

**bush  
telegraph  
may  
1968**



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# BUSH

# TELEGRAPH

WOOD LANES CLUB MAGAZINE

Editor

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## Cover —

(See Table Tennis & Snooker Reports)

*vol. 14 no. 4*

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## EDITORIAL

The pessimists have all been saying it yet again - "We shall pay for it later", referring of course to the weather we've been having, with blue skies, balmy breezes and temperatures in the unseasonable seventies (F). They may, of course, get their perverse pleasure in telling us, later, "I told you so", as we thoughtfully pack an extra sweater, mac, and gumboots into the car and set off in the pouring rain for our annual fortnight at Little-Whatsit-by-the-Sea. But let's be optimists. Let's hope that the tales told by our grandfathers of long, hot summers of long ago can at least be equalled by our own future accounts to our grandchildren. And to hear an example of supreme optimism, get up a couple of hours earlier than usual on just one such morning as we've been having. Go out into the garden. And listen.

The unfeeling will tell you that it's a biological necessity for the birds to declare their ownership of a "territory", in order to find a mate and to make the best use of available resources, nest-building materials and food, and so on. But, listening, it's hard to believe that that is all there is to it.

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## Whist

The results of the last Whist Drive are as follows:-

1st D. Townsend (Bath Towels)	2nd Bob King (Pillow Cases)
3rd Eileen King (Pillow Cases)	
1st Half Mrs. Mackie (Towels)	2nd Half Mrs. Digby (Towels)
Booby Ivy Fennemore (Tea Towels)	
Raffle Mr. Townsend (Sherry)	Mrs. Fitt (Sherry) Mr. Condon (Chocolates)

The next Whist Drive will be held on 22nd May.

# Table Tennis

## North Acton League

In the final of the Junior Cup, played at Sanderson's on the 2nd April, B.I.C.C. lost by the narrowest of margins, on the deuce in the third game of the final set, giving MOV III a 5-4 victory.

In the League proper, the last match of the season at home on April 4th, was a different story. Needing a win to avoid being "pipped at the post" by (guess who?) - MOV III, B.I.C.C. trounced Ultra IV 8-2, to finish at the head of the 6th Division.

## Wood Lane Singles Tournament

On Monday evening, April 22nd, the four survivors of the earlier rounds met in the Lecture Room to do battle for the Trophy. In the first semi-final, Mike Kendle disposed of Geoff Holder without too much trouble in 3 straight sets, 21-12, 21-19, 21-16, and in the second Ken James demolished Keith Elder with similar ease, 21-10, 21-5, 21-12. Before the final, Keith and Geoff played off for 3rd place, with Geoff emerging the winner, again in straight sets. The final turned out to be a battle-royal, with the players very evenly matched. Ken James won the first game 21-19, and snatched the second 23-21 after Mike had led most of the way. Mike made no mistake in the third however, and got back into the game with a 21-12 win. Ken pressed him closer in the fourth, however, and only just lost, 21-19. All depended, therefore, on the fifth and final game, but some of the steam had gone out of Mike's renowned forehand smashes, and Ken was able to chop away steadily to a 21-15 win, and a final 3-2 victory overall.

Our photo (front cover) shows the four players with the Trophy. Left to right, KJ, MRK, KRME, GFH.

## ..... & SNOOKER

As a welcome change from their exertions at Table Tennis, Mike and Keith then played off the final of the Wood Lane Snooker Tournament, which accounts for the other Trophy in the cover photograph. Mike easily won the first frame, with Keith conceding defeat without the black ball going down. In the second frame, things went more Keith's way, until with only blue, pink and black on the table, he missed a "sitter" and allowed Mike to catch up, finally losing on the black ball.

# Leadergram

The solution to last month's puzzle was as follows:-

A	OBERON	P	IRONING	B'	BREAD-LINE
B	STRENGTH	Q	MUSQUASH	C'	ERITH
C	CORNWALL	R	PHARAOH	D'	INNUENDO
D	AWAY	S	OFFICIAL	E'	NORA
E	RIGHT	T	ROOM SERVICE	F'	GRYPHON
F	WISEACRE	U	TIT-FOR-TAT	G'	EXTANT
G	INEPT	V	ABBATIAL	H'	ASKEW
H	LAUGHTER	W	NUDITY	J'	REMEDY
J	DIVESTED	X	COOK	K'	NONENTITY
K	EOLITHIC	Y	ENIGMATIC	L'	EFFLUVIUM
L	THOUGHT	Z	OYSTER	M'	STUPID
M	HOPPER	A'	FORSOOTH	N'	TRAMP STEAMER
N	EPHEBE				

The quotation was from "The Importance of Being Earnest" by Oscar Wilde.

