

**june '71**

**bush  
telegraph**

# bush telegraph

## Wood Lane's Club Magazine

### Editor

Peter Revell

### Editorial Board

Mike Hagger  
Denis Groombridge  
Pauline Earles

**cover :** a further attempt at a print by Denis Groombridge.

vol. **17** no. **5**

## EDITORIAL

How many people, I wonder, embark upon a degree course or equivalent, thinking it to be the gateway to success? It is hard to believe that the search for higher learning is the motivating factor in all but a few cases. So, does it pay off? At the moment, the answer is no. The number of people qualifying for first degrees is increasing every year, and will continue to do so, whilst industry sits back and declares its intention not to employ such people.

How can this be? Surely an educated brain is better at dealing with problems than an uneducated one? Better, may be, but apparently not economically realistic. To improve efficiency in industry, the present theme is to recruit relatively untrained people, train them and then employ them to perform specialised tasks at a fraction of the cost of a graduate. Perhaps some graduates have earned a bad reputation for the entire intelligentsia. It is quite common to hear a graduate talking in terms of expecting to find a job immediately after graduation. Why should he? There is no reason why someone straight from University should have priority in the race for jobs over anyone else who can do the job equally well. Let's face it, there are many, many people around who can do a job just as well as a graduate - without the qualifications.

To give credit where it's due, graduates have proved their intelligence in attaining the set level. However, to put this education to good use is another proposition, and with industry becoming more and more specialised, long periods of training - even for graduates, is inevitable.

Ideally, a compromise between post-graduate training in industry and training of non-graduates in industry would be best. Hence the idea of the Sandwich Course. Surely, education in the future should take this form.

# Letters to the Editor

May I take this opportunity through these columns to thank my friends and colleagues for the gifts during my present illness. Pleased to say that I am now making steady progress back to good health.

Ron Fletcher

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For the benefit of those whose eyes are still recovering from the shock of last month's edition, a letter from a sympathiser:

Sir,

Re your front cover (May '71), and with apologies to Sir. W.S. Gilbert:

"It may very well pass for a photograph in the dust with a light behind it."

Yours faithfully,  
(signed) Cross-eyed

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### 1. The Link

"The Link" publication is concerned with all activities within the BICC group, and, therefore, all its employees.

Just lately, however, there has been concern expressed that very little mention has been made of either Alperton or Wood Lane. In all fairness to the staff at "The Link", I should point out that news that has not been printed in the past was not made available to them through the proper channels - if at all.

So, if you have something that you feel ought to go in the "Link", contact Ted Morrison (Rubber & Plastics Dept., 333) personally, he will do the rest.

Ed.

### 2. B.T. Circulation

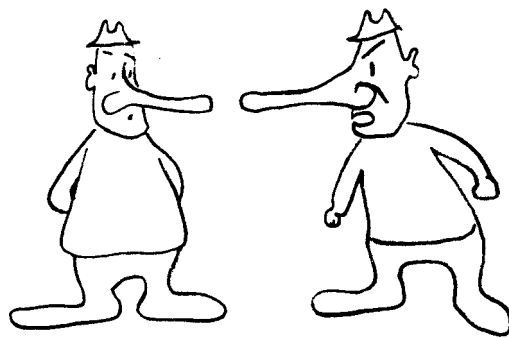
If anyone is retiring at any time, or if anybody knows of someone unfortunately ill for any length of time, drop me a line and I will organise monthly copies to be despatched directly.

# Fun and Games

Below are two cartoons drawn by that man of many talents, Arthur Boardman. The captions are only there to stimulate further thought. How about giving us at the B.T. your ideas for the captions?



"No, no, we only ran three; it's you who should be facing"



ARE YOU MAKING FUN OF ME?

TRUE

It was just a small fire in paris. 5 fire stations were notified, 15 appliances raced through the streets to the city and 200 firemen leapt into action.

The blaze?

A cigarette end had set alight some feathers in the dressing room at the Folies Bergere - after the girl had shed them.

# Star of the month

**June**



**Gemini**

Heavy cloud and  
oppressive atmospheric  
conditions prevented accurate  
sightings this month.

