



# TONE

SUMMER 1958 - 3d

The Magazine of AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD



*An enchanting view of the Brazilian coastline near Rio de Janeiro, the federal capital of the country*

## Brazil

*the world's coffee cup*

OVER SIX THOUSAND FLYING MILES away from Strowger Works in booming, ultra-modern São Paulo—for the past ten years one of the fastest growing cities in the world—events are taking place that are going to mean a great deal to Automatic Telephone & Electric Company.

For nearly four centuries, São Paulo was just another sleepy little Brazilian town 3,000 feet up on a sun-drenched plateau. Fifty years ago it yawned and began to stretch. Today it has exploded into an industrial giant covering more than 700 square miles with a population of nearly 3,000,000. Scientists who have plotted the city's population curve say that, within a few generations, the number of inhabitants in this sub-tropical bonanza may well be 8,000,000. Quite a few of those millions are likely to need our equipment.

For more than ten years we have been supplying

large quantities of telecommunications equipment to Brazil—mainly MAX equipment. During 1946 we received orders for 32,000 lines for São Paulo, 3,000 lines for Niteroi and 600 lines for São Gonçalo. The total number of lines supplied by us for São Paulo now amounts to nearly 100,000.

In addition, we have supplied 2,400 lines for Campinas, 1,000 for Santos Office Two, 6,000 for Santos Office Four and 1,000 for Nilopolis. We have also provided a 180-position toll board at Cidade, toll centre in São Paulo, and a 42-position toll board at Campinas, together with two-voice frequency equipment for Cidade, Santos and Campinas.

Many of our employees at Strowger Works are already familiar with the name São Paulo. They've seen it on labels for equipment which they helped to make and assemble, but they have probably not given this city with the spectacular skyline more than a cursory thought.

An example of our keen interest in Brazil—and São Paulo in particular—is a valuable contract we have received recently from the São Paulo State Water & Electricity Department for the delivery of single-channel VHF equipment, the



*Part of the São Paulo skyline. The city is now the industrial giant of South America and still growing*

first public VHF network to go into Brazil. The equipment is being engineered and made by A.T.E. (Bridgnorth) Ltd.

Approximately 100 miles to the south of the great port of Santos lies an area intimately associated with the first landings of the Portuguese in Brazil and yet today is completely devoid of telecommunication services. Our network will serve this area and connect it direct to the city of São Paulo.

Vital point in the scheme is a hill, called the Morro da Boa Vista (Hill of the Good View), which rises to well over three thousand feet and has line of sight to most of the communities requiring communication. Although this hill was well known on paper to both the Company and the customer (through correspondence and planning), no one concerned had seen it nearer than from a low-flying helicopter. A party of eight, including A.T.E. representatives Stanley Cotterell and Jack Willock, made the difficult climb and brought back useful information.

Our sales company in Brazil, with head offices in the Federal capital of Rio de Janeiro, is Telefones Automaticos e Equipamento Elétrico Ltda.

Mr. J. W. McClew is manager. There is a branch in São Paulo.

If Brazil is the world's coffee cup, São Paulo is the flame that keeps it on the boil. And communications provide the vital spark behind the flame.

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## TONE

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF  
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD

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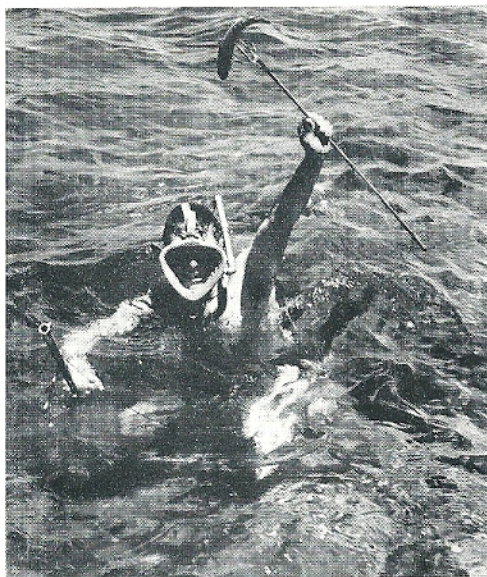
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*A party preparing for underwater exploration*

## *Hunters of the Deep*



*The dive finished, a fish supper is on the way*

**S**INCE NOAH BUILT HIS ARK men have been fascinated by the sea, sailing ships to all parts of the world or just round and round the local boating lake. Now, they want to know what lies in and below the depths and are satisfying their curiosity with the aid of aqua lungs, flippers and snorkels.

Among those who explore the beds of rivers and oceans, stepping lightly over rainbow coral, playing hide-and-seek with sleekit fish and climbing laboriously over wrecks that have sunk to the bottom with untold treasures aboard, are several employees of the A.T.E. organisation.

In January, 1954, a newspaper advertisement invited interested men and women to form a Merseyside branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club after an initial meeting with the war-time frogman Lt.-Commander Ian Fraser, V.C. Some sixty Merseysiders met and formed a local branch. Expeditions to gather seaweed for Liverpool University Department of Marine Biology were dull routine in comparison with other more exciting outings that followed. Dives to ancient sunken vessels to hunt fortunes in gold, silver and jewels . . . but more of that later.

Among A.T.E. people who were attracted to the Sub-Aqua Club were Matthew Tait (Relay Assembly), Peter Vick (Department 411) and Les Clarke (Physical Laboratory). There was also one woman, who, with practice, became a competent enthusiast. She was Miss Valerie Hope, formerly of Apparatus Draughting Group, who has now emigrated to Canada.

A member of A.T.M. Swimming Club, Harold Carrington (Switch Wiring) was among the first to test and try out equipment and is now the club's diving instructor. Les Monk, sales engineer with Communication Systems Ltd., has been a keen onlooker and has accompanied the club on a number of outings.

To casual observers, skin (or aqua) diving appears a hobby restricted to the rich, who use it to while away the monotony of long holidays on the south coast of France and in Florida. In fact it can be an inexpensive one that is just as thrilling and exciting in the chilly waters surrounding the British Isles as it is in the sun-warmed waters of foreign resorts. Approximately three pounds is all that is required to buy tested and approved equipment to make dives in complete safety. But, first of all, it is essential to know the difference between skin diving and aqua-lung diving.



*A fascinating and beautiful world lies below the surface for those who go skin-diving as a sport*

The former is done in a normal swimsuit, with the assistance of flippers, goggles and snorkel. Existence underwater is maintained by holding the breath before diving and this, naturally, restricts the time spent under the surface. Aqua-lung diving is done with the same equipment, but with a "lung" replacing the snorkel and enabling the diver to remain submerged for as long as half-an-hour. Even longer periods of uninterrupted exploring can be gained by the use of two cylinders.

It is, however, the lung that can make the sport expensive, although even this cost can be reduced when the £35-£70 is divided among a group or club. Sub-tropical waters, of course, are ideal for dives because temperatures are "comfortable" and the clarity of the water permits good viewing of submarine life, often in glorious colours.

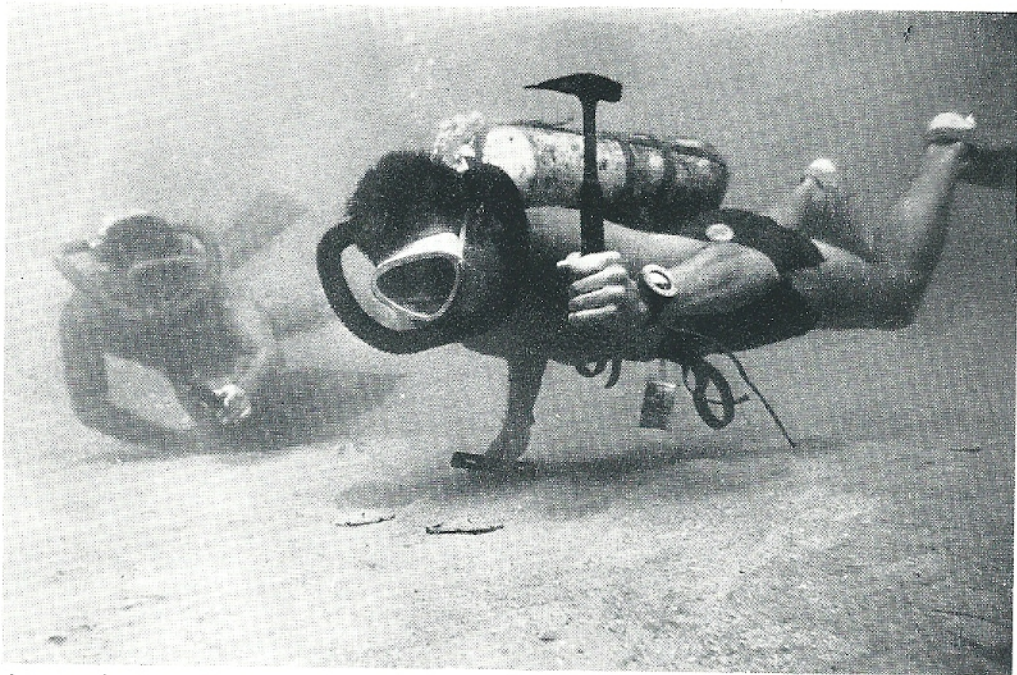
British home waters are only warm enough for the sport for about four months each year and the clarity leaves something to be desired, though there is still a great variety of interest to be found in spots where murkiness is less pronounced. Enthusiasts manage to extend these four months

by dressing in either "wet" or "dry" rubber suits to keep their bodies comparatively warm. In this way, they can gain several weeks' extra diving.

The purpose of the wet suit is to let the water in, but prevent it circulating freely next to the skin. The dry suit is the type used by frogmen and keeps out all traces of water whilst enabling the diver to wear a number of layers of warm clothing underneath.

