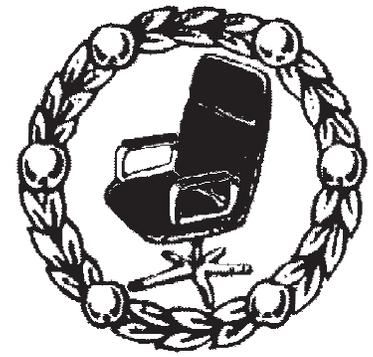


pass



The Quarterly Magazine of the Mastermind Club



What was it about the wine in this place? Kevin could almost swear that somewhere he and Chris were appearing on *Eggheads*...[see page 2]

2004:1

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Passing out parade

Craig Scott, Editor

This is a melancholy issue for me in two respects. Firstly, assembling your tributes to Keith Scott (pages 6–8) has been an emotional experience, bringing home to me the respect and affection in which he was held by so many members, not just by me.

In addition, with this issue I vacate the editorial chair. Having been involved with editing and/or producing **pass** for most of the last fifteen years, I've been finding that my new situation does not permit me to devote the sort of attention that it requires and deserves.

I've enjoyed trying to make **pass** a genuine forum for the amazing diversity of members' interests and experiences. Among all of you who've contributed over the years, my particular thanks go to Lance Haward, Timothy Robey, Brian Bovington and Paul Slater, who have kept up a steady flow of articles and quizzes which have filled the pages when the rest of you sometimes seemed to be hibernating – and above all to Sarah, whose organisational genius, hard work, eagle-eyed proofreading and all-around moral support has been critical to the success of the enterprise.

My gratitude also goes to my successor, the estimable Ken Emond. I trust that, with our help, the good doctor will put his own stamp on **pass** and it will continue to be a worthy organ of the Mastermind Club.

Note: Please direct all submissions for the next issue to me.

Book news

A FOOTNOTE TO MY FOOTNOTE in the last issue on my old classmate Peter Schlesinger: his autobiography *Chequered Past* will be published this month to a fanfare of trumpets and a *Telegraph Magazine* feature. I'll be reading it, of course, though I doubt I'm in it (we weren't that close). You can get your own copy from Bookworms (of course) – order this or any other title by mail, phone, fax or e-mail and I'll stand the cost of postage. Thus endeth the advert.

Membership matters

Peter Chitty, Membership Secretary

Once again I have to start the New Year with news of the deaths of three members: 473 Keith Scott (1987), 591 Pdraig Kirby (1989), and 936 Douglas Kershaw (2001). Although I did not know Douglas or Pdraig, I knew Keith very well, he became a very good friend and I shall miss him. I am looking forward to Portsmouth in April and I hope to see many of you there.

Rejoined member

671 Kenneth Barr

Letters, news and views

From Michael Grosvenor Myer

ACCURACY MUST BE DEAR to all M'minds: so I feel no compunction in pointing out that the correct answer to question 80, as given in Master Quiz Round 1, is that the Bennett family lived nowhere whatsoever in *Pride and Prejudice*, wherever the Bennet family might have lived.

From Lance Haward

BRIAN BOVINGTON (to whom thanks for the brain-wracking entertainment) must enlighten us. What is a "closing date" if entries for his quiz, to qualify for the prize, must be received after it?! Somewhat reminiscent of a Dutch auction, or shove halfpenny, this business of pitching one's bid as close to the starting/finishing line as possible without stepping (backwards!) across it. My brain reels.

From Brian Bovington

I NOTICE ON THE BACK PAGE of the latest **pass** that it suggests that entries to my quiz should be received after the closing date! I think members will see that this is an error, but I'm pretty sure it's not one of mine. [*It's not: I seem to have changed "checked" to "received" in a moment of bewilderment. Apologies. Ed.*]

From Leo Stevenson

I HAVE FINALLY BEEN TOLD of the broadcast dates for the two **BBC1** programmes on Michelangelo called *The Divine Michelangelo* – **Sunday 29 February** and **Sunday 7 March**. This is much earlier than I had originally thought they were going to show them.

Everyone's been working very hard on this project. The programmes will be a stunning and dramatic story of Michelangelo's amazing life and work. I hope you have as much fun watching them as much as it was for me doing my bit working on them. The drama sequences with Stephen Noonan playing the part of Michelangelo are particularly good.

Some of you may not be able to get these programmes as they go out in the UK, but I am told that they will be shown on various foreign TV networks over the next year.

By the way, you will never think about yoghurt in the same way again!

Susan Leng reports on Eggheads

FOR ADDED INTEREST at the London Christmas lunch at the Grape Street Wine Bar, a large television screen had appeared on the wall. Masterminders usually find better things to do than watching TV when meeting up in wine bars, but on this occasion we felt obliged to give the two "Eggheads" present, namely Kevin Ashman and Chris Hughes, all our attention as they appeared in technicolour in large format on the lunchtime showing of the quiz programme of the same name! We all know that Chris is always in large format and never goes unnoticed in a crowd, but Kevin had the waitress thoroughly confused when she noticed the elevation to the peerage on his name place – not only was Lord Ashman present but he was on the telly too! That surprise probably accounted for the eccentric service during what was nevertheless a thoroughly enjoyable and amiable meal. [*See cover photo – Ed.*]

Trick or trap revisited

More from Susan Leng

IN REPLY TO RAY WARD'S COMMENTS in the last edition of **pass** about my question in the 2003 Mugnum competition, I can only point out to him that "What was Iceland formerly known as?" had been borrowed from a PTA Quiz Night at my grandson's school. Nearly every parent taking part answered it correctly and so I assumed it was a simple question and thought I stood a jolly good chance of winning Sheila's prize for the easiest Mugnum question. Obviously Ray's mind works on a higher plane than that of us mere mortals who go to village Quiz Nights and also do the shopping at high street stores!

From Stewart Cross

I RECALL WELL THE BRAZILIAN FOOTBALLER SOCRATES, one of the great players that raised the sport to the level where it became 'the beautiful game', alas now so sadly tarnished. But just who was this philosopher fellow you're going on about?

From Richard Sturch

JUST A FOLLOW-UP to Ray Ward's piece in the **2003:4** issue: There were a couple of times when I thought the august setters of *Mastermind* questions were setting traps – **not**, of course, tricks! One was when Magnus asked a contender "Which side of the Royal Arms, looked at from the front, does the unicorn stand?" Most people would answer "On the right" – but the session was being held in Scotland, where he stands on the **left!** The other question was "Which planet is furthest from the Sun?". The normal answer would be "Pluto"; but at the time the question was asked, Pluto's eccentric orbit had actually brought it nearer to the Sun than Neptune.

The honour of *Mastermind* was preserved, in so far as the setters did not in fact intend a trap in either case. It was not wholly preserved though, because in both cases the contender gave the strictly correct answer and was marked wrong!

From Lance Haward...again

RAY WARD'S SOMEWHAT LABOURED ATTEMPT to press question-setters into his preferred mould will not, perhaps, precipitate a domestic revolution. Could this be the end of the Mugnum as we know it? I hardly think so. In unilaterally clapping his arbitrary definitions of "Trick" and "Trap" (Sounds like a new generation of Flower Pot Men!) on to a range of the more or less circuitous attempts to catch the contestant out, he is reminiscent of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in their equally unauthorised hijack of "avoidance" and "evasion". His hope of achieving universal acceptance for this private scheme – at least, on the form here presented – may prove over-ambitious.

Instance the first six of his nine – all fairly straightforward, and short of mental black-out in the throes of competition, hardly likely to give hardened quizlings more than a few seconds' pause. As a demonstration of his thesis of the "unexpected", they are non-starters – either for ten or any other award of points. These are "traps" into which only a short-sighted giraffe on LSD is likely to stumble.

Beyond those, he invites us into realms of obscurity which most of us will probably not feel worth the journey. It's difficult to imagine what he finds particularly clever in the truly daft Quasimodo question; and anyone other than the gentleman's immediate relatives who actually knows the name Ralph Waldo Ellison clearly ought to be shut away as a danger to law-abiding citizens. Anyone who has the time and energy to look up Keesing in the search for whatever governmental accession took place in some other month than that of Mrs. Thatcher should be instructed in the harmless, alternative diversion of building Eiffel Tower replicas out of matchsticks, for the safety of his own soul.

continued overleaf

More letters

As to the answer to his no. 8, (not, of course, Mexico – by reason of Cholula rather than Teotihuacan), in the absence of his working proofs I suspect that Ray would be hard put to demonstrate to us whether Peru, for Chimhan, or the U.S.A., for Cahokia, on a matter on which the archaeological jury is still out. This one is a little like all those World's Largest/Most Populous City arguments. (London? Mexico? Tokyo? Bandung?). Far worse than any “trick” question, in terms of audience dissatisfaction, is a dodgy answer.

Ray seems, with this foray down the paths of the totally obscure, to be missing the whole point about quizzes, which is entertainment. In the presence of Homer Simpson, he would be in danger of provoking the cry, “Bo - ring!”

By contrast, the Iceland and Socrates/1982 World Cup questions **are** both less pedestrian and more entertaining. As he rightly observes, the former must necessarily allow both answers – and on that basis is unobjectionable. The latter having only one possible answer (apart from anything to be revealed by Plato's hitherto unpublished diaries) fully satisfies all his criteria of acceptability. Ray's over-heated objection to this one seems to present the classic symptoms of a severe case of Beautiful Game Addiction Deficiency. Step forward for commendation the Club members responsible in either case.

For myself, it's all those “connection-between...” questions which I'd have outlawed, as almost entirely subjective. If he wants to tax the contestant's capacity for lateral thinking, much better are those that put one fully on notice of their obliquity, but still demand the ability to de-clutch the brain and shift gear – the “If not...” category. For example: Where in America will you find the capital of the United States if not in Washington? (Two possible answers.)

