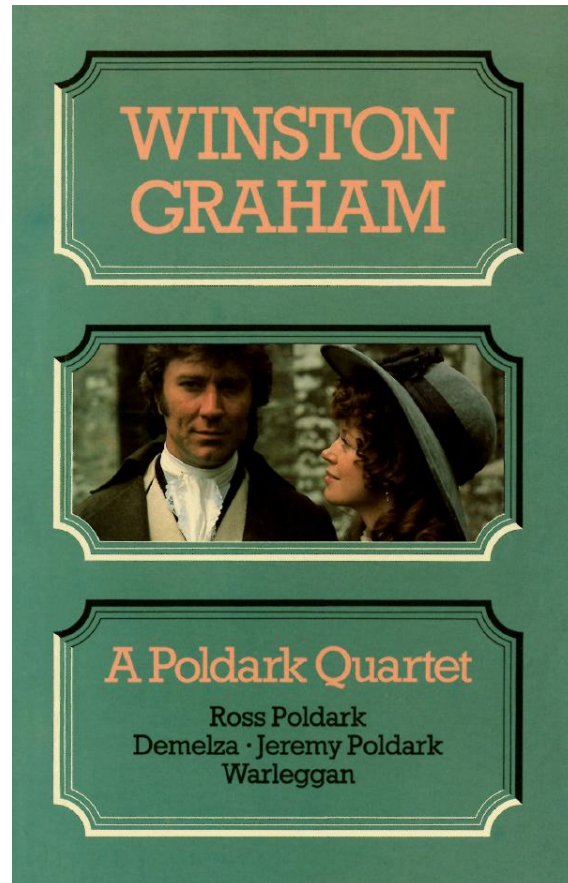


FIVE FOREWORDS and more

(1) From *A Poldark Quartet*, Collins Collectors' Choice, 1980



My parents moved to Cornwall from the north of England when I was seventeen. The change to me was an extreme one: this sudden transfer from the suburb of a big city to a small windswept Cornish village made a very deep impression, and as a result I came to take in more of the 'atmosphere' than if I had been naturally born into it. In a city green things grow reluctantly, flowers are tidy and trim, the weather is just a peripheral nuisance – or benefaction – the sky is of little importance somewhere above the tops of the houses and the trees. In Cornwall everything was lush: weeds and grasses fought together with campion and wild garlic; gorse rioted; bluebells and cow parsley overflowed the hedges. And the weather was omnipresent: wind and rain and monumental cloud; glinting sun and washed blue skies; with the tramp of the great surf never far away and the seagulls crying. The house

where we lived was a mile up the valley from the village, and at the appropriate seasons the lane was noisy with crickets and lit with glow-worms.

But although I began to write very early, and found a publisher who was brave enough – and rash enough – to publish me, I did not write about Cornwall for quite a time. This was because, although I instantly took to the scene, I did not quickly get to know the Cornish people. I remained an outsider, a visitor in temperament if not in fact. It took a number of years, and I can think of nothing in particular, no single event, no special friendship that produced the change. It just happened that as time passed I came to know the Cornish people and I suppose they came to know me. And at this stage I believe an affinity grew up.

It was soon after this that the Poldarks began to take shape.

It may be thought that I could – and should – have written about the county as I found it then; but my attention turned to the eighteenth century because it held so much that since has been lost to Cornwall: the mines that have now gone – almost, the fishery that has now gone, the excessive parliamentary representation that has now gone, the importance of Truro as a county town in which many of the gentry had their houses; and all the aspects of life then: the smuggling, the beach-watching for wrecks, the poverty, the rise of Wesleyanism, the beginning of banking as we now know it, and the new-rich families that grew up around the smelting and the foundries.

The Poldarks were never planned as a saga but grew and multiplied around a single central theme – one theme spanning the first four novels, the triangle of Ross, Demelza and Elizabeth; and one spanning the last three novels, the parentage of Valentine. What *was* planned was that it should cover an area of life and society in breadth rather than by the passage of time. Books which begin with the heroine at nineteen and end with her at ninety do not seem to me to show inventiveness but to betray the lack of it.

During the writing of part of these novels I was able to hire a small wooden bungalow entirely isolated on the cliffs, and each morning I would pack a haversack with a light lunch, and with this slung over my shoulder I would walk through the village and across the beach. At full tide the sea would be sweeping at my feet and it would be difficult to get across the planks that served for a bridge over the small, swollen river. Thence to the empty bunga-

low, and on the table gathering dust would be the reference books, the manuscripts, the notebooks and the books I'd been writing in yesterday. So I'd sit alone and write for six or seven hours, and when it came time to return in the gathering dusk the sea would be far out and the waves glinting like mirages over the wet sand.

