



Pen & Palette Club Papers

SPRING 2015

Pen and Palette Club Papers
Spring 2015

Edited by The Recorder in Ordinary

Committee

President	J.E. Charlewood
Vice-Presidents	J.A.F.Crook J.M.Yorke
Master of the Pictures	J.M.Yorke
Master of the Musick	M.A.Borthwick
Master of the Household	J.E. Charlewood
Komptroller of the Kalendar	T.A.Kerr
Recorder in Ordinary	P.C.Cooper
Honorary Treasurer	D.L.Kilner
Honorary Secretary	P.Wallace
Honorary Assistant Secretary	P.C.Cooper

Committee Members

R.T. Harvey F.J.Penn R Ward

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

Thursday 15th January 2015 - Bro. Edward Watson's 'Visits to the Himalayas'

A modest number of members and lady guests were in attendance at this opening meeting with The President welcoming everyone especially our guests, the ladies and John Humble. After Grace the 2d end chaired by that old antique Bro Arnold Burman Toasting the President who replied to -

Its hard for one line me to comprehend
The minds of Chairmen of the 2d end
Who's cunning quips so fill me with dismay
That I'm bereft of clever things to say,
And since I find myself so short of wit,
Perhaps its better if I just SIT!

Bo. Edward Watson was followed regarding his mountain trips. Bro. Pat C was the next who told tales of murder and fire on Holy Island . Bro. Frank Evans was asked about his most dangerous moments - undoubtedly the Diagonal Steam Trap and remembering the words ! The finalist was Bro. Jeremy Bell and how ever did he get promoted in the Diplomatic Service? He wasn't sure but then explained what not to do such as letting champagne corks fly around the Ambassador!

The Loyal Toast was sung by Bro. Pat C accompanied by Bro. David Kilner. Jeremy Bell then gave the Open Toast :-

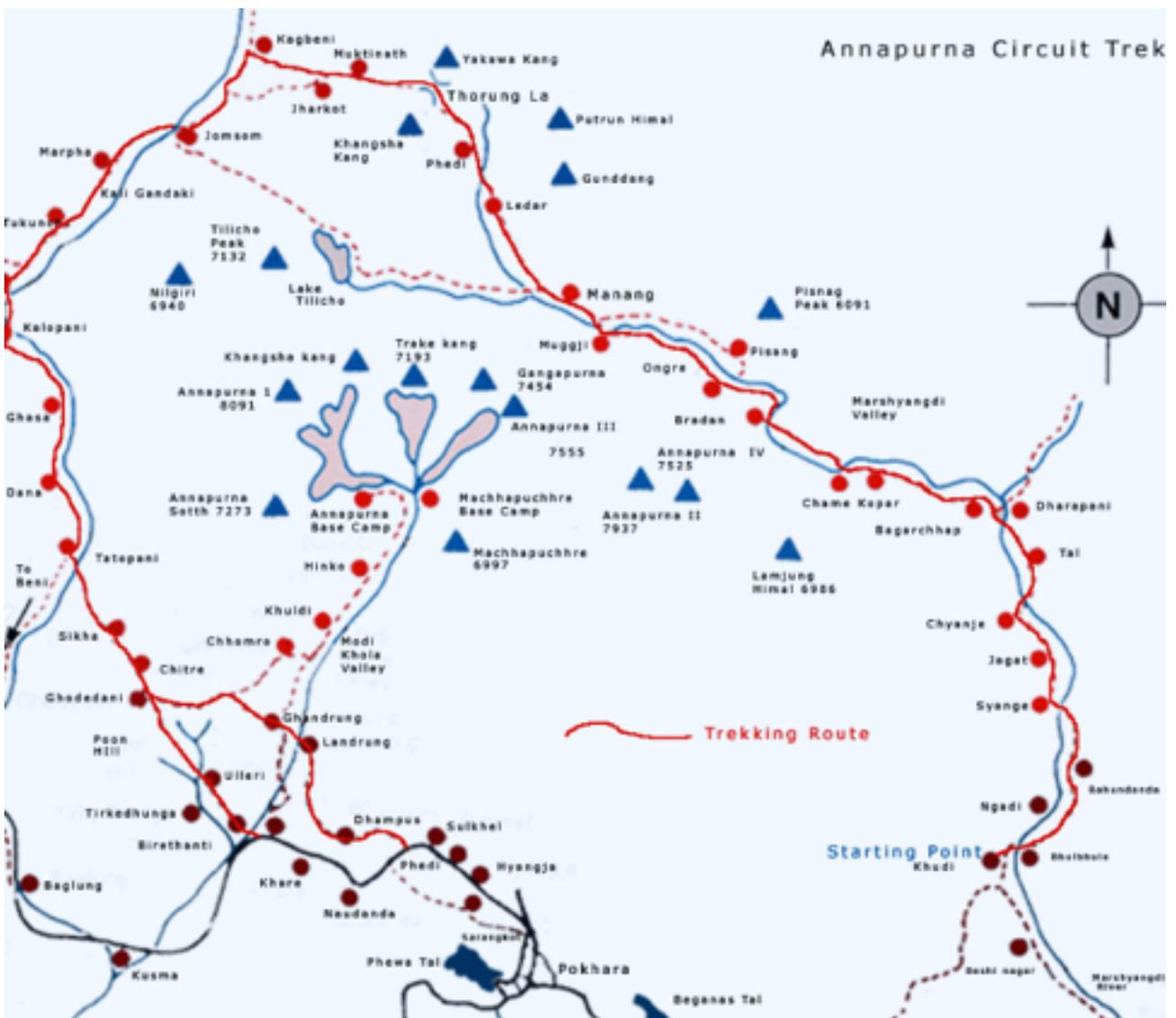
The Toast was to Gallant Losers

Bro. John Penn introduced Bro. Edward Watson who is a long standing neighbour who goes on extensive trips either to the Alps or the Himalayas and then reappears in Gosforth as chirpy as anything! It was at this point the projector failed to talk to the computer and no amount of coaxing by various technocrats could untangle the problem. This meant that the glorious pictures of the expedition were shown on the small screen of a laptop much to the disappointment of the gathering. The trip was the third undertaken by Edward and this was completed last November just after the disastrous avalanche near to Annapurna which had killed some 40 people. The trek was the great Annapurna Circuit a horseshoe-shaped, classic trek in the Annapurna Range in central Nepal and is considered one of the supreme treks in the world. Meanwhile the wind outside the Mansion House howled like a banshee adding to the drama of the talk . Highlights of the trip were the deepest gorge at Manang and the ups and downs across bridges which any

sane person would avoid at all costs! The stone steps which went on interminably up and caused plenty of knee problems with some of the party.

At the end of the trek celebration in the form of Everest Beer brought the talk to a conclusion. Questions followed ranging from the food - mostly veggie dhal to altitude sickness! The President brought the evening to a close thanking Bro. Edward for producing an interesting evening despite the computer problems.

Pat Cooper Recorder in Ordinary



Pen & Palette Luncheon for Members - Mansion House 28th January

25 Members attended this informal meeting of the Club which was an opportunity for members to give their ideas as to how the Club should progress bearing in mind the increasing age and the falling roll! The President John Charlewood welcomed members who turned out on a cold winters day. He hopes this will become an annual event so that the Committee gets plenty of feedback on the thoughts and ideas of members to enable the club to progress. The Committee are looking for items which can be taken on board at the AGM.

Peter Wallace had prepared a note (copy attached) summarising the present position both in terms of numbers (currently 71) and running costs. Normal attendance at club suppers is around 18 - 20 and in order to get up to the required number of 25 for the Mansion House to give us the dining room free of charge it has been necessary to make most meetings Ladies Nights. The highlight last year was the Christmas Entertainment evening where we had over 40 attending to hear the Samling Singers.

At the moment it is costing £1,300 a year to run the club and this is matched by the investment return on the capital currently £220,000 with Lloyds Bank on deposit. On this basis the club could continue indefinitely until we all depart!! However it was agreed that what the club urgently needs is a plan of expansion and also for ideas on the capital sum!

The paper outlined several alternatives on what to do with the Capital:-

Do nothing. Wait to see what happens to interest rates over the next 5 years say. This would entail no work on our part.

Invest it in equities which have the benefit of providing a better return and also capital growth, depending on how much risk we wish to take. We would need a small committee to oversee this and obtain appropriate advice. Some work involved here.

Set aside a sum to promote and fund public lectures in partnership with Lit & Phil or similar organisations. We would need members willing to research these matters and attend to the negotiations, venues, publicity etc. A lot of work here for those members willing to undertake it.

Set aside a sum with which to make donations to charitable causes. We could allocate a sum to the committee, say £5,000, £10,000 or £20,000 each year for this purpose. Members would be needed to form a Working Group to find

suitable causes, assess them, pay the grants and monitor their progress. This would entail a lot of work and raises the question whether as a club we have people with the time, the skills and the energy to undertake it.

A variant to the above would be to make a single major grant each year. For instance the Peoples Theatre is in the middle of a major campaign to raise £1m to make changes to their theatre. We have a lot of history with them so a one off grant authorised at our coming AGM would be highly appropriate and have a big impact. This would entail a very small amount of work. We would need to invite proposals from members for similar major grants each year.

A further variation to the above would be to ask the Community Foundation to make the grants on our behalf in the same way that they make grants from the P&P Endowment Fund, see above. Again, a very small amount of work needed by the Club.

Members then made general comments in the main centred on the requirement for increasing the Membership. Unfortunately it could be said that the club might be seen as from the Jurassic age of Dinosaurs and no-one in a younger age group is interested in joining such an organisation! To make it attractive could some incentives be given to arts students to whet their appetite by means of say prizes or scholarships? Should we have a 'students section' with no membership fee? Could we target the Arts departments of local colleges schools or perhaps art clubs? A number of members have connections with staff and this may be a way of promoting the club providing we can offer something in return!

