



PHONE

THE MAGAZINE OF
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

WINTER 1955 • THREEPENCE

TONE

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

ISSUE NUMBER ONE · WINTER 1955

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You have our promise

WE'VE A CONFESSION TO MAKE . . . We're worried. We keep asking ourselves the same question: 'Will they like it?' And we always end up with the same answer: 'We don't know, but we hope they will.'

The thing that is scaring us is, of course, waiting for your reactions to this magazine. We realise we cannot please everybody in the organisation—that would be a journalistic miracle—but we are anxious to appeal to most of you. In fact, one of the reasons for publishing our first number so close to Christmas is an endeavour to share in the general goodwill associated with the season.

To fellow employees about to examine this new venture by the Company, we make an editorial promise. Give us your goodwill now and we will work hard to keep it in the seasons that are to follow. At this stage we are merely experimenting and we won't stay scared for long. We're too keen to improve and mirror the many aspects of our giant organisation. May we rely on you, the readers, by your friendly criticisms and suggestions, to establish the TONE for the future?

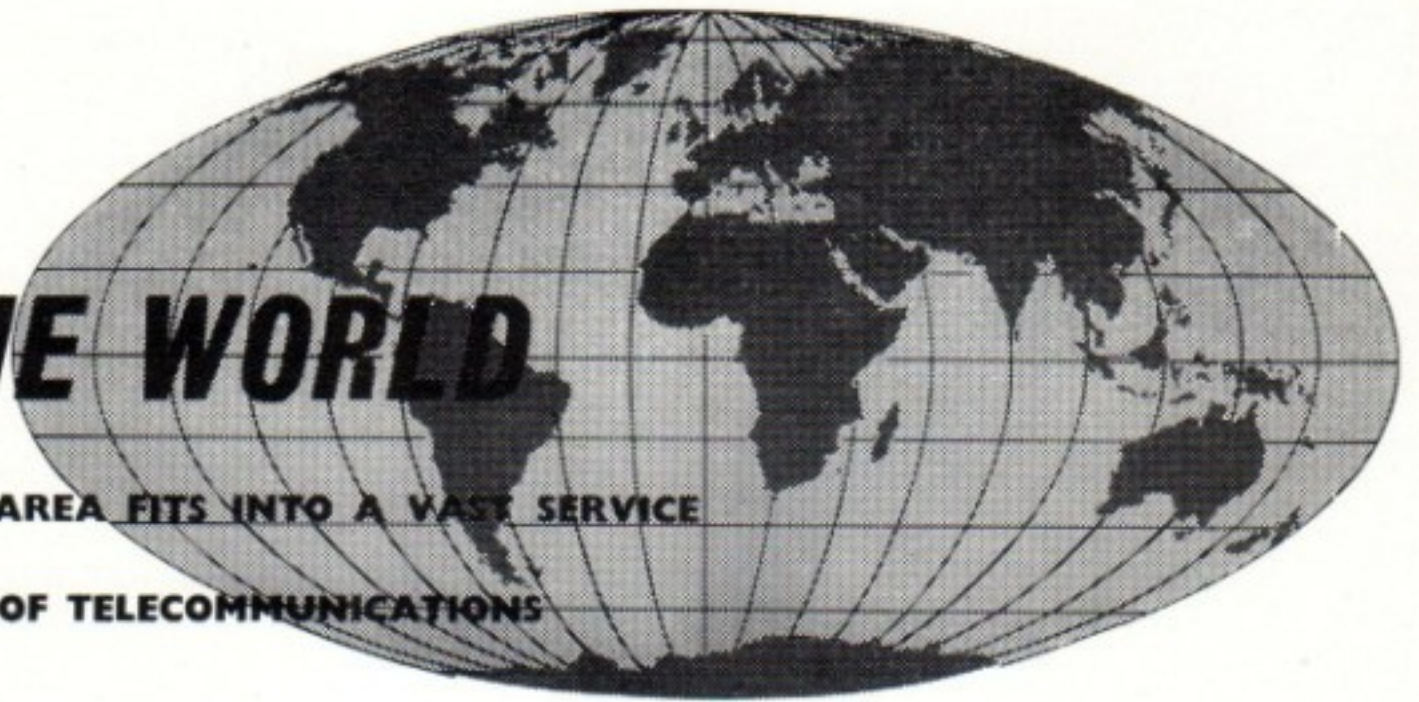
STORY BEHIND THE COVER

No, not the ascent of Everest, although there is a member of the successful expedition in our picture. The climber in the centre of the group is Fred Smith, a draughtsman trained in one of the drawing offices at Strowger Works, Liverpool. This dramatic shot was taken on the North Face of the 14,000-ft. Jungfrau while Mr. Smith was on a climbing holiday in Switzerland with Alf Gregory (leading), photographer to the team which scaled the world's highest peak. Mr. Smith's climbing exploits are the subject of an article elsewhere in this issue.

WE COVER THE WORLD

HOW YOUR AREA FITS INTO A VAST SERVICE

EMBRACING ALL ASPECTS OF TELECOMMUNICATIONS



Have you ever stopped to think about the scope and importance of the organisation for which you work? In an average day you probably see no more of A. T. & E. than your own office or workshop, so it may surprise you to read how, in several centres in Britain, we have built up resources which provide a world-wide service in all aspects of telecommunications.

We cover the world. This might well be the boast of Automatic Telephone & Electric Co. Ltd., because you'll find our products in almost every part of the globe—from Adelaide in Australia to Valencia in Venezuela, from the island of Malta to the vast land mass of Soviet Russia, and from our own familiar London to the not-so-familiar Ziemianowice in Poland.

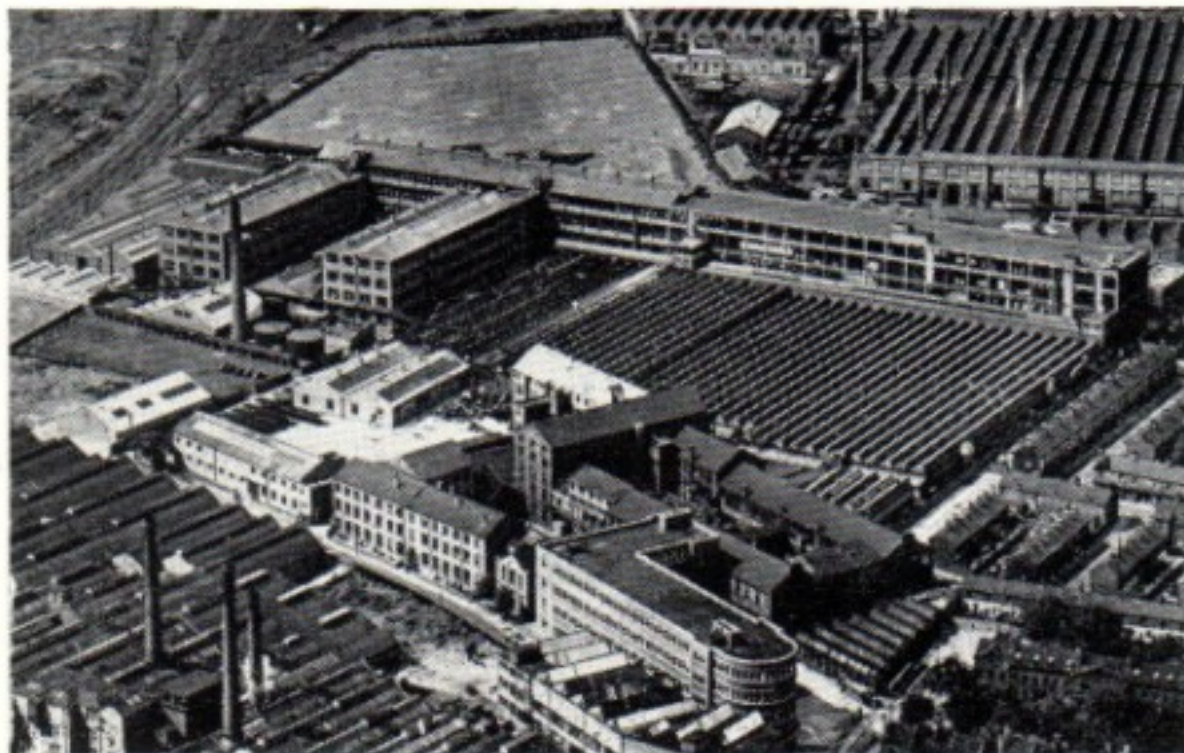
We are one of a comprehensive financial and manufacturing group consisting of three "parent" organisations, each with a number of associated

companies. The other two "parents" are British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. and Telephone and General Trust Ltd. Finance and control of each is entirely British.

The group offers a complete service in everything connected with telecommunications—a service which embraces technical consultation, survey and investigation, finance, installation, operation and management.

We in Automatic Telephone & Electric Company, established in 1912, are primarily concerned with the design, manufacture, supply and installation of telecommunications equipment. Our former title was Automatic Telephone Manufacturing Co. Ltd., leading to the trade mark ATM, which has been retained through two subsequent changes of title.

Thousands of tons of complex and delicately adjusted electrical equipment, worth many millions of pounds, leave our main factory, Strowger Works,



An aerial view of Strowger Works, our main manufacturing unit



Strowger House, the Company's London headquarters



An internal view of one of the workshops at A. T. & E. (Bridgnorth) Ltd



Taplow Court, Buckinghamshire, the research and development centre

Edge Lane, Liverpool, every year. Covering an area of 22½ acres, with 10,000 employees, Strowger Works is the head office of the Company and has Liverpool branch factories at Fleming Road, Speke, Stopgate Lane, Fazakerley, and Lord Nelson Street in the city centre.

A vast amount of scientific research into the problems affecting telephone and kindred subjects is necessary and, in addition to extensive modern laboratories at Strowger Works, there is an elaborate research organisation, British Telecommunications Research Limited, an associated company, at Taplow, near Maidenhead, in Buckinghamshire.

The Taplow staff, which includes scientists and technicians employed during the war years by the Air Ministry and other Government departments, is engaged upon an ambitious programme of development of radio equipment, transmission and telegraph apparatus. Research is supported by the extensive engineering and manufacturing resources of the parent organisations.

But the boffins here, with their eyes to the future, actually work in an atmosphere of the past—a 100-year-old mansion called Taplow Court, selected because it provides radio interference-free conditions and sufficient acreage for the erection of radio antennæ.

In a completely different atmosphere again is another of our associated companies, Hivac Limited, the electronic division of A. T. & E. In premises of the very latest design in Middlesex, Hivac (the name was derived from "high vacuum") tackle all forms of thermionic research and development, coupled with the production of vacuum devices

with special application to the telecommunications industry.

Here are manufactured miniature and sub-miniature valves for hearing aids, meteorological instruments, miniature radio receivers and so on. During the war, the company turned out miniature valves for the Forces.

Turn back north again and you come across two comparatively new associates of Automatic Telephone & Electric Company—A. T. & E. (Bridgnorth) Ltd. and A. T. & E. (Wigan) Ltd.

The bulk of our radio telephone equipment is manufactured by the rapidly expanding factory in rural Shropshire. Formerly the makers of domestic radio sets, the 500 employees at Bridgnorth boost our export trade with such equipment as the "Country Set," a battery-operated radio-telephone link between isolated communities where landline and mains power are not available.

