

APRIL 1974

3p

Harlequin

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



"Cern Courier"

In this issue

DENNIS METTRICK RECALLS: 1946-1974
AN EYE TO THE FUTURE: SECRETARIES
CYCLING - SAFETY IN THE HOME - CAMPING, ETC.



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..... but Mr. W.D. Reid of the Motor Department visits Harwell with Mr. Berry on the first Monday in every month and appointments are made through ext. 2514.

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Harlequin

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"HARLEQUIN" is dependent upon its readers for most of the material published; its quality can only reflect the quality of the material submitted. Only through your support can it be developed to its full potential.

COVER PICTURE

This contented looking hen hitched a lift on the lorry taking half-cores from the UK across France to CERN, the European Organization for Nuclear Research. Several attempts by the driver to return the hen to its natural habitat failed and it duly arrived in the Laboratory II assembly hall. Its interest in CERN is understandable for, judging by the location that it jumped aboard (at the start of the autoroute to Paris), it is almost certainly a European hen raised in the Benelux for consumption in France. It left CERN later, on the same lorry, to take a look around Switzerland.

CERN COURIER, from whom 'HARLEQUIN' obtained the photograph, is edited by Brian Southworth who may be remembered as editor of the late-lamented Orbit magazine at the Rutherford Laboratory. Since he took over the CERN journal in 1966, it has more than doubled in size and circulation and has gained a high reputation in the world of high energy physics. Brian now lives, with his wife and two children, in France close to Geneva.



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Dennis Mettrick, who retires this month, recalls for "Harlequin" the high-lights and low-lights of 28 years at Harwell



Staff clubs, hostels and houses

"I REMEMBER..."

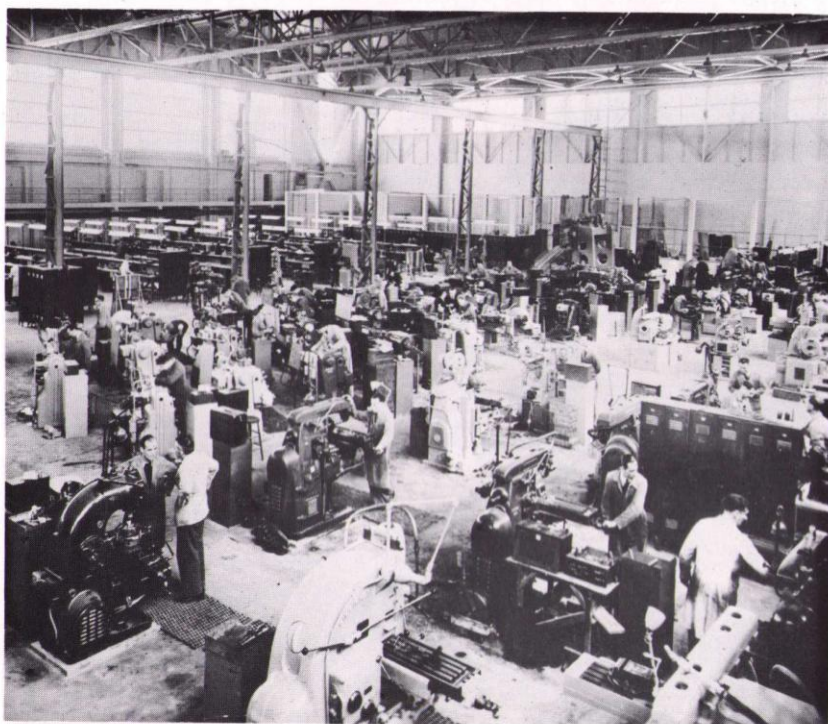
March, 1946, when after an initial period in Ridgeway House I moved my family from Malvern to North Drive, Harwell, there were then only half a dozen families on site, the wives having to overcome very primitive living conditions in a bleak and desolate area in the midst of rationing and a lack of fuel during the severe winter.

There were no shops and no buses. Primitive heating and cooking facilities were combined with a lack of fuel for the solid-fuel cooking range which had never been used. The electrical system had a maximum loading of about 500 watts. Every row of houses had a common fuse box. If one household overloaded, the rest were put in darkness while a trek was made through the snow to the outside fuse box at the end of the block.

In the middle of the worst winter in my memory, 1946/47, the Ministry of Works chose this time to replace the stoves. We were left like Eskimos squatting round a solitary 500 watt ring, which had to provide cooking and warmth.

This period leaves the deepest impression on my memory and typifies the spirit then abroad on the site as there grew up in the face of adversity a community spirit. The loyal support of wives on site in the early months made a major contribution to the successful launching of Harwell.

