



Pen & Palette Club Papers

Autumn 2017

**Pen and Palette Club Papers
Autumn 2013**

Edited by The Recorder in Ordinary

Committee

President	J.M.Yorke
Vice-Presidents	J.A.F.Crook P.Hickey J.Anderson
Master of the Pictures	P.Hickey
Master of the Musick	M.A.Borthwick
Master of the Household	Mavis Yorke
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Honorary Secretary	P.Wallace
Honorary Assistant Secretary	P.C.Cooper

Committee Members

J.P.T.Bell J.Millard Alan Sidney-Wilmot

***"Let no man take, beyond this threshold hence, words
uttered here in friendship's confidence."***

President's Night 12 September 2017

After grace the President welcomed 24 members and 7 guests to his eponymous evening with a special welcome to his personal guests Professor Vas Prabhu and Mrs Rita Prabhu; a further welcome was extended to our latest member Tony Walker. Malcolm then felt moved to recall the answers by some of his O and A level pupils in his teaching days:

Question – Name the four seasons

Answer – Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar!”

Chairman of the Tuppenny end, Paul Hickey was quickly off the mark on a Presidential theme with this question to the President:

If you were not President of this club which president would you like to be, to which the answer came that Malcolm would like to be President Trump with carte blanche to say whatever he likes whenever he likes.

Next up was Jeremy Bell who was asked to recall if he had ever met any presidents, to which Jeremy was happy to say that in his career he had met several presidents namely:

Sir Ketumile Masire of Botswana, Nelson Mandela, Truong Chin of Vietnam, Jakubu Gowan of Nigeria and Sheikh Isa bin Salman al Kalifa the Emir of Bahrain, not a president but who's arguing!

Peter Wallace was asked if he had a favourite president to which he replied that his choice was a man the polar opposite to President Trump in terms of loquaciousness and that was Calvin Coolidge who was US president in the 20's and famous for his taciturnity; following a church service he was asked on what subject the Archbishop had preached, "Sin" he said, he was then asked "What did he say?" to which he said "He was agin it".

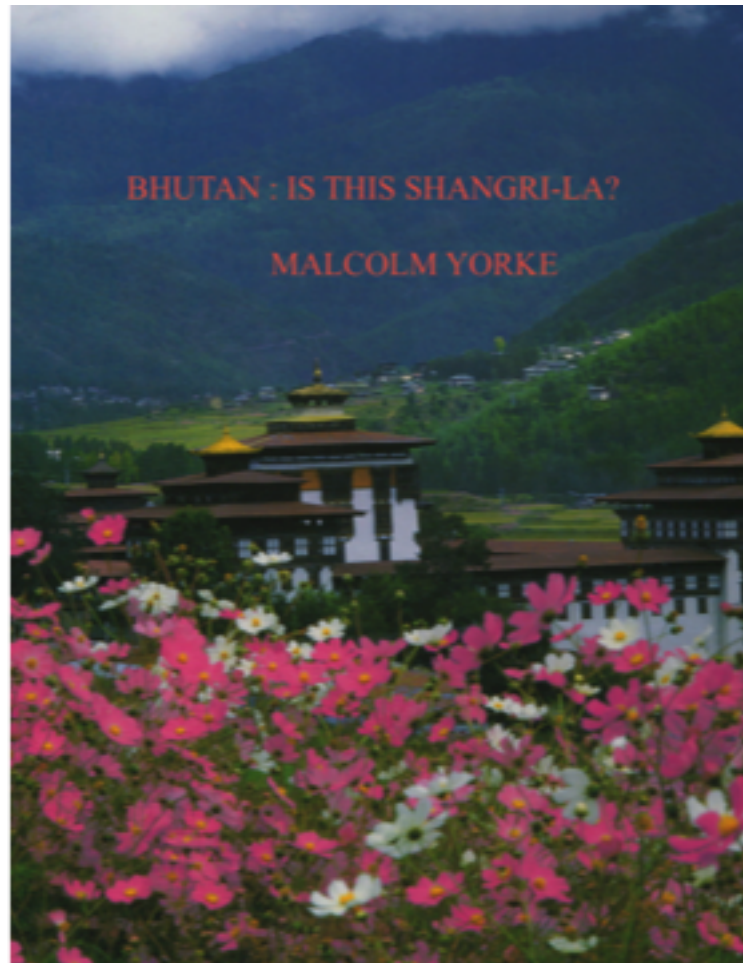
David Kilner was then asked what advice he would offer President Trump, "Change your barber" was David's pithy reply.

