

tektopics

GUERNSEY
Christmas 1979



Miss Tek 1979

Tracey Dumaresq



'Slack Alice'

*Tracey with Julie Drakes
(right) & Maria Jones*

The Carlton Hotel was the venue for this years Presentation Dance. Tekers in their droves attended to see the highlight of the evening, the crowning of Miss Tektronix 1979.

After the disappointment of the partially blacked out Miss World presentation on T.V. the previous week, Tekers were in for a grand evening.

What a show it was, with record attendance and 22 lovely girls competing for the title. Despite the numbers, I'm told the atmosphere in the dressing room was one of friendly rivalry.

The judges were faced with a very difficult task in selecting this, the 18th Miss Tek. But choose they did and it was popular decision, the

crown going to Tracey Dumaresq from Tek Ltd., who looked absolutely stunning in a long white dress and white flower in her hair. Runner up to Miss Tek 79 was Julie Drakes and third, Maria Jones.

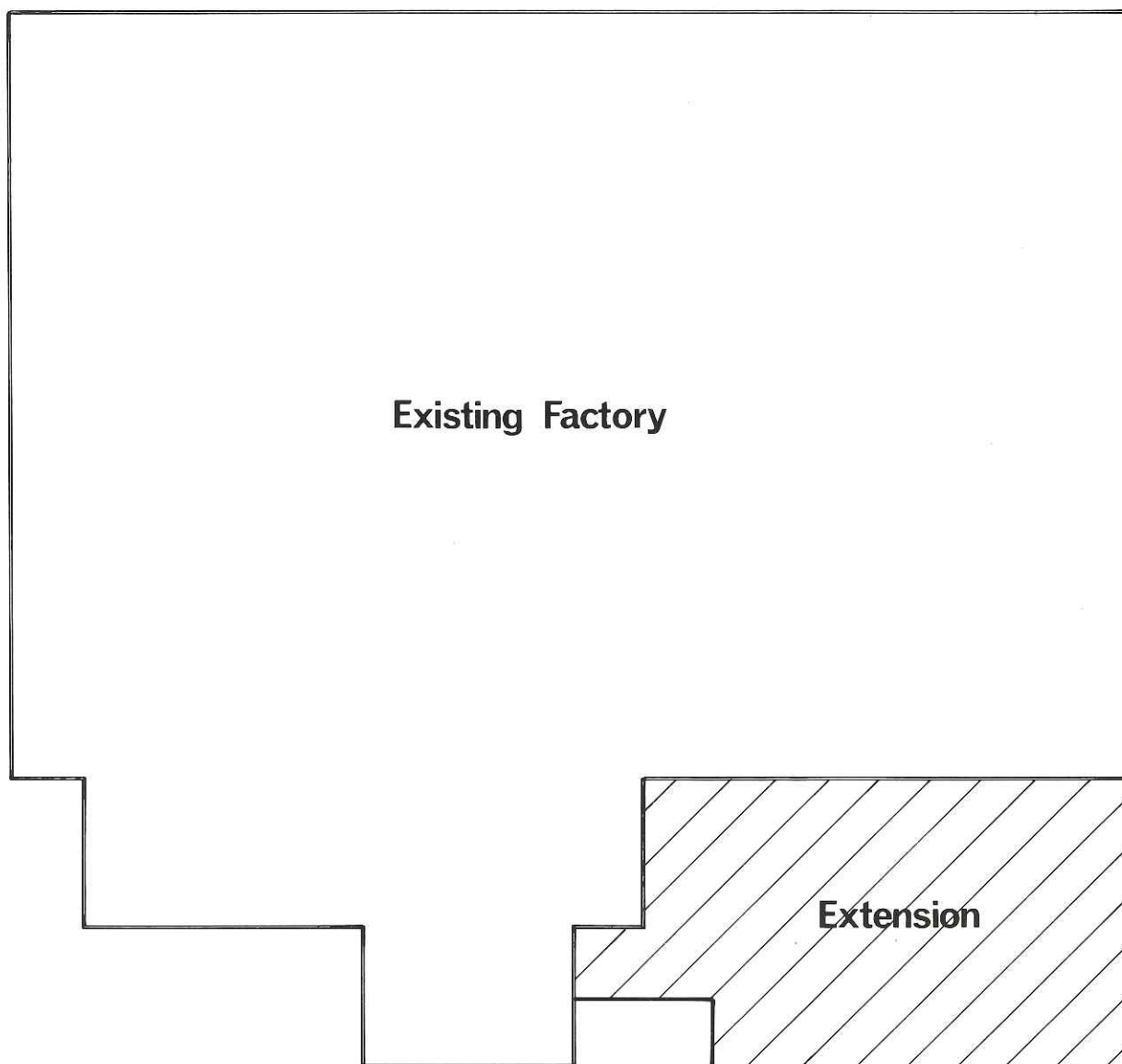
On a lighter note, the most outstanding contestant (in more ways than one) was 'Slack Alice' who raised a few eyebrows and a lot of laughter, but just didn't quite make the final six!!

