

JUNE 1973

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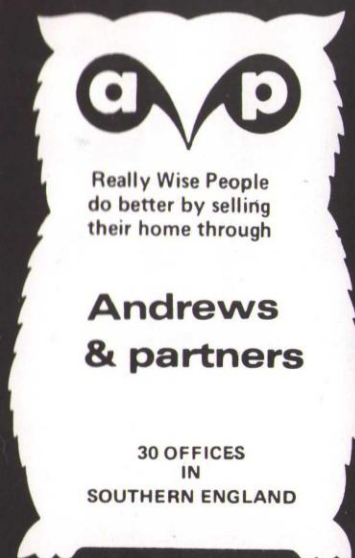
Harlequin

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



In this issue

OUT O' DOORS IN JUNE — THE POPULATION PROBLEM
GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS! — WANTAGE OPERATIC SOCIETY
THE UNITED STATES — LUNCH-TIME TABLE TENNIS, ETC.



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"Ah, Johnson, I'm bringing you a new assistant—good shape, beautiful and damned efficient."

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COVER PICTURE

A happy smile from newly married Pat Napper. For more of Harwell's delightful secretaries see 'Girls, Girls, Girls' on the centre pages.

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OUR ESTIMATES
WILL BEAT ALL OTHERS

Out o' Doors in June

Written and illustrated

by W. E. Norvell, Grounds Dept.



June is really high summer—the high point in the year in fact—when we make our nearest approach to the sun, and when natural activity reaches a peak. The green mantle of our latitudes is still fresh and sweet, but not, alas, for very long; July and August, drab and dusty by comparison, wait in the wings.

May and June are probably the most pleasant "outdoor" months of the year, but holiday-making at this time is denied to families with children in school. The timing of the summer holidays was settled by that frighteningly powerful 18th century pedagogue, Sir Manifold Gasket, who decided on July and August.

His decision resulted from the combination of a profound social awareness,—by which he was able to perceive that to really enjoy oneself on holiday, one needs to get wet—and the deep scientific knowledge which had led to the discovery that the sea was warmer in July than in June. Sir Manifold dabbled his feet in the sea at Shoreham on July 1st for the rest of his life, and he named the phenomenon he had discovered after his youngest daughter, Thermal Inertia Gasket.

Attitudes towards water have changed since the time when the stuff had to be carried from wells and village pumps and when the sight of such a large quantity in the sea could well have been a cause for excess. Overall wetness nowadays in anything less than 115°F is un-British and distasteful to anyone without a layer of blubber under the skin.

The garden should be in production again during this month, with the price-less freshness of early salads, carrots beetroot and peas, but the day that we decide to dig up the first roots of early potatoes will be the best one of all.

Although good "new" potatoes are now available in cans, and early supplies from unlikely places like Cyprus are on sale from April onwards, they do not compare with produce from the home garden, which can be consumed almost within minutes of being lifted. Deterioration seems to occur when the tubers are allowed to sit around and lose moisture from the surface cells, which also makes them more difficult to skin.

Planted in good ground at the right time, protected from any late frosts and watered during dry spells, the tubers make up remarkably quickly. They are much too good to leave in the ground, so start digging them when they reach pigeons-egg size, and the others will be growing while these are being eaten. Dig them half an hour before the meal, rub the skins off immediately under a cold tap, boil with a sprig of mint for fifteen or twenty minutes and serve with salt, butter and nothing else.

Garden pests will be appearing with the warmer weather and, with some of them, evidence of damage and diagnosis of the trouble may occur too late to be able to do anything about it. The larvae of the Carrot Fly, for instance, which make dirty brown tunnels around the roots, will cause the foliage to lose its freshness and turn yellow only when damage is well advanced. Young cauliflower plants which turn blue and do not grow after transplanting will be found to have had their underground parts eaten away by the white maggots of the Cabbage Root Fly.



