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A.E.R.E. Film Society - not a disorderly queue for one of its shows, but a still from one of its presentations - page 20
Cover design - man-powered flight which is dealt with more seriously in the article on page 15

Editor

D. A. TYLER

Vol. XXVI No. 2(72)

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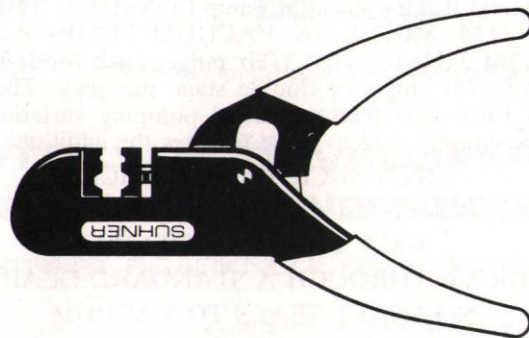
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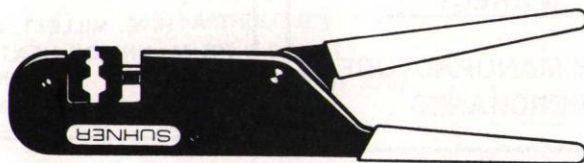
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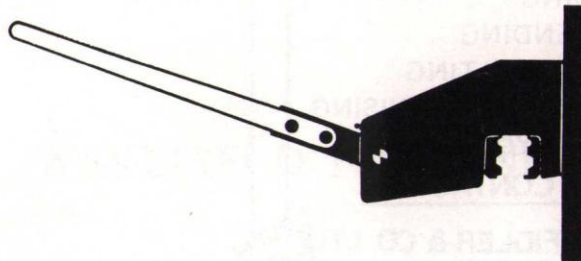
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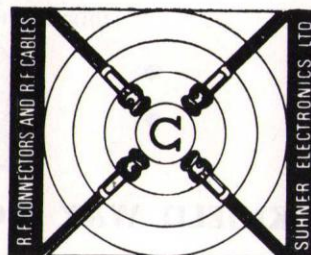
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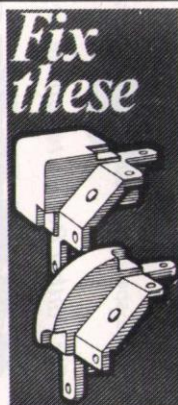
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PER ARDUA AD?



THE HATFIELD PUFFIN II

The ragbag of human aspiration is stuffed with many causes and ambitions: some improbably noble, such as equality, democratic government, banishment of war, love for thy neighbour and so forth. Others have a baser motivation; for example reaching for the stars involves lucrative contracts and jobs for blue-eyed boys. What record-setting sportsman does not have at least one eye on the commercial possibilities?

Perhaps this is not far removed from the deep-rooted ambition to find the crock of gold which led to the search for the 'Philosopher's Stone'. The mediaeval alchemists who pursued this chimera failed in their immediate objective, but even the magic crystal undoubtedly gave them no inkling of the fact that their chemistry would set the world on course towards the profitable Age of Plastics, where one consequence of the old magic is an invasion of P.V.C. pixies into our gardens.

All things considered, it is therefore hardly surprising that throughout the ages a would-be escapee from the sordid grind has always tended to look with envious eyes at the glorious freedom enjoyed by birds. Consider the thrush, flying easily to some house-ridge or tree-top, there to sing just for the hell of it. Or the gull, soaring with obvious pleasure in the rising air before a cliff face; and the green woodpecker, flashing brightly coloured through the woodland to settle lightly on a bough and yaffle (i.e. laugh) contemptuously at floundering humanity. So one consistent ambition in all recorded history has been a desire to fly like birds by one's own muscle power.

Think of Daedalus and Icarus. A few years ago the story of their disastrous flight over the Aegean would have been regarded as simple mythology - a story without foundation, intended for the entertainment and wonder of past generations. This attitude towards stories from the past has been shaken by the archaeological discoveries which, time and again, confirm events which have tended to be dismissed as fanciful literary fabrications. Therefore, in a mood of due humility, we can only speculate on the possibilities. Does this story of their escape from imprisonment by Minos on the island of Crete, with its curiously realistic reference to melting wax resulting in structural failure of the wings and consequent fall and death of Icarus, really echo in garbled form an account of some early experiment in flight which failed for lack of adequate technology?

Another tantalizing legend tells of the Anglo-Saxon King Bladud who, in the ninth century, tried to fly over London but was killed in the attempt. The ancient scribes give the date of the event as 852 A.D. and we have some knowledge of the King's lineage, but there seems to be no record of the device which he employed. Perhaps a suggestion of necromancy had an inhibiting effect on the contemporary scribes.

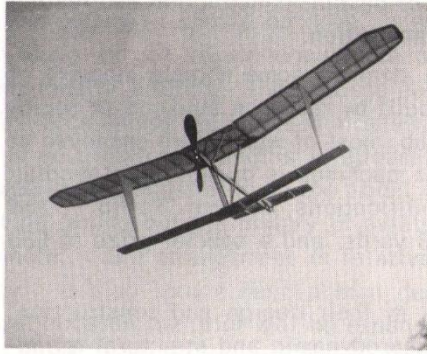
A slightly better documented incident occurred in the year 1020, when a monk named Oliver of Malmesbury launched out from a church tower with the aid of some kind of wings. He survived the crash and attributed his failure to the fact that he had some difficulty in obtaining suitable eagle's feathers, so that the wings of his machine were covered with the more easily obtainable chicken's feathers; unhappily the latter bird is not noted for its flying capabilities!

About the year 1500, Leonardo da Vinci made a serious study of man-powered flight and, in keeping with his extraordinary genius, many of the ideas and conclusions recorded in his notebooks are very sound. But there is no evidence to show that he ever carried out any experiments with a full-scale flying machine.

During the following centuries aviation developed spasmodically and, apart from ballooning, without much success until about 1852, when Sir George Cayley produced the first practicable glider, which flew across a Somerset valley carrying a coachman who failed to appreciate the signal honour bestowed upon him: he flatly refused to repeat the performance.

By the end of the 19th century there were some practical gliding machines in existence, generally based upon the ideas of pioneers such as Lillienthal in Germany, Pilcher in England and Chanute in the U.S.A. With the achievement of a controlled 'volplane' it was a logical progression to attempts at sustaining flight by means of the pilot's own energy. At the beginning of the present century some weird, often wonderful and invariably unsuccessful contraptions were constructed by aeronautical enthusiasts. Most of them merely flapped or fluttered whilst continuing to remain in firm contact with the ground. The more competent people, such as the late Sir Frederick Handley-Page, who began in this fashion, soon progressed to motor-powered machines. Their efforts were in due course stimulated by the example of the Wright brothers who, in the seclusion of South Carolina, evolved a successful powered flying machine from their experiments with kite-like gliders. Being very practical men, it seems they never gave any serious consideration to the obviously limited possibilities of man-powered flight, and so we have 'progressed' from uncertain hops where the observers had to lie down flat in order to be sure whether or not the machine left the ground, to the present salubrious state where we have most efficient bombers built to shatter everything and marvellous airliners which merely shatter earthbound nerves and only occasionally by mishap the airborne bodies.

