

HIGH TEA PACK

Happy 156th Birthday
Samuel Rutherford Crockett



Because nothing says Happy Birthday
like a gingerbread rabbit!

Written by Cally Phillips and Sarah Matthew.

Welcome to High Tea for SRC. Simply by hosting (or taking part in) a High Tea for SRC any time between 24th and 27th September 2015 you are also taking part in a worldwide book launch for The Rainbow Crockett series of books. We hope you will use some or all of the resources in this booklet to host your own event, be that for friends and family or on a larger scale. Feel free to adapt the contents to your own needs. And please do let us know all about your event. You can post pictures on our [Facebook Event page](#) or email them to us gallowayraiders@gmail.com

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(Happy Birthday 'Toast' and tea optional)*

Serve the main course
*From 'The Surprising Adventures of Sir Toady Lion'
The Orange Rainbow Crockett (Volume 2)*

Serve Scones, shortbread and biscuits
*'High Tea' from 'Sir Toady Crusoe'
The Green Rainbow Crockett (Volume 4)*

Serve Cakes
*'Coconut Candy' from 'Sweethearts at Home'
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1. About SRC.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett was born plain Samuel Crocket (the Rutherford and the extra 't' came later) at Little Duchrae Farm, near Laurieston, Castle Douglas on 24th September 1859. He was the illegitimate son of dairy maid Annie Crocket, and brought up by his maternal grandparents William, tenant farmer of 'wee' Duchrae and his redoubtable wife Mary. The family were strict Cameronians and Sam was the only child at the farm, so his influences came from the adults around him, including a plethora of uncles. His early reading matter was somewhat restricted but nothing could stop him from reading. Apart from the Bible and works of history of a religious bent, he was exposed (secretly) to boy's own magazines and 'penny dreadfuls' until he found Shakespeare and Scott. Then he stepped up a gear and never looked back. He was always a bookish child, as only children often are, though robust and daring as well. The family moved to Castle Douglas when he was seven and he gained friends and access to the Mechanics Institute Library. He took full advantage of both.

He won the Galloway Bursary to Edinburgh University in 1876 but had to supplement it by tutoring and journalistic writing. Thus began a lifetime of telling stories for money – including many stories drawn directly from his own childhood experience. Here is one which shows the importance of food to the young Sam (here loosely disguised as Wattie Anderson in 'Bog Myrtle and Peat.'

'Mary came Drumquhat way twice a week—on Tuesdays and Fridays. As Wattie went to school he met her, and, being allowed by his granny one penny to spend at Mary's cart, he generally occupied most of church time, and all the school hours for a day or two before these red-letter occasions, in deciding what he would buy.

It did not make choice any easier that alternatives were strictly limited. While he was slowly and laboriously making up his mind as to the long-drawn-out merits of four farthing biscuits, the way that 'halfpenny Abernethies' melted in the mouth arose before him with irresistible force. And just as he had settled to have these, the thought of the charming explorations after the currants in a couple of 'cookies' was really too much for him. Again, the solid and enduring charms of a penny 'Jew's roll,' into which he could put his lump of butter, often entirely unsettled his mind at the last moment. The consequence was that Wattie had always to make up his mind in the immediate presence of the objects, and by that time neither Billy nor Mary could brook very long delays. It was important, therefore, on Sabbaths, to propitiate Mary as much as possible, so that she might not cut him short and proceed on her way without supplying his wants, as she had done at least once before. On that occasion she said—

'D'ye think Mary M'Haffie has naething else in the world to do, but stan' still as lang as it pleases you to gaup there! Gin ye canna tell us what ye want, ye can e'en do withoot! Gee up, Billy! Come oot o' the roadside—ye're aye eat-eatin', ye bursen craitur ye!'

Crockett spent some time as a travelling tutor in Europe before coming back to study for the ministry. Apart from teaching, this was one of the few professions open to a man from his background. He combined being a Free Church minister with writing for a decade but in the end the writing won out and he became, in 1894 a true 'celebrity' author at the height of the

mass market publishing boom. His writing was prolific and varied. He wrote on average one novel set in Galloway and one set either in Britain or Europe each year, and added collections of short stories to his impressive tally of 67 published books. Most of his work was serialised in the leading periodicals of the day.

His writing brought fame and fortune and the transition up the social ladder is reflected in much of his writing. But primarily he wrote historical adventure romance stories which are still popular with those who like writers as diverse as Robert Louis Stevenson and Thomas Hardy. He died before the outbreak of the First World War and as the world turned again his writing fell out of 'fashion' with the in-sweeping of modernism, and consequently went out of print. But he is a great storyteller, a writer who is well worth exploring not only for his stories but for the detail they give of a historical period now long gone. Those who live in rural Galloway will appreciate that there is still a large dose of realism in what more urban dwellers may mistake as nostalgia

2. About The Galloway Raiders

In 2014 to mark the 100th anniversary of Crockett's death, Ayton Publishing brought all his Galloway based novels back into print in one 32 Volume series 'The Galloway Collection.' This means that the modern reader can once again enjoy some of Crockett's finest work. At the same time The Galloway Raiders was established as an online literary society, to help promote the work and spread the word about 'Scotland's Forgotten Bestseller.' Membership is open to all and it is free to join and The Raiders organise live events as well as maintaining a comprehensive website. The Galloway Raiders now also holds two of the leading Crockett archives; those of Dr Islay Murray Donaldson, biographer and Richard D. Jackson, long-time Crockett scholar. These treasure chests of information are currently being mined (if that's not to mix a metaphor too many) and will, in time, be digitised and made available to all. Sadly, Dr Donaldson died in 2014, but Mr Jackson has accepted the position of Honorary President of the Galloway Raiders.

In 2015 to celebrate Crockett's birthday, Ayton have brought out all of Crockett's works for children in one 7 volume series titled The Rainbow Crockett. These are launched on 24th September 2015, and if you host a High Tea event, you are taking part in this launch simply by raising a tea cup to the author.

3. The History of Scottish High Tea

High Tea was something we had fairly regularly as children, and it's not something we ever thought much about, but if you go online today, you'll be bamboozled and perhaps annoyed about the way it's described.

There's rather a lot of American? mis/information that struggles with the concept that England isn't Scotland and so refers to English High Tea, using England of course to mean the whole of Britain. Their confusion seems based on the flawed premise that High Tea is a British thing and that Scotland is just part of England. This is clearly a problem. Especially for Scots! So we should make it straight from the start that what we're talking about is Scottish High Tea and thus when we talk about history or class it is the Scottish cultural context to which we refer.

