

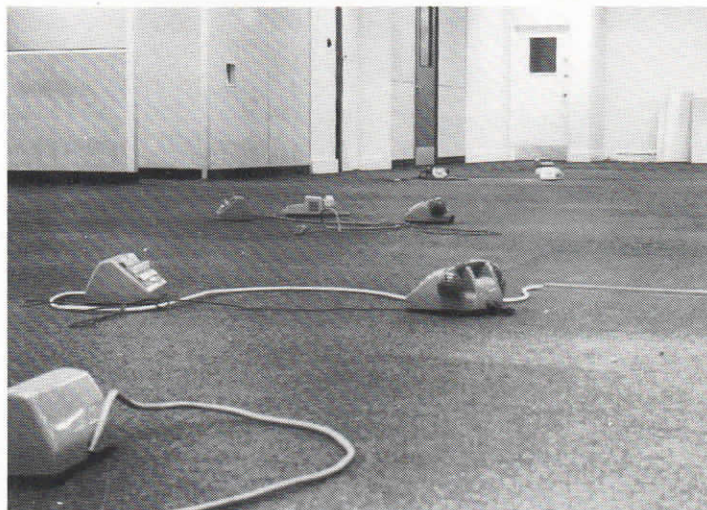
Tek Inc. Executive visits UK



Tektronix UK welcomes Bill Walker, Executive Vice-President of the company, who is visiting us during the last week in November to attend Tek UK's annual general sales conference, being held in Bournemouth.

Bill joined Tektronix in 1958 as an

engineer and served in many areas of manufacturing and product planning. In 1971, he was appointed Group Vice-President responsible for Research and Engineering, and this year became Executive Vice-President and Tektronix Chief Operating Officer.



Where's everyone gone? . . . See page 4



Cover Girl

Eileen McMahon, Hoddesdon, joined Tek in August 1977. Likes reading and cookery.



High Performance Club

About seven years ago I had to cover up the I.A.M. (Institute of Advanced Motorists) badge every time I drove the family car and I felt that was a challenge I would put right. Like other friends of mine, I took the test and passed at the first attempt. That gave me an idea. Why not try for something much higher?

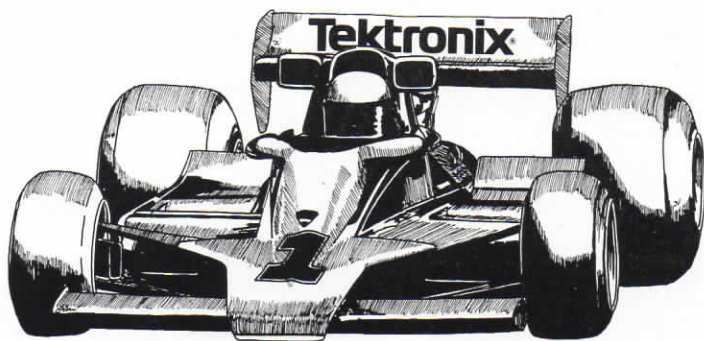
and it had a specially power-tuned engine capable of 120 m.p.h. John Lyons put me wise on the various controls, the correct driving techniques expected and off we went.

I felt very self-conscious as people glanced curiously and perhaps enviously at the large H.P.C.

Grinstead, Redhill and finally back to Putney. At the end of each session I was truly exhausted. Long periods of concentration were fantastically tiring. What must International Grand Prix drivers feel like at the end of the day?

My fourth session was on a Jaguar 'E' Type V12 on a wet and windy day. The Jaguar handled beautifully even at very high speed but again I was exhausted after another day of hard work. Back at Putney my previous three days reports had been analysed by the H.P.C. team and on my final day I had come up to their club standard. And so my co-driver said, "Well done — Welcome to the Club." I had become their 1272nd member!

And ahead of this membership they have special awards, the Honours (Advanced Night driving), Silver (Advanced Skidding) and Gold Awards (eight hours drive to a very high standard without guidance over rapidly changing conditions). About 44 members in the world belong to the Gold.



What about the H.P.C. (High Performance Club driving test) so that other members of the family would have to cover up my badge before they drive my car! I got a most encouraging letter from Mr. John Miles, then head of the B.S.M. H.P.C. Course and now the Road Safety Officer for the R.A.C. He wrote that my impaired hearing need not be a handicap. In fact some with other handicaps had already passed this test. So why not an impaired hearing person?

The H.P.C. has a fleet of cars which include a Jaguar 'E' Type V12, Porsche, B.M.W. 3.0SI, Jensen Interceptor and the very special Ferrari Dino. But first I had to pass and be a member to drive these beauties!

When I reported to the H.P.C. headquarters at Putney, I was greeted by John Lyons, now the H.P.C. manager, who was to be my co-driver. He explained that the course would take four sessions at least, if not more, depending on my ability. The first day was spent mainly at Brands Hatch racing circuit and on the specially constructed B.S.M. skid pan to learn correct cornering techniques without endangering others. The other three hour sessions covered high standard driving on motorways, trunk roads and country lanes.

Each stage was to be taken with a different co-driver so that faults and their correction are noted in detail for further improvement. If the driver reached the required high standard, he is elected a member of High Performance Club and awarded a diploma and a special car badge.

I climbed into the Ford RS Mexico — a car I had never driven before

roundels on the car doors but I had no time to relax when my co-driver started very gently to criticise my driving. He criticised me in a relaxed, friendly way until we reached Brands Hatch, when over a cup of coffee, he summed up his comments about my driving faults and good points. He sketched out my steering faults like taking the wrong line through corners and how I got into understeer by the incorrect use of steering and accelerator.

