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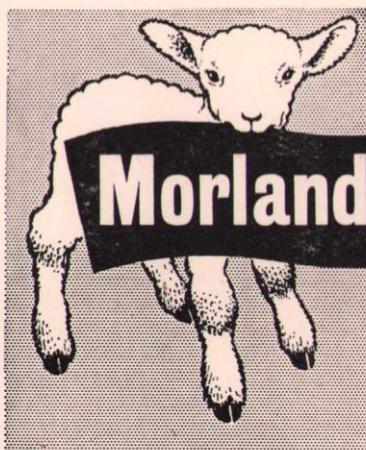
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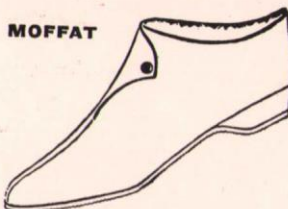
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HARLEQUIN

NUMBER 30

AUTUMN 1960

Leisure Magazine of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority Research Group
HARWELL - BRACKNELL - AMERSHAM - WANTAGE - OXFORD - WINFRITH



The Harwell Sailing Club's new boat, Enterprise 4701 — named HARLEQUIN by Mr. S. J. J. WALDRON, Chairman of the A.E.R.E. Recreational Association — is seen in action on the Dorchester Lagoon.

Says England's best-known yachtsman, Uffa Fox:

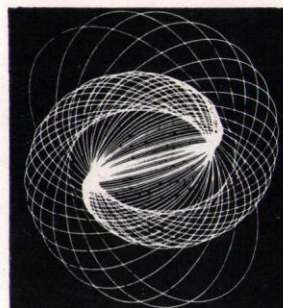
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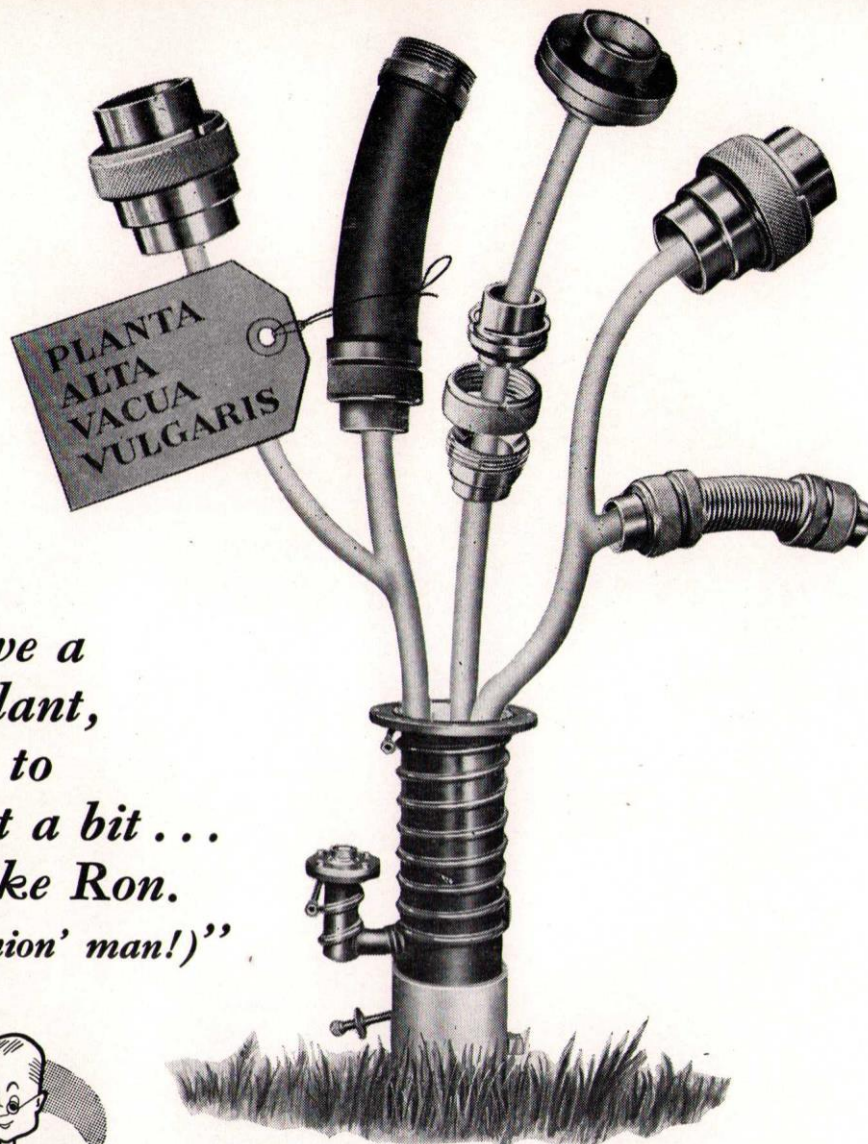


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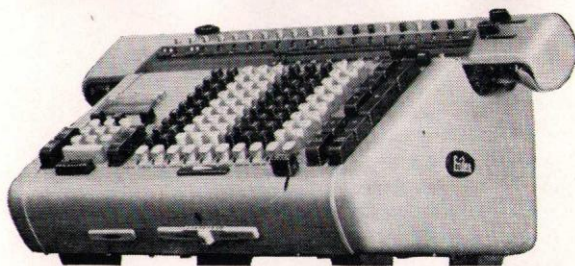
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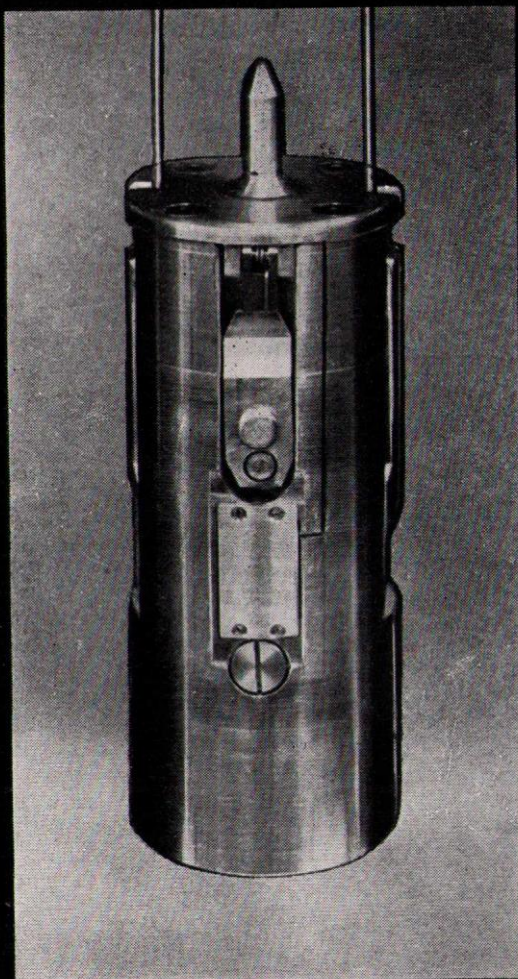
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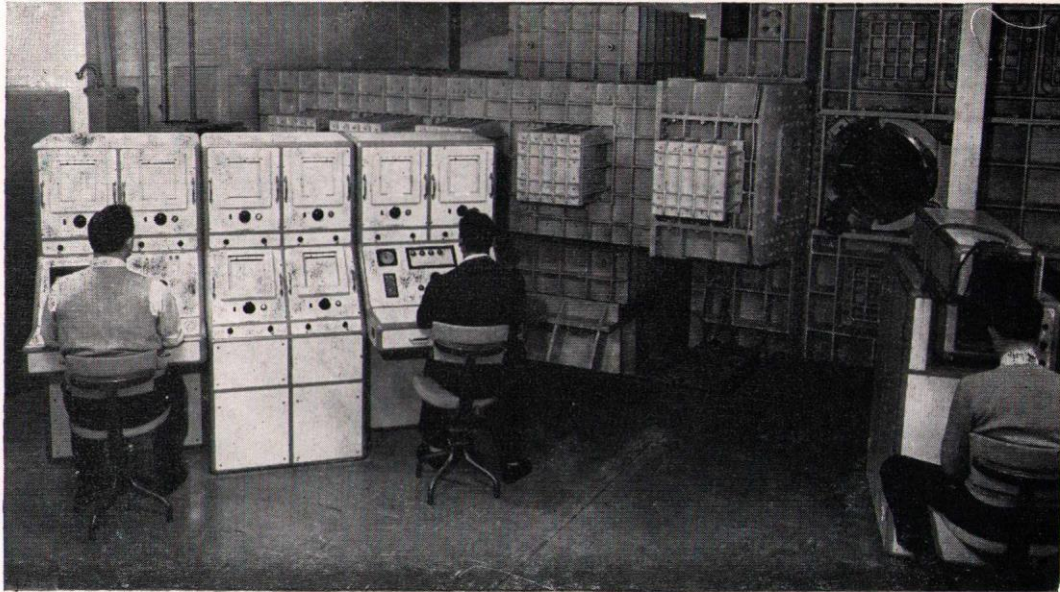
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In the recent installation of the larger transonic tunnel of the Association Speedomax H was again chosen for a scanning system designed to readout in sequence up to 150 pressures in the range 0—30 inches of mercury with accuracies up-to 0.01 inches of mercury.

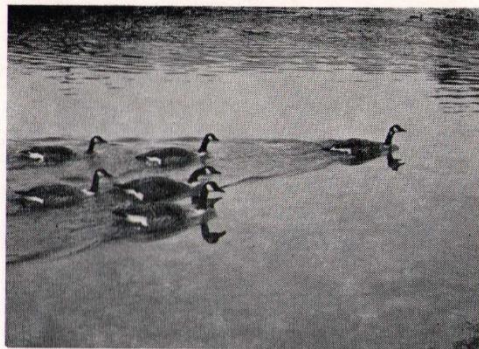
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PREPARING TO TAKE OFF. *E. Lyall (Chem. Eng.).*

Photo above: *G. T. Sneddon (Eng.)*

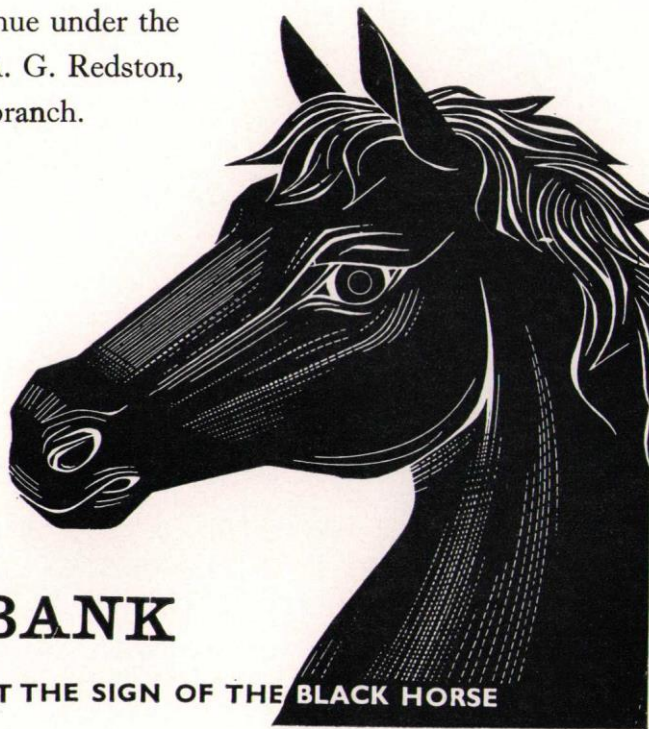


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AT THE SIGN OF THE BLACK HORSE



The Times

Foreword

BY DR. F. A. VICK, O.B.E.

IT was kind of the Editor to suggest that I should write a Foreword for the first issue of "Harlequin" to be published after I became Director of A.E.R.E. I came to Harwell a year ago from a university. University life has many attractions and there are very few places that would have tempted me away, but I feel it a privilege not only to succeed Sir John Cockcroft and Sir Basil Schonland, but also to be enabled to help to shape the future of A.E.R.E. For the Establishment is entering a new phase. After a period of rapid growth at Harwell there followed movement of staff and work to new establishments and outstations: A.E.E. Winfrith; Wantage Research Laboratory; the Rutherford Laboratory of N.I.R.N.S.; the Oxford Office; Bracknell, and now Culham. During the next few years, A.E.R.E. will settle down to be an establishment of approximately constant size, but this certainly does not mean stagnation. As I have said in another place, the equilibrium must be dynamic and not static. There will be redistribution of work, re-assessment of aim and effort, but these bring with them renewed opportunities for distinguished contributions to the atomic energy programme, and to science. It is my task, in collaboration with all members of the Establishment, to ensure that this will be so, and that the great reputation of A.E.R.E. will be consolidated and enhanced.

A.E.R.E. is, of course, a member of the Research Group, and it must be the aim of all of us that the spirit of friendly collaboration that was such a feature of Harwell and of Amersham in the early days should persist throughout the Group, however independent the individual establishments become.

One of the many things that have impressed me since joining the Authority is the high standard of the Research Group's magazine, "Harlequin". I should like to congratulate the editorial staff and to wish them and all the readers of "Harlequin" every success in the future.

27th September, 1960.

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EDITORIAL

“INTERNATIONALLY”, said Lord Chandos at the official opening last month at Winfrith, “the Establishment is setting a striking example, because the Dragon Project looks like the line-up for a race at the Olympic Games—except that in this race the United Kingdom is in the Final”; and concluding, he said that the politician must hang his head in shame that he had not yet been able to make the same advance in man’s relation to man as the scientist had achieved in “man’s control over the material world”.

This compliment we must regard as back-handed, for we share with the politician, and in fact with all peoples of the world, this sense of failure. To see, moreover, the true fruition of our work we need the hope of a world united. In our collaboration on the peaceful benefits of nuclear energy, we are raising our sights and thinking in larger dimensions.

We are all aware that this year is the tercentenary of the Royal Society, and we welcomed visitors with those awesome letters “F.R.S.” to A.E.R.E., to M.R.C. and to the National Institute. The Golden Jubilee of another association, however, may have passed unnoticed.

The Guide Association of Britain is 50 years old this year, and in Australia, Scotland, Africa, Canada, Finland, Ireland and Denmark, the first countries to follow us, Jubilee celebrations are taking place. Also springing from the British Scout Association are such off-shoots as the American Scout Movement, which this year also celebrates its Golden Jubilee. To-day, there are scouts and guides in 45 countries, and in more than three-quarters of the world the high principles of scouting and guiding are followed without distinction of race, creed or colour. Here is proof that peaceful co-existence is possible, that creed is no bar to religious tolerance, that colour is no bar to racial understanding.

From Britain has come this drawing together of people of differing outlooks and upbringing. Greater surely than all this country’s contributions to science is this contribution to improved understanding between nations. To-day, what the world needs most are men and women with a real concern for the welfare of others, who are prepared to give themselves in service.

At the time of going to press comes news that, due to its leaders moving out of the area and to the loss of its headquarters, the 4th North Berks A.E.R.E. Scout Group is in danger of being disbanded. We re-affirm here our faith in these world associations: the atomic age can only at its peril forfeit the contributions to improved human relations and international understanding which they can make.



Other People's Jobs No. 7

Industrial Chemistry Group

Two Contrasting Aspects of Harwell Engineering Division's most Versatile Group

20

WITH THE ever growing number of industries, service departments, universities and hospitals using radioactive materials, it is inevitable that waste problems will increase. The Radiochemical Inspector of the Ministry of Housing and Local Government is always willing to advise on methods of disposing of contaminated waste. The Authority have agreed provisionally to accept certain active waste from outside users on Ministry recommendation, on a repayment basis. For the purposes of transportation, and the convenience of all concerned, North Wales, North England and Scotland are served by the Drigg Disposal Centre, operated by the Windscale Works, and the remainder of England and Wales by the Industrial Chemistry Group at Harwell.

In spite of a formidable Whitehall address, the Radiochemical Inspector gives speedy and constructive advice to the various users of active materials with associated waste problems. After twelve months of operating, the system works very smoothly with the minimum of inconvenience. Many disposals of low activity wastes are permitted through the local authorities services. In the case of liquids, the local sewer may be used, or solids may even be buried in the normal refuse dumps. This is a matter between the user, the Inspector and the local Council, and is no concern of ours. It is only in the case of materials that could be a potential hazard to the general public that we are approached for assistance.

For example, a hospital may have a broken radium needle for disposal. The local authority would not accept waste in this category, and the matter would be referred to the Radiochemical Inspector. He would ask the hospital to complete a simple certificate giving all the necessary details. He can, if asked, give the hospital some indication of the charge that the Authority will make, using a scale of charges already agreed with us. After vetting the request to satisfy himself that no other disposal channel is available, he would send a portion of the certificate to us, asking if we can accept the waste and, if so, on what date it should be sent to Harwell. The needle in this case would come to our waste disposal centre at Building 462 and would be transferred to a concreted sea disposal drum with similar waste of our own. Later, the Authority would collect an economic sum for the service provided.

In the case of unusual wastes that give rise to contamination problems, and which cannot be handled safely by the user, the Radiochemical Inspector may seek further assistance from us in providing our specially trained decontamination squad to tackle the job. Providing they can be spared from their Harwell tasks, we like to help. The view is taken that each new outside job adds to their already varied experience, and may well prove extremely valuable at some future date inside a U.K.A.E.A. establishment.

