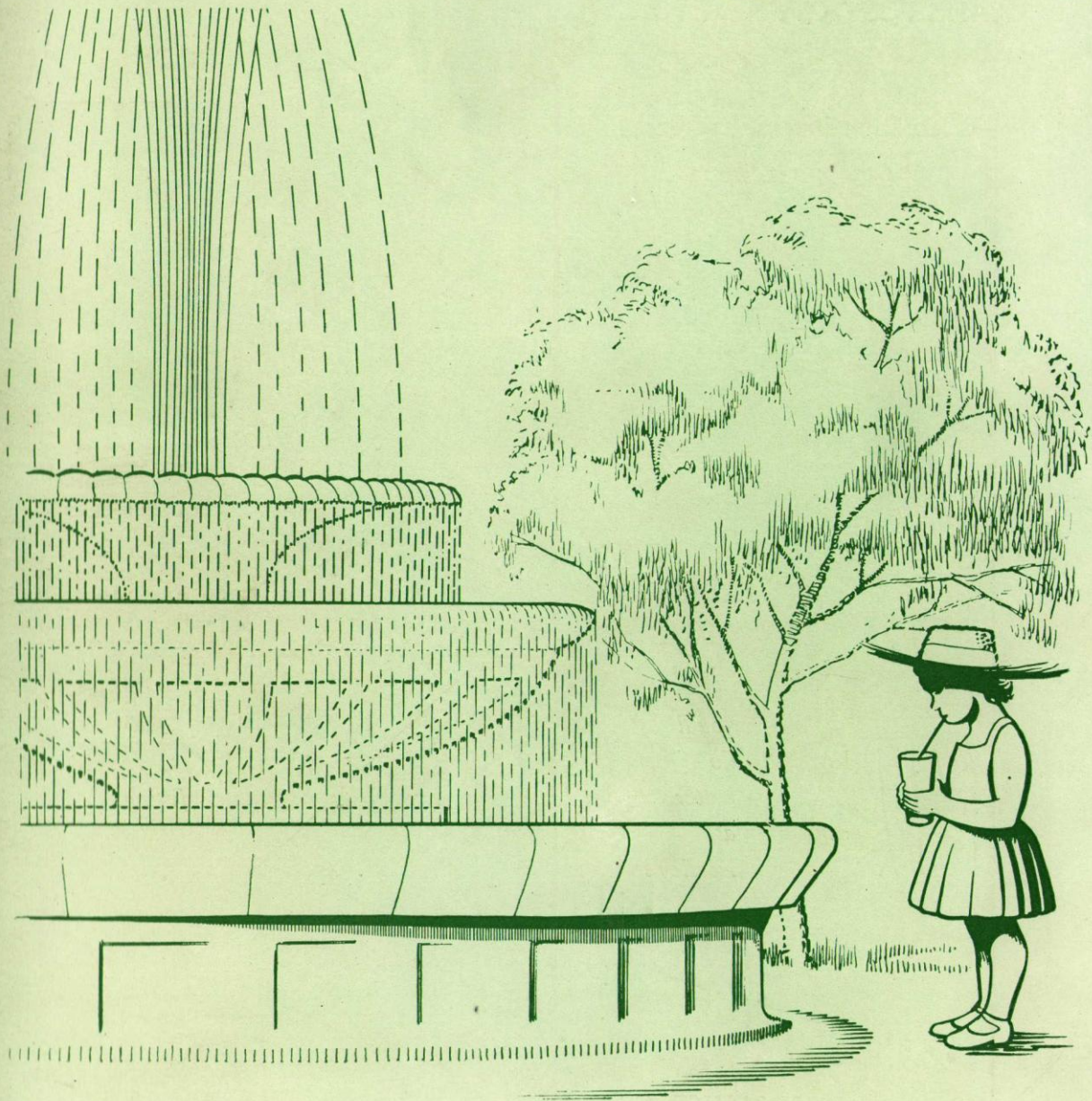


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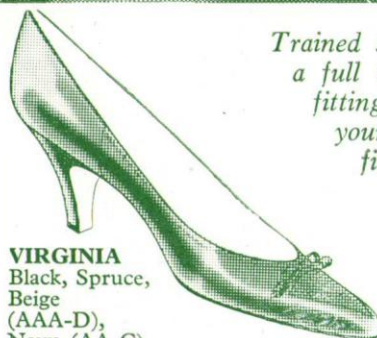
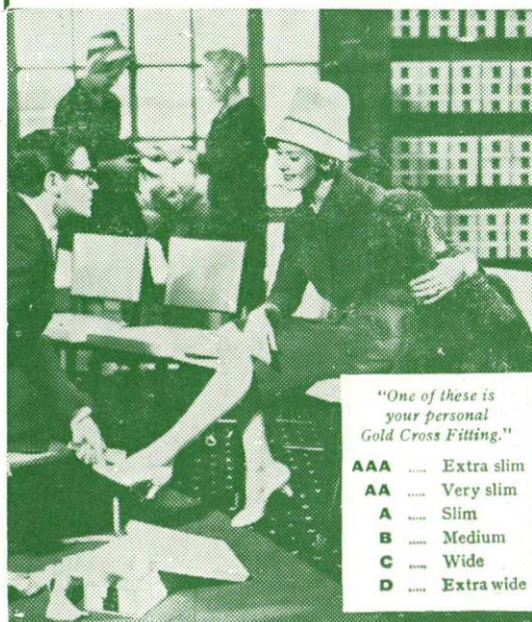
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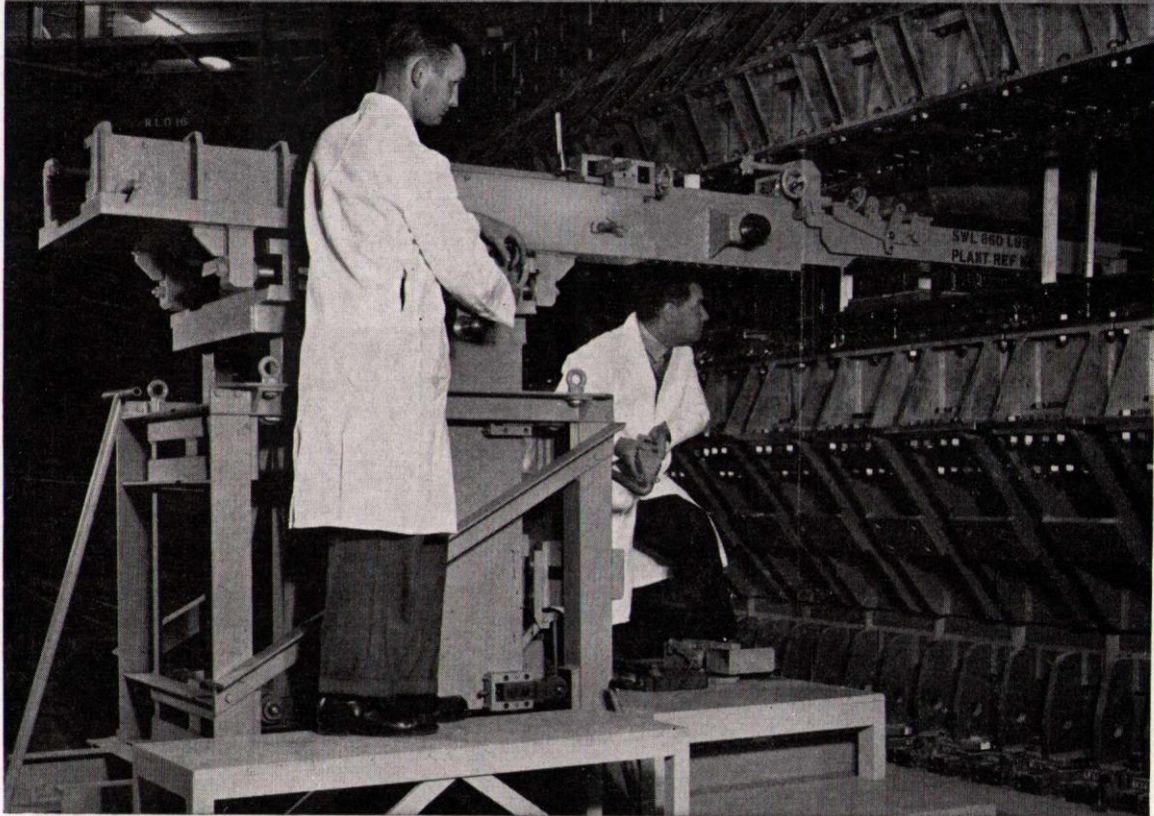
NUMBER 33

SUMMER 1961



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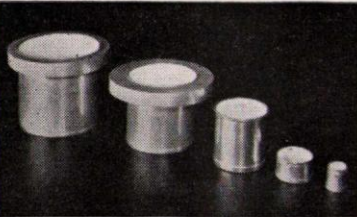
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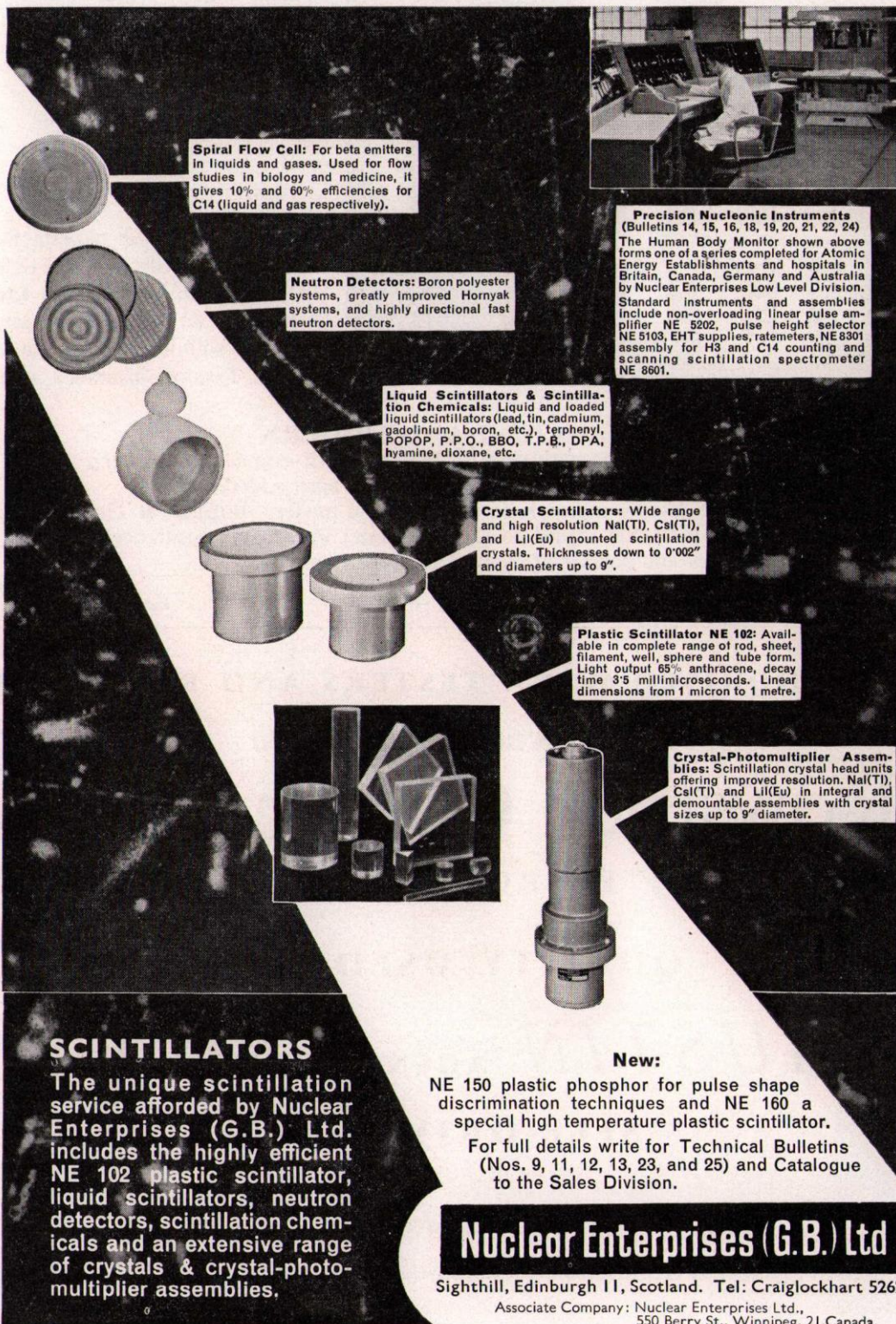
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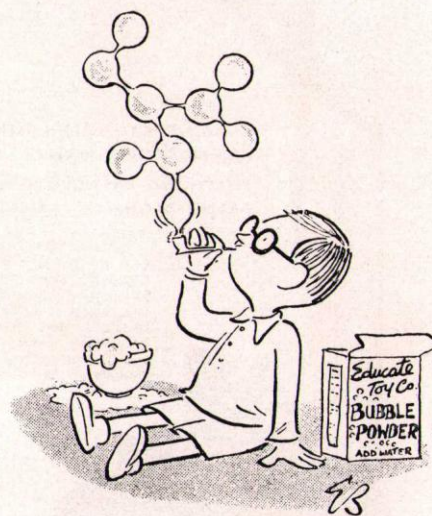
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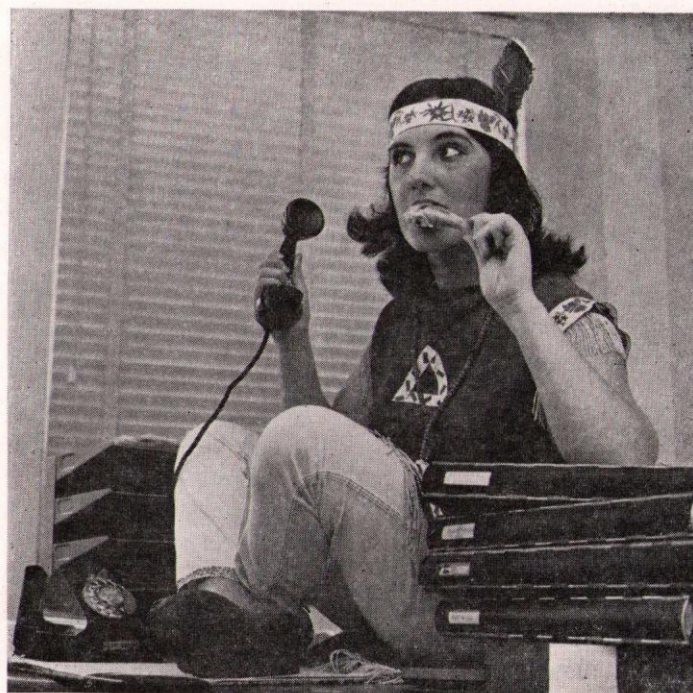
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## EDITORIAL

A HOUSE JOURNAL is concerned with people at work and people at leisure. For some men work is a place to come to each morning while women remain at home in their "proper place" as custodians of a place of rest and relaxation. But what about the women who also go out to work?

Let us remember for a change those for whom the bus journey home is merely an interval between the typewriter and the washing machine.

We cannot blame such women if, at times, they long for the serenity of a not-too-distant age . . . as appears to have been enjoyed for instance, by the heroines of Jane Austen, Trollope and Thackeray, when forty miles not only seemed, but was, a day's journey by coach, when the professions were a male monopoly, and the discovery had still to be made that women not only possessed intellectual powers but could sometimes use them!

Consider, however, the disadvantages faced by the heroines of yesterday. Education, if it existed, was at best a haphazard affair. Catherine Morland was taught by her mother in the time snatched from the household duties. The Bennet girls learned from their father when he could overcome his natural indolence and take them in hand. Trollope is rather vague on the subject; the education of his ladies is implied rather than demonstrated, although Lady Mason must have written a fair hand to get away with forgery for twenty years! Amelia Sedley boarded at a refined establishment — the Miss Pinkerton's — where she learned a little of everything and nothing very much of anything. These women, it seems, spent their time netting purses, painting screens, trilling sugary little ballads and having the vapours. They were all "talented", and, amongst this regiment of ninnies, we may be grateful for the wit of Lizzie Bennet and the acid fascination of Becky Sharpe.

Marriage meant only the substitution of one form of boredom and servitude for another, with the added disadvantage that every penny of the wife's money passed into the possession of a sometimes impecunious and often fortune-seeking husband. Later a favour was conferred in the passing of the Married Women's Property Act in 1870, whereby a woman was considered sufficiently intelligent to administer £200 — a curious amount — of her own money.

Today, a woman will go out to work for several reasons: to supplement inadequate domestic finances, to help furnish a house, to put a promising child through university, or merely because the four walls of a home give insufficient scope for her lively intellect. It seems that the generality of women have been able to adapt themselves successfully to the pace of this age. We congratulate them! Who will deny that it has been better for all concerned?





