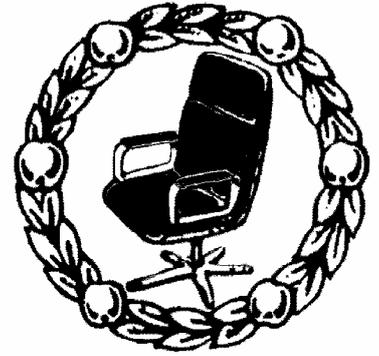


# pass



The Quarterly Magazine of the Mastermind Club

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Mastermind's Cardiff Super Six Champions prepare to don their masks and tights!

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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:

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## Editorial

Ken Emond, Editor

**T**he Club's thirtieth anniversary reunion in Cardiff was a great success, I thought. I really enjoyed returning to the city that I had first visited in 1992 when I made my way to my first annual Club gathering. Ironically enough I returned to Cardiff again only a month later in May to make a presentation to academics at Cardiff University about funding programmes offered by the British Academy, so I am gradually becoming more familiar with the place. I am delighted that, once again, Michael Davison has given us such a full and interesting account of the weekend, amply accompanied by photographs taken both by Michael himself and by Gena Davies. In this issue there is also an account of some of the more interesting characters from Cardiff's past who were heavily featured in a walking tour round the city centre led by Tony Dart, for the hardy band of survivors on the Sunday evening. These events were, of course, overshadowed somewhat by the sad news of the death of Gerald MacKenzie, who gave so much of his time and effort to the support of the Club throughout its first thirty years. He will be sadly missed by us all.

This issue also has a very welcome contribution from Steve Priestley, who describes himself as a 'sleeping member since 1987'. I very much hope more of you who may not have participated in the Club very actively in recent years will be inspired to follow his example in sending contributions for future issues. This is also an auspicious occasion, as we mark the accession of the Club member with the number 1,000 – so a very warm welcome to Dr Roger Luther. Many thanks also to Charles Fitzpatrick for the front cover photograph of the six Mastermind champions present. Sadly Leslie Grout (1981) arrived late and missed the photocall..., but can be seen on page 11 instead.

**Note:** As most of you will know by now I very much welcome contributions to **pass** from all members. There is no particular theme or pre-set length. The deadline for copy for the next issue will be 31 July. 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

**T**he Annual Gathering in Cardiff last month (our 30<sup>th</sup> birthday) proved to be very enjoyable, but tinged with sadness, due to the death of Gerald Powell Mackenzie.

Once again Gavin had come up trumps, thanks Gavin!

The collaboration with the producer of Mastermind John Kelly has borne some fruit, giving us our 1000<sup>th</sup> member. We welcome Dr Roger Luther who I am pleased to say is from my neck of the woods. I am also awaiting the return of 3 more applications. The response of members to the treasurer and myself asking cheque payers to change their payment method to Standing Order has been very good, it would be very helpful if even more of you would do the same.

I have had one Order returned with just an account number and sort code from which I was able to trace the branch to Haverfordwest and just a squiggle for a signature. Would any member who recognises these details please contact me?.

## NEW MEMBER

1000 Dr Roger LUTHER 8 Brangwyn Avenue BRIGHTON BN1 8XG Tele: 01273 705111

## BELATED CHANGE OF ADDRESS (Sorry Margery)

13 Miss Margery ELLIOTT 16 Bushwood Court 32 St James Road Edgbaston BIRMINGHAM B15 2NX  
Tele: 0121 440 1819

# Letters, news and views

*From Alan Blackburn, President of the Mastermind Club*

## **Dr K. Gerald Powell-MacKenzie**



*[Photographs by Michael Davison]*

ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE MASTERMIND CLUB will be very much saddened to hear of the death of Dr Gerald MacKenzie who was both a foundation member of the Club and also a former President.

Gerald was very much involved from the very beginning of the Club in an active capacity. In the very first issue of **pass** he appeared as a Committee member serving as the Regional Representative for the South West (soon to be transformed to West). His first quiz, jointly with John George, appeared in Issue 5 in February 1980 as a first part of the Mastermind Club Competition. This first quiz was to be followed by so very many more, as the Club Competition evolved into the 'Magnum' competition in which his efforts in setting questions over many years were indefatigable. For many years he prepared meticulously for the Annual Reunion liaising with Magnus, who acted as question master for so many years, and with whom Gerald had a very close and personal friendship, right up to Magnus' own sad death last year.

Such was the very high regard in which he was held by members that he held the office of President of the Club from 1984 to 1990, but this did not in any sense end his service to the Club, and he remained an invaluable part of every Annual General Meeting, right up to 2007 serving as Honorary Vice-President.

Gerald was a man of many attainments and many interests, of which the Club was just one. He was also a man of wise counsel and of great personal kindness, who was of particular assistance to me when I first took over the Presidency of the Club from Craig Scott.

All of us will remember him with affection and respect and our sympathies go at this very sad time to his widow, Doreen, and her two children, one of whom, Victoria, who came so often with her father and mother to Annual General Meetings of the Club, has been made an honorary member of the Club, maintaining the family connection.

## *From Tony Dart, Honorary Life Vice-President of the Mastermind Club*

It seems to me to be especially poignant that, at the Club's successful and very eventful thirtieth anniversary function in Cardiff this April, the person missing was the one who would have enjoyed it most, for Cardiff – in combination, remarkably, with Stornoway - was home territory to Gerald MacKenzie. Like my own father, who as City Librarian was guardian of local history, Gerald remembered Cardiff as it used to be, in such affectionate detail that I once saw him moved to tears by a comic song about Billy the Seal (“he drank like a fish and he swam like an eel”) – a pet who lived in the children's zoo at Victoria Park before 1939. It is sad that Gerald could not have been with us to view the modern city – to take the water taxi along a coal-free River Taff to see the Bay and Barrage replacing run-down Docks, or to tour the Millennium Stadium and recall the windy open terraces of Cardiff Arms Park.

I first met Gerald at the Club's Birmingham reunion, a modest affair compared with some of our later events, in 1983. He was both President and quizmaster on that occasion, and of course had also contributed the questions, so the success of the event already depended greatly on his efforts. It was through his example that I volunteered for the Committee, and found myself part of a team working hard to stabilise a failing Club, put it on its feet financially, and plan its continued success. It was under Gerald's leadership and guidance that a very disparate Committee began to work together, to take decisions that were not always popular at the time but ensured that twenty-five years later, despite what looked like the demise of Mastermind in 1997, we still have a thriving Club.

We should not forget Gerald's erudition – and his personal influence in keeping Magnus onside – but I will always recall him in another mode: that of mentor. Of course he and I did not agree on every subject, but when I succeeded Gerald as President in 1990 there was no doubt that his experience would be needed, and that is why the position of Life Vice-President was created for him. I had already been both Committee Member and Treasurer for some six years, but those posts do not prepare one to chair the Club Committee and particularly its AGM, or to deal with some of the more (shall we say) “unusual” characters who might try to make their views known at those events – and afterwards in **pass** and by personal correspondence. Gerald knew those people, understood them, and supported me with advice and guidance in dealing with them and coping with the personal stress they caused. I could not have done it without him.

*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice* is the epitaph of Christopher Wren, but could equally apply to Gerald, for surely his legacy to us is all around us – it is the Mastermind Club itself. Gerald was a family man, a scholar, and one who devoted his life to public service through medicine – but above all those, he was a gentleman. No-one could ask for more, and that is how I shall always remember him.

[Ed: Members may wish to mark their appreciation for Gerald's life and contribution to the Club by making a donation in his memory to Cancer Research UK]

## *From Ray Ward*

### **Magnus's Last Fling**

I SUBSCRIBE TO AN EXCELLENT MAGAZINE called *The Skeptic*, which takes a, well, skeptical view of claimed paranormal powers and phenomena (the spelling of *skeptical* with a k has become standard in the field), and I also review books for it. Most reviews come about when the reviews editor sends out a list of the latest books sent for review and asks which members of the reviewers panel would like to tackle them, but I also sometimes suggest books that I think should be reviewed, and one was Magnus's last book. Although few of the cases discussed involve paranormal claims - only the Cottingley fairies and perhaps the Turk in the Cabinet, the chess-playing automaton which proved to have a man concealed inside - it seemed relevant to the wider theme of human gullibility which plays so large a part in paranormal belief. My review appeared in the Autumn 2007 edition (vol. 20, no. 3), and I thought **pass** readers might also like to see it, so here it is, followed by a few further comments:

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#### **Fakers, Forgers & Phoneys: Famous Scams and Scamps**

by Magnus Magnusson

Mainstream, £9.99, ISBN 978-1-84596-210-4

I must begin by admitting that the author of this book, who died in January 2007, was a friend of mine. However, if he weren't I would still say it's an excellent and fascinating work.

There are four sections, on art forgeries (Keating, van Meegeren, the Cottingley fairies); archaeological frauds (Pilltdown Man, the Vinland Map); impostors and hoaxers (the Tichborne claimant, George Psalmanazar); and literary forgeries (Thomas Chatterton, William Henry Ireland).

A constant theme is how easy it is to fool people, even experts: Magnus begins, somewhat inevitably perhaps, with the story of The Emperor's New Clothes. Van Meegeren, facing imprisonment or even death for selling a "Vermeer" to Goering, said he had painted it himself and was, of course, disbelieved by the experts who had authenticated it until he painted another before their very eyes. The Cottingley fairies were a joke by two girls that got out of hand: after Conan Doyle fell for it, the perpetrators felt they had to carry on rather than reveal that such a famous and distinguished man had been fooled.

