

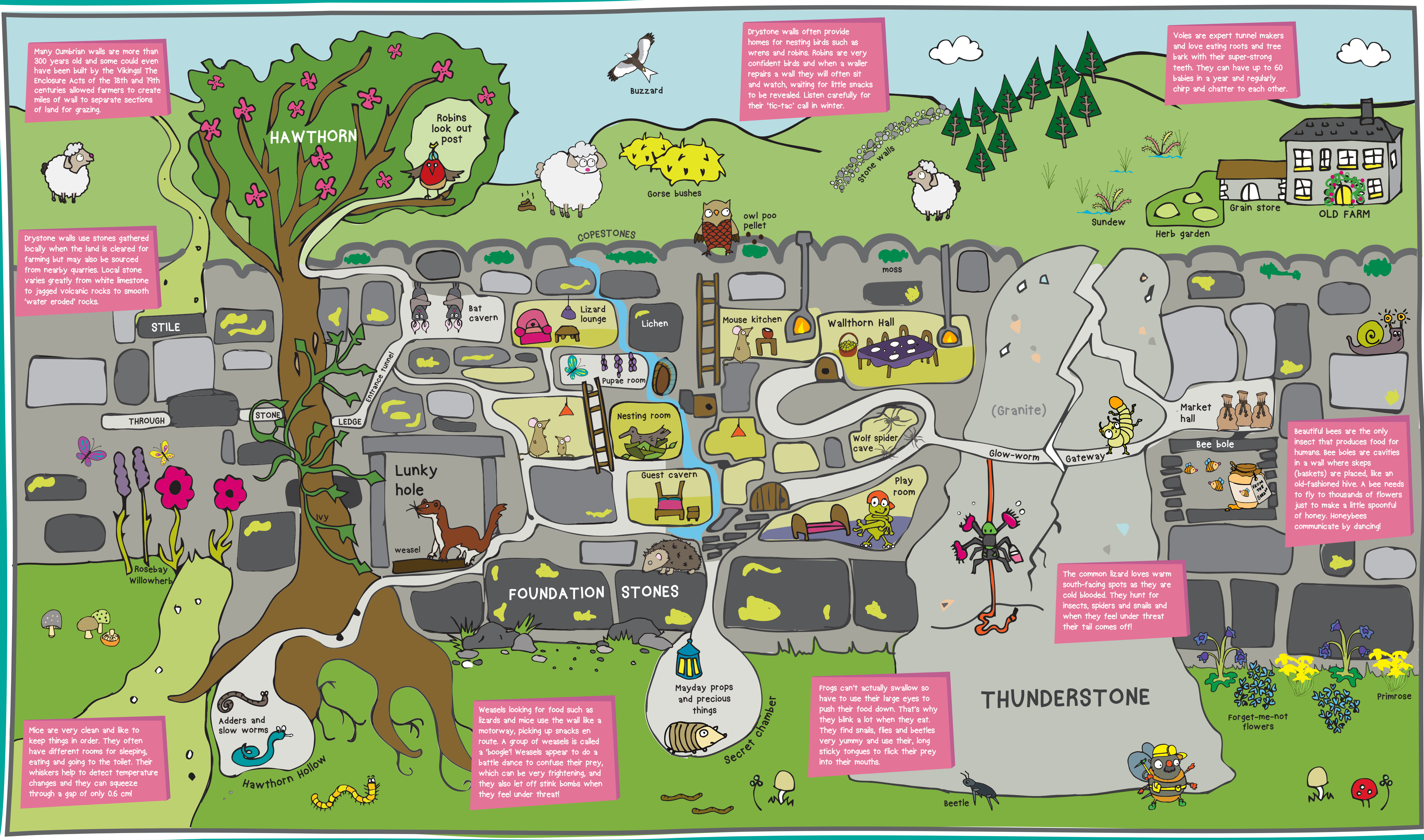
Wonderful World of Walls Barny the Wandervole

Many Cumbrian walls are more than 300 years old and some could even have been built by the Vikings! The Enclosure Acts of the 18th and 19th centuries allowed farmers to create miles of wall to separate sections of land for grazing.