The dahlia, most prolific of summer flowers

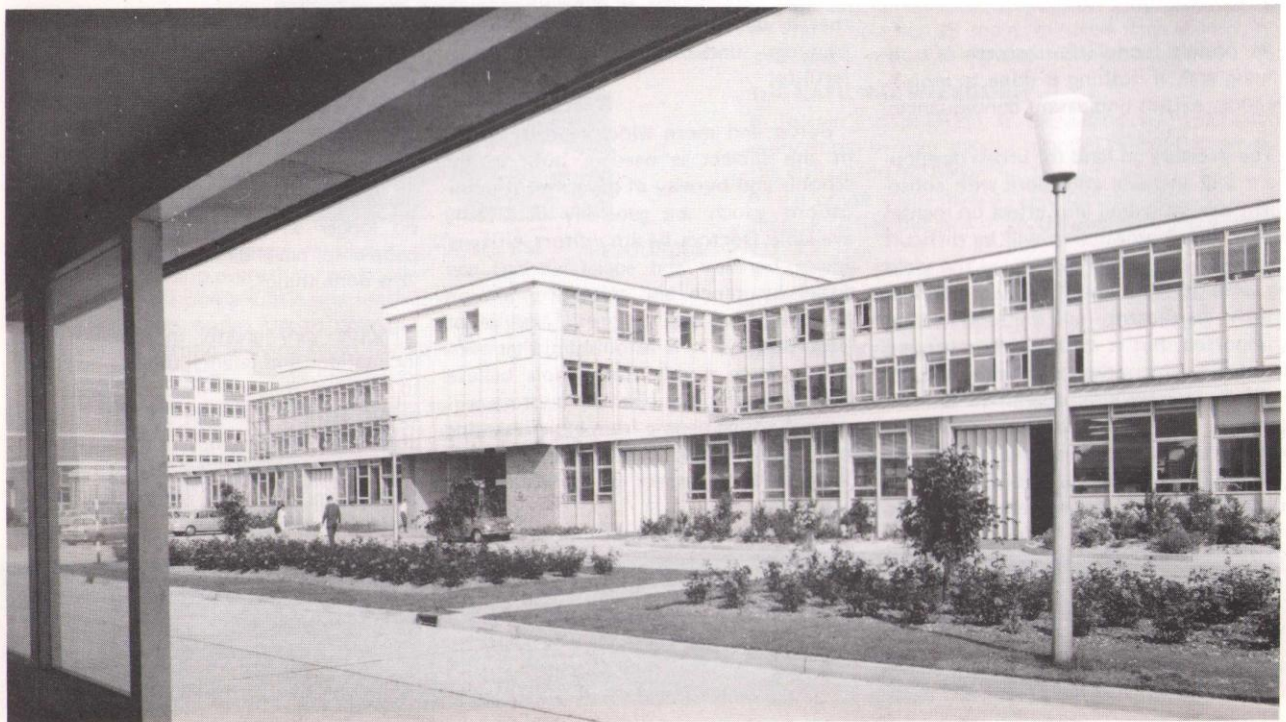
Treatments for both of these pests, and many more, were the highly effective chemical preventatives which had been dusted and sprayed all over the British countryside with gay abandon for fifteen or twenty years, but they gradually came under suspicion, and were finally withdrawn from the market. DDT,—as harmless, we were led to believe, as baby powder—was discovered to be dangerously persistent and piling up in our livers or somewhere. An even older product, called Calomel, which was used as a dip for plants susceptible to Cabbage Root Fly, is currently being tested in America for the amount of mercury it leaves behind in our bodies.

Such revelations can give gardening columnists cause to consider what the consequences of their past recommendations may have been, but of course the vast majority of these chemicals have been imbibed via the shelves of food-stores.

The cult of "organic" gardening, which deplores the use of anything "artificial" or manufactured, is something of a religion, but the trend becomes more and more significant. Most of the "cultural" methods of pest and disease control advocated are the time-honoured and simple gardening practices which had been used to grow clean crops before there were any chemical alternatives. Such methods are more time-consuming and therefore more expensive, but, as with most things in life, the cheaper product is inferior; it may even be dangerous.

The changing face of the Rutherford Laboratory

Before the end of the year the Reading Room of the new laboratory will span the road between R1 & R25



VIEWPOINT

JOANNA TAYLOR (Theoretical Physics Div.)

An opinion poll carried out recently by the Conservation Society in the Oxford area indicated that more than 60% of the sample thought that there were too many people in Britain. Similarly, an investigation by National Opinion Polls showed that over 80% felt that the growth of Britain's population is a serious problem. Indeed, it is obvious why so many people are disturbed by this: the traffic jams and parking problems in towns and the consequent demand for more motorways, bypasses, and parking spaces are a daily reminder. More serious is that valuable agricultural land and chunks of beautiful countryside are being bulldozed over and covered with large numbers of small houses: one little box per family. The alternative is worse still: in towns there appear more and more tower blocks of flats for people to be closely packed in layers, their little open air balconies sticking out like drawers not quite closed. Much worse is the increasing number of homeless, who are pushed from one kind of temporary accommodation to another; unwelcome everywhere.