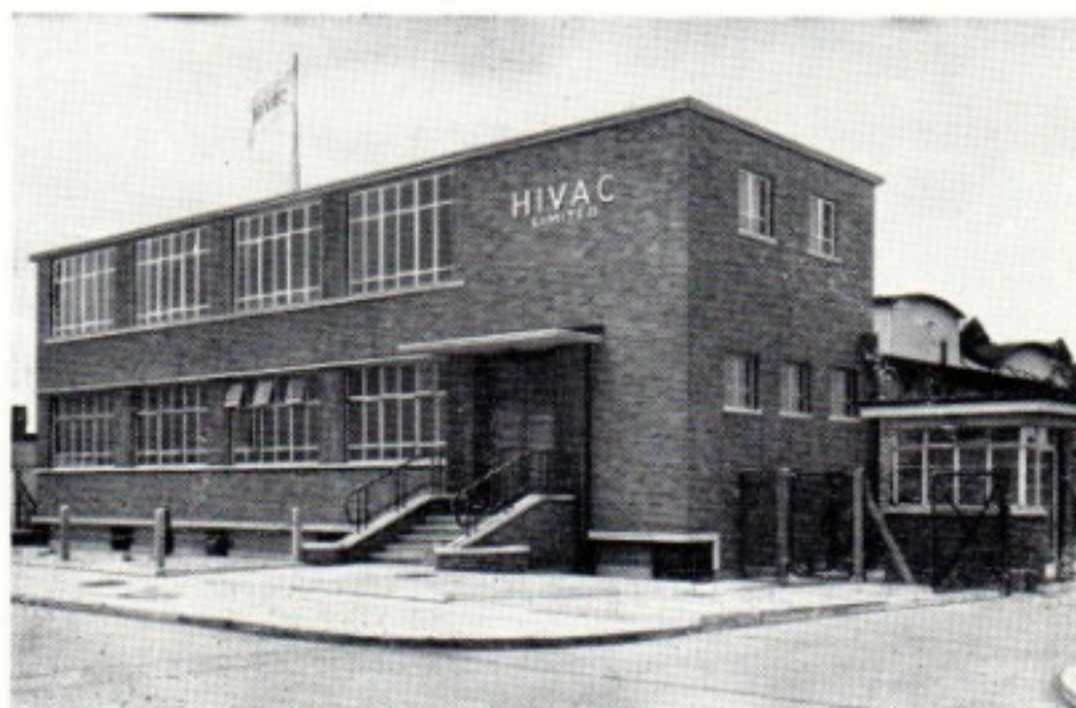
These sets could prove particularly useful in territories such as Kenya and Malaya, two of the world's trouble spots.

And what of Wigan? Formerly the Pioneer Telephone Manufacturing Company Limited, of Wythenshawe, Manchester, they are specialists in the manufacture of inter-communication systems of the push-button type. The move to Wigan was made in 1951 and expansion is still proceeding.

Situated in the centre of a large coal-mining community, Wigan was a happy choice for a factory which also produces mine-signalling equipment on a large scale. Well, that, very briefly, is the research, development and production side of our organisation in Britain.



Our modern branch factory on the Speke industrial estate, Liverpool



Part of the office block at Hivac Ltd. in Middlesex

The Company's biggest customer is, of course, the British Post Office. The bulk of our other home customers are satisfied by the energetic staff of Communication Systems Limited, a company wholly owned by A. T. & E. Formed in 1947, this company is concerned with the sale, rental, installation and maintenance of private automatic telephone systems, intercomms and sound amplification and distribution systems. The rest of the world is a market for

A. T. & E. exports. A Systems Planning Group applies the manufacturing and research resources of the organisation as a whole to the solution of problems encountered in new projects abroad.

This brings us back to those far away places with the strange sounding names . . . Diego Martin, Alta Cordoba, São Paulo, Dar-es-Salaam, Kwantung, Lourenco Marques, Adelaide . . . and that's where we came in!

Mr. F. C. Burstall dies after short illness

As this issue was closing for press, we learned with regret that Mr. Frederick Colin Burstall, Deputy Managing Director of Automatic Telephone & Electric Co. Ltd., had died on December 7th, at the age of 66 in Leatherhead Hospital after a short illness. His home was at Farnham Common, Buckinghamshire.

Mr. Burstall joined the Company in 1931 as a commercial executive. Prior to this he was Deputy Director General of Egyptian State Railways, Posts and Telegraphs.

He was educated at Magdalen College School, Oxford, and was for a time in the choir of the Liverpool Cathedral, where his father, Frederick Hampton Burstall, was the first organist.

Mr. Burstall started his career in telecommunications with the National Telephone Company in 1904 and later served with the Traffic Branch of the British Post Office in Liverpool. From 1911 to 1913 he was a member of the R.N.V.R. and during the first world war he was in France with Inland Water Transport and finished with the rank of Captain (Acting Major). In the second war he was in command of a company of the 86th Battalion of the Home Guard.

Mr. Burstall leaves a widow and two sons.



Mr. F. C. Burstall

FIRE!

COMPANY EXHIBITION

DESTROYED IN INDIA

A midnight blaze which swept through one of the large trade pavilions at the Indian Industries Fair in New Delhi recently completely destroyed the 5,000 square-ft stand occupied by A. T. & E. In a little under an hour, 12 months' sustained work and equipment and display material to an estimated £100,000 were lost in flames.

The Company's stand, one of the largest exhibitions of telecommunications equipment ever to be sent overseas by a British firm, represented the combined efforts of hundreds of men and women in every branch of the organisation.

The exhibition, due to run for seven weeks, had been open only three days when the fire occurred. The report of an Indian official inquiry into the blaze is at present being studied.

On their return from New Delhi, Company employees who had been intimately associated with the exhibition said that the fire appeared to have started in the pavilion occupied by the Rumanian People's Republic. Highly inflammable exhibits

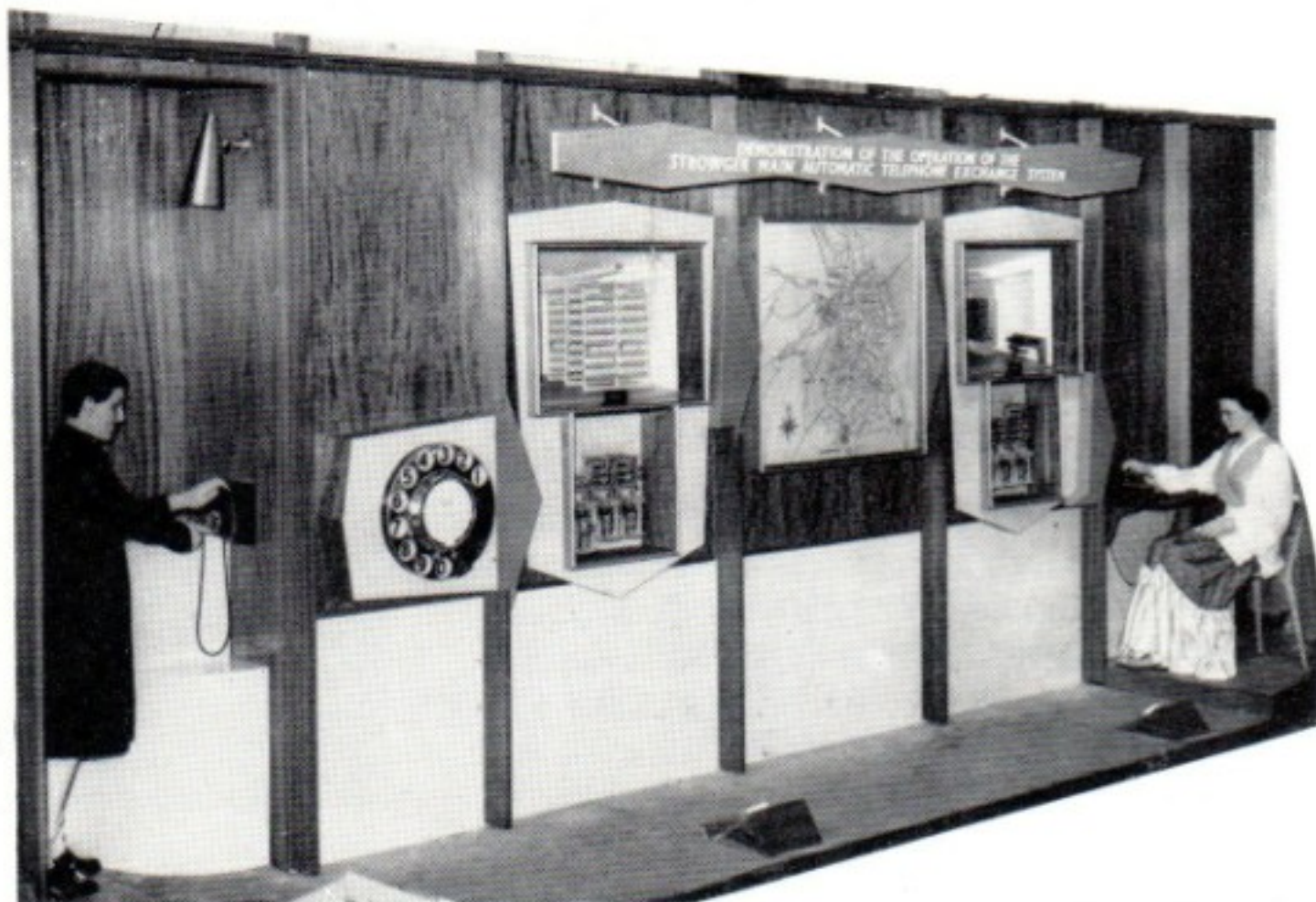
were completely destroyed and the flames spread quickly. Rumanian engineers later told the Indian Government's Court of Inquiry that they did not suspect sabotage.

The adjoining A. T. & E. stand was engulfed and local fire-fighting resources, aided by appliances of the New Delhi brigade, were unable to save our costly equipment, although the fire was under control comparatively quickly. Other stands at the exhibition also suffered some damage.

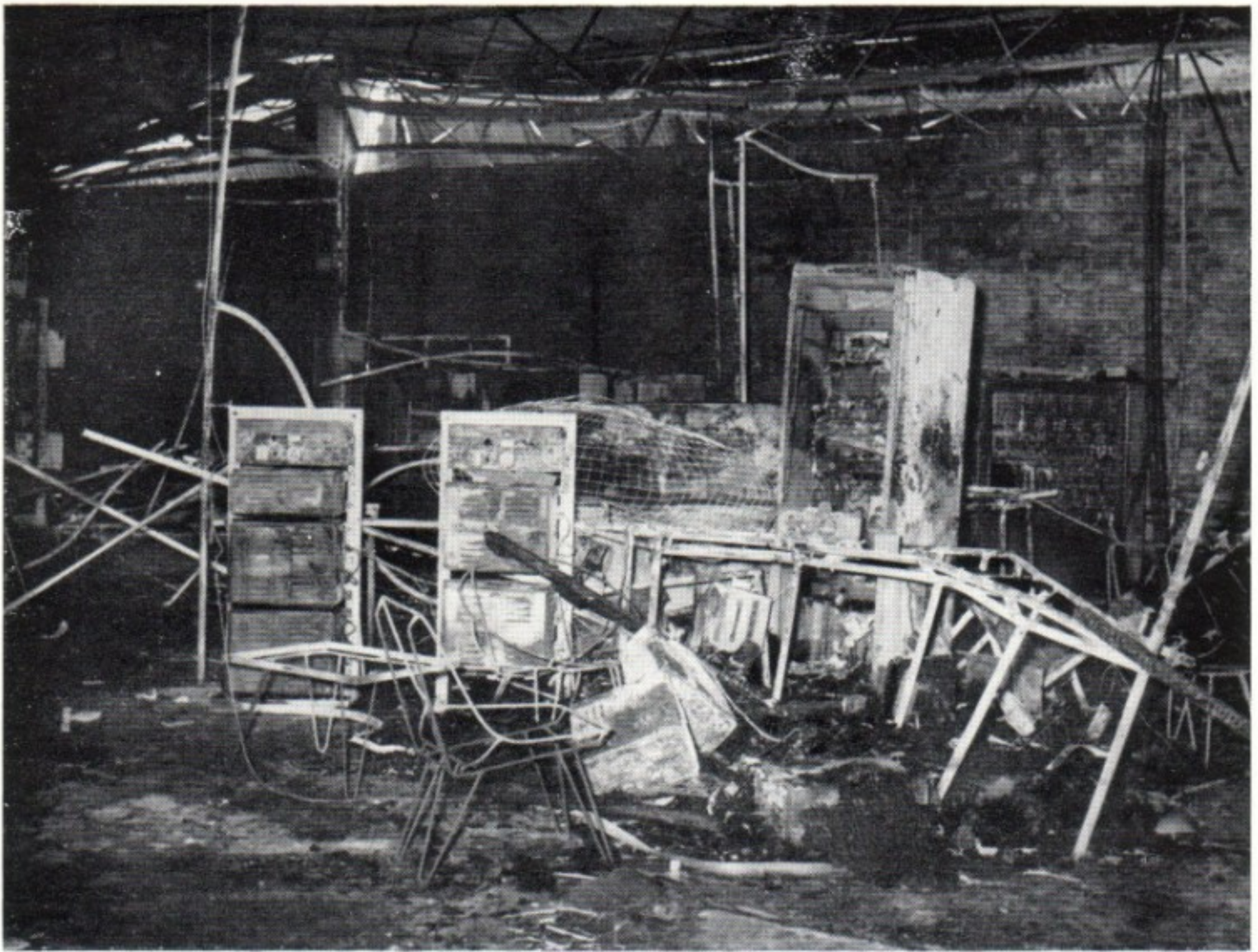
An Indian who was seen to stagger from the Rumanian pavilion with his clothes burning was taken to hospital.

