



June 2007
No 54

The Squire

page 3

News

The Morris Ring Meeting,
Mendip 2006 pages 10-11

Return of Albert page 5

Sword in Tongerenpage 4

Jigs Instructional page 3

Olympic Games page 20

Obituaries pages 12-15

Clubs

Headington page 1

Moulton Boxing Day ... page 8

White Star 21st page 9

Jockey's Class page 16

Letters

Keith Lascelles on a Spy

Tony Motley on The King's
Troop



'...Costumacious persons without?' Headington Quarry visit Exeter Cathedral

by Will Partridge

When it was announced that our good friend The Reverend Thomas Honey, Vicar of Headington Quarry, was to be installed as Canon at Exeter Cathedral, we were off like a shot. The event went off with a bang.

It was Saturday 20th January 2007 and we, along with over one hundred parishioners, set off for the fair Cathedral City of Exeter. We sallied forth, as only Headington Quarry can do. It was a long journey for a day, as we do not get out much. We made it in good time. I had prepared the ground. Tim Sercombe met us at George's Meeting House, once a house of religion, now a pub. I wonder what the founding members would have made of that? However, it was an excellent choice for lunch. Along with Tim came Lionel Harper of Dartington. Tim is a wealth of information on his City and we made our way to the impressive Cathedral Church of St Peter. At our destination



The New Cannon with Headington Quarry Morris Men

we also met up with Martin Stansell of Exeter Morris Men.

Reverend Tom, as we know him was to be installed as Canon Treasurer and Pastor. The ceremony was due to take place at Evensong, timed for 3pm. We warmed up outside the main door at 2.45pm with a short display of our own dances timed for the procession. Meanwhile the Lord Bishop and the College of Canons, vested in copes, and the Commissioner for Oaths proceeded from the Canon's Vestry to gather in the Chapter

House. The bell was tolled in the accustomed manner.

At 2.50pm, while in the Chapter House the Dean said, "Will the Verger ascertain if there are any contumacious persons without?" The Verger, having drawn back the wicket, looked out. Now, I am told this has something to do with times gone by when a particular Bishop of Exeter was not exactly in favour with the local populace. His presence was likely to cause a riot. Hence the lookout job. This time I can only imagine his reply was "Headington Quarry Moths Dancers are out there" They took a chance and processed out. Fortunately, we were in a good mood!

The procession came along and our Reverend Tom was grinning from ear to ear. He did not know we were going to be there. The Bishop clearly was relieved at the friendly

Dancing in the Cathedral



(continued on page 3)

Squire's Report

A full lunar eclipse: The spring offensive and the way ahead

The last few months has been an exceedingly busy, challenging and productive time with much effort being expelled on trying to streamline our work, improve communications and the means to develop and improve recruitment, particularly amongst the young, to take a more proactive role in PR in order to promote what we are about. These issues are not unique to the Morris Ring and many were taken forward from our ARM in Leicester to the Joint Morris Organisations AGM which we hosted, again in Leicester.

The Keynote Session: PR, Youth Recruitment and Funding by Steve Rowley

Our ARM was preceded with a dynamic and enthusiastic keynote taster session on PR, Youth Recruitment and Funding by Steve Rowley of Gloucestershire Morris Men, Rose Moresk and Cultural Pathways. Steve is very experienced at working with Morris sides and organisations to promote the Morris and Youth sides in this country and Australia.

Steve's work with the Bal de Basque in Spain where the older dancers are facilitators for the development, recruitment and promotion of young dancers, so that they can perform and have ownership of the tradition was truly inspiring.

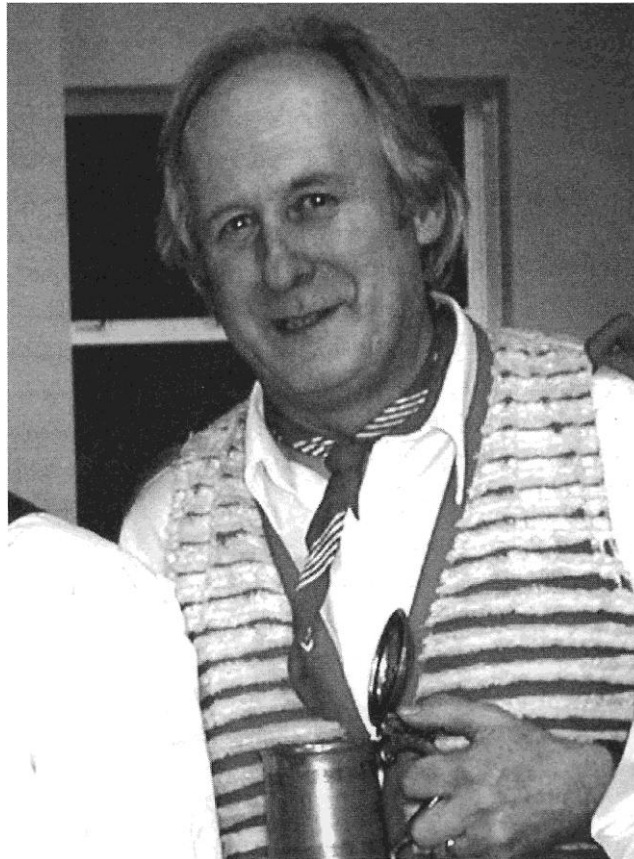
Here a tradition was turned around from something that looked as if it might die into

Adlington Morris had found successful and Jonathan Cole related to the recruitment

discussions and possibly directions that we should go

Paul Reece at Winchester Morris Men's feast Feb 2006

Photo: H Stevenson



something that is now alive and flourishing and going from strength to strength. It gave us a positive example of a strategy that has worked and a possible model for the way ahead that we could follow.

Duncan Broomhead showed us some excellent professionally produced Morris advertising and recruitment material that

successes of Jockey Morris Men of taking the Morris to the people by putting on a course of Morris dancing at the local Evening Class Centre instead of expecting recruits to come to your practice.

(*The full article of this evening class experience is to be found on page 16 onwards.ed*) Members of 18-30 made a very significant contribution to these and the follow up

In short, as an experiment starting at 9am and lasting a hour and a half, it was a well attended, highly informative, and very successful an productive taster session which carried on to form the basis of the area meeting that followed and much of the thrust of the arguments and discussion both formal and informal throughout the day and evening

On the first anniversary of Nibs Matthews death and watching the total lunar eclipse between bouts of dancing and singing after the feast, to which the full contribution of 18-30 was much applauded and appreciated, our shared howls of delight accompanying the eclipse was an indicator that the omens for the Morris are auspicious.

Steve is available to advise, answer questions that individuals or groups may have on any of these issues and do follow up sessions or whole day workshops, nationally or regionally.

Contact any of the Officers for details.

Paul Reece

In the next Issue

In the next Issue 55: Thaxted Ring Meeting (I have photos, so a report from an attendee would help); Stafford (I'll be there but

if any one volunteers an article) a Wedding of Some Import; letters; an article by John Cutting - this may be published

separately elsewhere; your further anecdotes especially the side that went to Glastonbury, please write with more photos

please. Publication September, so 31/08 is copy date. I look forward anxiously for your input. Enjoy the Morris. H

..... Headington in Exeter, continued

welcome. He seemed to enjoy every minute of our dancing as they went by and into the Cathedral. It was an excellent service. It is not every day the seats are full of Quarry folk and we all got a special mention.

danced in the Cathedral. Tea and cakes in the Chapter House followed this. We departed wishing Reverend Tom all our best wishes for the future. He is sorely missed in the Quarry. He will miss our annual Ale too!

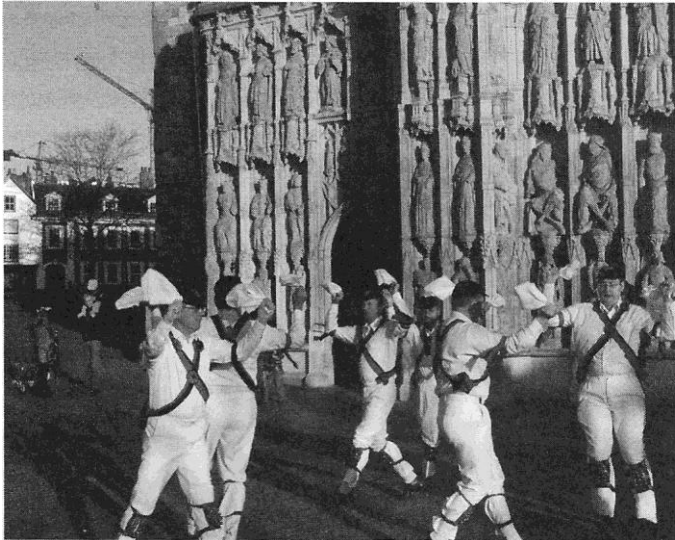
for taking the photographs. Present from HQMD on this occasion were: John Graham (musician), Terry Phipps, Alan and Chris Kimber-Nickelson, Francis Parsons, Dave Townsend and myself, Will Partridge, current Squire.

