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Harlequin

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



Fun in the snow on the AERE Estate, Charlton, Wantage.

Photo: Reg Wilkinson, MRC.

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In this issue

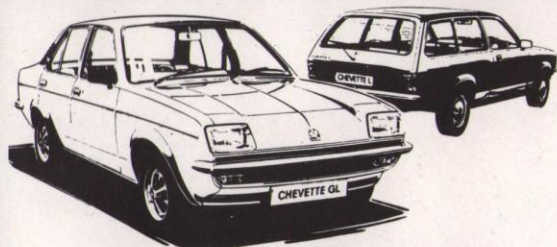
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

JOHN CLARKE LOOKS BACK

AERE ART EXHIBITION

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In the month that marked the 25th anniversary of the setting up of the AEA, Dr. Walter Marshall, Deputy Chairman, pressed the button which fired the beam at the official opening ceremony of the 136 MeV Linear Accelerator, HARWELL, 6th July.

FROM THE DIRECTOR

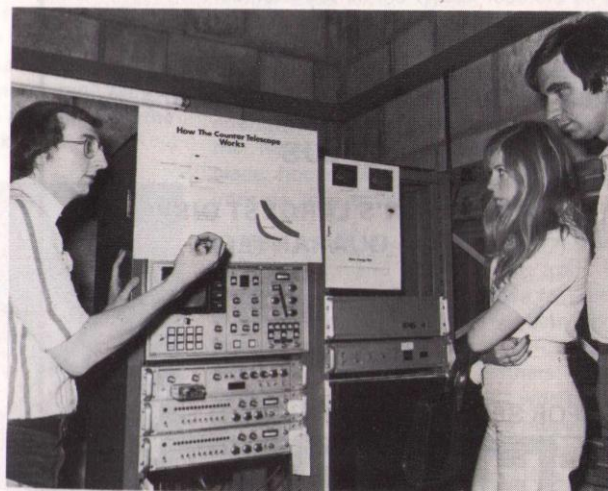
The diverse range of HARWELL activities have continued to prosper in 1979. Our revenue earning programme has increased by 8% in real money terms. We have made important contributions to all aspects of nuclear power development; the highlight of the year was the inauguration of the 136 MeV Linac. We have also increased markedly our efforts to bring salient facts about nuclear power before the public. I thank everyone employed at HARWELL for their efforts during the past year and look forward to exciting developments in the years ahead.

My wife and I extend our good wishes to you and your families for a very happy Christmas.

Chris Roberts



In February, using a specially modified vacuum oven, HARWELL's Separation Processes Service salvaged 200 early 16th century books that had been damaged in a flood.



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THROUGH THE MONTH

Illustrated by
SISTER STANTON

with TED NORVELL, Grounds Dept.

A good year - naturally

For summer sun-worshippers, 1979 was a disaster, but it was a good year for the rose family.

This vast tribe of plants includes the apples and plums which have cropped so heavily that trees have been damaged by the weight of fruit, but it also embraces the ornamental "berry"-bearing species - both native and exotic - which we know as rowan, pyracantha, cotoneaster, hawthorn, crab-apple, and, of course, the rose itself.

It is a pity that the holly - which crops so fitfully - should be so intrinsic a part of the Christmas scene, because there is no shortage of fine red berries on these other trees and shrubs.

Successful fruiting of the rose-relatives depends upon several weather factors. The flowers are actually formed in the previous autumn, and protected over winter in plump buds. Late frosts at blossom time can eliminate any future crop, but the commonest limiting-factor is prolonged cold weather at blossom time, which will inhibit the activities of bees and other pollinating insects on which successful fruit formation depends.

There are many "garden" varieties of these plants nowadays. Some have been selected for beauty of flower, but more often they are chosen for some enhancement in the colour or size of fruit and there are yellow, orange, and even lustrous pearl-like variations.

The present heavy crop of berries is obviously a fine winter stand-by for many species of feathered fruit-eaters, and it may attract unusual bird visitors into the garden.

So for some, the finger which punches out the weather on the giant computer in the sky got it all right this year. For compulsive nature watchers, who find ceaseless pleasure in all natural manifestations, it is all right every year.

The wildlife around the water's edge

Water attracts a great variety of wildlife, whether in stream or river, birdbath or gravel pit. Waterside vegetation tends to be rich and varied, and provides shelter and a food source for many creatures not directly associated with water.

Winter walks in such areas are

rewarding for the nature-lover, and there is no shortage of suitable pedestrian routes in this area. With the leaves gone now from deciduous trees and shrubs, it is also much easier to see all that is going on.

A surprising number of observant people go through life without ever seeing a kingfisher, but one would be unlucky not to see this bird in the course of a morning walk along any local stretch of the Thames. The upper parts of the kingfisher are an unreal shade of blue-green, found on no other British species. It is usually seen from above as it travels close to the water, but it flies so quickly that it could escape notice.

