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The Peter Warlock Society

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EDITORIAL

Those with whom I discuss PW know that my fascination stems mainly from his music. I am intrigued by his ingenuity and his conciseness, his ability to organise material to express a wide range of sentiments. I am not a natural biographer; I acknowledge that the twists and turns of a life generate the attitudes and responses of a creative soul (expression rather than craft) but I'm more interested in products than the psychology that shapes them.

However I can't help registering a *frisson* or two of pleasure as more and more information comes to light about Winifred Baker. A couple of years ago I stood in for Malcolm Rudland and led the Chelsea Walk. Our little crowd didn't get to Bramerton Street so, as we stood in a spot away from the din of the King's Road, I read an extract from the letter "to W.B." on p.283 of Cecil Gray's biography. (Gray refers to Winifred only by her initials; nor does she figure in the index alongside PW's other friends. Was Gray being chivalrous, discreet – or secretive?) I couldn't understand, given the extremely limited information we had about Winifred at the time (which turns out to be wrong anyway), why PW wanted to have anything to do with her. And yet she clearly affected him in a powerful and passionate way. Could she, I mused, hold the clue to Warlock's last year?

Thanks to the endeavours of Silvester Mazzarella and Rhian Davies we now know a considerable amount about Winifred Baker and her background, far more, let me assure you, than there is room to print in this edition of the Newsletter. All will be revealed in due course, I promise, but you'll have to be patient! And, yes, I have seen a photograph of her . . .

Which leads me nicely to the pictorial biography. You should have had a letter from me about this. Some of the pictures – a minority – may be familiar to you from other sources but the majority have, to the best of my knowledge, not appeared anywhere else before. Many, like that of Winifred, have only come to light very recently (and continue to do so). I think that the outcome will be splendid and cannot recommend too strongly that you place your order for it now.

Brian Collins

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AGM 2000

This year's AGM will be held in the upstairs room of *The Antelope Tavern*, Eaton Terrace, London on Saturday, 27th May. The Meeting itself will start at 3.00pm but feel free to arrive earlier if you wish. The pub has a wide menu of snacks and meals for those requiring food. After the formal business there will be two short talks. Dr Trevor Hold will discuss aspects of *The curlew* about which he has recently written and John Bishop will deal with *Warlock as he was sung* – some performances from the past. We expect to be finished by 5.00pm or shortly afterwards. Please let Malcolm Rudland know if you will be attending.

ARTICLES

Winifred Baker - Part 2

As I wrote in the Autumn 1999 edition of the *Newsletter*, a couple of trips to Eastbourne and a careful study of old street directories in the public reference library there had led me to *The Croft*, Winifred Baker's address on the draft will Peter Warlock hastily pencilled just before he died in December 1930, and also to two houses in Mill Road, *Sedgemoor* and *Framley*, that had belonged to a family which I was ninety-nine-percent certain was Winifred's own. If I was right I had discovered in *Sedgemoor* Winifred's childhood home, the house where her parents lived from before she was born until she was about 30. I drafted a letter to the present (unknown) inhabitants of *The Croft* but decided not to send it. It didn't seem likely to be a very promising line of enquiry, since *The Croft* had played only a brief part in Winifred's life.

LEWES, October 1999

I decided instead to go to the East Sussex Record Office in The Maltings, Castle Precincts, Lewes, to look at parish records in an attempt to try and find out more about Winifred and her family. I started with a map of Eastbourne in 1890 which showed the eastern side of Mill Road completely without houses and with open country stretching beyond down to the sea. This confirmed that *Sedgemoor* and *Framley* were built in the 1890s, almost certainly by their first occupants, the family of Harry Baker. The church of St Michael that now stands opposite the upper end of Mill Road in Willingdon Road did not yet exist and Mill Road belonged to a part of Eastbourne called "Old Town" in the parish of Eastbourne's principal church, St Mary's, which stood a little to the west. Fortunately it turned out that Harry Baker's family were conventional Anglicans and the register of baptisms revealed six births to Mary Elizabeth and Harry Baker, who was described at various times as miller, baker and corn merchant or a combination of these. The family home was given as *Upton Lodge*, Willingdon Road from the mid-1880s at least, until the first appearance of *Sedgemoor*, Mill Road, in 1897.

This already proved two of the suppositions in my first article wrong: the select few in the "Court pages" of the street directories did include "tradespeople", and the M E Baker who was householder of *The Croft* after Harry Baker in 1939 was clearly not a man but Harry's wife or widow Mary Elizabeth. On the other hand it seemed to confirm that the Bakers must have been prosperous established members of the local commercial aristocracy, and also that I had been right in supposing that Harry Baker of *Sedgemoor* c1897-1929 and Harry Baker of *The Croft* c1929-38 were one and the same person. Baptism registers do not give dates of birth but the six children were listed with their dates of baptism: Edgar (22nd November 1885), Doris Ruth (6th July 1890), Hilda Mary (5th June 1892), Lucie Victoria (5th September 1897), Winifred (14th May 1899) and Harry Ralph (22nd February 1903). Therefore the parental home of Peter

Warlock's friend for nearly all the eleven or so years he knew her was *Sedgemoor*, Mill Road, Eastbourne. The East Sussex Record Office also held almost illegible microfilm of the 1891 census, which gave a tantalising glimpse of family life at *Upton Lodge* eight years before Winifred was born. There were six of them at the time: Harry, miller and baker, aged 33; Mary Elizabeth his wife (28), their son Edgar (5) and their daughter Doris Ruth (10 months), all natives of Eastbourne, plus two young domestic servants, Annie Smith (24) from Lindfield near Haywards Heath and Adelaide Stamford (19) from Dalston in Middlesex. Next year we should be able to see the 1901 census and find out what the domestic set up was at *Sedgemoor* when Winifred was two.

(Incidentally, it can be difficult when studying parish records not to be distracted by fascinating but irrelevant entries along the way. For instance, Philadelphia Winchester, laundrymaid living at the workhouse about 1880 and mother of several "fatherless" babes including little Henry Walton Standen Winchester; they sound like characters from a Hardy novel; or Fauntleroy Septimus Newton Farmer, who died in 1934 aged 38.)

At this point I had a letter from Barry Smith. In 1993 he too had come to the conclusion that Winifred's parents were probably Harry and Mary Elizabeth, and had traced the family back to Mill Road. He had also found evidence that around 1939 Mary Elizabeth had moved from *The Croft* to another address in Eastbourne/Willingdon.

LONDON, October 1999

I decided the next thing to do was to go back to the Probate Office in London to look for Baker family wills. I and others before me had already looked for Winifred's will and been baffled by the sheer number of Winifred Bakers listed in the catalogue; it seemed to me that some of the other members of the family had names which should be easier to pin down at this stage than Winifred's and their wills might give useful information about her. But first I decided to try and make a short-list of likely Winifreds by assuming (entirely without evidence) that she had never married, had stayed in the south-east of England, and had not lived beyond the age of 92. I now knew from her baptism entry that she had had no other first name than Winifred and this helped eliminate a large number. Checking the catalogue tomes for 1942-1992 I reduced the possibles (as I saw them) from upwards of 150 to 31. And I found the will of the woman I suspected of being Harry's mother, Mrs Ruth Baker of *Framley*, Mill Road, and also those of Harry Baker and of his wife Mary Elizabeth. It was too late to see them that day but I arranged for "reading copies" to be sent to me by post.

The wills of the two Mrs Bakers arrived first. According to the probate catalogue Mrs Ruth Baker of *Framley*, next door to *Sedgemoor*, had died in 1908 leaving about £11000, (nearly half a million at 1990 values). She was indeed Harry's mother and this proved that the family had been well off. In her will she refers to "my eleven Freehold houses and shops known as Arundel Terrace Lower Cavendish Place Eastbourne" and makes provision from the rents and

profits of these premises for the "maintenance support and benefit" of another son, Sidney Baker, who apparently (judging by the street directories) continued to live at *Framley* for some ten years after his mother's death. One can only assume Sidney must have been handicapped in some way and unable to earn his own living. In addition to her two sons, Ruth also had three married daughters. She made her will on 3rd January 1899, a few months before Winifred's birth, and there is no mention in it of specific grandchildren (she may have had rather a lot of these).

Mary Elizabeth Baker died at Forest Row, Sussex in 1941, leaving some £2600 (perhaps about £65000 at 1990 values) with probate granted to her four daughters Doris Ruth Broad (wife of Eric Walter Broad), Hilda Mary, Lucie Victoria and Winifred, the last three clearly still unmarried. The will, brief, businesslike and impersonal, was written in 1935 during the lifetime of her husband. Harry Baker, still living at *The Croft*, died on 23 September 1938 leaving about £97,000 (more than two and a half million at 1990 values). His will is a vast document of some 20 pages including codicils. Made in 1926 when the family was still living at *Sedgemoor*, it proved rather disappointing to read, most of its great length taken up with detailed provisions against all manner of unlikely contingencies. But I did learn from it that Harry's only son-in-law, Eric Walter Broad, was a chartered accountant while Harry's 23-year-old son Harry Ralph was a "chartered accountant's articled clerk". There is no mention of his elder son Edgar, but only of "my daughter-in-law Mabel Baker", clearly not Harry Ralph's wife, so it seemed Edgar must have died leaving a widow but no children.

Harry's daughters are then listed with strict impartiality in order of age, ending with "To my daughter Winifred Baker an annuity of Two hundred and fifty pounds during the joint lives of her and my said Wife". This is the rough equivalent of an annuity of £6900 in 1990. There is no mention of any child of Winifred's in either of her parents' wills (remembering Gerald Brenan's claim that she had a child by Warlock) but Harry's will was made in 1926 before she left Brenan for Warlock and had the supposed child. Her mother's will makes no mention of Winifred's sister Doris Broad's children either and they undoubtedly existed when the will was made in 1935. We also know that Harry Baker was proud of his two legitimate grandsons Peter and Julian Broad adding a special codicil to his will for each (1932 and 1934), making various other adjustments at the same time; after all, though a father of six, Harry must have been about seventy before he had any grandchildren. Harry's will gave his business interests as Baker Sons & Hyde Ltd and (more unexpectedly) Central and Eastern Cinemas Company Ltd. Incidentally, the codicils give final proof if any were needed that Harry Baker of *Sedgemoor* and Harry Baker of *The Croft* were one and the same.

EASTBOURNE, November 1999

Armed with this new information from the wills I went back to Eastbourne public Library to find out more about Winifred's family background. I located various addresses more exactly in the street

directories, from which I discovered also that the family firm around 1890 was Baker & Sons, bakers, with premises in Church Street, Old Town (the old centre of Eastbourne), and Pevensey Road (not far from Harry's mother's eleven houses at Arundel Terrace). A third address, in Seaside Road, was added by 1896. By 1925 the firm had become Baker Sons & Hyde with seven addresses including the Central Café, all with telephones, which in 1925 must have been quite something since it was specifically stated in their advertisements. Further, the Central Cinema and Eastern Cinema were both in Seaside Road, the Central Cinema apparently next door to the Central Café. Unfortunately I didn't have time that day to go and look at all these addresses; in any case it was November and getting dark early.

Instead I stayed in the public library reference room and turned to the back files of local newspapers. In the *Eastbourne Gazette* for 6th May 1908 I found a long piece on Harry's mother Mrs Ruth Baker who had "passed away on April 28th in her eightieth year. Deceased was the relict of Mr Edgar Baker who died thirty-one years ago." Other information to be gleaned was that Harry had been at the time head of Baker & Son and that Ruth had travelled in an oak coffin with brass fittings conveyed in a "glass car" to lie beside her husband in the family vault at Ocklynge cemetery (opposite the upper end of Mill Road), followed by five carriagefuls of mourners, all listed in the paper. The first carriage had contained Harry, [Mary] Elizabeth, their elder son Edgar (now 22) and one of Harry's sisters; none of the other children had attended or, apparently, even sent a wreath despite the fact that other grandchildren had done so and that Doris was now 17 and Hilda 15. Among the many floral tributes had been one in the form of a harp with a broken string "with love and deep regret to our dear mother" from Harry and Lizzie - as Mary Elizabeth was clearly known at home; there had also been a wreath from the deceased's second son, the mysterious (and absent) Sidney, to "a devoted mother". Perhaps the newspaper reporter had simply overlooked the children's wreath for their grandmother who had lived next door. Altogether more than 30 mourners had been listed by name and this, together with the ostentatious nature of the occasion, gives an idea of the family's standing in the community and its view of itself during the time when Winifred was a little girl. Thirty years later the *Eastbourne Herald*, *Eastbourne Gazette* and *Eastbourne Chronicle* (28th September and 1st October 1938) all reported Harry's death and funeral. Each included one of his achievements in its title. The *Herald* defined him as a "Large Property Owner", the *Gazette* as a "Builder of Cinemas" and the *Chronicle* as "A Local Pioneer of cinemas". He had been "a member of an old Eastbourne family", born in Eastbourne and educated in Lewes, who at an early age had joined the firm of Baker & Son, bakers and corn merchants of Old Town, which his father had started in 1840; he had directly succeeded his grandfather as head of the firm. In 1884 he had married Mary [Elizabeth] daughter of the late Mr Henry Marchant of Old Town

and one of their sons had been killed "in the war" not long after which he had amalgamated the business with that of Joseph Hyde [presumably a local competitor]. He had built the first cinema in Eastbourne in 1911 and another soon afterwards. "Mr Baker also developed some of the central buildings in Seaside [presumably the area in the centre of modern Eastbourne round Seaside Road]. Where the market gardens once were he built shops and flats seeing the possibility for commerce" [probably a reference to the eleven properties of Arundel Terrace, held by his mother during her lifetime]. He had had "great faith in Eastbourne" concentrating his ambitions on commercial ventures in the town. He had died at *The Croft* at the age of eighty after a short illness. His four daughters and one son-in-law (including Winifred) attended his funeral, but his wife did not. To end this rather gloomy paragraph on a lighter note, to judge from advertisements in the local papers there were eight cinemas in Eastbourne in 1938 and the two Harry had built were still going strong. In the week he died the New Central was showing Darryl Zanuck's *In Old Chicago* with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche, while the New Eastern was starring Peter Lorre as an oriental detective in *Thank you, Mr Moto*.

