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July 1969

BUSH

TELEGRAPH

Wood Lane's Club Magazine

Editor

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Mike Hagger
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Cover —

By Gene Nalon

(See Editorial)

vol. 15 no. 6

EDITORIAL

The cover photograph this month, apart from being an appealing picture, and also bringing to mind carefree holiday times, has a story to tell. It was taken by Gene Nalon some 5 or 6 years ago on the Thames near Shepperton, and was just one of a number which Gene submitted for our consideration, after one of our frequent appeals for material. So far, so what? Well, the odd twist arose as the Editors were looking through Gene's collection, deciding which to use, when Ernie suddenly exclaimed through his beard "Cripes! That's my boat!" It seems that amateur sailor Ernie had owned Enterprise No. E1316, on the left of the picture, about 12 years ago, and was then sailing it on his "home ground", Southampton Water. It's a small world!

Can anyone beat that for coincidence? Let's hear from you.

Our apologies for the lateness of this issue of B.T., which has been due to holidays.

Table Tennis

WOOD LANE SINGLES TOURNAMENT - FINAL

The long-awaited final between Ken James and Mike Kendle was eventually played off before a minimal audience on Monday evening 23rd June.

Ken took some time to get into the game, and presented Mike with too many loose balls, which were gladly accepted and suitably disposed of. First game, 21-8 to MRK. Second game, 21-18, with Ken beginning to tighten things up. The third and fourth games went narrowly to KSJ, 21-18 and 22-20, with Mike unable to make the best use of his backhand. The fifth game was thus the all-important decider, and was closely fought, Mike emerging the winner by 21-19.

Horticultural Section

I should like to remind members that the section is affiliated to the Royal Horticultural Society and the Royal National Rose Society and have free access tickets to their respective shows and show grounds.

We have a long standing arrangement with Gregory's Roses who supply roses at approx. 20% discount, copies of their current catalogue are available to those wanting to purchase roses or to look at for general interest.

Some members have enquired about the availability of fertilisers and general garden sundries. There are existing arrangements for 10% reduction for most of the items, however if a bulk order were placed better discount terms could be obtained, those interested in compiling a bulk order for autumn or spring requirements please contact the section secretary, Frank Walker 279.

The Garden Centre at Syon Park can be strongly recommended, especially coupled with a visit to Kew Gardens. A season ticket could be obtained for the Garden Centre if sufficient people are interested.

the FILM column

THE FILM POLL

Well over sixty replies have been received, which is far more than last year's total. We are grateful to all who have filled in their forms, and they will help us greatly in planning next season's films. The poll is now closed, and the results will be published in next month's Bush Telegraph.

FILM RECOMMENDATION

Richard Attenborough's OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR at the Paramount, Piccadilly Circus.

NEW CINEMA CLUB

The NCC's new programme is now out, introducing what they describe as their most explosive season yet under the title "The Loaded Screen". Among other attractions it launches participation cinema, represented by an evening of film events by John Lennon and Yoko Ono and programmes of "the extraordinary work of Mike Myers and Denis Postle whose TATTOOISTS are guaranteed to get under everyone's skin". The Forbidden Film Festival also continues. Full details from New Cinema Club, 122, Wardour Street W.1.

