

# Tek Times

## THIS IS MARLOW ...



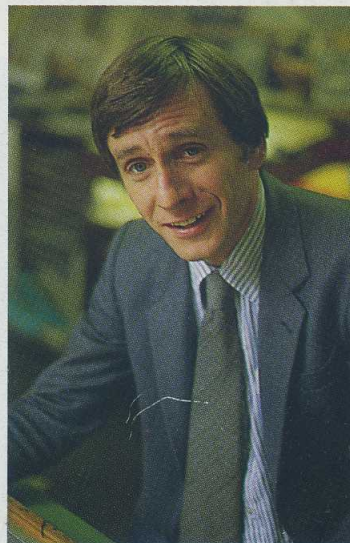
IN the last issue we carried a picture of the site of our new Marketing Headquarters in Marlow. This issue has the artists impression of the new building showing the office block on the right hand side and the service centre and warehouse on the left of the main entrance (with the canopy).

Things are now moving rapidly. Building work has begun in earnest, piles have been driven, drains laid and the builders, Taylor Woodrow, have even put up a sign announcing that the development is for Tek! The 83,000 sq. ft. building on 4 acres is expected to be completed by the end of October, 1984.

An important aspect of our Marlow move is to ensure

everyone affected is kept in the picture as far as possible. This activity was started on 25th and 26th August by Keith Retallick who gave about 12 presentations to staff at Harpenden, Southgate and Maidenhead. Keith described our existing facilities and went on to explain what led to the decision to choose Marlow. He then showed us plans of the new building, together with various drawings. From the lively question and answer session afterwards it was clear that all who attended were very interested in the project.

We will be having more presentations in the future and keeping you all informed via the notice boards so keep your eyes open!



## OUR EDITOR

Chris Cain, Tek Times new editor and the company's new Personnel Officer has spent 11 years within the personnel function, 6 of which were with Philips Industries. Chris's prime function — apart from editing the Tek Times! — will be providing a comprehensive personnel service to Marketing and F and A. His main outside interests are squash, tennis, running (he recently completed a half-marathon at Windsor Great Park), music, theatre and most important of all! — beer and wine making.

For the third year running a group of Harpenden based field sales engineers gathered together for another 'Super Sales' at the Welwyn Sports Stadium.

It was the 24th June this year that teams from the East and South-East I.D. and U.K.-C.D. put away their xerox sales skills guides and donned various sports tackle in preparation for the gruelling individual and team events.

These comprised of 100 yard sprint, walking the tyre and plank, throwing the 'welly', five legged race, sack race, obstacle relay, egg and spud race, mixed object relay, dribble football, basket ball and finally team darts.

The team members were:  
**EAST** – Peter Darby, Mike Nottle, Andy Smith, Roy Appleby, Robert Stubbings.  
**SOUTH EAST** – Ray Monks, (Peter Groome), Brian Curant, Les Brunton, Ray Scruby, Lionel Durant.  
**COMMS DIV** – Les Fardale, Brian Dedden, Paul Dubery, Ray Ganderton, Roger Alexander.  
**REFEREE** – Derek Philpott.  
**TIME KEEPER** – Jenny Groome.  
**SENIOR ORGANISER AND GENERAL BIG MOUTH** – Brian Curant.

Proceedings began at 2.00 p.m. on a dreary afternoon with the 100 yard dash. Not having a tape measure or the patience to use a 6" plastic rule 600 times, Philpott chose to pace out the 100 yards by running up the field as if possessed. The result was the 'carefully' measured dash was nearer 200 yards.

All of the team completed this 'warmer up' although the bulk seemed very near cardiac arrest around the 150 yard point. Brian Dedden came first and won the first point for the C.D. team.

Amidst cries for oxygen and violent coughing and wheezing the teams were ushered to event number 2 – the tyre and plank walk.

# Super sales 1983

This required the team to move a pile of five car tyres and two wooden planks along a measured distance without touching the ground beneath them. The times for the I.D. teams were inexcusably awful but the C.D. team using military style tactics completed in no time at all, gaining their team first place for this event.

Throwing the welly came next, and each member was asked to hurl a 'green' wellington boot as far as they were able. Technique was definitely the key to success here as some violent attempts produced very average results. Ray Monks won with a distance of 78 ft. and Roy Appleby came last by managing to throw his back over his head directly at referee Philpott – pity too – so near salary review time!

Suffering from exposure the teams moved into the gymnasium for the remaining events and began No. 4 after gulping down some light refreshment. It was to be a good old fashioned sack race – with eliminating heats for the final winner. This first race was a real sight to behold and as Keith Retallick looked on with furrowed brow the race began. What a mess. Alexander and Darby were off like seven year olds closely followed by Stubbings and Balmforth. Ganderton was last and even unable to stop soon enough to prevent a collision with miscellaneous sports equipment stacked at the end of the hall. The fittest survived and Roger Alexander went on to win for the C.D. team.

The obstacle relay was another

heart stretcher and all that can be said is that the winners did so by default. Event number 6 was to exercise team effort to the full – a five legged race. Each team had to tie up their legs after the whistle – complete the two way run and untie themselves again. Comms Div got off to an incredible start with each member shouting the forward leg sequence in unison. Unfortunately this only lasted for half the run when turning around proved much more difficult than imagined and restarting the leg sequence totally impossible. They were overtaken by South East who gained a well earned point for number one.

The spoon and spud race was most civilised and all teams did well, although some were openly abusive about Mike Nottle's attempt to disguise a steadying thumb securing his spud. First place went to C.D. team.

Dribble football came after a well earned break and here those with dexterity came to the fore. Most seemed totally unable to guide the ball along the intended route. South East team were first.

The last physical event of the afternoon's agenda was basket ball. Only a few understood some of the rules and the remainder simply rushed from one end to the other. A member of the Sports Stadium kindly refereed (Philpott cared too much for his safety). For the first two games the rules were applied well but adherence to the whistle and gentlemanly conduct eventually gave way to barging, tripping, headbutting and groining. The odd

ball did find the net and eventually the score was such that Comms Div had to win the evening darts match if they were to win overall.

