

The Society of Civil Service Authors

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Diary

29th February 2000 – Closing date for the **Lewis Wright short story competition**, the **Herbert Spencer Poetry Competition**, the **George Farley prize for light humorous verse** and the **Vincent Brennan travel article**.

Leicester 2000! – Writers' Weekend (date to be announced)

PW Weekend - 14th - 16th July 2000

DATA PROTECTION ACT
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DISCLAIMER
The views expressed in the Civil Service Author are those of the contributors and are not necessarily those of the Editor or of the Society.

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EDITOR'S NOTES

By Howard W Frost

Thank you for the kind letters I have received concerning “Author” Edition 147, and thanks also for the mildness of the reproof where my efforts have been less satisfactory.

I have also (as you can imagine) received worried letters and phone calls about the non-appearance of Edition 148 as October rolled into November. Suffice to say that my instructions from the Committee to reduce the output to *four* Editions per year arrived in a letter dated 30th September and I was charged with getting the next out to members “before Christmas”.

Here it is.

Personally, I was glad of the slightly longer lead-time as I have been dealing with bereavement, illness, and change of job – roughly in that order, as well as working through commitments undertaken prior to accepting Editorship of “Author”. These have included:- supporting Thom (the World Poet) Woodruff at the end of his last-ever tour of the U.K., directing Karl Dallas in a staged presentation of “The Twelve” by Block and a personal appearance at the new Bristol Poetry Festival, as well as trying to keep my own writers’ group and “open microphone” venue afloat during a difficult time.

Mention of Thom, Karl and Bristol brings me to another point. Mention of them might well draw the comments “who’s he”, and “so what”, but, to me, they are important figures and an important new event. What links the three I touched on in part in my first Editor’s Notes they are all part of a growing International web of writers and “wanabees” that grows with every day that passes and is linked together by the Internet, the Telephone and physically going to meet and experience each other’s work.

A former Head of Department, on hearing I was a poet, asked me if I had “any other solitary vices”. Amusing, certainly. Thought provoking? Well perhaps only in retrospect. Sadly, I was unable to join the rest of the “Trout” poets at the Hastings Festival a few weeks ago, for reasons already touched on, but I deeply regret the missed opportunity.

It seems to me that those of us who only involve ourselves in either:-

The potentially “navel contemplating” doings of one or two Writer’s groups (or worse still no group at all)

or

Supporting the readings only of established writers

are not taking sufficient risks in the pursuit of our craft, or contributing to its growth.

We all would perhaps deplore the inability of a growing number of our school leavers to communicate in written English (Yes I know I’ve split another infinitive but I’m not too worried about that), but what are WE and our writer’s groups doing about that situation?

If the answer is “Not much”, I fear we may be failing in our duty as communicators.

What I should like to do through the pages of “Author”, is to keep members in touch with what other members are doing in the big, wide world of the written word. With only quarterly editions, this may be difficult I know, as many events occur at short(ish) notice, but, if anyone is involved in a public event, please let me know:- when, where, how much to attend, any opportunity to read one’s own work, who to write to, what the event is part of/supports, and after it’s all over (in as few words as possible) how it went.

If I get some response, I’ll call the column “Getting Out More”, for obvious reasons.

Lots of articles in my postbag this time, please keep a few stories coming.

For those interested, “Thom” founded a major International Poetry Festival, and “Karl” has been a major music journalist for over fifty years, and the production of “The Twelve” etc., well, we got a full page preview in a National Daily Newspaper, and Bristol? I hear it is likely to be an annual event – go see.

Letters

I would like to thank our President Charles Neilson Gattey for the wonderful party he generously hosted at the Garrick Club on July 31st. It was a memorable occasion held in splendid artistic surroundings and with liberal helpings of delicious food and wine.

Ethel Corduff

First of all, I should like to say how thrilled I am to have won 1st prize in the Lewis Wright Short Story competition with my story *The Hypercritic*. As a writer who prefers to plough his own lonely furrow rather than joining Writers' Circles and Creative Writing classes, this kind of success is the only way I have of knowing whether my work is passable or piffle.

In the light of the above, I am absolutely in favour of editors/judges/publishers offering criticism to writers. Many writers are ludicrously sensitive about their work being criticised – poets, in particular – because writing taps into deep personal reservoirs of feeling. But we should all learn to be a little more robust if we want to be published. I have been told – by various editors – that my poetry is prosaic, sub-Betjemanic, self pitying and unimaginative. I would sooner be told that this is how they find my work than have a bland rejection slip, let alone the gushing enthusiasm on offer from friends and family. The criticism won't stop me writing more poetry, a hobby I enjoy, but it will stop me bashing my head against a brick wall where publication is concerned. Bearing in mind the number of submissions to magazines, competitions and publishers, writers should be glad of any feedback. They do, after all, retain their right to disregard it,

Adrian Fry

I am a little reluctant to write this letter so early in your new role, but it is not intended to be unpleasant.

I do not think you will know of me, but you did include my Sonnet in your first magazine (No. 147 page 9). Unfortunately either the typist or the printer omitted part of a word on the last line, making it read 'in' instead of 'within', and breaking all the rules.

While on the subject I might as well say that in four places (index, pages 8 and 9) my initials were shown as C.P.O. instead of C.P.D. Elvidge.

I suppose it all seems rather petty, but I do feel that the sonnet should be published in its correct form.

Patricia Elvidge

ISSUE 148 – THE CIVIL SERVICE AUTHOR

I noticed the other day that the above issue was due out in October, but I haven't received my copy yet. If it is available I would be grateful if you will forward me one.

Whilst writing, I'd like to say good luck with the job of editor – it must be a daunting task. I agree with your editorial in issue 147; members really do need to get more involved, even if it's just writing in to offer comment on stories, poems and articles, or raising some subject of writing interest. A bit more lively debate would not go amiss – witness “Peninsular” magazine which has rich and enthusiastic letters pages.

Neil Shuttleworth

I am new to the Civil Service (mid-March 1999), and it has taken me this long to contact the Society's Membership Secretary, and Mike Boland of the Poetry Workshop, which I have also joined. Pure chance (a review of WAVES in a poetry mag. I receive) led me to Bill Douglas, who put me on to Joan Hykin and the Workshop – within the Civil Service your Society seems to be better kept as a secret than some of the confidential cases I handle daily as a CSA Appeals Writer at CAU Lytham.

Chris Heyworth

The Civil Service Author needs to be improved in presentation and content if it is to attract and retain more subscribers.

Let us take presentation first, using the August/September issue as an example. The double column per page format has no advantage that I can see. It was unforgivable to print the winning sonnet in a fragmented 29 line version. Mrs. Elvidge must have been heart-broken, particularly as the adjudicator's report itself was published across a full page. The double column format also leads to messy carry-overs of articles and stories e.g. page 28.