But enough of preparations above the surface. The things of interest are below the water. How are you to get there? By a high dive, lowering over the side of a ship? The normal procedure is to wade in from a beach, except in the case of deep sea diving when enthusiasts are lowered over the side of a vessel, the hitting of which again adds to the expense of the sport. High dives are strictly out, because of the dangers involved.

But even the accepted methods are not as easy as they sound for, although many people are drowned at sea, divers have to weight their bodies with pieces of lead of between six and eight pounds to help break the surface. Drowning can be caused by panic.



*A party of sub-aquarists prospecting on the bottom for specimens of marine biology and geology*

What of the treasure that lies below the surface of the seven seas? Some idea of the vast wealth, other than pearls, which lies under fathoms of water can be gained from one vital statistic: one-eighth of all the gold and silver mined since the year 1500 has been lost at sea—and with this is billions of pounds worth of gems.

But prospecting below the water, though more adventurous than on land, has its drawbacks. Endless expeditions are often made before wrecks are even located and then only to find that the skeleton vessels are almost silted over. Almost as much money has been lost trying to salvage a sunken treasure as the value of the hoard itself.

And if you *do* happen to salvage a nugget of gold there is always the prospect of disappointment on reaching the surface to find that it has shrunk considerably. Everything is magnified one-third by goggles or face-mask below the surface—very much larger than life.

Members of the Liverpool club have found several ideal diving spots in the many coves of North Wales, where they have even gone down to the wreck of the *Royal Charter* which sank nearly

a hundred years ago with £800,000 worth of gold on board. They have also made unsuccessful attempts to locate the *Santa Cruz*, reputed to have taken half-a-million pounds in bullion to the bottom.

So, whether you are hunting fish, weeds or bullion the ocean is the ideal place . . . for those who don't mind getting wet!

\* \* \*

### *Front cover picture*

**P**ICTURED ON THE FRONT COVER of this issue is a motor-cycle sidecar outfit. This particular device is a very functional item of ironmongery, strictly for sporting enthusiasts.

The crew of our cover combination consists of Colin Powell (in blue) and Philip Fitzgerald, both of Department 619 (Systems Analysis), Strowger Works. These young men are secretary and captain respectively of the old-established A.T.M. Motor Club. They are seen navigating a powerful outfit down a steep gully in a typical trials section.

# FIRST OF THE MANY

A RARE FIRST EDITION  
IS RUN TO EARTH

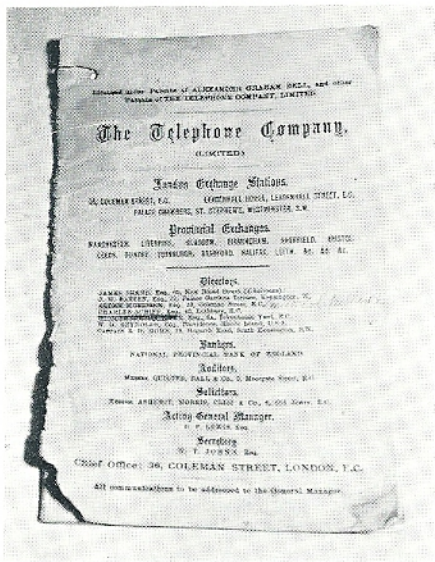
**T**O READ EVERY ENTRY in a London telephone directory in well under sixty minutes is pretty good going. And you don't need a brain like one of those new fangled calculating machines, either! You simply choose a directory that was printed in 1880—a sort of first parent of all London telephone directories.

Like most rare first editions they aren't easy to find, but one example was run to earth in a locked steel cabinet on the third floor of the G.P.O.'s offices at Aldersgate, the place where they carry on the never ending job of getting out new directories.

It was published by the London Telephone Company Ltd., one of the private undertakings that pioneered Mr. Bell's invention in this country before most of the telephones were nationalised in 1912—Hull excepted, of course.

Compared with the four stout volumes which now cater for the London Postal Area it's a pretty

*The frontispiece of a very early directory*



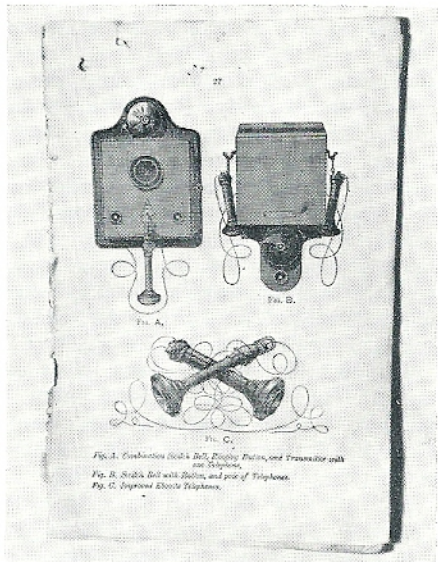
modest effort, no bigger than the indexed books in which we keep the numbers of our friends and acquaintances. Altogether there are only thirty-five pages and of those, seven do the work of the modern classified directory.

Brokers seem to have been the first to see the possibilities of the telephone; they claim a total of eighty-nine entries. And solicitors, sometimes accused of being on the conservative side in the matter of office equipment, are good runners-up with thirty-nine. Banks are reasonably well represented though only one of the now famous names was among the ten listed.

The Press seems to have been very slow off the mark, for no newspaper and only one news agency appears to have been on the phone. And Queen Victoria, though she'd tried out the new gadget a couple of years before the directory was published, doesn't seem to have had one installed at Buckingham Palace. The Lord Mayor of London, on the other hand, had two, one at the Mansion House, the other at the Guildhall.

The great family of Smith, which now occupies over twenty pages in the London directory, is represented by only six of its members. And the fact that the Joneses don't appear at all may explain why there were only some three hundred and fifty subscribers in the whole of London—telephonically there was no call to keep up with them.

*A directory illustration showing equipment*



## FIRE-PUMP SPECIAL

**DO-IT-YOURSELF** is a present-day craze aimed to overcome the zooming cost of living and shabby workmanship. People are making anything from match holders to their own houses. Ten years ago it was neither finance nor lack of confidence in British workmanship that led A.T.E. Bridgnorth's technical director, Mr. W. R. Parkinson, to embark on a large scale do-it-yourself scheme.

In the immediate post-war years there was a shortage of cars and, as a small one would be convenient for travelling to and from the factory, he decided to make his own. It was a long job and, at times, an irritating one because of shortage of materials and delays in delivery, but it was finally completed and, today, the jaunty two-seater sports car is still on the road and in fine fettle.

How do you set about building your own car? Initially, you need a centre to carry out the actual construction and preferably one which is not dual purpose but where the gathering paraphernalia will not be tampered with by inquisitive laymen or women.

The design comes next. At this stage, Mr. Parkinson had to consider the difficulties in obtaining the materials he would require for the job and, because of this, he decided on a small type of car with as little bodywork as possible. His next consideration was the quality of the material for the bodywork. His main aim was for a car which would be economical to run, but which would also be completely weather-proof. He knew that it would be parked each day in the yard at the Bridgnorth factory, and that whatever the weather it would be without protection. The material he finally decided on for the entire body work was a rustproof metal to Government specification.

The car has been in use almost every day since it first went on the road and it has stood for uncountable hours in rain, hail and snow for ten years. But it shows no sign of the usual weather deterioration expected in standard type cars.

With the exterior design completed, Mr. Parkinson set about the formidable task of gathering together the component parts. He did this by in-



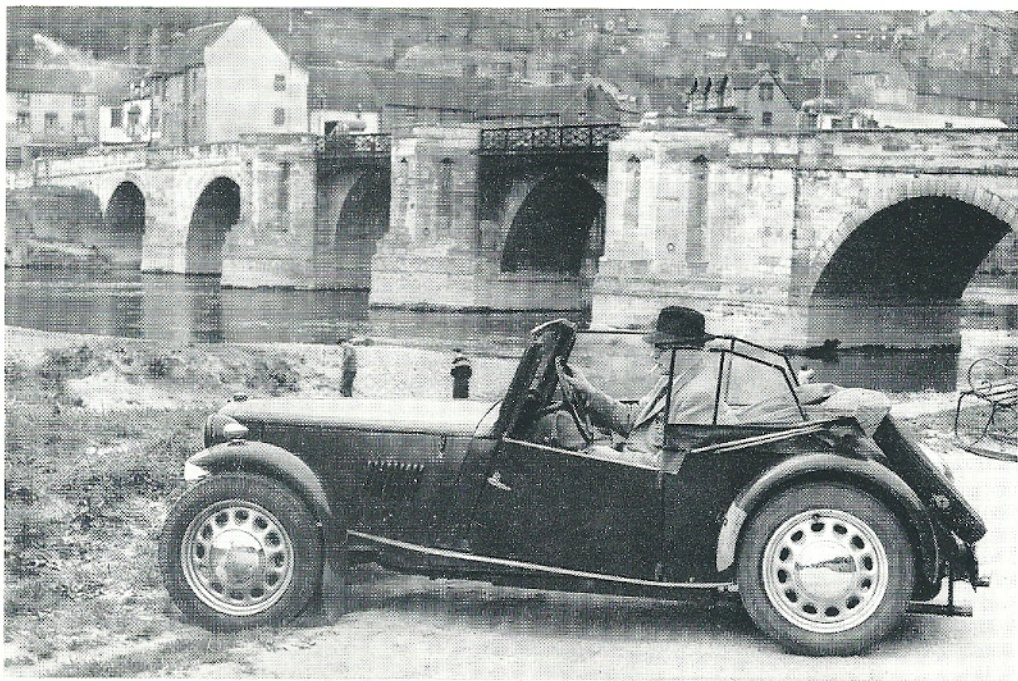
*Mr. Parkinson at the wheel of his 8 h.p. sports special*

specting as many different cars as possible and, when satisfied that the model carried the type of equipment he required for his own, he collected the serial numbers of the vehicles and wrote to the manufacturers ordering his materials.