* * *

Another responsibility of the Industrial Chemistry Group which deserves mention, is the chemical and bacteriological control of the site water supplies.

The siting of the Atomic Energy Research



A. R. Kenyon

Establishment at Harwell created various problems, not the least of which was the problem of adequate water supplies. The local water undertakings were unable, at the time the Establishment was proposed, to see their way clear to provide the necessary amount and so it was essential for the Ministry of Supply to make its own arrangements. The sinking of boreholes in the neighbourhood was considered, but expert opinion indicated that the yield from such sources would not be sufficient to meet the demand. In consequence permission was obtained from the Thames Conservancy to abstract from the River Thames and a small water works was designed and erected.

In the present system of control, regular chemical and bacteriological samples are taken and examined at all stages between the river and the various buildings and houses on the site. This requires the presence of a chemist at the Sutton Courtenay Water Works who controls the chemical treatment and carries out most of the chemical analyses on the water. At Harwell the Group bacteriologist maintains a constant check on the supply as well as carrying out investigations designed to improve the quality of the water.

The total number of samples taken per month is approximately 150 for bacteriological examination and 1060 for chemical analyses of all types. The treatment and control results in the water supplied to all houses and buildings on the site being completely satisfactory as judged by the standards laid down by the Ministry of Health. ★

Other People's
Leisure

A.E.R.E. Weightlifting Club



A. R. Kenyon

The Weight-Lifting Club is divided into two main groups: weight trainers who practice for the purpose of physical improvement, and weight-lifters who indulge in a sport.

Weight-lifting matches are held throughout the year in three divisions of the South Midlands Amateur Weight Lifters' Association. A.E.R.E. have teams in the 2nd and 3rd

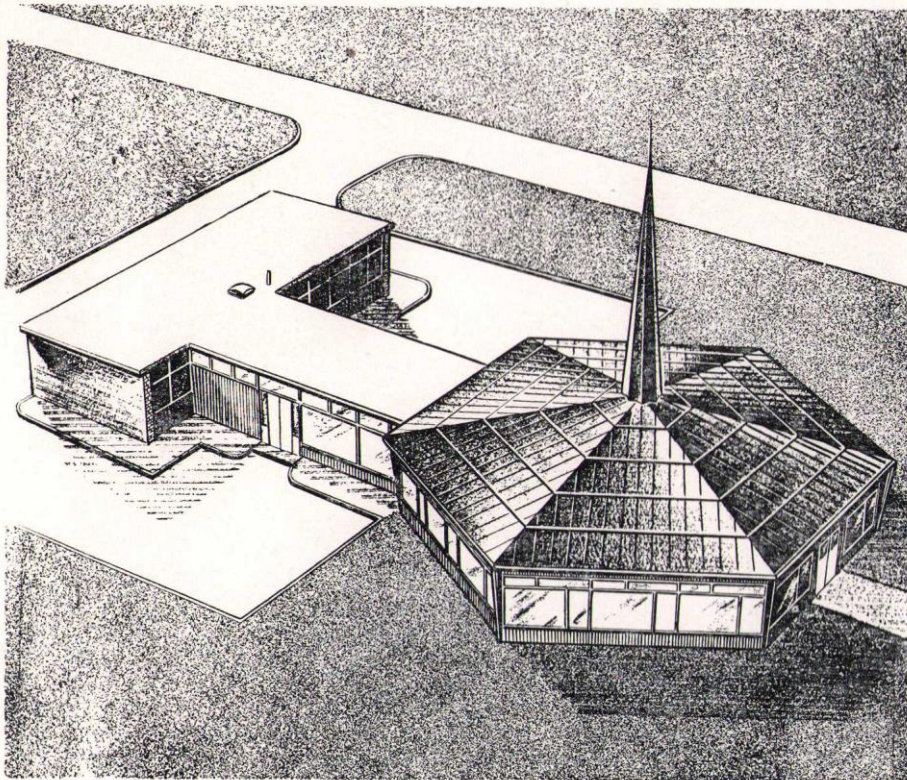
divisions. Three club members hold between them at the moment seventeen County records and one Area record.

The club is in possession of quite a lot of equipment, and facilities for training are good, with instructors for both weight-lifters and physical culturists. ★



Also carrying some weight is the gentleman who acts as contractor to the U.K.A.E.A. — but from this side of the Curtain, of course.

Posed for "Harlequin" at this year's Art Ball at Oxford.



‘THE SYNAGOGUE’

EXTRACT FROM “THE TIMES” DATED 2ND JULY, 2959.

Special Correspondent — Bob R. Lucifer.

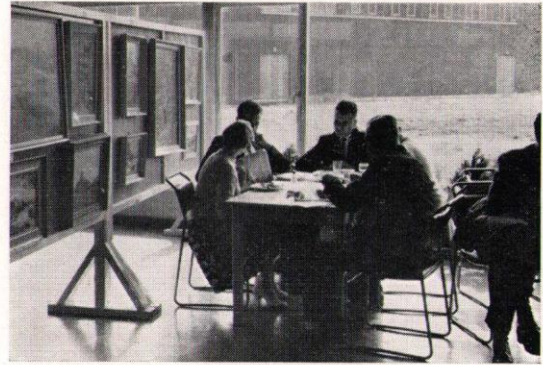
During recent excavations south west of London for the new landing site for proposed twice daily inter-stellar flight to Mars, Jupiter and Venus, traces have been found of a very primitive settlement. The site, as our readers know, is adjacent to that part of the capital standing in countryside which up to three hundred years or so ago was known as Dorset or Darzet.

Experts who have been called in to examine the remains found so far consider that the whole site may have been the home of some strange religious sect or monastic order, all traces of which have been lost, rather than of some community settlement. This belief is based on the fact that signs have been found of a hexagonal building with a strange conical device either in or upon it. The whole structure appears to have been covered with some form of metal or metallic gilding but the purpose of the conical device is not yet clear. Remains have also been found of strangely shaped stone buildings which, when complete, would have had walls approximately four feet thick. These as far as is known at present may have constituted some form of sacrificial chamber or house as there are remains of strange primitive metal structures the purpose of which is not yet clear.

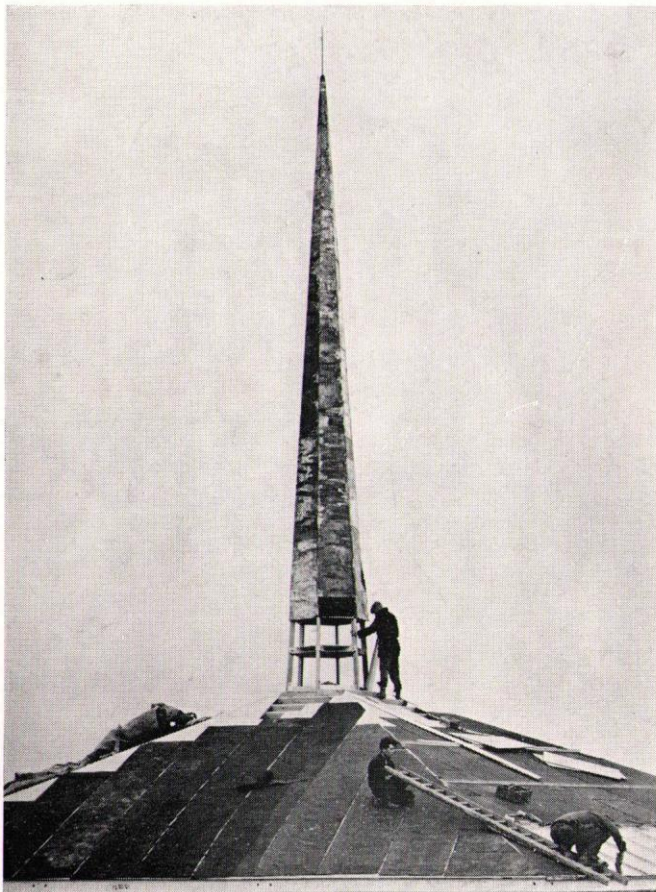


The originality of R. S. Brocklesby, Winfrith’s Chief Architect, is well brought out in the design of this unusual building. Inevitably it has collected a variety of local nicknames, perhaps the most widely used one being ‘The Synagogue’. We are assured that any resemblance to any building whatsoever, whether standing or in ruins, is purely coincidental! Moreover, its appearance is in pleasant contrast to the strictly functional aspect of the larger buildings, and we welcome this one little extravagance on an otherwise business-like site.

The Staff Centre is actually the hexagonal part with the spire, containing a bar, a food counter and room to seat about eighty people; a novel feature here is infra-red heating. Until the Medical Block was completed, the remainder of the building served as a temporary Medical Centre.



The staff centre has been the scene of several social functions, including Commander Lane's party, an Exhibition of Archæological finds, a Flower Show and an Art Exhibition; it also serves as a useful rendezvous for press visits. Although much smaller than the palatial new canteen, it has an intimate atmosphere all its own, and several informal dances have been held there.





Mr. and Mrs. Burch
There were many reactions to this
abstract painting by Paddy
Macmaidachan.

*The Art exhibition provided a pleasant
background to luncheon.*



Carol Gene-Breed's painting seems to
strike a familiar note.



Mrs. Jean Cooling, Miss Jane Braine,
Miss Margaret Brown.



We have really everything in common with America nowadays except, of course, language. (Oscar Wilde.)

Paradise Lost?

Reflections on a Stay in America

by H. Hunt (Group Records)

THE words 'America' and 'Heaven' used to evoke similar mental pictures for me. Perhaps this was because, so far as I knew then, the odds were very much against my ever going to either place. The odds against my going to Heaven are certainly greater than they were, but I have been to America and can now reflect on how it measured up to the image.

It was difficult enough interpreting Britain to Americans, and many times I wished I had given more attention to English history. But how much more difficult to convey an impression of a foreign land to one's own countrymen; and America is a foreign land, even if its inhabitants do speak a language derived from English. I can do no more than describe a few of the things we saw during a two-year stay and hope they will give a glimpse of the country.

The U.S.A. is the home of gimmicks, gadgets, and labour-saving devices. After all, something had to be found to replace the slaves, and necessity is the mother of invention in the U.S.A. as nowhere else, even if the consumer has to be reminded of his needs by incessant advertising. ("What I like about this place is, it's not commercial" we heard a New Yorker say to her friend—in the United Nations building!)

About gadgets. There is, for instance, an oven fitted with a probe which measures the inside temperature of the joint, turns the oven down when the meat is done and plays a tune to wake up the presumably sleeping housewife. The tune? "Tenderly"! But we never came

across anyone who trusted, or even understood, her auto-cooker.

Another example of American ingenuity is the machine to be seen along the express highways, which for 25 cents delivers a sizzling hot dog in 20 seconds, neatly boxed. The miracle was explained by two small punctures, one at each end of the carton. Two electrodes are apparently inserted into the sausage and a current passed between them to heat it up. If you want the bun heated as well, you just wait a while for the heat to penetrate outwards. The American sausage is obviously remarkably homogeneous, and I doubt whether the British version would respond to the same treatment. The Electronics Division at Harwell might investigate this, under the title "Basic Research into the Distribution of Conductivity in the British Sausage".

Do Americans dress better than Britons? Their styles certainly appear a bit odd to us, but their clothes are better kept. Noticeably absent were the baggy trousers sported by British males. Washington women could be seen in the mornings doing their shopping in slacks and with their hair in curlers, but in the afternoon the same women would turn out for a bridge-party dressed to the nines. Sundays were reminiscent of the Ascot scene from "My Fair Lady", with the children, even toddlers, dressed as little replicas of their parents.

The frequency with which Americans have their clothes cleaned is partly a matter of necessity. In their climate, frequent changes of clothing are essential if one is to make friends

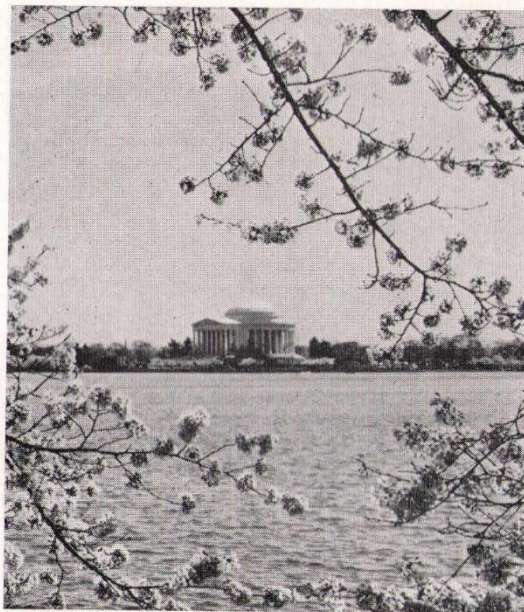
and influence people. Dresses are washed after one wearing; but then, all this involves is dropping them into an automatic washing machine and hanging them up to drip-dry or leaving them for the coloured maid to iron.

Suits were dry-cleaned every two weeks or so, and much to our surprise they continued to come back crisp and didn't smell of cleaning fluid. It cost \$1.25 (nine shillings) to have a suit cleaned, which is cheap out of incomes averaging more than twice those in this country.

The coloured 'maids' in Washington were the equivalent of our "ladies wot oblige", but how much more obliging they were! For \$1 an hour they would look after the children, wash dishes, clean silver, do the ironing, dust and use a vacuum cleaner or polisher. However there were limits, and one of our English friends was put in her place when she asked her maid to put polish on the floor. "Ah pays to have mah own floors done, so ah guess ah won't do yo's" was the reply. This girl had already over-awed her employer by turning up in her own car, not more than three years old, and putting on a spotless white nylon housecoat before setting to work.

It was traditional that the coloured folk did the menial work, and the buses taking the white population into the city to work returned to the suburbs with coloured maids on their way to do housework for white families. The negroes in the city had, to us, a reasonable standard of living, though still markedly below that of white families in the area. They were colourfully dressed, cheerful and obliging, the women with their hair plastered down to keep it straight, while their white sisters spend a fortune trying to make theirs curly. Socially unaccepted, they strove to outdo the white man in material possessions by forming syndicates to buy such things as second-hand (but still luxurious) Cadillacs. The success of mail-order houses such as Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward is partly attributable to the fact that this form of trading does not discriminate against negroes, whereas some shops, particularly in the South, have refused to admit them.

Washington is a beautiful city, marred only by its semi-tropical summer heat and, above all, the humidity. Attempts to start a conversation by remarks like "It's turned out nice again, hasn't it?" met with blank stares, but the humidity was always good material to fill an awkward silence. The pollen-count too was announced daily on radio and television for the benefit of sufferers from allergies.



Jefferson Memorial, Washington D.C.

Recall a misty November day in Britain, with the washing dripping on the line, as wet at the end of the day as when it was put out. Then imagine the temperature raised to 95° and you have a summer day in Washington. At worst this "ninety/ninety" weather (90 degrees and 90% humidity) might go on without a break for a month but if you were lucky it would be broken more frequently by spells of cooler (80°) weather.

By the end of September things would have cooled down and one could then enjoy the spaciousness of the city, which was designed by a Frenchman, Pierre L'Enfant, with the broad tree-lined avenues radiating from the Capitol as if from the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. The streets must have seemed extravagantly wide in L'Enfant's day, but without them the traffic would surely have come to a standstill long ago. The beauty of Washington lies not in imaginative architecture, which is noticeably absent, but in its cleanness, and in the acres of grassy parks through which sweep broad highways to the suburbs. These highways are six lanes wide and it is predicted that by 1970 they will have to be 16—18 lanes wide to take the traffic expected by then.

It is as foolhardy to enter the network of roads between Washington and the Pentagon without a thorough study of the route as it



The Capitol, Washington D.C.

would be to go into Hampton Court Maze and expect to get out unaided. There are 35 miles of clover-leaf crossings around the Pentagon, and, with traffic advancing at up to 60 m.p.h. in a phalanx three lanes wide, woe betide the man who hesitates. It was an accomplishment to arrive at the Marriot Motel or the Jefferson Memorial at the first attempt, and more than once I abandoned my car and walked when my goal was in sight, but maddeningly out of reach by car. Later, with practice, I avoided this humiliation.

25,000 people work in the Pentagon and the car-park accommodates 10,000 cars. Late-comers can find themselves having to park at the far end of the car park, 15 minutes walk from the office. Those who work in the city centre, where parking is at a premium, sometimes arrive at 7.00 a.m. to get a parking space, and then sleep in their cars until time for work at 8.0 o'clock.

Our car, with a right-hand drive, evoked comment wherever we went. Negroes pouring out of a tobacco factory in Winston Salem, South Carolina stopped to chide us for having our steering wheel on the wrong side. We were continually having to explain that the British drove right-hand drive cars because they drove on the left-hand side of the road. This explanation seldom occurred to those who were not familiar with Parkinson's treatise.

A garage-hand in South Carolina wanted to know where our "cute l'il car" (a Zephyr) was made, and when told it was British he seemed impressed. "They're comin' on over there, ain't they?" he said, adding that Britain was

the only one of "them countries over there" which really wanted peace. We felt duly flattered, although we doubted if he knew whether Britain was part of Europe or the Middle East. Nearby, in a rural post-office, we had our first experience of southern social customs. A coloured woman transacting some business at the counter stood back for us to be served, and it was only afterwards that we realised it was because we were white, and not because we were strangers in town, that she had deferred to us.

