



*Pen & Palette
Club Papers*

SPRING

2009



The Club Room

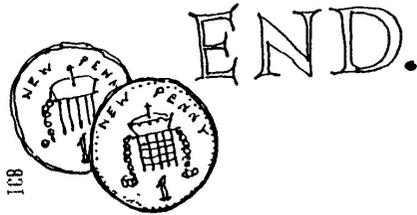


The Committee Room



Next, Agents of Estate arise in "storied" vertically.
 Across the street we contemplate, in left diagonality,
 A Gallery Laing there in stone Baroque theatricality,
 With many Works of Art that are superlative in quality,
 Our Billiards Room's the Annexe we can say with partiality,

We are the Pen and Palette Club and this is our locality.
 How can I best epitomise its quintessentiality?
 Higham Place-d in a dilemma... let's Just say it's Pen & Paletty!



Pen and Palette Club Papers Spring 2009

Edited by The Recorders in Ordinary

Committee

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Committee Members

R.T. Harvey F.J.Penn G. Cundall

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



Club Supper 27 January 2009

Speaker: Dr. Bernard Trafford, Headmaster of The Royal Grammar School.

Rev. Bro. Walter Hatchley's grace reminded us that today was Holocaust Remembrance Day with all that that implied.

We were pleased to note that the Club's traditional succession of toasts tonight was correctly observed by the tuppenny end under the care of its chairman, Bro. Peter Wallace, following several sad lapses at earlier meetings. First the President was toasted (traditionally through gritted teeth) and the tuppenny end wished to know whether the current octopus birth (eight babies born together in America) meant that the mother had followed the biblical direction to go forth and multiply. The President replied with authority, being one of triplets, and born on Christmas Eve, too. Bro. Ian McAulay said the mother of three should have gone forth.

Turning next to our distinguished guest the tuppenny end enquired from the back of the class whether they were addressing a successor to Mr. Whackford Squeers or Dr. Arnold. It was revealed that unlike either of these two gentlemen Dr. Trafford, a former music teacher, blew a very mean horn. In reply, Dr. Trafford announced that during his time teaching music in Wolverhampton he had more than once been asked: "Can you play Far Away?"

Scotland runs through Bro. Iain McAulay like "Blackpool Rock" through Blackpool Rock. Inevitably he was asked, did he do the Immortal on Sunday's Burns Night supper. We are not sure if we are quoting Burns when we report the tuppenny end's words: "Freedom and whisky gan together". But should gravy be served with the haggis, they enquired. Bro. Iain topped all by saying he ran his own Burns Night. He assured us that haggis should indeed be served with gravy, the gravy consisting of no more than a liberal sprinkling of whisky. At his celebration Mcsween's haggis was served and what was offered for drink was whisky or water. In extremis Irn Bru was provided. Those guests who had never had haggis before were pleasantly surprised, and equally surprising, at the end of the evening all were sober, or so it seemed.

The tuppenny end wondered of Bro. Ken Kay whether he followed Dr. Johnson in believing that music was the only sensual pleasure without vice. Perhaps music

Fortunately, they seemed to have worked as Bro Yorke now only occasionally froths at the mouth and bites people.

President David Kilner then drew the proceedings to a close by reciting the late Bro. John Browne's ode on the illustrious Pen & Palette Club:-

Our Locality or On Location with the Pen & Palette John JL Browne

We are the Pen & Palette club and this is our locality,
At 7 Higham Place which has the virtue of centrality.
Inside, an atmosphere prevails of warm conviviality,
Our inner men sustained by CJ's gastronomicality.

Ian Lavelle so gently wields his Presidentiality...
It's hard to cap the tuppenny end's inconsequentiality.
Bob Nattress toasts the Queen in song and pledges all our loyalty,
Which we confirm with choruses of Fa La La La Lallity.

The Open Toast diverts us with red herrings till finality.
Joe Chapman tinkles piano keys and airs his musicality
To soothe our "Savage" breasts that swell with proud reciprocity.
Stan Watson's After-Supper Speakers spout their speciality,
Bro- Kirby spins his salty yarns with longitudinality.
Leonard Evetts' water colours smile with soft ethereality
As he comments on the Pictures with good-humoured criticality.
Frank's Pen & Palette Papers promise printed immortality,
Gordon Hickey writes his minutes with endearing whimsicality,
Clem dark surveys the Fabrick to maintain its integrality,
Bros- Mortimer and Kilner tend the Club's financiality.

Brother Sinton is solicitous in matters of legality,
Ian Brown's the very model of discreet domesticity.

Brother Dracup could perform this as a Major-Generality,
Beyond this threshold hence let's go in confidentiality!
We are the Pen & Palette Club and this is our locality,

In remnants of a terrace built with Georgian informality.
Flanked rightly by Accountants versed in mathematicality
And leftwards by the RIBA's architecturality.
A Christian Bookshop lower down speaks volumes on morality.

Daughter woke up a sulkin' them hissy-fit blues
Can't afford her orthodontist and her pony's gone for glues
Banker woke up a groanin' them revenues blues
Cashed in his share options and left for Santa Cruz

Sommelier woke up groggy from them long lunch blues
Need a buyer for my cellar, now I can't afford to booze
Cook woke up a hungry with them tight belt blues
No menus for our dinners just scrag-of-mutton stews

Hound dog woke a howlin' with them put down blues
Can't afford her stud fees and there's no more T-bone chews.
Old Nursey woke a weepin' them redundancy blues
Butler's been dismissed and the au pair said adieus

Chauffeur woke up chokin' them gas-guzzle blues
Sold the Roller, sold the Lambo, now I wait in queues
My agent woke up homeless with the property blues
Sell the mansion, sell the cottage, sell the bloody mews

Oh yeh I woke up this mornin' with them fat cat blues
My cheques are a-bouncin' and creditors turn the screws
Caught with my pants down, my rocket's blown a fuse
Got to do my porridge, just can't beg or choose
Look out for my picture – I'll soon be on the news
And there you'll hear me singin' singin' singin' them fat cat blues.

Bro. Malcolm Yorke then read a graphic account Of his adventures in Kathmandu where he was sketching a temple and a monkey came up and bit his arm (what a critic!). The troop of monkeys it came from carried rabies so in a panic he and son Jonathan tried first the local hospital which was filthy and had no drugs; then the British Embassy who were indifferent to his fate, and finally a Canadian clinic which charged £452 for a series of injections. These were gleefully banged in twice daily by Jonathan as they trekked round Annapurna.

reflected Bro. Kay's own blameless life. Why, we wonder, did Bro. Ken in reply begin a with description of how he found a bargain of six Mae West films on DVD costing no more than eight pounds before challenging the assembled company to bring to mind and then to sing the almost forgotten song: "O, O, Antonio". Such words as: "I'd like to meet him with his new sweetheart. Then up would go Antonio with his ice-cream cart" floated around the room. Inconsequentially Bro. Ken said that W. C. Fields once put a note in the New York Times wishing all his friends except one a merry Christmas.

It was more than time to move on to more serious matters. First, to the loyal toast (Bros. Kilner and Kay up) and then to the open toast, where Bro. Geoffrey Cundall revealed which were the most popular numbers between one and ten. They are three and seven. Examples of three are: Three blind mice, the Trinity and days to the Resurrection. For seven we have the seven days of Genesis, the Seven who went to Heaven, the seven deadly sins and so on.

Nine, unlike three and seven, is not a prime but it is the last single digit in the decimal notation. Cats have nine lives and nine tails, there are nine fruits of the spirit ("Galatians") babies take nine months to arrive, and more.

Then we were taught some card sharpening with nines. Add the digits of any number and if the result is divisible by nine then so is the number. You knew that? Then subtract the sum of the digits of any number from the number and the result is divisible by nine. Bet you didn't know that. Moreover, reverse the order of digits of a number and subtract it from the number and the result is divisible by nine. Bet you didn't know that, either. This nine is getting to be a nuisance. More than that, long ago it was involved with some demonstration of a nine by nine square grid by that clever mathematician fellow, Euler, and the result is Sudoku. Bingo! No, not that bingo.

Bro. Malcolm Yorke asked the speaker whether it was true that eighty seven point four per cent of all statistics were made up on the spot. Bro. Geoffrey enquired where he got that very exact figure from. Bro. Malcolm said he made it up. At this point our accountant President was added into the argument. Appropriately Bro. Geoffrey's toast was to the ninth year of this century, to 2009.