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE PROGRAMME SUMMARY

JULY				
14	Mon	6.15		La Muerte de un Burocrata
14	Mon	8.30		Memories of Underdevelopment
15	Tue	6.15		Manuela and Cerro Pelado
15	Tue	8.30		La Primera Carga al Machete
16	Wed	6.15		Cumbite
16	Wed	8.30		Six Films by Santiago Alvarez
17	Thu	6.15		Aventuras de Juan Quin Quin
17	Thu	8.30		Lucia (160 mins.)
18	Fri	6.15	8.30	The Paradine Case
18	Fri	11.00 p.m.		Cuban Anti-Imperialist Films (2 hrs. approx.)
19	Sat	4.00		Aventuras de Juan Quin Quin
19	Sat	6.15		Six Films by Santiago Alvarez
19	Sat	8.30		Lucia (160 mins.)
20	Sun	3.30		David (160 mins.)
20	Sun	6.15		La Muerte de un Burocrata
20	Sun	8.30		La Primera al Machete
21	Mon	6.15	8.30	The Prodigal Son
22	Tue	6.15	8.30	The Prodigal Son
23	Wed	6.15		Dr. Mabuse, Der Spieler: Part I
23	Wed	8.30		Dr. Mabuse, Der Spieler: Part II
24	Thu	6.15		Dr. Mabuse, Der Spieler: Part I
24	Thu	8.30		Dr. Mabuse, Der Spieler: Part II
25	Fri	6.15	8.30	Strangers On A Train
25	Fri	11.00 p.m.		The Man With The Movie Camera (silent)
26	Sat	4.00	6.15 8.30	The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
AUGUST				
27	Sun	4.00	6.15 8.30	The Catch
28	Mon	6.15		Die Nibelungen Part I Siegfried
28	Mon	8.40		Die Nibelungen Part II Kriemhild's Revenge
29	Tue	6.15		Die Nibelungen Part I Siegfried
29	Tue	8.40		Die Nibelungen Part II Kriemhild's Revenge
30	Wed	6.15	8.30	The Pittfall
31	Thu	6.15	8.30	The Pittfall
1	Fri	6.15	8.30	Under Capricorn
2	Sat	2.00	6.15 9.00	Intolerance
3	Sun	4.00	6.15 8.30	To be announced
4	Mon	6.15	8.30	To be announced
5	Tue	6.15	8.30	The Build-Up
6	Wed	6.15	8.30	The Italian Straw Hat
7	Thu	6.15	8.30	The Sun's Burial
8	Fri	6.15	8.30	Stage Fright
9	Sat	4.00	6.15 8.30	Battleship Potemkin
10	Sun	4.00		Judex (Programme approximately 6 1/2 hours with intervals. All seats bookable, 10/- each)
11	Mon	6.15	8.30	The Heart of Hiroshima
12	Tue	6.15	8.50	Metropolis
13	Wed	6.15	8.30	She and He

AN EXPERIMENTAL SEARCH FOR NATURALLY-OCCURRING UNICORNS

P.V. Andrews, E.C. Cave, D.J. Chapman, M. Fox, R. Grigsby, A.A. Hughes, R. McNicholl, M. Nickel, K.W. Plessner, R.D. Pride, S. Ralph, E.C. Rogers, T.E. Shen, B.R. Smith, W.C. Steele and J.E. Taylor.

Physics Department, BICC Wood Lane, London, W.12, England.

ABSTRACT: The unicorn flux has been found to be less than $1.6 \times 10^{-18} \text{ cm}^{-2} \text{ sec}^{-1}$.

Dirac¹ has shown that it is necessary to postulate the existence of the unicorn in order to explain the observed quantization of the ionic charge. A search has been carried out using the Regent's Park (51°32' N, 0°9' W) array. The site was considered favourable in view of the presence of lions in the N.E. corner and of audio-frequency quarks in the S and W of the area.

Standard detection equipment was used initially. A virgin was seated at each intersection of a one furlong (201.2 m) square grid, occupying a total area of $1.89 \times 10^6 \text{ m}^2$. As is well known, these devices act both as detectors and collectors of unicorns, so improving the statistics; it was thus possible, without sensible error, to consider the angle of incidence of the incoming unicorns as being 90°. No events were observed in a period of one year ($3.16 \times 10^7 \text{ sec}$). The upper limit for the unicorn flux is thus set at $1.6 \times 10^{-18} \text{ particles cm}^{-2} \text{ sec}^{-1}$.

It was suspected that some of the detection equipment might have become unserviceable due to excessive handling by field workers. A confirmatory experiment was therefore carried out, using techniques suggested by Thurber.² A group of lilies within the area of the array was examined for damage at intervals. On only one occasion were any eaten, and the associated track showed characteristics typical of pachydermatous hyperons. The negative result of the previous experiment is thus confirmed.

References:

1. Dirac, P.A.M., Proc. Roy. Soc. A 133, 60, 1931.
2. Thurber, J., "The Thurber Carnival" (London: Hamish Hamilton), 1945, p.268.

FOR SALE

Dunlop tennis racket. Cost nearly £5 last month. Accept £2.
Ring D. McCarthy, Maths Dept., Ext.289.

