

# THE LENS

The Staff Newspaper for Independent Television News Aug-Sept 1986 Issue No. 20

## YOUR LENS IN YOUR HANDS...

I do not intend to turn Lens columnist very often. But just for once, this new editor would like to reverse the usual process and write a stiff letter to his readers.

I am well aware that producing a staff newspaper for ITN is no pushover. It is, as the handouts say, a considerable challenge. For Lens can boast a readership as sharp, sophisticated and streetwise as any in the land. You are, by instinct, critical, impatient and demanding. Why then am I looking forward to the job? Mainly, I think, because my predecessor Martyn Pedrick has made this paper a valued part of ITN's family life.

Indeed, Martyn's is a hard act to follow. But at least Lens is here to stay. The question is: Where do we go from here? And the answer, I suggest, is that Lens goes where *you* decide to take it.

Remember always that this is your newspaper to shape and develop in the years ahead. Because Lens is "family" you feel no compunction about knocking it. That is healthy enough, except when the carping is totally lacking in constructive thought. Sometimes it is. Now is a good time to stop it.

In future, if you have strong views about Lens, do not just sound off in the Club bar. Do something about it. Has it not struck you that Lens ought to possess one of the liveliest Letters pages in the house journal business? Yet often our postbag is empty: not merely light, but *empty*. On this particular sector, I find the apathy is deafening.

In future I would like to run a full page or more of letters in each issue. But that will happen only if you resolve from now on to commit your complaints, comments and ideas to paper. If they are fit to print, be assured they will be printed.

And now Lens is firmly established, why not try to develop it as a kind of ITN market place where your opinions can



be traded and tomorrow's challenges in television journalism defined and then vigorously debated?

That means adopting the access approach which has proved so effective on the TV screen. It means giving you space in Lens to "make your case", to set out your stall and parade your views on a whole range of issues affecting our working lives. You are hereby invited to do precisely that.

Of course, Lens-style access or "open page" journalism need not be a sombre, doom-laden affair. There will always be a need for, and room for, the lighter touch: a glint of humour.

Anyway, I trust the message is clear. If you feel frustrated, under-valued or passionate about a particular ITN cause (and reckon the issue rates something longer than a letter) then please get moving with your copy for the next Lens.

And while we're at it, let us aim to make Lens a vehicle for good writing of every kind: an outlet both for ITN's professional wordsmiths and those for whom writing is simply a pleasure.

I am grateful to those who have responded to my invitation to write on particular topics for this issue. But I also want *your* ideas, *your* suggestions, *your* brainwaves.

For all your occasional growling I sense that, just like my predecessor, I will find you an engagingly loyal tribe of readers. Therefore you seemed to merit the courtesy of being pointed in the right direction. If you are inclined to regard that as infernal cheek, I recommend that you write a sharp letter to the editor telling him so, and why!

But if you do not wish me to intrude too often upon this valuable space, I would much prefer that you react positively to my urgings — so that, from now on, *your* Lens will speak for itself.

— Arthur Clifford

## Inside...

**DEREK TAYLOR** surfaces from a tidal wave of management changes to spell out his new role as ITN's Head of Operations

**GLYN MATHIAS** hails the Wells Street cockleshell heroes on their triumph at the Westminster regatta

**KEITH HATFIELD** offers a personal reflection on covering the 70th anniversary of the Somme massacre

**JON SNOW** reveals mixed feelings about America as he leaves Washington to become our new Diplomatic Editor

**ROBERT MOORE** salutes Brian Edmonton, an ITN backroom giant, as he bows out after twenty-two years

**JOHN CURTIS and ERNIE HOLLOWAY** recall the split-second operation which sped ITN's Royal Wedding stills round the world.

**PAUL BRANNAN** on the art of surviving those dawn patrols on the eighth floor Oracle front

## Also...

Spring assignment in Moscow... Paul McKee rejoins ITN board... RTS laud Peter Ward... New Time Off series... People on the move... Your guide to Data Protection... ITN sports reports



## ITN People...



**Michael Brunson** is ITN's new Political Editor. He succeeds Glyn Mathias after six years as Diplomatic Editor. Brunson joined ITN as a reporter in 1968. Four years later he began a five-year spell as correspondent in Washington, covering the Watergate crisis and a host of other major stories.

He returned to Britain to become ITN's London-based European correspondent, specialising in EEC affairs. He later played a major role in reporting the 1979 and 1983 general election campaigns.

Brunson's career in broadcasting began when he left Queen's College, Oxford, and joined the BBC. He worked both with the Overseas Service and with BBC Radio.

ITN's new Diplomatic Editor is **John Snow**, until recently our man in Washington (see "Missing America" feature). He came to ITN as a reporter in 1976 after working as a local radio journalist.

Before going to Washington, Snow achieved a worldwide reputation as an ITN foreign correspondent, gaining a series of major awards for his work in El Salvador, Eritrea, Afghanistan and elsewhere.

During his years in the United States, Snow covered a wide range of events, including the re-election of President Reagan and the Shuttle disaster.

ITN House of Commons reporter **David Walter** is joining Channel Four News in the autumn as a political correspondent.

C4 News has also announced the arrival of three new writers. **Fiona MacBeth** joins full-time after a spell of freelancing for C4N and TV-am. **Tricia Lawton** comes to Wells Street after four years with Granada World In Action. And **Richard Clemmow** joins from BBC's Newsnight programme.

**David Roycroft** has left the Foreign Office to join ITN as Administration Manager and Company Secretary. For the past three years, he has been assistant private secretary to the Prince of Wales on secondment from the Foreign Office.

A psychology graduate of Liverpool University, Roycroft served in the army before joining the FO. He held several diplomatic posts there, finally becoming head of the North Africa section.

Announcing the appointment, ITN editor David Nicholas spoke of Roycroft's wide international experience and proven abilities as an organiser.

"These will be important ingredients in the management of ITN as we enter the age of cross-frontier television broadcasting", Nicholas added.



**Nina Bialoguski** has joined ITN full-time as secretary to general manager Hugh Whitcomb. She has been a freelance secretary for seven years — mostly for ITN. She has also worked in Geneva for the United Nations.

After more than five years with Thames Television, **John Sollis** comes to ITN as a supervisory engineer in hire-of-services VTR operations.

**Joanna Ramsey** has joined ITN as a programme researcher in the film library. Since 1980, she has worked in the library of the Health Education Council.

**Kathleen Doughty** has also taken up a programme researcher's post in Wells Street.

**Gillian Moyes** has joined Oracle as a keyboard operator after working at Heathrow for a firm of air couriers, and before that at the London office of Radio Luxembourg.

On the ITN promotion front, Channel One newsroom writer **Bill Taylor** has been appointed a deputy chief sub-editor. Sound recordist **Pete Blanchard** has been promoted to ENG cameraman.

## RTS HONOUR PIONEER WARD



ITN's Director of Engineering, Peter Ward, is presented with his Royal Television Society Fellowship by chairman Peter Marshall at an RTS dinner in London.

He received the Fellowship for what the RTS citation described as "an outstanding contribution to the development of technical facilities for ITN".

His pioneering work for Independent Television goes back to the 1950s, and in the mid-1960s, while with ATV, he designed the first colour studio facilities used operationally within the ITV network.

Moving to ITN in 1968, Ward played a major role in the design of the present studio centre. In 1979, he led the rapid changeover from film-based operations to ENG.

He is chairman of the ITCA technical working group concerned with communications and radio links.

