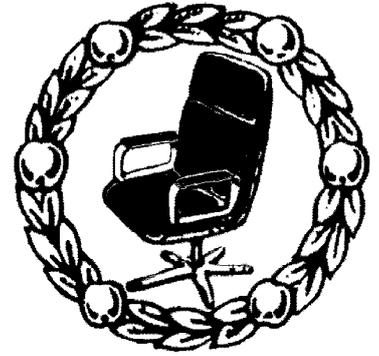


# pass



The Quarterly Magazine of the Mastermind Club

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Funny how Medusa's power only seemed to work on some of the Eggheads!

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## Club Shopping

Please note that prices quoted below no longer include postage and packing. If ordering insignia to be delivered by post, **please add £3 per item**. Send a cheque with your order, payable to the Mastermind Club, to:

Phillida Grantham

	£
<b>Jackets</b>	
Reversible Mistral (S, M, L)	23.95
Weatherwise (M, L)	19.95
Polar Fleece (S, M, L)	18.50
<b>Ties</b>	
Maroon (multi-logo)	7.00
<b>T- shirts</b>	
White on dark navy (L, XL, XXL)	6.00, or 3 for £10.00 (special offer)
<b>Sweatshirts</b>	
Oatmeal (L)	15.00
Red (L, XL)	15.00
<b>Jewellery</b>	
Stick pins	6.00
<b>Pens</b>	
White with logo	6.00

# Our Industrial Heritage

Ken Emond, Editor

Since the last edition appeared I have been on holiday in Scotland with my brother, and this year we took the main theme to be industrial heritage rather than sites of natural beauty or country houses. Revisiting the World Heritage Site at New Lanark is always a particular fascination because of the mixed feelings it always engenders. In many respects Robert Owen was an enlightened mill owner who cared very deeply about the welfare of the people who worked for him. But he was, nevertheless, an enlightened despot. One shopped in the company shop, one abided by his rules on education being good for you, or else look for employment elsewhere. Should people be made to do things that are good for them because they are not naturally disposed to do so unless forced? Then there was the 'silent monitor' system, openly displaying by its colour how one's most recent conduct had been rated by the overseer. Another inducement to good?

The next day we moved from the technology of the turn of the nineteenth century to that of the 1960s. I never travelled on Concorde when it was flying, but I can now say I have been on board and indeed even seen the flight deck. One of the planes is now an exhibit at the Scottish National Museum of Flight at the East Fortune airfield near Edinburgh, and I heartily recommend a visit. It is astonishing to think that it was developed in the 1960s and that nothing like it is likely to fly again commercially in my lifetime. Technology was supposed to develop on an ever upward path, I thought. Yet flight times to the USA are not going to be as quick as on Concorde for a long time to come.

Third and final trip was to a remarkable piece of twenty-first century technology that links the old and the new: the Falkirk Wheel, the world's only rotating boat lift. It was opened in 2002 as part of the Millennium Link project reconnecting the Forth and Clyde Canal to the Union Canal, and the coast to coast canal link across central Scotland. The aqueduct at Falkirk comes out into mid-air, then the Wheel transports water, boats and all 35 metres from one canal to the other. Nearby the first canal tunnel to be built in a century takes the water through from the Wheel to the basin of the Union Canal under the Antonine Wall and the main Edinburgh to Glasgow railway line. As a real fusion of the old and the new it is hard to beat.

**Note:** I am very bad at correspondence at the best of times as many of you can readily testify, but I will definitely be out of reach during September while visiting New Zealand. Even so, I particularly welcome submissions for future editions from members old and new, either by e-mail (to [kene@britac.ac.uk](mailto:kene@britac.ac.uk)), or by letter to my address on the Inside Front Cover..

## Membership matters

Peter Chitty, Membership Secretary

It gives me great pleasure to report that the current producer of Mastermind, Jon Kelly, has agreed to help the Club raise its membership numbers from the next series by making contestants more aware of the existence of the Club. Hopefully next year I shall be sending out a few more application forms – we only need three more to reach our 1000th member.

### *NEW MEMBER*

997 Mr David CLARK 108 Talbot Road, PORT TALBOT SA13 1LB  
Tel: 01639 766764

### *CHANGES OF ADDRESS*

471 Mrs Anne FOWLER 1 Barnfield, East Allington TOTNES, Devon TQ9 7QR Tele: 01548 521499

474 Mr James (Jim) HOLLINGSWORTH 6 Troon Close, Shotley Bridge, CONSETT Co Durham DH8 5XF Tele: 01207 505722

725 Mr David PENFOLD Meadowhill Drummournie, CAWDOR, IV12 5XU

The Club wishes David Clark a long and happy association with us, and all the members that have moved much happiness in their new homes.

# Letters, news and views

*From Sarah Scott*

## **A Tribute to Magnus Magnusson at Glasgow Caledonian University**

MAGNUS MAGNUSSON SERVED AS UNIVERSITY CHANCELLOR of Glasgow Caledonian University from 2002 until his death this year. On Friday 8 June, the University hosted a celebration of Magnus's life in words and music.

Around 400 people were invited, representing connections from many aspects of his personal and professional life. Amongst those invited was Tony Dart, who was unfortunately unable to attend due to distance and work commitments. He kindly offered the ticket to me since I was close to Glasgow and easily able to go; I was delighted to accept and to have the opportunity to participate, especially as Magnus had himself come to Craig's funeral last year.

The event took place in the University's main library and learning centre, the Saltire Centre. This striking new building, at the heart of the University's complex, had been officially named by Magnus last year, in his rôle as Chancellor.

Also attending were Norman and Jean Izzett, and Victoria MacKenzie who had come in place of her father Gerald, and we took our seats together.

The event was introduced by the Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University, Professor Pamela Gillies – to whom, apparently, he referred as “my wee vice”! I'm sure we can all imagine a twinkle in his eye whenever he said this...

The first item was for Mamie Magnusson to unveil a portrait of Magnus, painted by Glasgow-born artist Mark Gilbert. It depicts Magnus attired in his official robes as Chancellor, and the portrait beamed down on the remainder of the proceedings.



The celebration had been written by Sally Magnusson, herself a renowned broadcaster and author, and provided a vivid picture of her father's life illustrated by a mixture of memories and music, and with participation from the whole family.

She talked about his early life and childhood in Iceland and Scotland, and fittingly the first performance was of a beautiful Icelandic lullaby, *Sofðu Unga Ástin Mín*, always a favourite of Magnus's, which the family had sung at his bedside shortly

before his death. It was performed by a young Icelandic singer, Bylgja Dis Dunnarsdottir, who is studying at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, accompanied by the University Choir.

