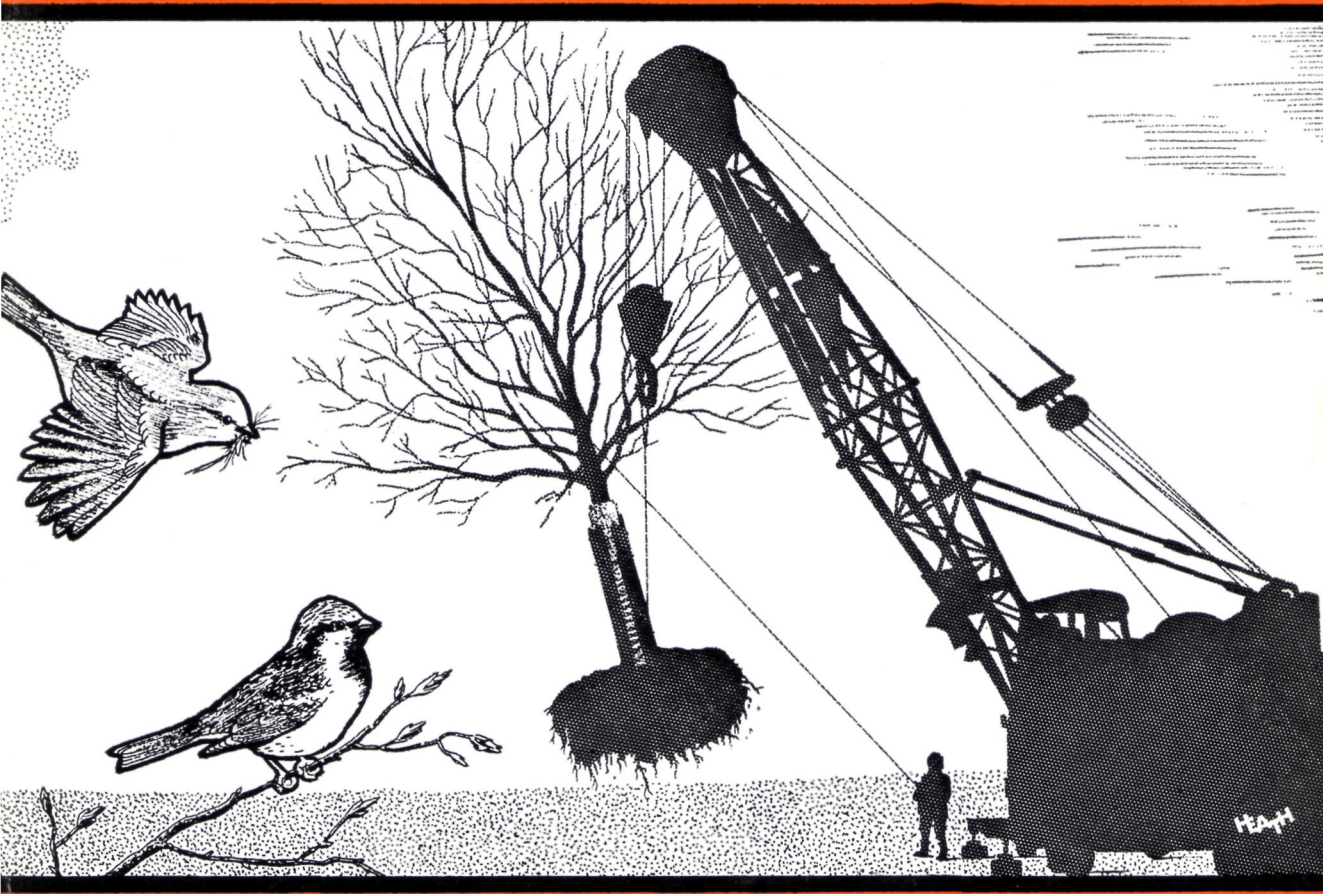
HARLEQUIN



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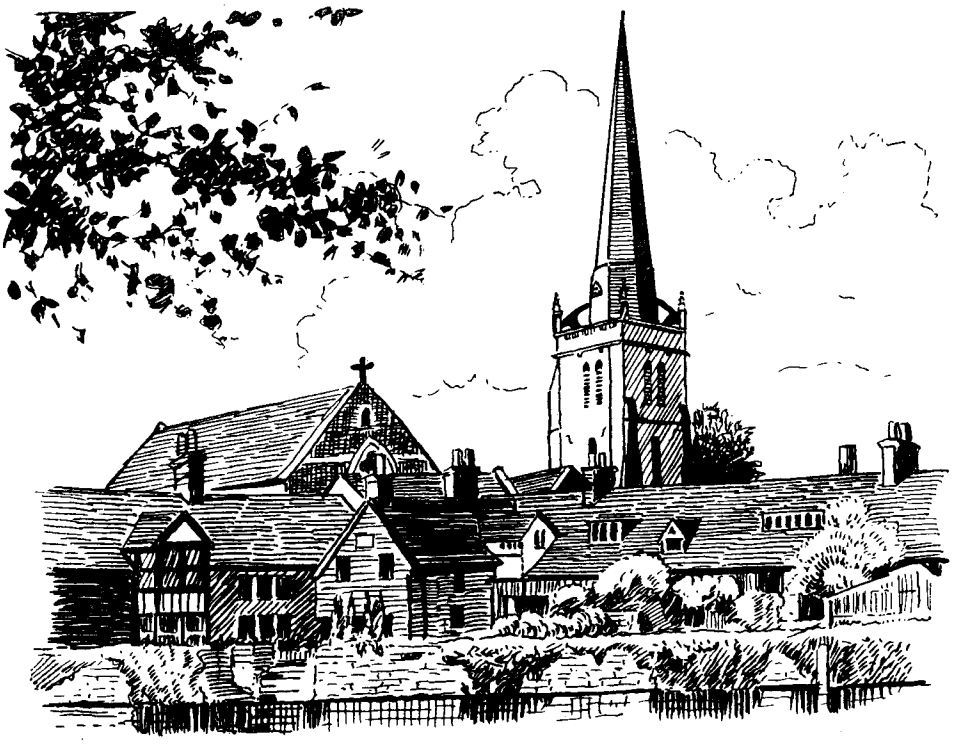

St. Helen's, Abingdon, from the River.

SPRING HARLEQUIN 1966

VOL. XVI No. 1 (52)

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

in this issue

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Prolonged application of heat during the soldering process tends to soften the Polyethylene Dielectric and can result in a short circuit and we recommend the use of a hot *'Quick'* soldering iron, using a small diameter bit.

It has been found that the conventional method of a heat-sink and the use of the most suitable soldering-iron are not effective on particular applications.

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(1) Remove outer sheath for a suitable length to expose the braid.

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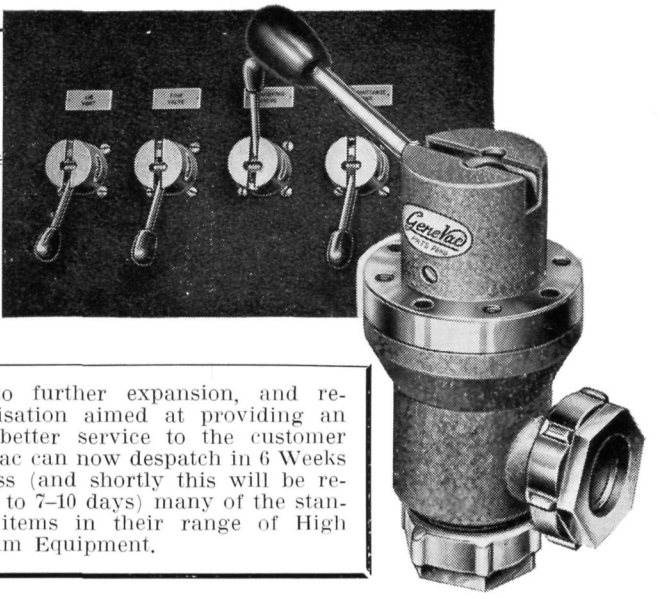

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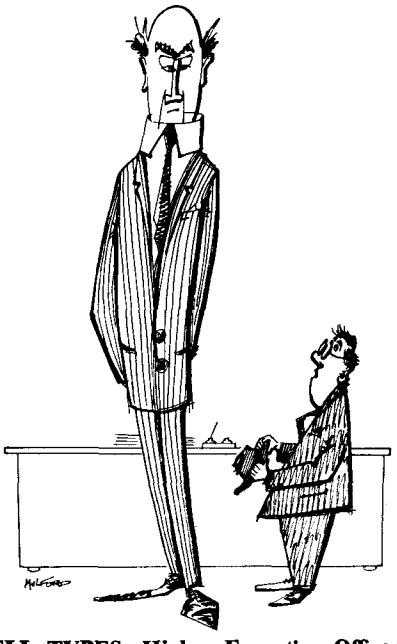


HARWELL TYPES: Higher Executive Officer

EDITORIAL

'Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference is droll:
The optimist sees the doughnut — the pessimist, the hole.

There are other ways of depicting the difference between these two character types, as in these lines which have been ascribed to several authors:

Two men look out through the same bars:
One sees the mud, and one the stars.

The pessimist exploits every difficulty. His attitude is expressed in the way he walks. Bent over so that no one shall mistake the heavy load under which he labours, he resembles one of those Karyatids who supported the Greek temples, laboriously holding up porticos. He judges everything pessimistically, not only for himself but for others, missing no occasion when others are happy to utter doleful Cassandra-like prophecies and to find some gloomy aspect in every happy event.

It is such a person who, on seeing a cover of this *Harlequin,* will exclaim: "Poor birds — about to build their nest, and their tree is taken away from them!"

By the optimist the world is seen differently: "Lucky birds", he will say, "they waited their opportunity, and here comes a new home specially for them!"

The optimist is not afraid to give the impression that he likes his work. He laughs at the suggestion that he owes his success to the people he knows, for these people are down the scale as well as up it. He likes to give help and pleasure to others whoever they are, and we all enjoy his fellowship.

Not everyone falls clearly into one of these two types, however. Most of us are optimists on some occasions and pessimists at others, but at this time, following a mild winter and with an early spring, who can escape the feeling of jubilation in the air? We feel at one with nature and ahead of the year . . . as happy as the adventurous terrapin advertised in *A.E.R.E. News,* who came out early from his hibernation and was found "wandering abroad"; members of A.E.R.E. Cricket and Lawn Tennis Clubs are also seen out early this year. On a Monday morning the AERE bus reverberates to the exchange of progress reports on weekend activities of ground dug up and of sowings completed ahead of schedule.

Even the seasons seem to come more quickly than they did in Coleridge's day:

'Tis a month before the month of May
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

Harlequin, too, is early this year!