As to the characters, I have tried to write about the Cornish with the affection and the affinity I feel for them but without sentimentality. I have written of them as I have known them, as I have read about them, as I have met them and laughed with them and talked with them: old miners, young rugby players, old fishermen, young lawyers, middle-aged butcher boys, clerics and farmers, doctors and dentists and dustmen. And their wives and sisters and daughters. And listened, of course, too. Above all, listened.

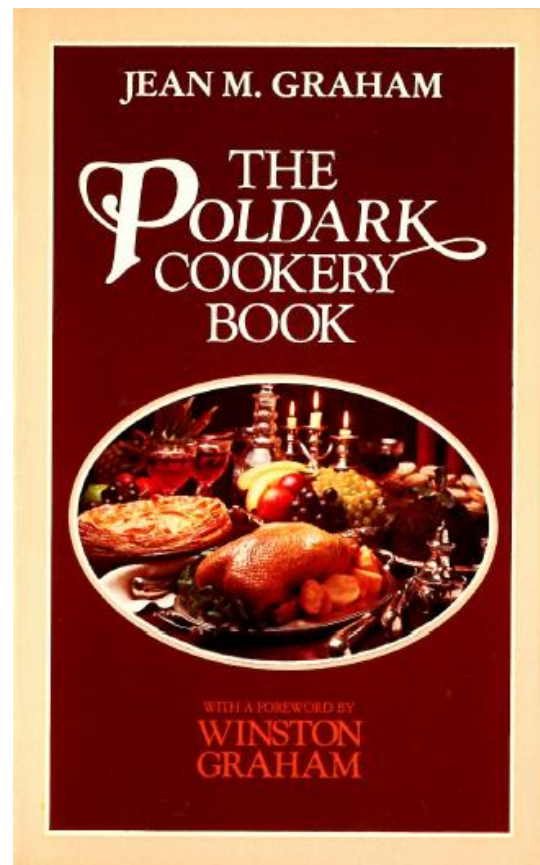
Some of the characters in the books derive in part from people I have known, though more in a composite way than in a precise transcription from life to print. Jud Paynter, for instance, the Poldarks' servant, derives about one quarter from a Lancastrian I knew as a boy and three quarters from a Cornishman I knew as a young man. I used to see this Cornishman cycling from his cottage to the local pub every night of his life, and I used to wonder why he bothered to take his bicycle as it was only a matter of some two hundred yards – until I saw him going home one night, and then I realized he used his bicycle to lean on.

So, too historical fact intrudes on these books. The double shipwreck at the end of DEMELZA, and the miners looting the ships on the beach, comes from a contemporary account of two such wrecks on Perranporth beach in the seventeen-nineties. The tragedy of a man like Jim Carter is related in Wesley's Journals, but in a single line. The description of Launceston Prison is from Howard's STATE OF THE PRISONS (1777). The voting procedure in Bodmin is a description of an actual election. The incident in JEREMY POLDARK in which Dwight Enys is called to see Caroline Penvenen because it is believed she has the morbid sore throat, and what he really finds, is related by a Dr James Fordyce in a book on fevers which had a limited circulation in 1789.

Since 1975 television, aided by some admirable young actors, has of course added a new dimension to these books.

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(2) From *The Poldark Cookery Book* by Jean M. Graham, Triad / Granada, 1981



Every novelist should know and thoroughly understand what he is writing about. If in doubt, he must discover enough, either by personal experiment or by close attention to what others tell him or have written, to speak with sufficient authority to convince the reader. Thus he often discovers far more about the subject than he needs. It's a bit like the iceberg: the nine-tenths under water is necessary to support the one-tenth that shows.

But sometimes one's ignorance (or is it innocence?) is preserved by the existence of someone close to oneself (such as a wife) whose knowledge on a subject is such that there is no need to learn. This applies to my cooking. I have never cooked. There has always been someone at my side who could do it better and enjoyed doing it. Nor have I ever needed to inquire from others or to read about it from different sources. I am able to describe the making of bread in *The Black Moon* because my wife tells me how it is done.

Of course my wife's knowledge is relatively modern, but all through she has shown an innate flair for how cooking and serving would be approached two hundred years ago.

As to the composition of the meals in the novels – the menus if you like – this has been a sort of collaboration between her and myself and the writers of the time. Historians as such are rarely forthcoming about food: they tend to brush it aside in a couple of paragraphs, Diarists, having experienced – or suffered – it at first hand, pay it much more attention. From the original William Hickey's scathing remarks about the inns of Falmouth, to Staniforth's visit to Lord de Dunstanville at Tehidy – not to mention Boswell's; from Jenkyn's *News from Cornwall* to James Silk Buckingham's comments on his brief stay in the county, all have helped to contribute to our knowledge of the food and menus of the time. So of course does Polwhele – there are fewer pleasanter sentences than that in which he writes: 'Returned home to my wife and drank very agreeable tea with her sweetened with kisses.' Werner, Moritz, Simond, Dudley Rider, Christopher Wallis, the Torrington Diaries, are informative to a greater or lesser extent. And there are recipes and menus from the great houses of Cornwall – to be found in the County Records Office – which never achieved the permanence of print but are none the worse for that.