Tracey's first official duty was to assist the chairman and secretary of the Social club in the presentation of the various sporting awards.

It was then, "on with the dancing" with the Mac Shone Band until 1 a.m. which rounded off nicely a very enjoyable evening.



It's not June but we're BUST'IN out all over



T.G.L. GETS THE GO AHEAD

Many of you know that a proposal to extend the La V 1 manufacturing building and provide for better conditions in the existing facility has been under consideration for some time.

Probably the best Christmas present we could wish for was the recent go ahead by Beaverton for this to happen. The outline plan shown here gives the position of the extension relative to the existing building which will provide some 11000 square feet of additional space.

It is not intended here to give details of the internal layout changes that will result from this action but every one will be made aware of the changes by progress reports which will be posted on the notice boards.

We hope to start building early in the New Year and when completed many areas that are currently working in cramped conditions will be provided with a much improved working environment.

We're pretty excited about this and want to share with you our plans as they evolve so watch the notice boards. Also in progress at this time is the provision of a loading dock in the S.W. wall that will provide a much better facility for loading and unloading trucks without exposing the warehouse to the outside conditions. This is expected to be completed by early February.

NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE

It was a evening early in November when overtime was being worked at La Villiaze 1. One of the cleaning lads could smell burning but could not determine the source, so he contacted the group supervisor who confirmed the strong smell of burning. The whole of manufacturing area was searched and still the source was not determined. The situation was beginning to be felt serious as the smell seemed to be getting stronger and stronger. "It appears as if it is following us around" someone declared. At that moment everyone noticed the obvious, the cleaners mop was smouldering profusely. While wiping the floor the cleaner had picked up a still lit cigarette with the mop. The moral being smokers please be vigilant - our manufacturing plant is part of a set here in Guernsey.

A Winter T--A--L--E

Igor Ivanovitch swung his arms vigorously from side to side around his body in an attempt to increase circulation. As he stood below the snow-laden pines he surveyed the landscape around him through the curtain of falling snow-flakes.

His breath froze in front of him as he thought longingly of the summer when the snow would be a mere foot deep and one would be able to break the ice on the rivers with a six pound lump-hammer.

Ah well - this wouldn't do, Comrade Sneznovitch would not be very pleased if he didn't complete his 50 km per day and the Siberian salt mines were no place to be sent in the middle of winter.

Picking up his broom he quickly swept a path in the snow for ten yards or so in the direction of the valley in the distance. Then, after cracking the ice which had already formed on his pot of white paint he quickly painted in a broad white line along the path before the falling snow would have a chance to cover it.

He continued in this manner until, an hour or so later, he had reached the bottom of the valley.

Igor straightened his aching back and looked back up the hill. Except for the last few yards his ribbon of white paint was already covered with freshly fallen snow. Still - he was doing his job and that's all that mattered. Commissar Grojnev had decided that the border between Russia and neighbouring Poland had to be clearly marked with a continuous white line and his order had been passed down to Comrade Sneznovitch of the Central Politbureaux of Internal Affairs who had then delegated this important job to Peoples Leader Boris Dublowski. He in turn had looked around and decided that Citizen First-Class Tostevitch would benefit from the responsibility. Which was how he - Igor Ivanovitch had been entrusted with the task of painting a white line around Russia.

It wasn't a bad job apart from the cold - not as smelly as working on Peoples Pig Farm No. 45, and the extra money would come in useful - he would be able to buy little Katrinka that pair of hob-nails she'd set her heart on.

He peered through the falling snow at the trees surrounding him.

He'd better get on - prying eyes could be out there, watching him - people ready to report back to Comrade Sneznovitch that Second Class Citizen Igor Ivanovitch had stopped working for five minutes.

He carried on up the hill and as he topped the rise he was astonished to find a cottage in his path. If he continued on his present line he would have to paint up the wall,

across the roof and down the other side - or through it. Obviously there must be some mistake.

He got his map out and, shielding it from the falling snow-flakes, traced out the path he had already followed. No - at least he hadn't made a mistake - it was shown quite clearly - out through the trees there, then straight across to that rock.

Well - heres a pretty problem, mused Igor as he leant on his broom, you can't have half a house in Poland and the other half in Russia.

