

The Journal

Spring 2018



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Norfolk Organists' Association

Norfolk Organists' Association

The art of music as related to the organ

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Front cover: Francis Jackson in his music room (photo: Martin J Cottam)

Back cover: Organs from the quiz night

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The Editor writes...

In my last Editorial, I considered the way we organists are often taken for granted. I don't want to harp on about it, but as you read on you will note Claire MacArthur's experience, one of many.

In a recent article in Church Music Quarterly (the RSCM's magazine), Barry Williams (the RSCM's Special Adviser) took up the subject of organists and their employment terms, and protection thereof. The article can be found on the RSCM's website. It reports on the working party set up by the RSCM in 2015 which included representation from the CofE, Clergy, RCO and ISM, the sub-committee of which has recently completed its first part of the task. As a result the Legal Advisory Committee of the CofE has published updated guidance on the interpretation of Canon Law

B20 which concerns music and musicians in church. The CofE has a PDF file of this new guidance but it went missing when the website was updated. I have managed to locate a copy the file that it pointed to (it is still missing as I write) but if you would like a PDF copy, please email me and I will send it on. Among many things, it includes an update on the vexed subject of CDs in services replacing the organist. It states clearly (in the event of extra services such as funerals and weddings) that '...the organist is still entitled to the normal remuneration or fee whenever any music is played or performed at any such service. This includes the playing of any CD or other recorded music'.

I like to watch Inspector Morse as a young detective on the television, and it was with great anticipation I sat down one Sunday evening after Evensong to watch *Endeavour* with my wife. As soon as it became clear that the local cinema organist was going to have a relatively important role (which included drinking a lot of Martinis – very realistic for me!), I said to Josie: 'You wait, either the organist did it or will be killed'. (He was murdered.) It is interesting that the character of the organist is perceived as such

by the wider, less-informed public. The character of an organist rarely appears and, realistically, that must be about right – how many people knowingly interact with an organist? Perhaps it is a shame that when people in general come across an organist, albeit fictional, and on a quite genteel show like *Endeavour* or *Midsommer Murders*, they are either despicable domineering despots, careless Casanovas, or murderers? Surely it can't be that true to life? Are we really that bad?

I think I might be inclined to align myself with the organist from *The Vicar of Dibley*, not Mrs Cropley (Liz Smith) with her wonderfully inedible sandwiches and cakes, but the nerd-like Cecil (Simon Mc Burney) with his slicked-back hair and line in *Wet, Wet, Wet* songs. At least he and Mrs Cropley were positive representations of organists, of course strange and perhaps even typical?

Young, aspiring organists should ignore the above comments, keep practising and remember the old adage, 'All organists are megalomaniacs, so choirs were invented to humble them!'

King's Lynn Minster Wordsworth Console, 1895

Recently, for nearly four weeks, we had no telephones or internet and mobiles are flaky where I live. So, I had ample time to sit at the Hauptwerk and begin learning the Reubke 94th Psalm Prelude. It had been a piece to learn before I die, and it's nearly there – the learning not the dying. I wondered if anyone wanted to share pieces they would like to learn before handing in their surplice? A Sorabji Organ Symphony perhaps? Write in and give your thoughts and aspirations please.

Two organs in King's Lynn are about to receive attention. The Minster organ will be shrouded in polythene sheeting to keep dust out while the restoration of the north quire clerestory is carried out – we hope to use it throughout this period. Richard Bower is about to spend three weeks or so cleaning, renovating and adjusting the lovely Father Willis in St Nicholas' Chapel.

Adrian Richards



CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF A VERY SPECIAL KIND



It was with deep disappointment I received the news that Ron Watson's centenary celebration of the life and works of Dr. Francis Jackson for NOA members would take place on 14th October 2017; I already had a long-standing commitment to be in Yorkshire on that date. Ah well. Yorkshire? Wait a minute... could there be any possibility at all of my securing a meeting with the great man himself on that very same day?!

Outrageous though this fantasy undoubtedly was I did have several factors playing in my favour. For one thing Francis knew who I was; I'd met him, albeit briefly, more than once down the years but what really secured my place in his consciousness was the coloured drawing of him I was commissioned by NOA to do in the wake of his visit to us as our

Desert Island Discs castaway back in 2010, a drawing he was subsequently keen to reproduce in his autobiography, "Music for a Long While" (a request I could hardly refuse!). Ron and Isabel Watson then mentioned Francis had asked after me when they visited him a couple of years ago, a similar enquiry being passed to me a few months later by one Jo Peach, my excellent piano teacher during my years as a York resident. She and her husband, Robin are long-standing friends of Francis and his family. Maybe, just maybe they could arrange for us to make a brief visit to see him?

