

Number 43



ARM 2003 Monmouth

The high point of the Sunday morning entertainment was a performance of **Constant Billy**, Headington Quarry style, by Isca Morris Men, with two imports. One was the Squire, Cliff Marchant, who is largely hidden behind the second, David Davie AM. David is the Welsh Assembly Member for Monmouthshire, & he had turned up for the display, as had the Mayor of Monmouth..

The programme included morris & traditional Welsh social dancing. Unfortunately, the meeting of the Advisory Council overran somewhat. When the members eventually emerged into the sunshine, the event was well under way. There seemed to be no sign of the promised press & TV cameras, so the event had to make do with amateur photographers.

The Saturday evening Feast had been graced by a lady

harpist, & a female quartet singing traditional & modern Welsh songs. The quartet was the crowning point of the evening, & seriously endangered several diners' equilibrium. Favourite attire of the evening was a pair of fitted gold lamé trousers.

More photos & news can be found on page 9.

Eddie Dunmore

The Squire

The autumn and winter season has been interesting for me. I have not only met sides up and down the country, but also had to consider, & react to, the implications of the Public Entertainments Licence Bill. The Morris Futures Project has also needed time. John Frearson and I attended a meeting at Wigmore

Hall last month to discuss the PEL Bill with representatives from other interested parties, such as the other morris organisations, the EFDSS, the Musicians' Union, etc. I have since had a telephone call from the Minister's office to set up a meeting with the Minister: I will keep you all informed.

There is not a great deal happening with the Morris Futures Project, but the Ring and the other two organisations are still working together and hoping to get it up and running. A joint meeting is planned later this month.

I was very pleased by the interest shown in the questionnaire:— my thanks to all the sides who made the effort to return the form. It showed that many sides are quite willing to share days/evenings of dance with Federation, Open Morris, & Morris Ring sides but outside the dancing rarely communicate. I hope this attitude

changes so that we can work together to promote/educate people regarding our traditions. There are sides who are quite happy just dancing once a week and do not wish to be associated with any others, or feel that things should be left to take their course: I respect their view, but I believe we will achieve more by working together.

A new Brochure for the Morris Ring is beginning to be put together, if any side has any recent photographs that they think are worth sending will they please get them to me and I will pass them on.

I have had a very enjoyable time travelling up and down the M25, M40, M1, & M6, etc, acquiring a speeding ticket on my way to Mike Chandlers! Also, I have been visiting the various ales & feasts, sampling exotic cuisine, & imbibing mysterious ales.

I am looking forward to the summer: especially the Ring Meetings where we can meet up, & discuss (yea or nay) feint steps, hooklegs, & galleys!!! over a pint or two.

I hope you all have a successful and rewarding summer of music and dance.

Cliff



Photo-Credits

Where articles are accompanied by photographs, the default assumption is that they came from, & are copyright of, the author. The only photographs for which I must plead responsibility are those from the Annual Representatives' Meeting at Monmouth.

Honour your Partner, Welsh-style: a moment in the Sunday morning display, 9.iii.2003

Eddie Dunmore.

Morris Eighteen-Thirty, October 25-27 2002



A Border dance in the Cornmarket

Somewhere in the dim and distant past Alastair Hutchinson (**Yately**, among others) was having beer fuelled chat with Graham Hubbard (**Man Friday/Icknield Way**) about Morris, the universe & everything, and came up with the idea of a weekend of dance just for those under thirty. They told me about the idea during a midnight hike along the Ridgeway footpath (don't ask), and foolishly I took on the project. Six months later it flopped quite spectacularly. I think at this point Ali and Graham were facing up to the fact that it might never happen. My stubbornness was thinking otherwise, & with the help of Alastair & Graham, & a few pointers from John Frearson, it happened. Morris 18-30 2003 is all planned, & Leicester are already knocking ideas around for 2004: Morris 18-30 is here to stay! As soon as seven chaps had arrived on the Friday night the dancing started, working out which dances we all knew and trying to get us dancing in a similarish style. Getting slightly carried away dinner was quite late followed by a trip to the Chester Arms. Some playing, singing and

dancing in the pub ensured there was free beer from the landlord. Back at the hall more beer was had and folks finally went to bed at 27 O'clock or something — I dun-no, I can't really remember. Saturday morning started with a big lardy fry up, & another bit of a dance to get a few more variations ironed out. **Oxford Brookes University** quite typically caused the biggest cock up of the weekend by locking me in the Students' Union — & loosing the mini-bus keys — so getting to town involved plan B, the No. 4 bus (where I'm told a pro-fox hunting song went down a treat). The first dance spot was by the Bear, Oxford's oldest pub, dating back to a long time ago. Shame it was shut really. From there we took Cornmarket Street by storm. Cornmarket is crammed with people and has just enough room to dance when the crowds are told to move by a guy with a big stick. Gloucester Green market square was totally empty of people, but is such a good area for dancing that we danced for the pigeons. Well, the ones which hadn't been injured by the Leicester lads. The problem with Oxford is that you can ei-

