

PASS

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF THE MASTERMIND CLUB



Autumn 2000

Sir Stephen Runciman

Master Quiz 2001

Annual Function 2001

American roulette

The contents of PASS are copyright by the Mastermind Club except where noted. Contributions are welcome but may be edited or held over owing to space limitations. All material is published at the sole discretion of the Editor and Committee. Copy deadline is normally the first of January (Winter), April (Spring), July (Summer), and October (Autumn), for publication around the end of the following month. Please notify the Secretary of any problems in receiving PASS (after allowing an extra week or two for publishing and postal delays).

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT Tony Dart

HON. VICE-PRESIDENT Dr. K. Gerald Powell-MacKenzie

SECRETARY Gavin Fuller

TREASURER Paul F. Henderson

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY Peter W. J. Chitty

EDITOR OF *PASS* Craig E. Scott

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Patricia Owen

Ann Kelly

Phillida Grantham

Alan D. Blackburn

MEMBERSHIP MATTERS

Peter Chitty

IT GIVES ME PLEASURE to welcome Stephen Follows, Mastermind 2000, to membership. Many congratulations, Stephen, and I hope that you will have a happy and long association with the Club.

At the last Committee meeting it was felt that the issuing of cards should be discontinued. I know that some members like having a card sent each year, so I would like to have your views. I would appreciate a phone call, email or a letter with your feelings about it, before the next AGM.

New member

930 Stephen Follows

PASS

AUTUMN 2000

PASS NOTES

Craig Scott, Editor

Where, oh where, is page 15?

YES, IT HAPPENED AGAIN. Page 15 was omitted from the last issue and is included in this one as a loose insert (I hope!) – my apologies, particularly to Lance. See the letters page for other reactions.

{*The page in question was blank in the printed copies at the time but was reinstated for the online version published on the Mastermind Club website in 2012 – Sub-ed.*}

This provided the first test of the new *PASS* page on my website. We posted a full copy of Lance's piece as soon as we found out the page was missing.

The *PASS* page is not meant to be an online version of the magazine, but a place to find out what's happening and consult the "Guidelines for Contributors".

Americana

Owing to a fortuitous conjunction in my in-tray, this issue has a pronounced American focus. There's Mel's report of an encounter with Bubba during another election year long ago, Ann's holiday quiz, my own piece as threatened, and Paul's experience with friendly locals in New York City.

Web tips

TO THOSE OF YOU LOOKING FOR SOME HUMOUR in the endless saga of the American election and who didn't get tipped off by Gavin, I recommend this website (remember to turn up the sound on your PC):

<http://www.cwdzyns.com/dubya>

It's really good – honest! You'll want to share it too.

While fact-checking for this issue, I came across the *Fifteen-to-One* website (with lots of familiar faces); *Countdown* doesn't seem to be as well served. Have any of you found

any good quiz sites, either for established shows or *sui generis* on the Web? Send any suggestions and comments to me and I'll check them out, together with some others I've been meaning to visit, and report in the next issue.

And finally

Congratulations to Gena Davies, who has made it to the grand final of *Fifteen-to-One*, to be broadcast on 22 December for your holiday viewing pleasure. As always, do keep us posted on your competitive exploits.

IN THIS ISSUE

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 2 | Letters, news and views |
| 3 | Annual Function 2001
Sir Steven Runciman |
| 4 | Magnus the opsimath |
| 6 | Just so |
| 7 | Master Quiz 2001 Round 1 |
| 9 | Club shopping |
| 10 | British Quiz Championship |
| 11 | Who is that guy with? |
| 12 | Holiday quiz |
| 13 | Somewhere down the Crazy River |
| 16 | Incident in Morningside Park |
| IBC | Poems |
| BC | Crossword |

LETTERS, NEWS AND VIEWS

From Lance Haward

I AWAIT PAGE 15 WITH EAGERNESS. Until then, and unlike Jack Clark, who was suppressed in his entirety from the Spring '99 issue, I think I am the first member of the Club able to announce: "I've finished; so I'll start".

From Henry Button

THANK YOU for the latest *PASS* – another interesting collection. Just one complaint – page 156 in my copy is blank although it should apparently have carried an article about Yorkshire. Although I am a Lancashire man I am quite prepared to read an article about what might be described in this context as *Another Place*.

As a Cambridge man I enjoyed Tony Bell's article about Oxbridge. As he is, at least in part, a Cambridge man, I hope that he is a member of the Cambridge Society. If he is, he will have seen the quizzes that I have produced for the magazine *Cambridge* over the past few years, including the one that was produced on the back cover of *PASS* a year ago.

P.S. Seven Chancellors of Cambridge were beheaded but only one from Oxford. Oxford will never equal this.

From Richard Green

THE PLOT THICKENS, mystery piles upon riddle upon enigma. On opening my latest copy of *Rate!* I very happily read on until near the end when I came upon page 15. Behold page 15 was blank; I worked it out that there were several possible explanations:

1. The page contained material of an adult nature and was therefore censored to preserve the sensibilities of us lesser folk. I thought this one unlikely.
2. In the eternal war of man against machine mankind had lost another round. This was perhaps more likely.
3. Then recalling that Craig is a conspiracy man I wondered if *They* had struck and rendered (deliberately) all the hard work into a useless condition. Since I cannot discover the identity of *Them* I will never know if this explanation is correct.

Is it possible that page 15 somehow has escaped from the black hole and made it to the daylight?

From Andrew Turek

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN a better analysis of the difference between the senior University and the other institution than that of Joseph Trapp, when George I gave the library of the Bishop of Ely to the University of Cambridge when he had had to send cavalry to Oxford to keep down the Jacobites:

The King, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse: and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books, as very well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Things have changed. Oxford is loyal now.

From Gavin Fuller

Extract from Daily Express, 2 November 2000 – interview with Anne Robinson re The Weakest Link.

THE GAME SHOW'S CREATORS wanted Robinson because she looked as if she knew the answers to the questions. "So I won out over Anthea Turner," she says, drily. The format began to change after a participant called Ray voted off a fellow contestant. "Why did you do that?" asked Robinson. "Anyone who doesn't know the colour of the Teletubbies shouldn't be on a quiz show," said Ray. A penny dropped somewhere. "We suddenly realised that inside every quiz show contestant there is a mini-dictator," says Robinson, "It's important to realise that nobody is being battered, no poor, defenceless person is going home having lost all their self-belief."

Does this 'Ray' character seem familiar at all?

Margery's latest qualification

CONGRATULATIONS to Margery Elliott, who has been awarded (at age 81) a Certificate of Higher Education in Birmingham Studies by Birmingham University.

The course covered six terms, equivalent to the first year of a degree course, culminating in a study of the house in Edgbaston where her family once lived.

ANNUAL FUNCTION 2001

Gavin yet again

THE 2001 FUNCTION will be held in Bristol from the 6th to 8th of April. Base of operations for the weekend will be Jurys Hotel, which is located on the Old Quayside in the centre of the city, facing out over the harbour, and conveniently located for most of the major attractions. There is parking available, albeit free only from 17.30 to 09.30 in the adjacent car park, and all rooms are en suite.

A special rate of £45.00 per night for a single room or £60 for a double/twin has been negotiated with the hotel. If you wish to book, the booking form is enclosed with this issue – please send it to the hotel as soon as possible, and certainly no later than the end of February.

