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Harlequin

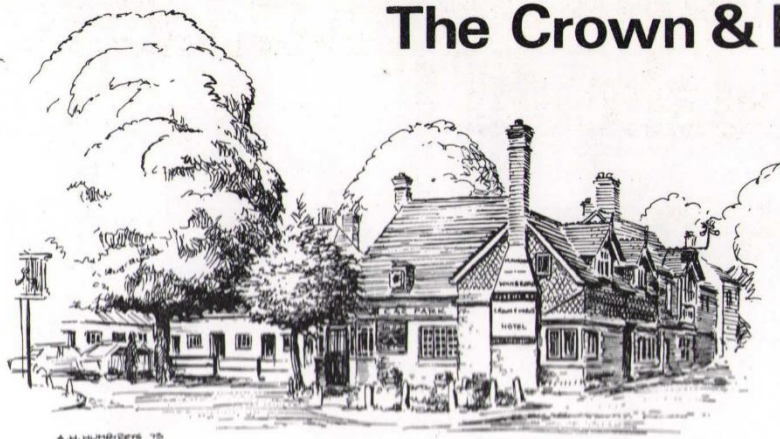


**In this
issue**

TWO YEARS ON A REMOTE ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC —

THE DAY DR. WHO VISITED HARWELL — HARWELL PAST AND PRESENT

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"HARLEQUIN" is dependent upon its readers for most of the material published; its quality can only reflect the quality of the material submitted. Only through your support can it be developed to its full potential.

COVER PICTURE

WHILE SMALL BOYS SIT UNCONCERNED WALTER MASSON AND DR. JANET JONES (OF MRC UNIT) APPEAR TO BE DISCUSSING THE SCIENTIFIC IMPLICATIONS OF A TRIP IN THE TARDIS (PHOTO: REG WILKINSON) SEE ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE.

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As well as the Harwell to which we refer in this Magazine, there is another Harwell, the picturesque village a mile or so away, whose name A.E.R.E. has usurped.

This, the rightful Harwell, was mentioned in the Domesday Book and, earlier, in two Saxon Charters.



HIGH STREET, HARWELL



On May 22 and 23, an Exhibition will be held in the village depicting HARWELL, PAST AND PRESENT.

"Harlequin" is pleased to feature two of the photographs lent for this purpose and another which is among those we are lending.

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HARWELL, 1905



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If you have any photographs — old or new — of either Harwell, or of any item of historical interest which can be exhibited, please contact Brian Metcalfe, 354E, or "Harlequin".



ALEX IN PENTAGONLAND

A. K. Longair

I mustn't let this develop into an autobiography, but some background is necessary to explain why a Dundee lad was the first non-American citizen to enter the Communications Center in the Pentagon (or so they told me later). I only made it by a step, as you shall hear.

I started my post-University career in the Physics Department of the National Physical Laboratory on 1st January 1937. It didn't take me too long to decide, first that the N.P.L. of that time was a pretty dead place, not attractive in the long run, and second, that although I loved science, and wanted to be *in* science, I was not an original research worker, and would be better using my science in some other way. It took till early 1940, and the war, to make a move, when I was the successful applicant for a job in the Headquarters of the old Department of Scientific & Industrial Research. Its evacuation home was in buildings on the grounds of the N.P.L., so I just moved from one building to another — to the High Voltage Building, which the Ministry of Works had managed to design without toilets; to accommodate the toilets, an elevator which should have been there wasn't. I have vivid recollections of "roof-spotting" in the glorious weather of that summer, and also of working for weeks at my desk within, I suppose, 150 feet of a 500 lb (I think) unexploded bomb which had buried itself under the larger of the two N.P.L. Ship Tanks. If that one had gone off, I guess the water-table in Teddington would have risen considerably!

I was given the odd jobs — publications secretary to the Radio Research Board, action on the Schedule of Reserved Occupations (you won't believe it but there was a category called "Scissors Putter Togetherer"; apparently that's what they are called in the trade) and other such items. Things began to "hot up" in the summer of 1940, and the "Daily Mirror", I think it was, invited its readers to send them their ideas for winning the war, to forward to the Government. Originally

these letters went to Frank Jackson, but later on, guess whose desk they landed on? Right!

There were some beauties. One chap had solved the problem of aircraft fires; a capsule which would dissolve when the petrol got too hot and release into it a compound which would make it non-inflammable. That was his invention. Could we please tell him (a) what to make the capsule of (b) what to put in it! On the other hand, one letter, from a South African engineer I seem to recall, I shot off immediately to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, being careful to get a receipt. It was a design for a guided bomb and, from what we could see at a hasty glance, a very good design. But there weren't many like that we could pass on.

