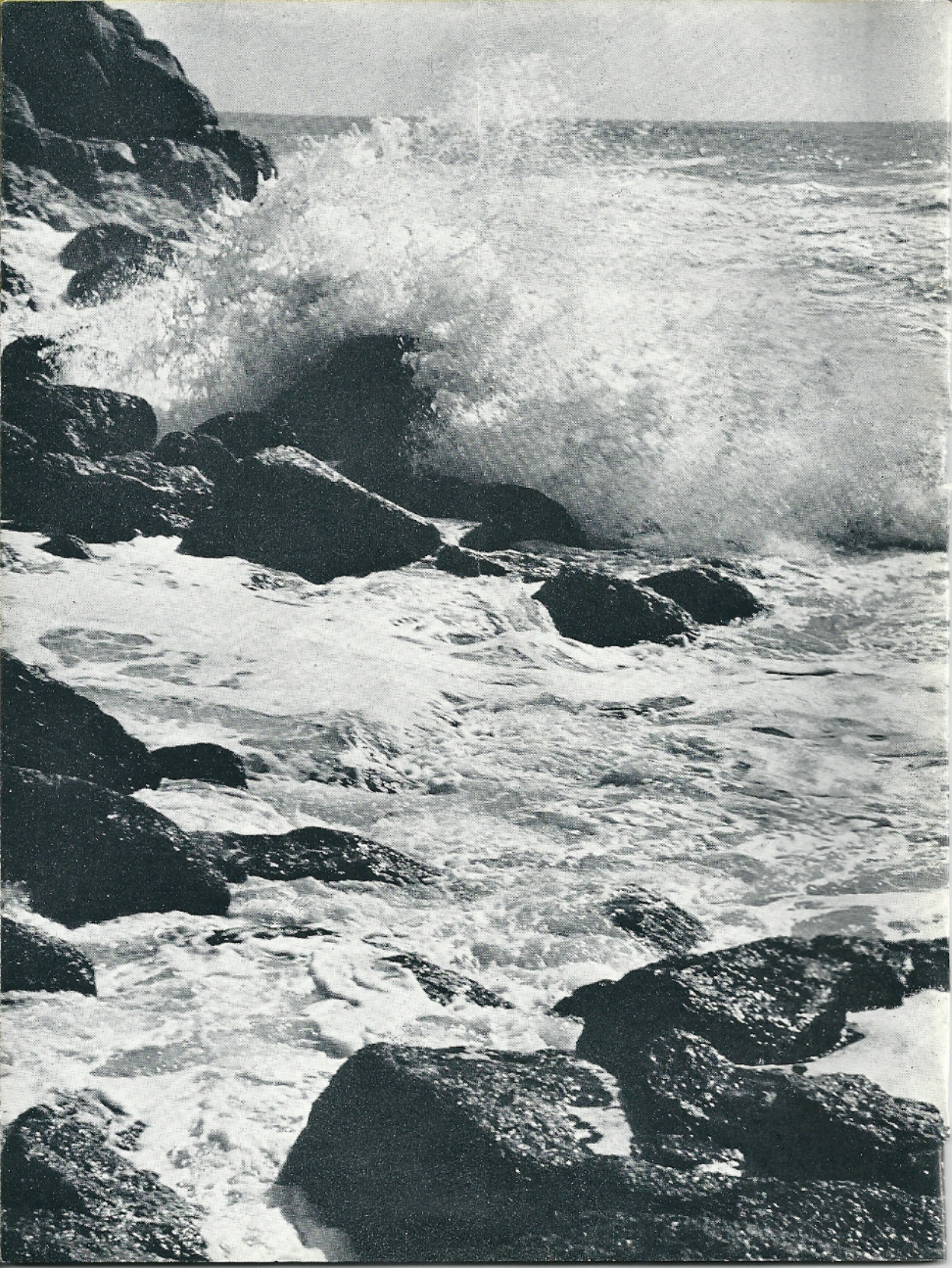


PHONE



SUMMER 1957 · 3d

The Magazine of AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD





GUIDING LIGHT *The 90-ft. high Needles lighthouse, now using A.T. & E. equipment, keeps an ever-watchful eye on the sea lanes off the Isle of Wight*

ISSUE NUMBER SEVEN · SUMMER 1957 · 3d.

TONE

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD

★

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New ears for the Needles' eye

There must be few people who haven't wished they could "get away from it all". But the attractions of two months spent on a sun-drenched island, or perhaps in a lonely lighthouse far from the shore, seem quite remote when you are crowded on a work-bound bus on a bright summer morning.

My mind was dwelling on these romantic topics (writes a *Tone* correspondent) as our small motor-boat, bucked by a heavy swell and a fresh wind, headed towards the towering Needles lighthouse,



VERY HIGH PERCH for Assistant Keeper Frank Vaizey, seen making final adjustments to our VHF equipment

which for nearly a hundred years has guarded the shipping lanes around the Isle of Wight.

Perched on the last of the rugged needle-sharp series of rocks jutting out from the western tip of the "holiday isle", the 90-ft. high lighthouse is a most impressive sight—especially when viewed from a small boat desperately attempting to get alongside the jetty hewn out of solid rock.

This first close-up of the lighthouse is one that you cannot easily forget. But after we had landed safely—by no means as sedate an operation as berthing alongside Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool, I can assure you—and climbed the winding stairs to the warmth of the kitchen-cum-living-room, we were rather disappointed to hear one of the lighthousemen tell our boatman that "it was a perfect day for sailing", and we were lucky we hadn't come a few days earlier when it was really "bucking a bit".

For us non-nautical types—an A.T. & E.

(Bridgnorth) engineer and your correspondent, together with a Trinity House official—the 35-minute trip from Totland Bay had seemed anything but easy sailing. The remark was obviously a cue for one of those when-it-is-really-rough stories. And, sure enough, we got it.

Said 31-year-old assistant keeper Frank Vaizey: "When it is really rough, the waves sweep past our kitchen window". The window referred to was a third of the way up the lighthouse. Double clamps made it look reassuringly strong. We certainly had no reason to doubt Frank's word. As one of the three-man crew spending two months at a stretch keeping the light in operation, he is qualified to know when the weather is being kind.

I asked principal keeper Harry Fenn, a member of the Trinity House lighthouse service for nearly 30 years, for his views on "getting away from it all". A wry smile crossed his face and he replied: "If you've got the right temperament, it's grand.



ON A CALM DAY, *this is how the lighthouse appears to approaching ships. Picture those rocks in a storm!*

But it's not everybody's cup of tea. It's no good missing your back garden as soon as you get on the rock". Students, writers and other escapees have, from time to time, done stints on lighthouses in which he has served. But usually, Harry will tell you, they tire of enforced captivity after a few weeks.

"Of course," added cheery Mr. Fenn, who counts gardening as his favourite recreation when he is on shore, "we shall feel much better now we've got *this* here. In time of sickness, or an emergency, it will be a real blessing".

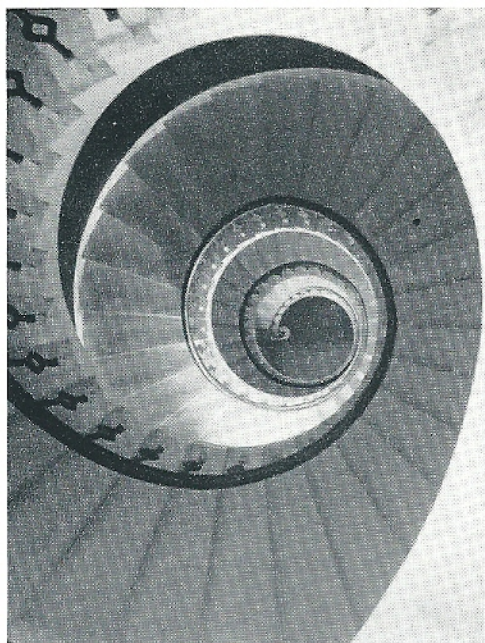
This, as you may have already guessed, was a shiny new A.T.M. telephone. It had just been delivered and, as in any home that has just been connected, it was the main topic of conversation.

Ever since its completion in June, 1858, men on the Needles have relied on Aldis lamp signalling for communication with the shore. In bad weather, poor visibility often made the passing of operational

messages to the mainland extremely difficult, if not impossible. This problem has now been overcome by the installation of a V.H.F. radio-telephone link—the first of its kind to be employed by Trinity House for communication between one of its rock stations and the shore.

Using the new equipment, which provides a normal telephone service without the use of landlines or cable, the Needles crew will, in future, be able to contact the shore station at St. Catherine's Point—fourteen miles to the east—within seconds of an emergency arising. No special operating procedure is necessary and a person making a call would normally be unaware that the conversation was being transmitted by radio.

The use of V.H.F. instead of the more generally used medium-frequency radio provides improved operating facilities with lower power consumption. The laying and maintenance of submarine cable is usually too costly to make it practicable.



WHAT IS IT? *Yes, it's an angle shot of the interior of a lighthouse*

The equipment developed by engineers of the A.T.E. Group is designed to meet all these special needs. In order that power consumption should be reduced to a minimum one of our battery-operated Country Sets is being used at the lighthouse.

