

HEBDEN BRIDGE'S WOODLAND HERITAGE AUDIO E-TRAIL SCRIPT

Stop 1: Ash.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove

'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

That's a sad song isn't it? And I'm supposed to be so tough. Well, my wood is! Ash wood was used for farming tools. You name it – ploughs and harrows, carts and waggons, and for parts of their wheels. It was also used for equipment for making butter and cheese in the dairy because I carry no poisons.

Though I don't like to think about it, I'm particularly useful for firewood, too. This is because my wood can be burnt when it's newly cut as well as when it's dried out. Just like it says in that traditional rhyme:

Ash logs, all smooth and grey, burn them green or old;
Buy up all that come your way, They're worth their weight in gold.

But the thing I'm most proud of is being a tree of myth and legend. I have many magical and healing properties, you know. Er – yes, come in?

I'm right sorry to bother you, but our little Johnny – well 'e's got a right bad case of rickets – and a hernia.

Mmm.. okay... I see. Well, find a nice young ash and split the trunk lengthways. Then, before sunrise, you must pass little Johnny through the cleft trunk. When you've done that, you must seal the trunk with clay and bind it. As the trunk heals, so will little Johnny be cured of his rickets – and his hernia.

Oh – thank you! Thank you!

What was I saying... ah yes, we ash trees and healing. Erm... yes – what is it?

Sorry to bother you, but Daisy – our cow – she's gone lame.

Ah – I see. Well, first you must catch a shrew. Then you must bore a hole in an ash tree and seal the live shrew inside it. As the shrew dies and the tree heals, Daisy will be cured of her lameness!

A live shrew?!! No thanks – I'm into animal welfare – I'll use a stuffed toy.

Well I..Now where was I... Come in!! What is it now?!

I'm sorry to bother you again, but I've just broke out in a right bad case of warts.

Right Prick the warts with a pin and stick the pin into an ash tree, reciting the rhyme: Ashen tree, ashen tree, Pray buy these warts from me. The warts will be transferred to the tree. Got that?

Oh I think so – yes... thank you! Thank you!



Eee, that's what I'm here for.. So, you can see how good at healing I am. But I think I'll have to ask Willow for some bark – I've a headache coming on.

Anyway, here's the really sad bit – so, hankies at the ready. Obviously I've cured thousands of humans and their animals, so I do hope you can help me! Because, we healing ash trees are getting a horrid fungal disease called 'ash dieback.' It's spread across Europe and now it's in Britain and it's usually fatal! I'm keeping all my twigs crossed! So please keep your fingers crossed for me, too!

Stop 2: Holly.

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown

The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The Holly bears the crown! Oh yes – we like that! Did we hear someone use that insulting word 'bush'? Excuse me, we may be quite small, but we're still trees! And, you might not think it to look at us, but we hollies are very important trees here in Calderdale – indeed, in the whole of the South Pennines.

There are loads more of us in the woods here – compared to woods in places not as good as West Yorkshire! You see, we're evergreen, so we were planted by canny Yorkshire folk to feed their animals in winter. Before those smelly, horrible turnips were introduced, it was us holly trees that kept cows and sheep going through the cold months.

Imagine eating a mouthful of prickly holly leaves! Aaargh! But, look at us closer – see? We only put spikes all over our bottoms – oooo, cheeky! All our leaves above nibbling height are actually quite smooth. So folks fed their animals on our top, smooth leaves.

Anyway, we're that important, local maps are plastered with place-names commemorating us – all them Hollins and Holms – that's us! So, for example, there's Holme and Holmfirth and, here in Hebden Bridge, we have the hamlet of Hollins, which you can climb up to on this trail if you're feeling energetic. And you passed Hollins Crescent on your way here – and don't forget the house called Holly Bank at the start of the walk.

Like our friend the Ash, we hollies also have magical and healing properties of course. Oh yes.

- Want to keep out evil spirits? Plant a holly hedge round your house.
- Want your cows to do well? Nail a sprig of holly to the cowshed.
- Want to let your horse know who's boss? Then make a whip out of holly. We have the power of control over beasts – so they can't help but obey us!
- Want to cure chilblains? Beat 'em with holly to let the bad blood out! (Well, that's what they do in Derbyshire – but they're all a bit odd there!)

