

President to Visit UK

On 2 November, Tek UK has the pleasure of welcoming our President, Earl Wantland. Obviously Earl is a very busy man and will, therefore, only be spending the day with us. It is, however, a very full day and it is sincerely hoped he will be visiting all sites. The provisional schedule is noted below but this of course may vary on the day depending on existing priorities.

Accompanying Earl on his visit will be Frank Doyle, Vice President and European Operations Manager, John Landis, Vice President and International Operations Manager, and Lew Kasch, Group Vice President.

I am sure you will all join the editors in wishing our visitors an interesting and happy day at Tek UK.

We are also arranging to have a special edition of Tek Times to coincide with the visit of Earl so please help your area correspondents in feeding us with lots of interesting contributions.

The findings of the survey have

now been analysed and these have been embodied in this edition, namely that Teksi and the Professor were blown out, the crossword has been made easier – is it too easy? – and more experience-type stories are to be included so let's have these contributions please.

Earl's Schedule

7.30 – 8.30 Pick up at the Britannia Hotel and travel to Southgate

8.30 – 9.45 Tour of Southgate and Chelmsford Road facilities

9.45 – 10.30 Meeting to review Tek UK manufacturing operations

10.30 – 11.15 Travel to Harpenden

11.15 – 12.00 Tour Harpenden facilities

12.00 – 12.45 Meeting to review Tek UK marketing operations

12.45 – 2.15 Depart for Harpenden Gleneagles Hotel for buffet luncheon. Earl to speak to Tek UK management

2.15 – 3.00 Travel to Hoddesdon

3.00 – 3.45 Earl to address Area Representatives as a Guest Speaker

3.45 – 4.45 Tour Hoddesdon facilities



Shown above is Mr. E. B. Clark of BELLING LEE carrying out vibration testing on the 1000 series at their test house.

A New Generation of Oscilloscopes – the 1000 Series

One of the reasons why Telequipment oscilloscopes keep ahead of their rivals is because of the simple but often overstated quality called value. But it is a fact that these popular instruments give the customer the performance he needs at a price where he doesn't expect to get it!

This can only be done if the product is manufactured – and sold – in large volume, which makes it extremely important to do your market research very thoroughly before launching into anything as important as a new generation of products. It was just this kind of

study which led to the new Telequipment 1000 series, released to the market last month.

The series is designed around three main sub-units which can have standard or alternative specifications, so that a range of different instruments can be assembled by choosing the appropriate sub-units. Full use is made of automatic component insertion, flow-soldering and automatic testing of the modules before final assembly. The 1000 range covers the 10 to 15 MHz bandwidths and has been subjected to stringent environmental tests during its development.

PERSONALITY NEWS

Meet the Girls from IDG

I remember joining IDG Service on 23rd August, 1976, then we were a very close knit family of four girls with just three secretaries and little 'ol me Clerk/typing for Bob Garrett in the Service Area. Since those days things have expanded rapidly, there are now nine of us helping to keep the wheels of Tektronix turning! Val started in 1970 with the Test and Measurement Group and was promoted in 1973 to John Thompson's secretary. I always think of Val as being the "mother" of us all. We can ask her practically anything!, well, within reason. Earlier this year I became Bob's secretary, and Sandra joined us from College on 26th June to take my place. She seems to be enjoying herself. Marion started a week before me as secretary, she now also operates and demonstrates the 4081 and is a valuable member of their team. Julie is a field secretary for the Sales and Support Team, she joined on 7th November last year. Beverley is another one of us who has managed to climb a little higher since she started here in April, 1977. She was a secretary and is now

Marketing Co-ordinator. Tracy has recently joined us as a field secretary and Lorraine later advising and helping out in the technical support field. Jeanette is the baby of the group and is the latest member of the team. Tracy and Julie are training her to be the latest addition to the Sales and Support Team. It's not just the Secretaries which have increased in IDG, the Sales and Support have done so too. It's just as well we have moved into a more spacious area, here in Harpenden, although we are not so close knit any more



Mandy Greenhood



Valerie Hill



Jenny Seaman



Julie Howes



Tracy Wilks

One in the eye for Harold

We all know what happened in 1066 on that hillside near Hastings. William and his Normans beat Harold and his Saxons and set about changing the face and history of England.

But what of poor Harold? I think the story of the arrow in the eye was just due to bad draughtsmanship on the Bayeux Tapestry, and that he was probably hacked down in the thick of the fighting. Anyhow, after the battle his lady-friend, Edith Swan-neck, asked William for permission to bury the body at Waltham, in the church which Harold had founded in 1060. The reputed site of the burial can still be seen, just outside that church, now known as Waltham Abbey.

The town of Waltham Abbey is situated close to the River Lea, on the edge of Essex, just west of Epping Forest. A settlement grew up there in the Iron Age, and there was a village in Saxon times.