Company exhibits at New Delhi covered the entire field of products manufactured by our group. They ranged from a large robot-controlled demonstration illustrating what happens when a subscriber living in one exchange area dials someone living in another, to a novel "guided radio" weighing only six pounds, developed primarily for below ground communication in mines. Other displays lost included those showing the full range of A. T. M. mine signalling, private automatic exchange and inter-office telephone equipment.

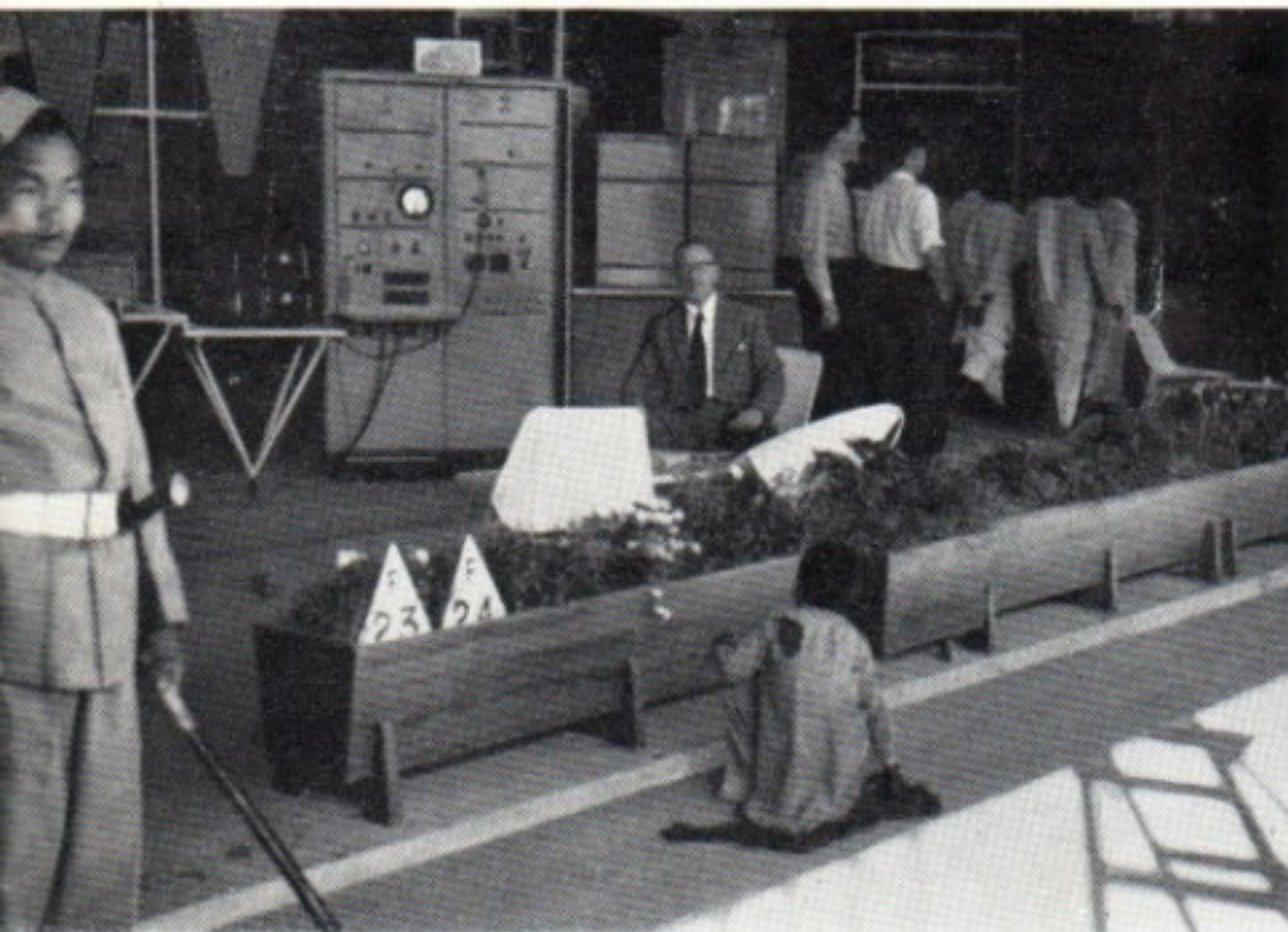
Despite their tremendous disappointment at losing their ambitious stand, our employees on the spot quickly arranged for detailed information about our products to be made available to exhibition visitors. In this way, we still managed to show our Indian friends proof of A. T. & E.'s unmatched technical skill in the field of telecommunications.



Before the blaze. One of the imposing exhibits nearly completed at Strowger Works



An 'on the spot' picture showing some of the ruined equipment at New Delhi



Display stands, forming part of the exhibition, being assembled at the Indian Industries Fair. The fair had been open only three days when the fire occurred

ELEMENTARY

MY DEAR WATSON



Clearness of speech is an asset, even on excellent modern telephones, so it is interesting to find that the inventor of the telephone was, at the age of 16, a teacher of elocution.

His name was Alexander Graham Bell. Some years later, the study of electricity became his hobby and, as his wife was deaf, he spent many hours trying to invent a gadget which would enable her to hear by electrical means. For a long time he was unsuccessful, then, one day Chance took a hand . . .

Bell's assistant, while brushing past a piece of apparatus, accidentally caught his clothing on a spring taken from a household clock. The spring was set vibrating and the twanging noise gave Bell his big idea.

He placed the spring against a drumhead he was using in another experiment, spoke at the drumhead, and thus caused the spring to vibrate in accordance with his voice. In this way he succeeded in transmitting actual speech. The first words to

travel by telephone were: "Watson, come here. I want you."

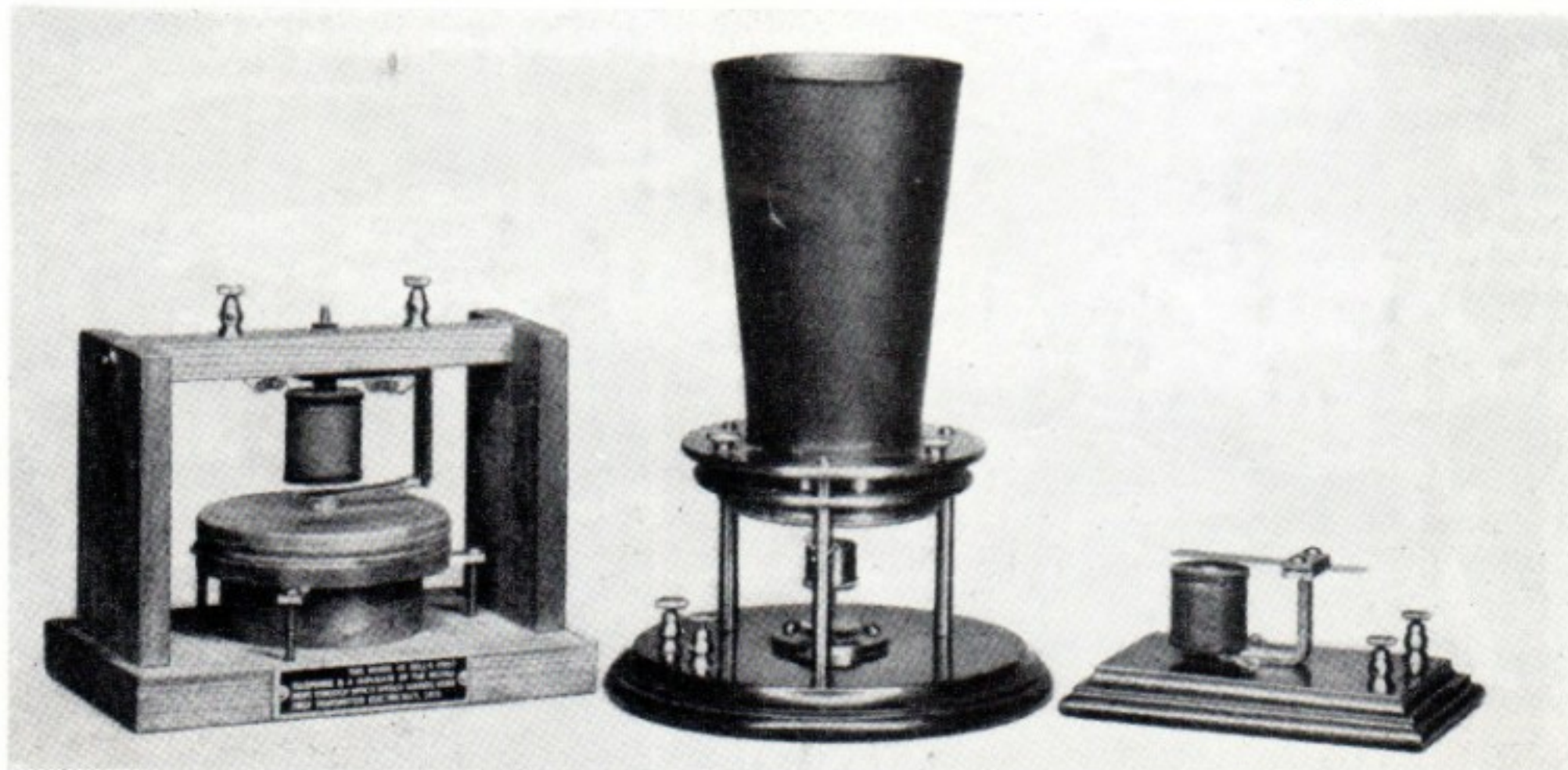
Meanwhile, two other inventors had been busy in America. One was the now-famous Edison. The other was named Gray, and he and Bell were responsible for a coincidence almost without parallel in the history of inventions.

These two men, working in complete ignorance of each other and living 1,000 miles apart, not only arrived at the same results—but actually lodged a patent for the same invention on the same day! The authorities were forced to count the minutes before deciding in favour of Bell.