Whatever you do, never, ever cut a holly tree down – it's really unlucky! But, if one of us blows down, then I've heard we burn very hot... not that that will do your chilblains much good! Oh yes – we hollies are very important! We've been used for thousands of years by you humans to protect you from lightning and evil spirits, for fertility rites, to make you vomit, to bring down your fevers, and of course, how could you have Christmas without us?

Eee! We've that much on, it's no wonder we grow so slow!



Stop 3: Willow.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree
Sing all a green willow
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee

Sing willow, willow, willow, willow!
Sing willow, willow, willow, willow!
My garland shall be;
Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow
Sing all a green willow
My garland shall be.

Oh! That's so sad! I cry every time I hear that song. But then, I am a weeping willow. You can probably see how I got my name – my drooping branches flow down to the ground like tears.

Oh no! That's set me off again!
Did you think I was going to have a female voice? Well – don't impose your gender stereotypes on me! This is Hebden Bridge!

You've probably seen lots of pictures of weeping willows on plates with the blue 'willow pattern'. The design was originally Chinese. And in fact, China is where my ancestors were from, although of course I learnt to understand 'Yorkshire' generations ago! And there are lots of native types of willow – you'll see some of them on this trail.

Now here's a bit of Yorkshire folklore you might want to try out: it is said that if a Yorkshire lass throws her shoe at a willow on Easter night or New Year's night, and it sticks in the branches, she'll marry that year. You're only allowed nine tries, mind you!

Round here, a special type of willow called osier was used for weaving wicker baskets – called 'skeys' – for use in the textile mills. My lovely tresses are too delicate, but osier is ideal for weaving because it has lots of long, straight, flexible twigs called withies. The word 'wicker' is actually from the Saxon word meaning supple! I bet you didn't know that!

Osiers for making baskets were grown in special marshy beds by the River Calder at Elland, near Halifax. We willows love water!

Next, you're going to see one of my close relatives, the crack willow, also growing by the river. But crack willow is a bit of an unstable fellow – a bit too fond of snapping off his branches for my liking. (I think that's how he got his name, at any rate.) By the way, if he got together with a white willow, their offspring would be cricket bat willows!

And do give my regards to the Alder when you see her! Another one of my drinking buddies!

Talking of drinking – all that weeping has given me a headache! Did you know that willow was once used as a cure for fevers, aches and pains? It's because our bark contains large amounts of salicylic acid – otherwise known as aspirin!

Stop 4: Lime.

Within the woodlands, flowery gladed,
By the oak tree's mossy moot,
The shining grass-blades, timber-shaded,
Now do quiver under foot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed,
And there for me the apple tree



Do lean down low in Linden Lea.
Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-roomed towns,
I don't dread a peevish master;
Though no man do heed my frowns,
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Hello – we are lime trees. That song uses our old name – Linden. Lind is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning 'shield'. Shields were once made out of lime because it's light and you can carve it easily. Our wood is the best of all the woods for carving. It's soft to cut, but close-grained, so you can produce intricate shapes. And our bark makes ropes and baskets. But you can put your carving tools away because we plan to stay alive for a lot, lot longer – thank you very much!

We were planted in the garden of this grand Victorian house in about 1870, when it was newly built. The owner of the house was Thomas Barker, a cotton manufacturer and dyer. He owned Hangingroyd Mill, near here, which was demolished in the 1970s. Mr Barker chose to plant us in his new garden because his gardener told him that we are resistant to pollution – and in those days, that was quite useful! The town looked very different when we were saplings. Our valley was as black as soot from all the clouds of smoke coming from the mill chimneys.

We are so-called common limes – meaning that our parents were the small-leaved and large-leaved limes. But there is nothing common about us! We are very refined and we don't grow just anywhere – we have to be purposefully planted up here in the Calder Valley, because the climate isn't suitable for growing us from seed. Not like some other trees we could mention. That sycamore isn't at all fussy about where it puts down its roots!

