



Here you are—straight from the stable! A welcome, right from the horse's mouth, (or in my case, from the donkey's) to all the faithful fans who love to watch Follyfoot on television, and who've had the human-sense to buy this LOOK-IN Special! It might not be the kind of present I'd like to find in my nosebag, but any four-footed chap worth his salt wouldn't hesitate to recommend this book to his young friends! You'll find pictures,

stories, puzzles, cartoons, features and pin-ups, and lots more about all the favourites who go to make Follyfoot such a success. (Yes humans as well as horses!). One last thing before I bray my goodbyes and leave you to enjoy it—don't forget that Follyfoot is featured as an all-colour, exciting picture-strip in LOOK-IN every week—so canter down to your local newsagent and place a regular order!



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A new Follyfoot adventure for you to enjoy.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE!

ALWAYS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SORELY NEEDED FUNDS, DORA IS IN LEEDS CLINCHING A VERY SPECIAL DEAL WITH SAMUEL K. MANHEIM, A NOTED AMERICAN FILM-PRODUCER...

MUCH OBLIGED! SHOOTING AN EPIC WHICH FEATURES THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE CALLS FOR A LOT OF MOUNTS! MY BOYS ARE LITERALLY SCOURING THE COUNTRY!

WE'D BE DELIGHTED TO HIRE YOU SOME OF OUR HORSES AS ACTORS, MR. MANHEIM.

ALSO IN LEEDS, ON HIS OWN, IS FOLLYFOOT'S GENERAL HANDYMAN, SLUGGER...

YOU HAVE YOUR OWN STUNT HORSES FOR DANGEROUS SCENES, OF COURSE?

NATURALLY. WE'LL BE SHOOTING UP IN SWINLEY DALE, STARTING TOMORROW. SEE YOU LATER, YOUNG LADY.

FLAMIN' BANK ROBBERS! NO YOU DON'T...

YES WE DO!

TIME I WAS GETTIN' THE BUS BACK TO THE FARM. IT'S GROWIN' REAL CHILLY OF AN EVENIN'...

BUT AS SLUGGER PASSES A BRANCH OF THE CITY BANK...

BLIMEY! WHAT THE...?

IN THE CAR WITH HIM! HE'S SEEN OUR PERISHIN' FACES!

KLUD

HEY! HEY, YOU!

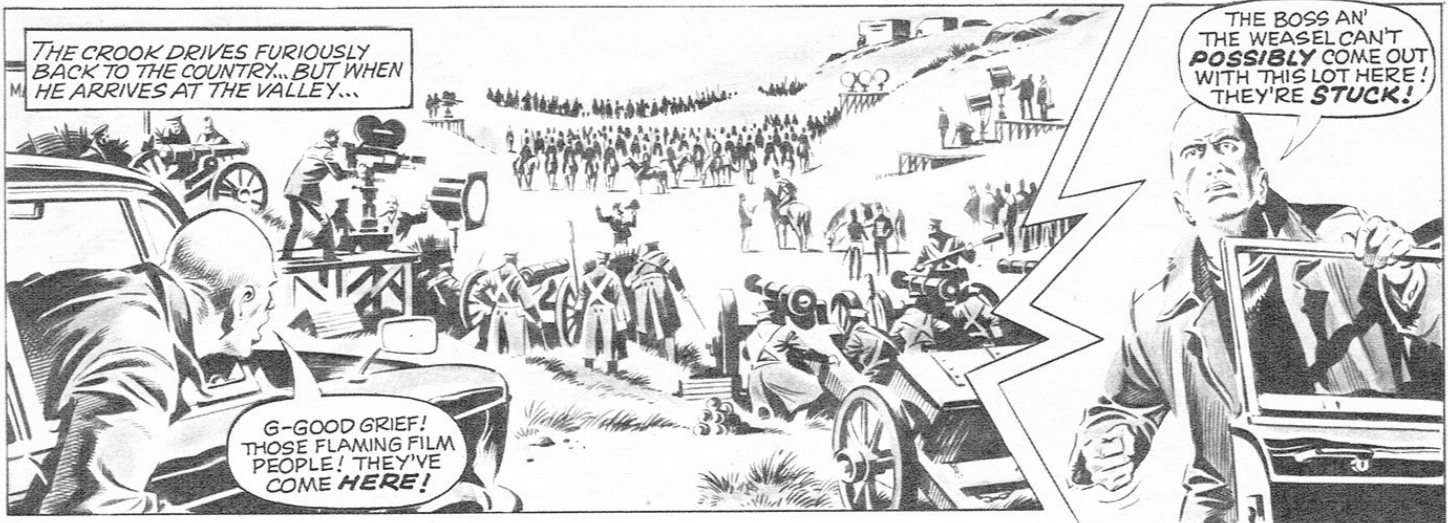
SCARPER! GET MOVIN'! IT'S THE LAW!

WE'RE CLEAR. HE COULDN'T HAVE EVEN READ THE NUMBERPLATE! WHAT DO WE DO WITH THIS COVE, BOSS?

NO NEED TO HURT HIM. WE'LL JUST KEEP HIM UNDER WRAPS UNTIL WE'RE IN THE CLEAR.

M. NOBLE

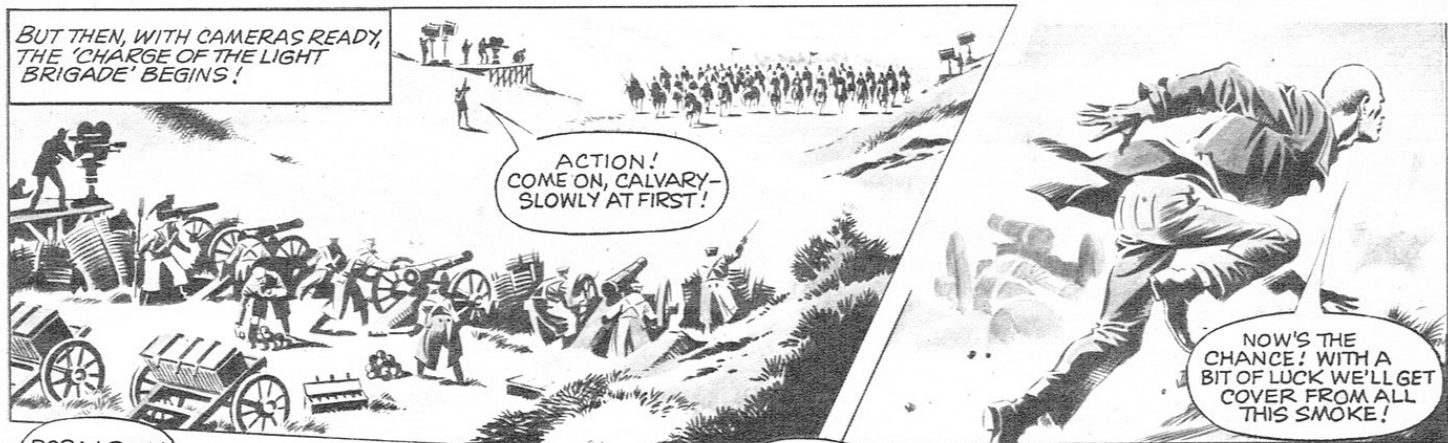




THE CROOK DRIVES FURIOUSLY BACK TO THE COUNTRY... BUT WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE VALLEY...

THE BOSS AN' THE WEASEL CAN'T POSSIBLY COME OUT WITH THIS LOT HERE! THEY'RE **STUCK!**

G-GOOD GRIEF! THOSE FLAMING FILM PEOPLE! THEY'VE COME **HERE!**



BUT THEN, WITH CAMERAS READY, THE 'CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE' BEGINS!

ACTION! COME ON, CALVARY—SLOWLY AT FIRST!

NOW'S THE CHANCE! WITH A BIT OF LUCK WE'LL GET COVER FROM ALL THIS SMOKE!



DORA! RON! LOOK!

THAT'S **SLUGGER!** COME ON—LET'S MOVE IN!

RIDE 'EM DOWN! YA—**HAAY!**

G-G-GOOD GRIEF! WE'RE **SPOTTED!**

IN PANIC, THE CROOKS RUN INTO THE SMOKE...

LET 'EM GO! THE FOOLS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE IN FOR!

COME ON, **SLUGGER!** YOU'RE OKAY NOW!



OH, NO! NO!

THE THUNDER OF HOOVES... A CHORUS OF AGONISED YELLS

BLIMEY! THERE'S JUSTICE FOR YOU!

I'LL GO AND GET MR. MANHEIM. HIS LADS CAN TAKE CHARGE OF THESE CHARACTERS UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!

THE WAY THEY FOUND FOLLYFOOT

IT'S all very well to read a book and picture, in your mind's eye, the sort of setting that the author has in mind. Provided the writing is descriptive enough, you can see every feature of the locality, every stick, stone and ditch of the story's surroundings. But suppose someone came to you and said, "We're going to make a film of that book. Now go out and find somewhere that'll do for the ideal location!"

It'd be a monster task, in any part of the country, but when Yorkshire Television decided to base a series on the Monica Dickens book, "Cobbler's Dream", they had to do just that.

It was Jane Royston, who now looks after the horses for the series, who happened on the ideal spot. She was out hunting when she discovered a deserted farmhouse on the Earl of Harewood's estate, some few hundred yards off the road from Leeds to Harrogate in Yorkshire. She went and told YTV executive Tony Essex, who took a trip out to view the site, and immediately fell in love with it.

"It was *exactly* the setting I had imagined," he said.

Anyone who had seen the old farm before the television company moved in would have agreed that both Jane Royston and Tony Essex were people of remarkable imagination, for the site was run-down, depressing, and little more than a shambles. There were barns and stables, but surely peopled only by ghosts. And as for the farmhouse itself, even tramps might have turned their noses

up at it.

"Which is why," explained a YTV spokesman, "we had to pull all the stops out and engage people to make it *look* good—in very short order indeed!"

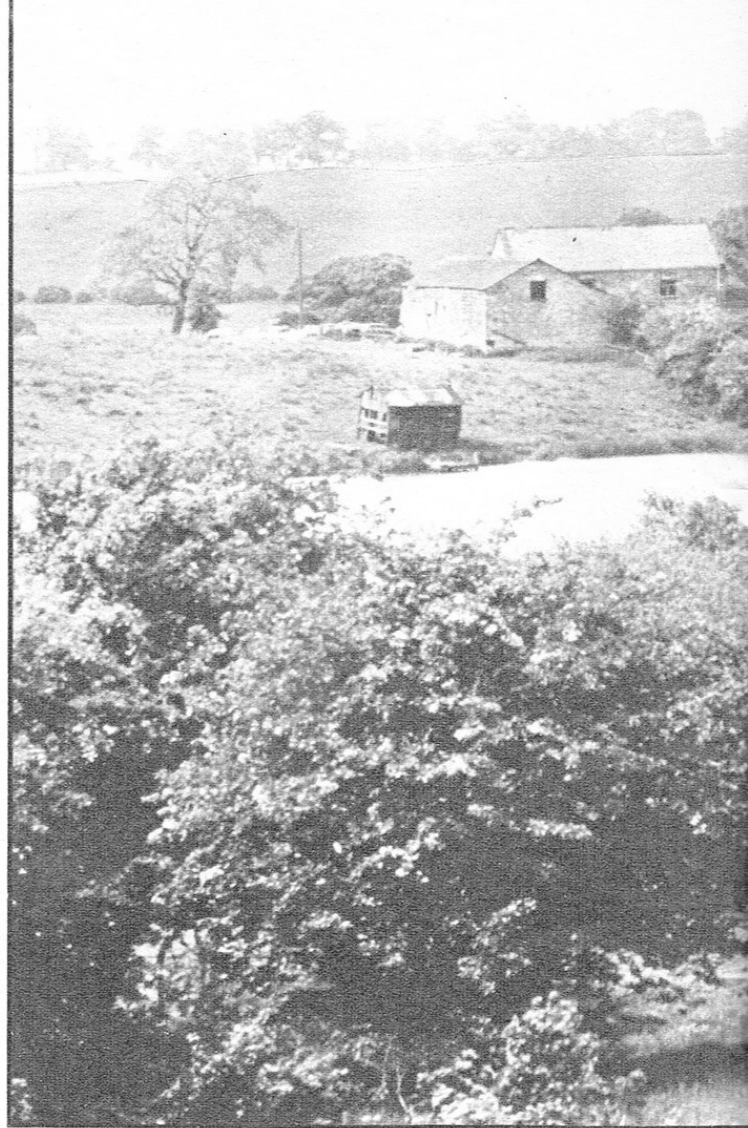
Landscapers, carpenters and stonemasons moved in, and rapidly, the whole area was transformed from a dying wilderness into a thriving film-site. Crumbled stone walls were rebuilt. Every technique was used to make a showpiece out of shambles. Perhaps the spirit of the Follyfoot series itself; where old, down-at-heel horses are restored to their former vigour, had something to do with it. Externally, at least, the buildings were made to look so good that even a camera—which *never* lies—could take pictures and make them look *live and believable*.