Unfortunately your prospects aren't  
too good. The resident astrologer suggests  
you change your birthday to last month, as Taurans  
had quite a good month.

Mercury, your guiding planet is moving into a higher  
orbit, and should cross paths with Mars,  
which will bar your way. The whole  
Milky Way is moving through the  
Galaxy, flakes from which  
provide the topic of  
conversation for  
many months to  
come.

Beware of your  
other self!

Happy Birthday, Pauline

# PROBLEM PAGE

The answer to last month's mathematical problem:

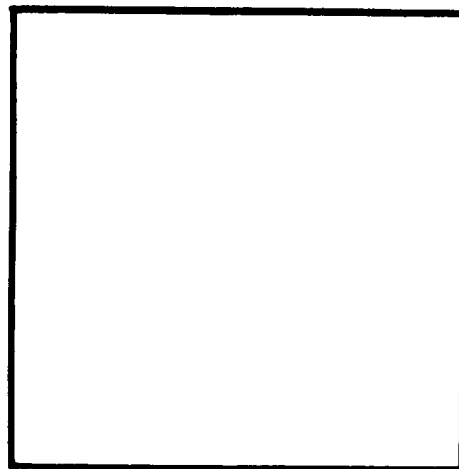
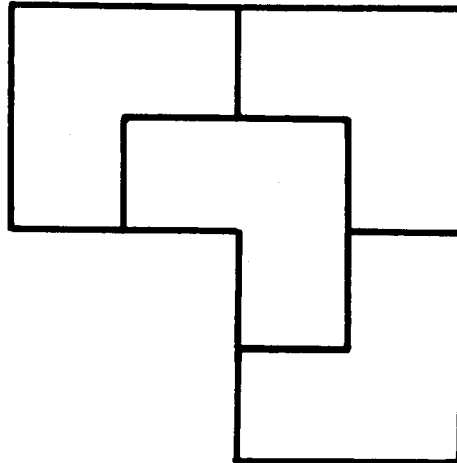
$$\begin{array}{r} 372 \\ 246 \\ \hline 2232 \\ 1488 \\ 744 \\ \hline 91512 \end{array}$$

Easy, wasn't it?

Everyone knows that, given  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a square, the area can be divided into 4 congruent parts as shown below.

But, can you divide a square into 5 congruent parts:

Answer on page 19

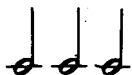




# WHERE MUSIC'S AT

As you know, due to pressures of work at home, ie decorating, there was no W.M.A. last month, and indeed this months is a somewhat scrawny specimen, due again to pressures of other work, ie more decorating.

However there is also the question of, (as poets of old would say), ones consultation with the muse, which tends to be a fluctuating situation, and if inspiration isn't there I'd rather keep my mouth shut. This is in the way of an apology to those of you who like my record reviews - keep sending the money, the ark's nearly finished.



If I could only remember my name

Something new from the Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young alliance is always a welcome event, and Dave Crosby's new solo album is no exception.

The sound is full, sweet, and heavy, one that makes the most of a good stereo; it ought to, along with Dave there's the rest of the outfit plus the delightful Joni Mitchel, not to mention Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead. The line up also includes Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, Jack Casady, and Jorma Kaukonen, all of Jefferson Airplane fame, and a lot more big name rock people.

Jack Casady's bass playing is a consistant highlight of the album, and particularly so on "Laughing", the last track on side one - could make a good test track, that. If, on the other hand, you're of a more whimsical turn of mind, the haunting "Orleons" might just do it to you. (Note for French speaking, music loving readers; I'd really like a translation of the words of "Orleons" c/o B.T.) ta.

Definately four and a half stars.



### Farewell sweet Spirit

Just a few words of appreciation for a great band, who, after (I think) five years together, have recently parted company.

Spirit's first album was released over here early '68; called Spirit it was inventive and accomplished music, a taste of great things to come. "The family that plays together", '69 was a powerful rock album, still today in a class of its own, music of a similar intensity to Neil Young's "Everybody knows this is nowhere".

This was followed by "Clear", a haunting album, very gentle, very subtle, like good wine, or whatever pleases you. In "The twelve dreams of Dr Sardonicus" all the varied elements of Spirit's music came together, an impressive fusion of five years living and playing together. If you never hear Spirit, you'll have missed something that's really rather fine.