But that was in 1946 when the car industry was making its first attempts to return to pre-war standards. Deliveries were slow and materials so rationed that orders piled up similar to wartime queues. In spite of these drawbacks the job was completed and the car was on the road within two years.

The car became a combination of spare parts from the best of many well-known British makes. From the Morris factories came the chassis, brakes and axles, the wheels are Jowett, the propeller shaft Hillman Minx, and the gear box of the Austin A40 type. These, together with the Government aluminium alloy which composed the bodywork, were straightforward orders from the manufacturers, but other parts of the car did not have such conventional beginnings. The Austin engine started life in an N.F.S. pump during the war and was requisitioned for civilian service by Mr.





*The car pictured against a background of the bridge over the Severn near the Bridgnorth factory*

Parkinson when he saw it at a post-war sale of Government property. It is 8-h.p.

Battle of Britain pilots found the seats of Spitfires both comfortable and ideal for the conditions under which they flew. Mr. Parkinson and his passengers now find two such seats ideal for the black low-slung sportster. The parachute pads are removed and the seats are just right for the low-roofed vehicle.

When you duck down to get into the car you are apt to concentrate on the workmanlike dashboard, but of interest overhead is the tarpaulin convertible roof which Mr. Parkinson made from an Army tent—it still bears the splashes of camouflage paint to prove its origin.

When he started building his ideal vehicle, Mr Parkinson did not aim at speed, but he has nevertheless achieved a lightweight model which has an adequate performance and the added quality of being more than usually lively. It is ideal for parking where space is in great demand and it can reverse and turn on the proverbial sixpence. Because of the aluminium used for the bodywork, it weighs only eleven hundredweights.

Total cost for the building and components was £120 and, says Mr. Parkinson, "It has a long life ahead of it yet. It is far more reliable than many new cars on the roads at the moment." The mileometer is registering well over 25,000 miles, and many of these were clocked up on runs to London and the South coast as well as on the daily runs between home and factory. The car, which is very safe on corners in spite of its lightness, does 50 miles to the gallon and is still running on its original tyres.

After parking the car on his way home from Birmingham one day, he was surprised to find a man underneath trying to discover its make!

Mr. Parkinson, who has been driving since 1919, does all his own repairs to both the two-seater and a larger family car because: "I don't trust garages."

Proof of the immediate success of his enterprise came when, after a trial run in his driveway, he had it tested for road safety and worthiness. After putting the car through a thorough performance test and watching it being examined minutely he was very surprised when the inspector offered to buy it. Success indeed!

# At the ready

IF THE LOW WAIL of the almost-forgotten air raid siren was to sound out over Strowger Works tomorrow, almost two hundred men would go calmly to action stations to stand-by just in case . . . just in case it was an atomic or hydrogen bomb raid or—looking even further into the future—raider rockets were in the vicinity.

The men, all volunteers, would be members of the A.T.E. recognised unit of the Industrial Civil Defence Service, who weekly give up an evening of TV watching, darts playing or just sitting by the fireside, to train in the art of defence and welfare.

They train in the familiar surroundings of the works canteen, but there is nothing familiar about the atomic and nuclear training itself. The ordinary rescue and safety routines and techniques learnt during the 1939-45 war seem elementary and trivial beside the bizarre possibilities of atomic warfare. Then the works had its own Home Guard and efficient units of fire watchers, firemen and ambulance men, who were on call day and night. The present unit, which was re-formed some years after the 1945 armistice, has among its members several men who worked with the earlier units.

The new organisation has several fully-trained instructors who deal with all aspects of civil defence. They are all answerable to Mr. A. James (Routine Manager), who is the works Chief Civil Defence Officer, who has been an indefatigable worker for many years.

One of the men who served with the war-time unit was Mr. Joe Bennion (Duplicating Department), a training officer and St. John Ambulance Brigade Divisional Superintendent in charge of the ambulance section, whose present office was the official war-time control room. He recalls the days when Strowger Works had its own team of roof-spotters who alerted the factory when enemy aircraft were in the vicinity. "Those men did a good job, working hand-in-hand with the A.R.P.



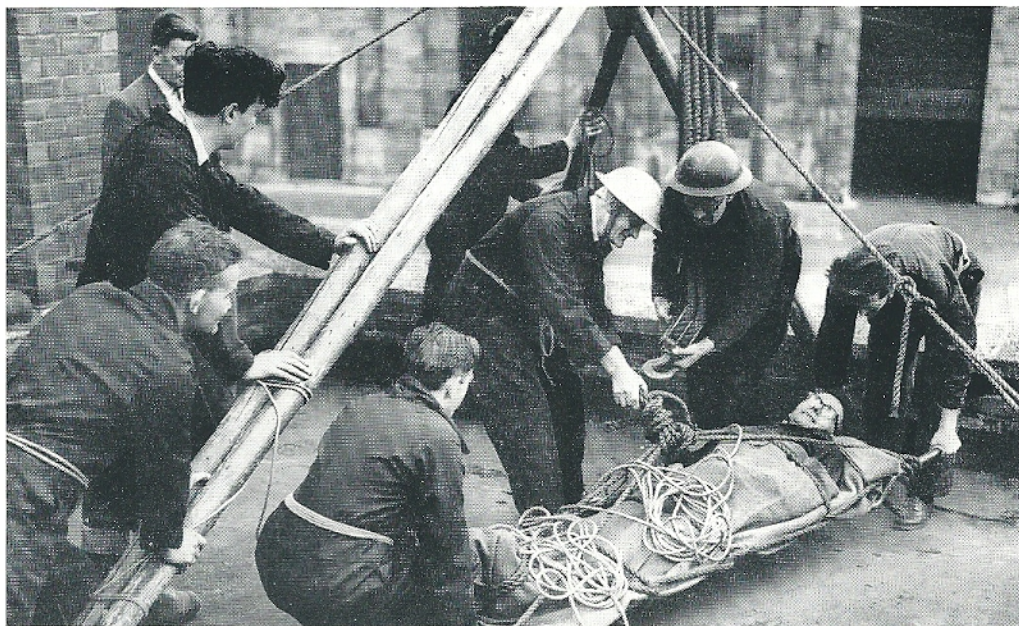
*An instructor demonstrates gas-mask drill to a pupil*

and ambulance men. And we know that the men we are training today will respond with the same courage and skill if they are needed—whatever the emergency," says Mr. Bennion.

When the unit was re-formed, some ten years ago, forty men from all parts of the factory volunteered for training. This has now increased to two hundred. Still more will join in the future.

Training takes place every Monday night. During the sessions the men are given twelve lectures covering an all-round basic training which includes information concerning nuclear weapons, fire-fighting, chemical warfare, high explosives and incendiary bombs and brief talks on the possibilities of biological attacks. But, before this, the volunteers are shown a film of the ravages that can be caused in an H-bomb area. To test their nerves and show them what they would have to deal with if a similar type of warfare befell Britain, they are shown close-ups of injured men, women and children, and the extreme damage that can be done to buildings.

The handling of radiac instruments is also part of training. These modern instruments have been used at Strowger Works under mock conditions and in exercises where a radio-active source has



*The rescue section prepare to lower a stretcher case from one of the roofs of the factory at Strowger Works*

been planted to test the skill of the volunteers. The twelve lectures are followed by a course in basic first-aid, which is full St. John Ambulance Brigade training applied to the type of injuries which could be expected. The emphasis is then on the treatment of burns and injuries caused by crushing, which would be common because of the vast numbers of buildings which would collapse.

This is followed by a course in rescue work, which involves hours of intensive training. The men are given practical experience on the rooftops of the factory, from which they "rescue" injured persons. Derricks and ladders are the important items on these occasions, between the rescue workers and ambulance men working on the ground. Rope work, the erection of derricks and the use of block and tackle have many complications which must be overcome to ensure the safety and comfort of injured in war-time or emergency peace-time disasters.

The unit is lucky in having among its volunteers a number of men from Department O6 (Frame Work), who are looked upon as the strong men of the factory. They make up most of the rescue section and train under Mr. J. Henderson (Department 416). Respirator drill, the use of protective

clothing, rudiments of gases and their effects and the handling of atomic equipment is all part of training.

The unit instructors are Mr. F. Bailey (PAX Maintenance Engineer), who is a training officer, Messrs. F. Barrow and E. Fleetwood (Engineers), who give basic training, Messrs. J. Henderson (Department 416) and S. Taylor (Department 108), who work with the rescue section, and Messrs. J. Boyne (Foreman of Department 56) and W. Yates (PAX) who are members of St. John Ambulance Brigade and handle training in first-aid.

Looking to the future, it is thought that in case of an emergency the men now being trained at Strowger Works may have to go to the Company's branch factories as key men to lead other workers in civil defence.

Commenting on the training given to the men, Mr. Bailey, who served with the A.R.P. at the factory during the war, says: "It is strange that, in spite of all this talk about nuclear-fission and H-bombs, the old stirrup pump is still a most important defence weapon."

The factory unit is open only to men, but outside civil defence sections are usually open to women of all ages.

**Arthur Leadbetter**, formerly of 21 Cable Stores, Strowger Works, who has just retired, is a keen indoor gardener. His home-built conservatory contains flowers of many cross-bred varieties and he also grows creepers in pots and an indoor palm tree.

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**Leslie Sears**, an engineer in Department 675, Strowger Works, took seven weeks of his spare time to sketch the 100-year-old Frankby Parish Church, Wirral, as a cover for a magazine.