Now for content. This is more subjective. However you must decide what intellectual level you are aiming at. Do you want a popular readership like that of Best or Women's Weekly, or do you aspire to something more literary? Both ends of the spectrum have their merits but you cannot mix the colours. Then there is balance. At the moment the CSA reads like a house or school mag. It needs a more coherent identity. There is a third, perhaps more sensitive matter. I am myself early retired and I suspect many of your readers are over fifty. However, please do not turn The Author into a magazine of reaction and nostalgia, however good the odd poem may be. A fifty year old can write something as fresh and exciting as a twenty or an eighty year old.

William Wood

NEWS

Society of Civil Service Authors AGM 1999

The AGM was held at the Civil Service Club on 15th May and attended by nineteen members after a sandwich/wine lunch. A vote of thanks to the retiring editor of *The Author* Iain McIntyre was proposed by Mr Roy Froud for his superb editorship of the magazine for the last eleven years. Much praise was given for his expertise. A proposal for Iain to be made a vice president of the Society was agreed unanimously. The deaths of Vice Presidents Arthur Burton Stibbon and Iris Murdoch in the past year had left two vacancies.

There was much discussion about a possible new Editor. Joan Hykin reported that seventy six new members had joined since the last AGM but more are needed to balance the numbers as some have resigned due to infirmity. The society now has 313 members and to keep the numbers up publicity has to be on going. Our publicity officer Val Whitmarsh has worked very hard. Val is retiring as Publicity Officer within the next year and the Chairman Alan Watts thanked her for all her hard work. A serving member is needed as her successor.

A long heated discussion took place about the proposed change of name for the Society. Any change would have to be passed by two thirds of the membership. The committee were willing to stand again and were elected unanimously. A possible millennium writers' weekend in Leicester to be feasible would need at least twenty five people, only seven people had responded,

The Douglas Morgan millennium novel competition and the autobiography competition sponsored by Roy Froud are sure to attract many entries.

Annual Literary Lunch by Ethel Corduff

Fifty six members and guests booked for the Annual Lunch on Saturday 16th October at the Civil Service Club London. This was the highest attendance for several years. The toast to the guests was made by the chairman Alan Watts. The Guest of Honour was Professor Martin Esslin OBE who had been head of Drama at the BBC for many years and is an expert on Samuel Beckett. He gave us a fascinating insight to his drama

background and particularly his friendship with Beckett. He made Beckett come alive for us.

The toast to the President and Vice-presidents was proposed by the vice-chairman Victor Negus Moore with reference to the loss to the society by the deaths of two vice-presidents Iris Murdoch and Arthur Burton Stebbings. The reply to the toast was made by our new vice president Iain McIntyre the recently retired editor of the 'Author'. He was warmly welcomed by the president Charles Neilson Gattey.

Writers' Weekend, Leicester, 2000

If there is enough interest I'll arrange a weekend in Leicester next year. 'Weekend' would run from Friday tea-time to Sunday lunchtime inclusive. Workshop leaders/speakers would be creative writing lecturers. Saturday afternoon will be free for a look round the city. Cost per person per weekend would approximate £125.00 with en suite accommodation, about £10.00 less for standard, if 30 plus people come. Day rate with lunch would be about £16.00. Add cost of your fares: Leicester has excellent road, rail, coach and air links. The University Halls of Residence are in Botanical Gardens 3 miles from City Centre and 4 miles from Junction 21 of M1 and M69.

Please see page 35.

Joan Hykin

WANTED – a publicity officer for *The Author* as Val Whitmarsh retired in December '99. Post holder should be a serving officer. Job entails writing articles on Society activities and mailing them to 70+ staff journals plus other outlets, and preparing and mailing competition posters. Plenty of scope for your own initiative within a limited budget. Please call Val on 01252 721794 after 6 pm for further details.

Competitions

Kent & Sussex Poetry Society Poetry 2000

Open Competition £1000 in prizes

Adjudicator: CAROLE SATYAMURTI

Prizes: 1st – £500 2nd – £200 3rd – £100 4th – four of £50

Entry fee: £3 per poem

Closing date: 31st January 2000

1. The competition is open to anyone aged 16 and over.
 2. Poems should be in English, unpublished, not accepted for publication, and must be your original work.
 3. Poems may be on any subject and in any form or style. They must be typed and not longer than 40 lines.
 4. Each poem must be typed on a separate sheet of A4 paper. All poems are judged anonymously and should not bear your name, nor any other form of identification. On a separate sheet of A4 paper you should give a: your name and address, b: a list of poems submitted, and c: where you heard about the competition.
 5. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for receipt of entry if required (marked RECEIPT) or for results sheet (marked RESULTS – published mid-March 2000).
 6. Any number of poems may be submitted on payment of the appropriate fee: £3 per poem. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to KENT & SUSSEX POETRY SOCIETY. No stamps foreign currency or Irish PO's accepted. Pounds Sterling or Sterling Drafts will be accepted.
 7. The winners will be notified by post. No person may win more than one prize. An anthology of winning and shortlisted poems will be published (available £3 from the address below). Poems cannot be returned to the contestants. The decision of the adjudicator will be final, and there can be no correspondence concerning the result.
 8. Entries should be addressed to:
The Competition Organiser, 13 Ruscombe Close, Southborough,
Tunbridge Wells, TN4 0SG
- Entry form not required. This leaflet may be photocopied.

THE SOCIETY'S 1999/2000 COMPETITIONS

Closing date 29th February 2000

THE LEWIS WRIGHT SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Maximum length 3,000 words. Manuscripts must be typed double-spaced on A4 paper. They will be returned if accompanied by a S.A.E.

ENTRY FEE:- £2.50 per story. JUDGE:- To be announced.

PRIZES:- FIRST:- £100, and publication in the Civil Service Author.

SECOND:- £50, THIRD: (£10 to EACH of the best five runners-up.)

THE HERBERT SPENCER POETRY COMPETITION

No restriction on theme or form, but a maximum of forty lines and one poem to a sheet of paper. (Humorous verse might be more suitable for the George Farley Prize.) It should be noted that entries cannot be returned.

ENTRY FEE:- £2.50 for the first and £1 for each subsequent poem.

Judge:- To be announced.

PRIZES:- FIRST:- £100 and publication in the Civil Service Author.

SECOND: £50: THIRD: £25.

THE GEORGE FARLEY PRIZE

For light humorous verse only. JUDGES – The sponsors – Pamela Farley – Aline Shee – Jean Squires. (Daughters of George Farley.) No entry fee. The judges look for qualities their father valued in humorous verse – “wit, clever construction, and interesting language.” It is regretted that entries cannot be returned.

PRIZE £10 and publication in the Civil Service Author.

THE VINCENT BRENNAN TRAVEL ARTICLE

Maximum length 2,000 words. ENTRY FEE:- £1.50 per item submitted. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced on A4. They will be returned if accompanied by a SAE. Judge: to be announced.

PRIZES:- FIRST: £50, plus publication in the Civil Service Author.

