

STONE



AUTUMN
1959



Pat's our

personality pin-up!

PRETTY PAT D'ARCY was off work with lumbago when *Tone* announced its Personality Girl contest. But the girls in Machine Planning and Progress Department rated 20-year-old Pat their best nominee for the title . . . so her name went forward.

When she returned to her job as a clerk, young Pat discovered what had happened. She reluctantly agreed to her nomination, and if you don't know what happened or can't guess you have really been out of touch!

The glowing, bubbling Pat, who safely negotiated the preliminary contest from which five girls out of 32 went through to the final, didn't find victory a simple matter.

The four judges, after talking privately and informally over coffee with the lucky 13 finalists, could not decide their unanimous choice even after the girls had twice paraded the stage, much to the delight of the many hundreds of spectators.

A recount of votes by the judges—Preston and England footballer Tom Finney, Matron Margery Phillips of Broadgreen Hospital, Miss C. N. Ferguson, Welfare Superintendent at B.I.C.C. and *Woman's Mirror* photographer David Steen—could not produce the winner's name.

So a third, clinching parade by the girls was needed, and eventually it was decided that Pat D'Arcy had just eased her way into the winning spot from Heather Boyd, the attractive 17-year-old entrant from Hivac Ltd., and good-looking assembly operator Elizabeth Gasser, another Liverpool nomination.

The final placings of the trio were balanced on their third appearance on the stage, so fine was the margin between them.

In fact there was little between any of the 13 finalists—but the £20 prize went to Pat. Members of her department, who had surged their way to the front, roared with delight.

It was Tom Finney's pleasure to present her with the winner's cheque. Heather Boyd received £10 and Elizabeth Gasser £5.

Pat, married only seven months, believes her little straw boater hat brought her luck. She was



. . . and Tom Finney is theirs

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TONE

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD

★

Editorial Committee:

C. E. BEALE, H. W. BARRETT, C. H. EVANS,
L. K. BRIGHOUSE, R. A. KEIR, A. J. MANTLE

Editor: A. T. STEVENS

★

All communications:

EDITORIAL SECTION · PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT
ST. VINCENT STREET · LIVERPOOL 3
TELEPHONE: ROYAL 8884



the only competitor in the final wearing a hat. A pretty turquoise affair, it matched her candy-stripe dress to produce a colourful outfit.

A keen scooter and sports fan, Pat is one of the chirpiest and most popular girls on the payroll. Her win so delighted the rest of her department they had an immediate collection, and within an hour of the award, a beautiful bouquet and congratulations card arrived on her desk.

Later that evening she joined the other contestants in a celebration meal at a Liverpool hotel, followed by a trip to the theatre.

Young Heather Boyd was hardly less delighted at her success. This was her first trip outside London. The journey itself from Ruislip was an adventure. The contest was nerve-wracking—as everybody found (even the back-room producers). The appearance on a well-lighted stage before so many people was enough to make things hazy, but 17-year-old Heather was a credit to herself and Hivac.

Second

Heather Boyd, who is 17, is a telephonist with Hivac Ltd, in Middlesex

When, wearing her dress of white with a bold blue floral pattern, she stepped forward for her prize, there was a deafening roar of approval from the audience.

Great cheers, too, for Elizabeth Gasser, when she accepted the third prize. Elizabeth, a dark, statuesque beauty, wore a figure-fitting dress of terry-towelling she had made herself. Talking later about her dress she said: "I saw people were using terry-towelling for curtains . . . I thought I'd try and go one better." She certainly did.

Coincidence: Elizabeth was married on the same day as winner Pat D'Arcy.

The other girls, some in floral dresses, some in suits, and many wearing outfits they had made themselves, all looked good. Well in the running for honours were girls like Rita Proctor, Susan Lugg and Sally Ashwood, representing Communication Systems Ltd., B.T.R. at Taplow, and ATE Bridgnorth respectively.

The preliminaries, held in mid-April, attracted

almost as much enthusiasm and excitement. The three judges—Miss Maud Carpenter and Willard Stoker, director and producer respectively at the Liverpool Playhouse, and Miss Marie Crabbe, principal of a college of physical education for girls, selected five from Liverpool to go forward to the finals.

And here *Tone* must pay full tribute to the amount of background work done by Strowger Works women's welfare supervisor, Miss D. M. Cubbin, and her staff, particularly for the preliminary heats.

Thanks, too, to Mr. J. D. Crook, Labour and Welfare Supervisor at Strowger Works, for his masterly stage introductions and those who helped unnoticed, but were so important, in the wings.

What did the talented winners do with their prize money? Pat decided her cash would help buy the scooter for which she and her husband were saving. With holidays in mind Heather put hers in the bank. Elizabeth? Her prize money went on clothes!

