

3p

SEPTEMBER 1977

Harlequin

Leisure Magazine of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Research Group and Associated Organisations



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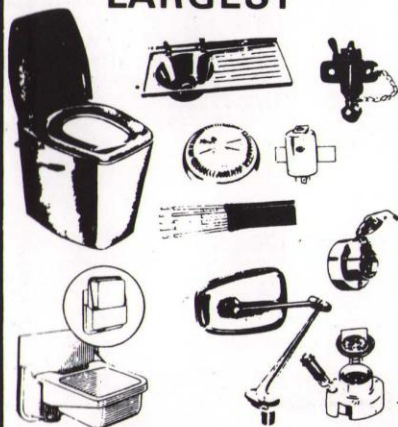
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ABINGDON 24141
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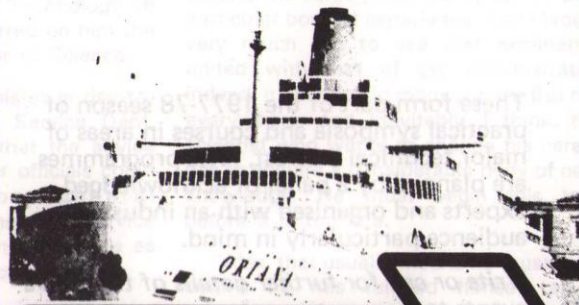
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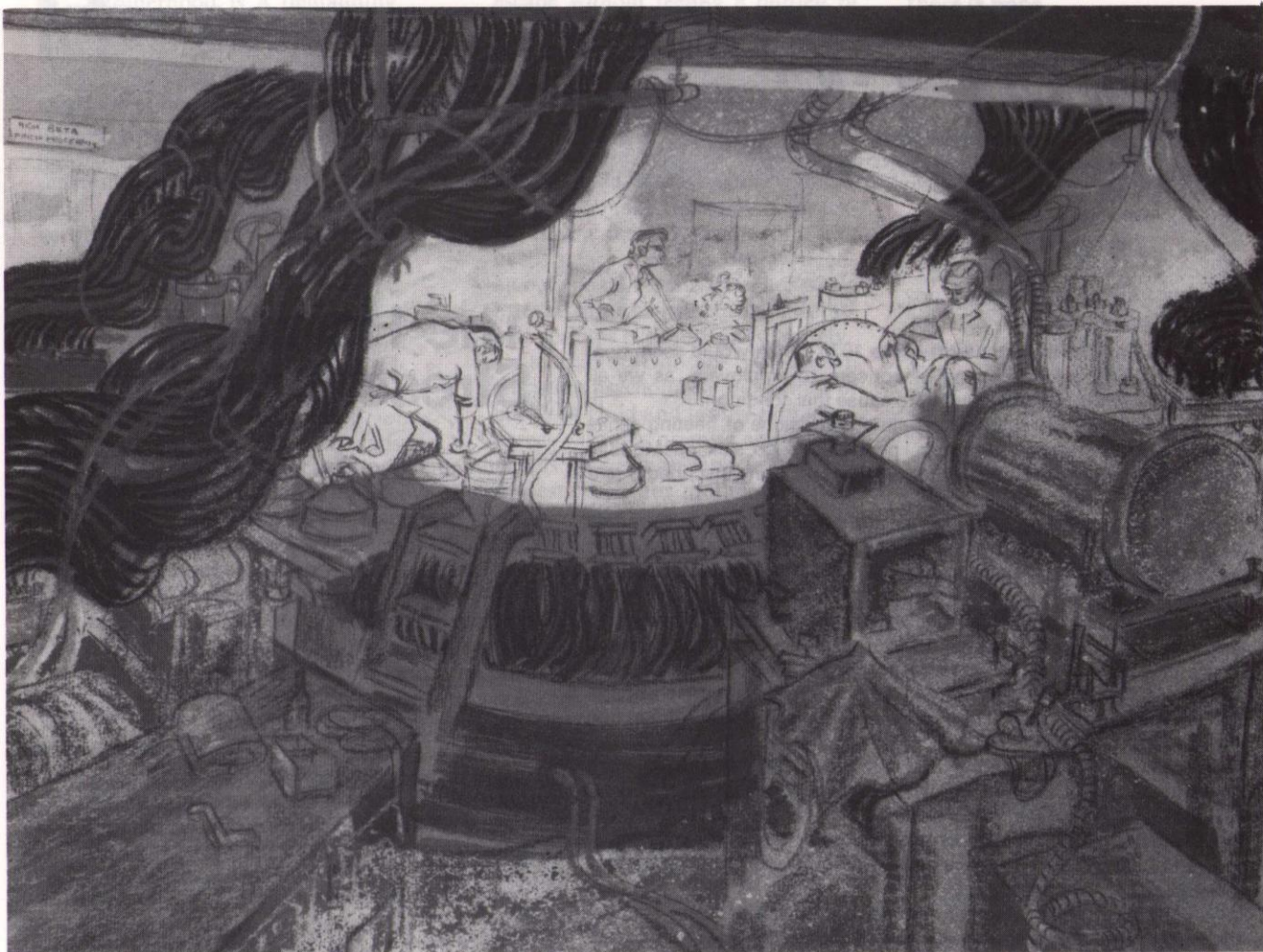
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Seton McConnell

Science is part of life

Science is becoming an integral part of everyday life and everyday thinking, said Lord Peart, the Lord Privy Seal, speaking at Cranfield Institute of Technology in May, where he had conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

Lord Peart, who is Minister in day-to-day charge of the Civil Service Dept. added: "It is often said that the advice given to Ministers by their officials could be improved if more general administrative posts in the Civil Service were filled by people with experience as working scientists and technologists.