The tall grey heron, at the other end of the scale, could hardly be missed. It has a heavy, ponderous flight on arched wings, and can be watched fishing in the shallows. Frogs and small fish are the prey of this long-legged creature, taken with a swift stab of the dagger-like bill.

Alder trees, so common along water-courses, are the winter feeding haunt of two lovely small finches, the redpoll and siskin. They behave like the acrobatic tits as they pick at the small alder "cones". Redpolls resemble linnets, but with a black chin, while siskins are yellowish, the male again with a black chin.



Down among the living

At this time last year, the ground was frozen, Britain was covered in snow, and there was more on the way. The roads were difficult, hitherto reliable motor cars had been tested and found wanting, and the annual threat to fuel supplies had been made - last year by tanker drivers.

Most of us, no doubt, will get by, and that's more than can be said for many warm-blooded wild creatures. With food difficult to find, one more long freezing night will be too much for a succession of small birds.

The wonder is that any birds can live at all in conditions so infinitely less favourable than those we demand for ourselves, because the basic body-metabolism is similar. We have discovered the secret, of course, and in our usual predatory way started filling continental quilts and sleeping bags and flying jackets with the stuff.

Duck down is made up of tiny modified feathers, but all the typical feathers on a bird are arranged to provide a near-perfect waterproof insulation. Many are adapted to do a special job; flight feathers, for instance, are a miracle in lightweight strength and functional design, with all the hairlike structures which form the blade hooked up together in the most intricate way to facilitate flight.

Man can nowadays manufacture realistic fur, and make meat from a vegetable, but until he can make feathers of every kind, arrange them correctly and implant them through the skin - and if there are forty thousand feathers on a thrush, a local anaesthetic won't be enough if the job is to be done properly - then he won't be able to bob along on the surface of the water without getting wet, or sit in a tree through a sub-zero January night. And he won't be able to fly very far under his own power, either.



"LOOKING BACK"

by John Clarke

In 'Harlequin' July, 1977, I took the story to the Victory March in Berlin in June 1945. On our return to the UK, we heard the General Election results, Mr. Churchill's Government was thrown out, and Lord Cherwell's unit disappeared within 24 hours. I spent a spell in the Directorate of Tube Alloys (the wartime UK atomic energy organisation) as a soldier, and after demobilisation another period in the scientific section of the Cabinet Office. By the spring of 1946, the patience of my parent department was exhausted and I was summoned back to the Ministry of Health, not to return to atomic energy for 5½ years.

I was posted to permanent prefabricated housing, at a time when the nation's housing was as desperate as all its other affairs. Virtually no houses had been built for six years; many houses had fallen into severe disrepair for lack of maintenance; hundreds of thousands of the pre-war stock had been rendered uninhabitable by air attack; now the Army, Navy and Air Force were fast demobilising men and women who wanted somewhere to live and start families. But the brickyards were all shut down and it takes as long to get a brickyard into production as it does an Ordnance Factory: "the first year nothing, the second year very little and only in the third a lot of what you want," as Mr. Churchill said of armaments. And there was a drastic shortage of timber, and little foreign currency with which to buy it.

By early 1946, a fair number of temporary prefabs were already coming off the production lines: some of the latest and best of these designs, Ministry of Works aluminium bungalows, were erected by German P.O.W.'s on the Chilton and Aldfield estates. These one-storey prefabs have given great service, lasting much longer than expected. At the time they were regarded as temporary and relatively expensive, but as the most suitable for putting up *en masse*.

What was wanted were two-storey, three-bedroom prefabs, using few bricks and little timber. No one designed a house without timber, but it was possible to cut the timber down to one standard instead of the 2½ to 3 standards used before the war.

As substitutes for brick there were



MOW prefabs on the Authority estate at Chilton

Eric Jenkins

only steel and concrete, as the temporary bungalows were pre-empting the available aluminium supplies apart from that earmarked for windows. The first permanent prefabricated house off the drawing board was from the British Iron and Steel Federation, and led to a programme of 30,000 BISF's. These were basically steel sheets rivetted to steel piers, and treated with stucco. Many are to be seen today at Harcourt Road, and Harcourt Green, on the Authority Estate at Wantage.

Steel, however, was in too great a demand for every type of revived peacetime construction to be used further in housing. The permanent prefabs had to be of concrete, therefore, as there was no shortage of this. Although Allied strategy in the war had not called for massive concrete structures such as the German Atlantic Wall, the capacity had been maintained (long after we had ceased to build pillboxes and tank traps across southern England) by construction of Mulberry harbours for 'D' day. We had the cement, but little time, so that designs had to go into large-scale production with little research and no development. The John Laing Company had had some experience with poured concrete houses after the World War I, and were early in

the field with their "Easiform" design, but there was not enough specialised apparatus and skill to build many. What was needed were houses built with concrete panels made in converted war-time factories.