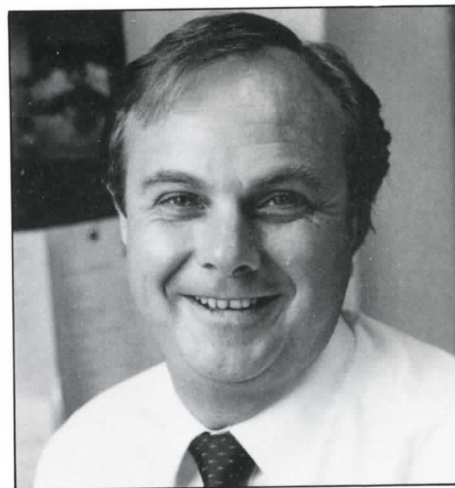
Worldwide Television News has announced the appointment of **Rex Jenkins** as Business Development Executive. He will form part of the WTN team which is pioneering new television service concepts. Jenkins has extensive marketing experience with a number of companies, including manufacturing, research and development and the TV industry itself.

Other new faces at WTN are **Isabel Morgan** (TV journalist), **Elaine Day** (secretary), **Teresa Hewison** (sales ledger assistant) and **Gary Holloway** (messenger).



The recent major management reshuffle included the appointment of DEREK TAYLOR as ITN's Head of Operations. In a detailed briefing for all in Wells Street, he spells out exactly what his job involves.

## I'M A HI-TECH GROUPIE, SAYS NEW HEAD OF OPS



"Does this mean you have to wear a white coat and a face mask and keep saying — Pass the scalpel?" This wit from an editorial manager on being told that I had just been made Head of Operations.

Many a true word... We're all so tied up with our own pressures that we sometimes know as much about the functions of other departments as the reporter who complained of unjust union action when told the editor was just blacking a tape.

Of course, too, confusion was worse confounded by all the management changes.

In fact, the white coat joke came after a hastily convened meeting to announce several new appointments including my own. We sat in the Board Room, where as it happens I had in my old job been running a law refresher course that day; the flip chart and overhead projector were still in place. That had prompted one manager, as we waited for the meeting to start, to speculate that the latest management changes must be so complicated that visual aids were needed to explain them.

I must say that until a couple of years ago I couldn't have told you the difference between the Editorial Manager, the Managing Editor and the General Manager. At that time, the people I was concerned with were News Editors and ENG Crews. Now after two and a half years off the road, I find myself very much involved again with the crews, but in a very different way, now as their boss.

The 83 ENG cameramen, recordists and lighting assistants form just under half of the Operations Department. There's plenty of variety in the sections of the Department, and at first glance you might wonder what brings MCR and the garage together, or the OB and the travel office, or what common theme runs through despatch riders and station engineers.

In fact there is a logic to it all. It's this: all the non-editorial parts of news gathering make up Operations. So

Assignments and Radio Links are also part of it, as are the mobile edit vans, the traffic office and the operational planning department. Anything to do with getting the pictures and sound and bringing them back to ITN, where the process of putting together the programmes takes over, in the form of the Production Department.

Much of it is fairly technical. And you may say: So how come an ex-journalist is in the driving seat?

In fact, though I need to know what equipment does and why we need it, I don't necessarily have to understand how it works. For that I rely on some very talented staff, led by a man who's been described as probably the finest operational engineer in the country; that's Bill Reay. I call upon Bill's inexhaustible patience at frequent intervals to give me a layman's explanation of a time-base corrector, CCD cameras or that Leviathan amongst work-horses, the master assignment switcher.

I'm at pains to tell everyone that I'll never pretend to be an engineer. That said, as a result of teaching sessions with Bill and others in the Department I do now know (a little of) the significance of the green blotches on the screen of a waveform monitor and a vectorscope. It just so happens that I enjoy wandering about the technical areas, and have over the past few years come to be fascinated by the technology of television. I'm a Hi-Tech groupie. But that's not the essence of the job.

What is? To co-ordinate through nine managers the efforts of 180 operational staff, who're in the front line of ITN's news gathering.

One of the fundamental beliefs I'm trying to make concrete is that people should have as much relevant information as it's possible to give, and as soon as it becomes available. The most difficult information route has always been to the ENG crews on the road. By the nature of their work, the same set of representatives tends not to be at ITN House to attend meetings regularly.

So, Bill Reay, Peter Banyard and I have set up a crews' working group. It meets once a month on a Wednesday night, and whoever is at hand to represent the cameramen, recordists and lighting assistants comes along. At the first meeting, in the Executive Dining Room, we discussed everything from the disrepair of Kangaroo BVU recorder carrying bags to the frequency of foreign assignments. But at the start we made a pact, that whenever an issue was thrown up which quite clearly went deep and wasn't going to be settled without a scrap, then we'd hold up our hands and move on to a more promising subject.

I'm certainly keen that these meetings should be two-way streets. So we were able to tell the crews' representatives that a new radio telephone system is to be installed in the camera and lighting cars. Then the crews themselves gathered together their opinions on how they thought that system ought to work, and fed it back to us for discussion.

All cosy and pals together? Well, no, not exactly. The first meeting started with my informing the crews that the cameraman and recordist currently based in the Middle East were at that very moment being instructed to return to London within 48 hours, five weeks ahead of the end of their tour of duty. Sharpish words flew across the executive dining table.

What happens after the meeting is just as important as the frankness at the meetings themselves. We try within two days to send out an account of what was discussed to all 83 crew members wherever they are. And of course, we can't always do what people want. But sometimes we can do something.

I was asked a month into the new job how I was enjoying it. Well, I replied, as Reagan said about Nicaragua, it's causing me a lot of sleepless afternoons. But I have to add, too, that I'm getting as much satisfaction out of the role as when I first became an ITN reporter 13 years ago. That was a pretty special time, and so is this.





**The glorious 16th of July... The day MPs, journalists and others joined in a Thames regatta to raise funds for the restoration of St Margaret's Church at Westminster. ITN entered a rowing eight: men and women of stout heart, resolved to pull together and win. And win they did. But as the words of GLYN MATHIAS and the pictures of JOHN CURTIS make clear, it was more than a victory. It was a miracle...**

It was a triumphant, if searing, experience — ITN's rowing eight winning their heat in the Speaker's regatta on the Thames.

Watched by thousands — politicians, drunks, hangers-on — crowding the House of Commons terrace, ITN raced to glory against a boatload of barristers and another of so-called journalists from the Guardian.

But we might have been even more impressive. In fact it is, perhaps, time to reveal a humiliating secret. The ITN eight had a practice — or tried to. We met on the Upper Thames at Wallingford one Saturday morning, resolved to hone our rowing skills to perfection for the Big Day.

None of us had ever rowed anything more than a rowing boat. We still turned up at the riverside brimming with confidence. But it was impossible to ignore the growing consternation on the face of our instructor.

After watching our attempts at splashing the water with the oars, he gently informed us it wouldn't be safe to allow us to leave the riverbank.

Undeterred, we psyched ourselves up for the Big Race, in the knowledge we were supposed to be competing against the BBC parliamentary team.

They, too, had been secretly practising — but ended up far too proficient for their own good. The BBC got to the start line too quickly, and were forced to row in the previous heat — ending up by bumping their only competitor.

Meanwhile, the ITN team were incurring the merriment of the spectators and the despair of our supporters by staggering around the Thames in a flailing of oars.

There had been a late change in the team: the regatta organisers had taken one look at us and decided our only hope of surviving the choppy conditions lay in being given an expert cox.

This meant the enforced replacement of Elinor Goodman by Clare Salmon, ex-

Cambridge and national team (contrary to an entirely mischievous report on Channel Four News which implied that Elinor had opted out).

Under the exhortations of our new cox, we were painfully whipped into some sort of shape and zig-zagged towards the start line. And then, suddenly, we were off, and though hopelessly out of time with each other

appeared to be picking up speed.

It was quite astonishing. Whereas getting to the start line had been a long and painful process, the race itself seemed to be over in a matter of seconds — indeed we were a little puzzled when told to stop rowing.