"I fully agree with this in principle, and so, I know, do many scientists.

"The trouble is the practice. Few seem willing to give up the promise of future scientific glory for the sake of a move to the uncertainty of another very different specialism. One must not forget that administration - in the Civil Service sense of policy formulation and advice - is not just applied common sense, it is a specialism in its own right. And like all

specialisms it cannot be learnt overnight.

"The scientist or technologist, as he follows his career, also builds up his own particular body of experience. And I would very much like to see that experience united with that of the administrator; indeed, it overlaps in many places. But not everywhere, and inevitably, I think, the scientist who wants to change his career has to acquire a considerable body of new knowledge. He must begin this task before it is too late.

"Alas, that usually means he must start before he has fulfilled himself as a scientist, and so not surprisingly, few really good scientists choose this road.

"I will not pretend that the path from science and technology to administration is an easy one. The trail has been blazed though, and a way exists. I hope to see an increasing number of people following it. But there must be no misapprehension - it is given to very few, however gifted they may be, to become the master of two demanding trades."



STRESS

THE SILENT THREAT?

Stress accounts for more time off in the 1970's than would seem possible and suddenly it is becoming of concern to employers, as we all try and understand what is happening to cause this condition.

The term 'psychosomatic illness' conjures up visions of fleeting aches and pains the doctor can't diagnose, people who go sick on Monday morning, and the hypochondriac who had his tombstone inscribed. *I told you I was sick*.

But contrary to this popular image, a psychosomatic illness is *not* 'all in your head'. In fact, you can die just as dead from a psychosomatic illness as the other kind. And in reality, the 'other kind' of illness may be extremely rare.

Psychosomatic (or as one author termed it, 'emotionally induced') illness probably accounts for over 50% of all cases doctors see. Some estimate that as much as 90% of all illness is precipitated by unhealthy emotions. So, far from being a figment of some hypochondriac's imagination, emotionally induced illness is something we all suffer from at one time or another.

Thousands of years ago King Solomon wrote that 'a broken spirit dries up the bones'. Did he recognise the link between what goes on in our heads and the condition of our bodies?

Research scientists have discovered that *stress* (defined as wear and tear on the body produced by any activity) *can be produced by feelings and emotions*.

How does this happen? Experiments have shown that every emotion automatically produces certain *physical* changes in our bodies.

One dramatic example of this was a man who had a surgical opening made in his stomach following an accident. This made it possible for doctors to observe the changes that occurred under different circumstances. When he was upset, 'his stomach became red and engorged, and soon the folds were thick and turgid. Acid production accelerated sharply and vigorous contractions began' (*Effective Psychology for Managers*, Mortimer Feinberg, p.92).

How do such dramatic changes come about? Here is how scientists explain it: 'Whenever you are in a situation of threat, your body prepares to flee or to fight. In moments of peril everything gets into the act. First, messages from your eyes or ears get carried to the pituitary gland located at the base of the brain. [It] secretes a substance known as ACTH into the bloodstream. ACTH triggers the adrenal glands, located above the kidneys, which further secrete . . . cortisone. Then everything within the body pops. The heart beats rapidly. Muscles of the stomach and intestines contract, forcing the blood to circulate faster. Breathing speeds up. You are ready for the enemy' (*ibid.*, p. 91).

If the provocation is minor—if it's not necessary to fight—then the body undergoes this stress for no good reason. You can't punch your boss in the nose for criticising your work, so you suffer quietly while your stomach ulcerates.

After being battered by enough negative emotions, the body breaks down at its weakest point and illness results. The list of diseases directly brought on by emotions is seemingly endless. Everything from colds to cancer has been attributed to mentally induced stress. And in between in seriousness are such maladies as arthritis, asthma, fatigue, hay fever, headaches, high cholesterol, heart attacks and circulatory disorders, hypertension, hives, insomnia, and ulcers.

Your mind can make you ill. But the reverse is also true. As Solomon also supposedly wrote: 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine', and 'A tranquil mind gives life to the flesh'.

Just as negative emotions can wear the body down, positive feelings can build it up. And we now know that people have a lot more control over the way their bodies function than was previously thought possible.

The Holmes Stress Scale

Psychiatrist Thomas H. Holmes of America's University of Washington School of Medicine has developed a scale to measure the relative stress induced by various changes in a person's life. The amount of stress is measured on a point scale of 200 'life-change units.' Studies by Dr. Holmes and his associates show that if you accumulate more than 200 units in a single year your life has probably been disrupted enough to make you vulnerable to illness.

