

## Earl Wantland to visit Tek UK



Tektronix President, Earl Wantland is paying a general visit to European subsidiary companies this month. Earl will be in the U.K. 22nd to

24th October, and is scheduled to visit Harpenden on Thursday 23rd October. Earls previous visit to England was in November 1978.

### AREA REPRESENTATIVE MEETINGS:

The next Area Representative Meetings will take place on Thursday 2nd October at 11.00 a.m. in Hoddesdon and Thursday 30th October at 10.30 a.m. in Harpenden.

### Cover Girl

Deborah Ford (Receptionist, Manchester)

Deborah has been with Tektronix for four months, and includes in her interests, Ballroom dancing, Astrology, Occult subjects and writing.





# Sweeneys~4

Once upon a time there was a merry but perverted barber known as Sweeney Todd, whose customers were not renowned for living long and healthy lives. The following story is nothing to do with this jolly character at all!!

Have you ever contemplated standing on a stage in front of a well-oiled high spirited London audience who've paid for an evening's entertainment, and then thought of singing to them?? Neither have I, but along with three other idiots, that's what I ended up doing regularly over a period of two years – for pleasure! Of course, there's singing and singing. There's the sort of set of variations on a theme of "Amen" that Handel seemed fond of, or the all-the-year-round "Dreaming of a White Christmas" idea that made Mr. Crosby great, and more recently there's the "deeply meaningful lyrics" approach employed in the chorus of Kate Bush's latest number – "Babushka, Babushka... etc". My brand of merry men chose none of these styles when first we found ourselves in front of this happy audience, we decided on a kind of music that originated in the southern States of America, as part of a service offered to customers in – you guessed – the local barber's shop. This music, usually



performed by a group of men, one of whom is designated the "lead", is based on a sort of improvisation idea, where everyone in the group tries to do his own thing without losing sight of the fact that he's actually supposed to be doing it in harmony with the others! There has to be, therefore, a deal of mutual understanding within the group if the resulting sound is to appear to have some sort of musical basis, and indeed we thought it wise before ascending the steps into the limelight to do a little preparation!

Hence the foundation, early in 1976 of a small group consisting of

four unlikely characters with voices at various stages of maturity, who spent one evening a week for the next year making noises together, between gulps of ale, and trying to learn all kinds of peculiar "lyrics". The old standards like "Yes, Sir, that's my Baby" and "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye", were heard many times and in many different forms by the neighbours. We soon learnt to vary our rendezvous according to local reactions! Starting from the top, there was Clive, an ex-Cambridge man practising law, whose voice range, without artificial aids, surprised everyone! Then came Keith, the lead, who spent his daytime hours in boats, teaching the techniques of sailing to land-lubbers. The middle voice – the one that usually gets lost in the total sound, thank goodness, was that famous singing computer salesman – me. (My main asset was in applying the principles of computer graphics to music manuscript!). And then there was Neil, another salesman – of carpets – who made the most bass noises of us all!

Much to the amazement of friends and acquaintances, we continued to serenade each other regularly, and with determination, until the day dawned that we had our first internal conflict. There seemed to be three schools of thought (plus one abstention) regarding our objective as a group. Neil proclaimed that there was a tradition involved in what we were doing, and we should aim not to break with it if we were to continue in any serious manner. He felt that the style of music known as "Barbers Shop Singing" was an end in itself when performed and should be appreciated as such by both the audience and singer alike. The second school of thought expressed concern that members of the audience might not realise what a serious responsibility they had in this ritual, and that being in the minority we might do better to shape our performances round their needs, offering them the benefit of entertainment as well as music. Sailor Keith, however, could see no

wrong in simply enjoying ourselves – "Let the audience beware" was his maxim – "what are songs for but singing, so if music be the food of love..." etc. etc. Our legal man was not prepared to fight for any particular side!

After ensuring Keith's happiness with more supplies of grog, and pointing out to Neil that neighbours who had heard us so far didn't seem to be the traditional types (!) we all decided that entertainment was the key, and apart from a few heart-wrenches when we listened to broadcasts of Traditional Barbers Shop competitions and were convinced we were better than any of them, we continued happily with our new objective, and left conventional styles behind. To the reader who has managed to get this far, I should point out that the idea of "going professional" was and has always been far from the group's objective, we were in it for fun. But fun was only to be had from lively audience reactions, not just from the pleasures of getting a smile and a clap. That was the conclusion of a later arguing session.

