

HERBERT MOONSLOT AND HIS MAGIC UMBRELLA

By Chris Pitts



HERBERT MOONSLLOT AND HIS MAGIC UMBRELLA

This is a booklet to accompany the CD, "Herbert Moonslot and his magic umbrella," with drawings by the St Ives artist and my dear friend, Charles Chaplin.

It is a look at the life of an extraordinary man seen through the memories of those who knew him.

'I am a Singer Songwriter of the old school. I make no claim to be a book writer. This CD insert is a shortened part of a larger work.

I just felt that the life and times of this wonderful individual needed to be marked by some record, this is it! It is my sincere hope that this son of old England's past will one day be remembered by a plaque or some other form of remembrance in St Ives, where his much famed magic umbrella was once opened in those glorious 1960's summers, and his magic smile opened the hearts of his friends, I thank God I was one!

The CD "Herbert Moonslot and his magic umbrella," has been done at my own expense with the help of professional musicians who I have worked with over the years. Many are personal friends; I owe them a great debt. This is not a profit-making venture.

The 1960's were heavenly times if you were young. Present day life with its virtual world of graphics and labyrinth box of tricks leaves me cold and bored to death.

As I look back on those days, I can hear the ghost hymns of a world disturbed by truth; 'All you need is love' 'Wear your love like heaven.' The air was alive with hope back then, gloriously naïve people, who became totally free of straight societies, 'having to be someone or something,' were born into a time of great generosity, a time made of dreams. At an unknown point during those wonderful summers, one lone individual became the embodiment of all our hopes and dreams, his name was Herbert Moonslot.

This is an account of his life and times, an almost impossible attempt to describe an incredible individual who defied description.

Many young people during those long ago days took the time to visit places in Cornwall where a silent revolution was taking place. One particular place attracted what became known as the 'Moon People' later rather cynically known as the 'Flower Children.'

That ancient fishing village stands in my memory untouched by the commercialism and destruction that was to follow. A place of magical wonderment that only old Cornwall could have given to us. I make no attempt to describe it further. It remains a sad fact that only those individuals who were there at the time will ever truly know.

St Ives in Cornwall was that place and will forever stand in my mind as a meeting place for the 'forever

young' Generation. A place where for a very short time the world really did stand still, I know because, I was there.

In cafés and chip shops children drank orange juice and played on dirty floors long before the words 'health and safety' were even dreamed of. The local residents went about their business, England was booming and in a few years time someone would think of the word 'Swinging'.

It was in that narrow gap of time approximately between 1960 and 1966 that the events in this book took place. I have complete trust in my memory of those times they live in my blood. I can't insist on being believed but I ask for your generosity. Sometimes despite all the odds in this life something happens that defies logic. We are all conditioned to think that we can't have happiness; work career and health problems all contribute to this sense of despondency. I must assure you that 'once in a lifetime' experiences do happen. We who were there at that time are living witnesses to that.

There is no known history about Herbert Moonslot prior to his sudden appearance on the scene round about 1959-1960. For that part of the story we must rely on rumour and hearsay. It was passed on to me that Herbert Moonslot was the illegitimate son of a vicar and that he had escaped from what was then known as a 'Boy's Home' (Or Orphanage). The exact

date and time of his arrival in St Ives is unknown however; by 1963 a large number of the 'beatnik set' certainly knew he was around. One of the things that marked Herbert Moonslot out was that he spent a lot of time in his own company. He was not someone who went along with the crowd. Some of the people who knew him during those very early days said he was often deep in thought. The England he knew was a very different place to what we know today. The long shadow of recession and unemployment was unknown. It was for some a Peter Pan timeless escape into a dream landscape. The very air was alive with hope. At some point whether it was an effort to move away from the 'beatnik' identity or to establish his own inner sanctuary of friends he came to St Ives.

What a strange sight he must have presented to the local residents as he walked down those long winding streets. A tall thin man, his face like a cameo mask, long pointed nose sparkling starry eyes long jet-black curly hair. He wore a tall Dickensian top hat mauve three quarter length coat drainpipe trousers Cuban healed boots and he carried a massive parasol umbrella. I will never forget the impact his appearance and personality had on me; the sheer radiance of something unworldly hit you like walking into a wall!

As I attempt to write this I am held in a tension that grips me with the wonder of it all and the absolute tragedy of his loss. We drift in and out of this world at an alarming rate but this man brought something of

the eternal, something most of us can only strive for and fail. Even now in these evening years I ask myself 'How could one person possess so much magic?'