Next he took me on the skid pan and I got into the Ford Escort with bald tyres specially made for the B.S.M. This gave a feeling of a 40-50 m.p.h. skid at half that speed. The road had a special surface which when wetted was like a skating rink.

I was asked to drive up to the corner fairly fast, put on the brakes and then turn the wheel — let the brake off when he shouts "NOW". My skid correction was fair and I was still on the road! With more practice my skill improved till I got the grading "good".

We spent the rest of the day on the race track going round in both directions and accelerating up to 120 m.p.h., my cornering, acceleration, braking and steering getting smoother with every lap. I imagined myself how the formula drivers lap the track at 170 m.p.h! When we finally got back to Putney, I was exhausted but well pleased with my efforts. John Lyons also seemed pleased to fill up my report form.

For my next two three-hour sessions I choose a B.M.W. 3.0SI and a Jensen Interceptor. We headed for Reading down M4 improving my driving techniques. We drove over 200 miles in a huge circle through Newbury, Whitchurch, Odiham, Guildford, East

?

A man without eyes saw plums on a tree, he neither took plums or left plums, how can that be????

Wendy Gray

About two years ago I attempted the Honours (I drove in a Dolomite Sprint and a TR7 for six hours) and Silver awards (Advanced Skidding at Brands Hatch) in a battered Escort on bald tyres in the pouring rain.

Last year I tried for the Gold award in Ford Escort RS 2000 (my favourite car) for eight hours. But unfortunately I just made one mistake and the Instructor said, "You require greater experience for 'Gold' standard — to develop a smooth, easy flowing style and awareness and anticipation that is the hallmark of a Master! Why not have another try for a Gold award in the future?"

Arun Krishna

Hoddesdon Test Department



To become a member of the High Performance Club is a considerable achievement for any driver. Arun, however, is handicapped by being completely without the power of speech and hearing, and can only communicate by writing and lip reading. Arun deserves all our congratulations . . . Editors.

Retirement

Charles Billet, Operations Manager of Tektronix France for more than 15 years, shown here (on the left) with Frank Doyle, Vice-President European Operations, at the presentation ceremony marking Charles retirement. Before his career with Tektronix, Charles had an even longer one as a pilot, first in the French Army, with the rank of Major when he left. He also served as a pilot for many years with a number of airline companies, flying DC4's, DC6's and Viscounts. Total flying hours logged exceeded 11,000. Charles then moved on to duties as a pilot inspector for the French Aviation Authority and is the author of several books, most of them on flying.

He is also a qualified electronics engineer and has worked for such companies as Daystrom and Schlumberger. As he commented to *Tek Times*, his career was very complicated! He sends his greetings and best wishes to all his friends in Tek UK.



Tektronix Oscilloscope No. 1

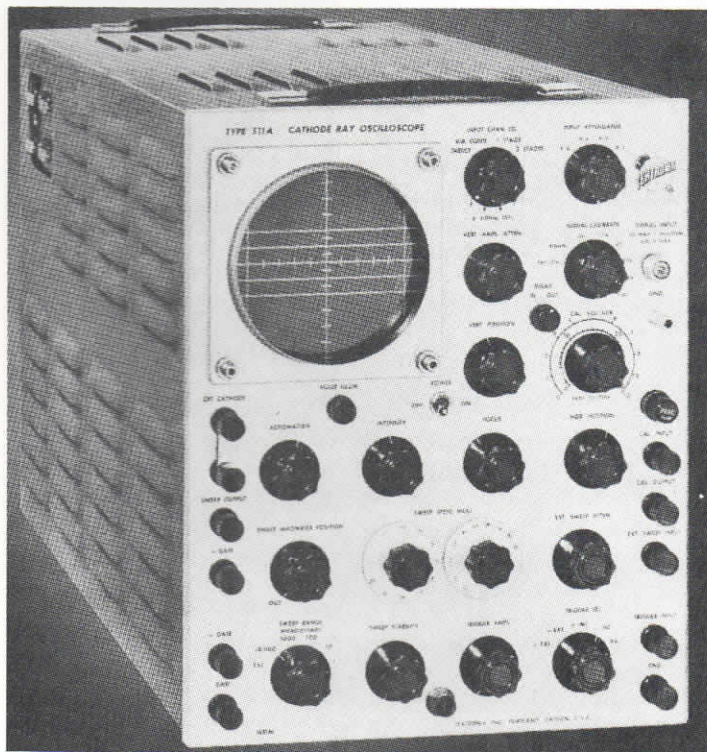
In July of 1947 Tektronix shipped its first production oscilloscope — a Type 511, serial number 101. Dr. A. R. Tunturi; Director of Navy Acoustic Research at the University of Oregon, took delivery on this instrument for the purchaser, the US Navy.

For 13½ years this Type 511 aided in providing Dr. Tunturi with reliable information in his research work — electronic mapping of the brain. Knowledge gained in this research is valuable in the diagnosis and treatment of neurological diseases and for the possible importance of applying how the brain works to the development of a mechanical brain for guided missiles. During this time installation of several factory-developed improvement modifications aided this Type 511 to keep abreast of Dr.

Tunturi's oscilloscope requirements. The instrument remained, however, essentially a Type 511 while Dr. Tunturi's work continued to advance. Eventually the need for a more sophisticated oscilloscope became undeniable.

Rudy Vuksich of the Tektronix Advertising Department could see reciprocal benefits in Dr. Tunturi's need for a more advanced oscilloscope and the Tektronix desire to return their original production instrument to its place of origin.