Thus emboldened I emailed my 'nothing ventured, nothing gained' idea to Jo a few days prior to my departure for Yorkshire. She in turn contacted Francis's son, Ed who reported that his father was rather tired – understandably so having had to attend any number of celebration recitals and 'dos' held in his honour in the run up to his 100th birthday and beyond. Speeches had had to be given as well as endured and a recent small surgical procedure on his scalp had necessitated regular follow-up checks at the hospital in York. But Ed promised to see what he could do. Eventually the answer came that Francis thought it would be a

shame to let the opportunity slip.

And so it was that I found myself in Jo and Robin's car on that morning of Saturday 14th October as we proceeded to the fabled village of 'East' Acklam by way of a 'sight-seeing' diversion through the vast estate of Castle Howard - we didn't want to be too early for our very special appointment. Eventually the entrance to "Nether Garth" came into view on a corner along a narrow lane. Francis had opened the gate for us as arranged and we pulled onto the gravel adjacent to a stone outhouse of some sort which had a small sun lounge built on to its garden frontage. All was wonderfully quiet and peaceful, the well-maintained, sloping garden affording very agreeable views of the Wolds rolling away to the south east under the pale grey sky.



Picking our way along small

stepping stones set into the lawn and descending a little flight of stone steps we reached the stone cottage at the bottom and entered through the open porch door. And there he was, resplendent in dark tan trousers and a bright purple jumper, a diminutive, slightly hunched figure with large, gnarled hands, a little slow and soft of speech but exuding charm and gentle smiles; Dr Francis Jackson CBE, living legend and the first centenarian I have ever knowingly met.

He welcomed us warmly and led us into a low-ceilinged lounge of quintessential country cottage cosiness, a room cleverly divided into invitingly comfortable looking compartments by armchairs, a settee, and a small wooden trolley harbouring numerous art books and the like; here a little study nook, there the place to relax and rest in front of the fire, that sort of thing. Everywhere there were books, pictures and family mementoes, the accretions of a lifetime's interest and delight in all manner of things. A wealth of 100th-birthday cards were strung along the low beams overhead and Jo roared with laughter at the sight of an old and pretty Broadwood upright laden with cards and stuff on lid and

keyboard alike (how often had I arrived at Jo's house for a lesson to find her own piano similarly encumbered?!). Against the opposite wall and presiding over the whole scene stood a splendid antique grandfather clock the merest hint lower than the ceiling itself. A lived-in room devoid of pretension and very much the sort of place you couldn't help but want to take home with you.

We were ushered to a seating enclave at the far end lit by a floor-to-ceiling bay window looking out on to an area of the garden filled with plants and flowers gathered in a seemingly random way but looking delightful, not disordered -much like the lounge itself.

I had wondered how easily the conversation would flow but Robin is a natural raconteur and any worries I may have had were soon dispelled. Jo and I made our own contributions with Francis occasionally offering little interjections of elegantly expressed humour that invariably hit the spot with unerring precision. He is the master of the *mot juste*. He may be increasingly frail but his mind and memory and comic timing are as sharp as ever, though from time to time he had

to apologise for not recalling a specific word or name quickly enough. But then he does have so many more files and folders in his brain to search through than the rest of us! And any elusive word or name was always retrieved eventually.

At one point, using an intriguing portable device, Robin played a recording he'd made (with prior permission) of one of Francis's organ compositions during a public recital at Ripon Cathedral just a couple of days previously. He revealed the recitalist had confessed to him that Francis would probably think his performance too fast. Indeed he did. A wince of pain crossed his face as he declared the chosen tempo was at least twice what was necessary for proper expression of the music. He could not help but declare his concern that so many players seem to be in so much of a hurry these days. Hear, hear!

Many stories and opinions were enjoyably shared and it was quite a while before Francis suggested we have coffee. He and Jo duly disappeared into the kitchen whilst Robin and I took the opportunity to peruse more intently the remarkable room in which we found ourselves. There

were some wondrous (and clearly old) framed little silhouettes hanging either side of the fireplace; ancestors of Francis's late wife, Priscilla apparently. The women sported hair shapes fantastically bundled into peaks that stuck up diagonally from the back of their heads in the most peculiar fashion. Robin thought the volumes devoted to the landscape paintings of Corot might be Priscilla's too.