During an earlier event I.D. East's Ray Monks had sprained an ankle and training manager Peter Groome had kindly stepped in as a replacement. So whilst Ray cradled his foot, the others gathered their strength for a good shower and prepared for the evenings darts.

The thought of this unruly mass, consumed by alcohol and armed with steel darts, was too much for Keith Retallick so he bid his farewell and made a hasty retreat.

Roger Alexander was still arguing about the scoring of event number three and Mike Nottle was busy placing together his broken glasses.

Suitably refreshed, and ready for the final event the teams met in the Harpenden Conservative Club with the other supporters and at 8.16 p.m. the first dart was thrown.

As always at these things the standard of playing soon deteriorated and this time was no exception. All three teams were left with only doubles to finish and for nearly ten rounds the suspense was killing. Eventually, and some may say by pure accident, Chris Balmforth brought the day to an end by striking double one.

Comms Div and their supporters (at least three others) were ecstatic, and celebrated in traditional fashion.

Jenny totalled up the final scores and declared Roger Alexander as the overall winner of the individual award and Comms Div the team award. Lorraine Perrett collected the individual prize in place of Roger Alexander and Chris Balmforth on behalf of the Comms Div.

The whole affair was again a roaring success and the author would like to extend his thanks to all the participants especially Brian Curant and Jenny Groome for their careful planning and organisation.

**Ray Ganderton** – Harpenden



● Brian Dedden audio test package linked to T.V. auto analysis system, "Answer 1980".

## Cast '83 at the N.E.C.

Salesmen from I.D. and C.D. joined forces recently at the U.K.'s first exhibition aimed solely at communications via metallic and fibre optic cable and satellite.

"CAST '83" (Cable and Satellite) was held at Birmingham's N.E.C. and attracted many quality visitors from which the Tek stand booked nearly 50 leads. Special thanks goes to Heather Smith for reception duties and Alan Hutley for some last minute graphic material.

**Ray Ganderton** – Harpenden.



● Getting ready for the start.

It was a dull, overcast day and, after a short speech by Guan Tan, the ride was started (almost bang on time).

When we left the gates of Hoddesdon, Ian Ritson, another rider from Harpenden, and myself, found ourselves momentarily in front of the whole field. (This was the only time).

At Harpenden Jim Rockall fulfilled his promise and left the field, after a fine ride.

By the time we reached Maidenhead I had lost track of the other Harpenden riders. But after a brave effort Ian Ritson (who is not a regular cyclist, and borrowed the bike for this event) left the field after 55 miles.

At the end of the day there were only 3 of us from Harpenden who completed the course of 103 miles, these were:

Fiona Nesbit  
Lawrence Mudd  
David Braik

So with aching limbs we count up all the sponsors.

Ian and I were riding on behalf of "The Penguin Club" which is a club for mentally handicapped children and adults from Harpenden, and we raised £130.00.

I would just like to say "WELL DONE" to all of the riders and "THANK YOU" to all who sponsored us for this tremendous total.

**David Braik** – Harpenden

## '83 Tour results

As can be seen from the list, this year's event has been the best ever in terms of distances ridden. Out of 33 starters, 22 completed the full course and an aggregate of 2,746 miles were covered.

Congratulations to all those who took part and a special thanks to our support team.

In order to simplify the accounts, would all riders please collect their sponsorship monies as soon as possible and forward them to the appropriate person nominated below:

Multiple Sclerosis: Ken Livermore – Maidenhead

The Penguin Club: David Braik – Hoddesdon Charities (50% Dogs for the Blind, 50% A.R.M.S.): Jean Dewbrey – Hoddesdon

**Ken Livermore** – Maidenhead

Ken Livermore	Maidenhead	103 miles
Dick Jackson	Maidenhead	103 miles
Brian Pilgrim	Maidenhead	103 miles
Dan O'Mahony	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Paul Gatens	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Tony Collins	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Mark Rider	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Dean Bernardin	Hoddesdon	103 miles
John Jessop	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Peter Bavage	Maidenhead	103 miles
Ken Burton	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Cliff Brazil	Hoddesdon	103 miles
David Braik	Harpenden	103 miles
Dave Fynn	Maidenhead	103 miles
David Dorkin	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Fiona Nisbett	Harpenden	103 miles
Laurence Mudd	Harpenden	103 miles
Brigit Collins	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Mike Davis	Livingston	103 miles
Derek McCormick	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Uttam Pawar	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Peter Holness	Hoddesdon	103 miles
Ian Jones	Manchester	70 miles
Paul Johnson	Livingston	55 miles
Paul Anerish	Maidenhead	55 miles
Kevin Fallon	Maidenhead	55 miles
Joe Galsworthy	Maidenhead	55 miles
Barry Towner	Maidenhead	55 miles
Ian Ritson	Harpenden	55 miles
Jim Rockall	Harpenden	20 miles
Eric Bidwell	Hoddesdon	20 miles
Lynn Pittick	Maidenhead	20 miles
Carla Wallace	Maidenhead	20 miles

## The man who sold Hot Dogs

There was a man who lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs.

He was hard of hearing so he had no radio.

He had trouble with his eyes so he read no newspapers.

But he sold good hot dogs.

He put up signs on the highway telling how good they were.

He stood on the side of the road and cried: "Buy a hot dog, Mister?"

And people bought.

He increased his meat and bun orders.

He bought a bigger stove to take care of his trade.

He finally got his son home from college to help him out.

But then something happened. His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio?"

Haven't you been reading the newspapers?

There's a big depression.

The European situation is terrible. The domestic situation is worse".

