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The **BUSH** **TELEGRAPH**

News Bulletin

of the

B. I. C. C. Athletic & Social Club,
Wood Lane, W.12.

BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES LIMITED

ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL CLUB (WOOD LANE)

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Editorial

Not everyone finds it easy to write or tell a good story, but in every community there are a number of people who are so gifted. We cannot all be Scheherazades or Chaucers or even A. J. Alans, and some of us would not want to be anyway. To judge from the pages of the BUSH TELEGRAPH, autobiographers rank high amongst the staff at Wood Lane. We all, from time to time, have to put pen to paper, whether to answer letters or commit our scientific activity to some more durable form, and it is the latter which is probably the most exacting of all forms of writing. The use of English to state precisely what was done and what happened, and even why, with an economy of words and an overriding clarity of expression is a challenge to any prose writer. It may not come easily at first, but it is worthwhile persevering, because unless ideas can be communicated adequately they lose their value.

A well written report helps the writer as well as the reader, and both will be stimulated to see the investigation more clearly.

AMATEUR DRAMATICS

by

Bottom

Do the words "amateur dramatics" conjure up any pictures in your mind? First and foremost in mine is the memory of bitter abasement and humiliation in kindergarten years at being forced to prance around dressed as a cabbage, with a lot of silly girls in a piece of Lewis Carroll nonsense. I wonder if Montessori realised how her little boys, at any rate, loathed her "constructive play and dance periods" - in front of one's parents too. My experience, anyway, left a trauma which only the passing of many years has healed. Next is the memory of stupefied amazement at the magic that Shakespeare can work - could Ophelia really be that spot-bespattered adolescent from the middle fourth? The transformation I now realise was due to the producer. Then, the post war years with parish pantomimes and my first meeting with a fanatic who drove himself and everyone else unmercifully and taught me more than anyone else I have known - enjoyably too.

Well, what do they conjure up in your mind? If you are like nine out of ten among us the picture is something like this: sketches or one-acters at the parish hall with all your friends/relations/neighbours in the cast (otherwise you, mercifully, would not be there); the continuous, sybillant and oh! so penetrating whisper of the prompt; the agony of embarrassment at seeing somebody 'dry up' on the stage; the hot, stuffy atmosphere and the beads of sweat trickling down the faces of the cast because they, amateurwise, never dream of repowdering their make-up before each entrance; and, finally, the enthusiastic applause, because you must encourage them - poor things, they must have worked so hard - and the mental resolve never, but never, to come again. Amateur dramatics - terrible! And yet, if this is so, it is all your fault. You the audience. If you did not like the play, say so; if you thought Joe Bloggs was miscast, say so. But always make your comments constructive. Think back afterwards and ask yourself "why didn't I like the play?" Was it the writing, the acting, or the production, and why was one of these at fault? Then tell somebody.

It is a common idea that people go in for amateur dramatics to please themselves by appearing on a stage, going

through some motions and then retiring, the audience being mere, passive spectators. Nothing could be further from the truth. Any enjoyment the producer, actor, stage manager or even the wardrobe mistress gets from amateur dramatics comes solely from the audience. An unresponsive audience is bad enough, but an audience that is false, that is uncritical, that pretends to emotions it does not feel (the polite titter, etc.), is gall to the cast. For an audience cannot fool the actors. They know immediately they come on to the stage how the audience is taking the play. Every movement of your feet, every cough, even every breath you take carries some message to the people on the stage. The intelligent actor or actress is constantly monitoring the audience reaction and adjusting his or her performance accordingly. "Oh yes", you say, "we know that professionals do this, but surely amateurs are just not capable of this insight?" Yes, yes, yes, they are, they must be. This insight is the true mark of a good actor and if you do not possess it you are better employed painting scenery or carrying props. "Now see here", I hear another of you saying, "I am reckoned to be a pretty good actor. I got a mention in a B.D.L. area final but I don't possess this gift." To which I answer, "Oh yes you do. Have you never in a play worked to a peak and noticed how quiet the audience has become, that the consumptive in the rear left of the audience has stopped coughing up what is left of his lungs, that the woman in front is no longer being badgered to remove her hat, that for the first time in the play Miss Smith has made an entrance without an accompanying chorus of "That's my daughter, you know - never knew she had it in her" from her mother. Of course you have, and if you really think, you find you notice quite a lot of what goes on in the audience. But it is all subconscious - as it must be if you are to give a successful performance.

