

TAMLYN

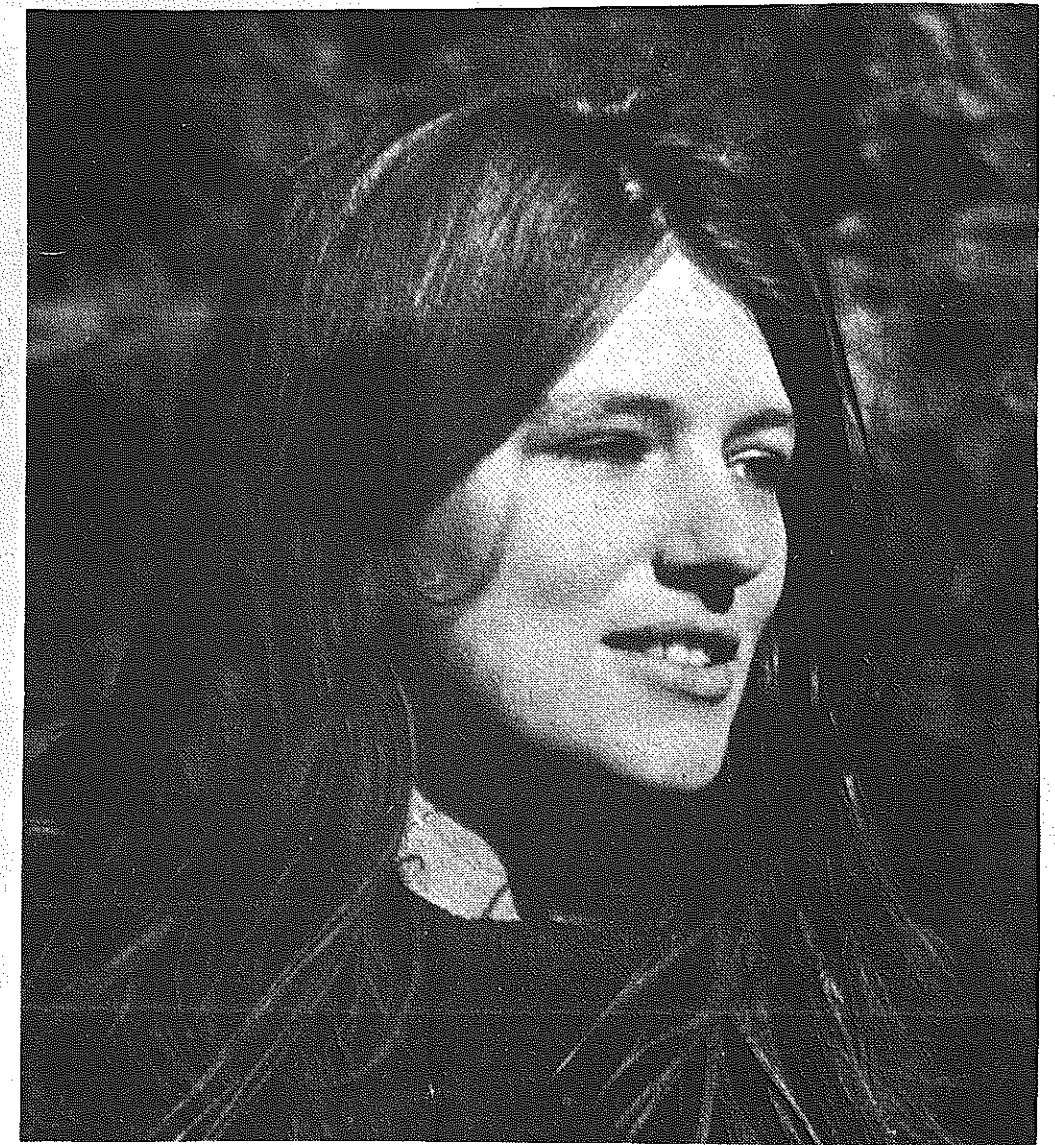
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MARIE LITTLE

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scene

Up and coming young folk singers

by Jan and Julie

Before we went into folk music, we sang at coffee evenings and charity do's etc. with different groups from school.