The final Toast from the Tuppenny End was to the Ladies with which all the gentlemen present heartily joined.

After partaking of a delicious meal rounded off with a very well received pudding comprising a fig, plum and pistacchio frangipani with amaretto sauce the assembled company sang the Loyal Toast led by John Havis accompanied by the lovely Anne.

We then settled down hear a masterly account by our President of a trip to Bhutan in 2014 with his son. In his talk Malcolm covered every aspect including the people and their way of life, the landscape and agriculture, the political system and the strenuous efforts made to exclude the less desirable aspects of modern life, all illustrated with copious and well chosen photographs. All agreed it was a tour de force in the fullest sense.

Peter Wallace



This was the President's Evening and it is our custom to make him work hard for his dinner. This year Malcolm Yorke had offered to talk on "Bhutan: is this Shangri-La?"

He began Khuzuzangbo la, which means 'Greetings' in Dzongkha, the language of Bhutan. His title referred to Shangri-La an earthly paradise, the happy Himalayan land ruled by Buddhist lamas in the 1938 novel Lost Horizon by James Hilton.

Bhutan is a tiny Himalayan democratic kingdom squeezed between India and China, smaller than England but bigger than Wales and with a population about the size of Tyneside's. It has peaks, fertile valleys and jungle and is largely agricultural though it derives revenue from exporting hydro-electric power to India. Its currency is the ngultrum.

The President invited us to cross with him from India into the border town of Phuntsholing. The contrast with India was striking –it was clean, no blasting horns, no plastic litter, no traffic jams, no monkeys, no idlers, no hoardings, no trailing electric cables, no sacred cows in the streets, no beggars, no neon, and the stone buildings all conformed to a national style of architecture. He and his son Jonathan were addressed, in English, by a remarkable nine

year old girl. She was a lorry driver's daughter and her education in all subjects was equally in English and Dzongkha. Their next encounter was with 30-odd crocodiles in a zoo – Buddhists love all creatures, even these monsters. Everyone in the town was wearing the national dress, the gho tunic with white cuffs (no trousers) for men and the kira long dress for women. Everyone from the king and queen down wears these, and very smart they are too.

The king rules jointly with an elected parliament and senior abbots according to Buddhist principles. The present one, Jigme Khesar Namgyel Wangchuck is the 5th Dragon King on the Raven Throne along with his queen Jetsun Pema and their son. Both were partly educated in Britain and are keen modernisers determined that their country will not be corrupted or over-run as their neighbours Sikkim, Nepal and Tibet have been. His father, who has 5 wives (all sisters, but as he points out only one mother-in-law) and ten children, abdicated in Jigme's favour in 2006.

A trip to the national Art College in the capital, Thimphu, demonstrated how Buddhism saturates all aspects of society. Carving, painting, sculpture and textiles all follow traditional religious patterns: creative originality of the Western kind has no value in such a system. Images of Buddha dominate and outside the town is the biggest statue of Buddha in the world, 69 feet high and made of brass in China. Its hollow body contains 125, 000 smaller images of him.

If Bhutan is known at all in the west it is for its Gross National Happiness Index. A questionnaire is sent to all citizens every five years to assess the population's contentment and the political plans for the next five years take these results into account. This a democracy but a strongly paternalistic one determined to drag the country from medievalism into an enlightened modernity. Before the 1960s there were no towns, capital city, drivable roads, telephones, postal service, national currency schools, hospitals, or airport. Tourist first crossed the borders in 1974. Television was reluctantly introduced in 1999, the last country in the world to do so. They have seen the mistakes made elsewhere and legislate against them in Bhutan. For example: Cigarettes are forbidden (you get 3-5 years imprisonment for smuggling them in).

Drink is easily available but not on Tuesdays when the liver must rest.

Traffic must cease one day per month to preserve clean air

Condoms are free to all citizens. Health and education services are also free.

Plastic bags are forbidden. Local paper must be used.

Shop signs must conform to tasteful regulation sizes and colours

Building should not be more than 4 stories high and conform to national patterns for roofs and windows

There are no lawyers but 3 levels of appeal court up to the king.

