

Who is that with John?

John Shafe, sent *Tek Times* this photograph of himself (on left) as the Borough Scout Commissioner of the London Borough of Enfield talking to His Eminence Cardinal Basil Hume O.S.B., Archbishop of Westminster. The occasion was the opening of a new Scout H.Q. for the 20th Edmonton Scout Group. Commenting on the photograph, John said, "I was relating to the Cardinal how I remembered when he was appointed that he said that for exercise he played what he termed Geriatric Squash. He replied that the phrase had stuck with him."

Also in the photograph on John's left are his wife Anne and his mother. On the extreme right of the picture behind His Eminence is Derek Capon, John's brother-in-law.



Tek's European Headquarters



To many of us, the EMC is just a name for some remote part of the Tektronix organisation to which some of us have to submit reports, statistics and other operational necessities. EMC in fact stands for European Marketing Centre and, as the name suggests, it is the recently established headquarters of Tektronix in Europe. It is located in Amstelveen, Amsterdam in the Netherlands, in the impressive looking building pictured left. (Note the bicycles.)



Cover Girl

Jenny Hancock, Hoddesdon, (D1000 Production). Jenny started with Tektronix in 1973. Her hobbies are reading and cooking.

Return to Poland after 39 years

The plane was circling over Kraków, ready to land. With my heart in my mouth, I watched the striped carpet of fields surrounding the town and the tall trees swaying in the breeze. Then the little dots scattered here and there took on the shapes of people. How would I find my country after 39 years of absence? Once a free, democratic country, Poland is now behind the Iron Curtain, where freedom has chains. From the air, everything looked so beautiful, so peaceful, so familiar! I was sure I would be so overcome that I would probably kneel down and kiss the tarmac. With my heart thumping loudly, I followed the others through the door of the plane (Russian-made), and down the steps.

The very first thing which struck me was the sight of a little hut with militia men standing around it. The men were dressed in Russian-type uniforms with the typically Russian flat caps. On the hut there was a "no smoking" sign written in Russian. My heart sank, and the desire to kneel down and kiss the ground vanished. The sight of the Russian writing and the Russian-type uniforms brought back vivid memories of when I was among the thousands of women and children being deported to Siberia in cattle trucks.

During our two weeks' stay in the beautiful winter sports town of Zakopane in the Tatra mountains — Poland's highest range — I experienced differing emotions. By listening and watching I found out what is left of the Poland that I remember and what striking changes have taken place. The picturesque mountains with their snow-covered peaks have not changed. The same breathtaking beauty, the same majestic dignity of nature prevails. The same pure, cool air smelling of pines fills the lungs, and the beautiful houses built in the typical Highlander style, with steep sloping roofs, carved window and door frames, are also the same. Just under the roof of every house, even a recently built one there is a small niche with a statue of the Virgin Mary.

The same cable-car, now rusty, takes tourists to and from the highest peak. The lakes high up in the mountains look as mysterious as ever and the beautiful walks in the valleys are still unforgettable. People working in the fields still use scythes and sickles and transport crops and hay on horse-drawn carts.

The proverbial hospitality has not changed. Whatever a housewife has in the larder is offered to the guest, who is treated like a king. Chivalry lives on: men kiss ladies' hands when they meet, they allow ladies to go first, and give up their seats on trams and buses. When sitting down to a meal, people wish each other a "good appetite" and say "thank



you for your company" after the meal.

We spent our time going on all sorts of excursions, including some to the town of Kraków, Poland's former capital city. There we had proof of how deeply the Poles are attached to their national heritage. They show great respect for historic monuments and do their best to preserve them for posterity. The splendour of old castles and museums with their marble floors, wall tapestries, carved furniture and beautiful sculptures, fills visitors with respect: unwittingly they talk in whispers.

One of our most interesting excursions was to the Durajec river, where we went on a raft trip on the rapids. This river has towering mountains on either side, and forms part of the border between Poland and Czechoslovakia. A group of gypsies play beautiful music as passengers board the rafts, and the sobbing of their violins follows the rafts as far as the first bend in the river. The boatman ("flisak") was also the guide and he explained why each mountain has a name and what legends are associated with them. Asked how did he learn all this, he replied simply: "We mountain people live in such close contact with nature, we love nature so much, that to us the shapes of the mountains

take on human forms and we understand the language of the rushing of the water, the whisper of the leaves and the thunder of the waterfalls."

Another day we visited the salt-mine in Wieliczka, which is world-famous, both for its age — 700 years — and its beauty. Entire chapels, complete with statues, altars, etc, have been carved underground out of the salt-rock, and even the chandeliers are made of salt-crystals. There is also an underground sanatorium for patients with respiratory diseases, especially bronchial asthma.