When I told the reference librarian I was tracing the history of a particular Eastbourne family she directed me to the files of the *Eastbourne Local History Society Newsletter* where I found material on the family of Winifred's mother, Mary Elizabeth Baker (*née* Marchant), in nos 69 (Autumn 1988) and 71 (Spring 1989); these were written by Marie Lewis, a former reference librarian who has since died (see *Eastbourne Local Historian* – the *Newsletter* now has a new name – no 95, Spring 1995). The Marchants, like the Bakers, had prospered by supplying Eastbourne with an essential commodity. In the Bakers' case it was bread, in the Marchants' case light; they had been "tallow chandlers" since the late eighteenth century, running the local candle factory. By 1886, with the candle industry increasingly threatened by the spread of cheap gas lighting, they had diversified into glue (like tallow a by-product of animal carcasses) and farming (which of course produced animals). Mary Elizabeth had been the eldest daughter of the current head of the family, Henry Marchant (1838-1910), and his wife Mary Broad, daughter of a mayor of Rye. Thus when Winifred's sister Doris married Eric Walter Broad in the 1920s she was almost certainly marrying a relative of her mother's, another member of the local commercial aristocracy. Winifred's mother Mary Elizabeth, born in 1863 and dying as we have seen in 1941, had at least six younger brothers and sisters. Her eldest brother Henry Broad Marchant was a particularly prominent local figure. A younger brother, David, was apprenticed to a chemist; in due course of time he took over the business and, marrying his boss's widow, assumed responsibility for thirteen step-children even if it was said in mitigation that "only five were at home when he married her".

When about to go I happened to mention to the reference librarian that Harry Baker had built the

first cinema in Eastbourne. Her immediate response was, "Oh, have you seen our book on local cinemas?" This came almost as a shock; I'd had enough for one day. I hastily photocopied the relevant pages of Peter R Hodges' *Temples of Dreams, an Affectionate Celebration of the Cinemas of Eastbourne* (S.B. Publications, Seaford, East Sussex 1994). The "Eastern Cinema Palace" as it was originally called (shades of Warlock's limerick about "girls who frequent picture palaces") at 143 Seaside Road was "designed by architect Andrew Ford in 1911 for owner Harvey [should be Harry] Baker . . . [and] opened in March 1912 with the film *Vanity Fair*". One can imagine an excited 12-year-old Winifred going along with other members of her family to see this new phenomenon in what was described at the time as "the most elaborate hall on the South Coast", its silent films accompanied by "The Venetian Orchestra". The Regal Cinema, as the Eastern was known by then, finally closed its doors in 1953 and was converted into a shop. Its original twin towers were still there in 1994, "the last sights of a forgotten movie temple" comments Hodges, "regrettably the towers do not have a preservation order on them. But let us hope that they always remain." He reproduces a recent photo of them, and a sketch of the front elevation from the original Andrew Ford plans of 1911 now held by Eastbourne Borough Council.

The Eastern Cinema Palace must have been a success since, according to Hodges, in 1914 Ford designed another cinema for Henry [should be Harry] Baker. This was built down the road at 74 Seaside and opened its doors as the "Central Hall Electric Theatre" in May 1915 with a film version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *A Study in Scarlet*. The proscenium arch featured classical figures in gilded plaster; Hodges reproduces a recent photo of one of these and also a view of the outside of the building in about 1960, when in desperation it had changed its name to "The Manhattan" and was forlornly trying to sell itself as "Eastbourne's Cosiest Cinema". It finally closed in 1966 to be given over to bingo and roller skating although its projectors, which date from c1930 when Harry Baker was still alive, survive in a museum of cinema at Duxford (Cambridgeshire). As for the building itself Hodges writes (c1994) "[It] stands today unused, unloved, forsaken and in a very sorry state. Its fate could only be, it is feared, demolition to satiate the ghosts of its cinematic past." I had no time that November day in 1999 to go and see if any trace of Harry Baker's Eastern and Central cinemas still remains now, and I haven't had another chance to go to Eastbourne since. One is almost afraid to look.

LONDON, November 1999

The next thing was to go back to the tomes of the wills catalogue at the Probate Office in High Holborn to try to find out more about the Bakers of Winifred's generation. But I was intrigued by the fact that in nearly 80 years of independent existence, the firm of Baker & Sons had apparently had only two bosses, Harry and his grandfather, the original founder. What had happened to the middle generation? Harry's mother's obituary had claimed that she

survived his father by 31 years; sure enough, I found he had died in 1877 when Harry would have been about 19. He had been another Edgar living in Old Town, a miller and corn merchant, no doubt being groomed for the succession by his elderly father. Instead the old man, also called Edgar and classified as "gentleman" had had the melancholy duty of administering his own son's will. When he died in his turn in 1881 in Eastbourne he left another son, Isaac; but Isaac was a farmer at Wilmington so it fell to Harry, at 23, to take over the corn, milling and baking business and run it for nearly forty years. When Harry's own son Edgar, a lance-corporal in the London Regiment, was lost believed dead at the age of 32 somewhere on the Franco-Belgian border in March 1918, family history repeated itself: for a second time father had outlived son. It was then, it seems, that Harry at 60 decided to merge his business with that of Joseph Hyde. This was at about the time Winifred, aged 19 or 20, first met Philip Heseltine who was some five years her senior. It was also about this time that Harry's apparently handicapped brother Sidney, next door at Framley, disappears from the records and the second Baker house is either sold or rented out.

But what of Winifred, her sisters and her younger brother Harry Ralph? Their wills might reveal whether there were likely to be any living descendants of the family who might be able to help us bring her back to life. I already knew looking for her among all the other Winifred Bakers was like searching for the proverbial needle in the haystack, but what about Doris Ruth Broad, Hilda Mary Baker, Lucie Victoria Baker and Harry Ralph Baker? Surely there wouldn't be so many of each of them? A good deal of tome-heaving followed. Hilda Mary Bakers turned up quite frequently so I concentrated on looking for the other names. The first I found was Winifred's eldest sister Doris Ruth Broad who had been living at Cooden, a suburb of Bexhill-on-sea (about ten miles east of Eastbourne), when she died in 1968. Her husband Eric Walter Peter Broad survived her by nine years and her brother Harry Ralph Baker died almost penniless at Kew in 1978, having apparently not inherited their father's business acumen. Doris and her husband were already living at Cooden in 1943 when she made her original will, in which Winifred was appointed one of three executors. Lucie Victoria, then living at Forest Row, Sussex (where their mother Mary Elizabeth had died in 1941), witnessed a 1955 codicil to Doris's will, while a second codicil dated 1957 revoked Winifred's appointment as an executor in view of the fact that Doris's two sons Peter Nicholas and John Julian were now grown up. Next I found that Lucie Victoria had died at Bexhill in August 1985 aged 87 or 88. Her will, written in February 1983, gave her address as *Kenilworth*, 28 Buckhurst Road, Bexhill and (almost unique in the family wills) one or two specific objects are left to specific people including "To my sister WINIFRED BAKER my embroidered footstool". The will mentioned more descendants likely to be living now in bequests to children of Doris's son Peter Nicholas Broad and of her brother Harry Ralph Baker.

The tomes ended at 1992, every death after that date probably listed on computer but I found that a Winifred Baker had died at Bexhill in 1991; her will (made in 1986) have the same home address as Lucie Victoria, so it seemed reasonable to assume that this Winifred must be her sister. The long quest was over (or so I thought!); it was a disappointing will, mentioning no relatives and leaving everything to four charities. Had Winifred quarrelled with her family at the end of her life? There was a clue for further research in the Bexhill address of the solicitors who had drawn up the will.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA, November 1999

Bexhill, ten or twelve miles from Eastbourne, is a much smaller and, today, rather seedy town, with Cooden as an upmarket residential area to the west. Work in the public library on street directories, local newspapers and backnumbers of the Yellow Pages did not reveal much except confirmation that Eric and Doris Broad had long lived at Cooden, and the addresses of several old people's homes and nursing homes where elderly Baker ladies had lived and died in the 1980s. Bexhill had clearly replaced Eastbourne as the focal point of the family. I soon located the offices of the solicitors who had drawn up the Winifred Baker will only to find they had closed and the firm had amalgamated with another fifty yards away round a corner. This had happened recently enough for the information still to be found stuck on the door of the old offices. It was about 11am when I went into the new offices, showed my copy of the Winifred Baker will and stated my business - that I wanted to make contact with relatives of the deceased - only to be told, "Oh, the lady you want to see has just gone home ill, you probably passed her going out of the door as you came in." I resisted the temptation to chase the poor woman down the street and took down the phone number of the office and name of the lady in question before going off to investigate *Kenilworth*, 28 Buckhurst Road, the address given as home in both the Lucie Victoria and Winifred wills. No 28 proved to be a large detached house in a residential road, now an old people's home called "Aacacia Lodge" (*sic*). I was contemplating the building from the other side of the road when a man busy loading a van opposite said in a friendly way, "You look lost." It turned out that he and his wife were the current owners and directors of the home and had been there fifteen years. He confirmed the house had previously been called "Kenilworth" and said he'd been meaning to turn out his attic for ages; when he did so he would see whether he had anything on the Baker ladies and let me know. I then went for a long walk in the direction of Eastbourne and located the very expensive-looking "rest home" where, according to the probate catalogue, Winifred Baker had died in 1991; I planned to phone its proprietors later, but events took a new turn and I came to realise I was on the wrong track. Wait for the next instalment!

Silvester Mazzarella

"The most popular man in Knighton": Warlock's grandfather, Dr Charles Covernton

The more one researches Warlock, the more one realises just how many characters in his life story remain little but names. This certainly applies to a considerable number of his friends but is also true of several of his closest relatives. Take, for example, his maternal grandfather, Dr Charles James Covernton (1832-90). The most Warlock ever let slip about him was contained in this aside to an *Itinerarium Cambriae*, or walking tour of Wales, which he sketched for Cecil Gray in 1922:

Knighton is a delicious town surrounded by the most excellent woods. You may visit the tomb of my grandfather and 27 pubs.¹

The Covernton family seat at Knighton, Radnorshire, mid Wales, is about three-quarters of an hour's drive south-east of my own home town of Newtown, Montgomeryshire. I don't know whether Gray ever made it to St Edward's Churchyard but I have hacked my way to visit the overgrown grave of Charles Covernton on several occasions. I have seen pub numbers dwindle as the demise of local transport by horse removes the need to water animals as well as riders. And I have chanced upon odd snippets of information about a Victorian doctor whom his patients clearly loved as well as admired. But only through contact with present-day relatives have sufficient pieces in the jigsaw come together to rebuild something of Charles Covernton's life and lineage. Readers will remember that the Editor made mention of the Canadian musician Patrick Covernton's CD, *Guardian Angels*, in the recordings column of the last Newsletter. I am grateful to Pat's parents, Chas and Rita Covernton of Morris, Manitoba, plus Les and Penny Underwood in Victoria, British Columbia, and Sara Beatriz Covernton de Maffei in Rosario, Argentina, for their readiness to fill in so many gaps.

The Covernton family is fortunate in possessing an annotated genealogy² which was begun in 1946 by Frank Geoffrey Davis (1887-?1950), the cousin whom Warlock dubbed - for reasons still best known to himself - "Bulgy Gogo, the prize fool of Chiswick".³ Updated by successive generations, this dense typescript is now 40 pages long and still mushrooming. The first entry concerns James Covernton (d.1755), a silversmith and clockmaker who settled in Sevenoaks, Kent, around the turn of the eighteenth century. Although supporting paperwork is scant, a grandson of Covernton "asserted that his ancestors were men of Kent".⁴ Perhaps it was these county connections which induced Edith Buckley-Jones to place her young son at Mr Churchill's Preparatory School in Stone House, Broadstairs, before sending him to Eton?