Some of the most interesting stories are those told more briefly than as the subjects of complete chapters, such as: the woman who claimed to be Anastasia; the Hitler diaries; Dr James Barry, the woman who masqueraded as a man and had a successful career as a naval doctor, which might be understandable if she had been big with a deep voice, but she was small and slight with a high voice; the Kensington Stone, allegedly found in Minnesota (the most Nordic state in the USA) and apparently showing that Vikings penetrated that far, but in fact an obvious fake, its "runic" inscriptions being a bizarre mix of modern Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and English; and Nat Tate, a non-existent artist about whom a book was published with great fanfare, no-one daring to admit never having heard of him. As Magnus says: "The fact is that credulous people can be persuaded to believe anything; there seems no end to people's gullibility, no matter how crude the forgeries might be." A good read, and a fitting epitaph to a splendid man.

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I thought Magnus would mention the Kensington Stone. I knew he had written about it before because some years ago, in another skeptical magazine, I came across an item about it which referred to his work. I was therefore disappointed not to find it in the index to his book, and pleased to see that he does indeed discuss it. That part of the book must have escaped indexing.

I was sorry to find no mention of Ern Malley, perhaps the finest literary hoax of the 20th century. In 1943 (when much of the world had other and, one might think, more important things to worry about), the editor of an Australian avant-garde poetry magazine received what purported to be work by a man called Ern Malley, said to have died recently aged only 25. He went mad with enthusiasm and brought out a special edition of his magazine devoted to the work of this previously unknown genius. In fact Ern Malley was a figment of the imagination of two conventional poets, James McAuley and Harold Stewart, who hated what the magazine published, which they thought was pretentious tripe, and decided they would try to prove that any rubbish could get by. They cobbled Malley's works together in an afternoon, putting down anything that came into their heads, opening books at random and copying the first things they saw, lifting words and phrases and weaving them into nonsensical sentences. The editor was humiliated and his magazine soon folded. McAuley and Stewart both went on to some literary recognition, but - oh irony! - their creation Ern Malley is now far better known than either of them, and "his" works are frequently republished and quoted - far more than anything they ever wrote under their own names.

Anyone interested in *The Skeptic* can find out more, including how to subscribe and get a free sample copy, by visiting its website, [www.skeptic.org.uk](http://www.skeptic.org.uk), e-mailing [edit@skeptic.org.uk](mailto:edit@skeptic.org.uk), or writing to 10 Crescent View, LOUGHTON, IG10 4PZ.

*From Ray Eaton*

## Book Review

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### **A Matter of Facts (The Insider's Guide to Quizzing)**

by Marcus Berkmann

Abacus, £7.99, ISBN 978-0349120874

In the late 1990s quiz enthusiast and journalist, Marcus Berkmann, wrote *Brain Men* – a light-hearted look at many aspects of the world of quizzing.

Now, almost a decade later, this book has been re-released under the title of *A Matter of Facts (The Insider's Guide to Quizzing)*. What author Marcus Berkmann attempts to do throughout the book is to examine the growing popularity of the quiz, with a series of chapters on subjects like Pub Quiz Machines, Trivial Pursuit and TV quiz shows.

Also central to *A Matter of Facts* is the weekly Prince of Wales pub quiz in North London, an event so popular that regulars compiled a quiz book themselves, released in 2006. Indeed, a couple of chapters are given over to the Prince of Wales's somewhat surprising effort when they took part in the now-defunct Evening Standard Pub Quiz Challenge.

Many of the people at whom this book is aimed may already own a copy, or have previously read, *Brain Men*. They, I'm afraid, will be disappointed, because of the similarity of the two books – 15 of the 16 chapters in *A Matter of Facts* appear in pretty much the same form as they did almost a decade ago.

Some of the book's material looks a bit dated too. For example, the author discusses, at length, his experience on Channel Four's *15 To 1*. This was, of course, a quiz show that enjoyed peak popularity when *Brain Men* first came out, but, alas, it has been absent from our screens for some years now.

But for anyone who didn't read *Brain Men* before, there is plenty to recommend here. *A Matter of Facts* is funny, informative and thought-provoking.

It is also worth mentioning that a visit to any major bookstore, or a look on the Internet, will reveal a lengthy list of quiz books that are available. Books about the subject of quizzing are, however, much rarer.

One for the quiz connoisseurs.

*From Michael Davison*

## **Back to Caerdydd**

Not Cardiff again was my first reaction when I learned the chosen venue for the 2008 Reunion. What new could there be to discover there after our exhaustive sightseeing in 1992? The answer, I soon discovered, was: Plenty. Sixteen years is a long time for a city that has been constantly re-inventing itself ever since Lord Bute established its first docks in the 19th century, graduating to city status in 1905, capital of Wales in 1955, and now seat of the proud new National Assembly for Wales.

After a quick Friday evening walk to confirm that the civic buildings along King Edward VII Avenue were as splendid as I'd remembered them, the first of the weekend's new experiences came at dusk when we gathered in a vaulted cellar of Cardiff Castle for a 'Welsh Banquet'. To everyone else's relief it was Gavin who drew the short straw and found himself on stage participating in an incomprehensible folk ballad. It seemed to have more to do with Austria than Wales, but perhaps the copious draughts of wine confused me.

However, the real discovery of 21st-century Cardiff began on Saturday morning when, tipped off by Peter and Nina over breakfast about boat trips from the pier in Bute Gardens, opposite our Holiday Inn, I joined them for a half-hour boat trip down the Taff. Since 1999 the river estuary has been dammed by a kilometre-long barrage to create a huge freshwater lake, Cardiff Bay, round which an entirely new 'suburb' of the city has been regenerated from the old docklands.

A local resident eager to show off Cardiff to a 'foreigner' suggested I get off the boat at Mermaid Quay to explore the area. Here the first buildings to catch the eye are, curiously, two relics of the city's maritime past. The Gothic Pierhead Building of 1896, in shining redbrick, and the reconstructed Norwegian Church of the 1860s more than hold their own amongst the modernist creations of the 21st century that rise behind them.

My first stop was the Wales Millennium Centre. The broad facade of bronzed stainless steel was familiar from TV and newspaper reports at its opening in 2004 by the Queen. Cut into the steel facade are the giant letters of messages in English and

Welsh, each reading downwards but cunningly interlinked to create a third message when read across with a knowledge of both languages.

Inside, I joined a tour of the building led by a personable young guide called Chloe. She pointed out first the giant key used by the Queen to open the Centre's doors after it had carried goodwill messages round the world – rather like the Olympic Torch relay, though with a good deal less fuss.

Seen from inside, the giant letters of the facade become stained-glass windows lighting the foyer and bar areas. At the building's core is a magnificent auditorium seating an audience of no fewer than 1,900. ('Actually it's 1,906, said Chloe. 'I squeezed in another half dozen on a sold-out night last week'). We toured backstage, seeing scenery docks, rehearsal rooms and dressing rooms, and paused in the foyer where at 11am a platform performance was already in progress.

I wasn't the only Masterminder discovering Cardiff Bay that bright and breezy day. On the waterfront I stopped to chat to Marga and Brian, and Leo and Anne, before heading towards the Senedd, the landmark building in slate, oak and glass designed by Richard Rogers for the National Assembly for Wales. The entrance hall with its wide slate floor leads to a gallery from which the public can watch and listen to Assembly proceedings.

A symbol of British naval might was present nearby in the shape of HMS Southampton, paying a courtesy visit to Cardiff and welcoming visitors aboard (and warning the Welsh Assembly not to get too uppity?)

It was soon time to leave Cardiff Bay and catch a bus back to the city centre to join Gavin at the Millennium Stadium for a tour of the home of Welsh rugby. Here our guide Emyr Young, an appropriately bardic figure with beard and flowing hair, bombarded us with facts and figures from which even a non rugby enthusiast gathered that the stadium is very big and cost a lot of money. We learned that the turf, despite being bathed in artificial sunlight to keep it in trim, is ripped off and replaced three times a season.

Emyr pointed out that the arena can be entirely covered by a sliding roof, unlike Wembley Stadium where the roof only reaches halfway across. ('That's not a boast, just a fact'). On the royal balcony we could sit where the Queen sat, and hold aloft a replica trophy.

Enough new experiences for one day, surely. Time for a cup of tea in Castle Arcade, and a walk among the magnolias of Bute Park before preparing for the evening's traditional revels of dinner and Magnum Quiz in the Holiday Inn's Brecon Suite.

I couldn't leave Cardiff without a return visit to the Castle, so that meant an early start on Sunday morning. Sonia had the same idea, so together we joined the first guided tour of the day through the medieval Gothic wonderland created for Lord Bute by William Burges – the same Burges who, as four Mugnum contenders recognised, also decorated the chapel of my old Oxford college.

Throughout my weekend in Cardiff I was struck by how far public use of the Welsh language has advanced since 1992. To the English eye, the extent of bilingualism seems to be taken to absurd, and surely expensive, extremes. Every direction indicator has to be translated, doubling the paraphernalia of signage. At the Stadium, the lifts bear the legends LIFTS and LIFFT as well as the standard 'lift' symbol. At the visitor centre in Cardiff Bay, every tourist leaflet is printed in two languages. So also are brochures for buildings such as the Millennium Centre, which must make considerable demands on the skills of graphic designers.

I talked about this phenomenon to Gena (it was good to see her back at Reunion) and was glad to find that she too, though loyally Welsh, seemed not entirely sympathetic to the lengths to which bilingualism is taken. I'd be interested to read the views of other Masterminders from the Principality, including our own 'Welsh Wizard' Arfor.

Perhaps this 'Welshness' is particularly a feature of Cardiff (sorry, Caerdydd) as capital city: certainly I did overhear two youths talking together in Welsh in Bute Park, where they obligingly posed for a photograph in their blue-and-white jesters' hats on the eve of the FA Cup semi-final. (There must have been rejoicing that Sunday evening – in both languages).

Thanks to Gavin for organising another highly successful weekend. For at least one club member, Reunion has maintained its reputation as one of the highlights of the year.