This commendable advancement is far removed from the pioneers' embryonic visions of peaceful flight as a relief from worldly tribulation. In the 'twenties' some vestige of this attitude remained, which led to the development of motorless soaring flight where, from an initially assisted launch, the flight is sustained by the skilful use of upward air currents. From these beginnings we have the modern sailplane: a most elegant device of extreme aerodynamic refinement, capable in skilled hands of achieving a quite remarkable performance. It is a close approach to the ideal of independent flight, and throughout the years of its development many people have tried to stretch the glider just that little bit further by providing some form of man-powered propulsion. Some of these attempts are particularly noteworthy. In 1929 Alexander Lippisch built an ornithopter. The machine made a number of short flapping flights from the slopes of the Wasserkuppe gliding site, but it was incapable of taking off under manual power. A few years later, Haessler and Villinger built a man-powered aircraft which they



"I'm an inventor
and I wonder if
you'd mind
doing me a
small favour..."

called 'Mufli', and which had an empty weight of a mere 81 lb. With this aircraft they flew many times and achieved distances of about 790 yards, but all the take-offs were assisted by rubber cord launching.

During 1933 the idea of man-powered flight was given a fillip by 'Flugsport', a German aviation journal, which offered a prize of 500 Marks for the first man-powered flight over a 1 kilometre course around two pylons 400 metres apart. None of the attempts to win the prize were successful. For another prize, subsequently offered in Italy, the most promising contenders were Bossi and Bonomi, who built and flew their machine which they called 'Pedaliante'. This also was assisted at take-off by rubber cord, like the catapult familiar to generations of schoolboys.

Unfortunately, both of these machines were destroyed during the 1939/45 war, but prior to this and under the stimulus of the prizes, Oskar Ursinus then editor of 'Flugsport', arranged for some systematic investigations to be carried out into the physiological and aerodynamic feasibility of man-powered flight. The results from these and subsequent studies can be shown as a graph, from which it can be seen that the crucial factor is the power-to-weight ratio. Most birds, of course, are well over the "fly" side of the line. We can also see that a dog-powered aeroplane is quite feasible. On the other hand, notwithstanding Walt Disney's delightful 'Dumbo', the elephant is well over on the "not fly" side. An average human being, in characteristically cussed fashion, falls right on the line, from which it follows that a fit athletic specimen should have sufficient reserve of power to accomplish the feat.

In 1959 the idea of man-powered flight was given a considerable impulse by the announcement of a competition under the aegis of the Royal Aeronautical Society, with a prize of £5000 for the first machine to fly a figure-of-eight course around two markers half a mile apart. The power for take-off and during flight was to be muscle power alone, energy storage not permitted, and the minimum height 10 ft.

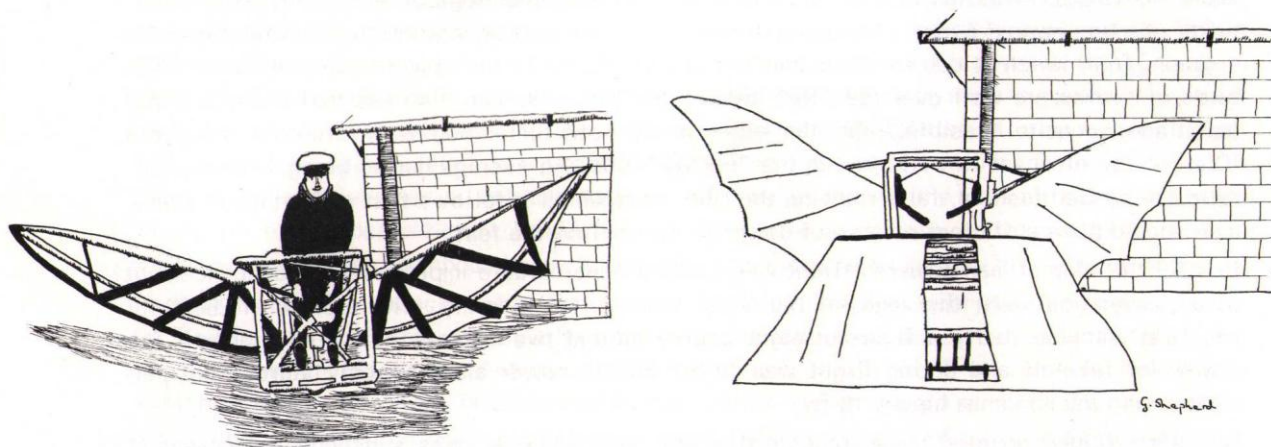
The prize money, donated by an industrialist, Mr. Henry Kremer, was subsequently increased by a further generous contribution of £10,000 which stands for the principal competition. The original amount has been divided to provide prizes for the first three entries to accomplish a simpler test consisting of two "slalom" runs in opposite directions between three posts in line.

A spate of construction followed the announcement of the competition. The Man-Powered Aircraft Group of the Royal Aeronautical Society has information of scores of hopeful projects. Some undoubtedly are completely impractical, and it is just as well for the safety of the hope-

ful inventors that there is only slight possibility of their becoming airborne. Others may have had some prospect of success, but the laborious processes of design, construction and testing have proved too discouraging. Perspiration outweighed the aspiration.

Among all this effort there are two machines which have attained some notable measure of success. They are the "SUMPAC" machine, designed and built by research students at Southampton University, and "Puffin", product of the Hatfield Club, most of whom were employed at the, then, de Havilland Aircraft Company. The first of these machines is on permanent display at Old Warden Aerodrome and the second, after various modifications, became "Puffin" 2 and development continues. The longest recorded flight is 993 yards, and a special prize of £50 was awarded for a flight of half a mile by "Puffin" 1.

Both machines demonstrate a high degree of competence in their design and construction. "Puffin" particularly is a most elegant machine, in which aerodynamic and structural refinement have been carried practically to the limits of present knowledge. Yet from one point of view there seems something fundamentally wrong in the prospect of a man-powered aircraft which requires a wing comparable in span with a 60-seater airliner. If one considers the various attempts which have been made to produce a man-powered aircraft, then it is apparent that on the whole they tend to be rather orthodox in their approach to the problem. Great ingenuity is devoted to detail design and much loving care is lavished on the actual construction, yet aerodynamically most of them are dull birds, with all the usual features made familiar in powered aircraft over the past 60 odd years. The common form consists of some sort of a body with wings stuck on around the midriff and flippers at the back end to point the thing in the required direction. Blériot used such an arrangement to fly over the Channel in 1909. Perhaps this orthodoxy is hardly surprising; most of the people who have means, training and inclination to have a serious attempt at the problem, are in the aviation industry, and therefore they are likely to tend to think on conventional lines. But if success could be achieved by conventional means, then by now the achievement surely would be history?



Mr. Fawdrey Junior in his motorless aeroplane of 10' 7" wingspan in which he made flights on Port Meadow, Oxford, as long ago as 1911. Working it with his hand and feet, he made the wings, which were shaped like a bird's, to flutter and raise him into the air. Flights 50 ft. up for about 300 yds were reported.

It may safely be assumed that anyone who has an interest in this subject will have their own ideas as to how it should be done. I am no exception to the rule! My feeling is that we are most likely to get somewhere with a contraption which owes more to the kite than to any current form of aircraft. Thus all the aerodynamic surfaces should make some contribution to the lift force and at the optimum airspeed of 19.5 m.p.h. it is questionable whether it is necessary to go to extreme lengths in streamlining. These ideas have been demonstrated, at least in model guise, illustrated by the model in flight. This tail-first configuration has appeared at intervals throughout the history of aviation. For some obscure reason it is usually known as a 'canard'. The arrangement is relatively compact and the structure has the virtue of simplicity. It also should have a high degree of inherent stability. This is a most desirable feature, because the pilot will be expending the greater part of his energy in keeping airborne, leaving very little in reserve for controlling the thing. Unfortunately, time and other factors have limited the effort which I can put into this enterprise; but if anyone else becomes hooked on this particular line, no doubt some amicable arrangement could be made.

