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THE LEISURE MAGAZINE OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH

VOL. 3 No 3

ESTABLISHMENT

1952

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* Professor F. E. Simon, C.B.E., F.R.S., the writer of this satire "In Retrospect" is Professor of Thermodynamics in the University of Oxford and has been associated with the Atomic Energy Project from the start. In his spare time he sometimes contributes articles to the *Financial Times*. A collection of other articles appeared last year in book form under the title *The Neglect of Science*. We are honoured to include him now among our new contributors. (Ed.)


† By Mr. S. L. W. Galloway, Secretary of the A.E.R.E. Art Society.

Cover design for this Magazine by Dr. A. H. Gillieson.

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Critics' Competition: Readers are invited to draw a comparison between *Harlequin* as it has been, as it is now, and as they would themselves like to see it in the future. Half a guinea will be awarded the writer of the most constructive letter. To the winner and runner-up will be offered a place on the Magazine Editorial Board. Closing Date: December 31st.

While supplies last, further copies of this number and some back numbers may be obtained from Miss A. Croker, Reception Office, Building 77.

There is

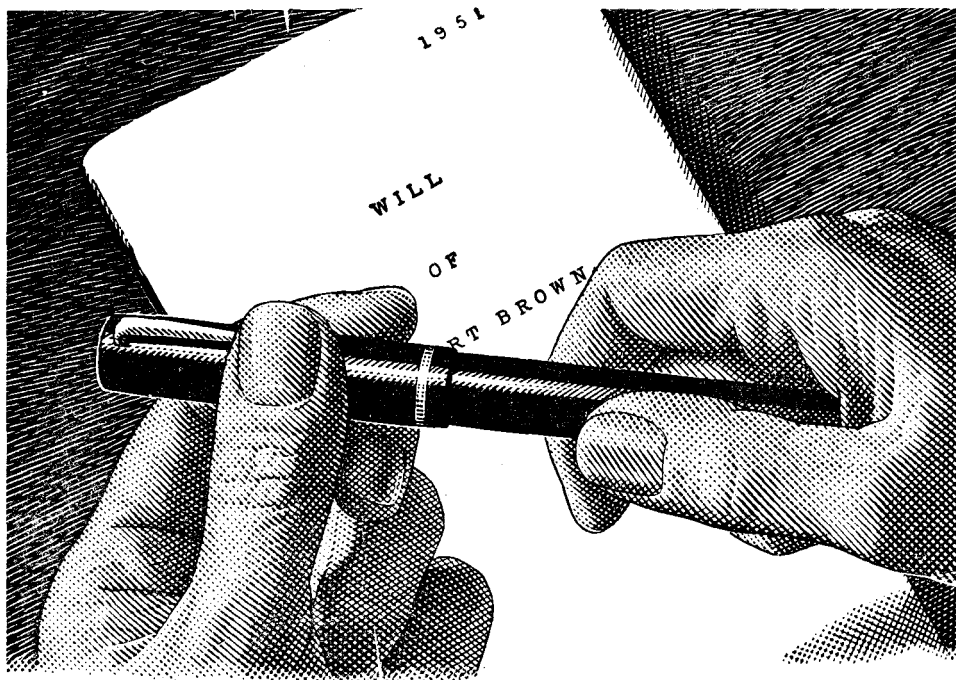
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Editorial

The first essential for the production of a station magazine, irrespective of any business-like teamwork by the committee, is the arrival of new contributions from new contributors with new ideas. The corporate life of the Harwell community has much talent and skill on which to rely for the running of the many clubs and societies of the Recreational Association. So, too, for any venture in magazine publishing there is no shortage of either talent or ideas on which to draw. Our thanks are due not only to our new contributors, but also to those who, for this issue at any rate, have been unsuccessful.

The ever-increasing costs of both labour and materials, which have seen the end of the penny newspaper and the closing down of many long-established magazines have beset *Harlequin* too with special difficulties. The magazine, of course, is not subsidized by any grant and unlike the *A.E.R.E. News*, to which is allocated £75 per annum, *Harlequin* is not financed by the Recreational Association which has on the other hand received £40 from past issues of the magazine. *Harlequin* was not in those times faced by half its present three-figure production costs, and each copy, although on a circulation below 2,000, was then sold at a shilling. This sum of one shilling is in fact what each copy of *Harlequin* now costs to produce.

The maintaining of the magazine's lower selling price is only made possible by the support of the firms whose announcements are publicized here: to these business houses is due our increased circulation and we know that they will enjoy from readers the increased support which they deserve and which in return is their due. We ask you to make them aware of this. To our many new colleagues at Harwell, who, with their families perhaps, are new also to this area, these announcements will provide a reliable guide; the Editor will welcome further recommendations of business houses from whom Harwell can also be assured complete satisfaction.

Perhaps you were distinguished enough to receive a complimentary copy; and perhaps in these hard times you have had to await this opportunity of borrowing one: by whatever means the magazine has come your way we hope you will find in it something of interest.

Now as this chequered character appears waiting in the wings: up with the curtain and let *Harlequin* make his entry.

D. A. T.

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In Retrospect

When most of the inhabitants of the Earth were killed in the atomic catastrophe a small group of islanders in the Pacific escaped destruction. By 2500 A.D. they had multiplied and developed sufficiently to form a flourishing community at about the level of civilization which we had in the year 1900. They had, of course, tried to explore the rest of the world, particularly in order to find out about the great catastrophe, but they had been prevented from doing this by the radio-activity still lingering about. At last they had found a way of protecting themselves against these hazards and an expedition had been sent out to look for relics of the former civilization. The only things they could discover, however, were a number of copies of a popular newspaper preserved by some freak of chance.

The archaeologists set to work feverishly to try to decipher them. This was not an easy task; after all, the deciphering of an unknown language can only be undertaken on the assumption that what is written down makes some sense, and from this point of view their find was not a very lucky one. For instance, when still struggling with the first sentences, they saw a picture of a lady shouting "Four times more lather". How could they know that this only meant four times more lather than that from an undisclosed substance, the only characteristic of which was that it produced four times less lather! (Incidentally the stuff was also kinder to her hands, 2.7 times.)

There was one thing, however, which made their task very much easier: the frequent cartoon drawings in advertisements and text. People's mouths sprouted sausage-like growths on which thoughts or statements were inscribed. It was not difficult to find out that these thoughts were of a highly primitive character, so primitive, indeed, that our islanders believed that they had come across a children's primer. When however, they noticed the prevalence of sexual matters they had to give up this idea and their second guess was that these papers must have been written for the feeble minded, probably for inmates of a home.

