

# *Yuletide* HARLEQUIN



LEISURE MAGAZINE OF THE ATOMIC  
ENERGY RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT

*Vol. 4 No. 2*

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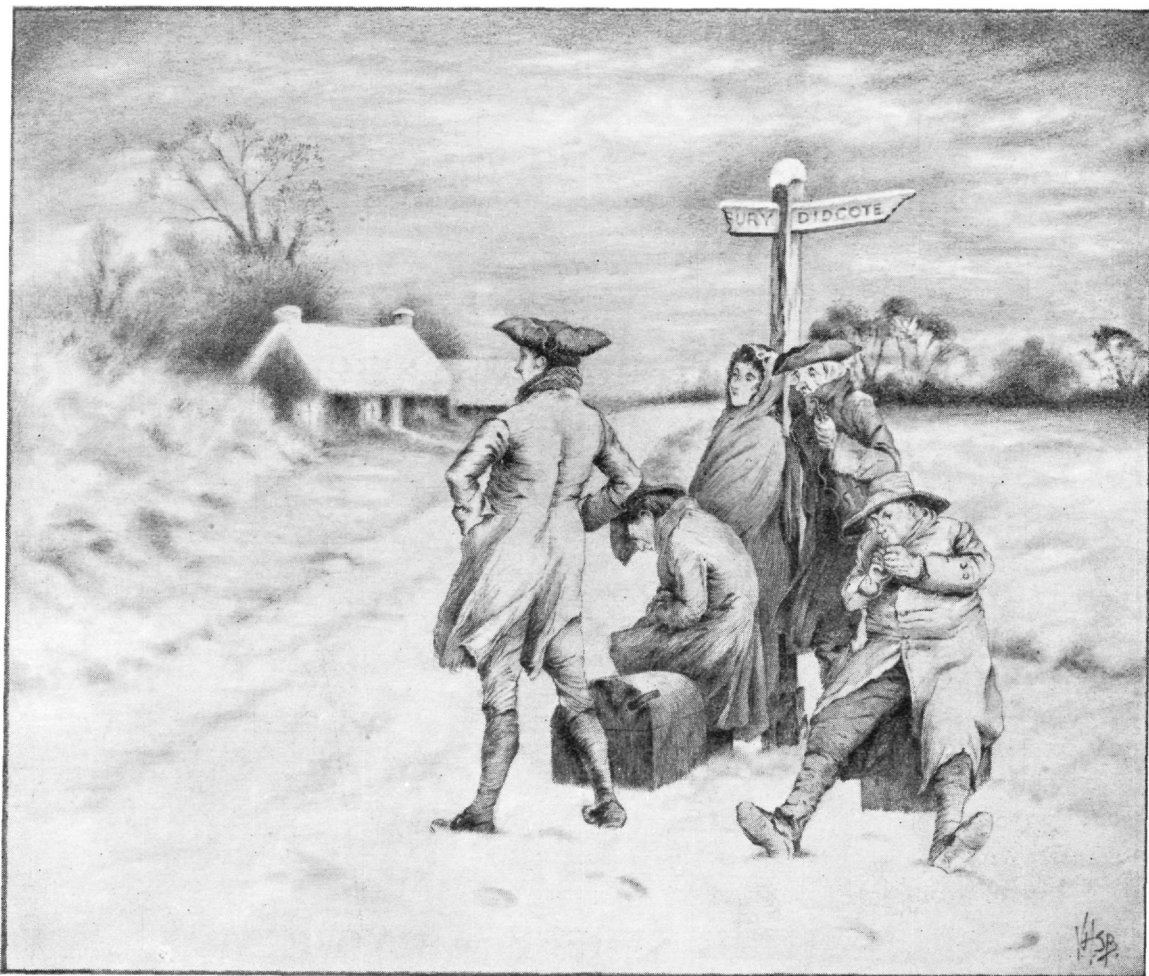
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VOL. 4 NO. 2

CHRISTMAS 1953





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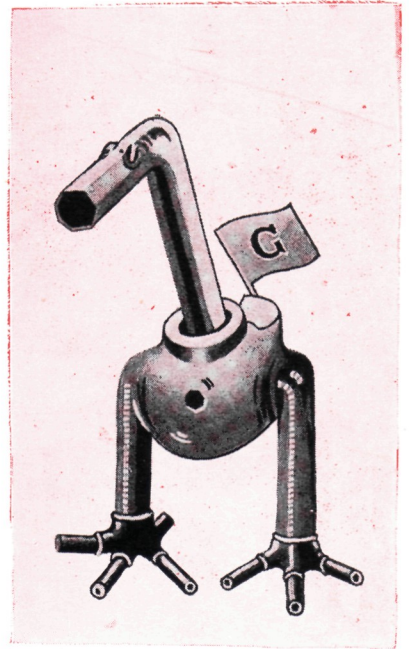


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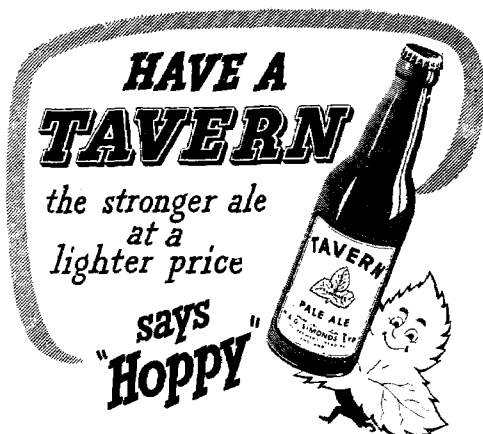
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For the finding of deliberate mistakes concealed in *Harlequin* advertisements see **Proof-Readers' Competition** (page 34). Prize money doubled for this number.

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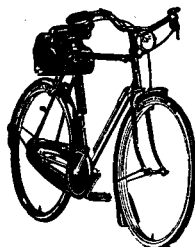
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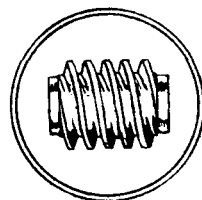
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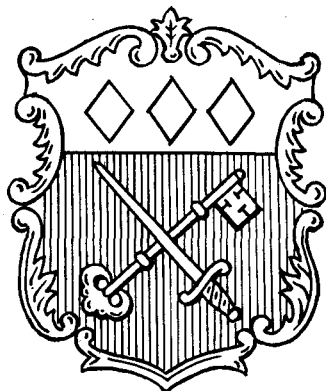
# PRESS REPORTS

"**Harlequin** is a literary by-product of the Atomic Energy Establishment at Harwell, in Berkshire . . . . **Harlequin** at its modest price deserves to reach a larger public than that for which, presumably, it is primarily intended."—**Times Literary Supplement**.

"The magazine, which is produced by an editorial board headed by Mr. . . . , editor and chairman, contains many interesting articles covering every aspect of life at Harwell."—**Oxford Mail**.

"This magazine improves with every issue and will, no doubt be read with interest by a far larger number of people than those who live and work at the Establishment. Under the editorial board headed by Mr. . . . editor and chairman, the magazine has matured and lost the forced precociousness of a school "Mag," which was a feature of some earlier issues."—**North Berks Herald**.

"The Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell is staffed by a bright lot of people if the latest issue of their magazine **Harlequin** faithfully mirrors their thoughts and activities in out-of-atomising hours."—**Newbury Weekly News**.

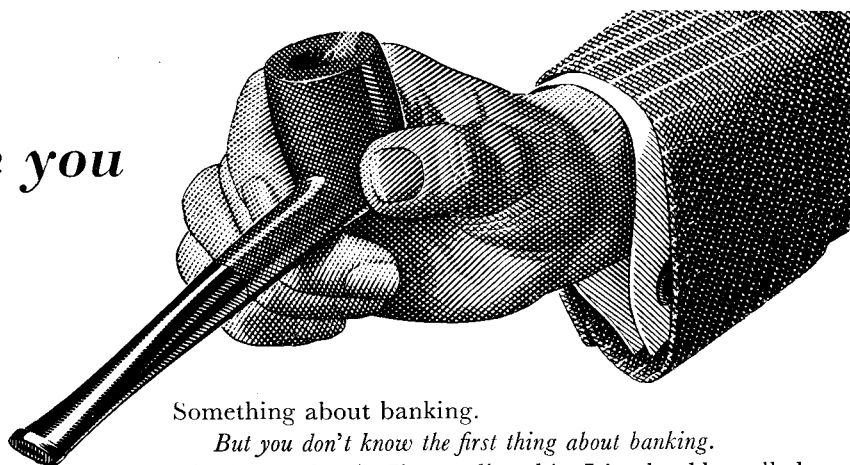


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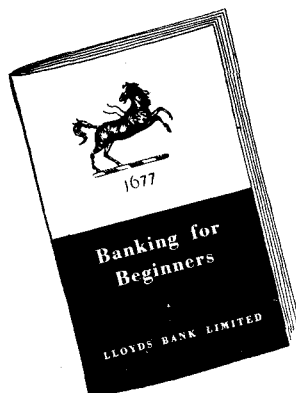
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# Editorial

Christmas is a time of looking backwards. Although some may ignore the spirit of the Festivity, there cannot be one amongst us who does not at this time of the year in some way pipe-dream upon the past. Some may look back upon the year to take stock of past events, of set-backs and achievements, while others recall Christmasses gone by and to what men throughout the ages have called "the good old days" look backward with regret.

With the passing of the years there sometimes comes wisdom, but knowledge we have learnt is not a synonym for contentment; far too rarely is knowledge put to sensible use. With nature, so with science; all is change as old theories and misconceptions die to be replaced by fresh ones and old methods of organisation make way for new ones.

Thus it is that in Yuletide Harlequin we turn to history, of all branches of knowledge perhaps that branch least subject to change. In the evening of our schooldays when the 'original' historical essay could be written from the history book before one, it was difficult to see the truth of the statement of Oscar Wilde: "Anybody can make history; only a great man can write it." How much greater, one thought, in those far off days of idealism, instead of scavenging in the dust heap of history, to be building, or even helping to build, in some small way the foundations of a new age. But although in its writing history requires none of the flights of fancy of an Arthur Conan Doyle, yet in its original research on unrecorded events, it is soon found much akin to the systematic investigations of science.

Through the able pen of the Secretary of the Establishment, there is presented an account which in this and subsequent numbers will lead us forward through the forgotten early years of A.E.R.E. On other pages we excavate further to the pre-historic period of the new age, when the word "atomic" meant "minuteness of size" rather than "immensity of power." Then it was that this small, but picturesque, village of Harwell was already receiving publicity abroad through our gallant predecessors of the Royal Air Force who, in valiant raids on the Continent, were leaving their mark in the name of freedom. In these pages, too, we seek to pay tribute also to the ancient Berkshire fire brigades, who gave their services bravely and freely in years when the community called more urgently than to-day for the voluntary service of the individual.

According to *popular* science writers of the national press (that is writers popular with us) we at Harwell are concerned with the *making* of history. If, for these brief moments, we have paused to look back at the past, let it not be assumed we do not look forward to the future. This is Christmas and we have turned from argument and controversy:

"But beyond the bright searchlight of science  
Out of sight of the windows of sense  
Old riddles still bid us defiance  
Old questions of why and of whence."

To all who support this magazine in any way may I wish, on behalf of its Editorial Board, the very best compliments of the Season.

D.A.T.