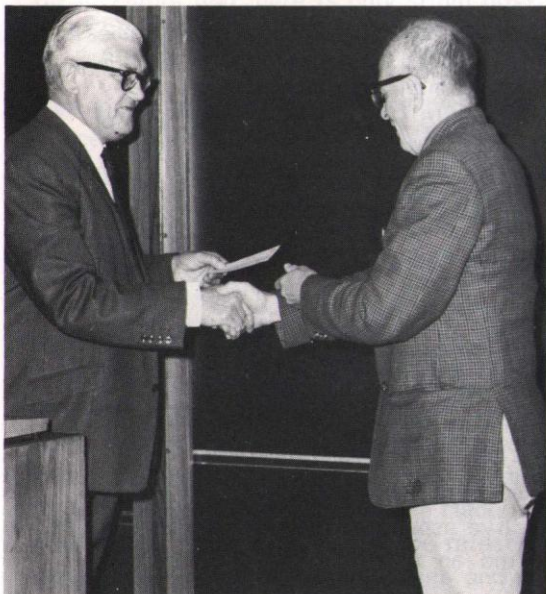
Assuming man-powered flight is a reality, what then? A successful design undoubtedly would lead to much imitation and further development. One attractive aspect is in the fact that even the most devious political mind would be hard put to find an aggressive use for such a machine. It would be a wholly sporting activity.

There is one interesting possibility arising from theoretical studies which indicate that a multiple man-power aircraft would perhaps be a better proposition than a single-place job. Thus we can envisage an aeronautical equivalent to Henley Regatta with flying fours and eights. Unhappily, this could lead to an increase in the insurance rates on chimneys and television aerials. The social consequences may also be considerable. We all know what admiration is aroused by the sight of distant oarsmen in full swing; just imagine the devastating effect on a vicarage tea party if the lawn were traversed low by plane-loads of furiously pedalling athletes.

We can take this idea a stage further: if the multi-seat theory is correct, then why not a commercial man-powered airliner providing real economy class travel? Just think how fit the passengers would be if they pedalled their way to Majorca, urged on by stewardesses striding the gangways with a lash in one hand and a jar of shandy in the other - rather like the ancient Greek triremes. I recommend the idea to the tourist agencies as a money-spinner!

This seems to bring us back full circle to Greece, where we began with Daedalus and Icarus. No coincidence really, because travel and tourism have long been a fact of life in the Mediterranean area, so that if our visionary man-powered tourist argosies found themselves over Ithaca or Lemnos, they would merely be conforming with the traditions of the region. After all, it was only the romantically minded 19th century classicists who muddled the story of the Golden Fleece by mistranslating γολδεν φλησ. Could it not be φλησιν γθη γολδεν, i.e. "fleecing the golden"? I suspect a correct translation of the Grecian legend will show that Jason was really a pioneer in the mass-holiday racket, who shipped people away to fry their hides on the beaches of the Aegean isles, and the Argo, for long preserved on the beach at Colchis, was probably regarded as just a tourist attraction.

This gratuitously offered contribution to classical scholarship, from one who otherwise is steeped in the spirit of technology, must go a long way towards refuting C. P. Snow's snide remarks about the two cultures. It also shows what is liable to happen if you begin to think about man-powered flight.



RETIREMENT — IT CAN

Most of us don't begin to think about retirement until we have reached our early fifties, when the careless rapture of working has faded somewhat, when we begin to think twice about chasing buses or picking fights, and when leaping over five-barred gates has become more of a chore than a delight. It is true, of course, that on wintry Monday mornings such thinking extends to a wider age group, but generally speaking we don't give serious thought to the time when we shall be turned out to grass until we are getting a shade long in the tooth. And the odd thing is that many of us have mixed feelings about it. To some of us it looms as a problem. And if such misgivings enter your head you would be wise to take heed of them. They are a fore-warning that there are indeed problems of retirement, in your case at least. You will need to use your loaf, and you'd better start now. And don't think that these few words are going to help. I haven't got the answers. I am merely making a few observations.

If you are one of the wise ones who have cultivated a hobby, such as transcribing bagpipe music, performing on the musical glasses or lion-taming, you can look forward to devoting ample time to your favourite pastime, which is fine and dandy. Or if you are one of those heroes who are determined to take on another job and to work until they drop in their tracks, the best of luck to you. I am concerned with those feckless characters who are looking forward to a rest, to taking it easy and to doing nowt, which was my own outlook on the matter. And the first thing I have to say is that you won't get as much rest as you think, brother. Let's begin at the beginning.

HAPPEN TO YOU



When you are at the point of retiring, your friends and colleagues, bless their hearts, will wish to give you a good send-off. They dig into their pockets to make you a retirement present, and this in the clear knowledge that there is no hope whatever that they will get anything from you in return, either now or in the future. There is no nobler gesture to be seen in this vale of tears. Then comes the day when the presentation is made, as like as not by your boss, in the presence of your friends. At that ceremony you hear things about your ability and intelligence, your lovable nature and your general popularity which portray a paragon whom you completely fail to recognise. Surely, if you were half as good as he is now saying, your boss would be tearing his shirt to get you to stay on. Frankly, it's a load of cod's wallop, but he only says it out of the kindness of his heart and is therefore to be forgiven. Don't let it go to your head, and don't bask for too long in the glow of those beautiful words, because you are now expected to get up on your hind legs and reply. This is a tricky moment, and you would do well to watch it.

Well, at last it is all over and, after a last look round, you go home. Not for the weekend, or a month's holiday, but for keeps. As the coloured man, having just been given a life sentence for armed robbery and been asked by a friend how long he would be in goal, replied: "Oh, jess from now on, I guess". It's a distinctly odd feeling and takes quite a bit of getting used to.

I think that this is the moment when I bring the little woman into the picture, for it is at this point, or pretty soon, that you have to think about her if you don't want to lose a few medals. Naturally, for the first few weeks she is just as delighted at your new-found freedom as you are, possibly because she hasn't got to get up early on perishing cold mornings to get your breakfast ready. But after a month or so, if you watch carefully, you will see her giving you some rather old-fashioned looks. The fact of the matter is that the dear girl is finding the old man's presence in the home, all day and every day, not quite the barrel of fun she thought it was going to be. For one thing, take lunch. Now I'll bet you anything in reason that her idea of lunch for herself on a weekday is a couple of Danish pastries and a cup of coffee. But that won't do for you, will it? Then take daily conversation. You haven't any news have you? Not long ago, when you came home from the office, laboratory or workshop, there was the gossip from work to liven the evening meal. How your merry laughter rang out when your boss caught mumps from his children! Then there was that affair (or so everybody said) between Mr. Thingum and Miss Whosit. You don't bring any morsels like that home now. Let's face it, you're a bit of a dull dog, a lot more work - and under foot to boot. You must think up some way of brightening the little woman's day, and I can't help you a bit. You know her better than I do.

You have reached the age when you are very probably concerned about your health. For some years now you have been noticing your shoulders drooping, your waistline spreading, and the spring going out of your stride. Not very surprising in view of the sedentary nature of your job in recent years. It would be nice to get into really good shape again. Well, of course, it would, but watch it! You can't turn the clock all the way back, so, whatever you have in mind, take it gently. Do not plunge madly into the daily exercise lark unless you are one of those who can see the comical side of slipping a disc or rupturing yourself.

If I were asked what single thing seems to be paramount in retirement I would say that it is the number of times a day I have to change my clothes. I must say I didn't foresee that one. When I was working for my living I would turn out around 8.00 in the morning in the usual business outfit, and I would generally stay in that uniform until I hit the sack at about 11.30 at night, say. But it's quite different now. For one thing I've got jobs to do - garden, messing about with the car, romping around under the floorboards looking for

dry rot - you know the sort of thing. In among these I've probably got to pop into the village, or I might, if I'm dead lucky, break off for a round of golf. Then I must make myself presentable for the evening because, even if we are not going out, "somebody might call". And it all means a change of uniform every time, because for the rough jobs, I simply must dress the part. Of course, you might be as clever as that infuriating fellow Barry Bucknell whom I have seen doing the most complicated things with cement, plastic paint or carpenter's tackle, and, apart from having removed his dapper jacket, looking tidy enough to stroll into a London Office conference. But that just isn't me. When I am applying emulsion paint to a ceiling my appearance becomes such that children and nervous women take to the woods at the sight of me. So, what with one thing and another, it's a case of in and out of different clothes like a chorus girl in the follies.