Women are equal in every respect and inherit land equally with their brothers.
Like men they may take more than one spouse and divorce is easy
Wild animals may not be hunted, consequently Bhutan is rich in wildlife.
65% of all land is 'protected' from exploitation (highest in the world)
Settlement or missionary work by outsiders are not permitted
All tourism is strictly controlled and 'high end' with a minimum spend of \$250
per day to discourage hippies or long stays.
Would you disagree with any of these? But would you resent their imposition?
Add to this little corruption, few crimes, no pornography, no caste or dowry
system and a choice of three climate zones and you might see why Shangri-
La is invoked.
The speaker then showed us the traditional architectural designs for houses,
Chortens (housing religious relics), dzongs (castles) and goembas
(monestaries). None of these employ architects or use metal in their
construction As a final treat he took us up to the spectacular Tiger's Nest
monastery held to its precipitous cliff only by the hair of angels.
The President left us to respond to the question in his title as we wished, and
finished with a Kadriche (thank you) for our attention

Lunch 11.10.17 "Flowers and Plants from the North"

Our chief guest today was George Proud and his wife Janet. His talents are
wide ranging from surgeon, priest to northern flora! As he is a member of the
cloth his first task was to say grace. The President gave updates on both
Frank Evans and Mick Mortimer who were in hospital.

Without more ado the Chairman of the 2d end Paul Hickey, got into its stride
taking wine with the President asking for his favourite flower? His garden is
mostly composed of gravel, but perhaps the 'iris' is his favourite.

George Proud was asked in a similar manner but for his favourite weed?
What is a weed but a plant in the wrong place and perhaps his choice would
be the Foxglove.

The Recorder in Ordinary was next and asked for his favourite wild flower.
Pat extended this to cover wild thugs and from his recent battles named the
Snowberry. As regards 'favourite' one stood out for its rarity and ability to
poison! This is the Henbane. It does occur on the Northumberland coast if
you know where to look!

Dennis Robson was taken on a different course - when did you last buy Joan
flowers?

Surprisingly the previous weekend as a peace offering and apology! No
details as to the reasons but lilies may have featured in the bunch.

Finally John Penn was asked for his favourite vegetable - the carrot as it has a nice colour and is good to eat raw or cooked!

The Loyal Toast was the duet of Pat and David plus all the attendees!

The Open Toast was delivered by Kelsey Thornton and featured Jocelyn Henry Graham who was aide de camp to an expedition to the Yukon in 1900. He fought in the first World War and then became a Newspaper Proprietor. He composed songs - You Are My Hearts Desire and Goodbye. However his great claim to fame was his 'Ruthless Rhymes' - short and sweet but to the point.

Obstinacy

I warned poor Mary of her fate,
But she would wed a plumbers mate!
For hours the choir was forced to sing
While he went back to fetch the ring.

Thoughtlessness

I never shall forget my shame
To find my son had forged my name,
If he'd had any thought for others
He might at least have forged his mother's.
So the toast was to Harry Graham and his Rhymes!

Alan Kerr then introduced the speaker George Proud and his talk on wild flowers of the North. We were treated to a wide-ranging gallery of wild flowers from Upper Teesdale to Holy Island. The rare Spring Gentian near to the Cow Green Reservoir to the Lindisfarne Helleborine. An entrancing view of the floral world we have on our doorstep!

This was received with much applause and the meeting was then drawn to a close.

Pat Cooper Recorder in Ordinary

Music Night with Bradley Creswick and Alan Fearon October 24th 2017

This was a well-attended event – predictably, since who would want to miss Bradley Creswick (violin) and Alan Fearon (piano) playing for the P&P?

Following grace, our President wondered whether we shouldn't be more adventurous with grace. He cited the British Association of Urological Surgeons' grace:

Oh Lord our Saviour, Lord Divine,
Who turneth water into wine,
Forgive us (we are foolish men)
We're going to turn it back again.

(The appropriateness of this was initially lost on your Recorder for the evening since he had misheard “neurological”. He hereby promises to wear his hearing aid next time.)