Thanks to Tim, Chris, our driver and all the Cathedral personnel we met that day.

We were back home in time for a pint at the Mason's Arms!

Following the service we

I am indebted to Tim Sercombe



Jig Instructional.

Three Virgins and one Wise man attend

by Pat Naylor

Three youngish lads, virgins to this weekend, went to the Jig Instructional this January in Sutton Bonington fresh faced and not sure what to expect. Ok, three rather jaded but still under 35 1/2 year old Ripley lads arrived and thoroughly enjoyed what we received. Whilst there are lots of regulars that attend each year there was a very warm welcome from all to anyone new.

So many things came as a (pleasant) shock to us newcomers, having instruction on the Friday evening, huge amount of dancing in general, the high standard of the food throughout, and the level of organisation and commitment from team, coaches, musicians

and demonstrators.

Thank you to the musicians who ably kept us going, endlessly repeating bits whilst we got our feet round the figures. There was inspiring and informative chat about what a bar was, despite most of us leaning on one late in to the night.. or indeed hearing sheep complain with one.. it concluded with a much repeated warning that we should be listening to the music — an additional learning point for Ripley.

Rather than our normal fare of 'owt cuisine the food was great, from chicken curry through to the entertainment of eating a grapefruit for the first time (sheltered life).. but at least I did not get the hi-bred mix of kedgeree and grapefruit that was a special for one of

us. Applause to those in the kitchens.

The feast was great fun, superb food, good company, moderately short speeches, varied songs and, oh joy, a stay of execution of dancing.

After teaching, indeed, during it for those unable to master Sherborne, the King's Head provided a great atmosphere for a session. One of which bizarrely became a short stone's throw away from "The Good Old Days" with songs nothing more than a single entendre away from smut, well done all.

So, what a package — dances from a cheerfully wide variety of traditions, more Princesses Royal than the most naval or military men can cope with, Dolphin and Winchester

MM looking after us.. I am a bugger for names so thanks to everyone that had front room, backroom or evening scullery input to the organising.

I left with a new found knowledge of internal bounce, some stepping basics and the whole jigs I had learned and drove back to the 1936 Bampton time warp I was released from for the weekend ready to share these new found skills with any "nominal" audience to watch.

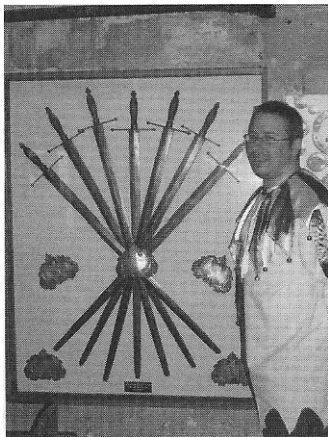
I still, some weekends later, haven't looked down at my feet. This is in sheer terror of knowing the moment I do Mr. Jerram WILL be watching.

Pat Naylor is a member of Ripley MM

Sword dancing in Tongeren

by Brian Tasker

Tongeren is the oldest town in Belgium and has documentary evidence of a sword dancing tradition going back to the 16th century. The dancers were known as "De Michielen" and they danced with heavy swords which were modelled on real swords but which were unsuitable for serious combat. When Napoleon invaded Flanders after the French Revolution his soldiers confiscated most of the swords as they were seen as weapons but seven of them either evaded capture or were recovered and are now displayed in the Moerenpoort Tower in Tongeren. Unfortunately no dance notation survives but it



The swords in the Moerenpoort Tower

is likely that it was performed by perhaps a dozen or more



De Michielen Tongeren Easter 2007

men and consisted of a series of fairly simple over and under figures. The weight of the swords probably limited the development of the dance.

Felix Mommen, a native of Tongeren, revived sword dancing in the town in 2002. His side adopted the old name of De Michielen and they perform a dance consisting of some Yorkshire longsword figures and some new figures evolved by Felix. They danced at the Sword Spectacular in Whitby in 2004 and are planning to attend the next Sword Spectacular in York in 2008.

At Felix's invitation a number of English sword sides have danced in Tongeren in recent years. The first were White

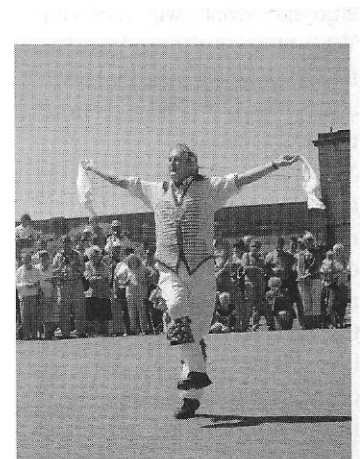
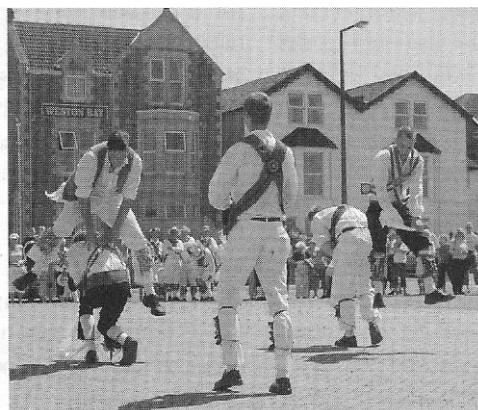
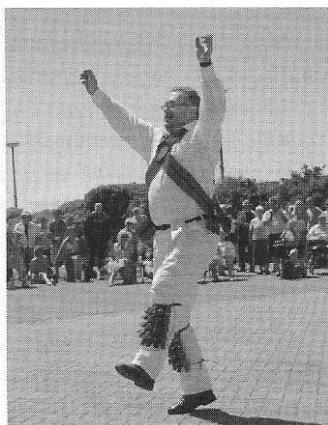
Star in 1997 followed by Castleford and Sallyport in 1998, Thrales in 2000, Castleford and Sallyport again in 2001, North British in 2004, East Saxons in 2005 and Southport in 2007. In addition to dancing in Tongeren, sides have visited Antwerp, Leuven, Maastricht, Hasselt and Liege. The new De Michielen side have danced with their visitors since 2004.

Brian Tasker
The photos by Mieke Mommen-Juveyns.

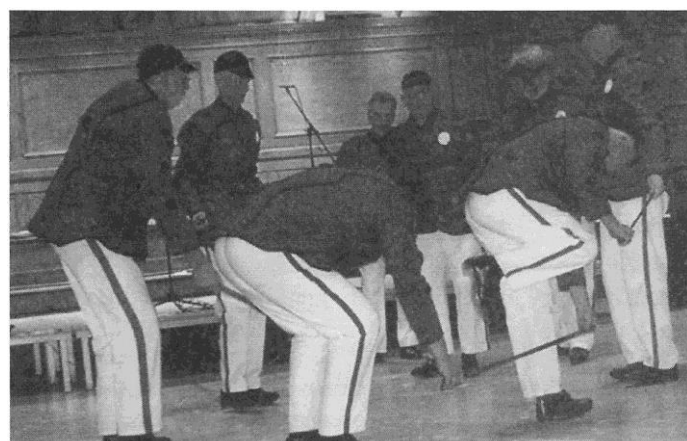
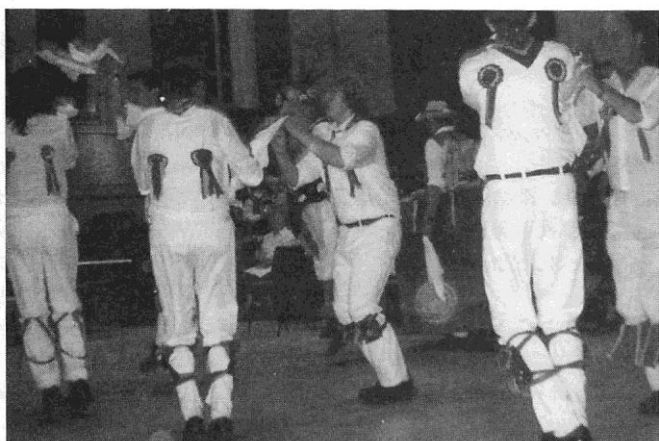