\* \* \*

**Leo Lovelady** (Training Department) and **Alan Thompson** (Drawing Office) are spare-time members of a rhythm quartet which has had more than 150 engagements, including a concert at Liverpool Philharmonic Hall.

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**R. A. Spears**, of the Crystal Laboratory, is believed to be the first man in Liverpool to



*R. A. Spears—TV pioneer*



*Millie Clarkson—swimming coach*

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## ***We'd like you to meet . . .***

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have built his own television set. That was in 1947, when he received pictures from Alexandra Palace, and, with minor modifications to keep it up-to-date, his equipment is still in use.

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Former A.T.E. champion swimmer, **Mrs. Millie Clarkson** (Macdonald before her marriage), Department 16, City Factory, has given up competition swimming but is in great demand as an instructor for colleagues' children.

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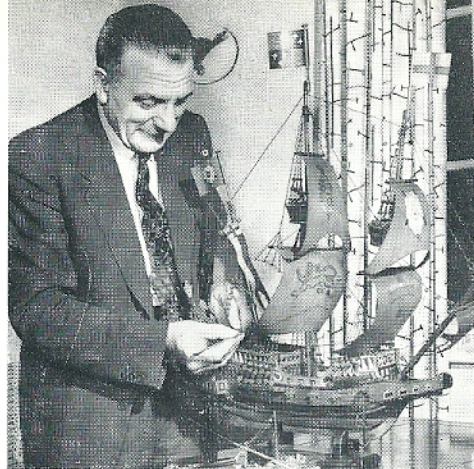
Most people have a hobby. **Ernie Rimmer**, a fitter attached to the Strowger Works Plant Department has one. He is an animal lover. His interest has spread to birds, fish, rabbits and—more recently—to mink. He has two very fine mink pelts from two of his own breed.

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Six years ago **Dennis Meredith**, machine shop, Bridgnorth, was bundled into a holiday camp talent contest by friends. He won. Now, after



*Harry Linacre—greenhouse builder*



*Eddie Lymer—model maker*



*Jean Lunt—cake decorator*



*Alan Buckley—picture expert*

several successful appearances as resident singer with dance bands in his home district, he is contemplating taking up "pop" singing seriously. He has already made a number of experimental records.

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**Eric Phillips**, apprentice toolmaker, Department 01, Strowger Works, was one of the boys taking part in an exhibition soccer match at Liverpool Boys' Association ground during the Duke of Edinburgh's recent visit to Liverpool.

\* \* \*

**E. J. Lymer**, Publicity Department, City Factory, is a man of many talents, a few being model-making in wood and metal, needlework and tapestry. His patience and skill have also produced many enviable pictures in marquetry.

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**Jean Lunt**, Department 991, Accounts, Strowger Works, is an expert cake decorator. She has iced many cakes for birthdays, parties and dinners. The cake on which she has lavished most care? A magnificent creation for her own wedding last month to **Ron Lunt**, an equipment engineer in Department 672.

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**John Crossley**, Exchange Laboratories, became interested in painting ten years ago. He now spends his free time working on abstract paintings in his studio flat in Sefton Park and has evolved an unusual style which gives an almost etched finish to the pictures.

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The greenhouse which **Harry Linacre**, Department 31, Strowger Works, built at his home in Stanley Road, Hoylake, has a frame of driftwood. The wood was collected over a period of two years on Hoylake foreshore at low tide. Over a hundred pieces were used and the greenhouse, which took a month to build, cost only £12. "I guarantee it for at least twenty years," he says.

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**Alan Buckley**, inspection supervisor in Department 58, City Factory, is a serious-minded photographer and has some fine specimens of table-top photography, but he also finds an amusing side to his hobby. He has perfected a method of taking photographs through nylon. The results are frightening enough for a chamber of horrors.



*This was the type of Jamaican scene which Alan dreamed about. His dream came true*

*Thanks to hard work . . .*

## **His dream trip came true**

**I**T'S DIFFICULT to imagine oneself basking in Jamaica—lovely island of sunshine and calypsoes—particularly if you are delivering newspapers in English fog and rain to earn the money to get there.

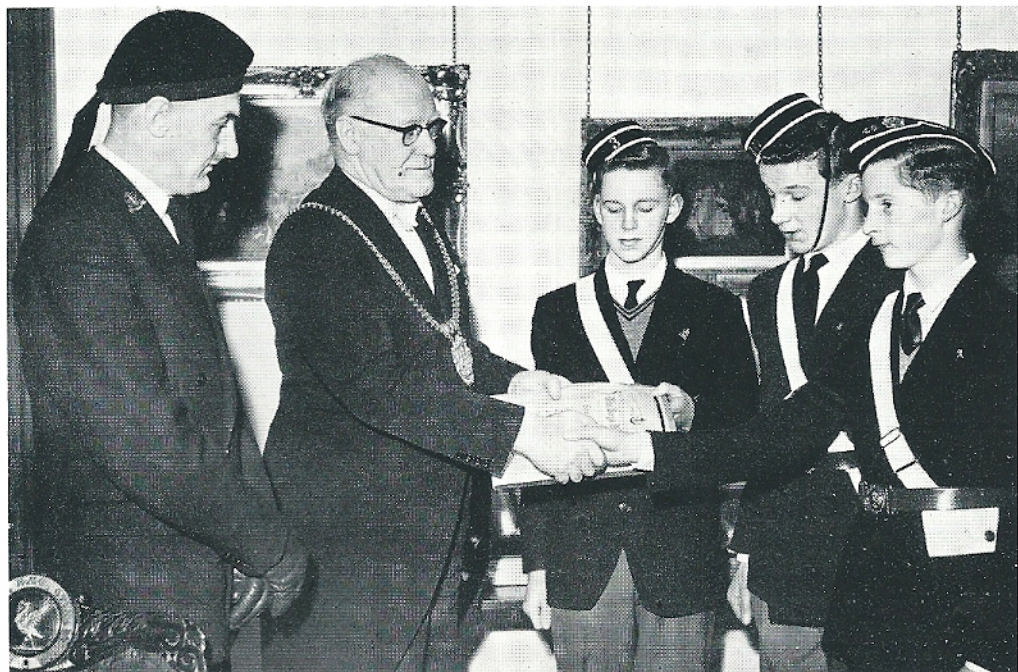
But that is just what sixteen-year-old apprentice toolmaker Alan McKie, Department O1, Strowger Works, dreamed about for twelve months as he carried a heavy bag of newspapers and magazines from house to house each morning before he went to school. He then spent another twelve months saving almost every penny of the wages he earned at Strowger Works to add to his growing wealth.

Alan first heard of the trip to Jamaica through

officers of the 70th Liverpool Company of the Boys' Brigade, who were on the look-out for keen cadets to represent Britain at a World Camp which was held in Jamaica in April. The camp was part of world-wide celebrations to mark the 75th birthday of the Boys' Brigade.

When he was first asked if he would be interested in the trip, Alan realised it would mean saving every possible penny that came his way. He jingled the weekly "spends" his father, Mr. Frank McKie, (Department 94) gave him in his pocket and decided to get a job. Still a schoolboy with the prospect of another twelve months in the classrooms ahead of him, he did what people all over the country are doing to earn money—he took a part-time job.

This meant getting up early in the mornings and giving up his spare time in the evenings, but he had his dreams of sunny Jamaica to keep him warm as he tramped through snow and rain. What does it mean to a youngster in his teens to try to save £100? It means cutting out almost completely the weekly or bi-weekly trips to cinemas, giving up other expensive hobbies and even stopping oneself



*Alan (second from right) and colleagues were given a civic send-off in Liverpool Town Hall*

popping into sweetshops for a bag of toffees. Alan earned 16s a week on the newspaper "round" and saved every penny of it.

A year ago he joined the apprentices at Strowger Works, and allowing only the minimum for a few visits to a cinema, he has saved his wages each week. "It hasn't been too bad, as a matter of fact," he says, "because Mum and Dad let me keep all my money towards the trip. I don't think I could have gone otherwise."

The trip cost £160, but Huyton Urban District Council gave Alan a grant of £50 towards the fare because of its educational value. Alan has been a member of the Boys' Brigade for five years.

He was one of seventy-seven members of the Boys' Brigade chosen to represent Britain at the camp. This was an envied honour for him as he was chosen from thousands of eager boys in the same age group who would have loved a trip to Jamaica.

A lance-corporal, he was first recommended by the officers of his own company. Later he was vetted by high-ranking officers at the London headquarters who were determined to ensure that

the group of young boys who were to represent the country in Jamaica were the most worthy members of the Brigade. They looked for good service, character and the ability to mix with boys of every nationality.

Alan is one of four boys from Liverpool, including a captain from his own company. The trip started on April 6th when the British party flew from Manchester to Kingston, making a two hour stop in New York.

The camp was held from April 10 to 18 and, after it closed, Alan and members of the Liverpool group remained in Jamaica as guests of local members of the Boys' Brigade, learning something of the way of life of the dark-skinned people of the island. During these remaining twelve days they toured many parts of the island and attended a number of local functions.