Of interest in the rural post-offices were the nests of pigeon-holes secured by elementary combination locks, from which people collected their own mail, there being no mail delivery in many rural communities.

It is un-American to want privacy, or at least that is what the advertisers would have Americans believe. "Togetherness" is the order of the day, and this idea is fostered to justify the continual intrusion of advertising salesmen, and the press into the privacy of the individual. To have one's name put into the telephone directory was to issue an open invitation to telephone salesmen, and seldom a day went by without someone intruding in this way. One salesman rang up and promised that his firm could save us \$300 (£120) a year with a freezer plan: this would provide us with a deep-freeze cabinet which they would keep stocked with our selection of produce for a small monthly payment. Eventually, the freezer would become our property! We didn't get down to details because he was rather taken back to hear that we had no room for a deep-freeze in our one-

If a man is happy in America it is considered he is doing something wrong—*Clarence Darrow*.

America is the country where you buy a lifetime supply of aspirin for one dollar, and use it up in two weeks—*John Barrymore*.

It does the bravest thing I have ever known a Hollywood film do—it admits that the people of America may be wrong—*C. A. Lejeune*.

America is a nation that conceives many odd inventions for getting somewhere but can think of nothing to do when it gets there—*Will Rogers*.

The 100 per cent. American is 99 per cent. idiot—*G. B. Shaw*

Every time Europe looks across the Atlantic to see the American eagle, it observes only the rear end of an ostrich—*H. G. Wells*.

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bedroom apartment, and that in any case we did not spend \$300 a year on food which could be frozen.

Then there was the lady who was selling cemetery plots, and offered us a free set of steak knives if we would entertain the salesman, whether or not we succumbed to his persuasion. She was silenced when we said we were in her charming country for only two years and, with ordinary luck, hoped not to need a cemetery plot during our stay.

There were no holds barred. The publishing houses were the most persistent, employing rosy-cheeked high-school boys with innocent blue eyes to persuade housewives to take out magazine subscriptions with the plea that the publishers were sponsoring their college education on a points system, and that their whole future depended on getting enough points.

Could it have been a coincidence that on two occasions, within 48 hours of a doctor confirming that we were to expect a baby, a magazine boldly titled "Your New Baby" was delivered to us, unenveloped, by courtesy of the "Didy-Wash" diaper service? On the first occasion this magazine was left in the communal magazine rack below the mail boxes in the foyer of our apartment, for all to see. There followed a steady stream of similar material. However, we were guests in a foreign country where all this was accepted without comment, and did not feel free to take up with the doctor an obvious breach of confidence by his staff, if not by himself.

In the maternity ward of the hospital each patient received several small samples from producers of baby products, who in return were provided by the hospital with a list of the patients' names and addresses. Thereafter the pressure to buy these products was kept up by mail. At least three-quarters of our mail was advertising matter.

Then there was the 'Welcome Wagon' movement. Originally introduced to meet pioneers arriving at a new township and to greet them with fresh water and provisions, it has developed into a national organisation for advertising the local tradespeople to newcomers to a district. No sooner had we moved in than the paid representatives called on us with perhaps a couple of dozen free gifts, and vouchers entitling us to reduced prices for car servicing, dry-cleaning, television repair, etc. The local undertaker, not to be out-done, regretted he could be of no immediate service to us, but promised to lend us as many chairs as we wanted for our first party! The most acceptable was a meal at the local department store, which we enjoyed all the more because we didn't have to pay the bill.

As part of the 'Welcome Wagon' movement there was a 'Welcome Wagon Club' to which newcomers could belong for 12 months after arrival. This appeared to be run by voluntary helpers and to have no commercial motive. We were constantly being surprised by the ability of Americans to maintain national organisations for the most unlikely purposes.

It was in the absence of the many small familiar things that we had taken for granted in England that the U.S.A. was at first so strange, and so frustrating. Gone, for instance, were those reassuring little yellow notices which one finds dotted conveniently from one end of England to the other. There were, we discovered, "rest-rooms" or "comfort-stations", but these were invariably in restaurants, so one was often obliged to buy cups of coffee when they were least needed. What had from time immemorial cost a penny now cost a "dime".

Also missing from the scene were the telephone kiosks and the stamp machines. Most of them were hidden away in the drug-stores, that unique institution around which the com-

mercial and social life of America revolves. The charge for stamps from machines in these stores was always one cent more than the face value, and post-offices were few and far between.

The American postal system is certainly inferior to ours, and to most in Europe, as the Americans are well aware. This is not surprising when you learn that well nigh the only political appointments left in the Federal Civil Service are those for the 2,000 jobs as Post-Masters. Because these jobs are spread throughout the country, this is a jealously guarded field for congressional patronage, each congressman dispensing the patronage in his own state.

At the outset, the language difference made it difficult to communicate. People listened, fascinated, to our accent, and not to what we said. The vocabulary we learned quickly, but the intonation took longer, and then as our inhibitions loosened up, pithy, expressive Americanisms began to replace the collection of understatements with which we had been endowed by our British upbringing. Also we found old English words like 'citizenry' and 'baileywick' still in use in America — and 'presently' used in its literal and original sense to mean 'now'.

The food also was quite different. No back bacon, only streaky bacon sweet cured, which we got to like when we discovered it should be cooked until crisp. Canadian-style bacon was lean but was rather dry and, from different curing, tasted quite different from British bacon.

Bread was tasteless and had no substance, but it made very good toast, and after all that is how it is usually eaten. If you order a sandwich you have to say whether it should be hot or cold, white or rye bread and whether you want it toasted. Have you ever eaten a hot roast-beef sandwich, with gravy? Sounds revolting, doesn't it? I tried to get one without gravy, only to be told "Darn it, it's the gravy as makes it hot". I was no more successful in getting a plain ham sandwich, without lettuce, salad dressing and sweet pickle. It was only later that I learned the magic phrase "A ham sandwich — and hold everything".

Sausages were highly seasoned and contained a fair proportion of fat, but no bread. Fruit and vegetables were the chief delight. An immense variety was available all year round, at reasonable prices. Many of them were strange to us, or had previously been luxuries reserved for special occasions. We particularly liked the water-melon, honey-dew melon, canteloupe and



The White House

the many varieties of squash (a member of the gourd family), and also avocado pears.

No food, except milk, was delivered, and that only three times a week; but the super-markets stayed open until 9 p.m. six days a week, and some of the drug-stores never closed, so you could eat or buy most of the essentials at any time of the day or night.

Service in the supermarkets was generally most efficient. As fast as the cashiers checked off the purchases, expert packers whipped them into stout paper sacks which were then put back in the trolley to be wheeled to the covered-way outside and left in charge of a gang of coloured loaders, who remained incredibly cheerful in temperatures ranging from zero to 100°. All that remained was to find your car amongst the hundreds in the car park, drive up to the loading bay and wait for the groceries to be put in. There was no charge for the car-park or the loading, and no tipping.

Furthermore, there were no pubs! One could drink at home, of course, and in some states in restaurants and bars, but these were places for serious drinkers, and not suitable for a social outing for the family. The licensing laws were as complicated and illogical as ours. In Washington for instance it was illegal to drink standing up. Respected citizens such as the Admiral who lived nearby were sometimes arrested for smuggling liquor or cigarettes from

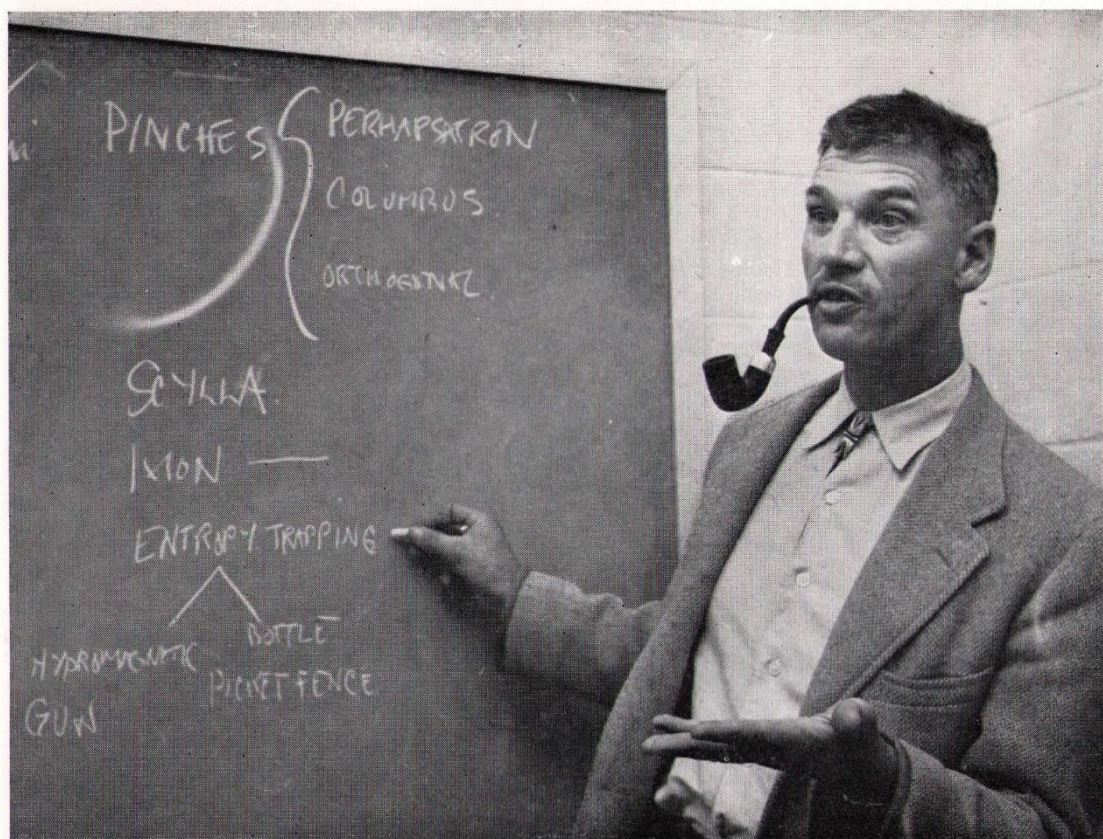
one state to another, although few of the boundaries are guarded or even marked.

So we missed most the bacon, bread, bangers, beer — and the B.B.C.

During our stay, there was a congressional election, but there was surprisingly little discussion of the political issues. On television there was merely a bald announcement of the identity of the candidate with a plea for votes. American politics are beyond me to describe, but the arrangements at the polling stations are worth mentioning. We were allowed to go into a polling station while voting was going on, and even take photographs. There are no ballot papers, the votes being recorded and counted on 'fruit' machines. These have a small lever on the front panel for each candidate. There were thirty-six candidates to choose from on this occasion, for the congressional seats and a number of county posts, including judges. As each voter entered the booth containing the machine, curtains were drawn behind him. He had only to depress the levers corresponding to his favourite candidates and, when

sure he did not want to change his mind, operate a larger lever at the side of the machine. This recorded his votes on sealed counters inside the machine, re-set it and opened the curtains for the next voter. Some of the voters took a long time, while those in the queues waited patiently for their turn. The newspapers published diagrams showing which levers to operate to elect the candidates they supported.

This article has turned out to be more critical than appreciative of the U.S.A., which is a pity, for there is so much to like in the country. As it is I have no space to describe the spectacular and immensely varied scenery, from the English-looking forests of Maryland to the rescued swampland that is Florida and the deserts of Utah. Above all, I have said nothing of the interest in England displayed by everyone we met, and the unstinted hospitality and warm friendship we received at every hand. We returned home after two years with many regrets; and if America is not a paradise it is certainly a fascinating country which improves with understanding. ★



LOST AT LOS ALAMOS is British born Dr. James Tucker. Tie-less and with crew-cut hair, he appears to have gone native and abandoned all hope of repatriation

Rural England

Olive Harrison



*'The George'—Jasmine Powditch
(Exhibition Group)*

When my husband was appointed to Harwell, we were told that we should probably be found a house in Wallingford. On the river! Sounds fine. An old town—a very old town it seems, full of history and obviously the sort of place transatlantic visitors would go for. I wrote and told a friend of mine who knew Wallingford before the war. She was ecstatic. I must explain that my friend is the aesthetic type—you know, lots of swooning over antique shops, old pubs and unspoilt buildings. She said how lucky I was, and I felt a glow of excitement at the prospect of living in such sought-after surroundings.

Our first view of the place was on an August afternoon—rather a steamy sort of day, and the sun just wasn't shining. It looked all right so far—a little dusty perhaps. Probably due to the day, we thought; after all, we were used to the sea-side, and the light is supposed to be more actinic there. Anyway, let's investigate the river, we decided. We shall be able to swim and go boating! Closer inspection, however, revealed that the river wasn't so inviting after all. Of course, we knew it wasn't the sea, and the sea these days isn't all it is cracked up to be; but really, this was a bit much—brown definitely isn't my favourite colour!

On our way back through the town we came to the cross-roads, where a bus seemed to be having trouble in extricating itself from under the eaves of the George Hotel (very historic, by the way, with a good fish shop opposite). This bus was well and truly stuck, and we

soon saw what was causing the commotion. One of those American mobile hotels they call cars was trying to nose its way elegantly past the bus; a well-groomed crew-cut head appeared from the gleaming interior and shouted, "Say! you could use some dynamite around here!"

This is all ancient history, however, as we are now on the voting list and two years does give one a chance to review the situation, don't you think? I forgot to mention an attraction not given in the guide book. Do you like air displays? You do? Well now, that's fine, because you'll get all you want, and more, and free of charge too! I'm surprised the guide book doesn't make a special point of it. It's always advisable to keep a supply of ear-plugs in the house, just for the week-end guests, if you want them to come again. Oh, and don't worry about that picture disappearing on the T.V.—it only happens when the boys in blue are having a special spree!

Just a few last tips for those coming to this once peaceful corner of old England. Do leave your prams behind—the baby traffic is pretty congested in the afternoons and it would probably be safer to invest in a papoose! Also, do remember your kerb drill—look right, then left, then right again. You are likely to find yourself, if not very careful, about to be crushed between a "Queen Mary", a bus and a petrol tanker, all rushing on their way to some other part of not-so-rural England. It's not a bad place, though, if you can stand the racket! ★

Open Skies
E. Lyall (Chem. Eng.)



St. Giles' Fair
A. R. Kenyon.
(Chem. Eng.)



Berkshire Landscape

G. T. Sneddon (Eng.)

The Degree of Tomorrow?

"Hopeless! The College thinks we have six months' holiday with the firm and the firm thinks we have six months' holiday with the College. We're caught between two fires; we've had it both ways." It was one of my fellow students speaking about the "Dip. Tech." sandwich course: an understandable reaction to this new experiment in education.

These sandwich courses (the pun has now been taken to its fullest extent—there is a Sandwich Course in Catering in London) usually consist of four years' training for an award of honours degree status—the Diploma in Technology. My companion referred to the alternation between a responsible job and an intensive course of study that constitutes our working year.

The work is quite hard, with the added discomfort of very few holidays—certainly no long university "vac." And the award, on the face of it, is not a "B.Sc." but merely a diploma. Where, then, is the great attraction?

Probably the key to this is the fact that most of us have salaries all the year round. In addition, we are still effectively on the promotion ladder in our firms. And when, on the course, we realise that the training is imaginative, uncrowded and very well financed, we begin to see the advantages.

Most of us arrive with passes in Advanced Level G.C.E. and with varied reasons for not taking a university education. Almost all are sponsored by firms, with a few, inevitably poor, "College-based" pupils who survive on a county grant. We form an unusually mixed bunch of candidates, with Public School boys working side by side with those who have only a junior technical college behind them.

The colleges are either selected or specially built for the purpose, Brunel (mine) being one of the latter. An impressive block building with wooden facing, it is pleasantly situated in Acton. Prints of master paintings decorate the long, wide corridors of the central part, which accommodates about 500 and represents less than half the planned size of the College. Three rather recalcitrant lifts take visitors as far as the fourth floor, where the students' common room, large and luxurious, presents a thirty-mile vista across London to the Surrey hills. Most other space is devoted to tiered lecture halls, classrooms and laboratories.

There is, however, something missing when we compare this to a university. There is no tradition. Clubs are new and slow in starting. Mention of the "arts" is rare and no languages are considered necessary. Indeed, a student that does not know what a verb is will probably not be enlightened. But this situation may possibly improve with time.

The attraction comes in the Dip. Tech's efficiency. The lecturing standard is high; the equipment is expensive and excellent and the syllabus extremely adaptable. Genuine contact is kept with the sponsoring firms and the "guinea-pigs" themselves in order to mould the education consistently to useful and interesting topics. Consequently, most research (done mainly in the fourth year) is genuine and may be of direct use to an employer. Whereas London University may have a hundred at a lecture, we usually number about fifteen.

Attendance is largely voluntary, with Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays free. Many of us from distant parts take advantage of the latter to explore the "Sinful City", but this pleasure is paid for by hard work on Sunday.

In addition to standard lectures, we may dabble in such diversities as Work Study, Logic and Effective Speaking. The colleges vary considerably in their attitudes toward auxiliary subjects and much freedom is allowed. Indeed, a great attraction is the fact that the staff set their own examinations. These are vetted by a central authority if the college is not yet a "College of Advanced Technology".

