

DESERT ISLAND TIMES

Sharing fellowship in
NEWPORT SE WALES U3A

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*Jean Kinchington has shared a very seasonal photograph of her garden
(and another appears on page 2)*

*A MISCELLANY OF
CONTRIBUTIONS
FROM OUR MEMBERS*

News Round-Up

News is reaching me from across our U3A regarding the COVID vaccination programme and it is heartening to hear that so many of our members in the 70+ age group have now received their first jabs. Gill and I had ours on Tuesday 2nd February at our GPs – and we are amongst the “youngsters” in the fourth group! The fact that the roll-out does seem to be progressing well, does at least give us some confidence that restrictions might ease in due course, though of course it is impossible to offer any specific information as yet.

As your Committee, we are facing a task which is probably something akin to Churchill’s war room – there are so many possible permutations! However, we are actively looking for ways in which we can broaden the scope of our activities over the coming months.

Zoom is becoming more popular and roughly a quarter of our groups are “meeting” by this means now. I really would like to see the number of groups using this system of communication increase – and there is plenty of scope for starting new groups if anyone feels so inclined. Of course, no group can function without participating members so please do give it a try. It really does help to see friends as well as hear them!

For details of the Zoom groups we are currently offering and those run by Cwmbran U3A that we have been invited to join, please refer to DIT 29, page 2. I have also outlined there some proposals for the summer season, weather permitting, but we really would like to hear any suggestions that you might have. Provided they fall within the bounds of possibility, we can incorporate them into our forward planning – and, who knows, we may find we have the basis for post-COVID groups. We might even encourage new members when they see what we are doing and realise that we certainly haven’t “gone to ground!”

Sadly I have to report the death of Shirley Evans, one of our more recent members, who died a few weeks ago after a progressive illness. A card has been sent to her son from the Committee and all members.



My Favourite Hobby by Gwyn Havard

In response to Stephen's request to write about our hobbies, here is my meagre contribution.

As a mathematician my hobbies probably differ from most other people. My choices for writing about need to come from this alphabetical shortlist:

Astronomy, Chess, Piano, Proofreading, Singing, Travelling.

So what do I choose? Let's eliminate some and see what's left.

I play the piano for amusement and to accompany my own singing, but not very well. I like playing pop music, songs from musicals, hymn music and also Strauss waltzes and Scott Joplin pieces like The Entertainer. My style is "honky-tonk" which is totally unsuitable for accompanying choirs. I play the melody with my right hand, sometimes with inverted chords, so that the melody is always the highest note in the chord, and always use the full guitar chord notes with my left hand, usually three notes, which is cheating as I don't need to read the composer's actual bass notes. Let's eliminate piano and singing!

Travelling for me was both for holidays with my family and friends, and as a necessity for business. I have travelled extensively worldwide, to over 60 countries, including most of the states in the USA. I recognize all the photos in DIT 28 & 29 from Utah and agree that the scenery represents some of the most spectacular in the world. I remember visiting Four Corners Monument - the only place in the United States where four states intersect - Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado. I also love Hawaii (visited twice), Washington State (where my daughter Karina lives in Seattle with her family) and Florida. My favourite countries to visit include Japan, Australia, Switzerland and Italy (where I lived for 2 years). Other DIT contributors are covering many travel destinations in detail, so I'll eliminate that.

Astronomy has been a lifelong hobby, particularly studying other galaxies and the different ideas about how the universe was probably created. I am mesmerised by the different types of stars, especially those that will end their lives as supernovae or by imploding into big bang events. Compared to those types of stars our Sun is quite normal! I went regularly to talks by Patrick Moore, now sadly no longer with us. I played chess with Patrick and heard him play his xylophone. My Schmidt-Cassegrain telescope has now been sold but I remember well, weather permitting, how I searched the skies for interesting objects or studied the planets and the moon's barren landscape. It was so powerful that my party trick when we had guests, was to read a recipe placed a mile away in the woods behind our house in St Albans! No more on astronomy as it is well covered by thousands of books, many including amazing photographs, for those who are interested.

Proofreading was originally both a hobby and actual part-time paid work, alongside my main employment as an IT Director for large retailers such as Argos. But at 75, I am now retired, and proofreading has become just a hobby. I help Stephen by proofreading DIT every couple of weeks. I also proofread magazine articles especially those written by the younger generation who, in my opinion, no longer receive an education which stresses the importance of grammar and spelling. Soon we shall be back to the middle ages when Lliswerry could be spelt ten different ways (see DIT 29). I'm not myself a creative writer (this article is a rare exception) as I much prefer correcting the spelling, punctuation and grammar of other writer's works. I love finding factual errors like the one about Pele being from Argentina in an early DIT – changed to Brazil of course! Google helps me confirm or disprove factual claims which look suspicious at first sight.

So I'm choosing chess as my favourite hobby. I love everything about chess, no wonder it has lasted nearly 1,500 years and is still going strong after its invention in India in the 6th century. I love the pieces

and how each piece moves differently. I love the strategical possibilities and options and their likely psychological effects on opponents. I love the tactics which suit my mathematical and logical ability, needing in-depth calculations of every conceivable move that my opponent could reply with, over the next 10 moves or more. I enjoy walking around when it is not my move, looking at the games my team members are playing, or walking behind my opponent to see my game from the opposite perspective, and possibly unnerve him or her in the process!

I learned chess at the age of 6 from my father Morgan, my older brother David, and my uncle Wally (christened Walter but he never used that name). My father played a lot of chess while imprisoned in Burgos, Spain when captured by Franco's troops in the Spanish Civil War. He was a member of the International Brigade. My brother and I played in our shared bedroom in Acton, West London. The best player of these three was my uncle. I visited him quite often from aged 6 to 15 as he lived close by in Perivale. I gradually gained in confidence and ability until I reached the point at age 9 where none of these three could beat me. My father and brother just gave up playing me, but my uncle continued because he enjoyed my visits. I also started reading a lot of chess books, especially the "Russian School of Chess" which my father bought for me as a birthday present. Russians still dominate the chess world, probably because it is one of the only countries teaching chess in schools as a standard subject.

At my grammar school in Willesden, north-west London, there was a chess club run by the woodwork teacher Mr Crampton, so from age 11 (1956) I had the benefit of some teaching and being able to play against other students and teachers. Our school initially was not renowned for its chess skills within the London School's Chess League, but things were soon to change. Firstly, I joined Willesden Chess Club which held chess sessions for adults (and children) every Monday evening at 7pm. There I met an amazing Welshman called Gareth Thomas who could beat me at chess easily. He was the self-appointed teacher for the children who attended. He was the best teacher I had come across and showed us how to think differently during the three phases of the game. Opening theory was mostly learned from books. Middle-game theory depended mostly on tactics, careful calculations and intermezzos (meeting a threat with an even greater threat, rather than retreating). End game theory was totally different, usually involving techniques (rather than specific moves) and learning how to think up to 20 moves ahead!

At age 12 I became the school chess captain and introduced several other keen chess-playing children to the Willesden Adults Chess Club on Monday evenings where they all got the benefit of Gareth's superb teaching. We soon had a strong chess team of 6 players, travelling around London for away matches and beating most of the schools we encountered. Our team climbed the leagues and eventually met really strong teams like Haberdashers Aske's in North London, St Paul's School in Central London and Whitgift School in South London. My school never actually won the London Chess League but we came close several years running, being second one year and in the top five many times, which, considering the number of schools in London, was an achievement to be proud of.

