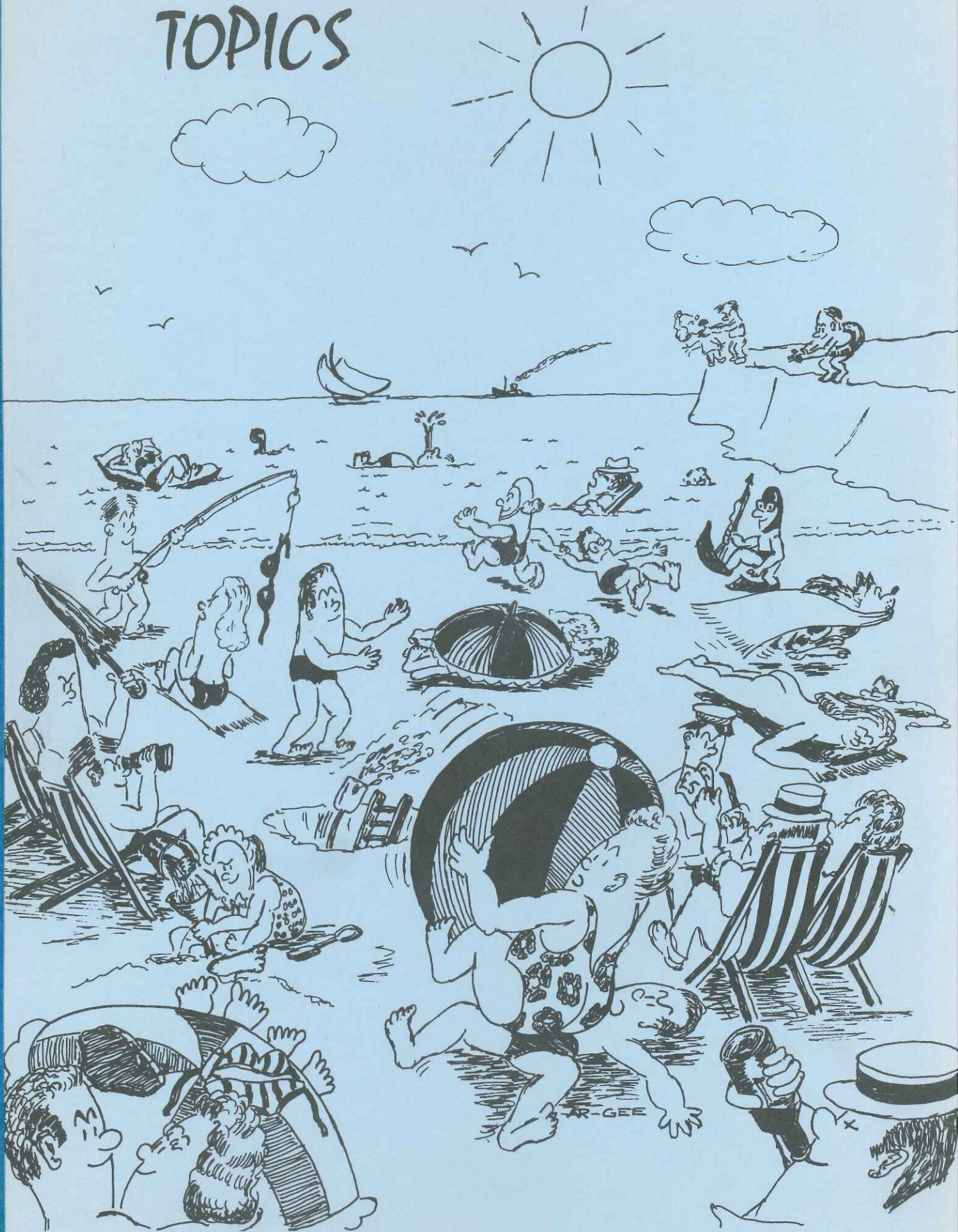


# TEK TOPICS



## GUERNSEY'S SACRED COW?

Yes, folks, the legend of the Guernsey cow is alive and mooing! Stories are spun to the gullible tourists, instant romantic myth created wherever there is chance of a profit.

Worse, the legend is solemnly quoted as serious history in guide books and newspaper articles. And when the farmers wished to cross their cows with Charrolais bulls, the purity of the Guernsey breed was protected by only permitting the import of semen. Only!

(Incidentally, the purpose of the farmers was to increase beef production, in conformity with the advice of experts. Consequently, the farmers have unsaleable beef and the island imports milk. Will the Islanders never learn the truth about experts?)

Now, what is this legend, and how did it grow. A handful of references will show a legend in the process of creation.

### THE BIG CON

In 1882 the first Guernsey herd book claimed that the Guernsey breed had been kept pure by the strict banning of imports of cattle except for slaughter "since time immemorial".

Now, as any student of law will tell you "time immemorial" is a strict legal term meaning "before 1189" so that's quite a claim.

In 1854 the local historian Tupper wrote a detailed account of how monks expelled from Mont St. Michael had established the church and priory of St. Michael du Valle in AD 950. By 1921 this had been so embroidered that a Mr. Charles Kitts could claim that the Norman Chronicles told how these monks had brought with them cattle of the Froment de Leon breed, and that they were later joined by monks from Normandy, bringing cattle of the Norman breed with them. There was even an account of the barges from Dilette bringing the cattle over!

In the late 30's it was asserted that the bill of lading for these cattle was on display in the Greffe!

By 1941 the American Guernsey Cattle Club was able to quote from these "Norman Chronicles" with complete description of the cattle involved, which surprisingly resembled very closely the modern Guernsey breed.

The claim of unbroken pedigree since 950 AD even made Ripley's "Believe it or not" column (Ripley was a mid-century American equivalent of the Guinness book of Records).

However, no one has ever actually produced the goods in the form of "Norman Chronicle" or "Bill of Lading", proof is obtained by quoting from previous authors, and adding a minor embellishment to the story at each stage.

A claim, without proof, to early racial purity, followed by a 1,000 years of careful breeding! Now let's look at the T R U T H.

Just how good were the old-time Guernsey Farmers? Well as breeders they were pretty poor. For example:-

Hens laid about 20 eggs a year (Warburton 1682)

Although fine knitting was the major local industry, the local sheep were small, mostly black, with sparse, coarse wool, unimproved (and this despite the wool industry being a lot more important than dairying). (Falle 1734)

Although an improved breed of horses was introduced by the Russians in 1800, the local farmers proved incapable of maintaining the standard. Selective breeding was an art unknown to the Guernsey farmer until the middle of the 19th century. So that's disposed of 900 of the 1,000 years of "history".