Today, after hundreds of thousands of such houses have been built to a variety of designs, followed by pre-cast garages all over the country, it looks simple. In 1946, however, we had severe problems in assembling concrete panels, particularly in two storeys; in providing insulation as we learned slowly about 'U' factors and of concrete's deplorable insulation; and a constant struggle to provide adequate warm flooring and reinforced concrete joists while we had so little timber.

My charge was a programme of 20,000 houses, after the design of Sir George Airey, to be built in small numbers in rural areas. They were to be made of concrete panels, 18" x 10½", which had copper hooks cast in the back and were fastened with copper wire sealed with bitumen to storey-high piers. On top of the ground-storey piers an upper set was joined with dowels to the ground-floor piers. The insulation was provided by aluminium foil hung inside a cavity which was closed with insulating board on the

inner side. The interior was built around a flue (where we had to use brick) and a solid-fuel 'Raeburn' stove.

The construction of the first houses and the development of the design had to proceed simultaneously, and we often thought we were mad to try and improve on the ancient Egyptian invention of brick. At one time, we concluded that when there was a frost the houses blew up; if the sun shone they slid down and if there was a gale, they blew over - though they were all right on a calm, mild day. All these things happened during construction: the "blowing-up" came from the formation of ice in the ground/first floor dowels, which caused the two sets of piers to come apart; the "sliding down" came from the melting of the bitumen before all the copper hooks were fastened tight; and the "blowing over" came because, although we had tested the strain gauges equivalent to 110 mph gale, the greatest, we were assured, to have occurred in the UK during 60 years, within a few weeks our prototype blew down in a 120 mph gale on a cliff edge in Yorkshire. One design error was the interior insulating board - all we had at the time - which proved too weak and had to be replaced later or plastered at considerable expense.

Once assembled, however, they made admirable houses in villages all over the country. A few "Aireys" can be seen today at East Hagbourne and Aston Tirrold.

The technical difficulties created a host of financial and administrative problems which flooded back to the Department. That was bad enough, but the job of persuading local Authorities actually to take the houses was worse. I often felt that many would let their ex-service men and women sleep in barns

rather than have their cosy villages defiled with concrete. Unfortunately, there was no financial incentive: a three-bedroom house was still supposed to be at its pre-war price of a little more than 20 shillings per square foot, around £1,000 in all. The Ministry delivered the concrete slabs, piers and steel joists free at a cost of £380. All these components, except the window frames, were made at seven Royal Ordnance Factories. All the other materials plus the erection, however, still cost as much as £1,000. Without a financial incentive, therefore, I had to go on missionary tours begging and cajoling local Authorities to house their people.

I recall a particularly difficult meeting somewhere in Oxfordshire. It was held in a schoolroom so packed with hostile councillors and their supporters

that I had to stand on the window sill to address them, secretly glad that this could provide a quick getaway if needed. This was when our Minister, Aneurin Bevan, was, in Tory circles, at the height of his unpopularity. I had not got far in my speech when an old clergyman, with snuff spattering down a clerical habit green with age, could stand it no longer. He roared: "Go back to Beelzebub, thou limb of Satan!", and that broke up the meeting. At the other extreme, we were once well-lunched (for those days) and provided with an audience of representatives of all rural Kesteven and Lindsey. When I was well into my peroration about "houses fit for heroes", I realised that they were all asleep.

The Airey and BISF programmes were the only ones sponsored by the Government, but many designs were accepted from other manufacturers for varying subsidies. Today one can find some dozen 1946/7 designs, such as the Orlit, Wates and Cussins. There is the Cornish unit, in which the ground storey was made of shining white concrete blocks, using Cornish china clay, the upper storey clad with concrete (later brick) tiles: this is to be seen in Abingdon, in Whitelock Road, etc. Unity pre-fabricated houses are to be found in Kennington and Abingdon.

I just managed to get all the 20,000 Airey houses under contract, but it was many years before technical problems were ironed out. There were also protracted recriminations over subsidy demands due to something overlooked in the limited design period.

I escaped all this when, after 18 months of this work, I was posted to the private office of Beelzebub himself.



A BISF house on one of the Authority estates at Wantage Reg Wilkinson



An "Airey" house at East Hagbourne

John Clarke

Quality not quantity could have been the motto of this 22nd Annual Art Exhibition in the Cockcroft Hall. This was the smallest exhibition for many years and by far the best. Unlike most previous exhibitions, all the exhibits were worthy of note.

A preponderance of water colours and sketches obviously contributed to the overall high standard of the showing. Three water colours by Barrie Dale demonstrated differing tactile effects with the same medium. "Evening Storm, White Horse Hill" showed the classical fluid use with light diffused tones and simple washes, the tessellated sky being the only suggestion of storm effect. "Early Morning, Charney Bassett" illustrated a more atmospheric representation of this local scene with deeper, still fluid tones, and a simplicity which made it the best of his water colours. "Spring in Hagbourne" with sharp, spiky wood hues tended to be heavier in treatment but was pleasing.