In its simplest form Scottish High Tea is best described as a main course with baking and tea as the beverage. It is generally served between 5 and 6pm – as opposed to Afternoon Tea which happens around 4.30. (Afternoon tea is sandwiches and cakes and no main course) and Dinner (English) from 7pm (which omits the baking and instead has a pudding or sweet) Afternoon Tea might be claimed to be an English invention, certainly over history it became a middle class/aspirational affair. In the late 19th and early 20th centuries (when Crockett was writing) it was most common in aspirational middle class Scotland. There is little better example of the social mobility experienced by Crockett in his lifetime – from illegitimate son of a dairy maid to minister and then celebrity author – than observing the change in both style and content of the meals he ate.

As a child (evidenced in his writings about his childhood in works such as *'Kit Kennedy,' 'A Galloway Herd,' 'Bog Myrtle and Peat'* and *'Rogues' Island'*) we see a very basic diet, heavy on porridge and soda scones/oatcakes with cheese and butter and the yearning for 'treats' like penny biscuits and gingerbread rabbits. By the time he had his own children, Crockett had certainly 'gone up in the world' and his children regularly played at 'afternoon tea' – the sort of thing a minister would be expected to offer parishioners. But they weren't averse to a good old High Tea as well!

Why High? One theory is that High tea is so called because it was served at a table, rather than in low drawing room seats as Afternoon tea would invariably be. It was a meal of the dining room, or more probably the kitchen, and latterly the nursery. In Scotland (and Northern England) it originated from the working classes. Their diet would be porridge for breakfast, 'dinner' (had at what we might now deem lunch-time) would most likely be a soda scone or oatcakes and cheese (for children of a slightly higher class it might involve a meat first course followed by some kind of milk pudding) and the working classes would come home for their High Tea at around 5pm. This would (if they were lucky) be followed by supper before bedtime (which in rural communities could be as early as 8-9pm).

Life was of course different for the middle/upper classes. Their day did not begin at 4 or 5am but was much more leisurely. They may have been woken by servants with tea, maybe even

breakfast in bed no earlier than 9am. If they rose for breakfast it would be cooked and contain several courses. Their 'lunch' could go on from 1-3pm and also ran to several courses and then they might have Afternoon Tea at around 4-4.30 – in the parlour or drawing room – dainty sandwiches and cakes to hold hunger at bay until 'dinner' which would be had around 8pm and might be as many as 5 courses, most likely at least 3; a starter, main course and desert. It does make you wonder how the middle/upper classes had time to do anything but eat.

The food divide in the late 19th/early 20th centuries between working classes and the middle/upper classes was substantial. Those, like Crockett in his childhood, at the bottom of the pecking order had little variation and might frequently be hungry while those higher up would be spoiled for choice.

Afternoon tea has never been anything other than a social occasion, reflective of status and never a necessity; whereas in Scotland at least, High Tea was the main meal of the day (sometimes the only real meal of the day) for many people.

High tea, as already referred to, is generally held between 5pm and 6pm, certainly to be finished by 7pm. It more or less fits the slot between what conventionally is now referred to as Afternoon Tea and Dinner (or Supper if Supper for you means the main meal of the evening - for those of us who eat High Tea, Supper is usually something like cheese on toast or a 'snack' before bed-time).

High Tea can be seen as all that is best about those two other meals. Okay you miss out on dainty sandwiches and on 'deserts' but we defy anyone to eat their way through the selection of cakes on offer in a Scottish High Tea and complain that they haven't had a 'sweet.' Puddings can be had at Scottish 'dinner' time (lunchtime) if you must have them!

And in case you think this is all just so much gluttony, we might also remind you that in the days before central heating (for some of us as late as the 1970's) food was a good way to keep the body warm. While we don't have that excuse these days, and so may reserve High Tea for a treat – the opportunity to celebrate 156th birthday is surely treat enough to deserve splashing out on the baking!

4. Setting the table

While High Tea could be an everyday affair, our High Tea for SRC is a special occasion so you might like to make an effort in setting the table to reflect the 'event.' You could use good napery, including cotton/linen napkins. If this is a bridge too far, then at least aim for china plates and cups and saucers, and if you have them use cut glass jam dishes and butter dishes. A nice tiered china cake stand with at least three tiers enhances the experience and don't forget a large separate plate for bread and butter. As a special occasion you might bring out your best cutlery, including a fish knife if fish is served. And it goes to say if you have one a silver (or at least) best teapot/hot water jug, milk jug, sugar bowl and tongs/teaspoon.

But don't let the finery put you off. You can go down-market and utilitarian and still have every bit as much enjoyment from the food.

Bread and butter goes on separate serving plates on the table; and if you are using a cake stand, the bottom layer is for scones, next up is biscuits and the top for cakes. When the hot/main course is eaten, plates are cleared and the cakes etc are brought out and put on the table for everyone to help themselves.

You'll note that from our event we've split the scones/biscuits and cake stages with 'readings' but you can use this simply as points to pause and replenish stocks if you like.

5. What to eat

The meal starts (and don't ask us why) with dried out toast, which is replaced with bread and butter to go with the main course (We won't hold it against you if you skip the dry toast) Traditionally this would come with butter curls or pats served in a butter dish but not with jam.

The range of main courses includes things like fish and chips with peas, ham/bacon and eggs, ham salad and potatoes or macaroni cheese. Bread and butter with these too, and perhaps jam if you like.

Then we move on to the sweet stuff: There's Scones - sweet, fruit or treacle. served with butter and jam, (try traditional Scottish jams - raspberry, rhubarb and ginger and bramble jelly) Biscuits including shortbread, Gingerbread rabbits, empire biscuits and flapjacks. And we've included some 'fancies' like coconut macaroons and peppermint creams which even quite small children can take a part in baking. And don't forget the cakes – these can be cut up into small portions such as jam rolls, raisin cakes and flapjacks as well as a whole Victoria Sponge as a birthday cake (or something more dramatic if you are really keen.)

6. Tea Anyone?

Obviously the clue is in the name High Tea involves Tea. But it's never that simple. The history of tea is very interesting and tea features in a lot of the domestic detail of the stories Crockett writes from the 17th century onwards. Tea was one of the many items taxed and therefore smuggled and Crockett writes many smuggling stories. He also writes of tea parties, both children's and adults in his exploration of social class. In the novels of Crockett you can find out about tea from India and China and even the reception in 'polite' rural society of green tea. Rather than going into it in detail here, we'll leave you to explore the full wonders of the history of tea for yourself.

Tea is something of a national institution yet still divides opinion as regards the brewing and serving. In the end it's very much up to you and your personal taste But for High Tea we suggest you at least provide a teapot, milk and sugar dish on the table rather than just dunk tea bags in a mug and hand them out. You might like to supply lemon slices for those who don't want milk.

And if you don't like tea? Don't worry. You can substitute coffee (but again, make it proper coffee in a pot or jug rather than instant.) Youngsters can have milk, squash– or even 'fizzy juice.' Irn Bru was first bottled in 1905 so Crockett's children may have drunk it on occasion. And fizzy drinks such as lemonade have been around since the 17th century.