What was he to do? 'Phone? No, he was miles from anywhere - unless this very cottage had a 'Phone - not very likely, and in any case First Class Citizen Tostevitch might consider it irresponsible use of the State Telephone system.

There was nothing for it, he, Igor Ivanovitch was going to have to take responsibility of deciding whether the cottage was to be on Russian or Polish territory.

But which was it to be? The Polish authorities wouldn't be too happy about a Russian labourer annexing some of their land if it did belong to them and, conversely, the Central Politbureaux of Internal Affairs would be more than a little put out about one of their employees giving away chunks of their territory to Poland----visions of life in a Siberian salt mine floated in front of Igors eyes again.

And then he had a brain-wave! Why hadn't he thought of it before?

He would leave the choice with the inhabitants of the cottage. Yes, that was the answer, let them decide whether they wanted their home to be in Russia or in Poland.

With his mind finally made up Igor tramped up the garded path and knocked purposefully on the front door.

A minute later he heard the sound of someone approaching the door--- it opened a crack to reveal the lady of the house.

"Da-- whot you are vonting?" she enquired.

"Good day, madam" answered Igor, "I am painting a white line between Russia and Poland and it happens to pass right through your cottage", He went on to explain the problem and finished by asking whether she would like to live in Poland or in Russia.

"Oh dear, niet onderstanding soch things, I vill have to ask mine hosband."

She shuffled off into a back room and soon Igor could hear the sounds of muttered conversation. A few minutes later she came back to the front door.

"Well", said Igor, "what did he say--- where does he want to live?"

"Mien hosband says he vuld like to live in Poland," she replied.

"Very well," said Igor, "Poland it will be." And a few minutes later he had painted a line through the front garden effectively placing the cottage on Polish territory.

Some time later and some miles further on Igor got to thinking about the cottage and its inhabitants again and gradually it came to him that his decision might not have been such a good idea after all.

What were his superiors going to say? Would he get a pat on the back for using his discretion or a term in a labour camp for giving away a chunk of Russia? Or maybe' he had given away a piece of Poland. What if they declared war on Russia? Another thing, these people might be Polish spies living near the border in order to spy on Russias frontier forces--- if so the Polish Secret Service would be laughing up their sleeves at having their agents invited to live on Russian soil.

The consequences of all these possibilities bought Igor out into a cold sweat with visions of him being sent to the salt mines for the remainder of his life.

There was only one thing for it, he would have to find out more about these people--- ask them why they wanted to live in Poland, that might give him a clue.

Thinking about it he cheered up considerably. If when he reported back to his superiors he was able to provide evidence of Polish spies, he might be awarded a medal for services to the Fatherland. The vision of the salt mines receded to be replaced by another vision of Igor being driven down Gorky Street in an open car with confetti and ticker-tape falling all around him, the crowds cheering wildly

A few flakes of snow found their way down Igors neck, jerking him abruptly back to reality. He set out back along the frontier to the cottage.

"Ach, so, it is you again" said the woman in some suprise in answer to his knock.

"Yes madam" answered Igor, putting on as disarming a smile as he was able--- if these were Polish spies he would have to tread carefully--- "I omitted to ask you--- purely for our personal files you understand--- why you wish to live in Poland and not in Russia." The smile slipped from his face as he spoke to be replaced by a fierce look of a secret police interrogator--- with an effort he replaced the smile.

Polish pigs! If they were spies they were going to have to answer to Igor Ivanovitch.

"Oh dear, I niet knowing. Again my hosband I vill have to ask."

"Well go and ask him" ordered Igor with some impatience.

Igor stamped his feet on the step while sound of conversation drifted to him from the back room.

Cooking up some cock and bull story, I'll be bound, thought Igor, but I'll get them, they won't pull the wool over the eyes of Igor Ivanovitch, filthy Polish spies!

"Well, what did he say" demanded Igor.

"He said-- he said--" stuttered the woman.

"Yes-- yes, come along now--- what did he say--?" prompted Igor.

"He said-- he said---HE COULDN'T FACE ANOTHER RUSSIAN WINTER!!

EX TEKS in the NEWS

Steve Moore. B.S.C.

Steve worked for Tek from 1971 until 1976 when he left to take a three year full time course to gain a B.S.C. in Electrical and Electronic Engineering at Portsmouth Polytechnic.



Photo: courtesy A.J. WALLER.

He completed the course in June 1979 and is now employed as an Electronics Design Engineer on Defence Weaponry in Bedfordshire.

Joyeux Noel

Christmas in France (as "written" by our French student Pascal Coyault)

In France, the 25th of December is the date all the people are waiting for.