A very grim reminder of the Second World War is near Kraków, at Auschwitz — a former concentration camp, where the Nazis exterminated 4 million people of 21 nationalities. The camp is very well preserved, and the crematoria are full of fresh flowers every day.

As we drove through the countryside, we would often see storks in the fields looking for food, or sitting on their nests, built on telegraph poles or chimneys. A country funeral was also interesting, as all the mourners, dressed heavily in black, followed the hearse on foot. The hearse itself was preceded by the priest and a boy carrying a cross, also on foot.

In the evenings we went on walks through the town, where we admired the beautiful hand-made leather and wooden articles in the shop

windows. Or we sat in a very old café, drinking coffee and eating cakes or rich ice-cream, and listening to the pianist playing old romantic songs.

Although so many things are the same as they were, yet there have been some striking changes otherwise. Poland is a communist country now, there is no doubt about it. The Russian language is compulsory at school, the country has a Russian constitution, and Russian propaganda is taught. Yet strangely enough, on Sundays the churches are full: young and old, students, everybody is there. The walls of the church shake with their powerful singing, and quite a few tears are shed. Money is poured on to the collection trays to keep God's service going. Poland must be the only communist country where the people can worship in freedom, because the church and the State go hand-in-hand for the sake of peace. Both sides are ready to make sacrifices and co-operate with each other.

More evidence of the Russians' authority is seen in the streets. On every factory, office building or any place of some importance, there are huge posters with political slogans, e.g. "Long live the Soviet-Polish friendship", or "Our peasants are the pride of our nation", or "No more fascist tyranny", or "Today we are building our tomorrow". Even some of the shops display slogans. It takes some time to understand the meaning of some of them, e.g., a shoemaker "acquires himself of good deeds for the population."

Continued on page 8

Area Representative Meetings and Minutes

Tek Times has had a problem in reporting on the meetings and minutes of Area Representatives because of timing. The meetings are usually scheduled to take place during the first week of each month but *Tek Times* has been appearing just before these meetings.

This has meant that minutes of the meetings were not available for inclusion in *Tek Times* until at least three weeks later. To rectify this situation, *Tek Times* will now appear about the middle of each month. The next Area Representative meeting will take place on October 4th. The guest speaker will be Ford Nelson whose subject will be — "The Tektronix Demonstration Bus". The management representative will be Alan Hutley, and the chairman will be appointed before the meeting takes place.



Martina Navratilova

A Yank at Wimbledon

Recently I attended Wimbledon for my third consecutive year and was asked by some folks at Harpenden what my impressions were.

It isn't difficult for me to get excited when talking about Wimbledon, for it is not just an annual event. Wimbledon IS tennis. It is where it all started and where it continues each year to be the field of world championship determination. When seen on television, the atmosphere may seem reasonably calm and sedate, but believe me, in its presence it is taut and electric.

Past, present and future champions mingle with the crowd as they go about the trials of elimination for a solid two week period; culminating on the Thursday and

Friday of the second week, when the finals are played to decide the singles and doubles for both men and women.

Three years ago I watched a petite little American girl struggle against some hardened professionals. We all cheered for her and thought she was cute. This year, I watched a young lady play; the same Miss Tracy Austin. She is still cute but she doesn't struggle any more. She is now championship material playing a mean game of tennis.

I've seen the magnificence of Martina Navratilova and the brilliance of Björn Borg, the quick tempered Ili Nastasie and the ill-mannered Jimmy Connors, John McEnroe and his funny faces, the

poise of Virginia Wade and the persistence of Chris Evert. I watched Billie Jean-King win her twentieth title at Wimbledon this year and the great Roscoe Tanner, putting serves across the net at 150 miles per hour. Rubbing elbows with the Duke and Duchess of Kent, all time greats like Fred Perry, Arthur Ashe, Bobby Riggs and others can't be all that bad either.

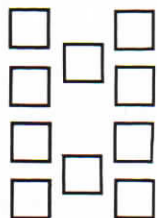
I could ramble forever but now I am approaching my third year in the UK, I can look back on a number of events, places and people that have left a deep impression on me. Without exception, Wimbledon has been the highlight.

Ed Morrison



The Ten Card Mind Bender

Effect — ten playing cards are laid out face up as in the diagram

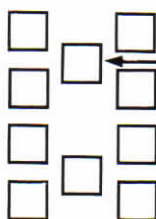


The spectators are asked to agree on any card showing whilst you are out of the room.

When you are called back ask every spectator to touch each card once, in any order, and you the performer can divine the card in question.