During the half year at our normal work, we are visited at least once by a tutor from the college. This is intended to give some continuity to the course (in addition to set exercises) and the tutor also ensures that his charge is being given suitable work by his employer. In particular, college-based pupils may be exploited as cheap labour, although this rarely occurs.

In our final year, we are assessed on a large proportion of original experimental work. We are glad to hear that, if we wish, we may suggest individual "projects" ourselves. The last year is mainly devoted to this project, examinations being split between the third and fourth years.

I have found myself a place among the producers of the College magazine—an ambitious

three-weekly affair—and many of us support the handful of organised clubs. Leisure time is, nevertheless, short and we work very hard. The return to industry sometimes seems like a blessed rest ahead, although this can never be so!

Ours is a world of great opportunity. Most firms are more than willing to let their students see a different side of the work each year. It is very likely that I may move from Winfrith, Dorset, to Dounreay, Caithness, and back again to Harwell—an opportunity I may never have again. And that award at the end is of honours degree status, by consent of both government and industry, despite its mild name.

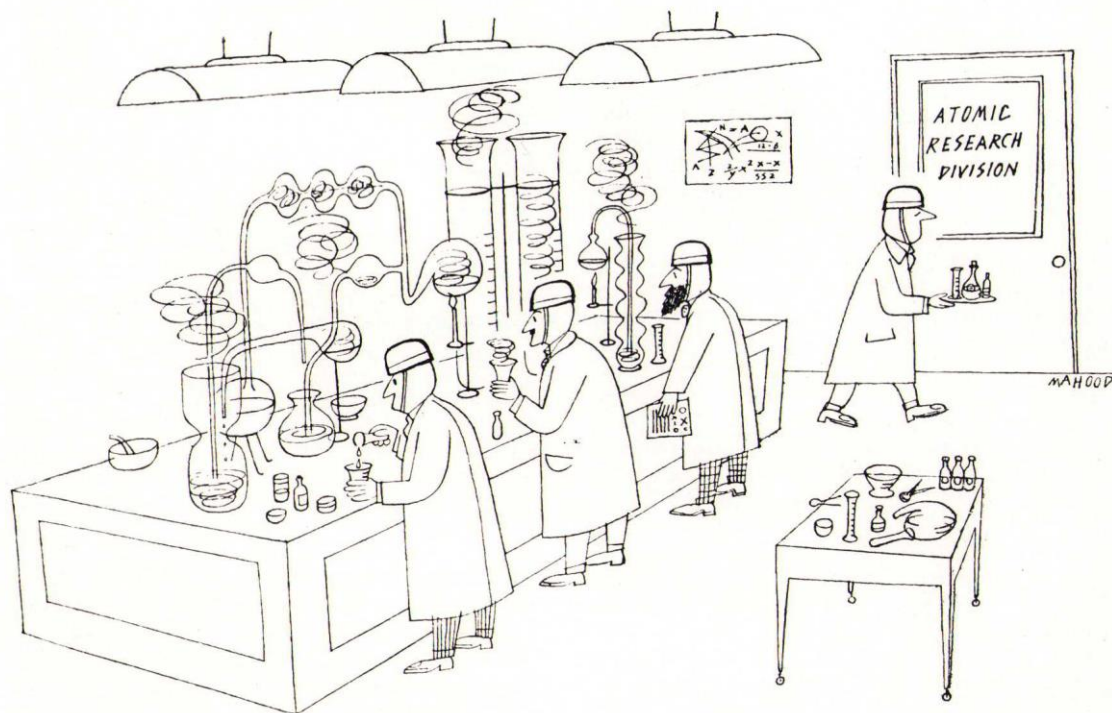
After my four years, I shall leave exhausted but, I hope, triumphant.

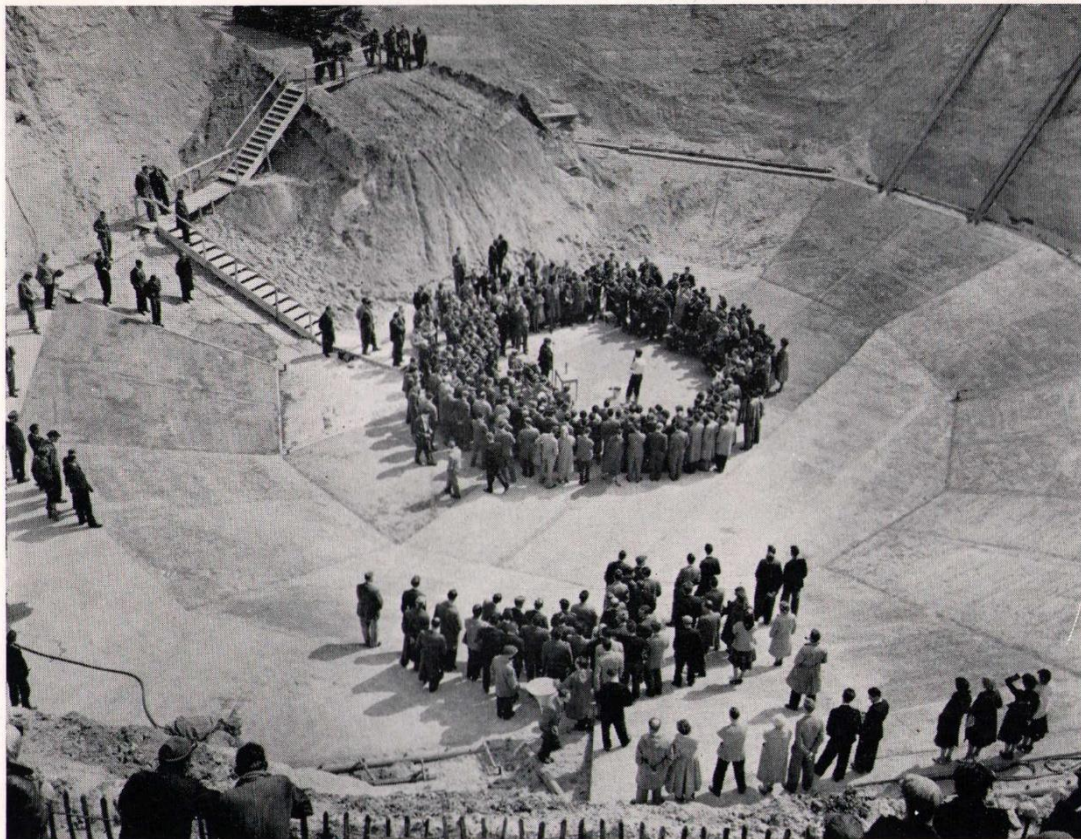
PETER HARROP.

Details of colleges and courses and the Authority awards may be obtained from the Technical Training Office, Bldg. 328T, Harwell.

Courses normally begin either in September or January and applications are invited about two or three months beforehand.

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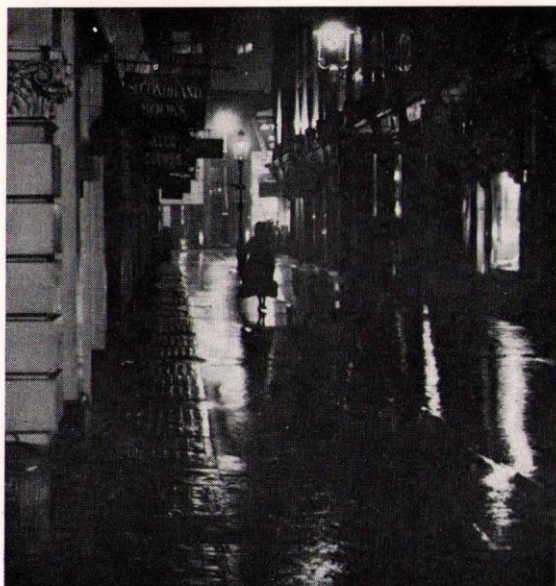
“Dragon” Inauguration Ceremony

This ceremony marked the start of the construction of the experimental reactor being built at Winfrith under the O.E.E.C. Reactor Project “Dragon”. A steel cylinder containing plans of the reactor, a copy of the Project Agreement, and coins from the signatory countries was laid in the concrete foundation slab of the reactor building by Dr. Sivgard Eklund of Sweden, Chairman of the Dragon Board of Management.

The guests were welcomed by Mr. C. A. Rennie (U.K.), the Chief Executive of the project, who said that it was now just about one year since the Dragon Agreement had come into force. During the first year the main objectives had been the building up of the necessary scientific, engineering, administrative and supporting staff, the initiation of the re-

search and development programme, a review of the proposed design of the reactor experiment and finally the start of work on the reactor experiment itself.

Mr. Rennie was followed by Sir William Penney, who said that the ceremony marked one further step in an important programme of technical collaboration between countries of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation. The Dragon experiment was the first reactor experiment to be designed and operated under the auspices of the European Nuclear Energy Agency. The Atomic Energy Authority were proud that British collaboration had led to the choice of their Winfrith Establishment for much of the technical work. Today there was a vigorous technical organisation and a fine spirit of comradeship in a technical adventure of great promise.



In Defence of London

Hell is a city much like London
Shelley

When a man is tired of London
he is tired of life
Johnson

Says the author of this article: For me, the streets of London are not paved with gold, nor are they hallowed by centuries of tradition. They are simply vibrant with life.

ON the day that I left London I was awake early—much earlier than the usual 5.45 a.m. (Why do country folk think Londoners are lie-a-beds?) From the window of my house on the heights I could see strings of blue and amber street lights across the suburbs, in the distance an occasional neon sign, and at one point the spluttering flashes of welders at work. There were sounds, too—nearby the subdued growl of road traffic and the muffled chattering roar of the Southern Electric trains; farther off the swinging clatter of dockside cranes and the hooting of tugs. London never sleeps.

By the time I left home, although it was still early, the milk, letters and newspapers had all been delivered. On the short walk to the station I bought some tobacco—the shops were already open. I was not aiming to catch any particular train—there were six every hour. Without any foreboding, I remember thinking that one advantage of living in London was that all the services—transport, food, information, etc.—were so good that one was relieved of the necessity for thinking about them, and could

devote oneself whole-heartedly to work and play.

The train rushed me through cutting, up tunnel and out over viaducts at the speed known only by the suburban electric lines. Other trains converged, passed or were overtaken, and sidled away as we tore over streets, factories, warehouses, canals, and markets. It was not the living throbbing of the rails which attracted attention, but the activity all around. Lorries weaved beneath and beyond, in the factories machines stamped and snorted while line shafts whirled and belting flapped, in the markets sacks and baskets flowed about—the very water in the canals moved. And soon I was in the courtyard at Charing Cross, the centre of London.

I had given myself plenty of time for a last look round. I went down to the Embankment, stopping at a coffee stall and looking at some Continental newspapers on the way. People were streaming into the City as I strolled along, watching over the parapet the steamers, tugs, barges, pleasure cruisers and a river police launch. I passed buildings which, to those who know London, are typical of its hidden depths

—Shell-Mex House: not to me a monolithic white stone block, but the nerve-centre of a nation-wide fuel system of tankers, ports, refineries, pipelines, laboratories; the Savoy Hotel: world-famous to tourists, on ground with mediaeval connections with France, and more recently distinguished by Gilbert and Sullivan and the B.B.C.; the Institution of Electrical Engineers: one of a score of learned societies which make London the clearing-house of all the world's knowledge; King's College: a reminder that London is unique among University cities in its organisation; Electra House: where for twenty-hours a day news is sucked in by radio and cable from New York, Moscow, Sydney, Hong Kong, Cape Town, Buenos Aires, Calcutta, Montreal . . . the Temple: practically the home of English Common Law, which has set a standard for the world.

For me, the streets of London are not paved with gold, nor are they hallowed by centuries of tradition. They are simply vibrant with life.

I made my way up to Temple Bar. Nearby an office building was being erected; I could hear the slow scrunch of a mechanical excavator and the staccato chatter of pneumatic drills; a chatter that would soon be echoed faintly by the keys of a hundred thousand typewriters. Later the typists would be coming out for lunch. Meals were already being prepared in a thousand kitchens; steak and onions, chop suey and crispy noodles, minestrone and spaghetti bolognese, curried chicken and chapatis, wiener schnitzel, kebab, goulash hongroise, fish and chips. After lunch they would window-shop, gazing at the gowns and furs in Regent Street and Oxford Street and the jewels in Bond Street and Burlington Arcade. Some might book seats for any of a hundred plays, musical comedies, films, concerts, ballet, opera . . .

I forced myself to plunge into the Underground, which took me with its usual thudding flurry to Paddington and the Western Region express to Reading.

On the train I had no feeling of leaving London. There is something about a main line express which seems to be a part of London, as though it were carrying the spirit of the Metropolis into the provinces. There are, of course, many Londons; there is the London of intellectual and cultural achievement, but my London is action; turbulent, urgent, compelling, inspiring action.

EUBULUS



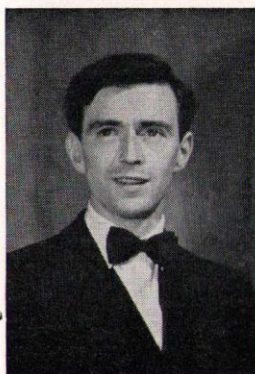
J. V. L. Hopkins (Winfrith)

INITIATED BY FORMER MEMBERS OF A.E.R.E. MUSIC CLUB AND A GROWING
EXAMPLE OF HARWELL'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE LOCAL COMMUNITY . . .

ABINGDON AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY



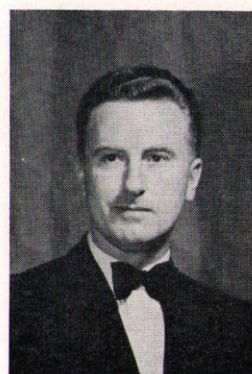
Part of the chorus of thirty



Harry Prior
Bldg. 393
(*Sir Walter Raleigh*)



Barbara Moore
(*Bessie Throckmorton*)



Gordon Chapman
Bldg. 424
(*Earl of Essex*)



Roland Jacobi
Bldg. 10.5
(Walter Wilkins)

Tom Nixon
Bldg. 510
(Silas Simkins)



John McConnell
Bldg. 220
Trevor Hyman
Bldg. R.12

Stan Little
Bill Earl
Bldg. 488T



Maureen Carter
(May Queen)



Kathleen Butt
(Queen Elizabeth)



Dorothy Murphy
Bldg. 329
("Jill-All-Alone")



Bill Fairfoul
Blg. 424
(Chairman of the Society)

"Merrie England"

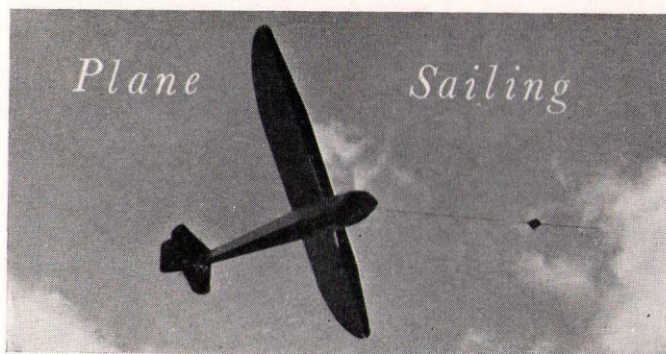
BY
EDWARD GERMAN

THE CORN EXCHANGE

Tuesday, 25th October to Saturday, 29th October



Ben Kingdon
Bldg. R.1
(Musical Director)



*Described and
Photographed by
Ted Lyall (Chem. Eng.)*

To glide amongst the clouds, to dive and to soar: how insignificant man and his works become before the huge panorama of nature which spreads itself before you—with Harwell and man's creation forgotten.

HOW do people who work at Harwell spend their weekends? A census of hobbies and pleasures would, I think, be breathtaking in its diversity. I, however, am pleased to write of just one. I know of no finer pleasure than to take to the air—to go gliding. Sailing, perhaps the nearest relative, has its great moments, but to be able to climb and dive as well as to turn, and fly before the wind—to pit one's skill against the breadth and depth of the elements (and that in almost any weather conditions) is a truly rewarding and exhilarating experience.

On arrival at the airfield you put your name on the flying list. Time passes while you are busy helping to get gliders into the air and it doesn't seem long before it is your turn to fly. Into the machine you scramble and strap yourself in. "Wing Up" you shout as you check the controls.

On the "Take up slack" signal being given, the cable stretches taut before you. 'All Out' you shout, and you're away. Rapidly accelerating, you are lifted smoothly off the ground and, wings level, you climb at what seems a fantastic angle up into the unknown. It is a strange thing that on every flight something fresh is experienced: no two flights are the same.

In less than a minute you are over 1,000 feet up, and you pull a knob to drop the cable. The wind, that has been rushing by, drops to a



Editor's Note:

*It is not known why
this flyer takes his
bagpipes into the
upper clouds:
maybe he can't stand
the quiet, but more
likely it's safer to
play them up there!*



gentle murmur and you are free to explore the sky. Look down! Below lie the airfield and road; gliders in their brightly painted colours stand out against the green turf, lined up waiting for a launch. By the roadside cars are parked, with tiny dots of figures that look up at you in envy.

