

BUSH TELEGRAPH

Bush Telegraph

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Bush Telegraph

MAY 1973

Bush Telegraph

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BUSH TELEGRAPH
MAY '73
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Magazine Wood Lane's Club

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Cover: Creation by Richard Hammond

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EDITORIAL

This is yet another bumper Edition of the Bush Telegraph.

We have more than our fair share of long articles - let's hope this trend will continue, and that you enjoy reading them.

We also feature a new competition, in the form of a Mathematical Crossword, as well as the usual articles.

You will notice a single page supplement inside your copy of the B.T. We on the Editorial Board are trying to find the correct combination of types of material to print for you. It is important, therefore, that you (yes, YOU) fill in the opinion poll and return it to us. We do feel this is important, and hope that you will cooperate with us in this matter (besides, A4 size makes lousy paper airplanes).

Next month we will be holding the first in a series of Photographic Competitions. Photographs suitable for the front cover of the Bush Telegraph will be the subject of the competition. We do not have any rigid ideas on what should be a cover photograph (within reason) - so, use your imagination, get out and about and take some snaps for us. Remember, we give you £1 for a cover photo, and there will also be a prize for the competition.

Are you a member of the Social Club?

A Funny Thing Happened on the way to the Colosseum

A funny thing happened on the way to the Colosseum. Chariot parking at the colosseum was getting worse and all the plebeians were having problems in finding a chariot space due to the in consideration of some placing their chariots anywhere so that they did not miss any Christians by being late. The problem was made worse by many of the centurions invariably arriving last because, even though the Emperor did not like them being late, if any of the plebeians were late, they ran the risk of being banned from the colosseum for ever. The chaos was made worse by the large numbers of broken spears, shields and other fighting paraphernalia that were stored in the colosseums surrounds that were difficult to circumnavigate. Also, the large chariots that brought the lions and Christians to the arena and took away the empties could not get near enough to deliver and collect their goods. So at this the Emperor intervened and decreed that all the plebeians and centurions should have written authority to park their chariots, but this did not make any difference and the situation became so bad that lion and Christian deliveries were held up and the shows were late starting. Then soldiers had to erect barriers so that the large chariots would get through to deliver. And when challenged, the plebeians said "We did not know that deliveries were made" and the centurions said "We have got to park our chariots somewhere and all the chariot spaces are taken when we arrive at the "colosseum". All the while, young charioteers were racing around the colosseum trying to find spaces and there was nearly as much sport outside the arena with people being knocked down as there was inside!

Then one day Vesuvius erupted and scattered lava and ash all over the plebeians chariots causing scratches, dents and horses to be lame. The Emperor said of this that "it is an act of the gods in return for your bad chariot parking" and all the plebeians and centurions were afraid that the gods might take more revenge, so from that day the chariots were parked in neat rows and this allowed deliveries of Christians and lions to be carried out unhindered, and everybody was happy. And so, from that day to this, you will see the following written on a large sign outside the Colosseum:

A chariot parked in line gets you there before nine.

AND

Too many chariots spoil the Colosseum. .

Answers to Round Britain Quiz.

We received 10 replies all of which were correct. 7 of these came from the Metallurgy department. The name drawn out of suitable container was F. S. Walker.

Now for the answers

1

A	B	E	R	D	E	E	N							
L	O	N	G	L	E	A	T							
C	A	E	R	N	A	R	V	O	N					
L	Y	T	H	A	M	S	T	A	N	N	E	S		
C	A	M	B	R	I	D	G	E						
O	X	F	O	R	D									
D	A	R	T	M	O	U	T	H						
I	S	L	E	O	F	W	I	G	H	T				
W	H	I	T	S	T	A	B	L	E					
C	R	E	W	E										
S	T	R	A	T	F	O	R	D						
G	L	A	S	G	O	W								
S	U	T	T	O	N	C	O	L	D	F	I	E	L	D

14

L	E	A	M	I	N	G	T	O	N	S	P	A
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Towns

Associations

1

A	N	G	U	S							
A	N	I	M	A	L	S					
C	A	S	T	L	E						
E	R	N	I	E							
I	N	S	T	R	I	M	E	N	T	S	
I	S	I	S								
N	A	V	A	L	C	O	L	L	E	G	E
N	E	E	D	L	E	S					
O	Y	S	T	E	R	S					
R	A	I	L	W	A	Y	S				
S	H	A	K	E	S	P	E	A	R	E	
S	H	I	P	B	U	I	L	D	I	N	G
T	E	L	E	V	I	S	I	O	N		

14

W	A	T	E	R
---	---	---	---	---

Answer

S	I	R	I	S	A	A	C	N	E	W	T	O	N
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

(3)

The B.T. Mathematical Crossword

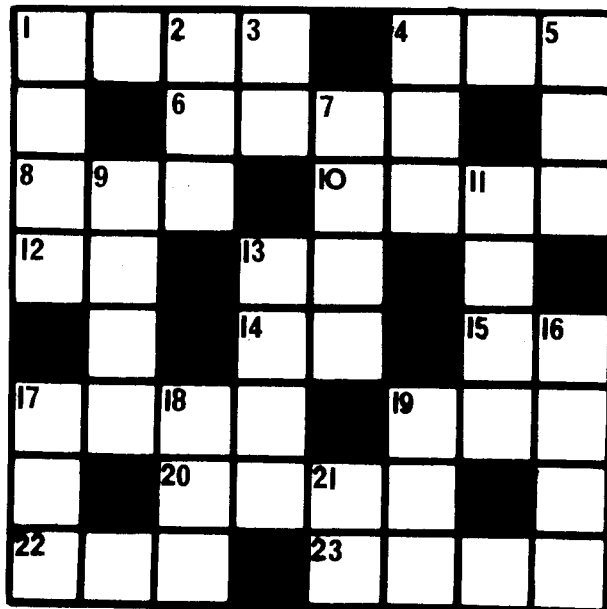
We would like to thank the person who provided us with this puzzle. The answers to the clues, on the opposite page, are all numbers which fit into the box below.

