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Autumn 2013

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Bulletin of The Heather Society

volume 7 number 20

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DIARY 2013 & 2014

23 October	Council meeting, London
31 October	Closing date for <i>Heathers</i> 11 (2014)
2014	
20 January	Closing date for Spring 2014 <i>Bulletin</i>
19 February	Council meeting, London
8 March	Yorkshire Group, meet at RHS Gardens Harlow Carr
17 May	Yorkshire Group, meet at RHS Gardens Harlow Carr
18 June	Council meeting, London
2–7 July	Field-trip in northwest Spain (see p. 5)
8–13 July	RHS Hampton Court Palace Flower Show
12–15 September	Annual Gathering, Llanberis, North Wales
27 September	Yorkshire Group, meet at RHS Gardens Harlow Carr

For contact details of the Society's Officers, Editors, Group Organizers, and Administrator, see inside back cover.

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Bannut forewords

Another Conference has come and gone. As ever, it was a lovely, friendly weekend, with some very interesting talks and visits: most of its success due to our hard-working organiser, Susie Kay. The hotel was friendly and comfortable, and our hotel room, which overlooked the market square at Thirsk, boasted a beautiful four-poster bed – I am not sure what we did to deserve such special treatment, but we felt we should have been on our honeymoon – just a shame we are both eighty three!

Daphne Everett

Chairman's piece

Following on from the successful Society Conference at Thirsk at the beginning of September, it is evident that the success of the Society hinges on the valued contribution of the few, from Secretary through to Conference Organiser. Without the valued input of the holders of these posts and committee members, not forgetting our *Bulletin* Editor, we would undoubtedly cease to function ... and we are not getting any younger!

So it poses the question in my, and others', minds, as to how we can improve and increase the popularity of heathers, and, additionally, to increase the attraction of membership, especially to a younger age group. Allowing for the fact (I presume) that

smoking heather does not 'send' one and does nothing for the libido we have to resort to falling back on its garden-worthy benefits.

It is evident in gardens that many of the traditional heather beds have come to the end of their life and are often replanted with the 'in plant' of the time or sacrificed and surfaced with gravel for parking cars.

Fortunately, despite this, heathers have seen a recent rise in popularity, away from the traditional heather bed, to their use to replace tired bedding, in Autumn tubs and planters,. Generally there is a feeling in the trade that there is an up-swing in the market but this is also dependant on the retail garden centre sector recognising this move, and displaying and maintaining the heathers at their best.

We are probably back to the chicken-and-egg situation, whereby the public need to see the benefits and versatility of the plants in front of their eyes before being stimulated to copy in their own garden environment. Publicity for our plant is the answer, and the ultimate challenge; however, we must also provide the attraction and realistic benefits of membership enrolment to our Society.

David Edge

Silver-Gilt Medal at 2013 RHS Hampton Court Flower Show

Congratulations! Keeping up the tradition, Forest Edge Nurseries gained a silver-gilt flora medal for a



display of heathers staged in the Floral Marquee at this year's show. David Edge and his team of helpers well deserve this medal.

David and his heathers also featured on television coverage of the RHS Hampton Court Palace Flower Show on BBC2 on Friday 12 July. There is a link to this video, entitled "Heathers in crisis" on the Society's website – using your search engine, go to www.heathersociety.org.uk, and the link is the first item on the home page. (We cannot guarantee it will be available for ever, so do watch it soon!).

An address at the AGM by the President, Professor John Griffiths

It would be fitting at this stage of the Conference to say a few words in recognition of the special contribution that our Chairman has made to the Society this year. As we all know, the Heather Society was awarded a silver-gilt medal at the RHS Hampton Court flower show a few months ago for its heather display stand. This was a truly major achievement in the history of our Society, and undoubtedly would not have been possible without the selfless input of time, effort and resources by David.

Society news & events

Annual General Meeting 8 September 2013

The Annual General Meeting of the Heather Society was held on Sunday 8 September 2013, at the Golden Fleece Hotel, Thirsk, Yorkshire, at which the Society celebrated its 50th Anniversary.

Despite a year of major personal setbacks, David threw himself wholeheartedly into the project and produced a magnificent stand which did our Society proud. The stand itself, and the publicity arising from the award, did an immense amount of good for the cause of heathers and has helped elevate them from a position of virtual invisibility into the awareness of the powers-that-be in horticulture. A valuable spin-off of the award was David's subsequent interview on BBC television with Joe Swift, when he was able to promote heathers further to excellent effect.

