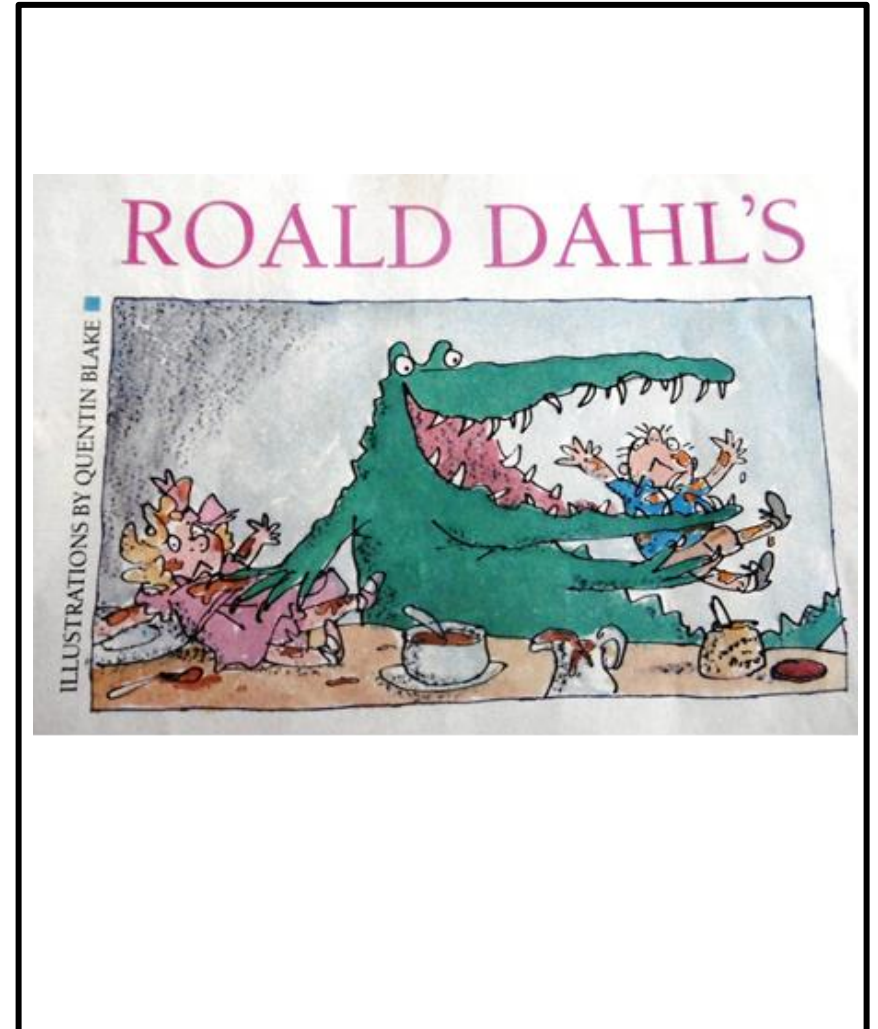
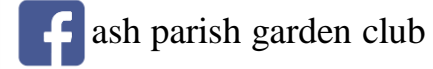


Ash Parish Garden Club

www.ashparishgardenclub.org.uk



Monthly Newsletter Dec 2020

ASH PARISH GARDEN CLUB OFFICERS

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EDITORS NOTES

Brian –Stories to ernestperry33@gmail.com hard copy to Chris

As editor in these unusual times I have decided that it might be fun for our members to have something a bit different for this month, let me have your thought ready for the January edition.

R.H.S. LONDON AND WISLEY

We are affiliated to the RHS who's benefits include competitive insurance cover, free gardening advice, a free group visit to an RHS garden, (54 members to visit Wisley *club trip in Summer*) access to medals (*Banksian medal*) and show stationery and a free monthly copy of The Garden magazine (*see Brenda Winton if you wish to view*).

