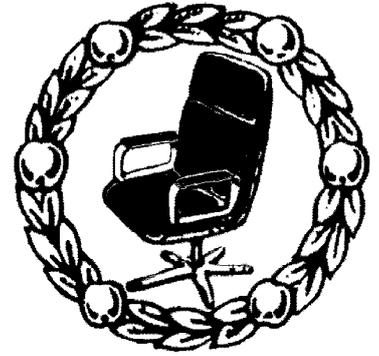


pass



The Quarterly Magazine of the Mastermind Club



Portsmouth's (unfinished) Millennium project, the Spinnaker Tower, with the foremast of HMS Warrior just visible to the left

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In with the new...

Ken Emond, Editor

For those of you who don't already know me, I ought perhaps to introduce myself. I am one of the 1992 cohort, and was first introduced to the Club by the late Jack Clark, who was a member of the audience at my first recording in Leeds. Having been lucky enough to win on that occasion (on the last question), I went on to lose in the semi-final in Aberdeen. It was a great experience (one I was foolhardy enough to repeat on the Radio version, with Peter Snow, over which venture I prefer to draw a veil, having not distinguished myself at all...), and I have been a Club regular ever since. It is a great honour and privilege to have been asked to take on the Editorship of **pass** and I hope that I will be able to carry on in the grand tradition set by my predecessors. To all of them, especially Craig Scott, now our esteemed President, I pay tribute. My background is in academic administration. Having previously been a civil servant, I now work for the British Academy (the National Academy for the Humanities and Social Sciences) in London. As well as quizzing, my other interests include visiting sites of historic interest, and (no surprise to those who remember my MM appearances), Agatha Christie. Despite the misgivings teasingly expressed by the Secretary, Gavin Fuller, I promise to fill these pages with extracts from my doctoral thesis in Scottish History **only** if the supply of other articles dries up completely. For, ultimately, I am in your hands. **Pass** can only continue to flourish with your help and co-operation in sending articles, short pieces, letters for publication and photographs.

Note: Please direct all submissions for future issues to me. I particularly welcome submission by e-mail (to kene@britac.ac.uk), but I am, of course, happy to hear from everyone in hard copy instead for those who don't use e-mail. As no-one can have failed to notice, this issue has been somewhat delayed following the handover of Editorship. Please take the last day of September as the deadline for submission for the next issue.

Membership matters

Peter Chitty, Membership Secretary

So, another very successful gathering is over for another year. Thanks Gavin!

There is good news and sad news to report this time. The good news is that we have so far 14 new members, and 2 members who have rejoined the Club. Also John Humphrys has accepted Honorary Membership, and I hope that they all will all have a happy and long association with us.

The sad news is that the club has lost three more members to the Grim Reaper. They are Mrs Elizabeth Mary Knox – Johnston (the mother of Sir Robin) who took part in 1986; David John Radcliffe, who took part in 1992 and who had recorded his heat in this year's series and will be broadcast. The third member is Jeff Wells from 1987. His wife Jean tells me that Jeff recorded his first round at Christ's Hospital taking the life and paintings of J.M. Turner. Among his numerous interests was clay pigeon shooting for which he was asked to represent the Isle of Man in the Commonwealth Games.

The Club sends its sincere condolences to all their families.

On a happier note Ian Pickering tells me that he has become a proud father: his wife Mandy presented him with a daughter Madelaine.

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Inaugural address

Craig Scott puts on a new hat

I told the story at the AGM of how, in 1964, I and my friend Roger Tomalas, as far right as I was far left, terrorised the Grover Cleveland High School student council and vowed we would contest the 1984 presidential election, the first for which we would be old enough to stand. As you will have noticed, that didn't happen – the man who actually won that election, of course, has just died. Another twenty years on, and Roger is a lawyer in Newport Beach and I've made it to the presidency – of the Mastermind Club! Among the many to whom my gratitude is due for this honour, I'd like to single out Mary Craig who recruited me as a *Mastermind* contestant (and, I'm told, is a Helensburgh girl as well), and my predecessor, Lance Haward, who recruited me as a Mastermind Club member.

Once I'd overcome my initial awe at becoming part of such an erudite body, I came to realise that the Club was at the centre of a network of very special friends, too many to mention and all doing their bit, however unheralded, to make the Club work. This has been a real comfort and shield over the years against the slings and arrows of outrageous clients and other trials in my private and professional life.

The debate which attended the end of the original *Mastermind* brought home to me how much I value the fellowship of the Club on its own terms, whatever the fortunes of the TV programme from which it sprung. If all of you feel the same way, I see every reason to believe that the Mastermind Club will continue to go from strength to strength.

Letters, news and views

From Constance Moore

Handfasting Celebration

CONSTANCE MOORE ('96) and Grenville Prowse celebrated their handfasting in beautiful sunshine on Gwithian beach, Cornwall on Saturday 22 May. Friends and family had travelled from as far as London, Suffolk and Cheshire.

The two priestesses presiding were Cassandra Latham, village witch of St Buryan, and Kate Ward of LifeRites. They cast the circle in the sand, welcomed the spirits of Earth, Air, Fire and Water and invoked the Goddess and the God.

Constance and Grenville made their promises at each of the four quarters, then their hands were bound together with a woollen cord and they made their vows to each other while handfasted. After the Charge of the Goddess had been read, they exchanged rings and walked between two candles to symbolise the beginning of their new life together.

The priestesses blessed a chalice of mead and this was passed round the circle for all to partake, then the spirits of Earth, Air, Fire and Water were thanked and bidden farewell, the circle pronounced to be open but unbroken.

Constance had made both her own long green dress with crochet cuffs and Grenville's red tunic and trousers. Both wore crowns of honeysuckle, lavender, rosemary and rosebuds. The rings had been made by a friend who is a local silversmith. Instead of presents, the couple had asked for donations to the Cornwall Wildlife Trust.

After champagne at the couple's house in Hayle, a large contingent of friends, many from the Hayle Surf Life Saving Club, joined them at the Smugglers Inn where they danced until midnight to local rock band "Mississippi Burning".

The couple spent a few days on Dartmoor as their honeymoon, enjoying glorious sunshine and some excellent food and beer; collecting lots of tors, stone rows, hut circles and clapper bridges; drinking Jail Ale at Princetown; and on their last night, staying at the Kings Arms in Buckfastleigh and annoying the locals by winning the pub quiz!

From Lance Haward

THERE HAS CLEARLY been insufficient controversy in the Letters column of late. How about my getting in first with the enquiry how best the community might celebrate the imminent first Olympic Games of the present Century/Millennium?! (At the time of writing – May – it is entirely conceivable that such might be the only evidence of their being celebrated at all.)

From Anne Miller

A Four-Time MM Challenger...

ON STARTING TO WATCH the latest series of Mastermind I wondered if anyone else shares my dubious distinction of having taken part in all the four different versions of Mastermind? Originally I faced Magnus in the Victorian plush and gilt surroundings of the Theatre at the Royal College of Music. Later I tried the radio version with Peter Snow, then Discovery Mastermind with Clive Anderson. These two were in studios, so not so much atmosphere, and I may add, not so much input from the presenter! No photographs either. Lastly, I have recorded in the current series with John Humphrys, also in a studio. I should be interested to hear if anyone else has subjected themselves to the same number of interrogations.

From Leo Stevenson

Professional Professionals — An Amateur's Perspective

THERE'S A GROWING TREND to keep over-using and abusing the word 'professional'. These are my views on the sad abuse of a word that used to be a neutrally specific description, but which is now so over-used it's almost meaningless. Let's kick off with controversy; with respect to anyone who may have worked in the following jobs, it's very noticeable that teachers and anyone in uniform can often be very fond of referring to themselves or their colleagues as 'professional'. Now the word doesn't mean (as it used to) simply that they're doing what they're doing for a living rather than as an amateur, instead it is now just a pompous general purpose self-congratulatory word used by people in these jobs so that they can be taken more seriously.

Nowadays everyone is professional; from dustmen to nurses, traffic wardens to office workers, so I presume that there are no longer unpaid amateurs doing these jobs any more; no, hang on a minute, there never was! (A digression – whatever happened to vocations? Is being in a vocation too demeaning to say now?). It's also a word that's very popular with the chronically inarticulate as well as the chronically pompous. Last week I heard a policeman on the radio who used the word 'professional' at least seven or eight times in a two minute interview, including a glorious own-goal when he called himself a "professional professional". Wow, that's really impressive, and it separates him out from all the amateur policemen out there.