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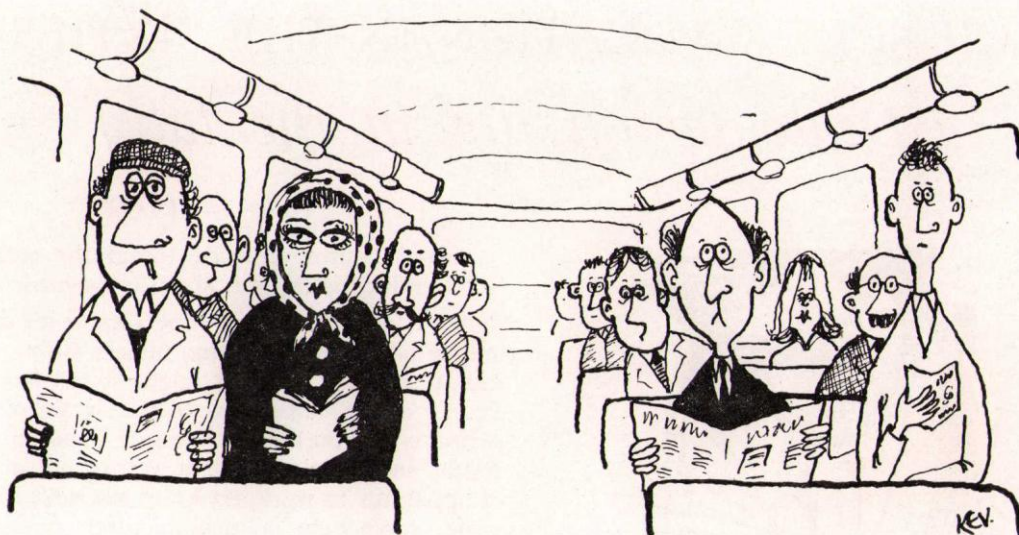


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## HARWELL LIFE No. 2

The usual working day starts at the usual unearthly hour, and you catch the bus with the usual split-second timing; you grunt the usual "G'morning" to the usual driver and the usual steward and the usual uninterested faces. This has happened every weekday now for the last two years and (it seems) nothing could conceivably alter it; the bus travels through the usual scenes where nothing ever noticeably changes except the sky, picking up the usual people whom two years ago you thought interesting, funny, strange or queer. But today is different.

Suddenly a catastrophic, jaw-dropping event takes place — the bus stops at an unusual place to pick up an unusual face. The poor fellow gets on to the bus and pauses at the top of the steps, looking into the seemingly vast sea of faces staring in united amazement at him. His expression is at first one of blank joviality — eager to learn where he belongs in the strange society he is about to enter. As he mounts the steps, the hush, the heavy silence that descends over the already seated passengers overcomes him; as he turns to close the door his expression changes to one of worry and anxiety. He reaches the top and pauses, thinking that something ought to be said by somebody — nobody in the bus

will talk to *him*, therefore *he* must talk to someone in the bus — he turns to the steward and says (with a nod) "Mornin'." The steward nods and returns to his paper. At last the ice has been cracked slightly and the man, feeling a bit better, takes the plunge and stumbles blushing towards a seat he has espied near the back (ignoring several on the way up, through a mild form of panic).

As he goes along the gangway, he notices some of the expressions on people's faces as the whole company watches him on his way, blustering annoyance, pure astonishment, disgust and cynical amusement being among them. As he passes, these give way to the usual moronic, blank, indecipherable expressions which look unseeingly through the window, or peer into papers, books and magazines of all sorts. The bus continues, but for the next four or five weeks things will be slightly different as the bus stops and picks up this man who goes to that same seat near the back. It's "*His*" now. Soon the "*new chap*" will be accepted and, like the rest, ignored, except for a brief first-thing-in-the-morning grunt and nod.

You have to be sociable, you know.

MARTIN WHILLOCK

— and illustrated by another Harwell  
Apprentice, Kevin Clare.



# SCIENCE: A VOCATION IN THE SIXTIES

## ( *Dialogue on life in the lab* )

by John Davy



*John Davy, Science Correspondent of 'The Observer' was asked to tell readers what it is really like to be a scientist. Nothing was heard for a while, and then he turned up waving a manuscript and saying he'd had a struggle with his conscience. The best he could do, he said, was to report what passed between them.*

CONSCIENCE (accusingly): What about that article on The Attractions of Science — how's it getting on?

DAVY (guiltily): Not very well. Bits of fiction keep creeping in. I thought I'd better start on pure research at the university — you know, pushing back the frontiers of knowledge, exploring uncharted territory, and so on. The selfless pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Then this chap Smythers turned up.

CONSCIENCE: Smythers? Who's he?

DAVY: One of those bits of fiction.

CONSCIENCE: Let me see . . . hm . . . (reading):—

The Prof's thin fingers whitened over the 'scope control, as the hum of the generator rose to a shrill whine. "It's working," husked Smythers, his voice rough with emotion. Stiff with anticipation, the white-

coated figures crowded round the screen. Scientific history was about to be made . . .

DAVY (apologetically): Yes, I know it's difficult to believe in those thin fingers — but if I didn't colour it a bit, it might sound boring. People don't realise how tedious a lot of research is — you know, collecting thousands of results and correlating them, getting fiddly bits of apparatus to work, trying to get delivery of some component a manufacturer promised three months before.

CONSCIENCE: Well, then, why not tell the readers the truth?

DAVY: I have had a go—here's a bit about the experiences of Caroline.

CONSCIENCE (trying to be patient): Another bit of fiction I suppose.

DAVY (uneasily): Yes.

CONSCIENCE (reading):—

. . . Caroline inked in a neat red spot on the graph. It was the 208,376th since she started work nineteen months and twenty-six days ago. The silence in the lab was broken only by the dust-motes thudding softly on to the bench. Caroline swore, and a drop of red ink fell on the graph paper. She swore again. In the distance she could hear Margaret washing up some of the 975 petri dishes she did every day. At least she can smash a few when she feels like it, Caroline thought, taking a new piece of graph paper. Now she would have to ink in the last 382 points again.

DAVY: I don't *want* to put the readers off —especially the budding Carolines. On the other hand, it must be clear that it isn't every day which brings a new, thrilling discovery.

CONSCIENCE: But if there's all this tedium, why do people become scientists?

DAVY: Well, every job has some tedium. Look at all that stuff piled up on our desk. And scientists have a lot of compensations. A



lot of research may look appallingly specialised and unexciting from the outside — but when you are really inside it, it gets fascinating. There's an element of puzzle or mystery—and most research is related to some really important scientific problem.

CONSCIENCE: Still, I should think the fascination begins to wear off after inking in a few thousand spots on that graph. Caroline seems to be pretty near breaking point.

DAVY: I told you, I'm not happy about Caroline or Smythers. It's just very difficult to make any valid generalisations. For instance, a good deal of the attraction of scientific life has nothing to do with science itself, I should say. A University lab is usually pleasantly informal. It's the opposite of a nine-to-five treadmill — there are spells of grinding hard work, and then more leisurely bits. It's a fairly classless society too — not much bossism, and Christian names all round (or almost all round). Ability counts most.

There are other attractions, too — for instance, a lot of scientists travel quite a bit nowadays, too. There are constant conferences — some in nice places like Stockholm, San Francisco, and Naples. Very popular, those.

CONSCIENCE: That's more like it. Expense account stuff. I suppose they're even better off in industry?

DAVY: Well, they've got headaches as well — things like getting a research proposal past the board, internal firm's politics and so so.

#### *A BIT INVOLVED*

Not that universities don't have the same problems sometimes. A lot of research nowadays gets mixed up with officials and red tape of various kinds, of course. In fact, Smythers gets a bit involved in it as you'll see.

CONSCIENCE (reading): —

I tell you, Smythers, this is the third revised estimate we've submitted and the Council still won't wear it. The real trouble is old Sir Matthew — he's still got it in for the director over that mast we had to put up near his golf course. And now the R.D.T.P.E. people want twelve copies of the oscillator specs before they'll even consider making the thing. It's not as if their last job for us was much good either.

All right, old boy, calm down. The boys at M.U.T.T. labs'll help us out. Our real

headache is getting young Parkhouse. He's the only character who can get these fancy circuits to work. But he refuses absolutely to use R.D.T.P.E. components — and anyway, if he came to us, he'd lose his pension rights, he says.

... Well, I don't know — this sounds more like the Civil Service to me.

DAVY: It very often is the Civil Service. I mean, a lot of the most interesting scientific work goes on in Government research establishments nowadays. A large establishment can get a bit tangled in red tape, and many of the best people have to spend hours on committees. Then the Treasury may come along and try to do peculiar things to research budgets, or get cross if a piece of apparatus turns out much more expensive than you first thought.

#### *THE VISITORS*

On the other hand, there's some first-class equipment at Government establishments, and you can keep up contact with colleagues in industry and in the universities. Security problems often crop up, of course — but they do in industry as well. Quite a few firms do Government contract work — and there's industrial secrecy, too. Still, it's not as bad as it was.

CONSCIENCE: I'd have thought you've got enough material for an article there. Time's getting on. What else ought to go in?

DAVY: Well, I suppose there should be something about being a member of an international community. Of course, you can overdo it — but it's true, all the same, that a scientist will often know people working in his own field all over the world.

Most university labs will have a few visiting scientists working there, especially Americans. There's a lot of Anglo-American exchange in most fields. When they're talking about science, the British and Americans speak much the same language — although the Americans tend to use longer sentences.

Of course, the British scientists think the Americans have extravagant ways, use too expensive apparatus and don't do enough thinking before their experiments. The Americans think the British are slow and unadventurous. But on the whole, they get on very well.

CONSCIENCE: What about the Iron Curtain? Is it a barrier?



DAVY: There's quite free exchange in some fields, and a good deal of private correspondence. The language is a problem, although many of the younger Russian scientists know quite a bit of English now. But, of course, there's nothing like the scientific intimacy there is with America.

CONSCIENCE: We seem to have got rather off the subject again. It's very nice to get to know a few Americans and Russians, I suppose, but it doesn't seem a very forceful reason for being a scientist.

DAVY: No, of course not. The main thing, naturally, is to be interested in science — or at least your branch of it. Only a tiny minority will make a really important discovery on their own. And only a small number will be associated with a team which makes a really big step forward. Most research is teamwork nowadays, anyway.

But even those who don't hit on something big will have some of the same basic satisfactions of adding to knowledge and technique, inventing new ways of doing things and looking at things. It is essentially a creative satisfaction. One man may spend years jiggling with a new type of pump or other bit of apparatus. I think he gets the same kind of satisfaction out of it as the man who designs and builds his own sailing dinghy in his back yard. There's often quite a lot of practical do-it-yourself work in research.

#### TWO JOBS

The same applies to testing a theory. You

get an idea and want to see if *it* works. You set up an experiment and show that the idea does work or doesn't.

The scientist who is nearest the artist is probably the pure theoretician. He works with concepts, moulding them, trying out new ones, discarding and adding bits. He mostly needs a real gift for mathematics. He has two jobs — one is to produce new ideas for the experimentalists to test out; the other is to explain the unexpected results which turn up in experiments. He's kept very busy nowadays, as science is as unexpected as ever.

Of course, a lot of scientists manage to be both theoreticians and experimentalists — but in some fields, especially physics, keeping up with theory is a full-time job.

CONSCIENCE: The unexpectedness sounds exciting — a sort of treasure-hunt; perhaps that's one of the attractions.

DAVY: Yes, I think it is. It's certainly true that many of the really important discoveries are made accidentally. You can't predict where the next startling observation may be made. Anybody could make it at any time.

#### WONDERING WHY

In fact, one of the things which makes a good scientist is that he spots the unexpected. The bad scientist scraps the experiment, thinking it's gone wrong without wondering why. Nobody who hasn't got the habit of wondering why should become a scientist. ★

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\* \* \* \* \*

### IONS MINE

*Air:* "Clementine

1. In the dusty lab'ratory,  
'Mid the coils and wax and twine,  
There the atoms in their glory  
Ionise and recombine

*Chorus:* Oh my darlings! Oh, my darlings!  
Oh my darling ions mine!  
You are lost and gone for ever  
When just once you recombine!

—from a collection of verse written by members of the Physics Research Society of the Cavendish Laboratory in the 1920's.





## “I too knew Sploget, like”

by ‘You’ll never Guess’ (sarcastic like)

I AM STROLLING outside the Establishment — when this character accosts me.

There I am, minding what’s mine, suctioning away at the old incinerator and casting the odd butcher’s at the chicks on the tennis court in their perky little shorts and that, when, I reiterate, I am accosted. The facts are thusly.

Running a cob lays a citizen open to match scrimpers. Accepted. It’s an occupational hazard, like. All in the day’s burning. The aforementioned scrimpers come in two handy sizes — the Marlon Brando variegation who emit with “Got with a light, huh, uh, like dad, huh?”, and the oblique members who ooze up, slobbery like as if they were flogging off-white postcards.

But not this yob. Negatively not. *He* blocks my legal right-of-way, snaps his digits and points to his ‘you’ll-never-be-alone’. No yakety-yak stuff. Just the digit cracking workout.

Stunnefied, and being a peace-loving resident to boot, I hand over my crate of arson logs. As he conflagrates his lung tickler I have a scrut-inical butcher’s at his presentabilities. His cranium is about the same yards from the ground as mine. (An inch shorter and I would have dealt summary justice — like pushing his face in). His thatching is the same off-white as mine. His décor is of the same toe-the-party-line-type as mine. His decades? A.D. something; veering towards my own insurance rating. No Cliff Richards like, but still full of corpuscles. His physiognomy is of the non-Apollic species—but non-Apollic. In an utterance, he is dead ugly. Not attractively, ‘he’s-done-it-all’ ugly like me, just ugly ugly. That

is, apart from his gander probes. These peepers are the bluest and yumiest I’d ever seen outside of a baby having its tummy tickled. Innocent like, if you are still with me.

The pyrotechnics finished, he still blocks the panorama, making with the staying put.

“Thank you, sir,” he utters in a square type voice with a soupçon of français, “your compassion is appreciated. Perhaps, anon I may reciprocate.”

“Yeh,” I rejoin, all consternated like, “Well, I’ll be undulating along.”

“May I introduce myself?” he interdisposes as if I had just perpetrated an inaudibility, “I am Leo Sploget. *The* Leo Sploget.”

He gives a bow like an Old Vic Slick scraping the terra firma with his manicurables.

“Yep?” I parry, proper fidgecated and under starter’s orders, “Not an epidemical appellation, dad. Well, I have a war to win.”

I do a chassis out of his firing line and set my sights for the Great Beyond.

But this slob yob is loth to part from me. He grabs my bowling arm (Drake type bowls) and ties down his safety valve.

“Must a name be common!” he yells, mad like. “Must we all be the same snivelling, ant-like conformists, petrified lest we deviate one iota from the insipid, mediocre average?”

He waves his jambs about like a tick-tack man with a hairy vest. “Must we! Must we!” he screams in a gasket-blowing falsetto.

Great gherkins of grobbles! I think, lapsing into my mother tongue, this citizen is in the bug category. But bugged, man. And a bit to



spare.

"You do not answer, my indifferent friend," kayelps Leo, half a panic lower. His index finger pokes into my shoulder padding. "Are you an ant?"

I recogitate. If I evacuate the area he might do a scalping party act after me. I'm no slouch but it would look unconstitutional. *And* bad for trade. *And* he might be Gordon Pirie's uncle in disguise.

Meanwhile, back at the nut. Leo is having a bawl ball.

"Think of it," he orates, "an infinite permutation of genes, environments and chance, all to ensure that we differ from each other. And what do you do? You copy the least common denominator. If I were mad and everyone else sane instead of me being sane and everybody else mad would they call me mad or sane? Would they call the sane sane and the mad sane or the mad mad and the sane mad? Eh? Answer me that! Answer me that, my cogitating friend!"

He gives with the semaphore routine again.

I have a quick ego-yap and decide to play it wily guile with this nut house citizen. I'd read in some high I.Q. tome that Harpic characters do not like competition and if you can out-Harpic them they usually do a *dimuendo*. Quickly on it—that's me. I start the old Martin Harvey workout. (No mean ham, *mè*, if I'm pushed).

"Ah, hah!" I declaim all East Lynnish like, "but the saner the mad then the saner the sane and convive versical, the madder the mad, the madder the sane; therefore, ipso facto, hybridising the terms, the maner the sad the sadder the mane. Answer me that, my little nitulated quaint acquaintance."

My rhetoriculation seeps home. The offending party stops in his etymological tracks. A slight vacuum nips across his optics and he is quiescent for the space of two yawns.

"My friend, do I hear . . .?" he begins in a Mothering Sunday voice.

But I am warming up. I know a tactic or two. 'Hit 'em while they're still fused' is my family gen-line. I wallow in with a fair fac-similie of H. Irving and Co.

"Enough, enough, my little triturated comrade. It is the whisper of the snog-tailed toescratcher, zithing its way through eternity that

you hear — not I. I? I am but a quiverette in the grey pudding of your tiny gen box, my little wall-eyed malcreation."

I do a little Fred Astaire to consolidate the effect.

Sploget is really demetabolised now. He looks over my shoulder all spooky like, as if he had just seen his grandmother in the Windmill Theatre. His blue peepers assume a foxy peek and his auricles are flapping about like washing on a line. He gives with a feeble, "Really, sir."

But yours histrionically scents the kill. Press on, you *matinée* idol, the enemy is disintreshaking fast, but fastly.

"Ah, hah! Oh, hoh! Ee, hee!" I erupt. "You try to mollifaculate me with your 'Really sir?' Eh, eh! But I am not real. You are not real. Consider, you demarbled molecule. If I am all here than I cannot be all there, and if I am not all there I must be partly here and partly there. But I cannot be here *and* there so I cannot be not all there, so I am all there and therefore not really here. Corollolically, you, my bone-domed miscalculation, are not all here *and* also not all there. Ipso facto, you are . . ."