Event	Scale of Impact
Death of spouse	100
Divorce	73
Marital separation	65
Gaol term	63
Death of close family member	63
Personal injury or illness	53
Marriage	50
Fired at work	47
Marital reconciliation	45
Retirement	45
Change in health of family member	44
Pregnancy	40
Sex difficulties	39
Gain of new family member	39
Business readjustment	39
Change in financial state	38
Death of close friend	37
Change to different line of work	36
Change in number of arguments with spouse ..	35
Major mortgage or loan commitment	31
Foreclosure of mortgage or loan	30
Change in responsibilities at work	29
Son or daughter leaving home	29
Trouble with in-laws	29
Outstanding personal achievement	28
Wife begins or stops work	26
Begin or end school	26
Change in living conditions	25
Revision of personal habits	24
Trouble with boss	23
Change in work hours or conditions	20
Change in residence	20
Change in schools	20
Change in recreation	19
Change in church activities	19
Change in social activities	18
Minor mortgage or loan commitment	17
Change in sleeping habits	16
Change in number of family get-togethers	15
Change in eating habits	15
Holiday	13
Christmas	12
Minor infringement of the law	11

Motherhood is a demanding, rewarding profession. Nobody—teacher, preacher, psychologist—gets the same chance to mold human minds and nurture human bodies and emotions like a mother. It can be a tremendously satisfying job, and the results of truly competent mothering can reverberate down through the generations.

What Causes Burnout?

Our society has yet to take a straight, honest, collective look at motherhood and see it for what it is — a tremendously rewarding, but also tremendously demanding job that can provide immense satisfactions but sometimes exacts a terrific toll.

Marriage is a fantastic opportunity for growth, and children give parents an even greater opportunity to grow and develop. But growth is sometimes, perhaps more often than not, a painful process. A young woman should be thoroughly prepared for the sacrifice, the self-denial, the total giving that's required of a mother before she ever says "I do." She needs to be a thoroughly mature person who "has her head on straight," so to speak. She should have lived, experienced, studied, worked, traveled enough to know what it means to give these things up for a certain number of years to become the willing servant of one or more small, emotionally and physically demanding human beings.

Young women may delude themselves into thinking they're prepared for this giant step when they definitely are not. They may have bought the fairy tale of Prince Charming as the answer to all their frustrations, when in actuality this "happy ending" will only aggravate their problems. Marriage is not for immature people—and neither is parenthood.

Women who have married with this dream firmly in mind may be unable to give it up long after the honeymoon is over. Not ever having been presented with an honest alternative to this world's false concept of marriage and family life, they compare their reality with the media mirage and feel a vague or not-so-vague dissatisfaction, but can't really put their finger on the cause. Perhaps they blame themselves, their husbands, their income, their mother-in-law, or some other factor for their unhappy situation.

Dr. Maslach's research has shown that the one biggest help in preventing burnout is time off, time to

escape without feeling a burden of guilt. "Time-offs" are possible in well-staffed hospitals and welfare agencies. But how does a mother take a time-off? She can't just call in sick.

Of course it is a wife's and mother's job to deal with her children, and make her home a peaceful haven for her family. But she needs peace too. She deeply needs an occasional respite from her work, just the same as her husband does—and perhaps even more desperately.

Dr. James Dobson, well-known Christian psychologist and author of books on child and family problems, agrees with this premise and recommends two things: first of all, that domestic help for mothers of small children should be available if at all possible (he suggests hiring competent high school students if one cannot afford adult helpers); and secondly, that a wife "should get out of the house completely for one day a week, doing something for sheer enjoyment. This seems more important to the happiness of the home than buying new drapes [curtains] or a power saw for Dad" (*What Wives Wish Their Husbands Knew About Women*, p. 53).

Another helpful alternative is for the father to take a more active role in parenting at critical junctures during the day. A recent study in the U.S. showed that the average time spent by middle-class fathers with their small children was *thirty-seven seconds per day!* Fathers directly interacted with their children an average of 2.7 times daily, each encounter lasting only ten to fifteen seconds! This shocking, tragic situation could be avoided if more fathers were aware of their wives' (and children's) needs and took over parenting for a while each day as a break for their battle-weary spouses. Studies have also shown that more home accidents occur around 5 p.m.—the time mother is cooking dinner, the kids are hungry and cranky, and dad has just returned from his day's trials. This is also the time when symptoms of burnout—the traditional shouting, screaming predinner freakout—usually occur. But a husband who really loves his wife as he loves himself won't have too much trouble empathizing with her situation. He will realize that if he can take only five minutes (or less) of his offspring before they begin to "get on his nerves," then he will know how she feels, having been with them all day long with no break.

There Is Hope

But what if you're already a burned-out mother? Is the situation hopeless? Not at all. Burned-out mothers, like burned-out doctors and social workers, can be rehabilitated. It takes time and caring, though, and a conscious effort on the mother's part to face reality, accept her condition, and do something about it.