The over-all impression is of the quantity of food consumed. Almost everybody over-ate and over-ate outrageously. A table plan in those days did not merely indicate where the guests were to sit, it gave precise instructions as to where each dish was to be placed, like Wellington disposing of his divisions before a battle. The expression that the table 'groaned under the weight of food' could have been literally true.

Sir Frederick Eden in his *State of the Poor* (1797) shows the other side of the picture. His recipe for Hasty Pudding is '13 ozs of oatmeal in a quart of water, salted, with a little beer or milk poured over it. This will provide a sufficient meal for two labourers.'

Sir Frederick also deplored the spread of tea-drinking among the labouring

classes, observing that 'those who can't get malt liquor consume in excess the deleterious product of China.' He was not, however, an unsympathetic man and argued, 'How can the Rich justify their exclusive property in the common heritage of mankind unless they consent in return to provide for the sustenance of the Poor, who were excluded from those common rights by the laws of the Rich, to which they were never parties?'

One of the staple dishes of the very poor in Cornwall was known as 'Sky blue and Sinkers.' For this, water was put in a three-legged crock and heated over a fire of gorse and turf until it reached boiling point. Some flour, usually barley, was mixed in a basin with scalded milk, emptied in the crock and allowed to boil for a minute or so. This was then poured into basins for the family, and sops of barley bread dropped in. These sops sank to the bottom and were the 'sinkers'. The diluted milk liquid had a bluish tinge which was the 'sky'.

It's interesting to note that when conditions improved, either generally or for a particular family, it was the ingredients which were improved, not the basic recipe. Indeed, almost up to the present day, a popular dish in Cornwall, particularly at bed-time, has been 'Kettlebroth' or 'Kiddley', which consists of pieces of bread, preferably crusty, cut into large squares and put into a basin and covered with boiling water, to which is added half a cup of fresh cold milk, a big lump of butter and salt and pepper.

Perhaps of all printed commentators of the day, Parson Woodforde is the most detailed as to food – not, admittedly, as to how the cook operated, but as to what appeared on his and other people's tables. James Woodforde, of course, lived in Norfolk not in the West Country, but he notes painstakingly what he ate, whether it was good, and often whether it agreed with him. An example taken almost at random reads:

'I won at cards this evening 5/-. We had a very genteel Dinner and Desert after. The first Course was Fish, a piece of rost Beef, Pork Stakes, soup, hashed Calf's Head, a boiled Fowl and Pigg's Face – Second Course was stewed Sweetbreads, a fore Quarter of Lamb

rosted, Jellies, Custards, Lemon Cream, Syllabub and Blancmange. Desert – Oranges, Pistachio Nuts and blanched Almonds and Raisins, and preserved Cherries ... Afterwards my niece was not very well.'

Books on cookery were far from scarce even in those days. *The London Cook* by William Gelleroy was to be found in one or two of the great houses of Cornwall. Farley's *The London Art of Cookery* had reached its tenth edition by 1804. Verral's *The Cook's Paradise* and Mrs. Glasse's *The Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy* were frequently reprinted. A book published in 1828 opens with an apology for being 'yet another cook book'.

Well, a century and a half later, this is 'yet another cook book'. I hope it may prove both useful and entertaining. But a last word. Cookery books are the sheet music of the world of food. A lot still depends on the skill and interpretation of the individual musician.

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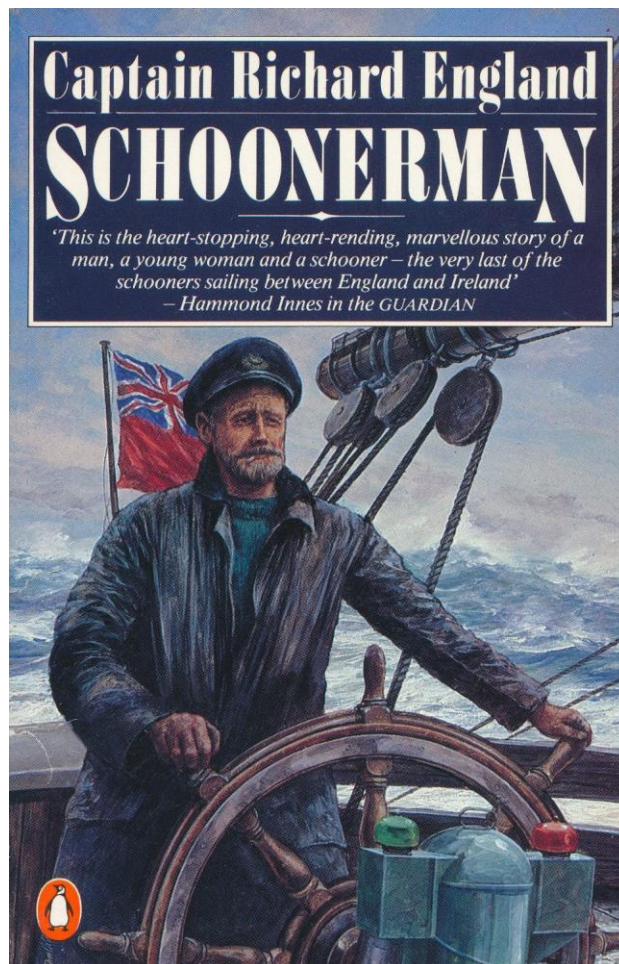
(3) From *Schoonerman* by Captain Richard England, The Bodley Head, 1981