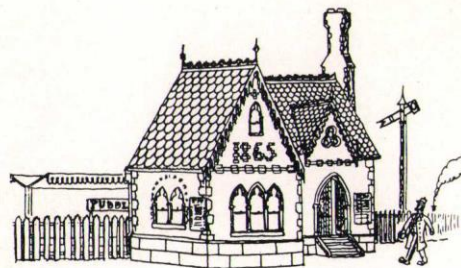
Yes, the earth is beautiful. Under the white puffs of cumulus, the greens and browns and the gold of the fields below stretch away and merge into the blue horizon to meet the clouds. You are at peace with the world. But there is little time for reverie: you are losing height. If you are to remain aloft, you have to find a thermal, a fountain of invisible warm air that will carry you up again. Make for that puff of cloud, get under it, and upwind of it . . . yes, here it is. A sudden surge and you are pressed into your seat for a moment. Up you go! The variometer, a remarkable little instrument, tells you that you are climbing at the rate of 3 ft/sec.

Now turn—it doesn't matter which way—and keep circling. You are soaring, climbing away from the earth in motorless flight, the most exhilarating experience of all, and the ultimate in the art of gliding. What tremendous forces there are in nature, only waiting to be harnessed by man. But this is hard work. It requires

skill and concentration to keep a steady, clean circle while the turbulent air buffets you about. Soon you find you have climbed to 4,000 feet and are almost in the base of the cloud at which you were once staring from far below. It is time to leave the cloud before you are sucked into it, for cloud flying is difficult, as you are relying solely on instruments. This needs a lot of practice, and can be dangerous: even the birds don't fly in clouds.

You look about you. What a glorious view—and somehow different from before! The earth seems to have taken on a softer hue. A veil of blue hides what was once distinguishable and the fields have grown very small. But look how far you have drifted from the airfield. You have plenty of height, but you must be sure you can get back. Nose down a little, and towards the airfield. Away you go with the wind hissing past you, down, and down, until you are again close to the airfield. Not so much height to spare as you had thought but you made it! The final turn is made to come in for landing; increase speed again, racing towards the ground—watch the horizon! You level out so that the ground is rushing past only a few inches below. Gradually you sink on to the earth as flying speed is lost and the machine rumbles to a halt. You are down again, with an inner satisfaction that is complete. ★

“Not Transferable”



The Manor House,
Gorley-on-Thames.
1st July, 1958.

The Head Stationmaster,
Paddingford Station,
London.

Dear Sir,

I had occasion, yesterday, to purchase two railway tickets (one each for my wife and myself) at Gorley & Streating Station for a short journey for which we proposed to enjoy the facilities afforded by your excellent organisation.

I was astonished, however, to discover that I was not permitted to give one ticket to my wife as they were both clearly marked 'Not Transferable'. I was able to manage (at some financial loss) by giving my wife some money (a transaction not, I imagine, affected by Railway Regulations) and sending her to buy her own ticket.

This seems to me to be a tedious complication to an otherwise simple transaction, and I wonder if the Railway Executive could see their way clear to eliminate the non-transferability of their tickets.

Yours truly,

Paddingford Station.
14th August, 1958.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your enquiry of the 1st ult., the Railway Executive see no reason to alter the non-transferability of their tickets, but would point out that they have no objection to the purchase of tickets by one member of a family for other members of the same family, and such tickets have the same validity as if purchased by the person for whom they were purchased.

Yours truly,

P.S. We trust the transfer of money to your wife referred to in your letter did not occur on the Station property, since this would infringe the Railway Regulation 44,b,(ii) "Use of Railway Property for Business & Financial Transactions, Gaming, Gambling, etc."

44

The Manor House,
Gorley-on-Thames.
15th August, 1958.

Dear Sir,

I must thank you for your courteous letter of the 14th inst. From careful observation in the interim I had gathered that heads of families frequently purchase several tickets, and enquiry amongst them revealed no case of prosecution, so my mind was already almost clear on this point.

I regret, however, that I had overestimated the extent of this concession and unwittingly committed an offence by purchasing a ticket for the return of my son's fiancée from one of her all too rare visits to us.

It is now clear that I should have given her the money (prior to arrival at the station) to purchase her own ticket. I wonder if your Executive could possibly extend their concession to cover this case and avoid the necessity for giving her the money in future.

Yours truly,

Paddingford Station.
30th September, 1958

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 15th ult. to hand. The Executive see no reason why their family concession should not be extended to affianced persons, and this extension will be promulgated to all persons concerned.

Yours truly,

P.S. We trust that the observations and enquiries referred to in your letter were not carried out on Station Property, since this would infringe Railway Regulation 57,c,(iv) "Use of Railway Property for Loitering, Train-spotting, Accosting etc."

The Manor House,
Gorley-on-Thames.
2nd October, 1959.

Dear Sir,

I have to thank you for the generous concession intimated in your letter of the 30th ult., and should not bother to trouble you further but for a rather upsetting incident which occurred yesterday.

Whilst queueing to purchase a ticket at Paddingford for my return journey from one of my rare visits to Town, a young woman whom I barely recognised as a resident of Gorley approached me in some distress and, presuming on the slight claim of a common neighbourhood, unburdened herself of a tragic story of the loss of her handbag by theft, leaving her unable to afford a ticket to reach home.

I saw no other course, as a gentleman, than to purchase a ticket for her and see her safely to her destination.

I hesitate to ask if the Executive's regulations could conceivably be extended to cover, in emergency, the transfer of a ticket to a person other than an actual or affianced member of the purchaser's family.

Yours truly,

Paddingford Station.
16th November, 1958.

Dear Sir,

The Executive, having given consideration to the circumstances described in your letter of the 2nd ult., agree that no prosecution will result from the transfer of a ticket to a person having no money.

The main intention of the Regulation against the transfer of tickets being to prevent the exchange of tickets for money except by the Executive's authorised staff or agents.

Yours truly,

P.S. We trust that you did not converse whilst travelling with the young woman mentioned in your letter, since this would infringe the Railway Regulation 93.j.(ii) "Protection of Unaccompanied Female Persons—prohibition of conversation with unacquainted persons of Opposite Sex."

The Manor House,
Gorley-on-Thames.
17th November, 1958.

Dear Sir,

I am much relieved to hear that I shall not be prosecuted for my act of charity, but find myself distressed afresh to discover that I have been, all unconsciously, breaking the main intention of your Executive's Regulations.

At the conclusion of the not infrequent visits of my wife's elderly aunt, it is my practice to escort the good lady as far as Paddingford. Since your first letter I have been purchasing her ticket with my own and a clear conscience.

Aware of my limited resources, she has, however, on a number of occasions, prevailed upon me, during the journey, to accept the money for her fare. Thus I find myself guilty of purchasing a ticket, transferring it and receiving money for it, which is clearly forbidden by your last letter.

I hardly dare suggest a further amendment to your Executive's Regulations to cover this entirely innocent sort of transaction.

Yours truly,

Paddingford Station.
30th December, 1958.

Dear Sir,

The Executive have given your case every consideration, and in order to avoid further distress to one of their most valued customers have appointed your goodself an accredited ticket agency retrospectively from the 1st July 1958.

If you would be good enough to inform me of the total value of tickets purchased I shall be happy to forward your commission in due course.

Yours truly,

P.S. The Executive are informing H.M. Commissioners of Inland Revenue of this arrangement and under Railway Regulation 147.h.(xii) income tax at the standard rate will be deducted from your commission.

The Reason Why (I Stay at Harwell)

It isn't the challenge of riddles untold,
Or the progress that's still to be made;
Or the hope of transmuting old lead into gold,
Or that Carters depend on my trade.

It isn't the wonderful esprit de corps,
Or the informal way that we dress,
Or the thought that elsewhere they might pay me much more—
But, again, they might pay me much less.

It's not that I'm getting too long in the tooth,
Nor stuck hard and fast in a groove,
No, this is the reason, the absolute truth:
I'm too ruddy idle to move!

R.O.T.



Punch

Wary views on



aere news

HOMOLKA

WHEN a district in South Africa was overrun by wild antelopes the editor of a local newspaper issued the headline: "No Gnus are good Gnus" and doubled his sales in a week.

Editors, like sausage machines, have a very tricky job to do. The conglomeration fed into them must be turned out in an appetising form. It must be nicely rounded off, subtly disguised but still retaining evidence of the original raw material. Perhaps with no other material is this so important as with that stuff called "Reports". It is common knowledge that editors have developed more ulcers and grey hair from rehashing reports than from drinking neat gin, and a little forethought from contributors might add years to the half-life of our own atomic editor.

There are two things to bear in mind when sending in a report, especially for a highly partisan sheet like ours:

- (1) A Chinaman giving an account of a cricket match between Scotland and Lapland would be expected to give an unbiased—nay, an indifferent—report. A native of Harwell, however, is expected to remember that charity begins at home.
- (2) The plain, unvarnished truth is rarely interesting. Anyway, what is the truth? (as somebody or other said and walked away). Is it our honest opinion, which may be coloured by indigestion? Is it hard, scientific fact—which is difficult to apply to Rugby, Square Dancing, Drama or Oil Painting? Is it presenting things as we would like them to be, which is rather

tricky when our boys have lost 20 — Nil? No, dear contributor, the truth—journalistically speaking—is *whatever pleases the readers*. Can you visualise something like this appearing in our *A.E.R.E. News*?

M.R.C. FOOTBALL CLUB

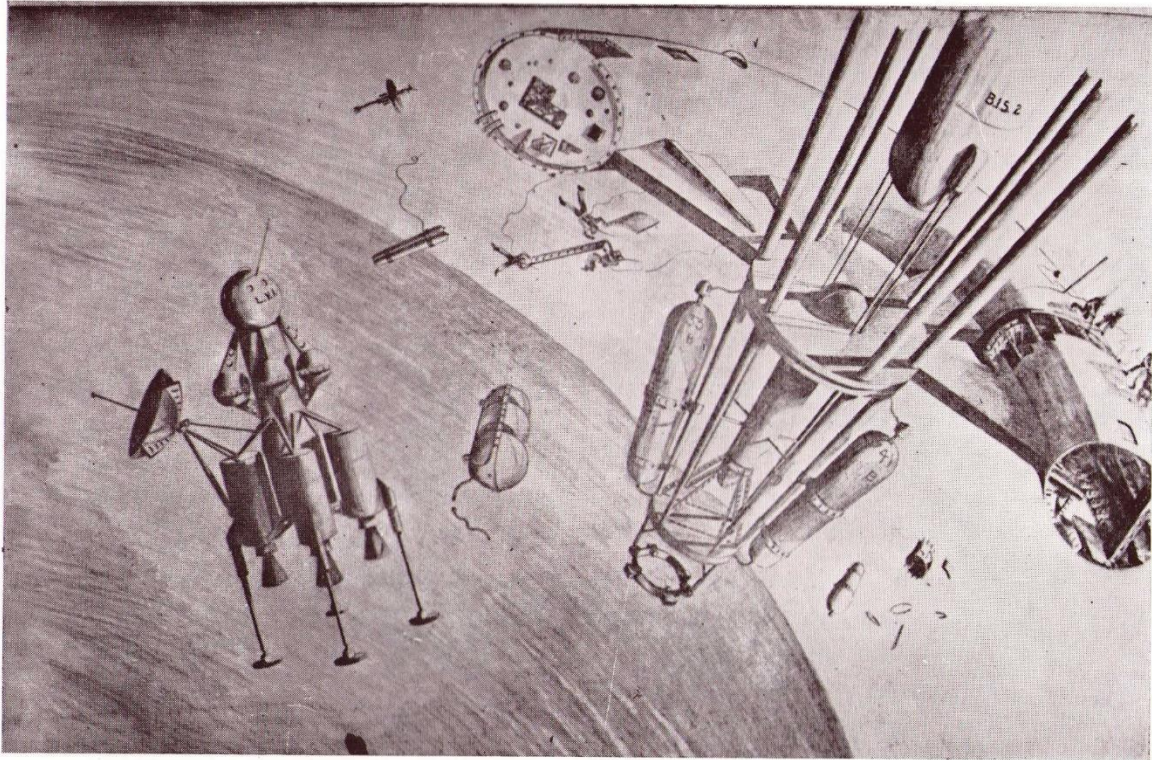
Result: 1st XI v. Lady Margaret Hall (home) lost 0—14.

The match was more uneven than the score suggests. The Hall attacked right from the start and most of the game was played in the M.R.C. penalty area. The Hall scored ten goals in ten minutes and were awarded four penalties for punching by Leggat, our so-called goalkeeper. A Silver collection by the M.R.C. team at half-time, for the referee, did not seem to improve their ability much. The Hall were very unfortunate in the second half, six of their goals being alleged offside and four others disallowed. Four of their players were sent off for laughing and things brightened a bit when MRC's Todhunter managed to get the ball over the centre line. But the poor old chap collapsed and the referee stopped the game when Leggat, our ex-goalkeeper ran off.

The *A.E.R.E. News* would be out of business in no time if this sort of thing were permitted to get through. How much more acceptable is the standard form, viz:

CULHAM CHESS CLUB

The team just lost to East Ilsley Pensioners, 0—6, the match being much closer than the result suggests. A spirited attack by Dr. Snodge had his Pensioner opponent (who has played chess for 95 years) worried for most of the



Amateur artist T. A. T. King, a mechanic of Engineering Division, has previously chosen aircraft as his subject, but to keep abreast with the times he gives here his impression of a space station. Earth rockets are depicted bringing materials and working crews into orbit during construction of a wheel-type space station.

The work of other Harwell artists is shown overleaf and the next issue of "Harlequin" will contain a review of the 1960 A.E.R.E. Art Exhibition of drawings, paintings and sculpture which will be held in October.

Country Scene

A. Sanderson (Eng.)



*Glen
Finnan*

*H.E. Crook
(Med.)*

game. Unfortunately, the chess pieces used at Ilsley are unusually heavy and Snodge suffered from arm fatigue. Six of our players were very fortunate to be caught by Fool's Mate (a move rather frowned on by serious players). Freddie Nit, although six pieces down, played a brilliant defensive game and was very unfortunate in upsetting the table when the game was still in the balance. Our four other players played first class inspired games, but were rather unfairly upset by the unorthodox openings of the Ilsley players. Also, the lighting was very poor. Under more favourable conditions we might well have overwhelmed our worthy Ilsley opponents.

Not quite the cold impersonal truth, but not quite an untruth. It is that little note of optimism which makes a report readable. Was it Voltaire or Bob Hope or somebody who said "Nothing succeeds like success".

The technique, therefore, seems to be as follows:

- (1) A liberal use of the words "unfortunate" and "unlucky" when our chaps lose.
- (2) "Lucky" to be reserved for the other side.
- (3) "Brilliant" and "inspired" to be used for our side when (or if) they score. They are used for the opposing side only if they prevent us from scoring.
- (4) If the result is really bad, suggest some strange voodoo dogging the team. Used properly, this might make the readers think the opposing side were using black magic.

Apart from the "amour-propre" angle there is a strong element of self-preservation in the presentation of a report. Consider this fine piece of inspired editing which probably saved this particular Motor Club from extinction (the parts in *italics* are to be cut from the published version).

W.R.L. AUTOMOBILE CLUB

Night Rally. In fairly appalling conditions 12 cars left the Main Entrance the other eight being bogged down. The course, on S.O.S. Sheet 13, avoided main and most other roads and called for first class navigation, ropes, ice axes and distress rockets. Most competitors passed out at the first check point which was buried under snow within a short time. Six cars were never seen again and at the third check point only three cars struggled in twenty-four hours later. A welcome breakfast in hospital due to exposure awaited the only two surviving teams two days after the scheduled end of the course.

Sport is one thing. The Arts are different kettles of fish. Although not featured much in

the "News" they do creep into "Harlequin", and a few ill-chosen words on the subject might be appreciated by those delegated to write about it.

First of all, note the difference in nomenclature. One reports on sport but one criticises the arts. There's the rub. In a cricket match we either win or lose (or, in some obscure manner, draw). No platitudes or euphemisms can alter the score. But how can one assess the score in an art exhibition or a performance of "Iolanthe"?

In fact, it is much simpler than reporting on sport (where you have to know at least something about the subject). Take painting: the only requirements are imagination, perverseness, dark glasses and a dictionary. Also, there is only one rule—to wit, never praise what you like, but what other people do not like. If a face looks like a face never draw attention to it. After all, even a moron knows a face when he sees it. But only an art critic can see a face in two pounds of Flake White squirted onto a canvas from a great height. The following is a fairly standard sample of the sort of thing to be aimed at:—

ART EXHIBITION 1961

Three works impressed me at the recent exhibition—Dr. Dimclot's "The Hanging of Rupert Sneckplug at Cardova", Mrs. Fenella Sagbottom's abstract "Dandelions in a Dirty Ditch" and a "No Smoking" sign.

Dimclot's "Hanging" is cubism at its best. It has a resonant, diaphanous quality due to the tonal effects, key and composition being subtly obscured by little Oxo cube boxes stuck onto the canvas.

Mrs. Sagbottom's virility is well known. Her tachistic exuberance shows markedly in her "Dirty Ditch". Of course, to appreciate fully her impasto one should really remove one's boots and walk over it. The sensation is sheer rapture.

The stark realism of the "No Smoking" sign left a marked impression on one. The beauty of its suggested frustration gave it a meaning lacking in art today. This was definitely the best exhibit.

The other efforts were mainly dull and dreary. Most of them would have merely passed for Titians, Rembrandts, Constables or the Impressionists—the same old hackneyed, unimaginative styles and subjects.

