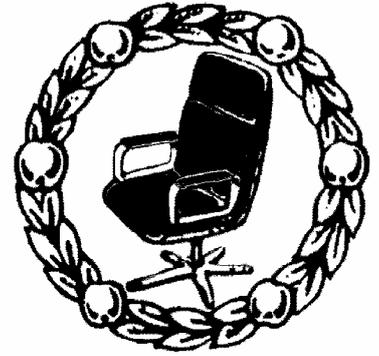
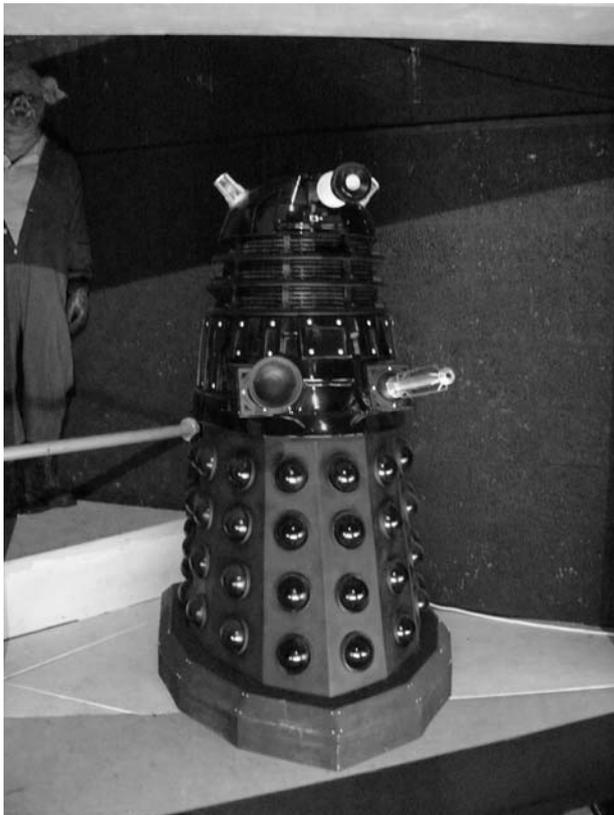


# pass



The Quarterly Magazine of the Mastermind Club

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You-will-be-ex-ter-min-at-ed-if-you-do-not-come-to-Car-diff-for-the-thir-ti-eth-an-niv-er-sa-ry-of-the-Mas-ter-mind-Club!

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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>	
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Stick pins	6.00
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## Convivial Gatherings...

Ken Emond, Editor

Once more I am conscious of writing my editorial and putting the finishing touches to **pass** at the last minute, and hope that you do, in fact, receive this fourth issue of the year before the end of 2007. Partly the delay has arisen from my absence in New Zealand during the whole of September. I expect to inflict a more detailed story of my travels on you in a future issue: probably a New Zealand special, since other Club members are either going to visit there soon, or have been in the past, but in the meantime, I should briefly say how much I enjoyed my time there. To be able to explore such a wonderful country, partly in the company of Kevin Ashman, partly with the help of Paul Henderson and Marjorie, who were very generous in their hospitality, and partly on my own, over the course of a whole month, was a real delight. The only downside has been the amount of work that has piled up since my return to the British Academy. Time for another holiday, I think!

In the meantime, may I also take this opportunity to recommend the Grape Street Wine Bar gatherings for those who are around London, or happen to be visiting, on the third Wednesday of each month. Regular numbers have been rather smaller than we would like recently, and we want to welcome as many as possible to join us for what is always a very convivial gathering. For those unable to make it readily to London, there are also regional gatherings in Manchester and the North East, and there may be others that we don't hear about so frequently. Reports on all of these would be very welcome for a future issue.

May I also wish all of you a very merry Christmas, and a happy and enjoyable New Year in 2008.

**Note:** The deadline for copy for the first issue of 2008 will be 31 January. There are already a few items in hand, which have to be held over from this issue, but more contributions are always welcome. Submission can be made 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 have an important announcement to make regarding subscription payments made by those members who pay by cheque. Because of the increasing bank charges that the club has to pay, especially for the handling of cheques, the club committee has decided that from 1 January 2009 the Annual Subscription for members who pay by cheque will be increased to £8 to help offset these charges. It will also help to cover Postal charges for sending reminders.

You may, and the Treasurer and I hope that you will, consider paying by Standing Order. This will have the advantage that once the S/O has been filled in and returned to us you can forget about having to write a cheque again and your subscription will be paid automatically every year.

Please contact me (address on the inside front cover), and I hope you will, and I will send you a form.

I shall be sending out reminders for 2008 as usual at the end of December.

**NB: If you already pay by Standing Order, no action is required.**

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

581 Mrs Sally BRANSTON Rua do Roseiral No 90 BIRRE 2750-261 Cascais Portugal

686 Mr Michael SCHWARTZ Apt 604 Paxton Place 71 Charles Street East TORONTO Ontario M47 2T3 Canada Tele 001 647 345 3553

The Club wishes both Michael and Sally and their families every happiness in their new homes.

All it remains is for me to wish all club members and their families a very Merry Christmas and a Peaceful and a Prosperous New Year.

# Letters, news and views

*From Jon Kelly, Producer of Mastermind*

## Contestant search

I WOULD LIKE TO ASK MEMBERS of the Club if they wanted to have another go at applying to take part in *Mastermind*. We often get applications from previous contenders but the trend seems to have been for people from the John Humphrys era to re-apply. Whilst we welcome these, I would dearly love some more of the Magnus era contenders to apply. Who knows, we may even be able to recreate a contest between past contenders!

If you could help us with this, I'd really appreciate it. We will be processing applications from December 1st with a view to auditioning contenders in late January. To obtain an application you can either write to us at:  
Mastermind  
BBC Manchester  
Oxford Rd  
Manchester  
M60 1SJ

Or the form can be downloaded, or indeed completed, on the website [www.bbc.co.uk/mastermind](http://www.bbc.co.uk/mastermind). Applications need to be submitted by the end of January at the very latest.

*From Arfor Wyn Hughes*

## Mastermind Cymru (part 2)

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY REACHED THE GRAND FINAL (See last issue) quite a long time passed before anything further happened. I was taken on a trip to the Clore Annexe of the Tate where I was treated to a private exhibition – there is no other way to describe it – of Turner's sketchbooks, studies and unfinished paintings. To actually handle his sketchbooks was a goose-pimpling experience! I was accompanied by the show's producer/ director a charming Welshman (there are still quite a few of us left!!) called Jonathan Davies and a young cameraman and equally young soundman (who were off the next morning to film the F.I. Grand Prix in Mexico!) Apart from the fact that I had to climb the flight of stairs into the Tate what seemed like a dozen times and staring in "adoration" at endless Turners it was most enjoyable – although I must confess thinking that when Geoff Thomas chose *Gone with the Wind* and Margaret Mitchell in last year's Final he was taken to Atlanta, Georgia to "absorb atmosphere background" I regretted that I had not chosen "Gauguin in Tahiti" or "The Sidney Nolan paintings of Ned Kelly and his gang"!