Drystone walls use stones gathered locally when the land is cleared for farming but may also be sourced from nearby quarries. Local stone varies greatly from white limestone to jagged volcanic rocks to smooth 'water eroded' rocks.

Drystone walls often provide homes for nesting birds such as wrens and robins. Robins are very confident birds and when a waller repairs a wall they will often sit and watch, waiting for little snacks to be revealed. Listen carefully for their 'tic-tac' call in winter.

Voles are expert tunnel makers and love eating roots and tree bark with their super-strong teeth. They can have up to 60 babies in a year and regularly chirp and chatter to each other.



STILE

THROUGH

STONE

LEDGE

ENTRANCE TUNNEL

Lunky hole

FOUNDATION STONES

(Granite)

Glow-worm

Gateway

THUNDERSTONE

HAWTHORN

Robins look out post

Buzzard

Gorse bushes

COPESTONES

owl poo pellet

Sundew

Herb garden

Grain store

OLD FARM

Bat cavern

Lizard lounge

Lichen

Mouse kitchen

Wallthorn Hall

moss

Pupae room

Nesting room

Wolf spider cave

Guest cavern

Play room

weasel

Mayday props and precious things

Secret chamber

Market hall

Bee bole

The common lizard loves warm south-facing spots as they are cold blooded. They hunt for insects, spiders and snails and when they feel under threat their tail comes off!

Beautiful bees are the only insect that produces food for humans. Bee boles are cavities in a wall where skeps (baskets) are placed, like an old-fashioned hive. A bee needs to fly to thousands of flowers just to make a little spoonful of honey. Honeybees communicate by dancing!

Mice are very clean and like to keep things in order. They often have different rooms for sleeping, eating and going to the toilet. Their whiskers help to detect temperature changes and they can squeeze through a gap of only 0.6 cm!

Weasels looking for food such as lizards and mice use the wall like a motorway, picking up snacks en route. A group of weasels is called a 'boogle'. Weasels appear to do a battle dance to confuse their prey, which can be very frightening, and they also let off stink bombs when they feel under threat!

Frogs can't actually swallow so have to use their large eyes to push their food down. That's why they blink a lot when they eat. They find snails, flies and beetles very yummy and use their, long sticky tongues to flick their prey into their mouths.

Wonderful World of Walls

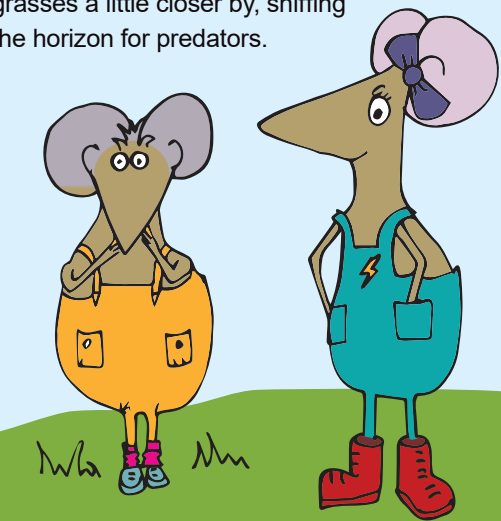
Barny the Wandervole

For hundreds of years, families of all creatures great and small have lived and worked in the walls that wind through the British countryside. The creatures who live there often don't venture further than a few metres from their home but just occasionally a faraway visitor might trundle on by to see them.

It was a beautiful April morning and the dawn's sunshine rays crept into the nooks and crannies of Hawthorn Wall. Little field mice yawned and stretched their arms, lizards awoke from their hibernation to find a sunny ledge and sneaky weasels began their daily hunt. On the horizon a little figure had appeared, carrying a knapsack on his back and a guitar slung across his shoulder. He would disappear for a few minutes and then pop up amongst the rushes and grasses a little closer by, sniffing the horizon for predators.