The previously rare usage of the word 'professional' meaning to be proficient at something, or to be a paid specialist in particular area, has now been expanded to mean anyone who is just good at what they do. In fact, more than that, many people just use 'professional' to mean 'good' or 'impressive', using the word inaccurately and indiscriminately. This reminds me of another howler I heard on a nature programme on Radio Four, when an ornithologist referred – in all seriousness – to a "professional bird of prey". I've also heard someone else refer to a surreal sounding "professional lawn". I know this is a lazy short-hand description of a 'professionally laid or maintained lawn', but even so it does sound very odd. So, if all the word professional means now is 'good' then where is this going to end? Are we going to see 'professional sunsets' or 'professional flowers'? We might as well.

The world of commerce has jumped on this trend to add to its arsenal of up-beat adjectives. Shops are full of things for sale that are labelled 'professional' because it gives them an air of superiority over anything else on the shelf, even if it's undeserved. This trend seems to be unstoppable. We now have 'professional toothbrushes' – presumably for those who earn a living by brushing their teeth, and all DIY stores now sell something that used to be called 'trade paint' but that is now pompously re-labelled 'professional paint' (which can be applied as sloppily as 'amateur paint', but it costs more).

Does all this matter? Yes! – because yet another perfectly good word has been debased and our language is poorer as a result. It's time to have a professional cup of tea.

Ann Kelly encourages attendance at the London regional meetings in the Grape Street wine bar

THE MASTERMIND CLUB has a regional meeting in London on the third Wednesday of the month at the Grape Street Wine Bar, which is just off Shaftesbury Avenue. It is a very pleasant venue and the staff are old friends. The members begin arriving at 6.00pm; this makes it very easy for those who don't live in London or have to commute to be able to attend. The evening finishes when the last person goes home.

The evening is very enjoyable and lively (very lively sometimes!!) with fellow Masterminders gathering to chat and drink and the happy band of regulars would love to see some new (and not so new) faces there. You can be assured of a warm welcome and I can be contacted for directions or any other information you may need.

From Kate Irving

MY THREE FAVOURITE ACTIVITIES are watching and taking part in quizzes, reading books with a dead body on the cover, and creative writing. A couple of years ago while recovering from a prolonged period of illness, I decided to combine them and many months of hard labour followed.

The result is *A Quizzical Corpse*, a comedy murder mystery set against the background of a TV quiz show. There are plenty of quiz scenes - and quiz questions, though they're likely to be easy meat for the readers of this magazine. My imaginary quiz, which is definitely no Mastermind, is called 'It's Them Or Me'. It has incredibly complicated rules, a dodderingly incompetent quizmaster, and ten contestants who have been selected on - let us say - the basis of diversity rather than ability, competing for a prize of £10,000.

Within minutes of leaving the studio, the winner, nationally-known quiz queen Babs Beaumont, is killed by a hit and run driver. Tragic accident, say the police. Fellow-quizzer Molly Massey is not so sure. Days later, a second contestant dies, and this time it's definitely murder. The only link between the two victims is the show. They'd never met before, so why should anyone want them both dead? That's what Molly and her friend Peter Bestwick are determined to find out as they investigate the surviving line-up of oddball contestants. After many alarms and excursions they finally crack the case, but only by restaging the quiz can the double murderer be tricked into self-incrimination.

I'm a huge fan of detective fiction in books and on TV, but have often felt that in many modern murder mysteries the sleuths arrive at the solution through divine inspiration or glaring coincidence, with no proper clues for the reader or viewer to spot. 'A Quizzical Corpse' aims to remedy this, and by a careful study of the text (you can see I used to be a teacher) the reader should be able to spot the killer before the two amateur sleuths.

Former *Brain of Britain*, current *Egghead* and multiple *15 to 1* winner Daphne Fowler was the inspiration for one of the characters (not the killer!), and I was delighted - and relieved - to receive very positive feedback rather than a solicitor's letter. Daphne commented, "It was just so readable and for someone who has taken part in so many auditions and quiz shows, it was so true to life".

It's only fair to say that my book may have more appeal to female quizzers and quiz widows. But enough of this sexist stereotyping! If you're interested, visit

www.authorsonline.co.uk/New/Synopsis.asp?EbookID=352

and click on 'sample'; you can read the first chapter. If you want to read more, contact me in writing: Kate Irving, 13 Park Avenue, Woodthorpe, Nottingham, NG5 4HS, enclosing a cheque for £7.00 made out to Kate Irving. My phone number is 0115 926 1953.

Trick or trap revisited (for the last time, please)

A reply from Ray Ward

I FEEL I MUST RESPOND to the comments (2004:1) on my "Trick or Trap?" piece (2003:4).

I have no desire to press question-setters into a preferred mould, entirely agree that quizzes are for entertainment, and feel it is Lance Haward who is taking things too seriously.

The other comments were brief, polite and good-humoured. Lance, however, is way over the top in his reaction to what was intended to be a brief, light-hearted discussion of a topic I thought might interest Masterminders. Someone who indulges in phrases like "realms of obscurity which most of us will probably not feel worth the journey", "truly daft", "ought to be shut away as a danger to law-abiding citizens", "should be instructed in the harmless, alternative diversion of building Eiffel Tower replicas out of matchsticks, for the safety of his own soul", and "in danger of provoking the cry, '*Bo-ring!*' " really shouldn't criticise anyone else for being "over-heated". I invite **pass** readers to judge who is being boring and over-heated.

One's mind doesn't have to work on a higher plane than "mere mortals" (Susan Leng) for Iceland to mean a country before it means a shop. The point might be valid if Iceland were some obscure, far-away place, but it isn't. I have of course heard of the shop – there's one near me and I use it occasionally – and I can well believe there are people to whom Iceland means a shop before it means a country, and even some who know the shop but have never heard of the country. But I think everyone at Leeds thought the question referred to the country, especially since we often have Iceland-related questions because Magnus comes from there, so I am not alone.

The Iceland question was not legitimate even if answers were accepted from people who thought it meant the country. Nor was the Socrates question acceptable, even if it does have only one possible answer. Although not interested in football I had, very vaguely, heard of the footballer Socrates. However, I am certain everyone (even Stewart Cross, despite his attempt at humour) would have taken the question to mean the philosopher and therefore couldn't possibly get it "right". There was a strong negative reaction when the "answer" was given and murmurs of agreement with my remark that such questions are not legitimate.

Many questions contain proper names with more than one meaning. If they all had to be spelt out with fanatical care to eliminate all possibilities but the one intended many would be of ridiculous length. Common sense requires an assumption that names bear their usual meaning unless otherwise stated. Shakespeare means William the dramatist and Churchill means Sir Winston unless some other Shakespeare or Churchill is specified; London means London, England unless it's made clear that London, Ontario or some other London is meant; and Socrates means the philosopher and Iceland the country in the absence of indications to the contrary.

Lance frankly baffles me. He says the Mugnum's purpose 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, but commends members who submit deliberately misleading questions to which few, if any, could give the "right" answer. Lance appears to be arguing against his own point: the only people likely to be gratified are the setters; most others will simply be irritated at having wasted their time and been taken for a ride.

I don't want to get on too high a horse, but many people wasted much time last year looking up the history of Iceland, and one member lost by half a point because she assumed the question referred to the country and her answer wasn't accepted. People are justifiably cross when they lose narrowly, perhaps after much wasted effort, not because they failed to see a trap (annoying, but not a legitimate cause for complaint, because trap questions **do** have an indubitably correct answer), but because someone was trying to be clever.

Yes, I was trying to be clever with my President Amin question, but it **was** legitimate because, since it contained all the information required to reach the one indisputable answer, it was a trap, not a trick – the distinction my piece sought to elucidate, condemned by Lance as "arbitrary", but clear to me and others. Several people **did** get my question right; indeed, Gavin got it as soon as he saw it. And why is the Quasimodo question, fully meeting the criterion of only one correct answer, "truly daft"? Does Lance consign him to his "obscure" category? He was a distinguished writer, won a Nobel Prize, and I had heard of him before I saw the question. It's questions like the Socrates one which are daft, and represent someone seeking only to gratify themselves, not entertain their fellow members.

Lance may have a point with “connection” questions, which I like and which are indeed open to charges of subjectiveness. But again, common sense should assert itself: all such questions should have one overwhelming connection far more salient than any other. One of my Mugnum questions was: What connects Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln? Now, many answers of varying silliness could be offered – both had beards, both were men, etc. – but obviously the question isn’t seeking anything so prosaic. Far and away the most striking connection is that they were born on the same day, 12 February 1809.

It would, of course, be wrong to base questions on truly private knowledge, known only to one or a few, but my examples **were** based on **general** knowledge which many people would know.

Lance says the first six are straightforward. In fact, I saw no less a person than the astronomer Heather Couper fall into the Q.1 trap and, as I said, several contestants in a Brain of Mensa final fell into the Q.3 trap.

