

Periscope

March 24 Vol. 1



I want to cut the grass where daffodils grow. How long do I have to leave the daffodil foliage?

Up to a point, the longer the leaves are left the better will the bulbs perform. After the flowers have finished, the efficiency of the leaves, working as food factories for the bulb, begins to fail, and by six weeks after blooming the leaves are contributing little to the well-being of the bulb, and can therefore be cut without jeopardising the plant's future. A daffodil blooming in mid-April may have its leaves removed in the first half of June if necessary.

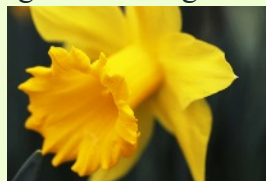
In this issue, I thought I would go all horticultural and offer a question and answer treat for those who have a love of Wales' national flower. At one time or another most of us may have asked the same questions. My authority is '1000 handy garden Hints' and its consultant Editor is Alan Titchmarsh. Not being a died-in-the-wool gardener, I leave it to you to perhaps feel glad, bearing in mind the goat which appeared in the last issue as a Welsh mascot, that I have yet to discover '1000 handy tips on goats' for your delectation.

Most daffodils that I have grown in window boxes and bowls get too tall.

What can I do about this?

Daffodils kept in the dark reach up for light. To a bulb, the centre of a living room - or indeed any poorly lit corner - can be a dense, dark jungle. One answer, than, is to keep your bowls of daffodils in the lightest spot as often as possible. Dwarf types are certainly easier to manage in window boxes and bowls. Of these, the very early 'Tete-a-Tete' is one of the longest in bloom; 'February Gold' is one of the best in bowls. The popular multi-headed double 'Bridal Crown' is very free-flowering and sturdy, while 'Binkie', in shades of lemon, is unusual and good in window boxes.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

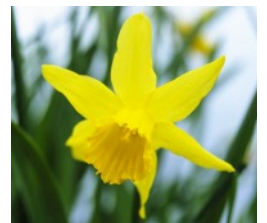


Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
Wordsworth

I must have daffodils, but I find their foliage a nuisance in the border after flowering. What do you suggest?

In a border much of the daffodil foliage can be hidden if the plants are carefully sited amidst shrubs and herbaceous plants.

In general, however, the answer is to concentrate on early-blooming daffodils. The very dwarf 'Tete-ATete' is early and neat. At about 125-150 mm (5-6 in) high, it produces a lot of gold and pale tangerine blooms, one, two, or three to a stem, and its foliage dies down quite early. The same applies to the 200-225 mm (8-9 in) 'Tenby' daffodil (gold), and 'February Gold'. Among the larger



varieties. 'Armada' is a bold, cheerful, early daffodil in brilliant gold and scarlet; 'Brunswick' is early, sturdy, and reliable in white and lemon; and 'Ice Follies' is very prolific with large white and primrose-cream flowers.



**I SHALL
SAY THIS
ONLY
ONCE.**

WHEN WINTER
COMES, WE CRY
'ALACK! AND PUT
THE CLOCKS AN
HOUR BACK.

WHEN SPRING IS
HERE, WE CRY 'TRES
BON' AND PUT THE
CLOCK AN HOUR ON!

MARCH 31st!

How often do I need to lift my daffodils?

Some daffodils can be left forever: you have probably seen country churchyards and gardens where 'Emperor', 'Empress', and other varieties, planted over 60 years ago, continue to thrive. To get the maximum increase, however, most commercial growers lift bulbs every other year. In the garden, after three or four seasons, most clumps will have increased so considerably that the competition for space and nutrients is incompatible with good flowering performance. Lift in the second half of June or early July, while the foliage is still present to show you where to dig. After lifting the bulbs, you may clean and replant them 100 mm (4 in) apart and 100 mm (4 in) deep immediately, preferably in a fresh location or they may be stored in a dry, airy place and replanted in August, September or October.

I want to grow the wild English daffodil in grass in my garden. Where can I get bulbs?