Some of the buildings had to be made properly habitable. Not only the farmhouse itself, which had to house Jane Royston and her assistants—always there to look after the horses during the months of filming—but also one of the barns, which, whereas viewers never know, is actually the canteen 'dining hall' for the actors and production team during shooting.

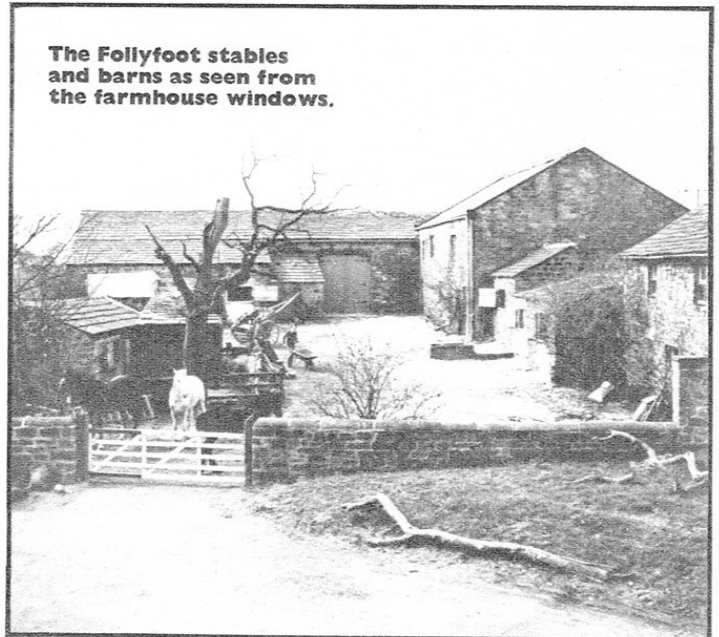
There is nothing false about Follyfoot, though. Externally, when you see stone dykes, they *are* stone dykes. They're not made of Polystyrene. This is probably because the sort of winds that blow over the Yorkshire Moors might lift off lightweight fakes while the cameras are running, and that *wouldn't* be acceptable!

The stables, too, are per-

In its beautiful lake-side setting the group of buildings was the ideal location.



The Follyfoot stables and barns as seen from the farmhouse windows.





Jane Royston,
'discoverer' of
Follyfoot Farm.

FOLLYFOOT
FARM

fectly appointed. If horses are going to have to live at Follyfoot, then they've got to be properly housed. One would imagine that a whole lot of nags would give their eyeteeth to be parked up at Follyfoot, in the comfort of modern stalls, with plenty of food, and with Jane and her friends to look after them!

Perhaps the most ingenious thing about the setting up of Follyfoot Farm was the provision of the Lightning Tree. In Monica Dickens's novel, there was this old, dead trunk, just a relic in the corner of the yard, that everyone who passed had to souse with a bucket of water. The idea being that, if faith was there, then one day, the tree would come to life again. Accordingly, the YTV team had first to find an old, dead tree . . .

"That wasn't difficult," said the spokesman. "There are plenty of dead trees if you care to look for them. We had the one we selected dug out of the ground and transported across to the Follyfoot location. You know, there are firms that specialise in moving trees—although they're usually living ones."

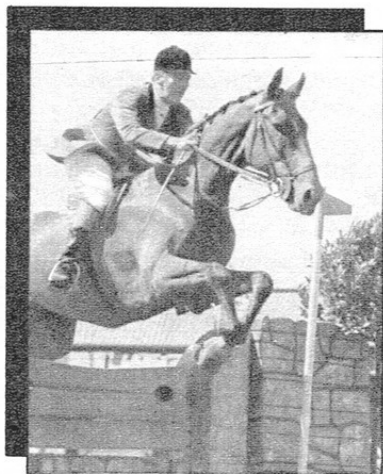
Well, this particular dead tree was dumped in Follyfoot yard, and a mammoth hole was dug and filled with concrete. Then the old, skeleton-rooted trunk was buried in the cement. That, they all thought, was that.

But—believe it or not—when they were about to start filming, someone noticed something peculiar about the tree. It had *buds* on! A dead trunk, stuck in concrete, mucked and messed about—actually coming to *life* again? There was no doubt about it! And they've been clipping the growth off ever since!

It all goes to show that there *must* be some magic about Follyfoot. They took a dying farm, and brought it back to the land of the living—and anyone who cares to take a long look at the settings behind the actors who take part in the television series can see for himself that it's true!

SNAPPLE BAPPLES

How do you rate as someone who really likes horses? Try this simple quiz and make a note of your answers. You can check them on page 63.



1

The two names went together! They were seen time and again on television, and *he* was called Colonel Harry Llewellyn. What was the name of his famous horse?

4

What do the letters BSJA stand for?

5

A British jockey won 4,870 races from 21,834 mounts, and retired way back in 1954. But his name is still remembered wherever horse-racing is talked about. Who is this famous horseman?



2

We gauge the height of horses in 'hands'. How much—in inches—is a 'hand'?

3

Who cleared 7 feet 3 inches in Toronto in 1967, during a show-jumping championship? His name's just as well-known today as it was then!



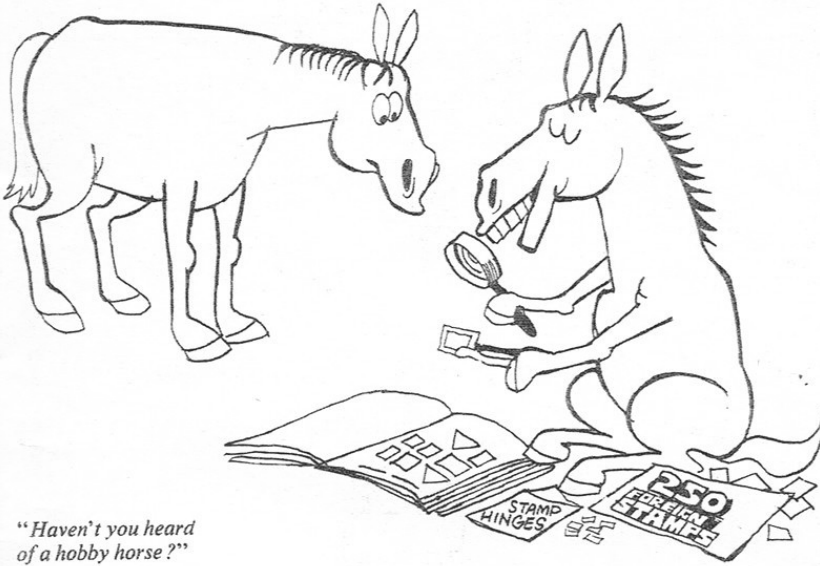
6

What part of a horse's body is known as the 'withers'?

7

And what's the difference between a horse with 'socks' and a horse with 'stockings'?

Horse Nonsense!



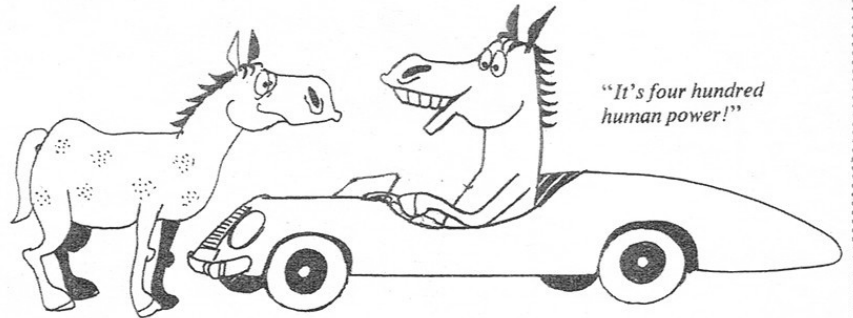
"Haven't you heard of a hobby horse?"



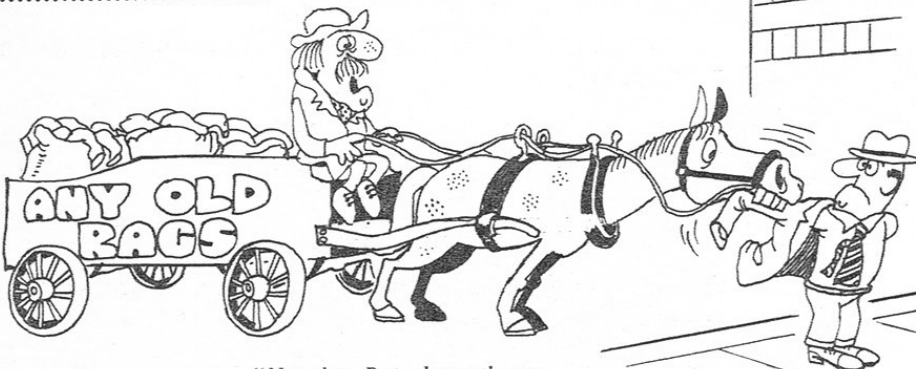
"Thar he goes—ridin' tall in the saddle!"



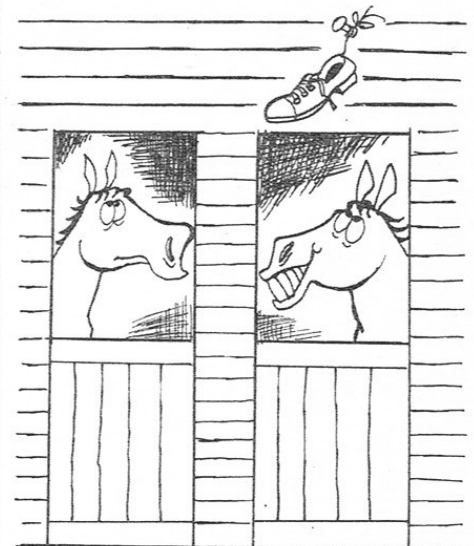
"Enough of that horseplay!"



"It's four hundred human power!"



"Now then, Bess, the gentleman hasn't quite finished with that coat!"



"That's for good luck!"

Win A Follyfoot Work Of Art!

You've read about Arthur the painter — now try your luck and see if you can win a genuine, signed, execution-in-oils by that master of the paint 'n' palette, Slugger himself! You've only got to answer the questions below, make up a simple last-line to the limerick, and you're almost there!

First, The Questions...

1. When Slugger (Arthur English, if you prefer) was a stage comedian, he used to wear a sort of trademark round his neck. What was it?
2. And what was Arthur's famous catch-phrase?
3. He's not keen on horses, except for one special kind. What is that?
4. What job did Arthur's father do?

You'll find all the answers in the text of this Follyfoot Special, but there's more yet! First, you've got to write those answers down on a postcard, and then you've got to think up a last line for this limerick—

**There was a house-painter called Art,
Who climbed up a ladder to start.
By a wasp he was stung,
As he reached the top rung—**

-----!

So what happened? Did the ladder fall *apart*? Did he fall in a *strawberry tart*? No, he didn't. *You* decide. Send your entry (not forgetting your own name and address) on a postcard to:

'Look-In',
Arthur English competition,
P.O. Box 141,
London SE6 3HR.