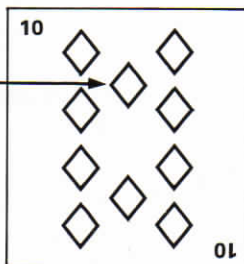
Method — if you look at the diagram below you will notice that the cards are laid out in the same pattern as the pips are on any of the four tens.

One of the cards must be a ten spot, i.e. 10 of hearts, 10 of diamonds, 10 of spades or the 10 of clubs.



One of the spectators is a confederate and when the confederate touches the cards watch carefully when they touch the ten spot this will indicate which has been chosen.

Example — if card 5 was chosen your confederate would touch the pip indicated with the arrow.



Pete Green, Test Department Hoddesdon

Was Pythagoras a Red Indian?



There were three Red Indian mothers to be. One always slept on a buffalo hide, and she had a baby boy. Another always slept on a moose hide, and she had a baby girl. The last mum to be always slept on a hippopotamus hide and she had twins.

The above proves that well known mathematical concept that "the squaw on the hippopotamus is equal to the sum of the squaws on the other two hides".

Ten Pin Bowling Issue 2

Addendum to Issue 1 (History of Ten Pin Bowling)

The change from 9 to 10 pin bowling came about when 9 pin bowling was taken over by the gambling syndicates in the States. Special laws were passed "prohibiting" the game.

Some rather clever operators evaded the letter of the law by developing a new version of the game and having 10 pins in the now well known triangular formation.

The game was taken out of the hands of the gamblers by bowling enthusiasts, who, in 1895, formed the American Bowling Congress in which the rules and equipment were standardised and which set the seal on the tradition of sportsmanship which the game now has.

Equipment: With the invention of the "Pinspotter" machine in 1952 the game was revolutionised. Spotting of pins and automatic ball return speeded the game up and so made it more exciting.

The equipment can be broken down into 5 main sections. These are the pinspotter, the pins, the lanes the

ball and, finally, the bowling shoes.

The Pinspotter: There are two makes of machine manufactured, one by the American Machine and Foundry Company (known as AMF) and the other by the Brunswick Company. AMF rent their machines and Brunswick sell theirs outright.

These machines do all the work of setting up 10 pins, picking up any pins left standing after the first ball of a 'frame' has been bowled, sweeping fallen pins off the deck then resetting the "standing pins" ready for the second ball. Standing pins are also registered by the machine and indicated on a triangular "map" immediately above. The map also shows, by means of a triangular light in either corner whether it is on 1st ball or 2nd ball. (left corner lit indicates 1st ball — right corner = 2nd ball). It also indicates a strike with a cross in the top centre of the map. All information that the bowler requires is therefore displayed in an easily understood manner.



During this operation the ball is returned to the bowler. After the second ball (if required) is bowled, the machine will sweep all pins off the deck and reset 10 new pins.

A fact which a lot of people may not realise is that there are 20 pins to each lane. Whilst one set of 10 are being, hopefully, knocked down by the ball, the other 10 pins are being fed into the top of the machine ready for the next frame. At the back of the lane is a rolling carpet which collects the swept pins and feeds them into a large upright wheel. This wheel is rather like a thin doughnut with pin shaped slots in it. The pin rolls into an empty slot and, as the wheel revolves, is carried up to the top of the machine where it falls out of the wheel and into a channel. This channel is telescopic and is moved around in a precise pattern allowing the pins to slide down and into the "cups". When the machine has a full set of pins and the bowler has completed his frame it lowers all 10 cups until the pins are standing on the deck, whereupon the cups release the pins and the whole assembly lifts back up and proceeds to refill.

Above the rolling carpet is a vertical rubber wall, this wall has a gap at the bottom wide enough for the pins to roll under but not wide enough for the ball.

When the ball strikes the wall it triggers off the machine which then does all the work for you. Easy isn't it.

The Pins: Each pins is made to a specific weight and dimension. It is manufactured from maple wood and coated with plastic and has a nylon base. They must weigh between 2lb 14oz and 3lb 10oz be 15 inches high with a 2in dia. base. Their shape is governed by 9 measurements with a tolerance of 1/32in circumference. Seen close up they're bigger and heavier than you think. When you strike out you are probably shifting over 30lbs of wood!

The Lanes: Each lane is manufactured to very tight tolerances.

Anyone who has done a bit of carpentry will realise just how accurate when told that the tolerance of the lane surface is 4 thousandths of an inch.

They are built up of 2x1in slats of wood laid side by side on edge. (One lane uses over 3,000ft of wood).

Two kinds of wood are used, maple at each end to take the repeated blows of balls and pins,

and pine in the centre. The open grain of pinewood allows the spin of the ball to grip the lane and thus curve into the pins.