# Those were the days . . .

D. R. WILLSON

The Director has told <sup>(1)</sup> of his talk in Washington with Akers, Chadwick, Peierls and Oliphant in November 1944, when "an Establishment on a modest scale, with a pile and a Van de Graaff machine, and a few other tools of nuclear physics" was conceived. In 1945 policy discussions were held in England, followed by a search for an R.A.F. airfield "not too far from London, with easy access to a major University, some degree of isolation, and a pleasant countryside to live in." Finally, on 29th October, 1945, the Prime Minister announced the setting-up of an Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell.

What followed? How did A.E.R.E. start and grow? What was it like to work in, live at, eat at, or even play at, before the present vast and complex organisation operated? Let us look at the years in turn.

**1946** On New Year's Day, the Harwell airfield was officially taken over from the R.A.F., whose aircraft had hitherto taken off and landed on a site still unaffected by nuclear forces. (For some time after that, despite signs painted on the runways to denote they were no longer "operational", desultory landings took place by pilots whose astonishment was only matched by their disgust at finding the place "gone to the boffins"). A. B. Jones installed himself in Building 77, having taken over C. K. Butcher, a skilled carpenter, a store-keeper, four M.T. drivers and four labourers from the R.A.F. (some of these are still with us). Apart from Betty Hillen, there was no officially allocated staff; transport and cash were also lacking. A. B. Jones set to work storming the Ministry's citadels, and before long the initials "A.E.R.E." began to be known as representing a lusty infant with an insatiable appetite, and determined to grow in its own fashion.

Four thousand miles away, at Chalk River, the Harwell experimental pile (BEPO) was already being designed by the "Graphite Group", while other groups there were planning the physics and chemistry laboratories for A.E.R.E. The Ministry of Works special team to study "hot lab." design arrived at Chalk River within a few weeks, and in the heady

atmosphere of Canadian hospitality, Building 220 was conceived.

Nearer home, in Shell-Mex House, London, other units of A.E.R.E. already existed and were growing fast. John Fisher and his group were almost submerged by drawings, plans and schedules which were periodically consigned to the W.P.B. in a fine flow of military oaths as the arrival of the next batch of instructions from Chalk River rendered them obsolete. With the first of the E.M.R. group, I was unravelling the tangle of research contracts we had inherited from "Tube Alloys," and planning the production of the graphite and uranium needed for the Harwell piles. A "recruiting" office led by Bill Williams struggled with a flood of letters, cables, calls and interviews. This rising tide often threatened to engulf all the groups, what with sorting out the future of many of the scientists already in the Canadian and American projects, fixing grades and salaries, searching for experts in every field from other parts of the Ministry and from industry, and coping with the offers of service from all kinds of people coming "on the market" in that restless post-war period. S. H. Bales from the Chemical Inspectorate came in for a time to help, and proved of great value.

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(1) See "Harlequin" No. 1, 1948.

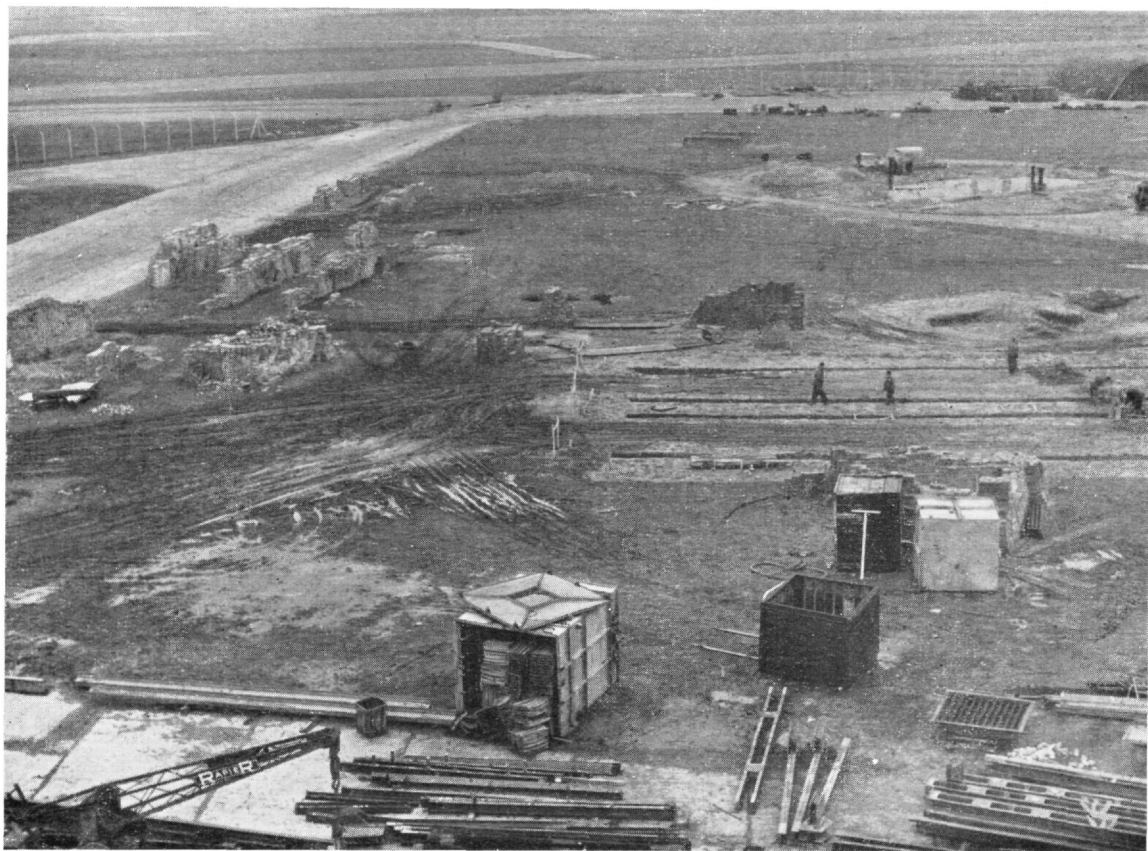
On 1st February, a meeting was held at Harwell with Dobbie-Bateman in the chair, to review progress and make plans. The Director was there, having flown from Chalk River, so were Skinner, Marley, Katherine Williams, Fisher, Peirson and A. B. Jones. Frank Jackson had come from Washington, and the Ministry departments were represented by Lindsell, Nevard, Miss Clinkard and Miss Ellis. Accommodation requirements were assessed in relation to the guessed intake of staff; more hostels were agreed on to supplement Staff Clubs "A" and "B", housing plans were expanded, transport and conditions of industrial service were reviewed. The preceding evening was memorable as the occasion of the first formal dinner in Ridgeway House under the auspices of A.E.R.E. The function was reported a complete success.

By April, a number of the houses taken over from the R.A.F. were occupied, the graphite workshop was in hand, and the contractors were ready to begin building alterations. The surgery was being put in shape, and a temporary security fence was being erected. Geary was

installed as Stores Officer, and soon began to wonder where he could find room for the equipment and stores which were arriving—it was obvious that Building 30 would not suffice for long. Although no aluminium pre-fabs had yet arrived, plans for the Aldfield Farm estate were complete. About this time, and despite considerable difficulties in obtaining stocks, Carters' store began operation.

April is also significant since it was on the 23rd of that month that the first Steering Committee was held. It is recorded that the meeting began at 5.0 p.m., was adjourned at 7.15 p.m., resumed at 8.30 p.m. and continued until nearly 11.0 p.m. Even in those days there had to be some talking!

Meanwhile, the Director and the Chalk River groups had decided that a low-power test pile (GLEEP) should precede BEPO at Harwell, and that the New Zealanders who had helped design the ZEEP at Chalk River should be responsible for its design. So Watson-Munro and his compatriots, together with Fenning, arrived from Chalk River during the early summer; they were to influence the young



A.E.R.E. 1946. CLEARING SITE FOR RADIOCHEMISTRY LABORATORY (BUILDING 220)

*Crown copyright reserved*





A.E.R.E. 1946—EXCAVATIONS FOR BOILER HOUSE, SHOWING FIRST PRE-FABS ON ALDFIELD FARM SITE *Crown copyright reserved*

Establishment in many ways during the next twelve months. One remembers the continuous air of hospitality surrounding their rooms in Ridgeway House, associated with a mixed aroma of coffee, beer and tobacco; their disarming but effective techniques in dealing with any obstructions to the GLEEP programme; the twin baby cars of Watson-Munro and Fergusson roaming the site; the Kodachrome shows,

By the autumn, the site had changed indeed. Building work was in full swing on conversion of R.A.F. blocks into laboratories, and the infernal trenches that were to dominate the site during the coming winter were already creeping out. Looking now at the neat rows of concrete slabs covering the bricked service ducts, it is difficult to realise what chaos was caused during their construction. The site roads were blocked, re-opened, and re-blocked until it was impossible to travel except in the spirit of an explorer. The ground was churned into mud; staff having to go out often were issued with rubber boots. A call for a shorthand-typist involved launching a miniature expedition. After dark, the hazards were greatly increased. Street lighting was practically non-existent, and Stores did a brisk business in

torches. Even so, a patch of ground clear one night might well contain a pile of debris, or a trench, on the next, and many a hasty exit from a building resulted in ignominious precipitation into the mud. Strange oaths in many accents were heard in the gloom; the hardier spirits adopted gumboots and old macs as standard wear, and squelched their way around with a fine disregard of these temporary hardships. A car was a doubtful asset during this period; when parked in the morning a spot of amateur bridge-building was often needed to get it out by evening. The Stores Officer once incautiously took his eyes off some newly-delivered equipment stacked in the open; before long the excavated earth from a marauding trench had quietly covered the stores, which were not located for some time.

Accommodation for families was really urgent, and German P.O.W.'s were brought in to erect aluminium pre-fabs on the Aldfield Farm Site. The sections of these bungalows, on their special trailers, became a common sight on the main roads leading to A.E.R.E. The first pre-fabs were occupied within a few days of completion—it was even told that the wife of one engineer stood anxiously on the concrete platform while the house was assembled

round her. The P.O.W.'s did not confine their useful labours to house-assembly, and a brisk trade developed in rope slippers, picture-frames and shopping baskets. Several of the last-named are still to be seen in use on excursions to Carters' Stores. O. Frisch occupied a prefab mainly furnished with three large packing-cases, rugs for curtains, and a grand piano on which his excellent playing would delight the nocturnal stroller.

One week-end, when a number of pre-fabs had been completed though some were unoccupied, a rumour spread that an invasion of "squatters" from nearby was due that night. Arrangements were hastily made for each empty house to be occupied for the night by a volunteer, but the "invasion" did not materialise. Henry Arnold, who had just joined, was thus afforded an opportunity for his first security exercise.

Enough people were living on or around the site by the autumn to cause recreational and social activities to flourish. Sports teams were in action, music and drama were starting, and also a camera club launched by Busbridge. The first issue of A.E.R.E. News made its

(The Author's thanks are due to colleagues who have helped in supplying reminiscences and to the Ministry of Works for the illustrations.)

appearance in November. Although Divisional dances were as yet unknown, the regular Tuesday evening "record" dances in Ridgeway House were lively affairs. The social life was graced by the presence of several attractive young ladies from Chalk River; although some have since departed, others suffered nuclear capture and are still with us as wives.