We should therefore take this opportunity to record our appreciation of the superb effort that David made on behalf of the Heather Society this year. We should also express our gratitude to John Hall for the valuable part he played in the Society's success, and also to those of our members who gave up their time to man the stand at Hampton Court and to interact with the public.

~ ~ ~

Congratulations to David on his promotion of heathers on tonight's BBC programme on Hampton Court. The display under the Heather Society name looked excellent as far it could be seen but it was the way his interview came across. It will do a great deal to restore interest in heathers.

email from **Geoffrey Yates**

The Chairman, David Edge, welcomed the attending members. He went on to say that the issue of most importance to the Society remained the declining balance in its financial reserves, due to falling membership numbers. The Chairman stated that the Society will be increasing its 2014 membership subscriptions in an effort to go some way to balancing the books. However the benefits and costs of membership will still exceed the membership fee, and other decisions have to be made on how to utilise the Society's finances to provide the best of benefits and facilities to the members. The Chairman described an effort to gain additional membership by having a presence at The Hampton Court RHS Garden Show in July. He and nurseryman member, John Hall, constructed an exhibit within the Floral Marquee, under the banner of The Heather Society, and gained a Silver Gilt Medal. The Chairman said that profile of heathers, and of the Society had been raised by a four minute 'slot' on the BBC. His heather

nursery had been shown and the use of heathers within today's garden was discussed. The Chairman further mentioned that the website was the primary source of new members. He concluded by thanking Susie and Alan Kay for organising the Conference, and the Council members and the Administrator for their hard work.

Following the approval of the previous AGM Minutes the President, Professor John Griffiths, gave an appreciation (see previous page) of the Chairman, David Edge, for publicising both the Society and the growing of heathers with the display at the Hampton RHS Garden Show. John Hall's contribution to this event was also acknowledged.

The presentation of the 2012 Annual Report and Accounts by the acting Hon Secretary and the Hon. Treasurer passed with few questions from the floor.

The meeting agreed to the appointments by Council of Prof. John Griffiths as President. As Vice-Presidents, Daphne Everett, Pamela Lee, Alice Knight, and *ex officio* Presidents of Gesellschaft der Heidefreunde (Kurt Kramer) and of NAHS (Karla Lortz to the end of 2013).

The Chairman and Hon. Treasurer, David Edge and Richard Canovan respectively, accepted nomination for a further year, and, in the absence of any nominations for the vacant Hon. Secretary's position Phil Joyner agreed to take on the position for the coming

year. Barry Sellers was re-elected to Council under the three year rule and a new Councillor, Dave Brown, was elected. Other members of Council are Susie Kay, Andy Collins and Ian Duncan Grant.

Finally, the Conference Organiser announced that the 2014 conference would be held at the Legacy Royal Victoria Hotel in Llanberis, situated within the Snowdonia National Park, from Friday 12 September to Monday 15 September, with the Annual General Meeting being held during that weekend.

Phil Joyner

Conferences past & future

Everybody is safe back from the Conference now and Alan & I hope all enjoyed the weekend. Although many had to battle through terrible road conditions to get to Thirsk, the weather then stayed clement for us. The Golden Jubilee was celebrated in a golden fashion.

Now it is time to think about next year. Our venue will be Llanberis, North Wales. We shall be based at The Royal Victoria Hotel from 12 to 15 September. The flyer enclosed with this issue of the *Bulletin* gives you all the information you need to make the decision to attend next year's gathering.

An added bonus for 2014 will be the opportunity to take the Welsh Highland Railway through the stunning scenery of Snowdonia.

Therefore fill in your form now and send it (with the booking fee, please) to The Administrator to secure your place for the gathering of 2014.

Susie Kay

Field trip to Northern Spain

There are now definite dates for this trip: **2 to 7 July 2014**. It will start at Santiago de Compostela and be led by Dr. Jaimé Fagundez, a Spanish botanist who some met in Falmouth. The programme was published in the Summer 2013 *Bulletin* and will broadly follow those lines.

The cost will be approximately €650 (excluding travel to Spain). Attendees will have to make their own way to Santiago de Compostela.

We are now taking bookings and, in order to facilitate the arrangements, please let me know as soon as possible if you are interested, by email at susiek@gofree.indigo.ie or by phone on 00353-9543575.