Meanwhile, watch out music world, there's five pretty heavy musicians on the loose ....

★ ★ ★

Pretty soon we should have a few words from Shawn Philips adorning our pages. Not next month though, he's off to the States for a month. Heard one of his latest songs a few days back, and as they say in the trade, that lad really gets it on.

Till then ....





# The Page 8½ Column

A monthly miscellany.



## (K)NIGHT ERRANT

After his research in depth into pornography and Soho strip clubs Lord Longford has been made a Knight of the Garter. "It came entirely out of the blue." Lord Longford told the Evening Standard.

## WE'RE NOT ALONE

That well-known young lady Miss Print has been invading the Bush Telegraph Editorial Office (Proof-Reading Section) lately. She appears in most publications from time to time, and the recently re-styled Daily Mail, whilst suspecting that she would continue to pay visits, hoped that her contributions would be less frequent than before. Some splendid examples of previous daily Mail boobs were reported, including one beautiful headline to a Rugby League report, which read,

WIGAN SHOVE  
BOTTLES UP ST. HELENS

We knew that Rugby League was a tough game, but really .....

## GRAFFITI (CANTAB)

From the University walls at Cambridge comes the following intellectual graffiti.

"Oedipus - come home, all is forgiven - Mummy."

Underneath some equally witty scholar had added.

"Over my dead body - Daddy."

## DEPT. OF WOMEN'S LIB

That august body The Royal Institution of Great Britain still has some difficulty in accepting the fact women have been firmly entrenched in the sciences for many years. Olive Drage has sent us an envelope from the Institution addressed to,

Miss O.L. Drage, Esq. BSc, FRIC

Ah well ladies, keep burning those bras.

# Brew it yourself

by Terry Watkins

If you are lucky enough to have a garden full of nettles, you should try getting something more out of them than just a load of compost. By picking the tops off the nettles (preferably young ones) during the course of your weeding, you can make yourself a gallon of super nettle wine fit for any occasion.

## Ingredients:

Young nettle tops	2 quarts (lightly pressed down)
Sugar	$3\frac{1}{2}$ lb
Lemons	2
Root ginger	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz
Yeast and Yeast nutrient	

## Method:

Rinse the nettle tops in water and drain. Simmer then in water with the bruised ginger and the peel from the two lemons (exclude any white pith) for about 45 minutes. Allow to cool slightly then strain the liquor on to the sugar in a bucket. Make up to about one gallon with cold water, add the juice of the lemons, the yeast, and yeast nutrient. Leave, closely covered, in a warm place, stirring every day for four days then transfer the liquor to a fermentation vessel and fit a fermentation trap. When the wine begins to clear, siphon it off the sediment into a clean vessel, add a campden tablet, refit the fermentation trap and siphon the wine into bottles when completely clear (about 3 months).

For a sweeter wine add an extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb sugar to the wine when transferring it from the bucket to the fermentation vessel.

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Two Irishmen opened a bar in a village in Ireland and did very badly.

Paddy said to Mick one day:

"We might do better if we opened a brothel"  
Disgustedly, Mick turned and said  
"If we can't sell Guinness, how the hell d'you think we'd sell broth?"

# Abbeville, S.C.

Abbeville S.C., not to be confused with Abbeville G. which is across the border in Georgia, is a small town in the north west corner of South Carolina and claims to have been the last Confederate town to surrender during the American Civil War.

Typical of the smaller towns in this area it is set in fairly open, gently undulating country which is clothed with a mixture of pines, rather coarse grassland and cotton fields. The soil is a heavy bright red clay, rather reminiscent of parts of Devon, giving poor drainage and the roads are heavily cambered and flanked by deep gulleys to carry off rainwater. Although wise and well surfaced, the heavily cambered roads and the gulleys are not suited to snow conditions and when it snows the fun starts!