I was also filmed at my work – as I like to think of it – in one of my Welsh classes at the Adult Education Centre in Stockport. My class of enthusiastic beginners were delighted with the experience especially with signing waivers allowing the B.B.C. to "Use their electronic images"! Then it was off to Cardiff for the recording of the Final. It is nearly twenty years since I took part in the original "Mastermind" and I don't remember the Production team very clearly, but I doubt whether they matched up to the Welsh team (no racial prejudice I can assure you!) lead by the beautiful – and brainy – Question Master (Mistress?) Betsan Powys. Everything was going smoothly, the Hotel and facilities (i.e. the bar!) were excellent, I was reasonably confident-even though I was beginning to feel that "The Life and Work of J.M.W.Turner 1775-1851" was perhaps a little "broad-based"!

When the actual recording started – I was to be the third contestant out of five – all seemed to be going well. The first two did reasonably well and then it was my turn. I walked to the Black Chair, had the usual brief chat with Betsan and then, when I was asked what my Specialist Subject was, I realised that I didn't remember in which order Turner's initials came! Was it

"W.M.J." or "J.M.W."? -and what were his dates? I could make neither head nor tail of the first few questions – my internal translation system seemed to be taking longer and longer! and I ended up with a score of 4! I pulled up slightly on my General Knowledge but still ended up with exactly the same score as I had had all those years ago at Lancaster University Great Hall – 12!!

Who says lightning doesn't strike twice on the same spot? I tried to cling to the Club motto "Ludus non nisi Sanguineus" but it was only in the Green Room party afterwards that I started to see the "funny" side of it! As my late father-in-law used to say "Fly with the Crows and expect to get shot!" and – lo and behold – I'd been well and truly shot – again!! Ah well – "Iechyd da i bob Cymro" – as we always say in the hills! It was a great – and very pleasant – experience that I would not have missed for the World!

### *From Gordon Stuart*

I WAS INTERESTED TO SEE THE WELSH HEADING of the editorial of **pass** 2007:2. I might suggest a Scottish Gaelic one for another time, namely: Latha math leibh, a'chairdean. This means Good day to you (literally with you), friends. In Gaelic, as in several other languages, "Good day" is the usual greeting, where in English nowadays "Hallo" is more usual.

I became interested in the Welsh language when I had a Welsh colleague in my first teaching post. My interest was later further increased when I found from my family tree that my maternal grandmother was a first cousin of Arthur Wade Evans, the historian of Wales. Her mother's cousin was a sea captain from Fishguard who regularly sailed round the Horn to Chile.

Consequently my Yorkshire born maternal grandfather, who had settled in Japan, became Chilean consul in that country. The sea captain often took his wife with him on his voyages and as a result five of his seven children were born in Chile. One of his sons founded a legal firm in Fishguard and gave land to the town, named Lota Park after his birthplace in Chile, for the holding of the eisteddfod. When a more recent eisteddfod was held at Fishguard, as I had never been to an eisteddfod or met my Welsh relatives, I decided to do both and I found that this gentleman's daughter was secretary of the organising committee. I later stayed with her family when my Institute held its AGM and conference at the University College of Swansea. I was amused to read the Welsh notice in the college car park stating that the park was for members of the college and that "clampiau" would be used for unauthorised parking.

I should like you to say to Arfor Wyn Hughes on my behalf "Iechyd da". Like its Gaelic equivalent "Slainte mhath" it means "Good health", but it is largely used when having a drink with someone to mean "Your health", although probably "Cheers" would now be said.

[*Ed.* More Welshness in later pages, as we turn our thoughts to Cardiff, but in the meantime, something more quintessentially English...]

### *From Leo Stevenson*

## **English Folk music; the debate continues...**

FOLLOWING MY MUSINGS on some aspects of various musical genres in a previous edition of **pass**, Stewart Cross leapt to the defence of English folk music in the last issue. I have oodles of respect Stewart's viewpoint and for his greater knowledge of this music, but I felt the need to respond to his comments with a little amplification and clarification of my stance.

I haven't been to any folk festivals recently, and so I have to go by what I hear on the radio and what I have on CD, record and tape. I don't mean to attack Stewart's taste, or anyone else's taste, this is just the opinionating of a musical butterfly. I am not an expert in this field, just a dilettante straying into this genre from other genres.

Firstly, there aren't any "contradictions" in what I wrote with regard to the contemporary relevance of English folk songs. I did say "most folk songs for the last 100 years have been stuck in a rose-tinted re-invention of the past", not all of them. There are exceptions, of course, and the ones he cites are of course amongst them, but the fact remains that going by all I've heard the vast majority of English folk songs are about imaginary events set in a re-invention of the past. Most of the songs are based on fictitious events and people; even the ones that aren't so romantic or sentimental are still mostly fake. This goes back to my key personal criterion for musical quality – *sincerity*.

In fairness, all sorts of musical genres have invented elements in them, just as love songs are rarely about the real love of specific individuals – they are artificially constructed worlds created and described within a song. It is undoubtedly true that the narrative element of so many songs need an element of invented plot in order to carry the listener with them, and this is true for *all* song writers or performers in all genres through the ages from Francesco Landini to Bruce Springsteen and beyond.

However, what irks me about English folk music is that so often it pretends to be genuinely based on the real experiences of real people (though sometimes in a general sense), it always claims to be traditional, to have ‘authenticity’ based on its historical provenance, and above all else to be music of and from the people. It pretends to be about truth. This is how most people would answer Stewart’s question – “how do you define a folk song?”. This is also the reason why English folk singers place so much emphasis on where a song was learned from and how far back it goes. According to this principle, the further back it goes the more ‘real’ and precious it becomes. However, if a folk song may be defined as “about the society we live in” then I fail to see how endless songs about poachers or Napoleon can reflect much about our world. If its validity comes from parallels between long past issues and events with, for example, modern labour relations or contemporary wars, then haven’t these metaphors been stretched too far and for too long now? Yes, ok, there *are* new folk songs about modern issues that are sung, but in performances and recordings I’ve heard they are far outweighed by the number of ‘traditional’ songs.

If history and age give a ‘traditional’ song weight, then my problem with most ‘traditional’ English songs is that they’re not actually authentic at all; they are rarely genuinely old let alone contemporary with the events they describe. We are being lied to. We are led to believe that English folk songs were revived or – according to themselves – rescued from historical oblivion by Cecil Sharp, Ralph Vaughan Williams and their ilk; but this is not the whole picture; the truth is they heavily bowdlerised and distorted most of the songs they found, but worse than this they even re-wrote many of them altogether. Though they dutifully noted the tunes (for which we should be grateful), the words were almost always censored or changed. There are many such instances of this, for example the song *The Keeper* was completely changed from a song about a rape into a song about hunting. The worst thing about this cultural barbarism posing as historically valid ‘collecting’ is that this value ridden slant on music persists as if it is the only tradition there ever was in England; but this is fallacy posing as continuity.

The evidence for this re-writing of English folk music is in the words. If, as we are supposed to believe, this music emanated from so many different sources and times, then why is so much of it incredibly similar in so many ways? Why are so many songs set in ‘the month of May’? Why are so many of the same adjectives and clichés like ‘lily-white’, ‘coal-black’, ‘salt-sea’, ‘garden-green’ etc found in so many of the songs? The reason is that they were nearly all written between about 1880-1920 by the same very small group of song fakers; I estimate that 90% of English folk songs sung today do not go back any further, and therefore do not have any historical or cultural authority.