Southport Swords Tongeren Easter 2007

Mendip Ring Meeting, Sunday; Bob Cross dancing out, Paul Reece dancing in and a Webley Leap



The Return of Albert



Gordon Ridgewell took these photographs at the English Folk Dance and Song Society's event 'The Return of Albert' being a taste of the Society's Royal Albert Hall Festivals, on 10th February 2007 at Cecil Sharp House.

performing The Shepherds Hey from Ravensthorpe (see Morris Circular number 52)

Above

Grenoside Traditional Sword Dancers

Foot of page

Westminster Morris Men performing the Upton upon Severn stick dance and below, concluding Loveless, Longborough style with Unicorn taking a bow

Left

Moulton Morris Men

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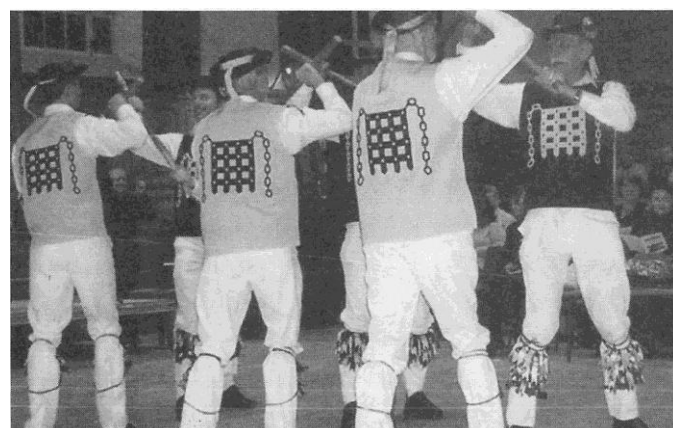
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The Morris Ring Circular

June 2007

Issue No 54

Letters To The Editor



*From Keith Lascelles
28th January 2007*

Harry,
There has to be a story here.
The Mail on Sunday today
included a review of the book
Agent Zigzag by Ben
Macintyre about one Eddie
Chapman, who acted as a
double agent during WW2. I
quote,

The Germans encountered by
Chapman were every bit as
peculiar; I was particularly
taken with the avid Nazi
spymaster Walter Praetorius, a
graduate of Southampton
University whose principal love
was morris dancing, whose
therapeutic physical and
cultural effects were, he was
convinced, essential to the
wellbeing of Germans. His
ambitions were finally realised
when he was appointed dance

instructor to the Wehrmacht.

It's not April 1st, so if we take
this at face value, someone,
somewhere may
know more about this chap
and his dancing, at first guess
in the UK in the
1930's.

Approaching from another
angle, I remember reading that
people trying to
glean information on
traditional men's dancing in
Germany hit a bit of a
stone wall. Hitler's philosophy
had promoted traditional
German activities,
but anyone admitting any
knowledge of such dancing
could be admitting to
links they preferred to forget.
Was it German dances, or
Walter's morris
dances?

I shall find the book, and see if
there is any information other
than what

is in the review.

Cheers

Keith Lascelles
Men of Sweyn's Ey (40 this
year. The side, not me)

*From Tony Motley
5th March 2007*

At the recent A.R.M. held by
Leicester Morris Men, I was
sitting chatting with my
Bagman, Geoff Douglas,
Thames Valleys Dick Keen
and Martin Johnson of Greet
Oak Morris Men. I don't
recall how the subject arose,
but I spoke of when I used to
take part in the Royal Salute:
and Hyde Park and how the
state of opening of parliament
salute was synchronised.

Martin, who I have know
for some years and have
frequently danced with at

A.R.M's and Rutland Ales
enquired, whether I served in
The Kings Troop Royal Horse
Artillery. When I replied yes,
he went on to say that he too
had been with this unit briefly
and we went on to reminisce
about various characters we
had met and the certain horses
we had dealt with.

I enclose a photo of Martin
and I in Military pose and
yours truly in Kings Troop
'Kit' (note no bells worn). It
was a great weekend with
superb efforts by all of
Leicester Morris men. They
even organized and eclipse of
the moon.

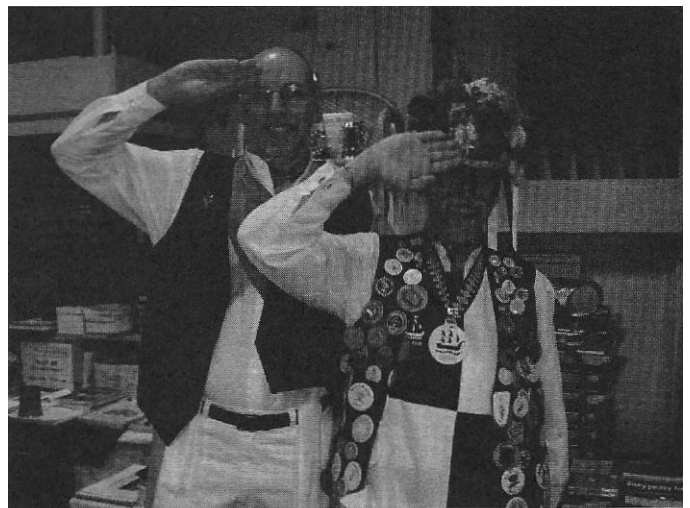
Wassail

Tony Motley
Squire Mayflower.

Tony Motley on a real horse.



and with Martin Johnson





The Morris Ring Circular Editorial



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It is pleasing to receive diverse articles for this issue and particularly when they celebrate a birthday-White Star and Mendip. This issue particularly celebrates The Morris Ring Meeting hosted by Mendip to celebrate their 50th anniversary in 2006. It also coincided with the dancing-out and dancing in of Bob Cross and Paul Reece as Past & Future Squire's of The Morris Ring. There are pictures of the Sunday event throughout this issue as well as a double page spread. I am particularly grateful to Alf Denham of Mendip for the photographs and acknowledge their copyright to Mendip. That is not all.

His 'notes' for the weekend are scrupulous and detailed, so much so that they have defeated this editor. It would have been an injustice to edit such a comprehensive report. Alf will no doubt email copies to any who desire such. Readers will not be disappointed. So that is an apology. To be followed by another. On page 6 of Circular No 53 Steve Adamson presented the Citation to 'Richard' Shufflebottom and not 'Ron' Shufflebottom. Apologies to Steve and Richard. And what are we to make of the Squire's 'Third Way'? I do not use the phrase lightly because we do live in an

'image' environment and it is apparent that knowledge of PR & its use can project an image. Is it also true that Morris Dancing is, well, what it is - an ancient English (probably not PR-able) tradition-and danced because we enjoy it and wish to encourage others to do it. So, let us do it well, in tidy and neat kit, well advertised and dance at the advertised time; look as if you are enjoying it and engage the public.

It is not an original mission statement and it is not meant to decry from the ARM presentation. But it is the best way we can improve our public perception: DANCE & PLAY

And another apology about the late publication of this issue. I experienced, in December 2006 a sudden and unexpected redundancy notice, which came as both a shock and not a little dent to my pride. The next three months were engaged in attempting to find employment which was both exhilarating and occasionally deflating. Ageism is alive and well, but I have temporarily beaten it and found full employment. Hopefully, normal service re this publication has now been resumed: apologies to readers, subscribers and advertisers.

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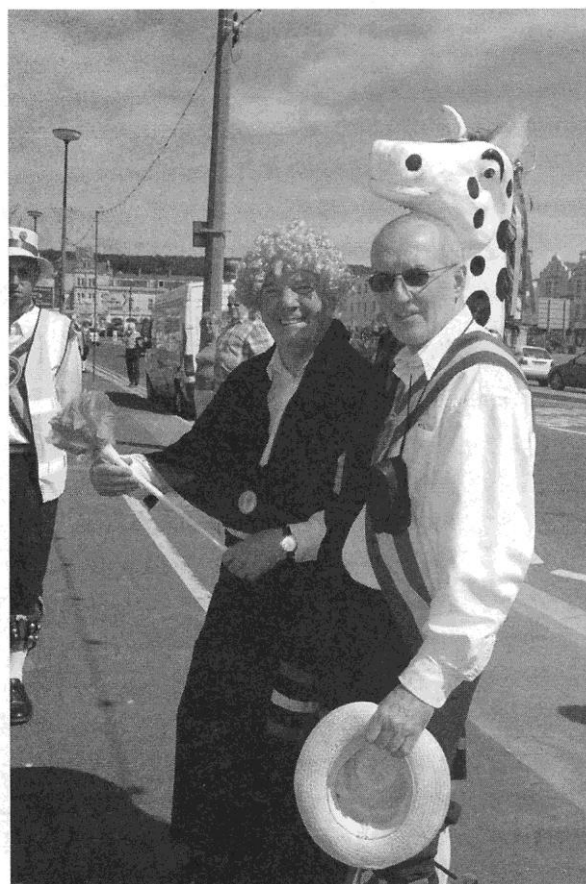
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Mendip Ring Meeting Mendip's Betsy & Horse



Boxing Day in Moulton Village



by Barry Care

I have attached photos of Moulton's Boxing Day when we close the village centre off and provide an hour of entertainment:- Cotswold/Border/Longsword/Rapper/North West/ and the village

Mummers Play. Then off to the Telegraph pub for an all afternoon session. This year over 500 villagers supported us by turning out.