The residents of Hawthorn Wall were all quite intrigued by his appearance, as after a very harsh winter they hadn't seen anyone from out of the area for many months and had been mostly nestled in their cosy homes rationing their food supplies and just trying to stay warm. In fact Hawthorn Wall had been badly damaged during the winter storms, when banks of snow had drifted right up to the top copestones that protected the roof, and sheep had accidentally knocked off a couple whilst trying to shelter from the blizzards. But now the glorious promise of spring was just around the corner and with Mayday celebrations only a few weeks away it was time to repair, prepare and get together.

Within a few minutes the faraway visitor's little furry face appeared next to the ivy that coiled around the hawthorn tree. He wore a pair of thick glasses and a little waistcoat and appeared to be busily setting up camp! Two of the field mice who were particularly clean and orderly snuck through the rushes to investigate the goings-on ... they weren't used to change and wanted to check the visitor wasn't going to cause any harm. "Excuse me?" asked Mollie, the younger (and cheekier) of the two mice. "We were wondering WHO you are and which wall you are from? Nobody from Hawthorn Wall has ever seen you before."

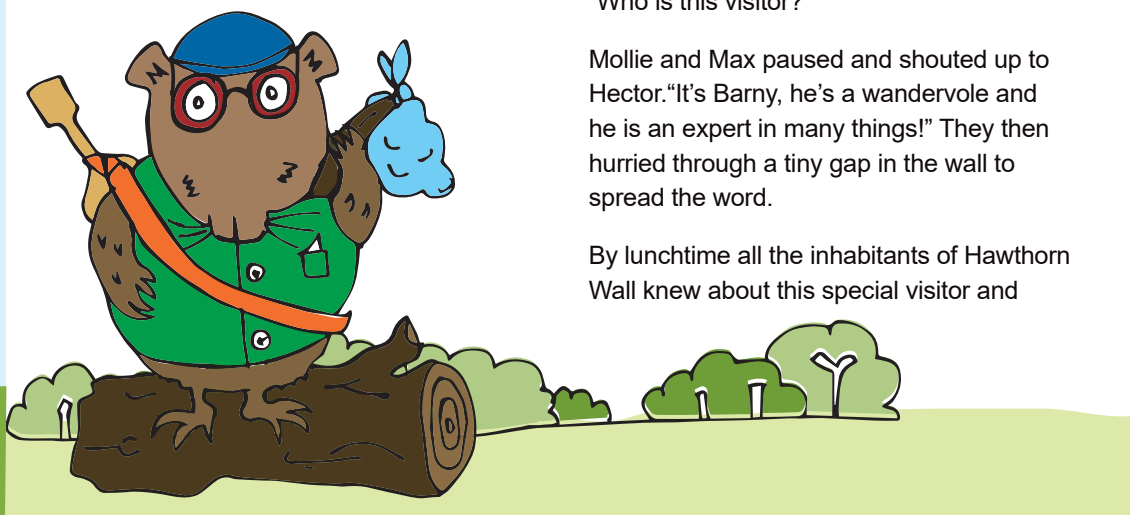


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"I'm a wandervole!" replied the little creature. "I am on a GREAT wandering adventure and don't come from any wall."

"But how do you survive on your own out here in the wild?" asked Max, the more timid of the two little mice, who shivered just a little bit as he spoke. "Aren't you afraid of the weasels and lizards and owls?"

"Well, I'm an expert tunnel maker and quite handy when it comes to bushcraft. I haven't been caught out yet," said the wandervole, who sat down and began to play a folkie type of tune on his guitar. Mollie and Max cosied up near him and hummed little love songs to each other (mice actually do this, you know), and looked in wonder at their new friend. After a verse or two the wandervole jumped up and began busying himself around his camp ... within five minutes he had his dinner cooking in a cast-iron pot on a crackling open fire. Beneath his camouflaged canopy a little hammock swung in the breeze next to him!