The next musical number, also performed by the choir, was in complete contrast, being the Finale of Act 1 from *HMS Pinafore* – chosen because Magnus, in his youth, once sang the role of Little Buttercup!!!

A lovely arrangement of the *Skye Boat Song* provided a reminder of his enjoyment of traditional music and song. There were also songs with words by Robert Burns; the performer, Eddie Reader, has recorded a whole album of Burns songs.



We heard about Magnus's career and wide range of interests, including bird-watching – he loved nature, as well as having an interest in human beings.

For me, one of the most moving sections of the whole tribute was Sally Magnusson's own exploration of her father's words, with examples of his writing. As in the old Norse traditions, he felt that 'Wordfame' had to be earned. She talked about his attention to detail, compassion and ability to capture events and moods with great clarity, and she read an extended passage – written not long after the death of his son Siggy – about how he found a community in Iceland, following a volcanic eruption, had set to work in clearing the cemetery: this gesture of linking to their past, their respect for their ancestors and family, capturing for him – and for Sally – a profound quality of the human spirit.

Iceland was again represented by another Icelandic singer, also studying at RSAMD, Saeberg Sigurðsson, who performed *Draumalandið*.

David Collison, director, producer and executive producer, and close personal friend of Magnus, recalled the times they worked together on documentaries around the world. He also recounted a number of anecdotes showing Magnus at his best – whether by his attention to detail, his ability to connect with people on a personal level, or by his wicked but kindly sense of humour.



*Mastermind*, was mentioned, of course, and we were treated to an extract from the famous *Two Ronnies* sketch, with Magnus's son Jon taking the part of Ronnie Corbett in answering the question before last!

But finally, this was a celebration, and with an Icelandic drinking song (none of us understood the lyrics, but they were apparently a little bit rude!) and with lively instrumentals by Aly Bain on fiddle and Phil Cunningham on accordion – two performers who just make it look so *easy* – the celebration ended; in Sally’s words, “Dad loved nothing better than a good knees-up. He’d have loved this.”



After the presentation, we were free to mingle, and the four of us went to talk to Peter Massey, and Victoria – who had brought along an advance copy of Gerald’s heartfelt ‘Lament to Magnus’ that appeared in the last issue of **pass** – spoke personally to Mamie.

The event was very special, and was put on with sensitivity, warmth, professionalism, humour and joy – a most fitting tribute to Magnus.

The photographs illustrating this article were taken at the event by Chris Watt, and are reproduced by kind permission from Glasgow Caledonian University.

For those of you who have Internet access, you might like to see the slide show showing further photographs taken at the event:

<http://www.gcal.ac.uk/news/news/slide/index.html>

### *The Magnus Magnusson Fund*

Before his death, Glasgow Caledonian University had discussed with Magnus the idea of setting up a scholarship award. The Magnus Magnusson Fund, established in his memory, will focus on two main activities, reflecting his beliefs and passions.

THE MAGNUS MAGNUSSON SCHOLARSHIP will take the form of awards presented to students in their second year upwards or to young researchers. These awards are primarily aimed at those areas of work at Glasgow Caledonian University closest to Magnus’s interests, including journalism, the media, history, language, literature and the natural environment.

THE MAGNUS MAGNUSSON FELLOWSHIP will comprise international figures invited to form a relatively informal group which will become a resource to come up with creative ideas, meeting annually to debate issues of major concern to society. An annual lecture will be given, alternating between Glasgow, London and Reykjavik, and this lecture will also be published.

To find out more or to make donations, contact:

Jo Dowling  
Development Department  
Glasgow Caledonian University  
H217 William Harley Building  
Cowcaddens Road  
Glasgow G4 0BA.  
Tel: 0141 331 8190  
Website: [www.glasgowcaledonian.ac.uk](http://www.glasgowcaledonian.ac.uk)

*From Arfor Wyn Hughes*

## **Mastermind in Welsh**

SEEING AS HOW YOU HAD A STRONG WELSH influence in the latest **pass** (Should the quote not read "Deffro, Mae'n Ddydd! ""?) I thought the following might be of some interest to the Club. As some members may know I teach Welsh to adults in the North West and one evening a student brought in a poster (in Welsh) asking for contestants for the Welsh version of Mastermind . I used this as a basis for a lesson-never turn down a free lesson!- and then was tempted to fill in the application form. I was aware of the fact that having lived so long among the "Sais" (Foreigners! or English) that I no longer think in Welsh and so when I was asked questions like "O ba sioe gerddorol daw'r gan" Cerddoriaeth y Nos" " ? I had to translate it internally into "from which musical show does the song "Music of the night" comes ?" then think of the answer "Cats" then translate it back into Welsh "Cathod" taking what I feared was a heartbeat longer than my competitors. (The questions are set by the same company who set the questions for the English version and are then translated by a team of Cardiff based translators)

Unlike the English Mastermind, the Welsh version which is only in its second year and still working out its format has only four shows and the four winners together with the highest scoring loser go through to the final.

When I first appeared on Mastermind, I had been unable to answer questions on my original choice of specialist subject "The Life and Work of Toulouse - Lautrec". (I was told that there had been two people doing that subject already - "How about trying European Art from 1830 to 1914 ? as we happen to have a set of questions to hand "- we all know what happened then). So I chose to do it in Welsh for my new venture.

My three opponents were answering questions on "The geography of North America" (Daeryddiaeth yr Unol Daleithiau) "Henry V111 (Harri'r Wythfed) and "Come on the mid-field" (some kind of Welsh footballing soap). The poor gent doing the USA went to pieces (where have you heard that before) and ended with a grand total of six. Henry V111 scored 13 and the football man scored 17 and I got 18. (I must point out that the Welsh language does not lend itself to snappy questions and answers - 15 to 18 is regarded as a good average winning score) and so I now have the unexpected pleasure of looking forward to the Grand Final in Cardiff on October 21st answering questions on either Turner's Water Colours or George and Weedon Grossmith's "Diary of a Nobody".

Watch this space.

*From Stewart Cross*

## **English Folk Music: A Response**

LEO'S OFTEN INTRIGUING THOUGHTS ON MUSIC force me to spring to the defence of English Folk Music. It is all too easy to ridicule our historic musical heritage: indeed the media do it all the time. It's a peculiarly English trait, one not indulged in by the Irish and the Scots, who in particular seem to celebrate their music enthusiastically.

There are contradictions in what he says. He says that Martin Carthy is one of his favourite musicians, but there is no living performer who has done more to protect and cherish traditional English music. He claims that folk musicians don't write about contemporary issues and yet claims he hates Bob Dylan, surely the songwriter that has more of his songs established in the folk repertoire on both sides of the Atlantic ('Blowin' in the Wind', 'Masters of War', 'The Times They Are a Changin', 'Don't Think Twice It's All Right' etc).