I well remember the first party to be organised in Ridgeway House in 1947 when the snow was many feet deep. Dinner jackets and long evening gowns



The Hangar 9 Workshops in their early years

Dennis Mettrick recalls the collapse of the HG 9 ceiling, which was being erected by a contractor. When "Harlequin" published these photographs in 1959, the matter was still under investigation so our caption was a reference to a mythical atom site:



The Main Workshop is not one of those shining modern affairs with orderly white lines between chromium-plated machines. It is a place of honest disorder where men work.

It is perhaps not widely realised that the basic research of this new establishment is of paramount importance. Since the first atom was split about forty years ago, there has been an uncontrolled scientific race to find better ways of splitting more and yet more atoms. Today it is realised that the number of unsplit atoms in the world may one day become dangerously low, and upon Dr. N. Tropy and his Adhesive Physics Group rests the rather awesome responsibility of perfecting methods of joining the split atoms together again.



"I REMEMBER . . ."



"... What experience have you of the drawing board?"

From an early 'AERE News'

appeared, a great tonic after the sombre years of war. In the era of coupons and rationing, the party was a further tribute to the ladies who organised it.

Prof. Cockcroft, as he was then known, held a number of parties in his own home. Everybody got to know everybody else in an atmosphere that had to be experienced to be believed!

Equally memorable in these early years was the landing at Montreal Airport in a snowstorm, and the lining up to get a breakfast at the cafeteria. After the austere years of rations, the heaps of food—cereals, eggs, bacon, the lot—and as much as you could eat—seemed like Utopia.

During those early months, the German prisoners-of-war became part of the scene at Harwell, erecting the pre-fabs and trading in such things as rope slippers and handbags. We had no security fence but plenty of ditches and holes. On one occasion my daughter, aged 4½, appeared in my office in Bldg. 161 (the present Social Club) saying "Hello Daddy!" On another day when she got into a little trouble I recall with gratitude the kind attention given her by *Dr. McEvet* and the nursing staff. In a different context I recall the work of *A.B. Jones*, who as Chief Administrator arranged for transport to take wives to the local Ration Office and on shopping forays.

I remember AERE Sunday School held in the draughty old RAF gym-cum-concert-hall then standing on the east side of the A34 near the end of the Burma Road. *Harold Tongue*, the Chief Engineer, and his wife were the original organisers with a few of us providing assistance.

Hockey provided many moments of pleasure, and for a while I was captain of the team. One cannot forget such outstanding players as (Prof.) *Jack Diamond* scrapping for the ball, (Sgt.) *Bateson*, immaculate at centre half, the quick stickwork of (Prof.) *Doug Allen*, with (Fire Officer) *Sandy Milne* in goal, giving vocal encouragement. I played until the

mid-fifties, just long enough to have my son at centre-half giving me support. Support of the vocal kind was in an earlier match given from the touchline—"Why don't they let Daddy have the ball?" by my daughter, then aged five! Today the only players, as far as I am aware, still around to recall those days are *F. Allison* (Eng.), *M. Snowdon* (S.R.C.) and *W. Woollen* (Efficiency Services), but others may recall the *cricket*, both inter-club and evening league between departments, and the annual game with a Cambridge Cavendish Laboratory team arranged by Prof. Cockcroft, who was captain for the day.

A feature of the early hockey and cricket matches was the laying on of a coach that would take the family, too, on an afternoon's outing. Teas in the dining halls of Oxford Colleges will be remembered for their atmosphere alone, and family support, both home and away, was a feature of those early matches.

Of course, one can never forget the *Black Beetle*, our early restaurant, with the long lunch-time trek across the fields. The collapse of the Hangar 9 ceiling is also imprinted on my memory.

I like to think that my time as a lecturer in Engineering Drawing for National Certificate courses was of some value. These were held at the budding young North Berks Evening College, then in Conduit Road School. Today I see a number of my students at AERE, SRC and Culham, who, I am glad to see, made the grade.

In 1948 our family, with many others, moved to the new Fitzharry's Estate at Abingdon. I feel it can be truthfully said that Harwell staff have over the years not regarded Abingdon as a dormitory but have tried to make a contribution to the social and cultural life of this friendly and delightful town. From being "the atom bomb people" we have become accepted and integrated within the community. I retire there with many happy memories of the last 28 years, and wish Harwell all success in the future.

DENNIS METTRICK was a founder member of the Harwell Apprentice Board, a member of the Welfare Committee and sometime captain of Harwell hockey and cricket teams.