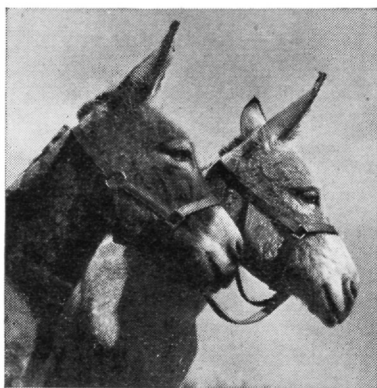
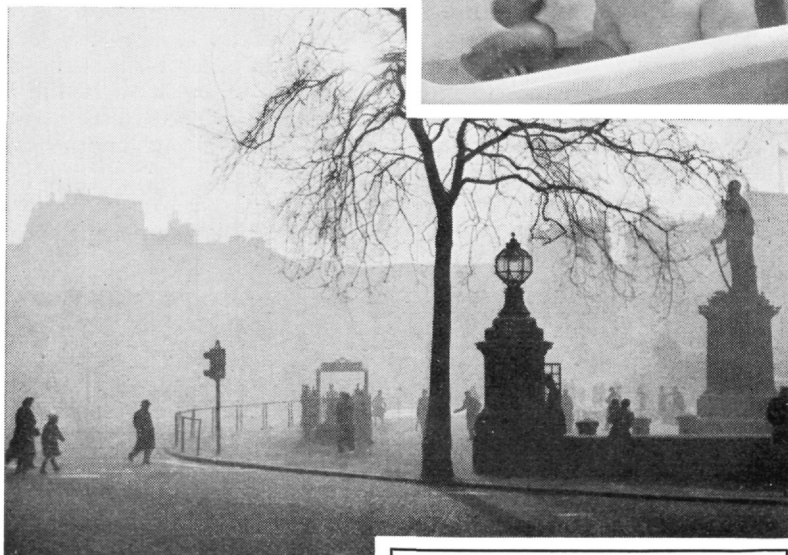
Inside Hangars 7, 8 and 10, the Ministry of Works formed "underground movements", and the holes for the cyclotron and the two piles deepened and widened until they became of truly impressive size. The BEPO pit in Hangar 10 seemed likely to engulf the entire hangar, and mechanical excavators manoeuvred in its vasty deeps taking out the spoil.

By the end of 1946, A.E.R.E. had become a flourishing and fast-growing community; more than half the British staff at Chalk River and Montreal had returned, and many laboratories and workshops were in full swing. Soon, all was to be gripped in the snow and ice of early 1947—but that is another story.

*(To be continued)*



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# THE OLD BRIGADE

*A Tribute to the Old Berkshire Fire Brigades*

Many and varied are the stories still current in Berkshire villages concerning fire and fire-fighting. This is not surprising when it is recalled that from the earliest days fire has been not only one of man's best friends, but also one of his worst enemies. When fire appliances were very crude and houses built close together and constructed of inflammable materials such as wood and thatch, fires, once well alight, were seldom got under control.

Great fire hooks, like gigantic rakes generally kept in the neighbourhood of a church, were the only fire-fighting appliances, apart from ladders and buckets. In the churchyard in Didcot, fire hooks were kept in the hollow trunk of the great yew tree. Nearly every village in this neighbourhood has suffered severely from fires at one time or another.

At a fire in East Hagbourne in 1659, water from Hacca's Brook and from the village wells was carried in buckets and poured from ladders on to roofs not already in flames in the hope of saving them, or when that was impracticable the thatch was torn off. Thus did the inhabitants cope with one of the most disastrous village fires ever recorded in the history of the country, and despite their efforts scarcely a house was left standing. This happened about six years before the great fire of London at a time when the city was proud to possess a large brass syringe, a kind of gigantic squirt requiring three men to work it and ejecting a few gallons of water at one go. Things had not greatly changed even by 1852, when a fire broke out in Harwell which was not to be extinguished until nearly every farm and cottage in the village had suffered damage. The following account appeared in "Illustrated London News" for May 1st of that year.

"On Saturday a most disastrous fire broke out at Harwell, a considerable village about six miles from Wantage, on the Wallingford road, about six miles west of the Didcot railway station. In consequence of the dry state of the weather and materials of the buildings, being

most part of them thatched, the flames raged with great fury. The wind was blowing fresh during the time, and the burning flakes were carried from one farm and cottage to another, so that in the course of four or five hours the greater part of the village was in flames. Harwell extends nearly half a mile in length, and from one end to another nearly every farm and cottage suffered. The farmers had much trouble in saving their live stock; their stacks of hay and corn are totally consumed, together with their produce in the barns. It is a most lamentable thing to witness; many of the poorer cottagers have lost their little all, and have no place of shelter, and here and there stacks of corn and hay are burning; and the stacks of the chimneys, which remain standing amid dense volumes of smoke give the scene an awful appearance. Thousands of persons visited the ruins on Sunday from the surrounding towns and villages. We have not heard that any person has been burnt, but a great deal of plunder was committed. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary; it commenced at nine o'clock, at a straw rick belonging to Mr. Robey. The conflagration

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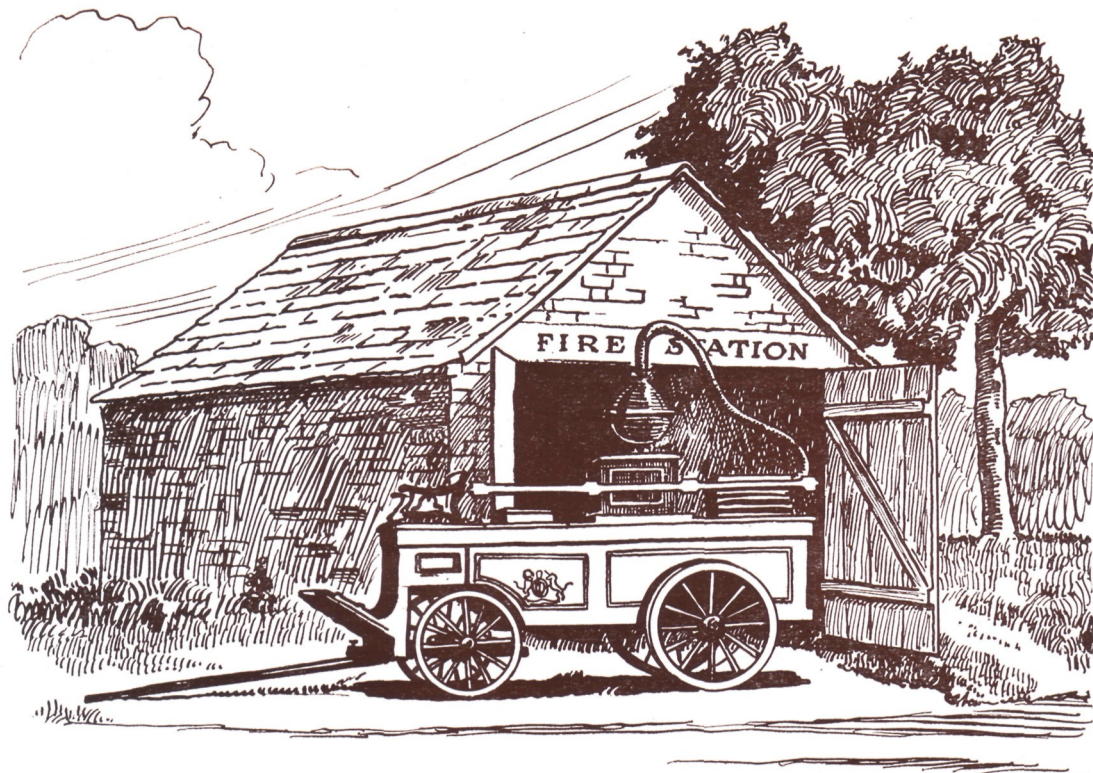
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From Kelly's Directory for Lincolnshire for 1854. Reproduced by permission of LOUTH Chamber of Trade





THE HARWELL FIRE STATION

A HARLEQUIN RECONSTRUCTION

S. L. W. GALLOWAY AND J. PARISH

was not entirely subdued until nine farm premises, some of very great extent, and more than twenty dwelling houses, were consumed. The loss is immense and in many instances falls on poor persons, some of whom have invested all in their cottages. It is hoped that prompt assistance will be afforded to the sufferers."

It is not recorded how long it took to rebuild the village or where the assistance chiefly came from, but restoration was eventually achieved, and doubtless one of the results was the formation of the Harwell Fire Brigade.

The services of this body of volunteers was called upon in 1885 when fire broke out at Didcot Station, at that time a large, wooden structure with five narrow platforms under a single, overall roof. An alarm rider on horseback set off at once to Harwell where there was known to be a "manual" pump, and a message was also sent by telegram to Oxford.

In due time the Harwell Fire Brigade appeared upon the scene to reinforce the efforts of the Didcot station staff, and those of the villagers,

who with water from the wells of the nearby hotels and the water cart from Blagrove Farm were doing their best to check the flames.

The Harwell "engine" was brought on a wagon drawn by a team of horses, and manned by six or eight men, among whom was the late Dr. Richard Rice, then aged 26. One member of the team had a wooden leg (so the story goes), which not being securely fastened, fell off during the hasty journey over the uneven roads, and its owner was seen hopping around on one leg when at length the pump was got to work.

A few minutes after the arrival of the Harwell brigade, down the line from Oxford came a loco-engine hauling a single truck on which was mounted the new G.W.R. steam pump ready for action, the boilers having been fired on leaving Oxford. The present well-known and time-honoured tradition that the first brigade to arrive at a fire takes and maintains control of operations, appears to have been observed even at that early date, for the chief officer of the Harwell team retained command of the combined operations of the Harwell

and Oxford Brigades. Despite their efforts, it was a long time before the fire was brought under control, and the station had subsequently to be entirely rebuilt.

Harwell men have long been noted for their wit, and when the ancient fire engine once again made a public appearance at the Didcot Carnival in 1934 with some of the "Old Brigade" in attendance, it bore the legend: "FIRES ATTENDED—ANYWHERE—DISTANCE NO OBJECT—SEND A POST CARD."

When volunteer fire brigades were superseded by the present national organization, the ancient fire engine which had been stationed so long at Harwell and used for a century of fire fighting was taken charge of by the County Authority. At the present time, this relic of a former day is kept at Reading, and during the Festival of Britain Celebrations in 1951, it was taken back to its original home at Harwell where it was a source of much interest to the local inhabitants and to visitors.

---

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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.

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.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Neither "Harwells" nor "Harvill's" can be traced in this county—if known please communicate direct with Dr. Harwell.

Prior to the site being opened as a Royal Air Force (Bomber) Station it had been used as an emergency landing ground for night flying. Work commenced on the construction of the Station in June 1935, and in early 1937 it was ready to be taken over from the constructional engineers.

On March 12th, 1937, the first personnel, both service and civilian, arrived, the taking over and equipping of buildings began, and in due course the first bomber squadrons, Nos. 226 and 105, moved in, later to be joined by 107 Squadron. Families of serving personnel were accommodated in the seven Officers', four Warrant Officers' and forty-five Other Ranks' quarters, and all appeared well-set for a happy tour of duty on one of our newest stations.

Things went smoothly until the Munich Crisis in 1938, after which arrangements were made and perfected for the despatch of the squadrons (in the event of war) to their operational bases, and the evacuation of families from their quarters.

During 1938, an extension building programme was commenced which included new buildings now known as 150, 154, 156, 168, 173, extensions to both wings of Building 142, twenty-two married quarters, three bulk petrol installations and some lesser buildings, most of which were not taken over until after the outbreak of hostilities.