Each lane is 60ft long from the foul line to the head pin and 62ft 10in to the back of the pin deck.

Also incorporated in the lane is the run-up for the bowler. The run-up is normally 15ft long. The overall width of the lane is 42in. One look at the view of the lane, above, will make you wonder how you can keep the ball on it, let alone hit the No. 1 pin.

The surface of the lanes is covered with a special varnish* which is regularly dressed with a light oil.

This is to protect the lanes and give them the correct characteristics for the ball.

Experienced bowlers can, after a couple of balls say whether the lanes are dry (not enough oil) or slick (too much oil) by the way their ball behaves on its passage down the lane.

*Pre-war varnish was Shellac, which comes from the LAC insect which deposits a clear and sticky liquid on trees to protect its young. The liquid was collected, washed, melted and strained to produce SHELLAC.

After the war NITRO CELLULOSE was used. Use of Nitro in the Vietnam War created shortage and so modern varnishes are mixtures incorporating Plastics.

Incorporated into the lane surface are a chevron of arrows to assist aiming. (Closer target than pins).

The Ball: All balls are, regardless of weight, the same size. They are 8 3/4in dia. (27in circumference) and are manufactured from either plastic or a hard composite rubber.

Common weights to be found range from 10lbs (green and red mottled) to 16lb (black), usually in 2lb steps. 12lb usually is green, 14lb red.

How to select a suitable ball is gone into in more detail in the next issue.

The Shoes: Bowling centres hire out special shoes for a small charge. the shoes are made with composite rubber heels and leather soles and are designed specifically for bowling. Normal outdoor shoes MUST NOT BE USED, or broken wrists and noses may result from the nosedive one might take.

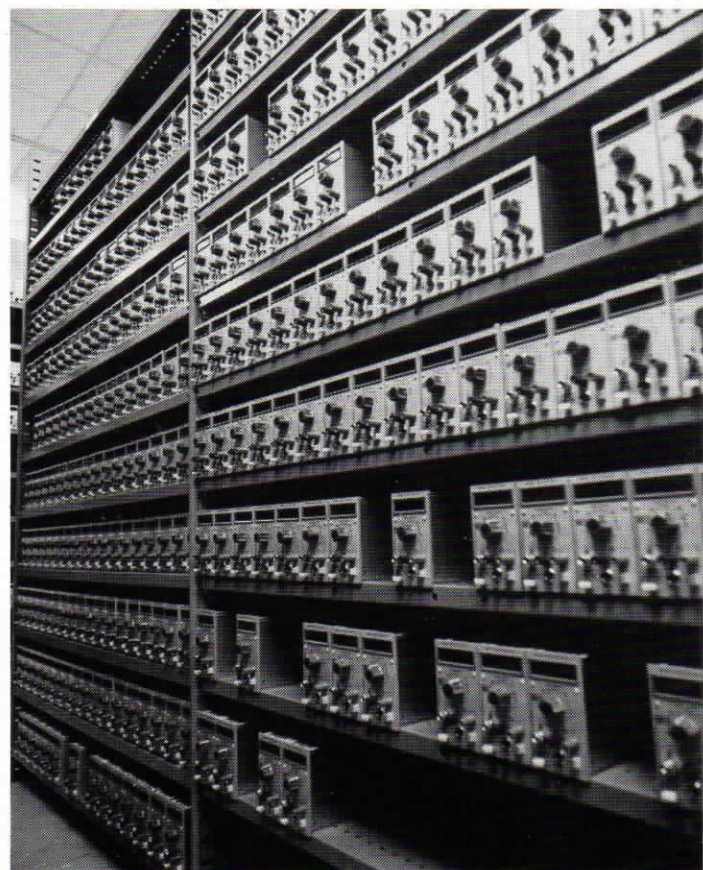
Next issue — How to bowl and score — Lane etiquette.

Ron Johnson, Test, Hoddesdon

Quick — How many instruments?

This picture from Beaverton shows shelves full of DM501 plug-ins (one of the TM500 series of instruments).

Don't cheat by counting them, have a guess at the number of complete or partial instruments in the picture.



Answer on page 8



Photograph by Sue Thomas

Auld Lanky

Having been inspired by the excellent article by Dave Higgins in the last issue of *Tek Times* (June 1979), describing both a localised folk song and home brew beer recipes both in the Geordie tradition; I would like to do likewise for Lancashire.

Firstly, the song. A great deal of folk songs are about animals, as is this one. Popularly supposed to have originated from Lancashire around the 17th Century, the words go thus: (not to be found in the folk book of Penguin songs).