As you can see, we grew into beautiful, tall trees and Mr Barker was very pleased because our loftiness impressed all the other mill owners in Hebden Bridge – even if some of them did have grander houses than his.

The Hebden Bridge town planners must also have been impressed: if you look at early maps of the town, Linden Road and Linden Place don't appear until 1885 – but we were already here – so they must have been named after us! As was Linden Mill, further up the road. If you don't believe us, see if you can spot the date stone for Linden Mill. WE were here FIRST!

(For some reason, when Mr Barker first built his house, he named it not Linden House but Ashley House – but we don't like to talk about that. Ash is common as sycamore around here!)

But we mustn't snipe, because we have such a sweet nature that you make musical instruments from us – and bees love us: lime blossom makes delicious honey. And you'll probably be able to buy some lime flower tea in one of our town's little shops – very very soooooooothing.

Stop 5: Alder

"Alder for shoes do wise men choose!"

Ey up! How would you like to live your whole life with soggy feet, eh? Well I love it. Nowt I like better than a right good bit of wet. All them other trees can bobby of to their dry slopes – they're all right nesh. I love West Yorkshire – allus plenty of rain about to keep my roots wet.

So they realised I were brilliant for clog-soles – hard-wearing, and good at walking in wet (all't way to t'mills down all these steps and ginnels what were built for mill workers to get to work at crack of dawn). And then for standing in wet – dyeing was big in Hebden Bridge (that's dyeing cloth different colours, not popping your clogs). And, if

you worked in the 'wet end' of one of the dye-works hereabout, you'd be stood in a right nasty cocktail of bleach and other chemicals all day long.

Course, they tried thon fancy beech for clog-soles – but it's never lost its soft, Southern ways! I'm much easier worked. And I tek nails much better than what beech does. And I'm a warm wood – I don't let your heat escape out through me – no matter 'ow long you're stood on cold stone mill floors. I'm right resilient too – proper 'ard me! It teks ages to wear me down – even clattering' up an' down millstone grit steps.

That's why the great poet Rudyard Kipling said: "Alder for shoes do wise men choose!"

You couldn't 'ave 'ad t' industrial revolution without me tha knows! I shod all them workers, and you built me into all them canals what carried all your goods up and down. I've said afore that I love watter – well I'm often used for t'lock gates 'an the like. Hoddin' back all that watter, and then letting through all them narrowboats. I nivver rot well, it teks donkeys' years. All them other woods – they're rubbish compared to me. Elm probably won't agree – but it's always off sick these days, so how useful is that?

Have a wander along to t'clog factory in Mytholmroyd – and ask them if they're still using me to make their clogs. If they're not, they should be! "Alder for shoes do wise men choose!"

Stop 6: Sycamore

The black spot! Arrrrrr, me hearties – I've got the black spot!!

Oh don't get in a panic – it in't catchin'! Not to you humans, anyroad! In days when't mills were belching black over everything, I never had a problem wi' black spot – or tar spot fungus, as some call it. The pollution stopped the fungus from attacking my leaves. But now it likes all this 'ere clean air.

Anyroad, it dunt bother me. Folk think I'm a scabby invader – I'm that good at finding every nook and cranny to drop one of me helicopter seeds into. All them old mill ruins – I love living amongst all them. Thus are the mighty fallen, eh?!

'Course, I'm not really from round these parts. Just a few hundred year ago, sycamores like me were right rare in this country. And, would you believe, it were them mill owners what planted me here in Hebden Bridge. I quickly grow a grand cylindrical trunk – see? Now then! – I don't hold wi' tree-huggers – none of that malarkey 'ere!

Anyroad, I've made right good rollers for t'mills, and the best bobbins too, cos I'm that close-grained: it makes me dead easy to turn into a lovely, smooth bobbin on your lathes. No jagged bits to snag your textiles! But 'ave you any idea 'ow painful it is to 'ave your flesh carved off on a lathe – eh?!

So, I'm gettin' me own back – gettin' into everywhere. 'Weed' folks are calling me now. Huh! Do I look like a weed to you?

Those of you what live up on t'moors don't whine 'weed'! In days past, you nurtured me – you'd plant me for shelter round your farm buildings. And, cos I'm big and broad-leaved, I'd shade your dairy buildings in summer – grand when tha'd got no fridge.