I have never met Richard England, though had events moved more happily for us both – as will be related in this book – we might now be old friends. As it is, I can only recommend *Schoonerman* in the way it should most properly be recommended, without prejudice or personal involvement; and this I most heartily do.

In an age when the amateur sailor, the week-end sailor, the holiday sailor ever proliferates, so that bright new marinas flourish in every little port, and men and women take to the sea for pleasure or to escape from the problems of the land, and vie with each other to pit their varying skills against wind and wave, it is fascinating to read an account written by one of the last true professionals in the harsh world of the coastal schooner trade. For him the sea has indeed been The Cruel Sea. Yet all his vicissitudes in small and vulnerable sailing vessels, his struggles with obstinate, difficult and fractious human beings, his efforts to break through the stifling red tape of the official

world, the hardships that constantly beset him, are related with an absence of bitterness and rancour that compel admiration.

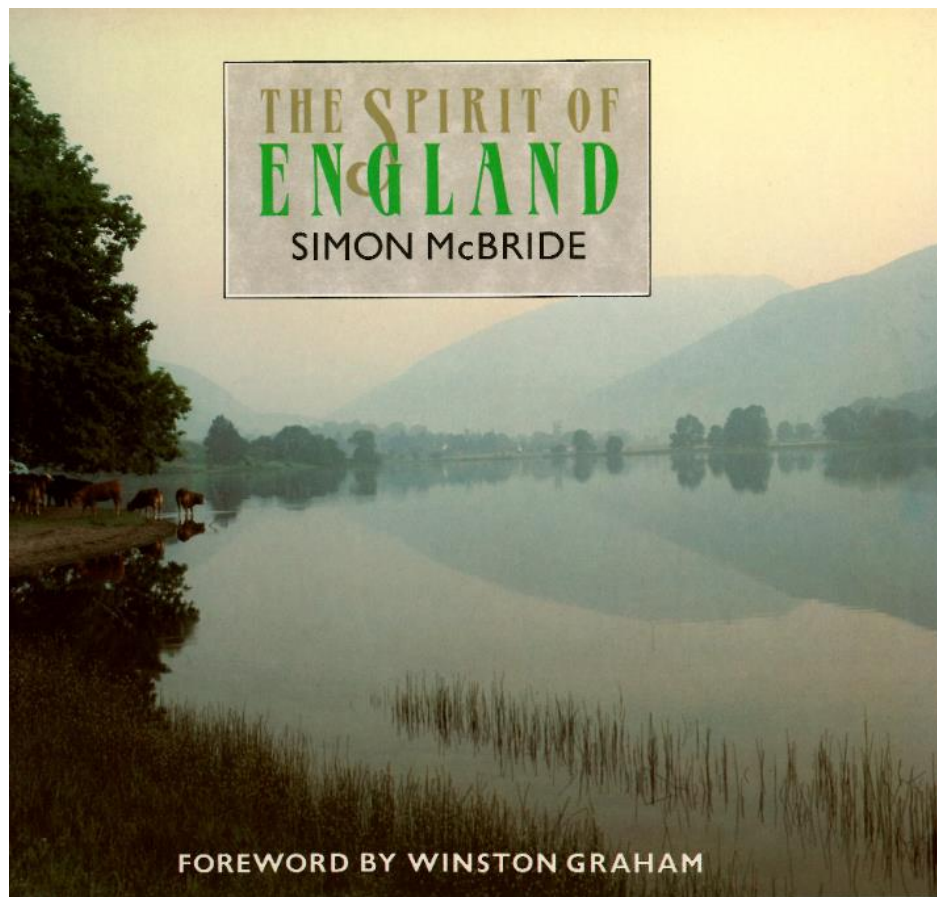
There is indeed in this book, although it is a recital of unrelenting struggle, a sense of dedication and happiness, as if Captain England and his wife and daughters achieved a contentment and unity in spite of it all and that, looking back on those days, he finds a real pleasure in the telling and only once the pain.



From any point of view this book must surely be looked on as a valuable record of a time now gone for ever, a vivid yet factual record that carries conviction. It was really like this, one thinks, and it will never come again. As the author remarks at a tragic point in his narrative: *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*.