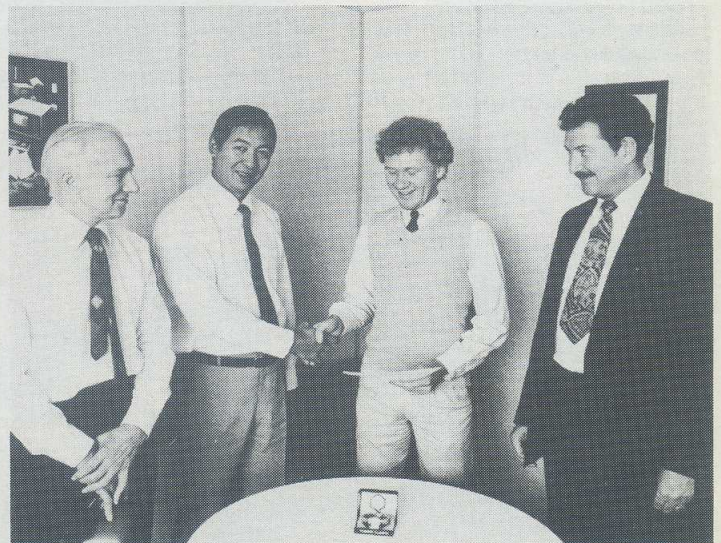
Whereupon the father thought, "Well, my son's been to college, he reads the papers and he listens to the radio, and he ought to know".

So the father cut down on his meat and bun orders, took down his advertising signs, and no longer bothered to stand out in the highway to sell his hot dogs. And his hot dog sales fell almost overnight.

"You're right, son", said the father to the boy.

"We certainly are in the middle of a great depression".

"Submitted" by **Graham Williams**



## Paul completes apprenticeship

● Paul Gatens at the presentation of his indentures and wrist watch on completion of his apprenticeship. Those shown, left to right, Fred Craddock, Guan Tan, Paul Gatens and Ron Nott.

During my schooldays at Southampton I watched many liners coming from and going to all parts of the world and envied the passengers.

The nearest I approached them was a walkabout on the 'Queen Mary' when she was in dock, plus the occasional trip on a Red Funnel steamer to the Isle of Wight, including a paddle steamer.

Then in 1958 the opportunity to travel via Cunard to Canada came along. My destination was Montreal, but the St. Lawrence river is frozen during winter and closed to navigation.

It was a revelation, this floating hotel with cinema and dance hall. One met many different people all with their own tales to tell. One of my cabin mates in Tourist Class was pleading his case for a vessel supported on a cushion of air and powered by aircraft-type propellers mounted above deck. I often wonder if he cashed in on the Hovercraft. Another companion was writing the story of his European travels in an exercise book and had photographs to prove he had been a professional boxer amongst the 'greats'. We did not see too much of him until the First Class bar closed, as he was trying to make contacts in more rarified parts.

At night, one would feel the pleasant roll of the ship, interrupted by vibration of the whole vessel when the bow went down and the propellers came up from the water.

I posted the illustrated card as we crossed the channel to Le Havre. Luckily it was still in the family mail collection when, many years later, I became interested in postal history.

Some folks took a while to find their sea legs and did not appear at meal times until about the second day on the Atlantic. With the smell of the salty sea spray and my surname I could not let the side down.

Life was very different from the one I had experienced in the Army. Now I was a 'sir' for a short time, and the only compulsory parade was for

# The only way to travel

By John Seaman

lifeboat drill at designated stations. We were reputed to be south from the iceberg region – but so thought the captain of the 'Titanic'!

As we neared the Canadian coast seagulls reappeared and one could feel moisture freezing in ones nostrils. It was great fun throwing tit-bits and passengers to the birds! We toured Halifax on foot while waiting for the train to Montreal. Halifax was Samuel Cunard's home town where he had the idea for a regular trans-atlantic steamboat service. Obtaining a mail contract from the British government made his future secure.

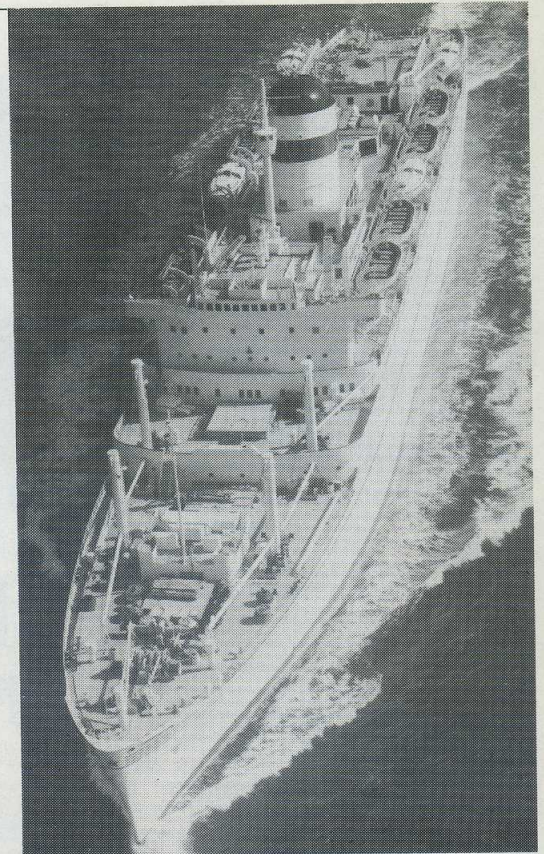
I was pleasantly surprised to find my trunk at Montreal station, so with no money left for a taxi I towed it on the ice and snow to the Y.M.C.A. on Drummond Street.

In 1965 we decided to move back to England and of course there was

only one way to travel. It was June and the St. Lawrence was open from Montreal via Quebec to the sea. Instead of rushing by air we took our time to see such sights as the Heights of Abraham at Quebec, where Woolf made Britain the (temporary) ruler of Canada. This time there were small icebergs floating down from the north, but they were avoided at night by the use of radar.

Roger and Jennifer had a great time with games on deck. Margaret and I danced the nights away on a moving floor. It is an interesting experience to find that ones foot has an extra few inches to travel as the ship rolls. Fortunately there were no storms.

We were on the same ship which had been refitted and renamed 'Carmania' since my east-west voyage. Later it was sold to the



● Leonid Sobinov.

Soviet Union and became the 'Leonid Sobinov', shown in the picture of the whole vessel.