Finally, I would repeat my plea to the audience. Be critical and selective, for you are the most important participant in the evening's entertainment. You will also, incidentally, get far more enjoyment out of your visits.

MINUTE NO. 1377

Which is mustard?
Which is not?
What's the colour?
I forgot.
Have you got it?
Is it there?
Where's the mustard?
Tell me, where?
Will you pass it?
Never mind!
The meat is cold:
And I'm behind.
Give us mustard,
Give us more,
Can't afford it?
Are you sure?
Where's the mustard?
Are you able?
Can you find it?
On your table?
That's the custard!
Silly clot!
Which is mustard?
Which is not?

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS TO ME (8)

by

Cedric Stratton

For this month's story I am going to describe an incident in my schooldays. Now schoolboy reminiscences are inclined to be boring to anybody who did not attend the same school, but I make the excuse that this particular episode is not concerned with namedropping and, secondly, has a most pointed lesson to offer to anyone, young or old.

The whole of my schooling was spent in Cornwall, which one can easily recognise by its ruggedness and the interesting fact that its surface area is much, much larger than it shows on a map. Also, if there are any who have never been there, I would like to advise them that roads in Cornwall do not necessarily lead anywhere. Sometimes they just get lost: or, again as one I have seen, they are paved right up to the very edge of a precipitous cliff, and if you look carefully you can see the small heap of boulders immediately below, marking the burial site of the steam roller's driver and mate.

Many people even after living there for several years are still unaware of these facts concerning the geographic features of Cornwall, which is somewhat fortunate. With so much of its area not actually marked (the best maps of Cornwall are usually drawn on wrinkled paper to suggest the extra area) life for schoolboys was very easy. It was possible to find places which were so wrinkled that even the most perceptive master standing only two or three yards away would fail to observe an errant schoolboy.

One such place existed right in the school grounds, where a playing field had been imperfectly terraced. The imperfection was slight, and one tiny gorse bush stood in front of it; it looked insufficient cover for a prowling cat, yet I have sat there securely hidden from sight, playing pontoon with two friends for our modest threepences, while the school padre stood a few feet away instructing a more junior class amid the unspoiled beauties of nature.

However, the best of all such hide-a-ways that I ever found was about two miles away, down by the river's edge. To reach it, one followed one of those Cornish roads I mentioned, which went to a small fishing haven, then just fizzled out in despair three hundred yards the other side of the village. Over a small hill between trees, over a small stream and up the rough steep side of a cattle field was a beaten footpath, and eventually that just fizzled out as well. At the top of the field was a haystack, and a high stone hedge, which upon mounting at the right point unexpectedly gave one the choice of two fields to alight.

The school cross-country course went this way every year, and this exact route was followed in all the team trials, which took place on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons every Spring. It was our custom, two of my friends and I, to join the first of three trials on these afternoons. We would set off at a cracking pace, and few would be with us at the point where we climbed the hill by the haystack. If there were a few with us, we would put on a spurt, and leave everyone gasping.

We could afford to because as we rounded the haystack we could no longer be seen by others, even only ten yards away, and by choosing the spot to leap the hedge we would alight in the wrong field, and make off at a tangent to the course, quite invisible to followers. As we trailed towards our haven, at a much more dignified and leisurely pace, we thought of the other poor fellows with three more miles to go, and compared it favourably with our own two hundred yards.