Elizabeth Gasser, who was married on the same day as the winner, is an assembly operator at Strowger Works

Third

Tom Finney scores again





Gaynor Smith, Birkbys (Liversedge)



Sylvia Bostock, Birkbys (Wythenshawe)

*Now meet the
other finalists
in close-up*

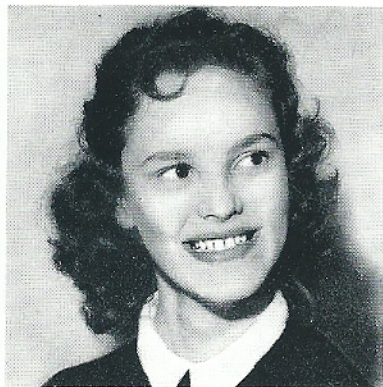
*Our pictures spotlight
the happy girls
as they prepare to
go before the judges*



Kathleen Mills, BTR (Taplow)



Susan Lugg, BTR (Taplow)



Sally Ashwood, ATE (Bridgnorth)



Kathleen Barton, ATE (Wigan)



Rita Proctor, CS (Sheffield)



Lillian Lowe, ATE (Speke)



Jill Wood, ATE (Stowger Works)



Jean Millington, ATE (Stowger Works)

Errol Flynn misses world's prettiest lawyer

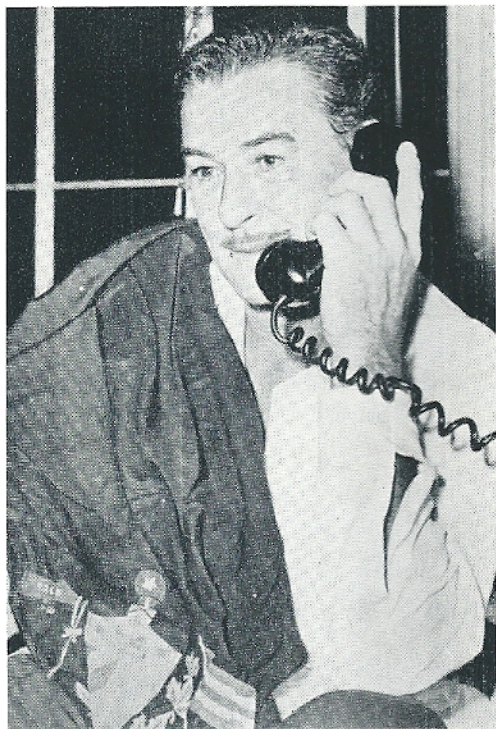
— we don't

SHE'S DARK AND LOVELY, lively and Latin, young and bubbly with personality. She's also Cuban and chic and we vote her prettiest lawyer in the world. So, as lone woman in a recent party of visiting Consular Corps officials, she hit Strowger Works like a wave of warm Caribbean air!

She's called Ondina Rohas, and this fair lady in the ambassador business is as colourful as her name.

An interview with Miss Rohas is an hour's escape to Cuba, that bitter-sweet island of revolution and sugar cane. Revolution leader Fidel Castro is an old friend and school chum. She knows and talks about many of the bearded men who fought their long battle from the jungle and the mountains.

"But I never met Errol Flynn," claims this attractive Cuban vice-consul. That is the mis-



Hollywood calling, Errol

(Picture wired from Havana)



fortune of Flynn, the Hollywood star who fought with the rebels.

The revolution was a trying time for Miss Rohas. Her family were locked in besieged Havana, the capital city, as fighting broke out all around them—but that old dependable, the telephone, eased her fears.

"One night, when the fighting was at its peak," she explains, "I had a phone call here in England. Imagine my surprise when my father's voice spoke to say that they were all safe. I heard my mother and sister again, and though they explained the town was full of bearded revolutionaries, they felt perfectly safe and believed that things would be back to normal quickly."

What about Castro, the rebel leader?

"I knew him well at university, where we both studied law," says Miss Rohas. "He was always the leader type. A nice friendly fellow, but a determined man, not afraid to speak his mind.

"I remember one day at the university we were



Here are some busy lines for the consular party as they test ATE equipment

addressed by an education official who had previously been conspicuous by his absence. Fidel stood up, reminded the official of this, pointed out that he was hardly qualified to address the students, and in the general confusion that followed, during which a revolver was brandished, the students formed a circle to protect Castro and got him away safely."

Despite her acquaintance with the new top man in Cuba, the beautiful Miss Rohas is not affected by political struggles back home. Her job as vice-consul is purely a career, never a political appointment as in some other countries.

She admits it's unusual to find a woman representing her country. "But why should it be," she claims. "My career with the Cuban Government is open to qualified people, and I qualified as a lawyer."

The job has already taken her to Paris, where she was resident vice-consul for eight months before coming to England.

"When I first entered the consular service, the Minister offered me a choice of openings . . . in Paris or the Far East. Naturally I jumped at Paris,

for after all I am a woman." (We had gathered that).

When talking of England, alleged land of introverts and general aloofness, those dark eyes of this Cuban beauty start to dance.

"I've found the people wonderful here—when you get to know them," she says. She explains like this:

When the trouble was on in Cuba this spring, it was inevitable that British newspapers would attempt to pump all Cubans in this country for information and background ideas.