The equipment is intended for use in places where there are no mains supplies and the conservation of power is essential.

At St. Catherine's Point, mainland end of the link, where power supply problems are not so severe, A.T.E.'s type RLS mains equipment is being used. This has been designed so that, in an emergency, calls can be made through the G.P.O. telephone system, and during our stay on Needles, a test call was, in fact, made to Trinity House, London—a historic occasion which more than vouched for the high-quality performance of our equipment.

A normal tour of duty on the rock lasts two months, followed by one ashore, but, in winter, bad weather frequently prevents the crew being relieved for considerable periods. In the circumstances it is not difficult to realise what a blessing a telephone service will be. Needles is the first Trinity House lighthouse to enjoy the new V.H.F. Radio-telephone service, and a second installation



TEST CALL *Principal keeper Harry Fenn tries the new radio-telephone*

will shortly link Flat Holm, an island in the Bristol Channel, with the coastguard station at Barry.

From the 80-ft. high lantern gallery of the Needles there is an unrestricted view of the horizon, behind which lies the coast of France. It seems peaceful and reassuring. But look below, less than 50 yards from the lighthouse base, and the jagged wreck of a Greek merchant ship breaking through the surf testifies to the treachery of the Channel.

Now something new has been added to this solid granite beacon which guards the sea lanes for the ships of the world. The bright steel of the V.H.F. aerial (not unlike the kind used for television reception) can be seen—testimony of the way in which our equipment is playing its part wherever communications are vital.

The link was officially inaugurated by Captain K. Mc. M. Drake, one of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, who made a call to the keeper in charge at the Needles on St. Catherine's Point. A call was also made by Mr. R. H. G. Lee, Director, Home Sales, A.T. & E., to Mr. Noel Lockley, a Bridgnorth development engineer, who played an important part in designing the Country Set.

A modern five-storey building in Liverpool city centre has been purchased by the Company for use in connection with our continued expansion. The building, 39-87 Cheapside, has a total floor area of 55,000 square feet, and a site of more than 3,000 square yards. It was formerly owned by Norman and Burgess Ltd., stationers and printers.

* * *

One of the largest single orders ever to be received by A.T. & E. came in recently from International Business Machines United Kingdom Ltd., manufacturers of computers, electric typewriters, time-recorders and other well-known business machines. Their order was for two-and-a-half million relays, to be delivered at a specified weekly rate over approximately the next three years. The relays consist of three distinct types in fourteen codings and will, of course, be used in I.B.M. equipment.

* * *

Ruston and Hornsby, one of the biggest manufacturers of heavy agricultural machinery in Britain, have had a 600-line P.A.B.X. No. 3— assembled at Strowger Works—installed at their head office in Lincoln, centre of a concentrated farming area.

* * *

Orders for Africa continue to be heavy. Recently, a 100-line 211 P.A.B.X. went from Liverpool to the Castle Brewery, Johannesburg, a

BUSY LINES



PLACES AND EVENTS

200-line P.A.B.X. was sent to the Anglo-American Corporation at Johannesburg and a 50-line P.A.B.X. for the Standard Bank of South Africa. Mombasa and Dar-es-Salaam rail terminals have ordered 300-line and 600-line P.A.B.X.s. And they are just a selection!

* * *

Interesting job for Company engineers concerned British European Airways. We manufactured and installed a 600-line switchboard for Keyline House, London, 300-lines for Queens Building, the administrative offices, and connected the buildings by tie-line to a 400-line board—also installed by the group—at London Airport, over a dozen miles away.

* * *

Like her sister ship, *Empress of Britain*, the new Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of England* has been equipped with one of the latest 100-line Strowger automatic telephone systems.



FIT FOR A QUEEN Liverpool-built equipment is in BEA's Queen's Building, the administrative offices



FIT FOR AN EMPRESS A Strowger system is in the Empress of Britain, latest Canadian Pacific liner



Visit to Wonderland



The only parts he buys ready-made are the eyes—and the trouble with those is that they're all brown. So when Tom Holyoake (whose picture appears on our cover) is putting the finishing touches to one of his blonde-haired marionettes, he has to scrape away the brown paint from inside the two glass beads and insert a nicely blended blue.

Who would notice brown eyes on a blonde marionette, anyway? Not many people admittedly, but it is this kind of attention to detail and pride in his craft that have won for Tom Holyoake an enviable reputation in the romantic world of show business.

Tom, a tool designer in Department 412 at Strowger Works, is promoter, scriptwriter, producer, stage manager and director of his own miniature theatre—a gay, colourful world of make-believe where the actors and actresses are made of wood and wire and their movements are controlled by strings. Helped by his son, Vernon, a machine tool fitter in Department 01, and his wife, Janet, Tom has created almost fifty first-class marionettes in the past seven years and he has staged hundreds of shows for all types of audiences during his free time.

In a spare room of his home at West Oakhill Park, Liverpool, Tom Holyoake has built up a delightful range of figures (don't call them puppets: puppets are usually operated by a hand inside a glove doll). This room is a wonderland for children and a fascinating showpiece for adults. Here, in splendid confusion, are cowboys and witches, singers and Chinamen, clowns and sea-lions, skeletons and instrumentalists and old men and page boys. A red-haired crooner hangs limply by the side of a bearded Highlander, a tail-coated concert pianist stares fixedly at a chocolate-coloured coon and a bright-eyed owl perches calmly on the shoulder of a daring trick cyclist. Tragedy and comedy are everywhere, waiting to spring to life at the touch of a string. Each figure represents more than a fortnight's work and is valued at about five pounds. The family take particular pride in the fact that the jaws of every figure can be made to move in time with the script.

A marionette to Tom Holyoake is much more than hardwood, hair, material and thread. Each of those pert-faced figures has its own special "personality" and a place in his affections. Pride of them all, however, is Buttons, a pantomime figure which was the very first one off the assembly line. Buttons compères the show and the kids love him.

Vernon Holyoake selects the marionettes he will operate during the course of a show

Father, mother and son design and paint their own backcloths, drapes and other props. They dub all the voices and they adjust the entire show to suit any occasion. Performances can be put over "live" or "canned" by means of a tape-recorder and record player. The Holyoakes have so many props in "Premier Marionettes" that they have had to buy a fair-sized van.

What was it that made Tom take up building marionettes? "I have always been intrigued by them," he says, "and I've often thought that it would make an entertaining hobby. I never seemed to have time till after the war, however".

This is hardly surprising really, because Tom, who is also an expert engraver, spent most of his free hours during the war in either civil defence activities or providing variety shows for the forces and war-workers.

Variety is, in fact, the Holyoake first love in show business. He put on and took part in variety concerts in the 1914 war while serving with the Royal Field Artillery in France, Egypt and Palestine. During the second world war, he was one of the men who were responsible for organising the lunch-hour shows in Strowger Works canteen, featuring artistes from ENSA, CEMA and our own offices and workshops. He also took part in week-end and evening shows for a variety of charities and good causes and, to the present day, he still dabbles in variety—a comedy double act with George Boyd, of Department 132 (Stores) that has lasted 15 years.

But the marionettes have been one of Tom's most successful ventures. His show is always in great demand, summer and winter alike. He has performed throughout the north-west and his audiences have included many famous names. Viscountess Kilmuir (formerly Lady Maxwell Fyfe), for one, was so interested in his show that she made a special trip behind the scenes just to manipulate the figures herself. Children are, however, very appreciative spectators, and the sound of their happy laughter is the most heart-warming sound in Tom Holyoake's life.

The miniature stage is set for a ghost scene. This is a favourite with the children





JUST ROUTINE tonight, but these men know they are doing a worth while job in the Special Constabulary

SPECIAL DUTY

The section leader at his desk in Strowger Works looked up from his blueprints and turned to talk to *Tone* about the man in blue. "The British policeman has the finest reputation in the world", he said, "and assisting him in his service to the community is the main job of the Special. The spare-time policeman enjoys some of the most interesting work there is and he has the satisfaction of performing a really worth while public duty".

The man who was speaking should know. He has been a member of the Special Constabulary of Liverpool City Police for nearly twenty years and he is at present a chief inspector. He is Mr. H. A. Serjent, of Department 412 (Tool Design). Holder of the Long Service Medal and two bars and the Queen's Coronation Medal, Mr. Serjent is the senior member of at least nineteen Specials employed by A.T. & E. in their Liverpool factories.

Keen to do his bit in the national interest before the outbreak of the war, he was accepted as a special in Liverpool's "G" Division. He was promoted a sergeant in five months, an inspector

in the first week of the war and attained his current rank in 1945.

Serving under him in "G" Division are the following employees (their department number in parentheses): Special Constables C. R. Gercken (671), W. F. Toft (15), H. D. Cowle (02), R. Twilton (66, City Factory) and A. E. Tupman (81, Production).

