



“If you go down to Willow Farm  
To look for butterflies,  
flutterbys, gutterflies  
Open your eyes, it’ s full  
of surprise…”

Whether at sea or on the road, in a tent or the ‘van music has always been close at hand or should I say ear. Breaking the silence, enhancing the flow of darkroom printing and easing the monotony of digital editing. I have always enjoyed listening to music especially to the earlier tracks of bands like Genesis when I can sing along to Peter Gabriel’ s daft lyrics on Supper’ s Ready. Which reminds me of our school assemblies and singing **O Jesus, I have promised**, reaching the line *‘my hope to follow duly is in thy strength alone’* a group of fellow rebels always blirted out ‘Julie’ much to the embarrassment of Bernie Tatchell. Among other memorable childhood experiences, many of which relate to Winspit the Stranges and Weston Farm, chasing Clouded Yellows over the slopes of East and Westman has to rank as the most exciting of all.