Indeed this explanation had much to commend itself. First of all it was clear that there must have existed people of higher intelligence—if for no other reason than that so thorough a destruction could only have been produced by people of great ingenuity. Also, the highly complicated machinery which they admired in pictures of destroyed aeroplanes could obviously not have been built by lunatics.

It was clear that the papers could not have been written for people of this kind. Who other than the feeble-minded would have been satisfied with this hash of trivial news and exhortations to buy this or that pill? Who in his senses could have believed that some tablets would transform these rather murky looking individuals into the most successful and beautiful specimens? Surely only a half-wit could be impressed by a

statement from "Nurse A. C. from B.", certifying that X pills—so unaccountably overlooked by the medical profession—had relieved "that" killing pain and made "another woman" of her and that sheer gratitude compelled her to announce this to her fellow-sufferers.

But what about the people who had written these papers? At first it was believed that they must have also been inmates of the home. They had to abandon this idea however, when a bright young man, working for a higher degree, studied in some detail one of the advertisements which boldly announced a preparation able to destroy all smells whatever their nature. By pure reasoning, he found out that the only explanation could be that the preparation contained a volatile compound, able to paralyse the olfactory organ. When he studied the advertisement again very carefully, many phrases in it convinced him that his interpretation was right. It was a brilliant piece of work and he received his Ph.D. in record time. He naturally concluded that the papers could not have been entirely written by lunatics.

There were also a number of other factors pointing in the same direction, but before they could discuss this further the archaeologists made another discovery which upset all their previous speculations. They found a few issues of another paper. True, its contents were hardly distinguishable from those of the first, but included circulation figures of all the daily papers. They saw with stunned surprise that the two newspapers were among the most widely read of all the papers: many millions were in circulation! As they were assured by their economists that such a large number of people could not possibly have been kept in homes, they were forced to assume that newspapers of this type were actually read by the great majority of the people and seemed to have satisfied their needs. The archaeologists went back to discover copies of some of the papers with smaller circulation figures which might have been read by the intelligent part of the population. As, however, all their endeavours were in vain, they settled down to analyse the available material in more detail as, of course, with the changed outlook this was a matter of much greater importance.

In spite of all their work they were unable to form a reasonable picture of the state of the world before the catastrophe. Most of the coherent accounts, which were more than fragmentary, dealt with the proceedings of criminal or divorce courts, or with the actions of a small class of people who lived in one place—Hollywood. These last were accorded the veneration appropriate to demi-gods and seemed to have represented the current ideal of mankind in respect of looks and inanity; their most trivial activities were reported in great detail. A similar veneration was accorded to a class of people, also smallish in size, who earned their living by pushing balls around, either with sticks or with parts of their bodies—including the head. It is true there were a few notes concerning what had at the time been called politics, but they were written in a highly emotional style, furiously attacking people who held different opinions and never

admitting a mistake—quite useless therefore, except from the psychological point of view!

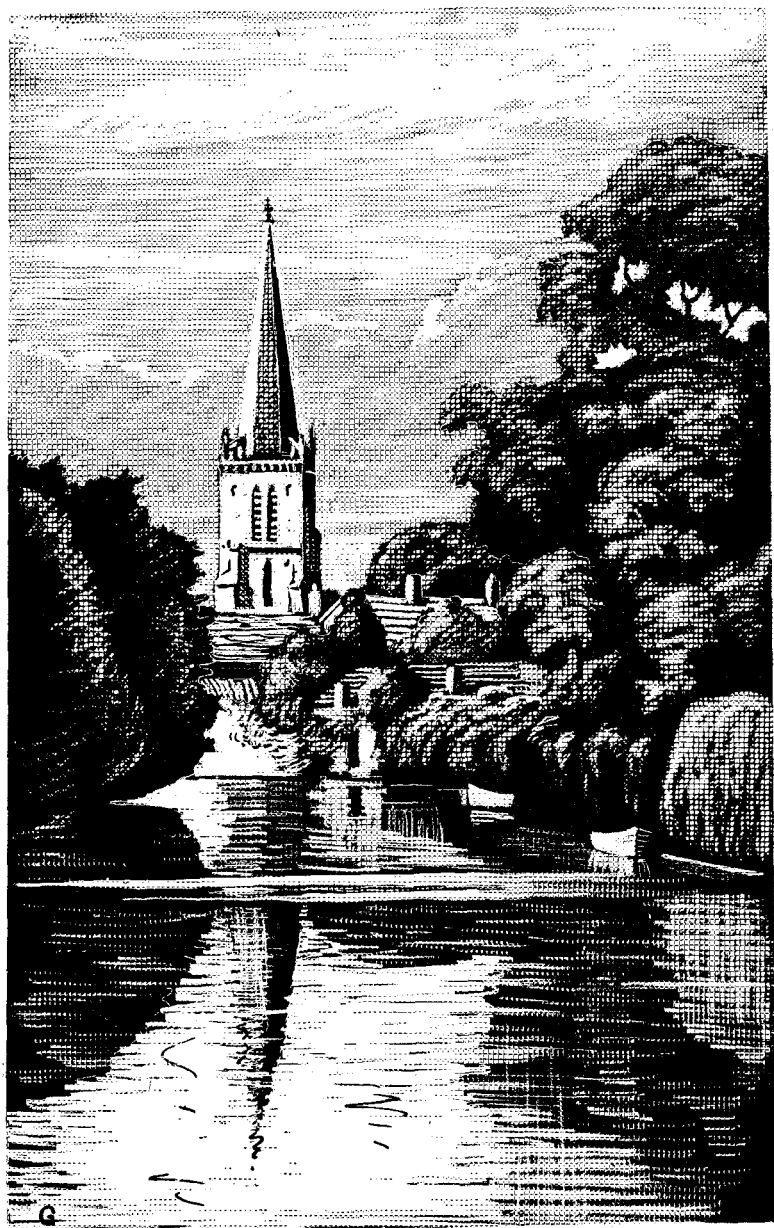
There was one point which puzzled our islanders a great deal: what had these people been doing all day? The men may have gone to work, but the women? If the advertisements were to be believed, there was little work to be done in the homes. Washing obviously was done in a “jiffy”. The food problem seemed to have been solved very simply—mixing some powder with water gave a most nourishing meal for which the “kiddies” had been craving. You could even taste “that good richness” of this or that (most probably seaweed).

What *had* they been doing? Certainly there were no signs of any mental activity. One of the candidates who was jealous of his colleague's success with the anti-smell preparation produced a highly original solution. He quite rightly concluded that most of the wonder pills were in actual fact only laxatives. Now if some person wanted to become super perfect—and who would not?—and took a few different pills at the same time—might this not provide an explanation of how and where they were spending their time? This solution seemed a bit far fetched, even to his Professor, but he got his Ph.D. all right. (Some people may be surprised at the emphasis on the more bodily aspects of humanity, but we must not forget that our islanders had only the popular press on which to base their speculations.)