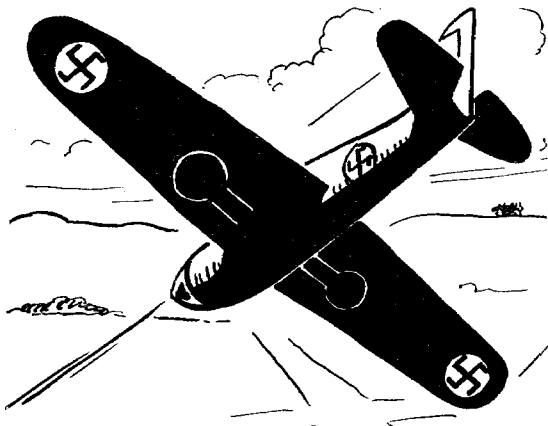
Some months before war began, after 107 Squadron had moved to Norfolk, it was learned that H.M. King George VI was to visit the Station and this he eventually did, arriving by air.

On Saturday, 2nd September, 1939, the two remaining squadrons and Station Headquarters left for the Continent, and all the families were evacuated from the Station. By 5 p.m. that day all the buildings were deserted except for a few R.A.F. personnel left behind to hand over to the incoming unit.

Sunday, 3rd September, 1939, the day of the declaration of war, saw most of the remaining men assembled in the Main Stores, now Building 30, to hear the Prime Minister's broadcast, after which the fore-runners of the incoming unit, No. 15 O.T.U. (Operational Training Unit), began to arrive. The moving in of personnel, machines and other equipment continued throughout the ensuing week, by the end of which the station was ready to carry out its new function: that of training air crews for operational squadrons. As numbers exceeded anything known before, many officers and airmen had to be accommodated in the quarters vacated by the families.

A great stir was caused in the early days of the war by the posting in of the first W.A.A.F's,

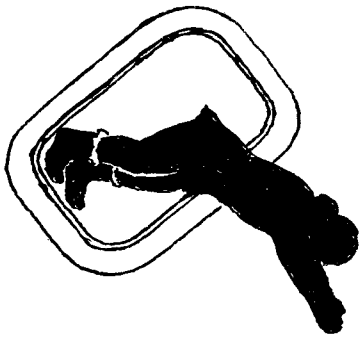
# IN THE DAYS



By C. K. BUTCHER

who arrived in civilian clothes. As the Station had been built for men only, accommodation was a problem, and it was finally decided to put the six who arrived in Married Officers' Quarter No. 6, where they remained until other arrangements could be made. Eventually they and others who arrived later, were billeted in the two wooden huts now standing between Portway House and Ridgeway House.

As may well be imagined, all was rush, hustle, and bustle during those early months of the war: temporary air-raid shelters were built all over the station, buildings camouflaged and the ground floors protected against possible gas attack. Black-outs were fitted everywhere, and there were drills and lectures on what and what not to do in the event of air raids. As the station expanded rapidly, satellite dromes had to be opened at Hampstead Norris and Manor Farm, Dorchester, and when these were approaching the habitable stage, all possible machines, crews and pupils were despatched to them, for it had been decided to lay run-ways at Harwell, as heavy bombers



# OF THE R.A.F.

“I hold it a noble task to rescue from oblivion those who deserve to be eternally remembered.”

*(Pliny The Younger)*

were being constantly bogged during the winter months.

It was in September, 1940, that we had our first taste of war. On a Friday evening at about 5.45 p.m. a German plane coming in at house top level from the direction of Rowstock dropped four bombs; the first near the petrol installation close to the present police lodge, and the other three among machines parked on the aerodrome close at hand. It was unfortunate that at that moment two 400 gallon petrol bowisers which had just been filled from the installations were still standing there. When the bomb exploded, if I remember correctly, it killed three airmen and wounded three others. The German pilot, having dropped his bombs, then turned and machine-gunned the parked aircraft, setting fire to three and also to the two petrol bowisers, and all were completely burned out. During the hours of darkness that same night, another, or perhaps the same aircraft, raided the station, dropping a stick of six bombs across the aerodrome

to the south of Hangar 8, but this time no damage was done.

During the next few months we had three, or it may have been four other raids. In the first of the raids a single aircraft attacked during the night, dropping four bombs: the first at the south eastern corner of Hangar 8, bursting the fire main; the second struck the north western end of the same building leaving its tail fin (removed only since the formation of A.E.R.E.) embedded in the slate upper structure, the bomb itself finishing up outside Building 30 without exploding; the third bomb exploded clear of Hangar 9, and the fourth struck the iron gates of the then fuel compound close to the old Central Heating Station, but did not explode.

The next raid, early one Friday afternoon, was most audacious, for the enemy plane came in among our own machines which were flying around, and the first intimation we had of its presence was when it started machine-gunning Buildings 173 and 156. Then it turned its attention to a party of airmen drilling in rear of the old transport yard, and eventually disappeared in the clouds to the south. However this was not the end, for in a few minutes we heard the roar of his engines again, saw him break through the cloud, flatten out, and in a matter of seconds drop four bombs amongst machines parked where Building 220 now stands, setting three alight, these being completely destroyed. As if in no hurry to depart, the pilot made yet another circuit, probably to take pictures of his handiwork. Fortunately no casualties occurred among personnel.

The last raid by piloted aircraft took place about 11 a.m. on a Monday morning, and was by far the worst as far as casualties were concerned. The machine appeared out of the blue and dropped five bombs among civilian workmen at the southern end of the aerodrome, killing seven and wounding many others.

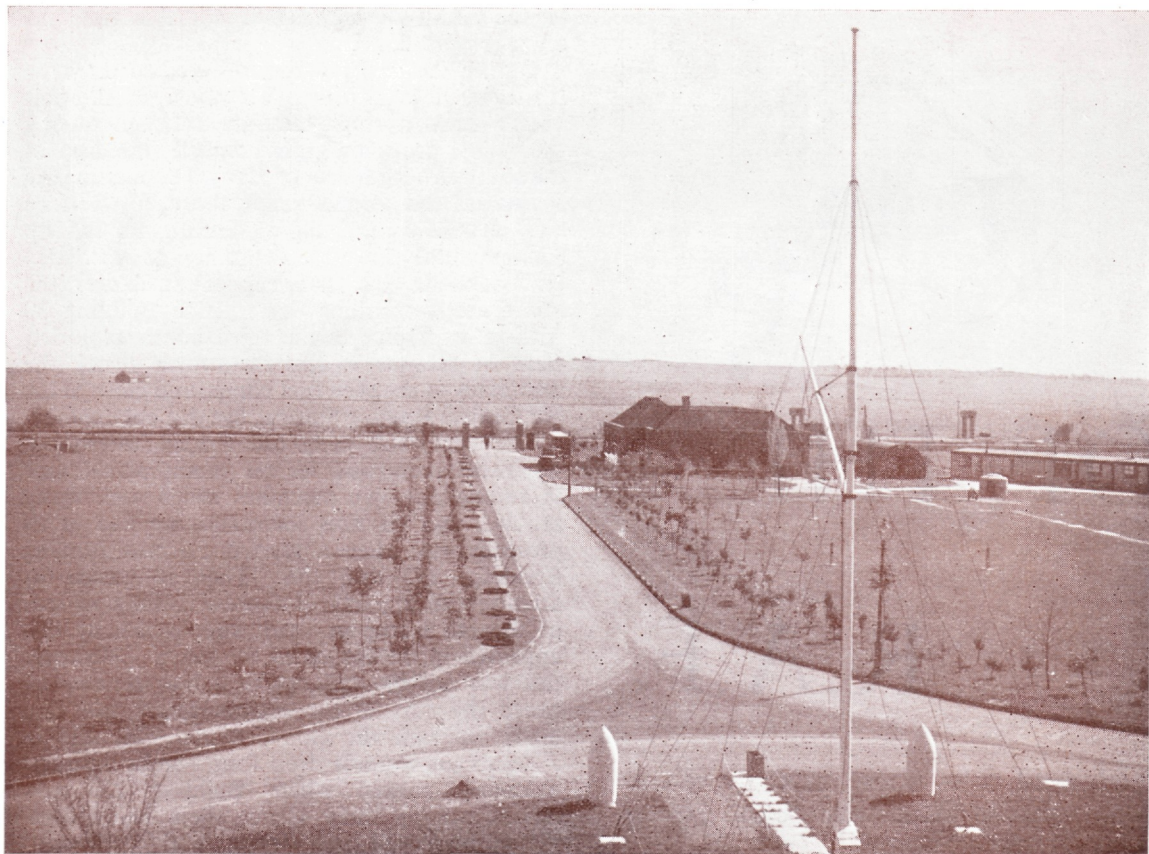
Our last visit from the enemy was in the form of a V.1. (Doodle Bug), which arrived at about 4 a.m. travelling approximately from east to west, flying straight up the long run-way and exploding near Downs House, where slight damage was done to greenhouses and the front entrance.

After the first raid it was decided that personnel must be slept off the target area, and property was requisitioned for this purpose in Chilton, West Ilsley and East Hendred.

In July, 1941, King George VI again visited the Station, this time arriving by road, and as I had served with His Majesty in the Royal Navy some twenty-eight years previously, I had the honour of being presented to him.

In March 1944, No. 15 O.T.U. was disbanded, the station was taken over by No. 38 Group,





HARWELL R.A.F. STATION

*Crown copyright reserved*

and the great build-up for the air invasion of the Continent began. Aircraft, gliders and paratroops arrived in vast numbers, and on 'D' day the transport of the paratroops by glider to the Continent commenced and continued incessantly until after the Battle of Arnhem. It was not uncommon during those days for some 2,000 to 3,000 paratroops with their equipment to arrive on the station between 3 p.m. and 4 p.m. and before daylight the next day for the whole lot to have left by glider for the Continent.

Some little while after the Battle of Arnhem our command was once more changed, and Harwell became the home base for the 2nd T.A.F. (Tactical Air Force) which was giving air support to Field Marshal Montgomery's armies on the Continent, and so we remained until the end of the war in Europe.

About the middle of 1945 the Station was taken over by Transport Command, and all efforts were concentrated on getting the Station back to a peace time basis. Officers and airmen with their families began to occupy the married quarters again, and all seemed set at long last for a resumption of the happy days we knew

before the outbreak of hostilities, but this was not to be.

In October 1945, four of us were summoned to the Station Commander's office and, after being sworn to secrecy, we were told that the Station was being taken over by a government department for the purpose of Atomic Energy Research, and we were given instructions for the preparation of certain buildings for the reception of the newcomers.

All activity was concentrated on getting all R.A.F. personnel and equipment ready for transfer to Brize Norton, and about three weeks later a public announcement was made by the B.B.C. that Atomic Research was to be brought into being at Harwell.

On December 31st, 1945, as dusk fell on the airfield, the R.A.F. Ensign was lowered for the last time from the mast in front of Building 77, and so ended the existence of Harwell as an R.A.F. Station: no fuss, no bother, no ceremonial: just a "Cheerio chaps, I'll be seeing you" from the Station Commander and all was over. So the present Establishment came into being, but that of course is another story in itself.

C.K.B.