At my University in Edgbaston Birmingham where I read mathematics, I was also elected chess captain, but was not the best player. There was an outstanding player there called David Hustler (an amazingly appropriate surname we thought) who later went on to become a chess master, a level I nearly but never quite reached. I played in every match, home and away, for my university from 1963 – 1966, win, lose or draw. Jean, who I met at university in my year also reading maths, and was later to become my wife for 44 years, also played chess. When playing University College London, Jean won a pawn early on, offered a quick draw which was accepted, and off shopping to Oxford Street she went – typical woman!

My grade is about 1900 now - masters are mostly over 2100, unless you are female when it could be 1850 and over. The world chess champion since 2013 is Magnus Carlsen, a Norwegian Grandmaster graded at 2862. The best chess playing computer programs are now graded at over 3000 and improving as computers get faster and developers endlessly improve the chess logic. I regret ever saying back in the

1960s that computers could never beat me - how wrong I was! When you have learnt all the chess rules and moves, you can grade yourself at 50 and start working your way up the ladder!

This link shows you all the Welsh chess players graded higher than 845. You can see me at 1906, quite a way down the list now, as I get older and losing my brain cells fast at 75! There is currently only one Welsh Grandmaster (GM), Nigel Davies, at the top of the list with a grade of 2488.

<https://www.welshchessunion.uk/Grading/playerSummaryView.php>

Since leaving university I have played for many teams in the London area, Willesden, St Albans and Mushrooms. Mushrooms is so called because it includes many players who work in Central London and want to play after work for a team not affiliated to any particular district within London where they reside. In Wales I have played for both Malpas and Barry, but no matches have been played for a year now, due to Coronavirus, in any league throughout the UK, apart from online chess. Sitting across the board and breathing towards your opponent is obviously deemed unacceptable, just like my singing in the U3A choir is on hold. The trouble with online chess is that some people cheat by having the computer suggest the best moves, which makes the whole thing ridiculous.

When living in St Albans I regularly played chess for Hertfordshire against the other Home Counties. I have also written articles about how to improve your chess playing. My best effort is probably "Gwyn's 50 Golden Rules of Chess" which tries to help average ability players learn how to improve their games using my rules. If we ever get a U3A Newport Chess Club off the ground, I plan to use these rules to try to improve the chess playing of other members. But in the end, it is only a game and many people love to play chess for the fun of it, without worrying about climbing ladders. Let me know if any of you need help with your chess or simply want to play.



The Sounds of Disability (part 1) by Neil Pritchard

I'm going to give you an idea of how composers and musicians have fought to overcome their disabilities and in doing so enriched the musical world. I'm also going to reveal how new ways are being developed to engage disabled musicians in the music making process. Becoming a serious musician comes with its fair share of hardship and challenges. But what some musicians have had to overcome, just for the opportunity to produce quality music, is both staggering and inspiring. Not only have these artists had to tackle the everyday challenges of the average musician, they've done it facing discrimination and difficulties beyond imagination, and some have gone on to produce some of the most outstanding achievements in music history. Let's start with a wonderful recent initiative to bring disabled musicians into the mainstream orchestral world. I introduce you to the Paraorchestra. They are a large-scale integrated virtuoso ensemble of professional disabled and non-disabled musicians formed in 2011. They were the first orchestra in the world to bring musicians together in this way. Their mission is to re-invent the orchestra for the 21st century and in doing so, redefine what an orchestra can be.

Their conductor Charles Hazlewood regularly conducts many of the world's greatest orchestras and collaborates with a huge range of fellow artists from Nigel Kennedy to the pop star Goldie. His fresh performances of music break new ground and excite audiences wherever he performs, but his goal is always the same: exposing the deep joy of orchestral music. On this occasion I'm going to leave it to Charles Hazlewood to explain their mission, followed by a video of one of their performances. The four musicians on the video are: Clarence Adoo who used to play trumpet with the jazz musician Courtney Pine, suffered a devastating car accident in 1995, and is now paralysed from the shoulders down. He plays music on a laptop, using a specially designed blow tube as a "computer mouse". Lyn Levett who has severe cerebral palsy and can only communicate by pressing an iPad with her nose, makes the "most dizzyingly brilliant electronic music", says Hazlewood. Also you'll notice on the video two blind musicians. Firstly James Risdon on recorder, he took up the recorder aged seven and remains captivated by it. He describes it as "this most simple yet versatile of instruments". Secondly Baluji Shrivastav, an Indian/British musician and instrumentalist who plays a variety of traditional Indian instruments.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FsGu5YTM1NI>

Looking back over the centuries the first disabled composer I came across was the composer of the Trumpet Voluntary, John Stanley. He was born in London on 17 January 1712. When he was two, he fell on a marble hearth with a china basin in his hand, an accident which left him almost blind. He began studying music at the age of seven and under the guidance of Maurice Greene, composer and organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, he studied as Greene said: "with great diligence, and a success that was astonishing". Incredible as it may seem, at the age of nine he played the organ, probably as an occasional deputy, at All Hallows Church in London. I would have thought he would have had great problems reaching the pedal on the organ at that age. [Note: *None of the London All Hallows churches had an organ with pedals in the 18th century. They were extremely rare until after 1851 - Ed.*] When he was eleven years old Stanley was appointed organist to the church. Three years later, in preference to a great number of candidates, he was chosen as organist at St Andrew's, Holborn, and at the age of seventeen became the youngest person ever to obtain the Bachelor of Music Degree at Oxford University. In 1734 he was appointed organist to the Society of the Inner Temple, a position which he held until his death in 1786. It was at the ancient Temple Church that his brilliant playing on the organ and harpsichord attracted the attention of many fine musicians including Handel, who regularly visited the church to hear him. Stanley was, by the way, also an outstanding violinist.

In 1738 he married Sarah Arlond who brought him a dowry of £7,000 per annum (1.4 million pounds in today's money). Sarah's sister Ann, who at this time lived with them, became the blind composer's copyist. Though virtually blind, Stanley had a remarkable memory, which helped him direct many of Handel's

oratorios and to enjoy music-making and card games with his many friends. If he had to accompany a new oratorio he would ask his sister-in-law to play it through just once, that was enough for him to remember it. He frequently played the organ at the Vauxhall Gardens and was first choice to play at charity events and at the launch of any newly built church organs. Stanley even found time to teach, and his oratorio Jephthah was first performed in 1757 *[not to be confused with an oratorio called Jephtha by Handel - Ed]*. After Handel's death, in 1760, Stanley began a partnership with the composer John Christopher Smith and later with Thomas Linley, in order to continue with the series of oratorio performances at Covent Garden.