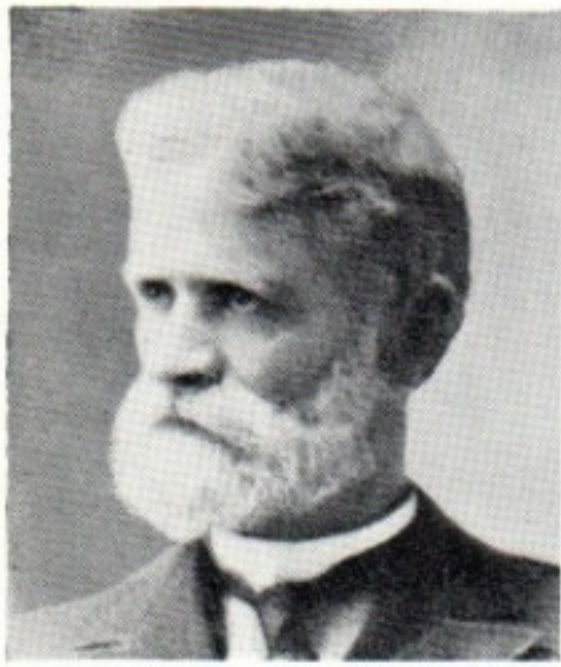
Having perfected a talking system, Bell attempted to put it on the market, but the public laughed at him.

In this country, the reception was even colder. Bell was called "charlatan" and "imposter." However, after a long struggle he managed to found a company in America and then tried again in England.

But now he encountered strong opposition in the



Part of the apparatus used by Bell during his early experiments in speech transmission



*Extreme left:
Alexander
Graham Bell,
inventor of the
world's first
practical
telephone*

*Left:
Almon B.
Strowger, who hit
on the 'step-
by-step' principle*

form of Edison, who was already established. In fact, Edison had an exchange in London in which the then unknown George Bernard Shaw was serving as a switchboard operator. Eventually the British government gave a franchise to an organisation called the National Telephone Company, and this was later superseded by the General Post Office, on whom responsibility for the public telephone service now rests and who are, of course, this Company's biggest customers.

During this time, telephone invention work was still going on and, back in America, the greatest step forward was taken when automatic telephones were invented by an irate undertaker.

His name was Almon B. Strowger—you may

have noticed the name before—and he lived in Kansas City.

This is how Strowger gained his bright idea . . . He found that his once-flourishing business was beginning to dwindle, and to dwindle rapidly, although he had plenty of evidence that people were dying just as regularly as before!

The telephone operator in the local exchange had been bribed to divert his calls to a rival, who collected most of Almon's business in consequence. Almon immediately became fired with a desire to invent some means of connecting subscribers without the intervention of human operators, and he devoted all his spare time to this end. And, eventually, he succeeded—using a collar box!

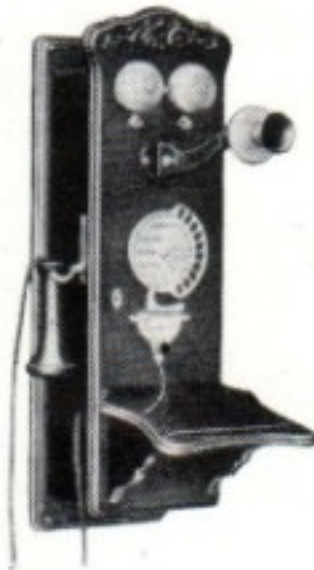
This collar box was circular and in it he stuck rows of pins to represent contacts. The whole affair revolved around an ordinary pencil as an axis.

The most astonishing part of the story is yet to come . . .

Although automatic telephones have now undergone development for more than half a century, our own up-to-date and widely used system still operates upon the principle devised by that undertaker.

There are probably some 60,000,000 automatic telephones available to the general public throughout the world, and three out of every four of them incorporate Strowger's principle.

ANCIENT . . . AND MODERN





Mr. A. E. Corser, one of the Company's widely-travelled installers



Salvage Officer J. A. Hitchcock and his father, Mr. C. A. Hitchcock, who both work in the same department

Four global trips to his credit

A man who has visited some 30 countries and covered more than 100,000 miles in his 35 years with the Company returned to Strowger Works, Liverpool, recently.

He is Mr. Arnold Corser, one of A. T. & E.'s most experienced installers. His last assignment took him to India for four years.

Out of all the places he has seen, which does he prefer? Apart from his natural affection for England (he's a Liverpool man), he unhesitatingly plumps for Jamaica. This island paradise, with its soft, silver sands, lush vegetation and exotic atmosphere was the spot where he met and married his wife, a former Preston girl. "Nobody could find a more romantic locality," says Mr. Corser.

Other experiences enjoyed by him during leisure hours while serving abroad for the Company include canoe trips on the crocodile-infested waters of the Zambesi, sun-bathing near the Sphinx, a trip to the Taj Mahal, standing on the hill where Cecil Rhodes is buried, basking in the spray of the mighty Victoria Falls and a flight over the Everest range of mountains.

Then there was the time when Mr. Corser and two other A. T. & E. employees, Mr. Harry Myers (at present in Department 672) and Mr. Jack Molyneaux, made a nightmare trip in the dark from a farm where they were staying in the vicinity of Kruger National Park to recover their broken down car . . . with a pride of lions roaming the district.

Carnival time in Trinidad, a trip in a Comet jet airliner and on-the-spot glimpses of the ancient customs and festivals of the Mystic East are a few more of the many incidental experiences attached to a job which has enabled him to cover a distance equal to four round trips of the globe.

★ ★ ★

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Did you know that 2,000 gallons of oil a month are reclaimed from metal shavings from the various machines at Strowger Works and Liverpool branch factories? Seems fantastic, but it's true!

The fine strands of metal are collected into bins and delivered daily to the Salvage Department at Edge Lane where the "swarf" is placed into a giant metal agitator which revolves 180 times a minute until the loosened oil gushes out into waiting containers.

The oil is then placed in a vat and it is heated and re-strained. It emerges as "clean" oil—the life-blood of the machine shops and is ready to be re-used. Even the wrung-out swarf does not go to waste. It is loaded into sacks and sold as scrap.

Paper from thousands of office waste paper baskets is also carefully collected by the men of the Salvage Department. It is shredded and used as packing for crates of telephones and switchboards.

Total amount of salvage handled at Strowger Works each month is about 100 tons.



NEW

GIRL

**DO YOU RECALL YOUR
FIRST DAY AS A
COMPANY EMPLOYEE?**

The girl in the café sighed. It was her lunch-hour, and soon she was due back behind the gift counter of a large Liverpool fashion store. Quite frankly, she was fed up. Trade was slow at the time and she didn't like the idea of standing about doing nothing. She looked so miserable that another girl at the same table started chatting to her, and, in a burst of confidence towards a complete stranger, 19-year-old shop girl Colette Reilly admitted: "My job is terribly boring".

The other girl, who is employed in our City Factory, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, in contrast to the crestfallen Colette, was brimful of enthusiasm for *her* work. "Why don't you come and work for A. T. & E.?" she asked. "Try the

Winding Room, for instance, you'd like the girls there."

Colette thought about the chance conversation many times during the afternoon. At home, that evening, she mentioned it to her mother. "I'd like to leave shop work and go into a factory," she said.

It was a big decision to take and mother and daughter discussed the matter from all angles. Mother demurred at first. She put forward her objections. Shop assistants didn't earn much money, maybe, but at least they did see plenty of life. There were always people coming and going. Colette countered: "Yes, but they don't seem to come to buy gifts very often." Mother tried again:



Above: Colette waits for the all-important interview, and (right) then she meets Mr. J. D. Crook, the Company's employment officer



"You won't be able to wear smart suits in a factory, you know." Said Colette: "Well, I won't have so many to buy, will I?"

Mrs. Reilly could see that Colette's mind was made up, so she started to look on the bright side of things. She remembered, for instance, that her niece had worked happily for A. T. & E. for many years. Certainly, she had never heard *her* complain of being bored. And Mr. and Mrs. Reilly had been employed at Strowger Works for brief spells during the war. Mrs. Reilly knew that the girls had certainly been very friendly to her during her brief stay.

So Colette's arguments won the day! The next big step was an interview for a job at the Employment Office at Strowger Works where recruiting is done, not only for the Edge Lane factory, but the branch factories, too.

Naturally, Colette wanted to create a good impression at the interview, so she wore her pebble-tweed, fawn, two-piece suit and a simple peach coloured blouse. A few of the girls in the waiting room, she noticed, wore big, jangly earrings, but these, Colette decided, were attention-

gainers, and the last thing she wanted was to appear conspicuous.

Like most new girls, of course, she was feeling a little apprehensive. After all, one doesn't have many interviews for jobs in one's life. Not, that is, if you are a girl like Colette.

The Company's employment officer at Strowger Works, Mr. J. D. Crook, interviews many job-seeking girls every week, and carefully selects the most promising candidates.

Mr. Crook, an expert on human and industrial relations, quickly put the new girl at her ease during the private interview, and, after all the usual questions had been asked and answered, Colette was told to return the following day for a medical examination. If she passed the scrutiny of the doctor, she was in!

Slightly dazed at her good fortune, she went off home to return next morning for her appointment with the doctor. Obviously Colette fitted the fitness requirements and was informed that she could start her new job the following day.

Now it so happened that on the morning of Colette's medical examination a photographer and

reporter from this magazine were in the waiting room. Their mission was to seek out a typical young girl about to start work for the Company and, with her co-operation, follow her movements, impressions and reactions on her first day in her new job. Colette was their choice. Not just because she is Colette, but because her story might well be YOUR story. You probably went through the same routines as she when you applied for YOUR job. Like her, you probably wondered what your new colleagues on the work bench would be like. You'd heard a lot about the comradeship of factory life and you hoped to share in it.

Buttonholed by our representatives, Colette agreed to be the model for this feature story—provided her mother was in favour of the idea.

But mother was slightly apprehensive. "Would it be a good thing for a new girl to arrive at the factory in a blaze of publicity?" she asked. "But," said Colette "maybe it will break the ice for me more quickly than if I just crept to my bench not knowing anyone on the first morning." Mother was again won over. Her father, Mr. Bob Reilly, a furniture warehouseman, said he had no objections.

Colette was to start work for A. T. & E. in Department 16 at City Factory. Her life was about to take on a new pattern, but she felt it would be a happy and purposeful one. An only girl at home, Colette was soon to enter into the comradeship that, perhaps, only the factory lass knows. When you're at a bench from eight till six you soon learn to make friends. Life would be pretty miserable if you didn't. In common with many other prospective A. T. & E. employees, Colette Reilly awaited her first day at the factory with interest.

Now Colette is not the first person to say: "It's a small world," nor will she be the last. She hadn't asked to be put in the Winding Shop. The powers-that-be had decided that for her. So Colette was very excited when she found that, sitting almost opposite her at the factory next morning, was Joan, the girl to whom she'd spoken in the café a fortnight previously.

Mutual astonishment, smiles and friendly words were exchanged. Out of the thousands of girls employed in our factories, Colette's colleague was the stranger who had directly helped to influence her future career!

New girls are given instruction and training in their jobs and, in Strowger Works at Edge Lane, this is done in the Training Department, which is



Colette is shown how to tackle her job

part of the Personnel and Welfare Department. In City Factory, where Colette was placed, training is given in the department concerned under an instructor attached to the Training Department and the group leader.

During her first week with A. T. & E., Colette joined other new factory employees in introductory and explanatory lectures which are held in the works cinema. These are informal and friendly talks given by the factory labour and welfare superintendent, the employment officer and a senior officer from the wages department. The talks cover all aspects of factory life and include information on safety and wages and descriptions and demonstrations of the Company's products. New girls also meet the women's welfare supervisor, Miss D. M. Cubbin, who is available to help and advise on any special problem that may arise.

The instructor and group leader at City Factory were very helpful to Colette on her first day. They showed her how to pack and cover telephone ringer coils so that the paper lay smooth and wrinkle-free, and they passed on many other tips.

Colette set to work—then stopped for a moment and stared in amazement at a girl called Lily who



Her first canteen meal—with friendly workmates



At home, Colette plays records with her boy-friend

handles 26 ringer coils every hour. Twenty-six is a pretty good average and the girls, who are on piece-work, quickly learn how to become proficient and step up their output.