During my stay in this area, in March this year, we had a week of sub zero night temperatures culminating in a blizzard which produced 4 inches of snow in a few hours. This amount of snow is very unusual in S.C. and produced immediate traffic chaos. The locals have no idea of how to drive on snow, since they rarely get enough to practice on, and their approach to the problem borders on the fatalistic. They just freeze to the wheel and drive straight off the road into the nearest ditch. A few of the more enterprising souls just abandon their cars anywhere and anyhow and collect them later when its all over. One night returning from the General Cables plant, which is about 15 miles outside Abbeville, we passed over 50 abandoned cars in twenty miles. The following day returning along the same road in a mild blizzard we watched the car ahead of us drive slowly off the road and turn on its side into the gully where fortunately it stopped a few feet short of a ravine leading down to a pine forest. We rescued, unhurt mother and baby daughter, salvaged the weeks' groceries and mother's wig, which was still on its wicker stand, and took the lot home before returning to work.

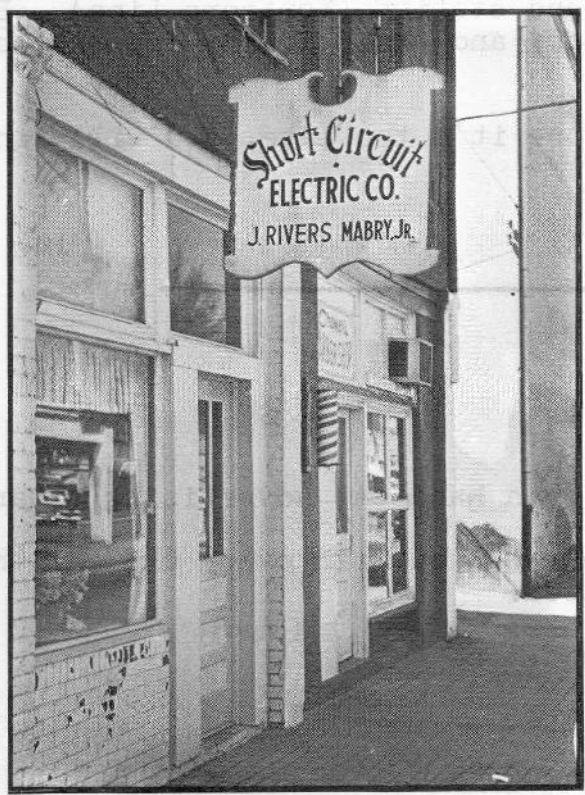
The local architecture presents interesting contrasts and I wish I had had time to record it photographically. Buildings are either of brick or weatherboard and beautifully preserved and badly decayed examples of both can be seen, usually side by side, which makes the contrast all the more striking. The finest brick buildings are inevitably churches or chapels of which there are many for this is strong Baptist country. Demon drink has been firmly put down by making the state "dry" but contrary to what one might expect this does not legally forbid the consumption of liquor. In fact there seems to be a great deal of consumption but it is all in private or in the local paternity clubs such as the "Elks", "Buffaloes" etc. Hotel residents may take beer with meals, except on Sundays when only soft drinks or beverages are permitted.

How then do the alcoholically inclined survive? Quite simply they call in at "waterin holes" a polite name for the Government Liquor Stores which are usually fairly rough shacks located outside the town where they do not offend the eye. "Waterin holes" close at sundown but beware of that term. The one at Abbeville lies in a hollow and when the sun goes down behind the hill - that's closing time! All forms of spiritous brews are on sale but cannot be consumed either on the premises or in any public place. In S.C. you must get pickled in private or be an "Elk" or "Buffalo" etc.

I did not stay in Abbeville but about 10 miles south of it at the "Abbevilla Motel" - a comfortable little place run by the Menenites who are a German/Dutch religious order. No food was served here but "Yoders Dutch Kitchen" also run by the order, provides all that is required except on Sundays when one has to go further north or south to eat.

The accompanying photo was taken on passing through Abbeville when we stopped for gas at the first "BP" filling station in this area. The Short Circuit Electric Co." is just round the corner and presented a wonderful target for my venerable folding Retina II. To judge by the interior of the shop, as seen through the window, business was not exactly brisk which is probably not surprising considering the service offered. However "Junior" continues to follow in his fathers footsteps and could it be I wonder that he receives a subsidy from the local natural gas utility which is locked in deadly competition with the electric utility?

