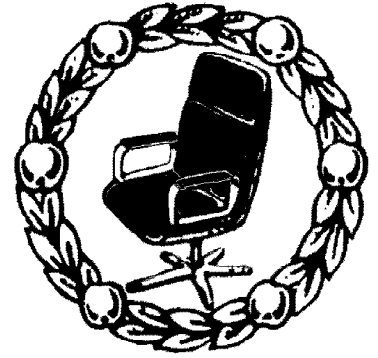


# pass



The Quarterly Magazine of the Mastermind Club

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Marga Scott and Christine Moorcroft model the Club's latest insignia. More details on page 5.

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Phillida Grantham

## Club Shopping

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

Phillida Grantham

	£
<b>Ties</b>	
Silver (single-logo)	6.00
Maroon (multi-logo)	7.00
Royal Blue (multi-logo)	7.00
<b>T- Shirts</b>	
White on dark navy (L, XL, XXL)	6.00
<b>Rugby shirts</b>	
Burgundy (L, XL)	18.00
Kelly green (XL)	18.00
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Cufflinks	10.00
Key rings	5.00
Tie clips	7.00
Stick Pins	6.00
<b>Pens</b>	
White with logo	6.00

Details of new insignia, and a special offer, are on page 5.

And now for a commercial break...

## Ken Emond, Editor

If you are like me, these words will instinctively instil a desire to stop listening (or reading) as fast as possible. I have decided that the sound mute button is the most useful part of my TV remote control! No matter how many times TV executives come on *Points of View* (and similar programmes) to reassure us that advertisements are broadcast at a level that is in keeping with the programmes they interrupt, the reality to my ears is always the same – the adverts are noticeably louder, in order to attract attention, no doubt. Even the BBC is not immune from this, with their self-advertisement of books, CDs and DVDs available from BBC shops, not to mention the incessant promotion of future programmes.

So, in our Mastermind context, and hoping I can keep your attention long enough for you to wonder what I am on about in this editorial, the commercial is indeed a piece of self-publicity. (No, my thesis hasn't been published as a book available at every Waterstone's...) The new insignia, as modelled by our cover girls, Marga Scott and Christine Moorcroft, and inside by our other models, Indrani, Christine, Gavin, Mark and myself, is available now from Phillida Grantham and I would strongly urge you to place your order soon, while stocks last. After all, we haven't had completely new insignia for quite some time, so many of you will, I am sure, be just in the mood for a new purchase. Full details of what is on offer are on page five.

Elsewhere in this issue of **pass**, several offerings are on the theme of varying slices of Americana. Mel Kinsey continues the tribute to Craig Scott with the traditional poem, *Casey at the Bat*. Ken Barr gives us an insight into life in New York, five years after 9/11, and Paul Slater takes us back to a gentler age on a visit to Colonial Williamsburg.

**Note:** I hope you will be inspired by these latest offerings to consider supplying your own material for **pass**. Please continue to keep sending anything that takes your interest – I am sure it will find a place somewhere. I particularly welcome submission by e-mail (to [kene@britac.ac.uk](mailto: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.

# Membership matters

## Peter Chitty, Membership Secretary

I am very pleased to welcome three new members, Mark Grant, David Parker and Jonathan Rose. I hope they will have a long and happy association with the Mastermind Club.

I would like to ask any members who are considering moving to please let me know. Recently, some copies of **pass** have been returned marked as "gone away". I am aware that sometimes I am responsible for failing to alter the mailing list straight away, for which I apologise, but it is only possible to keep sending you the magazine if we have your up-to-date address.

### **NEW MEMBERS**

989 Mr Jonathan ROSE 14 Hawthylands Crescent HAILSHAM East Sussex BN27 1HG Tele: 01323 847189

990 Mr Mark GRANT 54 Kynaston Road BROMLEY Kent BN1 5AW Tele: 020 8289 0389

991 Mr David PARKER 33 Bertram Drive North MEOL Wirral CH47 0LN Tele: 0151 632 2790

### **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

917 Mr Barney CROCKETT Woodville Bankhead Avenue ABERDEEN AB21 9WT Tele: No Change

723 Mr Andrew GREALEY 2 Burnell Court Hopwood HEYSHAM Lancs. OL10 2NW Tele: 01706 691383

# Letters, news and views

*From Sarah Scott*

Dear Mastermind Club

I would like to express thanks to you for all the support you showed to Craig and me during his illness. I know you were all shocked to hear of how serious his condition was, and I would like you to know that he found great consolation and strength from the messages you sent. We were especially moved by the most generous tribute collected at the AGM. It meant a great deal to us both to know how much he was appreciated and how highly regarded. I think it is wonderful that you were able to give him the feeling that all his efforts had been worthwhile.

Thank you also for your sympathy following his death and for the charity donations made in his memory; he would be gratified to know that others could be helped in this way.

Craig was pleased to have been on *Mastermind* and then to become a member of the Club. He enjoyed the annual functions (even in the days when he organised them!) and serving on the Committee, he found great satisfaction in producing **pass**, and was extremely proud to be President.

But all these things were important to him only because of you: the members of the Club. With you he found such good friends, had so many stimulating conversations and enjoyed so many memorable gatherings.

With best wishes,

Sarah Scott

*From Mel Kinsey*

Just got in from work, opened **pass** and was shocked to read of the tragic death of my friend and fellow baseball fan. The most famous baseball poem, which I am sure Craig along with countless millions of fans through the ages has identified with, is "Casey at the bat". If there is space in the next edition I feel this would be a fitting tribute to my fellow ball fan,

## **Casey At The Bat**

*by Ernest L. Thayer*

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day,  
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play.