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(4) From *The Spirit Of England* by Simon McBride, Webb & Bower Limited in association with Michael Joseph Limited, 1989



*Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.*

Thus said Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who knew a thing or two.

It is the responsibility and the pleasure – or should be – of every poet, artist, photographer, writer to see 'the burning bush', as it were, and to convey to his readers, gazers, critics, admirers, something of the world of nature or human nature, which he personally discerns and can offer specially to them. After he has spoken, or depicted it, as best he can, there are, one hopes, more people taking off their shoes and fewer just plucking the blackberries.

In observing the work of a fine photographer like Simon McBride one learns to see things through his eyes and not one's own. Often they are the familiar things which are so well known as to be taken for granted: fields, trees, mountains, fells, lakes, waterfalls. He observes them afresh; and in discovering a new sight one discovers a new beauty.

I first met him in 1981, when the book *Poldark's Cornwall* was projected, and it was suggested that as I provided the text he should provide the illustrations to the text. At this time I knew nothing of his background. Now I know that he comes of Lancashire, Irish and Cornish stock, that he left England with his parents when a year old and lived in Kenya until he was thirteen, when he came back to England to school. By then the African scene was firmly implanted and he has since returned many times. While training as a graphic designer in England he came to the conviction that photography was to be his main preoccupation in life, and when a friend sent him an air ticket to return to Africa – to Rhodesia, as it then was – it offered him the opportunity to develop his twin interests together; and he stayed there for three years as a press photographer. Back in England he took a degree in African Studies at London University, then he returned to Africa once more, covering the wars in Zimbabwe, Angola, Mozambique – and the riots in Soweto.

In 1980 he married, and by the time I met him he was settled in the West Country as an independent and freelance photographer.

After a preliminary meeting in London to discuss the book I saw him next in Cornwall in the summer of 1982. My wife and I were on holiday and the weather had been frightful; but one day, which had dawned burdened with the direst, most ominous forecasts of the weather men, had turned contrarily first into fitful and then blazing sunshine, with a rising sea, air like cool wine; bliss. Simon discovered us in our secret cove, the only couple visible, in bathing costumes, soaking up the sun. He wobbled down the precipitous path burdened with cameras, and at first was put out by a rash of caravans disfiguring the distant view. We all sat talking until the long day was near its end, and so climbed the path; then he and I strolled along the cliffs and down to the next unspoiled cove, where he took many more pictures of sea and sun and cliff and me and corrugated sand.

The following day, when the weather had returned to type, we toured round Cornwall, also the day after that, when his indefatigable energy and determination never to be satisfied with second best were much in evidence. During that summer and autumn he must have often returned to Cornwall, but then alone, seeking out the places I had mentioned in the book but seeking to create his own synthesis.

Recently a cynic said that a few generations ago England had been a country of beauty, now it was becoming a country of beauty spots. This book, *The Spirit of England*, I think disproves it. All the pictures are modern – taken, that is, within the last six years – and they show the extraordinary diversity of scene and mood and interest that such a small island can contain; and illustrate that so much is as yet unspoiled and some at least, thank God, unspoilable.

Simon is a loner, and there is a marked absence of human beings in the photographs in this book. He likes to work alone and to have long periods to himself, particularly when hunting the scene he is going to shoot. He talks to himself and the sky and the countryside, persuading them to arrange themselves to suit his mood. Design is in all of them, as in all good paintings, an arrangement that comes into being and settles into perpetuity when the camera at last clicks. In some of these pictures there is a sense of foreboding, as if a brooding scene had sparked off his own dark mood and fused with it.

But the drama of lowering skies, of mountainous waves, of lonely moors, of spouting fountains merging with stormy sun-shot clouds, can give way to the tranquillity of streams and shimmering lakes and the homeliness of thatched cottages and the fishing boat's return. For Simon is no misanthrope and can enjoy as well as anyone the company of his fellow men. And when he chooses humanity for his subject, whether it is a black baby rolling in the straw in Zimbabwe or a Cornish miner dirty and cheerful after a day's chore, he brings the same talent to bear on it, the artistic eye which goes so far beyond mere expertness.

Look at these pictures and study and enjoy them all, for it is a remarkable collection which should establish Simon McBride as one of the foremost

photographers of today.

It's really all in what Mrs Browning said, and she said it again in another poem, even more explicitly.