Harold, in thanksgiving for recovery from an illness, had a church built there in 1060, and it soon became a place of pilgrimage, on account of a "miraculous" cross housed there - in a chapel roughly where the organ gallery stands today.

In 1184 the priory was expanded to a full-scale Augustinian abbey, which flourished until Henry VIII's time. In 1540 Waltham was the last abbey to be dissolved. The lands were sold to one of Henry's favourites, and the enormous church and monastic buildings were demolished. The original nave, however, which had long been used as a church for the townsfolk, was spared, and now is the local parish church.

During the past ten years, considerable archaeological activity has taken place in the area. Foundations of extensive monastic and farm buildings have been unearthed and the finds have been extensively documented.

Come to Waltham one week-end. See the great Norman pillars and arches; the 14th century wall painting; the old abbey gateway. Go to the museum in the town, run by the local Historical Society. There are many guide books to read, to increase your enjoyment.

Waltham Abbey is full of history. So, probably, is your own home town - you only have to go, look, and find out.

Ron Tradgett Accounts - Southgate



Marion Hewitt



Sandra Day



Lorraine Perrett



Beverley Whelan

"I don't think that is Cherbourg Harbour after all. The navigation lights don't check out with the chart".

I had raised doubts in the minds of the rest of the crew. The time was 2 a.m. B.S.T. on Monday the 19th June 1978 and the 22ft Westerly Nomad Yacht "Jansuyn" was approaching the French coast after a fairly uneventful crossing from Christchurch. Cyril Gladwyn and myself had been invited to act as crew in this the owner's first Channel crossing and we were as anxious as he that everything should go well. Our experienced navigator, Barry, had set our course as we passed the Needles off the Isle of Wight some 13 hours before.

Surely this had to be Cherbourg? Hadn't we radioed a near-by passenger ferry some four hours ago to confirm our position and then we had to alter course by some few degrees only. Perhaps we had gone off course more than we thought when the engine stopped because of dirty fuel at the bottom of the tank. Wish we had switched to the other tank before it had run too low, using the sails only while Cyril had cleaned out the fuel filter had reduced our speed to some 2½ knots and it was possible that the tide had pushed us further west than we had thought.

I examined the chart more carefully. The harbour entrance should have been where that bright beam of light kept sweeping across the sea and yet the chart gave it as a green and white navigation light. Where was the red buoy light which marked the extremity of the rocks at the harbour entrance? And what were all those other lights doing where the chart showed none?

We decided to opt for the lighthouse with its sweeping beam of light at the entrance and as we approached nearer suddenly everything fell into place. With a sigh of relief we spotted the red buoy just where it should be and then we found ourselves in the vast outer harbour of Cherbourg. Well done Mr. Navigator—we made it!

Tired out after our night's vigil we tied up to a convenient pontoon jetty in a basin right in the centre of Cherbourg, raised our yellow "Q" flag to invite Customs inspection in the morning and fell asleep in our respective bunks.

The morning brought with it all the hustle and bustle of a busy provincial town. We awoke to the clatter of transport, stretched ourselves, dressed and then went ashore. The Customs hadn't seemed the least bit bothered about our arrival. It was only then that we discovered that our watches were one hour slow, we had forgotten Continental Summer Time! No wonder we had thought the locals early birds. We also found out that we had no right to be where we were, since the basin we had so innocently chosen was for commercial traffic



A narrow escape?

only. We should leave immediately and go round to the Marina where we would find all the other privately owned yachts. We went and found it very well appointed with fresh water and electric station points along the length of the floating pontoon jetty and a seemingly ever open bar at the Club house. The evening found us in a small cafe sampling the delights of French cooking served to us by petite blonde Marie-France. Ah Marie! I will long remember your Moules Marinier with pleasure!

We had accompanied a smaller boat than ourselves across the Channel and the owner was keen to go on to Alderney before returning home. It was just a morning's sail from Cherbourg, but timing was all important as we had to cross the Race of Alderney, a fast tidal current which flows along the east side of the island. Time it wrong and you could get swept down to Guernsey against your will. Fight it and you could end up on the rocks. The idea was to arrive there at slack water when the tide was turning and therefore at its slowest. Shouldn't be too difficult and it wasn't for us, but we were a little alarmed to hear on the radio that a boat ahead of us had succeeded in breaking his mast on the same journey.

By the time we arrived in Alderney the wind was beginning to freshen quite a bit and we soon found that the harbour offered very little in the way of protection against the wind and the waves. No first class Marina here, just an anchor buoy to tie up to in mid-harbour. That meant using the small dinghy we had brought with us to go ashore each time. The wind strengthened into gale force gusts and at times I doubted if the little Seagull Outboard Motor on the dinghy would make it against the wind and tide. "Never again" said our yacht owner "will I bring my boat to Alderney".