Handel had been a Governor of the Foundling Hospital in London and the hospital's chapel organ was a gift from him. Continuing in Handel's footsteps, Stanley was elected a governor of the hospital in 1770, and from 1775 until 1777 he directed the annual performance of Handel's Messiah in aid of hospital funds. In 1779 Stanley succeeded William Boyce as Master of the King's Band of Musicians. In this capacity he composed many New Year and Birthday odes to King George III, but this music has not survived. Stanley's last work was an ode written for King George's birthday (4th June 1786). Stanley never heard it performed as he died at his home in Hatton Gardens on the 19th May 1786 aged 74. Stanley's works include the opera Teraminta, the dramatic cantata The Choice of Hercules, twelve other cantatas, oratorios and instrumental music and three volumes of voluntaries for organ (1748, 1752 and 1754). Here's an example of his famous Trumpet Voluntary for trumpet and organ:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NTuhcNK2SN8>

A composer whose disability presented a major problem for him was Beethoven. OK, we all know who Beethoven was, and that he went deaf in the prime of his career, but have you ever seriously considered just how devastating and horrific it would be to slowly lose your hearing as a musician, especially as you're entering the most creative years of your life? Historians aren't quite sure why this massively important composer lost his hearing, but everything from his unusual habit of dunking his head in cold water to stave off fatigue, to typhus, have been named as possible reasons. What we do know for sure is that nearly two centuries after his death Beethoven's legacy is as revered as ever, and his musical output, considering his deafness, was remarkable. He helped usher in the Romantic era in Western music and is largely seen as one of the first independent musical artists, because he wasn't employed by any palace or court (though he did rely on patrons' financial support). Beethoven had significant tinnitus, reduced word recognition and, by his own writings, reduced sensitivity to high frequency sounds. He suffered from buzzing noises and other sounds that started at around 1796 when he was 26. The deafness began in 1798 and Beethoven had lost about half of his hearing by 1801 at the age of 31.

At 46 in 1816 he was completely deaf. The accepted view is that he was able to hear most of his life (he died at the age of 57) and, therefore, could recognise musical tones simply by the written musical notes. In fact, it's thought that one reason for his brilliant compositions was that he didn't hear, and this enabled him to construct his music without the distraction of hearing other composer's works. It has been said that to cope with his growing deafness Beethoven began writing symphonies. At breakneck speed, he worked on several projects at once. "I live entirely in my music," he said. "At my current rate, I'm often composing three or four more works at the same time." In his later years, when the deafness affected his ability to compose properly, Beethoven sawed the legs off his piano, and used the floor as a sounding board. Lying with his ear to the wooden floor, and hitting the piano notes at various volumes to gauge if the volume fitted with the music he could hear in his head. That sounds very extreme but obviously it worked. It is mind-boggling to realise that, given these immense problems, he produced some of the greatest music ever composed, and in huge quantities. Here's a movement from his 7th Symphony in a wonderful performance. This is a work he composed at the outset of his complete deafness in 1817:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o-MixxJBJ7E>

Over the years there have been many blind musicians who have contributed to the world of classical as well as popular music. But one musician went one stage further - he invented braille reading and writing,

using the same tool that had cost him his sight. His name was Louis Braille. He was born in 1809 to a family of leather manufacturers in the small French town of Coupvray. At the age of three Braille — trying to mimic his father — picked up an awl to bore holes in a scrap of leather. Squinting closely, he pressed the awl down hard and it glanced off the leather, piercing his eye. No treatment could be found, and he suffered terribly as his eye became infected. The infection spread to his other eye. By age five, he was completely blind. “Why is it always dark?” he kept asking his parents, not realising that he would never see again. His father carved canes for him and taught him how to navigate independently. The teachers and priests of Coupvray were impressed with how bright Braille was and admired his perseverance. They recommended that the 13-year-old Braille go to the Royal Institute for Blind Youth, one of the first schools for the blind in the world, where the pupils learned to read using raised letters.

However, it was a laborious process to produce the books, and when the school first opened it had only three books, and the children were also unable to write using such a system. Braille’s father made him an alphabet of thick leather, so that he could write home by tracing the letters. At the age of 12, Braille had learned of a communication system of dots and dashes impressed into paper, devised by Captain Charles Barbier for soldiers to send information by night without speaking or using light. It had been rejected by the military for being too complicated. For three long years, Braille worked night and day, developing a similar simpler system for the blind, using an awl - the very tool that had blinded him. He said, “Access to communication in the widest sense, is access to knowledge, and that is vitally important for us if we [the blind] are not to go on being despised or patronised by condescending sighted people. We do not need their pity, nor do we need to be reminded we are vulnerable. We must be treated as equals, and communication is the way this can be brought about.” Bravo to him!

Finally, after some revisions, Braille created an alphabet for the blind when he was 15. He published it five years later, expanding it to include geometric symbols and musical notation. Braille was deeply passionate about music, being a talented cellist and organist. He was the church organist at the Church of Saint-Nicolas-des-Champs in Paris from 1834 to 1839, and later at the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul. Braille was invited to play the organ at churches all over France. When he completed his studies he was invited to remain as a teacher’s aide, later he was appointed a professor at the local Institute at the early age of 24. Braille taught history, geometry and algebra for most of his life but his writing system was not accepted at the institute. He died from tuberculosis at the young age of 43. Two years after his death, his system was finally adopted by the Institute at the insistence of students. It spread throughout the French-speaking world. The first pan-European conference for teachers of the blind was held in 1873, and the blind British physician Dr Thomas Rhodes Armitage advocated for braille at this conference; as a result it began to grow in popularity worldwide. Now, almost two centuries since Louis Braille began to join the dots, braille remains an important tool of communication. It is found on our elevator buttons and public signs. Braille has even made its way into computer technology, with RoboBraille email. I've chosen a piece by Mendelssohn, that Braille played on numerous occasions (along with the famous wedding march), at church weddings:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V-spNrIHQoA>

Robert Schumann, German composer and music critic of the Romantic Era, battled with bouts of depression throughout his life. Tragically, after attempting suicide, he was committed to a mental institution, where he lived out the last year and a half of his life. It is difficult to measure the affects of his depression on his life and music. Evidence strongly suggests depression and other ailments affected Robert Schumann’s music. Studies of Schumann’s life suggest he suffered from bi-polar disorder with episodes of major depression. He conceived many of his compositions within a short period of time and following the bursts of inspiration he would suffer from depression. Months later he would pick up the draft version of the work and edit the piece. This pattern continued throughout Schumann’s life and in October 1833, Schumann suffered from an episode of major depression. Several events preceded his depression: he started work on a Symphony and that summer he contracted malaria, his brother Julius died of tuberculosis, and then in October his sister-in-law fell victim to malaria.