I remember Portugal’s female Prime Minister, so I for one wouldn’t need to do the extensive research Lance implies. The Cholula pyramid is in many editions of that obscure and esoteric work, *The Guinness Book of Records*, and further research confirms it’s the largest in Mexico (therefore larger than Teotihuacan), some sources say the largest in the Americas, and all concur it’s vastly greater in volume than the Egyptian Great Pyramid. There is nowhere called Chimhan in Peru; perhaps Lance means Chichen Itza, where the largest pyramid is smaller than Cholula. And Cahokia’s structure is also smaller in volume than Cholula. The size of any structure is a matter of physical fact, so Lance’s assertion that the jury is still out is wrong and his analogy with the world’s largest city question (which **is** open to argument) is false.

I loved Lance’s have-your-cake-and-eat-it trick of suggesting that Ralph Ellison is so little-known only his relatives will have heard of him while showing off that he (Lance) even knows his middle name! Ellison’s *Invisible Man* is not the obscure work Lance implies, but a modern classic. It was considered sufficiently familiar to form the subject of a *University Challenge* question long ago.

As for Lance’s question, “Where in America will you find the capital of the United States if not in Washington?”, I think he means Mexico and Brazil, presumably on the grounds that both are officially “The United States of ...”. The clues are “America” (without “United States of”) and “United States” (without “of America”). But again, questions of common meanings arise: “America” always means the USA; the entirety of North and South America is called the Americas. Nobody would just call them “America” – except, of course, when they wish to mislead and appear to be clever!

If Lance does mean Mexico and Brazil, the first is disputable, the second (given the question’s present-tense wording) plain wrong. Mexico’s official name is rendered in English as United Mexican States, and Brazil’s official name was changed to the Federal Republic of Brazil – in 1971! Only 33 years out, Lance! But then, Lance’s standards of accuracy are not high, as the non-existent “Chimhan” shows. Note also that on p. 18 he recommends a book by Bamber Gascoigne he calls “Tikker Khan”. Its title is actually *Ticker Khan*.

What the Dickens! The Point of Portsmouth

Stewart Cross recalls the events of a memorable annual gathering

This was Gavin's home turf. For his 5th weekend as organiser he was truly in his element and arranged the weather accordingly for the 70 or so of us that ventured southwards for a memorable weekend.

It started with a highpoint, the Friday night meal on board HMS *Warrior*, that virtually everyone made a point of arriving in time for. As archivist for the *Warrior*, Gavin clearly had the contacts and we were all made most welcome on what was a pleasantly balmy evening, as we initially strode the decks before exploring the depths of this most impressive ship. A formidable array of weaponry made you almost sorry that it never fired a shot in anger. When you eat in such interesting surroundings the food often disappoints. Not so here – an excellent meal with attentive service and good company got us off to an impressive start.

Portsmouth offers so much that it is bewildering, particularly to a first time visitor like me. The naval tradition dominates and the range of nautical attractions is huge (*Victory*, *Mary Rose*, Royal Naval Museum and D-Day Museum to mention the obvious). An excellent trip round the harbour revealed a large number of ships in port, including *Ark Royal*, *Invincible* and *Nottingham*. You remember *Nottingham*, so infamously caught on rocks off Australia, crippled and towed home. We subsequently saw *Nottingham* going out on manoeuvres, ratings neatly lined up on deck as she slid past – stirring stuff. The following morning HMS *Brambleleaf*, a supply ship, set off for the Gulf in glorious sunshine. How much we take for granted.

Dominating all is the Spinnaker Tower, Portsmouth's half-finished Millennium project (it made our own Millennium Project problems in Carlisle seem positively miniscule!), a drain on the tax payers of Portsmouth for some years to come I fear. An interesting aside was Yoko Ono's 'Morning Rays' sculpture in Portsmouth cathedral, a construction of rope, rocks and sleepers that was surprisingly peaceful in a building of great serenity. My guidebook dismisses it unfairly as lacking in character and searching for its identity. Everywhere are the literary connections: the birthplace of Dickens, Meredith and Olivia Manning, the city where Conan Doyle wrote his first Sherlock Holmes story and where H. G. Wells worked unhappily in a draper's shop that was to inspire *The History of Mr Polly*.

Gavin's fascinating Saturday afternoon tour took in old Portsmouth, leading us over fortifications and walls, through Round and Square towers (how inventive these Hampshire folk are when it comes to names!) and up to Portsmouth Point for a magnificent panorama of the harbour. We passed the places where General Wolfe's body lay on its return from Canada; where John Felton, assassin of the Duke of Buckingham was hung on a gibbet; where Alexander Seaton, the last man to be killed in a duel in England died, and where Charles II married Catherine of Braganza. History really did come alive. In the midst of such erudition, as if to prove how sad we can sometimes be, a brief competition to tell the corniest joke was ended when Ray Ward's effort was deemed so bad as to be beyond reach. (For the record: If Isla St Clair had married Barry White, would she be Isla White? and if she subsequently divorced him and married Bryan Ferry, would she be Isla White Ferry? Nuff said!)

By Saturday evening several of us glowed lobster red from the unexpectedly strong sunshine (Tony Dart, Arfor Wyn Hughes and myself especially) and we could all have lit up darkened rooms. The evening saw the customary dinner and Magnum quiz, excellently mounted, and with Magnus in sparkling form. A good selection of themed rounds included scarcely surprising rounds on Portsmouth, Hampshire, the Navy and Dickens, and, less predictably, Darting Around, a homage to the retiring President, Tony Dart. Rather neatly, the last question of the evening concerned the track 'The End' featured in *Apocalypse Now* and recorded by The Doors. The Quiz was won, ultimately very comfortably, by Geoff Thomas, some consolation, no doubt, for the appalling form of Manchester City! The general conviviality of the evening continued unabated in the bar, with several of us burning the midnight oil, but all outlasted by Gavin's Mum who seemed genuinely disappointed when we wimpish 'youngsters' finally retired. It was fitting that Mr and Mrs Fuller attended this function as guests of Gavin and I hope they enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed having them there.

Sunday morning saw the AGM, which I will leave to the Secretary to report on, save only for two points. Rightly, tribute was paid to the late Keith Scott, for many years the Club's auditor. His widow, Marga, was, of course, at the weekend, and I feel sure that Keith's spirit wasn't too far away. The retirement of Tony Dart as club President can't go unmentioned, as his tireless devotion to the well-being of the club over some 14 years of committee membership is in no small part the reason for the club's financial stability and continuing success. Well done, Tony, and thanks. And good luck to Craig Scott, his successor as President (it somehow seems right to have an American President, even without the use of chads!).

Many of those of us who stayed on over Sunday night went up to Fort Nelson after lunch, a part of the Royal Armouries Museums, to see a demonstration of mortar firing in full period costume, as well, of course, as its fascinating collection of artillery. A Turkish cannon, sculpted as a gaping lion with the barrel emerging from its mouth, caught my eye especially. The views alone made it worthwhile, not to mention the most stunning carpet of wild cowslips I've seen in many a year. We met Gavin's sister and his young nephew, Matthew, there, who, besides obviously doting on Uncle Gavin, adopted a Falkland-like policy of counting us in and counting us out again, determined that we wouldn't be misled and we obligingly didn't get lost. Another pleasant and convivial evening swiftly followed (enough already – there's only so much conviviality a reader can take!)

A final comment. It was good to see a couple of new faces this year at the function. I hope you felt you were made to feel a welcome part of the Mastermind Club, and that you enjoyed the experience enough to join us again next year at Newcastle, and that others may join you. Mind you, it must be said that Portsmouth will be a tough act to follow...

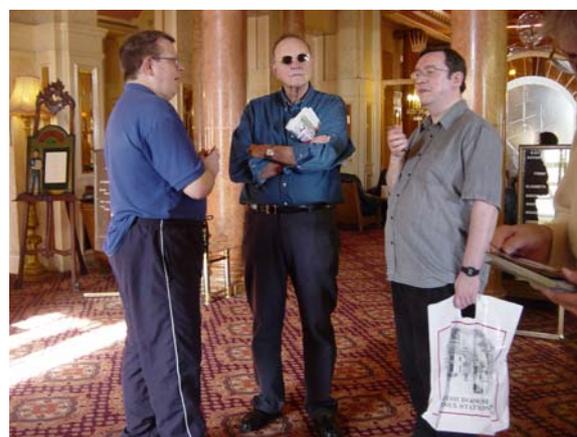
And a quick postscript from Gavin...

It was a pleasure to get you all down to my home turf for the Annual Reunion this year, and a joy to see it all go so well once we got there – I hope everyone who went there enjoyed themselves; I certainly did, which is not always the case as organiser! My parents commented on the warmth and friendliness of all they met whilst there, which helped make the evening for them, and reaffirmed to me all that is best about this Club of ours. The only problem when sorting out such a successful weekend is trying to live up to it next year, but I'll do my best! Next year will see us in Newcastle/Gateshead on the weekend of 1st to 3rd April, and I'll have more on that in the next issue.