Feb. 1946 Meeting with Col. Raby in chair, Given job of creating the basic drawing office organisation at Harwell. Led three-man design team to Chalk River for design of GLEEP. Recruitment of draughtsmen continued, moving into Building 77, Hangar 9 and Building 161.

1947 Became Co-ordination Engineer of the New Design and Manufacturing Services. "Harlequin" in 1951 posed the question:

Co-ordination Engineer,

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If we changed to the Metric System?

1954 Made responsible for a new venture, Outside Manufacturing Group, to relieve the heavy load of manufacturing work building up in Harwell workshops. Expanded from a staff of one to a major group, O.M.G. is still an important link in the whole productive effort.

1968 Combined responsibility for O.M.G. with that of the workshops as Head of Production and Supply Services.

In the community life of the area he has been concerned with Church and Sunday School work, Boy Scouts and youth work in general, and is governor of several schools and colleges.

1958–65 Abingdon Borough Councillor

1967–74 Member of Berkshire County Council, Chairman of Berkshire County Youth and Community Committee.

1973 Elected to the new 1974 Oxfordshire County Council formed under the local government re-organisation.

MRS. METTRICK, who is also active in the local Community, is at present International Secretary for Great Britain to the International Association of Former Scouts and Guides, and is County Adviser to Trefoil Guilds.

HARLEQUIN wishes them both a happy retirement.



POINTS FROM THE CONFERENCE

- ① The title 'Secretary' is an honourable one that should be applied only to those with the right intelligence, job attitude and highest technical qualifications.
- ② There is a national need for intelligent, well-qualified secretaries, but at present not enough suitable girls are coming from the grammar schools into secretarial careers.

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AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

SECRETARIAL OPPORTUNITIES

CONFERENCE AT HARWELL

The recent Conference, organized as something of an experiment by the North Berkshire College of Further Education and the Harwell Education Centre, provided an opportunity for sixth-formers from local schools to learn something of the job of secretary in a large organization such as Harwell.

Dr. Marshall, who opened the Conference, spoke of the extent and excitement of the work that Harwell was doing: the nuclear power programme was no longer the main concern, and about half the Establishment's effort was being given to industrial and environmental problems outside the nuclear field, such as the heart pace-maker, pollution and analytical services. As a result, scientists were in much closer contact with industry and other outside organizations.

Arising out of this new activity, there were more secretarial jobs at Harwell which demanded a high standard of ability and initiative, and for which 'A' levels or even a degree was a suitable level of qualification. For its part, Harwell offered good career opportunities and jobs with plenty of scope.

The girls attending the Conference were taken on a tour of Harwell and were also addressed by speakers from Pitman's Secretarial Services, the Alfred Marks Bureau and E.M. Courses, London, on career opportunities for secretaries and the importance of poise and personality. Several members of Harwell staff, including a number of secretaries, also talked with the girls about some of the special duties of a secretary in a scientific establishment.

The Conference ended with an open forum at which the girls were able to ask questions on what they had seen and heard. They all seemed to enjoy the opportunity of finding out about a career possibility which they might not otherwise have considered for themselves.



- ③ Because the demand for competent people has far exceeded supply, too many of today's so-called secretaries are too often over-paid status symbols, with mediocre intelligence and ability and hardly any technical qualifications.

- ④ Many secretarial jobs are not just dull, boring stop-gaps between school and marriage, but are highly interesting and responsible.

- ⑤ The majority of secretaries are content to remain as such: those with higher ambitions will not for too long be satisfied with a secretarial role and will seek greater executive responsibility.



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COLIN BROWN
IN JANUARY "HARLEQUIN":

Recently all the newspapers carried headlines about panicking motorists who rose from their beds at ridiculous hours for the pleasure of queueing at the local garage for a couple of gallons of life-giving nectar. They sat tense and worried in their corroding family gods, wondering from where the next libation was coming. These poor degenerates, weak of wind and limb, measure their virility, health, and physical prowess not by their mental and physical abilities, but by the fact that they own a Rover 2000 and can drive at 90 miles per hour.

I read Colin Brown's article in the January issue of "Harlequin" with great interest and simply cannot allow it to go unanswered. Some of the statements clearly call for comment and so, most definitely, do the omissions. That I feel inclined to put pen to paper might just possibly be ascribed, I suppose, to the fact that I own a Rover 2000 (ref. first paragraph, last two lines) and am therefore able to drive, as Mr. Brown says, at 90 miles per hour.

Mr. Brown's facts regarding the inventor of the bicycle, its speed, toxicity, noise, oil consumption, cost, energy consumption and so on I accept with blind faith; indeed, I would have accepted 200,000 miles per pint of oil instead of the gallon he quotes.