The meeting then went on to discuss the role of the Ladies and how at present it is necessary to invite wives and widows along to swell the numbers. Could the membership be widened and open to all? Would this mean resignations from some members? Perhaps one or two but not thought to be a problem. If this is to be considered then it will need a proposal for the AGM. Brother Pat Cooper proposed that such a proposal should be drafted and this was seconded by Bro. Chris Bacon. The proposal as drafted is :-

"That membership of the Club be open to all (male or female) as from September 2015. This proposal will necessitate 2/3 thirds majority to be in favour of the motion. Other terms and conditions of membership to remain as per the Constitution. Anyone not able to attend the AGM will be invited to either vote by post or have a proxy vote via the President".

The possibility of having some lunchtime meetings was discussed and it was generally felt that this would be worth trying.

Bro Alistair Sinton proposed a vote of thanks to the Committee for organising this meeting and the President brought the meeting to an end by inviting everyone to attend next years meeting!!

Appendix -

PEN AND PALETTE CLUB

DISCUSSION PAPER FOR MEETING ON 28 January 2015

Introduction

The Club is in a process of change. With falling membership, falling attendances, increasing expenses we need to take a look at what steps we should be taking for the future. It is hoped that at our discussion on 28 January our members will give guidance to the committee on where we should be going as a Club with a view to submitting the requisite motions at the AGM on 20 May.

Membership

This is steadily falling with the odd new member outweighed by deaths and resignations. We currently have 71 members of whom about half attended a meeting in the past year. The other half comprises those who have moved away, the infirm, and maybe some who do not care to turn out at night especially in winter. There may also be some who have lost interest in the Club but don't mind paying the annual subscription.

Attendances

Of the 36 members who do attend we are currently averaging 16 at each of our suppers. It has therefore been necessary to adopt a policy of making all our suppers Ladies Nights including widows and those whose husbands can't attend for reason of infirmity. By this means we have been able to get our attendance at suppers up to about 25, which is the minimum required to avoid paying a room charge of £275. This is by no means a bad thing, many of us like the company of the ladies although we are aware that there are several members who are opposed to this development.

Entertainment.

Our supper programme in 2014 maintained our usual high standard thanks to a lot of work by the Komptroller of the Kalendar, the Master of the Musick and the Master of the Pictures. The year ended with a quite magnificent entertainment in December by the young singers of the Samling Foundation who, you will recall, received a grant of £5,000 from the Club last year. All of this is hard work and the least we can do is to provide a decent audience, which seems to be getting more and more difficult. If members are not attracted by what the Club has to offer it raises some serious questions.

Running Costs

We presently hold about £20,000 in our deposit account which provides an essential buffer for our operating expenses in the light of the reduced

subscriptions and supper charges. Our projected income and expenditure for the coming year are:

Income	£3,430
Expenditure	£4,794
Net expenditure over income per annum	£1,364
See Appendix for details	

At this rate our deposit account is sufficient to sustain the Club for several years, all things being equal.

5 Capital Account

We have the £220,000 remaining from the sale of Higham Place on deposit with Lloyds Bank at a rate of 0.83% less tax producing an annual income of £1,300 which is transferred to the deposit account as noted in the Appendix.

It should be remembered that £50,000 has already been used to establish the P&P Club Fund within the Community Foundation which was authorised at an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club in February 2014. This endowment fund will generate about £4,500 per annum for grant making. The first grants have already been made.

We need to decide what to do with the remaining £220,000 capital. As was made plain at the 2014 AGM, members do not take kindly to the committee making grants without authorisation by the AGM. Therefore we need to decide what powers to cede to the committee in this regard. Some approaches are outlined below.

Do nothing. Wait to see what happens to interest rates over the next 5 years say. This would entail no work on our part.

Invest it in equities which have the benefit of providing a better return and also capital growth, depending on how much risk we wish to take. We would need a small committee to oversee this and obtain appropriate advice. Some work involved here.

Set aside a sum to promote and fund public lectures in partnership with Lit & Phil or similar organisations. We would need members willing to research these matters and attend to the negotiations, venues, publicity etc. A lot of work here for those members willing to undertake it.

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A variant to the above would be to make a single major grant each year. For instance the Peoples Theatre is in the middle of a major campaign to raise £1m to make changes to their theatre. We have a lot of history with them so a one off grant authorised at our coming AGM would be highly appropriate and have a big impact. This would entail a very small amount of work. We would need to invite proposals from members for similar major grants each year.

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Daytime Meetings

We could seek speakers willing to give talks at lunchtime which may be attractive to some members who do not come in the evening.

Extra-mural Activities

Our two outings last year, to the Theatre Royal in July and the Sage in November were poorly supported by members. Are such outings worth continuing?

The Artists Outing, which this year is taking place midweek, is now looking for numbers. It remains to be seen how well this is supported.

The Golf Outing was discontinued some time ago, was that a sign of things to come?

Women members. This has been mooted at previous meetings of this kind. How would this change the ethos of the Club. We could lose more members than we gain if we went this way.

President of the Club

Bro John Charlewood has indicated his intention to retire at the next AGM. We need nominations for the succession. It would also be helpful if other officers planning to retire at the AGM were to indicate this now.

Projected income and expenditure

Income

Interest from our deposit account with Lloyds -	£1,300
Annual subscriptions 71 x 30	- £2,130
Total income	- £3,430

Expenditure

10 Suppers @ £19.25 x 25 attending =	£4,812
Less 10 x 15 x 23 paying =	£3,450
Cost of suppers net	£1,362

Donations to speakers/musicians	£1,000
Lunchtime meetings 2 x 25 x £9	£ 450
Committee meetings 6 x 8 x £9	£ 432
Wansbeck room hire 6 x £75	£ 450
Postage/stationery	£ 600
Artists weekend	£ 500
Total expenditure	£4,794
 Net expenditure over income per annum	 £1,364

Music Night and Ladies Night 25th February 2015
The Prince Bishops Brass Quintette



A popular night with 44 members and guests in attendance! Once we had been called to order the President asked the assembly to stand in remembrance of Bro. Geoffrey Cundall who had recently died. He had been a member since 1999 and is remembered with affection.

Grace being said the guests including the Brass Quintette were welcomed. It was noted that in all the long history of the club this was the first time a Brass Ensemble was performing!

The 2d end under the baton of that well known trumpeter Bro. Paul Hickey toasted the President likening him to a Trumpet, which was an ancient musical instrument dating from 1500 bc! Whilst not quite as old he could be the head Trumpeter of the Club. The President had noted the new Chairman of the 2d end from Police Records and these showed that he was fond of blowing his own trumpet! Nevertheless the toast was gratefully accepted!

Under protocol rules the next up on a Musical Evening is the Master of the Musick Bro. Michael Borthwick - more of a cornet with vibrations emanating within the tubes! He did not accede to the invitation to demonstrate such intimate abilities preferring the use of a bow and a cello instead.

Bro. Frank Evans was likened to a French Horn - warm and mellow having a more gentle mouthpiece with which to speak. Unfortunately Bro. Frank was not listening too well and took to exhibiting 'Brain Fade" before accepting the good wishes and sitting down.

Bro. Malcolm Yorke was reckoned to be Tuba sized and with a deep sonorous voice in the basso profundo range! He accepted the bit about health as he is generally ageing and needs all the help he can get.

Last but not least it was Bro. Pat Cooper the Recorder in Ordinary was toasted. He was likened to a Trombone of Italian extraction and having the longest bore! Not that Bro. Pat should be classified in this way! The Toastee was short in his reply thus ensuring that he was not boring.

The Loyal Toast was sung by Bro John Havis accompanied by Anne to a chorus of sound from the Brothers.

The Open Toast was proposed by Bro. Frank Evans who delivered a masterpiece on playing cards -

Playing cards came to Europe from China via Egypt in the 14th Century. The Egyptian pack contained fifty two cards in four suits. These suits were called: Cups, Coins, Swords and Polo Sticks. Each suit had ten pip cards, Ace to Ten, and three face or court cards. This all sounds familiar. However, polo sticks were unknown in Europe and once there the suits evolved to become Clover leaves, Tiles, Hearts and Pikes. From there they became our modern suits. Clover leaves became Clubs, Tiles became Diamonds, Pikes became Spades and Hearts remained unchanged. The cards themselves, at first hand-made, began to be printed in 15th Century. Reverse cards in two reflected halves as we know them today, first appeared in the 18th Century.

Court cards, originally all male with kings and princes, became stylised and got epithets. For example the Jack of Hearts, the Jack of Spades and the King of Diamonds are seen in profile and became known as “The one eyed royals”. The King of Hearts is the only king without a moustache, perhaps due to an early printing error. He holds his sword behind his head, or it is perhaps passing through it, and he is called the “Suicide king”.

The Queens, a recent introduction, hold flowers but the Queen of Spades also has a stylised sceptre beside her and from it is called “The bedpost queen”.

The Jack of Spades and the Jack of Clubs, now renamed although still princely, hold unidentified objects, formerly a spear and an arrow. The Jack of Hearts more peacefully holds a leaf.

Among pip cards the Ace of Spades often shows an enlarged ornate spade figure bearing the manufacturer’s name. Formerly it bore a sign declaring that tax had been paid (a playing card tax was introduced by James I and continued until as late as 1960).

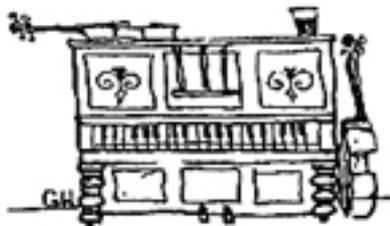
One pip card with a nickname is the Nine of Diamonds. In a book printed in London in 1708 the question is posed: Why is the Nine of Diamonds called “The Curse of Scotland”? And we still ask: Why is the Nine of Diamonds called “The Curse of Scotland”? It has been said to be a proverb related to the Scottish kings but no exact explanation has been found acceptable. Later it was said to be related to Lord Ormiston, the Scottish Lord Justice Clerk who investigated the Glencoe massacre, and many others, Mary, Queen of Scots, King James IV, James, Duke of York, and the card game Pope Joan. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable cites them but in its latest edition does not give an opinion. The suggestions are as numerous as they are unconvincing.

A second question concerning the Nine of Diamonds is: What is it doing on the ceiling of the dining room in the Mansion House, directly over the President’s chair?