Whilst accepting there is some tweekness in many songs (what genre ever totally avoids it sometimes!) even the oldest of songs contain stronger meat. Sex and violence is common and often graphic. The Child Ballad, 'Long Lankin' is a case in point, a song of extreme violence, infanticide and nurse-burning; a song incidentally that was voted as Steeleye Span's most popular

recording in a recent survey! 'Little Sir Hugh' another song covered by Steeleye Span and another Child Ballad, has its origins in a French tale concerning medieval murders of Jewish babies. Hardly twee!

And from the tradition there runs a thread to some of the most exciting of the new breed of performers. Martin Carthy's daughter Eliza, whilst still regularly recording with her family, branches out into new, more edgy territory. Her double CD, 'Red Rice', contrasts the more traditional approach with a cutting-edge radical interpretation on the second disc. It was quite rightly nominated for the Mercury Prize. She and her band the Ratcatchers, continue to record excellent material and many of the musicians cross over to the latest English folk 'supergroup' 'Bellowhead' whose live performances once again, defy any use of the word 'twee.' Along with other recent folk Mercury nominees Kate Rusby and Seth Lakeman, the English scene is vibrant indeed.

The question of the songs themselves is an interesting one. Many, many early songs focus on social, agricultural and military injustice, with transportation a common theme (even U2 have recorded a version of 'Van Diemen's Land'). Should we be writing songs about the trials and tribulations of the I.T.operative? The subject of anti-war songs was always there, as in 'Fighting for Strangers', a tradition updated so wonderfully by the Australian Eric Bogle, whose twin anthems 'The Band Played Waltzing Matilda' and 'No Man's Land' were so memorably interpreted by England's own June Tabor, an artist incidentally whose quality is recognised by every music critic I can think of. And these themes continue to be sung about. Steeleye Span's latest album, 'Bloody Men', contains a new 5 song suite about the Peterloo massacre.

Maddy Prior, a singer of some 40 years experience is on record as saying that she believes there is a lot of poor material in the archives that is quite rightly ignored by the better performers. On this point I do agree with Leo; just because something is rare doesn't make it good. Maddy herself, records under many different guises and to some extent you pay your money and take your choice. With Steeleye Span she is part of one of the leading folk-rock bands of all time (I'm surprised you don't like folk-rock Leo!), with the Carnival Band she follows a traditional route, often based upon carols and hymns, and with her own band she writes more of her own material pursuing themes often linked to her love of the Borders where she now lives (about 12 miles from me!)

Of course I recognise some truth in what Leo says about the 'May Morning' school of folk music. The pure singing of the likes of Annie Briggs and Shirley Collins are not to everyone's taste. Indeed they recognise this themselves. In response to a criticism that she sang like she was in 'Paradise before the Fall', Shirley Collins entitled her subsequent album, 'Anthems in Eden'. But the point is that even if they aren't for you they represent a step along the road to preserve some of these songs, most of which have been recorded by other, more experimental artists. The likes of Child, Sharp and Vaughan Williams may have wished to bowdlerise some of the more extreme lyrics, but subsequent research has revealed and resurrected many of the original, more earthier lyrics. And we mustn't forget that many of the more salacious Rugby songs are folk songs ('The Derby Ram', 'The Lobster', 'The Good Ship Venus' etc) and they are alive and well through the oral tradition - if rarely recorded as they were meant to be heard!

How do you define a folk song? Many would say that anyone who sits down with a guitar and writes a song about the society we live in is a folk singer (stand up Dylan, Paul Simon, Steve Earle, Neil Young, Rufus Wainwright, Joni Mitchell and, from our side of the pond, Cat Stevens, Damien Rice, Richard Thompson, Billy Bragg etc). Many, if not all of these perform or have performed at so-called 'Folk Festivals'. As someone who regularly attends a first-rate Folk and Roots festival, I can confirm English folk music can more than hold its own, with a stronger emphasis on the social and political issues of the day, on contemporary song-writing and on experimental musicianship. But there remains a place in every folk music lover's heart for a little frolicking on a May morning, even if only out of nostalgia! Thanks Leo, for giving me the opportunity to rant a little.

Fortunately, Stewart survived an encounter with the man-eating plant of Buttermere long enough to send this communication to **pass**



*From Lance Haward*

## **Fire Away**

### **(L.A.H. 2012 Briefing Notes No. 1 – Equestrianism)**

EVERY INTENDING VISITOR TO MEXICO is routinely warned that between light-fingered urchins, outright muggers and the same only in uniform, his chances of extracting himself from the country both physically and fiscally intact are minimal.

What he's not warned about, in terms, is the uniquely Mexican threat to survival represented by the Traffic Light.

Stay motionless at one of these for more than five seconds in the Paseo de la Reforma, and you will not only be squeegeed and accosted by flower- or plastic-toy salesmen as on any London corner, but also entertained by fire-eaters. That is, -regurgitators.

They launch their six-foot gushes along the petrol-burning queue with a fine indifference to the statistics of communal destruction, probably unequalled since Cortes came tramping his guns along this causeway.

And then again, there is **Murilo** Cortes, a traffic-jam victim in a wholly different class. Having won individual and team golds for Mexico in equestrianism at the 1948 Olympics, he very quickly rose from Colonel to full General, as happens to state benefactors in this part of the world, and was given some principal Department or other of the Army to engage his interest while out of competition. (Remember, in the opposite scale, the Colombian Escobar, assassinated on return home for putting his team out of the World Cup by way of an own goal?)

So far so good, until the inevitable day came when he got stuck in one of those mechanical coagulations reaching half a mile on every side of the Zocalo. At which point, he showed class. Instead of just leaning on the horn like you and me, he pulled a revolver and **shot** his way out.

And the moral of that is: what a Golden opportunity Mexico missed in the Modern Pentathlon.

*From Michael Schwartz*

DEAR MR DART

We write on behalf of his Holiness the Pope in connection with the photograph on page 7 of the last issue of your magazine **pass**. You portray yourself as a Bishop of our church offering supplication to our Lord. His Holiness does not approve of such blasphemous acts and therefore asks that you atone for your transgression - initially by attending confession with your local priest.

Your next act of atonement must reflect the multi-ethnic make-up of British society. First, you must attend a Moslem service to gain experience and knowledge of one of the key monotheistic faiths. Our Papal advisory council recommends the services at Finsbury Park Mosque on a Saturday morning. Be sure you stand close to the preacher and utter the traditional call of the Koran: Ayatollah Ayatossah Wanka.