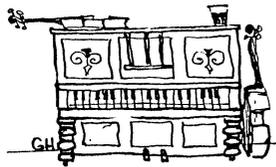
As noted, Dr. Trafford has a degree in music and has been a music teacher. In Wolverhampton he had charge of six hundred and seventy pupils and now at the RGS it is over twelve hundred. Like so many other boys' school the RGS is now mixed right through. (Interestingly, girls' schools have not much moved in this direction.) He notes the differing reaction of boys and girls under certain circumstances. Called upon to fire a starting gun for races he found the boys setting off at high speed while the girls had first to wait and scream at the bang. Nevertheless, for all pupils he believed there should be, in education, a strong

protection for the arts, regarding music, drama, etc. as of immeasurable value. Against this was constant outside pressure for centralised order ("Every school will have five hours of culture per week"- Ministry). He grieved aloud at endless tokenism, finding, for instance, "workshops" to be an excuse for not seeing a task properly through to the end. He deplored endless targets. He deplored rigidity. He noted Ofsted's report that pupils found many lessons boring. He observed that Sats and teaching to the test led to boring lessons. He thought that Ofsted inspections and all that depended on them led to boring lessons. Ofsted was a risk-averse machine. He deplored lesson objectives and summaries, still more so if they simply popped up on a white board. Boring.

With the abandonment of Key Stage 3 tests, teachers, previously guided into the narrowest of teaching channels, were left floundering. Some state schools, of course, did better than others. They were often the specialist schools, which received extra cash for their specialist subjects. Oddly, it was not the specialist subjects that flourished but the schools as a whole. As President Clinton almost said, it's the money, stupid.

Many questions followed Dr. Trafford's talk until finally the President expressed our thanks to him before declaring the innings at an end and taking the bails off.

Bro. Frank Evans Recorder (Retired)



Club Supper 3rd February 2009 - Music Night

Brother Barron was deputising as our President for the evening and welcomed our guests - Malcolm Thompson, Ron Bruce and Alan Stevenson. Bro. Hatchley said Grace before we sat down to enjoy a good meal together. It was a somewhat select collection of Brothers for the evening but your Tuppenny End Chairman who was doubling as Recorder kept the party swinging along. Bro. Barron was asked as a chorus worker whether he had ever sung with 1,000 vestal virgins and gave the unanswerable reply -"Are you a virgin ? Not yet!"

The 2d end was in fine form as your recorder made notes as the Chairman quickly rattled through his various toastees! Bro. Ian McAulay, it was alleged, had been spied working as a Hurdy Gurdy man and he agreed that busking was an honorable

An example from one of my own lyrics

I don't drink gin, that's not for me
A glass of wine's my cup of tea.

Don't Cy for Me Argentina J L Webber

All you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you.

Cry me a River Arthur Hamilton

Remember? I remember all that you said
Told me love was too plebeian
Told me you were through with me an'
Now you say you love me

I'd like to finish with a line from the verse of Hoagy Carmichael's Stardust which seems to paint a fantastic picture. Perhaps some of our artists would like to paint images suggested by song lyrics.

'And now the purple dusk of twilight time
steals across the meadows of my heart.'

Perhaps we could call it 'painting by numbers'

THE FAT CAT BLUES

Bro. Malcolm Yorke

I woke up dis mornin' with them fat cat blues
My head is full of fireworks – just heard the market news
Young wifey woke a shakin' with them credit card blues
From her Vidal Sassoon to her Jimmy Choo shoes

Bit-on-the-side woke a spittin' them cast off blues
I sold away the love nest and she's screamin' abuse
Son woke still a thicko with them comprehensive blues
Knows Eton, Harrow, Cambridge are just for well-to-does

A more recent example from the 1960s

I say a little prayer

The moment I wake up
Before I put on my makeup
I say a little prayer for you
While combing my hair, now,
And wondering what dress to wear, now,
I say a little prayer for you

I run for the bus, dear,
While riding I think of us, dear,
I say a little prayer for you.
At work I just take time
And all through my coffee break-time,
I say a little prayer for you.

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961) Johnny Mercer

The film producers wanted the 'huckleberry friend' line taken out of the lyric but it stayed in and is arguably the real 'hook' which gives the song its character.

Moon River, wider than a mile,
I'm crossing you in style some day.
Oh, dream maker, you heart breaker,
wherever you're going I'm going your way.
Two drifters off to see the world.
There's such a lot of world to see.
We're after the same rainbow's end--
waiting 'round the bend,
my huckleberry friend,
Moon River and me.

Beatles

John Lennon and Paul McCartney often wrote songs together. They would sit facing each other working out the words and chords for songs. In this case they started with the line 'She was just seventeen' but couldn't find a second line. The eventual choice works just perfectly though it doesn't really make sense.

She was just seventeen
You know what I mean

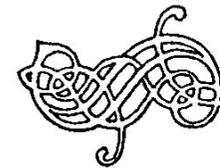
trade and could make a good living but not become a millionaire. Bro. Johnson was welcomed back after his enforced absence and was accused of missing his chords whilst playing a violin. This turned out to be a fallacy as he had given up that instrument at the age of 12 and taken up the flute. He did however miss his cords which he used for gardening. Bro. Roger Ward gave us a note or two on a prized penny whistle of an indecipherable tune and gave us two schoolboy howlers - "Drake circumcised the world with a 100 foot clipper" and "Bach is he still composing - no decomposing". Ken Kay gave us the one about the Viola player who went to the shop for a violin. The shopkeeper queried this request and said "You're a viola player" "Why do you say that?" "Oh that's easy" replied the shopkeeper "Because this is a fish and chip shop!" Brother Cundall was glad that he had climbed his hills whilst he had his knees.

It was noted that there was no Open Toast which was sadly missed however our acting President did sing the Loyal Toast which we all joined in with a resounding chorus.

Bro. McAuley then brought out his all singing electronic computerised piano but no vestal virgins or a full symphony orchestra! He did say that all that was in the mind of the chap who sent out the supper notice! However the opener was almost the full orchestra if you closed one's eyes. Tyneside songs filled the air followed by "Your my funny Valentine" and then Fathers Pant's will soon fit Willie".

Jazz was also not forgotten as well as some blues numbers. The adaptability of the machine was shown when it played a bass and vibe line as the accompaniment to "Sweet Georgia Brown" on the top notes! All in all an enjoyable evening.

Bro. Pat Cooper Joint Recorder



Club Supper 19th March 2009
"The Beautiful Game"

24 members and guest speaker Michael Chaplin sat down to supper after Bro. Hatchley had said grace. Your Joint Recorder multi tasked (following the precedent set by your other Joint Recorder at the last supper) as Tuppenny End Chairman.

As Mr Chaplin was to speak on “The Beautiful Game” of association football, the Tuppenny End decided that the Toastees for the evening should be asked to comment on various howlers perpetrated by media, pundits as recorded in Private Eye under the generic title of “Colemanballs”. The Chairman duly began with the Prime Minister’s pronouncement on Talksport - “Knives do more harm than good” as he toasted the President. By way of response The President (totally ignoring the topic) told the story about the man in the crowd at St James Park at a particularly awful match who loudly announced that Lord Westwood (famous for his eye patch and then Club Chairman) was lucky only to see half the game. Further Toastees were Mr Chaplin, Bro. Charlewood, Bro. Hatchley and Bro. Hall who all ignored the carefully selected Colemanballs set by the Chairman in happily telling their own stories. Prizes go to Bro. Charlewood for his tale about the old deaf woman who had numerous children because (as she explained to an interested inquirer) whenever her husband said “Are you ready for bed or what?” she did not hear the question or its import, and Bro. Hall who told of the Chairman of the Magistrates at Blaydon advising a defending solicitor that his client’s case would be adjourned sine die. which meant that he would be “up again next Thursday!!” However all Toastees were in sparkling form and their responses (however irrelevant) were greeted with general hilarity.

Bro. Hall sang the Loyal Toast and his accompanist The President then introduced Bro. Charlewood who proposed the open Toast - “The Life of Reilly”. This characteristically elegant contribution is reproduced verbatim as follows:-

“Mr. President, Brothers, as of course you must know from your own experience, the open toast is normally a masterpiece of intellectual profundity and sometimes of great beauty, (as befits a society such as ours), but this evening my offering will be rather different. Today I intend to focus entirely upon practical issues, and I must ask you to pay particular attention because my words, however boring they may be, could be of great significance for your health and well-being.