If you don't wish to stay at Jurys, Bristol of course offers

plenty of other accommodation – the Tourist Information Centre will be able to help you. Contact them at: St. Nicholas Church, St. Nicolas Street, Bristol BS1 1UE; (Tel: 0117 926 0767 – Email: bristol@tourism.bristol.gov.uk)

All events this year will be based in Jurys Hotel, where we effectively have control of a suite and reception area in the hotel for the weekend, although no doubt there will be opportunities to get out and about. Any experts on the city with good ideas for the Club whilst there please let me know!

Members wishing to come should return the enclosed catering reservation form to me no later than March 21st. I look forward to seeing many of you there.

SIR STEPHEN RUNCIMAN

Michael Schwartz remembers an eminent member

TWELVE YEARS AGO, an 85-year-old historian climbed the two or three steps onto a rostrum at Nottingham University. He spoke for 45 minutes on Mistra, that complex of fortress, palace and convent which constitutes Greece's greatest Byzantine monument outside Mount Athos. He spoke without notes, pausing only to check the dimensions of the Hall of the Knights, before continuing his magnificent monologue.

For me, an amateur Hellenist, this was the highlight of 14 visits to the Spring Symposium, Britain's leading Byzantine event. Now the 97-year-old Sir Stephen Runciman, an honorary member of the Mastermind Club, has passed away.

Sir Stephen's best-known work is still probably the three-volume History of the Crusades. I challenge any Mastermind Club member to find a bibliography of Middle Eastern or Crusader history that does not list this magnum opus. The Fall of Constantinople must rank as one of the most accessible accounts of any event affecting the 2,600-year-old city of Byzas. The leading newspapers

have all covered Sir Stephen's inspiring life, not least his attempts in the 1920s to become a pupil of the then solitary British Byzantinist J. B. Bury (Bury's wife used to burn all letters addressed to her husband, and so friendly ambushes along The Backs in Cambridge were Sir Stephen's last resort).

THERE WERE MANY IRONIES in Sir Stephen's life. His wartime superior was Guy Burgess, no doubt described as "very useful" by the latter's Soviet paymasters. The Italian Secret Service described Sir Stephen as "very intelligent and very dangerous".

To return to Mistra and the Hall of the Knights, it was within those walls that Constantine XI was proclaimed Emperor of Byzantium in 1448. He was to be Byzantium's last Emperor, succumbing to the Ottoman onslaught described in The Fall of Constantinople. No Emperor followed Constantine XI, and yet the flame of Byzantium has never been quenched. No Byzantinist at present can follow in Sir Stephen's footsteps. And yet the flame of Byzantine studies has never burned brighter.

MAGNUS THE OPSIMATH

Gavin passes along this interview with Auslan Cramb, marking publication of Magnus's new history of Scotland

FOR THOSE WHO ARE DAUNTED BY THE TASK, Magnus Magnusson has a word to describe himself. The broadcaster, author, quizmaster, conservationist and 'lover of words', is happy to be called an opsimath. "I found it while looking through the Os," he tells me, "and I latched on to it. It means one who keeps learning late in life." It is an apt description for the affable Icelander, whose career has meandered hither and thither before landing him, at the age of 71, atop a plateau with an impressive hinterland.

He is fond of saying, in that valuable and instantly recognisable voice, that he is "just an old hack", a journalist who happens to have some useful communication skills. But you cannot help but suspect he is rather pleased with himself. He is one of those deceptive workaholics, who, like a luxury car, manages to advance at high speed with little outward sign of effort.

Magnusson won a scholarship to study English at Oxford, and entered journalism with the *Daily Express* in 1953 – veteran Glasgow hacks still tell tales of his drinking exploits – before "drifting into television" in the late Sixties.

He describes *Chronicle*, the BBC history and archaeology series that he presented for 13 years, as his life's work on television. But it is *Mastermind*, the Corinthian quiz game in which contestants had no time to think, and nothing to play for but honour, that made him – and that voice – famous.

He was given the show because the producer "didn't want a Bob Monkhouse" but someone "with a bit of gravitas". His mates said he was dumbing down, but it was the move that made him. And it lasted for 25 years.

He recorded the last series in 1997, and is still stopped by fans who feel the need to remind him of the catch phrase that has found a permanent place in the language.

Refreshingly, in an age of 'personalities' who moan about the invasion of their privacy, he does not complain about being approached in the street. "I was begging to be allowed into their living rooms for 25 years," he says, "so they have every right to treat me like a friend and

say 'Aren't you Malcolm Muggeridge?'"

Against a wall in the new library-study of his comfortable home in the Campsie Hills, north of Glasgow, stands the black leather *Mastermind* chair itself.

It had a brooding presence under the spotlight but, like so many things, is disappointing in the flesh. It is small and rather scuffed, but this did not stop his friends and neighbours having their photographs taken in it as soon as he brought it home.

Magnusson is still fascinated by quiz programmes and – in the manner of Delia Smith dishing the dirt on her fellow cooks, he advises Chris Tarrant to "get a move on" in *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?* – and says of Anne Robinson that he "can't stand the woman", whatever she does. He adds that her programme, *The Weakest Link*, is "an abomination" and he quite understands why she was voted the rudest person on television.

The part of Magnusson's career that interviewers consistently fail to mention – because it does not obviously fit in – is his seven years as chairman of Scottish Natural Heritage, the environment agency. He became the first incumbent of the post "on the old boys' network" and – more self-deprecation – because he was "good at chairing things".

Scotland's po-faced conservationists were dismissive of the appointment, but Roger Crofts, the chief executive of SNH, says he had a "wonderful impatience" to make things happen, and was "passionately committed to Scotland".

In that role, as in other incarnations, he drew on the journalist's skill of deciding whose advice to take, and whose to ignore. But he still managed to be himself, and to display his lifelong fascination with language.

He would delight in explaining the Latin or Greek origins of words, and as an environment journalist I recall heading back to the office after a Magnusson speech to look up his latest discovery in the dictionary.

Mastermind and SNH overlapped for several years, yet

even then he never stopped working at his hobbies. He has published more than 20 books: on the history and sagas of Iceland, on Ireland, on the archaeology of the Bible lands, and on his beloved Scotland.

He does not have a vote in this country, but his nationalist sentiments are obvious throughout our conversation in the study-library he has added to his house.

“Iceland is no longer ‘hoddin doon’,” he says. “It was let go to make its own mistakes, not Denmark’s mistakes, and has not done badly for a country whose only resources are fish and hot water. The coming of the Scottish Parliament and the movement towards independence, that I think is inevitable, will have the same effect here as it did in Iceland when we won independence from Denmark in 1944.

“History says home rule will always lead to independence because you become dissatisfied with what you have got. If you can’t properly look after your tax and defence, if there are reserved areas that are still being done down south, then frustration will set in. But Iceland has only 280,000 people. We have five million for heaven’s sake. There is going to be a volcano of the skills in Scotland.”

Magnusson, with that other journalistic skill of good timing, is already playing his part in the eruption. His latest, and largest, book – *Scotland, The Story of a Nation* – is a personal history of his adopted country.

A spin-off from a radio series in which he interviewed 25 leading historians, it comes after a year or so of devolution, and at a time when research into Scottish history is riding high, and Scots are thinking again about their identity.

His story, immodest in scope, begins three billion years ago – before Scotland and England were joined even in geological union – and ends with the arrival of the Scottish Parliament. It is, says the author, the kind of book he wished someone had written for people like him “with a curiosity about the past”. But he adds that he is just a story-teller, not a historian, and his 700 pages are a mere back-up to more official, scholarly histories.