TOM TILDER

Auld Henry the sexton were a 'ard working soul
One day i' churchyard 'ee 'eard 't bell toll
So 'ee went 't porch to see 'oo it were for
But 'ee stopped in amazement at sight that 'ee saw.

Refrain

With a whoop for Tom Tilder,
diddle-i'do dum day.

A solemn procession i' taper and crape
Between them a coffin i' deep purple drape
Escorted by mutes in their tall stovepipe hats
But wonder of wonders they were all 'o them cats!

A great sleek black tom as the parson did stand
Wi' a band at 'is throat and the book in 'is hand
Auld 'Enry the sexton wi' amaze stood aghast
As grey, black and ginger filed solemnly past.

The principle mourner turned to 'Enry and said:
"Go 'ome tell Tom Tilder, Tim Tolder is dead"
Great 'Eaven cried 'Enry, the cat talks indeed
And 'omewards 'ee ran wi' commendable speed.

When 'is wife heard 'is tale o' this wondrous affair
She threw up 'er 'ands and said "Well I declare!"
"So Tim Tolder is dead and their layin' 'im low
But 'oo is Tom Tilder that's what I'd like to know?"

The great cat by the fire arched his back and then said
"So it's 'appened at last, now Tim Tolder is dead
"Now I am the king of the cats to be sure!"
And 'ee leaped through 't window and were 'eard of no more.

We are not alone

Tek Times is now read in several parts of the world. Apart from its UK circulation in Harpenden, Manchester, Maidenhead and Livingston offices, copies are sent to Dublin, Guernsey, the EMC in Holland, and to all Tektronix subsidiary companies in Europe. The USA, Canada, Australia, Brazil and Japan have also asked to be added to the distribution list. We are happy to report that other Tek newspapers are arriving on the scene.

In June, issue No. 1 of *Trioniek* appeared. Produced by Tek Holland, it is scheduled to come out six times a year. In Guernsey, *Tektomics* was launched as far back as the mid 1960s, but it disappeared for some time. *Tek Times* is pleased to report that *Tektomics* lives again and is being issued once more. Now we learn that Tek Australia is preparing their own newspaper which is planned to be a quarterly publication, beginning, it is hoped in October.



AULD LANKY BITTER

Ingredients to make four gallons

1 lb Cracked Crystal Malt
4 lb Light Dried Malt Extract
4 ozs Golding Hops
3 lb Glucose Chips (or sugar)
3 teaspoons Irish Moss (Copper Finings)
½ oz Beer Yeast

Day 1

Boil the malt, hops, glucose (or sugar) and Irish moss together for 45 minutes in a large stainless steel or aluminium boiler. Save a large pinch of hops for boiling the last five minutes. Strain the wort into a 4-5 gallon bin and strain warm water through the solids left over into the bin (sparging). Top up to 4 gallons and at 24°C pitch the yeast into the brew.

About Day 6

After fermentation has ceased, rack into a cask or beer barrel, or if using bottles then put in ½ teaspoon of sugar into each and syphon the beer in, leaving a good 1in. clear at the top for gas. If using a barrel, add about 4 ozs sugar and also fine, preferably with isinglass.

After about 4-6 more weeks to mature, you can rapidly become quite drunk with a pint of 'Auld Lanky' in one hand, and 'Tom Tilder' song sheet i' t'other. P.S. Warning! Treat 'Auld Lanky' with great respect as if sipping wine. I will not be responsible for any cases of alcohol poisoning.

Ray Thackeray

EMC Visitor at T.Q.



Mike Brand, European Marketing Manager for Test and Measurement products, recently paid a visit to Telequipment, during which he toured production facilities at Southgate and Hoddesdon.



Visit to Tek Canada

Whilst on holiday recently in Toronto, Canada, I visited the offices of Tek Canada at Barrie. It is about 60 miles north of Toronto in the area known as Cottage Country, a beautiful part of Canada — we were heading for Huntsville and spent a very happy four days at a Ski-lodge with food and service of a higher standard than I have ever experienced here in the UK.

My thanks to all at Barrie for their time to show me round, especially Warren Clarke's secretary and Richard Stewart. (Warren Clarke is manager of Tek Canada.)

John Leverton, F.E.

Ann Retires

Ann Hamilton (Southgate Production) one of our long serving operators retired on the 27th July after 15 years service with Tek UK. Ann has always shown a flair for mechanical work and finished her career as one of our best mechanical assemblers.

She has decided in her retirement she will concentrate on her cooking so that her husband will suffer no more with indigestion.

We wish her every success in her new career. The presentation was made by Ron Nott our Production manager for Hoddesdon and Southgate.