SECOND PRIZE £25, THIRD PRIZE £10.

R. C. Jeffreys, Competition Secretary.

NOTES FOR ENTRANTS TO ALL COMPETITIONS

1. Entries must be the original work of the entrant and must not have been published at the time of the submission. Entries which exceed the stated number of words (or lines) will be disqualified.
2. JUDGES' COMMENTS: There can be no guarantee that the judges will be able to comment on every entry (some of the competitions attract over 70 entries) but they will do what they can.
3. All entries will bear only a pen-name (which should be changed frequently to avoid identification of the entrant) and a separate sheet should be enclosed showing:-
TITLE OF ENTRY – PEN-NAME – COMPETITION ENTERED – REAL NAME & ADDRESS – DEPARTMENT – RETIRED OR EMPLOYED – STAFF OR RETIREMENT ASSOCIATION. (Entirely optional but useful for publicity.)
4. SEND ALL ENTRIES BY THE 29th February 2000 TO:- The Competition Secretary, R. C. Jeffreys, 186, Lewis Flats, Lisgar Terrace, London, W14 8SQ.

Please note: Entries for all the Annual Competitions mentioned should be sent to the Competition Secretary (as shown above). Cartoon quiz entries, etc. should be sent to the Editor.

Solution to 'Trees' Crossword from Issue 147

compiled by Karen Lowe

Across:

1 Pleach 4 Privet 7 Owes
8 Needles 9 Acacia 12 Crab
Apple 17 Ash 18 Ada
19 Arboretum 20 Elf 21 Oak
22 Firethorn 26 Cornus
29 Aucuba 30 Foil 31 Willow
32 Poplar

Down:

1 Pine 2 Alder 3 Hoe 4 Pea
5 RSC 6 Tea 10 All 11 Parrots
12 Chaff 13 Amber 14 Patio
15 Eamon 16 Bark 17 Acer
23 Inn 24 Recap 25 Hair
26 Cow 27 UFO 28 Sow
29 Alp

Turn to page 32 for this issue's 'Fruit' Crossword

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE LADS

An article on John Clare

By Enid Zaig

The great thing about having interests is that a new interest can grow out of another in a very unexpected way. For instance I first became aware of John Clare when I was researching my family history and discovered that he had been a near neighbour of one of my ancestors in the 1820s and 1830s on the border of the Fens. Clare's parish was Helpston which is near the conjunction of Northamptonshire, Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, where the local people were straightforward and hardworking.

As a child John Clare went to his village school and then, like most of the other children, became an agricultural labourer. His parents were Helpston people, the only difference between him and his peers being that Clare's father (a shepherd) was the illegitimate son of a village girl and an itinerant Scottish school teacher. Clare began reading cheap literature in the form of chap books, which led on to other reading, and writing poetry. Avidly buying books from a bookseller in Market Deeping, he became very well-read (sitting in haystacks and under hedges) and developed a keen critical sense, detailing his thoughts in his journal.

He cared intensely about the countryside, celebrated nature in his poetry, and may even be the first 'green' poet because he felt that the natural areas around Helpston (and elsewhere) were being encroached upon by the effect of the Enclosure Act, and was greatly angered by this. His is no pretty pastoral poetry, but the expression of a man who spent much of his life toiling in the fields, living close to the earth and witnessing daily the destruction of trees and wildlife in the fast-disappearing copses, woods and open land. His work on the land as a labourer, which changed with the seasons, was also close to his heart, and bound him to the village community.

Clare's writing is sometimes misspelt owing to his country dialect, and unpunctuated, and like him is simple, direct and very honest. It is set in various conventional classical forms. Through his bookseller, Mr Henson, and the patronage of local landowner Lord Radstock, John Clare was introduced to a publisher who published his first poems – 'Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery'. This volume had instant success, and he was taken to London to be fêted by the literary society of the day, never having before been further from his village than Stamford. His personality was too fragile, he was too unpretentious and genuine to survive in this society where he met Coleridge, Lamb and Hazlitt. Although he published further volumes of poetry and visited

London three more times, his popularity and curiosity value in London did not last long.

In Helpston Clare was struggling to maintain his growing family and to keep his parents from having to go into the workhouse. He was also constantly haunted by the vision of his life-long unrequited love, Mary Joyce.

Once back in Helpston he wrote 'The Shepherd's Calendar' in which he describes the villagers' lives at work and leisure through the seasons and which publicly established his commitment to the countryside. His sensitivity to people increased, however, and he found that he fitted in neither with country people nor with townsfolk, and he began to feel more and more alienated from society. He eventually could trust nobody, least of all his procrastinating and neglectful publisher.

Later Clare wrote 'The Parish' in which he denounced and satirised the Church and gentry for destroying the countryside and rural life: he became disillusioned on all sides and slowly began to lose his sense of identity. At last, at the age of thirty-four he entered the Asylum at Epping as a voluntary patient.

After about two years he walked out of his 'prison' and journeyed alone on foot from Essex to his home in Northamptonshire, sleeping rough, to live once more with his wife and children. Sometimes he thought his wife was also his unrequited love, Mary Joyce. So he again enjoyed his extensive library and the freedom to walk in the countryside. But it was only a short time before he was removed to the Northampton Asylum for the remainder of his life, which was to last twenty-three years more.

In the asylum he continued to write poetry rich in detail, including some beautiful love poems. He also wrote numerous letters from the asylum, but was disorientated, and was a pathetic figure in that he never understood the reason for his incarceration, sometimes thinking he was in prison for bigamy. Present day psychiatry might have sorted him out in a matter of months.

All his life Clare bore himself with simple dignity, and Seamus Heaney wrote of him '... he lived near the abyss but resolved extreme experience into something infinitely gentle'. From his Asylum Clare wrote in a letter 'surely every man has the liberty to know himself', and the lines

"Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume
And we are weeds without it.'

Could John Marshall of West Deeping, my three times great grandfather, whose son moved to London, ever have known this fellow 'country yokel' of his?

GREEN GROW THE LETTERS O

Environmentalists – abridge too far

By Michael J Webster

At a time when conservation issues are seemingly growing out of all proportion to reality, there has appeared a shade of green which in contracted terms is developing its own stranglehold on everyone. A condensed and thoroughly potted version of environmental awareness is well and truly upon us. It is of course the letters, and their use as an excuse for giving us the full story. The fact that conservation has become so abbreviated is in itself an admission that the whole subject has moved goal posts, players and pitch even further away from that which only a generation ago Mr. Average was just beginning to grasp.

Most people who had, at that time, even the sparsest interest in the countryside were at least able to identify with the letters NT being an abbreviation for the National Trust, and they did at least understand that the RSPB was the best known of our ornithological organisations. There were many other abbreviations already established, but for some reason, only a minority took much interest in finding out about them. No doubt this was because the subject created nowhere near the same furore that it does today.