Among the pine trees we would walk, down a slight slope, and there was the small cove, paved by nature with flat sandstone. It had a near vertical bank about twenty to thirty feet high, and an odd outcrop of rock in the middle might have been made for a fireplace. There were one or two bushes by the water and a fringe of trees round the edge, mostly pines, of the two most common varieties. Many of the branches came to within a few inches of high water line and protection was almost complete.

Here we used to rest, talking and smoking, and having split the course in two we used to finish the second half in very fine style, even managing a near sprint on the straight slope up to the finishing line.

One afternoon we made a tactical error and finished at the head of the second trial, instead of halfway down, having rejoined the pack of runners too soon. One of us was prematurely invited to join the cross-country team, and we had to explain first that we belonged to an earlier trial, and then why we took so long finishing. The games master accepted our explanation the first time, but twice more he could not understand so easily. Several times afterwards he would complete the course in person, and we managed to elude him only once or twice more. After that it was accepted that we occasionally took an hour and a half to complete the half hour course, and it was looked upon with tolerant good-natured suspicion.

The next Spring was different. The games master was more enthusiastic about joining our groups for the circuit, and try as we might we could not shake him off - small wonder - he had been first in the Loughborough Physical Training College annual cross-country only two years previously. So there we would be, at the head of the field, hounded by Mr. Gibson, unable to deviate an inch from our proper course. With the lead we tried so desperately to establish we were seldom passed again before the end of each trial, usually only by Gibbie, as he went ahead to the finishing line to count us in. That is how two of us made the cross-country team and the third (no sort of athlete - far too bulky) was fit enough to play top-class schoolboy rugby against all expectation.

I must apologise here - I have committed my usual sin of digression. What I meant to tell you about was an occasion in the summer term, between these activities, when we paid a visit to the same spot by the river.

We had built there just above the cove, a rough hut made out of branches and the dead pine needles which carpeted the ground. My companions were in the cove, cooking potatoes, carrots, bacon and eggs, borrowed from some nearby fields and the school kitchen. I was in the hut listening to the test commentary on our small portable. I lit a cigarette and luxuriated in the freedom of everything. Suddenly I smelt burning. "That bacon smells a bit off", I thought, and went on with my relay commentary. A few

seconds later, the hut was ablaze around me. Leaping to my feet with a yell, I took the only course possible, and burst through the blazing side of the hut, scattering branches and leaves, choking with the smoke, a few stray sparks on my clothes, still clutching the portable.

Using the baling tin from the boat we had hired for the afternoon we put out the blaze, but not before the hut itself was lost completely, together with my blazer inside. I was able to retrieve only the metal buttons and a little small change.

Now all this took place after the second world war, and people were very very careful about clothes, what with coupons at two and six a unit. My blazer was soon missed by the second matron. The report I made to cover its absence was not accepted, and my inventive tongue let me down to the extent of three plain, without the option, and he felt first to see if I had any blotting there.

The following week we arrived at the scene of our adventure, and what a sight there was. About a quarter of an acre of ground was burnt black. A sapling about six inches across was leaning over at a crazy angle. Devastation was around us. The full extent was only realised when we saw a favourite tree, an excellent climber some seventy feet high, its trunk severed by fire, suspended four feet of the ground by its upper branches.

Slowly we started to rebuild. Halfway through we were approached by a farmer, complete with leather gaiters and shotgun.

"Oi bain't no fule," he said "Oi seen what you done yere lass week. Oi knows where you'm from, too; Oi'm goin' to tell 'ee 'bout all this yere."

I got another three for that, with moral support from the other two fellows. The moral should be quite plain, and there is only a short post-script to add.

About three weeks later we met the farmer again. Already pine needles were sprinkling the blackened area.

We had a new hut, and a tiny smokeless fire was flickering in the cove, a faint smell of bacon was in the air. The fallen sapling was gone and the larger tree was now on its side, the burnt end freshly sawn exposing white wood. A few months more and everything would be the same again.