This visit will give you the opportunity to see a large number of the European *Erica* species and Jaimé is very keen to share his knowledge of the area with us.

Susie Kay

Group & Members news

Yorkshire Group

Regrettably there were only four of us again at the meeting at RHS Harlow Carr on Saturday, 25 May 2013 but we

still had a good discussion on heathers and their cultivation.

Then on Saturday, 20 July all the members of the Yorkshire group met at our president's home to inspect his new 1-acre garden and all the hard work he and Val have put into it. Once again we were treated to Val's wonderful cakes and on such a sunny afternoon a wonderful time was had by all.

The group were delighted to help host the 50th anniversary celebration lunch at RHS Harlow Carr during the annual gathering. It was also great to be able to show our fellow members the wonderful scenery in Yorkshire.

No programme has been organized so far for 2014, however I have booked the Sunley Room, downstairs in the Bramall Learning Centre for three meetings – for dates see Diary (inside front cover).

Jean Preston

New members

We welcome the following members who have joined since June.

Thomas **Patterson**, Seaton Sluice
Jaclynn **Bibby**, Aberdeen
George **Parkinson**, Aberdeen
Pam **Hayward**, Yelverton
Brian **Fitzgerald**, Erith, Kent
Andy **Reason**, Fleet, Hampshire
J. M. **Armitage**, Mirfield

Jean Davidson and Bob Rope

Sadly, two long-standing members passed away recently.

Jean Davidson, who was a life member of the Society, died in February 2012. Almost to the end of her life, even though she suffered with mobility, she juggled buses and trains to attend the annual conferences, no matter where they were held. She was missed at the 2012 Gathering, and it was the sharp eyes of our Norwegian member, Eileen Petterssen, who noted an obituary for her in a newsletter from a society associated with the Isle of St Kilda.

Bob Rope and his wife joined the Society in 1973. He served on Council from 1982 until 1993, when his failing hearing forced him to resign. Bob was a kind and generous man – a very keen gardener who loved his heathers. He looked after the grass at his local golf course, so his lawns, as well as his heathers, were always immaculate.

Tippitiwitchet Log Charles Nelson

E-mail addresses

Many members have personal email addresses – *but* does the Society have the correct one? For many reasons

email addresses change, but we do not often remember to let others know, and Heather Society members are remarkable for their unwillingness to respond to requests! Please, email The Administrator at the Society's address (see inside cover) if you think we do not have your current email.

Subscriptions 2014

With this *Bulletin* is enclosed subscription renewal information – *if nothing is enclosed your subscription is not due to be renewed for at least another 12 months.*

For UK residents, new standing order details are enclosed; if you wish to use this method (which is the Society's preferred method for payment), please either complete the form and *send it to your bank* (not to the Society), or use the information yourself to set up a new standing order by internet banking. NB standing orders should be paid to Lloyds Bank, and not to Halifax: *please cancel any existing standing order.*

For all other members, not resident in the UK, other instructions are provided.

Yearbook 1992

I recently donated my copy of the 1992 yearbook to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, so that it can keep a full set and also digitize the entire run for placing on the internet (more about this, when the online issues are "live", in a future *Bulletin*). If you have a

spare or unwanted copy of this issue, please make contact. Thanks.

Sweatshirts as Christmas gifts

There are 5 sweatshirts available, all size "L", ideal for Christmas gifts! £5 (cheque) each or €10 or \$10 (just send a banknote, and the equivalent in £ will be credited to The Heather Society). First come, first served. We have 2 green and 3 maroon: for further details, contact the Administrator.

You do not have to be a member to wear one of our sweatshirts! Non-members do serve as walking advertisements, however!

The Bannut

Those who were at Thirsk were shocked to learn from Daphne and Maurice Everett that The Bannut is for sale and they are looking for somewhere else to live.

The Bannut has been a jewel in the crown of English gardens, and THE jewel as far as heather gardens are concerned in the past three decades. It is sad that the Everetts have decided to leave it, but gardens come and gardens go – that is their nature, much as we may weep and gnash our teeth. It has ever been so, and we should not expect The Bannut to be preserved, unchanging, in aspic. Yew Trees, High Quarry, Foxhollow, Cherrybank, to name just four, all played a role in the history of The Heather: they too are gone. Yet, we are the richer for the experience gained, the knowledge passed on, and the heathers grown.