Photo by Martin Duckett, MFG Engineer, Hoddesdon

The Fisherman's Lament

A Scottish ditty this, passed on by Bob Shaw, which he says is equally valid when applied to a salesman's life—

*Sometimes too early —
Sometimes too late —
Sometimes no water —
Sometimes a spate —
Sometimes too dirty,
and sometimes too clear,
There's 'aye something wrong
when I'm fishing here!*



The Writing on the Wall

Graffiti in its more subtle form can be brilliant, enhanced by the fact that the writer is anonymous. An example of the better kind was seen recently in London's Fleet Street. A newspaper billboard announced —

“JOHN WAYNE IS DEAD”
the addition read
“THE HELL I AM”

Whilst visiting Glasgow for a computer exhibition some time ago, one of our staff engineers saw a huge sign erected by a pacifist organisation proclaiming that —

“WAR IS EVIL”

In beautifully written aerosol paint below were the words:

“SO IS OUR WILLIE”

Then there is a famous one added to an airline advert which contained the slogan —

“BREAKFAST IN LONDON —
LUNCH IN NEW YORK”

the graffitist had written below:

“LUGGAGE IN BERMUDA”

(Contribution by Bob Orrock and others.)

Queen Mother surprise

It is a beautiful Friday evening in June; I rush around the shops constantly checking the time. I finally arrive at mother-in-law's, park the car outside her house and am just about to alight when a friendly looking policeman says "Sorry, but you can't park there", so I move the car a little way down the road. Time is running out, there is just time to go upstairs to wash and put on a 'new face' then check that there is plenty of film in the camera. I look out of the window, already little groups of people are gathering, mostly women and children, but a few men here and there.

I go out, camera in hand, nearly seven o'clock and the numbers are beginning to build up. In just a few minutes our VIP party will be arriving, the Mayor and his councillors and other officials. Somehow I don't think they think that they are responsible for all this excitement. True, it is quite an important occasion. Mr Baily just five doors up the road, a very keen and imaginative gardener, is about to receive an award as the Gardener of the Year for the London Borough of Haringey, quite an honour for an ordinary chap with a small suburban garden.

No, the excitement is all because



another keen amateur gardener is coming to make this presentation, one of our most popular public figures, none other than the Queen Mother.

Cheers from the crowd herald the arrival of the Royal Party, the cars draw up outside the front of the house which is the centre of activity. The chauffeur opens the door of the Royal car and the familiar short, slightly stout, but always elegant figure steps out. A wave of cheering and applause sweeps over the crowd which has gathered, she waves and smiles at the crowd. She is welcomed by the Mayor and Mayoress, and is escorted through the crowd to the front garden of the very honoured house, there to be met by other civic dignitaries. She enters the house,

there is a murmuring in the crowd on how lovely she looks for her age.

Ten minutes pass, she then appears at the front door with Mr and Mrs Baily, the crowd breaks out in cheers and applause. We are very lucky to have such a close up of such a grand lady, as the police are very good in keeping a low profile. A final wave to the crowd; she enters her car and is whisked away. Who knows maybe some other lucky ordinary family might be having their day brightened up.

I am glad that I did not miss the occasion and that my camera was at the ready to capture such a memorable moment.

*Ann Jeffery,
Purchase Ledger,
Southgate*



Caravan parking tip

We first started caravanning three years ago. We borrowed my father-in-law's caravan for the first year to see if we would like it. We decided to tour Scotland and really enjoyed ourselves and found that towing a caravan was a lot easier than we had imagined.

We decided to buy our own caravan for the next season. We also joined the Caravan Club which enabled us to stop at hundreds of locations listed in the club book including small sites, usually on farms which are limited to five vans a night.

Next summer we toured Scotland again and searching for secluded sites we encountered a problem in that most of the sites were very uneven. It's important to have the caravan level for your own comfort but it is essential if fitted with a gas fridge because the gas will not flow properly. There are various levelling devices on the market but none seemed very satisfactory. So my husband and his two brothers who are also keen caravanners put their

heads together and invented their own levelling device which seemed so successful that they decided to manufacture it.

The advantages with their leveller was that it could be assembled

around the wheel needing to be lifted without manhandling the van, also it incorporated a scissor jack which can be used for wheel changing.

They sent a leveller to the Caravan Club who reviewed it in their club magazine, *En Route*. They gave it a very favourable report and it has taken off from there.