It is no wonder therefore that by now many people think that things must not be allowed to get worse.

At present population growth is continuing and, if nothing is done to stop it, we must expect unpleasant consequences.

The pressure on land for urban development will increase still more with consequent overcrowding and effect on mental health. Food production will be difficult to increase or even maintain, as the yield per acre in this country is quite high already. At present, half the food needed is imported, but it must not be assumed that food from other countries will be available in increasing quantities. On the contrary, as underdeveloped countries with starving populations gradually claim a larger share of world production, importing food will become more difficult for us. There is much to be said for reducing now our dependence on imports.

The increased demand for energy, water and efficient waste disposal will need to be met. A larger proportion of resources will have to be devoted simply to main-

tain standards in health, education, transport and other services.

As a result of all this, resources will be so strained that little will be available for recreation. Social and economic controls will increase, and this will mean more restrictions on personal freedom.

All these effects can be seen to have started already, and indicate the population should grow more slowly, or, rather, not at all; many people now think it ought to decrease.

Populations can be reduced by wars, famine, epidemics or other social conditions causing a high death rate, the killing of unwanted sections of the population, or by a reduction in the rate of birth. Of these the last way is clearly the best, indeed the only one acceptable.

The most obvious way to start reducing the birth rate is to prevent the birth of unwanted babies. Ignorance of reliable contraceptive methods or difficulties, practical or emotional, in obtaining good contraceptives are not the only causes of unwanted pregnancies; others are indifference, carelessness, or the simple belief that it will not happen: an astonishingly frequent under-estimation of human fertility!

Better and more widespread education in the subject is needed, both in the schools and by way of government publications which are generally and easily available. Doctors, health visitors, citizens' advice bureaux and social workers can dispel ignorance and misconception on the subject as well as instil a sense of responsibility. It is astonishing that even now a large number of people believe that shrouding a subject in mystery will prevent young people from experimenting in it; surely the opposite is true, curiosity being a strong aspect of human nature.

Much more public money must be spent on the Health Service for the purpose of contraception: this money is not wasted, as maternity services and child care are much more expensive. Contraceptives should be entirely free and they should be easily available to all who may need



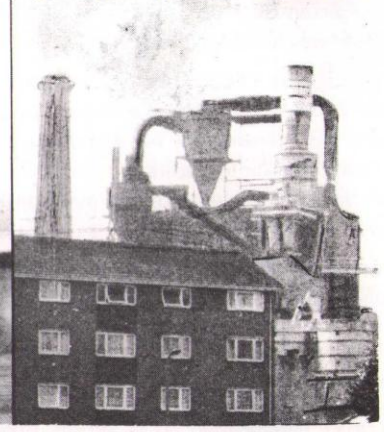
them, not only through specialised clinics but also through doctors and health visitors. In particular, the poorest and least educated of the population should be helped by home visitors. This makes it necessary to include training in the subject in the teaching of medical students and social workers to a larger extent than before.

This type of approach, which in no way exerts pressure on anyone to have fewer children than they want, has proved very effective in Aberdeen, where the population is now stable.

Tradition still exerts considerable pressure on people to produce families whether they want to or not. This was understandable while high mortality rate made a high birth rate necessary. This is no longer so and it is now wrong for people to have babies just because it is "the done thing".

People vary greatly in their interests, inclinations and talents: there is no reason to assume that all men are better for being fathers or that all women are unfulfilled unless they are mothers. It may not be easy to change general opinion in this way as the traditional outlook is rooted deeply.

IT'S SIMPLY



Ideally, the number of children in each family should be determined rationally and be no larger than what will satisfy the parents' emotional needs. Parenthood in itself is neither an achievement nor a duty. Real fulfilment lies in the responsible bringing up in a happy environment of children who are wanted.

.....



POPULATION

ENVIRONMENT



FURTHER INFORMATION:

The Conservation Society is about survival, the survival of us all and everything we know that lives.

Life depends upon a subtle relationship with earth, air, sunlight and water. Up to now our species has succeeded in getting a living from the natural world in a hit and miss way.

But now there are so many of us, wanting so much.

We are sapping the earth of its nutrients, destroying the soil, poisoning the oceans and the air, and burning out our fuel stocks. We cannot go on like this for long without going down in sudden collapse or squalid decline.