I wish Daphne and Maurice contentment and happiness in their new home, wherever it may be, and I cherish the memories of The Bannut in its glory with its Celtic knot-garden and witty sculptures among *Calluna* – one can only relish their sense of fun and delightful humour

The Bannut contains a superlative collection of heathers and I hope they will all be propagated for others to grow and enjoy.

2013 CD

Many thanks to everyone who contributed pictures for the CD which is enclosed with this *Bulletin*.

2014 yearbook, Heather 11

The next yearbook, to be issued about February 2014, is now "open" for interesting contributions from any member. Please send your articles and photographs to the Hon. Editor before the end of October, as usual.

... and finally

My wife, Sue, loves to shop online and during one of her shopping sprees, discovered "Heather Gin". Those who attended the Annual Gathering at Thirsk saw – I really mean that: they glimpsed a few bottles – but (except for a lucky three) didn't have a taste!

We do not advertise, yet I am always on the look out for eccentric items of heather news, and this gin, in a most elegant bottle, is described as "super-premium" gin. It is made from

Irish whey – some clever boffins discovered that it is possible to get alcohol from cows – distillate, flavoured with an unnamed heather. We can assume they mean *Calluna* and that the flowers are involved. This is not the same, therefore, as the "powerfullest" drink ever known – the (truly) legendary heather ale. Just add a high-class tonic ... and enjoy!

100 things not to do before you die Colin Rogers

No. 1 – Break your ankle. Some men in their seventies think they are still 27 but have a memory more like 127, which, on 8 April, prevented me from remembering that water travels downhill. So the blame clearly lay with our dog Rosie, who had forced me into a farmer's field where, with sheep not yet emerging from their barns with their bairns, she could be let loose to wander at will. I followed her down the slope, through one snowdrift, and nonchalantly, yet confidently, leaping over the next, to where the welcome melting of the snow had made the ground sodden. My foot slipped from under me, my body followed through in another direction, and there was a loud crack, leaving me painfully spread-eagled face down in the mud with one foot out at almost ninety degrees. For

anyone actually interested and still having the stomach to continue reading, the tibia was cracked, and fibula snapped. The local name for the path we were on is 'Paradise'.

This incident seemed to be quite a vivid dream at first. Maybe I could try again and get it right. Gradually, though, the reality sank in – I was totally helpless, with no one around to assist, and hidden from anyone's view by a high, dry stone wall. I was left high and dry, as well as low and wet.

Throwing caution to the winds (again!), and as there was no alternative except dying where I lay (albeit comforted by the name of the place), I crawled back up the field on my hands and knee through the offending snowdrifts, the cold, hard ground luckily cushioned by the first spring shoots of nettles and old sheep droppings. Rosie, who in my confused state looked about three miles away by that time, came when I called her, and helped me to hop across the busy A628 by pulling vigorously on her lead. She probably realised it was all her fault, and wanted to get me home as quickly as possible, so we could play her favourite game of football in the lounge. Leaning on stone walls, and crawling wherever necessary, I made it back to the house where my wife was bedridden with flu-like symptoms.

All that time, I hadn't seen a soul, except some rather incredulous lorry drivers watching the barking-mad leading the hopping-mad.

I'm ashamed to confess to Heather Society members that gardening was not the first thing on my mind in the hours after the accident. Pain relief, the inability to move around the house, dragging myself up flights of steps (having been ejected from hospital with two of those awful elbow crutches), trying to work out which events I would now have to miss, and trying to guess when I would be able to drive a car again, all took precedence, when I should really have been concentrating on the consequences for my gardening schedule. (I sent apologies for absence from the AGM of another Society, and was told I needed a sick note from my parents!)

The first obvious horticultural casualty was the grass, which occasioned some merciless, not to say uncalled for, merriment on the part of my wife (or, as she suddenly became, my favourite chauffeuse). For some years she had complained about what she misperceives as my inability to mow the lawn to her satisfaction. Her objections to my efforts, both quantitative and qualitative, had been noted and ignored of course, but now I was suddenly defenceless, as if I had unwittingly – certainly unwillingly – handed over to her some power of attorney.

It was no coincidence that she realised before I did the potential presented by my emasculation, and threatened, with a suspiciously ambiguous insult, to 'get a man in'. She

eagerly eyed www.yell.com, and before you could say 'International Lawnmowers' (the curiously enigmatic name of a local shop) a rough diamond was carrying out what I still consider a sorry substitution for my own skills on the turf. An admittedly sly, though perfectly justifiable, proposal to take his costs from Rosie's allowance was defeated only by the dog's casting vote.

