

The Journal

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***Last date for copy for the next Journal is Wednesday 25th February 2004
Why not send your contribution by email to
ron_watson@onetel.net.uk***

The editor writes....

Fahrenheit 451 is the temperature at which paper burns. It is also the title of a book (and film), the setting of which is at a time when books have been outlawed and, when discovered, are burned. The great classics are being kept alive by people who have memorised them and who are known by the book which they have memorised, Great Expectations, War and Peace etc.

I am reminded of this every time I watch the performance of a piece of music, particularly a concerto for solo instrument, when the performer performs the work from memory. This itself is truly amazing and yet is only the tip of the iceberg, as most virtuoso performers have committed to memory a great number of works.

In the editorial of the previous issue I was comparing organ recitals with other public performances of music and omitted to mention that, unlike the concert pianist, violinist or singer, the organ recitalist, no matter how eminent, usually plays from music. I have heard very few organ recitals played from memory, one of which, incidentally, was by Flor Peeters, and he got horribly lost in his Bach Great Prelude & Fugue (I forget which one it was - so much for memory!!). What an enormous debt we owe exceptionally gifted people who keep great masterpieces alive.

On an entirely different subject I wonder what the world at large today thinks of when they hear the word 'music'. Waiting for the next programme, we regularly caught part of a quiz show in which people could win a holiday in some exotic place. Questions fell into several

categories, one of which was 'music'. However, a typical question might be 'who was the lead guitarist in Grott between 1992 and 1994?'. Never once did we hear a question about classical music, not even as basic as 'who wrote Beethoven's ninth symphony?', which I suspect would have stumped all of the contestants we saw. Even the EDP (Eastern Daily Press) in its comprehensive weekly listing in 'Event' of everything that is going on in the region, does not list anything that smacks of classical music as 'music'. There is a 'music & clubbing' section and the interpretation of the word 'music' in that context won't need spelling out. But if you are looking for a performance of Handel's '*Dixit Dominus*' then you need to look under 'concerts and events'. Worse still, The Observer has recently introduced a new magazine to add to the bulk of its Sunday newspaper. The magazine is entitled OMM, (Observer Music Monthly). To judge by its content the output of those known as 'classical' composers doesn't fall into the category of 'music' at all. Jazz is similarly ignored. Those who are not interested in pop music will find nothing in this magazine's sixty or so glossy pages of any interest whatsoever unless they have a covert desire to gaze upon scarcely concealed pudenda. (Music Monthly!!!?).

And pianist Myleene Klass appears to believe that performing at the keyboard revealingly clad will bring the hordes galloping back to classical music recitals. Strange, Marta Argerich and Joanna McGregor don't seem to need to adopt this approach in order for their recitals to be a sell out, not to mention Andras Schiff!

Ms Klaas gave a sample of her wares to TV audiences on 6th November after the local early evening news playing what might best be described as 'an idiot's guide to bits of Bach's *Tocatta & Fugue in D minor*' complete with backing. I must confess to getting very angry when I witness the misrepresentation of great music for commercial gain. Any pretence that this will introduce people to the works of Bach can be taken with a huge pinch of salt; you don't introduce people to Beaujolais by giving them cherryade! Classical music needs Ms Klaas's dumbed down versions of great works like haute cuisine needs cheese and onion flavoured crisps.

Sadly, for today's masses the word 'music' has a very limited meaning; furthermore, I wonder if there is anyone at the Royal College of Music who knows who was Grott's lead guitarist between 1992 and 1994 - no? How on earth do they expect to get an ARCM?

Finally, on a much more wholesome note, I have no doubt that for all those who do it, music making brings a great deal of satisfaction. But I have just encountered a group of musicians whose music won't ever get in the charts or be performed in the concert hall, but who generate not only joy and fun in those with whom they work, but also real and noticeable progress in a variety of ways. Witnessing these results of their efforts must surely bring a satisfaction which by far outweighs that which could ever be derived from applause or public acclaim.

Musical Keys regularly make music with young patients at the Norfolk & Norwich Hospital and the Quidenham Hospice and with numerous other groups

throughout the county. Through music, that is singing and playing percussion instruments and the incorporation of sign language and other physical action, they bring about noticeable improvement in children with special needs. A session, which lasts 45 minutes, helps children to participate in and enjoy music. Songs and rhymes help speech, being part of a group teaches sharing and turn taking, actions help co-ordination. Children are accepted into groups from birth to the age of eight and can remain with the group until they are sixteen.

The group uses a large number of attractive and well made instruments, toys, puppets and lycra, (it is amazing what magic an inspired group leader can conjure up with lycra!). The group also provides tapes for families to take away and use at home. The sessions always involve carers and siblings of the child with the special need, as siblings also need to feel that they are in equal receipt of loving and attention.

Music has the unique quality to be a 'key' which 'unlocks' responses where nothing else can.

That talented musicians should devote their time and talents in this way is truly humbling and I came away from this demonstration session feeling very self indulgent in the things I do in the realms of music.

To learn more about this remarkable organisation visit
www.paston.co.uk/users/maygurney/music.html

Musical Keys is a Registered Charity and Christmas is coming!

Jessie Steadman

Ronald Watson

Digestive biscuits being positively my favourite fruit, my two hour chat with Jessie Steadman got off to a really good start. Many will have spotted Jessie's name amongst the Honorary Life Members on the inside cover of the Journal without knowing much, if anything, about her. We are about to put that right.

Born in Kent 90 years ago next April Jessie shared her childhood home with two brothers, one of whom was an exceptionally gifted violinist, the other a saxophone player, and a piano on which she 'twiddled', as she put it. The necessity of having to tend to close relatives in poor health got in the way of Jessie developing her own musical skills but at the age of 26, now living in Holt, she decided to take up the organ and began lessons with the organist there, and her future husband, Ralph Steadman.

Jessie remained at Holt for twenty years after her husband's death and then moved to Rockland St. Mary where she soon found herself in demand as a 'peripatetic', (but *not* 'reluctant!') organist playing for services, weddings and funerals in Yelverton, Framingham Piggott and other churches in that neck of the woods, often dashing from one venue to another by car in the space of a morning. Only earlier this year did she finally hang up her shoes having played regularly at Bramerton since the death of David Cook, Dupuytrans syndrome and the increasing dependency on others for transport, due to failing eyesight, having finally led to her calling it a day, though she does intend to

have her Dupuytrans condition operated on as soon as possible.

A founder member of the Norwich and District Organists' Association, Jessie was made a Vice-President of that organisation and when that particular post was discontinued she became an Honorary Life Member of the Guild, and hence the present Association.