We try to get away as many



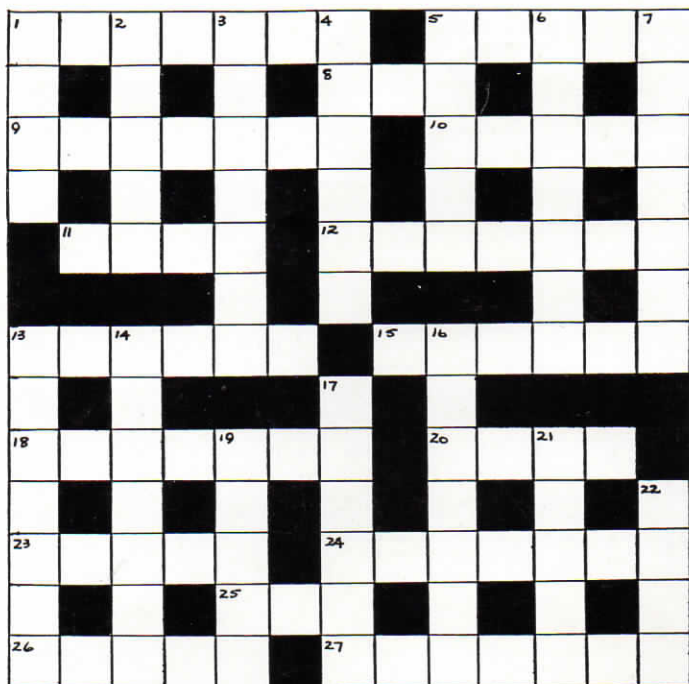
weekends as possible to sites within a radius of approx 80 miles. We are usually joined by other members of the family with their caravans. We also take our bikes with us and enjoy cycling around the country lanes.

We have been covered in greenfly and invaded with wasps but our worst experience was in Scotland where we were plagued by midges who come in their millions and who bite and swarm all over you the minute you step outside.

One site on the West Coast of Scotland was particularly bad. That night the caravan windows were covered in them and no one dared to venture out. We decided to move on early next morning. I think we must have made the fastest exit from a caravan site ever. We were hitched up and off the site within ten minutes of getting up. We stopped in a layby a few miles up the road for breakfast and a wash free from midges.

Apart from those minor incidents we can thoroughly recommend caravanning to anyone thinking of taking it up.

*Marlene Bone,
Final Assy-D1000 Production,
Hoddesdon*



Crossword

Compiled by Bob Orrock

ACROSS: 1 and 15 Proverbially, no future for this popular group (7-6); 5 Orchestral stringed instrument (5); 8 A square meal from all angles (3); 9 Time passed (7); 10 Celibate (5); 11 Marine mammal (4); 12 External (7); 13 Man for Victoria (6); 15 See 1 across (6); 18 Bed rota (Anag) (7); 20 See 6 down (4); 23 Mohammedan world (5); 24 How access is achieved (2-5); 25 Slippery customer (3); 26 Donald perhaps? (5); 27 Specimen (7).

DOWN: 1 Lively dance (4); 2 Furlough (5); 3 Surrounded by water (7); 4 His religious education is guaranteed at baptism (6); 5 Continental title equal to the rank of Earl (5); 6 and 20 across Very little vegetation under this climatic condition (3-4-4); 7 Attributed to Cyril Fletcher (3-4); 13 Greed (7); 14 Grilled (7); 16 Thin silky material with wavy lustre (7); 17 Fit to eat (6); 19 Determines hard or soft boiled in the kitchen (5); 21 Illuminated (3-2); 22 Geordie's river? (4).

Gweladwy to you too!

There are many interesting and charming languages around the world which are rightly cherished, guarded and fostered by the devotees. One example which immediately springs to mind is Guernsey patois, an ancient form of Norman-French still taught in the island. There is also Gaelic, Celtic and by no means least — Welsh. The more flippant souls amongst us would add Geordie and Scouse.

When it comes to protecting the literature and culture of these languages, there is probably no better way of doing it than by ensuring that the language is not allowed to die because of neglect, but one of the problems encountered is that, in most cases, the language concerned has ceased to grow. Technology has passed them by and it is extremely difficult to use them, for example in engineering and science.

Many of the technical terms used today have no equivalents in the

older, one might even say static, languages.

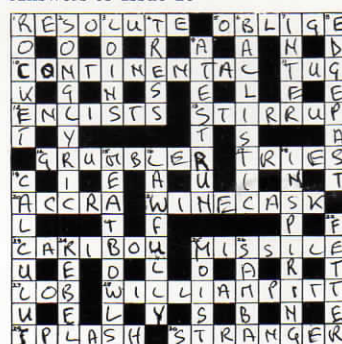
It is quite common in Guernsey, where all legal documents are written in old French, to see a modern technical term written in English, appearing in the middle of a sentence. This happened to your correspondent on one occasion when the deeds of a piece of land he was buying, contained the words "CORRUGATED IRON ROOF" in a paragraph otherwise all in an incomprehensible language. (It appeared that corrugated iron roofs were outlawed in the district.)