ther have lots of people or plenty of space so apart from Cornmarket everywhere was a little low on the crowd front. Sitting in the warm late October sun we ate Lunch by the Old School. There seemed to be quite a crowd gathering outside this pub. It soon emerged that this was the beginning of a tourists' walking tour and they all walked off. From here on the planned tour kind of disintegrated and we just played it by ear. Going back to Cornmarket to collect loads of wogga to fund next year's event and going in random pubs because they looked nice. A request was made to dance in Christchurch Meadow which was a splendid idea: I should have thought of it myself really. The back of Christchurch College is obscenely pretty and the perfect place for that "*late afternoon when everyone's knackered and mellow*" dance spot. From there we toddled to the Head of the River pub to await the boat that would take us back to Donnington Bridge and our humble abode. The funniest safety announcement you've ever heard was soon followed by a few dances on the top deck and the odd wave and

cheer for the female rowers on the river.

The Foster family cooked a superb feast for the dancers from Leicester, Kennet, Ebor, Jockey, Rumford, Men of Wight, Packington, Harthill and the hosts Icknield Way. Sunday saw a disappointing turn out from the local teams - where were you all? Fallen trees kept a few away and Icknield Way produced a side but as for the others, they missed an enjoyable Sunday tour. Walking along the towpath we reached the Isis Tavern, where a stag party greeted us with great enthusiasm and joined in Leicester's audience participation dance. After free beer from the Landlady we walked across Iffley Lock and arrived at the Prince Of Wales. Those that had any energy left danced a bit and then had lunch and a session. The Landlord was so happy with what we had done, he couldn't thank me enough and gave us more free beer than we could drink (really!).

In all, a totally awesome weekend. It certainly was a laugh, even those who knew very few dances had a brilliant weekend. There were many discussions about future years and it was left that Oxford would b



The Orchestra at the Cornmarket

the location for next year to really get the event established with Leicester keen to host it in 2004. What's needed now is for the good word to be spread. Many guys contacted me in the last few weeks before the weekend having only just heard about it despite the fact that they dance with one or more ring teams and so should have heard about the event in May!! ***Come on Bagmen: why are you not passing this information on?***

Morris 18-30 2003 will be on September 26th-28th 2003. Be there...if think you're hard enough!

Latest details for 2003 and lots of photos from 2002 can be seen on the website: www.morris18-30.freewebspace.co.uk. Contact me on: ben@morris18-30.freewebspace.co.uk or 079 6730 2003

Ben Higgs



by email from Norman Stanfield

I recently soaked up the latest issue of The Morris Dancer, V.3, N.10, January 2003). Thank you, Eddie Dunmore.

There is an excellent (repeated?) description of the early days of the Morris Ring, by somebody who was "there" to see, or later hear, how most of it happen - Walter Abson. It is supplemented by a careful description of one of those early key people - Joseph Needham. So, this is my question, from having read the article.

We learn that in the early days, the early Ring dancers were rigorously trained by teachers within the EFD Society when they were banding together in clubs of mutual interest.

So, as far as the Ring is concerned, at what point did the dance instruction pass from the hands of the EFDS to the Ring, in the form of the team foreman? Was this considered in some circles to be a sudden drop in dance standards? How

did the various foremen combat this apprehension? And when did the EFDS cease teaching morris, presumably because the Ring had come to monopolize the role (with the help of the Black Book, etc.), and finally ended up as the new "home" of morris?

Why is this of interest? Because it is part and parcel of a question of transmission, and any baggage that might be attached to that passage of information.

I am seeing several "revivals" here:

1. Cecil Sharp (agenda - nationalism, Merrie Englands, Frazerian paganism)
2. the Ring (agenda - recreation, rural idyll, Frazerian paganism, ?)
3. the '60s (agenda -recreation, anti-establishment, rural idyll, Frazerian paganism, ?)
4. the millenium (agenda - "recreation, informed social history, multiculturalism", or "recreation, fantasy")

Ravensbourne Abroad

The Ravensbourne Morris Men were recently honoured in Bromley's twin town of Neuwied (am Rhein). The ceremony took place in Neuwied on October 26th last, where they were presented with the Bromley Shield of Honour by the Chairman of the Neuwied Partnerstadt Committee, Herr Wilhelm Kohler, in the presence of the Oberburgomeister of Neuwied, Oberburgomeister Nikolaus Roth. Several of the Town Councillors, & representatives from some of Neuwied's other twin towns also attended the presentation.