Second, you must express contrition at another monotheistic service. There are plenty of synagogues in Golders Green and Stamford Hill. On any Saturday morning there is substantial parking space. Drive your car into any of the spaces provided. Judaism these days is much more relaxed. To demonstrate this new spirit of ecumenism, it is suggested you get out of your car brandishing a pork chop. Utter the immortal words: "Oy Rabbi, do you wanna bite of my pork chop?" and your path to Paradise will be assured. Somewhat earlier than normal but still guaranteed.

Before undertaking any of the above actions His Holiness has asked us to point out the following news:

We are on the move! A whole host of factors has combined to bring us to this decision. I have decided to return to publishing - and there is absolutely none of that in Buxton and as good as nothing in Manchester. And where is publishing in the UK ? In London .

So far, so good. But wait a minute. Property in London is exorbitant. And living in a rabbit hutch does not appeal.

Enter Plan B. Visualise the map of Britain in your mind. Move West through Wales. Advance west to Ireland. Then advance even further west across the Atlantic Ocean. You will eventually find the mouth of the St Lawrence River. Venture down its estuary. Pass Quebec. Pass Montreal. Paddle or swim into Lake Ontario. Turn left and you will end up in the USA. Turn right and you will strike land at Toronto.

And that's where we will be moving to as of the end of August. Permanently.

So why Toronto? Well, Toronto has publishing houses - it is the publishing capital of Canada. It also has a Greek community of 200,000, which should satisfy my (Michael's) needs to speak and study Greek. There are also 200,000 Jews in Toronto - which is almost as many as there are in the whole of Britain.

Toronto is also a highly courteous and friendly city. People are very welcoming. The public transport runs like a dream - can you imagine the longest tube journey in London (West Ruislip to Epping since you ask) costing £1.30? No, I can't either. The streets of Toronto are clean and safe.

And one can still be loyal to Her Majesty the Queen.

Toronto is, in short, what many expect of Britain or it is how they remember it. So, it's goodbye to the rain of the Peak District, morons, yobbos, VETS (Vermin, Excrement, Toe-rags and Scum) and other such filth, the EU (don't even start us on that one), New Labour, tenth-rate public services, drunks and high crime rates.

And what will we be missing? Well, the Mastermind Club is one of the few things we will miss. I will certainly keep up membership (as a neighbour of Barbara-Ann Eddy!). And I feel grateful and honoured to belong to such a distinguished group of people for whom I have such admiration. In particular, Tony, you, Phillida, Peter (Chitty), Editor Ken - and the sheer brain-power of Kevin. I know when I'm beat on that one.

Well, our move can't come quickly enough. Which you've probably guessed.

The new address will be: Apartment 604, Paxton Place, 71 Charles Street East, Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2T3, Canada. We extend our best and kindest wishes to you and everyone involved with the Club.

Hazel and Michael.

*From Gavin Fuller*

## **A Date for your Diary**

AS THERE WAS FORTUNATELY NOTHING ON AT THE MILLENNIUM STADIUM to clash with our preferred date, next year's Annual Reunion, celebrating the Club's Pearl Anniversary, will be in Cardiff from the 4<sup>th</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> April, alien invasions permitting. More details and booking forms will be enclosed with the next issue, but if any of you have any suggestions for the weekend I am more than happy to listen to them!

## **Shakespeare for Managers (Part Three)**

*Andrew Curtis*

There are more initiatives in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy

Goodnight, sweet prince. May flights of angels move this forward outwith the present meeting.

To be, or not to be. That is the ask.

We few, we happy few. We business-oriented workshop.

# Master Quiz 2007

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

- 1) *The Diary of a Nobody* by George and Weedon Grossmith
- 2) Paul Dukas
- 3) John Lennon
- 4) John Bailliol
- 5) The Friar
- 6) Tamar
- 7) Lewis Hamilton
- 8) The Ambassadors
- 9) Tara
- 10) Formosa
- 11) Mercury
- 12) C(live) S(taples) Lewis
- 13) Georgia on My Mind
- 14) William Ewart Gladstone
- 15) Hamlet (Hamlet himself)
- 16) Explorer (although some areas were already covered by the Outdoor Leisure series at this scale and no map has been produced in the series for these areas)
- 17) The Searchers
- 18) Rococo
- 19) The Mount of Olives
- 20) Giga
- 21) Queen Mary II
- 22) The 1922 Committee
- 23) (Georg Philipp) Telemann
- 24) Kendo
- 25) None – due to a miscalculation there never was a John XX!
- 26) Country
- 27) Polar Bear
- 28) Portsmouth
- 29) Ebola
- 30) Armagnac
- 31) James Stewart
- 32) The number of degrees Fahrenheit the air temperature fell below the freezing point
- 33) Andy Murray
- 34) 3
- 35) Stour
- 36) Mercury
- 37) Charlotte Brontë
- 38) William Hesketh Lever, First Lord Leverhulme
- 39) HMS Thetis
- 40) John Playford
- 41) An aeroplane (suggested real full name for BOAC!)
- 42) Estée Lauder
- 43) Marmion
- 44) Sublimation
- 45) Harry S Truman (that's where he came from!)
- 46) Foula (Shetland Isles)
- 47) It is diving
- 48) Richard II
- 49) Les Miserables
- 50) Graham
- 51) Drink it (it's a beer brewed by Jennings brewery)
- 52) Battle Hymn of the Republic
- 53) Toyko/Yokohama
- 54) Pirates of the Caribbean
- 55) Over drinks (due to the Dutch being believed to be heavy drinkers)
- 56) Brian Clough
- 57) Phaeton
- 58) A delivery that fails to rise when it bounces
- 59) Ergot
- 60) Leading Seaman
- 61) Sir William Ramsay
- 62) Chess
- 63) Captain Jack (Harkness)
- 64) Katie Melua
- 65) World Land and Water Speed record
- 66) A44
- 67) The sum of
- 68) Dr Samuel Johnson
- 69) An Australian dust storm
- 70) Lord (Kenneth) Clark
- 71) Third
- 72) The are the only ones to be held under Jockey Club rules on a beach
- 73) The first Monday after January 6<sup>th</sup>
- 74) Knotmaking

- 75) Telly Savalas
- 76) Potato
- 77) William III
- 78) Never-Never Land
- 79) Brian Talbot (Ipswich in 1978 and Arsenal in 1979)
- 80) Andromeda Galaxy
- 81) Zara Phillips (on Toytown)
- 82) James Abbott McNeil Whistler
- 83) Lobsouse (from which the tern “scouse” derives)
- 84) From the four extra inches of cloth required below the knee in tailoring
- 85) Waterson:Carthy
- 86) Matthew Flinders
- 87) Vegetarians (A cheese and onion version was introduced alongside the usual meat & potato)
- 88) The Daleks & Cybermen
- 89) Hoylake
- 90) Powered flight (by the Wright Brothers)
- 91) In the dark parts of caves
- 92) Vegetables (for example the cuke-o-phon and radish-marimba!)
- 93) Leon Trotsky
- 94) Robin Knox-Johnson
- 95) It is the point on the Antarctic landmass furthest from the Southern Ocean
- 96) Carriage clock
- 97) Raven
- 98) The Church of the Latter Day Saints (Mormons)
- 99) Judas Iscariot
- 100) Plan 9 From Outer Space