Much has changed in the many years Jessie has been using her talents at various consoles. She observed that in the earliest days, Merbecke was universally used as the setting of the Mass and was recently interested to learn of Merbecke's associations with Henry VIII and Katherine Parr in those troubled times for church musicians.

During our conversation Jessie never harked back to the so-called 'good old days' and was quick to assure me that she is not 'old-fashioned' and has welcomed and embraced newer music as it came into use, acknowledging that there are many splendid new hymn tunes. However, I did sense some nostalgia regarding church choirs and Jessie regards the Second World War as the watershed for parish church and village choirs, 'Things were never quite the same after the war' she mused. She told me that in the Thirties, for Diocesan Choir Festivals in the cathedral, the nave was full of local choirs and the congregation was accommodated in the side aisles and on the steps to the west door. Jessie remembered one occasion when she was seated on those steps that the procession, which had to pass down the central aisle, was steadily approaching the end of the aisle across which were two ropes tied together with a knot, to keep the congregation in their

place. The untying of these was essential to the passage of the choir procession, a member of which was Dr. Statham. The knot proved to be unwilling to yield and as the procession approached, Dr. Statham's mouth was seen to twitch nervously. At the crucial moment of pile-up, two sidesmen held up the ropes as the whole procession stooped to pass underneath to the amusement of all who witnessed it.

A day out in Norwich for the Holt choir was an annual treat and on one occasion included a visit to a cinema to see *The Thief of Baghdad* starring Douglas Fairbanks (for whom Jessie admitted to having a bit of a soft spot!). In those days films showed continuously and people came in at any time, saw the programme round and then left. The choir members, led by Canon King, on entering the darkened cinema could not initially find seats together, but as people left they gradually moved to be near each other. On occupying his first seat Canon King put his hat under the seat and promptly forgot about it. Not until he had made a couple of moves to join the rest of the party did he remember his hat, but not where he had left it. The ensuing search, which involved other cinema goers standing whilst the Canon felt under their seats for the article of headgear, proved most embarrassing to the rest of the party, but none the less hilarious.

Jessie's long years of service have had many amusing, often dangerous incidents. Once during a service, discovering a cipher on the Swell, Jessie's husband told her to keep playing on the Great whilst he went inside the organ to remedy the fault. The passage inside the instrument to 'the works' was in total

darkness and before very long great clatters were heard coming from within as Jessie's husband collided with equipment left in that cubby hole by decorators. On another occasion the sanctuary lamp exploded starting several small fires on the carpet, the service being temporarily suspended as men from all quarters stamped around putting out the fires. And on yet another occasion a server lost his grip on the collection plate, which was copiously but unevenly laden at a special service, sending salver and coin in every direction. These, and getting her heel stuck in the pedals are but a few of the things which have happened to Jessie over the years.

At one service it seemed ages before the choir processed in and time was ticking by. Jessie, like most organists on the bench, had no idea what was going on but later learned that someone had sewn all the sleeves of the cassocks in such a way that the choristers could not get their arms in. There being nothing sharp and suitable to hand, someone had had to nip home for a pair of scissors before things could proceed.

It was hearing Delius's '*Walk to the Paradise Garden*' that brought to Jessie the realisation that she was affected by music and identified with it. She is bowled over by Messiaen and finds his music 'full of electricity'. Mendelssohn's *Songs without words* conjure up for her visions of earlier years. She loves the music of Howells and finds it totally distinctive, *Like as the Hart* being in her opinion the most beautiful and moving and sharing a place with Brahms's *How lovely are Thy dwellings*. She loves the Mendelssohn organ sonatas and all of Bach which, she

declares, 'like Shakespeare simply goes on forever'.

But her most poignant experience was hearing *Kathleen Ferrier, (with Dennis Noble, under the baton of Heathcote Statham) in *The Dream of Gerontius* at a Norwich Festival performance in St. Andrew's Hall. She was, as she describes it, 'totally overcome' by Kathleen Ferrier's performance and says that others around her were similarly affected. As the final notes died away there was total silence for a prolonged period before the rapturous applause eventually began.

In cathedral recitals she has heard Jeanne Demessieux and Marcel Dupré, the latter at a time when the cathedral's spire was unsafe; someone passing the comment 'I hope he doesn't bring the spire down!'. She also heard Yehudi Menuhin.

Her beloved Bryceson organ from Holt is now in St. Joseph's, Howick, KwaZulu-Natal and she is thinking of writing to the new owners to tell them of her long connection with the instrument and her love of the Oboe stop, her favourite, and her favourite orchestral instruments are, not surprisingly the oboe and the French horn.

Jessie's involvement in Norwich music making has been total. She joined the Philharmonic Choir as a soprano under Brian Runnett (who was very strict!) and continued singing under Michael Nicholas for a total of about twenty years.

We look forward to greeting Jessie on her 90th birthday next April 1st.

**Kathleen Ferrier died 50 years ago aged a tragically young 41. Great conductors were known to be moved to tears at the beauty of her voice.*

Membership notes

Sylvia Martin

We warmly welcome the following Diocesan Organ Scholars to membership of the Association and offer them our full support and wish them well in their studies. From Norwich:

David Ballard
Christine Clement
Samuel Eglington
Maria Gash
Joseph Hendriks
Freddie Hutchins
Max John
Hannah Parry
Winnie Smith
and from Ipswich
Graham Smith.

Once again it is time to remind you that subscriptions are due for renewal on 1st January 2004.

Membership forms are included with this Journal.

Fill them in, write your cheques and send them before the Christmas card writer's cramp sets in!

Completing a Gift Aid declaration gains additional income for the Association at no extra cost to yourself. Please consider this.

In the meantime, best wishes to you all for Christmas and the New Year as we look forward to yet another enjoyable year's programme.



More reminiscences from the organist of St. Peter Mancroft

Kenneth Ryder

On my arrival at St. Peter's, I found myself at home with many 'characters' peculiar to the place. Equally there were some whom I found to be on a different wavelength altogether. Some I shall name; others I will give fictional names. Two types feature in my article, namely the St. Peter's type, which I think describes me, and the Mancroft - or *Mancroft* as it is pronounced - type.