### *Coda From Gavin Fuller*

From an administrative perspective the Cardiff reunion seemed to go well, particularly judging from the lack of complaints I received! I felt it was a good weekend, although I'm getting a bit worried that the good weather we seem to generally have on these weekends will mean a payback one year with the opposite! It is always gratifying that there is a good turnout, although naturally one wishes it could be higher, as to me the weekends display the camaraderie of the Club at its best. Due to the nature of my role I don't get to speak to as many of those of you who attend as I would wish, and apologies if anyone feels possibly neglected as a result – I do assure you it is not intentional. I am particularly grateful for the generosity of many members in a variety of ways, and it would be invidious to name specific people here. Like many of the weekends there are many fond memories I shall take away from this one, although I fear it may be a while before I live down my experiences of the Welsh banquet! As ever I am working on a slideshow of the reunion, and if anybody has any photos that they would like included they will be gratefully received. Who knows what next year shall bring?



Friday night in Cardiff Castle



The tour of the Millennium Stadium, and below, Kevin in usual pose



Gavin's impression of an 'Alpine' Grizzly bear!



Gavin and the Editor contemplate playing in the front row for Wales



Michael, Tony and Gavin

*From Tony Dart*

## **OUR HISTORICAL TOUR OF THE OLD TOWN OF CARDIFF**

### **And how two unreasonable men and a great but tragic judge made legal history there**

Everyone who visits the City of Cardiff tours the Castle, Millennium Stadium and the Bay – so I led my walking group through some less prepossessing, but historically more interesting, lanes such as the curiously-named Womanby Street (Hummanby Street on John Speed’s Cardiff map of 1610) which appears to derive from the Old Norse *Houndemanbye* or “Huntsman’s Place”. We also walked through Quay Street, marooned in the town centre since a rising young engineer named Isambard Brunel was persuaded by the burghers of the town in 1849 to divert and straighten the River Taff, thus putting out of business the Old Town Quay, but in the process not only getting rid of the flood menace which had destroyed St Mary’s Church, but also reclaiming land on which he built the station for his South Wales Railway and on which, exactly 150 years later, the Millennium Stadium was opened.

From there we moved to see the Royal Hotel in whose dining room Captain Robert F Scott and his crew were entertained by Alderman Chappell, Lord Mayor of what was by now the City of Cardiff, to a smoking concert on 13 June 1910, “on the occasion of their leaving the Port of Cardiff for the Antarctic Regions”. Scott promised that the first port of call on the expected triumphant return of the *Terra Nova* would be Cardiff – and the ship, its crew, and his widow and young son kept his promise in 1913.

We walked on past the site of the old Town Hall and Law Courts – demolished in 1913 but the site of the two historic trials I am going to describe – and through Church Street to St John’s Church, whose tower was completed in 1473, and thence past the Old City Library to the open space called The Hayes (“hedges”) where we paused to hear about two remarkable characters who featured there in the nineteenth century.

#### **Dr William Price of Llantrisant and the disposal of the dead**

Dr William Price was born at Rudry in 1800. He was a genuine medical man, having trained at both Bart’s and The London hospitals, and was a pioneer of industrial and of socialised medicine, a century ahead of Aneurin Bevan. In his youth he had been associated with the Chartist Movement, and at one stage had to flee to France to avoid arrest. Eventually he set up in practice in the historic borough of Llantrisant, where he was greatly respected despite his increasing eccentricity.

Seeing himself as a defender of the Druidic tradition, Dr Price used to preach against organised religion in the Cardiff fish market at the corner of The Hayes. He would not have been difficult to spot, because he had long hair and a flowing beard, and wore a white or plaid cloak over a scarlet waistcoat and green trousers. He carried the Druidic symbols of a burning torch and crescent moon, and wore on his head a fox-fur cap, complete with tail hanging down his back.

Dr Price held particularly strong views on the burial of the dead, which he said “results in a wastage of good land, pollution of the earth, water and air, and is a constant danger to all living creatures”. He favoured the Druidic practice of cremation, and held this view to such an extent that when his infant son Iesu Grist (“Jesus Christ”) whom he had fathered at the age of eighty, died suddenly in 1882, the Doctor took the body on to the hillside and attempted to dispose of it by burning it in half a barrel of oil. The event attracted an outraged crowd, which at one point threatened to hurl the old man himself into the pyre, and the police arrived.

So it was that in 1884, Dr William Price found himself in Cardiff Town Hall in front of the great judge Sir James FitzJames Stephen, facing two serious charges:

- (1) that of attempting to burn the body of his son instead of burying it; and
- (2) that of attempting to burn the body with intent to prevent the holding of an inquest upon it.

At the age of 84 years, Dr Price stood upright in the dock and conducted his own defence in a spirited manner, to say the least. On the first charge, the jury failed to agree; on the second, a different jury gave the verdict "Not Guilty", whereupon the first charge was withdrawn. It appears that the judge had been greatly impressed by the stalwart eccentric, and his closing words read to us like a very modern plea for tolerance of the views of others. He concluded the trial by saying:

"With regard to Mr Price, he is acquitted. I am sure he must feel that he has been fairly treated on this occasion, and I hope that he will take what has been said in good part. He obviously enjoys much greater vigour, and has enjoyed much greater vigour, than falls to the lot of most of us. He has lived a great many years, and looks as if he will live many more. Although he expressed his intention of burning himself if he could not find anyone else to do it, I'm sure it is not his wish to give offence to his neighbours, and I trust that they, on the other hand, will tolerate an old man's eccentricities and peculiar views."

Officials of the Cremation Society of England, which had been formed on 13 January 1874, were waiting for a test case such as this one, and dashed to London to report the verdict. The social revolution pioneered by the action of Dr Price and the sympathy and tolerance of the judge led to the first legal cremation at St John's, Woking, in 1885, and as a result thousands of cremations are now carried out in Britain every year with dignity and compassion, offending no-one, as Sir James Stephen had so earnestly desired.

### **Mr John Batchelor and the reputation of the dead**

On the "Hayes Island" (in fact no longer a traffic island since the adjoining streets were pedestrianised) stands a statue of a man in oratorical pose, with on its plinth the rather uninformative inscription

**JOHN BATCHELOR**  
**B. 1820 D. 1883**  
**THE FRIEND**  
**OF**  
**FREEDOM**

The statue, when we saw it, was protected from over-enthusiastic construction workers by a wire cage; when it was erected, it had to be protected by the police.

John Batchelor came from Newport and he, like Dr Price, had as a young man been involved with Chartist movement, but then travelled abroad to learn his trade. He and his brother set up in Cardiff Docks as shipbuilders, and John Batchelor became a local worthy, Liberal councillor and by 1854 Mayor of the town. Indeed, he in that year opened the last Cardiff Town Hall in which the historic case concerning his name would one day be heard. Batchelor's political activities as a Radical Liberal brought him frequently into conflict with the trustees of the third Marquess of Bute (the "Castle Party"), particularly in the General Election of 1852, when Batchelor persuaded his friend Walter Coffin to stand against the Bute nominee John Nicholl. Hitherto it had been unheard of to oppose a Bute candidate, but Coffin won the contest and Cardiff became a Liberal stronghold for forty years.

This sort of behaviour was hardly likely to prove a good business development move, and there is little doubt that Batchelor Brothers did suffer damaging harassment from the Bute trustees. However, it was the commercial panic of 1866 which began the firm's downfall, especially when some of their contractors went out of business. In 1872 Batchelor Brothers became bankrupt to the tune of £50,000, of which only 11d in the pound (less than 5%) could be realised. John Batchelor retired from commerce, but was so respected in the Liberal Party that a subscription raised £5,000 for him. He remained in politics, and after the 1870 Education Act became Chairman of the School Boards of Cardiff and Penarth. He also became Inspector of Coal to the Crown Agents of the Colonies, a post carrying the considerable salary of £600 a year.

After Batchelor's death in 1883 from a brain tumour, his colleagues resolved to commemorate him with a statue, cast in bronze, which was erected on the Hayes Island in October 1886. There was an immediate row, firstly about its location on a piece of public property, and in February 1887 one William Thorne was arrested and fined £15 for defacing the statue by throwing eggs and paint at it. However, before that, on 24 July 1886, the *Western Mail* newspaper had printed the following contribution from a local solicitor called Thomas Henry Ensor. It is worth repeating in full:

*Our esteemed correspondent "Censor" sends us the following suggested epitaph for the Batchelor statue:-*

**IN HONOUR**  
**OF**  
**JOHN BATCHELOR**

**A NATIVE OF NEWPORT**  
**Who in early life left his country for his**  
**country's good;**  
**Who, on his return, devoted his life and energies**  
**to setting**  
**CLASS AGAINST CLASS**  
**A Traitor to the Crown, a Reviler of the**  
**Aristocracy, a Hater of the Clergy,**  
**A Panderer to the Multitude,**  
**Who, as first Chairman of the Cardiff School**  
**Board, squandered funds to which he did not contribute:**  
**Who is sincerely Mourned by Unpaid Creditors to**  
**the amount of**  
**FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS:**  
**Who at the close of a wasted and mis-spent life**  
**Died a Demagogue and a Pauper,**  
**THIS MONUMENT,**  
**To the Eternal Disgrace of Cardiff,**  
**Is Erected**  
**BY SYMPATHETIC RADICALS:**

**“OWE NO MAN ANYTHING”**

The expression “left his country for his country’s good” was a particular stinker, because, although forgotten now, it then referred to being sentenced to transportation to the penal colonies.

Ensor, realising rather late in the day what he had perpetrated, first denied authorship and then contrived to find some urgent business out of town. Mr Lascelles Carr, Editor of the Western Mail, evidently did not see the risk, and continued to commute to his office by train from his home in Penarth. On 27 July, he was waylaid at Cardiff General Station by John Batchelor’s sons Cyril and Llewellyn, who proceeded to set about him with a riding whip and a Malacca cane. The brothers were restrained before any serious harm befell Mr Carr, and when they subsequently appeared before the magistrates they were convicted but fined only one shilling apiece, without costs, on the grounds of provocation.