Schumann also drank heavily during his law school days and throughout his twenties. An injury to his hand also complicated the issue by preventing him from pursuing a career as a piano virtuoso. The Schumann family history is marked with evidence of depression and serious physical ailments. His parents, August and Johanna suffered from depression and August died following a nervous breakdown when Schumann was fifteen in 1825. Emilie, an older sister, committed suicide and a cousin of Robert's paternal grandfather also ended his own life. It's very sad to have all those dreadful situations impacting on your life. All Schumann's seven sons suffered from serious health problems ranging from mental illness to tuberculosis. Schumann portrayed experiences and emotions from his own life in his music. However his music is in no way depressing, despite many obstacles he composed beautiful pieces in almost every musical form during his lifetime. His wife Clara Wieck, the daughter of his piano teacher and an established piano virtuoso, became Robert's support through the years preceding his hospitalisation. It is impossible to define what manic depression, illness, events, and other possible diagnoses affected his music. He possessed an ability to portray his emotions through music, and in music he found the release from his repeated periods of depression, which enabled his natural talent to blossom. His four symphonies are examples of outstanding works that broke new ground, going on to influence many other composers. Here's a fine example from the final movement of his last symphony, the 4th:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DMmGt68BhD4>

That excellent performance was by the senior orchestra of the Community School of Music and Arts in California. They're an arts and music education centre where people of all ages and abilities can discover, develop and nurture their creativity. Their mission is to inspire excellence through art and music education for people both disabled and able-bodied. They are part of a widespread network throughout the United States. One form of disability that has affected musicians is the loss of a limb. A number of concert pianists have managed to continue their careers having lost an arm, or the use of an arm, for example due to a stroke or in wartime. A notable example is Paul Wittgenstein. Older brother to the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, he was born in Vienna in 1887 and grew up in a very wealthy household, surrounded by the cultural elite of the day, with regular visits by the likes of Mahler, Brahms and Richard Strauss among others. He regularly played piano duets with Strauss. Wittgenstein made his concert debut in Vienna in 1913 at the age of 26. Not long after, however, he was conscripted to fight for Germany in the First World War and was shot in the arm and captured by the Russians. As a result of his injury, he had to have his right arm amputated. During his recovery in a prisoner-of-war camp in Omsk, Siberia, he resolved to continue his career using only his left hand. He wrote to his old teacher Josef Labor, who was blind, asking for a concerto for the left hand. Labor responded quickly, saying he had already started work on a piece and this resulted in the first concerto for one hand only. After the war Wittgenstein studied intensely, arranging pieces for the left hand alone, and learning the new composition written for him by Labor. Once again he began to give concerts and many reviews were qualified with condescending comments saying that he played very well for a man with one arm. He wasn't put off and persevered with great determination.

The two most famous works he commissioned are those by Maurice Ravel and Sergei Prokofiev. Written in 1929 Ravel's concerto for the left hand was premiered in January 1932 with Wittgenstein at the piano and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by the German conductor Robert Heger. By all accounts Wittgenstein and Ravel fell out after the premiere, due to the lack of respect Wittgenstein showed to the score, making numerous alterations throughout. Ravel was never to forgive Wittgenstein for this. Prokofiev's piano concerto for the left hand, his fourth piano concerto, was completed in 1931, although, despite commissioning it, Wittgenstein never actually performed it in public (he claimed that he was waiting until he could understand it), and it was never performed during Prokofiev's lifetime. The premiere eventually took place in 1956, performed by the German pianist Siegfried Rapp, who lost his right arm in the Second World War. When you listen to the Ravel Concerto for left hand you might be forgiven for thinking the work is played by two hands, so clever is the way the composer employs the sound-world and extraordinary technical possibilities of the left hand only. This is the complete work:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KJTUUKAdZDU>

Wordsearch – submitted by Barbara Phillips

As always, words can run forwards, backwards, diagonally or vertically, but always in a straight line.

Can you find the **13 RACECOURSES** in the grid below?

W	I	N	C	A	N	T	O	N
R	G	W	A	R	W	I	C	K
P	E	E	B	D	I	L	G	N
R	E	T	S	A	C	N	O	D
A	R	H	S	S	O	T	P	A
C	T	E	C	E	E	D	Y	O
D	N	R	A	O	C	R	G	I
E	I	B	K	S	R	I	H	T
R	A	Y	N	S	L	K	E	E
C	H	E	P	S	T	O	W	L
E	L	S	I	L	R	A	C	O

Can you find the **14 BREAKFAST ITEMS** in the grid below?

D	P	A	N	C	A	K	E	H
M	B	C	Y	W	S	S	P	H
A	D	R	T	I	U	R	F	O
E	L	O	L	I	U	E	K	N
E	E	I	A	N	L	T	I	E
F	G	S	E	F	S	T	P	Y
F	A	S	F	H	U	E	P	R
O	B	A	C	O	N	L	E	I
C	W	N	E	A	L	E	R	N
M	S	T	O	T	T	M	G	D
E	G	D	I	R	R	O	P	G

Answers are on page 13

Sudoku

Each row and each column must contain numbers 1 to 9 once only; each large square of nine smaller squares likewise. Do not guess numbers! Work out each by elimination.

The four puzzles get progressively more difficult.

No 1 is "Easy", No 2 is "Medium", No 3 is "Hard" and No 4 is "Evil". Good luck!

1. Easy

9	6	3	8					1
			3				6	4
1	5			9		7	8	
			4			6	7	5
		1				4		
5	4	7			9			
	8	6		5			3	7
3	7				6			
4					3	2	5	6

2. Medium

	7	4		8				
	9		7					
2				3		7		
4			2					7
3	1	7				8	6	2
5					6			4
		8		4				9
					2		8	
				5		4	2	

3. Hard

8	9			4			6	3
6	1				3			
	7				9	5		
						4		1
				8				
9		8						
		4	9				2	
			2				5	8
3	2			1			4	6

4. Evil

		9			2		8	
5								
			3		9	1	2	
9						8	5	
		8		4		3		
	1	7						6
	4	5	7		3			
								8
	3		2			9		

Don't forget the Hobbies and Interests challenge – just a paragraph will do if you don't feel like writing a full-length article. I'm sure many of you have interesting and unusual pastimes – please tell us about them! Gwyn's article on his Chess interest is an excellent start to this series and could well result in a new group, so please share your interests with us all.

The Loch by Ian Lumley

Willie MacIntosh had lived beside the Loch all of his life. All the highs and lows of his life had been enacted around the shores of this Loch and he expected to die there too. He had met Jeannie on its shores all those years ago and had married her two years later in the Parish Church a few miles away in Fort Augustus. He had also buried her there after she had died giving birth to what would have been his son – if the baby had lived. He had remembered those events every day since - like they were yesterday – just as he remembered saying to her, as they covered her coffin with soil, that he would join her again when his time came.

As he walked the short distance down to the water's edge from his cottage set above the campsite in Foyers, he could see a mist growing across the Loch. He had seen the waters of the Loch in all their moods over the years. That first day when he had seen Jeannie, she had been standing on the big rock at the water's edge. He had laughed at the expression on her face as she lifted her skirt above her knees to stop them getting wet, at the same time as he had admired her legs. The opacity of the water on that first day had changed from milk at Jeannie's feet, to an inky blackness before it reached the other side, no more than half a mile away. The peat-heavy soil on either side of the Loch ensured that only the first few inches of its depth could ever be described as clear, far less brilliant. He had always been amazed by the fact that, while this was almost the narrowest point of the Loch in its 23 miles length, its depth at 750 feet meant that the water in it was more than the combined volumes of every lake in England and Wales.

What lay further beneath was, and would forever remain, a mystery. Fish could be found in the Loch, but most of the species there were anadromous, so the tales of an underwater route from the Loch out to the North Sea were plentiful, if unproven. It all helped to expand the thrill that was felt by tourists and others as they tried to look into the depths of the water when they visited the area.

Ancient tales about 'Nessie' further enhanced that mystery, even though the famous photographs, over a century old now, had long ago been discovered as fakes. That had been in the days when everyone said 'the camera doesn't lie'. Nowadays, he mused, as he untied his little boat, the camera nearly always lied. Whether it was on the front pages of newspapers, or a posting in the new-fangled technologies like Facebook that his nephews and nieces were always talking about, pictures could no longer be relied upon to tell the truth.