One newspaper which sent a couple of men to interview Miss Rohas gave her story what is called in the trade the "angle treatment". Straight news was not colourful enough to inspire the sub-editors, so the final production was an article about the "lonely consul" . . . a heart-rendering tear-jerker which lacked only falling snowflakes and a violinist playing "Hearts and Flowers" to make the sad picture complete.

At least it had one good quality. It showed Miss Rohas the native generosity and humanity of the British,



Havana's main square, dominated by the City Hall

Immediately after that newspaper story appeared started the flood of phone calls and letters, inviting her to stay with families, to visit for meals, to join people at theatre parties.

"That spontaneous rush of kindness made a great impression on me. It proved that the cold, wet weather of this country has not penetrated beneath the skin of the English people," added Miss Rohas.

She enjoys the people, finds the places interesting. The trip round Strowger Works fascinated her, as it did the other members of the party.

Making the visit were . . . Dr. G. R. Soto (Honduras), Dr. R. Azurdia (Guatemala), Col. L. E. Bautista (Colombia), Messrs. H. Nichol (U.S.A.), A. F. Bower (Bolivia), H. W. Meyrick (Philippines), N. Georiadis (Greece), L. d'Ayet du Perier (Portugal), S. P. Gandy (India), T. Anthony (Dominica), P. H. Le Mire (France), C. Tarakcioglu (Turkey), D. Dominguez (El Salvador), J. W. Henry (U.S.A.), G. W. Newton (Latvia), E. Carbonell (Colombia), B. Boada (Bolivia).



OBITUARY

Mr. G. Bennett

AT the end of April the company suffered a sad loss with the sudden death of Mr. Geoffrey Bennett, Manager of the Liverpool factories.

Born in Leeds, Mr. Bennett was employed by the Post Office in their Engineering Division between 1931 and 1939. During the war, he served with the Royal Signals Corps in which, on demobilisation, he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

After his war service, he joined ATE and from 1946 until 1953 served in turn at The Hague and Copenhagen as resident engineer.

In 1953, Mr. Bennett was appointed Deputy Manager, Commercial, at Liverpool, and four years later became Manager, Liverpool factories.

Jean sees husband flirt with death

"I WATCH him hit the bend at 100 m.p.h. I'm so scared, I forget to close my eyes. There's oil and grease on the road and the car shudders as it starts to make the turn. Death or severe injury may be just a second away." That's Jean Harpin talking.

Jean, a recording clerk at Birkbys, knows. She helps her husband, Barry, in the exciting and dangerous sport of motor racing. The whiff of high octane petrol, the thrills of car racing were unknown to her before she met Barry. Now it has got into her blood, she wouldn't dream of giving it up.

Both 26, the Harpins took up the sport seriously two years ago, when they bought a Lotus racing car.

At first they only entered for hill climbs and sprints, but successes started to come along and they decided it was the speed events that were now top interest for them. This is the more expensive branch of the sport, and it's necessary to have a highly tuned car.

While Barry is tearing around tracks like Oulton Park and Silverstone at speeds of up to 130 m.p.h. Jean helps by keeping lap charts and signalling progress by means of a blackboard.

Thrills come one after another. Once at Oulton Park the car left the track and spun off backwards at 60 m.p.h. down a 6-foot bank, fortunately

without damage to the car or Barry himself.

Another time when Barry was racing at Full Sutton on a wet day, he hit a large sheet of water at well over 100 m.p.h., which lifted the car bodily and flung it into a cornfield, again luckily without damage.

Says Jean, "Things like this happen so quickly, there is little time to think about being frightened. It is only afterwards that I realise that it could have been dangerous."

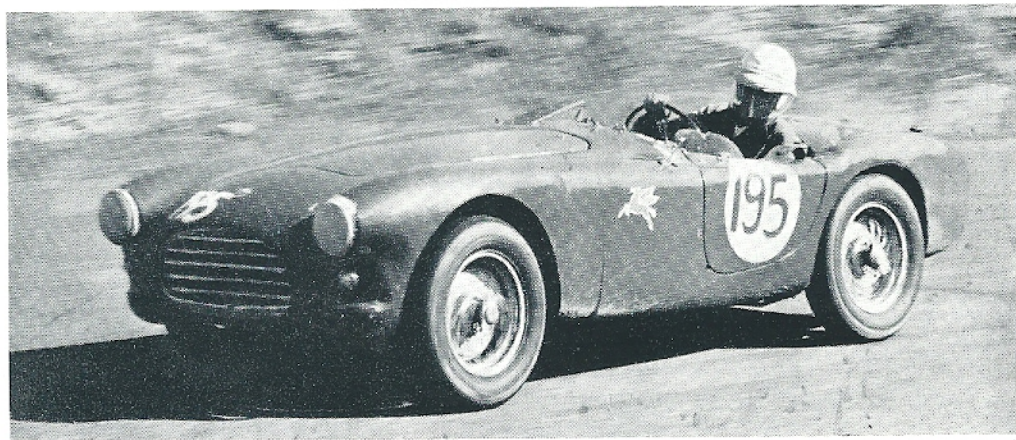
Most amusing episode in their short racing career also took place at Oulton Park. The car hit the bank at Old Hall Corner and a small petrol fire started in the engine. The Fire Marshal had difficulty in operating the extinguisher, which suddenly started spraying while pointing at the crowd. The crowd took a dim view of that—shall we say some of them started foaming—and matters were made worse when the track became covered in foam, and it took until 4 a.m. next morning for the mess to be cleared up.