But, it transpired, we had beaten the nearest boat by a length!

There were some entirely unsporting





# ITN's Magnificent Eight See Off The Wigs And Pens

complaints that we had started rowing earlier than the other two boats, which might just possibly have contained a grain of truth. But as we all know, television never lies, and the cameras showed us fairly streaking ahead as we reached the finishing line.

If the further rounds had not been cancelled for lack of time, who knows what

glory may have lain in wait for the ITN crew? Anyway, it was all in a splendid cause, and the money raised for St Margaret's included a donation from ITN.

For the record, the glorious eight were: Graham Forrester, Michael Crick, Jackie Ashley, Robin Staniforth, Mike Hawksworth, Rosie Hayes, David Walter and Glyn Mathias.



## EXIT THE QUIET LADY

*Arthur Clifford writes:* On July 31st, around 5.30pm, Audrey Gullick tidied her desk on the 4th floor and prepared to leave for home, just as she always did. It was the day of her retirement, though few would have guessed it. But Audrey's colleagues knew. Before she reached the door, she was besieged by well-wishers. There were flowers, gifts, hugs and kisses. A splendid send-off, and all the nicer for being unexpected.

For Audrey had planned to leave this company as quietly and unassumingly as she had worked for it. She had given her best years to ITN — twenty-six of them — and had always remained the "quiet lady".

When she joined in 1960 as an assistant film editor, ITN was still young in the family of journalism. Audrey had the right qualities for a pioneer: She was loyal, dependable, committed, a real team type. Those virtues served her, and ITN, well as the years unfolded.

She worked on Roving Report, was promoted to film editor; then cut stories for bulletins and later the then UPITN Profiles Section. For the past eighteen months she has helped Ernest Proctor on music copyright: not a headline-making role but a vital one.

Then, suddenly, it was all over and time to go. Time for the boardroom party, the speeches, the photographs. Audrey declined politely. A nice thought but not really her style, she explained.

Her closest colleagues, both past and present, did manage to sweep her off for a couple of hugely enjoyable farewell lunches, and an appreciative management gave her a VCR.

Again, Audrey was suitably grateful, but she left Wells Street with something more precious than a piece of equipment — a host of happy, unclouded memories of her service. As she told everyone, she wouldn't have missed a single day.

It would never occur to someone like Audrey Gullick, of course, that ITN had been enriched by her presence and would be the poorer for her going. But that is the plain truth and it needs to be said. Twenty-six years is a long time in anyone's book.





After completing four London marathons, what do you do for a fresh challenge? ITN Industrial Correspondent Michael Green found the answer.

He joined a five-man team to compete in the Barmouth to Fort William "Three Peaks" Yacht Race, which also involves runs up

and down Snowdon, Scafell Pike and Ben Nevis.

Sailing conditions ranged from force eight gales to flat calm — at which times the contestants are allowed to row!

Out of 27 starters, Green's boat Flicka was second monohull (pipped at the finish by an Army team) and fifth overall.

## YOUR GUIDE TO DATA PROTECTION

By Laura Dugdale

The Data Protection Act — which came into force on May 11th 1986 — is an attempt to regulate the way in which information about individuals is stored and processed automatically by computer systems. The Act — which has many critics — is aimed at bringing the UK into line with similar legislation in other parts of Europe and should enable Parliament to ratify the European Data Protection Convention.

The Act is based on eight data protection principles and broadly these state that personal data shall:-

- be collected and processed fully and lawfully;
- only be held for specified, lawful, registered purposes;
- only be used for registered purposes or disclosed to registered recipients;
- be adequate and relevant to the purpose for which they are held;
- be accurate and, where necessary, kept up to date;
- be held no longer than is necessary for the stated purpose;
- have appropriate security surrounding them.

The Act also enables individuals to have access to data that is held about themselves. This entitlement does not in fact come into operation until September 1987.

ITN's seven registrations under this Act went off in early May in order to meet the May 11th registration. The registrations cover the Personnel Department micro, the Library micro used for mailings and invoicing, the accounts system, the Travel Department, cab system, the Production Office micro, the Library index and the contracts and wire handling facilities of the newsroom system.

Clearly some members of staff, because of the nature of this work, are more at risk in falling foul of the law than others. Similarly, those members of staff are more likely to be required under the law to make their data files available for inspection by members of the public. Any member of staff who is worried about the lawfulness or the danger of having to disclose the contents of computer files which he or she is creating should contact me for guidance.

A final footnote: your home computer is governed by the same law as the ones at ITN!

## LETTERS

SIR — On my morning treks to the coffee trolley in recent weeks, I have been stopped several times by ITN colleagues who all put the same question, usually in somewhat accusatory tones.

"Why," they demand, "does Lens not run a proper letters page?"

I explain to them that you get a letters page in a newspaper by sending in letters. For some reason this prompts frowns, grunts and a variety of bewildered looks.

How many times do I have to say that Lens really **does** welcome readers' letters? All you have to do is write them.

Things have come to a pretty pass when the editor has to write to himself!

— ARTHUR CLIFFORD, Lens Ed.

## OPT-OUT...

For all their commercial toughness, America's TV networks can be almost disconcertingly friendly when in action. Mrs Thatcher's mid-summer appeal to Americans to visit Britain ended with this effusive exchange with an ABC-TV interviewer:

Int: "Madame Prime Minister, good to have you with us. Thank you."

Mrs T: "My privilege and my pleasure. Thank you very much. Goodbye".

Int: "Goodbye, and we will be back".

Mrs T: "Terrific".

Int: "Great. Thank you very much".

Mrs T: "Thank you very much".

## Scutt's Tour



Memories, memories... Ray Scutt, now 79, gazes fondly at some of the telecine equipment he once operated for ITN.

The former First Projectionist had returned to Wells Street to look up old friends and recall old times.

Ex-boss Ernest Proctor gave him the grand tour, interrupted by constant handshakes. Ray retired in 1971, after almost 15 years' service with the company.



One sunlit morning in June this year, ITN's David Walter and Robin Staniforth with ENG crew Ted Henley, cameraman, Bernie Glancy, recordist and Barry Bayes, editor, set out for the USSR. Their stated mission: to cover talks between Soviet leaders and a visiting British parliamentary delegation. But was that their real aim? Or was it a masterly cover-up? After weeks of probing, Lens' own skilled investigators can now reveal the astonishing truth behind that innocent-sounding...

# Spring Assignment in Moscow

By The Hindsight Team

David Wollter chewed morosely on the last of his iodine tablets as the British Airways Boeing 757 taxied slowly across Heathrow airport. As a highly experienced Pol-corps operative, he knew what to expect in Moscow — but he was still worried.

His support team, disguised as an ITN camera crew, were already taking large doses of their own form of anti-radiation medicine two rows behind him. As part of their carefully rehearsed disguise they were arguing noisily, and at extraordinary length, about the indignity of travelling economy class.

Commissar Stanichev, the fifth member of the team was pretending to memorise Russian irregular verbs across the aisle. Was he a double-agent? Wollter wondered. He *said* he was working for Foreign Desk. Well he would, wouldn't he? Wollter thought he showed disturbing signs of being an undercover C4 man.

Wollter's brief, to tail fourteen British parliamentarians across the Soviet Union, was in itself uncomplicated. But 'M' on the Foreign Desk wanted 'reports'. He stroked his pocket geiger counter thoughtfully as he considered the problems ahead.

There were plenty of them: would there be enough stocks of anti-radiation medicine in the Soviet Union despite the Gorbachev alcohol ban? If not, would the support team of Henski, Glanski and Bayzov turn nasty? Would there be any noticeable difference?