My toast is to that mystery, to “**The card on the ceiling**”.

The **Prince Bishops Brass Quintette** (comprising Mike Walton, Derek Ruffel Trumpets, Chris Senior French Horn, Stuart Gray Trombone, Stephen Boyd Tuba) was introduced by the Master of the Musick. A delightful

programme of varied works was played with particular care and sensitivity. Highlights were the five movements of the Jeremiah Clark Suite in D which ends with the familiar Trumpet movement, and the Adagio for Strings by Samuel Barber arranged for the Brass Quintet!



The programme was :-

Suite in D by Jeremiah Clark
Fancies Toyes and Dreams by Giles Farnaby
The Little Fugu in G minor by JS Bach
The Adagio for Strings arranged for a quintet of brass by Samuel Barber
Mist by Errol Garner featuring the Fugal Horn
Three Pieces by George Gershwin
(Summertime, Love is here to stay and Ive got Rhythm)
Songs of Northumbria arranged by Ray Chester

After much applause the group performed an encore much to the enjoyment of the company!

The President then brought the evening to a close by thanking the group for a magnificent performance and making the Music Evening one to remember!

Pat Cooper
Recorder in Ordinary

Club Supper 18th March 2015 **Joseph Skipsey - a talk from Brother Kelsey Thornton**

The Ladies were welcomed once again - where would we be without them! by our President. Members then stood in recognition of the life of Bro. Geoffrey Cundall who had recently passed away. His obituary was published in the Journal on 13th March -

“The family and colleagues of Geoffrey Cundall, one of the founders of Newcastle-based engineering consultancy Cundall, have paid tribute to his vision following his recent death.

Mr Cundall had a distinguished career in building services which included setting up the consultancy firm - alongside Michael Burch, Rick Carr, David Gandy and Bernard Johnston - which today operates from 20 offices in 11 countries.

He died at the age of 90 on February 18 and his survived by Rachel, his wife of 64 years, and his daughters Ruth, Heather, Joanna and ten grandchildren.

Described as a man of great faith and integrity by former colleague John McArdle, Mr Cundall had also worked as a lecturer at the Building Services Department of Sheffield University and as partner in R W Gregory and Partners, before he founded Cundall in 1976. As a Quaker he was motivated to establish a business underpinned by ethical practices and his wife Rachel described him as “ahead of his time” for his early interest in sustainability. In the 1970s Mr Cundall was one of the founding members of the North East Energy Conservation Group lead by Sir Horace Heyman, which raised awareness of the need for energy efficiency and conservation.

One of his proudest achievements was his work on the low energy policy for Wansbeck Hospital which included special measures to maximise daylight in the building and incorporate low carbon technologies such as wind turbines and waste to energy generation. Mr Cundall was responsible for the design of environmental services across a number of notable buildings throughout the North East, including the likes of Jesmond Library which was designed by Henry Faulkner Brown and opened in 1963.

Outside of work Mr Cundall was active in the community, serving as chairman of the Council for Voluntary Service from 1986 to 1991. He also read for Tyne Sound News, the charity which provides a “talking newspaper” for blind and partially sighted North Easterners.

He was a keen fitness enthusiast and enjoyed hill walking, cycling and swimming throughout his life.

Cundall partner Keith Anderson said: “I met Geoffrey when I joined Cundall as a graduate in 1984. My first impression was how professionally he conducted himself in everything he did.

“He was very keen on keeping fit and followed an army style training regime.

“While some of us would go over to [Gosforth pool](#) and swim 50 lengths at lunch time Geoffrey would swim set numbers of lengths against the timing clock which he used to get the attendants to turn on for him, he was doing interval training 30 years ago.”

It was not until 1989 that Mr Cundall retired, but he stayed close to the business. In 2005 he visited the firm’s Melbourne office and expressed his pride in Cundall’s global reach which today spans 20 offices in 11 countries.

In retirement he and Rachel undertook several Himalayan treks in Nepal and Sikim. He first saw Mount Everest on his sixty fifth birthday and reached over 18,000ft in his seventies.

Using his skills in photography, Mr Cundall gave slide shows to raise money for Nepalese Sherpas to take English lessons.

Former Cundall structural partner John McArdle said: "I first met Geoffrey when I joined his newly formed multi-disciplinary practice in 1976 as a graduate engineer. I soon came to realise that he was a most experienced, professional, courteous and precise consultant, greatly respected by his peers for his impartial advice.

"He was also a man of great faith and integrity, which for him were guiding principles in the way he conducted himself in both his public and private life.

"Geoffrey was prepared to take risks, and setting up a small new practice in 1976, after a long successful career elsewhere, was one of them – without that the Cundall we know today would simply not exist."

His wife Rachel added: "Above all Geoffrey was a family man, much loved and enjoyed by all his grandchildren who were fortunate to benefit from his influence and encouragement until all were adults."

The meal then got underway with Bro. John Millard in control of the 2d End. He was in difficulties however as he was not sure how address someone as august as the President? should it be plain Brother President or is it Dr Bro. or even El Presidente! Once over that hurdle he then had more worries as he addressed Bro. Kelsey Thornton and Joseph Skipsey - should he be a Pitman Poet or a Pitman Painter and could Kelsey shed some light on this conundrum. The short answer was that the Painters were some 50 years later— — — —.

Bro Alan Kerr was asked for more help regarding alliteration in literature - at this point mention was made to "Shelf stacker scribble" but your recorder by this time had gone into a mental blackout especially when Bertie Wooster was mentioned. Much to his relief it was time for the Loyal Toast leading on to the Open Toast given by Bro. Peter Wallace -

In 1855 a Portuguese man named Pedro Carolino decided to publish an English phrase book for Portuguese travellers. Unfortunately he was particularly ill-qualified for the task, having not a word of English nor even a Portuguese/English dictionary. Nothing daunted he proceeded with the help of a Portuguese/French and a French/English dictionary. The result was one of the unintentionally funny books ever published. In his introduction to the American edition in 1883 Mark Twain described it as "perfect". Here are are some examples of phrases from the book:

The walls have hearsay.....meaning (we think)....Walls have ears

He go to four feet..... He is crawling

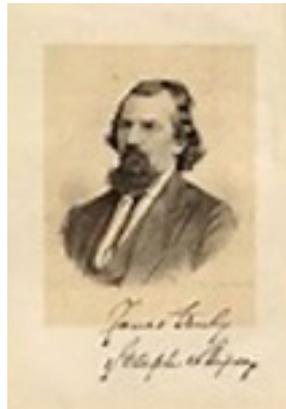
Is sure the road?.....Is the road safe?

He know ride horse.....He knows how to ride a horse
 That not says a word, consent.....Silence gives consent
 What do him?..... What is he doing?
 I have mind to vomit.....I feel sick
 That pond seems many multiplied of fishes.....The lake looks full of fish
 Let us amuse rather to the fishing..... Let's have some fun fishing
 The created plow the land real.....The servant ploughed the royal land
 I know well who I have to make.....I know what I have to do.

Published under the title New Guide of the Conversation in Portugese and English the book is still in print but is better known by the phrase which is our toast tonight – **English as she is spoke.**

Bro. Alan Kerr then introduced Bro. Kelsey Thornton and his talk on Joseph Skipsey. (born 17th march 1832 died September 3rd 1903)

Bro. Kelsey, using the now functioning projector showed us the life history in pictures of Joseph Skipsey.
 The introduction of his Book of Miscellaneous Lyrics sums up his history up to 1878 -



A BOOK OF
MISCELLANEOUS LYRICS
 BY
JOSEPH SKIPSEY
 AUTHOR OF

"ANNIE LEE," "TWO HAZEL EYES,"
"MEG GOLDLOCKS," "MY CHERRY BIRD," "THE FAIRIES ADIEU,"
AND OTHER DITTIES.

BEDLINGTON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY GEORGE RICHARDSON
1878

To

ROBERT SPENSE WATSON, ESQ.,

SOLICITOR, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

AS A TOKEN
OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM FOR THE MAN,
HIS CULTURE AND HIS PRINCIPLES,
THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED
BY HIS FRIEND
THE AUTHOR.

Backworth, August, 1878.

PREFACE.

PARTLY from deference to the opinion of a few well-wishers, and partly from an impression that it would be proper so to do, I beg leave to state that the author of the following Lyrics is a coal-miner, and that he was sent into the coal pits of Percy Main, near North Shields, to help to earn his bread while yet a mere child, and when the sum total of his learning consisted in his ability to read his A.B.C., or at most his A. B. ab card. When it is stated that the requirements of the times at that period necessitated the young to be in the mines from twelve to fourteen hours her day, it will be seen that they had little leisure for self-culture, and that only by dint of perseverance, and by not allowing the few spare moments to remain un-utilized that should present themselves, could those who had a desire, acquire anything in the shape of education. The author being possessed with the requisite aspiration, soon had felt what is thus expressed, and instead of spending his hours on the playground, he devoted his Sundays and other holidays to the acquisition of the ability to read, and to decipher simple arithmetical questions. These operations were usually

*performed in his mother's garret, (he had no father – the father having lost his life when the writer was a baby "in arms" *) whilst he learned himself to write with a piece, of chalk on his trap-door – a door connected with the ventilation of the mine, and which it was his duty to attend. In this rude way were his studies pursued, and with what success may be indicated by the fact, that before he was eleven years old, he had formed the romantic notion of trying to commit the Bible to memory, and that he had actually acquired a number of the chapters by "heart," and was only prevented from proceeding further by the ridicule of a grey-bearded wiseacre to whom he had had the temerity to disclose his project. By the time he was sixteen years old, he had from a Lindley Murray which had been presented to him by an aunt, and through much effort and perseverance, acquired a knowledge of the elements of English Grammar. Other studies chiefly of a scientific nature succeeded this – then that of poetry – or rather the poetry of celebrated poets, as Shakspeare, Milton, and Burns, for otherwise the love of the muses had grown up with him from his infancy, and he had actually practised verse-making, while he was yet a child behind his trap-door.*

After the elapse of a few more years, and after making repeated efforts and in vain to get a suitable situation out of the mines, he printed a batch of lyrics (1859), which earned him the respect of several eminent persons in the North of England. Through the kindness of one of these he was placed into the office of sub-store-keeper at The Gateshead Iron Works. This was at the commencement of the year 1859, and at the latter part of the year 1863 he was placed, on the commendation of the same kind friend, as sub-librarian to the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This latter office, which was certainly extremely congenial to his tastes, he only held a few months, when from the inadequacy of the income to meet his domestic needs he was necessitated to give it up, again to find himself a toiler in the coal mines. In 1871 he again resorted to the printer, and issued a small volume of poems, which obtained a kindly notice not only from the Newcastle Chronicle and the rest of the local papers, but also from many of the London weeklies, including the Literary World and the Sunday Times, and also a kind word from the Athenæum and the Spectator; whilst several of the pieces included in this issue were honoured by a translation into the French tongue and published in the Beautés de la Poësie de Anglaise par le Chevalier De Chatelain. The encouragement thus received has helped to stimulate the author to persevere in his attempts at self-culture, and the embodiment, when the impulse has come upon him, of his sentiments and feelings in verse, until he finds himself in possession of material for the present book – a book which he now submits to the public in the hope that it may at once prove of some interest to the peruser, and be the means of rendering some little personal benefit to himself.