Another piece of proof for this fakery is the fact that so many of these songs are written in the same deliberately archaic style, using a *Ye Olde* made-up language to form execrable poetry that makes Pam Ayres seem like Shakespeare. For example, there is the weird back-to-front language that occurs in so many English folk songs – ‘in London town I did dwell’, ‘how should I my true love know?’, ‘you’ll not me find’. No one ever spoke like that in real life, not even in Shakespeare’s time. Even allowing for clumsy song-writers trying to shoe-horn words into tunes that do not actually fit them, this cliché-ridden nonsense is laughable. Worse than this though, is the fact that with most English folk songs we’re told that this language is supposed to be real, authentic and true. Sorry, I just can’t buy into that.

If the embarrassingly daft songs about dragons and castles were ousted by more modern songs and issues then more people would have more respect for the genre. The reason why folk music is so far out of the mainstream consciousness in England is because of its unreality. Modern folk songs about modern issues shouldn’t be the exception they should be the rule - as it is with folk music everywhere else in the world, and it should change if it’s ever going to have any relevance to a broader audience. In other European countries folk music is – as it should be - much closer to and integrated with, popular music, hence the enormous popularity of such groups as *Banditaliana* or *Musicalia* in Italy, *Lendas & Mitos* in Portugal, or *The Chieftains* in Ireland; English, take note.

With superb musicians and singers here such as (Martin and Eliza) Carthy, Waterson, Rusby, Prior and Lakeman I think they’d do themselves and their genre a favour by leaving aside the faked-up nonsense and – even if they have to rob genuinely old tunes – write and sing something more relevant if the current and latest ‘revival’ of English folk music isn’t to stay cliquey and remote from, well, the folk of this country. This doesn’t have to be folksy in the worst tradition of some relentlessly dismal political folk songs; why can’t we have new songs about some of the positive things in our world, like the wonders and benefits of science rather than the Luddite gloom found in so many songs? Why can’t we hear songs about the pleasures of being alive rather than endlessly moping over death and misery? Why can’t English folk music just cheer up?!

By the way, for the record, the only reason I cited Martin Carthy as one of my favourite singers is because of his astonishing voice and his influence. I should also add that I never said I disliked folk-rock; the group Steeleye Span for example are a fantastic group, and I also accept that many of the songs they sing are far from twee, with some even bordering on gothic horror. I also accept that Maddy Prior is an undoubtedly great singer, and I particularly like her modern spin on traditional favourites such as *'The Rigs of the Time'*.

Finally, I must also say a great hurrah for English instrumental folk music which has historically bumped along a parallel path to folk songs but has mostly managed to avoid the same fossilisation. This music *is* alive and kicking and here I will echo the praise of one group mentioned by Stewart, *Bellowhead*, who are sensationally good. They are everything good musicians should be, focussed, imaginative, fluent and utterly committed. English folk song writers should note the inventiveness of the best of their instrumentalist contemporaries. Well that's my not-so-humble opinion anyway. Feel free to differ!

*From Wendy Forrester*

## **More thoughts on tears**

I WAS INTERESTED IN PETER RICHARDSON'S ARTICLE on music and tears, and slightly embarrassed to admit that, like Frank Muir and Denis Norden I don't cry at music – at least, not at music itself, although I may cry at songs and hymns for the words or the associations.

However, what embarrasses me more is to realise which plays and poems make me cry. Much as I love and reverence *King Lear*, I'm not sure that I have ever cried during it, though I came close to it once in *Romeo and Juliet*. Yet *Mary Rose* used always to have me in tears, although it is now so long since I saw or heard it that it might now strike me simply as corny. If I was ever able to see *Cavalcade* on the stage I know I should be awash. It is sentiment which does it, rather than tragedy; one might perhaps say sentimentality.

Poems are still more blush-making. If anyone were to recite *The Little Dog Angel* to me I have little doubt that I should be in floods. Pretty well anything about dogs or cats will do it. Even Eugene Field's *Little Boy Blue*, which is about a child, and almost as effective a tear-jerker, has a toy dog in it.

When I read *Owd Bob*, a book about a sheepdog, at the age of eleven or so, I cried so much that my mother was quite alarmed by my pulped condition. Perhaps these tears were more respectable, since they were not for the virtuous hero, Bob, who, if I remember rightly, is alive and well at the end, but for a malignant cripple, who loves nothing in the world but his hideous sheep-killing mongrel, which meets a deserved end at the teeth of the other dogs of the district. I wonder if it would have the same effect on me now?

*From Geoff Thomas*

## **Champagne with Sherrin**

The recent sad news of Ned Sherrin's demise allows me to indulge in a little quiz-related name-dropping, such as the time Ned and I shared shared champagne and smoked salmon sandwiches at the Wigmore Hall.....

In 1995, I was lucky enough (as some people write, with despicable mock modesty) to win the Grand Final of the BBC Radio 4 wide-ranging music quiz "Counterpoint", which was held at the aforementioned venue. The BBC kindly provided the celebratory food and drink after the show - I cannot imagine such largesse in the current climate - and I had the opportunity to socialise with Ned and also with the late Ian "Mycroft" Gillies, who adjudicated and set some of the questions. Incidentally, Ned told me that Robert Robinson refused to let him refer to Ian as "Mycroft", as that was the intellectual property of "Brain of Britain", so he was alluded to as "Young Grove" instead. The occasion was pleasantly sociable, and Messrs Sherrin and Gillies stayed on to chat with us, something not always practised by all quizmasters, alas.

In the days when BBC quizzes toured a variety of venues, the semi-final had been held at the lovely old theatre in Bury St Edmunds. Having the first choice of subjects from the list of topics in Round Two, I opted (shamefully) for "TV Theme Tunes", which I openly admitted to as being "deeply trivial", I remember. When Ned posed the first question, which related to music introducing the TV sitcom "Birds of a Feather", he began "Sharon and Tracey.... my word, we *are* slumming, aren't we, Mr Thomas!" Yet he said it without malice and one could not feel offended.

In the Grand Final, I chose for Round Two the subject "Hits of the Sixties", whereupon Ned, recalling my previous triviality, commented that I was still shunning the higher reaches of musical taste, but added "That was our decade, wasn't it, Mr Thomas?" - to which I had to assent. I was happy to come first in a strong field, including a fellow North-West Masterminder with formidable musical knowledge, Mike Chivers, and of course to win the munificent prize - £200 worth of what were rather quaintly called "Book and Record Tokens". (Well, it was 1995.)

At the Bury St Edmunds venue, I attempted to ascertain from Ned the truth (or otherwise) of the authorship of the licentious Robert Service-style poem "Eskimo Nell", which was usually attributed to Noel Coward, whom Ned revered. He could not verify this, but Ian Gillies, overhearing my query, declared himself convinced that the true author was A. P. Herbert. What? That nice chap, who wrote lyrics for musicals like "Bless the Bride" and songs such as "Other People's Babies" Surely not! Perhaps we shall never know, that is unless some fellow Masterminder can provide incontrovertible proof.

