



# BEAULIEU HISTORY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

No. 41 October 2022

## Editor's Column

We have all been deeply saddened by the passing of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II after her long life of dedication to public service.

Although many members of the royal family have visited Beaulieu over the decades, a visit by Queen Elizabeth is not often recalled. But she did visit, at least to Beaulieu River. The page which follows tells more.



### Past Meetings

The society's first meeting of the year was the **Annual General Meeting** held on 7 February 2022, followed by a light-hearted quiz on local history.

A meeting **Beaulieu in 1952** was held on 19 May 2022 as part of Beaulieu Communities' celebration of the HM Queen Elizabeth's Platinum Jubilee. The film *Forest Heritage*, by coincidence dating from 1952, portrayed the life of commoners who turn out their ponies on the New Forest commons. Frederick Norris gave a presentation describing life in the village community of Beaulieu in 1952, of which a summary with illustrations is present on page 3. Finally, Mary Montagu-Scott read extracts from her father Edward Lord Montagu's writings, with images and press reports of the time.

Lastly, on 1 July 2022 the talk **Transformation – The Creation of the National Motor Museum** was given by Ken Robinson on how and why the museum came to be created in 1972. It was preceded many years before by a collection of motor vehicles started by John Lord Montagu which successfully expanded until it filled several buildings. A new start was made when his successor Edward Lord Montagu constructed a purpose-built complex for the collection called the National Motor Museum.

### Forthcoming Meetings



at romantic places like Paris, Brindisi, Cairo, Karachi, Rangoon, Singapore and Darwin.

On 15 December, there will be a **Christmas Visit and Celebration** at New Forest Heritage Centre's premises in Lyndhurst. We will explore the Heritage Centre's library, museum and gallery containing thousands of books, images and artifacts dedicated to the New Forest. A party after with drinks and canapes will celebrate the festive season.

John Pemberton

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## Dates for your Diary

Monday 7 November 2022 6:30pm  
**Flying Boats of Southampton**  
presented by Colin van Geffen  
Beaulieu Village Hall

Thurs 15 December 2022 6:30pm  
**A Christmas Visit and Celebration**  
at New Forest Heritage Centre,  
Lyndhurst Car Park

Friday 27 January 2023 6:30pm  
**AGM and Talk to be advised**  
Beaulieu Village Hall

## Subscriptions

Membership fees of £5 per member are due at the start of the calendar year. If you have not yet paid, you are encouraged to make an electronic bank transfer to Beaulieu History Society, sort code 20-53-53, account number 90157031. In the Reference box, please put your surname and what is being paid (membership, book, name of event), otherwise we may not know what the payment is for.

## The Queen and Beaulieu River

It is little known that Queen Elizabeth II had an association with Beaulieu River. In 1949, as recorded here in *The Sphere* magazine, she sailed with the Duke of Edinburgh on the river in a Dragon-class yacht.

The *Bluebottle*, with her Royal blue hull with a gold line and her boot lopping in red was built at Camper and Nicholson's Gosport yard and presented to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh as a wedding gift. Since then she has competed in numerous races, meeting with very fair success, and last week Princess Elizabeth cruised in her for the first time during one of the days when racing at Cowes had to be abandoned. On the following day the Royal sailing master, Lieut. Commander Crichton, was concerned in a thrilling finish, beating *Vallhalla* for second place after an intense struggle. This week the Duke arranged to race in *Bluebottle* before joining the Royal Family at Balmoral competing in the International Dragon-class Edinburgh Cup meeting, organised by the Island Sailing Club.