Harold Cowle is assistant foreman in Department 02 and has four years' service with the Specials. His police training has taught him the importance of remaining unruffled in emergencies and the effectiveness of a policeman's calm and deliberate approach to ugly situations. He recalls, for instance, an occasion when a drunk was standing in a road threatening passers-by with a beer bottle. Special Constable Cowle quietly warned the man, took away the bottle and requested him to move on. A short time afterwards, however, the same man repeated his threats and the Special was again summoned. He disarmed the drunk rapidly, bundled him into his own car and had the fellow at the police station in a matter of minutes. No fuss, no alarm and no force.

Inspector D. Fleming, of "B" Division, a clerk in Department 472, with 18 years' service behind him, would be the first to agree that under no circumstances must a law officer do anything to

invite trouble, but he must know how to handle the situation should trouble arise.

Men under his control include foremen, fitters, storemen and draughtsmen—a typical cross-section of any community. Members of our own organisation in his division are Special Constables W. E. Kendrick (Department 523), J. Davies (25), W. Bridson (54) and J. E. Hawkins (21).

Attractive Freda McGrady, a cable-maker in Department 25, has eight years' experience as a special policewoman. When she goes on duty once a week around the trouble spots of Liverpool's city centre she wears the same uniform as the full-time policewoman. Her normal tour of duty is from eight till shortly before eleven. She has little fear of violence after undergoing a thorough course in self-defence.

Her views about the Special police: "I feel I am doing an important job and the work is both interesting and informative. I would like to see more women willing to join our ranks". Colleagues of hers in "A" Division include Mr. G. R. Taylor (Department 18) and Mr. A. F. Caddick (Department 66, City Factory).

All Specials are trained in patrol duties, first aid and Civil Defence. Mock courts are also staged.

Take, for example, Special Sergeant Alex Robinson, foreman of Department 55, a long service veteran attached to the Lancashire County Police. He frequently goes out on motor patrol and helps to instruct children in road safety.

Another county officer is Mr. N. E. Wright (Department 66, City Factory). Other Specials include Mr. F. W. Anyon, Department 651 and Mr. A. E. Evans, Department 523, both of whom are attached to Liverpool's "F" Division.

Thinking of joining the Specials? If so, you're welcome provided you're over 21 years of age, five feet eight inches or taller, medically fit and of good character. You get no pay but reasonable out-of-pocket expenses. Boots and tailored uniforms, together with notebooks, whistles and batons, are provided. If you live within the Liverpool city boundary, you will probably undergo training at the Police College in Mather Avenue, Allerton. At all times you will be working alongside a fine bunch of public-spirited men and women.

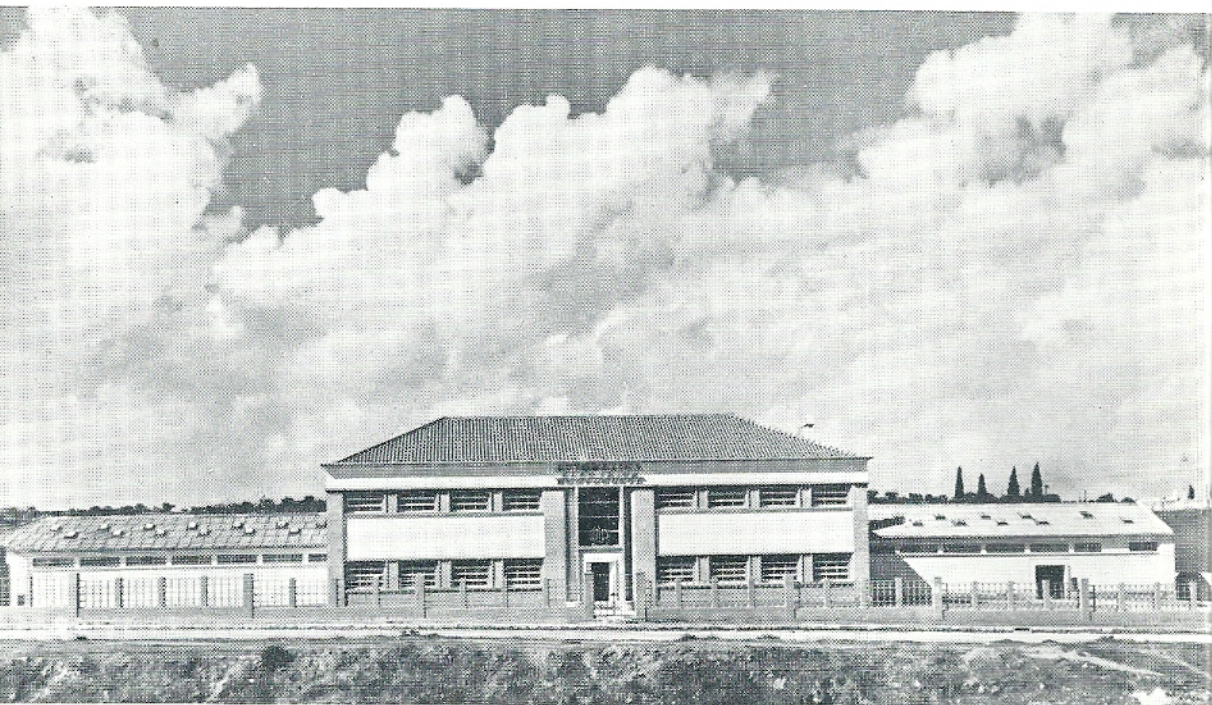
The history of the force to which you will belong is a proud one—older in fact than the history of the regular police. The freemen of ancient Saxon times were among the earliest Specials and the very word "constable" is a relic of Norman days when villagers used to elect one of their number to maintain law and order. Today, with very efficient if, nevertheless, understaffed regular police forces, the individual must apply for the task of helping to protect his neighbour's life and property. If he is accepted and serves, the job of a Special constable is indeed rewarding. It engenders a real sense of satisfaction and achievement in a duty cheerfully performed.



CHIEF INSPECTOR in the Specials is Mr. H. A. Serjent, of Department 412, a long service veteran



TWO SPECIALS from "G" Division. Both men work for the organisation at our Edge Lane factory



PORTUGAL FACTORY *A.E.P.'s fine modern factory situated in Lisbon. It covers 40,000 sq. ft.*

Let's look at LISBON

In no industry is co-operation between British firms and the Portuguese closer than in that of telecommunications. British companies are playing a major part in providing their "oldest ally" with one of the most up-to-date telephone networks in the world. An outstanding example of this collaboration can be found in the modern Lisbon factory of Automatica Electrica Portuguesa, S.A.R.L. (A.E.P.), a member of the Automatic Telephone & Electric Co. group. Here, more than 450 people are engaged in the manufacture and assembly of a wide range of telecommunications equipment.

The company was formed in February, 1945, and started activities in a rented factory pending the building of permanent premises, which were opened in May, 1949. This factory is one of the most advanced of its kind in Portugal and covers a

floor space of nearly 40,000 square feet. It is at present producing telephone instruments of all types at a rate of over 500 a week, in addition to 1,400 relays of various types each week, and other equipment.

The company is the major supplier of telecommunications equipment to the authorities in Metropolitan Portugal and to the Ministry of Overseas in the Provinces of Mozambique and Angola.

A steadily increasing volume of public and private telephone exchange equipment (both automatic and manual) is being assembled at the factory from parts manufactured locally, or imported from the Liverpool works of A.T. & E.

To meet the growing demands, a new building programme is in hand, which when completed will add about 8,500 square feet of floor space. It is then estimated that production will be raised to

about 30,000 telephone instruments annually, and relay output will be trebled to meet the telephone exchange requirements.

Considerable attention is paid to the welfare of the Portuguese workers and plans for extensions to canteen and other recreational facilities are included in the present programme.

No branch of electrical engineering calls for a greater degree of skill in manufacture than telecommunications, and new production techniques must be sought continually. Fortunately, in Portugal the rapid introduction of new methods poses no special problems as the people are by nature dexterous and quick to learn.

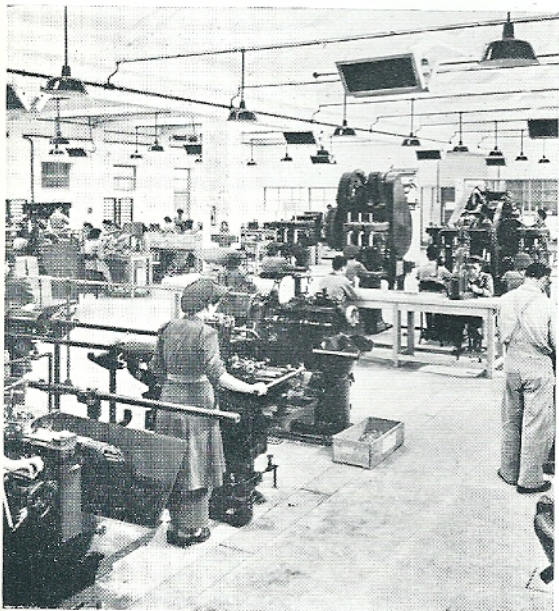
As at Strowger Works, many of the assembly jobs that call for a keen eye and nimble fingers are performed by women.