This year Jean and Barry hope to take part in Production Car races using an A.C. Ace Bristol owned by Barry's father. That's a fascinating form of racing in which small family cars roar around the track dicing with the larger type of Sports Car.

Since taking up the sport, the Harpins have won 42 silver trophies as well as many cash awards—so it's really pleasure bringing its own rewards.

So watch the lists of racing's big names. Maybe one day the name of Barry Harpin will be as well known to us as those of Moss, Brooks or Salvadori.

And won't a certain young lady at Birkbys be mighty pleased and proud.





Mr. Summerson makes the first call

The Sheriff's so peaceful!

THE SHERIFF OF YORK wore no sword and cloak and gave no impression of oppressing the poor and chasing outlaws in nearby forests. In fact, in his quiet grey suit he was the essence of civic dignity in England — far removed from the television Sheriff of Nottingham featured in the Robin Hood series.

This revelation of the modern English sheriff was just about the only disappointment of the day for the two U.S. Air Force officers who were among guests at a smooth-running ceremony recently when a new private automatic branch telephone exchange with subscriber trunk dialling was inaugurated at British Railways' (North-Eastern Region) headquarters offices at York.

British Railways is usually first in the line of fire when criticism is being hurled. But there'll be no complaints about telephone delays and slow service between stations like York, Leeds, Darlington and others in the North-East. ATE have seen to that.

Those interminable waits some members of the public have had when they wanted details of train



Sir Brian Robertson

services will be cut down. Executives will have less excuse for bad tempered impatience when they want calls—all this the new, smoothly running exchange ensures for the railway in the north-east.

First call on the board went 300 miles to Belgium—to Sir Brian Robertson, chairman of the British Transport Commission, who was in Brussels attending a Belgian railways function.

It was made by Mr. T. H. Summerson, chairman of the North-Eastern Area Board of British Railways who revealed that the new ATE installation replaced one which had been in existence 25 years.

Leading a party of company officials was Mr. C. O. Boyse, ATE Managing Director, who made the official hand-over of the exchange.

COAL!

We give the signal

COALMINING ALWAYS MAKES NEWS. Coal output, strikes, mine disasters, the stark stories of men clawing the earth to make a living, grasp the headlines nearly every week.

More than men go into pit shafts. Equipment in increasing amounts is part of the mine set-up these days. And to A T & E (Wigan) Ltd., goes the credit for the production of the new Type 57 Shaft Signalling System . . . a unit of automatic signals which helps to speed coal production.

It is a means of quick communication between the man in charge of winding cages up and down the pit shafts and the various levels where the cages stop.

Is Type 57 a success? Certainly, claim spokesmen of both Nottinghamshire collieries which took the lead in installing it.

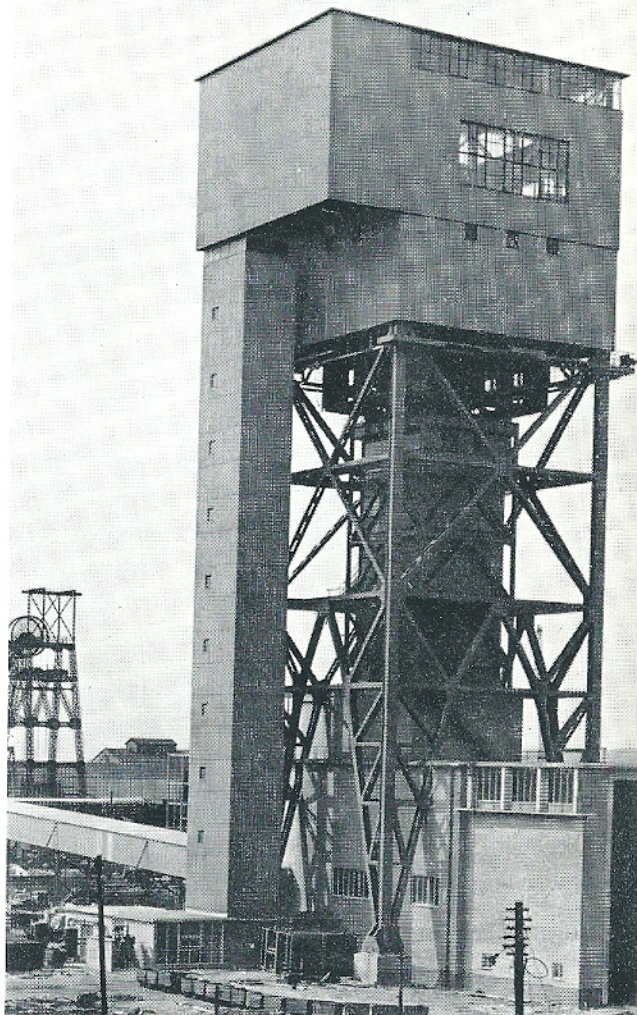
Rufford Colliery manager John Woods says: "The equipment is first rate and is a great improvement over the old system".