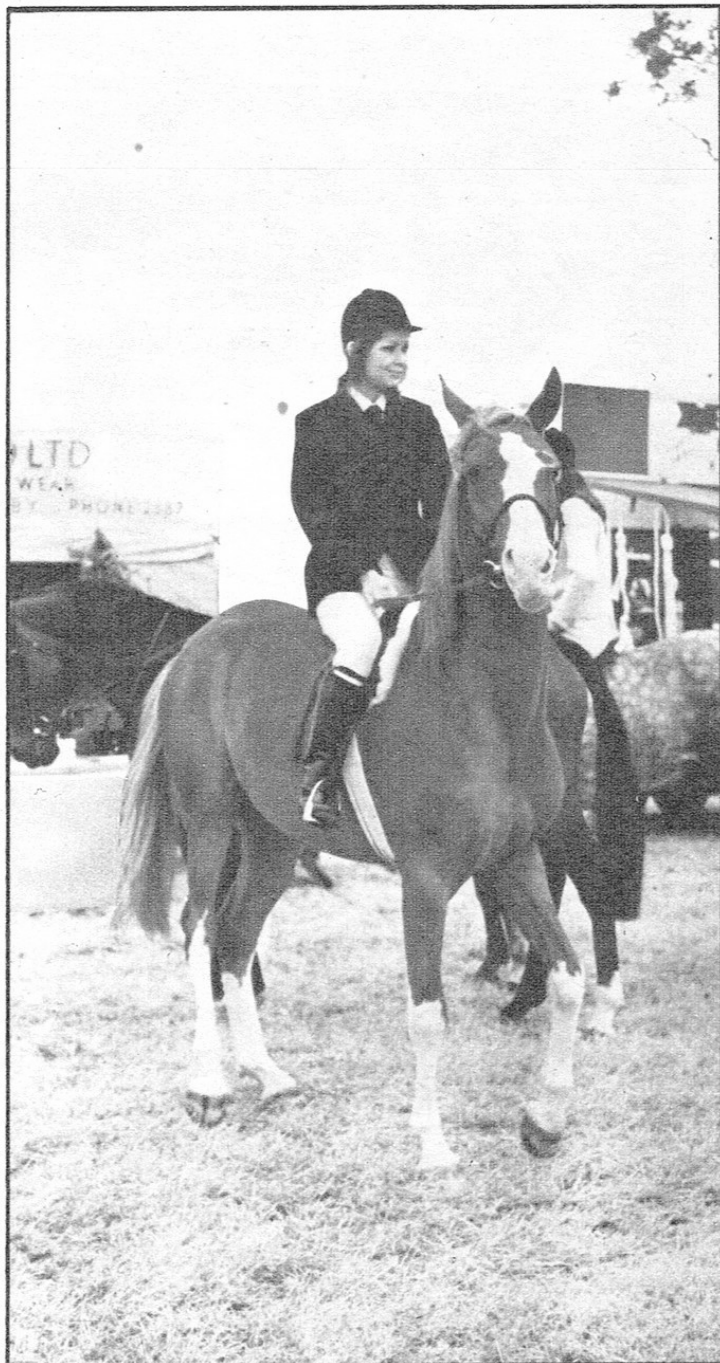
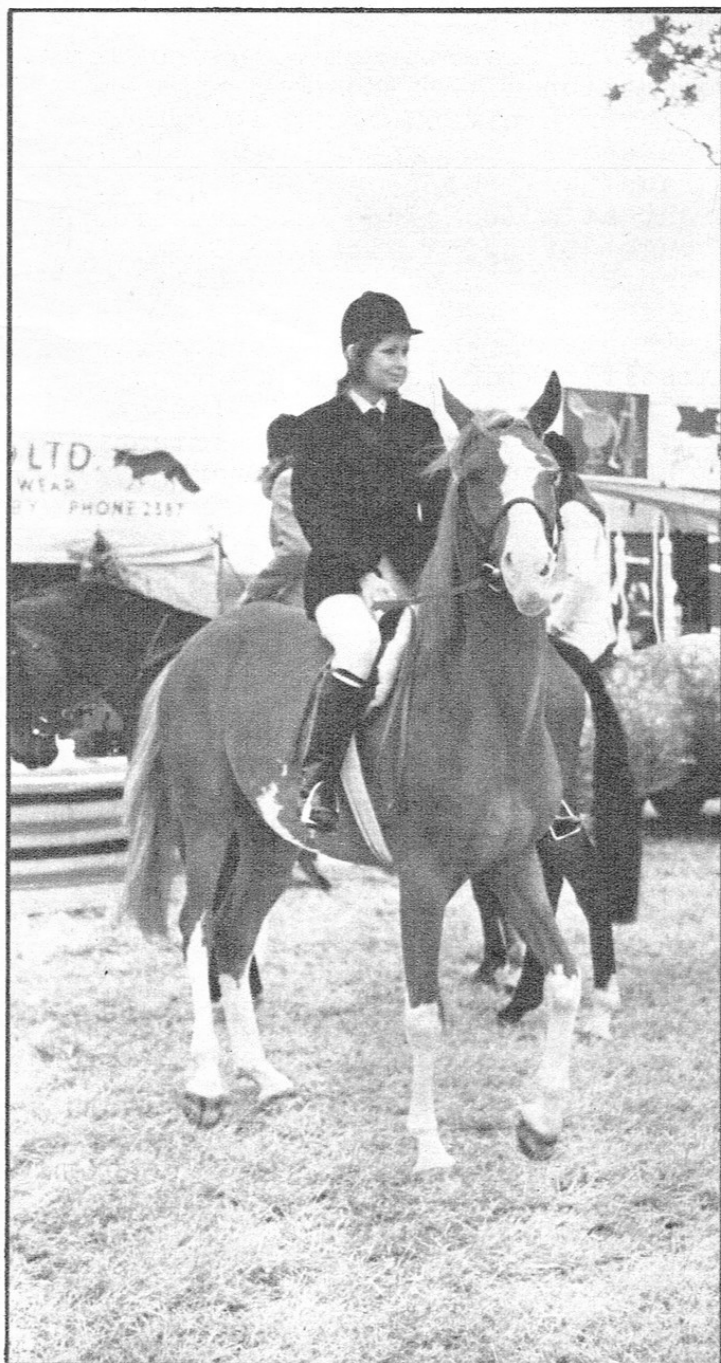


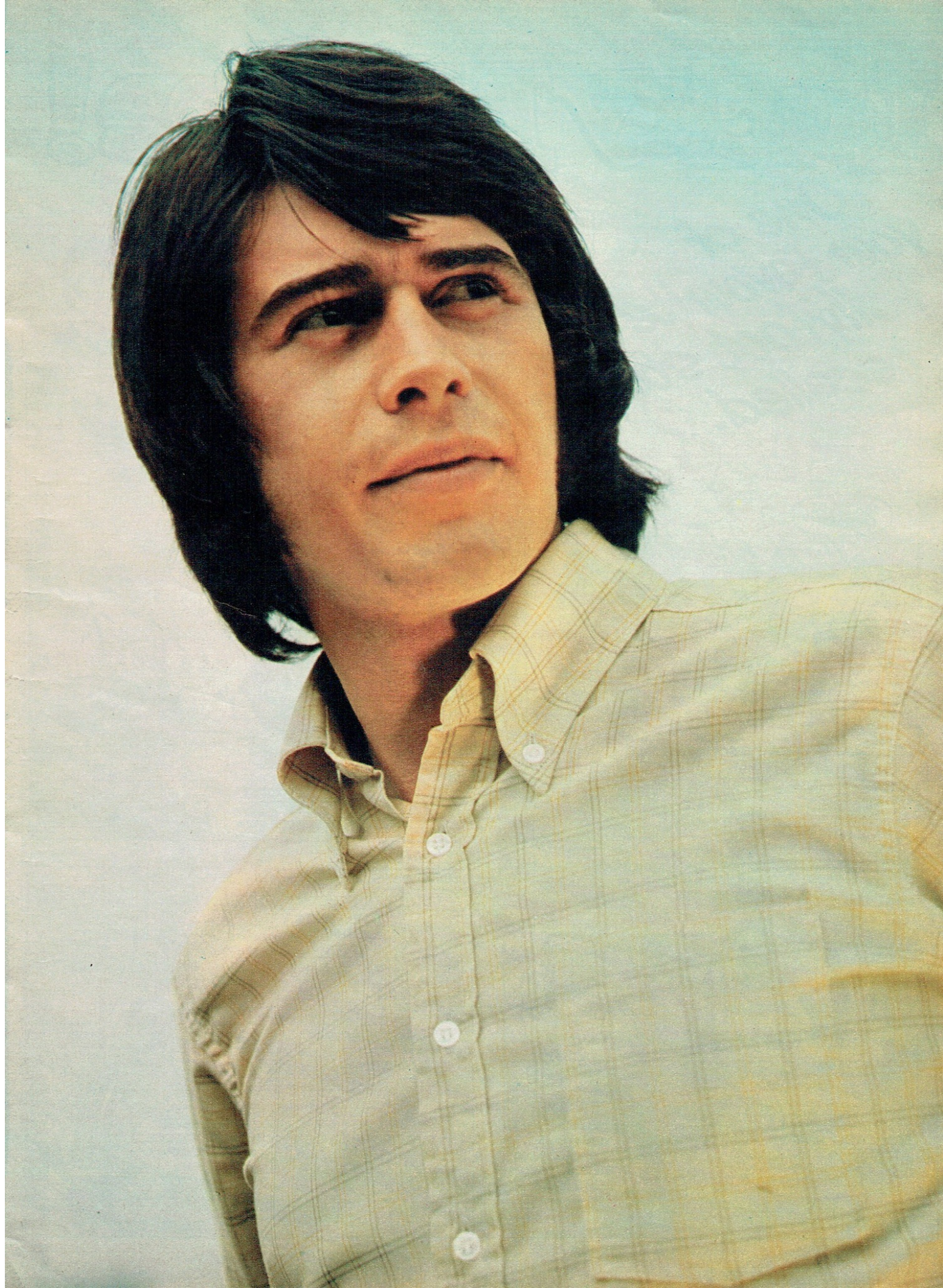
All entries will be read, and those with the correct answers to the four questions will be submitted to the judges, who will decide which, in their opinion, of the last-line limericks is the best. The winner will be notified by post. The editor's and judges' decision will be final and binding, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition. The winner will receive a genuine signed painting by Arthur English, but the competition, though open to readers of 'Look-In Follyfoot Special' is excluded to employees of Independent Television Publications Ltd., and associated companies.

Closing date: December 31st, 1973.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE!

Take a look at the two pictures below! Look the same?
Ah—but an artist has made eight changes in the right hand one, and
it's up to you to spot them! Check your answers on page 63!





Lucky Escape!

One of
your favourite
Follyfoot stories
recalled...

LIP ONE MORNING
BEFORE ANYONE
ELSE, STEVE FINDS
A STRANGE MARE
TETHERED TO THE
FOLLYFOOT
GATEPOST...



NEWS OF THE STRANGE HORSE TRAVELS, AND REACHES THE PINECREST HOTEL, OWNED BY LEWIS HAMMOND AND HIS FATHER, OLD ENEMIES OF THE FRIENDS AT FOLLYFOOT...

I'M TELLING YOU STRAIGHT, DAD, NOBODY SAW STEVE FIND THE NAG.

GOOD. THEN HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE TROUBLE!

HOW?

I'LL CALL MY OLD PAL CLEM JACKMAN. THEY DON'T KNOW HIM OVER AT FOLLYFOOT...

LATER, JACKMAN GOES TO THE FARM - WITH A POLICEMAN!

THERE SHE IS! WHAT DID I TELL YOU, OFFICER?

YOU'RE SURE, SIR?

OF COURSE I'M SURE! I OWNED HER FOR TWO YEARS!

HO! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

THE HORSE IS STOLEN! AND HANG ME IF THIS ISN'T THE VERY BLACKGUARD WHO TOOK HER!

WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT, STEVE?

JACKMAN SPINS HIS PREPARED YARN...