By the time he had pushed off and sat down in the boat, the murkiness was all around, just as it had been on that first meeting with Jeannie. Within a few yards, the edge he had just left was no longer visible and he couldn't see anything, either above or below the water line. The coldness enveloped him and, although it was well into what passed for a summer in this part of the world, he shivered, and pulled his scarf more tightly around his neck.

He had been intending to use his small outboard motor, but somehow this morning it didn't feel right – to break up the stillness and quiet which was now completely enclosing his world - with something as unnatural and alien as an engine. He took out the oars instead and started to make his way slowly out across the water. He hadn't gone far, when he heard it. Coming out of the mist somewhere before him was a hiss, a soft susurrant so quiet that he could barely hear it, in spite of the otherwise silence over the water. Yes, there it was again, a hiss with just an overtone of what sounded like an intake of breath, the kind you hear when someone is trying to be quiet, but gasping when the air is so cold it makes them catch their breath at the temperature difference between inhale and exhale.

He could see nothing in the enveloping mist, but those sounds took his mind immediately back to those long-ago moments when Jeannie had been struggling for breath in labour and, in his mind, he was able to hear her gasps once again. He tried to put those visions and thoughts out of his mind, telling himself that they were silly, but he didn't realise just how silly until he saw the shape emerging through the mist towards him. The small head and bright eyes held high, and the long neck, told him that some of those old photographs hadn't been lies after all.

This may tickle you submitted by Greg Varney

A group of 40 year old ladies discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed upon that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the waiters there were very young and very hot.

10 years later at 50 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the food there was very good and the wine selection was excellent.

10 years later at 60 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they could eat there in peace and quiet and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the ocean.

10 years later, at 70 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the restaurant had wheelchair access and they even had an elevator.

10 years later, at 80 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. Finally, it was agreed that they should meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.....

Towns and Counties by Rob Wilkinson

See if you can link the following towns with their traditional (i.e. pre-1/4/1974) counties; some are easy and some quite tricky. Good luck! Rob Wilkinson. The answers will be found on page 20.

1	ALNWICK	14	NUNEATON
2	BASILDON	15	OAKHAM
3	CHESTERFIELD	16	PORTON DOWN
4	DISS	17	ROCHESTER
5	EXETER	18	SWANAGE
6	FALMOUTH	19	TOTNES
7	GRANTHAM	20	UTTOXETER
8	HALIFAX	21	VENTNOR
9	IPSWICH	22	WHITEHAVEN
10	JARROW	23	ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH
11	KETTERING	24	MIDHURST
12	LUDLOW	25	ZENNOR
13	MAIDENHEAD	26	SHAFTESBURY

Wordsearches (page 10) - Answers

Racecourses

Wincanton, Warwick, Doncaster, Leicester, Ayr, Cork, Thirsk, Chepstow, Carlisle, Sligo, Aintree, Wetherby, Redcar.

Breakfast

Pancake, Croissant, Fruit, Honey, Egg, Omelette, Prunes, Bacon, Porridge, Bagel, Coffee, Kipper, Waffle, Tea.

What We Were Doing . . . by Angela Robins

. . . Five years ago the Ukulele Group played one of its first gigs at Newport Market for a mental health charity event. A few members of the choir helped out with the singing and several family members came to swell the audience.

Since then the Ukulele Daze Group has been formed and has continued to perform regularly for audiences of 10 to 80. Its annual Festive Christmas appearance at St David's Charity Shop provides a fun respite for shoppers and their children. Although payment is not actively sought, hundreds of pounds in donations have been raised for the group's selected charity of St David's Hospice Care.

Our U3A now has three ukulele groups. The Beginners' Group is evolving constantly as new players join and those with enough experience move into the Advanced Group. This group has continued to grow in numbers and in the variety of instruments they play, which include a guitar and various percussion instruments. Some of the most experienced players share their experience at the Technical Group.

It's official! - U3A groups are the main driving force behind the growth of the ukulele movement in the UK. It has also become very popular in schools, so if you want to keep up with the grandchildren, it could be just the thing for you!

-----X-----

A man and his wife were awoken at 3am by a loud knocking on the front door. The man got up and found **Euan** with his ukulele outside. "I need a push" he said. "Not a chance - it's 3am!" said the man, going back to bed. "Who was that?" asked his wife. "Oh, just some ukulele player asking for a push, I told him no way" he answered.

"Well, you have a short memory, don't you remember when we broke down and those two nice young men helped us? I think you should help him and you should be ashamed of yourself!" she retorted.

The man does as he's told and goes out into the garden, he can hear Euan strumming his ukulele and calls out "Are you still there? Do you still want a push?" "Yes please" replied Euan. "Where are you?" asked the man.

Euan replied "I'm over here, on the swing!"





Extracts from The Gwent Village Book by Angela Robins

Here are some more interesting facts gleaned from the above which were compiled by W.I.s throughout Gwent and is one of The Villages of Britain series published in 1994.