"Thanks ATE, for Type 57. It works perfectly and is a great help", adds Percy Ogden, Assistant Engineer at Warsop Colliery.

Now meet development engineers Gerald Evenson and Joe Andrews, ideas men behind the creation of this intricate equipment which took four years to develop.

Gerry Evenson, 33-years-old, from Shropshire, started at Edge Lane and moved to Wigan four years ago.

Longer-scrver is Joe Andrews, a keen golfer (handicap 13) at Wallasey, and an ATE worker since 1937. Joe, now an engineer in the traffic signals department at Stopgate Lane branch factory, worked for Wigan on this project although based at Liverpool.



Rufford Colliery

**BUSY
LINES**

. . . how busy can you get ?

HOW BUSY CAN YOU GET? Telephone users in Zanzibar, for years accustomed to asking for subscribers by name were *too* interested when the city's first automatic exchange, an 800-line unit built by ATE in Liverpool, went into operation recently. Just when the change-over took place nearly everybody in Zanzibar lifted his telephone receiver, and organised chaos took over. For very few had read the detailed instruction for dialling, but things are running smoothly now.

We'd like you to meet . . .

Ed Foster, a setter in Department 55, Strowger Works, may not be an Edmund Hillary, but he has done his share of climbing in the last 26 years. Last year he achieved his ambition in climbing Snowdon for the fiftieth time. His most scaring experience was being marooned in mountain mist for four hours until it cleared.

* * *

How many employees will remember **Jimmy Dell**. He was an office boy with the company until 1941. Since then Jimmy has risen to great heights in more ways than one. Now he is Wing Commander Dell, who will command Britain's first squadron of Lightning fighters which fly at twice the speed of sound. His family live in Stoneycroft, Liverpool.

* * *

J. R. Hughes, A.M.I.E.E., M.Brit.I.R.E., has been appointed a Director and Commercial Manager of Hivac Limited, a member of the Automatic Telephone & Electric Group. Mr. Hughes has been with Hivac, latterly as Chief Commercial Engineer for eleven years.

He was formerly Technical Secretary with the British Radio Valve Manufacturers' Association.

* * *

Meet **Patricia Byrne**, beauty contest winner at Skegness this summer. Pat, of Department 715, Strowger Works, had to be persuaded to enter this, her first contest, with 20 other lovelies. Pat keeps her trim figure by skating and playing tennis.

* * *

Claiming to be A.T.E.'s most widely travelled holidaymaker is **Hilda Yates**, an assembler at Wigan. In successive years Hilda has visited Lourdes, London, Rome, San Sebastian, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Belgium, and Paris. Can anyone beat that for holiday travel?



Ed Foster



J. R. Hughes

Pam Edwards



Trio with different ideas about how holiday time was well spent this summer—**Norman Swain** of the PX section, Strowger House, London, went for a walking vacation in Corsica; **Ernest Bateman**, a toolmaker at Enfield Tools, tried the simple life at Walton-on-Naze, while **Eddie Ellis**, production finishing manager at Birkby's, says there's no holiday like sailing the North's canals.

* * *

Congratulations to **Miss Rose Simmons** and **Miss Grace Brown** who each completed 25 years' service with Hivac Limited last July. At big factories like Strowger Works this is not unusual but those Silver Jubilee's are a rare event at Hivac. The company was only formed in 1932.

* * *

Miss Pam Edwards of Department 23 (Engraving) was recently chosen "Miss A T & E (Bridgnorth) and was awarded the Bartlett Cup, a trophy generously given by Manager Mr. E. J. Bartlett at a Sports and Social Club dance.

* * *

Norman Climo, a Strowger works draughtsman, boasts a great footballing friend in Huyton-born Jimmy Dugdale, the Aston Villa centre-half. Norman and Jimmy both played for the Cheshire club Harrowby before Dugdale turned professional for Villa.

Another link with ATE—Dugdale made frequent visits to Edge Lane when delivering photostats for his old employers who had business with this company.

Patricia Byrne



... and say farewell to Mr. Percy Webster



Sir Thomas Eades makes the presentation

FORTY-NINE YEARS with ATE ended recently for Mr. Percy Webster with his retirement ceremony, marked by a presentation by our chairman, Sir Thomas Eades, and attended by many colleagues.

He joined ATE as a student in 1910 and made steady progress to his final position as Chief Engineer, Research and Development. On company business he made visits to countries such as U.S.A., Denmark, Brazil and India.

Mr. Webster served in the Forces in the first World War, first as a despatch rider and later with the Royal Flying Corps in which he reached the rank of Flight Lieutenant. In the 1939-45 World War his technical knowledge and experience was applied to products like the Automatic Pilot and the Distance Reading Compass.