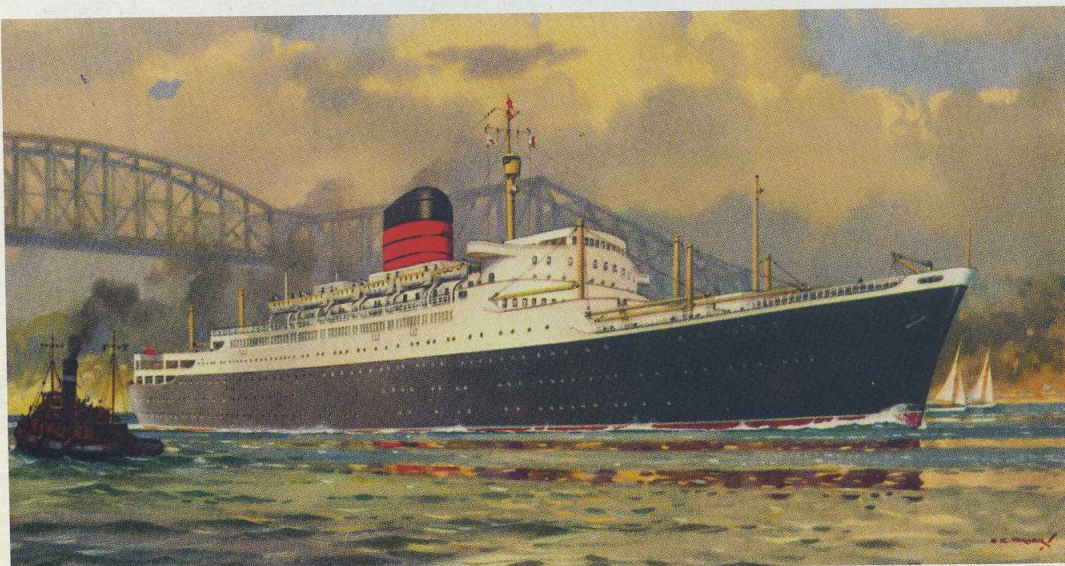
A Cunard tie was won during a spot-prize dance while Roger won a model of the ship during the fancy dress competition. Jennifer also won a prize. We had a great time making Robin Hood and Maid Marion outfits from green and yellow crepe paper purchased from a thoughtful shop owner on board.

A day or so out from Southampton I discreetly tuned in to the B.B.C. on deck and soon we were in Cork where an Irish tender came alongside to take off some passengers plus one car which was hoisted from the hold. It was early morning with a sea mist that was cold and prompted one to wear warmer clothing. While we were anchored some wizened Irish ladies came aboard and set up store at the top of the stairways with their hand knitted woollens spread on the floor. They did a good trade, helped by the weather and the fact that this was the first chance for the tourists on board to buy some local souvenirs.

The weather brightened as we drew into Le Havre to discharge passengers travelling into continental Europe. Soon we were passing the Needles and rounding the Isle of Wight. Past Netley Hospital, with its mile long corridor built to house the disabled veterans from the Crimea in 1860. Now only the centre block remains while the rest is a marvellous picnic area with well kept lawns.

We docked, disembarked and passed through customs into England, home and beauty and the World Cup in 1966. But that's another story!

John Seaman – Harpenden



● Saxonia.

# Because it's still there

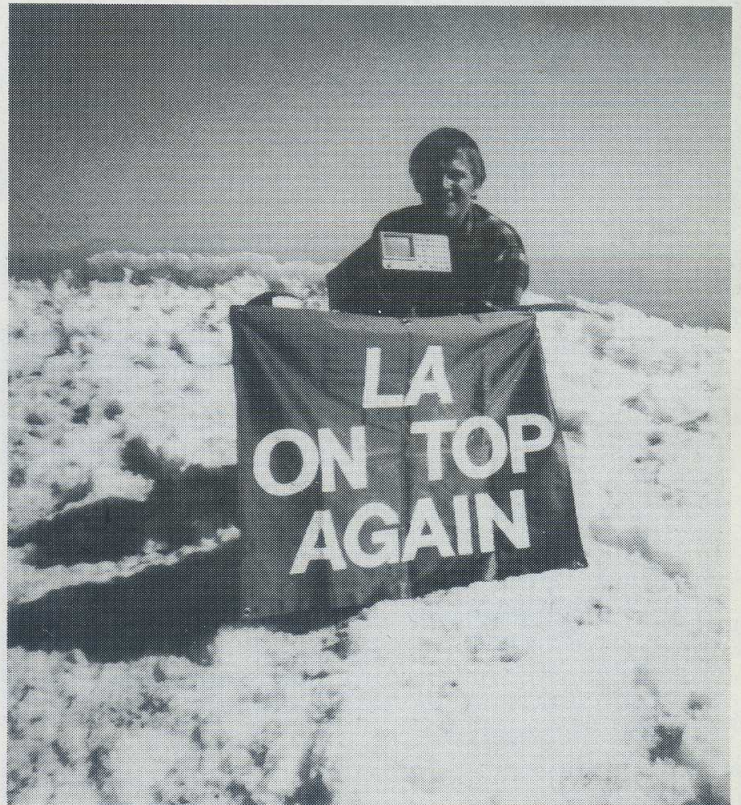


We read with interest the article by Paul Smith, Tek Times No. 36, page 5, in which he described the current state of rock climbing in the U.K. He finished his article with the statement: "But you don't often see the sun set over the Scottish islands or even a snow covered Kinder Scout on a January evening, and I defy any of you **to better that!**" Not having been to the Scottish islands or even knowing what a Kinder Scout is (snow covered or not), we submit some pictures showing a view from the top of Oregon "**to better that!**". The people in the pictures are from the Logic Analyzer Business Unit in Beaverton. We climbed Mt. Hood (11,400 ft.) to

take pictures of our L.A. banner which was our theme for our presentations at the U.S. National Sales meeting held last June. We also demonstrated the ultra-portability of the 300 Series Logic Analyzers by carrying a 318 up to the top of Hood. The group picture shows (left to right) Dick Lemke, Business Unit General Manager; Chuck Wiley, Operations Manager; Gerd Hoeren, DAS Software Engineer; and John Serbin, 300 Series Marketing Manager.

We extend an open invitation to come climb with us when in the Pacific North West!

**John Serbin** – Walker Road Beaverton



## It's a 16 bit world

A 16-bit computer can handle a number whose value is between 0 and 65,535. Now, depending on who you are and what turns you on, this statement is either good news, bad news or no news at all.