It would appear that we have now reached something of a watershed in the abbreviation epidemic when even the reading of a newspaper article can be an empty exercise unless the reader has attained sufficient proficiency in the workings of the men of letters. It is of course the stuff that ministries are made of. One of the prime movers in the conservation game of “Who’s Who?” is in fact a ministry, namely that of ‘Agriculture, Fisheries and Food’, usually referred to as the MAFF – (not NAFF as so many would have us believe!) Another ministry, this time of Defence (MOD), is also an important participant in the great conservation game, being the landlord of huge tracts of land which themselves form long term conservation areas. It is however the ‘Department of the Environment’, (DOE), which holds aloft one of the largest conservation umbrellas of all.

Ministries are quite recognisable in their contracted forms but when the media goes on about problems facing the SSSI’s and why we should concentrate more on ESA’s and LNR’s, then for many of us it is time for an update on the sports pages. Unfortunately perhaps, it has become

abundantly clear to see that familiarity with concurrent green parlance today is not so much a choice as a requirement. Even after 40 years, relatively few people are aware that we have ‘Sites of Special Scientific Interest’ (SSSI’s), all over the country. Originally numbering around 4,000 there are now around 6,000, which amount to some 8% of the area of Great Britain. They are graded between 1 and 4 and have been monitored by the Nature Conservancy Council (NCC), an easy to remember body which on 31st March 1991 relinquished this ease when it was dismantled in favour of the setting up of three new bodies, these being; English Nature (EN), the Countryside Council for Wales (CCW) and the Nature Conservancy Council for Scotland (NCCS). So, we might well ask, why make do with one organisation when we can have three? Incidentally, the latter, Scottish agency has now been renamed yet again, this time Scottish Natural Heritage (SNH)!

ESA’s are ‘Environmentally Sensitive Areas’ whilst AONB’s are ‘Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty’ but both ESA’s and AONB’s may in turn contain numerous SSSI’s. Nature reserves, ever a ubiquitous tradition enjoy varying status and are classified as ‘Local’ (LNR), ‘National’ (NNR) or ‘Marine’ (MNR). With well over 200 NNR’s in Britain, these together form some of the finest areas for natural history that we have. Again they come under the watchful eye of EN but originally they were set up from 1915 onwards when the governing body was the ‘Society for the Promotion of Nature Conservation’ (SPNC). This organisation evolved into the ‘Royal Society for Nature Conservation’, only to become the ‘RSNC Wildlife Trusts Partnership’ in 1981.

As if all this were not enough, there is a whole plethora of organisations, trusts and societies dealing with their own subject matter. The ‘Forestry Commission’ (FC) and ‘Woodland Trust’ (WT) are self explanatory, as is the ‘British Trust for Ornithology’ (BTO), along with the ‘Botanical Society of the British Isles’ (BSBI), the ‘British Butterfly Conservation Society’ (BBCS) and the ‘Bat Conservation Trust’ (BCT). It will be immediately apparent that the knowledgeable journalist with a conservation issues column in the local paper will quite likely be referring to the work of the BSBI liaising with the BBCS in their schemes with EN on several SSSI’s!

Additionally there is a wildlife or naturalist trust for just about every county with some counties enjoying many of these, all of course with their

own abbreviated nomenclature. We also have a ‘Wild Flower Society’ (WFS), “wild flowers” of course not to be confused with “wildfowlers” who, (you guessed it), have their own association. Originally this was the ‘Wildfowlers of Great Britain and Ireland’ (WGBI), but now, in order to make matters far easier for all of us it has become the ‘British Association for Shooting and Conservation’ (BASC). Another group with interests in birds and farming is ‘Game Conservancy’ (GC).

Everyone has a finger in the conservation pie it would seem with for years agencies such as the Central Electricity Generating Board and even good old British Rail taking a consistent interest in the safekeeping of our surroundings. We are all surely aware that these last two mentioned are now totally different entities. Electricity is now in the hands of the ‘National Grid’, ‘National Power’ and ‘PowerGen’ along with its host of related regional suppliers. ‘British Rail’ (BR) has been relegated to the status of role model (or should we say rail model?), for abbreviation breeding, as the whole network has been split up into ‘Railtrack’ along with no less than 25 new regional companies being set up. The new overall holding authority is now known as the ‘Association of Train Operating Companies’ (ATOC). Further, these are now being run in turn by other companies who have taken over the franchises.

The abbreviation CC is frequently referred to in conservation matters, so, in order to clear up any ambiguity, this stands for ‘Countryside Commission’. Quite straight forward really – except that it also stands for ‘Church Commissioners’, ‘County Council’ and ‘Crown Commissioners’, with all these bodies laying their own claim to a legitimate slice of the action. Duplications abound, obviously becoming anything but helpful and a study of the five hundred or so organisations listed in the Environment Council’s “Who’s Who?” is nothing less than mind bending. It cannot be very helpful to the groups concerned either. The re-addressing of corrected correspondence must be rife between both homes of the BDS. One of these is the ‘British Deer Society’ and the other is the ‘British Dragonfly Society’. Similarly, with the BHS being the accepted nomenclature of the ‘British Horse Society’ as well as the ‘British Herpetological Society’ it is strongly advised that correspondents fully understand the difference between equine and serpentine! The BHS should not be confused with the BHPS as this is the ‘British Hedgehog Preservation Society’. (At least the ‘British Goat Society’ should have plenty in common with the ‘British Grassland Society’, with both being represented by the BGS) - always

assuming of course that neither party wanted to contact the ‘British Geological Survey’, also known as the BGS!

Where conservation groups and agricultural policy overlap, sometimes with varying differences of opinion, additional groups have brought both parties together to listen and offer advice. These are the ‘Agricultural Development and Advisory Services’ (ADAS), and the ‘Farming and Wildlife Advisory Group’ (FWAG). We can but hope that the various parties brought together know a little of what each other’s aims were in the first place!

Almost everyone must now be familiar with the letters WWF and that they stand for ‘World Wildlife Fund’. Wrong! – the fact is that they used to stand for ‘World Wildlife Fund’. As with so many of these organisations, the title of the organisation has been changed – to ‘World Wide Fund for Nature’. This would seem to be alright in itself, but so as to make life much less complex for us all, they elected to retain their original abbreviation ...

By now, the reader could be forgiven for being in abridged turmoil, but have faith, for all is not entirely lost. Assistance is ever present in the form of the ‘Council for the Protection of Rural England’ (CPRE) and even more identifiable institutions. For the terminally bewildered over such issues however, a lifeline could be the ‘Friends of the Earth’ (FOE) who are ever on hand. What a great pity that their abbreviation stands in total opposition to their vocation! Surely they have shouldered the most acrimonious of all acronyms.