RESOURCES

THE WORLD CRISIS

- On present trends world population will have doubled by around the end of the century to seven thousand million - a sevenfold increase in 200 years.
- Every second there are two more people alive on earth, every week over a million more, every year 70 million more. By 2000 A.D. all these figures are likely to have doubled.
- Over the past 100 years the proportion of the world's land that is desert or wasteland has increased from 10% to 25%.
- 150 species of higher animals have already become extinct because of human activity and 1000 more are threatened.
- The exhaustion of many minerals such as lead, tin and copper will be in sight within a generation.

THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY

- Britain's population is increasing by 1,000,000 every three or four years - over 10,000,000 more by the end of the century.
- To house them means building equivalent to more than 30 cities the size of Nottingham, or one Greater London.
- Already England has 910 people to the square mile, four times as many as China, seventeen times as many as the U.S.A.

WHY WE NEED EACH OTHER

Joining the Conservation Society will give you a genuine opportunity to make a practical contribution in this present crisis.

34, Bridge Street, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. Tel: Walton-on-Thames 41793

Local Branch: 84 James St., Oxford

A QUESTION OF DO OR DIE

Most of us agree that HARMEL wouldn't be the same without the Secretaries. But for the best reasons possible they keep leaving; and recruiting new girls to the right standard is as difficult as it ever was.

One of the Design Studio's recent perks (in fact its the only perk we've ever had) was to arrange for fifteen girls to be photographed for a new series of Secretary recruiting advertisements for Personnel Branch.

Stage one was to design the adverts. Slogans were devised and sketches made showing what the girls were doing. These 'visuals' are essential: they not only crystallise the designer's ideas, they are also used as a talking point with the model and photographer.

In this particular case the photographers were our London Office colleagues Eric Wilcott and Brian Goodman (of Financial Times fame). As usual they enthusiastically clicked their way through the shots required by the Studio, then added some ideas of their own.

The day we chose for the photographic session coincided with a visit by Sir Brian Windley and members of an MFC sub-committee. Eric Wilcott and Brian Goodman must have been pretty tired by the end of the day. Not only did they take photographs of the V.I.P.'s they also took over 150 negatives of our secretaries: then stayed until it was dark to photograph IBIS in artificial light!

And what about the girls? Well, what can one say? Some enjoyed the photography and some found it a little strange - but all helped and co-operated magnificently. If the new image of HARMEL depended on our secretaries we would be well on our way.

So one thing we can say is "Thank you girls" G. G. (Public Relations)



Jean Micklewright
G. G. (Public Relations)



Edna Horley



Rosemary Edgerton



Sue Nelson



Dorothy Osborne



Elaine Wilkins



Mary Hart



Judith Fontaine



Caroline Batty



Angela Haddock



Angela Haddock



On the left is the "visual", in other words the designer's idea sketched to show his intention. In the centre are two of the many shots of Angela Haddock. Which one did we use in the final advert shown on the right?



Girls! Girls! Girls!

It is usual practice to take lots of photographs of the model in slightly differing positions. This has three advantages: it gives the designer a choice of the most effective; it allows the photographer to crop the pictures cheaply; secondly other photographs may improve on the designer's initial idea. And third, if you only took one shot and didn't like it you would probably be unable to get the photographer and model back again.

Below are other ideas which we hope Personnel Branch will be using shortly.



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threshold in a massive wrought-iron grille. Inside, a long passageway was flanked by multiple rows of tombs arranged as in catacombs. The doors of many of these hung open and the floor was littered with smashed coffins pulled out by intruders who had breached the grille with the aid of a hacksaw. An elderly man visiting the cemetery to leave flowers said the intruders were believed to be searching for rings and gold teeth, and might be drug addicts desperate for money. But theft was not the whole story. In one large area humble monuments dated 1958 were in wild disarray. Nowhere was there any sign of recent work of any kind by the authorities.

What have we in our midst? Can this really be Great Britain in 1973? What is the prognosis for a society complacently harbouring such agents of degradation?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A GLIMPSE OF VANISHING LONDON

N---- is a drab region of South London which I had scarcely heard of until a relative took a flat there recently. I accepted an invitation to stay for 24 hours and found a large cemetery directly opposite. On enquiry I discovered that it had only been closed since 1969, occasional burials since then being confined to family vaults. Other information which I was given led me to give it closer examination.

The main entrance had large wrought-iron gates flanked by gate-houses. The main drive led to a handsome church. Both gate-houses were still furnished but in ruins, one having also been partially consumed by fire. I approached the church and found it a ravaged shell. The front door had been beaten in, the stained-glass windows were smashed, the roof showed gaping holes following the attentions of lead thieves and the bell had been stolen.