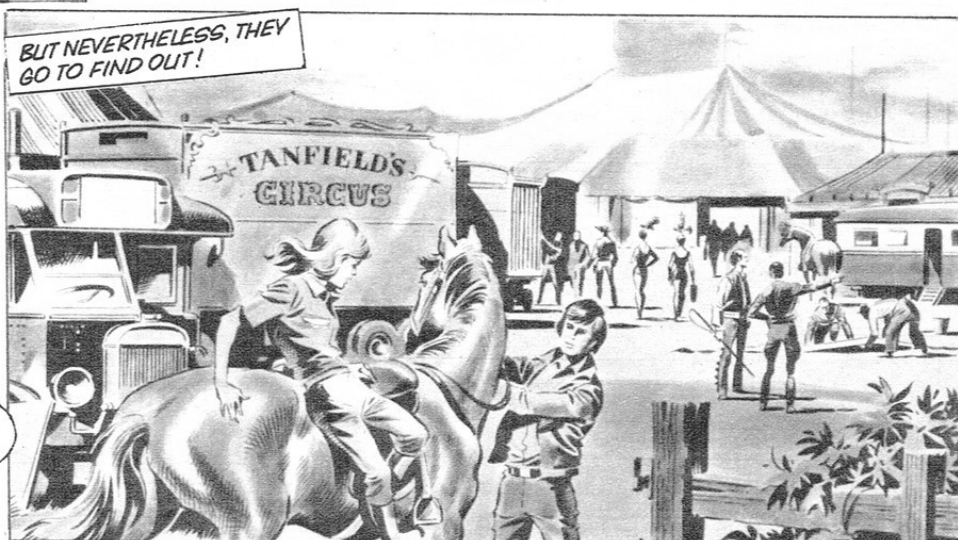
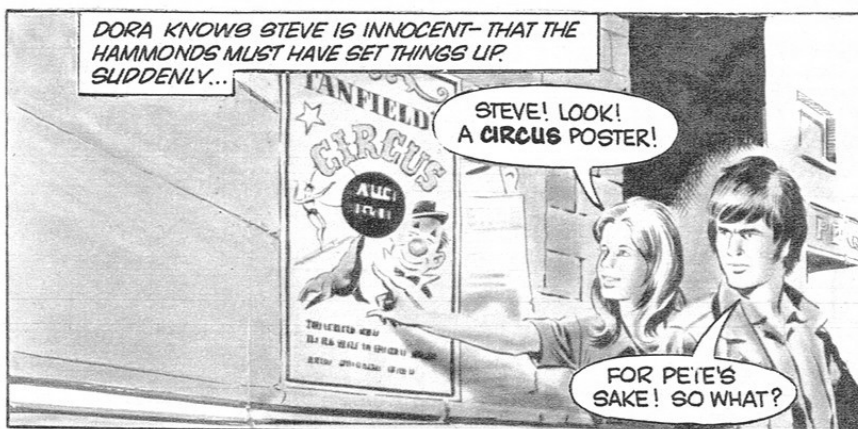
I SOLD THIS MARE TO SIDNEY HAMMOND YESTERDAY! I ACTUALLY SAW THIS YOUNG DEVIL STEAL HER OUT OF HAMMOND'S PADDOCK!

STEVE PROTESTS, BUT...

HERE'S THE BILL OF SALE, OFFICER! IT SHOULD MAKE THE CASE PERFECTLY CLEAR!

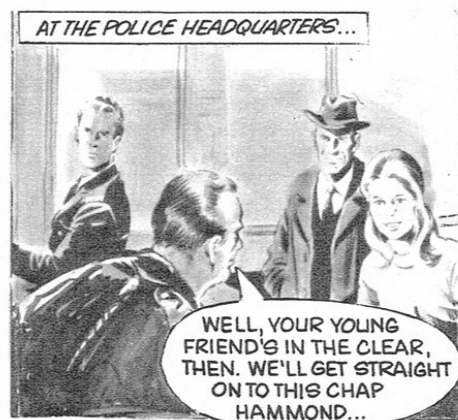
QUITE, SIR! AND SINCE THIS YOUNG MAN'S UNABLE TO PROVE WHAT HE CLAIMS...

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! THEY'RE TAKING THE MARE AWAY... AND STEVE'S BEEN ARRESTED!



THERE ARE NO HORSES MISSING FROM THE CIRCUS, BUT THEY GET A LEAD! TED CHARLTON, A GROOM, RETIRED A WEEK PREVIOUSLY, TAKING A PENSIONED-OFF GREY MARE WITH HIM!

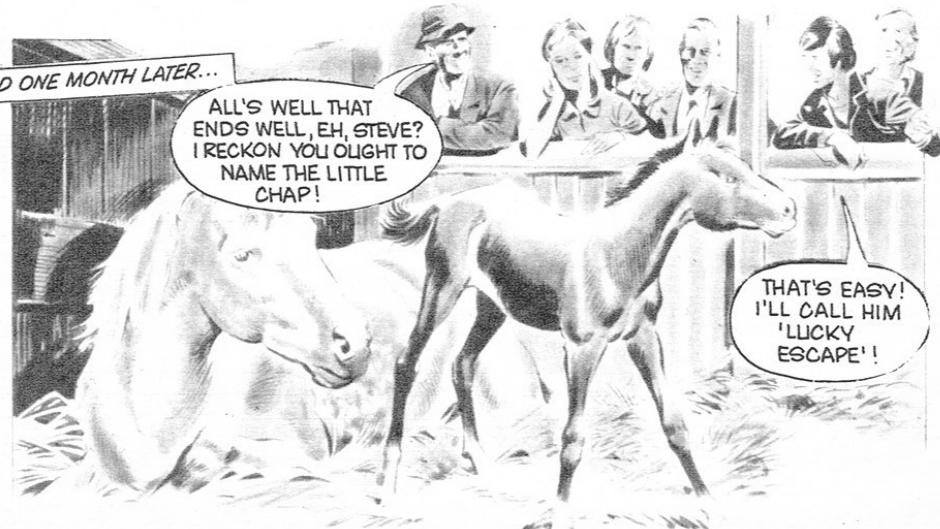




SNEAKILY, THE HAMMONDS GET OUT OF IT. THEY CLAIM THAT JACKMAN, WHO HAS CONVENIENTLY 'VANISHED', TRICKED THEM. BUT THEY HAVE TO GIVE TANGO BACK...



AND ONE MONTH LATER...



THE LONG LEG OF THE LAW!

IMAGINE you were walking past an open field in the country, and you saw this crowd of assorted men, some of them yelling, others waving rattles and flags, one of 'em blowing a bugle, and another hammering the day-lights out of a drum. You'd think they were barmy, right? Well, imagine you saw them carrying on like that around a horse. Now *you'd* be the one likely to get mad!

It all goes on—quite regularly. But save your temper. It's all part of the special training given to those faithful, four-footed champions of law and order, the police horses!

The Metropolitan Police Mounted Branch have their school down at Imber Court, in Surrey, and it's there that their mounts—most of them are bought in Yorkshire, coincidentally enough for us—are taken to learn the ropes. Naturally, newcomers are not exposed to the rattling and banging tactics at the beginning. There are no hard and fast rules as to how long it takes to train a young horse. Peculiarities of breeding, temperament and condition can all affect the length of the course, and the process can't be hurried. The usual average is six months.

With the aim of providing quiet horses that are well-balanced, responsive, accustomed to traffic and all sorts of unusual sights and sounds, the trainers split their programme up into three separate parts, the first being a couple of months or so of handling, lungeing and driving. That's to prepare the horse's character and muscular development so that it'll be at the peak of its fitness for

the second and third stages.

For the second stage, the horses are mounted, and are introduced to noise and movement. While they walk round, music is played to them through loudspeakers, quietly at first, and then with a gradual increase in volume. Men with flags—held still—stand in front of them, and the horses are encouraged to behave themselves with rewards from a tin of oats that a handler carries round the lines. Later, the feed tin is taken away, and even when the flags are waved about, the horses don't seem to mind. The same procedure goes on with rattles and bells, and then it's time for the third, advanced stage of training.

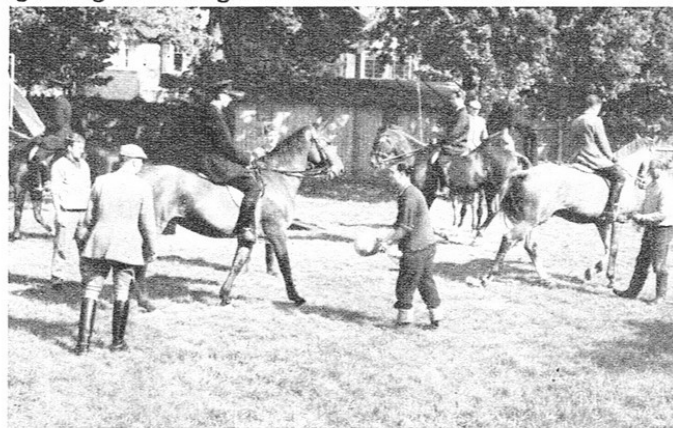
Ammunition

Now, a band takes the place of the loudspeakers, and the noise-makers wear brightly coloured uniforms. Some of them carry pistols loaded with blank ammunition, that they can fire in the air. The horses have to walk down lines of flags and bunting—and the more they flutter in the breeze, the better the trainers like it! They have to pick their way over strange objects—scattered motor-tyres, for example—and they're taught manoeuvres like sidling up to gates so that their riders can open them without dismounting. There's training in crowd control, where the animals are taken into throngs of people.

The police are very anxious to point out that all this is done so gradually that there's never any question of frightening a horse. The whole system is based on kindness and reward.

After training, horses and

Ignoring the ball game teaches self-control.




No distraction must upset a police horse.



The famous policeman on a white horse... restoring order at the 1923 Wembley Cup Final.





Whatever are they saying? Can it be to do with me?
I know I've had my breakfast, but they might be planning tea!
Hay or oats—perhaps it's bran! Now *that* would be a treat—
Or even if they turn me out, with grass beneath my feet!
Suppose I look appealing, and try to catch their eye.
An apple wouldn't come amiss. At least it's worth a try!
Oh, what's the use? It's only greed. I might as well admit,
A fatty can't be ridden, 'cos his saddle just won't fit!

The Settlers Branch Out!



REMEMBER THE LIGHTNING TREE? Yes—it's the catchy theme you hear at the beginning and end of the Follyfoot programmes. But the Lightning Tree is reality as well. It's the old withering trunk in the corner of the stable yard that, according to legend, is going to come to life again one day and sprout buds and leaves. That's why it's a tradition at Follyfoot that anyone crossing the yard has to fling a pail of water over the tree's roots, just for luck.

Well, so much for legend. So far, the Lightning Tree hasn't recovered its former glory, but as you can see from the picture on the opposite page, it's got a fair old crop of human beings in its branches and around the trunk! They've got a right to be there, what's more, because with the Follyfoot regulars are the guys and the girl who go to make up the group known as "The Settlers", who put the Follyfoot theme in the charts when the programme first came out.

The Settlers began as a small-time outfit playing in folk clubs, but—tree-like, if you don't mind the appropriate metaphor—they've grown into a group that's been seen literally hundreds

of times on television, and has made the hallowed stage of the London Palladium on more than a few occasions.

Founder members are John Fyffe and Mike Jones, who began making music together when they were students at St. Peter's College, Birmingham. A girl called Cindy Kent saw them at a local club one night, asked if she could join in, and then there were three! The final member of the foursome, Geoffrey (yes, just Geoffrey) joined them to play bass, and after they'd won a talent contest on the Isle of Wight, they decided to pack up the amateur scene and turn professional.

John Fyffe comes from Lanarkshire, Scotland. Plays banjo, bass and guitar.

Mike Jones comes from Burton-on-Trent. He's a singer, plays twelve-string guitar, banjo, violin and mandolin. *And* he can wiggle his beard!

Cindy's from Birmingham. She's a singer, and she contributes a lot to the songwriting part of the team.

As for **Geoffrey**, he's just as enigmatic as his single name. He's a self-confessed multi-instrumentalist, a wit, an impressionist, photographer and song-writer par-excellence!

Why Follyfoot's A Dickens Of A Job!

WHAT THE DICKENS HAS DICKENS TO DO WITH OUR FAVOURITE TELEVISION SERIES? Sounds like a cryptic clue in a crossword, and if it was, the answer would be in six letters—a girl's name. It'd be Monica, to be exact, because Monica Dickens is the authoress whose original book gave birth to the whole idea!

Monica, whose best-selling novels, including "One Pair of

Hands" and "My Turn To Make The Tea" reflect true-life incidents that happened to her while she was engaged in nursing and working on a provincial newspaper, has put much of her own interest and experience into the book of Follyfoot (published by Heinemann at £1.25) as well. For one of Monica's lifelong enthusiasms has been for horses.

It was actually one of her books, about a horse called Cobbler's Dream, that first prompted Yorkshire Television's head of documentaries, Tony Essex, to think in terms of a new children's series. Tony Essex admits that his judgement was guided by his young daughter Tamara, a firm fan of the book in question. "In establishing Follyfoot," he says, "we have worked very hard and closely with Monica Dickens, and we've tried to reflect the out-of-the-ordinary feeling she transmits in her writing—a mood that, we feel, is absolutely enchanting."