If by any chance readers still do not know their ADAS from their elbow, or even where to find directions to their nearest WT, then above all, they should not despair. They should drop a line to the ‘Department of Enlightenment’ (sorry – ‘Environment’), the NT, EN or the CPRE. Better still, all of these offices for who knows when they will have amalgamated, been taken over, or just plain wound up? Essentially, they do all have their own ways of making things abundantly clear. It appears they have to judging by the number of interpretation centres that are emerging all over the country. We should all be clamouring for the maximum information concerning all our conserved areas. After all, if we have to live with all this contracted jargon, we should endeavour to learn it. Basically it is as easy as ABC – ‘Abbreviated British Conservation’?

Chairman: Howard Frost, Denefield, Bradford Road, Tingley, Wakefield, WF3 1QN**Treasurer: Terry Rickson, 48 Marlborough Road, Ashford, TW15 3QA****Secretary: Mike Boland, 11 Boxtree Lane, Harrow Weald, HA3 6JU**

PW 2000

The dates for next year's PW Weekend are 14-16 July. As usual, the venue will be Chamberlain Hall at the University of Birmingham. At the moment we have received no indication of costs from the University, so we cannot give the costs per person. However, last year the cost was £106.00 per person (which includes en-suite room, all meals and conference facilities). It is probable that next year's figure will be comparable. As soon as we get the definitive figures they will be published in both the PW Newsletter and on this page.

Poetry Markets – Small Press Guide

We poets spend an inordinate amount of time seeking outlets for our work, and most of us are used to the ever-changing numbers of small magazines that start, run for a year or so and then fold. Then there are the old stalwarts like Outposts, Orbis and Envoi which have been running for years and to a high standard. As there are something like 250 odd (some very) small poetry magazines it's a thankless task keeping up with the current markets. Also for poor Civil Servants it's impossible to subscribe to them all to find out the editorial policy, what sort of poetry they publish, if they pay etc. One way is to write to each editor for information. This takes a lot of stamps, but if you adopt this approach you can get a list of current magazines from several sources, including the Poetry Library in London (send an SAE) or from the British Council site on the Internet. Remember that when you write to an editor for information about his magazine, also include an SAE for the reply.

A good alternative is the Small Press Guide. Edited by Peter Finch, whose name many of you will know from his series of writing guides, it is published by the Writers Bookshop. They claim that the Guide will tell you:

the type of writing editors will consider; how long you can expect to wait for a reply; how much money (if any) they pay.

The fifth edition will be in the shops shortly, priced £9.99 (ISBN 1.902713.00). It may well be worth a look.

If anyone knows of other sources of such information, let me know and I'll pass the news on through this page.

Poetry Pages (Editor John Ward)

'99 – A GREAT MAN TAKEN

Terry Austin

I have seen him three times
but never spoken.
A small figure with a smile
visiting folk
in Fairford, Newport Pagnell
and far beyond.
A good man
helping fellow sufferers of
his terrible disease.

I have seen his plane
at Ben Gurion,
his kingdom from
the shores of Galilee.
A great man taken.
A king indeed – Hussein.

CANDLES IN TIBERIUS 11/11/94

Terry Austin

Small groups of youngsters stand
around beds of candlelight
heads bowed, grieving –
silent.
A breeze stirs from the Galilee
carrying whispers to newcomers:
“Rabin is no more.”
The young weep,
Hezbollah rockets
threaten.
Hopes of peaceful living
yet again shattered –

reason's voice
stifled.

EMMENTHAL

Ivy Hudson

Paranoia eats holes in my mind
so I feel like a piece
of Emmenthal cheese.

DAYS

C G Walker

To feel your days have all rolled by,
And be left without the Sun.
To stand upon the precipice,
With nowhere left to run.
There were moments of enchantment,
Like beacons in the dark,
That flared for such a short time,
Then flickered to a spark.
Lingering visions from a dream,
You try in vain to recall,
But as leaves in a stream they're swept away,
And you've nothing left but the fall.

RELATIVITY

Joan Lambert

TIME: Locked in eternity,
Held fast by passing infinity.
SPACE: All-encircling, all invading –
Destroyed only by man's creations.
MOTION: Tearing solitude from earth;
Creating and destroying worlds;
Reaching out beyond the stars.
LOVE: Endlessly pursuing a forgotten dream;
Taking nothing, giving all;
Lifting the heart when hope is gone.

BE POSITIVE AT ALL TIMES

Robert J Kelly

A copy of Linda Grant's article 'Positive thinking doesn't work' was handed to me at a writers' meeting last night as I'm known as an advocate of positive thinking. The one positive reaction to result from the article was that it has prompted me to respond to the views expressed.

The reason why positive thinking didn't work for those who supported the writer is because they were not true believers. Those who admit to trying, hoping and wishing things will happen will seldom succeed in achieving anything constructive or positive for themselves. Positive thinkers don't wish or hope things will happen, they are invariably 'doers' and will make a point of 'doing' things and making things happen. There is a clear distinction between those who 'do' and those who 'try to do'. The difference was made clear e.g. in the reports on the Gulf War from the military leaders called upon to report the news and others (including some MPs) called upon to comment on it.

Readers don't have to review the report. Simply, identify those people who can 'DO' things for themselves rather than 'TRY TO DO' things. We should leave the trying stage to children in the classrooms. Employers, like Army Officers, need people who are always reliable and CAN DO THE JOB, not 'triers' who promise to TRY TO DO their best! The old-fashioned object of selection interviews was always understood to be the means of separating the men from the boys. Nowadays, it means the mature from the immature. I'm merely being more objective by screening those who DEFINITELY CAN from those who THINK they can.

2000 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Please see page 33 for renewal information
Prompt payment would be appreciated

LEGENDS IN A SOHO LUNCHTIME

by Adrian Fry

Ten past eleven in the Horse and Jockey and the regular morning crowd are assembling. First in, as per always, is the tall bloke in the long black trenchcoat who looks like a civil servant from a particularly grim Graham Greene novel, all silver hair and laconic, turned down mouth. He's here before me every time, always sitting at a corner table with the *Financial Times* up in front of him like a shield. I'm never too sure whether he's reading it, but I doubt it. For one thing, his hand darts out too often from behind it, snatching at his triple Scotch as if he suspects someone's going to steal it. For another, the paper is always ever so slightly ashake. He comes in here every day, this man, and yet I don't know his name and have never exchanged a single word with him. I have heard his voice though, a deep and educated baritone of the kind you'd expect from an actor, or the headmaster of some minor public school.

Harry comes in a little after me. He's a market trader of some kind. They all have that same shapeless, dishevelled look about them. It's a look Harry has in spades, wrapped in an outsize brown overcoat that's never seen better days. Jon, the Latvian who works behind the bar – we call him Jon because his real name is all unpronounceable consonants and no vowels, like a bad hand at Scrabble – hates serving Harry. Harry insists on paying for his pints of stout in small change. He digs it out from the turmoil of his pockets in great greasy handfuls, inviting Jon to take whatever he wants, but instantly scandalised should Jon count out too much or too little. When the pub fills up for the lunchtime rush, Harry will pay quickly and correctly for drinks like everyone else, but I think he enjoys the business with the change. That and serving customers at the market are the closest he gets to human company on an average day. And one look at Harry confirms that average days are the best he gets.