INTERMINGLED WITH THOSE WHO HELPED TO RUN IT -
MEMBERS OF HARWELL'S SECOND PRE-RETIREMENT COURSE

It goes rather like this on a typical day, if there is such a thing. Sitting after breakfast in my dressing gown, unshaven and unkempt as an elderly beatnik, I am startled by hearing the butcher's small delivery van turn into the front gate a good three-quarters of an hour before his usual time. I beat a hasty retreat to the bathroom. Not that I don't like the butcher. Old Joe is a friend of mine, in fact, but I cannot do with his hearty remarks if he catches me in my dressing gown. Even so, while shaving, I can hear his booming voice from the kitchen asking for my whereabouts, adding "Don't tell me the ruddy old layabout isn't up yet!" I don't think of a really suitable rejoinder until he is away on his rounds again. Then, before dressing, the big decision has to be taken as to what particular form of serfdom is the order of the day. Well, the garden is needing attention and if I put in a good morning's stint at that maybe I can have a round of golf in the afternoon with a clear conscience. Right - garden it is, and on with my gardening clothes.

I have done no more than cut a couple of swaths in the lawn when it starts to rain - good, steady Manchester stuff. The lawn looks like a man with a half-finished haircut; but that can't be helped, so I put the tackle away and scamper back indoors. What instead? My bride would be pleased if I could do some shopping for her in the village. I am a shade disgruntled at this, as it means climbing into some tidy clothes. Having done so, however, and when stepping out into the rain with shopping list in pocket, I see Mrs. Hyphen-Smith making her purposeful way to our house. She is a thoroughly admirable woman, chairwoman of this and that committee, town councillor, Justice of the Peace, working herself to the bone for the public weal. My wife admires her greatly. For myself, I am now quite pleased that I am going shopping, as I don't wish to talk to the old battleaxe today or any other day.

Back from the village, and having spent far too long in the library and found nothing worth reading, it is getting on towards lunchtime. It has just stopped raining, but the garden is drenched. Percy Thrower could doubtless think of a thousand useful things to do in it, but I'm damned if I'm going near it. The weather is far too uncertain to chance a wasted journey to the golf club - we really must think seriously of moving nearer to it - so the question still stands, what to do. So I seize the bull by the horns and, as smug as you please, announce that I shall paint the smallest room in the house. It wants doing anyway. After lunch, therefore, I get into my decorating clothes and my wife departs for the village, since, as

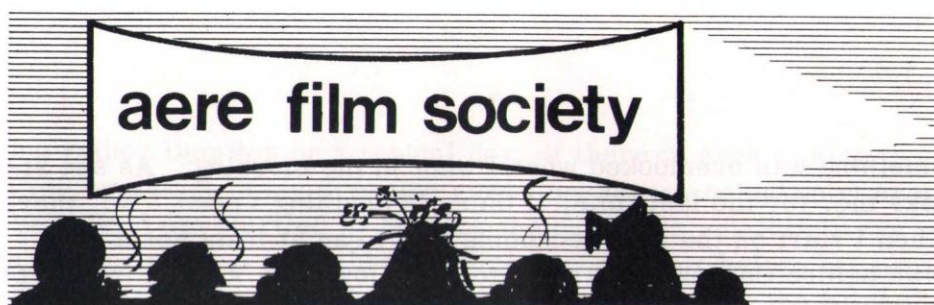
usual, something was overlooked when I went in the morning. As she steps out she asks me, for the last time, if there is anything I need. No, there is not. Then I start on the job, reckoning that I can at least get it well rubbed down before Coronation Street, to be followed by Z Cars (mustn't miss those!) It is at this moment, and my wife now out of ear-shot, that I discover that I have only a titchy bit of wet-and-dry sandpaper. I sum up the situation in pure Anglo-Saxon and get cracking. But before the job is a quarter done, and the easy parts at this, the wet-and-dry paper has become a piece of limp, smooth, useless rag, and when my beloved returns I am sitting listening moodily to Woman's Hour. To make matters worse, it has turned out a quite glorious afternoon, and I could have been having such fun with my elderly playmates on the golf course. Damn!

Summing it all up, you will find that you are much more influenced by the weather in retirement than you were in your working life, unless you were a window cleaner or a steeplejack, and the weather report is as important to you as Sports Report. Since one can never tell what the blazes the weather is going to do from one day to the next, - why, there is never a dull moment! *

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF 'PUNCH'



"...and when it strikes the hour, we hope it will remind you of the many happy years you spent in the employ of Giblets and Gimbles, the makers of happy sausages from contented pigs."



Sixteen years ago, Dr. Ian Butterworth, reported as secretary, that the Film Society had just closed its first season with a membership of 150. Today, at the commencement of its 17th Season, it is the largest of the 40 clubs affiliated to the Recreation Association, with a membership of nearly 500.

Paradoxically, whilst cinemas throughout the country are closing down, the film society movement is booming with 285 societies in 1955 and 740 today. But is it really a paradox? Film distribution in this country is a disgrace: very many excellent films never have a full commercial release because the distributors consider them unprofitable. Such films comprise an essential part of film society programming. Films are becoming more and more international but often it is only through film societies that one can see a representative selection of world cinema. Television caters for a mass audience, but a film society can cater for the minority taste. There is a vast upsurge of interest in films, particularly among the young, and the film society movement exists to encourage this interest as an art form and as a medium for the communication of ideas.

But, you may ask, are the 480 members of A.E.R.E. Film Society all dedicated cinéastes? I fear not. Whilst answering one of the recent annual questionnaires, many members admitted that they rarely went to the local cinema, if at all. So what is the attraction of the society? Well, of course, it is cheap. Fifteen programmes for £1.25, that is 8½p per show, is fantastic value when you consider that the cheapest seat at the local cinema is 25p. Moreover the Cockcroft Hall is very comfortable and has excellent projection facilities so we are very lucky to be able to use it.

Even so, people would never turn up if the films were poor. The only thing all our members have in common is the enjoyment of a good picture. As with everything else, one man's meat is another man's poison: what I love, he hates; and the planning of the season's programme is the major job of the Committee.

Picking and choosing books is a simple matter of visiting bookshop or library and sampling and rejecting. Music for all tastes can be heard on the radio – if you don't like it, switch it off. Play a record before buying. Browse through galleries and art exhibitions. But with films it is not so easy to make a choice. It is the film society's policy not to show a film unless someone on the Committee has seen it, and we must see as many as we possibly can. The Federation of Film Societies and the British Film Institute hold regular viewing sessions throughout the country. The National Viewing Sessions are held in London. They normally last a whole week-end, and from 10.30 in the morning to 10.30 at night we watch films with breaks only for meals. On a lovely day it seems crazy to sit inside all that time, but we do have the opportunity of seeing very many wonderful films, as well as meeting enthusiastic members of other societies.

Another way of getting to see films which are not on general release is to visit neighbouring film societies, and our society has reciprocal arrangements with Northcourt and Newbury Film Societies and the New Cinema Club in Oxford. Four of our committee members have joined the latter club and most of the Committee members have visited it on several occasions. The Club shows predominantly new Underground films and so we are able to keep up-to-date with the latest Andy Warhol, Steve Dwoskin, etc.