HUGH ROSKELL
Editor 1947

AERE NEWS

MARJORIE LE CREN
Editor 1950

IN THE LAST ISSUE, *Harlequin* looked back on the early days of *A.E.R.E. News* when it served a new establishment which, although small in complement never-the-less bristled with activity. Early copies reflect the pioneering spirit as a series of enthusiastic editors nursed the *News* through its infancy. Back in those old days there was even space to record births: —

CONGRATULATIONS
28 *July* 1949
To Mr. and Mrs. D. Knight on the birth of a daughter (Janet Elizabeth) . . . on Sunday, 24 *July,* 1949.

Some editors even aspired to verse: —

CONGRATULATIONS
13 *November,* 1952
So the Onions now have got
A little lady of Shallot,
But no doubt they'd have been as glad
Had the news been "it salad"
R.O.T.

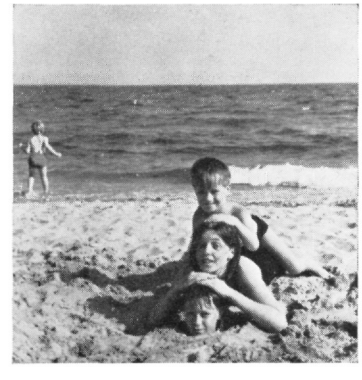
Even the dog has his day!

CONGRATULATIONS
6 *March* 1947
To Mr. H. E. B. on the birth to his dog of six bonny pups. Mr. B. said he didn't even know anything about it until the day before they arrived. What has Caesar to say about it?

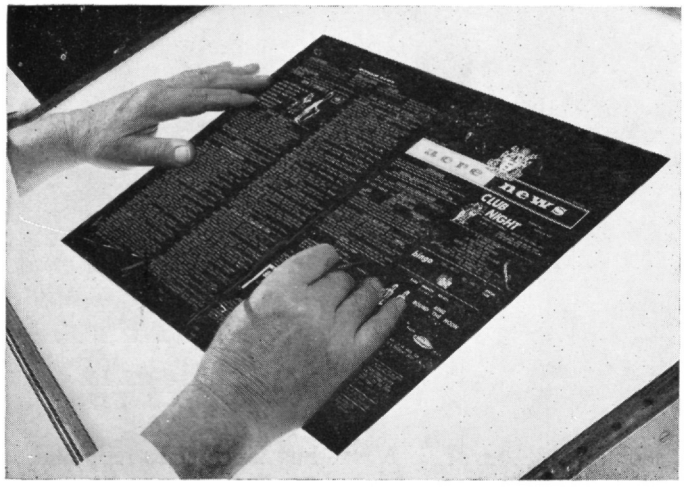
(Caesar was a black labrador domiciled on the site and famed — or otherwise — for his philanderings).

A.E.R.E. News has since matured, and it is interesting to compare the publication techniques of today's 21st Volume with those of earlier days, when part-time editors sandwiched editorial work between normal routine and typed out the stencils for publication on the office typewriter! Who would be today's editor? He is continually bombarded with the written word, inundated with phone calls, and expected at times to be telepathic. It is his job to select material for each edition and to arrange the layout.

Invariably, there is either too much copy or too little for the alloted pages. One week, 25% of the space may be the editor's problem to fill. The following week there may be 25% too much copy with each correspondent regarding his announcement as the most important.



Sixteen summers have passed since Janet Knight had her first birthday recorded in the 'News'. The arrival of her brother had to pass unrecorded.



WEEKLY

The Story

"AERE NEWS"

CLIFF FISHENDEN
(WELFARE DEPT.)

EDITING ON THE DEEP LITTER SYSTEM

PUBLICATION DAY

The 'A.E.R.E. News' Editor aims only at displeasing the least possible number of readers each week, but there is no doubt that the majority of readers are well satisfied, although they may take for granted the work carried out in various sections before they receive their copy.

MARATHON

of how

is produced

The best way of studying the method of publication is to follow the procedure of editing, typing, photographing, printing and distribution on a day to day basis:—

ON THURSDAY (12.30 p.m.) the weekly goes to press!

Official announcements, classified advertisements, and copy from most of the clubs and societies of the Recreational Association should by now be with the editor.

Editing, it seems, goes a little further than the correction of spelling and of the split infinitive: there is the matter of a "House style".

A writer, the editor asserts, should be allowed to retain his own individual style, but there are some matters in which uniformity should be brought about. Take, for example, the reference to a telephone extension: from "x" to "extn", with or without capitals, this can be abbreviated in any of half a dozen ways. As "Ext" it achieves a "house style" for the *A.E.R.E. News* which is neither too short or too long. A "house style" in editing and presentation makes for quicker reading of a journal, and we all take it for granted until we find it lacking.

ON FRIDAY MORNING

. . . an amorphous collection of missives, originated by many hands, is edited ready for the Reproduction Typing Pool. Here the contents are typed, using a normal typewriter (but with a carbon acetate ribbon) and paper specially printed with guide lines corresponding to the width of the columns of the *NEWS*. The edition is now in the embryonic stage!

ON MONDAY MORNING

. . . the stop-press news of the week-end sporting activities filters through to the editor, who keeps an extra eye open for libellous references to the referee! During the afternoon he supplies more script to the typing pool until, typing completed, the scene shifts back to the Editorial office in Building 329. The editor extracts from the typed sheets strips of varying sizes, one for each item; now begins the putting together of the *A.E.R.E. News,* a task which differs from a jig-saw puzzle only in that it has either too many or too few pieces!

Having decided on the arrangement and made all necessary omissions ('cuts') or additions ('fill-ups'), he sticks the typed strips, together with illustrations, on standard-sized master cards printed with guide lines — one

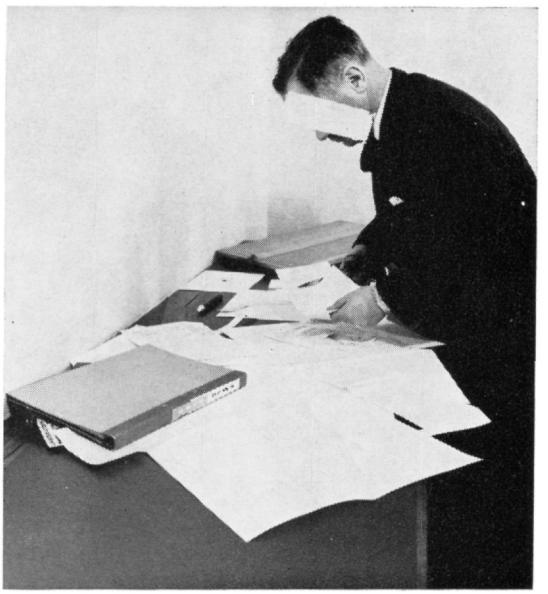
card for each page of the *NEWS*. The edition is now beginning to take shape.

ON TUESDAY MORNING

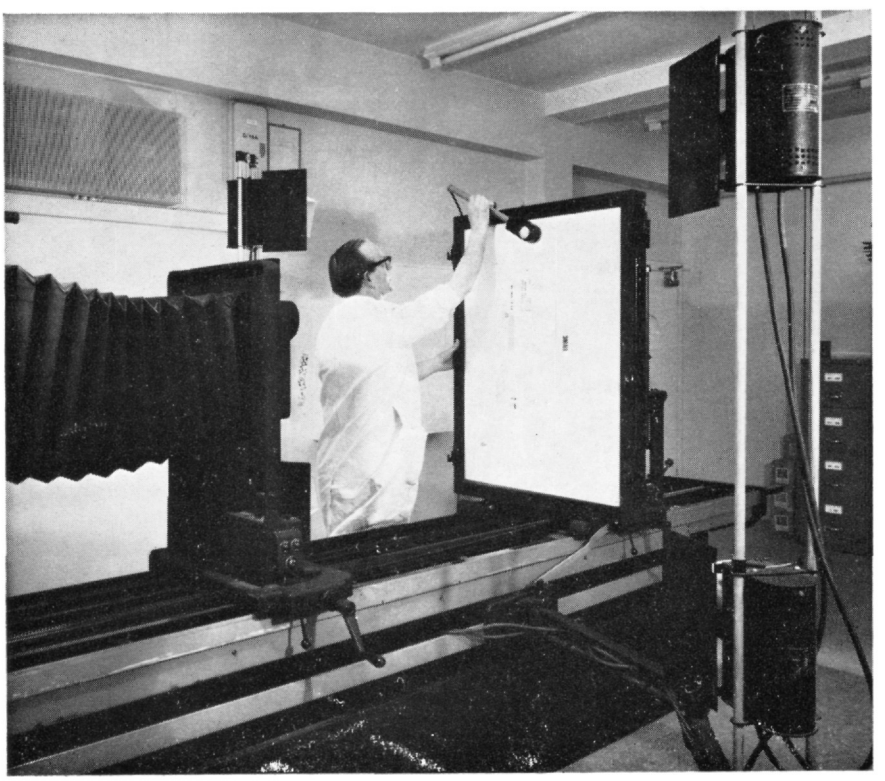
. . . this master-copy of the *NEWS* must be completed. On leaving the editorial office it has the appearance of a tatty big brother compared with the familiar newsheet which will finally emerge. The editor's part is now completed and he passes the baton for the last time to the Reproduction Section.

ON WEDNESDAY

. . . the master-copy will have been subjected to the carbon arcs and photographed with a 30% reduction in size. A negative is produced from the master-copy and, after "spotting" to remove specks, etc., it is placed under vacuum next to a plate and exposed to an ultra-violet arc light. (The plates used in the process are in fact stiff aluminium foil plates coated with an emulsion which is essentially grainless and grease-attractive). The emulsion hardens when light falls upon it, and after scrubbing, to remove the softer unexposed emulsion, the plate



THE EDITOR
WHO WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS



IT REACHES
THE CAMERA
ROOM

is lacquered; this, incidentally, enables the script to be read, and as the plate hangs drying over the sink it looks like a copy of the *NEWS* printed on aluminium.

ON THURSDAY MORNING

. . . the plate is mounted in a lithographic offset printing machine, and after a run of three hours the machine has produced approximately 7,500 copies, using over half a pound of ink. These copies are then taken to the Distribution Section and within a few hours the familiar copies of *A.E.R.E. News* will be arriving in the labs., offices and workshops of Harwell, M.R.C., Culham, W.R.L. and S.R.C.