Today, I notice, Jon is not in the mood.

'Look Harry, why not just give me a fiver, eh? Easy that way,' he says.

'Iss money innit? You sayin' you ent gonna take my money? Iss coin a the realm, this is.'

'Yeah, but –'

'Coin a the bloody realm,' says Harry, rolling the phrase around his mouth, liking the taste and all the while fully aware that Jon will take his

change in the end. 'Wassa guvnor gonna think of a barman who won't take *coin a the realm*? 'E'd 'ave you back on na boat to Bosnia quicker'n you can say knife.' Latvia, Bosnia, it's all the same to Harry.

'Okay, okay,' sighs Jon, gathering copper coins up off the bar where Harry has deposited them, along with some old betting slips and the kind of fluff and muck that accrues in the pockets of men who've long since gone to seed.

That little drama over, I settle back and read the paper for a while. The newspaper is an essential prop when you drink alone. Firstly, it suggests that you are not an alcoholic. Look, it says to the casual drinker, here's a man whose having a quiet drink while he studies the form of the day's racing or the latest from the Middle East trade summit. Our friend in the black trenchcoat is an obvious case in point. The second thing it does is guard the lone drinker against conversations with other drinkers. After all, just as the only people who want to converse with strangers on trains are nutters, so the only people who want to start unsolicited conversations with strangers in pubs are nutters with an alcohol problem – a sorry category of individual, as you'd rightly imagine. The paradox is that drinking in a pub at all implies some sort of desire to be sociable. It is, after all, much cheaper to drink at home.

I'm pondering this philosophical problem when Merv, the landlord, comes in. He doesn't live on the premises, having made enough through various activities to be able to afford a house in Golders Green. To us regulars, that house and the life he lives in it are as mythical as any Valhalla. Even if he did live 'over the shop', he wouldn't come in until the first whiff of respectable lunchtime trade showed up. Those of us arriving before noon are fixtures and fittings as far as he's concerned; money in the bank. But the lunchtime customers, all boisterous bluster, always an eye on the clock, have to be served quickly and efficiently for the maximum amount of cash to be extracted from them.

Things start to quicken up when Merv breezes in. Jon stops staring wistfully at the calendar girl on the wall behind the phone. Harry obsequiously orders another drink, the man in the trenchcoat gets up and makes way when a quartet of middle aged business types set up beside him and start talking loud, overconfident shop.

The usurpers are, of course, workers. They've come in from the big wide world and are pretty soon going back out into it again. They talk fast and

loud, drink quickly yet frugally. Merv sells them doorstep cheese and pickle sandwiches so they can feel they haven't just come in for a drink. Their conversation is all brand names, ballpark figures and projected growth rates. When we talk at all, we talk of the three fifteen at Pontefract or how Manchester United fared in last night's game – the common coinage of conversation between people with nothing to say to each other. So the arrival of the lunchtime crowd seems to turn the pub from a scene in an even more than usually bleak Beckett play into some kind of staging post for people who at least feel themselves to be – well – *alive*.

Harry, having exhausted his supply of change, is on the cadge, a sight well worth seeing. There's a nervous looking bloke, twentysomething, standing at the bar reading the *Daily Mirror* in an attempt not to appear as incongruous as he is. He's sipping half a lager very slowly, a sure sign that he doesn't want to be here but is waiting for someone who's idea of a meeting place this is. His relative youth and nervous manner have 'easy mark' written all over him in Harry's book

Harry parks himself alongside the young man. 'You oughta be ashamed a yourself readin' that,' he snorts.

'I'm sorry?' the young man says, affecting to have been engrossed.

'That filthy rag I used to work for 'em,' Harry sniffs, displaying diminished pride.

'Oh. Right.'

'Yeah. In the print trade, me, man an' boy. Loved it, I did, old Fleet Street. Thought we was all gonna cop for a good pension, we did. 'Course, Maxwell 'ad the bloody lot, didn't 'e.'

'Ah, I see.'

'Yeah, you see now dontcha? Why I don't like comin' in *my* local and seein' people readin' that rag. Mind, you're a decent bloke by the looks of you I –'

Harry is about to make his move when a tall, middle aged man in a good suit barges through and says to the young man 'Awright Andy? Sorry I'm late. Marcus wanted to go over that bloody audit report again. Mine's a large brandy.' He doesn't even notice Harry. People like him never do. Andy looks only momentarily relieved, quickly finding the hectoring bonhomie of his colleague as tiresome and costly as Harry's.

And no, Harry never worked for the *Daily Mirror*, though there must be quite a number of people wandering about the world who think he did. Those who think we live in a cynical, suspicious age would be surprised to learn just how many times Harry's successfully pulled off that little con.

Something about the relative sobriety and normality of the people at the bar tells me the time has come to move on. It doesn't do to let the populace of any single pub see the whole process of your disintegration. There are other places to be. There are pubs as dark and loud as dungeons, betting shops filthy as ashtrays, cinemas filthier still, in every sense.

There's always somewhere to go in Soho. It's just never somewhere else.

IS IT MY AGE OR A DEMONSTRATION OF WOMEN'S LIB?

By Robert J Kelly

On my infrequent visits to the City and my more infrequent travel by London's underground trains I have on rare occasions offered my seat to standing women as has been my life-long custom. These days, however, fewer and fewer women take up the offer and I am left seated, feeling somewhat uncomfortable and embarrassed because I believe it wrong for me to remain seated when women are standing close-by. When this happens I often leave my seat and move down the carriage allowing anyone to occupy the seat, rather than sitting uncomfortably; I also feel more at ease standing with the other passengers.

On a recent coach trip to Scotland the female courier took my arm whenever I ventured to alight or board our coach when we stopped at rest stops and motorway restaurants. I noticed she treated each passenger in the same manner, hence the title of this snippet.

So far no woman has offered her seat to me. So I'd say there's still something for me to anticipate in this New Age.

FREDERICK

By Elvira Bridges

Did I tell you about Frederick Constantine? You didn't know Fred, did you? Fussy fella, liked everything to be just so. You had to call him by his full name. You wouldn't ever try to call him Fred. He'd colour up and say in his slow calculating way, "My parents christened me Frederick, not Fred and if I'd wanted to be called by that diminutive I would introduce myself in that manner."

He was a nice old boy, well educated and pleasant, as long as you didn't cross him. He was what my mum used to call ... what was is now? 'pedantic, yep, that's it, pedantic.' His speech and dress perfectly presented.

Only last month I saw him striding out in Hampstead, you know, up near the station? Must be in his early nineties but he had the walk of a man twenty years younger. He was dressed up to the nines, black jacket, pin striped trousers ... and on his head ... would you believe? A bowler hat! Yep, a bowler. In this day and age!