Monica visited the farm at Follyfoot at the very beginning of the first series, and confessed herself to be highly delighted with the setting. She normally lives in London when she's in Britain, but her main home is across the Atlantic, where she lives in an 1812 New England house in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, with her husband Roy Stratton, a retired United States Naval commander.

"We spend our time travelling between England and America," says Monica, "but I do all my writing work in 'The States. I used to be one of those writers who 'burns the midnight oil'—tackling the typewriter when the sun goes down and working all through the night. It's ideal in some ways, because the dark hours make for perfect peace and quiet—but when I got married, I really had to change my tactics!" These days, Monica prefers



Monica meets the team who bring her books to life

ARTHUR ENGLISH

'Play the music! Open the cage!'
If you'd been viewing back in the early nineteen fifties, you'd have heard that catch-phrase time and time again, and you'd have laughed at the comical 'spiv' with the cinerama shoulders on his jacket and a flashy tie as long as an elephant's tongue!

Those days are over for Arthur English, the genial joker who has dropped his image as 'The Prince of the Wide Boys', which first made him famous. Now he has realised what was always his first ambition - acting in straight drama.

The face we know as Slugger's crops up again and again in character parts on television, and what Arthur calls his 'second wind' has brought him roles in top-line shows ranging from 'Doctor In Charge' to 'For The Love Of Ada'.

Arthur - whose stage career dates from 1949, when he gave up being a painter and decorator to pass an audition at London's Windmill Theatre - is unique at Follyfoot, in that he's the one member of the cast who makes no claim to be a horseman. 'It's surprising really,' he says, 'cos my Dad was a professional jockey. Mad on horses, he was. Would you believe it if I told you he used to play polo with Winston Churchill?'

If Arthur's father didn't pass on anything equestrian to Arthur, he certainly handed down something of a zany talent. 'He was sixty-five when I was born,' recalls Arthur. 'But he used to tell me about some of the daft exploits he got involved in when he was a young man. One time, he smuggled a real live prince out of Russia during the Bolshevik revolution. Hid the bloke in a horsebox!'

In between series work for shows like 'Follyfoot', Arthur makes guest appearances on other shows - 'Sez Les', for example - and he's often seen in television commercials.

From 'Prince of the Wide Boys' to Slugger of Follyfoot Farm: Arthur as he was in 1951 (top) and as you know him today.



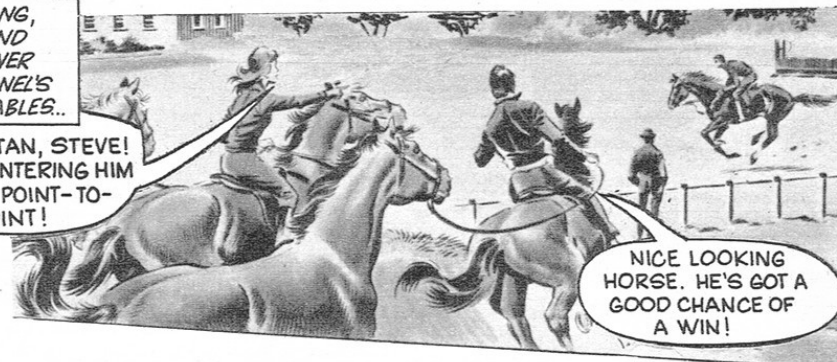
ODDS AGAINST A WIN!

ANOTHER FAVOURITE FOLLYFOOT STORY RECALLED...

ONE MORNING, AS STEVE AND DORA ARE OVER AT THE COLONEL'S TRAINING STABLES...

THAT'S SATAN, STEVE! UNCLE'S ENTERING HIM IN THE POINT-TO-POINT!

NICE LOOKING HORSE. HE'S GOT A GOOD CHANCE OF A WIN!



BUT DORA'S UNCLE SEEMS TO HAVE RESERVATIONS...

PRETTY TURN OF SPEED, BUT YOU WATCH THIS...

MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE THE LAD'S NOT TAKING HIM OVER THEM PROPERLY!

SEE? HE'S NOT SO HOT ON THE JUMPS.

MAYBE. BUT I'VE BEEN UP ON SATAN, MYSELF. HE STILL BAULK. I'M HOPING THAT JACKIE SMIKE CAN GET HIM OUT OF IT WHEN HE ARRIVES.

FINE JOCKEY! MUST'VE COST YOU A BIT TO GET HIM TO RIDE FOR YOU!

WORTH IT IF SATAN CAN WIN FOR ME. FRANKLY, I NEED THE MONEY- IF ONLY TO KEEP FOLLYFOOT GOING!



THE CLOSURE OF FOLLYFOOT'S JUST WHAT LEWIS HAMMOND AND HIS FATHER, FROM THE PINECREST HOTEL, WOULD LIKE...

I SEE THE COLONEL'S GETTING SMIKE DOWN TO RIDE FOR HIM IN THE POINT-TO-POINT, DAD.

I KNOW IT. HE'LL WIN, LIKE AS NOT.

YOU'VE GOT A HORSE IN THE RACE, DAD. ISN'T THERE SOME WAY WE CAN FIX THINGS...?

NO! EVERY TIME WE TANGLE WITH THE FOLLYFOOT LOT, WE COME TO GRIEF- AND IT'S ALWAYS YOUR FAULT!

I'LL SHOW DAD! I'VE GOT CONTACTS...



LATER, STEVE AND RON STRYKER GO TO MEET THE COLONEL'S JOCKEY...



THE CAR HITS SMIKE AND DRIVES ON!



SMIKE IS BADLY INJURED-SO AT FOLLYFOOT...



DORA NEVER THINKS THAT LEWIS HIRED THE HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER. SHE'S TOO BUSY GETTING SATAN USED TO HER...



GRADUALLY, DORA FEELS SHE'S GETTING SOMEWHERE...



BUT LEWIS HAMMOND IS KEEPING AN EYE ON THINGS!



THAT SAME NIGHT, LEWIS SLIPS INTO SATAN'S STABLE WITH A DOSE TO MAKE THE HORSE SICK...



A MATCH FLARES... AND IN THE SAME INSTANT...



IN HIS BLINK ABOVE THE TACK-ROOM, STEVE STIRS RESTLESSLY IN HIS SLEEP...



BY THE TIME DORA AND SLUGGER COME RACING FROM THE HOUSE STEVE IS ALREADY ATTACKING THE BLAZE...



STEVE!
SATAN'S
IN THERE!

MY STARS! THE
SMOKE'S GOT
HIM!



SOMEHOW, STEVE GETS
SATAN CLEAR!

SURE! THE HAY CAUGHT
FIRE—MUST HAVE BEEN
SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION!

IS HE ALL
RIGHT?



TROUBLE IS,
OLD SATAN'S HAD
A SHAKING!



IT COULD AFFECT
HIS FORM IN TOMORROW'S
RACE! HIS CHANCES OF
WINNING MAY BE
RUINED!

NEXT MORNING, OVER AT PINECREST
HOTEL...

LEWIS. GET UP OFF YOUR BACKSIDE
A MINUTE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO
TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE POINT-
TO-POINT!

OH, THAT! SHOULDN'T
WORRY ABOUT IT, DAD!



HAVE YOU BEEN
UP TO SOMETHING?

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, DAD.
I'VE SORT OF FIXED
THINGS, SEE!

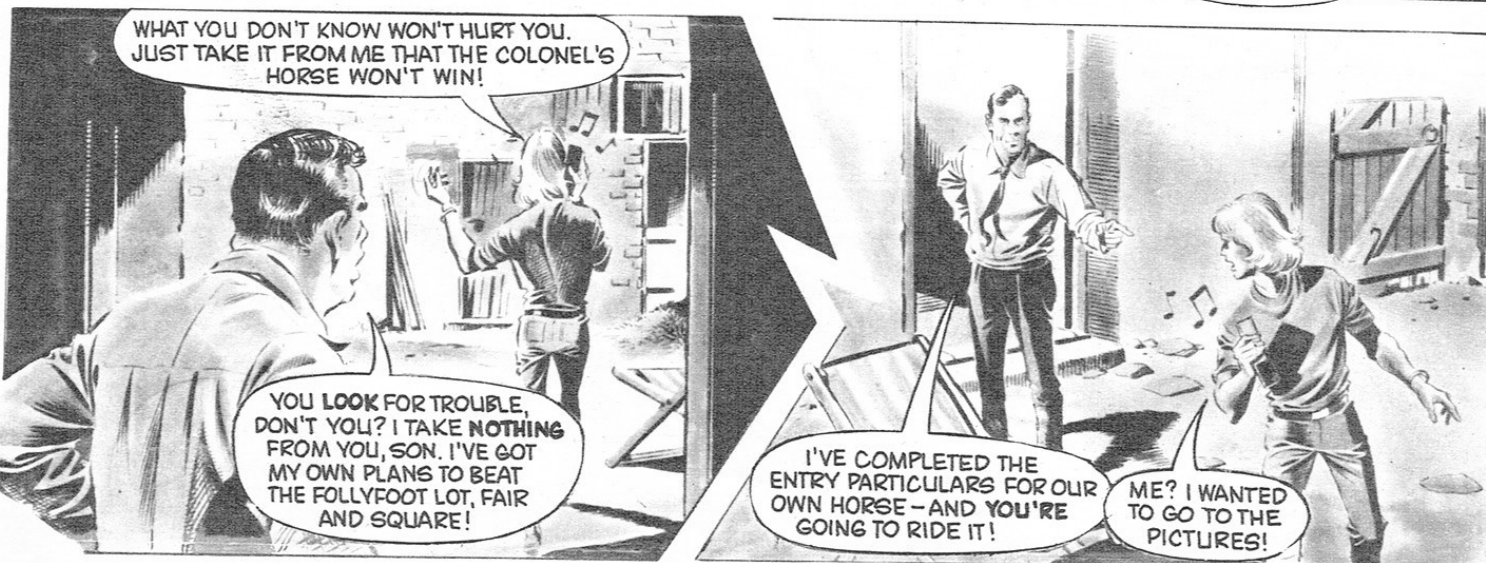


WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT YOU.
JUST TAKE IT FROM ME THAT THE COLONEL'S
HORSE WON'T WIN!

YOU LOOK FOR TROUBLE,
DON'T YOU? I TAKE NOTHING
FROM YOU, SON. I'VE GOT
MY OWN PLANS TO BEAT
THE FOLLYFOOT LOT, FAIR
AND SQUARE!

I'VE COMPLETED THE
ENTRY PARTICULARS FOR OUR
OWN HORSE—AND YOU'RE
GOING TO RIDE IT!

ME? I WANTED
TO GO TO THE
PICTURES!





BUT THAT AFTERNOON, DOWN AT THE POINT-TO-POINT...

ALL SET, DORA! THE BEST OF LUCK!

I MAY NEED IT! LEWIS HAMMOND'S RIDING AGAINST ME!



THEN...

THEY'RE OFF!



TWO RIDERS QUICKLY LEAD THE FIELD!

DORA AND YOUNG HAMMOND! HE MAY BE SHIFTY, BUT HE CAN RIDE!

YEAH-BUT PLAYIN' FAIR JUST AIN'T IN HIS NATURE, COLONEL!



FOOL! YOU'LL HAVE US BOTH DOWN!

THAT'S THE IDEA!



DETERMINED TO PUT DORA OUT OF THE RACE, LEWIS NUDGES... BUT THE GIRL CHECKS!

GUHHHH!



GLURRGG!



SHE'S DONE IT! SHE'S WON!

BEAUTIFUL FINISH! BEAUTIFUL!

ALL'S WELL FOR THE FOLLYFOOT FRIENDS-BUT AS FOR LEWIS...

YOU... YOU BLITHERING GREAT HALF-WIT! CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT?

OUCH! LEAVE OFF DAD! I'VE HURT MY FOOT!



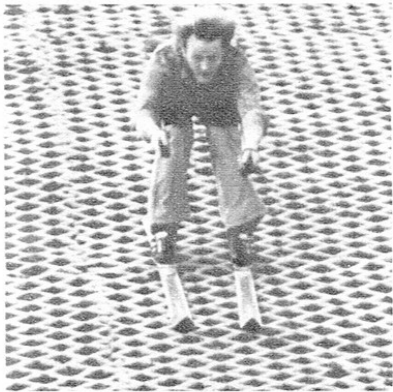
THEN I'LL DO THE SAME! HOLD THAT!