"I do not know whether there is anything peculiarly exciting in the air of this particular part of Hertfordshire but the number of engagements, that go on seems to me considerably above the proper average that statistics have laid down for our guidance. I think some preliminary inquiry on my part would not be out of place".

First all-correct solution drawn from amongst those received was from P.B. McAllister, Diffraction and Microscopy, who received the 10/- prize.

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## From the Council Table —

The final meeting of the 1967-68 Executive Council was held on March 20th and discussion centred on the arrangements for the A.G.M. (the proceedings of which are reported elsewhere). It was noted that discussion with management about re-decorating the bar had not yet commenced.

At the Finance Committee meeting which preceded that of the Council it was noted that £200 of the Company's grant to the Club for 1968 had already been credited to the Club's account. The audited accounts for 1967, showing an overall loss of £29, were presented and discussed. The major factors contributing to the loss were shown to be an overall loss on the operation of the bar, and the low level of subscriptions. Both matters were stated to be in hand.

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----- (from page 8.5)

found to hasten the process, the world would have a tremendous and, it must be feared, a terrible source of power. The logical conclusion to the discovery of such a means is well worked out by the imaginative powers of Mr. H.G. Wells in his book The World Set Free. Such a terrible agent of destruction would be at hand that the world would be forced to abandon its wars to protect itself from its own folly. Such results, however, are happily at present only in the realms of imagination."

From the Scientific American, March 1968.

# Football

## B.I.C.C. 2 SUDBURY COURT 1

Although it may not save them from relegation next season (the nth + 1 division is being formed), the football team, with the aid of "hired assassins", managed to pull off their first win of the season. In a memorable game at the Scrubs BICC beat Sudbury Court two goals to one.

Sudbury went ahead with a fine goal in the first half, but BICC, although without their sometime captain Fred "Nobbler" Irish to control the defence & Vic Banks to dominate the midfield, replied with an all-out attack, an attack which resulted in two goals in the second half, the first by Peter Townsend and the second by Malcolm Hayward.

Exact details of the team record this season were not available at the time of going to print, but I can tell you they won one, drew two and scored 17 goals.

Rumour has it that the team hopes to escape relegation by pooling their resources with Bush United and running two teams, thus providing more scope for diversity of talent available at Wood Lane. However one young player, the winning team's captain in fact, appears to be giving up the struggle as he was heard to declare that next winter he was getting a Rangers season ticket. I was unable to ascertain whether he intends to emigrate for good or commute to Glasgow every weekend.

# TENNIS

The tennis section went into action last Thursday, 18th April.

A reasonable number of people turned up considering it was the beginning of the season, and we were able to get in a good game before the light failed, precluding the arrival of a severe thunderstorm.

If any one else is interested in playing tennis this year will they please get in touch with Helen Cooper (Tel. 308) or Brian Keable (Tel. 301).

We have to know a couple of days in advance those intending to play in order to book the appropriate number of courts.

A handicap singles tennis tournament will be run again this year. Will those wishing to take part please complete and send in the entry form below.

We are proposing to run a handicap doubles tournament instead of the plate competition; please indicate on the entry whether or not you are interested.

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### HANDICAP SINGLES TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Name -----

Department -----

Tel.No. -----

I would/would not like to enter the doubles tournament.

Please return to Helen Cooper, Photographic Dept.

# Sauce for the Goose....

After the usual orgy of winter eating, spring came, with thoughts of holidays to come and how on earth would those summer dresses fit this year. Cilla looked at her car-riding husband and her depression deepened. There would be two new pairs of summer slacks for the exercise-ridden paper boy, unless ....

Something must be done or she would have to buy a new pair of bathroom scales. Reading through various magazines, she found dozens of ideas for slimming, in articles telling of the horrors of too many calories and how to make meat balls and cabbage taste more exciting than it sounded. Cooking separately for herself would be expensive and double the work, but should she warn her family of their impending fate? If she did, they would undoubtedly quash the idea, insisting that they were not fat (although a little more exercise might, perhaps, do them some good!) and that they were not going to live on lettuce for the rest of their lives. Instead, Cilla decided on the gradual approach - less and less sugar in their tea and coffee until they no longer needed any, grilling instead of frying, crispbread instead of buns and rolls.