# MUGNUM 2007

## Answers to the 2007 Mugnum Questions (printed in 2007:2)

- 13: They were both killed in duels
- 20: They are childhood homes of members of the Beatles now owned by the National Trust – John Lennon at Mendips and Paul McCartney at 20 Forthlin Road
- 22: Edgar Wallace, illegitimate paternal half-brother of Marriott Edgar
- 61: Anglesey and the Isle of Man
- 89: They all lost ears
- 145: Gaetano Donizetti
- 156: The iron printing press used to produce the earliest sheets of the Penny Black
- 253: Guyana
- 275: William Huskisson, MP for Liverpool and President of the Board of Trade, who at the opening ceremony of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway on 15 September 1830 was hit by the *Rocket*, driven by Joseph *Locke*, while standing at the *carriage* of the *Duke of Wellington*. (Note: Huskisson died of his injuries, but at the subsequent inquest Locke was exonerated because (a) the Rocket had no brakes and (b) it was Huskisson’s own fault for not getting out of the way.)
- 280: Plywood
- 287: a) Sidney Sussex College Cambridge b) In a casket in Newburgh Priory near Coxwold, North Yorkshire
- 307: Stockport County (0.85km away)
- 337: The first performance of Handel’s *Messiah* in Dublin
- 342: Four-leaf clover, page of the Bible, football boots, adventure book and love sonnets
- 349: Liverpool FC
- 434: Abbreviation of Lobsouse
- 443: Caister-on-Sea (in 1906)
- 455: The Red Badge of Courage

457: They were strips of silver foil thrown from aircraft to fool the enemy radar into thinking there were more planes in the air than there actually were

475: They are alternative names for Tube stations in Simon Patterson's contemporary art work *The Great Bear*

504: William Howard Taft (in his capacity of Chief Justice 1922-30)

526: Obadiah

532: The Blayden Races

549: 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the meeting of John Lennon and Paul McCartney (Woolton Church fete May 1957)

554: Both were librarians (Hume at the Advocates' Library Edinburgh and Casanova to the Count of Waldstein at Dux

577: The first eminent private detective

579: 7

596: Ronald

629: Both claim to be the geographic centre of Britain (based on different methods of locating it)

642: Rembrandt van Rijn

672: The Sydney Opera House

677: Memel (Klaipeda), ceded by Lithuania on March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1939

687: David (St David's Day, Michelangelo's David, David Hockney)

696: James IV

731: They were names rejected for horses on the grounds of being too rude

766: The Oscar statuettes

769: Marilyn Monroe

779: Fresh Water

797: Marcel Marceau, Non

819: Calvin Coolidge in 1872 (Adams, Jefferson & Monroe being the ones who died on that date)

824: The opening words of *The Marriage of Figaro*

866: A Carillon

868: Between the cities of Boston and Cambridge, Massachusetts

869: 2010

877: Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte (later Emperor Napoleon III)

899: Irish

955: Lottery

985: The London Orbital

986: Peter Crouch

993: W H Auden

## Scores

### Individual

<b>Kevin Ashman</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>Mel Kinsey</b>	<b>31.3</b>
<b>Sonia Anderson</b>	<b>30.9</b>
Geoff Thomas	27
Stewart Cross	24.5
Ann Kelly	23
Philip Wharmby	22.8
David Cowan	18
Tony Bell	16.5
Patricia Owen	16.3
Christopher Gifford	15.5
Sarah Scott	14.9
Pauline Wells	13.6
Mary Gibson	12.5
Peter Chitty	10.8
Wendy Forrester	10

### Team

<b>Sagger Makers' Bottom Knockers</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>(Kathryn Johnson, Pat Gibson &amp; David Edwards)</b>	
Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood	29.7
(Mary Andrews, Susan Leng & Anne Miller)	
Somesorts	29.5
(Ken Emond & Phillida Grantham)	
The Famous Five	26
(Margery Elliott, Yvonne Weir, Eleanor Macnair,, Leslie Grout & Marga Scott)	
The Incorruptibles	24
(Chris Pelly & Paul Emerson)	
Ray Ward & Margaret Howe	23.5

## Illegal, Immoral – or just Fattening?

### Lance Haward muses on moral outrage

**T**here has, over recent years, been a significant number of instances, not necessarily of communal hysteria, so much as of collective snap-judgements against which no dissentient voice has been audible in the initial clamour, but where a notable minority view has in course of time been suffered to make itself heard. The expressions of universal “grief” over the death of Princess Diana were, of course, by far the most celebrated, but the unalloyed approval of Tony Blair’s 1997 Election victory, prior to neo-Labour’s neo-Thatcherism becoming evident to the world, was a no less conspicuous example.

More recent in this line of self-deceptions or media conspiracies, whichever, in this case unquestionably hysterical, was the Affaire Yegorova. With the passage of time, the facts in even so notorious a case may need recapitulation. The lady was accused of taking prohibited substances shortly before the 2001 athletics World Championships, but because the sampling procedure had not been carried out in accordance with the rules, proceedings against her were dropped, and she was reinstated in time to compete in the Championships, and defeated the crowd’s favourite, Szabo of Romania, in the final. The self-righteous outburst of feeling against her was predictable; its open utterances of condemnation an affront to any civilized scheme of justice.

The more interesting aspect of it is not the totally disgraceful lynch-mob in which commentators gleefully participated along with competitors, on the strength of unsubstantiated allegations, but the state of mind which underpins this condemnation of **some** artificial aids.

The world of athletics, more than any other sport, affects this lofty, righteous indignation toward drugs, a quasi-moral stance not displayed (even though the acts themselves may be penalized) toward footballers’ “professional fouls” or jockeys’ rough-

riding tactics, equally breaches of the rules. The point is that the burden of criticism in the first case is **not** being directed against the breach as breach: it assumes the tone of moral indignation appropriate to that which is unethical not simply as a species of conduct made criminal for the time being, where the want of propriety is specifically in the fact of that criminality, but to that which is absolutely unseemly in the natural human being. Hospitalizing the opposition with the butt-end of one's hockey-stick, for example, would be an indecent act even if the **rules** allowed it.