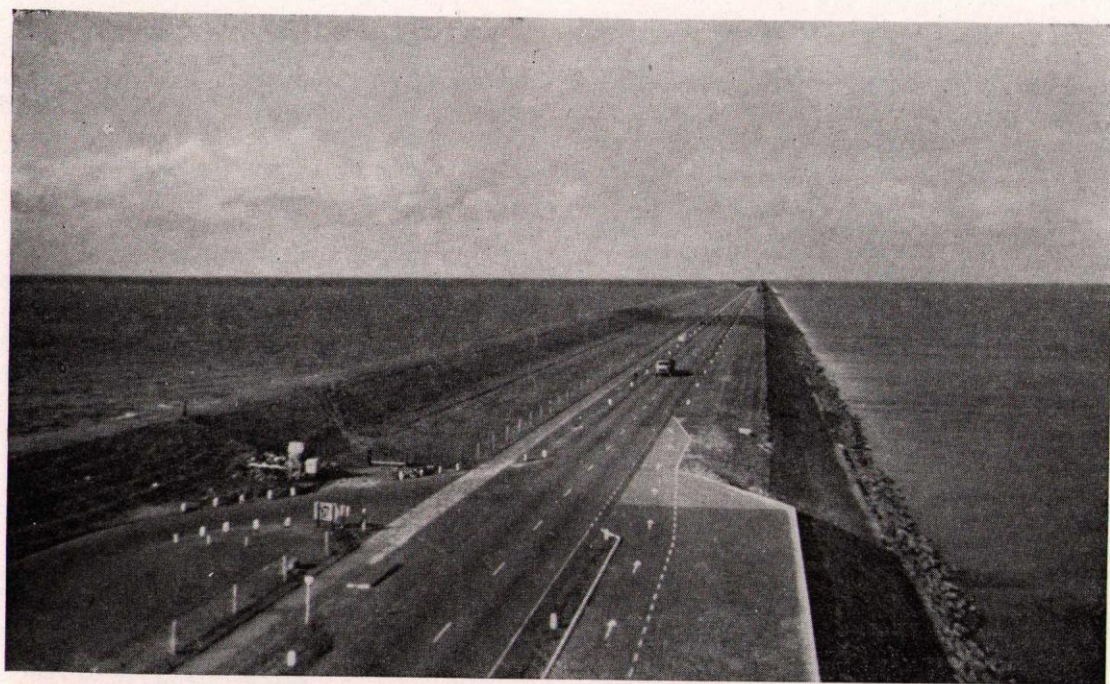
Out of the corners of my oculars I spot two citizens in Student Prince type gear. Warders, my razor-grey matter registers. And about time, too, I am running low in goonical material.

I finish off my sosilloquy and clear the runway to let the welcome home party grab Leo. Instead, the Neanderthalenic morons grab me.

I am still double declutching with the articulating as they ask Leo if I had molested *him*. To which the said Leo agrees in the negative and quickly diffuses into the surrounding pay-sage. Me? I am diffused into the attendant van.

Knowing the colour of my ancestral grandmother's eyes and having parchmented proof of 'who-are-you' right back to an under-the-counter offspring of Anne Boleyn, I am soon emancipated — with strings — like, not to try and outnut nuts again. Orbitting the tennis courts again, I have a yen to contangle with that arts-and-craft type idiot Sploget again. We could have another diayap on this and that. Like how he made a proper nut out of me. Like how he still has my matches. ★





The Great Dyke separating the North Sea from the Zuider Zee, looking towards Friesland. At this point one thinks of bursting dams, floods and cars being swept away . . . and presses a little harder on the pedal!

## *A Drive to Denmark*

*V. J. Wheeler (Chem. Div.)*

THE north-western corner of Europe is not often chosen as a holiday centre by Britons. The lure of the sun usually proves too strong — Spain, Italy and the South of France become obvious and popular choices for two weeks "away from it all". However, a round trip of about 1,500 miles will cover most of Belgium, Holland, the German North Sea coast and the Danish Jutland peninsula. Such a trip is not only enjoyable from the point of view of visits to such cities as Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Hamburg — possible because of the small sizes of the countries concerned, and the superb road connections between them — but also as a first-hand lesson in the way in which different people have adapted themselves to their natural surroundings and resources. The area is also rich in history — to

travel over the network of roads which crosses the plains of Belgium shows at once why the battles of Mons and Tournai were so vital in the first World War; and to travel north from Hamburg through Schleswig-Holstein is to visit the original homes of the Angles, Saxons and Jutes who invaded Britain from the 5th to 7th centuries A.D.

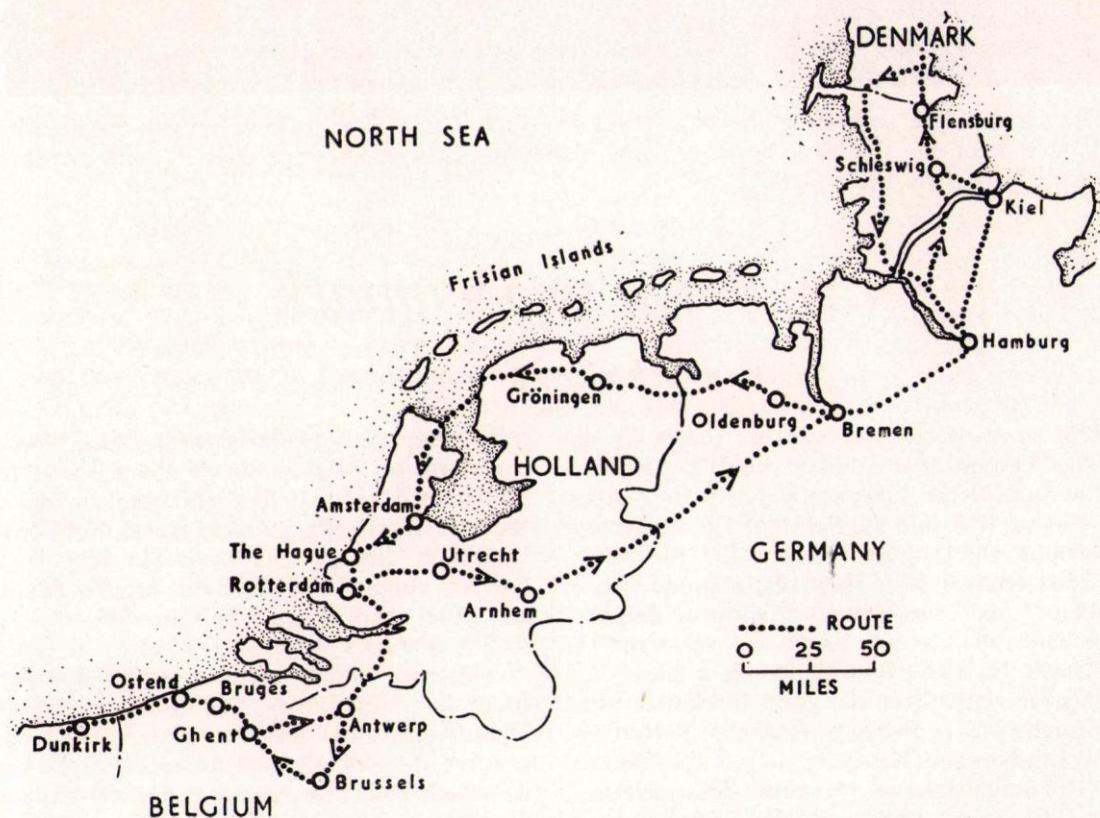
The map shows an easy and convenient route for such a trip. The roads are mostly "motorways" or their equivalent, and the country is essentially flat for most of the way — which makes driving easy for the car and the driver. After crossing the Channel from Dover to Ostend (or to Boulogne, followed by a short drive up the French coast), the road leads to Bruges, Ghent and so on to Antwerp. This is Belgium's largest port, lying slightly



inland on the river Schelde, and well supplied with inland waterways. It has a population of about half a million people, and is a happy compromise between historical interest and more contemporary forms of relaxation! This part of Belgium is almost totally Flemish speaking and it is only when one travels further out to French-speaking Namur and Liège that one realises that Belgium is inhabited by two distinct races: the Flemish (Germanic), and the Walloons (Latin). Generally speaking the Flemish part of Belgium is the more interesting — some other parts are rather more industrialised and correspondingly grimy.

The road from Antwerp goes north to the

Dutch border, and joins the network of motorways which help to make up the 1,900 miles of main roads in Holland. One notices an immediate change, not only in the improved quality of the roads, but also in the neatness and cleanliness of the small villages and towns, their bright paintwork glistening in the sun. The first stop is at Rotterdam — modern, beautiful and luxurious, and this time Holland's main port. It is also the home of one of Europe's best zoos. Turning east, the motorway goes via Utrecht to Arnhem. On this part of the journey one is constantly crossing canals, full of chugging barges like red, yellow and blue beetles; a reminder that about a tenth of





Holland's eleven million people live on them, and that for every mile of roadway there are more than two miles of navigable waterway. The countryside is the traditionally flat, irrigated farm-land of Holland, but this aspect is better seen further west along the Dutch North Sea coast where the tulip fields and dykes present a much more vivid and impressive picture. Arriving at Arnhem, one finds a pleasant, quiet little town, almost completely rebuilt after the ravages of the fighting in 1944. At Osterbeek, 3 or 4 miles away, the War Cemetery contains the graves of several thousand men of the British 1st Airborne Division killed in the battle for the bridge over the Neder Rijn, which still carries the traffic streaming south to Nijmegen.

The next stage consists of the drive into Western Germany, on a pretty poor road, via Zutphen and Lingel, much of it through heavily-wooded country, with occasional views of camouflaged British troops of B.A.O.R. lurking in the bushes during their training exercises. This road eventually brings one to Bremen, a city still showing signs of extensive bomb damage, and to a very welcome autobahn which makes the next 65 miles to Hamburg a pleasant relief! Hamburg also had its fair share of bombing during the war, but has now grown once again into a beautiful "go-ahead" city. The road system within Hamburg itself is a masterpiece of civil engineering — although trying to find the autobahn route during the rush hour can be a hair-raising experience.

Reluctantly leaving the autobahn once again, the road climbs into Schleswig-Holstein. This has so often been a bone of contention in international power politics that it seems to have left the population in a permanent psychological no-man's-land, so that they scarcely know whether they are Danish, German, or something in between. The countryside here looks poor, and this may be a result of the apathy caused by being used as an international yo-yo. The peninsula acts as a barrier between the Baltic and the North Sea, crossed from Kiel to the mouth of the Elbe by the Kiel canal. The value of this to Germany's trade and its strategic value in war help to explain a certain sensitivity on the point.

After Flensburg, the road goes north to

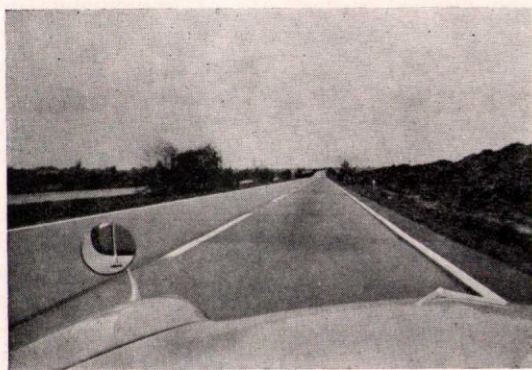
the Danish border. Almost immediately one notices the great increase in emphasis on agriculture — nearly a quarter of the population of Denmark work on the land. This is probably largely due to the fact that Denmark has to import all sources of fuel, which makes industrialisation both expensive and insecure.

At this point the "language problem" often becomes more acute. English is fairly widely spoken in the larger shops, hotels and restaurants in all the countries of north-west Europe, but what happens when you arrive for a meal or an overnight stop in one of the "backwaters"? Many English tourists have at least a smattering of French and/or German, which will serve in Belgium and Holland — but in much of out-of-the-way Denmark, particularly where tourists are few, only Danish is spoken. There is a strong connection between the Scandinavian languages (Danish, Norwegian and Swedish) which, with Icelandic, make up the North Germanic group, and English, Flemish, Dutch and German, which form the West Germanic group. The Scandinavian languages are so closely related that Danes, Norwegians and Swedes can talk together, each using his own tongue, and each understanding enough of the others, without ever having attempted to learn them formally. Unfortunately, the graduation from German to Dutch and so English, although easily demonstrated by examples (Traum—droom — dream, Heim—heem — home) is too marked for such easy communication.

Having arrived in Denmark, the "time available" becomes the criterion for the extent of travelling within the country. Aarhus and Aalborg lie on the road north into the Jutland peninsula, but if there is time one can turn east at Kolding and travel via Odense and the Nyborg/Korsør ferry to Copenhagen. For those with still more time, this will be a stepping-stone across to the southern tip of Sweden, and so to the main part of Scandinavia.

As with all holidays, though, the time soon comes to turn around and head for home. Driving down the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein makes a change from the outward route, but it is a pretty dull drive, and one is happy to see Hamburg again. To strike fresh ground for the return journey, the best route to follow is probably via Oldenburg and Leer into Fries-





*The autobahn between Rotterdam and Utrecht.*



*The Kiel Canal at Rendsburg.*

land, the northernmost part of Holland and the original source of Friesian dairy cattle. The small fishing-ports on the North Sea Coast here, looking out towards the string of Frisian islands a few miles off shore, are quite superb — and their inhabitants the friendliest and most industrious of people. Incidentally, to mention the language question once more, Friesian — the nearest of any other living language to English — is still spoken in some parts here, and it is quite instructive to listen to the fishermen and farmers speaking what was once essentially Old English.

The crossing from Friesland to North Holland is by the enormous dyke, 20 miles long, which separates the North Sea from the Zuider Zee. This is a remarkable accomplishment of structural engineering which can only be properly appreciated by driving over it: on the inner side, the road and the farmland all around are frequently below the level of the water on the far side of the Zuider Zee wall. At this point one thinks of bursting dams, floods, and cars being swept away . . . and presses a little harder on the accelerator pedal! Again, one passes through the most delightful small towns on the Zuider Zee coast, which are very popular yachting resorts in summer.

Soon the road comes to the ferry which crosses into Amsterdam. This city is a complete mixture of ancient and modern: the roads and canals inter-connecting the narrow streets in Old Amsterdam, but with wide and modern buildings only a stone's throw away. In the old part of the city it is vital to note carefully the exact position where you

park, as one street is so like every other, and intersections so numerous, that more than one tourist has reported sheepishly to the police station for help, having walked for miles trying to find his vehicle!

From Amsterdam the motorway passes through the "tulip country" to the Hague, the capital of the Netherlands, and on again to Rotterdam. The incoming route is then followed back to Antwerp, but from there the quickest way to Brussels is via Mechelen. As mentioned before, the change in going from Dutch to Belgian roads is very noticeable — you are now even further south into Belgium, so that you shouldn't be surprised if your road-map marks a "motorway" whereas you feel in fact as though you're on a miniature scenic railway! In Brussels itself, however, the road system is very up-to-date — one of the legacies of the 1958 International Exhibition. The site of this is still open, although looking rather like an eerie, deserted Science Fiction city. One can still lunch in the Atomium, but it's rather depressing to look down upon overgrown pavilions and enormous, gaping buildings.

The last lap is from Brussels back to Ostend, via the main Belgian motorway. By this time the 1,500 miles are nearly up — and where else in Europe could you cover such a variety of country on such good roads, with so small a mileage? The dramatic scenery of the mountains is missing, it is true — but there is some consolation in not having to drive over it! And as a change from sunburn and skin-diving you can't beat a drive to Denmark. ★





A Guide Dog for the Blind fund was set up by members of the Works Engineering Department in Building 30 who, in 1952, decided to allocate the interest from their subscriptions to a Savings Club to this good cause.

At that time the ultimate target of £250 seemed very far away, but over the years, sums of money were raised until in 1959, the half-way mark was reached. In the following year, a great effort was made and as a result the remaining £125 was collected.

The work and effort of all those who had helped to raise the money was come to fruition on Friday, 16th June, when Lt. Col. McConnell, Secretary of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Fund Association, was handed a cheque for £250 by Mr. J. E. Bown, Head of General Engineering Services Group, on behalf of Works Engineering Department. Col. McConnell, to mark the occasion, presented a small replica of a Guide Dog to Mr. V. Embling, organising secretary of the Fund, who is seen here with some of those who helped in the effort.

## GUIDE DOGS

### THE MEANING OF "FREEDOM"

FREEDOM MEANS different things to different people. To the slave it means freedom from bondage. To some it means freedom of speech; to others freedom from want. The freedom which blind people gain from a trained guide dog is the ability to walk alone safely and without dependence on others.

To be able to cross a road without waiting at every kerb for someone to notice their need and help them cross, to be able to set out for work, to go shopping, or for a walk in the country, like any sighted person; most of us take such freedom of movement for granted and cannot appreciate what its loss must mean to the blind.

With guide dogs, totally blind men and women can walk so easily and swiftly — often

at a steady four miles an hour — that others do not realise they are blind. And that is how they like it. Instead of the conspicuous white stick which advertises their disability, they have a faithful friend and companion who does much of their "seeing" for them.

As time goes on their unity with the dog grows, and with it the scope of their activity, so that the blind person receives more and more freedom.

### LIKE PRISONERS LIBERATED

What are the feelings of these blind men and women who have guide dogs? Here is an extract from just one of the hundreds of letters received from the dogs' owners:

"It is difficult indeed to find words rich enough in quality to express my gratification.





"My feelings over the past week are comparable only to those of our prisoners-of-war who were liberated from the concentration camps."

Liberation, Freedom, Independence; this is the theme that runs through nearly all the letters. It is because they can get about alone, walk the crowded streets without fear of obstruction, that they feel liberated from what seemed like a prison cell. For it is not so much the eternal darkness that forms the blind man's prison, but the restriction on movement which this creates; the ability to move about freely and alone, the gain of confidence and independence are two of the greatest psychological benefits brought by guide dogs.