7. Sample Menu

(warning, don't eat all of these or you may burst)

Tea and Toast

Ham and Boiled Egg Salad, with boiled potatoes and bread, more bread and butter if required.

Scones: plain, raisin and cheese; Drop scones all served with butter and jam (even the cheese scones if you so desire!)

Shortbread: Tantalons and millionaire's shortbread;

Biscuits: gingerbread animals (rabbits and elephants preferred); coconut macaroons, flapjacks and peppermint creams

And don't forget to keep topping up the beverages.

Cakes: Jam roll, raisin cake and Victoria Sponge Cake

More tea/coffee/beverages.

8. The Event

You can of course run your own High Tea how you want it. Don't forget to take photographs and post them on our [Facebook Event Page](#) or email them to us at (gallowayraiders@gmail.com) What follows is a suggestion of how and when to serve your High Tea, complete with some 'stories' which can be read in between, while people are gathering energy to attack the next course! As 'host' you can take as much or as little of the following information as you like. But it would be good to start with a:

Welcome your guests to High Tea for SRC and the Launch of The Rainbow Crockett. You might like to introduce and inspire your guests by telling them something of why they are here. Feel free to use the information about S.R.Crockett from earlier on and don't forget to add in your own special twist.

You might like to let people know the menu in advance and to tell them that there will be 'stories' read throughout the meal. And you might like to remind them that just by eating High Tea they are taking part in a worldwide Book Launch for the seven volume Rainbow Crockett set of Crockett's writing for children which were published between 1896 and 1926 – 30 years in which the world, and the way we eat food, changed immensely. To get them in the mood you can start with the first reading as Tea and toast are served or simply after a 'toast' Happy Birthday Samuel Rutherford Crockett (singing Happy Birthday quite optional)

Reading (Happy Birthday 'Toast' and tea optional) from Sweetheart Travellers'

'Presently we wheeled peacefully into Creetown, and dismounted at a quiet-looking house over which, upon a small, fixed sign, was promise of refreshment. While the kind and motherly hostess prepared the **eggs and ham**, and spread the white cloth, an important question was discussed.

"Father, is this tea or dinner?"

"Dinner, of course, my dear."

"Then why did you tell the lady it was tea?"

"Well, Sweetheart, let us call it tea."

"Then, whether am I to get no dinner today, if this is tea—or no tea, if this is dinner?"

The conversation was suffered to drop at this point, but the interest did not lapse.

"Well, father dear, I hope it is dinner; for if it is dinner, we might get tea further on. But if it is tea, then we have passed dinner somewhere without noticing!"

For the angel is mundane on the subject of meals and sweets.

Now you can serve the first course: Ham and Eggs with potatoes or bread and butter (and jam) if you like. If you want a more substantial hot meal, fish and chips, steak pie and macaroni cheese are all good options. Don't forget the tea (or coffee, milk or fizzy pop for younger ones)

Crockett's lifetime was one which saw great changes in the consumption of food. As mentioned earlier, in his rural working class childhood the diet was heavy on porridge and soda scones, and a High Tea was something of a luxury – certainly one not afforded to some of his semi-autobiographical characters such as Kit Kennedy and Wattie Anderson.

By the time he was a father, he had moved up class-wise, and his children's stories are written from the perspective of the solid 'British' middle class, with influence from England – most especially afternoon tea featuring strongly. The children have numerous tea parties, which are seen as the height of class but Crockett (and his children) also yearned for the High Tea experience, becoming overshadowed by the newer combination of afternoon tea and dinner.

High Tea became something of a 'children's' tea. When aping the grown-ups Sweetheart plays at tea parties with china cups and saucers, but the boys, especially Toady Lion, are much more keen on High Tea, whether it be served in the nursery, the kitchen or in the dining room in the presence of the minister.

During our High Tea you have the chance to experience some of the food and some of the stories and we start with Sweetheart's attempt at forming peace with the local 'bad' boys, known as the Smoutchie boys, led by one Nipper Donnan. She hopes to win them over by an al fresco tea party/ picnic.

Reading from 'The Surprising Adventures of Sir Toady Lion.'

'Nipper Donnan could, as we know, be as cruel as anybody, but he liked to keep both the theory and practice of terror in his own hands. Besides, some possible far-off fragrance from another life stirred in him when he saw the slim girlish figure of Prissy Smith, clad all in white with a large sun-bonnet edged with pale green, standing on the bank and appealing to him with eyes different from any he had ever seen. He wanted, he knew not why, to kick Nosey Cuthbert—kick him much harder than he had done before he saw whom he was tormenting. He had never particularly noticed any one's eyes before. He had thought vaguely that everyone had the same kind of eyes.

'Well, what do you want?' he said gruffly. For with Nipper and his class emotion or shame-facedness of any kind always in the first instance produces additional dourness.

Prissy smiled upon him—a glad, confident smile. She was the daughter of one war chief, the sister of another, and she knew that it is always best and simplest to treat only with principals....

...'If you please, Mr. Captain,' she said politely, 'I thought you would like to taste our nice sheep's-head- pie. Janet makes it all out of her own head. Besides, there are some delicious fruits which I have brought you; and if you will let me come in, I will make you some lovely tea?'

Nipper Donnan considered, and at last shook his head.

'I don't know,' he said, 'tisn't regular. How do we know that you aren't a spy?'

'You could bind my eyes with a napkin, and--'

'That's the thing!' cried several of Nipper's followers, who scented something to eat, and who knew that the commissariat was the weak point in the defences of the Castle of Windy Standard under the Consulship of Donnan....

(So they blindfold her and lead her to their 'castle')

'Tell me if you see anything—mind, true as 'Hope-you-may-Die!'

'I do see something, something very dirty,' said Prissy, 'but I can't quite tell what it is.'

'She can see, boys,' cried Joe indignantly, 'it's my hand.'

Every boy recognised the description, and the handkerchief was once more adjusted with greater care and precision than before, so that it was only by the sense of smell that Prissy could judge of the proximity of Joe Craig's fingers.

'Please let me carry my basket myself—I've got my best china tea-service in it—and then I will be sure that it won't get broken.'

A licentious soldiery was about to object, but a stern command issued unexpectedly from one of the arrow-slits through which their chief had been on the watch.

'Give the girl the basket! Do you hear— you?'

And in this manner Prissy entered the castle, guarded on either side by soldiers with fixed (wooden) bayonets. And at the inner and outer ports, the convoy was halted and asked for the pass-word.

'*Death!*' cried Joe Craig, at the pitch of his voice.