When completed please return to the Editor by 18th May 1973.

Good Luck!

cut along here

Send to the Editor by 18th May
Name *Dept;*



ACROSS

1. Wilson's relation-one in the eye for Rex
4. Not, up to it
6. Old form of central heating for London
8. When the old penny did come of age
10. Clue less one times three and seeing double.
12. Time and a quarter - not in my day
13. As you go by number
14. Iv'ys a square
15. Dec less may be not with it
17. You logged 130
19. Burning ambition, give us a ring
20. Weak yearling! come again
22. Back up four thou
23. A number of Xenon/Sodium lamps

DOWN

1. A score's off this year
2. IV, returned to the team
3. Chained, by the feet
4. Er! Dieting - nearly
5. No doubt, James, as good as your word
7. 1 oz per gallon - no gms per litre
9. This century no, next and one
11. Are you absolutely certain no. 78 will melt
13. The pies in the oven, set four places
16. The Chiltern's less a week, but may days go on
17. On the metro - inching along
18. No doubt Chlorine had a meaning in Roman times
19. A golf course for non swingers
21. How far for a pole

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

The next section activity will be a portrait session in the Main Hall on 16th May. As usual, complete informality will be rigorously observed. We expect to get into full swing any time after 5-45 pm (opening time). If you're the least bit interested in drinking, watching the colour telly, photography or being photographed, then come along and join us in what should be a relaxed and enjoyable evening. Or if you require any further coaxing or information, ring Arthur Boardman on 311.

History of Wood Lane

CHAPTER TWO - THE WOOD LANE POWER STATION

The Power Companies - Cables - Substation -
Capacity - General Features - 1908 Exhibition -
White City Stadium - The London Power Company

- - -

The turn of the century witnessed the start of building activities on this site, when it was decided to erect a Power Station. At this stage it would be worth considering the reasons why this Power Station was required and why this particular site was chosen (4). In order to obtain the full picture it is necessary to go back to 1888 which saw, among other events of that year, the formation of the Kensington and Knightsbridge Electrical Lighting Company Limited. This Company, which had taken over the old Kensington Court Company, soon expanded and started supplying electricity to the districts from which it took its name. However, to carry on efficiently, the Company soon found that a second generating station was required and one was established in Cheval Place in 1890. All went well until 1895 when, as in the case of many of the early Power Stations, a serious fire broke out at Kensington Court, resulting in damage estimated at £6,000. By 1898 the load on both stations was something like 1,000 kW and it was evident that a further generating station would be required to cope with the growth of the undertaking. Unfortunately, it was impossible to expand the existing plants due to lack of space and the fact that, being in a residential area, any increase in capacity would have caused a public nuisance.

In addition, a neighbouring concern, known as the Notting Hill Electric Lighting Company, were finding themselves to much the same difficulty, with the result that both Companies were looking for a new location in the West London area at the same time.

About this time a piece of land at Wood Lane, comprising about 13 acres, had been acquired by the Kensington Vestry for use as a depot (5). It was this piece of land that both electric light companies had noticed, and consequently an approach was made to the Vestry to consider selling a portion of it. Negotiations resulted in the Vestry selling $3\frac{1}{4}$ acres of the site jointly to both Companies, so that the erection of joint generating works could be carried out. This move received the Royal Assent early in 1899 with the result that the Kensington and Notting Hill Electric Lighting Company was formed.

By September 1899 the land had been acquired and a roadway to the site constructed. The excavations for the Power Station's foundations were started in December 1899 and the first engine and alternator were in use for testing cables by 20th October 1900. The first current was actually sent through to Kensington three days later; that is, after only 10 months from the commencement of excavations.

It is of particular interest to note (5,6) that the cables carrying the supply to the Company's districts were of a new design, the now well-known "sector" or "clover leaf" construction, which had been patented by Ferranti in 1892. Of even more interest to us is the fact that these three-core, 5250 Volt cables were manufactured by the British Insulated Wire Company of Prescot and the Wood Lane installation was the first recorded examples of their use in England (6).

A further point worthy of note is that the cooling (situated where the Faraday building now stands) was lined with concrete and "Callender's bitumen sheeting". (See Chapter Three).

The Power Station was constructed to generate high tension, three-phase current to be transmitted to substations belonging to both Companies. Believe it or not, but one of these substations was situated in the vaults underneath the Albert Memorial : : (4,5).

These vaults were quite roomy, and fairly well lighted by windows, but were rarely, if ever, used and were excessively damp and dirty. Ventilation presented something of a problem since it was stipulated that the windows should be permanently closed to prevent the escape of noise and ventilation shafts were prohibited for the same reason. Eventually, a large fan was installed to force fresh air into the vaults at slight positive pressure, whence it escaped via a number of small outlets. In order to dry the vaults, hot water pipes were erected round the walls.

The Company took possession in April 1900 and within six months the machinery was in operation, in spite of difficulties of erection caused by the lack of head-room for a crane, and a veto against fixing anything whatever to the steel columns supporting the arches roof and the weight of the equipment which had to be man-handled.