So the day arrived for our first "GIG" – at a Barn Dance (organised by me – perhaps I was biased). Before going on we were shaking, smoking hard and uttering arpeggios all over the place! But when we did our bit the audience had never seen anything like it!! We had even prepared an "encore" – and it was called for! This turned out to be our standard encore for all time (until we realised that a good number present had probably seen it before) Based on "Tip Toe Through The Tulips" it consisted largely of three of us prancing around the stage carrying one tulip each, in the style of impassioned would-be lovers, whilst our bass man, Neil, unmoved by the emotional scene, stood in the centre of the stage giving a regular beat of "Bum, Bum, Bum, Bum..." The melody had its revenge on our destructive interpretation one night, however, in a much later performance at a gathering of the Camden Labour Party. We were

## TEK ON TOUR



This photo, sent to us by Dick Rothwell, shows the Tek I.D.D.

Demo Bus on location at the SAAB Motor Company's offices during a tour of Sweden.



billed late in the programme – (a variety show to raise funds) – and had to give our best on a stage that was curiously positioned below the balcony upon which drinks were being sold (and occasionally spilled). Far from Tip-Toeing through the tulips, we found ourselves paddling around on a shallow lake of beer! and when at the end we finally urged our unromantic bass to join us stage-left prior to making our exit, and when he set out as usual on the hurried journey which ended with a half-turn into our welcoming arms, he found he could not make the wet stage stay beneath his feet and finally giving up the effort, he met us at ankle level in a horizontal pose we'd not seen before, successfully knocking us over skittle-fashion into a very unharmonious heap!! It was a variation we did not repeat.

After our Barn Dance debut, the "Bug" that is supposed to motivate all entertainers had obviously bitten into our spirits, and we eagerly offered our services, at various old peoples entertainment evenings, fund raising events, and variety shows. We even gave a "Command Performance" when Keith was finally dragged up the aisle (there was a rumour of an increase in the number of his close relatives!) where we caused a tear to fall (the first, we believe) in response to our singing. A rendering of "Mammy" was requested, which our lead variously performed on one or two knees with arms outstretched, swearing that he's "walk a million miles for one of your smiles. . ." to his mother.

Soon, "Sweeneys – 4", a name that had hurriedly been dreamed up for our first performance, was in some demand, and was enjoying every show – in fact, some degree of self-discipline had to be employed to continue learning new arrangements, rather than leaning complacently on the limited repertoire we had developed so far. There was again a good deal of discussion in an attempt to reassure ourselves that we were "doing the right thing", or indeed that we were not doing the wrong things. As a somewhat unusual performing group we would have stood a more than reasonable chance of earning a few pennies from this hobby we had found, but we all agreed that this would bring into question our commitments to career, family, and other such noble responsibilities, and so we reached a plateau of progression, and a peak of activity for a period of about a year.

Then, because of both of these other commitments, Neil tolled the final bell for Sweeneys – 4. He moved away to a village in Suffolk, two hours drive from the rest of us. We considered replacing him, and, indeed tried one cheerful candidate, but it was impossible to recreate the level of mutual understanding in a short time, that had been built up over three years with our original bass; and none of us was prepared to start again with a clean slate! So although Sweeneys

– 4 still continues to make occasional reappearances on special request, such events are clouded by intense rehearsal beforehand, hence diminishing the overall enjoyment for the group and making the possibility of producing any new material negligible.

All that is left therefore, is a collection of performances recorded and stored away on various cassettes and photographs, and the memories of a lot of fun had by a lot of people – chiefly ourselves! It is perhaps therefore appropriate to wind up this rather long account of a relatively short-lived phenomenon by telling an anecdote relating to what was perhaps the groups most notable performance, to the benchers and guests at the Middle Temple in the city, providing the after-dinner entertainment (at the request of a junior member there). In order to pad-out our routine to the length of time called for, we enlisted the help of two artistes who we thought would add a little variety and colour to the proceedings – as indeed they did. (One presented an unbeatable impersonation of Joyce Grenfell, whilst the other performed on her vocal cords!) However, perhaps the excitement of the occasion, together with the quantity of food and drink consumed immediately prior to our performance meant that well before the climax of our performance the more senior members of our honoured gathering were not quite as conscious as their entertainers, and following, perhaps, some feelings of dutiful respect, the youngest members restrained their reactions accordingly. This generated such trepidation in the hardy gang of four – there can be nothing worse than an audience who chose to maintain a holy silence despite all – that we even forgot where we were supposed to deliberately "ham it up", and ended with a perfect, if rather lame interpretation of "Me and my Shadow" much to the consternation of our stage hand, who was all ready with pre-arranged thumps, and with objects to be thrown! Following our hasty withdrawal from the dining hall to the sanctuary of our changing room amid polite applause, one may imagine the horror and panic that greeted the entrance of an usher who announced that our presence was requested in the benchers retiring room, for a glass of port! I hope they did not regret their hospitality to our small band of rather fragrant (on a hot summer evening) fellows, at least one of whom was seeing wonderful visions of a pint in a nearby beer garden, instead of the port and comfort that was offered.