The early cattle trade in the Channel Islands consisted of importing the undistinguishable cattle of the neighbouring French coasts, and re-exporting them later to England, as Channel Island cattle, avoiding any embarrassment from customs and quarantine regulations. These cattle were popular because they fetched about two-thirds the price of their English equivalent scrub cattle.

In 1819 the States banned the import of French cattle for fear of cattle diseases and in order to encourage the raising of local cattle for export. However, it was not until the 1860's that steps were taken to fashion the breed to improve its marketability.

How was this late in the day improvement carried out? The change in size and colouring provides the clue. By 1882, when the First Herd Book was established, the Guernsey cattle were heavier, their colouring was broken, brindling, or even black and white. Milk production was also improved. These new factors are the strongest, but not sole evidence of the introduction of Ayreshires, with a touch of Freesian.

Even then, the Guernsey farmers hadn't learnt their lesson. Breeding was for appearance until the recent post-war years, indeed the yellow and white classic Guernsey cow as displayed on postage stamps and tourist souvenirs did not appear until after 1900, and was a sop to the export trade.

#### A PHILOSOPHY?



Spinning yarns - no, let's be brutal, lying to tourists may seem harmless enough, but we really shouldn't start believing our own propaganda. To believe a lie is to make decisions on incorrect data, and they are likely to be incorrect decisions.

With reference to the "Golden Breed" an undue reverence for the racial purity of a successful hybrid could well stand in the way of further improvement by constructive breeding.

## BASKETBALL IN GUERNSEY 1959 - 1975

Basketball to the uninitiated is a fast moving, high scoring, indoor ball game played between teams consisting of 10 players per team; 5 players being on court at any one time, whose main objective is to shoot a ball through a ring positioned 10'-0" above the court thereby scoring two points.

The sport was introduced into Guernsey in 1959 by a school teacher called Joe Wilson, who at the time taught at (for those who remember) Vauvert Secondary modern school, and before long the game had caught on, and regular league games were taking place within the schools.

The game outside the schools was being played at classes organized by the College of Further Education with people using these classes more from a point of view of keeping fit, and other than a couple of tours to France by a band of enthusiasts what the game lacked was competition.

The first move in this direction came in 1962, when promoted by Joe the "Guernsey Basketball Club" (G.B.C.) was formed. The first tournaments organized by the club took place at the Bulwer Avenue Tomato Marketing packing sheds, and were successful even though these premises were far from ideal. Each session involved the transporting and setting up of equipment borrowed from a local school. Players emerged looking like coal miners after playing for a couple of hours on a concrete floor, and the worst condition of all was the intense cold (particularly with an east wind) which necessitated the wearing of large amounts of clothing, thus hindering one's movements somewhat.

Nevertheless the game continued to gather momentum and the next step came with the erection of the Badminton Hall in 1966, and the successful negotiation of these premises for one night a week. (This hall still remains the only place where a full size basketball court can be marked out).

One year later in 1967 saw the exit of Joe Wilson from the local basketball scene, when he left Guernsey to take up another teaching post in Wales, but the seeds were now sown and in spite of his absence the game continued to flourish.

Perhaps at this point in the story it would be as well to pause and reflect on the progress of Basketball at this time in Guernsey. From its small beginning in 1962 the G.B.C. had now grown and had some 80 to 90 club members. Its original objectives had been achieved in that more people had been introduced to the sport and were playing in organized competitive games. The standard of the sport itself was being dictated by the skills of a few outstanding players, and whilst this is true even today of any team sport, not enough emphasis was put on collective team efforts. There was no reason why the game could not have continued in this way, but the introduction of coaches and qualified referees were what was required to raise the standard.

In 1969 the G.B.C. took what was probably the most important decision that it had ever made, and one that was to have the greatest influence on Basketball in the island.

The club dis-banded and an Association was formed with the club members going their own way, and forming separate clubs, which in turn affiliated to the newly formed association (G.B.B.A.). Contact was made with the Amateur Basketball Association (later to become the English B.B.A) in England and at a subsequent A.G.M. Guernsey was granted the status of an area association.

One of the G.B.B.A.'s first tasks was to find a new court, as the Badminton Hall became no longer available for use as a basketball court. Fortunately, with the help of the Education council, arrangements were made to hire the then recently completed school gymnasium at Les Ozouets, which although not full size, had to be better than reverting back to Bulwer Avenue.

Since its formation in 1969, and for the past six years, the G.B.B.A. has continued to administer basketball in the island. The more notable events in those six years are as follows:-

1. The establishment of regular league basketball plus knockout competitions.
2. The entering of a Guernsey team in one of the National competitions in England.
3. Visits by a National coach and officiating secretary of the E.B.B.A.
4. The setting up of a Referee's society along with the grading of sixteen officials.
5. The arranging of visits, by teams, from England which enabled local basketball to compare itself with an outside standard.

As for the future, where does basketball go from here? Given the new facilities at Beau Sejour which will include three full size basketball courts, plus spectator accommodation, one can only predict a bright future, and who knows in ten years time could Guernsey be in a position to stage European competitions, or is that wishful thinking?



## OFF COURSE

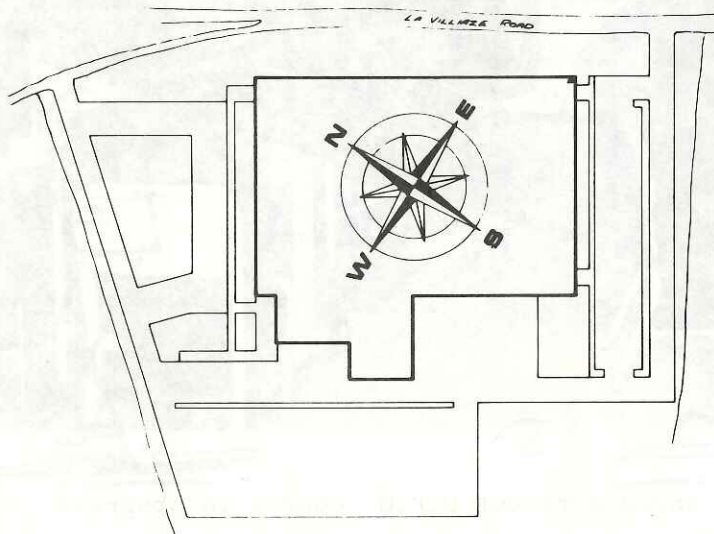
Early man devised ways of directing himself from one point to another, by using the stars at night, or the sun by day. Travelling by day, primitive man could, by keeping the sun to his right in the mornings, pursue his travels in a general northerly direction. Likewise, by keeping the morning sun to his left, he would be travelling in the opposite direction, roughly by south. Much to his delight, he found he could travel with some degree of accuracy almost anywhere, providing the sun, or stars were there to guide him.