Photographic memories of the Annual Reunion in Portsmouth



The early arrivals discuss the merits of the Queen's Hotel



Geoff decided to try the *Mafioso* look...



Low ceilings were a bit of a problem, but...



On Saturday afternoon, an intrepid expedition followed Gavin as he took a tour round the highlights of the old city



...dinner on the Friday night on HMS *Warrior* was a particular highlight



Was this Portsmouth's answer to the Blarney stone...?



Gavin gave a talk about the history of the ship, and demonstrated his key to the ship's archives...!



Preparing for Sunday's AGM



The Editor was rather concerned that Ray Ward (the photographer) was about to fall off the edge of Fort Nelson...



The view from the promenade past Spitbank Fort to the Isle of Wight



Now, who should be volunteered to be the human cannonball?



The Queen's Hotel was a splendid venue for a very enjoyable reunion...



The War Memorial on Southsea Common.

Photos courtesy of Gavin Fuller and Ray Ward.

Annual General Meeting 2004

MINUTES OF THE 26th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE MASTERMIND CLUB

held in the Elizabeth Room, Queen's Hotel, Southsea: 10.45 Sunday 25th April 2004

Gavin Fuller, Secretary

Apologies: Keith Bogle, Michael Davison, Barbara-Anne Eddy, Mary Gibson, Christopher Gifford, Sue Jenkins, Mel Kinsey, Josephine Lawrey, Christine Moorcroft, R A Gordon Stuart, Kate Vernon-Parry, Yvonne Weir, Felicity Widdowson.

2003 AGM Minutes: The minutes of the 25th AGM at Le Meridien Metropole Hotel, Leeds, on 30th March 2003 were taken as read and signed as a true record. There were no matters arising.

Election of Club Committee for 2004 and 2005: Tony Dart after 14 years as President had decided that it was time for him to stand down from the post. Gerald MacKenzie was thus handed the Chair for the meeting, and firstly proposed that Tony should, like him, be made Life Vice-President of the Club. This was passed by acclamation, although there was one dissenter. Gerald then proposed that Craig Scott be appointed President in succession to Tony, and this was also passed by acclamation. Craig was invited to make an inaugural address, which he did, reflecting on his past and hoping that there would be a co-operative spirit and that the Club would carry on going from strength to strength. All the committee were willing to carry on, and Dr Ken Emond was joining the committee as PASS Editor, and was warmly welcomed into the role. With Craig now installed as President the Chair passed to him.

Treasurer's Report: Paul Henderson reported that the Club's accounts were only in draft form at the moment, but showed that 2003 had seen a loss of just over £3,000, basically accounted for by the loss made on the AGM where the Saturday dinner was free to attending members. Final figures would be published in PASS. 2004's AGM was also likely to make a slight loss. However, subscriptions would continue at £7.

Appointment of Auditor: Paul paid tribute to Keith Scott's work as auditor – he had been invaluable to himself and Tony before him in keeping the Club's finances ticking over and putting up with a fair number of oddities in the process, something that Marga Scott could testify to from first-hand knowledge! Sadly, Keith's death left the role vacant. Suggestions were sought as to a replacement from the floor, and Marga suggested that a reciprocal arrangement be set up with her local Cat's Protection League, which also was in need of one, in which a suitable Club member audit their books whilst their accounting person audited the Club's. As it was pointed out a professional auditor would likely be far too expensive, whilst there was an accountant (albeit not trained in that aspect) on the Committee in Tony, so there seemed to be some mileage in this suggestion and it was decided to examine this further.

PASS: Craig reported that despite the upheaval caused by him moving to Helensburgh to open a bookshop he had still been able to get 4 issues out, and was now passing the burden onto Ken, so all contributions should be sent to Ken now. Craig also apologised for the distortion inflicted on the reproduction of Leo Stevenson's painting of Keith in the last issue.

Club Charity: Gerald reported the great thanks that Eurolief had for the money raised by the Club for it over the past year, and particularly to Tim Robey for raising money via a collection of his poetry. Around £600 had been raised over the past year, enabling Eurolief to fund a community nurse for the elderly in Romania, rather than sending out medicines which then fell foul of corruption there. He hoped that the Club could continue sponsoring the charity. Marga then proposed that for 2004 the charity be changed to that of St Oswald's Hospice, where Keith had spent his last days, and praised the staff there for their skill and care in looking after the terminally ill, citing Keith's experience there. The hospice gets a subsidy from the NHS but needs more to be able to do its estimable work to the best of its ability. This proposal was seconded by Sheila Ramsden, but counter-proposed by Gerald who suggested that a donation to the hospice be made out of Club funds. Paul put a compromise suggestion that whatever was raised in the AGM for Eurolief continuing as the Club Charity be matched pound-for-pound by a

donation from Club funds to St Oswald's – this was accepted without a vote, although there was a fair bit of dissent to this. £286.16 was raised for Euro Relief, and thus also for St Oswald's.

President's Report: Tony reflected over his 21 years on the Committee, first as Treasurer, then as President. Back in 1983 there was basically no money in the bank and a very wobbly club, now it was thriving, and he thanked all the committee members for their work over this time and the general membership for helping the Club to its current healthy state.

At this point coffee arrived, and a 15-minute hiatus ensued for refreshment.

Membership Secretary's Report: Peter Chitty reported that 2004 had seen the biggest fall of members in his 14 years as Membership Secretary, with 6 deaths, 8 resignations and 15 failures to renew, offset by 5 new members from the upcoming series, whilst John Humphrys had accepted Honorary Membership. It was felt that criticism of the new series of Mastermind should not be put into PASS as this would not encourage new members. Peter was thanked for his work by acclamation.

Insignia: Patricia Owen informed members that this was her last report, her downsizing forcing her to pass on the mantle to Phillida Grantham who would look after the insignia in future. Sales over the last year had been slow, although they were proving encouraging at Portsmouth. Patricia was thanked for her work with insignia, as was Phillida for taking it on.

Annual Functions 2004, 2005 and 2006: It was felt that this year's function had gone well, with the glorious weather being particularly remarked upon. Ann Kelly noted that Portsmouth and its locality had proved to have a wide range of attractions, giving something for everyone.

As regards to 2005 Gavin Fuller wished to propose Newcastle, it being a North year. He explained that this was partly as a further tribute to Keith, but also to the North East members who had been supportive over the years. This proposal was passed nem con, much to Gavin's relief as he had already started preliminary work on it.

Gerald then made an early proposal for 2006, namely Exeter. This would be looked into in due course.

Magnum Competition: Gavin defended the testing nature of the questions, given the quality of contender he was setting for.

Mugnum Finals: Gavin Fuller reported that this year the the Mugnum had again proved testing, with 16 individual and 4 team entries, the majority getting under half marks from the 44 questions set. David Edwards won the Individual prize with a score of 25.6, beating Kevin Ashman into second, with Geoff Thomas third. The Somesorts team of Ken Emond, Phillida Grantham and Paul Henderson won the team prize again, with Gavin lamenting that they never seemed this formidable when playing alongside himself in the Quiz League of London! Sheila Ramsden set the easiest question, everybody getting hers correct, but declined to accept her prize for this.

Any other business: None.

There being no further business, the President closed the meeting at 12.00.

Master Quiz 2004

Phillida Grantham provides the answers to Round 1 of this year's Master Quiz.

Thank you and congratulations to all those who entered for Round 1. I am delighted to say that no question was left unanswered, though I had to wait a long time for the origin of the Duke of Wellington's title and Queen Victoria's vital statistics. The theme prize went to Geoff Thomas with an encyclopaedic knowledge of music and the *in absentia* prize was won by Michael Formby. Do come in person next year, Michael!