It was decided that D.S.I.R. should take over Government responsibility for nuclear fission work from M.A.P. on 1st December 1941. The scientific direction was in the hands of Mr. (later Sir Wallace) Akers and Mr. (later Sir Michael) Perrin but there had to be an administrative support by the Department. In D.S.I.R. administrators were bred from scientists, and Frank Jackson was the scientist-administrator named by Sir Edward Appleton, the Head of D.S.I.R., to look after "Tube Alloys Research" as the project was known. Sir Edward made a very bad estimate when he suggested to Frank that Tube Alloys might occupy two days a week of his time for, as the files began coming in from M.A.P., it was clear that he was out by a factor of much more than two; and I was sent to help Frank very early in December — about the 10th, I should guess. When the joint British-Canadian project was set up in Montreal, Frank went over to be the Administrative Officer to the British team, and from then until late 1944 I was Tube Alloys administration in D.S.I.R., with the faithful help of Nora Hart and the part-time help of a Registry clerk whose name, believe it or not, was Filer! But not patents — that was the burden of Arthur Blok, who had

just joined us on retirement from the Patent Office.

I went over to the Ministry of Supply with Tube Alloys in 1945, and that was a tremendous experience. A sceptic to start with, I left convinced that no other organization but M. of S. could have handled the job — but Margaret Gowing's "Independence and Deterrence" speaks with more authority on that than I ever can. By the autumn of 1947 I felt I had made my contribution to atomic energy — the pioneers are never the best to operate the adult organization — and asked to return to D.S.I.R.

They posted me to Washington as Assistant Director of the U.K. Scientific Mission and Assistant Scientific Attaché at the Embassy. So I had left atomic energy? Not likely. I arrived in Washington on 24th November, 1947 to find the first declassification conference breaking up and the initial talks starting on a *modus vivendi* between U.S., U.K., and Canada which was to include "topics for technical co-operation". Cockcroft and other friends present looked at me and said — "Well, you're the obvious man to handle this!" So for the next five years 80% of my time was spent on liaison with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission — in effect the technical representative in Washington for the M. of S. Division of Atomic Energy. The most frustrating years of my life.

In the list of topics for collaboration you will find that number 5 read "Detection of a distant nuclear explosion, including meteorological and geophysical data, instruments, air sampling techniques and analysis." In 1947, tucked away in a list of nine topics, I hardly noticed it — it seemed academic.

In the late summer of 1949, the Marshall Plan was really under way, with the Economic Co-operation Administration placing British personnel in training courses or companies to get experience of American methods. If they were scientific or engineering, we made the arrangements for them and, to save their limited dollars, put many of them up at our homes. On Friday, 9th September 1949 I had just taken one of those guests home for the week-end and we had, I believe, started dinner when the telephone rang. It was Carroll Wilson, the General Manager of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. He had spoken to my boss, the late Dr. Angus Macfarlane, who was in his cottage at Bluemont, Virginia, and not readily available. Carroll asked me to go as soon as I could to an address in G. St., N.W., where I would be met, and to "do your best to do what they ask you to". The tone of the conversation left no doubt that something serious was afoot, and after giving him the probable time of

my arrival at G. St., I left my home, saying to my wife "I'm sorry, dear, I don't know when I'll be back."

At the rendez-vous, waiting for me was Doyle Northrup, a man for whom I developed the greatest respect, especially after I was in Canada. We exchanged proof of identity and he took me upstairs to the offices of AFOAT-1 (Air Force Operations Atomic) who ran the Long Range Detection System. They told me that U.S. Air Force planes had picked up radioactivity over the Pacific, and I asked what now seems a silly question — was it Krypton 85 (a clue to reactors)? "No, fission products!" In entering the offices, I had passed an easel on which was a board which said "Earliest possible 19—, Most probable 19—". The U.S. has never declassified these dates, but in "The Atomic Shield" the historians of the U.S.A.E.C., Hewlett and Duncan say "the Russians breaking the U.S. monopoly months earlier than most experts had predicted". I would insert "many" in front of "months".

The air mass carrying the radioactivity was just leaving the North American continent going East, and what the U.S. wanted was that R.A.F. planes carrying filters should intercept this air mass and collect samples of the fission products. We now became entangled in protocol. I told AFOAT that I had a colleague in the British Embassy whose whole job was atomic intelligence and that he was the man to talk to. It was no good — they

would be pleased to have him present on my assurance that he was duly cleared, but their only legal (don't forget the McMahon Act) link with Britain was through the modus vivendi, and that meant me. My colleague duly arrived, and I was embarrassed and he was embarrassed, but they would talk officially only to me, and they expected me to take the action. So I had to do it.