On the return journey, the party spent an adventurous day among the skyscrapers of New York where they made a one-day stop for re-fuelling. They arrived home on May 3rd and . . . "The fog, rain and snow on the newspaper round was well worth it all,"

Number ten in a series

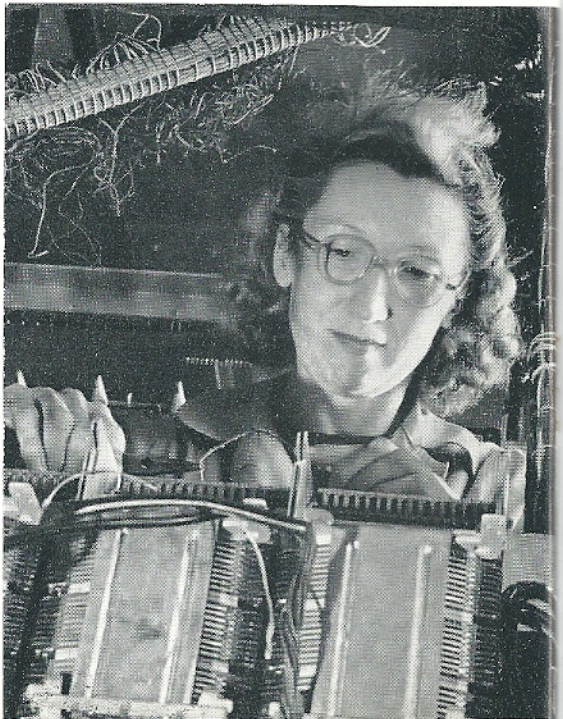
## Portraits of an Industry

*Only the best will do. That must be our maxim if we are to win the new Battle of Britain. The present economic struggle is just as important as that earlier military conflict, and it will be won on the drawing-board, at the bench and in the board room. This means not only fine workmanship, it means specifications faithfully followed, deliveries made on time and good value given. We are competing in tough markets where there is no sentiment in our favour, and where our customers will buy from us on merit alone. Yes, you've heard this sort of thing many times before, but it is true and the message cannot be rammed home strongly enough. Make no mistake, you are involved personally because the foundation of quality is the ability of the individual. Our industry has a threefold role to play. Telecommunications equipment for both home and overseas represents not only valuable contributions to the national economy, it serves also as a permanent advertisement for craftsmanship and—even more important—it is essential to the activities of all other industries, trades and professions.*



Wiring filters for line transmission equipment

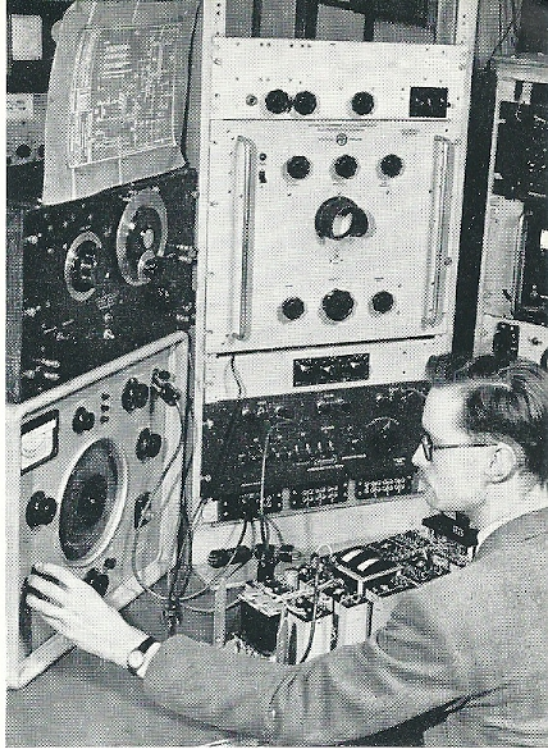
Wiring a bank multiple in Department 24







*Assembling loading coils in Department 12*

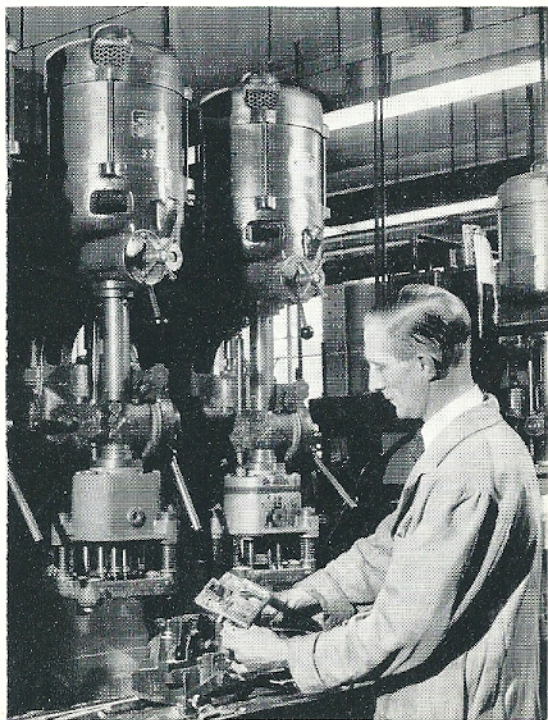


*Functioning tests in Department 72*

*Type 32A Selector assembly and adjustment*



*Multiple drilling in Department 97*



# HIT THE SILK!

**H**OW WOULD YOU LIKE to jump out of an aircraft cruising along at an altitude of about 1,000 feet? You wouldn't? Well, neither would the majority of people, because, even though attracted by the possibility of thrills, their nerves fail at the eleventh hour.

In spite of this, parachute jumping is becoming increasingly popular as a week-end sport and it is attracting all types of people—even a few adventurous women. These are the people who belong to a national club, but there are others who fly through the air for more serious reasons. They are the Army paratroopers who are trained for war-time conquest by air.

Two of these are Strowger Works engineers who, as Territorials, are members of the 44th Airborne Workshop attached to the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade.

With ten jumps already to his credit, George Willan (Operating Department) became a parachutist almost on the spur of the moment. After



*Parachutists George Willan and Philip Swanson*

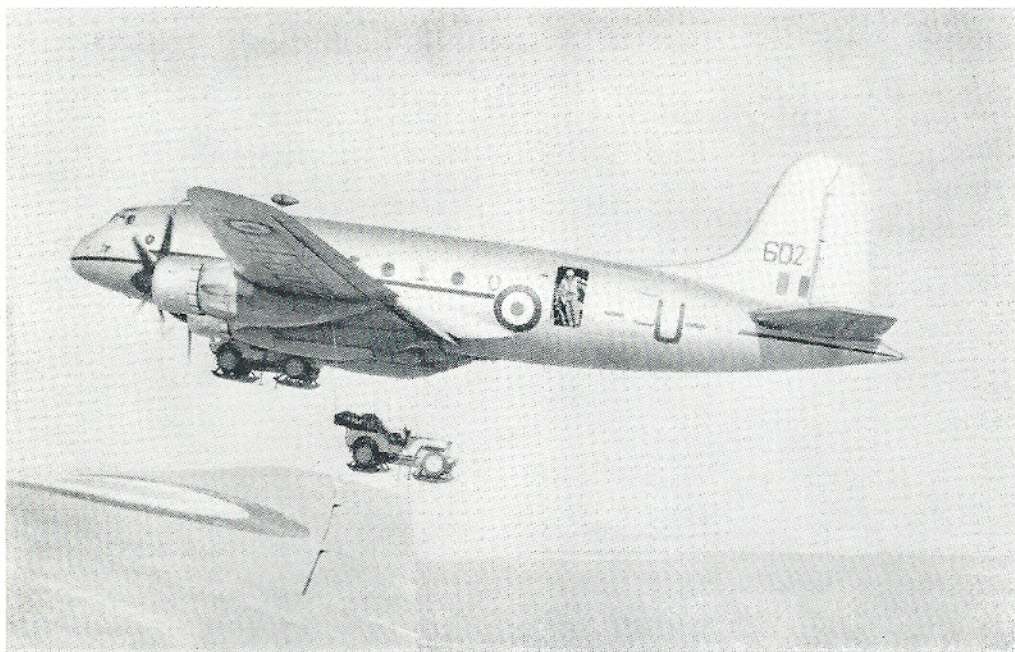


*The point of no return—the jump-off starts*

completing his National Service with R.E.M.E. in Egypt, he was posted to the 44th Airborne Workshop attached to the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade to look after radio equipment. But it was while doing this work that he became more interested in the main function of the brigade—training parachute jumpers. Last year he asked to take the training course and he is now a qualified parachutist.

The course lasted only two weeks, but after the first six days' initial training, George made his first jump—from a barrage balloon anchored at 800 feet. After one more jump from the balloon he was taken up in an aircraft to make a descent under normal parachutist conditions from an altitude of 1,000 feet. He made another five descents before he passed out as technically perfect. Since then, he has made another two jumps and is hoping to add to his present total this summer.

Slightly-built Philip Swanson, Department 663, did his training as a National Service man with the 16th Airborne Workshop R.E.M.E., jumping, so to speak, in the footsteps of his elder brother, Donald, who was also a paratrooper. He now has



*A vehicle about to be dropped by parachute. A soldier stands poised in the aircraft ready to follow*

twenty jumps to his credit and will do more this summer.

Unlike T.A. men, parachutists doing full-time Army service have a six weeks' training period, which is more intensive, and make their first jumps after ten days. The initial training is tough and includes an assault course which is almost on Commando lines—with emphasis on combat and assault. This is a test of nerve and strength. No man who is likely to panic at the last minute or lose courage under trying conditions will make a paratrooper and men who show signs of any of these weaknesses are quickly combed out.

Jumps from aircraft are made from the recognised safety height of 1,000 feet and the men wear steel protective helmets, battledress or denims and a camouflaged smock which covers all straps and flaps. Jumps can be made in most weather conditions which allow aircraft to take off in safety, but it is essential that there should be little or no wind. Otherwise the men can be carried off course into possible danger.

The jumpers wear an all-nylon 'chute approximately 28 feet in diameter. This is opened automatically after a drop of 70 feet by means of a

device in the aircraft which "pulls" the opening cord for the men as they jump.

Though it is a chance in thousands, it has been known for a technical fault to prevent a 'chute opening. For emergencies, a smaller 'chute, which has a diameter of about 17 feet, is a compulsory part of a man's kit. It is fitted to his chest and he can open this by pulling a cord himself.