Delineated water colour tends to a pictorial or representational effect and A.C. Best has used this to good effect in two genre paintings, the better of which is "Liptons". Low key, earth colours set the mood of this evocative little picture. Detailed, well-drawn grocery products and posed, characteristic figures suggests a bygone, less garish era in shopping. It is easy in this form of painting to become stylized and fussy. A.C. Best had avoided this by excellent, restrained draughtsmanship. Another example of good drawing with paint wash was seen in C.D. Ward's "Ludlow" an ink and wash street scene. Here light sepia tints suggest the atmosphere. The linear perspective of the houses, and selection and composition of street objects show an empathy with this attractive aspect of the town.

One feels that D. Burrells must have resisted an initial impulse to paint "Windswept on White Horse" in heavy oils. The effect with gouache is just as impressive and yet still retains the mobile, softness of the medium. Black, ragged silhouetted figures against a turbulent sky with a foreground of dark, neutral tones give this painting a spontaneous vitality.

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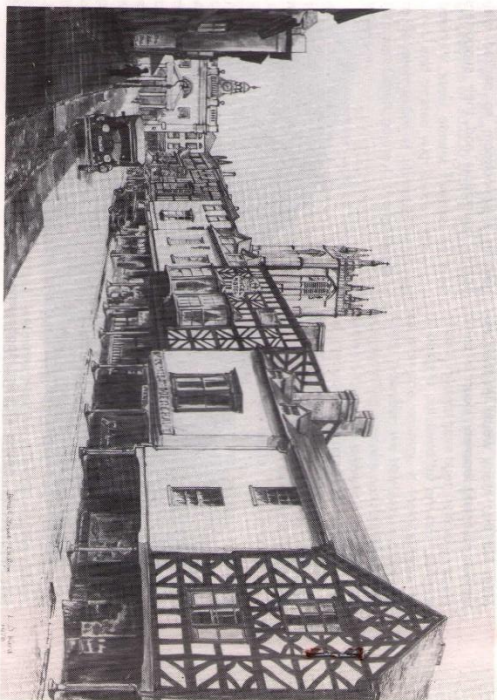


DERELICT BARN

AERE ART EXHIBITION 1979

by V.J. Horgan

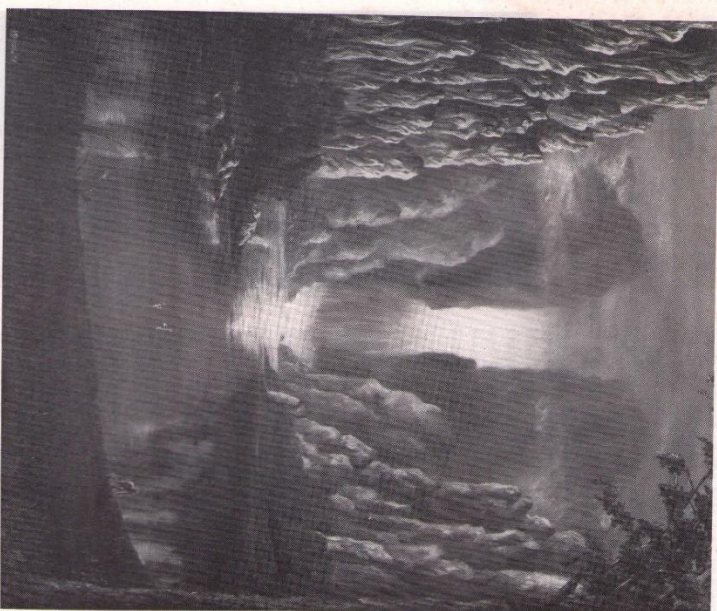
LUDLOW



FARM



WATERFALL



Renoir is reported to have said that oil paintings should be done once only or not at all. He meant by this that the medium is more open to abuse and working over than any other. Previous exhibitions have had a large quota of over-lubricated, heavily worked, fussy oils. There was not one in this exhibition and all the paintings were of a good standard. A traditionally painted pastoral scene, "Icknield Way" by H.E. Crooks, showed the artist's other talent, photography, in its composition and treatment. Clarity of tone and fresh, light colour softened the detailed content of the painting, and the delightfully brushed sky and cloud formation supplied the required luminosity. Another use of oil in the fluid, aquatint mode of gouache or water-based colour, was observed in C. Scott-Keston's "Derelict Barn". The excellent brush work of high key, light paint applied with a feathery stroke gave the work a clarity not often seen in oils. This sensitive, aesthetic application of oils was evident also in his "Head of Lynx" a well-drawn animal study of natural representation.