George Allen, our field engineer in Wales, was recently exhibiting the new 7104 scope in Swansea and thought it would be a nice idea to have a caption written in Welsh for it.

The slogan "See what you've never seen before" is widely used in Tek's advertising for this instrument, so George contacted Peter Wynn Thomas of the Welsh Language Research Unit to paraphrase the expression in the local language. The result was as follows: CUDDIEDIG I'CH TAD-CU, GWELADWY I CHI.

The literal translation is — "Hidden to your grandfather, visible to you!"

Answers to Issue 10



How many Instruments?

Answer from page 4

There are 246, not counting the three partially visible on the extreme left.

Return to Poland

Continued from page 2

Wherever there is a Polish flag flying there is always a Red flag flying with it. As the factories, banks, insurance companies, railways, buses and industries have all been nationalized, it is not surprising that the shops have no names, only numbers. They are very poorly stocked as well. Everything inside looks shabby. Products are wrapped in cheap, dull paper, and very often a product suddenly disappears for a few months, with no explanation offered. There is no such thing as plastic packaging: a plastic carrier bag is a rare sight, and those on sale cost 50p!

The most fashionable clothes in Poland are those which were worn in the West a few years ago. All electrical equipment is of Russian origin.

The saddest sight is at the butchers' shops. As early as 5 o'clock in the morning, people start queueing up outside the butcher's. At ten o'clock the shops open. The very first lucky ones get some meat, the rest go home empty-handed and disillusioned. Most people do not bother anymore.

However, there are special shops, nicknamed "dollar shops" where one can buy products such as French

or English cigarettes, French perfumes, radios, fur coats, Swiss chocolate, even tinned pineapple or Omo. Yet, only Western currency, such as dollars, pounds or deutschmarks is accepted. Polish money is not accepted. What is even more shocking is that most of the products in these shops are simply not available in the ordinary shops. Even if some of them are, they cost five or six times as much. This means that if a Polish person cannot manage to obtain dollars on the Black Market, he has to do without certain products, which those people with dollars can have. So although everyone is equal under the communist system, it is obvious that some people are more equal than others!

Buying Western currency on the Black Market is strictly illegal. Despite this foreigners are constantly accosted and asked "Any dollars? I'll give you three times the official rate". It is true that there are no rich and poor anymore — they are all poor.

As a rule, people don't confide in each other, unless they know each other very well. Yet a strange solidarity exists among them. We witnessed quite a few brawls in the streets between drunks (the bars are open all day as well as at night). Each time, complete strangers tried

to pacify the fighting men. It was only when they were asked "Do you want someone to call the militia?" that the men stopped fighting, as if by magic, and shook hands. The militia men are not a very cheerful sight, being heavily armed with revolvers, truncheons, rifles, etc.

We had some funny moments as well. There is a shortage of paper in the country, especially toilet paper. In one of the public toilets, we went into the 'ladies' and stopped dead. — A man was sitting there. We came out again to check. We were right — "Ladies". We go in again. The man puts his hand out, we pay him, then he tears off a piece of toilet paper about 5in long from the roll, (under the communist system, citizens are equal even down to their most personal needs!) and hands it to us. . . . In another public toilet, there is one entrance for both sexes. At the end of the corridor are two doors, one with a circle over it, the other with a triangle. What shall I do? Where shall I go? Which is which? I paid my dues to the man at the window and asked in a low voice "Which one is the ladies?" He answered in a booming voice in front of about twenty people of both sexes, "Good God woman, where were you born? How long have you lived on earth that you don't know

the difference? Have you never been to the toilet before? What do you think people invented these symbols for? These are internationally-used symbols, and you don't know them?" etc etc. Imagine my embarrassment!

Although quite a few people in the shops and in public places are rude to foreigners (either because they resent them, or because everything being state-owned, they have no incentive to make their customers welcome), nevertheless, foreigners from non-communist countries get preferential treatment, officially. Wherever there are long queues, a party of foreigners gets in without waiting. While the Poles travel in overcrowded buses, packed together like sardines, foreign visitors travel in luxury coaches. While the local people can hardly get any meat at all, foreign visitors have meat three times a day. This is not done just out of courtesy or respect, however. When a foreigner books an excursion, he is asked to pay only in Western currency. The Polish money that he obtained at the airport is virtually useless. As one of the guides admitted: "We love you foreigners, but we love your money even more!" J.B. (a Tek U.K. employee who wishes to remain anonymous)