In the next paragraph, however, we come to the first notable omission "... the rider performs a little gentle exercise ..." Is that right? I mean, isn't something missing there? Can the negotiation of Steventon and Gore hills in a southerly direction, on a pedal cycle, truly be described as "gentle exercise"? Not by me, it can't! Northerly, OK, but not from the north. "Exhausting" would be a more fitting adjective, I think. Moreover, there is no mention of the fact that cycling develops the leg muscles in a manner that seems to serve no function other than cycling. For instance, I find that I can referee an 80-minute rugby match or play a game of badminton or walk 10 miles without discomfort (ref. first paragraph, "... poor degenerates, weak of wind and limb, etc."), but I cannot cycle two miles without suffering from aching calf and thigh muscles.

The next point to be considered carries somewhat graver implications. "... wends

VIEWPOINT

Well you may ask "What are you trying to say?" It is this: the bicycle has been looked down on for many years because it is cheap and does not project the fashionable image of affluence. All I ask is that you consider the bike rationally for its cheapness, convenience and the pleasure it provides by encouraging a little exercise. Buy one. Ride it.

ALAN BALL
REPLIES:

his way through traffic chaos with serene dignity, always getting to the front at traffic-lights ... " You really shouldn't say things like that, you know. The operation you describe is known as "filtering" and it's illegal; if carried out within sight of a police officer, the perpetrator may find himself in court.

I am reminded of an incident some three years ago, when I was at the head of just such a queue at Rowstock, in the nearside lane. As the lights changed to green a cyclist came filtering through; I carried out my indicated intention of turning left to go to Wantage, while he attempted to carry straight on to Steventon. I won. I don't know if he was "serenely dignified" as he filtered through, but he certainly wasn't afterwards; I wasn't too happy myself, with two deep scratches in my nearside doors. He wasn't insured, of course.

Onwards: "The rider's shopping is easier ..." Is it? Well, perhaps it is, but how about transporting the darned stuff afterwards? Is it *really* easier to carry a week's groceries for a family of four on a bicycle than it is to sling it in the back of a car? And what happens to a 2lb bag of rice when exposed to rain for 30 minutes on the way home? Never mind ... let us continue. "He returns home refreshed from his blow of air ..." How many winter mornings may our intrepid cyclists be seen arriving at AERE soaked to the skin and frozen to the marrow? In summer, of course, they merely get soaked to the skin. I've even heard of cyclists who carry, or keep in the office, a complete change of clothing just to cover this eventuality!

To change to a more serious vein: the

cyclist pays no tax towards the upkeep of the road he uses; his cycle is not registered and therefore cannot be traced or identified with any particular owner should the need ever arise. For example, a parked cycle may fall over and damage the bodywork of the immediately adjacent car. Tough on the car-owner—the cyclist is absent and wisely remains so. When the car-owner eventually gives up waiting for the culprit the cyclist appears and claims his bike. In the limit he can even deny ownership. And, of course, the cyclist is not required to insure his machine or himself against any damage for which he may be responsible.

For nuisance value on the roads the cyclist is surpassed only by the caravan, but at least that travels at 40–50mph. A single cyclist can, on most of our roads, hold a line of traffic down to his speed because of the difficulty of passing him; cyclists in convoy are unpassable. The cyclist rides about 3ft from the kerb to avoid gutters and drain-covers; motorists passing cyclists are advised to give them enough room to allow for a swerve, particularly if the cyclist is elderly or very young, or if the weather is bad. Thus, the cyclist effectively occupies the same space as a car, but at 10mph.

I leave you with this disturbing thought: in the majority of road accidents in which people are killed or injured, one at least of the injured persons is completely faultless and innocent. A cyclist in that unfortunate situation is entirely without physical protection—worse, the accident which may do no more than dent a car wing may kill the man on two wheels. This alone utterly precludes my ever considering cycling on our roads. Well, I mean, would you?

CAN YOU AVOID AN

EMERGENCY?



It has been estimated that some 19 people die each day from accidents at home—only two fewer than the toll from road accidents. Out of a total population of 54 million, about 1.5 million find their way each year into hospital as out-patient casualties. A further 110,000 are treated as in-patients. Apart from the terrible results to the victims of some of these accidents—maiming, disfigurement, psychological disorders—there is the mental torment of those who feel themselves to be partly to blame for them happening.

Accidents rarely happen. They are CAUSED, often by carelessness or oversight. Take an objective walk around your home. Is it a potential hazard, or a death trap even? On your walk did you notice any of the following hazards?