Awareness is half the battle. If you know you are going to be worn out at a particular time, reschedule the day if possible or warn your family of your delicate condition. They can't cooperate and avoid pushing you to the brink unless they know how you feel. They'll probably make noise, for example, unless they realize quiet is needed. In his book *Parent Effectiveness Training*, Dr. Thomas Gordon mentions that one father made his small daughter aware of his need for "quiet time" when he first got home, promising to spend time with her once he had "recharged his batteries." She became so solicitous that she, who formerly bugged him to death, now kept others away, explaining his need for temporary rest. Perhaps mothers could put the same strategy into action.

Time alone is therapeutic. Room for privacy is also important. While it may be nearly impossible for parents to afford a house where each child has his or her own room and both parents have some sort of den, sewing room, or whatever, a mother needs a nook or cranny she can call her own—a place where she can at least temporarily have undisturbed privacy. Sometimes even long walks alone can be helpful in this respect.

A Priceless Opportunity

It cannot be emphasized enough that marriage and motherhood can be a tremendous opportunity for growth and character development—and this, after all, is our purpose for being here. Without daily problems and challenges to face openly and honestly, life would indeed be boring and purposeless.

Each individual family and each mother will have to come up with their own particular strategy for coping with the possibility or the reality of burnout in their lives. Not all of the above suggestions will work for everybody; nobody's situation is exactly the same. But given enough creative thought, love and support, the problem of the burned-out mother can be resolved. □

The whole-hearted support of the village Jubilee fund had laid a sound financial foundation for the activities of the great day: the High Street was festively decorated with a mile of bunting, and at 8.30 am the bell ringers reminded everyone that Tuesday 7 June was Jubilee Day as they commenced to ring a quarter peal. Promptly at 10 o'clock, with the Girls' Brigade, Guides, Cubs, Scouts and the Royal British Legion assembled on the car park outside the village hall, with their colours flying and hundreds of spectators present, the parade was called to attention for the Chairman of the Parish Council, Brian Merciffe, for AERE's 1 & A.P. Division to read the loyal address. He used the historic words of the Queen's proclamation at the commencement of her reign: "Twenty-five years ago Her Britannic Majesty was proclaimed Queen Elizabeth II by the Grace of God Queen of the Realm and of all her other Realms and Territories, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith. On this Jubilee day we the people of Harwell village proclaim our loyalty to the Crown. God save the Queen!"

Following three rousing cheers for the Queen, the parade marched to Church led by the youth organisations. Every seat was occupied, with extra chairs in the aisles and still more people standing at the back. The service of Thanksgiving was conducted by the vicar, the Rev. Norman Russell, assisted by the Rev. Andrew Matthew.

Never before has such a large crowd been assembled in the High Street than that which gathered to watch, applaud and cheer the efforts of the competitors, and indeed the organisers in their colourful costumes, for the pancake, pram and wheelbarrow races. This was a day when, by sheer numbers of pedestrians, the motor car was relegated to a secondary place. The pancakes were tossed, some were dropped and retrieved, and on the contestants raced. Two heats were run and from the final Mrs Lambell emerged triumphant. Some extraordinary mums and babies careered at break-neck speed in the race that followed. All five public houses were visited for refreshment and provided ample evidence of the calorific value of their wares. Minor breakdowns and spills added to the excitement: two teams were reported to have lost their way, there were a few skinned knuckles, but much good humour. By this time, many spectators were asking their thrills, as the public houses all reported a brisk trade. The under-12s comprised in a walking race with Spenser Jeffries the first to arrive at the Church. 146 bouquets of flowers were delivered by the children to the over-70s.

THE HARWELL PLAYGROUP FLOAT



HARWELL VILLAGE CELEBRATES

Right:

The Parish Chairman in drag for the football match

Far right:

The Tug-o-war by the Harwell Stream - going in and coming out

Bottom right: Getting ready for the pram race



Whilst some withdrew discreetly to prepare for the afternoon's events, two doughty teams assembled at the "Kicking Donkey" to contest a Tug-of-War across the stream. If it was more power to the elbow of the Donkey men, equal credit must go to the sporting attitude of those from the "White Hart" who cheerfully took defeat and the plunge.

Old villagers tell tales of Harwell feasts of long ago and photographs abound to show the skills that made fancy dress parades renowned, but none there are that saw a better show than on this Jubilee Day. Much ingenuity, inspiration and sheer hard work went into the preparation of the floats and costumes. Eleven decorated floats were preceded by a piper whilst Katrina Stuart, Harwell's Jubilee Queen, with Caroline Barber and Lesley Prior, the two princesses, rode in a decorated chariot. The chariot (could it really have been Mr Napper's Landrover?) was escorted by a troop of mounted Hussars. Many children and adults, some of doubtful femininity, frolicked along in procession to the recreation ground undaunted by a brief shower of rain. The combined effect was a parade worthy of a Lord Mayor's Show with a generous response from those who only stood and watched. On reaching Beech House, the procession paused to wish 96 years old Mrs Carter a happy birthday on this the Jubilee Day. It seemed that the whole village had turned out, and more besides.