The idea of this article was to provide a bit of light reading for the lunch hour, and I therefore hope that it has not become heavy by virtue of its length! So I will conclude now with an attempt at mild philosophy: I would suggest that music can be the greatest tool

# THE GREAT SPONSORED CYCLE RIDE

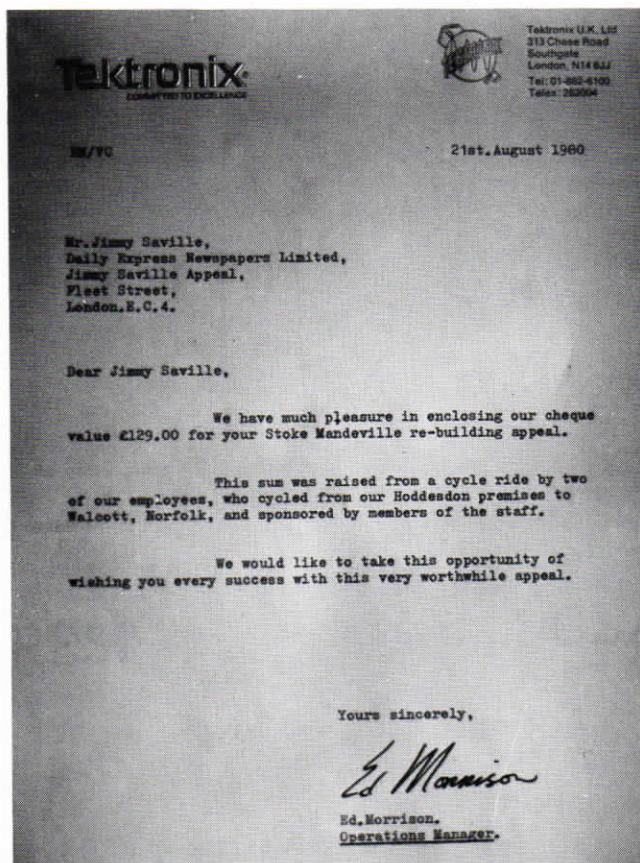
Following on the success of Ken Livermore and Dave Miller's fund-raising sponsored cycle ride to Norfolk – which, by the way, resulted in a contribution of £129 to the Jimmy Saville Stoke Mandeville Hospital Fund – Ken and his colleagues set to work, almost as soon as they returned, to plan the next event.

During the last few days, details have appeared on notice boards at Hoddesdon, Southgate, Maidenhead and Harpenden, of the latest effort. This time, Tek cyclists (23 riders at the time of going to press) will start at 8.30 a.m. on Friday 3rd October to begin the round trip of 103 miles from Hoddesdon, to Harpenden, Maidenhead, Southgate and back to Hoddesdon. It is hoped it will be come an annual event.

Ed Morrison will be at the starting line to give the riders an official send-off. During the entire journey, the riders will be accompanied by a "support vehicle" to take care of any breakdowns, both mechanical and human!

This year, the Sponsored Cycle Ride will be in aid of Cancer Research at the Mount Vernon Hospital at Northwood, near Rickmansworth.

Unfortunately, this event takes place almost simultaneously with the expected publication date of this issue of Tek Times. We hope to print full details, including photographs, in our next issue, of this very worthy effort by many Tek U.K. employees – all of whom will be taking a day of their vacation entitlement in order to participate.



for reaching into the hearts of people and manipulating their emotions. A romantic serenade or a modern ballad may bring tears or laughter from many. But here, I believe, is a moral: If those in the commercial music business – classical, jazz or pop, really wanted to be successful, I am sure that the only way would be to offer a product that appeals to all. It may not reach the heart strings or move the bover boots, but obvious though this idea may seem, there

are few musical works that actually set out to entertain everyone – or indeed just to entertain. Perhaps the noble art of music is above the dirty deeds or marketing, but there must be benefit to be gained from providing enjoyment and pleasure instead of specialising in aggressive or "heavy" music. I regret that the small measure of musical form Sweeneys – 4 was presenting lasted for so short a time.