Coffee and biscuits had not long been brought in when the chimes of the grandfather clock prompted guesses as to what key they might be in. Francis got up and cleared the piano keyboard the better to decide the matter. Standing there he then played from memory the first lines of the lovely *Prélude* from Louis Vierne's *24 Pièces en Style Libre*, a piece Francis confessed he perhaps plays a mite too frequently on the harmonium in his local church. He feared the congregation may be getting a little tired of it by now. I thought it utterly delightful and I did not shrink back from the opportunity to share (at some length, probably) my enthusiasm for the music of both Vierne and his teacher, Widor (and for the Cavaillé-Coll organs they played too, no doubt).

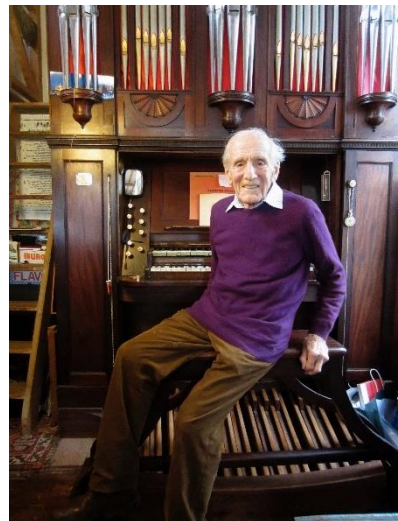
We had anticipated being with Francis for perhaps an hour or so. We were there for almost three! It was gone midday by the time I asked if Francis would object to my taking some photos. He clearly didn't mind one bit; indeed, Jo reckons he actually rather enjoys such attention! When both Robin and I had secured our required shots Francis asked if we would like to see "the organ". Er, yes, please! Having seen a photograph of it in his autobiography I had found myself wondering where on earth it could be in a house of such low ceilings. Even so I was still somewhat surprised when Francis proceeded to lead us out and up the garden towards that 'outhouse' by the gate I'd half thought might be a garage. Francis negotiated the stone steps slowly but with practised certainty (though Jo confessed later her heart was in her mouth the whole time, terrified he might trip or fall!).

On reaching the entrance to the aforementioned sun lounge Francis apologised for the mess we would encounter inside. But the patio doors yielded access to the most remarkable and surprising Aladdin's cave of treasures I think I've yet encountered. What looked so unassuming on the outside

turned out to harbour an interior open to double storey height, a veritable 'Tardis' indeed! Upon entering we were confronted with a wonderland of shelving, tables, and a gallery running down the left hand side (1). All were replete with music and all manner of archive material stacked, filed, or shelved to overflowing yet with a curious sense of underlying order. I almost didn't notice the grand piano immediately off to the right, also heavily laden and with a clever desk-like extension over the keyboard where, I supposed, the process of composition took place.

At the far end of the room a steep, wooden stepladder gave access to the gallery and I couldn't help wondering when Francis was last able to climb up there. Far more recently, I suspect, than one might suppose! Adjacent to the ladder was the organ with its two-manual console of Victorian appearance (flat, sloping stop jambs) topped by an exceedingly fine mahogany case of c.1796 complete with graceful 'gothick' arched pipeshades adorning each of the three pipe towers (2). To the right of the organ an empty wine bottle was suspended from a rather curious four-armed light fitting. The label sported a photograph of the young(ish) Widor and the

name 'Widoriade'. There were framed photographs of various other musicians and composers hung all about the place interspersed amongst an assortment of framed prints and pictures and certificates and the like. Close by the organ and leaning nonchalantly on one elbow Ravel looked characteristically dapper and immaculate.



Much to my surprise I gave in to Francis's request for me to play something. I decided upon Bach's *Liebster Jesu*, BWV 731 and Francis kindly sought out the music from the wall of shelves behind him. Unfortunately, his ancient Peeters edition proved tricky to play from, the left-hand accompaniment part frequently encroaching

unhelpfully upon the right hand 'solo' stave! Disconcerted I struggled. Francis did find and proffer an alternative edition but pointed out with a knowing smile that the left-hand part was printed in the tenor clef. I declined the offer. We then persuaded Francis to play the Vierne *Prélude* again and he did so till his memory of that composer's distinctive progression of harmonies faltered. But he then asked, "would you like to hear the full organ?" We said we would and he proceeded with an intriguing little chordal improvisation complete with pedal accompaniment, a lifetime of skills still there to be called upon. I managed to capture it all with my tiny digital camera. I doubt too many other organists of such renown have been filmed playing at the age of 100 years and 12 days! (3) It proved a fitting conclusion to what had been a truly extraordinary encounter and one during which I'd had no sense of our having outstayed our welcome.