Covernton's son by his first wife Elizabeth - another James (1724-64) - worked as a Collector of Revenue from the salt works of Nantwich and Droitwich, Cheshire. His wife, Mary Williams (?1728-82) of Carmarthen, was an aunt of Judge Williams of the Welsh Circuit, a link which made Warlock's mother and Walter Buckley-Jones distantly related even before their marriage in 1903.⁵

Warlock's great-great-grandfather, James Covernton III (1763-1837), spent most of his career in Antigua,

Leeward Islands, West Indies, beginning as a sugar planter c.1784 and ending as an import and export merchant in the town of St John some 30 years later. His first period of absence from England lasted 16 years, after which he returned to London, married Susannah Basely (1776-1830) of Wormleighton, Warwickshire, and settled her and their six subsequent children in a house at Penton Street, Walworth, Newington Butts. He continued to make periodic return visits to Antigua until 1813 before diversifying into banking and property in London, then moving to live in Boulogne and Edinburgh. Both in the West Indies and on the London Stock Exchange, he was "known by the soubriquet of 'honest old Jemmy Covernton'".(6)

His eldest son, James Covernton IV (1805-85), was three times married. His first wife, Harriet Sophia Ryves (d.1830), was the granddaughter of a Dr Randall (1715-99), Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge. Regrettably, all hopes of musical genes evaporate when it becomes clear that Warlock was descended from his great-grandfather's second wife, Elizabeth. She was the second of six children of John Craggs, cordwainer of Stockton, and his wife Margaret, a member of the Yorkshire (and, possibly, Durham) family of Gargrave. Sometime before her marriage, while living in the household of her uncle, Ralph Burnop Gargrave, a solicitor of Leicester Square, Elizabeth Craggs reverted to her mother's maiden surname of Gargrave. The name has remained popular in the family ever since, a prime example being Constance Gargrave Covernton, Edith Buckley-Jones's younger sister, who, as Mrs Connie Richings of Whitney-on-Wye, was a favourite Warlock aunt. The composer would also have got on like a house on fire with his forebear Sir Richard Gargrave (1573-1638):

... the spendthrift who ruined the Gargraves. He who once could ride on his own land from Wakefield to Doncaster was found dead in a mean hostelry with his head on a pack-saddle.⁷

Warlock's grandfather, Charles James Covernton, was born at Chapel House, Wargrave, Berkshire, the first child of James and Elizabeth Covernton, on 14th October 1832. In June 1836, at the age of three years, eight months, he accompanied his parents and six-month-old younger brother, Alfred Hennell Covernton (1836-1901), to Simcoe, north of Lake Erie in Norfolk County, Canada. A letter of Warlock's great-grandmother Elizabeth, paraphrased in the Covernton genealogy, evokes the nightmare of their emigration:

The voyage took nine weeks. On arrival they stayed a short while in Toronto and about mid-October left there by steamer for Hamilton, whence, by "an apology for a stage-coach", a vehicle such as one might "see in the engravings of Hogarth's time, consisting of a ponderous body fastened by immense leather straps to the carriage, made to contain nine inside, and a sort of basket to contain luggage", they proceeded to Brantford, eighty miles, where the coach arrived, after traversing appalling roads, *via* Ancaster and the Grand River Swamp, in nine hours - four hours in excess of schedule - without an actual overturn . . . From Brantford to Simcoe they travelled in a hired open waggon, against wind and through snow, only to find on arrival that they could not

get into their house, Dryden, four miles out of Simcoe, for another week. They had a good deal of luggage lost or stolen and found that expected remittances had not arrived. By Christmas, however, they had more or less settled in.

Elizabeth surmounted these vicissitudes to survive another 13 years in Canada. After her death at Charlottetown, Norfolk County, on 28th August 1849, her widower remarried just over two years later on 6th December 1851. His third wife was Sarah Williams, daughter of a banker, Hutchings T Williams of Dame Street, Dublin, who had emigrated *via* New York to farm at Brookeville, Simcoe, c.1835. James Covernton IV ran the District Agricultural Show, supervised local schools and was Deputy Clerk of Simcoe County Council for a short time in 1871. During the American Civil War, he was also Captain and second-in-command of the local Volunteers.

A rare Covernton relic in Warlock's own papers is the copy of a codicil to his great-grandfather's will, dated 28th February 1884 and pasted into one of his notebooks at the British Library. Mindful of two sudden deaths in the family within five weeks and "admonished of the extreme uncertainty of my own life",⁹ James Covernton IV took the opportunity to itemise various additional gifts of personal property. After his death on 19th October 1885, his elder son Charles, Warlock's grandfather, stood to receive:

... my gold watch & seal, a silver soup ladle (with Kyvis crest thereon), two silver mounted cocoon [sic] cups that were my father's, The Family Bible, Milton's Paradise Lost, Gibbons' Roman Empire, Pope's Works, Johnson's Works, Fielding's do, do Burns, do Drydin [sic] & my Militia Sword.¹⁰

Charles and his brother Alfred also divided their father's wardrobe and "two good pipes given by my nephew Samuel & my niece Rebecca".¹¹

Little is presently known of the childhood of Charles James Covernton, except that he was educated at Simcoe Grammar School and Upper Canada College. Medical studies began with his father's brother, Dr Charles William Covernton (1813-1901), in 1848. After studying at Edinburgh and graduating MD from the University of St Andrews in 1835, uncle Charles, like James Covernton IV, emigrated to Canada in the spring of 1836, working his passage from Gravesend to Quebec City as surgeon on a large East India ship, the *Tulloch Castle*, before travelling via Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton to Simcoe. Here he established a bedroom-surgery in the house of his brother James, extending his practice beyond Simcoe to Vittoria [sic] when James bought a farm there. By the end of his career, he was Professor of Hygiene and Medical Jurisprudence at Trinity College, Toronto, and an examiner in Toronto University.

C W Covernton married Frances Elizabeth, a sister to his brother James's third wife, Sarah, in 1840. Three of their nine children – first cousins to Warlock's grandfather – also followed what was fast becoming the family trade in medicine. Their eldest son, William Hutchins Covernton MB (1842-96), was surgeon to the Army during the American Civil War before working at sea. Docking at Buenos Aires on a ship bound for Chile, he was persuaded to remain and help tackle an epidemic of yellow fever. This made his

fortune and he founded the dynasty of Coverntons which flourishes to this day in Argentina through marriage to "a native lady of high standing",¹² Celina Guesalaga. The south American branch of the family has farmed its own land in the cereal zone, 170 kilometres from Rosario, since 1891, and also breeds cattle and racehorses.

C W Covernton's fourth son, Theodore Selby Covernton LRCP (1854-90), gained 12 years' work experience in Canadian asylums, went to China as surgeon of a steamship, served as resident physician at the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle, then returned to Toronto as Lecturer in Sanitary Science at Trinity College. His sibling Carlton John Covernton (1845-1913) was a prominent druggist in Montreal whose son Charles Frederick ("Charlie") Covernton MB, CM (1879-1958) went on to become a well-loved paediatrician in Vancouver: "a man of rare quality, of sterling integrity, a really first-class medical man . . . one of our best and dearest friends".¹³ Dr Peter Heseltine, Warlock's grandson and a Professor of Medicine at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, represents this family tradition today.

Charles James Covernton entered the Medical Branch of Trinity College, Toronto, in 1850 and satisfied the Canada West Medical Board in 1853, becoming a Licentiate in Midwifery, Surgery and Medicine. He took charge of his uncle Charles's practice while he and his aunt Frances were away on a four-month tour of Europe. He then returned to his homeland for the first time in 17 years to gain experience at Guy's Hospital, London. Covernton was awarded his Diploma of Membership, the MRCS of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, by examination on 10th July 1854. College records show that he paid the required fee of £21 and continued to register his address as Simcoe, Canada, until 1862.¹⁴

This was because Covernton had already launched an itinerant career which would keep him "on sea" and provide no fixed address beyond his parents' home for the better part of a decade. Nigel Heseltine thought that his great-grandfather worked as a "ship's doctor on windjammers carrying wheat from Australia to Britain via Cape Horn".¹⁵ New references from Canada provide additional clues. Covernton declined an appointment in the Navy in favour of working for the West India Mail Service "for several years".¹⁶ He then became surgeon on a steamer of the Peninsula and Oriental Line during the Crimean War. Once this vessel was chartered as a troop-ship by the British Government, "he had extended opportunities of witnessing the long engagements of our forces"¹⁷ during voyages both to the Crimea and to Turkey. Covernton was "with the Guards when they entered Sebastapol".¹⁸ By 1857, he was doctor on the SS *Ava*, another P & O ship, and "heard much about the horrors of the Indian Mutiny"¹⁹ in Calcutta that August. He was surgeon on a troop-ship which carried Lord Elgin to China,²⁰ and continued to go to sea even after his wedding in 1859.

Covernton's wife, whom he married at St Margaret's Church in the parish of Whalley Range, Chorlton, Lancaster, on 7th July 1859, was Jane Heath (?1833-71), the daughter of Thomas Heath, gentle-

man, and his wife Jane Lamport. The couple met on board ship when both were sailing back from India in 1858. Jane was acting as escort to her nephew Edward Allicock Hall, eldest child of her sister, Mary Sophia Hall; he had been advised to take a sea voyage for the good of his health. Covernton was the doctor on the vessel on which they travelled.²¹

Although Jane gave her address as Moss Side, Manchester, on her marriage certificate,²² she and Covernton settled at Gosport,²³ presumably to be close to the Port of Southampton. Their first child, Bessie Mary Edith – later “Covie”, Warlock’s mother – was born at Balmoral Cottage, St Demy’s or St Deny’s Road (the registrar’s hand is not clear), in the parish of South Stoneham, Hampshire, on 30th April 1860. Covie’s birth certificate described her father’s occupation as “Surgeon in the Peninsula and Oriental Company”,²⁴ while an obituary said he was “late surgeon on the P. and O. Royal Mail service”.²⁵ On the occasional days when he did set foot on dry land, Covernton enjoyed the benefits of membership of the South Hampshire Medical and Chirurgical Society.²⁶

In August 1860, four months after Covie’s birth, Jane Covernton issued a veiled ultimatum to her husband. She was staying with her sister and brother-in-law, Mary Sophia and Isaac Hall, at Earls Heaton, near Dewsbury, Yorkshire while he, by implication, was aboard the SS *Great Eastern*, somewhere off Gibraltar. After several references to their first-born – “Baby has been so much admired – she is so fat and a really pretty baby and a very good tempered little thing”²⁷ – her letter focused on the possibility of a job which would finally prevent his putting to sea any longer:

My dearest Charlie,

... Isaac came to the station to see me off and gave me the particulars of an advertisement he answered of a practice to be disposed of. It proves to be in South Wales, Knighton [,] Radnorshire. Practice worth last year £460; population 2000, only one other surgeon who drinks, a house rent £25 and one horse, to be had for the first year’s receipts. Isaac thinks it worth your seeing. The present man [J G Goulstone MD]²⁸ is the son of a wholesale druggist in New York and is going out to be surgeon in some company and also to transact his father’s business at the same time ... both Mr and Mrs Harrop think you ought not to lose sight of that place ... there is a good and certain opening there[,] a good living to be made and nothing to pay[,] but your Aunt thinks unless you can come and see yourself and have a little longer time to do it in than a few days that nothing will ever be done. Do you think you could come up this time and get a month’s leave and then there would be time to see about that or any other ... you might just as well even if you go again on the 20th September ...

Good-bye with fondest love

Your affectionate wife

Jane.²⁹

And so the Coverntons came to Knighton and put down the roots that would always make Warlock and his mother feel Welsh by adoption. (Surely a prime motivation for Covie’s second marriage, to Walter, was the opportunity to regain a Border foothold through Cefn-Bryntalch?) Charles Covernton must have responded promptly to his wife’s entreaty because four months after she wrote her letter – when he became one of seven candidates to be admitted as a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of

Edinburgh by ballot on 21th December 1860 – he quoted Knighton as his address.³⁰

The former ship’s doctor now worked the difficult terrain of a sizeable and scattered rural practice by horse and train. He was Medical Officer of Health for the Urban and Rural Districts of Knighton, including Beguildy, Llanbister and Brampton Brian; certifying factory surgeon; surgeon to the Knighton Union Workhouse, and to the Offa’s Dyke Lodge of Odd-fellows (“a very large and flourishing society”).³¹ He represented the Urban Sanitary District of Knighton on Radnorshire County Council and became Acting Chairman of its Finance Committee. He and his wife were also staunch members of St Edward’s Church. The couple had six more children after Covie, all of whom were born and baptized in Knighton: Emily Jane Stuart (1861-1918, the mother of “Bulgy Gogo”), Constance Gargrave (1864-1940), Charles Ashton (1865-1932), Minnie Frances (b.1867), Percy Heath (1869-1941) and Clement Edward (1871-1908).

