

Peter Warlock Society

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FROM THE EDITOR

This is by way of being a bumper issue. A gratifying amount of newsworthy material keeps appearing, but, more importantly, this time we have two substantial contributions, David Cox's meticulously researched item about PH's Irish lecture, and Malcolm Rudland's spirited and idiosyncratic account of the 1982 Jaunt. To both of them our thanks.

These two articles underline a debate which has been rumbling gently for some time, as to whether or not the Society should take a predominantly serious, scholarly and proselytising approach to the music and life of PW, or should be more light-heartedly celebratory in nature. The feeling in the editorial office is that a balance of both approaches is the best idea, and that at the moment such a balance does exist. However, several members have written (unfortunately in letters not intended for publication) supporting one approach or the other, and it would be of the greatest interest to publish some of the opinions of the membership at large. Do tell us what you think!

Also included is a current membership list, the first for quite some time. This shows that we have the princely figure of 115 life and ordinary members. If you know someone who shares your enthusiasm, show them this newsletter and suggest that they write to Malcolm Rudland - the more the merrier.

JOHN BISHOP WRITES

WE START ON THE LONG ROAD

Volume 1 of our Complete Warlock edition is now available and we hope members will reach for the form enclosed and order their copy straight away. The Complete Edition is, we need hardly say, an exceedingly ambitious venture requiring editorial stamina and financial astuteness if we are to bring it off. We should here acknowledge the financial help we have received from Society member Cliff Chadwick in getting the venture off the ground.

Volume 2 is in proof stage and it is expected that this will be available early in 1983.

The order form also enables you to secure your copies of the two volumes of 'Sociable Songs', each of which has an introduction by Fred Tomlinson. Thames Publishing apologises for the delay there has been in producing these volumes, which turned out to be a good deal more substantial than when the project first got under way. (There is no mention of the Sociable Songs on the order forms as printed - a handwritten addition should be in order. Ed.)

WARLOCK ON THE AIR AND ON RECORD

It is exciting news that as a result of discussions between the committee and BBC senior music producer Eric Wetherall (who is a Society member), there is a strong possibility that about eighty of Warlock's songs are to be recorded for a Radio Three series of eight programmes. We must warmly thank Eric for his enthusiasm and advocacy, and we look forward to hearing how the project develops. It is our hope that there can be some kind of spin-off from the series in the form of commercial records - but it is early days yet for such matters.

The fact that so little Warlock is now available on records - there have been several major deletions in the last year or so - is a cause for concern. Moves are being made to see what can be done about getting deleted material reissued. There are also thoughts about sponsoring a record of our own, containing material not hitherto recorded. The next few months should see some developments. The long-delayed Lyrita record containing three Warlock orchestral items (including the full-orchestra version of Capriol) is likely to appear in the second half of 1983.

CURLEW PERFORMANCES

The Nash Ensemble recently presented an enterprising series at the Wigmore Hall, with English music strongly featured. On November 20 The Curlew was included in a programme which also included Elgar's Piano Quintet. Robin Crofton and I went to the concert; The Curlew was given an exceedingly strong performance after which the large audience accorded the performers three recalls. (Perhaps it is beginning to achieve its true status as a 20th-century classic, especially after being featured in a concert promoted by the Society for the Promotion of New Music in the same hall in April. Ed.)

CAROLS OUT OF WARLOCK

Newly issued by Banks (of York) in their 'Eboracum Choral Series' are Two Carols (ECS 134), transcribed for SATB by Andrew Carter from Warlock. The first turns out to be Pieds-en-l'air from Capriol, with acceptable words by Mr. Carter ('Lullaby, my Jesus'). The second is Balulalow from the Three Carols.

'FANFROLICO' IN PAPERBACK

Some members will be familiar with Jack Lindsay's autobiographical volume Fanfrolico and After, originally published in 1962. This contained numerous references to Warlock, Hal Collins and E.J. Moeran, whom Lindsay knew well.

Newly published in October by Penguin (£5) is Life Rarely Tells, Lindsay's three-volumes-in-one autobiography, of which the third part is Fanfrolico and After. The early parts of the book are much concerned with Australian bohemian life. This last part tells of the years in the 1920's and 1930's when Lindsay ran the press in London to set out his views on life and art and to mount something of an Australian

invasion of British culture.

The 800-odd pages of Life Rarely Tells are racy, forthright and wide-ranging; a decidedly good read.