And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,  
A pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair.  
The rest clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.  
They thought, "if only Casey could but get a whack at that.  
We'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat."

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake;  
and the former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake.

So upon that stricken multitude, grim melancholy sat;  
for there seemed but little chance of Casey getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all.  
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball.

And when the dust had lifted,  
and men saw what had occurred,  
there was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;  
it rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;

it pounded through on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat;  
for Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,  
there was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile lit Casey's face.

And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
no stranger in the crowd could doubt t'was Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt.  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.

Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
and Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped --  
"That ain't my style," said Casey.

"Strike one!" the umpire said.  
From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore.

"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand,  
and it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity, great Casey's visage shone,  
he stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on.

He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the dun sphere flew,  
but Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two!"

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"  
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
and they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer has fled from Casey's lip, the teeth are clenched in hate.  
He pounds, with cruel violence, his bat upon the plate.

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
and now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.  
And, somewhere men are laughing, and little children shout,

but there is no joy in Mudville --  
mighty Casey has struck out.

[This poem by Ernest L Thayer, writing under the pen-name Phin, was originally published in the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1888. Ed.]

GOODBYE BIG MAN, HOPE EVERYTHING IS OK IN YOUR FIELD OF DREAMS

*From Mary Gibson*

## **Sloppy Terminology**

With regard to comments on sloppy articulation in recent issues of **pass** and at the risk of being labelled a hidebound pedant may I comment on terminology which makes me grind my teeth with irritation. 'Of all time' is the primary one. How can anyone know if someone or thing is the greatest/worst 'of all time'. To use the phrase denotes a breathtaking arrogance. How can the speaker or anyone else know? Does their recollection and prophesying abilities cover the whole of time?

'Almost/nearly/a little unique' is another. Unique is an absolute and cannot be qualified.

Finally 'Bye bye' said as a farewell. Over 50 years ago the then MP for a Norwich constituency, Mr Strauss (later Baron Strauss), gave out the prizes to Norwich High School and in his speech to the school said that 'bye, bye' was a total nonsense as 'Good bye' was a corruption (sloppy pronunciation?) of 'God be with you' so 'bye bye' was 'be with you, be with you' and therefore meaningless.

# Exciting New Insignia!

From Phillida Grantham

Indrani Hettiaratchi and Christine Moorcroft (below) model the latest Mastermind Club insignia.



THE CLUB HAS INVESTED in some exciting new insignia, all with the Club logo embroidered in 4 colours. There are three styles of garment, all of excellent quality and manufactured to a very high standard. As our photos prove, they are of course, suitable for everyone and we thoroughly recommend them, particularly for their reasonable price. I have, myself, already bought all three styles and am delighted with them.

The three styles are:

- 1) The reversible MISTRAL: a warm fleecelined anorak with hood and zipped pockets. Sizes available (which are all generously proportioned) – small (34-36), medium (38-40) and large (42-44). Colours: purple, navy or maroon. Price: £23.95, including postage and packing

- 2) WEATHERWISE: a longer, weatherproof jacket with jersey lining, zipper and press-stud pockets. Sizes available – medium and large. Colour: navy. Price: £19.95, including postage and packing
- 3) POLAR FLEECE: smart, warm and light to wear with a jersey lining, zip closure and pockets. Sizes available – small, medium and large. Colours: red, dark royal blue and maroon. Price: £18.50, including postage and packing



Above – The Editor, Gavin Fuller and Mark Grant model the three styles on offer.

**Also, an unrepeatable special offer:**  
Navy T-shirts (“I’ve started so I’ll finish...”), 3 for £10.  
Any available size (L, XL, XXL).

Phillida’s contact details are on the inside front cover.

# Master Quiz 2006

Gavin Fuller provides the answers to Round 2 of this year's Master Quiz.

- 1) Rudyard Kipling (*The Battle of East and West*)
- 2) Pride and Prejudice
- 3) Mick the Miller (although I have since discovered that Ballyregan Bob is also there, so anyone who put that down as the answer was also marked correct!)
- 4) Monopoly
- 5) The Emperor Concerto
- 6) Carbon
- 7) (Saint) Edmund
- 8) Carousel
- 9) Rose Tyler
- 10) Basketball
- 11) T S Eliot
- 12) The Channel Islands
- 13) Horse Chestnut
- 14) Germany
- 15) Kali
- 16) Ivy (played by Jane Freeman)
- 17) The Fighting Temeraire tugged to her last berth to be broken up, 1838
- 18) Lionel Shriver
- 19) Accountancy (The Association of Chartered and Certified Accountants)
- 20) Stanley Holloway
- 21) *Oliver Twist* (1948 version)
- 22) On the battlements (it's the solid section between the cut-away crenels)
- 23) Delia Smith at Carrow Road during half-time in the Norwich City vs Manchester City match
- 24) The liver
- 25) Il Barbiere di Siviglia (The Barber of Seville)
- 26) Rob Roy
- 27) Ley lines
- 28) The weasel (*Mustela*)
- 29) Boeing (Vertol)
- 30) Unknown or mysterious lifeforms
- 31) Lunar Excursion Modules used in the Apollo program (on Apollos 9–17)
- 32) Cistercian
- 33) Ann Darrow
- 34) Republic of Ireland
- 35) *Waterloo*, by Abba
- 36) The A11
- 37) Castling on the queenside
- 38) Catharism
- 39) Dan Wheldon
- 40) Sweden
- 41) Paul Nash
- 42) The Becquerel
- 43) Shetland Isles
- 44) Focus
- 45) The Democratic Unionist Party
- 46) Touchstone
- 47) Control of Substances Hazardous to Health
- 48) Ralph Vaughan Williams
- 49) Folk-dance bands
- 50) Kim Il-Sung (even though he's dead!)
- 51) *Candide*, by Voltaire
- 52) Two
- 53) The Netherlands
- 54) Gettysburg
- 55) (The Adventures of) Quentin Durward
- 56) National Childbirth Trust
- 57) The Globe Theatre
- 58) Lumberjacks
- 59) The entire British thoroughbred racehorse bloodstock is derived from these three stallions
- 60) Eggs Benedict (due to the new Pope taking that name!)
- 61) Puff the Magic Dragon
- 62) HMP Slade
- 63) Terns
- 64) Enya
- 65) The Cleveland Way
- 66) Private Johnson Beharry
- 67) Pass the Port (from a certain Bishop who would be so busy conversing he'd forget to do so!)
- 68) Doris Stokes
- 69) Loch Fyne
- 70) The Woodlanders
- 71) British Airways