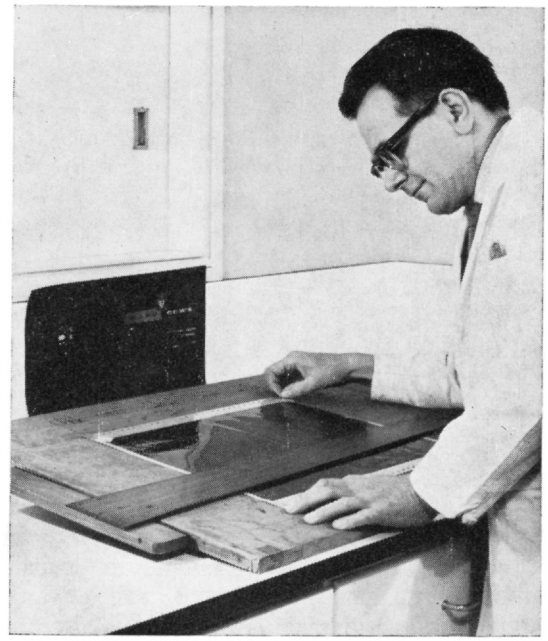
ON THURSDAY (12.30 p.m.) the weekly goes to press!

This is where we came in, but it is worth noting that, contrary to the view of the disappointed bargain hunter, those working in the sections involved with the *NEWS* may not make enquiries about advertisements until 30 minutes after *NEWS* has actually left the Reproduction Building; in both senses the advertisements may be regarded as being "classified"!

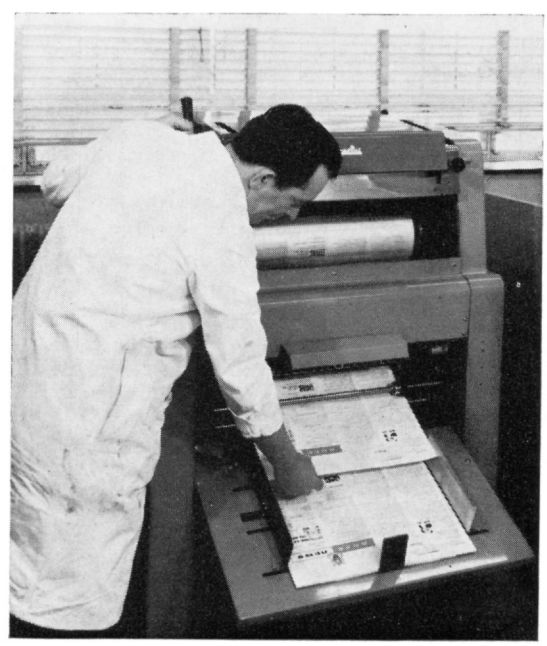
The present editor, the first to come to the job with an editorial background, wishes to remain anonymous, since with over 20,000 readers (some of whose enquiries are, alas, futile) he would have greater difficulty in getting down to other work which should occupy the larger part of his week. In his first issue of *A.E.R.E. News*, in October 1959, he paid a tribute to his predecessor that might be paid to all those who have held this office.

He was lay-out man and re-write man, reporter and stenographer,
With esoteric knowledge of the arts of the photographer,
Was very well acquainted, too, with Reproduction's growing skill,
In lithographic process work, and troubles from the paper mill.
While getting out the 'AERE NEWS', he ran a weekly marathon;
He was in versatility a journalistic paragon.

The popularity of *A.E.R.E. News* needs no endorsement, and we take this opportunity in congratulating all concerned on the publication of the 21st Volume. ★



THE PLATE IS PREPARED



THE PRESSES BEGIN TO ROLL

HOW TO BECOME A COUNCILLOR

L. L. HALL (Gen. Services)

IN MY PREVIOUS ARTICLE I attempted to describe the organisation of local government. This article is concerned with the procedure by which one becomes a Councillor.

For purposes of representation, the areas administered by the boroughs are usually divided into geographical units called wards, each ward returning a minimum of three councillors, one of whom retires each year at the end of his or her three year term. Boroughs with larger wards sometimes have a representation of six councillors in each ward, one third of the number of whom retire annually. A borough council may comprise a single electoral district, but the charter of incorporation usually provides for division into wards and the number of councillors to be returned by each ward. Any amendment to the charter involving wards or any other matter must be the subject of a petition to the Privy Council. The ward system is both an administrative convenience to the Council and an advantage to candidates seeking election. Candidates are limited in their campaign to the electors residing or with property within the ward, and the electors' vote is restricted to the ward candidates. Urban and district councils are similarly divided into areas called electoral districts, amendment to which is a matter for the Home Secretary. County councillors are elected at intervals of three years from the wards and districts on the basis of one representative from each, the wards of county boroughs being excluded from such representation.

Anyone whose name is on the electoral register or who possesses a residential or property-owning qualification in the ward or electoral district may be nominated. A councillor does not lose his qualification necessarily because he ceases to reside in the district after his election, but he may lose it if he absents himself from meetings of the council during a period exceeding six months. Nomination must be in writing formally proposed and seconded, and with eight supporting signatures. All the signatories must be electors of the candidate residing in the ward or district for which he or she is nominated.

The most convenient way to become elected is to be returned unopposed. Usually, however, there are two or more candidates for each seat, and an election becomes necessary. A candidate can seek election on an independent basis or as a representative of a political or other party. Nomination is accepted by the returning officer on a personal basis, that is to say his party connections are not recognised. The candidate may appoint an agent in whom is vested many of the responsibilites of the candidate. As an Independent he has a responsibility for running his own election campaign and for the printing and circulation of literature — subject, of course, to the assistance of his agent, if he has one. As the representative of a party, however, he is freed from the management and mechanics of the campaign, and he is usually able to devote more time to personal canvassing — a task which is essential to ensure success.

There is considerable controversy about the need for party representation in local government, especially in the case of the smaller authorities where there is arguably little scope for it. Local councils obtain their powers from acts of parliament, and the capacity of the

Abingdon Borough Councillors, many of them working at A.E.R.E. being welcomed by Mr. T. B. Le Cren, General Secretary, on a goodwill visit to the Establishment. Although some have since retired from Council work, others have come forward and been successfully elected to office. There are challenging times ahead, and to implement the changes people of the highest calibre will be required.

council to introduce a political bias in the implementation of these acts is usually very limited. Nevertheless, political parties tend to encourage party representation — perhaps because they consider that strong representation in local government facilitates representation in the parliamentary field or is otherwise beneficial to the party image. Whether we like it or not, the entry of such representation into local councils has to be recognised, especially in the larger authorities where, sometimes, even the smaller issues tend to become coloured by party prejudices and differences. In some cases the appointment of mayor or council chairman and the chairman of committees is settled by the majority party, irrespective of seniority or experience. Although the political parties regard control of councils as symbolic of their popularity, it is perhaps paradoxical that a particular electorate may be represented locally by a council dominated by one party, yet traditionally elects a parliamentary candidate of another party. This is probably the consequence of what is known as the 'personal vote'; and for that reason the importance of personal canvassing cannot be over-stressed.

Having been duly nominated as a candidate, the campaign commences in earnest. The candidate, his agent, or his party by this time should have produced the election address and other literature by which the candidate seeks to demonstrate his suitability for the office and his aims and aspirations if elected. The next step is the distribution of the literature, and this is usually carried out by voluntary helpers. Then there is the canvas. Some candidates delegate this most important task to the voluntary helpers, but others regard it as a personal duty and one which should not and cannot be delegated. In local elections, as opposed to parliamentary, there is a strong personal vote which tends to cut across party affiliation, and it is probably true to say that the candidate who attempts to call on as many electors as possible will, other things being equal, have greater chance of success than an opponent who delegates this duty. Nevertheless, the task is colossal. In an average ward, there may be some 4,000 electors, equivalent to perhaps nearly 2000 dwellings. On physical grounds alone, the work is arduous, entailing probably six weeks' canvassing, and many people have

neither time nor inclination for it. Others object to it for personal reasons and this is not unnatural. The candidate must be prepared to deal politely and effectively with a wide range of criticism and comment, and to accept vicarious responsibility for the alleged shortcomings of his colleagues on the council. It is no doubt for these and similar reasons that people who would make excellent councillors are reluctant to accept nomination.

I have many personal reminiscences, printable and otherwise! I recall the case of the gentle and elderly clergyman who, very reasonably, was concerned with the increase in crimes of violence, and who said he would vote for me provided I would bring back public hanging and flogging. I told him that I had neither the power nor the inclination to do so — and so presumably lost a vote. Then there was the lady who would vote for me if I were able to get a telephone kiosk sited in her locality. There was certainly a need for it; I was able to arrange it — and presumably got a vote. I remember a request to canvass an elderly gentleman by appointment. I kept the appointment, but unfortunately was too late. Death had intervened, and I arrived just as the hearse drew up. On another occasion, I knocked on a door and, after some time, was received by a rough-looking man who was not in the least interested in the cause I represented, and was most anxious to be rid of me. I learnt later from a neighbour that he was paying a visit on an elector whose husband was a merchant seaman on active service. Such is democracy! Canvassing has its pathetic side, too. I recall once taking an old lady to the polling station in my car. It was evident that she was unused to riding in cars, so I made a detour of a mile or so on her homeward journey. She thanked me with great humility and said that she had never seen that part of the town to which I took her since her girlhood; how it had changed! One certainly learns how the other half lives — or perhaps exists — and is better able to try and make improvements.

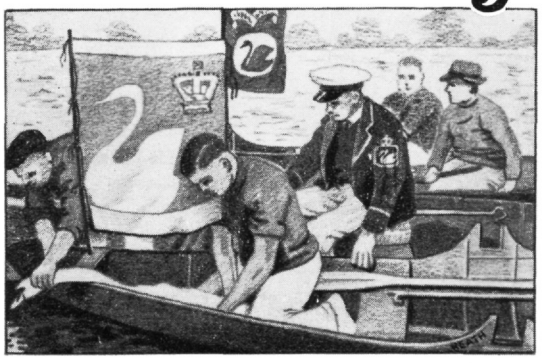
The climax of the electioneering, of the hustle and bustle of the campaign, is the day of the poll with the subsequent counting of votes. The thrill of success, or the dejection of failure, is difficult to describe. The nearest comparison is, perhaps, the passing of an examination which one expected to fail — or failure when success was anticipated. Success or failure, the result is a relief, and the resumption of normal life a pleasure.

After election, the staidness and decorum of the council meeting is a complete antithesis of the rough and tumble of the campaign. Rancour and personal feelings are quickly forgotten, and the council, regardless of party differences, quickly gets down to the business of running the affairs of the electorate. Committees are appointed, chairmen selected and, for a year, the business of the council proceeds without interruption.

At the present time concern is felt that people of the right calibre are not coming forward as candidates, and the reason is, as already commented, that they have neither the time nor the inclination to face the rough and tumble of electioneering. The shortage of the right type of candidate may be responsible for the present apathy on the part of the electors and for the low polls which indicate an indifference of voters to the management of their business. Local government cannot be better than the elected representatives, and there is a continuous demand for people who are willing to devote some of their spare time to this necessary work.