But the use of artificial aids for enhancing performance is **not** an infringement of that kind. If nandrilone or steroids were to be struck off the proscription list, there could be no logical complaint about their use, any more than about cold-cures or cryogenics. As between muscle-builders and pain-killers, irregular javelins and swallow-tail putters, stream-lined cycling helmets or luge suits, running by "walkers" or Fosbury-flopping by jumpers, the arbitrary scintilla of statutory phrase by which lawful and unlawful are distinguished is hardly sufficient basis for moral outrage. The recent Channel 4 programmes on the ancient Olympic games made the point that the Greeks themselves, had steroids been available to them in tablet form, would have regarded it as entirely proper to use them in the pursuit of supremacy.

But "Disgusted of Tunbridge Wells" is oblivious to this simple truth. He presents a spectacle of slaving Puritanism remarkable in this indulgent age, in attempting to assert a spiritual jurisdiction over private conscience.

"This habit is deplorable," is the implicit (and sometimes overt) assertion: "that is, it is bad for you."

Not, note, bad for your competitors, but that you should not be allowed to damage yourself. This can only be a theological proposition, deriving from the knowledge of man-in-the-image-of-God.

Interestingly, the pattern of this response to self-destruction for the sake of supremacy is inconsistent: we do **not** hear the outraged pontificating so vociferously in relation to the most outstanding of all examples of anatomical distortion self-inflicted in the pursuit of sporting triumph. Whilst shot-putting may be off-putting, no one has suggested that gold medals should be removed from Russian gymnasts on account of the sufferings they undergo as infants, leading to the total decrepitude or premature death they customarily experience by the age of thirty. The quest for incredible excellence by these extreme means is understood to be a choice which the sovereign individual is entitled to make for herself (even if one suspects that occasionally the choice is made by an even more sovereign animal, the parent).

"Disgusted"'s choice of target, in short, is highly selective, to the extent that we must suppose that it **is** in fact simply the arbitrary criminal label (no less a technicality than the "technicalities" of Yegorova's innocence which they so passionately deplore) that unleashes the fury, even though its principal constituent is the moralizing instinct.

"These disfashions of nature" is the pejorative label once used to categorize castrati; but the judgement of history is more balanced, allowing that it is for the individual to decide for (him)self what price is worth paying for triumph and fame. On that particular mutilation there is a long-standing ambivalence, reaching way back to the institution of the Aaronic priesthood, when the anatomically blemished were disqualified from functioning either as officiant or sacrificial victim. But a millennium and more later, by Origen's time, the devout could get close to canonization by invoking surgery to the like effect, undergone not in pursuit of worldly fame this time, but for the avoidance of temptation. As with incest in certain Egyptian and Buddhist philosophies, the ultimate offence has mutated with time into a positive theological virtue. So much for ephemeral criminal law.

The point about the Yegorova matter is not that the lady was guilty but escaped on a "technicality"; but that, the law being entirely composed of technicalities, she was by definition innocent, and most of the utterances of most of the commentators little short of libellous – their irresponsible behaviour reminiscent of that pernicious Scottish verdict of "Non Proven".

And what would the Duchess have said was the moral of all this?

That our faculty of indignation needs to be more circumspect? (Until, at any rate, we can be Ladbroke-certain that we **are** on the winning side.) Our suspicion of universal opinion more robust and more outspoken? Or that society needs to avoid coercion by lawyers, with their unhealthy talent for shaping communal practice to their private ends?

Not that you can expect me to agree with the view that their private ends should be removed. **Lawyers**, unlike castrati, are not paid double to sing treble.

# Reflections of a Serial Cyclist

Chris Pelly

Since retiring in 1996 I have completed several "unofficial" sponsored solo cycle rides. These have ranged in length from 1200 to 2000 miles, mainly in France and Switzerland. September is my chosen month for travel as accommodation is easier to find and there is a chance of decent weather. In both respects I've been very fortunate: I haven't yet been forced to spend a night in "L'Hotel Vert" (though there have been a couple of damn'd close-run things) - and during a round trip to Orkney the only meteorological inconvenience in 4 weeks was a day-long Caithness haar, which merely delayed a triumphal entry into John O'Groats !

Among the charities supported are : The British Heart Foundation (my wife has had major cardiac surgery); the League of Friends of the Royal Bournemouth Hospital, where I am a member of the Visiting Committee; the National Blood Service; and STARS - Syncope Trust and Reflex Anoxic Seizures, a charity dedicated to raising awareness of a condition often mis-diagnosed as temper tantrums or epilepsy. My daughter Mandy, who has suffered these attacks since childhood, set up the Organisation's Information and Support website.

Seeking sponsorship still makes me feel uneasy. One acquaintance approached asked with feigned levity why he should sponsor me for something I obviously enjoyed doing. A valid question, I suppose. But should I, ergo, raise funds by asking to be slugged in the face? Anyway, I am eternally grateful to all those kind people - many of them MM Clubbers - who have supported me, some on a near-annual basis !

Prior to 1996, despite several tours accompanied by one or other (!) of my children, I would have described myself as no more than an occasional wheeler. What turned me into a cycling freak was That Ancestral Diary..

Spread across 171 pages of a hardback account book, "Jottings of a Bicyclist" was penned by my great-great uncle Henry Howard, a law student, between 1878 and 1884. Until coming into my possession the journal had lain in cobwebbed obscurity for almost 115 years.

Howard bought his first bike, a Stassen, in spring 1878 when he was twenty, and soon afterwards attended a "school" near Whitechapel to learn to ride. Once he had achieved sufficient confidence in the saddle, his spins became increasingly ambitious. By late autumn of the same year cycling had become an obsession that was to lead him up and down Victorian Britain. For the next six years, every summer evening, every weekend, every holiday, he went out on his penny-farthing. And wherever he went, he recorded the details: the hotels, the companions, the hills and spills. Each trip is meticulously recorded with a dip-and-scratch steel nib in clear copperplate script. Hotel receipts are pasted in, as are the letters and postcards he wrote home - even pressed flowers from the Alps and shells from John O'Groats.

High on their machines, bugles and whistles at the ready, Howard and his friends pedalled 80 miles and more a day. Their progress was slowed only by mountainous gradients, reckless riding-"Halliday, in sporting with me along the road (a very bad practice), came rather a nasty cropper and sustained a cut under the eyebrow" -and by mechanical breakdown, remedied usually by the local blacksmith. They rushed round the Home Counties, rattled through the North, tackled the Highlands and the Continent.

Early in 1881 Howard bought a new bike, a "plated Humber". And this was the machine that took him on his first great challenge, introduced deadpan: "On the 28th of August 1881 I left the house and mounted my Humber to ride to John O'Groats".