# Reflections on Further Education

G. C. STUART

*Area Superintendent of Further Education, North Berks*

The Director of Extra Mural Studies, University of Durham, recently wrote: "However regrettable it may appear to be, there is a world of difference between a form of adult education in which 'Parliamentary Democracy', or 'Some Moral Problems,' or even 'The Four Quartets' are subjects of study, and Embroidery, Horticulture or Intermediate French, which are the backbone of local authority adult education." This quotation perhaps illustrates very well the essential difference between Adult and Further Education, pointing to the functions of the voluntary bodies in Adult Education, the University Extra Mural Departments, Extension Lectures and the Workers' Educational Association, of providing mental recreational studies at a high cultural level. It is true that Education Authorities do not wish to compete with the Universities or the W.E.A. in their fields, being content to leave such studies in their expert and experienced hands, yet it would not be quite correct to assume that the backbone of Further Education consists of Embroidery, Horticulture and Intermediate French. Perhaps the chief distinguishing mark of Further Education is the tag Vocational, for the backbone or foundation of Further Education consists of Vocational Studies—courses directly related to students' work and helping them to attain qualifications. The backbone is, then, Technical and Commercial Education, and the ever increasing variety of Recreational or Non-Vocational Subjects clustered around are, if not essential, at least an important service provided for the Community.

In North Berkshire these Non-Vocational Subjects are so varied that almost every taste and interest are catered for. The Vocational Subjects—Engineering to S.I., G.C.E. at Ordinary and Advanced Levels, Commercial Skills to R.S.A. Grade III—are supported and appreciated, but it is naturally the Non-Vocational Subjects which attract the greatest numbers, and of these the most popular classes are always crafts in some form or another, e.g. Woodwork, Dressmaking and Women's Crafts. Oddly enough, Cookery is not very popular by comparison, and ways have to be devised to present this subject in more attractive guises such as "Afternoon Tea Cookery", "Hostess Course", "Cooking for the Family". The last mentioned course is being held at the

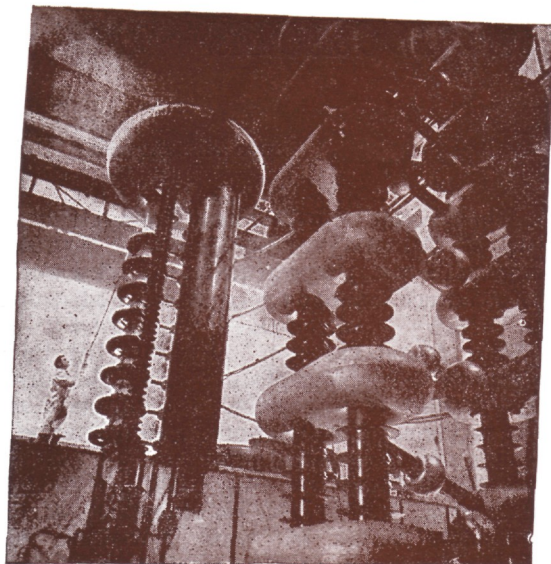
Rural Domestic Economy Centre at Marcham, which was recently opened by Miss Florence Horsburgh, Minister of Education. I recall that on that occasion she said that she would rather have a pudding turn out well than make a good speech in the House.

All my puddings don't turn out well, and although I don't expect every class advertised in the Prospectus to be filled, some have proved unaccountably unpopular. French for Beginners in Abingdon, in past years a well-supported class, has had to be closed as so few joined. Italian is not well-supported, but whereas Italian is not everyone's choice, French might be expected to be. Perhaps the railway strikes in France last year have caused interest in travel to deteriorate. Perhaps Spanish would be popular since Spain is now a cheap resort for a continental holiday. I could find out by putting it on, or by waiting until a group asked for it. That is the dilemma of organising Further Education Classes: people don't know what they want until they get it, or should one wait for a demand? The answer to the problem is never clear and well-defined, and a compromise between trying out new classes and meeting demands is the best way to solve it. A dismal failure this year was the Retail Trades Course, a general commercial course for shop-assistants. A signal success were the G.C.E. Advanced Level Pure and Applied Mathematics Classes, provided without demand. Also unsuccessful was Ballroom Dancing and Reels, which failed in Abingdon and Botley, but the reason for this may lie in the higher fee charged.

There is, however, a growing interest and support for Further Education Classes, but I am sometimes dumbfounded to hear "But I didn't know there were any classes in Abingdon (or Botley, or Dry Sandford, or Faringdon)". Remarks like this, made sincerely, make me wonder what happens to the annual publicity of advertising in the newspapers, on buses, in the cinema, by posters and handbills, and the copies of the Prospectus. These comments are not so frequently heard now, and perhaps more people have visited the annual Exhibitions at Easter. Another remark was "Why don't they get a Fire Brigade instead?" The questioner referred to Abingdon, and wondered why, if Abingdon had such a flourishing Evening



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Institute, the town did not divert some of this subsidy to a new fire engine. This was the only person I have met who didn't know that Further Education was provided by the County and not by the Borough. However, the Fire Brigade is also provided by the County, but I don't wish to comment on the Fire Service!

On the whole, Further Education is a very cheap service for the student, if it is a heavy charge on the ratepayer, yet few would deny the usefulness of this service, a service which Education Authorities are bound by the Education Act to provide. I should like to mention here the Voucher System for students attending courses outside Berkshire, as this is basically a question of finance. For every Berkshire student who takes a course in Oxford or Reading, the Berkshire Education Authority, i.e. the ratepayers, must pay to these Education Authorities the full cost based on the hours of attendance. This cost is not the course fee, which the student pays, but the cost per head, per hour, to the Authority providing the course including all charges of equipment, salaries, buildings, etc. Until the Authorities of Berkshire, Oxford and Reading agreed on Voucher Systems last Session, Berkshire was paying many thousands of pounds annually on its own residents' behalf. Now it is our aim to provide courses in Berkshire, either in the Evening Institutes or at the Colleges of Further Education, and thus there is a great saving on the rates. Naturally, North Berkshire Institutes at Abingdon and Botley cannot provide the

higher vocational courses, as there does not yet exist a North Berkshire College of Further Education, but such a College is scheduled in the Development Plan and is to be built. Meanwhile, as new schools are built, Day Courses may be established in vacated buildings, and it is hoped that many students who now travel to Oxford on Part-time Day Release Courses will be accommodated. Such has been the expansion in Further Education during the last few years that it now seems clear that the Evening Institutes have reached saturation point. No more evening vocational courses, and no day courses at all, can be provided until Further Education has premises of its own in North Berkshire.

This growth of interest is shown in enrolment figures. In the North Berkshire Area, which covers the area north of the Swindon—Didcot railway, the number of individual students enrolling in 1950-51 was 950, in 1951-52 was 1160, and in 1952-53 was 1314. At the beginning of this 1953-54 Session the figure is already 1144. When I first came to Berkshire two years ago I was told that there would be no Abingdon Evening Institute were it not for the existence of the A.E.R.E. I was sceptical and I still doubt the annihilating truth of this, yet it is very true that the employees of the A.E.R.E. do take a very great interest in Further Education Classes, and I am happy to include many students, some instructors and also a member of the Abingdon Advisory Committee for Further Education from the Establishment at Harwell.

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- (6) I like to be outside in the fine weather and, when it's wet, I stay at home
- (7) The manager hasn't visited me yet
- (8) Too many hypocrites go—they don't live up to what they are shown there.

Reproduced from *The Ridgeway*,  
Magazine of Harwell and Chilton.

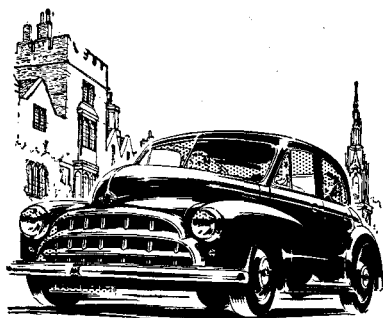


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# *Motoring*

**ROUNDABOUT.** Well, at last they've done something about Rowstock, though it isn't clear that traffic lights are the ideal solution. I ascribe three quarters of their effectiveness to the ample provision of advance warning signs. As for the expense, well we all know that ridiculous roundabout at the bottom of Boars Hill (still in Berkshire by the way) at the junction of the so-called Southern By-pass. There was the money to erect that one, to knock it all down again when it was more trouble than it was worth, and then to put it all back again worse than ever. It's quite surprising how many cars going downhill shoot clean over the right hand side of it! Even local buses have been known to do it.

**FASHION.** We have really no call to grumble at the women about fashion, for it's just as powerful and just as irrational where we are concerned. Right now it's Bug Deflectors. These things were originally designed as flow-spoilers for fast cars with great, long, flat bonnets to prevent the direct splash of a bug at the glass, and for their intended purpose, no doubt, they work well enough. But the Sales Boys have been busy and every family saloon, though it may never have collected so much as a gnat per mile in its life, has to have on the filler cap a bit of perspex to reduce vision. Oh well, by next spring they'll all be brittle and yellow with the light and we'll have something else in fashion. (By the way you may have wondered why some crafty makers colour them yellow to start with; well now you know!)

It's the same with motorbikes, perhaps even more so. Do you remember the late 1930's when everything bigger than 250 would not sell unless it had twin, up-swept pipes? That in itself meant more gadgets, for the wretched pipes burnt your legs to bits until you bought a pair of guards. Earlier in the 30's everything had to slope its cylinder forward, after Mr. Phelon's long stroke would only go into Mr. Moore's frame on the tilt.

### **A FEW SKELETONS FROM MY GARAGE CUPBOARD**

Nothing can bring a man into contact with the wrong side of the law more quickly than motors. My first recollection of the law at work was when, in the company of a friend, I returned to where we had left his motor bicycle to find a 'Peeler' standing by the machine, notebook at the ready. We hung around for a while in the hope that he would go away; the bike was insured and even taxed, and we were curious as to the reason for his visitation. When I heard him ask if the brakes were in good order, I foresaw trouble, for I knew the front one hardly worked at all, though the one on the hind wheel was very powerful. No difficulty was found in demonstrating the efficiency of the latter,

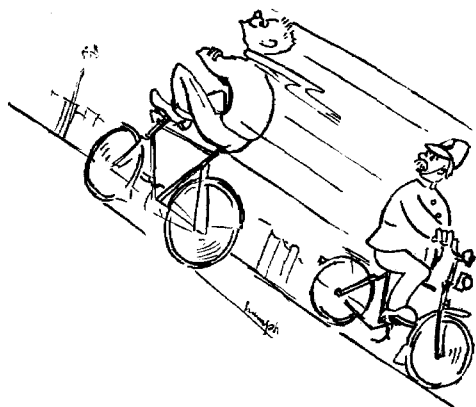


# Correspondent BLARNEY BLOWER

*Editorial Note. Blarney is a somewhat elusive character, and indeed we know little enough about him ourselves: some say he drives an Austin Seven, some will tell you he runs something vast and vintage, and yet others will swear they have seen him at the wheel of a steam traction engine. A hard man to pin down altogether, and though known officially as our Motoring Correspondent, he is liable to wander off into reminiscences about, perhaps, the Wantage Tramway, or the proper use of Side-Ponds when ascending a Staircase in dry weather. Though his leanings are toward Vintage rather than Bulbous, his irreverent ramblings will, we think, appeal, whether your m.p.g. rating be 16 or 160. In case readers should suspect a spelling error, we would assure them that "Blarney" is correct: just how correct will be realised from some of the irresponsibilities that follow. Because we allow them to be printed does not mean that we advocate neglect of brakes or even motor-cycle assisted bicycles: on the contrary, in fact.*

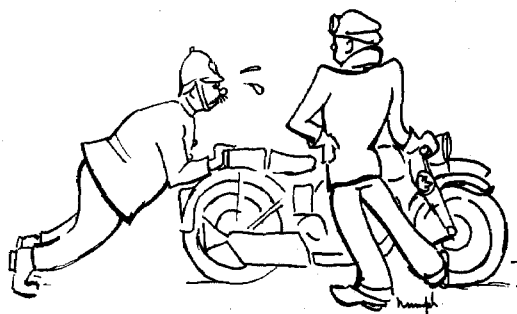
but when the Bobby said 'Now the front one,' and started pushing on the carrier, I was surprised to see the machine resist his efforts to move it. When we were alone again, I said: 'But I thought the front one didn't work at all.' 'It doesn't,' said my friend, 'but I put my foot in the spokes; the way he was shoving I thought he'd tear the boot off me!'