It begins on the night between the 24th and 25th. During that night, France enjoys herself. People have put money left during all the year for that night and they will eat things they would probably never eat if Christmas didn't exist. You would be mad to try to count the bottles of Champagne that France will drinks (maybe more than England in ten years). Of course, dancing will be the most important occupation and if you could travel across France in that night, you will never find someone unhappy. As you can think, it's the middle age people who enjoys themselves the most during the night. But on the 25th the grandparents and the children will have their best day in the year.

For the grandparents, Christmas means all their son and daughter with their children all together at the same place at the same time and their happiness shows in the meal they have prepared for lunch. It's always more than you could eat in a week and French people spend hours and hours, eating and drinking, speaking about all and nothing, enjoying the fact that they are together.

But those who are waiting for Christmas very impatiently are the children. During all the year they think about the toys they would like to have and, in September, they write their letter to Father Christmas. It begins like that:- "Dear Father Christmas, I've been very quiet all the year. Then, could you bring me..." And you can be sure they won't forget to put their shoes under the Christmas trees before going to bed and some of them will awake at twelve, trying to see Father Christmas. And in the morning they will contemplate all the toys with such happiness that the parents will forget the money they have had to pay.

Christmas is a very important date for French people indeed. And we can say that, overall, the most important fact is the love each people has for each other. Wasn't it what God was aiming when he sent us his Son?

Assembly Language

Often, a test-man, rather than going to Stock for a part, finds it quicker to go out into Assembly. If he knows exactly where his particular piece of equipment is being built he has only to ask an assembler or an inspector and within a short while can be on his way back to his bench with a new part in less time than it takes to write out a stock request form.

One small snag - he may have to learn "Assemblese" - this is the special language developed by our assembly girls for names of items they either can't remember or get their tongue around. For instance, "Humpty Dumpty" is much easier to remember and visualize than tantalum cap, also a "Hotel" looks far more like a hotel than it does an air-spaced variable capacitor and what could look more like a "dog-bone" than a tubular fixed ceramic capacitor.

Its only natural I suppose that females will relate items to things in the home such as "frying pan" for certain types of earthing washers "Brillo pads" for dust filters and "tea strainers" for perforated C.R.T. covers

Just as the English language has its variations from area to area so does "Assemblese" so that a "shopping bag" in the 7000 assembly area becomes a "handbag" in the 400 area, both descriptions for a harmonica connector with a wire link, and whether a thermistor looks more like a "frogs eye" or a "Diddy man" I wouldn't like to say but I'm sure that there must be others that we'd like to hear about - how about it, girls?

Spirits not Dampened

On a damp and blustery Nov 5th nearly 300 folk, both young and old, braved the weather and turned up for Bonfire night at Vic Ave.

Before the fire was lit there was a Guy Fawkes competition. The guys were mainly built by the youngsters, with a little help and advice from mum and dad.

The fire which had been the target of an unsuccessful sabotage attempt the previous week was then lit and was soon blazing into the night air. The firework display got under way with sparklers, rockets and roman candles and lasted 25 to 30 minutes.

People then started drifting around to the main entrance where the organisers were kept busy serving hot dogs and soup.



SWIMARATHON

One day John Rowe-Hagans came around the Victoria Avenue factory asking for people to swim a couple of lengths for charity. All the volunteers thought it would be a "piece of cake".

On the big day we all mustered in bathers at the poolside Beau Sejour. All administrative problems were separately dealt with by our able Captain Pat Hehenberger.

Apart from one man whose name we will not mention, who left his swimming trunks behind when he dived in, everything went very smoothly.

Towards the end of the session the last of the two laps seemed like swimming through treacle.

There were whispers of helping our captain to a fully clothed swim, but unfortunately in our state we couldn't catch her.

Anyhow the result of all this was £212.50 for charity and a good deal of amusement.

Vic Ave team, from left to right.

Darren McHenry,
Nick Mariess,
John Rowe-Hagans,
Bill Belben, Pat Hehenberger,
Colin Rouillard, Brian Bean,
Alf Bougourd and kneeling
Alan Stevens.

La V. team, from left to right.

Maurice Rowe,
Lorraine McCann, Sue Rabey,
Rod Swanson, Mike Ozanne,
Ken Queripel, Alan Le Maitre,
Harold Guilbert is shown
receiving a cheque from
Maurice.



WELL DONE



The Tektronix Employees Sports Club presented £540 from the Year of the Child sponsored Bedpush on Wednesday November 7th, at La Villiaze canteen. The club chairman Terry Black presented cheques to Sister Marie Paule for the Notre Dame du Rosaire school, to Mrs. E. Salmon for the Rondel House special care unit for Mentally Handicapped Children, Superintendent P. William for St. Johns Ambulance Nursing Cadets and Mr P. Jenkins for Mont Varouf school. Mr Jenkins responded with an expression of thanks to the participants.