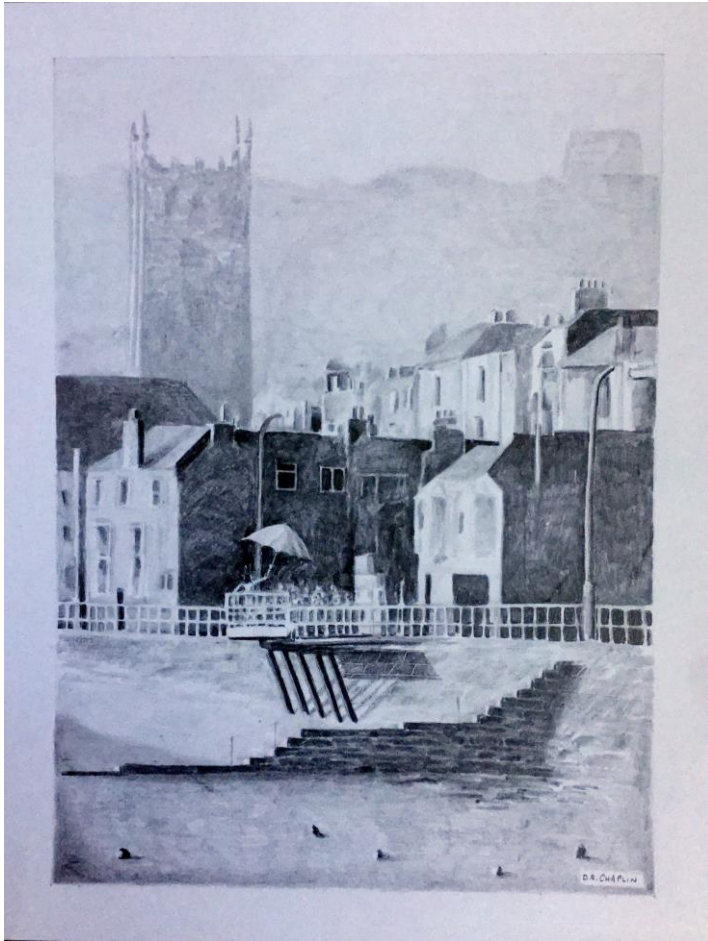
"And laughter, learnt of friends and gentleness"
Rupert Brooke:

The year 1960 was a marker for the beginning of a vast social change; it was to herald (As one politician put it) 'the wind of change' and a decade of tremendous hope. New age comedians and people with no sense of pathos satirize the very 'Englishness' of that time. Some of it is of course well deserved; I would be the first to admit that however, I would not swap one minute of the simplicity and innocence we shared as we set ourselves free from the cast iron certainties of ambition, career and selfishness! Herbert Moonslot was to embody the very essence of all our hopes and aspirations at the time.

It may sound strange, but I could never find out where Herbert Moonslot lived. The nearest I got to finding a location was an old boat shed that was pointed out to me. This was somewhere around the Lifeboat Hill area of St Ives. It was here that it was said he kept his silver Penny Farthing bike. The shed had a kind of make shift wood burner and chimney, if this was where he lived at least he had some kind of heating in winter. Some of his friends may have come to St Ives after he settled there, the great number of 'followers' he gathered in such a very short time must be accounted for somehow?

The first time I heard about 'Moondust' as he was affectionately nick named was after a meeting with Big Ben Sparkle a giant of a man who was one of Moondust's friends from Falmouth. Ben said to me that the 'Full cosmic event' was happening in St Ives around the Band Stand area.

What I was to learn was to engage my attention at the time in a big way, and of course all of us who knew him would never ever forget the man who made 'love' live for a short space of time, it was like being chosen by some higher being to have a foretaste of heaven.



*Moondust on
St Ives Bandstand*

I had been staying (and working) at a hotel very much like 'Fawltly Towers' just seven miles from Falmouth, Peter the owner's son was a great generous person with a fantastic sense of humour. He took us all around Cornwall in his dad's Ford Popular, his Mum and Dad's hotel was one of the most wonderful generous places in England at the time, believe me it really was. The guests were that rare breed of old English holidaymakers, some were eccentric, some we just mad.

The atmosphere was one of total welcome it was a sanctuary in a changing world. Cornwall still held that mystique and refreshing newness to holidaymakers that was to totally disappear after the 1960's.

I don't know when, but one day we arrived at St Ives. Heading for the beach I was struck by the sight that met my eyes. The ancient bandstand was full up with people. They surrounded Herbert Moonslot who was speaking at an alarming rate. The 'Moon people', as they were known back then were giving loud accent to everything 'Moondust' was saying. As I moved nearer to the bandstand and felt that sandy wind in my face I was aware of joss sticks burning and the wonderful scent they created. A skinny girl was waving her hand and erecting these joss sticks in her long black tangled hair. Two old fishermen were walking past and tapping their temples pointing to the bandstand. I managed to hear the expletives 'Mad Bastards' as they walked away. This was the very

beginning of that great youth young explosion that is talked about so cynically by some as 'the 1960s'. If ever a term or a generalization was misused it is right here! Thank God Herbert Moonshot was so much bigger and beyond all that, yes thank God, he was!