It must have been about eleven o'clock by this time, and the U.S. representatives explained that they wanted to hold a classified trans-Atlantic teleprinter conference with the responsible British authorities, and that this could only be done from the Communications Center in the Pentagon. So we piled into cars and went there. I was set down in a room at a desk with a telephone, a Thermos full of coffee, lots of paper cups, cream and sugar and told — "there's a telephone — telephone anywhere in the world, but get those planes in the air!"

I protested — it was now between 4 and 5 a.m. in London, the radioactive cloud was only just leaving North America and I couldn't see that two hours would make all that difference. They agreed with good grace, and so at 2 a.m. Washington time I called Michael Perrin. "Hellooh, Alec, what are you calling for?" said Perrin, all bright and cheery. I put on my most sombre voice, asked him to accept my word that a most serious matter had arisen, and could he and

Commander Welsh (the Intelligence Officer in London) go immediately to the Communications Room in the U.S. Embassy, where they were expected. This was 7 a.m. of a September Saturday in London, but Perrin didn't hesitate — "I'm on my way, Alec". When the U.S. Embassy advised Washington that Perrin and Welsh had arrived, we filed into the Communications Center, I a few steps ahead of my Embassy colleague, which explains my opening remark. From then on, the action was with him, although the Americans continued to seek my say-so.

The conference was an eye-opener to me. There were two screens, one for outgoing, one for incoming messages. You gave a message to a clerk, up it went on the screen, then pause of a length depending on how long it took to draft an answer, and up it went on the other screen — and you knew it had crossed the Atlantic in cypher. For the next two hours, levels of radioactivity, heights of cloud, air volumes swept, meteorological history and forecasts and other technical matters were discussed, the group in London growing as more and more people were called in, for example R.A.F. operations. At 5 a.m. Washington time (10 am London) the screen said "Dr. Marley has just left Harwell and will be with us in an hour." We looked at each other; none of us had been to bed, all the information Britain could use had been sent, and we said — I regret to report — "To Hell with Dr. Marley" and we started to go home.

I got to my home about 6.30 a.m., but I couldn't go to bed. You see, in those days we had Saturday morning duty in the U.K.S.M., it was my turn, and to preserve security I had to behave as though nothing had happened. So, bath and breakfast and in to the office.

It was fascinating to be involved in what you knew even at the time was a moment of history, although we didn't know what momentous decisions, culminating in Operation Ivy*, this moment of history would force on the U.S. Government. The Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, wouldn't accept that it was the test of a nuclear device. President Harry Truman found it hard to believe — ostriches, all of us.

Many years later, when they were writing "The Atomic Shield", Hewlett and Duncan approached me about a number of points in the 1947-52 era. At the end, one of them said to me — "Do you realize you were the first non-American citizen to enter the Communications Center in the Pentagon?" "No", I said, "I didn't."

* the 1952 thermonuclear test of 5 megatons.



Some members of the US-UK-Canada Declassification Conference photographed by the author as they relaxed outside Ridgeway House after lunch. Sitting l. to r.

Norman Feather, Edinburgh University; John Cockcroft, Director, A.E.R.E.; Bennett Boskey, Legal Division, U.S.A.E.C.; Harold Fidler, Declassification Section, U.S.A.E.C.; Warren Johnson, University of Chicago, Senior responsible Reviewer to U.S.A.E.C. Head of U.S. Delegation.

Standing l. to r. F.R. de Hoffman, U.S.A.E.C.; W.F. Libby, University of Chicago; Rudolf Peierls, Birmingham University. We have cut from the photograph Klaus Fuchs, who at the time was nervously puffing a cigarette.

TWO YEARS ON A REMOTE ISLE IN THE

Ken Curtis, ex Eng. Div., and his wife decided long ago that a quiet retirement wasn't for them.

Back home in Newbury this week the couple told of the excitement, enjoyment and troubles which went into making their expedition the trip of a lifetime.

Their stories were of an island full of happy and friendly people, temperatures constantly in the uncomfortable 90s, running short of food and other essentials and fighting off swarms of mosquitoes.

It was a trip which started for Mr. Curtis (64) and his 50-year-old wife in September, 1973, when they set off from their comfortable home in Grove Road, Newbury.

Some six weeks later they were settling into a rather primitive hut on the tiny island of Bern—so small that it is not marked on many maps. It is one of the Gilbert Islands, measuring just half-a-mile wide by 12 miles long and sitting almost astride the Equator.

They had left far behind them the traditional English meals to which they were used. Their diet in Bern consisted largely of bread, coconut, home-made beer and a great deal of fish.

Both Mr. Curtis and his wife, Ann, 61, are members of Newbury's United Reformed Church and it was through the church that they heard of the urgent need for a teacher in Bern.

A sound knowledge of mechanical drawing, wood-work and general handy work, Mr. Curtis was well qualified for the job and when his application through the Council for World Mission was accepted he devoted himself to learning more about teaching in a classroom.