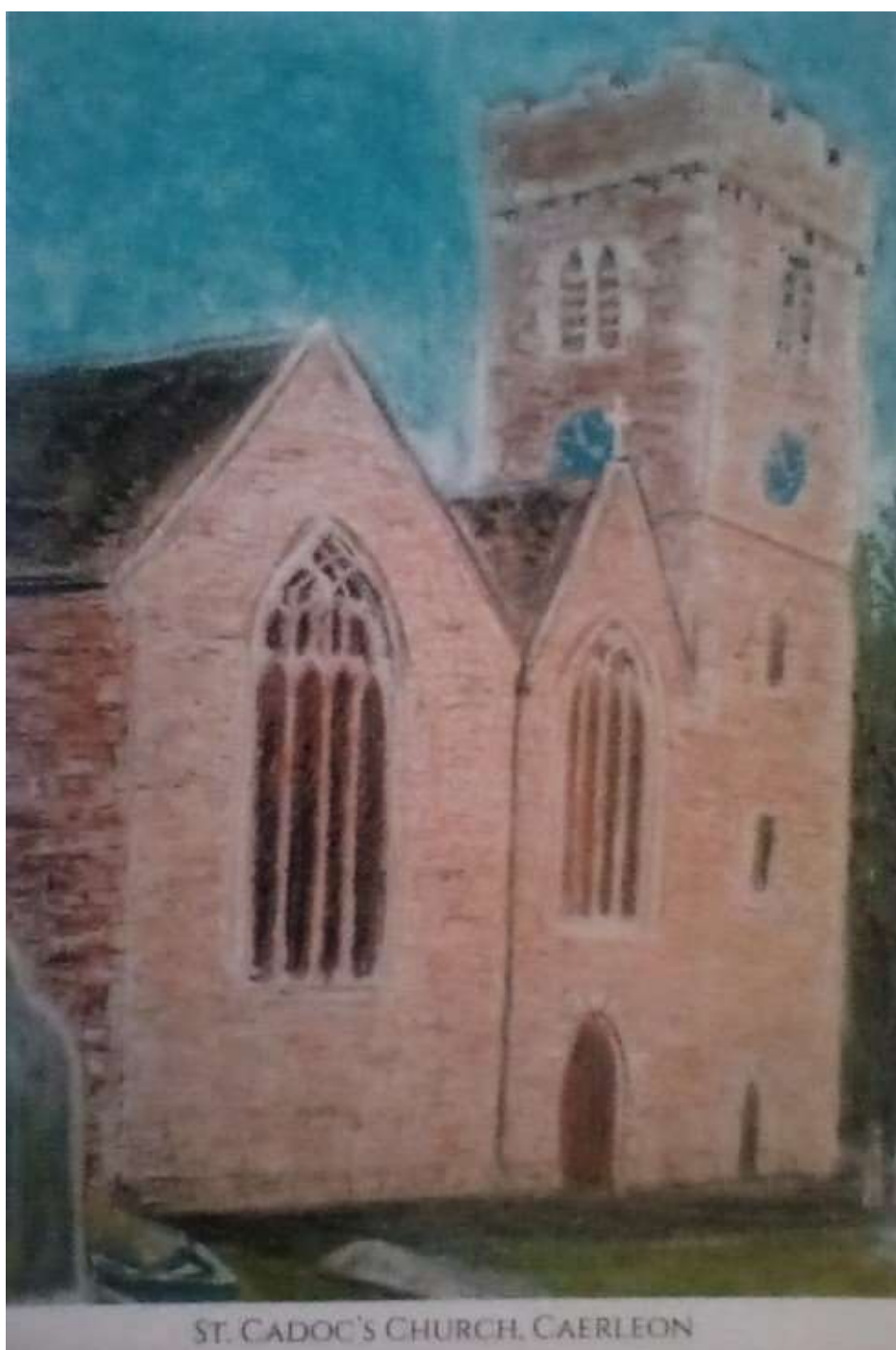
Caerleon is an ancient village-in-a-town and many people come to explore its extensive range of Roman sites, but older still is the great Iron Age hillfort of Belinstoke. It can be found above Lodge Hill overlooking the Usk Valley, Severn Estuary and the hills of Abergavenny. Its great tree-clad and bracken-covered banks and ditches are in a place of beauty. Also to be seen rising above the trees, is the lovely tower of St Cadoc's Church. Caerleon is one of the most venerable homes of Christianity in Britain. In Roman times, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, it became a bishopric; one of three with London and York. It was probably at Caerleon that St Julian and St Aaron were martyred in about AD 279. Charles Williams is a name unlikely to be forgotten in Caerleon. In the 17th century he fought a duel with a cousin and killed him. He fled abroad, prospered and eventually returned to England where he died in 1720. In his will he left a legacy to his native town, church, and the pretty old school which bears a commemorative plaque. It is still used as part of the modern education system and continues to benefit generously from Charles' legacy. St Cadoc's Church is adorned with a fine series of stained-glass windows in his memory.

Grosmont was once described as 'nestling among the hills undisturbed by the whistle of the iron horse.' However the picturesque houses at the foot of Craig Hill and overlooking the River Monnow, conceal an eventful past. Grosmont with its castle, was an important part of the defence of the Norman kingdom along with Skenfrith and White Castle. As more peaceful conditions came to the Welsh Marches, Henry II granted Grosmont Castle to his son Edmund, whom he made Earl of Lancaster. Legend says that the House of Lancaster took its emblem of the red rose from roses found growing in Grosmont, which are believed to have been brought here by Eleanor of Provence, the much-loved queen of Henry III. Ironically the castle became a casualty of the Wars of the Roses. Many of the old country trades have disappeared from the village but the village blacksmiths are remembered with their two handsome gates.

Henllys, which is Welsh for Old Court, straggles the lane from Rogerstone to Cwmbran. The 'village' has no real centre but was very close-knit with many activities including: weekly dances; whist drives; sheep dog trials; a hedging society; a Young Farmers group; a sewing guild; a mutual improvement society; a choir; and a W.I. During WWII an army camp was stationed there and life became more exciting. The

soldiers attended the 'Sixpenny Hop' dances, as well as chapel on Sundays. One night the searchlight at the camp received a direct hit from a bomb but only four cows were killed, since it was Saturday night and most were at the dance - residents, not the cows!

Llanover is a little gem of a village and was the home of Sir Benjamin Hall who was the first Commissioner of Works during the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, and who gave his name 'Big Ben' to the bell at Westminster. A big man in effort and stature, it was he who had trees and flower beds laid out in Hyde Park and it is believed had the railings around that park cast of local iron in nearby Pontypool. There are no inns in the area because Lady Llanover, who disliked strong drink, closed all taverns on their land between Abergavenny and Goytre. The nearest one she turned into a temperance house called Y Seren Gobaith (The Star of Hope). For over 100 years the estate has kept a flock of prize-winning black sheep, which still graze in front of Ty Uchaf. From this flock, some say, originated the nursery rhyme 'Baa, Baa Black Sheep . . .'



ST. CADOC'S CHURCH, CAERLEON

As friends and fellow members of the Writing Group will know, I love writing limericks – the sillier the better. Here’s a piece of comic verse which is written in limerick form.

Forgotten Dentures by Pam Cocchiara

An elderly gourmet from Neath
Was invited to dine with friend Keith.
But when the two met
He realised with regret
He’d forgotten to put in his teeth.

On the menu were all kinds of meat
But he was forced to admit defeat.
With his lack of dentures
He must forgo those trenchers.
Just soup was all he could eat.

As plate after plate passed him by
He waved succulent dishes “Goodbye!”
As a real connoisseur
Of all foods Cordon Bleu
He watched them with tears in his eye.

Unable to chomp or to chew
He became quite dejected and blue
As he watched his friend tackling
His roast pork and crackling.
Well, I would be too, wouldn’t you?

With each course and accompaniment
His friend he began to resent.
He could only stare bleakly
At his Cock-a-Leekie
As Keith gorged to his heart’s content.

So everyone, take my advice –
It couldn’t be much more precise -
Whether beef steaks or rashers,
Remember your gnashers!
And enjoy all the food that is nice.

Mrs Lancelot's Revenge by Martyn Vaughan

Mrs Lancelot (or "Gwen" to her friends) looked up as she heard the heavy iron-studded door creak open. She put on her best "Where The Hell Have You Been?" expression as he shuffled in, trying to avoid her gaze. Well, he might succeed in avoiding her gaze, but that wasn't going to stop her.

'So where the hell have you been, Lance?' she said, rising from her needlework and walking towards him. He sat down heavily, looking flustered, and ran a hand over his sweaty brow.

'Oh, you know,' he said in a weak voice that she could hardly hear, 'Holy Grail stuff again.'
'*Holy Grail Stuff again,*' she repeated, in somewhat mocking tones, 'Do you ever think about lending a hand around here?'

She walked back to the sink, demonstrating with a quick wave of the hand that it was overflowing with unwashed crockery, greasy pots and scummy pans. 'Are these supposed to clean themselves? Ever since you upset the house-elves, I've had to do all the dishwashing myself. A little bit of help now and then isn't much to ask, is it?'