## TRAINING

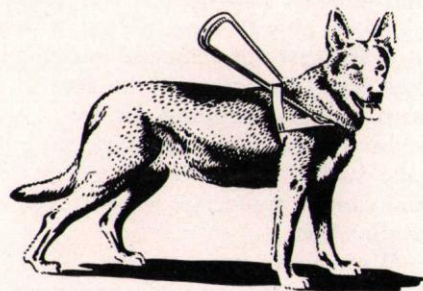
Before any dog can safely be trusted with the care of a blind person, it needs careful and skilled training. The principal breeds used are Alsations, Collies of different varieties, Retrievers, Labradors and Boxers. Any dog which is large enough can be trained, provided it has the right temperament and willingness for the work.

It is taught the meaning of four basic commands — Forward, Sit, Right and Left — but it must learn also to disregard these orders if traffic or obstructions are in the way. It learns to sit at all kerbs and always cross the roads at right angles.

Only one organisation in Britain is carrying out the very skilled work of training guide dogs — The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.\* This Association started in 1934 in a small way, training dogs at Wallasey, Cheshire. When, because of the War, it became necessary to move, a Training Centre was opened at Edmonscote Manor, Leamington Spa. Although the work has been extended by the opening of a second Training Centre at Exwick, Exeter, the supply of trained dogs has not by a long way caught up with the ever-growing demand.

Today there are about 250 blind people on the waiting list. And all the time dogs must be trained as replacements for those already working which may die or grow too old to guide the blind.

\*81 Piccadilly, London, W.1.







So an estimate of the costs must include not only the purchase of dogs, their feeding and housing and the salaries of trainers and kennel-maids, but also the staffing and upkeep of the houses where the blind trainees stay. Allowance must also be made for the large proportion of the dogs which start training but at some stage are rejected because they do not "make the grade".

Does this figure seem a lot of money for a dog — for a dog that probably has no pedigree and will win no prizes at a show? Think of it in another way. If you were blind, would you think a few hundred pounds an excessive price for a new pair of eyes? There is no figure in pounds, shillings and pence that can measure the value of a guide dog to a blind man.

And no blind person is asked to pay more than a nominal sum for his dog. But he must wait his turn in the queue. How soon he will get to the top depends on the speed at which dogs can be trained. And this in turn depends on the amount of money received.

The Association, a purely voluntary organisation, depends on public support to provide the funds for its work. Bodies such as St. Dunstan's and The Royal National Institute for the Blind, Trusts and other organisations who help charity work, have given support, and the Local Authorities, too, have power to give grants if they wish, and many have done so. But this, the total amount of such help, is only a tiny proportion of what is needed, and only the generosity of those who have the great gift of sight will enable the work to continue to grow.

#### THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

Today it costs over £250 to train each "unit" of dog and owner, for, when the dog is trained — which takes three to four months — its prospective owner must learn how to use it. He must be taught how to hold the handle and how to interpret "messages" conveyed by the dog's movements. For this he stays for about four weeks at the Training Centre.





# Rogue's Eye View

or Holidaying on a Small Budget

J. Graham (Winfrith)

I arrived in town at 2.0 a.m., and the problem was one of where to sleep.

In some American cities a park is set aside where hoboes can lay their weary heads. One turns up at the park and indicates to the patrolling police officer that "I'm going to kip down behind that bush", and there one has a safe and almost comfortable bed where one will not to be disturbed for the remainder of the night.

However, Denver has no such amenity, and it presented a somewhat inhospitable face to me at that hour of the morning. So, ever anxious for the new experience, I presented myself at the main precinct station as a vagrant.

The officer in charge, a lieutenant, indicated rapidly that they weren't running a hotel, but on hearing that I was British and eager to see how the American system compared with the Metropolitan Police of my father's force he became more friendly, and said that there was room upstairs.

"Book this guy for shelter," he said to another police officer, and he wished me a good night.

I had to wait in another room while two officers debated whether parking tickets helped their chance of promotion — they decided it couldn't, judging by the results they'd had — but eventually I was duly "booked".

The building, several stories high, turned out to have its cells in a story half way up, and the only means of access to this story was by a lift equipped with a cage for detainees. Obviously not many detainees came equipped with rucksacks, for there was no room for my belongings, and my rucksack had to travel out-



side the cage.

On arrival at the cell block, I was taken to the property room where they stripped me of all my possessions — rucksack, stick, money (there was pathetically little), handkerchief and even my shoelaces. Clutching my receipt I was led shuffling away to my "room" for the night.

It was a pleasant green room, about 10 feet by 4 feet, with three walls of solid steel and a frontage of remarkably thick bars. It had hot and cold running water, a toilet, and two-tiered bunks, though it seemed that I was to be the only occupant. While I was standing admiring the accommodation, the officer closed the door — and turned the key in the lock!!

I somehow had never thought that they would do that. Immediately, horrors of claustrophobia descended upon me, together with



the thought of asking to be let out again with the address of the nearest hotel. However, reason prevailed, and as it was now near 3.30 a.m. I had a look at the sleeping amenities provided. One look at the blanket decided me against taking my clothes off, and I laid myself down gingerly on the bunk for a much needed rest.

Sleep was difficult due to a variety of jungle-like noises from other inmates — shouts and answering threats; a steel door clangs, keys rattle and footsteps, thousands and thousands of footsteps, stamp along the steel corridors. Nevertheless, sleep did come, and then immediately a voice said, "Right, up you get, bud, join the queue." It was 5.30 a.m.!

I staggered sleepily along with a line of other "guests" who had been herded from their "tank" or communal cell. (I heard later that I had had a special privilege to get a "single room", as usually all detainees who are taken in after 6.0 p.m. get thrown in the tank). My fellow guests appeared a motley crew, and still suffering from the orgies of the night before to judge by their expressions.

We were put through the mill. In batches of six we went into one waiting room to have our prints taken — each finger, all fingers, and then the whole hand — then on to the next room while vainly trying to clean hands with a postage-stamp-sized piece of paper. Here we were photographed standing behind a hideously impersonal number on a board. I made the mistake of smiling at the camera, and called down the wrath of our escort upon myself.

Then we were questioned — name? aliases? address? "Llwyn'rhudol, Pwllheli, North Wales." "Who are you kidding, bud? I said 'address', and let's not have any funny business." Explanations — "Oh, British, well I guess that's O.K. then." Distinguishing marks? "Say, you know my wife's British, from Hull. Do you know Hull?" "Well, no, I don't but they say it's a nice town," and I was made. The questions continued and were duly answered, but now I had several police who were very interested in my trip and impressions of the States. They showed me the records department and eventually seemed sorry that I would have to return to the lock-up. However, it was now breakfast and they saw no reason why I should not have it in the "tank" with

my fellow guests.

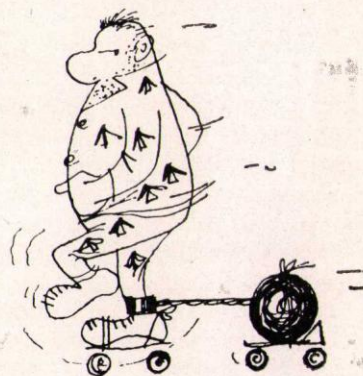
By now we each had a small slip of paper which indicated our crime when referred to a code on the reverse of the slip. I was in for "shelter" (American for vagrancy), and by a little looking-over-shoulders I discovered that most of my comrades were victims of over-celebration and disturbing the peace, while one or two had a liking for other people's property. One gent was 31A, which was most mysterious as 31 was rape and 32 was drug trafficking! He looked a mild, henpecked man.

Breakfast started with an aluminium bowl of cereal, with milk. Luckily I was told in time by my partner at the bench to leave some milk, otherwise I wouldn't have had any in the coffee which proved to be the second, and final, course, poured into the same bowl.

After breakfast, exercise. This took place in a wired run that hung outside the building over the terrible gorge to the street. A few turns up and down the run under the watchful eye of the warder and I'd seen quite enough of Denver to last a lifetime.

7.0 a.m. Back to my green room. 7.30 a.m. It's about time they let me out. 8.30 a.m. They couldn't have forgotten me — or could they? But no, it was all right, as my release papers finally arrived.

Out to collect my belongings, thread my shoelaces, down in the lift and away to the chorus of "Come back and see us again sometime." Out into the open street — I never knew before how wide and open and free this world is. ★



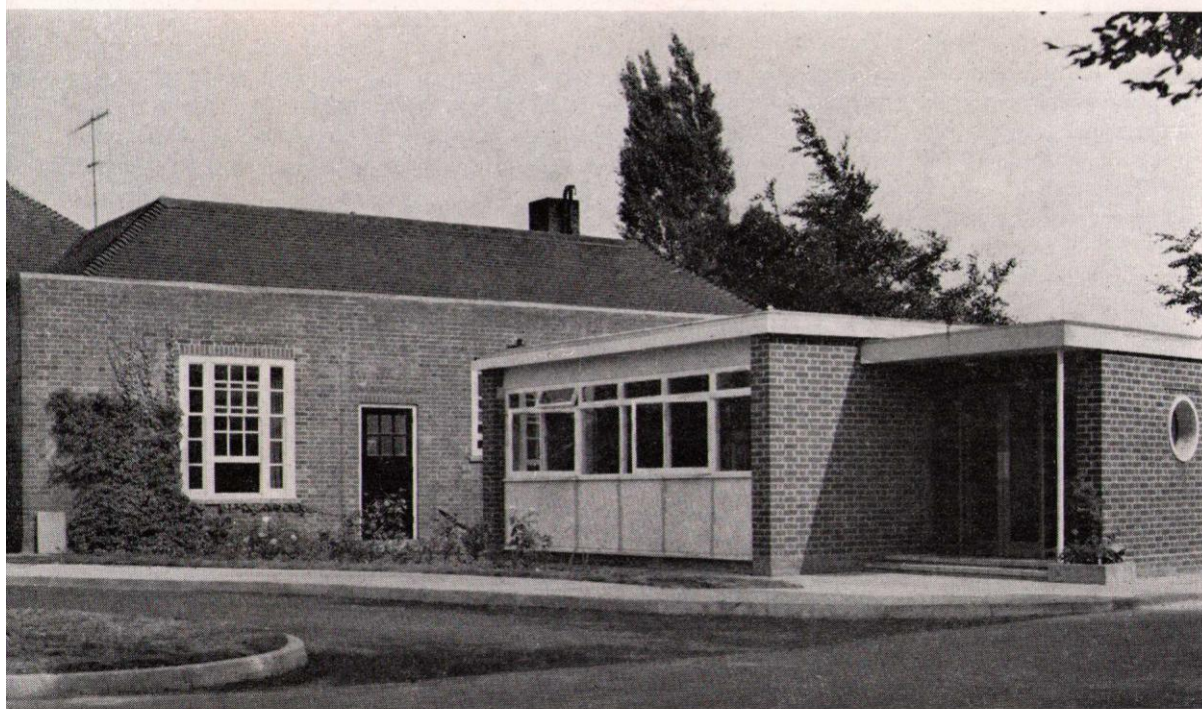


# THE HARWELL POLICE



*Chief Inspector Boyer*

HARWELL has always accepted rather reluctantly the 'wire' and the presence of the Police to watch over our comings and goings. It says a lot, therefore, for our Police, that we have formed such an affectionate regard for them as individuals. They are led by Chief Inspector Arthur Boyer, who came to Harwell as the Senior Constabulary Officer in 1953. He had served 26 years in the Army, attaining the rank of W.O. II, and in 1959 was awarded the Police Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. "The Chief", as he is known to all, is to retire on 15th August, and will be succeeded by Chief Inspector Batson, who was formerly Station Sergeant at Harwell. We take this opportunity of wishing Mr. Boyer a happy and contented retirement and of welcoming Chief Inspector Batson.







The old R.A.F. Guard Room has recently been transformed into a Police Lodge more in keeping with a modern establishment, and the reception of visitors and waiting room have been greatly improved.

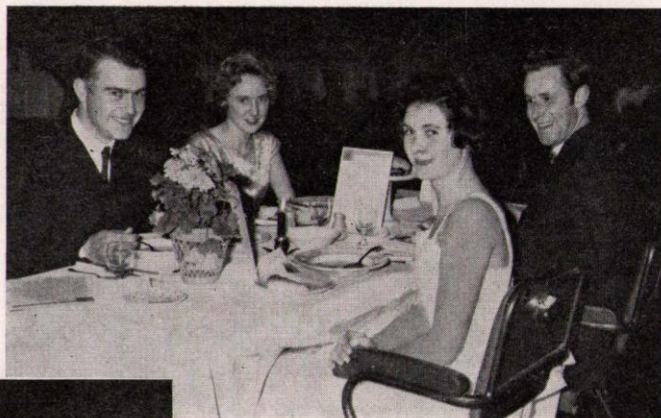
In addition to watching our gates, patrolling, C.I.D. work, and the like, the Police provide escorts and perform other duties during the visits of V.I.P.s and others to the Site.

Harwell is also the base for the training of all A.E.A. Constabulary, an article on which will be featured in a later issue.

Also to be featured is an article on the Harwell Patrol Dogs.

*Next in this series of Other People's Jobs is the Harwell Signals Section.*





## ENGINEERING DIVISION HARWELL

*... an outstanding success even amongst the many very successful functions of years past ...*

Proposing the toast to the guests, *Mr. J. E. Bown*, D.C.E., General Engineering Services, said he was delighted to be doing so because the Division had enjoyed many good friends during the course of its life, and had been greatly helped by the friendship and collaboration of numerous sister organisations, nearly every one of which was represented at the dinner.

Referring to two of the guests by name—*Mr. D. W. Fry* and *Dr. T. G. Pickavance*—he said that whatever they may have thought of the service which the Division had tried to give them at Harwell, at least they had thought enough of our engineers to draw quite heavily on them to form the nuclei of their own engineering organisations at Winfrith and the National Institute.

Despite any press assertions to the contrary there was no doubt that Harwell had a great and continuing record of achievement in the field of the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and there was equally no doubt that this could only have been achieved by the happy and fruitful collaboration of its hundreds of scientists, engineers, craftsmen and general workers. One field in which Harwell's record was second to none was in the very successful operation of the machinery of joint consultation and it was for this reason that we were

particularly happy to have as our guests *Mr. Bayliss* and *Mr. Staniland* of the Joint Industrial Council which had played such a major role in ensuring the smooth working, not only of the Engineering Division, but also of the whole Establishment.

*One of the most rewarding things about engineering*, *Mr. Bown* suggested, *is that it is essentially work in which one meets lots of people, and if anyone engaged in engineering fails to make many good friends, then most assuredly there is something wrong with him and he shouldn't be an engineer at all.*

Replying to the above toast, *Mr. D. W. Fry* said that he certainly enjoyed the opportunity which the evening offered of meeting old friends, instead of being in touch with them as disembodied voices over a telephone, or as illegible signatures on pieces of paper. *Although I am generally regarded as a physicist I never feel too exposed among engineers because I have a second hat to wear under such climatic conditions. As a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers I can lay claim to the main qualification of an engineer, which, as everyone knows, is that he should be in an Institution!*

*Mr. Fry* also referred to one of the more important activities of engineers at Winfrith: *They have perfected a device called a Grab Type Bottom Sampler, and*





PHOTOS: STUDIO ATLANTA

## 1961 DINNER & DANCE

TOWN HALL, OXFORD  
FRIDAY, 28th APRIL



*the performance report I have recently seen states in all innocence that . . . a few failures have occurred, chiefly with firm texture bottoms. Unhappily the report makes no reference to pinch effect!*

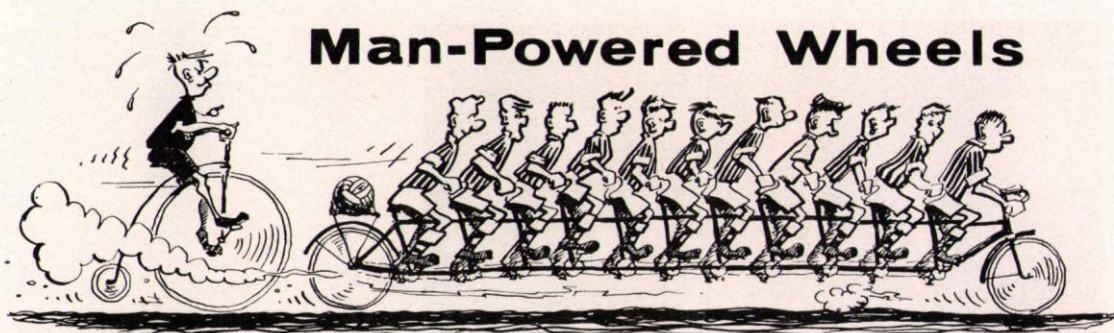
Tonight for the first time he was there as a guest from another Group. The recent changes in the A.E.A. which had put Harwell and Winfrith in separate Groups had caused many of them some concern. But the close personal relationships which had been built up between many of the senior staff at the Establishments would, he felt sure, be very helpful in maintaining cordial relationships between the two Establishments in the future.

In reply to a toast to the ladies delivered in great style by Mr. T. Legg, an apprentice, Mrs. T. G. Pickavance replied with equal humour and with great charm.



The excellent catering and the dancing, (which included a display) added to the pleasure of the occasion. This was not only the largest Harwell function of the year, but the most memorable in the history of the Establishment.





## Man-Powered Wheels

WE ARE often surprised by the leisure-time activities of our colleagues. An engineer finds relaxation in painting cubist nudes, a scientist scrapes furiously (and sometimes melodiously!) on his violin, that insignificant-looking man with the spectacles, bowed over his workbench, is an international class miler, and that outsize Marciano with the barn-door shoulders has more than local fame as a lepidopterist. One should presumably be accustomed to such mild upsets of character diagnosis, but I was nevertheless a little taken aback when I saw on a bookstall the other day a semi-technical book written by one of our Admin. staff.