BLUEBOTTLE IN THE BEAULIEU RIVER : Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh enjoying their first outing together in their yacht. With them went Lieut. Commander Crichton, who sails Bluebottle in all her races, and also a paid hand



SAILING UP THE BEAULIEU RIVER : Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh in their yacht Bluebottle, a wedding gift from the Island Sailing Club. On this day they had hoped to be aboard Bluebottle when she competed in the Royal Yacht Squadron and Island Sailing Club Regatta at Cowes, but bad weather caused an abandonment of the programme. On the following day they saw Bluebottle come in second in the Dragon-class event

Article reproduced from *The Sphere* magazine of 13 August 1949. *The Sphere* magazine was published by London Illustrated Newspapers weekly from 1900 until 1964.

### Postscript

Dragon class yachts competed in the Olympic Games until 1972. They are still sailed today, although very much updated, including locally at Lymington and Cowes. European and World Championships are held for the class. British Dragon Championships are held every year for the Edinburgh Cup founded by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1949.

*Bluebottle* herself has recently been restored in Cowes and competed in the British Championships coming 3rd in 2021 and 2nd in 2022.



## The Community of Beaulieu in 1952

The early 1950's were not prosperous times, food rationing was still in place, nothing was wasted with clothing being passed down the family, keeping the home warm was expensive, growing your own vegetables was a priority, getting around was by bicycle or public transport. Going for a Sunday walk on the local footpaths, a summer swim in the river, was your recreation unless you played for the village cricket team.

The intention is to give a snapshot of life in the village in 1952, the people and their lifestyle, and this will illustrate the many differences with today. Most of the High Street buildings remain and are little changed although they may be being used now in a different way. No longer the lifelong homes of estate employees or shops occupied by authentic family businesses with stables and piggeries in the back yard.



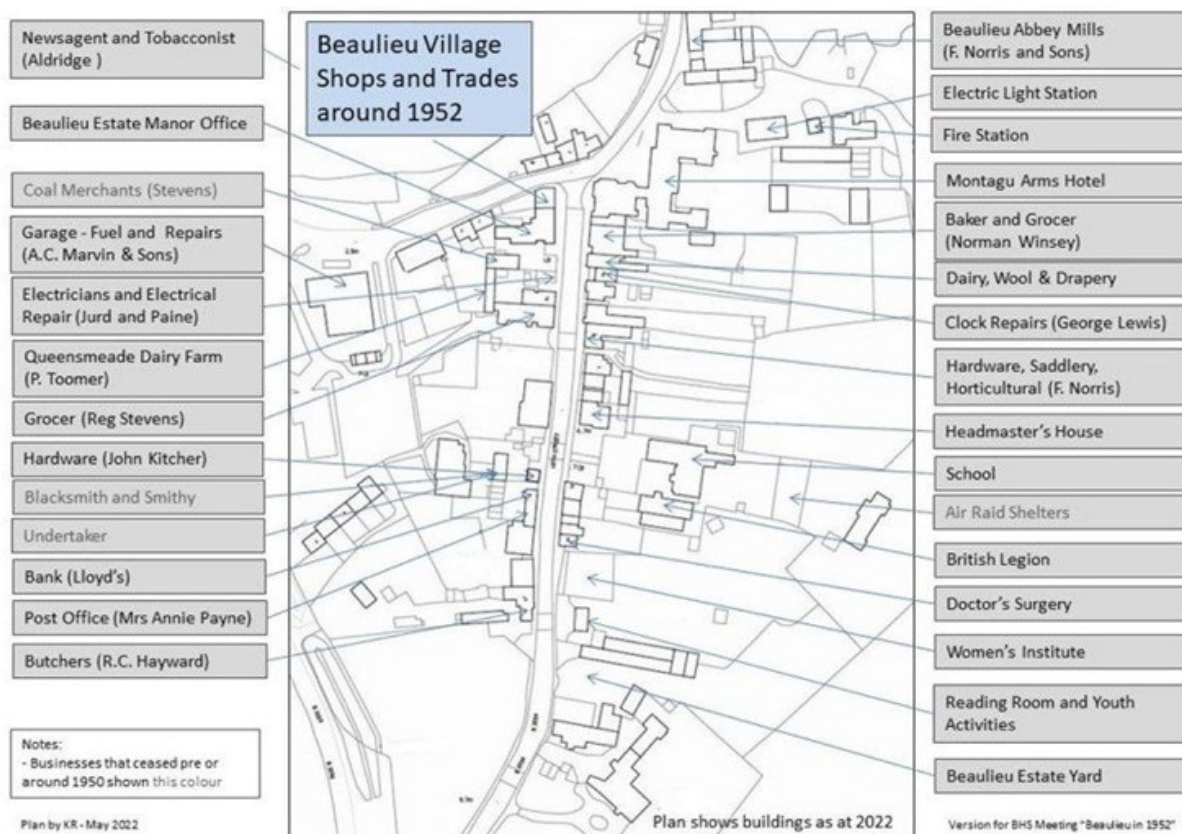
The really big event is the handing over of the stewardship of the Beaulieu Estate to Lord Montagu by Captain H E R Widnell who was agent and steward since 1918.