Of course, it is beyond any new girl's capabilities to attain high output from scratch. In her first hour at the bench Colette began to doubt her ability to make the grade at all. But the instructor popped along at regular intervals and reassured her. "We all had to learn. Things are bound to be a bit strange at first," she explained understandingly.

As she worked, Colette was gradually drawn into the conversation around her. At 10 o'clock, the girl on her left offered her some tea. Colette beamed her thanks and her confidence picked up again. Once more she applied herself to the ringer coils . . . and the hours sped past quickly until lunch-time at 12-30. Colette thought back to the fashion store. Already it seemed far away. She remembered how the hours had d-r-a-g-g-e-d!

Girls with 22-inch waists don't have many figure problems, and Colette ate a hearty meal (main course of steak pie and vegetables) in the works canteen. Then she went off on a brief window-shopping tour along busy London Road. She felt glad she was working in the city—it's handier to the shops and her pay-packet would, in future, be a heavier one!

At 1-30 p.m., Colette joined the girls streaming back into the factory, donned her new green over-all again, and applied herself vigorously to ringer coils. Once again, the instructor was on hand to smooth away any difficulties. At 3-45 "Music While You Work" came over the internal broadcasting system and Colette, who is a popular music fan, was delighted when she recognised tunes made famous by crooner Dickie Valentine. He's her favourite pin-up . . . after her boy-friend, that is.

Soon it was six o'clock. Colette sped for home in the south end of the city as rapidly as she could. Her family would want to know all the news, just as quickly as she could tell them.

Tea was momentarily forgotten as Colette, with shining eyes, told her parents and 16-year-old brother Kevin, of her experiences . . . How she'd met Joan . . . How everybody had been so helpful . . . How one girl had bought half a pound of

sweets during the lunch-hour and handed them around . . . And how wonderful the work was compared with just standing around in a shop.

Colette's brother was first to think of more practical matters. "Well, glad you like it, Col," he said. "Now, d'you mind passing the bread and butter. I'm hungry!"

When tea was finished and Colette and Kevin had done the washing-up in the neat little kitchenette of their home, Colette changed into a navy-blue H-line dress, added a double row of chalk-white beads and applied a touch of glamour to her features—not that it is really needed! Then she went off to meet her boy-friend, 22-year-old Pat Corish, a clerk with an insurance company. Colette and Pat met at a local dance a year ago and Pat is a frequent visitor to the Reilly's home.

Colette has weaknesses for chocolates and, as we've learned, singer Dickie Valentine. So Pat bought her chocolate as they strolled home from

seeing a double-feature film at the local cinema and they spent the rest of the evening playing records on the Reilly radiogram.

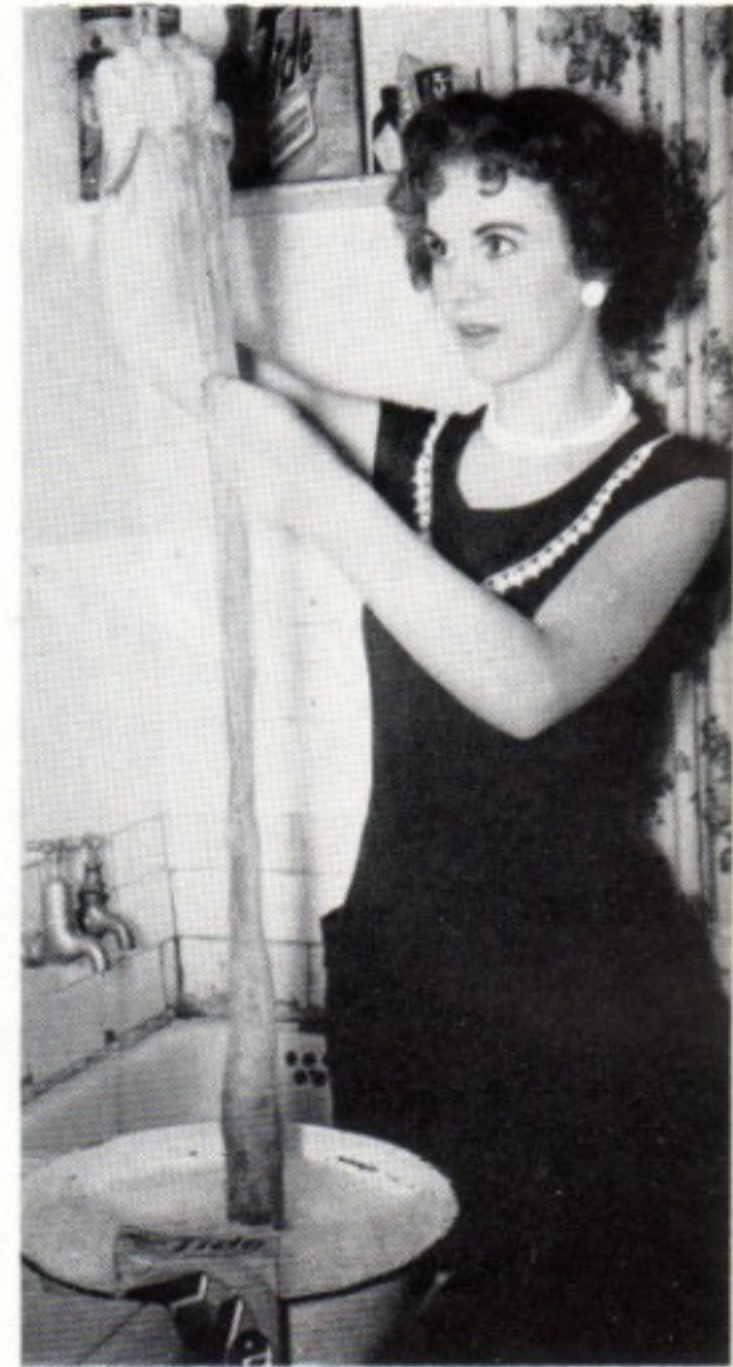
Colette's life had now started to be dominated by the clock. At 10-15 p.m., with the knowledge that she'd have to be up not later than 6-45 the next morning, Colette bade a door-step goodnight to Pat and returned to the house to gather her things together for the following morning. Then she rinsed her nylons and put them up to dry and spent the next 10 minutes repairing a ladder in her second best pair.

By 10-45 she was in bed, the alarm clock set for 6-30 a.m. It had been a pretty eventful day, Colette reflected drowsily. She was now a member of a big, friendly, industrial family and the future looked quite rosy. Tomorrow wouldn't be too bad, she decided.

For tomorrow she would no longer be a new girl!



Over tea with the family, she recounts the day's events and demonstrates the job she has been doing



Last chore before bed—washing her nylons



How heavy is YOUR job?

**THIS MAN KNOWS
TO WITHIN AN OUNCE!**

Can you calculate the weight of responsibility attached to your job? Most people would be able to give only a rough reply to this question—but not Mr. Frederick Wilson, of Strowger Works, Liverpool. He can answer *precisely*, almost to within an ounce.

For Mr. Wilson has a job with a difference. He is controller of precious metals for the Liverpool area of our organisation, which means that he is the man who keeps tabs on the large quantities of gold, silver and platinum used in many of our products each year.

Accuracy in this task is obviously essential, with material such as platinum costing about £26 an ounce.

Behind strong, steel doors, in a specially safeguarded office, the precious metal is kept under constant observation. Nobody is allowed to touch it without written authorisation.

A London firm gives us delivery once a month. Drawn from ingots into easily-handled 10-ounce and 25-ounce coils, wire and tape, the glistening metal is, of course, well insured during transit and is thoroughly checked on arrival. Regular audits are an additional precaution.

Mr. Wilson supplies platinum, silver and mixtures of both these metals for the manufacture of contacts for relay springs. The completed con-

tacts—mushroom-shaped components about the size of pin heads—are carefully checked for accuracy, counted and passed on to Mr. Wilson for safe keeping before they are assembled into relays. Rejected contacts and scrap are carefully husbanded and sold.

Only the best material is good enough and most of our precious metal is 99.9% pure. For instance, the platinum we use is superior to that found in most brooches and engagement rings. Value of the metal ordered annually runs into six figures and, to give you an idea of quantity, in 1953 we manufactured some 21,000,000 contacts—just from silver!

What does it feel like to be in charge of stock worth many thousands of pounds? Like a banker who has to handle big sums of other people's money every day, Mr. Wilson takes it in his stride. "It used to worry me a bit when I took over the job 10 years ago," he says, "but I'm accustomed to it now."

With a personal service record of 30 years, Mr. Wilson believes that A. T. & E. is a happy organisation. Proof of this is the fact that his son, Roger, is an apprentice toolmaker at Strowger Works, and his daughter, Olive, works in the Contracts Department.

High-speed

FOR SLOW MOTION



When the average person uses a camera he probably feels he is working pretty quickly if he takes, say, a couple of pictures within the space of a minute. But Mr. D. L. Walker, of the Apparatus Design Division at Strowger Works, is working only normally when he takes 3,000 pictures a second!

For Mr. Walker is the Company's high-speed cameraman, a job which, strangely enough, makes him an expert on the study of ultra-slow motion. You'll see what we mean shortly . . .

In addition to his other duties as an engineer, Mr. Walker has spent five years mastering the mysteries and intricacies of equipment costing £1,000 which photographs the operations of our fast-moving mechanisms. His 16mm moving pictures are used by various departments to check quick-action equipment, improve operation and design, confirm theories and trace possible faults.

Automatic Telephone & Electric Company Limited was the first of the telecommunication equipment manufacturers to pioneer the high-speed check on telephone apparatus, and other big industrial and commercial enterprises in this country are only now beginning to appreciate the applications of this quick-fire camera.

For instance, an engineer may want a slow-motion film of a gadget which operates faster than the eye can see. The photographic equipment used by the cinema people to slow down trains and athletes takes about 64 pictures a second, but this is not fast enough for us, so along comes Mr.

Walker with *his* camera. Using this express equipment, he can make a 600 m.p.h. jet plane crawl along at only three m.p.h., so obviously he has little trouble in producing a four-minute movie on a single action lasting, perhaps less than a second.

Two of Mr. Walker's ultra-slow motion films were selected for exhibition at the Congress of the International Scientific Film Association in Paris. Another of his photographic triumphs is a two-minute celluloid record of the firing of a camera flash bulb.

How does Mr. Walker spend his leisure time? More photography, possibly? No, something a little slower than that—stamp collecting!



QUICK SERVICE

An employee who arrived at the scene of a minor accident a few moments after it occurred was asked by a member of A. T. & E. Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade—first man on the spot—to dial “00” and report the accident and its location.

The man went to the nearest phone—about 60 yards away—and relayed particulars. When he returned a few moments later he found two other members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade tending the casualty.

Within one minute, four other members reported to the scene, but they were not required. Within three minutes, local first-aid had been given and the casualty was on his way to the Emergency Room.

DIAL NONsense

or a peep into the
telephonic future

Recent news items have hinted that the telephone may soon be entering a new era in this country. At Hull, housewives hard-pressed day-after-day to find appetising lunches for hungry hubbies, need no longer worry. All they have to do is pick up their telephones, dial the prescribed formula, and up comes a tempting recipe fit for a king.

Next spring, the Commons was told, it is hoped to provide Londoners with a weather forecasting service. Like the now familiar TIM girl—used on an average, about 300,000 times a week—these recorded forecasts may soon become part of the everyday scene.



We shall then be able to find out not only that we are going to be late for our appointments, but also that we are going to get soaked getting to them!

Weather addicts, who at present have to content themselves with newspaper, radio and television experts trying to explain away the endless depressions that engulf our island, will have a new source of inspiration. The WEATHER girl, that golden-voiced Siren-to-be, will keep them abreast of every anti-cyclone, and ensure that no matter how brief our summer is next year, they need have no fear of missing it!

But these are only the first signs of the New Age in which the telephone promises to become both Prophet and Comforter. In West Berlin, for example, which has frequently been the focal point of East-West tension in the past, citizens depressed by the latest political moves, can turn to their telephones for light-hearted solace.