It is perhaps not generally known, but the opening of the Wood Lane Power Station (4) was of historical importance, inasmuch as it provided the earliest example of high voltage, three-phase current generation and transmission in the country, although it was soon to be overshadowed by the larger 11,000 Volt, three-phase station of the Charing Cross Company at Bow. The original scheme for generation at Wood Lane had involved generating and transmitting at 6600 V., but the Board of Trade had other ideas, the result being the generation of 5000 V. (6600 V. was considered to high for safety). In actual fact, the Company did not generate 6600 V. until 1937 when it was raised to be in accordance with neighbouring supplies.

A plan of the Power Station published soon after it opened (5) shows a number of interesting points. In an endeavour to complete the picture in the reader's mind, let us list some of these features and point out the latter-day structures, if any, which have replaced them and which are familiar to Wood Lane personnel.

First, and until it was demolished in 1958, most obvious was the chimney. This was originally 210 ft. high but was shortened in comparatively recent times. The foundations were taken down 26 ft. and the chimney stood on a block of concrete some 36 ft. square and 10 ft. thick. Reference (5) gives details of its construction, but suffice it here to say that it was built of brick and that the bore was 11 ft. throughout. The plan shows also the position of a second shaft alongside the first, but this never came to be.

In approximately the position of the old Machine Shop, at the eastern end of the present lawn, stood what was termed the "economiser house" and the water softening plant and beyond this, where the Faraday building now stands, was the cooling pond as has already been mentioned. This was 100 ft. long by 60 ft. wide and 7 ft. deep and provision was made for doubling this later.

The present ground-floor accomodation used by the Stores housed coal-chutes and mechanical stokers, feeding the boilers which were situated in what is now the R & P General Processing Laboratory, and a railway line ran through below the chutes from approximately the position of the present main entrance to HV1. Above the chutes were the coal bunkers, which were not demolished until 1950, when the Rubber and Plastics Laboratory was rebuilt along with the adjacent offices and Conference Room, (now Drawing Office). Above the boiler-house in the present Rubber and Plastics Laboratory were situated two large water tanks holding 55,000 gallons, and beneath the boilers and the stoke-hold ran an ashes tunnel and the main flues, the ashes from the boilers being carried away on a conveyor to a storage tank and from there to railway waggons as desired, while the flue gases were discharged via the chimney. Some of these tunnels are still in existance, though few people know of them. The flue leading out to the chimney was exposed during the demolition of the old Machine Shop and levelling of the site prior to laying out the gardens, as some readers will have seen. It is now blocked off, of course.

A weighbridge, turntable and tipping platform were situated outside the present main entrance to HV1 and from the tipper a conveyor carried the coal up to the bunkers. The turntable was, until the roads were made up, just visible set in the concrete of the yard. Railway sidings ran under the present toilets and the old canteen building (now Workshops) down to the far end of the site and came to light in 1957 when it was necessary to use an oxy acetylene cutter to excavate the foundations for an extension to the then Canteen.

Beyond the boiler-house, which is now the High Voltage Laboratory (HV2) was the engine room, and beyond this again was a fitting shop, next to the roadway on the north side of the site. Above this were, and still are offices. A railway line ran through the fitting shop from another turntable, which again was clearly visible in the concrete of the yard until the roads were made up. This was outside the locomotive shed, which was used as a garage and next door to which was the blacksmith's shop, used as the garage workshop. Both of these have since been replaced by the relatively new garage building. Finally what was then the Pump-room, at the eastern end of HV1 is now occupied by the Cable Accessories laboratory and Dyeline Print Room.

On the plan, the areas now covered by the buildings known as the Machine Shop (HV3) and Metallurgy Laboratory (HV4), and the more recent additions Kelvin and Rutherford are marked out "for future extensions". However, only the first named was completed by the time the Power Station was closed down in 1928. This was the "second part" of the Power Station, referred to below. Its construction was much the same as that of the first part and we will not bore the reader with detail.

During the years that immediately followed the erection of the Power Station, considerable improvements were made in the efficiency of the plant. The original three-phase, 45-cycle alternators were driven by reciprocating engines. Installation of a turbo-alternator of 1000 kW capacity in 1903 completed the first part of the station. Reciprocating machinery was reverted to for the second part, which was started in 1906 with (and we quote from reference (4):) "a 1600 kW slow-speed horizontal cross-compound Sulzer engine carrying a flywheel alternator on the centre of the Crankshaft". The installation of the mouthful afforded an opportunity of gradually raising the frequency of the whole system to 50 cycles. A changeover from reciprocating machinery to turbo-alternators was commenced in 1916 and in 1928, when the Power Station closed down, the latter alone remained, their aggregate capacity being 13,700 kW.

During the early days of the Power Station, various buildings of odd shape had started to appear on the landscape round about. These were built to house the Franco-British Exhibition that was to be held in 1908. At this period relations between France and some of its neighbouring countries had become somewhat strained and it was thought that this exhibition might, in some small way, help to improve matters. The exhibition buildings stretched (and parts still do) from Shepherds Bush underground station across to what was shortly to become the White City Stadium and covered 145 acres. The official opening was conducted by Prince and Princess of Wales and visits to the exhibition were later made by King Edward and the French President.

The exhibition, which was a huge success, was mainly situated on the site now occupied by the new B.B.C. building, and stretched alongside the site of the White City Stadium which was then being constructed. The brains and money behind this venture belonged to the Kiralfy brothers and the exhibition certainly came up to their expectations.

The part of the exhibition which still runs alongside our site was in fact the main entrance to the exhibition. Visitors entered at Uxbridge Road (by Shepherds Bush Central Line Underground Station) and passed through the "eight halls" as they were known, entering the main exhibition site via a bridge over Wood Lane. In those "eight halls" were display and trade exhibits, four halls being devoted to the French aspect and four to the British. The French even had a little wine shop housed ther!