The village being located on a large estate benefitted from the owner's benevolence and enterprise. This manifested itself in the form of the Estate's water and electricity companies. Most properties in the village had running water although not everybody had a bathroom. Turning on a tap in

your house did not always mean it would discharge water. Sometimes the water could not be drunk without boiling it first. The village source was inspected once a week and if dead hedgehogs were found floating in it a warning "to boil" would be delivered verbally to your back door. Beaulieu water was soft and lathered well, it had a natural taste and nobody died from drinking it.

The other major Beaulieu utility could likewise be variable. The electric light station did not generate electricity 24hrs. It relied on back up batteries during the downtime, however, if required to generate for a late-night occasion, provided notification given, it would continue to remain open and generating.

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Many of the homes did not have electricity and relied on oil lamps and oil heaters to warm or cook on. Most ovens in village kitchens were a large metal box with two paraffin burners underneath. Those who used electricity would not have sockets and plugs in every room, just enough light bulbs to navigate about in the dark and a socket for a radio. If you blew a fuse you would have to find Ted Biddlecombe, the village electrician, to fix it as most villagers were yet to acquire the skill.

In 1952 the traffic flow was two way in the High Street there was no bypass to the West of the village. There were two bus companies running regular services through the village. The only shop that opened on Sunday was the newsagent located on the north west corner of the street. Men could get their haircut at two places on a Sunday one being the pub at Hill Top. Three shops sold food, Haywards were the butchers with a small slaughter house at the rear of the premises. They still did horse drawn deliveries. Near the butchers was the Post Office with sorting office, telephone exchange and a branch of Lloyds bank. The Postmistress was Annie Payne her husband was a blacksmith and Parish Clerk. Stevens were grocers with a three wheeled van for deliveries. The mobile library would park once a month in Steven's yard. Reg Stevens was a Church Warden.

Winsey's shop next to the Montagu Arms sold provisions and had a bakehouse, baking twice a day.



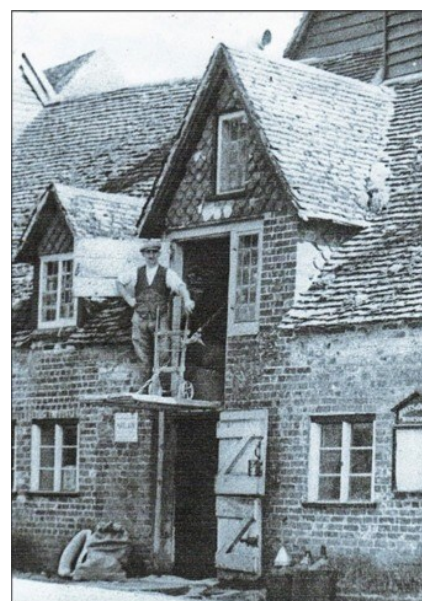
Milk could be purchased from Queensmead farm in the High Street. Next to Queensmead on Lyndhurst road was the garage run by AC Marvin & Son.