A confidential character with beer-garden bonhomie gives them a daily joke—usually with a stinging political twist. Thousands of Berliners, I am told, would not dream of setting-out for their offices each morning without being thus fortified.

A laugh over the current gag with their pals on the office-bound tram starts the day off right. For we must remember that, unlike we British, these unfortunate Continentals haven't got the weather to fall back on as an unfailing conversational aid.



In their dull climes, snow rarely falls in May, and it is the rule, rather than the exception, for the sun to shine in summer.

I mention the gag-a-day service merely as a matter of interest, and not in the hope that it will be adopted by the Post Office. In my opinion, the weather *is* our daily joke, and to introduce another would be quite superfluous.

The list of information services that may be available to British telephone users in the not-too-distant future is almost unlimited. Football, cricket, racing and other sports results, together with entertainment guides and news highlights, are a few that spring readily to mind.

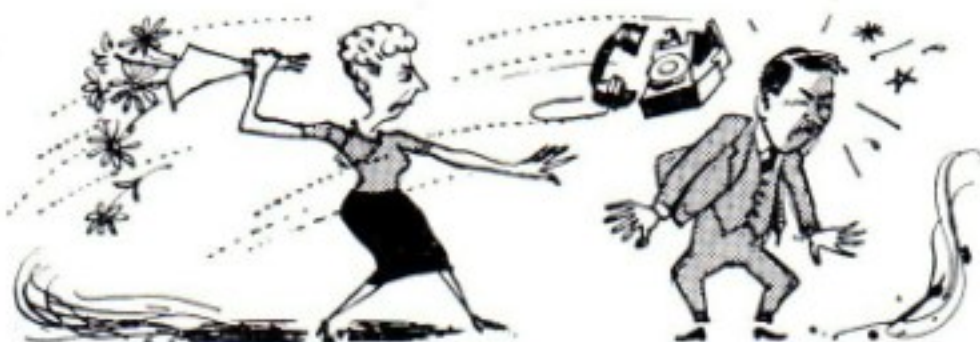
For the benefit of the planners, I should like to make one or two not so obvious suggestions which I think would prove invaluable to the public, and which might otherwise be overlooked.

How many devoted husbands, for instance, arrive home late for their evening meal after imbibing too generously with their pals at the local, without any satisfactory explanation to satisfy an irate wife?

Think how comforting it would be if the erring

spouse could turn to a telephone, dial ALI for ALIbi and hear a dove-like voice saying: "The exhibition of electronic engineering now at the Such-and-such Hall, remains open until 8 p.m. You could have been there." Or perhaps—"Mass X-rays are now taking place at the town hall each evening up till 7-30 p.m., it is the duty of every citizen to have a regular check-up."

For those who shun such deception, I can only offer the Say-it-with-flowers, or Hints-for-harmony-in-the-home-service. Let us admit it, in the past many of us have remembered not to forget that important anniversary, only to be stumped when it comes to knowing what to take home as an appropriate gift.



This is where the ANN for ANNiversary service could come to your aid. "Golden Voice" could tell you, for instance, that dahlias were plentiful in the shops and that tulips were now a better buy than daffodils. What could be simpler?

But I don't want to give the impression that we are obsessed with the domestic scene. Here is a suggestion that should prove popular with everyone. Have you ever been placed in the awkward position where you have to meet a fellow whose pet subject



is something you know nothing whatsoever about? It is important for you to impress him with your knowledge, and you are desperately anxious to make the meeting a success.

If he is an ardent golfer, squash player, or tennis fiend, the problem is comparatively simple. But what if your visitor collects Oriental match-box tops, or specialises in the migratory habits of the Bootle blackbird. What then?

Here again our telephone service of the future may be able to provide the solution. Dial HOB for HOBBies and you will be connected with an expert who will provide you with enough information to keep the evening going at a cracking pace.

Let me in conclusion issue a warning. Although the vistas opened up by the new Telephone Information Age seem limitless, it would be wrong to imagine that they are not without their pitfalls. Like other modern aids, they could be ruined by abuse.

The erring hubby's late-home excuse would not look so good, if it was met with a stern-faced wife and the acid comment: "You'll have to do better than that this time, dear, I've just dialled ALIbi myself!"

Ex-R.S.M. was never late once

The proud boast of 65-year-old "Big Jack" Hickson, who retired recently after 30 years with the Company, was that he had never been late once. Appropriately enough, he was time-keeper at our City Factory in Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

Big Jack—he's a six-footer weighing more than 18 stone—is an ex-Army man, as anyone can see at a glance. He first donned uniform in 1908 and went out to India with the Cheshire Regiment. He was sent to France at the outbreak of the Kaiser

war and was wounded three times and discharged with the rank of regimental sergeant major.

After a spell of duty with Liverpool Police, he joined A. T. & E. at Edge Lane in 1924 and eventually became one of the night patrolmen. He has spent 25 years on nights—a Company record?—and helped to save the factory from fire during the blitzes. He transferred to City Factory in 1952.

Big Jack's son, Sam, and his youngest daughter, Alice, also work for A. T. & E., and his eldest daughter, Mary, spent 15 years with the Company.



IT'S SAFER TO WORK FOR US!

The fitter at his bench sighed, put down his file and gazed out of his window. He frowned. The window was shut and the workshop felt stuffy. He decided casually to introduce some fresh air and walked across to the window—but his foot slipped and the industrial accident rate clicked up another fraction.

Seems a trifling sort of mishap, you might say. Perhaps it was—but that fitter was off work for 20 days with an injured ankle and his misfortune counted as a tiny black mark against A. T. & E.'s safety record.

At first glance, many industrial accidents do appear to be trifling, but take a closer look and you will discover more serious aspects. A few examples of accidents that occurred in our Liverpool factories last year will illustrate the point . . .

One employee slipped and fell down a flight of stairs. He sustained spine and ankle injuries and was off work for four days, but another worker who experienced a similar fall fractured a shoulder and was away 95 days.

A man was removing a label from a piece of equipment, when the knife slipped and cut his thumb. The thumb turned septic and 41 working days had to be sacrificed.

A portable drill dropped from a bench and gashed an operator's foot (four days off work) a swing door clouted somebody else on the forehead (four days) a steel splinter flew from a piece of metal and entered a man's eye (22 days) and another man fell from a lorry, suffering abrasions, cuts and shock (20 days).

These accidents could all be classified as trifling from the point of view of CAUSE—but not in EFFECT. Added to the other mishaps in our works, they accounted for no fewer than 3,880 man-hours, which is equivalent to 88 people being off work for a whole week.

But you needn't worry. It's safer working for A. T. & E. than almost any other big firm in Britain. And that's a fact!

Last year we had only 36 accidents which caused loss of time beyond a day or a shift, and, of these, only 25 involved loss of three days or more. Our figures are less than half of those of firms in our own line of business and less than one-third of those in the electrical engineering field.

We had only one accident involving an employee under 18. He was a youth who nipped a finger with a drilling spindle. Sepsis set in six weeks

AFTER the incident and he went off sick for seven days. Elsewhere in Britain, accidents involving young workers are a serious problem, the official 1953 figure being 11,971.

Every year since 1948 our accident frequency rate has taken a tumble until, now, it is down to 0.25, which compares with 3.89 in the metal galvanising industry, 1.26 in textiles and even 0.47 in the hosiery trade. Not bad going!

Let's have another look at the causes of accidents in general. Most people think that power-driven machinery is the No. 1 Evil. But this is not so. Mishaps in the handling of goods and materials are an easy first.

The important thing to bear in mind is that people cause accidents, they just don't happen. You can always find a reason—ignorance of the correct method, for instance, recklessness, excitability or even boredom.

According to the 1953 report of the Chief Inspector of Factories, which is the latest national record, there were more than 181,000 industrial accidents and 744 were fatal. Of these, 13,000 were concerned with building operations (207 deaths), 7,000 were reported from docks and warehouses, and 158,000 from factories.

Be thankful, therefore, that a lively body of men and women within our organisation are constantly waging war on accidents and their causes.

In Strowger works, an Accident Prevention Advisory Committee is under the chairmanship of Mr. W. S. Vick, deputy manager (works control). Mr. C. H. Evans, personnel and welfare manager, is vice-chairman, and permanent members include Mr. H. W. Barrett, works manager, Miss D. M. Cubbin, women's welfare supervisor, Dr. T. E. Lloyd, medical officer, the safety officer, Mr. R. G. W. Lockyer, and his assistant, representatives of plant, maintenance and methods and at least one person from each department in the works (elected annually).

Mr. A. McNeill, welfare superintendent, is the committee's permanent secretary, and Miss I. Baker is minutes secretary.

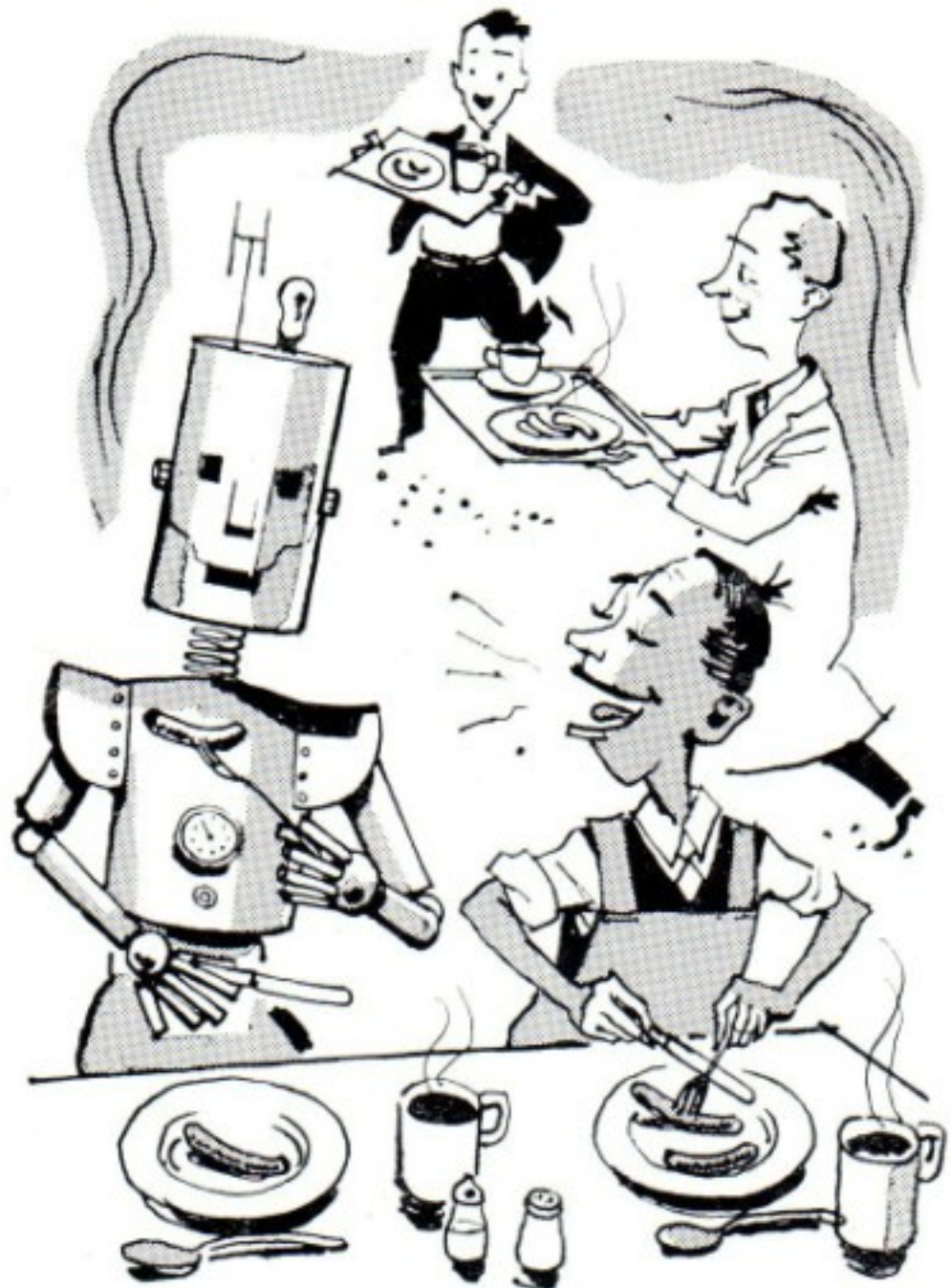
This 50-strong group met nine times last year and dealt with 137 items which have added to YOUR further safety. The subjects they covered varied from cigarette ends to pot holes, from dust fumes to swing doors, and from frozen taps to solder pots—in addition to regular talks, demonstrations and film shows for new employees, displays of posters, special safety weeks and so on.

