

**Item 42.92** Text from the Bell House painted sketch of the Old Bell House and Horseshoe Weir, Ludford, Ludlow. Kennard, A. 1943

The original artwork measures 19.5" x 15.5" (19.5 cm x 39.4cm).

We are indebted to Gareth Thomas for making this item known to us and to its owner, Mrs Aikens, for kindly agreeing to its appearance on Histo; the original artwork is in her hands. We understand that Captain Spencer Kennard was service in the Navy, during WW2 but we believe that the text and drawing are by A. Kennard, perhaps his son.

The ornithological significance of this is twofold. The illustration shows the location of a Mute Swan's (*Cygnus olor*) nest, on the greened island to the top of the picture. The location is identical to a nest in 2018, shown on the accompanying Google Earth image. Also, the accompanying border text, below, includes the casual mention of the call of the Corncrake (*Crex crex*) in the general area.

*"To me, England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, what I think of England while I am abroad, England comes to me through my various senses – through the ear, through the eye, and through certain imperishable scents ..... The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the Corncrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe on the whetstone, and the sight of the plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been seen in England since England was a land, and may be seen in England long after the Empire has perished and every works in England has ceased to function: for centuries the one eternal sight of England. The wild Anemones in the woods in April, the last load at night of hay being drawn down a lane as twilight comes on, when you can scarcely distinguish the figures of the horses as they take it home to the farm, and above all, most subtle, most, most penetrating and most moving, the smell of wood smoke coming up in an autumn evening or the smell of the such fires; the wood smoke that our ancestors, tens of thousands of years ago, must have caught on the air when they were coming home with the result of the day's forage, when they were still nomads, and when they were still roaming the forests and the plains of the continent of Europe. These things strike down into the very depths of our nature, and touch chords that go back to the beginning of time and the human race, but they are chords that with every year of our life sound a deeper note in our innermost being ....."*

Modern *Google Earth* image of the Mute Swan nest site, at the bottom of Old Street, in 2018.