Shortage of ready money can make criminals of most of us if we are not very careful. I remember a friend of mine purchasing, or rather paying a deposit on, a somewhat tattered Frazer-Nash in London before the war. He drove away with the best of intentions as to paying the remainder of the price, but unfortunately funds failed him. So he thought that the best thing to do would be to try to sell the 'Nash' and perhaps even make a profit after completing payment. He approached a dealer or two without success. However



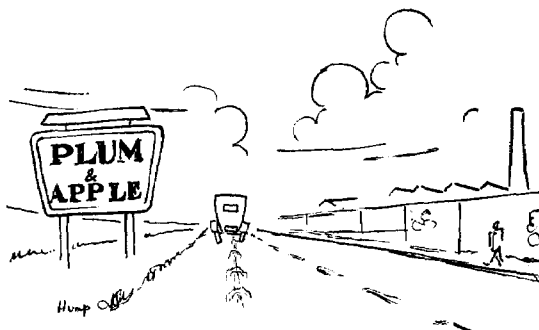
the next one he tried told him hang on a moment as he had a client who he thought might be interested. There followed some furtive telephoning, and shortly the client appeared at the door. To my friend's chagrin, it was the man from whom he had 'bought' the car. There followed some harsh words. Fortunately, there was no legal action and that was the end of that.

A guilty conscience can play queer tricks too. I once left my car in the yard of a railway station, and I should here add that all was not quite as it should have been with regard to the legal formalities relating to the vehicle (as they say). On my return I was distressed to see what I took to be a familiar helmet on the far side of the car, I skirted the yard to get a better look, and it was with unqualified relief I discovered that the 'helmet' was the steam dome of a locomotive in the siding.



Being towed on a push bike behind car or motor bike can be reasonably safe (for the unreasonable? *Ed*) if a few precautions are taken, the main one being the fitting of a back pedal brake on the push bike, so enabling the rider to grasp the bar at the middle with one hand and hold the tow-rope with the other. The rope can be fastened round the waist of the towing motor cyclist. I rode in such a fashion behind a friend who worked in the same factory, and we had a pre-arrangement that if a policeman should be seen, I would drop the rope and he would ride off on his own. We were riding along one evening going up a rather steep rise when I saw a blue uniform on a cycle coasting majestically towards us. I let go the rope; my friend rode on, and I passed the astonished policeman at a good 35 m.p.h., freewheeling uphill.

**JAM LABEL.** After many years, now that elegant yellow signs officially label us to the passing motorist as the A.E.R.E., I am glad to see the pretence at anonymity abandoned, if only because in the early days (when only the board of Chivers, main contractor, was visible) we were often mistaken for a jam works.



## ENGINEERING DIVISION

### Engineering Division Entertainments Sub-Committee

During the past three years the above committee has been responsible for the successful organising of three Annual Dinners in the Establishment restaurant, Bldg. 150, as well as three equally successful Divisional Dances.

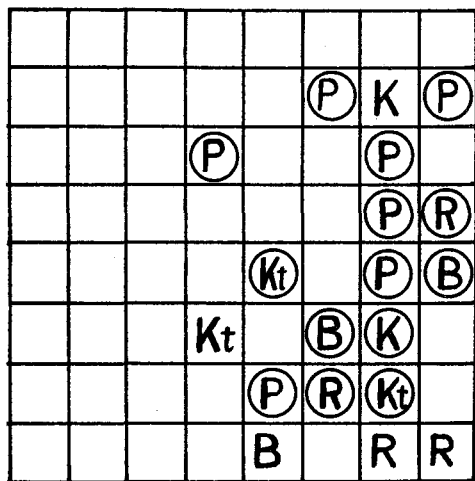
The committee, under its chairman, John Tennison (H.9), met on numerous occasions with the aim of providing various forms of entertainment which, it was hoped, would cater for most tastes and thereby foster social well-being and the "get together" spirit within the Division.

Many schemes were considered from time to time, but unfortunately some ideas were doomed to failure from the start, because of the very wide area from which our people are drawn and the consequent difficulties arising in getting staff and employees together during after-work hours.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, the committee can feel justly proud of the invariable success of each function attempted and registers its sincere thanks and appreciation for the co-operation of all, who, in any way contributed towards this end.

The Entertainments Committee is ready at all times to consider any suggestion or scheme that would prove of social value to the Division and looks forward to increased interest in these efforts.

### CHESS PROBLEM



Black (ringed pieces) : 14 men. White 5 men.

White to play and mate in 90

The complexities of the modern 2 and 3 move chess problem can be quite puzzling to the solver. 4 moves are usually "tough meat"; but longer problems are often simpler to solve, the play frequently consisting of a single line.

The problem given here is not difficult in spite of its extremely long-range scheme.

In Troitzkey's position the white monarch makes journeys of various lengths to 'triangulate' and so catch the Black Rook on the wrong foot when he returns to K Kt 7, thus forcing Black to move his pawns and eventually, when pawn moves are exhausted, to move his Kt.

(Submitted by T. G. Pollard on behalf of A.E.R.E. Chess Club.)

## MR. H. TONGUE—

### A tribute to the Chief Engineer,

A.E.R.E. 1946—1953

Mr. Harold Tongue, M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I. Chem.E., joined the British-Canadian Atomic Energy project in Montreal in 1945 as a senior engineer of the British team. He played an important part in the design and construction of the high powered, heavy water reactor at Chalk River, which later operated with great success. He had started his career with an apprenticeship at Crossley Bros. and at Kendall and Gent Ltd.; this was immediately followed by the first World War, during which he served in France with the Royal Engineers. After holding a number of industrial engineering appointments, he joined the Chemical Research Laboratory at Teddington in 1928 and was responsible for the engineering work of that establishment. In 1934 he moved to the Chief Engineer's department of the London County Council, where he was responsible for some novel and successful projects during the 1939-45 war.

In November, 1946, Mr. Tongue came to Harwell as Chief Engineer, and steadily built-up the large and excellent engineering organization which has been such a vital part of the Establishment. He was closely concerned with the design and construction of the GLEEP and BEPO piles at A.E.R.E., and has been responsible for the engineering aspects of their operation. Under his guidance, Harwell teams have pioneered design studies on new types of reactors—one of which is now under construction by our Risley colleagues to become Britain's first nuclear power station at Calder Hall.

From the outset, the Chief Engineer has maintained excellent relations with all members of the staff at A.E.R.E., and the success achieved in joint negotiation owes much to his work. One of his closest interests has been the A.E.R.E. Apprenticeship scheme, which he was responsible with Mr. Norwood for launching in 1948, and which has already had some notable success. In quite a different field, his personal influence in negotiating with the statutory bodies responsible for water and supplies, and the problems of effluent disposal, was instrumental in enabling A.E.R.E. to start operations.

Mr. Tongue's experience, wisdom and humanity have made him something of an elder statesman to the Establishment, where his beneficial influence during the rapid growth

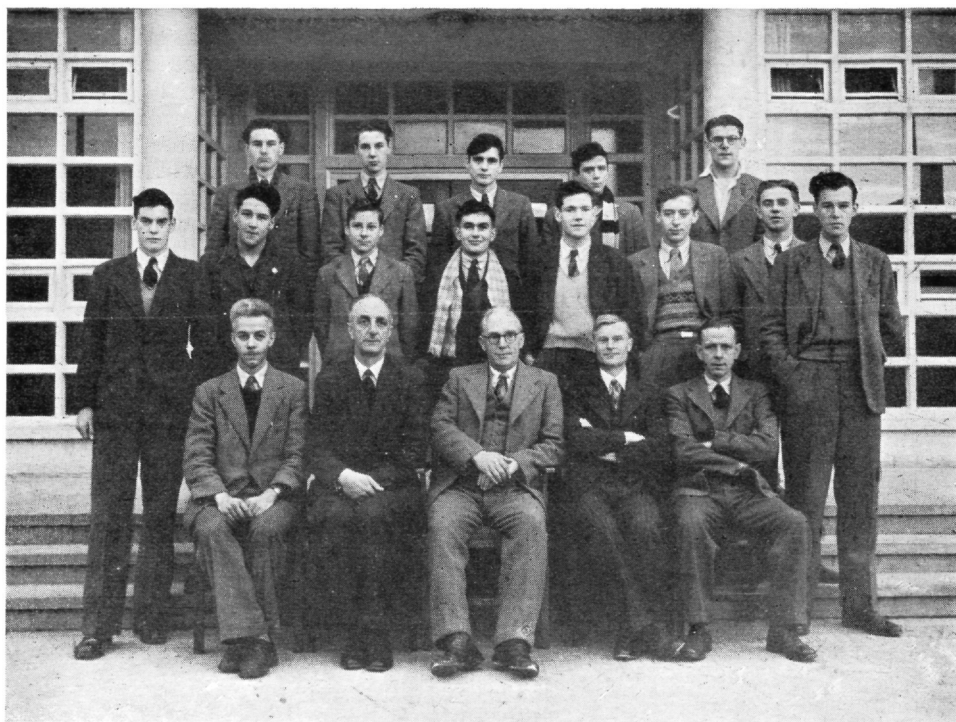
of a young and novel organisation has been incalculable. He has carried a tremendous load, and has never been known to spare himself. It was with feelings of deep regret that we had to announce his retirement from A.E.R.E. for health reasons, as from the end of December this year. Those of us who have worked closely with him since the early days of the British project will naturally miss him most, but his departure creates a sense of loss throughout the Establishment.

During the years that Mr. and Mrs. Tongue lived in South Drive at Harwell, Mrs. Tongue became widely known and liked for her activity in the social and cultural life of the community. They later moved to Bucklebury, where they will continue to live. We wish them every happiness there.

D. R. WILLSON.

## Group Photograph

When the 1948 group of apprentices completed their apprenticeship this year, Mr. Tongue was able to see the first fruits of the Apprentice Scheme in which he has taken so much interest. The successes achieved by A.E.R.E. Apprentices in recent years have made this one of the leading establishments in the Ministry of Supply Apprentice Scheme ; a result which is largely due to the guidance and example of Mr. Tongue. There are now almost a hundred apprentices undergoing training and we are confident that they will always be proud of having served their apprenticeship at A.E.R.E. and will maintain the very high standard which has already been set for them.



*Back Row.*—G. K. TAYLOR, P. G. MASON, D. A. COOK, A. BULL, G. WILKIN.

*Centre Row.*—R. G. COPE, R. B. WILSON, R. I. BRAZIER, E. J. HAILSTONE, D. ELLIOTT, G. R. HILYER,  
H. N. ISAAC, A. R. TEMPLE.

*Front Row.*—J. WALLACE, H. O. NORWOOD, H. TONGUE, M. J. MARCHBANKS, K. R. WAKELEY.



### Editorial Note.

Your editor has not felt qualified to check the data in this, his science correspondent's account of the first atomic train. A history book, however, which did not contain at least one lie, would, he feels, be dull indeed. As a Greek historian wrote: "Very few things happen at the right time and the rest do not happen at all; the conscientious historian will correct these defects."