Herbert Moonshot was the first militant vegetarian that I met however, on this particular day he was highly exercised about the suffering of earwigs. He spoke of 'parachutes for earwigs' as a necessary humanitarian concern, saying that he was sick and tired of seeing them fall off walls and furniture and hurt themselves.

The moon people showed their appreciation of his concerns by making a sound that was not unlike a wild cry from the caves of the Syracuse. Moondust also talked about the 'Haudenosaunee' tribe of India commonly known as "People of the long house". All this came to an abrupt end when he opened up his umbrella and a sudden rush forward took place, I later found out that this was when the moon people pinned poems to his umbrella. With Moondust taking the lead they all processed to the beach. It was here that Moondust would unpin the poems and read them out. His wonderful tender cultured English voice rang out along the beach and soon large crowds gathered. These poems were good, all of them, however there was absolutely no rivalry inside that small group of his first followers. A deep meditational hum went up at various points, Lucy Lady one of the 'Moons' reached up her arm and said 'cosmic

moonbeams on you all' and soon the moons replied, 'let them lay!'

I think it should be explained at this point that The 'Moon People' were not 'hippies'. Most of them worked in the various hotels in and around St Ives.

Herbert Moonslot himself worked repairing slot machines and at times sold doughnuts with his friend Big Ben Sparkle (More on Ben later). He also worked with a man who had a Punch and Judy show. This made him very popular with the children and families on holiday. However, his abiding passion was his 'Inter-Galactic Fish Club.' This was the vehicle he used for spreading love peace and community. This immediately took people's curiosity when he went into his 'Fish Club' proclamation. He would go to the St Ives bandstand at 3pm every day and give a very detailed account of all his aims and objectives. The most amazing part of this was his insistence on everyone learning the 'Fish Club' mantra.

I recall the mantra very well it is written on my soul:

'The purple verruca shines at midnight, coconuts are hostile too!

Never ignore the tangerine bishop, when there's four and twenty black birds in the counting house.

Smirnoff crocodiles nosing out where weasels run, cashmere Periwinkles turn up too.

The grasshopper lies heavy in the centre of the road, with inki-pinki Kangaroo"

After learning the mantra, the second step to full membership of the Inter-Galactic Fish Club was to sing the words to the tune of: 'Diamonds are a girls best friend' After this he would go on to the beach, unpin the poems from his (Magic) umbrella and read them out.

Those wonderful moon people, that first little elite company, were to bring a warmth and generosity into a cold world that at the time was sold out on ambition, status and 'being someone.'

Even after all these years I have to pinch myself in order to know that yes, I really lived, I really was there, in those wonderful, wonderful times!

Cathy knew some 'Free people' who had a house on the south side of the bay.

The moon people would meet there and sit around Moondust in a circle on the floor. I always will remember the sweet smell of joss sticks and the wonderful multi coloured cushions. Some people sat on the studio couch or swivel high backed chairs. Old Empire Ed would put on puppet shows with his homemade string puppets; he would smoke his Navy Cut tobacco in a huge meerschaum pipe all through the show. I remember it cutting the back of my throat it was so pungent! When Moondust arrived the place went silent. It wasn't so much what Moondust said that has stayed locked in my memory; it is the absolute unimpeachable sincere look on his face that I remember most.

None of us were earning much money but we never went hungry or found ourselves short of cloths to wear. Moondust said we should be 'clothed with the linen of life' and boy, were we during those times!

Moondust used an old Penny Farthing bike with a trailer that he had painted silver; his arrival at 'Free House' was marked by grating and squeaking sounds. He would walk in carrying a very large box of doughnuts and several buckets of leaves and wild flowers. He would walk into 'Free house' and literally throw the leaves and flowers all over us Moon People. He would then spend at least an hour cleaning the toilets. His 'Cosmic lectures' at 'Free House' would become more serious than the ones to the people on the street. I remember one where he handed out a vast amount of Jelly Babies and Dolly Mixtures (Sweets).