We first learned a few basic cords at Junior School about four years ago, but didn't improve on this until we started visiting folk clubs where we improved mainly by tips from various artists and watching.

We did our first floor-spot at Fleetwood Folk Club in July '72. Our reception there encouraged us to seek experience in other folk clubs. So we set about doing floor-spots.

Right from the beginning we steered towards traditional folk songs. Whilst we like some contemporary folk, we still prefer and enjoy singing trad., and we intend to continue so, although it has been

said that we will turn towards contemporary.

We have been fortunate to have received a lot of encouragement, and we value the varied and sometimes contradictory advice of the pro's. Constantly we are learning by noting the techniques of different artists, in fact most of the people we have met have helped us in one way or another.

We have gained a lot of experience from doing guest spots in different clubs, and dealing with the different audiences. We have been grateful for the opportunity to stand in as temporary residents at a few clubs.

We would like to spend more time visiting folk clubs, but at the moment, and probably for the next few years, our schooling will have to come



first.

As for the future we are not looking too far

ahead, our main concern being to enjoy what we sing.

THE COD END MUMMERS

by Ron Baxter

Plays of the mummery kind have been collected from all over Europe from the Balkans to Ireland and Russia to Spain.

They all deal with the same theme, the magicians death and the rebirth of the seasons, personified into the ritualistic death and resurrection of the Hero.

In some of the Balkan plays a marriage and symbolic birth take place but in the English versions this has been lost. Sexual symbolism is used extensively, club and dripping pan of Beelzebub, Devil Doubt and her tail (in reality a misplaced penis), the Hobby Horse - all these are symbols of fertility.

Again in some of the Balkan plays the man woman has a huge wooden phallus on a pulley. The English versions tend to be funny with rather a large amount of horse play

but the basic story and mystic rite still come over, as can be seen in the play performed by the Cod End Mummies.

The Cod End Mummies were formed in June '73 by members of Fleetwood Folk Club and since then they have performed in galas, carnivals and other folk clubs.

The play itself is the Manchester version, which, from the fragments that have survived is almost identical to the now lost Fylde play.

Mike Lyddiard

FOLKSINGER

Guitar - Dulcimer - Autoharp
30 Sylve Rd., Bolton-le-Sands
Carnforth, Lancs. Tel Hest Bank
823468

news in brief

Will the nutter who keeps making funny phone calls, please note that as we haven't yet paid the phone bill we will probably be cut off by the time this issue is out.

Old friends John and Judie Surridge featured along with Mike Lyddiard in a programme on Radio Blackburn recently.

The programme dealt with the wide variety of instruments which they play and as a result Producer John Mills has given them a series of three programmes in the New Year.

What as happened to the Dungeon: Ghyll in Langdale? It used to be the best place in the Lakes for an ale-up and folksinging.

Now it is devoid of climbers and their 'dirty ditty's' having been driven

out by the very person who they helped to establish.

When asked to comment one of the barmen threatened to throw us out as being troublemakers, needless to say we 'supped up' and joined the 'Exiles' outside.

If you are down in the 'Smoke' this month don't miss Judy Collins at the Royal Albert Hall on the 1st.

And Tom (What am I going to sing about now Vietnam has finished) Paxton is at the Guild Hall in Preston, Lancs on the 22nd Oct.



Let 'Tamlyn' know what is happening with your Group or Folk Club, so that we can let your members and guests know.



Bolton Folksinger Bob Williamson pictured during his recent tour of Blackpool Folk Club, that's what he tells us anyway.

Old friends of 'Tamlyn' Dave and June Brooks along with Sam Bracken are doing a TV series for the 'Beeb' - 'That Stuart Hall Show'.