A mobile fish & chip van, a converted army ambulance, would visit the village twice a week. A doctor's surgery was held in the front room at Anchor Cottage and maybe a dentist. Further up the road was F Norris who sold agriculture and horticultural requisites as well as being a saddler and purveyor of paraffin.

Beaulieu Mill was still in use as a



grain store although milling stopped during the war. Some of the goods for the mill were collected regularly from Beaulieu Road Station which had a siding also used for exporting forest ponies after the sales.



Beaulieu had its own Vicar who conducted four services on a Sunday. Apart from the Abbey Church he had a chapel at Park and Buckler's Hard.

Beaulieu school's headmaster, Mr Monckton lived in the community, as did the village policeman, in the school house in the High Street. Located in the school yard was the Parish Hall but in 1952 it had become the British Legion Club. Air raid shelters were still in place at the back of the school. Most of the community events took place in the WI Hut which was a long wooden shed building next to the Estate yard. The school used it for pupil's lunches. The Ancient Order of Foresters met here. The WI held jumble sales on Saturday afternoons. A mobile cinema would visit.

There were two fields used by the villagers, but no longer the bathing field at Curtle meadow on the banks of the river for swimming and picnics. A recreation field with pavilion opposite Pond cottage in Lyndhurst Road. Adlam's funfair would visit this site once a year.

There was a strong farmers organisation called the Beaulieu Growmore club which met monthly at the Hall alongside the Royal Oak at Hill Top.

In 1952 Beaulieu village was a tranquil village with a close rural community mostly farmers, retired military and gentry, small shop keepers and Estate employees. Socialising took place in the WI Hut, The British Legion, or over a cricket club pavilion tea on a Sunday, if you were not dingy sailing on the river, and all done after church of course!

Fredrick Norris

**Notes**

A summary of a talk given on 19 May 2022 as part of the Celebrations of the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

Beaulieu Village Plan by Ken Robinson



## The Beaulieu Dairy House Pillbox

by Marc Heighway

The picturesque village of Beaulieu in the New Forest had a very interesting part to play during WW2. As well as being just down the road from the RAF Beaulieu Airfield, D-Day landing craft were assembled on the river, and the secret Special Operations Executive was heavily active on the Estate. But it also had some of the most imaginative plans to help slow down a German invasion if the enemy was to use the river as an invasion point. The plan was in the form of various secret pillboxes and shooting positions, each covering every conceivable angle of approach from the river, road, or bridge.

One of the more impressive secret pillboxes is the converted Dairy House on the grounds of the Beaulieu Mill House, set on the river and bridge. I believe the Dairy House to be the best disguised pillbox in the whole of Britain – I've never seen anything quite like



it.

In April of 2021, I was given permission by the Beaulieu Estate and Mr Phipps who lives in the Mill House, to come and look at the Dairy House pillbox to document it and share what I uncovered.

As you travel into Beaulieu using the Palace Road approach from the Hill Top end, you will start to curve around the road towards the bridge. If you look to your left, you might have seen an old building with a round and pointy roof to it. The building is the Beaulieu Dairy House and I believe it originally dates from the 1700s.

Each day people drive past it without giving it a second thought. In fact, locals have told me they have passed it hundreds of times and never known the secret that it holds: it was converted into a WW2 pillbox in 1940.



Whilst there was a concerted effort to disguise pillboxes during the Second World War, I believe this to almost be a one-off in terms of how it looks and has been camouflaged. Only when up close and looking at the windows of the Dairy House does the World War 2 pillbox become clear.

The reason why Beaulieu village was chosen to have a defence like this was because it was feared that the New Forest coastline could be a point of invasion. In Beaulieu village there are other in the future. If the enemy had landed on the New Forest beaches, the Beaulieu River and roads would have been used to travel deeper into the UK and Hampshire.