Alternative methods of representation have been suggested. Some would like to see local government boards comprising representatives appointed by a Minister — on the lines of the nationalised industries — and there is a lot to be said for such boards. These representatives are usually appointed because of their interests in a particular field; more responsibility is delegated to the paid officers than is the case in local government: not necessarily a weakness for it can be argued that some councils are too concerned with departmental details and delegate too little to the officers. Nevertheless, boards not democratically elected tend to become remote, and the elector/councillor relationship is lost. On balance there is probably a good case for retaining the present democratic system, provided suitable candidates are forthcoming. ★

The Royal Swans



KEITH B. POOLE

FOR ABOUT one thousand years of history swans have been exclusively owned by the Crown, and were only granted by the king to other distinguished families as a rare privilege and honour, and as a mark of esteem and heritage. Those people who owned swans without the Royal licence, which was governed by statutes and customs enforced by the King's Swan Master, were very heavily punished, even with death. Throughout the centuries roast swan and tender young cygnets were always a great table delicacy, and there is little doubt that this, rather than their beauty or elegance, was the main reason for their protection.

One of the earliest definite references to this was a demand by Henry III, in 1247, to the Sheriff of Berkshire and Oxfordshire for ten swans to be sent to him for a banquet to be held in Winchester. The Royal commands had already procured 600 chickens, as many geese and wild duck as the Sheriff could find, 50 hares, 10 wild boars and 12 peacocks, but the swans would certainly have been the greatest delicacy of them all.

Almost a hundred years later Edward III appointed the first Swan Master, with full control of all the swans on the Thames and all its tributaries for twenty miles of river on either side between London Bridge and Oxford. All unmarked swans belonged to the Crown, as they do now. The King also granted his full rights of unmarked swans to the "Warden and College of the King's Free Chapel of Wyndsore."

The principal places in Berkshire where swans were kept and were free to travel were Faringdon, Abingdon, Sutton Courtenay, Wallingford, Basildon, Reading, Sonning, Wargrave, Bisham, Bray and Windsor, all of which were on the main Thames river. On the Loddon were Ruscombe and Wokingham, on the Lambourn Shefford and Lambourn, on the Ock were Denchworth, West Hanney and Childrey. Yattendon and Bradfield were on the Pang and West Woodhay on the Enborne. There were of course many other smaller places.

In spite of the closest watch and the severest penalties, however, poachers were soon at work with "lymestrynges", hooks, nets, and other devilish things to trap the cygnets. They even stole the eggs from the parent birds to hatch out, a risky and even dangerous undertaking, for a blow from a swan's wing can break a man's arm like a matchstick, and they are more savage than most birds when their nests are threatened or their cygnets attacked. Swanmotes were established in various places to hold enquiries into all these crimes and bring all the poachers to justice.

Later still Edward IV decreed that the ownership of swans should be restricted by means of a system of "marks", also known as "nicks", or "notches". So singular an honour was it to own swans that the number of these "marks" gave evidence of the wealth and heritage of the owners. The Crown came first with 6 "marks", the Abbots of Abingdon and Reading 3 and 5 respectively, using their prior's staves and annulets for identification purposes to distinguish them from the Royal Crown. The Priors of Bisham had 2, Hurley 3, Wallingford 2, all using single or crossed prior's staves or crosses.

These "marks" were always made in the annual "uppings" by the Swan Master of the Crown and the Livery Companies of Dyers and Vintners. They were put on the leg, foot, or mandible of the bird which had been driven

to the banks by the swan-uppers in their special skiffs. Thames swans were marked only on the mandible. If the King confiscated a swan already marked the crown would be "marked" on the leg since two "marks" on the bill were unlawful.

The illustrious ornithologist Norman Tice-hurst has listed no less than 140 of these "marks" in Berkshire alone. They consist of the Royal Crown, heraldic chevrons, annulets and roundels, semi-circles, triangles, transverse and longitudinal lines. Many of these were additionally "marked" with a "difference", such as a cross with a roundel, or a prior's stave with an annulet. The great and powerful Abbeys of Abingdon, Reading, Bisham, Hurley and Wallingford were at once identified by the prior's Abbot's staff or cross or both. The convents used triangular side-gaps, transverse bars, or plain rectangles. There are only three recorded cases of swans bearing "marks" of coats of arms.

The custom of "differencing" was a means of slightly altering an existing mark prior to "upping" and before "marking" unmarked birds to identify them from the parent bird. This custom was continued by successive generations of a family all using the same parent mark, so that after the Dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII the already existing "marks" of the various abbots and priors could still be retained but with a "difference" added.

In the year 1534 the Mayor and Burgesses of Reading, who owned 8 swans on the rivers Thames, Kennet, and Calcot Brook, seem to have lost all interest in their high privilege. They actually leased out their swans, the "rent" to be paid in cygnets whenever the Mayor should require one for a banquet, a very questionable action indeed. They did even worse than that, for they allowed their stock to dwindle to one old bird and 4 cygnets. This was a deplorable state, for after the Crown they were one of the principal owners in the land, having 5 "marks".

The Mayor and Burgesses of Windsor were even worse, and had not only let their swans die out altogether but had even forgotten their "mark"; this in Windsor, of all places, right under the nose of the sovereign. A certain John Stott of Dorney, on the Buckinghamshire side of the river, decided to make a fresh start with new stock. He discovered the original "mark" in the "King's Standing Roll" and presented the Borough with one of his own birds which he had marked with the original "mark" and his own annulet for "difference": Sixty years later the Borough of Windsor held no less than 14 birds, not counting the cygnets.

The names of the leading Berkshire owners of swans makes an impressive list but amongst them are the following: the Earl of Salisbury at Bisham, Lord Norreys at Bray and Yattendon, Sir Thomas Englefield of Englefield, Sir William Essex of Lambourn, Sir Thomas Fettiplace of East Shefford, Sir John Forster of Aldermaston, Sir John Golafre of Fyfield, Sir Francis Knollys of Reading, Sir Thomas de la Mare of Aldermaston, and the famous John Winchcombe or Jack of Newbury.

There were a number of distinguished and privileged people who had swans but were not near any of the rivers. These quite often had great lakes on their estates, such as the one at Englefield where the swans were kept. The most recent of these distinguished owners was the late Sir Winston Churchill, who was deeply attached to his own black swan. It followed him about everywhere in his garden with its lake and was fed by the great man himself who also, it has been said, had many long talks with him at Chartwell. It would make great history to be able to know what this swan heard from his master. Was he one of the very few who knew the secret of the impending great invasion of France in the last world war, the D-day the people of Harwell will never forget ? To them it seemed as if all the men and all the tents in the world were gathered on the downs and round the aerodrome where the great twin-

tailed planes with their gliders attached waited for the signal to take-off on the greatest series of flights that were ever made in the history of aviation and of this country.

The interesting and ancient ritual of "swan-upping" is one of the most curious of traditional English customs, greatly enhanced by the brilliant colours of the scarlet and blue liveries of the Royal Swan Master and the Livery Companies of Dyers and Vintners who annually make this. The rowers of the skiffs carefully keep their lines, drive the swans off the water and on to the banks, secure their legs, and "mark" them with their various distinctive marks.

The Thames at one time had such an enormous population of swans that the "swan-uppers" were quite unable to deal with them, but the number has dwindled so greatly during the last century that today there are only a few remaining unmarked birds. These all belong to the Crown or the Worshipful Companies of Dyers and Vintners, who still, after 1000 years of history, continue to protect these most beautiful and elegant birds which always add grace to a lake or to a river. ★

SUNDAY SPREE

A. L. SHEPHERD (Eng. Div.)

THE SUN WAS HOT, the air was heavy as I dozed on a truckle bed in the warm smell of a wooden hut. Suddenly the heavy silence was shattered by the quick crunch of boots on the gravel outside. A head appeared through the window of the hut — no glass, fortunately — "You coming? There's a truck dahn the bottom I gotta fetch, Bill!" All this in one breath and the head was gone. My mind groped and chewed on this information, coming up with the answer that a trip had been organised and I had been invited to go along.

On my way to the truck "dahn the bottom" the head, now complete with arms, legs and torso, pounded after me: "Couldn't find Bill. We're going t' Lake Naivasha 'n Longonot!"

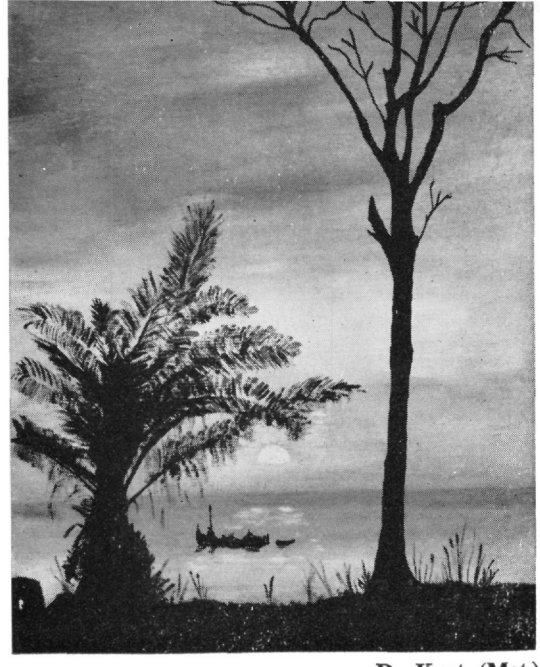
When we reached the truck we just had time to scramble aboard before it started off with a jerk that almost threw us off again. Looking around, I found that there were four others in the back, and two in the front made a total of seven. It seemed that the driver was bent on getting us to Lake Naivasha in record time (the previous holder must have been a scalded cat!) and making a good job of the potholes. The truck bucked and snarled its way across the floor of the Rift Valley, a sharp left and sharp right across a railway track that, as I knew, threaded its way from Mombasa to Kampala. We hurtled on in a dust cloud and down through the trees to a turn in the 'road' where the lake lay shimmering in the sun before us. A squeal of brakes and the truck pulled up in front of a 'hotel'.

We scrambled out and away before our cloud of dust settled. One glance into the cool spaciousness of the bar made us respectfully beat some of the dust out of our clothes and head for the washroom, with the clicks and cracks from an overheated cooling engine coming

from the courtyard. Having removed the dust from our faces and hands, we then proceeded to remove it from our throats at the well-stocked bar, then somebody suggested that we complete our ablutions with a swim in the lake. That only one of us had brought a costume did not deter us. We found a quiet spot and in we went, one with and six without.