In conclusion, the author would say, that should the present venture, several of the Pieces of which have already seen the light, find favour with the public, it may in due

time be succeeded by a companion volume – a book of Songs and Ditties, and in the two brochures thus offered, would be comprised nearly the whole of his verse that the author would care to put into print.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY,

Backworth.

August, 1878.

* His father, Cuthbert, was shot by a special constable on 8th July 1832 during a bitter strike about terms on which miners had to sign on! - Not a very auspicious start for the young lad!

Kelsey then went on to describe his remaining life until his death in 1903.

Supper 16th April 2015

Gail-Nina Anderson on the Concept of 19th and 20th century Artistic Colonies

Bro President John Charlewood opened the proceedings with Grace in the presence of 16 members and 11 guests and hastened to welcome Peter and Ann Olive, guests of Bro Evans, Heather Goodall the guest of Rachel Cundall, and his own guest, daughter Hilary. Our Guest Speaker, Dr Gail-Nina Anderson received a special welcome as did the other ladies present who are always pleased to see.

Tuppenny End Chairman Bro Anderson was soon underway announcing that his focus this evening would be on favourite locations for painting, or whatever turns you on.

Bro President's response to the first toast was unequivocal. Having spent the first 30 years of his life there he had no hesitation in nominating Cullercoats. As a boy he spent many a happy hour watching the tide ebb and flow, while in his early days the fishing boats were much in evidence.

Our speaker Dr Anderson chose Staithes as her favourite artists colony, mainly because it is close to her favourite place in all the world, Whitby. She is well known for her interest in things "Gothick" and Whitby was the inspiration for Bram Stoker's "Dracula".

In the preamble to his next toast Bro Anderson remarked that he had several paintings by Bro George Hutchinson which he had been unable to sell! Whereupon he turned his attention to Bro Paul Hutchinson and asked about

his favourite painting spot. Bro Paul said he was not a landscape man as a rule but had recently painted a picture at Embleton, including a man and a dog. A friend was so taken with this that he asked for the same picture, this time without the dog. So Embleton seems to be the place.

At this point Bro George rose in order to defend his reputation. He had several auction houses, including Anderson & Garland, value a painting in his possession variously between £30 and £120. Eventually it was sold at auction for £2300, so much for the judgement of auctioneers. Bro Anderson then rose to set the record straight – the reason he could not sell Bro George's paintings was that he could not bear to part with them. Honour satisfied all round.

Bro Goulding was the final toastee. His choice was Hexham racecourse which must have the best location of any racecourse in the land as well as providing ample opportunity to lose money. However his greatest praise was for the view going north on the East Coast main line beyond the River Wansbeck, which is where the real Northumberland starts.

Bro Evans felt constrained to join the discussion and opined that his favourite view was from the A194M leaving the A1 heading to the Tyne Tunnel, and HOME!

The Loyal Toast was rousingly rendered by Bro Havis accompanied by his lovely wife Anne.

We then enjoined a fascinating Open Toast by Bro Yorke on the foremost Swiss artist of the past century, Hans Erni, who had died recently at the age of 105. The talk was embellished by a very interesting display of catalogues and other material about the artist garnered when Bro Yorke had a long interview with him in 1998.

Gail-Nina Anderson then gave her fascinating talk on Artists colonies, copiously illustrated and full of interesting insights into the colonies and the artists who frequented them, which was very well received by the assembled company.

Peter Wallace

OPEN TOAST 16 APRIL 2015 HANS ERNI by Bro. Malcolm Yorke

I'd like to take this Open Toast opportunity to introduce you to the most remarkable man and artist I ever met.

He was born in 1909 in Lucerne, Switzerland, one of the 8 children of a lake steamer's engineer. He died just over three weeks ago, March 21st aged 106 – though his older sister Maria died last year aged 107! His name is Hans Erni and he has an truly international reputation from Tokyo to Chicago – though not well known in England (hands up), even though he has lived here, had an English wife and was a friend of Moore, Hepworth, Nicholson, Piper

and the man who introduced me to him, Rigby Graham (book). He had around a dozen exhibitions here from the 1960s onwards, mostly in the Midlands.

He studied as an architectural draughtsman but soon switched to studying art in Berlin, and Paris where he was a friend of Picasso and Braque. Under their influence he began to paint Abstractions. He was also a track athlete, a champion skier, hockey player and ski jumper and after the war he raced small planes and fast cars. A man's man. But not everything went smoothly – his first Swiss wife died after falling off a horse, the son he had by his second English wife Doris spends his whole life in a mental institution, and their daughter died of leukemia, but another 2 daughters still survive.

Like Picasso he became an idealistic communist (which made him unpopular for many years in Switzerland) but eventually realised that if art was to speak to the common man it needed to be figurative and easily interpreted, not abstract. He was also disillusioned by the 1956 Hungarian suppression by the USSR.

I spent 2 days with him in 1998 when he was almost 90. He lived in a huge family compound in the hills above Lucerne. He'd designed his own 3 storey villa with three studios for painting, print-making and sculpture. He had other houses in Provence and Paris. Inside the walls there were sheep, goats, tame owls, fish, pigs, cats, chickens and grandchildren – all the things he loved to draw. He had an all black swimming pool and an all white sitting room with everything from the cutlery to the wine labels of his own design.

He was a sturdy, handsome man with a full head of curly hair, thick glasses and dressed all in white. He was fluent in English, French, German and Italian and had a good sense of humour – instantly likeable but formidably serious about his art.

He believed art should be a force for good, an uplifting antidote to the nihilism of the intellectuals and the cynicism of politicians. There would be no negativity, nothing celebrating war, in it but it would celebrate life, love and human achievement. He had no time for Christianity which had made our beautiful bodies shameful – Christ he said had never held a woman's breast in his hand and so could only be a partial prophet about human love. Religions parted people rather than united them so there are no crucifixions or martyrdoms in his works – he made secular alterpieces..

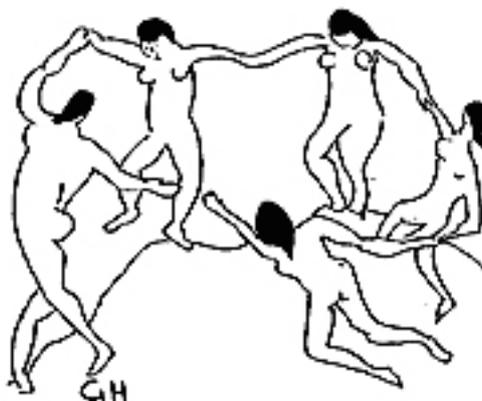
In the 1960s he illustrated the 10 volume Aldis Encyclopaedia of all human knowledge – philosophy, music, architecture, science, medicine etc, trying to make the greatest thinkers' ideas accessible in visual form. He talked to the living experts such as Einstein, Stravinski, Huxley, Toscanini, Bertrand Russell, Bronowski etc and painted their portraits too.

He also wanted a universal art which wasn't bound by time, place and nationality so he took subjects such as youth/age, mother/child, artist/model,

lovers, the seasons, men and horses, sports and returned to the classical myths – Minotaur, Prometheus, Venus and Mars. Most of these are expressed through the nude body which never dates (as clothes do) – it's full of rounded bottoms and breasts – very like a modern Rubens and perhaps a bit too Baroque and sensual for English tastes.

He used his art to propagandise his ideals – so 300 posters for such causes as Famine Relief, Ban the Bomb, the Olympics, Women's Rights, The Red Cross and on. He was given the Peace Medal by the United Nations.. He also illustrated over 200 books, designed medals, murals, public sculptures, theatre designs, book bindings and was the outstanding lithographer of his time, drawing on the litho stone with the tip of a knife. Any philatelist will know of the 90 stamps he designed too. 300 of these master works are on show in the Hans Erni museum on the shores of Lake Lucerne, but if you can't get there look him up on the internet and EBay. Or look at a few I have here afterwards.

I hope I've persuaded you something good has come out of Switzerland beside cuckoo clocks and muesli. Propaganda has a negative image but Erni used his art as propaganda for the best man could be and do – so let's have a toast - **to propaganda**



The Viewing of the Pictures 7th May 2015

Under the direction go our acting President for the evening Bro. David Kilner some 40 or so members, wives and friends gathered for the annual Viewing of the Pictures. Bro. David explained that our President was recovering from his operation and sent his apologies and best wishes for a good evening. After saying Grace we sat down to a very good dinner interspersed by the usual interruptions from the 2d end chaired by Bro Peter Wallace. The acting President who had noted that on today a ballot of National importance was being held - not the political one he hastened to add, but the one for 'Birds'.