- a trailing flex (remember you were going to look at it weeks ago because mother might trip on it)
- a burnt-out light bulb on the stairs (replace it before your wife falls down the stairs)
- loose stair rod (that could cause an equally nasty fall)
- highly polished floor (rugs on these produce grand skids and falls, and shoes may well slip on the bare floors, too)
- children's toys or domestic equipment left lying about (marbles are a particular menace, also brooms or mops left leaning against a wall).



Smokers are a big risk, knocking pipes out and flicking fag-ends into waste paper bins. Make sure you're not the one to cause a fire.

Are there young children in the house? What about guarding stairs and windows? Are there adequate guards around fires? Do the pram and high chair have good harnesses? We all need oxygen, but a plastic bag pulled over a child's head for a 'spaceman's helmet' will soon suffocate him, as indeed will a large, soft pillow or bedclothes that are too loose. A small baby will probably bring up a little food if placed on his back after a meal unless properly 'winded'; this can easily choke him. Even a family pet with access to a pram or cot can sit on that tiny face and suffocate the child. Special covers are available to protect against such a tragedy.

Clothing: are all your garments of non-inflammable materials? Night clothing at least should be, a child's nightdress especially.



It was work that was on your mind, otherwise how could a broom throw you, even if it was left on the stairs

The kitchen can be the most hazardous room in the home. Those saucepans on the cooker should have their handles turned inwards, the kettle spout should also face inwards, because steam is very hot. When Mum cleans the children's school coats with cleaning fluid, she would be wise to do so well away from the gas cooker; also keep well away from the cooker when filling a cigarette lighter. Burns and scalds account for a very high percentage of total home accidents, especially amongst the over 65's. Too hot a bath, a hot water bottle left in baby's cot, a pan of boiling water on the stove, a



Favourite office makeshifts, razor blades and scissors. They hurt their (mis)users severely sometimes.

bucket of hot scrubbing water left on the floor—all these are the ingredients of nasty burns and scalds, too often fatal.

Accidental poisoning in the home can be guarded against too. In many homes natural gas has reduced the risk of gas poisoning, but there are many other danger zones: household bleach, or gardening fluids, especially if stored in unlabelled bottles; medicines and pretty tablets left within easy reach of children; household cleaning agents and detergents; hazards like these should be kept well out of children's reach, preferably under lock and key.

The ordinary home contains many other hazards of which we are too often oblivious. We could go on and list them 'ad infinitum' and you would grow very tired or very depressed. If you would like to know more, I can let you have a copy of facts and figures issued by RoSPA, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, also a small pictorial quiz, suitable for children. *Ring me, Margaret Snowden, on Ext 2192.*

Those of us in St. John Ambulance are trained to cope with most emergencies, but if they occur in your own home we are unlikely to be near to help. We would rather show you how to make your home safer than to help with such emergencies anyway. Do PLEASE read this article carefully and with some thought for your family.

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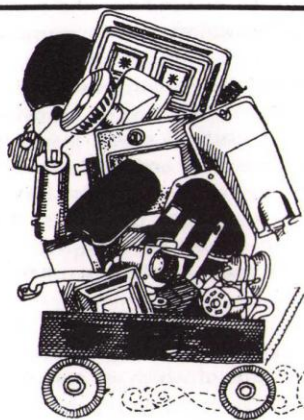
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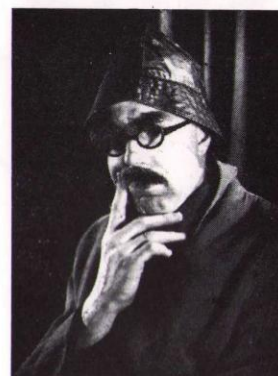
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Without knowing more than a few of the words and a little of the theorizing, I am aware that the universe is a very turbulent place with bits of it exploding in all directions and other bits collapsing in upon themselves. All this violence causes gravity, whatever that is, to be strangely variable, so that whereas the American astronauts were able to cavort around on the moon like slow-motion Michelin men, there are other corners of space where Armstrong and Co. would occupy a very small volume indeed, somewhere down in the toes of their insulated boots. The fate of the biggest stars seems to be to collapse and become very dense, with their gravity concentrated accordingly.

It occurs to me that something similar to collapsing stars is happening here on earth. Not many years ago the world was a big place; it took quite a long time to travel around it, and everything happened at a dignified and leisurely pace. Even news was something that took its own time to arrive. Now, in these over-televised times, instant America, Australia, Asia, Africa, Antarctica (why do they *all* start and finish with 'A'?) are liable to invade the sitting-room before you can say 'Richard Baker'. With the world shrunk to the size of a television cabinet, gravity of a different kind has followed the stars; not the gravity that keeps us upright on our side of the Earth and the Australians upright if upside-down on theirs, but the gravity that is used to measure situations and crises, whether in oil, earthquakes or hijackings. These days there is so much seriousness about that the burden of it all is likely to produce new generations successively smaller in stature or, perhaps, progressively more and more round-shouldered.