As a result, multiple positions and plans were made to defend various aspects in the village; the Dairy House pillbox being one of those, with the conversion happening around 1940. When inside the Dairy House you can see how well constructed and crafted the internal hidden pillbox was.



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The Beaulieu Dairy House is a listed building and was originally used to store milk and make butter. I believe there could be another dairy house structure like this on the Beaulieu Estate, but unlike this one, it wasn't converted into a WW2 pillbox.

As you look at the exterior of the house, there are a few things of note before looking at loopholes. To the casual observer, it is just a quaint old building... but it holds a wartime secret.



Firstly, the tiles on the roof had to be replaced in 1997 due to age. The wooden struts that hold the roof up were also replaced that year, I believe due to deterioration and weakening. The struts were made from fallen oaks trees that came down in the great storm of 1987. The replacements were made to help preserve the Dairy House... and the secret pillbox inside.

Around the exterior of the Dairy House pillbox you find 3 loopholes in total. Each gives a different view of a possible invasion route through the village. They are very hard to see, even when you're stood directly outside the Dairy House. It's a great disguise.

Moving inside the Dairy House pillbox, it's clear to see how well protected it was intended to be. The door is the first sign of this, as it's possible to see how the walls have been made a lot thicker than they were originally made to be.



As you walk through the door, you clearly see the wooden surround of the original door, before the 1940 brickwork was put in. See how the walls are now between 2 and 3 feet thick upon the conversion.

You can clearly see the

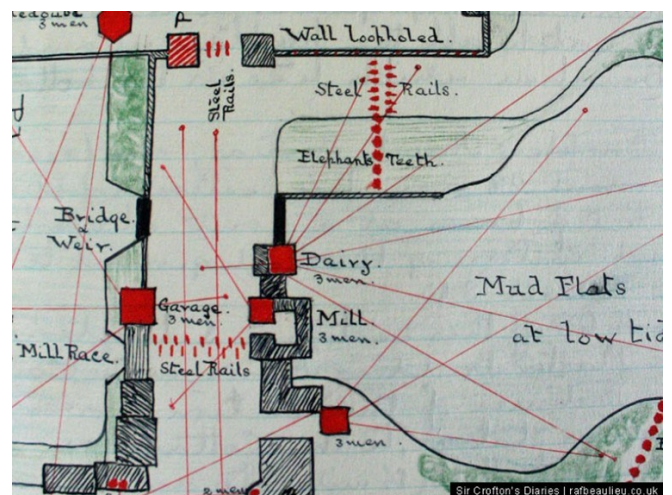
old and original wooden door frame, then the 1940 changes with a deeper and thicker wall and entrance. Where the cements ends is where the bricks were taken out in the 1990s to make the entrance easier to access.

Then inside the Dairy House, you will also notice a low ceiling. This concrete roof was also put in during the 1940 pillbox conversion for added protection.



The hole cut into the roof section was also made in the 1990s. This entrance was cut in order to allow for felting of the roof to help waterproof and protect it.

The Beaulieu Dairy House pillbox was designed to have 3 men using it, and this is noted on a defence plan of the village drawn up Lieutenant Colonel Crofton in 1942. Crofton was 2nd in command of the Home Guard's 9th Forest Battalion.



He wrote in his notes that the plan for the Home Guard was to fight until the death to protect and slow down the enemy before reinforcements arrived.

Marc Heighway

**Notes**

The Old Dairy House is on the property and garden of the Mill House in Beaulieu. The Mill House is private property and owned by the Beaulieu Estate. It is not publicly accessible.

Marc is has done much research on the Beaulieu Airfield at East Boldre and is the author of a website on it and the surrounding area [www.rafbeaulieu.co.uk](http://www.rafbeaulieu.co.uk), from which this article is edited.

## The Story of the Boldre Hoard

You may have heard of the Boldre hoard of coins discovered locally and now on display in St Barbe Museum in Lymington. But possibly you have not heard how they were discovered and put on display. This article, written colloquially in an online blog by an American it can be assumed, tells the story.