The purpose of the Mugnum is the gratification of the **contestant** in the private discovery of **general** knowledge, not that of the challenger in the public parade of private knowledge. And to follow in the Commissioners' tracks and get away with linguistic expropriation of this order, one will either have to be Humpty Dumpty (any takers?) or the writer of a somewhat more public column, and with larger circulation, than that of **pass**.

For the record, here are Ray's answers, inadvertently omitted from the last issue – Ed.:

1. The Sun.
2. Nine (six in Northern Ireland and three in the Republic; Ulster is not synonymous with Northern Ireland).
3. Earth (I hope nobody fell for that one – though I saw several contestants in a Brain of Mensa Final do so!).
4. Coventry.
5. Taiwan (not China – Taiwan officially calls itself the Republic of China).
6. Four (despite “Turn again Whittington, *thrice* Mayor of London”).
7. Portugal (Maria de Lourdes Pintasilgo – Margaret Thatcher became UK PM in May 1979).
8. Mexico (the Sun Pyramid at Cholula, much lower than the Great Pyramid in Egypt but covering a far bigger area and vastly greater in volume).
9. Ralph Ellison (H.G. Wells wrote **The Invisible Man**).

Annual General Meeting 2004

Notice is hereby given that the twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting of the Mastermind Club will be held at Queens Hotel, Southsea, on Sunday 25 April 2004 at 10:45am.

1. Apologies for absence
2. Minutes of 25th AGM, Leeds, 30 March 2003 (published in **pass**, 2003:2)
3. Matters arising
4. Annual Accounts and Treasurer's Report
5. Appointment of Auditor
6. Pass
7. Election of Club Charity for 2004–2005
8. President's Report
9. Membership Secretary's Report
10. Insignia
11. Annual Functions 2004 and 2005
12. Election of Club Committee for 2004–2006*
13. Magnum Competition
14. Mugnum Competition
15. Any other business

***Note to item 12:** All Committee posts fall due for re-election at this AGM. Committee members are elected to serve for a period of two years. Any Club member in good standing is welcome to nominate himself or herself, and may do so by writing to the Secretary. Proposers and seconders are not required. The last date for receipt of nominations is Monday 29 March 2004.

Tony Dart, President

Gavin Fuller, Secretary

6 January 2004

Keith Scott (1939–2003)

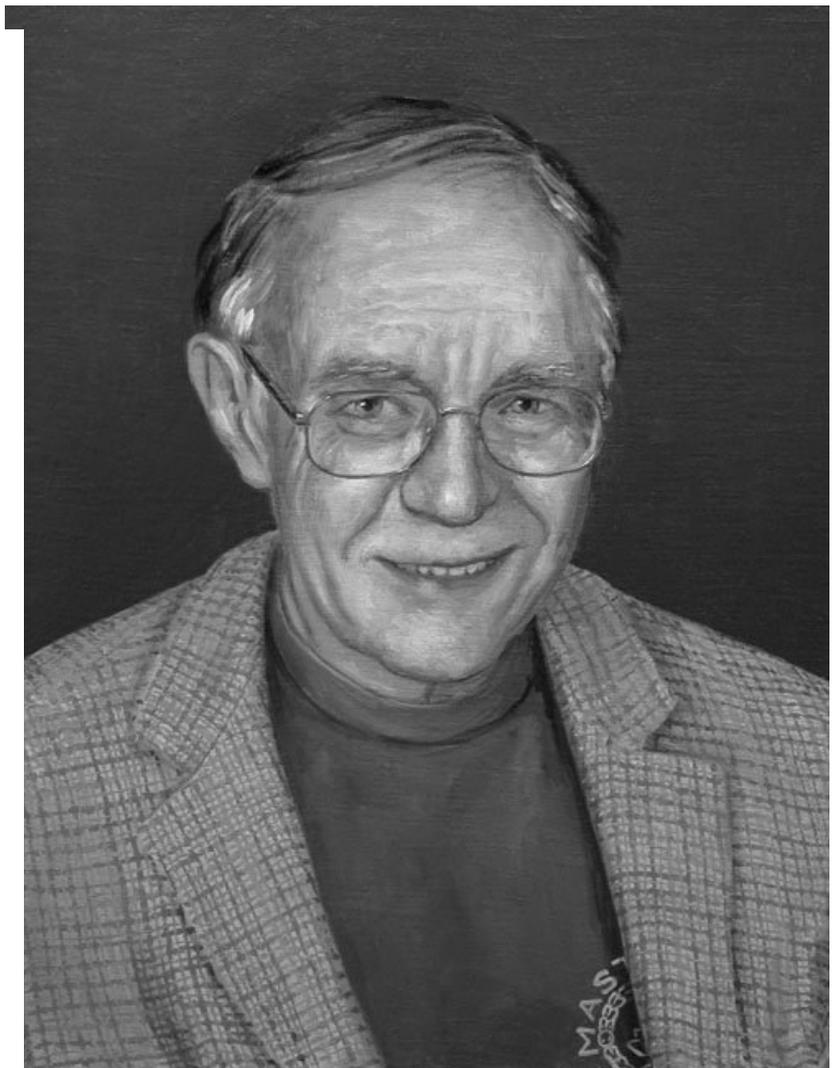
Kevin Ashman with the first of our tributes

As many of you will already be aware, the Mastermind Club lost one of its most popular and respected members on 22 December last, when Keith Scott died as a result of a very rare condition called *pseudomyxoma peritonei* (PMP). Although it was not diagnosed until approximately a year before Keith's death, he had actually contracted the condition some years before, and by the time it was recognised it was no longer operable. He continued to feel well within himself, however, and it was only from the autumn that any real decline set in. His last couple of weeks were spent at St. Oswald's Hospice in Newcastle where he was very well looked after. The funeral was held at Rothbury on 6 January, and the large turnout – including a significant contingent of Club members – on a cold and blustery Northumberland day was in itself a testament to Keith's popularity and the affection in which he was held.

I first met Keith at the 1988 Club weekend at Cambridge, the first such function for either of us. We had both appeared in the 1987 series and reached the semi-final stage only, as we agreed, to be the victims of bad luck/dodgy questions/shadowy but far-reaching conspiracy/acts of God/someone else being better on the night (pick any one from five). We hit it off straight away, discovering a range of shared interests from history to football – Keith was a lifelong, passionate and frequently agonised supporter of 'the Boro' (Middlesbrough FC) – and we also soon realised that we could both be in contention for the British Olympic book-buying squad. We became firm friends, and after my first stay with Keith at Stockton-on-Tees the following year as part of a Club outing to Durham which he organised, I stayed at least once a year, at Stockton or increasingly at Rothbury, at the beautifully-situated house overlooking Coquetdale which Keith and his brother Andrew – known to quite a few Club members from his attendance at various events – had inherited from their aunt.

It was Keith's dream to retire to Rothbury when he reached 60, and was able to give up his work as an accountant, a profession which he had pursued ever since leaving Durham University, where he had studied English Literature. His first marriage had ended in the 1970s. It had given him a son, Alan, and his relationship with Alan, and Alan's own marriage and children, the second born just a few months before Keith's death, were great joys to him. For himself, though, Keith envisaged a quiet, slightly reclusive bachelor existence with his books, his music and his pipe (although he did harbour a wistful ambition of using his years of accumulated footballing wisdom to guide Rothbury FC to inevitable domestic and European glory). He was to achieve his retirement dream, but not as he expected. Which brings us back to *Mastermind*.

Keith Scott painted by Leo Stevenson



Another of Keith's dreams, for many years until 1987, had been to appear on *Mastermind*. He looked forward to his annual outing to the auditions, and so he was slightly taken aback when the dream became reality and he was chosen for the 1987 series, where he took as his subjects classical music between 1600 and 1850, and the life and works of Anton Chekhov. Having emerged as runner-up from a heat in which all four contestants scored in the 30s to produce what I believe is an aggregate record score, Keith fell at the next hurdle in the runners-up semi-final. But he joined the Mastermind Club, and gained – as so many of us have – a whole new group of friends and like-minded people, with the shared experience of having sat in the black chair as an extra bond. He became a very active member, always attending the annual functions and any regional outings, organising monthly gatherings for the north-eastern members (and any others like myself who happened to be around), and serving as the Club's auditor. From 1997–2002 he also organised a weekend event open to all-comers which centred on the Royal Shakespeare Company's annual tour visit to the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, and those events were much enjoyed by all who attended.

Keith had regarded his 1987 foray as his fifteen minutes of fame and was content with that, but when the time came he fell prey to the same recidivist tendencies as most of the rest of us, and took part in the 1995 series. His subject was the life of Lord Armstrong – the other famous inhabitant of Rothbury – whose property Cragside (now National Trust) is on the outskirts of the town. Unfortunately this time the first round was as far as things went; but also in that year Keith, as a regular participant in the Master Quiz/Magnum competition, was delighted to reach the final, which everyone wanted him to win, me included, and it was me he was playing! But the old quiz instincts die hard, and it was not to be.

It was the 1998 Club function, however, which was to change Keith's life. Marga Munniksma, a semi-finalist from *Megabrein*, the Dutch equivalent of *Mastermind*, had responded to the appeal for new members which had been made at the end of the BBC documentary about the (then) last *Mastermind* final in 1997. She joined the Club and attended the 1998 weekend in Dublin, where she and Keith instantly clicked, and discovered so many shared interests as well that there was really only one solution. By the end of the year they were engaged, and a year later, in December 1999, a good number of Club members were present at what could fairly be called the first Mastermind wedding, at Marton on the outskirts of Middlesbrough, Keith's childhood home. The temptation to form a guard of honour with rolled-up copies of **pass** was only narrowly resisted. The marriage came at the end of a year in which Keith had both retired and become a grandfather for the first time. The order may have been unorthodox, but the happiness was thoroughly deserved.

