Music

The end section of the gallery is devoted to music, both instrumental and choral. Perhaps the best known of all Welsh musical instruments is the harp, which has long been associated with the bardic tradition. From about the middle of the 18th century, the triple harp became popular in Wales. As its name implies, it has three rows of strings. The two outer rows are identically tuned to a diatonic scale; the middle row is tuned to the intervening chromatic notes, plus two in each octave identical with two in the outer rows. Some of the triple harps shown were made by John Richards, Llanrwst, and some by Bassett Jones, Cardiff. A late 17th- early 18th-century specimen represents an early example of the triple harp in Britain.

The *pibgorn*, hornpipe, is also one of the traditional Welsh musical instruments. Its tone was described in the 18th century by a listener to a *pibgorn* now exhibited here as 'medium between the flute and clarinet' or 'an indifferent hautbois'.

The *crwth* is the third traditional instrument. It belongs to a class of instruments widespread through Europe and further afield. The example exhibited was made in 1742 at Llanfihangel Bachellaeth in Caernarvonshire. Among the wind instruments on exhibition are the serpent and bassoon. The grand piano-forte exhibited is especially noteworthy; of rosewood inlaid

with brass, it was made by Isaac Henry Robert Mott of Pall Mall, London, between 1828 and 1831, for a member of the Crawshay family. A number of square pianofortes (often wrongly called spinets) can also be seen.

Church music is represented by precentors' pitch pipes and by examples of organs. The chamber organ from Llangybi, Monmouthshire, was made by Jonas Ley of London in 1778; the barrel pipe organ comes from Pennard Church, Gower, and is by H. Bryceson of London. Dated about the middle of the nineteenth century it incorporates 17th-century woodwork. Of all Welsh choirs, the South Wales Choral Union was well known in its day. Formed in 1872, it was conducted by Griffith Rhys Jones (1834–97), better known as Caradog. The Choir's most famous successes in competition were at the National Music Competitive Meetings held at the Crystal Palace, London, in July 1872 and 1873. Both years successively the Choir won the chief award, a gold cup which in a later year became the award given in a band competition. The cup exhibited here was presented to the Choir by Welsh wellwishers.

ORAL TRADITION AND DIALECTS

In essence, the collections of the Department of Oral Traditions and Dialects derive from the vast amount of information available orally on Welsh folk life and tradition, information which has been handed down in the main by word of mouth from generation to generation. The sources of this body of knowledge are the older members of society throughout Wales. In its widest extent it encompasses the complete ordering of daily life in a particular area. When undertaking field-work, naturally collecting has to be concentrated upon certain aspects.

Since 1957 members of staff have been undertaking the interviewing of informants on a number of subjects, and making sound-recordings of the evidence submitted. The subjects which have received particular attention are:

(*a*) the pattern of agriculture, the crafts and domestic life,

(*b*) folk-lore, and folk-song,

(*c*) dialect speech.

In addition to the sound-recordings, manuscript material embodying information is collected. Still photography and the cine-filming of processes in the fields of agriculture and crafts

is undertaken also. All these are complementary to the oral information.

In dealing with agriculture, the farmer is interviewed on methods of cultivation, crop-growing, harvesting and threshing, and on the rearing of animals. A farm-labourer is questioned in detail on work on a particular farm. A craftsman is asked to describe the complete processes of his craft, from his early training in it. This means visiting wheelwrights, blacksmiths, millers and other craftsmen to obtain a complete understanding of craft in society. The housewife is interviewed in order to apprehend the work of woman in the home: the preparation and cooking of the various foods, domestic washing, and crafts like sewing, knitting and quilting. From these various testimonies an understanding of the pattern of livelihood and household support begins to emerge.

In field-collecting of folk-lore, details of customs are noted, seasonal ones like the harvest 'corn-dolly', or 'y Fari Lwyd' at Christmastide, or those pertaining to particular aspects of life, such as birth, marriage, and death. In addition to information on customs, beliefs are studied, folk-medicine and games and pastimes are recorded. At present the main stress is on collecting and studying various forms of folk tales: jokes and anecdotes, 'tall' tales, animal tales, religious tales and onomastic tales connected with place names, fields, stones, rivers and the like. Also collected are traditions about local historical events and famous and remarkable characters. A study is made of man's ancient belief in the supernatural: in witchcraft and ghosts, in death omens and other apparitions, and legends of his encounter with mythological beings, such as fairies, giants, dragons and the devil, are recorded.

Folk-music recordings include folk-songs, ballads, Christmas carols, *Penillion* singing, congregational *Pwnc* chanting, Welsh *hwyl* intonation, and triple-harp music.

In everyday language, the particular genius of the Welsh speaker is enshrined in the various speech-articulations, the grammatical forms and syntactical structure observable in the differing parts of the country, as well as in his rich vocabulary and idioms. One aspect of the work on speech is to study the complicated structure which can be called a dialect. A further aspect is to record those special vocabularies which are part of the heritage of the farmer, the housewife, and the country craftsman, when they deal with the various parts of their daily work, vocabularies which disappear at an alarming rate in this present age. Field-work was, in the first instance, concentrated upon those areas of Wales where the Welsh

language is disappearing, especially in the border districts. We have even now examples of dialect of which the last native speaker has passed away. The aim is to put on tape examples of dialect speech throughout Wales. The recordings completed when questioning on the various topics already referred to form, in themselves, a library of important examples of connected speech, invaluable for the study of the features of the vernacular language.

The collection of recorded material now amounts to approximately 3,000 tapes. In addition to the Department's own fieldwork tapes it contains a selection of B.B.C. recordings (on either disc or tape), of commercial discs and some early phonograph cylinders. The Department is also eager to copy any private recordings that are considered suitable for inclusion in this collection. Transcribing and indexing the contents of tapes are in progress and the publication of a selection of recordings in disc form has begun with the release of an E.P. disc of Welsh Christmas carols.

The facilities of the Department include a laboratory, a sound-recording studio and a listening room for students. The Folk Museum will be grateful for the co-operation of individuals in all parts of Wales to ensure that the survey of the aspects already referred to shall be as comprehensive as possible.

A display of the work of the Department is to be seen in the entrance hall leading to the Gallery of Material Culture.

OTHER EXHIBITS

A small modern room in the Castle is in use temporarily as an Exhibition Room. This room is on the ground floor and is approached from the foot of the main staircase.

In the coach-house (stable-yard) four coaches, of 19th-century date, are shown.

RE-ERECTED BUILDINGS

Stryt Lydan Barn

In the north-west corner of the grounds, a timber-framed barn from Stryt Lydan, near Penley, Flintshire, has been re-erected. It is the gift of the Rt. Hon. Lord Kenyon, and was built here with the financial assistance of the Welsh Committee of the Festival of Britain, 1951. The barn consists of two parts joined together by a drift-house into which the loaded wagons entered.

The southern part of the barn is the older and is dated about 1550. This has been constructed on crucks, large curved timber blades which reach from the ridge to the floor. There are three pairs of these crucks, and undoubtedly there must originally have been a fourth pair in the weather end: these must have rotted away and were replaced by a gable wall. This part of the barn is divided into three bays. The corn was unloaded from the drift-house to the northern bay, threshed (with flails: note the central doors which provided a draught for winnowing) in the central bay, and the straw was stacked in the southern bay.

The northern part is about 1600 and is of post-and-truss construction. The visitor will note that some of the timbers of the framing are numbered. The framing was first constructed and fitted, then numbered and taken to pieces. The numbered members were then fitted together as the barn was built.

The barn was thatched with wheaten straw in the traditional manner. This, which was the original roofing, replaces a late slate roof placed upon it in Flintshire, and consequently new rafters had to be inserted.

The wattling in the wall-panels is new: this would naturally be renewed from time to time. It is of riven oak. Various agricultural implements are at present stored in the barn.

Esgair Moel Woollen Factory

This* has been re-erected north of the barn in the area west of the swimming pool: the main features of its original setting have been reproduced.

The building and its contents are the gift of the late Mrs. Pugh Jones, Llanwrtyd, Brecknockshire, and its re-erection was financed by the Welsh Committee of the Festival of Britain, 1951, and the Brecknockshire County Council. The factory, originally situated at Esgair Moel, near Llanwrtyd in Brecknockshire, was built about 1760, and the interior altered during the 19th century to meet the needs of an expanding business. The fabric has been re-erected as at Esgair Moel except that (*a*) a small late brick lean-to at the back of the factory was discarded as not being a significant feature and the doorway leading into it from the first floor used as an entrance for visitors; (*b*) the late slate roof has been replaced by the traditional tile.

The factory was worked by water-power, and is similarly worked in the Folk Museum. Water is pumped from the

* A descriptive booklet is published by the Museum.

swimming pool to the top of the bank behind the mill from which it runs by its own gravity along the leat and over the mill-wheel, to return to the pond. The mill-wheel turns a cast-iron cogwheel (from a Carmarthen foundry) which in turn works the belt drum operating all the machines. It also turns the wooden tappet-wheel of the fulling-mill (which was repaired by 'T[imothy] H[ughes], 1898.' Timothy Hughes was a well-known west-Wales millwright).

On the ground floor (from north to south) are (*a*) the willy, for disentangling the wool; (*b*) the mill-wheel; (*c*) the fulling-mill; (*d*) the cloth-cutting machine (at the foot of the ladder); (*e*) the cloth press (heated by fire below): into this the bolt of cloth was placed for pressing; (*f*) the 'office'; (*g*) the dyeing vats (in a lean-to at the south gable-end).

On the first floor (from north to south), (*a*) the scribbler carding-machine; (*b*) the condenser carding-machine; (*c*) spinning-jack, probably the only one of its kind now working, made by 'John Davies/Machinist/Llanbrynmair' about 1830; (*d*) home-made twister; (*e*) warping frame; (*f*) loom room.

Visitors should note various details such as the primitive bearings for some of the shafts, the pitched and earth floors, etc. The products of the factory are for sale. The textile worker is Mr. Glyndwr Bowen, Mr. Jenkin Davies is his assistant.

Abernodwydd Farmhouse

This house, from Llangadfan, Montgomeryshire, is the gift of Mr. J. C. Evans: its re-erection was financed by the Montgomery County Council. It is a timber-framed house set on stone sills. The framed panels are filled with hazel wattle, daubed with clay and skimmed over with plaster. The floors are of beaten earth. Originally built in the 16th century, the house was renovated in the 17th century when the present loft, chimney, and windows were inserted. Note the unglazed windows with internal sliding shutters. The roof is of wheaten straw placed on rafters and hazel rods.

In the kitchen the visitor should note the open hearth with pit. The house is furnished with 17-century material: note in the kitchen the *cwpwrdd deuddarn* and chest, both from Montgomeryshire; in the dairy a cheese-press with stone weight from Merioneth and two types of churns (swing and knocker); in the chamber, a box bedstead from Montgomeryshire, and in the bedroom beyond the kitchen a fine 17th-century chest of early type from Montgomeryshire. The quilts shown on each bed are of traditional type. The loft is entered from a ladder; the two end loft-rooms being unfurnished and

generally used for storage. The loft above the kitchen has a truckle bed.

The garden is laid out as at Llangadfan and contains flowers and herbs. The farm-yard shows the sites of out-buildings which have not been removed for re-erection.

Kennixton Farmhouse

This house, from Llangennydd in the Gower peninsula, Glamorgan, is the gift of Mr. J. B. Rogers: its re-erection was assisted by a grant from the Welsh Committee of the Festival of Britain, 1951. The house illustrates an interesting development over a period of about one hundred years. The original house built about 1630, is represented in the eastern end of the building (note the moulded beam in the present parlour, the small 17th-century window and scissors-tie of the truss in the bedroom above). The kitchen area was added later in the 17th century and the complete house renovated in the first part of the 18th century when the present back-kitchen and all the windows were added. This explains the presence of two large open hearths (in the parlour and kitchen) and of a wall oven behind the fireplace in the parlour. It also explains the unnecessary roof timber-work in the bedroom above the kitchen. The visitor should note the mortar floors, characteristic of Glamorgan, here made from a formula in Iolo Morganwg's writing, and the intricately woven straw mats which form the underthatch of the roof. These mats, extending from ridge to eaves, rest on the purlins and make rafters unnecessary: they are bound to the purlins with bramble strips. In the kitchen, the visitor should note the recess in the ceiling, known locally as a charnel, for hanging bacon.

Much of the furniture is from the Glen George Collection, the pieces being principally from Glamorgan and Carmarthenshire. Note particularly the Glamorgan dresser (kitchen), the bacon-cupboard chair (kitchen), the *tridarn*, dated 1702, *deuddarn*, corner cupboard, gate-leg table and chairs (parlour), and tallboy (bedroom over parlour). Other furniture shown in the house includes a box bedstead and benches (kitchen) brought with the house to the Museum; a small dower chest characteristic of Gower, a Bible box, dated 1716, from Gower, and a chair with drawer below seat, also from Gower (all in parlour). In the back-kitchen a number of articles associated with dairying, etc , have been placed. They include a cheese press of box and windlass type from Carmarthenshire and a butter-working table. The beds in the principal bedrooms are from Glamorgan and all the quilts shown are traditional: note also the children's bed on the floor above the charnel.

The garden and yard have been reproduced, and the sites of the outbuildings (not removed) marked out.

Hendre'r Ywydd Uchaf Farmhouse

This house,[1] from Llangynhafal, Denbighshire, is the gift of the late Councillor J. E. Foulkes: its re-erection was made possible through grants from the Pilgrim Trust and the Denbighshire County Council. The house, dating to the last years of the 15th century is a timber-framed building set up on four cruck trusses. Note the wooden-mullioned windows which are part of the timber framing, and also the characteristic door-heads. The roof is of wheat straw with an underthatch of oak rods woven on riven oak stakes. The dwelling-house consists of a service-room, hall and bed-chamber. An open hearth (a reconstruction) is placed in the centre of the hall on the site of a former hearth. There is no smoke-hole in the roof, the smoke escaping through windows and doors.

The furniture is sparse as would be normal in that period: some pieces belong to the first half of the 16th century: note particularly the chest, a chair and bench.

The cattle end of the building is separated from the dwelling end by a wattled and daubed cruck truss. The cow-house is in two parts, divided by a cruck truss, the lower part of which is wattled only.

Cilewent Farmhouse

This house, from Dyffryn Claerwen, Radnorshire (about a mile below the Claerwen reservoir) is the gift of the Birmingham Corporation: its re-erection was financed by the Pilgrim Trust together with a grant from the Radnorshire County Council. The house is of a type formerly widespread throughout the Welsh moorland, a long-house occupied by both the family and its cattle. The dwelling-house (*pen uchaf*) is at the north end and comprises two living-rooms on the ground floor and two bedrooms above. The other part of the building is the cow-house and stable (*pen isaf*). Between the two parts is the main entrance door-way opening into a passage called *y pen-llawr*: this serves as a feeding-walk. This door-way is wide enough for admitting long-horned cattle and served both men and beasts: another door at the south end of the building led to the stable.

The floors of the main living-room and the feeding-walk are paved with local stone slabs: the floor of the 'lower end' is about a foot lower in level and is part earth and part pitched with river pebbles. The cow-house has stalls for cattle and a calf-pen. Beyond it (with a separate entrance) is the stable for horses. Above the cow-house and stable is a loft for hay.

[1] A descriptive booklet is published by the Museum.

The visitor should note the two cruck trusses in the cow-house and stable and the arrangement for draining the liquid manure from this end of the building, and also the opening in the west wall of the cow-house through which manure was thrown out.

The Museum possesses (through the gift of Major-General R. S. Lewis) an indenture made on the 10th October, 1579, giving the 'lands, tenements and hereditaments' of 'Keelewent' to a certain Edwart ap Rhys. The house belongs to this period if not to an earlier date but it was considerably altered later, probably in 1734 (the date cut on the frame of the main door-way). The indenture also shows that the name of the house is Cilewent ('the retreat of Ewent'): this is still the form found in the local dialect. The map-name 'Ciloerwynt' was a 19th-century re-formation which was never in common use.

The house is built from a shaly stone, quarried nearby, with much river stone introduced into the front wall which is whitewashed. The roof tiles are also of the same shaly stone. In the yard is the peat-house, and to the north-west of the house, the sheep-pens, so characteristic of upland farms of this type. The furnishings of the house are few and simple. It is shown here as altered in the 18th century: one of the complete unglazed windows and other frames remained when the house was dismantled: they have been restored.

Llainfadyn

This cottage, from Rhostryfan, Caernarvonshire, is the gift of the late Mrs. K. Williams: its re-erection was financed by grants from the Caernarvonshire County Council and the Pilgrim Trust. The cottage built in 1762 (the date is carved on the fire-place beam) is an excellent example of the use of boulders for building purposes. Many of these are extremely large and heavy, extending right through the walling. Because of this, many of the boulders project considerably on the external sides of the walls. Other features to be noted are the *tyle* (or slate platform) for placing furniture clear of the earth floor, the open fireplace with alcove and the slate slab placed near the doorway to exclude draught. The slate roof is of local material, replacements having been obtained from the neighbouring Pen-yr-orsedd Quarry.

The cottage is essentially one room but has been simply converted into two by placing two cupboard beds in the sleeping end. By placing boards to rest on the bed testers a loft (generally known as *croglofft*) is made possible with ascent to it by means of a ladder. Some of the furniture shown came originally from the cottage itself.

Capel Pen-rhiw

This chapel, from Dre-fach Felindre on the Carmarthenshire side of the Vale of Teifi, is the gift of the South Wales Unitarian Association with the sanction of the Trustees. Its re-erection was financed by the Pilgrim Trust and a grant from the Carmarthenshire County Council. The chapel is Unitarian, a denomination with a long and honourable tradition in Wales and one whose fundamental tenet is a belief in tolerance and learning. The building which is typical of the early Welsh nonconformist chapels is a simple, severe, barn-like structure reflecting the experience of the early congregations which often met in barns, the 'granaries of God'. In this instance an earlier structure, possibly a barn, was adapted for the purpose and opened in 1777, when the first lease was granted. It originally had a loft but no gallery. In the early years of the 19th century the loft was removed and the present gallery built, obviously to increase accommodation without adding to the size of the building. Architecturally the building is simple, honest and straightforward, without any of the defects of the later Victorian Gothic style.

The pews were made for the chapel: it appears likely in view of the differences in detail which they show that each family must have been responsible for its own pew. The pulpit illustrates the last stage in the 'three-decker' type: it is probable that the arcaded pew next to the pulpit was for the elders and the one in front of it for the deacons. The floor of the pulpit was raised when the gallery was built.

The roof is built on false crucks, *i.e.* upright timbers mortised into the ends of the loft beams and on to which the roof trusses were scarfed and pegged. The central truss, however, is an exception, due to the insertion of the large window behind the pulpit. The tiled roof was replaced by slate in 1870, but in the re-erection here tiles have been restored. The floor is of beaten earth except for the communion-place which is boarded. The environs of the chapel have been reconstructed as far as possible and the cemetery enclosed as it was before it was extended in the 19th century. Stone seats are set against the bank in front of the building: these were used during preaching festivals. The stable, originally attached to the chapel, had long disappeared and could not therefore be reconstructed.

The chapel served the Unitarians of the parishes of Llangeler and Penboyr. Its first pastor was the Rev. David Lloyd, (1724–79), who was followed by several eminent Welshmen including the Rev. David Davis (1745–1827) of Castell-hywel, and the Rev. William Thomas, *Gwilym Marles* (1834–79). At one time the Rev. David Davies (1763–1816), Independent

minister of Mynydd-bach and Swansea, and the Rev. Christmas Evans (1766–1838), the eminent Baptist preacher, were members of the church at Capel Pen-rhiw.

At different times, both an elementary and a grammar school were housed in the chapel: ink-bottles, quill-pens, and a Welsh Not were found in it when it was dismantled.

Tannery

The tannery from Rhayader, Radnorshire, is the gift of Alderman E. Kinsey Morgan, C.B.E., whose family was concerned with the leather trade in mid-Wales for generations. The re-erection of the building, which dates mainly from the 18th century, was made possible by a generous grant from the Radnorshire County Council. This was the last oak-bark tannery to operate in Wales; it was mainly concerned with producing heavy leathers for boots and horse harness. In it hides took at least eighteen months to be converted into leather, and in addition to tannery, the craft of currying or leather dressing was also carried out on the premises.

On the south side of the yard are a clean-water pit for the initial washing of hides, and three lime pits in which raw hides were immersed for some days before unhairing and fleshing. These tasks were carried out on the metal 'beams' which may be seen in the building immediately behind the pits. The knives for unhairing and fleshing may be seen on the wall of the 'Beam House', while at the back of this building are three 'mastering pits' where soft hides, such as calf skins were immersed in a mixture of pigeon-dung and dog excreta and water for softening. The end pit in front of the 'Beam House' was for fleshings that were sent to glue works. On the north side of the yard are the tannery office, a room where hides were cut up or 'rounded' before tanning, and a cellar where horse hides were stored in damp conditions to produce a white leather that was in great vogue for footwear in the 19th century.

The tanyard itself contains a series of pits, some open, the others covered by the main tannery building. Eight of the oak-lined pits in the centre of the yard were for the actual making of tanning liquors, when oak bark was mixed with water. The bark obtained from the forests of mid-Wales was stored and ground into a fine powder in the large building at the back of the tannery. The remainder of the pits were for the actual tanning of the hides that were immersed in the liquor. After scrubbing and washing on the stone table in the centre of the yard, the leather was taken to the drying-racks on the first floor of the building. Each piece was rolled on the zinc platform and was then ready for use in making boot-soles.

If the leather was required for making harness or shoe upper leather, however, it had to be dressed by the currier. He carried out his work on or near the large mahogany table directly opposite the stone staircase. A thin layer of leather was shaved off on the lignum vitae beam and oils and grease were added to its surface. Polishing was carried out with a series of glass, mahogany, stone and steel polishers and, in some cases, the leather was dyed.

A vat for making dubbin can be seen in the yard.

Tollgate House This tollgate house from Penparcau, Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire (and known as South Gate), was originally built in 1771 and the roof raised at a later date. It is the gift of the Ministry of Transport.

Cockpit This cockpit[1] stood originally in the yard of the Hawk and Buckle Inn, Denbigh. It was presented to the Museum by Mr. J. Griffiths Lloyd and his sisters Mrs. Constance A. Hitchcock and Mrs. Jane E. Hughes. The Museum gratefully acknowledges a grant from the Ministry of Public Building and Works towards the cost of preserving this monument in its grounds.

For cock-fighting, see p. 38 of this Handbook. The Denbigh cockpit was in existence early in the 18th century and a silver tankard (see photograph in the Gallery of Material Culture) was presented for cock-fighting there in 1726. When the building was handed over to the Museum, only the walls and roof remained, the internal fittings having been removed probably in the late 19th century. The fighting stage, the seating accommodation, and the promenade have, therefore, been reconstructed.

Gipsy Caravan Mr. Arthur McTaggart Short presented a gaily-coloured gipsy caravan as used in South Wales. This is shown in a field corner in the park. The gipsies have been colourful personalities in Wales throughout the years, the Woods, Lovells, Lees, and several other well-known families contributing much to the Welsh scene.

Milestones, etc. On the road leading from the Museum Block to Kennixton Farmhouse, the visitor will note two Glamorgan milestones; one in cast-iron is dated 1841. They are the gift of the Glamorgan County Council. A boundary stone from Aberafan, Glamorgan, the gift of the Port Talbot Borough Council, is also shown. A parish-boundary stone dated 1862, from

[1] A descriptive booklet is published by the Museum.

Denbighshire and placed on the road leading to Hendre'r-ywydd, is the gift of the Abergele Urban District Council. The visitor should also note that sheep (Llanwenog, Cardiganshire, breed) are kept on the fields adjoining the farmhouses.

FUTURE EXHIBITS

A smithy from Llawr-y-glyn, Montgomeryshire, is at present being re-erected. Two other buildings, a corn mill from Cardiganshire, and a tithe barn from the Conway Valley, await re-erection. The foreman in charge of re-erection work is the Senior Conservation Officer, Mr. R. A. Jones.

FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

The area of 80 acres of land, St. Fagans Park, which is part of the site of the Welsh Folk Museum, is only partly developed. It lies west of the Castle grounds (see map). It has varied contours rising to a considerable elevation, from which a fair prospect of the Vale of Glamorgan can be seen. It is to this area that houses and buildings are removed for re-erection and here that the new Museum block is being built. A part of this building has been completed, as also has the main ticket office. Visitors are reminded that a spacious car park is available for all vehicles. The co-operation of the public is sought to bring to the notice of the Museum authorities any old buildings worthy of consideration as Folk Museum units. The offer of such buildings as gifts is greatly to be desired.

RESTAURANT

A small room, capable of seating about 100 persons, has been furnished as a restaurant where lunches and teas are obtainable. The attractive curtains in this room are of Welsh manufacture, produced at the Holywell Textile Mills and generously presented by the manufacturers. Note also the paintings by Sir Frank Brangwyn, R.A. A larger restaurant is at present being constructed in the new block of Museum buildings. A kiosk beyond the far end of the Terraces provides tea and light refreshments.

APPEAL FOR FUNDS

Money is urgently needed for the establishment of craft workshops, for the transport and reconstruction of houses, farm buildings, etc., and for the development of the Museum.

In response to an appeal launched in 1946 a sum of £150,000 has been subscribed or promised. It is impossible to forecast what the ultimate expenditure upon the development of the scheme will amount to, but generous though the response has been, the amount required will have to reach a much higher figure than has yet been attained. Donations to the fund will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

WELSH FOLK MUSEUM
ST. FAGANS

HOURS OF OPENING

1st April to 30th September	10.0 a.m. to 7.0 p.m.
Sundays:	2.30 p.m. to 7.0 p.m.
1st October to 31st March	10.0 a.m. to 5.0 p.m.
Sundays:	2.30 p.m. to 5.0 p.m.

The Folk Museum is closed on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day and New Year's Day.

ADMISSION

Adults, 10p (July and August, 20p)
Children (under 16) and Old-age Pensioners, 5p
Pre-arranged parties of school-children, under the supervision of teachers are admitted free.

Dogs are allowed in the grounds only, and *must* be kept on a lead.

CAR PARK

Charges: coaches, 15p; cars, 10p; motor-cycles, 5p.

The park must be cleared within 15 minutes after closing time, when it is locked.

MEALS

Meals can be obtained at the Folk Museum restaurant, which seats 100 persons. Cups of tea, etc., are supplied at the kiosk. Parties are catered for, but arrangements for such should be made well before-hand. Enquiries should be addressed to the Curator.

PHOTOGRAPHY

External photography in the Castle grounds and Folk Park is permitted provided it is not for commercial purposes of any kind. No photograph may be reproduced in any form without written consent. Photography inside the buildings is forbidden.

PUBLICATIONS

Publications, postcards, and colour transparencies are on sale at both ticket offices.

RADIO SETS

Radio sets are not allowed within the Museum area. They must be left at the ticket offices.

TRANSPORT

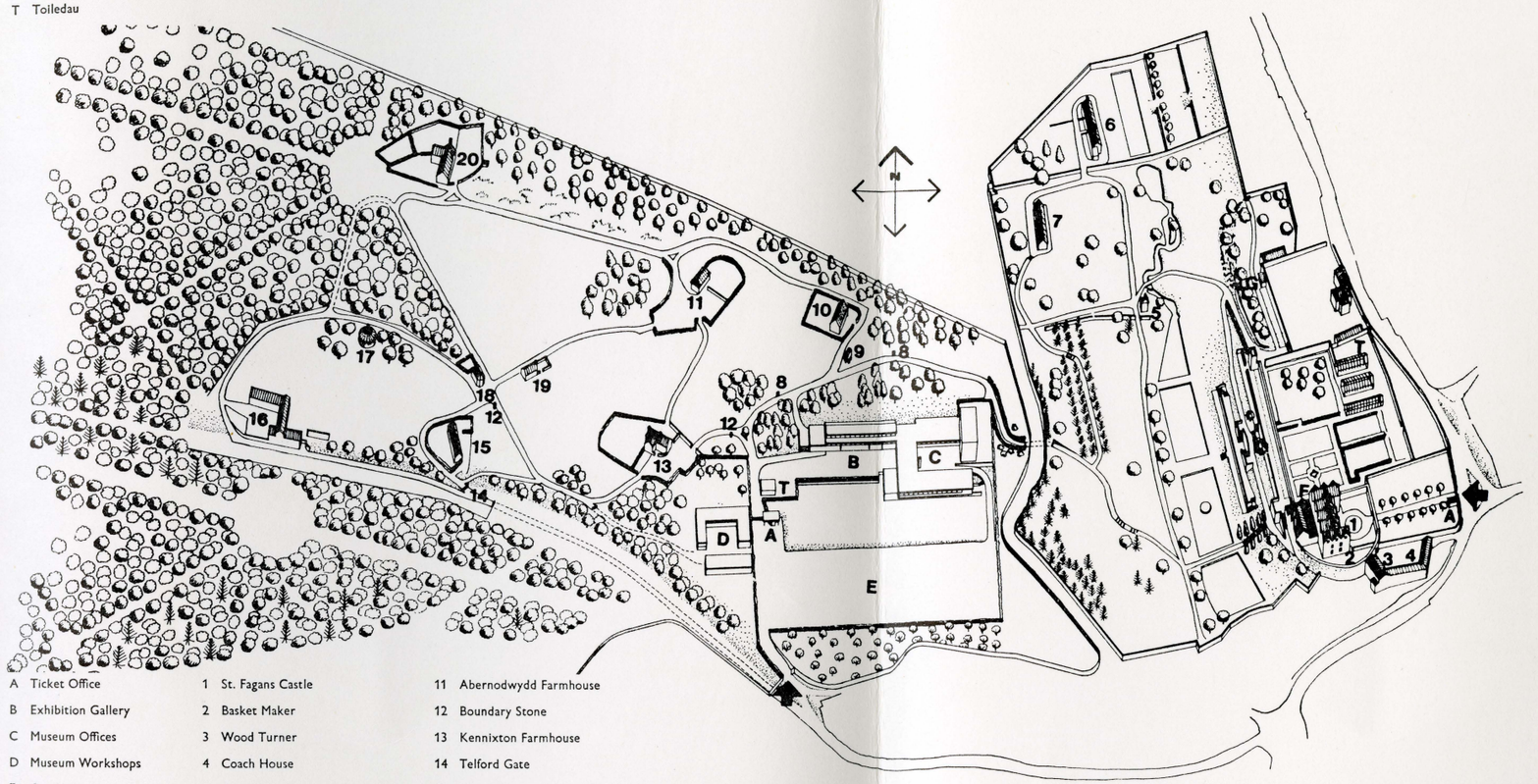
Buses (No. 32) run from the terminus opposite the General Station, Cardiff, hourly, at the hour, and travel by way of Westgate Street. A bus stop convenient for the town centre will be found near the Canton Bridge. You should enquire about a more frequent service during the summer months.

A Swyddfa Docynnau
B Oriel Arddangos
C Swyddfeydd yr Amgueddfa
D Gweithdai'r Amgueddfa
E Parc Moduron
F Restaurant
G Caban
T Toiledau

1 Castell Sain Ffagan
2 Basgedwr
3 Turniwr Coed
4 Tŷ'r Coetsiau
5 Colomendy
6 Ffatri Esgair Moel
7 Ysgubor y Stryd Lydan

8 Carreg filltir
9 Carafan Sipsiwn
10 Capel Pen-rhiw
11 Abernodwydd
12 Carreg ffin
13 Kennixton
14 Llidiard Telford

15 Hendre'r-ywydd Uchaf
16 Tanerdy
17 Talwrn ymladd ceiliogod
18 Tolldy
19 Llainfadyn
20 Cilewent

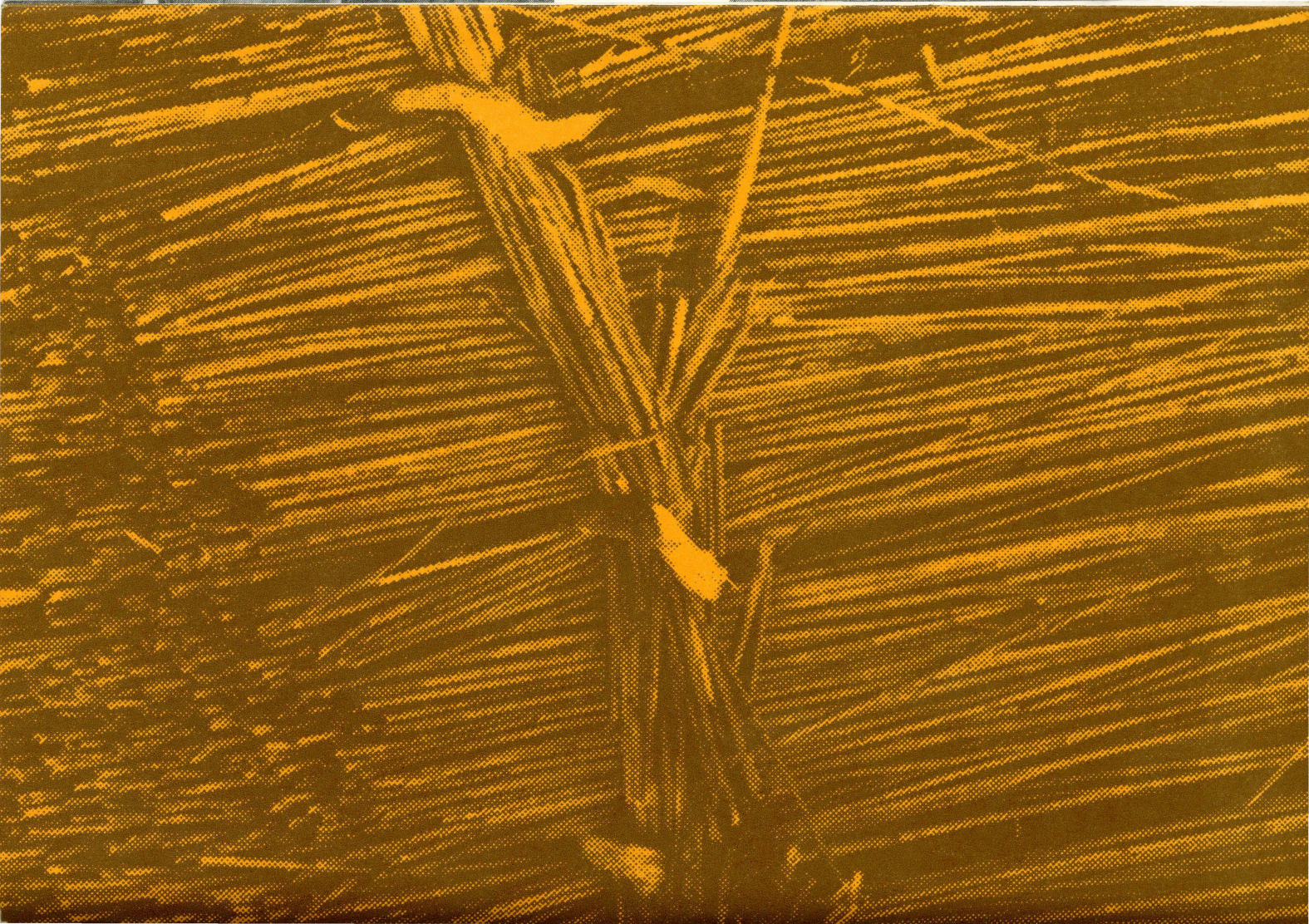


A Ticket Office
B Exhibition Gallery
C Museum Offices
D Museum Workshops
E Car Park
F Restaurant
G Kiosk
T Toilets

1 St. Fagans Castle
2 Basket Maker
3 Wood Turner
4 Coach House
5 Dovecot
6 Esgair Moel Woollen Factory
7 Stryt Lydan Barn
8 Milestone
9 Gipsy Caravan
10 Capel Pen-rhiw

11 Abernodwydd Farmhouse
12 Boundary Stone
13 Kennixton Farmhouse
14 Telford Gate
15 Hendre'r-ywydd Uchaf Farmhouse
16 Tannery
17 Cockpit
18 Tollhouse
19 Llainfadyn Cottage
20 Cilewent Farmhouse

William Lewis (Printers) Ltd, Cardiff

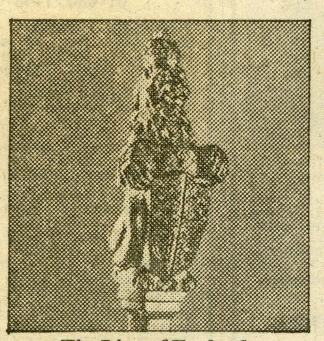


BY PERMISSION OF H.M. GOVERNMENT

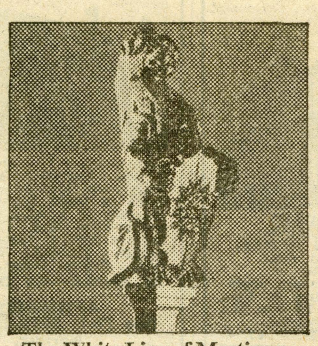
In honour of the silver wedding anniversary of Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Philip

CROWN COPYRIGHT LIMITED EDITION

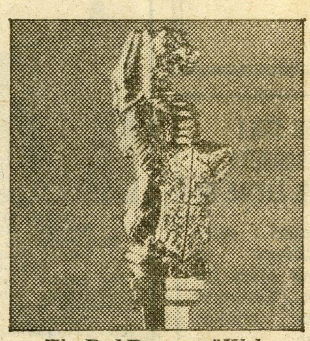
THE QUEEN'S BEASTS



The Lion of England, bearing Royal Arms of the United Kingdom.



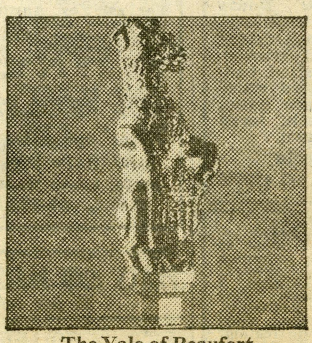
The White Lion of Mortimer, with shield of the House of York.



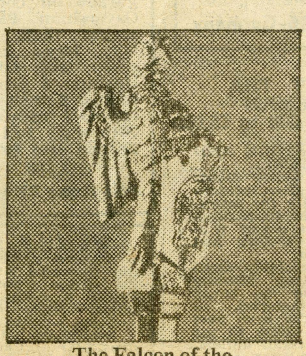
The Red Dragon of Wales, with shield of Welsh Arms.



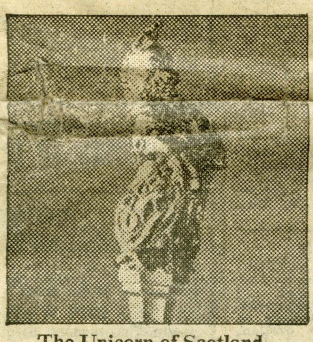
The White Horse of Hanover, with shield of Arms of the United Kingdom as borne from 1714 to 1800.



The Yale of Beaufort, bearing Beaufort shield with crowned portcullis.



The Falcon of the Plantaganets, with shield of the House of York.



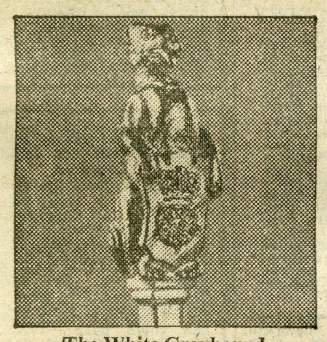
The Unicorn of Scotland, with shield of Royal Arms of Scotland.



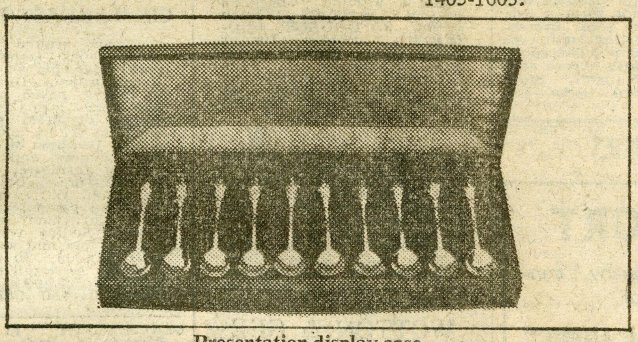
The Griffin of Edward III, with shield of badge of present House of Windsor.



The Black Bull of Clarence, with shield of Royal Arms as borne by the Sovereigns of England 1405-1603.



The White Greyhound of Richmond, with shield bearing crowned Tudor rose.



Presentation display case, leather bound with the Royal cyphers gold embossed

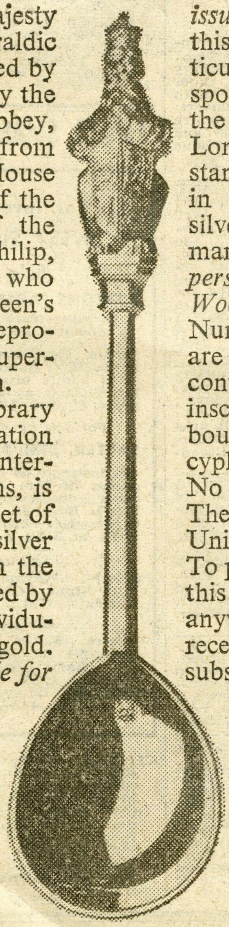
For the Coronation of Her Majesty in 1953, a series of ten heraldic Beasts, in the tradition established by Henry III, was commissioned by the Government for Westminster Abbey, tracing the descent of the Crown from the Plantaganets to the present House of Windsor. Now, in honour of the silver wedding anniversary of the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Philip, James Woodford R.A. the artist who designed the Coronation Queen's Beasts, has approved their reproduction in miniature under his supervision as a unique limited edition.

By licence of the Crown, the Library of Imperial History, in association with Comyns of London, the internationally renowned silversmiths, is issuing the Queen's Beasts as a set of ten magnificent solid sterling silver spoons of museum quality with the three-dimensional figures designed by James Woodford mounted individually in silver heavily plated in gold. *Only 2,000 sets are to be available for issue throughout the world,* making this rare and historic edition of particular investment significance. Each spoon is individually hallmarked with the Leopard's Head Mark of the London Assay Office, independently stamped into the bowl of each spoon, in the fashion of 15th century silver. Further, each spoon bears the mark of Crown Copyright, *and the personal mark of the sculptor James Woodford.*

Numbered certificates of authenticity are issued separately. Each set is contained within a specially designed inscribed presentation case, leather bound and embossed with the Royal cyphers in gold.

No spoon may be purchased singly. The price per set is £200 (valid in the United Kingdom only).

To protect its investment importance, this edition will never be repeated anywhere in the world. All monies received after the issue is fully subscribed will be returned forthwith.



The Lion of England Spoon, actual size

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High Street · Chipping Campden
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Open Daily · April to September
Saturdays and Sundays in October

WOOLSTAPLERS' HALL is one of the oldest buildings in Chipping Campden. It was built in the 14th. Century, about 1340, by the Calf family who were wool traders and have their name perpetuated in Calf's Lane at the rear of the Hall. The name of the Hall comes from the wool trading which went on within. Merchants came here from London and elsewhere to buy the staples of Cotswold wool, which would then have been taken on packhorses to Channel ports to be shipped overseas.

* * * *

Entering the Museum the first place seen is a lower hall which has a fine stone fireplace and houses a most interesting and varied collection including a "penny-farthing" bicycle, a number of early optical and scientific instruments, a German wooden horse, railway lanterns, a Bath chair, two cash-registers and an engine from a Jaguar competition car such as those which were driven by the late Mike Hawthorn.

Leading off this lower hall is a small stone-floored room which contains many country and farmhouse tools including a butter churn and a gadget for corking the bottles of farmhouse cider.

Next is a small room displaying a fine collection of silver and plate cups and bowls, together with a very interesting assembly of old lamps.

Then one comes to a larger room which holds a fascinating assortment of kitchen and domestic items. Pride of place goes to a box mangle, which had to be filled with heavy stones to get weight to press the clothes. This dates back to around 1650 and it is in beautiful condition. There are other mangles circa 1900 which will carry back the thoughts of older folk. Also to be seen are jelly moulds, copper and brassware, and early vacuum cleaners !

So into a room which may well be unique, with it's many relics of the "B.B." Cinema of Lynton, Devon. There are two huge Kalee projectors, some of the plush-covered tip up seats, the advertising boards and even the excise licence. Around the walls are large photographs of film stars from the Golden Age, which could be of great nostalgic interest.

Upstairs, taking the left branch, one comes first to a room showing many military items - old swords, sabres and other deadly weapons and uniforms.

Next door is a complete contrast with some very old typewriters, a fine show of cigarette cards and a comprehensive selection of Staffordshire china. Another small room follows, containing many old phonographs and gramophones on one side, and opposite, a large studio camera "in situ" as it might have been in Victorian or Edwardian days !

The "Lancelot Vining" room follows. This will be of much interest to photographers, with it's remarkable collection of old cameras and equipment covering 100 years, including equipment such as Vining himself would have used. In this room there is a display of prints taken from paper negatives.

Back to the right-hand staircase and visitors will be impressed with the Apothecary and Medical display which is comprehensive and awe-inspiring. The wonderful collection of bottles, with their old fashioned labels of black and gold, would have been a familiar sight in any chemist's shop forty or more years ago. They give an indication of the variety of remedies used at times to try to give relief to human pains and ills. Note the fearsome array of old dentist's instruments and the wooden legs hanging from the ceiling ! There is another Bath chair too.

Finally we come to the 14th.Century Woolstaplers' Hall itself. It is famed for a magnificent roof and a stone fireplace. Note the crude carvings in the upper corners of this, representing the Arms of the Calf family. Note too the way a window has been built outside the original front wall and the stained glass window, with a punning reference to his name, which was put in by the late C.R.Ashbee, who brought the Guild of Handicrafts to Chipping Campden in 1900.

In this Hall you can see what may be one of the oldest flying machines in existence. This is the remains of one of Lieut. Lempriere's balloons. He was a famous aeronaut and balloon maker in Birmingham in the latter part of the 19th. Century and this balloon may date from 1880. Also shown is the parachute of Miss Marie Merton, handmade by her and embroidered with her name. She was one of a small band of lady parachutists who were trained by Lieut. Lempriere. They jumped from balloons at heights of 10,000 ft. just holding with their hands to a hoop attached to the parachute strings - no harness was used !

Also in the Hall is what is probably the largest single collection in Europe of iron and steel man-traps. They are of many designs dating from about 1820 and must be truly frightening to modern eyes.

* * * *

Scattered through the Museum are many old photographs of local scenes and people. Picture post-cards of some of these photographs are on sale.

This leaflet can give only a brief outline of the many interesting objects which are displayed in Woolstaplers Hall Museum. Further information may be obtained from the Curator, Mrs. J. Griffiths, Bedfont House, Chipping Campden. Telephone Evesham (STD 0386) 840289 or 840298

Times
2-23-73

May polling for Oxford Professor of Poetry

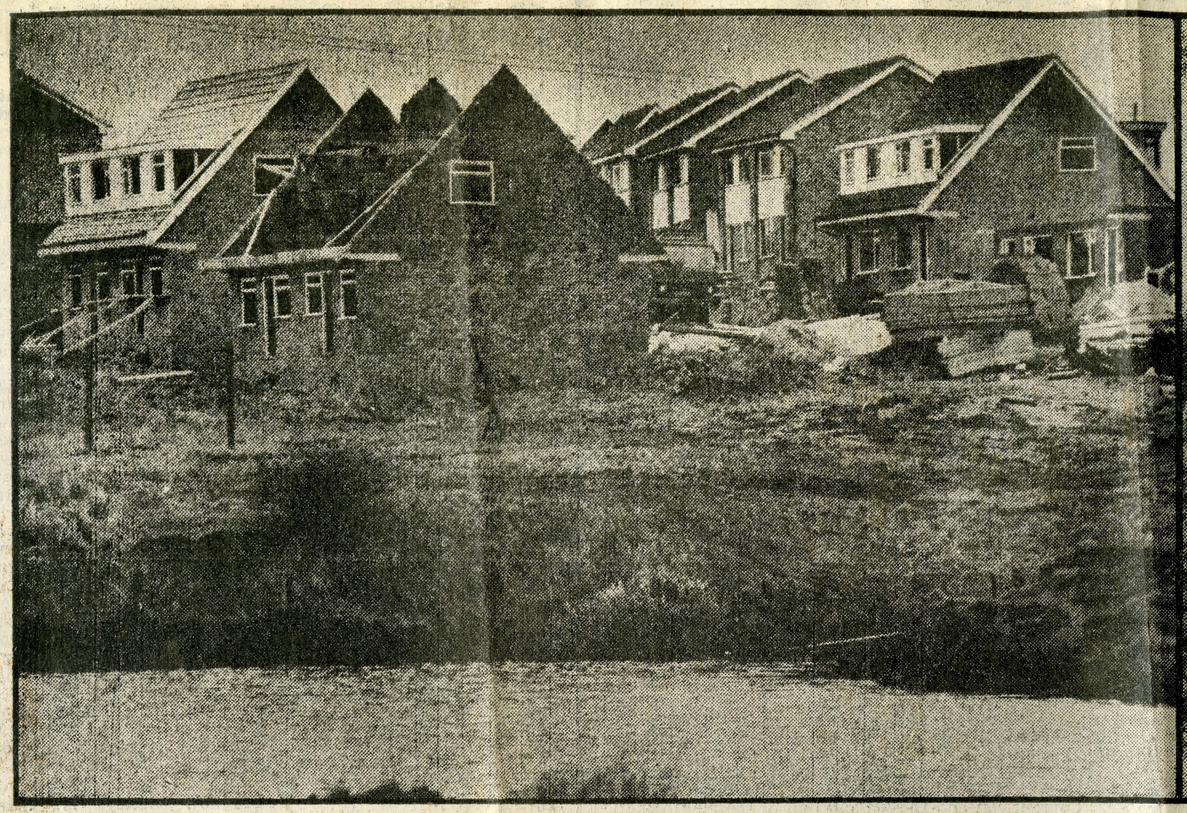
From Our Correspondent
Oxford, Feb 22

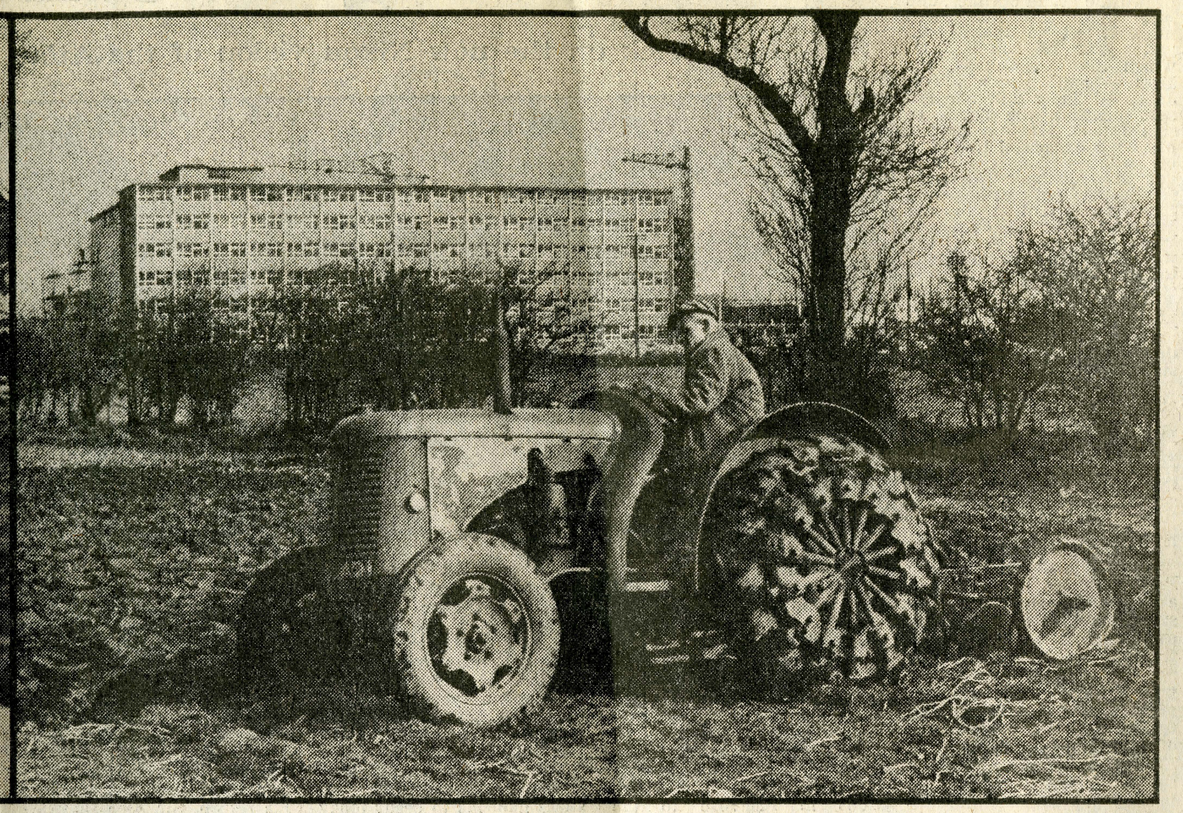
Voting for a new Professor of Poetry at Oxford will take place in May. By tradition, the election sends a shiver of excitement through the academic community. The voters are the 30,000 members of Convocation scattered throughout the world, but they have to vote in person and in practice the poll is usually under 1,000.

The election, announced in the *University Gazette* today, will be on May 24 and 26, and the new professor will hold office for five years from November 23, taking over from Professor Roy Fuller.

Some names being canvassed are those of Kathleen Raine, Stephen Spender and Robert Lowell. But one who will not stand is W. H. Auden, even though his recent return to Oxford would have made him a popular choice. He held the poetry chair in 1956-61, and reelection is not allowed.

Professor Fuller, speaking today of his term of office, said he had an enjoyable time but he felt five years was long enough. He delivers three lectures a year, two of which he has yet to give.





Getting down to no-grass roots

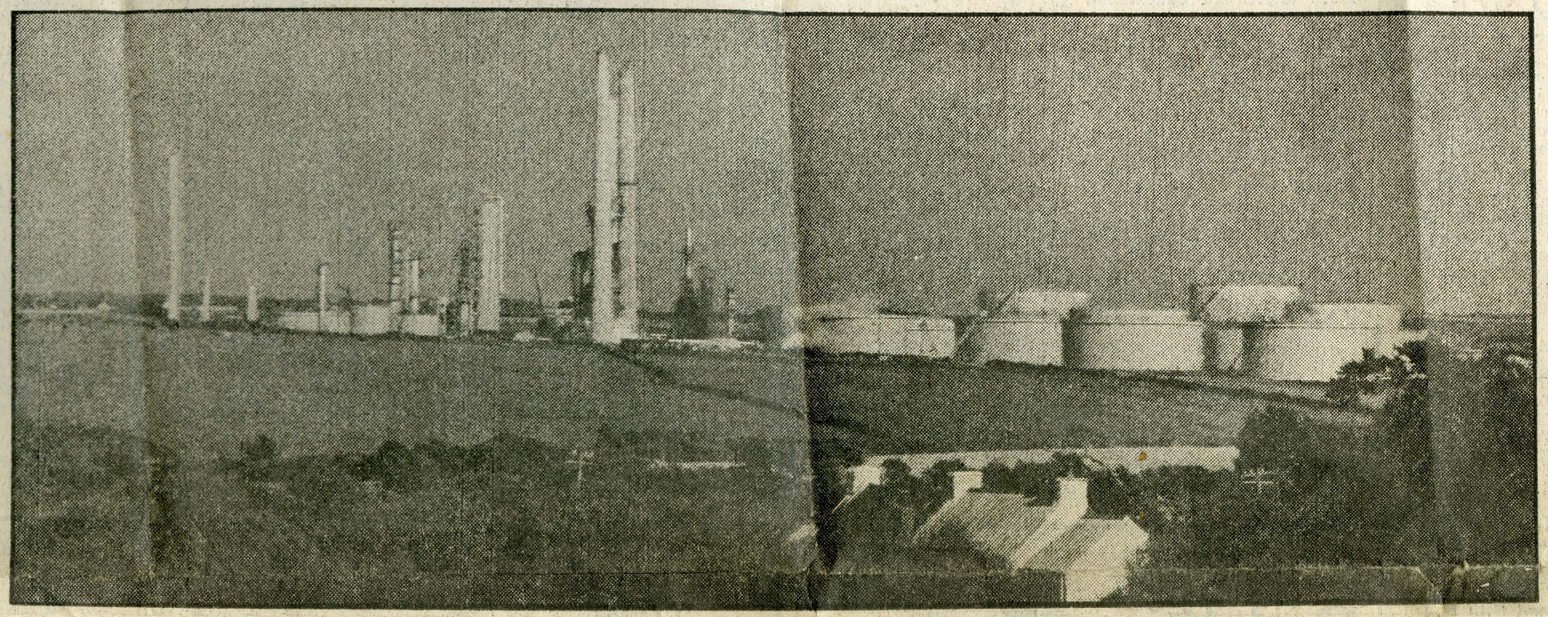
'If you exclude national parks and hill land over 800 feet high, the whole of North-west England will, projecting present trends, be developed by the end of the century.' WAYLAND KENNET proposes that freeholds should only be transferable between individuals and the State, bringing land use and price under parliamentary control

IF THE past of the Labour Party has been rooted in economics, its future may well be rooted in ecology. All mankind has just discovered that there are other finitudes in the world than the rate of growth of wealth, which were hidden from us by our very definition of wealth. They are the metals in the ground, the coal and oil in the ground, the air we breathe, the rivers we drink, the sea, and above all the land we are fixed to by gravity. All these have to be allotted between conflicting claims and it is a fact of history that the craft and sullen art of allotting things between conflicting claims is rather well developed in the British Labour Party.

It is why we were founded, what we are for, and why we keep going. The next chapter in the continuing story of democratic socialism will be the chapter in which we succeed, or fail in bringing true social accounting to bear on our relationship with our physical surroundings, on pollution, and on the rate of resource use.

The most urgent part of this task is the land question; in fact it is capable, if mishandled, of bringing on the complete collapse of our political and economic system within a decade or two.

It would be a mistake to regard the land price explosion simply as part of general inflation. The Labour Government tried a prices and incomes policy and backed down. The present Government is trying another; it may back down, it may lead us into a catastrophic disintegration of society, or conceivably it may "succeed." But no mere prices and incomes policy can succeed in controlling land prices because population is increasing and wealth is increasing, and we are all determined wealth shall increase faster, and therefore more and more land is needed for everything that is done, and there is no more land.



demanded by their Governments, and thus having to lay off workers and close plants.

This dimension needs intergovernmental handling, and the best place for that is the European Economic Community, whose first operational environment policy is now just about to go into effect. The greatest of the *trahisons des clercs* which have recently afflicted the Labour Party has been the submission of the informed and internationalist members of its leadership to the blinkered isolationists in the matter of the European Community.

There are many, many other fields where the material and political progress of the British people now depends on imaginative and pressing action within that Community, of which we are now the seventh richest member, coming above only Ireland and Italy. The action must largely be taken in the European Parliament which the supposedly internationalist party of the country which was the cradle of parliamentary government has for the moment boycotted.

Though the boycott is itself the fruit of the wrong relationships which I described yesterday, yet there now seems every hope that it may be quietly forgotten, even before the basic relationships are rationalised. But rationalised they must be, for another day. The general sense of these articles has been that the revival of the Labour Party will in fact depend not on small or quick adjustments of policy to meet changing situations, not on ready compliance and unquestioning endorsements between comrades and brothers, but more on a slowly changing structure and new perceptions developed in slow and arduous debate. They have appealed to people to be themselves. They are not written for people dif-

needed for everything that is done, and there is no more land.

We cannot "control" the price of land because, even if a contract of sale for a price higher than that which may be laid down by law is made an illegal document, yet people will still pass each other more on the side. We in Britain have the highest population density in the world (except for certain island mini-states like Hongkong and Singapore). The top three countries are as follows:

Belgium 317 people per sq km.
Holland 319.
England and Wales 324.
England alone 355.

The gravity of this is not yet understood. The key trend is "land take"; that is the rate at which land is taken from agriculture, forest and wilderness, for development of all sorts; not only housing and factories but roads, airfields, reservoirs, defence establishments; everything. The terminal region in this respect ("terminal" in the sense one uses the word of a cancer patient) is not, as people tend to think, the South-east, but the North-west.

If you exclude National Parks and hill-land over 800ft. high, the whole of the North-west Region of England will, projecting present trends, be developed by the end of the century; in 27 years. The whole of the South-east region (where there is no high land) will be developed in about 200 years, and the whole of England, without any exception for national parks, high ground, etc, in about 300 years.

One may get some idea of the significance of that in terms of human history by saying that we are now sixteen seventeenths of the way, in time, from the building of Stonehenge to the date when there will be no grass or trees left in England.

It happens from time to time that there is a dip in the birth rate, and then a facile optimism declares that all is well again. But the trend-projection a responsible politician will permit himself to use is not that based on what has happened in the past few months, it is that based at least on a 20 or 30 year trend, and these figures are the projection of that 20 or 30 year trend.

Obviously, we are not going to get to a no-grass situation in England. The birth rate is going to go down; mankind is not mad, not self-destructive to that extent, but it is up to us how we cause it to go down, and that is why the recent little drama when the Labour Party in the House of Lords defeated the Government and carried free birth control on the Health Service into a Bill, was so important; since easy abortion for young women is unjustifiable, unless and until easy contraception has been tried, and found not to stabilise the population.

Our world record population density makes it inevitable that we should have been the first country to be hit by a land price explosion. Examples are now all too familiar of the way land is hoarded, sold and resold, without beneficial use, for the fantastic capital gains which have given scandalous personal fortunes to a few men who are as odd and specialised morally as the tapeworm is physically.

An even grosser case is what may happen with perfectly good factories. Imagine that a certain company has a factory in the South East, or some other place where there is pressure for office development. The moment the capitalised value of the production at that factory falls below the capitalised rents of an office block which could be built on its site, that company, or indeed group of companies, risks being taken over by some predator.

It may decide to close the factory and sell the land, for the sole purpose of remaining in control of the rest of its plant, as a lizard will drop its tail when you grab it. In either case, industrial workers, who suffer a high unemployment rate will be thrown out of work, even though office workers, who suffer a low one, may be taken on. With the best will in the world from capital, management, and labour, social misery is caused by the mere existence of unknown land speculators in the jungle.

Now in theory a really tough use of planning law should be enough to drive the predator away; he would slink off if he knew he would never get permission for a change of use from factory to offices. But there are local councils which do not see it that way, and governments too, so that the predator is allowed to hope; and his hope is the workers' fear.

Within the housing sector, the situation is even worse. An old block of flats naturally has a far lower capitalised rent value than a new one,



and there is no planning control to stop its being superseded by another building for the same use. "Urban renewal equals proletarian removal."

What can be done? Housing drives, development drives, "the bringing forward of land," though no doubt still necessary to maintain or achieve the rate of physical development we shall need for many years yet, will not affect prices, and to hope they will is to spit into the wind.

Can the cancerous bulging of land values be brought down by fiscal means? Four times this century, long before the disease looked really serious, governments of the Left have tried to bring down land prices by what amounted to fiscal means. The last two occasions were under Labour governments, in 1947 and 1967. In 1947 a betterment levy of 100 per cent was tried; land virtually ceased changing hands and development languished. It was abolished by the next Conservative Government. In 1967 a betterment levy of 40 per cent was tried; it did not clearly reduce land prices and was complicated and sometimes invidious in operation.

The Land Commission which administered the levy was headed by people who were not committed by background and formation to the principle that value should accrue to those who had created value, and it was abolished by the next Conservative Government.

What follows is likely to raise some hackles, and before explaining my proposal I should like to make three points. First, this is not Labour Party policy; it is only a proposal for policy. Secondly, I do not claim that there is no other way of containing land prices, only that I have not seen one or been able to think of one; and thirdly, I do not claim that the details are the best possible details. What I do claim is that insufficient action risks the collapse of our society. What is best to do?

There is something to be said for trying a levy between these two rates, say 70 per cent, and I unsuccessfully advocated this course within the last Labour Government. But the time for dickering around is now past, and the Labour Party is committed to public ownership of all land needed for development.

One must doubt that even this will be enough since, if that were all, speculation would continue in land which was not yet needed for development, but soon might be. This is what happens with "white land" now, and any limited scheme of public ownership would simply push back the geographical frontiers of speculation to the nearest land outside the limits. It follows that the public ownership of all land is the necessary (though not sufficient) condition for the ending of this great social injustice. The only hope is once and for all to extinguish the free market in land.

As is so often the case, our language itself gives the clue. Consider the word "freehold." There is a difference between freehold and absolute property; indeed in 1968 the Law Commission endorsed a proposal that freeholds should be converted into absolute property (which was then very properly swept under the carpet). Freehold is a form of land tenure, and land is only held, or *tenue*, by one party or another party. The freeholder, in history and in law, holds his land of the whole people incorporated as the Crown, which first let it to him or his predecessor on terms including no rent.

Society, still incorporated for this purpose as the Crown, should now impose on all freeholds a very simple new condition; they should cease to be transferable between one citizen and another, and should be saleable only to the State, and purchasable only from the State.

The first advantage of this system would be that prices could in fact be controlled. As long as freeholds are saleable between citizens prices are uncontrollable, because, as we have seen, people will slip each other money on the side. But by the means proposed, side payments would be made impossible. An intending purchaser could not seek to induce a freeholder to sell to the State by offering him money on the side, since he would not know whether the State would then sell to him or to another. The State would, in practice, choose between the purchasers who would present themselves to offer the price at which it chose to put the freehold on sale and an intending purchaser could not know he would be the one chosen.

This act of State choice would in itself be a difficult one. Since many intending purchasers might well come forward for one parcel of land, and since the brute primacy of money is to be denied the State would have to make a judgment of merit. The only way this could be done without folly would be to have a network of local and democratic panels to do it, probably emanations, in some convenient form, of the local authorities. This is the most contentious part of the proposal, but I do think it is justifiable. It is true you might get some funny choices made, but they could not be any funnier than those made by the blind operation of the market at present. In fact, democratically controlled intention is likely to be a better guide than the brute accident of money.

The freehold prices of different types of land, and of buildings, would be settled by government under the general regulation of Parliament. They would reflect that balance between private hope of private advantage and public assessment of public welfare which was acceptable to Parliament from time to time.

The freeholder would have the right to sell to the State whenever he chose, at the price then prevailing for that type of property. The State would sometimes have to have the right to purchase the freehold at the same price, in the same circumstances that central and local government now have the right of compulsory purchase. This right would only, as now, be exercised after due notice, and would be subject to the same hearings and confirmations as now.

The difference, if any, between the purchase and the sale price could be varied from time to time, if we ever found we wanted a tax on land transactions. The status of planning law would remain the same, and changes in use class would be reflected in the price determined by the State as monopoly trader in land. The market in leaseholds would have to be extinguished, since their price could not be controlled. All rents would be controlled in the way that most are now and rent-control administration would be unified. The combination of controlled freehold price and controlled rent would be used to prevent the present uncontrollable development of high-rent housing on formerly low-rent sites. It would take the profit out of it.

The question arises, should these functions be exercised on behalf of the Crown by central Government, by local government, or by some form of regional government which may be set up? The answer can only be: by central Government (except for the choice of new purchasers). This is a Socialist proposal, and at any level of regional or local government there will always be both Labour and Conservative councils. If the function is devolved to them by Parliament optionally, the Labour councils will use it and the Conservative ones will not, and that would be unjust. If it is made mandatory, the Conservative councils will groan and squirm, and the spectre of the Whitehall commissioner will be invoked in a needless and unwelcome manner. Moreover, a Conservative Government would be less likely to repeal the whole system if it was working smoothly, fairly and *uniformly*. Haphazard application, haphazard success and failure, would ensure reversal.

The rôle of local authorities in planning, in housing, and in services would remain unchanged. Central Government would trade in land under planning law still democratically administered at local level, and local authorities would continue as freeholders of housing and service land, buying from and selling to central Government only.

The owner-occupier, the working farmer, the industrialist, the working firm, and the institution, would face no change in their relationship with their own land, except that they would only have one possible purchaser for it. They would know precisely where they stood. They could realise its value whenever they liked, and buy other land whenever they liked. Capital gains tax on land would, of course, be abolished.

It would clearly be quite convenient to fit a national urban renewal agency into this system; it would be part of the Crown apparatus. It would do its work of renewal, and then either issue new freeholds on the land or, if convenient, remain as freeholder and issue leases, saleable only to itself, or ordinary tenancies. Everything would be as before, except that prices would be subject to the will of the people in Parliament, and speculation would be impossible.

To be sure, the administration would be large and would have to be ubiquitous, for convenience sake. But if we consider that estate agents would no longer have freeholds to deal in, we can easily see that there would be a large number of qualified people free to take up salaried employment in the State service where, of course, higher professional standards can be enforced. The administration would be self-financing, since a small difference between the State's buying and selling prices for freeholds could be introduced to correspond to the agents' fees which now earn them a livelihood. There would, in practice, be a State freehold agency in operation.

The land crisis is alone among all our ecological difficulties in admit-



ting no possibility of what cancer specialists call random remission; land is fixed, people are multiplying, wealth is growing and that's that. Therefore the heroic intervention of outright nationalisation (but not penalisation) is the only hopeful treatment.

Most of the other ecological difficulties, and especially pollution, face us with less drastic calls on our political courage. All industrial pollution can be cleaned up; it only needs money. But to get the money, we have to decide where from. The costs at present are misallocated: extenualities fall on the taxpayer through, for instance, hospital costs, and on the citizen direct through, for instance, time spent washing the clothes and the paintwork. It is easy to show, and by now widely accepted, that the clean-up money must come from the producer himself, who must pay for the pollution suppression equipment to meet the standards society lays down in his case. He must internalise his externalities. But he probably cannot pay for all this out of his profits; if he can, his profits were too high, and the Government's profits policy deficient. He must pay for some of it out of increased prices, and that instantly brings in an international dimension, to avoid our manufacturer being undercut by foreign competitors of whom high environmental standards have not been

They are not written for people different from their author, to urge them to this or that, or to explain to them things they do not understand. They are written for people like him, for the intelligentsia of the Labour Party, which is now so maligned, and therefore feels guilty and impotent, and therefore does nothing good, and therefore gets maligned some more, this time deservedly.

There is a false populism and a true populism. The false one is when we go to Grimsby or to Splott, listen to people, say yes, shake hands, drink tea, listen again, say yes again, then repeat what we have heard in more forceful terms, and lastly go back to Westminster and repeat it all again in terms more polished and if possible more forceful still. If we have heard wisdom, moderation, experience, kindness, good. If we have heard ignorance, fear, shortsightedness, cruelty, equally good. To check, to intervene, would be élitist. To contradict would be middle class.

The true populism does not do people the insult of elevating their quantity above the quality of wisdom. It if hears fear or cruelty in Splott or Grimsby, it speaks at once, before the thing gathers way. Above all when, as it continually does, and must, it hears ignorance, it intervenes to dispel it. A self-serving delusion can be put right in ten seconds the first time it appears; in half an hour the next; by a special one-day conference the third and never the fourth.

Those in the Labour Party who have fortune's gift of intelligence and society's gift of education have no need to go around cringing as if what they had was 20,000 acres and 20 million pounds. They have no right to withhold their intelligence and their education from the party, no more right than they have to withhold their membership subscription. No orthodox Marxist would doubt it "from each according to his ability. . ." "workers by head and brain. . ." It is only the peculiar English hang-up about class which stops us knowing that it is more than handshakes, and that nowhere does the grass grow greener than from roots in courage and integrity.

There are many guilts to exorcise. The long, cold, insistent refusal to blame the American conduct of the Vietnam war is, though indirectly, the main one. We lost a generation on that; a generation of students and young people. We paid at once in 1970, because they weren't there to take the old people to the polls. We must hope we do not have to go on paying as that cohert moves through life.

Failures of execution while we were in government come next. Teeth, specs, scrips; halfpence to the Exchequer, shibboleth to the Movement. The guilt was real and broad; not only young people and intellectuals that time. And third was the sheer technical miscalculation of how to fight the 1970 election. That a party vowed to change, to movement, to upheaval, to the rough winning of a lacking justice; that such a party should decide to go to the polls on a doctor's mandate, *and lose!* It's enough to make one impotent for years.

Indeed it has. But we could come back now. Class loyalty alone will not bring justice to the country; it is too partial. But wit and wisdom will, and they are to be found where they fall among the people as a whole; as producers, as consumers, and above all, as intellectuals.

Sunday Times Magazine April 15, '73

DISCOVERING ANCIENT BRITAIN PART ONE

We are so spoilt by our wealth of mediaeval cathedrals, Norman castles and 18th-century country houses that we tend to forget the works of our remoter ancestors. Yet Britain is rich in prehistoric monuments; it has the most elaborate of the military constructions of the Roman Empire; in the Dark Ages, its monasteries created illuminated manuscripts which are original masterpieces by any standard.

Today we begin a three-part series on pre-Norman Britain and its inhabitants, edited by Barry Cunliffe. We start with Britain before the Romans, and on page 44 we chart 100 sites where signs of our pre-Roman ancestors' lives and livelihood may still be seen. On page 48 Euan MacKie describes the Scottish brochs and on page 52 the phenomenal achievement of the stone circles of Britain; here, Barry Cunliffe describes the life of a typical farming family in 100 B.C.: not the woad-painted savages of popular imaginings, but decently dressed in patterned woollen cloth with shoes on their feet and fine pieces of jewellery. Illustration by Michael Leonard

The way we lived then

Most of us associate the phrase 'pre-Roman Britain' with Stonehenge, Silbury Hill, hillforts and Iron Age chieftains. But ask about life-style, dress, the organisation of society and such apparently mundane things, and, although the hairy, woad-covered, cave-dwelling savages which the old school books would have had us believe once populated Britain have been put to rest the gap in most people's knowledge becomes only too obvious.

Let us attempt some answers. Before the start of the Neolithic period some 6000 years ago food was gathered and hunted, processes which demand a nomadic way of life; but with the introduction of crops like wheat and barley around 3500 B.C. and the breeding of domesticated cattle and sheep, man gradually became sedentary, balancing his life between the need to stay put and guard his crops and the need to move his animals from place to place as the seasons demanded. During the 4000 years before the Roman conquest small communities gradually established an equilibrium with the land, but the land was often master, determining what could or could not be grown or demanding a greater emphasis on stock rearing where geography and climate were unsuitable for crops. How long it took for man to develop a stability varied from place to place, but disaster was always close at hand – a crop failure, a severe winter or a high mortality rate among new-born calves could have spelled famine and death.

Over most of Britain the basic farming unit seems to have been the extended family of parents, children and grandparents. Sometimes there were groups of 10 or a dozen huts like small hamlets or even villages, but it was not until the fourth or third century B.C. that larger settlements began to develop.

A great deal is now known of Southern British farms of the 500 years or so B.C. A typical holding would be enclosed by a fence or ditch with a single gate reached by trackways running between the adjacent small squarish fields. Within the two-to-four-acre enclosure there was usually one large circular house, built of timber with a thatched roof and sometimes with dry-stone walling. In it there would have been a central area for living and eating, compartments beneath the eaves for storage and sleeping, and a vast space in the roof where meat could be hung. One house, based on accurate archaeological evidence, has been reconstructed at the open-air museum at Avoncroft in Worcester. The exterior looks primitive enough but inside the great cathedral-like volume is stunning.

Outside the main house were subsidiary structures: shelters for cooking, racks for storage, granaries and occasionally other houses, presumably for dependants, while in the last few centuries B.C. corn was stored in underground silos. Fields were ploughed with iron-shod ards pulled by oxen. The ripe ears were cut off in handfuls with iron reaping hooks and threshed, probably after being roasted to loosen the grains and prevent germination. The corn was then stored for consumption during the winter, to be ground by hand as and when required to make a coarse gritty flour for baking into bread.

Cattle and sheep contributed much to the household, not only meat and milk but also wool, hides, sinew, fat and bone for making implements, while their manure helped to maintain the fertility of the soil. Then there would be honey, eggs, fish, shellfish and occasional bigger game like wild deer; for apart from necessities such as salt and metals and luxuries like beads and other trinkets, most needs of the community were produced at home.

Superimposed upon this simple scene would, of course, have been a complex of behaviour patterns, taboos, communal observances and hierarchical relationships, all very difficult for the archaeologist to discover. Indeed, it is unlikely that we will learn much more of the social side of life until communal centres like the causewayed camps of the Neolithic period and the hillforts of the Iron Age have been excavated in much greater detail. Only when we know the complete layout of some of these larger settlements will our knowledge of prehistoric society, as opposed to the prehistoric economy, begin to advance.





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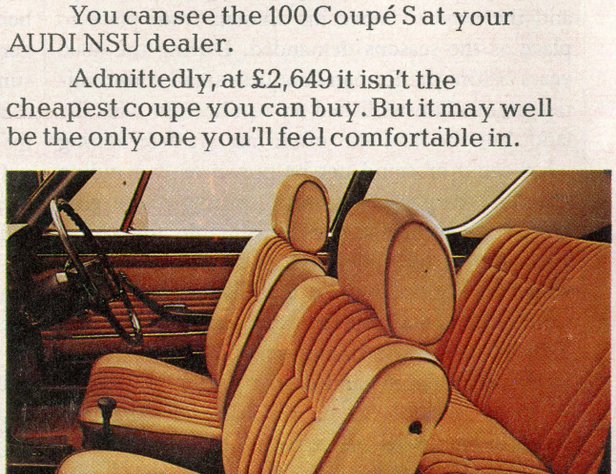

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Hadrian as precursor to Berlin in wall building

From Philip Howard
Lancaster, April 20

Mystery still shrouds the purpose of two of the three greatest works of ancient engineering in Britain, Stonehenge and Silbury Hill. But every schoolchild surely knows the purpose of the third astonishing erection, Hadrian's Wall. The Roman imperialists built it as a defensive barrier to keep out the Picts and the Scots.

As it happens, every schoolchild is probably mistaken. In his paper to the Classical Association here Professor Eric Birley argues that its purpose was not primarily defensive, but, on the contrary, retentive. It was a precursor to the Berlin Wall, built to keep in the natives.

Professor Birley, lately of Durham University, has come to this conclusion after a lifetime spent excavating and interpreting the wall. He bases it partly on the anatomy of the complex of works elucidated by recent excavation; partly on analogy with other artificial frontiers built by the Romans, notably the Fossatum Africae in Algeria.

In Hadrian's day the peoples north of the Tay had not yet combined into the grouping that the Romans were to know as the Picts; and the Scots were still engaged in internal strife in Ireland. But the so called Augustun History in its *Life of Hadrian* gives the true answer on a plate: the wall was intended to separate those people from barbarians. Professor Birley believes that means that everyone south of the wall was to be Romanized, whether they liked it or not. The obvious and sinister modern analogy is the barrier of the iron curtain, intended to keep in the Soviet sphere of influence the peoples of Eastern Europe.

The digging of the great ditch that runs behind the wall, known since the time of the Venerable Bede as the vallum, shows that security difficulties subsisted in the hinterland of the wall. By the beginning of the third century they seem to have disappeared. Meanwhile, the growth of large and undefended civilian settlements outside so many of the frontier forts, and the development of numerous new native farmsteads even in Northumberland, point to the success of the prime objective of Hadrian's frontier policy: economic development of the frontier district by stepping up population and agriculture so as to simplify feeding the army and supplying it with an adequate intake of recruits from the local countryside.

The presence of Roman Army units, their men all receiving regular pay, attracted civilians to cater for their various requirements. Hence flourishing "vici" sprang up, such as that which is now being investigated, with most encouraging results, by Professor Birley's son at Vindolanda.



Yeavering Bell, Northumberland: on such hilltops the pre-Roman Britons used to live

Sites of Ancient Britain

The map overleaf shows most of the important pre-Roman sites in Britain. Here and on page 46 we list the sites by category, with details for the enthusiast of how and where to find them. The letters and figures in bold following the name of each site refer to our map on pages 44 and 45; the O.S. number with each site lists the Ordnance Survey 1in. sheet number followed by the detailed map reference. Research by Victoria Radin and Sheila McNeil

Barrow groups

The commonest archaeological monument in Britain is the Bronze Age barrow, or 'tumulus'. Ravaged first by country gentlemen and clergymen, and more recently by modern ploughing, they are fast disappearing, and many of the large barrow cemeteries have been whittled down to a fraction of their former size. Three good groups are worth visiting: Winterbourne Stoke, Kingston Russell, and Oakley Down. But hundreds of barrows still survive, particularly in the remoter parts of the South.

Most round barrows were erected in the period from about 2200-1400 B.C. to cover single burials. Earlier, in the Neolithic period, the burial mounds had usually been elongated, and frequently covered multiple burials. But unlike the Bronze Age barrows they seldom occurred in large cemeteries. See page 52.

Kingston Russell (B4), Abbotsbury, Dorset. On either side of A35 between Bridport and Dorchester, stretching for miles. Particularly impressive is the group at Poor Lot, ½m. S.E. of Kingston Russell. Access: at any time. 44 individual barrows in entire group. O.S. 178 SY 588907. Access: visible from road. Kingston Russell Stone Circle (DOE) also open to public.

Oakley Down (B5), Dorset. S. 1¼m. S.E. of Handley between Ackling Dyke and A354. O.S. 179 SU 018172. Finds in Devizes Museum, Wilts.

Petersfield Heath (C5), Hants. S. ¾m. S.E. of Petersfield (A3, A272). O.S. 181 SU 755225.

Seven Barrows (C5), Hants. (Also called Burghclere Seven Barrows.) S. Midway between Whitchurch and Burghclere, ¾m. N. of Litchfield. Seven barrows lie immediately W. of the A34; two others are between the road and railway, the tenth is west of the railway embankment. O.S. 168 SU 462553.

Winterbourne Stoke (C5), Wilts. N.T. On A303 1½m. S.W. of Stonehenge (q.v.). O.S. 167 SU 101417. Access: any time, no charge.

Brochs

See page 48.

Caisteal Grugaig (L2), Ross and Cromarty. Follow A887 to Kyle of Lochalsh, a few miles before Kyle Shiel Bridge, turn left on minor road on southern shore of Loch Shiel to Tobaig then stony path ½m. beyond end of road. O.S. 26 NG 866250.

Clickhimin (K7), Shetland. DOE. ¾m. S.W. of Lerwick. O.S. 4 HU 464408. Access: any reasonable time, no charge.

Dun Carloway (H1), Isle of Lewis, Hebrides. S.W. of the village of Carloway, by Loch Carloway, on W. coast of Lewis. O.S. 12 NB 190412. Access: any reasonable time, no charge.

Dun Mor Vaul (K1), Tiree Island. Take coast road from Scarinish round E. end of island N. to Vaul. Broch is ½m. beyond end of road, on rocky knoll at edge of shore. O.S. 44 NM 046493.

Dun Telve and **Dun Troddan (L2).** On W. coast of Inverness-shire about 1½m. S.E. of Glenelg which is 8m. W. of Shiel Bridge. O.S. 35 NG 829172 and 834172. Dun Grugaig (not on map) is a short distance farther up the glen. Access: any time, no charge.

Edin's Hall (J5), Berwickshire. DOE. On N.E. slope of Cockburn Law, about 4m. from Granthouse, by the Duns road (A6112). O.S. 63 NT 772602. Access: any time, no charge.

Gurness (K6), Aikerness, Orkney. DOE. On coast at Aikerness, near Evie, 11m. N.W. of Kirkwall and 1½m. N. of main road (A966). O.S. 6 HY 382268. Access: standard hours, closed on Saturdays during winter; small charge.

Jarlshof (K7), Shetland. DOE. Sumburgh Head, 22m. S. of Lerwick on southernmost point of Shetland, close to Sumburgh airfield. Bus service from Lerwick to Sumburgh. O.S. 4 HU 398095. Access: standard hours, small charge. (Also remains of three extensive settlements.)

Loch of Huxter (L7), Island of Whalsay, Shetland Islands. O.S. 3 HU 559620.

Mid Howe (or Midhowe Broch) **(K6),** Island of Rousay, Orkney. On W. coast of island. O.S. 6 HY 371306. Access: any reasonable time, without charge.

Mousa (K7), Shetland. DOE. On W. coast of island of Mousa, which is off the E. coast of mainland of Shetland. Access by hire of boat from village of Sandwick, 14m. S. of Lerwick. Daily bus service from Lerwick to Sandwick. O.S. 4 HU 457236. Access: any time, no charge. Guidebook available at Jarlshof.

Causewayed camps

The first communal architecture in Britain: a Neolithic community worked together to enclose an area – usually a hilltop – with a single or concentric rings of discontinuous ditches. Such an arrangement, with frequent causeways across the ditches, cannot really be regarded as defensive; archaeologists generally agree that they were probably some kind of meeting place, possibly with ritual overtones. Most of them belong to the years 3500-2500 B.C. Causewayed camps don't survive well, and only 15 are known: the best is Windmill Hill.

Maiden Castle (B4), Dorset. (Also hillfort.) 2½m. S.W. of Dorchester. Finds and models in Dorset County Museum, Dorchester. Access: at any time. O.S. 178 SY 669885.

The Trundle (B6), Sussex. (Also hillfort.) 4m. N. of Chichester, 1½m. S.E. of West Dean (A286), on the Goodwood estate. Finds in Lewes Museum. Access: at any time, no charge. O.S. 181 SU 877111.

Whitesheet Hill (C4), Wilts. Part N.T. Visible from field road off B3092. On Stourhead estate. No public access. O.S. 166 SU 801351 and SU 804345.

Windmill Hill (C5), near Avebury, Wilts. N.T. and DOE. In the Kennet valley 1½m. N.W. of Avebury. Can be approached on foot from the main Swindon road (A361) 1m. N. of Avebury, or by a track leading north from Avebury Trusloe. Finds in the Avebury Museum. Access: at any time. O.S. 157 SU 087714.

Chambered tombs

A popular burial method throughout Neolithic times. These tombs consist of a chamber built of massive stones buried in a long mound, linked to the outside world by means of a passage. They were designed to be used over a period of time, possibly as 'vaults' for the members of a single family or a social group. The West Kennet Long Barrow is an excellent example with its chamber intact and much of the blocking wall of orthostats (large vertical blocks of stone) and dry stone walling still in position. But probably the most dramatic is at Maes Howe, on Orkney, built from the local laminated stone with its corbelled roof still complete.

Addington Park (C7), Kent. 2¼m. E. of Wrotham (A20, A227) cut by road into Addington from Trottiscliffe (close to the Chestnuts burial chamber and to Addington Church). O.S. 171 TQ 653591. Access: visible from a distance. Private.

Barclodiad yr Gawres (F2), Anglesey, N. Wales. DOE. ½m. W. of main coast road from Aberffraw to Llanfaelog (A4080). Footpath from roadside car park, site overlooks sea. O.S. 106 SH 329708. Access: currently closed (no key-keeper). In meantime by prior arrangement with DOE. Area Supt. at 22-23 Castle Sq., Caernarvon (tel. 3094).

Belas Knap (D5), Charlton Abbots, Glos. DOE. 1¾m. S. of Winchcombe (A46, B4078), W. of road to Charlton Abbots. O.S. 144 SP 020253. Finds in Cheltenham Museum. Access: any time, no charge.

Bryn Celli Ddu (F3), Anglesey, N. Wales. DOE. ¾m. N. of main road from Llanfair P.G. to Aberffraw (A4080) along secondary road to Llanddaniel Fab. O.S. 106 SH 507702. Signposted from A4080. Cars can be parked on road clear of farm gate; thereafter ½m. walk along level track. Access: DOE standard hours. Guide pamphlet on sale at nearby farm.

Chun Quoit (A1), near Penzance, Cornwall. 2½m. N.E. of St Just (A3071, B3306) between B3318 and B3306, 100yd. W. of Chun Castle. O.S. 189 SW 402339.

Coldrum (C7), Kent. N.T. 2¾m. N.E. of Wrotham (A20, A227) 1 m. N.E. of Trottiscliffe. O.S. 171 TQ 654607. Close to Chestnuts burial chamber and Addington Park long barrow (q.v.). Reached by foot along private road, signposted. Access: any time, no charge. Finds in Maidstone Museum.

The Grey Mare and her Colts (B4), Dorset. About 3m. N.E. of Abbotsbury. O.S. 177 SY 584870.

Hetty Pegler's Tump (C4), Uley, Gloucestershire. DOE. 1m. N. of Uley, between Dursley and Nailsworth. O.S. 156 SO 790001. Finds in Gloucester City Museum. Access: key from cafe nearby. Small charge.

Holm of Papa (K6), Westray, Orkney. DOE. On E. side of island. O.S. 5 HY 509518. Access: any reasonable time, no charge, on application to the custodian.

Kit's Coty House (C7), Aylesford, Kent. DOE. On W. side of Maidstone-Rochester road, 3½m. N. of Maidstone. O.S. 172 TQ 745608. Access: any time, no charge. Nearby is Little Kit's Coty House, a ruined burial chamber of a prehistoric barrow, ½m. S. on east side of the Aylesford road.

Lanyon Quoit (A1), Cornwall. N.T. Accessible from road. 4m. N.W. of Penzance via the B3312. O.S. 189 SW 430337. Access: any time, no charge.

Maes Howe (K6), Orkney. DOE. 9m. W. of Kirkwall on main Stromness road (A965). O.S. 6 HY 318127. Access: key-keeper in a nearby farmhouse. Any reasonable time weekdays, but on Sundays, April to September, 2p.m. to 7p.m., October to March, 2p.m. to 4p.m.

Notgrove Long Barrow (D5), Glos. DOE. 4½m. W. of Bourton-on-the-Water (A429, B4068), immediately S. of B4068. O.S. 144 SP 096211. Finds in Cheltenham Museum. Access: any time, no charge.

Nympsfield (C4), Glos. 4½m. W. of Stroud (A46, A419), immediately W. of B4066 to Dursley (A4135, B4066). O.S. 156 SO 794013. Finds in Stroud Museum. Access: any time, no charge.

Park le Bruce (C3) (Parc le Breos – Parc Cwm), Glamorgan. DOE. On Gower peninsula, ½m. N. of A4118 from Swansea to Port Eynon. O.S. 153 SS 538899. Access: any time, no charge.

Pentre-Ifan (D2), Pembrokeshire. DOE. 3m. S. of A487 from Fishguard to Cardigan along B4329 to Haverfordwest. Signposted from main road. In open field reached by footpath from B4329. Access: any time, no charge. Guidebook available from nearby cottage. O.S. 139 SN 099370.

Quoyness (K6), Island of Sanday, Orkney. DOE. At Quoyness on S. coast of island. Island steamer service from Kirkwall. O.S. 5 HY 676378. Access: any reasonable time, no charge, on application to the key-keeper, Bridgend, Sanday, Orkney.

Stony Littleton (C4), Somerset. DOE. 1m. S. of Wellow. O.S. 166 ST 735572.

Abbreviations
N.T. – National Trust property. S. – scheduled by the DOE.
DOE – owned by the Department of the Environment, open to the public.
(Usual DOE hours, May–September, are 9.30–7.00, and 2.00–7.00 on Sundays; hours are curtailed during winter months.)

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Access: through Stony Littleton Farm on application at any reasonable time. Guidebook available. Finds in Bristol City Museum.

Tinkinswood (C3), Glamorgan. DOE. 3m. S. of A48 along secondary road from St Nicholas. O.S. 154 ST 092733. Footpath 300yd. from secondary road, signposted from main road. Access: any reasonable time, no charge. Guide pamphlet on sale at nearby gate lodge.

Ty Isaf (D4), Talgarth, Breconshire. O.S. 141 SO 182291. Private property.

Wayland's Smithy (C5), Ashbury, Berks. DOE. 1m. E. of Ashbury. O.S. 158 SU 281854. Access: any time, no charge.

West Kennet Long Barrow (C5), Wilts. DOE. ½m. S.W. of centre of West Kennet (A4). Footpath marked by signpost S. of A4. O.S. 157 SU 104677. Access: any time, no charge. Finds in the Devizes Museum.

Zennor Quoit (A1), Quoit, Cornwall. National Trust. 1m. S.E. of Zennor (B3306). O.S. 189 SW 469380. Finds in the Truro Museum.

Field systems

Ploughing, particularly in prehistoric and Roman times, led to the creation of great areas of well defined field systems marked now by the 'lynchets' – banks of soil – which accumulated on the downhill slope of each ploughed area. In parts of Dorset, Wiltshire and Yorkshire, field systems still survive in a remarkable state of preservation.

Grassington (G5), Yorkshire. Also settlement. O.S. 90 SE 005655. 8m. N. of Skipton; field systems are c. ½m. N. of Grassington village. Iron Age fields and Bronze Age barrows; Lea Green is on public footpath, High Close is private (so ring Mrs Harrison, Grassington 467, to check bull not in field).

Kingston Down (B5), Dorset. S. of Corfe Castle, nearly on sea. O.S. 178 SY 957780.

Flint mines

Before the introduction of metal, supplies of hard, easily chipped stone were essential for the manufacture of tools and weapons. In the North and West of Britain, many of the older igneous rocks were used where they outcropped; in the South-East they had to dig flint out of the chalk.

Flint mines are remarkable feats of engineering. Massive shafts were sunk to the required layer of flint, and galleries fanned out from them, following the stone. Mining was carried out in the latter part of the Neolithic period and into the time when copper was coming into use (about 2500-1800 B.C.).

Grime's Graves is the only site now open for public inspection. At Cissbury the filled-in shafts look like bomb craters inside the Iron Age hillfort.

Cissbury Ring (B6), Sussex. (Also site of hillfort.) N.T. 1½m. E. of Findon (A24), 3m. N. of Worthing. Access: any time. O.S. 182 TQ 139080.

Grime's Graves (D7), Weeting, Norfolk. DOE. 5½m. N.W. of Thetford (A11, A134, B1107), ¾m. S. of A134/B1108 crossroads. Access: standard hours for DOE. Finds in British Museum; also Norwich, Thetford, and Ipswich museums. A small collection is on view at the custodian's hut. O.S. 136 TL 817898.

Fortified sites

Hillforts are one of the most dramatic types of prehistoric monument, with their massive banks and ditches, sometimes in multiple rows, and their strongly defended entrances. They symbolise the organisation and aggression of society in the last millennium B.C. It is now known that some hillforts were built in the late Bronze Age, but the majority were in use during the Iron Age, some being held against the advance of the Roman army.

There are several thousand in Britain, and some of the more impressive and easily accessible are shown on the map. Perhaps the most evocative is Maiden Castle – 45 acres of hilltop surrounded by multivalate defences.

Abernethy (J4), Perthshire. Castle Law fort. O.S. 55 NO 183153. M90 from Edinburgh, then A90 through Glenfarg; turn right on to A913. After 1½m. turn right on road to Strathmiglo for 1m. Then walk up hill. Permission from Mr Duff of Glenfarg.

Almondbury (F5), near Huddersfield, Yorks. 1¾m. S.E. of Huddersfield. O.S. 102 SE 153141. Hilltop marked by Victorian tower. Access: any time, no charge. Finds in the Tolson Memorial Museum, Huddersfield.

Bigbury (C8), Kent. 2m. W. of Canterbury. O.S. 173 TR 116576. Finds in Maidstone and Canterbury Museums.

Bredon Hill (D5), Worcs. S. O.S. 144 SO 957402. 6m. N.E. of Tewkesbury, off B4080. Finds in private museum, Overbury Court.

The Bulwark (C2), Monmouthshire. Chepstow Bulwarks Camp. DOE. 1m. S. of Chepstow. O.S. 152 SS 443928. Access: any time, no charge.

Cissbury (B6), Sussex. S. and N.T. 1½m. E. of Findon (A24), 3m. N. of Worthing. O.S. 182 TQ 139080. Access: any time, no charge.

Danebury (C5), Hants. S. 3m. N.W. of Stockbridge; turn off A30 ½m. from town and follow signposts. O.S. 168 SU 323377. Access: any time, no charge.

Dolebury (C4), Somerset. 1m. S.E. of Churchill (A38, A368), ½m. E. of A38. O.S. 165 ST 450589.

Eildon Hill North (I4), Roxburghshire. Hillfort and signal station above Roman fort of Trimontium. O.S. 70 NT 554328 and 555328. 1m. S.S.E. of Melrose. Steep climb up Eildon Walk path from centre of town. Alternatively, take B6398 from Newtown Boswell (on A68), then minor road N.

Finavon (K4), Forfar. Vitrified fort. O.S. 50 NO 506556. 4m. N.E. of Forfar, take B9134 from Forfar, then N. on minor road which goes right past fort.

Foel Trigarn (D2), Pembrokeshire. O.S. 139 SN 158336. One mile due west of Crymmych, on A478 from Cardigan. Half mile steep walk. Also settlement.

Garn Boduan (E2), North Wales. (Or Bodvan or Bodfean.) On peninsula S. of Anglesey. O.S. 115 SH 310394. Access: any time, no charge.

Hambledon Hill (B4), Dorset. To the left of the Blandford Forum-Shaftesbury road, about 3½m. N.W. of Blandford Forum. O.S. 178 ST 845126. Has triple ramparts on three sides, two on steep western slope above the Stour. Within its ramparts there are two barrows.

Hembury in Honiton (B3), Devon. Hillfort and Neolithic causewayed camp. 3½m. N.W. of Honiton (A30, A373) on N. side of A373. O.S. 176 ST 112050. Finds in Exeter Museum.

Ingleborough (G4), Yorks. E.N.E. of Ingleton. Over 2300ft. up on Ingleborough Hill. O.S. 90 SD 742746. Access: any time, no charge.

Ivinghoe Beacon (C6), Bucks. N.T. Take B3406 from Ivinghoe towards Dunstable. Beacon Hill is about 1m. from Ivinghoe on right. O.S. 159 SP 960169.

Maiden Castle (B4), Dorset. See under Causewayed Camps.

Mam Tor (F5), Derby. N.T. 1m. W. of Castleton, astride A625. O.S. 111 SK 128837. At summit of hill. Access: any time, no charge.

Midsummer Hill (D4), Herefordshire. N.T. 4m. E. of Ledbury, ½m. N. of Tewkesbury road (A438). O.S. 143 SO 760374. Access: any time, no charge. Finds in the Malvern and British Museums.

Old Oswestry (E4), Shropshire. DOE. 1m. N. of Oswestry (A483, A495, A4083). O.S. 118 SJ 295310. Access: any time, no charge.

Old Winchester Hill (B6), Hants. 2½m. S. of West Meon (A32) approached by a track S. from West Meon or N.E. from Meonstoke (A32). O.S. 181 SU 641206.

South Cadbury (B4), Somerset (Cadbury Castle). 1½m. S.E. of Sparkford (A303, A359), ½m. S. of A303, footpath from South Cadbury. Right of way round ramparts only. O.S. 166 ST 628252. Finds in Taunton Museum.

Stanwick (H5), Yorkshire. 3½m. S.W. of Piercebridge (A67, B6275). O.S. 85 NZ 192113. Access: can be seen from road. Finds in British Museum and in the Yorkshire Museum, York.

Traprain Law (J4), Dunpender, East Lothian. O.S. 63 NT 581747. 20m. E. of Edinburgh, not far from A1. Take minor road either E. from Haddington, or S.W. from E. Linton.

Tre'r Ceiri (E3), Caernarvonshire. Main road (A499) to Llanaelhaiarn, then ½m. along secondary road (B4417) to beginning of public footpath. Steep climb. O.S. 115 SH 374447. Access: any time, no charge.

The Trundle (B6), Sussex. See under Causewayed Camps.

Woden Law (I5), Roxburghshire. 4½m. S. of Hownan, by narrow mountain road from Morebattle. The Law lies to E. of the road, 1m. S. of Tow Ford. O.S. 70 NT 768125 and 768123.

The Wrekin (E4), Shropshire. 2½m. S.W. of Wellington (A5, A442, A518). O.S. 118 SJ 630082.

Yeavering Bell (I5), Northumberland. 4m. W.N.W. of Wooler (A697, A6111), 1m. S.E. of Kirknewton (B6351). O.S. 71 NT 928293.

Ritual sites

The category covers a multitude of monuments, many of them very little known. The most famous, Stonehenge, was a ritual centre of great importance from the Neolithic period into the Bronze Age, 2500-1500 B.C. See page 52.

Arbor Low (F5), Middleton, Derby. DOE. 5m. S.W. of Bakewell (A6, A619), ¾m. E. of Parsley Hall Station (A515). Finds in British Museum, Sheffield Museum and Buxton Museum. Access: DOE standard hours. O.S. 111 SK 161636.

Avebury (C5), Wilts. DOE and N.T. 7m. W. of Marlborough on A361. O.S. 157 SU 103700. Finds in Avebury Museum, DOE standard hours but Sundays from 9.30a.m., May to September. Access to site: any time, no charge. Connected to The Sanctuary (q.v.) by the West Kennet Avenue of standing stones (partially re-erected) running southwards.

Ballochroy (J2), Argyllshire. Three standing stones and a large stone cist in a field above the west coast road of Kintyre at a point where the road is close to the water some 16m. S. of Tarbert. Take the iron gate at the road, follow cart track up for 100 yards to large modern barn. Stones in field behind barn. O.S. 58 NR 730524.

Bleasdale Circle (G4), Lancs. 5½m. E. of Garstang (A6, B6272, B6430), ¼m. N.E. of Bleasdale Church. Access: request permission at nearby farm. O.S. 94 SD 577460.

Callanish (H1), Isle of Lewis, Outer Hebrides. DOE. On ridge of promontory extending into Loch Roag about 13m. W. of Stornoway off the A858. O.S. 12 NB 213330. Access: any time, no charge.

Down Tor (B3) (or Sheep's Tor). S. Includes cairn, row and standing stone. 4½m. E.N.E. of Yelverton (A386), 2m. E. of Burrator Reservoir. O.S. 187 SX 589694. Access: any time, no charge.

The Hurlers Stone Circles (B2), Minions, Cornwall. ½m. N.W. of Minions. O.S. 186 SX 258714. Access: any time, no charge.

Kintraw (J2), Argyllshire. Standing stone and cairn at the head of Loch Craignish, about 12m. N. of Lochgilphead. Sites in field next to road as it descends to loch. Hill platform best reached by footpath from bridge at foot of hill. O.S. 52 NM 830049.