- 72) The playing of women's football  
 73) Queen Victoria  
 74) Hereford  
 75) The Basque Country  
 76) Niue  
 77) Dung  
 78) Lord, then their forename, then their surname  
 79) Samuel Crompton  
 80) John Crome  
 81) Gladys  
 82) Tibet  
 83) Kim Philby  
 84) Gretna (Scottish League Division 3)  
 85) Chelsea  
 86) Switzerland
- 87) Sir Bors de Ganis (Galahad and Perceval achieved the Quest, but neither returned from it)  
 88) Self-Heal  
 89) Knickers Off Ready When I Come Home  
 90) *Tubular Bells*, by Mike Oldfield  
 91) Survivors  
 92) César Franck  
 93) Kidnapped!  
 94) Sedimentary  
 95) Death  
 96) Stinking Bishop  
 97) The oboe  
 98) Midsomer Murders  
 99) Robert Graves  
 100) Greenland (the southernmost point of the island); and New Zealand (the northernmost point of South Island)

# MUGNUM 2006

## Answers to the 2006 Mugnum Questions (printed in 2006:2)

- 20: The *Guardian* adopted a new paper size of that name
- 22: The guppy (from Robert John Lechmere Guppy)
- 54: Sir James Murray; the letter T
- 145: Nobody (Abigail never appears in the play)
- 156: Sir Ian Holm (Frodo Baggins for the BBC, and Bilbo Baggins for Peter Jackson)
- 217: It is a lake monster, based on an aboriginal legend, allegedly living in Okanagan Lake, British Columbia
- 253: In 1599 the popular actor, Will Kemp, aggrieved that Shakespeare was not writing him enough comic parts, jiggered and pranced all the way from London to Norwich, this stunt taking him nine days
- 275: Wilbur and Orville (sons of Bishop Milton Wright of Dayton, Ohio)
- 287: Victoria the Bald Eagle
- 307: New Hampshire
- 321: The Archers
- 337: Bradley (footballing brothers Gary and Phil Neville, Rio and Anton Ferdinand, and Shaun and Bradley Wright-Phillips)
- 342: He commanded the archers at the Battle of Agincourt
- 373: Show Boat
- 412: Prince Clemens von Metternich
- 434: The Man in the Moon (came down too soon, and asked the way to Norwich)
- 443: *Mamma Mia*, by Abba
- 455: Krzysztof Kieślowski
- 457: The Gloria Scott
- 475: Lycian
- 526: Lily (Evans)

- 532: Estreito de Todos Santos (Strait of All Saints)
- 549: Desperate Housewives (Wisteria Lane)
- 554: Elizabeth Fry
- 577: Bedford
- 579: Alabama and Wyoming
- 629: Vienna and Bratislava
- 642: George Borrow in *Lavengro* (1851)
- 657: Coca-Cola
- 665: Morton (3-2 at Parkhead)
- 672: After the British bombed Lübeck, in revenge the Germans attacked British cities listed as particularly beautiful in Baedeker's Guide
- 687: Leonora (heroine of Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*)
- 692: Colonel Tom Parker
- 696: 1549
- 697: Brutus and Cassius
- 731: It was asked by a boy fused with a gas mask in the two-part Doctor Who story *The Empty Child/The Doctor Dances* and proved so chilling that these episodes were voted TV moment of the year [and quite right too! Gavin adds...]
- 757: Rail Accident Investigation Branch
- 766: Ernest Shackleton (Sørle was the manager of the Stromness Whaling Station on South Georgia when Shackleton arrived there after his epic journey from Elephant Island)
- 769: Fay Weldon
- 779: Maria Callas
- 808: Jim's Inn (the actor being Jimmy Hanley)
- 824: Venus
- 825: James Brudenell, 7th Earl of Cardigan
- 849: St Michael's Mount
- 866: Edgar Degas (1834–1917)
- 869: Subscriber Identity Module
- 877: Buckminsterfullerene
- 899: None of them (the famous 1995 scene in the TV adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice* by Andrew Davies was an invention of his own)
- 955: Big Ben
- 984: Captain Albert Ball VC DSO
- 986: 714 and 715, corresponding to Hank Aaron's record-breaking 715th home run on April 8th 1974, breaking Babe Ruth's record of 714. 714's prime factors are 2, 3, 7 and 17, whilst 715's are 5, 11 and 13, both of which add up to 29

# The Southern Major Moon Standstill at Callanish

Constance Moore

**T**he stone circle of Callanish (or Calanais), on the island of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides, with its avenues forming the shape of a huge Celtic cross, is sometimes called the “Stonehenge of the North” and would no doubt be as visited and well-known as Stonehenge or Avebury if it were in a more accessible place.