*The poet hath the child's sight in his breast
And sees all new: what oftenest he has viewed
He views with the first glory.*

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(5) From "Hang Your Halo In The Hall!" A History of the Savile Club by Garrett Anderson, The Savile Club, 1993

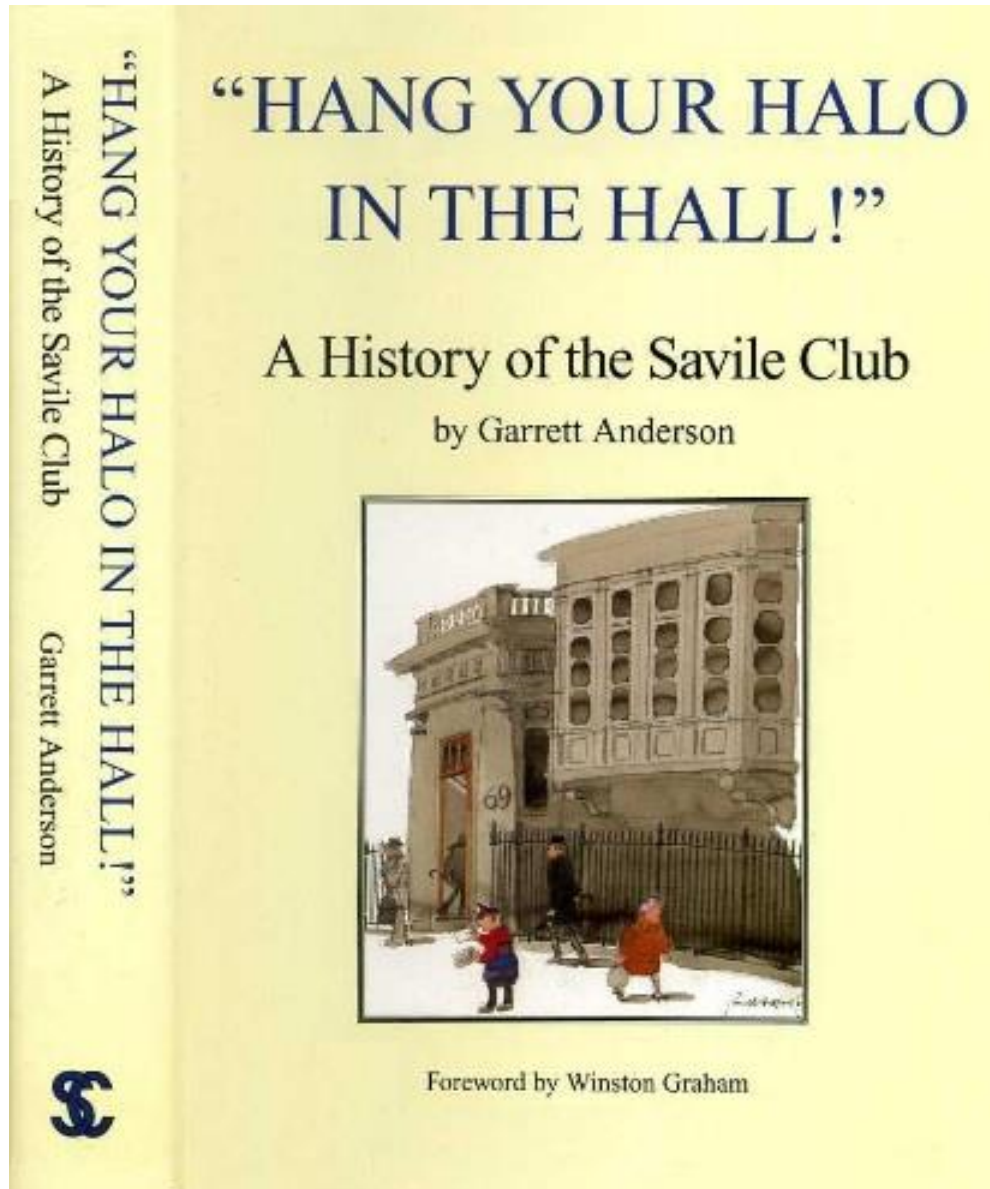
Ogden Nash once said that to be an Englishman was to belong to the most exclusive club in the world. A debatable point. Please discuss.

But that London is the centre of the club culture is hardly disputed, or that a few of its clubs form, in their own particular and exclusive yet agreeable way, the nucleus of a mainly male society unique in the world.

Among these – of which there must be fewer than ten – the Savile Club has its special place. It is, in my view, the most *interesting* club in London. When I was elected forty-two years ago it seemed to me to be full of wits, wags, sages, drunks, and holy eminences in every profession; some elderly and sombre, like H. G. Wells, some elderly and effervescent, like Compton Mackenzie, some youngish and sombre, like Peter Rennell Rodd, some youngish and jolly like Monja Danischewsky and Lionel Hale. Above all – and here it is perhaps unique – it was totally classless: Walter Greenwood, who drew on his humble origins to write *Love on the Dole*, was as much at home there as that quintessential aristocrat, Eddie Sackville-West, the heir to Knole. Equally, age was no barrier to communication as, with the generation gap, it is in most of the world. I have often seen a man of about twenty-eight suddenly go across and enter into earnest discussion with a limping seventy-eight, solely because they had some subject in common.

It is also a club which has never had any religious or moral prejudice. Practising Muslims, Jews and Christians have all been as welcome as the most

outspoken of atheists. Nearly forty years ago I heard two committee members discussing a potential candidate. One said: "I think he's been a Borstal boy." The other replied: "That should make him more interesting."