The English daffodil, or Lent lily, of which Wordsworth glimpsed 10,000, is *Narcissus pseudonarcissus*. It is a wild species that relies far more on seed than on bulb division for maintaining and increasing its population. Bulbs of this species put into a normal commercial regime fail to increase satisfactorily: any bulbs offered for sale are likely to have been lifted from the wild, which is against the law and rightly so. It may be possible for you to obtain bulbs from a garden where *N. pseudonarcissus* is already established. Failing that, you may perhaps be able to get seed, which germinates readily. The closely related Tenby daffodil (*N. pseudonarcissus obvallaris*) is an alternative suggestion. It is a brighter yellow, somewhat smarter form, and it is widely available.

Napoleon's problem

John Hudson put on his Napoleon coat and hat and walked into the office of the senior psychiatrist of the asylum.

"Doctor," he said, "you may think that being Napoleon I have everything in the world: armies, fame, greatness and so on. But I have a big problem."

"Tell me about your problem," the doctor said.

"It concerns my wife. She thinks she is a Mrs Hudson!"

It's your choice!

Little Sammy's mother looked out the window and noticed him 'playing church' with their three kittens. He had a tea-cozy on his head and had the kittens sitting in a row and he was preaching to them. She smiled and went about her work.

A while later she heard loud meowing and hissing and ran back to the open window to see Sammy baptizing the kittens in a tub of water:

She called out: 'Sammy, stop that! Those kittens are afraid of water!' Sammy looked at her and said: 'They should: have thought about that before they joined my church.'

**"GOTCHA! " APRIL FOOLS ' DAY.
A CELEBRATION OF MISCHIEF....OR A LICENCE TO BE BOORISH AND UNKIND? ASKS
SANDRA.EDGINGTON"**

The origin of April Fools ' Day began possibly, so historians speculate, with a calendar change in the 16th century. Previously New Year's Day fell on April 1st. When the switch was made not everyone got the memo so to speak and continued to celebrate New Year and thus were nicknamed April Fools. As with many festivals some believe it may be traced back to Ancient Rome and their festival of Hilaria, celebrated at the end of March when Games ,Masquerading and, indeed, Hilarity were the order of the day. Citizens in disguise took great delight in mocking those in high office.



By the 18th century Scotland had established a two-day affair known as "Hunting the Gowk ", gowk being a cuckoo or fool and many a naive, unsuspecting youngster was sent on a fool's errand. From individuals pulling pranks on friends and family it soon became a day for respected corporations to get in on the act with more sophisticated hoaxes.

Does anyone recall the Spaghetti Harvest Hoax of 1957?

A BBC news broadcaster solemnly told the nation that a region of Switzerland had had an exceptionally heavy spaghetti crop " that year– cut to footage of people in national costume picking spaghetti off trees. Spaghetti wasn't an everyday dish in those days and many viewers expressed great keenness in purchasing such trees and growing their own. We weren't the only country to use TV news to play April Fool trickery. Sweden, via Sverige TV were told in 1962, in great detail, how, by stretching a nylon mesh across their television screens they could change them from black and white to colour. Oh, and nylon stockings would do the job just fine! As it was the only TV network in Sweden at the time it had the nation's trust and many thousands ruined nylons in a vain attempt to wrap up their tv screens.

Our own BBC, in 2008, created an elaborate and expensive hoax with a documentary purporting to show penguins capable of flying. This "colony " accompanied by awesome nature photography, migrated thousands of miles from Antarctica to bask in tropical rain forests. Audiences were stunned!

Even Patrick Moore, in earlier radio days, got in on the act and, with his customary stern air of absolute authority, told listeners that, because of a rare alignment of Jupiter and Pluto, the Earth would experience a shift in its force of gravity, such that people could float in air. On April 1st at precisely 9.47 am Patrick instructed listeners to "Jump Now!" Within minutes people were reporting they'd felt the impact . One caller (tongue-in-cheek

surely?) said she and friends had gently orbited around the room!

One BBC World Service April Fool which was greeted more with outrage than wry smile was when it was announced that Big Ben was to become Digital Dave and its iconic bongos to be replaced by beeps. Many rang in after the prank was revealed to say they did didn't think it was funny at all.



We are not amused!

And people remain divided on April Fools ' Day...those who love a harmless prank and those who find them puerile and annoying.



A TRADITIONAL CEREMONY?

FROM THE 'SUNDAY EXPRESS, JUNE 1972.

Before a congregation of some 120, the Reverend Clifford Lacey of St John's, Eltham began the nuptials of Rosemary Nicholson and David Mullett - a former choirboy.