The upshot of all this was that Batchelor’s friends decided to pursue Ensor through the courts for criminal libel, and in February 1887 Sir James FitzJames Stephen returned to hear the case at the Nisi Prius Court in the Town Hall. The plaintiffs argued that libel against a dead person was indictable if might lead to a breach of the peace (as had indeed occurred at Cardiff station) but the defence argued that the law of libel did not apply to the dead.

There had been no test case on the law of libel for years, so *R. v Ensor* aroused national as well as local interest. The judge ruled that, had Batchelor been still alive, the words used would have been libellous, but he agreed with the interpretation of the law as advanced by the defence and directed the jury to acquit, stating that “The dead have no rights and can suffer no wrongs”, and “To speak broadly, to libel the dead is not an offence known to our law”. Therefore he held that a libel of the dead is not punishable, unless an intent to injure the living is proved. Despite much criticism, especially in the Liberal press, there was no appeal, and a precedent for future cases was created.

**What happened to them all?**

Dr William Price did indeed, as Sir James predicted, live for many more years (and fathered at least two more children) but became increasingly eccentric, asserting for example that he had discovered that Homer was born in Caerphilly. Dr Price died in January 1893 at the age of 92, and his funeral rites were carried out as he had ordered. On the hillside where he had attempted the first cremation, Dr Price was himself cremated in an iron coffin upon a pyre of two tons of Welsh coal. (The term “carbon footprint” was not then in use). As with the first try, the event drew a crowd, but this one consisted of 20,000 respectful mourners – so respectful indeed that on the day every one of Llantrisant’s twenty pubs was drunk dry.

Sir James, sadly, did not long outlive Dr Price. It was noticed during his trial at Liverpool in 1889 of Mrs Florence Maybrick for the capital offence of poisoning her husband with arsenic (her defence was that she used the arsenic, obtained by boiling fly-papers, to beautify her skin; the prosecution, not unreasonably, pointed out that she had enough arsenic in her house to kill fifty people, which did seem a little excessive for the purpose) that Sir James was, to put it mildly, finding it difficult to concentrate on the evidence. On the death of Counsel for the Defence Lord Russell of Killowen in 1900, the *Liverpool Daily Post* printed an article on the Maybrick case which concluded "It was shocking to think that a human life depended upon the direction of what was once a great judge".

Having sentenced Mrs Maybrick to death (she was later reprieved) Sir James did consult a neurologist in 1891, and on his advice immediately resigned. He died at Ipswich in 1894. His second son, James Kenneth Stephen, tutor to the Duke of Clarence, had already died in the asylum at Northampton in 1892 after refusing food for twenty days – and of course we know that both James Kenneth and his royal pupil have subsequently been fingered by authors for the crimes of Jack the Ripper. Even the judge's niece, Virginia Stephen, later Woolf, eventually took her own life.

The statue of John Batchelor, regularly decorated with traffic cones by Cardiff drunks and with droppings by Cardiff seagulls, still stands with its enigmatic inscription in The Hayes after 122 years, looking towards the Docks where Batchelor had his successes and failures. His great adversary, the third Marquess of Bute, has his own impressive Monument in the Friary Gardens, but I can find no trace of any statue to Dr William Price.

And what a subject he would make!

## Some more photos of the Cardiff Reunion



Mastermind Champion 1981, Leslie Grout, with Margery Elliott, Sonia Anderson, Morag Knox-Crawford and Eleanor Macnair



Gavin with his due reward for organising the weekend

*Photos by Michael Davison and Gena Davies*

# Annual General Meeting 2008

## Minutes of the 30<sup>th</sup> Annual General Meeting of the Mastermind Club

*Cardiff: Sunday 6th April 2008*

*Gavin Fuller, Secretary*

**Apologies:** Drusilla Armitage, Ann Ashurst, Keith Bogle, Paul Campion, Barrie Douce, Christopher Gifford, Anne Hegarty, Paul Henderson, Norman Izzett, Rosemary James, Raymond Kahn, Mel Kinsey, Morag Knox-Crawford, Josephine Lawrey, Christine Moorcroft, Michael Schwartz, Sarah Scott, Gordon Stuart, Geoff Thomas, Edward Towne, Felicity Widdowson.

A period of silence was observed to mark the loss in the previous year of Gerald MacKenzie (past president) and Kate Irving

**2007 AGM Minutes:** The minutes of the 29<sup>th</sup> AGM at The Liner Hotel, Liverpool, on 22<sup>nd</sup> April 2007 were passed nem con and signed as a true record. There were no matters arising.

**Treasurer's Report:** Susan Leng reported that in 2007 the Club had made a loss, mainly due to Liverpool having proved an expensive location to hold the Annual Function – in response to Paul Emerson's query as to why that was the case she and Gavin Fuller explained that all the locations charged ancillary costs and there had been no escape from these, necessitating a higher expenditure. Margery Elliott queried the presentation of the figures in that it showed excess expenditure over income of -£1140.86 and wished to ascertain what this signified – Tony Dart explained that it was an accountancy technique of presenting the figures, and referred to what was in effect a negative profit, a term that caused some amusement to the members. David Cowan asked what the presentation of a bank balance of -£505.36 at the end of 2007 meant and Susan explained that she had subtracted the cost of the final **pass** of 2007 as it was that year's expenditure but the money had not in fact left the account by then and would be covered by the imminent arrival of membership subscriptions, so the negative balance was in fact on paper only.

Alan Blackburn thanked Susan for her work as Treasurer.

**PASS:** Ken Emond reported that it had been a straightforward year and he thanked all the people who had sent in contributions to the magazine. He was always grateful to people who had sent something for inclusion and welcomed further submissions. Ken was also deeply grateful to Spindrift who were very efficient in getting the magazine printed and distributed – any delays were always at his end rather than theirs. Barbara-Anne Eddy commented that as a distant member the magazine was her main link with the Club and receiving it felt like Christmas four times a year.

Alan thanked Ken for his work as Editor, particularly as in his view **pass** was in effect the lifeblood of the Club.

**Club Charity:** The request for written submissions to the Secretary had brought two suggestions, whilst in light of Gerald MacKenzie's sudden demise the committee felt that an option reflecting this was also apposite, and so three options were presented.

Firstly, Paul Campion had proposed Richard House, a Children's Hospice in East London. Secondly, Norman Izzett had suggested the Magnus Magnusson Memorial Fund at Glasgow Caledonian University. Lastly, in the death notice for Gerald it had asked for donations to be given to Cancer Research, and so this was also floated as an option.

Stewart Cross felt that given the amount usually raised the donation usually had more impact if it went to a smaller charity. Phillida Grantham wondered whether the collection could be split between more than one charity, but the consensus was to keep it to one. Tony Dart felt that the Magnus Magnusson fund was the most appropriate to the Club – Leslie Grout agreed in the light that Gerald was a friend of Magnus and Ray Ward pointed out that Club charities often had some sort of relevant connection to the Club. Gavin expressed some unease about Richard House on these grounds, as he found it hard to see any real relevance to Mastermind or the Club in it. Paul Emerson had a personal connection with cancer through his mother suffering from it, and Wendy Forrester thought it was a deserving cause, particularly in light of Gerald suffering as well from

it. Patricia Owen suggested that with Gerald's obituary notice that would appear in **pass** it could mention the donations to Cancer Research and invite donations that way in Gerald's memory.

A vote was taken on the three options: Richard House had 7 votes, the Magnus Magnusson Memorial Fund 23 and Cancer Research 9, and thus was passed that the Magnus Magnusson Memorial Fund be adopted as the Club Charity for 2008-9.

A hat was passed round and donations given which came to a total of £330.

**President's Report:** Alan expressed his pleasure to see a good turnout in Cardiff for this year's Annual Function, and also that some Welsh members were present. He then turned his attention to the plans for the Annual Functions to come. The Committee felt that York should be adopted for 2009, as discussed in Liverpool, with the weekend of 28/29 March as the ideal date, being two weeks before Easter. For 2010 it was felt Canterbury would make a good option, an idea which met with general approbation, and then for 2011 it had been suggested that Belfast host the function, as the Club had been to Southern Ireland (Dublin in 1998) but never the North, but at this early stage the committee wished to ascertain whether the membership were prepared to go there. A show of hands showed that a vast majority were happy to do so. Wendy asked whether it was time a function was held in the Midlands and felt that Buxton might make a good location, although Stewart believed the lack of convenient transport links might obviate this. Paul Emerson suggested Nottingham as a possibility in this area.

Alan judged it a privilege, pleasure and great honour to be President of the Club. Gavin suggested that Alan be thanked for his stewardship of the Club, and this was met with approbation.

**Membership Secretary's Report:** Peter Chitty reported that the Club had lost 13 members over the past year, eleven through non-payment of subscription and two through death. This left the current membership figure at 412.

On a happier note there were four possible new members in the pipeline, thanks to the programme's producer Jon Kelly being more pro-active in distributing fliers about the Club, and Ann Kelly and Mel Kinsey talking about it as recordings. The next member would have the number 1000, a significant one. The suggestion over the previous year for members to switch to Standing Orders and have a £1 discount on subscription had brought 30 responses, 24 of whom had switched accordingly.

Alan thanked Peter for his work.

**Insignia:** Phillida thanked everybody who had bought something already over the weekend, and pointed out there were still wonderful bargains to be had. She was planning to do a full inventory of stock in the near future and then work out what, if anything, needed to be purchased, with sweatshirts being a distinct possibility. One thing she had discovered was that she had underestimated the physical size of the membership when ordering stock, as larger sizes sold much more than smaller! Catherine Slater suggested that umbrellas might be an idea for a new line, whilst Patricia Cowley thought fridge magnets were another option. Phillida thanked Susan for her help in persuading members to purchase insignia and Leo for transporting some of it to Cardiff, and was herself thanked for her work.