My introduction to Daisy Porter was memorable. 'Miss' Porter was the church magazine secretary when I first came, a retired, elderly spinster, sometimes on a bicycle, to whom I took an instant liking. She found herself locked in the Merrick Room of the old Chantry buildings where she was labelling up the magazines for circulation. A cry for help resulted in my enabling her to climb out of the window, bundle all the magazines to the ground and carry them to the church. It was a time when workmen restoring the roof had a gas ring on the floor by the Great West Door behind the pews which used to stand there. Daisy had a rather genteel, elderly sister, altogether more refined in manner, education and dress, and she was sitting in a cloud of steam. My curiosity found the explanation for this phenomenon in that her painful feet were being eased in a bucket of hot water under the pew. A nudge to my arm and a wink from Daisy urged me not to tell 'that Burton' who was busy with a team of ladies dusting the pews under the scaffolding and would not have approved of the hot water, or so

Daisy thought! 'That Burton' was Miss Porter's way of talking about Mrs Burton who, much to Daisy's disapproval, later took a paid job in the church as a cleaner of all the fittings and hassocks. Daisy sat and rested each day on the pews at the back and exercised a kind of pay-up-now 'war' with all and sundry over the magazine. Visitors were asked to pay directly into her outstretched hand if they gave any sign of putting the money into the money boxes, and being of an ever-so-slightly-repellent-and-formidable aspect they rarely obliged. Matters reached a peak for me when Daisy grabbed the first mourner behind a coffin at the conclusion of a funeral and demanded in a loud voice "who's goin' t' pay 'is magazine money now 'e's dead?" She had an extraordinary way of being completely honest and not being a prey to dissimulation. For example, a well loved and devoted member of our congregation had a very serious road accident that left her with many broken bones. Daisy spoke out loudly "silly ol' fool, she should 'ave looked where she were goin' she should!" It was no good looking shocked at the expression of such sentiments.

I had a red Fiat 500 motorcar, a bit like driving a perambulator, and it had no synchromesh so you had to double de-clutch all the time. With it being such a small car, I used to drive it down the south path of the churchyard and park it outside the vestry door; the layout now is quite different since the building of the Octagon. Anyway, I drove in to the south gate of the churchyard one day and there in front of me were both south and north porch doors flung fully open. What a lark to drive right through the back of the church and out the

other side! I'm not saying whether I did or not. Daisy, long since deceased, knows whether or not I sullied the sanctity of our building on this occasion.



Then there was the other type of person, whom I soon began to recognise as the classic 'County Mancroft Type'. "Good morning, Mr. Raidar, you are privileged to have me introduce you to my husband, MAJOR Ponsonby-Pharquar. You may shake his hand if you so wish". The meek little rounded gentleman to whom I was thus ostentatiously introduced replied: "S' nice to meet you, Kenny, call me Jim". And there was the eloquent lady who gathered me in her arms to expound on her enormous appreciation of my "lovely, lovely organ playing in this lovely, lovely baroque church", and "aren't the 'vibrations' so absolutely fabulously potent, I so love this adorable place, don't you?" She remains a great friend to this day.

Organ news

Brent Palmer

Messrs. Boggis have nearly completed the installation of the new organ for Blythburgh Church which should be completed in time for Christmas. They are also restoring the untouched two manual and pedal organ at Palgrave which will include re-felting the action and the pedals and are due to carry out a restoration at Earl Stonham. After Christmas, they will start a major restoration of the Bevington organ at Cockfield.

Bishops should now have started work on the three manual and pedal organ in St. Peter's Sheringham which they built and installed in the church in 1899, just two years after it was consecrated, one of the first instruments to come from their then new works in Ipswich. There were various additions in later years, the Violone in 1928 and in 1935 when Messrs Binns, Fitton & Haley of Leeds added electronic action and a new horseshoe shaped console. Storr's carried out repairs in 1963 and built the west case in 1977. Bishops carried out a complete rebuild in 1986 when they added the present console with 32 stops, Tremulant and 8 couplers. New swell engines were fitted to Swell and Choir in 1998. A member of the congregation has generously provided the money for an Oboe to be added. Bishops will also add an Octave Coupler and a Unison Off on the Choir. This will enable the new Oboe and the existing Clarinet stop to be played at 4ft pitch on the pedals. The Violone chest will also be refurbished.

***Desert Island Discs: St. Peter's Brooke
Saturday November 15th***

David Watson

This time it was the turn of last year's castaway, Ron Watson, to assume the mantle of Roy Plomley (no, Mathew, not Sue Lawley!). The castaway was immediate Past President Dick le Grice. And what a jolly island it turned out be, peopled by the cast of the Goon Show, a Christie organ in every cavern, while its genial resident employed his considerable practical skills to turn a second hand double bass into a suitable escape craft, waiting only for Julie Reinger to forecast favourable winds for the attempt.

In his introduction Ron quoted Churchill's wicked description of Clement Attlee: 'a modest man who has a good deal to be modest about'. The first part certainly applied to our castaway, but so too did the second if taken in the right way. As we were to hear, Dick has an enormous amount to be proud of. We learned of his first career as an organ builder, apprenticed to HNB and specialising in reed voicing, culminating in a spell in Canada working on some of the many organs which HNB exported there after the war.

Marriage to Dot brought a change of direction, working for the Norwich Union here at HQ and, for a spell, in Lancashire. A third parallel career as a practical musician saw Dick working as church organist, Musical Director, vibraphone and double bass player and repairer (not simultaneously, one hopes!) and studying for the Archbishop's Diploma in Church

Music as well as for an Open University degree.

A twelve year association with Norwich Cathedral Choir was a highlight because it involved the whole le Grice family, sons as choristers, Dick as an alto lay clerk and Dot as choir Robesmistress. We had a hilarious account of the afternoon when the cathedral choir gave simultaneous performances of two different settings of the canticles by Charles Wood, much to Dr Statham's bemusement.

Returning from Lancashire led to Dick and Dot settling in Weston Longville where bell ringing and learning to fly were added to the le Grice portfolio, as was the Curatorship of the St. Andrew's Hall organ, and the Presidency of the Norfolk Organists' Association. Oh, and Dick is still voicing reeds when the need arises.

As might be expected, so wide a range of musical interests was reflected in Dick's choice of music. So we heard Quentin McLean playing the *Ride of the Valkyries* on the Christie at the Regal Marble Arch, a track by the Modern Jazz Quartet, Norwich Cathedral Choir (plus Dick) singing a piece by Sydney Campbell and the Cambridge Singers performing Gibbons' magisterial *O clap your hands*. *The Dark Town Strutters Ball*, this time on a Wurlitzer, and the *Glagolithic Mass* led via the Goons to the record that Dick would put at the top of the list, Brandenburg 2 in Philip Ledger's recording.

Thank you Dick and Ron for a delightful afternoon.

A day in the country

Martin J. Cottam

For one Saturday each September, the doors of most of Norfolk's 659 surviving mediaeval churches are swung open and cyclists pedal in their droves to partake of squash and biscuits and the collection of another official 'tick' for their sponsorship forms. Those prescient enough to be in the Hingham area this year did not only enjoy gin clear skies but also the restorative tones of country organs filling the cool of nave and chancel as investigated and liberated by a decent posse of enthusiastic NOA members.