There are eleven programmes starting weekly on Tues. 23rd Oct at 10.15 and the programme is being networked nationally.

Also in the New Year 'Brooksband' as the trio now call themselves are doing the music for a childrens programme called 'Rainbow' which will be shown throughout the country at dinnertime.

review

Lancashire Lass Marie Little (see front cover) has just had her latest album released and it is fantastic.

Keeping to a simple backing Marie has proved that her voice doesn't need the elaborate orchestrations which were on 'Factory Girl' her last album. Recorded on Trailer LER 2084 it is a record not to be missed.

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BROOKSBAND

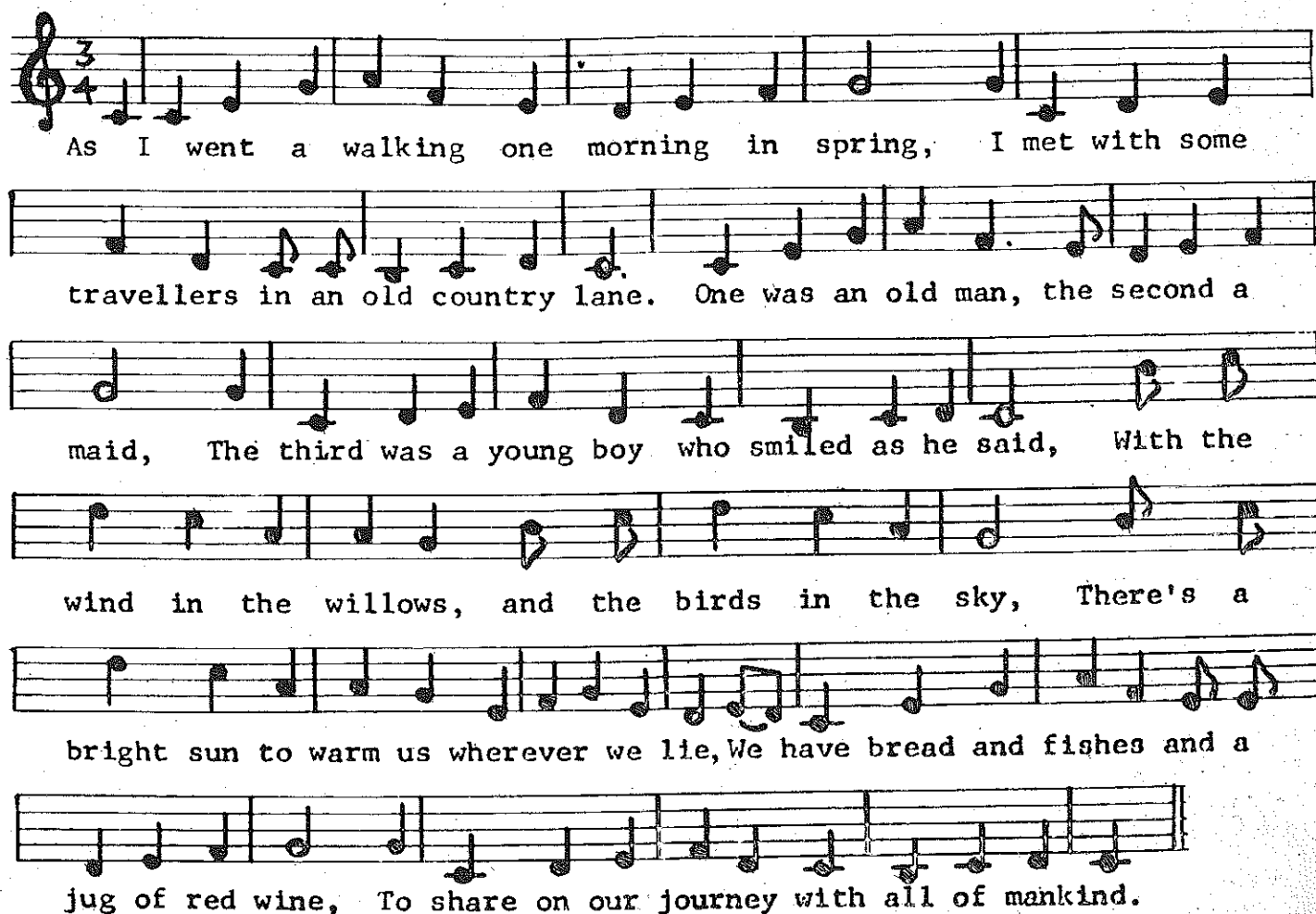
Dave and June Brooks
with Sam Bracken.