The book is called "Cycling Handbook",\* and it was written and largely illustrated by A. L. Pullen, Senior Executive Officer attached to Organisation and Methods. For anyone with even a mild interest in the design, construction and maintenance of that humble but fascinating vehicle, the bicycle, this is a useful and absorbing book.

The author opens with a brief outline of the history of the bicycle; there is evidence, he says, of a crude form of bicycle in frescoes at Pompeii, and in bas-reliefs dating from Babylonian times. The thought conjures up visions of knocking-off time in 50 B.C. with hordes of Roman workmen pedalling — or rather paddling — their two-wheelers out of the main gate at the hypocaust site at Pompeii, or civic dignitaries in ancient Babylon parking their chauffeur-driven tandem stone-wheelers outside the Hanging Gardens pub at lunchtime.

After this short trip into the past, the author gets down to the serious stuff of cycling. He takes us through the design and construction of a modern lightweight frame, and describes an original idea of his own for the mass-pro-

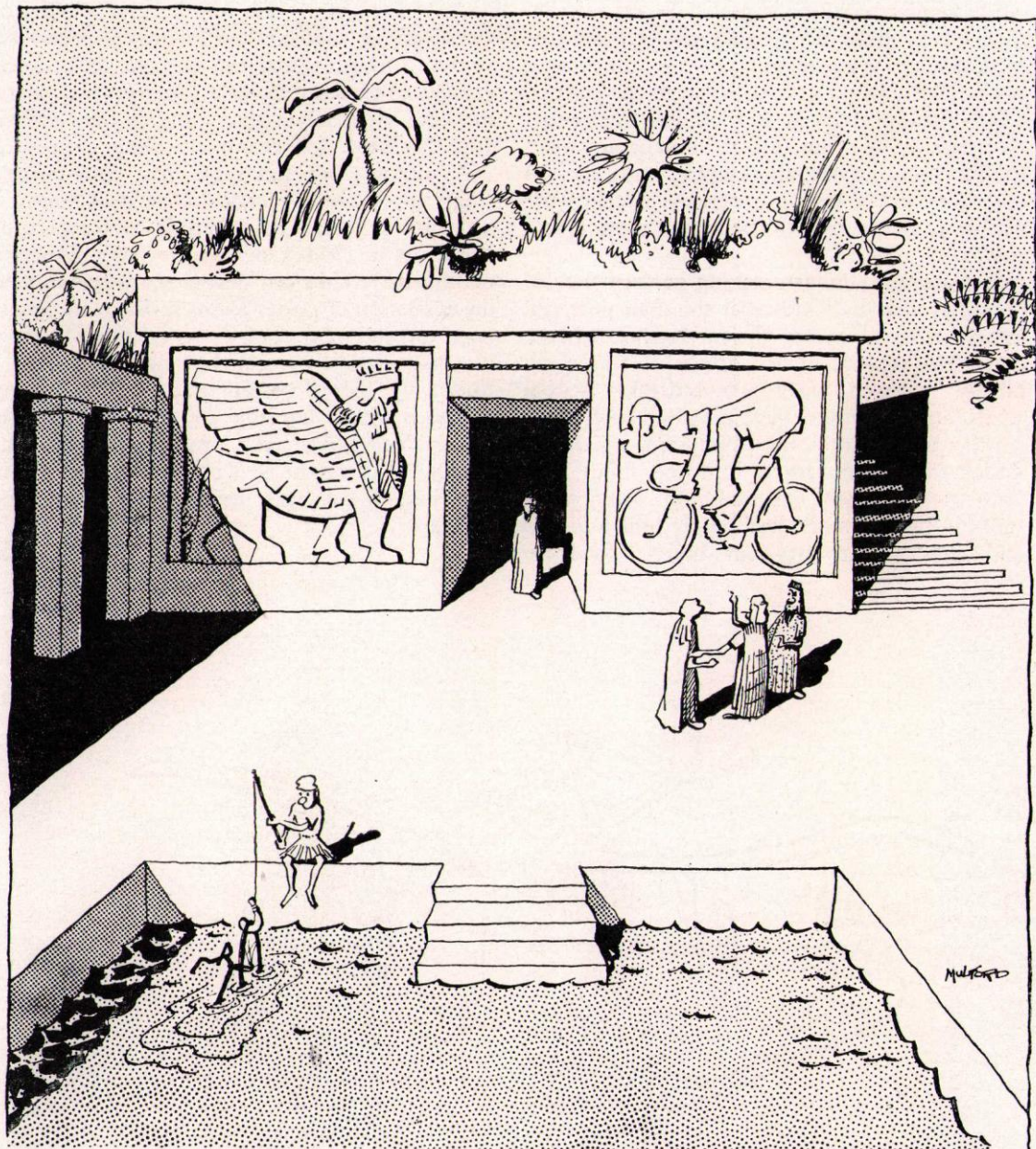
\**Sir Isaac Pitman*, 15/-

duction of frames having internal reinforcements to the tubes but a clean, unbroken external appearances. He follows with sections on wheel-building and tyre-repairing, and on cycle transmissions. Then comes a very detailed section, written by the author's brother, a naval engineer, on stripping and rebuilding variable gears of both hub and derailleur types. In other sections, such as those on brakes and lighting, I noticed further inventions of the author's, including a method of permanently lubricating cables, and a design for a thief-proof lamp bracket.

The cycle-racing enthusiast will find the section on cycle racing very interesting. I was rather intrigued by some of the training diets mentioned, and wonder if I dare ask the canteen waitresses for a helping of sunflower seeds and sesame! The tourist and camper have been catered for by an article contributed by the Vice-President of the Camping Club, and the book ends with some useful appendices, such as a glossary of French cycling terms.

Mr. Pullen makes the point that the design and equipment of the bicycle have improved very considerably in recent years. This may come as a surprise to those of us whose machines were consigned to rusty oblivion in the garage as soon as we could afford a car. What is, perhaps, even more surprising (though not referred to in the book) is that this apparently fully-developed vehicle has been the subject of a great deal of study recently, to consider its application to the field of man-powered aircraft. In papers published by the Royal Aeronautical Society a convincing argument was made out for a light aircraft powered by two cyclists in tandem. As far back as the mid-1930's it was shown that a fully streamlined and enclosed cycle could be ridden at





speeds much in excess of those obtainable with a normal "naked" machine, and the papers presented by such investigators as T. R. F. Nonweiler, B. S. Shenstone and D. R. Wilkie, demonstrate that, by suitable gearing and provision of stored energy, it is possible for two reasonably athletic men to propel a light aircraft for short distances and at low heights. Let us pursue this theory a little further.

Bicycles have been built to seat as many as eleven riders. Now, with all that leg-power, a weekend hop for the football team to Paris is a cinch! What a happy prospect, too, for the man with the big family. No longer need he worry about the cost of transporting his many progeny on the annual holiday: with their man-powered aeroplane, Pa at the controls, Ma in the stern sheets, and the family

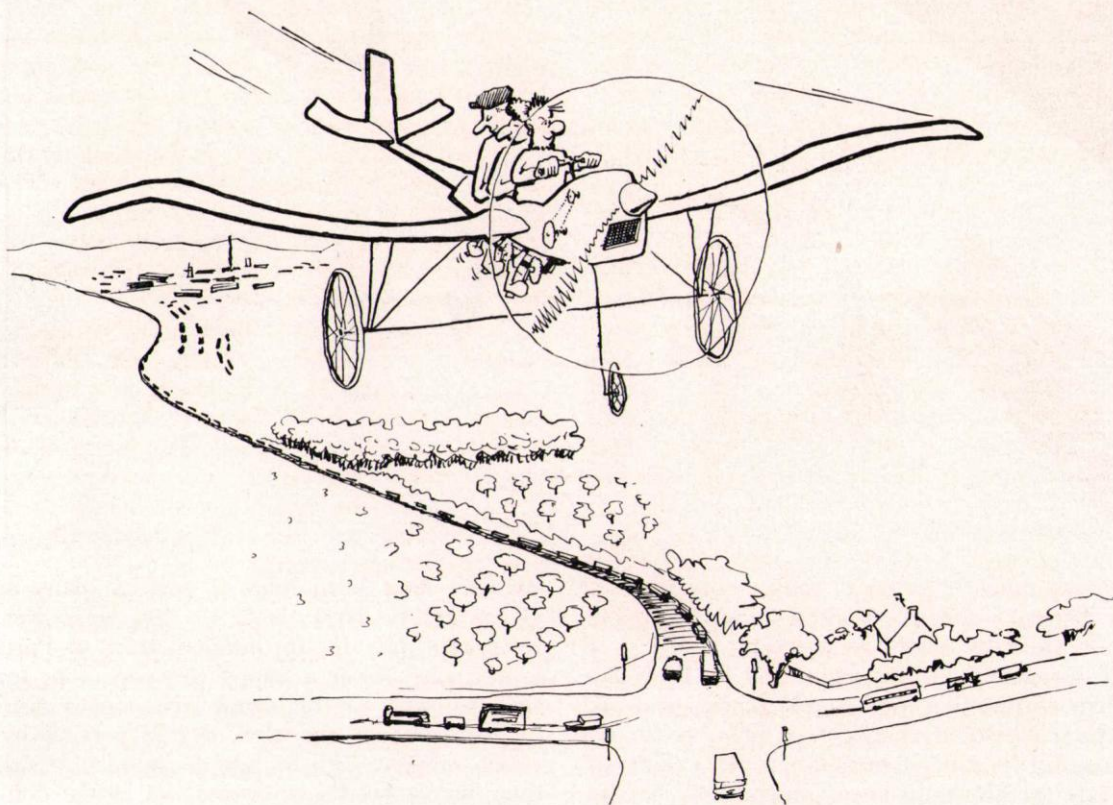


(and friends) pedalling furiously in the middle, they are at their destination whilst their unfortunate motoring neighbours are still fuming in the traffic jam a mile or so from the start of their journey. Arrived at their holiday venue, the crew remove the fuselage and wings from the machine, leaving the bicycle ready for the odd jaunt to the beach or cinema. Perhaps the bicycle is the answer to the motor trade recession!

Incidentally, the astonishing performance of racing cyclists indicates that the man-powered aircraft is by no means the far-fetched scheme that it may appear at first glance. Riding completely unpaced, over give-and-take British roads, amateur riders have recorded such times as fifty-five minutes for twenty-five miles and under four hours for a hundred miles, and have covered two hundred and seventy-five miles in twelve hours, and nearly four hundred and eighty in twenty-four hours: food for

thought for those of us who brag of driving to Cornwall in eight hours or to Scotland in twelve. Quite fantastic speeds have been achieved by racing cyclists using pacing machines and extremely high gearing on their cycles. José Meiffret, for example, riding a gear of 275" (about four times the gear of a normal single speed cycle) reached a speed of hundred and nine miles an hour behind motor-pace at Bordeaux in 1951. One wonders why our cycle manufacturers do not devote more research to the reduction of power losses through air resistance and rolling friction — an enclosed bicycle, in which friction losses had been greatly reduced by better design and manufacturing methods, would not only add miles per hour to the cyclist's speed, and protect him from the weather, but might well usher in a new era in the history of this useful and fascinating machine.

P. M. LAVELLE.





# A.E.R.E. CAMERA CLUB EXHIBITION

A. M. THOMAS (A.R.P.S.)

THE THIRD ANNUAL exhibition of the A.E.R.E. Camera Club was held in the West Coffee Lounge of Building 150 from the 8th to the 12th May, 1961. It was judged by Mr. J. H. Hale, A.R.P.S., of the Newbury Camera Club, who left with us an edifying series of comments on the winning prints and transparencies, and it was most helpful to have his criticisms to hand when viewing them. The exhibition was very well attended and appeared to arouse much interest. It consisted of 108 prints and 100 transparencies, as compared with 100 and 103 respectively last year.

The winning print in the general section was a notable early morning view of a street in Montmartre with the Sacré Coeur in the background, full of dramatic atmosphere and recession. The author, D. N. Thomas, was also responsible for the 2nd in the record section "First Night at the Proms" and a number of other fine and authentic pictures. This section was won by "Cauldron", by A. C. Thomson; and A. D. Beach was successful in the beginners' group with "Lily Pool", which was an outstandingly fine print.

The most common failing of prints were:—

1. light areas at the edges or corners,
2. a surfeit of material and detail, notably absent from the "Shadow of the Cross" by V. P. Narracot, A.I.B.P., a print of outstanding simplicity and impact and beautiful tonal range.
3. overlighting or exposure of the portraits, resulting in large white areas of face without modelling or highlight sparkle. I think the judge must have felt this too when giving the second award to "Marguerite", by H. E. Templeton, a portrait in very low key indeed and full of mystery. There was better print quality in "Catherine", by the same author, and both are characterised by the models' unusually restful and relaxed expression.

It is always good to see attempts to depart from the conventional, and A. R. Kenyon is as always in the van of the innovators. His "Tide

Time" is a characteristically strong and striking study, although its significance is rather obscure.

The colour section was extremely strong and contained some outstanding transparencies taken on a wide variety of film. It was interesting to compare the different processes, and in this exhibition I thought that many of the Ansco and Agfacolor results compared unfavourably with Kodachrome, while some of the home processed Ferrania pictures were extremely good. In this respect A. C. Thomson, A. R. Kenyon and H. A. Ballinger deserve special praise, the last particularly for having carried off both the first and second awards. Mention should also be made of some surprisingly good transparencies by two workers new to colour, L. J. Webber and Miss W. Gray. "Roof Bar in Parma", achieved on Miss Gray's first colour film, allegedly by "only following the instructions", shows restraint in colour range, is full of atmosphere and emphasises the ability of colour transparencies to handle extreme contrast against the light. E. Lyall, with "Esibar", and J. Pattison, with "Water Lily", both demonstrate another successful way of using colour by employing a neutral tone background and placing against it a small violent accent of colour — red in both these instances.

The winning transparency was a faultless, straightforward rendering of magnolias against a blue sky; also by H. A. Ballinger, and securing second award, was "Tulips in Dreamland", an ambitious double exposure. The foreground tulip seemed rather stark and overpowering compared with the beautifully subdued figure in the background, but it is undoubtedly a most enterprising attempt.

It was notable that very few transparencies were masked. Some judges are almost obsessed with this shortcoming and maintain that no colour transparency as received from the film maker is the correct shape for a picture; there is something to be said for this point of view, and a majority can in fact be improved by masking. ★



# Master John atte Halle, John de Harewell

*A Historical Investigation*

by John M. Fletcher. (Chem. Div.)

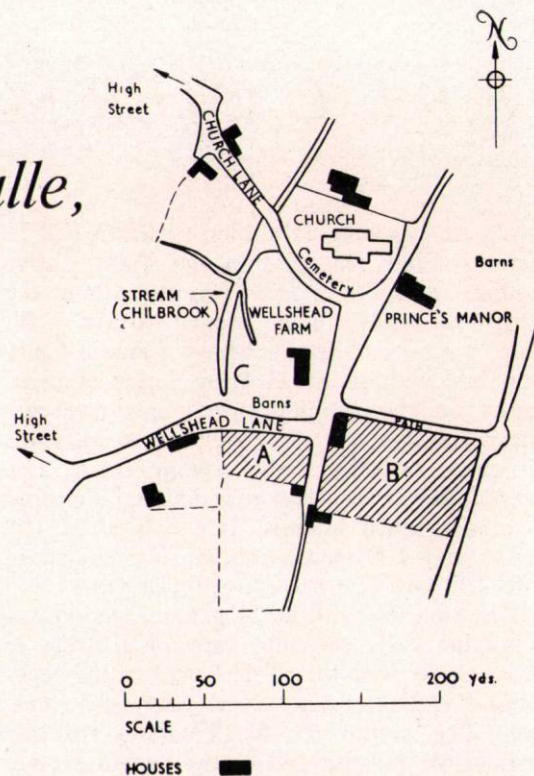
"Order to Master John de Harewell, the Prince's clerk and Constable of Burdeux, to send to the Prince in England 140 tuns of wine instead of the 100 tuns which before his departure he was instructed by the Prince to send."

*The Black Prince's Register,*  
14 November, 1362.

Who was Master John de Harewell who was asked to send enough wine to fill 200,000 bottles? Within a year he was appointed Chancellor of Aquitaine by Edward, the Black Prince, and thereby became the Chief Officer for this vast Principality in the south-west of France over which Edward III exercised full sovereignty as a result of the battle of Poitiers.

Fortunately, there are some 300 deeds recording the transfer of property and land in Harwell during the years 1200-1400, from which much about the home and family of Master John can be deduced. These title deeds<sup>1</sup> passed into the hands of Magdalen College, Oxford, when William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, included extensive property in Harwell in the endowments bestowed on his new foundation. This property consisted of the Manor of Brounz<sup>2</sup> (now Middle Farm), three messuages (i.e. houses or farms) and the 160 acres of land, largely adjacent to Middle Farm, which remained in the hands of Magdalen College until 1946.

We must distinguish between two persons, father and son, who are referred to as Master John. The father — let us call him Master John I — was born about 1290 as a member of



AREA TO SOUTH OF HARWELL CHURCH  
(from map of 1805)

Areas A, B & C likely to have belonged to de AULA family. Areas A & B passed to Magdalen College, Oxford.

one of the dozen or so families who held freehold property in the village. His family name is given in the Latin form, *de Aula*, in early deeds and in later ones usually in the anglicised form, *atte Halle*<sup>3</sup>: it implies that they had lived at "The Hall" and is consistent with a prominence in the village which is shown by the inclusion of a *de Aula* among the six or so witnesses to almost every deed from 1240. We do not know the situation of the particular Hall from which the family derived their name; it may even have been in Stevenon where they had relatives. But, as some of the family property is described as being in "le Welstret" (Wellshead Lane) and some "near the cemetery", the *atte Halles* can be connected with the area just south of the Church (see Sketch), part of which eventually passed to Magdalen College. Not far away from this area was also the

<sup>1</sup>The author is grateful to Mr. Gordon Bosley of Middle Farm for the loan of a copy of Macray's translation, viz. Macray's Calendar Berkshire, III.