1. Sandie Shaw (*Puppet on a String*)
2. Zero
3. Norwich City
4. Switzerland
5. A donkey
6. The State of the Union
7. Tchaikovsky
8. A cantor
9. *Locomotion*
10. Calculus
11. Amboise, France
12. The cello
13. The Atacama
14. Pontius Pilate
15. Manuel de Falla
16. John Christie, with his wife Audrey Mildmay
17. Camille Pissarro
18. Displays of tulips
19. Chelsea Football Club
20. *Typewriter*
21. Led Zeppelin
22. Bagpipes
23. A die loaded at the corner
24. *Signals passed at danger*
25. *A Nation Once Again* by the Wolfe Tones
26. Mice
27. Sight
28. Albert Bridge
29. St Paul's Girls School
30. 1980
31. A goal which, if scored without reply by half-time of the extra time (15 minutes) ends the match in favour of the side which scored it
32. They prevented their necks being chafed as they looked up to spot the enemy above
33. Geese
34. Evelyn Glennie
35. James
36. Russ Conway
37. Budapest
38. Halle Berry
39. Diane Abbott
40. "Can't get away to marry you today, my wife won't let me"
41. Saturn
42. Sneezing
43. Richard Strauss
44. Japan
45. An army
46. Chris Columbus
47. MI5
48. The Heavens, or The Sky Above
49. (a) Tigger (b) Charlie
50. 1977
51. Bunny Berrigan
52. Aspirin
53. Malta
54. Best Comedy Act
55. Achille
56. Guys and Dolls
57. 48 inches
58. Birmingham
59. Bela Bartok
60. Talc
61. Gaborone, Botswana
62. John Prescott
63. Raeburn
64. A South American bird of prey
65. *Teddy Girl*, an antique teddy bear
66. Wrigley's chewing gum
67. Separation by the parts of a compound word by a word or words

68. West Ham United
69. Tammy Wynette
70. Best young rider under the age of 25
71. A plum
72. Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome
73. At the altar of the Greyfriars Monastery in Dumfries
74. Roy Williamson wrote *Flower of Scotland*
75. As he was still in Spain, the title was chosen for him by his brother William, who looked at a map and found the town of Wellington in Somerset. This he thought appropriate as it was near a village called Welleslie which, incidentally, seems to have vanished off the maps of today
76. Kodak
77. The Waveney
78. Hadleyville
79. *Frankie Goes to Hollywood*
80. Longbourne (apologies for the extra 't')
81. Nickel and silver
82. They all died of malaria
83. There were two sets of brothers in the crews
84. Ben Watt (*Everything but the Girl*)
85. Gordon Sumner
86. Ravel's *Bolero*
87. Casa Rosada (Pink House)
88. Almonds
89. Turn over immediately
90. Queen Anne's
91. Both were profoundly deaf
92. Dorothy L. Sayers
93. Vaduz
94. Vangelis
95. Marianne, the symbol of France
96. An award for older writers
97. Alex Parks
98. The jagged cutting of a document in two halves so that correct matching proved authenticity, the notched line resembling teeth
99. George V
100. Tommy Simpson's, as he lay dying in the *Tour de France*

MASTER QUIZ 2004

Master Quiz/ Magnum 2004 Results

Gavin Fuller on this year's competition.

Sadly, in keeping with the drop in numbers attending the Annual Function this year there was a fall in the entries for this year's Master Quiz, particularly Part 2 which saw only 25 entries, 31 having entered Phillida's Part 1. Let's hope this is a temporary blip, as I must admit I do enjoy setting the questions and receiving your answers, even if some of you have rather less enjoyment on reading the questions set!

Anyway, at the top of the table there was some excellent scoring, with no less than 5 people scaling the heights of the 700s this year. It couldn't have been closer at the summit this year, as just one point separated the top two – Mastermind 1990 David Edwards totalling a superb 760 to shade Geoff Thomas into a second place he's been getting unfortunately used to of late, whilst Michael Formby was only a further 6 points adrift in 3rd, and won the *In Absentia* Prize, Geoff's musical knowledge getting him Phillida's themed prize. Also impressing was Stewart Cross, who scored 618 on U only. With 3 of the top 9 not at Portsmouth, plus 10th-placed Tim Westcott as well, the qualifiers for the final went down to number 13, allowing Marga Scott to make her debut in the Magnum, shading Ann Kelly by a single point, alongside many familiar faces to make for an intriguing-looking competition.

The Queen's Hotel was remarkably efficient in serving dinner, allowing the Magnum to start easily by 9.00, with a new layout of the quiz in the centre of the room with the audience on either side, which seemed to work well. Unfortunately the microphone curse hit again – this time the requested 4 mikes turned out to be a solitary one for Magnus, necessitating the contestants to speak as loud as possible, and Magnus to repeat answers for the edification of the audience. Defending champion Kevin Ashman had decided not to take part this year, a definite boon for me as it enabled to set locally-based rounds that he, living fairly locally in Winchester, on which he would have had a decided advantage! The first round of the competition saw Geoff on fine form, scoring a mighty 26 to head the qualifiers for the Semi-Finals. David Edwards, Peter Richardson and Ray Ward all scored well to qualify, as did Stewart Cross and Ken Emond, despite the latter falling foul of Magnus for the crimes of smugness and over-enthusiasm! Geoff's form continued into the Semis, as he scored 17 to head the scoring again, with Peter coming second on 13, and Ken repeating his third place of last year. I must apologise to Stewart though, as in the final set of semi questions, a round called "Darting About" in honour of our retiring President, he was asked what type of creature a Darter was. The answer I was looking for was a fish, but there is also a type of bird called a Darter, which the resources of the Daily Telegraph Library had regrettably failed to inform me about (Stewart sent me the evidence after), and thus his answer would have been equally valid and had it been accepted thrown him into a tie with Peter, which might have changed things. My thanks to Stewart for not making an issue of this, and my apologies for the unfortunate error.

With the final between two former winners, the Magnum would return to a familiar home, and it soon became clear whose home it would be. Geoff opened up an early lead, and with Peter falling foul of misplaced interruptions in the buzzer round he soon had an unassailable lead, winning 58-22 overall; a worthy winner as he was in awesome, even Ashmanesque, form all evening. Congratulations on his third Magnum victory, commiserations to Peter and the other contestants, and roll on next year's contest, eh?!

The scores in the two qualifying rounds were as follows:

ROUND 1

1.	David EDWARDS	
	406	U/R
2.	Geoff THOMAS (*)	
	388	U/R
3.	Michael FORMBY	
	376	U/R
4.	Ruth NEWBURY	
	372	U/R
5.	Neil CROCKFORD	
	366	U/R
6.	Chris GONET	
	362	U/R
7.	Stewart CROSS	
	359	U only
8.	Peter RICHARDSON	
	348	U/R
9.	David COWAN	
	316	U/R
10.	Tim WESTCOTT	
	313	U/R
11.	Ray WARD	
	298	U/R
12.	Marga SCOTT	
	296	U/R
13.	Ann KELLY	
	294	U Only
14.	Philip WHARMBY	
	290	U/R
15.	Ken EMOND	
	282	U/R
16.	Norman IZZETT	
	281	U/R
17.	Kate VERNON-PARRY	
	269	U/R
18.	Paul EMERSON	
	266	U/R
19.	Patricia COWLEY	
	242	U/R
20.	Clare OCKWELL	
	240	U/R
21.	Eleanor MACNAIR	
	228	U/R
22.	Glenys HOPKINS	
	225	U/R
23.	Margery ELLIOTT	
	224	U/R
24.	Susan LENG	
	222	U/R

ROUND 2

1.	Michael FORMBY	
	377	U/R
2.	Geoff THOMAS	
	371	U/R
3.	Peter RICHARDSON	
	363	U/R
4.	David EDWARDS	
	354	U/R
5.	Chris GONET	
	340	U/R
6.	Philip WHARMBY	
	283	U/R
7.	Leslie GROUT	
	274	U/R
8.	Stewart CROSS	
	269	U only
9.	Ray WARD	
	252	U/R
10.	Ken EMOND	
	251	U/R
11.	Eleanor MACNAIR	
	246	U/R
12.	Norman IZZETT	
	232	U/R
13.	Tim WESTCOTT	
	231	U/R
14.	Paul EMERSON	
	215	U/R
15.	Ruth NEWBURY	
	213	U/R
16.	Patricia COWLEY	
	204	U/R
17.	Ann KELLY	
	202	U only
18.	Marga SCOTT	
	201	U/R
19.	Kate VERNON-PARRY	
	200	U/R
20.	Ian SEWELL	
	197	U/R
21.	Susan LENG	
	160	U/R
22.	Michael DAVISON	
	130	U/R
23.	Wendy FORRESTER	
	127	U/R
24.	Gordon STUART	
	119	U/R

25. Leslie GROUT
220 U/R
26. Ian SEWELL
212 U/R
27. Wendy FORRESTER
208 U/R
28. Michael DAVISON
205 U/R
29. Barbara Anne EDDY
199 U only
30. Joseph HAND
194 U only
31. Gordon STUART
165 U/R

(*) Theme Prize (Music)

25. Barbara Anne EDDY
96 U only

Summary:

		R1	R2	Total
1	David Edwards	406	354	760
2	Geoff Thomas	388	371	759
3	Michael Formby (*)	376	377	753
4	Peter Richardson	348	363	711
5	Chris Gonet	362	340	702
6	Stewart Cross	359	269	618
7	Ruth Newbury	372	213	585
8	Philip Wharmby	290	283	573
9	Ray Ward	298	252	550
10	Tim Westcott	313	231	544
11	Ken Emond	282	251	533
12	Norman Izzett	281	232	513
13	Marga Scott	296	201	497
14	Ann Kelly	294	202	496
15	Leslie Grout	220	274	494
16	Paul Emerson	266	215	481
17	Eleanor Macnair	228	246	474
18	Kate Vernon-Parry	269	200	469
19	Patricia Cowley	242	204	446
20	Ian Sewell	212	197	409
21	Susan Leng	222	160	382
22	Neil Crockford	366		366
23=	Wendy Forrester	208	127	335
23=	Michael Davison	205	130	335
25	David Cowan	316		316
26	Barbara-Anne Eddy	199	96	295
27	Gordon Stuart	165	119	284
28	Clare Ockwell	240		240
29	Glenys Hopkins	225		225
30	Margery Elliot	224		224
31	Joseph Hand	194		194

(*) Wins the *In Absentia* Prize

Mugnum 2004

These are the questions submitted for this year's Mugnum competition, for those who were not present at Portsmouth to try their hand at answering. The answers will be printed in the next edition.