WHERE MUSIC'S AT

By pete higgins

For Peruvium

There's a whole lot of really good records sitting waiting in your friendly local record shop, for you to leap in and transform them from pieces of plastic into something a little more, simply by playing them. They represent an art form, where you set the level of appreciation that the record you choose will receive in your home. Providing that you have the ability to listen to music, without spending the listening time in trying to categorise or pigeonhole what you're hearing, then your appreciation comes down to the degree of rapport between you and whoever is making the music.

Categorise later, you don't spend all your time when driving, concentrating on how good or bad your car is, if you did, you probably wouldn't live very long, and your views on the matter would be rather irrelevant as they lowered you into the ground.

Most of the records reviewed here are from my own collection, a number of them being what Tony Blackburn would possibly refer to as 'Oldies but Goldies', were his musical appreciation a little better developed. However, be that as it may, although the records reviewed here are not all new releases, they are good, carefully chosen records, as they should be, if I'm going to sit up all night writing about them, and you are going to go out and listen to them. This month, we've got an album that has just been released, and one that has been floating about for a year or so.

The latter is by a young Canadian woman named Joni Mitchell who painted her album's double cover, and whose lyrics are provided inside; the former by a group who have spent the last year of their 18 month career together, on the road, maturing their sound - it's been worth it.

SONG TO A SEAGULL

Joni Mitchell is a poetess, songwriter, singer, guitarist and painter, the album Song to a Seagull, brings the spirit of Joni into your home for about three quarters of an hour, then the record finishes but an echo of the girl lingers on in your mind, perhaps for ever. The music is gentle and compelling, just Joni singing and playing acoustic guitar, with Steve Stills complimenting her with his bass.

She sings songs of cities and seashores, of seagulls and flowers, of taxi drivers and lovers, her voice having the purity of a pearl, listen to her.

TEST TRACK: THE DAWNTREADER.

LABEL: Reprise RLSP 6923

THE FAMILY THAT PLAYS TOGETHER

Providing that you can recognise rock music as a vehicle for artistic expression, then you can appreciate the artistry of Spirit. Spirit are five in number, two being father and son in blood, but all

five being kindred in music. The guitar of Randy California, soars over the rest of the music like an eagle, urging the others till the whole band is flying with him. The string arrangements are by veteran arranger Marty Paiche, who took care with the strings on Spirit's previous album. The record starts with a fast rock piece 'I've got a line on you' which is also released as a single. This is extremely good rock music which sets a high musical standard that the group uses as a base line from which they make their beautifully controlled explorations. There is a unity in this group, as of old friends who know each other well, and this unity is present throughout the whole album.

I have an idea that Leonard Bernstein would hold the same affection for the music of Spirit, as he does for that of the Cream, whose music now lives on only in records. If your mind is open to new things, get to know Spirit, they offer you a worthwhile experience.

TEST TRACK: AREN'T YOU GLAD. LABEL: CBS 63523

FORTHCOMING

Next month, all being well, reviews of two imported American LP's including the brilliant "It's a beautiful day" album.

Expedition '69

The outing, or expedition, for such it was in fact, was planned to prepare a way for British entry to the Common Market by traditional means, should kid-glove diplomacy continue to show nil result. The organisation was undertaken by the London office on behalf of MI7 and a football club in Carshalton assisted with training. The Wood Lane contingent comprised eight select people. Three of these, a White Witch, a Plastics Magician and an Expert-from-another-place, were given special duties. The White Witch, being chief stirrer of the group, cast a spell of fine weather over the land which lasted for the rest of the day.

In planning the expedition it was realised that opposition could be expected from the supporters of the deposed Wicked Wizard of Wight. It was known that after being defeated by the all-powerful CRED ju-ju in 1967 he had fled to France, there to use his spells and potions to maintain in office the general administration of that country against strong counter-forces. (One scandal, two assassins' bombs, three referenda). Recent events, precipitated by the sudden departure of the French President to the land of the leprechauns, ensured the occupation of the Wicked Wizard in France propping up his floundering regime. By timing the expedition to coincide with the climax of the Presidential elections the organisers expected to reduce the opposition to a minimum. However, whatever opposition remained would have to be overcome and the method chosen was to publish the Maud report on local government. In this report is the recommendation to join the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth. The resulting clamour for home rule for the island provided an ideal excuse for sending large numbers of day trippers to quell the natives and restore order. With the Wicked Wizard's

supporters thus occupied it was expected that the special group could perform their task unhindered.