Comments (heard a mile away!) on how quickly people forget how to make tea, greeted her first attempts to introduce low fat powdered milk. Salads, which were not as cheap as they might have been, shot here housekeeping bill sky-high. Exercises, to be done morning and night the book said, were rushed through in the lunch-hour and missed altogether at the weekend. The walk to work and back meant she arrived home late, and tired to a family complaining for their tea.

Her husband who sat stirring his tea for half an hour every morning while he read his paper, at last put his foot down, when he discovered there would no longer be any sugar to stir. It was a relief to Cilla, for she found it too difficult to try to control his diet when he was not home at lunch time, and the children had long ago taken to visiting friends for tea or snacks. Her own willpower drooped and the food she cooked slowly became more fattening. For a short time she comforted herself with the thought that she had lost nearly a stone in weight during the six weeks of her dieting, but as she had regained it all within a fortnight she was left with only the fact that she could do it if she wanted to. Perhaps next year .....

## FOR THOSE WITH MORE WILLPOWER

No potatoes, cereals, sweets, pastry, fried food, bread or biscuits.  
Plenty of salad foods, green vegetables, and fruit,  
(except melons and grapes).  
Plenty of water or fruit juice.  
Less sugar, butter and milk where possible.  
Plenty of exercise (e.g. walking, gardening).  
At least three fruits (inc. at least one citrus fruit) per day.  
No more than six crispbreads per day.  
No eating between meals.  
One egg or 2 oz cheese per day.  
At least 6 oz of meat or fish per day.  
Liver once a week.

**Distaff**

# the FILM column

## ANOTHER FILM FESTIVAL IN LONDON

Film festivals seem to be mushrooming in London. First there is a long established London Film Festival every autumn at the National Film Theatre. Then last January there was a Festival of German Avant - Garde Films, already noted in this column. Now two Short Film Festivals have been arranged, quite independently, for this summer - one organised by the British Film Institute, the other by the Short Film Makers Campaign. And, last but not least, another festival is now taking place. This is a Festival of Multi-Screen Films, which is taking place at the Odeon, Leicester Square, from April 30th to May 3rd, and is organised by Richard Arnall, who organised the successful Animated Film Festival at Cambridge last year.

In multi-screen films three or more separate but related images are projected simultaneously on adjacent screens. They became fashionable at last year's Expo 67, and two films made for Expo will be shown: George Dunning's CANADA IS MY PIANO, a whimsical historical film, and Don Levy's SOURCES OF POWER (do you remember his TIME IS, shown at Wood Lane some years ago?).

Multi-screen films are not new. Indeed, the first one was made by Abel Gance in the silent film era - NAPOLEON (1925) - and it is hoped that this will be shown at the festival as well as four other films. Enquiries to the Odeon please, not to the Film Section; but remember, the festival finishes on May 3rd.

### NATIONAL FILM THEATRE PROGRAMME SUMMARY

MAY	Day	Time	Film	Page
	1 Wed.	8.15	We Live Again	p. 7
	1 Wed.	8.30	The Gay Desperado	p. 8
	2 Thurs	6.15 8.30	High, Wide and Handsome	p. 8
	3 Fri.	6.15 8.30	Golden Boy	p. 9
	4 Sat.	10.30 a.m.	FILMS MADE BY EUROPEAN CHILDREN (Open to Members and public. Admission free. tickets from NFT Box Office) See Summary page 8	
	4 Sat.	2.00	'LET'S MAKE A FILM' Festival of Children's Films (Open to Members and public. All seats bookable at 3/6 each from NFT Box Office) See Summary page 8	
	4 Sat.	4.30	Rings On Her Fingers	p. 10
	4 Sat.	6.30 8.45	The Mark of Zorro	p. 9
	5 Sun	4.00 6.15 8.30	Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde	p. 5
	6 Mon	6.15 8.30	Applause	p. 4
	7 Tues	6.15 8.30	City Streets	p. 4
	8 Wed	6.15 8.30	Love Me Tonight	p. 5
	9 Thurs	6.15 8.30	Becky Sharp	p. 7
	10 Fri.	6.15 8.30	Blood and Sand	p. 10
	11 Sat.	4.00 6.15 8.30	Summer Holiday	p. 11
	12 Sun.	4.00 6.15 8.30	Six Stockings	p. 11
	13 Mon.	6.15 8.40	Young Mr. Lincoln	p. 31
	14 Tues.	6.15 8.30	King and Country	p. 26
	15 Wed.	6.15 8.40	The Trials of Oscar Wilde	p. 21
	16 Thurs.	6.15 8.30	Procès de Jeanne d'Arc	
	17 Fri.	6.15 8.30	Kärlekens Bröd	EC p. 27
	18 Sat.	4.00	Orders To Kill	p. 33
	18 Sat.	6.15	I Fidanzati	EST p. 29
	18 Sat.	8.30	Orders To Kill	p. 32
	19 Sun.	4.00	Hunger	EST p. 35
	19 Sun.	6.15	The Red Mantle	EST p. 35
	19 Sun.	8.30	Hunger	EST p. 35
	20 Mon.	6.15	Unfaithful	EST p. 36
	20 Mon.	8.30	Once There Was a War	EST p. 36
	21 Tues.	6.15	The Red Mantle	EST p. 35
	21 Tues.	8.30	Unfaithful	EST p. 36
	22 Wed.	6.15	Once There Was a War	EST p. 36
	22 Wed.	8.30	Gertrud	EST p. 34