**Annual Functions 2008 and 2009:** Alan praised Gavin for the time he spent working on putting the 2008 function together, and felt he performed an invaluable service to the Club. Attendees expressed no complaint over the Cardiff function and seemed generally happy with the way it was gone. Marga Scott-Johnson thanked the Committee for the pen given as a present with the Saturday dinner.

Gavin requested that York be formally proposed as the location for the 2009 function – this was passed nem con.

**Election of Club Committee for 2008-10:** The Secretary had received no nominations from the general membership to stand for Committee, and as the current incumbents were all happy to stay in their posts the committee was elected by acclamation to continue as present.

**Magnum Competition:** Gavin congratulated David Cowan on winning his first Magnum. Patricia Owen asked for more elitist, academic questions in future competitions, but Gavin felt he was aiming to set questions across the whole range of knowledge and Liz Shaw felt he pitched the quiz at the right level. Margery complained she could not hear the competition and Ray suggested each competitor be given their own microphone – Gavin pointed out the cost of doing this would be prohibitive and the likelihood of having 10 microphones all working smoothly was not high, as evinced by the fact only one was working properly the next morning.

**Mugnum Finals:** Gavin reported that the general first reaction to this year's set was that they were horribly difficult and the further fall in entries this year reflected this – only 13 individual entries (down from 16 in 2007) and 5 team (down from 6). He wished to be formally minuted that questions were being made too difficult and asked again for people scale back the difficulty, a plea which Ann Kelly heartily concurred with. David Edwards pointed out that a lot were not remotely guessable

and suggested that perhaps people submit multiple choice answers with their questions to encourage participation, although Glenys Hopkins felt this could create even more work for Gavin when putting the quiz together. Rachel Leonard alternatively suggested that people be penalised for submitting too difficult questions, and Glenys suggested that if people's questions were not answered by sufficient entries then they be penalised points on their own entry.

The 2008 set contained 46 questions and scores ranged from 8 to 26.1, showing how difficult they were – indeed out of all the entries only Wendy improved her score over 2007. The team prize went again to the Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood (Mary Andrews, Susan Leng and Anne Miller) with a score of 25.5, the easiest question was shared by Anne Miller and Constance Moore with all 18 entries answering their offering, whilst Kevin Ashman came only runner-up this year with a score of 23, beaten by Sonia Anderson who scored 26.1 and to whom he presented the Mugnum trophy which had recently been rediscovered!

**Any other business:** Arfor Wyn Hughes suggested that the Club be open to all those who appeared on the Welsh version of the programme, and this was passed nem con. Arfor would deal with getting information to contenders on this. Stewart asked whether contenders on the forthcoming Sport Mastermind would be similarly invited – it was agreed to postpone that decision until it was seen how the programme worked.

Gavin announced the results of the Grand National sweepstake: Nina Richardson had the winning horse and won £25, Ray Ward's came second and won £10 for him and Patricia Cowley won £5 for the third-placed horse.

Catherine Slater had the initial documentation from the founding of the Club, and Alan read out Charles Key's initial invitation letter to the meeting.

Leslie asked about the location of the President's gavel – Alan reported that it was safely in his possession.

Tony announced that he would do a guided walk of historic Cardiff at 18.30 for those present on the Sunday.

There being no further business, the President closed the meeting at 12.14.



President Alan



There was some consternation at the AGM when all of the Committee asked permission to leave the room at once...

## Magnum 2008

*Gavin Fuller reflects on this year's competition.*

Sadly, this year saw a falling off in the number of entries to the Masterquiz as only 35 people sent a completed set to Phillida, 33 of whom went on to do my second half as well, despite, judging by the scores, the pair of us making both sets slightly easier this time round. Even Kevin's decision to give this year a miss failed to inspire more entries, and with several other regular magnum competitors either not entering or not attending this year's reunion (or both!) it meant that there was a slightly less familiar look to the line-up this time round, although everybody who finally made it to the Magnum itself had competed at least once before. David Edwards led the way this year, continuing the form that saw him crowned the current Brain of Mensa to top the scores in both halves, with Stewart Cross, who won Phillida's theme prize, maintaining his Mastermind form in narrowly pipping Geoff Thomas to second. With a lot of strong entries coming from non-attendees, this year it ended up going down to 18<sup>th</sup> place to get the final nine competitors, showing it is always worth having a go, as you never know what might happen! I

must apologise for the typo in my first question, as I inadvertently pressed an adjacent key when typing unto during the Shakespeare quote and ended up with into and failed to spot this error.

Tony was happy to act as questionmaster again and Ken as official, so all was set for the competition itself. Heat 1 saw David Edwards take on David Cowan and Paul Emerson, Heat 2 paired Stewart Cross, Ann Kelly and Peter Richardson whilst Heat 3 saw 3-time Magnum winner Geoff Thomas take on 2 former Brains of Mensa in Chris Gonet and Ray Ward. I took the Club's 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a starting point for the quiz, with rounds based on the number 30 and the year 1978, Tony being a local boyo kindly provided some questions on Cardiff, whilst there was a musical round based on modern adaptations of poetry and rounds on British Geography and Myths and Legends to test the nine, and indeed it proved a sterner test than I expected. David Edwards and Geoff both started strongly, but only the latter maintained his form to lead the qualifiers for the semis with 16, with David Cowan and Stewart having strong second halves to finish on 12, David Edwards ended up on 11, and Peter Richardson and Chris Gonet completed the qualifiers.

For the semis there was a distinct Welsh theme, with rounds on the country, a picture round of six of the best of its many castles, and one on sheep. The 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary was commemorated again with a round based on pearls. As we were in Cardiff, home of Doctor Who I simply had to set a round based on the programme and to finish off to commemorate Gerald there was a whole round of Mackenzie questions. These questions proved less taxing, and in the first semi-final Geoff soon built a commanding lead which he maintained to the end, topping the scores on 19, whilst in the second it was much more even for most of the contest with David Cowan pulling away in the last round to score 17, comfortably ahead of Stewart who had the third-highest score of 13, and qualify for his first Magnum final.

The final was refined for this year, with the buzzer round removed and the pot luck pictureboard expanded to 20 questions, bracketed by the usual rounds of paired questions. Geoff pulled ahead in the first round but found the pot luck round a bit more sticky, losing 8-20 to trail by six points going into the final round. He made a valiant effort to catch up but just fell short, David prevailing 38-37 in what was the closest contest I can remember.

Marga Scott-Johnson again kindly donated a runner-up prize which she presented to Geoff whilst Kevin presented the Magnum trophy, safely in Cardiff this year, to David. Thank you to the nine contestants for gallantly taking part, all those who entered the Masterquiz as it is always fun to see the answer sheets from you all, and congratulations to David and commiserations to Geoff. There were diverging opinions on the way I've taken the Magnum over the seven years since taking over, and if anybody wishes to comment on how I should continue with it I'd be delighted to hear from them. Now what shall I conjure up for next year...

*[Ed. The answers to Part 1 of the Master Quiz by Phillida Grantham which would normally appear in this issue have been held over to 2008:3]*



Magnum winner, David Cowan, receives the trophy from Kevin



Gavin enjoyed telling the Magnum contestants where to go

# Master Quiz 2008 Final Table

		Round 1	Round 2	Total
<b>1</b>	<b><i>David Edwards</i></b>	<b>422</b>	<b>391</b>	<b>813</b>
<b>2</b>	<b><i>Stewart Cross</i></b>	<b>414</b>	<b>375</b>	<b>789</b>
<b>3</b>	<b><i>Geoff Thomas</i></b>	<b>418</b>	<b>367</b>	<b>785</b>
4	Anne Hegerty	388	352	740
5	Hadrian Jeffs	360	365	725
6	Ruth Newbury	402	314	716
7	Mike Formby	378	322	700
<b>8</b>	<b><i>Chris Gonet</i></b>	<b>416</b>	<b>279</b>	<b>695</b>
9	Philip Wharmby	348	342	690
10	Martin Wyatt	400	286	686
11	Raymond Kahn	372	303	675
<b>12</b>	<b><i>David Cowan</i></b>	<b>364</b>	<b>309</b>	<b>673</b>
<b>13</b>	<b><i>Ann Kelly</i></b>	<b>374</b>	<b>267</b>	<b>641</b>
14=	Neil Crockford	344	289	633
14=	Hilary Forrest	339	294	633
<b>14=</b>	<b><i>Peter Richardson</i></b>	<b>346</b>	<b>287</b>	<b>633</b>
<b>17</b>	<b><i>Ray Ward</i></b>	<b>356</b>	<b>274</b>	<b>630</b>
<b>18</b>	<b><i>Paul Emerson</i></b>	<b>332</b>	<b>292</b>	<b>624</b>
19	Tim Westcott	348	259	607
20	Norman Izzett	361	238	599
21	Ian Sewell	352	227	579
22	Leslie Grout	301	269	570
23	Keith Bogle	280	272	552
24	Michael Davison	316	234	550
25	Eleanor Macnair	314	226	540
26	Patricia Cowley	338	188	526
27	Glenys Hopkins	185	291	476
28	Barbara-Anne Eddy	316	154	470
29	Joseph Hand	214	232	446
30	Wendy Forrester	214	210	434
31	Mary Gibson	244	171	415
32	Chris Pelly	210	185	395
33	Germaine Bramall	300		300
34	Richard Coast-Smith	101	136	237
35	Gordon Stuart	209		209

Those in bold italicised print qualify for the Magnum Final.

# Mugnum 2008

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

13 (Margery Elliott): What was de Gaulle doing when he was heard to say "Vive Le France, Vive La France"?

20 (Patricia Owen): "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King! Confusion on thy banners wait!" Which King of England, and why cursed?

22 (Peter Richardson) What 8-word condition that a patent medicine advert claimed to cure stimulated Jerome K Jerome to write "What I suffer in that way no tongue can tell" and go on for another four paragraphs?