The 2d End asked about early musical experiences and influences and what might be passed on as “inheritance tracks”. (Still without hearing aid, your recorder briefly wondered why the evening was taking a fiscal turn.) The President had done time in Finland and Finlandia had got into his blood while there. Bradley Creswick had been led to take up the fiddle by hearing a recording of Hugh Bean, then leader of the Philharmonia. (Bradley’s parents were disgusted by his penchant for classical rather than folk music, declaring “Our son’s a square!”) Dennis Robson chose Oh, oh, Antonio but (given the company) declined to delight us with a rendition. Anne Havis’ choice of Bradley Creswick’s playing (anything) received great applause. Michael Chaplin spoke movingly of his mining forebears. He recalled seeing Alan Plater’s Close the coal house door! at the Flora Robson Theatre in Jesmond. He chose the eponymous song by Alex Glasgow and sang the first few lines.

And then the music – with the performers interestingly introduced by the Master of Music, Michael Borthwick. Played with panache, wit and feeling, the music had a Hungarian, Slavic folk dance theme with 19th C pieces by Pablo de Sarasate, Franz von Vecsey, John Williams (the theme from Schindler’s List), Bela Bartok, Jeno Hubay, Jules Massenet, Vittoria Monti. While each piece was or seemed immediately recognisable, not all the composers are. Alan Fearon, a walking encyclopaedia of music but never boring, introduced each piece with fascinating and amusing detail. All too quickly it was over and we found ourselves back in Jesmond.

Noel Burton Roberts
Recorder for the evening!

The Musicians



Bradley Creswick and Alan Fearon

**Music Night at the Pen and Palette Club
Mansion House on Tuesday October 24th 2017 at 7pm.**

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Artists

Bradley Creswick	violin
Alan Fearon	piano

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Programme

Romanza Andaluza	Pablo de Sarasate (1844-1908)
Valse Triste	Franz von Vecsey (1893-1935)
Schindler's List	John Williams (1932)
Romanian Dances Numbers 4 to 6	Béla Bartók (1881-1945)
Hejre Kati	Jenő Hubay (1858-1937)
Meditation	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Csárdás	Vittorio Monti (1868-1922)

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Christmas Festivities December 7th 2017

On a cold winter's night forty six members of the Pen and Palette Club and their guests fought their way through the ice and gales into the warm and welcoming embrace of the Mansion House for their annual Christmas bash.

We gathered in front of the log fire whilst those with money went to the bar. Drinks were sipped, canapés nibbled and the conversation flowed. We were then interrupted by President Yorke's instruction that we proceed to the dining room. Overheard by some he muttered the words 'whipping them in, where's a good sheepdog when you need one and the soup is getting cold'.

The candles were lit and members and guests were settled whilst we took some time to remember absent friends.

Malcolm spoke about Brother Frank Evans who had recently died at the age of 91. Frank joined the club in 1985, had been Recorder in Ordinary for many years and was a Life Member. He was a fount of knowledge across a great range of subjects, had his health proposed by the Tuppenny End on many occasions and always gave an excellent Open Toast. Frank cycled, enjoyed rough camping and was a keen ice skater. He was on his way to a skating session when he suffered his stroke.

Brother Alistair Sinton also passed away recently at the age of 90. Alistair joined the club in 1958 and was also a Life Member. A former President Alistair was an exceptional speaker with a measured and compelling style of delivery, his sense of humour was second to none and he contributed fully to every aspect of the club. Alistair compiled an excellent history of the Club and had many other interests outside the club including tennis, a sport in which he excelled.

Both Frank and Alistair will be sadly missed.

Crackers were pulled and Christmas party hats were worn when the President welcomed us and introduced our guests and entertainers for the evening 'The Holly and The Ivy' namely David Oliver, Laura Connolly and Stewart Hardy.

Turkey with all the trimmings (with the exception a Yorkshire pudding, an essential in my view) was served and the Chairman of the Tuppenny End, Kelsey Thornton, rose to his feet to address the President.

Kelsey prompted our President to describe a Christmas mishap and took wine with him. Imagine the scene, a little Malcolm Yorke spreading marbles on his bedroom floor to trap and interrogate Santa Claus as to how he got down the chimney. His error was to confide his intentions to his parents who explained the law of assault and battery to little Malcolm. The scheme was binned.

Brother Kelsey welcomed our entertainers on behalf of the Tuppenny End and they graciously agreed to take wine with us.

Before the gravy had time to cool he was up again proposing the health of Brother Peter Wallace interested again in a festive mishap. Brother Wallace took us back to his time in the trenches in 1917 when he observed the enemy troops raising a banner claiming 'Gott Mit uns'. He whipped out his pen and

raised his own banner to reassure his concerned foe with the response 'We got mittens too'.