23 Thurs	6.30	Y Mañana (Belgium)	EC p. 38
23 Thurs	8.45	The Viking (Canada)	p. 39
24 Fri.	6.15	The Films of Winsor McCay (Canada)	PA p. 39
24 Fri.	8.30	Austrian Experimental Films (Austria)	EC p. 38
25 Sat.	4.00	Elokuu (Finland)	EST p. 41
25 Sat.	6.15	Mosaic of Young Film Makers (Holland)	EST p. 42
25 Sat.	8.30	Extase (Czechoslovakia) (Complete programme 150 mins.)	EC p. 40
26 Sun	4.00	Three Days and a Child (Israel)	EC p. 43
26 Sun.	6.15	Seven Footprints to Satan (Denmark)	PA p. 40
26 Sun.	8.30	Der Hauptmann von Köpenick (Germany)	EC p. 41
27 Mon.	6.15	Pioneers of the British Film (G.B.)	PA p. 42
27 Mon.	8.30	Maciste Alpino (Italy)	PA p. 43
28 Tues	6.15	Diminetile Unui Baiat Cuminte (Romania)	EST p. 44
28 Tues	8.30	Lady of the Pavements (U.S.A.) (150 mins.)	PA p. 45
29 Wed.	6.15	The Mystery of the Night of the 24th (Sweden)	PA p. 44
29 Wed.	8.30	October (U.S.S.R.)	EST p. 45
30 Thurs.	6.15 8.30	Los Gofios	EST p. 26
31 Fri.	6.15 8.30	Mickey One	p. 25
<b>JUNE</b>			
1 Sat.	3.30	A Generation	EST p. 28
1 Sat.	6.15	Kanal	EST p. 28
1 Sat.	8.30	Ashes and Diamonds	EST p. 28
2 Sun.	3.30	Tokyo Monogatari	EST p. 30
2 Sun.	6.15	Our Daily Bread	p. 25
2 Sun.	8.30	Tokyo Monogatari	EST p. 30
3 Mon.	6.15 8.30	OXFORD BIOLOGICAL FILMS UNIT (All seats bookable)	p. 46
4 Tues.	6.15 8.30	Les Bas-Fonds	EST p. 21
5 Wed.	6.15	Les Bas-Fonds	EST p. 21
5 Wed.	8.30	Los Olvidados	EST p. 23
6 Thurs.	6.15 8.30	Mitt Hem Ar Copacabana	EST p. 23
7 Fri.	6.15 8.30	Abschied von Gestern	EST p. 24

Page Nos. refer to the illustrated booklet describing the films, which is in the Film Programme File in the Library.

## THE NEXT FILM SHOW: WEDNESDAY 29TH MAY

Our next feature film THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL directed by Luis Bunuel is a savage satire on the effects of isolation on a group of rich and influential people who are virtually transformed to the animal state. This film, containing some influences of surrealism typical of Bunuel's art, is both compelling and an exercise for the imagination which may leave some viewers baffled. Others may find it difficult to leave the theatre. The supporting programme includes a beautifully photographed Kaleidoscope on the Pyrenees in MONTAGUES MAGIQUES. Our final offering in classic comedy series is HOLLYWOOD KID featuring, the immortal Keystone Kops.