We began our day at Hingham Church itself, home of the newly restored Forster & Andrews organ of 1877 which vies for visual supremacy in the spacious chancel with the elaborate 15th century memorial to one Lord Morley, the latter as surprising for its reddish coloured stone as for its size. Ensnared in fearfully uncomfortable choir stalls, we were none the less warmly welcomed and prayed for by the vicar before resident organist, Carey Moore, introduced us to the instrument. Its restoration did not proceed without a certain amount of painful wrangling but Carey answered enquiries on the subject with good grace before demonstrating the instrument's capabilities with an impromptu performance of Lefébure-Wély's *E♭ Sortie*. The organ's sound is unforced and well balanced, surprisingly restrained even (certainly no trace of the vulgarity some might deem necessary for the compositions of that particular Monsieur). Edward Holmes, the organ's restorer, was present with us and I was

intrigued to learn from him that the tongues of the reeds had been weighted down by later hands thus, as with so many other British organs, compromising their original Victorian 'fire'. Smoother reeds are the preferred taste of many in this land, but I feel a little sad the opportunity was not taken to restore these reeds to their 1877 flavour. Even so, the instrument is now in very fine fettle and responded admirably to members' varying abilities to bring forth music from it. A splendid morning was further enhanced by a comprehensive display of superb colour photographs by Holmes & Swift of their restoration work in progress and a video of local student Sohyun Park playing the finished article with dispiriting ease for one so young.

'Tis but a short hop to nearby Deopham where, in the shadow of the church stands Geoff Sankey's tidily appointed 'cottage' of 17th century origins. With expansive hospitality he kindly welcomed us to make full use of his superb facilities. A neat outbuilding has been beautifully fitted out as a music room complete with three manual Norwich digital organ and a quite charming, chirpy little 19th century chamber organ by old Mr. Norman himself. When not delighting in such treats, we availed ourselves of the immaculate and extensive gardens as a serene venue for the partaking of chatter and packed lunches. All very agreeable.

Lunches devoured, some of us decamped next door to Deopham church. Mighty tower, spacious yet friendly interior. Classic Victorian village organ, one manual and pedals, ugly. An 'octopod' specification of Violon Diapason et al. did not raise expectations but a nameplate of

'W. Nicholson, Worcester' suggested possibility. A gentle improvisation by David Watson and some engaging Pachelbel variations courtesy of Claire MacArthur, revealed an instrument of unexpected character, individuality and versatility and how well it spoke into the church. There must be any number of unsung gems like this lurking in the corners of Norfolk's mediaeval churches.

And so to Dereham where Richard Bower, restorer of the organ there in 1995 and now 'titulaire', was waiting to receive us. The organ has the usual complex history. Based on research, Richard could confidently declare a significant number of wooden pipes to be by Father Smith. These have been collated into 3 ranks (8' 4' and 2') within the new, floor mounted 'chaire'. The rest of the organ comprises work by Hart (1827), Hill in the 1870s and of course Richard Bower himself. Richard's demonstration of the organ's various parts was most instructive; the Smith pipes were lovely, those by Hart very characterful, his Trumpet nice and brassy, authentic sounding and un-messed about. With Hill the textures thicken. Three distinct organs yet working as one.

Richard is a most fortunate man for should he tire of the main organ, a pleasing little chamber organ of uncertain provenance lurks handsomely in the chancel. We tried it and it's lovely.

We took our leave to a full blown French 'Grands Jeux', fitting sounds with which to reacquaint with the golden afternoon outside. A fine, fine day indeed and many thanks as always to those who made such pleasures available.

How it's done

Ronald Watson

The last event of this year was attendance at Choral Evensong in Norwich Cathedral on the feast of Christ the King, one day after St. Cecilia's Day. The opportunity to see what we all aspire to either as organists or choir directors exemplified in the Mother Church, will, I hope, always feature in the Associations' calendar.

Tom Leech at the organ played the whole of Bach's Trio Sonata No. 6 in G before the service, and the first movement of Howells's *Sonata* as a final voluntary. The Girls' Choir joined the lay clerks under the direction of Julian Thomas in Sumsion's Responses, Stanford in G and Wood's anthem *O Thou the Central Orb*, with Stanford's setting in Bb of the *Te Deum* after the final hymn.

The congregation was swelled by parents of girls from the choir who were either being admitted or given added responsibility in the choir.

After the service, members went over to Prior's Hall for a goodly supply of savouries and cakes kindly provided by Mathew Martin's mother and sister who served us with tea or coffee. I did not pick up any discussion touching on the comparison with girls' and boys' voices but the girls certainly treated us to some glistening high notes, blending admirably with the men's voices. I doubt if many applied the message of the sermon 'things are not always what they seem' to this comparison, if comparison there was.

Evensong in the Cathedral always lifts my spirits and this one was no exception.

2003 Anniversaries at St. Paul's Tuckswold

Josephine and Gordon Pollard

It was a warm, sunny, colourful autumn afternoon when our host, Brent Palmer, courteously greeted each member warmly on their arrival at St. Paul's.

The church is light and airy with a mosaic of St. Paul and a ship on the outer wall and a stained glass window of the same, with in addition, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. It is a modern rectangular building creating breadth slightly at the expense of length. The organ is halfway along the north wall beneath the highest point of the low ceiling. It is an extension organ of two manuals and pedals and all electric action with the following specification:

Great

Open Diapason 8'
Stopped Diapason 8'
Principal 4'
Dulcet 4'
Flautine 2'
Twelfth

Choir

Flute 8'
Dulciana 8'
Fifteenth 2'
Larigot 1 1/3

Pedal

Bourdon 16'
Bass Flute 8'
Octave Flute 4'

The anniversaries marked were those of Joseph Jongen 1873 - 1953, Percy Whitlock 1903 - 1946, Sigfrid Karg Elert 1877 - 1933 and Herbert Howells 1892 -

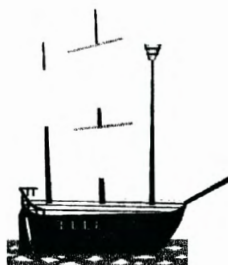
1983 and Brent gave plentiful information about the pieces he had chosen as illustrations.

Jongen was represented by *Petite Pièce*, *Petit Prélude* and *Gaudeamus: Verset pour la fête de l'Assomption*, written on two staves but requiring the use of pedals with registration requiring full chorus from 16' foundation stops to Mixtures. Whilst in places the texture is rather thin, it remains a powerful way of rejoicing.

Of Percy Whitlock we heard the appropriately titled *Fidelis*, one of those quiet pieces which can enrich any 2½ minute gap, the Chorale Prelude *Werde Munter*, the first four bars of which recall a very well known Bach Chorale Prelude, and the ever popular *Folk Tune* in aeolian mode.