Back outside I had the presence of mind to photograph Francis with his garden and cottage behind him. The warmest of farewells were exchanged before Francis ushered us on our way by waving both arms as he 'conducted'

Robin's three point turn and exit onto the lane. The large and flourishing cherry tree grown from a seed taken from Ravel's own garden was successfully avoided.

My head was in something of a spin as we drove back towards York (and continued to be so for several more hours). Had it all actually happened? I couldn't quite believe what we'd just enjoyed, couldn't thank Jo and Robin enough for what they'd so kindly brought about. And on my birthday too! The ultimate present! And how strange to realise as we drove, the skies clearing all the while to reveal an afternoon of radiant, golden sunshine and unseasonably mild temperatures, that my NOA friends back in Norwich were at that very moment eagerly gathering to hear all about the legend I'd just been so privileged to encounter in the comfort of his own home. I was still sorry to be missing the event, but one shouldn't be too greedy, should one?

Martin J. Cottam

1) Ron Watson tells me the gallery's front rail is modelled on that protecting the balcony overlooking the garden of Ravel's house at Montfort L'Amaury.

2) The organ (II/P 10) was originally built as a 9-stop single manual instrument c.1796 by Stephen White of London and came to Francis in two manual and pedal form by way of St. Mark's, Openwoodgate, Belper where it had been presented to the church in 1905 by one G.H. Strutt Esq DL (as proudly proclaimed by a contemporaneous engraved silver 'plaque' secured to the front of the case).

3) The movie can be found on my Youtube channel ('golgiapp1'). Simply google the words 'youtube Francis Jackson plays organ 100'.

Photos © Martin J Cottam

SWEET SINGING IN THE CHOIR

I have listened on the radio to the King's College Lessons and Carols almost every year for as long as an octogenarian can remember (right back to Boris Ord) but Christmas Eve 2017 found me and my wife and an adult son, along with many hundreds of others, in Norwich Cathedral for the Christmas Procession.

I have attended the Procession once before, 28 years ago, a few weeks after I had left the Anglican ministry and embarked on life as a Quaker, a move driven by growing dissatisfaction about what the Creeds say about Jesus. British Quakers abstain from creeds and hymns and clergy, and much of

our worship is in silence. The spoken ministry we give to each other is unprepared and comes from the moment, whereas the Procession had one very brief pause for silence, and every word, said or sung was selected (with great skill and imagination) many weeks in advance.

The welcome prepared by the Cathedral for this massive throng was magnificent. We were greeted by a small army of friendly, helpful, discreet and patient men and women, and provided with superb 28-page Orders of Service, complete with a fine image of an Old Master painting of the Holy Family and the Wise Men.

We were very early in our seats and found a front row place immediately beside the communion rails of the High Altar, whence we could admire the atmospheric lighting, which emphasises the strength of the Norman arches and the depths of the spaces and the beauty of the Gothic roofs. There were spectacular arrangements of flowers, just as you would expect.

Although an appeal to refurbish the organ is just beginning, it sounded splendid (when you could

hear it). Six pieces were listed for before the service – JSBach’s *In Dulci Jubilo* and Toccata in E, two by Olivier Messaien and one each by Daquin and Langlais. *In Dulci Jubilo* came over relatively loud and clear, fortified by 16-foot stops, but the remaining pieces were very largely inaudible in competition with hundreds of conversations. (To get silence for the opening reading, they wisely turned off the lights).

The Canons, the Dean and the Bishop (and their attendants and the processional cross) passed within inches of us at their first entry, richly apparelled in embroidered copes and the Bishop’s great golden mitre. There is a contrast to be pondered here between these robes and the swaddling clothes of Jesus, as there is between the manger in a stable and the glorious cathedral itself. You can justify it all by reminding yourself that we are celebrating a baby who is said to be the triumphant King and Lord of all. Does that fully convince us? Would Jesus have approved?

There was a rich traditional diet of carols for the congregation to sing – Once in royal, Midnight clear, See amid, O little town, The first Nowell, Hark the herald and O

come (plus the extra depth of Of the Father’s heart begotten). I found it much easier to sing lustily in the vast assembly than I have done in parish church settings; no doubt the strong rhythmic organ support is a great enabler.