Knowlton Circles (B5), Dorset. DOE. 3m. S.W. of Cranborne. O.S. 179 SU 025102. Also contains ruined church of Norman origin. Access: any time, no charge.

The Nine Ladies Stone Circles (F5), Stanton, Derby. DOE. Part of the Stanton Moor barrow complex. O.S. 111 SK 249635. Access: any time, no charge.

The Nine Maidens Stone Row (A1), Cornwall. S. 3m. N.E. of St Columb Major, E. of A39. O.S. 185 SW 937675. Access: any time, no charge.

Priddy Circles (C4), Somerset. S. 4½m. N. of Wells (A39, A371), 2¾m. S.W. of West Harptree (A368, B3114), N.W. of Miner's Arms Hotel. O.S. 166 ST 541530. Access: ask permission at nearest farmhouse.

Ring of Brodgar (K6), Orkney. Some miles E. of Stromness take B road N. from the Kirkwall road past Loch of Stenness. Stone circle is close to road on left a mile or two on. O.S. 6 HY 294134. Access: any time, no charge.

The Sanctuary (C5), near Avebury (q.v.), Wilts. DOE and N.T. Beside the Bath road, ½m. E. of West Kennet. O.S. 157 SU 117679. Access: any time, no charge.

Stanton Drew Circles and Cove (C4), Somerset. DOE. Circles are to E. of village of Stanton Drew, 6m. S. of Bristol (off B3130). Cove is in garden of Druid's Arms. O.S. 166 ST 601633. Access: any time on weekdays.

Stonehenge (C5), Wilts. DOE. 2m. W. of Amesbury on A303. O.S. 167 SU 123422. Access: standard DOE but from 9.30a.m. March to September.

Thornbrough Circles (G5), North Riding, Yorks. S. 3¼m. E. of Ripon, N. and S. of minor road through Sharrow. O.S. 91 SE 281801, 285795, and 289789. Access: any time, no charge.

Woodhenge (C5), Durrington, Amesbury, Wilts. 2m. N.E. of Stonehenge, by the A345 to Marlborough. O.S. 167 SU 150434. Access: any time, no charge.

Settlements

Prehistoric settlements abound in Britain. In the North and West, where they are built of stone, many still survive in recognisable form. In the South-East, where timber and turf were used, weathering and ploughing have removed all above-ground trace except, occasionally, for slight earthworks.

The most usual type of settlement site was the single family homestead, consisting of a main circular house, often with subsidiary buildings set in an enclosing ditch, bank or palisade. Sometimes larger clusters of houses occur, making up hamlets or villages.

Those on our map are selected both because of their state of preservation and to give some idea of the range of living sites. One of the most impressive is Chysauster – eight stone-built houses, each with garden plots, arranged in pairs along a street.

At the other end of the country, at Skara Brae on Orkney, is a remarkable complex of rooms and passageways of the Neolithic period, until recently buried in a sand dune. Everything, including the furniture, was built of the local stone, which breaks into thin slabs ideal for building.

Chysauster (A1), Madron, Cornwall. DOE. 2½m. N.W. of Gulval, E. of lane between Badger's Cross and New Mill on Penzance-Zennor road. Reached by footpath. O.S. 189 SW 473350. Access: DOE standard hours, but Sundays from 9.30a.m., April to September.

Grassington (G5), Yorkshire. O.S. 90 SD 994651. Also field system. For settlement, walk N. and N.W. from village centre to Grass Wood.

Ewe Close (H4), Westmorland. Village covering 1¾ acres. O.S. 83 NY 610135. 3m. N. of Orton, B6260, B6261, 1½m. S. of Crosby Ravensworth. Finds in Tullie House Museum, Carlisle.

Foel Trigarn (D2), Pembrokeshire. See under Fortified Sites.

Legis Tor (B3), Devon. Hut group. 3¾m. S.E. of Yelverton (A386, B3212) on N. bank River Plym; reached by road and path from Meavy and Brisworthy. O.S. 187 SX 569652. Finds in City Museum, Plymouth.

Rough Tor (B2), Cornwall. N.T. 3¼m. S.E. of Camelford (A39) on Bodmin Moor. Reached by car via the Jubilee Drive from Camelford to edge of moor, and from there by foot. O.S. 186 SX 145800. Access: any time, no charge.

Skara Brae (K6), Orkney. DOE. On southern shore of Bay of Skaill, 700yd. from B road N. of Stromness. O.S. 6 HY 231187. Access: April to September 9.30 to 7.00 (to 4.30 October to March); Sundays 2.00 to 7.00.

Silbury Hill

A category by itself – a great artificial cone-shaped hill, 5¼ acres in base area, composed of 12 million cubic feet of chalk. Recent excavations have shown it to be a complex structure built in several stages during the Neolithic period. Its purpose is unknown, but it is a monument to the skill and power of the leaders of Neolithic society – the largest man-made earthwork in prehistoric Europe.

Silbury Hill (C5), Wilts. Beside the Bath road (A4), 6m. W. of Marlborough. O.S. 157 SU 100685. Access: any time, no charge.



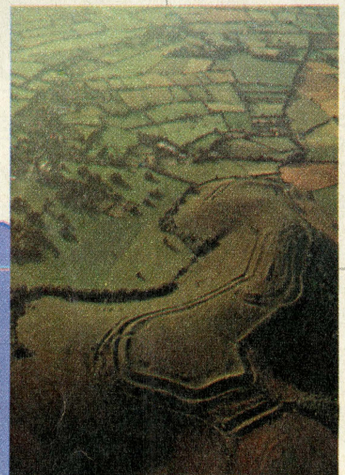
Skara Brae, Orkneys: a fine Neolithic settlement



Jarlshof, Shetlands: ruins of prehistoric settlements



The Celtic 'Torrs chamfrain' – actually a pony cap, now in Edinburgh



Hambledon Hill, Dorset: typical of the thousands of British hillforts

L 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

K J I H G

Caisteal Grugaig
Dun Telve
Dun Troddan
Dun Mor Vaul
Finavon
Kintraw
Abernethy
Ballochroy
Traprain Law
Edin's Hall
Eildon Hill North
Yeavering Bell
Woden Law
Ewe Close
Stanwick
Thornbrough Circles
Ingleborough
Grassington
Bleasdale Circle

SHETLAND and ORKNEY

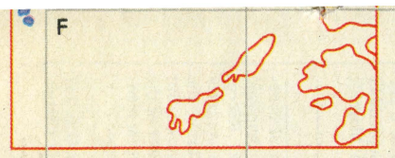
Loch of Huxter
Clickhimin
Holm of Papa
Mousa
Quoyness
Jarlshof
Ring of Brodgar
Mid Howe
Gurness
Skara Brae
Maes Howe

HEBRIDES

Dun Carloway
Callanish

Key

- Barrow groups
- Brochs
- Causewayed camps
- Chambered tombs
- Field systems
- Flint mines
- Fortified sites
- Ritual sites
- Settlements
- Silbury Hill





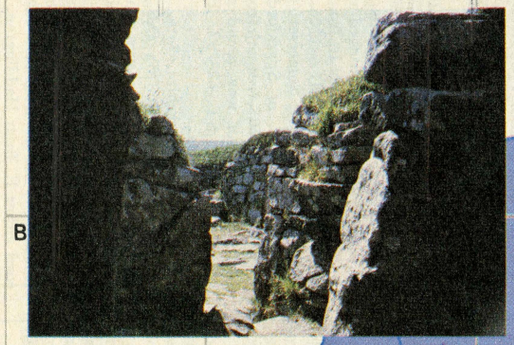
Grime's Graves, Norfolk: pits show ancient flint mines



West Kennet Long Barrow: excellently preserved



Bronze Age pots: found in Wiltshire, now at Devizes



Chysauster, Cornwall: eight stone houses with gardens

Almondbury
Mam Tor
Barclodiad yr Gawres
Bryn Celli Ddu
Arbor Low
The Nine Ladies
Tre'r Ceiri
Garn Boduan
Old Oswestry
The Wrekin
Grime's Graves
Bredon Hill
Pentre-Ifan
Foel Trigarn
Midsummer Hill
Ty Isaf
Belas Knap
Notgrove
Ivinghoe Beacon
The Bulwark
Park le Bruce
Nympsfield
Hetty Pegler's Tump
Tinkinswood
Avebury
Wayland's Smithy
Windmill Hill
Stanton Drew
Stony Littleton
The Sanctuary
Dolebury
West Kennet
Silbury
Seven Barrows
Coldrum
Kit's Coty House
Priddy Circles
Stonehenge
Woodhenge
Addington
Bigbury
Whitesheet Hill
Danebury
Winterbourne Stoke
Petersfield Heath
South Cadbury
Oakley Down
Old Winchester Hill
Hembury
Hambledon Hill
Knowlton Circles
The Trundle
Cissbury
Kingston Russell
Down Tor
The Grey Mare and her colts
Maiden Castle
Rough Tor
Kingston Down
The Hurlers
Legis Tor
Zennor Quoit
Lanyon Quoit
Chun Quoit
Chysauster
The Nine Maidens

Map drawn by Ivan and Robin Dodd. Photographs: Skara Brae and Chysauster, Jack Pia (BPC); Jarlshof, DoE, Crown Copyright; Torrs Chamfrain, Malcolm Murray; Hambledon Hill, Dr Georg Gerster; West Kennet, Michael Holford; Grime's Graves, DoE, Crown Copyright; Bronze Age pots, Chris Barker.

The mystery of the brochs

The strange, circular stone forts still scattered over the wildest parts of the Highlands and Islands – this one is on Mousa, off Shetland – are examined by *Dr Euan MacKie;* photograph by *Ian Yeomans*



The Scottish brochs without doubt represent one of the greatest architectural and engineering achievements of prehistoric man in Europe and for this reason they have an interest and importance which is not at first apparent from their isolated situation and limited distribution on the far north-western coastal and island fringe of the British Isles.

In the latter part of the first century B.C. – the time of the building of the earliest brochs – Scotland was inhabited by many tribes of diverse origins, most of whom seem to have been living there for several centuries. However, certain tribes had probably established themselves only recently. It seems that some of these people – perhaps only members of tribal 'royal houses' with their armed followers – had come up to Scotland from the south where tribes with nearly identical names are known to have existed in the 1st century A.D.

Some of these southerners probably came north to avoid the Roman invasions and others somewhat earlier to escape from the Belgic tribes from the continent who had begun to settle in Kent shortly before 100 B.C. and who slowly extended their influence westwards from there into the Wessex region. Such southern refugees would have found numerous tribes in Scotland with traditions of fort building dating back, perhaps, to the 8th century B.C. – the end of the Bronze Age. By the 1st century B.C. these traditions seem to have separated into two main types in two distinct areas: hill-forts, common in the lowlands, defended by stone walls or earthen ramparts fronted by deep ditches, and the tiny, stone-walled duns in the mountainous highland and island zone in the far North and West – where the population must have been in much smaller units because of the nature of the terrain.

The most successful and sophisticated of these tiny stone fortlets were the brochs, for which an ingenious hollow wall was contrived which allowed them to be built up to tower-like proportions. Upwards of 500 brochs are known in the Western Isles from Mull northwards, in Sutherland and Caithness and in the Orkney and Shetland isles.

Only four brochs still stand to more than 20 feet in height, enough to show their unique design adequately – Dun Carloway in Lewis, Dun Troddan and Dun Telve near Glenelg, Inverness-shire, and Mousa in Shetland. The two near Glenelg are the easiest to visit. They stand half a mile apart some distance up Glen Beag, which is entered about two miles west of Glenelg. This remote glen also contains, near the head of the valley, a type of fort ancestral to the brochs called Dun Grugaig (not on our map – Caisteal Grugaig is another broch). Thus one can see the outline of how the brochs developed in this one valley.

Driving eastwards up the glen one comes suddenly upon the great tower of Dun Telve, which from the west appears at first sight to be intact. On closer inspection the broch proves to be standing 33ft. high for only one quarter of its circumference: the rest is only about 6ft. high. However the cross-section of the high wall thus exposed perfectly demonstrates the peculiarities of broch architecture.

The base of the wall is a massive ring of masonry, solid except for the entrance passage and guard cell and the base of the stairway inside the

Euan MacKie is Assistant Keeper of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow

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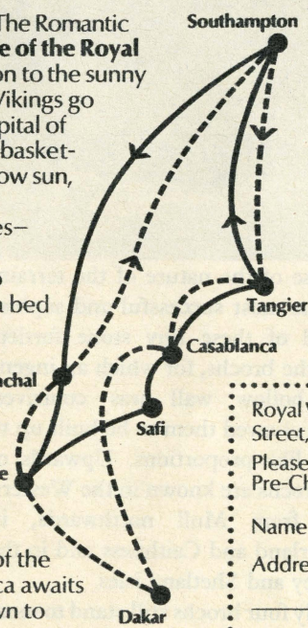

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wall. On top of this massive foundation the wall is hollow. These two concentric shells of drystone masonry are bonded together at vertical intervals by continuous, horizontal rows of stone lintels. These lintels thus form a series of galleries inside the wall, the whole system connected by a stone stairway rising clockwise to the wall and reached by a doorway in the interior of the broch. At the Glenelg brochs the stairs are not well preserved, but at Mousa one can walk right up to the wallhead, 43ft. above the ground.

This ingenious hollow wall – constructed entirely without cement – combines lightness with strength and stability and was the means by which the tower-like proportions of these buildings were achieved. It appears to be a northern development and is quite unknown outside Scotland. Dun Telve also shows series of openings in the inside wallface – another device for reducing the weight of stone in the upper part of the broch and one which also lets light into the galleries behind. It seems likely that the mural galleries were purely structural features except insofar as they were needed for access to different parts of the upper walls. There is certainly no evidence that they were ever lived in.

Another feature of interest on the inside wallfaces of Dun Troddan and Dun Telve are the stone ledges or scarcements built into them. Dun Telve has two, one about 5-6ft. from the ground and the other 29-30ft. The upper one must have held a flat roof of rafters and thatch or turf but the lower one seems to have supported a peripheral wooden floor, the inner end of which rested on a ring of posts. The whole design of the interior is best explained if the brochs were temporary refuges for large numbers of people in times of danger.

The entrance passage is the only opening in the outer wall of the broch and its design shows that careful attention was paid to the problem of making this weak point in the defences as secure as possible. A long hole in the wall for a wooden drawbar, and an opposing socket into which it was pulled across behind the massive wooden door, shows how the entrance was fastened shut. Behind the door there is often a guard cell – sometimes a pair of them – opening off the side of the passage. It would have been possible for only one attacker to approach the door, but if it was broken down two defenders could be waiting for him.

Because of their basic uniformity it is possible to make some deductions about how these tower-forts developed. The earliest and most primitive form seems to be concentrated in the Western Isles, particularly in Skye. This is the ground-galleried broch, in which the hollow wall is built directly on the ground instead of on a base of solid masonry as at Dun Telve. The details of its architecture are less well adapted for defence. Hebridean brochs are commonly sited on top of rocky knolls and in other naturally defensive positions: this, with their dimensions and design, suggests that most of them originally reached only a modest height, perhaps from 30 to 35ft.

The commonest type of broch in the far North on the other hand is the solid-based form: examples are Dun Telve, already described, and Mousa in Shetland. The solid-based brochs tend to have thicker walls, and their doors are usually more than 5ft. from the outside – often as much as 9ft. It would have been extremely difficult to carry a ram down the low, narrow outer part of the passage and swing it against a door so far in.

Such improvements in the design of the entrance passage – the focal point of the defence of a broch – show that the solid-based brochs were the later form and that the idea of the tower fort was imported to the northern regions from the Hebrides.

The terrain of Caithness and Orkney is much flatter than that in the west and conspicuously lacks the rocky knolls and elevations so common in the Hebrides. No doubt the solid base was a device to ⟶

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increase the height of the brochs – an artificial substitute for the rock knoll.

The broch of Mousa, on a small island off the Dunrossness peninsula of Shetland, is at the same time the smallest (51ft. diameter) and the best built of all brochs. There can be little doubt that Mousa is one of the latest to have been built – the climax of perhaps two centuries of experience. Mousa is splendidly preserved because of this architectural perfection as well as because of its remote situation – truly one of the wonders of prehistoric Europe.

If the Hebrides saw the birth of the brochs, the structures from which they must have sprung ought also to be there. In fact, there are about a dozen stone fortlets on cliff tops which have the wall of the broch and the same kind of entrance passage – but which are open-sided. These semi-brochs are D-shaped – the open straight side being formed by a cliff – or are simply curved walls barring the neck of a steep promontory. Excavation has shown that one on Skye was at least as old as the brochs.

How were the brochs invented – and by whom? One explanation fits the available facts. By the second century B.C. a variety of stone-walled forts, some quite small, were being built in the Western Isles and a few in the far north also. Probably all of them were ultimately descended from the larger hill-forts of the Late Bronze and Iron Ages on the Scottish mainland. The ingenious high, galleried broch wall had already been invented – probably on Skye – and had been used to build a few of the D-shaped semi-brochs, in remote clifftop situations. At this stage there was no reason to think that there was anything special about the semi-brochs: they were just one of several types of stone fortlets with various arrangements of galleries and cells.

Then there must have arrived on the scene one of those many unknown geniuses of the prehistoric age whose powerful minds can occasionally be clearly seen in the archaeological record. This one evidently realised that if the peculiar, high semi-broch wall was built in a complete circle an almost impregnable round tower would result which could be built anywhere. Thus was the broch born, and the large numbers built in the Western Isles show how ideally adapted it was to the unsettled conditions of the Iron Age. It seems very likely that professional broch builders travelled from place to place, supervising the planning and building of the tower forts for the local chiefs and gradually improving their design.

The broch of Dun Mor Vaul, on the island of Tiree, was excavated in the early 1960s and provided a mass of information about how the Hebridean towers were used and who used them. Dwellings of the earlier inhabitants were discovered underneath the broch so it was possible to distinguish the natives from the newcomers in the pottery found in the early broch levels. It seems that the *building* of the broch at Vaul was the responsibility of some newcomers who had a novel kind of pottery hitherto unknown in the island and which had south English elements in its form and decoration. Judging from the pottery, the great majority of the people who *used* the broch were of local origin.

Many people seem to have crowded into the tower for short periods in times of danger. At this stage there was no single hearth, but plenty of peat ash and large quantities of broken pottery and animal bones were found in the floor deposits. Discipline over hygiene was firm. Usually Iron Age earth floors are dark grey because human refuse was indiscriminately trampled into them, but the thick primary floor deposits at Vaul were light in colour. A large cesspit inside a natural rock cleft at one end of the ground level wall gallery showed how the interior was kept clean. A tank in the floor with an overflow drain provided water.

Eventually, perhaps about A.D. 200, the broch was no longer needed as a refuge and the leading family seems to have taken it over as a dwelling and farm. A large stone hearth was put in and, soon after, the high wall was reduced to a safe height, not much above its present level of about 6ft. For another century or so the broch was the centre of a flourishing farm on which crops were grown, cattle kept and a variety of other occupations carried on such as pot-making, iron working and bronze casting. Eventually the site was abandoned, apparently abruptly, and fell rapidly into complete ruin. A silver ring hidden in a crack in the wall of the entrance and never recovered may be hinting at a hostile raid and the death or captivity of the inhabitants. An Irish text describes a legendary early Irish hero: "He smote eight towers in Tiree . . . eight strongholds of the men of Skye . . ."



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The inner circle

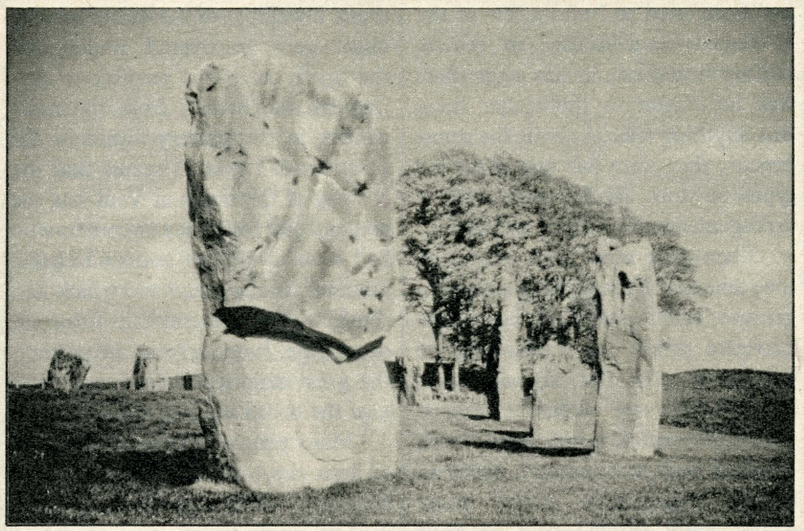
Euan MacKie describes how Britain's standing stones and stone rings could indicate a prehistoric, early Bronze Age intelligentsia of highly-skilled astronomers, surveyors and engineers

One of the most revolutionary archaeological theories of modern times concerns the intellectual interests and abilities of the people who set up the standing stones and stone circles of the early Bronze Age in Britain some 4000 years ago. Their building skill has long been recognised; but the new theory – the result of 30 years' work by Professor Alexander Thom – maintains that stone rings such as Stonehenge, Avebury and Callanish were carefully laid out with the use of skilled field geometry and with the aid of measuring rods of a standard length. In other words, these ancient architects were also considerable geometers. Long before Pythagoras, they seem to have known how to construct right-angled triangles and, using these as a basis, were able to lay out accurate egg-shapes, flattened circles and even ellipses, as well as the simple circles.

Many of the stone rings and standing stones are also in positions from which accurate observations of the rising and setting of the sun, moon and some stars can be made. It looks as if our early Bronze Age society included an intellectual class with undreamed of capabilities in practical surveying, geometry and astronomy, and with the power and prestige to command large labour forces to erect thousands of heavy stones in the situations and formations they wanted, all over the British Isles.

The story effectively begins with the first colonisation of Britain by Neolithic (stone-using) farmers around 4200 B.C. Among these early colonists there may well already have been specialist flint miners, who produced the raw material needed for arrow heads, scrapers and the axes essential for clearing woodlands to make fields. The colonists had soon established themselves in small communities with slightly varying traditions, from southern England to the Scottish islands, and began to construct their remarkable collective burial mounds.

These were either chambered stone cairns or, in regions lacking



The Avebury circle; laying it out would tax even a modern surveyor with a theodolite

large stones, earthen long barrows. Many of them are of great size and must have required a huge communal effort to build. Though burial is obviously their primary function, some at least could also have served as temples. The great chambered mounds and stalled cairns of Orkney and Caithness – Midhowe is an example – were the largest free-standing stone buildings Neolithic technology could put up, and the driving force behind their construction must have been at least as powerful in its own way as that which raised the great Gothic cathedrals of mediaeval Europe.

The problem of whether they were designed to entomb the whole local community or were simply for a select upper class has not been resolved; but the fact that the Neolithic period now seems to have lasted perhaps two millennia, instead of the two or three centuries which seemed likely 20 years ago, could make the elite theory more probable. Like the cathedrals, the great cairns evolved from smaller and simpler structures, and perhaps one should recall also that the important people of mediaeval times were sometimes buried within the abbeys and cathedrals rather than in ordinary cemeteries. Certainly the early Neolithic evidence could well be arguing powerfully for a complex stratified society in Britain in the fourth and third millennia B.C.

Evidence for ceremonial sites – and hence for a priestly hierarchy – is plain enough in the middle and late phases of the Neolithic period. The 'henge' monuments – whether of wood or stone – were circular enclosures, with either one or two entrances and defined by a ditch with a bank outside it. A fortified site always has an external ditch, but the arrangement in the henges suggests a ritual demarcation of a circular sacred area. Furthermore, the henge ditches were apparently non-functional: they were allowed to silt up gradually without being re-excavated. In southern England some henges, like Woodhenge and Durrington Walls, had, inside the boundary ditches, elaborate circular settings of wooden posts which were very probably roofed buildings. These could easily have been temples. And recent work at Durrington Walls has yielded not only several such circular settings, but also large quantities of domestic refuse, suggesting that the site was not only a ceremonial centre but also a residential area for priests and novices – wooden British equivalents of the Maya Neolithic stone ceremonial sites of central America.

In stonier, highland regions, henge monuments occur with standing stones instead of posts inside them. It is these stone rings and their allied isolated standing stones which have yielded the most striking new evidence of the existence of a skilled and powerful class of priests and wise men in Neolithic and Bronze Age Britain. Professor Thom made the first exact plans of scores of these stone rings and discovered that most of them fitted precisely around true circles drawn with a compass, whose radii were multiples of a standard unit of length, the "megalithic yard". This prehistoric measurement was equivalent to 2·72 feet, or 0·829 metres, and seems to have been in use in the early Bronze Age from Brittany northwards to the Isle of Lewis and the Orkneys. Other geometrical shapes, including ellipses, were found to fit the non-circular rings, and all the designs must have been laid out on the ground first, using skilled surveying techniques and, presumably, actual wooden rods of standard length. Some of the sites surveyed, such as Avebury in Wiltshire and the Ring of Brodgar in the Orkneys, are very large and would tax the skill of a modern surveyor with steel tapes and theodolite. To lay out these huge shapes accurately using wooden rods, cords and pegs was a stupendous achievement and well demonstrates again that a skilled, specialist class, including engineers and surveyors, must have existed.

Some of the henge monuments seem to have been erected some time in the third millennium B.C. Others – including Woodhenge and Durrington – were built in late Neolithic times, very early in the second millennium B.C., by people who still used only flint tools. The few stone circles and standing stones which can be dated also seem to belong to the early second millennium B.C., although at least two circles – Stonehenge II (the famous groups of standing stones are later than the outer ditch) and Cairnpapple Hill in West Lothian – are linked with the Beaker pottery of the first metal-using people to arrive in Britain. The Beaker people were a new, round-headed race from the Rhineland and the Low Countries, some armed with bows, some with stone battle-axes, and a few with the earliest bronze daggers. It seems that it was they who organised the transport of the bluestones from Wales to build the first

→ 56

circle at Stonehenge. Indeed they probably founded the great princely families who amassed such wealth in early Bronze Age Wessex and whose rich barrows have been found in quantity in the Stonehenge area.

It is possible that the Beaker immigrants were the first Indo-Europeans to reach these islands and that they introduced sun worship here. This is an old idea, but it has been dramatically re-emphasised by Professor Thom's other major discovery, which is that many of the stone rings and standing stones of late Neolithic times could have been used as accurate observatories of the sun and moon. The metal-using Beaker people may have introduced these practices, but equally it is possible that priestly classes of the indigenous late Neolithic population supplied the necessary knowledge and expertise. Thom's analysis of Woodhenge and Avebury strongly suggests that the sophisticated geometry and metrology was known to the late Neolithic people, and the practical astronomy could have begun as early. There are a few hints, no more, that it even goes right back to the builders of the early Neolithic chambered tombs. But the tracing of such learned groups and their skills is a new departure in British archaeology.

Two standing stone sites which show well how these prehistoric observatories might have been used are at Ballochroy in Kintyre and Kintraw in Argyll. At Ballochroy there are three stones in a line and, 40 feet to the south-west on the same line, a large megalithic cist or burial chamber. Seven miles farther off in the same direction is Cara island; and it so happens that one of the low peaks on this island is in such a position that, 3800 years ago, the setting sun at midwinter would have just grazed it. Cara could have been a midwinter sunset marker.

Much more convincing are the two sight-lines from the stones to the north-west. Two of the stones have very flat northern faces and these flat sides are precisely aligned towards the right slopes of two of the Paps of Jura, conspicuous mountain peaks some 27 miles away across the open sea. Corra Beinn, the northernmost peak, is in such a position that, on Midsummer Day 3800 years ago, the sun would have set behind it. As it slid down, its upper edge would have momentarily re-appeared as a flash along the right slope and then vanished. On the evening before and the evening after Midsummer Day, the setting sun would be slightly farther south and, viewed from the stones, would be completely concealed behind Corra Beinn, though it could be made to reappear by moving about six feet northwards.

This type of long alignment, using a standing stone as a permanent marker for the observer's position and a prominent distant natural mark on the horizon as a foresight for the sun to rise or set behind, is the most accurate type of observatory available to a people lacking all optical instruments and without even the technology to erect giant, accurate sundials. The miles-long sight-lines are capable of defining the time of the solstices to the day, and thus of determining the exact length of the year, provided the weather conditions are reasonable at the crucial times. Ballochroy is potentially one of the most accurate solar observatories found and claimed by Thom, but he has identified and measured scores of other sight-lines, with foresights often indicated either by an orientated flat slab or by a second, outlying stone. The great strength of Thom's case is that, when the astronomical positions, or declinations, are calculated for all the peaks and notches in the horizon indicated by standing stone sites, they fall into very clear groups or clusters. Moreover they cluster at points which are astronomically significant – equinoxes and solstices for the sun, the four main positions of the moon, several bright stars and so on.

It is possible for doubters to argue against the astronomical interpretation of some individual sites, but it is extremely difficult to claim that prehistoric man put up scores of standing stones quite by chance in positions from which astronomically-useful observations could be made.

However, if one could find hard evidence by excavation to favour or contradict the astronomical interpretation of standing stones, this would obviously carry great weight, particularly among those who do not care to be blinded with mathematics. Fortunately it was possible to devise such a practical test with an excavation at Kintraw, 40 miles to the north of Ballochroy.

Kintraw is, in effect, the twin of Ballochroy; the same prominent peaks on the island of Jura are seen on the horizon – this time 28 miles away in the south-west. At the site there is a single standing stone 11 feet high. From this, if the view were unimpeded, the left-hand Jura mountain, Beinn Shiantaidh, is in such a position that the setting sun at midwinter some 3800 years ago would have disappeared completely behind the peak but would have momentarily flashed into view again at the base of the col to the right. Again, because of the distance of the mountain, this could have happened only on the shortest day with the sun in its most southerly position.

However, the view to Jura from the standing stone itself is blocked by a ridge about a mile in front. Thom deduced that, if his astronomical interpretation was correct, the first observations of the midwinter sunset which were necessary to establish the position of the standing stone, and possibly an adjoining raised observation platform, must have been done higher up, on the hill slope behind the standing stone, beyond a precipitous gorge. If one excavated on the hill slope exactly at the spot where the line from Jura through the standing stone cut it, and at the appropriate height, one might, he thought, find traces of prehistoric activity. If another standing stone, or a platform of some kind, was found in the position demanded by his theory, this would be strong evidence in favour of it.

I myself did such excavations at Kintraw in 1970 and 1971. There is a natural terrace on the hillside at about the right height, and three large boulders rest on it; the central one is on the line from the Jura. Excavation soon showed that this was not a single stone but a pair lying together and forming a V-shaped notch between them. Running into this notch, back into the hill and along the slope for several yards was a layer of stones forming an almost level pavement – perhaps an observation platform.

No fragments of pottery or any other man-made objects were found, however, and there were no signs of human activity in the form of post-holes, kerb stones or even charcoal. A large doubt thus remained about the human origin of the boulders and platform; it could have been a natural layer, of a kind well known in Scotland, formed under frost conditions during the Ice Ages. But a statistical test on the stones of the pavement showed a far greater resemblance to man-made rubble than to natural stones.

The significance of the Kintraw investigations is considerable. They have produced hard evidence in favour of Professor Thom's astronomical interpretation of the site which is thus shown to have been a potentially highly accurate sun observatory. This suggests that the rest of Thom's astronomical interpretations are in general correct – though there will always be room for re-interpretations of individual sites. It really does seem that, crude though they appear, Britain's standing stone sites are relics of what may well be man's earliest experiments with geometry anywhere in the world and of the first skilful attempts in Europe – and probably no later than similar efforts in Egypt and Babylonia – to track and understand the motions of the celestial bodies with systematic observations. We have hardly begun to assess the effect that these revelations will have on our understanding of prehistoric British society.

Next week: life under the Romans

Museums for pre-Roman archaeology

Avoncroft Museum of Buildings (open air), Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs. (tel. 31363). Open March 24 to October 28, daily except Monday, 11a.m. to 6 p.m. (11a.m. to 7p.m. in June, July, August and Bank Holidays.)

British Museum, London (tel. 636 1555). Open 10a.m. to 5p.m. daily; Sundays 2.30 to 6p.m. Closed Good Friday, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Admission free.

Cambridge Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, University of Cambridge (tel. 59714). Open 2p.m. to 4p.m., Monday to Saturday. Closed: Sunday, one week at Christmas, one week at Easter, the first week in July and a fortnight in late August/September. Admission free. School parties out of term by arrangement with the curator.

Devizes Museum (the museum of the Wiltshire Archaeology and Natural History Society, tel. 2765). Open: April 1 to September 30, 11a.m. to 5p.m., Tuesday to Saturday; October 1 to March 31, 11a.m. to 4p.m., Tuesday to Saturday. Closed Sunday, Monday, Christmas, Good Friday.

Dorset County Museum, Dorchester (tel. 2735). Open 10a.m. to 1p.m., 2p.m. to 5p.m., Monday and Saturday; 10a.m. to 5p.m., Tuesday to Friday. Closed Sunday, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, Good Friday.

Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum, Salisbury (tel. 4465). Open May 1 to September 30, 10a.m. to 5p.m.; October 1 to April 31, 10a.m. to 4p.m. Closed Sunday, Christmas, Good Friday.

National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, Edinburgh (tel. Waverley 8921). Open 10a.m. to 5p.m., Monday to Friday; 2p.m. to 5p.m. weekends. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Admission free.

National Museum of Wales, Cardiff (tel. 26241). Open: weekdays, October to March, 10a.m. to 5p.m.; April to September, 10a.m. to 6p.m.; Sundays 2.30 to 5p.m. throughout year. Closed Bank Holidays (and Tuesdays following), Christmas Day, Boxing Day, Good Friday. Admission free.













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DISCOVERING ANCIENT BRITAIN PART THREE



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The first Englishmen

For the final part of our series on pre-Norman Britain we look at our earliest English ancestors. Now, suddenly, after the obscure invasions of Angles and Saxons and Jutes, the newborn England which bequeathed us our name and language produced in the eighth century a generation of scholars and teachers who became famous throughout Western Europe. On page 81 H. R. Loyn discusses the Venerable Bede and the remarkable cultural flowering of early England; on page 77 we chart surviving sites; and here Barry Cunliffe describes the more simple life of the Anglo-Saxon farmer.

Between the collapse of Roman government in the fifth century and the imposition of the Norman hierarchy in 1066, a period of some 600 years, British society went through a series of dramatic changes. At the beginning lay the tattered remains of a provincial Roman state racked by economic decline and plague and at the mercy of sea-borne barbarians; at the end there emerged the English nation.

The early stages of this metamorphosis is only vaguely understood, which is one of the reasons why the early part of the period is sometimes referred to as the 'Dark Ages'. Two factors can, however, be isolated: in the South at least there seems to have been a serious decline in population during the fourth century, while in the fifth century attacks and settlement by Picts, Scots, Franks and various Germanic peoples – those who were known to contemporary historians like Bede as Angles, Saxons and Jutes – added new elements to the ethnic mix. The old idea of hordes of violent Saxon warriors sailing in and killing off the native population and totally replacing them must be modified. The same holds good for the Viking invasions of the ninth century. Killing there indeed was, but a large number of the sub-Roman inhabitants must have remained rooted in the countryside farming in the old way alongside their new neighbours. Elsewhere in the West and North the local traditions continued with little change. Few inhabitants of Cornwall, for example, would have seen a Saxon.

It is only during the last few years that archaeology has begun to produce evidence of settlement sites. It now seems that there were various types of homestead closely related to social class, ranging from the great palaces of Yeavering and Cheddar, through comfortable and well-equipped thanes' residences to straggling villages often built on hill-tops, probably representing clusters of peasant farmsteads. The actual buildings vary. The simplest were nothing more than small huts. The larger establishments consisted of several rectangular timber buildings serving different functions, and by the ninth century some even had masonry towers – possibly a combination of church and bell tower. Towers seem to have been a status symbol: in the 11th century we are told that if a yeoman had "five hides of land, a church, and a kitchen, a bell and a castle gate, a seat and a special office in the king's hall" he was entitled to the rights of a noble.

The farming life was not much different from that of the Roman period: the same animals and the same crops dominated the scene. But there were some changes by the end of the Saxon period. The more massive wheeled plough, able to tackle heavier soils, came into more general use, and its ability to cut deeply through the turf, together with the time-wasting difficulty of turning it at the end of each furrow, encouraged the development of longer, strip-like fields – a type still in common use until late mediaeval times (the squarish fields of the Roman period were probably formed because the ards then in use were so light that the fields had to be ploughed in both directions).

Another Saxon improvement was the development of the water-mill for grinding corn. These were usually communal structures used by the whole village, and by the time of the Domesday survey in 1086 many villages could boast more than one.

For several centuries after the collapse of Roman government, towns, as centres for trade and commerce, were virtually unknown, although a simplified system of marketing must have been practised. It was not until the eighth century that towns began to develop rapidly, some occupying the old Roman cities like Canterbury and London, others like Thetford established on virgin sites. From this time overseas trade became of increasing importance to the economy and great ports began to grow up at places like Hamwih (Southampton) to serve as links between Britain and the Continent. Through these ports passed quantities of fine pottery, glassware, lava for grindstones, and elaborate metalwork and foodstuffs to satisfy the demands of the newly sophisticated urban communities.

For the farmer living in the heart of the countryside this commercial opening-up of Britain probably meant very little. He might have been able to afford a lava quernstone or a few beads or a brooch, but his life continued to be isolated and to a large extent self-sufficient; even his pottery was probably locally made, unlike that of his Roman predecessors which came mass-produced from the markets. Life, in fact, had changed little since the prehistoric period. Admittedly, isolated farms had now largely given way to villages and the houses were rectangular not circular, but a peasant farmer of 1000 B.C. would not have felt out of place in the countryside 2000 years later.

Sunday Times Magazine, April 29, '73

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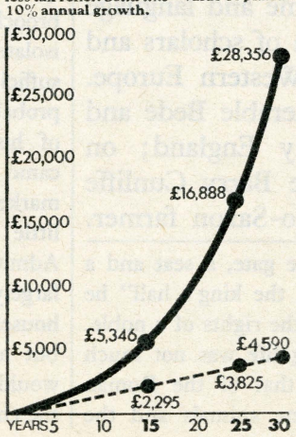

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Sites of the Dark Ages

The map on pages 78-79 shows a selection of important sites dating from Britain's Dark Ages. Here we list the sites by category, with details of how and where to discover them. The numbers in bold following the name of each site refer to our map; the O.S. number with each site gives the Ordnance Survey 1in. sheet number followed by the detailed map reference. Research by Victoria Radin and Sheila McNeil

Barrows

Saxons usually buried their dead in flat cemeteries or occasionally re-used old Bronze Age barrows, but one group of barrows of Saxon origin deserves mention – the group at Sutton Hoo (Suffolk) which produced the famous ship burial.

Sutton Hoo (D8), near Woodbridge, Suffolk. O.S. 150 TM 288487. Public footpath passes to one side of the burial mounds and general sites, but they are on private property. Replicas of best of the treasure in the Ipswich Museum; originals in the British Museum.

Religious Sites

Under this heading we include all kinds of Christian buildings, from the simple monastic cells on the windswept headland of Tintagel to the great Saxon abbey at Canterbury, the former representing the continuity of Celtic Christianity, the latter the re-introduction of the Roman church by St Augustine at the end of the sixth century. Mostly, the sites shown are parish churches built late in the Saxon period. Most show signs of rebuilding and renovation, and some are included because of small Saxon details, such as the sundial at Kirkdale, or the inscription on the church arch at Breamore.

Boarhunt (B6), near Portsmouth, Hants. 2m. N.E. of Fareham railway station. Saxon chancel at St Nicholas.

Bradford-on-Avon (C4), Wilts. 9m. S.E. of Bath. St Lawrence, still in occasional use. Fragments of sculptured panels – a pair of angels. Church largely 10th century, pilaster-strips, fluted columns and blank arcading.

Bradwell-juxta-mare (C8), Essex. (St Peter-on-the-Wall.) In occasional use. 2m. E. of Bradwell on southernmost seaward end of Blackwater Estuary. O.S. 162 TM 031082.

Breamore (B5), Hants. O.S. 179 SU 153189. 2¾m. N. of Fordingbridge. Anglo-Saxon inscription cut on the head of the arch which opens below the S. wall of the central tower and leads into the S. porticus.

Cambridge, St Bene't's Church (D7), In Bene't Street, Saxon tower.

Canterbury, St Augustine's Abbey (C8), Kent. DOE. Remains of the seventh-century church of SS Peter and Paul, and of 11th-century round church, are under the ruins of the mediaeval Benedictine Abbey. Access: standard DOE hours but Sundays from 9.30a.m. April to September.

Clayton (B7), Sussex. O.S. 182 TQ 299139. (St John the Baptist.) 6m. N. of Brighton. 1½m. from Hassocks station. Saxon nave and arch, and 10th- or 11th-century wall paintings.

Deerhurst (D4), Glos. (Odda's Chapel.) DOE. O.S. 143 SO 870299. On River Severn, 2½m. S.W. of Tewkesbury. Access: any reasonable time.

Earls Barton (D6), Northants. O.S. 133 SP 852638. 6½m. E. of Northampton. Major Saxon parish church.

Great Paxton (D7), Hunts. O.S. 134 TL 210641. 3m. N.E. of St Neot's. Parish church.

Greensted-juxta-Ongar (D7), Essex. O.S. 161 TL 538030. 1m. N.W. of Ongar. Sole-surviving pre-Conquest wooden parish church.

Hexham (H5), Northumberland. O.S. 77 NY 935640. Saxon crypt and sculptured stones at St Wilfrid's Parish church. 20m. W. of Newcastle upon Tyne.

Jarrow (H5), St Paul's Monastery. DOE. O.S. 78 NZ 338652. Monastery founded in 682, home of Bede. Immediately S. of Jarrow Parish Church; seventh-century monastic church is in use as chancel of present parish church.

Lyminge (C8), Kent. O.S. 173 TR 160408. 4m. N. of Hythe.

Kirkdale Church (G6), Yorks. 1½m. S.W. of Kirkby Moorside. Take Scarborough road from Helmsley for ¾m.; signpost on lefthand side. Saxon sundial in wall of St Gregory's Minster.

Monkwearmouth (H6), Sunderland, Co. Durham. O.S. 78 NZ 402577. On N. of River Wear. Parish church.

Morland (H4), Westmorland (St Laurence). O.S. 83 NY 598226. 6m. N.W. of Appleby. Only Saxon church tower in N.W. England.

North Elmham (E8), Norfolk. DOE. O.S. 125 TF 988216. Bishop's Castle and Saxon Cathedral and earthwork. On River Wensum, 5m. N. of East Dereham. Access: DOE standard hours, no charge.

Reculver (C8), Kent. DOE. O.S. 173 TR 227693. Saxon church remains within Roman fortress. 3m. E. of Herne Bay. Access to church: standard DOE hours but Sundays from 9.30a.m. May to September.

St David's Cathedral (D2), Pembroke. In St David's, 16m. W. of Haverfordwest. O.S. 138 SM 752254. Access: write to Dean. No charge. Visit should include Bishop's Palace maintained by DOE, standard visiting hours, but Sundays from 9.30a.m. April to September.

Somerford Keynes (C5), Glos. O.S. 157 SU 016955. 4m. S. of Cirencester. Parish church.

Sompting (B6), Sussex. O.S. 182 TQ 161056. 3m. N.E. of Worthing. Parish church: roof of the tower, though not original in itself, retains the original structural form.

Tintagel (B2), Cornwall. DOE. Celtic monastery, believed to date from *c.*500. ½m. N.W. of Trevena. O.S. 185 SX 049891. Access: DOE standard hours, but Sundays from 9.30a.m. April to September.

Warden (H5), Northumberland. O.S. 77 NY 913664. (St Michael and All Angels. 3m. N.W. of Hexham. Saxon church tower. Founded by St Wilfrid in seventh century.

80



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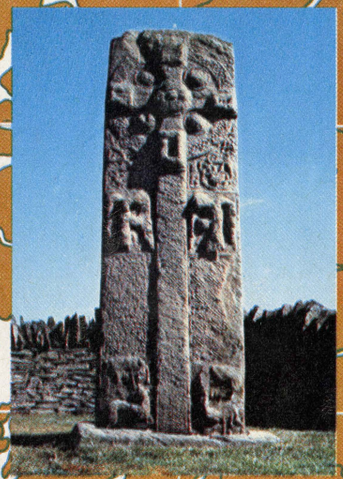
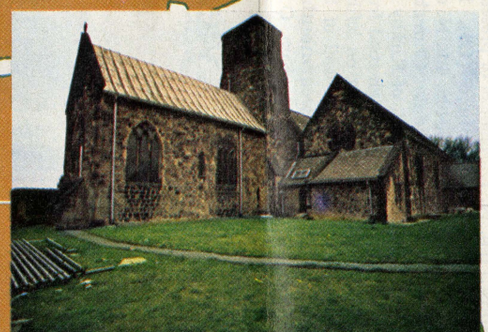


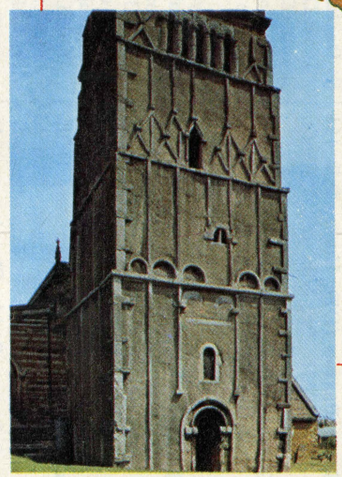
Pictish stone by a roadside at Aberlemno, Angus: relic of the Dark Ages



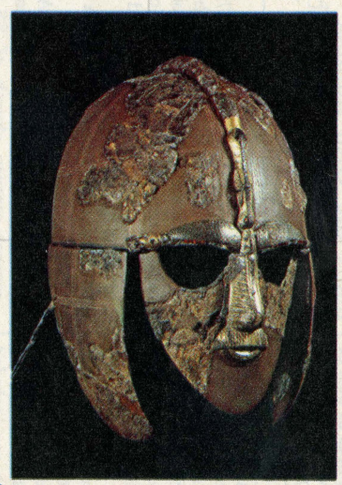
Page from the Lindisfarne Gospels: most famous Northumbrian manuscript



St Paul's, Jarrow: chancel and tower are seventh century

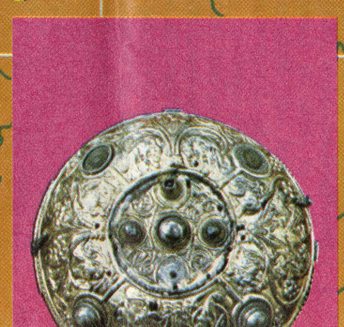


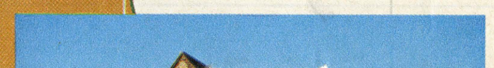
All Saints, Earls Barton, Northants: a pilastered late Saxon tower



Helmet from the Sutton Hoo burial, Suffolk, now in the British Museum







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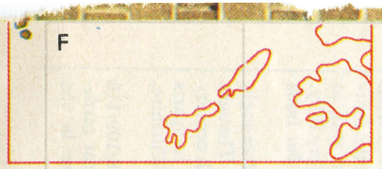
Morland
Gosforth
Irton
Kirkdale Church

Key

- Barrows
- Churches–religious sites
- Crosses and Gravestones
- Fortifications
- Defensive earthworks

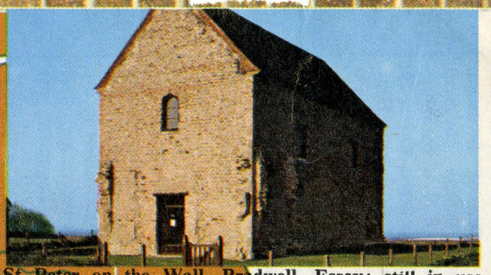




Sandbach, Cheshire: New Testament scenes on two ninth-century crosses



Anglian brooch in silver gilt. Now in the Yorkshire Museum, York



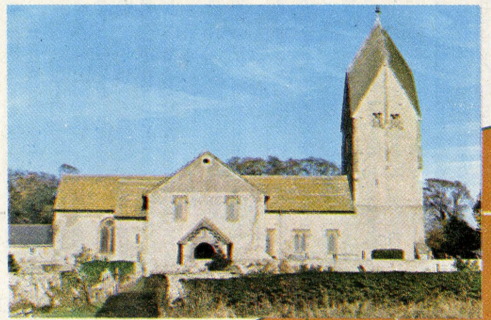
St Peter on the Wall, Bradwell, Essex: still in use



Penmon Priory, Anglesey: Saxon windows in the tower



St Lawrence's, Bradford-on-Avon: finest of them all



St Mary's, Sompting, Sussex: the only gabled pyramid



Viking gravestone dug up by St Paul's, now in Guildhall

Penmon

Clulow Cross

Sandbach

Eliseg's Pillar

Wat's Dyke

Offa's Dyke

North Elmham

Great Paxton

Earls Barton

St. Bene't's Church Cambridge

Devil's Dyke

Sutton Hoo

Nevern

St. David's Cathedral

Llandeilo

Eglwys Cymmyn

Carew

Deerhurst Church

Greensted Green

Llangyfelach

Margam

Somerford Keynes

Cricklade

Wallingford

Bradwell

Bradford-on-Avon

Wans Dyke

Reculver

Stone

Canterbury Abbey

Worth

Lyminge

South Cadbury

Breamore

Boarhunt

Clayton

Portchester

Sompting

Copplestone Cross

Tintagel

Wareham

Lydford

Tristan Stone

A B C D E F

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Map: Ivan and Robin Dodd. Photographs: Angus Stone, Picturepoint; Earls Barton, Sutton Hoo helmet, Bradwell, Bradford-on-Avon, Michael Holford; Jarrow, Ian Yeomans; Gospels, British Museum; Sandbach, Spectrum; Penmon, British Tourist Authority; Sompting, J. Allan Cash; Gravestone, Alain le Garsmeur

Worth (C7), Sussex. (St Nicholas.) 6½m. W. of East Grinstead. O.S. 182 TQ 302362. Major Saxon church.

Crosses and Gravestones

This group covers movable Christian stonework. It includes elaborate crosses, which may once have marked where religious meetings were held, and humble gravestones.

Some of the crosses are remarkable works of art, like those at Bewcastle and Carew, but most of the gravestones simply record in Latin or Ogam (Ancient Celtic) the name and parentage of the deceased. Many of the smaller examples have been moved from their original positions.

In Scotland many of the Early Christian monuments bear Pictish symbols, like the Maiden Stone, which has a richly ornamented Celtic cross on one side and Pictish symbols on the other.

Aberlemno Stones (K4), Angus. DOE. O.S. 50 NO 522555. Midway between Forfar and Brechin. Pictish monuments in the churchyard and on the roadside at Flemington Farm. Another great stone stands on the lawn of the manse at Glamis, S.W. of Forfar. (NO 385466.) Access for all except latter: any time, no charge.

Barochan Cross (J3), Houston, Renfrewshire. DOE. O.S. 60 NS 405690. 1¼m. N. of Houston which is 5m. N.W. of the centre of Paisley. Access: any time, no charge.

Bewcastle (I4), Cumberland. O.S. 76 NY 565745. 11m. N.N.E. of Brampton. Access: stands in churchyard.

Carew Cross, Pembrokeshire. DOE. O.S. 151 SN 046039. ½m. N. of A477, beside A4075 to Haverfordwest. Access: any time, no charge. (Visit should include Carew Castle nearby. Privately owned but open to public.)

Clulow Cross (F5), Cheshire. O.S. 110 SJ 952674. At Bosley crossroads, on A523, 4m. from Macclesfield, go east for 2m. on A54 towards Buxton; in Clulow Cross Wood, visible from both main and side road.

Copplestone Cross (B3), N. Devon. O.S. 175 SS 770026. Hamlet of Copplestone, 6m. N.W. of Crediton, is named after 10th-century boundary stone. Stands 10ft.-12ft. high, carved with Celtic intertwined strapwork.

Dyce (L5), Aberdeenshire. DOE. O.S. 40 NJ 875154. Two Pictish symbol stones. At Dyce Old Church, 2m. N.W. of Dyce, near Aberdeen, via Dyce-Pitmedden road. Access: any time, no charge.

Eassie (K4), Angus. DOE. O.S. 50 NO 353475. Sculptured stone in old churchyard of Eassie off A94.

Eglwys Cymmyn (D2), Carmarthen. O.S. 152 SN 231106. Memorial stone with Latin and Irish inscriptions. 4½m. W. of Laugharne. Access: any time, no charge.

Eliseg's Pillar (E4), Denbighshire. DOE. O.S. 108 SJ 202445. 100yd. E. of A5432. Signpost N. of Valle Crucis Abbey. Footpath from main road. Access: any reasonable time.

Fowlis Wester (K4), Perthshire. OS. 55 NN 928240. 4m. E.N.E. of Crieff to the N. of A85. Sculptured stone can be seen from churchyard. Access: any time, no charge.

Gosforth (H4), Cumberland. 6½m. S.E. of Egremont. In village churchyard. Access: any time.

Irton (G4), Cumberland. O.S. 88 NY 091004. On W. coast on Barrow-Whitehaven road, just S. of Holmrook, a junction signposted to Santon Bridge; 1m. along, Irton church is signposted. Cross in village churchyard.

Llangyfelach (C3), Glamorgan. Two ninth- or 10th-century cross slabs in church and a third in the detached church tower. Mediaeval church on the site of an early Welsh monastery. Village is 3½m. N. of Swansea.

Llandeilo (D3), Carmarthenshire. In Towy valley at junction of A40 and A483. St Teilo church on main road. On floor of N. aisle is the head of a Celtic Cross. Dynevor Castle nearby existed in ninth century as H.Q. of Rhys family, hereditary princes of S. Wales. Rebuilt perhaps in the 11th century. Not to be confused with present castle. (At Llandeilo, Pembrokeshire, not on map, a pillar stone in the churchyard commemorates Andagellus, son of Cavetus; another stone in the same churchyard commemorates in Latin Coimagnus, son of Cavetus.)

Maiden Stone (L5), Aberdeenshire. O.S. 40 NJ 703247. Near Chapel of Garioch, 4½m. N.W. of Inverurie (by Drumdurno Farm). Access: any time, no charge.

Margam (D3), Glamorgan. O.S. 153 SS 801864. Important collection of inscribed and ornamented stones from sub-Roman period onwards housed in former schoolhouse. Substantial remains of abbey church incorporated in existing church. Adjacent to car-park. At Margam Abbey, ¾m. N. along A48. Signposted from main road. Access: March to October, Wed., Sat. and Sun. 2-5p.m. November to February, Wed., Sat. and Sun. 2-4p.m. Admission charge.

Monreith Cross (H3), Wigtownshire. O.S. 80 NX 355429. In the grounds of Monreith House about 1¾m. S.E. of Port William. Access: any reasonable time, no charge.

Nevern (D2), Pembrokeshire. O.S. 139 SN 082402 and 083400. 8m. S.W. of Cardigan. St Brynach church, said to have been founded in sixth century by him. Just outside porch is the Vitaliamus Stone, possibly sixth-century. The Great Cross of St Brynach stands by the transept E. of the porch.

Penmon Cross (F3), Anglesey. DOE. O.S. 107 SH 630807. Elaborately carved stone cross of about 1000. A545 to Beaumaris, B5109 towards Llangoed, then minor road to Penmon. Abbey footpath over fields to cross. Access: any reasonable time, no charge.

Picardy Stone (L4), Insch, Aberdeenshire. O.S. 39 NJ 610302. A Pictish stone with incised symbols. Near Myreton, 2m. N.W. of Insch (A979). Access: any time, no charge.

Ruthwell Cross (H4), Dumfriesshire. DOE. With Bewcastle Cross (q.v.), one of the foremost examples of Anglian sculpture, and one of the major monuments of Dark Age Europe. The cross dates from the end of the seventh century. On the margins of the cross are inscribed portions of *The Dream of the Rood*. In Ruthwell Church, ½m. N. of village and 9m. S.E. of Dumfries. O.S. 75 NY 101682. Access: any time, no charge. Key of church from Kirkyett Cottage, Ruthwell.

Sandbach (F5), Cheshire. DOE. O.S. 110 SJ 758608. 4½m. N.E. of Crewe. Crosses in the market place. Access: any reasonable time, no charge.

Simonburn (I5), Northumberland. O.S. 77 NY 870735. 8m. N.W. of Hexham. Anglian cross on stone seat in porch of St Mungo's; on other side, in wall, the Hogback Tomb. Guide to Simonburn on sale in Hexham.

Tristan Stone (B2), Fowey, Cornwall. O.S. 186 SX 110524. Fowey is 10m. S.S.E. of Bodmin. Cross is in lay-by at Four Turnings crossroad.

Fortifications

Saxon fortifications are few, but in the late ninth and early 10th centuries fortified *burghs* were constructed as strong points during a period of Viking attacks.

Some old Roman town defences were re-used in this period, and occasionally even Iron Age hillforts. Of the defences first erected in late Saxon times, Wallingford and Wareham are good examples. The defensive banks and ditches can still be traced and even the present network of streets reflects the late-Saxon layout.

Cricklade (C5), Wilts. S. O.S. 157 SU 100936. 8½m. N.W. of Swindon. Fortifications run round southern end of High Street (to N. of St Sampson's parallel to High Street to just N. of St Mary's; the line crosses High Street towards Calcut Street, where it peters out).

Lydford Castle (B3), Devon. DOE and N.T. In Lydford. O.S. 175 SX 509847. Access: any time, no charge. Saxon burgh with later Norman keep.

South Cadbury (B4), Somerset. O.S. 166 ST 628252. 1½m. S.E. of Sparkford (A303, A359) ½m. S. of A303, S.W. of Little Cadbury. Dark Age site within old Iron Age earthworks and the remains of later Saxon fortifications, showing that the site continued in use as a strongpoint both before and after the Roman occupation. Legendary site of Arthur's Camelot.

Wallingford (C6), Berks. O.S. 158 SU 606893. 14½m. N.W. of Reading. Fortification is in a public park. Access: during park hours.

Wareham (B5), Dorset. S. 15m. E. of Dorchester; fortifications are the town walls. Access: any time. O.S. 179 SY 900871.

Defensive Earthworks

The outbreaks of localised warfare and the constant territorial squabbles of the Saxon period have left their mark in great lengths of linear earthworks. Offa's Dyke, marking a border between England and Wales, is a good example. So too is Wansdyke, which seems to have defined the northern limit of Wessex at one stage in its development. The stretch high on the Wiltshire Downs overlooking the River Kennet valley is particularly impressive.

Devil's Dyke (D7), Cambridgeshire. O.S. 135 TL 567660 to 653583. Between Reach, W. of Burwell, and Ditton Green, S. of Newmarket; 7m. of earthworks with a high embankment which, along with other small earthworks in the region, are thought to be post-Roman, probably constructed as a defence by the Anglo-Saxons in retreat from the British. Best part is 5m. stretch from Swaffham Prior-Burwell road south-eastwards across Newmarket Heath.

Offa's Dyke (H4-E4), Welsh Border. O.S. 108/109/117/118/128/129/142/155. Offa's Dyke Association, Knighton, provides an accommodation list and strip maps for the footpath journey. The dyke stretches for 80m. There is a footpath for 40m. beginning at Sedbury Cliff, S. of Chepstow, ending at Prestatyn, Flintshire. Recommended stretches are between Montgomery and Kington in Herefordshire and Knighton and Clun Forest. Llanfair Hill, 4m. N.W. of Knighton, and 1400ft. above sea level, is the most massive part of the dyke and is also on the footpath. A488 from Shrewsbury or A4113 from Ludlow both go to Knighton; the footpath is signposted from there and, in principle, all along the way. Very hilly. Access: any time, no charge, *but* bulls appear along the footpath.

Wansdyke (C5), near Marlborough, Wilts. O.S. 156/157/166/167. Thought to have been built during sixth century as a defensive frontier, the ramparts stretch across Somerset and Wiltshire, though it is not continuous.

Wat's Dyke (E4-F4). O.S. 108/109/118 SJ 232697 to SJ 300280. Linear earthwork parallel to Offa's Dyke in the northern part of its course.

Museums of Britain in the Dark Ages

British Museum (tel. 636 1555). Open: 10-5; Sundays 2.30-6. Closed: Good Friday, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Free.

Cambridge Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, University of Cambridge (tel. 59714). Open: Monday to Saturday 2-4. Closed: Sundays, 1 week at Christmas, 1 week at Easter, first week in July and a fortnight in late August/September (date not yet arranged, check before visiting). School parties out of term can be arranged by writing to the Curator. Free.

Canterbury Royal Museum, Beaney Institute, High Street, Canterbury (tel. 63608). Open: Monday to Saturday 9.30-5.30. Closed: Sundays; Good Friday and Christmas period. Free.

Maidstone Museum, St Faith Street, Maidstone (tel. 54497). Open: Monday to Saturday 10-6. Closed: Sundays and all Bank Holidays. Free.

National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, Edinburgh (tel. 556 8921). Open: Monday to Saturday 10-5; Sunday 2-5. Closed: Christmas and New Year's Day. Free.

Sheffield City Museum, Weston Park, Sheffield (tel. 27226). Open: Monday to Saturday 10-5; Sunday 2-5. Closed: Christmas Eve, Christmas Day. Free.

Sunderland Museum and Art Gallery, Borough Road, Sunderland (tel. 70417). Open: Monday to Friday 9.30-6; Saturday 9.30-4; Sunday 3-5; Bank Holidays 10-5. Closed: Good Friday, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Year's Day. Free. An exhibition of Monkwearmouth history will begin at the branch museum in the old Monkwearmouth station in mid-June and run until June 1, 1974.

Bede Festival: Bede's 13th centenary, and the 1300th anniversary of the dedication of St Peter's, Monkwearmouth, in 1974, are being linked in a year's celebration from St Bede's Day (May 27, 1973) to St Peter's Day (June 29, 1974). Details of Wearmouth 1300 from St Peter's Vicarage, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland; of The Jarrow Project from St Paul's Rectory, Borough Road, Jarrow. S.a.e. please.

National Museum of Wales, Cardiff (tel. 26241). Weekdays: October to March 10-5; April to September 10-6. Sundays: 2.30-5 throughout the year. Bank Holidays and following Tuesday, 10-6. Closed: Christmas Eve to Boxing Day, and Good Friday. Free.

The Yorkshire Museum, Museum Gardens, Museum Street, York. Open: 10-5 Monday to Saturday; 1-5 on Sundays. Closed: Christmas Day and Boxing Day (tel. 29745). York residents free.

The Age of Bede

H. R. Loyn examines the extraordinary flowering of talent among the new English people

The civilised Christian heart of the Mediterranean world at the end of the sixth century did not think highly of the kingdoms of the English. Pope Gregory at Rome was proud of his missionary efforts, but could still write of the English as living in a remote corner of the world and as men who had until recently worshipped sticks and stones. St Augustine himself had turned back once to Rome; his mission were appalled at the prospect of meeting a barbarous heathen race whose language they did not know. Yet, a bare century later, this outer-fringe island, ruled in large part by the English, had become a formidable centre of Christian culture and civilisation. The most advanced kingdom was the Northumbrian, stretching (at its longest political extent) from the Vale of York through northern England and the lowlands of Scotland to the Antonine Wall. We call the cultural movement of the time the Northumbrian Renaissance, and refer to the whole period from the early 670s to 735 as the Age of Bede.

This is astonishing. One reason can, of course, be found in the political history of the Western world. The Age of Bede was one of the great periods of political change in world history: and Western Europe was for once passive. We express amazement at the speed of the conversion of the pagan English to Christianity, but that amazement may show a faulty perspective. It took three generations, the best part of a century, to make all England effectively Christian. The same three generations, with only a slight variation, were enough to make half the known world Mohammedan.

Mahomet himself died in 632. By 720 the greater part of Spain, North Africa, Egypt and Syria, the ancient Persian Empire, and the land-route to and into India were controlled by the followers of a new world religion: the Arabs, the men of the desert, had burst through into the fertile crescent. Constantinople, the second Rome, was placed under tremendous pressure, and only just survived the major attack in 717. In the West giant raids ravaged deep into Frankish Gaul. The defeat of one such raid at Poitiers in 732 marks the high flood mark of Moslem penetration, and Poitiers is distressingly far to the north. An ominous entry in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* tells of the dreadful plague of Saracens which wasted Gaul with miserable slaughter – though it adds comfortingly that they suffered not long afterwards the punishment due to their unbelief.

H. R. Loyn is Professor of Mediaeval History at University College, Cardiff



Scribe in front of his book cupboard, painted in Northumbria and included in the earliest surviving complete Latin Bible, the *Codex Amiatinus*. It was a present to an eighth-century Pope from the Abbot of Jarrow and Wearmouth, and the original is now in Florence

But is political history enough to give the accolade to Bede? Historians are not often content to let a literary figure – least of all a fellow-historian – give his name to a period. The literary critic may have his Age of Chaucer or Shakespeare, but the historian plumps for Wycliffe and Elizabeth. Bede is different. Monk, scholar, scientist and theologian, as well as historian, he has a place above all his contemporaries.

He was no ecclesiastical political figure like his elder contemporary, the bossy, stormy St Wilfrid of York, no extreme ascetic like the venerated St Cuthbert. His was the ordered life of the scholar, and no-one attempted to drag him from his study to make him a bishop – or even an abbot. He seems never to have stirred outside Northumbria in all the more than 60 years of his life. A trip to York or to Lindisfarne was enough: then back to his beloved abbeys of Wearmouth and Jarrow. (If ever there were a Tynesider through and through it was Bede.) This did not mean that he failed to keep in touch with the scholarly world. He was in active correspondence with scholars and ecciesiastics in every kingdom and diocese in England, and well aware of what was going on in the Frankish Church and the papacy. His reputation spread fast, and missionaries from the German frontier were already writing home asking for copies of his books within a very few years of his death in 735.

Why should his reputation have stood so high? He was undoubtedly productive. Tranquil and truly humble though he was, he could not resist appending to what he must have known was going to be his last substantial work – the *Ecclesiastical History* – a list of some 60 books already written (many of which have survived). These include biblical commentaries, scientific writings (including works on chronology), histories, and school books. He wrote in a clear, unaffected Latin to which even the most dyed-in-the-wool classicist will pay a passing tribute.

His masterpiece was the *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*. Two of the 150 or so manuscripts to survive are near-contemporary, the one now at Leningrad and the other at Cambridge, and either or both of these could have been seen by Bede himself. Some good scholars even say that a note in the Leningrad manuscript, referring to Bede as the unworthy servant of Christ, may be in Bede's own hand. Bede was interested, as we are, in a missionary enterprise that could so rapidly transform the heathen Germanic people of Britain into a Christian community. It was a well-structured history. He told the story brilliantly, showing a great sense of time, of chronology, and a passion for arranging events in a proper order. He had a splendid eye for the incident which illumined, which brought the drear abstraction of the professional historian to vivid life.

Take his account of the conversion of his own Northumbria. He wished to show that the Christian message appealed to many different types of men for many different reasons. The decision was taken in a solemn council, presided over by King Edwin. Bede reported first the speech of the high priest Coifi, whose chief reason for changing →

faith was that he had served the old religion better than anyone else, but that many men had prospered more than he. Then with superb artistry Bede brought into play the arguments of an unnamed *ealdorman* who, in a famous image, likened the life of men to the flight of a sparrow through a lighted hall, from winter into winter:

"Thus the life of men appears for a little while: of what is to come of or what went before we know nothing. Hence if the new teaching brings greater certainty it deserves to be followed."

The deep-thinker counterpointed the time-server, and the debate was won. King Edwin (who had, it is interesting to note, taken a good deal of persuasion) was converted. Bede in his own subtle way had provided splendid insight into the mechancis of conversion.

Other such stories, little parables based surely on oral tradition, stud the *Ecclesiastical History*. Ethelbert received St Augustine in the open air because he feared witchcraft if he met the missionary in an enclosed dwelling. Redwald, king of the East Angles (whose cenotaph may lie in the great ship burial mound at Sutton Hoo), played for safety, having a Christian altar at one end of his church, and a place where he could sacrifice to devils at the other. Caedmon, the first named Christian poet in English, used to steal away when the harp was passed round because he could not sing – until the divine gift of creating religious verse descended on him.

The *Ecclesiastical History* is intelligent, critical, above all alive: Bede was no dull dog. And the same inquiring, probing mind shines through his other work, compensating for many inevitably arid patches on matters which are highly technical or which now have lost their interest. Sir Frank Stenton, the leading Anglo-Saxon historian of this century, was surely right when he remarked that, in an age when little was attempted beyond the registration of fact, Bede had reached the conception of history.

Bede was not isolated, merely the best among many. Other books have survived, on biblical themes and on the Lives of the Saints. In Wessex Aldhelm of Malmesbury wrote some work of permanent merit in a Latin so involved and esoteric that many have suggested Celtic influence. Yet perhaps we should marvel not at the peaks of achievement, but at the general level of literary competence achieved in newly-converted England. No-one writes unless he hopes to be read. There must have been in the first quarter of the eighth century a sizeable population able to read the Gospels, the Fathers, and contemporary work, lay and secular, in the Latin tongue – a point possibly to ponder in the England of 1973. Bede was the supreme product of a successful education policy.

For we must remember that Latin was not in any sense a tongue native and natural to the English. Anglo-Saxon, the ancestor of modern English, was a Germanic language with no literate experience behind it. Even so, it was a language of some beauty, and a tradition of oral poetry had already by the end of the seventh century given it sophisticated poetic conventions. The poetry was used as a means of furthering the new religion. Caedmon turned scriptural verses over in his mind, ruminating over them like a cow chewing the cud, to produce his poetry. Aldhelm acted the minstrel at Malmesbury, attracting people to him by singing religious songs as he sat on the bridge at the entrance to the township. Christian poetry in Anglo-Saxon reached a fine mature stage in eighth-century England.

Nor was secular poetry neglected as the Anglo-Saxons became literate. The great Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf* was a product of the eighth century, probably later rather than earlier in that century, though some good scholars believe that Bede himself could have known it. The substance of *Beowulf*, the accounts of the deeds of the Danes and the Swedes and its allusions to folk heroes, is deeply rooted in the pagan Germanic past; its spirit and temper is curiously Christian. It was written – all 3000 lines of it and more – with a

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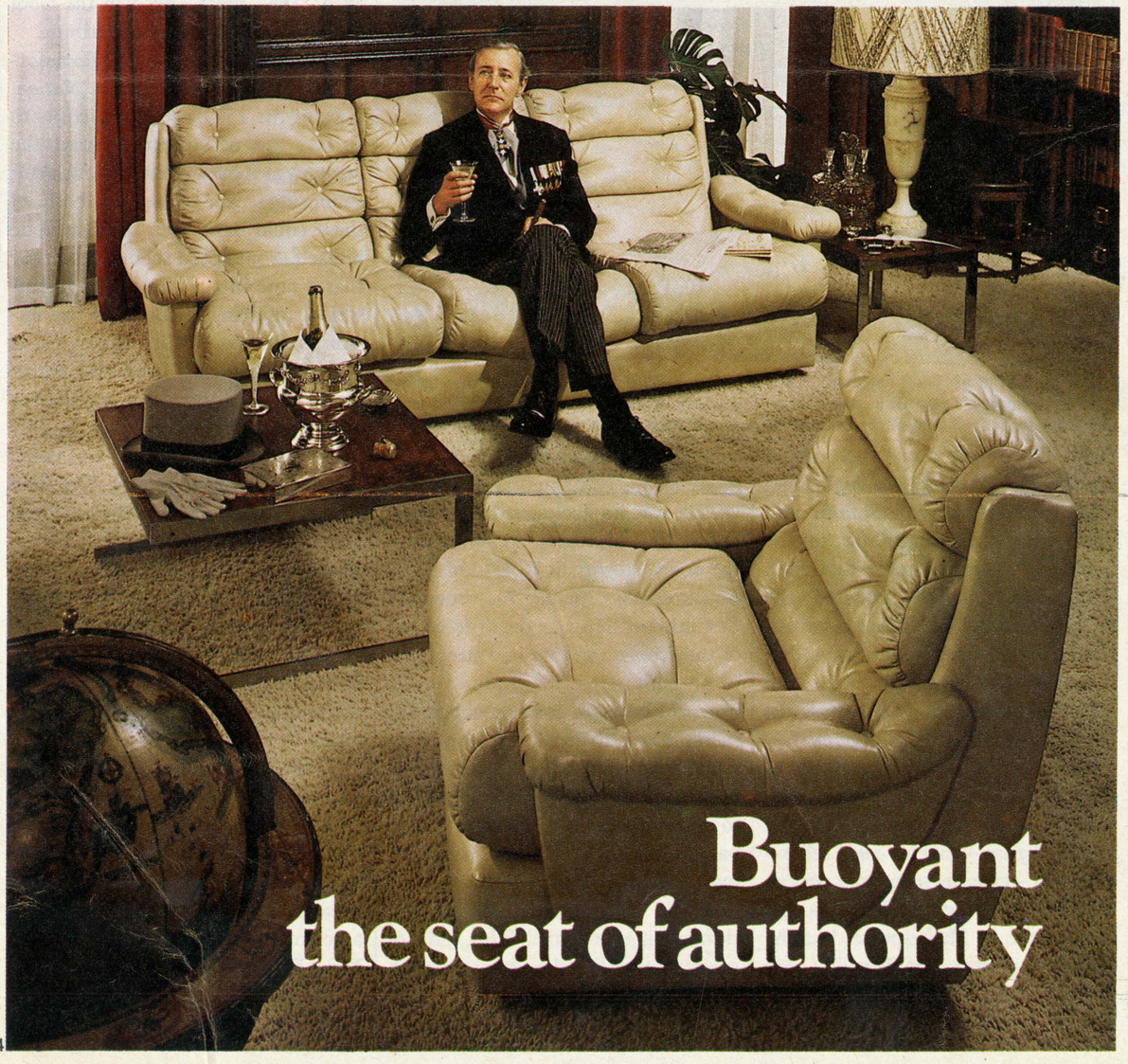
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courtly Christian audience in mind.

Nor were the visual arts neglected. There arose, again in Northumbria, a magnificent school of book illuminators who drew inspiration from Christian Irish, native Germanic, and Continental sources. They excelled in the production of superb Gospel Books. The *Lindisfarne Gospels* remains the best testimony to their skill and artistic sense. It was prepared, and possibly written, by Eadfrith, bishop of Lindisfarne from 698 to 721, early in his episcopate, as a special offering to the see of St Cuthbert, and preserved as one of the treasures of that see. It was bound by his successor, and the covers further adorned in gold and silver and precious stones by an anchorite named Billfrith. The script is beautiful, a fine example of the half-uncial associated with Irish scholarship. The illumination, particularly in the introductory pages to the gospels, is a triumph of involved interlacing and tortuous geometric and animal patterning, with the colours carefully blended, especially in the gentle ranges of orange and green.

The Echternach Gospels also provide a surviving example of the craftsmanship of the Lindisfarne school. Work of outstanding quality was produced in other Northumbrian *scriptoria*. The *Codex Amiatinus*, now at Florence, was a product of Bede's own monastery at Jarrow. It was taken to the Continent as a present to the Pope by Abbot Ceolfrith himself in 716. The abbot died at Langres in France, and it was left to one of his followers to deliver the book to Rome.

Other art forms flourished. Great stone crosses, such as those at Ruthwell and Bewcastle, give evidence of the ornamental sculptor's mature techniques. Further examples of such sculptural skill are to be found in the stones embedded in the walls of the much later church at Breedon in Leicestershire. Not many of the churches built in this period have survived, but the size and dignity of the church at Brixworth in Northamptonshire give an impression of the care lavished on the bigger monasteries and churches, while the little church at Escomb in County Durham – at the other end of the scale – remained in use right through to 1862 as an unpretentious local church. Sacred pictures were used to adorn the churches. At Jarrow and Wearmouth, scenes were portrayed from the New Testament, and at Jarrow there were also scenes that traced the connection between the Old and New Testaments. Some attempt was made to introduce the art of glass-making from the Continent, but it does not seem to have been very successful. As late as 764 an abbot of Wearmouth wrote to Lull, the English bishop of Mainz, asking him to send a good glass-maker to Northumbria "because we are ignorant and destitute in the art". The pagan skill of the goldsmith and jeweller persisted into the Christian period, and we have fine examples of jewelled crosses, notably the pectoral cross of St Cuthbert, gold inset with garnets, which was discovered when the saint's tomb was opened at Durham in 1827. Precious goods in ivory have also survived.

Bede tells us that a solemn debate took place at Whitby in 664 (in our calendar probably the autumn of 663) to decide the future of the Christian Church in Northumbria and so ultimately in the whole island. The question was pared down to the simple issue of whether the customs of the Celtic Church should be followed (from one corner of a remote island) or whether the Church in England should wholeheartedly embrace the customs of Rome and the universal church. The debate turned in favour of Rome, the wider world of the Mediterranean, and what we may begin to call Western Christendom. Acceptance of Roman custom did in fact bring the English Church and the people of England firmly into the main stream of European life.

The consequences were enormous, for Europe as well as for England. In the succeeding century missionaries from the newly invigorated English Church formed the spearhead for the conversion of the continental Germans, in Frisia and in the lands to the east of the Rhine. The Age of Bede was also the age of St Boniface (an Englishman named Winfrith from the heart of Wessex, England west of Selwood) who was indeed the true Apostle of the Germans. In education as in missionary effort the reputation of the English was supreme. After Bede's day, York under Archbishop Egbert, Bede's pupil and friend, was universally recognised as the leading school. Its finest product, Alcuin, close adviser to the Emperor Charles the Great, brought English learning to the political centre of the Western World. England was never so European as during this eighth century ●

An Advertisement, printed in the Public Interest, on behalf of The Sole Purveyors of Weppes in the United Kingdom, or for that matter, the World.

This issue contains

PART I

of

A CONCISE HISTORY OF WEPPES.

Thanks to the announcements which are starting to appear on the ITV network, the public is now increasingly aware of the existence of Weppes.

Nevertheless, our understanding of this fascinating subject remains imperfect, and among the millions of Britons who enjoy Weppes every day, many are at the same time secretly asking themselves "What the devil *is* a Weppe?"

It is against this background of uncertainty that we have undertaken to publish this part work: A Concise History of Weppes.



PART I:
The Dry Ginger Weppe, and other Famous Gingers.

This first episode is devoted to the Dry Ginger Weppe, its fiery spirit, and its effect upon some of those who came under its spell.

Subsequent episodes will appear monthly, building up to a complete work of reference, in which secrets are disclosed, enigmas solved and the once impenetrable world of Weppes clearly mapped.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF WEPPES: PART I

The Dry Ginger Weppe, and other Famous Gingers.



Long John Ginger. Liked a nip as much as his parrot. Polly was as sharp as a cutlass, but Long John had the edge. He had warm, spicy, Dry Ginger Weppes with his whisky, and the parrot only had water and millet-seed.



Ginger Bird. A very tiny tropical bird that lays a very large egg. Gingerly.



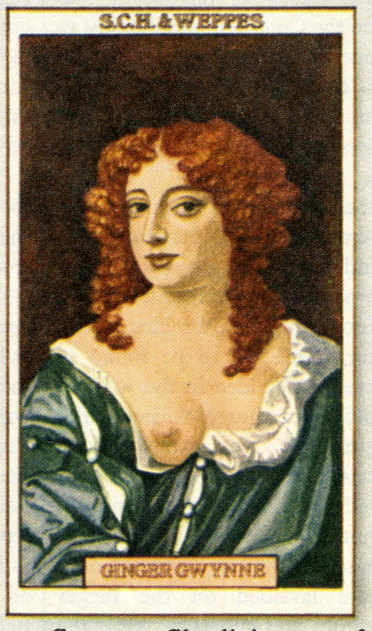
Captain Ginger. Old soldiers never die. They still sing "Ginger! Ginger! They call me Captain Ginger" in the music halls. Ah, those immortal Ginger Weppes. They never fade away.



Ginger Xxxx. Once said of Dry Ginger Weppes: "Ginger Weppes? Why, Ginger Weppes is a man's best friend. Come to think of it, a dog is a man's best friend. Well, I like ginger dogs too, but not in my whisky. Besides, Ginger Weppes' bite is better than its bark. In fact, I'd go as far as to say Ginger Weppes is better than anybody's bark. Is that going far enough?"



Ginger Lee. The famous take-off artiste, whose G-string did to an audience what full-bodied Ginger Weppes does to a drink. Warms it, spices it, fans it to a mellow fire.



Ginger Gwynne. Charlie's name for his favourite – a regal blend of brandy and the round-flavoured, winsome Ginger Weppes. Both regularly found in the king's arms, or any pub of that name.

April 29.73
P.15

Stop the motorways right now

Stick to making trunk routes and by-passes better, says **Ian Nairn,** in a cry of alarm

BY PUBLISHING a map of trunk roads*—built, planned, under construction—the Department of the Environment have spilled the beans. Or rather, they have assembled all the separate beans that come out on road alterations, an average of one Press release a day. Even with extensive knowledge of the British countryside, it has proved difficult for anyone to correlate them. Now it is easy—and alarming!

Because the message this map beams out loud and clear is: Stop the motorways now. The basic system of M1, M4, M5 and M6 is complete; M62, the trans-Pennine motorway from Liverpool to Hull—the most important of all—is almost finished. Do we need more?

Any more motorways, that is? Trunk road improvements, yes. By-passes, certainly: Lewes, for example, is now in the pipeline; it should have happened 20 years ago. But the motorway is a different animal—in the land it takes, in its insulation from surrounding countryside, in the way it tends to create a special kind of motorway person, with special characteristics, like motorway madness.

From this map, it seems the DoE is taking the opposite view, and trying to make us all into motorway madmen.

The main network is sprouting links everywhere, so that large parts of the Midlands and London's Green Belt will eventually look like the madhouse the Germans have created south of Frankfurt, and the Americans have created almost everywhere.

In the Press releases, the M40, which will destroy Otmoor if it goes through, is called the "Oxford-Birmingham motorway." On the map it is nothing of the sort; it is a second M1, starting too far east and ending too far west to solve the worst local traffic problem, which is the endless shuttle between the car factories at Cowley and Coventry.

And by making what should have been an ordinary by-pass problem on the A41—Berkhamsted, Hemel and Tring—into a motorway, the DoE seem set to provide a third alternative between London and Birmingham. Because, once the M41 is as far as Tring, the case for carrying it on past Banbury is going to be pretty strong.

And apropos Otmoor, which is also threatened by a reservoir, I wonder if any wicked engineer has thought how convenient it would be if the top of the dam could carry a motorway; as has been done in Scammonden on the M62?

Enough is enough, gents. If somewhere in the Department there is a final solution, let's know it now, so that it can be judged as a whole; don't proceed piecemeal. Apart from exceptional circumstances like a possible link to Maplin, traffic patterns must be clear by now, and they are unlikely to change. For example, do we need a motorway from Birmingham to Southampton—which would cut away the ground not only from the M40 but from the Winchester scheme which is causing so much fury at the moment—or do we not? If we don't know now, we never shall.

My guess is that we don't. What we need is a comprehensive and sensitive overhaul of the A34 to trunk road—not motorway—standards, something which is already in train for the A45, just as much an industrial lifeline, between Birmingham and Felixstowe.

We already have a splendid example of such a road: the Great North Road from London to Edinburgh. Very little of it is motorway; the rest is dual carriageway. Although I never willingly use motorways, I'm always glad to see the A1. On it, I can travel fast if I want to; I can turn off either to look at a village, or if I think the weather or the traffic is getting sticky. Newark, Grantham and especially Stamford are now places to look at, not a kind of linear purgatory. In terms of accidents per vehicle-mile, the M1 may be safer than the A1. But the motorway accidents, when they come, often involve innocent vehicles because there is no way of getting out of the situation. I could save a few minutes, but not many, from Leeds to London on the motorway: if I was that worried I would save many more minutes and travel Inter-City.

In the end, I think motorways—though not fast trunk roads—will prove to be an aberration as puzzling and as temporary as the yo-yo or the hula hoop. Risking a prophecy, I think the present network will eventually be restricted to freight traffic, except for sections like the Severn Bridge, and we will have re-invented the railway at vast expense.

This is the exact time to take the decision, before motorways beget motorways and the ordinary English landscape goes under. Stop the motorways now, and throw all the money and engineering skill into those well-proved and serviceable instruments—the dual carriageway and the by-pass. If they clog up, a la Exeter, make local improvements and then invent new holiday patterns and new transport methods. The consequences may not appear until 1990—when petrol runs out? but decisions have to be taken now.

Meanwhile, this invaluable map includes several routes that are recorded as "feasibility studies," whatever they are. The areas which people should be worried about are between the West Riding and Ripon, between Hereford and Gloucester, between Stoke and Derby, north of Northampton and—a diabolical one, this—what is left of rural Hertfordshire between Luton, Stevenage and Bishop's Stortford. The "M1-M11 link," this last one is called. What is it for? Do we need it? Oh yes, it looks tidy—on a map.

BACK in London, a remarkable book, published on April 24, Goodbye London (Fontana 80p) is a record of buildings threatened by planning permissions. All illustrated, all soberly described, a magnificent achievement by the authors, Christopher Booker and Candida Lycett Green (née Betjeman; the great man's daughter). Although such an undertaking would probably not make a saleable book outside London, the equivalent ought to be available, in duplicated sheets, for every large town: the planning register is public property; all it then needs is leg-work and a decent camera.



A simplified version of the six feet by three feet Trunk Road Progress Map issued by the DoE. Note the M11-M1 link being studied, and the M1 to A1 links in the Midlands and Yorkshire

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** £2.15 at 36 Parliament Street, London SW1; £2.40 by post from Trunk Road Map Sales Room P3/057, DoE, 2 Marsham Street, SW1P 3EB. Every local society with motorway problems should have one.*

DAY TIMES

e politics of race

The first need is for a revolution in the general approach to race. For many years there has been a widespread supposition that Asians and West Indians do not "belong" here; and, following from this, that one day they will go away. On this analysis, which is more often subconscious than articulate, there is no need for social policy to take real account of the particular problems which afflict the immigrant poor: rather, it is only for want of the right social policy that they do not return where they came from.

This is pernicious but durable nonsense. The inescapable truth is that about 3 per cent of the British are coloured, that this proportion may grow slightly, and that therefore Britain is, beyond argument or rectification, a multi-racial society. Some immigrants will return where they came from. But already one-third of the 1,500,000 coloured people identified in the 1971 Census were born here. For about 500,000 children and young people Britain is their only home. They have British accents and British habits. To them, arguments about the wisdom of their parents' coming, the political responsibility for this migration, or the desirability of their remaining are far worse than irrelevant. They are, because they evade real and pressing grievances, an invitation to social disaster.

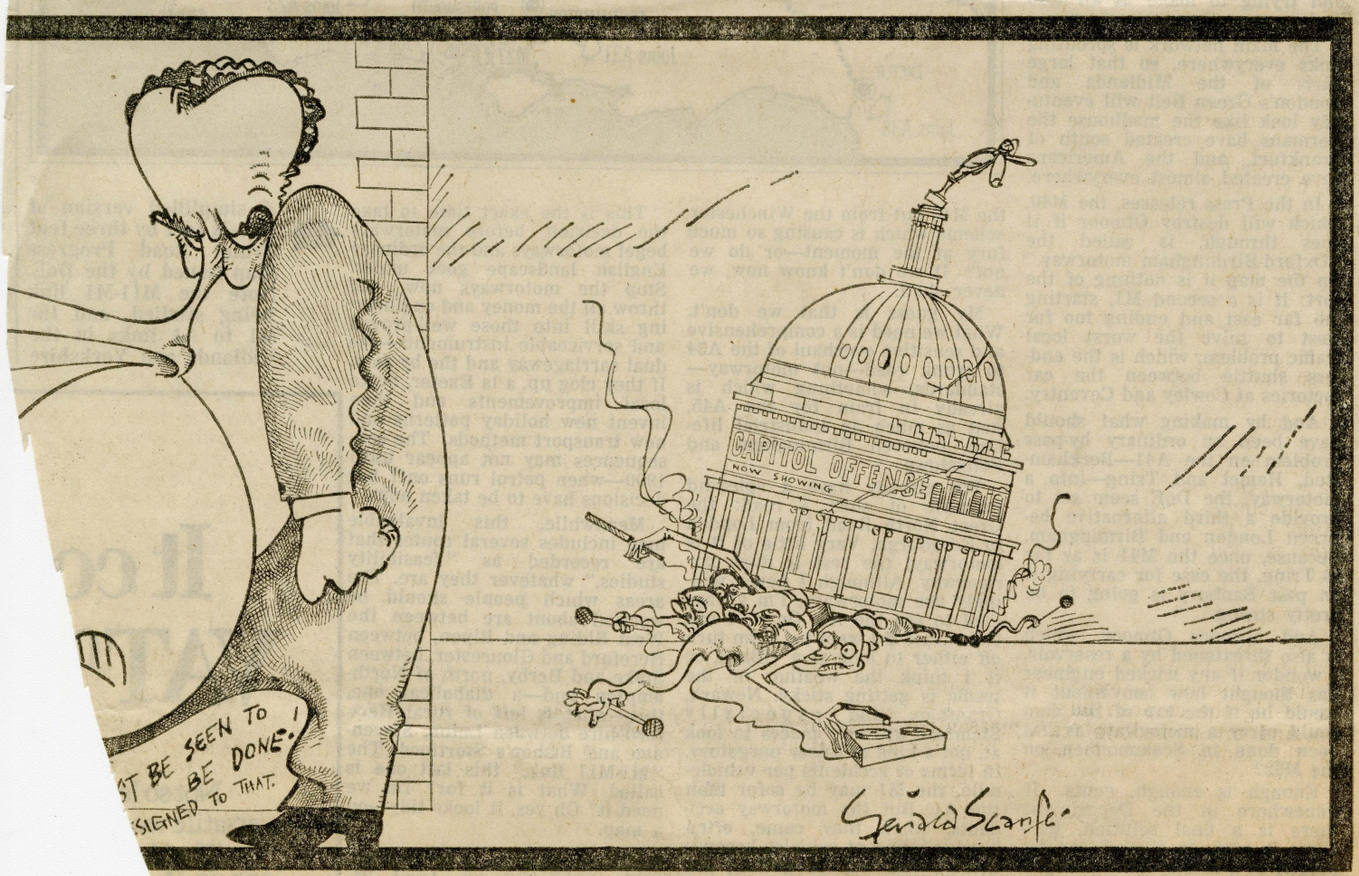
Without such a basic change of attitude among whites and white leaders, it is impossible to envisage useful social policies being adopted. Until the coloured Briton is recognised as an integral member of this society, social policy will continue to be dominated by the distracting issue of his colour rather than the substantial issue of his social and economic status. Coloured people do not cause poverty, slums, unemployment or bad schools. But as members of the poor they intensify these problems, and as a class they are, disproportionately, the victims of these conditions.

In different language, and from a different perspective, Mr Powell was actually saying this a few weeks ago when he delivered his latest menacing prophecy. He said that in ten years the core of some cities would be scenes of social decay and very large black populations. Mr Powell's purpose was obviously to fortify the case he has made for more persuasive repatriation policies. That is an inhuman, unrealistic and futile line of argument. But if the same analysis were pressed home to urban planners, it would, in fact, be a very constructive contribution about the problems of the poor, irrespective of their colour. For the prospect is indeed bleak. If the economics and planning of cities is not taken radically in hand, with the specific purpose of averting this vision of the 1980s, it is quite likely to come true.

The task, of course, is not merely political. Forestalling urban crisis on an American scale requires education and re-thinking across the range of social and economic life. Training, employment and housing are vital commodities which still find blacks at a grave disadvantage. Delinquency, despair and a profound cynicism about the possibility of non-racial justice are some already-visible consequences. Trade unions, and employers, have hardly begun to break down the mass of restrictive discriminations which subtly perpetuate social decay. All of this is not simply a matter of human decency, but of peace in this country.

There are no simple solutions. Quite certainly there is no expedient which will satisfy the vocal Right while having an adequate impact on the problems. Massive injection of public money, allied with a clear social vision will be one necessity if the cities are to thrive. This is to help all the poor, though in some areas it will be mainly helping people who happen to be black as well as poor. But if one consequence of the end of immigration is more important than any other, it is that the issue of colour should no longer be allowed to impede the attack on urban problems which go far beyond race.

This is a great challenge to politicians. It requires them to give no more comfort to the common but supremely irrelevant myth that there are too many immigrants here. It obliges them to repudiate their own years of fear and silence. That is not an agreeable task. But for social peace it is a first necessary beginning.



lie ahead—trade ence, diplomacy mmunist world ed. In other annot at one e continue to afforded by power *and* rcial and petitor of to give. S will nifica- the

mon effort for the common defence." This can only mean that it is up to Western Governments to improve their defences, which in turn presumably means increasing them. There is also a need for Governments, in Kissinger's words, "to educate their peoples to the realities of security in the 1970s." In diplomacy, the US will never consciously injure the interests of her European or Asian friends; but "we expect in return that their policies will take seriously our

Moscow and Peking, any Western democratic government is going to seek parliamentary approval for more defence expenditure? Is it really fair to complain of a mistrust of the motives of American foreign policy in light of the fact that Japan, now correctly identified as a vital component of future "Atlantic" strategy, was informed with only a minimum of notice of the President's epoch-making decision to visit Peking?

to be learnt on both sides of the Atlantic.

Above all, the speech is useful in its reminder that some things are too important to be left to experts. "These negotiations," Kissinger says (he was talking of the trade negotiations with Europe and Japan, but the thought could be applied to the whole range of problems and policies on which action will be necessary) "must engage the top political leaders for they require, above all, a commitment of political

First, the one bit of advice I can guarantee to be accurate and useful: Take a couple of washcloths with you. You never get them anywhere you stay, and the British versions sold in stores are sort of like our dishcloths.

The shrewdest thing we did was to take our hiking boots. London and other cities are best seen on foot -- and are hell to drive in. For one thing, street signs are not on corner posts like ours, but high on the sides of buildings, very hard for the neophyte driver to see. But the walking is splendid, and we would have worn our feet off without our boots.

As a general rule, we found that when you're traveling the countryside, a pub is the best place to have lunch. Hearty sandwiches, maybe soup, cheese, and tomato or pickle. In London, pub lunches are less reliable, though I'll list a few we liked below. Dinner in London can cost you an arm and a leg; we found ourselves going to the fancier places for lunch, then settling for a modest dinner of fish and chips or something. By the way, there are eating places of every nationality in London, and veteran Londoners warned us to be careful of the Indian places. No fun at all to catch Delhi belly in the heart of London. A safe place we found, if you'd like to try Tandoori chicken or some other exotica, is the Indian Tea Centre, ~~also listed below~~ on Oxford St. A general London lunch hint: eat around noon or before, and you should beat the British, who favor 12:30 and on.

LONDON

Places to stay: we're not much help on this, since we rented a flat most of our time there. But when Carol's parents came over, we all stayed a few nights at Dolphin Square, a fine apartment complex which sets aside a number of three-room furnished apartments for transients. At that time, it cost us 18 pounds per night -- about $25 per couple per night. The apartments are roomy -- two bedrooms, big living room, tv,radio, kitchen -- and it's all beautifully maintained. Nicely situated, on the Thames, within easy walk of Buckingham Palace, Parliament, Chelsea. If you don't have a good place for your first few days in the country, Dolphin Square would be nice. Jet lag is a real problem; our 1st day or so we spent really fagged out in a grim bed-and-breakfast place, and it's a bad case of culture shock. Dolphin Square would be good insulation against that.(Address: Dolphin Square Trust Ltd., Dolphin Square, London SW1V 3LX. Phone 01-834-3800)

Eating: (and of course, drinking) A number of these places are in the Frommer Guide, which we found accurate and helpful.

The Green Parrot in Bloomsbury, the British Museum area. Address, 146 Southampton Row. Hearty food, and cheap. OK but ... over-A&P

Raw Deal in St. Marylebone area near Baker St. Address, 65 York St. Small place, on the scale of a Pike Place Market cafe, with great vegetarian meals.

King's Head and Eight Bells, on the Thames in Chelsea. Address, 50 Cheyne (pronounced CHAIN-ee) Walk. Good for lunch buffet.

The Museum Tavern, in Bloomsbury. Across the street from south entrance -- that is, the main entrance -- to British Museum, at 49 Great Russell Street. Fading elegance of velvet curtains, enormous bar; try the smoked salmon sandwich with red pepper -- delicious.

The Red Lion pub, off St. James's Square at 2 Duke of York St. Beveled glass and rich dark wood; great for a drink and standup lunch.

The Istanbul, just south of Soho Square, on Greek St. Very good kebabs and Turkish bread.

Pizza Resistance, near South Kensington Station (and Hyde Park and the Victoria and Albert Museum); on a corner where Exhibition Road meets Thurloe St. Good pizza, a cellar place where you can go when you don't want to be at all fancy.

For a coffee and pastry break: the second floor coffee shop at Escalade, near Harrod's on Brompton Road. Small help-yourself place, with glassed front looking down on the traffic of Brompton Road, a prime shopping area.

WALES

The Wales Tourist Board is top-notch; we thought it provides the most useful help of any tourist board in Britain or Ireland. There's an office in Cardiff, across the street from the gate to the castle.

In Cardiff, we enjoyed staying at Coniston House, 11 Dyfrig St. It's a bed-and-breakfast place run by Mrs. Heron, on a quiet dead end street next to Bute Park. Pleasant, tidy, efficient.

The National Museum of Wales in Cardiff is worth seeing, especially its great collection of French Impressionist paintings. Cathedral Road, the main street out to Mrs. Heron's, is lined with the distinctive twin-gabled stone houses, each differently decorated at gable top and ridgepole. And definitely have the Tourist Board folks help you find your way out of town to nearby St. Fagan's, where there's the Welsh Folk Museum. Many reconstructions of Welsh historical houses and businesses, including a tannery; the attendants are 1000 percent Welshmen, grand to talk to.

In Pembrokeshire, we headquartered in Fishguard, traveling there by train from Cardiff. The cabbie talked us into the huge Fishguard Bay Hotel, which turned out to be too far from downtown Fishguard. It's a nice place to go for a drink -- a coastal hike goes right through its grounds -- but stay in one of two places in Fishguard itself. Best bet probably is the guest house above The Bistro cafe, on the square. The young couple who run the Bistro were renovating the guest house when we were in town, and they likely run a fine place, at least if The Bistro is any indication. We had some of the best food of our trip there. The other choice to stay is the Abergwaun (aber-goyn) Hotel, where we did; rooms above the bar a bit noisy, though. Good coastal hiking in this area; you can buy a local bus schedule at the newsagent's, ride the bus up the coast and hike back to town, or take it over to the little town of St. David's to see the purple stone cathedral. The trail is part of Pembrokeshire National Park, so even though it runs through farmers' fields you're okay. We had a great day by catching the bus from the square in Fishguard to Kiel House, walking to the coast at Cwm-yr-eglwys (roughly coom-ee-REGless), hiking around Dinas Head and along the coast back to town. The Ordnance Survey one-inch maps are great to hike (or sightsee by car) with -- terrific detail.

Compton House Hotel

This is getting much too long. Final general recommendations: Bath, where the Villa Magdala is the best bed-and-breakfast place we found anywhere; in Dorset, the village of Lyme Regis, setting of The French Lieutenant's Woman (The Mariners hotel is splendid little place); in the Cotswolds, the unspoiled village of Chipping Campden; near Oxford, the Old Swan Inn in the tiny village of Minster Lovell; and if Jean gets you to Yorkshire, the city of York, with its ancient wall and the national railway museum, if it's finished by now. Enjoy, and let us know if you need more details about anything.

LONDON

eating and drinking (or, first things first, Jean)

King's Head and Eight Bells, on the Thames in Chelsea; address, 50 Cheyne (pronounced CHAIN-ee) Walk. Good for lunch buffet, and near Amy's quarters at Crosby Hall. Might combine a lunch here with her showing you this great neighborhood.

The Red Lion Pub, off St. James's Square (near Picadilly Circus) at 2 Duke of York St. Beveled glass and rich dark wood everywhere; great for a drink and standup lunch -- be prepared to stand, rather than sit, in any pub -- or for drink before theatre in the area.

Raw Deal in St. Marylebone area near Baker St. (yes, the Baker St.). Address, 65 York St. Try check beforehand to be sure this place is still operating. Small, on scale of Pike Place Market cafe, with great vegetarian meals.

India Tea Centre on Oxford St., if you want to try Tandoori chicken (you've had somewhat similar at Amy's, John) or other exotica. Veteran Londoners warned us against the run-of-the-mill Indian (or Pakistani) restaurants which are everywhere -- sources of Delhi belly. This one is a showplace run by the Indian gov't.

Museum Tavern, across from main (south) entrance to the British Museum, at 49 Great Russell St. If urban renewal hasn't struck, this is a good lunch place from the Museum (which has only a tacky cafeteria of some sort) -- fading velvet curtains, enormous bar, and smoked salmon sandwiches with red pepper which I loved.

As a general rule, it's well worth your time to seek out places such as these, or others in the Frommer guide. Otherwise, you're likely to get so-so food -- and I mean really so-so -- or very high prices. Chain restaurants -- several are steak houses -- ought to be avoided. Pubs can be a good bet for lunch (in the country or villages they're about the only bet) because they'll have sausages and rolls or sandwiches, but you ought to eat right around noon; about 12:30, everyone else in London jams in and stands around crammed elbow to arse, eating and drinking lunch.

SHOPPING: Books at Foyles 119-125 Charing Cross Road.
Pewter from The Pewter Centre, 87a Abingdon Rd (off Kensington High St.)

places

A walk for a nice day is from Parliament through St. James's Park, Green Park, and Hyde Park -- 3 miles or so of pleasant park. Takes you past Buckingham Palace. At the far end of Hyde Park, which is called Kensington Gardens, is a museum. Or, just south of the Albert Memorial, along Exhibition Road, is the museum heartland of London -- the Victoria and Albert (easier to see and more interesting than the British Museum); Science Museum (top floor is full of airplanes); and for distinctive architecture and pleasantness, the Museum of Natural History. In this same area, directly across from the Albert Memorial, is one of the great neighborhoods of London -- a red-brick setpiece which includes the Albert Hall and the Royal College of Organists. And not far away on Brompton Road is Harrod's. Try have Amy show you around Harrod's; I think it's the grandest store imaginable.