After a few years they despaired of forming any reasonable picture of the world before the atomic destruction. They had of course wanted to know what had caused the catastrophe. There seemed to have existed a hostile and powerful group of people living behind an iron curtain who were not as freedom-loving as our newspaper readers, but there was hardly any factual information available about them. Finally, they decided that this could not really have been very important. The non-freedom-loving group had probably cultivated only a different brand of stupidity, and on the whole one group could not have been much more intelligent than the other, or it would probably have survived. So their final verdict was that the people inhabiting the Earth some 500 years earlier may have been very friendly people, they may have loved their “kiddies” and perhaps even their wives or husbands, but most of them—whether freedom loving or not—had been intolerably stupid. The details of the mechanism which had triggered the catastrophe did not really matter very much. A civilization at the state of technical development which had obviously been reached, could simply not have been in a stable state if the great majority of the people had been at such a low intellectual level.

Our islanders, of course, realized that their deductions rested on a rather slender basis; as, however, there was no other evidence it was unfortunately this—of course quite untrue—picture of our civilization and its fall which went down in the Annals of History.

F. E. S.



THE CHURCH AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

S. L. W. Galloway.

ST. HELEN'S CHURCH, ABINGDON

The great church of St. Helen's, depicted here, is a very striking one with its 150 foot spire rising from the thirteenth-century tower. The church itself is of Saxon origin, and in the year 995 was mentioned as having sanctuary rights. Its nave is unique, consisting of a row of five gables approached by four porches. The buttresses are crowned by ancient sculpture and the church contains fine old and modern stained glass.

The most notable feature in the church is the late fourteenth-century painted roof in the Lady Aisle consisting of thirteen pairs of panels on each side, representing an elaborate version of the Tree of Jesse, a favourite subject with medieval painters of stained glass. The panels are of Kings, to suggest the earthly ancestry of Our Lord, and Prophets as His spiritual forbears.

The paintings were restored in 1872 without their being cleaned, when they were replaced in the wrong order. They were cleaned in 1935 and preservative applied.

This is the only example of its kind in England and is worth a visit.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

For those who like to discuss problems and experiences relating to the Christian life there are fortnightly informal meetings in Committee Room No. 1, Social Club, at 5.30 p.m. on Wednesdays. Details are announced in the *A.E.R.E. News*.

Secretary: C. F. Committee: Miss W. J. Gray, Ext.: 2833.

AN INVITATION

There is a short lunchtime devotional meeting held every Wednesday in the Social Club (upstairs) at 12.45 p.m. lasting a few minutes. We warmly welcome you to join with us in prayer and fellowship.

THE CHURCH ARMY

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Readers may be interested to know that the Press at which this magazine was printed was presented to the Church Army. The World Wars have made great demands on the organization and typical of the way in which these demands have been met has been the provision of the workshop and residential Hostels in which both ex-servicemen and disabled civilians are being trained for permanent occupations. There is also a centre at B.A.O.R., apart from those in this country, where social, preventative and reclamation work is being carried on. (Ed.)

George

There's no doubt that George knew his job inside out, and that when he was a Home Guard officer he ran his unit well, but he certainly had some odd ways of using the English language. So far as I know he had delighted his colleagues at a certain Research Establishment for over twenty-five years, and in some circles the use of his phrases has become such a vogue that differentiation of right from wrong is difficult.

Most of us have our little lapses occasionally but we generally know we're wrong: I don't think George did.

He indulged in the malapropism, in which the right word has been replaced by a similar sounding word but different in meaning. "I'm undulated with work," he would declare when pressed for results. "We've been delayed by a fulmination of things, but I've got all the benevolent information." Walking round a lab he would give the warning "That balance is in a venerable position." Describing a building he had visited, he remarked "And the walls are covered with Muriel's". Although he had had the job "frosted" on to him, he gave an opinion that "the grist of the matter was that oil had penetrated into the intricacies."

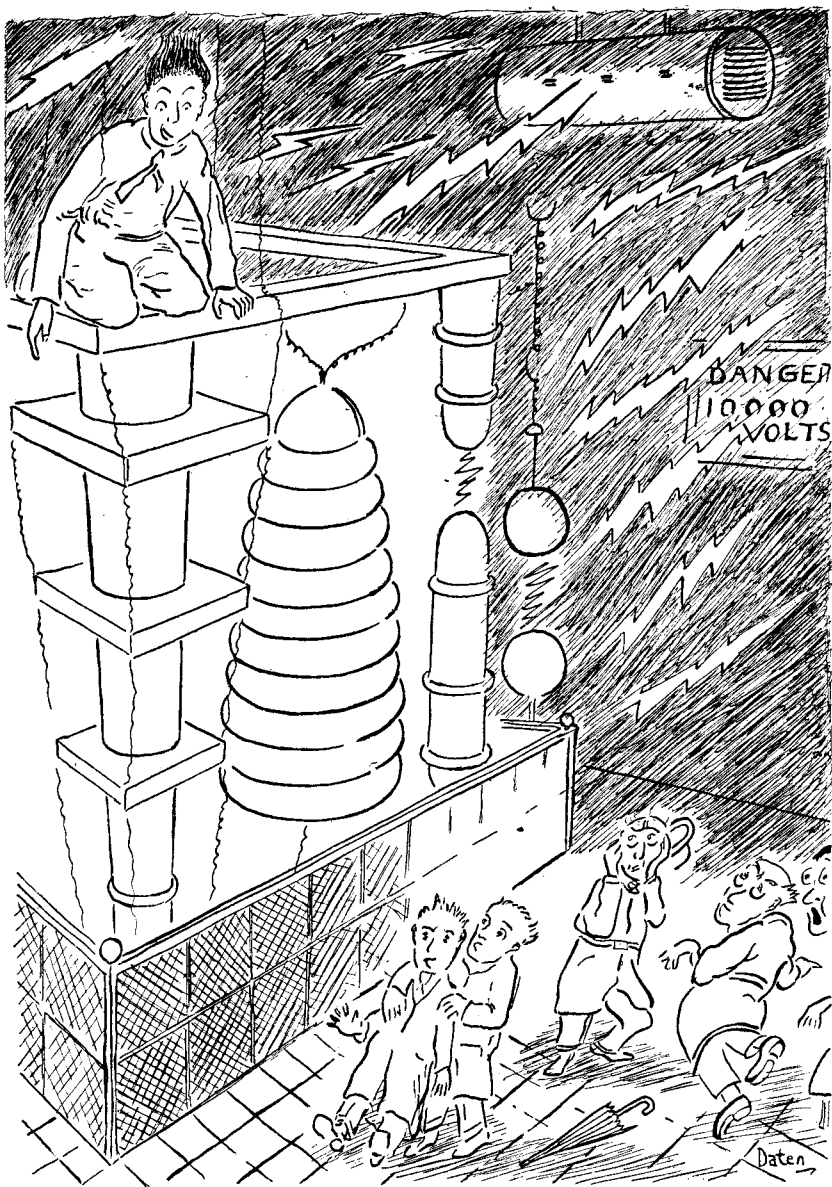
Sometimes George used to trot out brand new words or odd inversions like "ignots", "kopak" or "belastic", and such delightful phrases as "They tried to inswiggle me into it" or "I came here by a circumstitious route". "The Town Clerk," he said, "is the chief functotem, but I couldn't see him. I saw one of his munions who has a smuttering of German." Of a waterproof he said "The material is absolutely imprevous to water". Of course, we used to encourage him a bit and would sometimes inject a phrase and wait to collect it back again. One of these was "He ought to be dismissed with igmony" (referring to an erring Home Guard private) and I'm not sure about the position of "... or *viva voce*".