A hoard of 1,608 Roman coins discovered by metal detectorists in a field in Boldre, in the New Forest near Lymington, Hampshire in 2014, has gone on public display for the first time at the St Barbe Museum and Art Gallery in Lymington. The hoard dates to the 3rd century A.D. and contains bronze radiates from the second half of the 3rd century. The earliest coin in the group was minted under the reign of Trebonianus Gallus (249-51 A.D.). The most recent is barely 25 years older, struck in 276 in the waning days of the emperor Tacitus (275-6 A.D.). The bulk of the coins were found in the remains of a round vessel, 15 sherds from the bottom of the earthenware pot.



After slumbering underground for more than 1,700 years since its owner buried his savings, disturbed only by the farm equipment that likely broke the pot, the hoard has seen quite a bit of drama starting with the moment of its discovery. There were several metal detectorists scanning that field in Boldre on May 4th, 2014, among them two old friends Andy Aartsen and James Petts. Aartsen made the first discovery: 25-30 coins on their own. Then Petts hit the motherlode [large amount], finding the remains of the pot and its coin hoard of more than 1,500 pieces.

Aartsen had scanned that area earlier and gotten a signal but had moved on. According to the rules of the metal detecting club, if you walk away from a signal it counts as abandonment and the next guy gets to pick up where you left off, but Aartsen apparently thought his earlier signal granted him perpetual rights because he told Petts "Eff off, it's mine." That's a quote from James Petts' testimony at the coroner's inquest that determined whether the coin hoard was official treasure by the standards of the Treasure Act of 1996, which is downright spicy compared to the usual testimony from British Museum and Portable Antiquities Scheme experts one encounters at treasure inquests.



The conflict caused a permanent rift between the former friends, and it really wasn't about the money because bronze radiates aren't big ticket items ['radiates' are coins whose head wears a crown symbolising the sun]. The amount of the valuation that would be paid by the museum that acquired the hoard was around £8,000 to be split 50/50 by the finder and landowner. This fight was all about credit, who gets to be the official finder of the Boldre Hoard. Andy Aartsen wanted to be declared the sole finder; Petts wanted it declared a joint find of both men. At the time of the inquest, the dispute was still ongoing and Central Hampshire Coroner Grahame Short suggested the two ex-friends might have to duke it out [to fight] in court if they couldn't come to an agreement. I couldn't discover what the disposition [outcome of] their dispute was, but the articles about the new exhibition refer only to James Petts as the finder.



The British Museum seemed interested in acquiring the rarest of the coins - three coins struck under the rule of Marius who reigned for exactly 12 weeks in 269 A.D. - but that would have broken up the hoard. The St Barbe Museum and Art Gallery wanted to keep every coin and the pot together and put them on display a few miles away from where they were discovered and that was going to require some fast fundraising.

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Historian and television presenter Dan Snow who lives in the area launched the fundraising campaign last fall with a target of £30,000. Donations large and small came from private individuals, local businesses, organizations and grants from charitable trusts. When the January 31st deadline arrived, the campaign was just short of its target at £27,842.20. One of the donors, American Anglophile Richard Beleson, bumped up his already generous donation of £7,500 in matching funds to cover the shortfall.

Most of that money was not needed for the acquisition of the hoard itself, which was modestly valued. It was to be spent on conservation of the hoard, necessary restoration of the space and to build a secure display case which will preserve the coins and pot in controlled conditions. The hoard's needs fit seamlessly with the museum's. A month before the fundraiser was launched, the St Barbe Museum and Art Gallery began an extensive refurbishment paid for by a £1.78 million grant from the Heritage Lottery Fund.



The galleries were enlarged, the entrance improved and a new cafe was built. All together, this was a major upgrade for the small local museum, making it a fitting home for the Boldre Hoard.

