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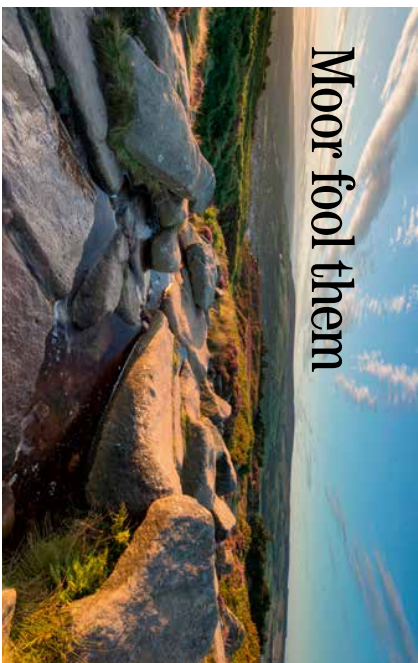
JANUARY 31, 2018

EVERY WEEK

Go large, get a wolfhound



In for a penny: the story of our smallest coin
Forever fabrics: patterns that never go out of style
How to make the perfect crisp and Six Nations rugby



Moor fool them

GROUSE shooting on Ilkley Moor (*above*), West Yorkshire, which won the Purley Gold Award for Game and Conservation in 2015, has been banned by Bradford Council, despite the risk to wildlife, including the endangered curlew. The irony of this news, coming just a week after the government's 25-year Environment Plan (*Town & Country, January 17*), is palpable. No one can understand the logic, apart from the fact that this is a Labour council and they have accepted the views of the animal-rights activists, comments Edward Bromie, chairman of the Ilkley Moor Partnership (IMP), which has held the lease, involving eight days' shooting a season on Ilkley Moor, since 2008 (it expires in April). The IMP had planned to invest £800,000 had the lease been renewed, added to £1 million in private local investment, which would pay for the management of the moorland, including increasing tree coverage, restoring peat and reducing flood risk. We were offering to continue 10 years of investment. The council has thrown that away.'



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How do I love tea? Let me count the ways

SAMUEL PEPPIS has been trumped by a 17th-century shopping list. Until recently, the famous diarist is thought to have made the first recorded reference to tea, on September 25, 1660: 'I did send for a cup of tea, (a China drink) of which I had never drunk before'. However, a note recently discovered in a West Yorkshire archive, dated 16 years before Peppis's reference, December 8, 1644, clearly makes a request for an apothecary to deliver a four-shilling bottle of tea to Temple Newsam, a Tudor-Jacobean house on the outskirts of Leeds. The intriguing discovery goes against the general belief that imports of tea to Britain began in the 1650s.

Clearly whoever it was at Temple Newsam who drank the tea—probably someone in the family of MP Sir Arthur Ingram—developed a taste for it. 'There are more orders, dated December 15, 18 and 21, for another bottle of the same', explains curator Rachel Conroy. 'It might have meant they were enjoying it, but it could also have been a sign that someone in the house was really ill.' And so it began...



A ceremonial dram of whisky was hurled into the River Tay from a quail as a blessing last week, as Scottish fishermen marked the first day of the salmon-fishing season. Traditional celebrations at Kenmore also included a performance from the Vale of Atholl pipe band



Trains, drays and IPA barrels

ST PANCRAS INTERNATIONAL station, London N1, officially 150 years old this October, is asking members of the public for photographs of the site from any period across its history. Contributors whose images are chosen for an online gallery will be invited to afternoon tea at the station (www.panaras.com).

A year of special events, exhibitions and installations kicked off earlier this month when a two-horse dray from Young's Brewery rolled up with a delivery of St Pancras IPA, specially commissioned for the Belgian Arms, just inside the station entrance. As the terminal of the Midland Railway Company, St Pancras had a long association with the delivery of beer from Burton-on-Trent in Staffordshire. Indeed, the distance between the 800 cask-from columns of the undercroft, now an avenue of bistros and boudoirs, was dictated by the length of a beer barrel.

The year's events will reflect on a remarkable structure. When first opened, at 243ft, William Barrow's single-span trainshed roof was the world's largest. The hotel, considered by architect Sir George Gilbert Scott as his masterpiece, was to be the most luxurious in London, yet it faced demolition in the 1960s and its transformation from depressing, soot-blackened eyesore into one of the capital's most admired locations is not the least captivating aspect of its story. *Jack Watkins*



The Duke of Marlborough (right) poses with a bronze bust of his relative Sir Winston Churchill by sculptor Hamish Mackie (left). The Duke has put the newly acquired bronze on display at his ancestral home and birthplace of Churchill, Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire

Country Mouse

Going to the dogs



READERS must know by now that this magazine's staff are mildly, if not totally, obsessed with dogs. Indeed, the main advantage of our office move from London to Hampshire in 2016 is that canine companions are now allowed to come to work.

Although I completed the forms for my dear old Labrador Sock to visit, he was too elderly to manage the two-hour train journey from Dorset and only made one appearance before he died last summer. I still miss him terribly, but I've taken comfort from the joyful variety of dogs we have sniffing about the place.

One happy morning last week, Colin the dachshund (from the marine titles) romped on the carpet with Peanut (our Art Editor's adorable border-terrier puppy) and Timmy, the Interiors Editor's cockerpool, while Luna the hatter and Tilly, an enchanting ginger terrier with one cocked ear and a curly tail, wandered over from the cycling department to see what the fuss was about.

Soon, I hope to add my own puppy to the mix. While shopping in Sherborne recently, I met a lovely man called Allan and his stately black lab Rabon, which may have just stirred a liver. Watch this space. **PL**

Town Mouse

Foolish foreigners

THE excuse of a visit to Amnangyan, an ambitious new hotel project incorporating the salvaged remains of historic buildings, has brought me to Shanghai—and China—for the first time this week. Despite winter cold and a heavy haze of smog, it's been a wonderful city to explore. Particularly memorable has been the spectacular blaze of neon lighting that illuminates the towers and skyscrapers of the centre after dark. These create a continuously shifting mosaic of imagery, lettering and abstract patterns on a truly staggering scale.

The chief frustration of the visit has been my ignorance of Mandarin. At one bar, for example, the total sum of mutually comprehensible words proved to be 'rice' and 'noodles'. Having secured a bowl of each for myself and a companion and some water (which arrived, with the mistaken intervention of other customers, first as soup and then as boiling water), there came the matter of the bill. Without a pen or paper to help, I ended up handing over 10 times the sum I owed. Much to his credit, the incredulous proprietor returned the excess to me. To judge by the laughter that followed us out, we had supplied stories about the madness of foreigners that would last for months to come. **JG**