To the layman, jumps from a captive balloon seem simpler and less dangerous than those made from an aircraft and, of course, they do provide certain conditions which are more conducive to breaking in a man making his first jump, but there are also drawbacks. For instance, jumps from the balloon are made with a direct vertical descent of 150 feet and the actual drop is more sudden and pronounced. When a man jumps from a cruising aircraft he falls in an arc before straightening out for the final part of the descent and this is a trifle easier on the nerves.

What does it feel like to make a 1,000 feet jump? "Just like falling from a car travelling at a hundred miles an hour," says George Willan. "But it's exciting—and there's a thrill in every jump. It never becomes routine."

# *The road to* **ZANZIBAR**



*Narrow streets such as this are commonplace*

**ZANZIBAR** is, to most of us, a far-off land made famous by Bob Hope and Bing Crosby and, more lately, by Anthony Steel in the romantic productions of the entertainment industry. But to A.T.E. it means a venture into yet another overseas territory. The Company has just completed the installation of an 800-line MAX for the town of Zanzibar and the Sultan's palace.

The Sultan, His Highness Seyyid Khalifa bin Harub, has been presented with a Chinese red telephone, finished in chrome, and bearing a silver inscription plate. The startling colour of the Sultan's telephone is designed to tone in with much of the national décor and the flag flying high above the palace. An item of further interest is that Mr. A. Hill, of Inspection Department, Strowger Works, has been appointed to the post of Maintenance Officer in Zanzibar through the Crown Agents for the Colonies.

Zanzibar is just off the east coast of Africa and comprises several islands, including Zanzibar, (of which the capital is Zanzibar!), Pemba and a coastal strip of Kenya, including Mombasa. The Kenya strip has been leased by the Kenya Government for some years, however. Zanzibar is the largest coralline island off the East Africa coast. It is roughly the size of Hertfordshire, covering about 640 square miles, and is separated from the mainland by twenty-odd miles of Indian Ocean.

His Highness Seyyid Khalifa II acceded to the throne in 1911 and has done much in the way of improvement for his territory. Zanzibar came under British protection in 1890 and the government is administered by a British Resident under the control of the Colonial Office. But all matters of importance are brought before an Executive Council, over which the Sultan presides.

The sea approach to Zanzibar is as pungently distinctive as a street leading to a coffee house. From a ship anchored some considerable way out to sea the proximity of the island is very obvious. The air is heavy with the scent of cloves, the protectorate's chief product. Attracted (or, at least, not repelled) by the breath of cloves, visitors who land on the island are welcomed into one of the most cosmopolitan towns in the world. Arabs, Indians, Africans and Europeans wander along the same narrow—but sparkingly clean—streets, lined with plain white-washed buildings with cool limestone courtyards. The only embellishments in the island's architecture seem to be the beautifully carved, brass-studded, Arab doors and overhanging



*The Sultan's palace in Zanzibar where some of our equipment has recently been installed*

balconies. Even the mosques, which in most Islamic countries stand out with their domes and minarets, are unpretentious.

Little streets, their white walls contrasting strongly with the gay colours of many kinds of dresses and robes of passers-by, lead into various bazaars and market places where most shopping is done to the accompaniment of great noise and shouting, which is typical of all Eastern shopping centres.

If, in the hot and sometimes humid atmosphere, a visitor would seek refreshment, many luscious fruits are grown on the island, such as limes, grapefruits, mangoes, pawpaws, pineapples, jack-fruit and avocado pears, to mention only a few. But it should be remembered, when asking for a drink, that this is a teetotaler's paradise. Mohammedan law forbids the sale, possession or consumption of strong liquor without a special licence.

Not really important, but rather fascinating to imagine, are the animals with the Thurber-like name who have, as their breeding place, a small

island in the north-east of the group. These are called blue-faced boobies.

An echo of the past is the fact that so many of the island's houses are reputed to be haunted. This follows, no doubt, from the old practice of burying slaves within the walls or foundations when a new house was built. Discounting cloves, Zanzibar's chief trade of the past was in slaves. This was carried on until 1873 when all slave markets were closed and the export of slaves prohibited. The main slave-market itself became the site of the present Anglican cathedral.

Although Zanzibar's importance as a seat of trade has decreased since the development of mainland ports, modern civilisation is not overlooking the protectorate. Surfacing on much of the islands' three hundred miles of roads is something British motorists only dream about, and the protectorate has the best water supply on the East African coast. Now, of course, Zanzibar boasts one of the most up-to-date telephone systems in the world.



*The works postmen leave the Personnel Block at the start of one of their twice-daily rounds*

#### STROWGER WORKS POSTAL SYSTEM

## *The vital service*

**VIC** BOTTOMLEY GRINNED as he listed the essential qualifications for the job—soul of integrity, essence of diplomacy, photographic memory, student of calligraphy and a darn good pair of feet. And the secret of healthy feet, he confided, is a tablespoonful of Epsom Salts in a bath of warm water every night.

Vic is a Strowger Works postman, one of four back-corridor boys without whom our ten thousand Liverpool employees could not work efficiently. His colleagues are Wally Purcell, Bob Bampton and Alec Galt. All are attached to Personnel and Welfare Department.

Our works postmen, in familiar brown and yellow overalls, provide a daily service that is overlooked by many. On the shoulders of these four men rests, quite literally, the mountain of

mail that you help to create. To find out a little more about their regular and reliable internal postal service, we went along to the office where the quartet are based.

Into this office, situated in the main Welfare block, flows a steady stream of correspondence destined for all parts of the Liverpool organisation. Each postman puts in four full rounds a day and several sectional rounds (delivering and collecting in many instances) and each man assists with departmental sorting. The bulk of their work comprises strictly internal communications and the routing of literature, such as specialist magazines, but, in addition, they handle incoming G.P.O. mail after it has been received, checked and sorted earlier by another department under the control of Mr. J. P. Titley, Contracts. No fewer than seven people, including Mr. Titley himself, start work at 7.50 every morning on the sorting of incoming G.P.O. mail in order that inter-office correspondence can get away to an early start. In effect, Mr. Titley's department sets the works post in motion.

But back again to the postmen. In the course of a

normal day they handle maybe two or three thousand items for internal distribution and collection. Each man may put in as much as twelve miles or more on his rounds, and there are up to four hundred points of call on the full Strowger Works system that has developed over the years. The postmen say their busiest days used to be Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays (in that order), but the volume of internal mail in recent years is consistently heavy every day.

Works postmen have no power to open letters and carelessly or incorrectly addressed items only present them with time-wasting problems. It is amazing, however, how rapidly the men manage to locate vague addressees. Their intimate knowledge of the topography and personalities of the Liverpool organisation can hardly be rivalled and, considering the amount of mail they move in the course of a single year, the mistakes they make are few.

Don't blame the post if you absent-mindedly write a telephone number on an envelope instead of a departmental number (this happens quite frequently) and you are also inviting delays if you address correspondence to "Mr. Jones" or "Mr. Smith". There are nearly two hundred and fifty Joneses in our Liverpool factories and almost as many Smiths. You will assist the postmen and yourself if you make a point of writing plainly the full name of the addressee, department number and location. And, please, do remember to cross out those earlier addresses when you are using old envelopes for economy.

Works postmen do not handle parcels (this is one of the responsibilities of Despatch and Inward Goods Department), and you should always ensure that items such as drawings and photographs are well protected and sealed. Carelessly applied wire staples are another bane to the men who carry the mail. No special deliveries can be made and postal packets and correspondence hopefully marked "urgent" cannot receive preferential treatment.

Our works postmen do their best to ensure prompt and courteous service for all and they will be grateful for a little thoughtfulness in return. If you are one of those people on the routing lists for technical and commercial publications, please see that they don't pile up on your desk. The postman's leather satchel is heavy enough with just one or two magazines inside, never mind dozens at a time.



*Miles of corridors and hundreds of letters every day*

Wally Purcell is the senior postman in terms of service with the company (he has about four years), Vic Bottomley comes next with about three years and Bob Bampton and Alec Galt each have nearly eighteen months. They take jokes against themselves and their work in good part, but they resent—quite naturally—the opinion that they have a "soft time strolling around all day." Walking with a heavy satchel for best part of eight hours is effort enough for anybody.

Outgoing GPO mail from Strowger Works is under the control of Miss L. McKenzie, assisted by Miss H. Faulkner, who are both attached to Department 941. Throughout the day, outgoing mail is delivered by ATE messengers to the post office in Edge Lane and a GPO van collects the bulk of outward paper work every evening after the offices have closed. An indication of the volume of mail from Strowger Works is the fact that it costs about £30 a day in letter franking charges on one machine. This represents more than two thousand threepenny letters.

Yes, the post and the men and women who organise and operate it on our behalf tend to be taken for granted. We hope this feature will foster a deeper appreciation of their services.

# Man on the run

**N**EARLY EVERYONE has heard of the London to Brighton run, but they usually associate it with well-polished veteran cars a'honking and a'swaying as their owners try to prove old crocks can still do it. Twenty-seven-year-old Ian Keith (Commercial Department, Stopgate Lane) is far from an old crock but he recently made part of the same run under rather more strenuous conditions.

Ian is a runner and he took part in a relay race along the course the old cars have been ambling along annually for some years. Although he had only one man-power to help him along he reckons that the team's timing was much quicker than the crocks.

Like the cars, Ian has to keep in trim, but instead of brass polishing and engine tuning he abides by a series of diet watching, no smoking, early to bed and plenty of exercise rules.

He doesn't quite know how he became a runner. In fact, when asked, the question rather bewildered him. Seven years ago he suddenly found that the main interest among his group of friends was running and so he decided to try a little himself—but only out of sheer curiosity. After a few sprints and a little track work he found that he had many of the natural attributes that make the difference between the normal jog trotter who can successfully run and catch a bus and one who can run around a park several times and still have the strength to walk home.

