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NEWSLETTER

No. 110

July 1970

SUR LA MERE

(or for those of limited linguistic experience - ON THE SEA)

One major advantage of our age of equality, is that sports once reserved for kings and the extravagant rich, have become possibilities for Mr. Average Man. One such pastime is the gentle art of cruising; we can hoist the sail, and providing that weather, wind and tide (also stomach?) are fighting with us rather than against us, it is possible in principle at least, to reach any exotic and desirable point on our immediate shores.

Our story really begins in June 1969; I, poor innocent that I was, was looking for a crew of madmen to sail to Gibraltar. That year we settled for a compromise - a camping trip to Dartmoor; but in June 1970 a chance remark and subsequently a lot of enthusiasm, made the original idea a possibility. The first and probably most important task was to charter a boat; from this point on you must excuse the liberal use of nautical terms, (any felt to be non self-explanatory are listed in the appendix), this, as it happened, was easier than hiring the average car.

We all had good sound sailing experience, or to be more precise, out of six, three of us could swim, two could row, and one could sail, and a letter sent to a certain gentleman (Dr. Fea), in Arundel secured for us an interview with chez-nous sur la mere. The particular Sunday chosen for viewing Margaret and Anne - the name of the craft - happened to coincide with my six monthly trip home, and so I left the decision on the boat to our sailing expert, William, who probably after this account would have wished to remain anonymous. Bill obviously took great pains to study the sailing possibilities of the craft, and was quite impressed with what he saw, so much so, in fact, that we agreed - on Dr. Fea's suggestion - to take the boat on a weekend trial, to familiarise the crew with the finer points of her sailing performance.

He neglected, however, to tell me of his observations of the bathroom which turned out to be non-existent, and the peculiar contraption of handles, taps and levers - called the "heads", but known to lesser mortals or landlubbers as the "loo". His neglect, much to my disgust, and probably to make sure that I didn't chicken out, was continued until a matter of hours before we set sail.

At last the Friday came - the end of a week of endless telephone calls and scathing lunch-time progress reviews, accompanied by repairs to the cars so that they could make the journey to Chichester in the short time interval that existed between 4.30 p.m. and the turn of the tide. It was decided that an advance party of four should spend the afternoon collecting stores and leave at exactly 4.30 p.m. to meet our skipper, Harry, and to get underway. In the event of the remaining two of us not reaching the mooring by 8.0. p.m., we were to rendezvous later, the exact destination to be decided upon as and when the need should arise. There was, however, little doubt that barring unforeseen circumstances, we could all make the mooring on time. Unfortunately, this did not take into account the ability, or perhaps inability, of my navigator, and after a twenty mile detour and true to my reputation, we arrived late. They had gone without us.

Fortunately no disaster is without a brighter side, they had sailed away, leaving the owner without jacket or briefcase and he was exceptionally glad to see our rather troubled faces. In exchange for a promise to care for the extra cargo, he gave us good directions for Hayling Island Yacht Club. This time I ignored my navigator's advice and promptly got lost again, but we found the club somehow, parked the car, and peered out to the host of yachts and catamarans anchored off the foreshore. Some rather echoed and eerie 'halles' eventually brought the crew to our aid, and they prepared to use the dinghy to ferry us aboard.

In the dark it was difficult to make out the exact lines of the dinghy, but a glance at the shine from the bottom boards, indicated that the inside was far from dry. 'We can take two or one plus luggage' shouted the sadist holding the oars who sat on the only available dry area and seat. I elected to go first, keeping the sleeping bags and kit as much out of the water as I could, and trying not to take too much notice of the water lapping within inches of the gunwales and stern. We rowed gently towards the Margaret and Anne. In the dark and from the water, she looked magnificent, and gigantic enough to hold any ocean, but fast and sleek enough to bend to any breeze.

I climbed aboard, and decided at once to change my already damp trousers, ferreted in my kit bag to get the dry ones, and began the transfer. It did not take long to discover the so called dry pair could have been used for a washing up cloth - they were saturated, and at that point, I finally realised the art of

sailing included the ability to be happy, uncomfortable and wet all at the same time!

Eventually we were all aboard and ready for bed. The exact sleeping arrangements left something to be desired, and no one had discovered the stop cock on the loo that had to be open in order to empty the thing, but we settled down and casting aside the obvious and unaccustomed difficulties to be associated with sleeping in a damp cupboard and the odd seasick type joke we turned in to get a good night's sleep. Before lights were out Harry informed us, in a deceptively cheerful voice, that it was a quarter after midnight, and in order to catch the tide, we would have to be under way at 4.30 a.m.