I wonder how many people recall another radio programme devised and presented by Ned Sherrin, entitled "90 Not Out", a series of half-hour interviews with distinguished nonagenarians. I mentioned that as a cricket buff I had heard him interview the pre-war England cricketer and Test captain R.E.S. Wyatt, born in 1901, and had found it fascinating, as surely Ned himself had, as a cricket fan and devoted Somerset supporter. "Oh, what a pain!" he replied. "He was deaf as a post, I had to ask every question three or four times, and the 30-minute programme took an hour and a half to record." He also described another of his subjects, a distinguished thespian, as "completely gaga", but it would be ungallant of me to reveal the Dame's identity.

So farewell then, Mr Sherrin. An agreeable fellow, witty, affable, not a jot pretentious (unlike some of his guests on "Loose Ends"). Moreover, it was so nice to remember him addressing me as "Mr Thomas" - am I the only Club member to feel uneasy at Peter Snow's forenominal bonhomie on "Brain of Britain"? I miss RR's sardonic tones.

How grumpy is that?

*From Michael Davison*

## Gladstone – Who he? Says Liverpool

SOME READERS MAY REMEMBER that at the end of my 'Liverpool Retrospect' (**pass**, 2007:2) I expressed disappointment that Liverpool's city fathers showed such scant regard for the birthplace of W.E.Gladstone at 62 Rodney Street. Following up on this, I asked a friend recently visiting Liverpool to make some further inquiries. He discovered from the city's Conservation (*sic*) Officer that the battle for this historic site, a Grade II listed building, was apparently lost some 15 years ago when it was subdivided into a number of self-contained flats. The top floor two-bedroom flat is currently for sale at £180,000, if any Liverpoolian with a sense of history is looking for a new home!



*From the Editor*

Just a quick note to say that Lance Haward has contacted me to say that he is having a clear out, and if any member would like to supplement their collection of past **pass**, with some of the earliest editions, he would be happy to release them. Otherwise they are going out... Please contact Lance directly or the Editor for more details.

# Annual Reunion 2008

Cardiff, 4-6 April

*Gavin Fuller on next-year's event*

For the first time in 13 years we're repeating a location for our annual get-together, which will celebrate the Club's pearl anniversary and for the first time since many of us joined we will be visiting the Principality of Wales, and Cardiff, location for the Club's 1992 reunion. Since then the city has undergone something of a transformation which is quite evident immediately outside our base for the weekend where the Millennium Stadium now stands proudly on the banks of the Taff, and also in particular down at the bay, and makes it worth a revisit as a result. It is also the base now for Doctor Who and its spin-offs, so makes it a highly desirable place to visit for me!



Talking of our base, we are indeed revisiting the same hotel as in 1992, although it has changed hands in the interim and is now a Holiday Inn. Situated a short distance



from the railway and bus stations, it is convenient for the Millennium Stadium, Castle and city centre and is currently undergoing some

refurbishment. All rooms come complete with minibar and PlayStation alongside the usual facilities whilst internet access is also available. We have been given a special room rate which is remarkably similar to this year of £70 for a single and £85 for a double/twin (which compared with some of the the prices I was quoted was most reasonable!) and if you wish to book a room please complete the form enclosed with this issue and return to me by March 12<sup>th</sup> so that I can provide a rooming list to the hotel.

Following the successful precedent set in Portsmouth and as it's a big anniversary the meals are slightly different this time round. As usual Saturday's big dinner will be followed by the 2008 Magnum Quiz, and after Sunday's AGM will be lunch, both held in the hotel, but for Friday we are a few minutes walk along the road at Cardiff Castle where we shall be experiencing a traditional Welsh Banquet in the Castle's undercroft accompanied by a Welsh harpist. This should be a rather unique experience and one I am already rather looking forward to! Admittedly this is slightly more expensive than the usual buffet, but the Committee felt that it would be an ideal way to set up the anniversary weekend and I hope you agree. So this year the banquet and Saturday dinner both come in at £35 with Sunday lunch at its usual £20. To book any or all of the meals please use the booking form also enclosed with this issue and return it to me by March 19<sup>th</sup>, as I cannot guarantee any bookings

made after that date. I do hold copies of both forms electronically and can email them to people if they wish to book that way.



I hope that I see many of you in Cardiff next April.

# MASTER QUIZ 2008

## Phillida Grantham introduces the Round I questions

Here is the 2008 Master Quiz with its theme of “Cats and Dogs”. I am a lover of all animals but must confess that my favourite is the cat, graceful, clean, intelligent and affectionate, though I also recognise the excellent qualities of many dogs. Some of the questions contain clues to the answers and, bear in mind, there will as usual be one or two questions on Chelsea Football Club - as there should be! The top 9 contestants will compete in the Finals which form the after-dinner entertainment at our annual reunion in Cardiff in April 2008. Good luck!

Round II, set by Gavin Fuller, will appear in the next issue of **pass**.

### *Instructions*

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

**UNSEEN:** Head the paper ‘U’ and answer the questions in your own time. When you have finished, sign the entry as being your own unaided work. This need not be the final version; if you subsequently come on any answers by chance, please include them or send them on to me later.

**REFERENCE:** On another sheet of paper headed ‘R’ and using any reference you care to consult (internet, books, friends), please check, alter or expand your ‘U’ answers if desired, quoting your source or stating ‘Second Thoughts’. Don’t forget to include your name and address. Two years ago an entrant who would have been in the top 9 did not take part in the Final because we had no idea who he/she was.

80% of possible marks are awarded on the ‘U’ entry and 20% on the ‘R’ entry. The ‘R’ entry is not obligatory and some of the most successful entrants prefer to submit only the unseen.

*N.B. The question-setters may not be infallible, but they have mutually agreed that their decision is final and, regretfully, they can enter into no correspondence about the questions and answers. Controversy and nitpicking are a waste of everybody’s time.*

### **Address for Round 1 entries:**

**Phillida Grantham**

**35 Barkston Gardens**

**LONDON, SW5 OER. Closing date: 31 January 2008**

1. Who chases after Jerry the mouse?
2. Who pulled pussy out of the well?
3. In which English county is Thatcher Rock?
4. What is mixed with champagne to make a Bellini?
5. Which animal causes the most human deaths annually in the USA?  
(a) snake (b) bear (c) deer (d) alligator (e) shark?
6. What is the date of the battle of Flodden?
7. Which pavement activity is known as *chugging*?
8. Which Premiership goalie completed the 2006/7 season wearing a protective helmet after suffering a fractured skull?
9. What in reality was Dick Whittington’s “cat”?
10. What inspired Don Maclean to write the song *American Pie*?
11. “Pile it high and sell it cheap” was the slogan of which supermarket chain?
12. A unicorn can allegedly only be caught by whom?
13. Who in 2007 was the winning jockey of the Derby, the French Derby and the Prix de Diane?