Of the really touristy "musts", we enjoyed the Tower of London, for the historical spiel and Henry VIII's armor and all the rest.

over

If you can spare the time -- it's half an hour or so by subway -- you ought to see the RAF Museum at Hendon. Two renovated hangars full of tremendous array of planes -- flimsy little Bleriots to jets. Also what is said to be the last surviving Lancaster bomber, S for Sugar.

A very enjoyable thing we took in was an art auction at Christies. Either there or at Sotheby's (pronounced roughly SOTTER-bee's), you should see a good auction. I think they're at least weekly, maybe more often; watch the Times for ads or announcements, I think back amid the obits and court (royal, that is) news. Better yet, see if our friend Wintersgill can be of any help. Try the Guardian to see if he's still on the staff. The home address: Donald and Mary Wintersgill, 6 Morden Road, SE3 (that's Blackheath, south of the Thames). Donald (try to avoid my sloppy American habit of calling him "Don") is brilliant and delightful -- Glasgow-born, an expert on antiques, knows the US well from studying and traveling here. Mary is quieter, but very fine -- English, raised in Cardiff, former history teacher. They can help you on places to eat, especially foreign places in Soho.

If it's still being published, Time Out's Book of London was the best up-to-date guidebook we found. And the Sunday paper called The Observer had a good weekly listing of what's happening.

EDINBURGH

We ate many of our meals at the Farm House. There were two cafes by that name, run by the same people, and seemed equally good. One was near downtown (that is, near Princes Street) at 73-77 Hanover St.; the other is up around the "Royal Mile", and I don't have its address. These cafes are cafeteria style, serving excellent vegetarian food, with a good Spanish sauterne cheaply priced by the glass; when we were there, the full meal and wine cost about one pound 30 -- about $3 -- and was all very good.

And if you can find a way to get the 4 or so miles to the village of Cramond -- the Frommer Guide says take bus 41, but check both that and what the return schedule might be -- the Cramond Inn was one of the best places we've ever eaten at. It's a 300-year-old inn, lovely interior, fine food and service; likely will need reservations. Good location, too -- where the Almond River flows into Firth of Forth.

As for sightseeing, naturally see Edinburgh Castle, the one up on the cliffs; the Botanic Gardens were nice, with small but pleasant Gallery of Modern Art; the National Gallery, downtown on the Mound, is more classical art. For walking, we enjoyed the "Old Town" -- the Royal Mile and beyond. And what we thought was the most delightful find in the whole city -- the Museum of Childhood, about midway along the Royal Mile.

About the only other possibly helpful address we can provide is for your Helsinki trip, Jean. Our friends there are Dave and Helena Miller -- she's Finnish, he's Kansan, was in the UW history Ph.D. program with me. The last address I have, which may be outdated, I think shows them living in a Helsinki suburb: Kaskitie 18, Jarvenpaa, Finland. I've written them, and will pass along any response.

OUTSIDE OF LONDON

The Cotswold Hills, northwest of Oxford are ridiculously quaint and great places to walk, but likely to be awfully crowded during tourist season. If you can get there later, so much the better. We especially liked Minster Lovell, which sits on the southeast corner of the Cotswolds, and is close enough to Oxford so that you could go just for dinner if that's all the time you can afford --and if you have a car. It's about 12 miles. There are ruins of a manor house, a lovely river, and a 14th century coaching inn, The Old Swan. Rooms moderate, dinner rather expensive but done up to a T -- coats and tie for the major, please. Serving hours 7:30 to 10 p.m. while we were there. Menu includes such things as orange duck and veal cordon bleu; also good steak.

Our very favorite town in the Cotswolds is Chipping Campden, with many stone buildings centuries old, remains of old market, museum, craft shops and good places to stay. We stayed at a lovely old place -- all angles and creaky floor with an interior garden -- Seymour House Hotel, one of the best bargains of all, because price includes breakfast and dinner. In case you get hungry in between, there's a tea shop across the way. We bought our knife sharpener in this town, at Robert Welsh Studio Shop, which is one of the best shopping places we found.

For the Cotswolds, buy Ordnance Survey map, Sheet 144. Marvelous maps, showing foot bridges, churches, ruins, post offices, public houses, battle sites -- you name it.

In honor of The French Lieutenant's Woman, try to make it down to Devon, to the town of Lyme Regis. It's as Fowles says it is, R Cobb and all. We stopped here en route Cornwall and never made it to Cornwall. The town has a Mediterranean flavor (well, a little) and is very much a summer resort, so if you get there much past the first week of October, you may find some of the best places closed. We closed up the Mariners Hotel on October 12. Had most modern room, which includes private bath. Other rooms much more old fashioned. Features small private bar and sitting room where drinks are served before dinner in British manner. While in Devon, eat Devon cream tea in the afternoon. You'll founder if you have much of it -- and you'll have as much as you can get. Fine place to start is just down the street from the Mariner, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~, ~~xxxxxx~~ Ivan's diary calls the Mariner "spectacular" and notes, "There's modern plumbing and delicious food -- which I told Carol is her concept of heaven." Also about the town: "Carillon has been playing ~~xxxx~~ intricately ~~xxx~~ every half hour." We also hiked the Ware Cliffs, of Fr. Lt's Woman. Ivan notes: "Large seashell fossils called ammonites, some a couple of feet in diameter, common in the big rocks on the beach. We used local guidebook -- Lyme Regis Walks and Picnic Spots, by John Hobson, borrowed from Mr. Lambert of The mariners hotel. Provided feverish description of what we thought a mild path: "...only the most agile ought to attempt it!" ~~xx~~ West from Lyme Regis stretches pleasant coast: we particularly liked the village of Branscombe and, farther on, the naval town of Dartmouth, home of Britain's Annapolis.

The Mad Hatter, I think. →

Bath. City of tan limestone, Georgian architecture, and those marvelous Roman ruins. Also our all-time favorite bed and breakfast place, within walking distance of everything: Villa Magdala. Proprietors provide super breakfast, and will suggest dinner spots.

Best guide book for England: Frommer's England on $10 a Day (published in U.S.)

Hotel, Guest House and B&B

ACCOMMODATION IN THE HIGHLANDS & ISLANDS

OF SCOTLAND



PRICE
12p

Hôtels, Pensions de famille et maisons particulières offrant chambre et petit déjeuner dans les Highlands et les Iles d'Ecosse.

Hotels, Pensionen und Privatunterkünfte für Zimmer mit Frühstück im Hochland und auf den Inseln Schottlands.

Introduction

The Highlands and Islands of Scotland are able to offer a wide variety of accommodation to satisfy all tastes; there are lists for hotels, guest-houses and bed and breakfast establishments; caravan and camping sites and self catering cottages and chalets.

The information has been obtained from the individual proprietors and while every care has been taken in the compilation of this register the Highlands and Islands Development Board cannot accept responsibility for any errors or omissions. Prices quoted are as supplied by the proprietors and are for guidance only. Care should be taken to confirm prices and obtain firm quotations when making reservations. In some cases the introduction of V.A.T. during 1973 may affect the prices quoted in this register. Visitors are therefore recommended to check this when obtaining quotations. The register does not classify or grade accommodation but in all cases each establishment is a registered member of the appropriate Tourist Organisation.

The amenities shown against each entry are those for which the establishment can make arrangements but not necessarily have exclusive rights to. In some cases they are general amenities which are situated in the vicinity of the establishment.

Bed Booking Service

A wide choice of accommodation is available in the Highlands and Islands but reservations can be difficult to obtain especially during the busy holiday periods. In order to assist visitors a comprehensive bed accommodation reservation service has been introduced and operates through the Tourist Organisation information centre network. The service is designed to give visitors information on the types of accommodation available and to make reservations anywhere within the region. In addition the service is also available for the North East of Scotland. The addresses of the various Area Tourist Organisations are shown in each section of the Register together with information centre locations.

How to use this Guide

The Highlands and Islands Region is divided into areas. Each area is described at the beginning of each section and the list of accommodation for each area is under place name. All prices are quoted on the basis of per person for the period as specified.

When applying to establishments for accommodation please state "as shown in the Highlands and Islands Accommodation List", however it should be noted that where advance reservations are required some establishments may require a deposit to be paid.

The rates quoted in this publication were supplied before November 6, 1972, the date on which the Counter Inflation (Temporary Provisions) Act 1972 became effective. Consequently during the period of enforced price restraint within this Act the rates shown are subject to change without notice and visitors are advised to confirm individual rates at the time of booking.

Einleitung

Das Hochland und die Inselwelt Schottlands bieten Ihnen eine vielseitige Wahl an Unterkünften, die jedem Geschmack gerecht werden; es gibt Listen von Hotels, Pensionen, Übernachtungen mit Frühstück, Wohnwagen und Campingplätze und Selbestversorger Sommerhäuschen und Chalets.

Diese Information wurde uns von den einzelnen Besitzern gegeben und, obwohl jede Sorgfalt, bei der Zusammenstellung dieses Registers, von der Highlands und Islands Development Board beobachtet wurde, kann sie jedoch nicht die Verantwortung für etwaige Irrtümer oder Unterlassungen übernehmen. Die Preise wurden von den Besitzern genannt und sind nur als Richtlinien gedacht. Lassen Sie sich die Preise bestätigen und ein festes Angebot machen, wenn Sie Ihre Unterkunft reservieren. In gewissen Fällen, wird die Einführung der Mehrwertsteuer in 1973, die in diesem Register genannten Preise, beeinflussen, es empfiehlt sich daher, diesen Punkt bei der Einholung eines Preisangebotes klarzustellen. Die Unterkünfte sind in dem Register nicht nach Güteklassen unterteilt, aber jedes Unternehmen ist auf alle Fälle ein eingetragenes Mitglied der betreffenden Touristen Organisation.

Die Möglichkeiten, die bei jeder Eintragung angegeben sind, sind solche, die das Unternehmen arrangieren kann, ohne jedoch, in jedem Fall, über das ausschliessliche Benutzungsrecht zu verfügen. In gewissen Fällen, handelt es sich um allgemeine Einrichtungen, die sich in der Nähe der Unternehmens befinden.

Unterkunfts Bestelldienst

In dem Hochland und der Inselwelt gibt es eine vielseitige Auswahl an Unterkünften, aber Zimmerbestellungen mögen schwierig sein, besonders wärend der Ferien Hochsaison. Um Besuchern behilflich zu sein, wurde ein umfangreicher Zimmernachweisdienst eingeführt, der von dem Informationsdienst der Touristen Organisation betrieben wird. Dieser Informationsdienst gibt dem Besucher Auskünfte über die Art der vorhandenen Unterkunft und reserviert das Gewünschte innerhalb des gesamten Gebietes. Dieser Informationsdienst steht Ihnen ebenfalls für den Nord-Osten Schottlands zur Verfügung. Die Anschriften der verschiedenen Gebiets, Touristen Organisationen und die genaue Lage der Informationsdienste sind, in den einzelnen Teilen des Registers, angegeben.

Die Benutzung dieses Führers

Das Hochland und die Inselwelt sind nach Gebieten unterteilt. Jedes Gebiet wird eingangs zu jedem Teil beschrieben und die Liste der Unterkünfte in jedem Gebiet, ist nach Ortsnamen unterteilt. Alle Preise gelten für eine Person für die angegebene Zeitdauer.
Wenn Sie Zimmer bestellen, geben Sie bitte an, "wie in der Highlands und Islands Unterkunftsliste angegeben", es muss jedoch darauf aufmerksam gemacht werden, dass gewisse Unternehmen, bei Vorbestellung von Zimmern eine Anzahlung zur Bedingung machen.

Der Angewiesene betrag in dieser Ausgabe wurde vor dem 6 November 1972 gegeben d.h. bevor der Gegen-Inflations (vorübergehende Provisions) Gesetz 1972 effectiv wurde. Die Konsequenz ist dass während der Periode von auferlegeter Preiseinhaltung alle Beträge sich ohne vorherige Warnung verändern können. Besucher sollten sich individuelle Beträge bei Reservierung bestätigen lassen.

Introduction

Les Highlands et îles écossaises offrent toute une gamme d'établissements et diverses formules d'hébergement qui permettent de satisfaire les goûts les plus variés; il existe des listes d'hôtels, de pensions et d'établissements 'bed and breakfast' (gîte et petit déjeuner); des terrains de camping et de caravaning ainsi que des cottages et des petites villas de location.

Les renseignements publiés nous ont été communiqués par chacun des propriétaires; il est bien entendu que le 'Highlands and Islands Development Board' –Comité écossais pour le développement des Highlands et des îles– bien qu'il ait tout mis en oeuvre pour que ce registre soit compilé de façon exacte et précise, ne saurait en aucun cas être tenu responsable des erreurs ou omissions éventuelles. Les prix indiqués sont ceux cités par les propriétaires à titre d'indication uniquement. Il convient donc d'obtenir une confirmation des prix et de se faire préciser le coût définitif du séjour au moment de la réservation. Il faut s'attendre à ce que, dans certains cas, l'introduction au cours de l'année 1973 de la T.V.A. entraîne une modification des prix cités dans ce registre. Il est donc recommandé aux visiteurs de se renseigner à ce sujet lorsque les prix leur sont communiqués. Bien que les établissements cités dans ce registre n'aient pas été classés selon les catégories hôtelières usuelles, il est à noter qu'ils sont tous dûment enregistrés en tant que membre de l'organisme touristique approprié.

Les services indiqués en face de chaque établissement sont ceux disponibles; ils ne sont cependant pas toujours ceux fournis exclusivement par l'établissement en question. Dans certains cas, il s'agit de services ou d'installations d'ordre général, offerts ou situées à proximité de l'établissement.

Service de réservation pour l'hébergement des touristes

S'il est vrai qu'il existe une grande variété d'établissements se consacrant à l'hébergement des touristes, il est en revanche parfois difficile de faire une réservation, particuliérement pendant les périodes de vacances. C'est pour mieux aider les visiteurs qu'un service très complet de réservation pour l'hébergement, qui fonctionne au niveau des centres d'information touristiques, a été mis sur pied. Ce service a été conçu dans le but de renseigner les visiteurs sur les différentes formules de séjour possibles et afin d'effectuer des réservations en n'importe quel point de la région en question. Ce service fonctionne d'ailleurs également en ce qui concerne le Nord-Est de l'Ecosse. Les adresses des divers organismes de tourisme régionaux figurent dans chaque section du registre, et les emplacements des centres d'information sont également indiqués.

Comment se servir de ce guide

La région qui recouvre les Highlands et les îles écossaises a été divisée en plusieurs zones. Chacune de ces zones fait l'object d'une description au début de chaque section et la liste des établissements situés dans chaque zone figure au-dessous de la ville ou du lieu correspondants. Tous les prix correspondent au tarif appliqué pour une personne pendant la période spécifiée.

Lorsque vous vous addressez à un de ces établissements pour faire une réservation, veuillez préciser que vous le faites "conformément à la liste des établissements pour l'hébergement dans les Highlands et îles écossaises"; il convient cependant de noter que certains établissements exigent le versement d'arrhes lorsqu'on désire réserver à l'avance.

Les tarifs mentionnés dans cette publication avaient été fournis avant le 6 novembre 1972, date à laquelle l'acte 1972 contre l'inflation (mesures provisoires) est entre en vigueur. En conséquence de cette période de restrictions obligatoires appliquées aux prix aux termes de l'acte précité, les tarifs indiqués sont sujets à modifications sans préavis. Il est donc conseille aux visiteurs de confirmer les tarifs individuellement au temps de la réservation.

HOTELS — MOTELS — PENSIONEN

Bezeichnung	Übernachtungspreise pro Person								Vollpension pro Person				Abendmahlzeiten bis ..... Uhr	Zahl der Zimmer					Andere Einrichtungen (Erklärung auf Seite iv)
	Frühstück und Übernachtung				Mittag, Frühstück und Übernachtung				Vollverpflegung pro Woche					Einzelzimmer	Doppelzimmer	Mit warm und kalt Wasser	Mit Bad / Dusche	Mit Toilette / Dusche	
	Einzelzimmer		Doppelzimmer		Einzelzimmer		Doppelzimmer		Einzelzimmer		Doppelzimmer								
Telefon	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.							

Die in der obigen Tabelle angegebenen Wochenpreise gelten für einen Aufenthalt von 6 Nächten / 7 Tagen.

PRIVATUNTERKUNFTE FUR ZIMMER MIT FRUHSTUCK

Name und Anschrift	Zimmer mit Frühstück pro Person								Zahl der Räume				Zahl der Badezimmer	Gesellschaftsraum vorhander	Abendmahlzeiten	Familienunterkunft möglich	Andere Einrichtungen (Erklärung auf Seite iv)
	Übernachtungspreis				Wochenpreis				Einbett-zimmer		Doppel-zimmer						
	Einbettzimmer		Doppelzimmer		Einbettzimmer		Doppelzimmer			Mit warm und kalt Wasser		Mit warm und kalt Wasser					
Telefon	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.									

Die in der obigen Tabelle angegebenen Wochenpreise gelten für einen Aufenthalt von 6 Nächten / 7 Tagen.

HOTELS — MOTELS — PENSIONS DE FAMILLE

Etablissement	Prix par nuit et par personne								Prix tout compris par personne				Repas du soir servi jusqu'à	Nbre de Chambres					Autres Facilités (Légende page iv)
	Chambre et petit déjeuner				Dîner, Chambre et petit déjeuner				Pension complète par semaine					Chambre 1 pers.	Chambre 2 pers.	eau chaude et froide	avec bain / douche	avec WC / douche	
	Chambre 1 pers		Chambre 2 pers		Chambre 1 pers		Chambre 2 pers		Chambre 1 pers		Chambre 2 pers								
Tél.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.							

Les prix par semaine indiqués ci-dessus s'entendent pour un séjour de 6 nuits (7 jours).

MAISONS PARTICULIERES OFFRANT CHAMBRE ET PETIT DEJEUNER

Nom et Addresse	Chambre et petit déjeuner — par personne								Nbre de Chambres				Nbre de salles de bains	Y a-t-il un salon?	Repas du soir	Familles bienvenues	Autres Facilités (Légende page iv)
	Prix par nuit				Prix par Semaine				Chambre 1 pers.		Chambre 2 pers.						
	Chambre 1 pers		Chambre 2 pers.		Chambre 1 pers.		Chambre 2 pers.			Eau chaude et froide		Eau chaude et froide					
Tél.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.									

Les prix par semaine indiqués ci-dessus s'entendent pour un séjour de 6 nuits (7 jours).

Key to Symbols

- Licensed
- Central heating
- K Electirc fires in bedrooms
- FM Full meals
- P Car parking
- Lift
- C Reduced rates for children
- % Service charge extra
- TA Travel agents bookings accepted
- # Conference facilities
- ÷ Group rates available
- Private fishing available
- F Fishing available
- Golf
- Tennis available
- Swimming
- Pony trekking / riding
- § Skiing
- ‡ Deer stalking
- † Shooting
- X Closed during winter
- V Special diets on request
- £ Credit card facilities

Zeichenerklärung

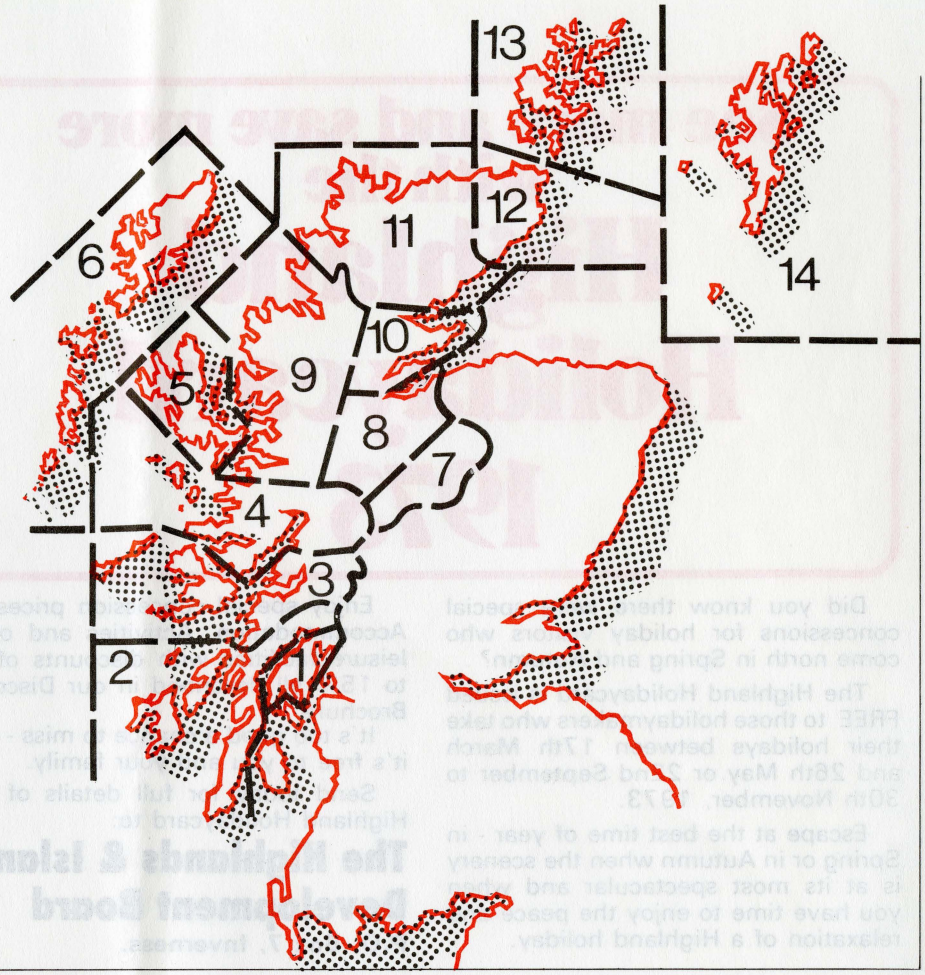
- Mit Schanklizenz
- Zentralheizung
- K Elektrische Heizkörper in den Zimmern
- FM Vollverpflegung
- P Parkmöglichkeiten
- Lift
- C Geringere Sätze für Kinder
- % Bedienung extra
- TA Buchungen durch Reisebüros möglich
- # Konferenzeinrichtungen
- ÷ Gruppenpreise auf Vereinbarung
- Privater Angelplatz
- F Angeln möglich
- Golf möglich
- Tennis möglich
- Schwimmen
- Pferdereiten / Ausfahrten
- § Skilaufen
- ‡ Rotwildpirsch
- † Jagen
- X Im Winter geschlossen
- V Diät nach Vereinbarung
- £ Kreditkarten anerkannt

Abréviations

- Titulaire d'une licence pour la vente des boissons alcooliques
- Chauffage central
- K Radiateurs électriques dans les chambres
- FM Repas complets
- P Parking
- Ascenseur
- C Prix spéciaux pour enfants
- % Service non compris
- TA Réservations des Agences de Voyage acceptées
- # Facilités pour Congrès
- ÷ Tarifs spéciaux pour groupes
- Pêche privée
- F Pêche
- Golf
- Tennis
- Natation
- Randonnées à poney / Equitation
- § Ski
- ‡ Chasse au cerf à l'affût
- † Chasse
- X Fermé en hiver
- V Régimes sur demande
- £ Cartes de crédit acceptées

Key to Areas

1 Dunoon and Cowal
2 Mid Argyll, Kintyre and Islay
3 Oban, Mull and District
4 Fort William and District
5 Isle of Skye
6 Western Isles
7 Spey Valley
8 Inverness and Loch Ness
9 Wester Ross
10 East Ross and Black Isle
11 Sutherland
12 Caithness
13 Orkney
14 Shetland



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ISLE OF SKYE

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address	Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person: Rates Overnight: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Weekly Rates: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	No. of Rooms: Single	Single with H&C	Double	Double with H&C	No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
PORTREE — contd.																		
Mrs. K.M. Ross, 16 Urquhart Place	183			1.15	1.25		On application					1		1				C X
Mrs. M. Ross, Glenview House, Bayfield Road				1.25			On application					3		1	Yes		Yes	K P X
Mrs. M. Ross, 27 Windsor Crescent				1.25	1.25		On application					2		1				
Mrs. J. Stevenson, Hamara, Coolin Drive	318	1.20	1.25				On application					2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K C X V TV
SKEABOST																		
Mrs. McGregor, 28 Borve *Portree*	215			1.25								2	2	1	Yes	No		P
Mrs. C. MacKenzie, Coolin View, 24 Borve *Portree*	2336			1.15	1.20		On application					3		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P X
STAFFIN																		
Mrs. E. Macdonald, Windy Ridge, Clachan	222		1.25		1.25		On application					3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C F X
STRUAN																		
Mrs. M. MacCusbic, 4 Totarder	253		1.25									2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C F X
Mrs. M. MacKinnon, Seaforth, Coillore	230			1.15			On application					3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C
Mrs. MacLeod, Sandford Dene, Ose	232	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25		On application			1		2	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X V TV
TORSKAVAIG																		
Mrs. MacDonald, Sunset, Stonefield *Ardvasar*	240	1.00		1.00			On application			1		3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X
Mrs. MacLeod, Gillean View, 13 Stonefield *Ardvasar*	261			1.25				12.00				4		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X V
TORRIN																		
Mrs. MacKinnon, Blaven View *Broadford*	280		On application				On application					4	4	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P F X TV
Mrs. C. MacLean, Faolin House *Broadford*	397	1.25		1.25			On application					2		1	Yes		Yes	P C F X
UIG																		
Mrs. K.A. MacKinnon, Harris Cottage	268			1.50	1.75		On application					3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. D. Maclean, 1 Park Grove	332			1.25	1.50		On application					2		1	Yes	No	Yes	X TV
Misses MacLeod, Salisbury Cottage	257				1.25		On application					2		1	Yes	No	No	X P
WATERNISH																		
Mrs. A. MacLeod, Stein	249		1.25		1.25		8.00		8.00			3		1		Yes	Yes	K P C F

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address	Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person: Rates Overnight: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Weekly Rates: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	No. of Rooms: Single	Single with H&C	Double	Double with H&C	No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
PORTREE																		
Mrs. Anderson, Wave Crest, 6 Beaumont Cres.	53		On application				On application					2		1	Yes		Yes	P X
Mrs. W. Camlin, The Bungalow, Bridge Road	363			1.25				8.50				2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C V TV
Mrs. I. Campbell, 1 Viewfield Square		1.25		1.25			On application			1		1		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V
Mrs. M. Campbell, 4 Windsor Crescent				1.15	1.25			7.50	8.00			1		1	Yes	No	No	K X V TV
Mrs. Campbell, 8 Balmoral Road	361				1.25		On application					1		1		No		X
Mrs. M. Cowie, Fisherfield, Viewfield Road	149	1.25	1.35	1.25	1.35		On application					3	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P X TV
Mrs. A. Cumming, Budhmor	229			1.25	1.25		On application					2	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X TV
Mrs. P.A. Davidson, 11 Bosville Terrace	290	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	10.50	10.50	10.50	10.50	1		6		2	Yes	No	Yes	C X V TV
Miss C. Graham, Laggan Gorm, Dunvegan Road	230	1.25		1.25			On application			1		2		1	No	No	Yes	K C
Mrs. Grant, Whinbrae, Dunvegan Road	332			1.25								3	3	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X
Mrs. Green, Bayview Cottage, Bayfield Road	103		1.25		1.25							1		1	Yes	Yes		K P X TV
Mrs. Gunn, 13 Balmoral Road					1.25		On application					1		1	Yes	No		X
Mrs. P. Logan, 19 Windsor Crescent		1.25	1.50	1.25	1.50	8.75	10.50	8.75	10.50			2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	C X V TV
Mrs. Macdonald, Gleniffer, Beaumont Crescent				1.25	1.40	8.00		8.00				2	2	2	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X
Mrs. J.P. Macdonald, Ard-an-Eas, Budhmor	161	1.35		1.35		9.45		9.45				2		2	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V TV
Mrs. H. MacKenzie, 12 Fraser Crescent	348				1.25		On application					2		1	Yes		Yes	K P C X
Mrs. MacKinnon, 10 Fraser Crescent	349			1.75			On application					2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. MacKinnon, Tigh-na-Bruaich, Bayfield Road				1.40	1.50		On application					3	3	1	Yes		Yes	P C X TV
Mrs. A. MacLean, 10 Martin Crescent		1.20					On application					2		1			Yes	K C
Mrs. J. MacLeod, 13 Fraser Crescent	210			1.25			On application					1		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. M. MacLeod, The Shieling, Stormyhill Brae	278	1.20	1.30	1.20	1.30		On application					2	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	C X TV
Mrs. MacLeod, Greenfield, Dunvegan Road	195			1.20				8.40				3		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. B. MacPherson, North View, Dunvegan Rd.		1.13	1.25									3		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C V TV
Mrs. K. MacPherson, 13 Kitson Crescent	105			1.15	1.25		On application					2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. MacLean, 6 Urquhart Place	378	1.25	1.30	1.25	1.30	7.75	8.75	8.75	9.00	1		1		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K C X TV
Mrs. J. Matheson, 8 Fraser Crescent	346	1.10					On application					1		1	No		Yes	K P C X V TV
Mrs. Montgomery, Peinmore	74	1.30	1.50	1.30	1.50	9.10	10.50	9.10	10.50	1		2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. K.A. Morrison, Ashlea, Viewfield Road	96	1.50	1.75	1.50	1.75	10.00	11.00	10.00	11.00	1		4	4	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V TV
Miss C. Nicholson, Conordan, The Braes *Sligachan*	229	1.50		1.50			On application			1	1	3	3	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P X TV
Mrs. F. Nicolson, 5 Martin Crescent	7		1.25				On application					2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. Nicolson, Cruachan View, Bayfield Road				1.25			On application					2		1	Yes		Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. W. Nicolson, 4 Achnahanaid, Braes *Sligachan*	237			1.25	1.25		On application					2		1	Yes		No	K P X V
Mrs. A.R. Ross, 11 Balmoral Road	143			1.15			On application					2		1			Yes	C X

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address	Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person: Rates Overnight: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Weekly Rates: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	No. of Rooms: Single	Single with H&C	Double	Double with H&C	No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
EDINBANE																		
Mrs. MacFarlane, Rowan Cottage	232		1.25		1.25		On application					3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C
Mrs. C. MacFarlane, Table View	212			1.10			On application					2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X
Mrs. MacLeod, Glen Morvern, Blackhills	243	1.28		1.25	1.38		On application			1		3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X V TV
ELGOL																		
Mrs. J. MacArthur, Fernlea *Broadford*	330			1.10			On application					2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X
Mrs. McKinnon, Craigard *Broadford*	291			1.25			On application					2		1	Yes	Yes		P X
GLENHINNISDALE																		
Mrs. C. Neil, Mile End House *Uig*	331				1.50				8.00			3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X TV
ISLE ORNSAY																		
Mrs. J. MacPherson, Hill View House		1.50											3	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C V TV
KENSALEYRE																		
Mrs. E. Finlayson, Grianaig *Skeabost Bridge*	274			1.25				8.75				2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C V TV
Mrs. MacKinnon, 7 Kensaleyre	258	1.25		1.25			On application			1	1	2	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X
KILMUIR																		
Mrs. M. Cowe, 3 Hungladder *Duntulm*	217	1.10	1.25				On application			1		3	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C TV
KYLEAKIN																		
Mrs. K. Barrie, Heather Lea					1.25							2		1	Yes	No	No	P X TV
Mrs. C. Graham, Kyle Farm Guest House	238	1.25	1.50	1.35	1.50			9.00	10.00			4	4	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P F X V TV
Mrs. P. Macaskill, West Haven	276	1.25		1.30			On application			1		3		2	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X V
LINICRO, by Uig																		
Mrs. M. MacDonald, Seaview *Uig*	246	1.15	1.30	1.15	1.30	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	1		2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. Macmillan, Sunset View *Uig*	289	1.25		1.25			On application			1		2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
PENIFILER																		
Anne Macdonald, Sea View	118	1.25		1.25		8.00		8.00				2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X
Mrs. MacKenzie, Heatherfield *Portree*	303				1.25		On application					3		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V TV

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address	Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person: Rates Overnight: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Weekly Rates: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	No. of Rooms: Single	Single with H&C	Double	Double with H&C	No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
BROADFORD — contd.																		
Mrs. N. Holmes, Rosecroft, Elgol	353			1.25				12.00				2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X V
Mrs. G. MacDonald, Blairmore	208	1.30	1.50	1.30	1.50		On application			1		3	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P X
Mrs. M.F. MacDonald, Millbrae	310	1.30		1.30			On application			1	1	2	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X
Mrs. D.A. MacKinnon, Clachbhiteach	288		1.25		1.25		On application			1	1	2	2	1	Yes	No	No	K P X TV
Mrs. Mackinnon, Swordale	272	1.25					On application			2		2		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X
Mrs. A. MacPhee, Braehome	263	1.25	1.35	1.25	1.35		On application					2	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X
Mrs. K. Robertson, Islandbank	314	1.25	1.35	1.25	1.35		On application			1	1	2	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P X
Mrs. Sutherland, Ailean Cottage	278	1.50		1.50			On application			1		4	4	1	Yes		Yes	K X TV P
CARBOST																		
Mrs. Macdonald, 7 Satran	221	1.25					On application					3		1	Yes		Yes	P C X
Mrs. F. MacKenzie, Dunollie *Skeabost Bridge*	277			1.25			On application					3		1	Yes		Yes	P C X
Mrs. R. Steele, Kirkhill	219			1.25	1.25		On application					2		1	Yes	No	No	P X
CLACHAMISH																		
K.M. Gilbert, Craigard *Edinbane*	228	1.25					On application					3	3	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C F X
CULNACNOCK																		
Mrs. Gordon, Lonfern *Staffin*	245			1.15	1.25		On application					2		1		No	Yes	P C X TV
DUISDALE																		
Mrs. J. Macdougall, 7 Duisdalemore *Isleornsay*	219			1.25			On application					3		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X
DUNVEGAN																		
Mrs. Beaton, Hazelbank	319	1.35		1.35			On application							1	Yes	No		P C X
Mrs. Beevers, Roskhill Guest House, Roskhill	317				1.40		On application					5	4	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X TV
R.S. Budge, The Croft House	301	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50		On application			1		2	2	1	No	No	Yes	P X
Mrs. M.B. MacGregor, Ceolmara	292	1.25					9.00					3	1	1	No	No	Yes	P C X V
Mrs. Morrison, 2 Husabost *Glendale*	215			1.25			On application					3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X
Mrs. Munro, Feorlig House	232	1.25	1.50	1.25	1.50	8.75	10.50	8.75	10.50	1		2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. A. Robertson, 22 Colbost *Glendale*	286			1.25			On application					3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

HOTELS — MOTELS — GUEST HOUSES

Establishment	Tel.	Rates Overnight per person: Bed and Breakfast — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Inclusive Terms per person: Full Board per week — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Evening Meals served until	No. of Rooms: Single	Double	with H/C	with bath/shower	with WC/shower	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
WATERNISH																				
The Stein Inn		2.00		2.00		3.15		3.15		21.00		21.00		1930		3				P % £ FM
ISLE OF RAASAY																				
Churchton House	226	1.75	2.00	1.75	2.00	2.50		2.50		19.25	21.00	19.25	21.00	1930	1	4	5			P C X

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address		Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person: Rates Overnight — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Weekly Rates — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	No. of Rooms: Single	Single with H&C	Double	Double with H&C	No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
ARDVASAR																			
Mrs. M. Clear, 16 Aird of Sleat		250			1.30			On application					1	1	1	Yes	No		K P X
BERNISDALE																			
Mrs. MacKinnon, Daldon	*Skeabost Bridge*	212		1.15		1.15		8.00		8.00	1		2		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C F X TV
Mrs. MacPherson, Lochview	*Skeabost Bridge*	206			1.00	1.25		On application					3		2	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X V TV
A. MacRae, 23 Bernisdale, The Mains			1.25	1.50				On application			1		3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C V TV
	Skeabost Bridge	252																	
BREAKISH																			
Mrs. J. Graham, Ardnish, 7 Upper Breakish			1.30	1.35	1.25	1.30		On application			1	1	3	1	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V TV
	Broadford	401																	
Mrs. D. Green, Langdale, Waterloo	*Broadford*	376	1.25	1.50	1.25	1.50		On application					3	3	1	Yes		Yes	P C
Mrs. D. McNiven, Struanlea	*Broadford*	332	1.25	1.38	1.25	1.38		On application					3		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V TV
Mrs. C. Robertson, Creagan, Waterloo	*Broadford*	334	1.25	1.30	1.25	1.30		On application			1		2	1	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X V TV
BROADFORD																			
Mrs. J. Donaldson, Fairwinds		270	1.40		1.40		9.80						3	3	1	Yes		Yes	K P C V TV
M. Fletcher, Ashgrove, Black Park		327	1.25	1.40	1.25	1.40	8.00	9.00	8.00	9.00			3	3	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

HOTELS — MOTELS — GUEST HOUSES

Establishment	Tel.	Rates Overnight per person: Bed and Breakfast Single Min.	Bed and Breakfast Single Max.	Bed and Breakfast Double Min.	Bed and Breakfast Double Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast Single Min.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast Single Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast Double Min.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast Double Max.	Inclusive Terms per person: Full Board per week Single Min.	Full Board per week Single Max.	Full Board per week Double Min.	Full Board per week Double Max.	Evening Meals served until	No. of Rooms: Single	Double	with H/C	with bath/shower	with WC/shower	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
PORTREE — contd.																				
Bosville Restaurant & Guest House, Bosville Terrace	146			1.30	2.00									2000		9	9			FM P X
Craiglockhart Guest House, Beaumont Crescent	233	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50					1900	1	3	4			TV P C X
Hillcrest, 1 Borve		1.25		1.25		2.00		2.00						2130	1	2			2	K P C
Skeabost Bridge	241																			
Viewfield Country House Hotel, Viewfield Road	17	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	18.00				2000	5	11	15			K P X
SCONSER																				
Sconser Lodge Hotel		2.90	3.40	2.85	3.40	4.15	4.65	4.10	4.65	28.50	29.40	28.50	29.40	2015	2	6	8			TV K FM P C % TA F ⊢ X
Sligachan	206																			
SKEABOST																				
Skeabost House Hotel	202		3.00	2.20	3.70		4.50	3.70	5.20		31.90	27.70	34.60	2000	5	20	25		10	TV K FM P C % TA F X
Skeabost Farmhouse	214			1.30				2.15								3				K P C X
SLIGACHAN																				
Sligachan Hotel	204	3.25	3.75	3.25	4.65	4.70	5.15	4.70	6.10	31.50	34.00	31.50	40.30	2030	12	16	28		6	TV K FM P % TA F ⊢ X £
STAFFIN																				
Staffin House Private Hotel	219	1.75		1.75		2.75		2.75						2030	4	14	16			K P C % TA ÷ X
TEANGUE																				
Toravaig House Hotel		2.00		2.00		3.25		3.25		21.00		21.00		2000	2	6	8			TV K FM P ÷ F
Isle Ornsay	231																			
UIG																				
Ferry Inn Hotel	242	2.50	3.00	2.50	3.00	4.00	4.50	4.00	4.50					2015		6	5		1	TV TEL FM P % £
Uig Hotel	205	3.00		3.00		4.50		4.50			On application			2030	4	21	25		4	TV TEL FM P C % F X
Woodbine Cottage	243	1.25	1.75	1.25	1.75		On application				On application					5	5			K P C F X
ULLINISH																				
Ullinish Lodge Hotel		1.50	2.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	2.50	3.00	20.00		20.00		2000	1	8	8			TV K FM P C F †
Struan	214																			

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

HOTELS — MOTELS — GUEST HOUSES

Establishment	Tel.	Rates Overnight per person: Bed and Breakfast Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Inclusive Terms per person: Full Board per week Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Evening Meals served until	No. of Rooms: Single	Double	with H/C	with bath/shower	with WC/shower	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
ISLE ORNSAY																				
Duisdale Hotel	202		On application				On application				On application			2000	8	16	24			¥ K FM P % F ‡ † £
ISLE ORNSAY																				
Duisdale Hotel	202		On application				On application				On application			2000	8	16	24			¥ K FM P % F ‡ † £
Isle Ornsay Hotel	206	2.50	3.00	2.50	3.00	4.00	5.50	4.00	5.50	28.00	35.00	28.00	35.00	2100	1	9	10			¥ K FM P # F ‡ † £
Kinloch Lodge Hotel	214		On application				On application				On application			2100	2	12	14			¥ K FM P % F ‡ † £
Post Office House	201	1.25		1.25			On application				On application					4	3			K P C X
KENSALEYRE																				
Kensaleyre House			1.60			2.20								2100	1	4	2			☎ P C F X
Skeabost Bridge	210																			
KYLEAKIN																				
Dunringell Hotel	280	2.50		2.00	2.50		On application				On application			2000	3	15	18			K FM P C % TA # ÷ X
King's Arms Hotel	209	2.50		2.50		3.75		3.75		25.00		25.00		2030	4	19	22			¥ K FM P C ÷ £
White Heather Hotel	277	2.50		2.25			On application				On application			2030	6	17	23			☎ FM P C % TA X
Lochbuie Guest House	244		On application				On application				On application				1	5	6			K FM P C ÷
West Haven House	276	1.25	1.30	1.25	1.30		On application				On application				1	3				K P C X
ORD																				
Ord House Hotel		2.30	2.50	2.25	2.50	3.50				21.00				2000	3	11	6			K FM P C % X
Isle Ornsay	212																			
OSE																				
Ose Farm Hotel, Struan		2.00	2.10	1.88	2.00	2.40	2.50	2.40	2.50					2000		6	6			K P C % X
Struan	217																			
PORTREE																				
Caledonian Hotel	141		On application					2.80				21.00		1930		14	14	5	5	¥ K FM P %
Coolin Hills Hotel	3	2.00	3.25	2.00	3.25	3.00	4.25	3.00	4.25	23.00	25.00	23.00	27.50	2000	9	22	31		11	¥ ☎ FM P C TA # ÷
Pier Hotel	94			2.00				2.75						1900		5				¥ K P C X
Portree Hotel	11	2.25	2.50	2.25	2.50	3.50	4.00	3.50	4.00	18.00	20.00	18.00	20.00	2000	6	20	26			¥ K FM P C ÷
Rosedale Hotel	31	2.25	2.95	2.25	2.95	3.50	4.20	3.50	4.20					2000	4	16	20			¥ K P % TA X
Royal Hotel	225	2.50	3.00	2.50	3.50									2015	8	20	20		8	¥ ☎ FM P C % # ÷
Ach-na-Mara Guest House, Bayfield Road	103	1.25		1.25		2.10		2.10						2000	1	4	5			☎ P C

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

HOTELS — MOTELS — GUEST HOUSES

Establishment	Tel.	Rates Overnight per person: Bed and Breakfast — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Inclusive Terms per person: Full Board per week — Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Evening Meals served until	No. of Rooms: Single	Double	with H/C	with bath/shower	with WC/shower	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
ARDVASAR																				
Ardvasar Hotel	223		On application				On application				On application			2000	6	2	8			¥ K FM P % F ‡ † £
BREAKISH																				
Ceol-na-Mara, Waterloo	*Broadford* 323			1.25	1.50			2.25	2.25					2000		3	3			K P C X
Strathkyle, 11 Upper Breakish	*Broadford* 261	1.10	1.25	1.10	1.25	1.85	2.00	1.85	2.00	12.00	12.75	12.00	12.75	2100	1	5	3			K P C ÷ X
BROADFORD																				
Broadford Hotel	204		On application				On application				On application			2100	13	20	33			¥ K FM P C % TA F £
Dunollie Hotel	253	2.20	2.75	2.20	2.75	3.00	3.75	3.00	3.75	22.00	27.00	22.00	27.00	2200	7	13	20			¥ K FM P C TA # ÷
Hilton Guest House	322			1.75			On application				On application					8	8			☎ P C X
Kilbride House, Kilbride	245	1.25					On application				On application					5				P C X
CULNACNOCK																				
Blarcrian Guest House	*Staffin* 208	1.25		1.25		2.00		2.00						2200	1	5	6			K P C X
Rona View	*Staffin* 203	1.05	1.25			1.50	1.75							1930	1	3				K P C X
DUNTULM																				
Duntulm Castle Hotel	213	2.25		2.25		3.25		3.25		24.75				2030	5	19	24			¥ K FM P C % TA X
DUNVEGAN																				
Atholl House Hotel	219	1.70		1.70		3.10		3.10						2000	5	7	12			K P C % TA F ʊ
Dunvegan Hotel	202	2.25	2.60	2.00	2.60	3.50	3.85	3.25	3.85	23.25	26.25	21.50	26.00	2000	4	14	18	3	3	¥ ☎ FM P C % TA F ʊ † X
Misty Isle Hotel	208	1.87	2.75	1.87	2.75	3.17	4.05	3.17	4.05		27.00		27.00	2200	5	17	22	3		¥ ☎ FM P C % # £
Argyll Guest House	230			1.25				2.00						2000	1	5	5			K P C X
EDINBANE																				
Edinbane Hotel	203	2.00				3.00								2000	2	6	8			¥ K FM P %
FLODIGARRY																				
Flodigarry Hotel	*Duntulm* 203		On application				On application				On application			2100	7	37	44			¥ ☎ FM P C % TA X

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

ISLE OF SKYE

Sometime misty, sometime magical, sometime moody, always very, very beautiful. It was to this western isle that Bonnie Prince Charlie finally escaped after Culloden and throughout the island, one keeps coming across traces of those romantic if turbulent times. Keeping guard over the whole scene are the Cuillins, majestic and awesome, our very own blue mountains.

Discover the magic of the island, dramatic Dunvegan Castle, stronghold of the MacLeods of Skye for centuries, guarded by the enchanted 'fairy flag'. You will hear tales of magic, of witches and fairy bridges and legends of ancient times.

You will see the duns or ancient forts used by the islanders as defence against the Norse invaders. Visit the grave of Flora MacDonald. See the cottage craft of the weavers at Portnalong, or the site of the legendary



MacCrimmond School of Piping at Bororaig, Glendale.

Picturesque Portree is the island capital and it is from there that your travels will start. Visit Skye once and they say that you will one day return.

ISLE OF SKYE
TOURIST ORGANISATION
Meall House,
Portree,
Isle of Skye.
Tel. Portree 137
Telex 75202

FORT WILLIAM AND DISTRICT

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address	Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person								No. of Rooms				No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
		Rates Overnight				Weekly Rates				Single		Double						
		Single		Double		Single		Double			with H&C		with H&C					
		Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.									
INVERLOCHY, Fort William																		
Mrs. A. Gillespie, 37 Lochiel Road	*Fort William* 2430	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00							2		1	Yes	Yes		K P C X TV
Mrs. E. Leslie, 5 Lundy Road		1.15		1.15								2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X V TV
Mrs. A. Macleod, 7 Lochiel Road	*Fort William* 2954	1.15		1.15									2	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. H. MacRae, 1 Lundy Road	*Fort William* 3174			1.15				7.70				2		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X TV
Mrs. Murphy, 21 Wades Road					1.15				8.00			2		1	No	No	Yes	K P C X V TV
Mrs. D. Sinclair, 6 Abrach Road		1.15		1.15		9.40		9.40				2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K C V TV
LOCHY BRIDGE																		
Mrs. D. Horner, Road To The Isles Bungalow	*Fort William* 2998				1.25							2	1	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X V TV
Mrs. J. Grant, Mossfield	*Fort William* 3309	1.25		1.25			On application			2		3	3	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C V TV
Mrs. E. MacNaughton, Hawthorn	*Fort William* 2955		1.50		1.50							3	3	1	Yes		Yes	P C X
MALLAIG																		
Mrs. C. McKelvie, 12 Cameron Avenue	2197	1.15		1.15								2		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X TV
MORAR																		
Mrs. R. Stewart, Glengorm	*Mallaig* 2165			1.40									3	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C V
SOUTH BALLACHULISH																		
Mrs. Bryson, Brecklet House					1.25							4		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. A. MacDonald, 2 Leven Terrace				1.15	1.25							2			No		Yes	P C X TV
Mrs. F. Matheson, 12 West Laroch		1.40	1.45	1.15	1.25							2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. C. Strachan, 11 West Laroch				1.00	1.15							2			Yes		Yes	P C TV
SPEAN BRIDGE																		
Mrs. M. Brown, Cypress Cottage, Station Road	262			1.25				8.75				2	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X TV
M. & N. Henderson, Inverour	218	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25					2	1	2	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X
Mrs. A. MacGruer, Courdale	234			1.25	1.50							3	1	1	Yes			P X

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

FORT WILLIAM AND DISTRICT

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address	Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person								No. of Rooms				No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
		Rates Overnight				Weekly Rates				Single		Double						
		Single		Double		Single		Double										
		Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.		with H&C		with H&C					
FORT WILLIAM — contd.																		
Mrs. J.N. Feggans, Craigton, 13 Sutherland Ave.		1.25		1.25								2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X V TV
Mrs. C. Ferguson, 56 Alma Road		1.15	1.25	1.10	1.10	7.50		7.00				2		1	No	No	Yes	P C V X TV
Mrs. M. Fitzsimmons, Craigard, Argyll Road	2602		1.25		1.25							3	2	1	Yes		Yes	C X TV
Mrs. A. Grant, Glen Shiel, 4 Seafield Gardens	2271	1.25		1.25								5	5	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V
Mrs. F. Grant, 31 Victoria Road	2528	1.15		1.15								2		1	Yes	No	Yes	C V TV
Mrs. M. Howie, Glenfalloch, Argyll Terrace	2592	1.25		1.25								3		1	Yes	No	Yes	P C TV
Mrs. D.J.E. Kirk, Loch View, off Argyll Terr.	3149			1.25	1.50							3	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X TV
Mrs. P. Knox, Phylalan, 12 Sutherland Avenue			1.50		1.50							3	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X TV
Mrs. Laing, 47 Alma Road	2754		1.15		1.15							2		1		Yes	No	K
Mrs. C.M. Lamont, Pier House	2375			1.25	1.25							2		1	Yes			X TV
Mrs. E. Lister, 7 The Corries	2508			1.15	1.15			7.50	7.50			2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X V TV
Mrs. MacCallum, 2 Moray Place	2276	1.15		1.10								1		1	Yes	No		C X TV
Mrs. A. Macdonald, The Coolins, Lundavra Road	2992		1.25		1.25					1		2		1	Yes		No	K P X TV
Mrs. M.C. MacDonald, 11 Caithness Place		1.25	1.50	1.25	1.50	8.00	9.50	8.00	9.50			1	2	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X V TV
Mrs. J. McDougall, 77 Alma Road				1.15	1.15			8.50	8.50			2		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	C X TV
Mr. & Mrs. A.C. McGillivray, 2 Sutherland Ave.		1.75		1.25		8.25		8.25						1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. C. Maciver, 17 Sutherland Avenue		1.35		1.35									2	1	Yes	No	Yes	C X V
Mrs. M. MacRaild, Woodville Bungalow, Seafield Gardens	2567			1.35	1.50							3	3	2	Yes			P X
Mrs. L. McSeveney, 5 Caberfeidh, Fassifern Rd.	2110	1.20	1.30	1.20	1.30	8.00	8.40	9.00	9.50	1		2	1	2	Yes		Yes	K P C TV
Mrs. E.P. Miles, 14 Seafield Gardens	2474			1.25	1.50								2	1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X V
Mrs. P. Nicol, 14 Braemore Place	2708			1.00	1.15			7.00	8.00			2		1	Yes	No	Yes	C X TV
Mrs. C.M. Ross, Callart, Victoria Road	2810	1.20	1.40	1.20	1.40							2	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X
M. Simpson, 13 Mamore Crescent				1.10	1.10							2		1	No	No	Yes	C X
Mrs. E.M. Slater, Sanday, Zetland Avenue		1.25		1.25						1		1		1	Yes			P TV
E. Williams, 9 Ross Place	3298			1.15								2		1	Yes	No	Yes	C X TV
GLENCOE																		
Robert Heggie, Pier House *Ballachulish*	315				1.25							3	3	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C
Mrs. E. MacKenzie, 5 Lorn Drive			1.25		1.25							3		1			Yes	C X TV
INVERGARRY																		
Mrs. J.W. Forbes, Drynachan	225	1.50		1.50								3		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C V

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

FORT WILLIAM AND DISTRICT

BED AND BREAKFAST PREMISES

Name and Address		Tel.	Bed and Breakfast — per person: Rates Overnight: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Weekly Rates: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	No. of Rooms: Single	Single with H&C	Double	Double with H&C	No. of Bathrooms	Is lounge available	Evening Meals	Families accepted	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
ACHINTORE, Fort William																			
Misses McDougall, Woodlands		2972	1.15	1.15	1.15	1.15							4	4	1	Yes		Yes	P C X V
BANAVIE, Fort William																			
Mrs. K. McInnes, Taormina	*Corpach*	217	1.35	1.45	1.35	1.45	8.25	9.00	8.25	9.00		1		3	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X
Mrs. M. Sinclair, The Moorings	*Corpach*	550			1.25	1.60								4	2	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P X
CAOL, Fort William																			
Mrs. M. Laggan, 4 Arkaig Crescent	*Ft.Wm.*	3353	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00					1		2		1		Yes	Yes	K C X V TV
Mrs. J.U. McInnes, 43 Blar Mhor Road	*Ft.Wm.*	3317	1.15	1.25	1.15	1.15	7.00	7.50		7.00	1		1		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	C X TV
Mrs. D. MacKintosh, 76 Kilmallie Road	*Ft.Wm.*	3437	1.15	1.15	1.15	1.15					1		1		1		No		P C X TV
CORPACH, Fort William																			
Mr. A. Cameron, Cnoc-an-Daraich		224		1.25	1.25				8.50	8.50			5		3	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P
Mrs. H. Cameron, Kilmallie House		459	1.25		1.25						1		4		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. J. Cormack, Stroma		286	1.25		1.25								3	3	2	Yes	No		P X V TV
Mrs. J. Cranston, Kuling		201	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50								4	2	Yes	No	Yes	P C X
Mrs. P.H. Cutler, 12 Farrow Drive		449	1.25	1.50	1.25	1.50					1		1		1			Yes	C X V
Mrs. M.O. Ewing, Aelanrac, 50 Hillview Drive		281			1.15	1.15			8.00	8.00			3	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X V
Mrs. V. Greenwood, 21 Hillview Drive		222	1.56	1.88	1.25	1.50	8.00	10.00	8.00	10.00			2	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C X TV
Mrs. Amy McBeth, 5 Pobs Drive		539	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00			2		2	Yes	No	Yes	P C V TV
Mrs. C. MacPhee, Mansefield		262	1.50		1.50								5	5	2	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C TV
Mrs. C.M. Morgan, 1 Pobs Drive		433	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25					1		1		2	Yes		Yes	P C X
Mrs. D. Pyper, 16 Farrow Drive		527	1.25	1.25				8.75			1		2		2	Yes	Yes	Yes	C V TV
Mrs. M.T.K. Tripp, Maros, 2 Hillview Drive		208	1.15	1.15	1.15	1.15							2	2	1	Yes	Yes	Yes	P C
Miss E. Weir, Annat Farm House		221	1.25		1.25								4		1	Yes	Yes	Yes	K P C X V
FORT WILLIAM																			
Mrs. Beacham, Marcliff, Argyll Road		2516		1.25		1.25					1		3	3	1	Yes	No	Yes	P C X
Mrs. M. Brown, Pennan, 19 Sutherland Avenue					1.15	1.25			8.00	8.00			2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K P C X TV
Mrs. C. Chisholm, 5 Grange Road			1.35	1.35	1.15	1.15		9.45		8.50			1		1	Yes	No	Yes	K C X TV
Mrs. M. Clark, Heatherlie, Argyll Road		2736				1.25		On application					2		1			Yes	C X
Mrs. Crowley, 22 Grange Road		2251	1.25		1.15								2		1	Yes	No	Yes	X TV
Mrs. M. Downie, 13 Grange Road			1.35		1.15								2		1	Yes	No	Yes	K C V TV

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

FORT WILLIAM AND DISTRICT

HOTELS — MOTELS — GUEST HOUSES

Establishment	Tel.	Rates Overnight per person: Bed and Breakfast, Single Min.	Bed and Breakfast, Single Max.	Bed and Breakfast, Double Min.	Bed and Breakfast, Double Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, Single Min.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, Single Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, Double Min.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, Double Max.	Inclusive Terms per person, Full Board per week, Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Evening Meals served until	No. of Rooms: Single	Double	with H/C	with bath/shower	with WC/shower	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
ROY BRIDGE — contd.																				
Kinchellie Croft Motel . .		1.70	1.70	1.70	1.70	2.45	2.45	2.45	2.45					2230	1	10	8			K P C % X £
Spean Bridge	265																			
SALEN, Acharacle																				
Salen Hotel	201	1.90		2.30		3.40		3.80						2015	1	7	7		3	▼ K P C FM % F ∪ £
SOUTH BALLACHULISH																				
Ballachulish Hotel			3.75		3.75		5.25		5.25	32.00	34.00	32.00	34.00	2030	11	22	33		15	▼ K FM P C % TA § £
Ballachulish	239																			
Ardarroch Guest House		1.75		1.50		2.75		2.50						2030	1	7	8			K P C
Ballachulish	201																			
Craigellachie Guest House		1.50		1.50		2.40		2.40						2030	2	8	10			K P C
Ballachulish	264																			
SPEAN BRIDGE																				
Corriegour Lodge Hotel, Loch Lochy *Invergloy*	285	1.80		1.80		2.80		2.80						2030	1	8	7			▼ P C X
Letterfinlay Lodge Hotel		2.25		2.25		3.50		3.50		25.00		25.00		2030	4	7	11			▼ ▬ FM P C % # F ‡ †
Invergloy	222																			
Spean Bridge Hotel . . .	250	2.50	3.00	2.50	3.00	3.20	3.70	3.20	3.70	24.85	28.35	24.85	28.35	2030	4	19	23		14	▼ ▬ FM P C TA F ⊢
STRONTIAN																				
Ben View Hotel	33	2.75		2.50		4.25		4.00		29.75		28.00		2130	1	11	12		2	▼ K FM P % TA F £
Loch Sunart Hotel	71	3.00	4.00	2.75	3.50	4.00	5.50	4.00	5.50	26.00	30.00	26.00	30.00	2000	2	11	12			▼ K FM P C % F ‡ £
Strontian Hotel	29	2.50		2.50		3.75		3.75		28.00		28.00		2000		8	8			▼ K FM P C % F ‡ £

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night/7 day stay.

FORT WILLIAM AND DISTRICT

HOTELS — MOTELS — GUEST HOUSES

Establishment	Tel.	Rates Overnight per person: Bed and Breakfast: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Dinner, Bed and Breakfast: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Inclusive Terms per person: Full Board per week: Single Min.	Single Max.	Double Min.	Double Max.	Evening Meals served until	No. of Rooms: Single	Double	with H/C	with bath/shower	with WC/shower	Other Facilities — see key on page iv
INVERGARRY																				
Craigard Private Hotel	258	1.53	1.85	1.53	1.85	2.40	2.72	2.40	2.72					2000	2	5	5			¥ K P C F ☋ ‡ X
Glengarry Castle Hotel	254	2.40	2.80	2.40	3.30	3.65	4.05	3.65	4.55		On application			2015	6	22	24		6	¥ 📺 FM P C F ↖ X
Tomdoun Hotel		2.30	2.60	2.30	2.60	3.55	3.85	3.55	3.85	22.05	25.20	22.05	25.20	2000	4	12	12			¥ K FM P % F X
KILCHOAN																				
Kilchoan Hotel	200	3.00	3.66	3.00	3.33	4.12		4.12		26.50	29.00	26.50	28.50	2100	1	10	11	1	1	¥ 📺 FM P C % # ÷ F ↱ ☋ ‡ £
Sonachan Hotel	211	2.00		2.00		3.25		3.25						2030		8	8		1	¥ 📺 P C % F
LOCHAILORT																				
Glenshian Lodge Hotel	205	1.75	2.00	1.75	2.00	2.75	3.00	2.75	3.00	19.00	23.00	19.00	23.00	1930	2	5	7			¥ K FM P C %
MALLAIG																				
Marine Hotel	2217	2.50		2.50		3.75		3.75		23.10	26.60	23.10	26.60	2000	4	21	25		5	¥ 📺 FM P C % TA £
West Highland Hotel	2210	2.50	3.00	2.50	3.50	3.75	4.25	3.75	4.25	23.10	28.00	23.10	28.00	2000	11	19	30	4		¥ K FM P C TA F X
Aultfern Guest House	2295	1.50		1.50		2.20		2.20						1930	2	6	7			P C X
Heatherlea Guest House, Glasnacardoch	2184	1.50		1.50											3	6	9			¥ P X
Hillside	2253	1.50		1.50												6	5			P C X
Parkmhor Guest House		1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75										2	9	11			P C X
NORTH BALLACHULISH																				
Loch Leven Hotel		2.00		2.00		3.25		3.25		24.00		24.00		2030	5	8	13			¥ K FM P C % ÷ F ‡
Onich 236																				
ONICH																				
Allt-nan-Ros Hotel	210	2.25		2.25		3.75		3.75						2030	9	16	23			¥ 📺 FM P C % X
Creagdhu Hotel	238	2.50		2.50		3.75		3.75						2000	6	18	24			¥ 📺 FM P C % TA X
Onich Hotel	214	2.50	3.00	2.50	3.00	4.10	4.60	4.10	4.60	26.60	31.85	26.60	31.85	2030	7	18	25			¥ K FM P C % ÷ F X £
ROY BRIDGE																				
Stronlossit Hotel			On application				On application				On application			2130	6	13	19			¥ K FM P C % F ↱ ☋
Spean Bridge 253																				

Weekly prices quoted in the above table are based on a 6 night / 7 day stay.

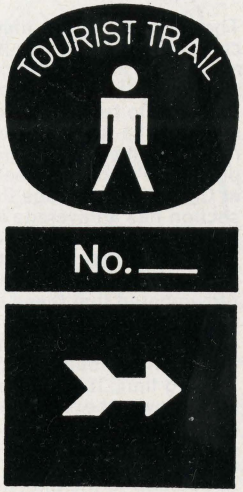
TOURIST TRAIL



A SIGNPOSTED WALKING TOUR OF DUBLIN

TOURIST TRAIL

A SIGNPOSTED WALKING TOUR OF DUBLIN



Text by
GORDON CLARKE

Illustrations by
WM. G. SPENCER

PUBLISHED BY
DUBLIN TOURISM, 51 DAWSON STREET, DUBLIN 2

Price: Two Shillings (10 p)

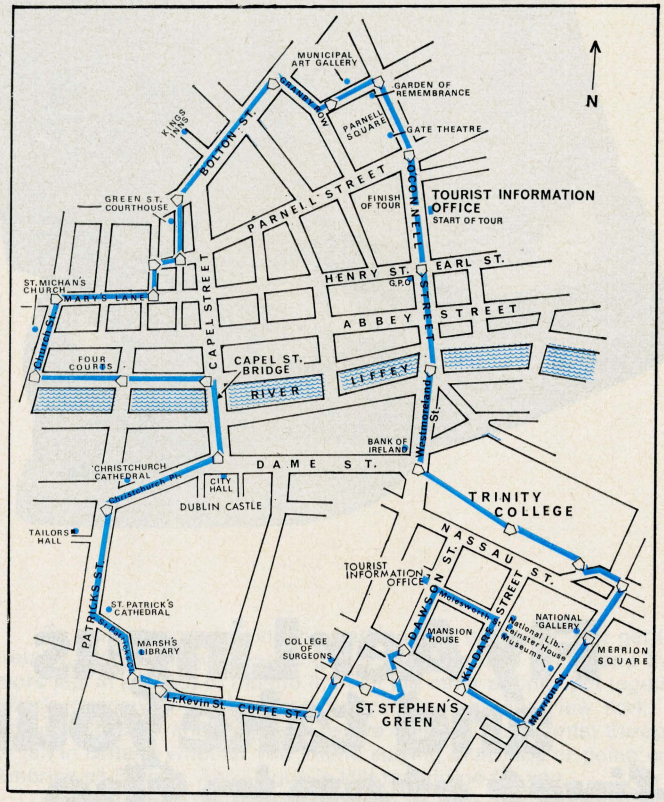
Introduction

This "Tourist Trail" is a specially selected signposted walking tour through the centre of our city. The route covers much of what is of interest historically and culturally for visitors to Dublin but does not purport to cover all that is of interest even in the city centre area.

The average walking time for the complete 'trail' is three hours. If you refer to the map on opposite page you will notice that the 'trail' can be divided into two sections, i.e., that south of the river and north of the river. Commencing at the starting point in O'Connell Street and finishing at Capel Street Bridge the southern section has an average walking time of approximately two hours, while the northern section would take approximately one hour. It should be remembered that these estimates of time make no allowance for visiting any of the points of interest along the route—this should be added to your walking time. It is suggested that, if time allows, the 'trail' can be best enjoyed by spreading the walk over one or two days.

In addition to the directions contained in the text, sign posts have been erected to assist you to follow the 'trail' (see title page) and you should continue walking in the direction of the last sign post until the new sign post is visible. In addition, the route has been divided into four sectional maps to further assist you. These maps are drawn to be read from the bottom to the top, i.e., in the direction in which you will be walking and do not follow the usual pattern of having north to the top of the map.

Tourist Trail Route



If you require further information or assistance, contact the Dublin Tourist Office at either 14 Upper O'Connell Street or 51 Dawson Street, telephone no. 47733.



Fly Aer Lingus and take your first step in the right direction



To start on your fascinating walking tour of Dublin, first get to Ireland. By Aer Lingus. Aer Lingus is Ireland's own airline and flys more jets in and out of Ireland than all the other airlines put together. Which means you can jet direct between Ireland and New York, Boston, Chicago and Montreal; twelve cities in Continental Europe or ten in Britain. Whether you intend staying in Ireland or going on to America or Europe, Aer Lingus is still the airline for **you.**

So drop into your nearest Aer Lingus office or travel agent. Say you want to fly Aer Lingus. And walk tall.

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Dublin on Foot

There are two ways of discovering a city.

You may read all the right books in advance of your visit, and bring them with you to consult on the spot. Thus informed you may confirm the information by personal observation at all the right places. In this way you will enjoy an educational experience, see all the galleries and the places of historic interest and finish up knowing a great deal more about that city than most of the people who live there.

The other way is to come upon the place more or less by chance, and to encounter such of it as you do see by chance. Perhaps you will buy a guide book when you arrive, perhaps not. More likely you will buy a novel or a book of poems or a sketch. This method involves much rather haphazard wandering. You will window-shop, drop into pubs, engage in casual conversation with various citizens. You will sit in cafes and parks, stroll in the evening along the riverside if there is one, and dream away days which many people would feel could be more gainfully occupied.

Both methods have something to commend them. If you stick to the books and the museums you will learn a great deal about the past, and less about the living present. If you wander too aimlessly you may finish up tired and bored, and without having met anybody interesting or encountered anything which you might not as easily have found in any other city.

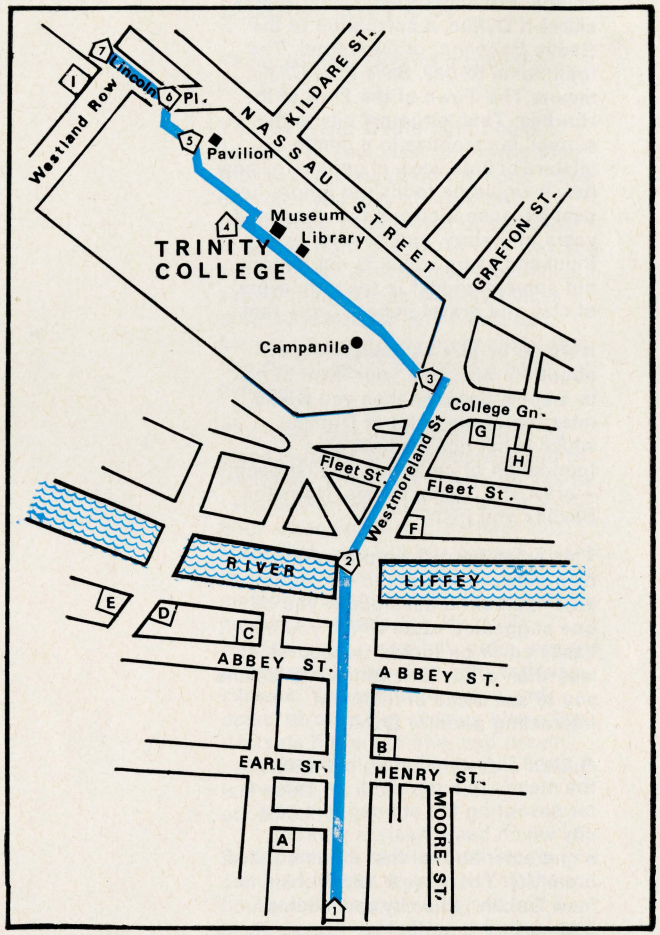
Eblana, Ptolemy called it. The Danes called it Dyfflin, a corruption of the Gaelic *Dubhlinn*, or Dark Pool. The Irish name to-day, *Baile Atha Cliath*, means The Town of the Ford of the Hurdles. This 'strumpet city in the sunset' is receptive to a gentle mixture of both ways of getting to know her. It would be foolish to ignore her past because it covers two thousand years of history, and another two thousand years which is not history but something lost in the rich layers of clay and gravel beneath your feet.

It would be just as foolish to go about on rails, with your head buried in a book, because then you would miss the whole point of Dublin, which is her rich life built on a foundation of centuries of vital people —pre-Celts, Celts, Danes, Normans, Saxons and Irish.

This small book does not purport to be a guide. It is more in the nature of a companion to accompany you on one suggested route which you may easily cover on foot in the course of less than a day and which will enable you to see some of the more interesting parts of Dublin.

A stroll through Dublin is merely the means to a non-end, an excuse for savouring the atmosphere of a city which has a heart, a persona, a character so real that it has created creativity. There is no 'old Dublin' or 'new Dublin'; this city assimilates history and time just as it assimilates people. You must forget the time sequence and take Dublin as you find her. Hopefully the following pages will help you to do that.

GORDON CLARK



A. Pro Cathedral, Marlborough St.
B. General Post Office
C. Abbey Theatre
D. Liberty Hall
E. Custom House
F. Ballast Office
G. Bank of Ireland
H. Central Bank, Foster Place
I. Royal Irish Academy of Music

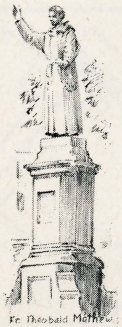
As I was going down Sackville Street.

It was Oliver St. John Gogarty, Dublin raconteur, eminent surgeon and wit, who titled his autobiographical account of Ireland in the twenties with the first line of an old ballad. The 18th century Sackville Street has been re-named O'Connell Street, in honour of Daniel O'Connell, whose statue faces O'Connell Bridge over the River Liffey. It was originally Drogheda Street named after Henry Moore, Earl of Drogheda, and the Henry, Moore and Earl Streets still survive.

So here you are in the heart of Dublin, and let you stroll down O'Connell Street by turning left outside the door of the useful and helpful Tourist Information Office.

Not even the most chauvinistic Dubliner believes that this is the widest street in Europe, but so it may well have been when it was first widened in the late 1740's by Luke Gardiner, and later extended (1870) by the Wide Street Commissioners, to whom Dublin still owes so much. You should see some of the early views of Dublin, either in the print shops or in the Dublin Civic Museum in South William Street.

As you stand outside the Tourist Information Office, just across in the centre of the street is the first of a number of statues. This one is of



Father Theobald Mathew (1790-1856), the pioneer of the Total Abstinence reform in Ireland. His great influence was sorely needed in the Ireland of his day, and it certainly produced results. One merchant remonstrated, more in sorrow than in anger: 'Of course moderation or temperance is a fair subject for moralists to indoctrinate, and the more disciples they obtain, the better for Society in every grade; but let not that moderation be too much stinted, or it will lapse into excess, as the case of many other reactions'. The disciples are still many thousands strong, to the benefit of society—in every grade.

O'Connell Street

As you move away down O'Connell Street, just fifty yards or so on the left, you will come to Cathedral Street and looking down it you will see the corner of the facade of Dublin's Pro-Cathedral built between 1815 and 1825. It is interesting that Dublin has two Cathedrals but both of these are Church of Ireland. It has no Catholic Cathedral. We shall be seeing the two Cathedrals later on during our travels. Moving on from this intersection to the next one acknowledged by the pedestrian island in the centre of the street, upon which is the C.I.E. Transport Information Kiosk. If you look down to the left, down North Earl Street and Talbot Street, you will see Connolly Station in the distance, the Rail Station for the Northern Ireland Routes and local services. The street itself is a well known shopping street as is indeed the street opposite, Henry Street.

There is now this large pedestrian island where, until a few years ago, stood Dublin's best known landmark—Nelson's Pillar. This impressive Doric column, 134 feet high, was erected in 1808 to the victor of Trafalgar and was, surprisingly, privately owned, the admission fees going to charity. A slight but skilful explosion, planted in 1966 by persons unknown, removed the top and the remainder was demolished by the Irish Army.

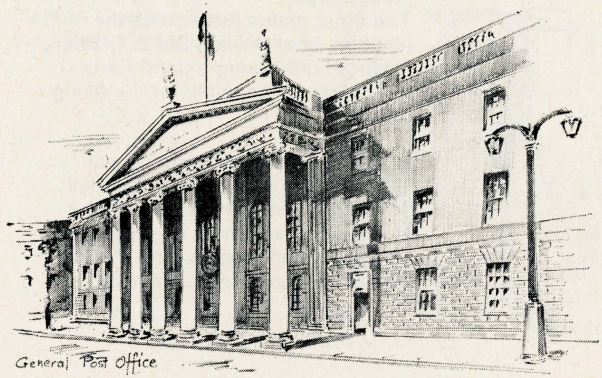
Henry Street itself, on the far side, is a bustling friendly area popular with Dubliners. If you want to sidetrack a little and go down Henry Street about 100 yards the second turn on the right is Moore Street, a famous open-air market conducted by some of the most delightful and entertaining characters in a city where characters are ten-a-penny and still highly esteemed. Moore Street on a Saturday of course, is not to be missed—a vibrant, noisy, cheerful re-incarnation of lively, lovable Dublin as it has been for past centuries.

Henry Street

Moore Street

The tall granite-faced building on the left-hand corner of Henry Street as it joins O'Connell Street is the General Post Office. Dubliners have mixed feelings about the loss of Nelson's Pillar, but its removal at least enables them to appreciate the impressive frontage of the G.P.O., designed by Francis Johnston and opened in 1818. The three statues on top represent Mercury, Fidelity and Hibernia.

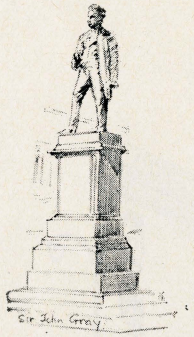
General Post Office



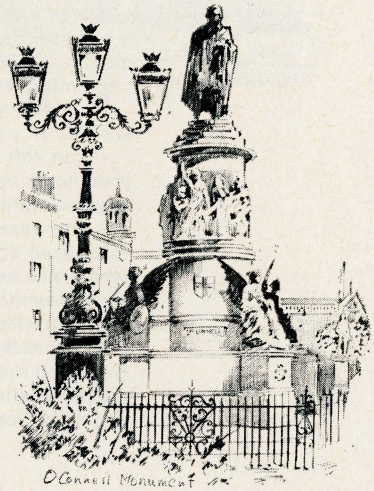


It was in the portico of this building that the Proclamation of the Republic was read on Easter Monday, April 24, 1916 by Padraic Pearse, the Dublin schoolmaster who led the rising which was to be the start of Ireland's fight for independence. Set into the front wall of the building is part of the text of this historic and moving document while inside is a bronze statue (by Oliver Sheppard) of the death of the famous legendary Irish warrior, Cuchullain, a memorial to those who in this place fought and died for the freedom of the country.

As you stroll further along, just over 100 yards or so, you will come to the junction of Abbey Street and O'Connell Street. This junction is flanked by two statues. The first one is of Sir John Gray, proprietor of the once powerful newspaper *The Freeman's Journal* now no more.
Sir John has another claim to fame as Chairman of the Commissioners who provided Dublin's water supply.
Dublin may be famous for whiskey and Guinness stout, but it also deserves recognition for the best drinking water in the world—and the supply has never failed, although the population is now ten times what it was when the scheme was inaugurated.
The other statue just across the junction, is of William Smith O'Brien, leader of the Young Ireland Party which was responsible for the rising of 1848.

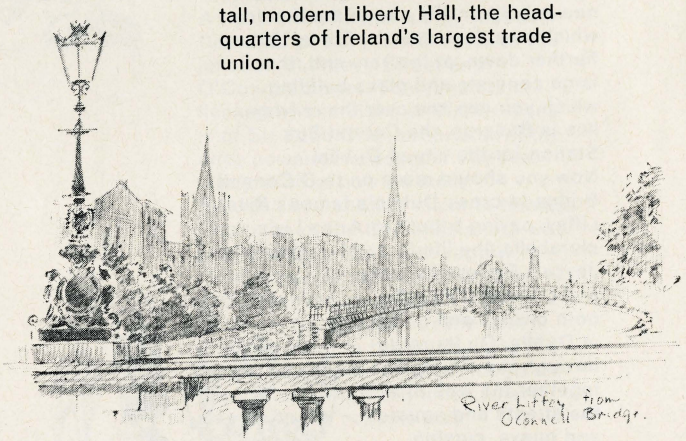


And as a final introduction, from here you can see Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847), the Kerry advocate and Member of Parliament who secured Catholic Emancipation for Ireland in 1829 and earned the accolade of 'The Liberator'. This monument is by Foley, and is artistically probably the most satisfactory, largely because of the grouping of attendant "Victories" by Thomas Brock of Courage (removed Christmas 1969) Fidelity, Eloquence and Patriotism—ladies who still show on their ample persons the bullet holes of a more active era in the struggle for independence than O'Connell would have favoured.
If you look to the left, down Abbey Street, you will see a white bricked building topped by a glass area about 200 yards to the right hand side. This is Ireland's famous Abbey Theatre now rebuilt on the site of the theatre which was destroyed by fire in 1951.
Further down, at the very end, the large concrete and glass building which you can see over the railway line is Busarus, the Central Bus Station for the city of Dublin.
Now you should move on to O'Connell Bridge to cross Dublin's famous River Liffey, paying tribute to Anna Livia plurabella, the life force of James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* and *Ulysses*. The Liffey both divides and unites in Dublin. On its route through the city it joins together the web of all the streets and squares and quays, curving them to a pattern from the hills to the sea.



O'Connell Bridge

Pause in the centre of O'Connell Bridge (built as Carlisle Bridge in 1874 and widened in 1880 to make it as wide as it is long) and look downstream towards the dome of the Custom House, the masterpiece of James Gandon. That is all you will see from here, because a hideous Victorian railway bridge has bisected the prospect of this noble building. It must have originally seemed to float on the very waters of the river as the vast outline of St. Mark's seems to float over the lagoons of Venice. Between O'Connell Bridge and the dome of the Custom House is the tall, modern Liberty Hall, the headquarters of Ireland's largest trade union.

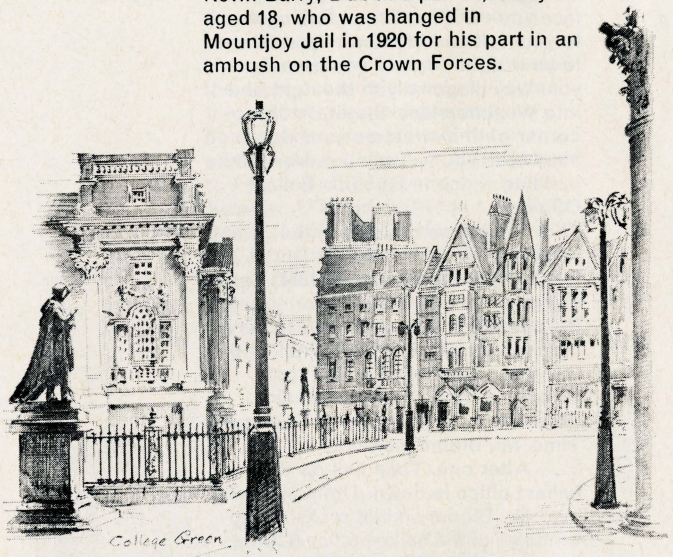


If you look upstream (to the right) you should do so at sunset, when the delicate tracery of the 'Halfpenny' Bridge, so called because of the toll which was exacted from the citizens for taking the short cut between the two major traffic bridges of O'Connell and Capel Street, is reflected in the river, and the tulip domes of the distant Guinness Brewery are an echo of fabled Constantinople.

Westmoreland Street

When you have crossed O'Connell Bridge you will be on the south side of the Liffey. Before the present quay walls were built about 1714 the river spread as far as the walls of Trinity College, but now two busy streets face you—D'Olier Street forking away to your left and Westmoreland Street to your right. We ask you to make your way diagonally to the right and into Westmoreland Street. At the corner of this street on your right hand side you will see a red-bricked building which is Dublin's Ballast Office.
This handsome building is the headquarters of the Dublin Port & Docks Board (established 1867) and its name derives from the former Ballast Board, set up in 1707 to serve the then developing port. Until 1916 there was a time ball on the roof, controlled from Dublin's Dunsink Observatory to fall at 1 p.m. Greenwich Time. Mr. Bloom mentions it, '. . . After one. Time ball on the ballast office is down. Dunsink time . . .' Mr. Bloom smiled rocks at two windows of the ballast office (*Ulysses*—James Joyce). The time ball has gone but Dubliners still set their watches by the Ballast Office clock.
Westmoreland Street was originally laid out as an architectural unit, enclosed on its south side by College Green. In course of time this noble idea has been eroded, like much else of quality and value in Dublin's once gracious street architecture.
Westmoreland Street itself is rapidly becoming the travel street of the city, containing many airline, travel and shipping offices. The first junction you encounter is that of Fleet Street, not quite as famous as its London equivalent although it does house a section of the offices of one of our

daily newspapers. Down the right-hand junction of Fleet Street, approximately 120 yards, is Barry House, now modern offices built on the site of a building where was born Kevin Barry, Dublin's patriot, a boy aged 18, who was hanged in Mountjoy Jail in 1920 for his part in an ambush on the Crown Forces.



College Green

As you walk further on you will already have seen on your right hand side the columns of the Bank of Ireland and the tall granite building of Trinity College on your left.
As you come into College Green there is a statue of the poet, Thomas Moore, of Moore's Melodies fame, on the left hand side, at the junction of College Street. By Christopher Moore, it is much criticised (Mr. Bloom repeated the Dublin joke that it is located at the 'meeting of the waters', the title of one of Moore's best-known songs) but it is only fair to the sculptor to record that the committee which commissioned him so reduced

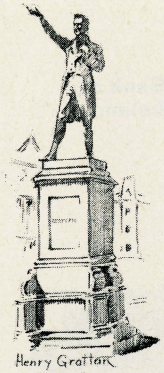
what had been promised as fee, that he had to dig into his own pocket to help for the casting and the base.

Bank of Ireland

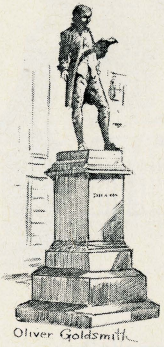
On your right you will find the screen of the old Irish House of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland. This splendid building, started in 1729, was designed by Lovett Pearce and enlarged by James Gandon and Robert Parke between 1785 and 1794. The last sitting of the Irish House of Commons was held here on August 2, 1800. When it became the Bank further alterations were carried out by Francis Johnston. To-day its forecourt, around the corner, provides the only car park in the world served by attendants attired in tall hats, frock coats and scarlet waistcoats. During normal banking hours one or other of these liveried gentlemen will be glad to conduct you around the interior of the building free of charge.
Before you move on from this junction, looking down to the left towards Pearse Street, you will see a granite building slightly to your left. This is the headquarters of the B. Division of the Garda Siochana (The Irish Police). South and to your right are the various sections of Trinity College which we will be going through in just a few minutes.
If you move on 50 yards or so to the front entrance of Trinity College the wide street to your right is Dame Street, named after Dames Gate, or the old gate of St. Mary, the eastern gate of the city, removed in 1698.

Dame Street

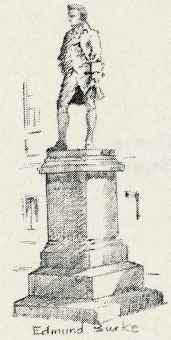
Just 70 or 80 yards up on the right hand side around the far side of the Bank of Ireland building is a small courtyard leading to the Central Bank of Ireland housed in a splendid former gateway to the main building. This short street (Foster Place) was once bounded on the other side by Daly's



Henry Grattan



Oliver Goldsmith



Edmund Burke

Club, which then (between 1790 and 1823) occupied the block from here to Anglesea Street, the next junction on the right. It was a renowned gambling club for the aristocracy, and was eventually supplanted by the Kildare Street Club which is still in existence, although not now associated with gambling. Some of the more adventurous members of Daly's were also members of the notorious Hell Fire Club, the ruins of which still stand on Montpelier Hill overlooking the City.

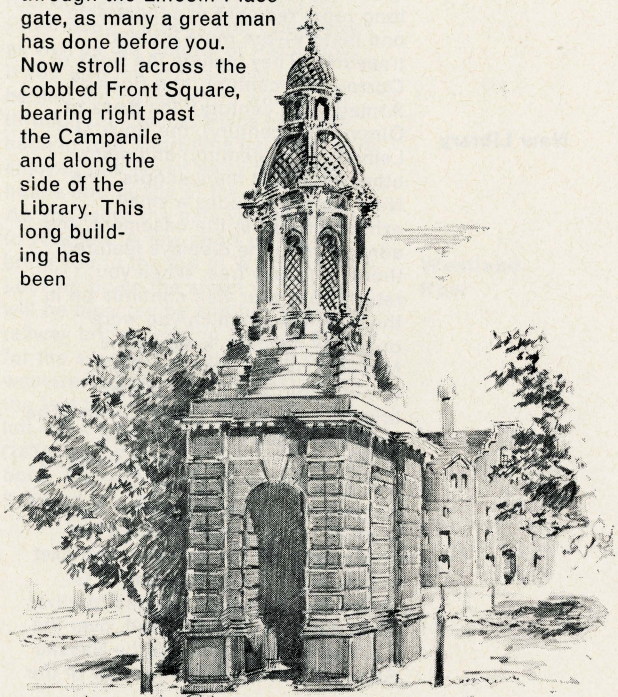
Opposite Foster Place is a recent statue of Thomas Davis, by Edward Delaney, on the site of a famous equestrian statue of William III. Davis was one of the founders of the Young Ireland Movement of 1848, and was a student at Trinity. The statue is accompanied by a fountain effect, cleansing of which is occasionally taken on by students by way of the insertion of washing powder in the water stream! Nearer to the College is a fine statue of Henry Grattan (by John Foley), who was an eminent and respected member of the old Irish House of Commons and who resisted vainly the Act of Union (with England) which abolished it.

Grattan faces Trinity College, founded in 1591 by Elizabeth I. The present buildings date from the 18th and 19th centuries, and although nothing remains of the original, the College is a pleasant academic oasis in the commercial heart of Dublin. We suggest that you enter through the main gate of Trinity College right beside you and between two more fine statues by Foley—Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith.

Burke (1729-1797) was a famous parliamentarian and political thinker; Goldsmith (1728-1784) poet, playwright and essayist, was a student here from 1745 to 1749. Theirs are only two of the many illustrious names of which Trinity and Ireland are justly proud.

Trinity College

As you leave the entrance archway you will find an aerial photograph of the College on the right which will give you a picture of your route. You have entered by the west front gate, you bear right past the Campanile and keep left of the Old Library and Museum building turning right and left at the end of this building. Keeping between the cricket pitch on your right, and the rugby field on the left, you move diagonally to the top right of the photograph, and through the Lincoln Place gate, as many a great man has done before you. Now stroll across the cobbled Front Square, bearing right past the Campanile and along the side of the Library. This long building has been



Campanile : Trinity College

outgrown by its expanding collection; like the British Museum and Bodleian, it is entitled to receive a copy of every book published in Great Britain. At the end of the building you will find on your right the large piazza leading to the new library—uncompromisingly modern yet blending with its venerable neighbours.

Book of Kells

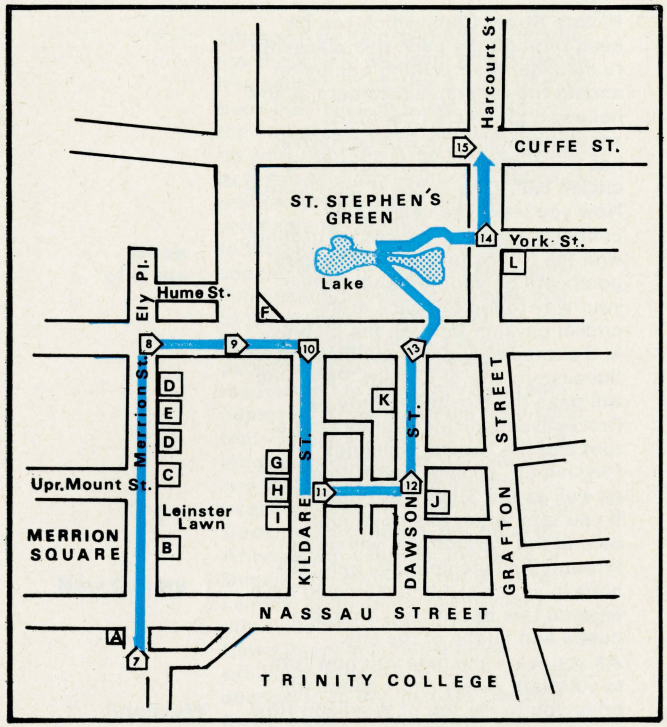
In the Library Shop (right) you may see the Book of Kells, an 8th century illuminated manuscript gospel, one of the greatest treasures of the Western world and this is one occasion when we certainly recommend to you that you should depart for a few moments from your trail. Upstairs in the Old Library—a long room redolent of scholarship and history—are more literary treasures. They include the Book of Durrow (7th century), the Book of Armagh (9th century), the Book of Dimma (8th century), the Book of Leinster (12th century) and many other important manuscripts. The New Library includes a small exhibition area in the basement, and admission to the displays featured there is usually free. When you return from your visit continue on in the direction in which you were originally heading, keeping the Museum building on your right, turning right and left at the end bringing you to the playing fields. The Trinity campus although small, manages to include playing fields as well as College buildings and a number of pleasant Squares. Nothing is more relaxing than to sit in the sheltered grounds watching a cricket match. Here the formidable W. G. Grace played, and is reputed to have scored a six over the crowd, over the College railings, over nearby Nassau Street and through the window of the

New Library

Kildare Street Club, which can be seen through the park. It is pleasant to consider the resulting confusion among the venerable members as the hallowed precincts ('the finest secular building the Gothic Revival has produced') were invaded by a cricket ball. One hopes it may be true. Now you leave the campus by continuing around the cricket ground, with the Rugby field with H shaped goalposts on your left and making your way round the back of the cricket pavilion through the gloomy and exceedingly grimy buildings at the eastern end of College Park. You will pass the Moyne Institute for Preventive Medicine with its copper roof and the Faculty Buildings for Physiology, Zoology and Chemistry as well as the School of Pathology. If you turn left at this point just behind the Pavilion you will go out through the Lincoln Place gate. We hope in your short time here you have enjoyed this haven away from the hustle and bustle of the city.

As you leave the gate you now turn to your left. A few short paces will bring you to the top of Westland Row. Looking down the street your view will be bisected by another Victorian railway bridge leading into the station for the southern, western and north-western routes. More interesting is the fact that half-way down on the left-hand side, at No. 21, Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) poet, dramatist and wit was born. There is a plaque on the building to mark this event.

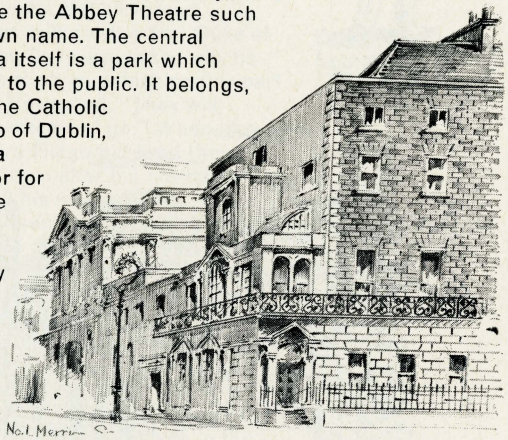
Westland Row

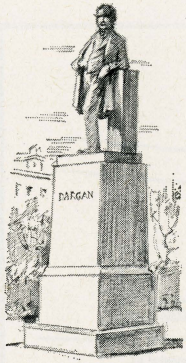


A. No. 1 Merrion Square
B. National Gallery of Ireland
C. Natural History Museum
D. Government Buildings
E. College of Science
F. Wolfe Tone Memorial
G. National Museum
H. Leinster House
I. National Library
J. Tourist Information Office
K. Mansion House
L. College of Surgeons

Three or four doors down on the right-hand side is the red-bricked and granite-faced building of the Royal Irish Academy of Music.
If you move on a few paces and bear right around by the front of Merrion Hall, you will find yourself at the north-west corner of Merrion Square. This delightful portion of Georgian Dublin was laid out in the late 18th century, and has since remained one of the most fashionable and sought after neighbourhoods in Dublin.
On the corner where you stand is No. 1 to your left-hand side, to which Wilde moved with his father, Sir William, a famous eye surgeon and his mother, a patriotic poet under the nom-de-plume "Speranza". Other well-known residents of the Square were Sir Jonah Barrington (42), writer, Daniel O'Connell (58), Sheridan Le Fanu (70), playwright and author, and W. B. Yeats (82) poet, playwright, Nobel Prizewinner and one of the Founders of the Irish National Theatre Society, which made the Abbey Theatre such a well-known name. The central square area itself is a park which is not open to the public. It belongs, in fact, to the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, bought by a predecessor for the purpose of erecting a cathedral which many would agree has happily not come to pass.

Merrion Square

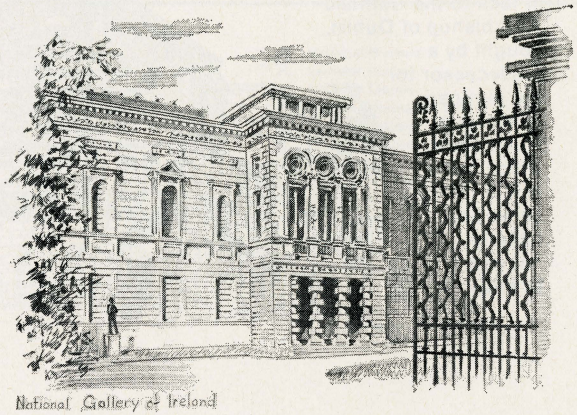




If you move on from the intersection a very short walk will bring you to the National Gallery of Ireland on your right-hand side. This was erected by public subscription to the memory of William Dargan (1799-1867) one of our great benefactors of the Arts, whose statue is outside the Gallery. There is also another statue, near the portico. It is the redoubtable Dubliner, George Bernard Shaw, who endowed the Gallery from the posthumous proceeds of his works. As a result "My Fair Lady" has contributed many new works to the Gallery. There have been many other improvements and the already important collection has been greatly augmented. Another benefactor was Sir Alfred Chester Beatty, Ireland's only Honorary citizen.



This 'copper millionaire with a heart of gold' lived the closing years of his life in Dublin and bequeathed many valuable works to this Gallery as


National Gallery of Ireland

well as an entire life's work of collecting to the Library which bears his name and is situated in Shrewsbury Road.

The Gallery has an attractive restaurant, which is open when the Gallery is open: Monday—Saturday, 10.00 a.m.—6.00 p.m. Thursday until 9 p.m. Sundays and Bank Holidays—2.00 p.m.—5.00 p.m. If you would like to visit the Gallery and we recommend even a short visit, do so and resume your trail from the entrance again continuing on in the direction you were going. As you proceed, look to your right beyond the Gallery and see Leinster Lawn leading into Leinster House, which was designed by Richard Cassels in 1745, and said to be the inspiration for the design of the White House in Washington, which was built in 1780 by Carlow-born Hoban. Leinster House was once considered the most stately private home in Dublin. Not all agreed.

Leinster House

When it was built for the first Duke of Leinster, the Duke was asked why he had built in such an unfashionable part of the city. He replied, "They will follow me wherever I go." When Lord Edward Fitzgerald lived there for a short time after his marriage he wrote to tell his mother: ". . . a poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days and said she thought she was in prison". Today she would find herself living in the Irish Parliament, for this is now the seat of Government in Ireland. The Irish Parliament consists of a Dail and Seanad. The Dail is similar to the Chamber of Deputies in France, the House of Representatives in the United States or the House of Commons in Britain, while the Seanad is the Irish word for the

Duke of Leinster

Senate or Upper House. The tall granite memorial in Leinster Lawn is to Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins and Kevin O'Higgins who were among the men who established the Ireland of today.

Natural History Museum

The next building further up, just beyond the lawn is the Natural History Section of the National Museum, and adjoining it is the College of Science of University College and the large block of Government Buildings, in which are the principal Departments of State. You might like, at this point, just before you leave the Square to look on the splendid prospect of the South side of the Square leading into Upper Mount St., and culminating in the delightful St. Stephen's Church on Mount St. Crescent in the distance. Here you will find the essence of Georgian streetscape which employs a quality of scale and restraint that has been lost in the search for more income from every square foot. As you leave this corner you can see No. 24 Merrion St., Upper, across the road and about ten doors up on your left-hand side, where the Duke of Wellington was born Arthur Wellesley in 1769. The Duke (to whom there is a vast 205ft. high testimonial in the Phoenix Park) was at one time imprisoned in the Dublin Marshalsea for an undischarged debt, but was released thanks to payment by his bootmaker. Subsequent tenants of No. 24 were Lord Cloncurry and Lord Castlereagh, and it was in this house that the passing of the Act of Union and the abolition of the Irish Parliament were plotted.

Duke of Wellington

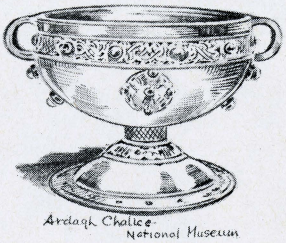
Ely Place

At the top of this street, Merrion Street, we ask you to turn right but before doing so look ahead of you into Ely Place, another quiet part of Georgian Dublin. Many famous men lived in Ely Place. Kindly judge Lord Avonmore at No. 3; John Philpot Curran, father of Sarah, beloved of Robert Emmet, at No. 4; John FitzGibbon, Lord Clare, at No. 6; John Wilson Croker, Editor of Boswells Life of Johnson, at No. 25, which was later the home of Oliver St. John Gogarty. No. 4 was later the home of George Moore, novelist. All of Ely Place is much celebrated in literature by Gogarty, Moore and George Russell (AE). The architecture is interesting, especially No. 8, Ely House, built by Michael Stapleton in 1770. The short Hume Street, with Ely Place at one end and the trees of St. Stephen's Green at the other, is an almost perfect example of period townscape.

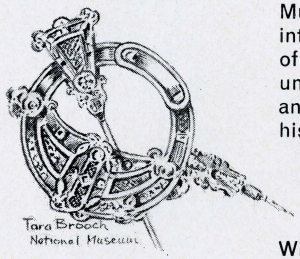
St. Stephen's Green

As you turn right a few hundred yards will bring you to the North East corner of St. Stephen's Green. At the corner of the Green is a fine memorial (by Edward Delaney) to Wolfe Tone, flanked by a tall screen of granite, behind which is a grouping in metal of a disaster-stricken Irish family of the '98 period. Tone was born in Dublin in 1763, and after leading several abortive French expeditions to Ireland in an effort to lead a revolt, died in prison in Dublin in 1798.


Ely House
National Gallery
Merrion Square
H.G. Spencer

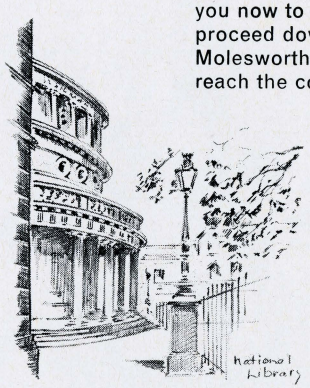


Just beyond the Shelbourne Hotel is narrow Kildare Street, which leads down to the front of Leinster House, flanked by (right, facing the buildings) the National Museum and the National Library. The Museum is well worth a visit, holding the finest collection of Celtic gold ornaments and artifacts in the world. A visit to the Museum is not only interesting, but the best way of acquiring a real understanding of the depth and scope of our cultural and historical background. There you can also see some of the thousands of items excavated from the sites at High Street and Winetavern Street, which we will come to later in our walk.



National Library

The National Library, across the forecourt of Leinster House, houses a large collection of newspapers, pamphlets and photographs of Irish interest, as well as books and a most helpful staff who are always prepared to assist inquirers. We ask you now to cross the road and proceed down the street facing you, Molesworth Street. Pause as you reach the corner across the road and look down Kildare Street to your right, the last building on the right, with the portico—this is the famous Kildare Street Club, which we mentioned earlier to you.



Molesworth Street

As you proceed further along Molesworth Street, you begin to notice that you are returning to the shopping area. Here are mainly antique and craft shops. You are now coming into Dawson Street, and if you pause on the corner and look to your right on the far side you will see the second Tourist Information Office, while down at the bottom of the street are the railings of Trinity College.

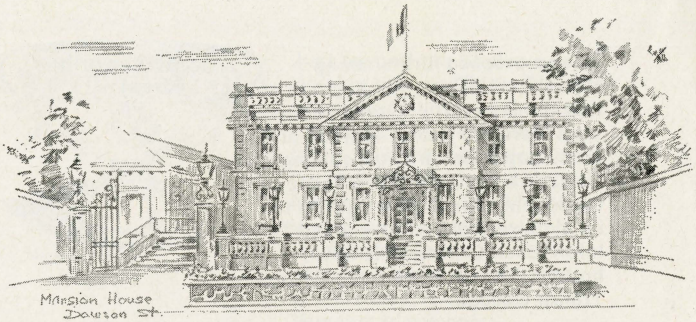
Dawson Street

St. Anne's Church

Royal Irish Academy

Turn to your left at this point and proceed up Dawson Street. Just 20 yards from the corner you will come to St. Anne's Parish Church of the Church of Ireland. This was built in 1720. Near to it is the House of the Royal Irish Academy, built in 1770. The Academy was founded in 1783 and was chartered in 1785; it is our leading society and is still active in the production of original research and scholarship, published for public sale as well as for circulation to members and foreign societies. There are many important manuscripts in its library, which is open to the public 9.30—5.30, Monday to Friday excepting the months of July, August and September when it is closed between 12.30 and 1.30 p.m. It is closed completely during the last three weeks of August. Saturday hours are 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. The President's Chair was once the Throne from the old House of Lords down in College Green and other items from the former Parliament are also preserved here.