After coffee and biscuits the guests were taken on a conducted tour of the factory.

Picture shows John Rowe-Hagans, Club Secretary and key organiser of the Bedpush; Mr Jenkins; Mrs Salmon; Sister Marie Paule; Superintendent Williams and Club Chairman Terry Black.

STOP PRESS



The following Tek employees, were recently entertained to the first 20 year celebration luncheon, held at the Green Acres Hotel by Frank Doyle and Harold Guilbert on behalf of the Company. From left to right.

Charlie Besnard, Keith Forsey, John Baker, Ray Pople, Norm Gardner, Derek Machon, George Brookfield, Frank Doyle, Alan Richmond, Jim Cutler, Al Graham, Harold Guilbert, Joe Guerin, Ron Renouf, Ron Loaring, Alf Richard.

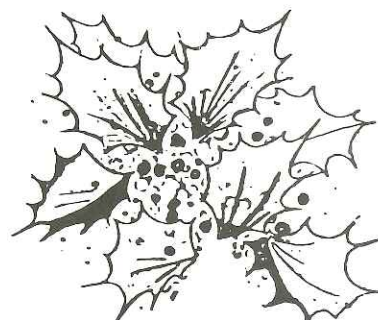
*The Editor & Staff of Tektopics
wish all their readers a Happy
Christmas & Prosperous
New Year*



Visiting Guernsey for the first time recently was LARS BJORKMAN, Finance Manager of the Tektronix Scandinavia Operations Centre, based in Stockholm, Sweden.

Lars joined Tektronix on the 5th November, 1979, and was in Guernsey for one week to meet local personnel.

Married with two boys, aged 3 and 5, Lars previously worked in a similar capacity with Hitachi in Sweden and replaces Gote Rockner, who has left to establish his own accounting/audit consultancy business.





F for Food

It would be natural to assume that an article inspired by the letter 'F' and destined to appear toward the end of December would feature "Fun", "Festivities" or "Frolics" or some such seasonable subject.

Well, I was a disappointment to my parents and now I'll be a disappointment to you. No accounts of rustic Christmases past, nor recipe for riotous Bacchanalia will grace this column. As ever, we look to more serious matters!! (I am also reliably informed that many RUDE WORDS commence with 'F'. I, of course have no knowledge of this, nor will the editor be awarding a prize for the largest number of rude words starting with F, so don't bother!)

No, the topic for today is of personal and immediate concern to many at this yuletide time. How can one enjoy Christmas if one is less than fit; yet how many of us are, even by Christmas Day itself, feeling frail, fragile, fraught. Overindulgence is the cause, moderation is the cure. All that festive feeding results in FAT.

Fight the Flab

At no time of the year is there greater risk of acquiring excess poundage than now. Food and drink are consumed in vast quantities, irrespective of need or appetite. Social pressures account for this excessive consumption (that's my story!) but if you want to avoid ending January a lot heavier than you were at the start of December, it would be sensible to exercise a little restraint.

For the serious dieter I have

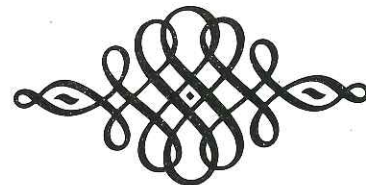


"— THEN TO HELP IT DOWN WE'LL GO FOR A TEN MILE CROSS COUNTRY —"

selected calorie values of seasonal comestibles. In each case the quantities given can be taken as average portions, the calorie values are not as accurate as they seem — some variation can be expected.

Item	Calorie Value	Per Quantity
Turkey	168	3 oz.
Roast Potatoes	330	6 oz.
Christmas Pud)		(6 oz.
& Custard)	639	(3 oz.
Christmas Cake	363	3 oz.
Beer	200	1 pint
Wine	100	4 oz. glass
Spirits	60-70	tot
Mince Pie	220	1