They did a lot of home-work and by the time they left for Bern had a sound knowledge of what to expect there. Above all, they knew that it was not going to be a holiday in the sun.

It involved hard work and long hours in temperatures which frequently topped 90 degrees Fahrenheit, found that it slowed me down a great deal.

In all the two years, we were there it only rained really hard on about four days. The rest of the time we had a constant drizzle which we don't mind at all. While Mr. Curtis taught handicrafts at the Hiram Bingham High School, his wife was involved in teaching

basic foods because they had not arrived from the island of Tarawa or had deteriorated in the sun. And there were the times when she had to attempt to make bread from flour infested with weevils and grubs. "Sometimes it was impossible to get all of them out and I had to confess that they would die and not harm the food content," she said with a smile.



"We ate a great deal of fish and it did become rather monotonous, though flying fish and tuna were quite tasty. We vowed that when we got back we would not eat fish but it is surprising that altogether different and much nicer."

The stay on Bern was not without its troubles. The most worrying of those came when a mosquito bite on Mrs. Curtis's leg became septic and developed into an ulcer.

Fortunately, they were due to go to Tarawa anyway, and after a painful three-day journey by boat she was able to get the treatment she needed.

Mrs. Curtis also spent a few days in hospital when she contracted a fever known as denghi, which, fortunately, did not prove serious.



A Gilbertese girl weaves a basket in preparation for one of the feasts, which are a regular feature of life in Bern.

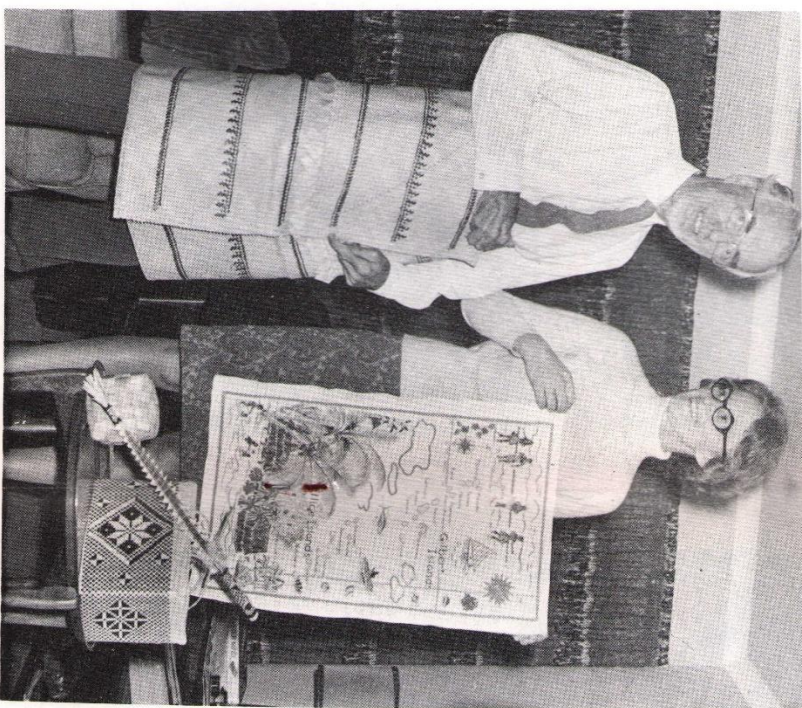
will never forget the gratitude of the people. But I know that there are going to be a lot of people who will wish we were still there. Those times are unlikely to include meal times, Mr. Curtis lost 11 stones while living on Bern's rather basic foods and he is now planning to put some of it back.

There can be no doubt, however, that the trip was one they will look back on with many fond memories. In particular, they will treasure the friendliness and easy going attitudes which they learned to do out there, says Mr. Curtis. "The pace of living is so different and people always seem to much happier."

In the near future the couple will be showing slides of their trip to members of the United Reformed Church in Newbury. Mr. Curtis will be travelling widely to give talks on their work in Bern to other churches.

Meanwhile, their arrival back in Britain has given the pair a chance to meet up with their two daughters off to only briefly, before flying off to visit Canada, while the other is off to Zambia—they're what you could call an adventurous family.

PACIFIC



Photos: E.C. Paine — — — Reproduced by permission of "Newbury Weekly News".

The character and background of the Doctor has been accumulating over the years. Though he is 750 years old, as he never ceases to remind us ("As I said to William the Conqueror/Genghis Khan/Peter the Great/Pio Nono/Leonardo/Philippe Egalité at the time"), it is perhaps the change of personality that has kept the series interesting. Patrick Troughton, who succeeded William Hartnell, portrayed an eccentric, flute playing, slightly fey Doctor who wore funny hats. Jon Pertwee's steely, elegant technocrat, keen on gadgets (and a souped-up veteran car called "Bessie"), has also vanished.