"You college boys yere again? Oi told the gaffer 'bout you. Give 'ee a tannin' did 'ee? That'll larn you to put 'un out proper next time eh? Good job 'twasn' corn in that there field eh? Doan madder 'bout this bit moind - tisen' no use anyhow". As he shambled away, shotgun over shoulder, we thought we detected a twinkle in his eye, which puzzled us. We thought more about it as the white sawn end appeared shorter at each subsequent visit. But when the wind was right there was a pleasant aromatic odour from a newby farm chimney and we understood.

SOYA SONG

"Little Soybean who are you
From far off China where you grew?"
"I am wheels to steer your cars,
I make cups that hold cigars.
I make doggies nice and fat
And glued the feathers on your hat.
I am very good to eat,
I am cheese, and milk and meat.
I am soap to wash your dishes,
I am oil to fry your fishes,
I am paint to trim your houses,
I am buttons on your blouses.
You can eat me from the pod,
I'll put pep back in the sod.
The things I do are just prophetic
If by chance you're diabetic.
I'm in everything you've seen
And still I'm just a little bean."

CAB

Ballade for the Tourist

The charabancs to Camelot
 Leave sharp at half past three
 (To pass the tomb of Lancelot
 You pay a trifle extra fee),
 Cruise by speedboat up the Dee,
 Take a trip to Lyonesse,
 Stump up half a crown and see,
 This is genuine - more or less.

This is just about the spot
 Where Canute rebuked the sea,
 Where the seventh earl was shot
 You can have a cup of tea;
 There's an actual live M.P.,
 All the rest are in recess,
 He looked quite human, didn't he, -
 This is genuine - more or less.

Brick by brick remove the lot,
 Have it built in Tennessee,
 At least the Joneses haven't got
 A castle with a pedigree;
 Think of how your friends will flee
 From the monster of Loch Ness
 In your moat filled with Chablis
 Which is genuine - more or less.

ENVOI

Prince, you're as busy as a bee
 In the search for happiness,
 Write a cheque and follow me,
 This is genuine - more or less.

M. G. W.

SPEZIALVOKABULARIUM

A list of pidgin-German terms invented by U.S. Air Force technicians to describe some of the latest equipment and personnel:-

Nuclear research team:	Das whiz-kidden gruppe.
Design team:	Das raundscholder-und-reddischeiz gruppe.
Wind tunnel engineers:	Das huffen-puffen gruppe.
Computing:	Das schlidenruler gruppe.
Project engineer:	Das schwetten-oudter.
Administration:	Das oudtge-schmardten gruppe.
Guided missile:	Das schientifiker geschuterwerke firenkrakker.
Rocket engine:	Firenschpitter mit schmoken-und-schnorten.
Solid rocket;	Das schtick kindli-ker-cigaretten firenschpitter.
Guidance system:	Das schteeren-werke.
Celestial guidance:	Das schruball-ische schtargazen peepenglasser mit komputentracen schteeren-werke.
Control system:	Das pullen-und-schoven werke.
Warhead:	Das laudenboomer.
Nuclear warhead:	Das eargeschplitten laudenboomer.
Hydrogen device:	Das eargeschplitten laudenboomer mit ein grosse hollengraund und alles kaput.

A few of the titles in World List of Scientific Publications (Published by Butterworth):-

Acta Gnathologica.
 Bulletin of the Society of Astronomical Friends.
 Journal of the large Black Pig Society.
 Journal de Mal de Mer.
 Volcano Letter of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association.

Reprinted from "The Observer"
 sent in by Mrs. M. Pellatt.

SECTION REPORTS

For the benefit of new members we are including a list of the principal sections of the Club, together with the names of their Secretaries, who should be approached for further details.