Where it departs from academic works is in his personal research into the sites of Scotland’s history. He calls it “history on the hoof”, and crafts compelling anecdotes of his discovery of the “exact spot where it happened”.

The book takes as its framework Sir Walter Scott’s *Tales of a Grandfather*, the sometimes-apocryphal history of Scotland on which Magnusson was brought up in the 1930s and 1940s. His history acts as a correcting lens, using the insight he gained in the radio series, and telling the story as it is now understood. But he also has time for the “people’s history”, the folklore and legends that still help to define modern Scotland.

He remarks, for example, that despite the detail in Scott, everything known about William Wallace – the warrior patriot for whom more places are named in Scotland than any other historical figure – “could be written on three pages”.

And he reveals that the story of Robert the Bruce and the spider, a version of events told until recently in many Scottish schools, is a corruption. The indomitable spirit of the spider was witnessed by one of Bruce’s men, who retold the story in an effort to galvanise his leader.

His own favourites are the Jameses, the seven kings whose rule – and that of Mary Queen of Scots – was full of passion, tragedy, potential, disaster and triumph. “Each of the Jameses, and Mary, had so much going for them, so much going against them, some of them people of immense possibilities, yet perhaps with some character defect that prevented them from achieving it.

“I would love to have James VI as a dinner guest. He was called ‘the wisest fool in Christendom’, but I think he was one of the wisest men in Christendom. He lived through such extraordinary times, how he survived sometimes I have no idea, and because he made the first real, sensible attempt to bring England and Scotland together in a real partnership, as opposed to a partnership of one guy wearing both crowns, I would love to ask him what he thinks of what is happening today.

“Of course, I would like him a dinner guest before he turned senile and his table manners deteriorated dreadfully.”

Continued overleaf>>

JUST SO

Fred Dyson

SO, JUST SO, I THOUGHT AND TAUGHT AND WROTE so many years ago. The world was young, clean, clear and energetic. There were no points suggesting ambiguity. The world and all its contents could be classified – just so.

The nature of the Scientific Attitude is such as to create faith in, and to adopt the principles of, the Scientific Method. This Method leads one to observe carefully and from such observations to compound hypotheses, from which Predictions can be made which are capable of Experimental confirmation or rejection. Once a logical Prediction drawn from our Hypothesis is found Experimentally to be at fault, then that Hypothesis is renounced. Any number of confirmatory Experiments arising from extrapolations of our Hypothesis need not, may never, confirm the truth of this Hypothesis. If – after much time and experimenting, under varied conditions, and by many people, the Predictions are not found wanting, then, only then, may we elevate our Hypothesis to the dignity of a Scientific Theory. So it becomes possible to move on, to learn and to grow. Imagination can model a Universe.

So – so what? He spat out melon seeds, this man I met in Vienna. The edge of the pavement was sharp and hard.

OPSIMATH

(continued)

He is currently engaged on a round of interviews and appearances for the history, but is also launching *Magnus Magnusson's Quiz Book* this month, and is already planning the next project. In *Who's Who* he describes his hobbies as “digging and delving”. He has begun another translation of Icelandic sagas, and would like to “do a wee history of Iceland for back-packers”.

The shelves of the new study are packed with hundreds of books on Scottish and Icelandic history and culture. But the opsimath is also a family man, and in a corner of the room stand plastic boxes full of toys for the regular visits of his nine grandchildren.

He lives with his wife Mamie, a former columnist with the *Daily Express*, and her twin sister Anna, and other

Anyone could sing and play, or compound theories or whatever – sure, falling in the Danube, certain you got dirty and drowned. I can't imagine why you bother. The universe, the neurone and tonality are limited. What was left of the melon he dropped over the bridge.

A careful study of the copulation of the European Great Grey Slug (*Limax Maximus*) leaves nothing to the imagination – other than awe.

It can be said that it is possible to see the Neutron Star, a few miles in diameter, which has its unimaginable existence at the centre of the Crab Nebula, some 2,000 parsecs distant. Here we have the remnant of a Supernova explosion of July, 1054, which was visible in daylight for three weeks, although it remained unrecorded in Europe. Mundane – as every schoolboy knows.

So, you have two eyes, a nose, a mouth, two ears, a hairline and a question. I find this combination unique, almost touching a wonder. And you use words, unimaginably simple words such as here, now, yes and be, which have no parallels. These, too, are unique, and capable of growth.

So, as your hand touches me and mine touches you, just so, we meet.

walls are decorated with photographs of his four successful children, who have all followed him into the media.

As I am leaving, daughter Sally, a BBC Scotland newsreader – who, like her father, succeeded in London before choosing to live north of the border – arrives with her five children to celebrate her mother's birthday. Grandfather, however, is heading out the door to a book-signing at Waterstone's in Edinburgh. I suspect the rest of his 'retirement' will be much the same.

Reprinted from the Daily Telegraph (Scottish edition only), 30 November 2000. Scotland: The Story of a Nation by Magnus Magnusson is published by HarperCollins at £19.99.

MASTER QUIZ 2001

Phillida introduces the Round 1 questions

IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR AIM of making the Master Quiz 2001 more up-to-date and user-friendly, my chosen theme is 'The Year 2000'. This should give a more level playing field, and those who have come down from their ivory towers and kept their eyes and ears open throughout the year should score well. I shall award my customary prizes to the person scoring highest on the themed questions and to the best 'in absentia' entry (the highest scorer in the top 12 who is unable to attend the Final). Good luck to all!

In the Master Quiz there are two preliminary written rounds from which the best nine contestants on aggregate score will proceed to the Final rounds, with Magnus as Question Master, to be held after dinner on Saturday 7 April 2001 in Bristol. The winner will hold the Magnum, a Toby jug in the likeness of Magnus, for the following year.

Round 2 will be set this year by Craig Scott and will appear with his instructions in the next issue of PASS.

Instructions

Round I has two entries:

1. Head your paper '**U**', and please answer the questions **UNSEEN** in your own time. When you have finished, sign the entry as being your own unaided work. This need not be the final version; if you subsequently come on any answers by chance, please include them or send them on to me later.
2. On another sheet of paper headed '**R**' for **REFERENCE** and using any reference you care to consult, please check, alter or expand your 'U' answers if desired, quoting your source or stating 'Second Thoughts'. 'Use your friends if you wish, but be warned – they are not so accurate as reference books and (?) the Internet! Please put your name and Club membership number on each sheet of paper and your address on the first sheet. 80% of the possible marks are awarded on the 'U' entry and 20% on the 'R' entry. It should be stressed that the 'R' entry is not obligatory and some of the most successful entrants prefer to submit only the unseen.

NB: The question-setters have mutually agreed that their decisions are final and, regretfully, they can enter into no correspondence about the questions and answers.