<sup>2</sup>The spelling of this, as of other proper names of the period, had several variants.

<sup>3</sup>It must not be assumed that all persons known outside the village as "de Harewell" were of this family. Others who moved to other counties or even near-by villages became known as "de Harewell".





[PHOTO BY P. S. SPOKES]

*Tie-beam (13" x 8"), arched braces and lower part of king-post, probably pre-1300. In N. part of Wellshead Farm (adjacent to Harwell Church).*

tenement "near the street on the west side of the Church of Harewell" which was rented for 2s. 0d. a year by an earlier John de Aula.

Master John atte Halle — John Hall, M.A., in modern idiom — was exceptional amongst his village contemporaries in obtaining a University degree. As he does not appear in the records of Oxford graduates, he must have gone further afield, perhaps to Bologna, Paris or Toulouse for his studies and degree. Shortly after his return, and while his father was still alive, John in 1318 was enfeoffed (i.e. invested) by his cousin or uncle of the family lands and tenements in the village. His marriage about this time to Margery le Balliol, a descendant and probably, at a later date, the heiress of one of the surviving Norman families<sup>4</sup> of the village, would have increased his responsibilities and status. His name appears in the deeds as a witness; as an owner of land; and as leasing property to his relations. Of particular significance (as will appear later) is his grant in 1330, without payment, of property in "le Welstret" to Geoffrey de Chelchethe, a priest and one of the king's clerks who appears for the first time in the village records.

It would seem out of character with the

<sup>4</sup>e.g., Jocelin de Bayllel, Knight, early thirteenth century.

<sup>5</sup>His son Roger married an heiress in Warwickshire, moved to that county, and their children achieved distinction there as administrators and councillors.

<sup>6</sup>The identification of the Constable of Bordeaux as the son of Master John atte Halle de Harewell follows mainly from the record of John I having two sons named Roger and Walter, and the Constable, John II, having

glimpses revealed of the de Aula family if they were only yeoman farmers: it is likely therefore that they were mainly engaged in one or more of the trades associated with this village community — particularly as the status of certain trades and crafts was associated with a high social standing at that time. One possibility would be malting and brewing to produce the ale which, in the days before the advent of tea, coffee or soft drinks, was the staple form of drink: another, milling, for which the proximity of their property to the stream (the *Chilbruke*) would be appropriate.

Late in his life — when he was about seventy — Master John I became Rector of Milton. The onset in 1348 of the Black Death, which reduced by a half the population of England (about four million: it took over 100 years to climb back to this number) must have been as fatal in Harwell as in other parts of England: there was a dearth of clergy as of farm labourers. Master John's education had fitted him for being a priest, and he must have been somewhat exceptional in returning, as M.A., to village life and to marriage. But being by now a widower he would have been suited to be made a deacon or priest to fill (for Abingdon Abbey) a vacancy in the adjacent village of Milton: in its church his name appears in the list of Rectors, the date of his induction being recorded as " ? 1359" and his tenure as " ? 10 years". In the deeds, his last act occurred just six hundred years ago (16th March, 1361) when he granted one of his properties to Richard Brounz and Hugh atte Welle. After that date, the name, atte Halle, lapses in these records; two of his sons, John II and Roger<sup>5</sup>, having left the village, and the third, Walter, dying in 1362 and leaving only two daughters, who were minors, as heirs.

#### *Master John de Harewell*

While Master John I spent most of his life in the vicinity of Harwell, his son can be identified<sup>6</sup> as the Constable of Bordeaux referred to in the Black Prince's Register, who



later, as John (de) Harewell, Bishop of Bath and Wells, became one of the most important persons in the realm.

He would have been born about 1318, his M.A. being obtained (not at Oxford) by 1345. He obtained a further degree (B.C.L. — probably at Avignon, the Papal Seat, since he is mentioned as a papal scholar) and was then granted a series of ecclesiastical appointments, at Exeter, in Worcestershire, Norfolk, Sussex and London which he held in plurality and in absence! His foot seemed to be firmly on the secular ladder as a king's clerk, although in 1352 he was declared a nominal outlaw due to some financial issue, and seven years later he was in trouble with the Mayor of Wallingford. His service with the Black Prince would arise from the proximity of Harwell to Wallingford Castle, the main residence in England of the Prince when not engaged in duties in France, and the grant to the Prince of the Manor of Harewell (now Prince's Manor) in 1347.

His appointment as Constable of Bordeaux in 1362 is the first indication that Master John must have been outstanding among the Prince's clerks in administrative ability. To ensure an adequate dispatch of wine was only a minor duty. He was responsible at Bordeaux for the main financial transactions of the Crown: an indication of their size is suggested by the order to the Prince's Receiver-General in England in 1363 to give him £17,476 10s. 8d. for various payments in the administration of the French possessions. It was natural at that time that a priest holding such high civil responsibilities should have his eye on one of the highest perquisites, a bishopric. Although all episcopal appointments in the Church were made by the Pope (Urban V), preferment to certain English bishoprics came, as a favour, to protégés of the King or of the Black Prince. Already an absentee Canon of Wells, Master John was being proposed for the bishopric of Bath and Wells by Prince Edward when it became vacant in 1363 — three years before he



[PHOTO BY P. S. SPOKES]

*Same room as before. Similar tie-beam with supporting post and arched brace in partition wall of wattle and daub.*

gained it. However, for many years he spent little time in his diocese: even his consecra-

two brothers with these names. The author had originally considered that the two persons were identical, and is grateful to Dr. J. R. L. Highfield of Merton College, Oxford, for pointing out the identity of the Constable and the future Bishop (and for the loan of his Ph.D. thesis which includes a biography of the Bishop). A difference of a generation is required to cover the total span of years from the birth of John I to the death of John II and to conform with the degree dates (about 1315 and 1345). Since both "Master John atte Halle" and "John de Harewell" were witnesses of a deed of 1354, both father and son were present on that occasion.



tion was at Bordeaux and he remained in France as Chancellor until the Black Prince himself returned, a sick man, to England in 1371. In the final years of his crippled master's life, years which coincided with the last years of the aged King, he was appointed by Parliament to the small Council of Lords which effectively governed the country, and he again served for a year during the minority of Richard II, Edward III's successor and grandson, as one of the continual councillors responsible "for ordering the war and all matters touching the estate of the realm". During this period, 1378-79, Wells would have seen little of him as his attendance record, 278 days, paid at 26s. 8d. a day, was the best of the eight members. However, his last years were probably spent in and around the beautiful Bishop's Palace at Wells, where the completion of the south-west tower and the glazing of the west window of the cathedral are attributed to him. In his will (he died in 1386) he left vestments for the church of Harewell.

The achievement of John de Harewell in reaching a position of national importance is only one example of the rise to fame in medieval times of men from English villages. Few, however, went so far as he did: his ability must have rivalled his better-known contemporary, William de Wykeham. Advancement from the particular village of Harwell can be attributed to the Rectors being "presented" usually by the King's eldest son, the Lord of the Manor. Thus this Rectory was held with other livings by one of the Lord's secular officers, i.e. by one of his clerks. In this way Master John I was provided with a useful friend at court in the person of Walter de London, who was Rector from about 1310 to 1335. Walter's hand can be seen in the grant of property and land by Master John I to Geoffrey de Chelchethe, no doubt a bargain which on the one hand gave this ageing courtier and priest a country seat (and some farming interest) to which he could retire, and on the other hand provided the opportunity for young John II, then aged about 12, to undertake a long educational training. Geoffrey enjoyed his property in Harwell for nineteen years and John II probably far exceeded his father's ambitions for him. ★

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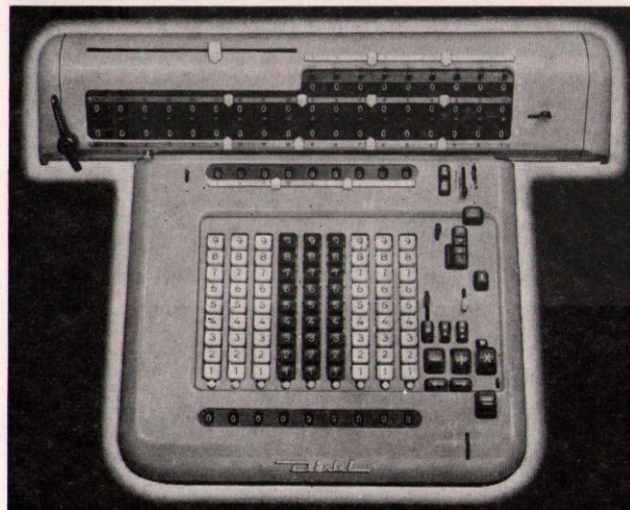
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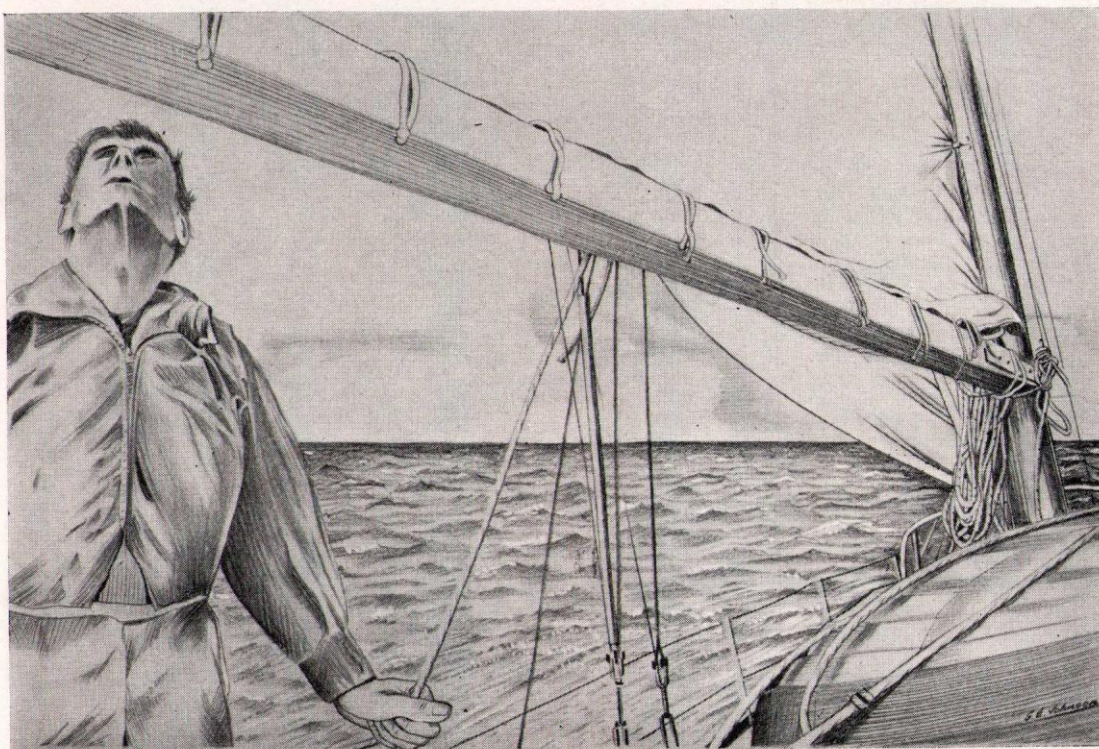
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## *The Cruise of the Bronzewing*

(wot again?)

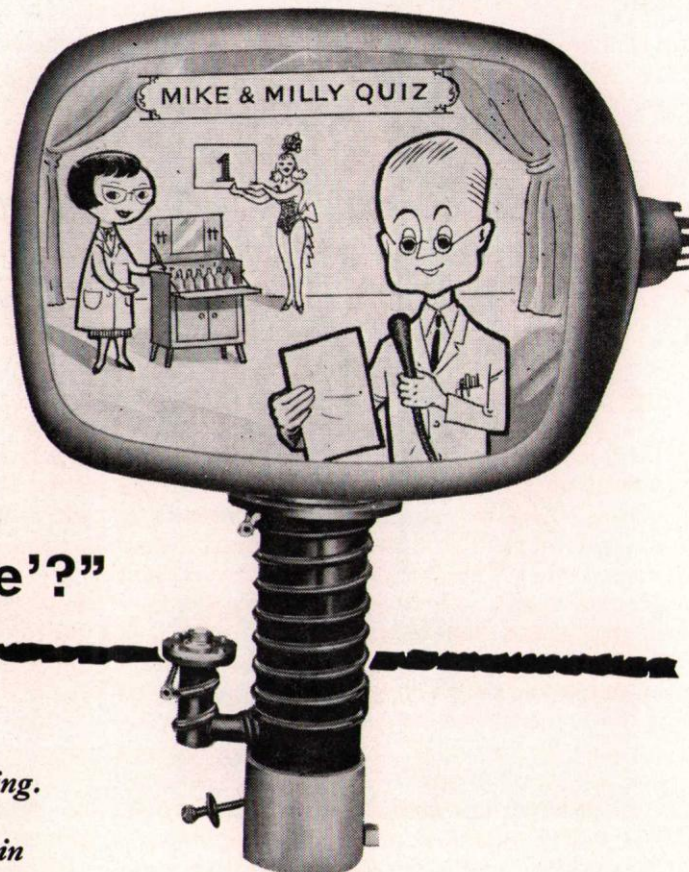
### THE CREW

- \*Roy Panter (Eng.)—Skipper.
- †David Barnes (M.R.C.)—First Mate.
- \*John Daglish (W.R.L.)—Navigator.
- \*Dick Waters (N.I.R.N.S.)—Purser.
- \*Derek Sharp (N.I.R.N.S.)—Second Mate.
- †Alan Ball (Eng.)—Engineer and First Class Passenger.
- †Mike Newman (N.I.R.N.S.)—Bosun.
- †Diana Bartlet (Winfrith)—Second Class Passenger.
- \*Valerie Martin (Isotopes)—Horizontal Champion.
- \*Jill Duncan (Sci. Admin.)—i/c Spinnaker Boom Party.
- \*Working hand. †General Layabout

. . . . . being an account of the activities\* of the ship and crew as seen through the eyes of a First Class Passenger.

AFTER the "Bronzewing" went to sea last year, a most descriptive and deservedly prizewinning account of her voyage was published in *Harlequin*, having been written by Dorothy Roper (may her shadow never grow less!) The account of this voyage of "Bronzewing" will be nothing like that. There are reasons for this: (\*for "activities" read "antics")





**"What is  
'High limiting  
backing pressure'?"**

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- (B) *A desirable characteristic in a vapour diffusion pump.*
- (C) *The effect of reversing a car with the hand-brake on.*

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## THE BRONZEWING SAILS . . .

(1) They had weather that lent itself readily to such lyrical phrases as ". . . steep, flower mottled green slopes giving way to precipitous brown cliffs . . . and above all, the blue, blue sky, calm and quiet", Unquote. (What's "precipitous"? ) (2) We had lousy weather, descriptive phrases of which were more likely to be alliterative than lyrical — you must admit to a certain degree of aforementioned alliteration in the oft-repeated phrase "Wind, Westerly, force 5—6, veering S.W. force 6—7 and occasional force 8, rain, poor to moderate visibility".

I was the last to arrive at 2050 at Birdham Pool, where lay the "Bronzewing", having previously reckoned that this was one of those parties where no one arrives till everyone else has got there. The others had arrived a very short while beforehand, and were stowing their gear on board. "Stowing" is perhaps a misnomer, as the main course of action seemed to be for one group to heave it all from the jetty on to the fo'c'sle, where another group dumped it down the for'ard hatch. Dick Waters, in his capacity as Purser, checked the stores ordered and delivered on board. Of four pages of food-stuff ordered, one complete page (the largest) was totally absent. (Could this be an omen?) Meanwhile, some were sorting out the ship's gear — things like the engine, mast, sails, decks, etc. We found the anchor cable (rusty) stowed neatly in a big heap on top of the sails right for'ard. From the Skipper's remarks we gather that this is not a good place to stow the cable. Derek was occupied in checking the lamps and lights, for navigation, and for seeing with after dark. By 2200, one was working. Somebody made tea and sandwiches, so we sat and dealt with same. It was decided that it would be advisable to listen to the weather forecast for the South and West, so John switched on the radio and tuned in to the West Home Service: we got the Scottish forecast as clear as a bell.

After the last tea had been drunk and the last sandwich had been eaten, (by the First Mate — it was obvious from the outset that we wouldn't have much need for a gash-bucket on this trip!) we spent some time sorting out our personal gear from the large pile under the for'ard hatch, and organising bunks. I dumped mine on the port 'midships lower bunk, solely

because it happened to be handiest to the place where I found my sleeping-bag and grip. Now, when my dear predecessor (Miss Roper to you) said "... sank into the Dunlopillos and were asleep" I think she might just have been guilty of some slight exaggeration. Either that, or them there Dunlopillos have deteriorated one helluva lot in the last twelve months. And one bunk wasn't Dunlopillo anyway, it was a sprung mattress; the spring caught me just under the third rib, counting from the left facing north. Finally, the bunks came out thus: Ladies for'ard (and so they should be), Skipper and First Mate aft — N.B. nothing whatsoever is implied by, or is to be construed into, their relative locations. Derek was also aft, which left John (Navigator) port midships upper; me (Engineer and passenger) port midships lower; Dick (Purser) starboard midship upper; Mike (Bos'n and general layabout) starboard midship lower. Actually, in the after cabin, Roy and Derek used the port side double bunk, while David slept under the table which, after all, is a reasonable place to find him.