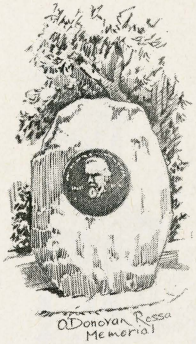
Across the road is Anne Street South which leads into Grafton Street at the far end and this, together with the complex of Anne Street, Dawson Street and Duke Street is generally regarded as being the most fashionable shopping area in our city.



Mansion House

We move on now up Dawson Street about 50 yards further and you will come to the Mansion House on your left-hand side—the official seat of the Lord Mayor of Dublin since 1715. The building nearest the street is the residence of the Lord Mayor while the gate to the left leads to the Round Room and Ancillary Meeting Room where the first Dail Eireann, the independent Irish Parliament which assembled in January 21, 1919, met. The Dail continued to meet here until September, 1919. The Round Room is now hired out for Exhibitions, charity sales and meetings. Dawson Street is named after Joshua Dawson who built this mansion in 1705, and sold it to the Corporation for £3,500!

St. Stephen's Green

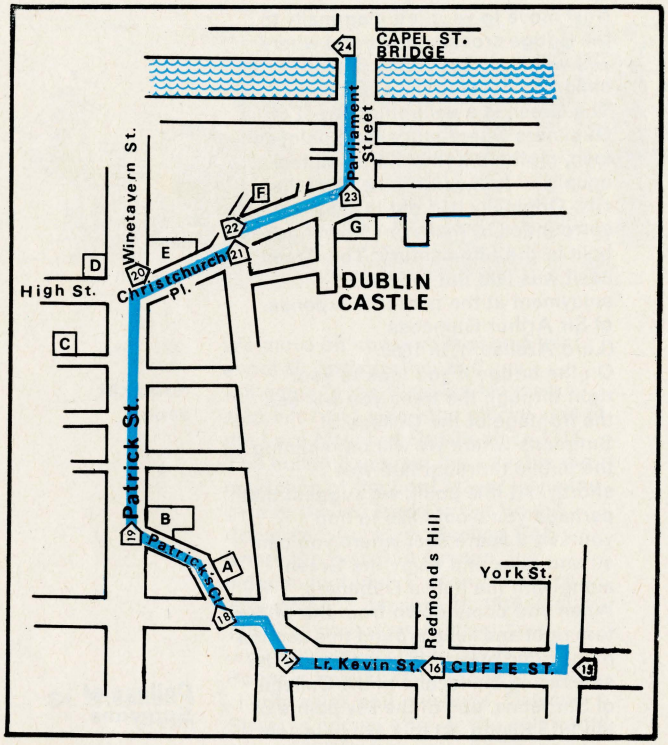


Move on now to the end of the street and you will find yourself back in St. Stephen's Green. Cross the road (carefully!) and enter the gates to the Green about 20 yards to your right near the phone kiosks. As you enter into the Green and look to your right you will see the main entrance which is flanked by the memorial to those who died in the Boer War, while just inside the entrance is the granite memorial to O'Donovan Rossa, the Fenian Leader.

Now move to your left diagonally to the Bridge crossing the pond where you will likely see some Dublin children "Feeding the Ducks". The Green is a delightful retreat of Dubliners where students, business-men, mothers and children all feel equally at home in the heart of the city. Originally laid out in 1663 it is still surrounded by many fine town houses built in the 18th century. The Green itself was laid out for public enjoyment at the personal expense of Sir Arthur Guinness (Lord Ardilaun), in 1880.
On the bridge if you look to your right through the trees you will see the frontage of the College of Surgeons where we will be rejoining the public thoroughfare very shortly. At this point, we suggest that perhaps you would like to find yourself a spare seat where you can sit and relax and enjoy the Green along with the native Dubliners.
When you come down from the bridge turn right and keep around this section of the pond area until you come to the side facing the facade of the College of Surgeons, one of the key points of the 1916 Rising. At this exit gate you will see a memorial to Lord Ardilaun, mentioned earlier, and as you exit if you look about 30 yards down to the right you will see set into the Park railings, a fine statue of Robert Emmet the Irish patriot, who now looks across at the house in which he was born. From the gate turn left and you will find yourself facing Harcourt Street.

College of Surgeons





A. Marsh's Library
B. St. Patrick's Cathedral
C. Tailors' Hall
D. Synod Hall
E. Christchurch Cathedral
F. Kennan's Ironworks
(Site of old Music Hall)
G. City Hall

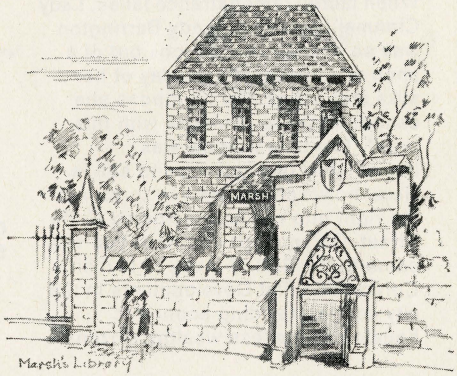
Harcourt Street

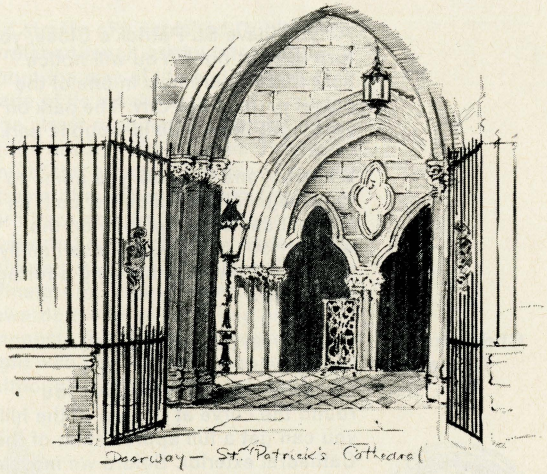
Once gracious Harcourt Street, where many well-known people lived. No. 4 was the birthplace of Edward Carson (1854). At No. 6 the future Cardinal Newman lived when he was first Rector of the Catholic University, now the National University of Ireland. Sir Jonah Barrington lived in No. 14 from which his wife and Lady Clonmel, chatelaine of No. 17, conducted a well-documented feud. It seems that Lady Barrington made a practice of sitting in the bow window which formerly overlooked Clonmel House. There, attired in her best, she kept an eagle eye on the neighbours. When tactful remonstrance failed, Lady Clonmel remarked, "Lady Barrington was so accustomed to look out of a shop window for the display of her silks and satins that I suppose she cannot afford to dispense with this now". The bow window was immediately blocked up, and still is. Here, however, we ask you to turn to the right into rather dilapidated Cuffe Street. On your left and right you will come to the first of many of Dublin's Corporation Flat Developments in the city centre providing economic housing to the less wealthy citizens.

Cuffe Street

At the next junction, Redmond's Hill and Wexford Street, you will see, if you look to your left and right, another shopping area of our City. You proceed straight on into Lower Kevin Street, the only notable features of which are towards the far end on your left-hand side, the new College of Technology with new flat developments on the right and slightly older ones straight ahead of you. At the end move diagonally to your right, noting as you do the large building on your right, the rear of our largest biscuit manufacturers or 'cookies', as our American friends would call them, a factory which was another centre of the 1916 Rising. You then pass the Kevin Street Police Station on the right-hand side and at this point we would ask you to turn right into St. Patrick's Close. Immediately in front of you on the right-hand side of the road you will see Marsh's Library. This is the oldest library in Ireland and the charming little building was commenced in 1702; happily the interior is unchanged and is well worth a visit.

Marsh's Library





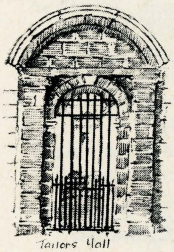
Past the library you will come to St. Patrick's Cathedral, the door of which is at the end of the railings on your right-hand side. This great church dates back to 1191, and was built on the site of the pre-Norman church of St. Patrick. You should certainly visit the Cathedral, which is rich in historical interest. It must, of course, recall the most famous of all Deans, Jonathan Swift, who was Dean here from 1713 to 1745. And here he lies, under his own epitaph "where savage indignation can no longer lacerate his heart". Go, passer by, and emulate if you can his efforts to vindicate true liberty. No wonder that Swift is still a powerful name in Ireland. For many he is the author of children's tales—*Gulliver's Travels*, or *Tale of a Tub*; but the Dean employed his wit and savage satire on the abuse of his day and is still almost as much talked about in Dublin to-day as when he stalked these streets three hundred years ago.

St. Patrick's Cathedral

As you leave St. Patrick's Close, you turn to your right. You will notice here that you are now in one of the oldest parts of our City. The park on your right-hand side is a public park.

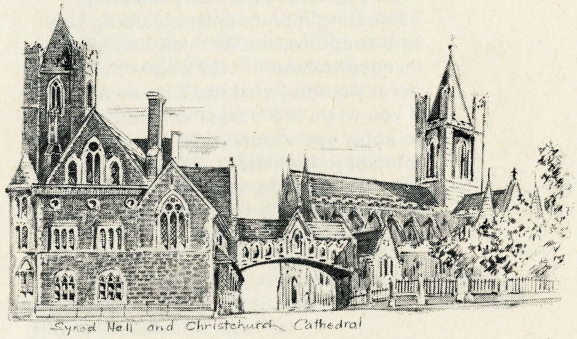
While beyond the park you come to the Iveagh Trust Buildings, built as you will see by the plaque on the wall, in 1901 by the Guinness Family to help alleviate the housing shortage of the day.

Christchurch Cathedral



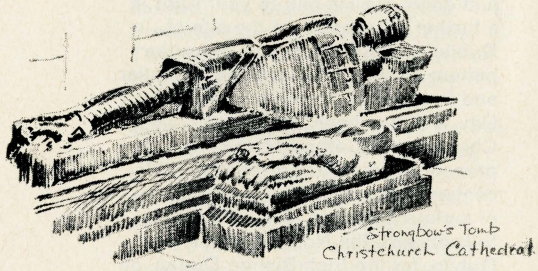
Proceed on up the hill where facing you is a section of Christchurch Cathedral. As you round the curve at the top of the hill you can get a full appreciation of the Cathedral exterior. Before we move on to talk about the Cathedral if you look to your left across the open car park area you will see a red-bricked building standing alone in the centre —Tailor's Hall. It was built in 1706 for the corporation of Tailors who claimed precedence over most of the other guilds in the city, and which was dissolved in 1841. The Hall was used for concords and meetings, and in 1792 it housed the Catholic Committee (known as the Back Lane Parliament from the street in which the Hall is located), the Secretary being the Protestant republican, Wolfe Tone. The Hall is at present being restored through the efforts of a voluntary committee.
Between it and the car park is the site of excavations which have revealed the many strata of buildings and old streets dating back to the 12th century. These excavations are the source of the items which you may have seen in the National Museum— combs, leatherwork, household utensils and even toys. They have revealed the wattlework buildings and

old streets of a vanished Dublin and furnished much useful information about the way of life and pattern of trade of its inhabitants.
The street running just beyond them to the north is High Street. This was one of the principal commercial streets of mediaeval Dublin. If you turn back now to Christchurch Cathedral and look down under the archway, you will be looking through Winetavern Street leading down towards the Liffey. A stone bridge connects the Cathedral proper on your right with the Synod Hall on the left. Although not part of your trail,



just down the hill and to your right is a further excavation on the site of Dublin's new Civic offices. Here the pattern of life being revealed is similar and in addition a portion of the old City Wall has been unearthed.
Christchurch Cathedral, the present building being mostly a 19th century reconstruction, is on the site of a church built in 1030 by Sitric Silkenbeard, the Norse King of Dublin, for the Irish Bishop Dunan, on the site of stores used by the Danes for goods. It is dedicated to the Holy Trinity. For centuries this great

church was the principal place of worship of the governing class of Ireland, what we would to-day call 'the establishment', and as such it was closely associated with many historic occasions. Here the Lord Deputy took his oath of allegiance to the King of England, and here the pretender Lambert Simnel was crowned Edward VI of England on May 24, 1487. On March 25, 1395, four Irish Kings received Knighthoods here from Richard II, and were afterwards entertained by him. Ireland's only canonised Saint, St. Laurence O'Toole was Archbishop here from 1162 to 1180. The Cathedral contains some interesting monuments, including one to Strongbow, the Norman Earl who invaded Ireland in 1169 and is buried here. You may visit the Cathedral if you wish, the Verger will be happy to show you around if you have a keen interest in its history. If you do, go through the gate, which is facing you directly opposite the junction on which you now stand.



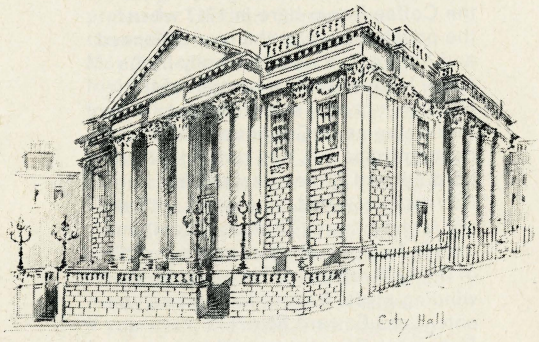
Turn right now across Christchurch Place, formerly called Skinners Row, on which was once located Dick's Coffee House, named after proprietor Richard Pue. Here auctions were conducted, and the owner published a newspaper, *Pue's Occurrences.* Edmund Burke was in a shop below the Coffee Room here in 1747 when the private house at the rear collapsed and buried Pue and his family in the ruins. Here again is a section of the city which is now scheduled for re-development. Continue downhill, bearing to the left, and turn right into Lord Edward Street, named after Lord Edward FitzGerald, who was captured not far from here (Thomas Street) and died in Newgate Prison, another victim of the 1798 rebellion. The narrow, winding street to your left just as you enter Lord Edward Street is Fishamble Street, where Henry Grattan was born in 1746, and James Clarence Mangan, the poet, lived in a house which stood on the site of the 17th century residence of Archbishop Usher. What is now Kennan's Ironworks, just a few yards down the street, was once a Music Hall, and Handel conducted the first performance of the Messiah at this place on April 13, 1742.

Handel's Messiah

Turning back to Lord Edward Street and continuing downhill the buildings on the left and right are mostly occupied by the Municipality who are at present spread in many various locations in this general area, but as we mentioned earlier the site for their new Civic Offices where their operations will be centralised is being excavated just between Christchurch and the River Liffey. It is planned, however, that the development will be built in such a way as to preserve a view of the Cathedral from the riverside.

City Hall

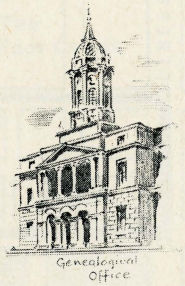
Proceed down Lord Edward Street to the junction of Exchange Street Upper. The building just across on your right hand side is the present City Hall, formerly the Royal Exchange



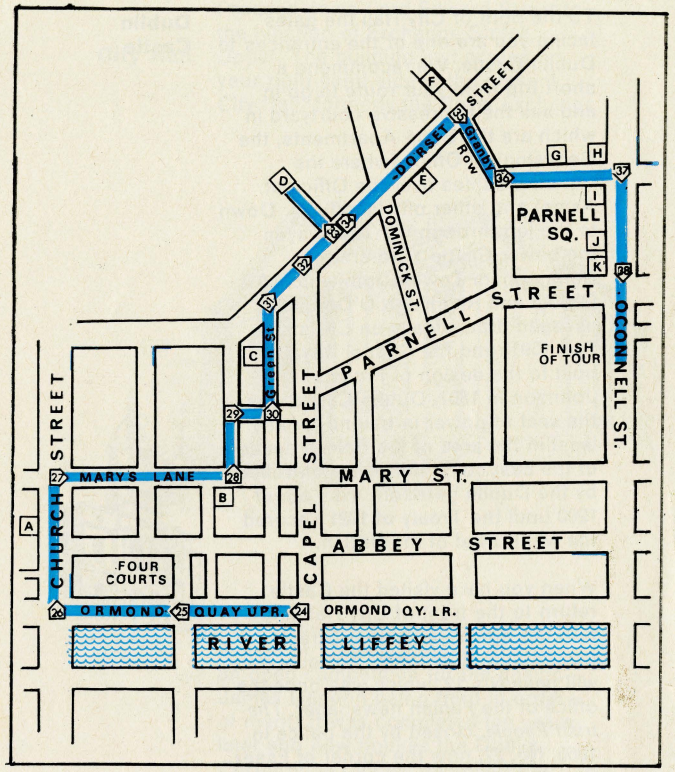
which was started in 1769 to the design of Thomas Cooley, who won an open competition for the design—James Gandon being third in order of merit! It was completed ten years later and now houses the Dublin Corporation offices, including the Muniment Room. Inside are some good statues and Frescoes. Nearby, before the site was cleared for the building of the original Exchange were Lucas Coffee House and the Eagle Tavern, whose customers founded the Hell Fire Club in 1735—an institution already mentioned in connection with Dalys Club, further up Dame Street which is directly in front of you. The Hell Fire Club, of course, finally died when the members set fire to the premises to see what it might be like in Hell itself—or so the legend goes.

Dublin Castle

To the right of City Hall the gates facing you are one of the entrances to Dublin Castle. We recommend a short trip from your route to go in and see the impressive courtyard in which are the State Apartments, the Genealogical Office (where the Herald presides over the Office of Arms) and other official offices. Down to the left through the Archway in the Lower Castle Yard are the Bermingham Tower (from which Art O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell escaped dramatically on Christmas Eve, 1591) and the Chapel Royal, built to the design of Francis Johnson in 1807. Dublin Castle was the seat of power in Ireland (or at least in the area of the Pale, a section of the East coast normally controlled by the Dublin garrison) from about 1200 until the Treaty of 1921 secured the withdrawal of the British.



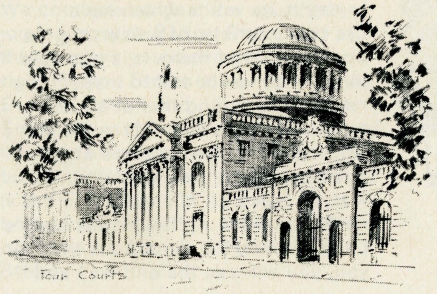
When you have visited the Castle return to the front of City Hall and turn left down Parliament Street towards the river Liffey. En route you will pass No. 12, which was once the office of the Fenian newspaper, *The Irish People*, closed by the police in 1865. No. 27, now the corner of Essex Street, was the house of printer George Faulkner, who was the printer of *The Dublin Journal* and also printer to *Dean Swift*.
You cross the river by Grattan Bridge, popularly known as Capel Street Bridge. You are now upstream from the Halfpenny Bridge and O'Connell Bridge.

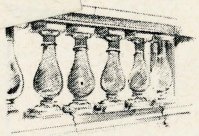


A. St. Michan's Church
B. Dublin Corporation Fruit Market
C. Green Street Court House
D. King's Inns
E. No. 12 Dorset Street
(Richard Brinsley Sheridan)
F. Black Church
G. Municipal Gallery of Modern Art
H. Findlater's Church
I. Garden of Remembrance
J. Gate Theatre
K. Rotunda Buildings

Immediately at the far side of the bridge you turn left down Ormond Quay Upper. As you walk along towards the next bridge you will notice on the left up on the top of the hill, Christchurch Cathedral and this side of the Cathedral is the area in which the new Municipal Offices are to be built. You can now appreciate why the design has to allow for a view of the Cathedral from this side. When you reach the bridge you will see across on the far side of the river the granite-faced buildings of the Franciscan Church, Merchant's Quay, and on the right-hand corner the Four Courts, the Irish Courts of Justice. The Four Courts is by Gandon, built between 1786 and 1802 and housed the courts of the King's Bench, Chancery, Exchequer and Common Pleas and is one of the finest buildings in Dublin. It was heavily damaged during the Civil War of 1922 and in the course of reconstruction much of the original spaciousness of the design was sacrificed, but from the river frontage the building retains its dominance of the Liffey-side.

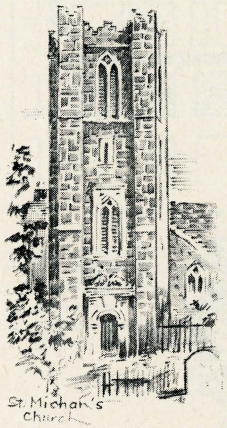
The Four Courts





As you walk on towards the next bridge it is interesting to note that at this section of the river the retaining wall here is a balustrade as opposed to a solid wall. While this effect is retained on many of the bridges on this end of the river nevertheless it is exclusive to the river wall between these two bridges. When you reach the next bridge you turn off to the right up Church Street. Before doing so look ahead of you and in the distance you will see the Wellington Monument which we referred to when talking about the birthplace of the Duke near Merrion Square. This is the 205 foot high monument standing in the Phoenix Park which is reputed to be the largest enclosed urban park in the world. About 200 yards up Church Street on the left-hand side you will come to the Church of St. Michan. Until 1700 this was the only church on the north side of the Liffey, an interesting sidelight on the development of the city since its foundation as a settlement about 2000 B.C. St. Michan's dates back from 1095, and is the burial place of Oliver Bond, the brothers Sheares and others who suffered and died in the '98 period. Its best known feature to-day is its vaults which have the characteristic of preserving the bodies interred there. It is possible to visit the vaults and to inspect the remains, including that of a nun reputed to have been 111 years old when she was buried there about three hundred years ago.

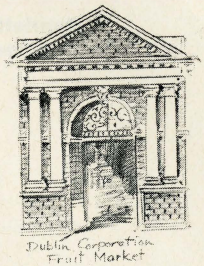
St. Michan's Church



As you leave St. Michan's take the next turn to the right which is Mary's Lane. As you do, if you look behind you, you will see the end wall and

buildings of the distilleries of one of our better known brands of Irish Whiskey. Further along on your right hand side you will see more municipal flats that we talked about earlier.

As you move on to the second junction, on your right-hand side is the Dublin Corporation Fruit Market and depending on the time of day you visit the area you will see how busy and congested it is from the traffic point of view.



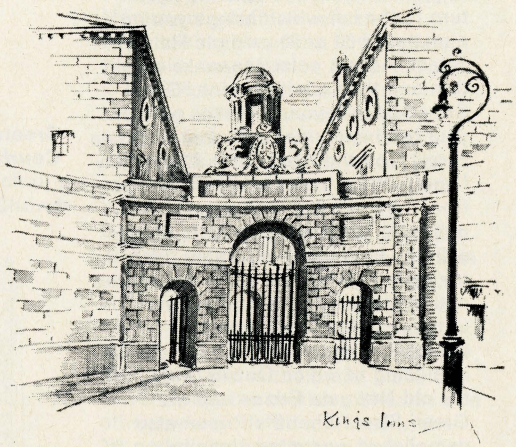
Beyond the junction take the next turn to the left which brings you up in a matter of 80 or 90 yards to Halston Street. At this point you make a right turn and then a left turn into Green Street. Just beyond the little park on your left-hand side you come to Green Street Courthouse, built in 1792. Many famous trials took place here and from the dock Robert Emmet delivered his famous speech, ending with the immortal peroration; "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not until then—let my epitaph be written". The park itself is the site of a building of which Dublin is well rid, the old Newgate Prison and the Green Street Sheriff's Prison also demolished was sited close by.

Green Street Courthouse

We continue on past the courthouse joining up with Bolton Street and at this junction you move away to the right. Bolton Street is named after the Duke of Bolton and dates from 1724. Some 100 yards from where you turned into this street you will see the large building on the right-hand side which is the College of Technology. Just beyond the end of the College the next turn on the left is Henrietta Street.

Henrietta Street

At this point we suggest that you detour up Henrietta Street where you see the Kings Inns at the top. This once famous street which has obviously seen happier days was once the home of many great lawyers and public officials. At No. 10 lived the Viscount Mountjoy, who became the Earl of Blessington a few years after his wife's death, and who then married Marguerite, widow of a Capt. Farmer who had died in a brawl in the



Fleet Prison. The young Lady Blessington was to become one of the most famous London hostesses, admired by all for her wit and intelligence and friend of such great figures of the day as Mirabeau, Byron and Moore.

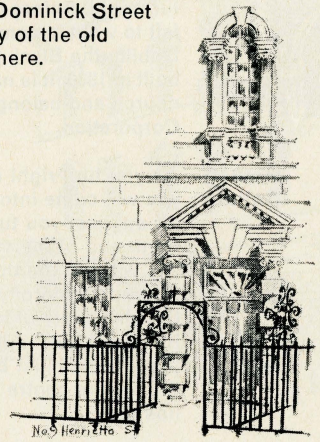
Kings Inns

Kings Inns was designed by Gandon in 1795 and is the Irish Inns of Court, headquarters of the Irish legal profession, still rather quaintly entitled The Benchers of the Honourable Society of the Kings Inns. The Society is entitled to a little pomp and style. It was founded in the

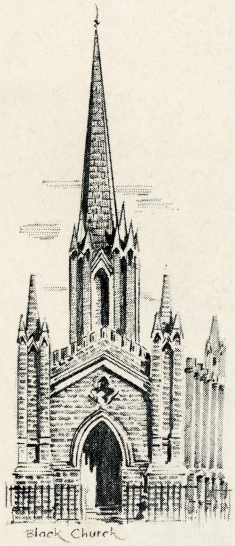
reign of Edward I, and Henry VIII granted it the dissolved Dominican Friary down at Inns Quay, hence the name. The Society moved to this present site in 1795. The building was finally completed in 1817 and contains some interesting decorative carving. Regretfully there are no public visiting facilities. However, the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who own No. 9 will be glad to show you one of our Georgian town houses between the hours of 3—5 p.m., Monday to Friday from the 1st April to 30th September. Other times are by arrangement with the Sisters in charge. Admission is free although one must remind you that the house is owned and run by a charity!

We now ask you to retrace your steps back down Henrietta Street and turn left rejoining Bolton Street. At the next junction, some 100 yards away, you will see Dominick Street running to your right and left. The Church on the right is part of the Dominican Fathers' Church of Dominick St. Further building of municipal flats is taking place continuously in the Dominick Street area in place of many of the old houses that existed here.

Dominick Street



Both Archibald Rowan Hamilton (1751-1834) the United Irishman, and Arthur Griffith (1872-1922) the founder of the Sinn Fein party and President of the Provisional Government of the new Irish Free State of 1922 were born in Dominick Street and Sheridan Le Fanu the novelist lived in No. 45 Lower. The most interesting house to-day is No. 20 which is St. Saviour's Orphanage. It was built by Robert West (to whom Dublin owes so much excellent building and wonderful plasterwork) for himself in 1755. The interior of this house is well worth a visit to learn something of what this and other parts of Dublin were like in their Golden Age of 200 years ago. The Father Superior will gladly welcome you at any reasonable time. Free admission but it's an orphanage! Do come back again to the cross-roads and continue on up Dorset Street past the fire station. Just across the road at No. 12 was born Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the playwright, in 1751. Move on another 100 yards or so to the traffic lights at the junction where we will ask you to turn right. Before doing so look to your left to what is commonly called in Dublin, the Black Church which was built in 1830. It is no longer used as a church and belongs to Dublin Corporation.

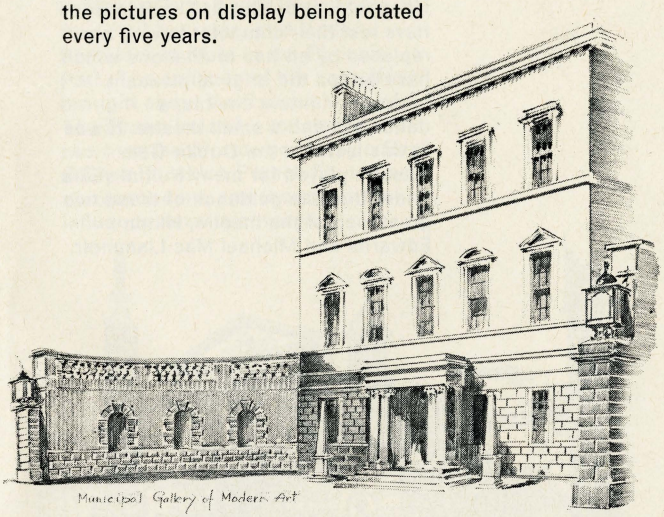

Black Church

Parnell Square

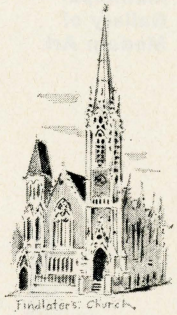
As you turn right down Granby Row you will come into Parnell Square and we suggest you turn left around the north end of the square. As you do so you will see the upper dome of the Rotunda Maternity Hospital, just over the shrubbery of the Garden of Remembrance. All the buildings that you see just beneath you in the square centre are part of the hospital.

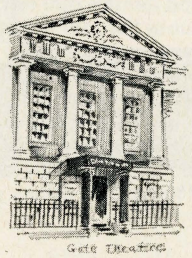
The Garden of Remembrance on your right-hand side is a memorial to all those who died for Ireland in the long struggle for national independence. On your left you will see the imposing facade of Charlemont House as it was then, now the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art and certainly like our National Gallery, well worth a visit. The building was designed and built between 1762 and 1765 by William Chambers and was adapted to its present use in 1930. The collection is a representative one and contains many works by Irish artists. It also houses half of the famous Lane Collection, which was willed to Ireland by Sir Hugh Lane, who drowned in the *Lusitania* in 1915. Unfortunately the unsigned codicil was held to be invalid and the pictures remained at the Tate Gallery until 1960, when the long dispute was resolved by a sharing arrangement, the pictures on display being rotated every five years.

Municipal Gallery of Modern Art


Municipal Gallery of Modern Art

Parnell Square was formerly known as Rutland Square and around it were the town houses of some of the wealthiest men in Ireland. It still retains many good interiors. Nearly all the houses are now converted into offices and in some cases, dance halls. When you reach the next corner of the Square the Presbyterian Church on your left is known as Findlater's Church. Turn right now down the square towards the entrance of the Garden of Remembrance. Again, if you like to rest for a while, it is a quiet little haven for everybody. Further down the hill you will see that you are coming back to O'Connell Street again. The buildings on the right-hand side near the bottom of the hill are the once fashionable Rotunda Rooms, where Dubliners enjoyed concerts, masques and circuses, the proceeds of rental going to help the upkeep of the Lying-in Hospital just behind it. The Rooms have lost their character having been replaced by ad-hoc mutilations which have turned the original pleasant conception into a cinema, a dance hall and a small theatre. It was in this last that the Dublin Gate Theatre played for many fruitful years under the able guidance of those two great men of the theatre, Hilton Edwards and Michael Mac Liammoir.

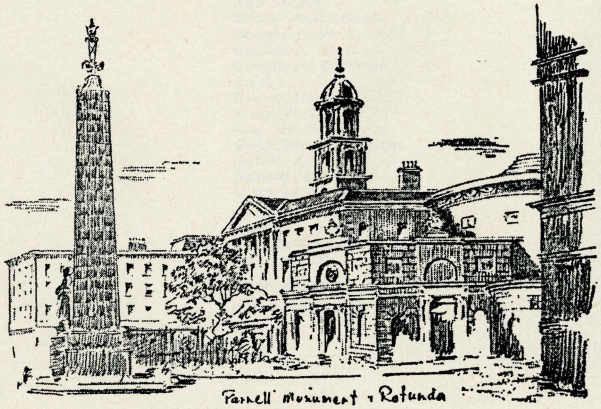




Rotunda

Continue on out of the Square and if you look to your right you will see the front area of the "Rotunda" Lying-in Hospital. This was designed by Richard Cassells for Dr. Bartholomew Mosse and started in 1751. The hospital opened in 1757 and became famous in the field of obstetrics. It is still very much in use to-day and the Mastership of the Rotunda is an honoured position both in Dublin and in the medical world further afield.

The tall monument at the junction beside you is to the memory of Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891), who led the Irish Party in the British House of Commons and nearly achieved Home Rule for Ireland. The 'Uncrowned King of Ireland' in his day, his great influence increased following the conviction of the forger Pigott, who had sought, by selling forged letters to *The Times*, to implicate Parnell with the murder of the Chief Secretary and Under Secretary of State in the Phoenix Park. The collapse of the case also brought about the financial ruin of *The Times*. Ireland was later split in two over the divorce action by a Capt. O'Shea, in which Parnell figured as co-respondent, and thereafter his influence never recovered.



You are now, of course, as you can see, back in O'Connell Street, something less than 150 yards from your starting point.
If you have stayed the course, or even spread it over a couple of excursions —which might be more practical— you will have seen something of our city. If you talk, as you certainly should to Dubliners en route, or afterwards, tell them of your journey, they will be quick to tell you that you have missed out many interesting things "You mean to say you didn't see such-and-such? Sure, that's the only thing worth seeing up there. Come with me now and don't mind that old book at all . . ." and off you may well go and discover all manner and sorts of things other than we have mentioned. Go, by all means. This is an introduction, a companion for the journey, not an encyclopedia or gazetteer of Dublin. If you have found the company congenial and the journey interesting, this little book will have served its purpose.

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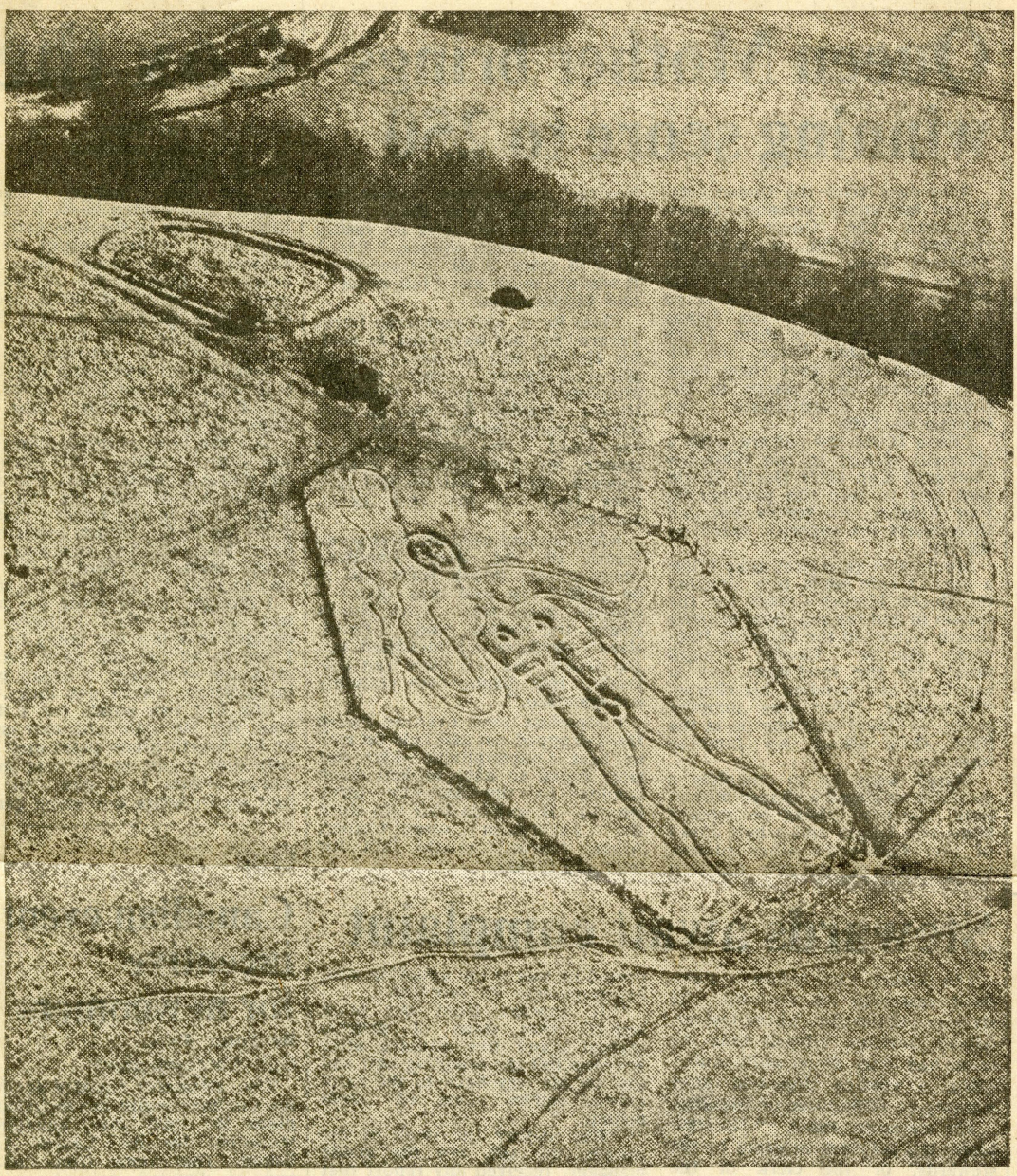


A Dorset mystery: the Cerne Abbas giant

Puzzles in the grand design

Mysterious Britain

By Janet and Colin Bord

(*Garnstone Press*, £5.90)

Word associations that spring to my mind: Stonehenge—Druids; Westbury—white horse; Loch Ness—monster. Like bread and butter in a sense, except for the uncertainty that in varying degrees surrounds each of them. In *Mysterious Britain* Janet and Colin Bord do not set out to solve the conundrums, instead they unite facts and theories from often obscure sources with a range of superbly reproduced pictures.

Take some examples. How many travellers on the West of England main railway line realize that the eighteenth-century Westbury white horse carved into the hillside of the Vale of Pewsey was predated by a creature with a beak, possibly a dragon? According to the Bords, some people have seen the original horse on aerial photographs, standing immediately behind the present horse. There are other shadows behind the Cerne Abbas giant in Dorset.

Better known, but still not widely familiar, are the leys. These "lines" link prehistoric sites not simply by coincidence. The Bords stipulate that any "line" should consist of a minimum of five sites—from stone circles to tumuli—within 10 miles. To those in the know the words associated with ley should be Alfred Watkins, who happened on the phenomenon in the 1920s. No ley map of Britain exists, which makes it all the more exciting. Take any Ordnance Survey map (sorry to sound like a school project) and with the Bords as our guide we shall soon be finding criss-cross lines of leys all over the neighbourhood.

The Bords are a questioning couple. They discuss rites, earthworks, unidentified flying objects, ghosts, crosses, zodiacs, legends, hill figures and the like. We may all puzzle over mazes, but they point up the mystery in the apparently harmless twelfth-century carvings at Kilpeck church, Herefordshire. Who can explain the choice of birds and beasts, a phoenix, dragons and lion with a human face as ornamentation? At another extreme, Dozmary Pool on Cornwall's Bodmin Moor may seem just another marshy moorland lake. Herein, according to local superstition, lies the sword Excalibur. But does this explain the oddly oppressive, often chilling, always undefinable something in the atmosphere there? Only the cattle grazing near the water's edge ever seem at peace.

The cumulative effect of *Mysterious Britain* is disturbing. The Bords refer to each item as a piece of a gigantic jigsaw. Individuals, such as Alfred Watkins, may fit the odd piece or two together, but it is obvious that if the curiosities mentioned *are* linked then we know nothing of the grand design.

Ion Trewin

Queen Mother brings winning score to 250

Two days after the Queen celebrated her silver wedding, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother reached a notable milestone at Fontwell Park yesterday, when Chaou II and Greystoke Pillar brought her National Hunt score to 250. The course has happy memories for both of them. There their partnership horse, the ill-fated Monaveen, gave them their first success over jumps in the Chichester Steeplechase on October 10, 1949.

Chaou II set the pattern with a clear-cut victory in the Whitelaw Challenge Cup after David Mould sent him to join the pacemaking Fair Vulgan two fences out and then assert his superior speed on the flat.

Mould also gave Greystoke Pillar a perfect ride when they doubled the Queen Mother's score for the season in gaining the royal owner's fourth victory in the Brighton Handicap Hurdle. Cazalet praised Mould for the intelligent way in which he had handled his charge. "Greystoke Pillar was jumping badly, so David sent him on at the fifth. Once ahead, his jumping improved."

Mould went on to complete a splendid treble on a chance mount, Bold Mariner, whom he steered home one length and a half ahead of Guy Harwood's other runner, Lords Tavern, in the Avisford Novices' Steeplechase. Mould took the mount as Terry Biddlecombe did not think he could do justice to the Pulborough winner. "I took off 7 lb since 11.30 this morning. It was too much and I felt awful", said Biddlecombe.

Chris Read, who partnered Lords Tavern, did not have long to wait, for Haldon Hill became a second Harwood-trained scorer in the Middleton Opportunity Handicap Hurdle. Haldon Hill was an 11th winner under National Hunt rules for Read. The seven-year-old's owner, Mr John Tilling, a local steward, said: "Haldon Hill now goes back to his real game, chasing."

After leading over the first seven fences in the Bury Handicap Steeplechase, Polish Hard had to be pulled up and was given a routine dope test. John Stuart Evans, the trainer, said: "Polish Hard's performance mystified me. Joe Guest said the mare ran listlessly. Her display was certainly sub-standard."

Copperless took over as Polish Hard dropped out and held on well to beat Contemptuous—who was later found to have broken down coming to the last—by three lengths. It was his 12th win since the Faversham owner-trainer, Albert Neaves, bought him for only 250 guineas.

Stewards await complaint

The Jockey Club issued a statement yesterday on Franwin, the six-year-old hurdler, whose trainer, Albert Davison, alleged that the horse had eaten straw while undergoing a routine dope-test after winning at Folkestone on Monday.

The statement reads: "No complaint has yet been received by the stewards, or the clerk of the course concerning the allegations made in the press following a routine dope test taken on the horse Franwin at Folkestone last Monday.

"The stewards asked for and received a full report from the veterinary officer on duty. The horse showed no evidence of distress or discomfort during the period he was at the sampling unit, approximately 40 minutes.

"It appears from the press reports that signs of distress started about five minutes after Franwin left the sampling unit and was on his way back to the racecourse stables some 400 yards distant.

"But neither the clerk of the course, the vet, nor the stable manager, received any report that Franwin was unwell. One veterinary surgeon was present on the racecourse until 4 pm, three quarters of an hour after racing had finished.

"Although reports in the press suggested that the horse was seriously ill, he was presumably loaded into his horse box and transported home".

Taunton programme

12.45 NECKTIE HURDLE (Div I: £170: 2m 3f)

1	0000-10	**Platypus**, (Mrs M. Bayley) Mrs Kennard, 6-12-7	B. Jeffries	7
2	pu00-10	**Sunset Hour**, (Mr A. Jones) A. Jones 6-12-7	C. Jones	7
3	0b0ur	**Cock of the Border**, (Mr P. Barber) H. Payne, 5-12-0	N. Flanagan	7
4	p-	**Emmas Tangle**, (Mrs S. Maxwell) J. Evans, 8-12-0	D. Gilkerson	7
5	0	**La Cordonniere**, (Mr T. Fowler) T. Fowler, 8-12-0	—	
6	0	**Solar Storm**, (Mr M. Hartley) M. Hartley, 6-12-0	Mr M. Hartley	7
7	00-0	**Spring Day**, (Mrs F. Small) G. Small, 6-12-0	D. O'Donovan	
8	0400-	**Trail Blazer**, (Mrs S. Saer) T. Forster, 5-12-0	G. Thorner	
9	0000-	**Two M M's**, (Mrs K. Hankey) L. Kennard, 5-12-0	Mr R. Smith	
10	000-0	**Vuldale**, (Mr D. Houston) Mrs Olivant, 6-12-0	—	
12	0000-3	**Brave Chap**, (Mr R. Harvey) F. Walwyn, 4-11-11	A. Branford	
13	002-43	**Bybrook**, (Mrs O. Perks) G. Balding, 4-11-11	N. Greeves	
14	10-p0	**Cloud Drift**, (Mr J. Powell) J. Powell, 4-11-11	Mr I. Johnson	7
15	40f0-00	**Kippie Lad**, (Mr P. Whitton) G. Francis, 4-11-11	T. Norman	
16	001	**Magnate**, (Mr A. Stevens) A. Stevens, 4-12-4	R. Champion	
18	3	**Stout Cortez**, (Mr J. Smith) D. Tatlow, 4-11-11	W. Smith	
20	00-0	**Uncle Sol**, (Mr A. Edgar) J. Evans, 4-11-11	N. Wakley	
21		**Bumble Boy**, (Mr P. Gallagher) W. Marshall, 3-10-8	W. Howlett	5
22		**Cape Farm**, (Mr T. Smith) T. Smith, 3-10-8	Mr T. Smith	7
23		**Mighty Marine**, (Mr A. Martin) J. Bradley, 3-10-8	M. Salaman	
25	0	**Stedcombe Lass**, (Mr W. Mingo) J. Cann, 3-10-8	K. Rivers	7

9-4 Bybrook, 3-1 Bumble Boy, 5-1 Magnate, Platypus, Brave Chap, 8-1 Sunset Hour, 12-1 others.

1.15 HEADSCARF HURDLE (£170: 2m)

1	f041-01	**Silent Falls (D)**, (Mr H. Manners) H. Manners, 5-12-8	Mr P. McEntee	3
2	f00000-	**Veladee**, (Mr G. Kindersley) G. Kindersley, 5-12-3	G. Shoemark	7
3	pp0	**Bona Dec**, (Mr H. Swaffield) E. Swaffield, 4-11-8	S. Reynolds	7
4	200-1	**Maroc Sun**, (Mrs M. Weeding) G. Valiance, 4-11-8	J. Fox	7
6		**Arrika**, (Mr F. Allison) R. Sturdy, 3-10-7	R. Champion	
7		**Top Score**, (Mr P. Jones) M. Tate, 3-10-7	P. Cullis	
8	003	**Unknown Warrior**, (Mrs I. Webb) H. Webb, 3-10-7	G. Thorner	

13-8 Silent Falls, 2-1 Arrika, 5-1 Maroc Sun, Top Score, 6-1 Unknown Warrior, 12-1 others.

1.45 OVERCOAT STEEPLECHASE (Handicap: £272: 3m 1f)

1	132f24-	**Plas Iolyn**, (Mr A. Perry) J. Thorne, 8-12-2	G. Thorner	
4	3	**Battle Royal II (CD)**, (Lady Mostyn) Ld Mostyn, 11-11-6	P. Morris	

Tennis

Cox the

From Rex Bellamy
Tennis Correspondent
Rome, Nov 22

Mark Cox, Britain's leadir player, was beaten 6—4, 6—3, b Cliff Drysdale in the first match the World Championship Tenn showpiece tournament here th evening. During the 12 tourn ments of the third WCT circui eight men qualified to play he for £21,250 in prize money. Th record and the advance bettin among players and camp followe both suggested that John Newcomb would beat Arthur Ashe Sunday's final.

Cox had beaten Drysdale in the last four matches. This evening wearing a tangerine shirt that co trasted sharply with the syntheti grass court in the mighty Palazz dello Sport, the Epsom left-hande began with bustling assurance an broke service to lead 3—1. "I was so mad", said Drysdale late "I thought it was going the sam way as our other matches. decided that if I was going to wi I had to hit the ball hard. Afte all kinds of deuces, I broke bac immediately, which was lucky."

Cox had two points for a 4— lead. But Drysdale won that gam on his fourth break point and los only four points in the next thre games. From 1—3 down in th first set Drysdale won seven game

Golf

Canadian event incentive for newcomers

By Peter Ryde
Golf Correspondent

Two attractive invitations fron the Commonwealth are included i plans for next year, announce yesterday by the Ladies' Gol Union. One comes from Canad and is directed towards youn players between the age of 18 an 25 and who have not yet reache full international team status.

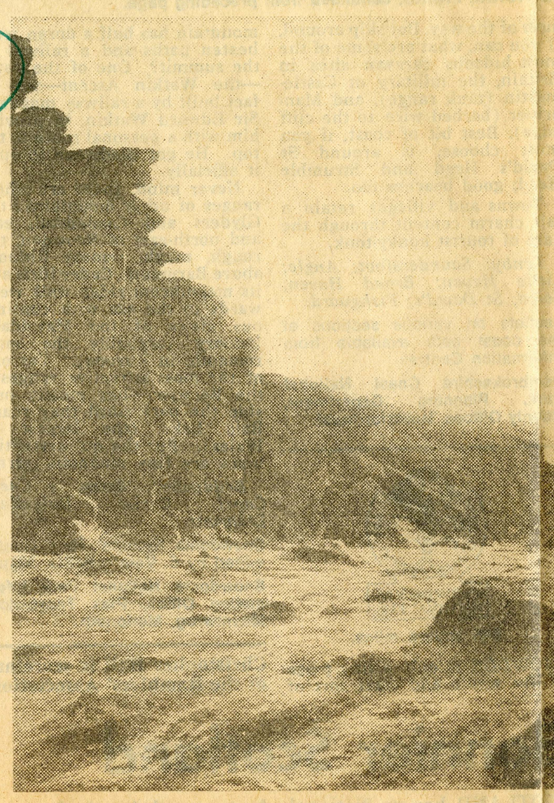
A team of six will be the guest of the Canadian LGA to compet against a Canadian team at Toront from August 13 to 16 and to tak part in the women's championshi that precedes it. This will provid an incentive to such players a Carol Le Feuvre, who has already achieved some recognition, bu specially to such newcomers in thi field as Caroline Eckersley Catherine Panton, who is th daughter of John Panton, the Scot tish professional, Maureen Walker Susan Parker, Lesley Hope, and handful of others.

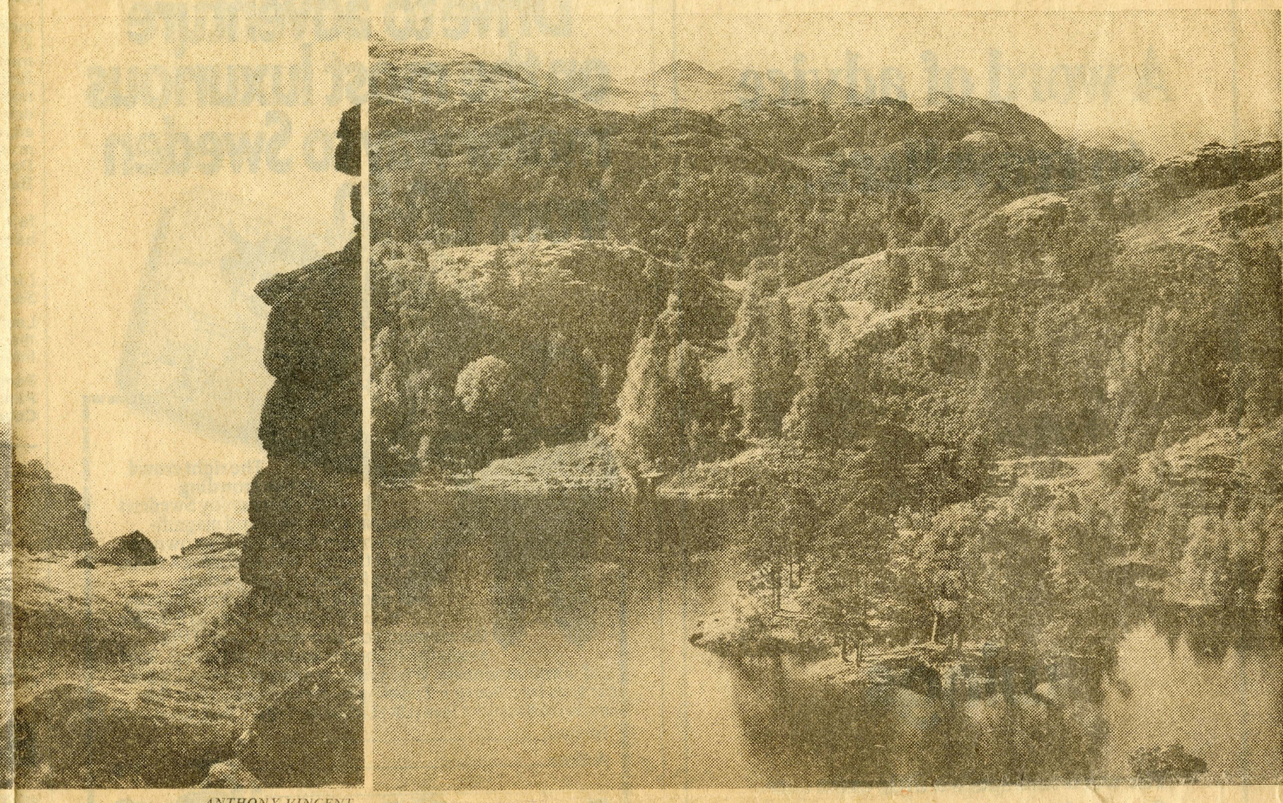
The second invitation come from Australia who have invited team of four "and one official wit playing ability" to visit thei country in the autumn. The visi will include the women's cham pionship and will conclude wit a round-robin tournament fo which the United States, Canad and New Zealand have been aske to send teams.

It was stated by the British LG yesterday that this trip would b additional to the Commonwealt tournament in which the sam countries, less the United State took part in 1971 in New Zealand and which is due to return to thi country in 1975 when it will b held at Ganton. These two invi tations indicate that in spite of th heavy expense of long-distanc fares there is still enthusiasm within the Commonwealth women's golf. The reorganizatio

TIME OFF

There are 5,258 square miles of England and Wales somewhat less likely to have their beauty spoiled than the rest—these are our 10 National Parks. Though Scotland has no such parks, there are five outstanding protected areas. Christopher Hall surveys the English and Welsh parks; W. H. Murray the Scottish scene.





ANTHONY VINCENT

The wildness of Dartmoor—Hound Tor (left); the Lake District can be as wild, but Tarn Hows, North Lancashire (right), is one of the pretty bits.

519 square miles.

THIS IS NOT JUST Breconshire, but bits of Carmarthen and Monmouth too. The Beacons are the highest red sandstone peaks in Britain; east of them, across the Usk, lie the Black Mountains, and west lie the Vans, confusingly known as the Black Mountain (singular). Good ridge-walking and gentle ascents. The highest summit (Pen-y-Fan) just misses 3,000 ft. Cavers rave about the Agen Allwedd nine-mile cave system, which starts near Ystradfellte, and nickname it, with contemptuous familiarity, 'Aggy-Aggy.'

Much of the park is rolling farmland. Look out for bulls: Carmarthen and Brecon are the only counties which let farmers put a bull in fields crossed by public paths.

SOME PLACES TO STAY:
Brecon; Crickhowell; Sennybridge; Talgarth; Talybont.

READ:
Brecon Beacons National Park Guide, edited by Dr Margaret Davies (HMSO, 50p).

FOR INFORMATION WRITE:—
Brecon Beacons National Park Information Officer, 6 Glamorgan Street, Brecon.

365 square miles.

'THE LAST wilderness of southern England' and struggling to retain the title. The wildest area is in the north, but Army-built tracks bring cars into the loneliest sectors. The Moor itself is a granite mass thrust up by primeval earthquake. Summits are unremarkable, except for the weirdly weathered granite tors crowning them.

Access is free by custom to most of the Moor, but barbed wire is creeping up as cattle grazing becomes more profitable. Don't feed the wild ponies; there's a by-law against it—and they can be vicious. Grimspound, most numinous of many Bronze Age hut circles, is a must. Avoid gawping at the prison; miss Meldon, once one of the park's loveliest coombes, now flooded behind a concrete wall to slake North Devon's thirst.

Ashburton; Buckfastleigh; Chagford; Crediton; Newton Abbot; Okehampton.

Dartmoor National Park Guide, edited by Prof. W. G. Hoskins (HMSO, 40p).

Dartmoor National Park, Planning Department, County Hall, Topsham Road, Exeter, Devon.

265 square miles.

NEVER vast, the Moor has been noticeably diminished in recent years by ploughing. Highest summit is Dunkery Beacon (1,707 ft), from which, it is said, 15 counties may be seen on the proverbial clear day. The quarter-mile path to the summit from a shockingly unscreened car park is badly eroded—one of the less well cared for National Trust properties. Locals hunt red deer; visitors chase Lorna and the other Doones.

Smashing thatched villages abound, including Winsford, unlikely birthplace of Ernie Bevin. Cream teas in all of them; connoisseurs rate those in Bossington among the best and a necessary comfort after the perilous cliff path round Selworthy Beacon. The whole superb coast is walkable by official long distance path, taking in Culbone (smallest parish church in England) and Lynton/Lynmouth linked by a yo-yo cliff railway.

Dulverton; Exford; Simonsbath; Winsford.

Exmoor National Park Guide, edited by John Coleman-Cooke (HMSO, 42½p).

Exmoor National Park, Planning Department, County Hall, Taunton, Somerset.

866 square miles.

OUR BIGGEST national park, contains the loveliest and least typical mountain scenery in Britain. The lakes radiate like spokes of a wheel from the hub of Helvellyn, Fairfield, the Langdale Pikes, Scafell Pike (3,206 ft, highest in England), Scafell, Great and Green Gables and Glaramara. Outside this complex lie Skiddaw (and the good country known as 'back o'Skidda'), Blencathra, Coniston Old Man and other less known peaks.

The park's problem is excessive popularity, aggravated by the M6 which puts it within a few hours of Manchester and weekend range of London. Wardens and information services strive to cope, but loneliness eludes all except those who make for the tops. Wordsworth and Beatrix Potter would be horrified—though they are to blame also—but Arthur Ransome's snooty Swallows and Amazons would no doubt take it in their stride.

Coniston; Kendal; Keswick; Penrith; Windermere.

Lake District National Park Guide, edited by William H. Pearsall (HMSO, 42½p).

Lake District National Park Information Officer, District Bank House, High Street, Windermere.

398 square miles.

REMOTEST of the parks, it stretches from the bald grass tops of the Cheviots in the north to Hadrian's Wall in the south. The Pennine Way runs nearly the length of the park and the brave who have tramped from gentle Edale in Derbyshire stagger across the border to finish at Kirk Yetholm. The section of the Wall in the park is the best preserved. Stand on it looking north and you know how Auden's legionary felt:—

Over the heather the wet wind blows,
I've lice in my tunic and a cold in my nose.

Cheviot itself (2,676 ft) is a dull mountain; better value is Windy Gyle, a few miles west along the border and don't ignore the softer Simonside Hills to the south. Avoid the spreading conifer forests, which the county council is campaigning to bring under planning control. If they can be held at bay this will remain true border country, exhaunt of moss-troopers, reivers and assorted villains—and lonely with it.

Bellingham; Chollerford; Otterburn; Rothbury; Wooler; Yetholm.

Northumberland National Park Guide, edited by John Philipson (HMSO, 37½p).

Northumberland National Park, Planning Department, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, Northumberland.

NORTH YORKS MOORS, 553 square miles.

FLAT HILLS, heather-smothered; narrow dales (see especially Farndale carpeted with spring daffodils); the dramatic escarpment of the Cleveland Hills with views across the plain to the furnaces of Tees-side and a rugged coast. Bags of history: Wade's Causeway, above Wheeldale, is one of the best preserved bits of Roman road anywhere; Helmsley Castle dates from the twelfth century; Captain Cook's monument is at Easby Moor and he first sailed from Whitby, once a charming fishing port, but the bingo-callers on the quay now outshout the gulls.

A more modern touch is the early warning station on Fylingdales Moor, whose weirdly gleaming golf balls are much gazed at. For a good introductory walk follow the old ironstone rail track on the Cleveland scarp across the moors to Rosedale.

Whitby; Scarborough; Guisborough; Northallerton; Saltburn-by-the-Sea; Helmsley.

North Yorks Moors National Park Guide, edited by Dr A. Raistrick (HMSO, 35p).

North Yorks Moors National Park, Planning Department, County Hall, Northallerton, Yorkshire.

YORKSHIRE DALES, 680 square miles.

HALF in the West and half in the North Riding. The main dales are Swaledale and Wensleydale in the North Riding; Wharfedale, Upper Ribblesdale, Littondale, Malhamdale and Dent in the West. The charm of them all is in discovering the smaller tributary dales of each. This is stone country and full of natural wonders—Kilnsey Crag, beetling over the Wharfe; the Strid, a deceptively easy suicides' leap over the same river (near Bolton Abbey, where the car park man once told me 'The air is the only thing free here') and Buttertubs Pass (named after the giant potholes fluted like old-style butter tubs). The villages are austere, but cosy as Cotswold.

Walkers find the park a paradise all over, but concentrate on the Three Peaks (Whernside, Pen-y-Ghent and Ingleborough).

Aysgarth; Austwick; Bainbridge; Carperby; Grassington; Hawes; Malham; Settle; Stainforth; Skipton.

Yorkshire Dales National Park Guide, edited by Dr I. S. Simmons (HMSO, 45p).

Yorkshire Dales National Park, Information Officer, North Eastern Chambers, James Street, Harrogate.

542 square miles.

JANE AUSTEN'S Elizabeth Bennet was 'wild to see the Lakes,' but had to make do with the Peak. If not first in scenery, the Peak is first in age as a national park (21 last year) and in efficiency (Council of Europe diploma for work in conservation). Busy wardens, comprehensive information centres, access agreements to once-disputed grouse moors, car parks and picnic spots all testify to an intelligent effort to absorb the millions of day trippers from surrounding conurbations.

The planners firmly insist on local stone for new buildings and one hopes that the thousands flocking round Haddon Hall (five and a half centuries of architecture in one building) and Chatsworth (Capability Brown setting) have noticed. Walkers can choose between an amble along the Tissington Trail (converted rail track), or bog-trotting through peat hags on Kinder Scout, between the grit-stone of the (northern) Dark Peak and the gleaming lime-stone of the (southern) White Peak.

Bakewell; Baslow; Buxton; Castleton; Hathersage; Matlock.

Peak District National Park Guide, edited by Patrick Monkhouse (HMSO, 45p).

Peak National Park, Information Officer, Aldern House, Baslow Road, Bakewell, Derbyshire.

225 square miles.

SMALLEST of the parks, consists of four separate coastal strips with no real hinterland except the Presely Hills (where, they say, the stone for Stonehenge came from). A grand coastline with an official path

Continued on next page

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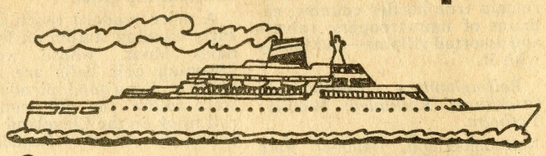

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NATIONAL PARKS, continued from preceding page.

most of the way. But skip around, if you can, what are some of the most hideous caravan sites in Britain, the military at Castlemartin (tank range), and Manorbier (barbed wire to the cliff edge). Best bit of coast, if you must choose, is around St David's Head and Strumble Head; good beaches too.

Towns and villages retain a fair charm content through the haze of tourist honky-tonk.

Tenby; Saundersfoot; Angle; Little Haven; Broad Haven; Solva; St David's; Fishguard.

Leaflets on various sections of the coast path available from Information Centres.

Pembrokeshire Coast National Park, Planning Department, County Offices, Haverfordwest.

SNOWDONIA NATIONAL PARK

845 square miles.

SNOWDON is only a tiny piece of the whole and what sort of mountain has half a dozen well-beaten paths and a railway to the summit? One of the paths —the Watkin Ascent—was in fact built by a railway magnate, Sir Edward Watkin, to provide him with a personal route to the top. He got Gladstone to open it officially.

Never mind, there are whole ranges of other mountains: the Glyders and Carneddau, east and north-east of Snowdon, the rough, tough, remote Rhinogs above Barmouth, Cader Idris and its magnificent ridge walk westwards to the sea with continuous views of the Mawddach Estuary (arguably the most romantic in Europe). Yet one of the most attractive ranges—the Berwyns—lies mostly outside the park until they reach Bala Lake (the largest in Wales). But the quintessential lakes are tiny mountain tarns.

Beddgelert; Betws y Coed; Capel Curig; Dolgellau; Llanrwst.

Snowdonia National Park Guide, edited by E. Vale (HMSO, 32½p).

Snowdonia National Park Information Office, Plas Tanybwlch, Maentwrog, Merioneth.

Christopher Hall is secretary of the Ramblers' Association.

Bonnier Scotland

SCOTLAND has no National Parks. Proposals made in 1946 for five Highland parks, totalling 2,000 square miles, and a National Parks Commission for Scotland were shelved in face of opposition from county councils and landowners. However, the five areas were made subject to planning controls by the Secretary of State and called National Parks Direction Areas.

Today one might well have added Cuillin of Skye and the Inverpolly and Glencanisp forests of Ross and Cromarty.

Loch Lomond

THIS is Britain's biggest inland water, breaching the Highland Line where the Grampians dip to Strathclyde. It is famous for its deciduous woods, the mountains that ring the upper narrows, and the dozen wooded islands on its southern waters. To the east the Trossachs are 120 square miles of low mountains enfolding nine lochs. Their wooded, craggy beauty is seen best at the Pass of Achray, between Ben Venue and Ben A'n, where rocky bluffs lift out of an apron of silver birches. Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and all others are fringed by oak, rowan and beech and circled by paths. Hill-top panoramas are splendid—out of all proportion to height; the view from Ben Ledi ranges 100 miles from Arran to the Cairngorms.

Arrochar; Helensburgh; Dumbarton; Aberfoyle; Callander.

Lorn and Lochaber

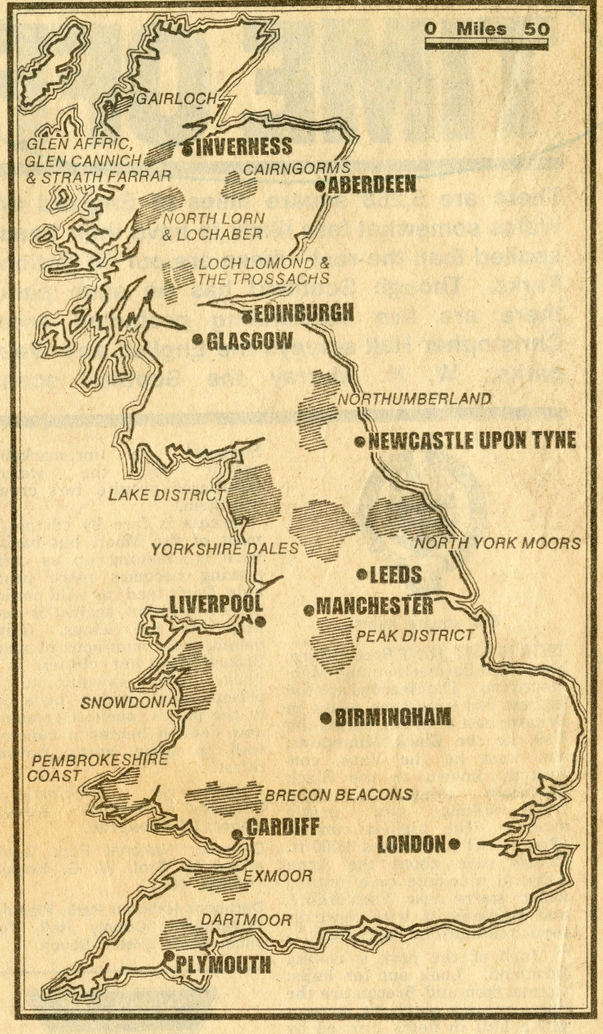
THE western frontier is Loch Linnhe; the southern, Ben Cruachan's eight tops rising from Loch Awe and the Pass of Brander; the eastern, Rannoch Moor, where 60 square miles of flat heatherland is spattered with lochs and rimmed by mountains; the northern, Ben Nevis. Two popular features of this huge region are Glen Coe and Glen Nevis. The Coe is a deep trench through the central area; its flanks are naked mountain walls and serried ridges, and its bed, grassland by a brawling river. On the north frontier, where Ben Nevis is backed by the Mamore range, Glen Nevis runs between them to desolate moorland, but contains in its central sector the finest gorge scene of Scotland. The river Nevis has carved a tortuous channel through rocks, gouging great cauldrons in a fall of 400 ft. The walls are wooded in Scots pine, oak, and rowans.

Oban; Fort William; Bridge of Orchy; Ballachulish; Mallaig.

The Cairngorms

THEY form Britain's biggest area of high ground: a granite plateau around 4,000 ft, eroded into mountain-shapes—a vast waste-land under wide skies. Between the rivers Dee and Spey, they are crossed by three 30-mile passes, which in their lower reaches lead through splendid pine-forests at Rothiemurchus, upper Glen Feshie, and Mar.

Balmoral; Aviemore; Kingussie; Carrbridge; Grantown-on-Spey; Braemar.



Gairloch

THIS is the parish name for all country between Loch Torridon and outer Loch Broom. Thirty miles long by 22 wide, it has a coastline of 100 miles, indented by Loch Torridon, Gairloch, Loch Ewe and Little Loch Broom. Numerous sandy beaches attain near-perfection at Gruinard Bay. The hinterland is a wilderness of gneiss and Torridon sandstone, which lift to 30 tops above 3,000 ft, of curious shapes and powerful impact. Among them are a hundred lochs, the most famous of which is Maree.

Northward of Loch Maree, between the high Letterewe ridge and the great wall of An Teallach (3,474 ft), lie 100 square miles of the Highland's wildest land. A dozen rocky mountains mark the eastern half, dotted near their summits by lochans; the western half is filled by Fionn Loch, whose innumerable bays and feeder lochs form waterways as remote and complex as the mountain ranges behind them.

Gairloch; Ullapool; Torridon; Poolewe; Shieldaig.

Glen Affric

ONCE Scotland's most beautiful glen, is no longer the undisputed first. Giving a pass across the Highland spine between Beauly and Kintail, there are three complete changes of scenery in its 20-mile length. First comes a narrow glen of river and woodland, where waterfalls tumble through gorges. The central 10 miles is a lovely expanse of loch, sky, and high mountain, now marred by a concrete dam, but graced by a forest of Scots pine mixed with drooping birches. At the foot of Loch Affric, a white-washed cottage stands on a green hillock, the long waters beyond lap the slopes of Mam Soul and Carn Eige (3,800 ft), and the forest ends. The glen stretches on over high moorland towards Kintail.

Inverness; Beauly; Cannich; Drumnadrochit.

FOR INFORMATION:—

Countryside Commission for Scotland, Attleby, Redgorton, Perth.

Scottish Tourist Board, 23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh, EH4 3EU.

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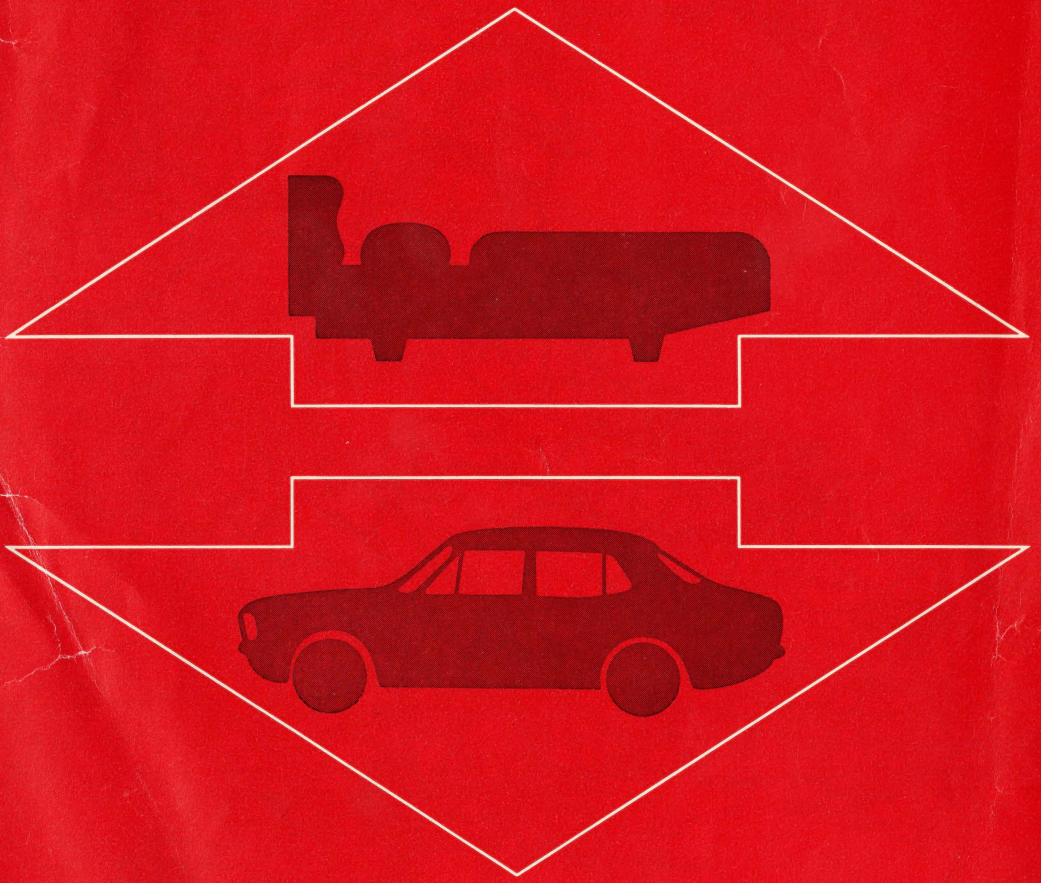




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Travel

The night train to Rannoch



IN WHICH Ian Jack, journalist, and John Thirsk, artist, begin a four-week odyssey on Britain's greatest railway routes and after sampling the neglected joys of the West Highland line, are encouraged in their belief that the train is the most civilised form of transport.

WAITING on the morning train to the South at Rannoch Station, Perthshire, it's the sounds that count: the regular and reassuring flush of water from the gents echoed by a hundred streams outside on the moor, the wail of wind through the wires, the ping of the telegraph from the signal cabin, a distant rumble as the Glasgow train grinds up the gradient from Corrour.

Rannoch Moor in January is a queer, desolate place. Twenty square miles of heather, deer, boulders, bog and loch, 1,000ft up, sugar-dusted by snow and surrounded by white mountains. One of the wonderful anachronisms of the British railway system is that you can still board a night express from King's Cross and step off the same train bang in the middle of Rannoch thirteen hours later. And not only at Rannoch: at Ardlui, Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Lochailort, Morar and a dozen other lonely platforms which serve great tracts of empty country on the 140 miles of single-track between Glasgow and Mallaig, high up the Scottish west coast.

A mixture of Victorian optimism and Highland and Irish navvies built the West Highland line across some of the roughest country in Britain, to bring herring down from the Minch fisheries in exchange for the fruits and weeds of steam-age civilisation and the Glasgow morning papers. Apart from Fort William, it touched on no town or village of any significance and, perhaps happily, still doesn't. None of its villages supports anything grander than a church hall or a small hotel.

The line reached Fort William in 1894 and Mallaig seven years later, though not without gruff opposition from the landlords of sporting estates. "The deer will not like it," one laird told Parliament. Today you can still see the tattered deer fences as you cross Rannoch, though the flaps on the telegraph wires—attached by some early railway company conservationists to warn off low-flying grouse—have disappeared long since.

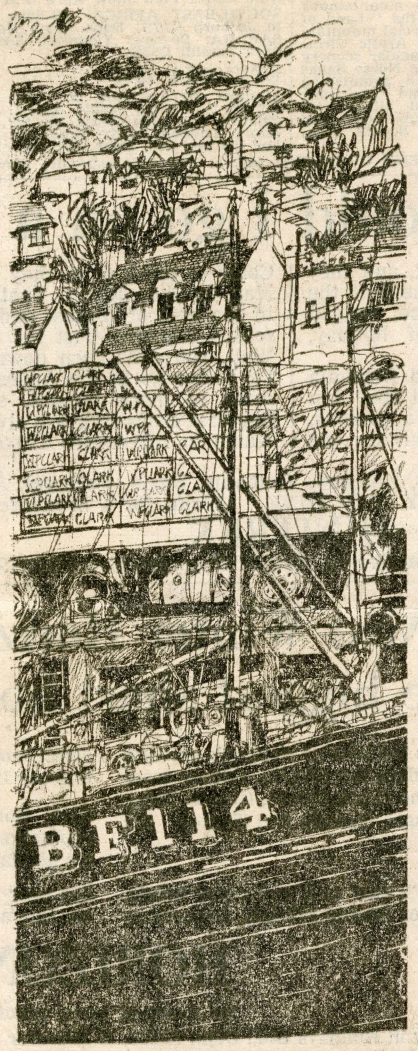
Tourists were an early target. The West Highland climbs across mountain passes and alongside lochs and is easily the most scenically spectacular rail journey in Britain. So the railway company built their stations to look like Swiss chalets, with huge eaves, and shingles especially imported from Switzerland. Then they commissioned a guide-book to the line which muffled Victorian travellers could put on their knees and refer to on the trip north. Called Mountain, Moor and Loch ("with 230 illustrations from original drawings made on the spot"), it sold 24,000 copies.

Mountain, Moor and Loch was out of print for seventy years until last year, when David and Charles, riding high on a crest of Betjemania, published a reprint. Despite a certain earnest verbosity, it's all that a good guide book should be.

"In these days of luxurious locomotion the traveller is carried from London to the very heart of the Western Highlands with almost as little exertion as if he were going from the city to his suburban home"
—Mountain, Moor and Loch.

YOU CAN still do it. You can catch the 19.55 from King's Cross every day except Saturday, dine as you're slipping through Hunts, sleep in your berth through York, Newcastle, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and get to Mallaig in time for lunch. We caught the same train in Glasgow at six o'clock on a black January morning and were pleasantly surprised to find the restaurant car serving coffee.

The 6 am from Glasgow is one of the West Highland's two trains each way during winter, a timetable which has hardly changed since 1900. The journey times haven't changed much either: it takes six hours to travel the 140 miles to Mallaig and you have a choice of three diversions. You can look at the scenery, you can sleep, or you can drink canned beer in the buffet. The bar opens at 6.30 am and in summer and at Christmas tends to fill up with homeward-bound Hebrideans who have seen quite enough rain-sodden landscape and highland cattle in their lifetimes to be able to concentrate on the drink with good conscience.



Where a bold Victorian venture ended: the quay at Mallaig.

The first hour is ordinary. Glasgow council estates with fierce orange street lamps that let you read paint-sprayed gang slogans; Clydebank; then down the Clyde to Dumbarton.

First light brings a little unpleasantness: the nuclear submarine base on Gare Loch, an oil terminal on Loch Long, a big arms dump in Glen Douglas. But then as the train climbs up above Loch Lomond there's breakfast: porridge, bacon, egg, sausage and tomato, toast and coffee. The bill comes in Glen Falloch, the scene of some curious clan warfare fought over the first attempt to build a West Highland Line in 1845. The Duke of Montrose was promoting the line up Glen Falloch, though that glen was in rival Breadalbane country. When Montrose's surveyors and engineers arrived, locals drove them back down the glen.

The Perthshire Advertiser reported: "We hear that it was a well-fought battle, gallantly sustained by the engineers against fearful odds, where the assailants were ready to go to any extremity after the Highland fashion to please the laird."

Crianlarich, the junction for Oban, has what's still called a refreshment room. Now it's a grey and windy day with snow on Ben More. The climb up to Rannoch starts from here, through Tyndrum Upper (Tyndrum, a tiny hamlet, has two stations: Tyndrum Lower—about 100ft lower—is on the Oban line) and Bridge of Orchy and then on to the moor itself, where Victorian engineers floated the line over the bog on a deep raft of brushwood and heather. The track still floats and in the driver's cab you can feel the engine roll gently as the line moves up and down.

Deer turn and run in the snow on Rannoch near the line's 1,350ft summit. Then there's a snowshed like a long empty barn, the only one in Britain, before a stop at Corrour to let the signalman's wife climb aboard. West Highland trains make a lot of unscheduled stops at line-side cottages to take children to school or housewives to the shops.

At noon we reach Mallaig and the Minch. From here red-funnelled steamers leave for Skye, Stornoway, South Uist and the small isles of Muck, Rhum and Eigg. The busiest herring port in Britain, says a man on the quay, but the herring goes by road now. British Rail abandoned its West Highland fish traffic years ago, and on the way back to Rannoch, over steak pie in the restaurant car, we see huge lorries struggling with the single-track road to the South.



The lonely life on Rannoch: James Michie, signalman, with the levers and cabin that he's known for 40 years.

WE REACH Rannoch Station at dusk. "Ah," says a man on the platform, "you'll be looking for the Rannoch Hotel." It's not hard to find because there are only about six houses in Rannoch, which is the essence of the West Highland line. A long B road from Pitlochry ends here, and if anything happens in Rannoch it happens at either the station or the hotel.

Signalman James Michie says quite a lot has happened at the station. He's been marooned in Rannoch since the Thirties, a Glasgow man who took to the hills with his wife, signalwoman Helen Michie. Together they've clocked up a total of seventy-nine years' work on the railways.

"In the days of steam we were never out of free coal," says James Michie. "We'd do a swap with the man on the footplate. One dead deer for a sackful of coal from the tender."

In the bar of the Rannoch Hotel, its proprietor, an ex-colonial figure called The Major, says he'll be blowed if he ever sends anything by rail again after his last tangle with BR over a cask of Guinness.

It costs the Government about £400,000 a year to keep the West Highland line open. To the people who live there it's undoubtedly a necessity. To the rest of Britain it seems a strangely neglected joy.

There's a train leaving King's Cross at 19.55 tonight. Up in Rannoch Mr and Mrs Michie will be tending their signals, the Major may well be sipping his favourite whisky and thinking of deer or days in Nyasaland, and the wind will be wailing through the wires.

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Britain

The Secret of Stonehenge

by Gerald S. Hawkins

Harpers June '64

A lone astronomer and a computer team are decoding the mystery—and the wisdom—behind Britain's most famous ancient monument.

A few months ago the book of Stonehenge seemed closed. It was thought that little more could ever be learned about the mysterious stone structure on England's Salisbury Plain. The fraternity of diggers—archaeologists and other students of the past—had fixed the dates of construction, from 2000 to 1500 B.C., and the probable methods. Shaping the great stones could have been done by fire, water, and much pounding. Sturdy English schoolboys proved by toil and sweat that cement blocks as big as Stonehenge stones could be floated by raft and rolled overland from quarries as far away as Wales. (Legend said the slabs were brought from Africa to Ireland by giants, and whisked over to England by Merlin's "word of power.") The fifty-ton uprights of the trilithons (three-stone archways) could have been tilted into retaining holes. Finally, the six-ton crosspieces could have been levered up on timber towers.

But *why* was Stonehenge built?

Buried bones indicated that it had been a mortuary, also a crematorium, and it almost certainly was a temple, though not necessarily Druid. But was it more? The unique monument, which Henry James said "stands as lonely in history as it does on the great plain," guarded its secrets well. . . .

I first became interested in Stonehenge in 1954, when I went to the Larkhill missile-testing base nearby. (Of course, we took pains to aim our missiles away from Stonehenge—we were horrified to hear that during World War I an airstrip commander, and a British one at that, had requested that for his planes' convenience the Stonehenge megaliths be flattened. Request denied.) I used to visit that gaunt ruin whenever I could. Even when it was alive and loud with tourists it seemed remote, timeless, brooding. I poked around, marveled, and read everything I could find about it.

The word that originally struck me in the literature was "coincidence." The one thing that all laymen know about Stonehenge—that if you stand in the center on a clear Midsummer morning (around the summer solstice, June 22) and look down "the avenue" you will see the sun rise almost exactly over the distant "heelstone"—was called a coincidence by most archaeologists. Beware, it leads to "fruitless conjecture," warned one authority. As an astronomer, I could not help feeling that such an alignment of the most important direction of the structure with the point of sunrise of the longest day of the year might well have been deliberate. I wondered.

Then, early in 1961, I had occasion to mention Stonehenge in my book *Splendor in the Sky*:

> . . . If the axis of the temple had been chosen at random the probability of selecting this point by accident would be less than one in five hundred. Now if the builders of Stonehenge had wished simply to mark the sunrise they needed no more than two stones. Yet hundreds of tons of volcanic rock were carved and placed in position. . . . It must have been the focal point for ancient Britons. . . . The stone blocks are mute, but perhaps some day, by a chance discovery, we will learn their secrets.

As I wrote those words, the thought that had been nebulous in my head for some seven years suddenly crystallized: something should be done.

numerous ex-Trujillo enterprises, for example, I found two officials, their offices on the very same corridor, holding completely antithetical views on the subject. One, a bright and forceful young administrator educated in several European universities, told me he favored private capitalism only as a transitional stage before state socialism. The other, equally articulate, urged that the government should divest itself as quickly as practicable of its various enterprises. Clearly such ambivalence does not attract private investment, particularly to a country with unstable economic and political institutions.

Labor unions proliferated wildly after Trujillo's death. A strike settlement at La Romana —the country's largest sugar producer—was delayed primarily because agreement could not be reached among the fifteen different unions involved. On the political front, some twenty-six different parties developed in 1962, with little agreement on anything. Even the apparently communist parties were bitterly divided among pro-Soviet, pro-Chinese, Trotskyist, and Castroist groups. The increasing strength of the Castro supporters in the "14 of June" party (named for an abortive Castro-inspired invasion in 1959) frightened the moderate business groups in Santo Domingo, and helped trigger the coup.

Least tangible but perhaps the most basic problem of the Bosch administration was the lack among the Dominicans of a sense of civic responsibility. Their undisciplined reaction to the end of Trujillo's tyranny was no more than a symptom of a deep-rooted ill. Long after that understandable binge, no segment of the community seemed willing to subordinate its claims to the demands of a national emergency. Parochial and private school officials for example were reluctant to furnish information on curriculums, enrollment, and costs to the public authorities who were attempting to improve rural education. Immoderate union demands pushed the country into an inflationary spiral. At the same time inadequate investment by the business community kept the economy stagnant. The Bosch administration came under constant pressure from these equally vociferous groups—each of which accused Bosch of favoring the other. In the end the Dominican government was caught in a paralyzing crossfire. Programs were stymied, progress was stalled, until eventually the Bosch administration fell.

Compared to Bosch's exuberant promises and Washington's ambitious plans, little seems to have been accomplished in the Dominican Republic. But judged in the context of previous Dominican conditions—of tyranny, poverty, and exploitation—the attempt was by no means a total loss. Enough was accomplished to kindle the hope that democracy and growth may one day be achieved there, and to lay the foundation for future development.

A Cautionary Tale

For these positive, if scanty, gains American policy may take much of the credit. U. S. power and guidance prevented a return to tyranny and forestalled anarchy after Trujillo's death. Together with the Organization of American States, our officials enabled the interim government to conduct prompt and decent elections. American experts helped the Bosch administration to formulate plans, draft laws, and get programs started. And their efforts did produce some tangible results. Vocational schools for agricultural education were established. Some new housing was completed by private builders. Savings-and-loan institutions were created to provide new sources of capital. A poultry industry was established and livestock-raising methods were improved. Such successes, however limited, provide evidence that the Dominican Republic is not a "burnt-out" society incapable of change.

United States officials should not overlook these encouraging signs of progress. Nor should they allow these advances to halt, merely because of pique at the elements that overthrew Bosch. The realities of Latin-American politics are too uncertain to allow abstract constitutional tests to dictate American policy. If the civilian triumvirate now in power undertakes the tasks of development, and preserves standards of civic decency, the U. S. should renew its aid.

But even if and when full U. S. aid is resumed, development will not be rapid. Fundamental improvements in education and public health, the training of professional personnel, and the establishment of prosperous native industries—all will take years to accomplish. No leader, however able, and no foreign government, however powerful, can quickly create the necessary attitudes and institutions.

Our experience in the Dominican Republic should be seen as a cautionary tale, dramatizing the severe limitations on American power in the underdeveloped world. From the lesson of the Dominican Republic, and from similar experiences around the world, we will have to learn to temper both our expectations and our impatience.

Harper's Magazine, June 1964

So that summer I went there again, and my wife and I stalked the Stonehenge sunrise. We made base camp in an Amesbury hotel close by, and a few days before Midsummer (alas, we couldn't be there on The Day itself), we went over. Not without overtones of light comedy: sunrise was due about 4:30 (daylight time); we had neglected to tell the hotel we would be going out so early, and we hadn't paid our bill; so with exceeding furtiveness we tiptoed down the long dark hall, past the loudly ticking grandfather clock, and we started our car quietly.

Stonehenge stood black against the lightening sky. I climbed the barbed wire fence (which defeated my wife), placed myself at the center of the circles,* and made ready my eight-millimeter telephoto movie camera. And suddenly, there it was—the first red flash of the sun, rising just one-half a diameter to the right of the heelstone. For a moment I was lost in time, bemused, trying to go back 3,500 years to those other sunrises, similarly witnessed by what other people, for what other purpose? But quickly I returned to the twentieth century, because I felt surrounded by questions calling out for answer: Why is the heelstone ever so slightly out of line, so that to see it through the trilithon arch you must stand six inches to the left of the center of the circles? Why are those trilithon arches so narrow? The huge uprights stand twenty feet high, but the space between is less than a foot. Why do these spaces line up? What do those alignments point to?

As an astronomer, I thought, "Aha! A transit instrument. These arches were used to point to stars or planets or different things in the sky."

And as I pondered, the sun kept rising. And it was rising almost horizontally, so that it had traveled fully two degrees before the disc stood clear of the horizon. That meant that it would be—would have been—extremely difficult to estimate the exact spot at which it lifted clear of the horizon. Clouds, of course, are common in England, and the Stonehenge people were probably no more fortunate than the modern Briton. Nowadays I think only one in five Midsummer sunrises at Stonehenge is clear. All of these things would make the setting of the stones difficult. Critical conditions, devices capable of precise measurement, evidence of knowledge, skill, purpose—*all for what?*

I thought, in that lonely place: "Was Stonehenge an observatory?"

There seemed to be significance in those delicate alignments, and it would most logically be astronomical significance. What would you line sighting-stones on? Surely on the heavenly bodies—the gods of prehistory and so-called barbarism. The center-heelstone certainly pointed to Midsummer sunrise; could there have been other such alignments, such as a corresponding one pointing to Midwinter sunset? I read at Stonehenge that the noted British archaeologist, R. S. Newall, had suggested that possibility, but there had been no verification. What *did* those alignments point to?

I said to myself, "It's no good just talking. The problem is too complicated. We need precise measurement, more elaborate calculation than I am prepared to do. We need the machine." But at that moment, I had more mundane problems to face—the barbed wire fence, the hotel bill, and an English summer squall that was dashing cold rain across the plain.

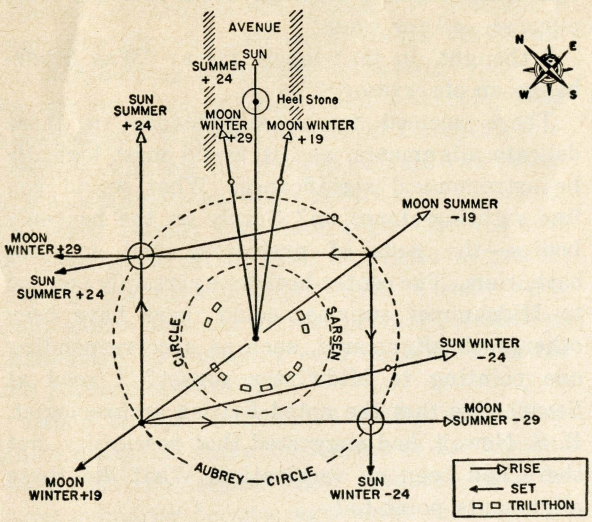
What the Computer Said

Before I left England I got plans and charts of the site. Back in Cambridge, Massachusetts, I armed myself with all the pertinent material in Harvard's Widener Library. I defined the problem: *What, if any, correlation is there between Stonehenge alignments and the rise or set points of any heavenly bodies, as of the period 2000–1500* B.C.? Then with the help of Shoshana Rosenthal and Judy Copeland at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, I went to the machines.

First we put charts of Stonehenge into "Oscar," a plotting machine that transforms positions into X, Y coordinates on punched cards. Then we fed those coordinates into the Harvard-Smithsonian IBM 7090 computer and asked it to calculate azimuths, or compass directions, determined by some 170 pairs of positions, a position being a stone, stone hole, mound, archway, or the

*The inner circle consists of five trilithons set in a horseshoe pattern; the next, traditionally called the Sarcen (Saracen?) circle, is a ring of upright boulders, some with lintels on the top; the outer or Aubrey circle (named for the seventeenth-century investigator, John Aubrey) is marked by fifty-six equally spaced holes and mounds.

Gerald S. Hawkins, who has a Ph.D. in physics and a D.Sc. from the University of Manchester, has been in the U.S. since 1954 and is associate professor of astronomy and director of the Boston University Observatory. He is also a research associate of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory and Harvard College Observatory, in radar-radio-meteor work. His book, "Splendor in the Skies," came out in 1961.



Schematic plan of Stonehenge. (Summer moonset is not marked.)

center. Next we asked the machine to translate those azimuths into declinations, that is, to determine the "latitudes" of the celestial sphere they intersected.

Then we examined those declinations, the horizon spots to which the Stonehenge pairs pointed. Was there any pattern to them? Did the pairs point to significant rise or set positions of celestial bodies? A quick check showed no significant matching with planets or with the bigger stars, Sirius, Canopus, Arcturus, Betelgeuse, Spica, Vega. . . .

But the most cursory naked-eye glance at those declinations told us of probable sun correlation. The figures +24 and −24 were frequent—and those figures are the declination of the sun at Midsummer and Midwinter, its farthest north and south.

I was somewhat prepared for such solar correlation. Indeed, I had suspected it. But what we next discovered took us by surprise: even more frequently than the ±24 of the sun, the ±29 and ±19 of the moon appeared. The moon has a more complicated relative motion than the sun. During a nine-year cycle its maximum north and south declination moves from 19 to 29 degrees. The machine's finding seemed to show that not only was Stonehenge aligned to the sun—it was also oriented to the moon.

I must admit that it was with some unscientific emotion that we programmed the machine to take the sun and moon back to 1500 B.C., to get an accurate check of those azimuth alignments. What we found was beyond expectation. To a mean accuracy of one degree there were ten sun correlations. To a mean accuracy of 1.5 degrees, there were fourteen moon correlations.

We did the work in spare moments over the course of a year. About ten hours were spent measuring the charts, about twenty hours were spent preparing the machine program, and the final run on the Harvard-Smithsonian IBM 7090 computing machine took about one minute.

It is important to note that *all* of the twenty-four alignments are between key positions—the center of the structure, the "avenue" or most important axis, the great trilithon arches, the rectangle of "stations," the uniquely-placed stones near the entrance. Every one of these key positions paired with others to point to a sun or moon rise or set. That solidly establishes the fact that those alignments were significant, deliberate, basic in the construction. Stonehenge lived by the sun and moon. Could it possibly have been coincidence? Bernouilli's theorem of probability indicates that there is less than one chance in a hundred million that this could happen without a prearranged design.

And what does it mean? It means that Stonehenge was an astronomical observatory. And a good one, too. It could have formed a reliable calendar to predict change of seasons. It could also have signaled danger periods for eclipses of the sun or moon. It could have formed a dramatic setting for observation of the interchange between the sun—dominator of summer—and the moon—ruler of the winter. How it actually *was* used we may never know. All that we can now state with certainty is that it was designed, with astonishing skill, as an observatory, and that it could have been used for many astronomic purposes.

It is now the responsibility of archaeology to digest this new information and from it draw new historic conclusions.

What the Archaeologist Said

I first published an account of my discovery in the British magazine *Nature*, last October. There has been a surprising amount of response. Newspapers and other magazines from many countries have commented, from England and Canada to Spain and South Africa. Among the letters I have received from archaeologists was one, particularly engaging, from Mr. R. S. Newall in England:

> It is always difficult, I suppose, when two different sciences meet (if archaeology can be called a science), to come to agreement. Astronomers have their eyes in the sky; archaeol-



Midsummer sunrise at Stonehenge. (Photograph published by courtesy of the British Ministry of Public Building and Works.)

ogists in the earth. . . . However, I agree that Stonehenge is oriented to the winter solstice setting sun in the great central trilithon as seen from the center or anywhere else on the axis, and since the plan of Stonehenge is sepulchral, it is in some way the mortuary temple to the sun in his old age when he goes down to the lower world at the end of the year or life. . . .

Mr. Newall also wondered if Stonehenge could align to an astronomic point, the point of sunrise at equinox. He was right, two of the main stone-holes do this to within one-tenth of a degree. The alignment was overlooked by me, I regret to say, and the machine is blameless. Finally he quoted the first-century B.C. writer Diodorus, who said that in the mysterious northern island of "Hyperborea" there was a "spherical temple" to Apollo, and "the god visits the island every nineteen years, the period in which the return of the stars to the same place in heaven is accomplished. . . ."

The archaeologist concluded: "Now I do *not* say that that refers to Stonehenge, but could it . . . ? Could the full moon do something spectacular once every nineteen years at Stonehenge?"

It is a fact that some Jewish and Chinese calendars used a nineteen-year cycle, and that the Greek Meton knew that the full moon occurs exactly on the same calendar date after a lapse of nineteen years. But I was struck by Newall's wonderment about the moon at Stonehenge. I thought, "What about eclipses, at the most spectacular place—over the heelstone?" So I looked up eclipse records for some 150 years. Moon eclipses in December-January, the approximate time when the eclipsed moon would rise over the heelstone, occurred mostly at intervals of nineteen years, with sometimes an interval of eighteen or eight. Interesting?

A similar condition occurs at Midsummer, and this phase of the Stonehenge cycle is going to happen in 1964, this very month! The full moon is eclipsed at 2:00 A.M. on June 25, and then sets in the great trilithon as seen from the center of Stonehenge. The monument will be closed to visitors at that time, unfortunately.

In the course of this investigation, I have found out many other arresting things, indicating avenues for further exploration. The machine, quick, dispassionate, tireless, makes possible much more thorough analysis of such an elaborate problem than humans would care to attempt. A new chapter in the ancient book of Stonehenge now lies open.

Harper's Magazine, June 1964

Twenty Bookes, Clad in Blak or Reed

by Judson Jerome

This peripatetic professor—and poet—is now chairman of the humanities division of the College of the Virgin Islands. He went there on a two-year leave from Ohio's Antioch College, where he was chairman of the Department of Literature.

Having just carried in, with a train of children bearing toppling pile after toppling pile, the several hundred books I carry around with me as absolutely essential, some of which I have read, most of which I dread, having stowed these in bookcases reaching to the high ceiling of this great, airy, concrete-and-steel house on a hill in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, and now, in 85 degrees of heat this January day, decks cleared for action, the children at the beach, the ashtray emptied, I find myself blocked on the short story I meant to write. Marty's question is still bothering me. There she sat, wifely, in purple muu-muu in the middle of the tile floor, surrounded by stacks of repetitive textbooks, anthologies, paperback standard works of standard authors, and asked why we—meaning why I—felt it necessary to bring all these down here.

Well, I said I like to have things handy.

As we packed up our house in Ohio last spring, selecting what was absolutely essential, which was practically everything we owned, for a two-year stint on this West Indies island, I pared my library down to about a fourth of its size. Nonetheless, of the dozens of cartons we shipped down, most were of books. The next-largest quantity of belongings was toys, which may be some sort of comment. We don't go in much for clothes.

I brought perhaps a dozen copies of *Hamlet,* looking forward to that tropical night in which a group of students might want to sit around by the seashore reading aloud in the moonlight. I brought about fifty freshman composition texts and anthologies, examination copies sent me by publishers, few of which I had more than glanced into, none of which I could bear to use in teaching, for all those eager students who would want to pursue the study of English on their own. I brought quantities of tiresome books of literary history and criticism, which I knew would not be in the library of the newly forming college. One never knows, I reasoned, what eager freshman, struggling through the haze of his island English into a discovery of the magic of poetry, might be frustrated not to have available the books I used for my doctoral prelims, such as Bredvold's *Intellectual Milieu of John Dryden.* I brought a hundred Spanish books in case the Spanish professor didn't have any.

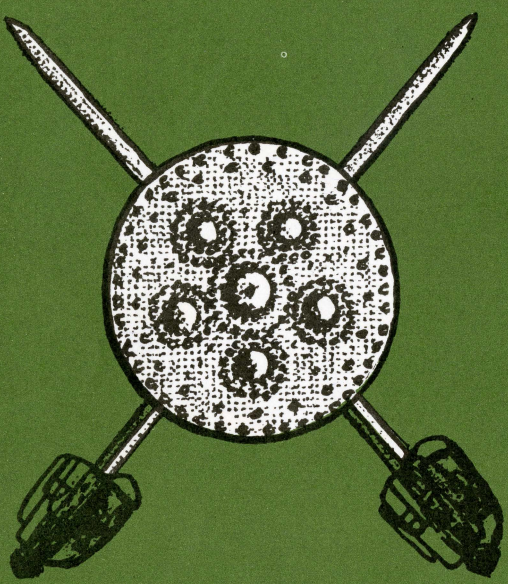
My library graphically reflects my strengths and weaknesses, and without a key you could not tell which was which. Four solid shelves of poetry (strength) include dozens of anthologies and introductory texts, most of which contain exactly the same poems. A shelf of review volumes of new work is tight as a closed accordion. Better get to them one day.

General literature is arranged roughly chronologically. The first shelf goes from the *Bible* and *Bhagavad-Gita* up through Dante. I feel insecure in regard to ancient and medieval literature and so carry a great deal of it around. For example, there are six collections of Greek drama which, some sun-beat afternoon, perhaps rocking on a sailboat or with a frosty rum under the palms, I really ought to peruse, having ridden *Oedipus Rex, Lysistrata, Medea,* and *Antigone* about as far as they will go as symbols of Greek civilization.

As we come on down the centuries I notice that Ben Jonson is represented by several editions and volumes of commentary; I am scared to death of Ben Jonson. Surprisingly, there is no volume of Spenser; but, then, I am so terrified of Spenser that I hardly acknowledge his existence. Milton, of whom I am little less afraid, is represented by four volumes. Dryden is a strength, and in case I want to reread *All For Love* I may choose from any of eight copies in various collections.