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## Social Club AGM

The question never entered your head, I know, but just to bolster my morale a little I shall assume that it did and tell you.

Twenty people came to the meeting, at least half of whom had stayed specially to attend. (The others were just waiting for the bar to open). As no-one could remember what happened at last year's meeting the minutes were accepted without comment. The Vice-Chairman gave an impromptu summary of the club's activities over the past year, much to his surprise, in which he congratulated the table-tennis section on their skill and explained that the football pontoon had been abandoned due to the lack of true volunteers to run it. The accounts showed a loss of £29, in contrast to a profit of £112 the year before. We have asked for and been given a slightly larger grant by the Company this year. The mis-naming of the Animal Life section in the accounts is becoming an annual event despite attempts to curtail the practice, and once again apologies were given to Ron Hall. Fred Irish (cheers) asked why was the subscription amount so low compared with the total of members. Fortunately for the integrity of the committee I was able to explain that the Prescott Salaries Department had not been deducting subs. from all our club members. I have the matter in hand but now that club subs. are shown separately on pay-slips it will be much easier for me if you would tell me if you are not paying the proper amount (ninepence per member per month).

The list of club officers is unchanged from last year.

Chairman	Pat O'Donnell
Vice-Chairman	Mike Squelch
Hon Treasurer	Jack Cain
Sen. Staff Rep.	Mr. S.A. Tempest
Hon Secretary	Brian Tilbury

The elected council members are:-

David Goff	Metallurgy
Mike Fox	Physics
Sham Rajput	Chemistry
Dennis Nash	Control Engineering
Helen Harden	Switchboard
Ray Coomber	Electrical Dept.
Mike Hagger	Rubber & Plastics.

The bar committee is (with one vacancy)

David Goff	Metallurgy
Graham Taylor	Chemistry
John Reeves	Electrical Department
Vic Banks	" "



# The Page 8.5 Column

A monthly miscellany.



## NO COMMENT

A recent edition of the Surrey Herald reports a growing waiting list for gynaecological operations in hospitals at Woking, Walton on Thames and Weybridge. Priorities are apparently being judged "on the age and sex of the patient".

## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

From the Athenæum Club: Anonymous.  
"Under the Tories, money talked; now it just goes without saying".

## TIPSY TUSKERS

The elephants in South Africa's Krüger National Park have been going on a binge according to Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau. The animals first eat the fruit of the marula tree (which the natives use to brew a kind of beer) and then drink large quantities of water. Stomach processes bring about the production of alcohol and the result is a lot of drunken elephants with little or no respect for any pink humans who happen to cross their path.

## ALL TIED UP

A Reuter dispatch, which was given space in most national newspapers on Monday 1st April, reported that 3 Scotsmen had been arrested in Zambia because their Glasgow Rangers Football Club ties had been mistaken for Rhodesian political emblems. The supporters were released but the ties were confiscated "pending further investigations".

## THINGS SEEN

A brand of ladies' stretch nylons currently being advertised in those little glass-covered spaces up and down the Underground escalators delights in the name of "DINAH MIGHT". In this age of the mini-skirt and beyond one is tempted to think that there would be no doubt about it!

## 50 YEARS AGO

March, 1918: "The transformation of one element into another by atomic disintegration has led to the theory that the whole of the elements have at one time been formed from a parent element, and that a slow but sure degradation of the elements is in progress. On this theory, calculations as to the probable life of the world have been made, but the data are too scanty to warrant much faith in the estimations. The slow transformation of one element into another, to effect which was the whole aim of alchemy, is not well demonstrated, but it does not yet seem feasible to put the phenomenon to a practical use. The transformation is attended by the release of a very large amount of energy, and could a means be

FILM SECTION PRESENT

LUIS BUNUEL'S

THE  
EXTERMINATING  
ANGEL

plus

FULL SUPPORTING PROGRAMME.

Wednesday, 29<sup>th</sup> May, @ 6.00 p.m.

Last Complete Show 7:45 p.m.

# This little piffy.....

By Brian Tilbury

"Gibraltar's always quiet on Sundays. Why don't you go to Tangier? There's a very good excursion I can get you on." Even supposing the hall porter got commission from the tour operator his advice was probably worth taking. After all, he lived in Gibraltar, Sundays included.