Turn the page for the questions>>

MASTER QUIZ 2001 ROUND 1 QUESTIONS

1. Who succeeded Basil Hume?
2. Who succeeded Betty Boothroyd?
3. Name a famous golf course where all the holes have flower names.
4. In the House of Commons, what is the function of the Chairman of Ways and Means?
5. Who were the two British celebrities who both died on 21 May 2000?
6. Which saint is the protector of the Jewish people?
7. What is distinctive about the door of Number 10 Downing Street?
8. What is the origin of *troy* weight?
9. With reference to a camera, what does **APS** stand for?
10. Who is the architect of the (bouncy) Millennium Bridge, London's first river crossing for 100 years?
11. There is an all-weather racetrack at Southwell. Name another racecourse which has one.
12. What is the national bird of Cornwall, soon to be re-introduced?
13. A 'lassu' is (a) an Italian sausage or (b) an Argentine method of rounding-up cattle or (c) the slow movement of a Hungarian csardas?
14. France beat which country in the semi-final of Euro 2000?
15. The wine Château Musar comes from which country?
16. Stainless steel contains between 8% and 25% of which element?
17. Who was nicknamed 'Madame Deficit'?
18. Who wrote these operas (among many others): *Betley*, *Linda di Chamonix* and *Il Castello di Kenilworth*?
19. Name Ken Livingstone's partner, the head of UK Amnesty International.
20. Who were small, pink and lived under dustbin lids on a blue moon?
21. Who allegedly said "One cannot be too rich or too thin"?
22. Joanna Hossack, an Edinburgh University student, became in 2000 only the second female to win which event in its entire history?
23. How many sides has a 50p piece (no looking!)?
24. If you were on the banks of the river Aa, which country would you be in?
25. The music for 'I vow to thee my country' is by (a) Holst or (b) Parry or (c) Elgar?
26. Evangelista Torricelli invented what?
27. Who is the business partner of Martha Lane Fox?
28. Who is the aristocratic girl friend of Marcus Didius Falco?
29. What does the word *lallygag* (or *lollygag*) mean?
30. Name the manager of Chelsea Football Club sacked on 12 September 2000.
31. Among the livestock on a French farm, what is a *Limousin*?
32. Steve Redgrave, Matthew Pinsent, Tim Foster – who was the fourth member of the Gold Medal winning crew?
33. Preston is on which river?
34. What is the computer acronym GIGO?
35. Prasutagus was the husband of whom?
36. Which battleship was sunk by enemy action in Scapa Flow in October 1939?
37. Who is the leader of Plaid Cymru?
38. Who is the leader of the Scottish National Party?
39. The supermarket chain Waitrose is part of which group?
40. How old is Sir Cliff Richard?
41. Name the British band who became (October 2000) the first from the UK to top the US charts in 10 years.
42. In connection with wild life, what is brachiation?
43. What does MI stand for in MI5, MI6?
44. Who commanded the English army at Flodden?
45. The name of the composer Smetana means (a) sour cream or (b) paprika sauce or (c) cucumber salad?
46. Orris root comes from which garden plant?
47. The Burns Report was an enquiry into what?
48. Which is the oldest Flag Day (i.e. street collection for charity)?
49. Which is the only university in Britain to offer a course in the Basque language?
50. What was the original purpose of the building which is now the Tate Modern?
51. Which character in fiction described Yorkshire as "a sort of English Texas peopled by coarse braggarts and one or two decentish slow bowlers"?
52. Manolo Blahnik operates in which field of fashion?
53. What is gymnophobia?
54. Galena is an ore of which element?
55. In which country would you see Bradshaw figures (rock drawings)?
56. What do we call the Roman city of Glevum?
57. A Senior Citizen, resident in Greater London, can travel from Uxminster to Uxbridge for (a) £2 or (b) £3 or (c) nothing at all?
58. If you suffered from Daltonism, what would be the main disadvantage?
59. Who sings at the start of the programme: "Over the hills and far away Tele-tubbies come out to play"?
60. In telecommunications, what does WAP stand for?
61. In the recent survey (the industry, viewers and critics) to determine the best 100 TV programmes, what came top?
62. And where did *Mastermind* come?
63. Which Roman Emperor came after Claudius?
64. What is the origin of the expression 'to put a sock in it'?
65. Which artist painted *The Swing* in the Wallace Collection?
66. E. Klebs and F. Löffler (1883/4) discovered the bacillus of which disease?
67. Which Olympiad was the one recently held in Sydney?
68. Who lit the Olympic flame?
69. What do the following people have in common: Gavin Fuller, Magnus Magnusson, Mandy Rice-Davies, Charlie Chaplin, Michelangelo and Queen Elizabeth II?

70. Who is the new Controller of BBC1?
71. Who has recently been proposed as the patron saint of politicians?
72. In the Royal Navy, what is a *button boy*?
73. What does the 'L' stand for in Dorothy L. Sayers?
74. What is cyanometry?
75. From which country does the cheese *Manchego* come?
76. What is the common name for the plant *Nigella (damascena)*?
77. Who is the Chairman of Fulham Football Club?
78. Which was the first National Park in the United Kingdom?
79. What are the names of the present Prince of Orange, heir to the Dutch throne?
80. What was discovered by mathematical computation at the Lowell Observatory in 1930?
81. We have the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy; why not the Royal Army?
82. Boulogne is in which *département* of France?
83. What was unusual about a ladies' semi-final match at Wimbledon in 2000?
84. In the Queen Mother's birthday parade (20.7.00), what did Jerry Hall represent?
85. Who directed the film *Billy Elliot*?
86. Which island was known as *Caesarea* by the Romans?
87. Eddie McGettigan, 47, a Dublin accountant, became on 26.6.00 the first person (a) to kiss the Blarney Stone 50 times or (b) to swim from Ireland to Wales or (c) to have two daughters win the 'Rose of Tralee' contest?
88. The German firm of Steiff manufactures which commodity?
89. Mike Richards is the 'Tsar' in which field?
90. Which bone in the body is the *pollex*?
91. "Such is life" were the last words of whom, as he was about to be executed?
92. Singapore, Tokyo and Eaton Square are the top three most expensive real estate sites in the world, but what comes fourth?
93. Name the all-girl band recently ejected from the classical charts as too pop?
94. Who won the World Series 2000 and whom did they beat?
95. What country would you be in and what action would you take if you saw the word 'ARAF' painted on the road in front of you?
96. *AFTUR* is the designer label of two sisters, new on the fashion scene, from which country?
97. Where in South America is the largest hydro-electric dam in the world?
98. In WWII, what was Operation Anthropoid?
99. 'Feathers and flames' is a term connected with (a) billiards or (b) woodwork or (c) flowers?
100. The last words of which artist were to his doctor: "Go downstairs and have a glass of sherry"?

CLUB SHOPPING

JUST THE THING FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING! T-shirts with "I've started so I'll finish" on the front and "It's only a bloody game" on the back, in white on dark navy – only £6.00 all sizes.

All prices include postage and packing. Send a cheque with your order, payable to the Mastermind Club, to Patricia Owen.

TIES	£
<i>NEW!</i> MAROON (MULTI-LOGO)	7.00
<i>NEW!</i> ROYAL BLUE (MULTI-LOGO)	7.00
SILVER (SINGLE-LOGO)	6.00
T- SHIRTS	
WHITE ON DARK NAVY (M, L, XL, XXL)	6.00
RUGBY SHIRTS	
<i>NEW!</i> BURGUNDY, KELLY GREEN (M, L, XL)	18.00
<i>NEW!</i> BURGUNDY, KELLY GREEN (XXL)	20.00
SWEATSHIRTS	
OATMEAL (M, L, XL)	15.00
RED (M, L, XL)	15.00
JEWELLERY	
KEY RINGS	5.00
PENDANTS	5.00
<i>NEW!</i> TIE CLIPS	7.00
<i>NEW!</i> STICK PINS	6.00
PENS	
WHITE WITH LOGO	6.00

BRITISH QUIZ CHAMPIONSHIP 2000

Geoff Thomas reports

THIS YEAR'S MIND SPORTS OLYMPIAD, the fourth in the series so far, took place at Alexandra Palace between August 19th and 28th. A large number of cerebral events were involved, from the familiar to the rather more esoteric – chess, bridge, backgammon, Scrabble and the *Times* crossword rubbed shoulders with memory skills, speed reading, poker (yes, poker), Hexdame (no, I don't know either), skat and shogi (not to mention Go, the exquisite oriental torture reputedly far more complex than chess, where the mathematical possibilities total 10 to the power of 720 – truly mind-boggling). I prudently resolved to forgo all of the above for the familiar and the reassuring, namely the British Quiz Championship.