The man who has been the fourth Dr Who for the past 18 months is Tom Baker—a very tall man with a beautiful voice and a range of expression from the nobly heroic to a fleeting resemblance to Harpo Marx.

"Everyone who has played Dr Who seems to have enjoyed it", he says. "I find that my face is associated with something very nice and very charming and great fun. It is certainly delightful to see the effect it has on children. I have enjoyed my life much more since I became the Doctor—I used to get terribly tired of Tom Baker."

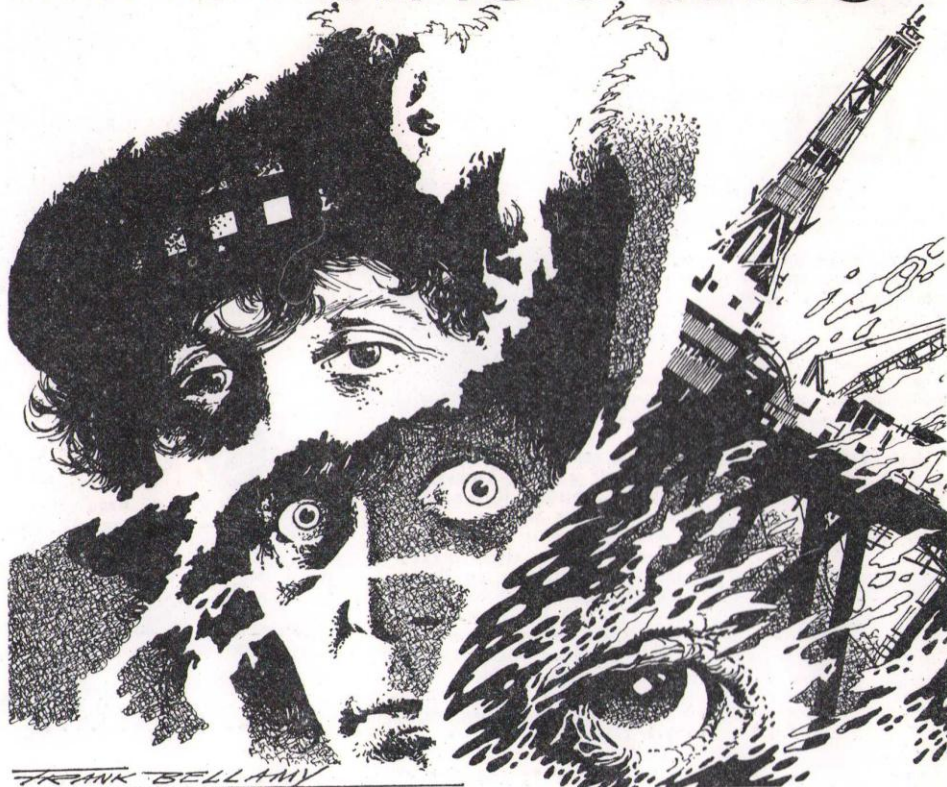
Philip Hinchcliffe, producer of the series, says: "What we have tried to do with Tom is to get back some of the eccentricity of the earlier character. Children are very conservative—they always hate change. It happens every time the Doctor changes—but now Tom seems very popular."

The Doctor's suitably eccentric appearance evolved over two days of dressing up. His large hat proves something of a trial in the studio, each scene preceded by an announcement from the director's assistant that the Doctor is/is not wearing his hat. The long striped scarf is a personal hazard for the Doctor. "I am constantly tripping over it. It's about 16 or 17 feet long, and in damp weather it's practically 20 feet. I had a letter from a girl who had knitted one (there's a pattern) and the first morning she wore it to school she fell downstairs and broke her ankle."

"I get lots of letters", says the fourth Doctor. "It's lovely to get nice letters from children. They always ask if I want any help—if I need them they'll be glad to join me. Children seem to like me—they send me St Christopher medals and things like that." He does a lot of work publicizing the programme, and was amazed to find 5,000 people waiting to see him in Glasgow a short while ago. This year he switched on the illuminations at Blackpool.

It is a six-day week while the series is being made. Studio time is precious, as there can be as many as 50 scenes with a number of special effects—

FIRST: WHO'S WHO?



something repulsive being wound round an arm and carefully sprayed with fresh green slime, for example—yet the programme gets no more time allotted to it than a straightforward play. All the sets are placed back to back in the hangar-like studio, like a Chinese puzzle—drawing-room, hall, laboratory, corridors and rooftops crammed up together, with the producer's box above.

Douglas Carnfield, director of more than 50 episodes, has said that it is the most difficult show to direct in the BBC.