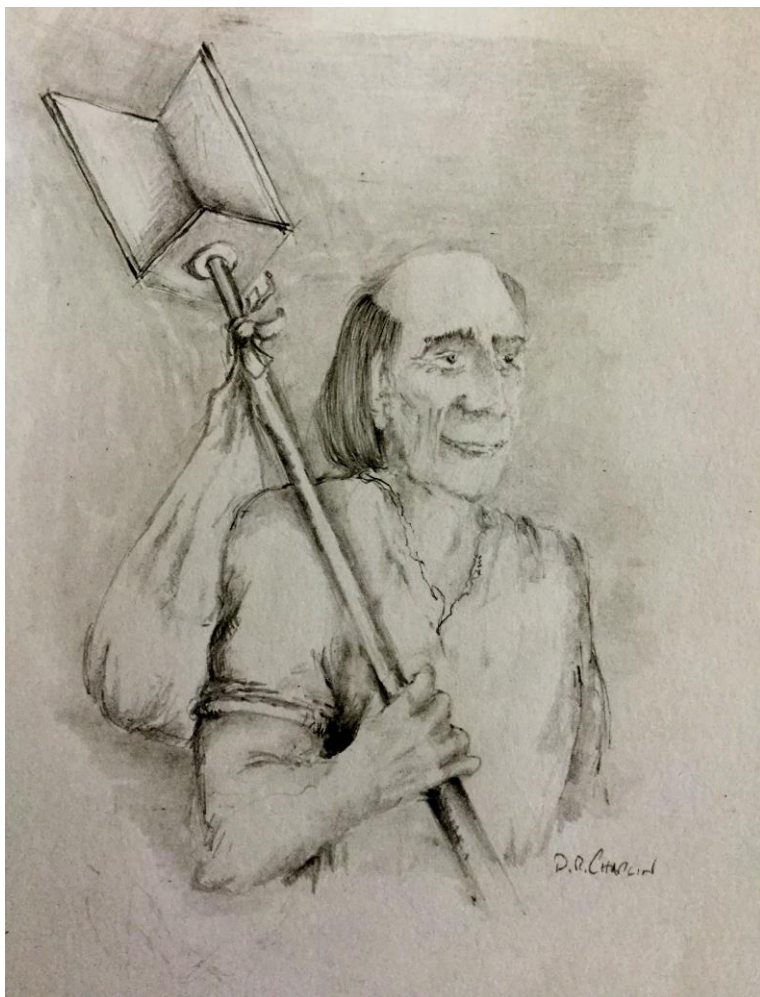
At this lecture he spoke of "God forsaken Toilets". He would spend a long time demonstrating how to effectively clean a toilet and what applications to use. After the lecture we would all proceed to the public toilets. Moondust would have things very well planned. He would get buckets of hot water sent up to the public toilets on a sort of moon people chain. We would spend hours cleaning the public toilets and afterwards he would stand to attention outside the toilets and hand out a sheet of toilet paper to bewildered toilet users and say; "Have a clean toilet, you are a valued member of the human race!" After this, we would open our umbrellas, (we all had small

umbrellas) and work our Yoyos while Moondust would sing "Men of Horlicks" to the tune of 'Men of Harlech'. We drank a lot of Horlicks and ate lots of bananas back then.

It was a world that most would find unimaginable now. From time to time Moondust would call us to the 'Tone House' for what he described as the 'Negative Aristotle lecture'. This event took place in a disused shop on Lifeboat Hill. Moondust would walk in, sit on an old rocking chair and then go to sleep. Some moon people would occasionally hum 'OM'. About an hour later we would go home (Home being just about anywhere and everywhere) feeling great! As we walked down those narrow St Ives 1960's streets, occasionally, a rather nice lady from the Salvation Army would follow us around and warn us of the dangers of 'Worshiping Umbrellas!' Looking back it must have seemed to the residents and holidaymakers that observed us, that this little Cornish fishing village had opened its doors to the inmates of every asylum in Cornwall! Well, whatever they thought, we never expected the events that followed those glorious times to put us in a place where the world was to become our asylum, but more on that later.

I will now go to the notes that I have made over the years, relaying the memories of the people who knew Moondust. This covers a long period of time and sadly, most of them are no longer with us. This may overlap with some of the incidents and recollections

referred to above however, it will be good to get as much reliable information as possible.



Big Ben Sparkle

Big Ben Sparkle: 1947 - 1971

'He never swore, he just never did' this was the first recollection of Moondust that Ben uttered.

Ben was a giant of a man. I knew him when he was eighteen and even then he looked like Charles Atlas on speed! Ben was of such a size that the Mods and Rockers would never come near him. Basically, Big Ben appointed himself Moondust's minder; he never let any trouble come near Moondust.

I see him now in my mind's eye, his gigantic hands patting the children on the head, as gentle as a feather. Holidays in those days were very English and quiet by today's standards, everyone loved Ben, Ben would help the local 'Punch and Judy' man (with Moondust) and occasionally work in the doughnut shop.

I once asked Ben where Moondust came from. He became very, very secretive. I was later told that they had escaped together from some private orphanage and had taken on new identities. Nether of them had done anything wrong. Shortly before he died Ben told me how Moondust, disguised as a Milkman, had got them on to a milk float early one morning and how they eventually ended up at Ben's Auntie Babb's house in Bath. Ben told me how Moondust once took a beating at the orphanage for something he didn't do and stopped talking for about a year.

When he started to talk again he just said the word 'Love'. Maybe the stirrings of the Inter-Galactic Fish Club were forming in Moondust's mind back then?