Since then he has collected ten Cheshire Championship medals and has run for the county every year since 1953. At the open county meeting each year he has found little competition in the 220 yds and 440 yds events in which he specialises. After competing at this meeting he normally enters for the Northern Counties Championships and, for two years, he has been a member of the team which has won the medley relay race there. It is through



*Ian Keith putting in practice starts in the park near our Stopgate Lane Factory where he works*



this meeting that the athletes from the north qualify to compete in the National Championships. One of his big events this summer was a relay race which is run annually between Manchester and Blackpool.

Ian is a member of Pembroke Athletic Club, which has its headquarters in Huyton, and he exercises with them all the year round giving up several evenings each week to keep fit. The club trains at Bootle Stadium. "There's a dearth of tracks in Liverpool and runners have to make do with almost anything to keep in training", says Ian.

And Ian is certainly prepared to make-do to keep fit. In fact most lunch hours he astounds his colleagues and many passers-by as he turns Walton Hall Park into a private running track. As most people settle down to a leisurely lunch, Ian puts on a track suit and running shoes and trots out of Stopgate Lane factory and heads for the park. For three-quarters of an hour he runs as hard and as fast as possible, aiming at a total of six or seven miles. To achieve this he has to cover the perimeter of the park three times.

Walton Hall Park is a boon to Ian for several reasons. Its convenient position near the factory means that he can train daily at all times of the year without losing valuable time travelling to a track, and the path which surrounds the park is a natural running track, which means he can train under almost normal running conditions.

Besides being astounded by his lunch-time sprints, his colleagues at Stopgate Lane also wonder how he manages to exist without mid-day meals. The answer is that Ian has large breakfasts and light mid-morning snacks. "You get used to skipping the mid-day meal", he says. "Of course, that makes you appreciate your evening meal."

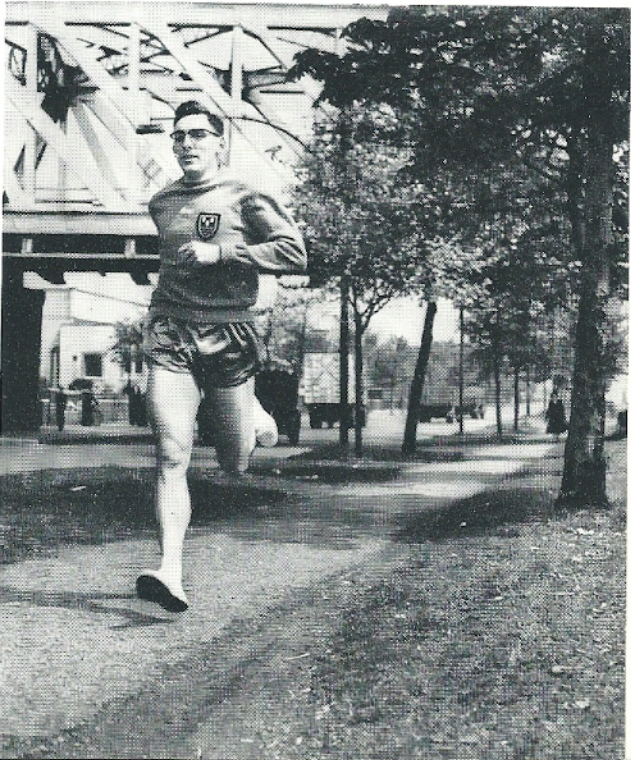
Training to Ian means running 30 to 40 miles a week, having few late nights, no smoking and cutting down on starchy and fried foods. "Otherwise, I try to lead an ordinary life", he comments. Although he is essentially a sprinter, during the winter he takes part in cross-country runs to keep fit. He has now decided to change his event and become a two and three-miler but because of the complete change of form and training this would involve he is not expecting immediate success.

Just to emphasise Ian's keenness to keep in trim, here is a tailpiece which will startle early morning sluggards. During the summer he cycles from his home outside Birkenhead, through the Mersey Tunnel to Stopgate Lane *every day*. This is a total distance of sixteen miles (return).



*Bus queues? It's quicker on foot, maintains one employee*

*Main-road work assists in training for distance*





*Is it going to be another 1955 event like this . . .*

## What does Sports Day mean to you?

**W**HAT does Sports Day mean to you? A lot, a little or perhaps nothing at all? Are you one of many employees who shrug shoulders over the whole affair and answer: "I couldn't care less"?

We will now give you an indication of the vast

amount of time, trouble and expense that is channelled into one summer afternoon on your behalf. It's up to you whether you take advantage of the facilities which the Sports and Social Organisation offer. We will also present for your consideration a selection of your fellow employees' views on this annual event. See if you agree with their decisions.

This year's sports will start at "Whitfield" in Roby Road, Roby, at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, July 12th. It will be the nineteenth such event organised by the Sports and Social Organisation and the eighth in the series held at "Whitfield." This one afternoon's activities is the culmination of nearly twelve months' concentrated effort. Planning started only weeks after the 1957 event.

Among the problems tackled this year by the Sports Executive Committee are the compilation, printing and distribution of 2,000 programmes, 4,000 entry forms, 1,000 children's tickets, 250 complimentary tickets (for management, officials, band, etc.) and a host of competitors' running numbers; catering for more than 1,000 officials, stewards, civic and Company guests and spectators; hiring and erection of four huge marquees; purchasing 162 prizes; preparation of trophies and arrangements for swings, roundabouts, ponies, first aid, insurance, track-marking, public address, sideshows, prize-presentations, flowers, parking, traffic control, seating, music and so on.

It takes a full week to put up tents and mark out arenas and, on the night before the sports itself, quite a few of the voluntary workers and officials go without sleep. The day after the sports is almost as hectic. Amount of paper work relating to the entire project is staggering. And the key figure at the hub of all this—a Company pensioner!

Mr. A. J. Muskett is eighty-two years of age. Eighty-two, but as energetic and as mentally alert as many men half his age. Now in his fourteenth year as secretary of our Sports and Social Organisation, he has been instrumental in the running of more than half a dozen of our gala days. Sports committee chairman is Mr. J. E. Butler, Department 65, Strowger Works. He has taken part in every gala since 1931 (no sports were held during the war, of course) as either a competitor or an official. Financial matters are the responsibility of Mr. W. Briggs, General Office.

Other employees on the Sports Day Executive committee include Messrs. I. S. Mann (Department 411), H. Roberts (O1), W. R. Crebbin (472),

J. J. Ferguson (City Factory), F. Yeowart (811), C. C. Powell (619), J. Stark (316), H. Cowle (02) L. Malvern (55), T. Mylett (D.O.), L.D. Gaskell (662), W. Jones (411) and R. Owens (94). The management committee of the Sports and Social Organisation, under the chairmanship of Mr. Arthur Bell, have the final say-so on sports day matters. Of course, the foregoing are only a few of the many people who contribute to the organisation of our sports. A small army of voluntary helpers is to be found at "Whitfield" during gala days.

In an earlier paragraph we used the word insurance. This refers to cover against accidents to both competitors and spectators—but there is no insurance against weather. Our sports have, in general, been graced with sunshine and clear skies. Attendances in the region of two thousand are satisfactory under these conditions. In 1956, however, the Sports and Social Organisation suffered their first financial loss, due to rain. Again last year the attendance was down to less than a thousand, a very disappointing figure for the record. How do the organisers view next month's prospects? They are as hopeful as ever.

There can be little doubt, however, that the appeal of sports days—all sports days, not just our own—is waning. Competitive and social instincts have taken a severe knock these past few years. "It's fashionable to blame television for much," says Secretary Muskett, "but when it comes to lack of enthusiasm in sports days . . . I just don't know".

He added: "We have the Gann departmental trophy, and the Wrighton Cup for the runners up, trophies for harriers, tug of war, tennis, bowls and, this year, a new trophy donated by Mr. C. O. Boyse. And they are only the major awards".

As you can see, a great deal of effort goes into sports days. Why, then, their decline in popularity in recent years? We took a few random opinions from employees in our Liverpool factories. Almost without exception, those questioned believed that our sports day deserved better patronage, yet they themselves supported the events "only occasionally." Asked what suggestions they would make—if any—for the improvement of this summer carnival, few were able to give specific answers. Mr. A. G. Welsh, Department 411, summed up the opinion of many, however, when he said: "The appeal of competitive events is for employees under, say, thirty-five. More attractions for older people might be appreciated".



*. . . or will it turn out a 1956 downpour as above?*

Employees who attend Sports Day regularly could think of little to criticise. Mr. H. S. Basque, another Department 41 employee and a regular competitor in the past, thought something might be done to avoid the usual last-minute rush for entry forms on the part of competitors, but pointed out that this was hardly the fault of the organisers. "Duration and timing of attractions are rather haphazard", "Handicapping not strict enough" and "Inadequate provision for catwalks in the event of bad weather" were other minor points that came to light.

Bouquets were far more numerous, however. So why not reserve the afternoon of July 12th and visit the sports at "Whitfield"?

# Women at Work

## Foot flattery

**T**HIS IS THE SEASON of gay twinkling feet, wrapped up in wisps of Italian nonsense and the brightest-ever British-made leathers. No one will be startled if, during the next few summer weeks, they see women walking about in what appears to be little more than a high heel topped with a dainty bow or a bunch of flowers.

Of course, we are all impractical at heart and will probably have a pair of these charmers tucked away in readiness for some red letter day. But, like all other high-heeled shoes, sling-back sandals and beach shoes, they are not the things to wear in a factory. Stiletto heels are dangerous for tripping up and down iron and stone staircases—and it usually does mean tripping.

Sandals are fine for a hot day in the country or a comfortable shopping spree, but a few straps do not give sufficient support for hours of standing and walking about machine shops. And they give no protection at all.