Almost all of these carols contain dogmatic statements which many like me (and certainly not only Quakers) find hard to accept verbatim. “He came down to earth from heaven.” “Lo within a manger lies he who built the starry skies.” “That hath made heaven and earth from nought and with his blood mankind hath bought” and so on. The Christmas and Easter stories are a mighty myth, capable of giving infinite comfort, but requiring much suspension of earthbound reason. They are, of course, poetry, not fact. And it is much easier to sing poetry than to say dogmatic creeds.

The Cathedral choirs were on great form, despite a busy Christmas build-up. They contributed nine items, five of them traditional or very well-known, and four quite new or less known – but all nine including one or more elements of the myth – the Annunciation, the Lordship of Christ, the redemption from sin,

God being born, the giving of our hearts.

This being a procession, the choir sang in six different spots, beginning in the Eastern triforium space high above the Bishop's throne, and eventually reaching the far West end of the Nave and then returning to the High Altar. They sang five times in the Nave and four times in the Choir and Sanctuary. This proved surprisingly significant, since those of us sitting in the East end could just hear faint distant sounds when the choir was singing in the West (and presumably *vice versa*). Without a congregation, a choir singing by the West door would be fully audible in the far East, but not when there are hundreds of people sitting in winter coats absorbing the sound. The cathedral has a faultless system for relaying the spoken word from every corner of the building, so it would be a great boon if singing could also be thus captured and shared throughout.

All in all, it was a great and overpowering occasion, a strong and joyfully presented expression of the Christmas myth. It demonstrated the power of music and beauty to touch our hearts (even when our minds are

questioning). Someone who seldom darkens the door of a church for worship declared that he enjoyed every minute of it. So did we.

Peter Moss

DESERT ISLAND DISCS

Chris Duarte



Our President, Matthew Bond, welcomed us to the 2018 Desert Island Disc meeting in, as far as he can recall, a new venue, St Cuthbert's Church Hall on Wroxham Road. He gave a welcome to our guest Chris Duarte, who had agreed to be our castaway for today and face the seeker of facts and stories, Ron Watson.

Ron introduced us to Chris's unique musical background and to

his massive contribution to music in Norwich and Norfolk. Chris and his wife Anne own and run the St. George's Music Shop in Norwich. Anne was born and spent her early days here. Chris was born in London into a very musical family. His Father, John, an industrial chemist, was a composer, arranger and guitarist of the highest quality. Jazz was a musical feature and many well-known jazz musicians visited the home.

The first disc chosen for his island collection is by John Duarte – *Joan Baez Suite*, played on the guitar. Chris was now on his musical journey, began playing the cello at the age of seven. He went to the William Ellis School, where music was very much encouraged and joined a church choir. As a bit of an outlet began supporting Tottenham Hotspur football club.

Disc Two: *The intimacy of the Blues* – Duke Ellington keeps the jazz music theme very much in the family taste.

Thinking of his future, Chris chose to go to Dartington in Devon, which offered a wide range of musical awareness and for the first time to move away from home. It was during this period he met his wife to be, Anne. They were

married in Norwich in 1984, the music being played on the newly installed Collins organ, in fact Kenneth Ryder gave the inaugural concert at 7pm on the same day

Disc Three: was to reflect that period, the singer Stacey Kent singing the track *Breakfast on the Morning Tram*. She came to Norwich regularly and both Anne and Chris enjoyed her singing especially the choice and clarity of the words. 1982, spent one year in Surrey involved with practical course on music projections.

Disc Four: Stravinsky – *Symphony of Psalms*, last movement. A much-loved piece.

Chris, by now, has employment in the BBC Gramophone Library and Anne works in a record shop in the Strand. He still found time to start and develop The Escorial group of singers. The next selected piece of music relates to that period.

Disc Five: Victoria – *Ascendens Christus*.

In 1987 Chris and Anne now felt the need to work for themselves and placed an advert in the Classical Music magazine, for a music shop outside London. They received one reply on St Georges Day and that was in Norwich,

Anne's early home. They made the leap into the unknown and started their life in this fair city. Shortly after arriving Chris joined the Cathedral choir and remained with them for 18 years. Anne became organist at Postwick, later moving to Colgate where she has played for the last 27 years. In 1988 Chris joined the Keswick Hall choir with Anne joining him in 1989. They decided to begin publishing music in 1997 and one of their earlier releases was the next music track.