Humans being naturally perverse, there are plenty of people trying to ignore world shrinkage, even struggling hard to turn back the calendar. All the nationalists, Irish, Welsh, Scottish or what-have-you, are doing their various Canute acts to try and keep the international tide away from their particular sandcastles, and the anti-Marketeers seem not to realise that the Common Market is only a step towards an inevitable bigger entity. An immediate benefit from the Common Market is that we and Germany are both on the same side now, which ought to mean no more wars between us. On this front, television is fighting its own rearguard action and upsetting our new allies in the process, but if Teutonic T.V. includes Captain Mainwaring and his makeshift militia, that should surely be good for the German ego. On second thoughts, perhaps not: how could any self-respecting military nation reconcile itself to having been

'I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT



E. RUSHMORE COGLAN

beaten by the close relatives of the woolly-witted warriors of Warming-ton-on-Sea? With some first-hand war-time experiences of my own to draw upon, I have often wondered how we did manage to win. Perhaps German Intelligence just couldn't believe the evidence of its own information, confused as it must have been by the well-known and incomprehensible British sense of humour.

Come to think of it, we have continued to keep the Germans and the world in general in a fair state of puzzlement, if only by the way we run our governmental affairs. Having been inspired to victory by Winston Churchill, we chuck him out of office; would Germany have given Adolf the heave-ho if he had won? More recently we have achieved the nearest thing to an electoral non-event ever, though some sense may have emerged by the time this article appears. Looking at the causes espoused by some of the candidates, I only wish I lived in a more imaginative constituency. Why couldn't we have had a representative of the Turban Action Committee Against Helmets, or an aspiring Air Road Safety White Resident, or a champion of Mebyon Kernow—I think I might have voted for him. It would have been enterprising on the part of the IPCS to put up a candidate for S.P.I.T. (Scientists' Pay Is Terrible); they missed a right opportunity there.

Some candidates clearly needed a few lessons in the tactic of identifying themselves with their constituencies: what was Paisley doing at Antrim; Gower at Barry; Hastings at Bedford; Normanton at Cheadle, or for that matter Marlow at Normanton? Then there were Buckingham at Gateshead; Burton at Stratford; Carlisle not only at Runcorn but at Flint, and Darlington at Wansstead. They didn't deserve to get elected. Mr. Leeston had the right idea at Beeston, and it paid off:

... The armchair verdict



so it did for Mr. Hooley at Heeley, Sheffield. Less lucky at Sheffield Brightside was the inspiredly-chosen Mr. Blades.

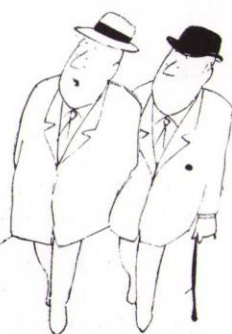
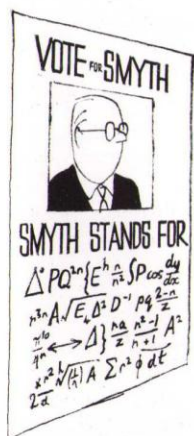
For sheer optimism I marvel at Lord Peter Irwin taking on such opposition as Wainwright, Hargreaves and Wilson (no, not that one) among the slag heaps of the Dearne Valley—he lost, of course. Then there was the over-appropriately named Mr. Winner at Spelthorne—he didn't! There was also a realist at Liverpool West Derby called Last—he came second of four. I would not have given much for the chances of any Nixons in the current political arena, but there was one, at Westmorland—he won't be at Westminster, at least not this time. Southend West had a touch of Cup fever with a trio of candidates called Channon, Greaves and Wright. They finished in that order.

Clement Freud has his own challenger in the dog food stakes in the new member for Blaydon, Mr. Woof.

The Godfathers of Manchester got their come-uppance at Ardwick, where a sinister-sounding Mr. Maffia came third. There were Wilsons galore trying to emulate Big Daddy, and enough of them were successful to guarantee much misdirection in the parliamentary post. Not content with one candidate called Wilson, Greenwich had another called Harold, but they both lost out to a man named Barnett, which was hardly fair. Only a couple of Heaths graced the hustings, but no resulting postal problems there. And like Horatius on the bridge, Jeremy stood alone, and similarly vanquished all comers.