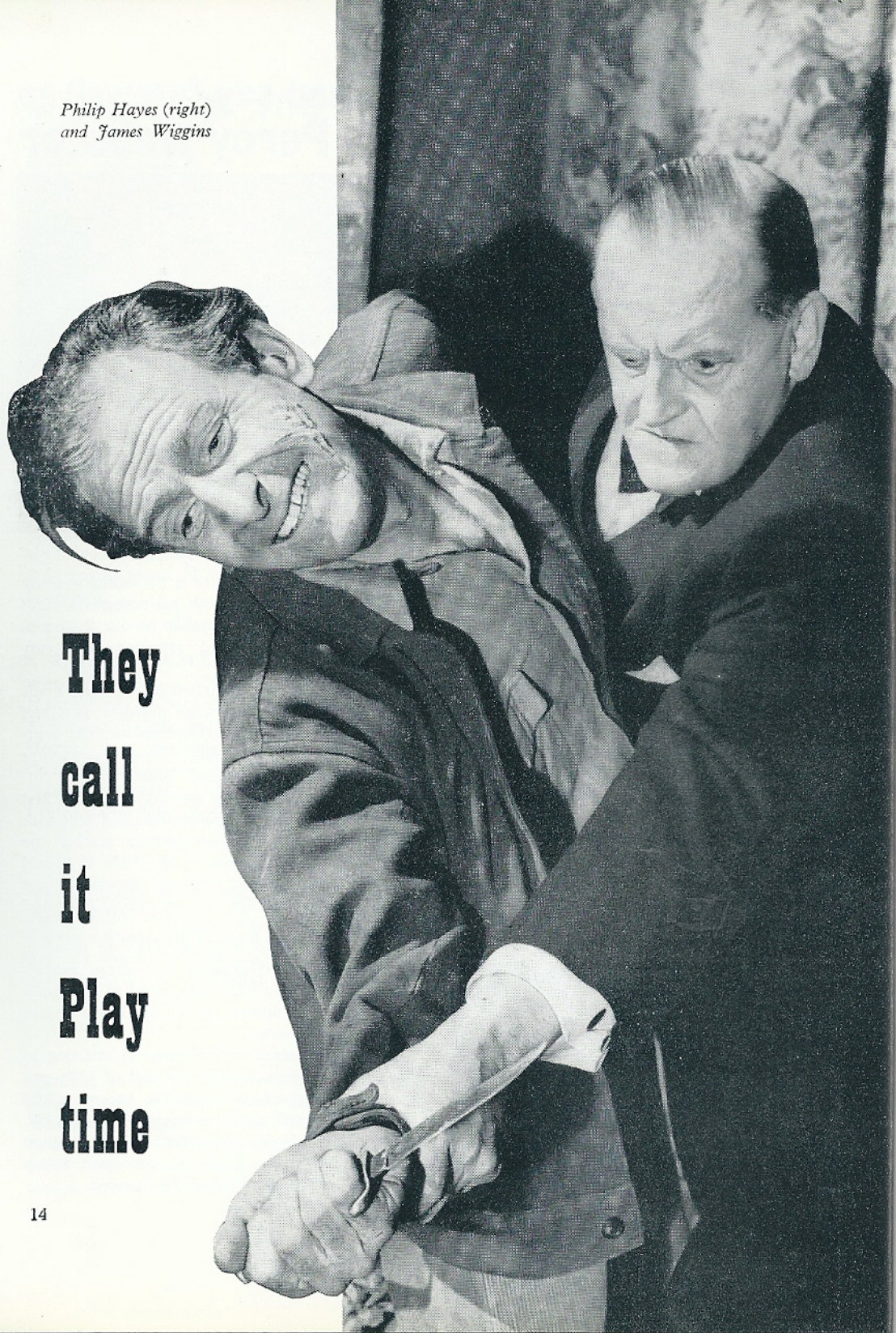
After a period in 1923-24 which he spent in India as installation engineer he became resident engineer in London where he played an important part in the development of the telephone system for the London area.

Later he returned to Liverpool as assistant to the Chief Engineer, and at the end of 1946 was appointed Engineer-in-Chief. He became Chief Engineer, Research and Development in April 1957.

Sir Thomas Eades presented him with a silver tea service from his Liverpool colleagues and a silver salver from colleagues in London.

*Philip Hayes (right)
and James Wiggins*

**They
call
it
Play
time**





Betty Totten, Doris Bennet and James Wiggins in a dramatic scene

Oh! those girls are born actresses!

MEN are incredibly shy. You hadn't noticed? Then try forming an amateur dramatic group. The women will roll up in their dozens, but you'll have to search hard for your men.

All women are actresses, of course. So they start, perhaps, with a natural talent. The potential Hamlets and Macbeths are probably just playing "hard to get".

Whatever the explanation you will find the men in your dramatic group heavily outnumbered.