The appeal of Howard's record lies in the enthusiasm of the narrative, in its innocence, in its very ordinariness. Here are the moustachioed, pillbox-hatted swells -in a sepia-tinted photo - of the Brixton Bicycling Club, Halliday, McCaffrey, Cobden. Here too are the innkeepers, the yokels and the wayfarers of another age. At times Henry Howard is Charles Pooter, long-winded and self-important in his meticulous observation of the commonplace. At times he is Pooter's son Lupin, revelling in his sport, emboldened by female company. Always he is a Victorian, whose words emerge from an age confident in its social order.

I was captivated by the journal. Even now, when dipping into it, I seem to find a new vignette to chuckle at; another stylistic felicity to savour.

It didn't take me long to make a solemn resolution to retrace (by bike) all Howard's major trips once my retirement got under way. But what I didn't know then was that these sentimental journeys were to attach a certain poignancy..

A family tree (distaff) revealed that Howard had died in 1893 at the age of 35. An untimely demise, I thought, even for those times. Curious to know more, I approached an elderly cousin of my mother. All he could (would?) tell me was that Howard had worked as legal consultant for Remington's in Sheffield, and had died in mysterious circumstances.

At least I had dates and locality. So off to the National Newspaper Archive in Colindale. After about three hours' search I found in a Sheffield Star of late November 1893 the Coroner's report of an "apparent suicide". The deceased had been identified as Henry Caswell Howard of Glossop Street, Sheffield, formerly of London. According to friends attending the inquest, Howard, normally a cheerful and businesslike young man and a pillar of the local YMCA and Tabernacle, had become extremely depressed by the poverty he witnessed among the steelworkers, occasioned by a sudden industrial slump. He was particularly affected by the plight of the children and would visit the slums, dispensing most of his wardrobe and ready cash. He had been heard to describe the misery he saw around as an abomination in a country that professed itself Christian. The inquest concluded that it was while in a state of the most abject despair that Howard had left home one night and jumped to his death from a railway arch.

This report upset me more than I care to admit. For days after I indulged overmuch in maudlin speculation as to what might have been..

In early 1997 I decided that my first trip would be Paris to Venice, which Howard and Halliday made together in 1883.

My objectives were fourfold: to retrace their route exactly; to identify where possible the inns they put up at; to complete the journey in no more than 3 weeks – what's wrong with some posthumous rivalry ? - and to raise money for a charity I considered appropriate to Howard's memory: the Salisbury-based Hope and Homes for Children. An essential vade mecum would be copies of Howard's itineraries. Like him, I would keep a diary, though I wasn't disposed to ape some of his quaintly-expressed sentiments, e.g., when they left Dover:

"The sea was calm, the air exhilarating and our spirits were at their highest. It was not that we loved England less, or other countries more; it was simply the prospect of having nothing but our own pleasure to consult for the next three weeks, that filled our breasts with joy".

If I managed to complete that particular trip, raising £1500 as a result, I claim no credit for equalling the time they took. Yes, Howard and Halliday were mere striplings of 25 and seasoned club cyclists. But think of the unmetalled roads they had to traverse on solid rubber boneshaker tyres. And if I made my trip in early May, Howard made his during high summer, in close-fitting jacket and breeches (then de rigueur) which made scant concession to an Italian August.

I think that my 2006 tour round northern France was the most enjoyable to date. Nigh on 2000 miles, it was certainly the longest. Grimly determined to avoid busy trunk routes, I was usually faced with either serpentine lanes that seemed to lead nowhere - or gradients of horrendous severity. No matter. Even the toughest day's ride had its promised counterpoint in a hearty supper followed by a chat with the locals over a Calvados or three.

Cycling pastures new constantly beckon. The Really Big One is still a pipe-dream, but...quien sabe ?

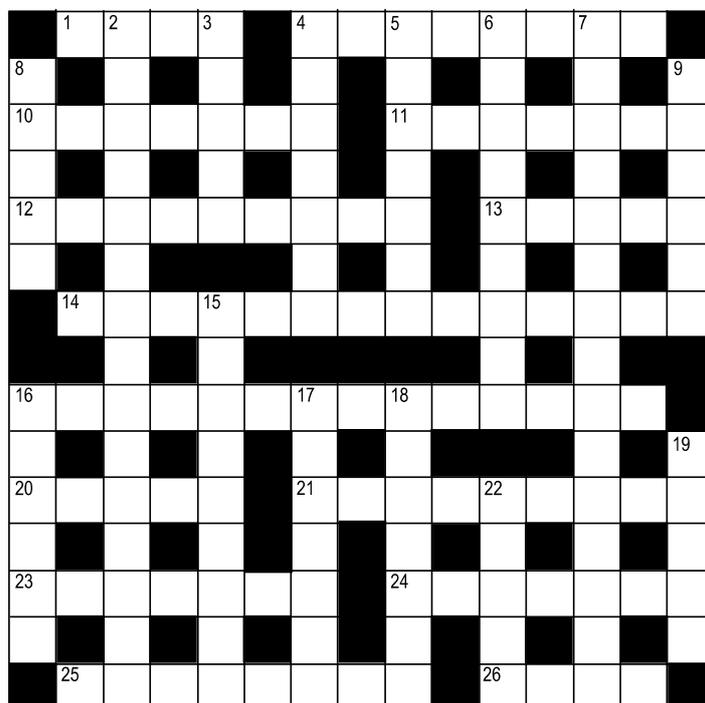
Meanwhile, from across the years, let me salute the guiding spirit behind all my two-wheeled peregrinations. Thanks, Henry, a mere 130 years separate us.



Chris in typical 'cycling' pose, at John O'Groats

# Crossword (2007:3)

by *Gadfan*



## ACROSS

- 1 It shapes and uplifts they say (4)  
 4 Perversely aspire to unite right and left in revenge (8)  
 10 Rather than sainted, converted (7)  
 11 Cuts down on naughty secrets (7)  
 12 As one is in Paris this month, everything is put out of memory (9)  
 13 One in the bracket with a racket (5)  
 14 A p-pair of m-monkeys is carrying a short stick in exaltation (14)  
 16 Check accounts for replacements (14)  
 20 Religious war declared in return for Al-Qaida hijack (5)  
 21 Extra extra shy (9)  
 23 Closet supporters of Gordon Brown (7)  
 24 Musical figure sharing birthday with two others (7)  
 25 Friend rejecting religion indeed justified (8)  
 26 Seals reported in river under surface (4)

## DOWN

- 2 Faint not as the building is trashed (15)  
 3 Water bearers assembled when a water bearer stood on head (5)  
 4 Outlined repeatedly in red, green, and finally brown (7)  
 5 Using some filler I patched up a tyre (7)  
 6 Faithless couples may be said to live thus prior to ceremony? Not half! (9)  
 7 Being Celtic, Arthur lay in different position with reference to building (15)  
 8 A hearing of the ultimate offence (5)  
 9 Sanction rise in sound... (6)  
 15 ...as I screened movies at home (9)  
 16 Right boot out second (6)  
 17 Drab or tedious bits abandoned (7)  
 18 Put out and downcast - Dead put out! (7)  
 19 He's daft over European relation of Robin and Martin (5)  
 22 Head down to get some formal attire (5)

## Crossword (2007:2) Solution

by Gadfan



Entries for Prize Crossword 2007:2 were more sparse than usual, perhaps suggesting a harder-than-usual puzzle. I appreciated the correspondence from Peter Richardson and Michael Grosvenor Myer, not least because they flagged up those clues which might benefit from some explanation.

