

Praise for Leeds of Thormer Uses

Championship title, as that is reserved for Thormer villagers who were the such contests."

reminder that the event staged last Shrove Tuesday was also two companies, and tells me of Bavaria last Summer who, picture house there, had the sense of seeing her father lead-er-croft team to victory over the rner.

impasse arise in this matter, that a solution may be found nation of two leagues—one for glass marbles to be used by the m, (we used to call them and the other for the pot ones derstand are used by Thormer here is no reason why the two d not knuckle down amicably, sley—who knows?—the Castle- Thormer marbles may become as the Eight ones.

Dr. Alderson

correspondent of the other at precipitate in claiming a year for the first real flu Yorkshire. For a Hull corre- sends me an extract from the ary, dated September 1, 1894, an earlier epidemic which, if it is such a death roll as the one 1837, at least seems to have erative to the doctors. This is on is in great practice in Hull, it is supposed, £3,000 a year. For a, while the influenza prevailed, from a day on an average. He is in-enture and far into York- of full habit, weighing 16 drinks wine, and eats little dself-substant, especially when a Tea and Bread and of him now stands in front of urymary in Hull.

The Syllabus

you will note that the word is gradually passing out of the It has been universally shortened which, like "bus," is now in losing even its preliminary Probably in a few more years word will have become archaic. happened with quite a number the English language. If a nowadays needed help in dealing with vulgar, he would almost ve to use the abbreviated word, re anyone on the police station d what he wanted. Spatter- pations have been reduced one syllable, and trans-er, aeroplans, professional and her words are being gradually ur length.

immediately, a few years ago declared "This party, mat e less ridic, and all, its serious ut the process of curtailment t not even the professors can

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To-day, the first Monday after Twelfth Day, is the festival of the plough.

FOR many centuries the first Monday after Twelfth Day has been devoted to customs of the plough. Particularly in the North of England this day, which marked the resumption of work in the fields after the Yuletide festivities, was made a holiday with its own rites and ceremonies.

"Plough-bullocking," the procession of the plough through village streets, revelry in motley garb, and a final carousal at night all marked Plough Monday.

Most important of all was the Plough Boy's Play, which is still performed in some villages in the North and East Ridings. For centuries the words of this play have been handed down from father to son, and no trace of it in written form has ever been discovered.

This version of it was taken down a few years ago from a family whose predecessors had acted it from memory for many generations. It comprised four actors, who blacked their faces and borrowed their "properties" from the household wardrobe.

The characters (in order of appearance) are Beelzebub, King William, Old Roger and the Doctor.

Beet: In comes I, Beelzebub. On my shoulder I carry my club. In my hand a dripping pan. Think myself a jolly old man. Jolly old man may I be. I've three sons here as jolly as me. If you don't believe me what I say. Slip in King William and clear my way.

King: In comes King William. King William is my name. My sword and pistol in my hand I'm sure to win the game.

Old R.: Win the game you are not able. My back's made of iron, my belly's made of steel. My finger's made of knuckle bone that'll make you feel. Mince pies hot, mince pies cold. Knock a fellow down afore I've ten days old.

(Knocks down King William.)

Who killed that man?

Doc.: You did. Old R.: Who sends for a doctor? Doc.: No doctor to be had. Old R.: Ten pounds for a doctor. Doc.: No doctor to be had.

Old R.: Fifteen pounds for a doctor. Doc.: No doctor to be had. Old R.: Thirty pounds for a doctor. Doc.: I'm a little doctor! Old R.: Who taught you to be doctor? Doc.: By my travels. Old R.: Where did you travel? Doc.: England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain. And back to Grannie's back door again. A little pig running up and down the street With a knife and fork in his hand Shouting, "Who wants pork?" I've a little bottle here My grandmother gave me. A thousand years ago. Take a yard down yer throatle Jack, rise and beg.

(King William comes to life.)

All: I am an old Roger with me rags and me bags. For the sake of the money I wear these old rags. Me hat is an old one, me boots are all worn. Me breeches are roven, me stockings are torn.

Occasionally, instead of King William the "hero" was St. George. Old Roger was sometimes known as The Slasher. Various interpretations of the story have been offered, the most probable being that which suggests that it portrays the yearly wax and wane of Nature. It may, of course, have had some obscure political significance, the meaning of which has now been lost.

H.J.S.

Ways with Cut Flowers

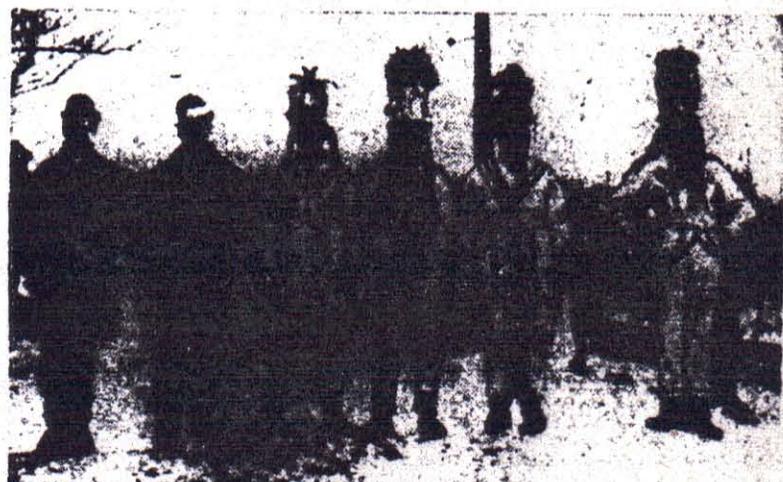
HOW TO KEEP THEM FRESH

EVERY woman longs to fill her rooms with flowers, for they bring sunshine wherever they are arranged. But at this time of the year, when they are rather expensive, it is essential that their freshness should be preserved as long as possible. Most of the Spring flowers which are to be found in the shops today have come from the Scilly Isles or the South of France, so when you get them home take a sharp knife and cut off diagonally a piece of each stalk, then place them all in a jug of warm water.

It is a good idea to gum four small pieces of cork to the glass stand in which the flowers are arranged. This raises the stand from the bottom of the vase and allows the water to flow freely. In this way the flowers are prevented from standing in a stagnant drop of water.

All flowers do not respond to the same treatment. Whereas the majority of them need fresh cold water every day, mimosa should be put into hot water and left in this water without changing it at all.

When tulips begin to droop, they should be taken out of the vase, rolled up tightly in paper tied round with string and put in a bucket of warm water somewhere in a



"Plow Stots" near Selby 45 years ago. This Plough Monday custom has been revived at Goathland.