No likeness of Jane Covernton has yet been traced but photographs of her husband, to be reproduced for the first time in the forthcoming Warlock “life in pictures”, emphasise a sweeping forehead, clear eyes and magnificent whiskers. Geoffrey Davis wrote that Charles Covernton was a strong man, powerfully built, and over six foot two inches tall.³² Another unnamed contemporary recalled him as:

... a very fine man in many ways; quick-tempered, no doubt, but generous as well as shrewd, and brave, not only physically, but in respect of his convictions which were politically Liberal, not to say Radical, in spite of the prevailing Toryism of his class and neighbours.³³

I am meeting Chas Covernton, grandson of Charles Covernton’s son Percy, and his wife Rita at the former family home in Wylcwm Street, Knighton, in May. After this, I hope to give more detail of the Coverntons’ life in nineteenth-century mid Wales. But here, to be going along with, is a flavour of one of the fulsome obituaries which greeted the premature death of Warlock’s grandfather, aged 57, on 18th April 1890:

The news was known to some that night, but not until Saturday morning was it generally believed. It cast quite a gloom over the town, and it may be said that every man, woman, and child mourns his loss. Deceased was not only a leader amongst men, but to the greater portion of the community he was regarded with a fatherly affection – a helper of the poor and needy, a wise counsellor and benefactor of all classes and of all societies, and withal he was a peacemaker in every department of social life. Of him it can truthfully be said that he was the devoted friend of all and the enemy of none. He was as robust in thought, talent, and ability, as he was fine in stature – a noble presence and as noble a character and as honourable a gentleman, take him all in all, that ever walked the streets of Knighton. Not only was he the most popular man in Knighton, and one of the most useful in everything that pertained to the welfare of the town and the social well-being of its inhabitants, but he was also equally popular, widely known, and highly respected for his great worth in the medical profession for the past 30 years in the county of Radnor and the border counties of Hereford and Salop.³⁴

Poor Warlock. We already knew that his paternal relatives were professional paragons with a Midas

touch. Now we learn that his mother's father was canonised by his clientele. Small wonder that Covie expected so much of her only child, and was always disappointed.

Rhian Davies

Notes

- 1 PW to Cecil Gray, [12th June 1922] (BL Add. Ms. 57794).
- 2 F G Davis: "A record of the descendants of James Covernton who was buried at Sevenoaks, Kent, on 25 July 1755", typescript, 1946.
- 3 According to his own genealogy, Geoffrey Davis was educated at St Paul's School, London, and appointed to the staff of the Bank of Bengal in 1909. With his wife Marie Chinoy of Tarbund, Secunderabad, India, whom he married on 24 October 1917, he had one son (Peter Julian Geoffrey Davis, b.Calcutta, 1921) and two daughters (Joan Covernton Davis, b.Calcutta, 1919, and Elizabeth Anstey Davis, b.Lucknow, 1923). After working in Calcutta, Hyderabad State and United Provinces, Davis retired in 1928. He was living at Hindfell Whatlington, Battle, Sussex, in 1947.
- 4 Davis: *op. cit.*, p.1.
- 5 Nigel Heseltine to RD, 11th February 1994. The Carmarthen Williamses were related to Walter's maternal relatives, the Buckley-Williams family of Montgomeryshire.
- 6 Davis: *op. cit.*, p.2.
- 7 *ibid.*, p.31.
- 8 *ibid.*, p.10.
- 9 BL Add. Ms. 57969H.
- 10 *ibid.*
- 11 *ibid.*
- 12 William Caniff, *The Medical Profession in Upper Canada, 1783-1850*, n.d., p.313.
- 13 *The Bulletin of the Vancouver Medical Association*, Vol. 34 (November 1958), p.605. Penny Underwood who, with her husband Les, has done much to assist this article, is Charlie Covernton's granddaughter.
- 14 Glen Jones, Library Secretary, The Royal College of Surgeons of England, to RD, 4 August 1994.
- 15 Nigel Heseltine: *Capriol for Mother*, 1992, p.39.
- 16 Caniff: *op. cit.*, p.314.
- 17 *ibid.*
- 18 *ibid.*
- 19 Davis: *op. cit.*, p.13.
- 20 Caniff: *op. cit.*, p.314.
- 21 Davis: *op. cit.*, p.13.
- 22 Copy in RD Collection.
- 23 Davis, *op. cit.*, p.13.
- 24 Copy in RD Collection.
- 25 *The Hereford Journal*, 26th April 1890, p.8.
- 26 *The Medical Directory*, 1865, p.319.
- 27 Jane Covernton to Charles Covernton, 18th August 1860.

- 28 According to *The Medical Directory*, 1859, p.388.
- 29 Jane Covernton to Charles Covernton, 18th August 1860.
- 30 Joy Pitman, Archivist, Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, to RD, 11th August 1994.
- 31 *The Montgomeryshire Echo*, 26th April 1890, p.8.
- 32 Davis: *op. cit.*, p.13.
- 33 *ibid.*
- 34 *The Leominster News*, 25th April 1890, p.5.

A note on Warlock's descendants

The columns of the PWS Newsletter have, from time to time, been aflame with controversy about the composer's son or sons. I offer the following, not in any spirit of conflict, but merely to nut on record facts which I have discovered. The research was prompted by David Cox's article (Newsletter 56 page 10).

In the Family Records Centre, London, there are quarterly registers of births, marriages, and deaths, available to anyone who wishes to research their family tree. The births register for July/August/September 1916 has an entry for Heseltine, Nigel - Mother's Maiden Name CHANNING - registered at Marylebone, ref. 1a 718. A handwritten footnote to the same column has the details repeated and the ref. "See M/30". In the January/February/March 1930 register, identical details appear, except the ref. no is 1a 603. There is no mention of the name "Peter", and the mother's maiden name remains as Channing. The marriage between Philip A Heseltine and Minnie L Channing is recorded in the October/November/December 1916 quarter at Chelsea.

The curiosity of any ancestral researcher - who has no axe whatever to grind but that of accuracy - is naturally aroused.

1) If there was another son, called Peter, as has been speculated, when was he born, who was his mother, what happened to him, and why is there no mention of a second child in any of PW's letters?

2) If Nigel was indeed PW's only son but was not born of "Puma" (Minnie Lucy Channing), why was the birth registered (on both occasions - 1916 and 1930) in the way it was? Would "Puma" have willingly accepted another mother's child as her own before she even married the father? Possibly a sight of the actual birth certificates, which would show details of the informant, would give a clue.

Eugene E Allar-Jiszt

PS Is it not a curious coincidence that Nigel was looked after by a family named Halliday (see Ian Parrott: *The crying curlew*, Gomer, 1994 p.25) the very surname used by D H Lawrence in *Women in love* for his portrayal of PW?

Warlock, Thiman and Aprahamian

As a B.Mus student (1967-1970) at the Royal Academy of Music with Dr Eric Thiman (1900-1975), I was invited to take part on 10th January in a Centenary Celebration of his life. Thirty members of the Enfield and District Organists' Association gathered at 8 Methuen Park, the home of our Committee Member, Felix Aprahamian (dubbed by Sir Charles Mackerras "Metropolitan of the Inner Circle" and by Malcolm Walker as "The Emir of Muswell Hill"). Felix, too studied with Eric Thiman – but seventy years ago.

The event was hosted jointly by Felix and David Liddle, now inheritor and custodian of the Gonzales organ there. I suppose the French would describe him as "L'organiste titulaire de la maison d'Usher" as it is John Amis who always refers to Felix's house as "The House of Usher". The Gonzales organ arrived after the death in 1981 of the blind French organist, André Marchal, from his summer house in Hendaye in the Spanish Basque country, and Felix had an extension built into the garden to house it.

Somewhere lurking in my memory was the notion that Thiman was mentioned in some Warlock correspondence. Searching my archives just hours before the event, I found it – an unpublished letter I had copied from the British Museum in 1967 (Cecil Gray papers, Add. 57794). Dated 6.x.30, it was sent from 12a Tite Street to E J Moeran. In it, Warlock thanks Jack for the loan of his piano, safely housed in a room with a gas fire(!), and he makes comments about some recent musical events that are worth repeating here :

I carefully avoided hearing Bridge's composition. Walton's work improves at every hearing. He is the best musician this country has produced for a long while. Lambert is perhaps more talented, but I do not feel that music is his ultimate mode of expression. His keen observation, sensibility, wit, and critical intellect seem rather to point to literature as his medium, whereas Walton is specifically musical or nothing. Bax, as usual, drove me out of the hall after ten minutes. Ireland's concerto is very interesting but by no means a great or a particularly original work. My greatest musical experience has been Elgar's second symphony, of which the old gentleman gave a most moving performance. The "Severn Suite" is all balls, of course.

The previous week, Warlock had reviewed *The Severn Suite* in *The Daily Telegraph* of 27th September 1930, in *Artistic Value of the Brass Band (The Occasional Writings of Philip Heseltine Volume 3, pp.32-3, ed. Barry Smith, Thames Publishing 1998)*. Elgar's new suite was that year's test piece for the 25th National Brass Band Contest at the Crystal Palace. Warlock castigated music-lovers who could only think of brass bands as in terms of scenes from Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, and said they may be surprised to learn that this test-piece was by none other than the Master of the King's Musick, no rehash of a previous work, but an original composition, dignified by a separate opus-number – 87 (only two numbers away from the 'cello concerto of ten years before), and dedicated "To my friend G. Bernard Shaw".

Warlock described the musical content of the suite, and said it gave "ample evidence of the mastery of

instrumentation one would expect from a composer whose handling of the orchestral brass has always been so bold and original"(!) Mention was also made that Holst had composed the previous year's piece and, like Elgar, was a trombonist in his youth. Warlock then pontificated that it was high time that the brass band was recognised by all as a musical combination of real artistic importance, as in many industrial towns it was the only medium through which music could enter the lives of the people. Also, that in the 25 years since they started, entries for the National Brass Band Contest had increased seven-fold, yet the 1929 edition of *Grove's Dictionary of Music* wholly ignored this great national movement and its prime founder, Mr Henry Iles.

After signing off the letter to Jack Moeran, "Yours ever, Peter W," there is another line :

One Thiman (Thimble or otherwise)¹ has infringed one of your copyrights. See this month's Monthly Musical Record.

Now, where else than the home of Felix Aprahamian could one find what the accused Moeran infringement was, and what were those musical events that Warlock wrote of? Firstly the Master sent me to the basement, far wall, second shelf down, opposite the "Archibald Farmer collection", and, lo! I beheld the music referred to by Warlock; a piano piece by Thiman, *In a Hammock*, on page 304 of the *Monthly Musical Record* for October 1930, copyrighted 1926 by Augener Ltd! It looks remarkably like Moeran's *Bank Holiday* (see pp.13-14), copyrighted by OUP in 1928! But, which was composed first?

Did Warlock subscribe to the *Monthly Musical Record*? This was a wide-ranging journal published by Augener, giving lively account of current music making. The October 1930 edition lists Warlock's *Piggensie* as being broadcast by John Armstrong on 23rd August; there are reviews of the Norwich and Three Choirs Festivals, and reports from Leningrad, Liège and Salzburg. In the May 1929 edition, there had been the first chronological list of Warlock's songs, accompanying an article by Herman Ould on *The Younger English Composers II – Peter Warlock* and, in the January 1931 edition, Hubert Foss was to write what Fred Tomlinson describes as one of the best obituaries of Warlock.

Secondly the Master sent me to the loft, right-hand wall facing the Alexandra Palace, top shelf of the filing cabinet facing the A to K Organ Music boxes, and, *Ecce!* I again beheld the music referred to by Warlock, in programmes of the BBC British Music Proms on 25th September and 2nd October 1930! (When did that species of Prom Concert become extinct?) Felix had caught his first glimpse of Peter Warlock at a previous British Composers Prom at the Queen's Hall on Thursday 4 September 1930. (*Two Brief Encounters with Peter Warlock*, Newsletter 45, September 1990). That was Felix's first Prom. He was taken by a honeymoon couple from Launceston in Cornwall, who had just been to hear the Father Willis organ at Park Chapel, Crouch End, where the 29 year-old Eric Thiman was organist, and Felix his 15 year-old pupil. Felix owes much to Carey Tolchard, a firm friend, who later became Mayor of Launceston.

Carey not only took him to his first Prom, but also mentioned two magic names: Beecham and Delius. From Beecham's first concert with his LPO on 7th October 1932, Felix attended every Beecham Concert he could and, in 1934, he visited Delius at Grez-sur-Loing.

Felix's interest in Bax predates that in Delius, and he had a ticket for the first performance of Bax's *Third Symphony* at a Henry Wood's BBC Symphony Concert on 14 March 1930, but had the 'flu and missed it. So, when its second performance came at the Queen's Hall Prom on 25th September 1930, he heard it then, and in every subsequent Prom season - Sir Henry repeated it annually until Hitler's war. Felix's programme for 25 September 1930 revealed that it was Bax's *Third Symphony* that drove Warlock "out of the hall after ten minutes", but, as it came just before the interval, perhaps it drove him more to the bar! The careful avoidance of Bridge's composition was probably because Warlock deliberately arrived late for the first performance of his *Rhapsody for Orchestra: Enter Spring* conducted by the composer.

The work that improved at every hearing was Walton's *Sinfonia Concertante* with the pianist Harriet Cohen, and the composer conducting. It was written in 1925 when the composer was 23, and the first performance had been in 1927 with York Bowen and Ernest Ansermet.