Day followed day and still the poor weather forecasts kept us there. It would have been foolhardy to sail for home with the likelihood of Force 8 gales. By Friday Cyril and I had positively decided that if we could not get away by the weekend we would return by air to Southampton the following Monday. So while we waited for the winds to drop we explored the island on hired bicycles, visited a

lighthouse and just happened to contribute to a house to house collection for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution with the light-hearted comment that "You never know when you might need them." Little did we know then how true that was to be within the next twenty-four hours!

Saturday was much better. The wind had dropped and forecasts were winds 5 to 6 gusting 7 rising to gale force 8 in the late evening. It was decided that we should go, our duty-free bottles were carefully stowed away and by 7.55 B.S.T. we were sailing out of the harbour on our way home. The wind was fresh and we had no need of the motor, maintaining a good 4 to 4½ knots under sail only. During the later part of the morning the owner called up Niton Radio on the Isle of Wight and got a link on the telephone to his wife. "Home tomorrow" he said "We're having a fine crossing". I wanted to call some friends of mine for their Silver Wedding Anniversary but I thought I would leave it until the afternoon when our radio signal would be stronger. It was good sailing even though the sea was getting a little rougher.

By 3 p.m. it was distinctly rougher and one had to hang on to the tiller with both hands to keep the boat on course. We reefed in some mainsail, that is to say that we wound some of the sail up around the boom to reduce the effective sail area, even so we were now doing some 6½ knots. The high seas continued to get worse and about 4 p.m. the rope towing the dinghy snapped. Should we turn around and go back for it and risk being broached by the next big wave to hit us? Under the circumstances we thought it better to let it go. "Goodbye little dinghy" I thought "Perhaps someone will find you one day washed up on the shore and return you to your rightful owner. I wonder where you will end up?"

The waves were bigger now than ever. One hit us broadside and pushed us over so far that the sea came in over the gunwales and I found my feet awash in several gallons of seawater. Not an unusual occurrence for a sailing dinghy but a little worrying for a 22ft Twin Bilge Keel Yacht to behave in such a manner.

It was then that the catastrophe happened that was to change our whole holiday and to make it unforgettable and even a little frightening. Due to the continual strain at the point where the tiller joined on to the rudder shaft the clamp on the end of the tiller became detached from the rudder shaft. Now we were in trouble since without steering we might be washed over by the next big wave to hit us. We made frantic efforts to clamp it on to the shaft again while being tossed around at the mercy of the sea. After what seemed like an interminable time we had steering again, but for how long? No temporary repair could hope to remain functional for long under such stress. It seemed sensible to radio the Needles Coastguard and let him know what had happened in case we needed help later. His immediate response on hearing of our problems was to call out the Yarmouth I.O.W. lifeboat to come to our aid. In his view no temporary repair could last long in that weather – could we give him a position fix? We could see what we thought was the Isle of Wight with The Needles Rocks sticking out into the sea. Our navigator estimated that we were some twelve miles from the land. There was a pause and then "Sorry" came back the Coastguard "We are unable to locate you, can you please check your position again?" Our faces fell, not only were we all at sea with a rudder that was likely to fail again at any minute, but there now seemed to be some doubt if we really knew where we were. Time went on and as we rose up on the crests of the waves our worried gaze turned towards those rocks that looked like the Needles – or were they Old Harry Rocks of Swanage? It was then that Barry decided to put his latest acquisition to the test. This was a small Radio Direction Finder. This receiver was capable of beaming in on any of the Radio Transmitting Beacons situated around the coast of Britain. It should be possible to get a fix on the transmitter at Hurn Airport just north of Bournemouth and to establish our position that way. He turned the small receiver this way and that listening for the radio beacon on the right frequency. At last he heard the morse coded signals and as he turned the receiver first to get a maximum signal and then to get a minimum or null signal he read the bearings off the little compass on the top of the instrument. Without a doubt our position was correct as we originally gave it and once again we called the coastguard on the radio to confirm our position. With a sigh of relief we heard the coastguard report that they had now located us. It was a comfort to know that someone on land now knew our position. It was not so lonely out there in the wild sea.

continued on page 7

POT POURRI

Indispensable Man

The following notice was seen on the board of a well-known American-owned motor manufacturer in the Dagenham area which shall be nameless.

Some time when you're feeling important,
Some time when your ego's in bloom.
Some time when you take it for granted,
You're the most qualified man in the room.
Some time when you feel that you're going,
Would leave an unfillable hole.
Just follow this simple instruction,
And see if it humbles your soul.
Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hands in it up to your wrists.
Pull them out - and the hole that remains,
Is the measure of how you'll be missed.
You may splash all you please when you enter,
You may stir up the water galore.
But stop - and you'll find in a minute,
That it looks just the same as before.
The moral of this is quite simple,
Do always the best that you can.
Be proud of yourself but remember,
There is no indispensable man.

STOP PRESS

We have recently received an enquiry from Ghana for: "1 D61A Telequipment Oscilloscope Option 1 with 4mm Rockets in Channel 1 and Channel 2 Inputs."

