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JULY/AUGUST 1977

Harlequin

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



In this issue

LOCAL JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT

D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

RETIREMENT FELLOWSHIP, ETC.



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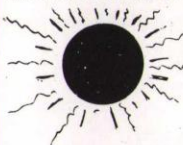
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THE MAIN-GATE, HARWELL

1947



Readers are accustomed to seeing changes in views photographed over a space of 30 years, as on the cover of the last "Harlequin". Only one reader noticed that building 303, BEPO chimney and the water tower had moved left to right or right to left in the course of the years! The one reader who noticed that the picture for 1947 had been reversed was Vic Hitchman, who had the advantage of having stood at the gate on guard duty for most of those 30 years. The correct view is presented above.

In another photograph in the June issue, that of the AERE Nursery School of 25 years ago, we were pleased to have the Deputy Director identify the boy carrying the placard on his tricycle as Michael Fenning.

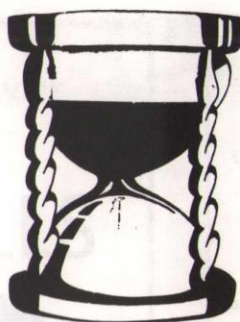
In this Holiday "Harlequin" we turn on other pages away from the site to enjoy some nostalgia in keeping with Jubilee Year.

This photograph shows St. Aldate's, Oxford, where the populace celebrate the Coronation of Edward VII in 1902. It should have taken place on June 26, but was postponed, because the King was ill, until August 9. The passage of the horse tram, on this day, 75 years ago, is seen impeded by the many Oxonians intent on showing the flag.



LOOKING BACK

John Clarke



One morning at the end of February 1943 the War Cabinet had before it the needs of the Army, Navy and Royal Air Force for radio and radar valves in 1944: 28 million valves were needed and the supply would only be 7 million from home production and 2 million from the U.S.A. Lunch was approaching and there was no sign of agreement as to how the supplies were to be rationed between the three Services, so Mr. Churchill closed the meeting by saying that Lord Cherwell, the Paymaster General, would report with a recommended allocation which would have to be accepted by all. Cherwell had no-one on his small staff to handle the detail of this assignment and Whitehall was by then denuded of suitable young men; so it was decided to recall temporarily from the Forces a Civil Service administrator, a statistician, and a radar tradesman. On March 5th I was posted from my Battery to the Ministry of Defence.

Lord Cherwell is famous as Mr. Churchill's Scientific Adviser and for his later work in founding the U.K.A.E.A. Less well known is his creation of the Prime Minister's Statistical Branch. In 1940 the U.K. had little central organisation to co-ordinate the war effort. There was no Ministry of Defence save for a few officers clustered round the Chiefs of Staff; the R.A.F. and War Office had their separate Supply Departments and the Admiralty ran its own. A Central Statistical Office was not even started until 1941, the War Cabinet Secretariat had a limited range and a central Ministry of Production emerged slowly. So Cherwell came to supply personally to the Prime Minister many services which would now be met by established Departments and the "Think Tank". During the war an average of a minute a day was sent to Mr. Churchill recommending action on some aspect of the war effort.

The valve report was duly completed in July 1943, and I was fretting to return to my Battery which had begun training for beach-landing duties in the coming invasion. This was not to be: Lord Cherwell's Private Secretary was unwell and could no longer stand the long hours of night work. Defence Committees went on into the small hours and we all slept - when we could - in the basement of the new public buildings in Great George Street, except at weekends when Mr. Churchill went to Chequers. A change became imperative and suddenly Lord Cherwell demanded my retention. So my Battery service was over: I was to be part plain Private Secretary and part statistical analyst on the progress of weapons in which Cherwell was interested. Particularly would the latter apply to the hollow charges being developed at the