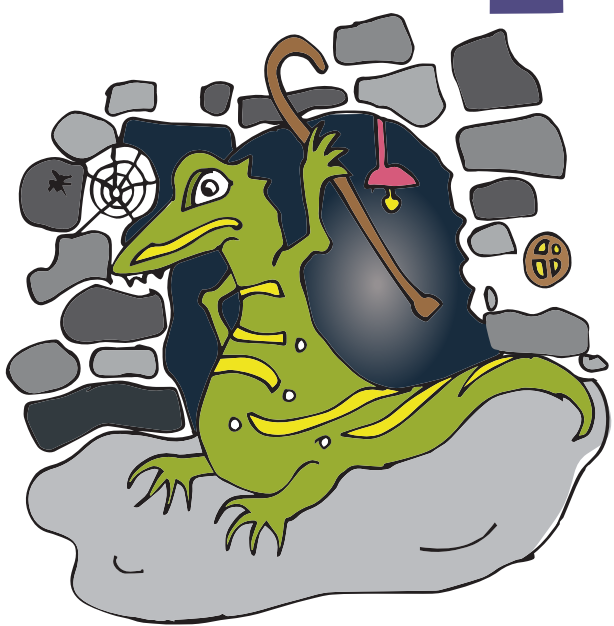
"I'm Barny, by the way," he declared. Mollie and Max giggled and then scampered back towards the nooks and crannies of Hawthorn Wall to tell all their friends the exciting news.

Hector, an old common lizard, had been watching wisely from Throughstone Ledge and waved his walking stick at Mollie and Max as they scampered past. "What's all this fuss about?" he shouted down to them. "Who is this visitor?"

Mollie and Max paused and shouted up to Hector. "It's Barny, he's a wandervole and he is an expert in many things!" They then hurried through a tiny gap in the wall to spread the word.

By lunchtime all the inhabitants of Hawthorn Wall knew about this special visitor and

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many had visited his camp, intrigued by his wandering ways; all except the adders and slow worms who hid in Hawthorn Hollow and the boogie of weasels who snuck about near the Lunky Hole.

Barny certainly was a very talented and skilled creature and over the next few days he impressed everyone in one way or another. He helped the robins, wrens and hedgehogs by tunnelling up grubs and other insects for them to eat and showed the mice where to collect various herbs and elderflowers over the coming months. In exchange he sampled sweet honey from the bee bole hive and nibbled on roasted chestnuts cooked on the fire in the mouse kitchen. Hector, who had been watching the daily activity from Throughstone Ledge, decided he needed to have a word with the wandervole, so summoned him over with his walking stick. Barny picked up his acorn cup



full of warm nettle tea and nimbly climbed up to Hector's ledge.

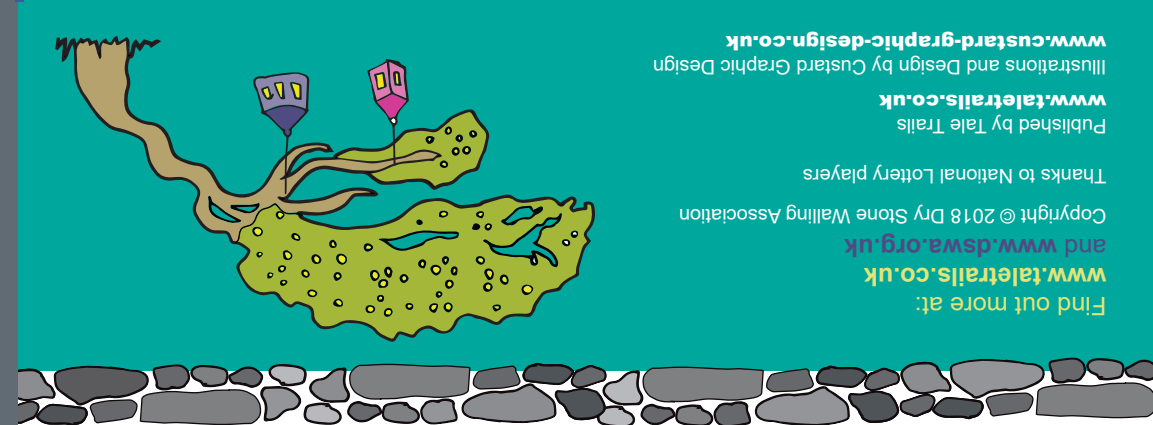
Hector looked at Barny in a knowing way and asked, "Mollie and Max tell me that you are a travelling fellow and that you don't have a place to call home, young vole; is this true?"