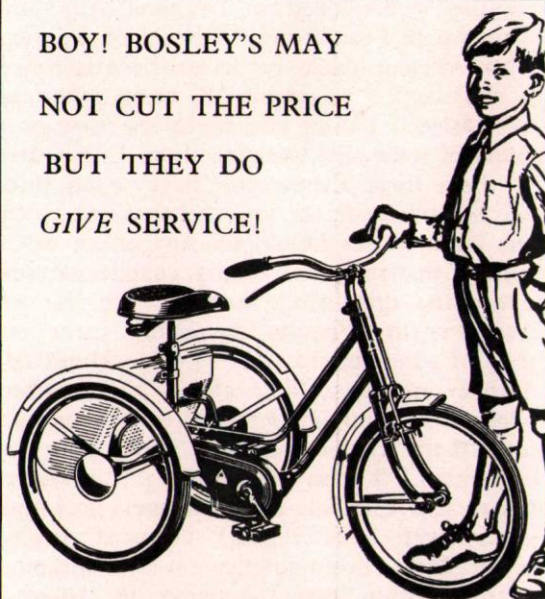
Having sorted that lot out, to bed at 2330, to sleep (speaking for myself) some time around 0200.

### WEDNESDAY 6th

I got up at 0510. True, I did. Couldn't sleep was the only reason. Dressed (I wore pyjamas that night) and tried to sort out my gear from wherever it might happen to be. This I tried to do quietly, in order that those sleeping would remain undisturbed. If I had known then what I know now, I needn't have been so careful, that lot sleeping the way they do. The sorting-out skylark wasn't very successful, so packed it in around 0530 and went for a walk. Weather dry, but a bit nippy, overcast and quite a wind (identified, in the light of subsequent experience, as force 3—4). Got back around 0605, to find Dick up and moving around. We sorted out some gear and stores, not being so careful of the noise, and were joined, at intervals, by the others. Skipper still sleeping peacefully. 0635, tea. (Last year Skipper brought tea to the hands). 0645, Shipping forecast:—"Dover, Wight, Portland, wind W. to S.W., force 4—6 increasing to force 7". How nice! Skipper still in bed. (Is this good?) 0715, breakfast —



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## THE BRONZEWING SAILS ON . . .

cereal, scrambled eggs (genuine, not boiled hard and put through mincer) but couldn't find any marmalade to go with toast. No toast, anyway. Cook and skivvy to washing-up stations, while the rest of us started checking the ship's equipment. Dick went ashore to chase up the missing stores, Mike and Skips on the upper deck gear, Derek got weaving on his beloved lamps, while Joe Soap looked at the engine and wished he hadn't. For instance, the mean spark gap of the four plugs (nominally .018) was a sixteenth of an inch, a sixty-fourth. The engine was eventually persuaded to run, and we found that we had no astern gear. We had been warned of this, but had hoped that the defect would be remedied before we actually took "Bronzewing" over. We might have guessed! As time passed, the stores came on board, food and crockery were stowed (somehow), personal gear managed to find its way reasonably near the bunk of its owner, and the ship began to regain its normal appearance.

1005. Let go for'ard, let go aft, manhandle boat into lock to take on fuel and water.

1040. Open lock gates, slip and proceed under power. At this time the Engineer (me) was on the fo'c'sle tending to the bow warp. For reasons which will shortly become obvious, the Engineer has no wish to be associated, in any manner whatsoever, with the starting of the engine.

1043. Engine fails. Slightly blue atmosphere around cockpit (Roy at helm).

1045. Stuck on mudbank—with no motive power the wind just blew us on to the mud. Engineer nips aft and finds that whoever started up didn't switch on the petrol, so we started this epic voyage on a carburettor-full of juice. Having no reverse gear, we waited patiently(?) for the lock-boat to come out and tow us off. Engineer starts engine, this time with petrol on. Being new on board, with several novices in the crew, and the wind still rising, Skips elects to go downstream under power, the channel being somewhat narrow, with lots of boats tied up to buoys which it would be expensive to bump. Cleared most informally by Customs en route — "Where are you going?" "Don't know yet." "Any aliens on board?" "No." "Right-o mate."

It should be pointed out at this stage that we were the only vessel under way. The rest

of 'em had more sense, I reckon. Roy decided that at that particular state of the tide, and the wind rising force 5, it would be a bit risky to cross the bar into Spithead, so righthand down a bit and we proceed (why is it ships and policemen never "go" anywhere — they always 'proceed'?) upstream past Pilsey Sand, to drop the hook upstream from Black Point at 1215. Chichester Cathedral bearing 070°, as if it mattered. Promptly drag anchor. Move ahead and try again with an extra four (or was it three?) fathom of cable.

Leisurely lunch at 1250. Cook and skivvy then dish up, while watch on deck watches anchor, remainder watch watch on deck watching anchor.

1700. Tea and cherry cake. To be recorded that David Barnes does not like cherry cake and is therefore exempt from all suspicion regarding the missing piece of same, and half the cherries from the pieces that were left. During tea and afterwards there was idle discussion on this and that, not, strangely enough, veering to sex, religion or politics, but to beamed radio signals and the possibility of using them to fix one's position. That is the sole purpose of said signals, and we were "discussing the possibility . . ." Shows you what kind of a crew that was. (Or we were).

1740—1805. Attempted to use aforementioned signals. After 'n' attempts, during which we placed ourselves in Hayling Island, off Southsea Pier, and in Eastney Barracks, Roy located us spot-on. The main trouble seemed to be in counting the total number of dots and dashes from any given source. With a crew of 10 we invariably had 11 or 12 different totals, and that with Valerie head down, as usual. (And she complains she can't sleep at night!).

*Last Dog.* Instruction by the Right Reverend Skipper on the art of being a sailor, i.e. knots, whipping, etc. This was when the discovery was made that the extremely pertinent remarks of the forenoon, made by the First Mate re the Engineer's difficulty in splicing an eye, didn't really bear much weight when the First Mate was forced to admit he couldn't do a Sailmaker's Whipping. In fact, he didn't even know what it was! Shortly thereafter, aforementioned Engineer, picking up what he thought to be a gash bit of rope with a knot



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## THE BRONZEWING SAILS ON AND ON . . .

in the middle, removed the whipping from the ends, spliced the ends together, and then cut the knot. Thus ended the life of one brand-new just-made reef-point. Skipper magnificently refrains from comment, First Mate laughs like a drain.

2025. Voice from the depths asking does anyone like veal, ham and egg pie? The obvious reply was not voiced. Not audibly, anyway.

2140. Just as well those remarks weren't audible — oxtail soup, ham, veal and egg pie, cold salad with spring onions, new potatoes, cheese and biscuits, coffee.

Weather forecast not being too bright, Roy decides to keep anchor watch. We have First Watch — me 2300—2400.

2400. Shake relief (John) and turn in.  
THURSDAY, 7th

A good night's sleep — that's one night, anyway. Woke up when John turned on radio for 0645 Shipping Forecast. Winds up to force 8 in Wight, Portland and Plymouth. That means we ain't going far today, so back to sleep. Woke up again and got up at 0855, the rest in bed yet. Closely followed by Derek, then Dick, ladies last, of course. Of course. Val wants her breakfast in bed. Beautiful morning—hardly seems possible that a force 8 may blow up this forenoon.

0950. Breakfast — cereal, bacon and egg, toast and marmalade. (We found the marmalade in with the cabbage). Out of fresh milk, on to sterilized. Ugh! and while we're on the subject of ugh! let it be said in advance (I raised my voice at the time, but was wholly ignored) that fried bacon and eggs is no breakfast for a novice crew about to set out in a force 6—7

1110. Prepare to weigh and proceed. Pump bilges dry. I distinctly remember Charles saying that this was about a 2 minute job. Ha-ha! A good 10 minutes hard graft. Roy has a theory that the seawater inlet to the heads is overflowing into the bilges. Thank heavens it ain't the outlet! Also put 2 pts. of oil in the engine. I put a pint in yesterday, but that apparently wasn't enough to fill its rapacious maw.

1120. Weigh and proceed under power — the faith the Skipper has in the engine and me would be ludicrous if it wasn't pitiful. Wind

force 5. Turned Horse Elbow towards the Nab, bent on storm jib ready for use. Self left engine to give a hand on fo'c'sle. David saying what a dry ship "Bronzewing" is, and similar rubbish, and how she hardly ever ships it green — if you're standing on the fo'c'sle the boat don't have to ship it green for you to get soaked. I can vouch for that.

1255. Set storm jib, which eased the distinctly uncomfortable motion of the vessel.

1315. Rounded Chichester Buoy. Wind up to force 6 and rising.

1500. Off No Man's Land fort. Set m'sail with 3 reefs, took in storm jib and hoisted working jib. Shut off engine. Proceeded under sail for first time. What an achievement — hadn't had the boat for more than about 42 hours, and there we were, under sail already.

1815. Tied up alongside "Debonair" in Cowes Harbour.

From 1255 to 1815 is just about a copy of the log, with a little embroidery. It contains, I guess, all the vital information that is deemed necessary in nautical circles. But don't let anyone kid you that that was all that happened. I will disillusion you thuswise:—

The main point, screamingly obvious, was that the poor, weak, frail feminine gender all took their Dramamine tablets and survived the voyage. (Val would have survived anyway — she just slept). The big, rough, tough he-men, naturally didn't bother with such footling hypochondriacal devices. No, not them! Half of 'em were sick. Must mention that the Skipper wasn't one of them, and I'll get my teeth kicked in if I don't admit that I was. In self-defence, must point out that I did say "ugh!" to sterilized milk, and, as I said that morning and most mornings thereafter, that to breakfast on fried egg, fried bacon and fried bread (don't forget the fried bread) then put to sea in a force 6 is not a course of action conducive to gastronomical equilibrium. But no-one ever listens to me. David (First Mate to us erks) was not sick. Definitely not! As he said when he got up off his knees by the guardrail on the starboard quarter, "Just a regurgitation of bile." No comment!

Having dealt with the mal de mer and feeling up to scratch again, joined numerous other bods who were flaked out on the upper. Around 1500-ish, remembered the mouth-



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## THE BRONZEWING STILL SAILS . . .

organ I had brought along and forthwith got it out. We had a good old sing-song, and I actually remembered the words of a song that was repeatable in mixed company, unlike most of the rugby-type songs I know. (Copies of the words may be obtained for a small consideration).

Self took the helm around 1630. Why me, I don't know. I wasn't on watch on deck. Must have volunteered, I reckon. (Memo—should have remembered from Naval days, "Never volunteer"). Started engine as we approached No. 4 buoy, the turning point for entering Cowes harbour. Cruised very gently down harbour looking for berth to tie up. Spotted "Debonair", lying just ahead of a superbly beautiful 12 metre yacht that to my untutored eye could have been "Sceptre". Her sides were spotless, gleaming white enamel with a mirror-like finish. Took a very wide sweep (me not knowing "Bronzewing's" turning circle) to pass near "Debonair" and ask if we could secure alongside. We could. Completed circle to come alongside very, very gently (Remember, no reverse gear). Decided, as we came abreast Sceptre, that bows were too far out. Put helm to port, bows swing in. Put helm 'midships, then hard-a'-starboard to come alongside. Bows still swing to port. Had about fifteen kittens. (Remember that gleaming white hull?) It turned out John had declutched the engine and kept it a secret! In clutch, full revs., and due to the superlative skill of the helmsman, we missed Sceptre by at least 2½", and came alongside "Debonair" without a bump.

We all spent some time then squaring up the ship, rescuing crockery, tins of food, shoes, etc., from the places they'd got to during the trip, sorting out all the ropes around the deck, whipping the ends of ropes that needed it, splicing eyes, and so on.

2000. Unanimous decision of cook and skivvy that we dine ashore. Decision accepted. (Why, I don't really know. I'll bet they don't decide to eat ashore when I'm cook). People start doing strange things, like washing. On deck, we put the dinghy over the side (right way up first time). Four ashore, one rows back for the next load, and so on. Skipper was in the last load to go. When he did, he decided that, due entirely to the weather,

tide and prevailing conditions, (it was dead calm and raining) and nothing to do with it being his turn to row, we use the outboard motor. We did.

Dinner for ten in the Fountain Hotel.

After dinner, back into the lounge bar for a drink or three. Conversation flows readily, all chattering gaily. Self gets out notebook to jot down course of events during late afternoon and early evening. Conversation dies — all dead scared to speak in case they incriminate themselves. Just shows you what characters this crew were/are. Didn't leave the "Fountain" till well after closing time. Had assumed 10.30 p.m. chuck-out, and we had finished our drinks about then. At 10.45 p.m. some ginks at the bar were still getting served. Now, to me, it's not ethical to sit with an empty glass while the bar is still open, so up to the bar with two pint mugs (John was the only one sharing my principles). Barmaid says "You'll get me shot." Serves the two pints — "You're not residents, are you?" "Terribly sorry. I didn't realise these other people were all residents." "Oh, no, not much," says she, and gives me a hard look. I should worry. I can stand all the hard looks in the world, just so long as I gets me beer.

The return on board was as the trip ashore — four in the dinghy, one brings it back. The outboard wouldn't start, supposed cause being water in the carburettor, it having been tied up in the pouring rain since 2015, so they row. I say, "they row". Self, David and Dick in last load, Derek rows the dinghy back to us, and this time the outboard works. Coffee on board, then bed.

FRIDAY 8th

Guess who was up first? David took details of the 0645 shipping forecast in bed: "Winds decreasing, force 2—4, rain, moderate visibility." Fair 'nuff. When we're ready, we go. Up at 0700, make tea. (Me skivvy today, Diana cook). Large teapot still has fungus in it that was there when we took over, so use two small ones — both dirty. Tsk, tsk! Who was skivvy yesterday, Di? Made tea. Took a breather, then prepared breakfast. Cereal or grapefruit juice, fried egg and bacon (wot, again?). Dick and Derek ashore for fresh veg., then upstream for fuel and water. Quite a simple operation, really. We let go the lines to "Debonair"





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from the deck, while someone goes away in the dinghy to let go the warp from the buoy. Easy. Derek and Dick are just back from shore with the stores, so while Dick stows them below, Derek rows to the buoy and lets go the warp. This having been done, we proceed upstream and leave him there. Typical. The poor bloke rows the Purser ashore, then rows him back, break his nails letting go the warp, then all we can do is to let him pull his arms out of their sockets rowing madly upstream after us. I dunno. Just as well we weren't setting out for the Channel Islands non-stop, I reckon. Slip and proceed under power at 1050. Hoisted m'sail, with one reef, off Castle Rock buoy at 1115 — overtaken by Hovercraft, which went skeetering all over the harbour like the proverbial blue-tailed fly. It passed by two or three times, with everyone on deck gawping, and taking photographs like fury. As a last and final gesture, the pilot of the Hovercraft brought it right in close to us, so that we could all get a decent shot, gave us a wave and was gone. Then someone pointed out that Valerie was meandering around the upper deck wearing shorts (and I do mean "shorts") and a wind-cheater. Generally agreed that this was a more likely reason for the Hovercraft coming in so close.

1400. Lunch. Chicken soup. Those who had the first helpings had clear soup, negative noodles, those that were last had practically solid noodles. That's life, I guess. Cold beef, veal and ham pie, salad, new potatoes, peaches and cream. Soon as lunch is finished, self washes up — all cleared and secured at 1600. Weather good, nearly clear sky, sun shining warmly, wind about force 2, so Engineer gets his head down on the upper.

1640. Shake out reef in mainsail. David and Derek are the main participants in this evolution, with Jill and Dick actually undoing the reef points. D & D don't notice Engineer on deck so Engineer is rudely awakened from his post-prandial siesta by dirty great plates of meat treading all over him. The m'sail having been dealt with, them concerned retire aft and leave the deck to slumber and to me, which I did.

1730. Woken by the call "Anyone want some beer?" Navigator in chartroom got thumped for six in the rush. I was left stand-

ing. Or rather, lying on the upper. Got down to the 'midships cabin just as a big roll sent the last glass of beer (mine) crashing to the deck.

1800. Sun has disappeared, and the wind has freshened to force 3, so all the gear that was on deck to dry is removed and stowed below. Should have mentioned, I suppose, that the fo'c'sle leaks, and the rain and spray drip through on to the girl's bunks immediately underneath. Nobody knew this initially, so the girls found out the hard way. Thereafter, all available groundsheets, plastic macs, and the like were used to cover their bunks, but they weren't all that successful. Consider evening meal — sausages and spaghetti with tea, I reckon. Having considered bangers, cut a pile of sandwiches of cold meat with chutney. Not many wanted a cooked meal, whilst some most definitely did not. In fact, some couldn't even manage a sandwich. Finished the meal 1945.

2000. First watch on deck — Roy, Valerie and self. Took a reef in the main immediately prior to this, leaving Di to wash up.

2100. Di making soup. Wind has dropped to about force 1, steering S30W, and the going is slow. Ain't that just life. Forecast indicates that we might be meeting a stiff breeze so we hoist the main with one reef. Wind decreases, so shake out reef. Wind freshens and shows every appearance of continuing to do so, so take in reef again and wind promptly drops to force 1. Fine red setting sun behind I. of W.

Conversation with the Hon. Member for Ridgeway elicits the information that on this course, providing the tide doesn't take us too far up-Channel, we should pass to the West of the Cherbourg peninsula, making landfall late in the forenoon watch. Then, depending on the state of the tide, we can either go through the Alderney Race to Sark, or maybe Guernsey, or go into Alderney (Bray Harbour) and wait for the tide. (Ain't no sense trying to go through that race unless the tide is on your side).