As in our other overseas factories, A.T. & E. is assisting A.E.P. to produce eventually the bulk of the telecommunications equipment necessary to meet local needs. Portuguese personnel are trained by specialised technicians sent from Liverpool, and, as the highly specialised production "know-how" is acquired, it is possible to manufacture locally

more and more complex types of equipment. In this way, Portugal is building a flourishing industry which, with the demands of modern commerce is yearly assuming more importance.

A.E.P. has only two British-born executives, Mr. I. T. Richards, managing director, and Mr. J. Haynes, works manager. Mr. Richards has been responsible for the direction of the company since its inception and for his work on behalf of Portuguese industry he was decorated in March, 1952, by the Portuguese President with the insignia of "Comendador da Ordem de Merito Industrial". Mr. Richards is also a director of Cabos Armados e Telefonicos, Lda., an associate of British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd., who have a large cable factory near Lisbon, which is another example of "Luso-Britannica" collaboration.

The A.E.P. board comprises leading Portuguese industrialists, who include the chairman, Dr. A. J. Bustorff Silva, C.B.E., the Financial Director, Dr. A. Patricio Gouveia, and Eng. J. da Veiga Lima, together with representatives of the parent Company.



INTERIOR VIEW of the Lisbon factory, one of the most advanced of its kind. Above is a machine shop



THE ROYAL VISIT of the Queen, seen with Dr. Salazar, Portuguese Premier, cemented good relations

We'd like you to meet...

Play darts? You do? So do hundreds of people, but perhaps not in quite the same way as **Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas**. Fred, who works in Department 34, and Joyce in Department 428, use their skill with the bow and arrow with archers against darts players on indoor targets.

* * *

Two bright young semi-professional stars of the Merseyside entertainment business are **Alf Lewtas**, Department 25, and **Arthur Giltrap**, General Office. Known as the "Altones" their close-harmony act has twice won them coveted trophies given by the secretaries of Merseyside social clubs for being one of the ten outstanding acts in 1955 and 1956.

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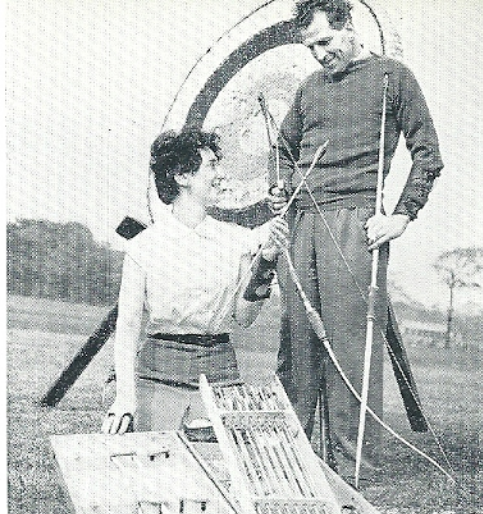
Dave Newman (Department 713) and **Pete Daniels** (Department 712), both members of Liverpool Science Fiction Society, are helping to organise this year's international convention of the World Science Fiction Society, to be held in London in September. This is the first time the annual event has been held in Great Britain.

* * *

From adjusting telephone wipers during her working day to adjusting words, sentences and paragraphs during her spare time, **Audrey Kent**, Department 15, has had a fair degree of success in the journalistic field during the past 15 years. She has lately edited a literary magazine, "Writers' Workshop".

* * *

Former ship's engineer, **Harry Cook**, now a machine shop inspector at Stopgate Lane factory, collects rare antiques. One of his most prized possessions is a 300-year-old book containing the signature of a Czar of Russia. A "collector's piece", too, is in the possession of **Fred Savin**,



The Thomases—strings for bows



The Altones—bows for strings



Audrey Kent—adjusting words



Helga and Jacqueline—words perfect



David and Myra—cool nerves



Jim and Alan—hot music

Model Shop, Strowger Works. He bought a rare first edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—for only 1/3d.

* * *

When German-born **Helga Boyle**, Department 25, came to work for the Company five years ago, she could not speak a word of English. Now, she is equally proficient at coil-winding and at speaking the language perfectly. Another girl from the Continent in the same department is **Jacqueline Smith** from Brussels. Both girls married former British soldiers.

* * *

Cyril Mahon, Department 22/24, says that Irish tinkers are the friendliest folk in the world. Mr. Mahon's favourite holiday pastime is walking in Ireland, and on one of his trips he travelled with wandering tinkers in their caravans around the Irish coast.

* * *

David Quirk, Department 06 shop-feeder, is a spare-time comedy acrobat who spends a lot of his leisure balancing on tables and chairs, or supporting his partner, **Myra**, in mid-air with his hands. A former Forces P.T. instructor, David has entertained regularly at Merseyside charity shows since taking up acrobatics a year ago.

* * *

Brian Richards, Department 20, is steadily piling up victories in the cycle racing world. Among his outstanding achievements last season, he came nine times within the hour for 25-mile time trials, and in one event he beat the British Olympic and Empire Champion.

* * *

Two months was the time taken for **Jim Cragg** and **Alan Stockton** of Department 651C, to graduate from house meetings entertaining friends, to play regular engagements at weekend clubs, with a six-piece band now under the title of the "Alabama Skiffle Group".

* * *

Harry Spinks, foreman, Department 25, is a man who will travel a long way to see fair play. And that's exactly how he occupies his summer spare time, for he's an umpire in Liverpool Competition cricket. This season he's attached to Formby Cricket Club. Mr. Spinks has taken an interest in the game for nearly 50 years.

Number six in a series

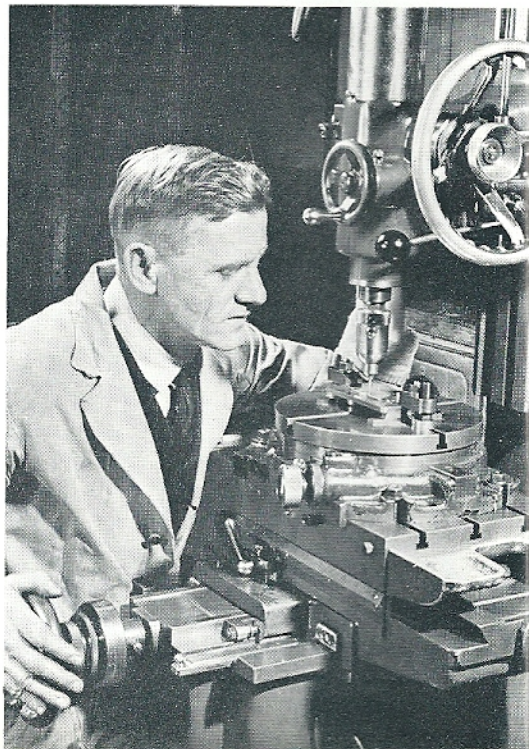
Portraits of an Industry

“The days of the craftsman have gone for good” is a complaint heard all too often these days. But we know the charge is untrue. People’s tastes have improved, not deteriorated, and demand for quality—combined with quantity—has never been higher. Precision, finish, durability and the utmost reliability—hallmarks of the traditional British craftsman—are still splendid recommendations for any firm. Customers always expect the highest possible standards of workmanship, and we in the telecommunications industry aim to satisfy them. To do this, the A.T. & E. group have built up a large organisation of men and women, most of whom are highly trained for special tasks in the design, production and marketing of a wide range of complex products. Pride in their work comes easily to such men and women. They are a new generation of craftsmen.



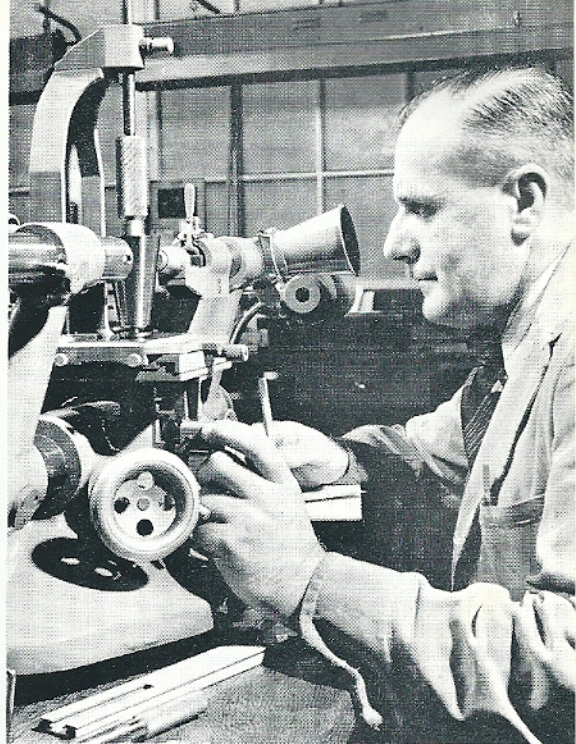
Stereoscopic inspection of metal samples

A precision jig-borer in Department 01





Machine for thinning quartz crystal plates

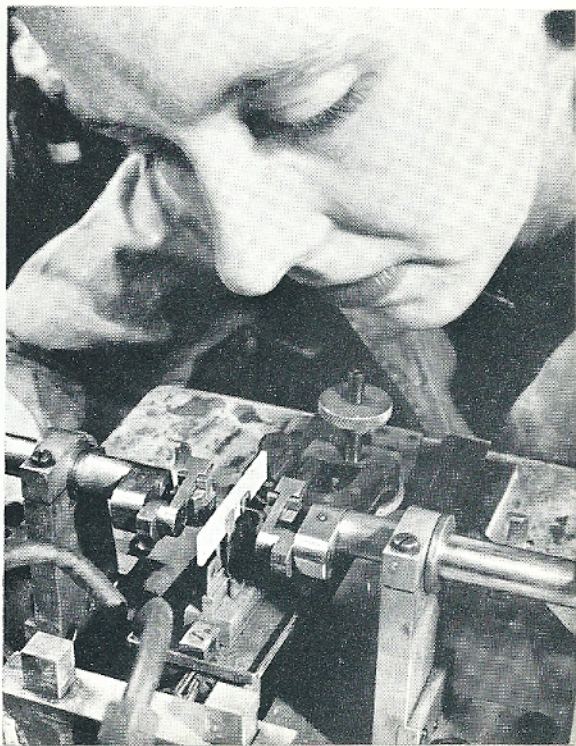


Measuring a taper plug gauge

Making a tool for aligning contact banks



Fitting crystal with suspension wires





EXCITEMENT UNLIMITED at a rodeo show. *Stephen Sharples took part in many rodeos in Australia*

Ride 'em, Cowboy!