Even though this committee has been functioning since 1936, the average number of recommendations each month is still between 15 and 20. In other words, a fresh slant on safety for almost every working day.

One of our safety ideas which has also helped other firms is the "W" guard used on drilling machine spindles. The brainchild of Mr. Fred Williamson, Department 97 foreman, it has helped to prevent accidents at many other factories and attracted the attention of Sir George Barnett, the Chief Inspector of Factories.

Mr. Williamson never thought of payment for his design because he, like other foremen, regards safety as part of his job.

But all the ideas in the world won't do any good unless there is co-operation from the individual. It doesn't matter who you are, the boss in the board room, the bloke on the bench or the boffin amid the blueprints, you can't shirk your responsibilities over accident prevention—because YOU'RE the one who suffers!



"Newcomer, eh?—Thought I hadn't seen you around here before!"

Footsteps in the Clouds

THE MAN WHO MARRIED ADVENTURE



Steel nerves and steady balance needed here

Losing six front teeth after ramming the back of a bus is not a very pleasant beginning to any story. Nevertheless, that is the start to Fred Smith's exploits in the vast, silent world of snow-capped peaks, razor-sharp ridges and sheer rock faces.

Back in 1946, during the Christmas holiday break, young Frederick Arthur Smith had little love for mountains. To him the mighty Himalayan Range was just a phrase from the geography books and the Alps were remote references in the better-class touring guides. Nearer home, however, the Welsh mountains gained his attention in no uncertain manner—because Fred was on a winter cycling tour with a party of friends.

At Corwen, near Llangollen, while descending a mountain road, the brakes of Fred's machine failed. A motor bus brought him to a full stop. Leaving his damaged bicycle and half a dozen teeth at Corwen, he spent the rest of his holiday hill walking. That was his first taste of mountain fever.

Ever since that Christmas crash, Fred Smith has been an ardent admirer of heights. He showed a natural aptitude for climbing, learned rapidly and was soon making mountaineering history. A cruel mishap prevented him from making even more lurid history with the well-known Merseyside Himalayan expedition (which he organised in his spare time while a draughtsman in the main drawing office at Strowger Works, Liverpool), but he intends to make up for this by organising and leading his own party to the high Andes of unexplored Peru in 15 months' time.

But we are jumping too far ahead in our story. Let us go back to the summer of 1947 when the call of the hills eventually lured Fred away from his home in 16 Stanton Road, Bebington, to the world-famous climbing hostel of Idwal Cottage in Snowdonia. Just to be close to his beloved mountains, the young Smith took a ten-bob-a-week job as assistant warden at the hostel and in between his many chores he worked diligently to acquire a polished rock-climbing technique.

Tutored by top-flight rock experts, Fred lost no time in achieving his polish and, within six months, he was leading parties on ascents of Very Severe classification—climbs such as Lot's Groove, an awe-inspiring overhang where, as the name suggests, there is no return once the climber has started out.

Looking back over his first seven years as a climber, Fred, still only 29, estimates that he has



Fred Smith surveys the snowclad slopes of the Matterhorn, one of his many Alpine conquests

spent at least 45 weekends out of every year in the mountains. Of course, it was inevitable that he should go overseas seeking fresh peaks to conquer and his first venture abroad was in the summer of 1948. For three weeks, he and two friends pitted themselves against some of the toughest snow and ice in Europe—the Dauphiné Alps—although not one of them had any previous overseas climbing experience.

The following year, Fred, then 23, went to Zermatt in Switzerland and, in a fortnight, cheerfully scaled eight peaks, each over 14,000 feet high, including the Matterhorn. That, he considers, was one of his best seasons—despite the fact that he started out weighing nearly 11 stones and took off a whole stone in 14 days.

What about his most memorable experiences? Well, he spent a night on the totally exposed face of 15,000-ft Monte Rosa, unable to move, while a howling blizzard swirled around him. “That was the longest, coldest night ever”, he says. On another occasion, he fell 180 feet down an Alpine ice slope but was saved by a rope attached to his second man.

Gruesome experiences? Yes, these too. He had to dig out four dead French students from an ice gully and, later, found two English corpses, victims of the snow on La Meije.

A dangerous pastime, you might say, but Fred’s mother tells us that she doesn’t worry when her son is out climbing. She has the utmost confidence in his judgment and ability. His girl friend doesn’t share his enthusiasm for climbing, but she is quite philosophical at the prospect of marrying a man who is already wed to his mountains.

To get on with the story once more, the Smith climbing boots have been to the Alps on six different occasions and they have stood on the summits of some 50 peaks rising to 13,000 feet (and more). Among the draughtsman’s achievements is the first British guideless ascent of the east face of Monte Rosa, 15,420 feet up and the second highest peak in Europe. It took his party of three no fewer than 37 hours to complete the climb . . . and that without food, fire or shelter.

While doing all this climbing, Fred developed the urge to form an expedition and tackle some-



A typical village in the high Alps

thing really tough—the Himalayas. The idea became feasible in 1953, but it was two years before the trek started.

Fred had joined A. T. & E. in 1952 and the Company, when approached, agreed to give him leave of absence. After months of preparation and masses of paper work, Fred managed to raise £2,500 from sponsors. Then came the biggest disappointment in his life. During a short sojourn in hospital for an exploratory operation on his right knee, which had been giving him trouble, complications set in and he was forced to undergo six subsequent operations and his place in the expedition had to be relinquished.

The doctors allowed Fred to get out of bed and see his expedition colleagues leave England in February of this year. Our hard-bitten hero with the crinkly hair says he was almost in tears when the party sailed.

But the climbers were in good hands, those of Alf Gregory, who went to 28,000 feet on Everest with Sir John Hunt. Gregory led them up 19 peaks of 20,000 feet and more and they surveyed 100 square miles of unexplored territory near Gauri Shankar.

That knee of Fred's is still giving him trouble, but he is determined to be fully fit for 1957 for his six-month trek through unexplored southern Peru, the cradle of the mighty Amazon and the lost land of the fabulous Incas. This five-feet-eight, twentieth century Cortez is even now carrying out investigatory work—by letter—into his £2,000 journey into the unknown.



Helping to test equipment later used on Everest



Rare moment—a book by the fire

His party of six will take Geiger counters with them to help them in their survey of the mineral resources of the Andes. It may even help them to find some of that lost Inca gold—who knows?



They work while you sleep

When the average employee is yawning in his armchair and beginning to think of bed, some 200 men are busy at Strowger Works. They are the night shift, the folk who take over, on a smaller scale, where the eight-to-sixers leave off.

Night starts, from a factory point of view, shortly after the thousands of day workers leave the premises at Edge Lane, Liverpool. Then, over in the power house, an electrician throws the transformer switches for the reduced load, and the pulse of the industrial giant begins to slacken.

For a few hours the bustle of production is forgotten. Office lights are out, desks are cleared and a host of machines stand silent. Only the footsteps of patrolmen disturb the stillness of workshop and corridor.

But soon the factory awakens from its cat-nap and the first of the late shift men come on duty.

Five nights a week, these men enter by the Brompton Road entrance, where Mr. R. A. McCreadie, the timekeeper, has his office. Only one gate is open after dark and everybody who enters the works is checked—either by the time clock or by the visitors' book.

No exception was made for your magazine. Although we had permission to visit the factory for this story and pictures, our arrival and departure were duly noted and the book was sent to the works management the following morning.

One of the first people we came across was the chief night patrolman, Mr. J. Hurstfield. Under the direction of Mr. A. E. Wynn, night superintendent, he is responsible for security at Strowger and City Factory and Speke and Stopgate Lane.

The work of the patrolmen is doubly important for patches of shadow could conceal smouldering substances which might threaten the works. Of course, the plant is carefully watched against fire risks all round the clock, but at night vigilance must be at its highest. Patrolmen are touring the premises and reporting back both day and night.

Shortly before 10 p.m., Mrs. Catherine Parry and Mrs. E. Hughes, two canteen assistants, arrive at the plant. They come in each night to prepare the men's meals.

And what is the food like? Not bad at all!

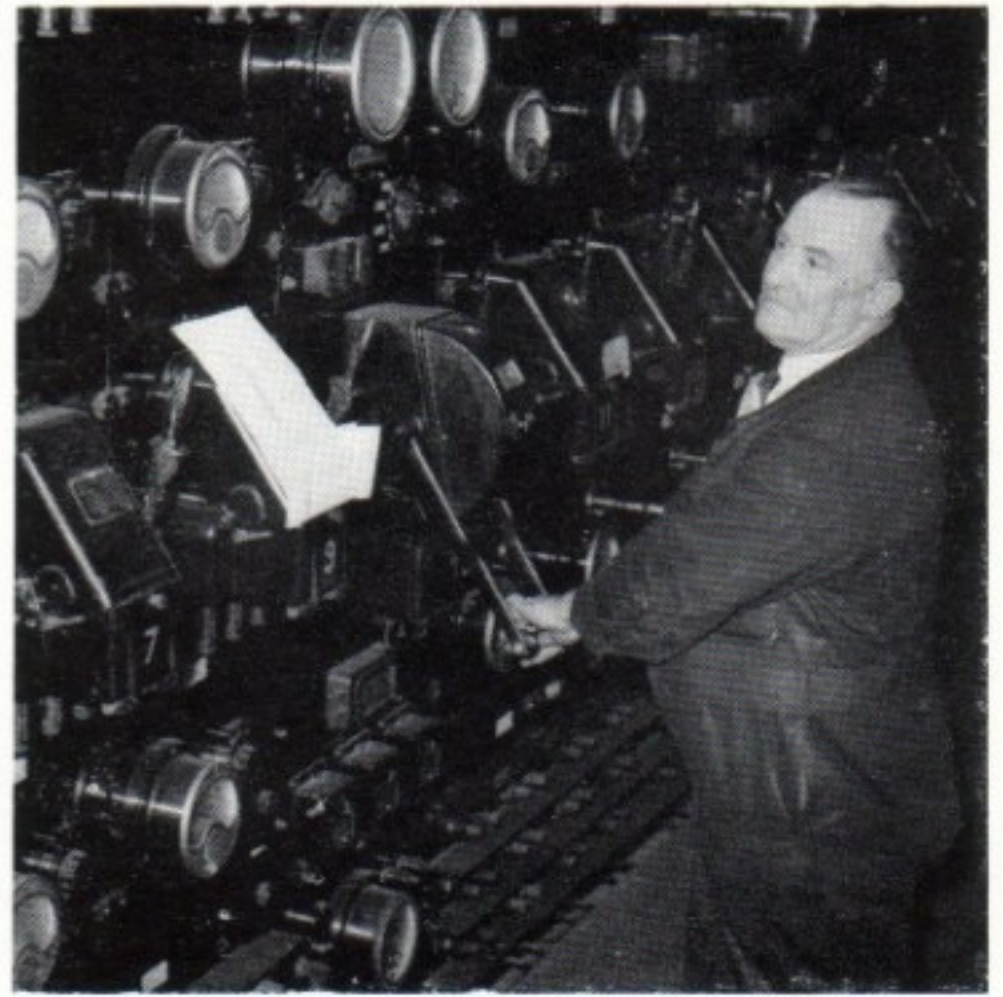
When we looked in on them they were preparing soup, mixed grill and chips, fried and steamed fish, rice pudding, fruit tarts and steamed puddings. Day canteen employees leave them the raw materials and Mrs. Parry and Mrs. Hughes do the rest—from the preparation and cooking to the washing up. Quite a task!