Ben like me at the time could not read or write, he survived working in hotels washing up and doing odd jobs.

By about 1964 Moondust's 'Intergalactic Fish Club' was well under way. Just where so many 'Moon People' came from is a mystery however; you can bet your life that Big Ben Sparkle had a lot to do with it. Ben was ever talking about 'what Moondust was doing' as he travelled the coastline from Falmouth to St Ives.

It may have been in Falmouth. I can't remember exactly where I first met Ben. I seem to remember him standing on the back of a builder's lorry moving bags of cement. I remember Ben was looking hard at me and then his big smile suddenly broke out. 'Hey mate, do you know Moondust?'

In the building yard where Ben worked, Ben invited me into his 'Hut' and we drank very strong tea out of tin cups. A radio played Donovan singing 'Catch the Wind' while Ben began to talk to me about Moondust. I told Ben that I had seen Herbert Moonslot about two weeks ago and that he seemed like a complete 'Nutter'. Ben got a bit irate and pointed his giant finger up my nose and said, 'Look mate, there is a reason for everything Moondust does!' He went on to

provide me with a defence of all that Moondust said and did.

He described a mystical character like someone out of Peter Pan. I just couldn't take it all in.

He asked me to come with him that night to meet Moondust. He 'Borrowed' an ancient builders van and he drove us (totally illegally) to St Ives. I remember it took about twenty minutes to get started. The whole thing shook like a clapped out dodgem. It was a magic journey through the back roads; the moon and stars seemed to be putting on a show just for us that night.

As we rattled along those back roads Ben spoke of Moondust having, 'Red onion revelations'. He told me that Moondust was fascinated by the construction of onions. Apparently, Moondust thought the layers of the brain were like an onion and that they became red when you penetrated into the soul, that's why one of Moondust's favorite sayings was; "That is my complete onion on the matter!" The magic was contagious that night, the air alive with expectation. A kind of timelessness descended on us.

The old van backfired and literally shook. It was like we were travelling on a steam powered Penny Farthing.

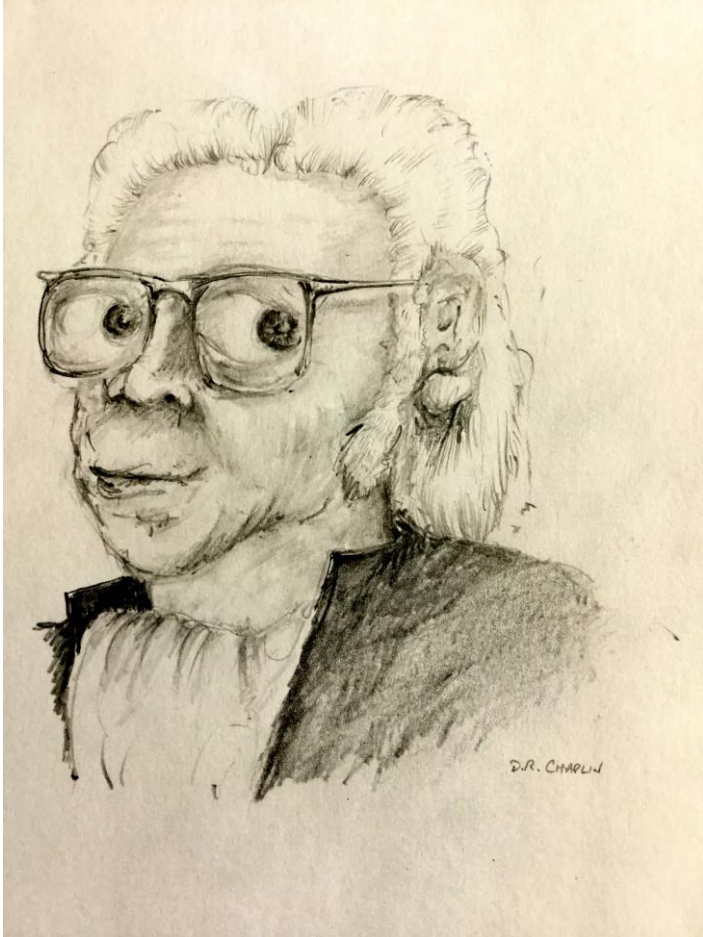
Coming into St Ives we came down one steep hill only to try and climb another. The old van engine was racing and smoke was coming from it. The next thing I knew was that a gurgling sound came from somewhere and we finally conked out. Ben said; 'Well

she needs a rest, just like us!' He jumped out and we began walking down a ginnel passageway. Towards the end I could see the twinkling lights of the harbour and hear the wind whistling in the boat rigging, Apparently, we had arrived.