It is thought to be the circle referred to by Greek historian Diodorus Siculus when he talked of a “notable temple” in the far north, on an island “inhabited by the Hyperboreans...the moon as viewed from this island appears to be but a little distance from the earth.” He added that every nineteen years “the god comes down to dance upon the hills.”

This seems to refer to the phenomenon, every 18.6 years, of the southern major moon standstill, when the moon rises and sets at the furthest southern extreme of its path, and seen from these northern latitudes, remains very low in the sky. Looking from Callanish to the south-east, a range of hills has the very striking appearance of a sleeping woman, known to the locals as the *Cailleach na Mointeach* or Old Woman of the Moors. The full moon rises from these hills and appears to roll along them. It then sets behind Cnoc an Tursa, a small hill south of the circle, and reappears in a notch in the hill, at which point someone standing in the circle appears to be outlined by the moon, to an observer in the northern avenue. It is thought that Callanish was built for this purpose, and the phenomenon was observed at the last standstill in 1987.

The next was due to happen in 2006, and I was very anxious to see it. I had visited Callanish once before about ten years ago, but in a Hebridean gale when one quite literally had to hold on to the stones to avoid being blown off one’s feet!

My partner Grenville was equally keen, and so in early June of 2006 we set off with the ambition of seeing the full moon at the stones – subject of course to the weather, and to our aged VW camper Clementine, who is in distinct need of a new engine, actually making it that far!

Two days’ hard driving brought us from Cornwall to Fort William, where we camped at the foot of Ben Nevis, and the following day took the Road to the Isles and the ferry to Skye. On our first night in Skye we camped in a little bay with a lovely view across to the Cuillins, and spotting the ruins of a small castle across the bay, scrambled across the rocks to look. This, we later found out, was Dunscaith, also known as the Castle of Shadows, home of warrior queen Sgiathach who had taught the legendary Irish hero Cuchulain, and said to be guarded by pits of snakes and toads.

This was also the night when we made our first acquaintance of the notorious Skye midges. On the whole, snakes might have been preferable...

We spent three days in Skye, almost all in good weather, walking in the Cuillins, visiting Dunvegan Castle, watching seals in Loch Greshornish, touring the Talisker distillery and just happening to stay at a campsite that had its own brewery (nobody who knows me will ever believe *that* was an accident...)

We also visited a little museum dedicated to the Skye Giant, Angus MacAskill, who stood 7 feet 9 inches tall, and I took great pleasure in photographing Grenville standing next to the effigy of the giant. Grenville himself is almost seven feet tall, and I enjoyed seeing him look small for a change!

We then caught the ferry to Tarbert, and drove south through the extraordinary moonscape of Harris (mostly rocks and the occasional sheep) to find a place to spend the night on the west coast. As we watched the sun set behind Taransay, the moon rose over the hills behind us, almost full, to remind us that we were nearing our destination.

The weather continued to be thoroughly un-Scottish, fine and even hot, and I had to buy a sunhat on Harris! We went to as many as we could of the other stone circles on Lewis around the main Callanish site: Achmore, Ceann Hulavig, Cnoc Ceann a'Gharraidh and Cnoc Fillibhear Bheag, which form a megalithic landscape to rival anything at Stonehenge or Avebury. There is even the tallest standing stone in Scotland, the Clach an Trushal, on the west coast of Lewis near the sea.

On the night of the full moon there was a beautiful sunset over the stones at Callanish, which were by now surrounded by an encampment of tents, cars and assorted vans and motorhomes, and thronged with an equally unlikely assortment of people. There were hippies playing drums and didgeridoos in the circle; a phalanx of cameras on tripods pointing towards the spot where the moon would rise; a large lady in robes and cloak declaiming to a TV camera; and a couple having an altercation with one of the archaeologists, as their tent was blocking the view of the archaeologists' webcam which had been mounted on a fencepost! As the sun went down, some local Christians arrived, and went round passing out tracts to everyone (I politely handed mine back.)

I was interviewed by a journalist from the Scotsman, who had earlier taken photographs of Grenville dowsing in the avenue. I found myself having to explain paganism in a few sentences, and earth energies in another two or three, but did my best.

It seemed for an hour or two that the cloud on the horizon would be too thick to see the moon, as had happened the previous night, and the large lady went round suggesting that we perform a cloud-raising ritual. But at almost midnight, Grenville said, "I can see something..." and a faint pink gleam became visible in the near-darkness. Gradually, a huge rose-pink moon moved clear of the clouds, greeted by a chorus of yells and shrieks from the hilltop. The photographers rushed for their cameras, the drummers began again with renewed vigour, and the Christians began to sing hymns.

The moon was a glorious sight as, never losing its lovely colour, it rolled slowly westward along the hills, reflected in the dark waters of Loch Roag. The short northern midsummer night was never really dark: the afterglow of the sunset simply moved along the ridge of hills to the north and then began to brighten in the north-east.

As the clouds thickened again, we made our way down to our camper in the car park for a hot drink, and when we returned there was hardly anything of the moon to be seen. There were only a few people left among the stones, and the Christians had given up and gone home. We decided that we were not likely to see the moon reappear from behind Cnoc an Tursa (especially as someone had lit a fire at that exact spot) so we went off to bed, exhausted but elated.

The next day we took the ferry to Ullapool and headed down through the Highlands, taking a detour into Aberdeenshire in order to visit some of the famous recumbent stone circles of the area, some of which are also thought to be aligned to the moon standstill, with more lovely names such as Loanhead of Daviot and Easter Aquhorthies. And another distillery – we were on Speyside, after all!