The versatility of E. Storey's painting is always refreshing and although now one of the established AERE exhibitors his work is never stereotyped or obvious. "Farm", Charney Bassett, illustrates his competence and liking for chiaroscuro, that balance between light and shade. The heavy, obscure colouring of the trees and building against a cool, high-lighted sky imparted a starkness to the scene. As always, sound brush technique contributes to the balance of the painting.

An attractive small painting, "Back Garden," by Janet Perry caught the eye by virtue of its subtle, impressionistic hues and simple presentation.

The classical *matiere* of oil painting was well represented by M. Duffin's "Waterfall", an impressive, low-toned imaginative work painted in the baroque style. Predominantly in cold neutral colour, the rather idealised composition of tortuous rock encompassing delphin pools was a tastefully articulated set piece showing excellent painting technique.

The exhibition was well presented and tastefully arranged with every exhibit shown to good advantage.

£50.15 was taken through hanging fees, selling of exhibits and the collecting tin in aid of The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

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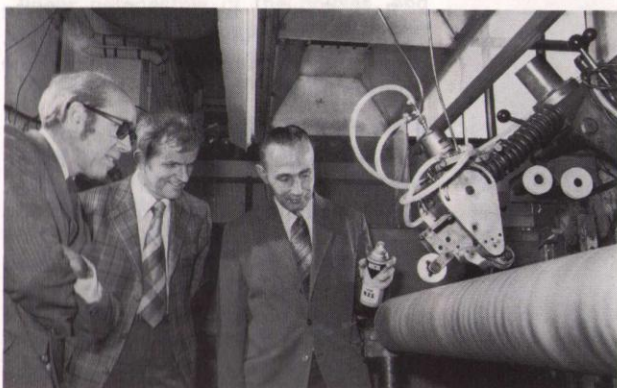


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This suggestion in his final year as an apprentice was for the design of a grinding fixture for Coromant tungsten carbide tool pieces. Enabling them to be effectively re-ground, it prolongs their useful life for up to three years. He is seen with Ken Henry, Head of RRD.

WEEK AWAY!



by VI KIRK (retired)

At the time it seemed like a good idea! Here was this small ad.: "Due to cancellation, cottage to let, one week, close to sea, phone . . ." It coincided with a call from my daughter: "Mum, we shan't get a holiday this year, George is working so hard to build up his own business he has no time or cash to spare."

Impetuous as always I 'phoned for the cottage and was able to book, promising a deposit in the next post. Wonderful! How pleased my daughter would be, and I could enjoy my grandchildren for a whole week! Yes, daughter was pleased! Of course, there would be snags: it did not fall in the school holidays, and teachers tend to frown upon absenteeism for holidays, despite the fact that legally it is permitted if parents have rostered vacations. Then, of course, what about the dog? He couldn't be shut up for long days whilst the master of the house was working.

After another 'phone call and assurance that a basket and blankets would be taken and our canine friend would not damage or soil anything, we got permission to increase our party by another four legs! A sigh of relief; now we could go ahead with packing. With only one week in between, time was not on our side. We decided to raid our store cupboards for tinned foods to supplement what we should buy locally. Grandad agreed to transport us all, plus luggage; he didn't know what he was in for! I despaired that we should ever fit in and on the miscellaneous collection of boxes, bags, cases, buckets and spades, dog basket, let alone the human cargo and the dog. However, tempers frayed, we eventually set off on safari.

We had decided to take the 'B' roads and picnic en route. This we felt would ease the tedium of the journey for us all. I was the navigator, eyes down, spectacles on the tip of my nose.

The first hour passed without event, the children happy and excited, the dog sleeping in the back.

Phase two: we did a general post and I joined in the mêlée in the back whilst my daughter drove and Grandad navigated. At least, naughty man, that was the intended idea.

He assured us the map was to blame when we ended up in a lane to a farm and had to reverse for about half a mile. The children were tickled pink. After this our navigator really concentrated and by lunch-time we were well down country.

The air had that glorious holiday feel and smell about it, the birds were singing and not a cloud in the sky. It was all my idea! And so the day progressed. Occasional stops for essential food, wash and brush-up and change of duties until evening found us within a few miles of our little fishing village.

We gleaned directions to the cottage from a local whose dialect was almost a foreign language to us. Hoping we had interpreted his instructions correctly, we pressed on with our hot, tired, sticky and, by now, irritable load. Apparently we had understood his directions fairly well for without too much difficulty we arrived at our holiday home. It clung to the face of the cliffs rather as a mussel to a rock. The various disjointed sections merged with the greyness of rocky surroundings almost as though man had not helped nature. Needless to say, the children became at once revitalised and leapt from the car intent on physical assault on each of the delightful obstacles within sight, the dog hard on their heels. The weary adults admonished them to take care, words which fell on deaf ears. The steep incline down which we had reached our little bay led, it appeared, solely to this one cottage at whose front it petered out. To reach the door was a flight of steps hewn from the solid rock. There seemed no alternative other than to carry each and every item up these steps. Happily the key to the front door was under the mat as promised, but with some trepidation we entered with our first loads.