2330. Hoisted storm jib in place of working jib.

2359. Changed watch, turned in. Derek in my bunk, so I go in John's, John being on watch. John will have to sleep in my bunk when Derek relieves him at 0400. Sounds complicated, but it's quite simple, really. ★



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A/H 61



# MEDITATION

And is the story really true  
That all our buses grey, and blue,  
Are not from drawings by Paul Klee  
But cast-offs from L.P.T.B.?  
Was that deafening, permanent window  
rattle  
Incurred in some Notting Hill racial battle?  
Were the bearings that 'ran out' at last in  
Wantage  
Run in to the Transport Board's advantage?  
Were those tyres worn smooth as commuter's  
trousers  
In carrying clerks from suburban houses  
To those affluent alleys off Regent Street  
Where taxis and Bentleys bring the elite?  
(For if you've a Bentley or Jaguar rating  
It helps to reduce that London Waiting).

And did those blasts of icy air  
That freeze our feet and hands and hair,  
Freeze other travellers long ago  
In Penge, the City, and Soho?  
Then blessings on that kindly man  
Who saw your age and short life span;  
And far from all vehicular strife,  
From the stops and the starts of London  
Life,  
From flyover and underpass  
He came and put you out to grass.  
Not for a month, to recoup your forces,  
As described in the adverts. for Whitbread  
Horses,  
But years of pleasant, pastoral days  
Spent mainly in quiet, inactive ways —

In the morning, perhaps, a trip to Chilton,  
Ardington, Ilsley, Radley or Milton,  
But then a day of contemplation  
Recalling old times — like the Queen's  
Coronation . . .

Till the bus park suddenly comes alive  
When the clock on the gate says half past  
five —

An explosion of noise and smoke (far too  
much!)

And off go the ones with both starter and  
clutch,

A fretting, nudging, grumbling line,  
Like well-trained cows at milking time,

To where orchard trees in immaculate lanes  
Show two-dimensional crystal planes.

Then off, now elephants at play,

Over the Downs and far away.

Number 11 doesn't join the fleet

Cruising five at a time down Victoria Street,

But one of the leaders is rapidly heading

For mellow suburbia of Pangbourne and  
Reading.

And 88 doesn't go to the Tate

Where exhausted viewers always wait,

But abandoning visual art's rewards

Rumbles gently John Betjeman-wards.

IN AN  
A.E.R.E.  
BUS



# Diana of the Divisions

(or: The Perfect Secretary)

THERE is in existence a formidable document of no less than five and twenty paragraphs entitled "The Perfect Secretary". She is defined as one who, while concentrating on her



Cartoons on the same theme.  
Reproduced by permission of 'Punch'.

58



own work, never retires into it so completely that she becomes oblivious of what her chief is doing, or wanting, or forgetting.

The duties are set out in great detail and fall roughly into two categories—the mechanical and the moral. The first deals with what the P.S. ought to do, and the second with what she ought to be, and it is at this degree of excellence that she, the near-indispensable, must aim.

The reader may have seen advertisements of an aid to dressmakers which consists of a plastic strait-jacket affair capable of being moulded to one's measurement. The situation here is the reverse; there is no malleability about a suit of armour.

With this yardstick — I can't express it without mixed metaphors — we are brought to the point of self-assessment against a very high ideal, and not surprisingly the emotional reaction is rather a depressing one.

Most of us, I think, actually do all and probably more than the duties set out to the best of our ability, even if thereby making a virtue of necessity. To put it more simply, if we don't do one else will, and the horrible consequences of defaulting are incentive enough to keep our houses in order.

The document is amazingly comprehensive. Apart from routine secretarial work such as making appointments, filing and so forth, it has decided statements to make on the subtler issues of complete loyalty, enthusiasm and social instincts. The P.S. is discretion person-



ified; her organising ability is superb and her aplomb unshakable. Tact, grace, foresight, firmness, all are hers and more, for she even reads trade journals (sic) in her spare time and marks interesting items. I think that paragraph 16 is my favourite.\* The Harwell secretary, perfect or otherwise, eventually reaches the point of no return. The capacity for surprise is lost, fades away and is dissolved in the rarified atmosphere of the Divisions, leaving not a rack behind. We are such stuff as "they" have made of us.

The document is undated and may have been compiled before the days of attractive coloured garments of wool, nylon and orlon, which, alas, are tabu. The P.S., perfectly groomed in her "dark suit", goes on her unflustered way moving "smoothly and silently round the offices, preserving dignity without stiffness".

The P.S. must know how to organise anything from a collar stud to a birthday present and "willingly does so whenever required". Happily, my boss has always seemed well set up in collar studs; but how would one deal with such a situation? Wrest the thing forcibly from some unfortunate passer-by, or make a drawing (to scale) and call in Engineering?

The point at issue is this: would I like to be this particular kind of P.S? The answer, which may grieve the compiler of the document, is in the negative because not only is she a two-dimensional being fit only to be cut out and pasted in some dreary scrap book, but the creature is not really likeable. Even worse, the job she is doing and the way she does it seem as dull as ditchwater; nor is there any provision for the safety valve of all secretaries, a good moan to the one next door, the furious declaration, "Today, he is driving me mad, MAD," the pleasant chat with the watchkeeper about his hydrangeas.

I am in complete agreement with the assertion that the P.S. "would not change her lot with anyone in the world". The Harwell secretary is given rich material for the proper study of mankind in an atmosphere of variety and interest, but the job should be fun. An "aura" is an uncomfortable thing to wear, almost as much so as the neat black suit, and I for one am content to dispense with both.

\*She is never surprised.

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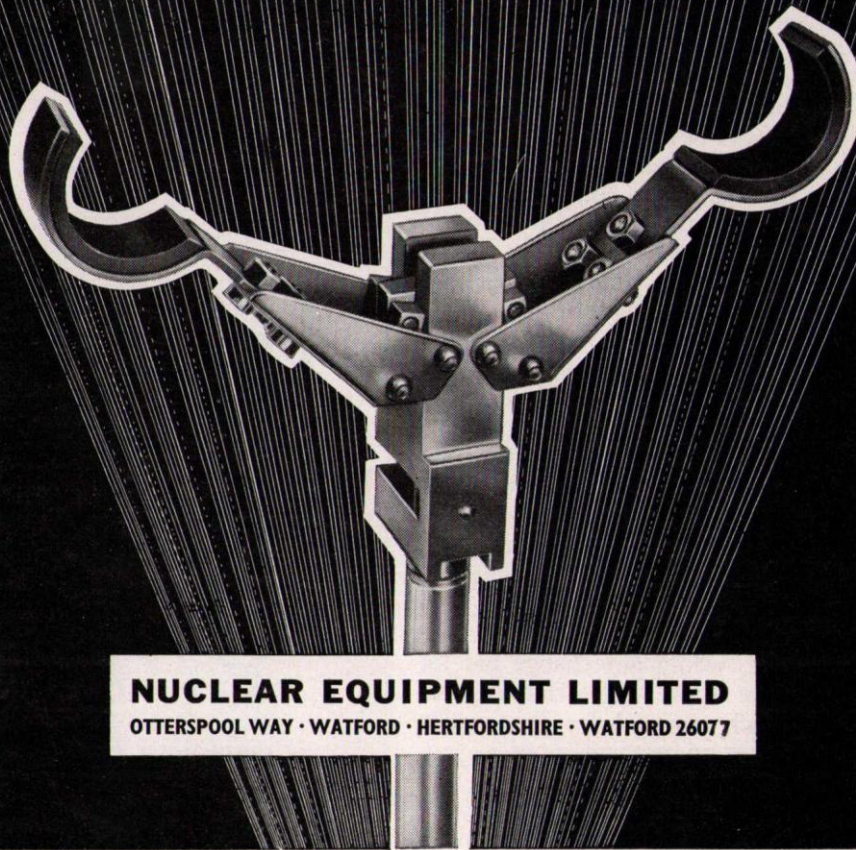
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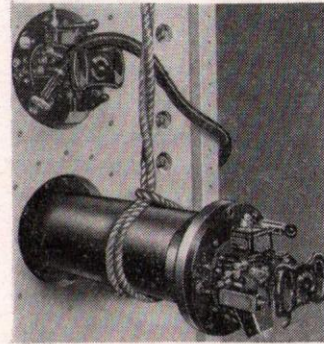
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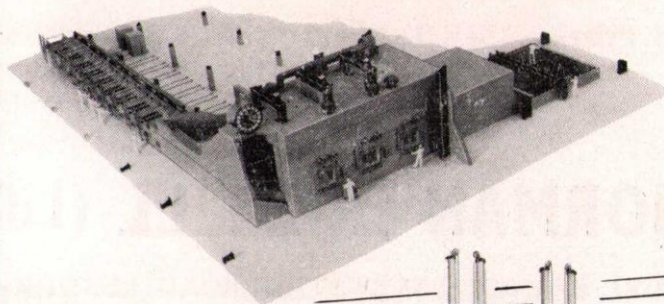
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(Photograph by courtesy of the Atomic Energy Authority)

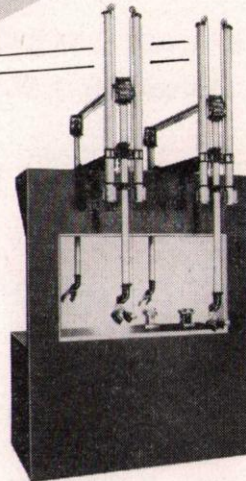
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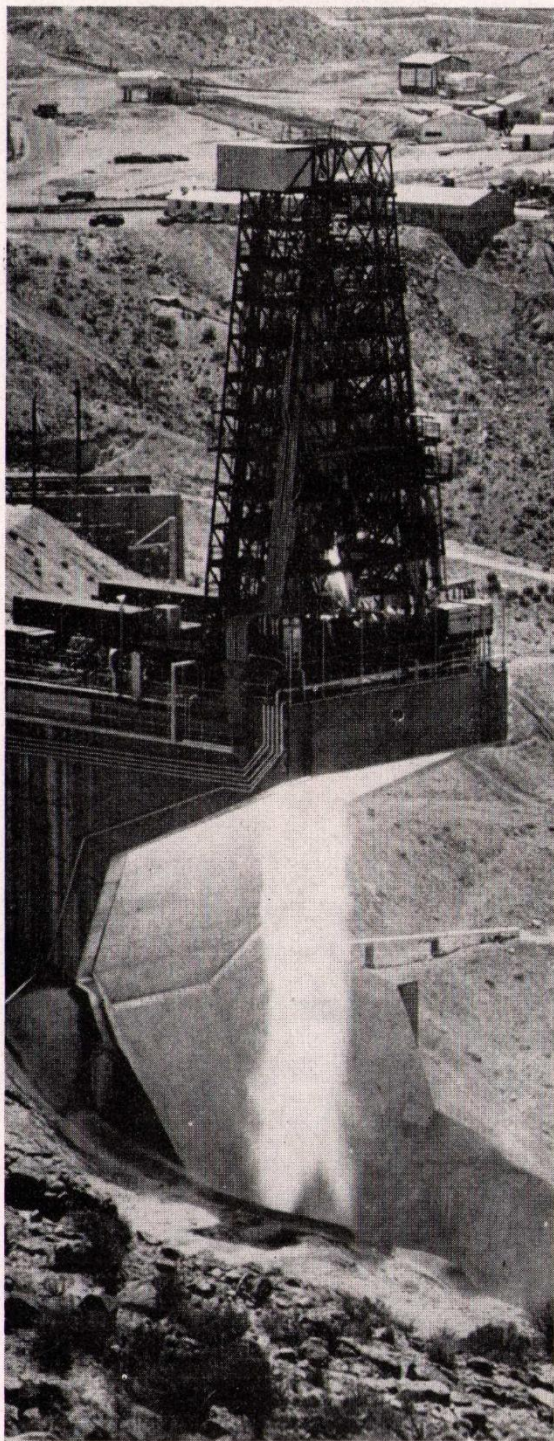


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*Official U.S. photograph*

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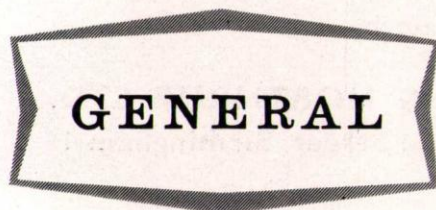
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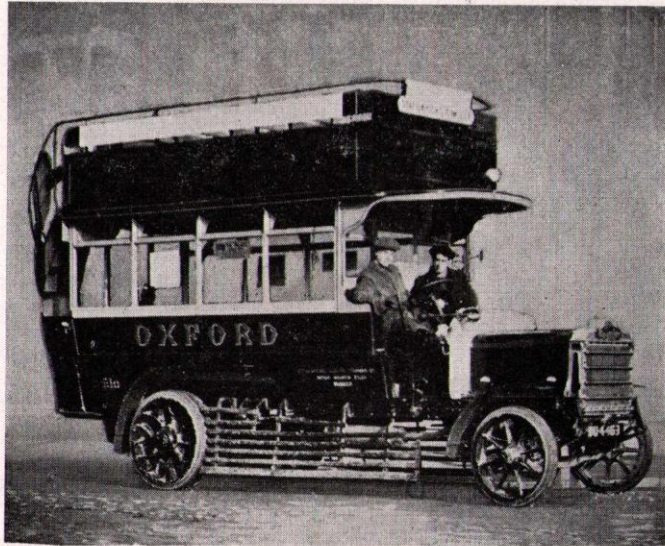


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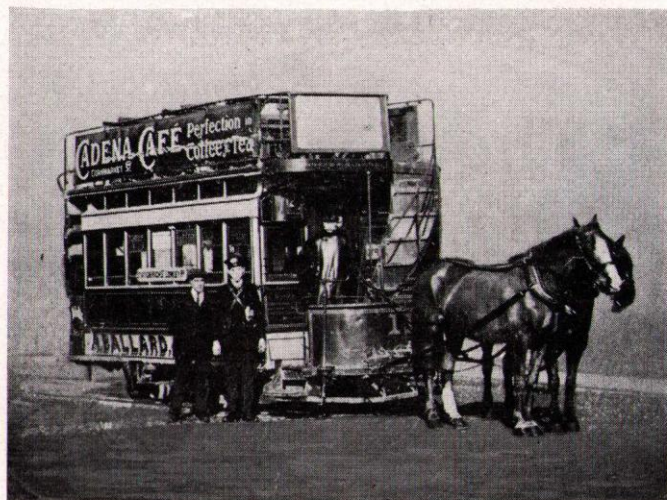




### NEWS FLASH

The feature on page 57 suggests that A.E.R.E.'s grey and blue buses are cast-offs from London Passenger Transport Board.

We can state that this is true, but that double-decker vehicles which will adorn the park in 1962 will be "something entirely different — and not cast-offs from London".







To please all people in a group photograph is an impossibility especially if they are women! After two attempts the idea was abandoned until it was realized that with a new background the models could be cut from the photograph of their choice. Thanks are due to photographers Ivan Belcher and Frank Roddy and to those who took part:—

*Back row, left to right:* Rosemary Rosier, Maureen Monkhouse, Joan Savegar, Audrey Tanner, Enid Morris, Rona Moffat, Dorothy Murphy.

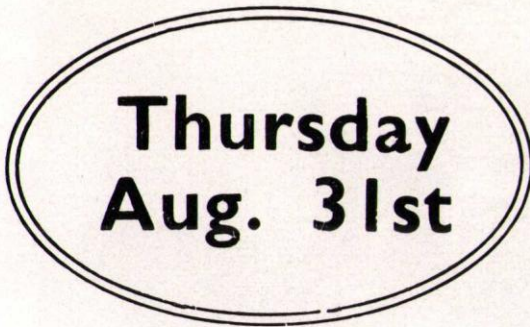
*Front row, left to right:* Rita Coles, Dorothy Twentyman, Pamela Frost, Dorothy Sharps, Helen Baron, Helen Downing.

**OFF-BEAT PHOTOGRAPHY.** For the most diverting evidence fabricated by a reader of Harlequin of what can be done on the lunatic fringe of orthodox photography, **FIVE GUINEAS** will be awarded. The winning entry will be selected from those submitted for the autumn issues of Harlequin, and all photographs will be eligible also for the Ten Guinea Competition for the best idea of the year.

**CREST COMPETITION.** For the most diverting design for a Divisional or Departmental Crest which can be printed in the Autumn issue of Harlequin, **FIVE GUINEAS** will be awarded.

### *1961 awards*

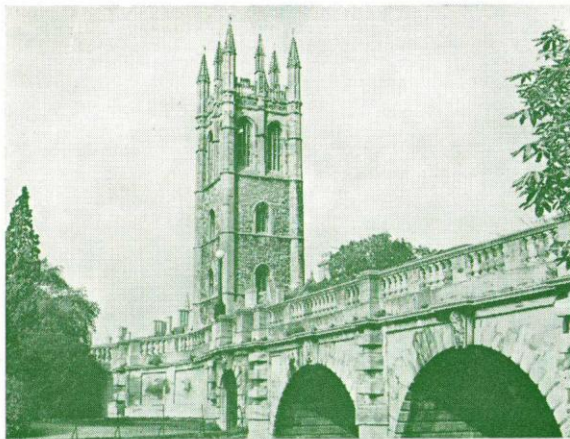
|                                                       |     |     |             |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-------------|
| I. For the best informative article, not commissioned |     |     | Ten Guineas |
| II. For the best humorous article                     | ... | ... | ditto       |
| III. For the most original idea                       | ... | ... | ditto       |



This is the closing date for Round Three contributions for sections I, II and III.

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