The words "Dearly Beloved. . ." had scarcely passed the Rev. Lacey's lips when the bride's brother nipped out from behind the pulpit and panned across the faithful with his cine-camera, finishing the shot with a close-up of the vergier, George Tubby, aged 72, a veteran of two world wars.

Rev. Lacey told Mr Nicholson to clear off; Mr Nicholson refused; whereupon, to the amazement of the devout, a shouting match developed between them, to which Mr Harry Nicholson, the bride's father, soon added his voice.

Rev. Lacey said that he had not given permission to photograph the choirgirls. Leading soprano Anne Butterbub said: "I feel sorry for the happy couple." "Get on with it," said the bride's father. "He's not using lights."

Towards the end of the ceremony a bagpiper dressed in a kilt walked down the aisle, playing Amazing Grace. This disturbed the organist, Mr Beam, who played the theme from Dr Zhivago (the bride's personal request) all the louder.



Later, in the vestry, there was, according to the Vicar, "some jostling".

The bride's father, a retired paratrooper, said: "If the Queen can have her wedding on film, so can Rosemary" - and challenged the Reverend Lacey to a fight. Several wedding guests began to dance among the graves, and when Mr Tubby thrust his offertory plate towards them it was knocked into the air.

"The bagpiper is a relative," shouted Mr Nicholson. "This do cost me a tenner, and I've thrown it away." Mr Tubby said, "I've done a couple of hundred of these in the last few months, but this one beats the lot. I was abused by the majority of the guests and all I got

for the job was 50p."

Mr Nicholson, the bride's father, wrote a letter of complaint to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MARCH 17th.



Patrick is the earliest of the British saints and the only one whose writings have survived. These record that he was born of a British landowning family who had probably been Roman citizens for at least two hundred years and Christian for nearly a century. When he was sixteen he was captured by pirates and sold as a slave to Ireland where he was a herdsman for six years before he escaped home. There he was told in a vision to return to evangelize his former captors. He studied for the priesthood on the Continent and was

then sent to Ireland by the Pope in 431.

Christianity had made hardly any headway among the many small kingdoms of Ireland and yet St Patrick managed in ten years to establish churches all over the land, converting the kings, and himself becoming the first Bishop of Armagh; to this day this is the premier see of all Ireland in both the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of Ireland. Lough Dergh in Ulster has become the centre of pilgrimage for the faithful in memory of Patrick's prayer and penance done in the great cave there. As the patron saint of Ireland he was promised that he would judge the Irish on the Last Day..

JAMES THURBER.(1894–1961)

Thurber majors on writings and drawings which picture the urban man as one who escapes into fantasy because he is befuddled and beset by a world that he neither created nor understands.

Walter Mitty, the henpecked, daydreaming hero in the short story “The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,” is Thurber’s quintessential urban man. That story became Thurber’s best-known. A film version starring Danny Kaye was released in 1947, and another film adaptation, directed by and starring Ben Stiller, came out in 2013.

The stories in Thurber’s ‘Fables for Our Time’ (1940) are deceptively simple and charming in style yet unflinchingly clear-sighted in their appraisal of human foibles. His fantasies for children, *The 13 Clocks* (1950) and *The Wonderful O* (1957), are among the most successful fairy tales of modern times. *The Thurber Carnival* (1945), a collection of his writings and drawings, was adapted for the stage in 1960, with Thurber playing himself. A further collection, *Credos and Curios*, was published posthumously in 1962.



THE LOVER AND HIS LASS

From ‘Further Fables for Our Time’ by James Thurber

An arrogant gray parrot and his arrogant mate listened, one African afternoon, in disdain and derision, to the lovemaking of a lover and his lass, who happened to be hippopotamuses.

"He calls her snooky-ookums," said Mrs. Gray. "Can you believe that?"

"No," said Gray. "I don't see how any male in his right mind could entertain affection for a female that has no more charm than a capsized bathtub."

"Capsized bathtub, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Both of them have the appeal of a coastwise fruit steamer with a cargo of waterlogged basketballs."