This Shield of Honour is awarded annually by the Neuwied Partnerstadt Committee, to an individual, an organisation, or a company who,

in the opinion of the committee, has made an outstanding contribution to the spirit of friendship and understanding between the two towns. This particular award was made "for the performance of their art, and the sense of fun which they bring to the festival".

Ravensbourne Morris Men began their association with Neuwied ever since accepting an invitation to the original Twinning Ceremony and the Grand Opening of the Heimathaus back in 1988. Since then, they have been back to Neuwied for the Rheinlandpfalz-tag (the local area carnival) in 1993, and have returned five times to Neuwied's annual Deichstadtfest, which celebrates the town's freedom from flooding since the building of a very



large concrete dyke alongside the Rhine back in the thirties.

The photograph shows representatives of Ravensbourne Morris Men with the Oberburgomeister and Herr Wilhelm Kohler, Left to

Right: Aidan Hardy; Malcolm Ward, Squire of Ravensbourne; Oberburgomeister Nikolaus Roth, Bernard Hodge; Herr Wilhelm Kohler, committee chairman.

Malcolm Ward

Grand Union in Flanders

Grand Union Morris "invited" themselves to the Hop and Beer Festival in Poperinge, Belgium on the weekend of September 14 -15. The festival, which only occurs every third year, celebrates the harvesting of hops in one of Belgium's most prolific areas.

The region was also very much involved in, & affected by, World War 1, & has a major canal, so that gave us at least three good reasons to go.

After arriving by various diverse means on Friday (the 13th!), Grand Union got their bearings, & a taste of the local bières. We then spent the evening enjoying similar pleasures at the Muzikaal Openingsfeest in a huge marquee in the town.

Suitably sobered, Saturday morning saw us entertaining the clientele at a restaurant adjoining the Sint-Sixtus Abbey Brewery. This was followed by a short train ride into the city



of Ypres and a session of dancing outside the Grote Markt.

Every evening at 8pm there is a brief but poignant ceremony at the Menin Gate in Ypres to honour 56,000 dead from the British Empire who fell during the First World War and

have no known graves. In honour of the many Morris dancers lost to the War, we danced a small set just outside the Gate finishing with Shepherds Hey (Fieldtown) prior to the official ceremony.

Sunday turned out to be just as busy: in the morning we performed for the visitors at the National Hop Museum, and after lunch entertained the crowds and dignitaries in the main square prior to the first floats of the Pageant arriving. This was at the request of the

Poperinge Tourist Board. The Pageant was the climax of the festival, with decorated floats from various regions and countries relevant to hop production.

Following the finish of the procession, the indefatigable GUM continued to dance in the vicinity of the square, even winning the co-operation of an unsuspecting Japanese visitor for Valentine (Ducklington).



GREEN OAKS 30th



Over the weekend of 5th — 7th July Green Oak hosted their weekend of dance as part of their 30th anniversary celebrations. Guests from Anker, Rutland, Saddleworth, Kennet, Anstey, Jockey, Boars Head, Ebor along with the three Ring Officials were



taken on a tour through time and the leafy lanes of South Yorkshire — Yes we do have those, it's not all pit tips and steel works.

The tour began at the medieval Tithe Barn at Brodsworth (which served as the base for the weekend) and moved into Doncaster to walk the time line from pre-history to present day before mass dancing took place on the site of the old

Buttercross in the Market Place. The Roman walls by St. George's Church were viewed before the coach crossed the new bridge over the Don to Sprotborough, famous for Sir Walter Scott writing "Ivanhoe" whilst sat watching the cricket (one has to do something during the lulls in the game), and "The Boat Inn" a 17th century ferry boat inn on the river.

From ancient to modern was the next jump as the sides performed at the Earth Centre in Conisborough before partaking of the provided lunch of bottled lager and a few sandwiches! Fortunately the "Station Hotel" providing 50 burgers at short notice redeemed the situation, as did the hand pulled Tetley's. This

double lunch meant we were late at the Plantaganet Castle of Conisborough but were still well received by the small crowd and staff that saw us dance in the inner bailey. The view from the top of the keep (used in the film "Ivanhoe") was worthwhile for those who managed it but the steps are not recommended for those it clogs!

Finally we adjourned to the 18th Century ex-farmhouse Cadeby Inn for informal dancing and drinking before returning to the hall for the feasts followed by entertainment provided by a Turkish Belly Dancer (and an Ebor man) and a daring display of Fire Jumping by Saddleworth Morris. The bar remained open whilst ever anyone was

standing. A short sleep was taken before breakfast was served al-fresco on the "patio" with the local sheep watching.

Those who were able to stay spent the Sunday at Hooton Pagnall performing to large crowds at the Victorian Street



The next Michael Schumacher?