60 (Gena Davies) Which French Impressionist painter was married in Cardiff Town Hall on 5 August 1897?

61 (Pauline Wells): What is the name of "The Last Surviving Tommy" whose autobiography was published last year?

89 (Eleanor Macnair): Which historian was the grandfather of 2 queens?

93 (Sue Jenkins) In *Under Milk Wood*, Organ Morgan's favourite composer is Bach. Who comes second?

145 (Ray Ward): What connects the words Aborigine, Commando and Picket?

217 (Barbara-Anne Eddy): The two most recent Governors-General of Canada, Adrienne Clarkson and Michaëlle Jean, have at least two things in common: both are women and neither was born in Canada. In which countries were they born?

253 (Chris Pelly): In what activity might one use a Coch-y-Bonddhu?

275 (Tony Dart): In sporting terms, in which country must BRAWN always prevail over BRAINS?

280 (Leslie Grout): Where would you find Luxembourg, Europe, Stalingard and Rome close together?

287 (Phillida Grantham): In 1860, how did Thomas Smith improve upon his popular 1847 invention?

306 (Morag Knox-Crawford) What is the link between Jasper, Juliet, Shirley and Roma?

307 (Chris Hughes): In the Seth McFarlane animation *American Dad*, what is the name of the camp alien being that hides in the Smith's house?

337 (Rachel Leonard): In August 1900 in a cricket match between the M.C. and W.G. Grace's London County Team, the great doctor's wicket was taken by a 41 year old Scotsman of Irish descent whose only first class wicket this was. What was his name?

342 (Michael Davison): Which Oxford University Collage has a chapel designed by William Burges with the same riot of colour and detail that he gave to Cardiff Castle?

443 (Ann Kelly): At the opening ceremony of the Olympic Games, which is the first country to enter the stadium?

455 (Kevin Ashman): Which member of the Camden Town Group of artists, born in 1878, shares his forename and surname with the first winner of the Gentlemen's Singles at the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships, a feat achieved the previous year?

457 (Peter Chitty): *I'm All Right Jack* was the sequel to which film?

475: (Stewart Cross): Sergei Shchukin was the principal collector of which artist's works?

526 (Wendy Forrester): How is Tom Riddle better-known?

554 (Mary Gibson): Whose spiritual autobiography was called *Grace Abounding*, and what is the full title?

579 (Anne Miller): Who was born in Tiger Bay, Cardiff in 1937?

629 (David Edwards): In the uniquely British variant of this sport, played only in Cardiff, Newport and Liverpool by teams of eleven, the annual Wales v England fixture has attracted five-figure crowds to such venues as Goodison Park and Cardiff. Which sport?

642 (Arfor Wyn Hughes): What links More, Pairs, Solo, Minks and Hasten?

665 (Chris Gonet): How many times was the late Ike Turner married?

672 (Patricia Cowley): What is Y Bwthyn Bach?

687 (Glenys Hopkins): What do the numbers 21, 143 & 221, as well as many others, have in common?

696 (Ken Emond): There are six university sites in Wales: Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, Bangor and Aberystwith are five; what is the sixth?

731 (Gavin Fuller): Verity Lambert, who died in 2007, was the producer of which long-running television series for its first two years?

766 (Geoff Thomas): On October 7<sup>th</sup> 1946, Alan Ivimey became the first presenter of which long-running BBC radio programme?

769 (David Cowan): What was singer-songwriter Don McLean's response to the question "What does American Pie mean?"?

779 (Mary Andrews): Where was the first double-decker bus introduced, on 1<sup>st</sup> April 1909?

797 (Mike Chivers): Which famous comedian's parents were married in Cardiff?

824 (Sonia Anderson): Whose portrait has been reproduced more than that of anyone else in history?

849 (Constance Moore): What is the name of the river that divides Cornwall from the rest of England?

866 (Leo Stevenson): Major William Barker became an ace flying one of the most successful fighting planes of the RAF. What type of aircraft did he fly?

869 (Susan Leng): Which Gilbert & Sullivan operetta featured in Mike Leigh's film *Topsy-Turvy*?

875 (Clare Ockwell): The returned series of *Doctor Who* had spawned 2 spin-off programmes. Name both.

877 (Timothy Robey): Who was the only President of France to serve two full 7-year terms?

883 (Anne Ashurst): To which French Royal House did Isabella, wife of Edward II belong?

899 (Marga Scott): Who or what are Amalia, Alexia and Ariane?

955 (Paul Emerson): The FA Cup has only gone out of England on one occasion, in 1927 when Cardiff City beat which club?

982 (Mike Abbott): Isle of Wight milkman Terry Perkins went on to be which 1960's pop star?

985 (Edward Towne): Which is the only feminine French noun ending in "ment"?



The Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood (alias Mary, Anne and Susan) with their Team Mugnum prizes and Kevin. Answers and results in 2008:3.

# Not So Long Ago in Baghdad

*Steve Priestley*

I was interested to read Patricia Owen's recollection of life as an expat in the rapidly changing Iraq of the late 1950s. I thought she and, possibly, others might find some more recent impressions of visiting that country of some interest.

My first visit was less than a year after the country had been occupied by US and British forces. The only way in was by RAF C130 from Kuwait. I used to fly in these a lot as an air cadet—usually sitting in the windowless hold—but I had never before experienced from the privileged position of a seat on the flight deck a near-vertical, corkscrewing descent such as that into Baghdad International Airport (BIAP). These unconventional landings are necessitated by the difficulty of securing the environs of the airport against man-portable anti-aircraft devices; all movements have to take place within a cylinder of airspace projected up from the secured area. It's an exciting ride.

In those days, transit between BIAP and the Green Zone—the secure area of central Baghdad which houses the coalition headquarters (as it then was), the Western embassies and many Iraqi government ministries—was by road. The Americans achieved this by using overwhelming force in the form of large, heavily armed convoys that cleared the road around them. The British approach was more understated, using civilian 4 x 4 vehicles and lightly armed close protection teams. Many of the CPT guys were former RUC officers, some were ex-special forces. They had a very direct manner as they briefed us on our way out of the airport: "These vehicles will stop a bullet sir, but they won't stop an RPG. If there's an incident, keep your head down and remain in the vehicle. We'll look after you. If anything happens to us, keep your head down, remain in the vehicle, and await assistance." Which makes it sound like breaking down on the M25 and waiting for the AA to arrive.

The journey of a few miles was, for me, incident free, although 'incidents' then were a daily occurrence on that road. I noticed that all the trees in the central reservation of the dual carriageway had recently been cut down. I was told that, gunmen and bombers had been using them as cover. Wrecked vehicles at the roadside bore witness to the success of their endeavours. I was surprised how heavy the traffic was, also how neat the houses and gardens were as we passed through what must have been Baghdad's equivalent of Surbiton. My escort grew tense as we got held up in traffic, blocked in with no way out and attracting some less than welcoming looks from local motorists, but we were soon passing through the checkpoints and into the Green Zone.

It was strange to be somewhere I had seen only on the television. TV does not prepare you for the 'feel' of a place, made up of its sights, sounds, smells and other, less tangible sensations. Some of the well-known sights, such as the huge crossed swords grasped by hands sculpted to resemble those of Saddam Hussein, seemed very familiar, but the vast, empty parade ground beneath them was nothing without the massed ranks of olive-green clad militias who used to parade there. And Hussein's image, on my first visit, still remained, not least in the form of the huge bronze busts that adorned the four corners of his former palace, by then the coalition headquarters. The infamous mural of Iraqi missiles raining down on Hussein's enemies formed the backdrop to an American all-ranks canteen. Before I settled down in my bunk that night, sharing a room in one of Hussein's minor palaces, I experienced the very shoddy plumbing of one of his opulent, gold-plated bathrooms. It felt very odd to sit on the dictator's 'throne'.

Getting outside the Green Zone to see a bit more of Baghdad was difficult. Seasoned diplomats who had been there for some months talked nostalgically of visiting restaurants and bars in the old city, but it was becoming increasingly dangerous to do that. The only Iraqi-owned and Iraqi-run establishment still accessible was the al-Rasheed Hotel, and there it was considered safe to visit only the basement. The menu was very limited, and old hands told me not to order the dish described as 'river fish'. These fish were caught in the same river that received daily the bodies of those murdered in what was by then a lawless city.

On my last visit, the road between the airport and the Green Zone was used less and less. Transfer was by helicopter, always flying in twos so that if one was brought down, the other could effect a rescue. Again, the Americans and the British had very different answers to the question, "How do you fly between A and B several times a day without someone getting a lucky hit on you?" Both ensured they flew low and fast, and used varying routes. But whereas the Americans flew dead straight, relying on outright speed, the British flew more circuitous routes, and changed direction frequently. This made for an interesting ride, for the helicopters bank steeply with the doors open, allowing the WSO (weapons systems operator, pron 'wizzop') a good line of fire with the machine guns mounted on either side, and affording the passengers a constantly changing view of the sky one moment and rooftops the next.

On my first such transfer, I was enjoying a ride more exhilarating than anything you can buy at Alton Towers when the aircraft suddenly veered violently to one side. At the same time, there was a blinding flash, a loud bang and the WSOp betrayed signs of mild concern (on the RAF aircrew spectrum of reactions, this equates to panic), grasping his machine gun with both hands and scanning the ground, which was very close indeed. As the helicopter continued to do things I thought a helicopter couldn't—and certainly shouldn't—do, I realised that the flashes and bangs were caused by defensive flares being ejected from a pod on the side of the helicopter. The air defence systems had detected that the operator of an anti-aircraft missile launcher on the ground was trying to lock on to us, giving the pilot had just seconds to evade it. It was a good bit of flying, but all in a day's work for these guys. After it had happened again on other flights, I almost became used to it myself.