Disc Six: *St. Peter and Paul* – Carl Rutti (with Tim Patient in charge of organ stops and page turning).

Working with choirs was the next step in Chris's Norfolk journey, especially children's groups and the Hethersett Choral Society. There was an approach from St. John's RC Cathedral to see if he would consider taking on the role of choir director and following a meeting with Father James this was agreed. It was a difficult period in the beginning, but perseverance and time paid off. The next piece of music is the result of organising a concert in the RC Cathedral which featured the well-known Swingle Singers and an organ recital, it was a sell-out.

Disc Seven: Swingle Singers, singing Jerome Kern's *All the things you are*.

Ron then quizzed Chris on would he be able to cope on a desert island? Yes, replied Chris, he had been a Sea Scout and could create a shelter and he could cook. The extra book would be The Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians and an additional castaway would be Leonardo de Vinci.

Disc Eight: Juan Garcia de Zespedes – *Condividando esta la noche*. This was great fun to make and is based on a baroque Christmas piece and is just pure joy.

When asked which disc he would chose over the rest, Chris went for the Stravinsky recording.

Finally, if there was one memorable moment of Chris's story which will stay, it would be of his Mother and Father setting out from their London home to travel to a musical event. Their mode of transport was a tandem bicycle with a double-bass strapped to the side, a trumpet in the front carrier bag and a guitar on Mother's back!! The mind boggles.

Ray Bedwell

ORGAN NEWS

Holmes and Swift are about to relocate the former UEA music department organ built by P D Collins into a private house in the north of England.

Boggis and Co have dismantled the organ in St Mary the Virgin Church in Cranworth while the rotten floor in the tower under the organ was being replaced. Once the new floor was complete they reassembled the organ in time for Christmas.

Outside the county, two Willis instruments have received their attention. Rodney remarks that it is strange how there seems to be no logical layout to the pedal soundboards with their pipes apparently arranged randomly. Not only does this present a challenge when re-planting the pipes after carrying out work but it also complicates tuning since it is impossible to predict where the next pipe will be located!

Members will no doubt have noticed that the last of the nuns has now moved out of All Hallows' Convent Ditchingham. It will be interesting to see what happens now to the site as a whole, and

especially to the chapel with its three manual N&B/Bower instrument.

Norfolk organs, please let me know on SankeyGP@gmail.com.

Geoff Sankey

Online Archive of back copies of The Journal

We are grateful to Michael Flatman who has now completed the mammoth task of scanning and uploading copies of the Journal from the Summer 1992 issue to the present day and making them available to view online here:- <https://issuu.com/norfolkorganistsassociation>

Some fascinating reading to be had!



I hate it when the organist is away on holiday!

VIEWS

Thank you for your good work in taking over editing the Journal, which I've enjoyed reading for many years. I too had the experience (in December 2016) of playing for a one-off charity carol service; after doing it free of charge, and being ignored and not even offered a cup of tea afterwards, I declined to repeat the experience in 2017!

I thought you might enjoy the following. Seen on the TV programme *A Vicar's life*: as a small village congregation started to sing 'For all the saints...' the subtitles showed 'who from their *neighbours* rest...!'

Claire MacArthur
(Organist at Trinity URC, Norwich)



FORTHCOMING ASSOCIATION EVENTS

AGM

**Saturday 17th March 2018,
11:30am, Rosebery Road
Methodist Church, Norwich**

The Annual General Meeting will take place at Rosebery Road, Methodist Church and Lecture Room. For those of you who don't know, Rosebery Road is in the North of Norwich and lies between St. Clements Hill and Angel Road. Parking will be available in the school playground, opposite the Church.

If you require the lunch it will cost £7 (payable in cash on the day please). It would greatly help with catering if you could order your lunch **as soon as possible** and certainly **not later than Wednesday 7th March**. Please let Harry Macey know on:

events@norfolkorganists.org.uk or
01692 501023

11:30-12:00 AGM; 12:30-13:30
Lunch; 13:30 Organ Recital by
Ginny Plunkett to include music
by Brian Lincoln, Anthony Foster,
Denis Bédard and Ernest
Tomlinson. 14:30 finish

PROPOSED VISIT TO HAMBURG, GERMANY

Tuesday 23rd October to Friday
26th October 2018



We are proposing a visit to Hamburg from Tuesday 23rd October to Friday 26th October 2018. We plan to visit and play a number of historic organs including St. Jacobi (pictured) and as with our successful visits to Groningen, we are very fortunate to have secured Sietze de Vries as our guide and demonstrator.