Some way behind the church was the wreckage of an extensive complex of stonemasons' workshops, stables, greenhouses and frames together with the skeleton of an elegant horse-drawn hearse. The ground was deeply coated in smashed flower-pots, glass and other debris.

Worse was to follow. The graves themselves had been attacked. In many cases the monuments had been toppled. In others, metal plaques and statues had disappeared and even metal lettering picked out of the gravestones. Family vaults had been disturbed and the exposed coffins broken open. The most appalling sight of all involved a very large Victorian vault set 15ft underground and approached by a wide flight of steps ending at the

PAUSE FOR THOUGHT

Perhaps it is because my retirement date is not far off and I shall not be travelling to work much longer that the countryside this spring appears to look lovelier than ever.

In the winter with the silhouette of trees, the grey barren earth has a certain grace and charm. Then suddenly spring follows with the fields showing that faint carpet of green as the crops start to grow. The buds appear on the trees and hedges, the cattle once more are seen grazing in the fields, and the mauves and pinks of the sunset are a delight to see.

The displays of daffodils, primroses, tulips and many other spring flowers in the gardens, the fruit orchards with their delicate pink and white blossom: these scenes really do make one 'pause for thought' and realize what a wonderful heritage we have. All these things are free for us to view and enjoy.

But alas as one explores the countryside, one sees so much litter and destruction! Again when walking in the woods and country-lanes so many people seem to delight in tramping on and pulling up the wild flowers.

1973 is Tree Planting Year. Let us resolve also to do our part in picking up any litter and depositing it in the litter bins, and walking carefully to leave the display of wild flowers in their natural state for others to enjoy. If we all try to do this, we will be doing our bit in preserving at least some of England's green and pleasant land.

Yours etc,
Miss E. Edmonds,
Personnel Registry

DOCTOR DIED ON HIS BIRTHDAY

MEDICAL OFFICER for factories in the north-west, Dr. Thomas Graham died last month on his 56th birthday.

Born in Scotland, Dr. Graham completed his medical training at Glasgow University and spent a short period in private practice and three years in the Royal Army Medical Corps during the 1939-45 war before becoming medical officer at Springfield in 1948.

Two years later he transferred to Capenhurst and then, in June 1952, became senior medical officer at Windscale where he stayed for nine years before moving back to Springfield.

At Windscale he was a contributor to the magazine *Nucleus*, no longer published, and was well-known for his articles, poems, cartoons, photographs and a gentle humorous scepticism.

In September he would have completed 25 years with the Authority.

"HARLEQUIN" WAS
PLEASED TO HAVE
DR. GRAHAM AS A
CONTRIBUTOR. ON
THIS PAGE WE SHOW
SOME EXAMPLES OF
HIS VERSATILITY.

coal lorry

My busy windscreen-wipers grunt,
Smearing mud spots on the glass.
A grimy juggernaut in front
Won't let me pass.
From clattering sides, all shining black,
Jump fragments of his dusty load.
The lurching lorry scatters slack
Upon the road
"20" for me, this monster tells
Balefully on his tailboard disc
My hurrying dashboard clock compels
To pass and risk.
Accelerating now, I crawl
Past carboniferous reptilid
My tyres crunch gratefully on the coal
And do not skid
When traffic lights soon hinder me,
My rattling, blackened friend as well,
(Behind me breathing heavily),
I have to smile
I marvel that his ancient coal had lain
A million years to see the light again
What precious little task have I? What fuss
That needs the silly minutes counted thus?

—Thos.



The exhilarating shot in the arm which I got from my lightning trip around New York had worn off a little when I finally slumped into my seat in a west-bound American Airlines plane at Idlewild. Before I had time to gather my thoughts, I was seeing the lights of Cleveland far below. The hostess, who looked like a film star and was just as remote, was at my elbow. Said she: "Right now we plan to serve a beverage. Which beverage do you pre-fer?" Weakly I murmured some reply: I think it was coffee she brought me.

When we touched down at Midway, Chicago, I found I had lost my diary. From then onwards I never knew what day it was.

The air traffic at Midway is fantastic. Day and night, every minute, a plane lands or takes off. It is said to be the busiest in the world. Alongside it runs Cicero Avenue, one-time haunt of gangsters, now lined with Nite Spots and hotels. Although it was 1.40 a.m. this great centre was thronged with people and I had to elbow my way towards another hamburger. The man in the drug-store enquired politely if I thought my princess would marry that guy.