The invasion plan adopted this year was the same as had been so successful in previous years, although an earlier than usual start was made which caught the opposition (and, let it be admitted, some of the participants) napping. Despite this ruse, Isle of Wight fifth columnists, posing as railway employees, removed the track beyond Sutton. Fortunately a clear route was found through Gloucester Road and East Croydon and transfer of the force to the island was completed without any further hitch. Here another variation on previous plans was employed, the main force being sent immediately southward with the aid of the Underground movement to engage the Wicked Wizard's supporters.

Meanwhile the special group endeavoured to arrange a fast getaway for their return to civilisation but found the natives unco-operative. Apparently many people expected to have to leave in a hurry that evening and the only bookable hovercraft was already booked. They also found some difficulty in procuring food and wine, a deserted "Oasis" providing no succour at all. Luckily the proprietor of the "Ship and Castle" was open to bribery and provided an excellent meal. In high spirits the trio boarded a number 8 bus. The journey southward was by a devious route so as to allay suspicion, but on arrival in Shanklin it was discovered that a bus of twice the value made the journey in half the time.

Advancing at once to the beach and using the super-sensory powers of the Plastics Magician in lieu of a direction-finder, the Expert-from-another-place began to examine the suitability of the shore as a jumping-off point for entry to the Common Market. So suitable was it at once seen to be that the Plastics Magician underwent an intensive course of swimming instruction. Unfortunately the combined advice of the White Witch and the Expert only led to his acquiring a taste for sea-water, but a premature ebb of the tide had nothing to do with the matter. He was however adjudged fit to lead the initial assault of the Common Market by a wave of cross-Channel swimmers. The only outstanding problem was that of finding easily protectable access to the beach for a large number of troops. The Plastics Magician used his super-sensory powers again to find a chine and conjured the guard to let the group pass. The chine proved to be excellently adapted for the proposed use, there even being a relic from the last time the British entered Europe in the traditional manner, namely a section of PLUTO.

Their mission completed the group grabbed a high-speed cream tea and connived with the Underground to return them to the north shore. There a rival hovercraft operator gleefully ferried them to the mainland and the journey back to the capital was completed without incident, the sabotaged tracks having by then been repaired. The group disbanded at the traditional call of "Time!".

The Page 8½ Column

A monthly miscellany.



We regret that owing to the recent absence on duty of our regular Columnist, we have had to forego the column this month. With luck, it will return with the next issue - but we would especially like to see some contribution from YOU.

Editor

A, B, C, D and E

by J.J.E.

Anstruther, Berkeley, Codrington, Dodsworth and Eglinton are Auctioneer, Banker, Cartographer, Designer, Engineer.

Codrington often plays chess with the Engineer and sometimes goes golfing with the Auctioneer.

The Cartographer lives in the same town as Dodsworth and they often travel to London to see the Engineer.

Anstruther plays tennis on week-ends with the Auctioneer and Dodsworth and Eglinton make up a four with them.

The Banker lives next door to Berkeley but Codrington lives several miles away.

The Banker has two sons-in-law, Dodsworth and Eglinton.

The Cartographer's three cousins are Berkeley, Eglinton and Anstruther.

The Engineer with Anstruther and Berkeley are going to join forces this year on their holidays.

What is the name of the Designer?