WELL, IF LEWIS WAS BEHIND OUR MISFORTUNES, I RECKON HE'S LEARNING HIS LESSON!

Continued from page 47

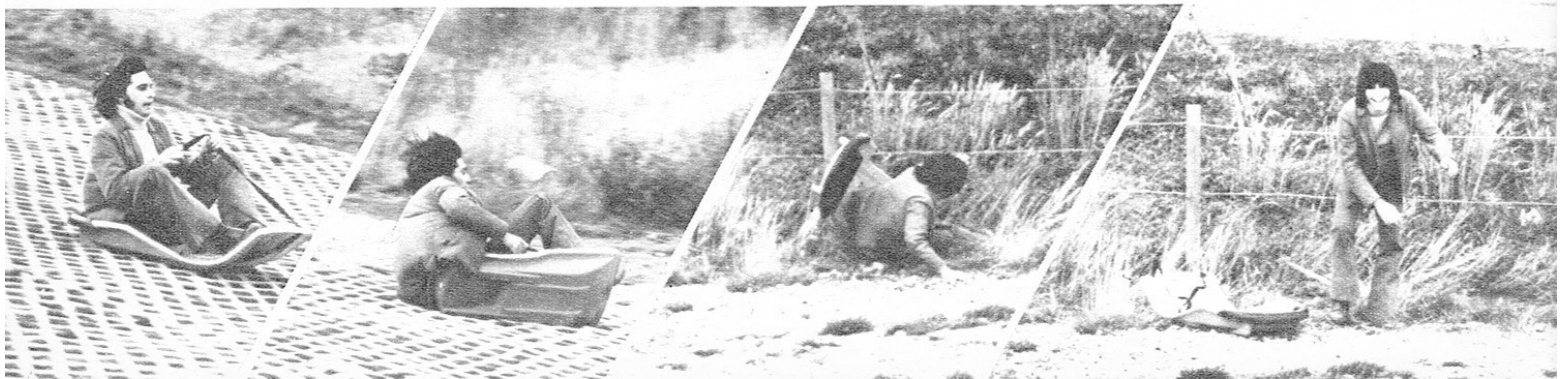
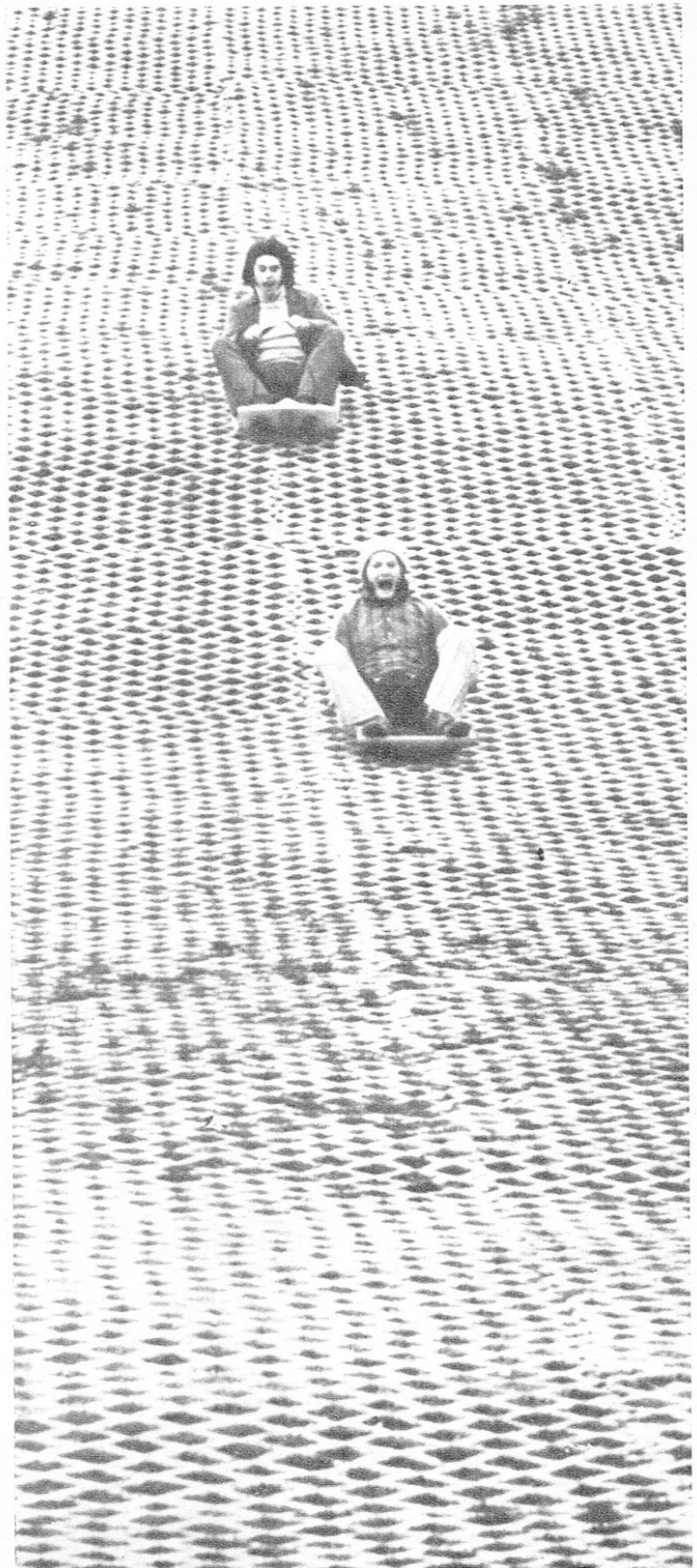
of granite zooming towards a mark while feverish blokes with brushes skate alongside, sweeping the path like maniacs. Steve and Chris didn't have a go, amazingly. I suppose that if they had, they'd have shown themselves to be natural champs, first off!

Lunchtime came and went, and then it was a spot of ski-ing to shake it down. There wasn't time to make the journey up to the slopes in the Cairngorms, so we made do with the plastic training slopes built in the Aviemore complex itself. You'd be surprised how gentle that slope looks from the bottom—and how steep it appears to be when you're at the top! Neither Chris nor Steve, practised skiers both, turned their noses up at a few swift runs down it. But the slope really came into its own when someone produced a pair of plastic sledges. Hardly bigger than tea-trays, these things rocket down from top to bottom at what feels like hair-raising speed, and there's a glorious, bone-jolting finish over a mass of loose stones. Ski-ing forgotten, all of us—even the photographer and me—took turns to come yelling and bumping (and occasionally rolling, as we fell off) down the slope, and what's more, we got a fair amount of applause from the crowd of onlookers we attracted. It seems that the general public enjoys watching lunatics at play!



They've got a trampoline up at Aviemore, but—mercifully, perhaps—we didn't find it. They've got facilities for shooting and stalking, tennis, fishing, golf, bird-watching, climbing and mountaineering as well—but these we left alone. Instead, we all piled into a transit bus and went to Loch Alvie, where there's a superb sandy beach, and everything laid on for sailing and canoeing. Time for Chris and Steve to show us another of their accomplishments, and sure enough, they handled the paddles like a couple of native-born eskimos. They came back wet but happy, and then it was back to the centre to get even wetter—in the heated swimming pool that's a big attraction all the year round.

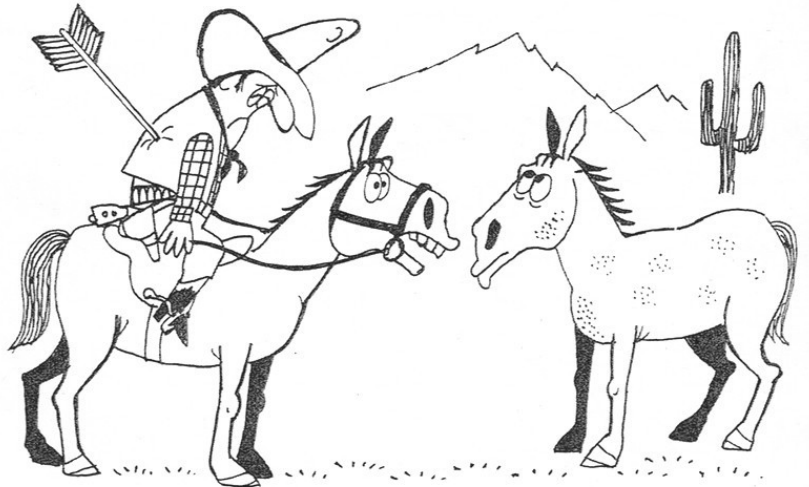
With time running out, there couldn't have been a better way to destroy our collective, hard-worked appetites than dinner in one of the luxury hotels. And then down to Aviemore Station to wait for the Night Sleeper to make an unscheduled stop and carry us all back to York. Evidently, it was by pure chance, but there was a Highland piper in full regalia on the platform, so we took an appropriate farewell of our fantastic tourist-centre . . . to the skirl of a reel!



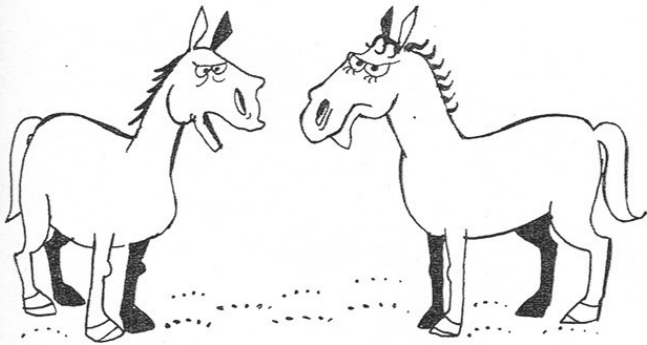
Horse Nonsense!



"And this is a horse-drawn cart."



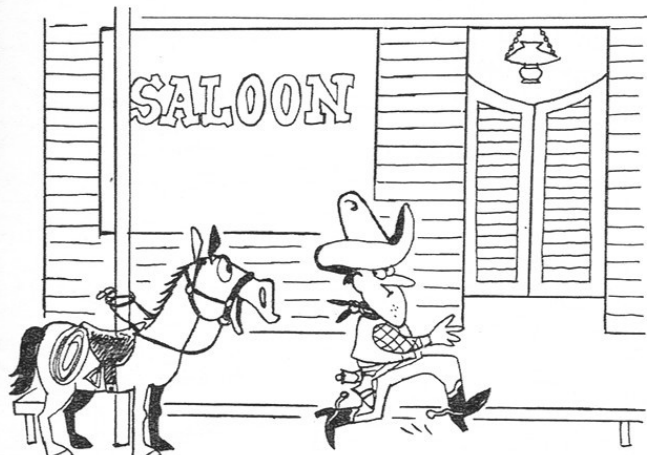
"Can't make it out—he's usually so talkative."



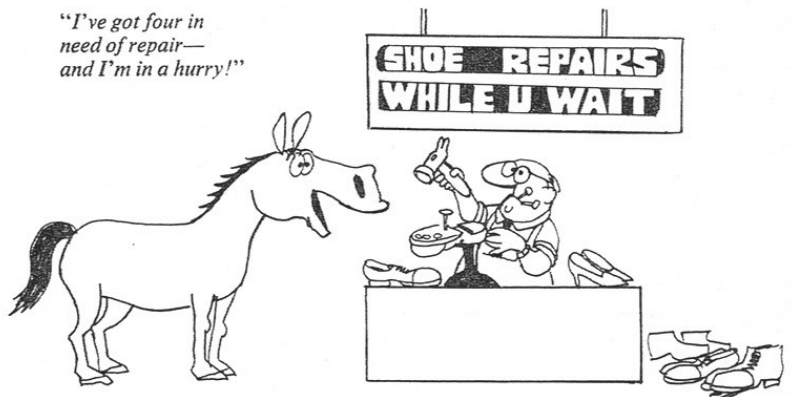
"Oh, don't nag!"



"Haven't you heard of a horse-box?"



"Make mine an orange squash."



"I've got four in need of repair—and I'm in a hurry!"

**SHOE REPAIRS
WHILE U WAIT**

SO YOU'VE FOUND YOU

YOU'RE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES. You've been given a pony of your own, and unlike the less-fortunate owner who lives in a built-up area and has to quarter a horse in stables, you've got a chance to keep him close at hand and look after him for yourself. Here are some do's and don'ts to make sure that you'll be *worth* his friendship!