It was perhaps fortunate that the night was so short; the prospect of any more hours resting - I hesitate to say sleeping - under these circumstances left me in no doubt that more permanent deformities would soon replace the local twists and bumps present in most of the crew. I cannot dwell too long over the description of my bunk, sufficient to say it was situated in the stern of one float of the catamaran, and seemed to be little bigger than the top of a chest of drawers. To enter it, I had two options; the first was to grip the stove firmly in the right hand, the sink firmly in the left, swing my feet up and into the sleeping bag and 'hula' dance in the horizontal plane for ten minutes to adjust the bag blankets and pillow. The result of attempt mark one was to lose my pyjamas on the galley floor - needless to say it was wet - and bang my head in a fruitless grab for a handkerchief. The second method, more sophisticated, but less dignified, involved a head first plunge into the unknown depths of the compartment, and a brilliant exposé of athletics reverting to a position where one could breathe with relative ease, even if the atmosphere was nine tenths calor gas from the galley stove.

Getting under way, however, seemed to lack the drama associated with the rest of the weekend. We spent a short-time disagreeing over which halyard pulled what, but in less than an hour we had the dinghy lashed down, the sail bag stowed, the sails set, the topping lift slack, and the outboard going like mad - the wind had by then disappeared completely!

So as we 'motored' away from Hayling we set about cleaning ourselves up - at four in the morning sweaters fit better over pyjamas than over shirts - and then we addressed ourselves to the task of fixing the loo.

The basic technology of the device was a pump. This seemed to function correctly, but it was almost another hour before someone suggested adjusting the taps - this done the object became functional at last! But during the diversion the wind had quietly reappeared.

With the outboard off, and the sails full we were sailing at last, not very fast but we were sailing; experiencing the unique sensation of travelling free, using the gentle breeze and man's cunning, to set us on our way to Cowes.

It was time to think about food. A major issue in the preparations had been the nature and quantity of provisions. But in the open sea, fresh air and exercise are guaranteed to produce hunger. I had insisted we take plenty of eggs, bacon and sausage to give a good filling protein start to the day, and our breakfast and indeed the first meal aboard was to be exactly that, with the addition of cornflakes. To my cost however, I discovered that in preparation we had neglected one very important factor: the effects of gentle swell (the water was without a ripple) on appetite. Deciding that the unearthly hour, still before six, and the excitement was responsible for my lack of interest in cornflakes, which being served in the cabin had by now collected the distinctive smell of calor gas, I opted for the bacon, egg and sausage.

This I must add was being cooked by our two brilliant galley maids, Sarah and Hanne, who to the incredulity and probably great annoyance of Mike and Bob, not to mention myself, showed not one sign during the whole weekend of seasickness or Calor gas asphixiation.

I put my head inside the cabin, I lacked the full courage to go below, and grabbed the plate held by two smiling faces in the galley, then fighting the terrible desire to rush to the leeward side, I explained that their efforts to clear a space on the cabin table might be wasted, and whilst having no wish to offend the crew or their cooking I preferred to eat on deck.

On deck I was joined by Bob. It was a battle of the giants, I glared at the egg, and this large outsized yellow eye glared back in return, as if to say 'You eat me mate and you'll even regret tomorrow'. I picked a cowardly compromise, cut the egg in half, shut my eyes, prayed and then swallowed rapidly.

(to be continued)

D. R. Lepine

Obituary

Mr. C. A. Anderson

We much regret to report the death of Mr. C. A. Anderson on 24th July 1970 at the age of 69.

Charles Anderson joined R.S.R.S. after retiring from British Rail. A railwayman of great experience, his career, much of it with the Old Great Western, spanned a half century from its start as a boy in 1916 to its culmination as a driver, from which position he retired in 1966.

A gentleman in every sense of the word, he was well-known and liked and his courtesy and fortitude when suffering a fatal illness were admired by all.

To his family we offer our deepest sympathy.

Staff News

Congratulations to:

Tony Gibson on his engagement to Miss Diana Norris of Windsor.

David Hall on his marriage to Miss Margaret Widdop at Middlesbrough on 6th June.