We finally staggered home to Cornwall, laden with beer and malt whisky. Clementine Campervan had run like an angel for well over two thousand miles, and we had had the holiday, and the experience, of a lifetime.

# Five Years On

Ken Barr, our Club member resident in New York, shares his thoughts about 9/11, what has happened since then and the world we now live in

**11** September 2001 was Primary Election Day in New York City. Since I worked as a poll inspector in the Jackson Heights section of Queens, I woke up at 4:30am and reported to my polling place at 5:30am. At 6am we opened the polls, expecting a long 15 hour day while people voted for Republican and Democratic candidates to replace the term limited Rudolph Giuliani and other city office holders including virtually the entire 51 member City Council. For the first few hours, we inspectors (2 Republicans and 2 Democrats per polling district) were passing the time wondering what the turnout would be and whether we would have a run-off election 2 weeks hence if no candidate received their party's nomination with more than 40% of the vote.

At 7:30am, everything changed. The local City Council member came to vote and told us that an airplane had crashed into the World Trade Centre. At first, we thought it was a repeat of the bomber that crashed into the Empire State Building in the 1940s, an accident. Then the poll site's police officer came running in with his radio blaring, "10-13, 10-13, Church Street and Vesey, both towers World Trade Centre on fire." 10-13 is NYPD code for officer requires urgent assistance. From that moment on, the world would never be the same.

The rest of the story is far too familiar. At 11am, the word came that a judge had ordered the election postponed and we locked up our machines and went home. We saw what everyone else had seen, two 767s crashing first into the North and then the South Tower, then the two towers collapsing. We also saw the fire and wreckage from the Pentagon. Not many words were spoken. What could we possibly say?

Five years on New York City is preparing for another Primary, this one for state-wide offices and a U.S. Senate seat presently held by Hillary Rodham Clinton. It will be held on 12 September, one day after the fifth anniversary. Five years ago, I was in the midst of divorce proceedings. Now I'm remarried with a three-year-old daughter, Erin Jocelyn. My wife, a professional opera singer, is preparing to begin rehearsals of *La Boheme* with the Opera Company of Philadelphia. I will be a poll inspector once again, this time in Upper Manhattan. However, these days, my head is on a swivel, always looking around as I proceed through my daily life. Having lived in London in the early '90s, I am used to taking proper precautions due to the risk of a terror attack. Here, though, the attitude is different. We seem to be more interested in style instead of substance. We look to colour codes and often meaningless bag searches instead of going about our daily affairs. Last year random searches of knap-sacks and other large bags were begun on our public transit systems. I carry a knap-sack almost every day through Penn Station and I have yet to be searched. Is it because I don't look like a dangerous person? However, two weeks ago when I flew to Cleveland I had to pour out a bottle of sun block because no liquids were allowed on the plane. Meanwhile the pocket knife that I forgot to remove from my key ring was not noticed. Somehow, I felt much safer in London with IRA bombs going off on a regular basis than I do now with our government tapping our phones without warrants. I believe we just don't "get it" over here the way the British or other European countries do. Yes, there hasn't been another attack in the U.S. since 9/11. Yet, there are more American targets closer to where the terrorists live now than there were back then.

I wonder what life will be like for Erin. At three, she is barely aware of what is happening around her. Will she go through life with her head on a swivel? Will she live by the watchword, "If you see something, say something?" I hope not but I fear she will.

Since 9/11, I have attended only one commemorative event. HRH Prince Charles and The Duchess of Cornwall came to New York to dedicate a British memorial at Hanover Square in Lower Manhattan. There were no speeches and little fanfare. Unlike so many public figures that have come here since that terrible day, they seemed to have no agenda, political or otherwise. It was refreshing to see. Five years on the pit is still very bare, except for the PATH commuter rail station. Some work has begun. Most is tied up in debate between various groups advancing their particular agendas. There are even some who want to rebuild exactly what was lost, two rather unremarkable tall towers and five smaller office blocks. The memorial is tied up in financial and legal difficulties. A lot of people are saying a lot of things and little is getting accomplished. It seems like New York is getting back to normal five years on.

# Students and Steam Trains in Virginia

Paul Slater

Recently Chris and I have read several of Anya Seton's novels. One of them, *Devil Water*, is set in eighteenth-century England, and the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 play an important part in the story. By contrast, some of the the action of the novel takes place among the plantations of Virginia, and a number of scenes are set in the colonial capital, Williamsburg.

"I've been there!" I said to Chris at the end of our readings. I have only once ever visited the Unites States, for a three-week librarians' study-tour in October 1972. My article, "Incident in Morningside Park", previously published in **pass** describes an episode from that holiday; I remember the American trip mainly for New York and the beautiful autumnal landscapes of New England, but we went as far south as Virginia, and we stayed for a few nights at a motel on the outskirts of Williamsburg.

## Bruton Parish Church



Students of William and Mary College in period costume

The only library we visited in Williamsburg was the one at William and Mary College, an institution which is mentioned in *Devil Water*, as it was already in existence at the time the novel is set. The centre of Williamsburg has been preserved as an eighteenth-century town, with historic buildings and people in period dress, so I must have seen it looking not very different from the way it appeared when Anya Seton's characters were there. I got out the photographs which I and some of my companions had taken at Williamsburg: there was Bruton parish church, mentioned in *Devil Water*, some eighteenth-century houses, an old cannon, and students from William and Mary College in costume outside a restaurant.