Speak up for Britain

Atomic Power

Time and time again it is British persistence and genius which puts the world on one of those giant steps forward which mark mankind's progress.

One prime example is the work done in Cambridge in 1918 when British physicist Sir Ernest Rutherford split the atom. His work paved the way for future nuclear research, and all the peaceful possibilities it presents.

FACT: The world's first large-scale atomic power station, Calder Hall in Cumberland, began operation in 1956. Seventeen nuclear power plants are now in operation.

Energy to Burn

ENERGY...
... Is something Britain always has
... both above and below the ground!

Latest estimates indicate we have coal reserves of about 45,000 million tons - enough to last over 300 years.

In oil, latest official forecasts show that North Sea output will rise to about 15 million tonnes in 1976 - and that Britain will be self-sufficient by 1980.

FACT: The UK is now an oil exporter... the first consignment left the Forties Field for Germany in April 1976. Next year North Sea Oil should save us £2,000 million on the balance of payments - and by the 1980s we should be producing as much oil as we consume.

FACT: At the end of Britain's first 12 months as an oil producer - in June 1976 - production totalled about 4 million tonnes of crude oil, worth about £200 million.

FACT: Our scientists are world leaders in the search for new forms of energy and are investigating ways

of harnessing solar power and wave energy.

Television in Focus

Logie Baird made his first transmitter in London in 1925... and the world was set to take a new view of life.

Now British TV equipment, techniques, colour and programmes are envied throughout world. Our programmes, in particular, are avidly watched in countless overseas homes.

And our development of TV has by no means reached its potential. The latest BBC service, now in the middle of an operational experiment, is CEEFAX - a system by which the viewer can dial the latest news and other written information.

FACT: Britain started the world's first regular TV service in 1928.

FACT: World-wide sales of BBC programmes in the year ending 1975 earned £4 million. Among the best sellers were The Ascent of Man (28 countries), The Onedin Line (26) and Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em (16).

FACT: THE world still listens to Britain in a big way. Our external broadcasts in 1974 totalled 727 hours a week.

In a Healthy Condition

Above all things, Britain has been - and still is - a leading pioneer in the fields of health, medicine and man's struggle to improve his environment.

Great Victorian scientists led the battle against the oldest scourges of man and inaugurated public health systems envied and copied throughout the world.

Physicians like Edwin Chadwick developed and preached the doctrine of the social control of disease -

dealing with the cause in order to prevent it arising at all.

Names of pioneers who transformed the battle against sickness and squalor abound. Joseph Lister, the founder of antiseptic surgery, and Edward Jenner, who developed vaccination against smallpox and thus helped lay the foundations of modern immunology, are among them.

British scientists are now in the forefront of the battle against man's newest enemy - pollution.

FACT: When Dr. Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin in 1928 the march of disease suffered a blow from which it has never recovered. Now successors to this early antibiotic developed by our research chemists earn Britain millions of dollars - and save millions of lives.

FACT: There hasn't been a major smog in London since 1952, and mid-winter sunshine has increased by 70 per cent in the last twenty years. Similar improvements have been achieved in other British cities.

FACT: Britain has the most advanced research programme in Europe on the development of quieter vehicle engines.

FACT: The pharmaceutical industry now sells nearly £400 million worth of medicines abroad and its 4:1 ratio of exports to imports exceeds that of almost every country.

FACT: The National Health Service, established in 1946, has resulted in infant mortality rate being almost halved.

FACT: A British surgeon, Russell-Brock, was the first man to operate on the interior of the heart. *Perhaps you can contribute some facts of your own.*

Watch Smasher

This party stunt may appear to be silly in print, but try it, it's a good laugh (if the poor victim does not knock your head off).

Effect - a watch is borrowed, wrapped in a handkerchief, dropped on the floor, pounded with a 14lb hammer (if available) etc. Handkerchief is unwrapped and watch is found to be undamaged.

Items required - A handkerchief, a bunch of keys and a confederate. Confederate has keys.

Working - a borrowed watch is placed upon the right palm and covered with the handkerchief.

Ask lender of watch to feel under the handkerchief to make sure that watch is still there.

Ask one or two other people to feel watch under the handkerchief. Ask confederate to feel, confederate takes the watch and replaces the bunch of keys. Shield this action with your body so that other people do not see the switch.

Pick up handkerchief with watch! (i.e. bunch of keys). Wrap handkerchief around watch! and drop onto floor, kick it around and hit it with something.

Unwrap watch! after being kicked around etc., (not showing the keys) and ask confederate to feel the broken pieces. Confederate switches back the watch for the keys.

Hand handkerchief, with watch inside, back to its owner and see his reactions.