Using a serving spoon, she banged a particularly large vessel that was full of vegetable peelings. Like everything else in the kitchen, including her, it was covered in a film of sticky grease that hid its underlying colour. Perhaps it had been silvery; perhaps not. 'Look at this—should have been emptied days ago!' He winced slightly at the accusatory voice from across the kitchen. 'It's not easy out there, Gwen,' he said, still avoiding her gaze. 'There are all sorts of dangers when one is out questing. There are manticores, mandrakes, gryphons, wyverns, basilisks, anthropophagi...'

She held up a plump hand, palm towards him. 'Dragons. Don't forget the dragons. There are always dragons.' He looked relieved. Perhaps she was taking an interest in his work after all. 'Yes,' he said, finally daring to cast a glance in her direction, 'Dragons. Yes, of course; there were dragons.'

'What colour were they?'

He looked confused. 'What colour? Is that important?'

'Just answer the question, Lance.'

'Well...' he said slowly, his forehead corrugating slightly as he thought back to the details of his latest quest. 'There were...' A long pause. 'There were ... black ones. And purple ones. And...and...'

'Any red ones?' she asked sweetly. She had now sat back on her rude but sturdy three-legged stool. It needed to be sturdy as it failed to fully encompass her ample bottom. 'Any red ones?'

Lancelot raised his head fully and stared at her as she sat opposite, a worrying smile playing on her lips. It looked a bit...sardonic. That meant there was danger.

But where?

Was this a trap?

'Red ones, hmm, red ones,' he said slowly as if weighing each word on his tongue before letting it free into the malodorous kitchen. 'Red ones...'

She raised a thick eyebrow. 'Yes, Lance?'

He thought rapidly, lowering his gaze and staring at his delicate, aristocratic hands.

Definitely a trap. But what was the right answer?

Oh, this was terrible. He'd rather fight the Three-Headed Giant of Eriador again, than go through this kind of interrogation!

'Red ones,' he said, raising his head again. 'Yes. There were red ones. Terrible, terrible beasts. As tall as the tallest tower in Camelot; teeth like rapiers. And the fire they breathed out! You should...'

The plump palm had been raised again. He stopped. Obviously, he'd guessed wrong.

'How strange,' she said, in a voice which dripped honey. Poisoned honey, that is. 'The last time you came back, you told me that you'd driven all the red dragons out of Arthur's realm. "*Sent them packing to Ireland*", I believe were your exact words.'

He groaned inwardly. That was right! He had made that boast on his previous return, to explain why he'd been away so long! By the sacred Table Round, he was getting forgetful in his old age!

But she hadn't finished. 'In fact, Sir Lancelot, I have it on good authority that you've been spending several days boozing at a disreputable tavern in Lyonnesse; that is why you've been away so long, isn't it?'

He stood up slowly, his head bowed. There was no longer any point in subterfuge. His ageing memory had tripped him up. Only one thing to do now. Take it on at the chin and help around the house until she forgave him; as she always did.

He crossed to her and held her tightly. He tried to kiss her, but she turned her head at the last moment. 'Well, Sir Lancelot,' she said in a voice as hard and sharp as Excalibur itself, 'I may forgive you eventually, but you have to prove yourself worthy.'

'Anything, my dearest heart.'

She removed herself from his grasp and indicated the overflowing sink and the utensils around it. 'Start by tidying this place up. And throw those vegetable peelings onto the midden—they're stinking the place out. But remember to bring the pot back—you're stupid enough to throw that away as well.'

He meekly obeyed.

One week of this and then I'll be free to go Questing again! were his thoughts as he picked up the pot which contained the vegetable peelings. It was surprisingly heavy.

As she watched him stagger out of the hut under the unusual weight of the pot, Mrs Lancelot allowed herself a small smile of triumph.

Poor Lance! she thought, *if only he knew I'd been digging in the garden last year and under a large turnip had found the Holy Grail itself; just where Joseph of Arimathea had buried it for safekeeping all those centuries ago! While he'd been out fighting giants and witches, the Grail had been sitting in the kitchen all the time!*

Should she tell him?

She thought about that long and hard.

Only after he'd been especially Good and Noble.

Well, she thought, I won't be telling him for a long time!

PUZZLE PAGE - submitted by Mike Brown

NINER

Each number from 1 to 9 represents a different letter. Solve the clues and insert the letters into the appropriate spaces to discover a word which uses all nine letters.

THE CLUES

- 23615** gives a mammal:
- 4658** gives a bird;
- 2566789** gives a fish:

1___ 2___ 3___ 4___ 5___ 6___ 7___ 8___ 9___

TAGLINES - Can you name the chocolate brand from these famous straplines used in television adverts?

1. MADE FOR SHARING.
2. CHOCOLATE! WITH A FIGURE LIKE YOURS TO TAKE CARE OF!
3. ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH.
4. BUY SOME FOR LULU.
5. AND ALL BECAUSE THE LADY LOVES
6. FULL OF EASTERN PROMISE.
7. THEY GROW ON YOU.
8. FOR ADULTS ONLY.

Answers are on Page 23

These will make you groan!!! Submitted by Mike Williams

I couldn't resist. 😊



I have a pencil that used to be owned by William Shakespeare.

But he chewed it a lot. Now I can't tell if it's 2B or not 2B.

Before my surgery, the anesthesiologist offered to knock me out with gas or a boat paddle...

It was an ether/oar situation.

ANSWERS TO TOWNS AND COUNTIES (page 13)

- 1 ALNWICK/NORTHUMBERLAND 2 BASILDON/ESSEX 3 CHESTERFIELD/DERBYSHIRE
- 4 DISS/NORFOLK 5 EXETER/DEVON 6 FALMOUTH/CORNWALL 7 GRANTHAM/LINCOLNSHIRE
- 8 HALIFAX/YORKSHIRE 9 IPSWICH/SUFFOLK 10 JARROW/DURHAM 11 KETTERING/NORTHANTS
- 12 LUDLOW/SHROPSHIRE 13 MAIDENHEAD/BERKSHIRE 14 NUNEATON/WARWICKSHIRE
- 15 OAKHAM/RUTLAND 16 PORTON DOWN/WILTSHIRE 17 ROCHESTER/KENT
- 18 SWANAGE/DORSET 19 TOTNES/DEVON 20 UTTOXETER/STAFFS 21 VENTNOR/ISLE OF WIGHT
- 22 WHITEHAVEN/CUMBERLAND 23 ASHBY DE-LA-ZOUCH/LEICESTERSHIRE 24 MIDHURST/SUSSEX
- 25 ZENNOR/CORNWALL 26 SHAFTESBURY/DORSET

Dwynwen's Day Dictum by Alan Barrow

All can perceive
that you
were as the oxygen
I breathe.

You merit
unbounded praise
as only you
could lighten
my dark days.

You were
as precious
as the spark
of life.

A thousand
times blessed
was I
to proclaim
you as my wife.

You the breath
and bloom
of my year

are the greatest
of treasures,
the best of
all pleasures,

in that until
the end
of time

I am yours
and you
are mine.

Talking Points (started by Stephen Berry!) – responses to DIT 29

A good number of responses to both photographs were received – and all were correct! I think I shall have to dig deeper into my archive for some more challenging material!