An unnamed author  
The History Blog

## Flood-tide on the Beaulieu River

The Spectator magazine 12 June 1897

FLOOD-TIDE on Beaulieu River is like nothing else in the South of England. The rising waters flow not over salt-marshes and mud-banks, or between level flats and marshes, but up into the heart of the Forest, fringed by hoary woods of oak and sound meadows bright with flowers, between banks from which the iris-leaves droop into the tide and catch the floating seaweed on their spikes, until the whole river channel is filled brim-full with salt water as far as the pool which sleeps by the foot of the Abbey of Beaulieu.

As the flood moves on, all kinds of sea-migrants come up by air and water, flying or floating between the oaks that fringe the river on either hand. Over the water the cormorants come flying high, on their way to Hatchet Pond on the heights of Beaulieu Heath, and gulls and terns flap over the surface, following the fish that follow the flood. Sailing in a beat down against the tide one sees the sea creatures travelling from the Solent into this contrasted region of inland forest and fields. In the centre the channel is black and deep, marked by "booms" at the curves and turnings. There the main current swells onwards fast and strong, and the fish follow it. There one dimly sees the sea-trout travelling upwards, flinging themselves now and again from the dark water, and hurrying up to the Abbey pool, where they play under the sluices till the tide begins to turn, or linger and are caught before the waters once more deepen. With the

sea-trout come shoals of those fair impostors, the grey mullet, beautiful to look upon, but poor and tasteless to eat, for they live on vegetables, and, like most vegetarian fish, are lacking in flavour. Not that the fishers of the South Coast will agree to this, for to them a mullet is a mullet, whether grey or red, and they would gladly persuade others to adopt their view, for grey mullets are large and plentiful, while red mullets are small and scarce. With the mullet come also the sea-bass, big, lusty fish, sometimes of 10 lb. weight.



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Flounders go foraging over the flats, and dart back into the deeps as the boat's shadow approaches, and a host of smaller fry coast along the shallower waters and pry into the creeks and land streams. But perhaps the strangest sight in this forest-beset river, over which the larks sing and pheasants make long flights from shore to shore, is the procession of huge medusa—jelly-fish—swimming gently up with the flood. Most people look on a jelly-fish as something which stings people when bathing, or as a nasty wet lump lying on the beach. Bathers naturally avoid them; they are shapeless and uninteresting on shore, but things of beauty when swimming up the Beaulieu River. In the darkest water one sees opalescent, half-transparent creatures, like



the half-globes set on modern lamps, just below the surface, some deep and scarcely seen, some floating a foot below the water. At the bottom of the globe are rings of orange, sometimes in double S's, sometimes in more complicated patterns. The creature does not merely float with the current, but "breathes" itself along, alternately opening its translucent body like a wide bell, then contracting it, and gaining impulse which enables it either to swim ahead or to rise and sink at will. Round the mouth of the bell is set an almost invisible fringe of glutinous threads, sweeping the waters for the invisible atoms of food, living and dead, which swarm in the shallow waters of the tidal stream. At three-parts flood, when the mullet are running up the central channel, the mouth of each little forest rill or brook becomes itself a tiny model of the big river. Instead of oak woods, on one side is the white-thorn hedge, and on the other meadow-grass and sweetbrier bushes. But in its channel the salt waters rise to meet and overwhelm the sweet waters from the Forest, and with the salt water comes the vanguard of the sea-fishes and sea-creatures following the tide. The great jelly-fish, with the sea trout and bass, do not come exploring up these tiny creeks; but there are plenty of



other migrants from the deep which are more adventurous. Thus in the clear pools, over-hung by branches of hawthorn in blossom, and set round with land flowers, crabs are prying for food among the submerged roots and grasses, and smelts and young bass cruise about within a few feet of the buttercups and daisies. The fish come up exploring, and mainly from curiosity; but the crabs, large and small, are there mainly on business. They have to get all their meals in the last hours of the flood and the first of the ebb, or there is a chance of being left stranded. At the same time they are very vigilant, and rush off to hide the instant anyone appears on the bank. Then they gradually emerge, and are soon busy exploring their temporary quarters, and tasting all the striking novelties in the way of food which a land

rill temporarily raised to double its usual depth by salt water affords.