For one so geographically distant from the august South London Quiz League of the Club members' monthly metropolitan get-together, it was agreeable to shake hands with familiar faces, as they say, including those familiar only *as* faces, seen trying to cope with the withering comments of Mr Paxman on *University Challenge*. The format was much as before, with Trevor Montague issuing 100 printed questions to all the entrants, of whom there were perhaps 40; I didn't do a head count. Given the ability of Trevor's questions to lay ruthlessly bare the true depth of one's ignorance, 40 minutes seemed little enough time – especially when, as in examination halls of yore, everyone else appears to be scribbling away with irritatingly confident omniscience. Finally the collection of the answers for on-the-spot marking, while the wrung-out quizzers discuss the ones that inexcusably got away.

The four highest scorers were announced. They were Kevin Ashman, Roger Mortimore (S. London Quiz League), Daphne Fowler and myself, grateful to have

nudged ahead of such luminaries as Ray Ward, Donald Yule, Chris Hughes, Dag Griffiths and the young giant Mark Labbett, well known for his battles on *University Challenge*. A notable effort came from a young Croatian lady, Dorjana Sirola, given the inevitably Britocentric nature of the quiz. How many of us could handle a quiz in Zagreb, worded entirely in Serbo-Croat? (If they don't speak that there, please don't write and tell me.)

As we settled at the top table behind our buzzers, Magnus hit us with further rounds of Trevor's questions, assisted by scorer Ken Emond and bell-pinger Christine Moorcroft. In the event, Kevin soon disappeared from view with a monumental 36 points and claimed another gold. Give us a break, Kev, take up origami or something. Roger Mortimore's 18 secured him the silver, while Daphne and I shared the bronze with 17 points apiece – much as we had shared the silver last year. I think that was a fair representation of the balance of play, though I felt slightly miffed when Magnus docked me a point for premature interruption (sounds awful). I put it down to youthful over-enthusiasm on my part, as they say about the late Roy Keane (he's not dead, that's just his tackling).

The contest was quite stressful but highly enjoyable. Trevor's hard work and Magnus's (mostly) urbane grilling adding a touch of class to the occasion. I also like to think that, in view of the provenance of the bronze medallists, the balmy North Somerset coast and the leafy lanes of Cheshire can provide a few grey cells (as well as hairs) to compare with those distinguished members who grace our great capital city. It was a long way to go just for a quiz: but "when the quiz bug bites, it bites hard". (M. Magnusson, *I've Started, so I'll Finish*, p. 103.)

WHO IS THAT GUY WITH?

Mel Kinsey kicks off our American feature

WHAT IS FATE? What made me pick up Steven Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* as a ten-year old when I might have easily chosen *Kidnapped* or *Treasure Island*? Would I have then had a life-long interest in the Scottish Highlands or pirates? Who knows? But it was *The Red Badge of Courage* which kindled my interest in the American Civil War and that conflict has remained a passion in my life ever since. Through reading Civil War material, I became fascinated with Abraham Lincoln, from whom my interest in the Presidency grew.

Early in 1991, I auditioned for *\$64,000 Question*; not among those originally chosen for that series I was placed on the reserve list, and called up at fairly short notice to appear. Fate again?

My subject was 'Presidents of the United States of America' – no surprise there. I thoroughly enjoyed my first TV experience and was thrilled to win the top prize of £6,400, then a record amount for British TV. The item on the top of my agenda? A dream holiday in the USA. As my wife had suffered a badly broken ankle in December 1991, we decided on a coach tour, taking in eight states and several Civil War battle-grounds. We booked for mid-September 1992, but due to cancellations we were put back a week. There's that fate again.

On arrival I was in heaven: visits to Gettysburg, Harpers Ferry and Front Royal in the first days brought the Civil War memories flooding back. After three weeks of travel, including visits to the homes of Andrew Jackson and Thomas Jefferson, we reached our final destination, Washington D.C.

Having only limited time in the capital, I tried to cram as much in as possible. On the Sunday morning, I set off early to visit the Vietnam Wall, to try to find the names of the three Kinseys killed in the conflict. After finding the relevant panels in the commemoration book, I set about trying to locate the names. Anyone who has visited the wall will appreciate that trying to find a name on a panel, white etching on black marble – especially to a person wearing spectacles – is quite difficult. It took me a good 20 minutes to locate the three names. After paying my respects to my namesakes I set off for Arlington to visit the grave of JFK. Had I not spent 20 minutes finding the

Kinseys, I would have missed the most important handshake of my life.

Washington, along with most American cities, is jogging crazy, so the pathways on that Sunday morning were full of citizens of various shapes and sizes carrying out the ritual. One small group, however, was getting rather a lot of attention – TV cameras, lights, boom microphones and lots of ancillary media personnel. Who could all this attention be directed to? None other than the Governor of Arkansas, one Bill Clinton, the Democratic candidate in the Presidential Election, to be held in six weeks' time. The candidate and the media circus came to a halt some ten yards from where I stood, still trying to take in that I was within touching distance of the man most pollsters were forecasting would be the next president.

NEVER ONE TO HOLD BACK, I approached the man, introduced myself to him and as a good "John Kennedy Democrat" wished him every success in the forthcoming

>>



WHO IS THAT GUY WITH?

(continued)

election. He thanked me for my good wishes and astutely picked up that I was from Britain. On learning that I was a Yorkshireman, he added that he had spent some happy hours in York when a student at Oxford.

I then prevailed on him to have a souvenir photograph taken. To my embarrassment I asked one of his Secret Service bodyguards, who informed me he could not leave the immediate vicinity of the candidate, but kindly asked one of the press corps to take the photograph. My camera was in my holdall, so I reached inside, only later to realise how many guns were trained on me at that moment. The next embarrassment came as I had to explain how the camera worked, and then it jammed – all this time Mr Clinton is waiting around for me to get sorted. Eventually the deed was done, I thanked him for his patience, shook hands again and off he jogged into the distance.

I quickly rewound the small piece of video footage I managed to take, just to confirm what I had seen was true: I had met and shaken hands with the next President of the United States of America.

On returning home, I checked immediately when the photographs were developed to ensure that one was OK.

THIS MAY SEEM STRANGE to a majority of people but each presidential election night since Johnson v Goldwater in 1964, I have booked the following day as a holiday and watched the returns come in through the night. I was particularly anxious in 1992, when the American electorate would decide if I had shaken the hand of another Alf Landon, Al Smith or other beaten candidates, or the next President of the United States.

At 4am or thereabouts the projection showed that Governor Clinton had won Ohio and that state's electoral votes pushed him "over the top". I had shaken the hand of the President Elect.

A copy of the photograph was despatched to the Governor's mansion in Little Rock, Arkansas, requesting an autograph. An accompanying letter described my interest in the presidency, how I happened to be in the park at that time, and my meeting the candidate.