It was only a tin of peaches, part of his wife's grocery order, but it brought back a host of memories for Stephen Sharples, Plant Department machine-oiler. The Australian brand name of the fruit reminded him of Kyabram where it had been tinned, and the surrounding Australian bush country where he had once branded cattle for a living.

When Stephen Sharples took a job at Strowger Works in 1941 he had already packed into his not-quite 30 years enough adventure to last some other men a lifetime. His adventure story starts in the late 1920's when he was working in a Liverpool meat wholesalers. The carcasses of the cattle stamped with strange far-away place names aroused the interest of the 16-year-old boy. Australia, land of adventure, beckoned. So Stephen, who previously had sailed no further than the Isle of Man, decided to emigrate, alone, to Australia. He landed in Sydney, penniless, after a six-week voyage in an immigrant ship. His first job, in a vineyard, was harder work than he'd experienced in Liverpool—he worked from 4.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. for a weekly wage of 10/-. The nearby cities, he thought, weren't very much different from those at home. Adventure still beckoned.

He heard that prosperous ranchers could always

supply jobs to strong youths in the remote outback. For Stephen there was only one form of transport—his own two legs. He walked deeper and deeper into the aborigine country, taking weeks to cover hundreds of miles. He slept in horse-boxes and under hedges. "The sky was my blanket", he recalls. His first job in the bush country was with a big cattle rancher who had 10,000 head of cattle and 50,000 merino sheep rounded into nine paddocks, each paddock roughly 14 miles across. Stephen's job was a boundary rider. He had to go around keeping a check on the hedges, which were often broken by kangaroos. So proficient a horseman did he become that he proudly recalls the time when he was a jockey, and won a race against tougher "born in the saddle" men. There were plenty of animals for company on his prairie round-ups—rabbits, foxes, kangaroos, dingoes, laughing jackasses, rock wallabies, kola bears and opossums. Later he became a cattle-brander, and then an animal trapper, bartering prices with the fur dealers.

He recalls . . . sandy blight, the name given to sand and rain storms, just like raining mud . . . children in remote Australian settlements riding four-a-back on saddleless horses to school . . . the time where there was no rain for 12 months . . . pay-days when ranch-hands would go out and "paint the town red" . . . bush fires burning for days on end . . . bucking broncos at the rodeos.

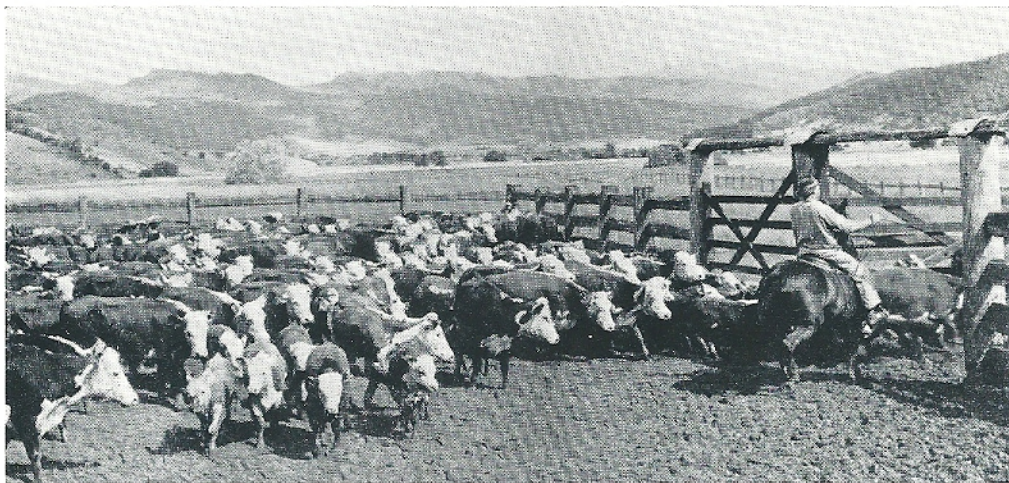
Yes, it was a rough, tough life for a young man. By the time he was 21, Stephen had hands as hard

as rocks, a face burnt to the colour of mahogany, shoulders like an ox and an immense capacity for hard work. But now he found his thoughts turning home to Liverpool and to the parents he hadn't seen for so long. He decided to return to England and worked his passage home in a German ship. No, he didn't return with a fortune—not, that is, if mere worldly wealth is measured by that term.

Back home again, he found he couldn't settle to city ways and so he decided to enlist in the Army. He spent six years in India, experiencing among other things, cholera plagues, monsoons and riots.

Home once more, and his travels seemed to be at an end when he eventually obtained a job at Strowger Works and married a Liverpool girl. But then he was called up for the Forces. The Fate which decreed that his peacetime adventures be so varied did not provide him, as might be expected, with dramatic wartime adventures. As Private Sharples, he went no further than the Shetland Islands as a supply clerk.

Now in his forties, Stephen may face a problem sometime in the 1960's. He has a seven-year-old son, to whom he is a greater hero than Roy Rogers. Naturally, the boy has re-lived every moment of his father's adventures "down under" and already has a great desire to follow in his footsteps when he is older. Would the former cow-hand like his son to embark on a similar adventure to his own? He is not so sure. "I would prefer him to have a good education and a career," he says.



VAST OPEN SPACES mean a vast amount of hard work, with many long hours in the saddle moving livestock

With the possible exception of foremen and canteen meals, works suggestion schemes have furnished more gags for comedians and cartoonists than any other aspect of modern industrial life. Only the other day (writes a *Tone* correspondent) I was grinning at a cartoon depicting a black-browed boss opening his office suggestions box to discover a length of rope knotted into a hangman's noose, and in my newspaper as I type there is a sketch of a vengeful employer inserting mousetraps into his firm's ideas box.

But I don't mean to be funny when I tell you that there's a lot of interest in these suggestions



... counting buttons and notes

boxes. Collectively, they help British industry and they provide keen and intelligent workpeople with an additional source of tax-free income.

The boxes themselves are now old-fashioned, however. Bosses have grown tired of counting trouser buttons and rude notes found in them;



... ribbed by their workmates

they are often unsightly; they must be opened and emptied regularly and, in large organisations, this is no mean task; in addition, many people will not use the boxes in case they are ribbed by their workmates who see them. To overcome these difficulties, Strowger Works, in common with many other big factories, has adopted a more private, more efficient suggestions scheme.

Here's how our system operates . . .

An employee with a bright idea to sell obtains a printed form from his shop clerk, Joint Production Committee representative or Brompton Road time



office. The completed form is placed in a specially addressed envelope, popped into the internal mail, left at the time office or handed to a shop clerk. The management secretary of the suggestions scheme, Mr. C. M. Johnstone, of Department 472 (Production Office), records the entry, allocates a serial number (to ensure privacy) and acknowledges



... to ensure privacy

receipt. Mr. Johnstone is then the only person to know the sender's name until the award is made.

Every suggestion received is carefully investigated and written reports by the investigators—specialists in their particular job or field—are sent to the the Joint Production Suggestions Committee (comprising three members of the management and three members of the works) who decide on acceptance for payment or whether to award points. Each point is worth six shillings and payment is made after six points have been amassed. Senders are rewarded in cash, in person and in private.



... must be approved

your ideas



Suggestions submitted by staff employees must first be approved by departmental heads and the works manager. It is their duty to decide whether or not the ideas come within the scope of the employee's duties. Since A.T. & E.'s suggestions scheme was launched in 1944—as a result of war-time appeals to industry generally—ninety-five



... seeking a rise

per cent of entries have been from works employees. A higher percentage were from men.