13: (Margery Elliott) Why did Dvorák, during his years in the USA, choose to spend his holidays in Spillville, Iowa ?

21: (Sheila Ramsden) What is the difference between libel and slander?

22: (Peter Richardson) Tom Lehrer announced that satire was dead when he learned of which event?

54 (Gerald MacKenzie) What is incorrect in & about the traditional representation of the Crucifixion of Christ (especially with regard to the stigmata)?

89: (Eleanor MacNair) What was Dr Minor's contribution to the English language?

145: (Ray Ward) Where is your Philtrum?

275: (Tony Dart) The Present Coach of Cardiff RFC is nicknamed "Only the Good". Why?

280: (Leslie Grout) What is the time shown on the clock on the editorial page of *The Times*?

286: (Craig Scott) Brought up in Helensburgh, Asquith called him the "Unknown Prime Minister". Who was he?

287: (Phillida Grantham) Nicholas Parsons' father was a GP. What was his claim to fame?

295: (Richard Green) Who was born and raised at Daisy Hill Puppy Farm?

307: (Christopher Hughes) In London, what used to take place many times a day at the Conduit Change Pit?

337: (Rachel Leonard) The Anglican church of St Albans in Copenhagen belongs to which diocese of the Church of England?

349: (Norman Izzett) What was HMS Warrior's Function 1904-24 in Portsmouth?

412: (Albert Bertin) Of the 6-man Kon-Tiki Expedition (1947), in what 2 ways was Bengt Danielsson unique?

443: (Ann Kelly) What is the connection between the films *The English Patient* and *Cold Mountain* & eating ice cream on the Isle of Wight?

455: (Kevin Ashman) Which war was ended by the Treaty of Portsmouth?

457: (Peter Chitty) In an agricultural connection, what is S.O.D.?

475: (Stewart Cross) What do Ethel Merman and Bob Dylan have in common?

477: (Paul Henderson) Which of Wagner's operas is called *The First Evening of the Festival Play "Das Ring des Nibelungen"*?

526: (Wendy Forrester) Where was the Wizard of Oz born?

532 (Christine Moorcroft) Who was the mother of the Hindu God Ganesh?

549 (Philip Wharmby) How did the character Fallon leave the TV series *Dynasty*?

579: (Anne Miller) What gift is traditional in Britain for a 10th Wedding Anniversary?

629 (David Edwards) Which constituent of the British Isles is often described as “The Island of 20,000 Saints”?

642: (Arfor Wyn Hughes) Who was the first Englishman to play the spy James Bond?

672: (Patricia Cowley) What did Henry Beck design in 1933?

693 (Fred Dyson) What did Wagner write between acts 2 and 3 of *Siegfried*?

696: (Ken Emond) Great Leighs in Essex is to be the first completely new site for a racecourse in Britain since which Somerset racecourse was opened in 1927?

697 (Roy Humphrey) Which claimant to a European throne is the legitimate descendent of a Pope?

729 (R A Gordon Stuart) What is the connection between Portsmouth and a Roman General?

731: (Gavin Fuller) What soubriquet links Sir Jack Hobbs, Sir Noel Coward, Joseph Chamberlain, D W Griffith and Roger Delgado?

766: (Geoff Thomas) What connects *The Witches of Eastwick*, Sydney Opera House and the Year 4004 BC?

823: (Andrew Curtis) What was the name of the 1977 ITV hoax “documentary” which suggested that scientists were secretly living on the Moon?

824: (Sonia Anderson) Which living actor did Gielgud describe as “A Sphinx without a secret”?

825: (Robert Jones) What is our name for the world known by its inhabitants as ‘Malacandra’?

830: (Elizabeth Chase) What was the name of Christopher Smart’s cat? (correct spelling required)

849: (Constance Moore) What is the name of the Patron Saint of Cornwall?

866: (Leo Stevenson) If 'Joe Green' wrote *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto*; then who was the painter 'Nick Chick' who painted *The Worship of the Golden Calf*?

869: (Susan Leng) According to the Office of National Statistics 2003 survey of babies’ names, what was the most popular name for a boy and a girl?

875 (Clare Ockwell) Free Tailed, Leaf Nosed and False Vampire are all varieties of which creature?

877: (Timothy Robey) Where did Stanley find Livingstone?

899: (Marga Scott) What is the connection between Gavin Fuller and Fanny Price, the heroine of Jane Austen’s *Mansfield Park*?

955 (Paul Emerson) An argument over which common item in everyday use led to a war between Bolivia and Paraguay in 1932?

Florence will recite

Wendy Forrester recalls her grandmother's party piece

I hope that many school photographs were taken on the occasion of the Queen's Golden Jubilee. Perhaps in the twenty-second century someone will pick up a treasured picture of her great-grandmother in the distant days of 2002 and smile tenderly. "Look at those quaint shoes – trainers, I think they used to call them. And those trousers were called jeans, I believe."

I have a school photograph taken for Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887. My grandmother is in the back row, a pretty fair-haired girl of eleven.



Although she confessed to carrying her slate so that the answer to a difficult sum might be artistically smudged, I believe she was good at most lessons, but I don't think needlework interested her greatly. She enjoyed reciting much more, and when the teacher – perhaps her beloved Miss Atkinson, remembered over many years – said, "Now, girls, if you are good, Florence may recite", she came into her own. I have no doubt that the other girls enjoyed listening while they diligently sewed, because my grandmother was a born reciter. If she had been born fifty years later she might perhaps have chosen to go on the stage, although *her* grandmother, a formidable lady who was an important influence in her life, would certainly have blanched with horror at the idea. Florence once announced proudly that she was to appear last at a concert. "And, you know, Grandma, in the theatre that's the most important place." "Don't compare it with the theatre, Florence" shuddered my great-great-grandmother.

When I was ten or eleven I much enjoyed rendering my original verses such as "September" or "Dressing a Fairy" at parties or school concerts, with the coy attribution "By me". I don't suppose my captive audiences enjoyed my performances nearly as much as my grandmother's enjoyed hers, and possibly they groaned sotto voce, although I was happily unaware of it. Four or five years later, Upper Four were required to recite from "Poems of Today" to the class, but I think this was less to prove their skill in doing so than that they had digested the works. Several people, I remember, chose a rather frivolous piece about a yellow china shepherd who ended up in pieces in the grate.

Victorian recitations were a good deal more dramatic than "Poems of Today". Probably my grandmother's favourite piece was "The Lifeboat", which I discovered, many years later, was by the celebrated writer of narrative verse, George R. Sims.

“When the sea is a hell of waters
And the strongest holds his breath
As they hear the cry for the lifeboat
The summons may be – to death.”

I quote only from memory – the memory of the thrill in my grandmother’s voice. One of the lifeboat crew had a desperately ill wife, and wondered how he could possibly leave her alone, but she told him that every man in the wreck “was some poor mother’s son”. In fact, when the wreck was reached one of the sailors saved proved to be their own son.

There was also a pathetic poem, “The Road to Heaven”, about a little boy taken to hospital.

“Then, to the kind old doctor
‘Please, are you God?’ he said.”

I should very much like to trace two of her poems, which I don’t think were by Sims. One highly dramatic one began “Twelve good men have found me guilty”, and included the bloodcurdling line, “They’ll hang me on the gallows, mother.” I believe the hero was found innocent and reprieved.

The other was a comic “encore”, about a marital quarrel, to lift the atmosphere after the serious pieces. It began, “Villain! Coward! I despise you”, and ended, “Nevermore I’ll contradict you – but that coffee, it was strong.”

I wonder if any little girls today may be sewing a fine seam while one of their number entertains with a stirring recitation. It would be nice to think so.