In early 2000, Keith and Marga moved into the house at Rothbury, and quickly began to take an active part in the life of the town and to acquire a circle of friends and acquaintances. They also acquired a dog (Emma) and in due course two cats as well, with Emma in particular ensuring visitors a warm welcome. Keith had found a domestic happiness and settled contentment that he had not expected would be his lot. They made a wonderful couple, and I am sure I am speaking for all of us who knew and visited them during this period when I say that I wish wholeheartedly that they could have had much longer to enjoy their time together and the new life which they had created.

Keith faced his end with his characteristic quiet, cheerful dignity and wry humour, and with the kind of faith that also comforted those around him. We had many long chats over the years about the now proverbial 'life, the universe and everything'. He was a quiet, reflective and softly-spoken man of great intelligence, witty, kind and warm, and, as clichéd as it may sound it is nonetheless true, both a gentleman and a gentle man. He was my great friend and I shall miss him.

From Phillida Grantham

KEITH SCOTT WAS SIMPLY one of the nicest people I have met in a long time. He was interesting and interested, being as good a listener as he was a conversationalist. I remember talking to him about all sorts of subjects and being struck by the breadth of his knowledge on history, politics, sport and the North East but also how well he listened to everyone and of course his innate kindness and good humour.

He faced up to and overcame many difficulties in life and found the happiness he deserved in a lovely wife Marga and his son Alan. Together Marga and Keith were generous hosts at their home in picturesque Rothbury as many members of the Club will testify. I will always be grateful that he introduced me to Cragside, one of the most fascinating houses I have ever visited. He organised theatre visits and tours of Newcastle and the redesigned ornamental gardens at Alnwick Castle. He will be long and fondly remembered by all his friends and acquaintances, not least in the Club, whose books he audited and whose functions he always attended. Our thoughts and condolences are with Marga and his family at this sad time.

continued overleaf

Keith remembered by John and Jean Burke

In 1987, Jean Burke took part along with Keith Scott, Stewart Cross and Jim Hollingsworth in one of the highest overall scoring first rounds of *Mastermind*. In any other round each of the men she defeated would have been an almost certain winner. Such is the amiable atmosphere between contestants, however, that she became a close friend of both Keith and Stewart. They always sought one another out at annual reunions, and some years later met up again with Jim.

The Burkes feel very glad that their last meeting with Keith and Marga was close to the very place where the competitors first met. In October 2003, John and Jean were celebrating Jean's birthday with a few days in the Beaumont Hotel, Hexham, just a few doors away from the theatre in which Keith and Jean first fought it out in 1987. Keith and Marga came over from Rothbury to join them for a long, relaxed lunch. Keith looked far from well, but the old spark and good humour were still there, and will be remembered for a long time.

More thoughts from Stewart Cross

I first met Keith at his recording during the 1987 series in which I was also a contestant. We became good friends over the years and I grew to know what an exceptionally generous, kind and modest man he was. He was a regular attendee at the annual Mastermind weekends and for many years has audited the Club's accounts. The idea of regional meetings was pioneered by Keith, who arranged regular get-togethers for members in the North-East, as well as the famous Shakespeare weekends in many autumns over the past few years, attended by many members nationwide.

His romance with Marga, whom he met at the Dublin weekend and later was to marry, was the stuff of fairy tales. Their wedding on Teesside was attended by some 30 members of the Club, including all four of us who had appeared together back in 1987. During their all too brief time together, the hospitality they offered at their Rothbury home became legendary, as many of you will know from personal experience. Keith was all too aware of how lucky he was to have achieved such happiness in what were sadly to prove his last few years, and this obvious happiness makes it particularly hard to bear his premature loss. They celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary just four days before his untimely death at 64 years of age. I hope Marga will be able to take some comfort from the high regard and affection with which he was held by all who knew him, and from the great friendship we all feel for her. I hope it can offer some poor support during this sad period in her life.

Finally I must remember his brother Andy and his son Alan, both of whom attended Mastermind Club weekends as guests of Keith over the years. Our sympathy must go out to them also. I recall a line from Tennyson's poem 'Break, Break, Break': "But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!" I will miss him.

From Paul Henderson

Stewart Cross and the Burkes have already mentioned the recording at Hexham. My first round was first on that night, and so my first encounter with Keith was in the hospitality room (I recollect that no-one was terribly keen on eating the food on offer). I then managed to more-or-less keep pace with his specialist subject (musical, like my own).

1987 seems to have been a good year for drawing in people who have become prominent in the Club. I dare say Keith never expected that his professional skills would be put to such use. But I can't let this selection of tributes pass without expressing my thanks for his tolerant year-on-year amendments and audits. His will be a hard act to follow, and a hard one to match.

Finally, a thank-you from Marga Scott

I would like to express my warmest thanks for all the friendship, support and sympathy Keith and I received from so many of you during the last months of Keith's life and the weeks after his death, in the form of cards, letters, phone calls, hospice visits, flowers and donations to either of our favourite charities. In particular, I would like to thank those Masterminders who – often quite literally – travelled the length and width of the country to attend Keith's funeral, and Leo for painting such a wonderful portrait of Keith. I wish I could thank everybody personally, but since I have received over 300 cards and letters, writing back would probably take me the rest of the year.

Master Quiz 2004 Round 2

Gavin introduces the questions

Here is this year's part two for you all to essay, 100 questions dragged from whatever recesses I could find that seemed appropriate. This year there is a distinct nautical flavour to the round: as we are going to be based in the home of the Royal Navy this year, it has given me a good excuse to set on a topic I know something about. Don't let that put you off, though, and I hope you get as much pleasure dealing with my questions as I had setting them. I look forward to receiving your answers, and the more the merrier!

Instructions

Please read these instructions carefully before tackling the questions. Each preliminary round has two entries:

1. Head your paper '**U**', and please answer the questions **UNSEEN** in your own time. 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 'second thoughts'. By all means use your friends, but be warned – they may not be so accurate as reference books and (?) the Internet! Put your name and Club membership number on each sheet of paper and address on the first sheet. 80% of the marks available 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.

The question setters have mutually agreed that their decision is final and, regretfully, they can enter into no correspondence about the questions and answers.

Please send your entry to

Gavin Fuller,

Closing Date 15 April 2004 (no late entries will be accepted)

The questions begin overleaf.

Round 2 questions

1. Who wrote the song 'The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face'?
2. Where is the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development based?
3. What are the names of the Royal Navy's three Light Aircraft Carriers?
4. The Duke of Atholl is head of which Scottish clan?
5. What is the sixth book of the Old Testament?
6. Who scored England's try in the 2003 Rugby World Cup Final?
7. What is Jude the Obscure's surname?
8. What was Captain Kidd's first name?
9. How many premolars does a normal adult human have?
10. Who played Quentin Crisp in the 1975 TV production *The Naked Civil Servant*?
11. At 5860° Celsius, which element, number 74, has the highest boiling point?
12. Which country has the International Car Registration Letter H?
13. Which well-known writer coined the slogan "Guinness is good for you"?
14. The forename of Benjamin Disraeli's nephew and heir was the same as the title of one of his novels. What was it?
15. Den Helder is the main base of which country's Navy?
16. *I Hate Men* is a song from which musical?
17. How did Mike Fuller make police history in 2003?
18. Which Premiership football team shares its name with a French rock band?
19. At which battle, immortalised in a poem, did Ealdorman Brihtnoth meet his doom?
20. What would you do with an X-Box?
21. In which year was the Order of Merit founded?
22. Born in Fareham, Hampshire in 1828, who was the first British winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1903?
23. *The Harder They Fall*, in 1956, was which actor's last film?
24. Mount Mitchell, at 6,684ft, is the highest point in which American mountain range?
25. Which female Swiss artist was a founder-member of the Royal Academy in 1768?
26. What kind of musical instrument is a Gaita, and where does it come from?
27. The 4 Trident Submarines in the Royal Navy all have names beginning with which letter of the alphabet?
28. Who led the *Erebus* and *Terror* to their doom?
29. Which trees belong to the Salix genus?
30. Bishkek is the capital of which country, one of the Asian "Stans"?
31. England's newest international cricket venue is the home ground of Hampshire; by what name is it known?
32. In which competition are Luke and Blubber Bear, Big and Little Gruesome and Rufus Ruffcut and Sawtooth competitors?
33. Benjamin Britten's *Four Sea Interludes* Opus 33a are taken from which of his operas?
34. Who was the fourth President of the United States of America?
35. Which man's name is also the nickname for an aircraft's autopilot?
36. Where in the world is population density at its lowest, at 0.03 people per square kilometre?
37. Samuel Hahnemann (1755–1843) developed which form of medicine?
38. With a number of ships based in Portsmouth, what is the RFA?
39. Who wrote *Ross*, a play about T E Lawrence which was first produced in 1960?
40. What is a Violaceous Turaco?
41. Who had a Number 3 hit with 'Portsmouth' in 1976?
42. Defined as one Newton per square metre, what is the SI unit of pressure?
43. Which Egyptian god was depicted with the head of a Falcon?
44. In iconography, which of the gospel writers was symbolised by a winged lion?
45. Which of Vaughan Williams' symphonies was entitled *A Sea Symphony*, and whose poems was it based on?
46. Whose first play was *Catiline* in 1848, and his last *When We Dead Awaken* in 1899?
47. Catherine de Medici was the wife of which French king?
48. Where is the National Horseracing Museum to be found?
49. Who is the manager of the mighty Portsmouth Football Club?
50. From what do the sixteen Type 23 Frigates in the Royal Navy take their names?