Seven visitors to the village, four from Yorkshire, the others from almost as far away, bravely judged the fancy dresses and floats. Katrina gracefully presented the prizes and the fête progressed. The Cubs, Scouts and fathers (!) entertained with a comic football match: a gymnastic display by Elaine Marchant and Jackie Lythe was much applauded, as was the marching display by the Girls' Brigade. Much effort was exerted by the exponents of Tug-of-War and by the ladies who served refreshments. Stalls and sideshows did brisk business, children had rides on ponies and everyone was happy. Looking down on it all were those who climbed the many steps to the top of the church tower. If the normal routine of meals had been upset, it did not matter, for throughout the activities of the day pigs had been roasting at the "White Hart" and the "Kicking Donkey".

If the object of the exercise was to enjoy ourselves - we did. And if those in charge today say to those who are coming still "Beat that", well may they try!

ONE OF THE GIRLS BRIGADE FLOATS

The windmill made of cardboard, survived the festival



WELDED BLISS -

BERNARD BROOM

A TALE OF OUR TIME

Mr. Jones (that was not, indeed is not, his real name, of course) spent most of his time carrying racks of test tubes (some of which he broke) from one bench to another, operating a centrifuge and collecting computer printout paper to take home to his children. After several years, it became apparent to him that there was a side to his nature that was not being given sufficient scope for expression. It was not that his life had been empty and devoid of interest. He had, after all, done those things which most men do, that is, entered into a long-term partnership with a woman he found attractive, engendered children and taken on the continuing responsibilities of providing that standard of living to which they all had become accustomed. However, in spite of all this, he suffered from the growing need for a unique and personal creative achievement in his life. He was aware only of a sense of restlessness and increasing dissatisfaction with the tele, but did not discuss this with his wife. Had he done so, life would have become easier more rapidly, since she suffered in much the same way. This lack of communication caused each of them to seek an answer without help of any kind, and resulted in several disturbing incidents.

One Friday afternoon Mr. Jones arrived home from work and, as usual, backed his car into the garage. Then, instead of hurrying indoors to greet his wife, he opened the boot and lifted out a heavy rather large box which he carefully lowered onto his work bench. For several moments he gazed at this box with a soft smile, savouring the anticipation of opening it. He deliberately refrained from doing so, deciding to defer that moment of pleasure until after his evening meal, when relaxed and replete, he could enjoy it more fully.

On Sunday, his small son Edward (or Charles or Sidney - take your choice) a boy of much curiosity, ventured into the garage during one of his father's short absences. His curiosity took the form of direct practical experiment. In the past this approach had led to very interesting, informative and enjoyable results, but on this occasion he was thrown violently to the garage floor. Luckily his hands were not burnt, but the sensation of violent shock was not to his taste. Being a boy who was as discreet in relation to his father as he was curious about his

environment, he made no mention of this incident. However, this trauma led to severe phobia in later life, so that his home was never lit other than by gas, candle or paraffin which made his eyesight and that of his wife and children fail rapidly.

After a week or two the neighbours' relationship with Mr. Jones became decidedly frigid. The hammerings and cursings which issued from Mr. Jones' garage, sometimes far into the night, were not easily accepted by those who were accustomed to peace and excellent television reception. One elderly lady took to locking her doors and windows and drawing all the curtains every evening. She had recently seen a revival of "Frankenstein" on the television. The blue glow and splutterings from Mr. Jones' garage led her to expect a future visit from a large gentleman with two club feet, and nightly she sat, hammer in hand, until the activities ceased.

Fear was also tainting the atmosphere of Mr. Jones' household. Mrs. Jones noted with apprehension the small burnt holes that were appearing in the front of her husband's trousers, and viewed with considerable anxiety the cessation of that mutual private pleasure which they had enjoyed over the years. His son avoided all electric switches and appliances and would even ask his mother to switch on the television for him. Little Emily now had to have an oil lamp constantly burning in her bedroom, and carried a large battery lantern with her everywhere.

Mr. Jones, however, was not the only cause of this rapidly deteriorating domestic situation. Mrs. Jones, attempting the same kind of exercise as her husband in seeking personal fulfillment, had developed her square knitting to its extreme. She carried her knitting everywhere, including into the kitchen with the result that many otherwise delicious meals became entangled with indigestible lengths and even skeins of wool. Mr. Jones was particularly discomforted, on occasions, by the calouses which had developed on her fingers. He also had great difficulty in looking her straight in the eyes when the situation demanded, since these were now almost permanently crossed.

At the table, his wife noticed his air of self-satisfaction and asked suspiciously,

"What's happened, Timothy? (that isn't his real name either, or ever likely to be).

"Well, Ethel", (also an invented name), "I've bought an electric welder!" he replied smugly. Ethel felt that there was no answer to that, and cleared the table.

Mr. Jones went eagerly out to the garage, and about half an hour later, every light in the house went out. His daughter Emily (I'm still not using real names), who was quite young, screamed and burst into tears. His wife dropped four stitches of the square she was knitting for charity and sighed "Whatever has that fool done now?" She sometimes called her husband a fool, occasionally with justification.

Mr. Jones picked his way indoors with his torch, calling out cheerfully "It's all right, Gertrude, just a fuse!"