Our membership number is 10564709.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

When little Snow-White's mother died
The King, her father, up and cried
"Oh, what a nuisance! What a life!
Now I must find another wife."
(It's never easy for a King
To find himself that sort of thing.)
He wrote to every magazine
And said, "I'm looking for a Queen."
At least ten thousand girls replied
And begged to be the royal bride
The king said with a shifty smile
"I'd like to give each one a trial."
However, in the end he chose
A lady called Miss Maclahose
Who brought along a curious toy
That seemed to give her endless joy.
This was a mirror framed in brass
A MAGIC TALKING LOOKING GLASS
Ask it something day or night
It always got the answer right
For instance, if you were to say
"Oh Mirror, what's for lunch today?"
The thing would answer in a trice
"Today it's scrambled eggs and rice."
Now every day, week in week out
The spoiled and stupid Queen would shout
"Oh Mirror Mirror on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?"
The Mirror answered every time
"Oh Madam, you're the Queen sublime
You are the only one to charm us
Queen, you are the cat's pyjamas."

For ten whole years the silly Queen

Repeated this absurd routine
Then suddenly, one awful day
She heard the Magic Mirror say
“From now on Queen, you’re number two
Snow-White is prettier than you.”
The Queen went absolutely wild
She yelled, “I’m going to scrag that child.”
“I’ll cook her flaming goose, I’ll skin her
I’ll have her rotten guts for dinner.”
She called the Huntsman to her study
She shouted at him, “Listen, buddy,
You drag that filthy girl outside
And see you take her for a ride
Thereafter slit her ribs apart
And bring me back her bleeding heart.”
The Huntsman dragged the lovely child
Deep deep into the forest wild
Fearing the worst, poor Snow-White spake
She cried, “Oh please give me a break.”
The knife was poised, the arm was strong
She cried again, “I’ve done no wrong.”
The Huntsman’s heart began to flutter
It melted like a pound of butter.
He murmured, “Okay, beat it, kid.”
And you can bet your life she did
Later, the Huntsman made a stop
Within the local butcher’s shop
And there he bought, for safety’s sake
A bullocks heart and one nice steak
“Oh Majesty! Oh Queen,” he cried
“That rotten little girl has died.
And just to prove I didn’t cheat
I’ve brought along these bits of meat.”
The Queen cried out, “Bravissimo
I trust you killed her nice and slow.”
Then (this is the disgusting part)
The Queen sat down and ate the heart
(I only hope she cooked it well
Boiled heart can be as tough as hell)

While all this was going on
Oh where, oh where had Snow-White gone?
She’d found it easy, being pretty
To hitch a ride into the city
And there she’d got a job, unpaid

As general cook and parlour-maid
With seven funny little men
Each one not more than three foot ten
Ex horse-race jockeys, all of them
These seven dwarfs, though awfully nice
Were guilty of one shocking vice
They squandered all of their resources
At the race-track backing horses
(When they hadn't backed a winner
None of them got any dinner)
One evening, Snow-White said, "Look here,
I think I've got a great idea
Just leave it all to me, okay,
And no more gambling till I say."
That very night, at eventide
Young Snow-White hitched another ride
And then, when it was very late
She slipped in through the Palace gate
The King was in his counting house
Counting out his money
The Queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey
The footmen and the servants slept
So no one saw her as she crept
On tip-toe through the mighty hall
And grabbed THE MIRROR off the wall

As soon as she had got it home
She told the Senior Dwarf (or Gnome)
To ask it what he wished to know
"Go on," she shouted, "Have a go."
He said, "Oh Mirror, please don't joke
Each of us is stony broke
Which horse will win tomorrow's race,
The Ascot Gold Cup Steeple-chase?"
The Mirror whispered sweet and low
"The horse's name is Mistletoe."
The Dwarfs went absolutely daft
They kissed young Snow-White fore and aft
Then rushed away to raise some dough
With which to back old Mistletoe
They pawned their watches, sold the car
They borrowed money near and far
(For much of it they had to thank
The Manager of Barclays Bank)

They went to Ascot and of course
For once they backed the winning horse
Thereafter, every single day
The Mirror made the bookies pay
Each Dwarf and Snow-White got a share
And each was soon a millionaire
Which shows that gambling's not a sin
Provided that you always win.