Quite frankly, I think the whole world of computer jargon has got out of hand. Not so long ago! to me a BIT was a young lady I carried on the back of my leaky old BSA: A BYTE, something we had after a Saturday night at the pictures and a NIBBLE, the reason for our appetite for the former.

I travelled to school on a BUS, had a Grandma who restrained her ample proportions with FIRMWARE and was contented to use BUFFERS

to stop my Hornby loco from killing the cat.

CYCLE TIME was how long it took me to do my morning paper round, my Mum's nutty slack was OFF-LOADED by the local coalman and WINCHESTER was a town famous for its Cathedral.

Apparently computers will control our future by simply answering YES or NO to any question. Funny, but thinking back to our recent election campaign, I was left with a different feeling. A few people will control our future and I didn't hear any of them say YES or NO to our questions – did you?

**Ray Ganderton** – Harpenden

## Brain teaser

Here is a thought provoking little puzzle that has significance to anyone dealing with computers and computing.

Find single digit numbers to solve the following equation.

Each letter represents a different number and is not 8.

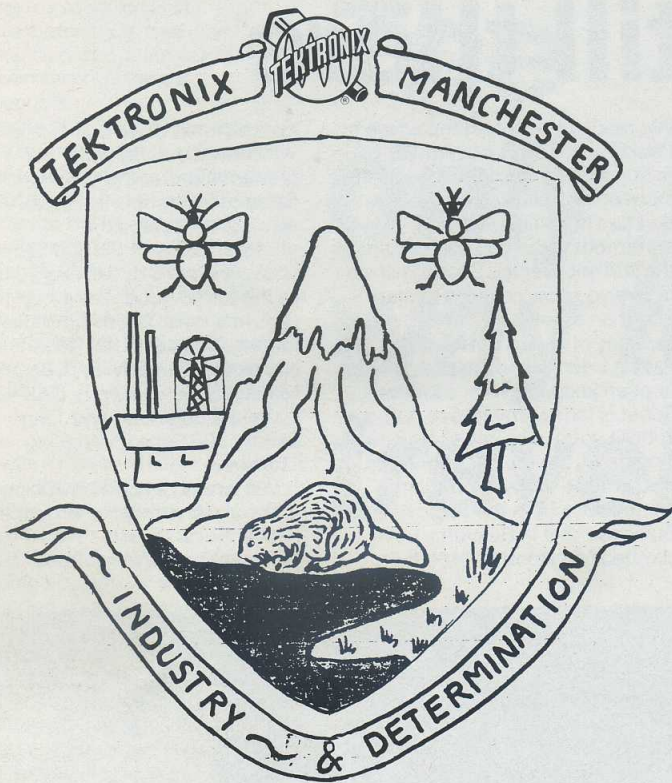
$$\begin{array}{r} \text{BIT} \\ \times 8 \\ \hline = \text{BYTE} \end{array}$$

**Derek Smith** – Harpenden



Tek-Times editor Chris Cain is looking for lively news hounds. Enthusiasts who will gather up copy in their area and forward it to Chris are required for all locations. Remember, Tek Times Today — Tek Times Tomorrow!

In addition the editor would like to hear of both business and social events coming up in the future which may prove to be an interesting news item.



# Industry and determination

The motto 'Industry and Determination' purposely shares the first letters of our Division, which is Instrument Division.

The mythological mountain is one which we have got to climb to overcome any difficulties which may beset us and to achieve results.

The Beaver is indicative of Beaverton and is renowned for its industry and determination.

The Bees are a reference to Manchester – appearing on their Coat of Arms and quite incidentally

on the trade mark of Boddingtons beer; also renowned for industry and determination.

The Pine tree on the right is synonymous with the Pine forests of Oregon and the factory and mine shown on the left is symbolic of the industrial North.

The beautiful lake is the one in which we will be drowned if we do not make targets.

The Coat of Arms is available on ties for £3.50 each, available from Dave Norriss in Manchester.

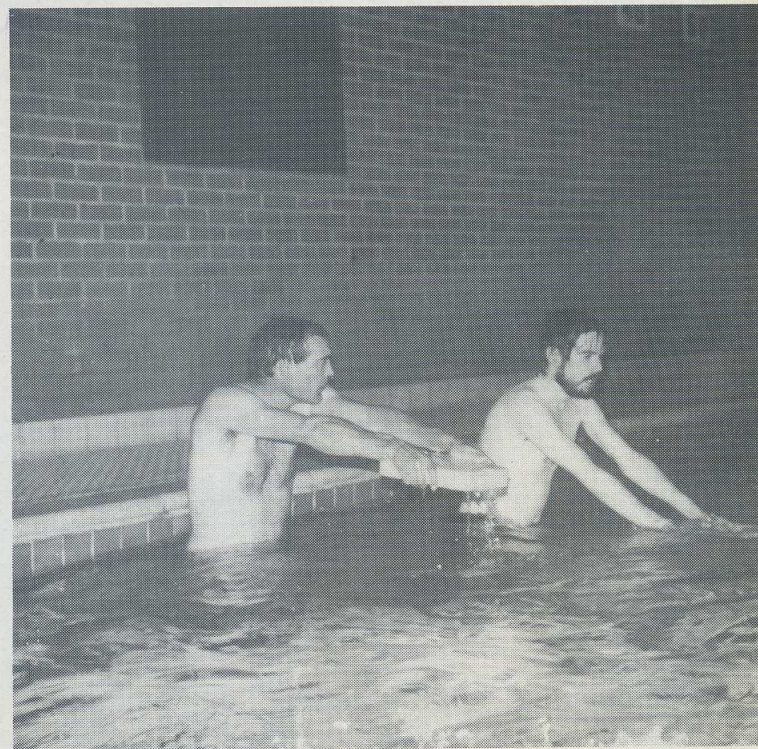
# Manchester's swimming and social club

The Manchester office organises weekly get togethers at the local swimming pool which results in great fun and relaxation. Beginners are catered for as well as the swimming elite! The evening is usually rounded off at one of the local pubs where anecdotes, jokes and gossip cheer everyone.

**Ian Jones** – Manchester



• Dave Pettit demonstrating the art of flying.



• Ian Jones instructing Ged Drinkwater.