Like all exhibitions, somebody had to complain about something and the "eight halls" were the "something" in this case. It was said (and people who have to shop in "the Bush" at lunch-time will appreciate this) that by the time that visitors had reached the exhibition site via the eight halls and then toured this huge exhibition itself, they were in no fit state to walk all that way back to Shepherds Bush.

The Wood Lane Power Station played its role in this exhibition. According to The Electrical Review (7) careful consideration had to be given to the supply of electricity to the exhibition. In order to ensure practically the illumination of the whole of the building and grounds by electricity only, two independent supplies were arranged, one source being the Wood Lane Station of the Kensington and Notting Hill Electric Supply Company, and the other being the Hammersmith Borough Council's Station in Fulham Palace Road. Full details of the electrical aspects of the exhibition appear in this article together with six photographs of the actual exhibition. Additional photographs and information are housed in the Central Library, Hammersmith.

A few years later a second exhibition was held in these buildings to sponsor Anglo-Japanese relations.

The opening of the exhibition also coincided with the opening of the Underground extension between Shepherds Bush and Wood Lane Stations, the latter being the now derelict building at the end of the drive.

The same year also saw the occasion of the Olympic Games which were due to be held in London. The authorities chose the West London area for the location and, as a result, the White City Stadium was erected. This stadium was soon to witness one of the greatest Marathons of all time when the Italian Dirando was disqualified at the finish - after having just run from Windsor!

Another notable feature of the district at about this time was the serious flooding, which, due to the low level on the once marshy land, occurred from time to time, and from which the Power Station was not immune.

By 1925, so many small electricity companies had sprung up in the London area that Parliament was forced to act. The result was that, in 1925, Electricity Acts were passed to centralise the control of electricity and thus the London Power Company was formed. Among the various Power Stations which this Company took over was the one at Wood Lane. In actual fact, the L.P.Co., leased the Power Station early in 1926 and it remained in operation under this Company until 15th May, 1928, when it was closed down.

Although the London Power Company bought Wood Lane Power Station in December 1930, it remained inactive from 1928 until it was leased by Callender's Cable and Construction Company in October 1931.

REFERENCES FOR CHAPTERS 1 & 2

- (1) Gladstone, F. H. "Notting Hill in Bygone Days", 1924.
- (2) Plan of Parish of Hammersmith, 1895.
- (3) Faulkner, "History of Hammersmith", 1839.
- (4) Parsons, R. H. "Early Days of the Power Station Industry", 1939, pp. 92-96.
- (5) The Electrical Review, Vol. 48, Nos. 1230, 1231, June 21st 28th, 1901.
- (6) Williams, David, "Diamond Jubilee of the Con Edison Underground Cable", p. 7.
- (7) "The Electrical Review", Vol. 62, No. 1, 592, May 29th, 1908.

the FILM column

The forthcoming showing by the film committee, promises to be rather interesting with it's selection of film material from the early thirties; including some advertising films of the time using pre-technicolor colouring techniques.

All this period stuff should set the scene nicely for the main feature, one of the most highly praised works of W.C. Fields, The Bank Dick.

With the Nothing Hill Classic recently completing a month-long W.C. Fields season it seems not unlikely that Fields is due for a revival similar to last years upsurge of interest in the Marx Brothers.

And so it should be, Fields mumbled brand of cynical insanity is truly unique, a work of comic genius which often presents surrealism disguised as slap stick, humanity as a gentle cynicism.

"So on Wednesday May 23,

Don't forget to visit the W.C."

And while on the subject of the Thirties, why not pay a visit to the new exhibition at the London Museum in Kensington Gardens "London in the Thirties"?

ALL CHANGE AT THE ESSOLDO

First there was the Essoldo. Then it was acquired by the Laurie Marsh Group and became the Classic. Now it has changed hands again, the new owners being the Rank Organisation. We are referring, of course, to the cinema on Shepherd's Bush Green sandwiched between the BBC TV Theatre on the one side and the Odeon on the other. As a result of the latest change it has once more been renamed and is now the Odeon 2, the existing Odeon adding the figure 1 to its name.

FILM COMMITTEE NEWS

The new chairman and secretary, who will take over from Ted Morrison and Michael Dennis at the end of the current season, are Tom Ruben and Carol Tilbury.

Preparations for the 1973 Film Poll are steadily going ahead, and it should be distributed with the next edition of 'BT'. The object of the Film Poll is to give you, the members, a say in choosing the films we will show next season. We are sure you will want to help by voting for the films of your choice, and voting promptly.

FILM RECOMMENDATION

Michael Piccoli in Claude Faraldo's THEMROC, "a fantasy of total liberation" (Richard Roud). Don't be put off by the absence of subtitles in this totally original French Film - the dialogue is in no known language but you'll understand every word. THEMROC is showing at the Classic Piccadilly.

Monkey Business

by "Aesop"

Reprinted from the Bush Telegraph, VOL.7, NO.1, Jan. 1961

A little chimpanzee was born in the forest, and his parents were glad, for they loved little chimpanzees. They cared for him well, for they loved him; and they taught him all the lore of the dark forest. They taught him to be brave for he was their son, and they taught him how the world spread out for ever and ever until it reached the edge of the great sky-bowl which curved overhead above the delicate tracery of the tree tops where the monkeys played. They taught him how to crack nuts with his strong little hands, and how to choose the freshest of fruits and the tenderest bamboo shoots which chimps love so much. They taught him these things because they loved him. They taught him, too, to play with other little chimpanzees because play, his father said, developed the body and the character and would make him big and strong like the great baboons.