'*Vengeance!*' replied the sentry. 'Pass, '*Death!*''

At last Prissy felt the grass beneath her feet, and the handkerchief being slipped from her eyes, she found herself within the courtyard of the castle. The captain of the band sat before her with a red sash tied tightly about his waist. By his side swung a butcher's steel, almost as long and twice as dangerous as a sword.

Prissy began her mission at once, to allow Captain Donnan no time to order her out again, or to put her into a dungeon, as he had done with Hugh John.

'I think we had better have tea first,' she said. 'Have you got a match-box?'

She could not have taken a better line. Nipper Donnan stepped down from his high horse at once. He put his hand into his pocket. 'I have only fusees,' he said grandly, 'but perhaps they will do. You see regular smokers never use anything else.'

'Oh yes, they will do perfectly,' returned Prissy sweetly, 'it is just to light the spirit-lamp. See how nicely it fits in. Isn't it a beauty? I got that from father on my birthday. Wasn't it nice of him?'

Nipper Donnan grunted. He never found any marked difference between his birthday and any other day. Nevertheless he stood by and assisted at the making of the tea, a process which interested him greatly.

'I shall need some more fresh spring water for so many cups,' said Prissy, 'I only brought the full of the kettle with me.'

The chief slightly waved a haughty hand, which instantly impelled Joe Craig forward as if moved by a spring. 'Bring some fresh water from the well!' he commanded.

Joe Craig took the tin dipper, and was marching off. Prissy looked distressed.

'What is it?' said the robber chief. Now Prissy did not want to be rude, but she had her feelings.

'Oh, please, Mr. Captain,' she said, 'his hands—I think he has perhaps been working'

Nipper Donnan had no fine scruples, but he respected them in such an unknown quantity as this dainty little lady with the green trimmed sun-bonnet and the widely-opened eyes.

'Tracy, fetch the water, you lazy jaundiced toad!' he commanded. The sallow student rose unwillingly, and moved off with his face still bent upon the thrilling pages of 'The Wild Boys of New York,' which he held folded small in his hand for convenience of perusal.

Presently the tea being made, the white cloth was laid on the grass, and the entire company of the Smoutchy Boys crowded about, always excepting the sentinels at the east and west doors, who being on duty could not immediately participate. The sheep's-head-pie, the bread, the butter, the fruits were all set out in order, and the whole presented such an appearance as the inside of the Castle of Windy Standard had never seen through all its generations.

Prissy conducted herself precisely as if she had been dispensing afternoon tea to callers in the drawing-room, as, since her last birthday, her father had occasionally permitted her to do.

'Do you take sugar?' she asked, delicately poisoning a piece in the dolls' sugar-tongs, and smiling her most politely conventional smile at Nipper Donnan.

The brigand chief had never been asked such a question before, and had no answer of the usual kind at hand. But he replied for all that.

'*Rather!*' he cried in a burst, 'if the grocer's not lookin!'

'I mean in your tea! Do you take sugar in your tea?'

Prissy was still smiling.

Nipper appeared to acquiesce. Two knobs of sugar were dropped in. The whipped cream out of the wide-mouthed bottle was spooned delicately on the top, and with a yet more charming smile the cup was passed to him. He held it between his finger and thumb, as an inquiring naturalist holds a rare beetle. Then he put it down on a low fragment of wall and looked at it.

'One lump or two?' queried Prissy again, graciously transferring her attentions to Joe Craig.

'Eh, what?' ejaculated that warrior. Prissy repeated her question.

'As many as I can get!' cried the boy.

So one by one the brigands were served, and the subdued look which rests upon a Sunday-school picnic at the hour of refreshment settled down upon them. The Smoutchy boy is bad and bold, but he does not like you to see him in the act of eating. His instinct is to get behind a wall, or into the thick of a copse and do it there. A similar feeling sends the sparrow with a larger crumb than the others into the seclusion of his nest among the ivy.

Nevertheless the bread and jam, the raisins, and the sheep's-head-pie disappeared 'like snow off a dyke.' The wonder of the thimbleful cups, continually replenished, grew more and more surprising; and, winking slyly at each other the Smoutchies passed them in with a touch of their caps to be filled and refilled again and again. Prissy kept the kettle beside her, out of which she poured the water brought by Timothy Tracy as she wanted it. The golden colour of the tea degenerated, but so long as a few drops of milk remained to mask the fraud from their eyes, the Smoutchies drank the warm water with equal relish.

Now it's time to Serve Scones, shortbread, biscuits, small cakes and assorted goodies from the recipes included in this pack

Afternoon tea with china cups, low chairs and social chit-chat are all very well, but a hungry growing boy wants more. Crockett's second son George (known as Toady Lion from his inability to pronounce his 'r's' when young leading him to pronounce Richard Coeur de Lion as 'Toady Lion') is always on the look out for a feast. Here we see him at his auntie's (which of course is the best place for tea – ever heard the expression 'eat up, you're at your auntie's'?)

Story: High Tea with Sir Toady Lion from 'Sir Toady Crusoe.'

'Aunt Rachel,' he said, 'I saw Minister today, an' he's coming up to see you—told me so. An' **I asked him if he would be here for tea. He said just 'What o'clock?' And I said 'Five,' coz that's our tea, and it's the nicest, with a sit-down, and as much as ever you can eat, and all that Uncle leaves of the cake.** Oh yes, there *is* cake today, Aunt Rachel (the boy continued in a higher tone)—why, there's some on Uncle Clarence's moustache *now*.'

Here the head of the house made a vain attempt, by hastily dusting that adornment, to prepare for inspection before his wife's eyes could rest upon it. He was caught in the act.

'As usual,' said Aunt Rachel, with unnatural calmness; 'how can my poor attempts at reformation be successful, with such an example before them? No, Clarence, don't go to your study and slam the door and shut yourself up with last week's *Field*. You know you have no work to do. Stay, rather, and help me to influence in some degree these two—poor—ignorant-neglected--!'

There came a sharp *wrangle-wrangle* at the bell far away down in the kitchen region of the house. Aunt Rachel threw up her hands with a sharp cry.

'There!' she cried, 'I declare it is the minister. What will Mr. Jeffray think? Only this wash for tea! And you, George Picton--just wait till I get hold of you when he is gone —the impertinence —to take it upon yourself to invite any one to tea—and at such a time!'

Whereupon, being moved by the suddenness of the peril, she dashed at the cupboard, from which **she brought out all manner of jams and cakes, and, last of all, opened a new tin of Sir Toady's adored 'Tantallons' (food of the gods, vice ambrosia superseded).** Then she rang the bell frantically, in the hope that cook would understand to send up some fresh tea.