It is when we come to mixed metaphors and misused idioms that George really lets himself go. (Perhaps a grammarian would like to classify some of them as anacoluthon, but we'll let that ride.) "When we come to boil it all down to brass tacks," he once pronounced, "oiled brown paper is about the finest joint on the face of the sun." In disgust at some evidence of inefficiency he declared: "There they were all standing on their heads and running around in small circles." In a similar vein he said: "They were standing around licking their heels." He would tackle almost anything, but there was a limit. "Why should we hold the whole of the baby," he exclaimed. And again, "That's about as much as we can handle, literally speaking, on our own feet."

And that's about as much as I can handle, too. I can vouch for the authenticity of most of the foregoing examples—there, George, you've got me doing it now.

Dear old George! Not long ago we mourned your passing, but it will be a long time before your phrases are forgotten.

ISOTYPE.



“ But you said, while the promotion board was around, to get on top of the job ! ”

Historic Newbury

For most of us, Newbury means Northbrook Street, and a shopping expedition. Perhaps, however, we are observant enough to notice that it still retains some lovely old houses, though many of the ground floors are now used as shops. We must surely, too, have noticed on our way to the bus station, the Cloth Hall which was built soon after 1600 and is now a Museum. Newbury can be, in fact, an excellent centre for a holiday in historic England, for it stands in the middle of roads leading to Bath, London, Winchester and Oxford. In the days when Bath was at the height of its fame, Newbury saw many famous folk staying in its coaching inns—for Speenhamland, now in the borough of Newbury, was the most popular stop on the Bath Road. In this day and generation we can sympathize most readily with the cynicism of the unknown poet who wrote:

“ The famous inn at Speenhamland
That stands below the hill
May well be called the Pelican
From its enormous bill.”

The famous Jack of Newbury, whose story is so like that of Dick Whittington, was, in fact, a very real person. Jack Smalwoode he was, of Winchcombe in Gloucestershire, and from an apprentice in Newbury he became a wealthy master clothier and chief citizen of Newbury. He is said to have employed almost a thousand men, women and children, and used 200 looms. He entertained the King and Catherine of Aragon, and Cardinal Wolsey with them. Jack of Newbury gave a fine church to his town, which was later finished by his son. You can still see below the tower, the brass of Jack of Newbury who died in 1519, and he is shewn with his wife and three children. History relates that during the war with Scotland, Jack was commanded to provide for Henry VIII four pikemen and two horsemen. However, the stalwart Jack himself led a force of 50 pikemen and 50 horsemen. Reports vary as to how they fared in battle—one contemporary poem tells how bravely they fought at Flodden, but other accounts say that they did not arrive until the battle was over! However, it seems to be agreed that they were the best clothed of all the King's troops!

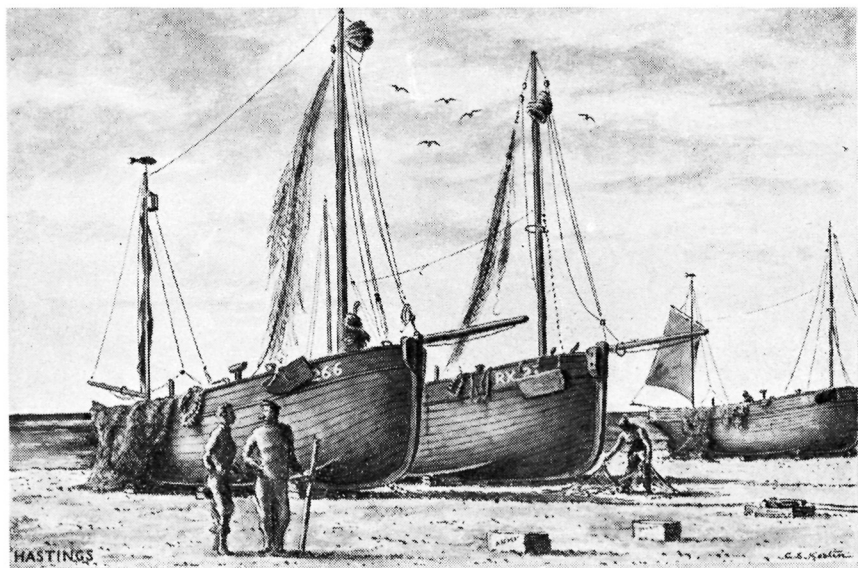
The story of the famous Newbury Coat is also an interesting one. In 1811 Sir John Throckmorton wagered a thousand guineas that he would sit down to dine at 8 p.m. wearing a coat made from wool still on the backs of sheep at 5 a.m. that same morning. He won his bet easily, for at 6.20 p.m. the coat was ready—chiefly due, we are told, to the craftsmanship of cloth-maker John Coxeter of Greenham Mills, and James White of Newbury.

There are so many anecdotes to be retold that the history of this fine old town becomes increasingly fascinating.

But no visitor should miss the glories of the commons surrounding Newbury. Snelsmore Common lies partly in Chieveley Parish, and partly in Winterbourne Parish, and there is also the lovely five miles of common land at Bucklebury. One of the loveliest stretches of countryside in Berkshire was Greenham Common, spoiled, alas, since the war when it was occupied as an aerodrome.

Besides Windsor, there is only one other fortified building of note in Berkshire, and that is Donnington Castle near Newbury—its round towers still unbroken, symbol of the indomitable spirit of Sir John Boys, its defender.

W. E. H.



FISHING BOATS OF HASTINGS: a study in pen and wash by Colin Scott Kestin (*Nuclear Physics*)

A Committee is a group of men who, individually can do nothing, but collectively can meet and decide that nothing can be done.

ANON.