A sudden yell from one of the chaps announced the discovery of a small rowing boat. It had no oars, but with seven of us in it and with willing hands paddling we got it going, very slow, very low. We must have made a comical sight with the costumed one at the sharp end watching where we were hoping to go — straight along the surface, not down. We got about fifteen feet away from the bank, then began the difficult task of turning the boat parallel with the shore. We finally managed this without anyone daring so much as to blink, for the water level was about three inches from the gunwales. After going along for a while we decided that the strain of keeping the boat afloat was a bit much, so very carefully we turned again and headed for the shore. It was halfway to the shore that the costumed one turned round and saw the funny side of us six crouched in the boat paddling, very gently, very determinedly, very pink from our exertions. He started laughing, we started shouting, and in a trice the boat rapidly filled with water and disappeared below the surface. What really brought forth roars of laughter was finding ourselves up to our waists in water still standing in the boat which had settled on the bottom. We all stepped out, then groped around for the boat. With a few "Heave ho's" and a ragged chorus of "The 'Vulgar' Boatmen" the boat was dragged up to the shore, where it was emptied of water. Some friendly argument ensued when it was discovered that there were only three towels, but the African sun quickly made up for the shortage.

Once dressed we made our way back to the hotel and lunch. A feature of the lunch that was greatly appreciated was 'Corn on the Cob' done to a turn, served piping hot and dripping with butter. Lunch over, it was suggested that we attack the slopes of Mount Longonot. All agreed, we made our way back to the truck



D. Kent (Met.)

that had ceased its complaining. Under the heavy hand of the driver it burst into life and leapt away, making the scalded cat feel senile.

After leaping from pothole to pothole for a few miles, we arrived at the base of the Volcano Mount Longonot which towered 2,000 feet above the floor of the Rift Valley. Dismounting from the truck, we wondered what to do with the towels and the one costume. Left in the truck they would surely disappear before we returned from our climb. It was decided to wrap them up together and lock them inside the bonnet of the truck, and this done we all set off up Mount Longonot.

The trip to the lip of the crater was mainly uneventful except that the slopes, smooth when viewed at a distance, turned out to be riven with quite large and long fissures when encountered at close quarters. It was at one of these that I twisted my ankle — but more of this later. The view whilst resting at the edge of the crater was magnificent in its grandeur and distances. The sheer walls of the crater deterred us from descending, even though the floor of the crater was covered in vegetation, including small trees. The floor was some 200 feet below where we were sitting, and we were fascinated by the tenacity of nature to produce vegetation of such luxurious quantities on such forbidding ground. One of our number was able to give some information on the volcano in that it had erupted some one hundred years

ago and had created the very Lake Naivasha we had visited on our way. The broad expanse of this lake could be seen in its entirety, gleaming in the sun. On our left in the distance could be seen the escarpment on top of which we knew lay the White Highlands of Nairobi, whilst down to our right was the top of a smaller mount probably produced during the birth throes of the volcano. This picture of the creation of Mount Longonot was made immediate when he pointed out what appeared to be plumes of white smoke issuing from the walls of the crater and said that these had appeared in the last few months and were causing some apprehension in the district. Apprehension or not, five of us elected to go round the edge of the crater to scale a small peak that could be considered the summit of the Mount. One other stayed with me to help bandage my ankle with a couple of handkerchiefs. This completed, we two decided to go part of the way round the crater and inspect one of these plumes of smoke.

We started off walking along the edge of the crater on a path that was about eight or ten feet wide, but after a while the path narrowed to about three feet. This was where parallax played a frightening part in that the floor of the crater, 200 feet below on the left, and the top of the smaller mountain, about 1,000 feet down on the right, both moving at apparently different speeds, brought on a feeling of confusion and vertigo. I unashamedly dropped to my knees and crawled the rest of that stretch and some of the next and wider stretch before I sat down to recover, and to wait for my companion who was also crawling and equally whitefaced.

When he reached me we both laughed with relief and at each other's white faces. We agreed that it had been a frightening experience and vowed not to return that way. After we had recovered I crawled to the edge of the crater and peered over, to find that the nearest plume of smoke was about twenty yards further along. As I drew back I noticed that the others who had set off the other way had reached the peak and were climbing. The path being wider and our legs less wobbly, we stood up and made our way to above the point where the plume of smoke issued. Again I dropped to the ground and crawled to the crater edge and peered over. Instantly my eyes, mouth and hair were filled with a fine volcanic dust; I drew back hastily, warning my companion who was about to do the same thing. He was quite philosophical about having to get the grit out of my eyes with the corner of a handkerchief removed from my ankle — it could have been himself sitting there being tended to. The grit finally removed, we sat and admired the view whilst waiting for the others who, we could see, were now returning to join us, completing their circuit of the crater. We laughed knowingly when it was observed that they completed part of the circuit on their hands and knees before getting up and striding on towards us.

When they reached us, we realised that the time was getting on, and agreed that we had better make our way down before the short twilight came and left us in darkness on a strange volcano with fissures and outcroppings of volcanic rock to endanger our return. With a last long survey of the wonderful view, we went bounding and jumping down the slopes — that is, all but myself, my sprained ankle reducing me to a fast hop and step that meant I fell a long way behind the others. It was then that I heard a sudden movement in some bushes to my left. The thought that it could be a mountain lion gave wings to my feet and a miraculous cure for my sprained ankle. With yells of "Wait for me!" I bounded after the others.

Back at the truck, we climbed aboard laughing and talking about our trip. The driver switched on and stabbed the starter, with the result that there was a horrible thump from under the bonnet. The driver looked round and we all hopped down and went round to the front of the truck. Necks craned forward to see the towels and costume wrapped around the fan and trapped under the belt. Whilst Herculean efforts were made to wind the engine back the driver's ancestry was held up to ridicule and doubt. Eventually recriminations gave way to effort and the tattered towels and costume were removed. That one blade of the fan had snapped off repayed us for the damage to the towels and costume, for the driver had to reduce speed, resulting in a comfortable ride back to our starting point. ★

No one has more aptly given trees their place in the scale of values than the late Ernest Wilson, one-time keeper of the Arboretum of Harvard University. In his "Aristocracy of Trees" he wrote that they were "the noblest expression of vegetable life. Take them from the landscape and its whole appearance changes completely — luxuriance gives place to barrenness."

The converse is equally true.

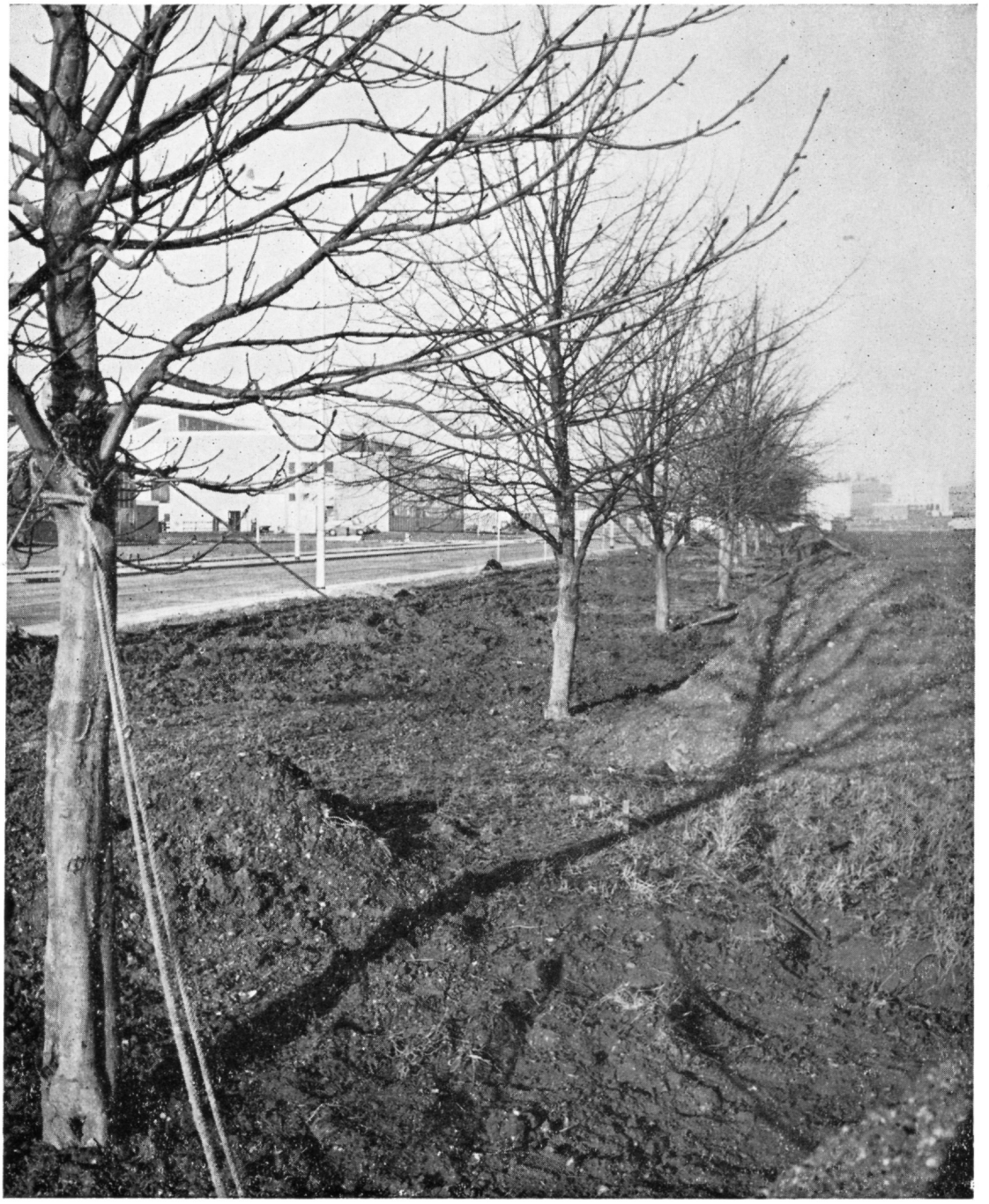
The mound near Icknield House (Staff Club 'B') may be thought by some to be as old as the Wittenham Clumps. It dates from 1951 when it was designed to screen an unsightly area of the site and three navigation towers that have since been removed. The trees, chosen to add all-the-year round variety of colour, achieve their purpose in all seasons as these photographs taken for 'Harlequin' suggest.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair,

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree.

("Trees", Joyce Kilmer)



The planting of large trees at Culham Laboratory was prompted by the desire of the Director and Senior Staff to see the site mature. Had the Grounds Department kept to the original plan of planting young trees, it would have been many years before the result could be appreciated. Already it is a pleasure to walk round the site.

TREE PLANTING AT CULHAM

A. E. BURGE
Ground Superintendant

CONSIDERABLE INTEREST has been shown in the removal of mature and semi-mature trees from the Harwell site, and much speculation as to their destiny. It may be some consolation to know that only surplus trees are being removed and the majority of these, to phrase it officially, are on "permanent transfer" to Culham.