Greatly to our surprise the interior was homely, clean and comfortable. Grandad sank into the one comfortable armchair with a sigh of relief, and it was obvious that in order to rejuvenate him the next requirement was a good hot cup of tea.

Our foresight in packing supplied tinned sweetened milk, and tea bags also emerged. However, the traditional 'two boy scouts' to rub together to produce a flame were sadly missing, and the flasks of boiling water had been used on the journey. Crestfallen, both women had to admit failure: here was a calor gas stove but no means of lighting it and ne'er a shop for a mile at least, but as I was about to sit down in dejection there was a chuckle from Grandad: "Hmm, thought you women couldn't be relied on to remember the really important things!". And from his pocket he hauled a box of matches! Well, the artful dodger, but what a treasure!

The tea worked wonders, and the remainder of the paraphernalia was soon in the house, including a mysterious cardboard box with large holes in it. Only then did my daughter reveal her dark secret. "Well, I couldn't leave the tortoises to the tender mercies of George – they'd be starved before we got home". It never rains but it pours does it? Still the extra uninvited guests were there now so we'd have to cope somehow.

Our journey had taken a lot longer than we'd expected and, though Grandad had meant to go home and return at the end of the week to pick us up, it was agreed it would be better for all concerned if he stayed. Speaking for myself I was not nearly so keen on being without transport in this delightful but desolate spot. My spirit of adventure is not what it was, I'm afraid. As we'd had the foresight to bring sleeping bags, these were incorporated into the basic sleeping arrangements, and by nine o'clock three adults, two children, one dog and a pair of tortoises were fast asleep.

Came the dawn, as they say in all the best stories: the sun was shining through the tiny windows and, refreshed, man and beast alike were up and ready to tackle anything.

The tide had gone out and the sand looked wonderful: you couldn't have kept the children or hound from it if you'd tried, so it was easier to give our blessing and listen to the joyous shouts intermingled with staccato barks.

It took several hours to stow our possessions as the rooms were on different levels with many steps and stairs. Fortunately, the capacious chests and cupboards from yester-year remained, and these took most of the clothing and other odd items, leaving the place reasonably uncluttered.

A voyage of exploration in order to discover how close we were to civilization was the next priority. The children complained bitterly at being dragged indoors and dried in preparation for this outing, but we could not risk leaving them alone despite protestations of "We'll be all right, we'll be good!". We drove up the slope again and were surprised, nay delighted, to find that nestled in a dip at the top and unnoticed the previous evening, was THE VILLAGE. Most important, it boasted one shop which sold everything, and to Grandad's delight, a pub. Things were looking up!

We stocked up with fresh produce, all of which came from the area, amid a bombardment of questions from the shopkeeper. The doorbell which summoned her had in this instance caught

her feeding the hens. Our eggs were warm from the nest.

We received directions to a nearby farm where milk and butter were available, and to the cottage of a fisherman who had freshly-caught fish that we could buy. Back with our haul we promised ourselves a long afternoon lying in the sunshine. We'd have sandwiches for lunch and prepare a super dinner for the evening.

Hardly had we stopped the car when the sun clouded over and without any warning down fell the rain; not gentle summer rain but a really heavy torrent that drowned us all as we clambered up the steps and fumbled for the key. We stood dejected in puddles inside the front door, water everywhere and, to make it worse, coming through the ceiling as well. Why, I wonder, had the significance of the brown patches on the ceiling not dawned on us? It rained as if it never meant to stop, while the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed.

The children cold, wet and miserable, not to mention frightened, started to cry. The dog just howled.

Now is the time to show your initiative Grandma, I thought, but what could I do? It's all very easy in your own home when you know what you have and where it is; here I was a stranger in what at that moment seemed primitive surroundings. I was almost ready to howl in unison with the dog. Grandad to the rescue? I sincerely hoped so. Off he went while we shed our dripping clothing. I found towels – luckily there were plenty – to deck us all

out, also a bucket to catch the rain that was coming through above our heads.

Like a line of Indian squaws we headed for the kitchen where mysterious bumps and bangs indicated Grandad's presence. Wonderful man! He'd found paper and wood to light a fire and had a pile of logs ready to put on as soon as it had got going. Now he accepted a towel himself and went to dry off, whilst we tended the oh-so-wonderful crackling warm fire. We sorted our dry clothing and draped our wrung-out garments on an old-fashioned clothes-horse to dry.

Nothing for it but to stay in and cook our meal now. Perhaps later the storm would give up. The children curled up before the fire with comics, and the dog joined them. We liberated the tortoises in the outside shed, which fortunately had a cover joining it to the main building. Grandad, now dry, settled into the armchair and nodded.