What I am going to consider is your lifestyle, yours rather than mine, and in particular to clear up errors on the part of the media, which sadly is guilty of much misinterpretation of the true facts, because things are viewed with a narrow perspective, and perhaps as the current Master of the Household my assistance should begin with your diet.

Now we are all encouraged to eat 5 portions of fruit and vegetables every day, which I would agree is a very reasonable aim, but the confusion arises as to how this desirable state of affairs should be achieved. Should we eat less meat? Most certainly not! What do sheep and cattle eat but grass, hay and perhaps a little silage. And what are these but vegetable materials? So a large steak is an extremely efficient way of delivering processed vegetables to your system. Chicken is organically treated grain, and a large lamb or pork chop will supply you with most

Our Love Is Here To Stay

Lyrics by Ira Gershwin From the Film: The Goldwyn Follies 1937

It's very clear our love is here to stay.
 Not for a year, but ever and a day.
 The radio and the telephone.
 And the movies that we know.
 May just be passing fancies and in time may go.
 But, oh my dear, our love is here to stay.
 Together were going a long, long way.
 In time the Rockies may crumble,
 Gibraltar may tumble, they're only made of clay.
 But our love is here to stay.

In this example he uses very conventional rhyming in the verses e.g.

I'm a little lamb who's lost in the wood
 I know I could, always be good
 To one who'll watch over me

But in the bridge section we find another favourite:

Although he may not be the man some
 Girls think of as handsome
 To my heart he carries the key.

Some other examples

They Can't Take That Away From Me
 From the film 'Shall We Dance' 1936

The way you wear your hat
 The way you sip your tea
 The memory of all that
 No they can't take that away from me.
 Come Fly With Me Sammy Cahn

An interesting play with the old favourites; moon and spoon!

And during all their modest spooning
 They'd blush and speak of honeymooning

No matter how they may construe it
Whether or not, we have to rue it
Whatever made us do it
Say, aren't you kind of glad we did?

The standard method of rhyming, where the last word in the line is the target, is most common and was used often by Gershwin. Here we see it in a song from the show *A Dangerous Maid* (1921) where he does seem to be playing with us.

Anything For You

I'll let you choose my hats
And pick out my cravats;
You'll be my connoisseur of spats.

You'll order all you see;
You'll charge it C.O.D.
And never hear a word from me.

A more complex pattern is found in one of my favourites from the song *The Man I Love* (1924)

Maybe I will meet her Sunday
Maybe Monday, maybe not
But I'm sure I'll meet her one day
Maybe Tuesday will be my good news day.

And also from Gershwin from the song *I Can't Get Started*

From the Show: Ziegfeld Follies of 1936 (S)

I've flown around the world in a plane
I've settled revolutions in Spain
The North Pole I have charted, but I can't get
started with you.

And a really nice touch in the line:

With Queens I've a-la-carted but
Can't get started with you.

Some song lyrics just seem to work for reasons that are difficult to identify and this example from Gershwin is not really very coherent yet somehow works really well. It just seems to be of its time.

of your vegetable requirements for the day, which furthermore you can enjoy in a very efficiently processed form.

Should you reject fried foods? Brethren, you must understand that these days most foods are fried in vegetable oil. In fact they are soaked in it, and what could be healthier than extra vegetables? Which means of course, that a fried steak is even better than a grilled one. Fish can be seen as a problem, but only when the true facts are not fully understood. Big fish eat little fish, which in turn have fed on vegetable plankton, so battered and with your chips is really just a portion of marine vegetables.

Facts must always be interpreted correctly. Chocolate is made from cocoa beans. Cream, butter and cheese come from milk, which is itself a processed vegetable product, so of course it stands to reason they must be highly desirable. Should you reduce your alcohol intake? Heaven forbid! What is wine made from but fruit and what is brandy but distilled wine? What is beer made from but hops and grain? Fruit and vegetables all!

Gentlemen, my calculations show that if you will only discipline yourselves to consume every day at least a bottle of wine, or alternatively 5 pints of beer, or better still both, you need give no further thought to your 5 portions of fruit and vegetables, which is just as well since you may find your reasoning faculties somewhat diminished!

So how about exercise, and here I must admit to my own shortcomings in taking rather more than is good for me. My friends all machines wear out in time, and what is the body but a superbly crafted machine? I ask you does your car last longer because you drive it faster? Pray do not wear out your body prematurely, or put unnecessary strains upon your heart by the wasteful effects of exercise. If you are feeling particularly energetic my advice is to take a nap! Resist the temptation to flog your body into what is mistakenly called good shape.

A good rounded personality is usually considered to be highly desirable, so what is wrong with round as a shape! Happily some of our members should be congratulated for already achieving this satisfactory state! You see life is all a matter of timing.

The object of it should not be a journey to the grave to arrive with an attractive and well preserved body, but to feel that by the time you get there your body is completely used up, clapped out, and has no more to offer, so you might as well pack your bags and hop it!

Therefore brethren, my toast this evening is - "**The life of Reilly!**"

The Company then adjourned upstairs to hear **Michael Chaplin** who began by reading a short extract from an article written by his father Sid Chaplin as follows:-

“She’s all things to all men, the bonny hinny or a noble flood,
a twisty-faced old drab or a pay packet that’s never quite fat
enough. If no longer that “cursed horse pond” of Captain
Phipps, or the universal provider of hostmen and merchant
adventurers, or the limpid stream known to generations of
boozy singers and brawling keelmen, she still does us proud,
Stuck in a traffic jam on the Swing Bridge or at the foot of
Pilgrim Street we never pause to think that she’s at the bottom
of it all. Without her we’d be lost; indeed we wouldn’t be here”.

The river is of course The Tyne in the vicinity of which Michael was born. His Father loathed and detested football, quite unlike his maternal grandfather who was an ardent follower of Middlebrough F.C. and who when asked on one occasion whether he had seen Newcastle United replied “No. They didn’t come to see me when I was bad”. Michael however did go to St James and became a regular supporter from the age of 13. He still recalls the first ever goal that he saw, accidentally converted into the net by an awful centre forward Ron McGarry from a cross by a brilliant left winger Alan Suddick, who by sad coincidence died prematurely a few days prior to the supper. For the last 25 years Michael has been following the club with his son Tom, now a third generation Chaplin writer and the two of them recently collaborated in writing a play “You couldn’t make it up” which was produced and presented in the Newcastle upon Tyne Live Theatre.

The play is about the travails of Newcastle United since it has been taken over by billionaire Mike Ashley. Michael and Tom had interviewed a variety of journalists, ex-players and supporters and, out of their reflections and using their imagination and experiences, they constructed a history of a renowned football club which has descended into near collapse over a very short period.

Michael told of a selection of these interviews both sad and comic. Sad was the statistic that the previous owners of the club had between them drawn no less than £146,000,000 from the coffers during their quite short reign. Comic was the occasion when a dog rushed onto the pitch during an appalling match against Queen’s Park Rangers. It refused all attempts to catch it to the increasing joy of the hitherto bored crowd until centre forward Peter Withe succeeded where others had failed, carried the dog off the pitch holding it aloft as if it were the FA Cup whereupon the supporters sang as one “One Jack Russell, there’s only one Jack Russell!” Michael’s recall of his investigations was entertaining whilst at times redolent of his overall disappointment that the fans have not had a fairer deal.

Painting by numbers! Bro Iain MaCaulay

Just last week I heard Ella Fitzgerald singing a song I had never heard before. The theme of the song was something along the lines of a girl bemoaning the fact that she wasn’t being taken seriously by her man and one line from the song stuck in my mind: ‘You listen to me with your tongue in your cheek’.

The 1930s big band era and the early musicals produced a number of prolific song writers including Ira Gershwin, Gus Kahn, Johnny Mercer, Irving Mills. We expect the lyrics of songs to have rhyme and rhythm. Some writers employ clever devices in their lyrics and I should like to share some of these with you.

Sometimes it isn’t the last word in the line that creates the desired effect: in this example is it cheating to use the same word to rhyme with itself – or is it a clever device using the last two words as a single sound?

Writers: Latouche/Fetter/Duke

Here I go again
I hear those trumpets blow again
All aglow again
Taking a chance on love
Etc.

Here I slide again
About to take that ride again
Starry eyed again
Taking a chance on love
I thought that cards were a frame-up
I never would try
But Now I’m taking the game up
And the ace of hearts is high
Things are mending now
I see a rainbow blending now
We’ll have a happy ending now
Taking a chance on love.