Like graduate school, I grow dim as I approach modern times. The eighteenth century occupies ten volumes and the nineteenth only nine. In the chaos of our own century, I have given up representativeness and surrendered to pleasure: here I have a half-dozen books to read while feeding the baby.

The Battle of CULLODEN 1746



A pictorial reconstruction of the battlefield, together with a short account of the action in Gaelic and English, and some details of the two armies involved.

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THE DAY was overcast on Drummossie Muir (as Highlanders still know it) and a fierce gale was blowing from the north-east with a threat of rain and sleet. The two armies were in position about one o'clock and approximately 400 to 500 yards apart, with the gap between them greater on the northern flank. Prince Charles had for the first time assumed command of his army himself that day and rode about the field encouraging his men before taking up a position by his Standard and surrounded by Kilmarnock's Guards (on foot). The Duke of Cumberland and his experienced generals had disposed the Hanoverian forces skilfully and their artillery preponderance was to have a decisive influence on the day. The Duke may have earlier reviewed the scene from the large stone which now bears his name, but when the battle started he was mounted in the midst of his own lines.

The ground was badly chosen by Prince Charles' advisers, chiefly O'Sullivan the Adjutant-General. It was "improper ground for Highlanders" and gave all the advantages to Cumberland with his dragoons and artillery. Many of the Prince's men had not yet returned from foraging and resting after an abortive night march; also absent was the large force of MacKenzies, Mackinnons, MacGregors and MacDonalds, away under Lord Cromartie in the North. But the protracted confusion in mustering and deploying may have accounted for the unusual Highland tactics and for the tragic delay before the onset of the charge.

The Jacobite guns opened fire. They were ill-served and caused little damage, but were quickly answered by the whole Hanoverian artillery under the able command of Colonel Belford. The Highlanders grew restive under the destructive cannonading, but at last they were given the order to attack. With a cold shower of sleet beating in their faces, they charged through the smoke. In the centre, the Mackintoshes under young MacGillivray, followed by the MacLeans and MacLachlans, received a severe volley of fire from Price's Regiment and this caused them to swerve to the right. The Frasers, Appin Stewarts, Camerons and the Athollmen of Lord George Murray's right wing were thus sorely pressed between them and the long stone dyke. The charging force broke through the extreme left of the Hanoverian front and Barrell's and Munro's Regiments suffered most of the casualties.

Before the Highland charge the Duke had moved Onslow's Regiment (its colonel was Wolfe, the father of the future general) forward past Barrell's and at right angles to it. At the same time the Argyll Militia, down towards the River Nairn, had broken through the east and west park walls to facilitate the outflanking movement by five squadrons of dragoons and had then come up to a position near the stone dyke, from where they could inflict heavy fire on the Jacobite right flank. On the left flank the Clan Donald regiments had further to go over more difficult ground and early in their charge the gallant Keppoch fell mortally wounded. The Prince, who had withdrawn himself to a new position, now marked by a stone, could not exercise adequate command from there and so use his second line or reserves with effect. Thus his right and centre suffered terribly. All that courage could do was done, but the Stuart Cause was lost. Only the valiant and successful stand near Culchunaig by Lord Elcho and his Life Guards against the superior number of regular dragoons, saved the Jacobite army from encirclement and so allowed the right wing, protected by Ogilvie's Angus Regiment as rearguard, to march off the field in good order. From the left wing, under the Duke of Perth, the MacDonalds saw that their right was in retreat and they too withdrew, covered gallantly by Stapleton's Irish Picquets. As soon as pursuit was possible, the Highlanders from this wing were ridden down and slaughtered by Kingston's Horse all the way to Inverness, along with many innocent bystanders.

The battle was over before two o'clock. The Prince remained on the field as long as any hope lingered and then, with a few friends, turned and rode off to the south-west. He halted a short time at the farm of Balvraid to observe events and then resumed his flight. About 1,500 of his men, including the Macpherson regiment which had been hurrying to the battle, re-assembled at Ruthven in Badenoch, where a few days later they received the Prince's message to disperse.

The Hanoverian casualties were estimated at the time as 310 killed and wounded, although later information puts this figure considerably higher. The Jacobite losses are more difficult to assess, but it is believed they amounted, in the battle and subsequent pursuit, to about 1,200. No quarter was given by Cumberland to either wounded or prisoners after the battle, and the murder of seventeen officer prisoners near Culloden House two days later, is but one well-known example. The cruelties at Culloden were a foretaste of the system of fire and blood by which he devastated the Highlands, to earn execration for his name and the undying epithet of "Bloody Butcher". He created a desert and called it peace.

The Orders of Battle

JACOBITE ARMY	HANOVERIAN ARMY
(1007) *CAVALRY* (780)	
Lord Balmerino's Life Guards	*Lord Cobham's 10th Dragoons (later 10th Hussars)*
Lord Elcho's Life Guards	*Lord Mark Kerr's 11th Dragoons (later 11th Hussars)*
Fitzjames' Horse, under O'Shea	*Duke of Kingston's Light Horse (later Duke of Cumberland's Dragoons)*
*Bagot's Hussars**	
(?) *ARTILLERY* (120)	
13 guns of various calibres	*10 3-pounder battalion guns*
	6 coehorn mortars
(4,700) *INFANTRY* (7,900)	
RIGHT WING	*St. Clair's 1st Foot (Royal Scots)*
Lord George Murray's Atholl Brigade: (Robertsons, Stewarts, Menzies, Rattrays, Spaldings and Murrays)	*Howard's 3rd Foot (The Buffs)*
Mercer of Aldie's Athollmen (1st Bn.)	*Barrell's 4th King's Own Foot (later K.O.R.R.)*
Menzies of Shian's Athollmen, with Campbells of Glenlyon (3rd Bn.)	*Onslow's (or Wolfe's) 8th King's Foot (later King's (Liverpool) Regiment)*
Lord Nairne's Athollmen (2nd Bn.)	*Pulteney's 13th Foot (later Somerset Light Infantry)*
Clan Cameron, under Lochiel	*Price's 14th Foot (later W. Yorks. Regt.)*
Stewarts of Appin, with MacLarens, under Ardsheal	*Bligh's 20th Foot (later Lancs. Fus.)*
Lovat's Frasers, under Inverallochy	*Campbell's 21st Royal North British Fusiliers (later R.S.F.)*
CENTRE	*Lord Sempill's 25th Edinburgh Regt. (later K.O.S.B.)*
Lady Mackintosh's Clan Chattan, under MacGillivray	*Blakeney's 27th Foot (later Royal Inniskilling Fus.)*
MacLachlan's Clan Lachlan, with MacLeans under Drimmin, also Raasay MacLeods	*Cholmondeley's 34th Foot (later Border Regiment)*
Farquharsons, under Monaltrie	*Fleming's 36th Foot (later Worcs. Regt.)*
John Roy Stewart's Edinburgh Regt.	*Munro's 37th Foot (later R. Hampshire Regiment)*
Chisholms, under the Chief's son	*Ligonier's 48th Foot (later Northants. Regiment)*
LEFT WING	*Battereau's 62nd Foot (later disbanded)*
Clanranald's MacDonalds	*Lord Loudoun's Highlanders (later 64th, then disbanded). One Company only present at the battle*
Keppoch's MacDonells, with MacDonalds of Glencoe, also some Seaforth Mackenzies under Torridon	*Argyll Militia (Campbells).*
MacDonells of Glengarry, under Lochgarry, with Grants of Glen Urquhart	*Independent Companies, used mostly as baggage guards*
Lord Lewis Gordon's Regiment: Including Stoneywood's Aberdeen Bn. and Avochie's Strathbogie Bn.*	
Lord Ogilvie's Angus Regiment (2 Bns.)	
*Bannerman of Elsick's Regiment**	
Duke of Perth's Regiment, with MacGregors	
Lord John Drummond's Scots Royal Regiment (in French service)	
Lally's, Dillon's and Rooth's Irish Picquets, under Stapleton (in French service)	
Gordon of Glenbucket's Regiment	
Lord Kilmarnock's Horse Guards	
Lord Pitsligo's Banffshire Horse	
Lord Strathallan's Perthshire Horse (These three units were dismounted)	
See also note (v)	

FRONT LINE

SECOND LINE

RESERVE

NOTES—

(i) *Only those Hanoverian badges known to have been in use at the time of the battle are shown overleaf.*

(ii) *The Jacobite badges shown are those of Chiefs who took part or whose clans were substantially represented.*

(iii) *The approximate strengths of the various arms on each side are shown in parenthesis.*

(iv) *The Jacobite infantry is arranged here as it may have been deployed, in two lines, starting from the Right of the Line.*

(v) *On the Jacobite side the units marked with an asterisk (*) may possibly have been behind the second line, or in reserve.*

(vi) *The precedence numbers in the Line are given for Hanoverian regiments for easy identification, although these were not officially recognised until 1751.*

The coloured and diagrammatic interpretation of the Battle (overleaf) was designed by Don Pottinger, D.A., Edinburgh, from information supplied by Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that Ilk, Bart., Ph.D. An enlargement of the map is now displayed at Culloden Battlefield.

The text and Orders of Battle are by Lt.-Col. I. B. Cameron Taylor, the Trust's historian, and the Gaelic account (overleaf) was written by the late Dr. Calum I. MacLean, School of Scottish Studies, Edinburgh.

Revised edition, 1970
Lithographed and printed in Scotland.
George Waterston & Sons Ltd.

CULLODEN MOOR

UPON THIS FIELD, ON THE SIXTEENTH OF APRIL, 1746,

was fought the tragic last battle on British soil. It ended the civil war between the supporters of rival branches of the Royal Family. The Hanoverians upheld King George II, the nearest Protestant heir to the throne, while the Jacobites still adhered to his exiled cousin James, the "King over the Water," who was the senior heir. After raising the Standard at Glenfinnan in 1745, his son, 25-year old Prince Charles Edward, led the Jacobite forces as far south as Derby and had defeated the Hanoverians in a series of battles. At Culloden, they numbered under 5,000, and were already exhausted by hunger and a long night march to attempt surprise. They were faced by about 9,000 troops, mainly veteran regular soldiers, commanded by King George's son, the Duke of Cumberland, a seasoned campaigner who had been commander-in-chief at Fontenoy against the French. These professional soldiers stood firm despite the gallant charges of the Jacobite highlanders. In this bitterly decisive battle, the Prince's army was outflanked and then defeated, with great accompanying brutality, by his kinsman Cumberland. Prince Charles, after months in hiding, escaped to France.

THA NA LOTAN A NIS SLÀN: GABHADH ALBA A H-ÀITE DLIGHEACH MAR RÌOGHACHD

CLANS WHICH TOOK PART

ATHOLL

CAMERON

CHISHOLM

DRUMMOND

FARQUHARSON

FRASER OF LOVAT

GORDON

MACDONALD

MACKINTOSH

MACLACHLAN

MACLEAN

MACLEOD OF RAASAY

MENZIES

OGILVIE

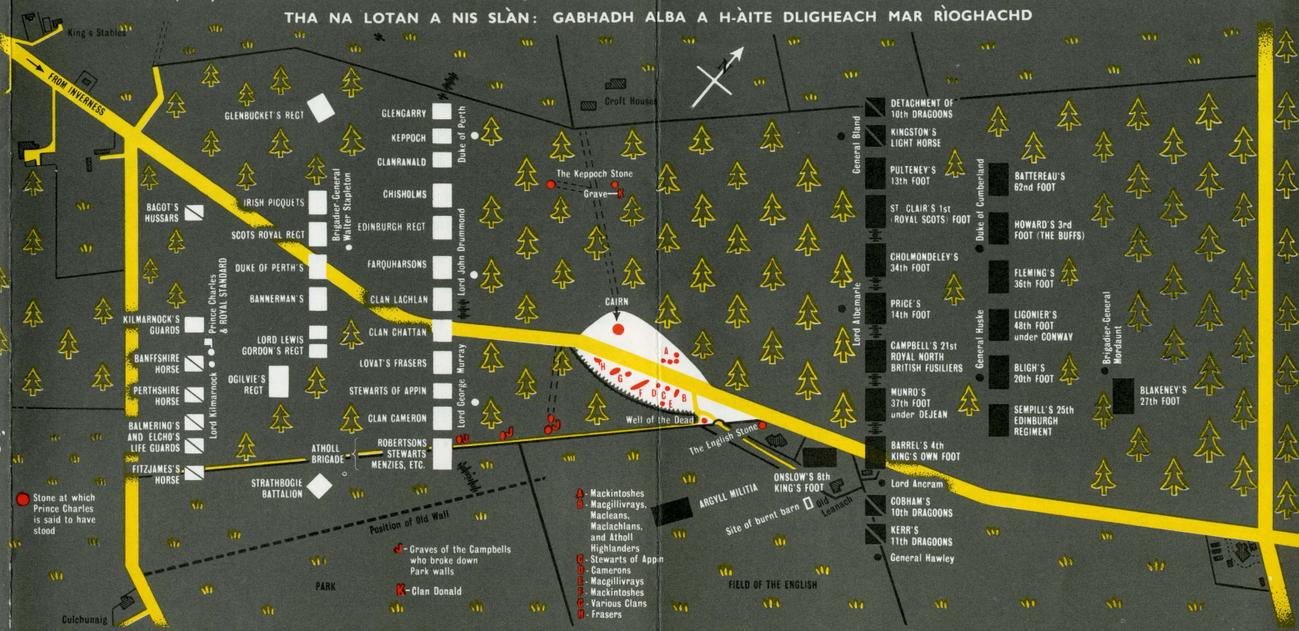
ROBERTSON

STEWART OF APPIN

PRINCE CHARLES' ARMS

THE UNICORN OF THE STUARTS

THE WHITE COCKADE



THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR SCOTLAND

now has the responsibility on behalf of the nation, for guarding the scene of this historic battle, the burial place of those who fell, and the memorials which have been raised. The cairn and the ground about it within the clearing, where lie the clansmen, were gifted to the Trust in 1944 by Mr Hector Forbes of Culloden, together with Old Leanach farmhouse and the King's Stables to the west. The field on which the Cumberland Stone stands was acquired from Mr Forbes at the same time for a nominal sum. A part of the Field of the English was presented to the Trust by the late Mr Alexander Munro of Leanach in 1937, and in 1959 his son, Mr Ian Munro, added considerably to this gift.

For many years before they became Trust properties, the Culloden memorials were maintained in dignified simplicity by the Gaelic Society of Inverness. In its task now, the Trust hopes that many who visit the site will help by their contributions, or by becoming members of the Trust. . . . 5 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

REGIMENTS WHICH TOOK PART

1st (ROYAL SCOTS) FOOT

3rd FOOT (THE BUFFS)

4th KING'S OWN FOOT

8th KING'S FOOT

21st ROYAL NORTH BRITISH FUSILIERS

KINGSTON'S LIGHT HORSE

ARGYLL MILITIA

CLAN CAMPBELL

KING GEORGE'S ARMS

THE WHITE HORSE OF HANOVER

THE BLACK COCKADE

DON POTTINGER.

BHA AN LÀ glas le garbh-ghailleann bho'n ear-thuath agus coltas silidh agus flishneachda oirre. Bha an dà arm air an cur an òrdugh mu uair feasgar, agus bha iad eadar ceithir cheud agus còig ceud troigh bho chéile agus an t-astar a' dol am meud air an taobh a tuath. Ghabh am Prionnsa Teàrlach ceannas an airm air fhéin an cheud uair an là sin agus bha e a' marcachd air feadh an raoin a' brosnachadh a chuid sluaigh mun do shuidhich e e fhéin làmh ris a' Bhrataich agus Freiceadan Thighearna Chill Meàrnaig mu'n cuairt air. Chuir Diùc Uilleam agus a cheannardan eòlach arm Hanobhair air dheagh ghleus agus bha a' bhuil air an la gun robh am barrachd de ghunnaichean mòra aca. Dh' fhaoite gun do rannsaich an Diùc suidheachadh a' bhlàir bho'n cloich mhòir a tha air a h-ainmeachadh air, ach an uair a thòisich an cath bha e air muin eich 'na chuid rangan fhéin.

Bhrùchd gunnaichean Hanobhair, agus iad air am freasgairt gu h-ealanta, am mach an teine bho thaobh na Seann Leamhnaich agus bu bheag a dhèanadh meanbhghunnaichean gann nan Seumasach riutha. Dh' fhàs na Gaidheil neo-fhoiseil fo'n leadairt sgriosail seo agus mu dheireadh thall fhuair iad am facal a dhol sìos. Le fuar-fhras fhlishneachda 'nan aodann, air an adhart a ghabh iad troimh 'n cheò. Anns a' mheadhoinn bha Clann an Tòisich agus fhuair an ceannard Mac Ghille Bhràth Og, iad fein agus Clann Ghille Eathain agus Clann Lachlainn 'nan deaghaidh droch làmhach bho réiseamaid Phrice agus b' fheudar daibh aomadh do'n laimh dheis. Uime sin bha làmh cheart an airm, na Frisealaich, Stiùbhartaich na h-Apuinn, na Camaranaich agus fir Athail fo'n Tighearna Deòrsa Moireach, air an prannadh eatorra agus an gàrradh fada cloiche. Ghabh lamh chlì arm Hanobhair am briseadh roimh 'n ionnsaidh seo agus b' iad réiseamaidean Bharrel agus an Rothaich bu mhò a mhilleadh.

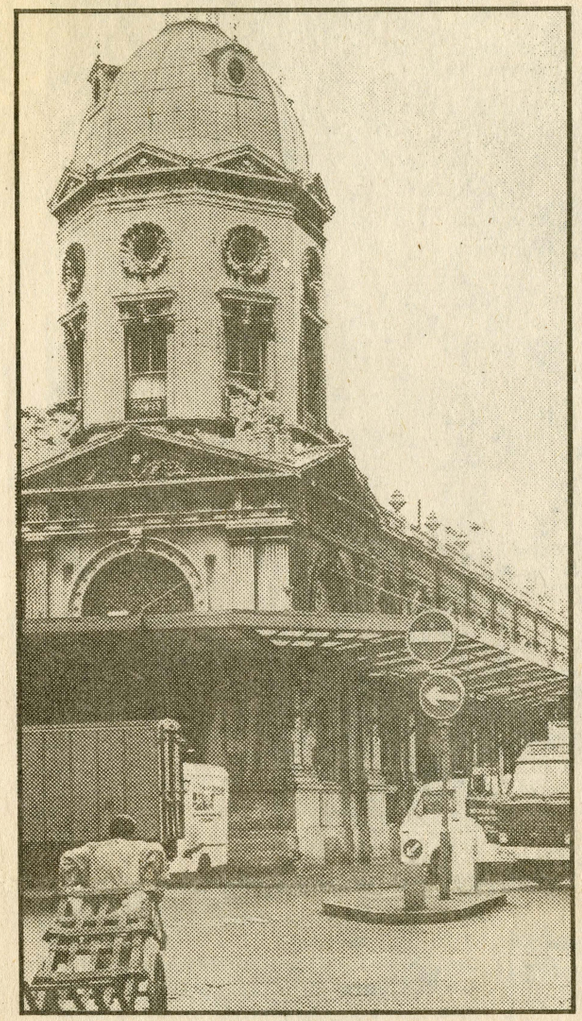
Roimhe seo ghluais an Diùc cuid de réiseamaid Wolfe suas seachad air réiseamaid Bharrel agus an cliathaich dìreach riutha. Aig a' cheart-am bhris Milisi Earra-Ghàidheal, agus iad eadar sin is Abhainn Narunn, na ballachan cloiche a bh' air pàirc Chuil-chuinneag gus cothrom cuartachaidh a thoirt do na còig réiseamaidean Mharcach agus bha iad fhéin air teannadh suas faisg air a ghàrradh far am faodadh iad làmh cheart nan Seumasach a a theilgeil gu dian. Air an làimh chlì bha aig Cloinn Domhnaill ri dhol troimh gharbhlach agus tràth 's an dol sìos thuit Mac 'ic Raghnaill treun le guin a bhais. Tharrainn am Prionnsa air ais gu ionad ùr, a tha an diugh air a chomharrachadh le cloich, ach cha rachadh aige air a chul-taic a chur gu feum agus dhìoghail meadhoinn agus làmh cheart an airm aige air gu goirt. Rinneadh na dhèanadh cruadal, ach chaidh cùis nan Stiùbhartach gu neo-ni. Mur b'e an seasamh calma, buadhmhor a rinn Freiceadan Thighearna Eallachaidh aig Cuil-chunaig an aodann buidhne bu lìonmhoire de Mharcaich cheangailte, bha an t-arm Seumasach air a chuartachadh, ach chaidh aig an làimh cheart, agus réiseamaid Thighearna Oguilbhidh 'gan dion bho'n cùl, air an Raon fhàgail an deagh uidheam. Chunnaic Clann Domhnaill gun do ghabh an làmh cheart an iomain chùil agus theann iad fhéin air ais, ach air ball lean Marcaich Kingston iad agus rinn iad saltairt agus àr 'nam measg.

Bha am blàr seachad roimh dha uair feasgar. Dh' fhuirich am Prionnsa air an fhaiche cho fada is a bha aon dòchas ann agus an uair sin thionndaidh e fhéin agus beagan chàirdean agus rinn iad air an àird an iar-dheas. Stad e tamull aig baile-fearainn Bhaile Bhràghaid gu faiceadh e na bha a' tachairt agus an sin lean e air. Chruinnich 1,500 de chuid dhaoine an Ruadhainn am Bàideanach agus orra sin bha réiseamaid de Chloinn a' Phearsain a chaill am blàr, agus dà là an déidh sin fhuair iad òrdugh bho'n Phrionnsa sgapadh.

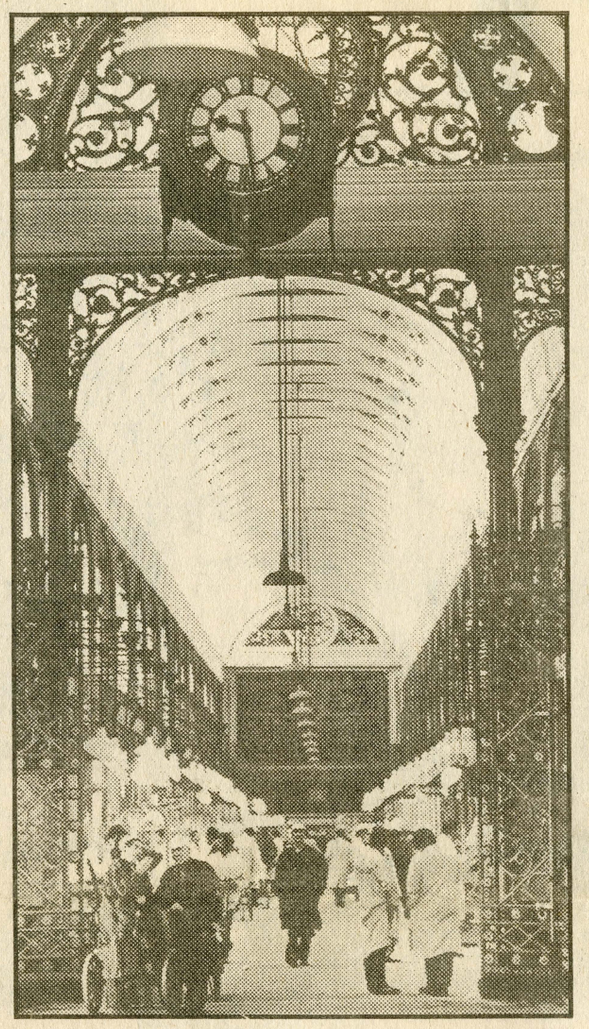
Mheasadh gun do chaill luchd Hanobhair 310 eadar mharbh is leòinte, ach chaill na Seumasaich 1,200 's a' chath agus anns an ruaig 'na dhéidh. Bu bheag am meachainn a nochd Diùc Uilleam a dh' aon chuid do leòinte no do phrìosanaich an déidh a' bhlàir. Cha robh brùidealachd Chuil-lodair ach 'na thoiseach-tòiseachaidh de'n léirsgrios agus de'n àr a dh' iomair e air a' Ghàidhealtachd agus a choisinn grain nam mollachd air fhéin agus a thoill dha am farainm " Buidsear na Feòla."

A Tumultuous Corner of London

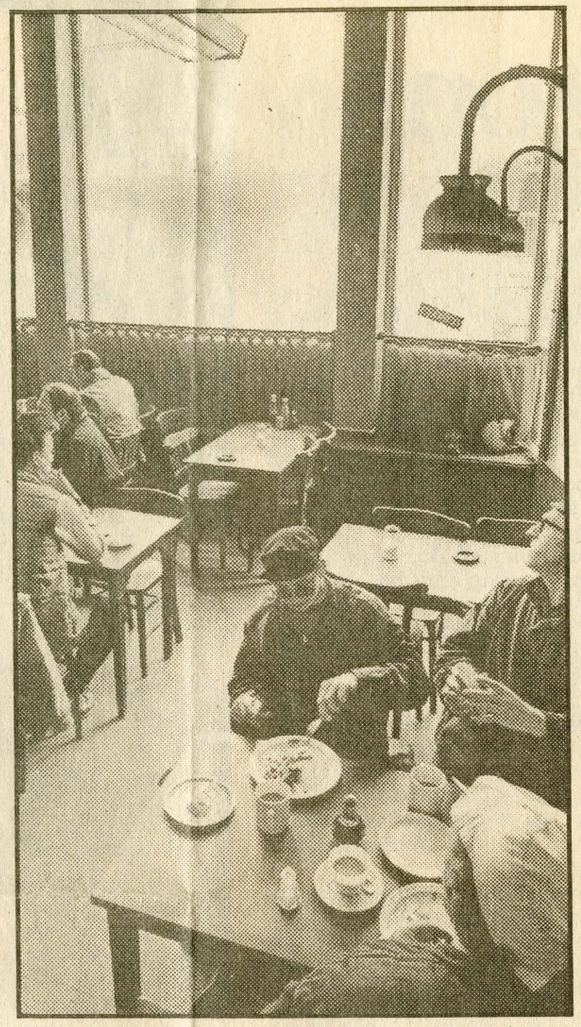
Smithfield Meat Market is a place of banter and barter, medieval and Hogarthian echoes



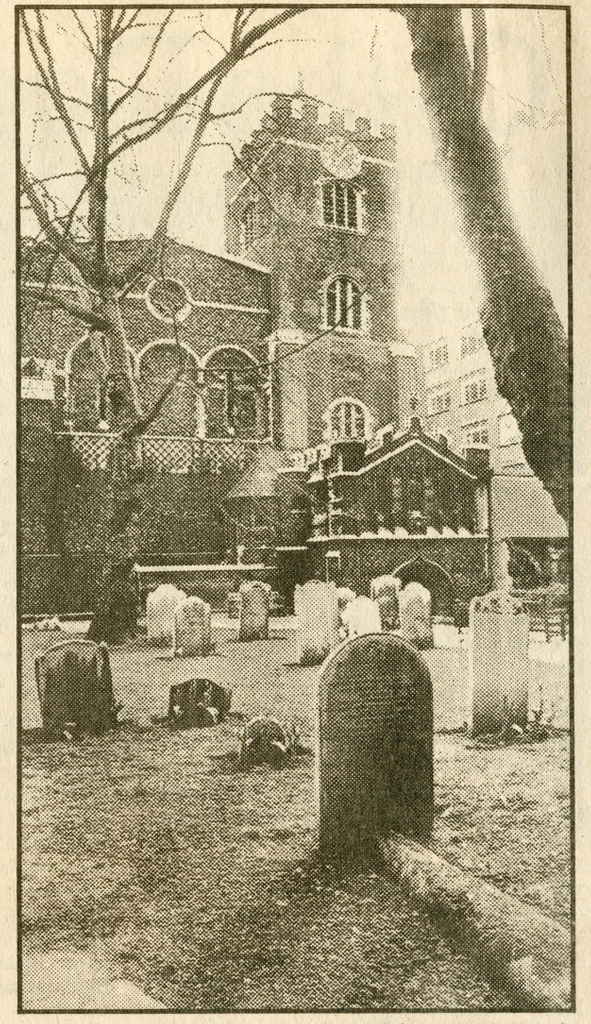
A "bummaree" outside the ornate market.



Under the glass and cast-iron roof.



Porters take a break in a market cafe.



St. Bartholomew's was a medieval priory.

Photographs by Barry Lewis/Network

By DAVID YEADON

The tightly clustered little neighborhood around Smithfield Meat Market is a corner of central London that even longtime Londoners rarely explore. It lies at the northern edge of the City, the old London of Roman and medieval times, a 10-minute walk from St. Paul's Cathedral, and possesses all those enticements that City-lovers seem to admire — pubs with traditions and antique charm, inexpensive restaurants serving the freshest of meats and vegetables, old churches, priories and bits of ancient walls, tranquil squares and odd little nooks and crannies where history is embalmed in worn bricks and cobblestones.

Charterhouse Square School at the top end of the market once tutored John Wesley and Thackeray, and in Bartholomew Close are the one-time lodgings of Washington Irving and of Benjamin Franklin, who worked at a printer's office in the back of St. Bartholomew the Great's Lady Chapel.

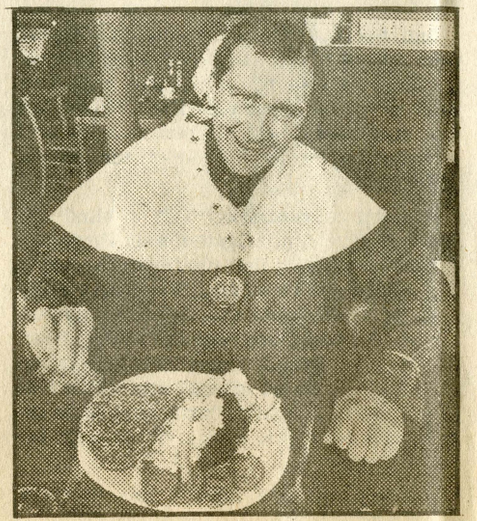
William Hogarth, the painter and satirist, was born just by the market and almost found himself press-ganged there into His Majesty's Navy while enjoying a binge at one of the local pubs. The date was 1723 and Hogarth explained in a note to a friend that his revelry was merely a way of gathering material for "The Rake's Progress," his best-known series of satirical illustrations. He enjoyed, he said, "this rowdy and tumultuous place."

DAVID YEADON is the author of several travel books, including "Hidden Corners of Britain" (W. W. Norton).

The area has always been tumultuous. From 1123 until the middle of the 19th century the great grassy expanse of "Smoothfield," just outside the old City walls, was the site of the annual fair of St. Bartholomew, the largest and most boisterous market in the country. There were cloth fairs, too, medieval horse fairs, mule fairs and even the occasional sale of erring wives. Jousting tournaments, horse races, floggings and executions were presented regularly; the royal lineage of Richard II was preserved in 1381 by the decisive sword stroke of the Lord Mayor of London, which toppled the rebel Wat Tyler, and in the gory traditions of the 16th century, Roman Catholics were burned at the stake to satiate an angry God. There was even a "boiling" when poor John Roose, a cook, was scalded to death in 1570 for trying to poison the Bishop of Rochester.

This is London's last major market. Covent Garden, once smothered in its daily quotas of fruit and flowers, has been transformed into a popular mall of fashionable shops and restaurants; Billingsgate recently bid farewell to its fish, and there's even talk about moving Leadenhall (meat, poultry and fish). But Smithfield continues undaunted by all the changes. Housed in a vast and ornate cast-iron "palace" built in 1868 and brimming with dragons and griffins and domed octagonal towers, it is England's largest meat and poultry market. Covering over 10 acres and employing almost 3,000 people, the market sells more than 4,000 tons of meat, poultry and game on a good day from almost two miles of storefronts. Whatever kind of meat buyers need, they find it here, from the primest of prime Angus, the fattest lambs from the southern wolds, the gamiest grouse and pheasant, rabbits, ducks, partridges, hams, smoked bacon, green bacon, Irish bacon, Danish bacon and dozens of exotic imported meats. There's even a small fish and vegetable section and a score of retail outlets at the bottom end for "small buyers."

Smithfield's day begins at 11 P.M. when most Londoners are retiring for the night. The "pitchers" and "humpers" arrive to unload thousands of tons of carcasses from roaring trucks, and "cutters" begin the long job of chopping and trimming for the 5 A.M. opening Monday to Friday. Dickens was moved by the scene and in "Oliver Twist" described the "cries of hawkers, the shouts, the oaths, the quarrelling on all sides . . . the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market . . ."



Breakfast at Arthur's.

It's not quite that bad now. The humpers and cutters work fast and quietly and the "bummarees" (porters) wheel enormous carcasses around on their small-wheeled trolleys, heads down, busy as ants. Only around 6 A.M. does the din really start.

Buyers arrive to banter and barter, hundreds of trucks wait outside with engines revving to transport orders around the country, the floor is slippery with blood and anatomical bits and pieces, and some of the pubs around the market open up (usually until 9:30 A.M.) and entice weary bummarees to sneak in a pint or two before returning refreshed to the fray.

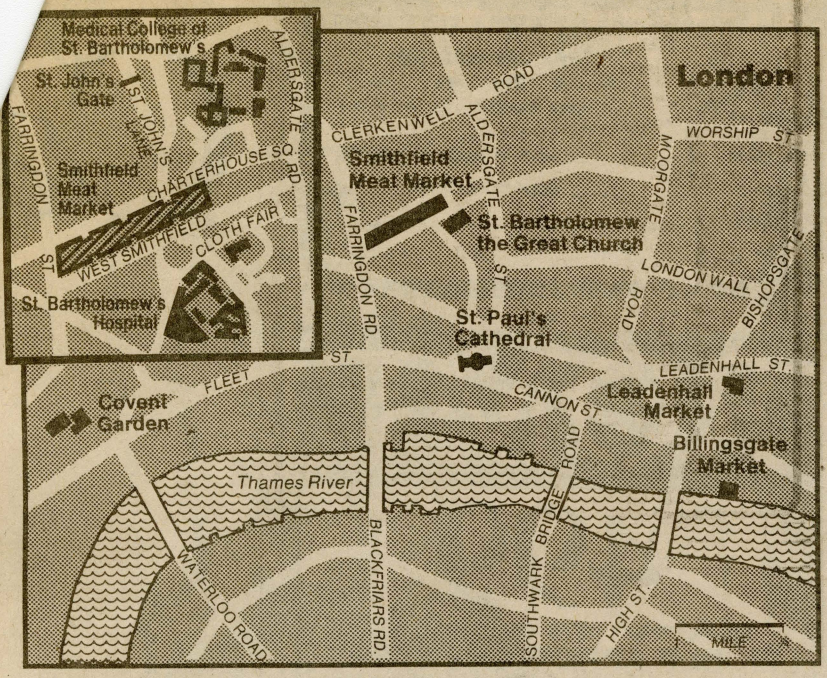
Hundreds of halves of beef, lamb and pork hang like pink coats in a gory cloakroom. The aroma of cooking from a score of snack bars rolls down the market concourses under the soaring glass and cast-iron roof. The breakfasts are enormous and cheap. At Arthur's Restaurant I had a brimming platter of bacon, sausage, black pudding, kidneys, eggs, tomatoes, beans, fried bread and "bubble and squeak" (fried chopped cabbage and potato), all for $2.50, including a pot of tea and endless bread and butter (plus an offer from the plump little cook to "have a bit more, love, its a chilly morning"). I didn't expect to be hungry after all those racks of meat. I didn't expect to be thirsty either but there I was at 7 in the morning drinking a creamy-topped pint of Taylor-Walker bitter ale at the Smithfield Tavern, chatting with buyers and watching two bummarees in blood-stained overalls and cute little caps down brandies like orange juice and then hit three double-20's in a row on the dartboard.

By 10 A.M. the pace begins to slow. Many of the serious bulk buyers have left and the daily accounting starts at the wholesalers' stalls. Hooks hang empty from the overhead racks and the bright lights (they make meat look extra clean) shine on bloody sawdust floors. In West Smithfield Park outside the vast arched entrance, pitchers, cutters and bummarees sit around an ornate fountain nibbling on sandwiches before returning home to an early dinner and bed by 2 P.M. Others crowd back into the market pubs — the Cock Tavern (actually inside the market), the Hope, Hand and Shears, Smithfield Tavern, the Barley Mow and the Bishop's Finger, all of which reopen at 11 A.M. Office workers and shoppers mingle with buyers and porters and enjoy some of the best and least expensive steaks in town. My favorite steakhouse pub is the Fox and Anchor (about $7.50 for a good lunch) across from the market's northern entrance at 116 Charterhouse Street; it is plain in the best sense of the word.

St. John's Gate is the next stop for explorers. A two-minute stroll down St. John's Lane leads to this delicate 16th-century stone gatehouse spanning the narrow street. It was originally an entrance to the sprawling Priory of the Order of St. John (Knights

Continued on Page 26

Smithfield



The New York Times / Jan. 15, 1984

Continued From Page 16

Hospitallers), founded in 1148 as one of a wealth of priories, monasteries, cloisters and hospitals built in this corner of London after the Norman conquest. A museum in the Council Chamber above the gate arch is full of relics of the Order's glories during the Crusades as well as a modest exhibition of its contemporary activities as the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. (Open from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday.)

Back down St. John's Lane and left on Charterhouse Street leads into Charterhouse Square, a tranquil place of trees and restored 17th-century townhouses. In one corner is an entrance to Sutton Hospital, a warren of tiny Elizabethan courts and alleys, once Charterhouse School and, since 1611, a home for "genteel men and military pensioners." Cobbled courts, ivy walls and an ancient water hand pump are reminders of how London must have looked 300 years ago. Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn, the old legal chambers in Holborn, are the only real remnants now.

Another echo of the past is the half-hidden church of St. Bartholomew the Great, approached from West Smithfield Park on the other side of the market. This area was badly damaged during both World Wars but a bomb dropped from a zeppelin blew off the street frontage and revealed a gem of an Elizabethan gatehouse. The gatehouse takes you through a sunken graveyard to the church, built as part of an Augustinian priory in 1123. Inside is a rich mysterious darkness. The upper levels and outer walls are delicate examples of Perpendicular and Early English styles but the core is a magnificent nave full of rotund columns and arches exuding that certainty of purpose that is the hallmark of Norman architecture. The rest of the building looks a little ephemeral, too full of superfluous details. The Norman nave has survived almost 900 years of changes, and it looks as if it might last another 900.

Wander through the narrow alleys around the church, along Cloth Fair (named for the medieval fair held here), past the Hand and Shears pub and back into Long Lane and the great blue and white extravaganza of the Smithfield Market building. By midday the place is quiet again. It's time for a long pub lunch or, better still, a create-it-yourself snack made up of meats and fruits from the market's small retail outlets.

There you'll find rabbit, game and duck pâtés (around $4 a pound), thinly sliced York ham ($2.50 a pound), freshly cooked tongue and brawn, a kind of headcheese ($1.50 a pound) potted meat (a sort of gelatinous beef pâté — $1 a pound), faggots (sausage patties made of pork), pork pies, veal and ham pies and sausage rolls (all around 75 cents for individual portions). You can buy bread from nearby stores, walk over to West Smithfield Park and enjoy an impromptu picnic in this hidden corner of the City before strolling west up High Holborn and back into the heart of a more familiar London. ■

BEGINNERS' WALES

Dulcet delights and old enchantments

BEGINNER'S Wales can be remarkably beguiling. Leave behind the harsh calculations of Birmingham or London and by travelling westwards you will bit by bit arrive in an up-and-down countryside where everything is rather softer.

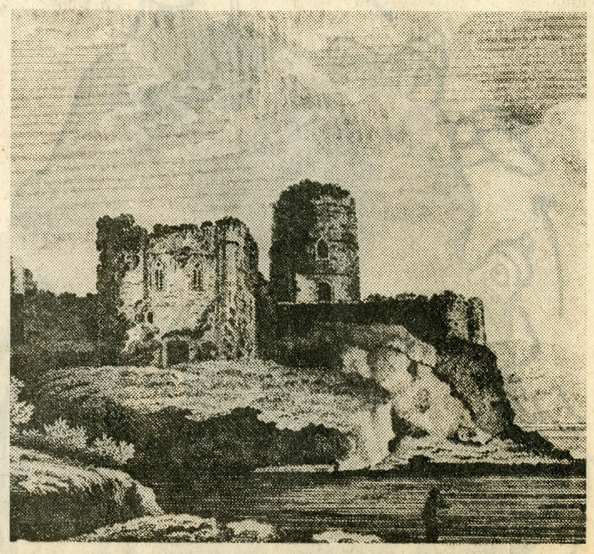
Not that the weather is peculiarly dulcet—it's an illusion no doubt, but it always seems to rain in Wales — nor that the inhabitants grow rich without trying—nothing is harder than to earn a decent living in some parts of Wales—but there is undoubtedly a softness thereabouts which does not show on maps.

It may be something to do with the gentle and hilly nature of the countryside. It may be to do with Wales's relative isolation during earlier centuries. Whatever the reason, you will rarely see a man angry with an animal in picture-postcard Cymru or other than agreeable when dealing with a child. A lot of the kindliness rubs off on visitors and this is one of the delights of a trip to Wales.

Of course, the West Country shares many of these qualities and it is sometimes hard to see what makes Wales and its people so very different, say, from the kindly folk and countryside of plump South Devon.

Part of the explanation lies, I think, in the ability of the Welsh to take their professional roles a little less than seriously. I have met Welsh postmen who bring you a newspaper along with the mail out of pure kindness, and changing-room attendants in swimming pools who will put aside all other business to help small children with hooks and buttons. The system gives to accommodate the individual and there is an agreeable lack of regimentation.

Another distinguishing feature of rural Wales is its relative poverty. This is not Volvo country and in most areas there is a notable absence of the wheeled hardware which can make Devon look like a mechanised corner of hell. Last year in Cardiganshire I saw one farm with the corn harvest gathered in stooks in the manner of generations now gone to their



Pembroke Castle, as 18th-century trippers saw it

long homes in the ground. What one sees in Wales is partly an older, slower, harder way of doing things which local people would be glad to escape from.

It is worth sparing a thought for matters like these. Otherwise beginner's Wales may seem entirely more idyllic than it is. As the stooks of Cardiganshire show, the past obtrudes in contemporary Wales. When it comes to history—to castles, forts, ecclesiastical ruins—the past presses so hard on the consciousness as almost to drive out the present. Moreover, the ruins themselves are in many cases so lovely as almost to drive out any genuine sense of the centuries of struggle and suppression which are their real meaning.

To begin with the border counties—the first physical boundary mark was Offa's Dyke, an earth wall indicating a division and today notable mainly as the course of a fine long-distance footpath. Here the romantic image has taken over from the harsher world of Offa.

Next come the Norman border castles. Many of these are splendid—none more so than White Castle, the best-preserved and most magically sited, a few miles north of Raglan. This row of fortifications was once a very meaningful barrier and is today a collection of romantic monuments.

Later, when the English kings tried to subdue Wales, they built more grandiose military establishments. The names of these castles —Harlech, Conway, Caerphilly— now belong to the roll-call of a sort of historical pageant invented for tourists and credulous schoolboys. They were built for war and for beating down people like Owen Glendower.

We also accept on rather too simple terms the beautiful ecclesiastical monuments of Wales—Tintern Abbey, Llanthony Priory, Strata Florida in its gentle western valley. Looked at more critically, these seem to have been part of a tradition quite alien to Welsh religious consciousness as it expressed itself when it had the freedom to do so. The visual poverty of Welsh domestic architecture may be an altogether better index of what things were really like.

Two other aspects of Wales are equally visible to visitors and seem to induce the same sense of enchantment as the monuments—without perhaps being so misleading. These are the coast and the hills.

The northern coast of Wales belongs by and large to the people of Liverpool and to other northerners. Their accents ring out clear in Rhyl and Llandudno. The south, with Porthcawl, that awesome caravanserai, belongs mostly to Cardiff and the Valleys; though the Gower Peninsula is glorious to any taste. Gower apart, the coast that strangers mostly make for is Pembrokeshire, the sweep of Cardigan Bay, the fragile and threatened Mawddach Estuary, and the Lleyn Peninsula. Given the right weather, all this is beyond doubt a fine region for a holiday.

And given good boots, a map and a little horse-sense, the Welsh hills are admirable for walkers. There is exquisite moor and river country in mid-Wales and, of course, the far grander Snowdonia in the north. This sombre mountain outcrop, penetrated by green shafts of farmland, has to be treated with real respect.

All these things—the kindliness, the monuments, the hills and sea—are readily accessible parts of beginner's Wales. But is this summer holiday vision anything like adequate?

I rather doubt it. This is because I have twice had the chance to glimpse a different sort of Wales. Working for 18 months on a newspaper in Cardiff, I was thrown into close enough contact with the industrial towns to discern, however dimly, another country altogether — one compounded of generosity and meanness of spirit, warped and warmed by its recent history, gutsy, disaster-prone and very serious. Tourists do not visit it.

And once for several days during a by-election I travelled through rural Carmarthenshire with Gwynfor Evans, leader of the Welsh Nationalists. Together we visited a historian-stationmaster and a poet-farmer. There were foxgloves in jam jars in the tiny village schoolrooms; and I knew when I listened to the country people talking in a tongue unknown to me that an Englishman could devote a lifetime to it and still understand just about half of what goes on in Wales.

Adam Hopkins

Cockles and Mrs Dabbs

THE GOWER Peninsula is for those in search of peace and quiet; and May, when the beautiful sandy beaches are deserted, is the time to go.

The Gower (an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty) lies to the west of the magnificent sweep of Swansea Bay. Like so much of the South Wales coast it is richly wooded, the trees often spreading almost to the edge of the cliffs overlooking the myriad small bays. This part of the country is still unspoilt and abounds in good walks, many of which are listed in A Guide to Gower (50p from most local bookshops and newsagents).

Of the numerous possible excursions, one in particular should not be missed: the north coast of the peninsula to the villages of Penclawdd and Crofty on the river estuary, the centre of the cockle industry. For hundreds of years the women of the villages and some of the men have gone out daily with pony and donkey carts to collect the cockles when the tide is right. To watch them in their brilliant red jackets and yellow sou'westers winding their way home in single file from the horizon across the marsh of the estuary to their villages is a touching and unforgettable sight.

The Gower does not have large numbers of smart hotels and is not for those looking for gay night life, though now that the Severn Bridge has been opened up, this may soon change.

A medium-sized hotel ideal for this type of gentle, meandering holiday is the Brynfield Hotel, Brynfield Road, Langland Bay, Swansea. It is five miles from the centre of Swansea, set in a wooded garden and close to the beach, cliffs, golf course and tennis courts. Mr and Mrs Dabbs, the proprietors, have an unusual knack of creating a country-house atmosphere in their hotel. The service is very personal; in their own words, "We enjoy our home and want to share it with our guests." The hotel is fully licensed and Mrs Dabbs is a splendid cook; her Sunday-night supper goodies from the trolley alone are worth the visit!

Stella Frank

EIRE



Far from the troubles . . . the peace and unspoilt (un-affluent) space of Ireland's far west

Gentle Killarney's invisible IRA

ALL OF US in the mountainside bar at Lady's View overlooking Killarney and its lakes were busy avoiding the subject when an American tourist walked in. He ordered an Irish coffee and, with native subtlety, addressed the gathering: "Hey, guys, these mountains would sure make a good training ground for the IRA."

Sean, behind the bar, perked up. "Oh, indeed, yes sor!" he said with a hint of a twinkle in his eye.

"Tell me, how many guys from the IRA d'you have up here?" asked the American.

"Oh, about 20, sor."

"And what about between here and Dublin?"

"Oh, a good two t'ousand, sor."

"Well, why the heck don't you get 'em all together up here, put 'em through a commando course and then send them over to sort out the North?"

"Well, we would, sor . . . but it's the Garda, y'see."

"The Garda?"

"Yes, the Garda, the police."

"Oh . . . well how many Garda are there up here?"

"Oh, just the two, sor, but they're very vigilant."

That tongue-in-cheek way is how most people in the Republic of Ireland want to discuss the troubles in the North with tourists. And inevitably it is the Americans, ever eager to forget the problems of their own country and analyse somebody else's, who give them the most opportunity for discussion.

But if you avoid the Americans and are deaf to that sharper edge which the Irish are now giving to the rebel songs they traditionally sing in their bars, then you'll find it difficult to realise you're on a strife-torn island where civilians and soldiers have, in five short years, been killed in their hundreds.

I was there with my family in October and despite marked English accents and mannerisms we met nothing but hospitality, whether in shops or bars, on boats or beaches. The Southern Irish might hold grievances against us collectively, but they seem pleased to greet us as individuals.

Their approach was summed up, neatly and unexpectedly, by our pony-and-trap driver in Killarney. As we jogged up the Gap of Dunloe with the mountains and the shadows closing in on us, he told us: "Tourism is the big industry here. And it's the English we rely on. The Americans who come may have plenty of money but they rarely stay long enough to spend it. We see few of them up the Gap but the English come here to relax and take many of the tourist trips. Wherever they come from, people are entitled to a holiday and it's our business to help them enjoy it."

The reason, then, for the continuing Irish hospitality may be more commercial than traditional but it doesn't stop you having a good holiday. Mind you, I would be a trifle inhospitable myself if I really recommended a holiday in Dublin or the border areas in the present situation.

There are plenty of gateways to the Republic other than Dublin and most of them are close to the dramatic coastal scenery and magnificent mountains which so distinguish Ireland. Car ferries from Wales take you to Rosslare and Cork, and Aer Lingus fly regularly from London and Manchester to Cork and Shannon.

It was from Cork that we started and, without travelling hundreds of miles, were able to enjoy all the pleasing and peaceful aspects of Ireland. It seemed only minutes before we were installed in the historic harbour town of Kinsale.

If you go to Ireland for action, then Kinsale boasts one of the country's best discothèques, which appears to be built into the rock-face behind the White Lady Inn. Or you can take to the high seas—deep-sea fishing for blue shark.

If you prefer to enjoy the sea from dry land, you can explore the splendid coastal scenery by road, driving to the Old Head of Kinsale (where tall, slender walls of granite stand isolated in the swell beside the dramatic cliffs), or to the gentler hills and coves around Oysterhaven.

The coast never ceases to delight as you travel west. If you want to stay amid this scenery, two quiet, unspoilt villages boast comfortable accommodation and can be particularly recommended. If you want to look out over a peaceful estuary, then stop at Courtmacsherry. If you prefer a cliff-lined bay then go to Castletownshend, with its High Street almost tumbling into the sea.

But it was October when we went to Ireland—the best and quietest time to explore the country's grandest and most popular scenery: Killarney and the mountains surrounding it. We could have had no better introduction to the area: the red autumn sun setting behind the peaks of the Beara Peninsula as we climbed the pass out of Glengarrif.

We saw few cars that evening or on any of our drives in the mountains. At times we could literally have a forest park or a beach to ourselves. And in Killarney we found ourselves alone as we explored Muckross Abbey with its surviving upper storeys; we were the only people out rowing on the large Lower Lake; we shopped in comfort, picking up excellent end-of-season bargains.

There amid the perspiring, pulsating, laughing Irish faces, the troubles seemed continents away. Yet even in Killarney there are gentle reminders of the Irish situation. The jaunting-car drivers, their number swelled in anticipation of a tourist flood which has been halted by the troubles, are now forced to tout frantically for customers like taxi-drivers at an airport. And top-class hotels, also desperate for business, are offering rooms with bath and an incredible view for £2 a night out of season.

Frankly, it's a bargain. And you can hardly feel you're cashing in on the troubles, for if you don't go the Irish will be in an even worse plight.

Tony Dawe

Turning on and tuning in

By JOHN FAIRHALL, Education Correspondent

A NATIONWIDE news network for student radio stations will be proposed at this weekend's conference at Warwick University of the National Association of Student Broadcasting.

Radio stations are already run by 10 universities, and four more are hoping to start broadcasting shortly. All the stations put out some news programmes, covering national and campus events, usually using the BBC and the press as sources. But the standard varies widely and some of the student radio directors are looking for something more consistent.

"A student can feel very isolated," said Mr Graham Sanders, the director of University Radio Warwick. 'A university radio station can help him. And every student belongs to the national student body, so a national news network operating through the Telex system could give students a degree of solidarity that's missing."

Biggest of the stations is University Radio Essex, which broadcasts 66 hours a week and has 98 students and staff regularly involved. During the week, broadcasting starts with "Good Morning, Campus," a programme consisting mainly of music designed to get students up and off to lectures.

But today broadcasting starts at 6 30 p.m., with "Tardis Two"—a mixture of music, news, offers and requests for lifts, and goods for sale and wanted. URE programme planners obviously share the problems of the national services and this evening will be putting out two repeats. One is a documentary on the pirate radio era produced by a student now with the BBC.

German, French, and Japanese lessons are other regular items on the Essex station.

The student radio stations are not allowed to transmit beyond the campus—and GPO detector vans check fairly regularly. University Radio Kent was temporarily closed after student broadcasts had been picked up around Kent and in London. The Lancaster University station, Radio Bailrigg, was also closed and is due to restart next term.

The Loughborough, Stirling and Swansea stations are the most recent to go on the air. North-east London Polytechnic, Mid-Warwickshire College, and East Anglia and Bradford Universities all have hopes of their own stations.

The normal pattern is for the students to build much of the equipment themselves, with the university or students' union providing the cash for any extra requirements.

Mr Sanders, of Warwick, argues that campus stations enable students to put out programmes of an originality and spontaneity that would not be permitted on a national service. "The function of radio is changing more to community style, so this is useful training."

Leader comment, page 10

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ES, APRIL 15 1973

Wanted: £1m to save a crumbling socialist dream

By Michael Moynihan

THE SURVIVAL of New Lanark, the former cotton-mill village 25 miles south of Glasgow, created in the early 19th century by Robert Owen, the great reformer and "father of British socialism," hangs in the balance. What has been described as "one of the finest monuments to the industrial revolution in the world" could crumble away if a massive restoration scheme fails to emerge from two newly-completed feasibility reports suggesting new uses for its mostly derelict buidings.

New Lanark, tucked away like some industrial Shrangri-la in a deep and lovely valley of the Upper Clyde, is a sad example of a neglected part of our national heritage. Visitors from Europe, the United States and Japan have recently come to see it, but it figures in few guide-books and is regarded as a redundant eyesore by most inhabitants of the market town of Lanark, a mile up the hill. It would come as a surprise to most Scotsmen to hear it described by Professor S. G. E. Lythe, of the Department of Economic History at the University of Strathclyde, as "unique and just as much worth preserving as Stonehenge."

Located in this isolated valley in the late 19th century to utilise the water power of the Falls of Clyde, the imposing complex of grey stone buildings is virtually unchanged from its heyday. But it is the memory of Robert Owen, who evolved the first Utopian working community here as paternalistic mill-owner from 1800 to 1825, that has drawn a steady stream of pilgrims over the years. And today, many are shocked by what they see.

Ghost village

SINCE the closure of the cotton mills in 1968, caused largely by foreign competition, New Lanark has become almost a ghost village. The population, well over 2,000 in Owen's time, is down to 82 adults and 18 children. Only eight of them are employed by Metal Extractions, the firm that acquired the mills three years ago when no one else was interested.

A Lanark archery club holds occasional sessions in the stately Institution for the Formation of Character, focal point of Owen's vigorous welfare scheme for his workers, which included daily folk dancing. But saddest is the School for Children he built in 1817 and which created a nation-wide stir by providing compulsory and highly unorthodox education for children from infancy to the age of ten. Disused for over half a century, part of the roof has now caved in and the interior is a shambles.

Concern for the future of the village was first shown in 1963 with the formation of the New Lanark Association, which acquired a membership of over 600 including a duke, several lords, professors in most British universities, American philanthropists, and even well-wishers in East Germany and Poland. The association raised £70,000 in public subscriptions and, with a further £100,000 lent by Lanark town council, modernised an entire block of dwellings, including the village store which under Robert Owen was Britain's first co-operative. But further activity was halted by the closure of the mills and the dispersal of most of the villagers.

Now the last hope for New Lanark rests with a working party committee set up by the Scottish Civic Trust last year, which includes representatives of local authorities, the New Lanark Association, the Scottish Tourist Board, the Ancient Monuments Commission, the National Trust for Scotland and the University of Strathclyde. On April 25 they will deliberate on the two reports, one by Lanarkshire County Council's planning department, the other by postgraduate students of the University of Strathclyde.

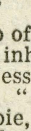
Costly project

COMPLETE restoration of the village as an "industrial monument" would cost up to £1 million, and it is generally felt that a living community would be required to make its continued existence financially viable. Among ideas mooted are a Further Extension College (like Ruskin College), a residential area centred on arts and crafts, and a youth hostel.

It is also recognised that government backing is now essential and the committee's findings will be submitted to Gordon Campbell, Secretary for Scotland. Last week, a Scotitsh Office spokesman hinted encouragingly that Mr Campbell welcomed the initiative being shown and would hope to give what support he could to any valid scheme.

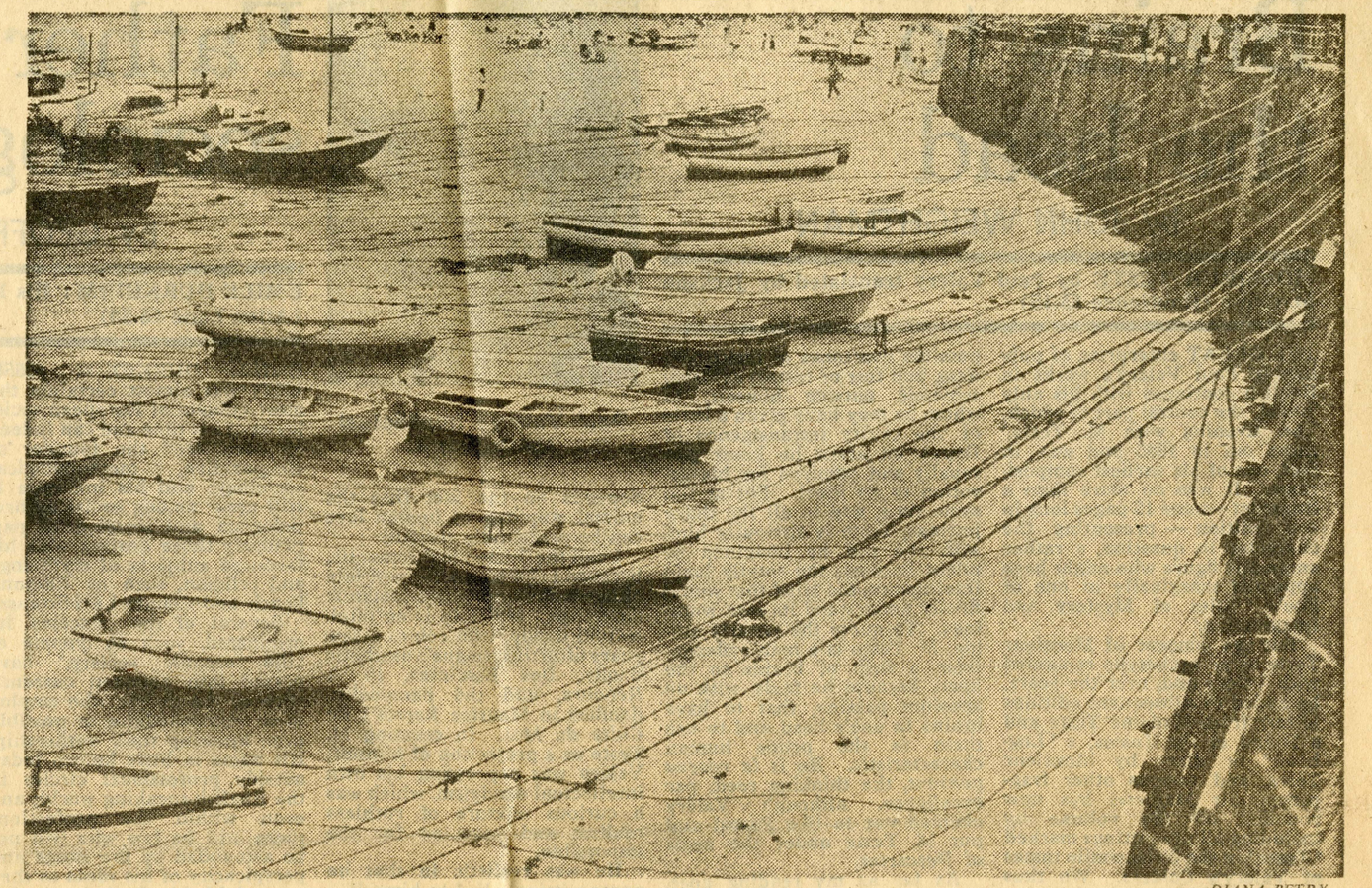
Maurice Lindsay, director of the Scottish Civic Trust, sees a resurrected New Lanark as a potential tourist attraction, and he is optimistic enough to hope it may gain widespread publicity as a main Scottish entry for European Architectural Heritage Year in 1975, an event initiated by the Council of Europe to halt the steady loss of irreplaceable monuments and to "awaken the interest of the European people in their common architectural heritage."

For two of New Lanark's oldest surviving inhabitants, Rabbie and Frances Jess, the future holds no problems. "We'll never leave," says Rabbie, 67, who works as a nightwatchman in the mills and lives in the house in Caithness Row which he and his wife moved into when they married more than 50 years ago.



TIME OFF

DIANA PETRY takes to the Pembrokeshire Coast Path.



DIANA PETRY

The harbour overlooking the north beach at Tenby: crowds flock there in summer.

I AM LUCKY to have seen Pembrokeshire in all seasons; unlucky that I still don't really know it. But who could on visits of a few weeks with a year or so between?

My first visit was in autumn, a lovely but untrustworthy season. Manorbier church and the castle where Giraldus Cambrensis was born were invisible in heavy mist: I had to take their existence on trust. With Carew Castle, wonderfully romantic reflected in water, I was luckier, and had a clear day for the stupendous view from the ruins of Cilgerran Castle down over the beautiful Teifi Valley.

Mostly the islands have eluded me: either the weather wasn't right or the boatman wasn't there, which amounts to the same thing. But I remember going over in a high wind to Caldey Island on the stores boat with Brother Thomas (dead now, alas), baffled by his gusty laughter and outrageous humour: 'Ha! Must be getting near the pigs!'—sniffing noisily on the air.

On a trip round Ramsey I became madly excited by the quantities of birds and seals; but that was only after waiting all one evening and half the next day for a boatman, who might have been ferrying himself from the Styx, it took him so long to reach us. But he hadn't forgotten, neither did he have far to come. He just didn't know if he could come at all. We didn't land. I'll have to try some other time.

One year I drove to Wales in what felt like mid-winter, but was spring by the calendar. Up in the north the wind was bitter and the snow lay hard-packed along the mountain passes. Farmers were bringing newborn lambs into the kitchens to revive them. We were offered one: 'It'll want a quart of warm milk a day and a little chatting up,' he said. Well, no—but a pity.

We drove south into Pembrokeshire: degrees warmer there, and no snow. It was the one time I really saw Tenby, elegant within its medieval walls, the high arches of the main entrance gate unencumbered by crawling traffic, the huge, yellow beaches empty except for a few man and dog pairs exercising each other. The people in the streets were natives and looked it; no visitors, or precious few. That is the time to go—the spring or any other time in the off-season come to that, if weather doesn't bother you.

Last year I returned, this time in high season. After a grisly spring and a drenching June and July, suddenly in August it was summer, hot and glittering. Tenby was firmly in the grip of the visitors and every day looked like market day only more so; the beaches were heavy with prone bodies and capering children, all having a splendid time now that the sun was out. The 'no vacancy' signs were out, too, and what a relief that must have been to the landladies. There were queues in the shops, queues for the boats, queues for the lavatories; not queues for parking—there just weren't any spaces. I left the car in what must have been the most offensive position possible: on a double yellow line, half blocking the entrance to a crowded car park, facing the wrong way in a one-way street: the sort of thing you could get clapped in irons for; but the local friend we were meeting knew a trick or two.

Calling on old friends among the hoteliers up and down the county, took me east to Saundersfoot and Amroth, beyond beautiful wooded cliffs (caravan country, and *within* a National Park, for goodness sake) and west to Angle, then round by Haverfordwest to St Bride's Bay, and up to St David's.

Here and there freshly painted signposts pointed the way to the coast path, which follows what must be one of the most beautiful coastlines in Britain. But *that* 168 miles will have to wait for another visit; I found time for only a few short stretches. If ever there was a reason for dawdling, this path is one: the views alone stop you in your tracks. It has been walked—forced march style—in four days. What a shocking thing. It *can* be done in a fortnight, but even that doesn't give time for proper loitering. The project the Park people hope to get going sounds ideal: Coast Path buses. There would be strategically placed car parks (many exist already) where vehicles could be abandoned. You would then decide how far you wanted to walk, take a bus that far and then amble back at your own pace.

I returned to some places for the sheer joy of seeing them again. St Govan's Chapel, for one, squeezed into a cleft of the great limestone cliffs. Rough steps lead steeply down to it, and most people seemed content to scramble that far. Below the tiny chapel is a vast chaos of tumbled boulders and at the bottom the sea dashes with great jets of spray against cavernous rocks. I had a hard time trying to get a photograph from below that didn't include a photograph of somebody else trying to get a photograph from below. It was that sort of day: everybody dickering around in the sunshine and no firing on Castlemartin Range. (Why doesn't the War Department get out altogether?)

I spent a whole day on Marloes Beach, because the weather was just right for that. It is National Trust property, and beyond Marloes village a big field has been set aside for car parking (no caravans, no mobile shops, says a notice firmly). You walk for 15 minutes or so along a narrow, hedged footpath, then down to the enormous sand beach broken up by great rock stacks, like room dividers in open-plan living. Most of the people whose cars filled the parking field had disappeared, or were out of hailing distance, and there must have been several hundreds of them. ('*Marloes* Beach?' said a Pembrokeshire man. 'I can remember the time when if we saw three people and a dog down there, we would make off to get away from the crowd!')

You won't find solitude like that in Solva or St David's in August, though neither should on any account be missed. But up on this northern arm of St Bride's Bay, there are idyllic corners where three would still be a crowd. I stayed here once, not far from St David's, and the landlord offered to show us colour slides of the area. Not *colour slides*, I thought, but he showed us delectable pictures of small isolated beaches, rocky coves and great green headlands all within walking distance—so many, and no time to explore them.

The Coast Path wanders on beyond Fishguard (noted now for more than the landing by the French in 1797; the Burtons, more recently, made Under Milk Wood there), to Dinas Head and right up to Cemaes Head at the seaward end of the Teifi estuary. This whole Pembrokeshire coast is one that in, say, France or Italy, would have been enthusiastically christened long ago: it could be the Amalfi coast of Wales—*La Costiera Divina* (in Welsh, of course). But perhaps Coast Path is enough.

TIME OFF has prepared an extensive leaflet on Pembrokeshire describing resorts and villages, beaches, walks, the islands, and the Coast Path. It also suggests accommodation in hotels and inns, and some for self-catering. It's free, just send a stamped addressed **foolscap** envelope to **TIME OFF (Pembrokeshire), The Observer, 160 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4V 4DA.**

WE REGRET WE CAN NO LONGER ANSWER INDIVIDUAL INQUIRIES, AND PLEASE DON'T TELEPHONE.

Brains to the head

by JOHN WEIGHTMAN

MONSIEUR TESTE by Paul Valéry translated by Jackson Mathews (Routledge £3.15)

THE GREAT enterprise of publishing Paul Valéry's works in English continues with his only 'novel,' the central part of which, 'An Evening with M. Teste,' came out in 1895 and was, in fact, one of his earliest compositions. It was no more than a fragment—some 15 pages long in this edition — presenting the character in question, a rather enigmatic figure who might have appeared marginally in one of Poe's 'Tales of Mystery and Imagination.'

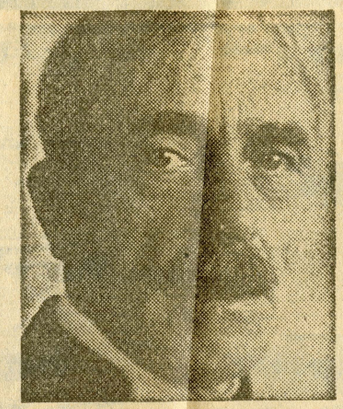
But the concept of Monsieur Teste as an archetype remained with Valéry and, over the years, he added to subsequent editions letters from Madame Teste and a friend of the Testes, a 'Log-book' or diary by Monsieur Teste, and various other fragments. Mr Mathews has now rounded off the volume by including all the jottings marked 'Teste' in the 29 facsimile tomes of Valéry's *Cahiers*. We thus have a sort of Teste dossier, consisting of various bits and pieces written over a period of half a century. It does not amount to a novel, nor even a short story. It is more like a heap of phosphorescent fragments, from which we have to construct what luminous pattern we can. In this sense, it is very much a modern 'non-work of art' or 'work of non-art.' These are fragments that Valéry shored against the ruin of his being as an intellectual persona, and they point to an unachieved ideal.

The original is not at all easy to read. I have known some of the sentences by heart for years without being able to crack the nut of their seductive mystery. It follows that the task of translation is exceptionally difficult. Mr Mathews has made a valiant attempt, and he can be said to have succeeded over certain stretches of the text. But he and I would quarrel about one sentence in every three or four: *un ciel velu de lumière* is not 'a sky veiled in soft light,' but literally 'a sky hairy with light'; *je rature le vif* is not 'I scrape the quick,' but more like 'I cross out, erase, on the living tissue,' and *boire*, used transitively, is not 'to drink to the health of' but 'to absorb,' etc. Besides, this text is so peculiar that only a bilingual edition with linguistic notes would make complete sense.

However, as regards the overall meaning, I agree with Mr Mathews that it is 'the drama of consciousness.' In 'The Evening,' Valéry, as the narrator, presents Teste ('Mr Head,' with possible overtones of *testis*, witness, and test or testes) as being someone outside himself, to whom he may have given a little of the crusty intransigence of Degas, an artist he knew personally and admired for his devotion to an ideal. But at the same time, and in all the diary jottings, Teste is obviously himself, the self he imagined he might become, the totally lucid intelligence, the mind that would finally understand its own workings. To quote the famous saying, M. Teste is a man suffering from a rush of brains to the head, because he feels, with an absolute passion, that to have brains in one's head and to use them is the prime human characteristic. He is *le roseau pensant*, the thinking reed, par excellence, although Valéry claimed not to like Pascal and put M. Teste under the aegis of Descartes.

As far as my reading goes, this book, if it can be called a book, is the most extreme expression of intellectual romanticism ever penned. After an interval of almost 250 years, it echoes both Descartes' *Discours de la Méthode* and Pascal's *Pensées*, and shows how, during that time, awareness of the existential dilemma had become much more acute than it was even in Pascal. M. Teste is trying to do the very thing that Pascal warned against as being impossible. He wants to be an intellectual angel, completely conscious, completely in control of the 'beast,' an instance of pure, unique being, understanding all the modalities of its existence at the moment of living them.

In his earliest, most extreme phase, he inhabits an anonymous bed-sitter; he is indifferent to his surroundings, he reads no books, he writes nothing down. His mind lives itself, as it were, in the absolute; not 'I think therefore I am,' but rather 'I think what I am' or 'I am what I think.' Later, he makes some concessions to the beast, or Brother Ass. He records his thoughts in notebooks, thus accepting pen and paper as the staff of the intellect. He also gets married; as he says, *L'amour consiste à pouvoir être bêtes ensemble.* Mr Mathews translates: 'Love consists in the privilege of being silly beasts together,' which is not bad, especially if we take 'silly' partly in the archaic sense of 'innocent'; but the beauty of the aphorism in French also depends on the fact that the animal stupidity of human love can be profoundly serious.



Paul Valéry: Intellectual romanticism.

I call the Teste ideal romantic, because I see it as a form of late nineteenth-century neo-romantic dandyism. M. Teste is an intellectual dandy, who comes a few years after Huysmans's aesthetic dandy, Des Esseintes, in *A Rebours*, and the personality dandies in Maurice Barrès's *Le Culte du Moi*. In creating M. Teste as a projection of himself, Valéry was expressing his own intellectual dandyism, which was a curious mixture of ruthless realism and yearning for the impossible.

He was realistic in that he never wittingly lied to himself—'One must enter into oneself armed to the teeth'—and went on cogitating daily in his notebooks until he was on his deathbed, accepting every refinement, complexity or contradiction of thought that occurred to him. Moreover, he was far from being a bodiless intellectual, but always a true poet who wanted every linguistic formulation to reverberate totally through his physiologico-mental system. He was unrealistic in that, during the earlier part of his career at least, he seems to have thought he could make language belong to himself in some personal way, at the same time as he could make it coincide with his own being as unique, narcissistic entity.

He got up every morning at dawn to 'think' and, until he was in his late forties, this appears to have meant to catch himself existing in his singularity, or—we might say—to put salt on the tail of pure being. Eventually he realised, before Sartre made the idea common, that coincidence with being in the full sense is impossible, and that language, far from being a private possession, is by definition that social instrument by means of which the individual constantly apprehends himself as non-self. But he still got up at dawn to go through the motions of worshipping an ideal that had evaporated, and a rueful aphorism of his later years summed up the situation: 'One begins by writing down one's aspirations; one ends by writing one's memoirs.'

Father of sociology

by GEOFFREY GORER

EMILE DURKHEIM: His Life and Work by Steven Lukes (Allen Lane £6.50)

EMILE DURKHEIM (1858-1917) was almost certainly the most influential European sociologist of his time and can indeed be considered the founder of comparative, methodological sociology; and his influence is still great among social anthropologists and sociologists, particularly those dealing with his favoured subjects of mythology and religion, such as Edmund Leach and Claude Lévi-Strauss.

Several of the concepts he originated, such as *anomie* or 'the organic society,' have passed into common currency without the people who employ them acknowledging or possibly even knowing their authorship. His name is little known today outside professional circles in the English-speaking world; and even within the professions there will be few who will not be astounded by the range and perspicacity of his ideas as they are unfolded by Dr Lukes in this monument of lucid scholarship.

There are a surprising number of parallels between the life and ideas of Emile Durkheim and those of his near contemporary, Sigmund Freud, though there is nothing to show that either was aware of the other's work or indeed existence. Durkheim was born of a rabbinical family in Lorraine and was destined to follow in the rabbinate. But he was a bright scholar and determined to pursue his studies to Paris; after two attempts he gained admission to the Ecole Normale, from which he graduated with top honours; his friends Jaurès (with whom he was in sympathy all his life) and Bergson (who became his most important rival) persuaded him to break with Orthodox Judaism. After graduation he spent a year studying in Germany, which was as fruitful for his intellectual development as Freud's period in France was for him. He had an intellectual energy and productivity as grea as Freud's; both men were fluen and convincing lecturers an had an almost messianic effec on their students and collabora tors who treated them as disc ples a master. Both men ma ried happily and had an almos completely uneventful privat life and a very tumultuous inte lectual one. Both had vociferou enemies who claimed that thei ideas risked undermining al morality, decency and religio and both suffered from ant semitic prejudice.

There are even parallels i their approaches to their topics Both sought to explain th present by a study of the past for Freud the infancy of adults for Durkheim the earlier o primitive forms of contemporar institutions. Both had a regre table tendency to use explana tory metaphors drawn fro hydraulics or electrical engine and then write as if thes 'forces' had an objective exis ence. Both adopted uncritica versions of social evolution, an both wrote speculative work built on the dubious evidence o Australian Aboriginal religiou practices. Both men had rather cavalier attitude toward data, particularly ethnographi data, which did not fit in wit their theoretical concepts. Durk heim, we are told, used to sa 'The facts are wrong'; 'I had right to take out of ethnologica literature what I might need fo the work of analysis,' Freu wrote.

Although he was bitterl attacked, Durkheim had fa more influence on his country men than did Freud in the year before the First War. He wa in official positions: for 15 year in a specially constituted chai of sociology at the University o Bordeaux, and for a further 1 at the Sorbonne in Paris as Pro fessor of the Science of Educa tion, where his course was th

The roots of vio

by JULIUS GOULD

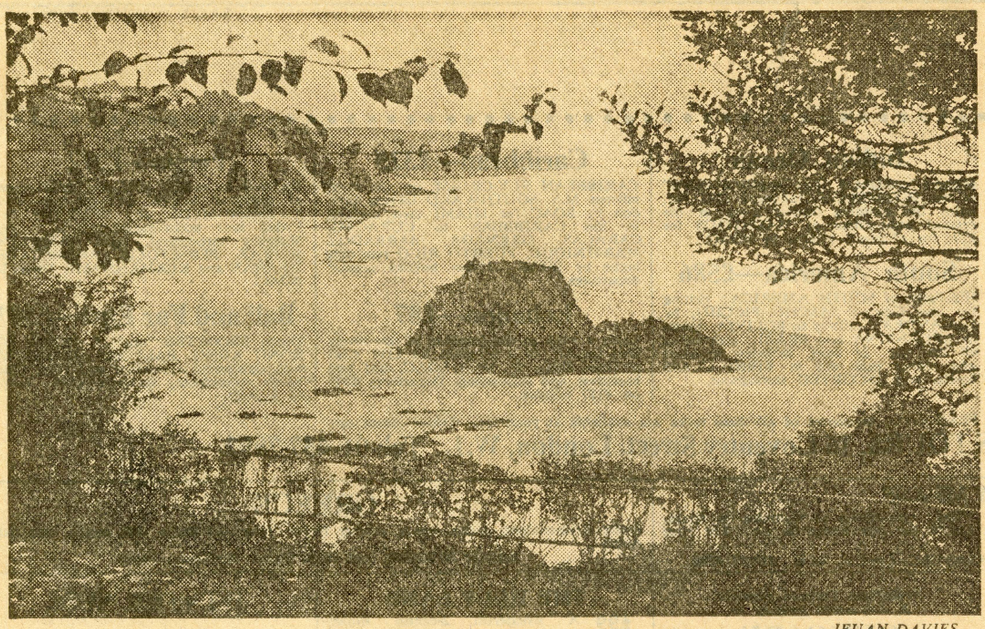
REFLECTIONS ON THE CAUSES OF HUMAN MISERY by Barrington Moore, jun (Allen Lane The Penguin Pres £3.50)

GLOOMY titles (especially from America) presage still gloomier reading. But this thought should deter nobody from exploring Professor Moore's 'reflections'—coming as they do from a Harvard social scientist as distinguished as he is heterodox. Barrington Moore has spent a lifetime in the study of democracy and dictatorship: these essays boldly place the 'American crisis' (early nineteen-seventies model) within a

about political violence. H makes a heroic attempt to di tinguish two broad types of po tical conflict. First, there is

Californian wilderness

Observer
1-14-73



IEUAN DAVIES

Pembrokeshire: What threat there, other than people?

A Park is not all Paradise

by Linda Moller

FOURTEEN YEARS ago I bought a farm in Caernarvonshire. On every side of it except the north the mountains pile up, shadowy and worn with age; the mountains and all their connected land forms—glens, waterfalls, wild uplands, rock strewn torrents.

There is a quality of light and air here that isn't present in the lowlands; lowland landscapes are man-made, while most of this place is impressively not, and that is part of its excitement. A year after I bought it, the farm gained a kind of certificate of merit. It was discovered to be in the National Park of Snowdonia.

The Park was very quiet in those days. There were only about four beaten-up cars in the village and you could still buy cottages for £200. I thought that the term National Park meant that it was inviolable: I thought the hills were eternal. But neither has since proved to be true, so if this account seems to ignore the pleasures of living here, it is because gloom has presently overcome all the conservationists in the Park.

The National Park is 845 square miles. It stretches from Aberdovey in the south to the Conway valley in the north. There are 10 sheep to every inhabitant except during the summer season, when the figure is reversed. Tourism in Wales is, *per capita*, the third highest in Europe. Most of this tourism is concentrated in Caernarvonshire where the 3,000-foot mountains are. Its net revenue here has almost reached £30 million p.a. So for three months of the year, holidaymakers take over our stamping ground — the accepted price for living in the Park.

Those who live near the foot of Snowdon sometimes think it a high price. They have found tents pitched in their gardens during the night or their entrance blocked by cars whose drivers have set off up Snowdon. There's the householder whose frontage is only a few yards back from the Betws-y-Coed to Capel Curig road, who has defended herself against the traffic by building a 10-foot high palisade in front of her windows.

If the tourists generally take more liberties here it is probably because they misunderstand the term National Park. They assume it belongs to the nation and, like a park in a town, is primarily for the benefit of the visiting public, and that we who live and work here do so only by arrangement. Maybe this is how it ought to be, but the present fact is that almost all of Snowdonia is in private ownership.

About a quarter of a million people a year climb Snowdon and a third as many again go up by the Snowdon railway. Now the summit is only about an acre and not all of this is standing room, for also on it is a large café and what looks like a gritty railway siding where the train passengers alight. On summer afternoons there could be between 400 and 500 persons milling around on three-quarters of an acre at a height of 3,560 feet. One day someone may fall off.

In fact, the top of Snowdon is by now so eroded that a firm of consultants has been called in to replan it. So until mid-September, when all's quiet again on the peaks, we usually plod up the spongy slopes of lesser known heights to find the untenanted wildscapes; or go off on beautiful unlisted walks and smile (meanly) at the tourists who feel obliged to do the guide book things—which, of course we've done, too, out of season. However, it is still possible to elude people with the help of a one-inch map and a booklet called 'Hidden Haunts in Wales.' With some luck it is possible to be the only one at a haunt.

Another occasional drawback to life in the Park can be the severity of the restrictions on private building. Those Welsh who are still living in their little old hovels sell them to the English for second homes as soon as they can get out into a council house. The English, when the novelty of owning one is wearing off, get fed up with weekends crammed in a small, ill-lit parlour and think of enlarging windows or building on. But how they can, if they can at all, depends on the personal attitudes of their County Planning Officer, who may be a rigid preservationist. Perhaps the preservationist stance is right here, where there is so much of the archaic: the ruined castle, the shepherd and his sheep, and almost everything built of grey stones gathered from the land.

But if right, restrictions would be accepted with better grace if they were more generally applied—for intance, to the pale mauve (or dawn pink) standing caravan: painted dark green or brown, its unsympathetic shape would disappear into the background; then the rusty corrugated sheds, hutches, and barns (even I have one) which as agricultural buildings evade planning control; the siting of petrol stations whose signwriting and display colours meant for motorways, are brutal at the foot of mountains.

But these are details compared with the vast monotony of coniferous afforestation. There are 73,000 acres of all this up here, all outside planning control; it enjoys grants, tax and estate-duty concessions that enable the Forestry Commission to outbid any hill farmer at land sales. And its end is not yet.

In the long term, afforestation is a reversible change. But what the park now faces are proposals that will change its mountain landscape irreversibly and on a massive scale. Soon, Parliament will be presented with the enabling Bill for the second of three pump storage generating schemes for Snowdonia. This involves one great dam up a mountain and one at the foot. The lower dam would engulf Llyn Peris at the mouth of that great rocky defile, the Llanberis Pass.

Bigger and uglier is the threat of mining. Rio Tinto Zinc, Noranda Kerr, and Union Corporation have been prospecting up and down the Park and have bought the exploration rights of thousands of acres.

RTZ have now found copper at Capel Hermon near Dolgellau. The big row will start when they apply for planning consent to mine there. Waiting to see which way the decision will go are the other National Parks, for they see Snowdonia as the test case.

Reminder. Three free leaflets are currently available from **Time Off, The Observer, 160 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4V 4DA.**

For those combining hobbies and holidays. Mark stamped addressed foolscap envelope **Time Off (Special Interests).**

For those touring Europe by car. Mark s.a.e. (foolscap) **Time Off (Motorist Itineraries).**

For motorists wanting to take their car part of the way by train, boat and plane. Mark s.a.e. (foolscap) **Time Off (Car Transport Guide).**

A separate envelope MUST be sent for each leaflet. Sorry, no individual inquiries and please don't telephone.

2-3-73

Travel

Wanderings in South Wales

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

IT HAS become our habit of recent years to seek out some of the lonelier places of Britain at New Year: lonely in the sense that they are not the most obvious places to visit in the depths of winter, however popular they may be in more temperate holiday seasons. So, this New Year, we opted for the Brecon Beacons in search of our usual combination of peace, some interesting history and a lot of lovely scenery. We were well satisfied.

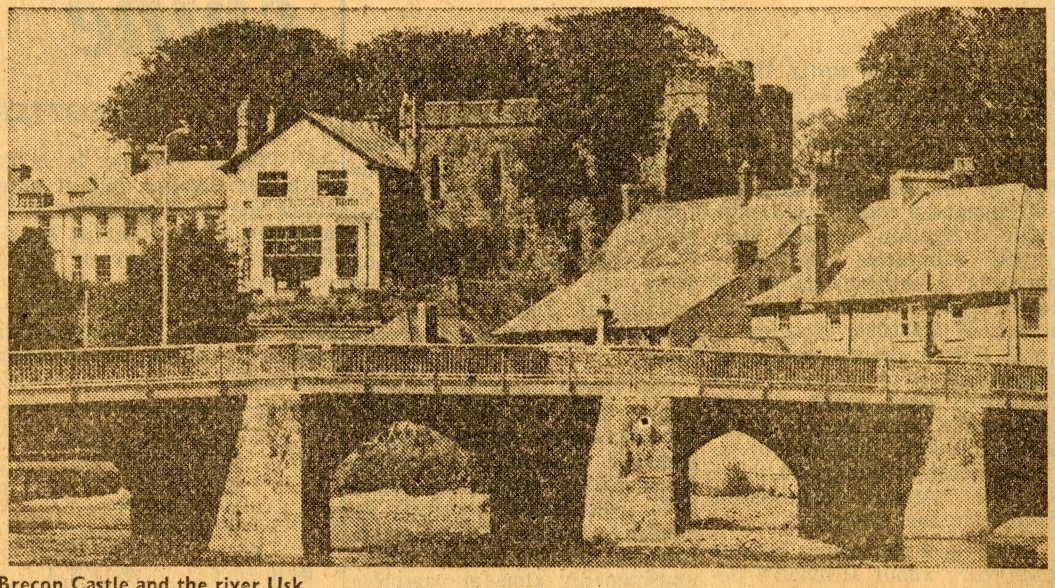
The selection of hotels in the area is not enormous. Among the grandest in a cosy sort of way is the three-star Castle of Brecon at Brecon itself, aptly named since it incorporates the ruins of the town's ancient castle. Bed and breakfast, with private bath, costs from £3.

In fact, we had decided on self-catering and, through the Wales Tourist Board's accommodation list, found a well-equipped caravan for £8 a week at the friendly Anchorage Caravan Park at Bronllys, eight miles north-east of Brecon.

With the essential assistance of Ordnance Survey maps, we planned our days according to the weather, which was a good deal better than in most of the country at that time. On better days we selected hills to stride across—the Beacons themselves, or the Black Mountains to the east, or various summits of the (confusing enough) Black Mountain to the west, all contained within the boundaries of the Brecon Beacons National Park. When one of us felt lazy, the car was ferried round via any number of attractive roads to pick up the other at the further end of their day's walk.

One of our first ports of call was at the Brecon Beacons Mountain Centre, about five miles south-west of Brecon and one of the best of its kind I have visited. Astonishingly, it is all the year; equally astonishingly, it was well patronised on one of December's last grey days. A wealth of literature is available (free and on sale), as well as an attractive display of the topography, flora and fauna of the area, and an immaculate cafeteria. The warden was a mine of information. Full marks go, too, to the entrance ramp and the extra wide-door toilets which make it possible for wheelchair visitors to enjoy the Centre.

One particularly successful



Brecon Castle and the river Usk



itinerary (about 100 miles) was Bronllys-Builth Wells-Beulah-Abergwesyn - Tregoran - Lampeter - Pumsaint - Llandovery - Brecon-Bronllys. Builth Wells, Tregaron, Lampeter, Llandovery Brecon are all pleasant country towns. At Beulah we deviated four miles along the main road to visit the Cambrian Factory near Llanwrtyd Wells, sponsored by the British Legion and operated by disabled people.

The minor road linking Beulah - Abergwesyn - Tregaron in about 20 miles is particularly beautiful: narrow, lonely, wild as it twirls from one remote valley to another across tawny heights. We met two cars the whole way. Pumsaint is notable for the presence here of Roman gold mines. With the help of a booklet ("The Roman Mines at Dolaucothi") there is a lot to be seen, from mine shafts and traces of great aqueducts to foundations of a substantial settlement. The mines have been exploited at various times, most recently in the 1930s.

We found more relics of the Romans on another excellent circuit (about 60 miles) Bronllys - Talgarth - Llangorse (lake with sailing and water skiing in summer)-Bwlch-Llangynidr - Dyffryn Crawnon - Talybont, returning via a string of reservoirs to Brecon. In this case it was a Roman road which kept cropping up along various sections of the route, together with other if more recent phenomena. Among the latter is a section of the Monmouthshire and Brecon Canal, laudably re-opened for pleasure traffic. It passes here through glorious scenery, as do sections of the tramroads which once linked it with various ironworks and quarries.

Some of these old tracks now provide some easy and very scenic walkers' routes. Llangynidr and Talybont would be good centres in this area, both for the mountains and the industrial history imprinted on them. Quarrying continues to-day up on some tops, its activities vibrating, for example, against the silence of Dyffryn Crawnon, which is a lovely valley (reached from Llangynidr) leading nowhere except to a few farms and good walking country. The whole region, incidentally, is popular pony trekking country, too, with a good choice of riding schools.

One of our most surprising finds of all, though, was of quite a different kind. This was at pretty Hay-on-Wye, 16 miles north-east of Brecon, where Richard Booth Booksellers Ltd. claim to be the largest second-hand bookshop in the world. At present they operate from eight premises in the little town, the eventual aim being fifty. The largest of these is of massive proportions and dedicated book-browers would be wise to allow several hours here.

Hay-on-Wye in any case is worthy of visit, with its narrow streets, castle, Roman fort site and the River Wye meandering by. The 168-miles long-distance Offa's Dyke path passes through here on its way across the entire length of Wales.

Further information: Brecon Beacons Mountain Centre, near Libanus, Brecon; Wales Tourist Board, Welcome House, High Street, Llandaff, Cardiff CF5 2YZ.

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN '73

A playground for the open air lovers

THE lakes, rivers, mountainsides and cliffs of Wales are superb playgrounds for sport and action.

It is a wonderful country for *walking*. There is a 167-mile coastal footpath in Pembrokeshire which, with the youth hostels on the way, makes a fortnight's holiday walk.

Mid-Wales is splendid for *cycling*, and the whole country is made for *pony trekking*.

There is a long list of riding schools or stables providing trekking holidays.

You can have a week's trekking holiday in the Black Mountains — superb country — for about £25, or you can join Peter Lawrence's world famous Adventure Club, with holidays on the Wye and on Lake Llangorse in Breconshire, learning canoeing, sailing and pony trekking.

You stay in tents or a guest house, and can join groups of various ages from nine years old upwards.

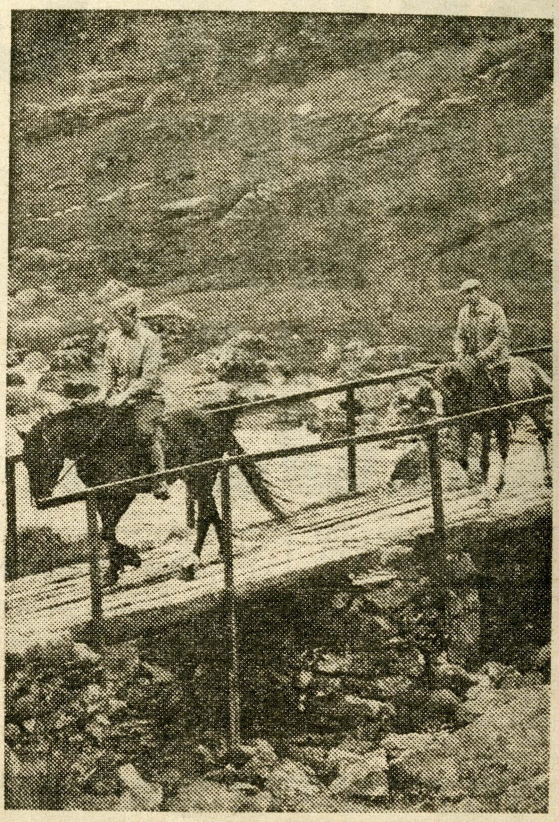
Holiday Fellowship run trail riding holidays near Glasbury on Wye, and there is youth hostel pony trekking in the Vale of Llangollen, on the Dee.

There are hostel holidays on Lake Bala to learn to *Sail*.

Organised *Cycling* holidays, using hostels, are run for 11-15-year-olds from the English border to the coast of Harlech. Wales is rich in water-fowl and sea birrs. An unusual *bird-watcher's* trip is along the Llangollen canal, through spectacular country, living aboard a horse-drawn canal boat.

There are package **golf** holidays at Conway, and *painting* holidays as Aberystwyth.

ADVERTISING SPECIAL
by ARTHUR EPERON



Riding in unspoiled Caernarvon: it is the right place for an out-of-doors holiday

THIS YEAR, TRY A CASTLE

HERE is a cheap holiday with a difference —your address will be a castle!

Bryn Bras Castle— four miles from the sea at Caernarvon, in Wales, the most peaceful and least spoiled holiday country in West Europe.

You could choose the Flag Tower, the West Wing or the Ballroom — all converted into flats for six people, or the Gun Room which sleeps two. Cost is £4.10 a week for each person, according to the month.

Wales has its lively spots, like Rhyl, Aberystwyth, Criccieth, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Barry and Tenby, that charming fishing town becoming increasingly popular as a resort.

Each is near magnificent countryside, and between them are peaceful resorts, caravan parks, and huge beaches, some almost empty.

Down in Somerset

■ MY family's favourite self-catering holiday has for some years been Holimarine, at Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. We have used the caravans and the self-catering flats, so shame on me for suggesting on January 6 that it was at Burnham-on-Crouch, which is in Essex.

HOLIDAY MAIL '73

Daily Mail Jan 27, '73

THE GOOD BEACH GUIDE TO BRITAIN





ANTHONY SMITH left no pebble unturned. With a team of ten, he toured the entire coastline of Britain in a seven-ton lorry converted into a mobile office collecting data for the Good Beach Guide*. So we asked him to select his choice of his favourite out-of-the-ordinary places. It's a strictly personal list.

GIBRALTAR POINT (LINCS.)

A LONG sandy beach—best reached from the northern end — backed by dunes and marshland. Chosen because it has a nature reserve which caters enthusiastically for visitors.

DONNA NOOK (LINCS.)

A WIDE wilderness of sand with among the fastest tides in England —making it unsuitable for children. Nearby, North Somercotes is similar, but features power-boat racing.

STAITHES (YORKSHIRE)

A LOCAL pub has been washed away and rebuilt three times in the small harbour where Captain Cook began his career as a grocer's apprentice. Narrow streets plunge steeply to a beach of shingle and pebbles, broken by flat rocks and pools. The cliffs are dramatic, and this is a good fossil-hunting area.

MARSDEN (DURHAM)

LIFT down rocky cliffs full of birds, mainly kittiwakes. An oasis in a heavily industrial area. Activities include an 18-hole golf course.

DUNSTANBURGH N'UMBERLAND

RUINED castles standing on volcanic crags and magnificent walks are bonuses in this Border district — officially designated as an area of outstanding natural beauty.

There are miles of empty beaches, even in the summer.

GULLANE (EAST LOTHIAN)

MILITARY activity destroyed many of the dunes, but reclamation is progressing at a high speed, even though some areas are still restricted. The beach is a mile wide, and there are picnic tables among the dunes. Activities: 18-hole golf course, putting, riding.

CULBIN (MORAY)

NINE miles of wide sand—but not easy to get to. One way is through the huge Culbin Forest, where cars are banned.

CAPE WRATH (SUTHERLAND)

THE cliffs round here reach nearly 800ft. high and the impressive scenic walks aren't for the lazy, or those who quake at heights.

THE whole of this coastal area — where hot midsummer days can equal those in the South — is a paradise of sandy beaches, dunes and untamed scenery.

WORKINGTON

AN ODD choice, but it represents a positive attempt to put right the excesses of the Industrial Revolution.

At Workington, you find a steeply shelving shingle and sand beach, miniature railway, swimpool, bandstand, speedway, 18-hole golf course, tennis, bowls, sailing and greyhound racing.

BLACKPOOL

WITH seven miles of beach, it's still the resort to end them all.

BLACK ROCK SANDS

ONE of the few British beaches where you can't just park on the sands, but actually drive along them. It's a two-mile run. Activities: horse riding, an 18-hole golf course, sailing, tennis, sheepdog trials and an August Carnival.

COUNTY OF PEMBROKE

A THIN but continuous footpath runs along the edge of this rugged and ever-changing coastline, where gently rolling farmland suddenly ends in cliffs and beach.

HARTLAND QUAY (DEVON)

ANTHONY SMITH says of the area: 'It is fine from the clifftops. It is good from sea level, where the rocks extend to the sea in jagged reefs. It is supreme when seen from the sea, when a setting sun is lighting up the angles and shapes of the rocks.'

Try driving to Stoke Hamlet, huddled round St. Nectan's Church, and then walking to Hartland Quay, where the beach shelves steeply down to shingle, then sand.

CONSTANTINE BAY

IN COMMON with many of the bays around Padstow, Constantine Bay has been colonised by surfers who follow the wild Atlantic rollers.

Although the beach is full of dunes and gently shelving, the waves make bathing dangerous. 'If surf is up for the surfers, then drowning is likely to be up for the rest of us.'

TORBAY

THE resorts of Brixham, Paignton and Torquay are now all within the County Borough of Torbay, and together they offer the greatest holiday variety in Britain, including 2,000 acres of planned garden.

The quietest spots are on the cliffs south of Brixham, with the liveliness of Torquay as a complete contrast.

Activities: All the traditional attractions plus powerboat races, regattas, wrestling, sheepdog trials, horse-racing, stock-car events.

BEACHY HEAD

THE cliff-top walk on this extraordinary chalk buttress reaches a height of 500 feet. The rocky beach is inaccessible from the cliffs. Activities: Grass ski-slope.

* *'The Good Beach Guide'* is published jointly by Penguin £1·25 and as a hardback by Allen & Unwin £4·95.

It lists the facilities of each resort in detail as well as maps showing nature reserves, castles, temperatures and tides. A most useful book for the holidaymaker who wants accurate, factual information.

And six of the worst

WHAT about beaches to avoid? Anthony Smith has his own 'black book' of beaches, ranging from the Midlothian area, particularly Portobello, which gets the full brunt of Edinburgh's untreated sewage, to Towyn in North Wales, where a good beach is spoiled by bad caravan planning.

Dene Mouth, in Durham, qualifies for the title 'blackest beach in Britain' because of the pit waste flowing into the sea, and Skinningrove, Yorkshire, manages to combine a refuse-strewn beach with ugly industrial development, a river stained red and back-to-back housing.

Military installations have spoiled much of the Isle of Portland and 80 per cent. of West Sussex's coastline is disfigured by lack of planning and ribbon development. However, that still leaves you the rest of Britain.

THE HIGHWAY TO PEER GYNT

PEER GYNT, celebrated in words by Ibsen and music by Greig, was an actual 18th-century peasant farmer who preferred hunting and fishing to tending his crops, and came back from his trips full of wondrous tales of trolls and other mysterious creatures.

Now Norway has opened up the Peer Gynt Highway in the Gudbrandsdalen Valley region where Peer Gynt's farmhouse can still be seen.

The Highway covers territory 80 miles or so north-west of Oslo, which will be unfamiliar to most British tourists, but is equipped with all the customary charms of Norway: The endless vistas of mountains, lakes, valleys and pine forests . . . fabulous food . . . crisp air where the song of the birds has no difficulty in making itself heard above the crackle of the occasional exhaust . . . friendly, smiling people who do not expect visitors to go to the trouble of learning Norwegian.

Eating

Along the Peer Gynt road you will find six first-class 'Peer Gynt Hotels,' plus many good small hotels, mountain lodges and camping sites.

Prices? £5 to £6 will buy you a bed in an excellent modern hotel, three delicious meals (if you want to know what bread, butter and jam used to taste like before it was mass-produced, go to Norway), plus a sauna on the premises, bowling in the basement, and dancing until the small hours.

Even the pop groups in Norway are rather special. Most of them come from Iron Curtain countries and are allowed out only when they have enough musical degrees to qualify them for a place in a symphony orchestra. That doesn't mean their music lacks zing.

Norway is basically a country for doing things in — touring by car, fishing, horseback holidays, walking, sailing, mountaineering.

For a restful change from all that activity, particularly if there are small boys in the family, the Railway Museum at Hamar, on Lake Mjosa, is well worth a visit.

It includes old stations, rolling stock and 11 locomotives, including a 157-ton giant, still in working order.

A visit to the Railway Museum can be combined with a trip along this enchanting lake aboard the Skibladner, the oldest paddle-steamer afloat.

She made her maiden voyage way back in 1856. Nowadays the Norwegian captain of a 100,000-ton oil tanker gives up his summer to take command of the little, 14-knot steamer.

Drinking

Nowhere, of course, is perfect. Drinking is an expensive pleasure in Norway, and anyone who doesn't get along too well with mosquitoes should make preparations before setting out for the mountains.

For further information write to: Norwegian National Tourist Office, 20, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Harry Weaver

u'll have
e on our
t cut.

shower? Of course. Have
Normandy Car Ferries have
ers available for all
s.
ax and freshen up. We're
driving for several lazy hours.
outh—the way you want to go.

Take

Cooks and the

OUTSIDE OF LONDON

The Cotswold Hills, northwest of Oxford are ridiculously quaint and great places to walk, but likely to be awfully crowded during tourist season. If you can get there later, so much the better. We especially liked Minster Lovell, which sits on the southeast corner of the Cotswolds, and is close enough to Oxford so that you could go just for dinner if that's all the time you can afford --and if you have a car. It's about 12 miles. There are ruins of a manor house, a lovely river, and a 14th century coaching inn, The Old Swan. Rooms moderate, dinner rather expensive but done up to a T -- coat and tie for the major, please. Serving hours 7:30 to 10 p.m. while we were there. Menu includes such things as orange duck and veal cordon bleu; also good steak.