Oh aye, when tha's use of me, tha likes me! For rolling pins, plates, bowls, butchers' blocks and choppin' boards. All sorts! I'm right anti-bacterial, see, so I'm good with food. Oh yes.

If 'sycamore' sounds too common to all you posh folks round here, think of me as 'maple' – cos that's what I am. So I'm used for right fine stuff, too – furniture where I can show off me paleness, and backs of violins cos I tek strain well, and I mek a right sweet sound. Oh aye - I'm sought after, tha knows!



So enough of the 'weed' – tha'll give me more respect... or I'll wedge umpteen of me helicopters into your foundation stones, an' then we'll see who's laughin' eh!

Stop 7: Hedges & Hedgelaying

Hello – I'm Hazel
I'm Holly
And I'm Hawthorn

And together we make this hedge!

Have a good look at us. You'll see that we're arranged in a special way to make the hedge into a really good barrier. This is an old country craft called hedgelaying. Our upright stems are bent – or laid – right over, and woven in and out of vertical sticks that have been knocked into the ground a metre or so apart. Sometimes our stems are cut almost right through to make them bend over far enough. This doesn't kill us – we can survive as long as there's a bit of connecting bark left!

Does it hurt? Well, not much, because hedgelaying's done in winter when we're dormant. (That way, nesting birds aren't disturbed either.) When it's finished, a laid hedge looks a bit like a fence, and it doesn't have any gaps in it (where farm animals could get through). Once a hedge has been laid, it makes an even better home for wild creatures because it grows more thickly than before – so there are lots of places to hide.

Hedges are really important because they allow wild creatures to move about the countryside. They're a bit like a wildlife transport network! Next stop – Hebden Bridge. Mind the gap!

You'll notice that some of us have been left standing – particularly us hollies! Hedgers still believe it's right unlucky to cut holly. So they'll leave me as a wild bush in the middle of a neatly trimmed hedge!

There are several regional styles of hedgelaying around Britain. The styles vary according to the type of farming in each region. For example, the 'Lancashire and Westmorland' style is designed to be both cattle and sheep-proof. There aren't a lot of hedges in Calderdale. Most of our field boundaries are stone walls. So we feel quite special here by the river!

Stop 8: Elm.

Oh dear. I think I might be coming down with something. My health's not very good, you see – but at least we wych elms have got a bit more resistance than our dear departed cousins, the English elms.

Once one of them got something – well, they all went down with it. Too closely related, you see. No genetic variation. Well, we did try to warn them. We wych elms produce seeds, so we're all slightly different from each other. But English elms – they just clone themselves. Oh dear. I suppose it seemed like a good idea at the time. Well, at first, we all thought it was just a bit of bark beetle infestation. (Which is itchy, but you can get stuff over the counter for it.) Then, we realised that the beetles were actually carrying a horrible fungus under our bark... and once that happened – well, it was fatal for most of my cloned English cousins.

Since that fungus arrived from the continent in 1971, millions of noble English elms have passed away from Dutch elm disease. Oh, I can hardly bear to say the words! Millions of them. All dead. Quite changed the landscape in some places, it did. Mind you, I've had a couple of health scares myself. It's such a worry. I can't stop thinking about it. But is it any wonder, when they say things like "Elm is good for nowt but gates and coffins"! I mean, how insensitive can you get?

And anyway, it's just not true! Elm wood has lots of uses because it simply does not rot when it's kept wet. So it's been used for canal lock gates, mill wheels, water troughs, pumps... it was even used for underground water pipes! D'you know, I hear the Halifax water mains were once made of elm. I've also got a lovely grain and I make bea-uuuuu-tiful Windsor chairs – and veneers to die for. Whoops – Freudian slip there!

Oh, excuse me, but if this cough doesn't get better soon, I think I will need antibiotics. I don't have a lot of time for faith healers and suchlike, even though you might think I'm into magic with a name like wych elm!