My favourite in terms of name and party was Miss Inkster, who stood at Cambridge as a Digger! If she is real, which I doubt, is she an archaeologist, the advance guard of an Aussie invasion, or perhaps an aspiring member of the N.U.M.? We shall probably never know: she polled a mere 369 votes and lost her deposit, if not her enthusiasm. I hope she still has her pick and shovel.

Finally, to get back to my opening theme, or somewhere near to it, the new M.P. for Basildon is Mr. Moonman. I wonder what his stars foretold.



"I see he's going all out for the technological vote."

—Cartoon by permission of 'Punch'

CAMPING & TOURING CLUB

Social—Friday 5th April. Tickets £1.00, include supper and dancing to: "The Rhythm Aces". All this and prizes too! Tickets from any Committee Member or J. Mein, 521.

Equipment for hire—Tents, camp beds, cookers, gas cylinders, tables and chairs are available for hire. Intended hirers should contact W.A.S. Wood, B.775 *IN WRITING PLEASE* giving name, building, ext. and period of hire. Fees:

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Table & 4 Chairs	30p	5p
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2-burner Stove	25p	5p

Gas refills by the hirer as necessary

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PLUS Membership of Camping & Touring Club, 25p

Members The AGM has been adjourned to the Spring Bank Holiday meet on Sunday 26th May in the morning. Nominations for proposals for Chairman are required and cannot include Jim Mein! Similarly Ken Major's office as Treasurer is temporary only, requiring a new "volunteer" at the same time.

Those intending to come to Whitemeed Park should contact Ken J. Williams, B.775. The meet will last from 18.00 on Friday 24th May to 18.00 on Tuesday 28th May. Requirements are membership of:

1. AERE Camping & Touring Club
2. The Civil Services Motoring Assoc.

How about suggestions for a fresh venue for our meets and—more important—do you want some winter activity, if so what?

CODEWORDS

SOLUTION TO LAST PROBLEM

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

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People



▽ **Dick Richards** of Harwell's Patents Branch holds the Authority record as a blood donor, with his 77 pints. When it was required to show visually what this meant, members of Photographic Section came out to stand in the line below. It was worked out, however, that, if their



△ In the lounge at Culham Laboratory (left to right) Jim Poole and Derek Jeffries, each with 22 years' service,

reminisce with Bill Miller and Ron Rigley who both have 25 years.

◁ **Bill Williams** has retired from Harwell after 38 years of public service. He will be remembered most for his last 12 years, as Site Emergency Admin. Officer. He was an executive officer in 1948 and an H.E.O. in 1955, but his earlier work is largely forgotten: in 1946 he set up (as

a Clerical Officer!) the AERE Salaries Section, which he then ran.

His wife was at Harwell from 1948 to 1949, in Isotopes Division, and returned in 1962 as a secretary; she now continues part-time.

average weight was 11 stone, then their blood volume represented 110 pints. There came the suggestion that if 77 people could be persuaded to pose behind Mr. Richards they would represent the number that could have been helped in different forms of treatment. A simple compromise

was made, however, by cutting the photographers from the left of the photograph before sending to 'Atom News'!

Credit is due to Harwell photographers for portraying this record, and to Dick Richards, at 62, for continuing to improve upon it with two donations each year.