Patricia's reference to the "golden years" of British influence in Iraq reminded me of a visit I made to the Rustamiyah military academy, near Baghdad. This is Iraq's equivalent of Sandhurst, built by the British in the 1920s and in 2006 once again administered by a British Colonel. Young Iraqi recruits were learning to be officers in the new Iraqi army. The internal walls of the shabby buildings of the academy were adorned with photographs of past cohorts of smart, young officers on their passing out days. They looked very proud, and of course many of the young men in those photographs would have fought the British and American forces in 2003. The officer cadets I spoke to a few years after that conflict were motivated partly by patriotism and partly by the need to earn a good wage. They were intelligent, university-educated lads who wanted a better future for their country and for themselves, but most of them had lied to their friends and families about what they were doing. The risk was too great.

I look forward to returning to Iraq, arriving on a commercial flight, taking a taxi from the airport to a hotel in downtown Baghdad, visiting its wonderful archaeological sites and getting to know its people. And even to eating river fish. But maybe not this year.



The moment when the air defence systems kicked in on a Puma (it's not a setting sun, it's a heat flare)



Part of the Green Zone from the air

# See Naples and Die

*Trevor Montague*

I had always considered this famous phrase to be a reference to the beauty and opulence of this once magnificent and thriving city. Alas, in the Naples of today this expression is more likely to allude to the likelihood of either being killed by the noxious air, diseased rats, errant motorists or the local mafia – the infamous Camorra.

My illusions were dashed from the start when I landed at Capodichino Airport and was accosted by several taxi drivers all wanting to charge me 50 Euros (a tad over £40) to take me to my hotel on the Piazza Garibaldi, some four miles south of the airport!

I eventually managed to haggle a price of 20 Euros but instinctively knew this was a harbinger of what was to come.

I decided to have a jog down to Naples harbour on my first evening and became immediately aware of two things; the distinct lack of women in the streets at night and the overwhelming stench of all manner of waste products and carrion strewn with gay abandon in huge windswept piles creating an atmosphere of deprivation and squalor.

I saw a vagrant propped up against the harbour wall in a prone position oblivious to the large brown rats running amok in his vicinity occasionally daring to dart across his pathetic body. Further on I witnessed the first of several bonfires at the side of the road and was later informed this was the Camorra making a token gesture of clearing the rubbish as they have control over the landfill sites and make billions from their 'enterprise'.

As I ventured into the quieter backstreets I saw gangs of youths just hanging around smoking and drinking in typical macho style, a sideways glance up as I passed appearing to suggest I was being sized up in the same way a bird of prey might calculate the possibilities of a successful swoop. Fortunately for me I was wearing a bright white track suit, yellow bandana and sunglasses and looked sufficiently menacing myself not to be approached without caution.

The never-ending stream of traffic made crossing the wide roads a very dangerous prospect. Although there are numerous elongated 'zebra-crossings' it seems motorists do not feel obliged to stop at them and not until my second day did I become blasé about this and realise these crossings were in fact a test of your nerve – as although traffic would whiz by you fore and aft if you walked directly in front of a car whilst traversing the black and white grid lines, it would play 'dare' with you but invariably brake at the last moment. Mainly through exasperation and a kind of stupid bravado, after day two I decided to take a cavalier attitude to the crossings and literally closed my eyes and went for it but always feeling that sense of relief when arriving safely at the other side.

A couple of things I found it harder to get used to on the roads was the constant honking and tooting of horns filling every moment of your day and the propensity of motorists not only to drive on both sides of the road but also on the pavements during the 24-hour rush hour period! Early on in my visit I was knocked out of the way by a passing motorcyclist whilst minding my own business looking in a shop window. And these people do not saunter along the pavements – they travel at normal speeds defying you to get in their way.

My second day started with far more promise. A friendly bus driver refused to take a fare for safe passage to the central train station and I was soon on my way to explore Pompeii and Herculaneum, the cities devastated by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 AD. Despite the almost Arctic conditions one couldn't fail to gain a sense of the scale of destruction or indeed the painstaking efforts to excavate such a vast area.

On my way back to my hotel I met two French women on the train, one of which had been robbed of all her money on her first day in Naples. I gave her 50 Euros which she reluctantly accepted, both women shedding tears of joy, and I sensed relief, that not all human beings are on the make. This reaction was probably the highlight of my holiday although I was relieved when we parted as it is surprisingly uncomfortable to be in the company of someone you have done a kindness for as you feel this could possibly be misconstrued as either wanting something for your money or probably more accurately because you are aware it is embarrassing for them. Although I love to do random acts of kindness I think this one was prompted by my joy at finally finding someone in Italy who actually spoke English. A French woman!

I took a ferry from Naples to the Isle of Capri the next day. A pleasant 40 minute journey followed by a longer private boat ride around the island to visit the various different coloured grottos. I had been trying to hire a bicycle for days but to no avail so

you could imagine my frustration when I finally found a cycle hire shop only to be thwarted by a besom broom strategically placed diagonally across the door jamb to serve notice not to enter. I waited over an hour for the shopkeeper to return and then relayed my plight to a local resident who sent me to the head office of the shop but alas that too was closed.

I decided to take a chance and borrow a bike from the shop and proceeded to cycle up the mountain road towards the summit. I was tooted at by a motorcyclist midway up the climb and soon recognised the rider to be the man who had just ferried me around the island. "Eh" he said "I have never seen you on a bike before. I didn't know you cycled" Which I felt was really odd as the guy knew I was a tourist on a day trip!

In no time the sweat was pouring off me but 20 minutes later I was at the summit and when a policeman stopped me at the top I thought the game was up but fortunately he merely told me I could go no further and now had to descend. The descent was so fast I passed two motorcyclists which I assumed were tourists as the typical Italian motorist would never let themselves be overtaken (an example of this was when I was on a bus back from the architectural museum and almost unbelievably it re-overtook a passing ambulance which had its lights and siren on at full tilt).

Anyway, when I arrived back at the shop I saw the broom still in place and thanked God for my good fortune.

My final day in Naples was quite eventful. I set out from my hotel with a fellow traveller and was immediately approached by a market trader wishing to sell me a laptop. Now you have to understand that Naples is a huge city and unemployment is high. As well as the many thousands of traditional stores of all kinds there is an even larger number of street vendors, some set up on stalls and others merely plying their trade from the pavement. Perhaps unfortunately for me my friend happened to be an IT teacher and assured me that I was being offered an exceptional deal as I managed to knock the guy down from 250 Euros to £40 plus my last remaining five Euros. Within seconds of making my purchase another vendor produced the latest state-of-the-art Sony Vista laptop and although I told him I had already bought one my friend now started to sit up and take notice at this marvellous machine. He followed us half a mile up the road and again the 250 Euros original price was haggled down to £45 English. I did of course wait until my friend had the laptop safely in the case before I parted with the money and all seemed well. Or rather my more suspicious friend immediately felt the case was slightly light so opened it up only to find two bags of salt inside. I then opened up my bag to find another two bags of salt. I couldn't help but laugh but could plainly see my friend was upset although admiring of the skill of the operation. I then became saddened too when I thought of the evil intent of these people. A policeman pulled up in his car at the precise moment of the sting but didn't want to know of course and I retraced my footsteps back to the hotel in the certain knowledge that I would never see the perpetrators of this crime ever again.

Virtually every stall-holder mumbled words of sorrow as I traipsed past them with my two bags. "Camorra" was the recurring word offered to me as if this justified their silence. It seems every man and his dog knew exactly what was going on but chose to turn a blind eye to these people and let them rob tourists without question. One man told me it was out of fear of reprisal and another one told me it was because it would be futile as the police and carabinieri are corrupt and more likely to imprison witnesses than the Camorra.

I was never so pleased to get back to good old much-maligned Blighty. For all our problems we do not have schools being closed as in Naples because of the fear of disease. We do not have corrupt officials (in the main) and we do not have itinerant salesmen hindering the progress of tourists at every opportunity.

My first stop-off on arrival at Gatwick was to call in to my local supermarket to buy some provisions and I had a wry smile to myself when I spotted two youngsters, wearing fluorescent yellow bibs, picking up the litter from the streets.

It was good to be home!

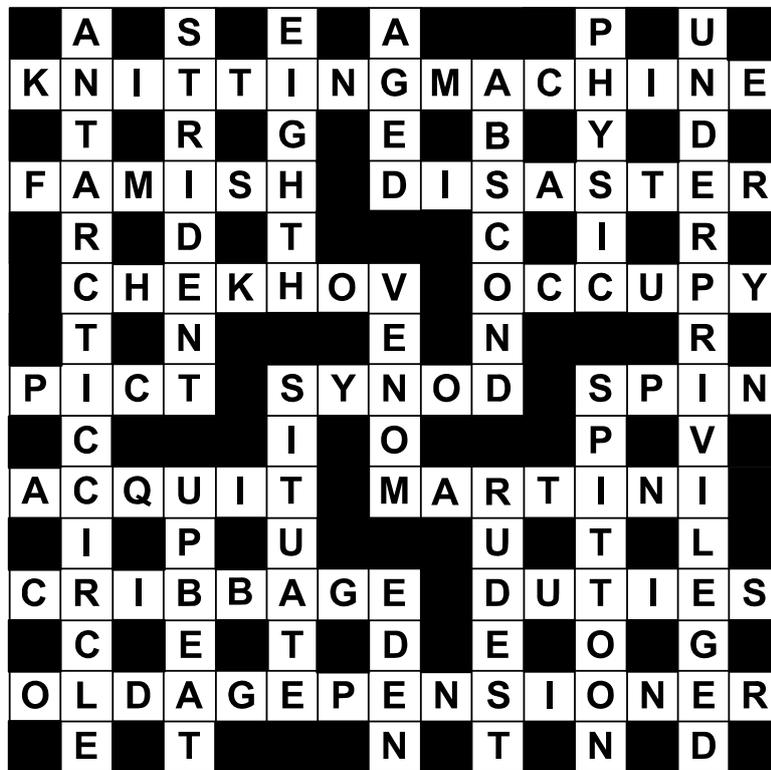
An interesting postscript: The unfortunate French woman, Laura Duron, tracked me down via my website which I thought was most impressive as neither of us had a pen and the only clue I gave her was that my name was similar to the French word for mountain!