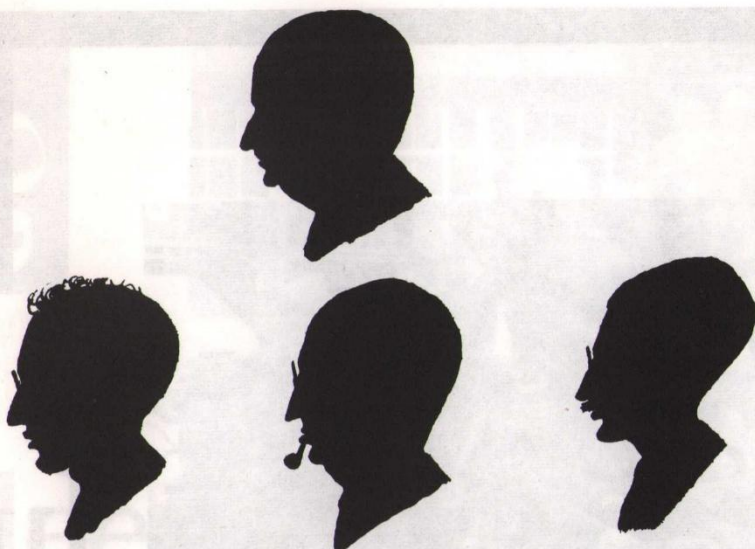
experimental establishment for which he was ministerially responsible at M.D.1 near Aylesbury. Studies in range and penetration trials kept my gunnery interests alive, and Cherwell's weakness for small bombs and rockets trailing wire to entangle low flying aircraft provided rather more danger than my Battery service would have done. More serious contributions to the war effort occupied the winter and spring of 1943/4. The struggle against the V-weapons began in earnest in August, 1943, following the photograph of a V-2 at a German experimental establishment. A less publicised topic was the effort to have lorries dismantled into their component parts for shipment. The Services were most reluctant to accept that the saving in shipping space far outweighed the additional labour. As the invasion approached, our main study was the Transportation Plan; a proposal to deploy part of the heavy bomber force to block all movement of German transport in Northern France and Belgium, albeit with the loss of civilian lives.

As soon as the invasion was launched, attention was turned to the war against Japan, or "Stage II" as it was known. The success of the Manhattan Project was far too uncertain to be allowed to influence strategic thinking. The war against Japan was expected to last two years with an invasion of the mainland of Japan at a cost of perhaps one million lives.

The second Quebec Conference in September, 1944, was mainly concerned with the strategic aspects of Stage II. The British interest here was in the deployment in the Pacific of a complete Fleet Train, bringing with it enormous logistic problems in an invasion 12,000 miles, and not 70 miles from our home shores. Cherwell's concern was threefold: firstly, there was the possibility that the Manhattan Project would abolish the need for the entire ghastly invasion. Secondly, means of destroying the Japanese Fleet in its own home waters were needed. The

Germans had already introduced a homing-bomb in the attack on the Italian Fleet after the Italian surrender. The Allies were now seeking to perfect a heat homing-bomb, and were working on a huge 11" dia rocket called Tiny Tim for use against Japanese cruisers. So we made a series of visits to American laboratories and weapon ranges, including one in the Californian desert. There, in addition to seeing some minor improvements of the mounting conventional air to land rockets (see photo), we were given a disappointing if alarming vision of Tiny Tim failing to ignite fully and cartwheeling along the range with a smart right turn through the distinguished spectators, none of whom by a miracle was hurt.

Cherwell's third and main job at the Conference, and in long discussions afterwards with Morgenthau, Secretary to the U.S. Treasury, and Stettinius, the Lease/Lend Administrator, was the terms and extent of American economic help in Stage II. For indeed the real problem was how to maintain the U.K. war effort beyond the German defeat. Our total national deployment had been planned to reach its peak in 1944, and was already declining that autumn. There were no more men to replace casualties and we were on the point of breaking up some divisions in order to maintain others. At home we had to start to deal with the housing shortage and with industrial and public utility re-equipment, now postponed for five years. Even the stock of household pots and pans and clothes for the civilian population was running down beyond the point at which life could be adequately sustained. Our foreign investments had been stripped and our export trade sacrificed. We had become critically dependent on American Lease/Lend which was due to end with the German war. Large-scale aid from America was still essential, and this had to be given and not borrowed for we could scarcely add further to the debts we had already accumulated. For the first year of



PAYMASTER GENERAL'S DELEGATION
POTSDAM JULY 1945

*J. Harvey
Amst*



EMPTYING OUR CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS

Top, Lord Cherwell, and left to right, J. Clarke, Sir Donald McDougal and T. Wilson

The cartoon, right, is from "The Chicago Tribune".