A working day can start at 10.30 am with camera rehearsals and end at 10 pm. There is always the unexpected to deal with. A key member of the cast caught chicken pox, and while waiting for the dreaded varicella to strike again, they had to film as much of the programme without him as they could. Robert Holmes, the script editor, who has himself written many of the scripts, including *The Ark in Space* (which had giant ants taking over the bodies of human beings) recalls some troublesome hitches.

In his first programme as the Doctor, Tom Baker fell while on location in Dartmoor, and at the end of the take it was discovered that he had broken his collarbone; Elizabeth Sladen was rescued from being swept away in Wookey Hole. The principal characters have now done 48 episodes without a

break. Anyone who thinks it is a glamorous life should opt for a regular job in the salt mines.

Philip Hinchcliffe sees the Doctor as an epic hero—allowing for the eccentric image, both he and Robert Holmes feel that Dr Who must be taken extremely seriously. In 1974 the scripts received the Writers Guild Award. As in farce, there are rules to be kept in science fiction. The whole has a mad logic of its own, which has to be worked through, while maintaining the dramatic tension.

Details are all-important. "I dread", Robert Holmes says, "the 13-year-old pedant who knows more physics than I do."

Every now and then there is an outcry that the programme is too violent, too alarming, too unsuitable for children. It is a convention that the more timid of the 60 per cent adults, 40 per cent children (who make up the weekly audience of 10,000,000 or so) watch from a safe distance—behind a sofa or through a crack in the door, shivering with delicious fright. There was a series in which people died unaccountably of the thing they feared the most, and sooner or later the Dr Who programme will get you where you live—fire, suffocation, radiation sickness, falling from great heights, enormous spiders, giant maggots, totalitarian regimes, man-eating plants and a never-ending series of un-

pleasant monsters. Everything, that is—except sex.

But the Doctor's ladies have, in the main, been pretty, silly little girls who moved the plot on by falling into the clutches of some loathsome creature and screaming the place down, thus setting back the cause of women by at least a century or so. Elizabeth Sladen, as Sarah Jane Smith, is first rate at conveying fear, terror and grief, and is allowed not only to be more beautiful than the other ladies, but also to take action on her own. Described as a journalist, she lives a life free of irate news editors and awkward questions about strange expense accounts. She probably works for a colour magazine. But with the Doctor so much younger these days...

Coming, as it now does, immediately after the News, where baddies of every race, creed and colour (not to mention the odd monster) are clearly winning hands down, *Dr Who* is an intensely moral (and entertaining) tale of the triumph of virtue and superior technology. Should we ask for anything more? Missing the last episode of *Dr Who and the Zygons*, I rang my father (another fan) and shrieked:

"What happened?"

"They escaped", he said.

That's what we all really want to do.

Philippa Toomey



Written
and illustrated
**by Reg
Wilkinson**

Waiting for a cloud to pass over the sun, the film crew and (left to right) Barry Letts, the director, Elizabeth Sladen playing Sarah Jane Smith, and Tom Baker playing Dr. Who.

The day Dr. Who visited the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell

A BBC television story in which the dreaded Kraals tried to take over the world and were foiled by Dr. Who ended just before Christmas 1975. After seeing part of the story filmed five months earlier at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, it was fascinating to view the final version on the small screen.

On a hot day in July the film crew arrived at Harwell with a mobile generator, a mobile canteen and various vehicles packed with costumes, props and photographic equipment. They had chosen to shoot scenes on and around the building which houses the headquarters of the National Radiological Protection Board, because of its futuristic appearance.

The building had been officially opened by the Queen Mother a month earlier. The story required it to be a space defence station and the notice board at the front entrance was altered accordingly.

Local children were invited to watch the filming and a crowd soon gathered. Dr. Who, played by Tom Baker, did not keep the spectators waiting long. In no time at all he was running around on the roof of the NRPB building and leaping to the ground far below. In fact the leap, on to a pile of mattresses, was made by Terry Walsh, a stunt-man, but it looked remarkably realistic on television.

Soldiers were filmed in the process of shooting at the good doctor. Naturally they



Tom Baker, in full Dr. Who regalia, signs autographs in between scenes.

Sarah Jane Smith, played by Elizabeth Sladen, in the process of being filmed during a chase sequence.

fired blanks, but the noise they made was terrific and cartridge cases flew in all directions, causing the spectators to keep their distance.

In between scenes, all thoroughly rehearsed before filming began, Tom Baker mixed with the onlookers and signed autographs. All the members of the film crew and the actors were very friendly and chatted freely to everyone who showed an interest in their work.

Next, it was the turn of Sarah Jane Smith, played by Elizabeth Sladen. She was filmed in various situations where she was being chased or was hiding around the NRPB building. In between "takes" she was inundated with requests for autographs from both children and adults.