Also, would the team be able to thwart attempts by Soviet television to fulfil their quota of disrupted capitalist satellites? And, most important of all, would Commissar Stanichev's legendary skill at bullying Soviet waiters get meals served in under the statutory two and a half hours?

At Moscow airport, Wollter and Stanichev conferred nervously about these problems as they watched the other

members of the team unloading their equipment.

Pausing occasionally to offer advice on how to lift the heavier pieces, they looked anxiously for signs of the rival Bureau for Eliminating Enemies of Bolshevism, or BEEB as it was generally known.

But soon the team were speeding down the special lane of the Moscow Highway reserved for officials, the curtains tightly drawn across the back window of the enormous black Chaika saloon, the "ITN crew" crouching behind enormous silver boxes muttering the old spies' password: "Gear In; Gear Out — Twenty roubles".

The red stars on the Kremlin towers seem to have taken on an extra glow as the team arrived at mission headquarters. This was the notorious Intourist Hotel. As indigestion is to digestion, runs the old Russian proverb, so Intourist is to tourism.

But, incredibly enough, it was at the hotel that the team got their first break. The "Intourist" was offering substantial supplies of radiation medicine to its guests.

By contrast, the Sovietskaya Hotel, mission HQ for the Parliamentary delegation, held no supplies at all. As a result, the delegates from Westminster spent more time pursuing the "ITN team" than vice versa.

In the hotel foyer, the support team's alibi-act phase two came into effect. They began to protest noisily, again at astonishing length, about the size of their hotel rooms.

Team cryptographer Bayzov maintained that his sophisticated listening devices, the "edit gear", would only fit in his room if he propped up his bed at an angle of forty-five degrees. Fortunately Bayzov belonged to the TACT unit and was trained to make light of personal hardship.

On their opening mission, the team made the big breakthrough — they managed to accompany the parliamentarians

into the headquarters of the Soviet space programme.

While Henski filmed one of the delegation, Denis Healey, attempting to manoeuvre himself and his eyebrows into a Soyuz spacecraft, the rest of the team photographed the new Soviet space station, MIR.

A television report for 'M' was rushed back to Bayzov and, thanks to the politburo status of the enormous black Chaika, was sped to the dead letter box at Soviet TV in time for the "drop".

Over the next seven days, the visiting parliamentarians were everywhere. They were seen plotting with the Metropolitan of the Orthodox Church, subverting railway officials on the night train to Leningrad, interrogating Hermitage museum officials about the Leonardos and attending church services in Georgia.

The ever-alert Henski and Glanski even observed them in the private office of Comrade Gorbachev.

The team kept up a steady flow of reports to 'M' and those bustling parliamentarians never penetrated their cover. They remained in the dark even when they shared anti-radiation medicine with the "ITN crew" on the plane home.

As the aircraft touched down at Heathrow, just twenty miles away in central London, on the fifth floor of an anonymous looking building in Mortimer Street, Big 'F' gazed across the rooftops of W1 and gave a slow, satisfied smile. "So it's Mars", he muttered. "Mars in under ten years".

No wonder ITN's Mr Space looked so smug. Not only had the team confirmed Russia's Mars trip, but on his desk lay a dozen detailed photographs — some even in focus! — of the Soviet MIR space station.

The cover-up had worked perfectly. The springtime mission to Moscow had been a total success.





**From the day he entered the world of broadcasting at the age of 16 he never refused a challenge. His rise through television's technical ranks was marked by a steely resolve to master every aspect of his profession. He became one of ITN's backroom giants. But now, as ROBERT MOORE reports, the country life has finally beckoned as...**

"If you look back on the history of a company, there are certain names, certain people you never forget — Brian Edmontson is one of them".

That's how one colleague described Brian's stature and impact on ITN, on the eve of his well-earned retirement. It is impossible to find anyone who disagrees with such an assessment of a man who has been in broadcasting since he was 16, and with ITN for more than 22 years.

Indeed, he was the very first ITN employee to move into the Wells Street site. As a liaison engineer he did much to transform the building into a television complex that could sustain a massive increase in programme output.

But not everything went smoothly. In a memo dated 1969, he requested from the Head of Personnel a payment of £25 for "replacement of torn car-coat". To back his demand, Brian wrote of conditions in the new building as being "extremely dirty and uncomfortable compared with normal conditions inside ITN establishments". He got a full reimbursement!

Brian's early career in BBC Radio was broken by a spell in the army. As a radio engineer with the Royal Signals, he served mostly in India and Burma — but, again, life did not stay routine for long.

In 1946, Brian's unit was switched from New Delhi to the Iraqi oil port of Basra. It was an edgy period in East-West relations. The Cold War was taking shape, and there was growing anxiety over the West's oil supplies from the Gulf.

But the oil crisis receded and he returned to the BBC, married — but never became a Corporation man in the accepted sense. He declined to come to terms with the bureaucratic character of the BBC, believing it stifled initiative and smothered ambition.

For Brian *was* ambitious, unashamedly so. Describing himself as "a soldier of fortune" he moved on to Anglia Television, in Norwich. He was stimulated by the move from radio to television, and he relished the responsibility of helping an independent TV station take to the air.

Innovation was the name of the game at Anglia, and construction — not just operation — became an integral part of Brian's brief. He now describes those

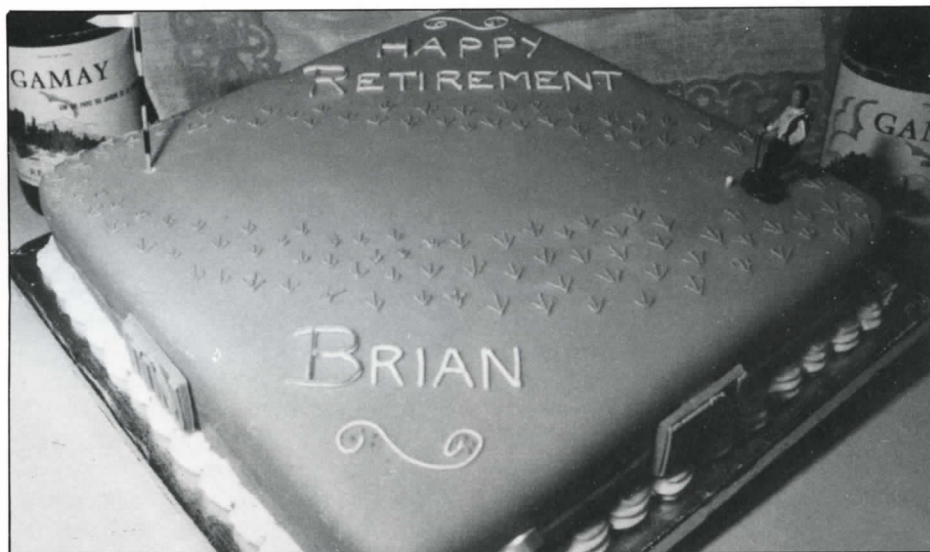
years as one of the best periods of his life.

It was in 1964 that he made the decision to join ITN. It was a move that many people, many departments — and the ITN Golf Society (of which more later) — were to be mightily grateful for.

Brian's rise within this company's technical ranks was remarkable — not

least because, along the way, he met many frustrations as an engineer working for journalistic ends.

As Brian himself puts it: an engineer is concerned with the efficient use of resources. A journalist worries only about what those resources bring. "It is extremely difficult," he adds, "for



**What a swell party it was! Sinatra wasn't there to sing his *High Society* hit but ITN society certainly was — and in force.**

**A host of well-wishers packed the boardroom for Brian's send-off. David Nicholas lauded his talents, his commitment, his loyalty, his**

**unwavering enthusiasm through the years.**

**And there was a positive avalanche of gifts. From the company, a TV set with teletext and stereo sound. From Brian's managers, a golf bag.**

**The proceeds of a staff collection brought a travelling case complete**



# EDMONTON BOWS OUT AFTER 22 MEMORABLE YEARS

engineers to accept the discipline of TV journalism”.