"Yes, it is true," replied Barny. "In fact it's all I have ever known. I wander through the countryside seeing all sorts of natural wonders and nestle up at night time wherever my furry feet have carried me," he said with a wistful look in his eyes.

"Sounds wonderful!" replied Hector. "But Hawthorn Wall is also a wonderful place and I would encourage you to pop in and take a look around before you move on. Our Mayday celebration at the mystical Thunderstone is in a couple of weeks and we could sure do with an extra pair of hands to help with the preparations. Come on, I will give you a tour."

Barny felt a little bit nervous as he had never been inside a wall home before. They entered through a little tunnel above Throughstone Ledge, safely out of sight of the weasels that loitered around the Lunky Hole. Hector led Barny into a glistening bat den where little pipistrelle bats hung from the roof, illuminated by glow-worms. A couple of the bats waved a wing sleepily as they

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Location of DSWA Head Office and Walling Display: Westmorland County Showground, Lane Farm, Crooklands, Millthorpe, Cumbria, LA7 7NH

Where to go to see dry stone walls? There are plenty of areas of the UK that have many miles of dry stone walls. Upland areas like the Lake District, Yorkshire Dales, Peak District, Scotland and Wales are rich in the heritage of dry stone walling. Why not see how many different styles of dry stone walls you can see as you travel around Britain.

About the Dry Stone Walling Association The Dry Stone Walling Association (DSWA) is showing different types of dry stone walling from throughout the UK, together with a registered charity which aims to promote a greater understanding and knowledge about the traditional craft of dry stone walling and to encourage the repair and maintenance of dry stone walls throughout the country. DSWA is keen to encourage young people to engage with traditional crafts and it has a range of educational resources available via the Education page of the DSWA website www.dswa.org.uk. Teachers Packs With Lesson Plans are also available to download. We also offer outreach visits to schools in certain areas. If you would like to know more about dry stone walling or you want to try one of our short courses please email training@dswa.org.uk or phone 015395 67953.

Visit a dry stone wall The Dry Stone Walling Association has an outdoor Walling Display showing different types of dry stone walling from throughout the UK, together with a registered charity which aims to promote a greater understanding and knowledge about the traditional craft of dry stone walling and to encourage the repair and maintenance of dry stone walls throughout the country. DSWA is keen to encourage young people to engage with traditional crafts and it has a range of educational resources available via the Education page of the DSWA website www.dswa.org.uk. Teachers Packs With Lesson Plans are also available to download. We also offer outreach visits to schools in certain areas. If you would like to know more about dry stone walling or you want to try one of our short courses please email training@dswa.org.uk or phone 015395 67953.

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Exit the M6 at Junction 36 and take the exit signposted A665 Skipton/Tricky/Lonsdale.

At the next small roundabout take the first left on to the A65 (signposted Endmoor & Crooklands).

Continue on this road past the Texaco garage.

Turn left opposite The Cooklands Hotel. Go over canal bridge and continue for 0.5 mile. Take right turn signed Lane Farm (just before bridge).

Car Park is on the left and the DSWA Office is opposite.