Madame Duron insisted on sending me a gift of Armagnac although I rather fear that as a month has passed without its arrival, the French or English equivalent of the Camorra may be in operation!

*[Trevor - If I might add my congratulations to Stewart for some magnificent performances on this year's Mastermind (not forgetting David Clark of course). I thought it was another beautifully presented final by the BBC and although Stewart couldn't quite emulate Geoff's achievement I think he should be applauded for his ingenuity in choosing the History of Venice for his final offering and thus wangling a trip to the more up-market area of Italy. I believe Ray Ward is already busily spotting up for his assault on next year's title with the Apollo moon missions being his intended final subject!]*

# Prize Crossword (2008:1) Solution

by *Gadfan*



There was a very satisfying crop of entries for Crossword 2008:1, including a few from those entering for the first time. Only one clue caused significant gnashing of teeth. *Strong religious community holds fast* (F + AMISH = FAMISH) elicited PARISH and HAMISH as well as the intended answer.

As usual, it was hard to decide between the tie-breaker clues. My two favourites were from Trevor Montague and, yet again, Geoff Thomas:

Trevor 24a OLD AGE PENSIONER

No tea for deleting a snooper – in the twilight zone  
(tweaked anagram)

Geoff 5d PHYSIC

Browne, say, in charge of drugs  
(allusion to Hablot Knight Browne alias Phiz)

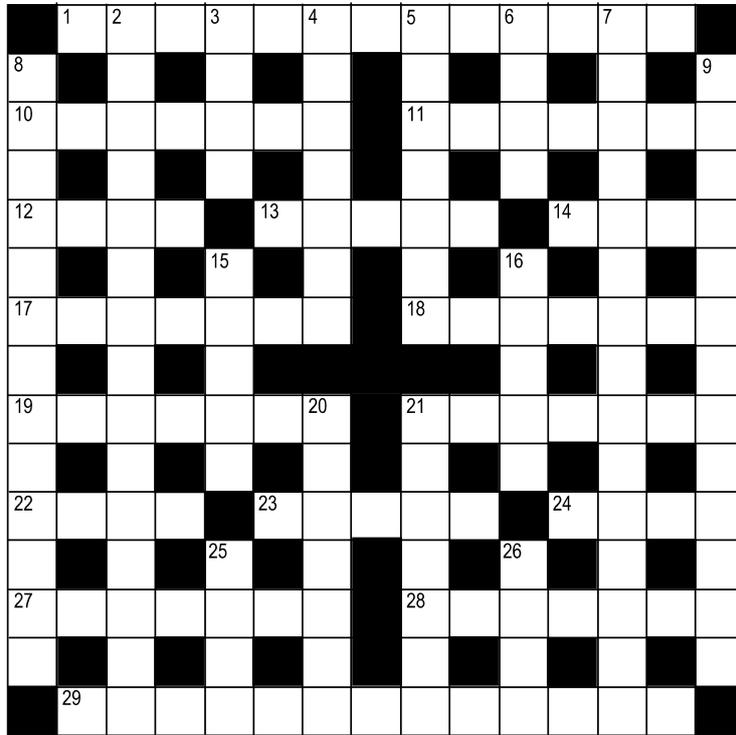
I would have been delighted to have awarded the unbelievably niggardly £10 book token to Geoff, who seems to generate one of the best clues every time, but found myself erring towards Trevor's answer. Therefore Trevor wins the prize and Geoff's amateur status remains intact – until next time perhaps?

For Crossword 2008:2, a reminder to new or newish punters that a suggested clue needs to accompany the crossword solution as a tie-breaker. This time there is a small change to usual practice. I would specifically like suggested clues for 10 across – if only because a half-decent clue for this one defied me (as you will no doubt realise). I suppose it also makes it easier to come up with an objective result.

Entries for Crossword 2008:2, including the tie-breaker clue, should be sent to me by post to 26 Lady Meadow Close, Denstone, Uttoxeter, ST14 5EY or by e-mail to [gadfan@btinternet.com](mailto:gadfan@btinternet.com) to arrive by 15 July

# Prize Crossword (2008:2)

by Gadfan



## ACROSS

- 1 The bearing of a charismatic old statesman (8,5)  
 10 The joy of Paradise? (7)  
 11 After experiencing close shave, victory for PM (7)  
 12 Old port area (4)  
 13 See 19  
 14 Set to play it, or else (4)  
 17 Sweet and swell to look back on (7)  
 18 Counterfoils hint at swindles (3-4)  
 19,13 It's about time better-off proportion of Rock Movement hierarchy ... (7,5)  
 21 ... came back and created havoc (7)  
 22 Race of little folk return (4)  
 23 Grips revolver to shoot (5)  
 24 See 26  
 27 Race of one or two thousand penguin easily contained (7)  
 28 Provided carriage as old railway should (7)  
 29 Division of fighting men constituting a boatload (13)

## DOWN

- 2 Vessel putting strain on masonry support (8,7)  
 3 Close approach (4)  
 4 Gates concedes a couple of points as Brown studies (7)  
 5 Singular nonsense from one said to be a healer and restorer of souls (7)  
 6 Gaze fondly at Lego construction (4)  
 7 Keep one to give support (5,2,8)  
 8 A little talent for DIY, painting, construction? Not I! (6,7)  
 9 Takes no account of containerised components (13)  
 15 They say a new arrival's in dock (5)  
 16 Puncture outfit from spare parts (5)  
 20 Move made on piste or off (7)  
 21 Old children's TV show said to curb inclination to show respect (7)  
 25 Elusive creature I'm going after still (4)  
 26,24 Mystic support for one drawn into movement (4,4)

Gadfan

# Kings and Queens Quiz Answers and Result

Richard Sturch

The winner, by a narrow margin, was Raymond Kahn, who got all but three correct. He will receive a scale model of George V's crown as Emperor of India.

- 1 Charles II
- 2 The King of Bohemia (One entry said Prussia, which was true for the last hundred years or so of the Empire, but the question carefully referred to medieval times, before Prussia became a kingdom.)
- 3 Marcus Aurelius (One entry wasn't sure he counted as a king, but the question said "monarch".)
- 4 The Queen's crown has two arches crossing in the centre; the Prince's has only one arch.
- 5 Ludwig II of Bavaria
- 6 Winston Churchill
- 7 King Paramount (in Gilbert & Sullivan's *Utopia Limited*)
- 8 Esther. I gave a half mark for Solomon, whose name appears *in* a title, but the question said "bears the name", not "includes" it.
- 9 Dymoke
- 10 Mycenae
- 11 This was the real stinker. The answer, improbably enough, was Edward I, in 1287, at Bordeaux. The priest in question, Sawma, was on a mission from the Mongol Khan of Baghdad.
- 12 Malaysia or Cambodia. Two entrants suggested the Papacy – I gave half a mark here, as the Pope is elected as head of the Roman Catholic Church, and is only incidentally a Head of State; for parts of the history of the Papacy, indeed, he wasn't one.
- 13 Nine: three Saxon kings and six post-Conquest (Edward VII & VIII were kings of the United Kingdom...)
- 14 Faisal II of Iraq
- 15 Ruritania (see Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda* etc)
- 16 George II, at Dettingen in 1743
- 17 Four (Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Württemberg)
- 18 My answer was simply "The House of Stuart", but several entries gave the fuller answer, "Marjorie Bruce and Mary, Queen of Scots". Well done! (Mind you, the Scottish Crown actually stayed with the Stuarts till a later lass, Queen Anne...)
- 19 Edward VII, its founder (actually while Prince of Wales)
- 20 St Peter (I Peter 2:17)
- 21 Eämur
- 22 Adolf Hitler
- 23 George IV
- 24 George W. Bush
- 25 Edward Bear (*aka* Pooh)
- 26 Hebrew, from *jubel*, the word for "horn" (see Leviticus chapter 25)
- 27 Egypt (ca. 2350–2260BC)
- 28 Claudius of Denmark, in *Hamlet*
- 29 Thomas Mann
- 30 Sparta
- 31 Bulgaria (Simeon II)
- 32 I originally gave only Michael of Romania and Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. I had forgotten Letsie III of Lesotho, but three entrants hadn't! Good for them!
- 33 James VI and I
- 34 Spain (The Grand Duke of Luxemburg is a Bourbon too...)
- 35 The Kings of Arms (senior heraldic officers). (Peers and peeresses put on coronets, not crowns.)

# Hepcat Quiz

John Burke

An alphabetical quiz for old-fashioned jazz and swing buffs. Below are, in alphabetical order, the surnames of jazz and swing instrumentalists, band leaders, and singers. Find their forenames and then list *those* in alphabetical order, their first letters to make the complete alphabet. Then add the relevant surnames to the alphabetically ordered forenames to make a complete list of full names. Where nicknames are better known than the given name, as in *Count Basie*, rather than William Basie, the nickname should be used.

For example (not used in the quiz itself):

If the surnames are shown in alphabetical order as: Cole; Hackett; Shaw

The forenames would be: Cozy; Bobby; Artie

So the final submission would start out as: Artie Shaw; Bobby Hackett; Cozy Cole

Entries should be sent to John Burke, 5 Castle Gardens, Kirkcudbright, Dumfries and Galloway DG6 4JE, to arrive by 31 July 2008. The usual £10 book token for the first all-correct entry opened.

## SURNAMES

Anderson  
Carlisle  
Christian  
Coleman  
Condon  
Cugat  
Ellington  
Getz  
James  
Jones  
Kirk  
Lamare  
Lawson  
Lewis  
Manone  
Monk  
Musso  
Russell  
Sims  
Stacy  
Stewart  
Teschemaker  
Wettling  
Winding  
Young  
Zurke