"Do be careful, Stanley," shouted his wife. After a moment, the lights came on but promptly extinguished themselves again.

"Damn!" said Mr. Jones, a man given only to the mildest of expletives. Emily fell down stairs.

Next day saw little of Mr. Jones in the house. Having achieved a compromise with the electrical system, he was able to work with his welding equipment. There came from the garage a mixture of noises; hammerings, splutterings and most disturbing of all, words which, for Mr. Jones, were most unusual.

When he came indoors late that evening, tired and rather unkempt, his wife said "Really, Frederick, you must watch your language. What will the neighbours think? What on earth are you doing, anyhow?"

"I'm making a wrought iron gate," he answered proudly. In the fervour of creative enthusiasm he looked back on the day without remembering the frustrations or the rather painful small burns on his hands. He thought only of the satisfaction of his achievement which had been to join together, rather loosely, two smallish pieces of bent metal.

His state of affairs was not one which could continue without a final major disaster. Luckily a solution came in time to avoid a total collapse of the family unit.

Mrs. Jones' square knitting had

reached the point of a compulsive neurosis, but in her short periods of normality she recognised the appalling boredom of her self-imposed task. It was during one of these lucid moments that she visited the local library seeking some avenue of escape. She returned home, eyes shining (and uncrossed) excited almost to the point of hysteria.

Mr. Jones was, of course, in the garage struggling with an increasing sense of hopelessness. His wife burst in on him shouting one word -

"WACECI"

Mr. Jones anxiously raised his welding goggles, convinced that his wife had finally cracked. However, she soon calmed down and was able to say breathlessly "Wantage Adult and Community Education Centre".

Those of you who have managed to read thus far will at this point realise that this is publicity blurb!

Anyhow, the Centre at Wantage could, in fact, have been the solution to Mr. and Mrs. Jones' problems and may indeed be of some value to you, although I can hardly imagine that any of you could be in an exactly similar situation!

There are upwards of 50 classes running in Wantage, ranging from Yoga to 'A' level History, and Painting to Model Engineering. There are Swimming classes, Guitar classes, Keep Fit, Pottery and Upholstery classes. In fact, most things you can usefully benefit by, whether you need, practical, physical or intellectual

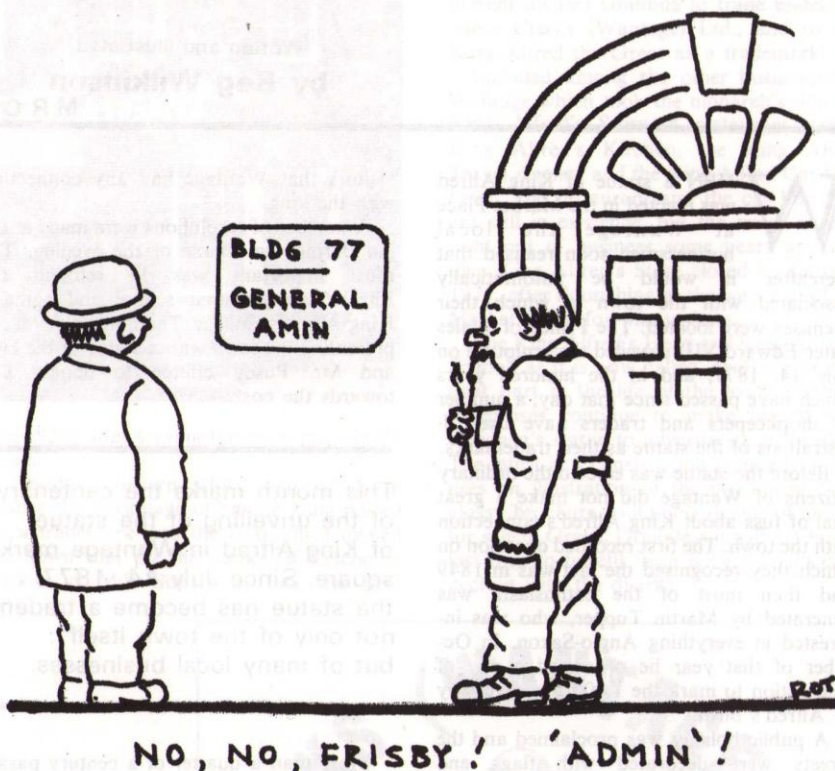
additions to your present life pattern. It's very cheap too: at 45p an evening including well-equipped workshops and a language laboratory, there can't be much better value for money anywhere (outside your own home!).

For the 1977/78 session, enrolment night is 12 September, 7.00 p.m. at Icknield School, Wantage - or you can ring

Wantage 65021.

Finally, we're open to suggestions for classes - not only in Wantage but in villages nearby - so let us know. But don't suggest anything way out like E.S.P., Fringe Medicine or Eastern Philosophy - we're already on to those!

Bernard Broom is tutor/organiser of the Wantage Adult & Community Centre



NO, NO, FRISBY! 'ADMIN'!

The Mansion House,
London E.C.4.