Mr. Jeffray entered smiling, with a manner a little like a ship sailing before the wind, and shook hands with Aunt Rachel, who stood before him looking somewhat guiltily flustered. He was a tall man with thick grey hair that curled all about his head, and a smile in his eye which answered to that of Sir Toady, and counteracted the professional gravity of his mouth. He was a great and real power in the district of Creelport, because of the quiet uprightness of his character. Even Aunt Rachel, who had a bitter word to say of almost every one, made an exception in favour of Mr. Jeffray. She was so genuinely glad to see him, that **Sir Toady, by keeping his eyes on her movements, was able, during the effusion of her welcome, to convey or annex (after the manner of Great Powers) four sponge cakes, three jam rolls, three-quarters of a round of shortbread, and half-a-dozen Tantallons.**

Some of these he stowed away in Saucy Easdaile's 'kangaroo-pouch' for the benefit of Dinky when he should come home from school. Saucy alone disdained to take advantage, though Sir Toady called her 'Great Soft' and tried to stimulate her by his example.

In a minute or two Sir Toady knew well that this present marvellous opportunity would

be over. It behoved him, therefore, to hurry. **There was still a good deal of currant jelly on his plate. Also there was a plentiful ‘hunk’ of very juicy ‘raisiny’ cake.**

‘Two goods make one better!’ said Sir Toady, using the cake as a spoon to eat up the jelly withal.

But just then Aunt Rachel swooped upon him. ‘No,’ she cried, ‘it cannot be! It is not possible—all these nice things of which Mr. Jeffray has come so far to partake, eaten up already! Upstairs with you this moment to my room, George Picton, and wait for me there.’

‘I beg of you, Mrs. Easdaile,’ said Mr. Jeffray suavely, ‘that you will not send our young friend away. He and I have already had much pleasant fellowship, and I cannot forget that it was entirely owing to his kindness that I have the pleasure of sitting down at your table today.’

Sir Toady paused open-mouthed and crumby. The country was saved. He had finished the last of the jelly, and also the spoon with which he had eaten it at the same moment.

‘I wonder how he gets it off so nice,’ he thought. ‘I only wish I could. And long sentences too! Why, they run as easy as treacle, and all in grammar too! It’s a fine thing to be a minister. Even Aunt gets all the nice things down for him and is as sweet as pie. Never mind, I had first look in after all. It’s funny! They always jaw so much when they shake hands. That’s the time for a smart boy to look out for his self! When the grown-ups were yelping like that, Hugh John once ate up the whole icing of a cake. Good for Hugh John,—but *I* didn’t do badly, nuther! *I had the cake!*’

Now it’s time for the main Cake and perhaps one or two of the ‘treats’ like coconut candy/ peppermint creams (or you might like to refresh the plates with other items you’ve not put out thus far.) Don’t forget to take photographs of your spread.

Story: coconut candy from ‘Sweethearts at Home’

‘What in the world have you got there, children?’ cried the Dame, holding up astonished hands to heaven.

‘Cocoa-nuts! Wads and lashings of cocoa-nuts!’ cried Sir Toady. ‘I shot for them all. I threw for them. I won them. And when the man would have cheated me, I whistled the whole Fair Green down on him. *Then* I saved his life! But I don’t know what to do with them now I have them! They won’t hatch out, and if they would, I haven’t got a big enough hen! Here, you!’

And opening one of the bags, he bowled half-a-dozen of the nuts among the crowd of smoutchies, who instantly became a swarming, fighting anthill on the plainstones of the street.

‘Stop, Master Toady,’ said Mrs. Donnan, ‘do stop! I will show you what to make of them. Some of them will be good——’

‘All are good,’ asserted Sir Toady; ‘*I* picked them! At college they teach us, over at the canteen, how to know the good ones from the bad!’

By this time I was down at the shop door, having struck the main road near the Station Bridge. I fled to meet them, passing on the way Butcher Donnan, who for the day had turned the blue and gold van into a fine selling booth on the Market Hill, where he presided over half-a-dozen temporary assistants, keeping a wary eye on all, both buyers and sellers.

The children were tired, and stood panting. Sir Toady was unexpectedly pessimistic. Maid Margaret looked rather world-weary. Both had begun to think that, after all, there were better ways of spending five shillings than shooting for cocoa-nuts.

‘What rot!’ said Sir Toady, shaking one disgustedly close to his ear. ‘Can’t eat them

all—make us ever so sick, and I have to join on Friday! No time to get better! Bah!

‘It was all your fault, Toady,’ moaned the Maid, ‘*and* I want my half-crown back!’

‘Nonsense!’ cried Toady. ‘I never will go into partnership with a girl again. They always are sorry afterwards, whatever a chap does for them! There is your bag full of nuts, good and sound. What more do you want?’

Maid Margaret wanted much more. She began to express her wants in terms of candies and chocolates.

‘Candies!’ cried Mrs. Donnan; ‘why, if I weren't so busy, I would make you two candy to dream about—and of those very cocoa-nuts too!’

‘Do—oh, do make us some!’

‘Well, come into the bakehouse, and we shall see!’

They went, Elizabeth Fortinbras and I smilingly assisting with the bags of nuts. Elizabeth could not be spared out of the front shop, but I stopped to watch, and of course Sir Toady and Maid Margaret pushed and elbowed for good front seats.

Mrs. Donnan, quietly smiling as ever, seized a skewer, and with several skilful taps made a hole in the end of the nut through which she let the milk drop into a basin. Then with a heavy hammer she smashed the shell into pieces.

It was a good nut, even as Sir Toady had prophesied. He had been well taught at the canteen.

‘Now,’ said the *cordon bleu* of Edam, ‘who wants to do a bit of grating for me?’

‘*I—I,*’ shouted the children, and though I did not shout, I was really as ready as any one. The white inside was dealt out to us, and while the Maid and Sir Toady went at it (sometimes scraping their fingers by way of variety), a respectable pile of soft flaky nut, cream-coloured and nice, began to appear.

When we were finished, Mrs. Donnan went to a bag, and measured out two tablespoonfuls of white sugar to each one of the nut-flake, dropped the whole into a sizeable patty pan, and poured the milk of the cocoa-nut over it.

With Mrs. Donnan stirring hard, the whole was soon bubbling away cheerfully—indeed, boiling like what lava does in a volcano (*ought to*, at any rate), the bubbles bursting, and the nice smell making your teeth water, so that it did not seem that you could ever wait for it to cool.

Then, just when the bubbles began to burst with a warning ‘pop,’ Mrs. Donnan turned everything into a well-buttered shallow dish. It made a cake about as thick as your finger, and oh, but the smell was good! But she laid the dish away in the ice-house—as she said, to cool. Really, I think, to keep us from temptation, and prevent too early experimenting upon the result.

Elizabeth Fortinbras would have none of us (not even me) in the front shop that day. She was too busy. So, after one question put and answered (it was about Hugh John), the three of us went out and walked in the garden till the ice-house had done its work.