Barry Care MBE is a member of Moulton Morris Men, Past Squire and Past Treasurer of the Morris Ring

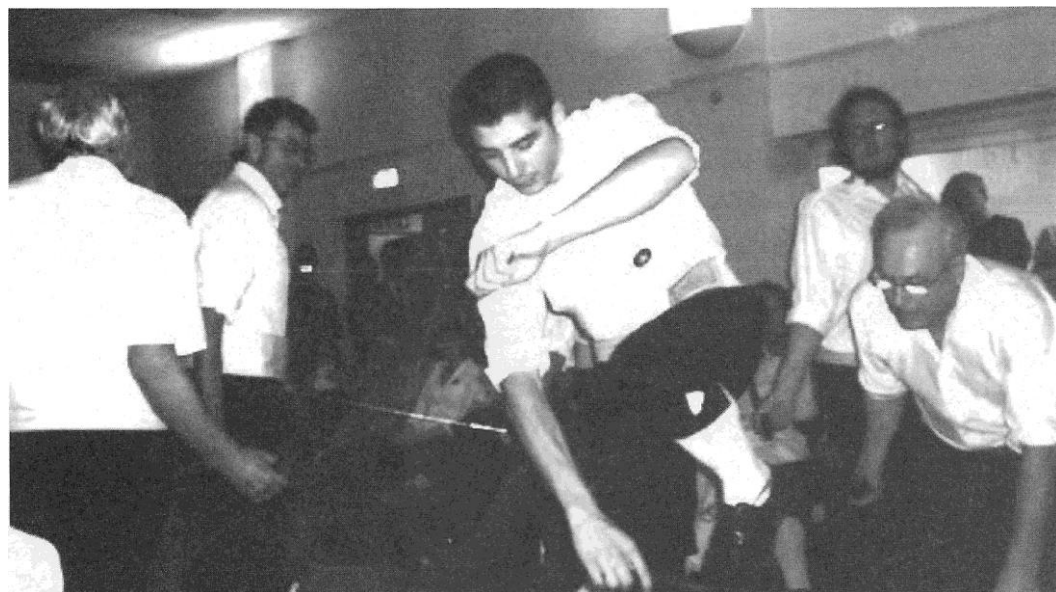
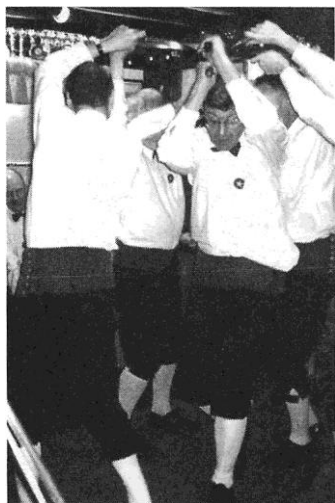


White Star celebrate their 21st anniversary

by Brian Tasker

For the last twenty one years the White Star Sword Dancers have been dancing rapper and longsword in west Kent. We have organised a plough tour on the first Saturday in January from the very beginning. In recent years the tour has grown with the addition of guests representing many different branches of the folk tradition. This year we made it a very special event and for the first time we arranged two separate tours during the day. Each tour visited several pubs in Kent and Sussex and performed a travelling mini folk festival in the bars. During the afternoon the rapper sides visited Edenbridge with the objective of dancing in all the pubs in the High Street within an hour, a task they accomplished with ease.

Our visitors were Castleford longsword, Broadwood mummers, Westpec the hooden horse, Mrs Postlethwaites Vegetables, Broadside Mummers, Sallyport Sword, North British Sword and the Udimore Handbell Ringers. In the evening we held a barn dance with the Bonabrill band and were joined by the Hartley Morris Men, Kettle Bridge



Clogs and the Ravensbourne Mummers. In between the country dances all the sides performed a floor spot.

The Sunday tour was for the sword sides. At lunchtime we entertained the public in the pubs in Rusthall near Tunbridge Wells with a mixture of rapper and longsword. We followed this in the evening with a rapper tour round the pubs of Tunbridge Wells. We planned to finish the tour at the Beau Nash Tavern, a fine old pub with a good wooden floor for dancing, but when we asked for permission to dance earlier in the week we were told that the pub was closed that evening for their staff party. By chance we found out later that they were still expecting us. We duly arrived and danced to the sort of acclaim that rapper receives at a party late in the evening! Several of the staff wanted to have a go so we spent the rest the evening teaching them some figures.

Our next major event is the Tonbridge (Geoff Metcalf) Morris Ring Meeting which is being held over the weekend of 31 August / 2 September. The meeting is being organised

by Ravensbourne, Hartley and ourselves. We plan to feature several of the sides who are coming dance these traditions as either their main dance or as an addition to their Cotswold repertoire.

Castleford above, Hartley below and White star
below left, all Photographs
courtesy Brain Tasker &
White Star



308th Meeting of the Morris Ring 21st-23rd July 2006
Mendip Morris Men's 50th Anniversary



Ashcott: Jockey above & right, Standon and massed show far right



Bridgewater: Massed display above & Jockey



Congresbury: Letchworth, above



Strawberry Special, Dracott, Hartley on left



Moorlinch-East Surrey left & Mersey right



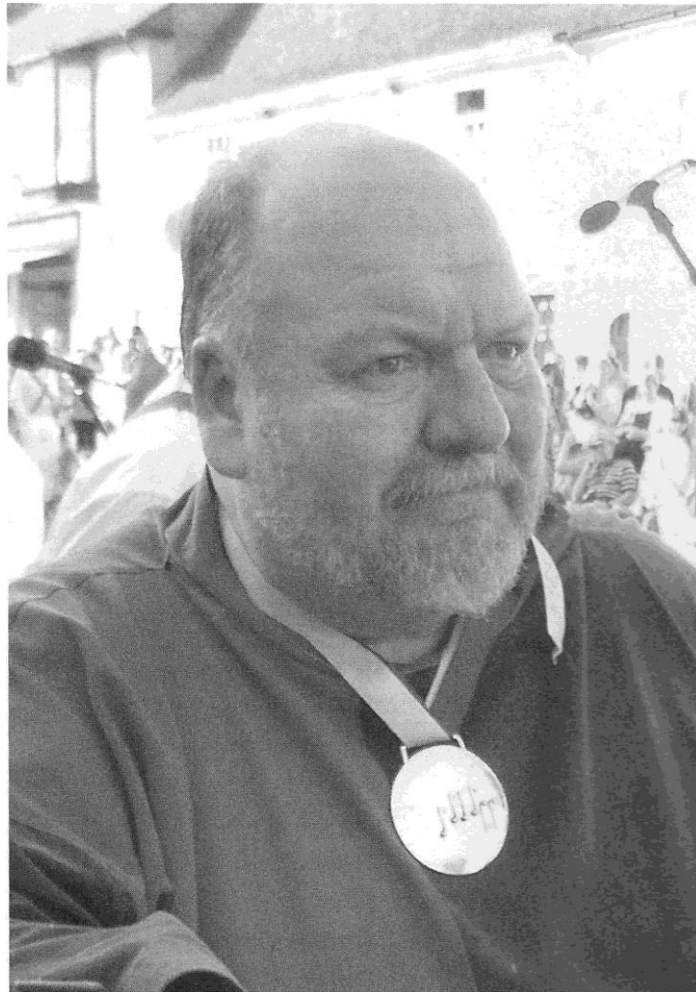
At Wells: (clockwise from right) BFB & Little Willie, Thaxted, Mendip, Mayflower-what is no 4 wearing?-Musicians at Moorlinch, Bob Cross, Squire of the Morris Ring, conducting the display at Wells, Icknield Way, Exeter and Bedford at Wells.