How many suggestions does the Company receive and how much cash do we pay out? We average about one hundred ideas a year and each idea yields (again on average) about a guinea. For an organisation of our size, this is not very good, but it is by no means surprising in view of the complex nature of the equipment involved in our particular branch of engineering. Advertising campaigns, poster displays and special gimmicks result in occasional increases in the annual number



... simplest ideas are best

of suggestions received, but what the Joint Production Committee is seeking is a sustained rise every year—and they're willing to pay you to get what they want. "Nothing would please us more than to pay out hundreds of pounds for top-flight suggestions", they say.

Well, where do you look for these ideas? Right in front of you—in your own shop, on your own machine. The simplest ideas are always the best and you can ask for help with descriptions, drawings and samples. Suggestions can be grouped under seven broad headings:—increasing pro-



... if you're dissatisfied

duction; reducing production costs; improving quality; reducing scrap and saving materials; improving methods or facilities; saving floor space and, finally, improving safety. Any idea that you can place in one or more of the above categories is likely to ring the bell on the cash register. By the way, if you're unhappy with the amount you



... special cash award

receive for your idea, you say so and the question of payment is reconsidered. All suggestions paid for belong to the Company and you give an undertaking to this effect.

Safety suggestions may merit special awards by the Works Accident Prevention Advisory Committee and the safety people are always consulted.

That improvement you thought of for your job some time ago may be even better than you believe. An idea for the future is a special cash award for the best suggestion made by an employee during the year.

Imagine you're a racing motor-cyclist. You've got your chin down on the tank, the throttle is wide open and you're hitting one hundred and ten miles an hour down the straight in one of the big events at the famous Oulton Park circuit in Cheshire. At the end of the straight there's a sweeping right-hand bend and a pond on the left. Both dangers leap up to meet you, so you attempt to roll back the power—and you find your throttle has jammed! You're still doing more than one hundred miles an hour! What is the next move?

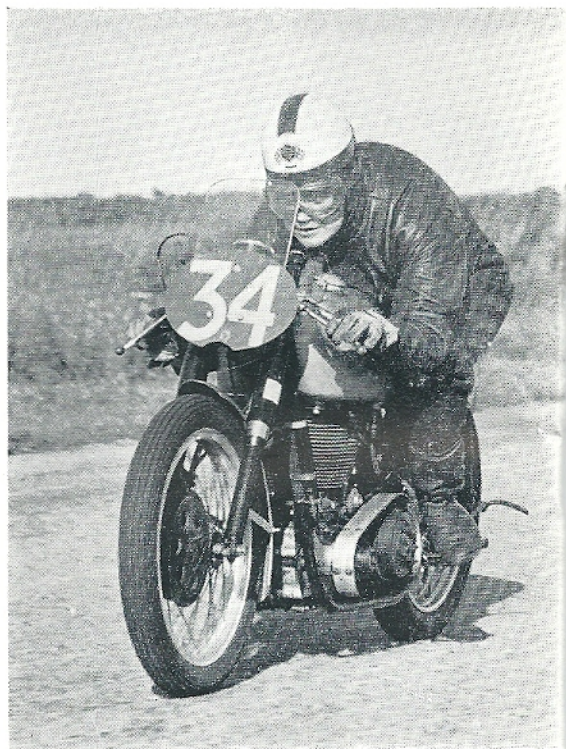
Academically, the question is interesting, and, with sufficient time to cogitate, you may decide on a course of action that will cover the situation. In practice, however, you have only a fraction of a second to decide what you're going to do—and then you do it. Meet a man who had to cope with just this poser—32-year-old Stan Hollis, of Department 97, Machine Shop, Strowger Works. What did *he* do in these circumstances?

Stan grins ruefully at the memory. "I decided to get off smartly", he says. He explains that this meant dropping the screaming machine on its side and letting Fate take over the controls. Here's what happened. . . .

The bike kissed the track like a thunderbolt, shook Stan free and gave him a worm's eye view of three hundred pounds worth of metal cartwheeling across the road half a dozen times. The rider executed a spectacular slide on his back, just missing the howling exhausts of other competitors. The bike was extensively damaged, whereas Stan, clad in tough leathers, was only bruised and burned by friction. Same man and same machine are still dicing at three-figure speeds and thriving on it, too.

With eleven years of hard racing behind him, Stan Hollis has weathered quite a few similarly exciting spills at high speed, but his only regrets come in the cold weather when his cracked ankles send out occasional twinges. His ruddy features and wide, slow smile are to be seen at nearly every major meeting held in the North and fellow riders and spectators alike know him as a competitor who is always ready to mix it and "have a go" right up to the end. Unlike most racing motor-cyclists, Stan is rather tall, big-boned and beefy (he weighs fourteen-and-a-half stone) and his large frame looks strangely out of place on a stationary machine. In action, however, the big man blends well enough with his bikes and he certainly handles them with plenty of vim, confidence, skill and success.

Stan first raced at Rhyd-y-mwyn, the North

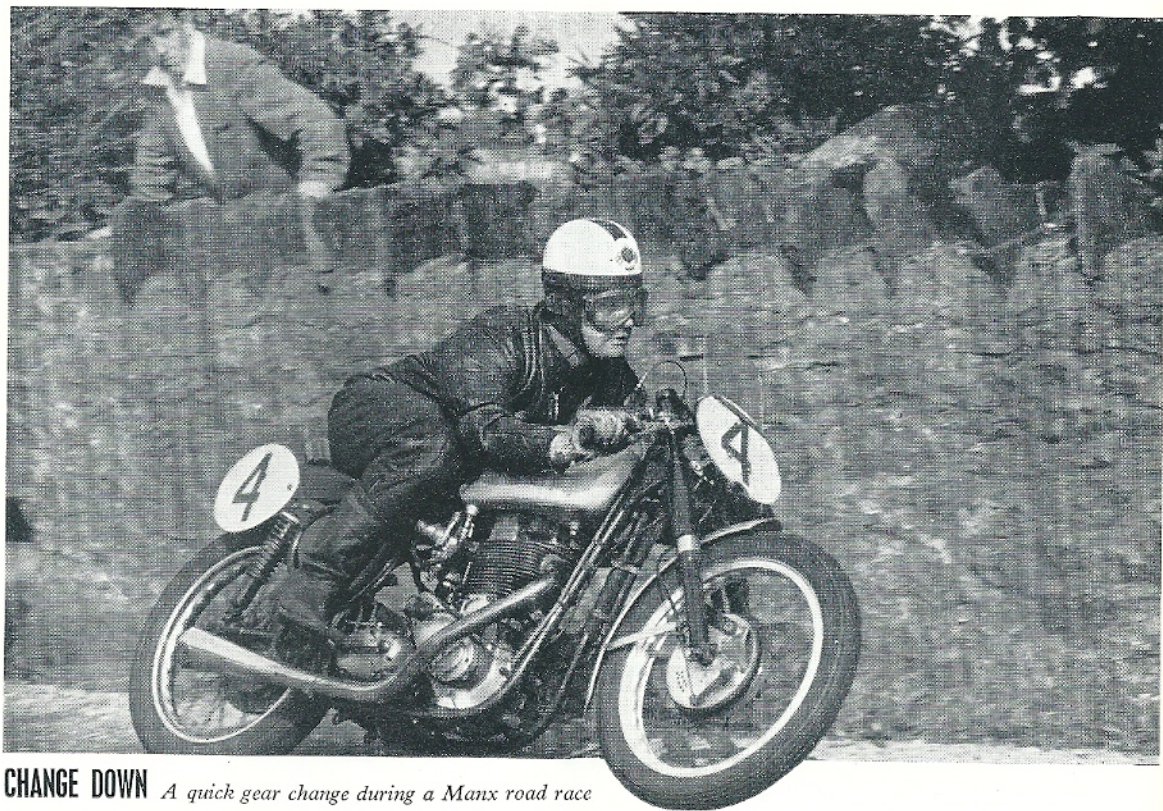


CHIN DOWN *Stan on a home-tuned machine*

FULL THR

Wales short circuit, and later at Altcar, Alton Towers, Aintree, Aberdare, Cadwell, Kirkby Mallory, the Isle of Man, Silverstone and other places. He has owned a variety of potent two-wheelers and his present mounts are a 350 c.c. B.S.A. Gold Star and a home-brewed half-litre Special. He ships his raceware in a 26 h.p. van and skippers a team of three enthusiasts who include Frank Steele, one of A.T. & E.'s engineering students. Frank pilots his own Gold Star in local junior events.

The Aintree circuit is probably Stan's bogey course. He came off twice in as many laps on the "Grand National" track, both times at Becher's Brook. His immediate ambition? To finish well up in front in the Manx Grand Prix. His successes



CHANGE DOWN *A quick gear change during a Manx road race*

OTTLE!

to date? A very creditable accumulation of cash and silverware from a string of meetings. Expenses? Well, with machinery valued at anything over £250 a time, Stan, who is unmarried, reckons he has spent something like two thousand pounds during the past three years. "That's a hell of a lot of money", remarked an acquaintance. Stan considered and answered quickly: "But I've had a hell of a lot of fun".

His reply was made laughingly, but it is nevertheless true. Stan detests riding or driving over normal roads ("Traffic frightens me to death"), but give him a hot racing bike, a fast circuit and a zestful bunch of boys who know their business and he is rarin' to go. If you're quick enough, you will spot him grinning as he thunders through the bends.