Despite all the preparation for his new job, I did receive my photograph, suitably signed. By sheer coincidence it

arrived on Inauguration Day 1993.

Fate led me to that book, to that interest and to that park in Washington on that morning.

The title of this article arose from our works newspaper, which ran an article on my meeting Bill Clinton, published after the election, with the headline over the photograph:

"Who is that guy with Mel Kinsey?"

HOLIDAY QUIZ

Ann Kelly

HAVE A GO at answering the questions of my quiz. Answer them correctly and you will find out where I spent my time during the summer of 2000 and the personalities from the past, present and future that I encountered on my travels.

A £10 voucher goes to the person with the most correct answers.

1. "Get your guns boys, they're robbing the bank!" Which outlaw received his comeuppance in Northfield, Minnesota, on 6th September 1876?
2. Who was born in Lubbock, Texas, on 7th September 1936?
3. Which American warrior died on 6th September 1877?
4. Which rock and roll hero was born in Albert Lea, Minnesota?
5. Name the city whose name is Dakota Indian for "Where the waters meet".
6. Due to the after effects of a natural disaster, which country lost almost 18% of its population in 1783?
7. What airline delivered such a shambolic service during the summer of 2000 that the CEO was forced to apologise to its customers in a series of television advertisements?
8. Who is due to be born in Riverside, Iowa, in 2233AD?
9. Name the city whose name is from the Native American word for "Wild Onions".
10. West Bend, Iowa, is the home of the world's largest man made what?
11. Who is buried on Look Out Mountain, Denver?
12. Who came to a watery end in Lake Monoma, Wisconsin?
13. There are five faces carved into the rock in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Lincoln, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Washington are on Mount Rushmore. Who is the fifth?
14. Which family was forced to make a living by managing a hotel in Burr Oak, Iowa, after grasshoppers destroyed their farm crops?
15. Who made a 'Lucky' discovery in 1000ad?

SOMEWHERE DOWN THE CRAZY RIVER

In which your Editor visits places he's never been before

ABOUT TWELVE YEARS AGO, Robbie Robertson (presiding genius of The Band) wrote the song from which I take my title and epigrams. Since then, it's provided the soundtrack for endless hours spent propped up in bars or out on the road. When I happened to put on 'Somewhere down the Crazy River' shortly before Sarah and I left for the States, I knew it would be so for this latest expedition as well.

Our main objective was to rendezvous in Oregon with my sister and her kids (coming from Hawai'i) and various other family members, for the purpose of dispersing the ashes of our mother (and her cat, as it turned out) at Mother's family reunion. Breaking the long haul to and from the West Coast with stopovers in Chicago enabled us to include two genealogical forays. On the way, we would spend a few days in Wisconsin, where we hoped to find out about the circumstances of Grandmother Scott's adoption as a young girl in the late 1880s. Returning, we would make a pilgrimage to Owen County, Indiana – whence Mother's family set out in covered wagons for the Oregon Country in 1853.

HEADING OUT OF CHICAGO for Dodgeville in southwestern Wisconsin, it suddenly occurred to me that we would be passing a scant few miles from the Mississippi River, which Sarah had never seen. So it was that we fetched up a couple of hours later in Dubuque, Iowa, on the river's western bank (General Grant lived for a time across the river in Galena, Illinois). The 'Tastes of Dubuque' festival was in full swing down by the riverside. Every eating-place in town had a stall – needless to say, we'd just eaten. Re-crossing the Mississippi, we made Dodgeville as night fell.

This is sure stirring up some ghosts for me.

Now, the story in the family was that my grandmother, who we knew as Glory, had been born Inez Jones in Dodgeville in 1886 (1885, actually). When she was quite young, her mother died and her father felt unable to cope. Young Inez was adopted by her uncle and aunt and went to live with them in Minneapolis before the family moved to Portland around the turn of the century.

It was said that her new father, Ephraim Evans, had been a colonel on Sherman's march to the sea. We'd already

established that he'd served under Sherman in the 31st Wisconsin Volunteers, but as a sergeant. The 31st had been raised around Dodgeville and included a number of Joneses as well as a couple of Wickhams (Ephraim married a Margaret Wickham in 1862).

After a day poking around the local library and newspaper offices, we had a candidate birth family. Margaret Wickham had an adoptive sister (also named Margaret – call her Maggie), apparently illegitimate. Two of her adoptive brothers served in the 31st. She married David John Jones, an itinerant Welsh-émigré mining engineer. By 1881, Maggie and David had at least a couple of kids (registered only as male and female, not by name) – we found no evidence of them after that. If Inez was their child, Ephraim Evans would indeed have been her uncle, but we found no birth record or any other mention of her in Dodgeville.

Land's End, the catalogue merchants headquartered in Dodgeville, were having a massive clearance sale in the local leisure centre. Pausing long enough to acquire polo shirts, chinos, skirts, and slippers, we pressed on to Madison, the charming state capital and seat of the University of Wisconsin.

Delving in the state archives and historical society, we found a few more shreds of evidence, but no definitive link from Grandmother to Maggie Wickham and David John Jones. Indeed, we found no trace of Grandmother whatever – a real Wisconsin death trip. Oh well, there are still leads to follow, one of which may lead back to Ammanford in Wales – but that's another story.

RETURNING THROUGH MILWAUKEE TO CHICAGO in the midst of a thunderstorm provided a foretaste of things to come, enlivened only by a radio broadcast of Garrison Keillor's *Prairie Home Companion*. The State Fair was in town, and we had to drive another 30 miles before we finally found a motel in Racine.

Next morning we passed swiftly through Kenosha, easily the most dismal town of the trip so far, with no obvious mementos of its most famous son, Orson Welles (not even a Welles Cinema!). We reached Chicago and had a desultory drive around town (I feel, with hindsight, that

Sarah might have preferred to see the Frank Lloyd Wright Museum and could have done without a look at Wrigley field, home of the Cubs). By the time we checked in at O'Hare, the storm had caught up with us. Nothing moved very much for several hours. I passed the time by reading an article on 'air rage'. We finally arrived in Portland at 2.00am, some five hours late.

SALLYING FORTH BLEARY-EYED to the Multnomah County Courthouse, we spent the next morning digging up Grandfather Scott's will and other family papers. Then, since our hire car had a CD player, I thought it prudent to stock up on music – salsa, Cape Verdean favourites, original cowboy music – for the next stage of our journey. We set off along the Columbia for Astoria, serenaded by the Sons of the Pioneers Marty Robbins, and Ferlin Husky.

Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, still retains much of the nautical romance I remember from childhood. In the maritime museum, I was moved to find a memorial to the escort carriers in which my father served during the war, most of which were commissioned in Astoria.

TRAVELLER'S TIP: it used to be that you could travel anywhere in the USA and take pot luck on accommodation, stopping at a different good, independent motel every night, with no worries about booking ahead. No longer. Setting off from Astoria, we drove the hundred miles or so all the way back to Portland before finding a dingy, independent dive to camp in for the night. Thereafter, we stuck mainly to the chains – Holiday Inn, Shilo, Comfort Inn.

Take a picture of this...

UPON OUR RETURN, Aunt Barbara relayed the message that if we wanted to see Cousin Ronald it had to be the next day. A retired builder, he lives in the last house he built, a multi-level confection with a view from every window spanning a hundred-mile panorama of the Cascade Range.