JIM CATTERALL

(1948-2007)

It is always seen as a tragedy when someone dies relatively young. Jim however was a big man, larger than life, who packed a lot into his 58 years and always to the last made sure that he continued to do those things that he held dear and was passionate about. The Thaxted Morris weekend was one of those things, and this year's meeting to commemorate John Bull and the 80th anniversary of the first meeting, and the 60th anniversary of the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance being danced at our Ring Meeting was no exception. His generosity of spirit and the will-power of an ox was there in abundance in the preparation of 'C' tour and he and Maggie's home for his friends, but above all this was to have been his last Horn Dance, the Betsy character was to be passed on. He completed the tour, but his wish to do the Horn Dance one last time, despite all his best efforts was not to be. By a curious twist of fate, while Jim slept, the spirit of Arthur Caton came to the rescue and his Betsy costume on display in this church, was as if by magic transformed from an exhibit to a living character again. The dance was saved and the tradition was able to continue. As a living character, Jim defies attempts to characterise him, to tie him to any one role or guise. He was a wicked wit, possessed a fierce intellect and was a natural showman, performing at the age of four at the Grand Theatre in his native Bolton where he captivated the audience for two shillings. He was a precocious child who knew his own mind and encouraged to start school a year early, he refused to join the first class as he was not a baby and did not want to sleep in the afternoons he joined the six year olds and kept up just fine'. Aged eleven he entered Dr. Challoners Grammar



School, Amersham, and in his teens during the 60s he attended Cecil Sharp House where he was a member of several of Nibs Matthews' folk dance display groups. He learned melodeon from his father at the age of fourteen. While carrying his melodeon through Casserbury Park, Watford he was accosted from behind some trees with 'Well can you play it? A Woodside Morris man on an impromptu recruitment drive had found his first victim. Jim went on to St. Catherine's College Cambridge to read Geography and in August 1971 arrived in Newcastle to do a PhD in Geography followed by a further 2 years at Durham, where he joined Newcastle Morris Men becoming their Squire and the Durham Rams respectively. Insulted by a lecturer's claim that for an academic he would be a really good salesman, spurred Jim to

further accreditation including a Psychology degree from Russland College. Bath. In Newcastle Jim's band the Borderers was born. they even followed McCartney's band Wings, Jim referring to them as the support band. From this period he developed notoriety as something of a record breaker in terms of his constitution, getting to and from, as well as actually attending Morris events and his many Musician instructionals that he ran as an inspired teacher. Being a dancer first and a musician second, Jim combined being the lightest man on his feet with having the lightest touch on the melodeon. Those of us in the Morris world owe Jim a tremendous debt of gratitude for almost single handedly passing on his art to his fellow musicians. His thirty-seven year association with the Crofters folk group was of immense importance to

Jim and will be remembered with great fondness in the Cambridgeshire area. Tales of Jim in Newcastle are too many to mention, suffice to say that whenever Thaxted are in the North East the first thing you are asked is whether Jim is with you. One tale concerns Jim's first job as an Arts Centre Organiser in Newcastle. He had just given them their most successful evening ever and the only comment his boss could make was on a light bulb, which was not lit. Jim promptly asked him for a copy of the yellow pages and proceeded to phone from his office various agencies saying, 'I'm just about to resign my job do you have any vacancies?' One of these vacancies, which he fell into was in insurance with Manulife. Landing on his feet as usual, he quickly climbed from trainee to area manager in three years. He then took on some of the top training and mentoring roles within the industry. Jim's ability in the nick of time for both landing on and remaining standing on his feet was legendary. In the days before speed limits and much else Jim held the Peter Twiss record and Mercury prize combined for the journeys he undertook from Newcastle to Thaxted and back and from Newcastle and Bedford and back in an evening. He would leave after tea-I think it was tea-perform in Thaxted or Bedford and be back in Newcastle for 3am the next morning. It is not surprising to learn that his first choice of career was the air force until cut short by an early motorbike accident. His high-octane intake was phenomenal, but in beer alone he was clocked at 39 pints in addition to a bottle of whisky during the day before an early evening feast in Bedford had started. He then downed several pints in one to impress the waitress at the start of the

feast and at the end of the feast took time out to catch up on his research. He was one of those rare individuals who seemed to be unaffected by alcohol, could take a few hours sleep and be up early in the morning as bright as a button. Pushed and pulled this way and that, it is likely that Jim was possessed by that fatal human flaw that seems to bedevil a significant number of that band of the hard working, the highly intelligent, the multitalented and the artistic with a flare and a passion for making music. The demon 'D' button once pressed it is difficult to play in any other key. If and when they fully map our hereditary make up, this factor of the G-gnome will surely be called the D-gnome. At a Cotswold Morris instructional twenty years ago at the Bromyard Folk Festival

a rather worried Geoff Jerram, Squire of the Morris Ring at the time, had been expecting Jim to play for him, but as he hadn't arrived the night before at the B&B and it was now approaching the midday start for the session he was resigning himself to both dance and play. At five to (midday) and half way to the venue there was a screech of brakes alongside and Jim emerged asking 'Where's the pub?' This left five minutes for a drink and to get to the venue, which Jim did and duly started on time. Two minutes into the session in a crowded marquee and Jim had turned round and was facing the wall to play for the dance. Asking Jim why, concerned that this wasn't creating the right impression for the musician not to be facing the dancers, he retorted that: 'It's one thing asking me to

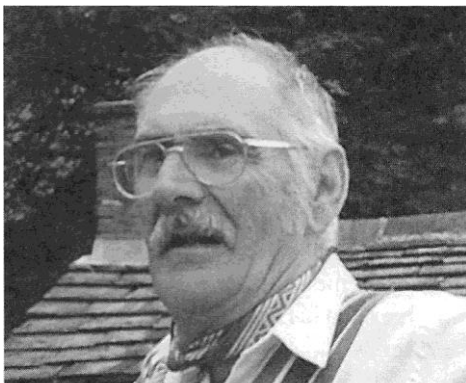
play for a mixed session, but expecting me to watch all those boobs bouncing up and down with only one G&T inside me is quite another!' At another instructional at Moulton Northamptonshire he had had enough of his trainees by the time the pub had opened that he sent them off to practice playing in a procession to the pub the long way and the wrong way round the Moulton one way system. Whether Jim naturally swam against the tide or his life's direction contravened the one way system, because he was too clever for his own good, he was admired, loved, talked about and supported by many all of his life. We salute you and all that you have achieved, and as with the greeting in the North East, when they ask 'Is Jim not with you?' We will say yes he is here, he is very

much with us. He is in our hearts and memories, a legend touched with both joy and sadness, not in the measure of six and two as many may think, but in equal measure. There is much that he taught us, gifted as he was, to help us brighten up this dark island. His spirit lives on in the music and musicians that lead us in the dance. When all is finally still we will then be able feel the measure of the man, his abundant spirit, generosity and fun full to overflowing. Where he has been and where he is will silently touch us, like the faintest breath or the wake of wings. It might be likened to the folk image of the dancing passage through life of a pair of magpies always together, but not always seen.

God bless you Jim

Photo: taken by Geoff Jerram, at the Morris Ring Meeting, Thaxted 2006

Pete Hicks (1940 - 2007)



Pete was taken ill with a brain infection while on holiday in Spain. He was taken to hospital in Alicante where he remained in a coma for 4 weeks, Pete never regained consciousness and died early on May 12th. Pete was founder member of Wadard Morris Men in 1977 and our first Squire. He was squire for a second time when he

returned to the side after retiring from the pub trade. Pete was a former member of Hartley Morris men, he was also a fine musician and singer. He was a member of 1970's Folk Band, Crayfolk, and more recently Skinners Rats and Slattery. His music and humour will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

Asia and Europe. He made a big contribution to many peoples lives and livelihoods "with what he did for a living".

He always made the most of his time whether dancing here at home, or whilst away in some far flung place, walking, skiing, exploring etc. His desire was to visit every country in the world and he had made a good start!

Ian's Folk and Dancing "career" started with Mansfield Morris and when he emigrated to South Africa for a short while he danced with Jubilee Morris. When he returned he joined us at Ebor Morris in York and soon became a stalwart of the side. Also, for many years he and family went to the Folk week in Whitby where he danced with Scratch Morris.