Karg-Elert provided the Chorale Improvisation *Rejoice Greatly O my soul*, a gentle Saraband *With heart and soul O sons of men*. Of Howells we heard the popular *Sine Nomine* and *Master Tallis's Testament*, both composed in 1940.

With the ladies of the church providing welcome refreshments in the interval this was a most enjoyable and informative afternoon for which thanks are due to Brent.



If you have ears to hear...

Isabel Watson

In his novel *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* (Remembrance of Time Past), the French writer Proust uses a moment when his hero takes a bite of a 'madeleine' as a key to the unlocking of all the childhood memories that this stimulates. I have often thought about this, because for me, sounds have this effect: the shunting of railway wagons can bring back to me a memory of waking up in the dead of night to hear the noises from the steelworks two miles from my childhood home.

But the most powerful of these aural recollections is associated with music. I recently heard a recording of the sort of psalm singing which I grew up with in the Church of Scotland, and there's nothing quite like the sound of a full congregation rising to sing the great metrical setting of *Ye gates lift up your heads* (Psalm 24) to the tune St. George's Edinburgh, in full harmony.

As a student in London in the early Sixties, I immediately joined the choir of the University Musical Society and had the thrill of my first concert with them at Christmas. My mother came down by train to come to this event in St. Paul's Cathedral, and I met her at St. Pancras Station in a thick London pea-souper which just added to the excitement of the occasion, culminating in Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on Christmas Carols*. To sing behind an orchestra was a totally new experience for me, used only to organ accompaniment with my church choir, but nothing had prepared me for the impact of the Verdi *Requiem* in which I sang about a

month after my father's premature death, with that wall of sound, timpani crashing out fortissimo, in the *Dies Irae*.

Other choirs brought new memorable moments: recording Britten's *Voices for Today* with CUMS in King's College Chapel under the direction of David Willcocks, (BB himself outside listening in the recording van), where the strangely chanted words from Virgil seemed somehow to mingle hypnotically with the light coming through the Chapel windows; encountering Mahler's *Second Symphony* (Resurrection) with the chorus of the Detroit Symphony in 1968 shortly after the assassination of Martin Luther King, when the city was once more threatened by rioting and



under curfew on the day of the final rehearsal, making those final glowing moments especially poignant and uplifting; standing on the stage in St. Andrew's Hall in 1976, with many of the UEA Choir in tears at the announcement of the death of Benjamin Britten, for a final rehearsal of his delightful *Saint Nicholas*, with the rolling waves of the storm passage and the mellow tones of Robert Tear singing the part of Nicholas.

The musical life of Norwich has indeed brought me many wonderful experiences, both with larger choirs including the Festival Chorus and Aldeburgh Festival Singers, and small. There is something very special about making music with a small chamber choir, especially in the unaccompanied repertoire.

Chasing sheep out of the doorway of Elsing Church gave a suitably bucolic flavour to a programme of English folk-songs and madrigals with Sine Nomine, the chamber choir directed by our esteemed editor for over twenty years. *Spring the sweet Spring* by E. J. Moeran is always full of lambs in my mind's eye!

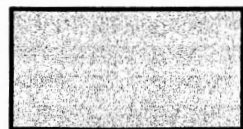
Over these years we developed many friendships with choirs abroad, allowing us the chance both to travel and act as hosts in order to share music-making with French, German, Dutch and Polish choirs. We sang in Berlin in the early Eighties, while that city was still divided by the wall, doing a programme to introduce the German audience to the glories of English church music, with the Britten *Festival Te Deum* as its highlight. Often though, it was through singing together that the most moving experiences occurred; for example in St. Gregory's Church in Norwich, at the end of our programme, we started to sing *An die Freunde* by Gerhard Schwartz, and our German friends got up from their places among the audience and walked forward to join in the singing. The same thing happened when we entertained in Norwich a young and penniless but highly talented choir from Lublin in Poland, during the period of the Solidarity movement before they were free; when we started up with *Gaude Mater Polonia*, their national hymn banned under the Communist regime, the whole audience rose to its feet

And I cannot conclude without a mention of an extraordinary coincidence linking my schooldays and Norwich music-making. During my time at Kettering High School in the Fifties, my English teacher was a strange and

charismatic Russian, Miss Marina Sharf. She left teaching to become an Orthodox Abbess, based at a little monastery near Whitby, and taking the name Mother Thekla. She was of course to gain undesired fame as John Tavener's librettist. We visited her there one time we were up in Ron's home territory of North Yorkshire, and were introduced to the Archimandrite, Father Ephraim. Not long after this, I was taking part in a performance of John Tavener's *Great Vigil* in Norwich Cathedral at which the Celebrant was the aforementioned Father Ephraim, a strange-looking figure with long beard and high hat, wielding a vast turible filled with incense from Mount Athos. Michael Nicholas introduced him to the choir, then added, to everyone's amazed amusement "Of course, you know Isabel Watson I think". The performance started at dusk, and concluded with the triumphant Orthodox hymn *Christ is risen from the dead*, with its great washes of sound and the pealing of hand-bells, with J.T. himself (not yet Sir John) in a white suit, with flowing locks, in the centre of the standing congregation in the Cathedral crossing, bowing to the ground at key moments of the sacred text.

These were all perhaps outstanding moments, but it can be equally atmospheric to sing carols in a small village church on a winter's night or hear a Bach Chorale played expressively in an empty country church. These things remain the stuff of memory.

London in the fog



Edington Music Festival

Julian Thomas

The Edington Music Festival is a 'Festival of Music within the Liturgy' and in this respect it is, to my knowledge, totally unique. Every year, about 70 musicians, many of whom are professionals, gather in the small Wiltshire village of Edington for a busman's holiday, singing four services a day in the beautiful 14th century Priory Church.

There are no concerts, no tickets and no reserved seats; the congregation comes from far and wide (some even from abroad); and, and this is the truly remarkable thing, the singers pay a contribution to participate.

The first Festival was held in the last week of August 1956 and, nearly 50 years on, this pattern still remains essentially the same. The idea was thought up by Sir David Calcutt and Canon Ralph Dudley, the then vicar of Edington, and from the outset, its underlying aim has been clear; as John Harper wrote (in the 1973 Festival Companion Booklet) 'The services are not intended to be dominated exclusively by music; there is never a notion of concerts with moments for prayer. Rather, the balance of actions, words, music and silence should achieve that artistic unity that is true liturgy.'

I started going to Edington in 1987 while I was a chorister at Salisbury Cathedral. For the first four years I was a treble in the Nave Choir (so-called because it sings in the nave of the church). This is a choir of boys and men, all of whom are choristers, choral scholars and lay clerks from cathedrals and collegiate chapels.