Accordingly, he assisted in working out a mutually beneficial agreement between the interested parties. In exchange for the Type 511 serial number 101, Dr. Tunturi accepted for the US Navy a Tektronix Type 515 Oscilloscope, an instrument admirably suited to his changed oscilloscope requirements.



The picture above is not, strictly speaking the original instrument, it is a 511A, which looks very similar to the 511. It had a —3dB bandwidth of 10MHz, a basic vertical sensitivity of 125mV/div, and a maximum sweep speed of 0.1µs/div. The sweep generator was described as "a commercial adaptation of widely used radar circuits".



Chess (Part Two)

Time Limits

All serious chess games today are subject to a time limit: each player must make, for instance, 40 moves in 2½ hours. Failure to complete the moves in the time allowed results in defeat for the offender.

Restrictions on the time allowed for thought were first introduced in 1861.

Originally, sandglasses were used to time the play. Tumbling clocks were introduced in the London 1883 event and a timepiece very similar to our modern tournament clock was developed by Veenhoff of Groningen in 1900.

The modern chess clock consists of two ordinary clock mechanisms joined by a push-bar or button system. Each clockface has a "flag" indicator which drops when the hour is reached.

While a player is thinking, his clock is running; after he plays a move on the board he depresses the bar or button, stopping his clock and automatically starting his opponent's clock.

The laws of chess states that in games where clocks are being used, a move is not completed, until the clock has been pressed.

Traditionally, cycles of moves are timed, rather than individual moves. Within the cycle, a player is free to use his time as he wishes; taking perhaps fifteen minutes over one move, and twenty seconds over another.

Different time limits are used in club and local events, but forty moves in 2½ hours is now standard for all international competitions.

By using clocks, several variations of control are possible: time "odds" can be applied to players of unequal strength.

A popular recreation is Blitz, or "five-minute" chess in which each player is given five minutes to complete all his moves.

Chess, though a silent game, has produced a large number of very amusing sayings and quotations:—"Chess is a lake in which a gnat may

bathe and an elephant may drown". (Indian proverb).

"You cannot play at chess if you are kindhearted". (French proverb).

"Chess is like a drug: beneficial in rare doses, fatal in frequent ones".

"Not only does chess admit two points of view. Without two points of view, there would be no chess". (Heidenfeld).

"The game has three phases: the first, when one hopes one has an advantage; the second, when one believes one has an advantage; and the third when one knows one is going to lose". (Tartakower).

"Pawn endings are to chess, what putting is to golf". (Purdy).

"Never miss a check, it might be mate". (Proverbial).

"Whereas the tactician knows what to do when there is something to do, it requires the strategist to know what to do when there is nothing to do". (Abrahams).

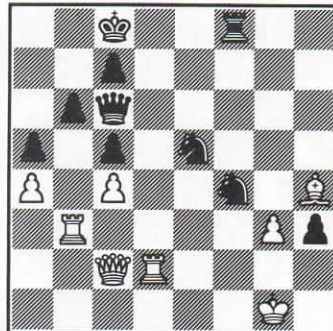
"Never move a pawn, and you will never lose a game". (Tarrash).

"Exchanging is the soul of chess". (Kieninger).

The last word should come from the wisdom of Dr. E. Lasker, and it contains a good deal of his chess philosophy: "He who sees much, can endure much".

*Eric Blancquaert
Hoddesdon*

Problem No. 2 November Edition



Black to play and mate in four moves.

Solution No. 1 October Edition

1. Q—N8+ N×Q
2. N—B7 mate. So the Queen is sacrificed to speed up a check mate.

You Done Good

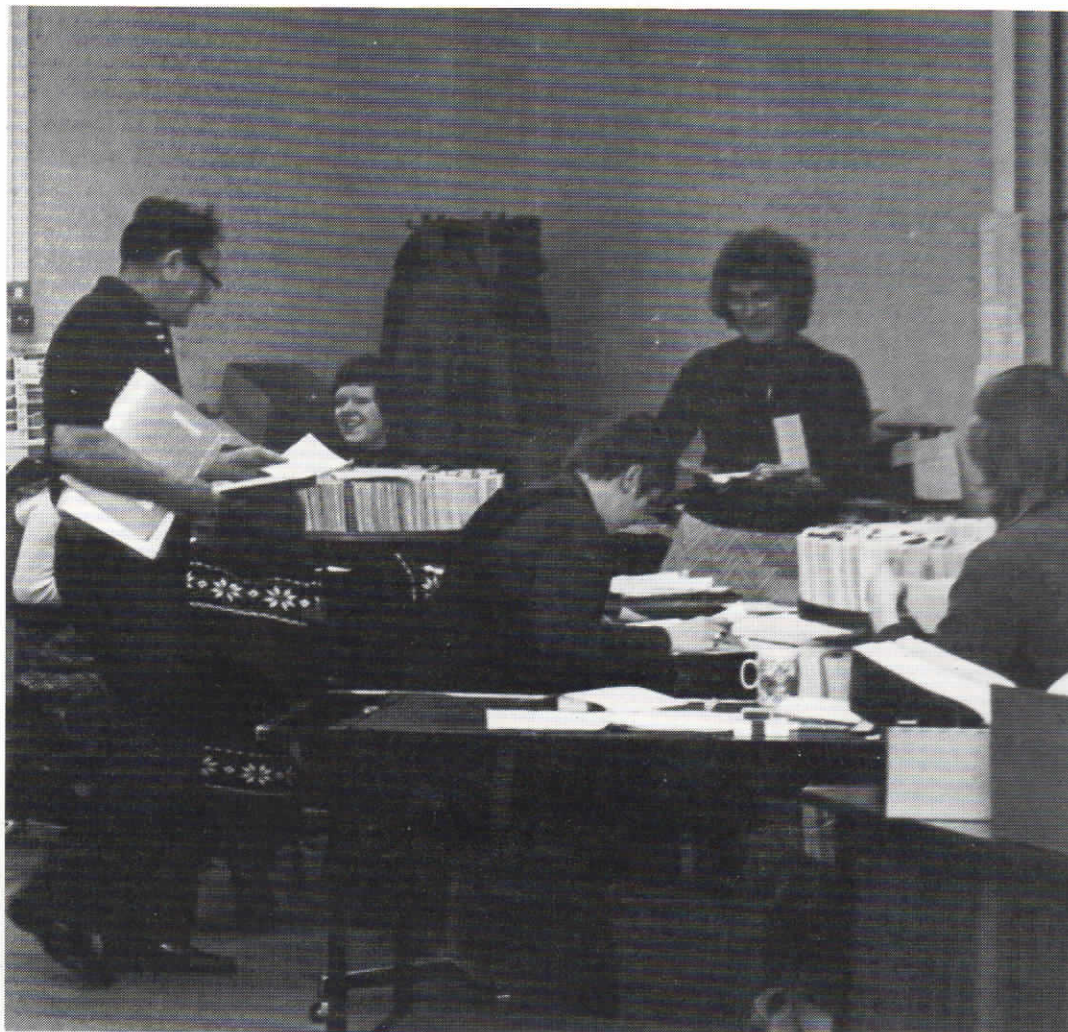
(continued)