On these lines, no one—not even a painter—can go wrong. The readers love it, the artists hate it. What more could be expected of a critic? ★

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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
AGE.....

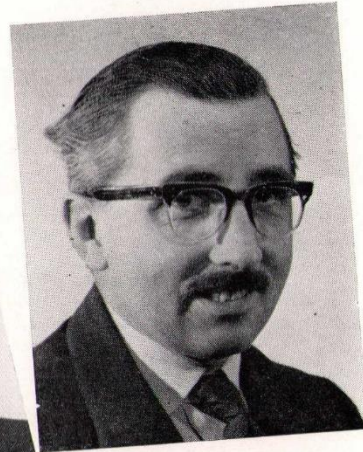
Who are these vaguely familiar faces? Where have we seen them before? What are they doing now? Yes, of course, you remember about ten months ago, there were some rather official looking notices on the board announcing the amalgamation of the New Works Division, Harwell, and the New Works Division, Aldermaston, to form a new "Southern Works Organisation" to work for both A.E.R.E. and A.W.R.E. This must be it. A new face has appeared. Of course, S.W.O. was to include also certain selected specialists from the Development and Engineering Group to complete their complement.

Where is S.W.O.? We visited their Head-quarter Offices at Tadley, Hants. The last half-mile was well signposted by blue notice boards with "S.W.O." and a direction arrow in white. At the junction of Franklin Avenue and New Church Road, the village green blended gracefully into a car park holding some sixty vintage cars, behind which the fairy-like tracery of the wartime constructed R.A.F. camp lent a mellow touch to the somewhat austere line of a new security fence. Within was a hive of industry as the combined Architectural, Civil, Structural, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering design offices of S.W.O. churned out a programme of New Works for Harwell, Aldermaston, Culham, and the National Institute of a considerable annual value. Interesting details of this work will have to await future notes, but it was made perfectly clear to us that any member of the Southern Research Groups of the Authority who was contemplating buildings and plant estimated to run into a cost of four figures and upwards, had only to contact S.W.O. and his problem would be solved. Not only are schemes and estimates prepared free, but the most convincing technical arguments are thrown in to support the prospective client's submission for funds. In the meantime these studio portraits of the directing staff and few comments, which we managed to pick up above the roar of printing presses, averaging some 500 prints a day, will have to conclude this introduction to S.W.O., now our New Works Organisation for Buildings and Plant.

Perhaps we should add that, on leaving, we could not help reading a prominent notice in the hall, the only one marked "URGENT"; it dealt with the formation of a S.W.O. Cricket XI. A well known Architect was siting a display case to house two Challenge Cups, programmed for delivery ex Harwell and Aldermaston at the end of the season. ★

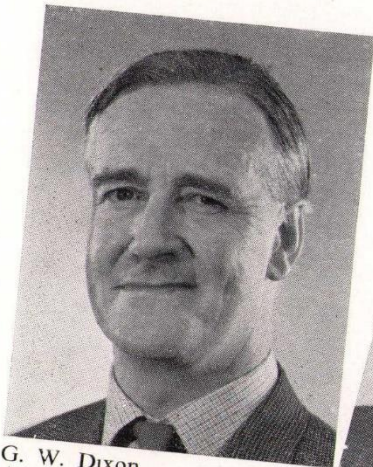


Col. N. Wilson, C.B.E.,
B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.,
A.M.I.Mech.E.,
Manager.



G. A. Flook,
A.M.I.C.E.,
A.M.I.Struct.E.,
Deputy Manager and
Head of Construction.

Who's Who at S.W.O.



G. W. Dixon,
A.R.I.B.A., Dip. Arch.,
Chief Architect.



J. P. Byrne,
A.M.I.Mech.E.,
Chief Engineer.

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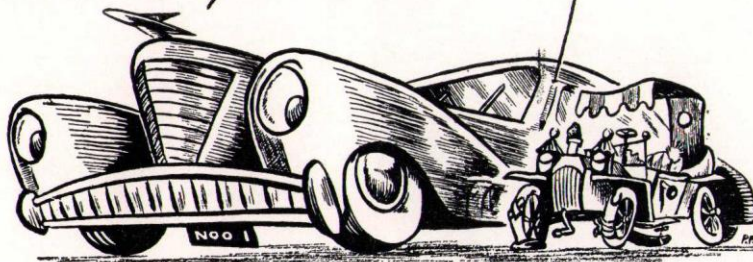
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Ruth Woolen

IF staff were to be allowed occasionally to take their wives with them on their duty trips, how many wives would be able to avail themselves of the chance, family ties being what they are? However, *my* chance did come, and one not to be missed. I admit I only had three main obstacles in the way of joining my husband in Geneva for two months, but they were then aged 4½ years, 2½ years and 4 months respectively. It was brought about by the 2nd Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy held in Geneva at the Palais des Nations.

International Scientific Secretaries began as early as April selecting from the two thousand papers submitted the mere six hundred to be read at the Conference. This was done at the U.N. building in New York, and for the preparatory work in Geneva a charter plane left Idlewild for Geneva via London on 15th July, with the U.N. staff and families aboard. The party changed to a Britannia at London Airport and this is where I stepped in, along with twelve pieces of baggage, two prams, one Karri Kot, three children and, mercifully, a girl to help. I had previously enquired how much luggage I could bring and the reply had been “Madam, your plane will be a Britannia—luggage may be unlimited.” I took them at their word. The official gasped on our arrival, disbelievingly read the letter of proof and promptly confiscated it.

The flight above the clouds, with the sun setting, was a wonderful experience; so too was our arrival at Geneva with flags a-flying and M. le Maire and other local dignitaries to greet us. It was only later we learned that it was the first Britannia to arrive there!

The luxury flat rented from a Danish family was artistically but simply furnished and had all the labour-saving devices. Scientific secretaries do work hard and, after their early departure to the lovely U.N. building set amid the lawns high up above the Lake, wives had plenty of time to investigate matters on the domestic front. Shopping, armed with dictionaries and a supply of strange currency, became something of an adventure. In the early days the self-service “Co-op” (just the same word *en français*) had its use, but with only modest French one is often in difficulties. Any shopkeeper failing to understand you immediately tries German or Italian; some do speak English, but knowing that you know a little French they never do the obvious thing and speak slowly. Their patience and courtesy—even if tinged with contempt for your stupidity,—and their real desire to sell usually win through any language barrier.

Life was very pleasant for those sunny months. Geneva is on the flat plain at the end of the 30 mile long Lac Lemman, numerous bridges crossing the Rhone as it leaves on its circuitous route through France. It is a very formal city, and swimming and sun bathing can only be done at certain *Plages*, in a very regulated way. Small pieces of grass are provided upon which bodies lie out in lines. I suspect an attendant goes round periodically straightening them up! The U.N. have their own *Plage* and I doubt if there is anywhere else quite like it in Geneva.

After the onslaught of the six thousand visitors for the Conference had left, things quietened down. Many of the secretaries flew to various parts of the globe; the Japanese flew home over the Pole; a few, like my husband,

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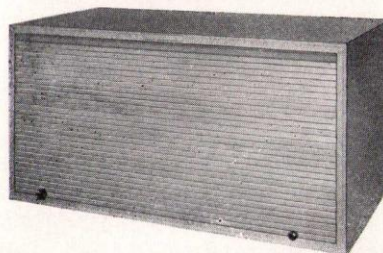
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extended their stay to help with the gigantic task of editing the proceedings. The Conference had entailed five sessions held simultaneously in four official languages—no wonder the U.N. Permanent Secretary to the Conference, Brian Urquhart, described it as “a five-ring scientific circus.”

The prolonged stay meant for us a move to the outskirts of Geneva. Here we entered the Swiss way of life. My daughter, duly “over-alled” and very overawed by the excited babble, attended the all-French village school where even the boys wear gaily coloured embroidered aprons, and look very quaint.

As the summer drew to a close so did the weekend visits to the mountains, the evening dinners under the plane trees by the edge of the Lake,—and even the Jet D’Eau. It is easy to reach the French Alps from Geneva, and it was at Chamonix that the whole family was

suspended in a cable car 3,800m. on the way up to the Aiguille du Midi, while another colleague told us alarming tales—of the power cut that kept a car in mid-air half-way up for two hours, and of the unauthenticated report that the Swiss used cables for only one year—by order, and then sold them to the French.

At the end of November we began our journey home by car to Boulogne and subsequently to Harwell, which is a story in itself. We all benefited from the experience. How home takes on a new aspect after an absence! So if a similar opportunity comes your way, do not let maternity bog you down, but make an effort and go too.

By the way—Those Volumes are still available from the Library if any serious-minded reader wants to know what the real business of that idyllic summer in Geneva was all about. ✱

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Eric Burgin

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University of California,
Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory,
P.O. Box 1665,
Los Alamos, New Mexico.

Sir:

Our first impulse, upon reading the scurrilous remarks about our town in the Autumn issue (Page 33) of your journal, was to send our seconds to meet yours to discuss an Honorable Encounter in Sherwood Forest*.

Then calm reason suggested that you were perhaps more to be pitied than censored (or shot), and besides 6000 miles is a helluva long way to hurl a challenge. Instead, we appeal to your famous British sense of fair play. Send one of your editors here (at your expense) to see what your scientists didn't want Harwell to look like, poor misguided souls that they were.

If you prefer (or are afraid to face reality) we will send a representative of our own (also at your expense) to give illustrated lectures, with appropriate gestures, on the incomparable beauties of the American Southwest in general, and of Los Alamos in particular.

In the meantime, we suggest a close perusal of the enclosed literature, in order that you may see just how far from the truth you really strayed. If you really insist on making a magnificent gesture, we will send you a selection of photographs with which to fill several pages of a subsequent issue of Harlequin. You may view with alarm the possibility that this action might depopulate your atomic energy installations and incidentally put a terrible strain on our quota for British immigrants, but that is something you should have considered in the first place.

By the way, what *does* Harwell look like? If and when the fog clears, do take a couple of snapshots and send them to us to publish. Our readers like a good laugh, too.

Yours, &c.

Office of Public Relations.
Colonies Division
Foreign Chaff Desk.

* THE CAUSE OF THE OFFENCE

"The strange congregation of buses on a Wessex plateau is directly caused by Los Alamos. After the war, when it was clear that Britain would be committed to a substantial and permanent effort of research into atomic energy, the decision was taken not to build an "atomic city".

"We had seen Los Alamos", one senior scientist said, "and we weren't going to have anything like that here'."

... America

John V. Young,
Office of Public Relations,
Colonies Division,
Foreign Chaff Desk,
Los Alamos, U.S.A.

Sir,

I am asked by the Editor of "Harlequin" to reply to you on his behalf. He, together with at least one member of his Editorial Board (viz. myself) feels aggrieved that you should have taken umbrage at the comment, no wise scurrilous in intent, in our recent issue. In any case, we should be constrained to decline any invitation to an Honourable Encounter in Sherwood Forest, which is a full two and a half hours' journey from here by road: the *double* journey entailed would cut severely into our normal working day.

As to sending our Editor (the only one "Harlequin" has) to visit Los Alamos, at our expense, we have four objections:—

(1) Any profit earned by an issue is ploughed (or plowed) back into the next, leaving no money for foreign travel.

(2) Is this journey really necessary? Quite a few Harwellians have visited Los Alamos in the last fifteen years or so, and their almost unanimous opinion is that we are better as we are, rather than as you are . . . this, no doubt is due to characteristic differences in the scenery of the two locales, and to ditto dittos in temperament of the members of our two nations. By way of illustration of this last point, we would cite the adoption here, a few years ago, of the practice so eminently suited to American cities laid out in grid-iron pattern of numbering streets, albeit our avenues are named — after Curie, Thomson, Becquerel, Fermi and the rest; but our layout is (deliberately, thank goodness) not symmetrical, and to give the scheme a semblance of logic, odd numbers were allotted to streets on the southern side of the centre line and evens to those on the northern side; the result is that no-one refers to street numbers any more — or to avenue names, for that matter.

(3) Your appeal to our "famous British sense of Fair Play" falls on deaf ears. Consequent on the recent decline of interest in cricket (except as an occasional talking point) and the progressive commercialism of all other erstwhile sports, hardly anyone but a pro. plays anything much; and how can the Briton retain, far less develop, a sense of fair play if he doesn't play?

(4) And what would happen to "Harlequin" and our two other publications during the Editor's absence?



*America Citizenry in one of their
Gala Holiday Celebrations.*

Your proposal to send us a representative (also at our expense) to give illustrated lectures is, alas, unacceptable, if only for reason (1) above; should you, however, see your way to sending someone at *your* expense, we shall listen to her most attentively, and then refute any and every claim of hers most courteously, by conducting her on an intensive one-day tour of our site and of its immediate environs, confident that when we see her onto the Boeing at London Airport we shall be sending back to you a supporter of *our* cause. You will deduce, quite rightly, that we do not fear the awful possibility of large-scale emigration envisaged in your letter. The proffered selection of photographs may well come in useful, for "Harlequin" has been known once or twice to be a little short of copy; and our readers, too, love a good laugh.

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Your interest in the appearance of Harwell is keenly appreciated . . . We presume that by "Harwell" you mean, not Harwell, but A.E.R.E., some three miles from Harwell; but a word on Harwell may not be out of place. Harwell is a quiet, pleasant, typically English village, with a square-towered parish church most of which is at least six centuries old, and which contains a well-preserved, though artistically unimportant, memorial brass of the Elizabethan period; the chief industry is fruit-growing, with an emphasis on cherries, which constitute Harwell's particular claim to fame.

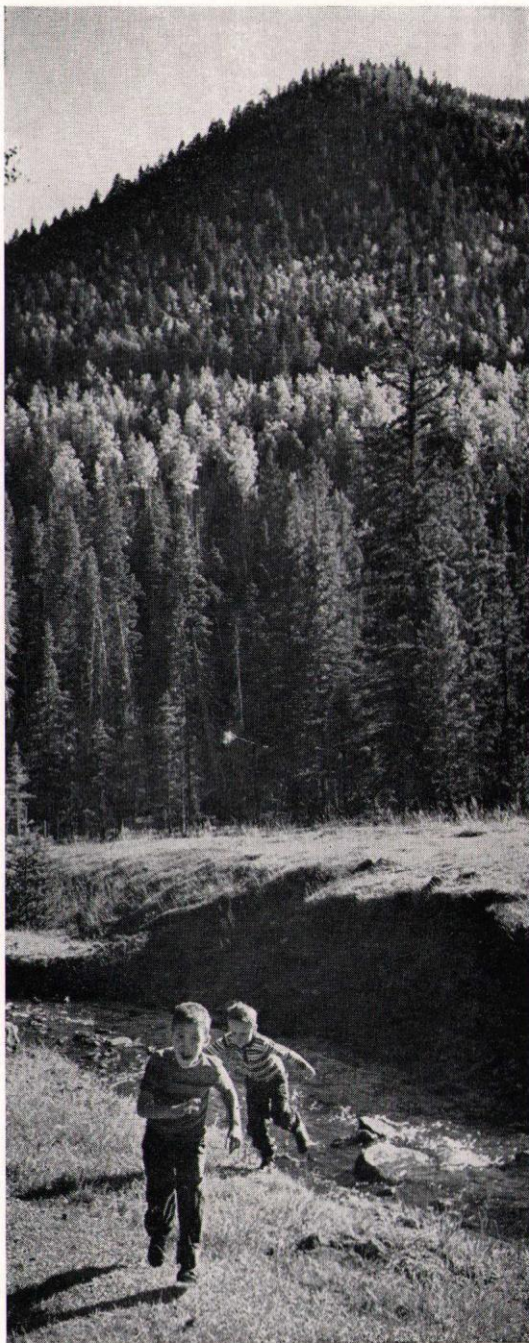
A.E.R.E., on the other hand, is the inheritor of, and development from, an airfield whence a major portion of the D-Day assault on Normandy was launched in June, 1944. The site is an exposed shelf of our glorious chalk Downs, beneath which nestles the village of Harwell with its orchards, and behind which in turn rises the ridge of the Downs. Along this last, in a wide sweep towards Stonehenge, runs the Ridgeway, the oldest road in the country, so old even the Romans didn't bother to pave it; and it has now fallen into almost total disuse. We are sending a picture postcard of A.E.R.E. taken from near the Ridgeway; and though, let us admit, as one breathes the top of the hill one's first sight of the site is a little painful, it does, after all, constitute only a small wen, and not a major blot, on the landscape.

This picture may also convince you that fog is not a severe problem to us: last winter, it is true, we suffered from the meteorological hazard, off and on, for some two months, traffic on the main road being reduced at times to a mere 30 m.p.h. or less, but so far this winter visibility has been under fifty yards for some forty-eight hours at most.

Having lived on the site, half a mile from the Main Gate, for eleven years I can myself vouch for the pleasantness of the surroundings: conveniently close to, yet happily removed from, my place of work; with tradesmen calling at the door regularly; beautiful countryside, quite unspoilt, almost at my gate; a variety of wild life all around: the dog catches hares for the pot, hedgehogs snuffle round the garden, and from my windows I have seen many species of birds, from a racing pigeon to a little stint, not to mention coveys of partridges, prides of goldfinches and massive murmurations of starlings . . .

Now, my friend, how does Los Alamos compare with THAT?