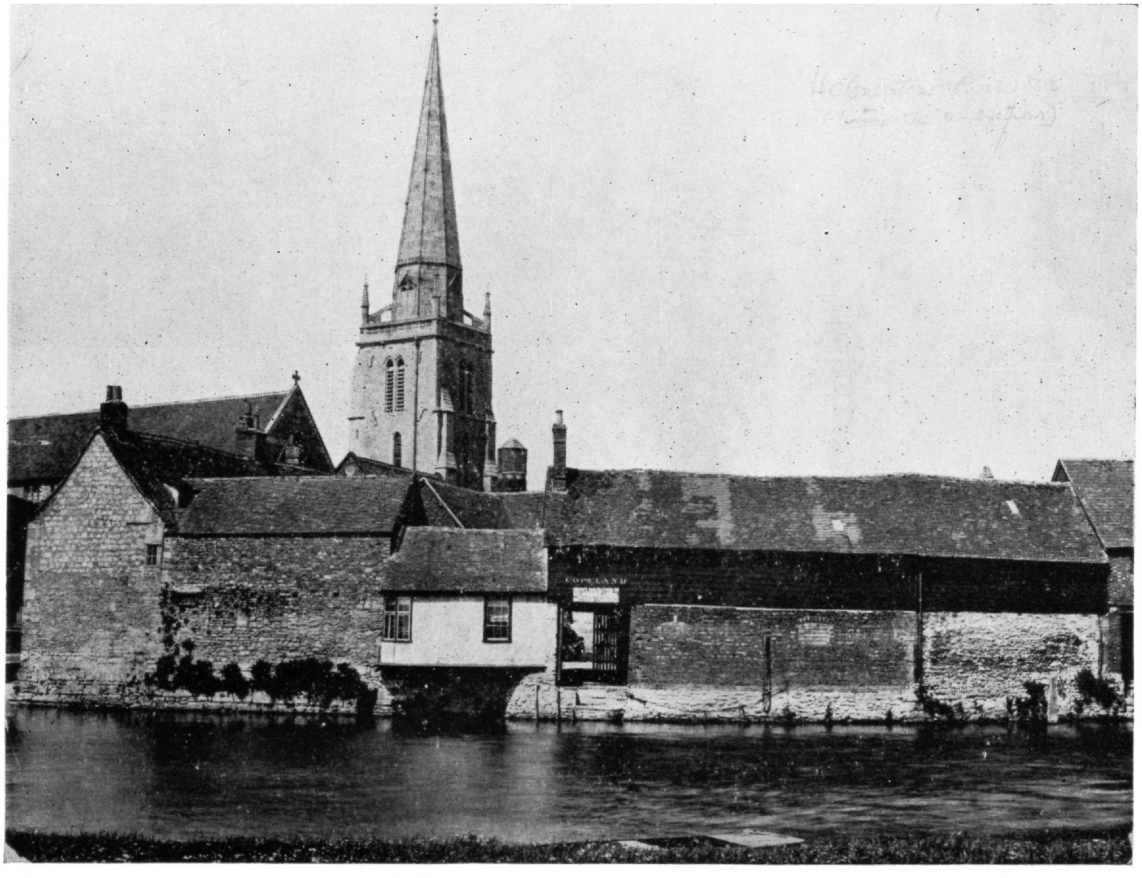
It has been asked why these surplus trees were planted originally, but when the Harwell site was first planned the emphasis was on screening unsightly buildings as quickly as possible — hence the policy of 'close planting' with fast growing trees. It was never intended that these should be a permanent feature of the site, but it was not then realised how invaluable those removed would prove in the future development of new sites. A classic example of this is the tree planting programme that has been in progress at Culham throughout this winter and much of last, although the trees from Harwell have only been supplementary in this major programme. The work has been carried out in two phases. Large specimen trees were purchased from various nurseries, often having to be transported from a considerable distasce, for it is surprisingly difficult to obtain good, well-shaped, mature trees in quantity.

Whilst this planting was in progress the Culham Authority were offered some forty trees from an estate adjacent to the Culham site. The offer was gratefully accepted and the trees selected and prepared for lifting; these have been planted in the second phase this year. The photographs show these trees in the process of being moved, and the completed line of the forty trees.

I have heard it claimed that the transportation of large trees is a comparatively new idea, but I would dispute this, as one of my first tasks as an apprentice was to assist in the removal and re-planting of a very large holly tree in the grounds of one of the Royal Palaces, nearly fifty years ago. I would, however, accede that the technique has changed, and, as with life generally, speed is the keynote. Many of our readers will have seen the programme on television where large trees were scooped out by very heavy machinery and transported for replanting, all in one exercise. I went to see this machine working, and it is undoubtedly a revolution in this field; but it has its limits, and I would not advocate its use on some of our sites for various reasons.

The staff involved in the actual work can be proud of their efforts. Although at times they must have despaired when working in deplorable conditions, often standing in water, coupled with wind and torrential rain — who can shelter from the weather with a tree weighing anything up to ten tons suspended in mid-air? For many of the staff this was their first insight into this type of work, and probably many will hope that it is their last. I take this opportunity to express my appreciation to all who contributed to the success of this campaign.

One depressing thought is that someone may decide that a service just *must* go under these trees, as so frequently occurs on the Harwell site! ★



THE CHANGING FACE OF ABINGDON (3)

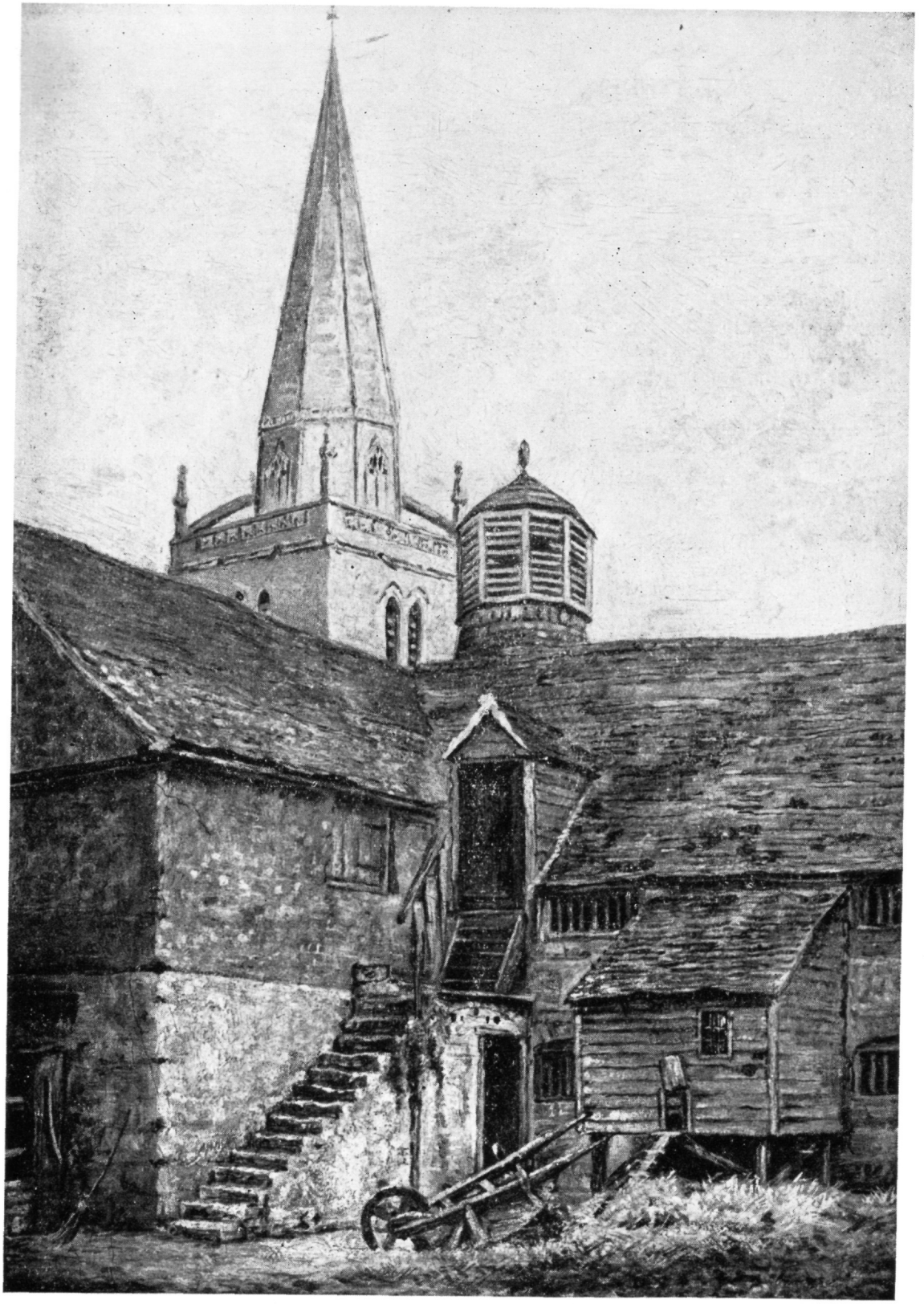
There are three things to pursue for this historical research: —

- Records such as deeds and plans
- Early photographs
- Impressions of artists, recorded, perhaps, before the advent of photography

In our further research into "Fellows Close" (our AERE hostel from 1948-1963) now "The Malt House" (hostel of Culham College) we found this brown fading photograph above. It should be compared with the present day view of St. Helen's from the river seen on the Contents Page of this issue.

The painting opposite shows Copeland Malthouse and yard as it was before conversion by the Abingdon solicitor, C. A. Pryce, in 1899. It makes an interesting comparison with the photograph in Spring "Harlequin" 1965, and is based on a rough sketch made in 1875.

"Harlequin" was helped in this search by Peter Martin, Curator of the Abbey Buildings (a job to which he went on his retirement from Harwell, due to an advertisement by the Friends of Abingdon in "AERE News").



FOR PARENTS AND STUDENTS — ADVICE ABOUT EDUCATION

by SANDRA FILBY

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM is now so complicated, and competition so fierce, that specialist knowledge is often needed if the right choice is to be made about school and colleges.

The Advisory Centre for Education (ACE), is a non-profit-making educational trust which exists to advise parents and students. It is independent and its income is from members' subscriptions. It is registered as an educational charity and any surplus income is used to improve the services it can give. The total membership of ACE is at the moment 21,000 and members are drawn from all over the British Isles, the Commonwealth and from British expatriates in foreign countries.