In fact, my name has nothing to do with witches at all! 'W-Y-C-H' actually comes from the Saxon word meaning 'supple'. (And so does the word 'wicker'.) But you silly humans still thought I had anti-witch properties! D'you know, here in Yorkshire, carters fixed elm twigs to their horses' bridles. And they even carried one of my twigs themselves for extra reassurance!

Now... think positive – isn't that what you're supposed to do these days? Oh dear – it is hard to be positive when you're associated with melancholy and death. But maybe that's just because we elms do sometimes drop our dead branches without warning! Don't worry - I'm sure I've got years in me yet!

But I say, you couldn't just reach round here and give me an incy-wincy little scratch, could you? I think I might have a beetle...

Stop 9: The Nutclough Sawmill.

These peaceful woods were once the site of lots of activity! You are now on the site of the former Nutclough sawmill. The main building stood where the steps are now.

We don't know much about the sawmill, except that it's clearly shown on maps dated 1888 and 1907. From its position right next to a mill pond, it seems likely that the Nutclough sawmill was powered by water.

Nutclough wasn't the only sawmill in Hebden Bridge – there were at least two others. One was Croft Mill, on the corner of Albert Street and New Road, and the other was at Hebble End. Unlike Nutclough, those sawmills were both very near the canal – which would have allowed for much easier transportation of timber.

So, what would it have been like here when the Nutclough sawmill was working? Well, it would have been a lot noisier, for a start – and the bird song you can hear now... would have been drowned right out!

The next thing you'll hear on this recording is the water-driven sawmill machinery from Gayle Mill – which is a water-powered Victorian sawmill that's still working today, near Hawes in the Yorkshire Dales.

Stop 10: Beech.

Well, hell-o! Yes, hi, it's me – Queen Beech. Yes, I know, I'm magnificent aren't I?! Lovely smooth bark still – even though I'm, well, a 'mature' lady now. I'm 186 years old and well, I wish I was a good deal younger to be honest. Because what with all this global warming, well I'm not long for this world, shall we say.

It's these dry summers I'm shallow-rooted you see. Don't like to prod myself down too far – well, you don't know what's down there do you?! So I get terribly, terribly thirsty in summer, and then your winters – well! Talk about sopping wet – soggy soil all round my roots! And the winds! Most February days – well, I feel like a loose tooth to be honest.

You may have seen the remains of my very dear friend on the river bank. She came down in an awful gale. I only just hung on for dear life. She took weeks to actually pass away. And all covered in mud, she was. Such a sad end. And then – even before she'd passed – they came and just, well, butchered her! Of course everybody and their dog has a terribly eco wood-burning stove round here, so they were all there, hacking at her. Oh, it was just ghastly! But then again, we beeches are so very, very useful. We give the best heat of any firewood

Beech-wood fires burn bright and clear
If the logs are kept a year;
Store your beech for Christmastide
With new-cut holly laid beside.



But we're not just in demand for firewood. Oh no. We're close-grained and have such a glorious colour that wood turners love us. And we're ever so hygienic because our wood has antibacterial qualities – so we end up as butchers' blocks and chopping boards.

Back in the horrid, dirty days of the Industrial Revolution, they tried turning us into bobbins, but we preferred the more refined work of being shuttles. Bobbins were common – very much the sort of thing the lower orders of tree – like sycamore and birch – were born for.

But mostly, round here, we were planted by wealthy mill-owners who liked our stately grace.

Our leaves take an eon to break down, so peasants used to come and gather our dry leaves to stuff their horrid flea-ridden mattresses. What a ghastly end to such beautiful copper-penny leaves! I hope their rustling kept the riff-raff awake!

We often grow with hollows where our branches fork. These hollows fill with water. Herbalists used to collect this and said it soothed sores, scabs and scurf on man and beast alike. Ugh! Oh, and they crushed our little beech nuts – and made oil from them as a cough mixture for bronchitis. I could do with a touch of that myself – in my old age!

Stop 11: Oak.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
With heads carried high, we will banish all fear;
To honour we call you, as freemen not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of Oak are our ships,
Jolly Tars are our men,
We always are ready: Steady, boys, Steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
Britannia triumphant her ships rule the seas,
Her watch word is justice her password is free,
So come cheer up my lad, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.