Air-to-ground problems on a Californian range
Lord Cherwell, right; the writer, left.

Stage II we needed - mainly for the U.K. but also for Australia, New Zealand and India - over \$3,000M worth of munitions and a similar amount of food and raw materials. President Roosevelt readily understood our problems, but he was unfortunately already engaged on a Presidential election for a fourth term appointment, and many political difficulties arose in conceding the British request (see Cartoon) which were patiently overcome in the main by the principal British negotiators, Cherwell and Keynes.

When we returned to Britain at the end of October the difficulties of continuing the war through the unexpected sixth winter were everywhere apparent. As the war temporarily stabilised along the German frontier there was for a moment a horrible repetition of some of the problems of the First World War, including, for the first time since 1940, a shell shortage due to the unforeseen consumption of munitions in static war conditions. But at length the German war did end on May 8th, 1945, and we were off to the Potsdam Conference between Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, which was both to regulate the immediate problems in Europe and to finalise plans for the assault on Japan. On the 21st July the British Victory Parade took place through the streets where the Nazis had so long strutted, and which still had the faint stench of bodies buried in the rubble. As I looked on I felt a keen regret that I had to take such a back seat as the tide of victory flowed from El Alamein to Berlin. Eleven years previously, I had watched Hermann Goering rant at a rally in Munich and hoped that I should live to contribute to the destruction of everything for which he stood. But I had at least lived!



Jubilee album

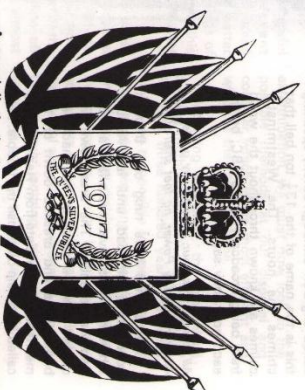


CHILTON SCHOOL

Opening the Jubilee celebration on behalf of Mr Denzey, who had had to retire prematurely from teaching due to ill health, Martin Fishenden, as Chairman of the Managers, paid tribute to the Headmaster and said that much of what we saw that afternoon bore his hallmark.

Looking back 25 years, he recalled that the school had then been open 2 years with some extensions built, but with no annex, no swimming pool, and with open air separating the classrooms from the hall. Mr and Mrs Denzey and Mrs Jeffries had taught throughout this time and given a fine basis of stability.

Before presenting Jubilee mugs to the girls, Dr Roberts looked back to the earlier days when the old school had been in the village of Chilton, in what is now Cross House and which was once his own house. Mrs Roberts, who had taught at the old school, presented Jubilee mugs to the boys, at this climax to a memorable afternoon.



A specially invited guest to the AERE NURSERY SCHOOL celebrations, seen above was John Swinn, a retired Harwell messenger, who with his wife was driven there and back by the staff. When he heard that Jubilee crowns promised the children could not be obtained he made Jubilee emblems, at his own expense, for each of the 50 children, an example of individual effort that helped to make the Day.

The Seat of Government

'England is the mother of Parliaments' and, despite the occasional unifying spectacle presented by Parliament, John Bright's words still hold true today, and Britain has a parliamentary tradition to be proud of.

The Houses of Parliament are called the Royal Palace of Westminster because there was a royal residence on the site from earliest times, the first having been built by Canute. St. Stephen's Chapel, which is now the main waiting area, was the chapel of the palace built by King Stephen, and Westminster remained a royal residence until Henry VIII moved to Hampton Court. St. Stephen's Chapel was then used as the chamber of the House of Commons, and it is said that this is the reason why the Commons have always sat in rows facing one another as this is the easiest way to fit seats into the long narrow shape of the chapel.