"THE RED AND THE WHITE"

On the Committee we try very hard to plan a well-balanced programme with something for all tastes, more often than not burning the midnight oil in our efforts, though we do not expect all our members to enjoy all our films. This season we are showing films as widely varied as the hilariously funny Czech "Fireman's Ball", a French gangster film "Le Deuxieme Souffle", Antonioni's acclaimed "Zabriskie Point" and Pasolini's Oedipus Rex". In an endeavour to broaden the scope of the society we are starting a new venture this season — Film Soc Two — where we can concentrate on, say, the work of one director or a theme, which is difficult to do within the main programme. For this first experiment, commencing in October, we are holding four programmes depicting the history of the silent cinemas, including the classics "Battleship Potemkin" and "Kameradschaft", and we hope it will prove a successful idea.

Something else new this season which we are sure will be popular is our first programme for members' children. On Friday 7th January we are showing "Treasure Island", together with several interesting short films. It is hoped to make this an annual event.

The Lunchfilm shows arranged in association with the Education and Training Centre are not new but are very popular. They last approximately 45 minutes and are open to everyone on the site, whether or not a member of the Film Society. They are usually held at monthly intervals in the Cockcroft Hall, and programme details are announced in "A.E.R.E. News".

We are confident that the film society season this winter will be as popular as was the past one. There are so many exciting things happening in the film world. I have before me a publicity hand-out from the Federation, part of which reads "Your local film society offers you the unique opportunity of commitment to modern trends of cinema, to evaluate the superficial and the didactic within the sphere of contemporary problems and developments on the screen". I think what they are really trying to say is "We show good pictures".

Angela Logsdaile
Hon. Sec., A.E.R.E. Film Soc.

The second half of 1951 brought an epidemic of verse to "A.E.R.E. News". "Tale of a Pail", with its obvious message, came in July:-

"We had a bucket
Somebody tucket
From 19 Harcourt Road.
They cost quite a penny
And we haven't menny,
So please bring it back to our abode".

and Poet's Corner featured in August:-

"It once aroused my anger
When I met that well worn "clanger"
Dropped by people who spell "hangar"
with an "e"

But its been going on so long now,
And so many spell it wrong now,
That, having sung my song, now
I'll retire gracefully"

"Spokeshave"

Complaints about the view, or lack of it, from Building 353 provided more verse:-

"I often wish that I could see,
The sun from Building 353.
Round 329 the lawns are green,
Expensive blossoms grace the scene.
The weeds up here,
Are six feet three,
Its getting dark in 353"

and produced numerous replies in the following vein:-

"We bow our heads to 353,
And offer them deepest sympathy.
We the Bods in Hangar 9
Often see the old sunshine
He looks right in, and that reminds
The labourers then to draw the blinds"

and a final comment from the Editor. "This correspondence is closed – but definitely"

Twenty

The departure of two well-known Harwellians provided opportunities for more poetry. Ted Miller, one-time Editor of "A.E.R.E. News", took up an appointment in the A.W.R.E. in August and caused the following to be inflicted on the folk he left behind:-

Edward My Son (net)

"Spare a thought for dear old Ted
Now that he has passed on
No, you fool he isn't dead
He's gone to Aldermaston"

R. G. Elkington resigned in December and D. R. Willson became the new Secretary:-

Sec. Transit

"Elk" is gone to Iron and Steel
Let us say then how we feel
At losing our renowned "sec"
Who's always been at others' beck.

He never spared himself one jot
Of an Administrator's lot;
While taking many a kick and crack,
of kindness did he never lack.

Many a problem has he solved
and dealt with cases much involved.
So here's to "Elk" in his new chair
And may he not grow rusty there".

As if to keep personalities in view the front page of the last issue for 1951 wished everyone a "Merry Christmas" to the accompaniment of pen portraits of senior staff, most of which were recognizable.

Years Ago

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF HARWELL...

In June 1951, the setting up of the A.E.R.E. Welfare Fund was announced. A letter from the Director, Sir John Cockcroft, published on the front page of "AERE News" described the aim of the Fund to "afford assistance to any employee at A.E.R.E. or its outstations who is in distress and is found, on investigation, to need temporary financial help".

At Sports Day on the 21st July, the Art Society held its first Annual Exhibition. Founded in 1949 by the then President, Dr. J. M. Fletcher, the Society had the intention of meeting quarterly for members to bring their work for discussion. During this year a Life Class had been inaugurated, meeting weekly with a professional model. The Exhibition, held in Ridgeway House, displayed over forty works and was the first of many successful exhibitions that were to follow each year.

There was bad news for the Harwell "cinéastes" in September. Due to the higher film hire rates, the A.E.R.E. Cinema (open on Thursday nights) was compelled to raise its admission charge to 1/9d. for adults! The galloping inflation of today was getting into a jogtrot, but possibly due to sales resistance at the increased charges, or possibly because of the new television age, support waned. In October came the threat that it would have to be closed if not given greater support. It wasn't, and it closed in November.

The historian might find another contributory cause of the A.E.R.E. cinema's demise. The clue is in the publicity later the same month devoted to the current production of A.E.R.E. Dramatic Society, which shared the same venue. In its announcement, which offered transport from Abingdon, at 1/3d. return (less than half the present rate single) is the note "The heating system in the gymnasium has been fully restored". Too late for some who had started the habit of television by their own fire-side!

The Festival of Britain emblem, incorporated in the "AERE News" heading, was replaced in the autumn by a brand new design executed by Vic Burroughs. According to him, it consisted of an eagle with bugle horns as an emblem of proclamation; black bars within a circle to symbolise a page of print and the staff of Hermes the messenger to indicate the news-bearing function of the publication. Don Knight, the Editor, decided that it was really an eagle in a football jersey.

On 14th November, "A.E.R.E. News" was five years old. The fact was entered in the "Congratulations" column together with some remarks on one or two items which appeared in the first issue. One of these said that the Football Club was going through a bad patch. "When will it end?" asked the Editor of '51!

Not all the sporting news was bad. "Grapevine" observed on one occasion that a bicycle had been left outside the Plough on Saturday evening and the owner had apparently not collected it by 4.30 p.m. on Sunday. He put this down either to sorrow on the part of an inhabitant of East Hendred or to jubilation on the part of an A.E.R.E. man, because on that particular Saturday, A.E.R.E. had beaten East Hendred at both cricket and football.



TWENTY YEARS' SERVICE, back row, left to right: S. F. Pugh, W. Peach, C. R. Godwin, W. R. Marsh, E. J. Jones, R. F. Taylor, J. F. Loutit. **Front, seated**, left to right: S. Hughes, B. Booty, A. J. Lunney, Mrs. D. Lomand, R. Mayers, J. Pattison.

The 4th North Berks Scout Group was well-established on the site in 1951 and held regular meetings in "C" canteen, Cubs on Tuesdays and Scouts on Wednesdays. In order to raise funds for new equipment, the group organised a waste-collecting service on the housing estates. Towards the end of the year, it was able to report that the collection had produced over a ton of paper and 500 jam jars.

A Youth Club and a Lacrosse Team were in existence on the site. There was also Netball and the Ridgeway Women's Cricket Club was keen enough to hold practices every Wednesday evening (weather permitting).

In "AERE News", odd ads. and "Wanted" notices continued to give some amusement. "Wanted, arm-chair — Geary", caused the Editor to ask "Weary, Geary?", and "Tortoise missing from 10, Clifton Drive, Abingdon. Anyone seen it?" brought the suggestion "Try 11, Clifton Drive!"

One achievement of the year that was for all to see was the removal of the bend in the A34, just north of the Horse and Jockey. It came about only after years of correspondence on the dedication of land by the then Ministry of Supply, and on drains, water mains and cables, which give much insight into the problem of administration.

The new Social Club, Building 161, opened at 7 p.m. on Wednesday 12th December with traditional free drinks on the house. Two barrels of mild and two of bitter were allocated for the purpose.