AGENTS FOR BURBERRYS

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MILLINERS : FURNISHERS  
DRESSMAKERS

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*Curtains and Loose Covers made from*  
CRETONNES CHINTZES  
PRINTED LINENS

**WANTAGE**

Telephone 50

## Science

### Correspondent

It is most disappointing to have to report a setback in the development of the atomic powered train.

With the possibility of Gleep becoming available, designs were produced for an engine with the boiler replaced by a forty-foot concrete cube, but this presented its own problems, the least of which was an objection from the Engine Drivers' Union against having the driving cab anywhere but behind the boiler or whatever was used instead of the boiler "because that is where it has always been." A brief search for giraffe-necked engine drivers was abandoned in favour of a second-hand periscope borrowed from the Admiralty, but by then other snags had become apparent.

There had been a shocking lack of foresight in the planning of the country's railways, and we could not find a single bridge that allowed for the passage of such an obvious thing as a forty-foot cube. Signals and signal boxes, telegraph poles and plate-layers' pick and shovel shelters, all were much too near the lines, and not a country railway station but would have lost its waiting room and buffet whenever the first atomic train went through. The habit of putting platforms between adjacent sets of lines completely ruined an ingenious idea for balancing the concrete cube on two engine chassis side by side. British Railways' excuse for vetoing this scheme was that they wanted to run trains in both directions at once, despite our pointing out that the two forty-foot cubes

## The Didcot Timber Company Ltd.

THE BROADWAY, DIDCOT

•  
SOFTWOODS, HARDWOODS,  
and ALL BUILDING MATERIALS

•  
A GOOD SELECTION OF TILED SURROUNDS  
CONTINUOUS BURNING GRATES . COURTIER STOVES

*Painting and Decorating Materials*

**DIDCOT 3318**

might chip one another in passing, and we could only assume that British Railways were not big enough to admit to short sighted planning in the bad old days. We were sorry to give up the two chassis idea, for the general effect was rather pleasing: something like Mr. Cube on roller skates.

Then it was that a brilliant suggestion was made. We had plenty of raw materials: uranium, graphite, heavy water and such; why not work up to the fully atomic-powered train gradually, and start by filling the boiler with heavy water instead of the ordinary variety? The simplicity of the scheme appealed to everyone, and in due course we stood around our experimental engine, kindly lent to us by the Wantage Road Stationmaster. Someone gave the signal for off and we waited expectantly, but nothing happened. "It ought to go 'Chuff'" the driver said apologetically and fiddled with the controls. Still nothing happened.

It was quite a while before we found the answer: there just wasn't enough pressure being developed to push the heavy steam up the chimney. Inspiration came to our aid and eventually we tried again, this time with the boiler turned over so that the chimney was underneath. This modification meant that the fire-box door appeared hard under the roof of the driving cab instead of at floor level, and the fireman was quick and most bitter with his objections. The burden of his complaint was that it was difficult enough trying to keep the fire going on graphite blocks without having to stand on tip toe to feed them in 'like an unprintable small boy posting objectionable Christmas cards,' but with some persuasion he agreed to carry on.

## Restaurant Elizabeth

84 St. Aldates, Oxford

TABLES RESERVED Phone 2230

Dine in an atmosphere of  
Old-World Charm

FRESH CHOICE FOODS—EXCELLENTLY  
SERVED—in the Antique Dining  
Rooms, panelled throughout with  
Genuine Elizabethan Oak

MORNING COFFEE LUNCHEONS TEAS  
DINNER SERVED until 11.30 p.m. (inc.  
Sundays)

Club Dinners, Parties, After-Theatre Dinners  
and Private House Catering our Speciality

At the next attempt a most curious thing happened. The heavy steam came down the chimney all right, but due to its peculiar nature it set up a syphon effect, and instead of a short, brisk 'Chuff' it gave a prolonged, open-throated roar. In fact to everyone's fascinated astonishment it continued until the boiler was empty, blowing all the ballast from between the sleepers and making quite a deep excavation before the blast of steam came to an end.

If we had realised sooner, we might have been able to prevent what happened next, but we were all too interested in the phenomenon we had just witnessed. So it was that the simple truth was forgotten: that empty boilers and well-stoked fires do not go together, with the result that we are now looking for another engine to continue our experiments, and another group leader to guide us. However, we are not dismayed at our little setback. R.O.T.

# JONES & STEPHENS LTD.

*Prototype Constructions, Pressure and Vacuum Valves  
Jigs and Fixtures, Machine Engraving, General Engineers*

You have a problem! Perhaps we can assist you. We work to the rough SKETCH or to your own Drawings. In our modest way we have been of assistance to your Colleagues. Perhaps we can help you. Phone Oxford 77912.

*Long Lane, Littlemore, Oxford*

Grams. Instruments, Oxford

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# ACCUMULATOR COMPETITION

The interest shown by so many of our readers in our competitions has encouraged us to broaden this feature of our magazine. Before enlarging on this subject we offer our congratulations to the winners of the competitions in our last issue.

The first correct solution of our Crossword which we opened was that of Mr. D. G. HOLMES of Chemical Engineering who received 10/6d. for his labours. We sympathise with those solvers who, in their haste to submit their solutions, ignored Mr. DAWSON's anagram of LOOSER STATE and gave their solution as LOTUS EATERS instead of LOTOS EATERS.

We did not receive a correct entry for our Proof Readers' Competition. Results and prizes were Mr. C. J. Heming (E.M.R.) 7 points, 10/6d; Mrs. J. Taylor (Metallurgy) 6 points, and Mr. D. W. Chambers (Electronics) 5 points, who received book tokens.

The Lucky Number competition was won by Mr. C. R. McDougall (Electronics) who received one guinea.

On page 38 of this issue is our new Crossword which has been set this time by D. J. Behrens. On page 34 will be found details of the Proof Readers' Competition for this number.

Separate prizes are being given for these two competitions, and they are in no way connected with the prizes to be given for the problems posed under our title of "Accumulator Competition."

Ten marks will be given for each of the problems under these columns which are solved correctly making the highest marks obtainable 50.

A prize of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor who obtains the highest number of marks for the five problems set below. In addition to this prize a further prize of two guineas will be awarded to the competitor who accumulates the highest number of marks from the problems given below plus those to be posed in our following two issues.

Entries to Harlequin Magazine, c/o Central Registry by January 29th.

## PROBLEMS

(1) WHO WAS HE? Born in the year of Napoleon's failure at Moscow, his wanderings took him from Ireland via the Australian bush, New Zealand, the South Seas, Mexico, Germany, England, to Spain where he died the same year as Palmerston. Saved from death among savages by the chief's daughter, nearly drowned at sea. Sheep farmer, writer, composer. WHO WAS HE?

(2) TELA CROSTIC. From the following twelve words choose eight to make a telegram and arrange the words of your choice so that their initial letters form the name of the sender. Here is a clue. The name of our sender is a well known Harwell personality.

AMAZING CREW EAST EVENTS GATHERING  
INVESTIGATION LONDON MOST NEWS SHIP  
STARTING TORPEDOED.



## COXETERS

LTD.

Complete House Furnishers

Cabinet Repairs : Upholsterers

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Furniture Removed and Warehoused  
China, Glass, etc.

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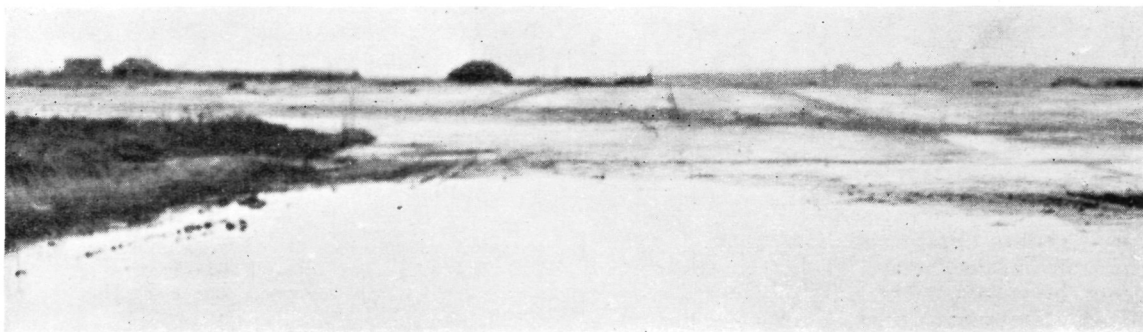
TRY ABINGDON FIRST

21-27 Ock Street, ABINGDON

Tel. Abingdon 47

*We are pleased to arrange Hire Purchase Facilities*

### (3) WHERE IS THIS ?



### (4) ACROSTIC

#### UPRIGHTS

You may meet me in a London street,  
My other half has a different beat,  
Together we accomplished a great feat.

#### LIGHTS

1. Game so they say, eats better this way.
2. Was this the word they heard him cry  
When Tosti said his sad "Goodbye."
3. Two out of three, result you see.
4. Fifteen and you survive, Ten and out,  
Yet still alive.
5. "Keep fit" is all the cry. Here's one way  
you can't deny.
6. I always do attempt to send, the truth on  
every national trend.

#### (5) GENERAL QUIZ KNOWLEDGE

1. What was the "Spirit of St. Louis" ?
2. With what sports are the following trophies  
associated ?

- (a) The Walker Cup (b) The America's Cup  
(c) The Calcutta Cup (d) The Westchester  
Cup.

3. Who were the two men who "cleaned up  
Whitehall" and laid the foundations of  
the Civil Service in 1853 ?
4. Who are alleged to have uttered these  
famous last words ?  
(a) "My Country ! How I leave my  
Country."  
(b) "Don't let poor Nellie starve."  
(c) "Strike man !"
5. Who were known as  
(a) The Swedish Nightingale  
(b) The Ambling Alp  
(c) Old Knoll, and what did they do  
for a living ?
6. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."  
Where will you find this saying ?

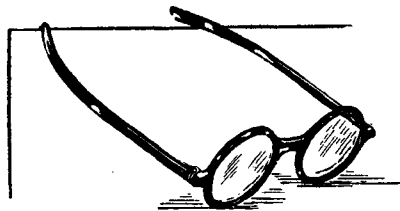
## Do You Know

that, for your convenience, we have arranged that you can have  
your Driving Lessons IN ABINGDON ?

We have an absolutely out-of-date fleet of cars, and we only  
employ certificated instructors.

**The West Anglia School of Motoring**  
29 ST. ALDATES, OXFORD  
Telephone 48812





## PROOF-READER COMPETITION

In "New Elizabethan Harlequin" eight deliberate mistakes were inserted in advertisements by arrangement with the firms concerned. The competition of proof-readers to locate them brought in a record number of entries. Of the errors several remained unnoticed by the winners, one escaped detection by all competitors, while another was observed by one reader only to whom we awarded a special prize.

The easiest error to detect was the mis-spelling of 'Storage' with a second 'e' in the Archer, Cowley advertisement, page 26. In contrast the announcement of Bailey's (Abingdon & North Oxford), "New Shoes sold, Old Shoes re-sold," contained of course a word correctly spelt, but used in its wrong sense: a flash-back to the earlier competition in which "Wolsey" (underwear) was confused with "Wolseley" (cars). As one reader put it: "Your re-sold shoes will only be re-sold if you fail to collect them." On behalf of Bailey's, for whose co-operation here we were indebted, we might add that this re-selling would only be done after a long period and then to defray expenses of the workmanship!