Bro Frank then gave his memory of VE Day -
VE Day was dull. My ship, a tanker, was in port in Halifax, Canada. Halifax was a "dry" town with rationed booze issued from liquor stores. The ship was due to sail to the UK in convoy at noon and, amid much grumbling, did so. In compensation the captain issued everyone with a tin of beer to celebrate, all except the two apprentices, whose indentures forbade drink (some hope!). In compensation we each got a cheap cigar. Halifax became the scene of riot, drunkenness and looting of booze on that day. Our crew had a lucky escape.

Bro. George then gave a tale about 4 men in their 40's who get together every 10 years to celebrate life. the first reunion at the Red Lion was remarkable for the young waitresses and their short skirts. The second that the beer was very good value. The third was for the special bargain prices and free parking. the fourth was for the wheel chair access and the quality of the disabled toilets. The fifth occasion was still the Red Lion because they had never been there before — — — —

The 2d end then paid recognition to Bro. Charlie Wesencraft and his knowledge of war fare, and asked him how he was going to celebrate this years 200th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo? Yes and this year it will be their Christmas celebrations. He then went on to say that although Wellington was credited with the victory and the fact that Blucher decided to have breakfast which delayed the start to around 11.30 am By this time the rain had arrived and bogged down the French who promptly gave up the fight. So it was rain that won!!

The final foray for the 2d end was to Bro. John Millard. The General election had to be avoided but Democracy must be in order. However it is the worst of all systems except any other! Democracy is at home with wife and daughter and great as a coalition with biscuit party and biscuit lovers. Being outnumbered the biscuits can work but perhaps tomorrow!

Bro David K the gave a belated welcome to the ladies and guests before getting to the piano and accompanying Bro. Pat in the singing of the Loyal Toast!

The party then adjourned to the Small Dining Room where the pictures were displayed. Your Recorder in Ordinary had unfortunately left his camera at home so this year it is a record by ear!

The master of the pictures asked exhibitors to introduce their works of art and added "Ever tried, Ever failed, Tried again, Failed but better"! Bro. Frank

Evans showed us a print done by a past member Frank Mason of a poster he had done in 1942 of one of the War Time Convoys - evocative and timely as he has a retrospective exhibition on in Hartlepool! He did many posters for the various Railway Companies between the wars as well as yachts.

Bro. Brian Laing uses mixed media on stretched paper to good effect - The Guardian Angel of Hexham was one notable one. Norma Hickey showed some of her work done on the P & P outings and without these she would not have done some of her best works! Examples were the Glasshouse at Cober Hill. Bro. Charlie Wesencraft showed us 2 done at Shepherds Dene and 3 at Cober Hill. Bro. Alan Reed showed 4 of his recent paintings - not cheap but exceptional value! Bro. John Penn admitted he had done little painting over the last 3 months but submitted some ad hoc sketches. Bro. Paul Hockey had done a lovely painting of Cober Hill House, while Brother Alistair gave us a very nice view of him and Dorothea looking at cliffs. Bro. George Hutchinson showed us two he had done in Langwathby. He now finds he has to stand to paint but this has not affected the end results! Bro. Paul Hutchinson has delved into the mysteries of digital painting and showed a number of very good portraits using a graphics tablet - his Elizabeth Taylor had won a competition! Other contributors were Rachel Cundell Of Cober Hill, Bros John Charlewood, Bob Young and David Robson.

Bro. David then brought the evening to a close by thanking all the talented contributors and thought it was a pity it was only for one night. In all a splendid evening.

Pat Cooper Recorder in Ordinary

Poetry & Prose Evening Wednesday 3rd June

The President John Charlewood greeted members and guests for this final meeting for the Spring 2015 session and asked the Rev Bert Jicha (a guest from USA) to say grace, which he did with aplomb as a way of singing for his supper! He and his wife had been invited by your Recorder to sample a unique brand of what might be termed quintessentially British eccentric evening!

The 2d End was Chaired by Bro. Malcolm Yorke and he immediately got into his stride by asking the President what changes had he seen over the years to the Annual Poetry and Prose Evening? "Ah yes over the past 28 years there have been just what could be termed ups and downs with contributions

ranging from excellent to verbose ! Since Bro. Harold Kirby's demise things have got a good deal shorter remembering how he would torture us with his sagas of his sailings on the North Sea to Holy Island! Perhaps the best improvement would be a reduction in time to 5 minutes of each contribution!

The erudite Bro John Millard was next to be toasted and asked to suggest any neglected masterpieces emanating from the North East. The Lindisfarne Gospels comes immediately to mind as they so seldom are let out from the British Library - 3 times in the last 50 odd years. John Martin's trilogy of spectacular paintings is certainly a forgotten piece which is worth more than a cursory glance!

As the club is moving to let women members enter the portals of the club membership Norma Hickey was toasted and asked what book is a sure fire hit with young people - 'Little Wonder Horse' as it has 12 chapters and every one is a cliff hanger so for a teacher it can last a whole term!

Bro John Havis was asked to delve into his repertoire and his great passion are the songs of Eric Boswell and immediately burst into 'That Girl of Mine' to the delight of his captive audience and to rapturous applause!

The Loyal Toast was then sung by Bro. John accompanied by Anne in the ivory keys!

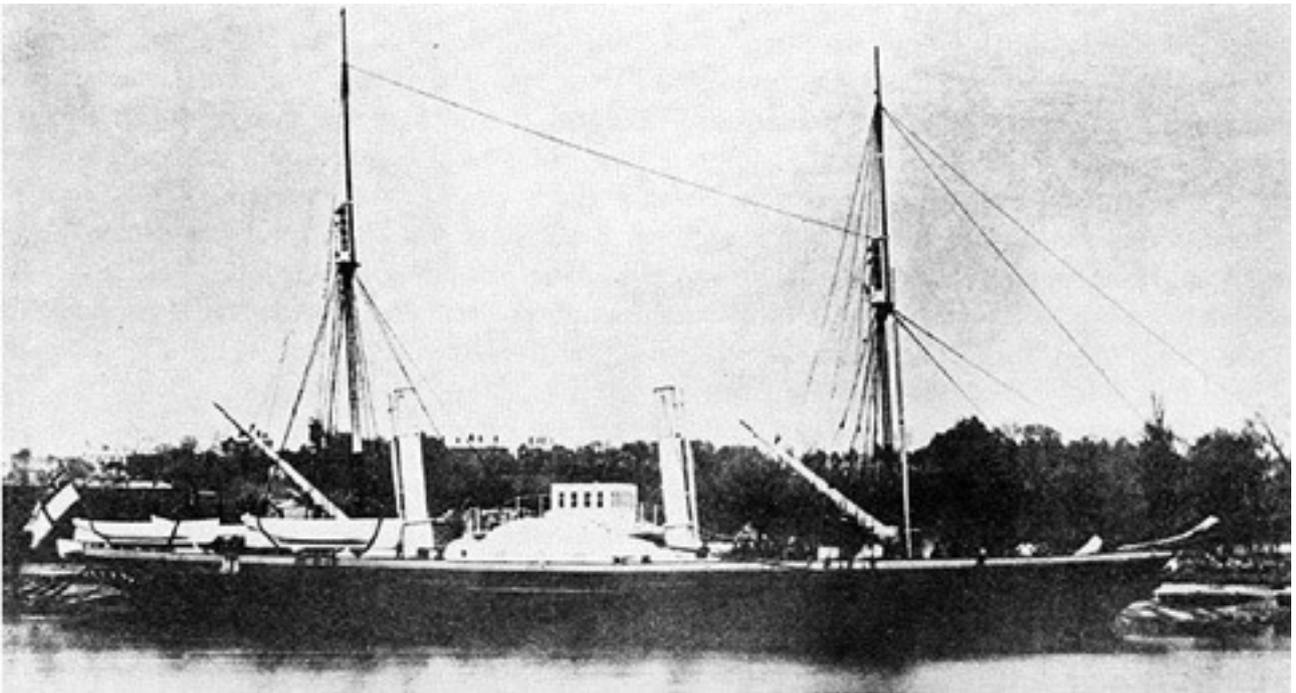
Without more ado the members contributions of poetry and prose commenced:-

Lost Islands: Hy Brasil and the Porcupine Bank Frank Evans

I am a member of the Porcupine Marine Natural History Society. Porcupine here is not an animal but a ship, HMS "Porcupine". She was a naval survey ship of the nineteenth century, responsible for the discovery of the sea bank named after her, the Porcupine Bank, to the west of Ireland. In this Irish area, too, is to be found the location of the mythical island of Hy Brasil. There are many such phantom islands all over the world. They were mostly derived from the unverifiable reports of ancient mariners who, sailing only by latitude and the stars, could not pinpoint precisely where they had been. Early cartographers filled their maps with the satanic beasts and horrific or idyllic landscapes the sailors fancifully described.

Some spectral islands carried sufficient conviction to make their way onto Admiralty charts even up to the nineteenth century. Six officially charted phantom islands of the North Atlantic have been listed including Jaquet Island, which was an island believed to exist even into the eighteen fifties, during which cartographers discussed it as a possible midway point for the transatlantic telegraph cable. Finally and particularly, Hy Brasil was said by some sources to be found at several declared distances off the west coast of Ireland.

The mythical island of Hy Brasil, named well before the country of Brazil, has a long and distinguished history. It was mentioned in writing in around 1100 and has appeared on many maps since its first portrayal on a portolan chart of 1325. Men claimed to have landed on it and to have met its inhabitants. It was variously reported as appearing only once every seven years; that it was shrouded in mist and that it was visible from time to time from the Irish mainland. A reasonably accurate map of the coasts and seas of north Europe published in 1634 by Le Sieur Tassin, Royal Geographer to King Louis XIII, showed Hy Brasil about the same distance offshore as Rockall, which latter he plotted correctly. There is a book in the library of the Royal Irish Academy called the Book of O'Brasil that is supposed to have been brought in 1668 from the legendary island. But as the years passed and the island's existence became more nebulous its charted outline, as is the way with phantom islands, gradually grew smaller, reducing from a substantial circular figure with a central rift or river crossing it, until by 1865 it had dwindled to a spot labelled merely Brasil Rock. Its last appearance in an Admiralty publication was in a chart of 1850.



HMS “Porcupine”, the only known picture.