The characters in *Devil Water* remark on how hot Virginia was in summer. Williamsburg in October was pleasantly warm and sunny, and one of my photos shows a group of us on the study-tour relaxing on the lawn outside William and Mary College. In the woods around our motel were cardinals, bright red birds which are mentioned in the novel, and which I had never seen before.

I remember Williamsburg for two things, apart from its historical associations. One was the golf club, where three of us ate a very nice lunch which consisted of just one huge sandwich each; we ate overlooking the beautiful sunlit grounds of the golf course, and then photographed each other on a picturesque bridge. The other was a party to which several of us were invited by students of William and Mary College. They were not students whom we met on our official visit to the College library, they just invited us off the street. It seemed a little dubious, but we did not like to refuse, so we bought bottles from the café where we ate our meals, and went along. The café proprietor said that to comply with the local liquor laws, he had to hide our bottles in paper bags.

At the party I drank tequila, listened to country and western music, and asked a girl to dance with me, eliciting the answer, "No, I'm not drunk enough yet"! I remember lying in bed at the motel the following morning thinking that it had been a good party; one of my room-mates was singing in the bath, the other was groaning with a hangover.

We left Williamsburg on board a Greyhound bus, our usual mode of travelling on our American trip. As there were just too many in the group for the charter bus, two of us did each leg of the journey by service bus, which was interesting. I did my stint on a service bus near the beginning of the tour, travelling from Boston through the rain to Concord in New Hampshire. Apart from the subway trains in Boston and New York, we did no other travelling by rail, but I had a look at stations where I could.

In Washington I took my camera not only on to the platforms of the Union Terminal, where I saw diesel and electric locomotives before rejoining the other members of the party who had agreed to indulge my hobby while we were on our way back to our hotel from one of our official visits, but also into the Railroad Hall of the Smithsonian Institute's Museum of Technology, where there were two steam locomotives: a very early wood-burning type, and a much larger and more modern express engine carrying the livery of the Southern Railroad. A few American-built steam locomotives run on heritage lines in this country, but those two in the Smithsonian Institute's museum remain the only ones I have ever seen in the United States.



*The "Railroad Hall" of the Smithsonian Institute's Museum of Technology in Washington*

Not far south of Williamsburg ran the main line of the Norfolk and Western, the last major American railway to use steam, and recently I have seen video footage of steam locomotives in action in Virginia, taken from films shot nearly fifty years ago. The headquarters of the Norfolk and

Western were at Roanoke in the Appalachian mountains, a hundred miles or more to the west of the part of Virginia which we visited. Roanoke was very much a railway town, and the videos give a good impression of the activity there. Passenger trains were normally hauled by attractive streamlined locomotives painted in red and black, and a variety of goods and shunting engines can also be seen at work, bells ringing and deep-toned whistles wailing mournfully. The Norfolk and Western was best known among railway enthusiasts for its massive coal trains; the easternmost ridge of the Appalachians, known as Blue Ridge, was crossed by the main line of the Norfolk and Western a few miles from Roanoke, and this was, in the last few years of steam operation especially, the favourite place for watching the loaded coal trains en route from the mines of West Virginia to the coast at Norfolk for export. Two huge locomotives at the front and another at the back of a train which could extend to two hundred large wagons, all three going full blast at little more than walking pace up the curving gradient through the wooded hills, made a sight and sound which must have been worth going a long way to witness. A schoolboy trainspotter at the time, I was captivated by descriptions I read of the Norfolk and Western's coal trains on the Blue Ridge; now, almost half a century later, I can enjoy the spectacle on video.

Steam lasted on the Norfolk and Western for only a few years longer than on other American railways, and my videos describe the replacement of steam by diesel locomotives at the end of the 1950s, followed by the preservation of a few steam engines, the establishment of a transport museum at Roanoke, and a lessening of the importance of the line over the Blue Ridge. One of the red-and-black streamliners has been preserved; it is shown hauling an enthusiasts' rail tour through the Appalachian forests, and a fine sight it makes.

I have no plans for going back to Virginia, so I think I must depend on the small screen to see steam trains there. I kept in touch for a number of years with my two companions from the golf club at Williamsburg, and I may have a reunion with one of them. *Devil Water* brought back memories of my visit to Virginia, and I have enjoyed looking again at the photos I took there and the ones of the locomotives at Washington; and it is nice to recall the students of William and Mary College and their party.

# Memories of an Ulster Mastermind

This (slightly edited) article from Alan D. Blackburn, our new Club President, was originally published in PASS in September 1982, but is worth re-printing to acquaint those of you who don't know him well with his experiences of the Black Chair...

I was on *Mastermind* in 1975, the programme's fourth season, and took US Presidents as my specialist subject in the first round, and The History of Northern Ireland, from 1921 to 1975 respectively, in the semi-final. I look back on those two appearances in the programme as the most rewarding and exciting experiences of my life. I must confess, however, that like other *Mastermind* contenders I have talked to, I still have nightmares about the programme. In these, I see myself in the dreaded Black Chair, unable to answer one solitary question, in front of ten million viewers. The worst moment in reality was the walk to the Chair before I faced my first question. It seemed to last an eternity. I was far more nervous in the semi final than I was on the first round. The simple reason that I was so relaxed in the first round was that I was astonished that I was asked to take part in the programme, and was happy just to be there. This was my undoing in the second programme, for I started to hear voices in the night, whispering to me whilst I was in bed, "Gosh, Alan, haven't you done well! You are in the semi-finals. Goodness, Alan, you might even win the competition..."