It was a time for celebration, for the new quarters of the Recreational Association were to be a landmark in the social history of the site.

As the establishment grew in numbers, parochial humour declined. In "AERE News" it was to die a natural death, and by the end of the year, the poetic "fill ups" that had been a feature during 1951 were making way for real news.

AERE NEWS

SPONSORED BY
RECREATIONAL

THE A.E.R.E.
ASSOCIATION

1st November, 1951

ABINGDON 620

EVERY ROSKELL HAS HIS PRICE (OR AISLE ALTAR HYMN)

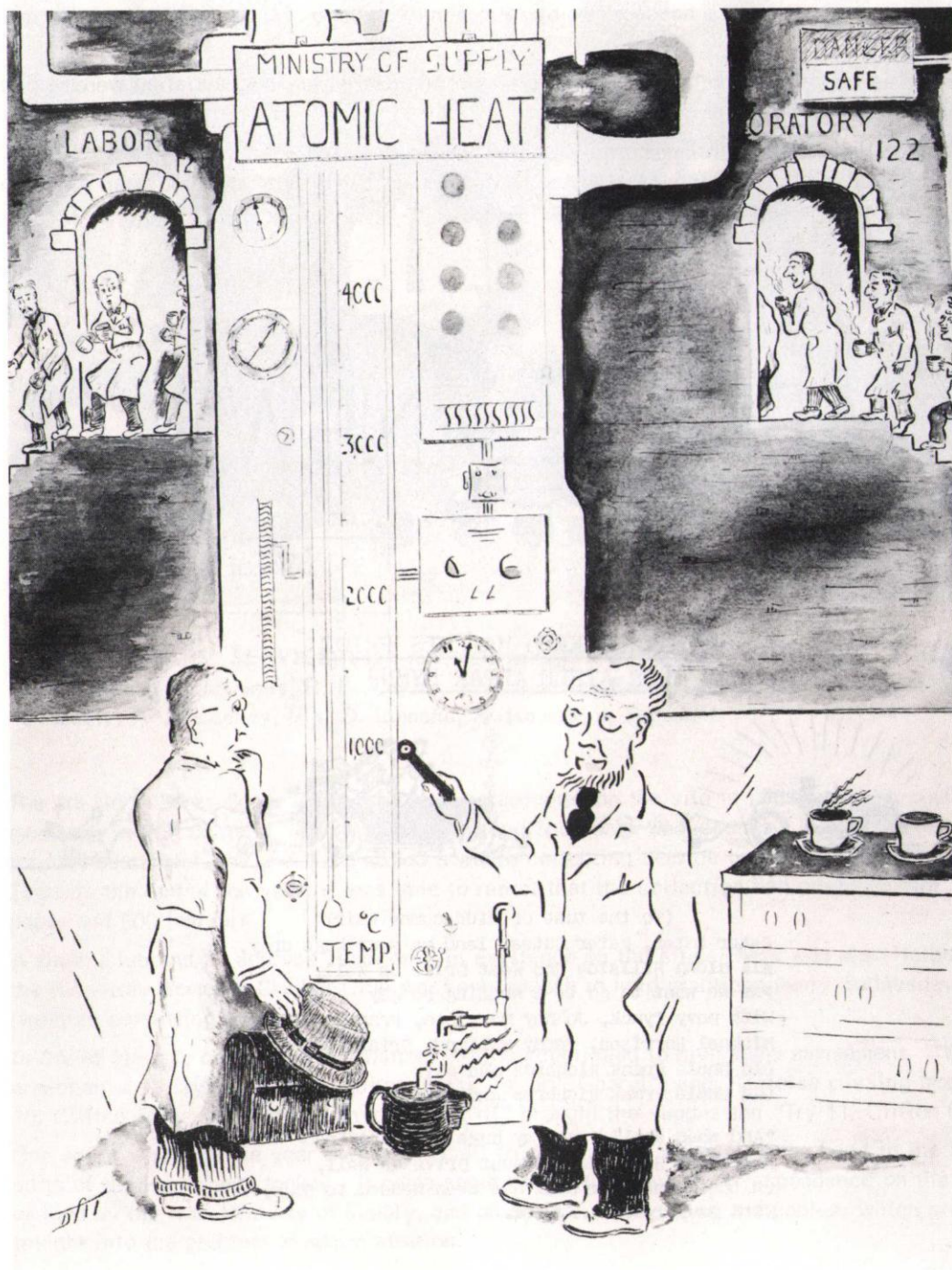


(To the tune of Widdecombe Fair)

Peter Gates, Peter Gates, lend me your huge dray,
All along Hillside and West Drive as well,
For we want to go to a wedding so gay
With Davy Tyack, Johnny Morrison, Frankie Williams,
Michael Harrison, Teddy Holland, Brian Frost,
Old Uncle Frank Richards and all,
Old Uncle Frank Richards and all.

"And when shall I see my huge dray the 'noo!"
All along Hillside and West Drive as well,
On the morn after Jill has been wedded to Hugh,
With Davy Tyack.....etc.

TECHNICAL PROGRESS - TWENTY YEARS AGO



"I gave up smoking by eating prunes."

Once you decide to give up smoking, you hear of all sorts of methods to help you. There's prunes, dummy cigarettes, chewing gum, sweets and even hypnosis.

These aids have helped countless smokers give up. Yet countless more have tried them and failed.

Why?

The simple truth is that there is no guaranteed painless method of giving up cigarettes. The longer a person has smoked, the more his body cries out for its supply of nicotine and tobacco smoke. And when this supply is suddenly cut off, the body is bound to react.

The first few days are inevitably going to be very trying. So even the most bizarre gimmicks are useful if they help take your mind off the struggle that's going on inside your body.

Fortunately however, doctors have now discovered that there are several methods which will make it easier for any smoker to give up.

What kind of smoker are you?

First of all, it helps if you can decide what kind of smoker you are. There are six basic types. All smokers fall into one (or several) of these categories, and once you've discovered which apply to you, you can then plan your campaign of attack.

Crutch Smokers. These are the smokers who light up in moments of stress and worry. Whenever things go wrong they reach for their cigarettes. When a crutch smoker gives up, it's vital that he chooses the right moment. He must be as far as possible from strain and tension. So a good time is just before he goes on holiday or on a Friday night before a relaxing week-end.

Handling Smokers. They smoke because it gives them something to do with their hands. They like to play around with the packet and the cigarette lighter. These are people who have the greatest success with dummy cigarettes, but a pencil or a pipe can be just as effective. With handling smokers half the problem is finding something to do with their hands for the first few days. After that they find it easy.

Habit Smokers. Habit smokers smoke automatically. They're hardly conscious of the fact that they are smoking. For them there is no substitute, no easy way out. Yet remarkably they're often the most successful at giving up. Because once they've made the initial break they adapt quickly to the new routine. They fall into the habit of not smoking.

Relaxation Smokers. They feel they can't relax without a cigarette. After a meal, with a coffee or a cup of tea, they love to

light up. The solution is obvious. For a few days they should avoid the situation when they need to smoke. Drink something else in place of coffee (or tea). And instead of sitting about after a meal, get up and do something. There's nothing more fatal than just sitting waiting for the old pangs to come back.

Craving Smokers. A craving smoker is psychologically addicted to tobacco. The craving for the next cigarette begins the moment he puts the last one out. His problem is mental, because he believes he can't live without cigarettes. The solution is determination—all a craving smoker has to do is decide that he really wants to give up—and the rest, for him, is comparatively easy.

Stimulation Smokers. They smoke to give themselves a perk. They feel that a cigarette picks them up. When a stimulation smoker gives up he usually looks for a substitute which will have a similar effect on his nervous system, such as coffee, tea, spicy foods or alcohol. Unfortunately, these substitutes trigger off the desire for a cigarette, and so they should be avoided, if possible.