In the waters of the continental shelf of Ireland we find, twenty years later, the little naval survey ship, HMS “Porcupine” working off the Irish south west coast, searching for a new and less precipitous route for the latest transatlantic cable. She had spent much of her life surveying in the North Sea, having her home port in Sunderland. She was a remarkably undistinguished vessel, a wooden two masted brigantine-rigged paddle gun-ship, a hundred and forty feet long and built in Deptford in 1844. Her primitive engine had served in two previous vessels. But she was a good sea boat and well equipped for her surveying work. In fact she had been sent to the Baltic during the Crimean War to prepare charts for the arrival of our war fleet there. (It is not generally known that the Crimean War extended to the Baltic.) It was in 1862 while surveying for the transatlantic cable that she discovered the shallow bank which is named after her, the Porcupine Bank.

But “Porcupine” has an even more significant claim to fame. The eminent Edinburgh biologist Professor Edward Forbes, following his researches in the Mediterranean, had put forward his azoic hypothesis, that marine life could not exist below a depth of three hundred metres. However, it was known that recovered sections of transatlantic cables brought up from greater depths sometimes bore encrusting animals. It was necessary to resolve this contradiction and “Porcupine” was commissioned to undertake a programme of dredging off Ireland at depth.

Under the command of Captain Calver of Sunderland the small vessel succeeded in 1869 at a distance of two hundred and fifty miles WSW of Lands End in making a successful dredge at a depth of over four thousand metres. It proved conclusively that marine life existed at this depth. The name of our society honours this event.

Myth and fact combined together on the Porcupine Bank as early as 1870 when a paper was read to the Geological Society of Ireland suggesting its identification with Hy Brasil. The idea of a lost island on the Porcupine Bank has since reappeared more than once, e.g. in an 1883 edition of *Notes and Queries* when “shells of the common periwinkle”, an inshore mollusc, were dredged up from the Bank and the suggestion has persisted even into the present century. However, the Bank’s minimum depth of a hundred and fifty metres and the seismic inactivity of the area do not support the claim that it could have been exposed above sea level in historical times.

The Irish authorities have recently made a closely contoured survey of the Bank using sonar echo sounding and from this my son-in-law, who understands these things, has ingeniously produced a contour chart where the sea level may be artificially lowered. A computerised drop of 180m. exposes a small area of dry land. This forms a perfect island, fitting Hy Brasil, which unfortunately never emerged in reality even in the recent ice ages, when the sea level fell no more than a hundred metres. And so, while the Porcupine Bank is real, Hy Brasil remains forever mythical.

The “island” of Hy Brasil, with the sea level lowered 180m.



Bro. Malcolm Yorke -

In September 2000 I walked the length of the Coquet River from its source at Chew Green in the Cheviots to the mouth at Amble, 88 kilometres in four days. The first day was the most interesting through the upper Coquet valley, treeless and too steep and barren for anything but sheep farming. This is Reiver country and only a few miles from the border. The farmers' lives here must always have been tough and there are several abandoned farms in the valley and up the side valleys, some of them from the time of the First World War when the farmers' sons didn't return to take over the land. I looked at the war memorials in all the villages on my walk and they show what devastation these losses must have been for such small settlements. These abandoned farms are now used by the army for manoeuvres – they call them “stone tents.”

This is also the area of the Border Ballads – anonymously composed folk poems in quatrain form dating from the 15th and 16th centuries, but first collected and written down in the nineteenth by such people as Walter Scott.

I tried to put all these things together in a poem

THE BALLAD OF THE SOLDIER'S RETURN, 1918.

Limping up the Coquet comes our Jed
Who left it singing, full of joy,
To fight for his king and see the world –
Now what is there left of that young boy?

He lost an arm and lost his faith
Saw such sights as made him weep:
Bullets and mud killed all his mates
But England's generals lost no sleep.

He slogs up the valley on the ancient track,
Seeking peace for his troubled mind
By this young stream and these old hills
Among folk he knows, of his own kind.

Soon he's left all the trees behind,
He turns up Osway Burn a mile,
Past the skell and past the sheil:

He sees his home and begins to smile.

But the windows are black and tiles are off
The barn is holed and the fences down,
Nettles and bracken have taken a hold
The in-bye field is all thistledown!

The letters to France said nothing of this,
Just: "All is well, the family's fine,
Your bitch's had pups and the flock is grand."
But now a chill runs down his spine.

The door is open, off the latch,
The kitchen's foul, the range gone cold,
The sink is full of crusted pans
And his father's boots are green with mould.

The cottage only has three rooms –
In panic he throws wide each door –
Calls "Mother! Sister! Da hey Da!"
But Da sprawls drunk upon the floor.

His broken parent tells Jed all:
His Mother left with a Scottish swine
Who called by with brushes to sell,
Da weeps aloud and gulps moonshine.

Sis flounced off to work in the city
Selling hats to Tyneside whores,
Soon she'll be one, Da predicts –
Damn her, he couldn't give two straws!

Jed listens with his mouth agape.
Worse, the farm is deep in debt
Landlord's already sent his agents
Their very tenure's under threat.

"We've had Saxons, Scots and Normans
And this stingy squire's harsh rules –
Let's pack it in Jed, just let's go
Staying longer, we'd be bloody fools."

So they ransack chests and cupboards
Fire the rick and shoot the dogs,
Give hens away to needy neighbours
Sell their gimmicks, wethers and hogs.

Limping down the valley goes our Jed
Supporting a father broken and bent:
A dis-armed soldier looking for work
Whose family home is now a stone tent

LOST PROPERTY OFFICE

Now what have you lost sir? A Top Secret File?
Bear with me now while I sort through this pile.
We've socks, and we've nighties, palm trees, a pram
A model of Elvis, a tractor, a lost little lamb

A black body harness with a stitched in bomb
A hen house, a TV, get-well card for Mom
A Renoir, a Monet and a two ton Henry Moore
A cactus, a discus, and there's umbrellas galore

Here's a plastic collar, no doubt it's a vicar's
Inflatable doll and a bag of frilly knickers
A rowing boat, a bathtub, trousers and a door
A noose, a hive and a dark blue Oxford oar

A merkin, a ferkin and a stuffed kangaroo
A burkah, a toilet and Lolita in Urdu
A cupboard with a skeleton – listen it's knocking
Somebody's ashes, and a chorus girl's stocking

A portrait of Mohammed, ditto Donald Duck
A pillar box, a mattress, an armoured army truck
Piles of shiny dentures, of hearing aids a score
A bag of pig's manure it's difficult to ignore

Ah it's here sir, "Top Secret, for the Eyes of MI5?
Not for Number 10, guard it with your life?"

All you bloomin' spies, sir, please forgive my cheek
Are all the bloody same sir, you're the fourth this week.
J.M.Yorke

THE SHIPPING FORECAST - Bro. Kesey Thornton

For Alistair Elliot

The nightly shipping forecast is broadcast promptly at twelve minutes to one, preceded by as many bars of Ronald Binge's 'Sailing By' as are necessary to fill in the space left by the preceding programme. The forecast is followed by a brief farewell message, the National Anthem, and Closedown.

The dead of night and it is ten to one;
Or to be more exact, 12.48.
It's nearly closedown; words are almost done.

Our social comforts dwindle down to none
And we ourselves, as all must do, await
The dead of night; and it is ten to one

That some day soon our being will be undone.
A sailor/poet can appreciate
How, nearing closedown, words are almost done.

We've sailed by 'Sailing by' and now we run
Towards Viking, Tyne and Dogger; contemplate
The dead of night; and here at ten to one

The whole consoling litany has begun;
But when it's ended we must face our fate.
We've reached the place where words are almost done

And cannot stay the losing of the sun
Or coming weather. Still we celebrate
The dead of night, although at ten to one
It's nearly closedown; words are almost done.

The Lake District

It's raining but your holiday's not wrecked.
It's just a bit of rain, for goodness' sake.
It's the Lake District; what did you expect?

The steep-up hillsides all with bracken decked
Loom in a mist that's glowingly opaque.
It's raining; but your holiday's not wrecked

Since, after all, you came for this effect--
The lush wet landscape and the the streams that make
It the Lake District; what did you expect?

Go find some friendly cafe to protect
You from the weather and serve tea and cake;
It's raining but your holiday's not wrecked.

It took a thousand centuries to perfect
This perfect balance between hill and lake.
It's the Lake District; what did you expect?

From time to time I think I just detect
Gaps in the clouds through which the sun may break.
It's raining but your holiday's not wrecked.
It's the Lake District; what did you expect?

MOTHER

I think, though memory may be erratic,
I sat on the bed and was not to be consoled,
Sobbing in my bedroom in the attic
With the desolation of an eight-year-old
Intent on misery, melodramatic.
My mother saw I couldn't be cajoled
Out of the mood, and was content to hold
Me; nothing more emphatic.

What I was crying for I can't recall
Or whether, after sobbing so, I slept,
But grafted in my being I have kept
For all these years that pressure in the small

Of the back, straightforward, usual,
Consoling, safe, delicious, as I wept.
R.K.R.Thornton

Bro. John Millard -



1935

1949

1969

George Nevin Drinkwater (1904-1970)

George Nevin Drinkwater was the curator of the Shipley Art Gallery in Gateshead for 22 years until 1969. At the same time, he was the priest in charge of the Liberal Catholic Church in Newcastle; and a vegetarian and a Theosophist.

George Nevin Drinkwater, or, as he was usually called, Nevin Drinkwater, was born in 1904 in Lambeth in London. His early life is a mystery, but by the late 1920s he had a job as assistant curator in Sunderland Library, Museum and Art Gallery, and in 1930 he married Isabel McDonald in Sunderland.

Nevin and Isabel Drinkwater sent a joint letter to the local paper in 1933
Sir [it said], - Your editorial of Tuesday night on the Slaughter of Animals refers to the "necessary taking of animal life." We would like to point out that there are millions of people in the world to-day, and thousands in this country alone, who do not eat meat of any kind.

Alongside his work in the Library, Nevin Drinkwater gave public lectures on subjects like "This Chaotic World" or "Man, Whence and Whither".