The Palace of Westminster was severely damaged by fire in 1834, and only St. Stephen's Chapel and Westminster Hall were saved. The present buildings were built from 1840-67 and they were designed to harmonise with the style of the ancient hall and chapel. The buildings suffered bomb damage during World War II and the House of Commons chamber was burnt out, but once again Westminster Hall remained unscathed. Later, an IRA bomb exploded against one of the outside walls, but damage was only superficial.

The Victoria clock tower is popularly called 'Big Ben' although strictly speaking this is the name of the 13½ ton bell that chimes the hours. The Westminster chimes are known throughout the world from being broadcast by the BBC: before each hour they say:

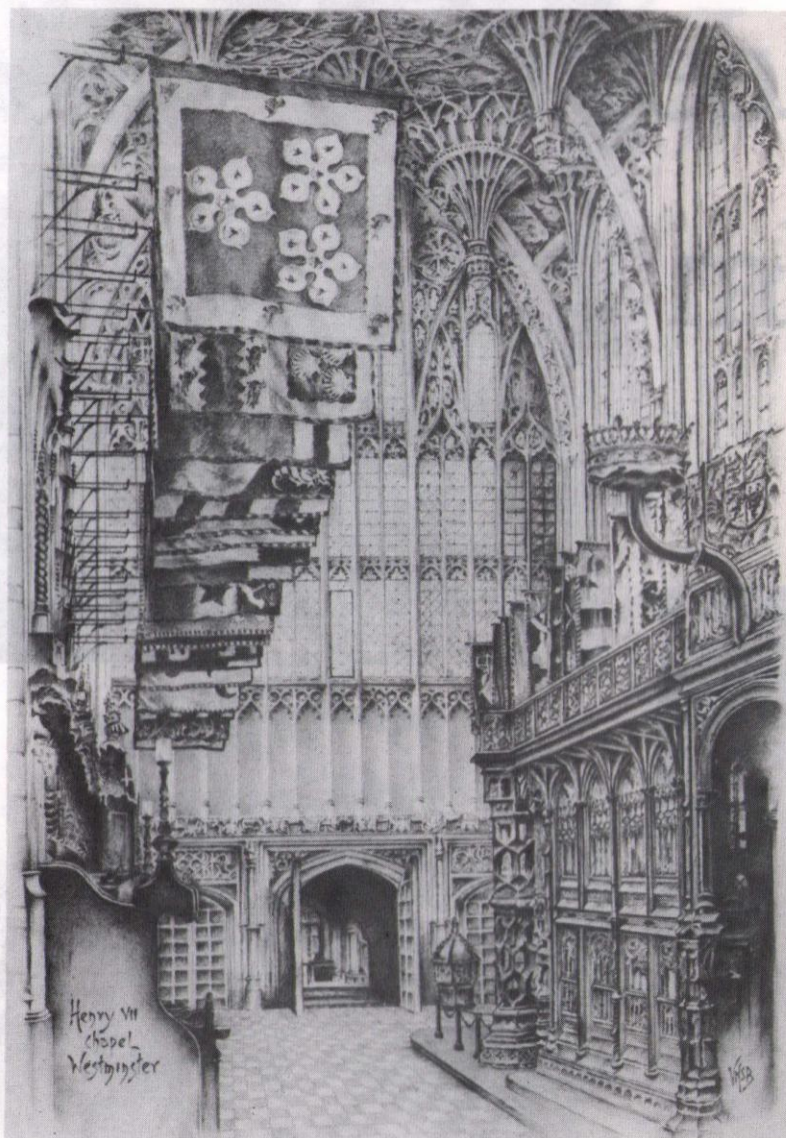
*All through this hour, Lord be my guide,
And through Thy Power, no foot shall slide.*

The chimes have rung out, through good times and bad, until last August, when the works developed a fault and Big Ben was silenced. The breakdown was caused when a piece of the machinery broke loose and crashed down on the mechanism. Scientists from Harwell were called in to help diagnose the trouble: they carried out various tests including radiographic tests using radioactive sources, and also ultrasonics - very high frequency sound. A crack was found in the huge hour bell mechanism of the 122-year-old clock. A new piece was made and the familiar hourly chime was heard again in November - a new science coming to the aid of a very old one.