Maurice Parker (left), Tek UK company secretary, accepting the "You Done Good" certificate for inventory management from Ken Knox. Maurice received the certificate during a recent visit to Beaverton.



... to Maidenhead

During October, Tek UK's order processing departments, warehousing and transport offices vacated their homes in Harpenden and set up operations in Maidenhead, west of London on the river Thames.



A corner of the new parts order processing department.



Southern Region sales manager Dave Fynn chats to a customer from his new domain.



Receptionist Sue Dormer at work on the busy switchboard.



The familiar face of Gordon Knapper in the very extensive warehouse at Maidenhead.



Another area of the general office.

Down on the Farm

Life on the farm can be very variable. At times the everyday routine can be nothing short of dull. But when dealing with animals the unexpected or amusing incident is always just around the corner. I have sat down to write a number of short articles about my life on a farm in Devon during the years 1946 to 1954. I hope they will give you as much pleasure reading them as I have had in recalling them.

Captain

The old horse lay on the ground on his side with his tongue lolling out, a pale shade of blue. His eyes were rolling about and he looked to be in a pretty bad way. The hemp halter we had put on him was still tied to the gate post but the webbing was now tight around his throat and restricted his breathing.

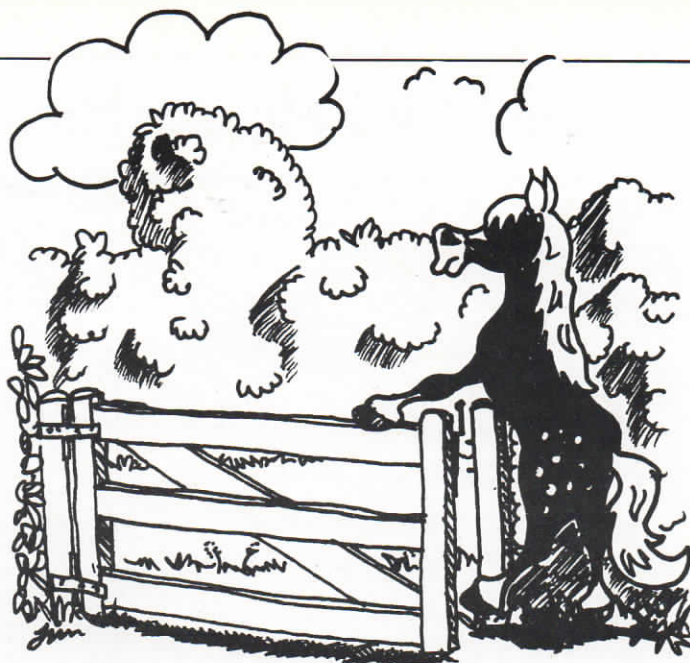
"Good God" said my father, "Get a knife quickly otherwise he's a gonner in another few seconds". I rushed indoors to where I knew my pocket knife lay. Within a few moments I was out again in the farm yard sawing away at the hemp webbing. I had difficulty in getting under it, because the halter was so tight against his neck. Eventually it was through and there was nothing we could do except stand back and hope that he would recover. Gradually his breathing became more regular and soon he was up on his feet again, all be it rather unsteady.

His name was Captain and we had bought him for a very cheap price because his wind had gone somewhat. "You can have him for dead-meat price if you wish" said the dealer who sold him to us, "Because he'll only go to the hounds if you don't have him". My father reckoned that he still had enough work left in him for our small farm and bought him on the spot. "I'll bring him around next week in the cattle truck" the dealer said and so

he did, for when we got back from market next week, there was a large cart-horse adorning one of our fields. There was no sign of the dealer what-so-ever!