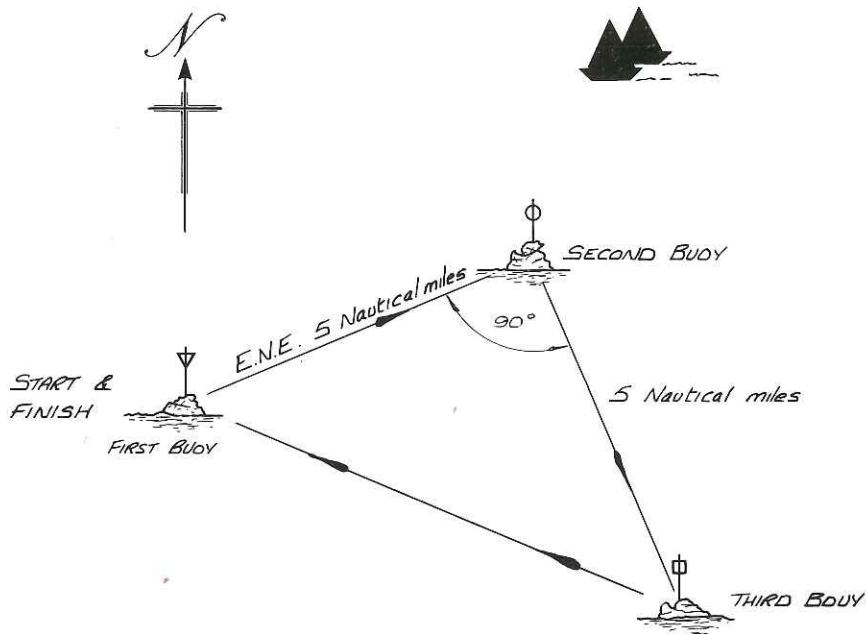
Now remember that a diet to produce a positive weight loss might well contain as few as 1,000 calories per day and start planning accordingly. Myself, I think I'll start my diet on February 1st.



YACHT RACE

Here is a sketch of the triangular course for our annual Three Buoys Race. The Commodore of our yacht club is an old square-rigged sailor, as he often tells us, and doesn't hold with these modern compass bearings; the old Mariners Compass got us round the Horn, — that's why the course for the first leg of the race is given as East-North-East.

What are the courses (by the Mariners Compass, naturally) for the other two legs of the race?



PUNCH

Punch is a drink, made from a combination of ingredients, which is usually only served on special occasions.

The word punch is derived from the Hindu word *panch* which means five - originally only five ingredients were used to make punch: lime juice, ARRACK, sugar, spices and water.

Nowadays the range of ingredients from which it may be made has grown to include every type of wine and spirit, cider, tea, beer (usually ale) and various fruit juices. Soda water is frequently added to punches to either dilute or aerate them.

Punch may be either alcoholic or non-alcoholic, hot or cold. It is traditionally served, with a ladle, from a large bowl and is frequently garnished with slices of fruit.

Punch I

A marvellous mixture of red wine, port and brandy, Punch I makes a super party drink.

2½ PINTS [6½ cups]

- 26 fl. oz. [3¼ cups] (1 bottle) red wine
- 10 fl. oz. [1½ cups] port
- 6 fl. oz. [¾ cup] brandy
- juice of 3 oranges
- juice of 2 lemons
- 3 oz. [¾ cup] castor sugar
- pared rind of 1 orange
- pared rind of 1 lemon
- 5 fl. oz. [¾ cup] soda water
- 6 ice cubes
- 1 orange, thinly sliced

In a large punch bowl or mixing bowl, combine the wine, port, brandy and orange and lemon juice. Add the sugar and stir, using a long-handled spoon, until it has completely dissolved. Stir in the orange and lemon rind and pour over the soda water. Place the bowl in the refrigerator to chill for 30 minutes.

Remove the bowl from the refrigerator. Add the ice cubes to the bowl and float the orange slices on the top of the punch. Serve immediately.

Punch II

This is a warming punch, low in alcohol content, which is ideal for a party or a family get-together or some similar informal gathering.

4½ PINTS [5½ PINTS]

- 4 pints [5 pints] dry cider
- 12 cloves
- 2 oranges
- 1 X 2-inch piece cinnamon stick
- 2 eating apples, peeled cored and sliced
- 3 oz. [¾ cup] sugar
- 3 fl. oz. [¾ cup] brandy

Pour the cider into a large saucepan and place the pan over low heat. Stick 6 cloves in each orange and add them, the cinnamon stick, apples and sugar to the pan. Using a wooden spoon, stir the mixture until the sugar has dissolved. When the cider begins to boil (this should take about 15 minutes), stir in the brandy and remove the pan from the heat. Remove and discard the cinnamon stick. Remove and reserve the oranges.

Pour the cider mixture into a warmed punch bowl. Place the oranges on a board and cut them into thin slices or wedges, discarding the cloves. Add the orange slices or wedges to the punch and serve immediately.

Punch III

Cold tea is one of the traditional bases for punch. Mixed with soft brown sugar, rum and brandy, Punch III lends a new light to a 'cup of tea'! If you wish to dilute the punch, stir in 1 pint [2 cups] of soda water just before serving.