Market there and in the case of Ebor performing a good impression of the un-dead after a very long and heavy night for some of them, playing while sat amongst the gravestones in the churchyard.

Green Oak would like to thank all those who attended and made their anniversary weekend extra special.



The Jigs Instructional

January 18th-20th, 2003

Hosted by Dolphin Morris Men

at Sutton Bonnington



The weekend started as it meant to continue — with good food. The Seafood Pasta Bake followed by fruit salad was a fine way to prepare for Bert Cleaver's Fieldtown session. Bert laid down the law from the very beginning: *"For the duration of this weekend do things the way I tell you to"*. This was refined by the other session leaders over the course of the weekend: *"Do what I'm telling you, not what I'm showing you"* (Tony Ashley, Oddington, Saturday morning); *"Do what I'm telling you now, not what I told you 10 min-utes ago"* (Geoff Jerram, Bledington, Saturday morning); *"Do what I'm telling you, even though these capers are indescribable"* (Bert, Sherborne, Saturday afternoon); *"Don't do what I told you, because that was all wrong"* (Mike Matthew, Ascott, Sunday morning).

When released from the rigours of Fieldtown, everyone streamed down to the Kings Arms where the musicians promptly took over the back end of the lounge and launched into a session. The pub was surprisingly empty at the start. One table was occupied by a few locals who proved unequal to the strain and left after about half an hour. The only other occupants were a rough gathering of men who appeared to have been carousing in the bar all

evening. These later turned out to be a group of Winchester men in civvies.



After returning from the pub, a number of people gravitated to the kitchen where there was bread pudding on offer and quite a lot of leftover pasta bake. Bert, to everyone's surprise, had gone to bed early, but he came within a whisker of being roused again when, as a means of remedying the unexpected lack of port, someone suggested raiding his sleeping bag. Perhaps as a protest against the shortage of port, Joe Oskiewicz of Dolphin fomented a plan wherein he single-handedly deposed the Squire and installed himself as the "People's Squire".

Saturday morning, and the post was delivered to the

nearby houses by a postwoman on a bicycle. She eyed the unkempt group taking the air outside the Village Hall with some amusement and finally asked *"Morris dancers?"*. "Yes", someone replied, *"would you like to join us?"* "No fear!" she rejoined and cycled away as fast as her little legs would take her.

The first session of the morning was Bledington, led by Geoff Jerram, followed by

jacket potatoes were putting up an unusual show of resistance, so we were sent off to the pub early. By common consent, everyone took the longer walk to The Anchor and passed a pleasant hour until the call came to say that the jacket potatoes had finally been conquered.

The first session in the afternoon was Geoff's own version of Bampton, and the final session was the dreaded Sherborne, led by Bert. It took a little while to nail down exactly why the Sherborne session felt different to all the others, but it slowly became clear: there was much more room to dance in than there had been in the previous sessions. Looking around the room, a considerable number of by now familiar faces suddenly weren't there any more. Whereas galleys in the Oddington session usually resulted in kicking at least one other person, galleys in the Sherborne session could be done with reckless flair. Those who did stay for the Sherborne went to The Anchor afterwards with a sense of smug satisfaction.



The starter at the Feast was Greek Salad with pitta bread, followed by Basque Pork & Beans for the main course and Plum Tart for pudding. The usually predictable ceremony of the after-dinner toasts got off to an entirely unpredictable start. The Squire revealed that, like all great leaders, he kept himself informed of everything that went on in his domain including, in this case, the plot surrounding the "People's Squire". Joe was ordered to the front, where he did his best to look sheepish, but didn't succeed very well. As "People's Squire", he was given the task of asking Martin Morley, Squire of Dolphin, to propose the Loyal Toast. "Well", he began, "Martin, will you give the Loyal Toast?" to which the answer came "No, you do it!" (And he did).

Afterwards, BFB proposed the toast to The Immortal Memory, Charlie Corcoran of Leicester toasted the Morris Ring and The Squire toasted Dolphin Morris Men.

The after-dinner entertainment consisted of a broad miscellany of songs. Gerald Willey, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, gave a sensitive rendition of "The Keeper". There was also a surprisingly idyllic song about "the rolling downs of Hamp-

shire" from John Bartlett of Victory, but it later emerged that the lyrics had been toned down in deference to the mixed company. John Baxter of Furness managed to use William McGonagall's poem "The Tay Bridge Disaster" as the basis for an all-inclusive performance of choral speaking, with everyone taking up the refrain "On the last Sabbath day of 1879 / Which will be remember'd for a very long time".