A fun story about the wonderful world of walls



Wonderful World of Walls

Barny the Wandervole

By Anja Phoenix



Easy to follow Map & Story Explore, Spot things & Search for clues on the way



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passed through. Next they climbed down towards the butterfly pupae room, where neat little cocoons dangled down from the roof. A beautiful meadow brown butterfly gave Barny a wink as he ambled by. "Great lookouts, those butterflies," Hector said as he waved his walking stick at them warmly. "Warned us about hunting buzzards and owls many a time." As they crawled around the back of a little waterwheel, Barny sniffed the most amazing smell wafting down the tunnels. "And here is our kitchen..." announced Hector proudly.

The kitchen was one of the most inviting places Barny had ever seen. There was a toasty fire roaring and a little rag rug on the floor where some younger mice were playing. At the oak table sat Max and Mollie, sipping warm camomile tea from acorn cups. "Please sit down," said Hector, pointing his stick towards a comfy chair near the fire.

Barny snuggled into the cushions and lifted his chilly feet towards the warm embers. "I think I might stay until Mayday," said Barny, "if that's OK with you? I'm happy to help with wall repairs and gathering food, of course." Max and Mollie



smiled a great big beaming smile at him and everyone said together, "SUPER!"

Next, Hector took Barny to the market hall on the other side of the Thunderstone. They tunnelled through Glow-worm Gateway and found themselves surrounded by the most amazing collection of food that Barny had ever seen. There were barrels of grain from the old farm, jars of honey from the bee bole and hundreds of different seeds and sweet-smelling dried herbs dangling from the wooden beams above. "If you ever collect too much food you can store it here," suggested Hector. "It helps us get through the cold winter months."

Barny was very impressed by the wonders that lay within Hawthorn Wall and wanted to explore more. Next Hector led him back into the main wall and into a great, tall room with a huge inglenook fireplace and a large dining table. "This is Wallthorn Hall," said Hector. "It's were we hold all our seasonal celebrations. You are welcome to join us anytime at all, of course. Behind those curtains is a hidden tunnel



guarded by the wolf spiders. It leads down into the secret chamber where all our precious things are stored. How about you spend the night in the guest cavern and I will take you down there tomorrow?" Barny nodded with a great big grin.

The guest cavern was reached by climbing down a nettle cord ladder. Inside was a cosy bed laid with soft moss from the wall and a patchwork quilt knitted by the mice. The curtains were made from the yellow lichen that grew on the warm south side and a very kind mouse had put some warm, smooth rocks in the foot of the bed to warm his feet. That night Barny slept like he had never slept before and had the most wonderful dreams ... he felt safe in the wall.

The next morning Hector took Barny down the hidden tunnels into the secret chamber. They passed the playroom on the way, where young frogs, mice and voles played safely under the watchful eyes of the wolf spiders. As Hector opened the secret chamber doors a shimmer of magical light shone out; there were shiny gemstones like quartz and agate, flower garlands, ribbons of every colour and pretty shells. "We will use these to decorate the Thunderstone for Mayday," said Hector,

"but first we need to get the wall repaired. Luckily the waller is coming today and we can definitely give him a helping hand."

Outside the air was full of springtime bounciness. The farmer was helping with the newborn lambs on the fell side and the robins and wrens were making a 'Please use the stile' sign using yellow gorse flower dye to try to stop people (and sheep) from knocking off the copestone roof. The waller was skilfully patching up the gaps like a jigsaw puzzle; if he grumbled a little because he couldn't find a stone that fitted, Barny and the other creatures would push the perfect one towards him secretly then scurry back into the safety of the wall.