Since those early times man no longer relies solely on the sun and stars to guide him, he has developed, among other measuring devices, a fascinating instrument known to all seafarers as a compass. Not only is the compass useful for plotting courses at sea, it can also be used on land. Standing in a building, compass in hand, man with this clever little instrument can, with accuracy, determine which direction any given wall is facing, in relationship to North, South East or West (providing no metal objects are in close proximity to sway the true course of the compass needle).

Armed with this information, anyone could determine which direction any one building was facing, including our own La Villiaze plant. From time to time, reference is made to the 'East Car Park' e.g. 'New Employee Information Procedure in Case of Fire', (dated 13th September 1971) page 2 against FIRE EXIT 4 reference is made to the following groups:- T.Q., Test, Material Control, Manuals, Purchasing, Cables and Wire Prep, also E.D.P., to assemble on the 'Lawn North end of East Car Park'.

Having taken a bearing of this building and subsequently superimposed a compass rose onto the plan of La Villiaze plant, to be more explicit under assembly point, it should read:- 'Eastern end of South, South East Car Park'. Looking at the plan of La Villiaze once again, I can't ever remember seeing cars parked on the lawn outside the canteen, can you?

Richard Marriette



TEK. LTD. TRAINING DEPARTMENT by Terry Hamon

Not everyone is aware that situated at our Victoria Avenue plant exists a training school. This training school, which comes under the administration of Tektronix Limited, is managed by Ole Hagen and staffed by three resident lecturers; Roger Gollop, Phil Thomas and Ken Taylor.

The objectives of the school are numerous and I will attempt to outline them briefly. Most of the courses are maintenance training, typically of a week's duration, designed to familiarize the users of Tek scopes in the operation and basic maintenance of a particular instrument or series. These courses are attended by both customers and Tek. personnel. In parallel with the maintenance courses, Tektronix Field Engineers are trained in basic oscilloscope circuitry, Sales and the Commercial structure of Tektronix. These courses usually run for seven weeks.

The running of any classes require a considerable amount of instrumentation. The Repair Department under the able supervision of Shim Sharman, assisted by Derek Sparkes and Mike Allisette, are responsible for the equipping, and more important, the servicability of the instruments for the duration of the course.

Occasionally 'guest' speakers (lecturers) run training classes, these are usually of a specialized nature such as DPO or spectrum Analyzers and in the main are for Tektronix personnel.