Mersey began their slot with the announcement that they intended to pilot a scheme to improve law and order by dressing as policemen when on their morris tours. The Squire obligingly modelled the new costume, including a helmet that was a little on the small side. To thank him for his help, Mersey then sang a song about the Squire's childhood days when "Little Cliffie" was kidnapped and taken to sea by a band led by "Steve BFB". When the food ran out, they informed Little Cliffie that they would have to eat him to survive but, fortunately for the Morris Ring, he was saved in the nick of time when land was sighted.

The Kings Arms was almost deserted when we arrived. One couple, who were probably students, did their best to



ignore the swelling numbers of men in strange clothes, but finally fled when one of those strange men grabbed the girl and began to teach her to jive. Musicians and singers kept the bar alive for hours and BFB stole the show with a stunning performance on his whistle.

Sunday morning began as so many Sunday mornings do - with a head-ache. More accurately, looking at the faces assembled over breakfast, it seemed to begin with about 30 separate head-aches. The main item on the breakfast menu was Bert's incomparable kedgerree (with scrambled eggs for the faint-stomached). Of course, kedgerree is not always to everyone's taste -

someone tried to compromise by requesting a portion "without fish".

Everyone cheered up as the morning progressed, but this seemed to be mainly because the threat of Headington had been removed. Headington, the usual Sunday starter, was replaced this year by a joint session of Ascott, led by Mike Matthew, and Longborough, led by Bert. After coffee came the revision session, which is always very humbling as you realise how little you retained from the previous sessions. Never mind — there's always next year.

Idris Roker
Bathampton Morris Men

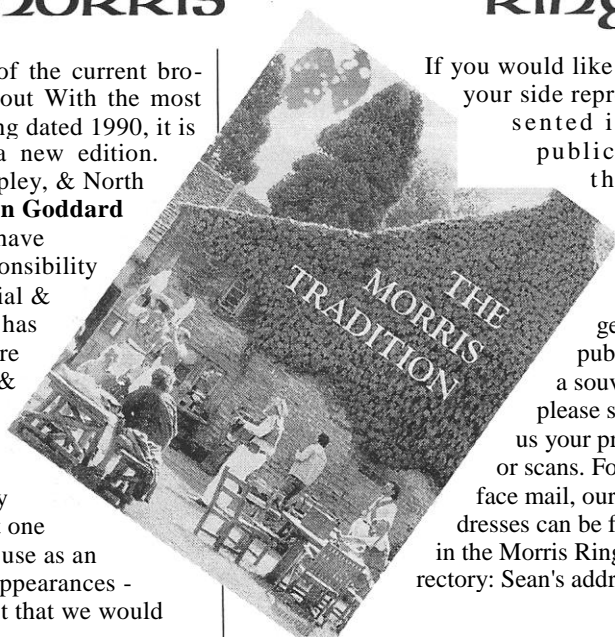
the morris

RING BROCHURE

The remaining stock of the current brochure is fast running out. With the most recent photograph being dated 1990, it is more than time for a new edition.

David Thompson (Ripley, & North Midlands Rep.) & **Sean Goddard** (Chanctonbury Ring) have agreed to take responsibility the assembly of material & copy. Eddie Dunmore has agreed to help, where required, in typesetting & layout.

A new pool of illustrations for inclusion is urgently needed. Every side must have at least one shot that it is proud to use as an advertisement for its appearances - that's the sort of shot that we would like to have available.



If you would like to your side represented in the publication that is bought by the general public as a souvenir, please send us your prints or scans. For surface mail, our addresses can be found in the Morris Ring Directory: Sean's address is

142 Hollingbury Road, Brighton BN1 7TD.

If you have digitised shots, be advised that the resolution should be at least 300 dpi. In an ideal world, the format would be compressed tif, but that makes for enormous file sizes. We will therefore settle for jpeg files at the same resolution (even these will be of a size that can take an hour to upload/download over a narrow-band connection). We have to thank Yateley Morris Men for being "first off the blocks", as they have already sent a job lot of images.

If your eyes have glazed over during the previous paragraph, please send us your prints: we will organise their scanning & safe return.

Eddie Dunmore

The Morris Ring Annual Representatives' Meeting- Monmouth 2003

Cyfarfod Blynyddol Cynrychchiolwyr y Cydh Morus - Trefynwy 2003



It very nearly didn't happen for me. At 0800 on Friday morning, I got a 'phone call from Bob Davies to say that his wife had gone down with 'flu, & he would not be driving up to Monmouth today. As Margaret needed the car over the weekend, I checked out the possibility of going by train — to find out that the nearest railway stations were Newport or Gloucester. Several calls later, I made contact with the Squire, & asked if his van had an unoccupied seat. That was how I wound up boarding Cliff's van, clutching my route planner, for the trip to Wales (my first visit for over twenty years to Monmouth, which I had last seen while back-packing Offa's Dyke).