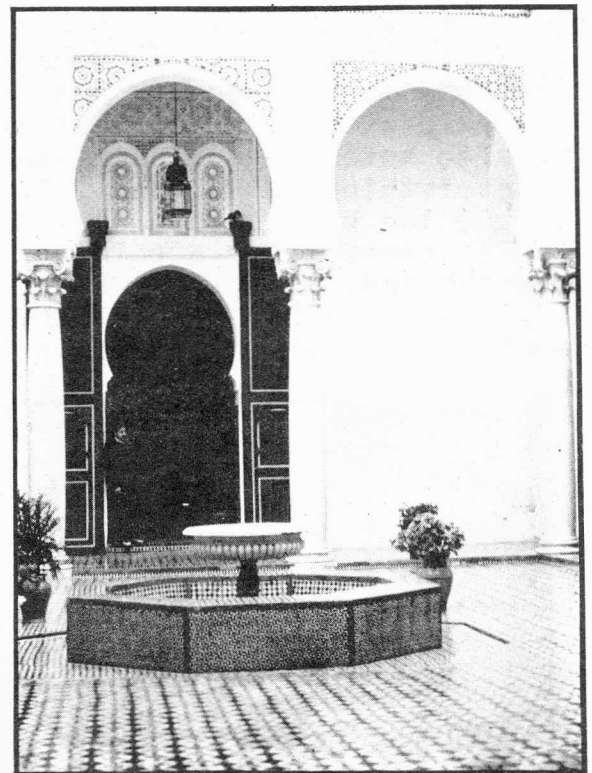
Up Sunday morning bright and early, well, early anyway. Breakfast as the sun rose mistily out of the sea, might be a fine day. Camera, lightmeter, cash and raincoat (just in case - how did you guess I was born in England?) and, oh yes, passport since Tangier is thirty miles away in another country on another continent, and dash to the airport. The formalities at the airport were few and simple, and so to the aircraft and the first shock of the day. The brochure had shown a shiny Vanguard. What awaited us was a ramshackle Dakota. Clearly flight had occurred when expected without fail to date and ought therefore, like the sunrise, to occur when expected in future, but the sorry-looking craft did not inspire the same confidence in its reliability as did the sunrise. However, the machine took off with me inside it, bounced its way through the turbulence which always surrounds the Rock, and flew steadily toward Tangier at 2000 ft. The stewardess, a tall attractive Moroccan, intoned the safety procedure and advised us to set our watches back one hour. Morocco uses GMT whereas Gibraltar is in time with Spain. I decided to leave my watch alone and remember the difference. Tangier passed beneath at the appointed time and we flew on and on and on. Had the pilot forgotten? Somewhere over the desert the 'plane began to descend. I tried to remember the emergency drill and started a belated perusal of the safety information leaflet from the back of the chair in front of me. I had reached the part about tying the knot in the life-jacket when the undercarriage ploughed into the runway with a jarring thud.

The aircraft parked outside the airport building. "Tanger, Kingdom of Morocco" said the customs form (local spelling) and hinted at dire penalties in consequence of being caught smuggling Moroccan currency into or out of the country. I pictured a seven-foot Nubian clad in turban, pantaloons and curly sandals taking lusty swings at me with a scimitar, and joined the queue at the official exchange. The dirahm, the Moroccan unit of currency, was apparently worth one shilling and sevenpence. I put the paper and coins into a pocket separate from my sterling. I then had sterling in one pocket, Gibraltarian notes in a second, dirahms in a third and some spare pesetas in a fourth. Confusing to say the least. By then the Moroccan guide was shepherding his flock outside to await taxis to Tangier, and I joined them. A group of natives stood at the roadside nearby, each leading a goat or a few hens or carrying a basket full of goodies, and they were soon surrounded by tourists, doing a steady business. Not feeling in a buying mood I speculated upon the meaning of a sign about which the natives were clustered. The script was in Arabic and I supposed it must mean "market". In the midst of proceedings a coach pulled up, the natives climbed aboard, goats, hens, baskets and all, and the coach drove away. I changed my translation from "market" to "bus-stop".