When you saw this title, did you think of game parks and beaches? That's the reaction of most people and certainly of my colleagues when I joined Tek U.K. in 1970 after returning from Kenya. Not surprising, for that's all one tends to see in books, on T.V. and on package holidays. I kept trying to tell people that there is another Kenya, and in 1975 I got the idea that a new kind of book should be written which describes the real Kenya where people live – people of many tribes and races, black, brown and white, rich and poor, Christian, Moslem and Hindu, in a land of deserts and green uplands, of salt lakes and trout streams, of snow-capped peaks and the coast of the Indian Ocean.

Twenty publishers to whom I suggested the idea said 'no'. But the idea wouldn't lie down and in late '77 I bought a camera, asked Tek for sabbatical leave and went to Kenya to take pictures for such a book. I came back a year later with 4,700 colour slides, but broke, and started work again. When my finances had improved I asked for more leave to do the writing (and choose the right pictures from amongst these thousands), but this took longer than expected and I had to convert my leave into resignation in order to finish it. (I must put on record the extraordinary understanding and flexibility with which Tek accommodated these decisions of mine).

When the manuscript was finished I sent it off to various publishers and as each returned it to me I sent it to others – about 60 in the U.K. and quite a few overseas – my mood gradually changing from hopefulness to despondency. They all refused for various reasons: high production costs, the recession, a minority interest book, an unknown author. By then I had inherited some money and decided to risk all and publish it myself, an exercise which has kept me busy for yet another year. The text had to be typeset and the slides converted into colour separation films (four films representing the yellow, magenta, cyan and black content of the picture which will be used to control the respective ink flows on the printing press). But before any of this could happen I had to 'design the book'.

How big should it be: 7 × 10 inches, A4, coffee table book size or anywhere in between? Printers will do any size you ask them to, but given the original size of the sheets of paper some formats are less wasteful than others. How many pages? If you fold a piece of paper you successively get 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64 pages. Some huge printing presses use paper so large that they can print 32 pages at a time on each side of the sheet, which can be folded into a 64-page section. If you insist on a book of 66 pages this creates trouble, because the last two pages will have to be printed as a separate operation. I chose to make my book 192 pages (3 × 64) of

# The Kenya Magic

by John Schmid

210 × 280 mm (almost A4 size).

Then you need to design a 'grid', a pattern which shows the height and width of the text columns, the size of the margins, where the page numbers are to go and so on, and you need to choose a typeface and point size. (Those of you using Letraset will be familiar with this). After all these preliminary decisions the real work starts.

For each double page of the book (each 'spread' as it's called) you have to choose the amount of text, the number of pictures, how much to blow them up (remember that they started life as 35 mm slides), how much of the picture to use. Quite a few pictures were improved by cropping; in other cases lack of space forced me to crop them. My aim was a book in which, on every spread, the reader would find just the right pictures in the right places to illustrate the text, and often with nice surprises at the turn of a page. This was the most exciting and creative part of the job. Just to produce the pencil sketches of the layout took six weeks. Then came the more exact task of pasting up Xerox copies of the text as set by typesetters, which didn't always take up the anticipated amount of space. All kinds of trade-offs were necessary and in the process I eliminated quite a few paragraphs and pictures – a useful process as it got rid of unnecessary fat. The last stage was to paste up the colour proofs, prints made on a hand-operated 'proofing press' by the people who make the colour separation films, as a check that the colours are satisfactory. Needless to say, not all of them were, and there was much to-ing and fro-ing between Harpenden and Maldon in Essex where the 'repro house' is located. I won't tell you how many times the typesetting had to be checked and corrected. The editor of Tek Times will appreciate this point.

Now this paste-up, the result of a three-year labour of love, is in Spain

with the printers who will use it as a guide to the exact layout required.

They will make up each spread from the original typeset text (not the Xerox copies I worked with) and with the original four films, and from this they will make four printing plates for each spread (one for each colour). I will then get another proof from them, called the 'ozalids', to check that they have assembled everything correctly, with no paragraphs interchanged or pictures upside down. Then comes the moment (sometime in September) when I can give the green light and the presses start to roll. By mid-October the first bound copies should be ready – just in time for the Christmas trade. Mind you, not in my wildest dreams did I think, back in '75, that I would be doing it all myself, and if I had any Christmas trade in mind it was that of 1979!

So what is the book about? It's about the Kenya I love, the land and the people; weddings and funerals, car rallies and coffee harvests, Nairobi life and life in villages without water and electricity, life as I saw and experienced it during my year's sabbatical leave. And it has 210 colour photographs to show you what it's really like. Those of you who saw my slide shows will know some of the stories, but the book includes much additional material and should be what is known as 'a good read'. Just the thing for the long winter nights.

In the bookshops it will cost £9.95, but to Tek staff buying directly from me I can offer it for £8.25. Quite a bargain, even if I say so myself, so don't buy those Christmas presents until you've seen **The Kenya Magic**. Copies can be obtained from Jim Rockall.

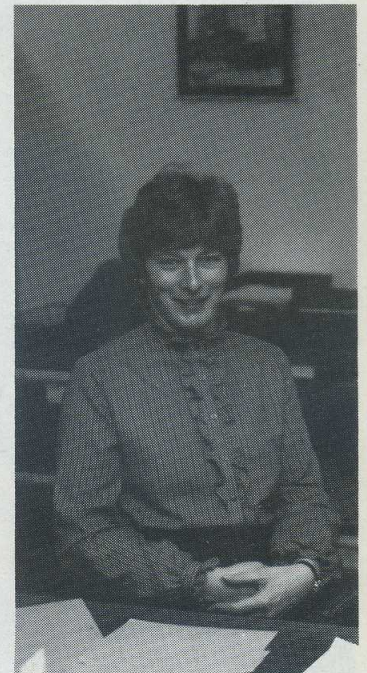
Print room manager to B.B.C. interviewer:

At this moment in time, we are in a meal-break situation.

(Seriously folks!)