Apparently, Warlock also arrived late for the Prom on Thursday 2 October, for no mention is made of the first performance of Eugène Goossens' Oboe Concerto, played by his brother Leon, with sister Sidonie playing harp in the orchestra and his parents in the audience! That came before the first performance of John Ireland's *Piano Concerto* with Helen Perkin, of which Felix has a press-cutting in his programme, possibly from the *Daily Herald*, in which H.G.S said it was a work that takes a long time to get a very little distance.) Felix remembers H G Sear as clean-shaven with rimmed spectacles, and a familiar figure at concerts.)

However, Warlock was nearly deprived of his "greatest musical experience" at that concert for, the previous Saturday, Elgar had been confined to his room with lumbago, but he came and sat to conduct his *Second Symphony*, written in 1910 as a loyal tribute on the death of King Edward VII. H.G.S said Elgar was masterly, not so much as the solo-conductor, but as the controller of great events. The orchestra responded to the importance of the occasion as much as did the audience.

At the evening for the Enfield organists, Felix also proved himself still a "controller of great events". It started with his reminiscing about Dr Thiman as organist at Park Chapel, Crouch End, and was aided by others in the gathering, including Gerald Barnes, who was also a pupil of Eric. David Liddle then played Thiman's *Four Choral Improvisations* on the Gonzales organ. I then told the Warlock and Thiman story and played *In a Hammock* on the piano and then - on the organ - Thiman's *Improvisation on Crimond* with its string of tangy secondary sevenths. At the piano again I also accompanied Daniel P Gillingwater, another of our committee members, in two of

Thiman's most charming songs, *The Silver Swan* and *I wandered lonely as a cloud*, the latter containing a melodic germ every bit as catching as *Nessun Dorma!* Then David accompanied Danny in *Madonna and Child*, of which Kathleen Ferrier's copy was among the memorabilia on view. Later, I noticed that Felix's visitor's book had been signed: Danny Gillingwater - mezzo-soprano!

Another of Thiman's legacies to the musical world is his treatise on varied hymn tune accompaniments, and his 100 examples published in three volumes. One of my favourites is for the hymn "The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended" to the tune *St Clement*. As the day at Felix's home ended, we offered this, the first hymn-singing there to the accompaniment of André Marchal's chamber organ, although the fourth verse was beautifully sung unaccompanied in four part harmony by the assembled guests. The unison last verse enjoyed Thiman's harmonies with telling modulations, and some juicy final chromatic chords. When will we have the first Grand Hymn Singing Festival at 8 Methuen Park?

Other Thiman celebrations this year also mentioned at Felix's were the Coulsdon and Purley Competitive Festival's (non-competitive) class of Thiman's vocal and piano music on 11 March at 4.30pm in the Music Room of the Thomas More School in Purley and, on the actual centenary of his birth, on 12th September at 7pm at St. Columba's Pont Street, London SW1, Gerald Barnes will be promoting a Centenary Concert in celebration of his life and achievements.

Malcolm Rudland

¹ Surely this suggests that, somewhere, there must be a Warlock rhyme or limerick on Thiman, perhaps starting: Thimple Thiman met a . . . Going to the . . . So, I propose a competition for a Warlockian verse on Thiman. The best one will be published in the next Newsletter. Send your entries to our Editor [*Thank-you so much, Malcolm - Ed.*]

A Warlock hymn tune

In the Cambridge University Library there is a collection of Warlock MSS (add. 7784) which comprises some 83 items which were purchased at Sotheby's in 1969 and 1970. All are in Warlock's hand and consist largely of single leaves, most of them being transcriptions of various bits and pieces of Elizabethan music. There is, however, amongst this collection a small number of original works: a few songs and carols, two excerpts from *Capriol* and some intriguing sketches (one for a suite for brass band and two short waltzes for piano). In this collection item 47 is described as "Four tunes for Christmas carols or hymns", No. 1, however, being the sole survivor of the four. Consisting of 18 bars in 4/4 time in F major (Metre 11-10-11-10: 10-10), it is marked "To be sung in unison: slow and massive". It bears a rather strong resemblance to the tune *St Magnus* by Jeremiah Clark which is often sung to the words "The head that once was crowned with thorns". In fact, the first eight

notes are exactly the same as in Clark's tune.

Hymns seem to have played an important part in the young Philip Heseltine's musical life and in his early letters from his preparatory school in Broadstairs he often makes mention of them. In May 1904, for example, he asks his mother when next visiting him to bring with her his "red hymn book with the hymn texts in it". The next month he wrote to her again saying, "I have a hymn book in chapel which has selected hymns in it for preparatory schools. Some of them are written by Bishop Heber, some by [John] Keble, some by [Catherine] Winkworth and other different people. There are about 100 or 120 of them and a few carols in it also . . ." Sometimes he would also mention in his letters home various hymns that that he had sung at school: "There was such a nice hymn this morning No 303¹ You will see it if you look in your hymn book." On 22nd March 1908 (carefully noted by a dutiful Philip as the third Sunday in Lent) he informed his mother that the "hymns this morning 219 and Onward Christian Soldiers not sung to the what I think ugly tune in the Ancient & Modern but to Sullivan's "St Gertrude". . . the hymn tune called "Weber" which we are having to night to one of the selected (but not "select"!) hymns is taken from the opening chorus [sic] in "Oberon". And the vesper hymn we always have is adapted from Beethoven".

By 1906 he was writing hymns himself. On the 19th March he told his mother:

I composed a little hymn last night on what you had been telling me and I am writing it for you here. I had rather you kept it private if you don't mind.

Thou knowest, Lord, that we are weak;
O, give us strength to conquer sin
That we may crush all evil down
And finally prevail and win.

Teach us to help our fellow-men
Comfort their sorrow bear their toil
Not only when it suits ourselves
But when some pleasure it may spoil

Whate'er our hand doth find to do
Teach us to do with all our might;
And there's no evil e'er so small
That one of us hath not to fight.

So keep us in the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled & gone
That in the end thou mayest say
To each of us "Soldier, well done."

And if, O Lord, we follow thee
Let us not lose our lasting place
In heaven where perfect rest is found
And we behold thee face to face.

Amen.

By the 23 September 1906 he was thinking about Christmas presents and told his mother: "I should like a copy (3/-) of the English Hymnal with tunes." One of his aunts, (Constance Richings, his mother's sister who was married to the Rector of Whitney-on-Wye) was earmarked as a possible source of this gift when he mentioned it again in a letter of 2nd November. He was also intrigued that the Bishop of Bristol had forbidden the English Hymnal to be used in his diocese "as he says there is a hymn in it which

encourages the worship of saints - I must look for that". It would seem that he often chose the hymns for services when visiting his aunt and clerical uncle in Whitney for on 21st June 1908 he writes to his mother as follows: "You never told me where we are going next holidays. If we are going to Whitney I should like to choose some hymns as usual."

His interest in church music and hymnody continued when he moved on to Eton in 1908 and on Advent Sunday (29th November) that year he wrote to his mother saying: "I like Advent Sunday so much, don't you? I think the collect and hymns and epistle are all so nice . . ."

His friendship with Delius was, however, soon to change his attitude to the Church and Christianity very dramatically. Spurred on by Delius's devotion to Nietzsche and his philosophies, we soon find Philip writing vehemently against religion. On 5th May 1912 whilst cramming for the Oxford entrance examinations with the Rev Clarence Holt he wrote to Delius thus:

At the same time, there is something about Christianity - to my mind, at any rate - whether in itself, or the people who practise it, or their formulae, dogmas, creeds, churches, sunday-schools and sunday-dullness, and the thousands of other things connected with religion [sic], prayers, thanksgivings and, above all, those 'hymns', whose words and so-called music absolutely baffle description, - which is disgusting and loathsome in the highest degree: I suppose it is the servile spirit with relation to God, rather than the mere ethical code: I cannot quite define that something but it is there, and very strong.

I have now to go and 'read the lessons' for my parsonic tutor in church!!!! It saves endless arguments, to go to church! But, Alas! hypocrisy! I am in such a mental muddle that I scarcely know what I really do believe! . . .

P.S. Just returned from the orgy of howls called "divine service" - think of it!

A few years later (12 September 1917) he was writing somewhat irreverently to his former teacher Colin Taylor:

'Why not make a waltz out of Liszt's "Liebestraum"?!! Also a ragtime chorus to be sung to a lamp post by a drunk: (to the tune of Hymn no. 266)²

Yet there was still something about the musical pull of hymns that would not quite go away. Later that same month (24th September) he wrote again to Taylor:

You must not get into such states of grisliness over your composition: nor draw such hard-and-fast lines between "pot-boilers" and works of art. The one may be as good, and even as true, as the other. . . . You know what I think about the priggish and artificial distinction between popular music and "art" music. . . . This kind of emotion is nothing to be ashamed of: it is very difficult to analyse, to get to the heart of, and very easy to dismiss with a cheap sneer. I am thrilled also at times by memories of Stainer's and Dykes' hymn-tunes which are masterpieces of their peculiar kind, of soft harmony and insidious, ambushed emotion which takes one by surprise, by the throat!

But by 1921 the cynic in Philip had triumphed. Writing to Cecil Gray from the family home Cefn Brylltalc on 19th November he reported:

Last Sunday, in response to a sudden and urgent request from the Rectum,³ I attended divine service, for the first

time in many years, and – in the language of provincial reporting – “presided at the grand organ”, fully arrayed in cassock and surplice – to say nothing of the beard which of course has become quite profuse during my rustication! During the Communion Service in E flat by Mr Caleb Simper(!) I discovered three pedals each of which, when depressed, shot out half a dozen stops, whose names were quite unintelligible to me, with a roar, or shot them in again with a sound like an expiring bagpipe. It was almost as good fun as changing gears on a motor-car. However the strange sounds I produced were nothing compared with the caterwauling they were supposed to accompany – and I received the congratulations of the parish on my beautiful performance. I was persuaded to undertake this truly Tibetan task chiefly by the reason for the village schoolmaster’s⁴ absence (for this individual usually officiates with, I am told, far less skill than even I can command, although he has done the trick every week for the last forty years); and this was – would you believe it? – utter incapability to move as the result of Saturday night! That my sobriety should be called in to assist another’s incapacity seemed to me one of the best jokes of recent months. I celebrated the occasion by playing as a “voluntary”, as the congregation departed, that fine old Welsh tune entitled “Ton-y-Boitel”, with harmonies that must have seemed most appropriate to the villagers.

Yet it has been suggested that Philip nevertheless still maintained a strongly ingrained sense of the religious. In the foreword to Gray’s memoir about Philip, Augustus John relates the following unner-ving incident which took place at Holy Trinity Church, Winterton, Norfolk, sometime in the late 1920s:

It was that evening . . . that a thoroughly nerve-shattering event took place. Philip, his girl friend, John Goss and I were visiting the parish church – a fine example of Perpendicular. Philip had just given a rendering of Harry Cox’s beautiful but profane song “Down by the riverside” upon the organ, and we were about to leave the building, when, moved by a perverse whim, I proposed to revive the rites of a more ancient cult by there and then offering up Miss [Peaché] upon the

altar. My ill-timed pleasantry had hardly been uttered when, with a deafening crash, a thunderbolt struck the building, instantly filling the interior of the church with smoke and dust, and with electric cracklings on every metal surface and the screeches of a distraught charwoman adding to the general confusion, one received a vivid impression of Hell being opened and all its devils loose! Philip with his peculiar beliefs in “Principalities and Powers” was the most shaken, especially as he was about to mount the tower of which a pinnacle lay shattered on the ground outside. I believe he composed, at the vicar’s request, a hymn tune for the church “as a thanks-offering for our providential escape”⁵.

Is the tune in the Cambridge Library Warlock collection possibly this very “thanks-offering”? As it is undated one can only surmise but, as it is the only hymn tune of his that survives, there is certainly a distinct possibility that it could be the very one.

Barry Smith

Notes

1 “When morning gilds the skies” (19th century German, translated by E Caswall).

2 The hymn tune referred to is *Lux benigna* (“Lead, kindly light”, no. 266 in *Hymns Ancient & Modern* by the Rev J B Dykes, hence the reference to a drunk singing to a lamp post).

3 The rector of Llandyssil parish church was the Rev A V Williams who served there from 1920 to 1938.

4 George J Wroughton. A week later it was reported that “Mr Hesseltine [*sic*] of Cefn Bryntalch” had officiated at the same organ for George Wroughton’s sister’s funeral. *Montgomery County Times and Shropshire and Mid-Wales Advertiser*, 26th Nov. 1921, p.5.

5 Gray, C., *Peter Warlock: A Memoir of Philip Heseltine*, (London, 1934), p.14.

To Gordon Bryan

BANK HOLIDAY

E. J. MOERAN

Allegro molto ritmico $\text{♩} = 166$

PIANO *mp non legato*

(see Malcolm Rudland’s article pp.10-11)

To be sung in unison: slow and massive.

I.

47
moder.
(11-10-11-10+10-10)

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "I.". The score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is characterized by dense, blocky chords and a slow, massive feel. The notation includes various rhythmic values and accidentals. A reference note "(see Barry Smith's article pp.11-13)" is placed in the right margin of the fourth system.

IN A HAMMOCK

Molto moderato

Eric H. Thiman

Musical score for "In a Hammock" by Eric H. Thiman. The piece is in 4/4 time and marked "Molto moderato". The score is written in treble and bass clefs. The first system includes the instruction "p legato" and "rall.".