A short journey of about 12 miles in a long shiny taxi brought me to the hotel. I explained to the "cabby" that I wasn't at all certain whether my princess would marry that guy. I also agreed that my Queen was sure nice. I was too exhausted and parched with thirst to go to bed so I had a shower and went to a drug-store for a meal with a lot of iced milk: time 3 a.m. (Afterwards I became a regular at this drug-store and I got to know all the juke-box records).

"Chi" is no mean city. The capital of the Middle West, it offers more excitement and exhaustion than a fairground. Five days and nights in this town convinced me that there is good reason for the grey worried look on American faces. My medical conference at Argonne was quite restful in contrast with the free time. You don't get time to sleep in Chi. Everything goes on all night and this raging thirst makes you crave ice-water. You cannot get a cup of tea and the coffee is like strong, thick soup. Ice water is literally on tap in the hotel. The citizens, who believe in slogans and catchphrases like all good Americans, call it "City Beautiful." (Illinois State is, of course, "Land of Lincoln." This goes on the car registration plates.) I confess I had never thought of Chicago as a tourist centre, but many of the public buildings and streets are quite magnificent. Lake Shore Drive, a boulevard which runs for some 30 miles along Lake Michigan, is a splendid feat of civil engineering.

Among world centres of culture the city must come high on the list. I visited the University of Chicago (there are three, but this is the most distinguished.) It is as near to Oxford as Rockefeller's money can make it. The chapel is like a cathedral. The Oriental Museum nearby is perhaps better than the British Museum. In a bookshop I was able to buy an airmail edition of "The Times" only one day old. The big museum attraction, however, is the Museum of Science and Industry — a marvellous neo-classical building in which you can go down a coalmine, walk along a street in the year 1910, explore a submarine (U505 to be precise) or tinker with the inside of a Cadillac. I made myself half a dozen ash trays with a dime-in-the-slot power press!

Only 150 years ago this great city was a shack town on the wagon trail to the West. Many of the names of outlying places are Indian names and a good deal of history is telescoped into this brief time. According to my Gazetteer, the population was 3.6 millions in 1954. The meat-packing business, so trenchantly described by Upton Sinclair in "The Jungle" has been transformed since the turn of the century. It is said that nowadays a train-load of pigs goes in one end of the factory and a trainload of tins of Spam comes out of the other. (Speaking of trains, Chicago is the biggest railroad centre in the world.) Historically, perhaps the riotous early '30's is the best known period — bootleggers, gangsters, big-time racketeering and all that goes with these. This phase is long past. The beer barons have long ago moved north to Milwaukee where there are legitimate breweries. I saw Little Italy (pronounced "Liddliddy") where Al Capone and his mob used to operate. It is now a slum area, occupied not by negroes (an earlier phase) but by Puerto Ricans. The negroes are moving up town gradually. One person in five is coloured and feeling runs high in many quarters. The whites, if they can afford it, move out to an ever-increasing ring of suburbs and coloured people pour in from the South to fill the city dwellings. The racial problem in Chicago is something that no casual visitor could hope to assess but it is quite striking to see the variety and to hear German and Spanish spoken so commonly in the buses. But they are all good Americans.

T. E. GRAHAM.



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Nearest Stations: **KING'S CROSS** or **ST. PANCRAS**

Wantage Operatic Society

MIKADO

As promised in the last issue we present pictures of this recent production.

We make no apology for giving the major space to the chorus below, because it was the team-effect which most made this production a success. Nor do we apologise for focussing on the ladies, because it was they who did the most towards this end.

The Musical Director was Rosemary Lang, the production was directed by Anne Keston against a back-cloth painted by Beryl Maile; and the Chair-

man of the Society is the AERE Rec. Association's Secretary, Cynthia Hutchins, who was also House Manager.

Among the men we must mention Hugh Evans (Nanki-Poo) of Harwell's Metallurgy Division; John Nichols (The Mikado) of Process Technology; Harry Crooks (Leader of the Orchestra) from Health Physics, and Robin Fuller (Stage Manager) from Electronics.

"Harlequin" readers will recognise the names of others who contributed to the production: Nigel Combes, Theoretical Physics; Paul Coad, Materials Development; John Crook, Material Physics; Rosemerie Durrant, Met.; Brian Edwards, SRC; John Garnish, Applied Chem.; Muriel Smith, Culham Lab; Tom Webster, Met.; John Williams, Chem. Eng.