**Ron Tradgett**

## Jenny makes a move



**On June 24th, Jenny Groome left Tek Harpenden to start a new life in Chester, Cheshire. Jenny's husband, an executive with I.C.I., moved his office to the Manchester area and so dutiful Jenny moved too.**

**Jenny joined Tek Harpenden in 1979 working as a Blue Arrow Temp for Charles Batkin. In 1980 Jenny moved into a sales support role as an Eastern District field secretary and subsequently as personal secretary to the Eastern D.S.M. Ray Ganderton and Eastern District Salesman Lionel Durant.**

**At the point of divisionalisation Jenny continued to support Ray and also took under her wing East and South East's D.S.M.'s, Bill Tatton and Ray Monks.**

**Ray Ganderton told Tek Times "Jenny's departure left me feeling short of an arm and two legs and I have not attempted to search for a substitute since it would be a fruitless task. It is my opinion that, in general, most Tek people requiring secretarial support, in particular Salesmen and Sales Managers, could pay more attention to their secretaries and the valuable contribution they make".**

**All at Tek Harpenden wish Jenny lots of luck in the future at Tek Manchester.**

When you saw this title, did you think of game parks and beaches? That's the reaction of most people and certainly of my colleagues when I joined Tek U.K. in 1970 after returning from Kenya. Not surprising, for that's all one tends to see in books, on T.V. and on package holidays. I kept trying to tell people that there is another Kenya, and in 1975 I got the idea that a new kind of book should be written which describes the real Kenya where people live – people of many tribes and races, black, brown and white, rich and poor, Christian, Moslem and Hindu, in a land of deserts and green uplands, of salt lakes and trout streams, of snow-capped peaks and the coast of the Indian Ocean.

Twenty publishers to whom I suggested the idea said 'no'. But the idea wouldn't lie down and in late '77 I bought a camera, asked Tek for sabbatical leave and went to Kenya to take pictures for such a book. I came back a year later with 4,700 colour slides, but broke, and started work again. When my finances had improved I asked for more leave to do the writing (and choose the right pictures from amongst these thousands), but this took longer than expected and I had to convert my leave into resignation in order to finish it. (I must put on record the extraordinary understanding and flexibility with which Tek accommodated these decisions of mine).

When the manuscript was finished I sent it off to various publishers and as each returned it to me I sent it to others – about 60 in the U.K. and quite a few overseas – my mood gradually changing from hopefulness to despondency. They all refused for various reasons: high production costs, the recession, a minority interest book, an unknown author. By then I had inherited some money and decided to risk all and publish it myself, an exercise which has kept me busy for yet another year. The text had to be typeset and the slides converted into colour separation films (four films representing the yellow, magenta, cyan and black content of the picture which will be used to control the respective ink flows on the printing press). But before any of this could happen I had to 'design the book'.

How big should it be: 7 x 10 inches, A4, coffee table book size or anywhere in between? Printers will do any size you ask them to, but given the original size of the sheets of paper some formats are less wasteful than others. How many pages? If you fold a piece of paper you successively get 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64 pages. Some huge printing presses use paper so large that they can print 32 pages at a time on each side of the sheet, which can be folded into a 64-page section. If you insist on a book of 66 pages this creates trouble, because the last two pages will have to be printed as a separate operation. I chose to make my book 192 pages (3 x 64) of

# The Kenya Magic

by John Schmid

210 x 280 mm (almost A4 size).

Then you need to design a 'grid', a pattern which shows the height and width of the text columns, the size of the margins, where the page numbers are to go and so on, and you need to choose a typeface and point size. (Those of you using Letraset will be familiar with this). After all these preliminary decisions the real work starts.

For each double page of the book (each 'spread' as it's called) you have to choose the amount of text, the number of pictures, how much to blow them up (remember that they started life as 35 mm slides), how much of the picture to use. Quite a few pictures were improved by cropping; in other cases lack of space forced me to crop them. My aim was a book in which, on every spread, the reader would find just the right pictures in the right places to illustrate the text, and often with nice surprises at the turn of a page. This was the most exciting and creative part of the job. Just to produce the pencil sketches of the layout took six weeks. Then came the more exact task of pasting up Xerox copies of the text as set by typesetters, which didn't always take up the anticipated amount of space. All kinds of trade-offs were necessary and in the process I eliminated quite a few paragraphs and pictures – a useful process as it got rid of unnecessary fat. The last stage was to paste up the colour proofs, prints made on a hand-operated 'proofing press' by the people who make the colour separation films, as a check that the colours are satisfactory. Needless to say, not all of them were, and there was much to-ing and fro-ing between Harpenden and Maldon in Essex where the 'repro house' is located. I won't tell you how many times the typesetting had to be checked and corrected. The editor of Tek Times will appreciate this point.

Now this paste-up, the result of a three-year labour of love, is in Spain

with the printers who will use it as a guide to the exact layout required.

They will make up each spread from the original typeset text (not the Xerox copies I worked with) and with the original four films, and from this they will make four printing plates for each spread (one for each colour). I will then get another proof from them, called the 'ozalids', to check that they have assembled everything correctly, with no paragraphs interchanged or pictures upside down. Then comes the moment (sometime in September) when I can give the green light and the presses start to roll. By mid-October the first bound copies should be ready – just in time for the Christmas trade. Mind you, not in my wildest dreams did I think, back in '75, that I would be doing it all myself, and if I had any Christmas trade in mind it was that of 1979!

So what is the book about? It's about the Kenya I love, the land and the people; weddings and funerals, car rallies and coffee harvests, Nairobi life and life in villages without water and electricity, life as I saw and experienced it during my year's sabbatical leave. And it has 210 colour photographs to show you what it's really like. Those of you who saw my slide shows will know some of the stories, but the book includes much additional material and should be what is known as 'a good read'. Just the thing for the long winter nights.