Allen Matthews

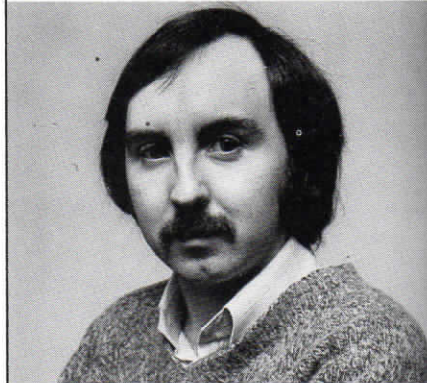


# Your Area Representatives

There have been one or two changes in the list of Area Representatives printed in the previous issue of Tek Times, and a few new names have been added.

In order to clarify the situation and to help you to identify the representative for your area, we include their photographs on this page, grouped according to location and indicating the area they individually represent.

## LIVINGSTON



IAN SCOTT

## MAIDENHEAD



SUE DORMER (SALES)

## MANCHESTER



JOHN MURRAY

## SOUTHGATE



EVELYN RANDALL (CREDIT CONTROL)



MARTYN REID (SERVICE)

## HARPENDEN



LYNNE TOLMAN (SALES)



STEVE RICHARDSON (SYSTEMS DEPT)



ASHLEY HARBUD (TQ ORDER PROC)



ROLAND WHITE (SERVICE)



RON TRADGETT (ACCOUNTS)



GEOFF JONES (WAREHOUSE)





# Cushy Butterfield



## HODDESDON



N CURD (E BLOCK)



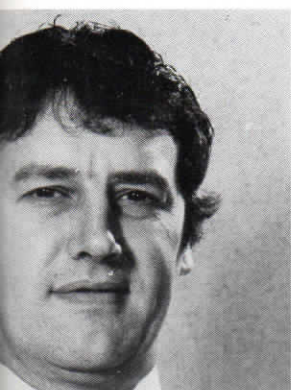
MARK DICKINSON (E BLOCK)



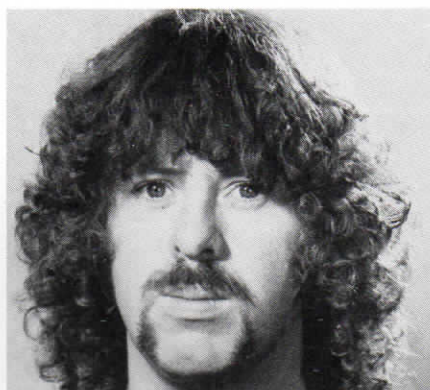
A GUIEN (D BLOCK)



MARY TAYLOR (D BLOCK)



EATON (C BLOCK)



LEN HOWLETT (C BLOCK)



ARSE (MAIN OFFICE)

**Solution to  
E-Z Tech Puzzle.**  
by Derek Smith, Harpenden.

C	R	T	P	R	O	B	E	B	U	S
U	E	I	S	N	R	W				
B	A	S	I	C	C	G	L	A	R	E
I	T	O	I	I	I	E				
C	O	S	A	L	L	E	N	D	I	P
P	M	L	E	N						
T	E	L	E	P	H	O	N	E	L	I
R	S		S	R	O					
N	A	N	O	C	C	T	N	O	V	A
T	X	O		O	A					
L	O	G	I	C	P	E	D	I	T	S
R	D	T	E	M	E					
A	S	S	E	S	S	U	B	S	I	D

It is some time since we had a bit of regional dialect in Tek Times. Here's an old song from Tyneside, popular in the music halls of the North East of England about a hundred years ago, and still widely known in the area. It goes to the tune of Pretty Polly Perkins.

I'm a brokenhearted keel man,  
and Im owerheed in love  
Wiv a young lass from Gateshead  
and I call her my dove

Her name is Cushy Butterfield  
and she sells yeller clay

And her cousins a pitman and  
they call him Tom Gray

Chorus

She's a big lass and a bonny lass  
and she likes her beer.

And they call her Cushy Butterfield  
and I wish she was here.

Her eyes is like two holes in a  
blanket burnt through.