Paying tribute to the Society at the end of the last performance, the Chairman of Wantage Urban District Council, Don Alexander (Senior Housing Manager at Harwell) said he wished that the next production could take place in the town's proposed Civic Hall. Which will be ready first?

*Photos:
Industrial
Photographic
Services,
Wantage*

In the next issue we will feature the part played by Harwell staff in other recent productions.



ATOMANIA



Banded Staff.

CHILTON SCHOOL FÊTE: Sat, June 30

To be opened by Mrs. Walter Marshall 2pm on the school field, the fête aims at raising funds for the school and for local charities.

There is a madly enthusiastic committee, dragooned by Jack Perry (Ext. 4867), John Flaxman and Ken Howard (Ext. 2772) eager to present a lively event for both young and not so young.

All are welcome: present and past pupils, their families and anyone eager and willing to enjoy a traditionally English Saturday afternoon.

Pony rides — Miniature Golf — Stalls — Yummy teas and refreshments — Crèche for toddlers — Dances by children — and many other attractions.

Adults 5p & children 2p. Programmes (with lucky no.) available at school or gate.

TABLE TENNIS Lunch-time League Table Tennis Final League Table 1972/73

Division I	P	W	L	Fr	Agr	Pts
H10	12	11	1	95	13	22
465.1	12	11	1	88	20	22
329	12	6	6	53	55	12
447 'A'	12	5	7	36	72	10
I.P.U.	12	3	9	36	72	6
10.5	12	3	9	36	72	6
151 'A'	12	3	9	34	74	6
Division II	P	W	L	Fr	Agr	Pts
H8	12	11	1	82	26	22
364	12	8	4	70	38	16
447 'B'	12	7	5	65	43	14
Atlas	12	7	5	53	55	14
151 'B'	12	4	8	41	67	8
424	12	3	9	37	71	6
Ind. Rel.	12	2	10	30	78	4

The final league games have all been completed and the keen lunch-time 'leaguers' have zipped up their bat covers once again until next season.

After the dust had settled from the last of these 'educational' league encounters it revealed a very tight finish at the top of Division I, with H10 just pipping 465.1 for the Championship by the virtue of a better games average.

The Division II champions, H8, had an easier passage, finishing 6 points better off than second-placed 364. Still this is a good result for 364 who have had a lean time over the past couple of seasons.

Well, all you L.T.L.P.'s, that's the lot for the moment—hope to see you all again next season.

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Except for those who are predacious
Life costs quids : it is voracious,
If your plans are really spacious
"Personal Loans" are efficacious.
Success comes to the audacious,
Banks don't think you're ostentatious
If your transport is capacious.
Hope your new car's Farinaceous.
Obvious to the perspicacious
That all this is quite fallacious.
Frankly it's downright mendacious,
Guess I'm feeling too loquacious.
No more words : can't use herbaceous,
Silicaceous nor cretaceous,
Diatomaceous nor pultaceous.
Silly to think papyraceous,
Can't drag in the word cetaceous,
Can't even try carbonaceous.
Maybe could use gallinaceous ?

Sincerely hope that this atrocious
Verse will not make you ferocious !

—Thos.

FRIENDS OF WANTAGE MUSEUM

This Society was formed to promote interest in the Museum and to support the Museum Committee in presenting a balanced picture of the historical development of Wantage and the surrounding area. It has formed a number of Working Groups which carry out a variety of projects such as building recording; locating historic objects, pictures and maps; geneology. Special attention is given to old buildings threatened with demolition, and a competition for young people is being organised. Meetings are held regularly. The annual subscription is 25p only. Further information from Dr. Ralph Atherton, Ext. 4893/4626.

'LAWN TENNIS', TRAINING ASSOCIATES, 35p (Bailey Bros. & Swinfen Ltd., Folkestone)

This booklet of 52 pages contains about 200 illustrations and gives a step-by-step account of the laws of lawn tennis and the techniques of umpiring.

Although it falls between stools by being rather detailed for the beginner and often too trivial for the experienced player, this book would serve as a useful refresher course for a would-be umpire or gamesman.—J.A.C.