RADIO THREE STRIKES AGAIN

There has been sadly little PW broadcast since the last newsletter; indeed, the only reference which your editor has noticed in Radio Times was that in Mainly for Pleasure on 25 October 'songs by Quilter and Warlock' were mentioned. There was, though, an altogether unannounced performance of The Cricketers of Hambledon on Radio 3 (medium wave) on 28 August, when, during a lunch-interval interview during the Test Match commentary, Ian Wallace sang the first verse and chorus - unaccompanied, unfortunately.

MORE FROM THAMES

John Bishop's Thames Publishing has begun a new British Heritage series. Among the items to be issued in December are piano transcriptions of orchestral works by Delius, by Eric Fenby and Philip Heseltine. PH's contributions are 'On hearing the first cuckoo in Spring' and 'In a Summer garden', both appearing in print for the first time. Subsequent volumes will include one of songs by Bernard van Dieren.

WARLOCK AND RECORDINGS

Further to John Bishop's item above, we can report that Ian Partridge's Curlew and the Tear/Halsey and Bailey records have now been deleted. With the possibility of a record promoted by the Society, we should like to know what items members might like to have on record, so please let us know of your preferences; songs with piano will naturally be the basis, but there may well be a string quartet too.

NEWS FROM EYNSFORD

It is reported that the cottage at Eynsford has recently been sold to a family with two small children. However, Munn junior still lives next door but one, like his father before him.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

In taking over the Treasurer's job, Robin Crofton inherited all its original responsibilities; so, subscription renewals (still only £5 per annum) should now be sent to him at the address above, and no longer to Malcolm Rudland. All your friends who want to join the Society should still write to Malcolm in the first place, though.

A TAILPIECE FROM 'CLASSICAL MUSIC'

In the issue of Classical Music dated August 28 1982, the second edition of Diana Poulton's John Dowland is reviewed by Richard Morrison. Part of the review runs:- 'Poulton.... was one of the first people to rediscover and play his music: she featured as a lutenist in a broadcast of 1926, and a year later was recorded by HMV. In the same year she recalls visiting Peter Warlock and hearing him play Forlorn Hope which he had just finished transcribing; "possibly it was the first time it had been played in 300 years".'

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT 1982

I have very little to add to my notes in the recent Newsletter except to bring them up to date.

Firstly, our most important venture to date is of course the Society Edition of what we hope will eventually be a complete Warlock. We are immensely indebted to Cliff Chadwick, who has funded the whole scheme. With him on the sub-committee were Bob Cornford, John Bishop, Robin Crofton and myself. We had several meetings - most convivial ones too! - to plan the overall strategy and then the details of the earlier volumes. We decided that a chronological approach to the songs would be the most appropriate way to show his development. Volume I, which should be out next month, contains all the songs written between 1911 and 1917. We have included two versions of "I asked a thief to steal me a peach" and "Music, when soft voices die". In neither case do we know which was the earlier version, and it is of interest to compare both. One other point concerns "Saudades". As the songs were not written in the order in which they were eventually published, we have included them twice, once in their chronological position and again as a cycle.

In later volumes, where Warlock revised songs, adding introductions and altering melody lines, both versions will be incorporated.

Robin Crofton has produced the artwork, and Anthony Ingle has proof-read as well as the sub-committee members.

Volume II, containing the 1918 and 1919 songs, is well under way and may be expected around September.

Warlock and Lawrence is also in a quite advanced stage. That also may be expected in the Autumn.

Priority accorded to the Society Edition has delayed the appearance of the Sociable Songs. These too are in an advanced stage and we should know more when John Bishop gets back from his holiday. You will have seen from the Newsletter that my last two efforts, the Blunt and van Dieren booklets, are still available from John. Talking of van Dieren, I had a pleasant day with an American van Dieren nutter, one Patrick Riley, earlier this week. He is doing a thesis on the six string quartets, but he is also into computers and has devised a way of programming the music. He played me a couple of movements and it is really fascinating. It's a marvellous way of tackling mind-boggling music, particularly as he's evolved a way of slowing down the music without lowering the pitch. He hopes to do all six eventually - I'm sure BvD would approve. Another American, Warren Hoffer, is also in this country, but had unfortunately to be in Hampshire today. He sends his apologies.