But Brian thrived on the constant challenges that ITN provided. His career travelled relentlessly upwards: senior engineer 1964; supervisory engineer 1972; manager of engineering and vision 1977; and, finally, production controller in 1982.

It goes without saying that work was

always a dominant part of his existence. But this has been a professional life, as Brian's host of friends in ITN will testify, also remarkable for its breadth of interests.

Although he recalls dismissing golf in his youth as “an old man's game”, he was to give ITN's Golf Society his imprint — both through his talent and example as a Captain and his enduring

sense of comradeship. And this from a man who didn't swing a club until he was 50!

Brian's love of sport did not stop on the 18th green. He was always “on” for a game of soccer. He played cricket with Peter Sissons and Mike Nicholson — and he played tennis with Reggie Bosanquet. Dear old Reggie, he fondly remembers, was the only opponent who insisted that a bottle of wine be downed between sets!

As an engineer, he delights in symmetry. That's why it is with pleasure — as well as sadness — that he now returns to his native Kent. Tunbridge Wells is where Brian was born; Tunbridge Wells is where he will spend his retirement years. His local will now be the George and Dragon — the same pub where he courted his wife-to-be as a young man.

It would be difficult — probably impossible — to find anyone more loyal to ITN than Brian Edmonton. But then again, it would be hard to find a more gentlemanly or more courteous man.

Of course, he is going to be missed by ITN, but his achievements will never fade. He was, after all, one of the finest exponents in the business of making engineering serve TV journalism, and he was one of the first engineering managers to reach the summit from the shop floor.

Let the final word come from Brian himself. . . . “I'll miss the cut and thrust, the mental activity and the comradeship of ITN. But I'm slowing down a little now and I think the country life will suit me”.



with “comforts for the journey”. Malcolm Beatson weighed in with a beautifully designed Good Wishes card.

Finally came one of Richard Andrews' famous miniature cameras and flowers for Brian's wife, Pam.

Just nine days earlier, Brian had

been feted at yet another farewell — a dinner at Berners Hotel, hosted by the Editor and attended by twenty-five present and past colleagues.

Now a new life begins for Brian: pensioner, golfer and amateur furniture maker. An agreeable prospect for a most agreeable man.

## REPORTERS WARNED TO WATCH IT!

The day when a reporter won't be able to escape the long reach of his news editor, even in the remotest part of the globe, is fast approaching, according to UKPG's New York reporter Jeffrey Blyth. He says an American electronics firm has developed a wristwatch-sized device that can pick up a signal from virtually anywhere in the world.



## First Person

# SOMME: THE WORD THAT HAUNTS ME

ITN's special reports on the 70th anniversary of the carnage of the Somme were widely acclaimed by viewers and critics alike. In the first of an occasional Lens series, **KEITH HATFIELD**, the reporter assigned to recall the greatest slaughter in our military history, describes how it came to assume a very special meaning for him.

It would be impossible to invent Arthur Leech. He's a benign man of 58 who lives on the Somme and suffers a crisis of identity. His father was a soldier from Manchester who met his mother during a World War One skirmish on the battlefield.

He insists in a ripe Gallic accent, similar to the cafe owner in the TV series "Allo, Allo", that he is English and that his sole preoccupation, as head gardener at Thiepval, is to maintain 21,000 graves.

Yet his reaction surprised me. We stood in a cemetery of some 3,000 graves. I asked him: "Why did so many young men die? Why so many casualties on July the first 1916 when nothing was resolved?"

He took a step backwards, paused and stared at me, puzzled, as if I was crazy. "It was war...stupid".

That sentence put me back where I belonged. To him the Somme has changed. To me, the slaughter there seventy years ago is still unimaginable and unexplained.

It's a flat, boring landscape where the sky melts into the fields. An information officer at Amiens said the French were not going to celebrate the 70th anniversary. "Why should we?" she asked. "That's when the British came and destroyed our farms and fields".

It seemed pointless to remind her that the offensive was encouraged by the French to relieve the pressure on Verdun.

I felt like a stranger in my own house when we returned to the Somme battlefields with veterans aged about ninety, and teenage schoolboys of their age when they went "over the top" in 1916.

We went to the cemeteries and the preserved trenches and shell holes that still remain. All of us paused involuntarily to think what it must have been like that

summer day.

Easy phrases came to mind... 60,000 casualties in 24 hours, the bloodiest day in the history of the British Army; 1.3 million casualties in the battle.

But it was when they cast poppy petals for all those young soldiers into a huge mine crater at dawn on July 1st that I was confronted with the awfulness of seventy years ago.

It was a ceremony that by its simplicity brought tears to my eyes as well as those of veterans and serving soldiers surrounding the lip of the crater.

One old boy looked at me and said: "They say old soldiers should never cry. But I don't know why not".

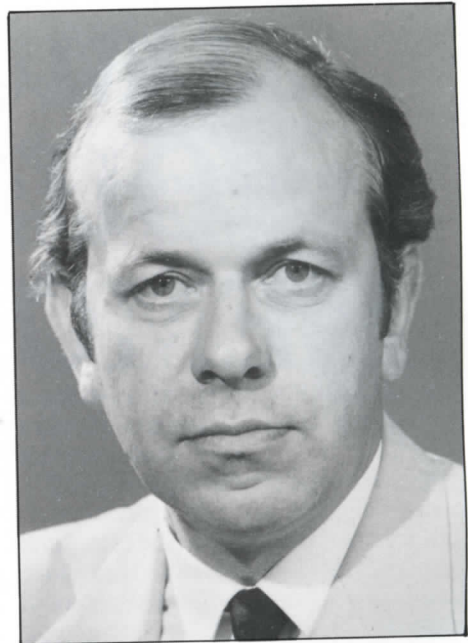
They all came to the Somme as enthusiastic volunteers. Many of them are now remembered only by their name, rank and number on a slab of Portland stone.

But it is only when you come across a lone grave, as we did, with Charles Dickens' grandson tucked away in a tiny copse, that we could relate to the individual soldier. It was so much more impressive because he hadn't been swept into a collective graveyard.

It is often difficult to find precisely the right pictures and words to capture the mood of an occasion, but Robin Staniforth and editor Barry Bayes made certain we did so on this assignment, appropriately and on time.

Mind you, it still took exceptional initiative by Robin to make it to the Amiens feed point on the morning of the official anniversary ceremony at Thiepval — though, at the time, we told him it was all part of the fixer's routine.

He left the editing van to find the way out blocked by VIP cars, soldiers and bands. His prior arrangements with the French police appeared to have evaporated in a classic Gallic snarl-up.



Robin eyed the chaotic scene, took a deep breath and plunged into the crowd. He reappeared at a gallop with a police motor cyclist, his holstered pistol slapping against his thigh.

With blue light flashing, the motorcycle roared off, scattering very and less important people in all directions, with Robin's car hugging its rear wheel.

As they left the village, dozens of motorcycle outriders peeled off to form an impressive escort. Robin enjoyed their company — and the boost to his ego — for several minutes, until his gendarme stopped to explain it was ITN, not the Duke of Kent, in the car...

## Obituary

### GEORGE COOPER

It is with deep regret that we report the death in hospital on 9th July of George Cooper, at the age of 59. He leaves his wife, Betty, and two sons.

George was ITN's supervisor in charge of the Vision Maintenance Section of Engineering from 1969 until he was transferred to the Salary Security Scheme in 1974.

A brilliant self-taught engineer, he joined ITN from Marconi. His reputation was that of a perfectionist, always setting himself and others the highest technical standards.