The drive was unevenful, apart from some uncertainty on my part at a

couple of the transitions, & a major log-jam just beyond the Membury services — which gave us an excuse & opportunity to stop for a late lunch. Just to show that the dice-controllers were in a good mood, the hold-up disappeared just

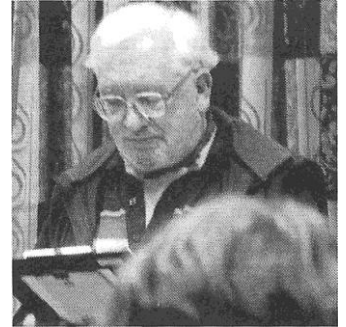


as we rejoined the westbound traffic. From there on, apart from an unplanned visit to Newport, the journey was uneventful.

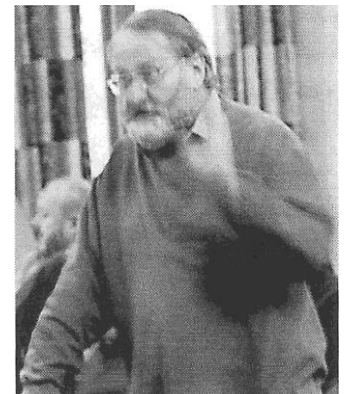
The location for the weekend was to be the Bridges Community Centre, but sleeping quarters were at the Monmouth Rugby Club (next door to Monmouth nick). The journey from one to the other turned out to be a ten minute walk via the bridge. Having booked-in, & been issued with our documentation, the Rugby Club was our next port of call so that bed space could be claimed, & bedding assembled. The facilities were less than impressive: there were ten beds already set up in a small room at the top of the stairs, & the main "function room" would not be accessible until after 11 pm because of a Friday-night folksong Club.

The function room was, I guess, about 25 feet long by about 14 feet wide. Into this were crammed 30+ bodies. Other facilities went some way towards ameliorating the situation: the showers were hot & plentiful, & there was a bar. This latter was opened to us, & its utility was immeasurably enhanced after the negotiating skills of Past Squire Tim Sercombe came into play. He managed to persuade the bar manager to allow an over-spill accommodation in the bar, after giving a solemn & binding guarantee that the contents of the bar would be out of bounds during the manager's absence.

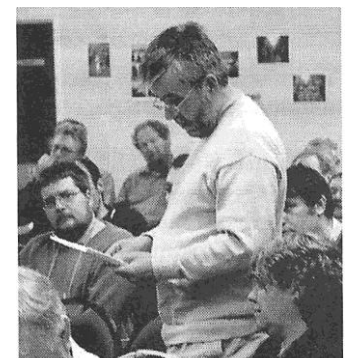
After a (thankfully) uneventful night, my van-age point at the top of



the stairs allowed me to be one of the first employers of the showers. These needed to be re-pressed every thirty seconds to maintain a flow of satisfactorily hot water. The paucity of toilet facilities meant that it there was a definite advantage in rising early.



By the time a representative sample had assembled at the front door to trek back to the Community Centre, the keys to the front door had gone missing. After lengthy technical discussion, the bolt on the passive side of the double door



was drawn & a vigorous pull gave us access to the street. The walk back to the Monnow Bridge was just sufficient to develop an appetite for breakfast, which took some time to appear (although I did manage to acquire a cup of tea). After breakfast, the Area Meetings occupied most of the smaller rooms of the Centre, while those of us who had been on autopilot returned to the Rugby Club to retrieve essential items (camera, documentation, etc.) for the ARM itself.

The Meeting proper will be reported by the Bagman, so my account will confine itself to just two aspects which caught my interest. Brian Pollard's advice to older men, which my failing memory has already lost, was perhaps the funniest moment of the weekend. The First Bagman fell asleep during the proceedings, putting himself in grave danger of a repeat of the very early days of the Ring, when he awoke to find that he had been elected *in absentia*, as it were (my photo at the top of this



award-winning chips. It did occur to me to wonder why lunch was so substantial, when most of us were due to attend the Feast that evening: I would have preferred the choice of a lighter snack at midday to go with a young Australian Cabernet-Shiraz that I had selected as liquid re-

cial interaction much easier, & I renewed acquaintance with the Stafford delegates (in between keeping the Squire's goblet replenished with Le Quinze du President that I had brought with me for the occasion). The second aspect, which impressed Past Squire Tim S mightily, was the incidental entertainment during the meal. Being sat right under the stage, Tim's table had a front-row view of the lady harpist, & the following vocal quartet who entertained us with Welsh airs & songs. The leader of the quartet was particularly popular, modelling well-fitted gold lame pants: the group's performance was so well received that an encore was insisted upon by the meeting.