POETS CORNER

from **A Hundred Good Points of Housewifery**

In March and in April, from morning to night:
in sowing and setting, good housewives delight;
To have in a garden, or other like plot:
to trim up their house, and to furnish their pot.
THOMAS TUSSER (c. 1524-1580)

THIS MONTHS RECIPE**Spanish-style chicken with parsley, garlic & sherry**

So simple to make because you just throw all the ingredients into a tin and put it in the oven. Serve with bread or steamed new potatoes and a green salad
Serves 2 Prepare 10 minutes Cook 40-45 minutes

You will need

- 4 free range chicken thighs
- 2 echelon shallots, halved and peeled
- 1 large pepper, deseeded and sliced
- 25g pack flat leaf parsley, chopped
- 5-6 cloves garlic, cut into chunks
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- 150ml sherry (I like Manzanilla or fino, but use any you have to hand)

To do

Preheat the oven to 200°C, gas mark 6.
Place the chicken thighs in a roasting tin so they fit fairly snugly.

Tuck the shallots around them

Scatter over the peppers, the chopped parsley and garlic.

Drizzle with olive oil, season and pour over the sherry.

Bake for 40-45 minutes, basting several times until the chicken is golden brown (add a splash of boiling water if the sauce dries out)

Make sure its cooked through, the juices run clear and there is no pink meat.

Serve the chicken with the juices spooned over with new potatoes and a green salad.

Tip I like sherry so I often have a bottle on the go. But if you don't, then use dry white wine and a tablespoon of sherry vinegar instead.

GARDENING CALENDAR DECEMBER

As the year draws to its close, and the days are at their shortest, limit gardening work to protecting tender plants and aiding wildlife in your garden.

Feed

Keep bird feeders topped up and make water available.

Water

Although it makes sense to water plants sparingly at this time of year, do make sure that container plants don't dry out completely.

Protect

Protect tender palms and tree ferns. Stuff a few handfuls of straw into the crown, tie up the leaves or fronds, and then wrap the whole plant in horticultural fleece, tying it off securely at the bottom. Don't use plastic sheeting or bubble wrap – on warm days your plants will sweat and rot.

Indoors, keep houseplants happy by moving them away from radiators and into a sunny, cool spot.

Plan ahead

Last but not least, take some time to curl up in a warm spot and plan next year's garden

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

The animal I really dig,

Above all others is the pig.

Pigs are noble. Pigs are clever,

Pigs are courteous. However,

Now and then, to break this rule,

One meets a pig who is a fool.

What, for example, would you say,

If strolling through the woods one day,

Right there in front of you you saw

A pig who'd built his house of STRAW?

The Wolf who saw it licked his lips,
And said, "That pig has had his chips."
"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"
"No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!"
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

The little pig began to pray,
But Wolfie blew his house away.
He shouted, "Bacon, pork and ham!
Oh, what a lucky Wolf I am!"
And though he ate the pig quite fast,
He carefully kept the tail till last.
Wolf wandered on, a trifle bloated.
Surprise, surprise, for soon he noted
Another little house for pigs,
And this one had been built of TWIGS!

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"
"No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!"
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

The Wolf said, "Okay, here we go!"
He then began to blow and blow.
The little pig began to squeal.
He cried, "Oh Wolf, you've had one meal!
Why can't we talk and make a deal?
The Wolf replied, "Not on your nelly!"
And soon the pig was in his belly.

"Two juicy little pigs!" Wolf cried,
"But still I'm not quite satisfied!
I know how full my tummy's bulging,
But oh, how I adore indulging."
So creeping quietly as a mouse,
The Wolf approached another house,
A house which also had inside
A little piggy trying to hide.
"You'll not get me!" the Piggy cried.
"I'll blow you down!" the Wolf replied.
"You'll need," Pig said, "a lot of puff,
And I don't think you've got enough."
Wolf huffed and puffed and blew and blew.
The house stayed up as good as new.
"If I can't blow it down," Wolf said,
I'll have to blow it up instead.