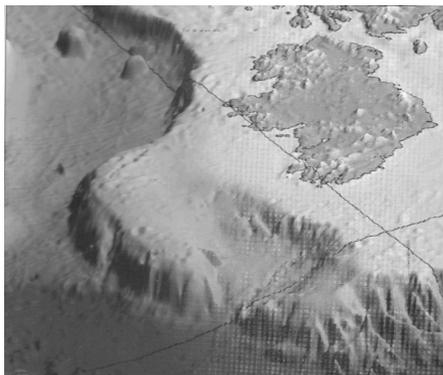
Another example – this time from Ira Gershwin under the pseudonym Arthur Francis

Track Title: Aren't You Kind Of Glad We Did?
From the Film The Shocking Miss Pilgrim 1946

used Faro Sound in Gotland as a naval base (like Balaclava at Crimea) for two summer seasons (1854 and 1855). There are many memories left. The sea bottom is full of broken china and other things. There are also a lot of skeletons on the sea bottom from sea burials, there are tombstones on the churchyard telling about British officers buried here, and so on. We have a lot of local histories from this time but most of the stories are told in our own local papers and from elder people telling what their relatives told them. Nearly nothing are to be found of what the British and French experienced. This is what I'm trying to find out but that is not easy. That's why I wrote to you.

In the paper from 1854 there is an amazing story where people see the first ship arrive. First they think that the ship is burning because of the smoke. Then they are amazed about the ship coming into the sound without sails and still at a good speed. They have not seen steamships before. Then the ship starts to go back and forth doing mysterious things. After a while the local merchantman tells the farmers that the ship is HMS "Porcupine" and that she is examining the area to find out the nautical conditions. And then a lot of tramp ships come with tons of coal to the warships. Then Faro Sound looks like the base at Balaclava. I hope that you maybe have something to tell about Porcupine's visit.
Best wishes, John Stovring.

This story is ongoing. "Porcupine" – quite a ship!



He then told us of his return to the North East from exile in the South and of his activities as a TV screen and radio writer. He confessed that next year he was to be Writer in Residence on the Tyne and in serious vein he reviewed what he described as a collective failure to maintain constructive and rewarding employment in the North East. Before concluding his address he reverted to his father's composition "Black River" and read the following further extract:-

"But she can be a beauty, especially by night, all of the 18 miles from the Boundary Stone, where an infusion of Cross Fell porter and Cheviot peat buffs against a tide probing all the way up from Spar Hawk and the open sea. Being at the bottom of the Tyneside cellar she pours on, inexorably, like lava, molten glass, or black treacle, under a triumphal arch of light and reflected light".

The impact of Michael's amusing yet thoughtful and perceptive talk can best be judged by the lively and good natured discussion that followed, until reluctantly this excellent Club Supper drew to a close.

Harold Tavroges
Joint Recorder

End Piece

The twenty two Brothers and two guests who attended the Club Supper on the 5th February 2008 (vide passim The Spring Papers 2008) and who were enthralled by Professor Suguta Mitra's account of his work in Delhi, India in the late nineties of the last century and early noughties of this, could not have known (as nor did he) that his experiment in the education of unschooled and poverty surrounded children, would inspire the production of the Oscar sweeping film "Slum Dog Millionaire".

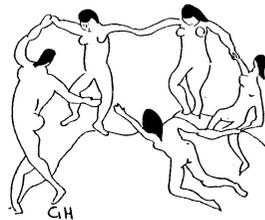
The "Hole in the Wall" in the Professor's laboratory in which he left a computer to be used by children in the adjoining slum attracted so many illiterate children to such an extent that within days they were using the Internet without any adult or skilled supervision, and that led Professor Mitra to expand his project to 23 villages throughout India with the result that in these areas within 5 years schools began to report a marked improvement in English, Maths and Science examination results.

It was upon hearing about Professor Mitra's astonishing work that an English based author Vicas Swarup wrote a book entitled "Q & A" about an uneducated Indian boy who, by his own efforts escaped from his slum based environment to win the Indian version of "Who Wants to be a Millionaire". That novel was adapted for the screen by Simon Beaufoy and the rest is history.

Reporting for the Papers your Joint Recorder said of Professor Mitra that "He will long be remembered as a most accomplished and fascinating speaker in the Club" Having now seen the film he regrets that uncharacteristic understatement and wishes that he had recognised even more fully the Professor's inspirational qualities.

He would also like to advise Brothers that if they do nothing else they should urgently view "Slum Dog Millionaire" either in their local cinema or on DVD!

Harold Tavroges
Joint Recorder



Tuesday 21st April 2009
Club Supper: Ladies' Evening

Before the president asked us to give thanks for the meal which was to be served, he told us of the death last Sunday of John Brown, (who joined the Club in 1965 but resigned last year as he was no longer able to attend meetings), and we stood in respectful silence for a short time.

On a happier note the president observed how much more colourful the room was with so many ladies present. It wasn't long before they added more than colour, but proved, if proof were needed, that they are now the dominant sex.

You may, perhaps, wonder what a porcupine has to do with oceanography. The reason for our name is not connected with the animal but with a ship, HMS "Porcupine". "Porcupine" was a hard-working naval survey vessel of the nineteenth century and she became famous for a single event in her life. In appearance she was quite insignificant, a wooden two-masted paddle gunboat of only four hundred tons, built in the Deptford Dockyard in 1844. Her one engine was not even second hand but third hand. Most of her life was spent charting British home waters although in 1858 she did undertake a deep water survey for the laying of an early and unsuccessful transatlantic cable. In this process she discovered a substantial sea bank to the west of Ireland which was named the Porcupine Bank in her honour. Amusingly, Porcupine Society members purport to believe that this bank is the sunken site of the lost island of High Brasil, the legendary discovery of the ancient Irish monk, St. Brendan, in the far Atlantic. There, it was claimed, the fauna and flora consisted of apples, blossoms and lovely women. Newly described species of animals have a type locality, the place where the first animal of that species was found, and Society members claim the Porcupine Bank as the type locality for our little sea porcupine.

During much of the time that HMS "Porcupine" was surveying home waters she was commanded by Captain Edward Calver. For many years Calver made his home in Sunderland, where he was much respected, and indeed a former road at Monkwearmouth was named after him. "Porcupine's" claim to fame came in 1869. Earlier investigations in the Mediterranean had indicated that there appeared to be no life in the sea below three hundred fathoms. Some indication that this may not be true outside the Mediterranean was given by the presence of living creatures on recovered undersea cables and in 1869 "Porcupine" was despatched to deep water in the Atlantic to check the theory. During several cruises the most successful dredge, to the west of Ireland, brought up living animals from a depth of 2500 fathoms, nearly three miles. The azoic theory of a lifeless deep ocean was proved false. As a result the ever-energetic Victorians organised the Challenger Expedition of 1872-1876, the greatest oceanographic expedition there has ever been or ever will be. The voyage of HMS "Challenger" is known to every oceanographer today. It resulted from the discoveries of HMS "Porcupine".

But I would like to tell of another moment in the history of "Porcupine". Recently I received an email from a history teacher, John Stovring, in Sweden. He was enquiring about the "Porcupine's" visit to the Baltic during the Russian war of 1854. I did not know that Russia and Sweden were at war at that time but he replied as follows (I have updated his English and his quaint spelling):

Dear Frank Evans,

The Russian war I refer to was 1853 to 1856. The main battles occurred at Crimea (charge of the Light Brigade etc). A large number of ships from the Royal Navy and the French fleet operated in the Baltic Sea. The British and French forces

- 1— To make an appointment to see me.
- 2— To query a missing payment.
- 3— To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.
- 4— To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.
- 5— To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.
- 6— To transfer the call to my mobile phone if I am not at home.
- 7— To leave a message on my computer (a password to access my computer is required A password will be communicated to you at a later date to the Authorized Contact.)
- 8— To return to the main menu and to listen to options 1 through 8
- 9— To make a general complaint or inquiry, the contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service. While this may, on occasion, involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration of the call. Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement-

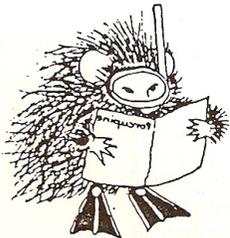
May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous, New Year-

Your Humble Client

Addendum from The Editor:

IMPORTANT to REMEMBER that this letter was written by a lady who is a 98 year old woman; DOESNT SHE MAKE YOU PROUD!!!?