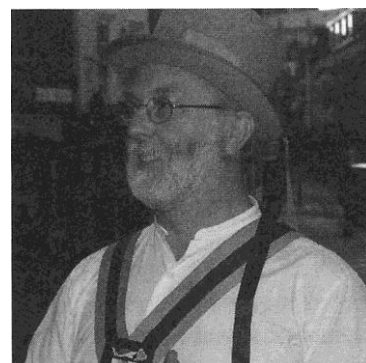
Like with the expertise in his job, his knowledge of dancing seemed endless and his "gift" of being able to learn "on the hoof" often amazed us. Not having seen him at practices for a while where we had learned a new dance or tradition, he would appear on a Monday night in Kings Sq. with a big grin and say "I'll soon pick it up" and he did!

With great compassion, Andrea and the family decided that the collection from the service should go to the disaster fund to help the more than 100 lives lost in Ulyanovskaya mine, a gesture that Ian would be proud of. If anyone would like to contribute then donation cheques made out to Mrs A Robertson can be forwarded to Ebor Morris and Andrea will send it on to the fund.

Ian Robertson (1951-2007)

Ebor Morris, Mansfield Morris, Jubilee Morris (South Africa) and Scratch Morris (Whitby) It was with much sadness that we heard first through the media then confirmed by his wife that Ian had been killed in an explosion at a mine

at Ulyanovskaya in Russia on the 19th of March. Ian was a very well respected mining engineer who had spent the last number of years helping to identify mining areas that could be regenerated in many of the old Soviet Republics,



Geoff Mendham (1920 -2006)

Geoff was born in Gillingham, Kent on 1st August 1920. He was an ordinary man and lead an ordinary life yet, for a number of people, he was rather special. I know he was living in Rugby at the end of the war and had met Sybil who was going to a dance meeting. Geoff was curious to know what he was missing and found an interest in both the dance and the music. In 1947 he entered Saltley College, Birmingham to train as a teacher. He married Sybil, they lived in several houses in the south of Birmingham with their daughter Hilary and he taught in several local schools. After the death of Sybil, he eventually married Joan who was a tower of strength in his declining years. He had several problems over the last 10 years including 2 serious heart operations. He felt he had cheated death due to a superb surgeon giving him 10 bonus years, but I'm sure his faith, love of life and supportive family and friends were a great influence.

The EFDSS Rugby group held their first party on 23rd December 1946 where John Dibdin persuaded 5 other men including Geoff to form a Morris team and the following year Geoff became Bagman. On starting at the Saltley College Geoff formed a team to dance Morris and Sword and in 1949 he made contact with the newly formed Jockey Morris and persuaded 2 others of the Saltley team to link up with Jockey - Trevor Rees and Arthur Blake. All 3 became teachers in Birmingham and so became lifelong Jockey members.

Jockey joined The Morris Ring less than 2 years after forming and danced themselves in at the Bedford meeting 8th —10th September 1950 when Geoff

became our musician. Rugby Morris were due to be at that meeting but half the team had left Rugby. The remaining members tried to keep going but as far as I know quietly faded away. Their loss was Jockey's great gain.

I first heard of Geoff whilst in Exeter. I mentioned to Nibs that I had a post in Birmingham so he advised me to look out for Geoff. In the Spring of 1949 I arrived and within 9 months had met Geoff who encouraged me to join Jockey. I met them in the Summer and by the Autumn started the Morris. As is often said, from then on it was all downhill for me.

During the 1939-1945 War the folk movement was much restricted for several obvious reasons so that at the start of the 50's many people had had little contact with folk in general. There were few musicians who had experienced playing for folk so Geoff was much involved playing for classes and the few public dances. This gave him a wide experience. He was not a great talent nor one with flair but was invaluable because he was utterly dependable. He played for social dancing, both Playford and the newly emerging Community and Square Dance, for Ritual both Morris and Sword and also for the local Scottish dances. All the time I knew him, he instinctively played the right tunes and at a speed to suit the dancers and conditions.

As the 50's progressed, we found ourselves in a rapidly growing movement with weekend and holiday courses, dance festivals and public performances. There was a rapid increase in Morris Clubs and dance classes, many holding public dances in the most unlikely places too

numerous to list. They were exciting times and Geoff with his knowledge, his experience and his enthusiasm was both a leading figure and a rock solid base and support for an increasingly wide circle.

The need for musicians who could play for folk continued to be a vexing problem and eventually Geoff was the mainstay of a players club which ran very successfully in Birmingham for many years. I'm sure that his influence was a catalyst much greater than many people realised and the players club will miss that something special that he was able to infuse. He had a fellow feeling for less skilful players which I experienced. In the 50's Jockey needed music and even danced to my limited talent. One occasion at a Ring Meeting in the Peak District. I was playing for the capers in Queens Delight, Bucknell when a tray of foaming tankards passed in front of me — the words "who hasn't had his free beer?" nearly threw me and I was unable to reply for I knew I would stop playing. Many times since, Geoff reminded me of it with his cheery deep throated chuckle of one who knew exactly how I felt at that moment.

In a discussion, he once harked back to early days laying rail on the permanent way. The work was hard manual grind and required a ganger who had rapport with the men in order to get the track laid in an efficient manner. He maintained that a similar understanding between the musician and the dancers produced the best Morris.

Geoff was a quiet thoughtful person, always prepared to join in with discussion where his contribution was brief, helpful, to the point where he often could be the most pertinent contributor. His

good humour, his commitment, his knowledge, his reliable friendship, his willingness to share his experience and his generosity with the time he devoted to the benefit of others will stay with all who were fortunate enough to know him.

I have only touched on one small part of his life. Few people knew of his other commitment where he felt strongly but did not impose on others. He had a strong political belief and was working at the grass roots. He was deeply involved in his local church holding important positions. He was against War and was not prepared to fight so took the 'easy option' of working on bomb disposal. Few of his friends found this out.

In the Morris world he became most active in 1949/50. When looking for background, I found that at that time there had been 43 clubs admitted to association with the Ring between 1934 and 1949 yet by the Bedford meeting of September 1950 there were only 27 listed as members. The others had disbanded or temporarily ceased to hold regular meetings. The growth of Morris Clubs from those early days to now is due to some very dedicated and able people and I would place Geoff Mendham amongst them. The growth of Folk in general and the Morris in particular whilst changing, adapting yet staying true to their roots is due to a number of dedicated people. I am proud to have known him and along with many others will remember him with grateful appreciation.

An ordinary man who had an extraordinary influence.

Ralph Harrison — March 2007

Peter John Lawrence (1933 - 2007)

Thaxted Foreman, creator of 'Skilton', the Thaxted Horse, and the Jockey and Hobby in the Horn Dance. leader of the Thaxted 'F' tour. Peter Lawrence. celebrated .50 years this year as a Thaxted dancer. He was a true gentleman. a man of many sides and talents: amateur archaeologist, local historian, chorister and folksinger, country dancer, lover of folklore, keen cyclist and cricketer, teacher and village postman, always busy, always learning, always contributing to his community

and to the Morris up to the very end. It was fitting that his last appearance, a few days before he died, was as 'Skilton', filmed for 'Songs of Praise' from Thaxted Church. dancing through



Ilmington 'Sturch's Piece', a dance from a new, but inspired choice of tradition, which he had recently introduced and championed at Thaxted.

He could be a stern teacher of the Morris, as I know frequently to my cost, and being partially deaf in one ear he could be very selective about what he wanted to hear, but missed nothing, even in the guise of 'Skilton'.

But it will be as 'Skilton', in his many combats with the Westminster Unicorn or just sitting on a particular gravestone during the Sunday show at the Ring Meeting and as the haunting hypnotically turning horse and 'Jockey' in the horn dance that he will probably be best remembered. He will be sadly missed.

Paul Reece

Gordon Ridgewell took the photograph of Peter, at Thaxted Ring Meeting 2002, emerging from the darkness of Stoney Lane



Mendip Ring Meeting Sunday
Stafford, above and the procession below



The Secret Diary of a Night School Instructor part 2

Friday 15th September

Fiddler turned up at practice after doing a stint working at the Birmingham Beer Festival. Somehow he'd managed to get talking to a couple of blokes that had enrolled on the course. They were looking forward to it! Not sure about this at all, is this the sort of person we want involved with the morris? Can't wait to dance at the Beer Festival tomorrow!

Monday 18th Just been to visit the Study Centre and meet Deborah for the first time; a very charming and helpful young lady. The room's a decent size and, very sensibly, is downstairs. There's even a whiteboard and markers! Saw the register — about 50/50 men and women. Arranged for a place to leave some sticks from week to week so I won't have to worry about getting them there and back. I guess this shows that there's no such thing as bad publicity. Deborah handed me a note referring to a telephone call she'd received. An elderly lady had obviously seen some of the publicity and got in touch to see if Jockey could give her contact details for Gwen Johnson, the woman that started the club in 1949. She has an autograph book of Gwen's that she'd like to return. It would be nice

if we could reunite them.