He also wrote articles and books. His Corroborations of occult archaeology was published by the Theosophical Publishing House, London.

The Drinkwaters found a home for their thinking in the Liberal Catholic Church. They set up a branch of the Liberal Catholic Church in Newcastle, with Drinkwater as its leader.

In a small room equipped with an altar and perhaps a dozen chairs, the little band of worshippers hold their services...

[Isabel Drinkwater] also takes a part by playing the organ.

Drinkwater said - "Our Church permits its members freedom of interpretation of the Scriptures, the Creeds, and the Liturgy, and encourages free philosophical and scientific thought."

Early in March 1947, Nevin Drinkwater moved to Gateshead, to take up the post of curator at the Shipley Art Gallery.

In Gateshead he carried on with his writing, with titles like Where Theosophy and science meet, and Food in the early Church: a study of Christian vegetarianism in the light of modern biblical research.

He also produced a Catalogue of the Paintings and Drawings in the Shipley Art Gallery in 1951. It earned him an appreciative write-up from art historian Christopher Wright in a book about Dutch and Flemish 16th and 17th century paintings from the Shipley collection.

[Drinkwater's] efforts to catalogue the collection can be seen in the voluminous correspondence he addressed to scholars all over Europe. He never tired of sending photographs of Shipley pictures to different specialists seeking their opinions. The result of Mr. Drinkwater's enquiries was the 1951 Catalogue, which for its time was a model of caution.

In 1969 Drinkwater revealed his plans to retire to Bradford-on-Avon in Wiltshire – 'because [he said] the climate is much warmer down there'.

"We discovered a cottage there last year and my wife and I decided to buy it for my retirement. It is also handy for art galleries and museums in Bath and Bristol.'

"I have always wanted write books, and although I have the material, I have never had the time to get down to it."

Drinkwater had been curator at Gateshead for 22 years. He said that, although Gateshead was a town with a population of 100,000, he had felt isolated there. This was hardly surprising because he and Isabel lived in the Victorian mansion, Saltwell Towers, in Gateshead's Saltwell Park – and so, at night they lived behind locked park gates.

“We will miss the dawn songs of the thrushes,” he said, and for some time, Drinkwater had a pet hedgehog.

Drinkwater retired and moved south in 1969, but his ambitions to write more books about Christianity and Theosophism were not fulfilled, for, in a final twist to a remarkable tale, he died in 1970, less than a year after he retired.

John Millard -Pen & Palette Wednesday 3 June 2015

The Geordie

I would not dream of making claim to family origins in the North East, but, in the 58 years I have lived in this cradle of the Geordie and the Pitmatic, there has been ample opportunity for quiet and thoughtful research into these local usages.

What I have found is, that our North Eastern dialects are basically simple corruptions of the English and follow distinct lexical disciplines and morphemes.

A few basic examples may be readily familiar to you, but any more would be tedious and quite boring!

Here we go! The essentials seem to me to be that:

- Words ending in “alty” are often blessed with an between the “l” and the “y”. For example, “admiralty” becomes “admirality,” a usage familiar to those of you with knowledge of the shipyards.
- There also seems to be a distinct aversion to “e’s’ becoming over-familiar with “r’s” and the “e” is very often replaced by an “o,” as with “Hor dress”
- Similarly, one solitary “a” before an “l” is rarely deemed adequate, and “all” would become “aal”
- Finally, “y’s ” are sprinkled around with gay abandon! I am sorry, I should perhaps have said “cheerful abandon” As an example, “their” becomes “thyor” and “train” becomes “tryan.”

Not long ago, I was pressed by the Tuppeny End to admit to only remembering one schoolboy example of a poem written by myself, and that, about a rugby match. However, I have since recalled another of my few

home-grown poems. It is written and performed in the vernacular, and will, I hope illustrate some Geordie corruptions of the Mother Tongue.

I could, of course, have resorted to local peasant custom and performed this recitation in country apparel, perhaps corduroy with a ferret down the trouser leg. However I considered it could have become quite unseemly on this, a Lady's Night.

The Title is, "Me Muther's Cookin" by (It says) IBone-yard Stripplin'

John Crook

Me Muther's Cookin'

Little Geordie's feelin awfu glum
Since eatin' Muther's stotty.
He'd turrible pyans weein his tum
And couldn't get aff the potty

Hor cookin's nivva cordon blu
Tho' tryaned at Waallsend's Carricks.
Noo, what oor Geordie's gannen thru'
Myeks him confained t' barracks.

The ambulans wis quickly caaled,
He wis aff t' casualty.
The thowt ev treatmint really paaled
And for him, nay conviviality.

The Norse an Doctor checked his pulse
And thyor was much deliberation.
They decided there wis nuthin' else
But colonic irrigation

Ye'd hev thowt his progress wud be good
And he'd be free ov pyan,
But muther's still in't cherge uv fud.
She's cheffin doon Rake Lane.

Noo, ehta aal the porge end strife
D'ye kna wit thya hev foond?
Why, wor Geordie's glassy penker
Aal clarty, red and roond

"Nuuw, hoo wes that?" ah hear ye cry
" Ah feind it rether dotty"
He'ad left it on the bench t' dry
And she'd mixed it in tha stotty!

Impossible to guess. A Pen & Palette Supper

A Pen and Palette supper is a notable affair,
And you're sure to meet your friends among the upper classes there.
The price is down to fifteen pounds so some may bring a guest,
You can even bring your mistress,- but perhaps your wife is best!
Our home is at the Mansion House where ambiance is great
As well befits our status which is hard to overstate.
We let the Lord Mayor use the place a bit because we're kind,
And if it's not a supper night we really don't much mind.
We gather in the entrance hall to chat to all our friends
Where David K. rakes in the cash the Pen and Palette spends.
It's nice before the meal to give your pals a friendly greeting
Although the place is like the tomb when staff forget the heating,
On t o p of which there some of us who manage to conspire
To further block the heating with our backsides to the fire!
To warm you up most people need some alcohol to drink
But prices at the bar make many members spirits sink.
A table plan's provided for us all to find our place
Which you've probably forgotten by the time we say the grace.
There's an instrument of torture which we call the "Tupenny End"
Presided over by a man you used to call a friend.
And then the time that many members seem to dread the most
When called upon to show their wit responding to a toast.
Of course you think of clever things you might say in reply,
But that's ten minutes later and the time has passed you by!
We end the meal with loyal toast sung by a vocal member.
The chorus is just fa-la-la, which even I remember.
The next part is the open toast,- five minutes more or less, Which 'till the
speaker's finished is Last on the list the main event as all can now conjecture
Is music, pictures or perhaps an illustrated lecture.
A vote of thanks completes the night, then all to home repair,
But do come back next Supper Night and drivers please take care.

John Charlewood

Well? By Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy - Woodbine Willy

Our Padre were a solemn bloke,
We called 'im dismal Jim.
It fairly gave ye t' bloomin' creeps,
To sit and 'ark at 'im,
When he were on wi' Judgment Day,
Abaht that great white Throne,
And 'ow each chap would 'ave to stand,
And answer on 'is own.
And if 'e tried to charnce 'is arm,
And 'ide a single sin,
There'd be the angel Gabriel,
Wi' books to do 'im in.
'E 'ad it all writ dahn, 'e said,
And nothin' could be 'id,
'E 'ad it all i' black and white,
And 'E would take no kid.
And every single idle word,
A soldier charnced to say,
'E'd 'ave it all thrown back at 'im,
I' court on Judgment Day.
Well I kep' mindin' Billy Briggs,
A pal o' mine what died.
'E went to 'elp our sergeant Smith,
But as 'e reached 'is side,
There came and bust atween 'is legs,
A big Boche 5.9 pill.
And I picked up 'is corpril's stripes,
That's all there was o' Bill.
I called to mind a stinkin' night
When we was carryin' tea.
We went round there by Limerick Lane,
And Bill was a'ead o' me.
'Twere rainin' 'eavens 'ard, ye know,
And t' boards were thick wi' muck,
And umpteen times we slithered dahn,
And got the dicksee stuck.
Well when we got there by the switch,
A loose board tipped right up,
And Bill, 'e turned a somersault,

And dahn 'e came, and whup!
I've 'eard men blind, I've 'eard 'em cuss
And I've 'eard 'em do it 'ard,
Well 'aven't I 'eard our R.S.M.,
Inspectin' special guard.
But t'other night I dreamed a dream,
And just twixt me and you,
I never dreamed like that afore,
I arf thinks it were true.
I dreamed as I were dead, ye see,
At least as I 'ad died,
For I were very much alive,
Out there on t'other side.
I couldn't see no judgment court,
Nor yet that great white throne,
I couldn't see no record books,
I seemed to stand alone.
I seemed to stand alone, beside
A solemn kind o' sea.
Its waves they got in my inside,
And touched my memory.
And day by day, and year by year,
My life came back to me.
I see'd just what I were, and what
I'd 'ad the charnce to be.
And all the good I might 'a' done,
An' 'adn't stopped to do.
I see'd I'd made an 'ash of it,
And Gawd! but it were true
A throng 'o faces came and went,
Afore me on that shore,
My wife, and Mother, kiddies, pals,
And the face of a London whore.
And some was sweet, and some was sad,
And some put me to shame,
For the dirty things I'd done to 'em,
When I 'adn't played the game.
Then in the silence someone stirred,
Like when a sick man groans,
And a kind o' shivering chill ran through
The marrer ov my bones.
And there before me someone stood,