The taxis arrived, we all embarked, and were driven rapidly to Tangier, scattering natives, goats, sheep, cattle and fowl on the way with many blasts of the horn. The road, a good one, led through a rocky desert with no sign of buildings or useful vegetation, but there were many people about so there must have been farms somewhere. On arriving at Tangier the taxis at once took us on a sight-seeing tour. We started in the English quarter, situated in a valley and looking like Bournemouth, then on to the

American quarter on an adjoining hill called "California", next out to Cape Spartel where the Atlantic, which is tidal, joins the Mediterranean, which is not. The Straits of Gibraltar succeed where King Canute failed, we were told, because they are very narrow and very shallow, roughly half the width and half the depth of the Straits of Dover. As if there was not enough water about already it began to rain. Quickly returning to the taxis we set off to see the Caves of Hercules. More rocky desert, and on the way a hill-top shrouded in cloud. The taxi-driver pointed, "Television station", he said, deftly regaining the road which he had left while concentrating on his English. I had an idea that if the cloud had covered a different hill-top the television station would have been there instead. The taxis eventually halted in the middle of nowhere and many Moroccans popped up out of holes in the ground. I was soon fending them off as they tried to sell me toy camels, tortoise-shell banjos, fancy hats and postcards. Gratefully I followed our guide into the cave. There was a strong draught coming out of the cave which was explained when I came to an opening at sea-level. Great rollers were smashing in from the Atlantic, an impressive but at the same time restful sight, the sort of thing which must have inspired Mendelsohn to write his famous overture. Before inspiration came, however, it was time to move on, to run the gauntlet of the trinket traders and return by taxi to Tangier, to the Casbah.

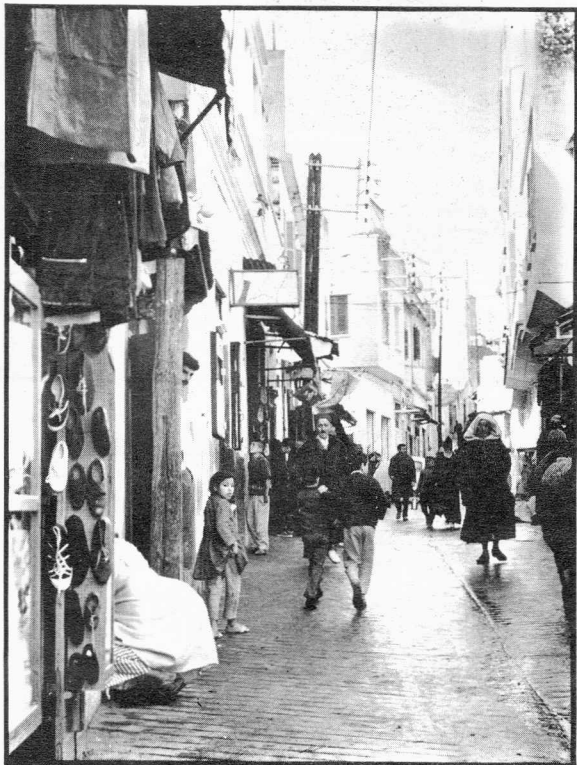
It was a long way back to Tangier and it was with some relief that I saw a sign "CASBAH 10" and then another "CASBAH 4". Getting nearer. Finally "KASBAH" on a sign which pointed through an arch leading to a cobbled courtyard. We had arrived. The guide led us on foot through the rain, the courtyard being near flooded, to a small garden in which I saw bananas growing skyward on a tree for the first time, and from there to a display hall. Here we stopped for a short lecture from our guide. He told us that "casbah" means "fortress" and that this fortress had originally protected the old city of Tangier. Not very well it seemed for the city had changed hands many times in the past, being by turns Spanish, Moorish or Berber, with a few other nationalities thrown in to break the monotony. For a while after that it was used by succeeding Sultans as a summer palace and is now a national museum. He went on to explain about Moroccan dress. This is mainly Berber habit. The ankle length hooded coats have no religious or ceremonial significance, nor is there any social taboo about exposing legs or arms in public. The garment is the most practical means of keeping out the winter rains and the summer sun. Most women still kept their faces veiled but the custom is dying slowly and people are adopting western dress. Having seen earlier two veiled giggling school-girls trying to eat ice-cream I could see their point. All the ornaments and decorations I could see in the hall had one feature in common, the designs were entirely geometrical. Their religion, we were told, strictly forbids idolatry and neither human or animal forms are ever used.