One of the commonest pitfalls awaiting the novice is the temptation to ask a local farmer if he'll allow the pony to graze in his pastures. It's all very well in winter-time, if the chosen field is near enough. You've got to remember that hard weather conditions will mean extra feeding. But it's in the spring that the trouble starts, when the new grass comes up. Ponies don't have much idea of dieting, and they'll eat and eat to their hearts' content, getting fatter and fatter. Worse, they'll gorge themselves literally ill, contracting the painful inflammation of the foot known as laminitis. Hardly able to walk, the greedy pony will have to undergo long veterinary treatment, and you won't be able to ride him until he recovers!

The answer is to keep a constant eye on your pony during springtime, and to tether him or stable him to keep him from over-grazing.

Water is most important, and if there isn't a trough in his field, you'll have to provide your pony with, at the very least, a tin bath that you keep filled and clean.

Shelter. Many people feel sorry for the 'poor old pony' left out in the open in all weathers, but in fact, whereas a shed isn't a bad thing for him, a pony may well refuse to use it. They're hardier than you might think—and after all, you've never found a pony who wanted to wear clothes, or put his feet up in front of a coal fire!

Look out for fences in your pony's field. They've got to be there, of course, but they *must* be in a state of good repair. A broken fence is a potential danger to any animal, for he can easily injure himself by shoving his head through a ragged gap. And he'll do it. Just as with human nature, the grass always looks greener on the other side!

When the weather isn't good, you'll have to lay on a supply of hay and pony cubes for your friend. Hay is simply dried grass, but there's 'new' hay and 'old' hay. Forget the 'new' and buy the 'old'. It ought to rustle when it's shaken, be a good yellow colour, and smell sweet. If it smells stale and looks weedy, forget it. It's no good.

Don't give your pony oats unless you really know what you're doing. They're all very well for thoroughbreds and horses doing really hard work, but they can affect the average pony's temper. Pony cubes are the thing—a specially prepared commercial product you'll find at any fodder suppliers.

Ponies will learn to do what you want to teach them, especially if you use the 'reward' system. Always have a couple of apples, carrots, or a few pieces of turnip with you—but don't just give him them willy-nilly. Make him feel he's earned these little tit-bits in some way, and you'll find he responds quickly to the idea!

You'll be almost certain to take your pony out on tarred roads, so keep your eye on the condition of his shoes. They should be inspected every couple of months or so, and if they look worn, then take him along to the blacksmith. If one of the shoes comes loose, have it seen to immediately, because a loose shoe could mean a nasty fall.

Grooming must be a regular routine. Go over the pony's



The Colonel (Desmond Llewellyn) and Steve (Steve Hodson) meet some enthusiastic young pony riders.



feet with a hoof-pick, keep his legs brushed with a dandy-brush, but use a thick twist of straw to get mud from his belly. Dandy-brush and body-brush can be used on the rest of him, and you must remember to sponge his eyes and nostrils. Mane and tail should be brushed, because inexperienced combing can hurt an animal. One thing to beware of! When brushing the tail, stand at one of the pony's quarters—never behind him. If he *did* decide to kick, you'd be in trouble otherwise!

All your equipment—your 'tack'—must be kept just as clean as your pony, and saddle soap, a chamois-leather, polisher, and metal-cleaner must be standard items in your store.

Finally, and it's probably superfluous advice, go to your local library before you begin and choose any one of the excellent books available on pony care. Here, we can only outline the bare essentials, and a complete book will go into things much more thoroughly. The best *general* advice, of course, is to find *another* friend (a human one, this time) who is experienced enough to give you practical help!

OURSELF A FRIEND...

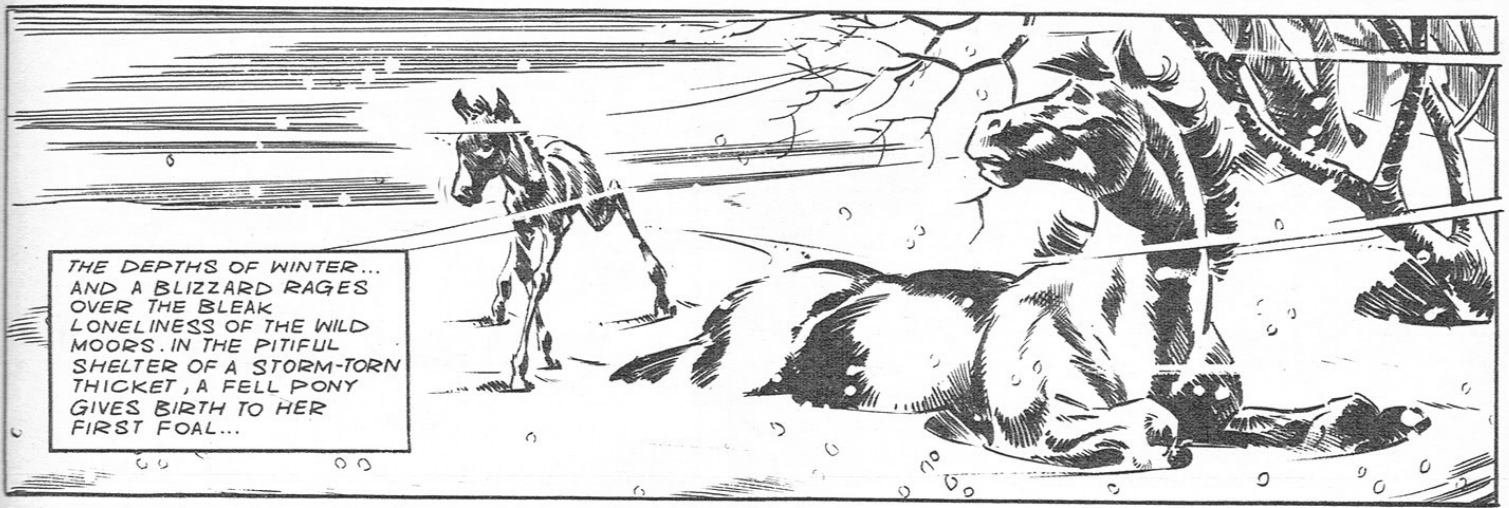
Shetland pony
and her foal,
just 20 inches high.



★ Drama and adventure on the High Moors know no boundaries. Many are the stories that have unfolded beyond the walls of Follyfoot – and many are the animals besides horses who have seen peril and danger! Here, Dora chooses her own favourite tale from the folklore of the Fells...



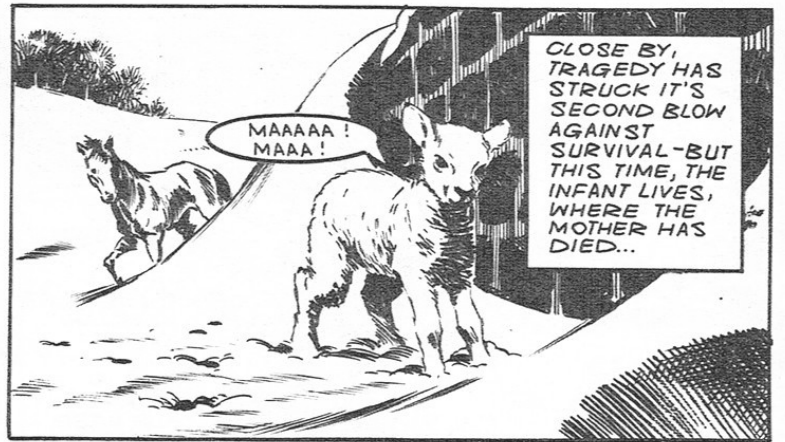
THE LAMB WHO PLAYED LION



THE DEPTHS OF WINTER... AND A BLIZZARD RAGES OVER THE BLEAK LONELINESS OF THE WILD MOORS. IN THE PITIFUL SHELTER OF A STORM-TORN THICKET, A FELL PONY GIVES BIRTH TO HER FIRST FOAL...



NIGHT COMES, AND THE SNOW SWIRLS THICKER. BY MORNING, THE BLIZZARD HAS LIFTED... BUT THE MARE IS ONCE MORE ALONE...



MAAAA!
MAAA!

CLOSE BY, TRAGEDY HAS STRUCK IT'S SECOND BLOW AGAINST SURVIVAL-BUT THIS TIME, THE INFANT LIVES, WHERE THE MOTHER HAS DIED...



MEANWHILE, AT THE LONELY COTTAGE BELONGING TO BOB TAYLOR, THE SHEPHERD...

I WISH YOU'D LET ME HELP, DAD! YOU'LL BE TIRED OUT BY THE TIME YOU'VE FINISHED.

TIME TO GO AND MAKE A TOUR OF THE FOLDS, JAN-NOW THE SNOW'S STOPPED!



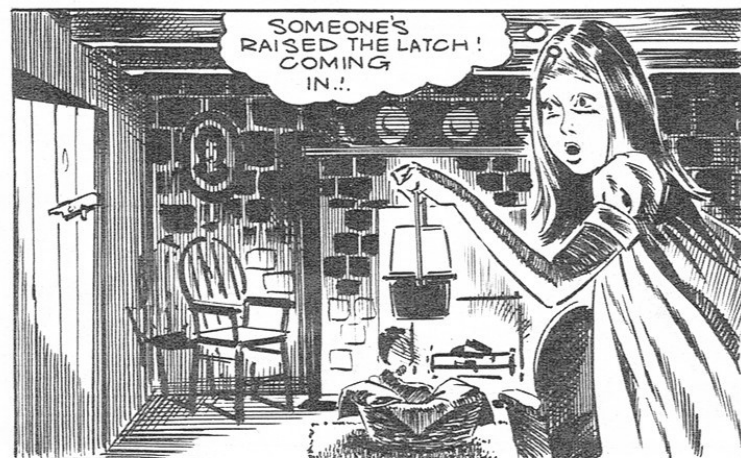
IF I HAD A HORSE, I COULD RIDE AROUND THE FOLDS. IT'D ONLY TAKE AN HOUR OR TWO!

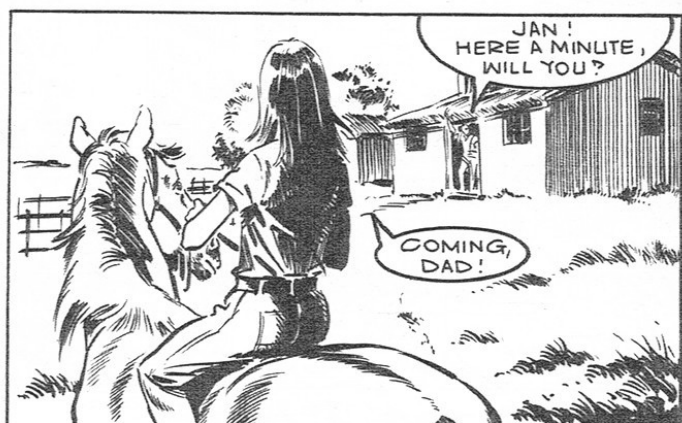
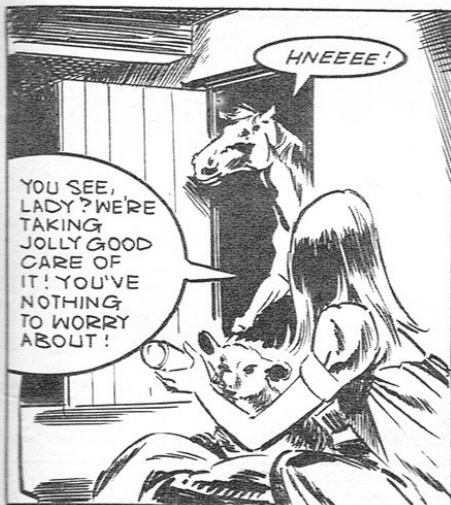
NOW, JAN! WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE! MAYBE ONE DAY I'LL BE ABLE TO AFFORD TO BUY YOU A PONY!