Our very favorite town in the Costwolds is Chipping Campden, with many stone buildings centuries old, remains of old market, museum, craft shops and good places to stay. We stayed at a lovely old place -- all angles and creaky floor with an interior garden -- Seymour House Hotel, one of the best bargains of all, because price includes breakfast and dinner. In case you get hungry in between, there's a tea shop across the way. We bought our knife sharpener in this town, at Robert Welsh Studio Shop, which is one of the best shopping places we found.

For the Cotswolds, buy Ordnance Survey map, Sheet 144. Marvelous maps, showing foot bridges, churches, ruins, post offices, public houses, battle sites -- you name it.

In honor of The French Lieutenant's Woman, try to make it down to Devon, to the town of Lyme Regis. It's as Fowles says it is, B Cobb and all. We stopped here en route Cornwall and never made it to Cronwall. The town has a Mediterranean flavor (well, a little) and is very much a summer resort, so if you get there much past the first week of October, you may find some of the best places closed. We closed up the Mariners Hotel on October 12. Had most modern room, which includes private bath. Other rooms much more old fashioned. Features small private bar and sitting room where drinks are served before dinner in British manner. While in Devon, eat Devon cream tea in the afternoon. You'll founder if you have much of it -- and you'll have as much as you can get. Fine place to start is just down the street from the Mariner, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~, ~~xxxxxx~~ Ivan's diary calls the Mariner "spectacular" and notes, "There's modern plumbing and delicious food -- which I told Carol is her concept of heaven." Also about the town: "Carillon has been playing ~~xxxx~~ intricately ~~xxx~~ every half hour." We also hiked the Ware Cliffs, of Fr. Lt's Woman. Ivan notes: Large seashell fossils called ammonites, some a couple of feet in diameter, common in the big rocks on the beach. We used local guidebook -- Lyme Regis Walks and Picnic Spots, by John Hobson, borrowed from Mr. Lambert of The mariners hotel. Provided feverish description of what we thought a mild path: "...only the most agile ought to attempt it." ~~xx~~ West from Lyme Regis stretches pleasant coast: we particularly liked the village of Branscombe and, farther on, the naval town of Dartmouth, home of Britain's Annapolis.

Bath. City of tan limestone, Georgian architecture, and those marvelous Roman ruins. Also our all-time favorite bed and breakfast place, within walking distance of everything: Villa Magdala. Proprietors provide super breakfast, and will suggest dinner spots.

15 January 1979

Director, Reading Room
British Museum
Great Russell Street
Bloomsbury, London WC1

Dear sir--

This spring, we will be in England for several weeks for the sake of research on aspects of British journalism. Accordingly, we would like to renew our tickets to use the Reading Room, and the Newspaper Library at Colindale. Our original tickets were issued on 13 February 1972, and were numbered: Carol D.M. Doig, C76055; Ivan C. Doig, C76056. Our address while in London will be Rodney House, Dolphin Square, SW1V 3LX.

cordially

Prof. Carol M. Doig

Dr. Ivan Doig

17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, Washington
USA 98177

NOT TRANSFERABLE

C 76055.

THIS TICKET ADMITS

Mr Carol D. M. Doyle
52 Egerton Crescent,
London SW3.

TO THE READING ROOM OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

AND THE

NEWSPAPER LIBRARY (COLINDALE)

FOR THE TERM OF TWELVE MONTHS

172056/936812 10M 9/72 S&N Ltd 3639

[SEE OVER

Available until 13 FEBRUARY 1914

Renewed until .....

Renewed until .....

This ticket must be carefully preserved by the Reader, it must be produced on demand, and MUST BE RETURNED ON EXPIRY OR WHEN NO LONGER REQUIRED.

It will be renewed, if sufficient reason be shown, on application by letter to the Director, ENCLOSING THE TICKET.

The Reading Room is closed during the week commencing with the first Monday in May.

N.B.—No reader may take any Book, Periodical, Map or other property of the Trustees out of the Reading Room.

Reader's Signature Carol M. Day

NOT TRANSFERABLE

C 76056

THIS TICKET ADMITS

Prof Ivan C Doig

52 Egerton Crescent

London SW3

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N.B.—No reader may take any Book, Periodical, Map or other property of the Trustees out of the Reading Room.

Reader's Signature Ivan Doig

The British Library
DEPARTMENT OF PRINTED BOOKS
Reader Admissions
Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3DG
Telephone 01-636 1544 ext: 324
Telex 21462

Prof C M o l Doig

our ref

your ref

date 23rd January 79

Dear Sir/Madam

Thank you for your recent letter requesting the renewal of your reader's ticket.

Since you last used the Reading Room the procedure for admission has been altered and I enclose a new application form. Please complete page 3 of the form and bring it to the Reader Admissions Office together with your old reader's ticket and proof of identity as described in paragraph 6 of the form. A photographic pass for admission to the Reading Room will then be issued to you.

The Reader Admissions Office is open 9 a.m. - 4.30 p.m. Monday, Friday and Saturday and 9 a.m. - 8 p.m. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

If you wish to renew your ticket of admission to the Students' Room of the Department of Manuscripts you should take or send your previous ticket to the Department as described in paragraph 7. A supplementary pass which must be presented together with the photographic pass each time the Students' Room is entered will then be issued to you.

The Students' Room is open 10 a.m. - 4.45 p.m. Monday to Saturday.

Yours faithfully

for the Head of the Information Service

enc.

Reader Admissions is in the Department of Printed Books, Reference Division, the British Library. Members of staff cannot accept liability for opinions they may express on material submitted for identification or for information, nor can they give valuations.

The British Library REFERENCE DIVISION
Great Russell Street London WC1B 3DG

Application for a Reader's Pass

The number of different services provided by the British Library in this building, the varying limitations of space and other facilities, and considerations of security and conservation mean inevitably that our admissions procedures are complex. If after reading the introduction to this form you need further advice the Reader Admissions Office will be pleased to help.

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If you have previously held a long period pass to the library and wish to renew it, please present the expired pass and this form with the relevant sections completed at the Reader Admissions Office near the entrance to the main Reading Room.

If you wish to use the Students' Room of the Department of Manuscripts the necessary supplementary pass must be obtained or renewed at that Department (see paragraph 7 below).

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3 If a long period pass is required (from one to five years) this form must be taken or sent to the Reader Admissions Office and except in the cases covered by paragraph 5 below must be accompanied by a *detailed description* in writing of the reference or research which the applicant wishes to carry out which requires facilities not readily available in other libraries, stating which libraries have already been used in the research, and giving an indication of the sources already consulted. This information will be treated in strictest confidence. It is not possible to consider such applications while applicants wait but a short term pass (valid for fourteen days) may in suitable cases be issued to allow applicants to begin their research while the application is pending. (See para. 4).

*As the pass bears a photograph of the holder, taken on the special camera in the Reader Admissions Office, passes cannot be made in the absence of the applicant and sent by post. The taking of the photograph and the issue of the pass takes two or three minutes only.

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A pass will be issued to academic staff of institutions of university status or other institutions teaching to university degree level, to those doing post-graduate research and those employed by firms or institutions on work requiring a substantial amount of research or reference, on production of this form at the Reader Admissions Office with the recommendation completed or, for academic staff, where their employment can be proved by reference to the *Commonwealth Universities Handbook* or another similar work, or by a document such as a staff pass. The detailed description mentioned in paragraph 3 is not required. For those engaged on research for a higher degree a pass for a period of up to three years will normally be issued in the first instance.

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Where an application is approved, whether short or long period, the applicant must be photographed at the Reader Admissions Office and must at this time produce proof of identity. A pass may not be issued without this proof. Acceptable evidence for identity includes:

a) a document bearing a photograph of the holder, e.g. a passport; or

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7 Students' Room of the Department of Manuscripts: special requirements for admission

Admission for not more than one day may be granted on application at the Students' Room at the discretion of the officer in charge. Those applying for admission of more than one day need a supplementary pass which must be presented together with the photographic pass each time the room is entered. If you are applying for a supplementary pass for the first time a written recommendation based on personal knowledge of the applicant and certifying that he or she is a fit and proper person to use the Students' Room *must be supplied.* This may be submitted on the space provided on this form or in a separate letter. Applications to renew a supplementary pass should be accompanied by a previous pass held by the applicant valid for the Students' Room. Applications for supplementary passes must be taken in person to the Department of Manuscripts between 10.00 am and 4.30 pm.

TIMES OF OPENING

Each service is closed during one week each year as described below. All services are closed on Sundays, on Christmas Eve, the first Monday in May, and on bank holidays except Easter Monday and the Spring and Late holidays. They may be closed from time to time on certain additional days, especially near Christmas and New Year; public announcements of any additional closures will be made as far in advance as possible.

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*These are the times by which readers are required to be *outside the building*

Summary of Regulations

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a) that they are not transferable, and must be produced or surrendered on demand

b) that they may be at any time suspended by the Board

c) that they may be at any time withdrawn at the Board's absolute discretion

d) that they are to be kept carefully; if lost a replacement fee of 50p will normally be charged.

To be completed by all applicants

(Please use BLOCK CAPITALS throughout)

Surname or family names: DOIG

Other names with style or title (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Dr/Professor/etc): DR. IVAN CLARK

Permanent address: 17021 10th AVENUE NW
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98177
USA

Address while using the British Library if different from above: RODNEY HOUSE
DOLPHIN SQUARE TRUST LIMITED
DOLPHIN SQUARE
LONDON SW1V 3LX

Up to what date will you need to use these British Library reference services? MAY 31, 1979

I agree to be photographed and undertake to read the regulations governing admission to, and use of, the Reference Division of the British Library before I enter it and I undertake to observe them. I am over 21 and the research I am doing is not in connection with an educational qualification of first degree standard or below.

Signature:

Date:

Recommendation to be completed by a person of recognised position

NB This is NOT REQUIRED for renewals

This is an OPTIONAL ALTERNATIVE to the detailed application (see paragraph 3) for academic staff, etc (see paragraph 5)

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INFORMATION SUPPLIED ON THIS FORM WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL

I am personally acquainted with the applicant who has completed the form above and certify that he/she is a fit and proper person to use the Reading Rooms and Students' Rooms of the British Library Reference Division. I am not a close relative of the applicant

Please complete applicable section below

He/she is engaged in post-graduate research for the degree of .....

on the subject of .....

at the University of .....

OR He/she is a member of the academic staff of .....

OR He/she teaches to university degree level at .....

OR He/she is employed by the firm, institution or agency in which I hold a responsible position and will require substantial facilities for research and reference in connection with:

.....

OR He/she is employed by the firm, institution or agency in which I hold a responsible position and will require to work with the following material which is available only in the British Library Reference Division:

.....

OR He/she is a fit and proper person to use the Students' Room of the Department of Manuscripts for the purpose of

.....

Signature .....

Position held .....

.....

Date .....

Name and address or official stamp of firm or institution

.....

.....

.....

For use only by British Library staff

I authorise the issue of a long term admission pass to the above applicant.

RD RA8

Signature .....

Date .....

Position held .....

The British Library REFERENCE DIVISION
Great Russell Street London WC1B 3DG

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To be completed by all applicants (Please use BLOCK CAPITALS throughout)

Surname or family names: DOIG

Other names with style or title (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Dr/Professor/etc): Professor Carol Dean Muller

Permanent address: 17021 10th Avenue NW
Seattle, Washington 98177
USA

Address while using the British Library if different from above: Rodney House
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Dolphin Square
London SW1V 3LX

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Position held .....

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Date .....

Name and address or official stamp of firm or institution

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.....

.....

For use only by British Library staff

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RD RA8

Signature .....

Date .....

Position held .....

Art

"He had advisers, of course, but the Burrell collection undeniably has a strong personal stamp." (John Russell)

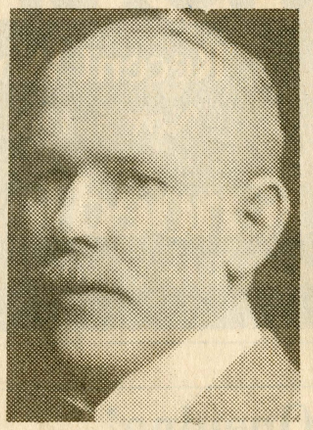
ART VIEW

JOHN RUSSELL

One Eccentric's Vision Gives Rise to a Museum

The great grim city of Glasgow, Scotland, is not much loved. In this, as in all else, it contrasts abruptly with its neighbor, the city of Edinburgh. Edinburgh has class, coherence, an incomparable skyline, a royal palace and an august history. People the world over will pack their bags and take off for Edinburgh at the drop of an engraved invitation.

Glasgow on the other hand is thought of as a rough, plainspoken, uncultivated and memorably dirty place. Few people will go there who can avoid it. It got rich — very rich indeed, in fact — at the time of the industrial revolution. But in recent years, and like many another big British city, it has had trouble adjusting to the post-industrial era.



Sir William Burrell

That's the legend, at any rate. But in point of fact Glasgow has had its university since 1451. In the 18th century there was a Glaswegian called Dr. William Hunter who bought great paintings by Chardin almost as soon as they got off the easel. In neither the 18th nor the 19th century was higher education in Glasgow anything to be ashamed of. A city that had Adam Smith to teach the infant science of economics, James Watt to perfect the steam-engine, and Joseph Lister as professor of surgery had no need to envy Edinburgh.

In late Victorian times both the university and the city of Glasgow maintained museums of high quality. Nothing in Edinburgh could compare with the contribution to the decorative arts that was made by Charles Rennie Mackintosh and his colleagues in Glasgow at the turn of the century. Glasgow at that time was part of the international avant-garde, and is now rightly proud of it. It is furthermore in Glasgow, and not in Edinburgh, that the Scottish National Opera has lately made its very good name.

• • •

And it is in Glasgow, in a landscaped park no more than ten minutes from the center of the city, that the Queen of England ten days ago opened a new museum that aims to be the Scottish equivalent of the Wallace Collection in London, the Frick Collection in New York and the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston. Named after a local man of business called Sir William Burrell, it houses the huge miscellaneous collection that Burrell formed initially for his own enjoyment and eventually with a didactic purpose in mind.

It ranges far and wide, though not always deep. Burrell was 96 at the time he died in 1958, and he had been buying paintings since he was a schoolboy. Later he moved into Greek, Roman and Egyptian antiquities, medieval tapestries and sculptures, glass, silver and furniture of many periods, Limoges enamels, arms and armor, paintings by Giovanni Bellini, Cézanne, Degas, Courbet and Sisley, prints and drawings, Elizabethan and Jacobean wooden cups and chalices, stained glass of the 12th to 16th centuries, Chinese and Near Eastern ceramics, and much else besides. All these purchases Burrell wrote up in his own clerkly hand in a series of classroom exercise books that he kept from his 50th to his 95th year.

Nor did the collection come to a halt after his death. Only a year or two ago his trustees bought the enormous Warwick Vase that is one of the first things that the visitor to the Burrell Collection sees when he gets through the lobby. This is a curiosity, rather than a thing of beauty, but it was coveted by more than one American museum. It is in effect an 18th-century reconstruction of a vase of the 2nd century A. D. that was found in the ruins of the Emperor Hadrian's villa in Tivoli. Burrell would certainly have approved of it, though he might have been startled by the price.

For, like many another very rich man, he preferred making money to spending it. His scale of expense was remarkably low for someone who aspired to be a major collector. (It averaged around $80,000 a year, in the money of the day, over the period from 1911 to 1957, and his most expensive purchase — a portrait of a man by Frans Hals — was almost laughably cheap by the standards of today.)

He had advisers, of course, but he had not got rich by taking advice and the collection undeniably has a strong personal stamp — not least in Burrell's passion for the kind of corrugated paneling that is known as linenfold. He bought linenfold paneling the way Americans buy popcorn when they go to the movies, and there is a great deal of it in the memorably lugubrious Hutton Castle rooms in the new museum. These reproduce all too faithfully the exact look of the house near Berwick-on-Tweed in which the Burrells spent much of their time. (It was on his insistence that they were taken out of the house to form part of the museum.)

Burrell had what would now be called entrepreneurial genius. Ships and shipbuilding were the original business of Glasgow, which occupies an advantageous position on the river Clyde. Burrell was born to the business, entered the family firm at the age of 15, and took command when he was only 24. His flair was prodigious — so much so that he knew to build when when nobody else was building, thereby getting his ships at the lowest price. When times improved, his ships were all set and ready to go just as everyone else had gone out of business or sold up their ships in despair.

In 1905, for instance, he and his brother suddenly ordered 20 new ships after a period of apparent quiescence. This tactic paid off especially well at the outset of World War I, when very high profits could be combined with high patriotic purpose, and from 1916 onward he had enough stashed away to devote a great part of his time and energy to collecting.

There were departments of art in which he did very well indeed. It would be difficult to find a finer panorama of European tapestry as it existed in the late 15th and early 16th centuries than the one in the Burrell Collection. The Chinese ceramics span some 6,000 years and include many a conspicuously fine example. The stained glass panels — many of them set into tall plain windows overlooking the park — make a commanding effect. Both in stained glass and in the field of medieval sculpture the English achievement is shown alongside what was done on the mainland of Europe in a way that is consistently instructive.

Where European painting is concerned, the collection was always lopsided. What Burrell didn't like, he left out. What he did like, he bought in bulk. The collection starts and stops, therefore, in ways that hinder a coherent installation. This problem is compounded in the new building by the fact that the rooms devoted to painting are neither grand enough to give major paintings room to lead their own lives nor intimate enough to make us feel that we are alone with them, one after the other.

Nothing can make us anything but delighted to see paintings that are famous the world over, like Degas's portrait of the critic and novelist Edouard Duranty and Cézanne's "Le Chateau de Médan." We also delight in paintings that seem to come in from nowhere in particular, in this context, like the portrait of a dog by Jean-Baptiste Oudry that also happens to include a memorable portrait of a blue-and-white bowl. But this section of the new museum would benefit by some re-thinking. We know, for instance, that Burrell bought more than 50 paintings, drawings and prints by Matthijs Maris, a leading member of the Hague School, and we are entitled to wonder if the history of Scottish taste (and of Dutch painting) does not demand that we should see more of them.

The chief architect of the new building was Barry Gasson. Though the building is unlikely to mark an epoch in the history of museum design he did notably well both in his choice of a site on the edge of the park. There is much to admire in the use of big windows that bring light, a feeling of air and a sense of unspoiled nature into the museum. He also did very well with the fragments of medieval architecture — from Romanesque to flamboyant Gothic — that he has been able to integrate into the building in such a way that doors and windows retain something of their original function.

• • •

American visitors will be amused to know that Sir William Burrell bought these fragments from William Randolph Hearst around 30 years ago for a very small sum indeed. (Many of them had apparently sat around in unopened crates for a long time). Not only did Burrell make the kind of deal that made him clap his old hands, but he got piece after piece that helps the Burrell Collection to shape up as a Scottish cousin to the Cloisters in New York. To be able to use those fragments, as distinct from just looking at them, is an experience to treasure.

But then the Burrell Collection is in more ways than one a remarkable place. It is the latest, and by no means the least, of the big scale personal fantasias that bring idiosyncracy to the international museum scene. ■



Reproduced by permission of Glasgow Museums and Art Galleries (The Burrell Collection)

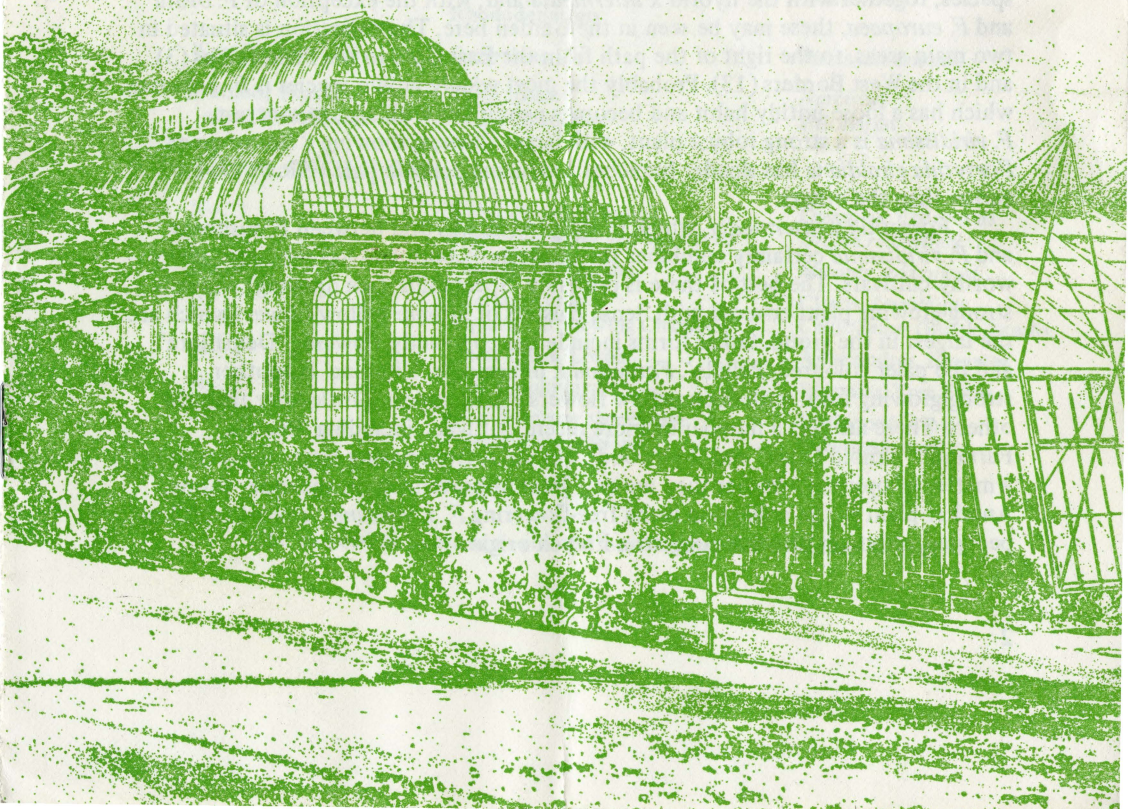
Prophet Jeremiah, stained glass panel, from St. Denis Abbey, c. 1140-5, in the new Burrell Collection in Glasgow—It ranges far and wide, though not always deep.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN/EDINBURGH

THE GARDEN IN APRIL

1973 4p net

Younger Botanic Gardens, Benmore



The Garden in April

FORSYTHIAS

To the great majority of garden lovers Forsythias are indispensable as spring-flowering shrubs, even in the smaller garden. They are among the most beautiful of yellow-flowered subjects and seldom fail to give a great display, despite the unwelcome attentions of sparrows and bullfinches which often destroy many of the flower buds. It must be admitted, however, that they are rather dull during the rest of the year, but of course this is also true of many other shrubs. When these plants are carefully sited near the back of the border it tends to hide their dull summer appearance, while at the same time a dark evergreen background is best to show up the flowers. The time of flowering varies slightly with locality and season, but is usually from late March to early April in this part of the country.

The Royal Horticultural Society's Dictionary of Gardening lists some 5 species, together with the hybrid x *intermedia* and, with the exception of *F. ovata* and *F. europaea,* these may be seen in the Garden here. The collection is situated in two main areas, to the right of the path from the East Gate to the Planthouses (3) and in the West Borders (13). Probably the most widely grown species is *F. suspensa,* which has a loose untidy habit and becomes pendulous with age; in contrast, *F. viridissima* is a strong robust plant, with larger flowers, showing a tint of green. *Forsythia giraldiana* has slender branches producing delicate pale yellow flowers earlier than the others.

Forsythia x *intermedia*, which is accepted as a hybrid between *F. suspensa* and *F. viridissima* certainly combines the qualities of both and has produced many worthy cultivars. The best of these is probably 'Spectabilis' (see drawing) which is a strong-growing plant covered with dense clusters of intense yellow flowers which are the largest in the group. Other forms include the compactly flowered 'Densiflora' and the paler coloured 'Pallida'. *Forsythia* x *intermedia* 'Vitellina' is another strong-growing form with deep yellow flowers which appear a little later than the others. There are also a number of more recent cultivars, including 'Beatrix Farrand', 'Arnold Giant' and 'Lynwood', but apart from having larger flowers, it is a matter of opinion whether they are any great improvement on the older forms. Another plant in the collection is the free-flowering *F.* x *lemoinei,* a plant with lost pedigree, although its name suggests a French origin.

PLANTS OF INTEREST IN APRIL

IN THE OPEN

Heath Garden (21)*	*Erica mediterranea*	*Erica carnea* cultivars
Rock Garden (20)	*Narcissus,* dwarf species *Pulsatilla vulgaris* *Scilla siberica* *Leucojum vernum* *Chionodoxa gigantea* Dwarf Rhododendrons	*Muscari,* Drabas *Adonis vernalis* *Iberis,* Cassiopes Erythroniums *Primula marginata* *Fritillaria meleagris*
Woodland Garden (19)	*Bergenia* species Rhododendrons *Anemone transylvanica*	*Corylopsis spicata* *Dicentra formosa* *Anemone nemorosa*
Peat Garden (17)	*Primula scapigera* *Primula* x *scapeosa*	*Primula gracilipes* Cassiopes, Trilliums
Pond (2)	*Lysichiton americanum* *Lysichiton camtschatense*	*Primula denticulata* *Primula rosea*
Rhododendron Walk (8)	Primulas (Petiolares) *Dicentra spectabilis* Epimediums, *Bergenia*	Magnolias, *Pieris* Rhododendrons Trilliums, Hellebores
Copse (10)	*Parrotiopsis jacquemontiana* Rhododendrons	Magnolias
West Borders (13)	Forsythias	*Pieris taiwanensis*
Outdoor Borders along Planthouses	Tulip species Grape Hyacinths	*Narcissus* Fritillarias

IN THE PLANTHOUSES

No. 1	Kalanchoes, Aloes *Euphorbia millii* var. *splendens*	Crassulas, Echeverias *Greyia radkolferi*
No. 2	*Thunbergia fragrans*	*Miconia soldanhaei*
No. 3	Acacias, *Cytisus* Aquatics in Viewing Chamber	Clivias, *Jasminum* *Callistemon* (Bottle Brush)
No. 4	Water Lilies, Cocoa	Aphelandras, *Brownea*
No. 5	Tree Epiphytes	Begonias, Tree Ferns
No. 6	*Clerodendrum thomsonae* *Dendrobium, Pleione*	Paphiopedilums *Odontoglossum*

*The numbers in parentheses give the locations shown on the map on page 8.



These hardy deciduous shrubs are easily grown and invariably succeed beyond exceptations. They flourish in a variety of soils, provided the drainage is good, but like most plants they do best in a rich loamy compost, and respond to an annual dressing of well-decayed farmyard manure. The planting site should be in full sun and either in a shrub border or trained against a wall.

Any pruning necessary should be done immediately after flowering, since the flowers are borne on the previous year's wood. Young plants, of course, rarely require pruning until they are large and well established. Forsythias are most useful for cutting in the early bud stage for indoor decoration, which incidentally is a good way of pruning!

The name Forsythia honours William Forsyth who was in charge of the Royal Garden at Kensington during the 17th century. He wrote a book on fruit growing, two editions of which are in the Garden library, one of them with a portrait of himself. It is interesting to note that William Forsyth, born at Old Meldrum in Aberdeenshire, was one of the seven founder members of the Royal Horticultural Society.

Forsythias are native of China, Japan and Korea and were introduced to European gardens between 1840 and 1900. It came as a surprise, therefore, when in 1897, Dr Baldacci discovered a new species in North Albania. This was named as *F. europaea* and although the discovery was treated with some scepticism at the time it is now known to grow both in N Albania and in adjacent parts of Jugoslavia. Although of great interest botanically, *F. europaea* is less important horticulturally. It is more compact in habit than *F. viridissima* but lacks the ornamental qualities of *F. suspensa.*

S.J.A.

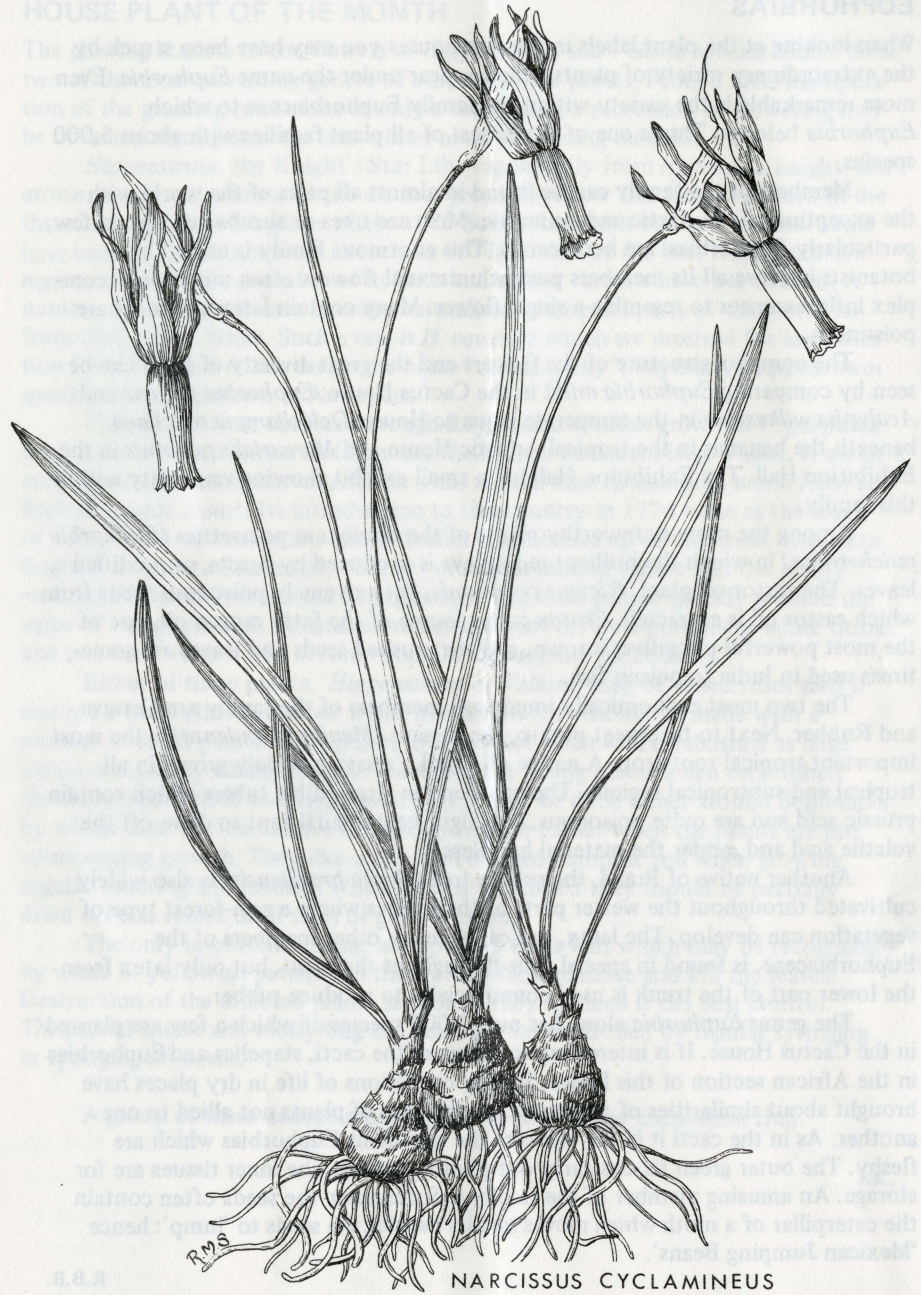
WHAT THE LABEL DOESN'T TELL

"An absurdity which will never be found to exist". If the Reverend William Herbert, botanist of some repute and author of this unfortunate statement, were alive today he would have good reason to regret his choice of words for he referred to *Narcissus cyclamineus,* now one of the best known and popular of all dwarf daffodils. Herbert should not be judged too harshly; writing in 1837 he was commenting on an illustration which had been published in Paris some 200 years earlier and the narrow corona (trumpet) and sharply reflexed petals of the little *Narcissus* must have seemed very strange indeed – but hardly absurd.

N. cyclamineus was not rediscovered until 1885, when Alfred Tait and Edwin Johnston found it growing abundantly in several localities around Oporto. Tait, or Baron de Soutellinho, although born in Portugal was a British subject, a wine exporter to trade, whose favourite recreations were the study of botany and the collection of new plants for cultivation. He was uncommonly generous in sharing his finds amongst his friends and when the miniature daffodil was re-discovered he saw to it that bulbs and seed were distributed as widely as possible. Growers were enthusuastic about this distinctive plant and nowadays many forms are recognised and it is a parent of several notable hybrids. One of the earliest of the genus to come into flower, it is usually still providing a display in April when it is joined by other popular miniatures such as *N. bulbocodium,* Hooped Petticoats, and *N. triandrus* (Rock Garden, 20; Front of Plant Houses, 6).

Few of our garden plants has enjoyed such constant favour as the Daffodil and it must surely be one of the most frequently encountered in legend and poetry. Greek mythology relates how Pluto fell in love with Persephone and enlisted the aid of Zeus who created a new flower with which to tempt her. As she bent to gather the bloom the earth opened and she descended to Hades. That the flower was a Narcissus is beyond doubt and the same ruse is said to have been used by Zeus himself to ensnare the "Faire Lady Europa". Sophocles mentions the flower in "Oedipus at Colonius", indeed the Greek anthology is packed with references, and the Daffodil has fired the poet's imagination ever since. Shakespeare, Herrick and Milton all eulogised it, as, in our own time, did John Masefield, "Aprils in the west wind and Daffodils". The English poets referred to the widely naturalized *N. pseudonarcissus* and, perhaps because of this, there is a tendency to regard only the large yellow-trumpeted flowers as Daffodils and to call the rest Narcissi. That the names are in fact synonymous was made quite clear by the 16th herbalist John Gerard; 'Many idle and ignorant Gardeners ..... doe call some of these Daffodils Narcissus,. when as all know that know any Latine that Narcissus is the Latine name and Daffodil the English one of the same thing .....'.

R.M.S.



NARCISSUS CYCLAMINEUS

EUPHORBIAS

When looking at the plant labels in the glasshouses you may have been struck by the extraordinary variety of plants which appear under the name *Euphorbia.* Even more remarkable is the variety within the family Euphorbiaceae to which *Euphorbia* belongs. This is one of the largest of all plant families with about 5,000 species.

Members of the family can be found in almost all parts of the world with the exception of the Arctic and Antarctic. Most are trees or shrubs but a good few, particularly Euphorbias, are herbaceous. This enormous family is united by botanists because all its members possess unisexual flowers often united into complex inflorescences to resemble a single flower. Many contain latex and most are poisonous.

The complex structure of the flowers and the great diversty of form can be seen by comparing *Euphorbia millii* in the Cactus House; *Euphorbia fulgens* and *Acalypha wilkesiana* in the temperate Aquatic House; *Dalechampia roezliana* beneath the bananas in the tropical Aquatic House and *Mercurialis perennis* in the Exhibition Hall. The Exhibition Hall has a small exhibit showing variability within this family.

Among the more noteworthy plants of the family are poinsettias *(Euphorbia pulcherrima)* in which the brilliant red colour is produced by bracts, or modified leaves. The castor oil plant, *Ricinus communis,* has extremely poisonous seeds from which castor oil is extracted. *Croton* is the source of the fatty croton oil, one of the most powerful purgatives known, and the crushed seeds and leaves are sometimes used in India to poison fish.

The two most economically important members of the family are Cassava and Rubber. Next to the sweet potato, the cassava *(Manihot esculenta)* is the most important tropical root crop. A native of Brazil, cassava is widely grown in all tropical and subtropical regions. The roots end in large edible tubers which contain prussic acid and are quite poisonous, but slight heat is sufficient to drive off the volatile acid and render the material harmless.

Another native of Brazil, the rubber tree *(Hevea brasiliensis)* is also widely cultivated throughout the wetter parts of the tropics where a rain-forest type of vegetation can develop. The latex, typical of many other members of the Euphorbiaceae, is found in special cells throughout the plant, but only latex from the lower part of the trunk is used commercially to produce rubber.

The genus *Euphorbia* alone has over 2,000 species of which a few are planted in the Cactus House. It is interesting to compare the cacti, stapelias and Euphorbias in the African section of this house. Similar conditions of life in dry places have brought about similarities of appearance in families of plants not allied to one another. As in the cacti it is the stems of the succulent Euphorbias which are fleshy. The outer green tissues carry out photosynthesis, the inner tissues are for storage. An amusing member of the family is *Sebastiana;* the seeds often contain the caterpillar of a moth which moves rapidly causing the seeds to 'jump': hence 'Mexican Jumping Beans'.

R.B.B.

HOUSE PLANT OF THE MONTH

The glowing scarlets of the flowers of *Hippeastrum* and *Vallota* species makes these two of the most rewarding genera of bulbous house plants. From a little manipulation of the growing conditions of only a few plants, a succession of flowering may be obtained throughout the late winter and early spring months.

Hippeastrum, the Knight's Star Lily, (apparently from *hippeus,* a knight, and *astron,* a star, on account of the distinct greenish-yellow star-shaped pattern in the throat of the tube) is a genus of about 75 South American bulbous species. Some have been in cultivation since as early as 1677 but one of the best is *Hippeastrum reginae* from which a number of hybrids and colour variants have been raised. A number of the species have become naturalised in tropical parts of the world far from their native home. Such a one is *H. equestre* which we received for identification from Tropical Africa under the name "Ashanti Lily". Popularly, *Hippeastrum* species are often known as Amaryllis.

Vallota speciosa, the Scarborough-Lily, which is often grown as *V. purpurea* is a native of South Africa and honours the French botanist Pierre Vallot. It seems a curious circumstance that an African plant should take its common name from an English seaside resort. Its introduction to this country in 1774 came as the result of a shipwreck. A homeward-bound Dutch vessel broke up on the coast of eastern England and part of its cargo, *Vallota* bulbs, was washed ashore and the plants established themselves around Scarborough. The local people quickly realised the value of this plant with its cardinal-red chalices set off by a prominent white throat and in a short time it had become popular throughout the country.

Either of these plants, *Hippeastrum* or *Vallota*, may be raised from seed if one has a small glass-house but if not available a start should be made with a number of small plants. Both genera are happiest when well established as large plants completely filling the pot. Therefore the young plants when established should be transferred to a larger pot. This should be done either around September by which time the leaves have finished growth or earlier when the plants are just commencing growth. They like a rich well-drained compost and when growing regular watering and feeding. When growth is finished they should be partially dried off and rested until signs of growth again.

The only important disease is a Spotted Virus Wilt which may be recognised by white or yellowish patches on the leaves which coalesce and kill the leaves. Destruction of the affected plants as soon as they are seen is the best control. Thrips, red spider and mealy bug can generally be controlled by regular syringing or sponging of leaves.

A group of these desirable plants may be seen in the Exhibition Hall.

J.K.

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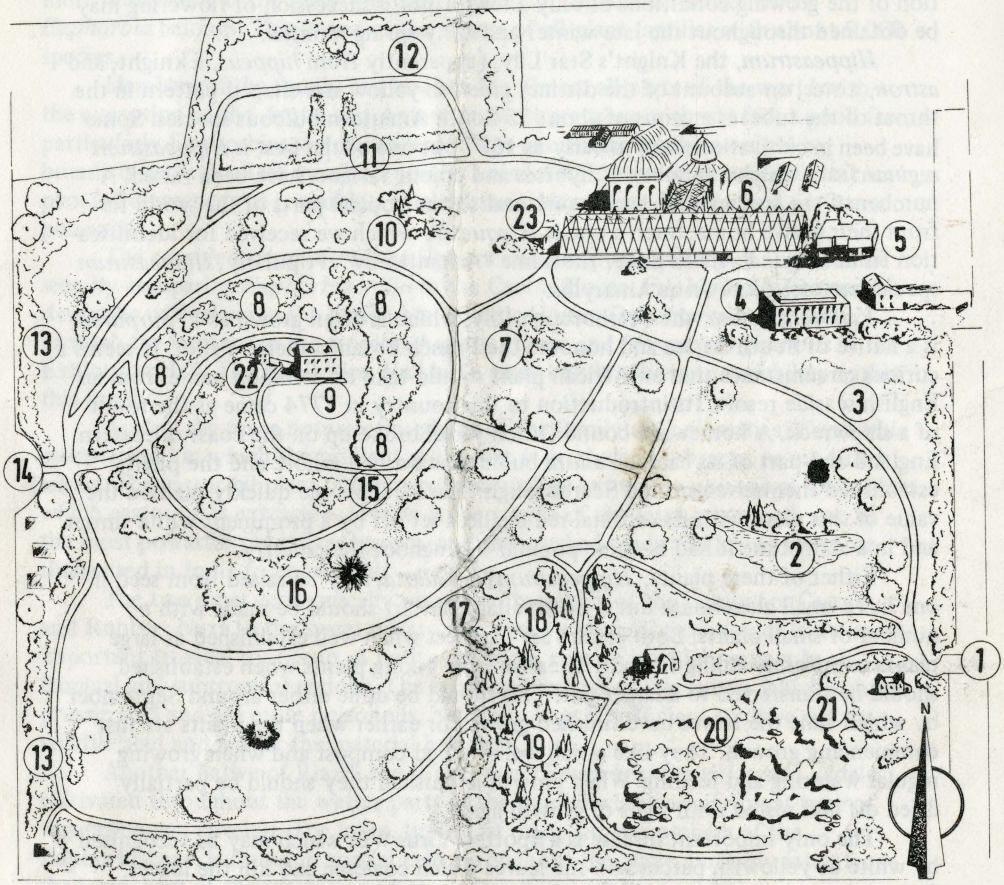
Royal Botanic Garden



1. East Gate
2. Pond
3. Rose Garden
4. Herbarium, Library, Laboratories and Offices
5. Exhibition Hall
6. Plant Houses
7. Azalea Lawn
8. Rhododendron Walk
9. Gallery of Modern Art (Inverleith House)
10. Copse
11. Herbaceous Border
12. Demonstration Garden
13. West Borders
14. West Gate
15. City View Point
16. The Hill
17. Peat Garden
18. The Glade
19. Woodland Garden
20. Rock Garden
21. Heath Garden
22. Tea Room
23. Toilets

Produced in Scotland by Her Majesty's Stationery Office Reprographic Division, Edinburgh
Dd.248886/3048 K20 72

Tuesday, March 27, 1979

Dear Mother and Dad

My desk is full of lists at the moment: to myself as to what must be shopped for, packed, and done toward taking courses at the UW; lists to the housesitter, things to ask Ivan, etc. Presumably, if I'm able to dispose of all of them by Sunday, we can go to Britain!

APRIL 1, Sunday - leave Seattle at 7:30 p.m. on Pan Am Flight 122.

APRIL 2, Monday - arrive London 1:30 p.m.

By suppertime I hope that we'll be checking into Dolphin Square. (We'll try to avoid the tipsy waiter this time.) And for the next three weeks our address will be:

c/o Dolphin Square Trust Limited
Dolphin Square
London SW1V 3LX
England

The visitors' phone number is 01-834 3800. That's a switchboard, so if you want to call, be sure to do it person to person.

We plan to be at Dolphin Square through Sunday, April 22. If we come to New York that would probably change slightly, and we'll keep you informed.

Also, I'll get post office mailing address to you to cover our two weeks in Scotland, and week in Wales.

And the date that we arrive back in Seattle is Sunday, May 13. If it's on schedule, we should be back in the house by early evening. Our return is on Pan Am flight 123.

Our housesitter's name is Wendy Nakao. She used to be a librarian and Shoreline, and now works at Bellevue.

And if you want any chores done in Seattle, call John and Jean Roden at (206) EM2-6491 or Ann and Marshall Nelson at (206) 3620717.

Meanwhile, It's 7:45 a.m., and Jean just called to check about whether we had seen the latest issue of Publisher's Weekly, which lists some of the events involved in the NBA awards ceremony. There's a party for the nominees, etc. We had, since we subscribe to the magazine. Ivan will call New York soon, and see what we can learn there.

Thanks for the clipping from the Press, so that we could get a look at the wire service story. I'm enclosing a copy of the NY Times article. Also enclosed is a review of Sky from the April issue of American West, and a copy of Ivan's latest article in Pacific Search. He wrote it quite a while ago, and Pacific Search still have a few of his other articles stockpiled, so it looks as if he's busily writing for them — which he isn't.

Instead, he's getting a considerable number of pages of the new manuscript ready for a typist. I'll photocopy some of them today, so they can be left in a safe place while we're away.

On Thursday he's to be interviewed for the National Public Radio program, All Things Considered. The interview will be used some weekend; we haven't be told when, but probably while we're away. Our friends will listen for it.

Also on Thursday, we're doing our last entertaining: John and Jean, Amy Mates, and Amy's sister, who is visiting. We have a rib roast to use, and figured that's a good way to do it. They will have information about Britain to pass along, and Jean will bring a few slides of Wales.

On Friday, we're invited to dinner at the Nelsons. Then we spend Saturday packing and hacking the house into shape. Jean has volunteered to take us to the airport on Sunday evening.

So that's what's going on here. We'll talk to you Sunday.

P.S.

I'd be glad to have the maple desk when the Holmes's no longer have a use for it. It would be nice in the guest room, don't you think?

Naturally, we'd pay shipping charges, and I'd like to have the mover box it, too, if possible.

CHELSEA COLLEGE

University of London

PRICE LIST 1984

VACATION BOOKINGS.

Unless otherwise stated, prices are for each person. All prices are inclusive of VAT at 15% and include breakfast, as described for each Hall of Residence.

** Please note that twin rooms at Malcolm Gavin Hall are inclusive of an adjacent sitting room.

	Single Room		*Shared Room		Twin Room	
	Per Night.	Per Week.	Per Night.	Per Week.	Per Night.	Per Week.
LIGHTFOOT HALL Full Continental Breakfast.	£9.40	£62.00	£15.00 (2 persons)	£100.00	-	-
MALCOLM GAVIN HALL Full English Breakfast	£7.90	£52.00	£13.50 (2 persons)	£88.00	**£15.50 (2 persons)	£100.00
INGRAM COURT Full Continental Breakfast.	£8.50	£56.00	£14.00 (2 persons)	£94.00	£16.00 (2 persons)	£108.00

Conference and Group rates, including other meals, by arrangement.

Special rates for Lecture Theatres/ Seminar Rooms/ Assembly Hall etc. on application to the Conference Administrator. Brochure and price list available.

Sample menus of Conference/ Group buffets and function meals, wine list and all other catering available from the Catering Manager.

* Indicates single room with additional folding bed.

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I. Bed and Breakfast Hotels

1. Fieldcourt House
   32 Courtfield Gardens
   London SW5

   Telephone: 01-373-0152

2. Jerome House
   19 Harrington Gardens
   London SW7

   Telephone: 01-373-2789

3. Concord Hotel
   155 Cromwell Road
   London SW5

   Telephone: 01-370-4151

4. Lee Abbey International Student Club
   26 Courtfield Gardens (office)
   London SW5

   Telephone: 01-373-7286

II. Apartment (furnished) rental for small groups of students:

1. Mr. Walter Harris
   Kensbridge Apartments
   38 Emperor's Gate
   London SW7

   Telephone: 01-589-2923

III. Dormitory Housing:

1. Imperial College of Science and Technology
   Conference Center-Summer Accomodations
   Sherfield Building
   Exhibition Road
   Kensington, London SW7

   Telephone: 01-589-5111

   2/20 request for wk of 6-17 or earlier - TO BOOK

2. Chelsea College
   Mrs. Fennell, Conference Administrator
   Manresa Road
   London SW3

   Telephone: 01-351-2488

   2/20 for info

3. Maria Assumpta Pastoral and Educational Center
   Sister Maureen, Coordinator
   23 Kensington Square
   London W8 5HN

   Telephone: 01-937-6434

   2/20 for info

cf. London House 2/20
Let's Go guide
reservations asked
for wk of June 17

London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

A Penny's Worth

IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, it must have been fairly easy to keep track of books published here, when members of the Stationers' Society, under royal charter, had the exclusive right to do the printing. Then it was easier also, no doubt, for authors to go hungry, since they had neither a friend at court nor society of any kind to represent them. But, if authors face fewer financial problems today, it is not because of any monies they receive from libraries that circulate their works.

It seems likely now, and about time, that municipal lending libraries will impose a nominal charge, perhaps a penny, for each book borrowed, the income to be spread among authors and their publishers. The Minister of Arts here has agreed to introduce the necessary legislation, and in Parliament at the moment there seems to be general approval.

Local librarians, who have been opposing the reform because of the bookkeeping chores that may be entailed, believe that just as many books as ever will be borrowed; but they point out, with justifiable cynicism, that authors still will derive no benefit from books distributed by the numerous *private* libraries, which won't be disposed to annoy members with charges over and above annual membership fees. This, the municipal librarians say, is not cricket; if there is to be any charge at all, let the well to do not be exempt.

Most eminent of the private lending institutions is the London Library, a handsome structure in lovely St. James's Square, conceived in 1841 by Thomas Carlyle, who complained bitterly that England had more jails than libraries, and of the latter too many that never permitted books to leave the premises. With some support from Gladstone, Bulwer-Lytton, Thackeray, and Tennyson, Carlyle was able to get his project off—or rather onto—the ground. It certainly is the most distinguished of its kind. Any day, and also every day, as many as ten books may be taken out by any member. The personal service available to researchers is instantaneous and extraordinary. No "popular" books are on the shelves, heaven forfend (the presence of a *Portnoy's Complaint* would be sacrilege); only such books as may be useful to scholars and more serious readers. One may plan a full week's work in the gracious reading room, assured always of a chair and ample table space. The annual membership fee is $35, pretty steep in these parts, but there are 5,000 members, the newer ones going goggle-eyed at first over the memorabilia of men who served here, among them such authors as Macaulay, Walter Besant, T. S. Eliot, George Meredith, and Thomas Huxley.

London is not merely the capital of the United Kingdom; it is, one can say, the library capital of the world. For all my inquiries over the past ten months, for all the printed volumes that describe local library history, I have not been able to determine the total number of libraries in this city. There are, to begin with, forty sep-

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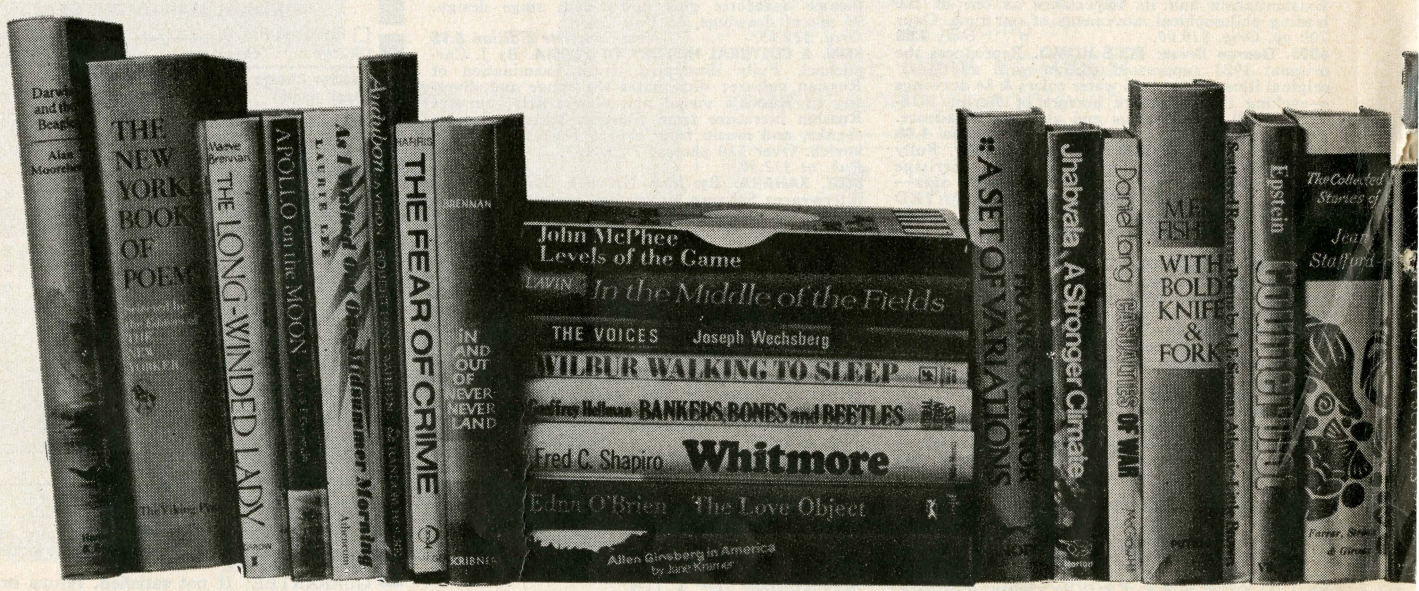

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I have visited libraries in the States, from East Coast to West, and in a dozen other countries, and I doubt there is one more impressive than our own Library of Congress in Washington. Which is the greater, the Congressional or the library in the British Museum in London, I do not know—and probably nobody else knows for sure, either. But the latter, which over the next ten years will be moving to even larger quarters in Bloomsbury, is in many ways the more awe-inspiring, its Reading Room the ancestor of all the round reading rooms in the world, the grandest, most dazzling, most *libraryish* of all. The dome of this library is exceeded in size, and then but slightly, only by the Pantheon's in Rome; and it is after the heroic British Museum concept, brought into being by Antonio Panizzi (ultimately Sir Anthony), a political refugee from Italy, that the Reading Room in our Congressional is modeled.

Where the British Museum Library is concerned, the major problem is to get *in*. Fewer than 400 seats are available in the Reading Room. My friends from home insist it would be less difficult to filch a bar of gold from Fort Knox than to find a seat here, which isn't quite true, although the obstacles do seem formidable. The facilities of the Reading Room are for reference and research exclusively, no books may be taken for home use, and access is denied if the books required are to be had anywhere else. To use them, one must have a ticket. To be favored with a ticket, one must be at least twenty-one, and in advance provide in writing the specific reasons for seeking admittance. One must also provide a written recommendation from a person "of recognized position, not related to the applicant . . . based on *personal* knowledge of the applicant," and certifying that said applicant "is a fit and proper person." In other words, if you are one of Mr. Nixon's campus bums, or are only in the nineteenth year of postgraduate university work, better plan to spend the day at



(*Continued on page* 73)



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London Letter

Continued from page 21

Madame Tussaud's. However, should you be fortunate enough to get in—which means that even with a ticket you must begin queueing up at 9 in the morning—do not be surprised if suddenly and summarily you are asked to get out, most especially if you are gauche enough to be chewing gum. Also, in advance, it is well to make sure your hands are well scrubbed. Also, unless you choose to risk eviction, do not even talk to *yourself*. Decorum in this room is inviolable. Silence is sacred. If you should sneeze, you'll wish you'd never been born.

It is only occupancy of the Reading Room that demands such absolute formality. Otherwise, infinite treasures are to be savored nearby, simply for the entering and ambling, and they are, to coin a phrase, enough to knock your eye out. The place is loaded with original manuscripts of the men and women who have created the bulk of our classic literature, from Bacon, Browning, Burns, and Byron, to Cowper and Defoe, to Gibbon and Gray, to Johnson and Jonson, to Milton, Shelley, Spenser, and Sterne.

For anyone devoted to books, what is available in London cannot be contemplated without some surge of emotion. The Victoria and Albert Museum Library has what must be one of the finest collections of the literature of art. The London Oratory is the depository for an overwhelming display of Catholic literature. The Guildhall Library is actually a gathering together of *other* libraries, some belonging once upon a time to such as the Clockmakers' Company and the Playing Card Makers' Company.

The delights of a foreign city are always intriguing, and like other Americans in temporary residence here I am inclined to be stunned by London. After a while one's perspective needs adjustment, so as not to forget the treasures and enchantments at home. The wonder is that in this turbulent world so very much is still around that is great and gratifying, as in the oases of peace to be found in any library anywhere.

A penny per copy per borrowed book cannot be too much to ask even the poorest British citizen to contribute to the well-being of authors. I hope some library legislation, on the order of what is contemplated here, is being considered at home.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 53: wroth, worth, throw.

Poverty

Continued from page 48

yers, unions, and churches. Each group, Graham suggests, has historically treated the poor as losers, suitable for stingy charity and rich condescension. But in each case professional ideology permits a more generous disposition. Graham chronicles the efforts of welfare reformers, poverty lawyers, radical clergy, and socially concerned union leaders to redirect their institutions toward a broadly democratic service.

Without structure or argument, Graham's book alternates between capsule histories of institutional ideology and a rambling *kvetch* against the system. Yet its basic theme seems clear enough: the major institutions charged with protecting the weak have found it more congenial to serve the strong. Along the way, Graham implies, they have been victims of self-deception, too committed to an optimistic, pluralist faith to notice or aid the excluded.

The Future of Inequality, by sociologists S. M. Miller and Pamela Roby, charts the persistence of income inequality in the face of economic expansion and liberal social policy. The proportion of families earning less than one-half of the median income has hovered around 20 per cent since World War II. Public services may modify these figures somewhat, but not significantly. The distribution of government benefits favors the prosperous, while the tax system is not meaningfully progressive. The authors conclude that "reduction of inequalities is unlikely to proceed smoothly in the 1970s." Recent history suggests it may not proceed at all.

If redistribution is not just around the corner, liberal ideology needs a major overhaul. During the 1950s and early 1960s liberals placed their faith in the public sector to right the wrongs of the competitive economy. The result was a winning coalition for public programs that appealed to business (defense spending, road-building, urban renewal, space exploration) or reshuffled resources within middle-income groups (higher education, aid to private home construction). Only Medicare and Medicaid have significantly favored the poor—a boon purchased at the cost of enormous inflation in medical care prices and a largely regressive means of finance. Statism, if not an enemy of the poor, has at least in America often proved a false friend.

Leonard M. Ross, editor in chief of the Yale Law Journal, is Ezra Ripley Thayer Teaching Fellow at Harvard Law School for 1970-71.

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In 1939 America's Ambassador to London was Joseph Kennedy. His outspoken pessimism about Britain's chances of victory and his vigorous support for appeasement and American non-intervention, made him a danger to the British war effort. With the aid of recently-opened official files, *Nicholas Bethell* describes the Ambassador's indiscretions

JOSEPH KENNEDY: the embarrassing ambassador

Sunday Times Feb. 4, '73

A few days after the outbreak of war in September, 1939, Joseph Kennedy, American Ambassador in London, gave a farewell dinner for his children, who were about to leave for home. A week later an astounded Foreign Office learned what had been said at the party. It transpired that "Mr Kennedy had, after a somewhat competitive exchange of toasts, expressed the opinion that we should be badly thrashed in the present war". He had apparently "relished" expressing this opinion because of the "delight inherent in most Americans in seeing the lion's tail twisted". This is part of the first report in a large file labelled "Kennediana" which has recently been opened to historians. It demonstrates how Kennedy became a serious danger to Britain's war effort and a boost to the morale of Nazi Germany.



The Kennedys with five of their children at Princes Gate, London, March 1938. Left to right: Kathleen, Edward (in front), Joseph Kennedy, Mrs Kennedy, Patricia, Jean and Robert

The founder of the Kennedy dynasty and the Kennedy legend, Joseph was the son of a Boston saloon-bar owner, an unsuccessful politician whose father had emigrated from Ireland in 1850 in the wake of the potato famine. A good marriage and a Harvard education helped Joseph in early life, but largely by his own efforts he amassed a multi-million dollar fortune on Wall Street – money which he used to advantage in Democratic Party politics. In 1937 he was appointed to the London Embassy, the plum job which, rumour claimed, was traditionally offered to the man who contributes most to the President's campaign fund.

One reason the job was important to him was that, in spite of his success, he was not fully accepted by the 'good families' of Boston, who were suspicious of Irishmen and newly-acquired wealth. In London his social position rose immediately. He was welcomed with open arms. British businessmen admired his brilliant success, British hostesses his wit and his family of nine beautiful children. He gave superb dinner parties at 14 Princes Gate, his Kensington residence. His two elder sons, Joseph and Jack, and his two daughters, Kathleen and Eunice, were old enough to do the Season and to be entertained at Cliveden, the home of the Astor family. Kathleen became engaged to the Duke of Devonshire's son and heir. Edward and Robert attended the Gibbs School. Edward says: "I was six years old when my family arrived in London. I remember my awe at the new world of diplomacy, especially hearing my father addressed as 'Your Excellency' and thinking this was a new name he had suddenly acquired."

Not being a career diplomat, Kennedy preferred direct contact with British politicians to the machinery of the U.S. State Department, and he succeeded amazingly. He was soon a close friend of the Prime Minister and once remarked, with some truth: "I'm just like that with Chamberlain. Why, Franklin [Roosevelt] himself isn't as confidential with me." Harold Caccia, then in the private office of Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, noted: "Although a newcomer to diplomacy, Mr Kennedy has proved during the short period since his appointment here that he possesses every quality necessary for the success of his mission."

But as soon as war broke out the Foreign Office was forced to change its tune: "There are funny stories about him and his dealings in the city... Mr Kennedy's stock exchange activities, whatever they may be, are capable of being interpreted as affording evidence of anti-British proclivities . . . Kennedy's real ambition is the White House, and he has a great chance of achieving it. He is not a career man in the American diplomatic service. He wants to get back into the domestic arena. And he has annoyed most of his own staff in the London Embassy by his rather peculiar and personal (and even familial) conduct of diplomacy."

What they meant was that Kennedy had given Joseph and Jack jobs as attachés in the Embassy. Edward Kennedy writes: "I gather that on various occasions he entrusted them with sensitive tasks which he was reluctant to leave to the regular Embassy staff, whom he did not know well." The Foreign Office was distressed to learn that the Ambassador "attaches importance to the views of one of his sons who recently returned from Germany very impressed by what he saw".

The Ambassador was being equally gloomy in his reports to Washington. On September 30 he wrote that the mood of London was one of misery and defeatism. He had apparently been talking to John Simon, a notorious appeaser, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Why go on?" he asked Simon. The restoration of Poland was obviously impossible, so what was Britain fighting for? Simon's answer was that if he and his colleagues "were to advocate any type of peace, they would be yelled down by their own people, who are determined to go on".

This talk brought Kennedy to his dismal conclusion: "I have yet to talk to any military or naval expert of any nationality this week who thinks, with the present and →

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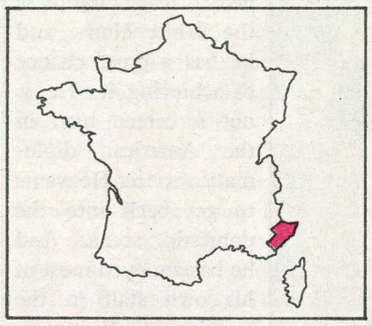
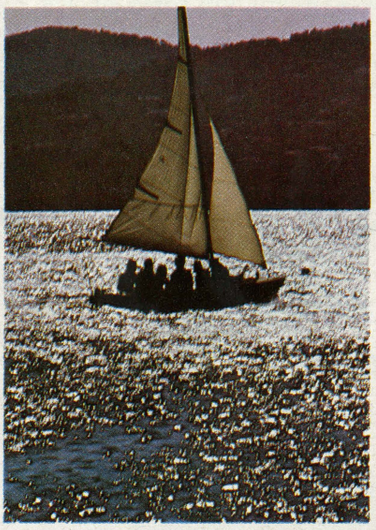
A perfumed garden















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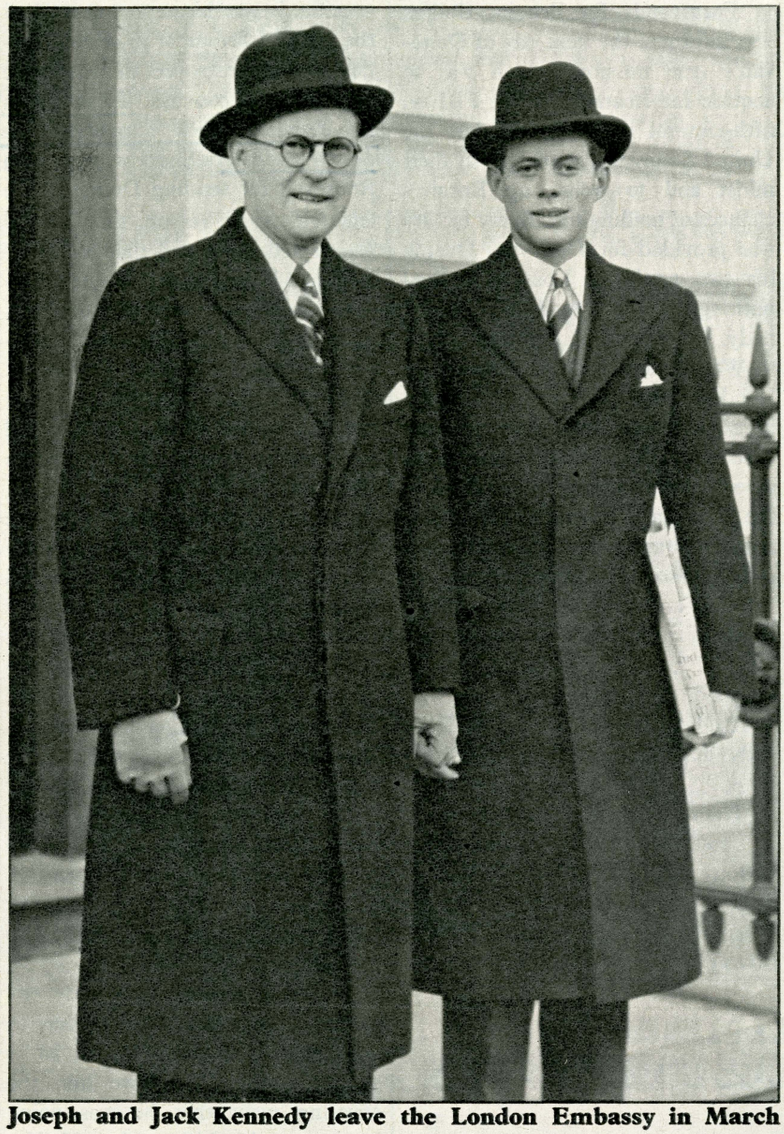
spective set-up of England and France on one side and Germany and Russia and their potential allies on the other, England has a Chinaman's chance . . . England and France can't quit, whether they would like to or not, and I am convinced because I live here that England will go down fighting." Kennedy's circle of friends and informants was very narrow. Churchill would have told him a different story.

The Ambassador's attitude was soon well known in London. Harold Nicolson wrote in *The Spectator:* "Were I to frequent only those circles where Mr Kennedy is so welcome a guest, I too should have long periods of gloom."

But before long, even the appeasers were fighting shy of the Ambassador with the wagging tongue. An American journalist wrote: "Joe was shocked by the changed atmosphere. He spent more time with Embassy people and American friends, since the British social invitations were not as numerous as in pre-war times."

While the hostesses of Mayfair withheld their approaches, the administrators of Whitehall had to decide whether or not to complain about him officially. On October 3 they drafted a letter to Lord Lothian, British Ambassador in Washington: "It has come to our notice from various unofficial sources that Mr Kennedy has been adopting a most defeatist attitude in his talks with a number of private individuals . . . We have thought it well to let you know about his indiscreet utterances in case it should later become necessary to ask you to drop a hint in the proper quarter."

Only the advice of Professor North Whitehead, probably the Foreign Office's best-informed man on American affairs, prevented any follow-up to this letter. "I question the wisdom of letting the Administration know of our objections to Mr Kennedy, however informally," he noted. He explained how essential Kennedy was to Roosevelt's political position and to his chances of re-election in November, 1940. London had only dim knowledge of the extent of the American 'spoils system' – the President's obligation to farm out top jobs among those whose support he wanted. It was here that Roosevelt had offended the East Coast Irish, whose influence on the Democratic Party is always considerable. Whitehead wrote: "To pacify the East Coast Irish Mr Kennedy was given his present appointment. From Mr Kennedy's point of view he owes his position to the fact that he represents a Catholic, Irish, anti-English group. He must therefore continue to exhibit this type of attitude."



Joseph and Jack Kennedy leave the London Embassy in March 1939 on their way to Rome to attend the coronation of the Pope

Another consideration little understood in England was the attitude of educated Americans to Walter Hines Page, Ambassador in London during the First World War. Whitehead noted: "Mr Page is regarded as having been a traitor to his country and as having handed himself over body and soul to Downing Street. It is therefore a fixed principle of any U.S. Ambassador to England during a European war that he must not only, in fact, stand up for his country's position in London, but must also, by his public utterances, etc., make this fact clear in America."

But this in no way excused the Ambassador's loud indiscretions. Visiting the United States over Christmas, 1939, he made more speeches, all of them widely reported. On December 11 he told a meeting of parishioners from a church in Boston, where he had once been an altar boy: "There's no place in the fight for us. It's going to be bad enough as it is." British morale was excellent, he told another group, adding cruelly that it seemed to perk up every time a British ship was sunk. Informed of these remarks, Alexander Cadogan noted: "I don't think these utterances are so bad in the circumstances. I should not have been surprised by worse."

Kennedy returned in March, 1940, to a London deeply resentful towards him personally, and suspicious of his Embassy in general. In an effort to show good faith as well as to wake America up to the reality of world war, Whitehall departments had been encouraged to give Embassy staff certain confidential information. But on March 18 Cadogan wrote to all departments warning them that such revelations must cease.

But it was only after Hitler's conquest of France and the Low Countries that Kennedy's defeatism and indiscretion really became dangerous. On July 1 Chamberlain wrote in his diary: "Saw Joe Kennedy who says everyone in USA thinks we shall be beaten before the end of the month." For him to express such an opinion privately was bad enough, but now he was actually repeating such things to neutral journalists. On July 25, according to the Foreign Office's information, he "summoned them to his side and announced to them that Hitler would be in London by August 15". He was heard to remark that "he has undertaken to stay here for 30 days after bombing really begins but not a moment longer".

The Foreign Office's attitude was now one of fury. "He is the biggest fifth-columnist in the country," one official wrote. But what was to be done? Perhaps someone should approach the Ambassador directly and ask him to desist? John Balfour thought not: "I don't think anything will make Mr Kennedy alter his views except a belief that it will pay him to do so. I don't know how we can induce such a belief and so I think we should leave him alone, except to remember not to trust him." The alternative, a complaint to Roosevelt, had already been rejected by Professor Whitehead in his scholarly note. Moreover, as David Scott pointed out, "we certainly won't make him [Kennedy] a more pleasant bedfellow by doing so, for he is certain to find out. In fact I fear he is a cross we must bear".

It was not a question of embarrassment, it was a question of danger. The American Government was faced with a crucial decision. Should they, in America's own interest, supply Britain with all possible help and support her as the outlying defence post of the democratic world? Or should they be prepared to let Britain go under, then to face alone a world dominated by Nazi Germany and Communist Russia? Before this question could be answered another problem arose: was Britain worth supporting? If Britain was finished, if she was going to surrender anyway, any supplies that America sent her would be worse than wasted, since they would fall into German hands. By advising Washington repeatedly that Britain would shortly collapse, Kennedy contributed massively to the school of thought that opposed sending Britain help. What is more, the Germans knew what he

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was saying. Their *chargé d'affaires* in Washington, Hans Thomsen, reported that Kennedy had "warned the President urgently not to take irreparable steps" because "England was finished and the USA would have to pay the bill".

But Roosevelt was not relying exclusively on Kennedy for his information on Britain's condition. Frank Knox, newly appointed as Secretary for the Navy, persuaded the President to send a personal envoy across the Atlantic to size Britain up. This was the famous "Wild Bill" Donovan, as Irish as Kennedy but unlike him in every other way. Kennedy was furious at the intrusion and did his best to sabotage the mission. The newly-opened documents show that on July 22, three days after Donovan's arrival in England, the British still had no idea how important he was. Halifax wrote that day: "The U.S. Ambassador is somewhat embarrassed by his [Donovan's] presence here and regards him as a newspaper man employed by Colonel Knox for his own newspaper [the *Chicago Daily News*]. It would therefore seem out of the question to treat him as a high official of the U.S. Government."

Fortunately for Britain, Halifax was informed the next day of Donovan's true mission, which was to acquire information for the FBI on fifth-column activities, to alert the United States to the danger in their midst and to weigh up Britain's chances of holding out. Every facility was provided for Donovan. During his two weeks in London he had nothing whatever to do with Kennedy. On August 7, after his return to Washington, Lothian reported to London: "He is pressing everyone here vigorously to supply us with destroyers and other equipment asked for immediately. He expressed the view that we should beat off any attack this autumn, though the price might be severe, especially in loss of shipping and cargoes." Donovan had found his task a difficult one because "he had found the Administration in a mood of extreme depression to which, he remarked sourly, Mr Kennedy had himself largely contributed".

Halifax wrote to Eden: "We were able to arrange for Colonel Donovan various facilities for which he was duly grateful. Since his return to Washington he has been most helpful to our cause in every way." To be specific, it was his report that tilted the scale in favour of providing Britain with 50 destroyers to protect the vital Atlantic convoys. To give him his due, Kennedy supported the destroyer deal, but he was angry with Roosevelt for sending Donovan. He felt, with some reason, that he had been spied upon and that his authority had been usurped. If the President was going to treat him like this, he need not look for Kennedy's support in the November 5 election. Once more the Ambassador was causing Britain alarm, for Churchill particularly desired the President's re-election.

Early in September, 1940, the German Air Force began to bomb London nightly. During one raid Kennedy's car was blown from the road on to the pavement. "I'm not going to be killed by a bomb. I wrote to my wife last night and told her that," he said to an English journalist. Rumours reached the Foreign Office that the Ambassador "had lost his nerve". He was convinced that Germany was employing only a small part of her bomber force on the blitz, and that when she really let loose London would be levelled to the ground.

He had promised to endure a month of bombing and he was as good as his word. On October 10 he visited Halifax and gave him the startling news that he was going home to resign his position. Halifax wrote: "Mr Kennedy seemed very much out of temper with the United States Government and with the President, his principal complaint being that they had not kept him adequately informed of their policy during the last two or three months. Indeed, he said, if it had not been for what he had learned in London, he would have known nothing of what was going on. He told me that he had sent an article to the United States to appear on November 1, if by any accident he was not able to get there, which would be of considerable importance appearing five days before the Presidential election. When I asked him what would be the main burden of his song, he gave me to understand that it would be an indictment of President Roosevelt's administration for having talked a lot and done very little. He is plainly a very disappointed and rather embittered man."

"It rather looks as though he was thoroughly frightened while in London and has gone to pieces as a consequence," noted Whitehead. An English journalist who saw him two days before he left wrote: "Looks mentally exhausted, physically tired, lacks interest." Arriving in America on October 27, he for once refused to speak to the Press. "I'm going right to the White House, and I'll talk a lot when I'm finished with that," he said. The Press were on tenterhooks. Kennedy's anger had leaked to the world at large. The election was nine days away and it was assumed that he would now be throwing his weight, the 25 million Catholic votes he was rumoured to control, behind Roosevelt's opponent Wendell Willkie.

On October 29 Kennedy spoke on the radio to a nationwide audience: "Happily, on these great, momentous issues of foreign policy, trade, commerce and the future of our American way of life I find little basis for disagreement with the President . . . In the light of these considerations, I believe that Franklin D. Roosevelt should be re-elected President of the United States." As if this were not enough, he then told a group of British journalists: "I am told that there is some gossip in London that I am making anti-British statements in this country, and that I am even saying that I do not expect Britain to win the war. This is nonsense. I never made anti-British statements or said, on or off the record, that I do not expect Britain to win the war." In the face of such a reversal of intention and of such a blatant lie, Whitehall could only throw up its arms in disbelief. How Roosevelt contrived the transformation is a mystery to this day.

Roosevelt won the election, but only just. The *New York Herald Tribune* described Kennedy as "the man who perhaps more than any other single individual helped to re-elect him". But in every other way he had been a thorn in Britain's flesh, an added torment in her time of trial. Robert Vansittart, Halifax's Chief Diplomatic Advisor, wrote: "Mr Kennedy is a very foul specimen of double-crosser and defeatist. He thinks of nothing but his own pocket. I hope that this war will at least see the elimination of this type." They were harsh words, but by the end of 1940, with London blown apart by Hitler's bombs, British officials were not inclined to treat charitably any man whose all-consuming desire for self-preservation had assisted their country's enemy●

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The great mouse plague

THERE'S supposed to be a plague of mice in London but it hasn't made any difference to Joe Dalton whose family, as his card proclaims, have been catching rats and mice since 1710: he works from morning till night, seven days a week and always has done. "It's always been the same it always will be; you can't ever get rid of rats and mice."

Joe Dalton's outfit is still very much a family business: there are 16 people in it, all related. Joe's brothers, nephews and even his son-in-law, Joe not having any sons. "The family have always lived round here in Kennington. I think way back in history they were game-keepers and keeping down the vermin was how they got into business.

"Even the women in my family can pick up live rats. My mother certainly could and she was only a little titch.

"Of course, we don't keep live rats these days; soon as I grab one I just give him a knock on the head and that's it. I've seen my old dad have as many as 200 live rats. He pulled a coster's barrow full of 'em. He used to take them to the rat pit behind Ludgate Circus and get fourpence a rat which was good money in them days. There was this pit, about six feet square and four foot deep and gents used to sit round betting on how long it would take the terrier to kill a dozen.

"We still catch rats the old-fashioned way. We say God gave 'em tails for us to pick 'em up. What you do is swing him round on the end of his tail and then he can't twist up and bite your wrist. Of course you do get bitten sometimes but it's only a little puncture, nothing to show.

"The old British black rat is extinct now and we're left with sewer rats and ship rats. There aren't as many rats as there used to be and I reckon that's why there's so many mice—the rats used to help to keep 'em down.

"Whenever we get called in we hear the same story: the place is swarming with rats and they're as big as cats and dogs. Well, I walk in and in a minute I can tell you where the rats are and how many. Swarming, they say, and there's probably three. Down on my hands and knees I go, delve around and there they are.

"We use poison where necessary. Sometimes I set my dogs on them and we occasionally have to use a gun, but there's nothing like catching them by the tail. You don't see anything over eight ounces.

"Mice—well, people ask for them when they leave food lying about. I always say mice must have the best sense of smell there is. If you've got food lying about, they'll know. I reckon one comes by to see whats' doing and goes and tells his mates. And what you've got to remember is the breeding. A mouse comes into season once every ten days. So if you have just one mouse, get rid of if straight away because, mark my words, if it's a female she'll have the bloke in from across the street the minute she's in season and there you are—about ten to a litter.

"I have to laugh when I see grown men frightened of mice. They're so fragile—I give them a little squeeze and that's it. They aren't strong enough to get their teeth through your skin.

"It's funny that there's still this stigma about having mice. I have to be careful. I used to have the name and trade on the van but people don't like it parked outside their house. I tell them I've worked for the richest and the poorest, and there's as many mice in Mayfair as anywhere else."

S-Times 1-14-73

WEST EUR

What EEC subsidies would mean to men who win a living from the hard hill land

Regional notebook

Trevor Fishlock

Brecon Beacons

Ken Jones's footprints in the thin skin of snow on the Brecon Beacons follow trails beaten by his ancestors down the centuries. A worn Welsh Bible and family papers in the farmhouse record that his people have been winning a living from this same hard land at least since 1704.

The sense of root and continuity is a part of the satisfaction he derives from his existence on the slopes at Blaencamlais Fach, 1,000 ft up in the Beacons. The rest of it is achievement, in the face of difficulties in this wild region; figuratively and literally, of turning the soil as he feels it should be turned.

He gave up schoolmastering 36 years ago to take over the family land, to become a hill farmer; one of the 25,000 men who work about a third of all the farming land in England, Wales and Scotland; the rough, wet, thin soil land of mountain, hill and heath.

Like most hill men, he feels hopeful and encouraged at the news from Brussels that the European Commission has approved the principle of subsidies to hill farmers. Cautiously he points out that the Council of Ministers has yet to agree. "But if it does, and the terms are right, it will be an enormous load off our minds", he said. "We have been worried, I can tell you.

"Without subsidies there could be no expansion and no encouragement, particularly for the young men. It would be the beginning of the end. We feared that in the EEC, hill men would be reduced to being park keepers of the countryside. But hill farmers want to work their land and be producers. They would not be satisfied with less. And they would not like mergers to become parts of farming empires.

"For in Wales, in particular, family farming—farmer and son, farmer and wife—is the tradition."

Mr Jones is 60. He is chairman of the hill farming committee of the NFU. He is a fairly typical hill farmer, though his 260-acre farm is slightly larger than the average in the area and he employs a man. He earns his living from beef, lamb and wool, and from his sidelines: timber, mountain ponies and tourism, an increasingly important aspect of earning a living in the uplands. He has two caravans in a sheltered spot.

The heart of hill farming is the breeding and rearing of sheep and cattle, grazing them in the summer, selling most of them before winter sets in. The lowland farmer buys from the hill man and fattens stock. So hill and lowland farmers have complementary roles in meat production.

"The difficulties are a mixture of the physical and economic", Mr Jones said. "In the mountains spring is late and autumn is early. The growing season is short and rainfall is high. Costs of transport, feedingstuffs, straw and machinery are soaring. I have given the sheep beet pulp cubes for breakfast. They were £23 a ton last year, now they are £47.

"I have had brucellosis trouble which, touch wood, I am beating. But it is a long slog. And of course the vet has his rising costs and his bills have to be paid. The road to the farm is three quarters of a mile long and is potholed; it will cost more than £1,000 to surface."

Hill farmers get 50 per cent capital grants for farm roads, fencing and water supply; and they get subsidies on cows, beef calves and sheep. "On many farms the subsidies are often the difference between profit and loss", Mr Jones said.

"People look at meat prices and say the farmers must be on a good thing. But farmers are only just keeping up with costs. Had the Government put more money into subsidies a few years ago, we should not have the present situation. The Government was short-sighted".

Apart from his contribution to food production, the hill farmer provides much of the social character of the countryside, and contributes to its appearance. "I have fenced, ploughed and hedged and planted trees for shelter belts", Mr Jones said. "I have won prizes for my woodland.

"But when I came here the land was a blasted heath. There was hardly a stick on it. Now I have all my stakes and poles, I sell to neighbours, and I have also sold my timber as pit props.

"The subsidies will enable us to keep on improving, not just for ourselves but for everyone who is interested in the countryside. A good subsidy system helps to stop depopulation and decay, and make sure that life in the hills will endure".

As Harrods said in 1895

Alison Adburgham

"THIS catalogue of 1895 was not the first to be issued, but is the earliest to survive in the Harrod archives. As well as detailing the multifarious merchandise the store stocked in the nineties, it shows how well advanced at that time were the services offered to customers. There are the Banking Department, the Insurance Department (fire, life, mortgages, estate duty), Removal and Warehousing Department, Building, Decorating, Sanitary and Electrical Engineering, and the Household Service Agency.

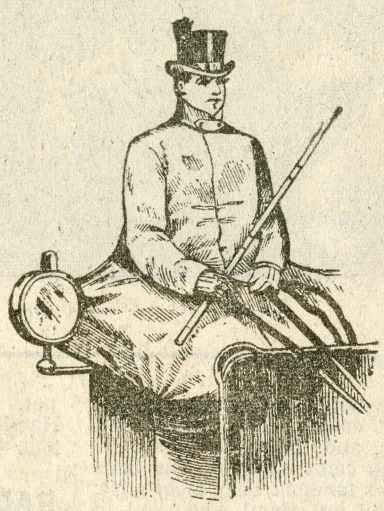
"The restaurant adjoining the Floral Hall had attached to it a facility, rare in those days, euphemistically described as a Ladies' Reading Room. There was no Gentlemen's Reading Room, but then the Restaurant was unlicensed. A licence may have been applied for but refused. William Whiteley's application for his Refreshment Room was turned down 'in the interests of morality', the Paddington magistrate observing that 'many of Mr Whiteley's customers might be ladies, or females dressed to represent them, and the place might be made a place of assignation'.

"The great days of Harrods' fashions are still to come, in the Edwardian zenith. At their Jubilee in 1909 Harrods claimed to be the 'shrine of fashion,' and displayed their gowns 'on living models, some of the smartest figures in London being employed for this purpose'—they were probably the first London store to employ model girls.

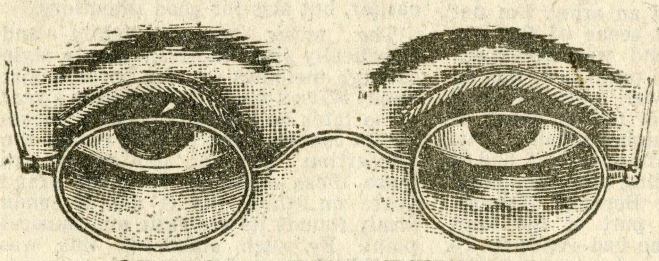
"That same Jubilee year, Gordon Selfridge from America opened his great emporium in Oxford Street. Harrods chose the actual week of Selfridge's brashly publicised inauguration to put on a series of Jubilee concerts, with Landon Ronald conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. This caused Mr Selfridge to say, sarcastically surely, that Harrods had 'put up a magnificent counterblast to our opening.' His own blast was given by an army trumpeter blowing a fanfare from the parapet above the main entrance.

"But Harrods remained unshaken. Their reaction to the buccaneering retailer from the New World was to become more and more snobbish. Harrods was part of the Establishment. By 1911 the great building that had swamped the original site of 105 Brompton Road covered 4½ acres; and, unfaithful to their origins, it was somehow contrived that Harrods' postal address should be changed to Knightsbridge, although palpably it should be Brompton Road.

From Alison Adburgham's introduction to "Victorian Shopping," a facsimile edition of Harrods 1895 Catalogue (David and Charles, £5.95).



COACHMAN'S CAPES



OPTICAL DEPARTMENT.

Guardian
Dec. 22, '72 p. 7

How can we live

Guardian
Thursday December 14 1972 11

MARY STOTT talks about urban life—as it is today, as it was yesterday, and as it could be tomorrow

Town trodden

WHEN you struggle with your Christmas packages along a main shopping street choked with cars, shoved this way and that by equally burdened and harassed people; forced, especially in London, to dive humiliatingly underground to get from one side of the thoroughfare to the other, city life seems monstrous.

It's Christmas . . . "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," "Away in a manger" "Oh little town of Bethlehem" . . . "Unto us a Son is born"—what, in this psychological slum?

For most of our 50 million or so fellow citizens life is necessarily urban. I am an urban person myself, having been born and bred in the city of Leicester, spent most of my adult life in the industrial north and now fetched up in South-east London, and it is the quality of urban life I care most about. And I don't believe that it need deteriorate to the point of nightmare. In fact I am not sure that it is still deteriorating, except for the multiplication of the motor car.

Believe it or not, it was the return of the exile to Manchester's archetype of the Industrial Revolutions rape of the human spirit by Mammon, scene of Engels's "Conditions of the Working Classes" that gave an unexpected fillip to optimism. For when I arrived in Lancashire in the grim 1930s I was appalled. Open your office window and large greasy smuts of soot drifted over your writing paper. Peg out your sheets and they were liable to turn grey.

I had come from a "nice, clean city," reared by a good father who was an antiquarian and showed us all the Roman pavements, the medieval churches, the Castle mound where John Bunyan preached, the Guildhall where Shakespeare's company is reputed to have acted and where Prince Rupert held his council of war. Sir Charles Reilly (father of Sir Paul of the Design Centre), had, on one of his campaigning lecture tours, opened my eyes to the aesthetic pleasures of urban life. My father was one of the founders of the "Kyrle Society," named for the Man of Ross who, goodness knows how many years ago, had a concern for the landscaping of urban conglomerations; he was, too, a co-opted member of a Civic Arts Committee which vetted matters of aesthetic importance, like street furniture and the lettering above shop fronts.

Once at a public dinner I sat by a young architect who crooned over Manchester's "black velvet"—the deposit of soot that fouled our lungs and fouled our buildings. Well, now Manchester's Cathedral, Town Hall and Owens College are all honey-coloured. If there is fog it lessens as you drive into the centre of the city, because of the smoke-control regulations. There are trees in the Town Hall square. The new buildings of the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology, the new maths block at the University, the whole university complex, give the lie to the notion that to live in Manchester is death to the spirit.

And if Manchester, which was off to as bad a start as any city in the country can do so much to enhance the quality of the environment, why not Wolverhampton, the Hartlepools, Bradford, Glasgow?

So what do we do, we who care? Think of the towns and cities as home—which means that we treasure what has precious associations as well as what is currently fashionable—save some of the extravagances of the Victorian period as well as what remains of Regency and Georgian or even earlier. The house designed by an architect and furnished by an interior decorator is not "home" unless it has some of the dear clutter of continuing family life. The city streamlined for pure utility is a bore. The city streamlined for the motor car and the developer is a monstrosity.

Then because we cannot take the people to the country, we must bring some country things into the town. Trees, grass, gardens, flowers. And most of all we should recognise the life-enhancing quality of moving water. What would London be without the Thames or Paris without the Seine? In Manchester for all the years I lived there the Mersey and the Irwell were a kind of sick joke, and for all I know they still talk of covering over the Irwell where it runs past the Cathedral and Chethams College. Purify the rivers, clean up the canals, and if there are no rivers or canals, bring back fountains especially in the forecourts of new buildings.

And then we thump the architects and the civic planners hard into realising that upturned shoeboxes are worse than dog kennels as places to live. "High density housing" in this over-crowded little island? Yes, of course—but not by means of immuring mothers and children in high-rise flats where they have no contact with the blessed earth.

So these high buildings punctuate the urban landscape like exclamation marks, and at night are fascinating mosaics of many-coloured lights. But architects and their wives and children don't actually live in them, do they? They live in gracious homes with gardens. Visual beauty on the drawing board, unrelated to the lives of men and women who work in shops and offices and at the kitchen sink is arid and meaningless. A town or city is not just a series of public buildings, shops, offices, and boxes to live in, a series of traffic-ways, a complex where people can increase the gross national product, get and spend. It is, whether millions, hundreds of thousands or even only a few hundreds live there, HOME, the place where we belong.

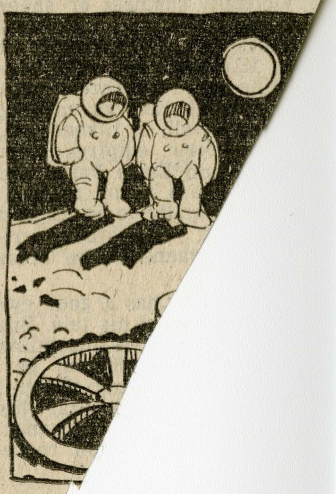
Home is where the heart is. Home is where we try, men and women alike, to enhance the quality of life. Home is where we put down roots. Home, for most of us, is part of an urban environment. Please God some day we shall be able to look at cities as pleasing in their way as the countryside, to listen to starlings settling, to blackbirds and owls, to feast our minds and ears and hearts, and no longer think that Christmas is a shopman's holiday.

to make sure that its traditional memorial is up in time for the celebrations.

"Officers have been actively investigating Sir Winston Churchill's eight former London residencies, including 27-28 Hyde Park Gate," said the chairman of the GLC's environmental and planning committee this week. "It is hoped to submit a report to the Historic Buildings Board in February," which is how the GLC copes with such matters.

The plaque will be latest in the long trail of Churchill memorials scattered round London. Apart from the statue in the House of Commons (and the projected one for Parliament Square) there is a plethora of private slabs and plaques. A giant redwood tree in Kensington, adorned by a plaque designed by Sir Basil Spence, is destined to grow to a height of 80 feet. One of Churchill's houses, 38 Eccleston Square, which is now the headquarters of the Central Council for the Disabled, already has a plaque in what used to be his dining room.

The regulation blue plaque, wherever it goes up, will be the GLC's first memorial to Sir Winston. Notions of towing a 30-ton slab of Cornish granite up the Thames and stationing it on the South Bank as a Churchill memorial never got beyond the discussion stage.



RESULT of the swel- f the Liberal ranks at minster: David Steel taken to calling himself eral Chief Whip, instead plain Liberal Whip.

Winston's true blue plaque

IT IS almost blue plaque time for Sir Winston Churchill. The centenary of his birth comes up in two years' time, and already the GLC is speeding things along

Guardian Diary Dec. 14, '72 p. 13

There is, there has always been, so much whimsicality in Graves, so much naughtiness and self-regarding panache on the one hand, so much officers' mess pedantry on the other, that one cannot take what he says seriously. His anthropology is so reckless that one hesitates to even start distinguishing the more probable from the less — though some things seem to me very suggestive. In a long interview-tape reprinted here, he really seems quite dotty at times. But there are several other passages, where he is diagnosing modern ills, and relating them to the hypertrophy of reason and the decay of intuition, and relating that to the imbalance of male-female elements in our culture, where he seems powerfully sane and right.

This is *his* conservatism, and though its inner disciplines are quite different from Wain's and Enright's, its bearings are quite similar.

LYNDE AINSLIE

1,500 miles to the East Coast.

Of those 808 souls, only 230 embarked on the final stretch back to Zanzibar. Many had deserted, but far more had simply been abandoned, with their 60lb loads, dead or dying by the wayside, victims of violence, sickness or sheer arvation. Only Stanley's n will to get through at all ts, like the blind urge of a hine-age rhinoceros, kept dreadful caravan moving And all, it turned out, n. New empires were and Emin Pasha did want to be rescued. rtually to be dragged t, yet another sacri- gend of the Great

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This book tells meteoric rise t the whole scene. part of Arabia provides a unique

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Gulf Jet (BOAC)—Wi Journey' is indeed the exciting new book which

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conservation

STRATEGY FOR THE MORAY FIRTH

Where nature can live at peace with industry

DAVID LEIGH
on how the Nature Conservancy envisage the oil and other industries living in harmony with the environment of the Moray Firth

THE prospect of a major battle between conservationists and industrialists for the soul of the Moray Firth disappeared suddenly last week when the "deal" between the various objectors and Ross and Cromarty County Council was announced at the public inquiry held to consider the likely fate of Nigg Bay.

But the original problem seemed stark, important and novel. Oil is coming to the area, and with it industry (some of which has already been drawn to the flat land and deep water there). This new industry was greeted at first with rapture, and lately with something approaching panic.

As well as the growing public suspicion that oil is not going to bring quite the economic bonanza to native Scots that had been looked for, the fear has been increasingly expressed that it will desecrate the countryside. Mr George Waterston, former director of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, is convinced there will be a huge oil spill one day, bringing ecological disaster. Lord Bute, chairman of the National Trust for Scotland, publicised his anxieties only last week in the trust's annual report.

Voices on the Left-wing of politics are being heard demanding to know why we need economic growth at all. Even hard-headed economists like Professor Donald Mackay, of Aberdeen, whose department is running a Government-sponsored research project into the impact of oil, and who knows very well that most people in Scotland do genuinely—even desperately—want economic growth, concedes that the Moray Firth's growing pains present Scotland with its biggest current oil headache.

So why, with the battle lines apparently drawing up over this key area, did the forces of radical development and the forces of radical hostility to development step away from cambat last week?

One really heartening answer has now come out, in the shape of a thick report from the Nature Conservancy.* It consists of a thorough strategy for conservation of "some of the finest natural environment in Britain," including Nigg Bay, where the public inquiry revealed that negotiations had reached a successful compromise between reclaiming land for industry and working towards a nature reserve for the wildfowl who—like the oilmen—make the bay of international importance.

But Br J. Morton Boyd, Scottish director of the Conservancy, has something better to sell than mere compromise between opponents. Of the Moray Firth, he writes: "It is an area of superlatives with a potential for breakthrough in the field of local-authority planning in which conflict is turned into mutual accommodation by all the various interests."

Planners and environmental scientists are beginning to get together, he says. The 76-page "Prospectus for Nature Conservation within the Moray Firth" aims to provide a basis, not for obstruction and conflict but for mutual goodwill.

The "prospectus" marks a change of perspective: industry and nature are considered together for once, and this survey—the first of its kind in Scotland—is planned to be only the first "complex and colourful piece" in a jigsaw of such studies, intended to tie in with the planning strategies to be devised by the new regional authorities, over the whole of the country.

So, taking the Moray Firth as a test-bed for the premise that the richness of nature can co-exist with the money in oil and other industry, what have the planners to look for? And when they know, what is to be done?

The first question is answered in detail: the Nature Conservancy set out to assess the international, national and regional value of the Moray Firth's natural state with an accuracy probably unequalled, they say, anywhere in the world.

They have classified the area, in a sort of "Good Habitat Guide," into five grades. (A detailed ecological survey on the whole of Britain is shortly to be published on this basis).

These range from sites with some conservation value—such as two peat-bogs at Spinningdale and Belmaduthy—to 11 "Grade 1" sites. All of these have to be safeguarded in various ways if there is to be an adequate basis for nature conservation in Britain, the Nature Conservancy say.

The sandy foreland of Morrich More, despite its use as a bombing range, has "internationally important" landforms, plant communities and bird life. Mound Alderwoods, the largest estuarine alder wood in Britain, is already a nature reserve.

The inner firths of the Moray Firth are well known as the main arrival point for wildfowl arriving from Iceland and northern Scandinavia. They are also of "international importance." The mountain and moorland peculiarities of Ben Wyvis also come into this category. The Black Rock Gorge above Evanton is one of the best examples of its kind in Britain. So it can be seen that the Moray Firth is much more important than any question of "saving a few birds."

The Nature Conservancy's report goes on to chronicle the snowballing industrial development which is leading the county council to seek the powers of a port authority. As a major growth area, it will have more jobs, more roads, more people. Inverness is expected to have a population of 60,000 at the end of the century, and a new town in the Smithton-Culloden-Balloch area to have another 20,000.

Habitats of wildlife will inevitably be lost. Erosion, changes in salt-content and silting, and water pollution may face the waters of the firth. On air and water pollution from aluminium smelters and petro-chemical works, the survey says "prevention is better than cure." The new port authority should be able to run an effective pollution-monitoring service.

But sewage from new housing, rubbish-dumping and people blazing about in powerboats are all aspects of growth which the planners will have to control.

Basically, the Conservancy's slogan is "sacrifices on both sides." Alness Bay, for example, and parts of Nigg Bay can be developed at a pinch: but the inner part of Nigg Bay and Udale Bay, where the wildfowl feed, must, at all costs, remain as they are. This is the point they have now begun to achieve.

They have also come up with detailed suggestions for the kind of nature reserves created by the 1949 National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act. Eight National Nature Reserves—the most comprehensive type of protection—are proposed. Three more areas should become Local Nature Reserves, they say. Other coast, wood, bog and mixed sites should be set up as reserves by voluntary bodies.

The Nature Conservancy—who are a Government body themselves — have already started negotiations to set up National Nature Reserves. They also call on local initiative to help them make sure the rest of the plan does not gather dust.

It would clearly be very sad if it did: this "prospectus" is a positive-minded document, and if it helps to bring planners and industrialists into awareness of the environment at a very early stage of their thinking, and not as an exasperating afterthought, it may mark the start of real sense over oil, rather than wild emotion.

* "A Prospectus for Nature Conservation within the Moray Firth" (Natural Environment Research Council. £1).

Travel

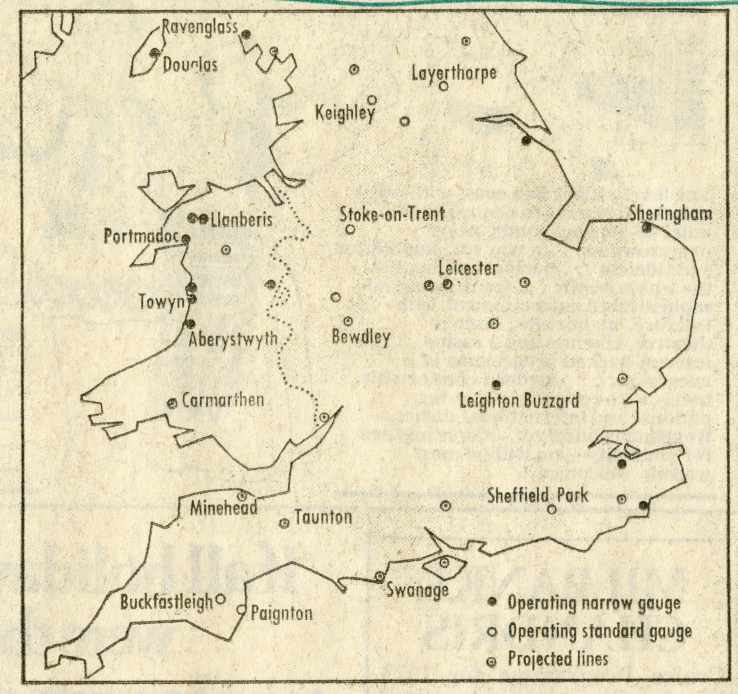
Boom time for the new age of steam

The wheels of Britain's railways seem to have come full circle. While British Rail close miles of secondary lines, private railway companies are booming. Redundant branch lines are being bought up, christened after the nearest valley, stocked with reconditioned steam locomotives, with historic accoutrements, and run by shareholding enthusiasts at a rapidly increasing profit. All over the country newly-formed railway companies are planning ever grander enterprises — more engines, more passengers, longer routes. A whiff of the Victorian railway mania is in the air.

The boom is recent and gaining pace. Twenty years ago only a handful of lines—all narrow gauge—were running public services outside the nationalized network, mostly in zoos or parks. Five years ago there were two private standard gauge lines. Now there are 14 narrow gauge railways, and seven standard gauge lines covering a rough total of 115 miles. In the next few years another 160 miles of track are planned to open or reopen, including important holiday routes from Taunton to Minehead, Aviemore to Boat of Garten and across the Yorkshire moors.

Some companies, especially the ambitious Severn Valley Railway, have plans to run regular freight services, and have already contracted with local councils to take children to school each day. Other embryo companies are waiting to move in as soon as another scenic branch line comes on the market. Even before its closure is finally agreed, would-be owners are making plans for the Cambrian coast line in mid-Wales.

Why are branch lines encouraging investment at a time when British Rail are so in debt that there is talk of further cuts in the main system? A number of reasons have combined in the past few years. The most important is the strength of steam nostalgia. British Rail abandoned steam five years ago, and until the much publicized "return to steam" move last year, thousands of enthusiasts had nowhere to run preserved engines. They began looking around for disused track, and when it proved possible to buy a section, preservationists realized there was more to "railwayana" than static museums and historic platform tickets. Equally important is the rapidly growing tourist market. The narrow gauge railways of Wales pooled their marketing resources two years ago and as The Great Little Trains of Wales have delighted the Welsh Tourist Board by their success. Last year the Festiniog carried 300,000 passengers. Other local authorities have seen the potential. The Highlands and Islands Development Board is backing with money the company proposing to reopen the Strathspey line (Aviemore to Boat of Garten).