Recently a party from the British Association of Industrial Editors visited the Houses of Parliament to meet Mike Thomas, the MP for Newcastle East, who edits the parliamentary house journal.

Westminster Hall was originally built as the banqueting hall for his palace by William Rufus. The hammerbeam roof, described as the finest of its kind in Northern Europe, was erected in 1394. Almost all the beams are the original ones, although extensive work had to be carried out on the roof in the early 1900s

to put an end to the depredations of the death-watch beetle. Westminster Hall was the seat of the chief law court of England for centuries, and in it were held the trials of, among others, Richard II, Sir Thomas More, Charles I, Warren Hastings and Queen Caroline. In the 17th and 18th centuries, courts were held in each of the



THE ABOVE PENCIL SKETCH IS REPRODUCED SAME SIZE FROM THE ORIGINAL KINDLY LENT "HARLEQUIN" BY VIC BURROUGHS, WHO SINCE LEAVING HARWELL HAS BEEN ELECTED A LIVERYMAN OF "THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PAINTERS, OTHERWISE PAINTER-STAINERS". IT HAS MANY DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS, ALL WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON. ALTHOUGH NOW A SEPTUAGENARIAN, HIS BRUSHES ARE STILL QUITE STEADY. LONG MAY HE CONTINUE HIS PICTURES AND MINIATURES!

four corners of the building, while there were market stalls down the centre of the hall. It is not used a great deal nowadays, apart from the lying-in-state of the monarchs, and recently one of the United States bicentennial ceremonies was held here.

The Palace of Westminster has witnessed many struggles for power - for many centuries it was the King against the Commons, certain of the monarchs only summoning Parliament when he wanted them to vote him money. The Stuart kings in particular came into conflict with Parliament, but one of the steps Parliament took to safeguard its constitutional position was the Petition of Rights in 1628, when Charles I had to agree to four rights: (1) No loan, benevolence, or tax to be enforced except by consent of Parliament; (2) No one to be imprisoned without having the cause of imprisonment expressly stated; (3) No soldiers or sailors to be billeted on the King's subjects; (4) No Martial Law in time of peace.

Party politics did not develop until much later when William III (the kingly

half of William and Mary) found it impossible to govern with the squabbling factions of Whig and Tory. He gave up his scheme of acting with ministers taken from both parties, and gradually filled the ministry with Whigs. (The nicknames Whig and Tory had been coined some time earlier from a group of Scottish covenanters who were known as Whigamores and a certain class of Irish outlaws who were called Tories!) So began the system of party government when at an election whichever party wins a majority in the house of Commons forms the administration.

In 1976 the house magazine for the Houses of Parliament was set up. This was the idea of Mike Thomas, MP for Newcastle East. (He gave it the title 'The House Magazine' - a clever play upon words.) The magazine is published once a week, when Parliament is sitting: it contains details of parliamentary business on each day (information that could not otherwise be obtained without consulting a number of different sources); a summary of the previous week's events in Parliament; a short description by the sponsor of any bill being introduced under

the Ten-Minute Rule; summaries of reports; details of European Parliamentary business; a cumulative index of bills, reports, etc, printed in the magazine; and a profile of an MP. The magazine is paid for entirely by advertising: besides the advertisements printed in the magazine, anyone can purchase the right to have material included in the 'portfolio' which is circulated with the magazine, so that they can circularise information to all MPs; for instance, in the issue dated March 7th, material was included from Babcock & Wilcox and the National Association for Freedom.

William Cobbett in his cynical 'Syntax' gave the definition: 'Nouns of number, or multitude, such as Mob, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Regiment, Court of King's Bench, Den of Thieves, and the like' and although Parliament, throughout its long history, has presented the appearance of all these things at times, nevertheless we are fortunate in this country to have such a long tradition of parliamentary democracy and to have a parliament that has always upheld the principles of the liberty of the individual and freedom of speech.