The funeral took place on 16th July at Danbury Church, near Chelmsford, Essex. Among George's former colleagues who attended were ITN Director of Engineering, Peter Ward, and Senior Personnel Officer, Derek Young.



As he packed his bags for London after almost three years in Washington, one of television's most perceptive reporters — and ITN's new Diplomatic Editor — reflected on the attitudes that continue to divide two nations as surely as the Atlantic itself...

# MISSING AMERICA

By Jon Snow

If you have ever wanted a precise description of schizophrenia, the condition of a Brit living in America could well provide the answer. Working in Washington has all the elements of a love-hate relationship.

Take the weather: In the summer, tropical steamy days and nights, fluctuating between 78F and 99F and the humidity eternally over 90%. In the winter, the wind-chill factor can produce temperatures below -20F. Yet it rarely rains for long, and few days dawn upon which the sun does not shine.

So, yes, I'll miss the weather and the space, the sheer physical scale of America, too — but the shopping never!

When you pick up gas (petrol to you) so untrusting are the garage proprietors that you must pay your bill before you can even lay a finger on the pumps.

That, of course, militates against picking up a full tank. It is quicker to guess and pay a round sum than to offer too much and go back to the pay booth yet again for your change.

This lack of trust permeates every shopping transaction in the United States.

Virtually all credit card purchases have to be checked by telephone and as banks will not give you a cheque guarantee card, at least two forms of identification are needed to pay by cheque.

And you can forget about trying to cut corners when shopping by trying to get cash from a bank in a State other than the one you live in. That simple service provided by branches of your bank throughout the UK is almost impossible to obtain here.

Your home bank even has to issue travellers' cheques to enable you to get money in other States.

And those supermarkets! As well as the vast caverns for food and drink familiar to Britons, there are supermarkets for clothing, hardware and practically every other commodity. But few staff lurk within who know much about what they are selling or where it can be found.

No, I shall not miss American shopping. But I shall most definitely miss the ready

access and the "immediacy" of life there.

The fact is that on the streets, in an airport lounge, on a garage forecourt — or in the White House rose garden — you can talk to anyone without wondering whether he or she is wondering if you really ought to be speaking to them, or



they answering you.

Perhaps that in itself is enough to underline the fact that many attitudes in America and Britain remain oceans apart.

I shall miss, too, the returned telephone call. Even more, the fact that you can look up a senator's number, call it, and find people actively keen to answer your inquiry — even though you are a complete foreigner.

US Government department officials expect to answer your questions. The Constitutionally enshrined "right to know" is everywhere.

I went to America a stranger and quickly realised that Americans abroad, or the transit hotel at Miami airport en route to El Salvador, are not fair tests by which to judge such a sprawling nation.

As I settled in, I became fascinated by America's political process, by the pace and exuberance of life, and by the simple fact that just about anything can be done,

— if you want it badly enough.

But although it is easy to become assimilated — America, after all, has been absorbing foreigners for more than two hundred years — it is hard to remain there, thinking and feeling as a foreigner.

The blunt truth is that countries overseas, even Britain, are regarded as small, relatively unwealthy and thus of little real consequence.

America, meanwhile, remains a world in itself. A world bristling with opportunity and promise; a restless, volatile, frequently violent land (with climate to match) where extremes of affluence and squalor exist side by side.

Flood, hurricane, fire, murder, disaster and drama of every kind — there is enough and more to keep the home bulletins burning. Interest in other people's joys and woes, hopes and fears, is consequently small.

Rejecting — though with difficulty — the constant temptation to become, day by day, a little more "part of America", I find that coming home to Britain is a cosy and reassuring experience.

But there is much I shall be sorry to leave. Most of all, I'll miss ITN's American outpost. It is a den of enthusiasm and loyalty — and a lot of fun.

## McKee Welcomed Back to Board

The return of Paul McKee to the ITN board — this time as the representative of Yorkshire Television — has been warmly welcomed by editor David Nicholas.

"Paul McKee played a major role in the development of ITN in recent years," said Nicholas, "and I am delighted he will be able to bring his expertise and experience to the company once again".

After four years as ITN's deputy chief executive, McKee left in May to become deputy managing director of Yorkshire Television.

He first joined the ITN board in 1982. During his time with the company he played a major role in the birth of ITN's computer graphics, the launch of Channel Four News and the televising of the House of Lords.

Now the quiet, universally-popular McKee rejoins the board in place of Paul Fox, Yorkshire Television's managing director, who was recently appointed chairman of ITN.





# NOW ORACLE AWAKES THE NATION

**In June, as part of its gradual expansion, ITN's Oracle service began staffing from 5am in order to provide fully updated news and sports pages when ITV comes on-air around 6am. This has meant some journalists and keyboard operators getting out of bed (not necessarily the same one) as early as 3am. Oracle writer PAUL BRANNAN, a comparatively late riser, reports on one such dawn patrol on the 8th floor.**

4.00am: The alarm goes off. It can't be right. I glower at its liquid crystal display. It blinks back. It is. She who must be obeyed sleeps on, oblivious.

4.05am: Washed, if not refreshed. Dress in the darkened room. You could hear a pin drop. I knock over a jar of loose change. Mercifully, there's not a flicker.

4.10am: Tiptoe downstairs for a cup of reviving brew and force-feed on two rounds of toast — or is it cardboard? Peter Hall told me I'd see the world with Oracle — but I didn't think he meant at dawn.

4.20am: Outside the birds begin twittering. The vegetation steams. It's going to be a scorcher.

4.21am: Snapped out of the reverie by the sound of the door being battered loudly enough to wake the dead. Not the drugs squad; it's the man from Abbey — nine minutes early. Happily, she slumbers on.

4.50am: Arrive at ITN, ten precious minutes early. Ring bell for admission and head for Oracle's crow's nest office on the 8th floor.

4.55am: Aaah, coffee. Gaze out across the city. The sunlight plays on the bricks of the Middlesex Hospital. They appear to change colour — a sort of Ayers Rock of West One.

5.00am: This is no time for poetry. The AP tape is snaking across the floor with eight yards of urgent details on the Bangladesh jute harvest, overnight exploits of the Maoists of the Shining Path and the Malaysian Open badminton results. Sift through these pearls to cast before the swine who demanded the earlier start.

6.00am: Unseen hands switch on the signal and the slumbering beast is awakened. . . 3.5 million Teletext sets, and a potential audience of 10 million can now Page The Oracle — is there *really* anybody out there?

6.30am: Cleaners swoop and move in around the spoil heaps of spent PA, Extel, Reuter, AP and IRN tapes.

6.31am: Hoovering starts. I dictate a story. Not as glamorous as a Brent Sadler voice-over from Lebanon with gunfire in the background — but a whole lot safer. Even so, I ask myself, does Sir Alastair have to endure this? Work on like a Trojan, dictating stories until I'm hoarse.

9.00am: Breakfast time (or is it lunch?) Head for Brunchies to appease voracious appetite. Meet Lens supremo Arthur Clifford. Make crack about his late start — my day is half over. He fires back a look which could strip paint. Gulp down omelette, four rounds of toast and two coffees; roll off to Fitzroy Square to bask in the morning sunshine.

10.00am: Return to the Temple of Science, and there's just time to dash off a few stories on Tamil rebels in Trincomalee and the like before . . .  
. . . Teeeeeeeeeeeh!

Like the plaintive cry of the baby dolphin, or sometimes the shriek of a startled parakeet, the herald of the trolley arrives and the rugby scrum begins.

11.30am: Approaching the testing time now. Body clock isn't sure whether it's day or night, so begins shut down just to be on the safe side. Increase coffee intake to three cups an hour.