As we were going through the memorabilia chest Ronald's parents had left him, he handed me a couple of miniatures. Regular readers will recall that we have spent the last few years on the trail of my great-great-great-grandparents



Bartholomew and Anne Soden, from Ireland to Tasmania, Hawai'i and Oregon. I'd never expected to know their faces, but here they were! And are! It was the most intensely emotional moment of the trip. The miniatures were copies of originals painted in 1848 (just before they left Tasmania) by Costantini, a flamboyant, twice-transported convict artist as it transpired.

The next day was the Jones family reunion. Now, I should explain that not only was Grandmother Scott a Jones by birth; so was her daughter-in-law, my mother – different families, though, with no discernible connection between the two. Mother's Joneses descended from two brothers who "came early to Virginia" (i.e., pre-1700).

WE MET IN THE GROVE next to where Silas Washington Robinson Jones ('SWR', Mother's great-grandfather) >>

CRAZY RIVER

(continued)

settled his family. After the entertainment and a good old potluck picnic, I gathered our lot together and we scattered a few handfuls of Mother beneath the trees. Some had already been scattered off Hawai'i and California. My nephew Alex, 12, took his duty as custodian of Mother and Bob very seriously, entrusting the remaining ashes to Aunt Barbara to be cast upon the waters of the Inland Passage in Alaska where her sister had enjoyed her last holiday.

Our remaining time in Oregon was spent on return visits to two places of scenic as well as family interest: Fox Valley, where the Scotts first settled in 1880, and Spring Valley, where Bart and Anne Soden finished their days. Then it was time to fly east out of Portland, past my birthplace across the Columbia in Vancouver.

She said, "Why d'you always end up down at Nick's Café?"

I said, "I don't know – the wind just kind of pushed me this way."

HAVING SURVIVED a three-hour jam out of Chicago and the semi-trucks rampaging down the Interstate into Indiana, we finally judged it safe to stop for dinner. With some misgivings, we chose a Cracker Barrel family restaurant, but it proved to be a singular American institution, kitted out like a country store (albeit a huge one) from a hundred years ago. With our menus, we got an interpretive booklet, filled with astounding facts ("The original 'Granny Smith' was an Australian grandmother named Mary Ann Smith who discovered an unusual seedling growing in her garden in 1868") and homespun wisdom ("Whenever a new moon falls on a Saturday, the following 20 days will be wet and windy"). The food was the sort of home cookin' most Americans imagine they remember eating at Granny's, but lovingly prepared – meatloaf, chicken 'n' biscuits, corn muffins to die for.

Here's the best bit – if you marvelled at the fact that Walter Deimer invented Dubble Bubble gum in 1928, you could visit the gift shop and buy some to take home – or genuine Tootsie Rolls, or peanut delicacies devised by George Washington Carver himself. It was also our first encounter with Bigmouth Billy Bass. We were now driving a CD-less hire car, so I splashed out on some tapes of traditional instrumental string-band music – the sort of

songs most Americans imagine they remember singing along to at Granny's – played by some very good Nashville cats. Serenely, we drove on to Indianapolis (hometown of David Letterman) as the semis roared by.

*I'm a man with a clear destination;
I'm a man with a broad imagination*

We carried on to Owen County the next morning. The Joneses spent a generation here before SWR set off for Oregon, and he probably still could have found his way around. Finding our own way along the back roads was a bit of a challenge, looking for a farmhouse here, or a cornfield there, or a few tumbled tombstones in a clearing.

Depleted by our explorations in the hot, sticky weather, we headed for Spencer, the county seat. Dinner at June's Smorgasbord was the sort of real home cookin' on which Cracker Barrel patterned theirs.

I BECAME CONVINCED that we could make it before dark to Center Valley in the next county, where SWR's grandparents were buried. By the time we got there, we were in the midst of the biggest thunderstorm I've ever seen and it was wet and dark (except for some spectacular lightning). Somehow we found the right cemetery but we never got out of the car – folk wisdom, and common sense, told me it was the safest place to be – hoping against hope that the ancestral stone would be transfixed by a bolt of lightning.

The storm stayed with us all the way back to Indianapolis. Finding a motel, one great peal of thunder right overhead propelled me through the door. When the kid on the desk asked me if it was raining, I fear I lost my rag, ranting on about Catholic bears and what the pope did in the woods.

Take the blue train all the way to Kokomo.

Well, it was actually a pewter-coloured Japanese compact, but (after another cemetery diversion) here we were in Kokomo. Having written his siblings in 1853, "I do not expect to see you again in this life", SWR returned to Indiana forty years later, after his wife died, and spent his last twenty years in Kokomo, where we found his (rather-surprisingly) unmarked grave. It was closure of a sort...

INCIDENT IN MORNINGSIDE PARK

Paul Slater recalls a scary moment in the Big Apple

A LIBRARIANS' STUDY-TOUR to the eastern seaboard of the United States in October 1972 was the fulfilment of a long-standing ambition for me, as like many young British people I had dreamed since childhood of going to America.

Some moments of that three-week tour were sheer magic, and still give me great pleasure to remember; my favourites must be the view of New York from the top of the Empire State Building on a beautiful day of sharp October sunshine, and the incredible multi-coloured autumnal forests of New Hampshire and Vermont, mile upon mile of brilliant red, orange, yellow and green foliage.

Other aspects of my time in America, however, were less idyllic to remember: a day of unseasonably early snow, long bus-rides through uninteresting countryside, ugly and depressing inner-city areas, and the pervasive presence of armed guards and policemen. The low point of this side of my holiday must have been the incident in Morningside Park.

ONE MORNING DURING OUR TIME IN NEW YORK we were due to visit the library at Columbia University, which is in the north-western part of Manhattan, in a district known as Morningside Heights. We travelled there on the subway, New York's notorious underground, noisy, dirty, and more than a little frightening, but also cheap, fast and frequent.

Five of us from the party had become friends on the tour – Carol, Christine, Ed, Philip and me – and it was we five who, a little tardily, set off together after breakfast for Columbia University. We walked from our hotel in 42nd Street to a nearby subway station, but here we took a wrong turning, and reached the wrong platform; before we had gone very far, I realised that we had got on the wrong train and were travelling on the wrong line.

The other four were slightly panic-stricken, but from my map I saw that the line we were travelling on ran parallel to the one we should have been on, and only a quarter of a mile east of it, and we were heading northwards, which was the right direction. I had a guide-book to New York with me, and I suggested to my companions that rather than get off the train, wait for one going back the way we

had come and then transfer to the other line, which would certainly make us late for our visit, we would do better to stay on the train, get off at the station nearest to Columbia University, and simply walk across the intervening blocks. There would be no problem with invalid tickets, as the subway operated on a flat-rate token system.

We emerged from the station, not into the relatively genteel surroundings of Morningside Heights, but among the dreary tenements of Harlem, the black quarter of north-east Manhattan where tourists are advised not to go. Our spirits quailed a little, but there was now no turning back. Philip and Christine started walking eastwards, deeper into Harlem, but I pointed out that we must walk westwards to reach Morningside Heights, so we set off.

I was correct in assuming that Columbia University was only a short distance from the subway station where we alighted, but Morningside Heights and Harlem are on different levels, and where the land rises suddenly and steeply we were confronted by the trees of Morningside Park, which seemed to shut us off from our destination above. The parks of New York had an even worse reputation than its subway, and with some trepidation I led my little group into the trees. It was hardly a park as I understand the term, more an unkempt wood through which paths wound between high railings.