While the cabaret was performing, we were enjoying the Feast. The main course was braised lamb, to which I am rather partial. The post-meal speeches were, in the main, mercifully brief, a short singing ses-

sion was completed by Past Squire Geoff Jerram accompanying his own singing, & then those as would enjoyed themselves performing an eclectic selection of dances in self-selected sets. Eventually, we made our way back to the "black hole" of Monmouth where, unsurprisingly, the bar was still open. It was the only occasion when I have been mugged by a current & three Past Squires & coerced into buying them drinks (It's obviously not a good move to sit at the bar).

Eventually we all found our way to bed. As I hunted for, managed to find, the switch to the extractor fan in our sleeping quarters, Saturday night's sleep was a major improvement over Friday's. The following morning, the street door was again locked: having watched the previous morning's break-out, I knew how to achieve freedom, so I did. When I got to the Advisory Council Meeting after breakfast, I found that John Frearson had made his excuses & left, so I had to take his place as the amanuensis for the meeting. Eventually, we joined the rest of the Meeting — in the sunshine! — for the morning's entertainment, as described on Page one.

Eddie Dunmore.



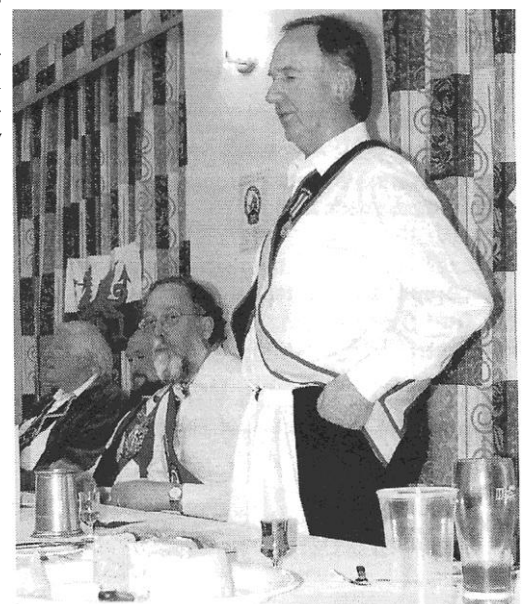
The Cabaret in full flow

page shows Walter deep in thought).

Lunch had similar characteristics to the previous evening's meal, in that it included soggy chips. I will admit to being spoilt, in that the nearest chippy to le Nouveau Chateau Dunmore produces

freshment.

The Feast was notable in two respects. The most immediately noticeable was the fact that the top table dominated the proceedings, completely filling the long side of the room. The hoi polloi sat at circular tables, which made so-



The Immortal Memory being proposed

The Ridgewell Files

[Posted	Publication	Issue Date	Title	Author	Synopsis
5.xi.02	Tavistock Times Gazette	15.viii.02	Folk festival magic...	anon., photos J.Bird	25th Dartmoor Festival
7.xi.02	Royston Crow	22.viii.02	Village's big day out...	anon.	Ashwell Show (inc. Offley Morris)
19.xi.02	Watford Observer	23.vii.02	Garden party	anon.	Reveley Lodge garden party (inc. STAMM)
20.xi.02	Isle of Thanet Gazette	23.vii.02	A record-breaking week...	anon.	Broadstairs Folk Week
21.xi.02	Whitby Gazette	23.viii.02	Dancing in the streets...	Greig Tindall	Whitby Folk Week (with photos of morris dance)
27.xi.02	Oldham Chronicle	27.viii.02	Smiling morris men	anon.	Saddleworth Rushcart (photo inc. R Hancock)
17.xii.02	Cornish Guardian	29.viii.02	Feast of festive folk music	Alistair Wreford	Wadebridge Festival (inc. Trigg Morris)
18.xii.02	Cornish Guardian	29.viii.02	Shocked by attack on float...	P Goodman	St Columb's Carnival (inc Delabole `Oss)
20.xii.02	Bucks Advertiser	30.viii.02	Another Towersey Triumph	anon.	Towersey Festival (Black Swan Rapper & Sheffield Giants)
24.xii.02	Fleetwood Weekly Advertiser & ...	4.ix.02	Townfolk add to atmosphere	anon.	Fylde Folk Festival (inc. Stone the Crows & Stockport Morris)
31.xii.02	Gravesend Report	6.ix.02	Hit me with...	Michael Adkins	Hartley Ring Meeting (inc. Hartley, etc.)
2.i.03	Evening Courier (Halifax)	9.ix.02	Dancing in the streets	Georgina Tidswell	Sowerby Bridge Rushbearing Festival (inc. Clerical Error, Ryburn, & Rivington)
8.i.03	Lichfield	12.ix	Good horning, everyone	anon.	Abbots Bromley
15.i.03	Frinton & Walton Gazette	13.ix.02	Young folk get in swing...	Nigel Brown	Walton Folk Festival (Offcumdums, Green Dragon)
16.i.03	Lancaster Guardian	13.ix.02	Trip of the light fantastic	anon.	Morecambe Heritage Gala (with John o' Gaunt)
18.i.03	Evening News (Worcester)	14.ix.02	A feast of folk for Bromyard	anon.	Bromyard (inc. White Hart)
21.i.03	The Times	23.ix.02	Yesterday,...	W. Rees-Mogg	comment on Countryside March (a slogan mentioned morris)
22.i.03	Evening Courier (Halifax)	30.ix.02	Traditions thrill crowds	Elaine Jinks	Halifax 2002 Traditions Festival (Kirkburton, Black Swan, Instep, etc.)
24.i.03	The Sunday Times	6.x.02	Morris men dance their last	anon.	STAMM Day of Dance (photo of massed dance)
25.i.03	Herts Advertiser	10.x.02	Review of "Albion: the origins of English Imagination"	F Mount	(photo of Ewell st Mary outside St Paul's).