14. Who was the owner of Eos, a greyhound?
15. Who wrote "The Cat in the Hat"?
16. Which national sporting team wear baggy green caps?
17. What is the main constituent of the Martian atmosphere?
18. The Achilles tendon joins what to what?
19. Which species of tree in England is currently suffering attack by a moth from Macedonia?
20. When adapted as a film, Noel Coward's "Still Life" was known as?
21. What were Dachshunds originally bred for?
22. What is known as "The Fremantle Doctor"?
23. What is a dactylogram?
24. What were the first names of the Brothers Grimm?
25. Who flew round the world in 4 days in 1938?
26. Where is the most westerly pub in Britain?
27. Name 2 European countries (outside Iberia) who were neutral in WWII.
28. The word *coleslaw* comes from which language?
29. In Peter Pan, what was the name of the Darling family's dog?
30. What is a Maine Coon?
31. What is the Latin name for the Southern Lights?
32. Whose assassination in Sarajevo provoked WWI?
33. 'You can't make a silk purse out of a ..... ' what?
34. Which breed of dog was trained to run beside carriages in the 19<sup>th</sup> century?
35. What are diamonds made of?
36. Blue Mountain Coffee comes from which country?
37. Which Premiership football club is nicknamed 'The Black Cats'?
38. Why were German Shepherds known as Alsatians for a large part of the 20<sup>th</sup> century?
39. Which Royal Naval tradition ceased in 1970?
40. Which city in England was the first to introduce (experimentally) a 20 mph speed limit in residential areas?
41. "Cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war" comes from which Shakespeare play?
42. Stamford Bridge is in which London borough?
43. What are the Oscars for dogs called?
44. Joseph Holson Jagger was better known in song as?
45. Which element, discovered 1739, is named after the German for goblin?
46. Where did the name 'Crystal Palace' originate?
47. Formerly the DTI, what is the DBERR?
48. Who lived at Greenway in Devon?
49. Who said of whom "I don't know what they do to the enemy but they terrify me"?
50. Who had a dog called Milou?
51. Who wrote and illustrated the books about Orlando the Marmalade Cat?
52. Where is the city of Fes which gave its name to the fez?
53. Which animal is pregnant the longest?
54. Who is the current successful head of Marks and Spencer?
55. In which capital city is the only public sculpture of the Devil, "Fallen Angel", in the world?
56. The RSPCA was founded in which decade of the 19<sup>th</sup> century?
57. What is the essential difference between marquetry and parquetry?
58. The Grand Banks are associated with which industry?
59. How many jurors sit on an inquest jury?
60. In connection with vehicle tax, what does SORN stand for?
61. The Bedlington, a curly-haired grey terrier, is named for a village in which county of England?

62. Mr. Myers and Mr. King are better known as?
63. Which of the authors of the Gospels in the New Testament was not Jewish?
64. Who said "We have guided missiles, but misguided men"?
65. CATSCAN is the anagram for what?
66. How did Delia Smith's beloved cat meet its sad end?
67. What is a widgeon?
68. Nancy Mitford wrote a biography of which royal mistress?
69. What are the ingredients of the Yorkshire drink, *Dog's Nose*?
70. What was the name of the celebrity concert held on 7<sup>th</sup> July 07?
71. What is the name of Jamie Oliver's restaurant in Watergate Bay, Cornwall?
72. The musical "Cats" is based on a book of poems by whom?
73. On a musical score what is the direction for 'very quietly'?
74. What is a Toyger?
75. Dan Snow (son of Peter) is descended from which 20<sup>th</sup> century political figure?
76. Who is head of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England?
77. Give the next line: "I looked over Jordan and what did I see  
Coming for to carry me home  
....."
78. Who played "The Wrong Man" in the film of that name?
79. Who invented the hovercraft?
80. What is the name of the monkey in the Babar books?
81. What were introduced in 1796 to raise money for the French Revolutionary War and abolished in 1988 as they achieved nothing?
82. Which is allegedly the most used and most successful "sniffer" breed?
83. In parts of London, the doolaly (daft but not quite mad) are known as East Ham - why?
84. From 1960 to 1998 David Willcocks was director of which choir?
85. In a 1963 supplement, "Which" magazine reported on tests carried out on 21,600 examples of a particular product. What was it?
86. What is the origin of the term *tart* for a lady of easy virtue?
87. What is the oldest sporting trophy in the world?
88. What is the Latin for 'Beware of the dog'?
89. What is the German for dog?
90. Who said (somewhat self-effacingly?) "If penicillin can cure those that are ill, Spanish sherry can bring the dead back to life"?
91. Which England goalkeeper was known as 'The Cat'?
92. Which artist was enraged when his picture 'Bubbles' was used by Pears Soap as an advertisement?
93. Which breed of cat has blue eyes and squints?
94. What was originally called the 'Louisette'?
95. In which US state are the Catskill Mountains?
96. Who was the father of the film director Carol Reed?
97. Which cathedral stands in a north-western suburb of Cardiff?
98. Mute, Hooper and Bewick are types of which bird?
99. What is the meaning of Tsunami?
100. What were the last words of Horatio Nelson?

# Putting One Across

## Confessions of a cruciverbalist

*Michael Davison*

And so to Cheltenham, to take part in *The Times* Crossword Championship of 2007. Since Gadfan's regular crossword has become such a popular feature of **pass**, I expected to see a few familiar Mastermind Club faces among the crossword enthusiasts gathered for this year's contest. However, so far as I know I was flying the Mastermind flag alone when on a sunny October morning I presented myself for the first of two semi-final rounds at the Park Campus of the University of Gloucestershire.

The original Times Crossword Championship started in 1970 and continued for 30 years, funded by a succession of sponsors including various whisky distillers, Collins Dictionaries and Inter-City Rail. My elder brother and I used to attend regularly and engage in fraternal rivalry to see who could climb furthest from the bottom of the results table. In those days regional semi-finals were held in six cities across Britain, each contested by some 200 people, followed by a grand final in London. After the 2000 event, however, *The Times* ran out of sponsors and the Championship disappeared for five years.

To the relief of all cruciverbalists, the Championship returned last year as part of the Cheltenham Literature Festival, which *The Times* sponsors. It is a smaller affair today, a one-day event attended this year by 136 contestants who qualified for the semi-finals through one of four special crosswords published in the newspaper. It is a gratifying sign of the trust that *The Times* places in its readers that qualification depended upon the time that contestants themselves claimed they took to complete this special puzzle.

Inside the university hall, it's like being back at school facing an end-of-term examination, as contestants take their places under the beady eyes of invigilators. 'Do not open the crossword folder on your desk until you are told to do so'. 'If you need the toilet raise your hand and you will be escorted there'. 'If your mobile phone rings during the contest you will be disqualified'. The crossword folder contains three puzzles – a total of 90 clues – to be completed in one hour, with a bonus point for each unused minute of the hour at the moment you hand your folder in.



*The reception committee is always one of the attractions of the championship*



*Ready for action under the beady eye of the invigilators*

It's a very different experience from tackling the puzzle on one's knee in the train or sitting with half an eye on the evening's television. Rather it resembles that well-remembered 'black chair' experience. Determined not to lose one's nerve, one ignores all distractions and concentrates solely on the clues; miraculously, the adrenalin flows and forces answers into the mind quicker than one might find in a less formal setting.

Or, at least, most of the answers. This year I managed to complete two of the three puzzles, but ran out of time with four particularly stubborn clues unanswered on the final grid. Since nearly half the contestants finished all four puzzles this put me a long way down the results table (58th out of 73, since you ask). Bonus points determined the dozen top scorers who, together with the highest placed contestants in the second semi-final round, went through to the final held in the afternoon.