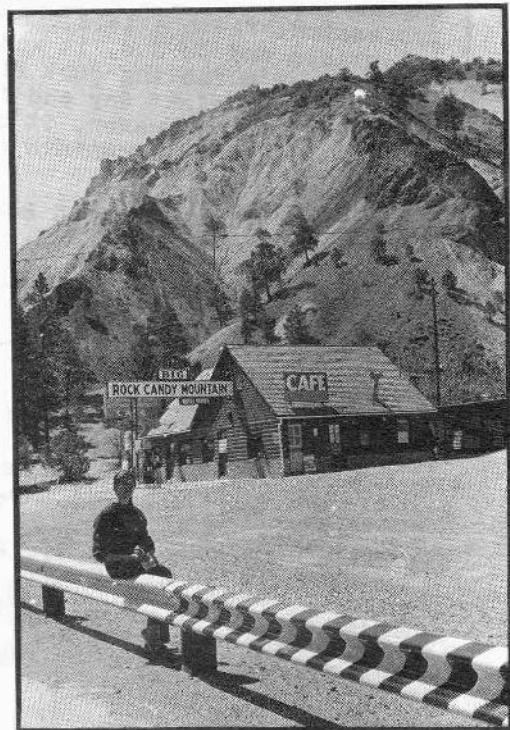
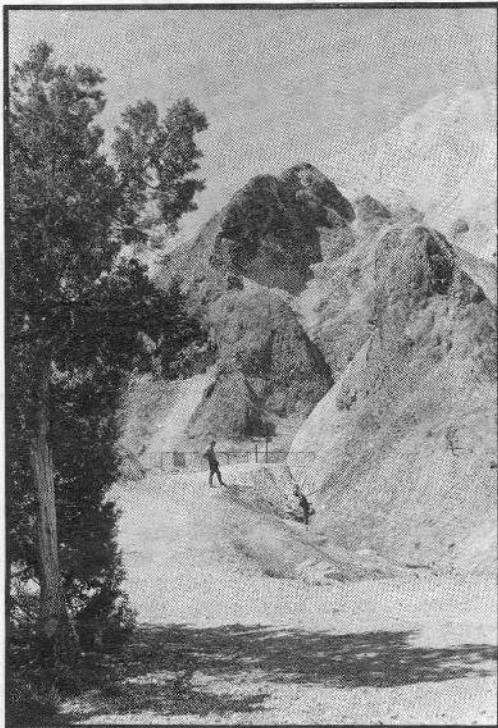
Answer on Page 12

There's Gold in Them Thar' Ills!

The more ludicrous the words of a song, the less likely one is to attach any real significance to its origins, especially when it is discovered to be composed by someone with the unconvincing handle of 'Haywire' Mac. The truth is that Haywire Mac did actually write a song and it is probably the best loved and most hummed tune of its kind.

'Haywire' Mac was very much a real person. He was officially known as Harry McClintock and worked as a brakeman on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Furthermore there does exist a very real, balding mound near Marysvale in Utah, U.S.A., whose crumpled remains boast the name of Big Rock Candy Mountain. It was this mountain that inspired Haywire Mac's crazy song, later to be immortalized by Burl Ives.

Despite the gaily romantic notions the song has conjured up, the visitor is confronted with something more like a weedy, Texan-sized gravel dump oozing aloe juice than the reputed mountain, all majestic-like and decked out with cigarette trees, softly singing Blue Birds and gently gurgling iced lemonade springs. It is to be confessed, if it is any proof of an erstwhile existence, that partly consumed fruits of the cigarette trees litter the ground like fallen leaves. Here and there on the slopes are to be found little empty tins with the word 'Lemonade' faintly discernible on their sun-bleached surfaces.



The 'Lemonade Spring', (see photo) a stone's throw behind the store, is no more than a cement pit stained a dark blood brown by the unappetizing liquid stagnating inside. A mouthful of this 'lemonade' and your tongue instantly shrivels to old-leather crispness, clacking in its agony against teeth that feel as if they have been individually wrapped in little horse-hair socks. However, this particular puckering brand of rusty liquid contains, among other things, iron sulphate, aluminium sulphate, calcium sulphate, sodium sulphate, magnesium sulphate and sodium chloride and is claimed to be a panacea for innumerable bodily ills.

According to the 'official' records kept under lock and key in the Post Office-cum-Souvenir store - which may on application be scrutinized under supervision - it would seem there are many happy and well folk about today who owe their contented lot to the Candy Mountain Mineral Waters! These waters, smelly and foul tasting as they are, are purported to alleviate if not cure altogether Rheumatic and Arthritic pains, bladder problems, liverish attacks, burns (to be treated from the outside), rashes, skin irritations, etc. The list goes on ad infinitum, but you can be sure that whatever your ailment this 'lemonade' that puckers while it cures is that sure-fire cure all you 'se bin lookin' fer all yer born days!