Tel: Bolton 33915 or
Accrington 382845



Bread and fishes

Words and music by Alan Bell © 1972 Maypole Music



As I went a walking one morning in spring, I met with some
travellers in an old country lane. One was an old man, the second a
maid, The third was a young boy who smiled as he said, With the
wind in the willows, and the birds in the sky, There's a
bright sun to warm us wherever we lie, We have bread and fishes and a
jug of red wine, To share on our journey with all of mankind.

*I sat down beside them with the gay flowers around,
And we ate from a mantle spread out on the ground.
They told me of peoples, and prophets and kings,
And all of the one God who knew everything*

*So I asked them to tell me their names and their race,
That I may remember their kindness and grace.
'My name it is Joseph, this is Mary my wife,
And this is our young son who is our dear life.*

*'We are travelling to Glaston through England's green lanes,
To hear of men's troubles, to hear of men's pains.
We travel the wide world o'er the lands and the seas,
To tell all the people how they can be free.*

*So sadly I left them in that old country lane,
I know that I never shall see them again.
One was an old man, the second a maid,
The third was a young boy who smiled as he said,*

LAMPREY

Contact Gregg Butler & Pete Ashworth
at 052 - 478 - 544

pot pourri

The Fylde Folk Festival

by Alan Bell.

At around 7.30pm on Friday night, the 7th September, 1973, I looked around the almost deserted ballroom of the North Euston Hotel at Fleetwood, and inwardly groaned. It looked as if the great gamble was about to fail; two hours later I knew the First Fylde Folk Festival had become a solid and successful reality. This success was due to a variety of reasons and people.

A Fylde Folk Festival was talked about years ago, but always we ran into cash problems. Neither Blackpool Folk Club nor Fleetwood Folk Club were rich enough to underwrite the cost of a Festival, and it seemed as if the idea was just a pipe dream. However, with the formation of the Fylde

Arts Association, a new body of opinion appeared along the coast to promote and further Arts ideals. It is entirely due to the Arts Association Director, Harland and Walshaw, that the Festival became possible. He listened to my ideas and suggestions and guaranteed the money we needed, and so over the months from early spring through summer, our plans went ahead.

We were keen on promoting Folk Song and Folk Dance. We wanted a talent competition to encourage local singers, We wanted a workshop on musical instruments and some general discussions.

Most of all we wanted to see how all these ideas would go down. This was to be a pilot festival.

The Taverners started the concert on Friday evening, and they were followed by Sullivan. I would like to thank both the Taverners and Sullivan for all the hard work they put in behind the scenes to make the festival a success. In fact, all the local singers and 'folkies' deserve a mention for the support they gave. Horden Raikes started after the interval and they paved the way for Mike Harding. In the folk clubs today, the singer/entertainer is very popular and none more so than Mike. His belly laugh Humour brought the house down at the Euston.

On Saturday the Festival was underway again at 11.15am when the workshops started. Stuart Lawrence from Ulverston spoke and sang modern songs in the traditional idiom. Roger Barnes ran a workshop on the concertina. Both were well attended.