Thursday 21st

First day of the course and we're off on a good note. After several telephone calls and emails around morris contacts I've this morning spoken to Dickon Taylor, Gwen Johnson's son. I've passed on the telephone number of the lady that contacted us and also let her know that Dickon will be getting in touch. What a great result. Mind you, it could be can of worms time and I'm in danger of finding myself as a 'Lost and Found' agent. Apparently Jockey may have something of Gwen's that Dickon would like back. I can but ask around club. Time to wander off muttering about 'rods for own backs', I was only trying to help someone out' etc. Write to you later, after lesson 1! Well! That went amazingly well. 12 of the 13 turned up, with one unable to make it tonight. We've got 6 men and 13 women. Amazingly enough they mostly responded to the smaller piece in the press (the one I haven't seen), no-one had even seen the full-page feature. Started with a very brief chat about Morris and quickly ran through the intended programme. By the time I'd finished we had enough Jockey men to run through a quick

set of the dances I'll be teaching. Was that fear or boredom I was seeing on some of the faces towards the end of the set? Quick break for tea and time to get the class moving. We're starting with a Badby dance and a dance in the style of Badby — just double stepping, should be easy. As you might expect - a mixed bag in terms of catching on. Some are picking it up really quickly, others will take a bit longer but they'll get there. We end the evening with practising the chorus for 'Beaux' Badby. Much faster learning time for this. Both sets were getting on remarkably well by the time we finished. Really glad that Mick stayed to help. Apart from the extra pair of eyes it really seemed to help everyone catch on that little bit quicker when we stood in the set when doing the sticking. Gary, of course, was his usual rock-solid self on the musical side. All in all a successful evening, but I must remember to see if I can get anything done about the room temperature - far too hot.

Thursday 28th

Ten to seven and I've got two Jockey helpers and no class! Aren't they coming again? Did I put them off with the promise (threat) of prompt starts?

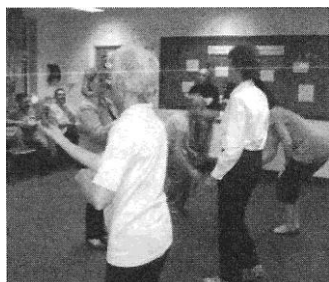
Seven o'clock and the panic's over. Just about everyone's here. We can go ahead. Whilst Brian gives Helen, last week's absentee, a quick bit of instruction on stepping I see how much the others have remembered. Working in two groups (one of women, one of men — not that it was obviously worked out that way) we review first the stepping and then the chorus. Not altogether surprisingly the stepping was generally pretty ropey. but both teams made a pretty good fist of the chorus. Press on!



To keep interest up I continue to develop the dance, introducing a figure at a time, sandwiching it between half a chorus. Each team has a couple of attempts before letting the others have a go. After each team's had their turn we introduce the next figure, building things up gradually until, by the end of the evening, they've pretty much done the whole dance in one go. As they concentrate on other things I swear even the stepping benefits when they forget about it.



End of the night and, again, we're just about where I planned to be. We've got a whole dance learned. Not perfect, but not bad for a dozen complete beginners in two sessions. I'll introduce 'Banks of the Lee' next week, that should immediately double the repertoire. Before the class left I distributed handouts listing the figures of the dances we're doing. Should act as a reminder for next week.



Another successful week. I'm feeling proud of the class, the guys helping me and myself. This seems to be working. Even had a couple of early queries about local clubs! **Friday 29th** Had a call from Deborah. It seems some of the other classes were complaining about the noise from our class. I'm a bit narked that no-one could be bothered to

come around and ask if we could do something about it, rather than sneaking to officialdom behind my back. Next week we'll keep the internal doors closed and hope fans will move the air enough to keep temperatures down. There's not much else we can do.

Thursday 5th October

Down to just eight this week. I knew about three in advance, I was told about the two others tonight. Couple of advantages - fewer people to keep an eye on and the fixed male/female sets of the last couple of weeks are automatically broken up. Recap time. Takes a while for the cast to get sorted but, after a few false starts, we manage to get a couple of passable performances of Beaux in. It all works so much better when Brian, myself or both of us dance in the set. It seems to instil more confidence and direction in the dancers. Must try and do that more, but still leave opportunities to stand out and observe. Half an hour in and time for a change. Next dance — one 'discovered' by Roy Yarnell. A stick dance, in the Badby style that we call 'Banks of the Lee' (after Birmingham's mighty watercourse, our answer to The Thames etc). Quite a few other sides dance it as 'Black Joke'. Same figures but different chorus and a half hey between each figure. Will they cope? I might need to take labels marked 'Left' and 'Right' to tie onto wrists. If one dancer gets their stick going in the wrong direction it's bad enough, but when two or three... time for Brian and me to step into the set. Again the influence of experience appears to be working its magic — until they have a go alone! We persevere. By the end of the evening and with me in at number one we're actually getting through the dances quite well. Stepping's falling apart but everyone is more or less in the correct positions at the right times and having an experienced dancer leading seems to have cured the worst of the mass arrhythmia. Looks like there's a potential three recruits for Jockey. Three of the chaps joined us for a drink afterwards and seem quite keen. Must try and keep it that way. Time for bed. I hope there's no more phone calls about noise tomorrow. I've done what I can to limit it.

Thursday 12th

A whole week gone and no phone calls — looks like the 'noise factor' is sorted. Full turnout this week, all thirteen! I guess the obvious starting point is to get the folks who were here last week to show what they've learned. Six people who were here up for 'Banks'. We obviously need to

work on the double cast. Back into your starting positions and let's try again. The set managed to get through the dance without too many problems - they certainly seemed to impress those who were missing; not too many laughs as things went a little off track. Next up — the absentees to demonstrate what they remember. At least it's given the other set something to chuckle at in return. In fairness, not too bad, but a lot of practice still required. Take stock. We've got a few that are nearly there; some whose positional play is fair, but footwork is definitely ropery and the rest... A lot of it's going to be down to confidence and relaxing. How to get there? At the start I promised them that by week 4 I'd teach them a dance to shut the smartarse 'go on then, show us a morris dance' crowd up. Jig time! We're going for Shepherd's Hey, Headington. By a curious coincidence I happen to have chosen the very jig that Mick, tonight's helper, is going to be doing to dance in at the club feast on Saturday. A quick demo and they all look a bit shell-shocked, must be the single steps being introduced. Come on, everyone can have a go at this at the same time, form a circle and watch Mick and myself. Pretty soon they've got to a point

where I can step out and walk around observing individuals and give personal coaching. Seems to work okay. By the tea break everyone is dancing a (slightly cutdown) passable version of the dance. Some more revision of the earlier dances after tea, a little more Shepherd's Hey and they're pretty much all starting to look like dancers at least some of the time. As each lesson goes on it is becoming easier to spot and try to iron out individual details - relax shoulders here, sort stepping out there. Afterwards Bill, Roger and Jim join us in The White Horse for a little apres-morris. They definitely want to come along to club!

Sunday 15th
Civilians caught dancing with Jockey on annual tour shock!



The trio are obviously keen. I'd announced on Thursday that Jockey would be touring the city

centre on Saturday. Our boys turned up to watch and got dragged into the proceedings — a simple border dance. Apparently they did okay - to slightly varying degrees.

Thursday 19th Bit of a depleted class — illness, baby-sitter letdowns and work-related matters! Probably just as well - tonight's dance is quite different, and I've only got Brian helping until about half eight. Time for just a brief recap. One set each for Banks of the Lee and Beaux and everyone up for Shepherd's Hey. A bit of a false start in one of the Badby dances but it's certainly coming on. Dancing and calling in the set it's difficult to keep an eye on the stepping, but the figures and choruses are not too far off. Jockey, Brackley — was this a good choice? As ever the major problem is trying to demonstrate what a team

of 6 men do with just 2. As usual, though, we find a way and soon we're into the dance. It's amazing

how difficult it can be to take figures that you've been dancing for years and try to break them down for explanation. Demonstrating the back to back slowly I became convinced that Brian and I were doing it differently. When we danced it at normal speed we were assured there was no difference! Just to prove we all learn in different ways and have different preferences some of those who'd been a bit weaker previously were much better at picking up some of tonight's dance. Hopefully reassuring for those who've struggled a bit up to now. Despite my reservations, and probably helped by the reduced numbers, we did manage to get through the whole dance. Again I can go to the pub feeling very satisfied with progress.