As a result, I was a nervous wreck at the time of the recording. My condition was exacerbated by a truly nightmarish happening on my journey to Southampton where the recording was to take place. At Heathrow Airport, I was stopped by Special Branch personnel and asked where I was going, having flown in from Northern Ireland. Unfortunately, Southampton had been the scene of a massive swoop by the police on suspected members of the Provisional IRA, who had conspired to blow up the QE2 (this was in 1975...)

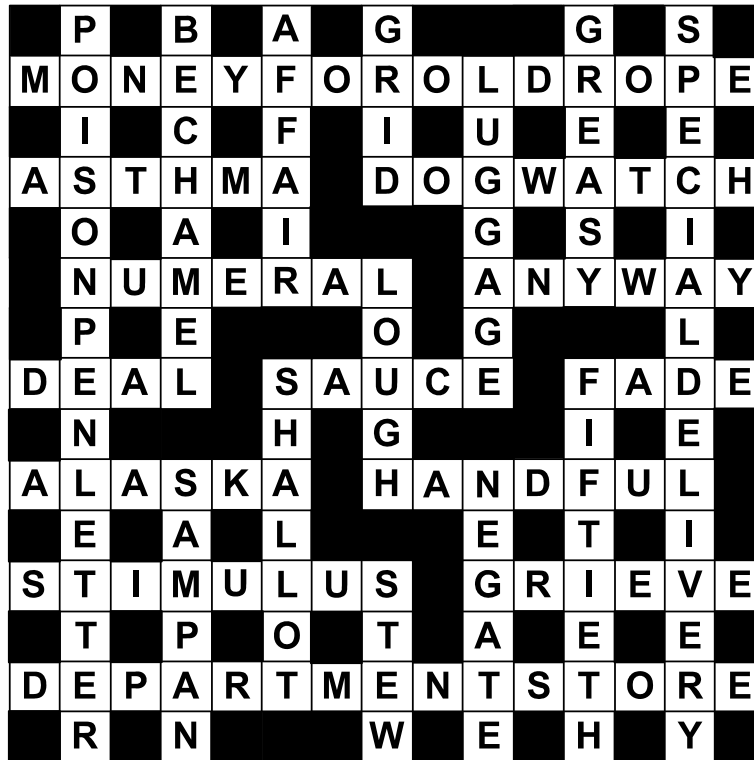
I told the Special Branch that I was going to Southampton. I was immediately ushered into a room for further questioning and a search. In my suitcase they found a map of Southampton, with the docks and the university marked on it. This had been provided by the BBC to enable me to find my way around. On finding the map, the Special Branch became frantic and called in more colleagues from another room. They crowded me. They asked repeatedly why I was going to Southampton and why I had the map. I told them I was going to be on *Mastermind*. They roared with mirthless laughter. It took a phone call to the BBC to convince them of the truth.

What has always surprised me about *Mastermind* is the vast numbers of people from all walks of life who watch it. Before I took part I had assumed it was watched by a very small number of people. After my appearance I was astonished by the viewers who had watched. Indeed it is a tribute to the programme's enduring popularity that it is still going strong. I am now a happy and prosperous member of the Northern Irish Bar, but I look back on my two performances on *Mastermind* with great affection, and with gratitude for all the friends and new acquaintances it made for me both in Northern Ireland and outside it.



# Crossword (2006:2) Solution

by Gadfan



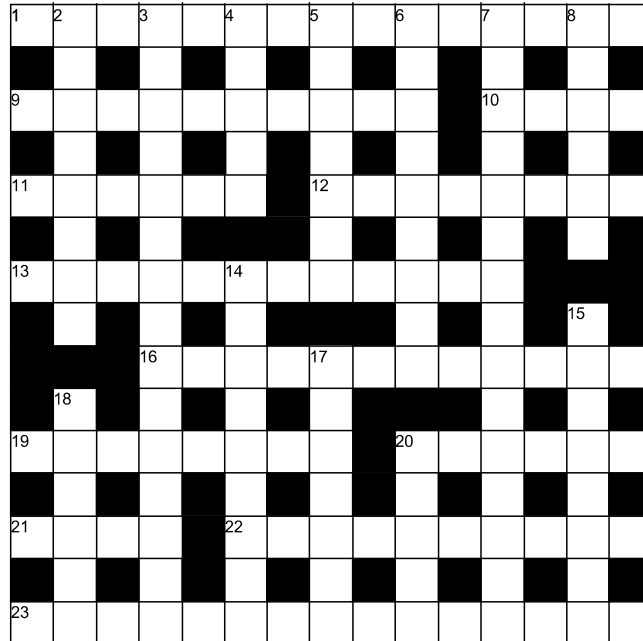
For this issue, David Edwards (Gadfan) has offered to make his latest crossword competitive, with the usual £10 book token as a prize. Entries should be submitted to David at 26 Lady Meadow Close, Denstone, Uttoxeter, ST14 5EY, to arrive by 15 November 2006.

A tie-breaker might be necessary, and David suggests asking for an alternative cryptic clue to any of the clues given, with the prize going “to the clue I consider the most elegant”.

The full crossword and clues are on the next page. Good luck!