It was some months later when we found that our newly acquired friend had a minor ailment which had rather unfortunate results. He had itchy feet due to something which is known in Devon as "Greasy heel". The poor old fellow just had to scratch his heels on something and what better than to use the bottom bar of the nice angle-iron gate which adorned the entrance to his field. Now here may I say to all preservationists that this was the only metal gate we had on the farm. All the others were of the traditional wooden type, most of them in good solid heavy oak. I make this point because the metal gate was a good deal lighter in weight than the others and it was for that reason that old Captain found (initially probably entirely by mistake, because of his itchy feet) that he could get his heels under the gate and lift it off its hinges. Once faced with the open road and the prospect of trotting all the way to Somerset unhindered, his aged limbs seemed to undergo some kind of miraculous rejuvenation process and he would set off like a two year old.

The first time this happened it was about two o'clock in the morning and we were awakened by the sound of Captain's metal clad feet clapping up the road. We flung on some clothes over our pyjamas, grabbed a length of rope and set off up the road. Now I don't know how many of you have explored the little lanes and byways of Devon but almost invariably they are bounded on each side by high earth banks topped with a fair sized hedge. Because our dear old friend didn't really want to be caught but had decided to have a moonlight tour of the countryside, he made it as difficult as possible for



us to catch him by trotting ahead of us by some 50 yards or so and always putting an extra spurt on whenever we tried to get past him to turn him back towards the farm.

After several attempts, it was obvious that we were getting further and further away from the farm and that the only way was to nip over one of the banks which lined the roadside, run along the field on the other side of the bank, scramble over again and eventually arrive on the right side of the old horse for the return journey. In daylight this probably would not have presented too much of a problem but at night with a not over generous moon it proved to present insurmountable difficulties. These difficulties came in various shapes and forms all of them well hidden to the unwary traveller in the lane. Having "nipped over" the bank to the chiding comments of my father who thought I was taking too long over the whole exercise and finding that, as I suspected, there was some barbed wire strung along the inside of the hedge, I found myself in a strange field hitherto unexplored and uncharted as far as I was concerned. Ditches, fences and further banks all had to be negotiated in the dark and by the time I had scrambled back into the lane, dear old Captain was once again 50 yards ahead of me.

On one of these excursions through a neighbouring farmer's field I came across a pen of young calves. Startled by all the activity and my sudden appearance in the dim moonlight, they suddenly rushed "en masse" to the other end of the pen whereupon there was a resounding crash and a noise of splintering wood. I regret to say that my neighbourliness did not extend to dashing around the field to round up the escapees, I had enough problems of my own at the moment. I never did hear of any reports in the local farmers' gossip of a lost pen of calves so presumably they remained within the precincts of the field and their breakout was put down to natural causes.

Eventually we did manage to recapture him but only I suspect because he had tired of the game.

With the rope around his neck we led him back to the farm and roped up the gate so that it wouldn't happen again. But he had learned the trick and it wasn't to be the last time we would have to turn out to recapture him.

Part of the answer was of course to cure the poor old beast of his affliction. Our local blacksmith, who was full of knowledgeable country cures, advised us to "get something from down the lavatory and rub it on his heels". He lowered his voice to almost a whisper as he said this, and I had to admire his skill in avoiding the use of four-lettered words! In spite of this gem of wisdom my father consulted our regular vet who prescribed an ointment to be applied once a day and although more costly, was thought to be a more acceptable method of effecting the cure. Old Captain was to stay with us for quite a few years more and when the time came to have him put down on the advice of the vet we just hoped that the extension to his life that he had spent on our farm had been a happy one for him. He was, in essence, a gentle animal and we had come to recognise the fact that even if he didn't always do what we wanted him to, it was because he had more knowledge about farming in his old head than we could hope to acquire in 20 years.

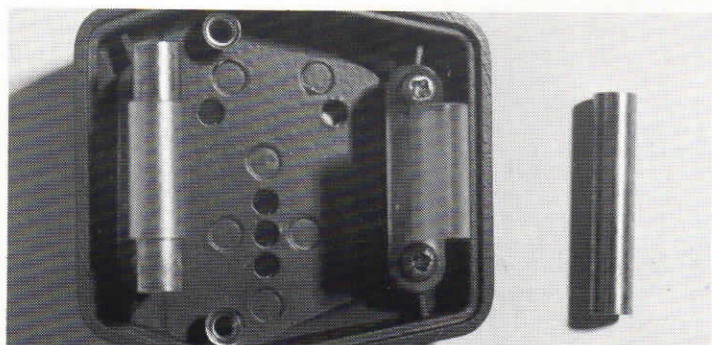
*Peter Hildebrand
Harpden*

Slow-Blow Fuse?

A Tek 'scope was recently received for repair by our Manchester office with special fuses fitted. The fuses were machined from solid brass! No ratings were quoted for these devices but we reckon they would easily

handle a few hundred amperes. (The part number is not known, so don't order any).

*Ian C. Stewart
Manchester*



Did you know? . . .

From the racing correspondent in our Useless Information department comes this riveting revelation on the origin of the word "Steeplechasing".

Ages ago, in Ireland, horse races took place around the towns and villages. So that all riders took the same route, the course was identified by the church towers or steeples in each location — hence steeple-chasing!

Airmail by Zeppelin

These historic pieces of mail recall a fascinating pre-war era. Our thanks are again due to John Seaman of

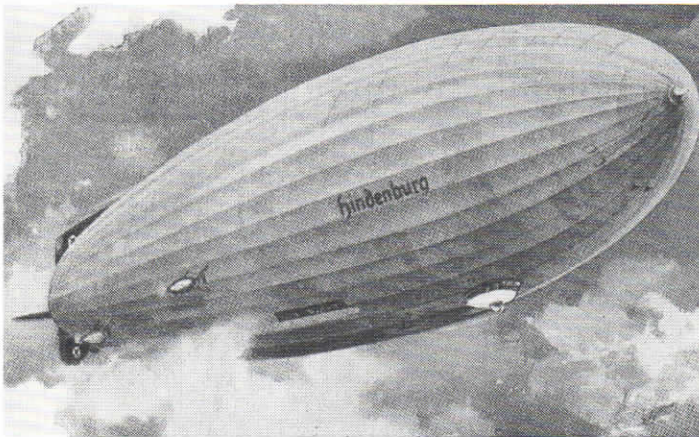
Harpenden for providing us with the opportunity to reproduce them in *Tek Times*.