Leaving the hall after the guillotine has fallen on one's efforts there comes a chance to talk to *The Times* Crossword Editor, Richard Browne, who presides over the championship with genial authority, and to meet some of his team of compilers whose handiwork makes the daily puzzle such an addictive pastime. Mastermind's own Paul Henderson is one of the compilers listed in the book of *Times* crosswords in the goody bag we collect as we leave.



*Michael Davison with Richard Browne, The Times Crossword Editor*

Rather than stay to watch the final (at which the 2007 champion, Peter Biddlecombe, completed all three puzzles in 38 minutes), I made my way to the town centre to drop in at some of the events of the Literature Festival. This year no fewer than 400 authors appeared over the ten days of the Festival to lecture, take part in discussions, or simply to sell and sign their books in the huge Waterstones tent pitched in Imperial Square.

I caught Libby Purves of *The Times* talking with James Naughtie and Mark Damazer about Radio 4 in its 40th birthday year, then heard a discussion on doctors in fact and fiction between Dr Thomas Stuttaford of *The Times*, Jed Mercurio, creator of TV's *Bodies* and *Cardiac Arrest*, and Tom Reynolds, whose blog about the life of an ambulance driver has been turned into a book. There is a spirit of camaraderie about the town as visitors crisscross between the dozen or so venues where events take place.

Finally, back to the crosswords. Richard Browne assures contestants that the puzzles set for the championship are no harder than many of those published in the newspaper. To judge for yourselves, I'll end with a few of this year's clues – and I don't give need to give you the answers, since the words all appear somewhere in this article!

Any chance of some Mastermind Club support at next year's event? Take inspiration from the recollection that such Mastermind champions as Sir David Hunt and Nancy Wilkinson were crossword giants too – and watch out for the qualifying puzzles in the New Year!

#### A FEW CLUES THE CONTESTANTS FACED

1. Match one's following, in highly original setting (9)
2. European introducing opening item in sports programme (5)
3. None see solver going wrong become suddenly afraid (4,4,5)
4. Son raised objection, destined to be refractory (8)
5. Group governing in cunning move to curtail debate (10)

# In Search of Aunt Lucy

Tales of heavy breathing and illegal substances

*Stewart Cross*

‘**Y**ou’re off to Peru then?’  
‘Yes, that’s right’  
‘You’ll be looking for Paddington Bear then?’  
I gave a resigned sigh. ‘Actually no. Paddington lives in London now as you might recall. I’m searching for his Aunt Lucy!’



\* \* \* \* \*

And so another adventure begins; one steeped in breath-taking scenery and old Colonial cities, in stunning wildlife and centuries-old civilisations, in the highest navigable lake in the world and in Macchu Pichu.

The first thing you realise is what a problem altitude can be. We reached a height of 4910 metres, considerably higher than Mount Blanc without the option of immediate relief. We stayed 3 nights at Puno and on Lake Titicaca at a far from comfortable 3850 metres. You get used to the deep breathing technique you need to get through the day, but at night, when you relapse into a normal shallow breathing routine while you sleep, you awake with your lungs gasping for air, an oncoming headache and a ferocious thirst. The locals have developed increased lung capacity, an enlarged spleen and a higher red blood cell count to compensate. You lose all appetite as food takes much longer to digest at this height. For the first time in my adult life I wasn’t eating and wasn’t hungry, which was great for weight loss (nearly a stone!) but something one has to be wary of. Apparently mountaineers often have to force themselves to eat to avoid collapsing from lack of nourishment. We resorted not only to Coca tea (pleasant) but at one point to chewing the coca leaves themselves, something we couldn’t legally do at home and I believe is tolerated in Peru without the benefit of actually being allowed! Frankly it tastes just like chewing any leaves would, but does considerably help the problems of being at nearly 5000 metres. The night spent on Taquila island in the centre of Lake Titicaca, a place of utter enchantment, great beauty and deep tradition (sunsets here are rightly among the most renowned in the world), had the added problem of no electricity and hence no heat during the bitter nights at this height. All in the name of fun! Actually it was fun, although the collapse of one member of our party on the island and the subsequent 5 hours it took to get her back to Puno and the further 5 hours to drop her 1500 metres to Arequipa wasn’t. Confirmation that she had been only minutes from major heart failure made us all breathe a collective sigh of relief that it hadn’t been so much worse.



Peru is a dramatic country, with the Andes and Altiplano truly staggering. Seeing condors riding the thermals in Colca Canyon only feet from us as we perched on our eerie on the canyon’s rim, and seeing flocks of wild vicuna, the only member of the llama family that can’t be domesticated (the nearest thing to Bambi you will ever encounter) remain as indelible memories in a holiday studded with wonderful wildlife sightings. Andean foxes, mountain caracaras, chinchillas, Chilean flamingoes and vermilion flycatchers were all seen and watched with baited breath; magical encounters under huge skies and with sweeping horizons. We crossed this astonishing landscape many times, but our journey from Puno to Cuzco on the Andean Explorer steam train remains a particular pleasure. I can’t say that the idea of 10 hours on a train, however remarkable the landscape had

appealed, but how wrong I was. Throughout we were looked after splendidly by attentive and polite, liveried staff, who even served afternoon tea at the appropriate time. Once upon a time British Rail was like this. We stopped at the highest point en route, the greatest watershed of the Andes, from which all water flowing northwards flows into the Amazon. A rail-side market here is full of authentic and rather beautiful examples of Peruvian craftwork; all very impressive as the train only stops for 10 minutes and there are very few of them for sales to be made.

The twin Spanish colonial cities we visited, Arequipa and Cuzco, are both wonderful. Arequipa is far less well known, but is a stunning place. Called 'the White City' because of the volcanic stone from which it is built, it shelters under the towering presence of the volcano, El Misti. A town of beautiful squares and impressive churches, the jewel in its crown is the Convent of Santa Catalina, which covers a huge area and contains its own streets and plazas. By using 3 predominant colours (Vermillion, terracotta and cobalt blue) it is the most photogenic place I've ever seen, with tantalising splashes of vivid colour peeped through shady, cool rooms. It's an oasis of peace, the word 'silencio' engraved high on the walls as you enter. Nuns still live here in an enclosed part of the complex. If the government hadn't insisted on the convent being modernised the nuns would have let no one in, but the cost of modernising was prohibitive and visitors bring money. They now bake cakes and savouries to be sold in their little café; a gracious sell-out as they remain unseen.

Cuzco is of course better known. Still, little you have read prepares you for it. Memories of the Incas are everywhere with many of the churches being built on plainly visible Inca foundations. On the outskirts of the city lies the fortress of Sacsayhuaman, a vast and imposing structure even after centuries of Spanish plunder. Cuzco produced the most notable Latin American school of colonial art. But its high Spanish Baroque style is supplemented by a taste for the macabre that makes it appear a bizarre and hard-to-appreciate style. Zapeta's 'Last Supper' in the cathedral attracts much attention as Jesus is about to carve a roasted guinea-pig, a great delicacy in these parts, but it is at best a derivative painting. My favourite church the Merced is less visited than many, but has the best cloisters I saw anywhere (and I saw many) and is guarded by a fearsome looking, but friendly German shepherd dog.