Dear Sir,

The enclosure has been received by the Lord Mayor. I am afraid my local knowledge is not sufficient to make me certain as to whether I am forwarding the letter to the correct authority, but I apologise if I have blundered, and would be grateful if you could in any event pass it to the appropriate authority, who could furnish a suitable reply to the writer.

I have not acknowledged the letter.

Yours sincerely,

T. B. DREW,
Vice Admiral.
Lord Mayor's Private Secretary.

We are sending Dr. Harwell a copy of this issue of "Harlequin".

Neither "Harwells" nor "Harvills" can be traced in this area, but we would be glad to forward any information received.

To the Lord Mayor,
Harwell, England.

Dear Sir,

Recently, I read a feature story in one of our Daily and Sunday papers comparing your city with our Oak Ridge, Tennessee here in the States. It was primarily, a story of Atomic Energy.

I was particularly interested because of the fact that the name of your town is HARWELL, that being my own family name. I am interested in how the town got its name. I wonder if, like many towns in the States, it was because a family of that name lived there originally.

If such is the case, I wonder if there are any of the same name among the people that you know. If so, I would be pleased to hear from them.

There is a tradition in our family that two or three hundred years ago, a bunch of three or four brothers from somewhere over-seas came across and settled in the state of North Carolina, U.S.A. on the Atlantic coast about a couple of a hundred miles south of Washington. That is as far back as we are able to trace our family.

There are two strains of the "tribe" here. One spells their name H-a-r-w-e-l-l, and the other spells it H-a-r-v-i-l-l. Each group think they are right. However, if your town is our "ancestor," evidently we are right.

Thanking you in advance, I am yours in service,

J. LEE HARWELL.

Wantage's King Alfred lives— in advertising!

Written and illustrated
by **Reg Wilkinson**
M R C

WHEN a statue of King Alfred was erected in the Market Place at Wantage, the local businessmen soon realised that thereafter it would be automatically associated with the town in which their premises were located. The Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) unveiled the sculpture on July 14, 1877, and in the hundred years which have passed since that day, a number of shopkeepers and traders have used illustrations of the statue as their trademarks.

Before the statue was erected the ordinary citizens of Wantage did not make a great deal of fuss about King Alfred's connection with the town. The first recorded occasion on which they recognised the fact was in 1849 and then most of the enthusiasm was generated by Martin Tupper, who was interested in everything Anglo-Saxon. In October of that year he organised a day of celebration to mark the 1,000th anniversary of Alfred's birth.

A public holiday was proclaimed and the streets were decorated with flags and banners. One hundred medals of a base metal and bearing a portrait of Alfred were distributed to the crowd. Medals of a similar design, cast in gold, silver and bronze were sold to the more affluent citizens.

In the evening the poor feasted on meat from a roasted ox, while the gentry attended a dinner presided over by Philip Pusey, the local MP. This meal was taken at the King Alfred's Head in the Market Place, an appropriate choice because at that time the inn's sign was the only obvious indication to

visitors that Wantage had any connection with the king.

A number of resolutions were made at the inn during the course of the evening. The most important was to refound the Elizabethan grammar school and name it King Alfred's College. There was also talk of presenting the town with a statue of the king and Mr. Pusey offered to donate £10 towards the cost.

This month marks the centenary of the unveiling of the statue of King Alfred in Wantage market square. Since July 14, 1877, the statue has become a trademark not only of the town itself but of many local businesses.

More than a quarter of a century passed before anything was done about the statue, but plans for the school went ahead and a building fund was started with a donation of £100 from the governors of the town lands. The rest of the money was raised without much difficulty and King Alfred's College opened in the spring of 1851. The first headmaster, the Rev. E. J. Smith, had about 40 boys on his register.

In addition to those used on Martin Tupper's medals and on the sign of the Alfred's Head, a portrait of King Alfred also



Von Gleichen's statue of King Alfred which stands in the Market Place, Wantage.

appeared on the notes issued by the Wantage Bank at the beginning of the 19th century. There were no national banks at that time and wealthy businessmen were allowed to run banks and print their own notes. The Wantage Bank was owned jointly by William Mattingly, William Kent and Benjamin Kent, and it closed down sometime before 1820.

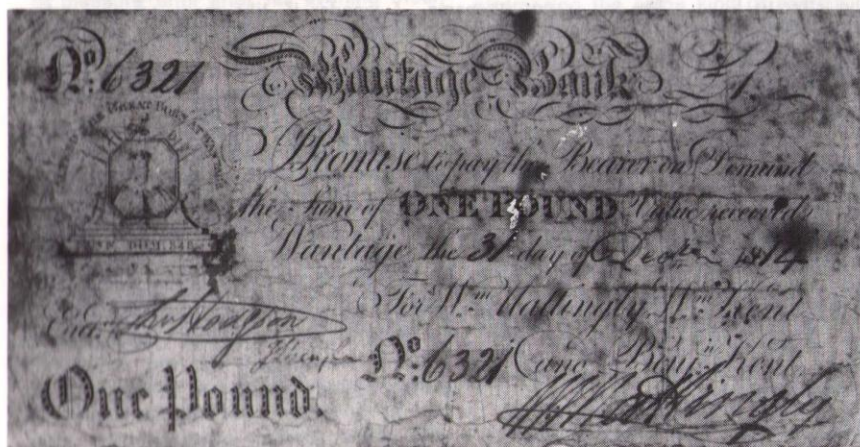
The idea of providing Wantage with a statue of King Alfred was revived in the 1870s by Col. Robert Lloyd-Lindsay, who later became Lord Wantage. A subscription list was opened, but the townsfolk showed little or no interest, so he ended up paying for the monument himself.