Our sense of humour having re-emerged, my daughter and I set about preparing the meal. I felt rather awful about everything; had I not had my bright idea none of this . . . oh well, chin up, make the best of it!

To cut a long story short, by evening the rain stopped, so we all wrapped up and walked along the beach. The children found lots of things to pick up, including a heap of wood to replenish the store in the shed.

Then home again – notice how I say 'home'! Grandad thought he'd go for a glass of beer but was soon back, so we

decided on another early night. Once more we popped the tortoises into their box, shooed the dog into his basket, and settled for the night.

Next day the sun appeared half-heartedly, gradually warming as the day went by. From then on it was sunshine every day, the children getting browner by the hour. We all had enormous appetites as we were on the go most of the time, our vision of lying in the sun never seeming to materialise. We got to know the villagers, and our children joined forces with some of them to their mutual benefit. By the latter part of the week everything had dried out and all was neat and clean again. Very reluctantly we packed for the return journey.

Despite using the tinned food we had no less to carry as we had not been able to resist stocking up with wonderful fresh food for home consumption. We tracked up and down the steps with bags, bundles and boxes, and Grandad did a tremendous job of getting the proverbial quart into a pint pot.

We locked the door and popped the key in its hide-hole for the next visitors. The only evidence of our tenancy was a jam-jar full of fresh wild flowers to welcome them; we hoped they would like them and enjoy their stay as much as we had.

The return journey was along the same route, and we repeated the pattern of the outward journey, but although we arrived home tired and grubby we unanimously agreed that it had all been worth it.

As the instigator I will admit to heaving a sigh of relief. There had been times when 'I'd had me doubts'!



Members of the Retirement Fellowship beside a Bovington tank on this year's day trip to meet their opposite numbers from Winfrith

Don't spoil me. I know quite well that I ought not to have all I ask for. I'm only trying it on.

Don't make me feel my mistakes are badness. It upsets my sense of values.

Don't nag. If you do I shall have to protect myself by appearing deaf.

Don't ever feel it is beneath your dignity to apologise to me. An honest apology makes me feel surprisingly warm towards you.

Don't forget I love experimenting. I couldn't get on without it, so please put up with it.

Don't protect me too much. I need to learn the painful way sometimes.

Don't make rash promises. Remember that you let me down when promises are broken.

INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD 1979



A.E.R.E. Nursery School

And don't keep changing the rules. That completely confuses me and makes me lose faith in you.

Don't tell me my fears are silly. They are terribly real and you can do much to help me if you try to understand.

Don't forget that I cannot explain myself as well as I should like. That is why I am not very accurate.

Don't tax my honesty too much. I am easily frightened into telling lies.

Don't ever suggest that you are perfect or always right. It gives me too great a shock when I discover you are neither.

Don't correct me in front of people if you can help it. I take much more notice if you talk quietly with me in private.

Don't forget how quickly I am growing up. It must be very difficult for you to keep up with me, but please try.

"ABINGDON IN CAMERA"

Some five years ago the Abingdon Area Archaeological & Historical Society started to compile a record of old photographs of the town and in a very short time its members copied over 300 photographs. They then decided that a selection of the photographs should be published in book form in order to give them a wider audience.

The final selection was left to Mrs. Judy Thomas, wife of Dr. David Thomas of Rutherford Laboratory. The book was published recently under the title *Abingdon in Camera - Portrait of a Country Town 1850 to 1950*. It contains over 130 photographs, many of them taken originally by Henry Taunt, who is said to have accumulated some 2,000 photographs of Abingdon over the thirty years 1875-1905.

Mrs. Thomas has omitted Abingdon's principal churches and its almshouses because they are already well documented. Market day scenes have also been left out due to the absence of available photographs. Perhaps the publication of *Abingdon in Camera* will jog a few memories and bring more photographs to light.

In 1929 the MG Car Company moved from Oxford to the Pavlova Works in Abingdon, where the firm occupied part of the factory and the old Pavlova office block (left). In this 1929 photograph a stream of new cars is moving down Cemetery Road.

The earliest photograph is one of Coxeters' ironmongers shop, dating from 1845-50 and originally printed on glass, and the most recent shows Bury Street decorated for the Coronation of Elizabeth II. Although the latter is actually dated 1952, it was presumably taken in 1953.

The photographs in this book show the contrasting scenes of the period. Dilapidated cottages and brand new buildings, men and women in working clothes, and others dressed in their Sunday best for an occasion like a Church Society outing on the Thames, empty, narrow streets and huge crowds in the Market Place are all contained within its pages.

Practically everything to do with Abingdon has been included in the book. Scenes of the Great Frost in 1895, the Great Floods in 1894 and 1903, fairs in the Market Place and events to celebrate Royal Jubilees and Coronations are all in the collection.