Susan and Trevor Edwards on the birth of their daughter, Venetia Jane, on May 22nd.

Mr. G. L. Mollett now C.O. (P/t.)

Mrs E. R. Wright now D.O.A.

Welcome to:

D. M. Boys Technical Officer Grade III

M. J. MacAndrew Vacation Worker

S. Mrowka Vacation Worker

Mrs D. L. Sills Cleaner

N. Malone Skilled Labourer

Resignations:

Miss M. P. Huggins Scientific Assistant

Mrs R. V. Chapman Machine Operator

G. F. Fooks Senior Scientific Officer

K. Ng Technical Officer (Singapore)

Y. K. Lim Technical Officer (Singapore)

M. Denihan Labourer

Staff News (contd:)

Other Changes:

Mrs J. M. Cobb	C.A. reduced hours (part-time)
P. M. Gondhalekar	S.O. Transferred from Div. 2 to Div. 3
L. T. J. Martin	S.E.O. Transferred from Div. 2 to Div. 5
E. N. Bramley	P.S.O. Transferred from Div. 6 to Div. 5
S. Cherry	S.O. Transferred from Div. 6 to Div. 5
P. G. L. Thomas	Sandwich Course Student Transferred from Div. 6 to Div. 3
P. A. Bradley	P.S.O. Attached to Mr. Piggott's Group
E. H. White	E.O. Transferred from Div. 1 to Div. 4
Mrs E. W. W. Carroll	C.O. Transferred from Accounts to Personnel
Mrs B. Woodason	C.O. Transferred from Personnel to Accounts
D. L. Petrie	Tech. Officer III (left UK for Falkland Is.)
P. H. McPherson	E.O. Transferred from Div. 6 to Div. 2
T. P. W. Winteringham	A.E.O. Transferred from Div. 6 to Div. 4
A. J. Gibson	S.O. Transferred from Div. 6 to Div. 3.

Station News

Dr. Horner attended a Senior Management Seminar at Sunningdale Park, from July 27th to 30th.

Dr. L. Thomas attended a joint ESRIN-ESLAB Conference on Upper Atmosphere Models and Related Experiments at Frascati, Italy, from July 6th to 10th.

Dr. M. Quigley and Mr. C. Boulton attended a course on Digital Filtering at Imperial College from July 13th-15th.

Messrs. Reader, Roberts, Slater and Yilmaz have been in Sardinia for rocket firings. One experiment is for daylight measurement of electron density, U.V. and X-radiation. The other two payloads are for measuring variations in ultra violet radiation at sunrise. Mr. Elston has left for Sardinia to bring back the travelling laboratory.

Rocket-borne magnetometer measurements during sporadic-E conditions have recently been made by Mr. Rogers in Sardinia and Dr. Burrows in Australia.

The upper atmosphere laser experiments now come within Dr. Bain's division.

Give a lift/get a lift - progress to date - Henley, Cookham/Maidenhead, Windsor, Bracknell/Crowthorne, Harrow Weald, Ruislip - any more? - see box in library.

M. P. M. Hall

Sports and Social Club

News

Detergent Sales

The price of M.G. washing-up liquid will go up, after the present stocks have been used, from 7/6 to 8/-.

Wine Circle

Two film shows will be held in the near future. The first, on September 21st is 'Tuborg Lager'. The next, as October 19th will be 'Port comes from Portugal'.

A Cheese and Wine lunch party will be held on December 22nd.

S.R.C. Sports Day Results

Tennis

Men's Doubles

Mr. A. Gordon-Smith)
Mr. A. Roberts) R.S.R.S.

Mixed Doubles

Mrs Robson)
Mr. B. Yates) D.N.P.L.

Football (6-a-side)

R.H.E.L.

Cricket

D.N.P.L.

Bowls

Mr. J. Johnson)
Mr. J. Pike) R.G.O.

Netball

R.G.O.

The Sports Day this year was on July 1st and although not very bright the day was quite clear. We played our cricket match in the morning and unfortunately lost to A.C.L. We were doing quite well in the bowls until Daresbury arrived when the competition became a knock-out and we lost in the first round.

The football was also quite successful until we met Rutherford C (the eventual winners). We managed to win against R.G.O. but unfortunately lost to A.E.L. making us 2 down out of 3 games.

We did not manage to get enough support from the female staff to field a netball team.