So the little chimpanzee cracked nuts, gathered fresh fruit and succulent green bamboo shoots, played with other little chimpanzees, and grew. But as he grew the other little chimps grew too; and as they grew they gained in strength and their little games became more complicated, and took them further into the forest. And as they ventured further into the forest greater demands were made on their strength and agility; and as the demands on their strength and agility became greater the little chimp found it harder and harder to keep pace with his little friends.

"I can swing from a bough as well as any, and I am strong" - he cracked a large nut as he spoke to his mother - "but I cannot run in the long grass as they do; nor can I leap between the trees although" - he faltered a little "I can swing as well as any. See!"

He reached up for an overhanging branch and pulled himself up with one hand. His mother fought back a tear because she loved him, and she woke his father with a prod from one of her thumb-like big toes.

"Our little son is unhappy because he cannot run or climb like the other little chimps" she explained sadly. "What shall we do?"

"I have already been called the champion chump of all the chimps" added the little one with a tiny strangled sob.

"You must be brave, by son", said the old chimp, "for there is much in life to bear". Then, looking at the mother chimp, he said "Yes, I think it is time for us to tell him".

Then the two old chimps told the little chimp how, although to them he was the best little chimp in all the world, he was not as other little chimps, they told him how, on the night when he was born, the forest had been laid waste by a herd of stampeding elephants; they told him how, as the ground shook under the thunder of a thousand

tramping feet and the sky resounded to their wild trumpeting, his mother had clung, terrified, to a fork in a giant tree whilst his father had put all the other animals to shame by dancing and jibbering in the trees some distance away to attract the charging herd, and how he had escaped by a hair's breadth by swinging and leaping from tree to tree. They told him how, notwithstanding his mother's ordeal, he was born the most beautiful little chimp that anyone had ever seen. They wept a little as they told him this because they loved him, and then they told him how they had gradually discovered - or learned - or realised - that his little legs had after all been affected by the terrible trauma. They were not supple like the legs of other little apes; his knees were stiff and cumbersome, like those of an elephant.

He looked at them a little reproachfully, "But why" he asked, "did you not have a doctor to make me right"? They can do wonderful things nowadays.

"We had the best doctor that nuts and bamboo shoots could bring to you," explained his mother sadly, "but it was of no avail".

The little chimp wept now because he had been unkind and he knew that they loved him.

"Is all hope to be forsworn then?" he asked. A tear trickled slowly down the puckered little black face.

"Not all hope, my son" said his father. "You might yet see the witch-doctor. He knows many things and understands the moon and the stars".

"What is a witch-doctor?" asked the little chimp, "and why do we not go to him at once?"

And then the old chimp explained that many days' journey through the forest, near where the sky-bowl met the earth, there lived a race of tall beings, not unlike apes, but straight in the body and standing erect on long thin legs. These creatures had little or no hair and covered themselves with the skins of other animals. They also ate the flesh of other animals and were very dangerous. They did not climb trees, but in other ways they were as clever as chimpanzees and could walk great distances. One of them, stranger even than the rest, lived alone in a kind of nest which these creatures called a hut. He knew many things and understood the moon and the stars; he was the witch-doctor, and no doubt he could help the stiff-legged little chimp and make his knees like those of other chimps.

"Then let us go at once" the little one said. "I'll be brave, father, and I can walk for many days through the forest. Really I can". And the little fellow began to gather nuts and bamboo shoots for the journey and to wrap them in a large glistening leaf.

"Wait!" said the old chimp. "We cannot go. Before the witch-doctor will attend you we need money".

"Money! What is money?" cried the little chimp. "Where can I get it?"

So they explained about money; about pence and half-pence; about crowns and halfcrowns; about florins, guineas, gold and silver; they explained how among the long-apes these things were greatly prized how the long-apes would fight for them and sometimes kill; they explained - and they wept because they loved him - how the long apes accepted nothing but money for anything they might do and how, since the witch-doctor was a long-ape, it was useless to go without money.

But the little chimp was beside himself with excitement. He knew! No longer would he weep when the others ran from him. His failing could be explained, and cured too if he had money. He watched the little monkeys swing and leap among the delicate waving fronds of the high trees against the deep, blue glow that was the sky; and his little soul swelled as he thought of the joy that would be his when he would be up there swinging and leaping with them. His whole life revolved round the single idea; he would one day have money and be cured.

Then one day he found a small round brown thing lying on a stone. Greatly curious, he took it to his mother and asked her what it was. She said it was a penny.

"A penny?" he cried. "Long-apes" Money!"

In a flash he was gone. He journeyed many days through the dark forest. He journeyed alone; he was tired to exhaustion; he was frightened by the wild creatures who stalked and roared at night; but he was determined, and always he clutched his penny, the long apes' money, in his strong little right hand.

He approached nearer and nearer to where the sky-bowl met the earth, and as he approached it drew away from him. He was so tired. He thought of his mother and father who would be weeping, because they loved him, and he remembered that they had told him the long-apes were dangerous and should be avoided. But still he kept on. The witch-doctor! He would find him; he would have his knees made strong and supple; he would swing and leap in the high trees with the little monkeys.

At length he came to an open place. It would have taken two or three bounds for a big, strong chimp to reach the little hut from the edge of the trees. The little chimp was strong, but not yet big, and he could not bound very easily. He sniffed the air for dangerous smells and worked round in the long grass. He could see the witch-doctor now, squatting down in his hut performing mystic rites with the entrails of fowl.

He came to the edge of the grass, and then strutted as fast as he could across the clearing to the hut. He knocked on the side near the opening.

"Who is there?" asked the witch-doctor

"It is I, the little chimp," said the little chimp. "I have come for many days through the dark forest and my mother and father will be weeping because they love me".