At around 12.30pm the lunchtime singarounds got underway at the Euston and the Jolly Roger

Bar. At the latter place, some of the old ladies looked a bit puzzled at first when the Taverners started of their session, but they were soon enjoying themselves, and the bar management were delighted too.....

Later at the Queens Hotel, the Garstang Morris Men started to process along the promenade. In the brilliant weather they made a grand showing, and I enjoyed watching the faces of the old people; the sound of clogs must have brought back many memories.

The English Country Dancers danced away to the music of Malcolm Milner, as a very devoted audience sat through a hot afternoon to listen to the contestants in the Talent Competition, which was eventually won by Ian Woods, solo section, and Nightfood, in the group section.

At the final concert on the Saturday evening, Harry Boardman followed the singers of the Garstang Morris Men who 'warmed up' the audience. Harry is a very well known Lanc-

ashire singer and has been seen recently on B.B.C. television as the narrator in the series, 'Ballad of the North West'. Harry was followed by Bernard Wrigley. Bernard is and actor, writer, singer and musician, and as anyone who saw him that night will testify, very funny as well. It is pleasing that Lancashire can produce so much talent. Gary and Vera sang and played to an enthusiastic audience, who shouted for more, but time was running out, and the singers of the Morris Men returned to end the evening.

I don't think I have ever seen so many people in such a relatively small ballroom before. I don't think I have ever seen so many people enjoy themselves so much. The final moments of the Festival were unforgettable.

So ended the first Fylde Folk Festival. It cost a lot of money to stage, and we may not get it all back. Nevertheless, we have proved that a Folk Festival can be a roaring success. Here's to Folk Festival 1974.

'Tamlyn' have produced a eight page booklet for art students. It contains notes on the artists of the Renaissance and oil painting, and is ideal for the A level student. It costs 25p but we are giving 'Tamlyn' readers the chance to buy it for 15p. So why not drop us a line

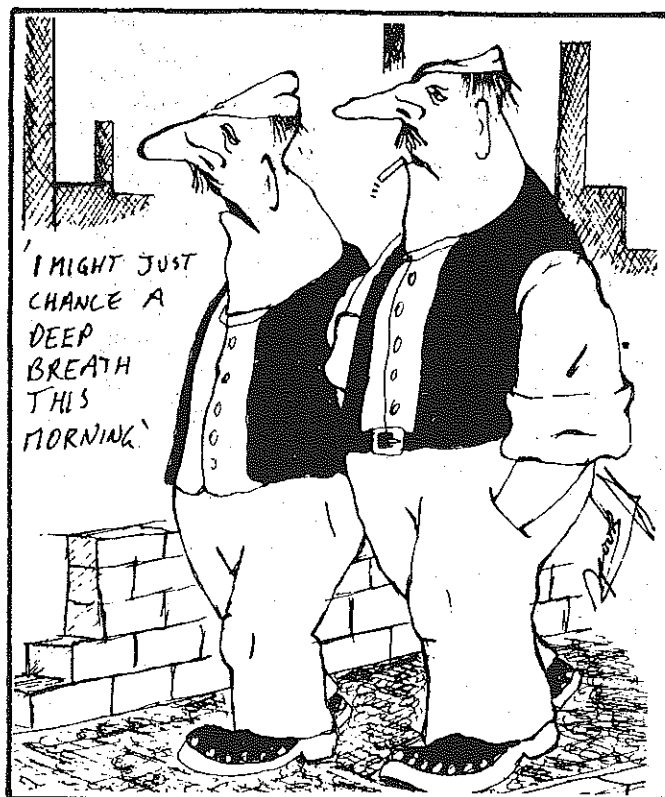
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humour



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An everyday saga in the life of Clog Dancing Folk
by BILL TIDY and by kind permission of PRIVATE EYE



folklore

SHUCK

Uncanny black dogs are no strangers to the folk of East Anglia, for in a great storm in 1577 a black demon dog appeared in Bungay church and brought death with him.