A recession is a period in which you tighten up your belt. In a depression you have no belt to tighten up—and when you have no pants to hold up, it's a panic.

ANON.



This photograph was taken at the luncheon given by the Officers of the Recreational Association to the President and Vice-Presidents on the 14th July, 1952, to mark the occasion of the Official Opening of the New Social Club. Reading clockwise from Sir John D. Cockcroft (the President), those present were: Dr. H. M. Finniston, Mr. D. Willson, Mr. D. W. Fry, Mr. A. S. White, Mr. L. P. Thompson, Mr. P. N. McLoughlin, Mr. C. J. Reeves, Mr. J. Diamond (partly visible), Mr. H. Roskell, Dr. W. G. Marley, Dr. Katherine Williams, Dr. J. V. Dunworth, Mr. W. F. Wood, Mr. T. Aronsberg, Dr. J. Thewlis, Mr. H. O. Norwood, Dr. N. F. Goodway, Dr. D. Taylor, Mr. A. B. Jones, Dr. R. Spence, Mr. J. F. Hill.

OFFICERS OF THE RECREATIONAL ASSOCIATION:—

Chairman: Mr. J. F. Hill.

D./Chairman: Mr. H. Roskell.

Secretary: Mr. L. P. Thompson.

Treasurer: Dr. N. F. Goodway.

THE NEW SOCIAL CLUB

The mirage hovered in the distantless prospect of Time;
Now shimmering almost within the very palm,
Now melting devoutly into the mists of Power sublime,
Rising and falling as the notes of a half-heard psalm.

The ghosts of physicists may pace its chambers still
But heed them not at all: the battle's done
And beer and bridge and dancing will the spectre kill;
So farewell mirage—hail to One-six-one!

“COLUMBINE.”

The New Social Club, situated just outside the security fence, has a large hall for dances and whist drives, while in other rooms games such as billiards, badminton, bar billiards, darts and table tennis can be played. It is a “Free House” and has available all beers, wines, spirits and minerals together with cigarettes and tobacco. Freshly-cut sandwiches can be obtained besides luncheons and teas, and parties can be catered for.

Bar open: 12 till 2.
6 till 10.

Steward: Mr. C. Barley.
Tel.: Rowstock 228.



A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE NEAR HARWELL: a study of East Hendred by H. E. Crooks (X-Ray Dept.) which was selected for the 1952 Christmas Card design.

The A.E.R.E. Recreational Association

The Recreational Association was formed at a preliminary meeting held on August 7th, 1946, to appoint officers. The officers elected were: Mr. Anderson, Chairman; Mr. Dickinson, Deputy Chairman; Mr. Milne, Secretary; Mr. Snowdon, Treasurer; and it was agreed to organize the following Clubs—Cricket, Soccer, Men's Hockey, Women's Hockey, Tennis and Bowls.

During the past six years the Association has grown to such an extent that there are now over thirty affiliated Clubs and Societies and almost 2,000 subscribing members.

The first major effort on the part of the Central Committee, as the committee managing the Association is called, was to organize the first annual Sports Day, which was spoiled by the weather, as have two of the succeeding Sports Days. However, despite this the Association has now made a total profit of about £450 on the six Sports Days held to date.

During 1946, the Central Committee also published the first issue of the *A.E.R.E. News* and opened the old Social Club.

Since its first issue on November 14th, 1946, the *News* has appeared every week almost without exception and contained over half-a-million words to date under eight different editors. From an original circulation of 600 copies, 1,500 are now issued every week.

The old Social Club which was opened on December 23rd, 1946, served the Association until the new Club was opened in Building 161 on December 12th of last year. In the early days of the Association, promise was made by the Establishment authorities that sometime in the future Building 161 would be made available for use as a Social Club and Centre. Since then much of the effort of the Central Committee has gone into raising funds for equipment for the new Club.

Apart from Sports Days, money has been raised particularly by the sale of Christmas Cards and by three bazaars organized by the Women's Club. Christmas Cards have been sold each year since 1947, a total of 52,000 cards having been sold at a profit of £370.

Since 1946 money has been steadily accumulated until our bank balance before recent expenditure on the new Social Club, stood at around £1,400. The total income up to date has been about £5,000 of which £2,000 has been donated or lent to Clubs to carry on their activities.

Of the balance in hand at the present, £750 has been set aside for the equipping of the Social Club, the money to be spent chiefly on furnishings and necessary items for the efficient running of the Club and including a complete renovation of the billiards table.

Further money is being set aside for the provision of a properly-equipped pavilion which it is hoped will be erected on the south-east corner of the sports field sometime this year, though the scheme has had to be temporarily suspended. It is planned to have men's and women's changing and shower accommodation in addition to tea-making facilities and a bar.

Also, for the future, it is hoped that the Association will acquire the area south of the present sports field as an additional field, though there are as yet no plans to do this.

Control of the Association is vested in the Central Committee which meets on the first Tuesday in every month and consists of the Chairman of every club, the Chairmen of the Tenants' Associations, the Editors of the *A.E.R.E. News* and this Magazine, and three members elected at the annual general meeting in April.

Furthermore, there are three main sub-committees, namely, the Business Committee, the Social Club Bar Committee and the Social Club House Committee.

The Business Committee deals with all requests for money to the Association and has powers to deal with all requests up to £50 without reference to the Central Committee. On sums over £50 it advises to Central Committee.

The Social Club Bar Committee runs the bar and catering facilities in the Social Club, while the Social Club House Committee deals with all requests for the booking of rooms in the Club and in the Gymnasium.

Membership of the Association is open to all employed on the site on payment of a subscription of 1d. a week for weekly-paid members and

5s. a year for monthly-paid staff. This subscription implies automatic membership of the Social Club and gives the member the right to apply for membership of any Club or Society affiliated to the Association. For a further 25s. a year, Omnibus Membership is granted, by which the member or any of his family pay no further subscription on joining any club.

A booklet now published by the Association will be distributed to all new members of the Establishment, showing in much more detail than can be given here, the benefits of membership and the activities of the various Clubs and Societies.

There should be music in every house—except the one next door.

ANON.

The optimist is a man who marries his secretary—thinking he'll continue to dictate to her.

ANON.

Success: making more money to meet obligations you wouldn't have if you didn't have so much money.