Thirdly, public opinion has rapidly come round to support railways as the only alternative to the "juggernaut" lorries. Steam preservationists have found themselves unexpectedly allied with politically committed environmentalists who are campaigning for anyone proposing to keep a line in existence—even if just for a hobby—until the time they believe inevitable when transport policies change and the lines are subsidized to run a general public service. British Rail have changed their dog-in-the-manger attitude to an eagerness to hand over lines as a going concern. Continuous service was maintained on the Paignton-Kingswear branch until the Dart Valley Company took over two months ago. The line with the best claim to have led the way is the Talyllyn, a narrow gauge Welsh slate railway. After the quarry closed in 1947, the line's owner, a local MP, maintained a regular passenger service until his death. A letter to *The Times* prompted a meeting of preservationists, and in 1950 the Talyllyn Railway Preservation Society was formed. It has never looked back.

Steam is the lifeblood of all private lines. Luckily there is no shortage of locomotives, with about 600 still around. Some 200 are in Woodham Brothers' scrapyard at Barry, and for about £5,000 (the prices are rising rapidly) anybody can pick out from former BR stock an engine with cannibalized spares. About four a year now leave Barry for a new life. The Dart Valley company recently bought a 2-6-2 tank and contracted with British Rail to put it in working order at the Swindon works where it was originally built. The variety of locos is the pride of every line. Two years ago enthusiasts banded together to form the Association of Railway Preservation Societies to streamline negotiations. They represent the steam enthusiasts who claim to have led the way and provided most of the labour. As the chairman, Captain Peter Manisty, said: "We're not political. We're mad enthusiasts, men who love pulling levers. A lot of us would love to have been on trains." They view with suspicion the recent commercially ambitious schemes, and even discourage them. Many people are worried that the effort will be spread too thinly, and that one bankrupt line will make it more difficult for others.

Yet it is the commercially minded who are now most active. The most famous enthusiast of all, Sir Gerald Nabarro, is convinced that the Severn Valley company, of which he is chairman, has a commercial potential no other line can match. Running close to the Birmingham conurbation, the line plans regular services round the year, using 50 steam locomotives with historic coaches, and regular runs to major cities. Capitalized by £150,000 worth of shares, the line employs full-time staff, anticipates carrying 200,000 people next year and eventually wants to reopen the full length from Bridgnorth to Kidderminster.

Sir Gerald admits with others that his line is an exception. The new railway companies do not intend to set up an alternative rail transport system in Britain as all depend heavily on voluntary labour. They may profitably carry many passengers, but they are mostly so small that as parts of a national transport system they are insignificant. As the editor of the *Railway Magazine*, Mr John Slater said: "They are selling rides, not journeys." Winter services and services for shoppers are a nostalgic attempt to copy their ancestors' public functions. British Rail, in their new lucrative enthusiasm for steam (another 460 miles of track were last week authorized for steam excursions) have cut sharply into the market for main line preservationists.

Nevertheless, most existing and projected lines have an assured future. They have all battled successfully against cynicism to restore the sound of steam engines to the ears of children. And though professional railway experts doubt whether there is scope for many more branch lines, there are enough with long geographical names to bring back more than just a hint of the Victorian railway era.

Michael Binyon

Times Dec. 30, '72 p. 14

Modern cult of earthshrinking brings new crop of dangers in its wake

Times Nov. 9, '72 p.4

Environment

Tony Aldous

If there is one central lesson the root-and-branch environment reformers of the "ecologist" lobby want the peoples and governments of the world to absorb, it is the substitution of quality for quantity. Quantitative growth, whether in use of raw materials, physical development eating up the acres, or population growth (both a cause and multiplier of other forms of growth) are increasingly seen as a threat both to the fact and the quality of civilized human existence.

There is, however, an aspect of this that has generally been underemphasized. It is (unwittingly, one supposes) most clearly expressed by a recent series of advertisements by one of our airlines.

BOAC's Earthshrinker series shows doll-like, plasticized British tourists who have been or are about to be whisked to the four corners of the world, lured by package-tour or other cheap tariffs to spend 10 days or so sampling the exotic sights and sensations previously available only to the wealthy or the determined.

There are several reasons for disliking these advertisements, apart from the tastelessness of those inane lay figures in shorts and pith helmets with which we are invited to identify ourselves. One is the foreboding, born of experience, that the exotic does not often withstand exposure to the package-tour blight.

There is a kind of cultural law of diminishing returns. By the time the ordinary tourist can afford to go to Corfu or Samarkand, budget hotels with Eurocardboard menus and Intourist or regulation Inthinglist guides have taken over.

They have so predigested and edited and by their onslaught physically altered what we wanted to see, that instead of the raw, vital, occasionally ugly reality we find only a bland, synthetic tourist-attuned product.

It has often even less to do with the locality than the legendary green-eyed idol made in Birmingham to the order of shopkeepers in Singapore. We are regaled with what, from third-hand and fourth-hand information, we are expected to be interested in: an edited version of local reality, which is in turn, by none too subtle commercial pressures, distorting that reality into a universal "paella-and-chips" environment.

That is one danger of earthshrinking, a cultural and social one. It and others are described with frightening clarity in a new book by Patrick Rivers. Cheap mobility is the new cult, he says, and "variety has become one of the first major casualties. Destinations draw closer as their worth diminishes.

Movement in this age, he points out, is a most prodigal user of raw materials, air and road transport especially so. Modern transport industries "squander resources in many ways. They are exceptionally heavy users of oil, not only for propulsion, but as the energy source for the manfacturers of vehicles, aircraft and ships, and the construction of roads, airports and other facilities."

Private transport by road compounds this waste of real resources. Not only do individual private cars use more raw materials but "the energy used in making the cement and steel used in building a motorway is three or four times that required for a railway."

Such seditious figuring provokes two fairly obvious retorts from sceptics and defenders of the status quo. One is the haves-havenots argument. "You are selfishly denying others the chance to enjoy the luxuries you have already tasted". Mr Rivers will surely be told.

On the social plain, Mr Rivers is not arguing that henceforward no one else shall enjoy his privileges, but that everyone, old privileged and new, must learn to abate their demands, or there will be nothing worth having a privileged or unprivileged share in. On the economic plane, he argues not against prosperity, but in favour of a different kind of prosperity, based on quality, not quantity; on stock, not flow; on conservation, not throughput.

That implies need for two interlinked changes in social and economic climate: an international movement towards tax systems that steer commercial energies to serve those goals; and a social climate in which, while people travel, they do not do so out of restless escapism or because the "earthshrinkers" ethos tells them that is the way to spend their money.

The Restless Generation: a Crisis in Mobility. Patrick Rivers (Davis-Poynter, £3).

Unity and the great divide in Ireland

Times Oct. 25, '72 P. 18

Dublin, Oct 24

Behind the controversy engendered in recent weeks in his own Irish Labour Party and between it and the Social Democratic and Labour Party by the opinion of Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien on Irish unity lies one of the central political dilemmas in Ireland today.

Is eventual unity a necessary objective that will provide the only framework in which the Northern Ireland question can be solved? Or does the very mention of the word invite the prospect of a full-scale civil war that will make the present conflict look puny?

In his latest book *States of Ireland* Dr O'Brien, in political life his party's spokesman on Northern Ireland, makes it clear that he is not opposed to unity. Indeed, he would like to see such a development, but believes that "there is no meaningful sense in which it is possible now".

He amplifies this with the statement: "While two communities are as bitterly antagonistic as are Catholics and Protestants now, it is not merely futile but actually michievous to talk about uniting Ireland."

Dr O'Brien's conclusions directly conflict with the position of the Government of the Irish Republic. The latest speeches by Mr Lynch, Prime Minister, and Dr Hillery, Minister for Foreign Affairs, put a stronger emphasis than ever before on the need for the British Government to commit itself to the principle of Irish unity.

A few months ago Mr Lynch was attempting to persuade the unionists that they and their traditions would be welcome in a united Ireland, or in the phrase he has come to prefer: "A new Ireland." Although seeking support from Mr Heath for the goal of eventual reunification, Mr Lynch seemed to be putting the stress on the need for reconciliation between the two communities and on an interim solution for Northern Ireland.

Nothing he has said since contradicts this. But the tone of his speech to journalists attending the Paris summit, like that of Dr Hillery at the United Nations, is one of sharper emphasis on a commitment to unity.

Dr Hillery said in New York that "the process of reconciliation will advance only if there is acceptance of the need to promote and work positively towards a stable and lasting settlement on a new basis in Ireland. It is not enough simply to speak of this as a legitimate aspiration; or to suggest that reconciliation now is a prerequisite to any progress towards this aim."

In Paris Mr Lynch focused on the Ireland Act, passed at Westminster in 1949. By affirming that Northern Ireland would not cease to be part of the United Kingdom without the consent of the Parliament of Northern Ireland, this measure, Mr Lynch argued, was in effect legislating against Irish unity.

As Mr Lynch said in Paris: "Our view is that, as long as the British Government persists in attempting to solve the problem within the present confines of Northern Ireland, its efforts will fail. For it must be realized that the fundamental error is the attempt to maintain an area, an artificially created territorial enclave, to deal separately with unionism in Ireland."

The evidence of how little Northern Ireland has been able to develop as a satisfactory society is on Mr Lynch's side. But it does not automatically follow that a united Ireland is the answer. Anyone visiting Northern Ireland in former, peaceful times, knew that there was a lack of harmony between the two communities. There was an established pattern of tribalism prone to erupt periodically in more or less violent episodes.

The 1949 guarantee was an assurance to the dominant tribe north of the border that it would not be drawn into the state dominated by an alien tribe which had recently asserted its separateness by proclaiming a republic.

Mr Lynch's speeches have a modern ring appropriate to a prime minister leading his electorate into the European Economic Community. Indeed, a united Ireland sounds a very sensible economic objective in the context of the new Europe. Every time Mr Lynch speaks he reminds the British Government that its policy towards Northern Ireland cannot indefinitely be limited to one of crisis management. But when he speaks, the mass of northern Protestants still hear him not as a fellow Irishman but as the elected leader of the alien tribe.

Denis Taylor

Sunday Times
April 22, 73 p. 39

THE ARTS

Brian Moore on the reasons for the changing face of rural Ireland

THE GREAT FAMINE OF THE SPIRIT

RAGGED and shoeless, the young people of the parish gather at the crossroads. Sometimes there is a fiddle, sometimes just the lilting of those standing out. They dance through the long twilights of midsummer and, as darkness falls, couples steal away. Soon the parish priest begins his angry walk, striking his stick at the hedgerows to root out lovers.

The older people, too, love company and each evening after work will walk to a neighbour's cottage for an impromptu visit. Always, the talk is of the farm, of the mutual aims and needs of the community. For without the neighbour's help no one family can survive. They live on the rim of famine, rackrented by their masters, the English nobility. Theirs is the wildest, poorest land in a wild, poor, conquered country. Yet winter and summer, sounds of dancing, of songs, of story telling, echo across the fields from their thatched hovels. Some emigrate, but only because they must. The dream is of return and owning one's own piece of land. In a five-year period of famine and disease one and a half million of them die and another million leave the country, never to return. Yet the generations who survive are not demoralised. They endure.

This was the West of Ireland a hundred and twenty-five years ago. The ghostly figures at the crossroads dance insistently through Hugh Brody's stark and dispiriting account* of what has happened to this indomitable Irishry in the past thirty years. A people who survived famine, genocide and centuries of brutal landlordism is dying now of a famine of the spirit. Mr Brody's is a sociologist's study, filled with graphs, "hard data" and statistics. Yet it is a register of tragedy with paragraphs poignant as poems.

Inishkillane is the eponymous name of an isolated parish on the West Coast of Ireland, one of thousands of such communities between Bantry Bay and Tory Island. Of its 436 inhabitants, 131 (mostly bachelors, spinsters, widows and widowers) live sexually alone. There are no children below school age in the parish and at least four-fifths of today's school leavers will emigrate before they are thirty. For the few young girls in the parish the thought of marrying a local farmer is a fate worse than spinsterhood.

There is no love of the land. Roads fill with potholes because no one will sign a petition for their improvement lest one's neighbour seem to gain an advantage by the improved surface. Farmers remain unwillingly on their land, often through a sense of duty towards aged parents. Farms diminish in size because one cannot rely on the neighbours for help. Money sent home by emigrants is a mainstay of the community, a sort of private welfare cheque. In this loneliness and despair and suspicion, the "mental breakdown" has become almost a routine part of country life.

In the pubs, for a few weeks in summer, gloom and glasses lift when tourists come and emigrants return. The bar drinkers, morose and withdrawn all winter, now sing and tell stories in the manner of their forefathers. And if the emigrant, with his tall tales of a better life in Liverpool, sneers at the local scene, he is not asked to step outside. Those who live in Inishkillane look down on country life. Tourists are welcomed because they bring reassurance. After all, they have chosen Inishkillane for their holidays.

Yet tourism does not staunch the flow of exiles, for the tourist is himself a reminder that there is an alternative life to be lived elsewhere. As Mr Brody notes, this alternative life is nothing new. The Irish have always emigrated to the most advanced capitalist societies and, as a literate and mobile people, were dispersed all over the world by the beginning of this century. It was not, says Mr Brody, until the period just before the Second World War that this sense of despair with their conditions of life at home, this rejection of the old values of farm and community came upon the farmers of the West of Ireland.

"The war against England was eventually won, but the war against England's economic system was never truly joined," Mr Brody writes, in a sentence which might stand as epitaph for the Irish Revolution. In 1922 the Irish Free State won political freedom. In 1937, all remaining political ties with Britain were severed. In 1939, Ireland entered that lonely fog of neutrality and consequent industrial stagnation which, undiscussed in this account, might indeed have something to do with the subsequent decline of the West. For "it was then," writes Mr Brody,

> that the qualities of emigration and rural life were irrevocably altered. Today, almost a majority of country people of the remoter districts find their way of life a burden to be avoided, if possible.

The ragged, ghostly figures dance at the crossroads through the long summer twilight of a hundred years ago. We Irish boast that we do not forget our past. We remember and cherish ancient wrongs. But we have lost and forgotten the ways of kindness the cameraderie of that ghostly crossroads dance. Perhaps that is why, in Inishkillane, the spirit of those dancers has abandoned us.

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* *"INISHKILLANE: Change and Decline in the West of Ireland" by Hugh Brody (Allen Lane £2.95).*

Conservation

· Observer Feb. 4, '73

Shadows linger over Bath

ARCHITECTURE
STEPHEN GARDINER

IS Bath safe ? The creation of a conservation committee to represent the Department of the Environment, the City Council and local preservationists is a hopeful sign, but it could be a red herring as well. For the future of Bath depends largely on the future of the inner relief road. Will this be built ? Any extension of the conservation area—the committee's first task—greatly depends on this crucial decision. There are the planners who say that the road must be built, that traffic congestion has reached its limits; and there are others who say it will never be built—that the public outcry would be too great.

It is by no means certain that an outcry would have much effect. Durham has been utterly ruined by a road and the cathedral turned into a museum piece—no one ever thought the planners could do that to Durham, did they ? A good view of Lincoln Cathedral has been blocked by a multistorey car park. At Salisbury, the cathedral has been cut off from the outside world by inner relief roads, and all kinds of views of its remarkable spire have been destroyed. So why shouldn't planners finish off Bath as well ?

If this inner relief road is built, commercial buildings from the developers will inevitably follow. The planners' proposition—which has reached the final stages and will now be the subject of a public inquiry—is this. A road must be built which picks up from the A4 in the east, runs along the north bank of the River Avon, knocks down the Walcot Street area, tunnels under the Paragon, the Circus and the gardens of the Royal Crescent, and emerges again to link with the Bristol road, flattening Little Stanhope Street, Stanhope Place and much of Great Stanhope Street with a roundabout in the process.

This scheme, according to the planners, has the unofficial blessing of Government departments and the official backing of Buchanan, and it will cost they say, £8½ million, surely an exceedingly conservative estimate. It is justified, they go on, by the appalling congestion in Bath; and the route that has been chosen for the road, they say, is through derelict areas—derelict gardens along the River Avon and derelict back streets. In fact, neither are derelict (although some terraces have been allowed to deteriorate, and when the road gets at the river it certainly will be derelict), and Walcot Street and Chatham Row—two of the victims in question—contain houses and shops (there's a bakery, for instance, dated 1761) with a real and vigorous working character. Great Stanhope Street, at the west end, is among the best Georgian in Bath stone; so is Little Stanhope Street. And the back of the magnificent Paragon would have a tremendous view of the traffic roaring past below—or, in peak hours, of an immovable jam of metal.

For it is reasonable to predict that the new road will solve nothing in the way of traffic congestion. It is known and accepted that most of the cars coming into the city are commuter-owned, and the road will merely encourage more to fill up the city's centre. It is accepted, too, that most travellers going east or west pass through Bath just to get a glimpse of the Abbey, the Roman baths and other precious things. The road would encourage more of them as well.

However, this plan is by no means the end of the story. Besides 'The Cut'—another outrageous road proposal advocated by Buchanan that would put paid to New Bond Street, parts of Old Bond Street and the extremely charming Harrington Place (also described officially in planners' jargon as 'derelict')—there is the commercial redevelopment scheme promised for the River Avon on sites among the tangled loops of the new roads.

Norfolk Crescent's view on to a cobweb of industrial confusion gives perhaps the best glimpse of how the River Avon would appear if this redevelopment scheme goes through. But, again, *will* it go through? It is true that the first stage is completed — the hotel and car park—and the Law Courts are to follow shortly. But it may be that the future plans depend on permission for the road being granted. If so, the land can be picked up relatively cheaply—either at 'derelict' prices or at the current residential market level. If not, the land would have to be bought at its much higher redevelopment value.

The road and the redevelopment cannot be separated—at least in financial arithmetic : they are part of a total operation. Who will benefit from this operation ? Only, it seems, the building contractors, demolition firms, road engineers, architects and developers. Certainly not the people of Walcot Street, the Avon, the town and the tourists. For the consequences of this operation will be, if it succeeds, the total destruction of Bath, with the old centre left on its hill like a museum piece, and surrounded by a wall of blocks with no more character than the symbolic lumps of wood that represent buildings on the local planners' model.

leasures

ART
NIGEL
GOSLING

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every student.
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mild-mannered con-
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Sunk traces

Guardian Feb. 14, '73 p. 13

by MARTIN WALKER

THE real tragedy behind the excavations in Palace Yard, Westminster, is a golden opportunity may have been lost to examine the absolute centre of the old English Kingship.

There is no doubt that enough of the history of this site was known—even in the sketchy documentary evidence we do have—to qualify it as a place of almost unparalleled archaeological potential, long before the bulldozers first went in.

The Department of the Environment's own History of the Kings' Works has maps which put the Star Chamber directly on the car park site. "I suspect that a hell of a lot of that site has gone already, including the Star Chamber itself," Professor Barri Jones, secretary of Rescue, the archaeological trust, said yesterday.

We know from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle for 1040 that this site had significance for the Anglo-Saxon royal house before the accession of Edward the Confessor. Harald Harefoot, son of King Canute (or Cnut) chose to be buried there.

The best contemporary source for this period, the Carmen de Hastingae Proelio (or song of the battle of Hastings) by Guy of Amiens, was written in May, 1067, for the Conqueror's celebrations.

According to the song, it was Westminster that William, "the prudent king, chose as his abode." And he chose it because it was a place where "as the acts of former rulers attend, Kings were accustomed to wear the crown." So William the Conqueror certainly believed that monarchs long before him held court there.

According to Mr Patrick Wormald, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, the site of Westminster was designed by Edward the Confessor to be an English equivalent of St Denis, the administrative and ceremonial centre of the Frankish monarchy.

"It was to be the great centre of royal burial, of royal propaganda, and of the monarchy itself," he said yesterday. "And it is pretty clear that something was on that site before the Confessor's time. This site could easily be as important as Winchester."

All that we know of the Confessor's palace is a sketch in the Bayeux tapestry and this description by Guy of Amiens: "The Royal Palace stands apart from the city at a distance of half a league, a most stately hall which was said to have been called West by the inhabitants of old."

"It is inherently very likely that this palace is on the car park site," said Dr Peter Addyman, director of the York Archaeological Trust, yesterday.

The historians need the archaeological evidence of this site because the documentary evidence for Westminster's past is not only scanty, but also suspect. The monks of Westminster of the 12th century were skilful forgers, and, intent on proving that they should come first in precedence at the Royal Curia before the monks of Glastonbury, they forged documents to confirm the antiquity of their foundation. Osbert of Clare was the most skilled of these forgers, and his cunning has tended to make historians particularly cautious about the history of this key site of English history. This makes whatever evidence can be saved from the jaws of the bulldozers even more important.

conservation

BOOKS Peter Lewis on what's known as 'Brutalism'

Well, I know where I'd sooner go for a bit of relaxation

YOU may be amazed to learn, as I was, that this picture of the University Centre in Cambridge is an example of modern architecture 'arranged for relaxation and enjoyment.'

I can see one building arranged for relaxation and enjoyment in the picture. It is the small pub in the foreground built by an older generation that knew the meaning of the words.

The new building (1964) is the New Barbarism's gift to a hitherto beautiful city.

Outcry

Not that I'm surprised, are you? Modern British architecture has now reached the point of no-confidence where there is a public outcry to save almost any old building from the developers — New Scotland Yard, for instance, which was hardly thought a beauty until now.

The reason is simple : the public feels instinctively that anything the new men put up will almost certainly be worse.

New British Architecture (Thames and Hudson, £7·50) confirms how right we are. It concentrates on the 1960s when Britain's architects evolved the style aptly known as Brutalism.

It was Brutalism that was responsible, for instance, for the Queen Elizabeth Hall and Hayward Gallery on the South Bank : those twin elephant houses of the arts.

Grisly

They are in the book. So are all the new university buildings that have extended the precast-concrete jungle among the dreaming spires and over virgin fields.

That is the most alarming aspect of the whole grisly business.

These clients were not greedy office - block developers. They were cultivated people with large funds.

Yet the results are page after page of chambers of horrors. The universities were sold Brutalism because there was nothing else to buy and now it is our legacy to posterity.

Oxford, Cambridge, Hull, Durham, Loughborough, Leicester, Brunel, East Anglia must wonder what they did to deserve being turned into multi-storey student - parks or a degreeport terminal.

They were misled by the letters RIBA after the architects' names (nowadays it stands for Repulsive Institute of Barbaric Architecture).

The author, Robert Maxwell, seems sublimely unaware of the resentment that so many public buildings arouse in the breasts of the public.

Towards the end of an abstract specialist essay he remembers to ask : 'Can the architect afford to be indifferent to what they (the client and user) will think ?' He might also have added the passers-by.

Oh, I say, how presumptuous of us ! Fancy having to please the ignorant public !

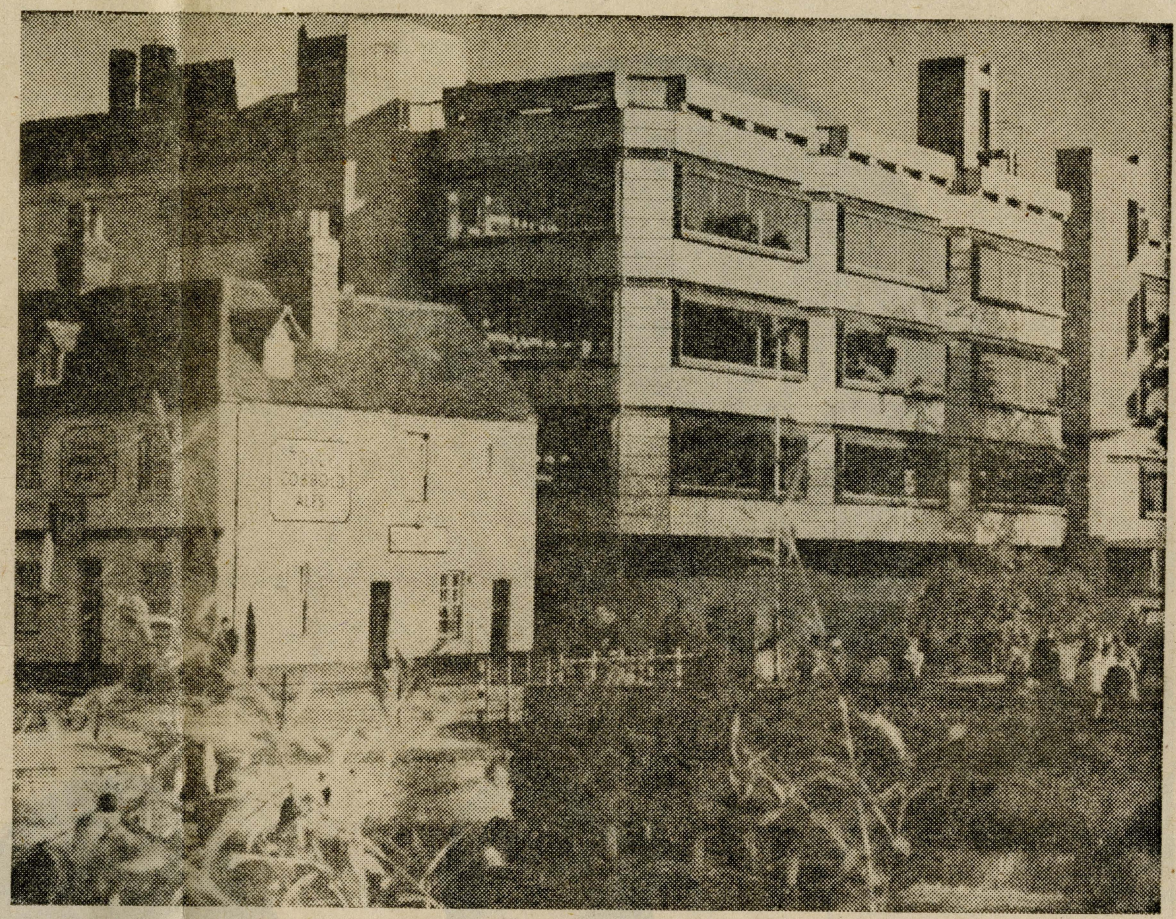
For far too long architects have designed for other architects. They have patronisingly given us what they thought was good for us (their own inhuman brand of ghastly good taste).

Smears

Has any of them ever asked whether people *like* grey precast concrete with smears and drips running down it and the grain of the wooden shuttering boards left on for 'decoration' ?

Have they wondered if people *like* to be dwarfed by giant glass filing-cabinets ?

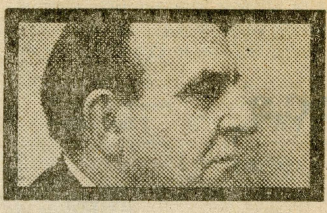
This book cries out for public exhibition, with the warning 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.'



Brutalism comes to Cambridge : the concrete University Centre dwarfs the pub by the river. Both are intended for relaxation.

Conservation

Guardian
Jan 18, '73
p. 13



FRANCIS BOYD

Geoff the ripper

GEOFFREY RIPPON, once Mayor of Surbiton and twice Conservative candidate for Shoreditch and Finsbury, may become the second politician in this century to fix his name on the face of London.

The first was Herbert Morrison, who as Labour leader of the old London County Council took the decisions that produced a new (and handsome) Waterloo Bridge and stimulated the development of the South Bank. Mr Rippon, now Secretary for the Environment, has all Greater London and much more besides in his grasp as the final planning authority in the country.

Lest Labour and the Conservatives should become too complacent about their shares in the control of London, I must recall that Rosebery Avenue—an "improvement" in its time—which runs from Clerkenwell Road past Sadler's Wells Theatre was named after a Liberal Prime Minister who had previously been the first chairman of the London County Council when it was set up in 1889.

The importance of Mr Rippon in the daily lives of Londoners was shown on Tuesday when his decisions on the plan for the redevelopment of the Covent Garden area were published. He has yet to pronounce on the Greater London development plan which threatens to squeeze us all in boxes, ring roads, interchanges, and all such amenities of modern life.

Mr Rippon's decisions on Covent Garden are not the only event forcing the public to think about the conditions of urban life. The first copy of "Insight USA" has now been published by the United States Information Service and prints a picture of the two tallest buildings in the world—twin sky-scrapers in New York, "aluminium-sheathed pillars," 1,350 feet high.

The reason why the New York skyline is so exciting, despite its high-rise buildings, is that the sky-scrapers themselves look like natural peaks springing from the rock-bed of Manhattan Island.

It may not now be remembered by many Londonders that Mr Rippon, as Minister of Public Building and Works from 1962 to 1964 already has had one bash at changing the face of London: he was all set to transform Whitehall when Labour took office.

The questions now are how much change, and what kind of change, do people want in the places where they live and work? It is Covent Garden this week, but the questions are valid in all cities and towns at all times.

Great changes have taken place since the war and are still taking place. I gloried in the conversion of Commercial Street, Leeds, to a pedestrian precinct when I first saw it last autumn. I had been pleased earlier by the precincts in Norwich. Manchester is in process of reconstruction: I hope for a better result in Cross Street and Corporation Street than the new face of Piccadilly. Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, looked dreadful last September, but perhaps all will yet be changed as in the final transformation scene of a pantomime.

The first need is to protect urban life where it appears, as it were, spontaneously, and not to kill it in a planner's dream. I am sorry that the vitality of the market men in Covent Garden is to be transferred south of the river. I walked through Covent Garden this week and was exhilarated. The fruiterers' lorries were edging in and out at the risk of life and to a commentary of vivid speech. The lorry that nearly sliced me in shreds was being loaded with boxes of tomatoes bound for Newton Heath, Manchester. That pleased me better than the thought of an area surrounded by neo-something offices, hotels and flats. Life is, after all, chaotic.

While I believe that central London has been kept wholesome by having in Covent Garden this great centre of coarse, cursing, humorous, raffish and useful life, I know that a capital city—and indeed any city—needs a formal aspect.

London has been blessed with Whitehall, a fine processional route, not straight, and not (as is the famous Triangle in Washington, DC) stuffed with neo-classical government offices. Lady Caroline Lamb lived in Dover House, now the London headquarters of the Scottish Office, and No 10, Downing Street, is the rather ramshackle work of a speculative builder.

Mr Rippon has, therefore, a golden opportunity to keep London not only human but graciously formal. He must not let the planners destroy the places where people like to meet and chaffer. He must not create another Mall, which may be fine for soldiers on horseback or flâneurs in cars, but it is a bit of a bore to idlers on foot (once they have admired Carlton Terrace).

Amenity groups and Government to plan conservation of Bath

- Times Jan 8, '73 p. 3

By Tony Aldous
Environment Reporter

A conservation advisory committee for Bath, on which national and local amenity societies, the city council and the Department of the Environment will be represented, is the likely outcome of a meeting to be held there on Thursday.

The aim will be to involve the amenity bodies, several of which have been increasingly critical of the city's policies, in the preparation of a long-term conservation strategy.

Among those expected at Thursday's meeting are: Mr I. O. Chance, chairman of the national Georgian Group, Sir Christopher Chancellor, chairman of the Bath Preservation Trust, Mr Robin Comyns Carr, chairman of the more militant Bath Environment Campaign, Mr John Vivian, of the Bath Society of Architects, Mr Vivian Lipman, the Department of the Environment's new director of ancient monuments and historic buildings, and Mr G. M. Patrick, its regional director.

All these organizations will be represented on the advisory committee although, so as not to prejudice the impartial position of the Secretary of State, the department's men will technically be observers.

The city council's representatives on Thursday will include Dr Howard Stutchbury, Bath's architect and planning officer, Miss Cicely Edmunds, chairman of the development committee, and Mr Neville Pearce, the town clerk.

The meeting, convened on Mr Pearce's initiative, seems to be partially a response to the hope expressed in the House of Lords last summer by Lord Sandford, Under-Secretary of State at the Department of the Environment, that the city council would consult amenity bodies in working out its plans.

There is, too, a rather happier atmosphere since the announcement of the government's new grants for work in outstanding conservation areas, for which £500,000 has been allocated for the year to March 31 next.

The city council submitted in November details of projects to cost £170,000 which it is hoped might rank for such grants.

The department looks on the £500,000, for part of a financial year, as being only something "on account" in so far as the Historic Buildings Council recommends some of it for projects at Bath.

It wants to see a long-term, "rolling" programme worked out which it can aid, and it is for this, and for wider discussion of conservation policies for the city, that the advisory committee is being set up.

The local amenity societies remain sceptical. Although the city council is, as they see it, making more friendly noises, its policies on development and road building still, in the eyes of most Bath conservationists, set it on a collision course with any really comprehensive conservation strategy.

Some practical difficulties of wider conservation efforts are mentioned in an article by Dr Stutchbury in the January issue of the *Journal of Planning and Environment Law*.

He argues that protection of unlisted buildings in Bath's conservation areas under the 1972 planning Act powers cannot be done effectively "because of the enormous task posed by serving of notices on owners and occupiers of all such buildings in such an extensive area".

He suggests that widespread "spot listing" to save buildings threatened by development may be counter-productive. A resourceful developer is the more likely to demolish before public attention has been focused on the building.

A feeling for history in one man's abiding devotion to a landscape

Conservation
+ Times
Jan 8, '73
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Regional notebook

Trevor Fishlock
Cardiff

Wynford Vaughan-Thomas remembers that Dylan Thomas lay neatly dressed in his coffin in New York. "My God", a friend of the poet said as he stared at the body, "Dylan wouldn't have been seen dead with a tie like that".

Mr Vaughan-Thomas, broadcaster, conservationist, champion talker and chapel-going atheist, should be bottled and prescribed; he has the gift of making people feel better.

He does not even touch wood when he says: "I am a remorselessly happy man. I have never been ill or taken an aspirin. I love wine and I am the living proof that all the legends about me are wrong."

At the age of 64 Mr Vaughan-Thomas recently spent some time wriggling through dripping Mendip pot holes for a television series. Getting to grips with rocks, rivers and mountains has been central to his life ("What is life for if it is not to be risked?").

So he looks back with satisfaction to his decision 18 months ago to resign as Harlech Television's director of programmes and take a more creative role in the company. His series on the castles of Wales is being networked; he is working on a series about the Welsh landscape and he rises at 6 am to work on a book about the Welsh coalfield.

Above all, he knows the land of Wales well. His devotion to the landscape was an important factor in his decision in 1968 to return to his native country after 30 years away (apart from holidays) and after a long career as BBC reporter, war correspondent and commentator.

"The threats to the Welsh landscape are huge", he says. "People want to exploit it for minerals, power, water and tourism on the wrong scale. But most Welsh people take the beauty of their country for granted and are indifferent to its fragility. This is a gifted people's blind spot. A lot of Welsh speakers would sooner live in a Welsh-speaking Solihull.

"I feel passionately that the small places of the world like Wales, Finland and the Basque country must be kept free. If the monoliths that threaten are to provide our only standards, we lose something very profound. Fish engineering and land reclamation are all very well, but who wants to live for ever on fish and endless fens?

"I like to see Wales, with all its differences, in its European context. I do not feel special because I am Welsh and I am suspicious of those Welshmen who feel that to be Welsh is enough. I care deeply that the Welsh language should survive, because variety is what makes our life worth living.

"Wales is not so much a nation as a successful conspiracy. That Wales and Welsh should have survived at all is incredible. The reason is that we are a judicious mixture of the brave and the pliable."

Mr Vaughan-Thomas says he is the only Welshman brought up as a trained atheist. "I am totally irreligious, but I can understand why religious people are concerned about the disintegration of Christian ethics. After all, they are the only ethics we have.

"I am a sympathetic atheist and I go to services from time to time and enjoy the great sense of history. Really I am a survivor from a far off past. I still see a glorious Wales which is not being overwhelmed."

I suggested that with his love of living he might have been a Cavalier. "I would never have supported that stammering nitwit Charles and been among the Welsh slaughtered at Naseby. I should have been a Roundhead, on the winning side. And at the Restoration you would have found me doing the royal commentary. I am the vicar of Bray, sir. Like Wales itself, I'm a bit of a survivor."

In memoriam... conservation

REQUIEM FOR VANISHING LONDON

IF some decisions can be reversed others, however, are horribly irrevocable.

This week the revised edition of Sir Nikolaus Pevsner's masterful London volume of his Buildings of England, is published. It is the first revision for 10 years—years which have seen the apotheosis of the bulldozer as urban man's "best friend" and the demolition by developers and planners of large areas of central London.

Pevsner's assistant with the revision, Bridget Cherry, has sent me her notes on what has vanished from the streets of London since the last edition. It makes grim reading. But lest we forget . . .

There have of course been the great losses: the Coal Exchange near Billingsgate (demolished in a great hurry but still an empty site); Londonderry House in Park Lane (now a hotel) and Bath House in Piccadilly (offices), two of the last surviving Mayfair palaces of which there were still dozens just 50 years ago; the east end of Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Mews (offices); the great Rothschild mansion at 142-4 Piccadilly (a hotel)—important in itself but vital in defining the north side of Hyde Park Corner.

Respect

Meanwhile Christopher Wren's St. Mary Aldermary and Rennie's London Bridge were not destroyed but sold to America, where such monuments are held in greater respect than we appear to do here.

The saddest departures, however, have not been the monuments but the smaller buildings and streets which have traditionally been so crucial to London's character. Over the past decade, the City Corporation have continued ferretting out for execution any surviving domestic architecture in the old City. There were virtually no Georgian houses left, anyway, but rare examples in Creechurch Place, Wormwood Street and Devonshire Square have now vanished. The City have also started on the early palaces of Victorian commerce. Parnell's splendid Westminster Bank in Lombard Street has already gone, as has the old Stock Exchange.

Most of the remaining old warehouses on Thamesside in the City have also gone or are going.

Further west, we come across one of the most devastating losses of all—the clearance by the Norfolk Estate of the whole district between Arundel Street and Surrey Street by the Temple. This took out literally dozens of Georgian, Victorian and Edwardian houses, offices, shops and hotels, including the magnificent Howard Hotel—most of them to make way for a single gigantic office block. Westminster Council gave permission.

Obscene

Indeed, Westminster Council seem to regard anything Georgian as positively obscene. In the past 10 years they have presided over the progressive elimination of the original architecture of southern Mayfair, with particular emphasis on the old Burlington estate just east of Bond Street. 18th-century houses and rows of houses have vanished from Savile Row, Grafton Street, Old Burlington Street, Albemarle Street and a beautiful set has recently gone from Sackville Street.

Abingdon Street, opposite the House of Lords, went in the early '60s to make way for a car park and patch of grass.

A lovely row of Regency bow-fronted houses was demolished to make way for the Hilton Hotel. Of the great stores, the original Marshall and Snelgrove has already been demolished and others are to follow.

Only the most vigorous opposition prevented the Government from adding Richmond Terrace and New Scotland Yard in Whitehall to the list, the GLC from adding Nash's Strand Pepper-pots and the City Corporation from rubbing out the ancient Carter Lane quarter of the City, south-west of St. Paul's.

The list is confined to the old Cities of London and Westminster. Heaven knows what Pevsner will find missing when he turns his sad eye to Bloomsbury or Marylebone or Stepney or Southwark.

And what will he find when he returns to his work in a further 10 years? Works of architecture scheduled for demolition at present include Hardwick's City Club in Old Broad Street, Barings Bank in Bishopsgate, Liverpool Street Station, Leadenhall Market, St. George's Hospital, Debenham and Freebody, a lovely pair of Georgian town houses in Parliament Street . . .

—Simon Jenkins

Eve. Standard

Jan 30, '73 p. 19

conservation

Feb. 14, '73 p. 11



JOHN HODDER

'Headmasters always seemed to be afraid that I was going to make trouble.'

Scourge of Concorde

PROFILE

WHEN the Minister for Aerospace, Mr Heseltine, had spoken in Parliament on Thursday against the idea of a Select Committee on the cost of Concorde, every persuasive word he had said was promptly added to the massive archive assembled over the years by a slight, bald-headed man in the front room of his suburban house in Letchworth, Hertfordshire. Dedicated to the belief that the supersonic project must be abandoned, he cherishes every ministerial pronouncement on the subject—intending in due course to demolish it—and switches on a tape-recorder in front of his domestic TV set the moment Mr Heseltine opens his mouth to extol Concorde on the box.

He is Mr Richard Wiggs, organiser of the Anti-Concorde Project—for years a scourge of Concorde's makers, the British Aircraft Corporation, and one of the most doggedly articulate protesters of our time.

Within minutes of the cancellation of Concorde orders by Pan American Airways 10 days ago, Mr Wiggs was being telephoned by the Press Association and quoted by the BBC. He expressed no doubt that the battle against the aircraft was not yet won and still had to be fought. But he was as delighted by the news as he had been amused some months earlier when a Conservative MP ill-advisedly accused him of conducting his anti-Concorde campaign with the support of the American aircraft industry.

It was a patently ludicrous charge to anyone aware of the simple fact that the most ardent American advocates of Concorde were also the most ardent advocates of the *American* Supersonic Transport project. Far from wishing to bring about the downfall of Concorde, they sought quietly to promote it as a foreign 'challenge' to American supremacy, in order to win the US Government support for their own SST. In this context, Mr Wiggs was not their friend, but one of their most effective enemies.

But Mr Wiggs is a skilled operator, who promptly turned the accusation to advantage. He invited newspaper reporters to examine his Project's audited accounts. These did not simply prove that not a penny had reached the Project from any industrial concern, American or otherwise. They also disclosed, in a way most helpful to the Project's purposes, how respectable, and how varied in their backgrounds, are the 3,000 people who have rallied behind Mr Wiggs and have expressed their feelings against Concorde, often repeatedly, with donations ranging from 50p to £10.

The Project's Advisory Committee meets every six to eight weeks in London or Cambridge. It includes four Fellows of the Royal Society, among them Sir Nevill Mott, Emeritus Professor of Physics at Cambridge and formerly Director of the Cavendish Laboratory.

To have gathered such distinguished support, and to have held it together for so long, is no small achievement for a man who has himself had no university education and whose only acquaintance with science, before 1967, was a dispiriting year as a cataloguer of fossils at the Natural History Museum in Kensington. (He was denied promotion because he had no degree.) But Richard Wiggs belongs by birth to a well-known tradition of resistance to imposed and unacceptable ideas.

He was born in 1929 into a family of Hertfordshire Quakers. One of his ancestors, Joseph Wiggs, one of the celebrated Hitchin Quakers, appeared before an ecclesiastical court in 1639 and, in accordance with egalitarian Quaker custom, stoutly refused to take off his hat. According to the Vicar of Hitchin, who was naturally hostile, Joseph also addressed the judge in 'many irreverent speeches, not without sordid and rude gestures.'

Richard Wiggs is not himself a practising Quaker but admires this ancestor deeply. One of his three lively daughters is named Josephine after him. Mr Wiggs's recent family background is of skilled though humble trades. His father sold bicycles, his grandfather made them, and his great-grandfather was a blacksmith with the Great Northern Railway.

After grammar school, where he was a bit of an odd-boy-out, and that frustrating year at the Museum, Richard was called up in 1948 for National Service. He declared himself a conscientious objector and was sent to work on the land. After a subsequent brief spell as an instrument maker, he decided to go to training college and became a primary school-teacher, but teaching didn't work out. He came to the conclusion that to shut 40 unfortunate children and an unfortunate adult together in a small room for five and a half hours a day was basically wrong, and said so. 'Headmasters always seemed to be afraid that I was going to make trouble, even when I wasn't,' he says.

One can see their point. Mr Wiggs, bearded like George Bernard Shaw, has a look of slightly unnerving intensity which makes a curious impact on people, even in the homely and reassuring chaos of his office in the front room of his house. It is emphasised by his deep-set eyes, dark and unfathomable behind thick-rimmed glasses. He dresses carelessly—his only surviving trace of the schoolmaster—and looks rather older than he is.

The break with full-time teaching came when he refused to enforce a rule that every child should be compelled to eat every morsel set before him at school dinners. He turned to the part-time teaching of handicapped children and to writing children's stories.

Simultaneously, Mr Wiggs was founding the Anti-Concorde Project. He says that in 1964, while he was in bed recovering from pneumonia, he became convinced that the Labour Government would have cancelled Concorde if public opinion had been organised in time, effectively to counter the influence of the aircraft-industry lobby.

Then in September 1966 THE OBSERVER published a letter from a reader, Mr D. W. Rowell, saying that he would support an anti-Concorde movement if only someone would organise it. Mr Wiggs wrote offering to get something going and his letter drew a spate of replies. Throughout the following winter he and some of his correspondents formulated a policy, and in July 1967 they placed column-length ads in three of the serious weeklies.

By a stroke of luck for the Anti-Concorde Project, it was just at this time that the Labour Government used aircraft to stage sonic bang demonstrations over London and Bristol. There were wide-spread protests, and support for the Wiggs campaign increased greatly. Mr Wiggs and his wife (who is a teacher and a magistrate) spent the summer holiday writing letters, and the A-CP was afloat. Correspondence came in from many other countries and by the autumn the amount of work was so great that Mr Wiggs became full-time organiser, at a salary of £1,200 a year. This has now been increased to £2,400.

Mr Wiggs admits that at the start he 'knew little about noise and less about aeroplanes.' His facts were sometimes contestable and, five years ago, few people in aviation took him seriously. But since then, although the Project still operates from the Wiggs's front parlour littered with paper, tape-recordings and an occasional musical instrument left by the children, its influence has enormously improved. It has supporters in 30 countries, and its photo-copied material, drawn from newspapers and technical journals the world over, arrives regularly on the desks of MPs, airline executives and journalists, with considerable effect.

Politically, Mr Wiggs is of the Fabian kind—not a believer in emotional mass demonstrations. It is the intellectual character of the Project which most appeals to him. He set out to discover if a small group of people—'intellectuals, if you like'—to whom it was obvious that the supersonic development was in many ways *wrong*, could by the use of argument and publicity get it stopped. He likes to believe that Concorde has been undermined, and possibly destroyed, by 'an intellectual exercise.'

THE RADIO blared forth the terrible news about the devaluation of the dollar. I tried to explain it to the children because, naturally, you do want them picking up sort of thing in the yard, when

conservation



KEITH
WATERHOUSE
ON THURSDAY

Say I'm in conference

TWO cheers for Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, whose blessing for the Covent Garden development scheme has all the hallmarks of a slap across the chops with a wet haddock.

The people who live and work in Covent Garden have not yet much to be pleased about. They still have the prospect of paying double or treble rents for the privilege of staying put.

But by crossing a few roads off the blueprint and refusing permission to knock down old buildings wholesale, Mr. Rippon has officially brought to an end the craze for "comprehensive development."

Comprehensive development is the planners' equivalent of pulling all your teeth out when you have a bit of an ache in a back molar. The howling wastes of the Elephant and Castle and the forlorn Bull Ring in Birmingham are examples of this kind of thinking. Like some rococo folly on the estates of a mad eighteenth-century squire, they stand as expensive monuments to arrogance.

But I can safely leave the future of Covent Garden to that growing band of ordinary people who quietly refuse to be interred in a concrete necropolis. There are, thank God, enough of them now to matter.

★ ★ ★

What I find wholly satisfactory about the revision of this scheme is that whereas the future of some of the most interesting and useful buildings in London once hung in the balance, a large question mark now hangs over the least interesting and most useless of the new projects—an international conference centre.

If there is anything that London or any other city needs rather less than a new motorway or a civic piazza or an underground shopping precinct, it is an international conference centre.

International conference centres are to cities what sand-dunes are to the Gobi desert—an apparently inevitable and essential feature of the landscape that does not, however, add in any way to the amenities of the neighbourhood. The difference is that whatever God's purpose in planting sand-dunes. He never pretended they were oases.

The conference centre is entirely the invention of planners who think they know better than the citizens who live in it how a city ought to operate. Here, they say—wiping half a dozen theatres, a couple of churches, a few hundred homes and shops, a cinema or two and a handful of ancient buildings off the map—is a very interesting city centre. This will come in very useful.

Now who, they ask themselves, would want to come to a city centre? Businessmen. Right. Good thinking. And what do businessmen do, day in and day out? They hold conferences. Fine. We'll build them a conference centre.

★ ★ ★

It does not stop there. No one ever built a conference centre without it being the biggest conference centre in the world. It has to be the biggest conference centre in the world, otherwise all those businessmen would take their custom to the other ones.

So having built the biggest conference centre in the world they have to build the biggest car park in the world and the biggest hotel complex in the world and the biggest selection of expense-account restaurants in the world. Before you know it, you can't step out of your local bus station unless you sport a plastic label badge announcing that you're a sales rep from Manchester.

If the nightmare is not yet quite a reality, it is not for want of trying. In the United States, where this mad idea originated, there are now whole towns which are totally given over to the conference game. I have been in American hotels where, to avoid being press-ganged into a three-day convention on new ways of marketing sewage, I have had to produce my passport to prove that I was not a delegate from Alaska.

It can happen here and will happen here if we don't watch out. Look closely at the little cardboard model of the proposed new amenities in your local town hall if you don't think so.

★ ★ ★

Conference centres are built to attract businessmen and businessmen go to them because they are attracted by conference centres. Why they want to hold conferences is a question nobody has ever asked. A firm that has been prosperously manufacturing vacuum cleaners for half a century suddenly gathers in all its salesmen from the far corners of the earth to tell them they are doing a fine job selling vacuum-cleaners — or alternately, that they are not selling enough vacuum-cleaners.

Is this good for the vacuum-cleaner trade? Well, perhaps it is, if they grind enough potato-crisps and cigarette ends into the conference centre's expensive carpet.

But good for business or not, these concrete gossip-shops are not good for the heart and soul of our city centres. If they want to build them, let them build them out in the moonscape suburbs, where they dump the people they have uprooted.

And if a chap from the Covent Garden development scheme rings up, say I'm in conference.

"Who needs these concrete gossip shops?"

Daily Mirror 1-8-73

10 new beauty spots named

The Isles of Scilly and the High Weald in Kent are among 10 new areas which the Countryside Commission proposes to designate as of outstanding natural beauty. The 32 areas so far designated cover 9 per cent of the land in England and Wales.

The other new areas proposed are: the Niddersdale moors in Yorkshire, the North Pennines, a small stretch of the Northumberland coast near the Scottish border, the Clwydian Range and the Berwyn mountains in North Wales, the Box-Valley extension to Dedham Vale in Suffolk, and Rame Head and the Camel Estuary in Cornwall.

Priority will be given to the Isles of Scilly, the Weald, and the Clwydian and Berwyn mountains.

If the proposed areas are designated, the commission expects planning authorities to exercise stringent development control, and to clear eyesores and plant trees.

The commission is to study five other areas to see whether they merit designation. They are the Howardian Hills in Yorkshire, the Radnor Forest in mid-

By our own Reporter

Wales, Cranborne Chase in Dorset, the Blackdown Hills in Devon, and the Tamar and Tavey Valleys on the Cornwall-Devon border.

The commission's criterion in selecting areas for designation is whether they have fine landscapes which should be protected or enhanced. It has informed all the country councils involved of its proposals, but said in a statement that it recognised that the local government reorganisation might cause delay in the designation procedures. All the proposals will shortly be advertised.

Rio Tinto Zinc has scrapped plans to mine copper at Coed-y-Brenin, near Dolgellau, in the Snowdonia national park in spite of spending £400,000 and five years in preliminary exploration.

The decision, announced to shareholders in the firm's annual report on Thursday, was welcomed yesterday by Mr E. J. Lloyd-Jones, clerk to Merioneth county council which had objected to RTZs proposals. He also called for Government action to introduce "acceptable and suitable" sources of employment to halt depopulation in the area.

In its report RTZ said it was extremely doubtful that a mining operation could be economic in the Coed-y-Brenin area. Environment factors had also been taken into account.

● Families in Port Talbot, Glamorgan, were warned on Thursday of the environmental effects of a £35 millions chemical plant which opens there this week. BP Chemicals International said that the early days of the Baglan Bay ethylene-producing plant would produce heavy flaring, noise caused by steam release, and sometimes a large plume of smoke.

The disturbances would become less frequent as the new plant settled down, and steps would be taken to ensure minimum inconvenience, the company said in a letter to local people.

When the plant, part of a £125 millions complex, was first started in February, an equipment breakdown caused a fire which soared 100 feet. A number of men were treated for shock.

Question: *I would be grateful if you could tell me how I might obtain literary guides to England. I am especially interested in seeing places that are referred to in the works of Jane Austen and Charles Dickens. — R.J.S., Chicago, Ill.*

Answer: "Traveler's Reading Guides," a three-volume bibliography subtitled "Background Books, Novels, Travel Literature and Articles" is a source that includes literary guides. For a copy of the first volume, a 285-page paperback on Europe published in 1981, send $12.95 to Freelance Publications (Post Office Box 8-T, Bayport, N.Y. 11705; 516-472-1799). Four supplements to the original volume on Europe may be purchased for an additional $5.50; volume two of the series covers North America ($12.95); volume three, which will cover the world except Europe and North America, is being compiled.

Among the literary guides (which may be available in a public library) in the bibliography are "Literary Britain," by Frank Morley; "Literary Tour Guide to England and Scotland," by Emily Harting; and Margaret Drabble's "A Writer's Britain, Landscapes in Literature" Also listed is a narrative atlas called "Literary Landscapes of the British Isles," by Donald Daiches.

If you cannot find the books in a public library or you wish to purchase them, send a list of the books you want to Traveller's Bookstore (22 West 52d Street, New York, N.Y. 10019; 212-664-0995). Candy Olmstead, a proprietor of the store, said she is compiling a catalogue that will be ready by late spring; meanwhile she has prepared reading lists, country by country, which may be requested before placing a order.

WELCOME TO OXFORD



Thomas Photos

Tourist Information

10p

OXFORD — a walking tour

(Shown in blue on the map overleaf)

It is, of course, impossible to catch more than a glimpse of Oxford's historic buildings, gardens and rivers in a short time, but the following tour has been designed to help a visitor to see some of the chief places of interest in about two hours. The dates given after the names of the Colleges are of their foundation.

Begin at **CARFAX.** Carfax is the name given to the central crossroads in the City. The tower at Carfax, built in the 14th century, is all that remains of St Martin's Church. Visitors may climb the tower in summer and get an excellent view of Oxford.

Walk down **ST. ALDATE'S STREET,** passing the Town Hall on the left and the Information Centre on the right. In the second turning on the right, **PEMBROKE SQUARE,** is Pembroke College (1624). Notice the new quadrangle created on the line of the now closed Beef Lane by the erection of the Besse Building and the adaptation of old buildings on the south side of Pembroke Street.

Cross over **ST. ALDATE'S STREET** to Christ Church (1525) opposite. Tom Tower, above the main gate of Christ Church, houses the bell Great Tom, weighing 18,000 lb., which at 9.05p.m. every day is tolled 101 times. This was the signal for closing the College gates to the original 101 students. Tom Quad, behind the main gate, is the largest College quadrangle in Oxford. Continue to the right in front of Christ Church and enter the Memorial Garden. In the Broad Walk on the left are the Meadow Buildings (1866), which give entrance to the Cathedral—which is also the College Chapel—dating from the 12th century, and to the magnificent dining hall (1529) containing a fine collection of portraits. There is an entry charge to Christ Church.

Turn left up **MERTON GROVE** *into* **MERTON STREET.** To the left is Corpus Christi College (1517) with an unusual sundial dating from 1581 in its front quadrangle, and around the corner in Oriel Square is Oriel College (1326). To the right is Merton College (1264), the College with the oldest statutes. Its varied buildings make an interesting group, but the visitor should note especially Mob Quad, Oxford's oldest quadrangle, and the Library on the south and west sides of Mob Quad. The Library is the oldest in England and still keeps some of its books chained. Beyond is the spacious Chapel (1290-1450).

Turn right at the end of **MERTON STREET,** *and walk along* **HIGH STREET** *as far as* **THE BOTANIC GARDEN** (1621), which is one of the oldest in the country. The rose garden in front was recently laid out as a memorial to research workers in Oxford who discovered the clinical importance of penicillin. Opposite is Magdalen College (1458) (pronounced 'Maudlen'), dominated by the Bell Tower, from the top of which the choristers sing a Latin hymn at 6a.m. on every May 1st. This is the 'May Morning Ceremony' and is witnessed by hundreds of people in the roadway or in boats on the River Cherwell below. The Chapel, Cloisters and Hall at Magdalen, all built in the 15th century, should be seen, and beyond the Cloisters, the Deer Park and Addison's Walk through the meadows. These watermeadows are another of Oxford's precious green spaces and are noted for fritillaries in the spring.

Return up **HIGH STREET** *to* **QUEEN'S LANE.** From this point the curving High Street, with its varied buildings and single sycamore tree provides one of the best known views in Oxford. On the right are Queen's College (1341), All Souls (1437), St. Mary the Virgin Church, Brasenose College (1509), and the spire of All Saints' Church; on the left is University College (1249). This College claims an earlier origin than Merton College: some believe that King Alfred was the founder. Many of its buildings date from the 17th century. The Shelley Memorial (1894) is famous, and the Goodhart Quadrangle (1962) is a good example of a modern addition to the buildings of an ancient College.

Turn right along **QUEEN'S LANE** *and continue along* **NEW COLLEGE LANE,** passing St. Edmund Hall (c.1270), with its charming small quadrangle and new library—the ancient church building of St. Peter-in-the-East—and then reaching New College. This College was founded in 1379 by William of Wykeham who saw the first quadrangle, the Chapel, Hall, Cloisters and Bell Tower built before his death in 1404. The Chapel is famous for its stained glass and contains a statue of Lazarus by Epstein. The beautiful garden, reached through a wrought iron gate from the Garden Quad, is remarkable for the stretch of the old city wall on the north side and the mound in the middle.

Follow **NEW COLLEGE LANE** *to its end, go up the steps and through the gateway opposite.* On three sides are University buildings: on the right is the Clarendon Building, home of the University Press from 1713 to 1830 and now containing University administrative offices. On the left is the Bodleian Library, and ahead is the Sheldonian Theatre built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1664-69. The Theatre is used mainly for University ceremonies and also for concerts. It has recently been restored and, if time permits, a visitor should see the interior. There is a good view of the spires of Oxford from its cupola.

Behind the Sheldonian is the Divinity School (c.1427-90), a perfect example of 15th century perpendicular gothic architecture, and beyond is the Old Ashmolean Building (1683), housing the Museum of the History of Science.

Walk to the left along **BROAD STREET.** Blackwell's bookshop is across the road and next to it is Trinity College (1555) and then Balliol College (1263). A cross in the roadway opposite Balliol marks the spot where the Martyrs were burnt at the stake, Latimer and Ridley in 1555 and Archbishop Cranmer in 1556.

Turn left along **TURL STREET.** This is another ancient, narrow street, and has Colleges on both sides. Jesus College (1571) on the right has strong connections with Wales; Lawrence of Arabia was an undergraduate here. Opposite is Exeter College (1314) which has a fine Hall built in 1618 with a collar-beam roof and a Jacobean screen. The Chapel (Gilbert Scott, 1856-59) contains a William Morris tapestry. Beyond Brasenose Lane, which still has its mediaeval middle gutter, is Lincoln College (1427) where John Wesley was a Fellow for nine years.

Turn right at the end of **TURL STREET,** passing the Mitre Hotel, which was one of Oxford's oldest and most famous inns, dating mainly from the 17th century, and return along **HIGH STREET** to **CARFAX.**

EXTENSION OF THE TOUR NORTHWARDS

Walk along **CORNMARKET STREET** which runs northwards from Carfax; most of the buildings in it are modern. On the 2nd floor of No. 3 Cornmarket Street is the 'Painted Room'. It is believed that Shakespeare slept here on his journeys to and from London. On the right, through an archway, is the Golden Cross, which was an inn for over 700 years.

On the corner of Ship Street is the Church of St. Michael at the North Gate: the tower dates from the 11th century and is the oldest building in Oxford. Formerly it adjoined the North Gate of the City, above which was the Bocardo prison. From there the three Martyrs were taken to be burnt at the stake. The Martyrs' Memorial is further along beyond the next church on the right, St. Mary Magdalen.

OXFORD TOURIST INFORMATION CENTRE

Tourist information and an accommodation booking service is available in the Tourist Information Centre in St. Aldate's, opposite the Town Hall. The centre is open all year, Monday to Saturday 9am-5.30pm, Sundays May 27 - September 23 and Bank Holiday Mondays 10.30am-1pm; 1.30pm-4pm. Telephone Oxford 48707 or 49811. For accommodation telephone Oxford 40170.

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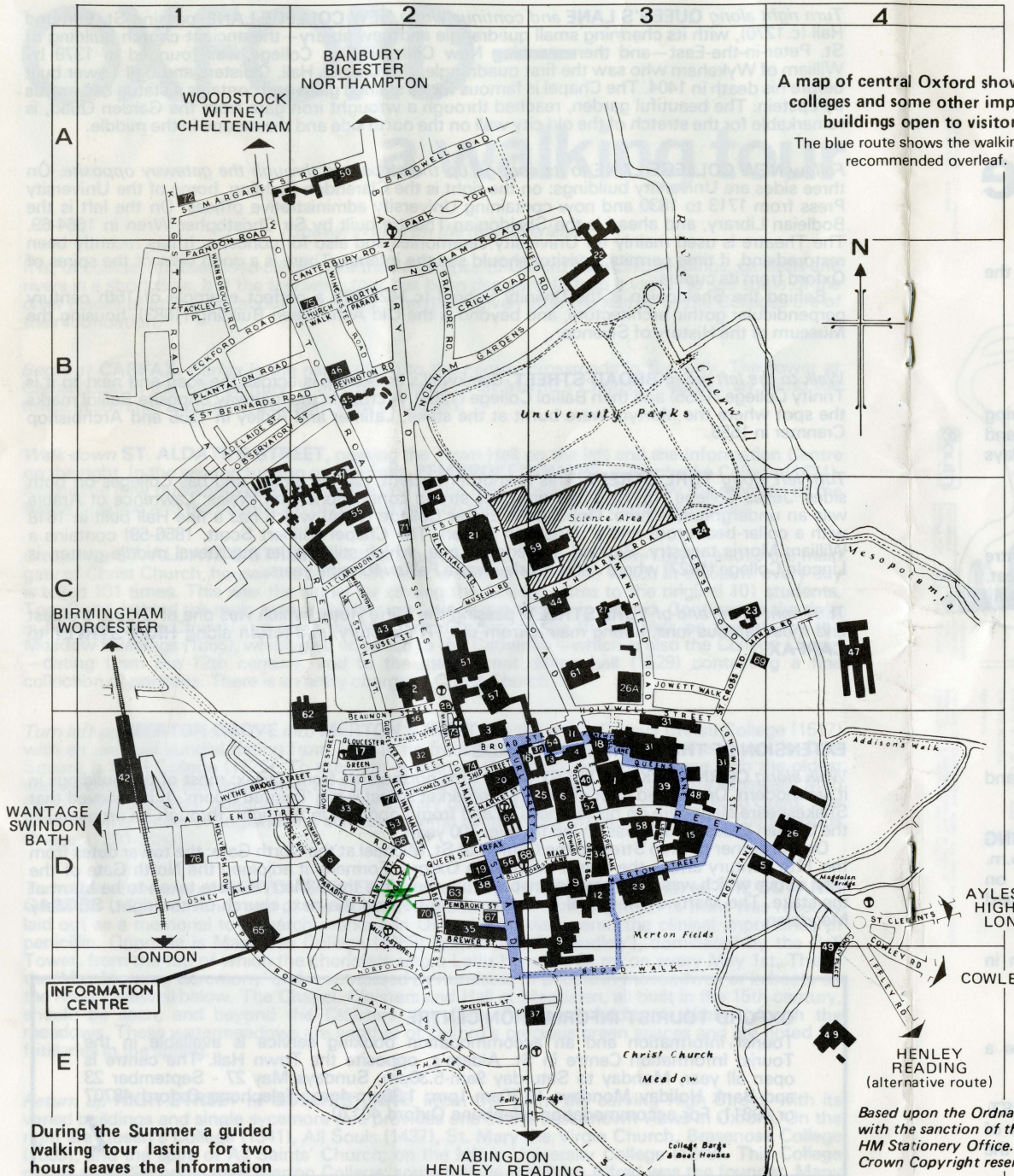


A map of central Oxford showing the colleges and some other important buildings open to visitors.

The blue route shows the walking tour recommended overleaf.

During the Summer a guided walking tour lasting for two hours leaves the Information Centre at 10.45 a.m. and 2.15 p.m. daily, price 50p and a coach tour (June to August) at 2.30 p.m.

Based upon the Ordnance Survey Map with the sanction of the Controller of HM Stationery Office. Crown Copyright reserved.

KEY TO MAP

Grid Reference	Number on Map		NORMAL TIMES OF OPENING Weekdays	Sundays
		COLLEGES		
D3	1	ALL SOULS COLLEGE, High Street	2-5	2-5
D2	3	BALLIOL COLLEGE, Broad Street	10-6, Fri. 10-12 Closed August	10-6
D3	6	BRASENOSE COLLEGE, Radcliffe Square	10-dusk	10-dusk
D3	9	CHRIST CHURCH, St. Aldate's	9-7	9-7
		Picture Gallery	2-4.30	2-4.30
D3	12	CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, Merton Street	Term 2-4 Vac. 10-4	2-4 10-4
D3	15	EXAMINATION SCHOOLS, High Street	—	—
D3	16	EXETER COLLEGE, Turl Street	9-dusk	9-dusk
D3	18	HERTFORD COLLEGE, Catte Street	9.30-dusk	9.30-dusk
D2	20	JESUS COLLEGE, Turl Street	10.30-12.00	2-4.30
C2	21	KEBLE COLLEGE, Parks Road	10-4.45	10-4.45
B3	22	LADY MARGARET HALL, Norham Gardens	6.45-dusk	6.45-dusk
C3	24	LINACRE COLLEGE, St. Cross Road	—	—
D3	25	LINCOLN COLLEGE, Turl Street	2-5	11-5
D4	26	MAGDALEN COLLEGE, High Street	2-6.15	2-6.15
C3	26A	MANCHESTER COLLEGE, Mansfield Road	Term 9-5 Vac. 9-1	9-2 9-1
C3	27	MANSFIELD COLLEGE, Mansfield Road	9-dusk	9-dusk
D3	29	MERTON COLLEGE, Merton Street	2-5 Winter 2-4.30	10-5 10-4.30
D3	31	NEW COLLEGE, New College Lane	Mon.-Fri. Term 2-5 Vac. 11-6	Sat. & Sun. 12-6 11-6
D2	33	NUFFIELD COLLEGE, New Road	9-dusk	9-dusk
D3	34	ORIEL COLLEGE, Oriel Square	2-5	10-5
D2	35	PEMBROKE COLLEGE, Pembroke Square	Term 2-6 Vac. 10-4.30	2-6 10-4.30
D3	39	QUEEN'S COLLEGE, High Street	Term 2-5 Vac. 10-5	10-5 10-5
C2	43	REGENTS PARK COLLEGE, Pusey Street	—	—
B2	45	ST. ANNE'S COLLEGE, Woodstock Road	2-5 closed August & 1st week September	2-5
B2	46	ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE, Woodstock Road	—	—
C4	47	ST. CATHERINE'S COLLEGE, Manor Road	2-7	2-7
D3	48	ST. EDMUND HALL, Queen's Lane	9-dusk	9-dusk
E4	49	ST. HILDA'S COLLEGE, Cowley Place	Term only 2-5	2-5
A2	50	ST. HUGH'S COLLEGE, St. Margaret's Road	2-5 Closed August & September	
C2	51	ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, St. Giles	Term 1-5 or 7 Vac. 9-5 or 7	10-1 10-1
D2	53	ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, New Inn Hall Street	Term 2-4 Vac. 10-4	2-4 10-4
C2	55	SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, Woodstock Road	10-30-4 Closed August & September	10.30-4
C2	57	TRINITY COLLEGE, Broad Street	2-6.30	2-6.30
D3	58	UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, High Street	10-6	10-6
C3	61	WADHAM COLLEGE, Parks Road	11-5	11-5
D2	62	WORCESTER COLLEGE, Worcester Street	Term 2-dusk Vac. 9-12 & 2-dusk daily	2-dusk
		CHURCHES		
D2	66	NEW ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, Bonn Square	—	
D2	67	ST. ALDATE'S CHURCH. St. Aldate's	Daily	
D2	68	ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH, Alfred Street	—	
C3	69	ST. CROSS CHURCH, St. Cross Road	Daily	
D2	70	ST. EBBE'S CHURCH, St. Ebbe's Street	by arrangement at Christian Book Shop	
C2	71	ST. GILES CHURCH, Banbury Road	Mornings (not Tues.)	
D2	73	ST. MARY MAGDALEN'S CHURCH, Magdalen Street	Daily	
D3	52	ST. MARY THE VIRGIN CHURCH, High Street	Daily	
D2	74	ST. MICHAEL'S AT THE NORTH GATE, Cornmarket Street	Daily	
D2	77	WESLEY MEMORIAL CHURCH, New Inn Hall Street	—	
A1	72	ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, St. Margaret's Road	—	
B2	75	ST. PHILIP & ST. JAMES CHURCH, Woodstock Road	—	
D1	76	ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, off Hollybush Row	—	
		MUSEUMS & LIBRARIES		
C2	2	ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, Beaumont Street	10-4	2-4
D3	4	BODLEIAN LIBRARY, Broad Street	9-5 Sat. 9-12.30	Closed
C3	23	LAW LIBRARY & FACULTY, St. Cross Road	—	—
D3	30	MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE, Broad Street	10.30-1 2.30-4	Closed Sat. & Sun.
D2	56	TOWN HALL, Plate Room, St. Aldate's	10-5 Mon.-Fri.	
		MUSEUM OF OXFORD	10-5 Tues.-Sat.	
C3	59	UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, Parks Road	10-4	Closed
		PITT RIVERS MUSEUM	2-4	Closed
D2	63	MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Pembroke Street	10-5, Tues.-Sat. Closed Mondays	2-5
		OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST		
D4	5	BOTANIC GARDEN, High Street	Oct.-Mar. 9-4.30 Apr.-Sept. 8.30-5	10-12 & 2-4.30 10-12 & 2-6
		Glass Houses	2-4	2-4
D2	6	CARFAX TOWER, Carfax	Summer Only 10.30-12.30 2.30- 4.30	2-5
D2	8	CASTLE, New Road	By special arrangement only	
E3	10	CHRIST CHURCH MEADOW	7-dusk	7-dusk
D3	11	CLARENDON BUILDING, Broad Street	—	—
D3	13	DIVINITY SCHOOL, Broad Street	Winter 9-4 Summer 9-5	Closed
			Summer & Winter Sat. 9-12.30	
C2	14	ENGINEERING SCIENCE, Dept. of, Banbury Road	—	—
D2	17	GLOUCESTER GREEN, Coach and Bus Station	—	—
D2	19	INFORMATION CENTRE, St. Aldate's	9-5.30	Summer only 10.30-1.00 1.30-4.00
C2	28	MARTYRS MEMORIAL, St. Giles	—	—
D2	32	NEW THEATRE, George Street	—	—
D2	36	PLAYHOUSE THEATRE, Beaumont Street	—	—
E3	37	POLICE HEADQUARTERS, St. Aldate's	—	—
D2	38	POST OFFICE (G.P.O.), St. Aldate's	9-5.30 Sat. 9-12.30	—
D3	40	RADCLIFFE CAMERA, Radcliffe Square	—	—
B2	41	RADCLIFFE INFIRMARY, Woodstock Road	—	—
D1	42	RAILWAY STATION, Park End Street	—	—
C3	44	RHODES HOUSE, South Parks Road	Mon.-Fri. 2.00-5.00	
D3	54	SHELDONIAN THEATRE, Broad Street	Summer 10-12.45 & 2-4.45 Winter 10-12.45 & 2-3.45	
B3	60	UNIVERSITY PARKS (entrance from Parks Road, South Parks Road, and Norham Gardens)	7.00-dusk	8-dusk
D1	64	COVERED MARKET	8.00-5.30	—
D1	65	OXPENS MARKET	Wed. and Sat.	—

Ⓣ Indicates Toilets

The blue route shows the walking tour recommended overleaf.

OXFORD—

the City Centre

If you do not need your car in the centre use one of the **PARK AND RIDE** services from the outskirts. There are **3 CAR PARKS** (shown on the **CITY MAP**) at

PEAR TREE, Woodstock Road (North)
SEACOURT, Botley Road (West)
RED BRIDGE, Abingdon Road (South)

Car Parking is **FREE.**

There is a **SPECIAL EXPRESS BUS** every **10/12 MINUTES** to and from the centre serving **PEAR TREE** and **RED BRIDGE** and a frequent **SERVICE BUS** (Route Numbers 440/3 and 540/3) from **SEACOURT.** The **EXPRESS BUSES** run from 0730 to 1830 on Mondays to Fridays and 0830 to 1830 on Saturdays.

CHILDREN up to the age of 16 with adults travel **FREE** on the **EXPRESS BUSES.**

The **MAIN CENTRAL CAR PARKS** are in **ST. EBBES.** The most convenient for the City centre is the Westgate multi-storey car park. There are other smaller car parks at Worcester Street, Gloucester Green, St. Aldates, and St. Clements. There is also a car park at the Railway Station.
Charges are

Up to 1 hour	15p	
1 hour to 2 hours	20p	Monday - Saturday
2 hours to 4 hours	40p	8.00a.m. - 6.30p.m.
4 hours to 6 hours	60p	
Over 6 hours	80p	
Fixed charge	15p	At all other times.

The charge at the Railway Station Car Park is 80p Monday-Friday and 30p Saturday and Sunday. St. Aldates car park will be closed in the early part of 1979.

PARKING is permitted on a few **STREETS** in the centre, marked on the map. **A PARKING DISC** must be displayed; there is no charge but the maximum stay between 8a.m. and 6.30p.m. is **2 HOURS.** On some other streets parking is permitted without a disc for times shown on roadside signs. Charging for spaces in St. Giles, Broad Street, Oriel Square, and King Edward Street may be introduced late in 1979.

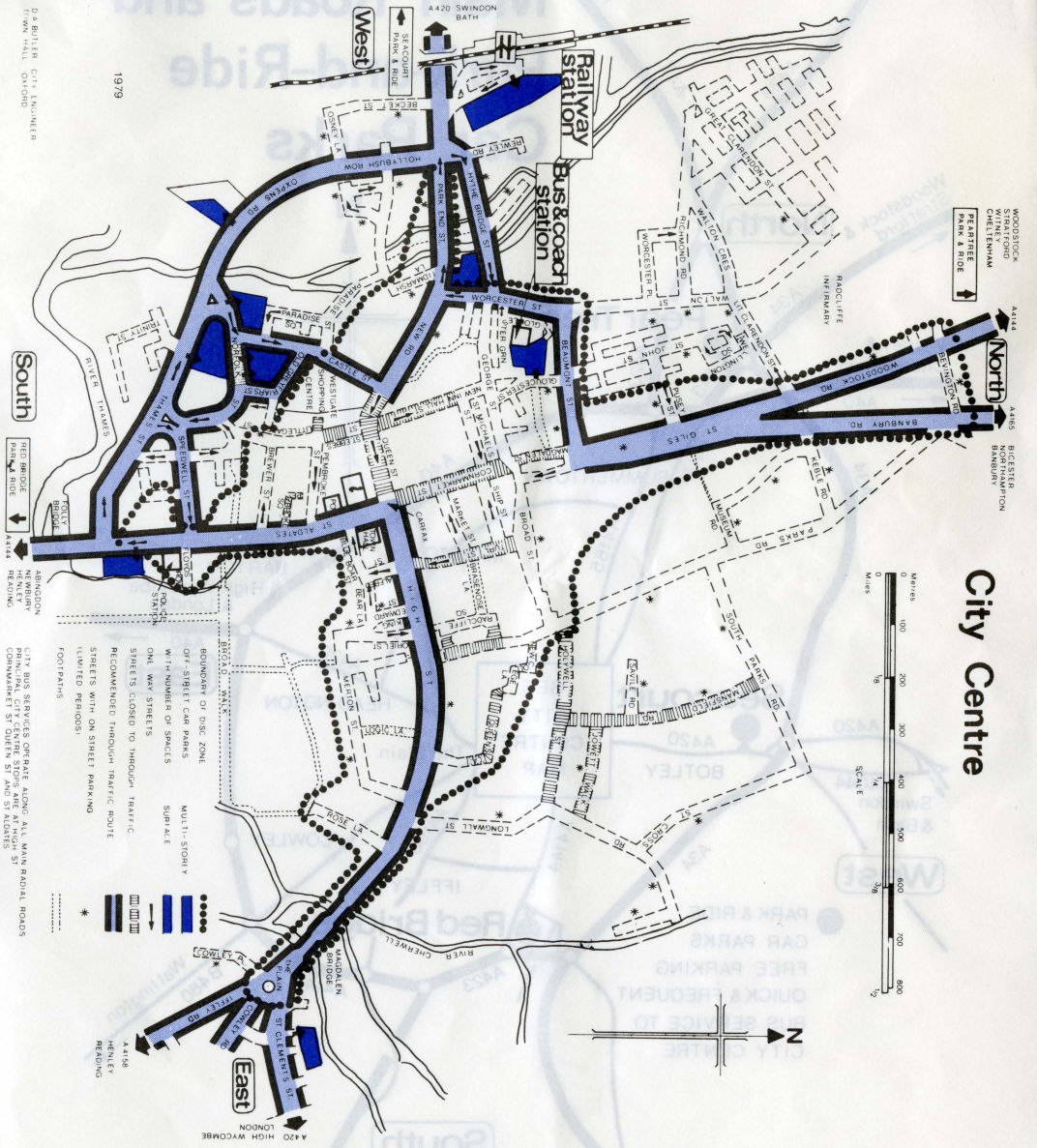
PARKING DISCS can be obtained free from traffic wardens, those shops displaying them in their windows and the Information Centre.

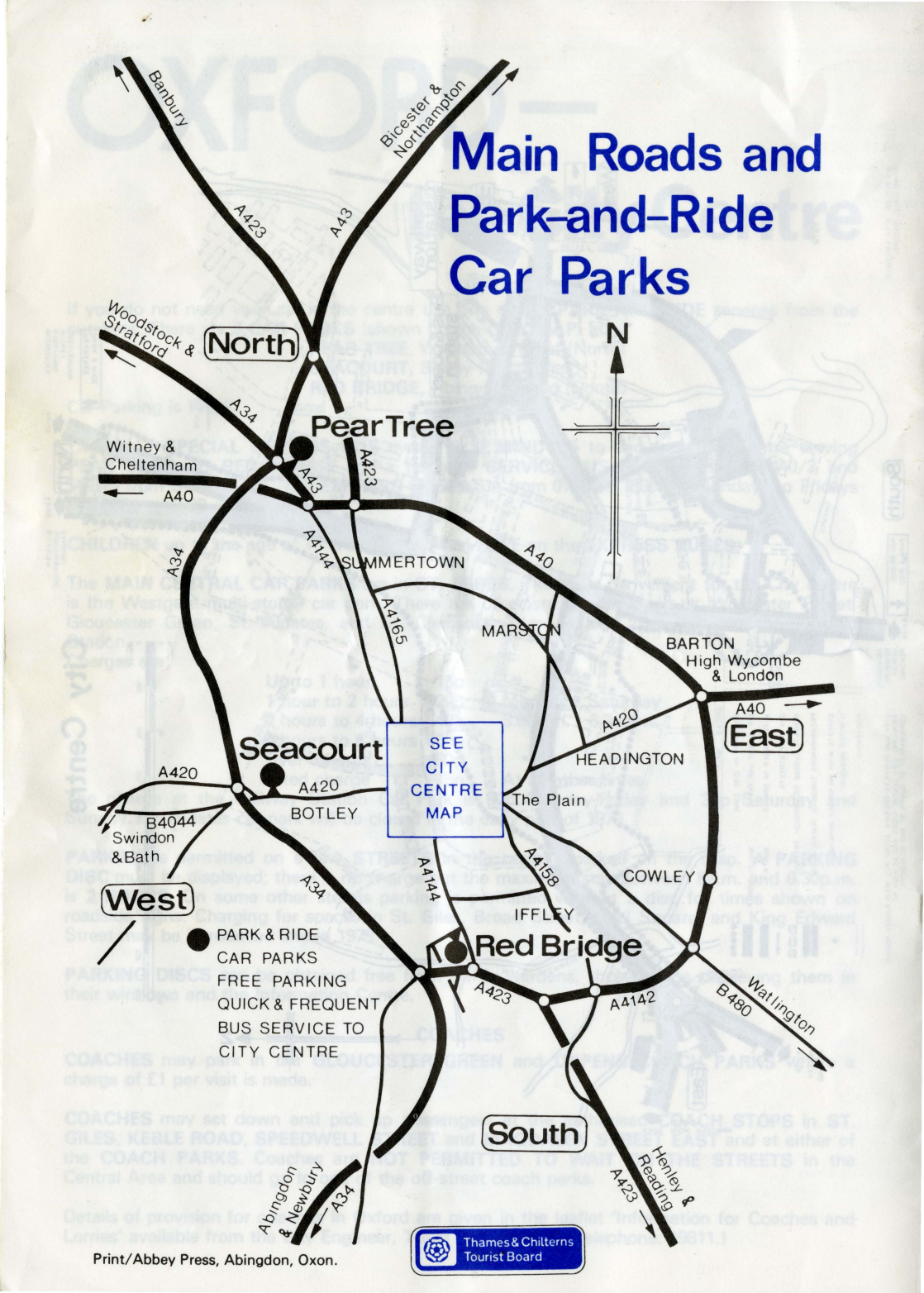
COACHES

COACHES may park in the **GLOUCESTER GREEN** and **OXPENS COACH PARKS** where a charge of £1 per visit is made.

COACHES may set down and pick up passengers at the authorised **COACH STOPS** in **ST. GILES, KEBLE ROAD, SPEEDWELL STREET** and **MAGDALEN STREET EAST** and at either of the **COACH PARKS.** Coaches are **NOT PERMITTED TO WAIT ON THE STREETS** in the Central Area and should go to one of the off-street coach parks.

Details of provision for coaches in Oxford are given in the leaflet 'Information for Coaches and Lorries' available from the City Engineer, Town Hall, Oxford. (Telephone: 49811.)

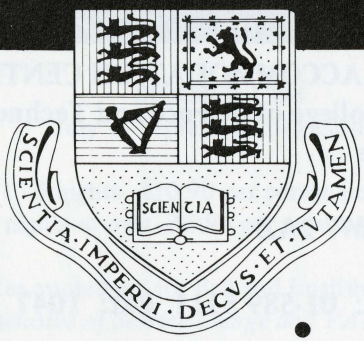




Print/Abbey Press, Abingdon, Oxon.

SAC

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATION FACILITIES



Imperial College of Science and Technology

SUMMER ACCOMMODATION CENTRE

Overnight Accommodation Rate

EASTER 1984
March 26–April 17 inclusive

1 - 6 nights–£10.50 per person per night
7 nights or over–£8.80 per person per night

SUMMER 1984
July 2–September 20 inclusive

1 - 6 nights–£10.90 per person per night
7 nights or over–£8.90 per person per night

Rates quoted are for Bed and English Breakfast
(inclusive of Service Charge and VAT @ 15%)

Please note payment schedule
and
cancellation charges detailed in
SAC Brochure

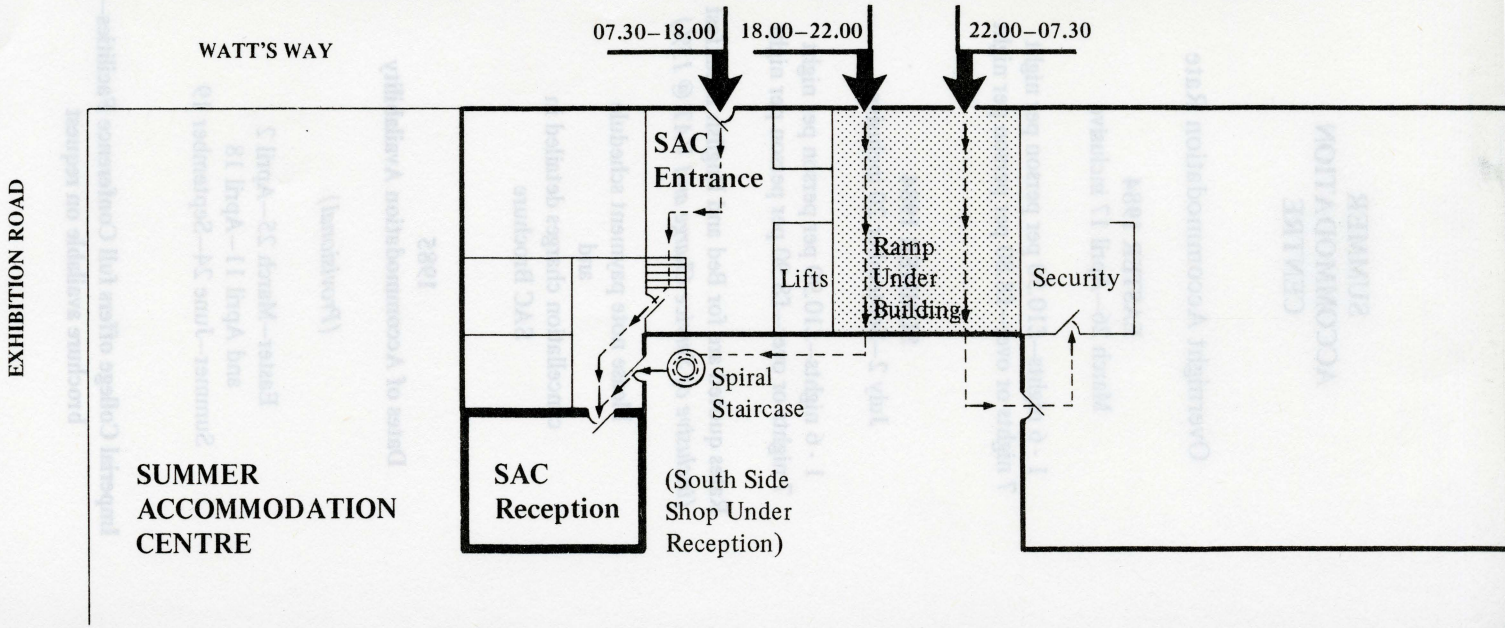
1985
Dates of Accommodation Availability

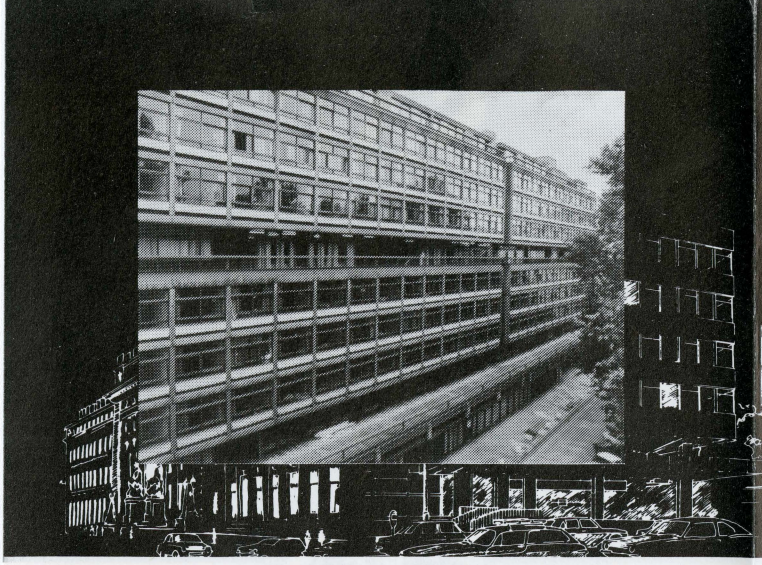
(Provisional)

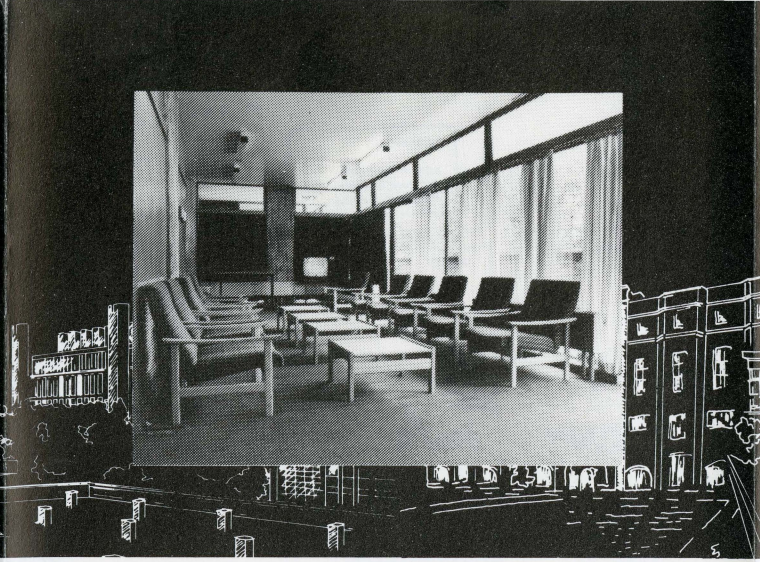
Easter–March 25–April 2
and April 11–April 18
Summer–June 24–September 19

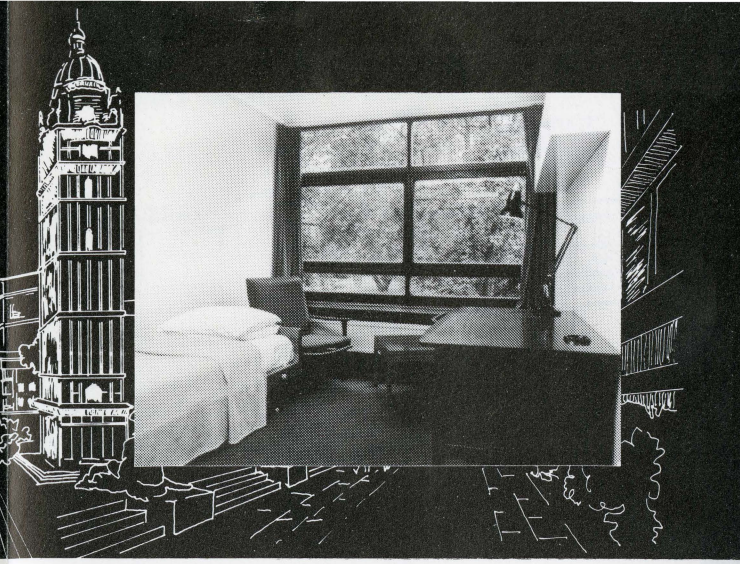
Imperial College offers full Conference Facilities–brochure available on request

Access to SAC Reception is by the following routes depending upon time of arrival: –









SUMMER ACCOMMODATION CENTRE
Imperial College of Science and Technology
South Side
Watts Way
London, SW7 2AZ

Telephone: 01-589 5111 Ext: 1047

Open: Easter Vacation (limited period) and throughout July, August, September

Office
Open: 08.00 – 22.00 hours

FOR INFORMATION OR FURTHER DETAILS REGARDING ROOM HIRE, ACCOMMODATION OR CATERING, CONTACT:

The Conference Office
Imperial College of Science and Technology
Room 170, Sherfield Building
Exhibition Road, London SW7 2AZ
Telephone: 01-589 5111 Ext: 2079 or 2005
Telex: 261503

Location
The underground station at South Kensington is served by the Circle, District and Piccadilly lines. London HeathrowAirport is linked directly by the Piccadilly line and Gatwick Airport is 26 miles away via Victoria Station. Visitors are recommended to travel by public transport, as car parking space is not available at Imperial College.

Accommodation
Overnight accommodation is provided in the halls of residence, which overlook Prince's Gardens, a quiet attractive square only a minute's walk away from the College campus.

Features
A limited number of twin bedded rooms are available for married couples, but most rooms are single study bedrooms. Each room has a wash-basin, desk, reading light and a wardrobe complete with hangers. Most rooms have shaving points (240v).

Bedlinen, soap and towels are provided. The rooms are serviced and beds are made each day. A bathroom, shower and two lavatories are shared between each landing of eight bedrooms. There is a fully equipped laundry in each hall of residence. The Summer Accommodation Centre has TV lounges, bars, dining-rooms and a grocer's shop on the premises. Other College amentites are a Bookshop, Sports Centre and a National Westminster Bank and Service Till.

Conditions
We regret that children under 16 years of age cannot be accommodated, and must point out that the structure of the building may be unsuitable for the elderly or disabled. Visitors are requested to restrict the noise level to a minimum after 23.00 hours.

Arrival and Departure
Visitors will have access to their rooms after 14.00 hours on the date of arrival and must vacate the rooms by 10.00 hours on the date of departure. Flexibility of timing can only be allowed by special arrangement with the College. Where appropriate, alphabetical rooming lists are required in advance and key deposits are required upon registration.

Payment
A 10% deposit is required on confirmation of the booking, followed by a 40% payment to complete a full deposit of 50% of the total charge 3 months prior to the stay.

Cancellation Charges
Cancellation up to 3 months before the dates of the proposed stay, the 10% deposit will be forfeited. Cancellation within 3 months of the proposed dates of stay, 50% of the total hire charge will be payable. For guests who fail to arrive, the full payment will be charged.

Fire and Emergency Procedures
Visitors are requested to familiarise themselves with the procedures displayed in each bedroom.

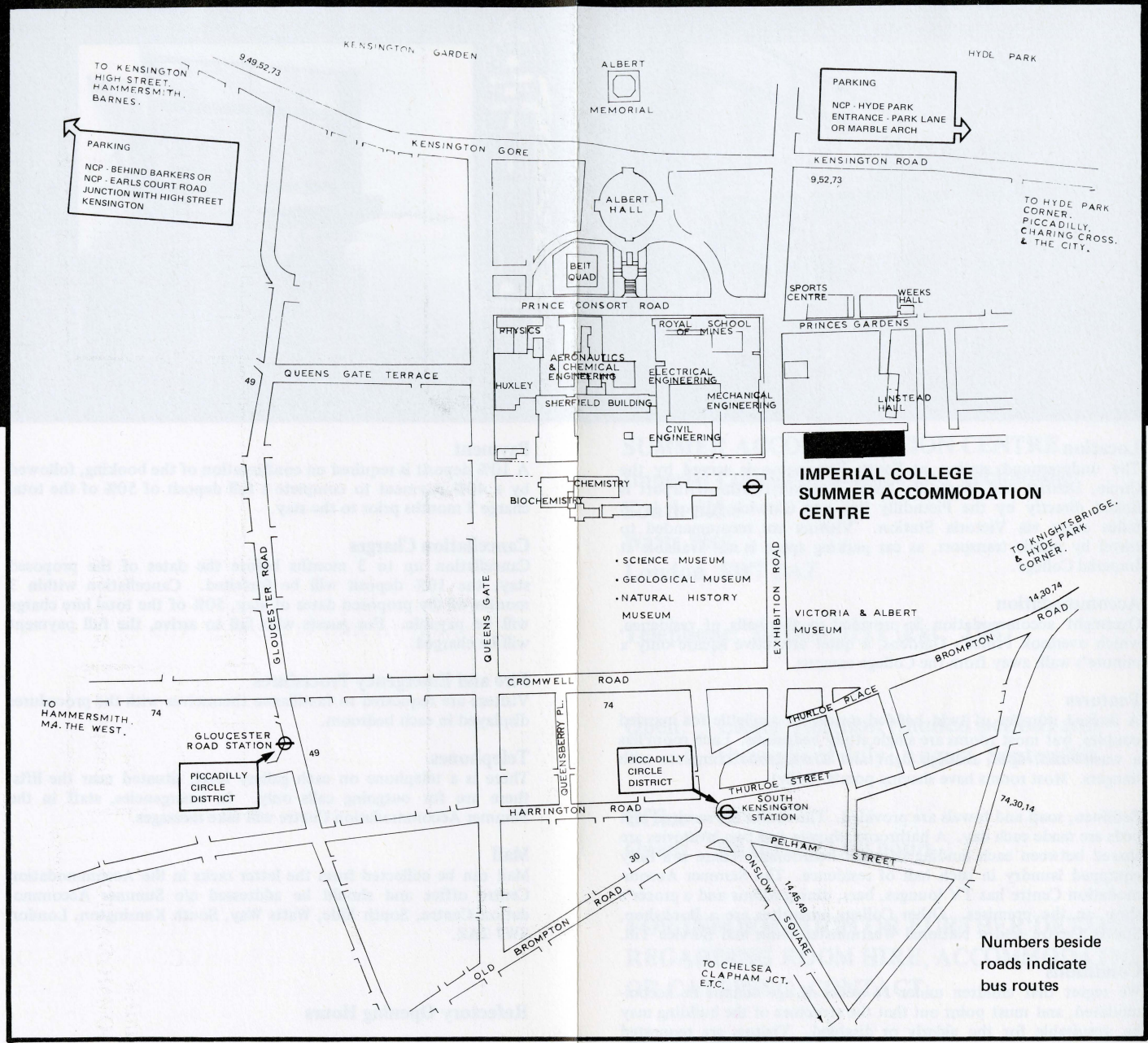
Telephones
There is a telephone on each gallery level, situated near the lifts; these are for outgoing calls only. In emergencies, staff in the Summer Accommodation Centre will take messages.

Mail
Mail can be collected from the letter racks in the Accommodation Centre office and should be addressed c/o Summer Accommodation Centre, South Side, Watts Way, South Kensington, London SW7 2AZ.

Refectory Opening Hours

Monday – Friday
08.15 – 09.30 hours *(Breakfast)*
11.00 – 14.30 hours
15.30 – 18.30 hours

Weekends
08.15 – 09.30 hours *(Breakfast)*
12.00 – 14.00 hours
17.00 – 18.30 hours



IMPERIAL COLLEGE is situated in the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, in a residential area rich in Georgian and Victorian architecture.

The College is only a few minutes' walk from museums (Victoria and Albert, Science, Geological and Natural History) and parks (Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park). The Royal Albert Hall adjoins the campus, and Knightsbridge and High Street Kensington shopping centres are within a short walking distance. West End theatres, cinemas and clubs are also in the vicinity.

Dalbeattie

Chelsea College
University of London

HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATION

Chelsea College

Conference Administrator

University of London

Manresa Road London SW3 6LX
01-351 2488
Telex 915407

27th February 1984

Dear Mrs Ivan,

Thank you for your letter of 20th February requesting accommodation at the College during June.

I am afraid that our accommodation is not available until after 4th July, as our own students are in residence until this time.

I have enclosed our brochure and price list should you wish to visit at another time. If I can be of any further assistance please do not hesitate to contact me.

Yours sincerely,

JM Fennell (Mrs)
Conference Administrator.

17021 Tenth Ave NW
Seattle Wa 98177
USA

LIGHTFOOT HALL



A modern ten-storey building on the corner of Manresa Road and King's Road, Lightfoot Hall has 186 study-bedrooms each with private washbasin and hot and cold water supply. Meals are taken in adjacent College House and the conference delegate has the convenience of neighbouring teaching buildings.

The Hall is well served by public transport, offering easy access to Kensington, Knightsbridge, central London and the City as well as the local attractions of Chelsea.

Groups have a choice of breakfast – organisers may book full continental or cooked breakfast, together with a complete range of catering.

The Hall has lifts and a 24-hour reception service. There are public telephones in the foyer, and residents have use of the laundry which has coin-operated washing machines and dryers and ironing facilities. Bedrooms are serviced daily, Monday to Friday, and bed-linen, towel and soap are provided. Tea/coffee-making ingredients are in each room.

College House has a colour TV lounge and a wide range of vending machines with microwave oven offering a 24-hour service of hot or cold drinks and snacks. The licensed bar serves drinks and snacks at lunchtime and evenings. Week-end opening can be arranged with the Catering Manager.

An office with telephone is available for conference use.

Travel
Buses 11, 22, 19, 49
Underground Sloane Square or South Kensington
Battersea Heliport 15 minutes by car (King's Road/ Battersea Bridge)
On street car parking on meters

MALCOLM GAVIN HALL

Set in lawned grounds, Malcolm Gavin Hall has 150 single study-bedrooms each with a private washbasin and hot and cold water supply.

Rooms are serviced daily, Monday to Friday, and bed-linen, towel and hand-soap are provided.

Full cooked breakfast is served and the Hall has a range of vending machines, with microwave oven, for 24-hour service of hot or cold drinks and snacks. Lunch and dinner can be arranged for groups, as can packed lunches and children's menus.

The Hall has a 24-hour reception desk, a colour TV lounge, public telephone call-box and a laundry room with ironing facility and coin-operated washing machines and dryers.

There is a large car and coach park at this hall, and public transport, both buses and underground, is within a few minutes' walk.



Travel
Buses 19, 49
Underground Tooting Bec
British Rail Clapham Junction, Wandsworth Common
Battersea Heliport 20 minutes by car (Trinity Rd/York Rd)
Car parking on site

INGRAM COURT



Ingram Court residences are grouped around a quiet court-yard with an ornamental pond, in the extensive grounds of one of the College's major teaching sites.

The Hall has 107 single and seven twin study-bedrooms, each with private washbasin and hot and cold water. Rooms are serviced daily, Monday to Friday, and bed-linen, soap and towel provided. The Hall has a colour TV lounge, public telephone, and laundry with coin-operated machines and ironing facilities. Two hard tennis courts can be booked at the 24-hour security lodge. Large and small lecture theatres and teaching rooms are available on the campus.

Full continental breakfast is served (weekend service subject to group bookings). The snack bar has a range of vending machines with microwave oven for 24-hour service of hot or cold drinks and snacks. Evening and weekend opening can be arranged with the Catering Manager.