THE PATHS FORKED; I hesitated, then took the left turn. "No," said an old black woman, "go the other way!" We did, and soon heard shouts from behind. I did not catch the words, but they sounded threatening, and, remembering that we had heard about muggings in New York, we took to our heels. "That's right, whitey, you run" I heard, called derisively, but we needed no telling.

Hemmed in by the high railings, with no chance to turn off the path, we ran until we came to a long flight of steps which led us out of the park. We never saw our pursuers, who were hidden from us by the dense vegetation and the twists of the path. We scampered up the steps. At the top an official police notice warned "Caution – High Crime Area". "Now they tell us", commented Ed.

Columbia University was nearby, and we were on time for our visit. At the coffee break, we explained to our

INCIDENT

(continued)

American hosts where we had been, and why we five had arrived after the main party. We were told, admiringly, that we had been very brave to enter Morningside Park, which was reckoned to be one of the most dangerous places in New York, the haunt of Harlem criminals, and somewhere the university people avoided. It was, I was reassured, very easy to get lost on the subway, which was not at all well signed.

WE FIVE JOKED ABOUT OUR ADVENTURE, and I at least continued to ride the subway, even venturing on it alone on my last day in New York; but I still reflect that my little knowledge – my map and my city guide and my sense of direction – could have been a dangerous thing.

TRANSITION

Eleanor Macnair

When does it come, transition to old age?
U3A members still are young at heart –
Each year to meet fresh challenges we start,
With new technology our minds engage,
Or learn to love the music of John Cage,
Or keep up with contemporary art;
At golf, bowls, croquet, still we play our part,
And learn new languages – another stage.

So far so good. But as the last leaves fall
We think of years to come: and shall we find
With stumbling footsteps, and with shortening breath,
With failing sight, and (dreaded most of all)
With slipping memory and clouded mind,
A worse transition than from life to death?

PETER

Timothy Robey

Abelard the theologian,
Persecuted for belief,
Dreams of Heloise his lover
In her isolated grief.

With each cut and lob and volley,
With each devastating serve,
Peter courts another title
With his undiminished verve.

Goon and Gallic police inspector,
Peter, skilled in mimicry,
Plays the Pakistani doctor –
Oh my goodness gracious me.

Dying of disease and hunger,
Smashed by Chance's frozen fist,
Robert Falcon hopes that Peter
May become a naturalist.

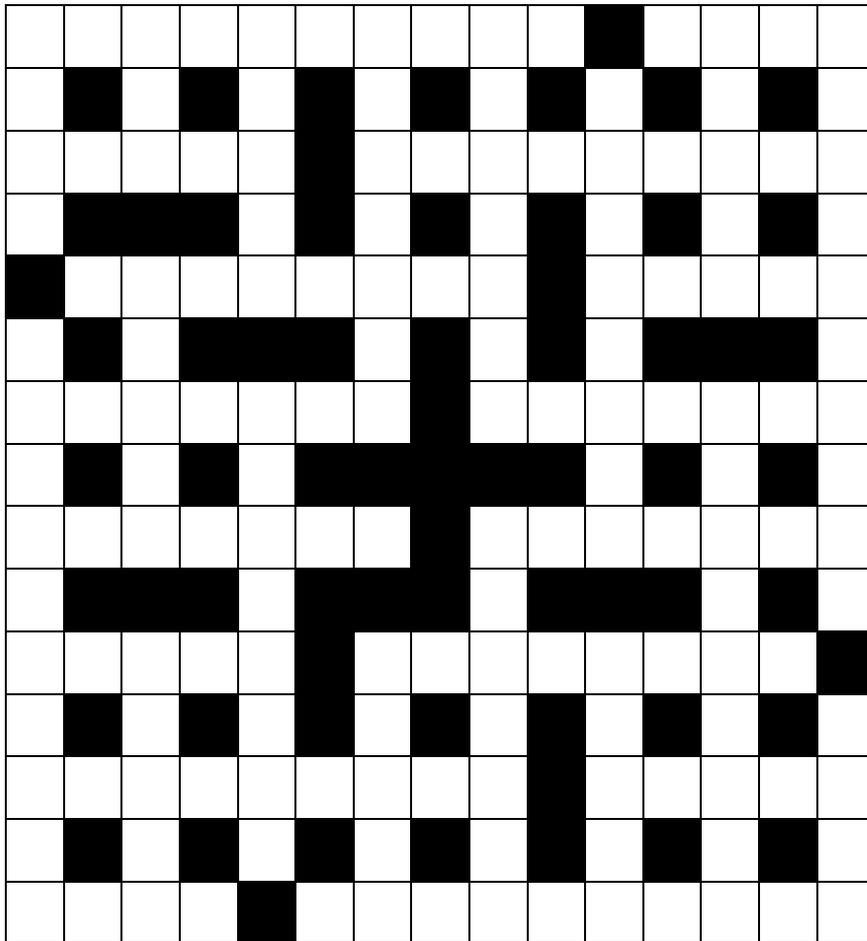
With the Club's laptop computer
Perched on Peter Chitty's knee
Membership is masterminded
Down in Sussex, by the sea.

Trudeau, Mandelson and Mary
Wander through the maze of fame
While The Painter, Great and Hermit
Whimsically share that name.

CROSSWORD

Richard Sturch has a particularly fiendish test for you

THE CHALLENGE HERE is to solve the clues, which are not in order, then fit the answers into the crossword grid. A prize of a £5 book token goes to the first correct solution.



What art uses the terms 'Maximus', 'Steadman' and 'Cambridge'?

What name, derived from the Arabic, was given to a kind of distilling apparatus?

What are given off by atomic nuclei in beta radiation?

Which science fiction writer's stories are often set in 'Known Space'?

What dukedom gave its name to a set of anthems by Handel?

Where, in *Through the Looking-Glass*, did the toves gyre and gimble?

Who, according to Sherlock Holmes, was the second most dangerous man in London?

What was the name given to bands of mediaeval penitents who scourged one another?

Which Pope (the Fourth of his name) sanctioned the diversion of the Fourth Crusade into an attack on Constantinople?

What held the seven last plagues in the Book of Revelation (Authorized Version!)?

What is the title of the rightful leader of Islam, according to Shi'ites?

What verb, suggesting (wrongly) that it has something to do with string theory, is used to describe the correlations between particles in the Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen experiment?

What rocks, until the 19th century part of the mainland, lie off the west coast of the Isle of Wight?

Which Austrian people were reputed to be habitual eaters of arsenic?

Which England captain was the first to regain the Ashes?

What bird's name, combined with a district of Middle-earth, yields a legal official?

Who composed the opera *William Tell*?

What office is held by most heads of Cambridge colleges?

How according to Voltaire were British admirals treated from time to time in order to encourage the others?

What was the name of the eponymous heroine of Tennyson's *The Princess*?

What Bank Holiday was abolished in order to create the Spring Bank Holiday at the end of May? (Two words)

What nickname, derived from the initials of its members, was given to the group of five ministers who signed an agreement with France in 1672?

To what group of lizards does the 'Komodo dragon' belong?

Which composers (father and son) bore the names Alessandro and Domenico?

What British general was killed in the course of the battle of Corunna in 1809?

In Greek mythology, what wife of Heracles unintentionally caused his death by giving him the shirt of Nessus?

What birds supposedly provide feathers for millinery which are actually provided by egrets?

In what Yorkshire city is the shrine of St Wilfrid?

What Persian city was the chief residence of Darius the Great and his successors?

What was George Orwell's real surname?

Which group are second partners in the French coalition government?

What is a cleek? (Two words)