Backstamp
Frankfurt/Main
14th May 1936.



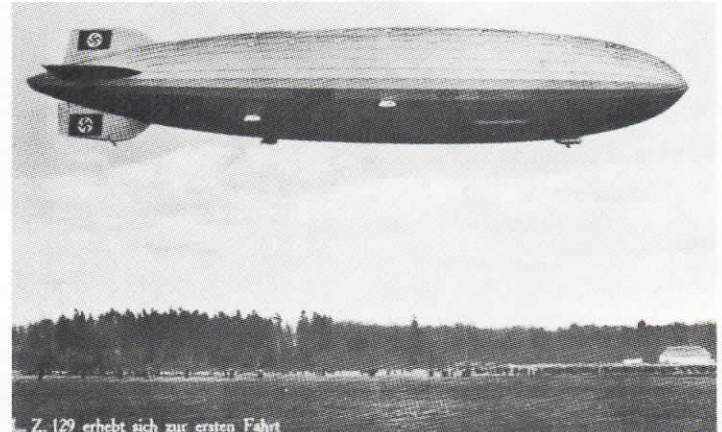
First-Flight cover LZ 129 'Hindenburg'. Frankfurt/Main 3rd May . . . Lakehurst 9th May 1936. First of many transatlantic voyages, driven by four 1,000 h.p. engines, carrying a crew of 40 at a speed of 100 knots.



Largest airship ever built the LZ 129 'Hindenburg'.



First-Flight cover LZ 129 'Hindenburg' return leg Lakehurst to Frankfurt/Main.



LZ 129 erhebt sich zur ersten Fahrt
LZ 129 taking off on first flight from Friedrichshafen.

Try this for Breakfast

Like many rural communities, Guernsey is noted among connoisseurs of good food as a source of several interesting dishes, not least of which is:

GUERNSEY BEAN JAR

Ingredients:

- 1 — Beef shin bone
- 1 — Pigs Trotter
- 1lb Haricot Beans
- 1lb Onions, chopped
- 1lb Carrots, chopped

Salt, Thyme, Sage and Parsley to taste.

Soak beans overnight, or until soft. Drain, place all ingredients in a large earthenware jar and cover with water. Cook in a slow oven for at least eight hours, adding water to achieve desired consistency.

At one time, Guernsey Bean jar was a typical breakfast dish. The jars of prepared ingredients were often taken to the local baker's shop in the evening where they were cooked in the baking ovens and collected next morning.



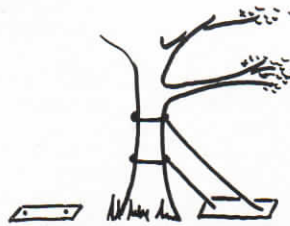
What the customer asked for



As Special Products Dept. saw it



As Prototype Engineering designed it



As the site engineer installed it



What the customer really wanted

"Tell us about exhibitions then"

"It's alright for you", they say, "Dashing off to exhibitions all over the country, staying in nice hotels and coming back when you feel like it".

Acutally, its not a bit like that. Tek take part in a large number of exhibitions every year and the work on each one can start anything up to a year ahead.

The first step is to decide on the size of the stand, bearing in mind whether it's a local or a national show, and what kind of products we want to display. This entails meetings with the managers of the product groups affected. Out of these discussions will emerge some reasonably firm idea of what instruments we will be showing and, equally important, how much we can spend on the event.

Quite often, we will plan to launch some new product at an exhibition but this presents problems if the release of the product is delayed for one reason or another. Early planning is, therefore, usually fairly tentative until nearer the date of the show, but there are many details which are firmed up well in advance such as size of our stand, electrical requirements, lighting, and the basic appearance of our display. Then follows a steady stream of work involving contracts, furniture hire, deposit payments, wiring diagrams, application for telephone, invitation tickets, transport of equipment, publicity material, passes for Tek personnel attending, hotel accommodation, car parking — and so on.

Remember, too, that the whole thing can change because of the non-availability of some of the products you planned on. Many important details must, therefore, be left to a fairly late stage in the run-up period, and it doesn't take much to throw everything into an emergency situation.

Assuming everything goes right from our own point of view, there are even greater hazards ahead, all completely beyond our control. Strikes by electricians, stand constructors, and painters, for example; "Go-slow" tactics by customs clearance people; breakdowns or accidents involving the transport of equipment or people, to name but a few.

Then there are just plain human mistakes. For example, we recently participated in a large exhibition in Dublin, held at the Leopardstown Racecourse Complex. Tek had booked a 22' x 10' stand, and as the graphics panels and electrical accessories arrived at Harpenden too late for their shipment by normal means, we took them to Dublin by car. There aren't many car Ferries across the Irish Sea in winter, so it was necessary to leave home at 7am on Sunday morning to catch the ferry at Liverpool. The tide was wrong, the weather was rough and the crossing hectic. Irish customs were difficult about clearing the goods we had in the car for the exhibition — it took

another hour to satisfy them that our intentions were strictly peaceful.