BREAK DOWN *A lift back to the paddock after a slight mishap at a famous circuit in the north*



POST-WAR BUILDING has done much to heal the scarred capital of Warsaw. Above is the Vistula Bridge

FUR COATS IN WARSAW

A Company director, Mr. A. F. Bennett, and three engineers exchanged their normal business attire of overcoats and trilbies for fur coats and Cossack hats with ear-flaps when they visited Warsaw recently. The clothing was necessary in a temperature which rarely rose above zero. The delegation to Poland consisted of Mr. A. F. Bennett, Mr. G. W. Thompson (London); Mr. A. N. Spencer and Mr. J. L. Galvin (Strowger Works).

The trip arose out of the visit to Strowger Works of a Polish delegation last autumn. They were so pleased with their reception here that they invited a return delegation to pursue the business talks.

Warsaw's equivalent of Strowger Works is Zakladow Wytworczych Urzadzen Telefonicznych which employs about 2,000 people on telephone production. A larger, new factory is at present being built so that the Posts and Telegraph Department can press ahead with renewing Poland's badly shattered telecommunications, a relic of the heavy fighting and bombardment during the war.

Poland is a country about one and a third times the size of Britain, yet the density of telephones to the population is about only 1% as compared to nearly 13% in Britain and 32% in the United States. Our Company installed many exchanges throughout Poland in pre-war days, some of which have survived.

Telephone production is pressing ahead and the Polish authorities have placed an order with us for motor uniselectors which will be the nucleus of a trunk automatic switching system.

When they weren't attending conferences our delegation members were free to come and go as they pleased. They were impressed with the new buildings rising from the ruins of the shattered city. Most massive of the new buildings is the 38-stories high Palace of Culture; most interesting was the way the historic part of the town with its cluster of 15th and 16th-century buildings has been re-built, after bombing, to exactly what it was before.

Mr. Spencer, who had spent several years in Poland before the war as the Company's representative, thought that the country was currently showing a most progressive outlook, socially and commercially, while still maintaining most of its historic charm and attraction.



PRACTICE SESSION *Norman Denaro instructs a group of girls from his band during a practice session*

Two nights a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, Norman and Audrey Denaro leave their baby daughter in the care of a sitter-in. The Denaros might be any young couple rushing through the early evening chores to snatch a few hours entertainment at the local cinema. They might be—but they're not. The clue to where they're going lies in the cases they handle so carefully. One case contains a trumpet and the other, a cornet.

Norman and Audrey are two of Britain's 100,000 brass-band enthusiasts, but the practice session to which they're going is no ordinary one. So far as they know, the girls' amateur brass-band which meets in St. David's Church Hall, Fairfield, and for which Norman is the conductor, may be the only one of its kind in Britain.

The urge to form his own band led to Norman—he works in Despatch Department, Strowger Works—leaving A.T.M. Works Band in which he was a cornet player. Aided by his wife, a former prize trumpeter, he soon got together enough interested girl musicians. Why girls? "Partly the missus's idea", grins Norman. "She said it was something no-one else had thought of, and, anyway, girls are much easier to teach than boys".

Norman's father was a Salvation Army band

THEY AIM AT TOP BRASS

player for 40 years, and Audrey's father for about 30 years. At an age when other youngsters were playing cowboys and Indians or with dolls, Norman was practising the cornet and Audrey was playing the trumpet. As they grew up they became attached to various bands, sharing quite a high degree of success.

When Norman and Audrey decided last October to try to form a girls' band, there was only one drawback—lack of money. The girls themselves came mainly from musically inclined families, however, and what more natural than they should ask their parents for advice? The outcome was the formation of a Parents' Committee, which advanced £70. This money bought a dozen instruments and the band immediately started practising Christmas carols. Then, for three weeks prior to Christmas, 1956, they went carolling and raised £100. The 30 members of the band include schoolgirls, shop assistants, a nursery teacher and even a typist from Strowger Works.



MODEL-MAKER Alan Dodson and his wife, Audrey, also an A.T. & E. employee at our Stopgate Lane branch



MODEL ADMIRERS Two young visitors to Liverpool Museum see the dandelion made by Alan Dodson

The man who makes flowers

Visitors to the botanical section of Liverpool Museum in William Brown Street do not doubt for one moment as they gaze into a glass case, that the dandelion they see has not been transplanted from a country field for their closer inspection. Indeed, why should they doubt? Leading British museum authorities have said that the "dandelion" is the closest to the real thing that they have ever seen.

The man who made the dandelion, Alan Dodson, is an A.T. & E. employee. His skill in flower model-making is shared by only two other people in Britain—and they are both full-time employees of museums. Mr. Dodson's model was copied—flower, seed-head, "clock" and leaves—from a real dandelion, is valued at £20, and is the nucleus of a collection which the museum hopes to build up for future Liverpool citizens to enjoy.

How did Alan start this unique hobby? His connection with Liverpool Museum goes back only two years but he has been interested in model-making since schooldays. Visitors to his Maghull home often admire original horse's-head carvings, Lilliputian motor-cycle, salad-servers, a dog and an ingenious cannon. Alan turned to making these miniature marvels after his day's work as an inspector at our Stopgate Lane factory had ended.

In 1955, one of Alan's friends who had returned from Rio de Janeiro gave him a tarantula spider. Alan wasn't at all adverse to having such a frightening specimen around the house—dead, of course—but his wife, Audrey (also a Company employee) didn't like it. So Alan took it along to the museum as a gift. There he was introduced to the museum's keeper of botany, Mr. H. Stansfield.

While chatting, Alan mentioned his model-making hobby. Mr. Stansfield immediately pricked up his ears and asked Alan if he would like to try his hand at modelling flowers. The model-maker would—and did.

He admits his first models were not a success. He started by copying book plates, the only form of reference available. No books or tuition exist on the art of making flower models. In the end Alan went out, picked a dandelion and copied his model from that. Using specially-made tools and employing simple materials like beeswax, paper, oil-colours, silk and wire, and sometimes working to a gauge of the thousandth part of an inch, he often laboured an entire evening making one thin strand. The complete job took him six months. Later jobs undertaken by Alan for other sections of the museum were making three cacti and the replica of a bush; repairing one of the antennae of a hermit crab and sections of a scaly snake, and mending a fish's fin and a bird's beak.

The dandelion, a rose bay and hedge parsley—later models—are acknowledged by leading authorities to be the finest examples of flower models existing in Britain today. The hedge parsley contains 150 separate flowers and is made up of 2,000 parts.

The task of making one specimen from each species of garden flowers to delight future generations of Liverpoolians is one to which Alan's spare time is now exclusively devoted.

Liverpool Museum's keeper of botany told *Tone* that the city was indeed fortunate in being able to count upon the services of such a painstaking craftsman as Alan Dodson.



Air Trip Winner

Few young students planning their summer holidays can look forward to quite such an exciting break from routine as 17-year-old Alec Hopley, Training School, Strowger Works. For Alec has been chosen as one of the 25 A.T.C. cadets from all parts of Britain for this year's reciprocal visit to the United States. He was nominated from 700 cadets in West Lancashire Wing.

Alec's qualifications for the trip are outstanding. He has passed all Air Ministry tests within the corps—parts "B" aircrew, "C" electrical trades, "D" engineering of the proficiency examination at ordinary level with credit and all three parts of the advanced examination with a credit in part "B". He is a flight sergeant, has flown gliders, shot at Bisley and is N.C.O. in charge of his squadron's signals section.

His ambition, if he enters the R.A.F., is to be a pilot, and, in civilian life, to follow in the footsteps of his father, a Company engineer in Department 662, with 32 years' service.

Sports Reminder

The eighteenth annual sports and gala day of A.T.M. Sports and Social Organisation will be held at "Whitfield", Roby Road, Roby, on Saturday, June 29th from 2.30 p.m. Don't forget the date.

★
 ★
 ★ **FANCY** ★
 ★
 ★ **THAT!** ★
 ★
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 ★



Unusual surnames? The internal PAX directory for our London offices is less adventurous geographically than Liverpool (see *Tone* No. 5), but we do have Ireland, Rochester, Wooster, Epsom (but no Salt), Barnes, Milton, West Ilsley and Wood Green. Our quota of occupations includes Bishop, Baker, Butler, Cooper, Carmen, Carpenter, Chandler, Driver, Fidler, Gillie, Mariner, Parish Clark, Porter, Tavner, Taylor and Turner—any of whom might be a Freeman.

In nature, we have Bird, Martin, Jay, Peacock, Rooke, that might be found by Bush, Cave, Pitt, Poole, Warren, Stiles, Gates, Hall, Heath, Moore, Oakes, Dryland or Shore, Forte, or Long Miles to Townesend. Not forgetting the Eager Bee; or the Hunt, and the Keene Hunter and Quick Fox, with a Cloud in the 'Evans.