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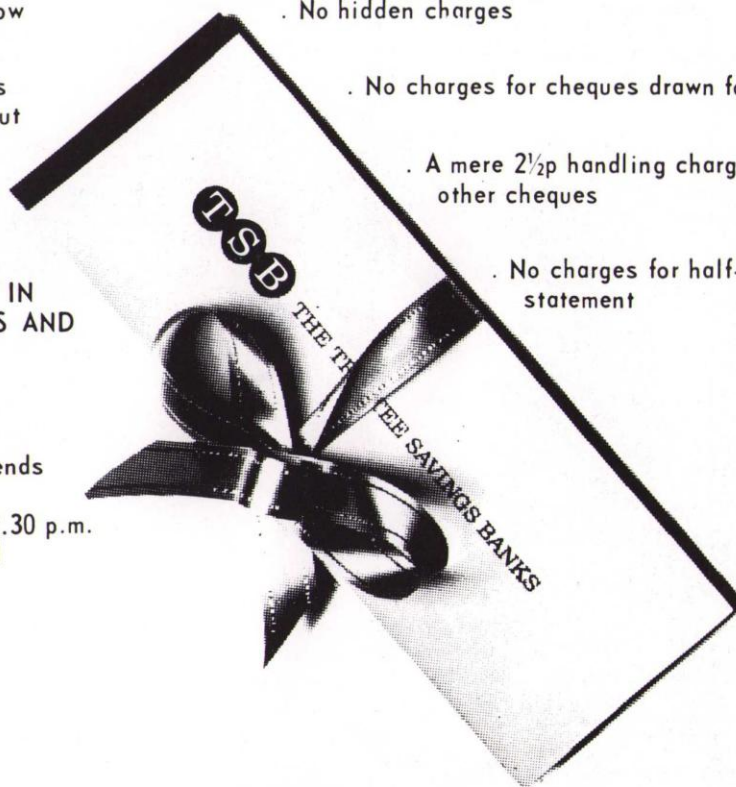
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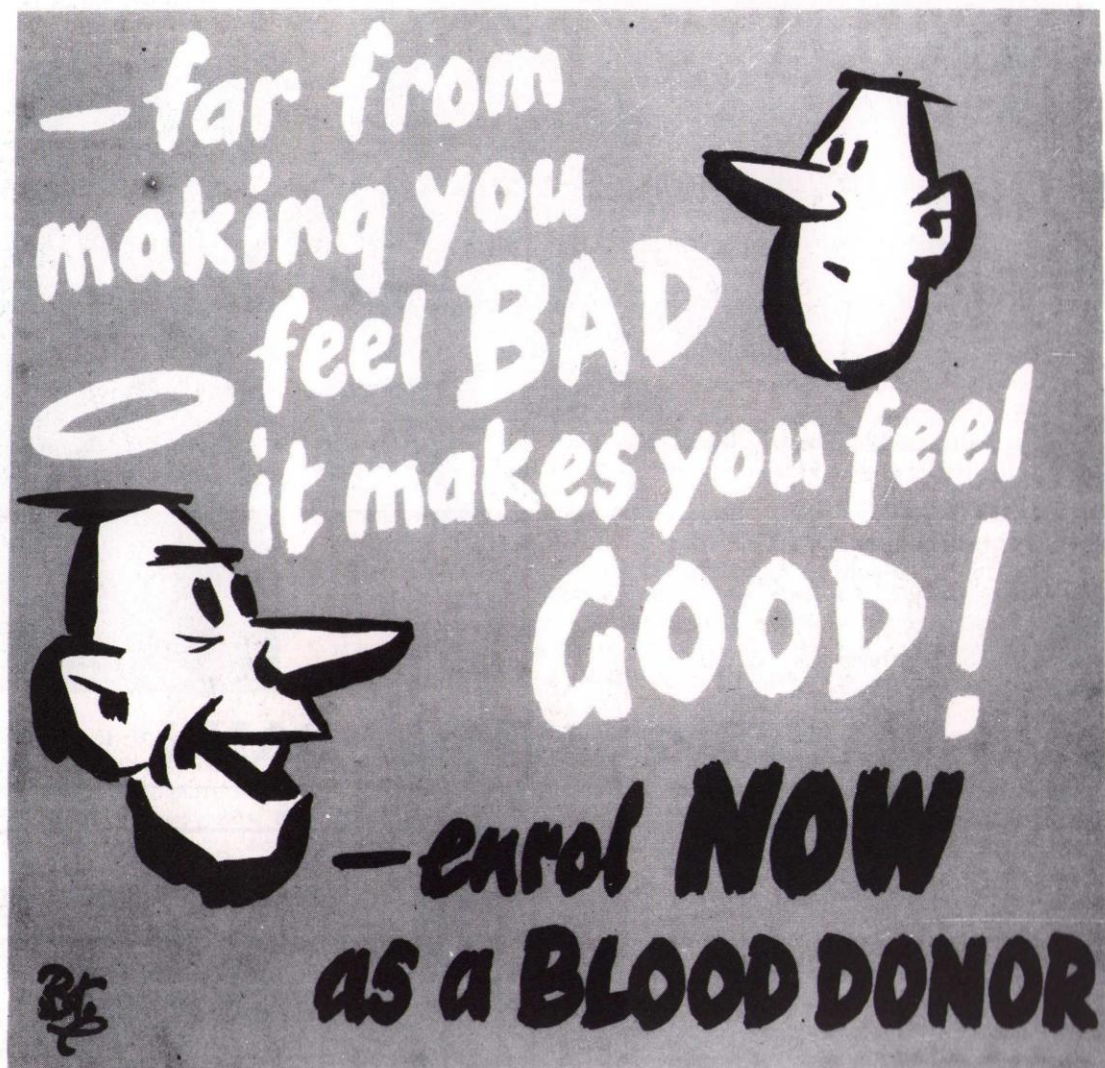
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