Eurolief

The Club's Honorary Vice-President, K. Gerald Powell MacKenzie, proposed at the AGM that the Club should renew its support for *Eurolief*. The work of this charity bringing vital medical supplies and hope to the poverty-stricken people of Romania is described below.

Eurolief is a charity which has been dedicated to delivering humanitarian aid into desperately deprived areas of Eastern Europe for about twelve years. In an attempt to meet the needs brought about by changing times, it has been adapting its methods of providing aid, and is now actively involved in a number of projects. Trustees have made personal missions with financial aid — helped by long-standing and trusted contacts, they have been able to buy large quantities of food, soap and disinfectant for distribution to the Mental Institution at Vulcan outside the town of Brasov, and to the poor people in the town of Targu Mures. In addition, Eurolief has helped to start a Language Laboratory in one school, by providing a television, video player and tape recorder, which will enable the teaching staff to run English Language courses, providing hitherto undreamt of resources.

The funds provided by the Club have been especially used to support a programme initiated by the local Church in Targu Mures, whereby a Community Nurse is employed to visit and care for the elderly in and around the town, a welcome move towards social awareness and regard for the needs of the most vulnerable within the Community. A full-time Community Nurse can be supported for a year for just £700 sterling. Gerald MacKenzie was at the Club AGM, of course, while at the same time his Fellow Trustee, John Bird, was on another trip to Romania, in the company of a local GP, to see first-hand the work of the community nurse, with a view to expanding the project and engaging a second qualified nurse. In a recent letter from Romania, the success of the project was highlighted: "She is nursing about forty people by now. We got a blood sugar measurer (I don't know the word for the medical instrument), a donation from our lady doctor. The nurse has a certain programme, she visits people at their houses and one day she is waiting for people who come for blood pressure measuring, or injections. We consider this a good start. We started also to raise money for our project. We buy nappies for adults, we are often asked for these items. Please tell these news for all people who have helped your project and transmit our gratitude for them."

Gerald and his fellow Trustees are deeply grateful to the Club and its generosity. Although an active charity, it is small, and a budget of some £3,000 a year is needed to continue its Mission. The Club's contribution, plus the sales of Timothy Robey's book *Nameverse* provided nearly 15% of this sum. Of course, £3,000 translates in real value in aid to a great deal more in Romania, and none of the Trustees takes a penny in expenses, so all financial contributions go to their proper destinations. Most of all, emphasis should be placed on the gratitude of the recipients themselves.

St Oswald's Hospice

Marga Scott proposed an alternative charity for the Club's support in 2004, and it was agreed at the AGM to match the collection raised for *Eurolief* with a donation from Club funds to St Oswald's Hospice, Newcastle, in memory of Keith Scott. Here the work of this charity in providing a major resource in palliative care is briefly described.

St. Oswald's Hospice in Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne, is a charity that values the life of each person and is committed to excellence in Specialist Palliative Care. This basic philosophy defines the values of the organisation for patients, families, carers and all those involved in its work.

Like most such charities, it relies on a great deal of effort and goodwill from among its many supporters to assist in fundraising. Among a range of sponsored events, one supporter, Jeremy Middleton, has gone to considerable lengths to raise funds for the Hospice. So far he has climbed Mount Kilimanjaro, and then completed a sponsored North Pole trek. Another, 86-year old Mary Lambert has abseiled down the rock face at Kielder Water, floated high above Northumberland in a hot air balloon, and donned leathers and crash helmet for a ride on a Harley Davidson, all in the name of St. Oswald's. Of course it isn't just through taking things to the extreme that people can help, and the contribution made by the Mastermind Club after the AGM has been very gratefully received. As Fundraising Clerk Carole Jacobs noted in her letter of thanks, the Hospice relies "heavily on the generosity of the public to provide our services. It is only with this help and support that we can continue to offer and improve our care." We have been assured that the donation will be used wisely and carefully to care for patients and their families.

The services offered by St Oswald's includes Adult Inpatients, where the clinical team offers a combination of physical, emotional and spiritual support which helps each person in its care to enjoy the best possible quality of life. An Adult Day Hospice provides adult patients and their carers with a day's respite, usually once or twice a week, while Adult Outpatients and Adult Outreach Services are also offered, the latter offering consultant specialists the opportunity to provide sessions within hospitals and community services across Northumberland, Newcastle and Gateshead. A recent addition was the commissioning of a new children's service, fully operational from 2003. It is heartening to know that this new service is already making a positive impact on the lives of children and their families who have been referred to the Hospice.

All in all, Club members would surely agree that this was a very worthwhile cause to support, and a fitting commemoration of Keith Scott.

The Fourth Side of the Yard

Fred Dyson

There is a wall on the fourth side of the yard.
It faces East
It is, in fact, a limit.
Beyond it lies a world which is not for us.
So, we look at the stone which is the limit —
We imagine that world which stretches out beyond it.
The stone is very old, and very hard —
But then, how old and how hard?

Once, the sea had washed this stone —
There was a time when it divided other worlds,
Another time when it defined another limit,
Another time when the stuff this wall is made from
was warm, and moved, supporting life,
Bathed in sunlight, and like water encapsulated life.
Crystalline, it is built from Silicon and Oxygen,
Transformed and weathered almost out of recognition,
And now disguised by Lichens which conceal the Mason's cuts.

So, it is a limit both in space and time,
And here and now the randomness of Nature finds another form,
Flowing through this stone and hand from which the light reflects,
And even now where heat is still absorbed.

Across the wall the chlorophyll is crawling:
It was like this long ago — lying well beyond this grasp —
Such survival makes its own comment,
And it will speak when we are silent.

This Summer's Wall

Fred Dyson

The sunlight patterned light and shade on the pictures on this Summer's wall:
Its warmth embraced, containing growth, embracing warmth

The window was open — open to the sounds of the street —
Open to the sound of changing gears and acceleration —
Open to invading smoke, suspended dust from burning garden rubbish —
Open to a sunlit world, refusing entry to nothing —
Open most to light itself, patterning the pictures,
Looking at the Earth from another Moon at this other time,
At this other Here, this embracing light,
Warming the shadows of another world —
Highlighting the lack of depth of photographs and illuminating potential —
Pointing to a sketch of telescopes which somehow grew from generosity —
Embracing and expressing hope, discovery and exploration, promise —
Illuminating shadows of another time and another Earth,
Highlighting that potential appropriate and consummate with Summer
When gears change, accelerating the year,
Expanding the sounds of the drifting street and this suspended fire.

Time was telescoping:
The dark swift banked,
The down-pulsed stroke responded to expanding air —
The incline of roofs sounded to the echoing shriek, exuberant —
The sun clinging warm to the garden's dust, generous —
The bird pressed high into the air and telescoped the street —
Another Earth below it, waiting for the Moon, cool.

Open through this window light cut
patterning, penetrating, penumbrate —
Held the air and my hand in a unity, warm.

Kenneth

Timothy Robey

Though portraying Douglas Bader,
Anglicising Fractured Jaw
And advising Cinderella
Kenneth did a great deal More.

Kenneth speaks for *Just a Minute*
In his modulated drawl;
Carries on without repeating;
Does not deviate at all.

By the River Thames at Pangbourne,
Waking from financial mode,
Kenneth of the Bank of England
Dreams of Badger, Mole and Toad.

Tickling-Stick shock-headed humour
Flows from Laugh-a-Minute Ken
With his Knotty Ash jam butties
And his Diddy-Doddy men.

In a Crucible at Sheffield,
Unlike alchemists of old,
Kenneth transmutes reds and colours
Into pocketfuls of gold.

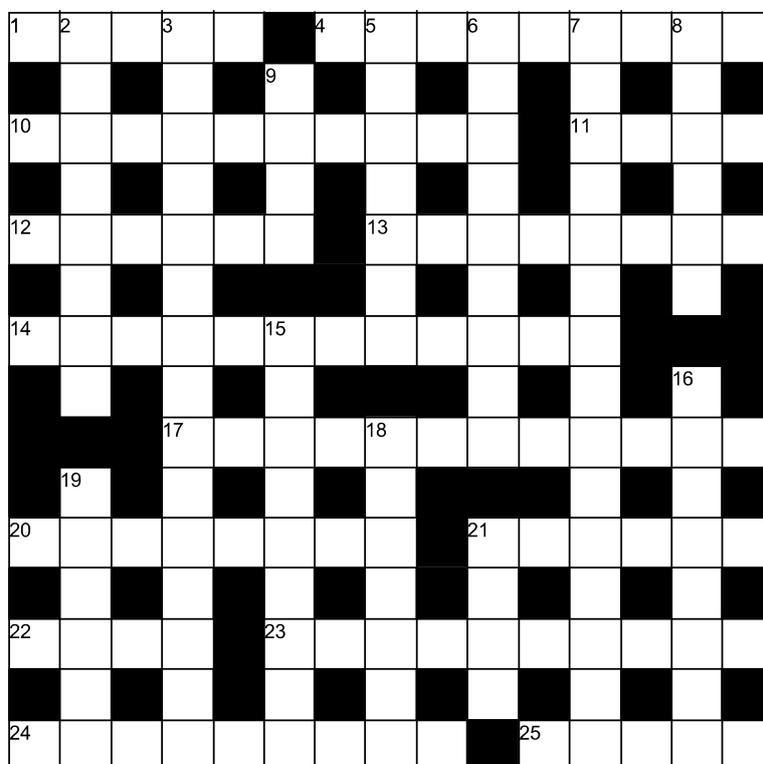
Loach, Kaunda, Rosewall, Baker,
Gray and *Goodridge*, *Barr* and *Horne* —
Livingstone's the last I'll mention
Lest excess engender scorn.