Abingdon in Camera also contains a photo-reduction of the 1875 O.S. Map of Abingdon. The book is available from Abingdon Archaeological Society, c/o Mrs. E. Drury, 33, East St. Helen Street, Abingdon, Oxon, at £2.30, including p & p, or from Mallovs, AERE Shopping Centre, at £2.00.

Reviewed by REG WILKINSON, MRC



NOSTALGIA ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

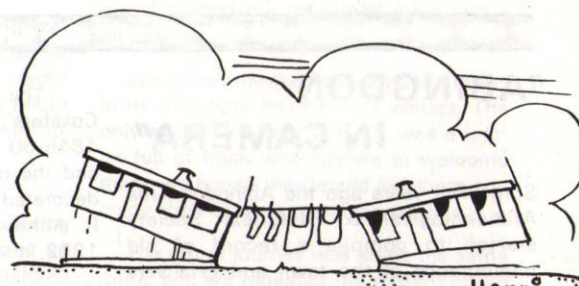
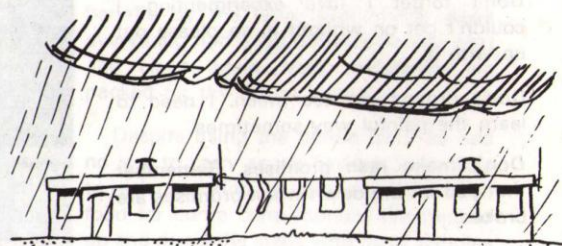
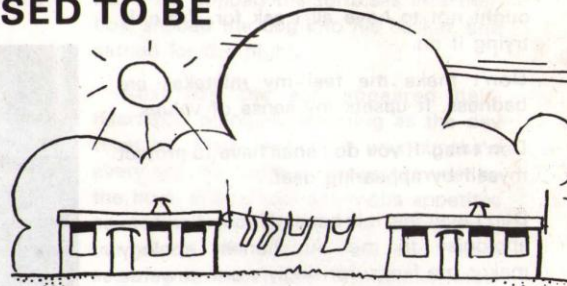
"THOSE WERE THE DAYS"

Accommodation for families was really urgent, and German P.O.W.'s were brought in to erect aluminium pre-fabs on the Aldfield Farm Site. The sections of these bungalows, on their special trailers, became a common sight on the main roads leading to A.E.R.E. The first pre-fabs were occupied within a few days of completion – it was even told that the wife of one engineer stood anxiously on the concrete platform while the house was assembled around her. The P.O.W.'s did not confine their useful labours to house-assembly, and a brisk trade developed in rope slippers, picture-frames and shopping baskets. The last-named could still be seen in use on excursions to Carters' Stores ten years later. O. Frisch occupied a prefab mainly furnished with three large packing-cases, rugs for curtains, and a grand piano on which his excellent playing would delight the nocturnal stroller.

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

Enough people were living on or around the site by the autumn to cause recreational and social activities to flourish. Sports teams were in action, music and drama were starting, and also a camera club launched by Busbridge. The first issue of A.E.R.E. News made its appearance in November. Although Divisional dances were as yet unknown, the regular Tuesday evening "record" dances in Ridgeway House were lively affairs. The social life was graced by the presence of several attractive young ladies from Chalk River; although some departed within a year or so others suffered nuclear capture and remained here as wives.

— D.R. Willson, "Harlequin", 1953

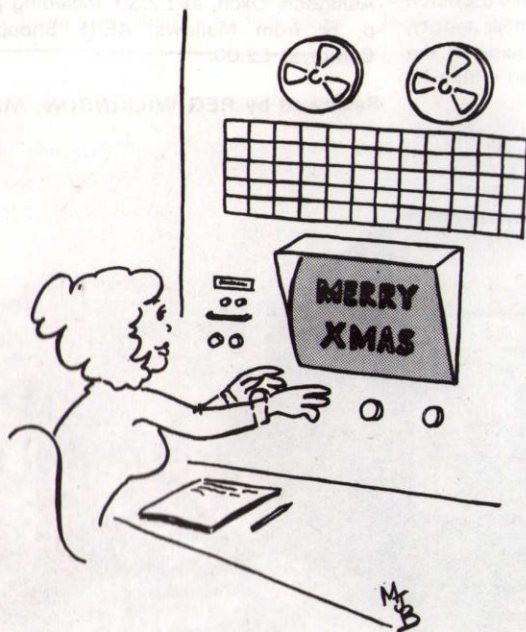


Henry

DECEMBER "HARLEQUIN", 1948

CODE-WORDS

Other CODEWORDS are now obtainable in book form - 128 of them for 50p - from bookstalls or by post at 64p from Crosswords Ltd, The Dormer House, One Tree Lane, Beaconsfield, Bucks.



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