All of these styles are excellent, but they were not designed for day-to-day use in a factory. Every woman knows she looks smartest in high-heeled court shoes, but one of the occasions when this fashion foible can be waived is when safety and comfort are important.

In a small store room at Strowger Works there is a large stock of shoes, many of which are in this season's brightest colour, red. They are in leathers and suedes, attractive in style and are less expensive than they would be in normal shops, and are also designed to give the utmost protection.

There are several colours from which to choose and the shoes are all designed with built-in steel protectors. These may sound dull and practical, but they can stave off serious injury in case of an accident. In 1957, 328 pairs of safety shoes and 400 pairs of bootees were sold to women employees at Edge Lane. But there are more than 2,700 women employed at the factory.



*Some of the attractive shoes that are available*

To conform with safety standards, so far the shoes have to be "flatties", but top shoe designers have done their best to make up for this by creating new slip-on styles in cream, brown, black and red calf. There are also laced styles, bootees and fur-lined shoes for wintry days. These safety shoes are not expensive and can be bought on an easy payment scheme.

**Flattering note** from Miss Dorothy Hargadon, who is in charge of the Strowger Works store: "Most of the girls here have small feet and the majority need only sizes four and five."

**Not-so-flattering note:** Several teen-agers have been into the "shop" asking for peep-toe safety shoes!

## Other folks' holidays

**P**UBLISHERS OF FOREIGN GUIDE BOOKS would soon be out of business if there were many people around like Miss Betty Cushion, Accounts Department, and Miss Bertha Mcharry, who works in Department 6683. These two ladies from Strowger Works are extremely useful to know because they are able to give first-hand information on a string



*Miss Cushion and Miss Meharry plan ahead*

of European countries this side of the Iron Curtain. During the past seven years they have spent holidays in seven different countries and passed through at least four others.

Miss Meharry was the first to be struck by the travel bug. She went to Switzerland in 1950. In 1952, Miss Cushion travelled with her to Austria. The following year they went together to Germany. In successive years they went, in turn, to the Italian Lakes, Majorca and Norway, until they found themselves last year in Monte Carlo and Diano Marina on the Italian Riviera. En route they had stopped off in France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. Covering several thousand miles on these journeys, Miss Cushion and Miss Meharry have travelled at all time of the day and night by train, bus, plane, metro, ski-lift, tram and passenger ferry (which is the next best thing to a gondola on a Venetian canal).

The things that stand out in Miss Cushion's mind are a wonderful day spent in Venice—with no smells!—and a thrilling drive from Lake Como to St. Moritz. In passing, a strong recommendation is given for the enormous breakfasts in Norway. This, to those who faint at the mere mention of rolls and coffee, is something worth knowing.

Miss Meharry is nostalgic, too, over the Alps, and Paris (the folies, nightclubs and wonderful meals on the Left Bank).

Most of us would shrink at the thought of making ourselves understood in so many languages. But that is one difficulty that has never worried the A.T.E. wanderers. With some French and German left over from schooldays, they believe that the verbs 'to be' and 'to have' and your hands will see you through anything.

What about that fly in everyone's holiday ointment—luggage? Miss Cushion's suitcase usually carries cotton frocks, "about eight," and separates. A note from Miss Meharry about shoes: sandals for sight-seeing, a pair of high heels for special occasions, and, if you're going to Norway—solid walking shoes.

This year, Miss Meharry is stopping to breathe, but Miss Cushion is off again . . . to the Bavarian Alps—a trip which will take in Paris, Heidelberg, Salzburg and part of Switzerland. What of the future? A brochure on Palestine may have been in Miss Cushion's handbag and Miss Meharry is keen on Capri. And, after that, there could be expeditions behind the Iron Curtain which they would both like to make.

## *Keyboard record?*

**I**F MISS ELSIE WILLIAMS of Contract Department, Strowger Works, had joined together all the typewriter ribbons she has worn out since she started typing the firm's business, they would probably circle the entire factory. For Miss Williams, who celebrated her sixtieth birthday in February, has been a typist for thirty of the forty-five years she has worked for the Company.

The Company had been established for only a year when she started her first job in the General Office, which she shared with six other typists, a handful of clerks, engineers and the management. That was in 1913. Today she is one of sixteen typists in Contract Department, who form a very small section of the huge army of clerical workers now employed by the Company.

Miss Williams came straight from school to tackle ordinary office jobs, filing and general routines. But she was fourteen, inquisitive and eager to learn. So, in the brief periods when she was free from routine work, she taught herself to type. She soon became so efficient in managing



*Still happily typing—Miss Elsie Williams*

the old Royal model she practised on that she was promoted to typing as a full-time job.

Since then she has seen miles of ribbon run through the numerous machines she has used and, in files all over the world, are the reams of paper on which she has typed. She recalls that the original machines that she used did not have ribbons, but inked pads.

Over the years she has watched these early models, with their double keyboards, change from square, businesslike instruments to the present day streamlined models with many new gadgets to ensure that every form of typing can be done to perfection—even, in some cases, with the aid of electricity.

When she first became established as a typist, Miss Williams was supplied with a new machine every few years and remembers the old Woodstock and Yost models. "The shapes have changed a lot, but there is little difference in the keyboards," she says.

During the 1914-1918 war, Miss Williams worked on the Strowger Works switchboard. Until a few years ago she lived with her mother in Fairfield, but she has now settled in Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead.



*Miss Cotterell examines one of the plants*

## *Potted beauty*

**T**WO YEARS AGO a visitor to Cost Department, Strowger Works, gave Miss Ada Cotterell a cutting for a small potted plant. This started off in the main office block a new trend which quickly spread to other parts of the factory.

Little did Miss Cotterell think as she bedded the small green shoot in potting compost that she would soon be providing cuttings for dozens of other plants. But that is exactly what happened.

Her interest in the small types of potted greenery soon grew and she started to gather more and more cuttings to decorate the window ledges in the office. As the plants grew in both profusion and colour they attracted more interest from people in other departments who begged cuttings to start their own green corners.

Along the ledges in the office Miss Cotterell now has potted daffodils, lily of the valley, primula, Japanese fuschia, tradescantia, pink geranium, cactus, and red, white and blue hyacinth. Miss Cotterell says that the small amount of her lunch-time she forfeits to care for the plants is well worthwhile when she sees their colourful blooms.

## Six thousand miles to happiness

**T**HERE WERE SO MANY CONSIDERATIONS, so many fears to be overcome that Mrs. Lois Sephton very nearly decided to remain a stay-at-home and miss the chance of a lifetime trip to Southern Rhodesia to see her only son. She cancelled her seat in the streamlined Viscount airliner and continued to travel backwards and forwards from her home in Pilch Lane, Liverpool 14, to her job in Strowger Works stores.

Then came a plea from her son, Mr. Desmond Sephton, an architect with a Salisbury firm. His disappointment overcame her fears of the 6,000 mile journey.

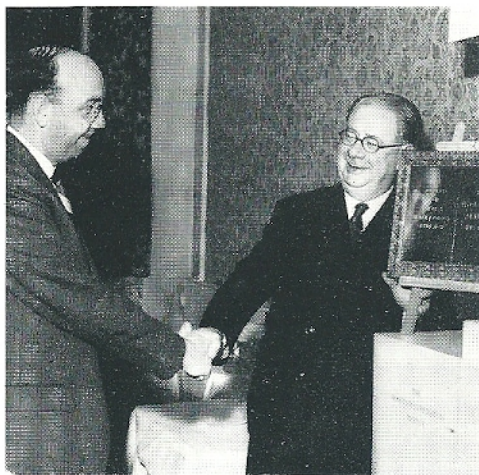
Her three-day flight took her across many great cities, and, as strange countries appeared beneath the aircraft, she began to feel at home with her fellow travellers and the charming air hostesses. Slowly, all trepidation fell away. But strangely, though her interest grew, Mrs. Sephton felt little excitement. She took in her stride stops in Rome, Wadi Halfa, a trip up the Nile to an ancient temple and a brief stay in Khartoum.

It wasn't until the aircraft touched down in the sunshine of Salisbury and she saw her son, daughter-in-law and grandson waving that she felt her first thrill of excitement. She had travelled 6,000 miles on her first trip abroad and "it was well worth every mile."

"It was a wonderful reunion as my grandson Russell came running towards me with a spray of pink carnations and gave me a quick hug," she says.

That was last November and now, after a three-month stay in the lovely country, a stay which coincided with the birth of her second grandson, she is back in England to tell us all about it.

Perhaps her clearest and most unusual memory is that of the traditional rejoicings of Christmas Day. But how strange it was on that morning, to linger in the sunshine beside a swimming pool as friends splashed happily about. When she was high above the clouds in the Viscount she was invited to the control platform, where she saw "George", an old friend of many employees at Edge Lane. George, by-the-way, is the automatic pilot produced at the works during the war and with which Mrs. Sephton's late husband, Mr. George Sephton, was associated,



*Mr. W. J. Wales receives the trophy from Lord Crook*

## Tone wins national trophy

**R**EADERS OF *TONE* will be interested to learn that in the 1958 House Journal Competition organised by the British Association of Industrial Editors, the magazine was awarded the Industrial Editors Trophy for the "Best House Journal of the Year". This trophy (donated by the Monotype Corporation Limited) was presented to the editor by the President, the Rt. Hon. Lord Crook, at the association's annual conference which was held recently at Llandudno.

More than 350 journals were entered for the competition. *Tone* also gained an Award of Excellence as the best publication in its class.

Those responsible for the compilation and production of the magazine consider that this dual success is largely due to the encouragement, co-operation and assistance they have received from the Company and its many employees and friends without whose generous help regular quarterly publication would not have been possible.



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