Courtyard in the Kasbah

As he spoke our guide began to take us through various halls and galleries festooned with carpets, pets and all the other trappings of civilisation. Some things were bright and new, some things rotting with age, but all had been beautifully made and decorated, and never was there the slightest suggestion of any living form. In time we came to another open courtyard. The rain was still teeming down so we hurried through, up a flight of stairs and into a modern glass-walled hall which, had the weather been better, would have given us magnificent views of Tangier. Here we were to be served with mint tea and while we were waiting a smart-suited Moroccan man came round trying to sell us Moroccan postcards, trinkets, films, etc. and a Moroccan band played Moroccan music for our entertainment. After everyone had had a fair chance to part us from our money the tea was served. It was delicious. Our guide had told us how it was made and I wished that I had paid him more attention, but alas I had completely forgotten the details of the process.

Our next stop was the orphanage shop. The Government of Morocco runs several orphanages, the orphans helping to finance them by working part of each day after school. The goods they produce are sold in a special shop in the native market, the orphanage being located in the Medina (the native quarter). The shop comprised two rooms so crammed with leather and metal goods that it was difficult to move without knocking something over. Besides the usual useless trash that tourists buy there were shoes, slippers, cushion-covers and bags of all sizes, excellently made and decorated with coloured leather. The hides ranged from giraffe-skin for shoes to antelope and camel-skins for book-covers and bags. One must bargain for everything in Morocco. The initial price asked is always outrageous and I found the best method was to choose an article and then turn to go without it. It seems to be a point of honour among Moroccans that none shall leave empty-handed. The price soon comes down. I also found that despite what the customs form had said, any currency was acceptable provided it was worth something somewhere in the world.



Main Street in the Medina

Leaving the orphanage shop we trooped through the pouring rain into the Medina. Water swirled along the alleyways and cascaded off buildings. There seemed to be no drains or gutters. The buildings were cramped and neglected yellow terraced blocks and the place reminded me of engravings of London at the time of the Black Death. Sunday was obviously market day and despite the rain the market was in full swing. Wherever the road was wide enough someone was trading from a basket. Stalls and shops were selling anything to anyone, at a price, of course. Not wishing to be sold the same article twice I kept a tight hold on my belongings and stepped with care. The Medina was not a place I would care to walk through at night. There was no street lighting, a large number of crannies for thugs to wait in and far too many people who looked like thugs. The children it appeared were well educated in the arts of commerce. All spoke several languages from birth, the first phase taught being "Give me sixpence" or "Donnez-moi deux francs" or the equivalent in other

languages. None were ever taught the meanings of words such as "no" or "go away". In the end I found it best to ignore them. The older ones would follow me for a mile or more practising their English and telling me how wrong I was not to go this way or that, which were unquestionably much quicker routes to where I was going. So many children looked thin and palid and has such hacking coughs that I wondered whether T.B. was endemic. This place was very definitely over populated, as is anywhere that a man's prowess is measured by the number of his children. The Government of Morocco, I had learned, was placing great emphasis on solving its social problems at their source, by keeping the population down, and giving palliative measures second place. Sensible if hard-hearted. And all the time people were selling and others were buying. Meat I noticed was sold live where possible, a testimony to a hot climate. Hens for instance, were trussed at wings and feet and hung, alive, upside-down. Goats and pigs were also sold live and I supposed the skin must form part of the bargain. Other animals were butchered first. The meat market must be a fly's paradise in summer. Fruit and vegetables were being sold from piles in baskets on the roadway, with the occasional stray dog paying its respects. Oranges, peaches, apricots, all were enormous by our standards, but I left them alone.

Suddenly I was in a large square with modern buildings, street-lights and cars, and our guide grinning in welcome beside the line of our taxis. We were to be taken to the best hotel in Tangier for lunch, all included in the excursion fee, after which we had the afternoon to ourselves. The head waiter was a giant, bald but noble, dressed in a white silk blouse, black pantaloons and slippers with a large grey sash-bow at his waist. He carried a carving knife as big as a sword and I began to have doubts about my currency dealings during the morning, but he only used it for serving rolls and the like. I still do not know what the four courses were that I was served, but the meal was excellent.

To be concluded next month.

### SIGN LANGUAGE

Speed limit 200 m.p.h.		Natives are hostile		Beware of escaping convicts		Man having trouble with umbrella
Dr. Beeching was not here		One in six make it		Natives are still hostile		Ban half of the bombs
Drunken drivers only		Betting shop ahead		Pogo sticks only		Obey maritime rules from here
Nudist colony ahead		You are clear to take off		You are in the middle of a field		Military tattoo ahead
Sledges only				Bowling alley ahead		
				Pinched from the GUARDIAN, 19.2.68		