And her brows of a morning would  
frighten a coo

And when I hear her shouting "will  
ye buy any clay?"

Like a candyman's trumpet, it

steals my heart away.

Chorus

She's a big lass. . . . etc

Ye'll oft see her at Sandgate when  
the herrings come in.

She's like a bagful o' sawdust tied  
round with a string.

She wears big galoshes too and her  
stockings once was white,

And her skirt is all patchy and her  
hats never straight.

Chorus

She's a big lass. . . . etc

When I asked her to marry me, she  
started to laugh.

"Now, non o' your monkey tricks,  
for I like not such chaff"

Then - she started a crying and  
roared like a bull,

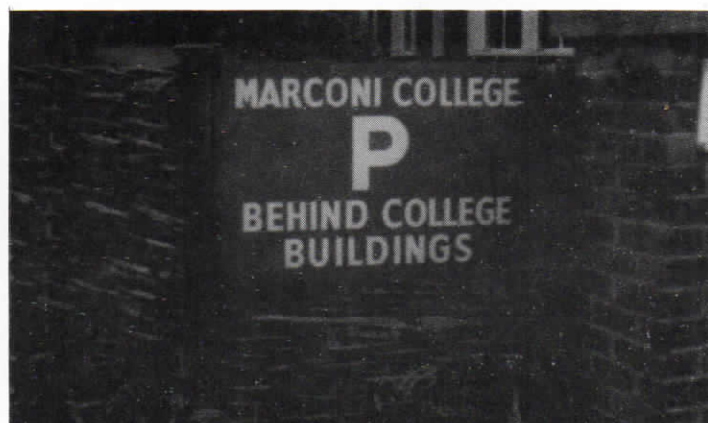
And the chaps on the keel says Im  
nowt but a fool

Chorus

She's a big lass and a bonny lass  
and she likes her beer,

And they call her Cushy Butterfield  
and I wish she was here.

## MARCONI COLLEGE



This sign was spotted in Chelmsford. by Brian Curant.



# NO BRAKES

by John Clarkson



It had come to the time of the oft-repeated poser – where shall we go for a holiday?

Having lived in Lulworth, Dorset, for three years after returning to England from the Middle East, we had had a surfeit of sea-sides, sand and deck chair folding. Now, in Stockport, we didn't much fancy a holiday at home which could well be spent catching up on jobs around the house.

So the ideas, names of places, prices and not so good prices began to be bandied about, and Vic, who was eleven, suddenly produced the shocking suggestion of a canal holiday. My wife Jean immediately quoted 'Rats! They fought the dogs and killed the cats', and shuddered, while thirteen-year-old Susan looked at Vic to see if he was sickening for something. I immediately joined the revolting side of the family by agreeing with him, and such was the resulting clatter that the dog, Simon, crawled under the settee, the goldfish, Ebb and Flo, sank to the bottom of the tank, and the budgie, Peter, insistently queried 'What are you doing?' – his normal question to any such noise.

We decided to go out at the weekend in the car and examine the brain-child of the late Duke of Bridgewater, namely the canal called after him. This we did, and having also passed, paused and perused a boat-hire company's products at Timperley, and made some tentative, non-obligatory enquiries, we wended our way home through the turbulent traffic, and with a pinch or two of 'ifs',



John Clarkson, Commissionnaire at our Stockport offices, in his official uniform.

'buts', and 'maybes', decided that we would take the veritable plunge into the canal.

We wrote for particulars, booked a week's reservation on a trim craft by the name of 'Frisky', and then went through that terrible period of waiting, doubting, selecting things to take, discarding things we'd decided to take, until the pre-determined Saturday arrived. With the car bulging with the benevolence of our over-enthusiastic packing, the dog's nose poking out of the quarter-light for air, and the budgie's cage obscuring the rear view mirror, we set off to board and crew 'our ship'. The goldfish, Ebb and Flo, were boarded out.

We transferred and stowed our goods and chattels aboard the 'Frisky', and in great glee and trepidation, after I had managed a well-supervised initial run up the canal and back for about a mile, we set our independent course for Preston Brook, or as far as we could manage at four and a half miles per hour. The kick of the wheel in your hands, the rolling deck, the indecision of which side of the canal to keep to, the family examining the boat – or ship – from stem to stern, the dog barking at everybody and everything, the budgie chirping in unison with his wilder friends, and the helmsman, me, hoping that there would be no witnesses of our first encounter with a lock. Such as our primary move away from the security of the hire company's mooring, and I began to have a brotherly feeling for the Master of the Queen Elizabeth, who must have felt like I did when he sailed out of the Solent past the Needles Light. A difference in size and place yes, but in responsibility, no. It even increased my admiration for Columbus, Magellan and Cook, in whose illustrious company I now belonged.