A slab of Sicilian marble costing £2,000 was obtained and the task of carving the statue was entrusted to Count Von Gleichen, a friend of Col. Lloyd-Lindsay whom he had met during the Crimean War. The Count was born in Germany but he became a naturalised British subject and served in the Royal Navy for 20 years before retiring because of ill-health. Sculpting was his hobby and after retirement he took it up full-time to earn a living.

When finished, the statue was 9 ft. tall. It was put up in the Market Place on a rough hewn block which rested on three octagonal steps of granite. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by his wife, Princess Alexandra unveiled the figure on July 14, 1877, in the pouring rain.

A one pound note from the Wantage Bank dated 1814, which has a portrait of King Alfred.

By permission of "Buckinghamshire and Berkshire Countryside"





The front entrance of the King Alfred's Head, Wantage.

Those who attended the ceremony were not as carefree as the crowds that filled the Market Place on Martin Tupper's day. Perhaps the downpour dampened their spirits, or perhaps they were overawed by the presence of royalty. Whatever the reason, they did not stay long after the ceremony and Alfred the Great was soon left to survey the puddles on his own.

The first commercial concern in Wantage to make use of the statue as a trademark was probably the printing works owned by the Nichols family. It was started in 1875 with two hand presses and in 1877 the owners installed the first mechanical printing machine to be used in North Berkshire. Soon afterwards the firm was named the Alfred's Press and it adopted an illustration of the statue. The printing works closed down in

the 1950s after serving the town for over 75 years.

Another concern which was quick to realise the advantage of having King Alfred as a trademark was the firm which owned the town mill on the banks of Letcombe Brook in Mill Street. In fact the firm

probably had more right to use an illustration of the statue than any other, because there had been a mill on the same site certainly since King Alfred's day and probably as far back as the Roman era.

At the time of the statue's unveiling the mill was owned by the Clark family. The firm has changed hands since then, but the present owners continue to trade under the name Clarks (Wantage) Ltd., and to use King Alfred the Great as a trademark.

Included among the other businesses in Wantage which took the monarch's title are King Alfred's Store, a restaurant named King Alfred's Kitchen, the King Alfred Travel Agency and the King Alfred Car Hire Firm. The restaurant and the car hire firm are still in existence, but the travel agency went out of business some years ago and then King Alfred's Store closed its doors in 1975, after flourishing at the west end of the Market Place for many years.

The King Alfred's Head and King Alfred's School, as it is now called, continue to play their part in the life of the town and new enterprises continue to make use of Von Gleichen's statue to advertise their location. The latest is a construction company which uses an illustration of the monument on a glossy brochure containing details of houses for sale in Grove. Doubtless it will not be the last firm to benefit from King Alfred's connection with the district.



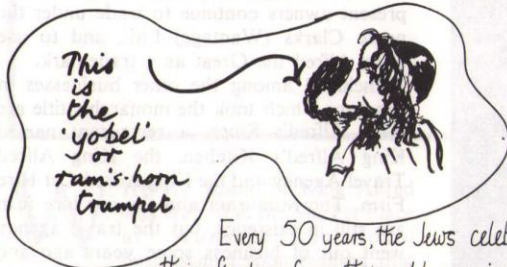
Left. The trademark of the Alfred Press. Right. The illustration on the flour bags of Clarks (Wantage) Ltd., by permission of W. K. Munsey.



JUBILEE

means 'A happy celebration'.

~but why the word 'Jubilee'?



Every 50 years, the Jews celebrate their freedom from their old enemies, and the priest blows his 'yobel'. This kind of trumpet is made from a ram's-horn; the Hebrew word 'yobel' has two meanings: 'ram' and 'trumpet'.

English changed 'yobel' to 'jubilee'.

{ Silver Jubilee = 25 years
Golden Jubilee = 50 years
Diamond Jubilee = 60 years

F. J. D.

© Crosswords Ltd

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SOLUTION TO LAST PROBLEM

1 A; 2 T; 3 R; 4 I; 5 D;
6 E; 7 O; 8 C; 9 L; 10 N;
11 V; 12 Y; 13 F; 14 U; 15 P;
16 S; 17 K; 18 B; 19 M; 20 H;
21 G



30 YEARS SERVICE

Back row (left to right): B.T. Taylor, D.A. Tyler, K.J. Hill, D.K. Knight, H.A. Weston, R.M. Rickards, G.W. Purbrick

Front row (left to right): Prof. W.D. Allen, H. Roskell, Miss E.M. Bowey, R.R. Varley, K. Broad

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the Rutherford Laboratory.

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