My wife was so pleased with her easily won victory as to wonder what else her newly found gem could be doing in the garden, and I had to admit that, without help, it was going to be too late to prune the *Calluna* this year. I'd done the spring foliage cultivars in late autumn of course, but I could suddenly see the main group being abandoned, invested with the indignity of 'leggy' – a term which may be a compliment on catwalks but not where cats walk.

However, the lawn-mowing locum's reaction, 'What's a calluna?', returned the problem to Square Zero, frustration only marginally mollified by a bottle of very modest red wine. (BEWARE: crutches and alcohol do not mix well!). Pruning and weeding used to be chores to be suffered; now I'd have given (almost) anything to be able to do some. To emphasise the point, even as I watched, a dandelion stuck its disarmingly beautiful yellow head through a large bed of *Erica cinerea* 'Eden Valley', derisively smirking across at me as if to say, 'You can't reach me,

and you'll never guess what my next trick is!'

Perhaps I should explain, for anyone who has not had the pleasure of a broken ankle, some of the restrictions it imposes – google 'broken ankle diary' for other victims' personal details. My lightweight cast, on for two months even without surgery, allowed no upward, downward, or lateral twisting movement of the foot. While still reliant on crutches, reaching ground level heather with shears is out of the question, as is operating them with only one hand. I'd pay to watch anyone on crutches trying to prune heather (especially after a glass or two of red wine). Thereafter, bending is very difficult at first until you learn to kneel on your good leg as if being knighted (rather than feeling benighted). Too late, you realise that you then cannot get up again from this humbling position!

In the end, with about as much control as King Canute, all you can do is sit and watch *Calluna* grow without cutting off last year's dead flowers, and see triumphant blades of grass shooting up through heather which is supposed to suppress them. (Does anyone have a solution to this problem – some discriminating weed killer, perhaps?) Nor is it all one-way traffic. My beautiful *Juniperus squamata* 'Blue Star' was being smothered by a rampant *Erica × darleyensis* 'Jack H. Brummage'. Jack the Lad couldn't believe his luck!

'Avoid uneven ground' the rubric read. That alone would have stopped

me mowing the lawn. Anywhere the ground is more than an inch or two higher under one foot spells Trouble, especially in buildings without lifts. Steps have to be negotiated up and down in a seated position, increasingly muscular arms lifting the body to the next level. In the garden, unless your steps are vacuumed every day, trousers quickly become too filthy to wear again indoors, so you have to change them each time. Have you ever tried to change trousers with a cast on your leg? Needs must, whereupon you can see if they are too far gone ever to be worn again. You can then enjoy a long soak in the bath with one heavy leg high in the air, and your head resting against the taps.

Heathers love warm, misty rain. Orthopaedic casts do not, and you are asked to return to hospital if they get wet. Even with an under-sole shoe strapped to the cast, walking in long wet grass or shrubbery is ill-advised and, as the rainfall in our village is twice that of Manchester only twelve miles away, room for manoeuvre is limited. Plastic bags wrapped around the foot last on average approximately 2 minutes 35.7 seconds, with a standard deviation varying according to which supermarket supplied them. Thankfully it was a good excuse for not taking Rosie for another walk, or who knows what might have happened. Anyway, she didn't deserve one.

Who mentioned toes? Did I mention toes? Don't talk to me about toes. They

looked nicely tanned, albeit swollen, having been bare to the elements for several weeks, but their colour probably had a different explanation – they were extremely difficult to keep clean as they only just stuck tightly out from the cast. Have you ever considered gardening in your bare feet? Of course not. Yet toes, bare on one foot, was now the order of the day. Furthermore, the gaps between the toes, and between the toes and the under-sole shoe, are efficient niches for collecting shards of garden rubbish like twigs, small, sharp pebbles, and forest bark, which are then almost impossible to extract. Worst of all are the long, straggly, spiny shoots of brambles, no longer cut off at birth but now being inadvertently dragged across bare skin, relishing anything soft to sink their teeth into – especially if it's swollen.

That strange feeling, of being at least as old as I actually am, happily didn't last long. I finally plucked up enough courage (or reached the point of desperation, whichever was the sooner), to climb a ladder so I could trim the ivy which otherwise would have invaded the house under the gutters. A neighbour told me off, asking if my wife knew what I was up to. Refusing my invitation to come and do the job herself, she made me so nervous I could have fallen off and broken my ankle.

