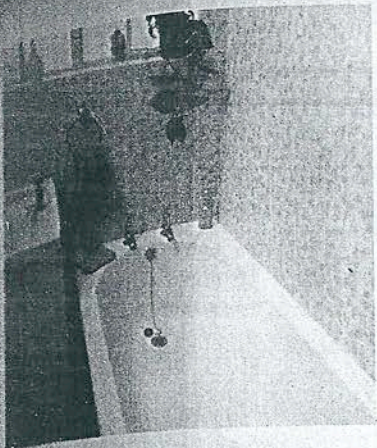


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## How to acquire a 5½ hr. bathroom

1. Walk into branches of the following stores or other major Paint & Wallpaper and DIY outlets.
2. Place money on counter.
3. Walk out with bathroom tucked under arm.

### U.K.

Art Wallpapers Asda	Great Clowes Warehouses	Morrison's Morris
Bargain Wallpapers	Handiland	Wallpapers
Blakey Morris	Home Charm	Radiant Homes
Blaskey's	Idea	Norlond
Budget Stores	for Living	Rose & Co.
Busy Bee	Kingsway	Ripolin
Checkerboard	Wallpapers	Status Stores
Cameron's	Kolor King	Supercat
Debenham's	Levey's	Texas Discount
Decormarket	Leyland	Timberland
Dekor Discount	Paint Co.	Topp's
Elison's	Marley	Tile Centres
FADS	Mintons	Willey's
Grandways	Moneysave	Wil-sam-mor
		Woolco

### N. IRELAND

Christie's Wallpapers

### IRE

CORK	LIMERICK	DUBLIN
Buckley Stores	J. G. Boyd	Dod Ltd.
Cork Chemical & Drug Co.	C. E. Hall	C. E. Hall
Dwyer & Co.	Geary's	Wigoder's
W. J. Hickey	Wallpapers	WATERFORD
	William Todd	Shaw & Sons

For your nearest stockist write to:  
Customer Relations Dept.,  
Polycell House,  
Broadwater Road,  
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

# Of Poachers and Mushrooms

by H. E. Bates



I was brought up in a town notorious for its poachers: an industrial town of nearly fifteen thousand people, with all the respectable paraphernalia of churches and societies and brass bands and bands of brothers. Also, a prosperous town, a town in which the girls are as smart as models and in which the streets of anything like real squalor at all can be counted on the fingers of one hand. A town with an extreme civic consciousness and respectability.

And also, 25 or 30 or 40 years ago, swarming with poachers—mastercraftsman shoemakers, most of them, who could earn what money they pleased within the limits of their trade.

Shoemakers by day and poachers by night. What drove them? Clearly not money. It came into it, but it was not paramount. Not hatred of the squire—they lived at a distance in different worlds. Nor was the pheasant itself the cause. Rabbits did just as well: anything did just as well—hares, partridges, pigeons, even fox cubs, even young badgers to bring home and keep for a day or two in the old backyard hen roost. Anything did.

Have you ever eaten a poached pheasant? It tastes very good. It seems in some way more piquant than the plucked and skewered bird delivered by the poulterer. There is some sweet relish in eating a poached bird, just as there is in eating a scrumped apple. My aunt, who kept a small white pub, often exchanged an honest quart for a dishonest bird and pursed her severe lips and looked at the sky and said nothing. Hares, too, and rabbits—still warm as they slid over the bar. And all the time she looked as though she never put a toe nail over the chalk line of right and respectability.

And what better to accompany your little bit of poaching than mushrooms—not those miniature umbrellas cut out of old bat's wings which are in the shops—but real mushrooms, the wild,

tender, beautiful pink-gilled meadow mushrooms that are like little white silk parasols come out of children's tales.

A real mushroom is dew tasty, faintly fragrant of autumn earth, as fresh as morning rain and the gathering of them is all chance and hope. There is a tradition that to gather mushrooms you must be up and about, like a rook, at five o'clock in the morning. I have never believed it and have never done it.

For my part I like to gather them in the evening not with the rising but with the fading light, the falling dew, the flocks of starlings flying over in the stillness, the rabbits feeding quietly on the edge of the wood, the soft, elusive indefinable smell of the evening itself, and above all the pure whiteness of the mushrooms shining out of the darkening grass.

You climb the fence, you wander in the damp field, you advance, unclasp the knife, pause and stoop: a tuft of sheep's wool. It is the first of a thousand trickeries that light and distance will play on you. But in time you begin to distinguish between one white and another, between a thistle seed and a flower, between a flower and a mushroom. There is nothing to match the purity of its whiteness, the living silky candescence that can be visible across the whole width of darkening field.

And after the gathering, then the eating. To come home in the twilight, to peel, to cook, to eat—they are the delights that come next to the gathering. And to my mind there is only one true way in which to eat them: to fry them, simply, until they swim in their black fragrant juice. It is the way of the shepherd and the poacher, the way of all true mushroomers since ever there were horses and field and moons.

*Extract taken from 'Through the Woods' by H. E. Bates, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.*