**“Porcupine”
Frank Evans**



I belong to a society called "The Porcupine Marine Natural History Society". The society brings together people with varied interests in the marine biology of the British Isles and the north east Atlantic. A little cartoon figure that appears in our newsletter is of a marine porcupine complete with prickles, swimming fins and a face-mask. The scientific name of the little figure is *Thalassiohystris scuba*; "thalassiohystris" is Latin for "sea porcupine" and "scuba", the acronym for "self-contained underwater breathing apparatus".

This was first demonstrated when the chairman of the tuppenny end, Bro Arnold Burman invited the president to tell us how he first met his wife. Bro Kilner told us how when she had applied for a job with his firm as a comptometer operator; he had interviewed and appointed her. In response to being presented with a handsome bouquet by Bro Burman, Ingrid confirmed that account but convinced us that though the president had been her boss for many years, she was now his!

A later invitation to Bro Ian Lavelle to take wine with the tuppenny end was in view of his apparently being "the perfect husband", allegedly for having been known to take his wife's breakfast to bed. His own response was quickly followed by Sue assuring us she was the perfect wife who spent her time clearing up his painting things which he left all over the house!

The question put to Bro George Hutchinson was whether he had ever suffered artists' block in the way that many suffer writers' block. Bro Hutchinson admitted to suffering verbal block at present but went on to tell us how he had experienced artists' block when making a large portrayal of a wild boar and his painting fell on top of him.

Bro Wilson, who unusually was not on the tupenny end, pronounced himself much more comfortable where he was than when he was below the salt.

After the loyal toast which was robustly sung by Bro Barron and accompanied on the piano by our versatile president, we adjourned to the Club Room for a demonstration of watercolour painting by Bro George Hutchinson. In the space of 30 minutes or so, referring briefly to what looked like a 2 ¼ x 3 ¼ inch photo, and using only mixtures of French ultramarine, burnt sienna and yellow ochre with a touch of black, Bro George painted a countryside snow scene including trees and a river while instructing us on how to do it and regaling us with anecdotes. Words cannot do justice either to the finished painting or the patter which accompanied it's making. We were assured, however, that we should let watercolours "do their own thing", (which they clearly do for George but not for this reporter), that we should not spoil a good picture with accuracy, but "let it know who's in charge", and "put something of ourselves" into it. Thus if adding some pink to a sky that wasn't really there made it a better picture, put it in!

Bro. George had time too to tell us of the two Geordies who, finding themselves spent up after a long night out, but a long way from home, decided to steal a bus. Some time after the first went into the depot his pal went in asked him why he was taking so long. Explanation was that he couldn't find a number 7. Why "No bother", was the answer, "Let's take a number 9 and get off at the roundabout".

That rounds off my account of an evening of excellent food, companionship and entertainment.

Geoffrey Cundall
Acting Recorder in Ordinary this time.



Club Supper 12th May 2009 - Marc Chagall - a talk by Kurt Schapira

Once summoned to the dining room Bro. Hatchley said grace and without more ado The President welcomed the guests - Kurt Schapira, Donald Eccleston, Ron Bruce, David Lambert and Cecil Stafford. Members were asked to note that Brother Scott was at present in The Manor in Ponteland and Brother Watson in hospital at the Wansbeck.

The Tuppenny End Chairman for the evening was Bro. Ian Lavelle who quickly got into his stride toasting the President and querying why his house was named after Penelope and was this some lady of his past? No, it was due to the fact that the previous owner, and Irishman who had a wife was called Penelope. So our President now lives in a "talking point house" Bro. Lees was welcomed back after his wintering in Perth (from the Southern hemisphere). He now knows the new start time for the Club Supper!

In accordance with custom our guest speaker was the next to be toasted and asked whether Art needs Science or Science needs Art? He reckoned that he had been unsuccessful in both fields but it was a great pleasure to be at the Pen & Palette Club. Bro Sinton who it was said was on a par with Chagall when it came to painting. He lives at Louvaine Terrace and the Tuppenny End wished to know more about this name? Bro. Sinton remarked that whilst he had been away for months on returning to the P & P it was nice to find it was still exactly the same. However Louvaine is an ancestral name of the Percy's as is also Adeline. The pleasure of living there is it is an artistic centre with a challenge to paint the view from the Terrace - often done but rarely achieved if ever!

Bro. Phillip Hall lives at Low Folly Farm and was asked if it was a failed stalking horse? It is at the end of the village and it could also be a "Dead Shaft" with nay coal - how on earth could that happen in Ryton? It is now well divorced from

children. Through the generosity of Lord Rothermere, the foundation was able to buy back 7 acres of land and this now Coram's Field a safe playground for children, regularly used by the patients of Great Ormond Street Hospital. The other legacy of these events is the regular annual performance of Messiah given for the benefit of the Thomas Coram Foundation and for Great Ormond Street Hospital, and the audience still stands for the Hallelujah Chorus.

A contribution from Bro. Harvey

The Times Letter of the year!

Dear Sir,

I am writing to thank you for bouncing my cheque with which I endeavoured to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, three 'nanoseconds' must have elapsed between his presenting the cheque and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honour it. I

refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my Pension, an arrangement which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years. You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity and also for debiting my account £30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways. I noticed that whereas I personally attend to your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, re-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become. From now on, I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person. My mortgage and loan payments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank by cheque, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate. Be aware that it is an offence under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope.

Please find attached an Application Contact Status which I require your chosen employee to complete, I am sorry it runs to eight pages but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Solicitor and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof. In due course, I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modelled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further. When you call me, press buttons as follows:

made his fortune in the New World and retired to London in 1719. It was his habit to walk through the City in the early morning and he was shocked by the sight of destitute children, some dead and dying in the streets. For 17 years Coram battled to create a refuge for abandoned children, but it was not until George 11 came to the throne in 1727 that the King and Queen Caroline, who knew about the Hospital for Foundlings in Paris, actively supported the campaign. The charity became very popular and subscriptions poured in. The King signed a Royal Charter to found one of the first public charities, and the Governors and Guardians met to set up the Foundling Hospital to provide for 'the education and maintenance of exposed and deserted young children. The first children were admitted to a temporary house in Hatton Garden in 1741 until a permanent site could be found. The Governors were able to buy 56 acres of land in Lamb's Conduit Fields, from the Earl of Salisbury in what is now Guildford Street; and they built an imposing building which opened as the Foundling Hospital in 1745 and was later extended.

The Governors of the new institution consisted of the great and the good of the time; among whom was William Hogarth; who with his wife worked tirelessly for the children. Hogarth designed a coat of arms and uniforms for the children and decided to set up a permanent art exhibition. He persuaded other artists, through the Dilettante Club, to contribute works for the building, thereby creating the first contemporary art gallery in London. His famous portrait of Thomas Coram and the rest of the collection can now be seen in the Foundling Museum.

The Governors were able to persuade a very important person to join them. He was George Fredric Handel; who died 250 years ago, was at the height of his popularity as a composer. Born in Germany, Handel came to London in 1711 because it was a lively centre for opera. His Italian operas were a huge success, but fashions changed and Handel began to write oratorios. In 1742, his most famous oratorio Messiah received its first performance in Dublin. A revised and enlarged version was performed in London in 1743 in the presence of King George II, a fellow German and admirer of the composer. Part II of the Messiah ends with the famous Hallelujah Chorus and when the King heard the words "The Kingdom of this World", he stood up and every one stood with him. Why he stood is far from clear, but he created a tradition.

Handel not only agreed to become a governor but he also donated a fine organ to the chapel. To celebrate the gift, he conducted a performance of Messiah there, and raised a great deal of money for the Hospital. He later left the full score to the Foundling Hospital and it can be seen in the Foundling Museum.

The Foundling Hospital moved from London in 1926 and, with the decline in the acceptability of orphanages all its buildings were sold. It survives as the charity called The Thomas Coram Foundation which has its headquarters nearby in Brunswick Square and which plays an active role in promoting the welfare of

farming but on the plus side after 30 barren years there is now some greenery in the surrounding area! Bo. Cooper lives in the Cloggs - why the double G ? Is it to do with high class cobbling or the tethering of animals? No sensible answer could be obtained from the Joint Recorder who did not record his erudite remarks----. Bro. Crook at the Ladies night brought a moving picture and the Tuppenny End Chairman nearly fell over! Is this a new art movement? No just Perpetual Motion but really Perspective in reverse. Bro. Crook then went on to mention that today is May Day in Northumberland when farmers take on labour for the summer harvest. It was also Florence Nightingale's birthday. Someone remarked that the only May is that Newcastle may or may not stay up-----.