June 6 was D-Day, De-casting day, when I was to lose my two-month servitude to the leg iron and I could be Double De-crutched. The plan was to

return afterwards to the farmer's field where it all began, and perform a couple of Billy Elliot-style leaps to confirm a rejuvenated, exhilarating return to normality. I wondered if, after all, I could effect a last minute rescue for some of the *Calluna*, at the same time having an apocalyptic attack on the weeds. Internet warnings of a setback were dismissed as the whining of despicable moaning minnies who hadn't properly prepared themselves for the orthopaedic afterlife. No, I was expecting a miracle of biblical proportions, casting aside my cast, putting on *both* socks and shoes, and jumping for England.

The electric saw made light work of the cast, revealing something out of a horror movie, a swollen mixture of dandruff and peeling skin, looking more reptilian than human. Unwashed toes finished the degradation. The offended had become the offensive.

Billy Elliot was put on hold, or perhaps on the back foot. Joints which had been held in place for weeks were now free to move – but refused to do so. Pedal progress now depended on the ankle being held rigidly by the owner instead of by the cast, because the alternative was pain. I don't like pain. This was not the 'take up thy bed and walk' of my dreams.

The X-ray evidently went well, as I was shot out of hospital faster than a crippled Usain Bolt, and still on crutches. No information about physiotherapy. No advice on how to tell

how, when, and by whom I could be judged fit to drive. No left shoe because, although Rosie had reminded me to take one with me, she was not in the car to tell me to take it into the hospital. They would not lend me the under-sole shoe to get me home. A ballet shoe, thinner than peeling skin, was offered and gratefully accepted, albeit as an already despairing, distant, ironic memory of Billy Elliot.

By the time they saw me at home again, the dandelions had stopped shaking with laughter, having sent their seeds all over the garden, and the grass was sufficiently prominent to remind me of what our jungle looked like before I started growing heather.

If, despite the above, you decide to go ahead, I can offer four bits of advice.

1. Save up for your spouse's invoice for all the extra work you will have caused.
2. Don't break both ankles simultaneously, as one of my neighbours did a few months ago. Even kneeling to pray is then out of the question. I was surprised to learn from a friend that there is a patron saint of broken bones (the good St. Stanislaus Kostka) but I've been unable to discover what good he is, whether he has NHS-style targets to meet, or even the nature of his current employment.
3. Choose your time with care. Avoid having to use crutches when there is a risk of ice or snow, or when there is *any* gardening to be done.
4. Look on bright side – there can be compensations. I took the advice of another old friend who told

me to use the newly acquired free time to do what the normal daily rush prevents one from doing. As a result, I can now play McCartney's 'Blackbird' after decades of trying without guidance. Amazing what a second of madness in a farmer's field can achieve. So, thank you, Rosie – maybe I won't try to click on time's back button after all, but instead negotiate an extension to my life, until I reach Paradise, as compensation for having several months of it ruined.

Mediawatch

Hot off the press: *Bournemouth Evening Echo* of 28 September 2013: "Emma Joseph meets David Edge, the man who ... fell for HEATHER", article complete with picture of the Chairman, one might say, fondling a pot containing *Calluna*.

On a rather different tack, James Mackay alerted us to "Plea over heather beetle outbreak" in the *Aberdeen press and journal* on 24 August 2013. "The Heather Trust has put out its annual call to moorland managers and the public to help it gauge the impact of heather beetle attacks."

Homes and gardens will have an item on heathers in November 2013.

Footnote

This issue completes volume 7 of The Heather Society's *Bulletin*.

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Front (clockwise, from top left): Cape heath (*Erica mammosa*) on stamp commemorating centenary of Kirstenbosch National Botanic Garden; Rosie among the heather (Colin Rogers); ling at Brimham Rocks (Charles Nelson); award-winning Heather Society stand at RHS Hampton Court Flower Show (David Edge); *Daboecia cantabrica* 'Romantic Muxoll' (Jens Kjaerbøl).

Back (centre & top left) Celebrating our Golden Jubilee at The Golden Fleece, Thirsk (photographs Charles Nelson; balloons Susie Kay); (top right) plants taking a break in Anabelle Darnton's bath, The Golden Fleece (L. Darnton).



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