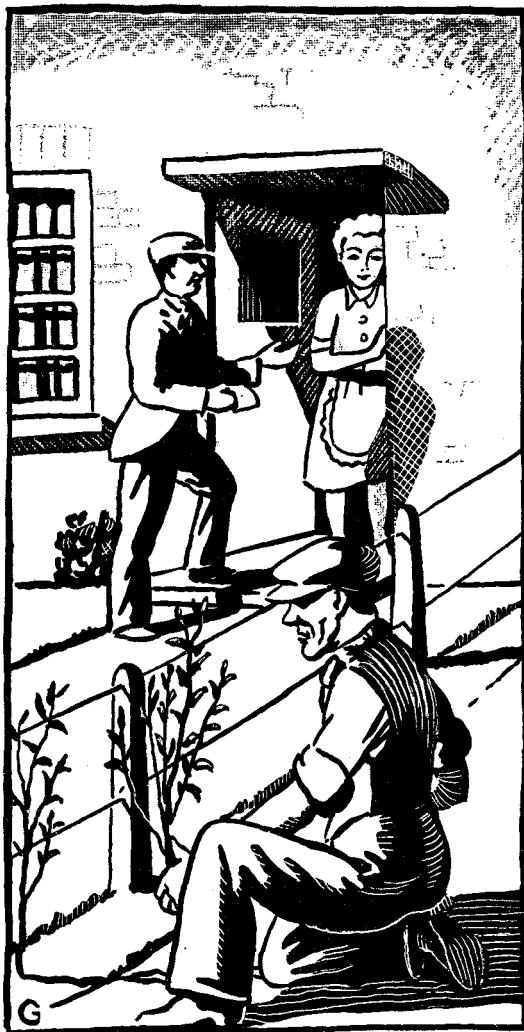
ANON.

BEECH IS 7/6 EXTRA

You can buy sapling beech and privet bushes for hedges, for next to nothing if you get them wholesale; though we were luckier still—Jim found them in a Ministry of Works lorry which he had stolen. It was really the bushes that gave us the idea.

When a new Council Housing estate is finished in, say, Birmingham, we run the truck up there, and stop at the end of a good straight piece of road. Jim (he's better spoken than I am) calls at the first house and explains that we're from the Council and have come to put the front hedges in. Privet is free, he explains, but beech is seven-and-six extra, to be paid cash down. Well, you know what human nature is. Mrs. Smith daren't have privet, in case Mrs. Jones next door pays for the beech. If they say that they'll have to discuss it with their husbands, Jim explains that the man is right here starting on the job (he jerks his thumb over his shoulder at me), and so he's very sorry but they'll have to decide at once. Most of them pay up.

While Jim collects his seven-and-sixpences from maybe forty or fifty houses along the street, I have planted the hedges in front of perhaps the first two houses. You understand that it pays to go slow on my end, and that suits me fine. After that we clear off, and repeat the procedure in



some other estate a few miles away. Of course, you can only do it once in each town: we may get round four or five estates in one day, but after that we give the neighbourhood the go-by for a good while.

False pretences? Well, how about yourself? Didn't you have a special hair-cut and shoe polish before you went up to your promotion board last year? And didn't you put on your specially tidy suit, and had a good shave, and went up without your usual two-days' growth of beard, and resumé of the last fortnight's menu down the front of your waistcoat? I must say *you're* a fine one to be talking about false pretences.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Science: Is it Instinct or Reason?

I see that Science once more (O ye scientific laurels, and once more, ye old jokes never sere) has proved that dogs are not intelligent. This time it was done by locking dogs in boxes with trick latches, strings, springs, and the rest, and the dogs proved less adept than apes at setting themselves free. There were other tests of course . . . dogs refused to recognize photographs (in common with savages and sitters for portraits), and they failed to remember which of three identical light-bulbs had last been lit, and they got cross and stubborn when people kept locking and unlocking the four doors of a specially-built room.

It seems to me that Science, as usual, has failed to take a lot of things into account. To begin with, some dogs are brighter than others (and you cannot have different degrees of Nothing). And then there are different *kinds* of brightness. And then, while some dogs may lack the aplomb of an ape in a box, their very hysteria may be slightly more reasonable than the sang-froid of an ape who doesn't even realize himself to be in a very queer situation. And, for that matter, some of the dogs probably spotted the tests for what they were and very naturally boycotted the childlike pedants . . . it would certainly take more than a professor and cheap glory to make *me* memorize light-bulbs or go rushing round four doors to see which had been locked by some fool who couldn't make up his own mind. And as for recognizing pictures—well, it is within my own experience that some dogs enjoy home-made movies, others fail to recognize them at all, and a third class recognizes pictures as *pictures* and not reality and rejects them accordingly, just as some dogs spurn rubber bones, some children despise Grimm, and some grown-ups would not buy a Picasso for sixpence.

But the biggest thing Science has ignored is my own series of tests on scientists. My tests have shown that scientists are slightly less intelligent than marmosets. Let me tell you briefly about a dozen of these tests.

1. Ten scientists were placed at night in the middle of a dark forest, and *not told why*. They were observed to exhibit fear, confusion, and lack of direction. Some ran in circles, some in squares, and others in curved space. Whereas ten pigeons were soon out of the woods and back in captivity, silly creatures.

2. Eighteen scientists were asked to dress themselves as fast as possible, to win a juicy steak. One forgot to put on his spectacles, another already had his spectacles on but kept looking for them, and a third forgot he was dressing and in the middle of the process began to undress again and went to bed.

3. Nine scientists were placed in a room in which the chairs kept breaking, pictures kept falling, doors opened and shut, lights went off and on, the floor tilted, the ceiling came down, and so on. Two men dived through the window (which we had forgotten to lock), two others fainted, three got a table and tried to get in touch with the secretary of some

spookery club, and the last two called out loudly: "How are we supposed to react? Please repeat the question."

4. Three hundred scientists were shown pictures of Little Boy Blue and Little Jack Horner. Two hundred fell asleep. Fifty were insulted. Forty-seven said the pictures were very bad. Two said the pictures were very good. One said he liked the smell of the paper.

5. Nineteen scientists were given pencils and paper and asked to write an historical drama in blank verse. One man said he was inhibited by pencils. The rest sulked. None succeeded. This test was somewhat staggering, with its implication that Shakespeare never existed.

6. A well-known scientist was asked to start his own car, declare from memory the contents of his pocket-book, and describe the plot of the last film he attended. He failed in all three tests, whereas sixteen morons taken at random were able to score 100 per cent.

7. A scientist was sent a bill for goods never ordered and never received. He paid it. The receipted bill was posted to him and he paid it again. The receipted bill and his second cheque were sent back with an explanatory letter, and he wrote apologetically, and sent a third cheque drawn on a second bank. This cheque was refused by the bank, since he had no account there.

8. Ten scientists were given twenty dogs and asked to devise tests to prove that:

(a) dogs are intelligent; (b) dogs are not intelligent.

Three scientists lost their dogs at once, three others got bitten, and the rest began to fight among themselves while the dogs took notes.

9. Three scientists were told a funny story. One said it was not funny, the second said he had not been listening, and the third laughed but immediately apologized. All three apes subjected to this test laughed heartily.