Just lookin' dahn at me,
And still be'ind 'Im moaned and moaned
That everlasting sea.
I couldn't speak, I felt as though
'E 'ad me by the throat,
'Twere like a drownin' fellah feels,
Last moment 'e's afloat.
And 'E said nowt, 'E just stood still,
For I dunno 'ow long.
It seemed to me like years and years,
But time out there's all wrong.
What was 'E like? You're askin' now.
Can't word it anyway.
'E just were 'Im, that's all I knows.
There's things as words can't say.
It seemed to me as though 'Is face,
Were millions rolled in one.
It never changed yet always changed,
Like the sea beneath the sun.
'Twere all men's face yet no man's face,
And a face no man can see,
And it seemed to say in silent speech,
'Ye did 'em all to me.
'The dirty things ye did to them,
'The filth ye thought was fine,
'Ye did 'em all to me,' it said,
'For all their souls were mine.'
All eyes was in 'Is eyes, – all eyes,
My wife's and a million more.
And once I thought as those two eyes
Were the eyes of the London whore.
And they was sad, – My Gawd 'ow sad,
With tears that seemed to shine,
And quivering bright wi' the speech o' light,
They said, "Er soul was mine.'
And then at last 'E said one word,
'E just said one word 'Well?'
And I said in a funny voice,
'Please can I go to 'Ell?'
And 'E stood there and looked at me,
And 'E kind o' seemed to grow,
Till 'E shone like the sun above my ead,

And then 'E answered 'No
'You can't, that 'Ell is for the blind,
'And not for those that see.
'You know that you 'ave earned it, lad,
'So you must follow me.
'Follow me on by the paths o' pain,
'Seeking what you 'ave seen,
'Until at last you can build the 'Is,'
'Wi' the bricks o' the 'Might 'ave been."
That's what 'E said, as I'm alive,
And that there dream were true.
But what 'E meant, – I don't quite know,
Though I knows what I 'as to do.
I's got to follow what I's seen,
Till this old carcass dies.
For I daren't face the land o' grace,
The sorrow ov those eyes.
There ain't no throne, and there ain't no books,
It's 'Im you've got to see,
It's 'Im, just 'Im, that is the Judge
Of blokes like you and me.
And boys I'd sooner frizzle up,
I' the flames of a burning 'Ell,
Than stand and look into 'Is face,
And 'ear 'Is voice say – 'Well?'

Read by Alan Sidney-Wilmott

The evening was brought to a conclusion by the President who looked forward to seeing everyone again at the Presidents evening on the 9th September.

Patrick Cooper
Recorder in Ordinary

End Pieces

AN ITINERANT BROTHER'S "LIFE FIRSTS".

First saw a banana, demerara sugar, acid drops, and a mermaid (behind a false scuttle attached to the wardroom pressure hull) aboard my father's submarine. My mother, brother and I had just watched the return of HM Submarine, Solent, coming alongside on her return from the Far East in 1946. Am still waiting to see a real mermaid! Enjoyed the rest!

Hated cricket – forced to play wicket keeper at school even after the batsman had hit the ball behind the wicket into my face. Broken nose cosmetically repaired only. 1952.

First breakfast at sea, sight of weevils, escaping milk poured into cereal bowl, followed by first watch and, first time sea-sick! Same day. 1955

"Encouraged" to enter Seamen vs Engineer Boxing match. Neither opponent any experience and, only injuries to either were blisters on each foot resulting from bare feet on wooden deck. Never again! 1956

First and last time ever filled a tooth – fight between two drunken sailors – front tooth broken off. Tucked the nerve back below a pad of cotton wool, finished with a covering of epoxy resin. 1960

First dog, George – the stray had adopted me in favoured Algerian bar. Some months later, local spy, charged with enforcing "La loi contre l'ivresse," spoke to me for first time, asking details of dog's ownership and name. Replied as accurately as I could in French and he said simply, He is mine and name is Rex – you can keep him though!" I did, but changed his name to George Rex! 1963-4

First played bridge in Algeria as the only Brit in the French community – it was normal to have heated inquests after each hand – have never played since leaving that country. 1962-4

KLM flight, Manila to Karachi. After meal, air hostess was handing refreshing, cold, towelling rolls to passengers. Oriental gentleman in front of me tried to eat his, causing hysterical hostess to be

temporarily relieved from duty by a male colleague. Same trip, traffic jam, centre of Karachi, saw a “mini” trying to navigate under a camel!
1975

Sniped at for 19 days – culprit never identified (P&P Papers Spring 2000)

Discovered cause of “knock” under casing of nuclear submarine by leaning on the cause, a wasted zinc anode. 1974

First chaired Tuppenny End. Proposed toasts be in toast. Provided very crumbly toast. 1999

John Crook 2015

A NARROW ESCAPE by Alistair Sinton

What now seems a very long time ago in 1947 (or at times it seems like only yesterday) I was a very young and fit Physical Training Instructor (always PTI for short) sergeant in the RAF stationed at Acklington in Northumberland which was then a fighter pilot gunnery school flying mostly Mosquitos and Vampires. For me, then ,a double somersault over a vaulting horse or twenty press-ups were just routinely easy.

Now, of course, RAF Acklington is no more and the whole area is now the site of HM Acklington prison.

When I was there in 1947-48 it was my job to keep the young pilots and others fit by organising all manner off sport - football, rugby, running and gymnastics

In the Winter and cricket and hockey in the summer. During those summer months I took all ranks for swimming down to Druridge Bay. We travelled the couple of miles there in the back of a covered “Garry” All RAF vehicles of any size were called a Garry - just as cup of tea and a slice of cake in the N A A F I was always “cha’ and a wad. At that time only a small stretch of Druridge Bay had been cleared for swimming, the rest was still covered with rusting barbed-wire and unexploded ammunition so we kept well out of the way of all that.

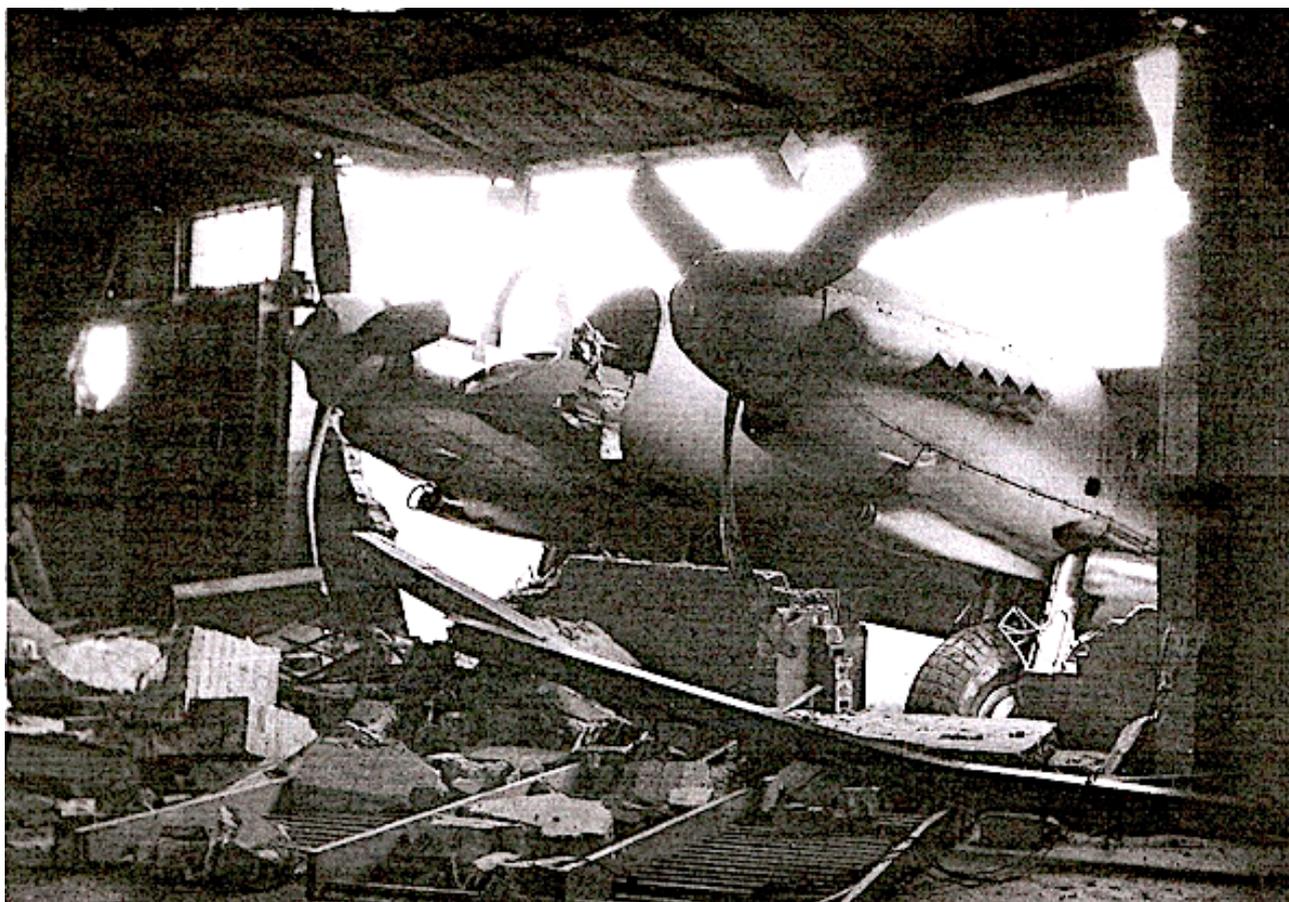
There were quite a number of pretty young girls in the WAAF stationed at Acklington and I organised and played mixed hockey. I think this was the most dangerous activity I engaged in in the whole of my life! The girls seemed not only to want to hit the ball, but to hit and maim all the men with their sticks, whether the men were on their side or not ! But it was all good fun and I can only say that, in the main, I enjoyed my two and a half years in uniform.

However, that time very nearly came to an abrupt end one day in the summer of 1947. There was a detached gymnasium building on the airfield which stood, strange 'though it may seem, close to the main runway. Why it had been built there remains a mystery, but so it was, and it was part of my duty to prepare it as required for whatever gymnastic activity was on the agenda.

Now, one morning I had just locked and left the building when a twin-engined Mosquito fighter crashed head-on into the building ! I was only some twenty yards away so you might say that I had a lucky escape !

The pilot was not seriously injured and I later understood that one of the plane's wheels had jammed and had caused it to career off the runway and, slap, bang straight into my gymnasium.

Sgt PTI Sinton had something of a narrow escape !



This is the picture taken of the Mosquito embedded in the gymnasium!