This brings me up to date so I would just like to thank everyone for the hard work, particularly the sub-committee, and hope the membership as a whole will respond and make the venture a success.

Fred Tomlinson

(As delivered at the Society's Annual General Meeting on 12 June 1982 at the Antelope Tavern, Eaton Terrace, London SW1.)

"What Music Is"

David Cox has been finding out what he can about that legendary lecture which Philip Heseltine gave in 1918.

According to Cecil Gray (pp. 159/60 of biography) Philip Heseltine was "clad in a sumptuous flowing African medicine-man's robe, purple with green facings", and was "adorned with a large and unruly beard which he had now grown for the first time". The venue was the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Sunday, 12 May 1918. Three neat, closely-written pages - the first part of this lecture-recital, "What Music Is" - are found in Add. Ms. 57967 in the B.M. On page 1 the date is mistakenly given as 12 May 1919 - presumably added some time later. At the top of page 1 is scrawled in larger letters: "Rewrite all! This needs much revision - the language is awful!" - a judgment with which we may disagree. The anti-humbag plea for an unprejudiced approach to music is well worth reading; so, too, is the letter which Heseltine wrote to Colin Taylor two days afterwards about the lecture (see later, below). This venture took place when Heseltine was 23, and before his first songs were published. It was during his 'Irish Year', which ended in August 1918, when he returned to wartime England.

First, here are those three pages.

I should like to dispel at the very outset the impression which some of you may have formed, in anticipation, of the nature of this discourse - an impression that before coming to the real music of the evening, you will have to endure a tedious half-hour of technicalities addressed by a specialist to his fellow-specialists in the art in question. This is not the case. I do not come before you as a specialist nor as a professional musician: I do not come before you to uphold the claims of the specialist or the professional musician, or to extol their virtues. On the contrary, I believe that at present the Art of Music has no greater enemy than the music specialist, the professional musician.

If this statement astonishes you, I hope that before the evening is over I shall have done something at least to mitigate your astonishment, if not to dispel it entirely.

The specialist, in nine cases out of ten, confines himself to the letter of his subject and he takes the spirit for granted - which generally means that he ignores it altogether. One may well ask - What do they know of music that only music know?

I do not want to say much about the Letter of Music - about the technique of music: most of you would be profoundly bored if I did and not in the least edified. So I shall confine myself almost entirely to the Spirit of Music - for that, after all, is What Music Is. Spirit, I know, is a vague word - I shall endeavour to define it more explicitly later on - but it stands as a symbol of the very basis of all Art, for no art can be based upon its own technique. One needs no technique to love music and understand it: but the greatest technician may lack both understanding and love. It is absolutely necessary to seek first the Kingdom of God within ourselves - and all subsidiary things will be added unto us afterwards.

This simple and fundamental direction will no doubt provoke the same kind of superior sneer in the modern "intellectuals" as Elisha provoked in that captain of the hosts of Syria whom he bade go and wash seven times in the river Jordan if he would be made whole. Prescribe them a course of the heaviest and obtrusest text-books and they will pursue it eagerly, even if it lead them nowhere; but bid them listen for the still small voice of the unknown within them and they will jeer at you as an impractical imbecile.

This, however, is only to be expected of the type of mind which rejects the Bible as an old wives' tale, the Bhagavad-Gita as the nebulous rhapsodising of half-civilised maniacs, and acclaims as its prophet an individual of the name of Wells who, having temporarily exhausted the interest of the English suburbs, now deigns to apply his great mind to the "problem" of God. I, for my part, could wish for no higher compliment than the derision of this kind of "advanced" and "intellectual" person.

Now I have often observed amongst people interested in the arts in general that while they take a keen delight in discussing and appraising literature, painting or sculpture - and are able to do so with natural insight and intelligence - they adopt quite another tone when they come to deal with music. When the subject is mentioned they at once assume an attitude of extreme humility and almost superstitious deference, as of the uninitiated before a mystery. They "know what they like" but they are bashful about delivering an opinion of it, pleading lack of sufficient knowledge of music. Now what can this mean? If we were to ask anyone his opinion of a novel or a book of verse it is unlikely that he would say - "I am not a literary man, and therefore have no right to form an opinion on it one way or the other". If he had read the book, he would doubtless give us his opinion without any further ado or apology. It might be that, having no very comprehensive knowledge of literature, he would lack the comparative standard of criticism; but that is by no means a sine qua non of literary judgments. Indeed, excessive cultivation of this standard may lead us so far astray that at length we can perceive only the relative value of different works, and are made blind to the absolute worth and intrinsic significance of any single one.