"That is headache number one," said Arthur Hughes, of Strowger Works, when he was discussing the difficulties in amateur dramatics. "And headache number two stems from it. It's a terrific job trying to find a play to suit your cast. On the whole, playwrights don't help at all. They write plays with big male casts and a few female characters."

So when it comes to amateur dramatics, all the world isn't a stage. In fact it's a game which presents dozens of life-size problems.

When you sit in your theatre seat do you ever

wonder how much thought and work has been put in backstage to make sure your night is going to be enjoyable?

Arthur Hughes has been producing the ATM. Players for the past ten years and so far has handled over twenty of their productions. At the moment the group has a membership of several thousand. Surprised? Well, you'll be more surprised to learn that every employee is a member.

"It's an open group," Arthur explained. "We don't have a subscription. We feel then that we can ask any member of the company to take part in one of our productions. In active membership we have about sixteen, but we get a lot of help with scenery and props from various members of the company."

"In many respects we are more fortunate than many other groups. We have experts in almost every field close at hand and we have first-rate rehearsing conditions on the canteen stage."

The group's last production at the Crane Theatre, Liverpool, where they usually play for three nights, was *The Paragon*. The theatre was



Olive Pughe, Marjorie McDonnell and Doris Bennet take the stage

comfortably filled as the curtain went up on this tense drama by the father and son team, Roland and Michael Pertwee.

The play is the story of a young war hero killed in action and bitterly mourned by his blind father. The son, who in fact did not die, but exchanged identity with a dead comrade and deserted, returns on the eve of the unveiling of a cricket pavilion built to his memory. Philip Hayes, as Sir Robert Rawley, the blunt, self-made businessman, gave a first-rate performance as the blind man. He overcame all the difficulties of sight in such a situation. Doris Bennet was sympathetic in her role as his wife. And Marjorie McDonnell, as the zany, psychic aunt brought out the humour in her part to lighten the play. Other roles were played by Betty Totten, Olive Pughe, Donald Dutton and H. O. Nunley. The producer handled the part of the neighbouring squire.

Acting honours go to James Wiggins, who had the meatiest part. His portrayal of Simon, the hunted deserter, was an interesting paradox. The audience hated Simon—but at times they had to pity the pathetic shell of a man which had emerged from fear and constant hounding.

After their Liverpool run the group went on tour. One Saturday they travelled, at the request of a number of Company pensioners who have settled in the district, to Pantymwyn, a small village near Mold, in North Wales.

One of the members of the cast is a Company pensioner. It was not until he retired that he became interested in dramatics, but that does not mean he was new to the footlights. Phil Hayes had been entertaining audiences for almost fifty years. A semi-professional comedian since he was fourteen, he had played at many local theatres and clubs.

With such a strong comedy background the successful change he has made to the serious theatre is remarkable. After fifty years of fooling and impromptu humour, the restrictions of straight drama must be stifling. But Phil Hayes is learning fast.

He's all set to go again. In fact, they all are. "It seems a waste," says Arthur Hughes, "to spend months on a play and give just a couple of performances. If anyone could use our services we're prepared to go anywhere—within reason, of course!—and put the play on the boards."



JUNE IN PORTUGAL

—that's our song

YOU CAN FEEL PROUD. You—yes *you*—and everybody on the company payroll can walk taller and glow a little. We've all done a fine job for Britain.

Admitted we British—rated the quiet conservatives of the world—had to ginger up the normally dreamy Portuguese countryside. Lisbon in June can be as lazy as a Sunday afternoon, but lately it's been as busy as a revolving door.

Yet the Portuguese don't really mind this carousel of colour and excitement in their siesta-land. For Britain has urgent work to do, and these old allies of ours are happy to set the scene as we display our wares in the British Trade Fair, which has ended on a triumphant note.

Maybe you think your own little job has no connection with this injection of British products into Portugal. You're wrong if you do. You wirers,

technicians, clerks, repair men, typists, craftsmen, assemblers . . . every one of you has made your contribution to ATE's display.

This company's stand has been second to none. Our picture shows the smart appearance of our well-planned double-decker. We were, of course, only one of many in this Fair.