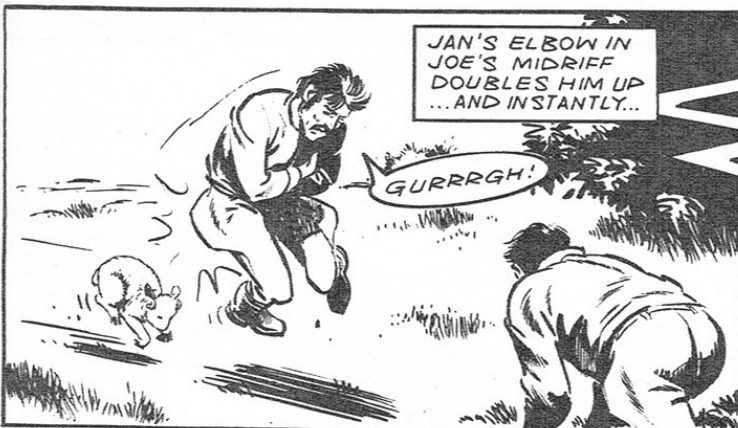
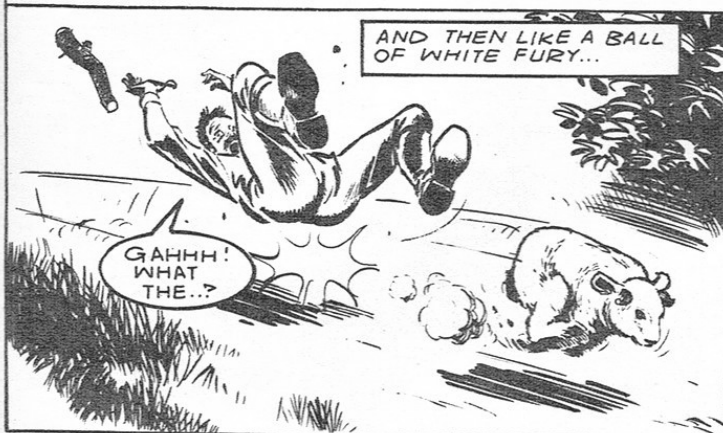
MUCH LATER, WHEN BOB HAS FINISHED HIS ROUNDS...

ONE EWE GONE-AND IN LAMB, TOO. BUT-BUT WHAT'S THAT...?









"SOME STORY, WASN'T IT? WELL, JAN'S A YOUNG WOMAN NOW, AND SHE STILL HAS LADY AS HER VERY OWN. AS FOR LION, HE'S A FULL GROWN RAM, BUT HE'S STILL THE FAMILY PET! THERE ISN'T A HAPPIER COTTAGE ON ALL THE MOORS!"



STRYKER AND SON!

IT'S TA-TA TO THE TEARAWAY whenever Stryker zooms his way out of the Follyfoot yard and drops back into the real-life role of Rodska! Believe it or not, the red-haired raver from Follyfoot Farm's a family man at heart, and (look at that picture, bottom right) those marbles must be concealing the apples of his eyes...

The apples in question? They're his Parisian-born wife Jacqueline—better known, says Chris Rodska, as just 'Jackie'—and his two year old son, Benjamin.

Chris, who met Jackie in the chilly surroundings of Perth ice-rink, and reckons she looked a picture sliding across the ice on her seat, says he thinks he's been married about four years. Well, if you're happy, you don't measure time, right? But he knows that Benjamin, born in Ilkley, and therefore a proper, Follyfoot-type Yorkshire Tyke, is just two years old!

"I used to like kids," says Chris. "That is, other people's. But when Benjamin came along, I couldn't have been more chuffed to have one of my own."

Does that mean that Chris is all set for a big family? "I don't know about that," he admits. "I'm not *planning* one. Speaking for myself, I've got one brother. We're good mates now, but there's seven years between us, and when I was younger, there wasn't much contact. So I suppose there's something to be said for having a couple of kids in reasonably quick succession."

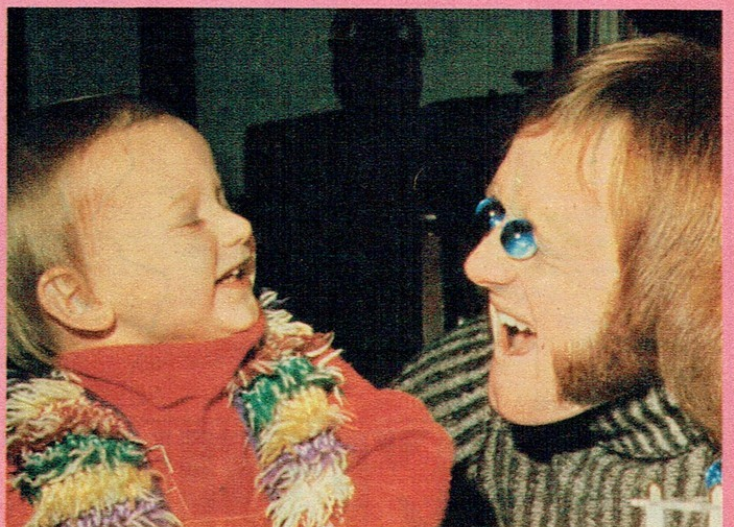
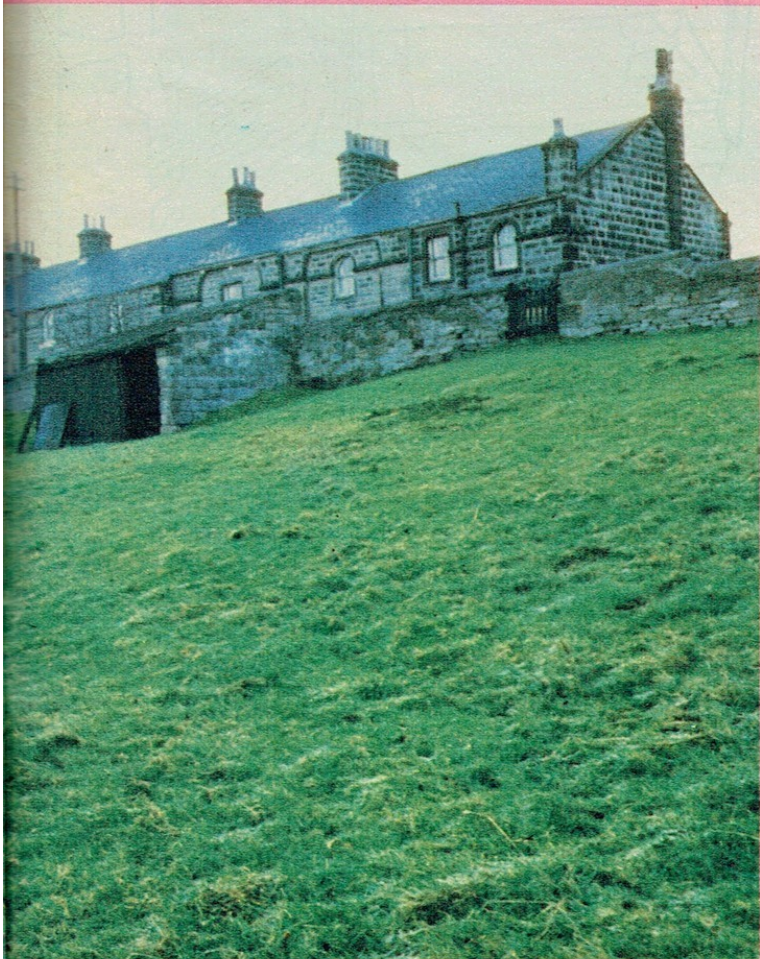
The Rodskas live in Ilkley, and they've recently bought a new cottage, which Chris is decorating—with Benjamin's help. "He can get as messy as he likes, and it doesn't seem to matter!" But to Christian, the main value of the place is that it's so near the country, and he can take Benjamin out into the wide open spaces. "I'd like him to appreciate the freedom of this part of the world," says Chris. "Although when he's older, he needs to have experience of the city, too." Chris favours a broad upbringing, rather like his own. His father's job as a sea-captain took the Rodska family literally all over the world, and Chris's childhood was spent in such far-flung spots as Australia and the Middle East. "But," he emphasises, "a lot of my education took place in boarding schools, and I don't want that for Benjamin. I think a family ought to be together."

Has Chris any dreams or plans for Benjamin's future when he grows up? "I'm going to let him do what he wants to do," he says. "When he's old enough to make the choice, he can pick anything that makes him happy. If he wanted to be a dustman, and he really thought he'd like it, that'd be okay with me."

As for animals, young Benjamin hasn't seemed to take to them just yet. "He hasn't shown any interest at all in the local cows or horses. Really, I think he's too young to fathom them." But when Follyfoot is in production, you can be almost sure that Benjamin will be getting a grandstand view when Jackie Rodska brings him out to see father going through his paces!

Just as a footnote, those 'marbles' we mentioned in Christian's eyes are actually part of a three dimensional noughts-and-crosses set. No—Benjamin doesn't actually *play* the game with his Dad... "He walks in," says Chris, "and *destroys* it!"







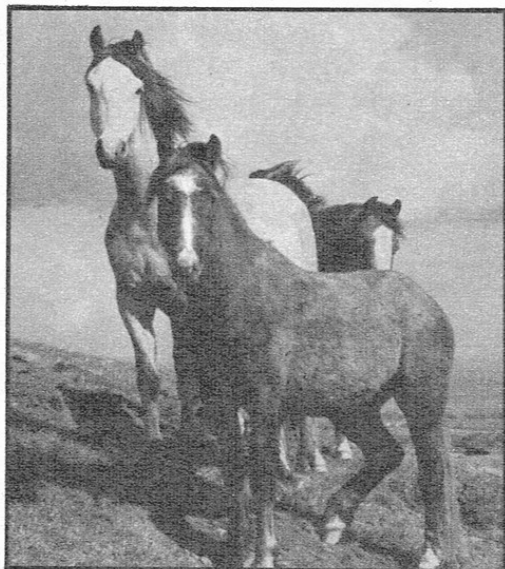
A PICTURE TO COLOUR

MORE SNAPPLE BAFFLES

Here we are with just a few final puzzles for you horse-lovers!
Think you know the answers? Check your results below!

1

Can you name four native breeds of ponies from the British Isles?

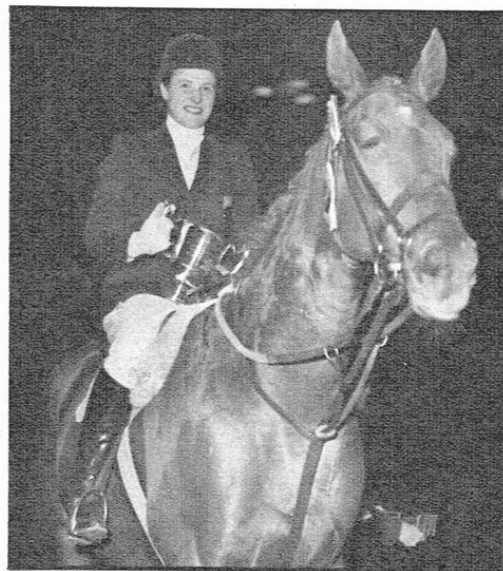


2

We all know that horses like *bran*—
but what is bran?

3

This is Mrs. Samuel Koechlin, OBE. Under
what name is she more widely known?



4


Among horsey people, what is meant by a
'chestnut'? We *don't* mean the colour of a horse!

- Page 63
1. Shetland, Highland, Fell, Dales, Welsh Mountain (pictured), Exmoor, Dartmoor, New Forest—and from Ireland, the Connemara.
 2. Husks of grain separated from flour after grinding.
 3. Pat Smythe.
 4. The knobbly piece of tissue behind a horse's foreleg above the fetlock.
 5. Rider missing behind Dora.
 4. Dora's left foot and stirrup missing.
 5. Reins on Dora's horse missing.
 6. Horses' white patch missing, near Dora's right foot.
 7. Hair from mane of Dora's horse missing, near her left shoulder.
 8. Saddle motif missing from top of stall on right.

- Page 14
1. Foxhunter.
 2. Four inches.
 3. Harvey Smith.
 4. British Show-Jumping Association.
 5. Sir Gordon Richards.
 6. The ridge between a horse's shoulder-blades.
 7. Socks are white hairs up to the fetlock; stockings are when the white extends up the cannon to the knee.
 8. No stripes on front of same stall.
 9. Fox missing from top of stall on left.

ANSWERS





Whatever are they saying? Can it be to do with me?
I know I've had my breakfast, but they might be planning tea!
Hay or oats—perhaps it's bran! Now *that* would be a treat—
Or even if they turn me out, with grass beneath my feet!
Suppose I look appealing, and try to catch their eye.
An apple wouldn't come amiss. At least it's worth a try!
Oh, what's the use? It's only greed. I might as well admit,
A fatty can't be ridden, 'cos his saddle just won't fit!