Finally a few impressions of the inhabitants. They are quiet, reserved, polite and to a stranger most helpful. The language does not present any particular difficulty as it is spoken slowly with a charming drawl and well rounded vowels. Shopping is a pleasure and the shopkeepers and assistants will go to endless trouble to see that the customer is satisfied. The full salutation on leaving a shop or cafe' is usually "come back again yew orl" but this is often abbreviated to "come back again". "Yew orl" seems to apply to any number of persons. On the surface at any rate both white and coloured folk live in complete harmony and whilst the standard of living of the former is obviously in general better this is by no means universal. Unemployment in S.C. reached 6.5 percent whilst I was there and the local cotton mills are slowly closing one by one. They have their problems too.



By G.B. Wills

## STEAM TO YORK (SINGLE)

Lord Eccles, Minister with special responsibility for the Arts, has announced that a National Railway Museum is to be established at York (188 miles from Kings Cross). He has further announced that the Museum of British Transport at Clapham is to close "within 12 months".

The pros and cons of the move were vigorously debated, both in and out of Parliament and the Press, before the decision was taken, even to the extent of provoking Archbishopal comments. Many people will regard the outcome as victory for the North and defeat for the South. But whatever one's feelings the implication of the move is unquestionable - if you live in or around London, and have the slightest affection for steam engines, royal railway carriages and general railwayana, then you have less than 12 months in which to take the short trip to Clapham, rather than the long haul to York.

One feature for which the new plans do not cater is the London Transport collection of historic buses, coaches, trams, trolleybuses, maps, photographs and posters which currently occupy one side of the museum. These will have to be stored pending the acquisition of a new site - though it is feared that one may not be available for many years. Here then is another reason for quickening your steps towards South London.

The Clapham Museum is open Monday-Saturday, 10.00 - 17.30, admission 15p adults, 10p children. In all probability there will be one more "Open Sunday" (in October) when the normal rules are waived, and little boys (and girls and adults) can clamber over "Mallard" or the "Feltham" tram or any other of the major exhibits. On these occasions many Railway and Transport Societies mount their own exhibits and stalls.

The Museum is in Clapham High Street about 150 yards from Clapham Common Underground station (Northern Line). Buses 17, 45, 85, 155 and 181 pass the door, and Nos. 35, 37, 118 and 189 pass Clapham Common Station.

Please go before it's too late, you will find the effort well rewarded.

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Recently seen on a hand-out advertising a Garage:

"Free - your car washed with every 6th gallon purchased."

Surely water would be better?

# Cook's progress

## FRIED RICE

(Two Persons)

### Ingredients

1 Cup of Rice (Vasmati Rice)  
2 Cups of Water  
1 Teaspoon Salt  
2 Teaspoons Butter  
Jeera (Caraway Seeds)  
2 Cloves  
Cardimum Seeds

### Procedure

Wash the Rice  
Put a Saucepan on Cooker  
( Add Butter  
( Add Jeera (Caraway Seeds)  
( Add Cloves  
( Add Cardimum Seeds (after taking off the skin)  
( Fry for  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 Minute

Add Washed Rice  
Add Salt  
Fry for 1 Minute  
Add Water and Cover it  
Let Water Boil  
Put it on low heat until all water evaporated  
Rice is ready to serve

To add colour to your rice, take a bit of colouring (special food colouring which you can buy from Indian Shops) and mix it in a tablespoon of water, when the rice is ready to serve, pour the colouring in the corners and the middle of the rice, then mix the rice very lightly to give the effect of the rice being different shades of orange.

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## WHIST DRIVE

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

1st Mr. Digby (Dinner Plates)      2nd Mrs Digby (Mixing Bowls)  
3rd Mrs Dawson (Pyrex Dishes)

1st Half Denis Townsend (Pyrex Dishes)  
2nd Half Mrs Baacker (Cups & Saucers)

Booby: Mr. King      Raffle: Miss Fennemore

The next Whist Drive will be held in September.

## WHERE MUSIC'S NOT AT

Being barely able to distinguish a minim from a hotpant makes me eminently qualified to act as your roving correspondent on music matters on odd occasions. One balmy Thursday evening in mid-May was certainly such an occasion. The German Institute, instigators of what I will attempt to describe in the next few paragraphs, called the event quite aptly Wandelkonzert; which in case you don't know literally translated means wandelconcert.