51. Which delicious drink, local to a particular region in West France, is a mixture of unfermented grape juice and Cognac?
52. What is the sum of the internal angles of a nonagon?
53. Better known in another sphere, who introduced the mezzotint to England in the 17th century?
54. Cockle Row, Coronation Street and Donkey Village are the three main streets in which fictional place, immortalised in a radio play?
55. Which group had a number 2 hit with 'In the Navy' in 1979?
56. Which fictional character was born in 1632 in York, son of a German father and English mother?
57. Who is the youngest player to win a ranking Snooker tournament?
58. Which composer called Vivaldi "a boring person who wrote exactly the same concerto some four hundred times"?
59. Which famous monk wrote the Rule of the Order of the Knights Templar?
60. With whom did Ernst B. Chain and Lord Florey share the 1945 Nobel Prize for Medicine?
61. Which company makes the Sea King and Lynx helicopters?
62. What might remembering the sentence "Can Queen Victoria eat cold apple pie" help you recall?
63. How many letters are there in the Cyrillic alphabet?
64. Who was Nelson's second-in-command at Trafalgar?
65. What does the musical term *adagissimo* mean?
66. Which Englishman discovered Hydrogen in 1766?
67. Which river flows through Lincoln to the Wash?
68. How many people are needed to dance a quadrille?
69. Which Oxford benefactor was MP for Portsmouth in 1584?
70. In which form of aviation is the Gordon Bennett Cup contested?
71. What is the name given to the area of the Atlantic between Iceland, Norway and the Shetlands?
72. Who retired from Formula 1 after his team mate François Cevert was killed during practice for the 1973 United States Grand Prix?
73. The god Dagda was worshipped in which country?
74. What is the title of the John Masefield poem, the first line of which is "I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky"?
75. How was Johann Strauss III related to Johann Strauss II?
76. The Marquess of Granby is heir to which Duchy?
77. Who beheaded Holofernes?
78. Glenrothes is the administrative centre for which Scottish region?
79. Fluoxetine is the generic name for which well-known drug?
80. In which temperature scale does water boil at 80°?
81. Which ship did the Prince of Wales command from February to December 1976?
82. Which two cathedrals hold copies of the Magna Carta?
83. Michal Kováč, in 1993, was the first President of which European country?
84. Who was the only British composer to be created a Peer?
85. Gerrard Winstanley was the leader of which radical religious sect?
86. If someone's trade was described as a Scuffler, which specific agricultural implement would they be employed to use?
87. Which of Mahler's symphonies is known as the *Titan*?
88. Making his debut for the England One-day Cricket team in 2003 was the grandson of which Doctor Who actor?
89. And what is the name of his grandson?
90. Who first described Helen of Troy as "the face that launched a thousand ships"?
91. Which famous historical figure was the son of Yesügei of the Kiyats and Hö'elün of the Märkits?
92. In December 2003, on what did Finian Maynard, with a speed of 46.24 knots, became the fastest man?
93. Who made sporting history in 2003 by playing in both the Cricket and Rugby World Cups, and which country did he represent?
94. What the name of the Jesuit College, established 1553, that moved to Clitheroe in 1794?
95. Shakespeare and Cervantes both died on 23 April 1616, but which poet followed them to the grave on the same day in 1850?
96. Who observed at Jutland "There's something wrong with our bloody ships today"?
97. What name is shared by a record-breaking British athlete of the 1970s and a modern composer of such works as *Pancakes with Butter, Maple Syrup and Bacon* and the TV *Weatherman* and *Star Clusters, Nebulae and Places in Devon*?
98. Which comic-book superhero battled a rogue super-computer called "Mastermind"?
99. What is the penultimate book of the New Testament?
100. What do Saint Swithin, King Canute, Earl Godwin, William of Wykeham and Jane Austen have in common?

Koalas, bullfrog and 150 Mongolians

Michael Schwartz wins two tickets to Beijing

“I’m not sure how the name is pronounced but I think it’s Mr Schwartz. It’s the editor of Asian Communications.” The editor had won two return tickets from London-Beijing, and five nights at top Chinese hotels. The editor just about managed to drive home from Birmingham to St Albans without pranging the car.

St Albans to Sydney

THIRTY-THREE HOURS DOOR TO DOOR, even if the upgrade to business class between London and Beijing helped greatly. No such luck on the Shanghai-Sydney section. What got Hazel’s goat was the main in-flight entertainment, a four-year old film we had already seen. She had the good luck to fall asleep by the time the supporting act was screened: the Three Stooges with Chinese subtitles.

Well, even driving from Sydney Airport to the hotel, I realised my impressions of Oz were wrong. I could recall publishing an article about houses in Sydney fronted with delicate black lace-pattern railings. My impression for years was that they had been a one-off, a single-street survival from Colonial days that had scurried for cover during the building of modern Australia. Not so. The drive from the airport into Sydney revealed rows of these houses. This was not to be the concrete jungle.

The area of our hotel was a strange – and very mixed – one. If you were impressed by its genteel architecture, which would not be out of place in the mews of Mayfair, the area was Potts Point. If, like your humble servant, you observed that the locals were either stumbling around drunk on alcohol or being ravaged by narcotics or on their way to work in the sex industry then you call it King’s Cross. No different from its London equivalent, really.

One gentleman tried to tell me about the attractions of his ekdysiasts but Hazel and her best friend from her Oz days were with me and I made an “aw shucks” gesture. Next time.

Beyond the underworld

THERE IS, THOUGH, MORE to Sydney than the pleasures of the flesh. There are the convicts. The city’s Hyde Park actually has a convict museum. I’ve heard of some museums...

Acting as wonderful hosts and hostesses from Hazel’s Australian days (1975–1995) were her friends of whom more anon. They were joined by a bank teller called Gita. Gita had been attempting to convey a request we had to our bank in the UK and had been stunned by the sheer variety of *Greensleeves* renditions to which she had been subjected. Our disdain for automated telephony formed a bond among us. It was Gita who led us towards the artistic attractions of Sydney.

Just along the road from the convicts is the city’s chief art gallery. This is a varied collection to say the least. Paintings of English Georgian gentlemen stand next to paintings of 19th century Australian landscapes. There are the modern paintings. And there is one genre which is all but unknown to people from Britain – paintings depicting the country’s colonisation. One particular painting, which I found haunting, shows a family in the outback at evening time. The gaunt mother of the family is seated on a rickety chair, gazing into the desert. The others are equally desperate; all are wondering where the next meal will come from, or whether they will be back living in the city next year. This is the unpublicised aspect of any colonisation – those who are desperately worried they are simply not going to make it.

All this makes for a contrast with another, somewhat extrovert, area of Sydney, The Rocks. This is the part of 19th century Sydney where the first merchants started to build up their businesses. Today it is all too touristy, a rosy recreation of what the successful settlers went through. An antidote to outback depression.

“I am not enjoying this”

WE ASCENDED the Sydney Sky Tower, one of the largest in the Southern Hemisphere. Hazel and her friend Jan sat back to enjoy one of the simulator rides, in this case the soaring up-and-over-and-down-on-the-other-side journey over Sydney Harbour Bridge, the vertiginous excursion down a mine (quite unlike the ones I went down as a mining journalist), the ride over desert landscapes and the plunge down a crocodile’s throat. The Pommy tones of “I am not enjoying this” amused the two females. I have, however, saved myself a packet in

finding out what the rest of Australia is like without ever having to go there. I suggested sick-bags to the assistant but Hazel would have none of this.

In fact the Tower came into its own after the simulation. We walked around the complete circle of the observation deck, taking in every quarter of Sydney. The view was a hazy blue-grey although nothing as misty as Hong Kong or Singapore. A long strip of yellow beach made its presence clear – and it was not Bondi Beach. It was Manly Harbour, which is one of the most fashionable areas of the city. This is the place to live for beaches and luxury apartments.

Which leaves us with Bondi, but my wife doesn't like my rather negative opinions about the place. It is over-hyped. Its infrastructure is that of a small English seaside resort with twee rain-shelters. The length of its beach is small in comparison with the picture promoted of miles of golden sands. The cafes were nice, though, and it was, after all, the Oz equivalent of winter.

Bondi by night does have a rôle. It is from the hills above Bondi that you can clearly (and I mean clearly) see the centre of Sydney. It is a nightscape of brightly illuminated skyscrapers flanking the Sydney Sky Tower. This is a modern skyline which would not embarrass any major city.

Take the Subway

SYDNEY BOASTS a vast and complex local railway network and sometimes the two (or more) ways of reaching one destination follow some highly varied routes. The bad news if you want to travel to Hornsby in the north is that a late-night train back to the Central area can contain a congenital idiot. We are still unsure as to which substances the adolescent was addicted to but his deliberations became more and more anti-social as the train moved on. Strange for someone whose face looked as if he was impersonating a pizza.

The good news is the line to Wahronga. This is a gem, a contradiction of all that the word metro means in the context of urban transport. The line's foliage looks as if it came from a 1930s English railway branch. Station furniture hails from a similar vintage.

The most elegantly and neatly dressed schoolchildren sport uniforms not seen in the UK for over fifty years. A young lady, for example, wears an amazingly broad-rimmed round hat curved downwards, a shield-shaped white badge discreetly decorating its front. Boaters (remember them?) are in abundance.

Koala corner...

OZ IS WELL-KNOWN for its wildlife, but what is wild about a koala has me beaten. There is indeed a koala sanctuary near Hazel's former house in Sydney. The reason why I haven't mentioned koalas yet is that they are most of the time stoned and you can always see that scenery at Kings Cross!

More seriously, Hazel and I witnessed an exquisite and beautiful moment, when an adult koala at the Sydney Sanctuary crawled/swayed across the footpath in front of us, carrying a baby on his/her back. The koala observed a form of kerb drill as, totally silent, now looking right, now looking left, he or she powered itself along by its strong rear legs and eventually climbed a eucalyptus tree and settled down for the next 23 hours.

...and local cuisine

AND YET, THERE ARE ASPECTS of Australian life which are simply unfamiliar to the Poms. Do you now what a floater is? Are you aware of the Lamington?

Well, the floater is a meat pie. It stands disrobed of its foil package. A serving of mashed potato is delicately (oh, yes?) placed on top of the pie. On top of the mash there resides (sunglasses, now) a helping of mushy peas. Is that all? No.