On the bandstand about ten people were singing an old jazz song 'The Glory of Love.' Standing in the midst of them was an incredible sight, how can I relate it to you? Well, mad freaked out Pearly King, the clown of all history? Anyway, yes, it was Herbert Moonslot. Apart from the sequins and his long trailing coat, his long top hat, his long black curly hair and massive umbrella, his eyes were something else! They really, really shone like something I have never seen before or since. In the smoky blue twilight, it was, for all the world as if he had a visible aura around him. I realize that these are dramatic words, but if I live to be a hundred, I will always believe it! It was that night, that very first night; I had the first inklings that this was a great human being standing before me, unique in his time, utterly unique. There were many other things that Big Ben Sparkle did to support his best friend Moondust. He played a major part in bringing those first few followers together. I, for one never ever forget him; that would be impossible.

Big Ben Sparkle died in his sleep sometime during the winter of 1971.

Rest in Peace Ben.



Colin Lastic

(Rubber band Man)

Colin Lastic 1945 – 1985

Colin Lastic. Nicknamed 'Rubber Band' for obvious reasons. Colin, was one of Moondust's inner circle going way back. I think Colin knew more about Moondust than he ever let on! One of Colin's favorite sayings was: "It's the work that only the Moon can do!" This wasn't really helpful because it went around that Moondust was a 'Miracle man'.

Colin Lastic dressed like an advertisement for Quaker Oats and was altogether too fond of eating raw cabbage! To counteract this addiction he would eat peppermints to take the smell off his breath. One of the downsides of this was that it frequently gave him 'the runs'. Colin was poorly sighted and wore very strong glasses that magnified his eyes, so when you looked at him it gave him the appearance of a giant frog.

Colin's memories of Moondust were centered on the 'miracle works' that was attributed to Moondust. One of these miracles was the finding of a child that had been missing for 8 hours. The children loved Moondust and loved to hear him play his harmonica before the Punch and Judy man did his performance. Moondust played the boy's favorite tune all over the bay till the child came out of hiding. There was also the incident with the 'Mods' and 'Rockers'. These rival gangs took over the seafront much to the outrage of the local residents and were about to embark on a

gang fight. Moondust walked into the midst of them carrying a large Teddy Bear and a mattress, he then laid on the bed and pulled a carrot out of his mouth and said in a voice breaking with emotion; "I have the Sumatran river fever, the deadliest strain ever, stay away its highly infectious"

A roar of motorbike engines was then heard exiting St Ives bay!

We all got free fish and chips every night after that when the fish shop was closing. Not Moondust of course; eating flesh was sinful to him. All the above was passed on to me by Colin. (Colin was incapable of lying, I solemnly assure you).

Colin (I am told) died of Leukemia in 1985. Good old Colin, you were one of the best, my friend!

Rest in peace Rubber Band.



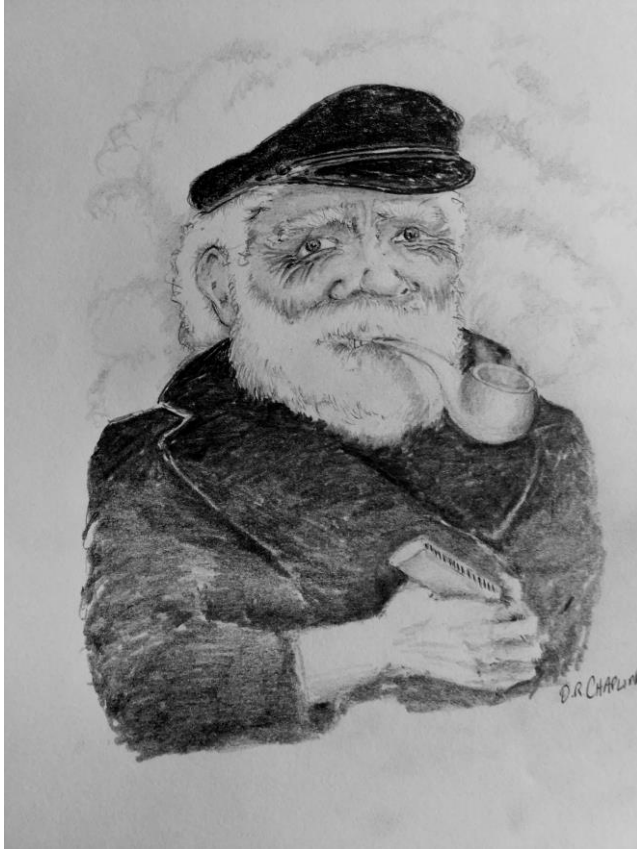
Cloud 9 Alice

Cloud 9 Alice

Alice was very posh. She lived in a large house on the road to Carbis Bay. Her father had a thing call a 'Sky Lab' that was in a large attic. He had telescopes and various instruments for what Alice called 'Sky Reading'. Alice said that she had messages from the clouds. My memories of her are always of seeing her looking up at the sky. Sometime around 1963 she made it known to her friends that a cloud 9 revelation had told her that, a 'great cloud man of righteousness' would come to St Ives. That of course was seen to be Herbert Moonshot. Alice would write Moonshot a letter every day telling him about future cloud 'Happenings'.