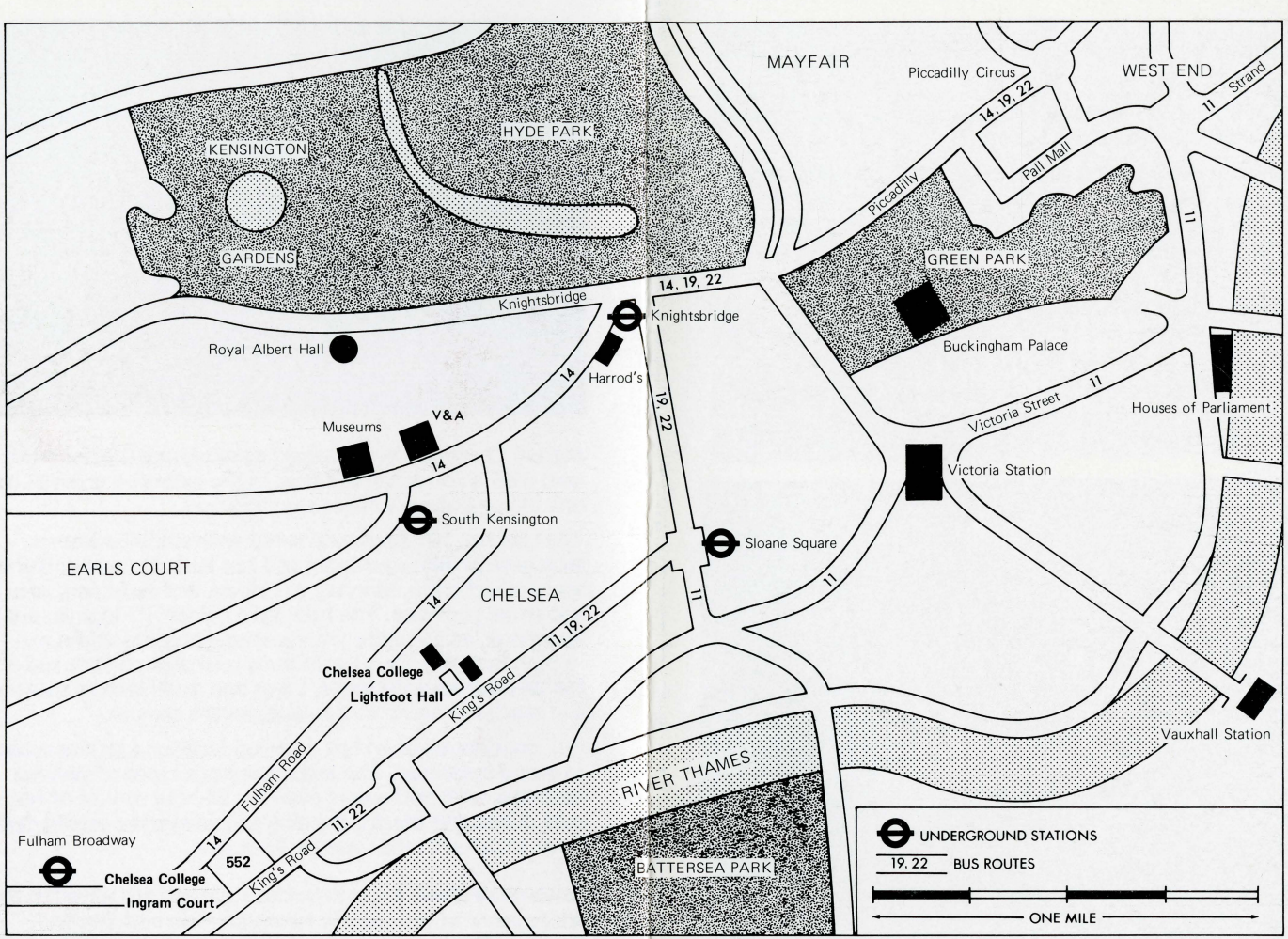
Conference meals are cold-buffet style and are served in the refectory or in the historic Hamilton Room of Stanley House with its 19th century casts of the Elgin marbles. Formal conference dinners can be arranged at the main refectory in College House, Manresa Road.

An office with telephone is available for conference organisers.

Ingram Court is a short walk from Lightfoot Hall and is linked by direct bus routes.

Travel
Buses 11, 22, 14
Underground Fulham Broadway
Battersea Heliport 15 minutes by car (Battersea or Wandsworth Bridges to King's Road)
On street car parking on meters

CHELSEA COLLEGE: IN THE HEART OF LONDON



Addresses of halls of residence
Lightfoot Hall, Manresa Road, London SW3 6LX
Ingram Court, 552 King's Road, London SW10 0UA
Malcolm Gavin Hall, Beechcroft Road, London SW17 7DS

Catering enquiries
Please write to the Catering Manager (address as for Conference Administrator).

Bookings and enquiries
Conference Administrator
Chelsea College
Manresa Road
London SW3 6LX

Telephone 01-351 2488
Telex 8954102 BBS LONG

Telephone 229-4030

VICARAGE PRIVATE HOTEL

PROPRIETORS: E. & M. DIVINEY

10 Vicarage Gate, Kensington London W8

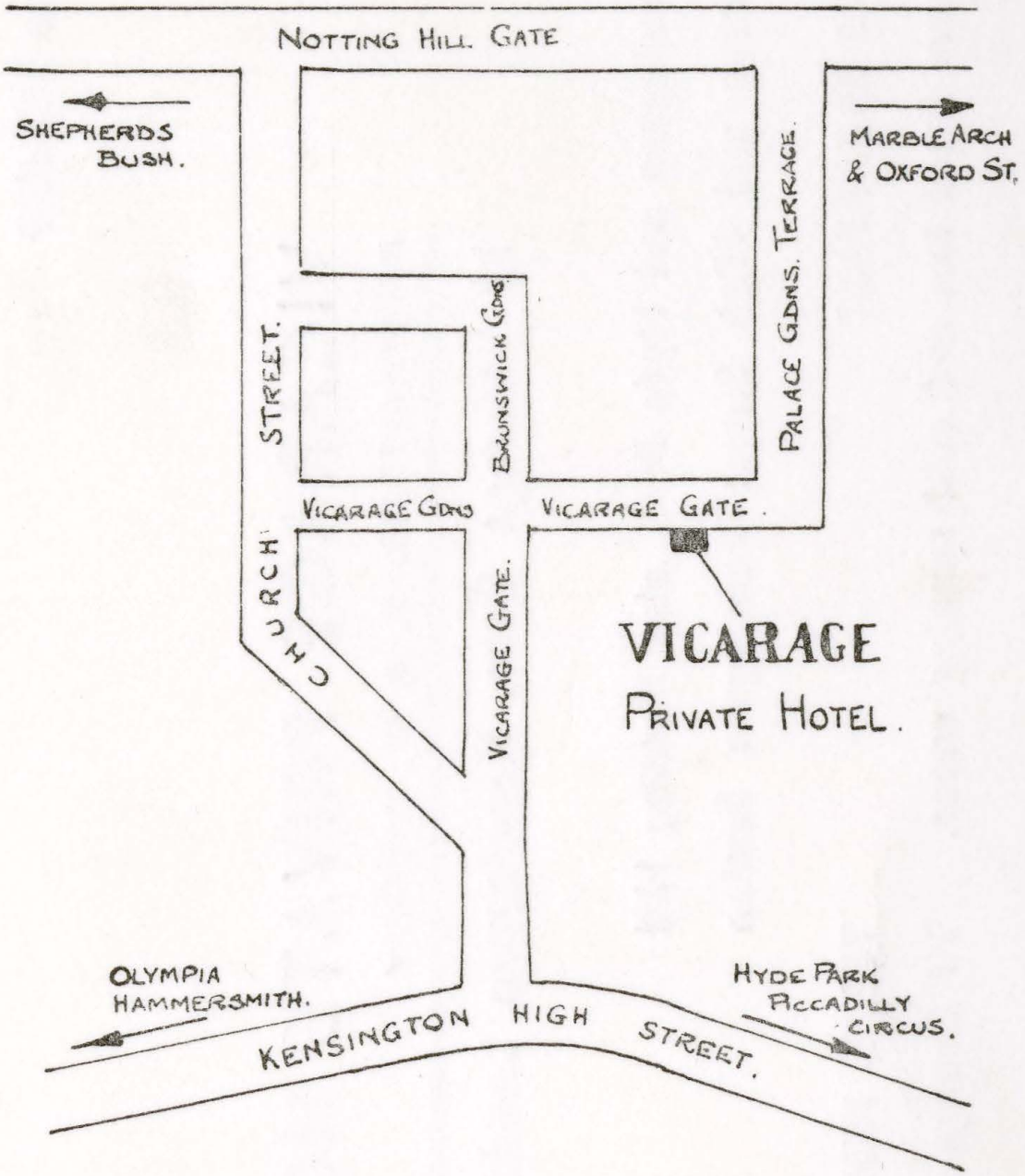
Near Kensington and Hyde Park, also Notting Hill Gate Station and High Street Kensington Station

BED AND BREAKFAST

TERMS MODERATE

Every room fitted hot and cold running water.

TV Lounge


NOTTING HILL GATE
SHEPHERDS BUSH.
MARBLE ARCH & OXFORD ST.
PALACE GDNS. TERRACE.
BRUNSWICK GDNS.
CHURCH STREET.
VICARAGE GDNS
VICARAGE GATE.
VICARAGE GATE.
VICARAGE
PRIVATE HOTEL.
OLYMPIA HAMMERSMITH.
KENSINGTON HIGH STREET.
HYDE PARK PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

22 MAR 1984

LONDON HOUSE : MECKLENBURGH SQUARE : LONDON WC1N 2AB
Tel: 01-837 8888

Mr & Mrs Doig

We have made a PROVISIONAL booking from 13 June 84
to 20 June 1984 (This is the earliest available date)
This will be confirmed by us provided that we receive not later than
22 April 84 £81.90 in sterling as a deposit, and written
confirmation of these dates.

÷7 £11.70 per night
@ $1.47 = $17.20 per night
× 6 = $103.20

P Verney
WARDEN.
pp

AIR MAIL

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE

POST OFFICE
PREFERRED

Mr & Mrs I Doig
17021 10th Ave NW
Seattle
Washington 98177
U.S.A.

LONDON HOUSE FOR OVERSEAS GRADUATES

LONDON HOUSE
WILLIAM GOODENOUGH HOUSE

Mecklenburgh Square, London WC1N 2AB

Chairman of the Council of Governors - Lord Seebohm



1983/4

OBJECTIVES

London House for Overseas Graduates is a Charitable Trust founded in 1930. Its main object is to provide good accommodation for students from all countries of the Commonwealth past and present, from the U.S.A., and from the countries of the E.E.C., at reasonable cost in central London, and to give them the opportunity to enjoy each other's company in a congenial atmosphere. On either side of the garden in Mecklenburgh Square are London House and William Goodenough House, halls of residence for postgraduate students, and there are additional flats for married couples and families around the Square.

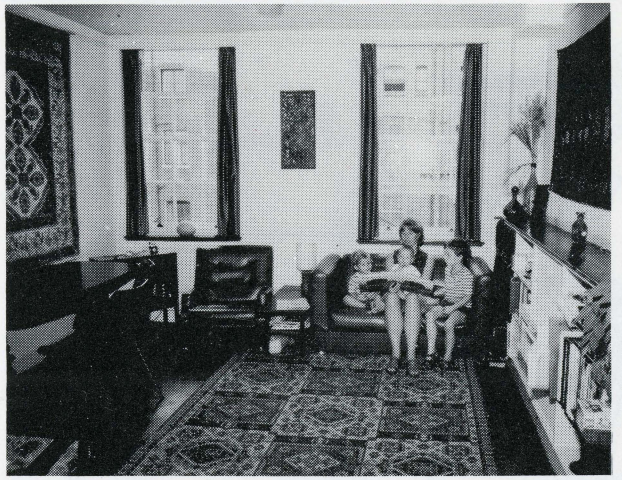
QUALIFICATIONS

Our interpretation of the term 'postgraduate student' includes a mixture of disciplines, academic and professional, which we believe to be of value to both. The academic will be a graduate working for a further degree or, in a few cases, on post-doctoral research. With the professional the pattern is more complicated: students seeking legal or accountancy qualifications, for example, are accepted while working to pass their final examination; others, such as those in the medical profession, will already be qualified and be gaining essential experience or specialist qualifications; while an application from a music or art student nearing concert or exhibition standard would also be considered.

ACCOMMODATION AND AMENITIES

London House has accommodation mainly in single study bedrooms for 305 men and 30 double rooms for married couples unaccompanied by children, while William Goodenough House has 112 single rooms for women and 60 flats for married students with a further 40 flats in the Square. Flats vary in size from one to three bedrooms and 70 are centrally heated; flats are not let for periods of less than six months.

There is a dining hall in London House where residents of both Houses can buy all meals at subsidized prices, and each House has a bar. There is a children's nursery in William Goodenough House.



Above. A flat in William Goodenough House

Below. The dining hall



Other facilities include a library, music, television and common rooms, and a cinema. London House plays matches against other teams in the following sports: cricket, rugby, hockey, tennis, squash and golf. There are two squash courts and a badminton court in the House, and a tennis court in the Square garden.

Throughout the year visits are arranged to places of interest both in and outside London; during the winter there are after dinner talks by well-known speakers, a dinner for each of the main Faculties represented in the Houses, and a variety of other social activities.

DAILY CHARGES

with effect from September 1st 1983

London House:

		*Over 3 months***		*Under 3 months*
Single	From	£4.75*	From	£6.65
Double		£3.50*		£5.30
Cubicle		£3.20		£4.25
Married		£6.70*		£8.25

*including telephone rental and local calls

William Goodenough House:

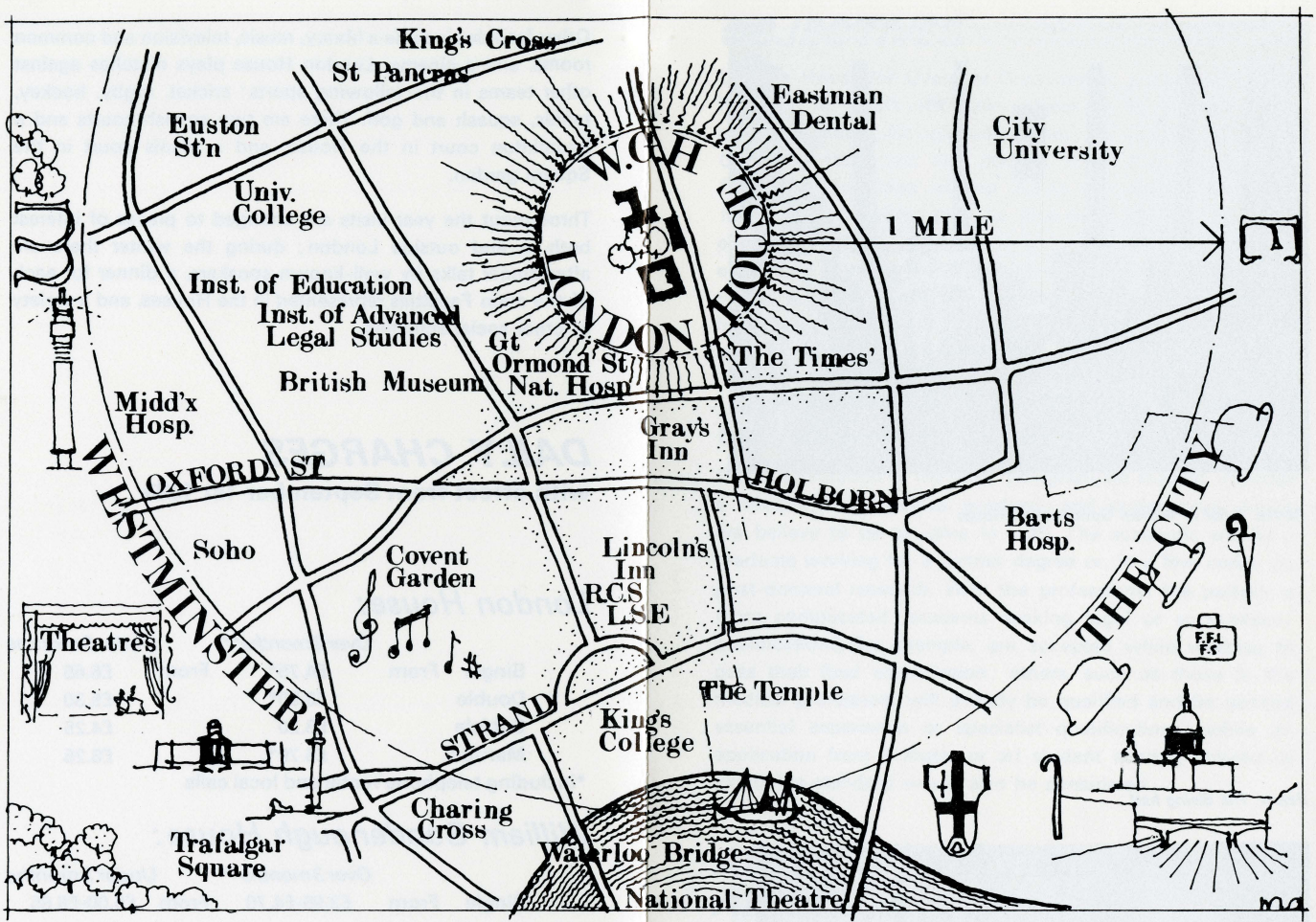
		*Over 3 months***		*Under 3 months*
Single	From	£3.95-£4.70	From	£5.00-£6.65

VAT 15% first 28 days, then 3%.

Flats:

(per month)	*Lower***	*Higher*
Centrally heated	£221-£285	£246-318

** Longer term residents in both Houses already established in their profession, who have come to London to gain further professional experience or to undertake post-doctoral research, are charged at the under 3 months rate and this rule is equally applied to the flats.



HOW TO APPLY

Applications for accommodation, giving brief details of the subject to be studied, should be sent to: The Warden, London House (for men and for married couples unaccompanied by children wishing to book a double room), or The Warden, William Goodenough House (for single women and married couples with or without children), Mecklenburgh Square, London WC1N 2AN.

Telephone: London House 01 - 837 8888

William Goodenough House 01 - 278 5131

LOCATION

As will be seen from the sketch map above, the Houses are situated within easy walking distance of the British Museum, the Senate House of London University and many of its Institutes (including the Library of Advanced Legal Studies), the Inns of Court and the Law Society, several of the teaching hospitals and the Postgraduate Medical Federation.

Right: London House quadrangle



Printed by T. & A. Constable Ltd., Edinburgh

MACNEE

LADY IN GREY

National Gallery of Scotland



Waters of Leith, Dean Village, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Photo: D. Noble, John Hinde Studios.

2SC 140

JOHN HINDE ORIGINAL



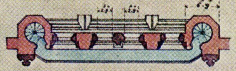
DEAN VILLAGE, Edinburgh, is only a few hundred yards from the centre of the city and provides a peaceful retreat from a noisy city. The Waters of Leith once provided power for seventy mills and having been polluted for many years its waters now flow clear and fresh through the city. The 'Signal Tower' which was built originally as a windmill in 1686 by Robert Mylne still stands at the corner of Tower Street and The Shore.

Published by John Hinde (Distributors) Ltd., Printed in Ireland.

S. AVOUSTINE'S CHURCH. No 8.

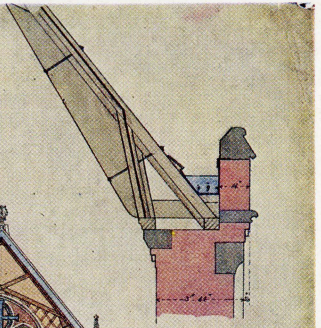


Plan shewing the way out to the roof.



Plan of Mid Gallery

Scantlings of Nave Roof
Principals 3in thick x 8 deep
Braces 3in thick
Wall plates 8"x 6" and 6"x 6"
Ridge piece 9"x 1½"
Curraught iron bolts
Common Rafters 3½" thick x 5" deep
Braces to Do 6½ " x 5 deep



Section through Nave Parapet shewing intermediate Principal

Scantlings of Aisle Roofs
Principals 8" thick x 7 deep
Braces 6" thick
Purlins 9"x 5"
Wall plates 8"x 6 & 6"x 6"
Common rafters 3" thick x 4½" deep
Curraught iron bolts

Scantlings to Arch Roof
Rafters & Braces 6"x 6"
Plates 6"x 4½" & 4"x 4"
Bolts where marked X
Ridge 7"x 1½"

Section through Porch

Section through Nave and Aisles looking West

Section through Nave and Aisles looking East

Section through Porch

0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 feet.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD, R.A. (1814-1900)

Design for St. Augustine's Church, Queen's Gate, Kensington. Sections through the Nave and Aisles looking West and East, and other details, *circa* 1875.

Pen with slight colour.

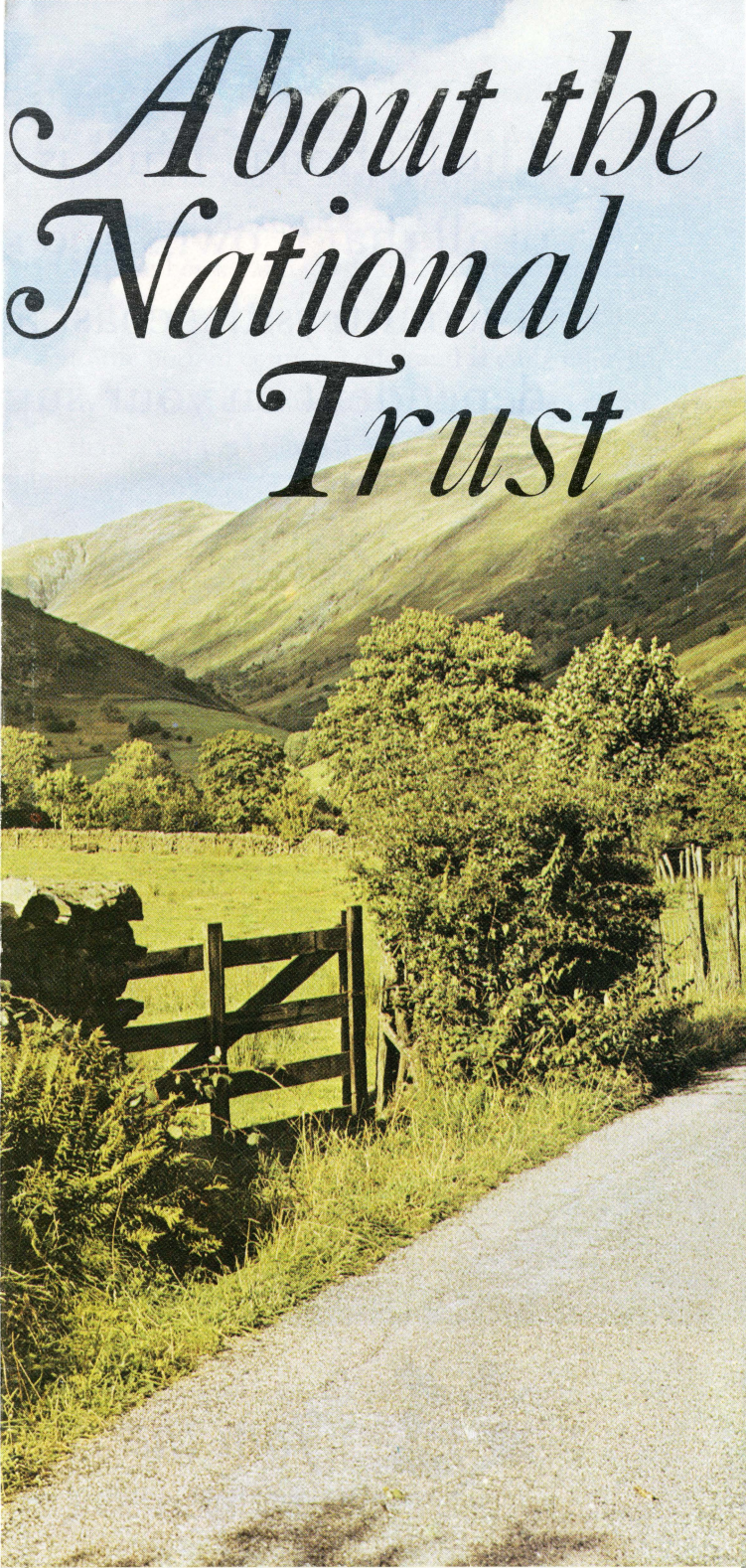
$13\frac{7}{8} \times 15\frac{3}{4}$ in. (35.2 × 40 cm.)

Given by Mr. Halsey R. Ricardo, F.R.I.B.A.

E.128 D.62-1908

Crown copyright Printed in England S.P. & S.

About the National Trust



The National Trust is a charity. The preservation of all that it owns and safeguards for the nation – its countryside, coast and buildings – is ultimately dependent on your support.



Bibury, Gloucestershire

Join the National Trust today

Why do we need the National Trust?
Without the Trust much that remains of our heritage from the past would have decayed or been destroyed. Still more must be safeguarded. This independent society, acting for the nation, is able to ensure that its buildings and land are safe for all time.

How 'National' is the Trust?
The Trust is active throughout England, Wales and Northern Ireland, holding in trust landscapes, gardens, buildings and coastline for present and future enjoyment. Membership is open to everyone.

There is a separate National Trust for Scotland, to whose properties Trust members are admitted free on production of their membership cards.

What does the Trust own?
It owns and opens to the public more than 200 buildings of architectural or historic importance, many of them with their contents – pictures, furniture, porcelain . . . Also much of our most beautiful open countryside – one acre in every hundred – including woods and moorland, lakes and hills, 2000 farms and over 300 miles of unspoilt coastline. The Trust also owns many fine gardens and some of the most splendid examples of English landscape design; nature reserves, including islands and fens; prehistoric and Roman antiquities; lengths of canal, wind- and water-mills, bridges and other industrial monuments; even whole villages . . . These are all in the booklet *Properties of the National Trust* sent free to members.

How does the Trust acquire its properties?
Through the generosity of individuals. Many have been bought after appeals to members and to the public or have been given to the Trust by their former owners with endowments to provide for their permanent maintenance.

How does the Trust pay for their upkeep?
It costs more than £4 million a year to run the Trust. Much of this is provided by endowments, while visitors' fees bring in over £600,000. For improvements at properties the Trust must rely on members' subscriptions and on legacies and gifts to its general funds.

It must be a very wealthy organization!
The Trust is very rich in possessions, but it cannot sell or mortgage anything it holds for preservation. Every year the cost of maintaining its properties increases, and it is always short of ready money.

How does membership help?
Members' subscriptions are vital to its work, which it could not accomplish without them.

Membership helps all those who love our country to become personally involved in conservation.

How does one join?
Simply fill in the enclosed application form or you can join at most of the 200 properties that the Trust opens to the public.

What is a National Trust Centre?
A Centre is a local organization of Trust members who both support the work of the Trust and who get more out of their membership from lectures, films and visits. There are now more than 60 Centres and more are being formed all the time.



Arlington Court, Devon

ANDY WILLIAMS



Box Hill, Surrey

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

About membership matters	National Trust Membership Department, PO Box 30, Beckenham, Kent, BR3 4TL (tel. 01-650 7263)
About the Trust in general	The National Trust, 42 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1H 9AS (tel. 01-930 0211)
About Under-21 individual and group membership	National Trust Junior Division, The Old Grape House, Cliveden, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks, SL9 0HZ (tel. Burnham, Bucks (062 86) 4228)



A. & C. PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NATIONAL TRUST preserves much of the finest countryside in England, Wales and Northern Ireland and opens to the public 200 historic houses and gardens. The Trust's coastline and country is freely open at all times (subject to the normal country code) and is daily enjoyed by millions; its houses and gardens attract more than 4 million visitors a year.

The Trust maintains these places for your enjoyment. It has the strongest powers to protect its properties of any organization in Britain.

You can help the Trust – and help yourself – by becoming a member. Membership is open to everyone. By joining, you play a practical part in the Trust's vital work of conservation, and your membership card admits you free to all Trust properties which the public pays to visit. You also get free a book describing the Trust's properties, and their opening arrangements, three newsletters a year and the annual report. Some 60 local Centres are ready to help you enjoy and contribute to the work of the Trust.

If you value our legacy of buildings and open country and want to help them to survive,

JOIN THE TRUST NOW!

LEFT: *Strangford Lough, Co Down, Northern Ireland*
RIGHT: *Park Lane, Troutbeck, Westmorland*

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T440.11.72
WOOLVERTON



a front door of your own in

DOLPHIN SQUARE



One of the secrets of an enjoyable stay in any large city today is being able to live just as you please—not as a tourist, but as a resident. Dolphin Square makes this secret available to you when you come to London.

Here, in one of Europe's largest blocks of flats, you will have your own home-from-home: comfortably furnished and fully equipped. All apartments—ranging from a single bed-sitting room to a spacious family apartment with drawing room and two double bedrooms—have a kitchen and private bathroom. And there's a large garden for you to browse in.

There's no more civilised way of spending a few days, or a few weeks, in London.



Entrance to a Dolphin Square apartment.
A front-door key is your guarantee of privacy.



Restful drawing room in a medium-size apartment. Armchairs, wall-to-wall carpeting, low tables, telephone, colour TV.



Typical Dolphin Square kitchen, equipped with cooker, refrigerator, electric iron, ironing board, ample working tops and storage space.



All bedrooms are comfortably furnished, and some can take an extra bed or cot. Bathroom en suite. You can have a guest room too, for a relative or friend.



Over an acre of peaceful landscaped gardens is a feature of Dolphin Square.

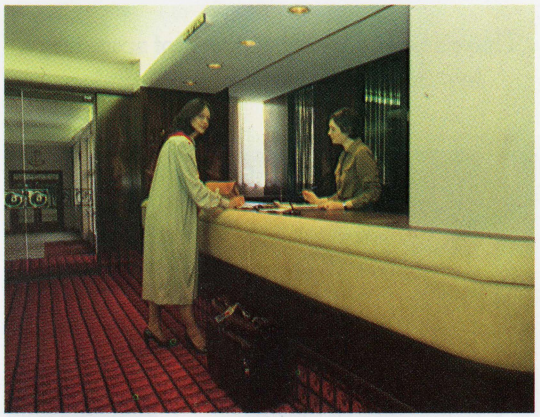
and a key to all that's best in **LONDON**

Many people who have stayed at Dolphin Square return here year after year. They are convinced that there is no other way of enjoying the best of all worlds in London: privacy, comfort, warmth and security in an apartment in a building with its own restaurant, bars, shopping arcade, travel and theatre ticket agency, swimming pool, squash courts, sauna, tennis court, garage and service station, launderette and beautiful private gardens.

Dolphin Square is midway between Chelsea and Westminster, within 2 minutes' walk of Pimlico underground station. The famous stores, theatres and eating places of the West End are within easy reach.



Reception hall—Head Porter's desk and Travel agency.



The Reception desk.



Heated swimming pool is at a constant 24° Centigrade, and is open to visitors throughout the year.



Dolphin Square has two fully-licensed lounge bars.



Dolphin Square restaurant overlooks the swimming pool. Open continuously from breakfast until late evening (for after-theatre dinner or snack).



Also in Dolphin Square's own arcade: baker, butcher, chemist, greengrocer, self-service grocery, wine shop, ladies' hairdresser, newspaper shop, confectioner, tobacconist.

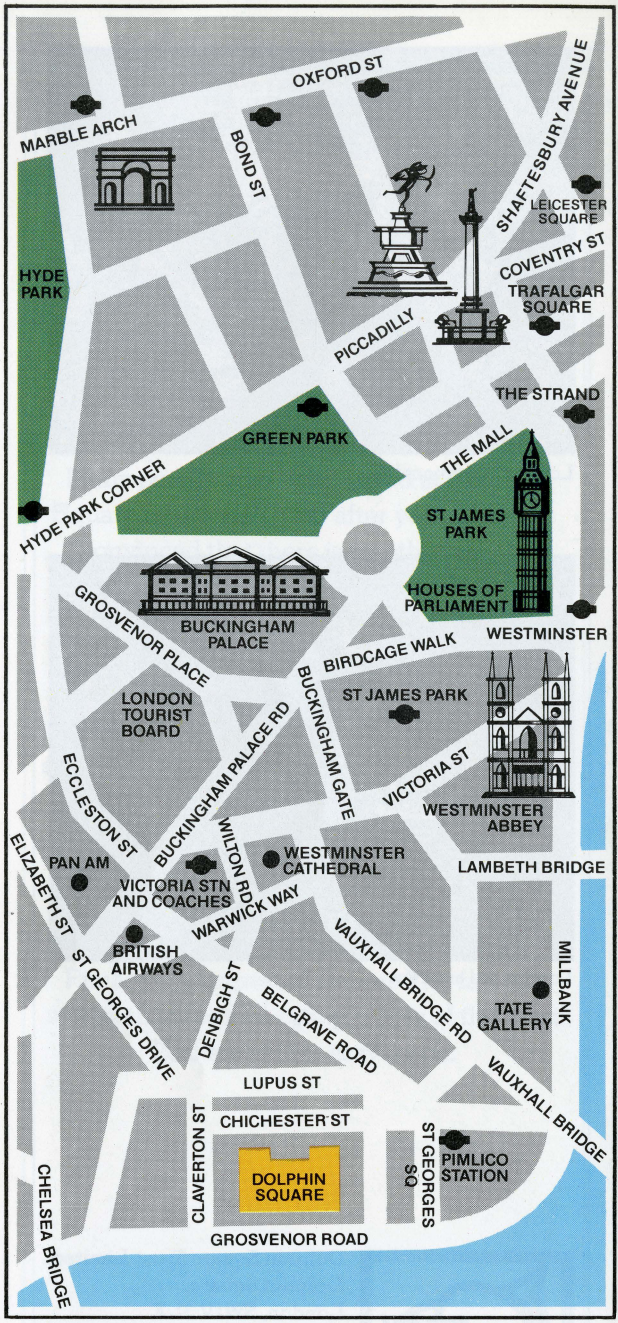


London's traditional ceremonial.



London old and new.

Dolphin Square Trust Limited,
Dolphin Square,
London, SW1V 3LX



For a reservation at Dolphin Square, please write to:

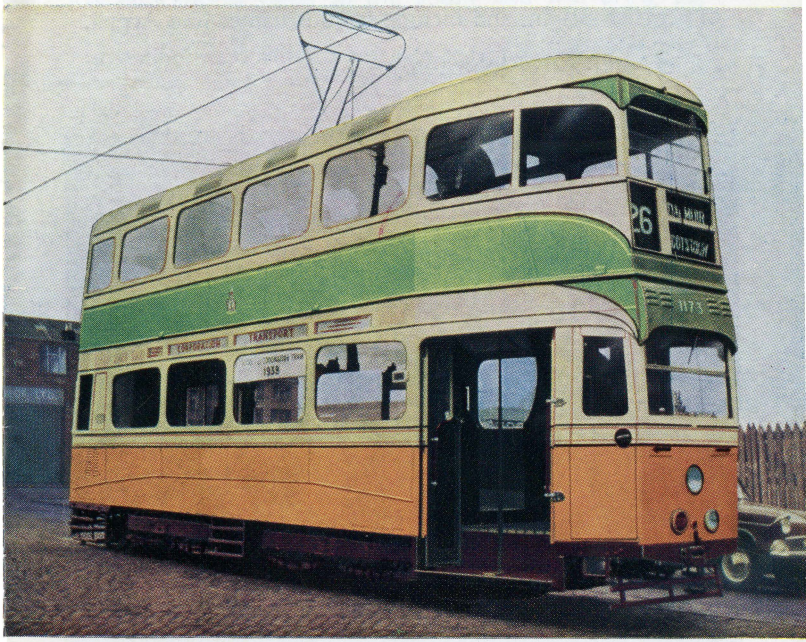
Dolphin Square Trust Limited,
Dolphin Square,
London, SW1V 3LX

Telephone 01-834 9134 (reservations)
01-834 3800 (visitors)

We're sorry—but no pets!

WHEN IN

GLASGOW



VISIT

THE MUSEUM OF TRANSPORT

CORPORATION OF GLASGOW
MUSEUMS & ART GALLERIES DEPARTMENT

MUSEUM OF TRANSPORT

Due to the very size and nature of transport exhibits, comparatively few museums are able to house them. There are several museums in London where historical vehicles may be seen, but the Museum of Transport in Glasgow is almost unique in the variety and quantity of trams, motor cars, horse-drawn vehicles and indeed railway locomotives, etc., which it has to offer the visitor. There are also many small displays which illustrate specialised items such as the manufacture of pneumatic tyres and so on.

The museum was opened on 14th April, 1964, by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

A Tearoom is available.

NOTES

The "Museum of Transport" is open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Sundays from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. From time to time the hours of opening may be extended during the periods of special exhibitions. Admission free. Any society or association wishing to organise a special group visit in the evening should apply for details. Visitors will be interested in the sales counter where Catalogues, Postcards and Christmas Cards may be purchased in season.

The "Museum of Transport" is situated in Albert Drive near Eglinton Toll as shown on the map. It is just over a mile south of the city centre and may be reached by the following motor buses.

Via Pollokshaws Road :—21, 23, 38, 38A, 39, 45, 45A, 48, 48A, 57* ;

Via Pollokshaws Road and Albert Drive :—59 ;

Via Victoria Road :—5, 7, 7A, 12, 14, 43* 44*

*Direct buses between the "Museum of Transport" and the "Art Gallery and Museum, Kelvingrove."

Pollokshields East Station on the Circle route is adjacent to the "Museum of Transport" and serves the Museum with electric trains from Glasgow Central Station.

PUBLICATIONS

The following publications and other items are all available at the sale counter at the museum or by post, when cheques or money orders should allow for postage and be made payable to the museum.

BOOKLETS

GLASGOW'S TRAMS	25p
SCOTTISH CARS	25p
SCOTTISH RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES	25p
ENGINEERING	20p
BICYCLES	20p
TRANSPORT UNIFORMS AND OTHER COSTUME	20p
GLASGOW'S MOTOR BUSES	20p
HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGES	20p
FIRE ENGINES	25p
MOTOR-BICYCLES	20p

All the above are *illustrated* museum publications and measure $8\frac{1}{2}$in. by $6\frac{3}{4}$in. The sale counter always carries a stock of other booklets.

SOUVENIRS

A large stock of enamel lapel badges, plaques, tea towels, dishes, bookmarks and other items are available at varying prices, and illustrate many of the museum exhibits.

POST CARDS

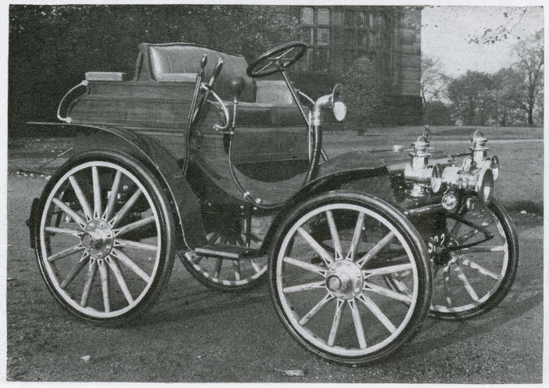
A big variety of colour post cards illustrating many of the museum exhibits in addition to other subjects are always in stock from $2\frac{1}{2}$p each.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS AND MANY SOUVENIRS

Are also available according to season.

VETERAN AND VINTAGE CARS

The fascinating history of the motor car is described by a substantial group of vehicles dating from 1898 to the present day. Approximately twenty of these are of Scottish origin, and include famous names like Argyll, Albion and Arrol-Johnston.



BICYCLES AND MOTOR CYCLES

The bicycle collection, like other sections of the museum, includes several important exhibits. The most notable is possibly the oldest pedal 'cycle in the world. Other machines help to describe this branch of history from 1819 to the present day, in both its pedal and its motor driven form.

THE MUSEUM OF TRANSPORT GLASGOW

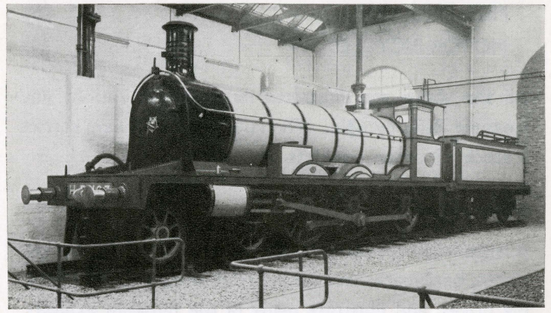
WHAT TO SEE

TRAMCARS



HORSE DRAWN TRAM - - - -	1894
ROOM AND KITCHEN TRAM - - -	1898
STANDARD TRAM - - - - -	1908
EXPERIMENTAL TRAM - - - -	1926
STANDARD TRAM - - - - -	1928
CORONATION TRAM - - - -	1937

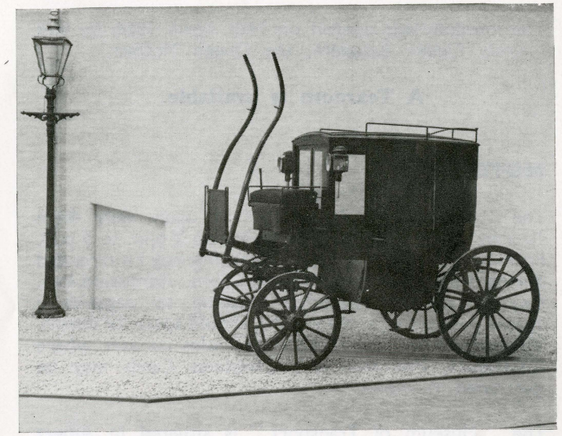
LOCOMOTIVES



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY LOCO. No. 123 - - -	1886
HIGHLAND RAILWAY LOCO. No. 103 - - - -	1894
CALEDONIAN RAILWAY LOCO. No. 828 - - -	1899
N. B. LOCO. "GLEN DOUGLAS" No. 256 - -	1913
GLASGOW & S. W. RAILWAY LOCO. No. 9 - -	1917
GT. N. of S. LOCO. "GORDON HIGHLANDER" No. 49	1920
INDUSTRIAL "FIRELESS" LOCO - - - - -	1917

HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES

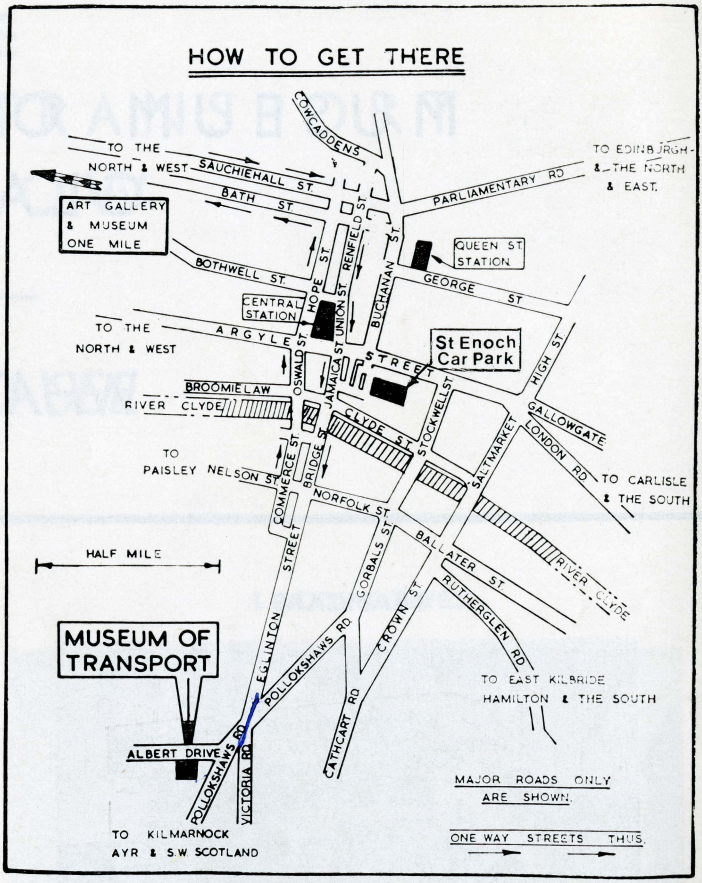
The visitor to the Museum of Transport is able to see many examples of horse-drawn vehicles. These will be of educational value to the young and will bring back nostalgic memories to the not-so-young.



MANY OTHER EXHIBITS

In addition to all the full size exhibits there is in the museum an abundance of models, photographs and other items which help to illustrate the History of Transport.

Of particular interest is the Model Railway.



Enquiries should be addressed to—

Art Gallery and Museum, Kelvingrove, Glasgow
Telephone—041-334 1134-5-6

or

Museum of Transport, 25 Albert Drive, Glasgow
Telephone — 041-423 8000



GUEST HOUSES

OXFORD INFORMATION CENTRE, ST. ALDATES,
Telephone Oxford 48707 & 49811.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

CITY OF OXFORD ACCOMMODATION LIST 1979

The Oxford Information Centre operates a room booking service in co-operation with establishments mentioned in this list for personal callers at the Information Centre (opposite the Town Hall in St. Aldates). There is a fee of 35p. per adult head. The Centre is one of the selected Centres operating the Book-A-Bed-Ahead scheme of the English Tourist Board, through which enquirers may reserve accommodation ahead of their arrival at other Centres in the scheme throughout England. The fee for this service is £1.25 per booking.

The Accommodation Secretary of the Oxford Association of Hotels and Guest Houses, Mr. S. J. O'Kane, 322 Cowley Road, Oxford, telephone Oxford 40236, is pleased to answer enquiries about the availability of accommodation in hotels and guest houses which are members of that Association. The British Rail Travel Centre at Oxford Station also offers an accommodation booking service.

Great care has been taken in the compilation of this list, but the Oxford Information Centre cannot accept responsibility for any errors or omissions. The inclusion of an establishment does not imply recommendation, and prices may vary according to the season of the year. Where it is known, prices include the V.A.T. element, but this should be verified at the time of booking.

Explanation of Symbols

b	Bedroom/bedrooms on ground floor
c	Car space on premises
ch	Children accepted
ch/c	Cot available
d	Dogs accepted
g	Garage
h	Hot & cold in bedrooms
l	Licensed
lt	Lift
m	Main meals by arrangement
n	Night porter
p	Private bathrooms
r	Restaurant facilities for non-residents
tv	Television available
w	Weekly terms available

z All facilities available to persons confined to wheel chairs

**Members of recognised accommodation association.*

HOTELS IN OXFORD

Name of Hotel	*Tel. No.*	*Room & Breakfast Minimum - Maximum Single - Double*	*Bedrooms Family*	*Dbl.*	*Tw.*	*Singl.*	*Symbols*
*Cotswold Lodge, 66A Banbury Road	512121/30	12.50-13.50 - 17.50-22.50	1	10	29	6	b.c.ch.h.l.m.n.p.r.tv.w.
*Eastgate Hotel, 73 High Street	48244/42363	10.00-14.50 - 17.50-22.00	4	15	12	22	c.ch/c.d.h.l.lt.m.n.p.r.tv.w.z.
*Elms Hotel, Church Way, Iffley	778529/774449	7.50- 8.50 - 11.00-12.00	3	5	5	12	b.c.ch.h.l.m.r.tv.
*Galaxie Hotel, 180 Banbury Road	55688	6.00- 8.00 - 12.00-16.00	5	6	10	2	b.c.ch/c.d.h.n.p.tv.z.
*Isis Hotel, 45-53 Iffley Road	48894	9.50-11.50 - 17.00-19.00	4	7	8	21	b.c.ch/c.h.l.m.n.p.r.tv.w.
*Linton Lodge, Linton Road	53461	14.00-17.50 - 20.00-26.00	5	13	36	17	b.c.ch/c.h.l.lt.m.n.p.r.tv.w.z.
Melville Hotel, 214-224 Iffley Road	43336	5.50- 7.50 - 11.00-15.00	3	1	12	28	b.c.ch/c.g.h.l.m.r.tv.
*Old Black Horse, 102 St. Clements	44691	7.00- 8.00 - 14.00-16.00	2	3	5	10	c.ch/c.d.h.l.tv.
*Old Parsonage, 1-3 Banbury Road	54843	7.00- 8.00 - 13.00-16.00	2	2	25	7	b.c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.p.r.tv.z.
*Oxford Europa Lodge Hotel, Wolvercote Roundabout	59933	15.12-17.82 - 22.68-22.68	8	12	60	18	b.c.ch/c.d.g.h.l.m.n.p.r.tv.z.
*Parklands Hotel, 87-100 Banbury Road	59860	8.00- 9.50 - 13.50-15.50	6	8	11	8	c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
*Randolph Hotel, Beaumont Street	47481	17.50-17.50 - 22.00-22.00	10	20	36	41	c.ch/c.g.h.l.lt.m.n.p.r.tv.z.
*River Hotel, 17 Botley Road	43475	6.00-10.00 - 13.00-16.50	9	6	3	11	b.c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.p.r.tv.
*Royal Oxford Hotel, Park End Street	48432	9.50-13.50 - 16.50-18.00	–	2	9	12	c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.n.p.r.tv.
*Station Private Hotel, 1, Botley Road	43749	5.50- 5.50 - 11.00-11.00	1	4	2	5	c.ch. from 5.h.tv.
*St. Giles Hotel, 56 St. Giles	54620	6.00- 8.00 - 12.00-16.00	2	2	3	4	ch.h.tv.
*Travel Lodge, Pear Tree Roundabout	54301	12.00-12.00 - 17.00-17.00	30	10	42	4	b.c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
*Willow Reaches Hotel, 1 Wytham Street	721545/43767	5.40- 8.50 - 10.80-16.00	3	1	3	1	b.c.ch/c.h.g.l.m.p.r.tv.w.

PUBS AND INNS

The Globe Inn, 59-60 Cranham Street	57759	4.25- 4.25 - 8.50- 8.50	1	1	–	1	c.ch. from 12.l.w.
*Grandpont Arms, Edith Road	41788	6.00- 6.00 - 11.50-12.00	–	1	2	–	c.ch.h.l.
*Turf Tavern Cottages, St. Helens Passage, Holywell	43235	6.50- 7.50 - 13.00-15.00	1	3	4	5	b.ch/c.h.l.m.r.tv.
Old Mitre Rooms, 4B Turl Street, (July to Sept. 18 only)	723644	6.50- 7.00 - 12.00-13.00	–	–	17	37	ch. from 3.d.h.p.tv.w.

HOTELS, INNS AND PUBS IN THE VICINITY OF OXFORD

*Bear Hotel, Park Street, Woodstock	Woodstock 811511	17.00-25.00 - 32.00-44.00 (+ V.A.T. + Service)	3	8	24	5	b.c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.n.p.r.tv.z.
*Belfry Hotel, Milton Common	Great Milton 381	8.50-11.50 - 14.50-18.50	1	10	30	4	b.c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.n.p.r.tv.w.z.
*Bowood House, 238 Oxford Road, Kidlington	Kidlington 2839	5.00- 7.50 - 10.00-15.00	2	2	1	1	c.ch.h.p.tv.
*Chadlington House, Chadlington	Chadlington 437	9.00- - 18.00-	–	6	3	2	c.ch/c.d.g.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
Crown & Cushion, High Street, Chipping Norton	Chipping Norton	9.00-13.50 - 18.00-27.00	–	2	5	5	c.g.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
*Golden Ball, High Street, Burford	Burford 3223	8.00-10.00 - 18.00-24.00	2	4	6	–	b.c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
Harcourt Arms, Nuneham Courtenay	Nuneham Courtenay 209	10.00- - 18.00-	–	1	7	–	c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
*Jersey Arms, Middleton Stoney	Middleton Stoney 234	8.00-11.00 - 14.00-19.00	1	3	8	–	b.c.ch/c.g.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.z.
Jolly Sailor, Wellington Street, Thame	Thame 2682	7.00- - 14.00-	4	3	–	4	c.ch/c.h.l.tv.w.
*Kings Arms, 19 Market Street, Woodstock	Woodstock 811412	10.00- - 15.00-	1	1	4	3	ch/c.d.h.l.m.r.tv.
Kings Arms, The Green, Horton-cum-Studley	Stanton St. John 235	12.00- - 17.50-	–	1	6	2	c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
King's Head & Bell, 10 East St. Helen Street, Abingdon	Abingdon 27805	10.00- - 14.00-	–	–	3	–	c.ch/c.h.l.m.r.tv.w.
*The Mill, Kingham	Kingham 255	8.25- - 14.00-15.50	2	6	5	1	c.ch. from 7.g.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
*Marlborough Arms, Woodstock	Woodstock 811227	9.45-10.00 - 18.90-	3	5	4	5	c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.r.tv.
*The Old Swan, Minster Lovell	Asthall Leigh 614	8.50- - 17.00-	1	3	3	–	c.ch/c.h.l.m.r.tv.
*The Plough, Clanfield	Clanfield 222	15.00-17.00 - 25.00-27.00	–	3	3	–	c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.z.
*Red Lion, Corn Street, Witney	Witney 3149	5.50- - 11.00-	–	–	5	1	c.ch.h.l.m.r.tv.
*The Rose Revived, Newbridge, Nr. Witney	Standlake 221	12.00- - 18.00-	1	3	1	–	c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
Shepherds Hall, Freeland, A4095	Freeland 881256	6.50- - 13.00-	–	–	1	1	c.ch.h.l.m.r.
*Shillingford Bridge, Shillingford, Nr. Wallingford	Warborough 8567	9.00-11.00 - 14.00-18.00	–	6	7	10	c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.
*Spread Eagle, Cornmarket, Thame	Thame 3661	on application	–	10	3	16	b.c.ch/c.h.l.m.n.p.r.tv.z.
*Studley Priory, Horton-Cum-Studley	Stanton St. John 203	16.50- - 24.00-32.00	–	7	6	6	b.c.ch/c.d.g.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.z.
*Tiffany's, 36 Oxford Street, Woodstock	Woodstock 811751	5.50- 6.50 - 11.00-13.00	3	1	5	–	ch. from 4.d.h.r.w.
*Vickers, Market Place, Woodstock	Woodstock 811212	9.00- - 18.00-	–	1	1	2	c.ch. from 5.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.
*Weston Manor, Weston-on-the-Green	Bletchington 621	12.00-14.50 - 19.50-25.00	1	8	14	1	b.c.ch/c.d.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.z.
*Westwood Country Hotel, Hinksey Hill, Oxford	Oxford 735408	8.50-10.00 - 14.00-16.00	3	5	1	3	b.c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.z.
*Mr. Warwick Arms, 91 Ock Street, Abingdon	Abingdon 22974	8.00- - 14.00-	–	9	8	5	b.c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.
*Whately Hall, Banbury Cross, Banbury	Banbury 3451	11.20-17.00 - 18.40-25.00	4	16	42	20	b.c.ch/c.h.l.lt.m.n.p.r.tv.w.z.
*White Hart, High Street, Dorchester-on-Thames	Dorchester-on-Thames 340076	15.00- - 20.00-27.50	2	4	8	2	c.ch/c.h.l.m.p.r.tv.w.

GUEST HOUSES

NORTH OF CARFAX

Mrs. J. Adams, 302 Banbury Road	56118	4.50- 5.50 - 9.00-11.00	1	2	1	–	ch/d.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. K. Andrews, 26 St. Michael Street	42101	4.50- - 9.00-	–		2	2	ch/c.d.h.tv.w.
Mrs. R. Beer, 35 Bainton Road	59440	3.75- - 7.50-	–	–	1	2	c.ch. from 12.w.
*Mrs. C. H. Bellamy, "Belmont Guest House", 182 Woodstock Road	53698	4.00- 5.50 - 8.00-11.00	2	4	1	–	b.ch/c.d.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. P. Bermingham, "Midways", 12 Polstead Road	59503	4.50- - 9.00-	1	–	1	1	b.c.ch. from 5.h.w.
Mrs. B. Blakeley, 423 Banbury Road	55595	5.00- - 10.00-	–	–	1	2	c.ch.w.
*Mrs. M. W. Burge, "Gothic House", 277 Banbury Road	53674	4.25- 5.00 - 8.50-10.00	1	2	1	–	b.c.ch.d.h.tv.
*Combermere House, 11 Polstead Road	59971	4.50- 5.50 - 9.00-11.00	2	–	2	2	ch. from 8.d.h.
*Mrs. A. Daly, 177 Banbury Road	59527	5.00- - 10.00-	1	–	4	1	b.ch. from 6.h.tv.w.
Mrs. E. M. Elliott, 72 Southmoor Road	512929	4.00- - 8.00-	–	–	3	3	c.h. some. w.
*Mrs. K. M. Flanakin, "Flanakins", 103-105 Woodstock Road	52579	4.86- 5.40 - 9.72-10.80	–	3	5	4	c.ch/c.d.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. E. H. Jones, "The Guest House", 16 Norham Road	55352	5.50- 6.50 - 11.00-13.00	3	1	3	2	b.c.ch.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. F. Kyme, "Grey Tiles", 21 Portland Road	53954	4.50- 5.00 - 9.00-10.00	2	–	2	–	c.ch. from 8.d.g.tv.
*Mrs. J. Lester, "Walton Guest House", 169 Walton Street	52137	4.00- 5.00 - 8.00-10.00	1	2	2	2	b.ch/c.h.w.
*Mrs. A. E. Marshall, 49 Banbury Road	54606	on application	3	4	1	1	b.ch.h.tv.
Mrs. R. M. Old, 58 St. John Street	55454	4.00- - 8.00-	1	–	1	1	b.ch. from 10.w.
Mrs. S. A. Passmore, 5 Pusey Street	54605	3.50- 4.00 - 7.00- 8.00	1	1	2	2	ch. from 6.d.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. L. S. Price, "Portland House", 338 Banbury Road	52076	4.00- 5.00 - 8.00-10.00	1	1	1	1	c.ch.h.tv.
Mrs. E. Tong, 54 St. John Street	54894	4.00- 5.00 - 9.00- 9.00	1	–	2	1	ch. from 3.h. some. tv.
Mrs. J. M. Watkins, 19 Polstead Road	54107	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	–	–	2	2	c.ch/c.d.h.w.

EAST OF CARFAX

*Mr. M. Bajwa, "Pine Castle" 290 Iffley Road	41497	4.00- 5.00 - 8.00-10.00	3	1	1	2	c.ch.h.m.tv.w.
*Mrs. M. Begley, "Micklewood" 331 Cowley Road	47328	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	2	1	1	3	c.ch.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. B. Burke, 255 Cowley Road	43916	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	2	1	1	–	c.ch/c.d.h. some. tv.w.
*Mr. B. Burns, "St. Christopher's" 238 Iffley Road	44315	4.50- 5.50 - 9.00-11.00	5	4	3	6	b.c.ch/c.h.m.tv.w.
*Mrs. B. Brown, "Brown's Guest House" 281 Iffley Road	46822	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	1	2	1	2	c.ch/c.d.h.p.tv.w.
*Mrs. M. S. Butler, "Melcombe House" 227 Iffley Road	49520	4.00- 5.50 - 8.00-10.00	2	1	1	2	c.ch.d.h.tv.w.
Mr. J. Cronin, "Nanford House" 131 Iffley Road	44743/49596	4.50- 5.00 - 8.50- 9.50	2	3	1	1	b.c.ch/c.d.h.m.tv.w.
Mr. J. Cronin, 137 Iffley Road	44743/49596	4.00- 5.00 - 8.50- 9.50	2	2	2	2	b.c.ch/c.d.h.m.tv.w.
Mrs. J. Crossland, 32 Regent Street	45826	3.50- 3.50 - 6.50- 6.50	–	–	1	2	m.tv.
Mrs. S. G. Davies, 343 Cowley Road (July-Oct.)	43200	3.50- 5.00 - 7.50- 8.00	–	2	1	1	b.ch. from 10.h. some. w.
*Mrs. M. M. Fraser, "Ascot Guest House" 283 Iffley Road	40259	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	3	1	2	1	c.ch/c.h.m.tv.w.
*Mrs. K. Goodall, "The Athena" 253 Cowley Road	43124	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	2	1	2	1	c.ch. from 3.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. S. E. M. Grant, "Conifer Guest House" 116 The Slade, Headington	63055	4.50- 5.50 - 9.00-11.00	1	1	3	1	c.ch/c.h.tv.
*Mrs. S. Jovanovic, "Hansa Guest House" 192 Iffley Road	49757	4.00- 5.50 - 8.00-11.00	–	2	2	2	b.c.ch.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. I. Kelly, "Barna Guest House" 244 Iffley Road	47655	4.00- 4.75 - 8.00- 9.50	2	1	2	1	c.ch. from 8.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. B. J. King, "Kings Guest House" 363 Iffley Road	41363	4.00- 5.50 - 8.00-11.00	1	1	–	1	c.ch. from 5.d.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. J. Lester, "Sandycroft" 11 Sandfield Road, Headington	62585	4.00- 5.50 - 8.00- 9.00	1	1	1	1	c.ch/c.h.w.
*Mrs. S. Papamichael, "Mount Pleasant" 76 London Road, Headington	68877	4.50- 4.50 - 9.00- 9.00	–	–	2	2	b.c.ch/c.h.l.m.r.tv.w.
*Mrs. A. O'Kane, "Earlmont Guest House" 322-324 Cowley Road	40236	4.00- 5.50 - 8.00-11.00	2	3	3	2	b.c.ch.d.g.h.p.tv.w.
Mrs. B. Porter, 144 Headley Way, Headington	68626	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	–	1	1	1	c.ch from 12.h.tv.w.
*Mrs. E. Shannon, 329 Cowley Road	47558	4.00- 5.00 - 8.00-10.00	1	1	2	–	b.c.ch. from 5.h.tv.w.
Mrs. E. Sommerlad, 225 Marston Road, New Marston	48119	3.50- 4.00 - 8.00- 8.00	–	1	1	1	c.ch. from 5.h. some. w.
Mrs. A. M. Styles, 307 Iffley Road	721561	4.00- 4.50 - 8.00- 9.00	–	–	2	2	c.ch/c.tv.w.
Mrs. L. Wearing, 11 Iffley Road	47933	4.50- 4.50 - 9.00- 9.00	2	3	–	–	ch. from 5.h.

WEST OF CARFAX

Mrs. M. A. Jelfs, "Becket House", 5 Becket Street	724675	3.75- 4.25 - 7.50- 8.50	1	3	2	1	ch/c.h.tv.w.
Mrs. P. M. Lawfull, "Abbey House", 4 Botley Road	42492	4.50- 4.50 - 9.00- 9.00	2	1	2	–	ch. from 6.h.tv.
Mrs. M. Mitchell, "Strathtay", 6 Yarnells Road, Botley	40415	4.50- 5.00 - 9.00-10.00	–	1	–	–	c.p.tv.
Mrs. V. Oliver, 101 Botley Road	43620	4.50- 4.50 - 9.00- 9.00	1	1	1	–	c.ch.h.tv.
Mrs. E. Trafford, 5 Tilbury Lane, Botley	Cumnor 2138	4.00- 5.00 - 8.00-10.00	1	–	2	–	c.ch. from 5.h.tv.

SOUTH OF CARFAX

Mrs. B. J. Adams, 36 Lincoln Road	41870	4.00- 4.00 - 8.00- 8.00	–	–	1	1	c/ch. from 10.h.tv.
Mrs. K. M. Ess, 89 St. Aldates	42879	3.00- 3.50 - 6.00- 7.00	–	1	3	6	b.ch.h. some
Mrs. R. M. Jelfs, "Newton House", 82-84 Abingdon Road	40561	3.75- 4.00 - 7.50- 8.00	–	2	4	2	ch/c.d.h.tv.w.
Miss A. Kovac, "The Falcon", 90 Abingdon Road	722995	4.32- 5.94 - 8.64-11.88	2	4	4	–	b.c.ch. from 1.h.tv.w.
Mrs. G. Palmer, "Old White House View", 9 Whitehouse Road	47809	4.50- 5.50 - 9.00-11.00	–	3	2	3	c.ch/c.d.h.tv.w.
Mr. B. Parojcic, "Victoria", 180 Abingdon Road	724536	5.00- 5.50 - 10.00-11.00	2	5	1	3	c.ch/c.h.d.l.m.p.tv.w.
Mr. H. K. Patel, "Western Guest House", 59 Western Road	48672	4.50- 5.00 - 9.00-10.00	–	4	–	7	c.ch/c.h.g.tv.w.
Mrs. L. Pavitt, "Sportsview", 106 Abingdon Road	44268	3.50- 4.00 - 7.00- 8.00	2	1	2	2	b.ch/c.h.tv.
Mrs. D. Pierce, 58 Western Road	43668	3.50- 4.00 - 7.00- 8.00	–	–	2	2	ch. from 7.tv.w.
Mrs. B. Strange, 234 Abingdon Road	41767	3.50- 4.50 - 7.00- 9.00	1	1	3	–	b.ch.h.g.tv.w.

GUEST HOUSES - FARM HOUSES - PRIVATE HOMES IN THE VICINITY OF OXFORD

Name							
Mrs. H. C. Burbridge, The Old Rectory, 25 Mill Street, Kidlington (1st June - 30th September only)	Kidlington 3337	5.50- - 11.00-	–	–	2	–	c.ch. from 12.tv.
*Mrs. B. Naylor, Bowood House, 238 Oxford Road, Kidlington	Kidlington 2839	5.00- 7.50 - 10.00-15.00	2	2	1	1	c.ch.h.p.tv.
Mrs. A. J. Lamb, 21 Upper Campsfield Road, Woodstock	Woodstock 811292	4.00- 5.00 - 8.00-10.00	–	1	1	–	c.ch. from 6.
Mrs. P. Wheeldon, 47 Glyme Close, Woodstock	Woodstock 811804	5.00- - 10.00-	–	–	1	–	c.tv.w.
Mrs. E. M. Harris, Old Farm, 2 Abbey Street, Eynsham	Eynsham 880957	4.00- 5.00 - 8.00- 8.00	–	–	3	–	c.ch. from 12.h.tv.
Mrs. C. M. Ross, Church Mill, The Downs, Standlake, Nr. Witney	Standlake 524	5.00- - 10.00-	–	–	1	–	c.ch.h.p.tv.w.
Mrs. A. Apperly, 48 Millwood End, Long Hanborough	Freeland 881475	4.50- - 9.00-	1	1	1	1	c.ch. from 5.tv.w.
Mrs. J. Bomford, Forge Cottage, East End, Northleigh, Witney	Freeland 881120	5.50- 6.50 - 11.00-13.00	–	–	1	–	c.ch/c.h.p.m.
Mrs. R. Maundrell, Station Farm, Southleigh, Witney	Witney 3239	5.00- 6.00 - 10.00-12.00	1	1	2	1	c.ch/c.h.p.m.tv.
Mrs. D. Slack, 118 Farmers Close, Witney	Witney 4094	4.00- - 8.00-	–	–	1	1	c.ch.p.m.tv.w.
Mrs. F. Smith, Witheridge Farm Hailey, Nr. Witney	Witney 3070	4.50- 6.50 - 9.00-13.00	1	1	1	–	c.ch/c.d.p.m.tv.w.
*Mrs. E. M. Woodin, The Olde Farm, Asthall Leigh, Minster Lovel	Asthall Leigh 608	5.25- 6.50 - 10.50-13.00	1	1	2	–	c.ch. from 10.d.g.h.p.tv.w.
*Mrs. E. Marshall, Byes Cottage, Bampton Road, Brize Norton	Carterton 841276	4.50- - 9.00-	–	1	1	–	c/ch/c.h.p.m.tv.w.
Mrs. J. K. Hussey, Stable House, Lyneham, Shipton-under-Wychwood	Shipton-under-Wychwood 830560	4.50- 5.00 - 9.00-10.00	1	1	1	–	c.ch.h.p.tv.w.
Mrs. W. Strange, Bampton House Bushey Row, Bampton	Bampton Castle 850135	5.25- 6.50 - 10.50-13.00	1	1	3	–	c.ch/c.h. some l.m.p.tv.w.
*Mrs. M. J. Rouse, University Farm, Lew, Nr. Bampton	Bampton Castle 850297	5.00- 6.00 - 10.00-16.00	2	1	1	–	b.c.ch. from 8.h.m.p.tv.w.
Mrs. R. H. Arundel, The Old Rectory, Carterton	Carterton 841995	6.00- - 12.00-	–	–	2	1	c.ch. from 10.h. some m.tv.w.
Mrs. M. Lay, Manor Farm, Fyfield, Nr. Abingdon	Frilford Heath 390485	4.50- - 9.00-	1	–	–	–	c.ch/c.w.
Mrs. O. Geen, The Coppice, Clifton Hampden, Nr. Abingdon	Clifton Hampden 7709	5.00- - 10.00-	–	1	2	2	c.ch.m.tv.w.
Mrs. C. H. B. Mason, The Old Bakery, Skirmett, Nr. Henley-on-Thames	Turville Heath 309	5.00- 6.50 - 10.00-13.00	1	1	–	3	c.ch/c.m.p.tv.w.
Mrs. I. Morgan, Nyor Chabang, 5 Cinnamon Close, Chalgrove	Stadhampton 890767	4.00- - 8.00-	–	–	1	1	b.c.ch/c.tv.w.
*Mrs. F. E. Robertson, Coldharbour Farm, Stadhampton	Stadhampton 890269	4.50- - 9.00-	–	3	–	–	c.ch/c.h. some. w.
*Mrs. M. Tuckwell, Hill Farm, Newington, Nr. Stadhampton	Stadhampton 891222	4.50- 5.00 - 9.00-10.00	1	2	1	–	c.ch/c.h.p.tv.w.
Mrs. A. Dunkley, Manor Farm, Forest Hill	Stanton St. John 248	4.50- 5.00 - 9.00-10.00	–	1	1	1	c.ch.d.tv.w.
Mrs. B. J. Rose, Hemvia, Woodperry Road, Beckley	Stanton St. John 376	- - 8.50-	–	1	–	–	c.tv.w.
Mrs. E. M. Shepherd, Minchin Court Farm, Forest Hill	Stanton St. John 614	4.50- 5.00 - 9.00-10.00	1	1	–	–	c.ch/c.d.tv.w.
Mrs. S. Fonge, Manor Farm, Waterperry (May-Oct.)	Ickford 263	4.50- - 8.00-10.00	1	1	1	–	c.ch/c.p.m.tv.w.
Mrs. S. Wilkinson, Robey House, East Hanney, Wantage	West Hanney 454	5.00- - 10.00-	–	–	1	–	c.ch.h.p.m.w.

The Y.H.A. Hostel is at Jack Straw's Lane, Headington, Oxford, telephone Oxford 62997.

The Y.W.C.A. Alexandra Residential Club is at 133 Woodstock Road, Oxford, telephone Oxford 52021.

OXFORD INFORMATION CENTRE

The Centre is open on weekdays between the hours of 9.00 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. On Easter Monday and Tuesday and subsequent Bank Holidays and Tuesdays, and on Sundays, 27th May to 23rd September, the hours of opening are 10.30 a.m. to 1.00 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. to 4.00 p.m.

Walking tours of the Colleges and University leave the Information Centre every day. The Centre is open, at 10.45 a.m. and 2.15 p.m. The tours last for two hours and cost 50p. A good introduction to Oxford and the University.

From 21st May until 29th September a coach tour of the University area leaves the Information Centre daily at 2.30 p.m. The tour takes about 1¾ hours and at least two Colleges are visited en route.

1 : 250,000

IRELAND - SOUTHWEST

SHEET 5
(020 - 010)
4TH EDITION

Magnetic Var
Annual decrease 6'·6
11° 47' W. 1969
(nat. constant)

CLARE
TIPPERARY
LIMERICK
KERRY
CORK
WATERFORD

MOUTH OF THE SHANNON
BRANDON BAY
TRALEE BAY
DINGLE BAY
BALLYHEIGE BAY
COULAGH BAY
BANTRY BAY
DUNMANUS BAY
CASTLEMAINE HARBOUR
KENMARE RIVER
CORK HARBOUR
KINSALE HARBOUR
YOUGHAL BAY
BALLYCOTTON BAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN

Loop Head
Kerry Head
Brandon Head
Slea Head
Great Blasket Island
Valencia Island
Bray Head
Puffin Island
St. Finan's Bay
Bolus Head
Dursey Island
Dursey Head
Mizen Head
Cape Clear
Fastnet Rock
Old Head of Kinsale
Galley Head
Power Head
Youghal Head
Ballycotton Bay

Ballybunnion
Listowel
Tarbert
Abbeyfeale
Newcastle West
Kilmallock
Adare
Tipperary
Ashel
Cashel
Clonmel
Thurles
Fethard
Tralee
Castleisland
Killarney
Cahersiveen
Kenmare
Caherciveen
Dingle
Castlegregory
Castlemaine
Milltown
Killorglin
Glenbeigh
Kenmare
Sneem
Waterville
Ballinskelligs Bay
Bantry
Whiddy Island
Glengarriff
Castletownbere
Skibbereen
Baltimore
Schull
Crookhaven
Clonakilty
Courtmacsherry
Kinsale
Cobh
Midleton
Youghal
Dungarvan
Lismore
Fermoy
Mallow
Macroom
Bandon
Kinsale
Passage West
Carrigaline
Ballycotton
Cahir
Carrick-on-Suir
Clogheen

Shannon
Feale
Maine
Laune
Lee
Blackwater
Bride
Suir
Nore
Barrow

Slieve Mish Mountains
Stacks Mountains
Glanmore Mountains
Knockmealdown Mountains
Galtee Mountains
Ballyhoura Mountains
Nagle Mountains
Boggeragh Mountains
Derrynasaggart Mountains
Shehy Mountains
Caha Mountains
Slieve Miskish Mountains
Knocknaskagh Mountains
Knocknagantee Mountains
Coomcallee Mountains
Reeks
Macgillycuddy's Reeks
Carrauntoohil
Purple Mountain
Mangerton Mountain
Toomies Mountain
Shehy Mountains
Knocknagantee Mountains
Knockmealdown Mountains
Galtee Mountains
Ballyhoura Mountains
Nagle Mountains
Boggeragh Mountains
Derrynasaggart Mountains
Slieve Felim Mountains
Silvermines Mountains
Arra Mountains
Keeper Hill
Devil's Bit Mountain
Knockanore
Knockaderry
Knockaderry
Knockaderry

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8.

REVISION

Revised 1966
Major roads revised 1971

PUBLIC RIGHTS OF WAY

Extent of available information

Sheet 144

NATIONAL GRID REFERENCE SYSTEM & INCIDENCE OF ADJOINING SHEETS

TO GIVE A GRID REFERENCE CORRECT TO 100 METRES

EXAMPLE *KINGHAM STA*

Grid Letters See diagram on left for Grid Letters They are **SP**

Easting Take west edge of kilometre square in which point lies and read the large figures printed opposite this line on north or south margins. Estimate tenths Eastwards **25 6**

Northing Take south edge of kilometre square in which point lies and read the large figures printed opposite this line on west or east margins. Estimate tenths Northwards **22 7**

Full 100 Metre Reference **SP 256227**

The Full Reference, above, is unique. If grid letters are omitted, the resulting reference **256227** recurs at intervals of 100 kilometres. When the area concerned is sufficiently restricted, as will usually be the case with maps on scales of one inch to one mile and larger, the grid letters are normally omitted

ORIENTATION

True North
Difference from Grid North at sheet corners is shown above

Magnetic North
About 8°W of Grid North in 1972 decreasing by about ½° in eight years

SCALE 1:63 360 = ONE INCH TO ONE MILE

Miles 0 ½ 1 ½ 0 1 2 3 4 5
Yards 1,000 0 1,000 2,000 3,000 4,000 5,000 6,000 7,000 8,000
Kilometres 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

MISCELLANEOUS

Church | with Tower or with Spire
Chapel | without Tower or Spire
Youth Hostel
Triangulation Pillar
Glasshouses
Electricity Transmission Line (with pylons spaced conventionally)
Pipe Line (Arrow indicates direction of flow)
Intersection, Lat & Long at 5′ intervals (not shown where it confuses important detail)
Bus or Coach Station
Windmill (in use)
Windmill (disused)
Wind Pump
Wireless or TV Mast
Wood
Orchard
Park or Ornamental Grounds
Bracken, Heath and Rough Grassland
Quarry
Open Pit

RELIEF

Heights in feet above Mean Sea Level
·275 surveyed by levelling
·1091 not surveyed by levelling
Contours at 50 ft intervals

To convert feet to metres multiply by 0·3048

BOUNDARIES

National
County
County Borough or County with Civil Parish
Civil Parish
National Trust always open
National Trust opening restricted

ABBREVIATIONS

P Post Office
PH Public House
CH Club House
MP Mile Post
MS Mile Stone
TH Town Hall, Guildhall or equivalent
PC Public Convenience (in rural areas)
T Telephone Call Box
PO
AA
RAC

ANTIQUITIES

VILLA Roman Antiquity (AD 43 to AD 420)
Castle Other Antiquities
Site of Antiquity
1066 Site of Battle (with date)

PUBLIC RIGHTS OF WAY

Public paths { Footpath / Bridleway
Road used as a public path

Public rights of way indicated by these symbols have been derived from Definitive Maps held by Ordnance Survey on 1st January 1972, as amended in part by later enactments or instruments and are shown subject to the limitations imposed by the scale of mapping

The representation on this map of any other road, track or path is no evidence of the existence of a right of way

ROADS & PATHS

M 50 or A 1 (M) Motorway
A 40 (T) Trunk Road
A 429 Main Road
B 4070 Secondary Road
A 884 Narrow Trunk or Main Road with passing places
14 ft of metalling or over (not included above)
Under 14 ft of metalling tarred and untarred
Minor Road in towns, Drive or Track (unmetalled) (Unfenced roads are shown by short pecks)
Under construction
Path
Gradients: 1 in 5 and steeper 1 in 7 to 1 in 5
TOLL Toll Gate Other gates Entrance to Road Tunnel

Single & Dual Carriageway

Made and published by the Director General of the Ordnance Survey, Southampton
Reprinted with the addition of new major roads

RAILWAYS

Viaduct, Principal Station, Bridge, Cutting, Tunnel, Multiple, Standard Gauge Track
Foot Bridge, Station, Bridge, Single
Station (closed to passengers), Mineral Line, Siding or Tramway, Level Crossing, Embankment, Narrow Gauge Track

WATER FEATURES

Marsh, Highest point to which Tides flow, Dunes, Cliff, Slopes
Canal, Aqueduct, Lock, Ford, Ferry, Flat Rock, Sand & Shingle, Beacon, Lighthouse
Lake, Bridge, Weir, Foot Bridge, Ferry, Vehicle (V) Foot (F), Sand & Mud, LWM, HWM
Submarine Contours in fathoms taken from the soundings of Admiralty surveys

Sheet 144

1 : 250,000

IRELAND - WEST

SHEET 3
(045 - 150)
3 RD EDITION

10°00' W. Long. 09°00' W. Long

54°00' N. Lat. 53°00' N. Lat.

BROAD HAVEN · BLACKSOD BAY · KILLALA BAY · SLIGO BAY · DRUMCLIFF BAY · CLEW BAY · NORTH SOUND · GALWAY BAY · SOUTH SOUND · MAL BAY · LISCANNOR BAY · LOUGH CORRIB · LOUGH MASK · LOUGH CARRA · LOUGH GILL · LOUGH ARROW · LOUGH KEY · LOUGH ALLEN · LOUGH CULLIN · LOUGH INAGH · LOUGH FEE · KILLARY HARBOUR · BERTRAGHBOY BAY · KILKIERAN BAY · MANNIN BAY · NEWPORT BAY · BLACKHEAD OR BALLYVAGHAN BAY · FOUL SOUND · GREGORY'S SOUND · ACHILL ISLAND · CLARE ISLAND · INISHTURK · INISHBOFIN · ARAN ISLANDS · INISHMORE · INISHMAAN · INISHERE

MAUMTURK MOUNTAINS · PARTRY MOUNTAINS · OX MOUNTAINS · NEPHIN BEG RANGE · WHEELRERA MOUNTAINS · SHEEFFRY HILLS · NEW MOUNTAINS · SLIEVE AUGHTY MOUNTAINS · SLIEVE BERNAGH · ARRA MOUNTAINS · SILVERMINE MOUNTAINS · SLIEVEFELIM MOUNTAINS · SLIEVE ELVA · SLIEVE CARR

CONNEMARA · JOYCE COUNTRY · MAYO · SLIGO · LEITRIM · ROSCOMMON · CLARE · TIPPERARY

BALLINA · SLIGO · BOYLE · SWINFORD · CASTLEBAR · WESTPORT · CLAREMORRIS · BALLINROBE · TUAM · ATHENRY · GALWAY · LOUGHREA · ROSCOMMON · BALLAGHADERREEN · CASTLEREA · BALLINASLOE · GORT · ENNIS · LIMERICK · NEWCASTLE WEST · ENNISTYMON · KILRUSH · KILKEE · MILTOWN MALBAY · CARRICK-ON-SHANNON

ACHILL HEAD · BLACKSOD POINT · ERRIS HEAD · BENWEE HEAD · DOWNPATRICK HEAD · KILLALA BAY · BELMULLET · ACHILL ISLAND · CROAGH PATRICK · CLEW BAY · INISHTURK · INISHBOFIN · SLYNE HEAD · MANNIN BAY · BERTRAGHBOY BAY · KILKIERAN BAY · NEWPORT BAY · BLACKHEAD · GALWAY BAY · NORTH SOUND · SOUTH SOUND · MAL BAY · LISCANNOR BAY · LOOP HEAD · KILKEE · KILRUSH · LIMERICK

Benbulbin 1730 · King's Mountain · Benbo 1367 · Knocknarea 1073 · Knocknashee 1127 · Knocknalong 1786 · Ben Gorm 2207 · Maumtrasna 2129 · Devilsmother 2131 · Mweelrea 2688 · Croagh Patrick 2510 · Nephin 2646 · Nephin Beg 2065 · Corslieve 1785 · Slieve Fyagh 1090 · Slieve Alp 1084 · Knocklettercuss 1208 · Carrafull 890 · Maumykeilly 1205 · Furnought 500 · Benmore 1155 · Maunakeogh 1247 · Knocknasollop 788 · Knocknalower 875 · Benwee Head 761 · Knockadaff 692 · Slieve Elva 1133 · Slieve Carr 1207 · Cashlaundrumlahan 1524 · Slieve Aughty Mountains 1201 · Arra Mountains 1517 · Silvermine Mountains 1792 · Slievefelim Mountains 1524 · Mauherslieve or Mother Mountain 1785 · Slievekimalta or A2279 Keeper Hill · Knockastakeen 1463 · Cappaghabaun Mountain 1124 · Pollagoona Mountain 1243 · Scalp 1243 · Knockalongy 1786 · Benbaun 1394 · Benbreen 1695 · Birreencorragh 2195 · Tristia 1846 · Croaghmeyle 1412 · Bengorm 1912 · Mweelrea 2688 · Sheeffry Hills 2504 · Ben Creggan · Ben Gorm · Maumtrasna 2207 · Devilsmother 2131 · Benbaun 1394 · Croaghaun 2192 · Slievemore 2204 · Achill Head · Moyteoge Head · Dooega Head · Croaghaun · Corraun Hill 1782 · Glassillan 1520 · Croaghmoyle 2510 · Croagh Patrick 2510 · Nephin 2646 · Nephin Beg 2065 · Corslieve 1785 · Slieve Alp 1084 · Slieve Fyagh 1090 · Knocklettercuss 1208 · Carrafull 890 · Maumykeilly 1205 · Furnought 500 · Benmore 1155 · Maunakeogh 1247 · Knocknasollop 788 · Knocknalower 875 · Benwee Head 761 · Knockadaff 692 · Slieve Elva 1133 · Slieve Carr 1207 · Cashlaundrumlahan 1524 · Slieve Aughty Mountains 1201 · Arra Mountains 1517 · Silvermine Mountains 1792 · Slievefelim Mountains 1524 · Mauherslieve or Mother Mountain 1785 · Slievekimalta or A2279 Keeper Hill · Knockastakeen 1463 · Cappaghabaun Mountain 1124 · Pollagoona Mountain 1243 · Scalp 1243 · Knockalongy 1786 · Benbaun 1394 · Benbreen 1695 · Birreencorragh 2195 · Tristia 1846 · Croaghmeyle 1412 · Bengorm 1912 · Mweelrea 2688 · Sheeffry Hills 2504 · Ben Creggan · Ben Gorm · Maumtrasna 2207 · Devilsmother 2131 · Benbaun 1394 · Croaghaun 2192 · Slievemore 2204 · Achill Head · Moyteoge Head · Dooega Head · Croaghaun · Corraun Hill 1782 · Glassillan 1520 · Croaghmoyle 2510 · Croagh Patrick 2510

NATIONAL GRID

A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	J	K
L	M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z

100000 200000 300000 400000 500000

The Grid is divided into lettered Sub-Zones as shown by the diagram. Emphasised grid lines define the Sub-Zone limits on the map. A grid reference consists of the appropriate Sub-Zone letter, the Easting co-ordinate, and the Northing co-ordinate, of the position, given in that sequence.

EXAMPLE Tuam M 44 52

On the East margin of this Sheet True North is 0° 04' E. of Grid North and on the West margin True North is 1° 53' E. of Grid North.

Magnetic Var. Annual decrease 6'.6'

12° 33' W. 1967 (mid constant)

FEET 2000 1000 0 METRES 610 305 0

INDEX TO SHEETS

1 : 250,000
1 cm. – 2·5 Km.
¼ Inch Approx. (precisely 0·263 Inch) = 1 Mile

3-68. 10,000.

Trunk Road T.4
Link Road L.13
Contour
Lighthouse

Information for visitors to Britain

Upon arrival in Britain all overseas visitors are cordially invited to make full use of the Tourist Information Centre of **The British Tourist Authority** at 64 St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London SW1. Telephone: 01-629 9191. Here an experienced information staff, speaking most European languages, is available to give advice about travel, itineraries, current events throughout Britain, etc. In addition, a wide range of tourist literature is obtainable. Similar services are available at:

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The Northern Ireland Tourist Board, River House, 48 High Street, Belfast BT1 2DS. Telephone: Belfast 31221. Ulster Office: 11 Berkeley Street, London W1. Telephone: 01-493 0601. Other useful addresses in London include the following:

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British Rail Travel Centre, Lower Regent Street, SW1. Telephone: 01–839 4343.

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Tourist information is obtainable from the overseas offices of The British Tourist Authority in the following countries:

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Before making arrangements to visit any of these country houses or gardens, it is advisable to obtain details of opening times. This information and a complete list of houses is contained in the illustrated guide "Historic Houses, Castles and Gardens in Great Britain and Ireland" obtainable from The British Tourist Authority, 64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1, – price 30p (plus 14p postage and packing) or the equivalent in local currency. It is also obtainable in the United Kingdom from leading booksellers, bookstalls and newsagents.

Bedfordshire
K9 Luton Hoo, Luton
K9 Woburn Abbey and Zoo Park
K8 Wrest Park, Silsoe
Berkshire
J9 Buscot Park, Nr. Faringdon
J9 Minster Manor House, Abingdon
J9 Pusey House Gardens, Nr. Faringdon
K9 Savill Gardens, Windsor Great Park
K9 Windsor Castle, Windsor
Buckinghamshire
K9 Ascott, Wing
K9 Claydon House, Nr. Wilmslow
K9 Clivedon, Maidenhead
K9 Hughenden Manor, High Wycombe
K9 Waddesdon Manor, Nr. Aylesbury
K9 West Wycombe Park, West Wycombe
K9 Wotton House, Nr. Aylesbury
Cambridge
L8 Anglesey Abbey, Nr. Cambridge
L8 Packhouse House, Wisbech
L8 University Botanic Garden, Cambridge University
Cheshire
I7 Adlington Hall, Macclesfield
I7 Bramall Hall, Bramhall
I7 Churche's Mansion, Nantwich
I7 Gawsworth Hall, Nr. Macclesfield
I7 Little Moreton Hall, Congleton
I7 Lyme Park, Disley
I7 Tatton Park, Knutsford
Cornwall
G10 Antony House, Torpoint
G10 Cotehele House, Calstock
G10 Lanhydrock, Nr. Bodmin
F10 Pendennis Castle, Falmouth
F10 St. Michael's Mount, Penzance
G10 Tintagel, Old Post Office
F10 Trelissick Gardens, Nr. Truro
E11 Tresco Abbey Gardens, Isle of Scilly
Cumberland
I6 Carlisle Castle, Carlisle
H6 Muncaster Castle, Ravenglass
H6 Wordsworth House, Cockermouth
Derbyshire
J7 Bolsover Castle, Nr. Chesterfield
J7 Chatsworth, Bakewell
J7 Haddon Hall, Bakewell
J7 Hardwick Hall, Nr. Chesterfield
J8 Kedleston Hall, Derby
J8 Melbourne Hall, Melbourne
Devonshire
H10 A La Ronde, Exmouth
G9 Arlington Court, Barnstaple
H10 Bicton Gardens, East Budleigh
G10 Buckland Abbey, Nr. Tavistock
H10 Cadhay, Ottery St. Mary
H10 Compton Castle, Nr. Paignton
H10 Killerton Gardens, Nr. Exeter
H10 Kirkham House, Paignton
H10 Oldway, Paignton
H10 Powderham Castle, Kenton
J10 Saltram House, Plymouth
H10 Torre Abbey, Torquay
Dorset
I10 Athelhampton House, Athelhampton
I10 Clouds Hill, Nr. Wareham
J10 Compton Acres Gardens, Nr. Bournemouth
I10 Forde Abbey, Nr. Chard
I10 Hardy's Cottage, Higher Bockhampton
I10 Sherborne Castle, Sherborne
Durham
J6 The Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle
J6 Durham Castle, Durham
J6 Raby Castle, Staindrop
J6 Washington Old Hall, Washington
Essex
L8 Audley End House, Saffron Walden
L8 Hedingham Castle, Castle Hedingham
L9 Ingatestone Hall, Ingatestone
L9 Paycocke's, Coggeshall
Gloucestershire
I9 Badminton House, Badminton
I9 Berkeley Castle, Nr. Bristol
I9 Dodington House, Chipping Sodbury
I9 Georgian House, Bristol
J8 Hidcote Manor Gardens
J8 Snowshill Manor, Broadway
J9 Sudeley Castle, Winchcombe
Hampshire and Isle of Wight
J10 Arreton Manor, Arreton, Isle of Wight
J10 Beaulieu Abbey and Palace House, Montagu Motor Museum
J10 Breamore House, Nr. Fordingbridge
J10 Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight
K9 Jane Austen's House, Chawton
J9 Mottisfont Abbey, Mottisfont
J10 Osborne House, Isle of Wight
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I8 Berrington Hall, Leominster
I8 Dinmore Manor, Nr. Hereford
I8 Eastnor Castle, Nr. Ledbury
I8 Eye Manor, Leominster
Hertfordshire
K9 Hatfield House, Hatfield
K9 Knebworth House, Knebworth
K9 Shaw's Corner, Ayot St. Lawrence
Huntingdonshire
K8 Hinchingbrooke House, Huntingdon
J5 Seaton Delaval Hall, Nr. Newcastle upon Tyne
Nottinghamshire
J7 Newstead Abbey, Linby
J7 Thoresby Hall, Ollerton
J8 Wollaton Hall, Nottingham
Oxfordshire
J9 Blenheim Palace, Woodstock
J8 Broughton Castle, Banbury
J9 Chastleton House, Moreton-in-Marsh
J9 Ditchley Park, Enstone
J9 Rousham House, Steeple Aston
Shropshire
I8 Attingham, Shrewsbury
I8 Benthall Hall, Much Wenlock
I8 Boscobel House, Shifnal
I8 Hodnet Hall Gardens, Nr. Market Drayton
I8 Stokesay Castle, Craven Arms
I8 Wenlock Priory, Much Wenlock
I8 Weston Park, Nr. Shifnal
Somerset
I9 Claverton Manor, Nr. Bath
I9 Clevedon Court, Nr. Clevedon
H9 Coleridge Cottage, Nether Stowey
H9 Dunster Castle, Dunster
I10 Montacute House, Nr. Yeovil
I10 Tintinhull House, Nr. Martock
Staffordshire
J8 Alton Towers
J8 Blithfield Hall, Nr. Rugeley
I8 Moseley Old Hall, Wolverhampton
I8 Shugborough, Great Haywood
J8 Tamworth Castle, Tamworth
Suffolk
M8 Heveningham Hall
M8 Christchurch Mansion, Ipswich
L8 Gainsborough's House, Sudbury
L8 Ickworth, Nr. Bury St. Edmunds
M8 Somerleyton Hall, Nr. Lowestoft
Surrey
K9 Clandon Park, Nr. Guildford
K9 Loseley House, Guildford
K9 Polesden Lacey, Nr. Dorking
L9 Puttenden Manor, Nr. Lingfield
K9 Winkworth Arboretum, Nr. Godalming
K9 Wisley Gardens, Wisely, Ripley
Sussex
K10 Arundel Castle, Arundel
L10 Barbican House, Lewes
L10 Bateman's, Burwash
L10 Bodiam Castle, Nr. Hawkhurst
L10 Firle Place, Nr. Lewes
L10 Glynde Place, Nr. Lewes
K10 Goodwood House, Chichester
L10 Great Dixter, Northiam
K10 Highdown, Goring-by-Sea
K9 Leonardslee, Horsham
L10 Michelham Priory, Nr. Hailsham
K9 Nymans Gardens, Handcross
K10 Parham, Pulborough
K10 Petworth House, Petworth
K10 Royal Pavilion, Brighton
K10 St. Mary's, Bramber
L10 Sheffield Park Gardens, Nr. Uckfield
K10 Sutton End, Nr. Petworth
K10 Uppark, South Harting, Nr. Petersfield
K9 Wakehurst Place Garden, Nr. Ardingly
Warwickshire
J8 Aston Hall, Birmingham
J8 Charlecote Park, Warwick
J8 Compton Wynyates, Nr. Banbury
J8 Coughton Court, Alcester
J8 Kenilworth Castle, Kenilworth
J8 Lord Leycester Hospital, Warwick
J8 Packwood House, Hockley Heath
J8 Ragley Hall, Alcester
J8 Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust Properties, Stratford-upon-Avon
J8 Warwick Castle, Warwick
Westmorland
I6 Levens Hall, Kendal
I6 Town End, Troutbeck
Wiltshire
J9 Avebury Manor, Nr. Marlborough
I9 Corsham Court, Chippenham
I9 The Courts Gardens, Holt
I9 Lacock Abbey, Nr. Chippenham
J9 Littlecote, Nr. Hungerford
I9 Longleat House, Warminster
J9 Lydiard Mansion, Purton
J9 Mompesson House, Salisbury
I9 Stourhead Stourton, Nr. Mere
J9 Wilton House, Salisbury
Worcestershire
I8 The Greyfriars, Worcester
I8 Hartlebury Castle, Nr. Kidderminster
I8 Harvington Hall, Kidderminster
I8 Spetchley Park, Worcester
Yorkshire
J7 Brantham Park, Boston Spa
J7 Bronte Parsonage Museum, Haworth
J7 Browsholme Hall, Nr. Clitheroe
K6 Burton Agnes Hall, Bridlington
K7 Burton Constable, Nr. Hull
K6 Castle Howard, Nr. Malton
J6 Fountains Hall and Abbey, Ripon
J7 Harewood House and Park, Leeds
J6 Harlow Car Gardens, Harrogate
J6 Newby Hall, Skelton, Nr. Ripon
J7 Nostell Priory, Wakefield
J6 Rudding Park, Harrogate
J7 Skipton Castle, Skipton
J7 Temple Newsam, Leeds
J7 Treasurer's House, York

SCOTLAND
Aberdeenshire
H3 Balmoral Castle, Nr. Ballater
H3 Braemar Castle, Braemar
I3 Craigevar Castle, Lumphanan
I3 Leith Hall, Kennethmont
I3 Pitmedden, Udny
I3 Provost Ross's House, Aberdeen
Angus
H4 Barrie's Birthplace, Kirriemuir
I4 Edzell Castle and Gardens, Edzell
I4 Glamis Castle, Glamis
I4 Guthrie Castle, Guthrie
Argyll
F4 Duart Castle, Mull
F4 Inveraray Castle, Inveraray
Ayrshire
G5 Culzean Castle, Maybole
Banffshire
I3 Cullen House, Cullen
Berwickshire
I5 Mellerstain, Gordon
Bute
F5 Brodick Castle, Isle of Arran
Dumfriesshire
H5 Carlyle's House, Ecclefechan
East Lothian
I4 Dirleton Castle and Garden, Dirleton
Edinburgh
H5 Edinburgh Castle
H5 Gladstone's Land
H5 John Knox's House
H5 Palace of Holyroodhouse
H5 Royal Botanic Garden
Fife
H4 Culross Palace, Nr. Dunfermline
H4 Falkland Palace, Falkland
Glasgow
G5 Provan Hall, By Stepps, Cardowan
Inverness-shire
E3 Dunvegan Castle, Isle of Skye
Kincardineshire
I3 Clashes Castle, Banchory
Midlothian
H5 Inveresk Lodge, Inveresk
Peebleshire
H5 Traquair, Innerleithen
Perthshire
H4 Blair Castle, Blair Atholl
H4 Branklyn Gardens, Perth
G4 Doune Castle, Doune
H4 Scone Palace, Perth
Ross and Cromarty
E4 Eilean Donan Castle, Dornie, Wester Ross
F3 Inverewe, Poolewe, Wester Ross
Roxburghshire
I5 Abbotsford House, Melrose
Stirlingshire
H4 Stirling Castle, Stirling
Sutherland
H3 Dunrobin Castle, Golspie
West Lothian
H5 The Binns, By Linlithgow
H5 Hopetoun House, South Queensferry
H5 Linlithgow Palace, Linlithgow

WALES
Breconshire
H9 Tretower Court, Crickhowell
Caernarvonshire
G7 Caernarvon Castle, Caernarvon
H7 Conway Castle, Conway
G7 Penrhyn Castle, Bangor
Denbighshire
H7 Bodnant Gardens, Tal-y-cafn
H8 Chirk Castle, Nr. Wrexham
Glamorgan
H9 Cardiff Castle, Cardiff
H9 Castell Coch, Whitchurch
H9 St. Fagan's Castle, Cardiff
Merioneth
G8 Harlech Castle, Harlech
G8 Portmeirion, Gwylfi Gardens
Monmouthshire
I9 Chepstow Castle, Chepstow
Montgomeryshire
H8 Powis Castle, Welshpool

NORTHERN IRELAND
Armagh
E6 Ardress House, Nr. Portadown
E6 Derrymore House, Newry
Down
F6 Castleward, Nr. Downpatrick
F6 Mount Stewart Gardens, Nr. Newtownards
F6 Rowallane, Saintfield
Fermanagh
D6 Castlecoole, Nr. Enniskillen
D6 Florence Court, Nr. Enniskillen
Londonderry
E5 Mussenden Temple and Bishops Gate, Nr. Coleraine
E6 Springhill, Nr. Moneymore

Britain

A Map for Tourists

BTA 1972 Publication 1972



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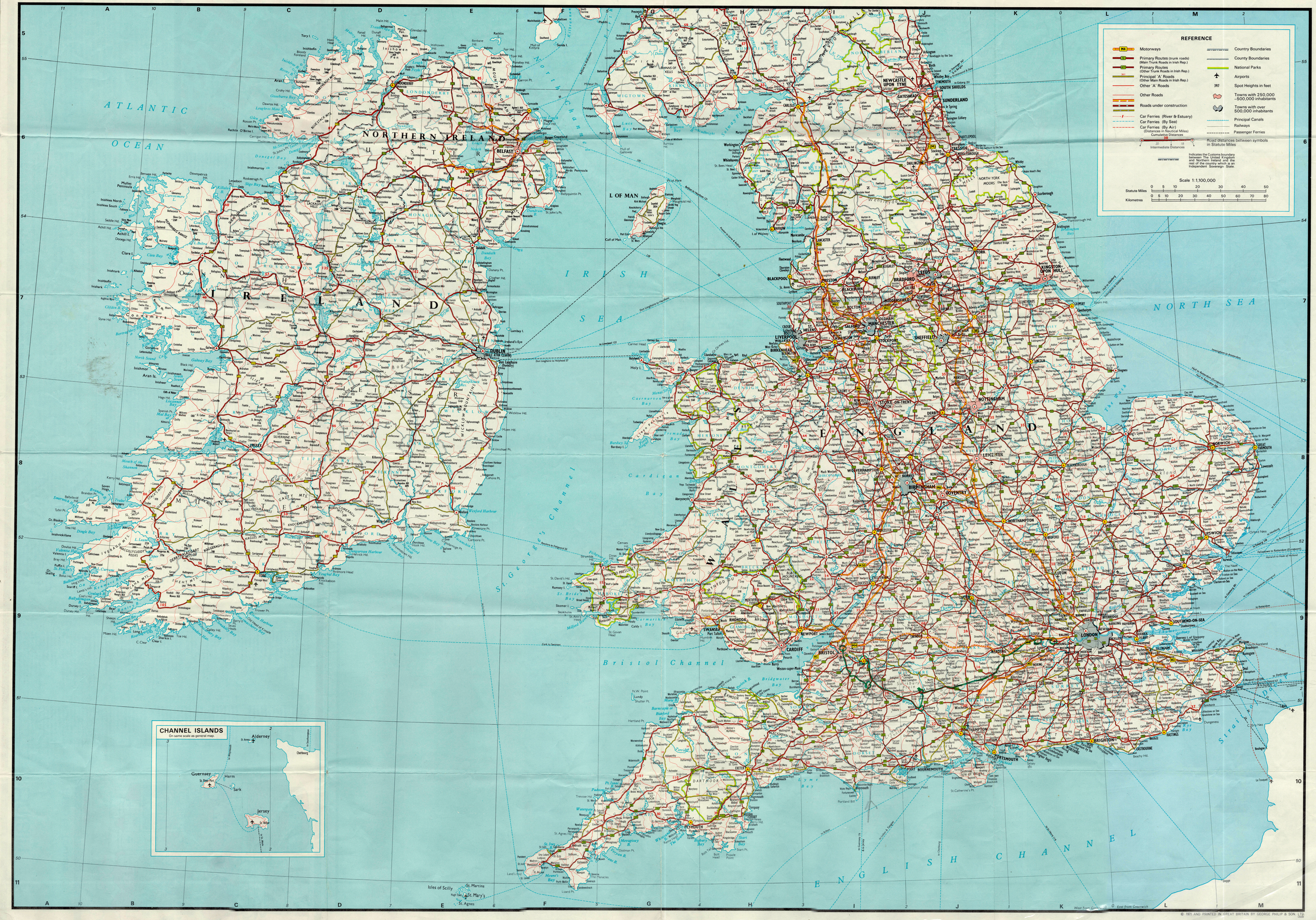

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M4.A329 No.10
M4 Maidenhead Spur No.9
Therefore numbers are as shown.
Mobil map one
Mobil
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