ABOUT 3 PINTS [7½ cups]

- 2 tablespoons tea leaves
- 2 pints [5 cups] boiling water
- finely pared rind of 1 large lemon
- 6 oz. [1 cup] soft brown sugar
- 8 fl. oz. [1 cup] dark rum
- 8 fl. oz. [1 cup] brandy

Place the tea leaves in a large tea pot or jug. Pour on the boiling water, cover and set aside to infuse for 5 minutes. Strain. Place the lemon rind and sugar in a medium-sized bowl and crush them together with the end of a rolling pin

or a pestle to release the zest from the rind. Pour the tea on to the sugar mixture and stir until the sugar has dissolved. Set aside to cool completely.

When it is cold, pour the tea mixture through a fine wire strainer set over a large punch bowl. Discard the contents of the strainer. Stir in the rum and brandy. The punch is now ready to serve.

Punch IV

Punch IV is enlivened with the sparkle of Champagne and should only be served when you are feeling really extravagant! Make sure the Champagne and soda water are very cold before they are poured on to the liqueurs.

ABOUT 5 PINTS [6½ PINTS]

- 8 fl. oz. [1 cup] brandy
- 6 fl. oz. [¾ cup] orange-flavoured liqueur
- 4 fl. oz. [½ cup] kirsch
- 2 pints [6½ cups] Champagne, chilled
- 1 pints [3¾ cups] soda water, chilled

Pour the brandy, orange-flavoured liqueur and kirsch into a large punch bowl and stir well with a long-handled spoon.

Pour in the Champagne and soda water. Ladle the punch into individual serving glasses and serve at once.



Old Timers

Seen recently, aboard HMS BELFAST which is moored on the Thames, opposite the Tower of London:-

A 545A SER No. 101161 and a TYPE CA PLUG-IN SER No. 100929. We were told by the radio operator that they are both in good working order. I wonder who built them and who calibrated them!



GARF

space oddity



Life in the Sea

What's it like? Does everybody unite under a common porpoise or do they all split up into special groupers?

Here's a tail that suggests that all is not so roselet down there.

It's about a brill young sturgeon, working on the local health fishillity. As it turned out he was one of its flounders, a fin fellow, wiser than salmon who would not shrimp from his responsibilities, and was considered a dab hand at his job. He was successful and happy and always whistled a happy tuna, in fact he always seemed to be having a whale of a time. One day however, one of his patients, a mere whipper snapper, poor sole complained that the treatment he was getting was a load of codswollop and went trouting around telling everyone that it had made him more eel than he was before, and called the sturgeon a right scad, and that further more he would be taking him to court.

Make no bones about it this left the sturgeon, a little more than pouting. In fact he was in a 'elver skate and to make things worse the board chased him off the plaice with little more than the sandeels on his feet. But the case smelt and even the judge commented on the tench and rejected the plaintiff's clam. They tried to rehire the sturgeon but their last ray of hope had gone as he had hit the bottlenose quite heavily and was now to be found dancing the conger on squid roe.

ANSWER TO LAST WHAT IS IT

PUZZLE.

CALCULATOR KEYS.



Graham Haines was the local representative of the Guernsey branch of the Royal British Legion at the Remembrance Service held recently at the Albert Hall.

This was not his first appearance there as he represented the branch in 1976 and also during the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations.

Photo: courtesy Guernsey Press

The Stone-Age Eaters

by Ar-Gee



BIRTHS

Wes McGowan	(Personnel) and Sandra a daughter Jennifer Katie	13.10.79
Terry Le Huray	(Facilities) and Gillian a daughter Louise Siobhan	23.10.79
Sue Rumens	(Probes and Coils) and Alfred a daughter Joanne	16.10.79