Peter Green
Test Foreman, Hoddesdon

Livingston lassies

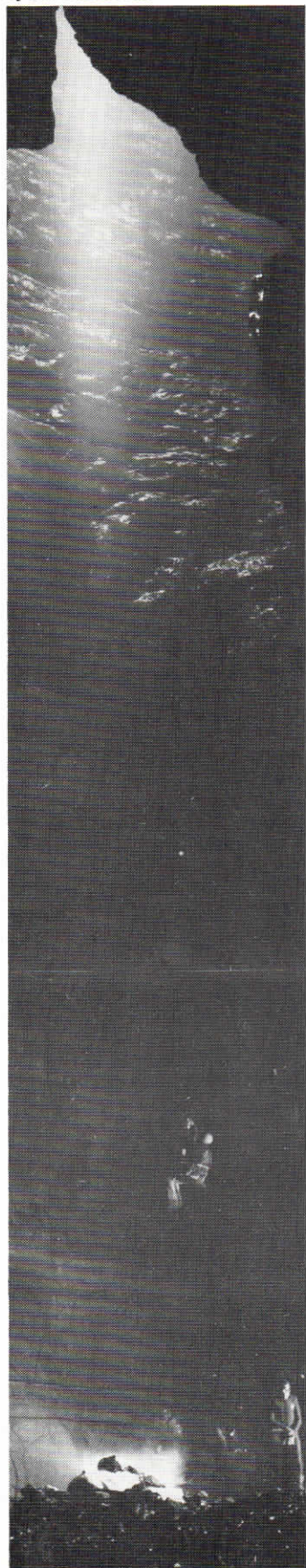


Pat Coulson Ann Glasgow

Our lovely ladies in Livingston now have a smart new office from which to operate.

Down under!

by Steve Boniwell



"Where Alpha, the sacred river, ran through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea."

It was a fine summer's morning as the two cars parked at the roadside and half a dozen people, dressed in protective clothing, climbed out; assembling a pile of equipment on the grass verge. Putting on heavy boots, they divided the equipment between them and walked through a nearby gateway and across several fields, disappearing into a hollow half a mile away.

Three hours later they reappeared, wet, weary and steaming in the hot July sunshine. Climbing back into the cars they sped off down the road.

Many people condemn cavers and potholers as at the best, eccentrics and at the worst foolhardy lunatics who risk their own and other people's lives in pursuit of danger, yet they base their opinions on the amount of information contained in the above two paragraphs. Until someone has been underground as part of a properly organised party it is almost impossible to explain to them the attraction and personal challenge involved in the activity. Bearing that in mind I shall attempt to describe the three hours between the paragraphs.

Standing at the bottom of the hollow beside the round concrete blockhouse, the party of six adjust their helmets and check their lights, "Everyone O.K.?" asks the leader. A chorus of yes's and comments about especially "let's get on with it, we'll miss the pub". This confirms that the party is ready to go underground. One by one they pick up a coil of rope, lightweight ladder or, in the case of the photographer, waterproof box of equipment, and lower themselves through the entrance hole into the shallow, fast flowing stream. The sounds and sights of

summer recede as they turn the first bend and the narrow passage opens out into a wide, low chamber. The stream gurgles through the boulders beneath their feet as they take the lefthand route, climbing down a short drop. The only light now comes from the electric lamps clipped to their helmets and the sparkling reflections on the walls as they make their way down into the cave of Falling Waters and the main stream passage. Continuing along this passage they pass the entrances into the dry ways and turn sharp left into the first crawl; an easy piece of cave about twenty feet long, twelve to eighteen inches high and six to eight feet wide with the stream running down a gully on the right hand side to a twelve foot waterfall where the party chimney down or clamber over the calcite formation at the side depending upon their individual athletic abilities. Following the stream all the way they continue through "Lavatory Pan" (an 'L' shaped piece of passage, where most people get damp!), across the water chamber where the wet and dry ways join, and down through the small waterfall at the bottom of the old Forty Foot.

No problems so far, only the incautious or overheated are wet much above the knees and most of the party have not yet zipped up their wet suit tops. Now the passage opens up, the roof lost in the darkness forty or fifty feet above, and the party walk quickly along the stream to the first major obstacle: "The Twenty". The stream disappears in front of them as it flows over a twenty foot drop into a shallow pool; unrolling the ladder they clip it onto an eyebolt set in the wall and lower it down to the pool below. Zipping up his jacket the photographer climbs down through

the water to set up his equipment on the far side. "O.K." he shouts above the noise of the falling water and the next person climbs down.

Fifteen minutes and several photographs later the party carries on, round Barnes Loop with its formations, across the Double Pots and along to the next junction; here the photographer and his assistant climb up from the main stream into Tratman's Temple - they want some pictures of the stalactites and other eccentric formations hidden up there. The rest of the party continue down to the sump, they intend to go through the first sump (about six feet long) to the next series before returning to the surface.