Imagine an Alpine spring of clear water cascading down a mountain slope. Turn the water into gravy and you have your floater anointed. Do not eat for a week beforehand.

Floaters are available for a small consideration from a mobile snack wagon called Harry's de Wheels, down by the naval repair dock in Woolloomooloo. What comes as a surprising contrast is that next to the naval dock is a former wharf which has just been converted into flats and restaurants. Its slender length and shape give it its nickname, the Finger Wharf. You won't find floaters here. This restaurant is geared to the Islington guacamole set. And the design shows.

continued overleaf

Koalas (cont.)

And the Lamington? Take a rectangular price of sponge cake, coat in chocolate icing, roll in coconut flakes, serve after the floater – and invite a Sheila round. But remember there is no Oz word for fore-play.

Rallying round

WHEN RECOVERED, survivors of this Oz ordeal should repair to the Sydney suburb of Leichart. This area is dubbed “Little Italy”, and the cuisine will fulfil the expectations of any Chiantishire tourist. Barramundi fish caught off Queensland is an Antipodean alternative, washed down with NSW wine. It certainly anaesthetised the members of Hazel’s rallying club, who turned out to welcome back to Sydney their prodigal daughter. Sixteen members and guests of the Mini Car Club of New South Wales sat down to lunch.

The gastronomic gave way to the rhetorical as former car club president Tony French made a welcoming speech. The prodigal daughter’s new husband stood to speak (“Hallo, everybody, I’m number two”).

He praised Sir Alec Issigonis for his inspired design of the Mini and briefly summarised Australian motor sport. For this author the quintessence of Oz motor sport was a 1960s sports car driver called Frank Gardner. Pronounce the following in the broadest possible and slurred Oz accent: “There was a race (that is, a r-eye-sh) in 1960 with all the great drivers, the Stirling Mosses and the Jimmy Clarks. And out of the shit and mist came Jack Brabham to win the race”. That’s Frank, came a knowing reaction. Hazel’s neighbour informed her that “Michael had done his homework” when it comes to Formula One. What possessed him to learn so much about Formula One...

The Oz wine destroyed the speaker’s attempts to toast the rallying community’s marvellously supportive (and alliterative) “wives wild with worry”. Well, you try saying “wives wild with worry” after a bottle of Oz plonk.

Hazel’s final friend was yet another rally driver, called Terry Boardman. He had served in Vietnam, was recovering from body and facial skin cancer, had had his nose rebuilt and was just off to another medical appointment. Nicknamed Lucky...

Shanghai

WE FLEW TO SHANGHAI. Three Stooges again on the flight but Pudong Airport is stunningly attractive. One hopes it will still be so in ten years’ time. But nothing could prepare us for the luxury of the JC Mandarin. We were put on the 25th floor with views of this remarkable city. To say it has expanded is an understatement. This is China’s largest city – larger than Beijing. Whether the Communist headquarters overlooked by our room was at one stage intended to be the dominant presence I don’t know but it is now dwarfed, deliberately or not.

We set off towards the main river in Shanghai. Very soon after leaving the hotel we encountered “model housing blocks” alias council houses with washing hanging out to dry from the back. These are supposed to be very popular with tourists to China. Can you imagine overseas visitors to the UK sniffing round tenement blocks for a glimpse of the washing? All rather sad...

The highlight of Shanghai in outdoor terms is the Bund. This is a bank of the river raised up by the foreign occupiers of Shanghai for them to promenade along in all their Colonial arrogance (Indian nurses were allowed onto the Bund to look after their charges but that was it for race relations).

Afterwards the colonists might adjourn to the hotels set back from the bank. These days the Chinese have joined in. It is nice to see them doing the promenading in their own city – at last. Modern commerce moves on, however, not least the lighters carrying coal to the Yangtse estuary. They move swiftly and in determined fashion despite the impression that they are laden to the brim and seem likely to let the water in before succumbing.

If anyone is tempted to find out a little more about the Bund there is an attendant museum. There is the English version of events – very restrained. Was the Chinese version the same as the English? The photographs appeared to indicate otherwise. Foreign devils were obviously to blame.

And so to lunch. Does anyone wonder where the word bullfrog came from in the title of this essay? It came on a hot-plate in a local restaurant. The skin and bones came along – bring a magnifying glass for the meat. This was a letdown even if the sizzling sound effects were appetising.

Local dinner round the corner from the hotel was much more agreeable. There is indeed the world of difference between the modern cosmopolitan hotels of Shanghai and the local shops and restaurants two

blocks away. Do go native, but do not expect English to be spoken. Do you know how far you can get with sign language, pointing, drawings, and vocal impersonations of various animals? Actually, not very far at all but the meal was delicious. Just try eating at the JC-Mandarin for £1.75 per head...

One very human aspect of our stay in Shanghai came when we met a family from Ireland at the hotel. After five years of meetings with health workers and joining an orderly queue they had received permission to adopt a little Chinese girl. I had her future worked out. I would be ringing up the Irish soccer manager. After all, the child was female and born in China, and her Irish parents were adopting her. The most stretched football genealogy so far.

Souchow

SOUCHOW MEANS SILK – and that is the city's main industry. It is a welcome break from the modernity of Shanghai, as it is only 45 minutes away by train. This journey itself is a surprise as we expected Cold War cast-offs. The carriages were brand new double-deckers of the type seen in Holland and the South of France. And they were excellent.

Despite her silk tradition, Souchow is best known for her gardens. For those Masterminders who are civil servants the Garden of the Humble Administrator is obviously a "must". To be honest, the author is no gardener but the plant-life and its rock surroundings are artistic to say the least. Pictures of the gardens are, of course, available from the usual sources – the Internet, the Chinese National Travel Service, your local library. The wooden halls spanning the waterways in the gardens hold their own attractions. One can recommend the Hall of the Thirty-Six Pairs of Mandarin Ducks (yes, it does exist).

If, after visiting the latter, hunger does overtake you, you can even buy a lotus pod from a lady in a rowing boat. The lotus pod resembles a slightly squashed raw acorn, which is forced out of a mushroom-shaped plant. The taste is bitter – that same taste that one associates with dandelion and bitter aloe.

The unknown treasure of Souchow is the canal system. A drive back to Shanghai takes one over and alongside a complex network of narrow channels, part of the forgotten and never-appreciated National Canal System. This was an achievement not far behind the Great Wall in terms of its geographical span across China and the cost in human labour.

It was time to move north.

Beijing

BEIJING IS MODERNISING. But there are the remnants of older urban Beijing. The hutongs are narrow and twisty lanes containing shacks, cabins, rickety shops and miles of decaying wooden walls. Some label these areas picturesque; I label them poor. And yet they are revealing.

For example, a few people had gathered round in a circle outside a shop. The centre of attention was a gentleman of middle age. His left-hand temple had received some form of wound. Blood had been flowing from it, its red streams emanating from the wound with all the clarity of the rays of the sun on a wartime Japanese flag. There was little commotion. There was total silence.

A Chinese policeman was on the scene: was he the reason for the silence? Just a few minutes later when we had walked on my hosts gently guided me to the side of the alley. A bicycle front-end appeared, a trailer attached. And sitting in bolt-upright resignation, legs hanging off the back, was the wounded gentleman. He was off for treatment.

Whatever you want, I guarantee you will find it in the hutongs of Beijing. Chinese folk instruments? Yes. Chrysanthemum tea? Yes. One of these two is now in our kitchen.

It is not certain just how long the hutongs will hold out against modern development. Amidst all the main sites, such as the temples with their sometimes garish restoration, the hutongs do make a welcome change. They are on a human scale and there are always students willing to practise their English. Hutongs are not to be missed.

What is to be missed is the Beijing underground railway system. One of its two lines is built in a circle, and ever-decreasing circles do come to mind in this mind-numbing experience.

continued overleaf

Koalas (cont.)

ACTUALLY, this is a negative note on which to end Beijing. For the Imperial capital turned up the character of the holiday. How much jet-black hair dye was used up to preserve China's answer to Clark Gable? This gentleman explained through the medium of "Charlie-Chan speak" what an interesting time he had had as attaché to the Chinese Air Force delegation in London. Residence in Regents Park had been enhanced by trips to the Farnborough Air Show from Waterloo Station. What is more, he was very much at our service – what a shame his dentist hadn't got in first. Mind you, at least he had teeth – the beggar in Mongolia had none.

Great Wall

ER, CHAPS, nothing in writing will ever convey the experience of the Great Wall of China, least of all its sheer steepness. Walking from one lookout tower to the next requires strength to negotiate the gradient. Climbing the steps when you get to the tower is equally demanding. Go to the Great Wall yourselves but do not plump for the section called Badaling near Beijing. It is overcrowded. Ask to be taken to Liangshangling about 40 miles from Beijing. And be overawed.

Mongolia

HAZEL HAD DECIDED that we would visit Mongolia. She wanted to experience the grasslands and find out what sleeping in a yurt, a traditional Mongolian tent, would be like. There was also the cuisine to be tasted.

For the latter we had the assistance of Nathan, a representative of our tour operator, Audley Travel, who is based in Beijing. A Mongolian pot-roast was called for. This comprised strips of beef and seafood dunked into a nut-like sauce and dipped into boiling oil.

We again expected East German cast-offs as our railway carriages for the journey from Beijing to Xohhot, capital of Inner Mongolia. Again, wrong. They were brand new carriages (perhaps Chinese designed and built), the bed linen immaculate and the train staff careful to tell us where the nearest English-speaking staff were to be found. But how we wish we had done this section in daylight – the few glimpses in daylight only served to whet our appetites for the lofty river crossings, strangely shaped hills and lush greenery.

And one tip – sleeping compartments are cheap enough by English standards for two people to buy a whole compartment of four beds (thanks Audley Travel for arranging this). Otherwise it gets very cramped.