The first thing to bear in mind is the spacial feeling of this event since there were so many performances taking place at the same time, (see Fig.). The Institute is in one of those places that one sees in all the best spy films, with a large front door that in the film is opened by a thug acting as butler who leads the hero-agent into the study to meet a heavy browed-bearded man who is the brains on the other side, meanwhile being watched by two athletic heavy men from the staircase halfway between first and second floor.

Halfway between first and second floor on a staircase now fairly well packed with people I found myself waiting for the first item on the programme to begin. Scheduled as the Scratch Orchestra, (and having heard them perform before on the BBC 2) I waited with interest as below me several people grouped together began plucking at metal combs. As an experienced metal comb plucker myself I could appreciate some of the niceties of the playing, particularly the leader of the group, a rather bald man of about ...

"... - it's a long way up!" remarked one of the performers looking up to the third floor where he was to perform. He was carrying an old oil can (about 5 gallons) an old balustrade and a used brown paper bag. When he reached the third floor he started to bang the can with the wooden balustrade at fairly frequent, but irregular intervals sometimes interposing the paper bag between the two. I didn't like it.

In a room which I took to be the directors office (where else?) someone had dumped the contents of a typical suburban dustbin. The room was darkened except for the light from a candle in the centre of the rubbish and whatever light squeezed back from an 8 mm movie film projected on to one wall whenever it could find its way beyond the seemingly constant stream of people who walked in front of the projector. Several people were squatting around the rubbish. They dropped nails into glass jars, scraped wire netting, flicked bits of broken bottle with bits of metal. Lots of people were sitting around listening to them. I think the film was of a tree in bloom. Brigit Burtchardt was a lovely woman.

In the library, - not a large room, about a million watts of amplified guitar by Comet plus Liz-an amateurish go-go dancer even by my standards - surrounded by shelves full of Das Bauhaus, Deutschlands Geschichte and Kranich Mit Dem Stein. So loud that I couldn't hear it.

My friend with the oil can now banging his way down to the first floor.

While I make my way to the third to take in the Harmony Band. This comprised a group of very solemn people playing a bowed banjo, a recorder, a violin and a toy xylophone very very slowly - drawing out

one note for longer than would seem healthy. Harmony it may be but no melody as I know it.

Out in the rather lovely square at the rear of the building festooned with abstract banners, a group are incanting, tinkling, percussing and giggling, others are clicking black, expensive looking cameras at them.

My friend with the oil can is there, he's kicking it along now and finally he disappears away into the far corner and out of the garden.

In the main hall lots more people are listening to Intermodulation, some others are clicking cameras. Young hotpants are buying coffee in the little annexe - there are two ladies who, swathed from head to toe in black garb covering even their faces are aimlessly wandering around. One is carrying a bunch of leaflets as though they were an unexploded bomb, the other - quite independently is meandering through the throng like someone out of last year in Marienbad and muttering harshly under her black veil - I catch a word as she shrugs past me - "- independent politics".

\* good weather

Time and Space

Classroom D (3rd floor)	Quiet (armchairs)		
Classroom C+ (3rd floor) or A (basement)	AMM (I)	Private Company (J)	
Room E (3rd floor)	The Harmony Band (K)	cpe. (H)	
Terrace* or Classroom C (3rd floor)	Group A (A)	Group M (M)	Gavin Bryars and his Orch. Portsmouth Sinfonia (F)
Director's Office (2nd floor)	Birgit Burkhardt (D)	Günther Becker (F)	Howard Skempton (L)
Library (1st floor)	Comet (C)	P. T. O. (G)	Comet (C)
Main Hall (Ground floor)	Intermodulation (E)	John Tilbury (O)	Gentle Fire (N)