The first photograph shows that part of Caerleon Road looking north from its junction with Duckpool Road, Durham Road and Constance Street. It is a scene which, at first glance, seems little changed today, at least in its broad outlines, and must have been captured after 1902 (St Julian's Methodist Church, just visible in the background, was opened that year) and probably around the time of WW1. The first two shops on the left are now Boots the Chemist, though in this picture they are separate and are a grocers (C P Simmonds) and a chemist (Findlay & Co). The next two shops were both occupied by butchers (Eastmans and Harry Dale) – some stiff competition there, I guess! – and then came a gents' hairdresser (W H Pope), Hart's greengrocery, a confectioner and a furniture dealer. This last shop was in what is now Leo's Fish Bar. Incidentally, my maternal grandfather's first job was at Simmonds grocery – the family lived in Durham Road and, later, Annesley Road, and he was taken on as a delivery boy. The shop was later taken over by J. S. Johnson Ltd, a firm that had shops elsewhere in the town, and grandfather became the manager of the shop in Corporation Road. They lived "over the shop" and my mother was born there – in a spot which is now roughly located in the slip lane from George Street Bridge into Corporation Road!

A close look at the photograph reveals that, beyond this furniture shop, the properties are not shops but houses. The front garden walls are visible – indeed, at least one garden has a tree in it! In fact, there was only one commercial property between here and a greengrocery opposite the Methodist Church where the Spar shop now stands. According to the street directory for 1914 all intervening properties were residential. Other points of interest are the overhead power lines for the electric tramway, opened on 30 June 1903, and the tall telegraph poles carrying the wires over which all messages and telephone calls were transmitted. One thing I find intriguing is the lack of activity – and yet it is obviously not a Sunday as at least one of the butchers is open.

The second photograph shows Dock Street Fire Station. It is almost impossible to pinpoint this location precisely because of redevelopment, but between the Mon. Building Society and M & S Food Hall is close. Dave Woolven says that originally the fire brigade came under Newport Police (*see the report of the fire at Christchurch, DIT28 p7*). The photo shows four main doors but in the late 1800s there were only two. At the back of the bays was the yard where the equipment was cleaned and training exercises took place. Surrounding the yard were the flats of the fire crews and their families.

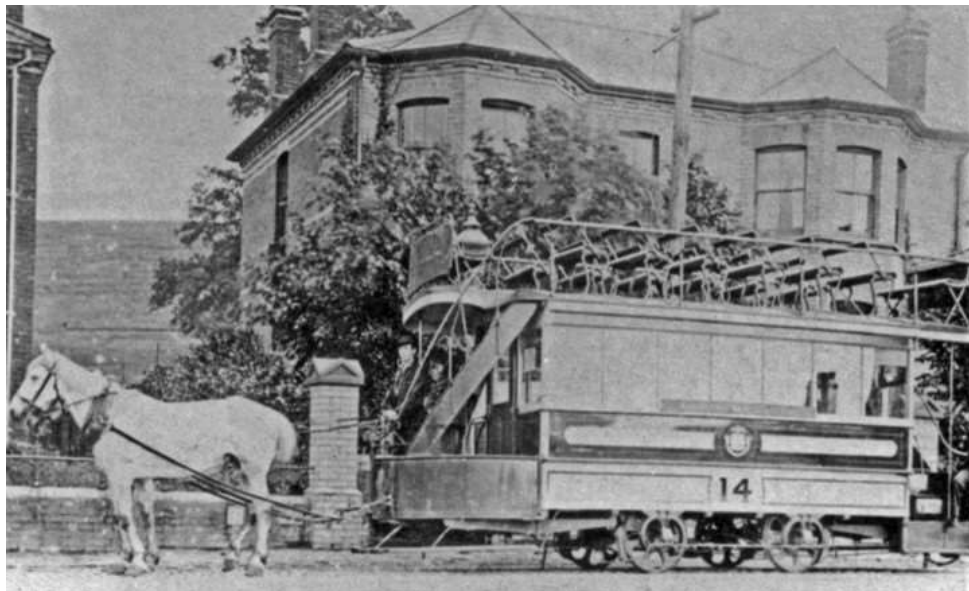
On the opposite side of Dock Street was the large Co-operative Department Store, on the corner of Llanarth Street. I still have an Art Deco mirror bought there by my grandparents in the 1930s. This was one of the Newport shops (others were the old Boots on the corner of Commercial Street and Corn Street and London House, in Commercial Street where W.H.Smith now stands) which was destroyed in one of a series of fires which occurred in the early 1960s. There was thought, by some, to be a connection with the fires that destroyed Christchurch and St John's, Maindee, parish churches in 1949 and damaged St John the Baptist parish church a few years later. All were as a result of arson and, as far as I am aware, nobody was ever found responsible. Ironically the fire that destroyed the Co-op store badly scorched the four doors of the fire station opposite – I presume that the firemen had to manage without the engines, as it would have been difficult if not impossible to drive them out!

There were a few other notable buildings in this part of Dock Street, probably the most famous being the Capitol Cinema which was next door to the fire station, and, not too far beyond it but on the opposite side of the street, the rear of the old Town Hall. Beyond the Llanarth Street junction was the schoolroom and rear entrance of the Tabernacle Congregational Church, whose main entrance was in Commercial Street. This building too was the victim of a serious fire in 1962. Beyond this was the Library, Museum and Art Gallery. On a sad note in the history of this part of the town, situated on the opposite side of the street was a small newsagents run by the Roberts brothers, one of whom was murdered for the meagre takings in the till. This was also in the early 1960s - not Newport's finest hour, unfortunately.

... and this edition's challenges!

The first photograph shows a scene which is still recognisable today, though not with a resident tram, of course! Location and any memories of this area, please?

The second is not a location you would easily recognise today, though it is still being used. This almost follows on from Mike's contribution of Puns, which might give a clue to location and present use. Can you provide any stories or information about this building or area, please?



ANSWERS FOR PUZZLES ON PAGE 20

NINER

Mammal = Horse; Bird = Wren; Fish = Herring; Nine Letter Word = S H O W E R I N G

TAGLINES

1. Quality Street
2. Maltesers
3. Milky Bar
4. Smarties
5. Milk Tray
6. Turkish Delight
7. Roses
8. Cadbury's Bourneville

A Belly Laugh? – Read on! Submitted by Jackie Morgan

I had a little tummy, a nice little tummy
And my tummy thought the world of me.

BUT

My little tummy got very, very funny,
And poor little tummy got cross with me!

BECAUSE

I was having my dinner one day at the table,
With mummy and daddy and Margaret and Mabel.
There was meat and 'tatoes and suety duff
Pudding and prunes, such horrible stuff.
So I sat and sulked and went all of a huff
When all of a sudden I heard a great rumble.
"It's all very well for you sitting up there
To turn up your nose and give me the air,
But what about me, sitting under your vest,
Can't I have some dinner, just like the rest?
You expect me to love you, not give you some aches.
But if you don't feed me I'll be off in two shakes.
I'll go to someone who isn't so faddy,
I'll live with the tummy that lives with your daddy.
And then when you go off to play in the street
With only your face, your hands and your feet
People will stare and say "Isn't she funny?
That poor little girl, she hasn't a tummy."

SO

I'll tell you a secret

I love my tummy, my nice little tummy,
I wouldn't like tummy to go and leave me.
So I feed little tummy 'cos I love little tummy
AND NOW LITTLE TUMMY LOVES ME!