There will be a parade of the Old Berkshire foxhounds at the Brightwell-cum-Sotwell horse show on Sun., Aug. 14.

D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

asks JOHN BUTTERFIELD (ENG. DIV.)



The misguided people who this year desecrated the grave of John Peel must indeed have sick minds, but they have drawn attention once again to the misplaced sympathies of the Anti-Hunting Brigade. During Christmas - when even the I.R.A. called a truce - vandals broke into the kennels of the Old Berkshire Hunt and viciously slashed saddles and equipment to the value of £2000. This presumably was in the guise of "human consideration". A few days later, in another part of the country, some hunt kennels were set on fire. Now hunt kennels would normally be full of animals, so it is difficult to relate this action of deliberate arson to kindness and consideration for animals.

Surely these acts of pagan depravity must make right-minded people everywhere ask again what they are about?

My position is quite simple. Although I seldom hunt myself, I am pro-hunting. I

arrived at this decision after careful consideration of all the relevant arguments. I am a countryman, I breed horses, and understand, perhaps better than the average person, the workings of an animals mind. Coupled with this natural feeling for animals I try to consider only facts - not emotions.

Many towns people seem to be under the impression that the fox is despised and hated and must be hunted to extinction. Nothing could be further from the truth. The fox is a necessary part of the countryside, he does not really dine off chickens every night, he will eat almost everything that moves, plus certain berries and roots. Included in his staple diet are vermin - rabbits and rats - so it can be said he is the countryman's friend. However, the fox is our largest predator so we have a duty to control his numbers or he could become a serious problem.

Accepting this primary fact, that we are seeking a method of control, and not of

extermination, we must now look to the possible methods at our disposal and consider which is the most efficient and which is the most humane.

Regarding efficiency, the recognised hunting method is surely not in dispute? For over three hundred years the hunts have been responsible for keeping the fox population within manageable proportions and, in country districts regularly visited by foxhounds, there have been few complaints of over-population. This highly successful and disciplined control has cost the taxpayer nothing, although it has saved the country millions of pounds.

So much for efficiency, but we must now consider the vexed question of the most humane system, and it is here that well-meaning, but nevertheless misguided people go off at a tangent. The media have been guilty of feeding the public a series of lies and half truths which has caused the uninitiated to credit animals with an intelligence they do not really

possess. For instance, if a horse pitches its rider, it will not really gallop off to fetch help. Even if the rider is badly hurt the dumb beast will either disappear over the horizon to rejoin his mates back home or, eventually, settle down and find something to eat.

For years a gullible public has been subjected to a series of basically ridiculous films and writings which have undoubtedly caused many people to consider animals on a par with themselves. Eventually their emotions have taken over from common sense, so that when fox hunting is mentioned they throw up their hands in horror and identify themselves with the fox. The more intelligent they are the more appalling will seem the plight of the hunted creature.

Surely nobody but a recognised crank dare allow himself to indulge in such an insincere attitude? The average person, who eats meat and wears leather shoes, cannot afford to wallow in sentiment. Little Jennifer doesn't associate her pretty white bunny with the rabbit pie she has just eaten.

Accepting this, we must return to the facts as they exist and the question becomes: "What alternative methods of control are available?" There are four: shooting, gassing, trapping and poisoning.

Shooting a fox dead is indisputably the kindest method, but the fox is inconsiderate in this respect, for he refuses to stand still while you blow his head off. He is naturally a very shy creature and, when disturbed, will move over tremendous distances at great speed. A hurried shot at a fleeing fox may cause

disablement or a lingering death far more horrible than the rapid execution once the hounds have caught him.

Gassing and trapping are equally inhumane. A fox may take several minutes to die in a large earth as it slowly fills with gas. Worse, if he survives the gas with half his lungs destroyed, he would certainly be a wretched creature. Trapping is condemned by those who understand the ways of the fox. We have all heard stories of foxes biting off their own leg to escape from a trap, but there is much evidence that snaring can cause a painful, lingering death. Any form of box trap is hardly suitable for a smart little animal like Charlie, apart from which, to do the job properly, it would be costly and time-consuming. Poisoning for a similar reason is not humane: at best a lingering death, at worst, a living hell.