Well, do you know, that candy was famous. Just you try it, with the explanations I have given you! It goes all right, you will find, and no mistake.

Indeed, so well did it go that a bargain was soon struck, and Elizabeth's clever fingers were busy printing out a placard:

FOR THIS DAY ONLY
CANARY ISLANDS COCOA-NUT
CANDY A SPECIALTY.

Cut into cubes, the result was certainly fascinating. Even Fuz was tempted to try. He came to scoff, but he remained to suck.

‘*Now*, didn't I tell you!’ said Sir Toady, when on the morrow he received twelve silver

shillings as his share of the venture from the careful hands of Mrs. Donnan. ‘Never you grumble about your Admiral Tuppens again. There you are! More cocoa-nut candy than we can eat before next Friday, warranted wholesome by Fuz, and six bob apiece to do what we like with! How about your old half-a-crown now?’

And if you still have room for more tea, or just want a bit of time to let the meal settle, there are other stories about other meal-times you might like to entertain your guests with before they go.

There’s a lot of tea parties and afternoon teas to be had in ‘Sweetheart Travellers’ (the children are half English and upwardly socially mobile) but they still have ‘tea’ as their evening meal. Which means High Tea. As we already know, afternoon tea is definitely a status thing whereas High Tea is for hungry people!

We’ve already seen that Toady Lion is always hungry and maybe he takes after his father, because it certainly seems from his semi-autobiographical novel ‘Rogues’ Island’ that food featured strongly in the mind of the teenage Crockett. Here are a couple of excerpts from meals had by the boys while they spend the summer camping on the Island, fending for themselves. First we see them organise a breakfast for Hammy’s mother.

Breakfast in Rogues’ Island

‘I had on my Sunday togs, and a white shirt also, which for lack of merino underpinnings made me feel fearfully scrapy and tickly all over. I’d have given - I can’t say how much, for one good lingering comprehensive scratch - the kind you want to do in church when there are fourteen boarding-school girls in the pew behind, all on the giggle already.

It was Hammy’s turn to say grace (for I remembered my promise to my grandfather), so Hammy bowed his head and said ‘For what we are about to receive’ like a little man, and as quietly as if it had been his uncle. We waited in relays, according to the rule I had made, and the changing of plates was done with some smart conjuring work, I can tell you. Fancy waiting it was, and no mistake. Everything went on greased wheels, and as her morning’s journey had made Mrs. Alexander rather sharp-set, she enjoyed everything, even saying that the tea was good. Kit the Crowl had made it. Hammy, on account of his name, had fried the bacon, and I had made the omelette, having the hand for it - while the fish was of course the most hyper-super-ultra of all perfections. Hammy’s mother had four helpings and then said that, after all, she could not avoid noticing that there was something in the air of the place which gave people an appetite!

Then we come to Dinner on Rogues’ Island

‘It was a splendid morning and after we had done out the house we lay off a bit, bathing and running races, in the lightest and drippiest of costumes, on the thick short grass. We were really waiting for dinner, which Kit the Crowl was getting ready. We had plenty of fish left over from yesterday, still alive and flip-flapping. You see we knew of a salt pool in a cave where we could keep any quantity till you wanted them.

Now though the boxes had not yet come from the Stores, Mr. Trevor had sent us enough to keep us going for some time. And it is really wonderful how well everything will go together in a pan, with bacon-fat, eggs, and scraps, all banked up with cold potatoes fried over again. My, the mariners of Old England trimming their coal bunkers, far out at sea, must have sniffed that particular breeze and wished they were where that came from.'

(No mention of High Tea – who would do the baking on the Island? So we come to supper.)

Supper on Rogues' Island

'So after this we left Penley and Kilpatrick to one side with considerable ostentation, and proceeded with the help of the now joyous Fitz to cook a little supper of cold potatoes sliced and fried in the pan with eggs and bacon, a nice light repast for that hour of the night. We had also some sausage, a chunk or two of cold ham, a great deal of hard oatmeal cake, all washed down with water from the well on the island, which we went in relays and fetched ourselves.'

And if any of your guests is even thinking about Supper, they obviously didn't eat enough! We hope you've enjoyed taking part in High Tea for S.R.Crockett and that you may feel inspired to enjoy High Tea on a regular basis, as well as exploring Crockett's fiction – reading and cakes are a wonderful combination of activities!

9 Recipes.

We're assuming that everyone can boil a kettle (and hard boil an egg) and make toast and we're not giving recipes for the main course. We'll trust that if you want fish and chips or macaroni cheese and the like, you'll know how to cook them! But from then on in, we've got some tried and tested recipes which might help you on your way to creating the perfect Birthday High Tea. You probably won't want to make all of these, but hopefully there's enough to give everyone a feast.

Scones

1 lb self raising flour
4 oz butter
pinch of salt
buttermilk or milk to mix

Sift flour into large bowl with the salt and rub in the butter, mix to a softish dough with the buttermilk/milk. Bring together with hands, and knead very lightly on a floured board. Divide dough in half, shape each half into a round about 1" or so thick. Cut each round into triangular segments - 4 or 6 depending on size of scone you require. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake in a quick (ie hot) oven for 8 - 10 minutes until well risen and golden brown. Cool on wire rack.

Additions, added before the liquid - good handful of raisins or sultanas; tablespoon or so of granulated sugar; good tablespoon of treacle. For a savoury scone, add 3 oz or so of grated strong cheddar

Drop Scones

8oz plain flour
1tsp baking soda
2tsps cream of tartar
½ tsp salt
1 oz sugar
1 large egg
½ pint milk

Sieve the flour, baking soda, cream of tartar and salt. Dissolve sugar in the milk. Mix the beaten egg with the milk. Gradually beat together the liquid and dry ingredients with a balloon whisk until you have a smooth but relatively thick batter. Heat a girdle or thick-bottomed frying pan and smear with a thin coat of butter

Drop spoonfuls of the mixture onto the griddle/pan, around four at a time. When the surfaces of the pancakes show bubbling, flip them and brown the other side. Place on a clean towel as you cook them and cover. Serve warm with butter and jam.

Shortbread

8 oz plain flour
6 oz butter
4 oz sugar

extra sugar for coating

Rub the butter into the flour and sugar, bring together gently with hands, form into a cylinder and roll in sugar. Chill for half an hour, the slice into rounds and bake in a medium oven until golden brown. Cool on wire rack.

Variation - millionaire's shortbread

Make shortbread as above and press into a square or rectangular baking tray lined with foil, very lightly greased. Bake in a medium oven until just turning colour and the shortbread is set. Leave aside to cool. Make caramel by combining a tin of condensed milk, 5 oz butter and 3 1/2 oz golden syrup in a pan. Heat gently until butter melted, stir well, raise the heat and boil until the caramel is golden brown and thickened. Pour over the cooled shortbread and leave to cool. Melt approx. 12 oz of good milk chocolate and pour over the cooled caramel. Leave to set and cut into small squares to serve

Variation - Tantallons

Named after the ruined castle of Tantallon in East Lothian, these are a variation on shortbread. Traditionally, they were cut with a scalloped edged cutter.