# Crossword (2006:3)

by Gadfan



## ACROSS

- 1 Blown away by an old movie (4,4,3,4)
- 9 A little house on The Strand – timber fronted we hear (5,5)
- 10 The length of an island in Scotland? (4)
- 11 The dance within moves him mysteriously (6)
- 12 Prayers for harvests (8)
- 13 Storm cloud stirs up a little hesitation in Columbus (6-6)
- 16 Our P.E. - done in a foreign language class (4-8)
- 19 Well-groomed cat Uncle spruced up (5-3)
- 20 Hurry from surgery to treat swelling (6)
- 21 Bird sometimes observed in the field with all black back, wings etc (4)
- 22 Deformed and unfit (3,2,5)
- 23 Unlimited capacity for work (but presumably not in the spring) (9,6)

## DOWN

- 2 Service yielding extra profit (8)
- 3 Bull written by former contact (15)
- 4 Irritable and hot in the dirty city (5)
- 5 Hello, hello? A taxi's turned up at the Centre for a barbecue (7)
- 6 Transport Director leaves to manage pub (9)
- 7 Hypocrite gives seducer help with seduction (6,9)
- 8 Decent attempt - right out, but showing finesse (6)
- 14 Conservative brandishing symbol of loyalty with no obligation (3,6)
- 15 Big capon butchered in Tamworth perhaps (5,3)
- 17 From outset, a setup promoting housing projects (7)
- 18 Old England's new order is one less colourful (6)
- 20 Blunder - but let off the hook? Reportedly quite the opposite! (5)

© Gadfan

# London Olympics 1908 Quiz: Answers and Results

## Solution:

1. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius
2. The Franco-British Exhibition
3. 6 months; from April 27th to October 31st 1908
4. Figure skating
5. Willy and Lottie Dod of Great Britain
6. Archery
7. Swedish
8. Single shot running deer shooting
9. Ray Ewry (USA)
10. Men's 400 metres
11. The British runner Wyndham Halswelle won by running round the track on his own after the three American finalists withdrew
12. The distance for the Marathon in 1908 established what became the standard distance used ever since: 42km 195m (26 miles, 385 yards)
13. Dorando Pietri
14. American (Johnny Hayes)
15. A gold cup
16. He accepted a glass of champagne from a spectator
17. The Russians were still using the Julian Calendar when most other countries had adopted the Gregorian Calendar
18. Polo
19. Tug of War
20. Jeu de Paume or Real Tennis
21. Rackets
22. A bible
23. France
24. The time limit of 1 minute 45 seconds was exceeded
25. Batons (the relay runners touched hands instead)
26. Medley relay, (200m, 200m, 400m, 800m)

## Result

### Paul Emerson writes:

Only four entries were submitted, and the winner of the book token, submitting the first, most correct entry to be received, is Ray Eaton. Congratulations to him, thanks for taking part to the others:

Ray Eaton	26
Mike Formby	26
Michael Penrice	25
Andy Burrows	22

## The Art Trail (or should it be Trial!)

### Stewart Cross lays down the latest challenge to fellow Masterminders

The first letters of the answers below, which are all artists names, can be re-arranged to form the full name of a well known (I promise) artist (5. 2. 8-7.)

As a clue, the letters in brackets are the LAST letters of the names and as a further help, all the answers are in alphabetical order.

Solve the clues and the anagram and win a £10 book token.

Answers please to [scross742@btinternet.com](mailto:scross742@btinternet.com) or by post to;

Stewart Cross  
Chapel House  
Great Corby  
Carlisle  
CA4 8NE

Closing date one month after delivery of 'PASS' – I'll assume when I get mine, you'll get yours! [*This should mean a date around 15 November, Ed.*] All correct answers in a hat to be drawn by some unsuspecting colleague. Good luck!

1. 15<sup>th</sup> Century Italian – introduced oil painting to Italy (A).
2. 17<sup>th</sup> Century Dutch – Beloved of the English; sun-drenched landscapes & cows (P).
3. 20<sup>th</sup> Century Belgian – Surrealist, works typified by nudes and classical arcades (X).
4. 16-17<sup>th</sup> Century German – Best known for small works usually painted on copper (R).
5. 15<sup>th</sup> Century Italian – His pieta, now in Liverpool, was said to have inspired Michelangelo (I).
6. 20<sup>th</sup> Century German – Surrealist who pioneered the use of frottage (T).
7. 16<sup>th</sup> Century British – Elizabethan painter probably best known for an allegorical portrait of Sir John Luttrell (H).
8. 20<sup>th</sup> Century British – Paintings of California in the 60s and 70s are his trademark (Y).
9. 19<sup>th</sup> Century French – Best known for portraits and sumptuous painting of fabrics (S).
10. 17<sup>th</sup> Century Dutch – Pupil of Frans Hals and one of very few female artists to become well known (R).
11. 18<sup>th</sup> Century Swiss – chiefly known as a pastellist, probably best known for 'The Cup of Chocolate' (D).
12. 18<sup>th</sup> Century French – Painted women in allegorical costumes and was official artist to the daughters of Louis XV (R).
13. 20<sup>th</sup> Century American – best known for erotic flowers and desert landscapes (E).
14. 19<sup>th</sup> Century – One of the Nazarenes (K).
15. 20<sup>th</sup> Century Mexican – muralist who had a long relationship with Frida Kahlo (A).
16. 19<sup>th</sup> Century French – naïve paintings of often tropical scenes (U).
17. 19-20<sup>th</sup> Century French – Pointillist painter who worked closely with Seurat (C).
18. 16<sup>th</sup> Century Italian – Venetian who painted for Charles V and Philip II of Spain (N).
19. 15<sup>th</sup> Century Italian – principal painter of the Ferrara School (A).
20. 15<sup>th</sup> century Italian – best known for 3 panels of a battle scene, now in London, Paris & Florence (O).
21. 20<sup>th</sup> Century British – careful and slow painter of precise nudes and still lifes (W).
22. 18<sup>th</sup> Century Japanese – the most sensual and erotic of the Japanese print-makers (O).