Continuation of the musical score for "In a Hammock". The second system includes the instruction "a tempo".

(see Malcolm Rudland's article pp.10-11)

OBITUARIES

Lord Annan (1916-2000)

In November 1990, I heard Noël Annan mentioning his interest in Peter Warlock to Sue Lawley in BBC Radio 4's *Desert Island Discs*. I immediately wrote to him c/o the BBC, with details of our Society, and in return we received a very generous donation entitling him to be a Patron. Sadly, none of Miss Lawley's castaways have mentioned Warlock since.

Annan's education at Stowe and King's College, Cambridge, developed him into a natural leader of men. He became an Intelligence Officer in the war, a life-peer in 1965, author of the Annan Report on the future of broadcasting in 1977, became Vice-Chancellor of London University in 1978, and was Chairman of the Trustees of the National Gallery in the 1980s. But for me, he will forever be the voice of King's College, Cambridge.

In 1956, aged only 39, he was elected Provost of King's, the youngest since the Civil War, and for ten years, apart from becoming more an academic administrator there than a scholar, it was his prerogative to read prayers and lessons at various chapel services.

How could anyone who ever attended *A Procession with Carols on Advent Sunday* in his time, or heard its 1961 recording (RG 240), ever forget him as Isaiah being commissioned by God to be the Prophet of the Advent? His dramatic presentation obliterates the memory of any past or subsequent rendition. Humbled by Noël Annan's portrayal of dwelling "in the midst of a people of unclean lips", one could then feel the seraphim's live coal touching Isaiah's lips, and the anguish of his final plea: "Lord, . . . how long?"

I first saw him reading live in 1963 at the King's, *Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols* on Christmas Eve - and to prove it, my own photo appeared that day in *The Cambridge News* heading the civilian queue at 8am for the 3pm service. Annan's presence and dramatisation of the opening Bidding Prayer by the Very Reverend Eric Milner-White (Dean of King's from 1918 to 1941) was riveting: "Beloved in Christ, be it this Christmas Eve our care and delight to prepare ourselves to hear again the message of the angels . . .". In 1994, I wrote to Lord Annan asking if he would lead a bidding prayer at our Savoy Centenary Lunch, hoping for "Beloved in Warlock, be it this Centenary Day our care and delight to hear again . . .". Unfortunately, he replied, "It is not really my scene!" - but he wished us well.

It was also unfortunate that Lord Annan did not hear any Warlock sung at *A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols* during his time at King's, but from the mid-50s to the mid-60s, he led a team of resident readers there that created a tradition of oration since unsurpassed. At *A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols*, his responsibility was the Bidding Prayer and the Ninth Lesson; the Director of Music read the Fifth Lesson and the Dean read the Blessing. Recordings of the service with this team can be heard on ZRG 5190 (1958) and ZRG 5460 (1964). Readers for the

remaining lessons varied from year to year, being representatives of various establishments. Fellow and Organist of King's from 1957 to 1973, David Willcocks (Sir David from 1977) not only created a world-class choir, and world-known carol arrangements in *Carols for Choirs* (OUP), but also, in Luke 1, his sibilant Fs and Ms became famous in: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God". The whole event pinnacled in the bearded bee-keeping Dean, the Very Reverend Alec Vidler (from 1956 to 1966), as he nasally buzzed "May he who by his Incarnation gathered into one, things earthlyah and heavenlyah . . .".

But, Noël Annan's unfolding of St John's great mystery of the Incarnation, and his bidding us to relieve the Christmas story, created for me technicolour images far greater than any TV producer could ever capture on film. One felt the Word becoming Flesh in John 1 and, in the Bidding Prayer, his words created pictures for you to see the Child lying in his Mother's arms, to feel the poor and the helpless, the hungry and the oppressed, and the aged and the little children. Now that Lord Annan has joined those "who rejoice with us, but upon another shore and in a greater light", may he be waiting to welcome us at St. Peter's Gate, with his commanding voice and inimitable timing in the closing of Milner-White's Bidding Prayer, adapted for his new heavenly position:

Christ give you the joys of everlasting life: and unto our fellowship of the citizens above, may the King of Angels bring you . . . all.

Amen.

Malcolm Rudland

Derek Shepherd (1910-1999)

Born into the third generation of Shepherd & Sons, Hatters and Hosiers of the Market Place, Boston, Lincolnshire, Derek spent all his life there, apart from four years in the RAF in South Africa, and two years on a retailing course in Leicester. His musical education started with Dr Gordon Slater (1896-1979), when he was organist of Derek's local church, St. Botolph's, Boston (1919-1927). When Dr Slater moved to Leicester Cathedral (from 1927 to 1930), Derek continued lessons with him. (Gordon Slater then became organist at Lincoln Cathedral for 36 years). As early as 1929, Derek was travelling to concerts in London, and became friendly with Hubert Foss and John Goss. He started conducting choirs, accompanying singers, teaching the piano, and was accepted for a job in the BBC Music Department just as he was being called-up in the war. He married Enid in 1946 and they had two daughters.

In 1960 his love of music overtook him: he sold the family business and studied for his LRAM with Dr Ben Burrows, so that he could become music master at Kitwood School for Girls in Boston. He then also lectured with the Workers' Educational Association in Nottingham, ran Rural Music School courses, and retired from teaching in 1977. He started to go blind

in the early 1980s, but his devoted wife always read all of every PWS Newsletter to him and, before he died last year, he asked her to see the Warlock Society received his collection of Warlockiana – a treasury of mint condition first editions for our archive.

Edward Butcher (1950-1999)

Those attending our Warlock Centenary Day at the Savoy will remember Edward as the distinguished, dapper gentleman, once Theatre Manager of English National Opera, who was our House Manager for that day, and a member of our committee. We since lost touch with him but, last Christmas, I received a page of Rachmaninov's *Vocalise* as a cover for an invitation to a Memorial Service for him at The Queen's Chapel of the Savoy on 8 February 2000 at 12 noon.

On page 17 of Newsletter 55, Arthur Jacobs refers to a sermon by the Rev. John Robson, Chaplain to The Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, at our Centenary Service for Peter Warlock and All (the other) Saints, on Sunday 30 October 1994. Here, now, was that same Chaplain conducting a service in memory of one of our former committee members.

The Savoy Chapel Choir sang Handel's *Let their celestial concerts unite*, Walford Davies's setting of Psalm 121 and *God be in my Head*, and a 200-strong congregation heartily joined in three hymns: "For all the saints"; "Guide me, O thou great Redeemer"; and "He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster". Afterwards, someone was heard to say they had never enjoyed hymn-singing so much since they were at school.

In the first of three addresses, Donald Sutherland said Edward was not the traditional "working" man, but that he took from his legal training a characteristic thoroughness and zeal to every day of his working life. In the third address, Paul Webb said Edward always dressed as if belonging to a Balkan royal family.

Afterwards, at a wake in the Ante-Chapel, we learnt that in the six years since Edward had been our Savoy Manager, he and Liz became divorced by mutual agreement and he formed the happiest of partnerships with Alistair Sutherland, manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, where John Robson is also Chaplain and with whom Alistair planned this service. We discovered the relevance of that third hymn for, the day after our Guildhall birthday concert last year, Edward walked into St. Thomas's Hospital having for two years secretly and correctly diagnosed himself with lymphatic cancer. Four days later, on All Souls Day, 2nd November 1999, he died there.

It was sad that neither Edward's former wife nor any of his blood relatives felt able to attend this Savoy service. It was so fitting that his Memorial Service was held at such a Theatrical, Royal and Religious Foundation as this Chapel of the Royal Victorian Order. The packed chapel contained representatives from ENO, Bloomsbury Publishing and the Reform Club, as well as one member of the House of Lords, one verger from Westminster Abbey and two

members of the Peter Warlock Society Committee!

Malcolm Rudland & Daniel P Gillingwater

Kathleen Hale (1898-2000)

[In 1994, one of our members, Bill Lewis from Oxford, asked if we knew of Kathleen Hale's autobiography *A Slender Reputation* (Frederick Warne, 1994) in which she refers to her connections with Peter Warlock. Bill knew her niece and introduced us. Kathleen joined the PWS under her married name, Mrs Kathleen McClean; her niece now writes this obituary.]

My Aunt, Kathleen Hale died on 26th January in her 102nd year. She had lived not only a long and very fulfilling life but had known and been friends with many of the leading artists, writers and musicians of her day. She had sustained a long marriage which had given her the "freedom" she needed, as well as two successful sons. She had achieved fame with her *Orlando*, the *Marmalade Cat* books – these still continue to entertain and stimulate the imaginations of children all over the world.

At the age of nineteen, she came to London from Lancashire with a few shillings in her pocket and "no qualifications whatsoever for earning a living". She wanted to be an artist and London was the place to meet artists. Its bohemian lifestyle suited her and a chance encounter with one of Jacob Epstein's models gave her the introduction she needed. She soon developed a wide circle of friends in the clubs that artists frequented.

She won a poster competition judged by Augustus John and, soon after, landed a job as his secretary (at £2 a week plus a room in his Chelsea home and meals!) She was then 22 and he 42. The expected seduction took place, but they seemed to have maintained a friendly relationship accompanied by much laughter for many years after. The job did not last for long – it seems that John did not really require a secretary and Kathleen was no secretary!

Artistic contacts were numerous during this time; they included Paul and John Nash, Charles Ginner, Richard Carline, Stanley Spencer, Ernest Jones and Prof J B S Haldane, and Vyvyan Holland (son of Oscar Wilde). John used to take her to restaurants such as the Café Royal and the Tour Eiffel. At the latter, she was introduced to some musicians including Cecil Gray, E J Moeran and Philip Heseltine. She had already met Philip through his wife Puma, who was one of John's models. Kathleen recalls on pp.126-8 of her autobiography, *A Slender Reputation* an evening spent at Philip's home:

... Philip and Moeran playing on the upright piano and the large enigmatic Cecil Grey as a silent eminence grise, while Philip dispensed tankards of beer laced with irresistibly witty and bawdy limericks set to impromptu music.

Kathleen kept in touch with Philip and, as she put it, "he continued to be one of my unusual friends". She relates on one occasion that she was invited to a beer party, where all the guests swallowed hashish with

their ale! She was taken to bed by Philip but "the fate worse than death" passed her by on this occasion due to the after-effects of the hashish! She further relates an aborted motor tour of Dorset – Philip had arrived to collect her, with another lady (Judith Wood) the worse for wear in the back of the car! Kathleen refused to take part in the venture and it seems that Philip did not get over his fury with her and the relationship ended not long after. As she put it, "Philip was both a devil and an angel".

Before her marriage in 1926, Kathleen frequently had difficulties in making ends meet financially. She designed book covers for W H Smith, helped Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant with decorations for a large London house and Augustus John came to her rescue with commissions on a number of occasions. She helped to paint the walls of the Wembley Exhibition Centre – Puma being one of the models for the murals. She and her fellow artists never got paid in this instance as "the boss disappeared"!

Her life changed after her marriage and the start of her life at *Rabley Willow* in Hertfordshire, but she still managed to combine the "magic world" of her artistic friends and the "reason and moderation" of her marriage. She could also escape from domestic chores by combining the two parts of her life. She made prolonged visits to the painting school run by her great friend Cedric Morris and Lett- Haines at "The Pound" near Dedham. She moved to a cottage near Oxford in 1961 and her husband died in 1967.

In 1938 she wrote her first *Orlando* book. This was written for her sons, as she felt most children's books were written by adults with little understanding of childhood. The character of Orlando, kindly and reliable, was based on her husband. *Orlando* books continued to come out from time to time until her last in 1972. She often regretted that she had not pursued her own talent for painting and drawing but had, instead, been taken over by a Marmalade Cat! In 1976 she was awarded the OBE, which pleased her greatly. She continued to live in her cottage and enjoy her garden until a year or so before her death.

Diana Joll

After Kathleen joined our Society in 1994, we invited her to the Centenary events at the Savoy. She declined saying she was immobile and rather deaf, but wrote to us on our centenary day saying:

I knew both sides of "Peter" – his truly sensitive and gentle nature, and his capacity for excoriating rages. I was too young and brash to appreciate his high intellect and great musical talent – I just liked him – amongst many other interesting people who were around. He believed that every man needed three women – one for a wife, the second for a companion – sans-sex, the third for a bed-mate, which interested me. Which woman was I potentially to be? Certainly not as a wife because he was married to one of the most lovely young women with whom he had a son. (Both of them took little interest in the infant, which I deplored). His wife was one of my friends for years – he and his wife were a tempestuous couple.

However, I handled a situation between Peter and myself rather clumsily and called down on my head

an avalanche of furious rage – at a large party given at Augustus John's in front of everybody. And that, alas, was that.

Alexander Young (1920-2000)

Older Warlockians in particular will be sad to hear of the death of Alexander Young, aged 79. His all-Warlock disc – the first of its kind – issued on the Argo label in the very early days of long-playing records was responsible for bringing many of us into the fold – who ever sang *Yarmouth Fair* with the same cheeky quality? And there were other outstanding performances on that disc which I treasure still. RG 26 was issued in March 1954 and deleted in February 1971 although a chance find meant that PWS members had the opportunity to purchase copies and explore its delights later than this.