Official "lunch" hour, by the way, is from 2-15 a.m. to 3-15 a.m., and at approximately 11 p.m. and 5 a.m. Mrs. Hughes tours the departments with the tea trolley.

How do these two women like cooking at nights? Says Mrs. Parry, a widow who has spent six years on this sort of work, "Well, it was a bit strange at first but we're used to it by now and the people on nights are such a cheery crowd."



A broad grin from George Parr (eight years on nights) as he checks the boilers



John Betts, with 30 years' service, is one of the key electricians

She has something there. They certainly *ARE* a cheery crowd. Maybe this happy spirit is generated by the very size of the shift. Few in numbers, compared with day workers, they know each other by sight if not by name, and are united in the knowledge that they are doing something useful and rewarding while most of their fellow creatures are frittering away the hours in sleep. Call it smugness, if you like, but night workers, on their way home, always feel slightly superior to other mortals.

It's a strange fact, too, that people who once start on nights seem to stick it—the superintendent himself, for instance. Mr. Wynn first tackled nights in 1946 . . . and he's still at it.

A veteran with 30 years' service, Mr. John Betts, one of the key electricians, has spent eight years on nights. His view: "They don't worry me in the slightest." Happy enough, too, is Mr. George Parr, who works in the boiler house. He can always find the energy to whistle a tune as he controls the warmth and supplies steam to different departments.

In case of mishaps, a nurse stands by in the firm's medical department.

Finally, we come to the 64-dollar question, "Why do we have night shifts?" And the answer is they speed up the manufacturing cycle time on certain processes, giving quicker delivery for customers, and they balance the load placed on plant and certain machinery.



"Seen what young Smedley has designed to keep him company on nights?"

SPORTSNAPS

A QUICK LOOK ROUND AT THE VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

OPEN TO ALL EMPLOYEES

No lack of sporting talent in our organisation! Come with us for a quick look-in at the different sections connected with the Sports and Social Organisation in Liverpool and you'll see what we mean.

There's almost sure to be something that will interest YOU . . .

JUDO, for instance? There's six girls in this 50-strong group and, believe it or not, they're as keen as mustard. They take what look like bone-crushing falls with the best of the blokes and come back for more tuition twice a week.

Club leader and man who teaches members tricks of this Japanese trade is Alf Leigh (Department 132). Alf has qualified for his Black Belt—one of the cult's highest honours in this country—but Secretary Jack Hayes (Department 01) is the club veteran. He's been at grips with the game for no fewer than 50 years. Yes, fifty! What do members get out of Judo? Apart from the fun, they tell us it's good for mind and body.

SOCCER is, of course, at the height of its seasonal popularity. Two teams are fielded, one in the First Division of the Liverpool Business Houses League and the other in the "A" Division of the Liverpool County Combination. Man guiding the destiny of the 1st Division team is captain Fred Kilshaw, a former player with Flint Town United.

"The day the temporary goalkeeper failed to turn up" is still talked about as a stroke of providence, for outside left David Owen was tried out in goal and proved a "natural" in the position. One further thing would make Secretary J. J. Johnston (Department 24) happy and that is more support at home fixtures.

MOTOR CLUB events never lack colour, either. Founded way back in 1926, this section lists 60 enthusiasts who use both two wheels and four in search of fun and competition. Bulk of the members plump for motor-cycles and, in addition to week-end social runs, there are treasure hunts, map-reading tests, reliability and time trials, film shows,

lectures and what-have-you. Trophies galore, too! As many as eight cups and two shields for annual competition, we understand.

An annual pilgrimage is made to the Isle of Man for the TT, and Silverstone road race excursions are popular with the speed merchants.

SWIMMING enthusiasts total 350 and some 30 members meet every Wednesday at a Liverpool baths. A well-attended and successful gala was held recently. Helpful secretary is J. G. Clarkson, Department 01.

BOWLS is an out-of-season sport, we know. But when the crown-greeners are playing, Secretary A. J. Pye is proud of the fact that he can call on 92 playing members, with 79-year-old Mr. A. J. Muskett, secretary of the Sports and Social Organisation, among them.

Just to prove how lively they are, they run seven teams in no fewer than five leagues and claim, in fact, to offer a wider variety of bowling than any other club in the North of England. The 1955 competition for the Strowger Shield, which was held at Whitfield, recently, was won by Department 02, who defeated Department 24B by 19 shots in a keenly contested game.

HARRIERS AND ATHLETICS section are concentrating on cross-country events now. The section, re-formed in 1946, boasts among its members Ken Bruns (Department 32), the Pembroke miler and Tom Mylett (Drawing Office), a noted Liverpool Harriers' sprinter. During the summer, of course, members compete in track events.

BOYS' CLUB activity also has a sporting flavour. They have a team entered in the Liverpool Boys' Association soccer league. Efforts are being made to arrange table tennis and billiards fixtures with other boys clubs in the area. Ages of the 40-odd boys in this flourishing section range from 15 to 17.

BADMINTON enthusiasts are hitting the shuttles even more vigorously this season, for there's plenty

of stern opposition to be encountered in the "needle" matches later on. One team is entered in the Liverpool Business Houses League and a team in each of the third and fifth divisions of the Liverpool and District Badminton League. Man to chase if you aim to chase the shuttlecocks is Arthur Thornley (Department 90), City Factory.

LAWN TENNIS introduces a different type of racket for 40 employees with racquets. And if you think tennis is out of season, you should just see the number of enthusiasts out at "Whitfield" whenever the weather is fine. Yes, even in the winter! Lively section chairman G. J. Metcalf tells us that strenuous efforts are being made to help beginners and a special "tennis training" gadget helps tyros try out their shots. Even the expert finds it useful, he says.

TABLE TENNIS follows on naturally to the lawn variety. In this game, match atmosphere, as any devotee will tell you, can become "electric." Firm organisation and heaps of practice have improved members' skill tremendously and there are high hopes of entry into the local business houses league.

CRICKET is out of season, we know, but members of the energetic ATM Club, under their secretary, Mr. H. Harris, Department 24, are laying their plans now for 1956. Matches are played on Saturdays and Sundays. This year, Stan Dyson (City Factory) headed the bowling and batting averages, with Bob Hobbs (Electronic Laboratory) also sharing the limelight. Club chairman P. S. Moore (Inspection) skippered the team with skill.

GOLF, although not as speedy as other games, is more absorbing, say the members on the register of the 30-year-old ATM Club. Four challenge trophies are competed for each year and membership is open to male enthusiasts from City, Speke, Strowger and Stopgate Lane. Home course is at Ecwring Park, but an occasional visit to "foreign" fairways, such as Vicar's Cross, Chester, helps to keep novelty out of the bunker.

BASEBALL in Uncle Sam style, for novelty, however! Founder members L. Danify, A. Barkley, A. Cookson, S. Harvey and G. Scott are the men to thank for this transatlantic visitor to "Whitfield." With 26 playing members and coaching from United States Air Force personnel, the Atoms have made rapid progress since their formation in 1951. Members of the Merseyside National Baseball League, they rounded off last season by winning the Lancashire Cup. Players are con-

fidently looking forward to next season—practice starts in March—and they have formed a second string to train newcomers in colourful capers on the "diamond."

Spare-time skills ?

WE'VE PLENTY

MODEL ENGINEERING within the Sports and Social Organisation started 10 years ago. The society meets fortnightly in their own premises in Milton Road, adjoining the main Liverpool works.

They have a well-equipped workshop and members interested in electric model trains have built up an elaborate layout, considered to be one of the finest in the North. Many working models, such as locomotives, often take five years or more to build—and not all the members are engineers. Much of the skill within the society, and you have to see to believe, is self-acquired. Resourceful secretary is Mr. B. Gresty (Department 672).

PHILATELIC SOCIETY members meet regularly between September and May. Individual fads vary considerably, of course. Some of the 30-odd members collect stamps of only a single country, some go in for special subject stamps, such as birds, ships, fishes, and so on, while others are postmark specialists. Auctions are held occasionally under the hammer wielded by Mr. G. G. Nuttall (Department 675).

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY members are fortunate in having their own premises near the main works and equipment is being added all the time. Lectures and demonstrations fill the winter evenings and more social activities are on the cards for the future.

CAGE BIRDS, some of them valued by their owners at more than £25, are popular with about 40 people inside the Sports and Social Organisation. Budgerigars, Border, Norwich and Yorkshire canaries have the edge on other species, but Zebra Finches—an Australian import—are catching on fast. Zebras, so called because they have striped flanks and orange beaks, are being bred by Mr. Harry Peake (Drawing Office) and others are following suit.

PLAYERS' SOCIETY: "Love's a Luxury" a comedy by Guy Paxton and E. V. Hoile was the choice for this season's production.

The story they will never read



Tom and Dick, seen at work

Five days a week at 6-15 a.m. the alarm clock reminds Dick Barnett that it is time to get up and go to work. Dick groans, turns over and tries hard to get back to sleep. But his wife, Bridget, nudges him and Dick is forced to face the new day.

He washes, shaves, dresses and hurries downstairs to make a cup of tea for Bridget before parcelling up a snack and hurrying out to catch his bus.

What's so unusual about that? The same procedure is repeated in thousands of homes of A. T. & E. employees every working day. But, in this case, there is a difference. Dick is totally blind. His wife is partially blind.

Dick, who lives in Picton Road, Wavertree, works as a power press operator at the Company's branch factory in Fleming Road, Speke, Liverpool. He helps to make capacitors and was one of the first blind men to be employed by A. T. & E. organisation. He is 49.

He lost his sight more than 20 years ago when a gale wrecked the wheelhouse of a ship in which he was serving. Glass was flung in his face.

Dick has to be more methodical about the home than the average husband. He must, for instance, replace the can-opener on its usual hook—otherwise his wife will waste time hunting for it.

Colleagues meet Dick at his bus stop each morning and travel home with him at night. At work he is as nimble-fingered as the next man.

And the next man to him at the factory, incidentally, is 32-year-old Tom Jones, of Speke, another power press operator. Tom is also blind—from birth—but that did not stop him from playing a piano in a dance band and training as a shoe-repairer before he started work at Speke.

Of course, neither Dick Barnett nor Tom Jones will read this story for themselves—but that won't stop them from feeling proud at "seeing" their names in print, particularly if the story encourages other blind people to tackle outside jobs. Other blind people are employed at Strowger Works and City Factory.

CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT

Every year, 6,000,000 workers in Britain receive staff publications, ranging from colourful magazines to works newspapers and technical bulletins.

In the preparation of this magazine we tried to present the material which we thought you would like. Now it is up to you to let us know whether we succeeded or not! You have (we hope) read the magazine from cover to cover and will have made up your mind which articles interested you most. And *that* is just what we want to know!

This information, together with your criticisms and suggestions, will be welcomed by the Editorial Department. So please tell us your likes and dislikes about this issue, and indicate the type of article you would prefer to see in future issues.

Would you appreciate more or fewer pictures? More articles of technical or commercial interest? More news of your workmates? More items about sport and social activities? Contests? Or what?

Your views should be addressed to The Editor, *Tone*, Publicity Department, Automatic Telephone & Electric Co., Ltd., St. Vincent Street, Liverpool 3, and should reach us before January 29th. We reserve the right to publish any letter and a prize of £5 will be awarded for the most interesting letter received.



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