£5 OR UNDER

FOR SALE

CASSETTE PLAYER,
'Smiths', £4.50. S. Wright, Ext: 4884
COAL-EFFECT FIRE,
Very good condition. Ext: 2669
RALLY SEAT COVER
M.1000 - Viva, £2.00. Chennell, Ext: 3192

WANTED

BABY BUGGY,
Umbrella pushchair. Eckhouse, SRC 431
CHILD'S LAWN MOWER. Eggleton, Ext: 2697

SERVICES

CULTIVATORS FOR HIRE, lawn mowers and cultivators repaired. Abingdon 5117, evenings.

HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATION

ILFRACOMBE, DEVON, "Kinvara" Guest House, 11 beds., bed, breakfast, evening meal. Tel. Ilfracombe 3013.
DEVON—cottages sleeping 6/8, convenient sea, booked July 21st to Sept. 1st. Stamp please—Sealy, "Uplands", Orchard Hill, Bideford, Devon. Tel. Bideford 2661.
SWANAGE, DORSET, 4-berth caravan, £6-12 per week. B.H. Skinner, (SRC). Tel. Eynsham 519 evenings.

VACANCIES

GRADUATE TO TAKE CHARGE OF MATHEMATICS DEPT. required in Sept, SMP to O Level, traditional A Level. Resident or non-resident. Applications in writing to Headmistress, St. Mary's School, Wantage.
GRADUATE TO TEACH SPANISH to O Level. Possibility of A Level work later on, help with French to O Level. Required in Sept. Resident or non-resident. Apply in writing to the Headmistress, St. Mary's School, Wantage.

Harwell Diary

June

15

18

21

28

30

July "Harlequin" goes to press
Fixtures for next "What's On"
column required
Final Lunch Film of season
"Counterpoint", Cockcroft Hall,
12.30p.m. All welcome.
Badminton: Mixed Doubles
Chilton Fête
—see opposite page

Howard & Wyndham's
NEW THEATRE
OXFORD Telephone 44544/5

June 4th—23rd

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY

Let's hear from

you

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

"HARLEQUIN", 1,05B, Bld. 77,
A.E.R.E., HARWELL, BERKS.



TWENTY YEARS' SERVICE

back row, left to right: T. Houghton, A.J. Fox, P.G. Davies, T.E. Dines

middle row, left to right: N. Gordon, R.C. Carter, N. Allen, W.G. Hill

front row, left to right: F.I. Poucher, V.G. Fletcher, L.W. Wray, A.N. Tomlinson, W.C. Fuller



There's no Pay Freeze on Suggestions Awards

During the last year there were over 170 'blooms' and we hope there are still more buds of ideas forming

Send your ideas on productivity or safety to the secretary, Suggestions Scheme, Personnel Dept., Building 329

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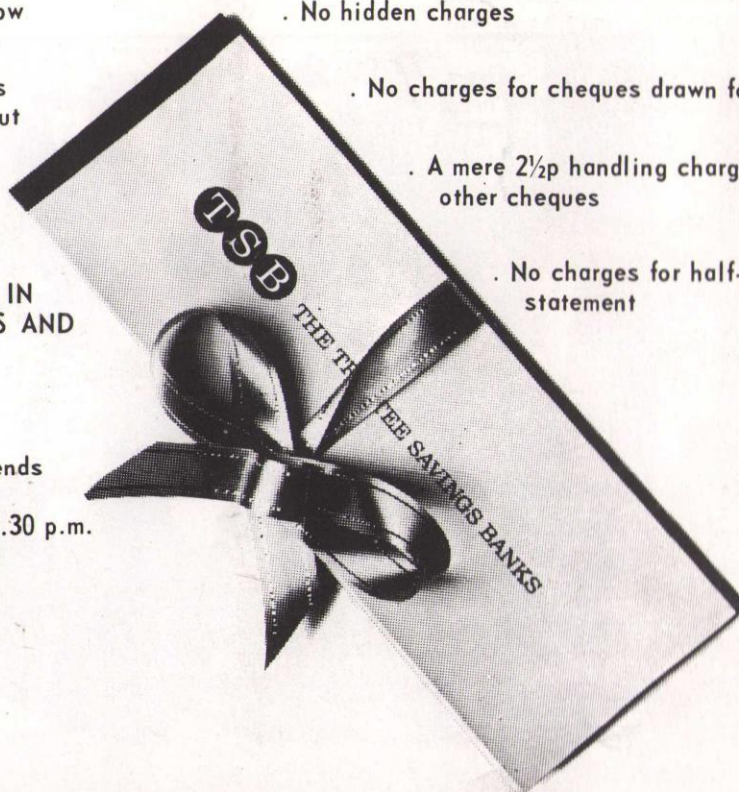
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