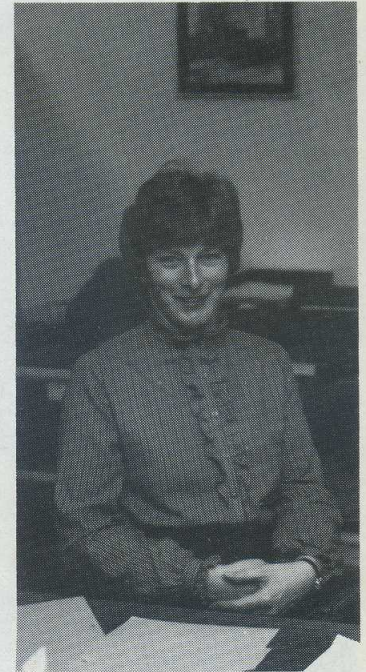
In the bookshops it will cost £9.95, but to Tek staff buying directly from me I can offer it for £8.25. Quite a bargain, even if I say so myself, so don't buy those Christmas presents until you've seen **The Kenya Magic**. Copies can be obtained from Jim Rockall.

Print room manager to B.B.C. interviewer:

At this moment in time, we are in a meal-break situation.

(Seriously folks!)  
**Ron Tradgett**

## Jenny makes a move



**On June 24th, Jenny Groome left Tek Harpenden to start a new life in Chester, Cheshire. Jenny's husband, an executive with I.C.I., moved his office to the Manchester area and so dutiful Jenny moved too.**

**Jenny joined Tek Harpenden in 1979 working as a Blue Arrow Temp for Charles Batkin. In 1980 Jenny moved into a sales support role as an Eastern District field secretary and subsequently as personal secretary to the Eastern D.S.M. Ray Ganderton and Eastern District Salesman Lionel Durant.**

**At the point of divisionalisation Jenny continued to support Ray and also took under her wing East and South East's D.S.M.'s, Bill Tatton and Ray Monks.**

**Ray Ganderton told Tek Times "Jenny's departure left me feeling short of an arm and two legs and I have not attempted to search for a substitute since it would be a fruitless task. It is my opinion that, in general, most Tek people requiring secretarial support, in particular Salesmen and Sales Managers, could pay more attention to their secretaries and the valuable contribution they make".**

**All at Tek Harpenden wish Jenny lots of luck in the future at Tek Manchester.**

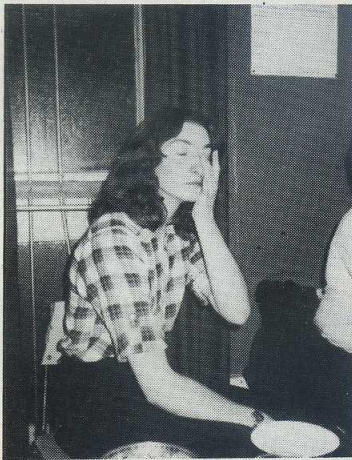


# Caption Contest

# CROSSWORD No. 17



● The first two Livingston riders to take part: Mike Davies and Paul Johnston get ready to go.



Captions please to the Editor, Tek Times, Harpenden.

● Jane Willett at the Maidenhead v. Harpenden darts match. Location - Wheathampstead Club.

## Last issues best captions

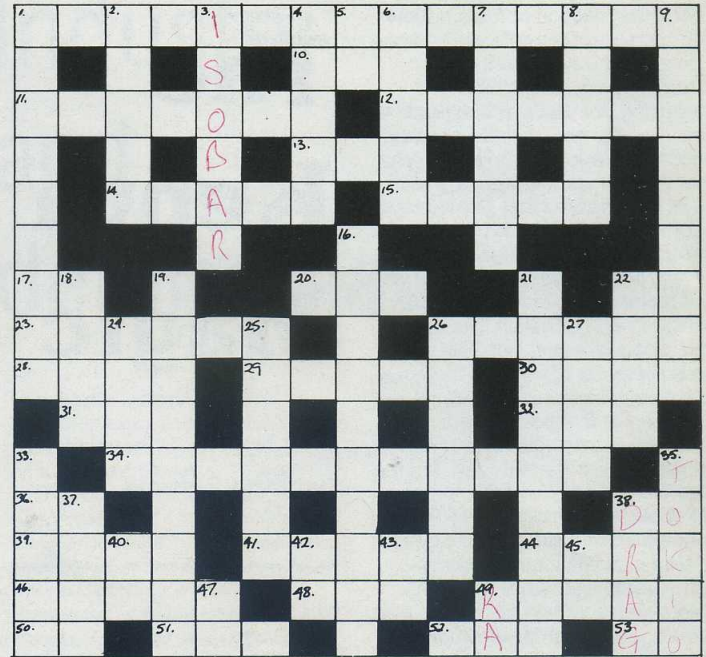
"Ganderton always was good at pulling strings".

"You can't see his lips move".

"Gottle of gear".

"Guinless Ganderton".

"Stop it, that tickles".



### Across

- 1 Destination for many
- 10 Fitting
- 11 Film, book and noisy place
- 12 Stealthily waiting
- 13 Epoch
- 14 Elements of 13
- 15 It's austral
- 17, 22 Very existence
- 20 Logical to the German
- 22 See 17
- 23 Neighbour for one
- 26 Part of a motor still
- 28 In France, certainly not 15
- 29 Not polished but sober
- 30 Visual aids
- 31 Physical concurrence
- 32 Sell
- 34 All good children are
- 36 Joints to itself to flow at 23
- 38 Perform
- 39 Essential for life
- 41 Onset of music
- 44 Weapon of the Scots
- 46 Despatch
- 48 Holds his beer
- 49 Pass on
- 50 Sounds like mending
- 51 Catch
- 52 Of Dutch transport
- 53 Embark

### Down

- 1 Where it all began
- 2 A past temporary residence
- 3 Atmospheric line
- 4 It's not and nor or but each
- 5 Saucy competition
- 6 Strong man of Greece
- 7 Canicula
- 8 Our overseas customers
- 9 Following sales, no-chasing them
- 16 Tek U.K. first outpost
- 18 Briefly 23
- 19 Make it happen here
- 21 Ed. is here
- 22 Trunk
- 24 Used for stripping trees
- 25 Capital office
- 26 Goes off course
- 27 Informed
- 33 Razers sounds right but isn't
- 35 Tek is here at the rising of the sun
- 37 Notorious cosmopolitan district
- 38 Trail
- 40 Of gold
- 42 Affirmative
- 43 An instance
- 45 The Italian
- 47 Us on Saturday and Sunday
- 49 Egyptian sun god

Solution to crossword in Summer Tek Times (No. 36).