11.40am: Is that really *all* the time is? Thought it must be at least one o'clock by now. More Trojan-like endeavours.

1.00pm: Circadian rhythms on the down cycle. If I was a jumbo jet pilot, I might well have crashed by now.

2.00pm: That's all folks! Sleep all the way home on the Tube. Awake feeling refreshed and alert and ready for almost anything. What do you mean, I have to be in bed by 10pm?

# MARTYN'S ROYAL DAY SHOCKER!

As ITN newscaster Martyn Lewis wielded his microphone among the crowds outside Buckingham Palace on Royal Wedding day, he was hailed by a woman with a totally unexpected reminder of another wedding — his own.

Mrs Sheila Parry from Raglan, in Gwent, who clearly has a "thing" about these occasions, revealed that she had filmed part of Martyn's wedding to his wife, Liz, at a little country church near Abergavenny in 1970.

Martyn was astonished. He told Lens: "We'd resigned ourselves to the fact that we'd never have moving pictures of our wedding — because on the day the HTV cameraman who'd promised to film it was diverted to a major news story. So Mrs Parry's news — sixteen years later — was a most agreeable bombshell!"



Of course, Martyn asked Mrs Parry if she would send him the film. It arrived just one week later.

"I know I should be used to this," he said. "After all, we're trawling material from ITN's own film archives all the time. But seeing this action replay of our wedding really was an uncanny experience for Liz and myself.

"But we were both delighted — and we'll be buying Mrs Parry a large bottle of champagne next time we're down in that part of Wales.

"It's odd to think that if Mrs Parry hadn't chosen Buckingham Palace as the best place to view the Royal Wedding procession — and I hadn't been positioned there by ITN — we might never have met up, and I'd never have found out about the film".

It was the second such coincidence for Martyn — ITN actually introduced him to his wife.

He met Liz for the first time when she was an announcer for HTV. And Martyn had to use her continuity booth to send his very first report for ITN in 1968.



Though summer may be fading, memories of ITN's coverage of That Wedding stay bright. But behind the TV operation, another split-second ITN venture was in progress: the race to speed "stills" of the Royal match around the globe. For our Picture Syndication department it was a triumph, particularly for stills photographers Ernie Holloway and John Curtis. On the day, more than 1,200 pictures were produced and by 6pm slides were ready for publishers, among them Michael O'Mara who were set to hit the bookshops with ITN's own Book of the Royal Wedding. These pictures capture the flavour of a great day's work...

# ITN PICTURE POWER ON A DAY OF MAGIC





Time Off

# ITN MAN IN PARK RESCUE DRAMA

By Arthur Clifford

It was a pretty heart-sinking experience (though blessed with a happy ending) which prompted this notion of occasional Lens pieces on the off-duty lives of ITN people. A trifling episode, perhaps, but the story may at least encourage worthier offerings from my beloved readers.

Strolling through St James's Park, I glimpsed ahead of me on the path a small knot of people staring down at a tiny dark brown object. As I came closer, I saw it was a baby duckling, maybe only a few days old, which scuttled around in agitated circles.

Most of the watchers were Brits. There were two large women, with pink peeling arms sprouting out of summer frocks, slurping ice-creams adorned with chunks of chocolate. There was a man with a vast beer belly draped over his belt and there were two whooping children. There was also a girl who turned out to be French, and a middle-aged Italian couple.

The Brits were in spirited form, stirring the duckling with their feet; encouraging their offspring to feed it with potato crisps. They were not being consciously unkind and certainly not cruel: just heedless and rather stupid. They really did seem to characterise much that is crude, unpolished and boorish in 1986 Britain.

The baby duckling might have been a clockwork toy, wound up and set down on the pathway for their amusement. But the French girl looked unhappy; the Italian couple looked genuinely concerned.

Meanwhile, the downy scrap continued to dart among their feet and the crumbs of food making soft quacking noises. It was motherless, frightened and totally lost.

I explained gently (or fairly gently) to my fellow countrymen that while it remained on the path away from the lake, the creature was in danger of having its short life abruptly terminated.

I concentrated my words on the man with the beer gut, speaking slowly and clearly. . . . The duckling could be snuffed out by a dog. It could be trodden on by a short-sighted stroller. Some passing yob might even take his studded boot to it. The important thing was to move it to safety without delay.

The man's face registered total incomprehension, while the cornet-licking ladies simply giggled and the children went on throwing down crisps. I was wasting my time: he would never understand.

But the French girl understood. So did the Italian couple, who said they would try to find "the parkman". The girl quietly took charge of my umbrella and my newspapers while I managed to catch the duckling.

I clambered over the railings and headed for the water's edge, feeling the duckling quivering with fear between my cupped hands. I found myself talking to it. How utterly absurd! But it did stop trembling.

As the Brits still chortled, I set it free by the lake and retraced my steps. There was a loud guffaw from the fat man. He shouted to the effect that the creature had taken a fancy to me. I glowered at him, but when I looked back I saw that he had indeed spoken the truth.

For the duckling was pursuing me as fast as its little webbed feet would allow. I bent down, and this time it fairly jumped into my hands. I realised with sinking heart that it felt safe now.

What on earth would I do with the damned thing? What kind of nightmarish existence lay ahead? Would Senior Management even allow me to share my cramped Lens quarters on the 5th floor with a baby duckling in a cardboard box?

But help was at hand — though no thanks to those heedless Brits. The Italian couple returned triumphant, a young park keeper in tow. He took charge of my duckling and set off for another part of the lake where, he said, the mother ducks and their broods were gathered. A small life had been saved.

The Brits waddled off, realising there was no more fun to be had. The Italians patted me on the arm and walked away, well pleased with themselves.

And the French girl handed back my possessions and smiled. It was the kind of smile that in a more graceful age might have inspired a Cole Porter hit. In the best traditions of tabloid journalism, your editor made an excuse and left. . . .

## Media Quotes

● "Broadcasting has done more for the image of our venerable Upper Chamber, probably, than for any other British institution". — TV critic **Richard Last**.

● "Much of British industry is still a closed door to an electronic news-gathering camera". — Scottish CBI chief **John Davidson**.

● "Freedom of speech...demands that people be able to say things which are not necessarily prudent, reasonable or judicious". — Spectator editor **Charles Moore**.

● "ITN seems to me reasonably objective, but in general the news, comment and serious documentary output of British TV conforms to Left-Liberal assumptions". — **Paul Johnson**, in Daily Telegraph.

● "There are reports, mostly from America, of people shooting their computer terminals out of frustration". — **Brian Pearce**, of Loughborough University.

● "My favourite headline? — 'Granny Executed In Her Pink Pyjamas' That's the finest headline I ever wrote". — **Vincent Musetto**, of New York Post.

● "The 'regions' are a Fifties concept. They imply a society of immobile provincials, seated family by family on sofas in front of a single TV set. That Britain has gone". — **Brenda Maddox**, in The Observer.

● "We have even got Fleet Street into the 20th Century". — **Mrs Thatcher**.

● "I doubt whether in the 'good old days' death in Africa would have held the attention of Fleet Street editors or their readers for very long". — **Nigel Ryan**, in UK Press Gazette.

● "You have got to beat the team you are playing next if you want to make progress". — BBC's **John Motson**, during World Cup.

● "I think good taste is coming back. People are fed up with what I call 'Flasher Fiction'". — **Mandy Rice Davies**, who has just completed her first novel.

### OPT-OUT...

A Manchester University survey on the amount of stress suffered by people in 58 different jobs put journalists in third place alongside construction workers, civil pilots and prison officers. Top of the stress league were miners and police.



# ITN Golfing Society RUGGED MASON TRIUMPHS ON BOB'S BIG DAY...

Associate Member Bob Redburn's 'day' was held at the East Herts Course on 11 July and for once this season fine weather greeted the 30 members and guests who turned up.