Sometimes in those days one thought of Cowper's: "Oh, to the club, the scene of savage joys, the school of coarse good-fellowship and noise." At the other extreme there could develop a tense and sober discussion on some subject close to the vital affairs of the world. This book recalls a number of such occasions when momentous decisions were taken in the Club which have affected us all.

Or one pictures Thomas Hardy writing many of his later matchless poems on the Club writing paper, late into the night.

With the enormous historical background of the eminent men who have been members, it is easy to look back – even four decades, as I can – and then look around one and wonder if the present membership is one half so good, or could ever become so good, as the muster of extraordinarily brilliant and likeable men who have been incumbents in the past. A useful antidote to this is an article about the Savile in *The Times*, written in 1923 by, it is thought, Edmund Gosse, rather regretting the quality of the present intake of younger members compared to the great achievers of his day. Not only does he appear to overlook the membership of such up-and-coming youngsters as Adrian Boult, Ernest Rutherford, J. B. S. Haldane, Arthur Bliss, Max Beerbohm and Edward Elgar, but – as a further corrective to those claiming to judge for posterity – many of the famous men cited by him among his older contemporaries have been rendered quite insignificant by the passage of the years. It is a salutary lesson.

To write a true and full and perceptive history of this unusual club it was necessary to find an unusual writer. Anthony Garrett Anderson is just that. Educated as a historian at Trinity College, Dublin, a member of the Club since 1966, he has published two acclaimed novels, and been involved in many other literary projects. This history of the Savile Club is a major book which will, I believe, distinguish him in a new way. It has taken three years to write – partly because of a disastrous fire in 1975 which destroyed many of the records and archives and so necessitated the gathering and checking of material from secondary sources – but also because of the author's consuming interest in and development of his theme. In the hands of many writers this history would have been a list of famous names, with a collection of facts and anecdotes hung on them to decorate and embellish. What Tony has done is to enlarge one's interest by following and exploring the lives of many of the Savilians far beyond the doors of the Savile, so that the history of a single club becomes a valuable record of the times in which the club has existed.

This foreword is necessarily short, for there is little one can say about the Savile which has not been fully and elegantly covered in the pages which follow. Most present-day Savilians will want this book because they are

members: they will be fascinated to discover how little they know of the Club's history. I commend non-members to read the book not for its subject but for its content. They will not be disappointed.

[Note: in addition to the foreword above, WG provided Anderson with a detailed reminiscence of his then forty-odd years as a Club member, from which the author quotes freely throughout his text. The book is well worth reading.]

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(6) From *The Savile Club 1868-1968*, edited by Monja Danischewsky and Stephen Watts (The Savile Club, 1968)

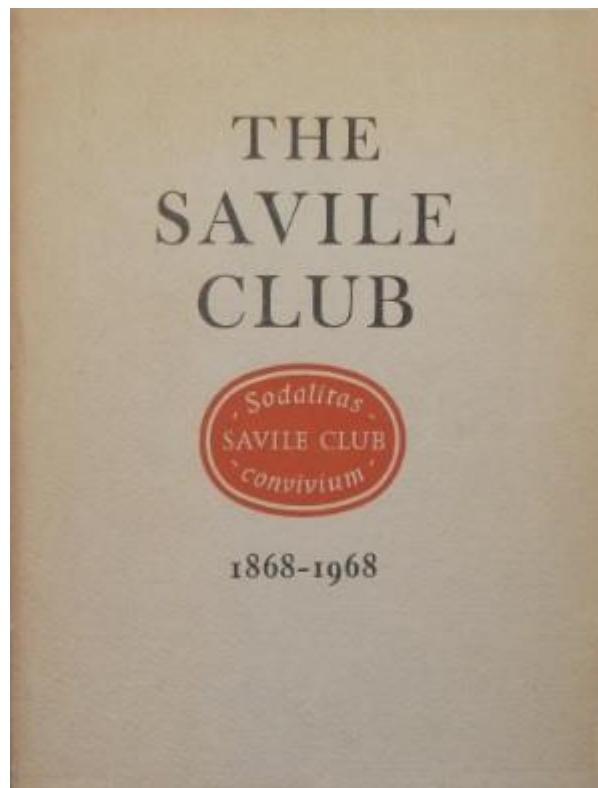
BRIEF ENCOUNTER by Winston Graham

He was a great mountain of a man, and I first saw him in the Savile bar surrounded by a group who listened with keen enjoyment to a funny story he was telling in three different perfectly simulated accents. I was a fairly new member in those days, and staying in the Club, and I tentatively drifted to the edge of the group and listened in as it were from the suburbs, without venturing into the inner circle. The story finished and another and another followed it, each one told with the brilliance of one of the best raconteurs in the world.

At the end of one story, when I was laughing with the rest, he suddenly fixed me with a furious eye and boomed out: "You! Who are *you*? *You* look an arrogant fellow!"