Arrived in central Dublin to find traffic in chaos because of a riot involving inmates at Dublin jail. The place was full of security people checking cars. Got to our "nice hotel" about 9.30pm feeling a little travel weary. Didn't bother to have dinner in the restaurant because it was crammed, so had sandwiches sent up to our rooms.

Up at 7.30am next day, quick breakfast, and off to Leopardstown in steady, heavy, cold rain. Location of Leopardstown is obviously a closely guarded military secret. No signposts indicate its whereabouts and the entire area appears totally uninhabited. Finally stumble across a magic sign saying "Races Car Park". This gets us to within a mile or so of the exhibition hall. The exhibition hall is easily identified when you get there, all the doors are wide open, so as to take full advantage of the gale force wind. It is also full of cheerful Irishmen working like demons on all stands — except the Tektronix one.

Enquiries eventually reveal that the stand contractors have got transport problems and that our stand will not be ready for occupation until later in the day. But our instruments arrive in their transit cartons very soon after we do, so they are in everybody's way most of the day.

The day drags on, we keep asking for progress reports, we get colder and colder, until by 3pm we decide to try and get some food. Nothing available in Leopardstown of course, but find a small cafe on the outskirts of Dublin. By 5.30pm, everything is completed by the contractors and we set up the display cabinets and graphics panels. But, strangely, we don't seem to be able to get the last display cabinet in position, it seems to be too long — or, dreadful thought, the stand is not long enough! It's true, the stand is exactly 9 inches short of the planned 22 feet. In no time at all, we re-design the whole layout and shift all the power points. By 9pm we are in great shape, everything is in its place and it looks reasonably good, in the circumstances. The snag is that three of the key products have developed faults and on-the-spot repairs are under way. Return to the hotel by 10pm to find the car park full. Park up the road about 10 minutes walk away and then enjoy the luxury of a meal on a tray.

By 9.30am the next day, we put the finishing touches to the stand (sweep the rubbish away, hide the empty boxes, put out the literature, dust the instruments, mend the main fuse twice) and, fingers crossed, we're open for business!

It's all plain sailing from then on, of course. Leave Dublin docks on the return ferry by 11.00am, home before 10pm, and back in the offices the next morning.

"It's alright for you", they say.

F.R. Harpenden



POET'S CORNER

When the Boat comes in

Another chance to practice your Geordie accent, folks. These are the words to the well known TV series signature tune.

To assist you in acquiring an authentic dialect, remember the golden rule for accents — "Never use a single vowel sound when you can use two". For example, BOAT should be pronounced BOO AT (or BOO ERT).

(This song is that of a mother bouncing a small baby on her knees.)

Come here, me little Jacky,
Now aw've smok'd mi baccy,
Let's hev a bit o' cracky,
'Til the boat comes in.

Dance ti' thi daddy, sing ti' thi mammy,
Dance ti' thi daddy, ti' thi mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a fishy when the boat comes in.

Here's thi mother humming,
Like a canny woman;
Yonder comes thi father,
Drunk — he cannot stand.

Dance ti' thi daddy, sing ti' thi mammy,
Dance ti' thi daddy, ti' thi mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a haddock when the boat comes in.

Our Tommy's always fuddling,
He's so fond of ale,
But he's kind to me,
I hope he'll never fail.

Dance ti' thi daddy, sing ti' thi mammy,
Dance ti' thi daddy, ti' thi mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a bloater when the boat comes in.

I like a drop mysel',
When I can get it sly,
And thoo, my bonny bairn,
Will like't as well as I.

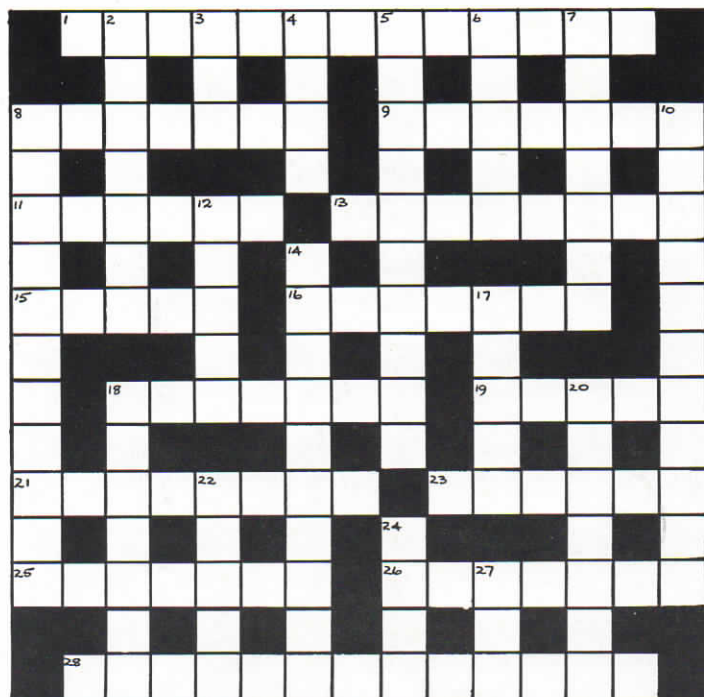
Dance ti' thi daddy, sing ti' thi mammy,
Dance ti' thi daddy, ti' thi mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a mackerel when the boat comes in.

May we get a drop,
Oft as we stand in need;
And weel may the keel row
That brings the bairns their bread.

Dance ti' thi daddy, sing ti' thi mammy,
Dance ti' thi daddy, ti' thi mammy sing;
Thou shall hev a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shall hev a salmon when the boat comes in.