One of the best things about us all knowing Alice was that she would leave food out for us in a Folly type building in their large garden. This place became known as 'Dolly Mixture den'. We had to approach this place via a tree tunnel path that Alice called 'ice cream dream pastures'.

As I come to the end of this account I feel a sense of tragic loss. Those days gave us family and hope, a place where people like Alice brought magic to England, an England that has since poisoned the ability to even dream and believe.



Empire Ed

Empire Ed.

He seemed to come to Moondust out of nowhere, a gentle old man of the sea.

Ed had formed an attachment to Moondust long before I knew him. I can still smell his old fat Meerschaum pipe as it bellowed smoke out along the beach.

Ed was full of tales of the sea. An old 'Salty Seadog' with a heart of gold. He just needed listeners and true friends. Ed looked like an older version of 'Captain Birdseye'.

I remember him in deep conversation with Moondust walking along the beach. Ed would pull out his ancient harmonica and would sit on the sand with a far away look in his eye.

Ed would neglect himself from time to time and it would fall to our dear friend Lucy (more of Lucy below) to look after him.

His nickname 'Empire Ed' came about because of his love of the Queen and patriotism.

The Moon Children were for Ed the only family he ever knew.



Lovely Lady Lucy

Lovely Lady Lucy 1950 – 1978

Lucy was always around. She was everywhere. I remember from those days. She doted on Moondust, however not in a soppy romantic way. Lucy was truly detached from the so-called normal boy girl thing.

She was more like a fairy or fantasy character from storybook legend. We all loved her and she loved everyone! Lucy had a tiny house, (more like a shed) on the Falmouth road where her ageing grandad had a very run down shoe repair business.

Lucy was skinny as a rake and almost floated through the air. Long black-mattered hair always in a mess. She wore a moth eaten cardigan together with chiffon and silk cape; this made her look like she was swimming in the wind at times.

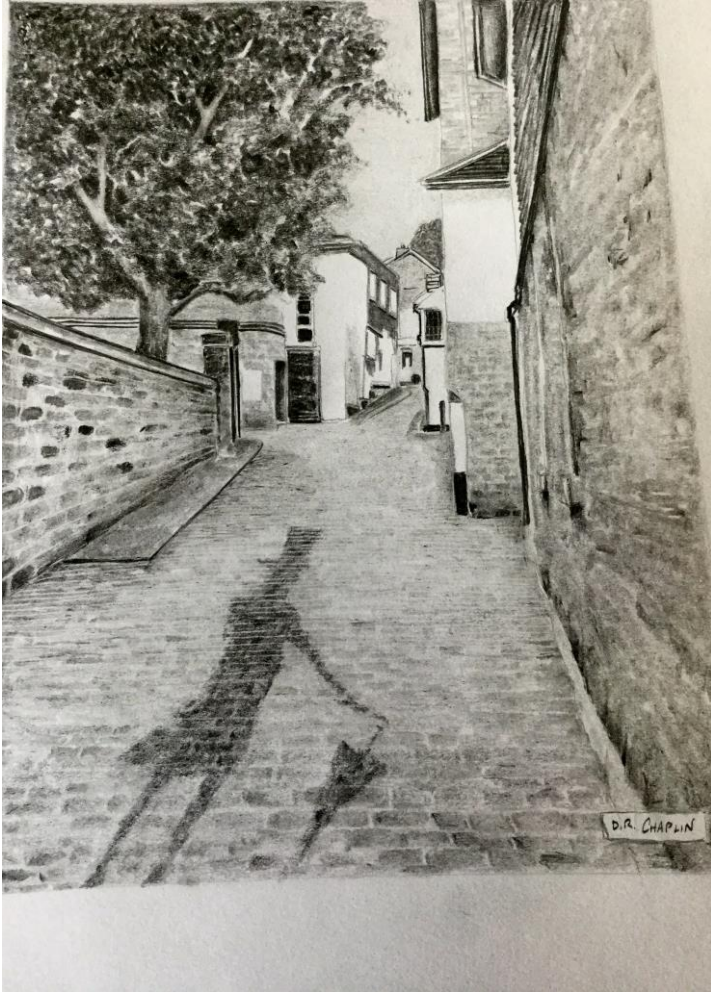
My abiding memory is of her carrying cauliflowers on a string round her neck. Lucy saw it as her duty to feed the Moon People. She kept an old primus stove hidden in the boot of an old car that had been dumped in a backstreet. Every evening the smell of her frying pan called in the 'Moons'. Somehow Lucy would provide a place to sleep and a hot cup of Horlicks for everyone at night.