As you might imagine, being the cream of the English choral tradition, the sight-reading and musicality of these singers is outstanding, and the repertoire tackled would be the envy of any cathedral musician. (The organ, however, does not quite come into the same category, but it manages to cope with most accompaniments with a little imagination!)

When my voice broke, I carried on taking part in the Festival, first as a server, and the following year moving into the Schola Cantorum, a group of 10 or 12 who sing exclusively plainsong all week! Two of the four services each day are sung entirely by the Schola (Matins and Compline) and for many, this is at the very heart of the Festival: the monastic routine of worship.

The third choir is a group of young professional adult singers, the Consort, and their repertoire is entirely a capella. Under the direction of Jeremy Summerly, they perform both Renaissance polyphony and a wide variety of 20th century music (ranging from the rich harmonies of Poulenc to the audacious qualities of Panufnik for example).

But it is not all hard work, and this is one of the real attractions for the singers. Afternoons are always kept free and the boys are taken on trips to local attractions such as Longleat, Stonehenge, Swindon Oasis. For all of us though, the opportunity to have a change of scenery and get away from the daily routines is invaluable (though mobile phones do their best to see that we cannot escape completely!). Secondly there is a strong social aspect, both within the Festival participants, and also meeting members of the congregation from one year to the next. Thirdly, there's

the beer. Sadly there is only one of the three pubs left in the village, but rumour has it that The Lamb Inn* does enough business in that one week of the year to subsidise the remaining 51 weeks. (Hence the corruption of the well-known prayer: 'Where two or three are gathered together there'll be beer on the table!')

Over the years, Edington has attracted an astonishing list of participants, names such as Simon Preston, James Bowman, Rogers Covey-Crump, Geoffrey Webber, Andrew Carwood, Peter Wright, John Mark Ainsley, Richard Seal and Andrew Lumsden. The Festival has also commissioned numerous works (many of which are performed on the Radio3 broadcast of Choral Evensong), including Grayston Ives' Evening Canticles (Edington Service), Philip Radcliffe's responses, and anthems by Francis Pott, Sydney Watson and Andrew Gant.

Having grown up with the Festival, I was delighted to be appointed Director of the Festival. It has been so much part of my formative years and, I suspect, that it has helped me no end in pursuing my chosen career in Cathedral music. Fortunately there is a very loyal following and congregations are always large (usually about 200-300 for the daily Eucharists and Evensongs). I think that is one of the real joys of the Festival: all too often we hear about how the Church is struggling to find relevance, or fighting amongst its own people; Edington Music Festival proves that good music can be at the heart of a living, thriving Church, with an appreciative and generous band of followers. Now there's something to rejoice in!

**Rejoice in The Lamb?Ed*

Association matters

It was agreed at the last meeting of the committee that The Association should support the campaign at Norwich Cathedral by financially aiding the promotion of a celebrity recital. The sponsoring or part sponsoring of such a recital would save expenditure from the coffers of the music team at the cathedral and the proceeds from the recital would be contributed to the campaign. Mathew is in consultation with David Dunnett and the sponsored recital, once fixed, will be well publicised. All it needs then is goodly support from the Association which means not only attending yourself but bringing along as many people as you can.

The first step in the re-housing of the choirs will be taken very soon as they move out of their present location into St. Saviour's Chapel which is being adapted for its interim role as song room.

The Events sub-committee is considering arranging a visit to the site with a conducted tour which, having already myself undertaken such a visit, I can assure you, is a unique and exhilarating experience. RW.



We extend our warmest congratulations to Julian Thomas on his appointment as Director of the Edington Festival

Review

Gordon Barker

Resonet in Laudibus

Christmas music for early keyboard instruments from Houghton Hall, Norfolk played by Gerald Gifford (Harpsichords, Spinnet and Chamber Organ) HRS CD 407

If you are looking for a Christmas recording with a difference then this imaginative CD could be the answer. I have found it to be a most refreshing seasonal disc as it is certainly imbued with an abundance of Christmas *vivre*, totally free from the shackles of the 'traditional' repertoire inevitably appearing at this time of year.

As always, Gerald Gifford's performances are quite superb; his interpretative skills, enhanced by the choice of four well-contrasted instruments all built during the past twenty years, are quite perfect for this varied programme.

The three stop Lammermuir chamber organ pieces are delightful and a fair number of them are easily available in published Christmas collections. I was particularly taken with the Five *Noels* of Lasceux which I had not met before. Zachow's short prelude on *In Dulci Jubilo* and the partita on *Vom Himmel hoch* are certainly worth practising in preparation for the Christmas stint, as are the tiny Franck *Noels* *Angevin* in G major/minor and *Vieux Noel*.

Harpsichord No 1 built by Ferguson Hoey is modelled on an original instrument built in Dresden in 1739. Gifford performs the Corelli *Christmas Concerto* from a

quite thrilling keyboard arrangement by Thomas Billington which highlights the rich tone of this Houghton Hall instrument. He also includes several of his own arrangements and compositions - *Sonata Pastorale* by Vivaldi, a clever pastiche *Sonata on Christmas melodies in the style of Handel*, as well as a cheeky *Mr. Haydn's Christmas Box* where *Deck the Hall* is intertwined with the finale of the 104th Symphony.

The sweet-toned Harpsichord 2 was commissioned by the performer from Philip Smart. It derives from a Flemish instrument built in Antwerp in 1584. Corrente's *Noel Variations* are lovely, as is a later Schiedermayr *Praeludium*. Rathgeber's *Two Pastorellen* are sensitively performed on a spinet; in this case a locally made instrument by John Perkins of Norwich. As with Harpsichord 2, members may well remember playing and hearing these instruments at Gerald Gifford's home a few years ago. The CD was recorded at Houghton Hall, and of course the music fits the Palladian setting like a glove. All involved deserve congratulations, this sparkingly different Christmas programme merits very good sales!

The CD may be obtained for £10 inclusive of postage and packing from Gerald Gifford (to whom cheques should be made payable) 1 Folgate Close, Church Street, Thornham, Norfolk PE36 6NJ



What's in a name?

John Plunkett

About twenty years ago I bought a second hand copy of R. V. Jones' 'Most Secret War' from a tea shop in North Wales. It is a wonderful account of the science, engineering, ingenuity, bravery and plain cunning that helped save our bacon in WWII. One of the many accounts in the book that appeals to me is well known as 'The Bruneval Raid'.