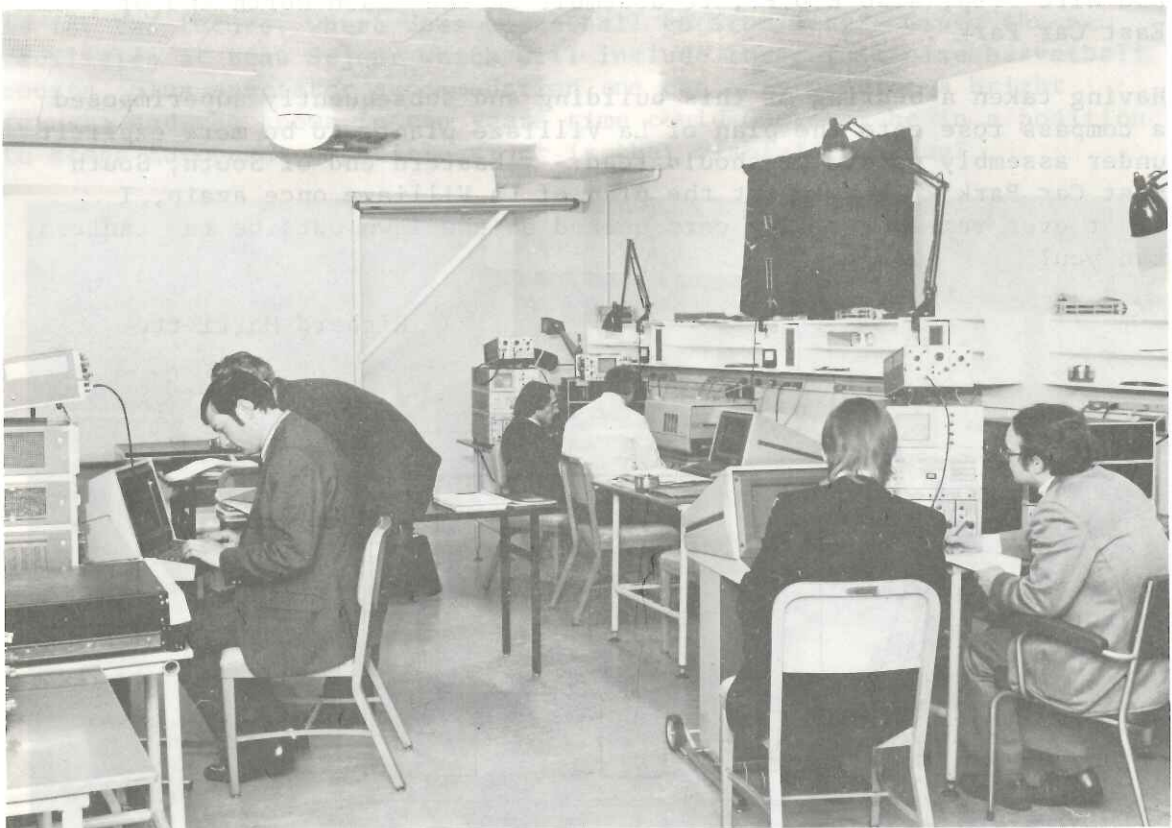


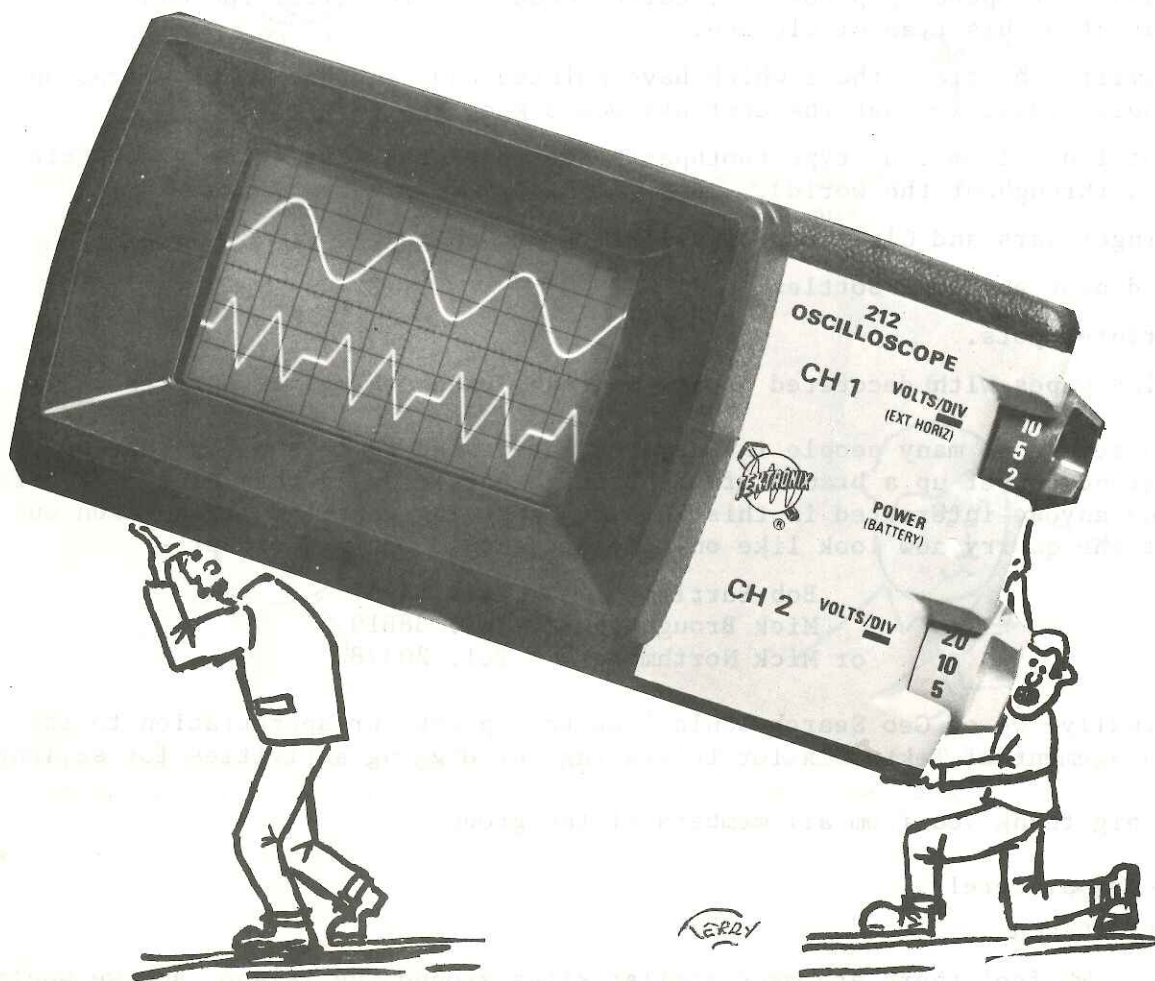
Photo shows a recent D.P.O. course in progress.

Advanced FE training courses are also held from time to time. These have been found to be very popular and also provide an opportunity for engineers in the field to get together and discuss marketing strategy and sales etc.

There are also occasions where a lecturer is asked by one or more of our subsidiaries to hold a training class or seminar in Europe, this has the advantage of keeping costs down, it being cheaper to send Mohamed to the mountain so to speak. There are also fringe benefits arising from this arrangement, in so much as it enables the training area to keep in touch with field activity. In a rapidly changing commercial world to remain competitive, we must be attuned to the economic ups and downs of our customers and for maximum impact, tailor our sales strategy to suit.

Helping to organize and interface between customers and Tektronix, is Judy Herpe, who's many job functions include arranging taxis, flight details, typing and collating the literature requirements for each course. Remembering that many of the visitors to the training area are foreign, Judy's duties frequently involve exercises in public relations, dealing with language problems, hotel bookings and other out of the ordinary procedures.

This then is the training school, providing a little known, yet very important function. It can truly be described as international.



I reckon in years to come they'll make them small enough to carry in the palm of your hand!



VICTORIANA? AVENUE by Geo Search

Most people parking their cars in the car park at Victoria Avenue over the last few months, will have noticed that the floor of the quarry beyond the tarmac has been steadily excavated by a small group of dedicated diggers. Who are they and what on earth are they doing?

Well, it all started a couple of years ago, when a few people interested in Old Victorian bottles, pottery and other relics, formed a club with the express purpose of locating sites where these things might be found and digging them up for display at home or for swapping with other collectors. Many similar clubs exist in other countries and in the U.K. the British Bottle Collectors Club has over 10,000 members with branches in every country. By accident it was found that the quarry used partially as a car park for the Victoria Avenue plant, had been filled with household rubbish discarded in late Victorian times. It may have been tipped there originally, or it may have been moved in from somewhere else when the area was made into a firing range by the Germans; but however it got there, it has yielded many treasures.

The type of items unearthed are listed below.

Old stone ginger beer bottles.

Marble stoppered pop bottles, called Codd's bottles after the man who patented this type of closure.

Hamilton bottles, those which have pointed ends and had to be stored on their sides, so that the contents would keep the cork moist.

Pot lids, from old type toothpaste and meatpaste jars (widely collected now throughout the world).

Ginger Jars and Clay pots of all sizes and shapes.

Old beer and wine bottles.

Printed pots.

Clay pipes with decorated bowls, and many other things of interest.

There are so many people in Guernsey interested in this hobby that we intend to set up a branch of the British Bottle Collectors Club over here, and anyone interested in this idea or in seeing what the items taken out of the quarry now look like on display, should contact either:-

Bob Bartlett	Tel. 64757
Mick Broughton	Tel. 38819
or Mick Northmore	Tel. 20378

Finally, we of Geo Search would like to express our appreciation to the Management of Tektronix for tolerating our digging activities for so long.

A big thank you from all members of the group.

Yours sincerely,

GEO SEARCH.

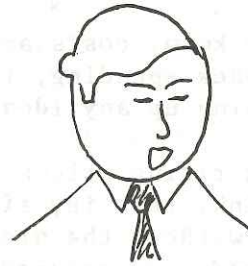
P.S. We feel there are many similar sites around the Island, and we would be glad to hear from anyone who knows of their whereabouts.