We perform an agricultural conjuring trick with Farrow without a Pigg, there is a Barrow without Boys (a near miss, this), Carroll without Levis, Flint without Napper, Platt without Haire, Norman Knight without a Castle and, like Liverpool, a Rose without a Thorn. Oh, yes, Hole and Corner; and Sharp Payne that we hope has no connection with Beveridge. Alas, no Beer, though there is Mead. A Bright Joule, Ace and King (Good, this); an Archer Keane to Excell. And in that which makes the world go round (or flat), Pretty Valentine and Adams Eve Eager. Of course, the answer may be a Lemmon.

FROM F. J. HESKETH-WILLIAMS
 STROUWER HOUSE LONDON

* * *

One of our technicians was investigating a fault on a traffic signal controller in Liverpool. After clearing the trouble, he called the policeman off point duty and they both stood watching the signals operating.

Suddenly, the policeman darted after a passing tramcar and jumped on to the running board.

Some time afterwards, the officer returned and asked: "What did you think of that cheeky——? I booked him for crossing on the red. Didn't you notice?"

The technician thought for a while, then hastened to explain that when the incident occurred, they were both standing in a position where they could see only the lanterns visible to traffic travelling in the *opposite* direction to that of the tram. It was wrong to assume that the tram crossed on red, just because red was visible to them. The lanterns visible to the tram driver remained on green for a further four seconds.

The technician proved his point and explained the reason for the unusual sequence of lights. The policeman, who by this time was completely disillusioned, remarked: "Well, and to think that I've been on this job for twenty years and booked dozens of drivers for that very offence!"

FROM J. POPE
 DEPARTMENT 350 STROWGER WORKS

* * *

The last time Sir Donald Bradman toured this country as a player, A.T.M. sound equipment was used at Headingley, Leeds, for the Test match and also at Bradford cricket ground for the Yorkshire v. Australia game.

Our first job was at Bradford and I was lucky enough to be invited into the secretary's office where a good view of the game was to be had. I had arranged for my colleague to call in later in case adjustments to the amplifier had to be made.

Being a keen cricketer, I was able to join in the conversation with the cream of the fraternity from all over the country—but I could not say the same for my colleague. The game was rather tense, with Miller bowling to Hutton, when the door opened, but everyone was too interested to notice it and you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. I hoped that my colleague would keep quiet, realising that his interest and knowledge of cricket had never progressed beyond the Blackpool sands standard.

My hopes were dashed, however, as he exclaimed: "Who's batting, Bradford?"

FROM C. H. SAVILLE
LEEDS BRANCH OFFICE

* * *

Many years ago I was on guard duty during the General Strike at our old cabinet factory in Beech Street, Liverpool. Mr. John Haigh, who was then plant superintendent, sent me a large tin of bird lime, together with some bloaters as bait, to deal with a plague of rats in one of the shops. I believe we caught no fewer than 25 rodents in about ten days—but that is beside the point.

The unused lime and bloaters were later returned to Strowger Works and placed in the old manual switchboard department. Late one night, a patrolling watchman, Mr. Dick Beasley, ran into Milton Road time office and reported that he had just encountered a ghost with glowing eyes outside this department. Investigation revealed, however,



that a stray cat had tried to steal one of the bloaters and had smeared itself with lime. The cat had been rolling in a bundle of tissue paper in an attempt to remove the lime from its fur—hence the spectre with glowing eyes. Was that watchman's face red!

FROM A. J. MUSKETT, SECRETARY OF
A.T.M. SPORTS AND SOCIAL ORGANISATION

* * *

The cabinet had been sent to Despatch Department for packing. Experts had completed three sides of the job, and had moved away to collect additional material. They returned a minute or two later and carefully sealed the remaining side of the packing case. The case was then nailed, bound with steel strips, the destination was stencilled in and the case was left overnight to await loading.

As the case was being swung on to a lorry the following morning, the driver heard a faint screech from inside the wood. The packing was hastily



removed and out shot an angry black tom cat—a lucky black cat that had nearly been signed, sealed and almost delivered.

SUPPLIED BY "HAMMER"
STROWGER WORKS

* * *

Contributions to Fancy That are invited. Your amusing anecdotes—or even ideas for personal, human stories—similar to those above, should have a definite Company angle to them. Tone will pay a guinea for each item accepted and published.



TRY BADMINTON FOR S-P-E-E-D

It's a long, long way from Poona to Strowger Works canteen. How long exactly? Geographically, we wouldn't like to say, but metaphorically we can be more precise. The distance is 44 feet—the length of a badminton court. How come? Well, badminton owes much of its popularity to Indian Army officers who took it up in the late 1860's as a means of keeping fit. But the game was probably born in China many centuries ago.

The sports-loving military men christened the game Poona after the town of the same name. Interest in the pastime had started in England twenty years earlier, however. It was first played in the British Isles at Badminton Hall, seat of the then Duke of Beaufort.

Basically, the game is quite simple. A five-foot high net, stretching 20 feet, divides the length of the playing court. Those taking part use lightweight rackets to drive feathered shuttles backwards and forwards over this net, and the shuttle isn't supposed to touch the floor. This *sounds* simple enough, but as all strokes are made on the volley and as a blow from a five-and-a-half ounce racket can force the ultra-lightweight shuttle to

travel at an incredible speed, the game calls for lightning reactions, strong wrists, fierce footwork, quick eyes and a considerable amount of all-round physical fitness. In its higher spheres, the game is one of the fastest and most exhausting ever invented.

Badminton really started to boom at the turn of the present century. In 1893, the Badminton Association was formed and, by 1934, no fewer than 15 different countries had become affiliated to the International Badminton Federation, the sport's controlling body. By 1947, there were some 1,800 clubs belonging to the Badminton Association of England and, during the past ten years, that figure has mushroomed to close on 3,000.

The history of A.T.M. Badminton Club is comparatively short, but nevertheless varied and interesting. It was founded in 1936 by a group of enthusiasts from both works and offices under the leadership of Mr. N. H. G. Morris, Telephone Systems Planning, who was first secretary, and Mr. J. W. McQuair, general superintendent, who was first captain. Both men are still keen followers of the sport. Club president is Mr. Arthur Bell, chairman of our Sports and Social Organisation. Mrs. Bell and Mr. James McGavin, of Department 662 (a past player and a former chairman) are vice-presidents.

Current membership is about fifty, and it is surprising how many husband and wife pairs there are on the books.



LUCKY BLACK CAT! *The canteen cat is treated to milk from one of the trophies by three club members*



CLUB CAPTAIN *Doug Ludgate with two of the season's trophy winners, Bob Jones and Joan Connolly*

Club colours are gold and black and the club badge is a shield emblazoned with a shuttlecock. Major trophies competed for each year are the men's open singles and the ladies' open singles. Both cups were donated by Mr. J. C. Wrighton.

In the past, the A.T.M. club has experienced several lean seasons, but members are now riding high on a wave of success and enthusiasm. In the season which has just ended, the club's three teams finished runners-up in each of their respective divisions in the hotly-contested Liverpool League and Liverpool Business Houses League. A.T.M. players took every title in the Liverpool Business Houses League tournaments.

Club nights are Wednesdays and Saturdays and the all-inclusive fee for each member is 35 shillings

a year. At first glance this figure might appear to be rather high, but when you consider that shuttles cost about two guineas a dozen and the club uses something like a dozen shuttles every night, then the cost is quite reasonable. Membership is open to any A.T. & E. employee, whether experienced or beginner at the sport and the management committee of the club say they will make every effort to give coaching if this is requested.

The men to contact if you are interested in trying this fast-moving, fast-thinking sport are any of the following: Arthur Thornley, Crystal Inspection, City Factory (chairman); Philip A. Fitzgerald, of Department 670 (secretary); Les Wright, of Department 670 (treasurer) and Doug Ludgate, of Department 388 (captain).

AWARD FOR TONE

At the 1957 conference of the British Association of Industrial Editors, it was announced that Tone had been awarded a Certificate of Merit for "high quality of content and presentation" in this year's National House Journal Competition. More than 250 magazines competed.

PICTURE CREDITS

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A.T.M. SPORTS AND SOCIAL ORGANISATION



Annual Sports and Gala Day



THE HIGHLIGHT of the A.T.M. Sports and Social Organisation's year is our sports and gala day. The 1957 event, the eighteenth of its kind, will be held at "Whitfield", Roby Road, Roby (opposite Bowring Park golf course) on Saturday, June 29th. A full programme of competitive events, sideshows, exhibitions and many other attractions will commence at 2.30 p.m.

Here is a selection of items from our varied programme:— a judo demonstration, baseball match, children's treasure hunt, pony rides, a miniature railway, tennis, a bowls main, sprinting, novelty and obstacle races, other track and field events and inter-departmental competitions. The A.T.M. Prize Band will be in attendance and refreshments will be available. There are, in fact, plenty of amusements and entertainments for both young and old.

Admission to the grounds will be by programme (adults 6d., schoolchildren 3d.). Your programme—which may win you a cash prize—can be obtained at the entrance.

Buses No. 76 (Liverpool Corporation), and 116, 116B, 143 and 168 (Crosville) stop outside the ground. May we look forward to seeing you at Whitfield on SATURDAY JUNE 29th. It's going to be a great day!

A. J. MUSKETT, HON. SECRETARY

A.T.M. SPORTS AND SOCIAL ORGANISATION