10. A well-known scientist was given a cottage with very low doorways. Unable to learn by experience, he banged his head on nine out of ten doorways every day for three years, while his pet giraffe banged its head *only once*.

11. I gave a very interesting test here to fifteen scientists, and neither they nor myself can now remember what it was.

12. In the final test of this series, three dozen scientists were fed daily on oysters, crayfish, roast beef, pheasant, asparagus, and so on, with wines and fruits of every kind. This process went on for some weeks, after which they were given nothing for two days. At the end of this two-day fast they were handed a menu of a thousand delights and plainly told that they were to receive no food, just this bit of paper, and *yet their mouths watered!*

And so much for scientists, science, human sagacity, and the future of everything.

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Proof-Readers' Competition

Please take note re Station Garage
They're five years out of date,
It's quite correct to put W.R.
But please delete the GREAT.

Thus did Mr. R. Groves kill the biggest red herring that crossed the paths of our observant readers. This, however, was not the only thing that troubled ardent shoppers: some claimed that tradespeople were representing themselves as something they were not, that they were giving false addresses, or hiding under assumed initials! One gentleman even wrote to tell us that a letter had been set upside down, whilst Mr. M. Toureau—among others—claimed the omission of the circumflex accent from FETES on page 27. But, just as the absence of a circumflex “e” on Mr. Toureau’s typewriter forced him to add it by hand in his note to us, so the absence of such a character at the printer’s would have forced us to add it by hand to thousands of copies of the magazine: is this fair?

The only genuine deliberate mistake was the mis-spelling of WOLSEY for WOLSELEY in the announcement of Pegler Bros. on page 6. Ten people (including a reader from Risley) correctly claimed this error, and the prize was awarded following a draw to Mr. P. A. Sellwood of Building 329, A.E.R.E.

We would like to thank the many people (especially A. C. D. of North Drive) who showed such an interest in the competition and to wish them happy hunting in this issue, wherein they will find (with good luck) not one, but four deliberate mistakes that have been inserted (by arrangement with the firms concerned) in three different advertisements.

Prize for first correct solution opened: Half guinea.

§ Entries for this Competition should be posted to reach the Editor not later than December 31st at Central Registry.

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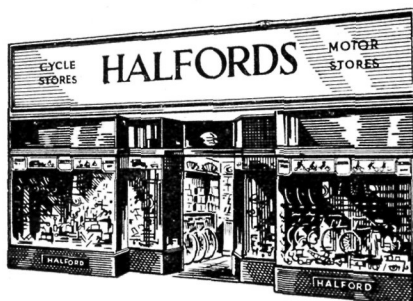


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SIR ERNEST BENN.

Sabotage—putting a planner in the works.

JOHN A. LINCOLN.

I feel that we have been planned to a standstill.

N. B. SCHROEDER.

Hell holds no fury like a planner scorned.

W. LESTER SMITH.

HOW GREEN ARE MY FINGERS

Now why do my buddleias shrivel and die,
Aquilegias and salvias wilt?
I add compost and mulchings and water with care
And pamper them up to the hilt.

And yet when the Grounds Department plant
Identical species as I
They stamp them into a little hole
And they race to the azure sky!

"Harlequin" Crosswords.

Solution to Puzzle No. 8. *ACROSS*—Goonhilly Downs, Hedgers, Magneto, Ventilate, Salve, Celibacy, Poldhu, Riders, Newcomer, Fiend, Latter Day, Rosetta, Artisan, Yorkshire Dales. *DOWN*—Ordinal, Nyetimber, Instance, Lumber, Degas, Wheeled, Stone Quarrying, The Vicar of Bray, Orchestra, Lestrade, Dresser, Modiste, Albani, Dates. *PRIZEWINNERS*—Mrs. M. B. Biram and Miss S. J. Roberts.

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Activities of this club in the sporting and social sense have been seriously curtailed owing to the lack of "active" membership.

On the books we have approximately 80 members of whom at least 75 per cent are "badge" members: many, indeed, have never even attended a club night.

However, the nucleus of enthusiasts still give their support, and we have welcomed several new active members to the ranks in the past few weeks, and are therefore still optimistic of the ultimate success of our aims.

The present policy of the club is to raise funds through the profit-making medium of Motor Cycle Scrambles, and to plough the proceeds into the club in the form of workshop equipment which will enable members, on payment of a nominal sum, to do some repairs and overhauls which at present have to go into the hands of garages.

The facilities envisaged are (a) a ramp or inspection pit; (b) a set of valve seat cutters; (c) a small lathe and eventually, we hope, a boring bar. Obviously, this will entail considerable expenditure, and is therefore a long-term policy, but there is no doubt that these assets will prove invaluable once we have them.

New members will always be made welcome, and club nights are held in the Social Club every other Monday at 7.30—watch *A.E.R.E. News* for dates.

D. J. M.

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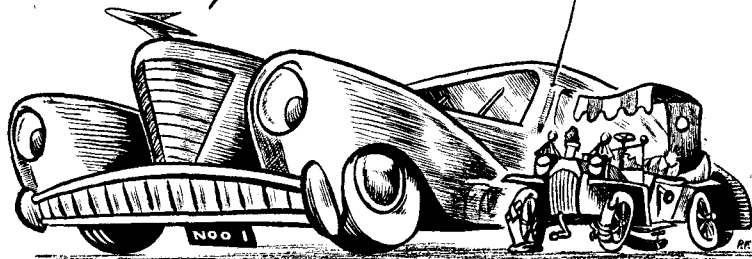
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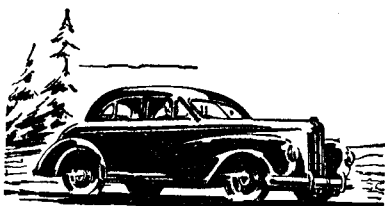
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CLERIHEW COMPETITION

In the last number of *Harlequin* readers were invited to write a clerihew on any person or topical subject connected with A.E.R.E. Among over thirty entries which were received only two concerned topical subjects, but oh! the people that were there. One prominent gentleman in particular bristled with the shafts of wit; but he shall go nameless.

The first broadside is fired by "Jay" and is aimed, alas, at a member of the fairer sex:

Miss Croker

Is no joker.

You ask her the time of the next train to Town

And she sells you a dozen Christmas Cards for cash down.

"JAY."

However, "Jay" has probably enquired once too often and he has our sympathy, so here are two more displaying mixed sentiments:

John Walker's

Twins are corks,

Unlike *some* people's little terrors

Who can be described only as errors.

Dr. Skyrme

Will lecture next term

On "An Excited State

Of Hangar 8".

"JAY."

There was someone else, too, who won our deep sympathy—need we name the poet?