Yours, etc.
 Roland B. Jacobi.
 Ex-Colonial Section,
 British Ex-Empire Dept.,
 "Harlequin" Editorial Board.



Los Alamos Kids enjoy the Abundant life. Aspen Trees (middle background) turn gold in the fall, leading to the saying: "Oh, to be in Los Alamos when October's there"

A. E. R. E.

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Ex-Colonial Section,
British Ex-Empire Department,
"Harlequin",
A.E.R.E. Harwell,
Didcot, Berkshire,
England.
Sir:

It is not enough that you should heap calumny upon this, the fairest of cities, spurn an appeal to your departed sense of fair play, and ridicule our attempts to make you Face the Facts—now you stoop to spying, to felonious infiltration.

Only last week, in a snow storm, our neighbourhood was alerted by the shock of seeing the first starling ever reported here. This bedraggled specimen was attempting to disguise himself as a robin and was consorting with a multitude of these handsome American-type songsters, but his true Cockney colors could not be hidden. Besides, his tail was too short.

Now, we have put up with uncounted numbers of your ruddy English sparrows, despite their uncouth habits of speech and dress. We even feed them, because we have no way of sorting them out from the more desirable U.S. species. But now a starling, the advance guard of a host, the farthest western outpost of the English empire, albeit a bit late for the main show! Next thing will be boiled mutton. We say in concert, "Hold! Enough!"

Right now, our local landscape languishes under a pristine blanket of snow, which melts and gurgles merrily down the mountain in rivulets during the day, and freezes by night to form a fairyland of frost patterns. Soon the robin's song will once again salute the spring, and the magic of the willow tree will be exemplified in the tender young green of budding trees. Want some more?

It is indeed ludicrous to us who have known the high mountain and the low desert, the broad plateau and the narrow river canyon, to read attempted rhapsodies from a flat-lander, whose highest hill would be an unnamed dimple (or wen) on our noble landscape. Cousin, you ain't seen nothing until you've seen this country. Your Sherwood Forest is a mere copse (whatever that is) compared to our vast woods. In fact, your whole country could be tucked nicely into one of our smaller counties with room left over for a couple of crown colonies. Not that it would be welcome. Sparrows and starlings are too much already. We should all be carrying umbrellas, yet. Meanwhile, let us have no more of this jazz about being in England now that April's there. Personally, I'd rather be in Rome when Gina's there.

Know that there were civilized communities hereabouts while the Brits were still painting themselves blue, and that historical age here is measured in millenia. It is true that some of the Laboratory's present administration are less than a hundred years old, but this situation is rapidly being remedied.

We have no Roman roads, paved or otherwise, but we do have some dandy Indian trails, complete with petroglyphs, that were already worn knee deep when Brutus was a pup. Some of our roads haven't been fixed since, and aren't likely to until election year, but that is another story. At least, anyone who slowed down to 30 m.p.h. on any of our better highways would stand a fair chance of being knocked into lunar orbit. The signs that say "Speed Limit—70 m.p.h." aren't just kidding. If you want to go slower than that, you'd better take to the tules. We have special lanes for MG's, Sunbeams, Morris Minors and the like to come up our Hill, lest the sound of rending fenders defile the peace of our wilderness. Going down, it's every man for himself. Jet pilots have been known to blanch at the sight, and a couple of rocket men from White Sands got



Fog is virtually unknown at Los Alamos where the weather is described as pleasant but changeable, this young scientist tried to get off in a canoe, but the stream dried up before he made it all the way.

out and walked the last time they left here. One man started down by canoe, but the sun came out and the river dried up while he was halfway down a waterfall. He nearly died of thirst, having just left our cool Canadian zone to enter the Upper Sonoran, climatically speaking, and having thoughtlessly left his Canadian Club behind.

Massive murmurations of starlings. Egad! How about stupendous susurations of sparrows? Or the Brobdingnagian Billingsgate of bullfinches? On such a frenzy of alliteration it is a shame to quit, but we too have other things, alas, to do.

We DARE you to print any or all of this letter! Or the previous one, for that matter.

Yours, etc.,

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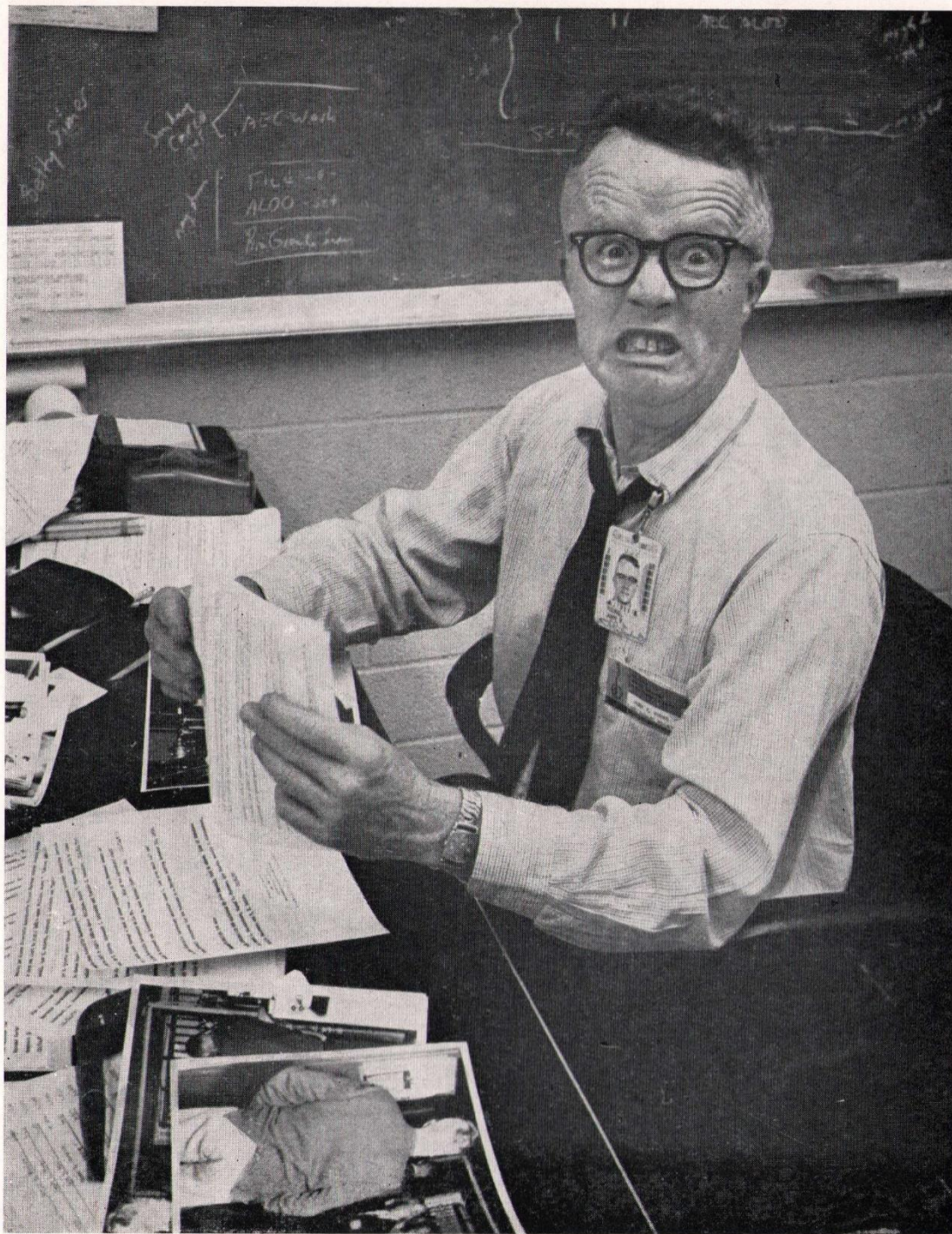
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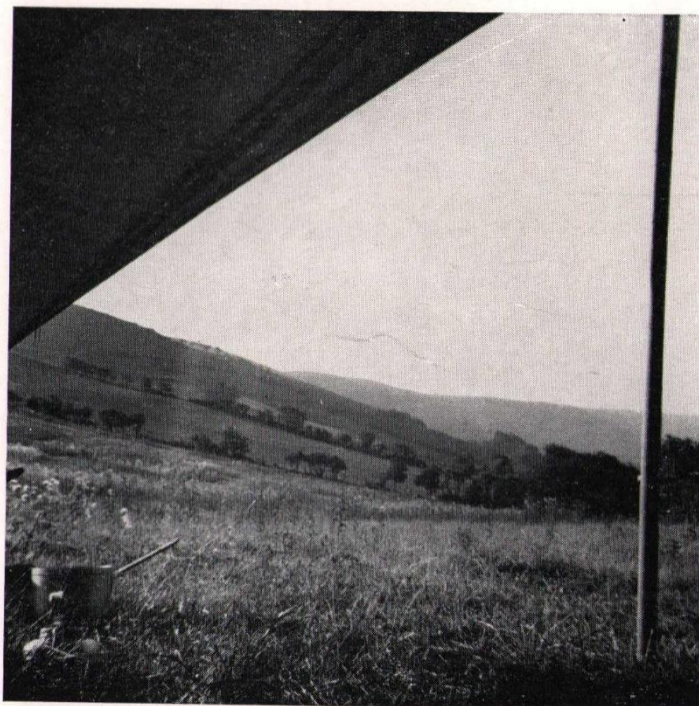
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by C. O'Higgins
(R.R.D.)



WE are a family of four who are second to none in thoroughly enjoying our annual holiday and as many other week-end type holidays as we can squeeze into the year. In the past, our biggest snag was accommodation, when, where and how we wanted it. When? . . . at a moment's notice! After work on a Friday evening we might fancy going somewhere for two or three days; or it may be that we can't, or don't want to, make up our minds where to go for our annual holiday until the last moment. Where? . . . anywhere away from big towns and cities. How? . . . in such a manner that we can have our meals whenever we fancy, dressed in whatever we please to wear and choose to eat whatever we may want; and in surroundings such that

we cannot annoy guests or management by whatever noise we make or hours we keep. Hotels, obviously, are out. In the best of cases they usually just "put up" with children who in turn have to exercise oh! such an awful lot of best-behaviour.

Four years ago, therefore, when the children were aged seven, and four years respectively, we put our heads together and concluded that camping under canvas was the answer. And now that we have had plenty of experience in holidaying in this manner we are convinced that there is nothing to touch it. You may ask—"What about a caravan?" Our view is that with a caravan we would be involved in a large initial outlay, we would have to provide wintering quarters for it, and time and money

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would annually go into its maintenance. Added to this the car must be capable of pulling it. Mobility is lower. Above all, the associated daily chores are far too similar to those at home. By this we mean the cleaning of windows, cooking on a home-type stove, making beds similar to those at home, mats to shake and floors to sweep, dusting, etc. In a tent these chores have a welcome difference. You roll up your sleeping bag, you deflate your air-bed; "primitive" cooking becomes an interesting challenge. There are no floors or windows; there is no dusting.

Camping Equipment

Having decided that camping it was to be, we realised that we would have to do it in luxury and we would strongly recommend to anyone thinking of family camping to do so in luxury. Firstly, having a car is a *sine qua non*. It doesn't have to be a big car. Ours is a Standard Eight with a roof rack. Secondly, the tent must be a good one, it must be big enough and it must have a fly-sheet with a generous "porch" extension. Ours is 10' x 9' x 7' ridge with a 6' porch extension and a flap-type window at the rear. It is rot- and mildew-proofed. Also, a good tough quality waterproof ground sheet is essential. Thirdly, the bedding must be thoroughly comfortable, and this is achieved by good quality air-beds and sleeping bags. Loose fitting turtle neck sweaters are additional to normal pyjama clothing. Fourthly, the cooker must be adequate and of good quality. We use two petrol-fired cookers which are capable of fine regulations from simmering to full boil, and the burners withstand the severest of draughts. They fold up into a compact portable form. Next, a waterless cooker is essential and to be preferred to a pressure cooker. Waterless cooking is a method to be looked into in detail in order to appreciate the near-magic art of producing a complete roast meal with soup and pudding all in the one container over the one flame and with the minimum of attention. It has capitalised the word luxury in camp cooking! Individual fork, knife and spoon, and plate-cup-saucer kits should be on the list, together with the usual nesting type camp cooking utensils. Fifthly, sanitation must be right, and although this is laid on in most camping sites we like to be independent of sites and do so by having a separate toilet tent with a camper's Elsan. Providing one has the correct tackle this aspect of camping does not possess those snags which people usually ascribe to it.

One is reminded here of the very prevalent notion in many people's minds that "creepy, crawly things" will infest your tent. This we must scotch right away by saying that there are fumigants on the market in the form of tablets which, having pitched your tent, you place on the ground inside, ignite with a match and close the tent for half an hour. This is effective for several days and we have never even seen one of these "creepy, crawly things" let alone been bothered by them. Therefore, in your first-aid kit include a phial of these tablets, and an anti-midge lotion.

These five major aspects having been discussed, there remains those details which are more a matter for individual preference. These include camp chairs and tables, a buttery or larder, a large capacity water container (ours is a 3-gallon aluminium one), a tea-kettle with infuser, lamps (we have a battery-operated one and a paraffin lamp), washing-up facilities which could include the canvas or plastic type bowls, and so forth.

"Like a Huge Game"

Now all of this sounds pretty bulky. Well, it is; and we have an inventory of it all so that we never forget an item when we load up to go away. It is the only way to do it properly and hence get the maximum enjoyment out of it; and with the children, my wife and myself allocated specific duties the whole thing is like a huge game. Within an hour of arriving at a site we are completely installed and partaking of a meal. Striking camp takes us just under half an hour. The pictures overleaf show how the small car accommodates all this bulk with which we satisfy our every whim and fancy. Our total initial cost of £65 included everything down to knife, fork and spoon. We have no maintenance costs, and as a by-product our holidaying is the cheapest and the best possible. On choosing sites and on the Camping Code, one is referred to membership of the Camping Club of Great Britain & Ireland.

Yes, the weather is important, but this applies to any form of holiday. The difference is that you can pack up your tent and have another go later on with the absolute minimum of expense. We have camped in Spring, Summer and Autumn, rain and sun, in places like Wittering, Sussex; Saundersfoot, Pembrokeshire; near Shrewsbury, Salop; the Lake District and so on, and we have always been as snug as a bug in a rug. ★

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Although the Club was formed only twelve months or so ago, it enjoyed an immediate success and response right from the start, and the membership has been steadily increasing since. To date, including the family members, the total membership is now approaching the three hundred mark.

The idea for such a Club was born in a rather dingy hotel in the North of England where two of the founder members were forced to stay due to a November fog after conducting some Authority business in Stockport. From these dismal surroundings it was hardly surprising that the conversation drifted to the South of France and beyond. On comparing notes of holidays past it was agreed that such areas were now open to many people with quite limited incomes. Obviously, this is due to more widespread motoring, cheaper organised tours, caravaning, camping and a selection of reasonable hotels, if just touring. Even so, it was agreed that there were many folk at Harwell who, although tempted to take the plunge, were reluctant to embark on anything more adventurous than a fortnight in a parked caravan, mainly because of the lack of contact with people who had experienced other forms of holidaymaking. With the main object of providing a means for contact and the exchange of personal experiences, the Club was launched.

From the outset it has been made quite clear that the Harwell Club is not intended as an alternative to the National Clubs catering for campers and caravaners, or the motoring organisations that look after touring needs. Rather, the aim is to provide the personal service that is usually found lacking in a large organisation. If a few more families can be encouraged to travel or spend healthy open air holidays, effort will be justified; the Club is always prepared to put members in touch with one another where interests are similar. If, for instance, a member wish to take a caravan to Spain next year, the Club may know of another member that did so this year and could pass on his experiences.

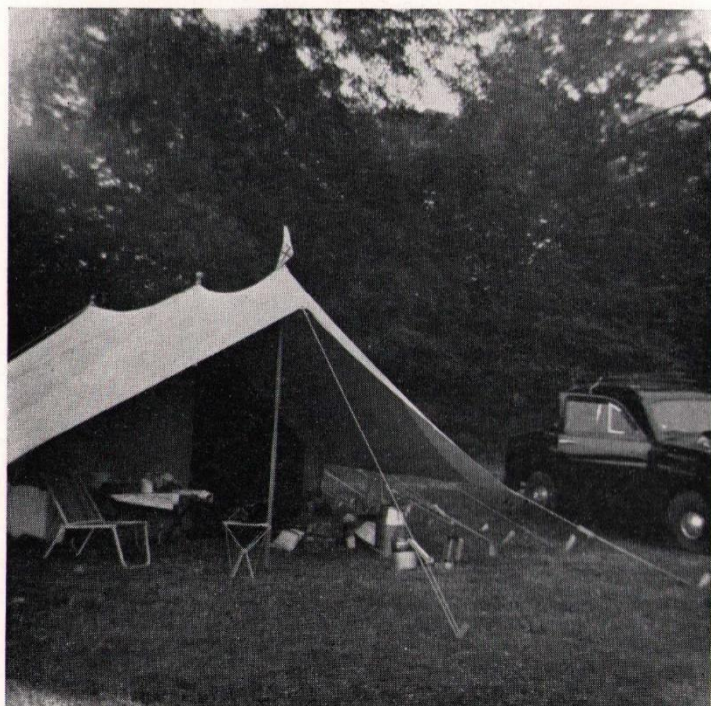
This year, with the assistance of the Recreation Association, the Club have purchased a number of roof racks for loan to members. A tent with all the basic equipment is also available for loan to newcomers. It is hoped that this scheme will encourage families to give camping a trial before committing themselves to the expense of buying a complete kit. When members wish to embark on the purchase of equipment, the Club has secured some substantial discounts on most of the popular brands of tents and touring kit. The annual subscription of 5/- per family can be more than saved in the first purchase.