The Loyal Toast was sung in traditional manner by Phillip Hall with the President's accompaniment. The Master of the Pictures then delivered the Open Toast -
Open Toast- Brother Malcolm York

I was recently struggling with a landscape painting of mine when I realized that most of my artistic problems stem from the colour GREEN. It's a devil to get right – in fact in the Middle Ages green was the Devil's colour – so Robin Hood's green tights were quite a daring fashion statement.

As you know artists classify colours as warm or cool, advancing or retreating – so the warm colours are towards the red end of the spectrum such as yellow and orange, and the cool ones towards blue such as indigo or violet. What's green? It's a mix of cool blue and warm yellow and it neither advances like red or sinks back like blue but jumps about all over and many artists avoid using it altogether.

You might think this impossible when painting the English landscape but if you look at the watercolour masters such as Crome, Cotman, Towne, Rowlandson and even Turner you won't find much green on show. They preferred ochres and blues and browns partly because good strong chemical greens hadn't been invented yet, and partly because they saw the Old Masters' pictures which they admired were mellow brown in tone like an old violin (possibly because of fading or bad varnish). Constable was the revolutionary who first used green to full effect. A patron is supposed to have objected that he hadn't achieved this admired mellow tone so Constable took a violin and laid it on the green lawn - look, violin brown, grass green: " Thus I refute you sir, " he is supposed to have said.

However, even more recent painters like Bawden or Ravillious preferred winter or autumn scenes when the trees were bare and the grass less strident. I've noticed our own old master, George Hutchinson, uses it sparingly. I think we could generalise and say the more green you use the more amateur you are likely to be. Test this the next exhibition of landscapes you go to.

Anyway thinking about GREEN led me to think of other colours. Tonight we look forward to hearing about Marc Chagall who thought nothing of painting a green goat

or a blue faced man or a scarlet cow if he felt like it. In other words he was using colours symbolically and not realistically – they stood for ideas not appearances. Because colours carry meanings or associations I'm sure that, for example a Muslim and an Irishman think more fondly of green than a Chinaman - who sees it as the colour of disgrace.

What about green's opposite RED? In some languages there's only one word for red but we have crimson, alizarin, cardinal, carmine, claret, scarlet, ruby, vermilion, russet, cherry, mauve, maroon, auburn, coral, beetroot, magenta, venetian and Indian red - at least. Do you think people with only one word for red – the Finns with 'punainen' for example, cannot actually SEE all those subtle differences?

On the positive side RED means all things passionate – energy, heat, fire, sun, love (Roses and Valentines), Christmas. It is the colour of marriage in Ancient Greece and Rome and still is for Hindus and Armenians. It means good luck in China.

On the other hand it means danger (stop signs), blood, aggression, the Devil, anger (seeing red), lust, revolution and left wing politics – though oddly not in the United States where it stands for Republican conservatism and blue signifies the supposedly more radical Democrats

After red we need cooling down with WHITE. Artists have more whites than most : mix an identical blob of vermilion with each of titanium, flake, zinc or Kremnitz white and you will get four very different pinks. The Kremnitz (Lucian Freud's favourite) is so full of lead you could use a tube of it to cosh somebody unconscious.

We associate white with purity (brides), cleanliness and sterility (doctors' coats) – probably because white clothes are difficult to keep spotless. Virginity, innocence, peace (doves) and marriage are white for us, but in China and Japan it is the colour of mourning and death. It also conjures up surrender (white flags), cowardice (feathers), the overly clinical and the cold of snow and ice. For artists it is the colour of Modernism – first Whistler's 'Girl in White, Malevich's pure white square, Ben Nicholson's pure white reliefs – there's even a gallery now called The White Cube, the most avant-garde in London.

White also describes our skin – as opposed to black. Would apartheid have been so easy to impose if we had called each other more accurately pinko-grey and browns-to-ochre?

Let's finish with BLUE, the Western world's favourite colour, though the polls don't tell us whether it's sky-blue, azure, sapphire, cyan, cobalt, cerulean, turquoise, ultramarine, lapis lazuli, navy, indigo or prussian blue. Incidentally lapis lazuli was always reserved for the Virgin Mary's cloak in Medieval and Renaissance pictures because it was a more precious substance than gold. The lazulite was mined in Afghanistan and has been for 6,000 years. That's why blue meant sacred. It now means peace (UN helmets), tranquility, hygiene, intellect (blue stockings) ,

By another coincidence, this year marks the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Io and 3 other satellites of Jupiter by Galileo using his telescope. It would have been good if I'd had the ability in maths and physics that Lewis Richardson had and followed him and Brother Kirby to Cambridge when I might have become an astronomer, but regrettably that wasn't to be. But Jocelyn Bell Burner who went to Bootham's sister school, The Mount, did have those talents and when she was at Cambridge in 1967. she made what has been described as the most important astronomical discovery of the 20th century, namely that of the rapidly rotating but incredibly dense stars known as pulsars. Since she was only a research fellow, the Nobel Prize went to her professor, but amongst other distinctions, she did become Oxford professor of astrophysics.

The whole ethos of the school, as well as the opportunity it afforded me to develop my interest in astronomy, greatly influenced my views of life, but the greatest benefit it brought me was meeting one particular girl at the Mount. I didn't mention that at the function at the school last month because observing Mount girls was not recognised as part of the natural history or indeed any of the other recognised school society activities. But we hope the anniversary we'll celebrate next year will that of our Diamond Wedding.

Brother Geoffrey Cundall

Hallelujah in Bloomsbury

Bro. Leonard Barron

Like all large cities, London is a collection of villages which were swallowed up by the growth of the metropolis, but which still retain an individual character-Bloomsbury, which lies between Covent Garden in the south and Kings Cross in the north, is bisected by Southampton Way, a wide straight road running north-south. We are not, however, visiting the Bloomsbury of the British Museum, Virginia Woolf, nor the headquarters of London University; they all lie to the west of Southampton Way. Here there are squares, green islands surrounded by dense traffic, which bear the names of their original aristocratic landowners - Russell, Bedford and Tavistock. We shall ignore them too, because we are heading for the area to the east, where surrounding Queen's Square there is a tight collection of specialist hospitals including the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Behind them is our destination, Guildford Street where there is, a seven acre green playground for children called Coram's Field.

Although we are very aware of child abuse and neglect in our own time, the situation in the 18th century was infinitely worse. One man, who fought to stir the public conscience, was Captain Thomas Coram a successful sea-captain who

that before going to the school, when I was about 9, and on my way home from Cubs with a friend, I had sat on a grassy bank and been filled with wonder when gazing up at the night sky.

On starting at the school, I was thrilled to discover that part of the Natural History Society was an astronomy section and on clear nights after prep, several of us often went onto the observatory roof. to stare at the Milky Way, identify the constellations, the stars in them and the planets in our own.

The observatory housed an equatorially mounted telescope with a 4 inch diameter object lens and clock mechanism which kept it pointing at the object you wanted to study as the Earth rotated. Since 2009 has been designated The International Year of Astronomy perhaps I could relate to Brothers how I spent some of my free time.

I would spend hours looking through the telescope, principally at the craters on the Moon, Saturn with its rings and Jupiter with its surface markings. On fewer occasions Mars was visible and we would try to see whether we could discern any canals on it which there were reputed to be. I think we did once see a polar ice cap but regrettably my diary has been lost in a move. I often lay awake when in bed contemplating in awe the vastness of it all. This prompted me to read popular science books of the time such as The Stars in their Courses by Sir James Jeans, The Splendour of the Heavens by the then Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer-Jones and The Nature of the Physical World by the Quaker, Sir Arthur Eddington.

On the evening following my 14th birthday, three of us were looking at Jupiter when one of us noted a small black spot on the surface which appeared to be slowly moving. Eventually a bright blob appeared at the edge of the planet just ahead of the black spot. Shortly afterwards it detached itself becoming an independent bright spot. and we realised it was one of Jupiter's moons. The black spot was its shadow on the surface and shortly afterwards it reached the edge and disappeared.

We were pretty excited about this and wrote up our observation and sent it to The British Astronomical Association who published the following report in the Journal of December 1938;

Bootham School, York

A report has been received from this school of some observations of a transit of Jupiter's satellite Io. Observing on October 15 1938 with a 4-inch refractor three boys noticed the shadow in transit on the planet's disc. We are glad to have this evidence of active observational work at one of the affiliated schools, and especially to note that the observation was not merely a practical one, but was followed by a theoretical discussion as to why the shadow should have been where it was observed to be.

confidence and order (police uniforms), nobility (blue blood), harmony and blue for a boy

It also means sadness (the blues) mourning (in Iran), obscenity (blue jokes) and coldness. For the Chinese it means immortality and for Hindus the god Krishna.

