

Born in same celestial city as Martin - not so long ago, but nearly, and left Grammar school to be a clerk in insurance. Left after a year to play lead guitar in a blues group. Later played double bass in a folk group but had to leave when he fell through double bass in effort to reach glass of Theakeston's Ale.

Joined Fairport Convention in '69 and remained with them until their demise in '79. Lives on the edge of the Cotswolds and the verge of bankruptcy with his wife (the Sherrif) and children, Matthew and Stephanie.

Enjoys his ale real and his troubles imagined, and takes to motorcycles, shooting and photography. Hates being dragged around the Headmaster's Snipe bog in Arctic conditions but will allow arm to be twisted on account of store of single mat whiskies available for resuscitation.