All I can remember about this is a long track west of the bay that led to about six very run down caravans, and the remains of an old railway carriage in a field.

When we all arrived at this place, Lucy would give us bananas on toast and a piping hot cup of Horlicks. I remember one evening when we were all sitting round a small outside fire, my attention was drawn to an area of woodland. Coming from this copse of trees were smoke rings followed by pink balloons with paper messages attached. I managed to get hold of one of the balloons and a friend read the message; “ Foolish fingers are an a abomination when the top is off the bottle!” Moondust was teetotal, and he saw this rather complicated ritual as aiding his cause.

Up to this point I have tried to concentrate on the more happy side of this story however, I now have to jump ahead and talk about the winter years. I will leave it to the last few lines of this booklet to describe Moondust’s departure and the misery that followed.

We all called her, ‘Lovely Lucy Lady’, as that is what she was. She was like a mother to us all. As soon as Lucy Lady was on the scene we felt safe, especially Moondust. Maybe she became the mother that he never had?



*Moondust on
Lifeboat Hill*

The Final Curtain.

I was hitch hiking with my friend Nigel and we had hit on hard times. We had run out of money. I had a post office savings book with one guinea left in it. Neither of us could read nor write at the time. We had ended up in Bath city and frankly, we were starving. I always remember this because Nigel was such a kind, humble soul. That night we slept rough. Part of the night we walked about to keep warm. We passed a large house with bluebells in the garden. I will ever remember Nigel saying, "Hey Chris, I wrote a song once called Bluebells in London!" I never got to hear Nigel's song but I wrote a song for him called "Bluebells in London." I hope he gets to hear it someday. In the morning Nigel very kindly took me to the railway station, I had managed to find a nearby post office and drew out my guinea and got a ticket back to Essex. Nigel waved me goodbye. I never saw him again.

When I got home a post card was waiting for me from Lucy Lady. My mother read it to me. The message read:(I must trust my memory)

"Moondust has gone, disappeared. His umbrella blew out to sea last week! He went straight in after it. We watched him till he disappeared. Colin thinks he is living with the Mermaids. Ben reckons he may have visited Atlantis. We all love you, Chris, Lucy."

And so the story of Herbert Moonslot and his magic umbrella ends here..... or does it? To this day no one knows what happened to Moondust. The late 1960's were times of great change; maybe he thought he had done all he could. The mystery was never cleared up. The Moon people left St Ives.

I kept in touch with Lucy Lady. My wife Mary taught me to read and write.

In 1977 we found out that Lucy Lady was in hospital in London. I went to see her. I was totally naive about things like cancer. She welcomed me with open arms. I could see that she was nothing but skin and bone. We sang the Moondust mantra before I left promising to visit her soon. I never did. She died a week later.

These days I live in memories. Some are too painful. My mind can't take the weight to dream anymore. St Ives bandstand is no longer there. When my darkest hour comes, I'll remember Moondust and his Moon People, in a time when the air was alive with hope, and a giant walked the earth.

Footnote:

Not all the events described in this booklet and sang about on the C.D. took place in St Ives. For example in the song 'Half Moon Daze', the 'Half Moon Inn' is mentioned; this as far as I remember was a pub (Inn) near Zelah near Truro. Other information came to me second hand but, I think I can say that most of this account is true.

"Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour, and caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping"

Rupert Brooke.

A letter was recently passed on to me written by Moondust to Lovely Lady Lucy.

I quote part of it here; "Lucy, what we don't find in this life don't worry about Lady, there is a island, its in the wonderlands place, its called Pondichery - Palona, if my mission is thwarted I may have to take a look"

I take my leave here, wishing all you beautiful people who were touched by Moondust, safe journey to Pondichery - Palona and God speed.

Acknowledgements & Contact

All words and music created and produced
by:

Chris Pitts

Illustrations created and produced by:

D.R. Chaplin (“ Charles”)

Milbourn House Publications
© Copyright 2016

To contact Chris for further information

Mobile 07917 115460

Land line 01206 851377

Email pitts234@btinternet.com

Herbert Moonslot and His Magic Umbrella

CD List

1. Herbert Moonslot And His Magic Umbrella
2. Catching A Bus To Nowhere
3. Half Moon Daze
4. Mystery Moon Top Hat
5. Big Ben's Road
6. Rubber Band Man
7. When Alice Read The Clouds
8. Empire Ed's Last Stand
9. Lovely Lady Lucy
10. You Took The Road We Never Spoke Of
11. Moondust On Lifeboat Hill
12. Goodbye Beloved Vagabond
13. The Moondust Hymn
14. Now I know Why The Caged Bird Sings
15. Custom House Passage
16. Blue Vagabonds