This little foray into colour symbolism leaves a lot of questions unanswered. Are there any universally agreed meanings for each colour? Do you see the same colour blue that I do? How would you prove it either way? Do all cultures (and languages) divide the continuum of the spectrum into exactly the same segments? How do red environments increase blood pressure and heart rates and blue ones slow them down? Why can weight lifters lift more in blue rooms? Why do babies cry more in yellow rooms? Why are prisoners calmer in pink cells? Why do actors rest in green rooms?

Let's forget nasty old green and concentrate on red white and blue which taken together have another symbolism - our flag. We can't toast the Union Jack because that's only traditionally toasted on a ship where it's flying from the jackstaff, but we *could* toast The Union FLAG – so let's do that.

Malcolm Yorke

Marc Chagall - a talk by Kurt Shapira

Retiring to the Club Room we were enthralled with Kurt Shapira's talk on Marc Chagall. Some many years ago Kurt visited the Tate Gallery and was introduced to the world of Marc Chagall and had been inspired by his works ever since.

Chagall was unique in that he was a Russian Orthodox Jew who didn't speak Russian, lived until he was 98 and painted what he saw about him. He was one of 10 brothers & sisters. His Mother supported his artistic talent and allowed him to go to Paris in 1910 where he lived with the impressionist painters but always remembered his Yiddish background making sure that all his pictures had some characteristic within them. Hence "Seven Fingers", The ubiquitous "Fiddler". All his pictures have a tale to tell - Bella flying into his arms and "Lovers in Lilac". He married in 1916 Bella and they lived in the Russian Village he was brought up in during the First World War moving back to Paris in 1922. At the start of the occupation he fled to New York where he lived until 1948. Bella died in 1944 but he continued painting about his life with her hence - "Tree of Life".

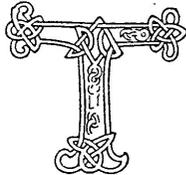
Kurt illustrated his talk with pictures of many of his paintings, among them "The Crucifixion" etc. When 70 he took up stained glass and made 12 windows for a hospital in Israel. Several other churches have samples of his artistic skill in this medium - Metz, Reine and Tudely in Kent - worth seeing if you are in the area.

He died in Provence in 1985 aged 98. He left behind a wealth of his works for all to see from his many paintings to murals, tapestries and stained glass.

Hearty thanks were paid to Kurt for a most entertaining and informative talk.

The meeting ended with The President giving details of the forthcoming AGM combined with the Poetry and Prose evening on 28th May 2009.

Bro. Pat Cooper
Joint Recorder



AGM & Poetry & Prose Evening 28th May 2009

24 Brothers sat down to supper after a pleasant and non-controversial Annual General Meeting and the newly re-elected President entered seamlessly into his fourth year of office by benevolently welcoming all present and inviting Bro. Hatchley to say Grace. That accomplished he then reported the sad fact that Bros Lees, Watson Scott and Hall were unable to attend due to illness. All present indicated their sorrow and hope that all of them would speedily be restored to good health. The absence of Bro. Hall was doubly sad because it had been planned that he would take the Tuppenny End chair. No alternative luminary had been found to fulfil this role so the President without, it must be added any precedent or previous consultation decided to break a 109 year old tradition by summarily dispensing with that office. Instead he decreed that all brothers sitting above the salt should be entitled to toast the Tuppenny End in such terms and at such times as they felt appropriate. This reversal of procedures led to a pleasant exchange during supper and matters such as the expenses of politicians, their doubtful status as gentlemen, their honour and integrity and in one extreme case the dubious parentage were freely discussed. Your Joint Recorder was strategically seated at the Tuppenny End, whether by accident or design he knows not, and was at one point provoked to

A time to remember

Bro. Geoffrey Cundall

In his contributions to Prose and Poetry evenings. Brother Kirby has several times referred to his days at the Quaker school of Bootham in York. Like Brother Kirby, I didn't come from a Quaker family, but unlike him I happened to be born within a mile of the school. My parents could not possibly have afforded the fees but in 1936 I had the extraordinary good fortune to win the single free scholarship to Bootham awarded by the City of York in those days. I remember Brother Kirby from that time but can't say I knew him well as he was within a year of leaving and going up to Cambridge.

An important part of the philosophy of the school was that free time should be used constructively, and many interests were fostered. Out of class hours, the wood and metal workshops were available as were the art room, photographic dark rooms and other facilities. Societies included dramatic, scientific and technical, archaeological, essay and debating and most importantly for the present, the Natural History Society which was started 175 years ago.

It is the oldest such school society in the country and this important anniversary was marked with some celebrations starting on the fifth of this month, which Brother Kirby and I both attended. When the Bootham society was formed in 1834, Charles Darwin was in the Galapagos Islands studying the natural history there, which led him to publish his revolutionary book, The origin of species in 1838.

As part of the celebration, a number of the NH diaries kept by boys were on display. One of the most striking was that made in 1894 by 13 year old Lewis Fry Richardson, son of the Richardson Quaker family who ran the tanning and leather manufacturing works in Scotswood. He had made detailed recordings of the weather each day and after leaving the school, like Brother Kirby he went to Cambridge. There he gained a first in the natural sciences tripos. After noting current weather conditions, and using manual calculations which took him weeks, he made a forecast and compared it what had actually happened. He joined the Meteorological Office and in 1916 published a paper titled Weather prediction by arithmetic finite differences. With the arrival of electronic computers such calculations could be done in moments and the principles of his method are used by the Met. Office for weather forecasting now

Other diaries displayed meticulous drawings of birds, beetles, plants and other aspects of natural history that boys were interested in, and in some cases became the basis of their careers.

Apart from the display of diaries, current Old Scholars were invited to speak about their experiences in the Natural History Society. In making my contribution I recalled

Avison's music has had little exposure in the P & P in my time but I suspect Arthur Milner a former Master of the Musick, who edited and published at least one of Avison's Concertos, contrived a quartet performance using P & P string players while he played the piano!

As mentioned before. Charles was born in 1709 and died in 1770, the year of Beethoven's birth. His father Richard was a town wait, a practising musician who, I'm sure, gave his son music lessons. Ralph Jenison, MP for Northumberland from 1724 to 1741, a patron of the arts, gave him the opportunity for further study. Likewise, Colonel Blaithwaite, Director of the Royal Academy of Music, gave him additional support and he studied with Geminiani in London where Geminiani had settled in 1714.

The earliest reference to Charles' musical activities was at a Concert at Hickford's Rooms in London on the 30th March, 1734. On October 13th, 1735 he was appointed organist at St. John's, Newcastle eventually securing the appointment at St. Nicholas' at £20 per Annum. St. Nicholas was then the 4th largest parish church in Britain with an organ bigger than Durham Cathedral.

Avison began a series of subscription concerts along the lines of those in Edinburgh and London, became Director of Newcastle Music Society organising with John Garth, a concert series in Durham.

In his book 'An Essay on Musical Expression'. Avison made some anti-Handelian remarks eg. 'Mr Handel is in music what his own Dryden was in Poetry, nervous, exalted and harmonious, but voluminous and, consequently, not always correct. However, Handel's music was well represented in the Durham, Newcastle series of Concerts. Between 1776 and 1790 the Academy of Ancient Music in London gave 26 performances of 7 of Avison's Concertos compared with Thomas Arne who had 2 performances of 2 works. So his music was relatively popular in the years following his death and his name not forgotten.

In 1905 the Society of British Composers honoured him by inaugurating the AVISON EDITION. The Avison Society in Newcastle ensures that his pieces have regular exposure in their Annual Concert Series.

Charles Burney, the 18th century commentator on the European Music scene wrote that 'Avison was a polished man, esteemed and respected by all who knew him and an elegant writer upon his art'.

check through the ten commandments for compliance. Upon confessing that he did not covet his neighbour's wife and was not even prepared to contemplate the possibility of so doing he had to admit to Bro. Yorke that he could not confidently extend that assertion to his neighbour's ass. Bro. Harvey was in contrast much more concerned about his failure to be able to love his Bank Manager, notwithstanding all Biblical injunctions to do so, and read an extremely amusing letter written by a 98 year old woman to her own Bank and published in The Times. (see end pieces for details).