During filming, Dr. Who's police-box, the Tardis, stood incongruously among an assortment of props in a furniture van. It gave the impression of having nowhere to go, even though it was supposed to be able to travel in time and space for the purposes of the television series.

In the afternoon filming continued and various chase sequences ended up "in the can." The stars of the story, directed by Barry Letts the ex-actor, and members of the film crew, worked hard all the time. This was in spite of the increase in the number of spectators, who sometimes got in the way, and a cloudy sky which occasionally caused them to delay filming until the sun reappeared. They were still at work when Harwell's regular employees departed for home at 5 pm.

Next day it was raining. The television

By permission of "Buckinghamshire and Berkshire Countryside"



people and the crowds had all gone. The white walls of the NRPB building, dazzling in the previous day's sunlight, appeared dull and drab against the grey sky. Things were back to normal with a vengeance.

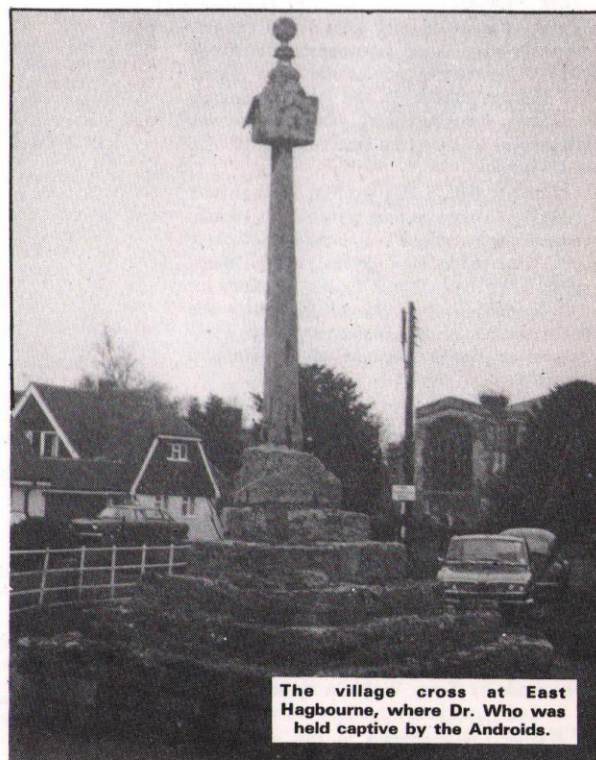
At the week-end the local papers were full of Dr. Who's visit to Harwell. They also mentioned the occupation, two days later, of East Hagbourne, a village not far from Harwell. On this occasion the members of the film crew were aided by Androids, the

robot allies of the Kraals, who took over the Fleur de Lys public house and caused Dr. Who to be tied to the village cross for several hours.

The move to East Hagbourne was scheduled to take place on the day after the visit to Harwell, but this was prevented by the rain. It would appear that even an invasion from outer space is not powerful enough to compete with the unpredictable English climate!



The Fleur de Lys public house at East Hagbourne, which was occupied for a time by the Androids.



The village cross at East Hagbourne, where Dr. Who was held captive by the Androids.



CONTRASTING REMINDERS OF
UNDER MILK WOOD

in the Harwell Social Club

JUNE PRODUCTION: "DEVIL MAY CARE".

Dick and Steve Sambell as Mr. Ogmore and Mr. Pritchard,
 with Jean Crow as the twice-widowed Mrs. Ogmore-Pritchard.

PHOTOS BY JOHN BIRMINGHAM

Ceri Williams as Lily Smalls





30 YEARS' SERVICE

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sitting, left to right: M. Snowden,

J. F. Hill,
F. Barnett,

W. G. L. Brownrigg,
R. Hill

G. Fowler, A. D. Andrew
Dr. J. E. M. Johnston

WORD WHEEL

The clues (all 6-letter words) give you the missing letters in each of the inner circles 1-6. Fill in the same three letters, rearranged as necessary,

Clues

1. One who aids
2. A carrier
3. He held a mad tea-party
4. Struck with horror
5. A place for established trees
6. Dilute the drink

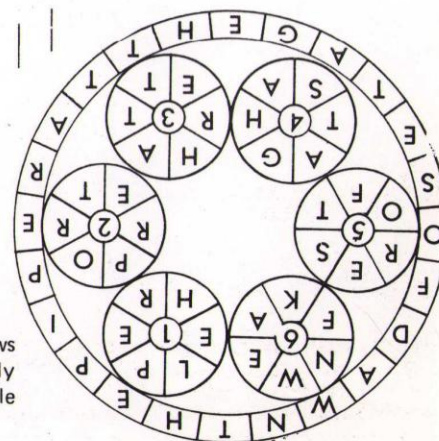
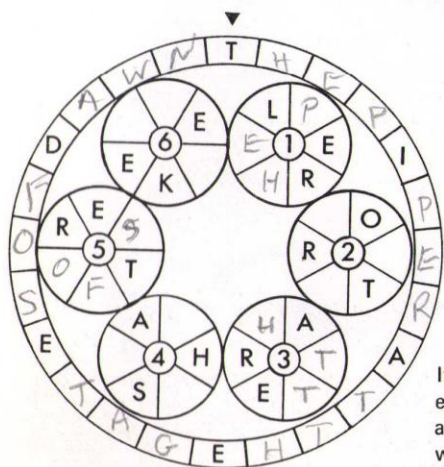
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A.E.R.E., HARWELL.