On the return journey the photographer catches the main party up before the Twenty Foot pot and they decide to return through the Dry Ways via the Old Grotto, Jacob's Ladder and the Z-bends finally emerging at the top of the first short drop, ten feet from the entrance and about a thirty minute drive back to the club-house, change and get to the pub for a pint or two or three or

The party in the trip described above have covered about a thousand yards of cave and been down to a depth of just under three hundred and fifty feet. The cave itself is over four miles long with a total depth of nearly six hundred feet. They are all experienced cavers; although with proper guidance many beginners have taken part in similar journeys, emerging dirty, and smiling, only to ask when they can go underground again. The ill-equipped and careless are the people who create most risk to others and this risk can be minimized by joining a reputable club and taking part in none other than organised expeditions.

three goals – one leg!

Gould Advance v. Tektronix (Hoddesdon)

Once again these two teams met to produce some exciting football with plenty of end to end play. This time however Gould came out on top by three clear goals and fielded a team who play regularly in a league.

Tektronix produced as many forward runs as Gould but mostly they were forced out towards the wings and not many goal attempts were allowed.

An early shot from Del Jones forced a good save from the Gould goalkeeper but apart from that neither goalkeeper was under pressure, the defences proving to be better than the forwards.

After 20 mins Gould took the lead with a fairly soft goal (we seem to give them one per match).

One minute later they scored a second from a corner headed in off the bar.

Gould did most of the attacking

for the rest of the first half with one shot clipping the bar and also forcing three corners.

One of the few Tek advances resulted in Bob Geast narrowly missing the goal. Bob, for my money was the best Tek player on the field and never stopped running!

A good save by Mick Wilson and some good work by Eddie Pilkington, Ian Hart and Allen Wells kept the score down to 2-0 by the end of the first half.

The second half was more even with the other Tek players coming more into the match.

After 20 minutes an unfortunate accident resulted in a Gould midfielder player being carried off with a broken leg. The ambulance arrived and the player was fitted with a pneumatic splint with a leak! Well done N.H.S.!!!

The match was restarted and

Gould added a third goal to make sure. It was better teamwork that won this match rather than better players, and although I have seen our team play better they were not disgraced.

Perhaps if Tektronix ever have a pitch of their own they can return the compliment and invite Gould to their ground?

Reported by Ron Johnson
Photos by Simon Thenburgh
and Mick Tizard

1. Mick Wilson, 2. Ian Hart, 5. Grahame Bridgeman, 6. Allen Wells (Capt.), 3. Edigio D'Amato, 4. Mick Van-Miles, 8. Eddie Pilkington, 10. Bob Geast, 7. Joe Riolo, 9. Terry McCoy, 11. Del Jones.
SUB: Eric Blacquart.

DIARY NEWS

BBC choose Tek for 'Take Hart' Programme

A few weeks ago, Patrick Dowling, producer of the BBC's children's programme, 'Take Hart' called me and asked if Tek's Information Display Group could assist with the production of a programme in the 'Take Hart' series. The programme was to feature machine-generated art, and he wanted Tek to produce some computer generated artistic designs.

After an exploratory meeting with Patrick, Bob Wakefield, one of IDG's system analysts, set to work on the preparation of some tailor-made software, whilst I gathered together some pre-recorded graphic representations produced by Tek in Wilsonville.

A week later, Bob and I set off for the BBC's Bristol studio, our estate car heavily laden with Tek IDG products. Because of the increasing number of TV viewing hours, the two main BBC TV studios at Shepherd's Bush London and Pebble Mill Birmingham, are already used to capacity, and so the whole team has a weekly trek to Bristol as this is the nearest available studio.

We began setting up our equipment in the studio shortly after 9.00 am, surrounded by hustle and bustle of lighting engineers, sound and vision engineers, prop and camera crews, directors, mixers – you name it, they were there! – about 40

people in total, and all this for a two man show! After overcoming a slight hitch – caused by a missing cable – we had all our hardware set up and working by 10.00 am, the time set for commencement of rehearsal and recording.

At this point in time we ran through the graphic presentations with the producer – many of which he hadn't seen before – only to find that he wanted to change some of them! Luckily for us (and him!) they weren't planning on recording our presentations until after lunch, so it at least gave us (or rather Bob!) time to modify some of the software. So whilst Tony Hart performed some of his impeccable artistry for the earlier part of the programme (the programme starts with a face made of old exhaust pipes, bicycle wheels, mudguards and handlebars!) Bob performed some wizardry with the 4051 Graphic Computing system. The only problem was, that every time a take (i.e. recording) commenced, Bob had to stop work at the keyboard in case the keyboard clicks came out on the recording!

Shortly after 2.00 pm rehearsal and recording of Tek's part commenced. The procedure was to have one or two rehearsals of a short section and then to make a recording of it. Our part starts with the 4662 plotter half way through drawing a mathematical pattern. After



completion of this, Tony Hart removes the finished plot, walks over to the 4051 and describes its operation in simple terms. He then proceeds to produce some graphics on it's screen. This is followed by a demonstration of accurate circle drawing on the 4662. At this point Tony shows viewers a number of engineering drawings to show how this sort of equipment 'earns its keep.' The 4014 graphic terminal is introduced next, and used to display several graphic mathematical designs. The last of these – Mexican hat – is put out onto the 4662 plotter.