Aerial reconnaissance had revealed the existence of a 'Wurzberg' radar unit on the top of the cliff at Bruneval just north of Le Havre on the French coast. Jones had suggested the possibility of crossing the Channel by night, scaling the cliff, removing the parts of interest from the aerial and transceiver, and returning to England by dawn with the booty. Further daring aerial surveys at low level confirmed the details, and suggestion became successful reality. Nothing is new! The late Herbert Norman recounted being sent down to London docks in the late twenties with his notebook, and a ten bob note, to have an illicit squint at the first big Wurlitzer to arrive in this country!

Returning from our holiday in France in July found us too early in Le Havre. 'Lets go and find Bruneval' I suggested very innocently. All to no avail, the time ticked away and we went round in circles and fortunately ended up not far from the ferry terminal. Our sons share my interest in this area of history, so I often get books for my birthday which they like to borrow back. This month I was duly presented with 'The Bruneval Raid'.

I was particularly interested to discover that the skills required for low level aerial photography of the high quality needed for this raid were developed privately by an enthusiast commercial pilot called Sidney Cotton, who went on to reorganise and improve aerial reconnaissance in the R.A.F. He, apparently, is most famous for inventing the 'Sidcot' flying suit during WWI. In 1916 he was able to get permission for a prototype to be made up by a London department store to his design, and have it sent to France. The store he chose was '**Robinson & Cleaver**'. The very same store evidently provided the stage name for that once well known cinema organist Robinson Cleaver.

I invite readers of the journal to account for further names in the trade, such as 'Wilson Olliphant Chuckerbutty' and others mentioned in previous issues.

P.S. I fear that Wurzberg has suffered the same fate as Handel. Handel lost his Umlaut in the North sea, Wurzberg lost its in my computer.



Ralph and Sandy Bootman wish all readers Joyeux Noël and Bonne Année. Ralph also wonders if anyone can furnish him with the following editions of The Newsletter - 11-47 inclusive and 55, 67 and 97. His address is 5 Rue du Puits, 08090 Tournes France

Applause in church

David Watson

Reading Bill English's thought-provoking comments in the autumn 'Journal' brought vividly to mind the controversies which raged at the Three Choirs Festival half a century ago. Apart from the war years, the three cathedral choirs, later bolstered by local choral societies, have met every year since the 1720s, making it Europe's oldest music festival. It is still going strong; the modern Festival owing much to its long association with Elgar who first played in its orchestra in 1878.

After the Second World War, the hand of tradition lay heavy on the Festival organisers: 'If it's Messiah it must be Friday!' Ladies wore hats; soloists, conductors and stewards all wore full morning dress; concerts started and finished with prayer and, of course, there was *never* applause. But since nearly all the concerts were of sacred choral music this was accepted by audience and musicians alike. And could anyone have even thought of clapping at the conclusion, say, of Ferrier's only Three Choirs *Gerontius* in 1952?

The first cracks began to appear in the dam following the retirement of Sir Ivor Atkins, Organist of Worcester since 1897. A new generation arrived: first David Willcocks at Worcester and then Meredith Davies at Hereford. Perhaps Willcocks's greatest triumph came in his last Festival in 1957, when he finally persuaded the Dean and Chapter to allow *Belshazar's Feast*, long resisted on the grounds of its supposedly pagan susceptibilities. The performance was a

triumph. At the moment when the chorus shouts 'SLAIN!' I swear that Willcocks's downbeat lifted him several feet in the air after the manner of Hoffnug's Maestro!

But the performance also hammered a large nail into the coffin of those who opposed applause. The performance ended with a bang – ta-ta-ta-Ta!! Taa-Taa-Taa-TAAA!!!! Long silence. There then ascended into the pulpit the Canon on duty, a delightful but rather desiccated scholar called Claude Armstrong. He had the weediest high pitched voice imaginable. He also had trouble with the consonant 'r'. The last thunders died away. Into the silence came a still, shrill small voice: 'Let us Pway'. I have never been witness to such an anti-climax.

The barricades were finally brought down by the brilliance of the NYO at a concert in Worcester in 1969. But I like to think that dear Claude really started the rot.

A short post-script. It seems usual now for wedding congregations to applaud the bride and groom at an appropriate point in the service, often, it seems, preceded by a new rubric: 'You may kiss the Bride!' I was rather puzzled on getting the order of service for a wedding I played for at the Octagon last August to read *inter alia*: 'The bride and groom shall kiss; the congregation shall applaud. Whistles may be blown'. *Whistles???* (the bride was American, by the way) On the day, everyone in the congregation was duly issued with plastic whistles as they entered the Octagon, and whistles were indeed blown. Is this really the shape of things to come? I do hope this doesn't become another of the many areas where, as we know to our cost, the USA leads and Great Britain follows meekly!!!

From the mailbag

Dear Ron

Reading the Journal some 400 miles from Norwich, I am not sure I fully agree with Gordon Barker's comment about the St. Peter Mancroft organ being the only one in the country capable of portraying Buxtehude's music as he intended as there is a similar (and larger!) Peter Collins instrument (3m/50ss) in Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, complete with very impressive en chamade trumpets and tuned in non-equal temperament.

In addition John Kitchen presides over a very lively Ahrend instrument (2m/21ss) in the Reid Concert Hall at Edinburgh University on which he can really make the music of Krebs sparkle and I'm sure he would do the same with Buxtehude. There's a lovely Flentrop at Dunblane Cathedral (3m/41ss) and a Frobenius-to-die-for in the Canongate Kirk in Edinburgh (2m/20ss) where I was privileged to attend a masterclass given by Dame Gillian Weir last year before she gave the annual RCO recital on the big Rieger in St. Giles Cathedral. All ideal for Buxtehude's music!

But I do realise that St. Peter Mancroft is a very special instrument in a special acoustic, no doubt a large factor in John Kitchen recording his latest CD of Krebs' music there. Unfortunately, here on the Glasgow side of the country, we have no baroque or neo-baroque instruments of note but compensated for by a plethora of large romantic instruments crowned (in my humble opinion) by the magnificent 1901 Lewis organ in the Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum with its St. Paul's Cathedral - like reverberation and not forgetting the 1879 Father Willis in Glasgow Cathedral whose solo tubas, originally on 25 inches of wind, were once described by George Thalben-Ball as being 'the loudest tubas in England' according to the story as told by Carlo Curley!

Rod Paton

Stand-in organists

Following an editorial some issues ago on the subject of knowing how find an organist, this has been discussed in committee and it has been agreed that it would be helpful if someone would take on the job of co-ordinating a list of organists who are willing to deputise. To get things started we have agreed to publish in the Journal names and contact details of any organists who are available. This can only be done with the permission of the people involved and so the list starts here.

James Laird 01263 713505 (preferably but not exclusively in the north Norfolk area)
Ronald Watson 01362 858670

If you are willing for your name to appear in this list then you can signify this on the membership renewal form.