Among the many abusive adjectives that have been applied to me in my life "arrogant" was one that had not previously been used, and it shed a new light either on my character or on his. I answered who I was, and after glaring resentfully at me for another few seconds he dropped me from his attention and returned to his friends and intimates. But twice during the evening, after I had been drawn more into the community by common friends, he violently contradicted me on matters of opinion that were unimportant to me and, I would have thought, equally unimportant to him.

About midnight I wandered into the hall with a glass of whisky in my hand and found him sitting desolate on the hard hall chair, all his friends departed. The liquor had got into him and he was stertorous and unsteady. Kean had gone to find him a taxi and the hall was empty. "Tell me," said the big man contemptuously. "You say you're an *author*. What have you *written*?" I mentioned the name of a novel which had had some success in England and America and had been filmed. "Never seen it. Never *heard* of it," he replied conclusively. I then told him of another that had been filmed. "Never seen it. Never *heard* of it," he stated, like a judge sentencing a prisoner to life anonymity. I then told him the name of a third. "Never seen it. Never *heard* of it," he repeated, knocking the last nail in the coffin.



By now Kean had arrived back, and as our friend's great bulk was as unsteady as a building scheduled for demolition, I helped the porter to get him out to the taxi. Kean, clearly well briefed, gave the address to the driver, and I, having almost had to hoist the big man into the taxi, was about to withdraw when he put a powerful hand on my shoulder and said: "Come home with me. I want to – to talk to you." Slipped and carrying a glass of

whisky did not seem to be the best sort of equipment for a formal call, but I try when possible not to refuse interesting invitations, so I sat back in the taxi and went with him.

When we got to his flat we talked for maybe an hour before I could get away. He was serious, almost sober, entirely friendly, very candid about himself. It was as if he had suddenly dropped his public image, which was truly a part of him but a part he despised. Indeed, self-contempt was, by the time I knew him, one of the most powerful and most destructive elements in his nature. He despised what he had become and despised the public who had put him there; and he esteemed as nothing the great gifts that he clearly had. His belligerence was a sort of inverted modesty. What gullible fools people were who could be deceived into thinking him clever! Another and another cup to drown the memory of this impertinence.

I knew him for a good many years after that. From then on he was never less than absolutely polite and charming to me. I saw him twice in quarrels with members of the Savile, and they were both deliberately picked by the other men who began by insulting him in the most offensive and gratuitous way. I never saw him more than superficially belligerent without cause.

I still miss Gilbert Harding.

[Note: WG could not have named three of his books that were made into films before 1957, by which time he would not have been "a fairly new member" but one of seven years' standing. He reprised this story in *Memoirs*, 2.11 with that and other minor details changed, but otherwise as is.]

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(7) An introduction to The Medici Ear-Ring

After previous appearances in *The Windsor Magazine* (Ward, Lock, October 1935), *Argosy* (Fleetway Publications, July 1965), *The Japanese Girl and other stories* (Collins, 1971) and *The Ladies' Home Journal* (Downe Communications, November 1971, where it featured in abridged form as *The Earring*), WG's early short story *The Medici Ear-Ring* was published for a fifth time in William

Kimber's 1977 Denys Val Baker-edited anthology *My Favourite Story* with the following introductory lines penned by its sixty-nine-year-old author:



I can't say that 'The Medici Ear-Ring' is entirely my favourite story, but it is one for which I have a special affection, and I trust I shall not be looked on as unduly mercenary if some of that affection is financial.

This was almost the first short story I ever wrote, and certainly it was the first I ever sold, when I was a very young [twenty-seven-year-old] and very struggling author just [actually four years] before the outbreak of World War Two. I sold it to the Windsor Magazine, and the price I was paid seemed poor to me even for those days. I had the courage to protest, but the editor said it was all he could afford. (To be published in the

Strand or the Windsor in those days had a certain cachet which the editors were not above making use of when dealing with young and inexperienced authors.)

Twenty five [actually thirty] years later I was approached by another magazine [Argosy] which specialised in reprinting stories by well-known authors and asked if I had anything they could use. I looked up 'The Medici Ear-Ring,' brought it a little more up to date and sent it to them. They published it and paid me seven times what I had received for it in the first place.

A few years later, when I had at last written enough short stories for them to be published in volume form, I included 'The Medici Ear-Ring' and this story was picked up by an American magazine [Ladies' Home Journal] for their use, and they paid me more than seven times what the second magazine had paid.

All, no doubt, a familiar tale. But what it would have meant to me if the last payment had only come first. I could have lived for two years off it. Now times are altered; if I care to buy a thing I can. The pence are here and here's the fair. But where's the lost young man?¹

¹ The last three sentences comprise the second verse (of three) of Housman's "When first my way to fair I took" (see *Last Poems*, A. E. Housman, Grant Richards Ltd., 1922)

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