Plans of action to help you stop smoking.

How one goes about stopping is entirely up to the individual.

Some smokers prefer to give up without any fuss. They don't follow a plan. They don't tell anyone. They just quietly go about giving up. With this approach, you'll only have yourself to betray.

But it does require plenty of will power. Most smokers find it easier to follow a plan.

Plan 1. Decide two or three weeks in advance that you're going to quit on a certain date. Then gradually reduce your smoking over the three weeks. And then stop for good.

Plan 2. Start by cutting out the most enjoyable cigarettes of the day. The one after dinner, the one during the tea break at work. This may seem like the hardest way to give up. But if you can stop smoking these 'key' cigarettes, the rest will soon become meaningless.

Plan 3. You cut out the first cigarette of the day. Then the second. Then the third. Each day going a little longer without a cigarette.

Until eventually you're down to one or two a day. Then try and cut that one out. But if you find you just can't survive without it, allow yourself one, (and only one) cigarette after each meal.

But be warned. It is far harder to cut down than to give up completely. Because a person who has the occasional cigarette is always liable to think, "one more won't make any difference."

So he has another.

And another.

And another.

How to make sure you don't start smoking again.

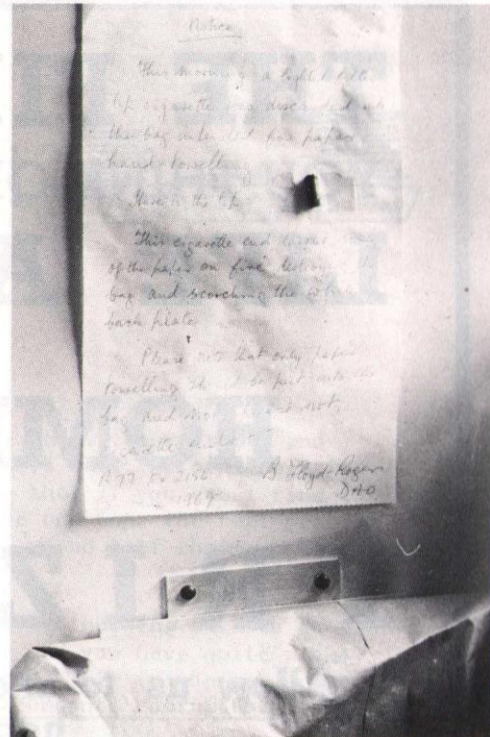
Once you've given up cigarettes, there are going to be many temptations to start again. Friends will offer them to you—you'll begin to notice the enticing advertisements—you'll think of a thousand excuses why you should have 'just one'.

There are many smokers who once gave up, but are now smoking again just because they thought it would be safe to have the occasional cigarette. And it seems such a pity to go to all that effort giving up, only to start again.

There are, however, a few ways which will help you resist the temptations.

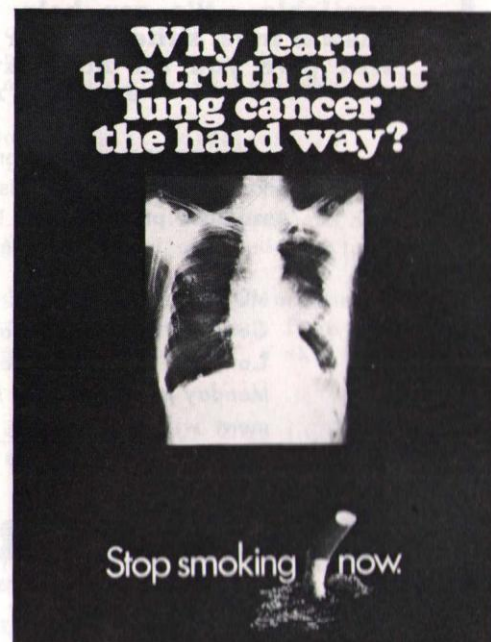
1. Give up with a friend. You'll be able to encourage and give each other moral support. And of course the less you see people smoke, the easier it'll be for you to give up.
2. Travel in non-smoking compartments of trains and buses.
3. Change your routine for a few days so that you avoid the situations when you really enjoyed or needed a cigarette.
4. Announce that you've given it up. Tell your family and friends that you've stopped smoking. They'll help see you over the worst time. And it'll also make it harder for you to go back on your word.
5. If you're absolutely desperate for a smoke, switch to a pipe or cigars—they are far less dangerous.

Finally, be prepared for a struggle. It probably took quite some time before you smoked as heavily as you do now. It may take just as long for you to give up. But even if you've smoked heavily for years, it's still worth making the effort, because from the day you stop, you reduce your chances of getting lung cancer or any of the diseases which are caused and aggravated by cigarette smoking.



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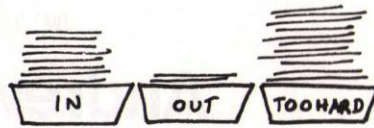
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Don't Do It - Dodge It!



by ERIC WEBSTER

Action or distraction?

Two birds square up for a fight, lose their nerve, turn round and vigorously sharpen their beaks on a twig. This is what the ornithologists call 'displacement activity' - on the principle that if you can't find the courage to tackle it, get busy on something else and hope the real problem will go away. Metaphorically, most businessmen spend half their working lives knocking the hell out of twigs.

Have you ever arrived at your office thinking 'nothing much to do today' and then discovered that the routine takes over and you have quite a busy day without actually doing anything that matters? This is the measure of the problem. Most jobs today can keep their incumbents comfortably occupied without actually doing any work.

So why not relax? Realise that in every live-wire there lurks a lay-about longing to lie down. Those who appear dynamos to others at heart are weak, weary and work-shy just like the rest of us.

Ways to avoid work - (The Procrastinator's Guide)

You may feel you need no extra practice in avoiding work but you'll be amazed how a little patient attention to the theory of work avoidance can improve your lack of performance. There are four main classifications:

- I Putting it off. Putting off an easy job makes it 'difficult'. Putting off a difficult job makes it 'impossible'.
- II Preparing to do it. 'All preparations short of actual work' in the hands of a skilled procrastinator can be stretched out indefinitely.
- III Doing something else. Replace what you can't face. You can soon arrange to use up as much energy in arranging distractions from the work as you would in doing it. This is the hall-mark of a skilled procrastinator.
- IV Trying to get someone or something to do it for you. This is particularly pleasant when you know perfectly well you ought to be doing it yourself.

The variants under these main headings are a tribute to the human ingenuity that is devoted to dodging work. Here are a few of the standard ways to waste time, money and opportunity with a (very nearly) clear conscience.

1. Put it off till after lunch - by then it won't seem worth starting till teatime, and after tea it'll be nearly time to go home.