Even in a place like Hampstead, where you see all sorts, everyone looked at him, some grinned but he took not an iota of notice. Man of strong principles. It would never occur to him to smile at or chat with a stranger. He still held the opinion that one didn't speak until one was introduced. He used to live next door to me and the previous owner of my property did the honours, otherwise, I'm sure HE wouldn't have asked me my name. I put out my hand and told him to call me Mike. That's when he frowned and retorted that if my name was Michael, I should say, Michael. He wanted to call me Mr Adler and he was Mr Constantine. Couldn't have that. Silly that, and I said so.

"My boy," he said, "Standards today have dropped and just because others have lowered theirs it doesn't follow that I have to behave in the same manner."

I moved shortly afterwards. Next I heard he was in a residential home, and he hated it. When I saw him once, he said, "I didn't want to move, Mr Adler. I was quite content to stay in my home and look after myself. The authorities thought otherwise, it seems."

I felt sorry for him. He told me that he had to share a room with another old fella. Not that he called him that. Not that he put it quite like that.

The authorities, he told me, said there wasn't enough room for single occupancy and he would have to share with Nobby. "Nobby!" he repeated the offending word through clenched teeth. And you should have seen his face when he said it. Bright red he was and he spluttered, "The man was given a name ... and I'm quite sure it wasn't ... Nobby." He spat out the word as if the feel of it gave him a nasty taste.

I laughed, more at his expression than anything else. His face darkened and I saw a side of Mr Frederick Constantine that was a bit frightening. Bet he put the wind up Rommel in the war ... Sorry! Getting off the subject!

Old Fred was mortified. He went on to tell me that if, IF he had to share a room he would not call the man other than his correct name, only MISTER Clark.

It must have bin murder for him to be in that place. From what I heard this other chap was not particularly fussy, if you know what I mean? Didn't wash properly and that. Wouldn't have suited Fred. When he lived next to me he was a stickler for tidiness. Weeds wouldn't dare show their faces in his garden, and he was so clean. Even at his age his place was spotless. He wouldn't have any help in the house. Very independent old chap, must have been hard to give it all up. The council said he was a danger to himself cos he nearly set the place alight a couple of times. Had a cloth too near the cooker, and eating stuff from the fridge that was well out of date. His memory was the problem, though he remembered the old days in the war.

Did I tell you? He was quite high up in the army. Out in the desert, invalided out. Some injury to his head. Don't know much more than that really, other than he got a medal. I tried to get him to tell me about it, but he clammed up.

The next I heard about him was when I met my other neighbour, Betty Haley. The town crier, I call her. Knows everything. Had I heard about Mr Constantine? she said. Told me how the police questioned him about his room mate, Old Nobby Clark, what had died in The Elms. And what did I think? Something funny going on in there, she said. She knew how Mr Constantine couldn't stand Nobby, she'd heard he'd threatened him. The

doctor's receptionist told her, she said. Had to be true, hadn't it? If it had come from there it had to be gospel. To tell the honest truth she got on my nerves so I made an excuse, got away quick and bought the local paper.

Headlines, it was. 'Mystery fall of elderly man in Hampstead Residential home.'

I read on, Maurice (Nobby) Clark, 82 sustained severe injuries to his head on Wednesday evening when he fell, hitting his head on a glass coffee table. Mr Clark, father of two and grandfather of seven, died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. Mr Fred Constantine, 91 year old bachelor, who shared a room with the deceased was present at the time of the accident. When interviewed he said that he must have been asleep when it happened. Mr Constantine went on to say he would miss his companion and was sad at losing a good friend. Well, if you believe that you'll believe anything!

MARKET INFORMATION.

Gordon E Gompers

Many of my readers may well be baffled by an apparent contradiction of my views. I have never hid my admiration for big time and I have proven often that I can make big time publications: *The Lady*; *Ahlan Wahsalan*; *The Universe*; and *Look & Learn*, now sadly defunct. Yet I write a lot for little magazines which I do not have to do to get published. The reason is that I am often governed by a spirit of altruism. Thus I run a regular column in *The Streatham Pump*, the news-letter of The Streatham Society, on events taking place in Streatham: musical, dramatic, fetes and even the Police Station Open Days. I also write this column, and *The Author* is hardly big time, because I want to help our members get published.

In an odd way making the big time does help with the above work. My readers can have confidence in me when I can point out that I practise what I preach.

A lot of nonsense has been written about writing for dosh. There is really no versus situation: one can do both. There are two reasons why writing for dosh is important. Firstly, there is nothing like a lovely big editorial cheque as evidence that one can write. The other reason relates especially to travel writers. They might feel the need to illustrate their

work so they need to equip themselves photographically. That requires dosh and where is it going to come from but one's sales? However, if one is well doshed anyway there is no problem. I presume that most of our members are not. After all they are civil servants or, worse still, retired ones.

OBITUARY

JOHN WARD

b.16th December 1915

d. 30th November 1999

Poetry editor for *The Author* and at one time Poetry Workshop organiser and editor of its annual anthology, 'Focus' John was born at Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne and educated at the Royal Grammar School there. He entered the Civil Service as an Executive Officer in Liverpool in 1934 and then did a spell of service in North Devon before he returned to the north where he attained the rank of Senior Principal in the D.S.S. North West (Manchester) Regional Office from which he retired in 1978 after 43 years service, marked by the award of the Imperial Service Order.

Originally, his main interest lay in writing fiction and his first story was published in 1943. Afterwards, he was to have many successes in this field including winning the H. E. Bates Short Story Competition in 1988. His fiction has been widely published in journals and anthologies and broadcast on B.B.C. radio. Collections of his short stories have been published by Littlewood Press, Iron and the Ashbourne Press.

He started to write poetry in 1967 and won several first prizes in open poetry competitions, including the Wharfedale and the Lancaster Literary Festival competitions and the Civil Service poetry competition in 1971. His poetry has also been read on B.B.C. Radio and is anthologised and published widely in journals and magazines. Apart from some early poetry pamphlets, his first poetry collection 'A Late Harvest' was published by Harry Chambers/Peterloo Poets in 1982, in which he celebrates his northern ancestors "whose life and death and suffering had gone into making me who and what I was". His poetry celebrates his own family too, his daughter's wedding, the birth of his fourth grandchild and very movingly, the death of his wife in 1990 after 50 years of marriage.

His family of a son and two daughters and some friends were instrumental in marking John's 80th birthday with a fine collection of his poetry 'Winter Song' from which he read at a subsequent public reading, affirming him as an accomplished performer and poetry reader, his voice expressing with clarity the musical quality of his verse.

John was very generous in his reviews and criticisms of his fellow writer's work and as a contributor to the Poetry Workshop postal folios he assisted many embryo poems into being with his erudite opinions on form and structure. Up to 1995 he regularly attended the Poetry Workshop annual weekends (firstly at North Worcester College, now held at Birmingham University) where his contributions to workshops and discussions were greatly valued. Until very recently he attended meetings and events of the Manchester Poets, the Pennine Poets and Lancaster Literature Festival.