I'll come back in the dead of night
And blow it up with dynamite!"
Pig cried, "You brute! I might have known!"
Then, picking up the telephone,
He dialed as quickly as he could
The number of red Riding Hood.

"Hello," she said. "Who's speaking? Who?
Oh, hello, Piggy, how d'you do?"
Pig cried, "I need your help, Miss Hood!
Oh help me, please! D'you think you could?"
"I'll try of course," Miss Hood replied.
"What's on your mind...?" "A Wolf!" Pig cried.
"I know you've dealt with wolves before,
And now I've got one at my door!"

"My darling Pig," she said, "my sweet,
That's something really up my street.
I've just begun to wash my hair.
But when it's dry, I'll be right there."

A short while later, through the wood,
Came striding brave Miss Riding Hood.
The Wolf stood there, his eyes ablaze,
And yellowish, like mayonnaise.
His teeth were sharp, his gums were raw,
And spit was dripping from his jaw.
Once more the maiden's eyelid flickers.
She draws the pistol from her knickers.
Once more she hits the vital spot,
And kills him with a single shot.
Pig, peeping through the window, stood
And yelled, "Well done, Miss Riding Hood!"

Ah, Piglet, you must never trust
Young ladies from the upper crust.
For now, Miss Riding Hood, one notes,
Not only has two wolfskin coats,
But when she goes from place to place,
She has a PIGSKIN TRAVELING CASE.

NATIONAL TREE WEEK - THE BEST TIME TO BE PLANTING

National Tree Week runs this year from 28th November to 6th December, celebrating trees and tree planting across the UK.

The week also marks the start of the tree planting season, winter being the best time to get trees settled in the ground before they grow and sprout leaves in spring and summer.

Perhaps there are ways for you to get involved with tree planting locally, or you might even have the space for one or two in your garden. Trees that don't take up too much room but that are brilliant for a wild garden include birch and rowan. Maybe you would like to find out more about the trees you see regularly, on the walk to the shops or work. There are lots of resources online perfect for beginners or the more experienced arborist; whether it's identifying trees from their leaves and bark or learning about some of the species that depend on woodland. Check the Wildlife Trusts and Woodland Trust websites to get started.

Woodlands are one of the most well-known habitats for taking in carbon and helping in the fight against climate change. Allowing woodlands to naturally regenerate (when seeds are left to grow where they fall from nearby trees) is the best option for wildlife and the long-term health of the forest. Seeds that come from a local, established woodland will be suited to the area and provide the right habitat and 'food' for the creatures that live there.

However, allowing woodlands to re-grow or establish naturally is not always possible. This includes areas where there have not been trees before, such as gardens, or where the seed bank from a previous wood has gone from the soil. These areas are where tree planting can be used. You should check the area being planted is not already an important wildlife habitat such as a meadow or heath.

As part of the Wilder Portsmouth initiative, in partnership with community orchards, Hampshire & Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust are planting fruit trees on previously disused land. The areas were cleared of debris and made ready for planting. Crab apple trees will be planted, their small fruits being perfect for cooking and very attractive to wildlife too.

If you know of an area that might benefit from tree planting or could be made a bit wilder, then get in contact today. The Trust can help link you up with existing Team Wilder groups or others interested in getting involved locally. Just visit hiwwt.org.uk/team-wilder to find out more.

LOCKDOWN MUSINGS.....

- I'm having a quarantine party this weekend! None of you are invited.
- All these people are worrying about a baby boom in the next nine months. Two days of home schooling should nip that right in the bud!
- All I can think about now when I'm watching any TV show or movie is how everyone is standing WAY too close together.
- I used to spin that toilet paper like I was on Wheel of Fortune. Now I turn it like I'm cracking a safe!
- It's been a blessing being home with the wife for three weeks now. We've caught up on everything I've done wrong for 15 years.
- Heinz Foods made their first batch of SPAM in 1937. With everyone out shopping and hoarding food, they have announced they will be making their second batch later this week.
- Due to my isolation, I finished three books yesterday. And believe me, that's a lot of colouring