The whole family, that is to say the human members, all had a steer, with my steadying fingers and voice warding off the perils of the deep, and all was proceeding in a shipshape and orderly manner with Jean at the helm, when turning a

slight bend, the dreaded, oft to be repeated cry 'Locks ahead', carried over the still waters. At this point, and with terrific mental strain, I remembered what the man said about stopping this floating missile, 'There are no brakes, so put it in reverse'. This I did, producing a feeling of shuddering obstinacy to heed the ship's telegraph, but notwithstanding, we slowed, and when we were going slow enough, the light breeze calmly but efficiently turned the boat sideways in the canal. Now a three point turn on a canal with a 27ft 6ins craft is nobody's idea of a joke. About fifteen moves and as many bumps fore and aft later, when we had the...thing pointing at the lock gates, we moored by the bank, and began to study, theoretically and

physically, the method of getting our floating home 'up the step' – or should we go back home to Stockport?

We eventually navigated this our first hazard, slowly and sedately. Approaching lock gates and entering the deep lock chamber with the towering high walls, while the family from the safety of the towpath give mixed advice and cautions, is the sort of venture which can make a husband think that he is about to leave a widow and orphans. Deep down between those great wooden doors, water gurgling through the sluices, and the boat dashing back and forth from gate to gate with the wash and undertow is alarming until you remember what the man said to do with the boathook – yes, that's it, steady the boat, till the water levels, then open the top gates, emerge triumphant, wipe terror off countenance, bask in adoration of proud wife and children, and modestly just mention that isn't really difficult.

Three or four locks later, we tied up at a sheltered mooring, checking that we had no more of our quota of mosquitos. With the aid of a well-designed but minute kitchen stove, we had our first meal aboard, and then prepared to retire for the night – walk the dog down the towpath, check the mooring posts and ropes, stow oddments from exterior or interior, sort out the method of wriggling into bunk beds, and so to sleep.

## Musical Acrostic

These 10 slightly cryptic clues will each lead to the name of a composer. The initial letters of these surnames will form two words, the anagram of a musical term.

1. Frenchmen might send you to sleep.
2. He pictured thirteen friends and himself
3. Nephew or uncle from Venice?
4. Lady with a trident sent for the doctor.
5. Architectural compositions?
6. He has a golden sound!
7. Innkeepers ancient and modern?
8. Sounds like a composer from the Cape
9. A lighter shade of dark – perhaps indigo
10. Brave lad? Not quite

You'll need to be fairly lively!

Your answer here.

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Ron Tradgett



## Goodbye Wendy Gray



Wendy Gray, with Tek U.K. since 1970, said "Goodbye" to Tektronix recently. Our photo shows Wendy receiving departing

presents from her colleagues, presented by Keith Retallick. Good luck for the future from us all, Wendy.

## Monkey Business



While demonstrating an 834, the new Tektronix Data Comms Tester, I mentioned to the customer that the instrument was so easy to control that a monkey could operate it!

A colleague who was present at the demonstration later criticised

me for my derogatory remarks in implying that the customer employed monkeys.

Determined to make my point in future presentations I returned home to take a picture. This particular monkey is my son!

Chris Thomas



Pencil sketch of St. Peter's Church by Rosalind Rose.

## Around Hertfordshire

You don't have to travel far in any direction in England to come across some interesting historic buildings. Hertfordshire is no exception and although Harpenden itself doesn't seem to have much of a past, St. Albans, about five miles away is full of such fascinating places.

St. Alban is an interesting figure. He was a Roman soldier of the third century A.D. stationed in the nearby Roman fortress town of Verulam, and was executed for becoming a convert to the Christian faith during his tour of duty there.

The Church of St. Peter stands at the northern end of St. Albans city. It was one of three churches built by Ulsinus, the 6th Abbott of St. Albans Abbey around the year 950, and although none of the original structure remains, most of the

masonry was incorporated in the present church in the 10th and 11th centuries. Over the centuries, the building has undergone many structural changes but its basic appearance is still recognisable today from sketches and drawings dating from several hundred years ago.