Although unable to be present himself, Bob Redburn was with us in spirit, in the form of Stan Crockett who accompanied by his wife Molly, presented the prizes after dinner.

The Course was in superb condition and offered up the opportunity for good scores. Ken Mason's 'Brunoesque' physique, ideally suited to the conditions, told in the end as he put together another vastly improved round of 40 pts. Local rules pulled this back to 38 pts net, but it was still good enough to win by two points from Associate Member George Thompson. Third place went to Secretary Brian Pendry with 34 pts.

In the guest competition, Ken Mason's playing partner, Tony Cooper, also scored 40 pts to take 1st prize. One could be forgiven for thinking that they spent the afternoon sun-bathing in some quiet corner and assessed the Course purely on its merits but golfers are generally charitable souls and the benefit of doubt was given to allow them their rightful place on the winners rostrum. Russell Hilliard, son of Pat, was second with 35 pts.

The best front nine went to 'Mr Consistency' Brian Edmonton, who with thoughts of retirement is clearly slowing down his swing. The best back nine went to Roger Dove. Best score on the par threes went to Treasurer Mike Batchelor who accounted for nine points.

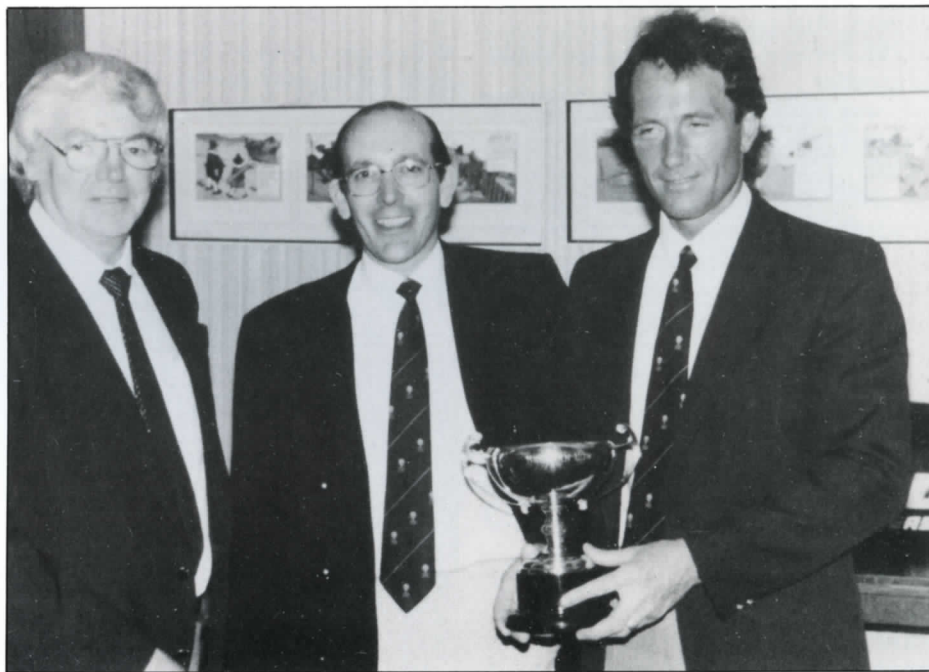
## OPT-OUT...

That gem of a man, Frank Bruno, is as irrepressible as ever, despite the pounding he received from Tim Witherspoon in their world title clash in July. And for the media, our Frank remains pure gold. He was asked recently for his views on the autobiographical book, "Know What I Mean — Frank Bruno", which he has co-written with Norman Giller. Replied Frank: "Dunno, I haven't read it yet".



Stan Crockett hands winner Ken Mason the Cup presented by Bob Redburn in 1970

## ...AND WAKEMAN TAKES THE BOWL



Denis Brennan, Capt. Harrison and winner Wakeman

*Brian Pendry writes:* Appalling weather at two previous meetings this year did not blunt the enthusiasm of 37 members and guests who turned up at Hendon on 17 June to compete for the Brennan Bowl.

Three years ago, Denis Brennan of Location Lighting, who have been professionally connected with ITN for many years, presented a cup to the Society and has since continued to sponsor an annual meeting. To Denis, the Society extends its gratitude.

Although a watchful eye was kept on the sky, the weather remained warm and dry and in the circumstances good scores were always likely.

Associate Member John Wakeman fully recovered from his recent accident took the cup with 36 pts, just edging out John Gallagher on the back nine. Derek Seymour, slipping in a meeting between cricket assignments powered his way to 35 pts and took the third prize.

In the guest competition, Derek's young son Mark won 1st prize with a very good score of 39 pts, off a 16 Handicap. If he keeps that form up, his father will soon be filming him at the Open! Tony Cooper, guest of Ken Mason, was second with 33 pts. Best front and back nine holes went respectively to Brian Edmonton and Brian Pendry.



## The brightest "Test" story of '86!

# ITN TRIO HELP CRUSH INDIA



Press XI stars Edwards and Seymour pose for Lens at Lord's. Jones the spinner had been sent to Coventry — but only to work!

It's the kind of headline that England cricket fans have been awaiting all summer. And it *is* authentic — well, more or less. Perhaps a little explanation would be in order.

It was the Gentlemen of England's cricket Press who performed the near-miracle. This first such "Test" against the Indian cricket Press was staged at Kirkstall CC, Leeds, on June 22, the rest day in the other England versus India fixture.

And a trio of ITN players carried off a major share of the honours as England hammered their way to a 98-run victory.

England's total of 213 runs included a top score of 40 from ITN's Derek Seymour. Going in at number five, he struck two sixes and 4 fours in a brief but spectacular innings. His colleagues described it as "sheer dynamite".

When the Indian Press batted, ITN spinner Duncan Jones claimed three wickets for 18 runs in a deadly spell of five overs — including the coveted wicket of India's tour manager Raj Singh.

**The Next Lens... will be published in two months' time. All contributions to Press Office, please, by the beginning of October. Lens welcomes your Letters, 'opinion' pieces, articles, sports reports and photographs.**

Ian Edwards completed an impressive ITN contribution by taking a truly dazzling running catch on the long-on boundary.

● Persistent reports that all three ITN stars had offered their services to Mike Gatting were dismissed by a Lord's spokesman as "too little, too late!"



A challenge is a challenge — though sometimes it can almost be a Royal command! Anyway, when Buckingham Palace staff suggested a rounders match against an ITN team, the gauntlet was snatched up without hesitation.

ITN captain Mary Green led our girls out to face a vastly more experienced side. But they put up a valiant fight.

## ITN SQUASH CLUB REVIVED

*Michael Green writes:* In one last effort to rescue staff from a life of indolence, the ITN Squash Club has been revived.

Those with long memories will recall the arrangement we used to have with the Lambton Club and the matches with the BBC, LWT and the Dulwich Ladies. Sadly, that all fell by the way.

But thanks to the discovery by cameraman Mike Garner of courts close to ITN House and the generosity of Davy McKee, the oil and chemical firm that owns them, ITN squash players once again have the regular use of facilities — but much handier than before.

Davy McKee are in Euston Road, at the junction with Tottenham Court Road, and they've agreed to let ITN members play on Tuesday and Thursday mornings and afternoons.

More than 30 people have joined so far. We hope to get our own league going in the autumn, and with luck we'll discover or develop some talent to beef up the ITN team competing in the Amex-Fleet Street League.

For details, contact me on 2539 or the specialist correspondents' secretary.

Many of ITN's team had not played rounders since their schooldays, but old skills were soon rediscovered.

It was not enough, alas, and Buckingham Palace carried the day. However, a return fixture was offered and promptly accepted, so Mary Green and her warriors will fight again.