The climax of our part of the programme comes when the 4051 is used by Tony in conjunction with the 4956 graphic tablet to produce a perspective drawing of a road, with houses, cars, trees and people added at the touch of a button.

By this time it was 8.15 pm, and Bob and I were starting to feel somewhat weary – as I'm sure everyone else was. We quietly dismantled

our equipment and departed for home, leaving Wilf Makepiece (Tony Hart's visitor to the programme) to record his part – a machine for converting hens eggs to square eggs.

On the way home we reflected on the day's activities – almost 12 hours in the studio to produce a 30-minute programme (up to 50 edits will be made to piece the programme together) at a cost to the BBC of £14,000 – 660 people's licence fees for a year to make one short programme.

The programme will be screened sometime in February – watch Tek Times for viewing details – but should you miss it (not everybody at Tek can get home by 4.30 pm!) the BBC have promised to give us a video recording of it, so please call me on Ext. 219 in the new year if you want to borrow it.

Howard Rippiner
IDG Market Development
Manager



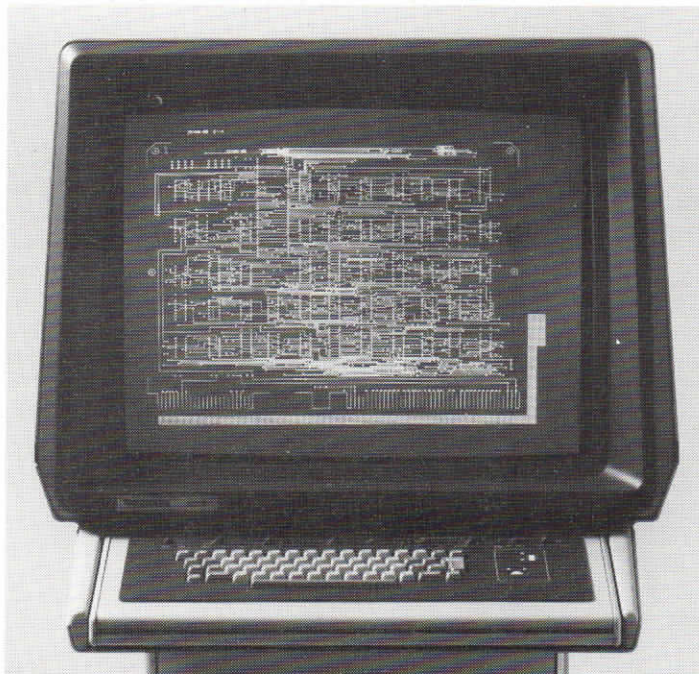
Can you remember TQ production line circa 1955? Anyone you recognise in the picture?

If you can remember, the editors would be interested in the changes that have taken place over the last 20 years, like how much a pint of beer cost in those days.

Hat-Trick for Information Display Group

One major new product from Tektronix is always news. Three of them all at once is obviously a very special event – special enough for us to invite more than 40 editors of all the most important technical journals to a press conference in London.

This happened in September when the Information Display Group launched three new instruments on to the UK market. Larry Mayhew, Group Vice President of the company, came over from the USA specially for the European launch of these products and gave a short presentation to the journalists on the growing role of Tektronix in the Computer Graphics market. The first product is a jumbo-size graphics terminal with a 25 inch screen, the 4016-1, which is probably the biggest you can buy anywhere in the world (it's more than 70% bigger than our 4014 terminal, itself a best-seller). The second is a colour graphics terminal, the 4027, which is the first Tektronix terminal to offer



full colour displays, and is a development of the 4025 reviewed in our previous issue of Tek Times. The third product is a plotter, used to produce high-quality copies of draw-

ings and diagrams displayed on our terminal screens. The outstanding feature of this plotter is that it can provide bigger drawings than any other flat-bed instrument.

An aged dancer

I'd always longed to learn to dance and show my sense of rhythm
Some friends of mine went to a class
So I thought I'd go there with them.

We learned the Quickstep, Waltz
and Jive
The Spin-Turn and the Chasse
I thought this really is the life
I'll have hips like Shirley Bassey.

The Latin class I had in mind
I'd really grown ambitious
But now a partner I must find
Who wouldn't be suspicious.

For her to stand there face to face
Would hardly be a beano
And end up in the fond embrace
Of an age'd Valentino.

At last I found a likely lass
A comely little number
But I was slow and she was fast
I'm talking 'bout the Rhumba.

Then we tried the Alemana
We really practiced nobly
But my poor partner lost her fan
and I strained me Paso Doble.

No medals they will give to me
Nor praise me with superlatives
I had to give the whole thing up
and join the Young Conservatives.

V. Sylvester

continued from page 3.