Planning is at an early stage, so we do not have an exact cost of the visit which will be dependent on the number of people on the trip. However, we estimate that the cost will be slightly more than our previous visit to Groningen. As a rough guide the cost of the last visit was shared between 15 people and was approximately 85 Euros each plus travel and accommodation.

We are still exploring accommodation possibilities the

cost of which is not included in the trip. Participants will also need to make their own travel arrangements. There are several options available for travel to Hamburg. At the time of writing direct flights are available from London Stansted to Hamburg with Ryanair for around £140 return with a flight time of 90 minutes. Another alternative would be to use the Harwich to Hook of Holland Ferry daytime crossing travelling either by car or train with an overnight stay on the Dutch/German border and finally you could travel by train using Eurostar and high speed trains on the continent, with an overnight stay either in London or in Holland.

If you are interested in joining us on this visit would you kindly let Michael Flatman know by e-mail mikefl@talktalk.net or telephone 01603 452485 by midday on Monday 23rd April 2018 at the latest. This will enable us to give a more accurate assessment of the cost. It would also be helpful if you could let Michael know how you intend to travel. We will of course publish an update to our plans in the next edition of the Journal.

Michael Flatman

VISIT TO BURGHELEY

Saturday 14th July 2018



We will travel by Eastons Coaches to St Mary's Church Stamford to play the organ here and then move down the hill to St Martins Church, Stamford and in the afternoon we have an option to visit Burghley House or you can instead explore this beautiful Market Town.

Depart from Eastons Depot in Stratton Strawless at 07:45 hrs. Pick-up at Harford Park and Ride – please be ready to board at approximately 08:00 hrs.

Coach £17.50 pp, Burghley House £12.50 pp for self-guided tour at 15:00 hrs (subject to a minimum number of 20 people.)

Booking is open to all – please ask family and friends to join us to ensure we have a full coach and to make this a viable and enjoyable trip!

Bookings now being taken complete with payment by Cheque made payable to 'Norfolk Organists Association'. (See separate sheet.) Please confirm booking with payment to:- Mathew R Martin, 72 Mileham Drive, Aylsham, Norfolk NR11 6WD. Tel 01262 731075 Mob 07771 620610 Email mathewmartin@hotmail.com

ORGAN RECITALS

NORWICH CATHEDRAL

8 March Neil Wright
2 April David Dunnnett
7 May Stephen Disley
28 May George Castle
20 June George Inscoe

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NORWICH LUNCHSTOP ORGAN RECITALS

June 2018

4th Philip Luke
12th Florian Pagitsch
18th Daniel Justin
25th Ashley Grote

July 2018

9th Henry Macey
16th Andrew Parnell
30th Tim Patient

August 2018

6th Peter O'Connor
13th David Ivory
20th Paul Dewhurst

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE

Electronic 'Norwich' Organ

Specification

Great Organ

Trompette 8'

Octavin 1'

Fifteenth 2'

Principal 4'

Nason Flute 4'

Diapason 8'

Stopped Flute 8'

Duciana 8'

Swell organ

Tremulant

Clarion 4'

Clarinet 8'

Trumpet 8'

Contra Fagotto 16'

Larigot 1¹/₃

Piccolo 2'

Salicet 4'

Octave 4'

Gedackt 8'

Salicional 8'

Contra Salicional 16'

Pedal Organ

Rankett 4'

Fifteenth 4'

Principal 8'

Geigen 16'

Trombone 16'

Bass Flute 16'

Bourdon 16'

Couplers:

Sw to Gt; Sw to Ped; Gt to Ped

Accessories

Swell pedal

3 thumb pistons to each manual

4 toe pistons

Stool

Speaker

Overall dimensions:

Width 151cm

Depth 115 cm

Height 122cm

*Proceeds of the sale will be
donated to the Norwich Cathedral
Music Appeal*

All enquiries to Ron Watson at
Ronald Watson
339watron@gmail.com or 01362
858670

QUIZ AND CHIPS EVENING

Have you visited Blackburn Cathedral? No, me neither. So in the pictures of cathedral organs round that was another point lost in this year's quiz. Our genial hosts and quiz masters were Michael and Pamela Flatman, returning for a second year, with questions that lesser mortals as well as organists could answer (mostly).