According to records it departed leaving two dead worshippers strangled at their prayers and another as shrivelled as a piece of leather scorched in a fire.

Demon dogs have haunted many parts of England particularly in East Anglia, for over a thousand years.

In the eastern counties the hound is known as Black Shuck; the term shuck coming from 'scucca' the Anglo Saxon for demon.

Unlike dogs of this world, Black Shuck seems to be more attached to places than people. He has always walked alone, loping along lonely roads or leaping over churchyard walls and vanishing among the tombstones.

The appearance and

characteristics of Black Shuck vary from place to place. He seems to emerge from his secret lair only at dusk, and he usually described as a shaggy creature the size of a calf, easily recognisable by his saucer-sized eyes weeping green or red fire.

In Suffolk, he is believed to be harmless if left alone, but when challenged will kill his aggressor.

At Clopton Hall, Stowmarket, where he guards a hoard of gold he has the body of a monk and the head of a hound.

The Norfolk Shuck is a more sinister hound, similar to the werewolves which haunted this area in the Middle Ages.

He is a terrible creature, as black as ebony, whose howls have been heard above the wildest gales.

Terrified people have sensed Black Shuck padding behind them and felt his icy breath upon the back



of their necks.

In Essex, Shuck is a kindly hound and has been known to protect travellers on lonely roads. Only his habit of haunting the sites

of ancient gallows and graveyards is evidence that he is a demon dog.

Either way he is not a thing to be alone in the dark with.

During the fierce purge of the Highlands that followed Bonnie Pringle's defeat at Culloden, James Carnegie of Balnagoon, a staunch Jacobite, fled to Glen Esk and took shelter at Auchronie.

One day, while sitting in the inglenook, a troop of Cumberland redcoats rode up to the farm in search of him. The farmer denied having seen Carnegie, and invited the soldiers to warm themselves by the fire. At the same time he told Carnegie, who was sitting with his back to them, to go out and check that the cows had been milked.

Carnegie slipped out of the farm and away to Glen Mark, where he found a cave in which to hide until the hunt was over. The cave is still known as Balnagoons Cave.

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history

KENDAL

It is little known that Kendal was the pioneer of the great woollen industry of England. In 1331 Edward III granted a letter of protection to a foreign weaver, John Kemp of Flanders, under which he settled and began work in Kendal. For six hundred years the trade flourished, and at one time it was the most important in the north. There is little wonder that the town took as its motto the words, "Pannus mihi panis" ("Wool is my Bread").

"Kendal Green," a heavy woollen cloth, early became famous for its hard-wearing quality, and Shakespeare immortalised it in his "King Henry IV." Cotton fabrics were also produced and a large export trade developed to America and the West Indies. The reciprocal trade founded the tobacco industry in 1623, which is still carried on in the manufacture of Kendal snuff.

In 1189 Kendal was made a barony by Richard Cœur de Lion before he set forth on his Crusade. The honour may have been due to a large contribution to his war chest. Later in the reign of Richard II the barony was divided into three portions, one part with the castle passing to Sir William Parr, an ancestor of Queen Katherine Parr, the sixth wife of King Henry VIII.

The town has seen many dark days, from devastating Scots raids—the one in 1210 led by the Earl of Fife being recorded as "one of the bloodiest and most lamentable days ever known in Kendal"—to fires and floods. In 1598 and 1623 came the Black Death. In 1687 a terrific gale stripped the roof from the Parish Church.

As fighting-men Kendalians have always been to the fore. The burghers of old were all trained to military service and liable to be called upon to defend the Border country. The valour of the Kendal archers at Flodden is described in the words:—

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Kendal Parish Church

"The left-hand wing, with all his route
The lusty Lord of Dacres led,
With him the bows of Kendal stout,
With milk-white coats and crosses red,
These were the bows of Kendal bold,
Who fierce did fight and never fled."

Again, Scott in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" says of them:

"Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal Archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen."

Blackpool Folk Club

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