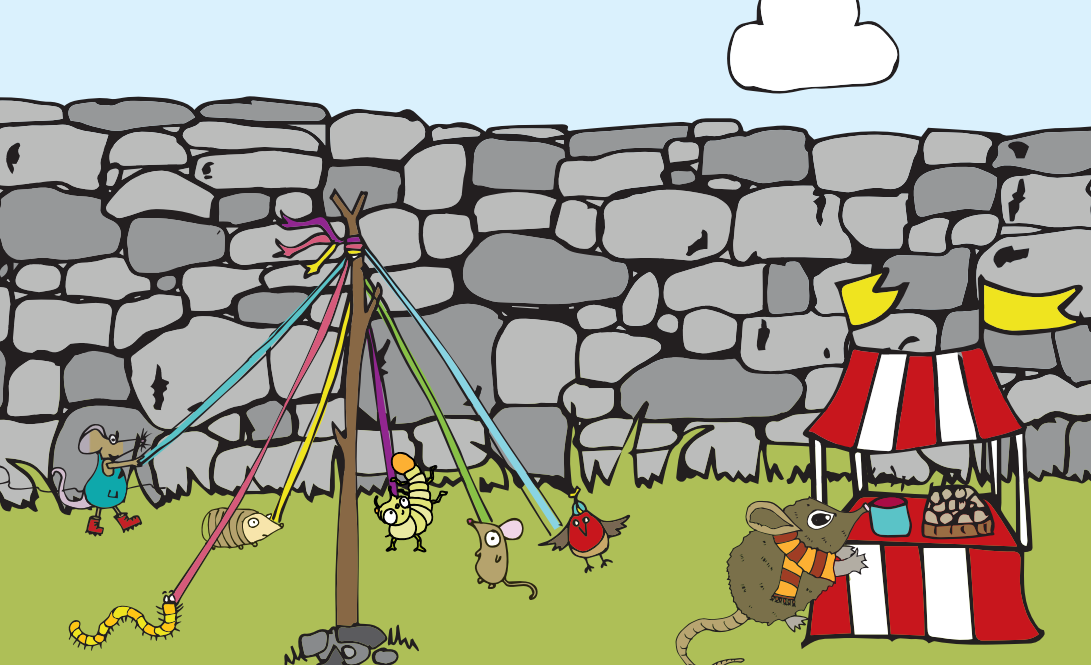
Occasionally walkers would pass and comment on the beauty of Hawthorn Wall. Some visitors would put their hands on the wall and the Thundestone, feeling the different textures of each rock, every one unique in its own way. "They are experts!" said Hector, pointing at a man and a woman who were admiring the wall "That one's an archaeologist and that one's a geologist. So many different types of creatures are dependent on our wall and so many different types of people are mesmerised by it!"

April was indeed a very busy time for all involved but before long May 1st arrived and everyone was in great spirits.

"Wake up, wake up!" shouted Mollie. "It's Mayday!" Barny was snoozing peacefully in the guest cavern but woke up with a great feeling of excitement in his tummy. Mollie grabbed Barny by the hand and took him outside; there was the most amazing

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sunrise and the fells were ablaze with red and orange colours. Mollie took Barny over to the hawthorn tree. "This is a Mayday tradition..." she said. "Put your paws on the May flowers and scoop off some dew; dab it onto your cheeks and it will keep you looking beautiful all year!" Barny and Mollie giggled and patted their furry faces. Max scampered over and announced that the owls, weasels and stoats had agreed to be vegetarian for the day and that it was safe to start putting out the picnic and props. The frogs put up a maypole, the hedgehogs and bats decorated Wallthorn Hall, the mice decorated cakes and baked the most amazing selection of party food and all the insects helped to decorate the Thunderstone with flowers, ribbons and bright shells. All creatures great and small came together to celebrate their wonderful wall and the joys of spring and by the evening time Hawthorn Wall looked very magical.



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At dusk everyone gathered by Glow-worm Gateway, which glowed against the inky sky, and all the creatures both great and small passed through the Thunderstone to watch the Mayday ceremony. The owls hooted from the copestones and the mice cooed to each other through the wildflowers. The children danced around the maypole and everyone tucked into the delicious food. Soon a beautiful vole dressed in a white frock came out to be crowned as the May Queen, and as she passed Barny she handed him a little necklace made from primrose and forget-me-not flowers. Barny smiled shyly and felt his cheeks glow red!

That night as the celebrations were coming to an end, Barny sat under the light of the first May-moon and looked across at Hawthorn Wall and all the new friends he had made ... maybe he could stay just a little while longer.

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