21st

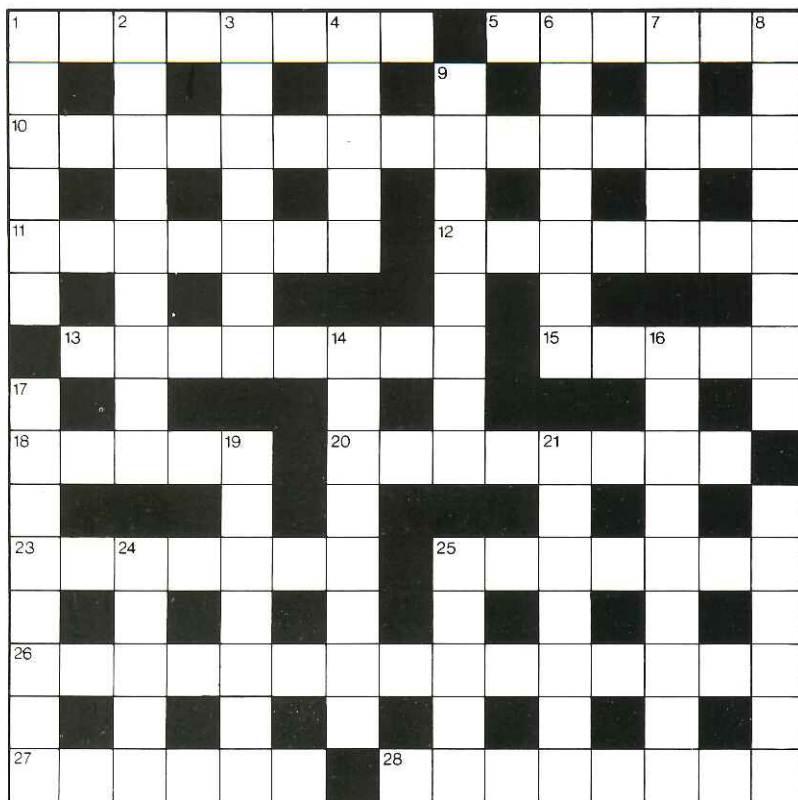
Sue Palzeaird	(Information Systems)	9.11.79
Charmaine Scott	(Assembly B)	16.11.79
Elizabeth Baker	(Instrument Assembly)	9.12.79

ENGAGEMENTS

Richard Collas	(Instrument Test) to Valorie Shepherd	8.9.79
Heidi Anquetil	(Probes) to Mark Richards	25.9.79

MARRIED

Karen Coquelin	(Probes and Coils) to John Niles	15.9.79
Tina Woodberry	(Probes and Coils) to Martyn Le Prevost	20.9.79
Pauline Batiste	(Production Services) to Paul Ogier	22.9.79
Sue Ashplant	(Personnel) to Dave Hardman	6.10.79
Sandra Manning	(Caps) to Kevin de Carteret	6.10.79
Pam Bayles	(Product Support) to Joe Masterman	20.10.79
Janet Fallaize	(Product Support) to Robert Guillou	20.10.79
Phil Hearn	(Information Systems) to Julia Cotterill	25.10.79
Anne Truffitt	(Transformers) to Charles Greenslade	27.10.79

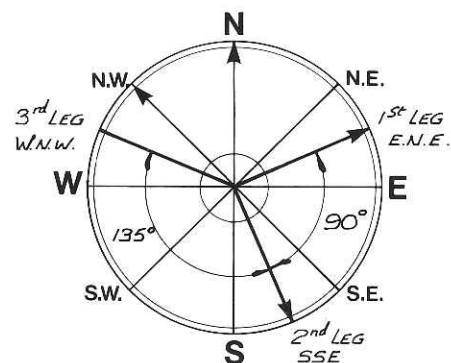


YACHT ANSWER

Second leg, South-South-East.

Third leg, West-North-West.

At the second buoy yacht's turn through 90 degrees clockwise (sorry - to starboard). At the third buoy the turn (also clockwise) is through 135 degrees, that is half a revolution less 45 degrees. It looks like this on the Mariners Compass.



ACROSS

1. Colourful Satellite of the Earth (4,4)
5. In a foreign land. (6)
10. That document which contains the agreement of insurance. (9,6)
11. A severe case of suffering. (7)
12. Essence of wormwood. (7)
13. He has a wide ranging ability. (8)
15. Supply lodging and entertain. (3,2)
18. Military student. (5)
20. Could be a cover up or it could be the end! (8)
23. Give a verbal description of the main points only. (7)
25. It's a gas, not from manufacture. (7)
26. Does not interfere in other nations' business. (3-12)
27. Play it down the disco! (6)
28. They give support, usually to tables. (8)

DOWN

1. If you are out of this you need the rest. (6)
2. Clandestine delivery of a lazy cricketer? (9)
3. Ovule of the Opium Poppy. (7)
4. To do openly. (5)
6. Enlarges the picture or reduces to rubble. (5,2)
7. Atop charged particle? No, it's an edible bulb. (5)
8. Establishments for the self-sufficient? (1,1,1,5)
9. A type of filter. (8)
14. A description of a cloudy sky taken from a sea dweller. (8)
16. The face of a F.M. radio to mark the point. (5,4)
17. A tall glass vessel or a small rigged sea-going one. (7)
19. Less thick than before. (7)
21. Goes regularly to. (7)
22. Group of Botanical individuals which were once part of an individual. (6)
24. Restorer for tired bodies. (5)
25. At no time. (5)