If you disagree with any of the views expressed in this issue—or feel strongly about anything else—a letter or an article will be welcome from you.

in the adjoining spaces in the outer circle. Starting clockwise from the arrowed letter, the title of a chapter from 'The Wind In The Willows' will appear.

This puzzle was supplied by Quiz Digest, the monthly magazine for puzzle addicts.

Answer:



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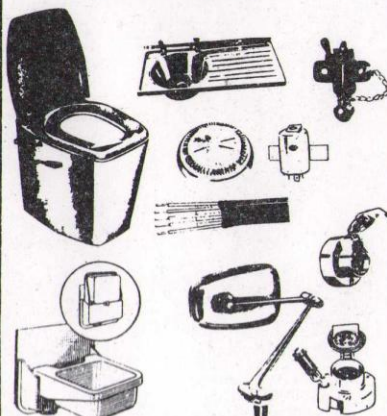
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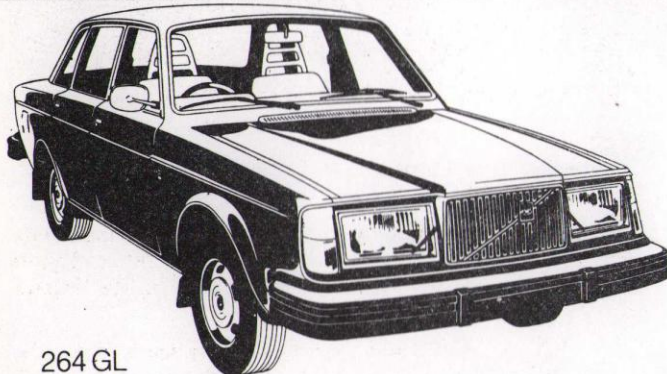
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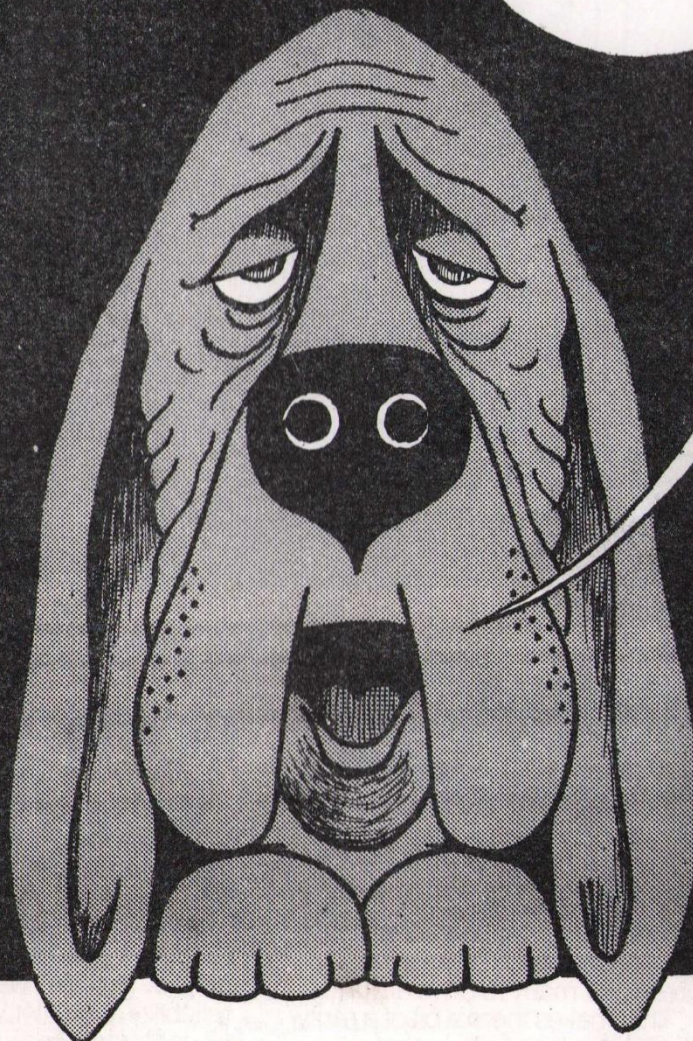
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