Of course Cuzco is always seen as the starting-off point to Macchu Pichu. Being older than we once were, the 4 day hike along the Inca trail wasn't really on for us. We were compensated with another magnificent rail journey up the Urumbamba valley, watching the landscape change from cultivated valley to cloud forest as the last road faded away. We stopped at Aguas Calientes, a hamlet until 10 years ago when The Shining Path was finally defeated. Now it has the air of a frontier town, not unpleasant but it is what it is! That we stayed at a bohemian hotel called Gringo Bills, probably says it all. The train clatters through the town, yards from drinkers and diners at various bars and restaurants. I half expected to see some buxom wench in a crinoline open a saloon bar door and beckon me upstairs with a knowing wink! From here it's a startling ascent up heaven knows what sort of gradient to Macchu Pichu itself. Actually in the context of Peru, Macchu Pichu is quite low, but perched on a giddy precipice surveying one of the world's iconic views it doesn't seem that way. It is all that you imagine. That the inhabitants probably fled the city to escape the Spaniards, who then subsequently failed to find it, is one of history's great ironies. It is the most easily understood archaeological site I have ever seen. With the aid of a decent guide the everyday life of the city comes to life, especially their devotion to the sun and use of astronomy in their lives. The beautiful manicured grass is down to llamas and guanacos, an elegant solution that is so much better than a Flymo. The drop to the Urumbamba river is almost precipitous, even more so from the Sun Gate, perched in a V in the skyline and where hikers on The Inca Trail first see the city (we did at least climb up to the gate and were pleased to do so, especially to see the trail dropping down through the forest on the other side).

We ended up in Lima, a city shrouded in dull skies for 9 months of the year. Hellish traffic makes it difficult to like at first, but it is not without its charms. It helped to stay at Miraflores, the posher end of town with views over a grey Pacific. The discovery of the Museo Larco was a real bonus. Famed for its 55,000 of Pre-Columbian pottery, its gold and silver and elegant textiles, it also contains a surprisingly graphic collection of Pre-Columbian erotica (I bet some of you knew that!), which whilst not quite rendering me speechless, certainly surprised me. At least with ancient Greek and Hindu erotic art there is an elegance of line and design that belies its subject. Not so here! Earthiness is the order of the day, although the last section deals with the effects of disease and suggests some moral awareness (although not much I would suggest!). I'm told these works, if they ever come on the market command huge prizes out of all proportion to their true worth. Most of them are Mochica art and pre-date the Incas.

And what of Aunt Lucy? Well, there are spectacled bears in the hills around Macchu Pichu although we saw none. At a famous and beautiful market at Pisac we finally encountered Aunt Lucy. She was quite small, dressed in colourful Andean costume but rather poorly made, unlike virtually all of the authentic souvenirs of Peru; the weaving, the alpaca knitwear, the jewellery, the carvings and the glassware. Is she symptomatic of what the tourist trade will bring to this astonishing country? Tourists have only been visiting in any numbers for 10 years or so and I would hate to think the unspoilt beauty of places like Taquila island and the Altiplano will be spoilt by sub-standard Aunt Lucys. The famous Uros reed islands on Lake Titicaca whilst undoubtedly fascinating, leave a lingering suspicion that but for the tourists that particular life style might be on the way out. Like so many developing countries, Peru now depends heavily on tourism and seems to realise that it has to control the flood, especially at Macchu Pichu. Let's hope they get the balance right and that Aunt Lucy stays within the pages of a book.

# PMs

## Timothy Robey

By the Tigris and Euphrates,  
Where that couple went astray.  
Anthony changed to a river  
Via a busy waterway.

Twixt a captain and a colonel,  
And a Sherwood Forest oak;  
In the States degrees are centred  
Round an all-important yolk.

Hope in fluttering scrap of paper  
For the National Government's plan.  
Supervising Windsor households  
Might have better served this man.

What a Harold might have uttered  
On that very windswept moor  
Where those weirdos' twisted visions  
Had such consequence in store.

With a rock included gladly,  
And a Liberal Party flag,  
William packed the Bills he'd carried  
In a special type of bag.

From a flat above the grocer's,  
Once a barrister-at-law,  
This PM climbed to the rooftops  
Though, perchance, no man of straw.

So they don't feel too excluded,  
Which of course is only fair,  
One might mention Attlee, Churchill,  
Baldwin, Bonar Law and Blair.

# Uniforms

## Timothy Robey

By Jupiter, her turned-up jeans  
Are trailing in the mud  
For if the bottoms don't get frayed  
She'll be a fuddy-dud.

By Jeremy, how does she keep  
Her upper tummy warm —  
This hoyden with a roll of fat,  
In navel uniform.

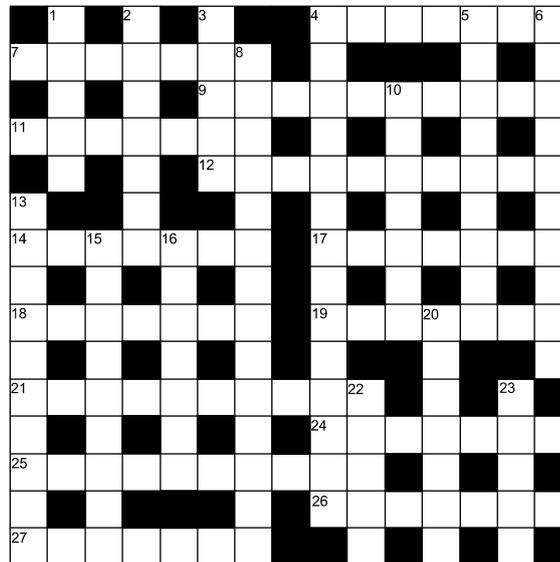
By Fiddlesticks, his baseball cap  
Is worn the wrong way round;  
In inside-out and upside-down  
The peak of fashion's found.

By Ziggy-Zag, his schoolboy tie  
Is hanging at half-mast  
To show the days of uniform  
Are uniformly passed.

By Golly-Gosh, his shirt's untucked —  
Rebellious one gleans.  
Oh that's, perchance, another tale  
Which might be in his genes.

# Prize Crossword (2007:4)

by Gadfan



## ACROSS

- 4 Draw line to indicate way along cut edge (7)
- 7 Fizzy drink with ice (7)
- 9 Support attending fight venue causes pandemonium (4,6)
- 11 Her bedroom takes the biscuit! (7)
- 12 Riot a roustabout is betraying (10)
- 14 Puritan put in charge after while carousing etc (7)
- 17 I hesitate to go after man with greater expertise (7)
- 18 Duke somehow better known by his peers (7)
- 19 4 down's sort of promise made in sort of earnest (7)
- 21 No saint at 14, tart could be in a pickle (6,4)
- 24 Tumbler with contents that have cured my angst (7)
- 25 Set of elements with unusual electrical connections (4,6)
- 26 Component for digital security system meets with elation all round (7)
- 27 Plant engineer housed in minimally comfortable accommodation (7)

## DOWN

- 1 Rocked by second punch (5)
- 2 Rude act performed? That's slander (7)
- 3 Withdrawal from account puts one in arrears (5)
- 4 Sweet-talk likely to be heard from seraglio: from French window (7,7)
- 5 Sound contact achieved with German-made car wireless (5,4)
- 6 Pass on source of one of 24's specialities (10)
- 8 China sent for display by British ceramic company (10,4)
- 10 Unstable southern nation supplies Oil Administration (7)
- 13 Endlessly Patrick goes about bringing up idea on children's treatment (10)
- 15 Impeccable grammar contributes to communication (9)
- 16 See 20
- 20,16 Dane's legendary goal versus main opposition credited with reversing run of play (7,3,4)
- 22 Synod schism leaves a power vacuum (5)
- 23 Jelly served at Sinatra's picnic (5)

Gadfan

## Crossword (2007:3) Solution

by *Gadfan*



Again, there were two entrants vying for the ludicrously mean prize of a £10 book token.