In all the above arguments the underlying humane consideration is the possibility that death may be protracted and needlessly distressing. This does not apply to fox hunting, for the creature either escapes or is killed, he is either "quick or dead".

I firmly believe that the hunted fox is not mortally terrified. If he were, he would be incapable of reasonable thought. The facts shew that he is using all his wiles and craft over the country he knows, and it is not until the last seconds that he gives up. When his confidence in his own prowess leaves him, he is dead in seconds.

I was in sympathy with the R.S.P.C.A. when they regarded hunting as a sport to be deplorable, but agreed that it was the

most efficient and humane method of controlling foxes. They even offered a prize of £1000 to anybody who could find a better method. After all these years the situation has not changed, yet the R.S.P.C.A. now condemn hunting, although they still cannot suggest an alternative. They were probably frightened by the voluble minority of 'antis' and shunned their duty, to bury their heads in the sand.

I think it is for the thousands of sensible and well-meaning people who call themselves "anti" to think again before they condemn the hunting fraternity, for in truth they have a good deal in common. Above all they must search their conscience, eradicate any deep feelings of envy and spite, and then look only at the facts. As a countryman, I can come to only one conclusion.

As for that grave, the old huntsman himself has used the morons to send us a message. They wrote that he had killed thousands of foxes. So be it, last year the Blencathra Footpack (his pack) killed 160 foxes. Considering the one-and-a-half centuries in between, this would seem to substantiate the claim that hunting with hounds is the best method of fox control. But in the darkness of their own minds the glory-seekers must have known that they would not find John Peel in that grave: a few mouldering bones perhaps, but the Master never "went to earth"; he has "gone away" into the hills and valleys he knew and loved so well, that country in which he worked so hard, using his own special skills, his own great understanding of animals, to free from a scourge of foxes. He will live for ever in song and legend.



The President of the Research Group Fellowship, Ben Phillips, and Albert Denning at the meeting of the Fellowship. ►

"THE AMUSING SIDE OF A POLICEMAN'S LIFE"

A retired Oxford policeman gave a very interesting talk with the above title to the Research Group Retirement Fellowship recently.

We were taken back to the days of walking and cycling when Oxford was very different, when there were no supermarkets but family businesses, when assistants called the customer "Sir" or "Madam". Then the police wore helmets and there were no panda cars or walkie talkies.

Our ex-policeman, George Pulley, spoke of the day he found a lady in distress. She had bought a car and in the days before driving tests, had not had a lesson and didn't know how to re-start it. He helped her do so and, in those days of low-traffic density, believes she got home safely because no incident was reported!

One cold wintery morning about 3 a.m. occurred a very different happening that he recalled. He was stamping along Queen Street, trying to keep warm, when a white-faced colleague came running up through the darkness and stammered that there was a ghost in New Road. Not at first nervous, he proceeded in the direction and then saw the White Thing moving towards him. Could it be a ghost from nearby Oxford Castle or Oxford Gaol? He admits to having been struck motionless as it came nearer and nearer to him. Then he saw it was a young lady with bare feet in a long white nightdress. She was sleep-walking and, wrapping his cape round her, he escorted her to the police station, then near the Town Hall, where she woke up without ill effect!

In another "case", he was pestered by a man who claimed his wife was trying to poison him. He was told to bring some of the food to the station for analysis, but no poison was found. Later he claimed that his chickens, fed with some suspect food, had died, but on analysis no poison was found in them. Later he reported that the tree, underneath which he'd buried them had also died, so enquiries were made of his doctor, who reported at first that there was no need for concern. Then came the news that the man had died suddenly. A post-mortem was necessary and revealed an ulcer. Here the moral appears to be that, even if your wife doesn't poison you, worry about it can kill you just as surely!



George Pulley talking to the Fellowship.