Although hemmed-in now by the busy main roads and nearby offices, stores and car parks, St. Peter's retains a quiet atmosphere well worth sampling.

On the well outside the south-facing entrance is the grave plaque of Roger Pemberton who died in 1627. He was responsible for the erection of the six Pemberton Almshouses still to be seen in St. Peter's Street. The inscription on the plaque reads as follows:

HERE LYETH ROGER PEMBERTON ESQ. SOMETIME HIGHE SHEREIFFE OF THIS COUNTY WHOE BY HIS LASTE WILL ORDAYNED SIX ALMES HOWSES TO BE BUILT NEERE THIS CHURCHE FOR SIX POORE WIDOWES AND HATH GIVEN OWT OF HIS MANNO OF SHELTON IN THE COUNTYE OF BEDD THIRTYE POWNDES PERANNUM FOREVER FOR THEIR MAYNTENANCE TO WHOSE PIOUS MEMOYRE ELIZABETH HIS LOVEINGE WYFE & RAPHE PEMBERTON THEIRE DUTYFULL SONNE MAIOR OF THIS TOWNE EXECUTORS OF HIS LAST WILL HAVE DEDICATED THIS REMEMBRANCE. HE LIVED WELL & DEPARTED THIS LYFE THE 13 OF NOVEMBER 1627 IN THE 72 YEARE OF HIS AGE HEERE NOW HIS BODY RESTES IN EXPECTATION OF A JOYFULL RESURRECTION.

## Quote

Who steals my purse trash!  
'Tis something, nothing, and has been slave to thousands.

Be he who filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him and leaves me poor indeed

William Shakespeare.

The church organ has also gone through a number of changes. One of the earliest records on this subject describes the one presented to the parish in 1725 by a Dr. Christopher Pache. This was built in 1660 and first installed in the Royal Chapel at Windsor. This instrument was in service until 1973 when it had reached the end of its useful life, but the original 1725 casing has been retained and now houses the new organ. Visitors can still see the royal emblem on the organ, confirming the link with Windsor.



# LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sire,  
I wonder if the readers of Tek Times have, like me, pondered on the importance of names?

There's no doubt about it, the Browns, the Jones, the Smiths and all of us with similarly adequate but humble, humdrum names, tend to lead adequate, humble, humdrum lives. Of course, it helps if you can tag on a title of some sort. I mean, Dr. Johnson sounds quite an improvement on Bert Johnson, doesn't it? And only the churlish would quibble at being known as Sir William White, whilst Lord Gray conveys an undeniable hint of grandeur.

You can say what you like about the classless society and equality for all, but my theory is that when you get down to the hard core of human nature, the right name can make all the difference.

If the best car in the world had been called the Rolls-Higginbottom, it's doubtful if that company would have survived five years in the business.

Would Robin Hood have been quite so famous as Arnold Blenkinsop? Would Rogers and Hammerstein have been successful as Levy and Henderson? How about if some of our favourite High Street names had been Marks and Johnsons; Freeman, Hardy and Prendergast; or Feets the Chemist?

People in show business were amongst the first to recognise the importance of having the right name. No one blames Terry Nelhams for changing to Adam Faith, or Maurice James Christopher Cole to Kenny Everett, and there aren't many who know that Eric Morecambe's real name is John Bartholomew, or that Lesley Ughams became Twiggy.

One outstanding exception to this theory is Gerald Dorsey who unaccountably chose Engelbert Humperdinck, and I am not sure that raising it helps my argument, except perhaps to prove yet again that there is a good case for changing your name at some time in your career. (Trying to work out where Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten fit in makes my head hurt so we won't pursue that particular aspect).

Having a name with a ring to it is

certainly useful in political life. No one called Winston Churchill, Benjamin Disraeli, or Abraham Lincoln could possibly lead a quiet life and is inevitably guaranteed a place in history. If you can become known as Attila the Hun or Ivan the Terrible in your lifetime, so much the better - you are on the short-list for immortality.

Mind you, there is another side to this whole business. Suppose, for example, you have one of these potentially glorious names and don't quite make it to the heights. In that event, you could have the situation where your local postman is called Neville Chamberlain or your daily milk is delivered by Frank Sinatra. In the office, your thoughts would be disturbed by loudspeaker announcements saying - "Adolph Hitler, wanted in his own department" "Telephone call for Mr. Karl Marx" "Humphrey Bogart wanted in reception".