17 d *Cited in surprise revelation after Gordon Darcy's match* -> BENNETT

First, a *mea culpa*: Both Peter and Michael quite rightly point out that Elizabeth, who became Mrs Darcy, spelled her maiden name "Bennet", I detail of which I was shamefully ignorant. Perhaps I can crawl out of this hole by adding the single word *report* to the end of the clue. I had agonised over a totally different spelling ambiguity. I note that the Irish rugby international alluded to in the clue insists on spelling his name "Gordon D'Arcy", whereas the gentleman in the Austen tome, who, we are led to believe, really was a toff, was happy to use the arguably less pretentious "Darcy" spelling! I venture the judgment, "less pretentious", on the basis that the surname's origins would seem to be Irish rather than Norman French.

15 a *Answer to corrosion question is in the positive* -> ANODISE

The reference to *the positive* has nothing to do with *a nod*, leaving a stray *e* to account for. Rather, it refers to *anode*, being **the positive** electrode in an electrical circuit.

7 a *A 17's story: the myth promulgated by Joan and her peers* -> THE OLD WIVES' TALE

The clue refers in part to the Arnold Bennett novel. Joan is alluded to as the quintessential "old wife", usually in the company of quintessential old husband, Darby.

5 d *Montgomery's administration ordered 1000 tablets of A4* -> STATE OF ALABAMA

This is a rather convoluted anagram ("ordered") from the letters M (=1000), TABLETS OF, AAAA (=A4), Montgomery being the state capital of Alabama.

10 a *As Stipe is going to a reunion, he can sing "Losing My Religion"* -> APOSTATE

This anagram is perhaps even more convoluted, but irresistible. At the risk of patronising, or sounding like the 1960s barrister who pointed out that "The Beatles are a popular beat combo, m'lud", I should explain that Michael **Stipe** is lead singer of the (in my opinion) excellent band, REM, whose most successful international hit is entitled *Losing My Religion*. "APOSTATE" is an anagram ("reunion") of AS STIPE minus I and S ("IS going"), TO A. Though the context might be considered esoteric, it is not essential to solving the clue.

And so to the prize:

Geoff Thomas achieved a near miss for *Sharks devour top of chalky lime deposit*, suggested as a clue for SCALE. I much appreciated the "Sharks" reference to Sale rugby union team. However, my favourite clue comes from Margery Elliott: *In league with Conan Doyle?* for REDHEAD. Margery wins a £10 book token.

I hope crossword 2007:3 will prove a little more forgiving. Send entries, including a tiebreaker clue suggestion to me at 26 Lady Meadow Close, Denstone, Uttoxeter, ST14 5EY or e-mail them to [gadfan@btinternet.com](mailto:gadfan@btinternet.com).

# Hull Quiz Answers

Jonathan Shaw

Thanks to all who entered. Paul Emerson got all answers correct and pointed out (correctly) that Garden Village was also known as Garden Suburb. Bad luck to Rachel Leonard who put Ray Francis not Roy Francis! Book token on the way to Paul

- A) Roy Francis
- B) Zachariah Pearson
- C) Kingston Amateurs
- D) Trevor Larsen
- E) Brigg
- F) Quench
- G) Trinity
- H) Ye Olde White Harte
- I) Dan Bryan
- J) Garden Village
- K) The Circle
- L) Window
- M) A Telephone Exchange
- N) Brynmor Jones Library
- O) Botanic Gardens
- P) Boer War
- Q) Whale
- R) Leeds Utd and Spurs

- S) John Godber
- T) Old Mother Riley
- U) University of London
- V) Leonhard Euler
- W) Funfair (Hull Fair)
- X) William Wilberforce
- Y) Green Dragon
- Z) John Shuttleworth

## Scores

Paul Emerson	26
Rachel Leonard	25
David Steele	25
Steve Hayes	24
Ann Kelly	20

## The Editor's Film Quiz (2)

Another variation of an A to Z

In the absence of any other offerings for the back page in hand at the moment, I have put together another Editor's Film Quiz. Have you noticed how many film titles seem to feature character names? Here is a (not too difficult) selection, where the object is to identify the film title from the year of release and the two main stars. In each case the surname of the title character begins with the letter indicated. So, for example, the film *Becky Sharp* would appear as S) 1935 Miriam Hopkins, Cedric Hardwicke and so on. (Hint: the title may feature more words than just the character name – I am looking for the full title of the film.) Entries to me either by email to [kene@britac.ac.uk](mailto:kene@britac.ac.uk) or in hard copy to Ken Emond, 108 Havil Street, Camberwell, London SE5 7RS to arrive by 31 October. The usual modest prize of a £10 book token to the first all-correct entry opened.

A)	1977	Peter Firth, Ann-Margret
B)	1997	Judi Dench, Billy Connolly
C)	1939	Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers
D)	1967	Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar
E)	1996	William Hurt, Charlotte Gainsbourg
F)	1998	Michael Keaton, Kelly Preston
G)	1952	Jennifer Jones, Charlton Heston
H)	1942	Ginger Rogers, George Montgomery
I)	1935	Gary Cooper, Ann Harding
J)	1963	Albert Finney, Susannah York
K)	1948	Vivien Leigh, Kieron Moore
L)	1965	Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley
M)	1969	Anthony Newley, Joan Collins
N)	1995	Wesley Snipes, Patrick Swayze
O)	1943	Betty Grable, Robert Young
P)	1936	Paul Muni, Joesphine Hutchison
Q)	1975	Anthony Newley, David Hemmings
R)	1996	Julia Roberts, John Malkovich
S)	1935	Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant
T)	1944	Fredric March, Alexis Smith
U)	1951	Bert Lahr, Jack Carson
V)	1970	Burt Lancaster, Susan Clark
W)	1960	Peter Finch, Yvonne Mitchell
X)	1965	Lana Turner, John Forsythe
Y)	1998	Charlize Theron, Bill Paxton
Z)	2001	Ben Stiller, Owen Wilson