This year those with magpie minds able to recall not only the year Radio Norfolk started broadcasting but the day and the month were rewarded with bonus points, while those of us who had revised the Beatles greatest hits after last year's whole round on them had to make do with remembering which Abba song contained the words 'Friday night and the lights are low'.

Several questions were cunningly included to provoke argument in the individual teams over the right answer, notably: who has won the most men's finals at Wimbledon.

It was probably inevitable that a team which knew the day Radio Norfolk started would get more points than teams who merely

knew that the symphony popularly entitled 'The Italian' was Mendelssohn's 4th and so it proved, congratulations to team Napoleon Roper.

Congratulations and thanks too to Michael and Pamela for a most enjoyable quiz, and to Harry Macey for organising the fish and chips, without which no NOA quiz would be complete.

Jeremy Worth

QUIZ & CHIPS 2018 - Questions

1. In which film would you find Scarlett O'Hara?
2. What colour is the Waterloo and City Line on the London Underground Map?
3. Who was the leader of UKIP in the 2017 General Election?
4. In which year did the new Norfolk & Norwich Hospital first open its doors? Was it 1998 2001 or 2003
5. England won the Football World Cup in 1966 but which team won the F A Cup that year?
6. To which country do the Faroe Islands belong?
7. Who was the first James Bond girl ?

8. What is the largest planet in the solar system?
9. In the TV sitcom what was the surname of George and Mildred?
10. Which princess is known by her husband's name?
11. What is the only English anagram of Graphically?
12. What was the name of the Norfolk architect who designed Jarrold's Store and the Norwich Union building among others?
13. Who has won the most men's finals at Wimbledon?
14. What were the names of the two rival gangs in West Side Story?
19. The Wedge Bach Prelude and Fugue in E Minor BWV 548
20. Simple Symphony Benjamin Britten
21. A Sea Symphony Vaughan Williams
22. Elvira Madigan Mozart Piano Concerto No. 21
23. Little Russian Tchaikovsky Symphony No 2
24. Italian Mendelssohn Symphony No 4
25. In which year was Norwich Cathedral organ destroyed by an electrical fire?
26. In which city is Bizet's Carmen set?
27. Who made the first live televised 147 break in Snooker?
28. Who wrote the lyrics to the carol 'Hark The Herald Angels Sing?'
29. What was the name of Norwich City's football ground between 1908 and 1935?
30. What did the ARP Warden call Capt. Mainwaring in Dad's Army?
31. In which county is Wigan?
32. In the Bible who was Jacob's youngest son?

Music Round

The following pieces were played and teams were asked to identify the popular name, the actual name and the composer

15. Pastoral Symphony No. 6 Beethoven
16. A Musical Joke Mozart Divertimento for Two Horns and Strings K522
17. Unfinished Symphony Schubert Symphony No 8
18. Symphony of a Thousand Mahler Symphony No. 8

33. Which pop song includes the words 'Friday night and the lights are low?'
 34. In which year did BBC Radio Norfolk begin broadcasting? Was it 1980, 1981 or 1982?
 35. In Scrabble how many points is the letter J worth?
 36. In which county were Jane Austen and Charles Dickens born?
 37. In which city was the first public performance of Handel's Messiah?
 38. What is Pancetta?
- 39 to 50: Identify these 12 English Cathedral Organs.
(See back cover for photos)

Answers

1. Gone with the Wind
2. Turquoise
3. Paul Nuttall
4. 2001
5. Everton (3-2 against Sheffield Wednesday)
6. Denmark
7. Ursula Andress
8. Jupiter
9. Roper
10. Princess Michael of Kent
11. Calligraphy
12. George Skipper
13. Roger Federer.
14. The Jets and The Sharks.
(15 to 24 Music Round)
25. 9th April 1938
26. Seville
27. Steve Davis
28. Charles Wesley
(Mendelssohn added the tune we know later)
29. The Nest (which was in a disused chalk pit in Rosary Road)
30. Napoleon
31. Greater Manchester
32. Benjamin
33. Dancing Queen by Abba
34. 1980 (11th September)
35. Eight
36. Hampshire
37. Dublin
38. Bacon
39. Blackburn
40. Brentwood
41. Bristol
42. Coventry
43. Ely
44. Exeter
45. Gloucester
46. Manchester
47. Norwich
48. Peterborough
49. St. Paul's
50. Chester