Young was one of the most stylish tenors of the post-war generation and opera-lovers benefited from his performances in a wide variety of rôles – Vašek, Gonzalve, Belmonte, Ferrando, Count Ory, Tom Rakewell (Stravinsky's own choice for the recording) and many others. He was a particularly sympathetic Handel singer with a technique to carry him safely through the exacting demands therein. His *Gerontius* was fine too.

He was an accomplished singer of *lieder* and his extensive repertoire included much English song. There was a freshness and ardour about his singing that lives on.

John Bishop

Roy (Galbraith) Henderson (1899-2000)

With the death of Roy Henderson, aged 100, we have lost a musician whose influence had been a major factor in singing circles almost to his death for, after an exceedingly distinguished career on the concert platform and in opera, he became a highly sought-after – if greatly demanding – teacher.

He was a notable interpreter of British song. His gift for word-painting and a fine line are apparent in his recording of Butterworth's *A Shropshire lad* and songs by, among others, Stanford, Vaughan Williams and Warlock, all of which were included in the CD released last year to mark his centenary. He had strong views about singing and an overriding concern to convey the meaning of words.

His concert career included notable service to Delius, in particular the *Mass of Life*, *Sea drift* and the *Idyll*. He sang in the first Glyndebourne season in 1934 and several subsequent ones. He was a notable Elijah on the concert platform. He was one of the chosen 16 for the premiere of Vaughan Williams's *Serenade to music* in 1938 and other VW works, also Dyson's *Canterbury pilgrims*. Pupils of Roy's to achieve distinction include John Shirley-Quirk, Norma Procter, Jennifer Vyvyan, and Pamela Bowden, but his most famous pupil was probably Kathleen Ferrier, of whom he wrote an endearing memoir.

John Bishop

REVIEWS

Frederick Delius and Peter Warlock: a friendship revealed

Ed. Barry Smith
Oxford University Press, £50

This long awaited publication is aptly prefaced with two quotations:

I value his letters to me among my most precious treasures
(Heseltine to his mother, 13th December 1911)

I thank you for the confidence you bestow upon me in writing me so thoroughly & frankly all about your life, thoughts & doings - It is a letter from a real and loving friend . . .

(Delius to Heseltine, 2nd January 1914)

Who better equipped than Barry Smith to bring together this comprehensive and highly illuminating collection of nearly 400 letters, most of which have not hitherto appeared in print. Dr Smith has already more than won his spurs with his eminently level-headed biography of Warlock, published originally as a hardback in 1994 and currently available as a paperback. Subsequently his edition of the whole of Heseltine's journalism about music - erudite, combative and always very readable - was published by Thames in four volumes. Dr Smith has proved tireless in pursuit of the facts and scrupulous in his editing; these qualities serve him well in the new volume. His achievement is all the greater when you consider that he lives in Cape Town and is thus somewhat removed from many of the prime information sources so vital in addressing such a task.

Composers in general have not shown much willingness to unbutton themselves when corresponding with their fellow composers. But here is an exception - something altogether more illuminating: a close friendship sustained over 19 years by two complex, articulate men of very different ages prepared to reveal themselves in a wide variety of ways. On the one side Delius, the hard-headed father figure; on the other Heseltine, the young and deeply insecure hero-worshipper grappling none too successfully with the problems of growing up. At least, that was how it began, with Heseltine 16 and Delius 49. Both were from well-to-do backgrounds, were strongly anti-establishment and rebels by nature, and were largely self-taught. The relationship developed into something of an altogether deeper and more comprehensive order, with both parties ever-ready to discourse on almost every topic under the sun: careers, religion, family, friends, sex, music-world gossip, and the music of other composers. Heseltine's vulnerability is often painful: for all his intelligence and curiosity he was slow to mature and very confused about how he was to proceed in life, a confusion which, alas, never resolved itself. There were those - Beecham among them - who said subsequently that Delius's influence was not necessarily beneficial.

The letters are grouped in years, each with an editorial piece placing the correspondence in context. Footnotes (alas, in extremely small type) illuminate

facts and names, and due deference is paid to the example set by Lionel Carley in his two-volume collection (1988) of Delius correspondence.

This volume of nearly 500 pages, including 13 photos, is a stimulating - if sometimes unsettling - read, well worth the wait. It's certainly a major addition to the Delius/Warlock canon. Even some of the day-to-day material about such matters as travel arrangements serves to illuminate.

There's only one fly in the ointment: despite financial support from interested parties, the selling price puts the book well beyond the pockets of so many who would wish to own it, a dilemma quite often encountered with this publisher (at one point, I hear, they were going to ask £65!) and also Ashgate/Scolar. One can only hope, perhaps in vain, for a paperback version eventually but, in the meantime, try by fair means or foul to get your hands on a copy.

John Bishop

A pre-Christmas Social Lunch

Saturday 18th December 1999, Antelope Tavern

The meeting of the committee on Saturday 18th December provided an opportunity, following lunch, for two Christmas entertainments devised by members for each other and for their guests. The two were similar in that they were lighthearted, but in every other way could not have been more different.

First, Malcolm Rudland had devised what he described as *A Warlockian Christmas in Chelsea*. Playing keyboard himself he managed, with the help of Danny Gillingwater, to present an amusing and well researched summary of PW's connections with Chelsea. One initial difficulty was that many of the buildings which played their part have either been radically altered or have disappeared altogether, and a further restriction was the self-imposed requirement to connect these locales with works that reflected the Christmas spirit. In the event the project came off splendidly.

Chelsea was the area in which PW had 17 addresses during his 35 Christmases in addition to which he married there in December 1916 and died there in December 1930. By a strange quirk of fate, his parents chose for him to be born at the Savoy Hotel rather than at their place of residence - Chelsea.

A fitting opener was *Love for love* written for his wife, Puma, and it was followed by *Bethlehem Down*. The latter was nearer to the spirit of the PW we all know and love in that it was written in December 1927 for publication in the *Daily Telegraph* on Christmas Eve specifically to raise beer money for what might have been an otherwise niggardly Christmas. Incidentally, PW preserved with pride the newspaper account of his arrest and fine in 1927 for being drunk and disorderly in Cadogan Street. Whether this was directly connected with the fee from this composition Malcolm Rudland did not make clear.

Some time was then spent on the 1669 *Collection of Rounds and Catches* by Thomas Ravenscroft - or rather on that containing the line ". . . whip little

David's bum". The contemporary pronunciation of the operative word was examined in some detail, together with the OUP's risible and vain attempt to bowdlerise the offending phrase for schools' consumption. We never got to hear the round in full. Did it contain further etymological delights?

An appreciative audience felt a thrill of recognition at the mention of the circumstances surrounding PW's involvement in the organisation of the 1929 Delius Festival. In a letter complaining of excessive office hours he tells of falling "exhausted into the Antelope".

Some order and seriousness of purpose was restored by a beautiful performance of *The frostbound wood* but mirth raised its head again at the story of Malcolm Rudland's attempts to trace the original 12a Tite Street after re-numbering. The occupant of the house, in 1980, was a naval officer whose knowledge of English music did not include the composer he misheard as "Peter Padlock".

Apparently, Mr Boosey of Boosey and Hawkes asked PW to look out for a house for sale in Tite Street. The composer did indeed find one nearby, but Mr Boosey rejected it on the grounds that it would not be fitting for a Mr Boosey to live in Tite Street.

We were now nearing the end of this delightful entertainment, Malcolm Rudland achieving wonders with a tiny keyboard imitating the organ of Brompton Oratory. We were perhaps surprised to learn that PW often popped in to hear services both there and in Westminster Cathedral. He was so impressed with the singing at the Oratory that he wrote *Carillon carilla* for them and was looking forward to hearing its first performance on Christmas Eve, 1930. For reasons known to every Warlockian he didn't make it, departing this life nine days earlier.

Betty Roe, accompanied by John Bishop, then presented her entertainment, *Pubs are People Places*. As the foreword by the writer, John Turner, explains, "A drink is an excuse for being there not a reason." *The landlady's lament* investigated the failure of hired help; *Home again* the return from foreign shores to English beer. Two different breeds of customer are pictured in *Chit-chat* (the gossip) and *Giles and Fiona* (Sloane Rangers). *Nostalgia* laments the re-vamped bar; *Mobility* the ubiquitous mobile phone.

The final Goodnight, delivered by Betty Roe in unctuous barmaid tones, was yet another example of her unflinching ear for character, ability to hold our attention and, above all, an instinct for matching her projection to the prevailing acoustic, for diction was exemplary in the delivery of both song and prose.

These two splendid entertainments indicated the performing talent available amongst members usually noted more for their erudition than for their levity.

Eric Wetherell

I was there too

On receiving an invitation to "a Christmas buffet lunch with entertainment" only a week before Christmas, my first thought was "I can't possibly go, I need that day for Christmas shopping." So, I imme-

diately phoned Malcolm Rudland to say I'd be there.

It was worth delaying the shopping. A most interesting afternoon schedule had been laid on for those Warlockians who had made it to the Antelope (the "nerve centre" of the PWS according to the publicity!) The committee had rushed through the agenda to finish their meeting and when I arrived, the upstairs room was full of people including some unfamiliar faces. The food arrived and we settled down to the first of the afternoon's entertainments.

This was *A Warlockian Christmas in Chelsea*, provided by Danny Gillingwater and Malcolm Rudland, who presented some of Warlock's songs written for the festive season, interspersed with apt quotations from Warlock's letters to leave us in no doubt of his loathing for Christmas. Fetchingly sung and played, these included Warlock's last work, the arrangement of *Bethlehem Down* for solo voice and organ, which tends to get forgotten but has, as Malcolm pointed out, harmonies not found in the more popular choral version. This well-researched sketch combined well-known songs with some which are rarely heard, and set them in the context of their composition for beer-money. I look forward to more themed sketches of this sort at future meetings.

After brief shufflings in the impromptu stage area, Betty Roe and John Bishop treated us to the non-Warlock event of the afternoon; one, however, in which PW would have found much familiar material. *Pubs are People Places* presented a cross-section of the types we all know from pubs everywhere, delightfully set to music, such as the landlady who, in between telling her troubles to customers, accepts a gin from each. The song which began "Am I the only one without a mobile?" brought the house down (though everyone afterwards admitted to having one!) Expertly performed, these songs made the afternoon great fun; again I hope we will be treated to similar entertainments in future. Song sheets were then handed around, and the usual songs were murdered by "audience participation".

We had been joined by Robert Beckhard who gave us some background details over the provision of music for *Voices from a locked room*. Unfortunately, despite his growing disapproval of the whole film and especially its musical content, he was credited as musical adviser. Nobody who knows how these things work could blame him, or be anything but sympathetic.

Betsy Fowler has already given this film a damning indictment (Newsletter no 65, p15). I can't disagree with her verdict. There were some amusing moments: the famous string quintet arrangement (?) of *Sleep*; the ranting of mild-mannered music critic Heseltine against the music of Warlock (presumably the average cable TV movie watcher would not have realised the truth as early as the PWS audience!); the ludicrous fight scene on a houseboat; not to mention the obligatory scenes of Big Ben, upper-class snobs, languid artistic types *etc*, to signal "London, England".

But the film itself is dull, despite the apparent "sensationalising" of the story of Warlock/Heseltine. It really should acknowledge its debt to the film version of Patrick Hamilton's *Hangover Square*: a

superb novel distorted into a melodramatic film, with a similar hero with a split personality, an unemployed wastrel in the book, transformed into a mad composer who eventually perishes in a fire with his piano. As Betsy's extensive internet searching has failed to turn up the novel on which *Voices* is allegedly based, it is impossible to tell whether the same is true here. The music written by Eliot Goldenthal as Warlock's *Diabolique* sounds well enough, though it seems bizarre to hire a composer to compose music for a film about a composer! The best music in the film is that sung by the nightclub singer; beguiling arrangements of standards, especially *I surrender dear*. It was good to be able to see the film, however. Nobody seemed impressed by it, though it would probably have been impossible to admit if they had!

All in all, this was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, carefully arranged for variety and making it well worthwhile, I hope, even for those who had long journeys to make. I look forward to more social lunches with entertainment included, if those involved are prepared to generously give up their time again. And it was far more civilised than Christmas shopping!

Claire Beach

Hertford's *Capriol* in full orchestral guise

Translating the enthusiasm of university students into practical music-making often poses problems. In Oxford especially, what with the devotion students should give to their studies and do give to their social life and inebriation, there is little time left for practising and learning new pieces, regardless of how great their love of music may be. In spite of such influential factors, the Hertford-Jesus Orchestra presented a lovely programme well on 22nd November 1999, giving it their best, and persevering determinedly throughout.