I was drawn between two clever and witty tie-breaker clues: one from Geoff Thomas and the other from Richard Snailham. They were:

Geoff Thomas	19d	TWITE	Jonathan Ross's banal flyer?
Richard Snailham	8d	PIQUE	Déjeuner sur l'herbe? Only halfway into it and there's ill-feeling

After much deliberation, I decided to award the "prize" to Richard Snailham. For those whose mental processes have not yet been corrupted by the warped world of the cryptic crossword, "déjeuner sur l'herbe" is intended here as synonymous with "pique-nique", and "pique" (i.e. "ill-feeling") is in its strange and mysterious way halfway into a "pique-nique". As I intimated, the decision was a tough one. I was particularly amused by Geoff's implied prospect of "Jonathan Woss pwesents Autumn Watch". At what cost to the BBC Natural History Unit one wonders!

## The Editor's Film Quiz (2)

Many thanks to all who had a go at the latest Editor's Film Quiz. It was fun to set, and clearly not too challenging given the number of completely correct entries. In the end the winner was Ann Leaney, to whom congratulations and a £10 book token are sent.

- A) *Joseph Andrews*
- B) *Mrs Brown*
- C) *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*
- D) *Dr Dolittle*
- E) *Jane Eyre*
- F) *Jack Frost*
- G) *Ruby Gentry*
- H) *Roxie Hart*
- I) *Peter Ibbetson*
- J) *Tom Jones*
- K) *Anna Karenina*
- L) *Bunny Lake Is Missing*

- M) *Can Hieronymous Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?*
- N) *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*
- O) *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*
- P) *The Story of Louis Pasteur*
- Q) *Mister Quilp*
- R) *Mary Reilly*
- S) *Sylvia Scarlett*
- T) *The Adventures of Mark Twain*
- U) *Mr Universe*
- V) *Valdez is Coming*
- W) *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*
- X) *Madame X*

- Y) *Mighty Joe Young*
- Z) *Zoolander*

### Results

26 Andy Burrows, Patricia Cowley, Ray Eaton, Barbara Anne Eddy, Paul Emerson, Mike Formby, Richard Humphry, Raymond Kahn, Ann Leaney [Winner drawn at random from among the all-correct entries], Ray Ward  
 25.5 Gery Bramall, Anne Hegerty  
 25 Mel Kinsey  
 24.5 Timothy Robey

# Footballers Quiz

Andy Burrows

The following is a list of footballers, all of whom have represented their country. In each case is given their initials, date of birth and a list of their clubs. Some of the smaller clubs, and clubs which they joined but for which they never made league appearances, have been omitted.

The initials given are those of the name by which the player is usually known, which is not necessarily their full name – eg William “Billy” Wright would appear as BW rather than WW.

Answers can be sent by e-mail to [andy.burrows@redbeemedia.com](mailto:andy.burrows@redbeemedia.com) or to my home address, 9 Robert Jones Close, Baschurch, Shrewsbury SY4 2HN.

- RA** **Vojvodina, 22/10/49** – Sloboda Užica, Partizan Belgrade, Fenerbahçe, Real Zaragoza, Luton Town
- MB** **Bellshill, 26/5/09** – Denny Hibernian, Manchester City, Liverpool
- GC** **Tuscany, 24/1/47** – Swansea Town, Massese, Internapoli, Lazio, New York Cosmos
- DD** **Belfast, 20/1/38** – Distillery, Portsmouth, Blackburn Rovers, Aston Villa, Peterborough United, Leicester City, Wolverhampton Wanderers
- GE** **Blackpool, 13/9/36** – Ards, Newcastle United, Arsenal, Stoke City
- RF** **Glasgow, 11/8/65** – Rangers, Norwich City, Chelsea, Bolton Wanderers, Bristol City, Reading
- BG** **Durban, 6/10/57** – Jomo Cosmos, Vancouver Whitecaps, Liverpool, Stoke City, Southampton, Plymouth Argyle, Oxford United, Sheffield Wednesday, Oldham Athletic, Bury, Lincoln City
- NH** **Budapest, 3/3/22** – Elektromos, Herminamezei, MTK Hungária
- VI** **Calabria, 21/11/79** – Reggiolo, Padova, Castel di Sangro, Udinese, Juventus
- MJ** **Den Haag, 16/1/56** – ADO Den Haag, Bayern Munich, Twente Enschede, West Bromwich Albion, Coventry City
- GK** **Tblisi, 6/11/73** – Dynamo Tblisi, 1. FC Saarbrücken, Manchester City, Ajax Amsterdam, Derby County, Anorthosis Famagusta, Rubin Kazan
- RL** **Karlsruhe, 11/11/75** – SV Blankenloch, Karlsruher SC, 1. FFC Frankfurt
- AM** **Glasgow, 24/9/62** – St Johnstone, Sunderland, Rangers, Kilmarnock
- PN** **Irchester, 29/2/51** – Northampton Town, Liverpool, Bolton Wanderers
- AO** **San Martín, 4/3/74** – River Plate, Valencia, Sampdoria, Parma, Fenerbahçe, Newell’s Old Boys
- DP** **Helensburgh, 5/5/53** – Rangers, Leeds United, Bulova, Manchester City, Swansea City, Racing Jet, Rochdale, Airdrieonians, Macclesfield Town
- NQ** **Peckham, 20/7/78** – Queens Park Rangers, Nottingham Forest, Portsmouth, Southampton, West Bromwich Albion, West Ham United
- GR** **Askern, 23/10/57** – Arsenal, Brentford, Caen, Le Havre, Dundee, Chelsea
- AS** **Bromsgrove, 21/11/62** – Leicester City, Arsenal
- FT** **Elderland, 23/11/52** – NEC Nijmegen, Twente Enschede, Ipswich Town, Vancouver Whitecaps, Nottingham Forest, Fortuna Sittard, Groningen, Vitesse Arnhem
- DU** **Preston, 16/10/73** – Everton, West Ham United, Portsmouth, Ipswich Town, Wigan Athletic, Sheffield United, Burnley
- HVB** **Utrecht, 4/10/56** – Utrecht, Nottingham Forest, PSV Eindhoven
- JW** **Hainaut, 1/2/72** – Anderlecht, Udinese, Parma, Standard Liège, Torino, Catania
- DX** **Vancouver, 10/3/76** – Stoke City, St Johnstone, Dordrecht ’90, Inverness Caledonian Thistle, Livingston, Falkirk, Vancouver Whitecaps
- TY** **Kumasi, 6/6/66** – Asante Kotoko, Cornerstones, Okwawu United, 1. FC Saarbrücken, Eintracht Frankfurt, Leeds United, Hamburger SV, All Ittihad Doha
- GZ** **Como, 19/2/77** – Como, Bari, Juventus, Barcelona