But it was spring, and the lover and his lass were young, and they were oblivious of the scornful comments of their sharp-tongued neighbors, and they continued to bump each other around in the water, happily pushing and pulling, backing and filling, and snorting and snaffling. The tender things they said to each other during the monolithic give-and-take of their courtship sounded as lyric to them as flowers in bud or green things opening. To the Grays, however, the bumbling romp of the lover and his lass was hard to comprehend and even harder to tolerate, and for a time they thought of calling the A.B.I., or African Bureau of Investigation, on the ground that monolithic lovemaking by enormous creatures who should have become decent fossils long ago was probably a threat to the security of the jungle.

But they decided instead to phone their friends and neighbors and gossip about the shameless pair, and describe them in mocking and monstrous metaphors involving skidding buses on icy streets and overturned moving vans. Late that evening, the hippopotamus and the hippopotama were surprised and shocked to hear the Grays exchanging terms of endearment.

"Listen to those squawks," wuffed the male hippopotamus.

"What in the -world can they see in each other?" gurbled the female hippopotamus. "I would as soon live with a pair of unoled garden shears," said her innamoratus.

They called up their friends and neighbors and discussed the incredible fact that a male gray parrot and a female gray parrot could possibly have any sex appeal. It was long after midnight before the hippopotamuses stopped criticizing the Grays and fell asleep, and the Grays stopped maligning the hippopotamuses and retired to their beds.

MORAL: Laugh and the world laughs with you, love and you love alone.

QUIZ TIME

1. Which Regiment of the British Army is nicknamed 'The Sappers@?
2. Which is the largest castle in Wales?
3. What did Alexander Fleming discover by chance?
4. Where can you find the headquarters of UNESCO?
5. In an IQ test what number describes the average result?
6. In which city do you find the University of East Anglia?
7. Why would you avoid shaking hands with the legendary king Midas?
8. Which animal belongs to the LUPINE family?
9. What was the name of the Roman god of the Sea?
10. Which tree figures on the flag of Lebanon?
11. If the colour RED is the first humans see in the rainbow, which would be the last?
12. Who, in the 'Arabian Nights' stories is associated with 40 thieves?
13. What was the former name of Thailand?
14. Which part of the British Isles has a Parliament called the Tynwold?
15. On the Ordnance Survey map, which animal represents a Zoo location?
16. Who was the star of the first talking feature film?
17. If you took Ascorbic acid, what vitamin would you be getting?
18. Which country uses the YEN as its currency?
19. Which organisation has 'Blood and Fire' as its motto?
20. On which racecourse is the Scottish Grand National run?

MAKE FRIENDS WITH MOLLUSCS

By Emily Beament.

The Editor comments; It seems that the recent suggestion that gardeners take a positive view of wasps, because they feast on greenfly, gives us the opportunity to befriend the slugs and snails we have hitherto devoted time and money to exterminating. This new approach will be at best something of a challenge to both parties!



Gardeners are being urged to rethink their relationship with slugs and snails in a campaign encouraging them- to "make friends with molluscs".

Slugs and snails that: chomp through tender leaves of prized blooms have long been thought of as a gardener's worst enemy, regularly coming top in an annual list of pests based on, queries to the Royal Horticultural Society (RHS). But now the RHS and The Wildlife Trusts want to change the perception of these creatures, highlighting the positive role they play in garden ecosystems, and help people adopt a more environmentally-friendly approach to gardening.

They say there are around 150 UK species of slugs and snails and only .a "small fraction" pose problems. They feed on rotting plants, fungi, dung and dead animals, helping to recycle nutrients back into the- soil and are themselves a key food source for many garden visitors. Helen Bostock, RHS senior wildlife specialist, said: "While a small number can cause damage, Overall they bring many benefits and contribute to a balanced ecosystem."

THE 'SAY YES' SCAM

The "Say Yes" phone scam is a type of fraud where a person receives a call from an unknown number. If they answer it, the robocaller on the other end of the line will ask a question that prompts the victim to say "yes." This could be something as simple as "Can you hear me?" or a more specific question like "Is this [your name]?" or "Do you have time to talk?" The goal of the scammer is to record the victim saying "yes."



What the victim doesn't realize is that "yes" is being voice recorded, and once the robocaller has that "yes," they can use it for whatever they want while pretending to be you. They might use it to authorize charges to your credit card or cellphone bill, to sign up for a program that you'd be charged for or something else.