During all of this anarchical behaviour by the Brothers Bro. Wright was moved to remind everyone that the Pen & Palette was a Gentlemen's Club and should have no need for rules. Your Joint Recorder is first to share that view but will be happier if the President reverts to the unwritten arrangement that there should be a Tuppenny End Chairman exercising his normal role at future suppers. This hope however is not shared by Bro. Charlewood who wrote and read the following short verse just before coffee was served:-

“ It is with a sense of great delight
The role of 2d End has changed tonight
So maybe all thanks are overdue
That we're not on the 2d End like you.”

Happily tradition was restored when Bro. Barron sang the Loyal Toast not only with gusto but also with the President at the Piano.

The evening of Prose & Poetry then proceeded in accordance with the following programme :-

Bro. Kirby “Ports of Call (Part 2)”
Bro. Sinton “What no Dancing” and “Silver
Bro Kay “Avison, Andel & Aydon”
Bro. Cundall “A Time to Remember”
Bro. Barron “Hallelujah in Bloomsbury”
Bro. Yorke “ Incident in Kathmandhu”
Bro McAulay “ Painting by Numbers”
Bro. Yorke “Fat Cat Blues”
Bro. Evans “Porcupine”
Bro. Kilner “ Our Locality” by John L. Browne

The last item was read by the President as a tribute to the memory of the late Bro. Browne who sadly died recently. Those Brothers who recall Brother Browne and his bubbly personality with great affection were moved to considerable applause upon hearing it.

The evening ended with only one regret - that more time could not be made available for the always excellent contributions by the more literarily minded club members at this traditionally happy annual event.

Harold Tavroges
Joint Recorder in Ordinary

Ports of Call (Part II)

Bro. Harold Kirby

*Say not of me that Weakly I declined
The labours of my sires and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.*

Robert Louis Stevenson

Last year I left you at St. Abbs
Among the lobsters and the crabs.
The entrance therein feet but twenty one
Getting in there is not much fun.
Once inside I drop my hook,
If you don't you're brought to book.
And if you moor 'gainst outer pier,
The sea will smother you, never fear.
But of those crabs, enough of those-
So come with me, in verse, not prose.
I sail to west, not north
For I sail up the Forth
I pass that Isle, that great big mass,
It's better known as the Bass.

SILVER by Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently-, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that» she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees:

One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;

A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream

And then, with apologies, an addition

And so shall we on Tuesday night
Meet with friends by candle-light.
To read the prose with silvery thread
That's from the page or in the head-

And hear the verses please the ear
Until we part for another year!

'Andel', 'Ayd'n' & Avison

Bro. Ken Kay Master of the Musick

2009 is a special year in the world of music, G.F. Handel died in 1759, 250 years ago, Franz J. Haydn in 1809 - 200 years ago and Charles Avison was born in 1709, 300 years ago here in Newcastle. The international music press forgets about Avison, of course, and ends the anniversary celebrations by quoting Henry Purcell, born 1659 and Felix Mendelssohn in 1809 to emphasise the international quartet of Handel, Haydn, Purcell & Mendelssohn, consigning Avison to the fringe!

I attended a memorial service for Charles Avison at St. Andrew's Church on May 9th. The family gravestone has been restored and a suite of rooms in the Civic Centre named after him. His crowning memorial is the Central Library which has been renamed the 'Charles Avison Library'.

Back to Blyth and its harbour mouth.
May God bless all who sail the sea,
And that, of course, includes me.
Harold Kirby

WHOT NO DANCING !

Bro. Alistair Sinton

In Alnmouth there is a hall
Where some would say we have a ball.
A ball by any other name
We call it Barn Dance all the same.

On Tuesday evenings there we meet
And start the night with dancing feet
At first a jig and then a reel
Perhaps a flying cathrine - wheel.

A chain, a two-step then a rant
Might make the old ones puff and pant
And then a waltz to slow it down
Catch one's breath and some sit down,

For that is what the chairs are for
To watch the others on the floor,
But soon the dance is off again,
A twist, a turn and a ladies' chain

The music plays a merry beat
To push along the dancing feet
Until it's time to wend our way
And part until another day

So this is why till now in May
From Higham Place I've been away,
For now
The Hall is quiet;
The music's gone, The dance has stopped.
The band's gone home,

So you must bear these lines you see
C'os I've come back to the P&P !

It's the home of the gannet-
Half the population of the planet.
Those gannets, they stand and stare,
"Just look at all those humans there !
And if on that Bass, that Rock,
Our friend Robert Louis ran amok
For Treasure Island, Kidnapped and Catriona
Were works of that loner.
And there it was that he found
David Balfour - hand and foot he was bound
But Catriona secured his escape
From all that pillage and that rape,
For Catriona loved her Louis,
But Louis didn't- how could he?
Such was the tale that Louis told,
It's enough to leave the reader cold,
And then there's that
"Pavilion on the Links",
So full of jerks and jinx.
Louis thought it his very best,
Read it- and put it to the test,
It lies not so very far away,
It's just the other side of Guillian Bay,
And then I sail to port of Granton,
So full of mud and of plankton,
It's there that all those Scots
Enjoy a sail in their yachts,
They sail, and then they drink
Enough to fill the kitchen sink,
Dram after dram after dram,
I begin to wonder where I am,
Could I be at Bannockburn?
My heart, it takes a panic turn-
But my boat awaits the tide
And from those drinks I make a slide-
I give my crew the boat to keep
And go below to get some sleep.
Then I sail to other side
Of that Firth, so very wide.
To Elie, Pittenweem and Anstruther,
There another world, quite another.
I make a call at port of Crail,
They're I'm given fish, in a pail.
And so to little Isle of May —

It lies out there, it's there to stay.
The harbour there is called Kirkhaven,
The monks went there, rantin' and ravin'.
That Kirk is now but a ruin.
Whatever were those monks a ~ doin'?'
They found themselves all alone,
Not a single voice to set the tone.
So they sailed back to the main,
There to rant and rave all over again.
I throw some warps upon the rocks-
That's the May Island docks.
Mr McGuinness, keeper of the light,
Comes aboard, all merry and bright.
"Hey, gentlemen, hey" says he,
That's the way he talks to you and me.
That light of mine has been alive
Since sixteen hundred and thirty five!"
And Mr McGuinness is full of cheer,
Especially after yet another beer,
Next day I continue upon my cruise
And pass a town called St. Andrews
I think it's there they play a game,
What's it called? I forget its name,
But offshore, not afar
Lie some rocks, the North Carr.
They are lit by flash of light,
Upon a ship throughout the night,
Next day dawns bright and balm,
With sea so flat, and very calm.
I down my sail, and that ship along.
There I spend an hour long.
The crew quickly scribble letters
To their brothers and their betters.
"Please," they say, "When you get to the coast,
Our letters, will you kindly post?"
That delivery under sail
Really was a Royal Mail.
And as I lie at Arbroath,
I've just one day, so nothing loath,
I sail to Rock, the Bell,
Eleven miles out to sea, at mouth of hell.
Foundered in the year Eighteen hundred and seven
It sends its beam right out to heaven.
To build that light, there were plenty,

No fewer men than one hundred and twenty.
One man was drowned in the sea,
Be careful there, you and me !
There was, of course, no time to lose,
The son stepped into father's shoes.
On the first day of February
Eighteen hundred and eleven,
That light shone forth to very heaven,
Every single light on the Scottish coast,
A Stevenson was the builder and the host.
They joined the Scottish Lighthouse Board in Seventeen
eighty six;
For many centuries they knew the tricks.
The death of Alan, in nineteen seventy one,
Was the end. the final one.
That Bell was built upon a Rock
Covered by every tide a constant shock,
Built by Robert, of Stevenson clan,
It was a "Treasure Isle," to a man.
But where would our Louis ever be,
Without those lights, and that sea?
And then I sail miles a-fifty
By day and night, that's thrifty!
And I come to another haven
That goes by name of Stonehaven.
Twas once a principal port,
Now but a holiday resort
But look! There's a steamer "gainst the pier!
Whatever is it doing here?
That evening, in the "Local,"
I meet her captain - very vocal.
"Tomorrow I'm due in Aberdeen,
But I prefer this peaceful scene.
I can't stand all that hubbub,
And neither can my tiny tub!"
But may I give you a little motto?
"Keep well clear of that ship her, Captain's blotto!"
Next day I sail to Aberdeen,
The final port upon my scene.
The harbour there is full of coal and fish,
I've never seen such a dirty dish.
But now it's not coal, but oil,
That keeps that city on the boil.
And so I turn to the south,