

mainstays of *Sing* and also cut back on his active life as a musician. As a result his part in the sixties folk boom was minor. On the other hand, in 1964 he published a major scientific work, *The Physics of Atomic Collisions*, and four years later was rewarded with the position of Professor of Experimental Physics and head of the physics department at Birkbeck College. In addition to papers in scientific journals, Hasted published two other important scientific books, *Aqueous Dielectrics* (1973) and *The Metal-Benders* (1981).

After leaving the academic life in 1984 Hasted retired to St. Ives in Cornwall, where he compiled his reminiscences of the glory days of the skiffle era in *Alternative Memoirs* (1992). Looking back, he remembered the fifties as the best years of his life. As he put it, "I always had happy groups and happy choirs, a stimulating nightlife, and more laughter and tears than in the rest of my life."⁶ He passed away on the 4th May 2002, at Penzance, Cornwall. His work as a pioneer of radar and as an atomic physicist has a place in the history of modern science, but he will also be remembered as a pioneer and mainstay of the post-war English folk music revival, a founder and champion of the skiffle movement, and a passionate advocate for both traditional and political folksong.

David Gregory

Hasted on the Modes

Academic studies of folk music have not always been helpful. I taught the subject at a Technical College and had to decide what, if anything, I should say about modes. Before European harmonic theory developed, melody had developed into the seven-note scale, that is, the white notes of the piano. But it would be arranged in seven different ways, with every note able to be the keynote, or final note of the melody. Each one of these modes was named after a Hellenic state.... I could never remember which mode was which, so I made up a rhyme:

*Remember, remember,
I'll never remember
The name of a Hellenic Mode.
So I picture each one
As a nymph with a guitar
And I dedicate each in an Ode.
Ionia, Ionia,
I'll never disown yer
No matter if you sleep around.
Doria, Doria,
The warrior's euphoria,
You're loving me into the ground.
Phrygia, O Phrygia,
No, she'll never kidjer,
She's never in amorous mood.
Lydia, O Lydia,
The Encyclopydia,
With Marx on her back all tattooed.
Aeolia, Aeolia,
You're holier, much holier
Than Saints that go marching in.
Locria, O Locria,
You're so mediocria,
You'll die of surprise if you win.
Now Moses supposes
That Mixomytosis
Is just Mixolydian Sonheim,
So I shout 'Hypoborean'
In tones so stentorian
I've got every Mode in this rhyme.*

⁶ *Ibid*, p. 130.