8 p.m.  
8.15

8.35

8.45

8.55

9.05

9.15

9.25

9.35

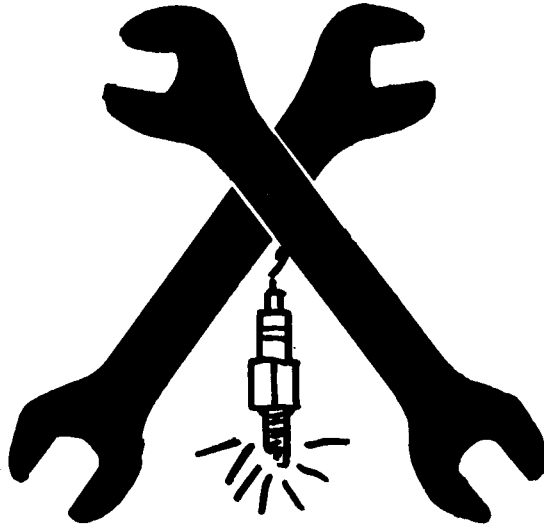
9.45

The GREAT LEARNING Para 3

Shrapnel Wood and Metal Band will perform unscheduled (P)



# Motoring Section



Since the last notice in December a considerable number of items have been added to the Section's list of tools and gadgets. The complete list now is:-

- (1) Colourtune (Carburettors)
- (2) Timing Light (Stroboscopic Ignition Setting)
- (3) Compression Tester
- (4) Greasegun (Nubrex 2000 psi)
- (5) Jacking Ramps and Axle Stand
- (6) Hydraulic Bleed Valve
- (7) Tappet Adjuster
- (8) Battery Jump Leads
- (9) 'Elora' 30 Piece A/F Spanner Set  
Sockets, Rings and Open Ended
- (10) Valve Spring Compressor, Grinding Tools Etc.
- (11) Torque Wrench (Uncalibrated)
- (12) Twin Carburettor Synchroniser (SMC)

Some of these are very good, and some aren't, but they are all available to any member of the Social Club for a nominal sum.

A number of Workshop Manuals are also available from other club members:

BMC 100 Series  
Commer Cob (Hillman Minx Van)  
Ford Cortina MKS I and II  
Ford Escord (Latest Model)  
Hillman Imp  
Morris Minor (Most Models)  
Triumph Herald, Spitfire, Vitesse Range

For any information contact Graham Taylor (Chem. 322).

## SKID CORRECTION

A number of people have expressed an interest in a visit to the Ealing Skid Pan situated on the Western Avenue. I have already tried this for myself and I think it is a very instructive and entertaining hour.

Quoting from the Ealing Council Road Safety Officer's blurb who takes the instruction quite seriously. "The principle of operation is for pupils to be taught by a qualified instructor in a car provided by the Council. In order to make the scheme self-supporting, with reasonable charges to the public and, because actual driving under such conditions can only be maintained for a short period, pupils will be taken three at a time, one driving 20 minutes, giving a total of one hour's instruction for all three, the charge for which will be £1.0.0 per person per session. The first session commences at 9.30 a.m. and the last at 4.00 p.m., Monday to Saturday inclusive.

Anyone wishing to go to the Skid Pan should hold a current "Substansive licence", and contact me (GCT, 322), and I will try and arrange a visit.

## **Table top navigation trial**

RE: LAST MONTHS "TABLE TOP" RALLY

In section (1) a number of people "ran out of road" after the borstal institution! This was not due to bad driving but an error in the route card (don't blame the ed.). The final line in fact should have read, "FL, TR@TJ, SO at main road past Ambrose Farm, FL, TL@XR, BR, FR, TL@TJ, SO@XR, TL (rev fork), TR@XR."

## **Badminton**

Because a number of people have asked to play badminton during the summer months, a supply of shuttlecocks are now available. Tuesday, so far, seems to be the most popular evening. Will anyone who wishes to play, please contact Annette Mattock, Ext. 243.

Current business conditions: Things are more like they are now than they have ever been.

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After a farm narrowly missed being blown up by a quantity of gelignite which failed to detonate, a police spokesman was quoted as saying:

"When gelignite swears it is extremely volatile"

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Notice observed in a ward in a Glasgow hospital:

"Only two people to each bed. Time limit  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour"

For hygienic reasons?

# a ads s

MISSING

A blue, B.T. distribution folder answering to the name  
of PED.

If found, please return to the Editor of the B.T.

Answer to problem on page 6