1



Gentlemen, you are to carry out a work study investigating the feasibility of installing.....

2



Coffee machines in every department. You are to use all the normal work study techniques...

3



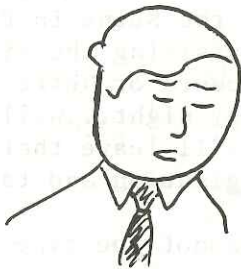
And you will find no doors closed to you, all Managers and Supervisors will co-operate fully with you.....

4



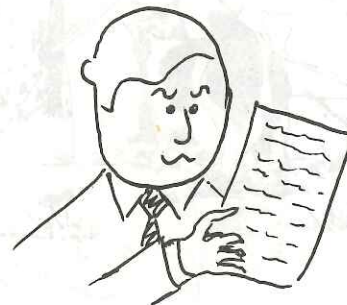
When you are sure of all the facts and figures.....

5



And we are ready to write your report.....

6



You will submit the following recommendations.

TERRY

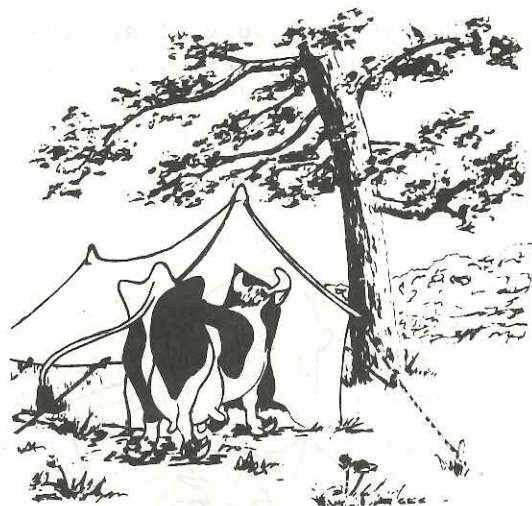
VACATION IN SPITE OF INFLATION by Terry Mumby.

As we all know, costs are rising all the time and many families are cutting back spending, in one way or another, and to many people this means giving up any idea of vacation, but this need not necessarily be so.

Even with rising prices taking a vacation need not be as expensive as one might think, this is, if you are not one of those people who cannot go on vacation without the niceties that come with staying in hotels or cruise liners, and are prepared to take a closer look at modern day camping.

Yes, camping has come a long way since the days of soggy dull grey canvas, muddy ground and red hot tin mugs that burn the skin off your lips. Gone are the mornings when you would wake up to find your spine suffering from rising damp and probably a few four letter words uttered as you try to get damp sticks to burn.

Nowadays, there are so many different types of tents available, ranging from the very simple ridge tents, costing just a few pounds, to the very large bungalow tents which have two, three or in some cases even four sleeping compartments, costing somewhere in the region of two hundred pounds. Air beds and a great variety of sleeping bags (some of which unzip and convert to bedspreads for the rest of the year) bottled gas cookers, and many other camping goodies far too numerous to list here, make camping comfortable enough for everyone from mountaineers and explorers, to people who just like to lay on the beach and soak up the sun.



Imagine, a bright yellow tent on lush green grass or under shady trees which could be somewhere in the British Isles or on the continent. It could be that you are just staying overnight enroute to some distant destination. You could be climbing mountains in Scotland or your tent could be pitched in the Bois de Bologne on the banks of the Seine in Paris, and perhaps visiting the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre or Notre Dame by day, and by night...well Paris after dark, I'll leave that to your own imagination and tastes.

Or if that is not the type of vacation you like, you can go to southern Italy or Spain and just wallow in the Mediterranean. Even the French Riviera is not that expensive and if you don't mind camping a few kilometres inland it is very much cheaper than on the coast.

Another benefit of camping is that you need not book camp sites in advance, but in the event of one being full when you arrive, there is always another one a little further down the road. An added bonus comes in the form of being free to pack up your gear and leave if you don't like the place, or have been there long enough to have seen all you want.

Now assuming that after reading this far, you have decided to spend your next vacation in the great outdoors, the next step is how to get organized. Well, you sure can't go camping without a tent, but for the first time, I would suggest that you either hire or borrow one just in case you find that you don't like camping after all, then you won't end up trying to sell an almost new tent.

So if you have any doubts at all or can't afford to invest in all the necessary gear all at once, then I suggest you consult the national papers where adverts can be found, offering complete sets of camping gear already erected on site, so all you have to do is present yourself at the site, and enjoy your first taste of camping. There are sites which provide this service in France, Spain, Portugal and Italy.

Anyway, whether you hire or buy, once you have the necessary equipment you can be assured of a reasonably priced vacation. The cost of camp sites vary, depending on the facilities provided. Some sites not only provide hot and cold water for baths or showers, but also restaurants, shops, games rooms, kiddies play grounds and swimming pools, and even laundramats and hairdressing salons. But on some sites in France and Spain it can be quite amusing learning to use the squat on your haunches type loos, you will find that you have just got to give up reading in the little room.

Well, I hope this has given you some idea of what camping is like, and if you go camping I hope you enjoy it.



## THE STONE-AGE TEKS

by AR-GEE

## HOW STONE DE CROZE SAVED BRITAIN

### FROM CAESAR'S THIRD INVASION

Little is known about the mighty Caesar's attempted third invasion of the British Island in 53 B.C. When Caesar was crossing the channel in the narrows between Dover and Calais a storm came up from the East and blew Caesar's fleet down the channel. When the storm had subsided the fleet found itself just off a large island unmarked on the charts.

As they approached the shore they could see the beaches were packed with people swimming and sunbathing. "Must be the height of the tourist season, there will be no chance of Bed and Breakfast there," said General Agrippa. "We must find out what it's called", said Caesar. As his galley pulled near the beach, Caesar called out from the bow, "What island is this?". A crowd gathered at the edge of the beach when they recognized the figure, and they gasped in unison, "Caesar's 'ere," Caesar then turned to his captain, "They say it's called Caesarea." The captain looked at his chart, and then wrote in between the edge of the world and "Here be dragons."

The whole fleet then turned Northwards, but soon a thick bank of fog covered the fleet. The fog aggravated Caesar's cold in his nose, and he was blowing into his handkerchief when another island loomed suddenly out of the mist. "Look", cried Caesar, "Another island, and it's so-near". The ship's captain not allowing for Caesar's nasal complaint drew in the chart 'Sarnia'.