Its bi-monthly publication *WHERE* is unlike *WHICH* in that it doesn't compare schools or colleges, and tell you the "best buy," but contains useful articles about every aspect of education. *WHERE* has covered a wide variety of topics, from nursery schools and pre-school playgroups to university and career information. It has so far issued five supplements. The first on Public Schools raised some controversy in the press because, among other articles, it gave a "league table" of schools, placing them by their "A" level successes. The second was on non-school subjects which can be studied at universities, and the third was on Colleges of Education. The last two were on how to make comprehensive schools truly comprehensive, and on educational possibilities for adult students.

An important part of ACE is the Advisory Service. Between 5,000 and 6,000 letters a year are received from parents and students who would like advice. Over the years, this service has built up a store of information and is able to answer almost any question with the help of a panel of specialist consultants. Most of the questions are asked by parents wanting details of schools in different areas and advice about choosing between them.

The most useful source of information for answering this type of question is the Parent-to-Parent Service, through which members write about the schools their children attend and this is passed on to other members if permission is given. This doesn't yet cover all the schools in this country but is a great help, especially for views on such things as atmosphere and teaching methods. Questionnaires are also sent to schools members enquire about.

The second highest number of questions probably comes from students who want advice about choosing a university or other form of further education: which "A" levels they should take and what sort of career this training would fit them for. A good example of this is shown in the following question:

"My daughter has just taken her 'O' level exams and now has to decide which subjects to take for 'A' level. She seems to favour science subjects and is especially good at Biology. She hopes to go to a university and is interested in training for a career which will bring her into contact with people. She is trying to decide between a career in medicine and one in sociology.

"Could you tell us which subjects at 'A' level she'll need for entrance to a university course in each of these subjects? Should she stick to Science subjects or would she do better to include Economics or History, both of which she is quite good at?"

For the past two years, ACE has run a clearing house for technical college degree and degree equivalent course vacancies. This scheme has been very successful and last year help was given to more than 5,000 students who had given up hope of getting a place anywhere to read for a degree in the subject of their choice.

A lot of research has to go into many of the answers and of course a large reference library has to be kept. As a contribution towards these expenses, members pay an annual subscription of £1 a year (in addition to the £2 a year for *WHERE*) to the Advisory Service. There is no limit to the number of questions that can be put to the Advisory Service.

Anyone wishing to join ACE and receive *WHERE* and/or ask a question should send their subscription to the Advisory Centre for Education, 57 Russell Street, Cambridge. You can expect your question to be answered within a fortnight, or sooner if you mark it urgent.

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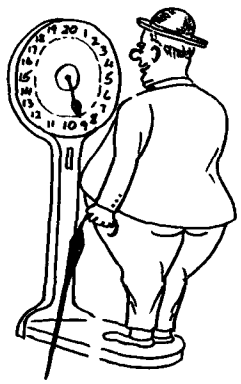


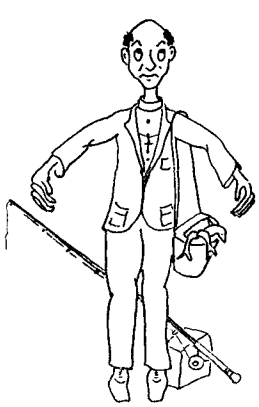
"...and nothing but..."

The truth about truth HOMOLKA

"Machines, in general, are truthful"

WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON was asked by his dad "Who cut down the cherry tree?", it is a penny to a pound that the lad knew what the score was. One axe, one decapitated tree, one boy — it would have required a clever lawyer to get him out of that set-up. The fact that George did not blame the deed on a woodpecker is testament more to his intelligence than to his veracity. Which raises nicely the whole problem of truth.

Many other great thinkers have treated exhaustively on the subject — John Donne, Aristotle, Kant, Adam Faith, to name but a few. The bias, however, always seems to have been on the ethical justification of truth rather than on its practical aspects. One feels that, in this frank age, we are not quite frank about frankness.



". . . the question of subjective truth"

The idea of absolute truth has fascinated philosophers for ages. Many of them suggest that pure truth is an ideological sort of thing, rather like contributing anonymously to OXFAM or admitting that you are over forty. This is truth for its own sake. The more "with-it" sages claim that there is another variety, a practical or — that delightful word — functional truth. For example, consider a man up before a promotion board. He is asked the routine, almost rhetorical, question, "Do you consider yourself suitably competent for this post?" Knowing in his heart that he is a twit and only interested in the money and position, he answers ideologically, "No." (thus *proving* that he is a twit, albeit an ideological one).

Examples of functional truth are legion: "Yes, the boat is sinking. No, I cannot swim." "Yes, the brakes have failed. No, the car is not insured." All good truthful statements, but with, one suspects, a certain practical compulsion about them.

These, of course, are factual truths. A twit is a twit and a sinking boat is a sinking boat in any language. More complicated is the question of subjective truth or opinion. An opinionated truth is rarely functional, but it often sounds ideological. You (or I or Mr. Arthur Bottomley) might say "The Beatles are fab." and a year later say "The Beatles are sickening". Was the first statement then a lie? Certainly not. It only lacked proper qualification. You (or I or etc.) should really have said "*At the present moment, I think* that the Beatles are fab." That the Beatles are, de facto, sick-

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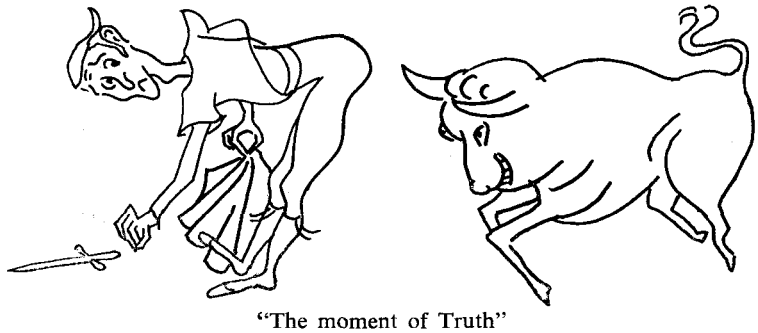
". . . truth is in the opinion, not the fact."

ening (in a functional sense) is beside the point. The truth here is in the opinion, not the fact.

Honesty is often taken as synonymous with truth, although semantically they differ. Honesty is a sort of truth with oneself. ("This above all, to thine own self be true," etc.) Actually, an honest man can be an out-and-out liar in the purely functional variety. 'Honest' is a very adaptable word nowadays. For example, it can be used of a person who would not pinch the petty cash, and equally well of a person who pinches the petty cash and owns up. Like charity, it can also cover a multitude of sins — which is very comforting, as charity usually involves parting with money and effort. We can have honest rogues, honest layabouts, honest seducers but not, so far, honest liars. There are fascinating expressions like 'The honest truth' (is there a dishonest truth?); 'Honesty brings its own reward' (sometimes a jail sentence); and, the daddy of them all, 'Honesty is the best policy'. This last maxim, perpetuated by public schools, magistrate's courts and psychiatrists, has been modified by a well-known writer to meet our modern philosophy and now reads 'Honesty is not always the best policy but it is the least complicated.'

Accepting the fact — a fine piece of honest begging-the-question — that we are in varying degrees biased, prejudiced, hypocritical, shifty and irrational, does man (and with greater need, woman) still strive for the truth? He does indeed, and tries to create it himself. His efforts are advertised in that immortal phrase, 'The camera cannot lie.' Machines, in general, are truthful. Imagine a speedometer that shows a constant 30 m.p.h. in a built up area no matter what your speed; or a weighing machine that knocks a few pounds off the recorded weight if its owner is a bit on the podgy side. No, alas, we would never tolerate in our machines the little dissimulations and white lies we tolerate in each other. Perhaps there is a process of compensation here. Shy of complete truth ourselves, we labour to create instruments that give greater and greater accuracy; man-made mediators, free of racial, political and religious bigotry. Who knows, perhaps in time these will become our deities, and the all-seeing, all-truthful source will be a universal Computer with a capital 'C'.

Is frankness characteristic of any particular race or place? "White man speak with forked tongue" was obviously a biased impression. No doubt Big Chief Much-Bull could be as devious as circumstances warranted. Nearer home, popular generalizations such as the Scots are mean, the Irish untruthful, the English hypocritical and the Welsh sly hit the nail right on the head — if we apply *all* the characteristics to *all* the races. Our social and business structure is based on a tacit system of half-truths, white lies and prevarication. Dissimulation is the lubricant of civilisation. It is interesting how much the realisation of this



"The moment of Truth"

is brought home in everyday speech, viz:—

"In all honesty	—	(not in part honesty as is usual?)
"Frankly, old chap . . ."	—	(normally I am not frank?)
"To tell the truth . . ."	—	(for a change?)
"If you want my honest opinion . . ."	—	(usually you get my dishonest opinion?)
"Yours sincerely, . . ."	—	(with others I am insincere?)

There are also lots of little phrases which gently hint at the acceptance of this state of affairs:

"To read between the lines."
"Take with a pinch of salt."
"More than meets the eye."

Even when we are forced to state an outright truth, the shock can be buffered by the use of colourful euphemisms and slang. Here is a short selection with their possible original meanings:—

Phrase	*Present meaning*	*Original meaning*
"Put to sleep."	Kill, usually only of animals.	Lay in bed or other place of rest with or without a sedative.
"Slept with."	Present meaning best interpreted by Kenneth Tynan.	Go to sleep beside someone or something.
"Passed over."	Immediate result of being put to sleep.	Rejected, as of promotion. Or could mean crossed as of the Red Sea.
"Put down."	Harsher form of "put to sleep."	Opposite of put up.
"Have an affair with."	Same meaning as "slept with."	Conduct business with.
"Long in the tooth."	Old and decrepit.	Having elongated dentures.

There is also a wide choice of expressions in which true meanings depend entirely on the views of the speaker:

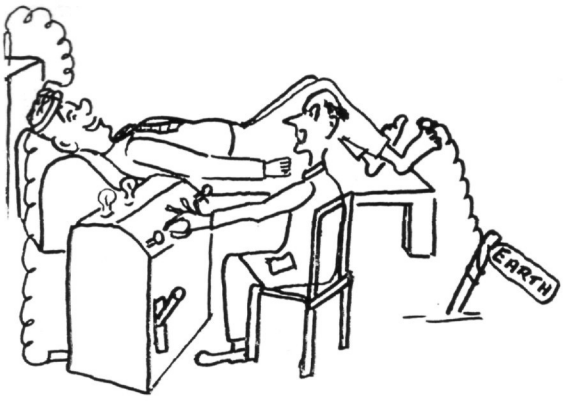
	Possible basic meaning
"He is a dirty old man"	He is unusually virile for his advanced years.
"He is unusually virile for his tender years."	He is a dirty young man.

Perhaps the most popular contemporary phrase, used ad nauseum by T.V. orators and slavishly copied by most of the population (except Spike Milligan), is that non-committal subjunctive "I should think that . . .". Consider the various meanings this might have:

"I *should* think that	—	(but I do not)"
"I *should think* that	—	(if you should ask me)"
"*I* should think that	—	(but *you* should not)"
"I should think *that*	—	(you must be joking)"

Even better is "I should have thought that . . .", the true meaning of which is understood only by students of English grammar and politicians.