Suddenly the radio came to life again. It was the coastguard who reported to us that the lifeboat was now in our area and could we light a flare and fire a rocket so they could make visual contact. First the flare, we shaded our eyes from the bright light, then the rocket, well perhaps the least said about the rocket the better. These devices are supposed to help save lives and if a boat has no radio it is essential that they work properly. This one didn't; it went about twelve feet into the air and fell limply into the sea. And yet it was ignited correctly and was well within its expiry date on the package. We felt we deserved better at four pounds (£) odd each. Suddenly someone shouted "It's here! There's the lifeboat". And there indeed it was. Large, painted bright orange and dark blue and not looking the least like our old fashioned concept of a lifeboat. Gone are the days of Grace Darling. It's powerful engines seemed to make it independent of the roaring seas – I remember thinking that it looked more like a hovercraft. Radio communication was immediately established between ourselves and then followed

the instructions for the preparation of taking us in tow. They circled around us, first passing us to the stern and then round our bows. As they passed our bows they threw us a line by which we pulled in a heavier line. It was then a case of tying this not only to the bollard right at the very front of our boat, but also tying it round the base of the mast. We then received instructions to tie on all the lengths of rope we could find to the stern of the boat to act as a drogue in the water to stabilize it under tow. At last we felt the power of the lifeboat pulling us, not a steady pull as we had expected, but in surges of power to coincide with the natural wave motion. Once the tow-rope snapped having chafed on the sharp edge of a fitting on our deck. Another time the tiller broke again. I reported on the radio to the lifeboat that it had fallen to pieces again. "I know" came back the reply "I saw it come off in his hand as you might say!" Thank God for moments of humour.

About two hours later we were passing The Needles on our way up the Solent to Yarmouth. Those rocks have never looked so good!

We tied up alongside another boat in the harbour and everyone cheered as we scrambled out. I suppose we did look a bit wet and bedraggled. We heard that our companion boat had made it to The Needles and was coming into Yarmouth to see us. We had just one more procedure to go through before we could disembark and that was a visit aboard by the Customs. He was a nice young fellow who was most impressed by the fact that we had remembered to fly our yellow "Q" flag before arriving in port in spite of our rather un-nerving ordeal. A sociable half hour followed during which hot cups of tea were drunk, sailing yarns were exchanged and the necessary documents were completed.

And now Cyril and I were on the last lap of our quite unpredictable holiday. We all decided to find digs for the night in Yarmouth rather than sleep in damp bunks for the night. I found out that our landlady's son was a crew member of our very own lifeboat. "I've always been aboard her when she's at sea" he said, "What does she look like when she's coming towards you?" "Like an Angel of Mercy" I said – and meant it!

There's no more to add really. I have no way of knowing if we would have made it to land without the help of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute or if we would still have been around if it had not been for the courage of the lifeboat crew in coming out to assist us in our troubles. Whatever conclusion you may come to, I would ask you to take a good look at the "Joy and John Wade" if ever you are in Yarmouth I.O.W. and give thanks to the men who voluntarily crew her and hundreds like her around our coasts.

Radio link help

Most small yachts use VHF radio with a selection of some 8 to 10 Xtal controlled channels. Channel 16 is always used as a distress channel and for the initial call-in. For general communication, contact would be made with a coastguard station, a radio station for a telephone link call or with another yacht initially on Channel 16. Another Channel would then be selected for the actual message in order to occupy Channel 16 for as little time as possible. ■

By Peter Hildebrand

POT POURRI

! * ! : p j o m s s o i c

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2			
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We thank our friend from down under (Graham Williams MD Tektronix, Australia) for the unusual crossword above.

ACROSS

1. Vegetables
2. Sheep
3. Fowl
4. Ocean
5. Dropped A Lot

DOWN

1. Drink
2. Hit
3. Tool
4. Puppet Figure

Letters to the Editor's desk

Dear Editor,

About your editorial (Tek Times July 1978 no. 2) the first sentence in fact.

I take great exception of having my public house being used as a receiving agency for your magazine and I object most strongly having hundreds perhaps thousands of people cluttering up the four corners of my saloon bar waiting around for the second issue of your magazine. I did not sell a pint all evening; if this ever happens again I will have to close my pub and join the staff of Tek.

Yours

Pete Green

Landlord of the "Globe" Public House

P.S. I found a copy on the bar the morning after and read it, good stuff isn't it. Put me on your mailing list please.

will be at the Knightleys at Cheshunt. Any news regarding the football team will be on your notice boards plus future issues of Tek Times. We the players and the football committee, would like to thank the Social Committee, especially Mr Jean Dewbrey for the help and support they have given us. Without them this would not have been possible.

Mike Van-Miles,
Football team Secretary.



Dear Readers,

I am pleased to announce that Tektronix of Hoddesdon have been elected to the Brooke Waltham and District Football League, and will be playing on Sunday mornings. Our first league game won't be until September 3rd, our home ground

TEKSI & THE PROF

LET'S SEE WHAT THE SURVEY CARDS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT US!....



THE END.