"I will come out to you as soon as I have finished performing mystic rites with the entrails of fowl", replied the witch-doctor.

A short time later the witch-doctor appeared at the doorway and the little chimp, who had never seen a long-ape before, was frightened.

"What do you want"? asked the witch-doctor in his piping, long-ape voice.

"Please" said the little chimp, "can you give me two ape-knees for a penny?"

Drinks all round

Again this month we are going to have a mixture of pubs in different areas in and out of town.

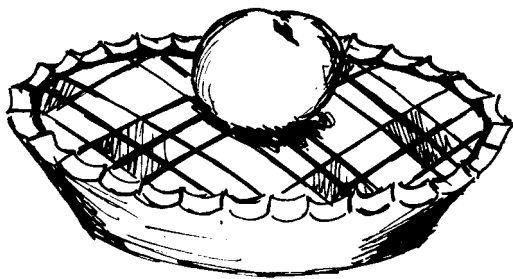
The ROYAL STANDARD of ENGLAND in a very famous old tavern situated at Forty Green near Beaconsfield which although rather difficult to find is well worth the effort. One of the most remarkable pubs in England it is said to have existed in some form or other since Norman times and was for centuries known as The 'Ship until it was granted its present name by Charles II, who used The Standard as a refuge. The atmosphere and decor is as one would expect for a pub with such a fine history, stained glass windows, low beams blackened with age and small rooms in the bar nearest the ample sized or park, whilst the other bar serves snack type meals. The pub is a free house and includes Younger's Tartan in its beer selection which all makes for a very enjoyable visit but be warned that it becomes very crowded at the weekends as one might expect. Finally if anybody has trouble finding it the last Motor Section Navigation Trial finished there, so any of the participants that finished the route should be able to tell you!

Returning to nearer ground the ALPERTON in Ealing Road Alperton near Wembley is one of my personal favourite drinking establishments. Another Schooner Inn with Watneys beer and good steak type meals, the design is based on an alpine chalet having as a central feature a simulation of a village square over looked by bars on various levels. Infact there are three bars and two restaurants which should satisfy most tastes and the car park is reached down a narrow alley by the side of the building.

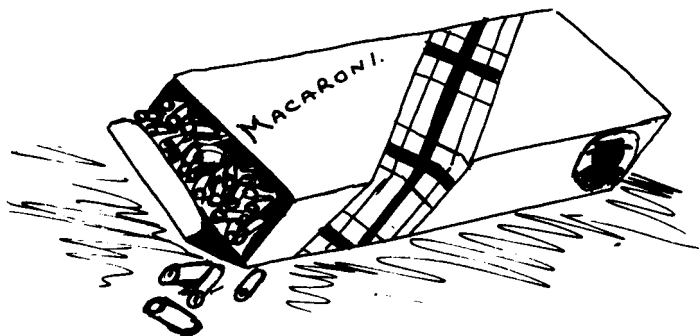
Another place worth a visit; the QUEENS HEAD, Sutton Lane, Chiswick, although a relatively modern building (1920's) the atmosphere is of a typical English pub which is quite pleasant to find in such a suburban area. The interior decorations include copper ornaments that help in providing the atmosphere, the beer is Watneys and I believe that snacks are available at dinner times which provides a flourishing trade.

THE LINK

Any information for inclusion in the June edition of the Link should be sent to R. G. Hammond before the 11th May.



MACaroon



MACaroni



MACabre

A Right Old Carve-up

(a true story) by Mrs P. A. Simmons

"And what's your name lad?"

Tony looked at the old man with apprehension in his eyes.

"What's your name?" Joe the old foreman asked again.

"Tony, sir", Tony answered.

"Well Tony, I'm Joe the foreman, anything you want to know, ask, except for money, dy'er understand"

"Yes", the young boy replied.

"You'll be here 7 years until you finish your apprenticeship, you have three things to remember and look forward to; the first is, when you finish your apprenticeship you'll be sacked, the second, you make your own tools and use them, the third, but not least is on a happier note, you'll sit for your exams each year, if you pass you can go to the top of the tree and at the end maybe a City and Guilds or Silver Trowel, it's up to you." At this point Joe paused for breath "I think old Bill is free, he'll teach you all you'll need to know", Joe weezed, "And more besides."

Tony followed the old foreman over to Bill's bench. So this is the Carver's shop. What a way to begin, knowing in the end I'll get the sack anyway.

"Alo! What you got there then Joe, my new lad?"

Tony smiled at Bill whose face reminded him of an age old prune with a line for every year of his life.

"Yer keep him away from that other skiving lot", Joe answered.

"Come on, yer know you wouldn't change any of them", Bill winked at Tony.

"Alright then, he's all yours".

Joe turned away to all what was going on down the other end of the shop. It appeared later that one of the carvers called Joe Canan had stepped back to admire his work, only he had forgotten that he was ten feet up in the air. George, standing below, caught the full blast and one of Joe's shoes had gone missing.

He spent the next week under the benches looking for it. He never did find it.

Tony spent the first 6 months in the shop making tools and learning the rudiments of what was to be his trade for the rest of his working life. He got on well with the other lads. One lad for one Carver seemed to be the score. As soon as one finished another one came. The standard was high but Tony would not have missed it for the World.

After the first 6 months, Old Joe told him one morning "You're going out with me this morning, watch what I do and don't do it in the shop". He smiled, and when he did so his face seemed more like a dried prune than before.

"Alright, lead on", Tony said.

"Hold on lad, after tea, no one works before tea, specially an Englishman". Joe winked again, he had a habit of winking. Tony followed him to the tearoom. He could hear Mrs. Williams in full voice.