Books are not written for literary persons, nor music for musicians. Art is for the world at large - he who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Professional criticism, in all the arts, is inclined to dwell overmuch upon the means and methods of the creative faculty to the neglect of the created thing itself. Thus the code comes to be considered more important than the message, the sign than the thing signified. And in this way a great barrier has been interposed between the creative artist and the public to whom he would appeal - a barrier unreal and unsubstantial enough, it is true, but which maintains its existence by sheer virtue of its being believed in. The mystery once established, it is natural that those responsible for its perpetuation should turn it to their own pecuniary advantage, arrogating to themselves the sole right of lifting the veil - in return for money, of course. And it is equally natural that, with the passage of time and the continuance of this practise (sic), the veil should become heavier and heavier!

One is reminded of the people who enclose within high walls some ancient monument, or some spot of great natural beauty - and charge sixpence for admission where all should be free. It is my object to try and show up the absurdity of this bogey of technical knowledge, to expose some of the machinery of its manipulation, to try and make people understand that they are free - to use their own ears and to form their own tastes. I hope also to be able to indicate briefly what education can and can not do with regard to music.

It will be as well to begin at the very beginning, to be quite precise in the definition of every term we employ. I hope thus to render unnecessary the habitual question "Do you like Music?" which one stranger will ask another without having the least idea what either himself or the other means by Music - as also that equally fatuous question which invariably follows an affirmative answer to the first - "Then what instrument do you play?"

It is necessary to frame a definition of music, to state what is its nature, its function, its scope: and to determine what it is that we require of music - what we turn to music for, that we cannot find elsewhere. And in this enquiry we must be guided not only by the

And there, maddeningly, page 3 ends, and we have no more. Just when he was about to define what (in his view) music is. We can only guess; but a possible clue to the general feeling may be found in something which he wrote a few years later (1924) in an article on 'Old English Airs and Keyboard Music' (Add. Ms. 57967): "In every period of musical history there has been music with a tune in it - music with an air, shall we say? - and there has been music made out of elements not quite so easily recognised as a tune by ordinary ears".

It's difficult to imagine that a lecture in the style of the three pages which we've quoted would have been delivered by Heseltine in African medicine-man's attire. What would have been the point? And if he had adopted this fancy dress for the occasion, he would surely have made some reference to it in his letter to Colin Taylor quoted below. But he didn't - which makes one feel that Cecil Gray (who was not present at the lecture) was indulging in some colourful embroidery, or that it was some later Warlockian joke. The letter to Colin Taylor (Add. Ms. 54197) is dated 14 May 1918, two days after the lecture. The contradictory remarks about audience reaction are strange.

The lecture was carried through on Sunday with apparent success - I say apparent because there was no means of ascertaining the precise temper of the audience, who applauded everything indiscriminately. The Abbey Theatre is not large, but it was practically filled; and the mechanisms of the stage enabled us to improve just a little on the usual concert-room atmosphere. During the lecture and the piano-playing we had green and amber top-lights - during the songs green only - very dim - no footlights at all and the auditorium in complete darkness throughout. The lecture itself took about three quarters of an hour. I was quite pleased with it - it was strong and bitter - far more so than the articles I sent you - and the audience applauded intelligently at the right points... In order to preserve some kind of unity in the brief musical pro-

gramme (which, as I pointed out, was not meant to "illustrate" the subject of the lecture, since that would require a series of concerts in itself)...I confined myself entirely to the folk-songs and piano works based on folk-songs (carefully explaining the important difference). So, of Bartok, I merely played No. 4 of Bagatelles, Nos. 6 and 8 of 10 leichte Klav. (Klavierstucke) and two from the Children's book - and four exquisite arrangements of Dutch melodies by Van Dieren (sic) - concluding with two numbers of the Rhapsodie Gaelique and two Breton dances by Paul Ladmirault - for 4 hands. The discussion fizzled out poorly. There was no indignation - only a few fatuous and harmless questions. I think and hope that the "intellectuals" (who are more hopelessly clique-y and static here than in England even) were hurt and insulted by various remarks in the lecture... At any rate, I have surmounted the initial bogey of nervousness at appearing for the first time on a public platform...