During the autumn and winter months, Club evenings are held monthly in the Social Club on subjects that promote interest in travel and touring. Colour slides were shown last winter by members of previous holidays. (Shots of Aunt Mabel and the kids on the beach are not encouraged). Travel films are shown in the Cockcroft Hall with the object of providing ideas or plans for holidays to come. At the start of the season, the Secretary writes to the various tourist offices to obtain the usual inviting brochures for distribution to members on request.

Towards the end of spring the meetings concentrate on equipment for the season. Exhibitions also are arranged and the newcomer can come along to be thoroughly confused on the right tent to use or the extent of the kit required; none of the so-called experts will agree, but at least he can form an opinion of his requirements to suit his own family's needs.

The A.E.R.E. Camping and Touring Club

Although the Club organised a camping meet in the Forest of Dean this year for enthusiasts and feather-bed campers alike, it is stressed that the Club does not exist for the camping or caravanning fraternity alone. Some of the staunchest members tour around Britain and all over Europe with overnight stops in hotels or inns.



Whether you intend to camp on Wittenham Clumps this year, or to see Naples (but not to die, we hope) there are many advantages waiting for you by joining the A.E.R.E. Camping and Touring Club.

For further details contact Mr. F. Yeats, Ext. 2911; Mr. G. W. Clare, Ext. 2325; Mr. R. Chadwick, Ext. 2120.

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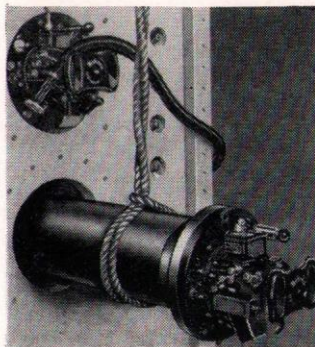
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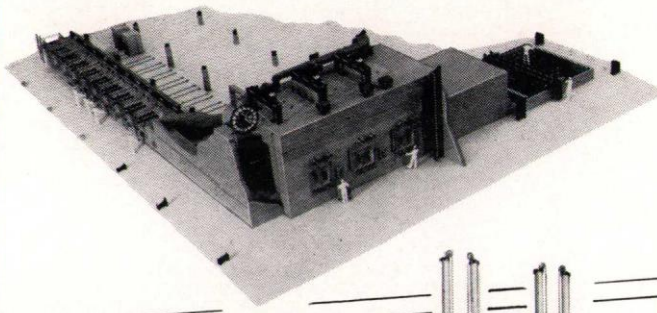
A machine used for the production of radio-active isotopes, enabling up to seventy samples to be irradiated simultaneously in a nuclear reactor. The samples are contained in standard isotope cans, and any one of them may be inserted, or withdrawn after the appropriate irradiation period, without interfering with the reactor, operation. The illustration shows one machine in position in a reactor, while a second is being installed.



(Photograph by courtesy of the Atomic Energy Authority)

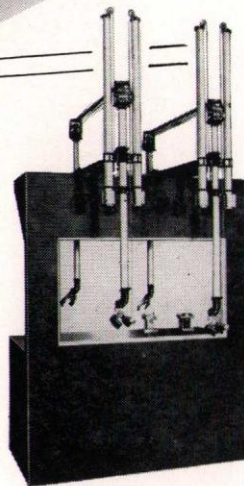
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This laboratory, designed by HOBSON in collaboration with the Central Electricity Generating Board, will receive radio-active irradiated fuel elements from C.E.G.B. power stations, remove them from their travelling containers, strip off the enclosing can, carry out measurements, take X-ray photographs, machine specimens from the uranium, etc. These operations are carried out in the caves to protect the operators from dangerous radiations. The specimens are then sent by the transport system to the cells for more detailed examination under shielded conditions.



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Can you identify this town which lies within 25 miles of Harwell?

One guinea will be awarded the first correct solution opened, but, as a condition of entry, you are also asked to AIR YOUR VIEWS on the following: –

- (a) What you like in this “Harlequin”,
- (b) What you do not like,
- (c) What you would like to see in the future.

This information is always of great value in assessing what readers want. You can be brief, but not so brief, or easily satisfied, as Peter Murdoch, writing in the last issue, please, who gave the following comment to the above:

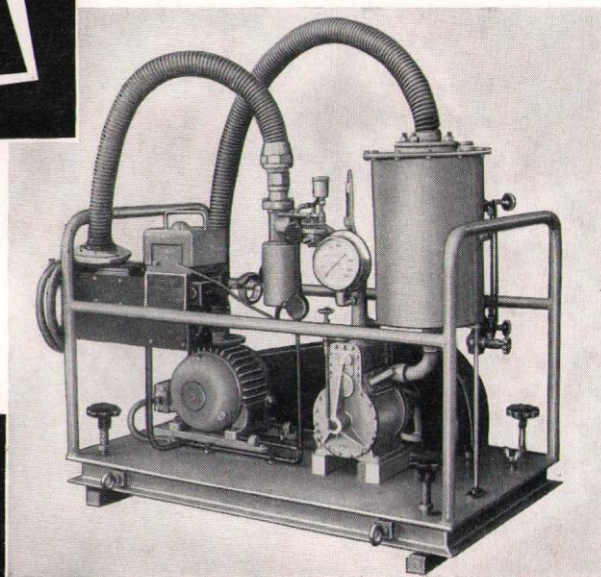
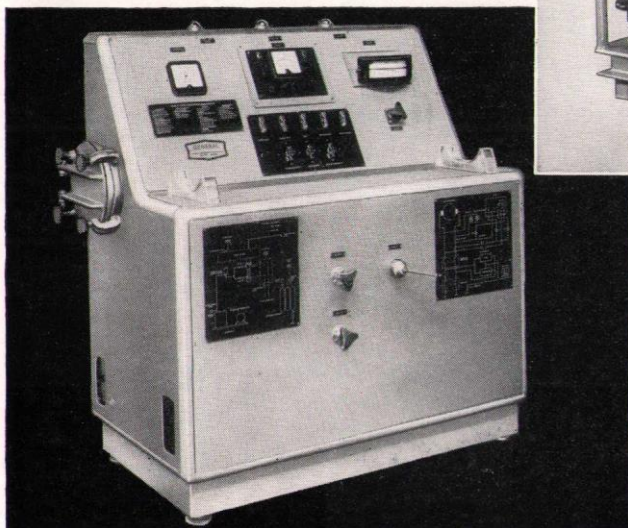
- (a) All of it,
- (b) None of it,
- (c) More of it.

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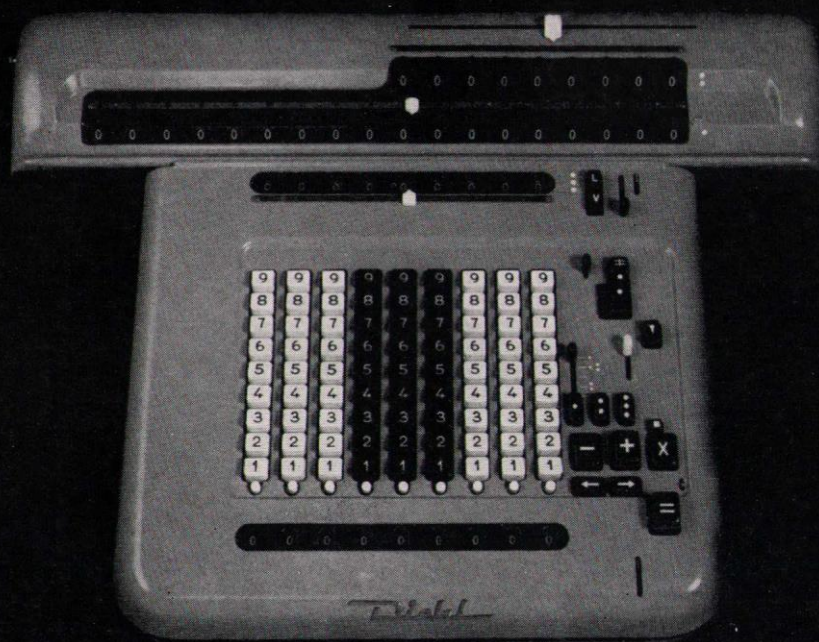
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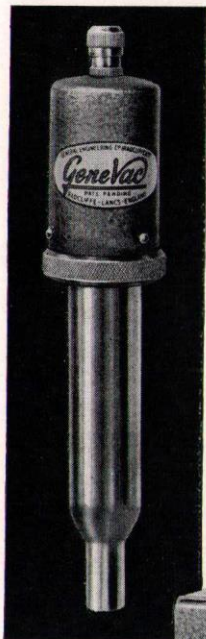
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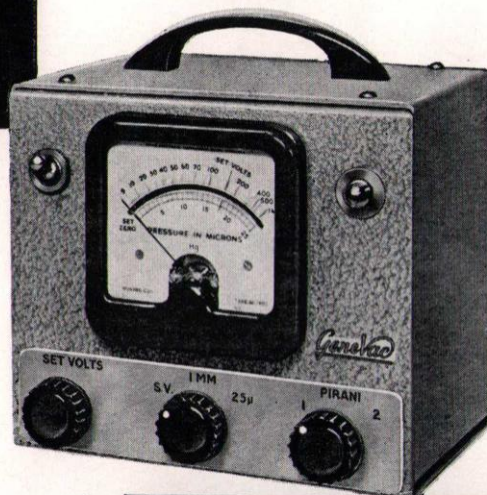
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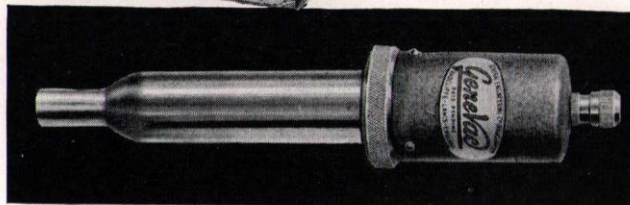
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CAMERA CLUB EXHIBITION, 1960

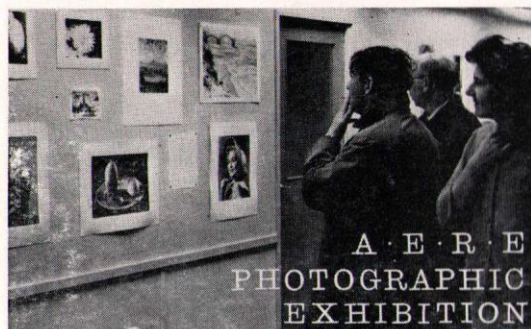
Two cheers for the Camera Club Exhibition. First for the very wide range of photographs exhibited — not the least benefit from such an exhibition is the stimulus to the ambition of the ordinary holiday snap-shooter provided by the pictures that are just superior holiday snaps. To judge from some of the "I could do as well as this" type of remark heard, the Camera Club should have some new members on its hands.

The second cheer for the purely technical standards set by the most experienced and attained by the majority of exhibitors, especially in the black and white section. Mr. Webb's drinking cyclist was an example of really good composition and faithful reproduction of textures — one of the most pleasing pictures in the exhibition.

The disappointment was that very few of the entrants tried to build on the technical foundation any social or artistic comment. One exception was Kenyon, whose "Hoopla" and "Gordon's Cafe" were worth far more than his "Dark Stranger", which gained first prize for portraiture. This, I feel, should have gone to Dr. Thomas's "Claire", a most moving and sensitive child portrait that has remained in my memory ever since. Other portraits deserving honourable mention were Mr. Lyall's "Portrait Studies" (though they did not quite catch the vitality of his exceptionally pretty model) and "Linda" by Mr. Williams, which was let down by a little fuzziness and lack of sparkle in the highlights, but was otherwise a most interesting conception.

The exhibition confirmed my view that landscape photography is a fundamentally sterile art. Dr. Thomas's first prize winner did everything possible to conceal this, including catching and bringing out the fleeting pattern in the clouds, but it still left me the impression of a worthy achievement rather than a likeable picture. For the rest, may I suggest to next year's exhibitors that they keep away from pretty country cottages and stretches of the Thames? The best pictures are seldom the prettiest subjects.

The beginners' section was worth while if only for



"Portraiture", which, especially had it been trimmed at the right hand side, would have stood out in senior company.

Despite the judge's praise, the colour transparencies (why no section for colour prints, by the way?) seemed to me mostly very dull; a satisfactory way of exhibiting these has yet to be found, but it would be easier if there were rather fewer entries. But Johnson Pattison's "Small Girl" was excellent, and well worth its place, and I liked "Arch of the Arena" (Dennis), "Ferry Chain" (Williams), "London Shop Window" (Jenkin), "Pigeons" (Kenyon), and "Springtime" (Lyall), all of which had something out of the ordinary. But about many of the exhibits I had the depressing feeling that the only reason they were in colour was that there happened to be a colour film in the camera at the time. Only Johnson Pattison consistently showed colour pictures that really needed colour; for example, although I actively disliked his "Forest Fire" it was essentially a colour photograph.

I cannot close without begging for a better standard of display of the photographs. The Canteen Lounge is unsuitable, the coloured stands ghastly, the arrangement apparently random, the catalogue unattractive, and the notices directing one to the exhibition hard to find and with a very "last minute" air. This was so much better done the previous year. J.C.K.



OLDEST INHABITANTS. In the "A.E.R.E. News" of October 1959 we made reference to T. J. Smith its previous editor, as the first non-industrial to be signed on by the late Mr. A. B. Jones in 1946. But who is "our oldest inhabitant"? The trail led to Tom Domaille who turned out to be one of the original Harwell cave-dwellers. Originally, he came from Guernsey in 1928 and served for nearly ten years in the R.A.F. On discharge, he became a civilian carpenter in R.A.F. Workshops at Harwell in April, 1937. Being "Class 'E' Reserve", he was recalled in August 1939, and, on discharge in October 1945, was re-instated with the Air Ministry. When the Ministry of Supply took over in 1946, he took the first number on the clock: M/1. Now at Harwell as a Tech II in the Building Maintenance Tom Domaille shows, by his activity, that only in one sense is he "our oldest inhabitant".

★ Further research reveals that there are more than a few at A.E.R.E. who were here when it was R.A.F. Harwell. If not already known by the Editor, will they write in, so that they can be included in a group photograph which is to be taken.

Competition Results

IN "HARLEQUIN" No. 27 we offered book tokens for the senders of unconscious humour discovered in official notices, etc. B. J. Harrison of Dragon Project receives an award for the following from VN 253/60 advertising a post in General Secretariat: "Chef Grade II — Canteen, Hostels and Catering Branch, General Secretariate".

RESEARCH GROUP CROSSWORD RESULTS:—

Across: 1 Birdinhand; 8 So; 10 Aromatic; 11 These; 12 Globalsymmetry; 17 Emu; 18 Noidea; 20 Beaufort; 24 Sugar; 25 Amp; 26 Errors; 28 Ich; 29 Cot; 30 Ion; 31 Elk; 32 Onions; 33 Mistletoe; 34 News. Down: 2 Isotopicspin; 3 Drama; 4 Nails; 6 As; 6 Not; 7 Acetylates; 10 Argon; 13 Lea; 14 Yale; 15 Menu; 16 Em; 19 Eggshell; 20 Bracket; 21 Acetone; 22 Fermion; 23 Radium; 27 Renew.

Winner: Miss J. Holder, 14 Fairview Ave., Reading.

"Harlequin's" 1960 Contest for Contributors

Five Guineas for the most informative article (not specially commissioned).
Five Guineas for the best humorous article.
Five Guineas for the most original idea.

**Monday
November 7th**

This is the closing date for Round Three
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The address is "Harlequin", c/o Post Room, for internal mail, "Harlequin", A.E.R.E., Harwell, Didcot, Berks. for external mail.

Tail Piece

To the Editor of Mouse Newsletter,
A.E.R.E., Harwell, England.

24th September, 1960.

Dear Sir:

Would you be kind enough to send me a copy of Mouse Newsletter 20, 1959? Thanking you beforehand, I remain

KIRSTINE BORUM, M.D.

Private address: Chr. X alle 25, Lyngby, DENMARK.

The above overseas mail arrived at the Editorial Office last month. Although the *Mouse Newsletter* is not among the three publications produced here, it was assumed that *House Newsletter* was intended. No. 20 of last year's *AERE News*, however, appeared to be of little interest to a doctor in Denmark.

The Library, which has some 100,000 reports, could throw no light on the problem, nor could the word *mouse* be re-translated. A Harwell bus, however, offers easy contact with members of other bodies, such as the National Institute and M.R.C. and by these means the problem was solved. *The Mouse Newsletter* is, in fact compiled by M.R.C. and a copy was sent off the following day.

It is seen that the foreigner is not to be assumed wrong just because he is a foreigner. Among copies of this *Harlequin* being sent abroad, is a copy to Dr. Borum of Denmark with our compliments.



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