There are some circumstances where in spite of a natural reluctance it is necessary to tell the unvarnished truth. Or, more likely, to *know* the truth. Mechanical aids are somewhat unreliable. Lie detectors apparently can sometimes detect an honest man intentionally lying but not an inveterate liar lying. Which is as much as any intelligent human being can do. Some authorities claim that the eyes are a give-away. But here again, experienced liars can outstare the sphinx while many honest people are too shy or considerate to keep gazing into another's eyes. (In the case of two persons of the opposite sex, it could even be



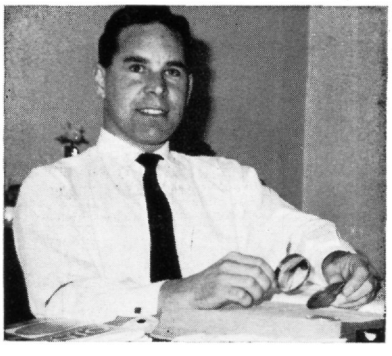
"Lie detectors are unreliable."

misinterpreted). Courts of law insist on an oath, and slap on a perjury threat as an added incentive. Oaths, however, are not very effective nowadays, since the danger of being struck by a bolt from the blue has become negligible. Those original lie detectors, the rack, thumbscrews and red-hot pincers, have gone out of favour, psychological methods having taken their place. All in all, bribery and self-interest are still the cleanest, most efficient methods of arriving at the truth.

The concept of a completely truthful society is alien enough to be the basis of a science fiction story. Imagine our waking up one morning and finding ourselves slaves to rectitude and truth. Conjecture on the outcome is fascinating. Prisons would be overflowing with self-confessed wrong-doers; commercial advertising would cease to exist: lawyers would be redundant; an epidemic of small fights would break out as people found out what others really thought of them; the sale of Lifebuoy toilet soap would break all records. And, tragically, there would be no more fairy tales, romances and beautiful similes or metaphors for lovers and writers to use. Cold truth would take the place of warm human tolerance and comfort. No ethical Utopia would evolve from such a change, unless human nature itself changed.

We are untruthful for the simple reason that, in most things, we do not know what the truth is. Honesty with ourselves and others is the best we can achieve — and that is difficult enough. ★

MISERS OR NUMISMATISTS



JOHN CHILD (Eng.)

IN THESE DAYS of credit cards and cheques, one can forget that for thousands of years coins have meant power, with usurpers and invaders seizing the mint much as rebels now take over the radio station and press. The appearance of a new head on a coin told the people of a new ruler, and brought loyalty of the soldiery and the merchants. In this way coins throw light on history and portray its great men; indicate local conditions, trade, and the state of the arts. Throughout recorded history men have collected coins. For the rulers they were a token of power, for the generals a guarantee of loyalty, for the merchants a measure of wealth. Hoards that are found are mute evidence of the violence of the times, and of the limits of great empires, Greek coins in farthest India, Roman in Britain, Islamic in Scandinavia, and Mongol Chinese in Arabia. In later centuries the wealthy have valued their collections both for their artistic qualities and for their intrinsic value in the

face of currency inflation, the historian for the positive evidence they give of the conditions of life and the course of history; but in recent times there has been a much more general spread of interest. Many collect coins as a hobby; some find it a serious interest which can contribute to the common store of knowledge.

The days when one could afford to collect the rare coins are passing, as these appear in salerooms at prohibitive prices. Most, such as gold or large silver, are now held by the museums, though a few still change hands as investments. So the modern trend is to collect current coins; with all the countries of the world to choose from, it is not difficult to find a subject to take one's fancy.

The newspapers have certainly misled the potential beginner by printing ambiguous statements, such as that 1951 pennies were worth £12! In fact, for this price they would have to be in an uncirculated condition. The average circulated 1951 penny would only be worth 10/–, and the reason for the interest in this year is that only 120,000 were minted instead of the usual 50 million. Most numismatists — coin collectors — very soon become condition-conscious, and find it well worth while to pay a little extra to get good coins which can be shown off in a display.

One of the problems of the hobby is coin storage, because each has to be kept separate, and even then they can be damaged by damp or fumes. Oxide coatings can be an asset when coins are found in the ground, the type of oxide giving an indication of the date, and affecting value. As has been pointed out, there is a serious historical side to coins, so that interest does not stop at hoarding them. Many studies can be made by collecting particular types, such as pennies of each year, or all coins of a reign. One occasion in history of special numismatic interest was in 1696, during the reign of William III, when the government introduced a completely new milled-edge coinage. Until this date coins were irregularly shaped, so it was easy to clip pieces off. This practice was illegal and a serious loss to the government. The difference of £1,200,000 in this replacement had to be made good by extra taxation, which was called the 'Window Tax' and based on the number of windows in each house.

The area of the Thames Valley is very interesting to numismatists as so much has happened here since the days of the Romans. Just a few miles south of Reading is the site of the old Roman town of Silchester. Here thousands of coins have been found, most of which are in Reading museum, but the site, now on private land, does not offer much to the sightseer. Near Wallingford an old road has recently been identified running across a field, and local inhabitants have found a number of remarkably well preserved coins on the dusty surface. An interesting connection between coins and this area is the 'St. George and Dragon' found on a number of coins. According to local legend, St. George killed the Dragon on a small grass-topped hill near the White Horse of Uffington Castle, and the bare patches are said to be where the Dragon's blood flowed. This site, beyond Wantage, belonging to the National Trust, is on pleasant high ground with a magnificent view, and well worth a visit. Of course, the most likely place to find coins would be along the tracks of the Ridgeway or Grimsdyke. For hundreds of years these were busy roads, so the grassy edges must contain a fortune in scattered coins.

The Ashmolean museum at Oxford has one of the largest collections in the country, and is the repository for much found locally. My own collection, which is mainly modern, has taken some three years to accumulate, and has been so absorbing that I spend untold hours reading all types of references to make my coins interesting to people other than collectors. In fact, the whole subject is a real challenge to anyone, whether he is interested in the history and geography of his area or simply welcomes making new friends in the search for elusive pieces to complete a set. ★

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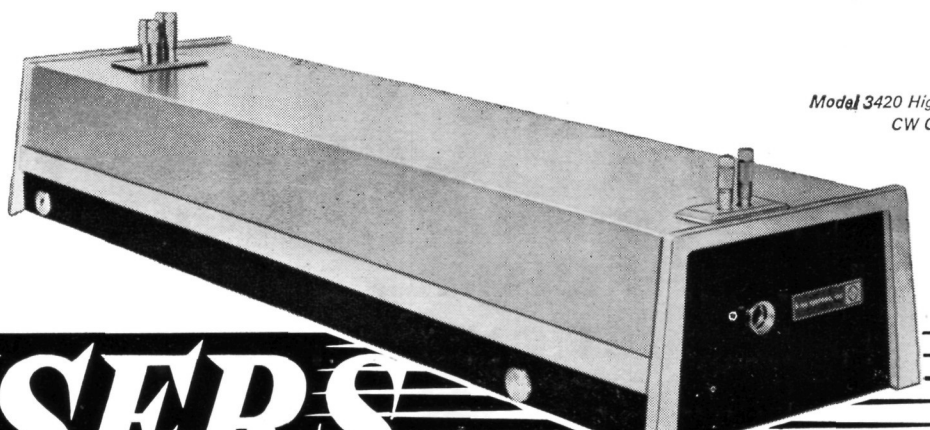

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Model No.	Light	Output (watts)
3352	Nitrogen (UV)	200 and higher (Pulsed)
3410	Argon (Blue-Green)	1.0 (CW)
3420 (see illustration)	Argon (Blue-Green)	3.0 (CW)
3421	Xenon (Green-Orange)	0.3 (CW)
3422	Krypton (Green-Red)	1.5 (CW)
3430	Argon (Blue-Green)	5.0 (CW)
3431	Xenon (Green-Orange)	0.5 (CW)
3432	Krypton (Green-Red)	2.5 (CW)
*3800	Argon (UV-Green)	1.0 (Pulsed)
3801	Xenon (Blue-Orange)	1.0 (Pulsed)
3802	Krypton (Blue-Red)	0.5 (Pulsed)

* Model 3800 is a portable laser system with greater than 1 watt peak power yet weighing less than 90 lbs (40.8kg).

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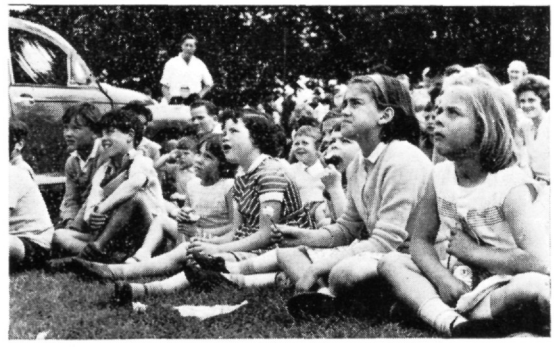
"HARLEQUIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



There will be some readers who consider the coming Annual Photographic Exhibition at AERE too involved for them, as all entries have to be printed and developed by the entrant.

This will not be necessary for this competition, nor do you have to go far in search of a subject, or to engage an expensive model!

A 35 mm camera, valued at £15, can be won by taking the best and most natural 'candid' picture of your family on Ferrania P 30 black and white film. Your entry can be of any size and need not be mounted.

This special photographic competition is open to all readers of "Harlequin" and entry is free. All you have to do is to take a 'candid' picture of a family group, a member of the family, or even one of the family pets. Send the picture with a free entry coupon, which will be printed in "AERE News", to 'Family Pictures', "Harlequin" (full address below) to arrive not later than 23rd April, 1966.

The prizes which the 3M Company, who produce Ferrania films, have agreed to present are as follows: —

1st Prize — a Ferrania 3 35 mm camera. Robust and easy to use, the camera is valued at £15

2nd Prize — a Ferrania Box camera with a roll of colour and black and white film

3rd Prize — two rolls of colour film and two rolls of black and white film to fit your present camera.

The rules of the competition are simple. All readers are eligible to enter, but each entry must be accompanied by a free entry coupon, appearing in "AERE News" during April. Cut them out and keep them ready to send in all your entries together.

By arrangement with AERE Camera Club, entries will be assessed by the judge of the Annual Exhibition whose decision is final. Winning entries will be on view at the Exhibition, which opens on May 9th. While every care will be taken of all entries "Harlequin" cannot be held responsible for any lost or damaged. The Editor retains the right to exhibit entries at AERE and to publish entries in "Harlequin" with the final results.

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