Where dots occur in the above, I've omitted certain bits of no particular relevance. The folk-songs were performed by an Indian singer (whom Heseltine admired greatly) and an Irish singer - both unnamed. Besides the music cited in this letter, there was also, according to Gray, a song by Schubert, sung by a European soloist, and some Mussorgsky and Delius; a pianist (unnamed) is said to have played a Chopin etude and Scriabin's Vers la Flamme - and presumably he joined with Heseltine for the four-handed pieces. Finally, a character called 'The Old Man of the Mountains' - a prosperous business man who had turned hermit - had come out of his solitude and made a speech about living amid nature. Heseltine found it just the sort of speech he himself would have liked to make, and the audience responded enthusiastically.

It must have been quite an occasion - though perhaps not quite such an orgy of 'strange proceedings' as Cecil Gray seems to have imagined.

THE WARLOCK JAUNT OF 1982 - ESSEX AND NORFOLK

by Malcolm Rudland

The back of Victoria Station at 8:30 a.m. on a Saturday morning is not the most likely place to find a gathering of Warlock enthusiasts, but on 11 September, eleven members boarded a coach there for a day's outing to take in some of Warlock's haunts in Essex and Norfolk. Some criticism has been levelled at the Society for becoming involved in such frivolous activities, and that we should only concentrate on the music. However it must be pointed out that we are a society created to celebrate the life and music of Peter Warlock, and we feel sure he would be flattered to think a group of people had spent a day together to share common interests in him and his music, and especially for it to have culminated in a Suffolk local with the entire company singing some folk songs that he and Moeran collected. After all, we are producing a complete annotated edition of Warlock's songs for those members who do not feel they wish to celebrate Warlock the man.

However, having tried to justify the cause, it must be said that all the specific geographical objectives were not achieved, for a variety of reasons. Firstly, some of them just turned out not to exist any more,

and secondly, travelling time in East Anglia seemed to need a lot longer per mile than in ordinary parts of England.

The first port of call was completed well on schedule, and irrespective of any Warlockian connections, the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Great Warley, Essex is an experience to be treasured in its own right. Philip Heseltine's rich religious stockbroker uncle, Evelyn Heseltine (1850-1930) lived in the Goldings, originally a modest dwelling, but gradually converted by him into a large manorial estate, ultimately to be somewhat feudal in concept. It now stands as an upmarket restaurant just north of the church. Philip Heseltine spent many Christmas-tides there in his boyhood.

In 1901 Evelyn had come to the rescue of the poor worshipping facilities in Great Warlians, who had been struggling since the original parish was chartered in 1247, when it was known as Warley Abbess, named after Warley Manor, which had just passed into the hands of the great Abbey of Barking, founded in the seventh century A.D. by St. Ethelburga, sister of the King of Essex, and who was credited with having provided the scene of supposed miracles. Evelyn offered the sum of £5,000 towards the building of a new church, which would be in memory of Warlock's father, who had died four years earlier. The architect was to be Harrison Townsend and the sculptor and interior designer to be Reynolds-Stephens. Despite slight war damage and dwindling resources, the building is still being lovingly cared for - in fact the morning we arrived several parishioners were preparing for their Harvest Festival and were delighted to learn of our interest, and willingly gave of their time to show us around.

First glances of the church through the lych-gate make you realise this is going to be no ordinary Victorian place of worship - in fact memories of the extravagant Whippingham Church in Queen Victoria's estate of Osborne House on the Isle of Wight came to mind. However the interior far exceeds the expectations that Whippingham would lead you to believe. The designer's intentions were "to lead the thoughts of the worshippers onward through his decorations to the glorified and risen Christ, whose Form in the centre of the reredos is to be the keystone of the whole scheme". However the agreeable confection of marble, walnut, bronze, silver gilt, enamel, and mother of pearl tend to give 1980 eyes more the impression of some stage set from a Michael Tippett opera, but don't rely on one impression - everyone's was different, so if you do find yourself in the area, I would thoroughly recommend a visit. Leave the A12 Chelmsford road for the A127 Southend road. After about four miles turn left into the B186, known as Great Warley Street. The church is a mile on the left, and the Goldings a little further on, on the same side. The Heseltine graves are behind the church to the north west and the current history and guide duly notes the donor as "Uncle of Philip, famous as Peter Warlock, the composer", even though he didn't leave him a penny when he died.