If this "Say Yes" phone scam sounds like something you've experienced before, there's no need to panic. It's not a guarantee that your voice will definitely be used for something that will affect you negatively. However, it is important to be cautious when answering calls from unknown numbers and to be aware of the potential for this type of scam. You

should also keep an eye on your bank and credit card statements and make sure that there aren't any charges on there that you did not authorize. I also recommend if you do receive a call like this, that you report it to the [BBB Scam Tracker](#).

If you're getting a call from a number that you don't recognize, **don't answer it**. You're better off letting the number go to voicemail than risking the chance of your voice being recorded for something you don't want. If it turns out that the call was from a real person, you can always call them back.

Answer the question with a question.

If you do end up answering the call and the caller is asking you a question right off the bat, avoid saying 'yes.' Instead of answering their question, give a question right back to them. You can ask them something like, "Who am I speaking to?" or "What is the purpose of your call?" Questioning them might scare them off and make them hang up anyway, so just make sure you're avoiding saying the word **yes** at all costs.



PASTWORDS

His Name Is Mud is a derogatory phrase used to describe a person who is unpopular or completely out of favour due to some act. The obvious allusion might seem to

be one of someone so low in society's opinion that they are no better than mud, but this is not the origin of the phrase. On 14 April 1865 John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Abraham Lincoln in the Ford Theater, Washington DC. As he made his escape Booth broke his leg, but still managed to reach his horse and ride away. When he reached the countryside he looked for the house of Dr Samuel Mudd who treated his injury. Mudd had no idea of the events of the evening but, when he heard of the assassination the following day, he immediately informed the authorities he had seen Booth. Despite his innocence, the doctor was arrested and later convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to life imprisonment. In 1869 Mudd

was pardoned and released from jail, but the American public never forgave him for his implied involvement in the assassination plot. It would be another hundred years before Mudd was finally declared innocent and his name cleared.

A Mickey Finn is a drink that has been drugged in one way or another, usually to render a person helpless so that a crime can be committed. Mickey Finn was the owner of both the Palm Garden Restaurant and the Lone Star Saloon located on Whiskey Row, Chicago. Neither establishment was quite what it seemed; both were havens for pickpockets and petty thieves, mostly trained by Finn himself. One of Finn's common methods was to lace drinks with chloral hydrate (knock-out drops) and then fleece his victims before dumping them down the road. Unsurprisingly the two bars were closed down in 1903, although Finn escaped jail and found work as a barman where he sold his recipe to other unscrupulous vagabonds.

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Royal Engineers.
2. Caerphilly.
3. Penicillin.
4. Paris.
5. 100.
6. Norwich.
7. He turned what he touched to gold!
8. Wolf.
9. Neptune.
10. Cedar.
11. Violet.
12. Ali Baba.
13. Siam.
14. The Isle of Man.
15. The Elephant.
16. Al Jolson.
17. Vitamin c.
18. Japan.
19. The Salvation Army.
20. Ayr.

33/34



We are Mr. And Mrs. John Smith and we'd like a room for two knights!

THE EDITOR, BRIAN PHILLIPS CAN BE REACHED AT pastorprint@gmx.co.uk

Details of items not attributed will be made readily available on request. Items and comments from readers are always welcome



A STRIKE AMONG THE POETS

By Anon.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
While the Norman Baron lay,
Loud, without, his men were crying,
'Shorter hours and better pay.'

Know you why the ploughman, fretting,
Homeward plods his weary way
Ere his time? He's after getting
Shorter hours and better pay.

See! the Hesperus is swinging
Idle in the wintry bay,
And the skipper's daughter's singing,
'Shorter hours and better pay.'

Where's the minstrel boy? I've found him
Joining in the labour fray
With his placards slung around him,
'Shorter hours and better pay.'

Oh, young Lochinvar is coming;
Though his hair is getting grey,
Yet I'm glad to hear him humming,
'Shorter hours and better pay.'

E'en the boy upon the burning
Deck has got a word to say,
Something rather cross concerning
Shorter hours and better pay.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make as much as they,
Work no more, until they find us
Shorter hours and better pay.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! (Shelley)
Wilt thou be a blackleg? Nay.
Soaring, sing above the mêlée,
'Shorter hours and better pay.'



I planted daffodils last Autumn. I was disappointed to find they had come up as 'Marigolds'!