"Come back to Sorrento, COOOMMEEEEee bacck to SSooorrrrEEEEENttttoooooo". The voice rose and fell like a bag of old iron.

"Put a sock in it Mrs W.", Joe shouted above the racket.

"Yer don't know good music when yer hearsit", retorted Mrs W. She slopped the tea into the old tin mugs.

"Aye, but I know good tea when I see it and I don't see any round 'ere". Joe picked up one of the full mugs and moved over towards Mrs W. She backed off.

"Getorf, get away, yer all mad 'ere", she screeched.

"I'm only kidding, Joe said. "Gis' a kiss".

Mrs W. laughed and turned away, but Joe caught her round her ample waist.

There was always something going on, and not always work at that. There were 2 men in the shop that did all the special work. They took a pride in their work and in their capacity for drink. Like the time of the Christmas do. They were so cut that when it was time to go home Jock argued that his friend was not fit to go on his own and he would take him. There was one little thing he had forgotten, he had drunk as much as his friend. As Jock's wife opened the door willy said "I've brought Jock home, e's ad a bit too much", and promptly fell flat on his face, dead to the world.

Tony had been there about a year when it was suggested that he go with some of the men to Birmingham for a big job.

"And don't lead 'im astray", the foreman told them. "I want him here in one piece next week".

Old Joe Caman said "E'll be alright".

"That's all very well, I don't want the job.

I 'ad last time you took a new lad out, having to explain to the police not only why the lad came to be up the lamp post, but 'ow the bike got up there as well".

"It wasn't a whole bike!" retorted Willy,

"No, may be not, but I never did find out how he even got that frame up there."

For Tony, the week in Birmingham passed off fairly uneventfully. He saw neither Willy nor Jock for a couple of days.

When they did turn up he could see that they had been sleeping in their clothes. When the stone block was ready to lift on to the pedestal, Jock and Willy decided it wasn't right and sent for the Brewery horses to lift it up the other way. When they got it half way up, Willy somehow managed to frighten the horses, and off they bolted with him in hot pursuit. Tony was convinced it was intentional.

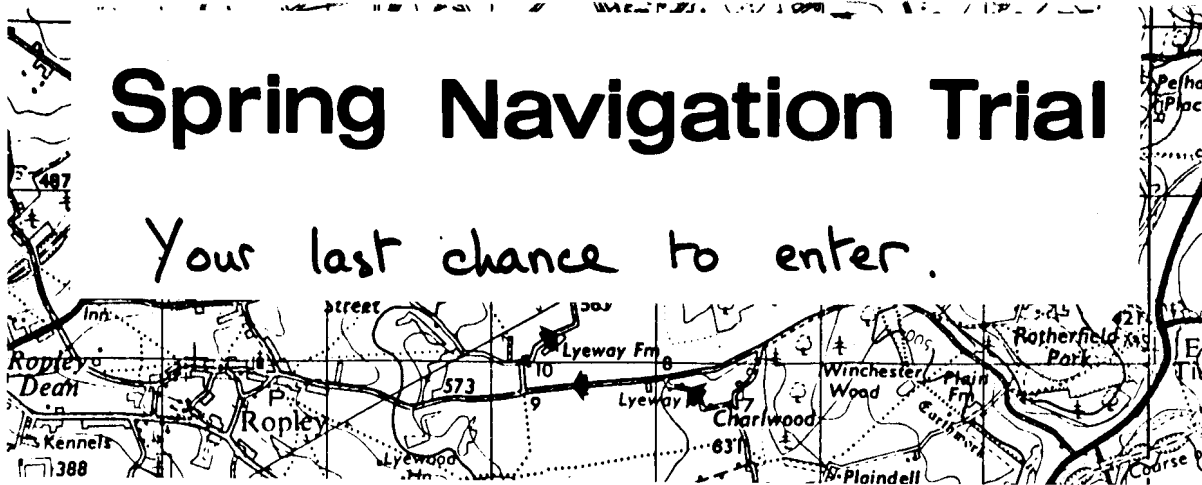
During the following year Tony worked on a number of sites. The carving shop could not survive on its own. Joe had been sent to repair some bad painting on the 4th Floor of some flats that the firm were working on. He had a habit of standing back to admire his work.

Tony was coming up the plank on the 3rd floor after retrieving a trowel that he had dropped. When Joe decided to stand back to admire the job. Joe had forgotten how far up he was and Tony just managed to catch hold of his leg as he went by. After that he was always fenced in.

One weekend, coming home from an outside job they had with them a fellow called Billy Brown. He was so short sighted it was impossible to believe Billy rated himself highly as a ladies man, and some of the lads decided play a trick on him. When the train pulled in at the station, Billy would look for carriages that contained the nicest women and would then proceed to spend the entire journey staring at them - he nearly frightened them to death. Just as the train was leaving, one of the lads called to Billy that he had found a carriage with a likely woman in it. Billy was so short sighted he didn't notice that it was a Ladies only carriage. The train left the station with Billy almost on the woman's lap. She must have had a fit. When the train pulled into the first stop, out jumped the woman with Billy in hot pursuit.

Spring Navigation Trial

Your last chance to enter.



The Spring Navigation trial for the "Nellie Trophy" will take place on Sunday, 6th May. Time 1400 hours for 1430 start O.S. Map No. 159 The Chilterns.

Return entry form ^{immediately} by ~~Friday, 27th April~~ to D. Groombridge or D. Goff.

Driver Tel. Navigator Tel.