Crossword

Compiled by Bob Orrock
Hoddesdon



ACROSS: 1 Enlargement (13); 8 Telescope for viewing with both eyes at the same time (7); 9 Absence of being (7); 11 Terminal bone of the spinal column (6); 13 Horse kept for breeding (8); 15 The oily substance of milk (5); 16/23/26 Presidential candidate (7-6-7); 18 Instrument for measuring time (7); 19 Arm and leg muscle (5); 21 Not according to the law of Moses (8); 25 The Knee cap (7); 28 Matrimonial bliss for the old maid or the answer to a maidens prayer (7-2-4).

DOWN: 2 Single eyeglass (7); 3 Indian term for 100,000 (3); 4 Supplier of energy (4); 5 Does not vary (10); 6 Absolute (5); 7 Sir Laurence (7); 8 Accessory for two wheeled vehicle (7-4); 10 Cheerful Irishman (6-5); 12 Arabian country

east of the Red Sea (5); 14 To make similar (10); 17 Piped (5); 18 Largest island in S.E. Asia (7); 20 Holes in the earth (7); 22 Pertaining to the sun (5); 24 Large sea bird (4); 27 — desperandum (3).

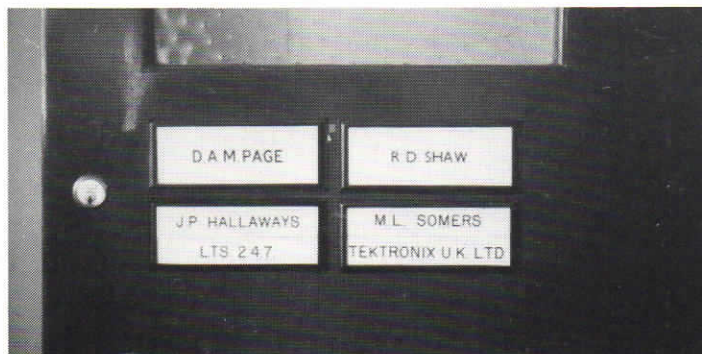
Answers to issue 12



Committed to Tektronix!

One of Ray Ganderton's customers, M. L. Somers of the Post Office Telecommunications HQ is so loyal to Tek products that his colleagues recently played a trick on him. They changed his office door nameplate

to read M. L. Somers, Tektronix UK Ltd., instead of his usual departmental reference. As a matter of interest, the Post Office is Tek UK's largest single customer for Tektronix and Telequipment products.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed,

It would be appreciated if you pass along a "well done" to the people that put together the UK *Tek Times*. It is very well written and I find many of the articles very informative and entertaining. I think it reflects the spirit of the British to do something "first rate".

Larry Taylor
Amstelveen

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was flabbergasted to read in your October issue, the unprovoked attack on Yorkshire cuisine.

While I concede that Mr. Norris has a point when he mentioned the Miners Arms and Mr. Leverton's eating habits, I do suspect this outburst stems from a long drawn out resentment by Lancastrians, dating from the wars of the Roses, when the Yorkshire troops were fed on the world's finest beef reared in the lush green valleys of the dales, and the salubrious puddings, lovingly made by fair damsels from the fruits of the fertile plains that abound in Yorkshire.

They also drank wines of their

provinces. From the Westward regions came a strong powerful brew known as "E by gum Tetley Bitter", which fortified the Yorkist troops before battles with their underfed opponents farther to the West.

In fact, the term "flushing out the enemy" was conceived in those troublesome times, when after a few pints of Tetleys the Yorkists would send raiding parties across the Pennines to flush out the enemy.

Even today in the Leeds area, particularly on a Sunday morning, one can see the locals with a thin lipped smile on their faces, and deep within them is this ancient feeling which has been passed down from generation to generation known as Tetley Bitter flush!

The unfortunate Lancastrians had to be content with their "Hot Pot" and the odd Black Pudding both filled with offal and anything that can grow or move in those damp climes.

The local drink was known as "rain" and can still be purchased at 50p per pint in most Manchester Bars.

George Allen
Field Engineer, Southern Region

Correspondents Wanted

To increase our coverage of news and stories in future issues of *Tek Times*, your editors want to hear from people willing to act as correspondents. The main function of a correspondent is to encourage people in his or her area to contribute to *Tek Times* and to channel ideas and articles to the editors.

Our present correspondents are:

Maidenhead — Dave Fynn
Dave has been our primary correspondent in the Southern region for over a year but with the increase of staff at Maidenhead, we could use additional coverage in the order-processing and stores departments.

Manchester — Paul Smith
As with the Maidenhead office, Manchester now has larger premises and more staff. We would like a volunteer to assist Paul.

Southgate — Carol Snow
Carol works hard for us from the Payroll department but we need another correspondent in the manufacturing area.

Harpenden
Mandy Greenwood, *Tek Times* correspondent until recently, has now

left the company. We now need a replacement for Mandy in the IDD department, and one new one from the Repair department, the Eastern Region Sales office or the MDA Group.

Hoddesdon — Dave Higgins
Dave continues to stimulate contributors at Hoddesdon with great effect. Your editors really appreciate the support we receive from that area.

Livingston — Pat Coulson
Pat Coulson is your contact here. Please continue to pass on your stories and news to her.

Correspondents are, of course, voluntary workers, and the duties must be regarded as additional to your normal responsibilities. If you are interested, please contact Fred Rose or Alan Hutley at Harpenden (Exts. 298 or 299).

The next Area Representative Meeting will be held at Maidenhead on 29th November.

The Company representative will be Maurice Parker and the speaker will be Eddie Curran on the subject of the Area Representative System.