The tennis matches were played throughout the day and for the third year running the tennis team brought back a cup and just missed acquiring the pair. Gus Gordon-Smith and Arthur Roberts defeated everybody in the men's doubles and Dr. and Mrs F. Horner, who reached the mixed final for the third successive year, were narrowly defeated after leading 4-1. The rest of the team - Jack Moore and Marie Huggins, Mike Johnson and Pat Martin and Duncan Bryant and Richard Smith put up a fine show and were all well placed in their section.

Patricia Dadds

Cricket

23 June v. Windsor Great Park (home) R.S.R.S. won by 5 wickets

Windsor Great Park 88-6 (20 overs; Davies 3-35)

R.S.R.S. 89-5 (Davies 51 n.o., Moosajee 17).

25 June v I.C.I. Jealotts Hill (away) R.S.R.S. lost by 6 wickets

R.S.R.S. 79-5 (20 overs; Moosajee 33 n.o., G. Thomas 22)

I.C.I. 80-4

1 July v Atlas Lab. (S.R.C. Sports Day) R.S.R.S. lost by 3 runs

Atlas Lab. 67-4 (15 overs)

R.S.R.S. 64-7 (Boulton 22; Dickinson 19)

7 July Single wicket competition

Final: Fortune beat Boulton

16 July v I.C.I. Jealotts Hill (home) R.S.R.S. lost by 2 wickets

R.S.R.S. 74-8 (20 overs; Hemmings 24 n.o.; G. Thomas 25)

I.C.I. 75-8 (Boulton 3-18)

One solitary victory to enthuse over, and that virtually a single-handed effort by Peter Davies against Windsor Great Park. His excellent 51 not out was the first half-century scored by an R.S.R.S. player for three years.

In the two matches against I.C.I. Jealotts Hill we were beaten fairly easily away, but the home match produced an exciting finish with I.C.I. scoring the winning run in the 19th over. There was also a close finish in the Sports Day match against Atlas Lab., but we narrowly failed to get the required runs.

The single wicket competition gave everyone a chance to prove their worth, and produced a few surprises in the earlier rounds. Mike Fortune was the eventual winner with Chris Boulton runner-up for the second year in succession.

Graham Thomas

Uncle Sam's Barbecue - 4th July 1970

We were late. The usual unpredictable problems involved in putting a family of small children to bed and installing the baby-sitter had arisen and as Carol and I sped along the M4 towards R.S.R.S. the prospects of me joining my team in the Grand Piano Smash-in were diminishing. We turned in through the gate expecting to hear great roars and shouts as the cheer leaders drove the hysterical audience into a frenzy shouting on their respective teams to even greater efforts in the great task of tearing two pianos apart and passing the pieces through a 2-foot diameter hole!

But what was this? As we parked the car behind the vehicle store we were confronted with the prospect of twelve good men and true comprising the two teams, Slicers and Smashers, going about the business of tearing the pianos apart in almost complete silence. Using their bare hands, for the tools supplied had long since ceased to be of any use, they were surrounded by a semi-circle of silent onlookers, many holding pints of beer, or other sundry beverages, at the half-trail. It was almost like a solemn ceremony. Very soon the Smashers had passed their piano through the hole and won and, almost as if the solemn part was now over, and was to be followed by a celebration, the junketting began.

The team-members had all been given a pint each, as a reward for their efforts, and we all began to gather on the open space behind that part of the old buildings which is now the Sports and Social Club. A wonderful charcoal brazier was burning well and marvellous smells of barbecue cooking filled the air. Things were running smoothly for it wasn't long before we were all called forward to partake of our hamburger, sausage, onion, french bread etc., all garnished with a barbecue sauce, the recipe for which has been reproduced elsewhere.

As people began to finish their meal some dancing started on the lawns (don't get me wrong, I'm not suggesting that it was due to the contents of the meal!), to the accompaniment of gramophone records. Alec (husband of Betty Carroll) was also organising some semi-athletic frivolities on an ad. lib. basis. These involved the balancing of pints of beer on one's head, picking up pocket handkerchiefs whilst supporting oneself on one's side with one hand, and (for want of a better description) passing oneself through the hoop made by ones two arms and a broom-handle held with both hands (not all at the same time of course!). It was said that some people were just bending over backwards to please others and that other people were only there for the beer-rinse.