For your diary

Midday music at Princes Street URC
from 12.45 - 1. 45 on the first Thursday of the month played by
Peter Stevenson and occasional guest organists

St. Andrew's Church Eaton

Fourth season of classical recitals and concerts on the first Sunday of each month at 3 p.m.
Admission by programme Adults £6 - Season ticket £36 Children £2
Season tickets available on application Tel: 01603 501176 or at the first concert.

Sunday 7th December **Neil Ricketts** - organ

Sunday 4th January **Andrew Durban** - double bass

Sunday 1st February **Visiting choir** - details to be announced

Friday December 19th 7.30 p.m.

St. Matthew's Church Thorpe Market

Mozart Mass in C minor and Christmas music

Cantamus conducted by Alan Morris with Timothy Patient - organ

Saturday 28th February 2004 Norwich Cathedral 7. 30 p.m.

Keswick Hall Choir conductor John Aplin

with Mike Hall soprano saxophone and David Dunnett

A Baltic Journey

Tickets now on sale price £12,£10,£8,£7 and £2 for accompanied children from Prelude
Records and St. George's Music Shop.

Thursday 19th February at 1.00 p.m.

Lunchtime recital at

The King of Hearts, Fye Bridge Street, Norwich

Gerald Gifford

*plays music by J S Bach featuring Alan Gotto's harpsichord after
Meitke and his Goetze and Gwynn chamber organ.*

Norwich Cathedral - Free organ recitals

Saturday 20th December at 1 p.m.

Thomas Leech plays

La Nativité du Seigneur by Olivier Messiaen
and

New Year's Day at 11 a.m. Neil Ricketts

Forthcoming Association Events

Events are free to members of the Association and there is a charge of £4 for visitors.

Saturday 17th January 7.30 p.m. at St. Mary's, Duke Street, Norwich

'Quiz & Chips' another popular food and brain evening. Please contact Mathew Martin by the 15th January at the latest if you intend coming as this really helps with catering arrangements.

Saturday 21st February 2.30 p.m. at St. Mary's, Duke Street

David Watson will be charting the fascinating rise and rise of early music.

Saturday 27th March 3.30 p.m. St. Mary's, Duke Street

Annual General Meeting preceded by a *Members' Recital at 2.30 p.m.* There will be a stall for second-hand music, CDs and cassette recordings.

Saturday 17th April 7.30 p.m. at The Oaklands Hotel, 89 Yarmouth Road, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich

President's Dinner with guest speaker Kenneth Ryder. We will have our own private room and the cost will be £15.25 per head. There are 40 places available and it would be great if all were taken for this very special occasion. At the moment there are plenty of seats available. Please contact Mathew with your booking as soon as possible with a deposit of £5.00. Details of the menu will be available nearer the time from which to make your choice of meal. These must be returned two weeks before the event.

Saturday 1st May 9.30 a.m. at Fakenham Parish Church

Young Organists' Day. It would be very helpful if North and West Norfolk members could encourage young keyboard players as well as more advanced student organists to participate in this event.

Puzzles

By changing one letter only in each successive row can you progress from LULLY to WIDOR in 8 moves.

Each row contains a proper word.

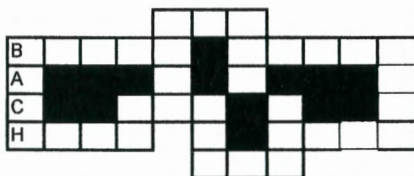
L	U	L	L	Y
W	I	D	O	R

.....and

The left hand column shows the name of a composer.

Complete the grid to show the name of another composer in the right hand column by filling in the missing words, clues to which are:

- Exist (2)
- Part of the body (3)
- Another part of the body (3)
- Horde (3)
- A very long time (3)
- Small piece (3)
- Metal (3)
- Wading bird (4)
- Abode (4)
- Wine (4)
- Orchestra section (5)
- African animal (5)



Readers are invited to submit similar puzzles

NOA Membership

Dr. David Baldwin
Laurie Bannister
Gordon Barker
David Barnard
Margaret Barrell
Nora Barwood
Jean Bedwell
Jane Berry
Basil Blackburn
Richard Bower
Rodney Briscoe
David Bunkell
F Percy Burrows
Ruth Burrows
Sally Butcher
Patricia Buttolph
Ronald Buxton
Andrew Campbell
Basil Cooper
Martin Cottam
John Crisp
Anne Duarte
Lynda Edwards
John Farmer
Colin Fenn
Dr. Gerald Gifford
Prue Goldsmith
William Ham
Rodney Head
John Hilton
Charles Hines
John Hudson
Margaret Hunter

Robert Ince
Alice Ingrey
Arthur Ingrey
Mark Jameson
Celia Joice
John Jordan
Steven Kirk
Michael Kisby
Dr Barbara Knowles
James Laird
Paul Leeder
Anthony Leeson
Dick le Grice
James Lilwall
Michael Liversidge
Dr. Allan Lloyd
Cyril Lockwood
Dennis Long
Philip Luke
Claire MacArthur
George Marley
Mathew R Martin
Sylvia Martin
Chris Maule-Oatway
Dr. Richard G May
Brian Milward
Carey Moore
Alan Morris
Peter Moss
Ian Murphy
Barry Newman
Raymond Newman
Timothy Osborne

Brent Palmer
Timothy Patient
Roderick Paton
James Pewton
Rita Piesse
Ginny Plunkett
John Plunkett
Derek Podd
Gordon Pollard
Josephine Pollard
Gary Rant
Nellie Reeder
Kenneth Ryder
Geoff Sankey
Keith Shaw
Nigel Singleterry
Kenneth Smith
Patricia Smith
Peter Stevenson
Pauline Stratton
Brian Taylor
Howard Thomas
Julian Thomas
Hilda Thompson
Peter Walder
David Watson
Isabel Watson
J S Graham Watt
Rosemary West
Elizabeth Wilson
Robert Woodcock
Brian Woodcock
Marcus Wortley

Paul Wraith
Joan Wylie
Life Members
Ann Brown
John Burton
Penny Cooke

Hon. Life Members
Ralph Bootman
Bryan Ellum
John Robbens
Jessie Steadman
Ronald Watson

Honorary Members
David Dunnett
Dr. Francis Jackson

Student Members
David Ballard
Christine Clement
Samuel Eglington
Maria Gash
Joseph Hendriks
Freddie Hutchins
Max John
Sohyun Park
Hannah Parry
Graham Smith
Winnie Smith
Edward Sutton
Simon Willoughby
Matthew Wright

Santa and Mrs Claus wish you all that you would wish for yourself this Christmas, but if you don't get it don't blame us!



.....and that goes for the New Year too!