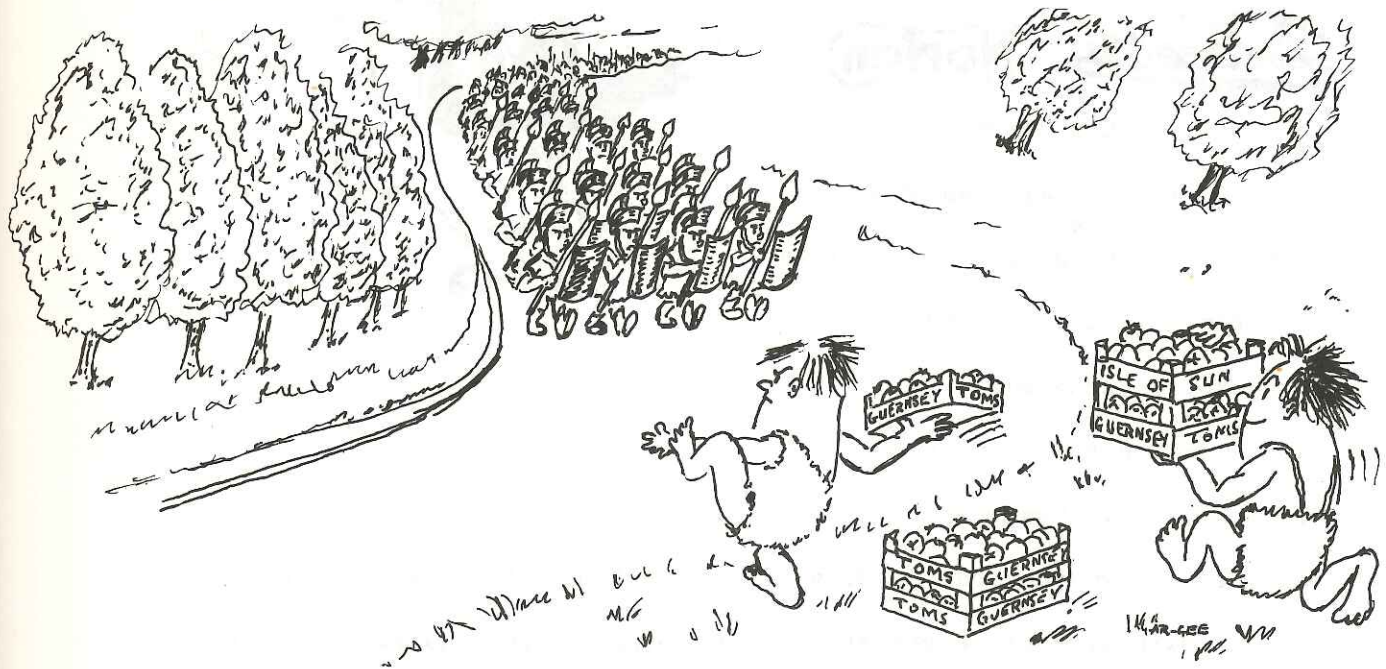
The fleet anchored off St. Peter Portium for the night and in the morning as they prepared to sail, a voice came out of the mist from the heights of Fortium Georgium, "Stone de Croze can fight any one Roman, anytime, anywhere". Caesar turned to his aide de camp. "Send my chief gladiator up there, and sort that loud mouth out". Off into the mist went Sweaty Armpitus, there was a clash of steel, a scream and then silence.

Out of the mist rang Stone de Croze's voice, "Any one Guernseyman can beat any ten Romans anywhere, anytime", Caesar snapped to his centurion, "Send ten of your best men". There was again a furious clash of steel then silence.

"Any one Guernseyman can beat any one hundred Romans, anywhere, anytime", the voice loomed from Fortium Georgium. Up went the Romans, there followed a clash of steel then silence. Again the voice loomed down out of the mist, "One thousand Romans this time." Caesar was beside himself with rage, he screamed to General Agrippa, "Take ten thousand men and sort this out once and for all."

Into the mist marched ten thousand legionaires up Val de Terrium they wound, phalanx by phalanx. There was a great crashing of steel, screaming, shouting, words of command, trumpets blowing. For a whole hour the noise of battle floated down to the fleet, as it lay at anchor at Whitus Rockas. Then silence, and out of the mist staggered General Agrippa his tunic torn, bleeding from many wounds as he splashed out into the shallows and called to Caesar, "Caesar! Caesar!", he shouted, "do not land it is a trap! There are two of them!.....He has the man from Sark with him".

Footnote:- Having lost the cream of his forces, Caesar was forced to call off his invasion and return to Gaul. When Caesar returned to Rome, he had to go and explain his failure to the Senate - where they turned nasty and stabbed him to death. This is where the scribbler Bill Shakespeare from Stratford on Avon got it wrong. When Caesar lay bleeding from his wounds, he turned to his friend Brutus and pleaded, "There was tu (two) Brutus."



Can you identify our employee?



## SALMON CRISP CRUMBLE

### Recipe

2½ oz. potato crisps  
½ oz. butter  
1 oz. flour  
1 x 7½ oz can salmon  
1 x 10½ oz can condensed tomato soup  
4 tablespoons cooked peas

### Method

Crush crisps. Nib butter into flour and add crushed crisps. Flake salmon, blend with soup and peas, season to taste. Turn into dish and sprinkle crisp mixture on top. Bake in oven until heated. Gas No. 4 for about 30 mins.

## GUERNSEY BEAN JAR

### Recipe

1 Pigs trotter or shin of beef  
1lb haricot beans  
1 onion  
Potatoes )  
Carrots ) Optional  
Salt and pepper

### Method

Soak beans overnight in warm water and a pinch of soda. Strain off water, place all ingredients in dish, add 1 pint stock. Bake well in slow oven for 8-9 hours.

### PHOTO

Harold Guilbert  
Operations Manager Tek Guernsey



A DAY ON THE LAKE by AR--GEE.

Well that was a beautiful spell of weather we've just had, wasn't it?

It puts me in mind of the sort of weather we used to get during the war - no, not the first one, idiot - the one just gone, or, thirty years ago anyway.

It takes me back to when I was a boy and those long hot days we used to spend around the river. In particular it takes me back to a private lake shimmering in the sunshine and a swan lining its nest - with a boys sock!!

Bill, my mate, said "let's go and get some Moggies eggs".

"Moggies eggs", I replied, "Look, there ain't any, you know full well we spent nearly a day lookin' along the river bank last week an' never found any".