I wish to take part but need a *Driver/Navigator

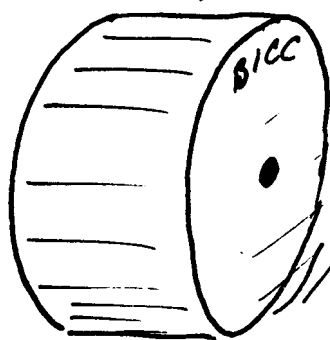
You will need Pencil, Writing Pad, Rubber, Torch, etc.

*Strike out whichever not applicable.



"ROLLING DRUM...?"

"Look When I want a
roll on the drum I'll ask
for it.....!!"



Am

MOTOR SECTION

Revised list of tools and gadgets available on loan to any member of the Social Club.

ITEM	HIRE CHARGE
(1) Jacking Ramps and Axle Stand, 18" lift	10p
(2) Automatic Spanner Set, plus sockets up to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " A.F.	10p
(3) Grease Gun Kit, including many adaption	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ p
(4) Ball Joint Puller, (track rod ends etc.)	3p
(5) Pulley/Gear/Sprocket Puller (8")	6p
(6) Engine Hoist (2000 lb), no supports	3p
(7) Eezi Bleed (Hydraulic brake systems)	3p
(8) Carbalancer (Twin Carbs)	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ p
(9) Colourtune (Mixture adjustments)	4p
(10) Compression Tester	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ p
(11) Vacuum Gauge	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ p
(12) Strobe Timing Light	
(13) Battery Jump Leads	-
(14) Torque Wrench (160 lb/ft.)	2p
(15) Valve Seat Recutting Kit (essential when fitting new valve guides)	9p
(16) Suspension Spring Compressor (Macpherson Strut)	2p
(17) Rotoflex Coupling Compressor (Hillmen Imp)	

The Club also possesses:-

Hillman Minx Series I - V (W/M)

Ford Zephyr Zodiac MkIII '62-66' (W/M)

Ford Anglia, Prefect, Classic, Corsair, and Cortina 59 on (W/M)

Vauxhall Victor F Series 2 W/M

Truimph Herald '59-on W/M

Morris and Austin Mini 59 - on (H/B)

Other manuals are available from their owners on request.

Duckhams Q20-50 Motor Oil is available at 82p/gall.

For any information contact Graham Taylor (322).

bridge section

The sections two teams have now completed all their fixtures for the 72-73 season, and the only remaining event is the Hammersmith and District leagues Pairs Competition, in which we shall have a minimum of three pairs competing.

The highlight of the season was on the 16th April when the "A" team won the Hammersmith and District League "Knock Out" cup. After the 1st leg of the final against Hammersmith Wanderers the "A" team were trailing by 25 points, and at the half way stage of the 2nd leg were a further 8 points behind. In a sensational 2nd half way managed to convert a 33 point deficit into a 22 points victory.

The "A" team playing in the 2nd division of the Hammersmith and District League had gained enough points after only seven of their ten matches to be assured of promotion.

They also finished the season as runners up in the and division of the London Business Houses League.

The "B" team playing their second season in the 3rd division of the Hammersmith and District League were greatly improved, finishing the season with 4 wins, and 2 draws to their credit.

The section will be holding practice evenings on two Monday evening each month.

There will start at 17.45 hours and take place in the Main Hall if available otherwise in the Cafeteria.

All Club members are welcome, with or without partners experienced or unexperienced, also anyone who would like to learn how to play.

The first six practice evenings will be on the following dates:-

14th May
21st May
11th June
25th June
9th July
23rd July

Royal Horticultural Society Chelsea Flower Show

May 23rd - 25th

The Royal National Rose Society Summer Rose Show R.H.S. Halls Westminster

June 29th - 30th

Some tickets are available from F.S. Walker

Anybody wishing to order chrysanthemums should contact F. S. Walker immediately.



**THE
BANK DICK**

WEDNESDAY

MAY

23RD

BICC FILM SOCIETY

PRESENTS

**AN
EVENING
OF
FILMS
OF
THE
THIRTIES**

Profile: Lord McFadzean



ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RETIREMENT
MAY 15th 1973

Published with the Bush Telegraph May '73

THE RT. HON. LORD MCFRADZEAN

On the 15th May, 1973, Lord McFadzean, Chairman of the BICC group will retire after almost 41 years in the service of the Company. In this brief biographical account, it is hoped it will be possible to express our Best Wishes for his retirement and also to attempt an appreciation of his professional career.

Born in 1903, William Hunter McFadzean was educated at Stranraer Academy and High School, and later at Glasgow University, qualifying as a Chartered Accountant in 1927.

He joined British Insulated Cables Limited in 1932, and upon their amalgamation with the Callender's Cable and Construction Co. Ltd. in 1945 was appointed to the Board of British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. as an Executive Director.

18 months later he was appointed Deputy Chairman and in 1950, Chief Executive. For the past 19 years, he has been Chairman.

Lord McFadzean's outside interests have been extensive, including important bank and other directorships, both at home and overseas.

He has also, over a long period, done a great deal of national work and, in addition to serving on several Government and other committees, was President of the Federation of British Industries from 1959 until 1961. Outside BICC he is probably best known for his promotional work on behalf of exporters, at one time being known as "Mr Export".

He first served in this field as Deputy Chairman of the Advisory Council on Middle East Trade, but he will be best remembered as founder Chairman of the Export Council for Europe, in 1960.

After a four year's stint he went on to become, in 1964, founder Chairman of the British National Export Council, followed by another two years, between 1966 and 1968, as President. He remained President of the Export Council from 1964-71.

Lord McFadzean was awarded the Companion I.E.E. in 1956, Knighted in 1960 and was created a Life Peer in 1966.

Lord McFadzean is married, with one son and two daughters.

We extend all our best wishes to him for a long and happy retirement.