The unannounced arrival of a musical group, friends of Pad Dadds, brought all the people who were left (it was around 11 o'clock) inside the bar where dancing continued in earnest. Carol and I left at around half-twelve, but I have been told that the party continued until sometime after one o'clock and a very enjoyable time was had by all.

The concensus of opinion seems to be that the whole evening was very successful and all thanks are due to the organising members of the committee and other helpers. More especially Mike Farman, Pad Dadds, Chunky Lepine, Betty Carroll and Hanne Lennon. The bar was ably organised by John Crawford. Also thanks of course to the behind-the-scenes man - without whose help a lot of things would not have been possible - Jack Savage.

I am myself looking forward very much to the next of this type of social evening even if it were to be only half as enjoyable as Uncle Sam's Barbecue Nite.

John Cathrew.

Bar-B-Q Sauce (as featured at the R.S.R.S. Barbeque)

(Sauce d'Eljai)

Take:-

- 1 tin Tomato soup
- 1½ tbs. Worcester Sauce
- 1 tbs. Lemon juice (P.L.J. will do)
- 1 tbs. Vinegar
- 4 tbs. Brown sugar (slightly heaped)
- 1 Bouillon cube (e.g. Oxo or Chicken stock)
- 1 Medium sized onion
- Cooking fat or oil
- Bay leaf
- Generous pinch dried Thyme

} Optional

Chop the onion into small pieces and fry thoroughly in a suitable pan, drain off excess fat and pour in the tomato soup, followed by the remaining ingredients. Simmer for at least 15 minutes, adding water when it gets too thick. Taste it. If too sweet, correct with more vinegar or lemon juice, a teaspoonful at a time. Simmer for several minutes before retasting (to evaporate aromatics from vinegar). Similarly, if too sharp add more sugar, a teaspoonful at a time. If consistency of sauce is too thin for your requirements, take 1 teaspoonful of plain flour (or cornflour), dissolve thoroughly in ½ cup cold water and add to the sauce while stirring vigorously. Continue stirring while it simmers for a further 2-3 minutes. Failure to do this will produce dreaded lumps.

Our resident gourmet writes:-

This simple and splendidly pungent sauce, with its no-nonsense down-to-earth masculine flavour, makes the ideal cornerstone of a swinging batchelor-pad nosh-up. Ideal for reviving boring things like hamburgers, meat loaf, sausages and baked beans. Particularly good for cooking chicken:- while frying the onion (see recipe) quickly brown in the same pan some flour or breadcrumb dredged chicken pieces, make sauce over the cooking chicken and simmer covered for about 40 minutes (or until chicken is cooked to your satisfaction. For those interested in economy cooking, this sauce is good for 'cutting' the greasy texture of many fatty cuts of meat, e.g. in the flank area, but especially of lamb.

Letter to the Outstations

Dear Colleagues,

A week or two back, late in an afternoon of summer sun, the insect hum which rises between the regular pulses of airport noise was augmented by a less familiar sound - the sliced-up whirr of a helicopter. It was in fact one of the sort which seem to have much of the insect in their own make-up, being little more than a transparent globe mounted in a framework. This tapered rapidly away to a skeletal fuselage bearing a small jet-engine, the whole o'ertopped by the whirling blades.

Summoned to RSRS with a view to judging its suitability as a sky-hook for an experiment, it landed in the cricket out-field, near to the goods entrance. In doing so it was in fact not the first such machine to come here, for in 1954, H.R.H. using his familiar vehicle, honoured Ditton Park with a visit.

Staff came from all parts to get a closer look, surprising really, considering that such things are not that uncommon. Or was there more to it than that? Aircraft, grounded or airborne, are seen often enough this day and age, so what's so special? Could it be the witnessing of the moment of transition, the link between earth and air.

Once more, and rightly so, hope triumphs over experience and we rush to observe the contact between up there and down here. The heavenly chariot descends to reveal the deus ex machina who will put all to rights. It does no such thing of course, the door opens to reveal a fellow being 'most remarkable like you'. What's more, we knew it would, but fortunately that didn't prevent many taking part in an active critique of pure reason. Quite a few ran out, including,

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR

JULY 1970

REPRINT LIST

Saxton J. A.

The microwave reflective properties of water surfaces

Lane J. A.

Trans. I.E.E.E. MTT 18 April 1970 p.230

INTERNAL MEMORANDA

I.M.334

Rishbeth, H.

Maps of the vertical F Region drifts caused by

Kelley D. M.

Horizontal Winds