And so to our hotel with views over the Xohhot town square. We breezed into the eleventh floor (after the hotel's pitiful try at western breakfast), put our bags down, freshened up and caught sight of a TV. What's on in Xohhot, we wondered. We switched on – six channels and whose face do we get? Tony bloody Blair, that's who. All this way to look at him...

A walk down the main street was called for. We strode off, hand in hand. A couple on a bicycle looked at us. We looked at them with a smile. They moved on. They looked back. We waved. They smiled. And jolly nearly went into a lamp-post. Foreigners are not frequent in Inner Mongolia. But smiles abound!

While on the subject of bikes, crossing the road needs a little prior knowledge. Cars go at 10 mph, bikes and 5 mph and pedestrians at 2 mph. DO NOT STOP! Keep on walking, weaving your way between the cars and bikes. If you stop it throws everything out of sequence. And it takes a long time to re-orient itself.

There was, it must be said, one example of where the traditional Chinese distrust of other nations made itself felt. Our minibus was powering itself along a main road between Hohhot and the grasslands. We passed a building site. Hannah heard a loud cry from one of the brickies. They've just shouted "foreigners" we were advised. A gentleman of the old school, it would appear. No doubt, they come over here with their round eyes and white skins, nicking all our good jobs...

Arrival in the grasslands

THE INNER MONGOLIAN GRASSLANDS stretch for miles east to west, a reflection of the shape of the province. It is difficult to think of any country which is so many times longer than it is deep.

Hazel had expressed a desire to stay in a yurt, the traditional Mongolian grassland tent. Her wish was the travel agent's command. We had arrived at a whole encampment of yurts. And they all employed traditional Mongolian materials – fibreglass to be precise. There it was, coated in white paint with its own low brick wall. Anyone remember beach chalets? I wonder how many seaside companies would be allowed to get away with the loose wires in the bathroom and the stains of soot from burnt-out equipment discolouring the wall.

We sought divine assistance. On the grassland at the village was a circular pile of stones, about seven feet high with cloths hanging from it. This was our Ao Bao – a sort of Mongolian wishing well. Three times we circled in each direction. Our wishes were made. Haven't been fulfilled, mind you.

Well, at least there was entertainment. One could go in for wrestling. An American guest took this up with the local champion with limited success. I decided that the exercise was not good for my arthritis and sensibly declined.

Where I should have known better was getting onto a horse. This was something I had never done before. Now I understand why. Even though I was worried that I did not have a riding hat I have rarely felt less secure. Lessons are called for. Oh, and I nearly forgot. During my five seconds of blind panic on the horse I was wearing a Mastermind Club sweatshirt. It didn't bring me luck but I would presume I am the first person to have worn club clothing in Inner Mongolia.

And while it was still afternoon and just about tolerable in terms of temperature, we were taken by Hannah and Soom to a farmhouse. This was a yurt-shaped structure with fully-fitted cupboards, cooking hobs and traditional Mongolian furnishings. Geese were the order of the day – bet they tasted nicer than the local stews and soups we were served.

I sang in front of 150 Mongolians. What a debut! It was a local sing-along-a-Mao with all sorts of people doing their grassland karaoke. Everyone had a Chinese Army overcoat which was invaluable in the biting cold. There was a stage. There was seating. A keen Mongolian came up to us and asked if we would like to open the singing. I duly produced the first two lines of *The Lincolnshire Poacher*. This was enough. Or so I thought. An hour later, it was announced in Mongolian that Yinguo was going to sing for us. And Yinguo meant the Englishman. A full verse of *The Lincolnshire Poacher* appeared.

Was this enough? No. An encore appeared. *Land of Hope and Glory* was heard over the Mongolian grasslands. I received a sprig of grassland as a tribute.

Hazel appeared on stage with camera. My attempts to pose by shuffling along the stage, followed by a snog, brought great applause. Our sprig of grassland is now in our kitchen. What with the cold, I was glad to have been fortified with the local paint-stripper.

Our farewell to Mongolia came in a fish restaurant. Soom the driver displayed a knack for placing a piece of fish in his mouth, revolving it and spitting the bones out onto the paper table-cloth. Refined? Perhaps not, but devastatingly effective.

On the way back to Beijing Hazel tried her Chinese. Thanking a gentleman for letting her past in the train corridor, Hazel said "Sieh, sieh", Mandarin for Thank You. "Not at all", a reply called out, to her surprise. Beware – lots of people speak English so no Duke of Edinburgh comments about slitty eyes, OK?

Mao's tomb

WE WERE FREE IN BEIJING for a few hours before the flight home. Hazel wanted to visit Mao's tomb. We needed to queue up. The queue was over a mile long. But the Chinese had it all worked out. You only got about ten seconds by the tomb and the old brute was a few yards away, so there were no fanatical protestations or prostrations of loyalty. You buy your plastic bunch of flowers at the entrance, bow three times and place the flowers on a shelf. Almost before you have turned round, the flowers are swept up into a machine and recycled for re-use. Very green. More on the very orange side is Mao, or "Mao", for no-one is quite sure if the real Mao is on show. Rumours of faulty embalming fluid not to mention ears falling off are frequent.

Oh, and one further piece of advice. If you stop for a call of nature in Inner Mongolia, watch out for the snakes.

There are many organisations to thank for this amazing experience: Air China, the J-C Mandarin Hotel in Singapore, the Capital Hotel in Beijing, all of whom donated the prize, and Audley Tours who made our tour arrangements.

Dilly dilly

Lance Haward considers some worrying developments among the beasts

Have you noticed the New Animal? Maybe you've been concentrating too much on the New Man. Or maybe no suicidal partridge has gone for a stroll across the M1 in front of you since jumping out of its recent pear-tree? The game birds all seem to be settling down these days. Getting acclimatized – civilized – like all the second-generation San Francisco Japanese and Mexicans. **Adjusting** to their environment, until they're as invisibly at home on the street as a pillar-box.

This morning, when I went to the car to drive to early church, a plump woodgrouse (pheasidge? – you can deduce that ornithology's not my Special Subject, *pace* the G.O.M.M.) was doing everything bar hatch eggs below the front bumper. In other words, doing nothing, and evincing every intention of continuing to do it for the rest of the morning. Certainly not showing any decent inclination to panic, as a supposedly wild creature ought.

"No," it conveyed by dispassionate contemplation of the horizon, "**you** move."

(I've never been given to drowning spiders in the bath, even though not Buddhist by temperament or persuasion.)

"That's the point," I pointed out. "Unless you do, I can't."

Either the early morning breeze ruffled it, or it shrugged.

"Not without flattening you, that is...?"

At this promise of conversion from whatever vestigial Buddhism was in me, it gazed at me with undisguised distaste. Distaste?? **You're** the one that's supposed to be savoured or otherwise, I thought. At last, it pressed whatever undercarriage button ratcheted a pair of legs into view, and shuffled testily off into the woods, twitching its bum feathers like a parlour maid with disdainful feather duster. Had I been holding a gun, the only perceptible modification in this behaviour would no doubt have been a valedictory:

"And watch where you're pointing that thing!"

Really! Has wild life no proper sense of jeopardy any longer in this unruly and homocentric universe? Of animosity? No awareness that our interests in a world of limited occupancy and jaded palates are mutually inimical? No **shame**?

How to train all those landscape compositions on behalf of David Attenborough to develop a suitable prey-mentality? 007 reversed – licence to jump out of the skin?

Bamber Gascoigne wrote a delightful little rhapsody some years since about how all the fun went out of shooting pheasant at the point where the birds decided to **walk**. If you get a chance to read "Tikker Khan", it won't be a half hour wasted.

And whilst the ducks' refusal to come in and be potted may have sent Mrs. Bond down to the pond in a rage, you can take it as the biggest certainty since Arkle that once the game does begin responding obligingly to "Dilly dilly, come and be killed," the bottom's going to drop out of the market in shot-guns quicker than a hangman's trap.

We don't **want** our stalk to be trouble-free. Scaramanga Syndrome – we need at least a show of resistance.

Even the Assyrian and Persian Kings, who gave us the ironic word "paradise" in having the creatures coralled in advance and released on cue, expected a fight, as the British Museum basement graphically records, however carefully the monarch's survival may have been guaranteed and choreographed by the off-stage bowmen that the sculptor omitted to show. Even the vicarious Romans liked to see the front-line people putting up a spirited, bare-handed job on the lions. You have to be a thoroughgoing decadent to get your kicks hunting down guinea-pig. The Man with his Golden Gun knew what he was about.

So, if the aerial species can't be relied on to rebel against their manifest destiny any longer, and the grounded ones like Ferdinand all start restoring dignity to the Spanish holiday scene by sniffing flowers instead of blood, and if Parliament **does** ever get the act together to spite the Countryside Alliance (though why all the rustics should suppose the land belongs to them alone simply by virtue of inhabiting it is a considerable mystery) then the huntin'-shootin' set may yet have to find reassurance in what's going on under water. And that could in turn throw up more problems (and more New Animals) than it answers.

Here's the evidence.

We don't (yet) farm sardines, right? So they can't be the product of a selective breeding programme. Just shovelled up out of the ocean as they come, on some giant, floating conveyor-belt based in Murmansk. Then how come the ones reaching the table these days are all **bigger** than they used to be? When I was young, you had to cut the tail off before you lifted the spine. Nowadays, they don't have tails any longer: with tails, they'd be too big for the tin, and the tins haven't grown any. (I see that Sainsbury's now offer a line in **filleted** sardines as well, for spineless customers that can't handle knives, but that's a whole different can of worms.)

And when even the proverbial sardine starts expanding, you have to ask yourself what may be happening with sharks...?

I mean, if we have dropped something really effective into the Mariana Trench, like Iodine 129 isotopes (You know: the stuff that takes "approximately" [?] seventeen million years to decay to about **half** its current level of radio-activity) then Nintendo alone knows what mutations may be getting their track-suits off down there. Blinky'll look like a christening present by comparison. Why is it, for instance, that the fish tank in the Whittington Hospital Casualty Department is held together by a padlock and chain adequate for keeping the *Mauretania* quiet? Always assuming that the Whittington has enough faith in its kitchens not to have to fend off ravenous post-ops at three in the morning, one can't but wonder what their research lab has done with goldfish that a mixture of ants' eggs and orthodox sedative can't contain.