Badminton	Mr. D. Goff	(243)
Bridge	Mr. P. J. Killingback	(249)
Chess	Mr. A. A. Smith	(207)
Films	Mr. A. E. Morrison	(280)
Horticulture	Mr. H. Charman	(221)
Jazz	Mr. J. A. H. Counsell	(235)
Judo	Mr. J. Greenbury	(270)
Motor	Mr. D. A. Taylor	(239)
Music	Mrs. G. Skelton	(209)
Photography	Mr. A. J. Bangay	(243)
Rifle	Mr. B. R. Smith	(206)
Tennis	Mr. M. Dua	(280)
Swimming	Miss C. Roberts	(268)
Whist	Mrs. E. W. Bell	(233)
Recorded Jazz	Mr. A. D. Leggett	(222)
Table Tennis	Mr. J. S. Amos	(267)

TENNIS CLUB

At the rate of progress of the games being played in the Tennis Tournament, it is hoped that the 'finals' will be held in the first week of September.

The winner will receive a cup which may be kept for a year and a medal that can be retained.

Progress of the tournament can easily be followed by reading the fixture lists on the notice boards.

Club Tennis is alternating with the tournament each week.

SOCIAL NEWSStaff Arrivals

We welcome the following new members of the Wood Lane Staff and extend to them an invitation to join the Athletic and Social Club.

Miss R. Ives	Chemistry
Mrs. P. Wormell	Physics

Departures

Our best wishes for the future go with:

Mr. A. V. Davies	Physics
Mrs. C. Richardson	Administration

Visitors to Wood Lane

Dr. H. E. Rose	King's College
Mr. G. E. Bennett	Dusseck Bros. & Co. Ltd.
Dr. Barwell	British Transport Commission
Mr. R. Cole	Burndept Ltd.
Mr. Warburton)	Ministry of Supply
Dr. Cooper)	
Mr. W. Travis)	Connollys (Blackley) Ltd.
Mr. G. Travis)	
Mr. J. E. Robinson	Associated Engineering Ltd.
Mr. Ikeman)	
Mr. Reynolds)	Shell Chemicals Ltd.
Dr. Gilbert)	
Dr. Narracot)	
Mr. Mark)	A. T. E. Ltd.
Mr. Finn)	
Mr. England	Brunel College of Technology
Mr. Marsden	National Blood Transfusion Service
Mr. H. Nye	St. Helens Cable & Rubber Co.
Mr. E. Atkinson	I. C. I. Ltd.
Dr. H. Wechberg	Monsanto Chemicals Ltd.
Dr. H. Cocker	Cocker Chemicals Ltd.

PROGRAMME FOR AUGUST

August	4th	Tuesday	Tennis
	5th	Wednesday	Table Tennis
	6th	Thursday	Swimming
	7th	Friday	Swimming
	11th	Tuesday	Tennis
	12th	Wednesday	Table Tennis
	13th	Thursday	Swimming
	14th	Friday	Swimming
	18th	Tuesday	Rifle Club
			Tennis
	19th	Wednesday	Table Tennis
	20th	Thursday	Swimming
	21st	Friday	Swimming
	25th	Tuesday	Rifle Club
			Tennis
	26th	Wednesday	SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO
			Table Tennis
	27th	Thursday	Swimming
	28th	Friday	Swimming
Sept.	8th	Tuesday	FILM SOCIETY
	12th	Saturday	ANNUAL SHOW
	17th	Thursday	MUSICAL QUIZ

ADVERTISEMENT:

Furnished room to let. For details please
contact Gatehouse.

MARRIAGE:

Congratulations and every best wish for the future
goes to the following on the occasion of their recent marriage:

Miss M. Allen (Diffraction and Microscopy Dept.)
to Mr. Pellatt.

BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES LIMITED
ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL CLUB (WOOD LANE)

THE
6TH ANNUAL SHOW

will be held
at Wood Lane
on

SATURDAY, 12TH SEPTEMBER, 1959

at
3.00 p.m.

HANDICRAFTS

PHOTOGRAPHY

HORTICULTURE

(Fruit, Flowers, Vegetables etc.
Domestics, Ginger Beer, Home made Wines)

— — — — —

NOTE THE DATE AND GIVE THE SHOW YOUR SUPPORT

Members of all other Company Divisions are cordially
invited to enter exhibits, or just to come and look round

— — — — —

TEAS AND LIGHT REFRESHMENTS WILL BE ON SALE