The mis-spelling of "Tricuni" (page 31) in The Greys Inn Tent Shop announcement required some specialised knowledge, but was discovered by a number of readers. Although a neglected apostrophe occurs in the announcement (page 32) of K. W. Launchbury (Turl St. Oxford), we might add that no such thing has occurred in the typing by his office of MSS. for this magazine. In contrast, the announce-

ment of Arbery & Son Ltd. (Wantage) received no comments. Although described as "Drapers, Outfitters, Furnishers," etc., it will be seen that they are referred to as "Agent" (singular) for Burberry's.

The more obvious conflict of singular and plural in Layton's announcement (back inside cover) however, was noticed by many competitors:

"Laytons

Comprehensive  
Guide

has been the means of leading  
80,000 motor cyclist to easy and  
and happy ownership. Let this  
latest edition help you to buy..."

Only one reader however, D. W. Chambers (Electronics) observed the well-concealed repetition of the word "and" in the above lines and to him went the special award.

As a grand finale, in the last word of the last line on the back cover of the magazine the second 'a' in "Wantage" was set in the wrong fount and was italicised as "Wantage."

That then was the competition in observation. Notwithstanding such red-herrings as "The Wel-done Repair Service," which is in fact spelt this way, and others which caused erroneous speculation on commercial jargon, these eight were the only deliberate mistakes. To have spotted four denoted more than average alertness.

In this Yuletide number of the magazine deliberate mistakes have once again been inserted with the valuable support of the business houses concerned. Once again the number is unspecified except for the fact that two are to be found in the pages facing you now. This time, however, the prize allocation is doubled with one guinea to the winner and consolation prizes of double value to all runners-up. Once again a special prize will be awarded for the spotting of but one well-concealed error that passes unnoticed by other competitors.

Entries to "Harlequin Magazine c/o Central Registry" by Jan. 29th.

D.A.T.

Y O U R E D D Y S T O N E A G E N T



L. WESTWOOD · 46 GEORGE STREET · OXFORD

RADIO COMPONENTS AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

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# SALES OF WOKINGHAM

*Suppliers of High Grade Nursery Stock to  
Atomic Energy Research Establishments*

**FOR ALL YOUR GARDEN NEEDS**

TREES  
SHRUBS  
ROSES  
FRUITS  
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**SALE & SON (Wokingham) LTD.**

**Folly Court, WOKINGHAM**

*Catalogues Free on Request*

**Regular Deliveries in all Areas**

SEEDS  
BULBS  
FERTILIZERS  
TOOLS  
INSECTIDES  
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## A. NIVEN

*32 Bath Street, Abingdon*

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*I have in Stock*

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

TOOLS OF ALL TYPES

"DULUX" PAINTS

GARDENERS' NEEDS

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MAY I SUPPLY YOU, PLEASE?

## W. HILES

DRAYTON

**Groceries . Provisions**

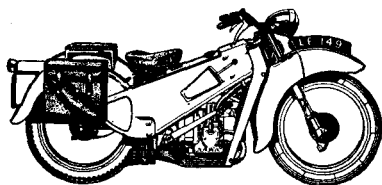
**Confectionery . Hardware**

Select your Goods from the Shop  
at your door for personal service

AT ALL TIMES

Our only object is to satisfy and  
OBLIGE YOU

We can deliver Wines and Spirits  
also (Morlands) Beers



OXFORD DISTRIBUTORS FOR

**NORTON VELOCETTE TANDON**

## CLARK'S (OXFORD) LTD.

Always plenty of excellent used machines in stock at all prices . . . Easy  
Terms on the Spot. Part exchanges with pleasure . . . we also buy motor  
cycles and side-cars for cash £ £ £ £ £ £ cash.

*Don't delay . . . call to-day at*

**CLARK'S (OXFORD) LTD., 6 THE PLAIN, OXFORD**

'Phone 47757

## THE PRINTERS

of "Harlequin" wish all their friends the compliments of the season and also wish them (and themselves !) a prosperous 1954.



## ALFRED PRESS

LIMITED

Mill Street, WANTAGE

Telephone 133

Printers since 1875



## John Parker

Newsagent

(East Hendred 258)

On service daily at Harwell with your newspapers, magazines and cigarettes

Orders taken for Christmas Annuals



# CLERIHEW COMPETITION RESULTS

The response to this competition was most encouraging but, unfortunately, as mentioned in our previous number, the clerihews selected are not necessarily the best submitted, but those that can safely be published without resulting in our appearance in Court on a charge of libel !

Those we liked best come from two contributors and we can honestly report that the biggest laugh came from our Chairman when this one appeared :—

There is an editorial prohibition  
Against personal remarks in this competition.  
This is a pity, as I would like to have scored  
Off the Chairman of the Editorial Board.

With apologies to those concerned, but with sympathy in our hearts for all tax-payers we submit that :—

A frequently overlooked factor  
In the design of a nuclear reactor  
Is (if to mention it is not too perverse),  
The length of the tax-payer's purse.

On the other hand everyone will perhaps not agree when our contributor says :—

The Yank  
Is inclined to swank  
About his BEVATRON  
We don't brag : we just get on.

Coming nearer home we are told :  
Diffraction dearly love a chain reaction,  
'Cos they think that neutrons  
Are more useful than deut'rons.  
But the Cyclotron  
Can't be imposed upon.

The same contributor assures us :—

There's a commotion  
In Corrosion  
One 'Bod' said that alkalies are best,  
But that wouldn't stand the acid test.

Moving so to speak from *our* compound to that of our neighbour, we are sure our many friends in Dr. Loutit's emporium will be amused to learn that :—

The M.R.C.  
Thinks Pile Physics should be  
Apprised of the Breeding Habits  
Of rabbits.

“**Harlequin** is probably the only thing you can buy for ninepence at Harwell, outside the canteen.”—**Newbury Weekly News.**

In the winning entry, we are told :—

The heat from atomic piles

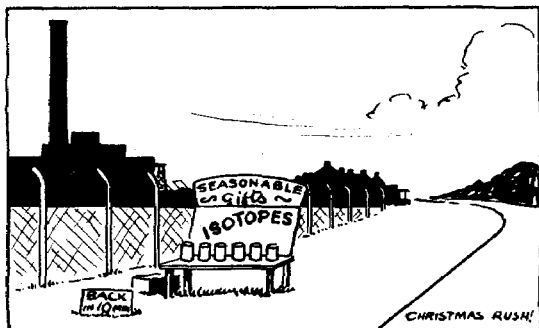
Goes up for miles.

That's not what Scotsmen would call  
Sensible Heat ;

There they prefer to burn peat.

The first three of these seven Clerihews came from the pen of D. J. Behrens, who as a member of our Editorial Board withheld his effort until after the closing date.

The other four reached us from not-so-old Harwellian Robert Cahn who now watches the smoke go up for miles in Birmingham. To him then goes our prize of a book token for the last clerihew printed here. Congratulations Robert Cahn.



W. COOKSEY (A.E.R.E.)

## JANUARY 29

*Latest Posting Day*  
for **Competition Entries and**  
**Contributions**  
*for the next number*

“**HARLEQUIN MAGAZINE,**  
c/o CENTRAL REGISTRY, A.E.R.E.,  
HARWELL, BERKS.”

### BOOKS FOR REVIEW

*The Author* by Dick Tate.

*The New Tenants* by Helena Flat.

*The Burglar* by Robin Banks.

*Marriage* by Betta Knott.

*The Cannibal* by Henrietta Mann.

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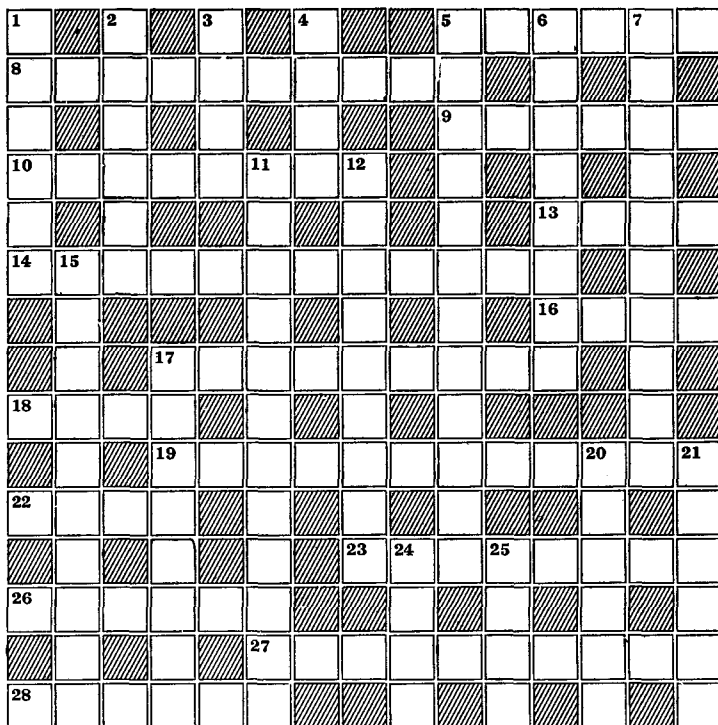
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# HARLEQUIN Crossword Puzzle

No. 11

Compiled by  
D. J. BEHRENS

*Half a guinea is offered for the first correct solution opened by the Editor. Closing date : January 29th*

## DOWN

- ACROSS**
- 5, 8 I'll run a cops' choir on the Local Authority (6, 10)  
 9 The street to Lindum (6)  
 10 Knocks the stuffing out of lightweights after half of 16 across (8)  
 13 Ecclesiastical recess (4)  
 14 Daily version of peeping raven (7, 5)  
 16 Stumble a little way (4)  
 17 They may be parliamentary, leading, or rhetorical (9)  
 18 Dr. Johnson's antithesis to China (4)  
 19 Well ! You in jelly—promise to pay—cunning (12)  
 22 Just light-coloured popular entertainment (4)  
 23 Stock-in-trade of the Flying Inn (3, 2, 3)  
 26 Gratuity to fondle 9 across, perhaps (6)  
 27 Where the end of 17 down is hot (10)  
 28 Ill-tempered junior officer (6)

- 1 An anagram of she-cat (6)  
 2 9 across on raw mineral—what a riot ! (6)  
 3 Just look over the metre (4)  
 4 " And tremble, gay goats, in the midst of your . . ." (Chesterton) (4)  
 5 Supper on pigs for the sake of argument (12)  
 6 Push a thong up the fortifications (8)  
 7 Wavy us, I and Lois (10)  
 11 As with acquaintance (12)  
 12 Trap sprung in cleft stick who founded 365 churches (2, 7)  
 15 " Because I am so very . . ." (Chesterton) (10)  
 17 This may be filled 420 times out of a pipe (5, 3)  
 20 Oscar Wilde referred to that—necessity of living for others (6)  
 21 Hubbub (6)  
 24 The Walrus and the Carpenter offered to give a hand to this (4)  
 25 " As to " (anag.) (4)

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 Yet this one triumph is denied to none ;  
 To say each night, computing loss and gain—  
 “ This was my job to-day ; this I have done  
 With all the skill I could command, no less.”

That is success.

It well may be at your allotted task

You find no dearth of pitfalls in the way,  
 Pause for a little while to-night and ask :

“ Am I one pace ahead of yesterday—  
 Nearer the goal ? ” If you can answer “ Yes ! ”

That is success.

Time flies on phantom wing, yet no man needs

To count the speeding years as forfeit quite.

We live not in days only, but in deeds.

If this dead year has brought you in its flight  
 New store of wisdom, tolerance, kindliness—

That is success.

“*Forbes.*”



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