We may be looking toward a shift in the whole focus of patient care, in this age of restricted funding. It's getting to be a question of which direction most economically to apply the tranquiliser.

Ten things to see at the City Art Gallery

This time Stewart Cross takes us to Manchester

The Manchester City Art Gallery, closed for 4 years, has now reopened following a £35 million pound project to upgrade and extend the displays. With new exhibition space, including a room dedicated to a long unseen display of the decorative arts, it is now an exciting building that finally brings a noted collection into more prominence. Among its treasures are the following 10 special favourites.

Duccio (attributed) – *The Crucifixion*. I well remember the fuss when the gallery under its then director Timothy Clifford acquired this remarkably beautiful Sieneese painting. Then unequivocally regarded as a Duccio, it was given star treatment and received much attention, so much so that international opinion decided it probably wasn't a Duccio, but some unspecified contemporary of his. Well whatever, it remains a gem of a picture that can now be viewed in peace and quiet. It's a small, intimate painting that may well have been designed for personal devotion.

Claude – *Landscape with the Adoration of the Golden Calf*. Claude, a painter beloved of English collectors, is represented here by a picture in which the figures are more prominent than is normal for him. The lively group of worshippers seem to be more involved in an Arcadian entertainment than in the adoration of a pagan image. The elaborate column on which stands the calf itself, is at the heart of the composition, dominating a sylvan landscape that by no stretch of the imagination could be called a wilderness in the desert. Such is artistic license! It's excellent by any standard.

Jacob Van Ruisdael – *Storm off the Dutch Coast*. Almost universally regarded as the most important of the Dutch landscape painters, this is somewhat of a departure – a seascape. Glowering, evil skies dominate the scene with ferocious intensity. You really wouldn't want to be out on a day like this. It's the treatment of skies that surely explains why so many great landscape painters painted flat landscapes – think of Constable. The gallery is especially rich in 17th Century Dutch paintings, thanks to the Assheton-Bennett collection of 96 mainly Dutch paintings presented in 1979.

Bellotto – *The Castle of Konigstein from the West*. Bellotto was the nephew of Canaletto and you can see it in the way he paints. This huge work hangs between two fine Venetian scenes by his uncle, which are dominated by it. Bellotto painted extensively in eastern Europe, largely for Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. In those parts his reputation is huge, for most of his greatest works are there, especially in Dresden, where his images were used extensively to help reconstruct the city following the war. This stupendous work shows the castle in the centre, but it is the realism of the nearer buildings, slightly shabby and in need of a little TLC that command the attention.

Gainsborough – *The Faggot Gatherer*. Freed from the restraints of commissioned portraits, Gainsborough painted many delightful images of rural life, none more charming than this image of a girl collecting wood. Following on in the tradition of Murillo, who ploughed that particular furrow earlier, Gainsborough avoids the cloying sentimentality that Murillo employed and which made him such a hit with the Victorians. Instead there a freshness in the image that seems to say, "Here I am, paint me as you find me", rather than Murillo's, "Here I am, aren't I pathetic, but cute with it!"

Stubbs – *Cheetah & Stag with Two Indians*. Notwithstanding the Gainsborough, this is surely the greatest British painting in the gallery. One of its most reproduced pictures, it shows a restrained and red-capped cheetah held by the two white-clad, turbaned Indians, while the stag looks nervously on, anticipating its fate. Its originality is startling, combining Stubbs' love for animals with the popular obsession with things oriental. But in its composition Stubbs has created something much greater than a curiosity, the magnificent cheetah and lively figures ensuring that it remains fresh and vibrant.

Ford Madox Brown – *Work*. Another familiar image, this is Ford Madox Brown's masterpiece. It shows Heath Street in Hampstead and is partly an allegory on the different aspects of work. Allegory or not, its realism is everything you would expect from a Pre-Raphaelite. The group of navvies digging a water main are the key element in holding together what could have been a potentially over fussy theme, the rest of the characters swirling around this central group. The workmen are bathed in bright sunlight, whilst most of the others are in full or partial shade. Magnificently painted, it is paintings like this that helped re-establish the Pre-Raphaelites' battered reputation in recent years.

Gauguin – *Harbour Scene, Dieppe*. Considering how much he painted, Gauguin is not particularly well served by British galleries, Edinburgh and the Courtauld excepted. This quiet harbour scene is not typical, there being no hint of the riot of colour and bold composition that were to follow. But it has a simple charm that engages the viewer. It is not a sunny day, the sky being overcast, the sea turgid and uninviting and the harbour free from any obvious activity. I sense Gauguin was in melancholic mood when he painted it, possibly planning his escape!

Giacometti – *Seated Woman*. Better known as a sculptor, his paintings show the same qualities as his sculptures, elongated figures in neutral colours, rather sketchily drawn. I like this image very much, better than the greater Francis Bacon beside which it hangs (I have a blind spot with Bacon alas, the livid rawness of his flesh lacking obvious appeal to me!). It repays inspection, its beauty being subtle and undemanding.

Max Ernst – *La Ville Petrifiée*. Of all the Surrealists Max Ernst is the one who disturbs most. His *Robing of the Bride* in the Palazzo Guggenheim in Venice is possibly the most sinister painting ever painted: all about hidden threats and vulnerability. This brooding landscape, or should it be townscape given its title, is forbidding, barren and without hope. The thought of entering it and discovering what secrets it holds makes your blood run cold, for it is not friendly. Am I reading too much into it? Quite possibly, but then Ernst does that to me. A painting to make you think.

ALSO HERE, the aforementioned Dutch school in strength (de Hooch, Van Goyen & Terborch stand out), Canaletto, Hogarth, Constable, Turner, Sisley, a truly stunning Pre-Raphaelite collection and excellent contemporary art by the likes of Bridget Riley, Patrick Caulfield and Howard Hodgkin. That I received a personal guided tour by a member of staff when I turned up on a Monday by mistake (it's officially closed!) makes me feel especially kindly towards it.

The centenary of John Wyndham

Paul Slater rediscovers a favourite author of his youth

In the newspapers recently were articles pointing out that 2003 marked the centenary of three notable writers: George Orwell, Evelyn Waugh and John Wyndham were all born in 1903. John Wyndham was once one of my favourite authors, and I was a little surprised to find that he was a contemporary of Orwell and Waugh, as I tend to think of them as belonging to an earlier generation. As the writers in the newspapers explained, Wyndham's work seems less dated than the others', as he deals with themes which are still very relevant. Also, he produced his best-known work fairly late in his life. One journalist expressed a regret that Wyndham, a shy man who did not seek publicity, was not a more celebrated writer, and that no events were being planned to mark his centenary. My wife and I had read some of his short stories as part of our regular "book at bedtime", and we decided that we would celebrate Wyndham's centenary ourselves by reading his four best-known novels: *The Day of the Triffids*, *The Kraken Wakes*, *The Chrysalids* and *The Midwich Cuckoos*, which was filmed as *Village of the Damned*.

My first introduction to Wyndham's work, and the first time I heard his name, was when *The Day of the Triffids* was serialised on the radio in the 1950s; my brother and I listened to it, enthralled, and according to my memories so did half the school. So impressed was I by the radio serial that when I won a prize at school a few years later, and was invited to choose which book I would like to be presented to me, I chose *The Day of the Triffids*. I was afraid that a science fiction novel would be considered too lowbrow, but I duly got my prize, and I still have that hardback copy, with the Grammar School stamp on the front cover and the certificate inside stating that it was awarded to me in the Lower Sixth Arts on 2 June 1960. There were numerous other prizewinners, and the presentation took place in the quadrangle, with the whole school watching. The headmaster – whom I well remember – and the Chairman of Governors – whom I do not – signed the certificate; I wrote on it afterwards that the book was presented by Lord Birkett, the guest at the prizegiving, and I remember his telling me that he thought *The Day of the Triffids* was a very good book. Lord Birkett, or Sir Norman Birkett, was a leading figure in the legal establishment; I do not know whether, a little tongue-tied by the formal occasion, I managed anything in reply other than "Thank you, sir".

I enjoyed reading *The Day of the Triffids* very much and in due course I read several more of John Wyndham's novels and books of short stories and liked them enough to buy paperback copies of them. By the time I acquired them, none of Wyndham's four major novels was new. I was a little surprised to find from my prize copy of *The Day of the Triffids* that the book had first been published back in 1951, and the other three also date from the 1950s. *The Chrysalids* is set in the future, in a world recovering from devastation by nuclear war, but the others have contemporary settings. The Cold War between the West and the Soviet Union is part of the background to the stories, and now gives them quite a period flavour.

From newspaper articles, and the brief biographical details on my paperback copies of his novels, I learned that John Wyndham worked in farming, law, commercial art and advertising, and did not become a successful writer until after the Second World War. His wartime experiences are said to have been a major influence on his novels, with their vivid and detailed descriptions of destroyed civilizations, and his love of the English countryside also shows through in his writing.

If *The Day of the Triffids* reminded me of any other author's work, it was H.G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, which I had read some years previously and very much enjoyed; and when my wife and I began reading Wyndham's novels at bedtime in celebration of his centenary, we started with *The Kraken Wakes*, which is perhaps the one most reminiscent of Wells' classic tale of Martians trying to take over Earth. The creatures that colonise the oceans in *The Kraken Wakes*, with terrifying results, are never definitely identified, but a leading character in the novel surmises that they come from Jupiter; they first appear as fireballs coming in from space, rather as Wells' Martians first appear as projectiles fired from a giant gun. The "cuckoos" of Midwich, alien children with yellow eyes and terrifying powers of telepathy and mind control, all born within a short space of time to the women of the village, are clearly creatures from another world intent on taking over the Earth, and in fact one of the characters in the novel deliberately draws a parallel with H.G. Wells' Martians.