We conclude with the account of how the speaker once had to hide under a woman's skirt. While on patrol in George Street near an old public house, where The Electricity Showrooms now are, he was spotted by the old widowed landlady who was about to lock up. Thinking presumably that it might help her if she was ever late on closing-time, she inveigled him in for a night cap. Suddenly his inspector's voice was heard: "Open the door! I heard a man's voice! Have you someone drinking after hours?" The landlady was dressed in the fashion of those days, in black high collar, tight bodice dress and very full long skirt. Quickly she pushed the young constable, with helmet and drink, under the old-

fashioned settee and sat down, spreading out her long skirt to hide him. When the inspector came in to search the rooms, he found no-one, apologised and bade "Good night!" The young constable followed shortly afterward with the resolution never to drink on duty again!

This was an enjoyable meeting for some ninety members and wives of the Fellowship. It was preceded by the presentation of a cheque for £52 to Albert Dennard. It had been collected by the members in appreciation of his valued work as secretary during the first six years of the Fellowship, and was presented by Mr. Ben Phillips, the President.

E.E.E./D.A.T.

"HARLEQUIN", G159, Bldg. 77,
A.E.R.E., HARWELL.



IN TENNIS THE EYES HAVE IT

Tom Delavigne pictured here, is the oldest and longest "serving" member of AERE L.T.C.

The legendary Richard Gonzales at the end of his illustrious career bemoaned: "Oh, for a new pair of eyes!"

This is now Tom's problem and, after experimenting with various spectacles, sunshades and hats to reduce the sun glare, he visited a specialist, who found that his vision was good.

The Specialist: "What then is the complaint?"

Tom: "I can't see the ball!"

Specialist: "What ball?"

Tom: "The tennis ball - especially when I volley!"

Specialist: "Tennis! Volley! At over seventy you don't need an oculist! You need a magician!"

There are others like Tom Delavigne who, when the time for retirement comes round, still wish to live on the site with the Harwell community and still contribute to it in many ways. Long may Tom enjoy his game of tennis!



TWENTY-FIVE YEAR'S SERVICE

Left to right: R.F. Hounam, P.J. Mulford, P.P. Swan-Taylor, B.F. Green

CODE- WORDS

THIS crossword puzzle has only one clue—the word that is already printed in it.

SOLUTION TO LAST PROBLEM

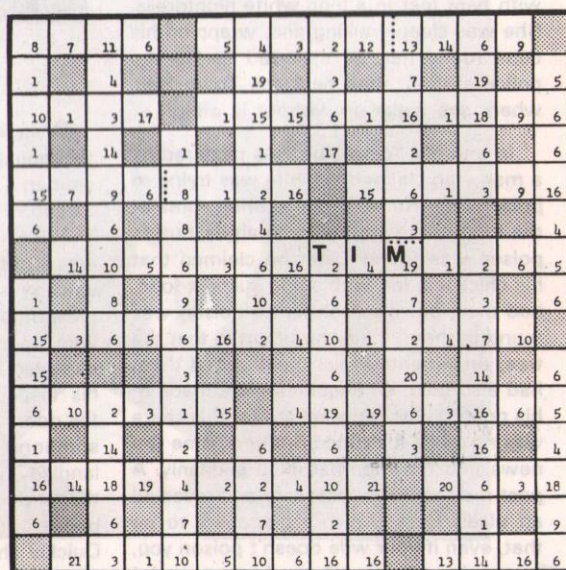
1 N; 2 I; 3 R; 4 E; 5 U;
6 T; 7 S; 8 A; 9 O; 10 F;
11 W; 12 C; 13 P; 14 Y; 15 D;
16 L; 17 H; 18 G; 19 M; 20 X;

SOLUTION TIMES:-

Experts, 12 to 15 minutes;

goodish, 20 minutes;

average, 30 minutes.



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BED AND BREAKFAST

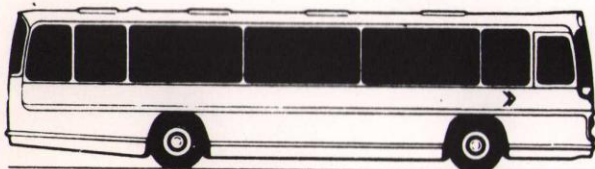
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