Into one pool, some four feet deep and as clear as crystal, a steel rail, from a brickyard near by, had fallen, and lay sloping from the mouth of a culvert to the bottom of the pool. It lay sideways, and the hollow between the two flanges was just the right gauge for the average estuary crab to run up and down it sideways. The crabs had made this rail into a combination of a "parade" and a road for heavy traffic, some running up and down it for amusement, while others dragged bits of rubbish which struck them as valuable, from the pool to the shelter of the culvert. On the bottom other crabs of all sizes, from that of a saucer to a six-pence, were scuttling about. Then the sea-fish came cruising up this yard-wide river, beautiful little opal-sided smelts, and small lance-shaped fish of the same size, with bright eyes and brown scales of the tint of the red-bronze alloy used in Japanese metal-work. The banks of these brooklets are steep, and their beds deep, cut in the clay by floods.

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But by the side of the main river, where the high-tide overflows the levels of the mowing-grass, in the little flats between the oak woods, there is a margin of "debateable land" with a separate vegetation of its own, lying between the mud and glasswort of the tidal channel proper, and the buttercups and clover in the mowing grass. This "salted" zone is covered with myriads of flowers of thrift, looking like great beds of pinks, on which flowers grow so close that their petals almost touch. On these pink couches the swans and wild ducks sit sunning themselves when they leave the water by the little channels which wind among the thrift, and on the margin by the stream the peewits wash and dry their feathers. Swans which have had their first clutch of eggs destroyed nest among the thrift. Each pair has one of these smooth savannahs or "flower prairies," in which they pile up a big nest of seaweed gathered in the stream. The hen sits on this, while the cock bird keeps guard in the river. Some of these nests are raised to a height of more than 3 ft. above the level of the marsh, and are entirely surrounded by water during a high-tide.

At other points the oak woods fringe the river for miles, with great trees drooping over the deep channel where the main stream curves to the bank. There the transition from the bird and insect life of the shore and salt-marsh to that of the English woodland is most marked. Brilliant fritillary butterflies dance down the glades, and all the minor woodland birds swarm among the copsewood and oaks. The writer watched what were probably two successive broods of long-tailed tits united and hunting through the wood. They were crossing a road of some width from one side of



the wood to the other, and no less than thirty-four passed the boundary. They shot across the side like blunt-headed arrows, their long tails straight behind them, and though the party took some time to complete their transit, not one was left behind. This would give an average of sixteen young ones in each brood, while the two old birds made up the total. Close to the

river a pair of nuthatches have devoted unusual care to the outer appearance of their nest, or rather of the hole, inside which the young ones are now nearly grown up. The hole, not more than 1 in. in width, is in an apparently sound oak-trunk. It is hollow, but the bark is still sound, and the entrance-hole must have been made by

some accident, by which a small knot was torn from its socket and with it some 6 in. square of bark. Below this lies sound wood; but the nuthatches were not satisfied with the appearance of the tree where the bark was torn away, though the wound had "weathered" and was just assuming the grey colour of the bark. The birds had plastered the whole of the exposed wood over with "compo" made

from sand and mud, and brought up to the level of the bark on either side, so that the surface of the tree was almost the same as it had been before. This plaster was as hard as brick, made of some gritty material into which a pin point would not penetrate, and which could only be separated from the wood by putting a knife in between the plaster and the foundation. Our experiments

were of the non-destructive order, but as soon as we left the tree the two old birds ran down the trunk, head downwards, to examine the nest and see that all was safe and in order.

An unnamed author

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