Thank you Craig and thank you Sarah;
All your work has been first class —
Hail to Editor Ken Emond
and the future health of **pass**.

Copies of *Nameverse* are still available from:
Timothy Robey, 26 Cornwall Way, Southport, PR8 3SQ.
The price is £2 post free and the proceeds will go to Euro Relief.

Crossword

by *Gadfan*



ACROSS

- 1 A month to live perhaps (5)
- 4 Condition of beef (9)
- 10 Very quietly, I paid penniless old Simon's damages (10)
- 11 Non-stick utensil for artist's buffet (4)
- 12 Keep out crafty pub-crawler,...(6)
- 13 ...covered in oil, dishevelled, and no tie! (8)
- 14,17 Show compiled from mythically funny Goon scripts (almost all forgotten) (5,7,6,6)
- 17 See 14
- 20 Vegetable entirely in shoot (8)
- 21 Insect that woman found in a flower (6)
- 22 Post-match report... (4)
- 23 ...promised in error and put away after a sentence (10)
- 24 Grain in coating replaced with something silky, giving some colour (8)
- 25 Tied races? (5)

DOWN

- 2 Stirring rabble-rouser? (8)
- 3 Queen Anne's bounty possibly made allowance for clerical errors (7,2,6)
- 5 Agent bringing corruption from the West we hear (7)
- 6 Embracing the simple life, Albert retired from tropical zoo management (9)
- 7 Applications from executives (15)
- 8 Naughtiness cut short by seasickness (6)
- 9 Leading estate agent sets up view (4)
- 15 Medic puts Scot on medication (9)
- 16 The conscience of a frightful poseur for instance (5-3)
- 18 Undisclosed number less than ten on target for bowler (7)
- 19 Better without exercise at first, but in greater pain... (6)
- 21 ...without you to examine this mouth of mine (4)

Notable Addresses Quiz solution and results

Brian Bovington

As usual, thanks to all who took part. David Edwards, one of 6 entrants with a perfect 30, wins the Book Token.

Brian's latest quiz appears on the back cover

Results:

- 30: Neil Crockford
David Edwards (WINNER)
Paul Emerson
Ruth Newbury
Timothy Robey
Michael L Taylor
- 29: Sonia Anderson
Patricia Cowley
Jim Prendergast
Phil Wharmby
- 28: Mike Formby
- 27: Patricia Owen
- 25: Eleanor Macnair (Unseen)

Solution:

- 1. Windsor
- 2. Dickens
- 3. Sterne
- 4. Lee
- 5. Bligh
- 6. Munthe
- 7. Carlyle
- 8. Patti
- 9. Baird
- 10. Thompson
- 11. Moore
- 12. Quin
- 13. Campbell
- 14. MacArthur
- 15. Wilberforce
- 16. Shaw
- 17. Hendrix
- 18. Herschel
- 19. Livingstone
- 20. Bennett
- 21. White
- 22. Tebbutt
- 23. Coleridge
- 24. Lowry
- 25. Barrie
- 26. Gainsborough
- 27. Lawrence
- 28. Christie
- 29. Mansfield
- 30. Potter

19th Century Famous People Quiz

Brian Bovington sets another challenge

In 1999, I set for **pass** a 20th Century Famous People Quiz. Now the spotlight falls on the 19th century. Each year from 1800 to 1899 inclusive refers to a specific person, giving their best-known first name, sphere of activity, and place of birth as clues. The year in each case is that of their birth. Titles etc. are not included.

The object of the quiz is to find the surname (actual or assumed as the case may be), and I will award a £10 Book Token to the sender of the most correct entry examined after the closing date **30 September 2004**. As usual, should more than one entry tie for highest score attained, the earliest checked will be adjudged the winner. Send entries to Brian Bovington, 63 Lake Road, Stalybridge, Cheshire, SK15 1JE.

1800, Thomas, historian, Rothley Temple
1801, Vincenzo, composer, Catania
1802, Victor, writer, Besançon
1803, Hector, composer, Côte de Saint-André
1804, Ludwig, philosopher, Landshut
1805, Joseph, religious leader, Sharon
1806, Benito, president, San Pueblo Guelatao
1807, Marietta, singer, Cassano d'Adda
1808, Jefferson, president, Christian County
1809, Felix, composer, Hamburg
1810, Robert, composer, Zwickau
1811, Robert, scientist, Göttingen
1812, Théodore, artist, Paris
1813, Giuseppe, composer, Roncole
1814, William, architect, London
1815, Julia, photographer, Calcutta
1816, Philo, inventor, Litchfield
1817, Henry, writer, Concord
1818, Marius, ballet-master, Marseille
1819, Jacque, composer, Cologne
1820, Friedrich, philosopher, Barmen
1821, Richard, explorer, Torquay
1822, Thomas, writer, Uffington
1823, William, politician, New York
1824, Charles, rope-walker, St. Omer
1825, Paul, politician, Colesberg
1826, John, almanac founder, Brighton
1827, Marie, singer, Liège
1828, Henrik, writer, Skien
1829, Louis, pianist, New Orleans
1830, Camille, artist, St. Thomas
1831, James, scientist, Edinburgh
1832, Lewis, writer, Daresbury
1833, Alfred, scientist, Stockholm
1834, James, artist, Lowell
1835, Henri, violinist, Lublin
1836, Isabella, writer, London
1837, George, admiral, Montpelier
1838, Georges, composer, Paris
1839, George, businessman, Birmingham

1840, Claude, artist, Paris
1841, Georges, statesman, La Vendée
1842, Camille, astronomer, Montigny-le-Roi
1843, William, president, Niles
1844, John, actor-manager, Giggleswick
1845, Gabriel, composer, Pamiers
1846, Charles, political leader, Avondale
1847, Annie, theosophist, London
1848, Paul, artist, Paris
1849, William, industrialist, in Ohio
1850, Samuel, labour leader, London
1851, Walter, surgeon, Belroi
1852, Frank, businessman, Rodman
1853, Vincent, artist, Groot-Zundert
1854, Edward, politician, Dublin
1855, Arthur, writer, London
1856, Robert, explorer, Cresson Springs
1857, Samuel, editor-publisher, Forcess
1858, Rudolf, engineer, Paris
1859, Cass, architect, Zanesville
1860, Raymond, president, Bar-le-Duc
1861, William, ship owner and art collector, Glasgow
1862, Claude, composer, St. Germain-en-Laye
1863, George, philosopher, Madrid
1864, Roger, patriot, Sandycove
1865, Carl, composer, Nörre-Lyndelse
1866, Giovanni, manufacturer, Villa Perosa
1867, John, writer, Combe
1868, Edmond, writer, Marseille
1869, André, writer, Paris
1870, Ernst, artist/writer, Wedel
1871, Clarence, singer, Marengo
1872, Roald, explorer, Borje
1873, George, philosopher, London
1874, Herbert, president, West Branch
1875, Edgar, writer, London
1876, Jack, writer, San Francisco
1877, Charles, engineer/airman, London
1878, Isadora, dancer, San Francisco
1879, Francis, artist, Paris
1880, Jacob, sculptor, New York
1881, Ernest, statesman, Winsford
1882, James, scientist, Hamburg
1883, Douglas, actor, Denver
1884, Hugh, writer, Auckland
1885, Sinclair, writer, Sauk Center
1886, Harold, writer/diplomat, Tehran
1887, Edwin, writer, Deerness
1888, Raymond, writer, Chicago
1889, Stafford, statesman, London
1890, Beniamino, singer, Recanati
1891, Pär, writer, Växjö
1892, Osbert, writer, London
1893, Leslie, actor, London
1894, Rudolf, politician, Alexandria
1895, Suzanne, philosopher, New York
1896, George, comedian, New York
1897, Frank, film director, Palermo
1898, Enzo, car designer/driver, Modena
1899, Alfred, film director, Leytonstone