Maybe I should explain, "Moggies" was a slang name for Moorhens and their eggs are about half the size of a chicken's egg, but if you can find enough they make a nice feed. Bill was speaking again.

"I know there's none around pannie (river)...I bet that Mill Street gang has had all them, but I know where we'd find 'undreds".

"'undreds?",

"Yeah, 'undreds".

"Where then?"

"Ashleys estate."

"Ashleys estate!!". I whispered the words as if I were talking of the Royal Mint. "We can't go there, there's iron railings all around 'an it's private an' an'.....".

"I know that", Bill interupted, "but we can climb over, can't we, an' there's bushes all around...no one'll see us."

I pictured the estate in my mind, I think the owners were a Lord and Lady Ashley, and in some places you could see through the bushes acres of rambling gardens surrounding this large lake, and there was a punt moored by the bank and the whole lake was surrounded by rushes and wild iris, there'd probably be thousands of nests in there....

I was convinced...it would be a bit of fun anyway, and if anybody saw us we could easily jump back over the railings...And so we made our way out along the river path to the place where the iron railings ran parallel with the path. A few yards along the path the railings had been damaged and one upright was broken, which left a gap large enough for us to get through. Once inside I looked around, we were hemmed in on all sides with bushes and trees so thick that the sun's rays hardly penetrated. I shivered, it was a bit creepy really.

"Come on," whispered Bill, and he crept off in the direction of the lake. I followed, I didn't want to be left alone in this place. We crept stealthily through the bushes. My heart came up in my mouth several times when a twig cracked beneath our feet. They sounded like gunshots...some-one was bound to hear us. But no one did, and suddenly the bushes came to an end and there was the lake shimmering in the sunshine and about a quarter of the way around the lake was moored an old flat-bottomed punt, with little waves gently slapping its wooden sides.

Bill ran round to the punt and started hauling in on the rope.

"What you doing that for?", I whispered when I'd caught up with him. "This'll be easier than walking round the bank won't it, an' we can get right in amongst the rushes..we'll find thousands of eggs, they always build their nests as far from the bank as possible." "But what about if anyone sees us, we....". "No one's going to see us," interrupted Bill, "there's nobody about, listen." Certainly it didn't sound like there was anybody about, all you could hear was the twitter of the birds. Bill by now was hauling the punt through the rushes lining the bank. "It's full of water," I complained. "Don't be daft," replied Bill, "it's only a drop in the bottom, we'll just have to take our shoes and socks off," and suiting the action to the words he dropped his socks and shoes in a pile on the bank and leapt into the punt.

I stood for a moment undecided. What should I do? If I backed out now I would be branded as a sissy. On the other hand if I went and we were caught....I looked around the lake, certainly it seemed quiet enough, the nearest human beings to us could easily be a hundred miles away. My mind was made up...dropping my socks and shoes alongside Bill's I jumped into the punt after him, rocking it violently as I stumbled against him. "Watch it, you big twit," yelled Bill, "you'll have us both out in a minute."

Gingerly, I paddled my way through the water slopping about in the bottom, and lowered myself carefully onto the seat at the other end. By now Bill had the long pole out that had been lying in the bottom and was attempting to push us out into deeper water. But the combined weight of our two bodies was now holding the flat bottom of the punt firmly down on the mud which shelved away from the bank a foot or so under the water.

"Come 'ere an' give us a 'and," ordered Bill, "I can't get the pole out of the blasted mud." I staggered down to the other end where Bill, his hands level with the top of the punt was attempting to pull the pole out of the mud. Of course it was bound to happen, once we both started pulling, the pole came free with a rush and we finished up in a heap in the bottom of the punt. Untangling ourselves we stood up, there was a definite damp feeling around my rear, and I could feel water running down my legs.

"My mum'll go spare....". But Bill who was perhaps more wet than me had no time for such anxieties. "Help me push against the bank," he said.

Together we pushed the pole against the bank and the next moment we were free and floating gently towards the centre of the lake. Once away from the bank the bottom was harder and Bill was able to pole us further towards the middle. "Why're we going out here?" I asked, "I thought we were goin' looking for Moggies eggs." "Look, stupid," replied Bill, "if we go straight across to the other side we can work our way back along the bank, can't we."

I settled my wet behind more comfortably on the seat and looked around. It was quite pleasant here with the water gently slapping against the sides and the warm sun beaming down. Birds were chirping in the trees and a couple of swans eyed us with mild interest from the opposite bank.

Suddenly the peace was shattered as an angry voice cut across the silence like the crack of a whip!

"Hey! You two! What you doin' in that punt?" I jerked around in the direction of the voice, my heart pumping madly. A man stood on the bank towards which we were headed. A gamekeeper!! And he had a gun with him!! The punt was rocking violently with Bill's efforts to do a complete turn but that punt was never designed for such manoeuvres and water started to slop over the side to add to that already in the bottom.

Suddenly Bill realized that punts have no bow or stern and the obvious answer was to start poling from the other end. "Out of the way!" he shouted as he lurched past me on his way to the other end, and working like a man possessed and the pole going up and down like a ramrod, he started pushing us back the way we'd come.

I didn't dare look back...I could still hear the gamekeeper shouting behind us and any minute I expected to hear the explosion of the gun and feel a hail of pellets from his direction.

Painfully slowly the bank came towards us and I prayed that we would reach it before the 'keeper came around the lake. With a shudder the punt grounded once again on the mud. "Out! Out!", yelled Bill, dropping the pole as he slopped through the water towards me. I looked at him and then at the bank. "We...we can't! We're still six feet from the bank!". "Shut up and jump out. I can't get any closer...do you want to be caught?" That decided me. Over the side we went as one and the next moment we were up to our armpits in water. I tried to stumble towards the bank and nearly fell face first into the water, realizing in a panic that we were almost up to our waist in mud.

I nearly died with fright...were we going to remain gripped by this mud until it sucked us right beneath the water or at best until the keeper got around and dragged us off to the police? The thought of it must have given us extra strength or something because with a great deal of splashing we eventually managed to flounder to the bank. Moments later we'd hauled ourselves ashore and were scampering for the shelter of the bushes.

Not until we were out of sight of the lake did we allow ourselves to collapse into the undergrowth where we lay wheezing and panting with sheer exhaustion. Minutes later we painfully rose from our position and peered back through the bushes towards the lake. "I think he's going," croaked Bill, "he's walking back towards the house, we can get our socks and shoes in a minute." I'd completely forgotten our discarded footwear and it came as a shock to realize we were going to have to go back to the lake for them.