4 oz flour
4 oz cornflour (cornstarch) or rice flour
4 oz butter
4 oz caster sugar (fine granulated sugar)
Pinch of bicarbonate of soda
Level teaspoon of grated lemon rind
2 eggs
Icing sugar for dusting

Cream the butter and sugar together until it is pale and creamy.

Beat the eggs well. Add the sifted flour, bicarbonate of soda, lemon rind and the beaten eggs in small amounts to the butter and sugar, ensure that they are well combined each time. Turn the dough onto a floured surface shaking a little flour on top, roll out to about a half to a quarter inch thick.

Cut into biscuit/cookie sized rounds with a scalloped pastry cutter (if you have one) Place in a well greased/oiled baking tray Bake in a pre-heated oven at 200°C (400°F, Gas Mark 6) for 20/25 minutes, until light golden colour. Cool on a wire rack and dust with icing sugar when cool.

Flapjacks

8oz butter
8oz golden syrup
6oz brown sugar 20 oz oats
Melt together in pan

Melt the butter, sugar and syrup and stir in the oats. Vary the amount of oats depending on how dry/sticky you like your flapjacks - less if you want really gooey ones.

Bake for 25 mins, at 180 degrees

And you might like to try these favourites of the late 19th century/early 20th century.

Empire biscuits

8 oz plain flour
4 oz butter
3 oz sugar
milk to mix

Rub the butter into the flour, stir in sugar and mix to a stiffish dough with milk. Roll out on lightly floured board to about 1/4" thick and cut into small rounds with a plain cutter/wine glass. Place on lightly greased baking sheet and bake in a medium oven until lightly golden, cool on wire rack. When cool, sandwich two biscuits together with raspberry jam and ice the tops with glace icing, decorate with jelly diamonds

Gingerbread rabbits/elephants etc

12 oz plain flour
1 1/2 tsp ground ginger
1/2 tsp ground cinnamon
4 oz butter
6 oz light brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
4tbsp golden syrup

Sift dry ingredients together, rub in the butter and add the sugar. Add the egg and syrup and combine well, knead lightly to a smooth dough, wrap and chill for an hour or so. Roll out to 1/4" thick on a lightly floured board and cut out rabbits or preferred shapes. You can buy such cookie cutter shapes or use your own skill. Put on to baking tray lined with greaseproof paper, and bake for 10 - 15 minutes or so in a medium oven until lightly coloured. Leave on tray to cool for a while, then remove to a wire rack to finish cooling.

Get children involved in the cooking with these recipes:

Cocoa nut candy (as described in Sir Toady Crusoe) or if you want a clearer, more modern recipe why not try

Coconut macaroons

Line a baking tray with greaseproof paper, and rice paper on top of that

4oz dessicated coconut

4oz caster sugar

2 egg whites

1 tbsp self raising flour

pinch of salt

A few drops of vanilla essence

Mix everything together well, should be quite a gloopy consistency. Drop from a spoon into rounds on the rice paper, bake in a medium oven for about 15 minutes until lightly coloured. Leave to cool, then drizzle with melted chocolate.

Peppermint Creams

The simplest of all recipes, and one even very small children can be involved in making.

Whites of 2 eggs

8 oz icing sugar

Peppermint oil.

Beat the eggs with a hand mixer and gradually add the sieved icing sugar until the paste becomes too difficult to mix. Make a well in the middle of the paste and drop in around 3 drops of peppermint oil. Knead this in with your fingers. Then knead in the rest of the icing sugar. Taste and add more peppermint oil if required.

Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and cut out shapes with cutter or pinch off small balls and flatten them into circles. Put in a cool place to harden.

Cakes

Jam Rolls

Melted butter, to grease
3 eggs
2 ½ oz caster sugar
3 oz plain flour
6 oz strawberry jam
¼ pint double cream
Icing sugar, to dust

Preheat oven to 180°C. Brush a 24 x 30cm (base measurement) Swiss roll pan with butter to grease. Line with non-stick baking paper, cutting the corners to fit.

Beat eggs and sugar in a bowl until a ribbon trail forms when the beaters are lifted. Sift one-third of the flour into the egg mixture and use a metal spoon to fold until just combined. Repeat with the remaining flour in 2 more batches. Pour mixture into pan and smooth surface with the back of a spoon.

Bake in preheated oven for 15 minutes or until golden brown and cooked through. Remove sponge from oven and turn onto a clean surface. Use a serrated knife to cut sponge in half lengthways. Place one half on a clean tea towel. Starting with the long side closest to you, roll up sponge. Repeat with the remaining sponge and another clean tea towel. Set aside for 20 minutes to cool.

Unroll sponges on a clean work surface. Spread evenly with jam and cream. Roll up sponges to enclose filling. Cut into 5cm lengths and dust with icing sugar.

Fairy Cakes/ Cup Cakes

8oz unsalted butter, softened
8oz caster sugar
8oz self-raising flour
Pinch of salt
4 medium eggs
4 tablespoons milk
Ice-cream scoop (optional)
2 x 12-hole muffin tins, lined with paper cases

Buttercream or royal icing for decoration.

Set the oven to 190°C or Gas Mark 5. Tip the butter into a bowl and beat it until softened. Add the sugar, flour, salt, eggs and milk and whisk until the mixture is smooth. Divide the mixture between all the paper cases. Place both muffin tins in the oven and bake for 15 minutes, then swap over the position of the tins over and bake for a further 3-7 minutes, until both trays of cupcakes are a light golden colour. Remove the tins from the oven. Leave the cupcakes to cool in the tins for a few minutes, then transfer them to a wire rack to cool.

Raisin cakes

6 oz butter
6 oz sugar
6 oz self raising flour
3 eggs, beaten, and milk to mix if required
4 oz raisins

Grease and flour a 2 lb loaf tin. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs gradually, mixing well. Add flour and raisins and mix to a soft dropping consistency, adding milk if required. Put into prepared tin and bake in a medium - hot oven until well risen and golden brown. Turn out of tin on to wire rack to cool, serve in generous slices

Victoria Sponge

Use recipe above, omitting the raisins. Bake in prepared sandwich tins in a medium-hot oven until well risen and a good golden brown colour. Turn on to wire rack to cool. When completely cold, sandwich together with raspberry jam and dust with icing sugar

And of course, if you want, you can really go to town on a 'Showstopper' Birthday Cake of whatever kind you like. Perhaps don't aim for topping it with 156 candles though!