Friday 20th

Jockey practice night and, as promised, we have three new attendees — Bill, Jim and Roger have come along. How about a go at Banks of the Lee? Time for me to have my last few week's work reviewed by a critical audience! Jim can't take part because he's had a minor op and part way through Jim pulls a muscle, but Roger does sterling work and we come out of a couple of runs at it unscathed. After business Roger has a go at The Upton Stick Dance and makes

a pretty good fist of it. In the pub afterwards the chaps tell me that they definitely want to join the club. I also discover their ages and am delighted to find that, at the tender age of just 48, Roger is a candidate for the Jockey Youth Team! On a personal note it was very gratifying to have Fiddler, our now ex-squire, and another member, Malcolm, tell me what a good job I've done and how well it appears to be going. Must be doing alright, then! Half term next week!

Thursday 2nd November
 Oh dear! Half term may not be such a good idea. They've forgotten how to double-step and they're completely off the beat. Six sticks striking the floor as — six sticks. Timings completely shot. It looks like tonight's lesson plan is going out of the window. 'Hands up those who've practised their stepping over the last fortnight.' As I suspected, none. First half hour recapping the Badby dances and time for Shepherd's Hey. After the previous dances I'm not expecting much, but they're fine. Dancing in two groups of six — far less work to do to iron out individual wrinkles. We're just about to move on and Fiddler turns up! Just to show him how we're progressing I get them all doing Shepherd's Hey again. A little more ragged with all of them up, but that's as much

down to reduced personal space as anything else. A quick break, and half the lesson gone, and it's back to what we should be doing — finishing Jockey, Brackley. Only half of the students here tonight were present last time. We agree that, in all fairness, we'll concentrate on them for the rest of the lesson. It's not without its hiccups, but with around half an hour left, breaking the dance into two halves based on the two choruses, we get there. As there's time left and the side up are looking a little weary I decide to test the others' powers of observation and see how far we can get with them. We just about finished it within the lesson, just too late for me to get the first group back up to run the whole dance. They'll just have to start the next lesson with a demo! Sold three Jockey CDs tonight — another few quid in the club kitty.

Thursday 9th

Well, the good news is I sold another couple of Jockey CDs. The bad news is the class was even worse than last week. There really seems to be no inherent sense of rhythm in them. Figures and sticking were all over the shop. Again things improved with the calming influence of an experienced dancer being introduced. The lesson I'm learning here is that to teach this number of people from scratch in

this kind of scenario you ideally need an instructor, musician and half a set of decent dancers (or a set of half-decent dancers). Again we struggle through Decision time. I re-explained my objective for the course — to give a taste of morris for beginners so that they could feel relatively comfortable in the early days of joining a club. I then offered the class the opportunity to change the rest of the program — consolidate the dances we've done already — so three more weeks going over the same material; or carry on and 'learn' the last three dances on the original programme. Good old British compromise! We're doing one more new one, then consolidation. Highland Mary, Bampton? Harder than it looks!

Thursday 16th

Much, much better. I left feeling quite refreshed. I decided I'd try a different approach to try and get everyone to focus a bit more on detail — somebody else's. I called for a set and the six women got up. I then asked them to pair up with one of the men. Tonight's task — to observe your partner and comment on their performance as we develop the dance. This new approach worked a treat. I took each set through Highland Mary a figure at a time. After they'd had a couple of attempts I asked

everyone to comment on their opposite numbers. Although some were more reluctant than others to appear to be criticising it was pretty successful — they were managing to pick up on things I'd spotted, and one or two I'd missed as well. Must keep that technique in the toolbox. Halfway through the class we had a visit from local ladies' side, Glorishears. This gave the chance to see another perspective on morris and the opportunity for some of 'my' ladies, that might want to take their dancing further, to make contact with a club. As we had an audience we performed Shepherd's Hey — only one person got it wrong (but I had had a stressful day!). Considering how bad things looked last week we managed to do pretty well with Highland Mary. It was looking quite reasonable by the end of the lesson. On the way to the pub afterwards I was quite relieved to find that both Gary and Brian had enjoyed the evening and that they also thought things were back on the up.

Friday 17th

Had another chance to work at Jockey with the three new guys from the class and two of our less-experienced members. We ran through the two Badby / Badby-style dances I've been doing on a Thursday. Have to say it went pretty well,

definitely more into polishing performances than step-by-step instruction. They're not far off dancing out standard - in the right set. **Thursday 23rd**

Just Gary and me tonight, both Brian and Mike are working. At the end of last week I asked the class to think about which of the dances they would most like to work on. We have a quick vote and the surprising number one is Highland Mary, second choice being Banks of the Lee. Unfortunately it's off to another bad start as again their memories evade them. Dancing in front of the set that most wanted to do the dance we eventually managed to start getting somewhere again. If anything Banks was even worse to start off with, stick clashing all over the shop, and rarely together. No-one seems able to put the tune and dance together. I think that should I run another class I'll get the music, sticking and calls recorded in advance and distribute it to the class on CDs so that they can listen and or practice at home. Someone mentioned doing morris to the Hokey Cokey. Following that line of thought I decided it might be worth trying a processional. In an attempt to involve everyone and get them to do some more on their Bampton I went for Bonny Green. Not the easiest dance to visualise

when done as a solo jig! To be fair, they were getting the hang of it by the end of the evening. I handed out some questionnaires about the course tonight. Needless to say I was a little nervous about what might come back. I'm gobsmacked by the response to date. Everyone has really enjoyed it — 'brilliant' some said. The only negative quotes have been about having periods of sitting around. I can't say I'm too worried about that — environment and number of instructors and pupils meant that there wasn't really a more practical approach. Something to bear in mind for the future, though.

Thursday 30th They think it's all over. It is now! What a finish. I invited Deborah, the gardens' educational officer along to view the last session. I have to be honest and say that the class did me proud. We ran through most of the dances and they were better than they'd ever been. Only the occasional lapses but, most importantly, they were able to recover and carry on! Progress indeed. I got everyone up and pulled Deborah into the set. For a first attempt she did extremely well. Before she went I got Deborah to present some token attendance certificates I'd knocked up — that seemed to go down well. All of the Jockey guys who'd supported me so magnificently over the last 11 weeks were able to turn up, including Fiddler. I thanked them publicly and was heartened that they received very enthusiastic thanks from the class. There followed a surprise for me. Fiddler presented me with a bottle of single malt for taking the class on — greatly appreciated.

We spent the last 45 minutes or so introducing a couple of simple border dances (well, it is the. Original Welsh Border practice on Saturday!). So that's it, all done. Thursdays will seem odd from now on. It's been hard work and at times it was hard to see progress being made. On the weeks when it appeared we were going backwards it was quite depressing. Would I do it again? Most definitely. The challenge and rewards have been well worth the effort. What's really good is that everyone else seems to feel the [?? Ed]

Mendip Celebrating at their Ring Meeting/'



Celebrating 400th Anniversary of The Cotswold Dover Games

To celebrate the 400th anniversary of the Cotswold Olympics or Dover Games, Chipping Campden, Ilmington and Shakespeare will be combining forces to organise the Chipping Campden Cotswold Olympic Ring Meeting on the 25th to 27th May 2012. This will be the start of a week long celebration culminating in the 400th anniversary of the Dover Games itself on nearby Dover Hill. This will be the first of the Olympic Ring Meetings now

in place alongside Thaxted (1st-3rd June) and Hartley's 60th Anniversary Meeting (possibly 27th-29th July to coincide with the opening of the London Olympics). A large Joint Morris Organisations Showcase Event is also planned for London.

It would be good to have a Border Olympics Ring Meeting based on Much Wenlock, Shropshire and their Wenlock Olympic Games first performed in October 1850

and now held every July. This is the model for the modern French revival games of which London 2012 will be the third held in the capital after 1908 and 1948. In 1865 Penny Brookes the founder of the Wenlock Games co-founded the National Olympian Association in Liverpool as a sport's association for amateur athletes. Their first festival held at Crystal Palace, London, the following year attracted 10,000 spectators and the response to

this was the Amateur Athletics Club, later to become the Amateur Athletics Association, this country's ruling athletics body. See www.wenlock-olympian-society.org.uk Any West Midlands, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire and Warwickshire sides interested in putting such a Ring Meeting together please get in touch with the Squire,

Paul Reece.mazre@tiscali.co.uk