Just let me cite a few extracts from testimonials - testimonials quite unsolicited - from beneficiaries cured by taking the waters and who have a genuine desire to pass on their experiences to fellow sufferers:-

"Believe me boy, I've suffered my share of sickness and pain and no one seemed able to help me. If ever anyone was disgusted with the Medical profession, faithhealers, Christian scientists and Ju-Jus, it was I. Right now I'm feeling just fine, like a new man you might say and if you want to know the reason, it's because I discovered Candy Mountain mineral waters

(Signed) Sarah Bob,
Medicine Hat,
Saskat.

"I have used Rocky Minerals mineral water for several years and it has absolutely cured my stomach ulcers and eczema. I have recommended this water to friends and have really saved lives of persons fairly dying with stomach ulcers. I would be willing at any time to furnish further information upon request."

(Signed) N.W. Garrison,
Inglewood,
California.

"And there I was bent like an over-strung bow with more than my fair share of Arthritis. I tried all manner of medicines at great personal expense, but they didn't help none. Then I was introduced to Candy Mountain mineral waters and boy! What instant relief. What a fantastic difference. Every house-hold should keep a bottle of this wonder liquid and that is what I tell all my friends too."

(Signed) Wayne Ralehurst,
Yellowjacket,
Arizona.

"My peptic ulcers were so bad I felt sure I must have been mighty close to the very jaws of Hell. While on vacation in your beautiful State I happened upon the famous Big Rock Candy Mountain where you persuaded me to try your mineral waters. This was sure the best thing that ever happened to me. Right now I feel as if I'm sitting plumb on the sunny side of Paradise."

(Signed) Georgie Siwel,
Truth or Consequences,
New Mexico.

Why the serendipity lyrics were ever written is something only Haywire Mac knows, but it can reasonably be assumed he was so enamoured with the place while working there that he wrote the song to quell nostalgic emotions when he was elsewhere. Perhaps he wrote it in honour of the nearby silver mine from which he had profited some. More likely, however, it was the fruits of a delightfully creative mind gone hog wild.

The words of the song as Haywire Mac created them go as follows:-

One evening as the sun went down
And the jungle fire was burning
Down the track came a hobo hiking
And he said "Boys, I'm not turning;
I'm headed for a land that's far away
Beside the crystal fountain,
So come with me, We'll all go and see
The Big Rock Candy Mountain.

Chrous:

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
There's a land that's fair and bright
Where the handouts grow on bushes,
And you sleep out ev'ry night.
Where the box-cars all are empty
And the sun shines ev'ry day,

On the birds and the bees
And the cigarette trees
And the lemonade springs
Where the blue bird sings,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
All the cops have wooden legs,
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs;
The farmers' trees are full of fruit,
And the barns are full of hay,

Oh, I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow,
Where the rain don't fall
The wind don't blow,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
You never change your socks
And little streams of alcohol
Come a-trickling down the rocks.
The brakemen have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind.

There's a lake of stew
And of whiskey, too,
You can paddle all around 'em
In a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
The jails are made of tin
And you can walk right out again
As soon as you are in.
There ain't no short handled shovels,
No axes, saws or picks.

I'm a-going to stay
Where you sleep all day,
Where they hung the Turk
That invented work,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

I'll see you all
This coming fall
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

After 17½ weary months of fruitlessly trying to marry up Mac's lyrics to Burl Ives's tune, my efforts leave me feeling like a spent elastic band on the point of failure. Surely there must be someone among you who can help? Won't you please?

John Shapley

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

Dodsworth.

Thank You

I should like to use the facilities of the Bush Telegraph to say goodbye to all of my friends whom I didn't have the opportunity to see personally before I left, and to sincerely thank you all for the wonderful gifts.

Ilma

Vic & Christine Banks would like to thank all those who contributed towards their wedding present.

This should have appeared in the June issue, but was omitted due to an oversight on my part. Profuse apologies Vic and Chris. E.C.C.

WE MAY NOT GET THE



QE2

BUT
THERE WILL BE A
RIVER BOAT DANCE
ON AUGUST 15th.