The concert, in Hertford's unpretentious and warm hall, consisted of *Capriol*, Howells' *Elegy for strings*, and Vaughan Williams' *Fifth Symphony*. Pleasantly enough, to contrast with the most recent performance I had heard of *Capriol* (Eric Crees's arrangement for brass given at the 1999 Birthday Concert at the Guildhall School of Music), this was the seldom-heard full orchestral version. It was wonderful to hear it, for the colours brought out by the inclusion of instruments not participant in the most commonly known version (for strings) are richly-wrought and quite opulent in places. Indeed, there were some lovely touches, brought out effectively by the conductor, Aidan Liddle, which added to the vitality and brilliance of the piece. Some of these, perhaps, the string version lacks to its detriment, such as in the contrasts between strings, and brass and woodwind brought out in the *Basse-Danse*; the lush, gorgeous tones of the bassoon in the opening bars of the *Pavane*, or the sweetness of the flute ensued by Warlock's delightful touch of passing the melody around the individual orchestral instruments. *Tordion* was a little plodding, and *Bransles* could have perhaps been a little neater, but the ending of this latter was quite

fantastic as the trumpets aided the climax persuasively. In *Pieds-en-l'air*, the bassoon enhanced the counterpoint and the same instrument in *Mattachins* made the music sound far more mediaeval. The employment of the full orchestra in this movement also accentuated the ravishing dissonances.

One suspects that the Hertford-Jesus Orchestra had bitten off a bit more than it could chew with the deceptively easy-seeming *Capriol*. Howells' *Elegy*, however, under the same direction, was extremely well-played by Sophie Davenport as the solo viola, though one was tempted to cry out for a bit more passion, please (perhaps it's just me!). The orchestra fared far better here – though it would take more than just a few smudged notes to mar the piece's rich harmonies and strikingly beautiful dissonances.

Most of the real dedication seemed to pervade the Vaughan Williams, conducted excellently by Lee Dunleavy. Much more feeling was invested in this – *Capriol* seemed somewhat lacklustre by comparison. The Howells, not surprisingly considering its emotive appeal, did a little better on the adfectus-ometer.

Despite the small hitches in the Warlock, it was a most enjoyable concert overall – the players looked and acted professionally, though a few more rehearsals would not have gone amiss. An extra-musical thing that one definitely did notice, though – Hertford's wine is far superior to that at my college!

Emma Marshall

Bostridge and Warlock

After several CDs of *lieder* and Britten's orchestral song-cycles, the high-profile tenor Ian Bostridge has turned his attention this month to English solo song. EMI have now released *The English songbook* in which, with the sensitive accompaniments of Julius Drake, Bostridge tackles a 24-item selection of some of the best-known English art-songs of the last 100 years. Stanford, Gurney, Dunhill, Somervell, Delius, Finzi, RVW, Parry, Quilter, Grainger and Britten are all represented. Warlock, with three items – *Jillian of Berry*, *Cradle song* and *Rest sweet nymphs* – gets one more song than any other composer. Lots of old friends, like *Linden Lea* and *Twilight fancies*, but some less familiar items too. Beautiful singing – just listen to *Cradle song* – with particularly good diction.

John Bishop

A tribute to Foss

Hubert Foss was the founding editor and first manager of the Oxford University Press Music Department. In 1998 the department celebrated its 75th birthday in a number of ways, including special concerts and the publication of a small book about Foss. What also emerged was a CD based on a couple of recitals by tenor Gordon Pullin, a consistently enterprising singer particularly in English song. Acting as narrator for the CD is Foss's daughter, Mrs Diana Sparkes, who tells her father's story with

admirable conciseness and in a most pleasant voice. We get comments about Warlock, Walton, Britten, Ireland, Tippett, Vaughan Williams and Howells. There are 16 songs, seven little-known ones by Foss and several others that are not particularly familiar like Ireland's *The new mistress* and Coleridge-Taylor's *If I had but two little wings*.

Foss was the classic behind-the-scenes figure, giving support and encouragement to others, but his own songs have many attractions. This agreeable CD, which also marks Foss's centenary, was briefly mentioned on p.9 of Newsletter 64. It sells at the modest price of £6, which includes postage. If you'd like one, contact Mrs Sparkes at 16 Leigh Road, Highfield, Southampton, SO17 1EF.

Mrs Sparkes tells me that she has the texts of lectures and talks given by her father about PW. I have asked if we may use see these with a view to possible publication in a future Newsletter. [*Indeed, I now have copies and will print them – or extracts from them, as appropriate – when space permits – Ed.*]

John Bishop

Two times Three carols

A rare performance of Warlock's *Three carols* took place in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on 19th December 1999. Directed by Suzanne Evans, the Guilsfield Singers made the *Carols* the centrepiece of *A Festival of Christmas Music* which they shared with Cór Rhiew Bechan at All Saints' Church. The work was repeated at Guilsfield Church the following Wednesday, 22 December.

It was fitting that the Festival should also have included Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on Christmas Carols* for it was VW who commissioned the *Three carols* from Warlock and conducted their premiere on 19th December 1923 – 76 years to the day before the Newtown performance. Regrettably, a full orchestra could not be mustered in mid-Wales but Tim Mills was a spirited piano accompanist and maintained admirable concentration despite a nosebleed which *The sycamore tree* brought on! Marian Martin, formerly of ENO, was a marvellous soloist in *Balulalow* and the choristers sang throughout with Warlockian gusto and evident enjoyment.

As a performance of *Tyrley, tyrlow* marked my own formal introduction to Warlock at the age of six (see an earlier confession in Newsletter 63), it was a great pleasure to serve as Festival President and say a few words before the *Carols* were given. It was also a delight to hear them sung so close to Cefn-Bryntalch. Ian Parrott has recalled in *The Spiritual Pilgrims* (1968), p.109, how Warlock was *persona non grata* at Gregynog, the nerve centre of Montgomeryshire music-making, during his lifetime, and his compositions were only ever given there posthumously. Yet although the Misses Gwendoline and Margaret Davies declined to welcome Warlock to their home, new evidence suggests that he did once nose around their grounds uninvited. In conversation after the Festival, I learned that 95-year-old Gerald Edwards

of Tregynon, Suzanne Evans's grandfather and a tenor in the famous Choir which used to flourish on the Gregynog Estate, remembers Warlock walking straight past the Hall, then running to hide in the rhododendron bushes when he was spotted! Needless to say, an interview with Mr Edwards is already planned; I hope to have more in the next Newsletter.

Rhian Davies

Nothing so charming as musick!

The life and times of Frederic Austin
by Martin Lee-Browne
Thames Publishing £12.50

This coherent and articulate study draws our attention to yet another of those individuals who make the contemplation of not only British Music but Music in Britain so attractive. Austin was a versatile and wide-ranging musician – composer, arranger, performer, teacher and administrator – whose influence on British musical life has been overlooked in favour of more overtly colourful characters. It might be expected that a grandson would present a sympathetic picture of his subject but this comment should not be taken as a suggestion of misrepresentation.

As if to prove the point, the acrimonious relationship between Austin and Warlock is not played down. There it is on p.100. The offensive *Cursory rhyme* that Warlock wrote about Austin may well have been based on a misapprehension, as Lee-Browne points out; but Austin could hardly fail to respond to PW's almost Joycian

Fredaustingoandbuggeryyourselfishmongerellawheeler
willcocksstandupforgodsavethekingcupbearerchequemate.

Austin's reply was curt and uncompromising:

To Philip Heseltine. There are blackguards of so offensive
a type that contact with them is distasteful to the point
of nausea. You are one of them. Frederic Austin.

I have to admit that, knowing the story, I looked it up as soon as this volume arrived, half expecting it to be glossed over if not actually omitted. It is indicative of the book's honesty that the tale is so clearly told.

Brian Collins

Birthday concert '99

Pressure on space prevents the insertion of an adequate review of last year's Birthday Concert, given by students of the Guildhall School of Music directed by Eric Crees. This is admittedly miserly on my part but Eric should take it as a compliment when I say that it was all that we expected, given the ever-growing association of the Guildhall and the PWS. A full programme appeared in Newsletter 65 but a few points must be made here. The excellent Douglas Bowen took on the responsibility for all the vocal solos because of the indisposition of his colleague but was let down somewhat by inadequate amplification. And Eric Crees's industry again paid off in some remarkable arrangements. See you again soon, folks!

Brian Collins

PUBLICATIONS

There have so far been nearly 50 replies to the circular letter sent out recently by the chairman asking for subscribers to the two publications planned for 2000: the collection of Warlock limericks and the full-scale life in pictures. I had hoped for more replies by now – I always do – and would be much encouraged if those members who “meant to reply but somehow didn’t get round to it” would get the green reply form back to me.

Can I remind you that the limericks book will be in a limited and numbered edition of 100 copies only? Need I say more? I hope very much to despatch copies by early in April.

Work on the comprehensive pictorial biography is proceeding steadily but, with new material arriving all the time, we – the editorial team – have our work cut out. When the next issue of this Newsletter appears in the autumn we should be able to announce a firm publication date.

Also in preparation is a pamphlet, *By way of preface*, bringing together all the introductions Warlock provided for the books he wrote or contributed to. More details anon.

The Thames Spring 2000 book catalogue will be mailed to all of you soon. If you would like copies of any, or all, of the three other Thames catalogues (Solo Vocal, Choral, Instrumental) please be in touch with me at 14 Barlby Road, London, W10 6AR, Tel. (020) 8969 3579. There have been several new volumes published recently of songs by Holst, Gurney, Liza Lehmann and Betty Roe, among others.

John Bishop

NEWSBRIEFS

Martha Shaffer writes: three Peter Warlock songs will be on the program April 9, 2000 when the men of the St. Louis Chamber Chorus present “Good for What Ales You” at The Tap Room of the St. Louis Brewery. The concert – which is already sold out – opens with drinking songs by Mendelssohn, Poulenc, Schubert, and Kodaly. The second half includes Elgar’s opus 45 *From the Greek anthology* and the *Sussex drinking song* of Melville Cook, followed by Warlock’s *Mr Belloc’s fancy*, *Fill the cup*, *Philip*, and *Maltworms* and ends with Deryck Cooke’s *Closing time*. The St. Louis Chamber Chorus is an independent choir directed by Philip Barnes (from Manchester, England), the group has specialized in a *cappella* literature and a repertoire from the Renaissance to world premieres. The group has just finished recording a sixth CD to include a madrigal written for SLCC by Sir Richard Rodney Bennett. (Sir Richard was in town two weeks ago for a program featuring his compositions for two pianos; I got to meet him and talk a bit about Warlock!) *Maltworms* will be performed as written with Philip singing the solo, and a group unison refrain. I’ve done some arranging on the other two songs as, initially, we

thought there would not be a piano – so there are choral parts compatible with the accompaniment for *Mr Belloc* while *Fill the cup* will be a *cappella*. All full-place and alternate members are invited to do the concert, so there will be 24 men singing. The St Louis Brewery is the first microbrewery in the city to successfully challenge the dominance of Anheuser Busch (no Bud Lite at the Tap Room).

This year’s Warlock Birthday Concert will be held at the Royal Northern College of Music on Tuesday, 31st October. More details in the next Newsletter.

The German-English Society in Wetzlar, Germany is promoting a concert of English music on 9th May to feature songs by Warlock, Britten and Nicholas Marshall. The soloist is Franziska Stürz (soprano) from the Munich Opera House, and the accompanist is one of our three German members, Hans-Günther Kolb. The Hon. Sec. was asked to search for suitable songs for this concert; this became so time consuming that he has suggested the publication of a volume of Warlock songs suitable for soprano including *Lillygay* in the correct keys! More details of the Wetzlar concert from (0049) 6441 47638.

This year’s Chelsea Festival features two Warlock events. On Monday, 19th June at 11am in Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, London SW1, David Curry sings *The curlew* and *The curlew companion*, arranged by Fred Tomlinson and dedicated to Ian Partridge CPE (*Curlew Performer Exemplaire*). The Archinto Quartet accompany and also play Haydn’s *Lark Quartet*; the event is followed by a smoked salmon masterclass and tasting outside Part-ridges, the grocer’s opposite! Warlock’s *Cod-pieces* feature on Saturday, 24th June in a re-run of the ChronotopograPHical Crawl. Meet at Harrods Food Hall entrance at 11am; at 3pm on Dovehouse Green, the Guildhall Brass Ensemble play another Double Warlock Concert, repeated so the baton can be auctioned for the public to conduct the band! A walk to Tite Street precedes a closing tea and concert at St Wilfrid’s Convent by the Warlock plaque. Details are on pp.6 & 18 in the Festival Brochure (enclosed for UK members). You will see the 1926 Stephen Shore and Macnamara photo, and the 1927 photo of Warlock on a beer-barrel, thought to have been taken by Boris de Chroustchhoff but, here, credited to our very own Daniel P Gillingwater. Is the boyish Danny really old enough for him to have taken this photo in 1927?

Bridget Duckenfield has kindly donated some of her note-cards picturing Cefn-Bryntalch. These will be sold to help raise funds for our publications projects. Please contact us if you’d like some but they will be on sale at our various events through the year.

The Chairman has had a request about an arrangement of *Capriol* for saxophones (quartet or quintet) that is thought, by the enquirer, to exist. A number of people have already been asked but without success. Does anybody know of it – or even have a copy?

And, to finish with, another question: is this the biggest Newsletter ever? It certainly feels like it. As it is, several items have had to be held over until next time but I don’t want to suggest that I’m not looking for contributions.