TO SELL OR BUY A HOME
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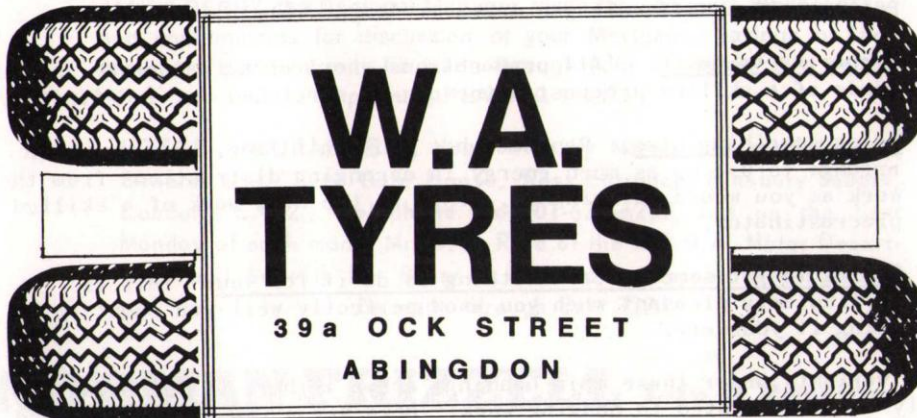
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2. Sleep on it. If you can kid yourself into carrying a problem overnight, you can add insomnia to your other worries and soon you won't be fit enough to cope.
3. Wait till you have a clear day. You can then arrange your calendar so that you won't.
4. Defer it until you feel dynamic. Today, you feel tired. Tomorrow, you'll feel more tired.
5. Hope for better weather. Sunshine is too distracting. Showers are too depressing. You have nothing to fear. The right climate for work hasn't been invented.
6. Go for a walk, or go and get your hair cut. This gives you time to think it over and guarantees you can't actually do anything until you get back.
7. Set out to 'clear the decks first'. After all, getting ready to work is almost as good as actually working and usually takes far longer.
8. Make yourself comfortable before you begin. After you've worked on this for a little while, the mere thought of work will make you uncomfortable.
9. Search for something you need to start the job. In no time at all, you can convince yourself that the notes you jotted down on that old envelope were vital. You can't start the job without them, and with luck you'll never find them.
10. Go and supervise somebody. It's always more fun to watch others work.
11. Make some phone calls. If you're sociable enough, you can also stop lots of other people from working.
12. Catch up with your correspondence. As the Post Office advertisements say, 'Someone somewhere wants a letter from you'. If the Post Office can't make a profit with their present mail, you could be their salvation.
13. Read some reports. There might be something in them that is more urgent than what you already know is urgent.
14. Go and discuss the problem - or something - with Joe. First, you have to explain the problem. Then you have to explain the explanation. By the time he's grasped it, you've missed your train home.
15. Send a circular memorandum asking for other people's opinions. There is no better way to confuse the issue and, if you postpone action until all the replies are in, you stand a fair chance of drawing your pension first.
16. Ask your secretary to dig up more data. Then keep her so busy she's no time to find it.
17. Start delegating your other tasks so that you'll be free to concentrate. Skilfully done, this can occupy twice the time it would have taken you to do them yourself.

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18. Begin to purge on something. You can always start a time-consuming row by insisting on better time-keeping. You can soon get so busy 'improving' the business you won't have any time left to do any business.
19. Find something urgent to do first. Soon everything will be so urgent there won't be any point in doing anything.
20. Call a meeting. When a high-grade procrastinator begins to get desperate, this is his first thought. In similar circumstances, a government sets up a Royal Commission.
21. Go on holiday, first handing it over to someone else. You can guarantee to get it handed back in the same shape when you return and you'll have had the whole of your holiday to think about it.

Note for incurable recalcitrants

There may still be a small body of readers unwilling or unable to avoid work. Are you one of those curious survivals from the past who still believes in earning his living? Do you belong to the unfashionable, unpopular, masochistically-minded few who actually suffer pangs of conscience when they leave work undone? If so, you have one small consolation. The rules for doing work are simpler - if less elegant - than those for avoiding it.

First, recognise that you are a perverse person and turn our motto inside out - Don't Dodge It - Do it!

Next learn to jump straight in. Immediate attack is the best way to win. This way you may even get through it before you've realised how depressing it is in prospect.

Then learn to recognise real work. Separate it from 'busy' work which is imaginary or manufactured. Work is essentially 'decisions', 'planning' and 'originating'. Work is always what you are trying to postpone, dodge, distract yourself from. Work is the most difficult and demanding task in your day's programme. Work is also specifically what you are paid to do and what it pays you to do. It helps to ask yourself every day, "What am I paid for?" Always providing you can answer the question, set your priorities by it and stick to them.

For you, there is only one way to make work a pleasure. Get it done!

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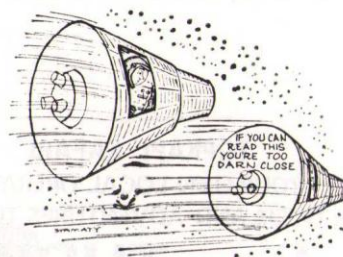
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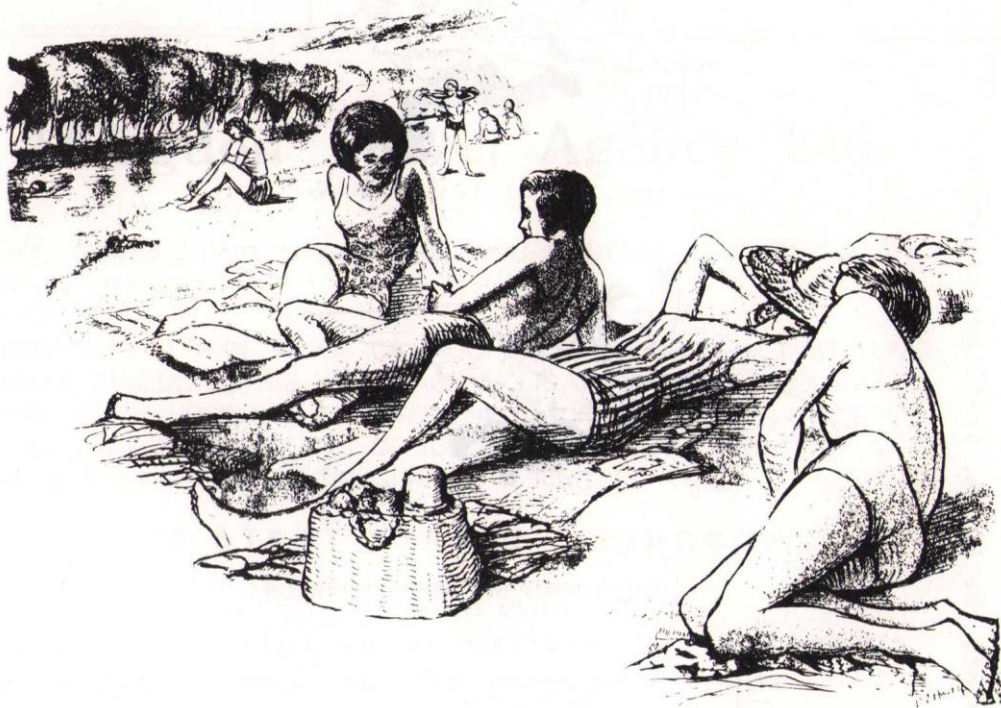
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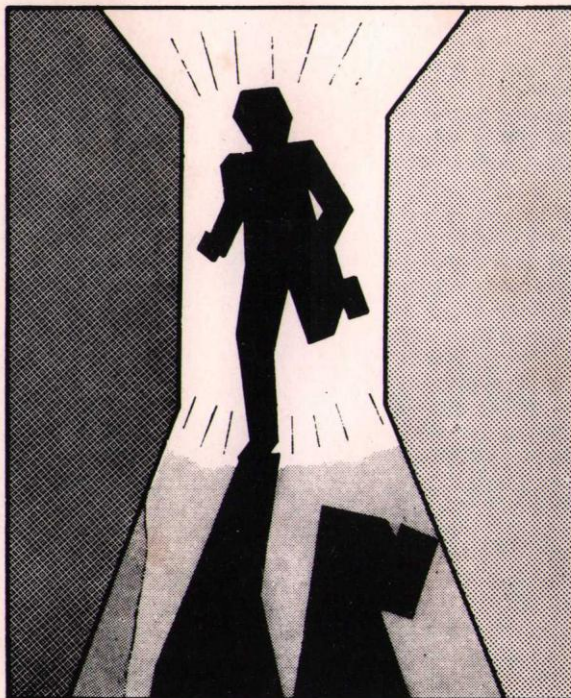


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