In *The Day of the Triffids*, by contrast, the horrors are man-made; the narrator, who has worked with triffids, is at pains to point out that these walking carnivorous plants, which kill uncounted numbers of people and take over the world from humanity, are not creatures from space but were deliberately bred for their valuable oils, a particularly horrible example of what we might now call a genetically modified crop. *The Day of the Triffids* is perhaps the novel of Wyndham's most influenced by the Cold War; the narrator gives it as his opinion – it cannot be proved – that not only was it an attack on a trespassing aircraft by Soviet military planes that enabled the triffids to spread world-wide so quickly, but the strange meteor storm which blinded most of the world's population and so allowed the triffids domination was not a natural phenomenon but a Cold War weapon that went off by accident.

Wyndham created some memorable monsters: the triffids with their lethal whip-like stings and something resembling intelligence; the ruthless all-powerful children of Midwich; the undersea beings of *The Kraken Wakes*, with their foul jellyfish-like creations which snare screaming people in their hundreds in seaside towns and villages. The apocalyptic stories are told in a low-key manner which makes them all the more effective. The narrators are people in humble positions, describing the gradually increasing horror they see: a technician in *The Day of the Triffids*, a writer in *The Midwich Cuckoos*, a radio presenter in *The Kraken Wakes* and a young boy in a farming community in *The Chrysalids*.

The novels are as thrilling now as when I first read them, but I see better than I did as an adolescent and young adult the human courage and pathos and horror in the stories, the disturbing echoes of present-day concerns such as climate change and the rise in sea levels, and the Darwinian feel to the novels, the sense of evolutionary change and battle and the survival of the fittest.

This point comes across most clearly perhaps in *The Chrysalids*, the last of the four novels my wife and I read to each other. In a fundamentalist pastoral society, whose latest technology consists of primitive guns and steam engines, a boy finds that he shares telepathic abilities with several other local children. Their society is devoted to keeping stock, both animal and human, pure from genetic change and mutation after the "tribulation" of nuclear war, and at first the telepathic children are unsure whether their particular gift would meet with official disapproval or not. By the end of the novel they are fleeing for their lives, and there is a deadly conflict between the super-humans who have taken a new leap in evolution and those who are intent on keeping true to the image of pre-tribulation humanity. The book can be enjoyed purely as an adventure story set in a future time, but the necessity of change, and the folly of dogmatic resistance to it, is an important theme.

Having read Wyndham's four major novels, my wife and I felt that we had celebrated his centenary satisfactorily, and I had enjoyed re-reading some fondly remembered books from my youth.

What and How

Timothy Robey

Which portion of a shadow is
The part not fully dark?
Which special/general physicist
Was once a patent clerk?

Who went to fight rug-headed kerns
That lived beyond the pale?
How many vertebrae are used
to form a mammal's tail?

How many sixteen-acre fields
would fit in one square mile?
Which Martin held the regal post
once held by Martin Ryle?

Which north-coast Welsh resort can boast
Both Great and Little Ormes?
And how does oxygen exist
in allotropic forms?

What surety did Bunter give
to raise jam-doughnut cash?
Which London parks and square were planned
By architect John Nash?

How many times did Jim dismiss
A full Australian team?
Before Charles went to Gordonstoun
At what school had he been?

2, 8, 18 and 32 —
Which number should come next,
And what did little Albert do
to make the lion so vexed?

Which merchandise, in yesteryear,
Did costermongers sell,
And who was made Prime Minister
When Mussolini fell?

With what must hydrazine condense
To yield a hydrazone?
Which formula is used to find
The volume of a cone?

Which monocled stargazer's slot
Is now *The Sky at Knight*?
Who think that right's synonymous
With hoydens' 4th form might?

Answers on back cover

Music Quiz solution and results

Brian Bovington

THANKS TO ALL who took part. Patricia Cowley, one of five entrants with a perfect 52, won the Book Token.

Brian's latest quiz appears on the back cover

Results

- 52 : Gery Bramall
 Patricia Cowley (WINNER)
 Mike Formby
 Rachel Leonard
 Jim Prendergast
- 51: John Burke
 Rob Close
 Raymond Kahn
- 50: Winifred Bosworth
 Ruth Newbury
- 48: Terry McDonald
- 44: Susan Leng
- 35: Lance Haward

Solution

Initial letters

- Adler
 Baker
 Cash
 Dolmetsch
 Elman
 Ferri
 Glennie
 Hindemith
 Imai
 Joplin
 Kreisler
 Ligeti
 Maurel
 Niculescu
 Olszewska (or Olczewska)
 Paganini
 Quarenghi
 Roussel
 Solti
 Tailleferre
 Ursprung
 Vaughan
 Webster
 Xenakis
 Yakam
 Zawinul

Last letters

- landowska
 erB
 duparC
 sutherlanD
 moorE
 raff
 armstronG
 faitH
 pattI
 ujJ
 haitinK
 haendeL
 barenboiM
 boughtoN
 ruffO
 sharP
 lecocQ
 butleR
 carreraS
 butT
 rameaU
 ghiauroV
 bloW
 hendriX
 galwaY
 berlioZ

Crossword 03002B solution

David Edwards

M	O	T	I	O	N		P	I	C	T	U	R	E	S
I		O		P			P		H		U		L	
S	Y	M	P	H	O	N	I	C		E	N	S	U	E
S		M		T		O		R		M		T		U
P	S	Y	C	H	O	T	H	E	R	A	P	I	S	T
E				A		E		S		N		C		H
N	O	N	P	L	U	S		S	O	F	I	A		
T		O		M						R		T		C
		N	O	O	S	E		C	H	O	L	E	R	A
K		E		L		N		R		M				L
N	O	N	C	O	N	T	R	I	B	U	T	O	R	Y
O		T		G		E		S		N		Z		P
C	H	I	L	I			R	A	P	A	C	I	O	U
K		T		S		E				L		N		O
S	H	Y	S	T	E	R	S			L	E	V	E	E

Notable Addresses Quiz

Another fiendish one from Brian Bovington

In this quiz, the objective is to find the family name of the personage in each instance, given their best-known field of activity, an address associated with them, plus one further clue. Where a number of a property in a thoroughfare is given, this is usually as exists today. Unless otherwise shown, all addresses are in the British Isles.

A £10 Book Token goes to the sender of the best entry. If two or more entries tie for first place, the earliest checked [!!! – Ed.] after the closing date **31 March 2004** will be the winner. Send entries to: Brian Bovington,

1. Elizabeth, monarch; 17 Bruton Street, London; birthplace.
2. Charles, writer; 393 Commercial Road, Portsmouth; birthplace.
3. Laurence, writer; Shandy hall, Coxwold, Yorks; perpetual curate from 1760.
4. Robert, general; Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, U.S.A.; surrendered 09/04/1865.
5. William, admiral; 100 Lambeth road, London; buried at St. Mary's, Lambeth.
6. Axel, physician; Villa San Michele, Capri, Italy; died Stockholm, 1949.
7. Thomas, writer; 24 Cheyne Row, London; moved here, 1834.
8. Adelina, singer; Craig-y-Nos Castle, Brecon; died here, 1919.
9. John, electrical engineer; 22 Frith Street, London; gave scientific demonstration here, 1926.
10. Jim, antiquary; Soi Kasemsan 2, Bangkok, Thailand; vanished 1967.
11. Henry, artist; Hoglands, Perry Green, Much Hadham, Herts; died 1986.
12. James, actor; 4 Pierrepont Street, Bath; died here, 1766.
13. Colin, field marshal; 63 High John Street, Glasgow; birthplace.
14. John, pastoralist; Elizabeth Farm, 70 Alice Street, Rosehill, Parramatta, New South Wales, Australia; lived here, 1830s.
15. William, philanthropist; 25 High Street, Kingston-upon-Hull; birthplace.
16. George, writer; 33 Synge Street, Dublin; birthplace.
17. Jimi, musician; 23 Brook Street, London; died here.
18. William, astronomer; 19 New King Street, Bath; discovered new planet here, 1781.
19. David, explorer; 165 Station Road, Blantyre, Glasgow; birthplace.
20. Arnold, writer; 205 Waterloo Road, Cobridge, Staffs; early home.
21. Gilbert, naturalist; 'The Wakes', High Street, Selborne, Hants; birthplace.
22. John, astronomer; Peninsular House, Livingstone Street, Windsor, New South Wales, Australia; 2 comets named after him.
23. Sarnuel, writer; 35 Lime Street, Nether Stowey, Bridgwater, Somerset; his home for 3 years from 1797.
24. Laurence, artist; 8 Barrett Street, Stretford, Greater Manchester; birthplace.
25. James, writer; 9 Brechin Road, Kirriemuir, Angus; birthplace.
26. Thomas, artist; 46 Sepulchre Street, Sudbury, Suffolk; street now named after him.
27. David, writer; 8a Victoria Street, Eastwood, Notts; birthplace.
28. John, murderer; 10 Rillington Place, London; killings committed here.
29. Katherine, writer; 25 Tinakori Road, Thorndon, Wellington, New Zealand; birthplace.
30. Beatrix, writer; Hill Top, Near Sawrey, Cumbria; bought this, 1905.

Answers to Timothy Robey's *What and How*

Penumbra
Albert Einstein

Richard II
Four

Forty
Martin Rees

Llandudno
O₂ and O₃

He was expecting a postal order
Regents and St. James's Parks and Trafalgar Square

Jim Laker twice took ten Australian wickets in an inning
Cheam Preparatory School

Fifty
He poked his walking stick into the lion's ear

Fruit and vegetables (originally apples)
Marshall Badoglio

An aldehyde or ketone
 $V = \frac{1}{3} \pi r^2 h$

Sir Patrick Moore
The Belles of St. Trinian's