That's 'Heart of Oak' – the official march of the Royal Navy – and it's no surprise that they're singing about me, the mighty oak, because once upon a time, all your ships were made out of my timber. Nothing else was good enough – I am exceedingly strong and I can stand up to being in water for ages without rotting. The Mary Rose – Henry VIII's famous ship – was built almost entirely of oak. But of course now it's all new-fangled steel – and I've been shoved aside.

Round here, it wasn't really my timber you humans were after. No – it was my bark. I was indispensable to the tanning industry – because my bark was the best source of tannin for curing leather.

There were tan pits at Croft Sawmill in Hebden Bridge. Hollins Tannery at Sowerby Bridge employed 30 humans to grind down oak bark, and then layer that with all the hides in tan pits. Not just cow hides, but walrus and buffalo as well!

Why did they need all that tough leather? Well, there were miles and miles of leather belting driving all the machinery in the mills round here – churning out all those textiles. But of course the mills are long silent, and no-one needs my bark now.

But hey man! I'm coming into my own as an eco-warrior!

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I am Wildlife City! More species of creepy crawlies live on me than any other tree in the whole of these islands. It's my craggy appearance, you know – never had much use for those wrinkle creams, me. I like a bit of character – my great spreading arms, furrowed bark, lovely leaf litter around my toes. Lots of places for those creepy crawlies to live. Having all those creatures depending upon me has given me a new purpose in life. (Mind you it's making me itch, just thinking about them all. I'll get that woodpecker to scratch my trunk for me.)

I'm only a youngster – just coming up to my 145th acorn-day, I am. We oaks can live to over a thousand years old, so I've got at least another 4 or 500 years to go before I'm really in my prime!

Feel free to pick up one of my acorns – carrying it will preserve your youth! And if you get toothache, I can fix that – just drive a nail into the tooth that's hurting you, then yank it out, and hammer it into me – I'll take away the pain. Hey... come back! Why are you running away?

Stop 12: Birch.

To explore strange new worlds. To boldly go where no tree has gone before. There! That's another barren bit of wasteland colonised by me, the birch tree!

Now, don't be fooled by my delicate appearance! I'm one of the hardiest trees in the whole world. I'm a real pioneer: my seeds are produced in huge numbers and they're blown about like dust in the wind! So I get to places long before all those slow-coach beeches and oaks do. And I'm not fussy! I love growing absolutely everywhere – I grow right down into the searing heat of Spain and right up north into the thick snows of Lapland. A very intrepid explorer, I am!

As soon as the glaciers bobbled off from Yorkshire 10,000 years ago, I was here. And once I was here, all the other wildlife could move in. That shows how important we pioneers are. I just love rushing in wherever humans have messed things up. See here, at Sandy Gate – humans gouged out cartload after cartload of sandstone. You might still be able to see their quarry, if it wasn't for me and my sisters making it look all beautiful and natural again with our slender trunks and branches.

Of course, humans can never leave things alone, so... they felled some of my brave sisters! Turned them into bobbins, spools and reels for their mills because, although we're so slender, we're also tough and hard-wearing. Thousands of my sisters went to feed Laurence Wilson's factory at Cornholme – the biggest bobbin and shuttle makers in Calderdale.

They treated my sisters with scorn! After seasoning their timber, they were cut into blocks of suitable size and then turned and bored on the lathes, with a huge proportion of waste. From one ton of my sisters, only about five hundredweight of bobbins were made – that's 15 hundredweights of my sisters lying in curls of themselves on the stone floor! What a waste! It's enough to make you weep sawdust!

In that factory, they made 60 different types of bobbins from us. And they made millions of the things! But look at us now, eh? – we're back in force! You just can't keep a good pioneer-tree down!

You humans sometimes made clog soles from us, too. And our delicate twigs make the best besom brooms. Did you know that you humans – the ones who worked on the canals, digging them out and stuff – even reckoned that they were properly married if they jumped over a besom broom!

So, we spun your thread, and shod your feet, and swept your floors, and wed you... But the best thing you humans used us for was 'birching' – a good strong birch rod was used to help pupils concentrate on their sums, and to punish thieves for stealing. If you come a bit closer, I'd be very happy to birch you!