Despite cautioning from the police for illegal parking, a twenty minute stop in Brentwood was managed to enable photocopying to be made so that everyone was able to read about Warlock and Moeran's folk song collecting escapades in Norfolk, and to have personal copies of three folk songs for the evening sing-song, or frolic as it should more authentically be called. The first - Mrs. Dyer, the baby farmer, is a Victorian Crime Ballad taken down by Warlock at 'The Grapes', Yarnton, Oxon, from the singing of a Mr. William Bushnell of Begbroke, Oxon. More scope for a more authentic jaunt in the future? This is the only example of Warlock having notated anything from the singing of a folk-singer. Secondly 'The Jolly Carter' was collected by Moeran, probably in 1921 from a George Hill of Earl Stonham, Suffolk. It is of the type that when out with my wagon one morning a maid I did spy, and goes on to praise Robin the horse

for his successes. Thirdly, 'Down by the Riverside' was collected by Moeran in 1922 from the singing of Harry Cox of Potter Heigham (1885-1971). He was the last in line of generations of folk singers. Bob, his father, had been a trawlerman and had handed down over 100 songs to Harry. 'Down by the Riverside' tells of a maid being taken by her milk-white hand by a bold fisherman, for she was his intent, but our photocopies stopped before he pulled off his morning gown.

Our main objective was 'The Pleasure Boat Inn' at Hickling which had been a good focal point in Moeran's quest for the collecting of folk songs. However despite another 80 miles before Hickling, the quest for ale overtook any urge to arrive there before closing time, and some unnotable hostelry near Chelmsford was frequented for basic physical satisfaction. However it did mean that somewhere along the unending A140 between Ipswich and Norwich it became apparent that our goal of the Pleasure Boat Inn was not going to be achieved by closing time (2pm), so much as Warlock would have disapproved of present-day Watney's, their local at Newton Flotman received profits from drinks and lunches that were not really intended for them. Fortunately for beer enthusiasts there was Webster's Yorkshire Bitter.

Having discovered that 'The White Hart' at Catfield, 'The Star' at Martham, and 'The Windmill' at Stalham just do not exist any more that only left 'The White Horse' at Neatishead for us to visit. If anyone has ever experienced paying respects to a local village inn when it is closed, they may be able to sense our feeling of frustration upon our arrival at Neatishead. 'The White Horse' probably looked much as it did in 1928 when Warlock visited it with Moeran, but the closed doors and clean tea towels sent the party for a 20 minute walk to find the nearest mooring point on the Norfolk Broads. Whatever that satisfied, it raised hopes for a re-enactment of Warlock's performance of 'Down by the Riverside' on the organ of Stalham church as recounted by Augustus John in Cecil Gray's biography (pps 12/13). The three ladies seemed blissfully unaware of what might have happened should a complete re-enactment have taken place, but just as we were entering the porch of Stalham church, Dr Copley calmly told us that Augustus John had got the story right but the place wrong. It really took place at Winterton church, over ten miles away and beyond the possibilities of that afternoon's schedule.

That was because refreshments had been very kindly laid on for us at the rural retreat of Mr and Mrs Ernest Kaye in Drinkstone, between Stowmarket and Bury St. Edmunds, and although we were late in arriving there as well, we were joined by David Wood and we were able to relax in the garden before retiring to the village local where Greene King was quaffed. Here any sorrows of the day's failures were soon drowned and much to the interest and amusement of the locals we were finally able to agree on the correct tempo for 'Mrs Dyer, the baby farmer' and supported by your faithful secretary's accompaniment on a portable Yamaha organ, three rousing performances were indelibly printed on their memories, and the name of Warlock publicised into a deep corner of darkest Suffolk. It is sad to realise that Radio, TV, and Watney's red revolution finally ended hundreds of years of 'frolics' as they were known, when men would gather in the village locals on a Saturday night to air and swap generations of folk songs. We were pleased to resurrect the tradition for one night.

Thoughts on the way back suggested the day out should become an annual venture, so with a less strenuous schedule it is suggested that Saturday 10 September 1983 be reserved for a day out to the Fox at Bramdean and the Bat and Ball at Hambledon. With an increase of one member to this year's party, we could offer a cricket match to play a local team on Broadhalfpenny Down, and there would still be room in the coach to take a brass band to play 'Fill the cup, Philip' and 'The Cricketers of Hambledon'.