Posted	Publication	Issue Date	Title	Author	Synopsis
30.i.03	Kentish Express	10.x.02	10th folk festival has nationwide appeal	Simon Alford	Tenterden Folk festival (Kent Corkers, Priory, Wild hunt & Wild Women)
31.i.03	The Times	12.x.02	Photo by Tim Cuff		Fools & Beasts Unconvention (photo of Bodmin supernumeraries)
8.ii.03	Daily Mail	6.xi.02	Why are morris dancers so called?	Answers: KevinHegman	Rehash of tired copy
11.ii.03	The Times	Nov. 02	Correspondence sequence	various	Guisers & Mummers
14.ii.03	Essex Life & Countryside	Dec. 02	Country Show	anon.	(Kent Corkers)
18.ii.03	The Times	11.xii.02	Morris: more than a minor talent	anon.	Article in T2
19.ii.03	Gloucs. Echo	11.xii.02	Mummers Tour	anon.	tour by school mummers
21.ii.03	Herts. Mercury	13.xii.02	Crowds enjoy a Celtic knees-up	anon.	"Celtic Harmony Camp" (Wicket Brood)
22.ii.03	Dorset Echo	18.xii.02	The Season of Ill-will	James Tourgout	Wessex MM banned from performing in pub
24.ii.03	The Guardian	14.xii.02	A prayer for Morris men	various	correspondence on PEL
25.ii.03	The Star (Sheffield)	24.xii.02	Dashing blades in pub demo	anon.	Handsworth's pub tour
27.ii.03	Daily Telegraph	30.xii.02	By next Christmas...	Billy Bragg	Polemic against PEL (Symondsbury mentioned)
4.iv.03	Herts Advertiser	2.i.03	Mummers the word Mummers score...	anon. Geoff Bunce	STAMM Mummers
8.iv.03	Bridlington Free Press	2.i.03	Sword dancing	anon.	Flamborough — junior & senior

Editorial

Let me start by apologising to anyone who sent me material that has not been included in this edition. In the end, the deciding constraint was the need to publish while the season could still be described as Spring. The unpublished contributions will be assessed as candidates for inclusion in the Summer edition, which (hopefully) will be published in early July.

This year's ARM at Monmouth occasioned a certain amount of controversy, particularly in regard to sleeping accommodation. It needs to be emphasised, in fairness,

that Isca worked their collective hearts out, during the weekend, to ensure that everything happened on time & satisfactorily. My understanding is that the original selection of venue fell apart too late to allow proper assessment of alternatives. Despite all this (& the murmurings in the ranks), the Feast was excellent, & the Sunday morning entertainment was inspired: the presence of the local politicians (the Mayor of Monmouth & the Assembly Member for Monmouthshire) was a bonus. I am assured that lessons have been learnt, & hosts for future

Meetings will receive guidance & assistance.

Most clubs seem to have coped with the revised arrangements for subscription to the publications, & not many, at last count, have opted for the cut-price alternative. Thank you all for that vote of confidence & satisfaction (I hope I can assume that). It is sometimes difficult to assess the general trends of customer reaction when such a small percentage of the readership actually correspond to any extent. There are regular correspondents, of course, & their voices tend to dominate (&

therefore influence) the dialogue.

The next edition will include such reports as I receive of May Day, of Late Spring Bank Holiday, & (again hopefully) early June. It would be nice to have an illustrated report from Rochester Sweeps, from Hastings, & from anywhere else. If your side has news that you would like to share with your peers, pass it on. Until then, I wish you all fine weather & well-filled bags.

Eddie Dunmore