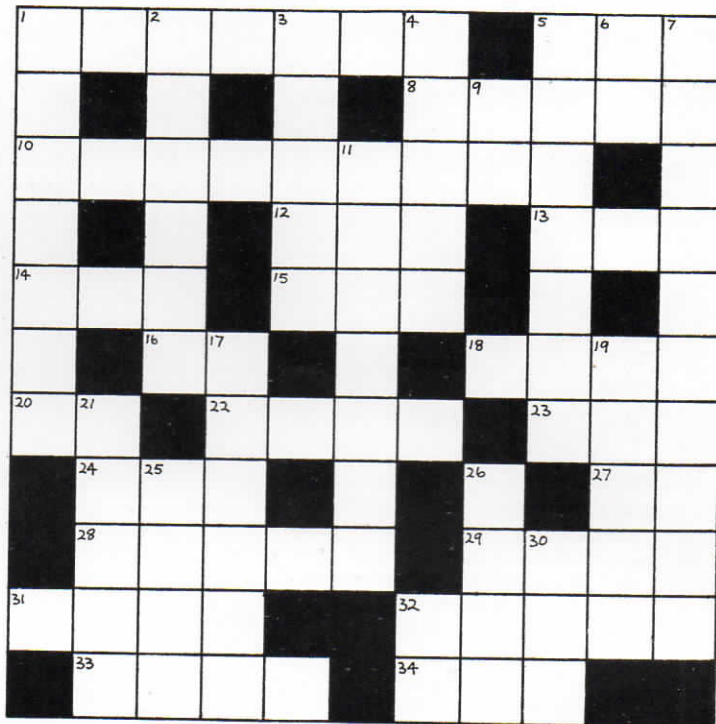
There's no legal problem over changing your name. You just tell people that henceforth you are to be known as . . . whatever you choose, as long as there is no intention to defraud or commit criminal acts.

Some years ago a rather timid housewife got a bit fed-up with being treated in her local shops like a nobody. One day she decided she had had enough and went to Harrods in a long dress and a very large hat. Rapping on the Managers desk with the end of her parasol, she announced that she, Lady Agatha Forbes-Smyth, intended to open an account and didn't like to be kept waiting. In no time at all, she was being shown their entire range of groceries in the comfort of the manager's office - and what's more, had them delivered free by the insistent staff.

I am convinced that if you want to get ahead, you've got to get a name, so as soon as I've finished this letter I'm starting another one to my departmental manager telling him that from now on, he is going to have to address me as Sir Charles Fortescue-Wellington, Duke of Harpenden, or something like that. (Let's see what that does for my performance review!)

Yours truly

## Crossword



Our crossword this month is from a new contributor.

### Across

1. Making firm contact. 5. You'll be in the fire out of it. 8. Contract. 10. Going back? Quite the reverse. 12. Consume. 13. Antipodal Biped. 14. Elevated man. 15. Mixed up political hue. 16. Old address. 18. A kind of trade mark. 20. Accordingly. 22. Increase. 23. Saying so implies assent. 24. Could be a tune, too. 27. The Province of Ulster. 28. An age. 29. One kind is attributed to the Iron Duke. 31. Usually of fruity content. 32. Now. 33. Changed Moss. 34. Busy creature.

### Down

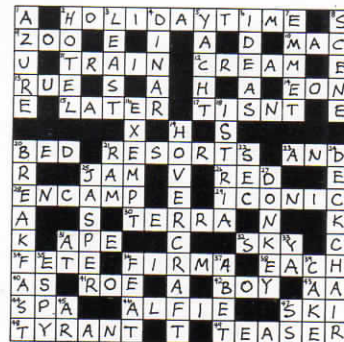
1. Basic framework. 2. Distinctive dress. 3. Chosen few. 5. Junior Messenger. 6. To that extent. 7. Cloud-like property. 9. Two thirds of ten. 11. Metal element. 17. Outward action. 19. Cake town. 21. Fertile place. 25. Separate thing. 26. Nasal-toned woodwind. 30. Lyrical composition. 32. Tuberculosis.

E.T.T.

## Topical Crossword

### ANSWERS

Solution to Crossword in Tek Times No. 21 (our apologies for omitting the name of the compiler of last month's puzzle. It came from Derek Smith, Harpenden.)



## Chess

### Problem No. 8.

White to play and mate in three moves.

A pretty combinative finish, marked by primitive violence. Mate by force in three moves.

Eric Blancquaert, Test Dept., Hoddesdon.