10. The Rainbow Crockett

The 'Rainbow Crockett' comprises all seven of Crockett's books for children, though we would point out that these days you might think of them less as books 'for' children as books 'about' children in times gone past. That said, they have plenty in them to interest and amuse anyone who has had children, or indeed a childhood of their own.

Islay Murray Donaldson (Crockett's biographer) wrote a chapter on Crockett's Children's Fiction which will be published in a revised, second edition of her: 'The Life and Work of Samuel Rutherford Crockett' next year by Ayton Publishing and in it she says '*Crockett's books for children are not didactic; his imagination points no moral, though it frequently adorns a tale.*'

Crockett's children's writing is contemporary with E.Nesbit and his loosely biographical fictional characters the Picton Smiths are every bit as adventurous and entertaining as Nesbit's 'Treasure Seeker' Bastables. In the first (Red) volume of The Rainbow Crockett we are introduced to Crockett's first daughter Maisie, known as 'Sweetheart' and the rest of the children grow to take their places both as heroes and heroines of their own stories (but real, domestic heroes and heroines in keeping with Crockett's style of showing ordinary lives) and as critics and re-tellers of some of the classic works of Sir Walter Scott.

The real life 'Sweetheart' was a fan of writer Andrew Lang (a friend of the family). His series of Fairy Books (also known as Andrew Lang's "Coloured" Fairy Books or Andrew Lang's Fairy Books of Many Colours) a series of twelve collections of fairy tales, published between 1889 and 1910 gave us the inspiration to create The Rainbow Crockett, giving each volume its own colour. We think 'Sweetheart' would have approved. And we hope you will too!

Volume 1 (RED) Sweetheart Travellers.

Crockett's first children's book lets us travel with him and his young daughter on a Beeston Tricycle on a series of adventures through Galloway and Wales. This was a best-selling Christmas book for many years and still holds a place in the heart for those who have not forgotten a slower pace of life.

'Sweetheart appears with Hugo in full chase after her, and the pair roll over each other on the grass, gripping and nipping like young puppies at their play. This same wild romp, who has to go back a hundred yards to find her hat, who scatters her buttons and distributes her shoe-strings over a league of ground, is just our model housemaid and under-gardener of an hour ago. I state it upon oath, attested by the seeing of the eye and the hearing of the ear.'

Volume 2 (ORANGE) The Surprising Adventures of Sir Toady Lion

The Picton Smith children (especially the boys) take charge of the story and offer us adventure which is less idyllic and more realist than most children's stories of the time. Crockett exposes his children's behaviour 'warts and all' and it is all the more entertaining for that. You are advised from the get go:

Too good boys not allowed to read this book

By order

Field Marshal Napoleon Smith

'Sir Toady Lion was a humourist. And you can't be a humourist without being a little hard-hearted. Only the heart of a professional writer of pathos can be one degree harder.'

'Priscilla had not yet learned that a critic always knows what you mean to say much better than you do yourself.'

Volume 3 (YELLOW) Red Cap Tales

Crockett's first foray into adapting Walter Scott for young readers, the stars of the show are the Picton Smith children whose responses to Scott both amuse and entertain as they fight their way through the narrative. Crockett exposes his children's behaviour 'warts and all' and the book is all the more entertaining for that.

'Hugh John 'declared that Scott's heroes were always getting put under soft cushions or up the chimney. 'You can't really distinguish yourself,' he insisted, 'in such situations!' And he referred once more to the luck of a certain Mr. James Hawkins, ship's boy, late of 'Treasure Island.'

'It's the nobodies that have all the fun—real heroes don't count!' he continued ruefully, as he dusted himself from the bits of straw.'

Volume 4 (GREEN) Sir Toady Crusoe

A sequel to 'Sir Toady Lion.' Given his very own adventure story, Toady makes the most of it and what follows is an exciting, chaotic romp along the Galloway coast in the company of his cousins Dinky and Saucy Easdaile. He is a character every bit as appealing as Gavroche, The Artful Dodger or Crockett's own Cleg Kelly.

'he was suffering from an aggravated attack of Toady Lionism, and for the time being, had readopted all his coaxy-woaxy fetchingnesses of pronunciation. As he wore very little clothes, and what he had on were wringing wet, he looked much like a very curly-headed cherub with great big innocent eyes, who had never had a wrong thought nor done a mischievous act in all his life.

Looks are deceitful. Favour is vain.

Volume 5 (BLUE) Red Cap Adventures

The sequel to 'Red Cap Tales' sees the Picton Smith children pick up the gauntlet to deliver their own versions of Scott's classic stories which they do with much gusto and many an eye on the main prize in the company of a familiar cast of fictional characters young and old.

*'Margaret,' I said, 'never mind. You just do your best, and you shall have something!'
I heard a little sob.*

'Oh, I don't know what I shall say — I don't know — I get it all in my head, and then I forget!' she mourned.

'Do not mind,' I said; 'say whatever comes into your head, and don't care for anybody. They will be glad to hear such a little girl tell a story, instead of only having one told to her.'

Volume 6 (INDIGO) Sweethearts at Home

A prolonged sequel to the best-selling 'Sweethearts at Home' Crockett gives the narration over to Sweetheart herself in a book which is both poignant, informative and offers an insight into the power of nostalgic memory.

'Ever such a lot of children whom I don't know have written to me to say how glad they were that I made father take me with him on his cycle such splendid long journeys. Because, you see, their fathers read the book, and had a little seat fitted for them! On the other hand, I suppose parents write and abuse my father for putting such ideas into their little girls' heads.'

'I would know ever so much better, and would have down half-a-dozen Grown-up books that just make your eyes stand out of your head like currants in a ginger-bread bunny. That's what I like. No children's books for me.'

Volume 7 (VIOLET) Rogues' Island

Crockett's final published novel 'raids' his own childhood in a loosely autobiographical story of his last boyhood summer, among friends on Rough Island. It's vintage Crockett and reminds us all of the halcyon days of our youth. Published posthumously in 1926 and long out of print this is a rare lost classic!

'Who has not seen Rough Island, has seen very little. It is a Paradise for boys, and I would rather be a boy on Rough Island than either Czar or Kaiser. Of course I have not tried these latter positions, while I have been a boy on Rough Island.'

'It appears (when you first read about it) dreadfully romantic to live in a cave, going exploring, having baskets let down and so on. But after the first day it gets fearfully dull.'

Sadly, because of the cost of producing illustrated books, The Rainbow Crockett series does not include the original illustrations. However, online galleries of the illustrations are available on the Galloway Raiders website.

You can buy THE RAINBOW CROCKETT as a full set for the special price of £49.99 (including UK P&P) from 1st September, from the [Galloway Raiders online store](#). They are also available to download as individual digital ebook editions from 24th September from the Galloway Raiders online store.