Those who abuse

The Editor of the *A.E.R.E. Nuse*

Are slow to form quuse

To step into his shuse.

Next we have two quatrains whose victims have rather more slender connections with Harwell, but these we liked and that is reason enough to print them here:

Will Oxford river namesake

Bring about an earthquake,

Maybe a change of status

Or only just a quo?

G. A. B.

We may not have made an atom bomb,

Or have cause for aplomb,

But this much is a cinch, sir,

We've made Chapman Pincher.

"FISH."

One more quotation from "Jay" brings us back to Harwell with this reference to the secretary of the Art Society:

Mr. S. Galloway

Paints in no shallow way.

I reserve my strictures

For other people's pictures.

"JAY."

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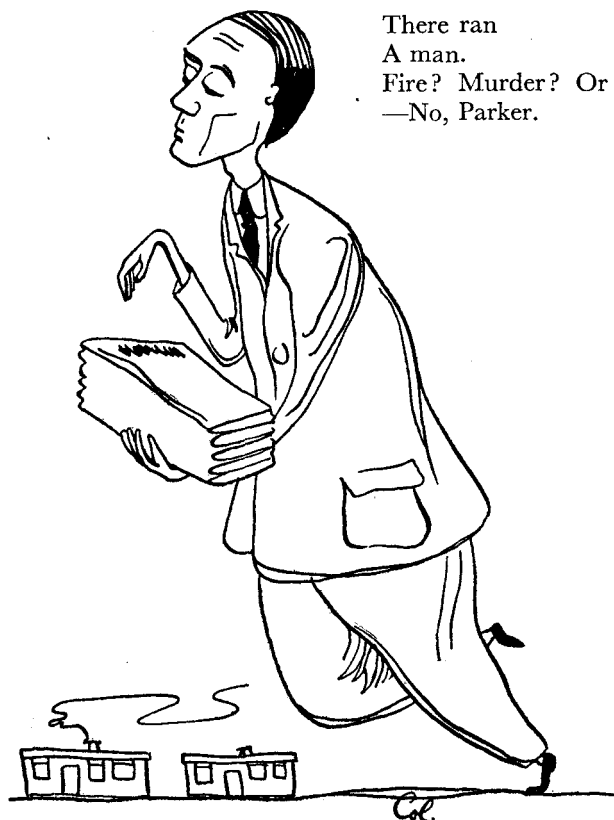
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DIDCOT

Perhaps it was the homely bathos of our last entry that won for it the prize, or perhaps it was just the crispness of its phrasing. Be that as it may, the Book Token goes to "Fish", and the winning clerihew will be found above our artist's lurid phantasy of Mr. John Parker, our popular newsagent of East Hendred. Breathlessly he rushes from one gate of the establishment to another in his effort to be at each gate at the same time and to serve us all with equal efficiency.



There ran
A man.
Fire? Murder? Or something starker?
—No, Parker.

"FISH."

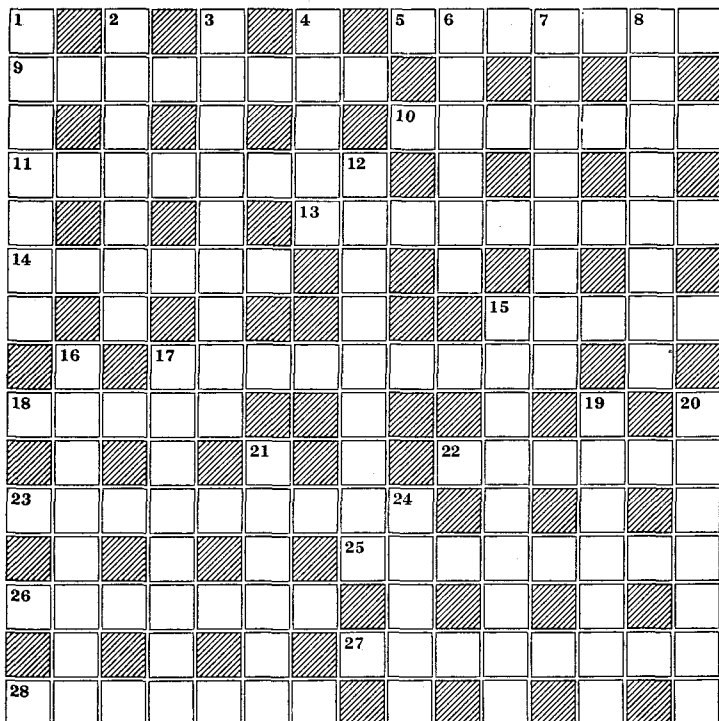
Harlequin. Co-ordinated teamwork has produced this magazine, but the reader also has a part to play: new contributions of articles, art and photography will always be welcomed and, whether a contributor or not, there is the "Critics' Competition" to enter. On the views and support expressed by readers future policy and success must be based.

Contributions to be considered for the next number of *Harlequin*, to be published in the new year, must be received on or before November 20th: The Editor, *Harlequin Magazine*, c/o Central Registry, Harwell, Berks.

HARLEQUIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 9

Compiled by Derick Behrens

A Book Token is offered for the first correct solution opened by the Editor. Entries to be sent c/o Central Registry, on or before December 31st.



CLUES ACROSS

- 5, 9, 11, and 22. It spells death to errhino-
phyllic children, and is used in the
household on account of its lethal
properties. (29).
10. Song-book shows change as an after-
thought. (7).
13. The Raven didn't want an encore.(9)
14. Equip our austerity. (6).
15. Mix a drink after us to make employ-
ment. (5).
17. Will setback introduce morning under
canvas? (9).
18. Rents which can be shed, but not
paid. (5).
22. (see 5).
23. "Cope later" (anag.). (9).
25. Hypnotize the way in. (8).
26. This may make you cheer a bit, but
see 12 down. (7).
27. Spoilt M.P. explains why he does not
vote. (8).
28. Old tour of Asia Minor. (7).

CLUES DOWN

1. Send them back, and they go bad
inside. (7).
2. Coils of wire which come annually
and provide a source of water. (7).
3. The places to which lay figures apply?
(9).
4. Any long-wearing stockings contain
this. (5).
6. Orthodox part of the body. (6).
7. Does the flag fly over the street but
under mother? (8).
8. Score off six balls, when the train
crashes into the buffers. (8).
12. He can cheer a bit, but he won't
touch 26 across. (9).
15. Ian, in a rut, in some confusion. (9).
16. Shown meat in pipe. (8).
17. They haul the cart up over the hills.
(8).
19. Flags which say No? (7).
20. "It all — what you mean by . . ."
(Dr. Joad). (7).
21. Cavity in which a spice is twisted.
(6).
24. A direction to my adversary. (5).

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