He was looking forward very much to attending a northern version of the celebration to mark 30 years of the Poetry Workshop which was founded by Bill Barnes, whose obituary also appears in this edition. Such poignancy can only be borne with recognition of the love of the written word which they both demonstrated in their long and productive lives.

Joyce Thornton

3rd December 1999

OBITUARY

BILL BARNES

It was with great sadness that I have to report that Bill Barnes died on 6 October this year. Bill was of course the founder of the Poetry Workshop thirty years ago, and ran it himself for the first seven years of its existence. He once told me that he considered it one of his more satisfying achievements.

Bill's life was long and eventful. Apart from the War years, he spent his Civil Service career with the Lord Chancellor's Department, working in the High Court. He was the author of several legal text books. During the War, he served with the RAF, in Coastal Command, flying over 60 offensive operations. His experiences made him determined that no other young men should have to go through the things that he and his colleagues did. He was convinced that there was a better way to resolve international disputes, and became a passionate supporter of the United Nations. He worked tirelessly for the U.N.A. until only a few years ago, and for a time sat on their National Executive.

Those in the Poetry Workshop who knew him will remember his passionate assertion that poetry should be governed by the rules of grammar, spelling and punctuation. He was a fine poet, and had around 350 poems published in magazines, periodicals and newspapers. He published three booklets; "Tremble the Stars", "Small Flowers of Hope" and "But Flowers still Bloom". The last booklet was published by the Poetry Workshop this Summer.

His poetry, like his conversation, was brightened by his mischievous, although always kindly, sense of humour. He was frequently exasperated by the state of the world as he saw it, but never lost his sense of amusement at the absurdity of it all.

He was cremated on the 25th October at Eltham. Terry Rickson and myself attended the memorial service, and a cheque was sent on behalf of the Poetry Workshop to UNICEF, the charity nominated by Bill himself. He will be missed not only by his friends in the Poetry Workshop, but by his many friends in the Society as a whole.

Mike Boland

13th December 1999

Karen Lowe has compiled a book of garden crosswords.

This one's called 'FRUIT'

ACROSS

- 1 Berry colour (5)
- 5 Plant – brass instrument (5)
- 8 Same (5)
- 9 Mature (5)
- 10 Submarine (1-4)
- 11 Slight colour (5)
- 12 Digits (4)
- 15 Fruit for conference? (4)
- 17 Fruit a dream left around? (6)
- 18 Fruit colour (6)
- 20 Green fruit (4)
- 22 Vestibule (4)
- 25 Green fruit (5)
- 27 5ac (5)
- 28 Yellow fruit (5)
- 29 Cucumber of Japanese city (5)
- 30 Endow (5)
- 31 Senior berry (5)

DOWN

- 1 Hat sounds fruity! (5)
- 2 Orchard fruit (5)
- 3 County for 2d? (4)
- 4 Japanese fruit? (6)
- 5 Berry colour (4)

1		2		3		4		5		6		7
				8								
9								10				
				11								
12	13		14						15		16	
17								18				
								19				
20		21								22	23	24
				25				26				
27								28				
				29								
30								31				

- 6 Berry for poultry (5)
- 7 2d's not a cooker! (5)
- 13 Musical drama (5)
- 14 Ointment (5)
- 15 Desirable fruit? (5)
- 16 Cherub – with trumpet in garden (5)
- 19 Fruit – mother & child? (6)
- 20 Fruit of wrath? (5)
- 21 Ornamental fruit (5)
- 23 Targeted (5)
- 24 Of the moon (5)
- 25 water – crimson? (4)
- 26 Fruit for gin? (4)

Copies are available from Karen at:
 34 Grange Road,
 Shrewsbury,
 SY3 9DF **£2.99 inc p&p**

2000 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL NOTICE

(For members who joined more than half way through the year and were advised of this reduced renewal subscription at the time of joining)

£7.50 Payment for renewal of membership is due on 1st January 2000 If you wish to join or renew membership of the **Poetry Workshop** please add a further **£3.00**, i.e. **£10.50** total renewal payment.

Please tick the appropriate box

I wish to renew my membership of the Society of Civil Service Authors only, for the sum of £7.50

Fold>-----<Fold

OR

I wish to renew my membership of the Society of Civil Service Authors and the Poetry Workshop for the sum of £10.50

Fold the leaflet so that the Treasurer's name and address are clearly visible in the window of the envelope provided. Cheques/Postal Orders for the amount ticked above should be made payable to: **The Society of Civil Service Authors**

**Adrian Danson
38 Cumberland Road
BROMLEY
BR2 0PQ**

Fold>-----<Fold

For anyone initiating a Standing Order for 1st January 2000, our Midland Bank A/c No is 91425447, Sort Code 40-15-05, at 184 High Street, Bromley, BR1 1HL

To ensure our records are accurate, please write your details below:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Please note that questions relating to Poetry Workshop membership should be addressed to: Terry Rickson, 48 Marlborough Rd, Ashford, TW15 3QA

2000 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL NOTICE

£15.00 Payment for renewal of membership is due on 1st January 2000

If you wish to join or renew membership of the **Poetry Workshop** please add a further **£3.00**, i.e. **£18.00** total renewal payment.

Please tick the appropriate box

I wish to renew my membership of the Society of Civil Service Authors only, for the sum of £15.00

Fold>-----<Fold

OR

I wish to renew my membership of the Society of Civil Service Authors and the Poetry Workshop for the sum of £18.00

Fold the leaflet so that the Treasurer's name and address are clearly visible in the window of the envelope provided. Cheques/Postal Orders for the amount ticked above should be made payable to: **The Society of Civil Service Authors**

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Please note that questions relating to Poetry Workshop membership should be addressed to: Terry Rickson, 48 Marlborough Rd, Ashford, TW15 3QA

Writers' Weekend, Leicester, 2000

If there is enough interest I'll arrange a weekend in Leicester next year. 'Weekend' would run from Friday tea-time to Sunday lunchtime inclusive. Workshop leaders/speakers would be creative writing lecturers. Saturday afternoon will be free for a look round the city. Cost per person per weekend would approximate £125 with en suite accommodation, about £10 less for standard, if 30 plus people come. Day rate with lunch would be about £16. Add cost of your fares: Leicester has excellent road, rail, coach and air links. The University Halls of Residence are in Botanical Gardens 3 miles from City Centre and 4 miles from Junction 21 of M1 and M69.

Please tick boxes to show your preferences and send slip to me as soon as possible.

Joan Hykin
4 Top Street
Wing
OAKHAM
LE15 8SE



Easter vacation () Summer vacation ()

Workshops () Speakers () Fiction () Short Story ()

Novel () Non-fiction () Autobiography ()

Accommodation:

single, washbasin () single ensuite () double ()

washbasin only (no en suite) ()

Day rate (Saturday and/or Sunday) only ()

Name.....