"Come on," said Bill, as he started creeping towards the lake again. Much as I disliked the idea of going back, I followed. We certainly couldn't go home without them....I was going to get a hiding anyway for the state my clothes were in. It would be a far worse hiding if I went home without socks and shoes.

We reached the edge of the bushes again, and looked across to where we'd left them. My heart sank even lower when I saw the distance we had to go without cover in order to retrieve them. What if the gamekeeper should return? He might even be hiding in the bushes close by. I looked around me, scared out of my mind. "Right! Now!", said Bill, and dashed off across the open ground towards the shoes.

We ran like madmen with only one thought in our minds...to get our things and get out of here. We might be lucky...there was no sign of anyone yet...we were nearly there. Suddenly there was an angry hissing noise. My eyes swung in that direction, and to my horror one of the swans was flapping its wings and lifting itself high in the water. It gave another hiss and started to move across the surface of the lake towards us, its wings flapping more wildly...it was taking off!!

We had nearly reached our shoes and I could see the swan was now nearly airborne, just the tips of its feet dragging the water. At last!! I made a grab and succeeded in picking up my shoes and socks in one movement. The next second we were sprinting back for the shelter of the bushes. Bill had managed to get his as well and was tearing back in the same direction.

The hissing and flapping of wings was closer now and I glanced back in panic. Hell!! It was only a few feet behind and nearly above us! Its long neck was stretched out and it was headed in a sort of power dive straight towards us. The squawking and hissing and beating of wings almost made me pass out in terror. Something dropped from my hand as I made one last frantic dive for the bushes and crashed through them in blind panic. Away to my right I could hear more crashes as Bill bulldozed his way towards the outer railings.

We reached them and listened...we could still hear the swan hissing away but obviously it hadn't been able to fly amongst the trees, and at last we were comparatively safe. Bill was putting on his socks and shoes and at that moment I remembered that last dash. "My sock! I've lost a sock!!" That was what I'd dropped....I looked at what I was still holding..one sock and two shoes. "Bill, we gotta go back...I've lost a sock." "I'm not goin' back," said my lifelong friend, "what you go and do that for, you big twit?"

"I couldn't help it," I replied angrily, "it just dropped when we were running. Come on, be a pal, I don't wanna go back there on my own." "Oh, alright then," said Bill peevishly, "but if we don't see it you'll have to go home with one sock." "I know just where I dropped it," I said. "It was just the other side of the bushes."

And once again we started back towards the lake. Reaching the edge of the bushes we peered through. "Look," said Bill. I followed his pointing finger...there was the swan again, but now it was waddling along the grass back towards the lake and hanging from its beak was....my sock!!

I was almost speechless. "My...my sock, it's got my bloody sock!!" I looked at Bill, he was tittering away. "Yeah," he replied in between giggles, "what you goin' to do now?"

"My mum'll kill me, I...I.." my voice died away. With a lump in my throat I realized there was nothing I could do. The swan splashed into the water and paddled out towards its mate, my sock still dangling from its beak. It was obvious what it was going to use that for...I would never see my sock again.

Minutes later we were out of the estate and on our way back along the river path. I dragged myself miserably behind the striding Bill..... he was whistling!!!

## THE WAY CRICKET SHOULD BE PLAYED?

For the third time in succession Tektronix cricketers were victorious over their Jersey counterparts - R.C.A., when the two sides met at the King George V Playing Field on June 28th.

R.C.A. brought over a strong contingent of supporters and play commenced shortly after 11.00 a.m. on a 35, 6 ball over basis. Despite a stiff breeze, the sun was warm enough to encourage a continual flow of thirsty people from both camps to the refreshment "bar".

The game was played seriously but with good heart and shortly before the completion of their allocated 35 overs, R.C.A. were all out for 97 runs, Tony Shepherd being the spearhead of Tek's attack finishing with a fine analysis of 7 overs, 2 maidens, 5 wickets for 11 runs.

Stage 2, - here R.C.A. more than held their own. This part of the proceedings - lunch - was held at the Saumarez Park Hotel. Heartiest congratulations and thanks to Derek Shepherd (no relation to our demon bowler) and his ladies who laid out a spread that was second to none, in a perfect environment. Completion of lunch and returning to the field of play, proved to be almost too much for some players, supporters and particularly the umpires whose glasses seemed to never empty!

The afternoon saw Tek batting with confidence. They set a fairly good run rate, to overtake R.C.A.'s total after only 14 overs. Main successes with the bat were Rex Martel with 39 runs and Rod Sharman with 42 runs, not out.

The day finished with John Landis, European Marketing Manager, presenting Mick Falla, Tek's Captain, with the R.C.A. Challenge Cup which can be returned to the safe keeping of Tek's trophy cabinet - for the third time!





21st BIRTHDAY

- 21. 1.75. - Sheila Benwell (Production Support)
- 5. 2.75. - Carol Gauvain (400 Series)
- 10. 2.75. - Carol Windsor (7000 Series)
- 13. 2.75. - Sandra Downes (Production Services)
- 14. 2.75. - Heather Sarahs (Probes)
- 16. 4.75 - Martin Gilday

ENGAGEMENTS

- 4.12.74. - Tina Caryn Loveridge (T.Q. La Vill) to Lester John Guilbert.
- 4. 3.75. - Wendy Dodd (7000 Series) to David Page.

MARRIAGES

- 12. 4.75. - Susan Julie Robert (Prod. Support) to Barry Paul Martel.
- 26. 4.75. - Jane Elizabeth De Carteret (Personnel) to Richard James Marquis.

BIRTHS

- 15.12.74. - Sue (400 Series) and Nev Savident a daughter, Joanne.
- 10. 1.75. - Maureen (T.Q. La Vill) and Michael Casey a son, James Michael.
- 16. 4.75. - Sue and Adrian Park (Engineering V.A) a son, Christopher Paul.
- 21. 5.75. - Linda (Materials) and Ian Lavenne, a daughter, Hayley Jane.
- 25. 5.75. - Dianne (T.Q. La Vill.) and John Lea, a son, Gareth John.

Just a simple but very sincere "THANK YOU" to my colleagues and friends with a special mention for Doris Guilbert, Eileen Johnston, T.E.M.B.C. Committee Members, and Tek. U.K. Ltd. personnel for the beautiful flowers and the many kindness's shown to me during my immobility.

Sincerely,

Eunice C. Walton.