The main course was large but Charlie Wesencraft was keen to tuck in to his Christmas pud when Kelsey interrupted him. Brother Wesencraft described an occasion when attending the United Reform Church to view a film (religious presumably) he queued for tea during the interval. A lady in front of him mistakenly added sugar to her tea when she recalled that she was very nearly a diabetic. Charlie reassured her that he was a fully fledged diabetic and that his consultant had advised that should he fancy a Mars Bar he could have one but not to have six. What no sex shouted the disturbed tea drinker whose symptoms appeared to include a level of deafness. The good people of the United Reform Church are still considering a banning order.

Brother Jeremy Bell was overcome with emotion at Charlie's response and uninvited and unexpectedly he grasped his microphone, took up our Chairman's gavel and gave it a good whack. He too had experienced a mishap but on this occasion with a lady Glaswegian quartermaster and sex. The details were too traumatic to record in this account.

As the desert was cleared and Brother Pat Cooper was considering a second mince pie the Chairman of the Tuppenny End was up once more taking wine with Brother Pat and enquiring about his Christmas disaster. Brother Pat, clearly taken by surprise and with a tear in his eye, began his response as though at a counselling session. A sad tale of cold turkey, a faulty cooker and domestic violence resulting in a bent pan was revealed. His plan had worked said Brother Pat, he was never asked to cook the Christmas dinner again.

The meal ended and our President forgot to request the Loyal Toast. The situation was quickly resolved and Brother Yorke's punishment is to serve an extra year as President.

A short break and our entertainers began with a fine medley of tunes played upon the fiddle, the accordion, the flute and a stick with a parrot on the end of it (known as a 'Jingling Johnny' and apparently it should have been a wren). Captain Pugwash's theme tune The Trumpet Hornpipe was included along with the explanation that even pirates enjoy Christmas.

We had described to us the meaning of old winter traditions across the ages and the use of music and dancing to help fight the battle against the hard times of the cold season. Wassail meaning stay healthy.

The Sugar Wassail was a tune accompanied by some fantastic clog dancing by Laura (she brought her own board as clog dancing on carpet with a thick pile does not have the same impact). The audience were amazed at the skill and the effort required to dance at this speed and quality particularly as Laura had only recently polished off a large Christmas supper.

There was audience participation in the tune 'Oh the rising of the sun' and a marvellous Ran Tam Band turn using frying pans, colanders and spoons. This one ensured no one could 'drop off' following the heavy meal.

We were next entertained by the group's interpretation of Steeleye Span's 'Goudete' with lyrics including any latin phrase you could reach for (not all of them polite!). How David achieved this without reference to written notes we do not know.

A superb version of 'When the snows of winter fall' was one of the highlights of the evening again with members of the audience encouraged to sing along and the show was brought to a fine conclusion by the tune 'Hunt the Wren' the theme of which is to club a wren to death with the aforementioned Jingling Johnny and then to pluck and distribute the feathers for good luck. Not so lucky for the wren! The club is to sponsor a 'save the wren charity' as a result of this one.

The skill, dexterity and stamina of our entertainers together with the excellent programme encompassing so many aspect of the winter season delighted the audience and delivered a superb evenings entertainment.

Back out into the ice and wind went members and guests warmed by a fine meal, drink (for those with money) and a super introduction to the festive season.

Paul Hickey - Recorder for the night!

The Artist's Outing to the Mansion House - 15th December 2017

The Artists set out once again,
One lady and five of us men,
To the mansion we came,
Through the snow and the rain,
And dusted off palette and pen.

There were two who arrived far too soon,
Read their map by the light of the moon!
The rest of us read
Our instructions instead

And arrived, just on time, in the Toon.

Our first task was to do dot to dot,
Pointillist seem to do it a lot,
We tapped our points lightly
And some were quite sprightly
But our President, he lost the plot.

Scottish Colourists next on our list,
A session not to be missed,
Bright colours, don't slack,
Our backgrounds were black,
And our fruit had a citrus twist.

The Master of Pictures last trick
Was to give the poor artists a stick
Dip it in ink,
And do what you think,
The results were all strange but quite slick.

Paul Hickey



The Mansion House