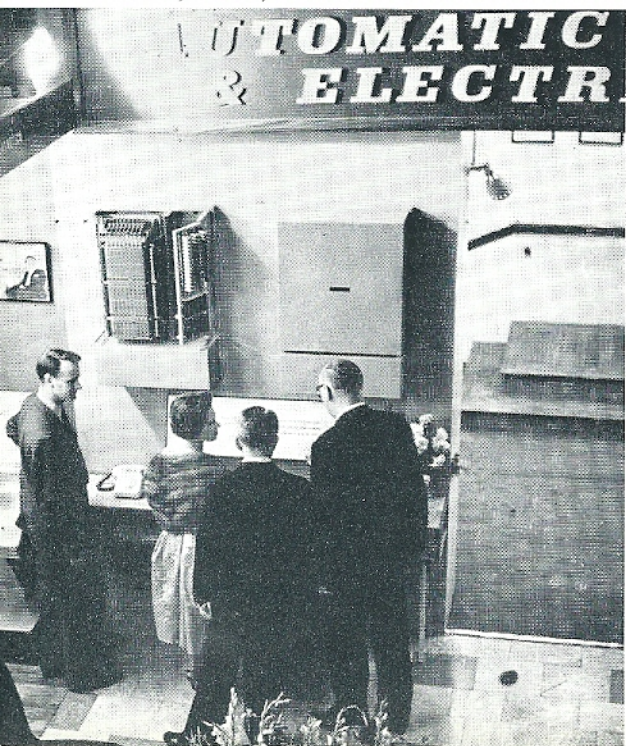
For Lisbon, that picturesque city banked high on seven hills, and lapped by the Tagus river, has been the stage for one of British industry's most energetic pushes for new business. The target was an increase of £6,000,000 in orders from Portugal—a not unreasonable target and, if the activity and interest shown by visitors to the Fair is cemented into hard business, a target which is likely to be attained.

It's important that Britain boosts her exports to Portugal. For years we were her biggest suppliers,



Avenida Liberdade is Lisbon's finest thoroughfare

H.R.H. Princess Margaret spent ten minutes on our stand, chatting with (left to right) Peter Moore (Inspection Dept.), Mr. W. H. McFadzean (BICC Chairman) and Mr. F. Walter Oakley (Director, ATE, London)



apart from being her biggest customers, but in the last few years, the energetic Germans have taken the lead in sales to the Portuguese, even though Germany buys comparatively little from this land of wine and sunshine.

That's why from May 29 until June 14 this country went to town—Lisbon town—to show the Portuguese that British is still best.

Organised by the Federation of British Industries' subsidiary, British Overseas Fairs Limited, with the full support of the Government, the show went on in the new and splendidly equipped Exhibition Hall, about two miles from the centre of Lisbon along the road to fabulous Estoril.

For this first foreign Trade Fair to be held in the Hall, British exhibits occupied 125,000 square feet of space and attracted not only the top men in Portugal's industry, but buyers from all over South West Europe.

Publicity-wise, Britain showed itself no sluggard. Invitations to the Fair were sent last March to all official purchasing bodies, and the territories covered Portugal, Spain, the Portuguese overseas territories and Brazil.

In addition to a direct mail campaign, posters and pamphlets were widely distributed and displayed through shipping companies, airlines, railways and local transport in Portugal.

Radio and television advertising were not forgotten—and if the desired target of increasing British exports to Portugal is not achieved it won't be through lack of push.

Jeff Cargill of the Publicity Department made his first trip to Lisbon last March to advise on the construction of the ATE stand. He went out again before the start of the exhibition, saw it off to a flying start, and reports the whole affair a huge success.

What exact contribution did ATE make?

Well, our stand covered 1,000 square feet, and offered working exhibits involving a wide range of equipment.

Highlight was a demonstration of a Register Translator with the latest type Magnetic Drum information storage device. This operates as a train time indicator.

Also on show was a unit to demonstrate the principle of carrier-telephony; a single channel radio telephone link especially designed for subscribers in isolated areas, and the company's new telephone instrument in its full range of colours.



Our stand was bright and business-like

Working demonstrations were also given of the Private Automatic Branch Telephone Exchange, telegraph equipment and vehicle-actuated road signals.

Another exhibit on the stand was a range of sub-miniature valves made by Hivac Ltd.

But not even the most serious-minded visitor to the Lisbon Fair devoted all his time to matters of business. Portugal is a land of great contrasts in which huge automobiles overtake country carts, and laden pack mules occasionally move over to allow passage to a carriage and pair, complete with liveried attendants.

Let's look closely at Lisbon, the impressive city devastated by earthquake in 1755 and which rose again to straddle the wide Tagus as the most Western of all European capitals.

With a population of 1,000,000, Lisbon is noted for its magnificent situation as the centre jewel in a gently-sloping bowl of hills. One of the Continent's best natural harbours, it has a waterfront covering five miles.

It's a far stretch from the first recorded days in the city's history. First to land on the coast were the Phoenicians—incidentally Portugal is one of the few Western seaboard countries that in later years the Romans missed.

The Phoenicians were originally heading for Cornwall and Brittany, searching for tin. They named the original city which now sites Lisbon as Ulyssipona which suggests that the original founder was that wise fellow Ulysses. If so, he knew what he was doing.

Its situation ensured that Lisbon would prosper. With progress, man-made organisation—and the usual taxes—came along, and a character named Alfonso Henriques who lived in the 12th century, declared himself King of the Portuguese.

Tragedy hit the city with the earthquake but from the ashes rose the present city, mainly through the industry and planning of the Marquis de Pombal, one of the all time heroes of the Portuguese, but a fellow who could hardly include the British among his admirers.

Pombal was the local who first attempted to break British monopoly of the port wine trade.

But whatever indignation the mighty Marquis aroused in the City of London, there's no doubt that since those turbulent days the ties of friendship have strengthened between the two countries.

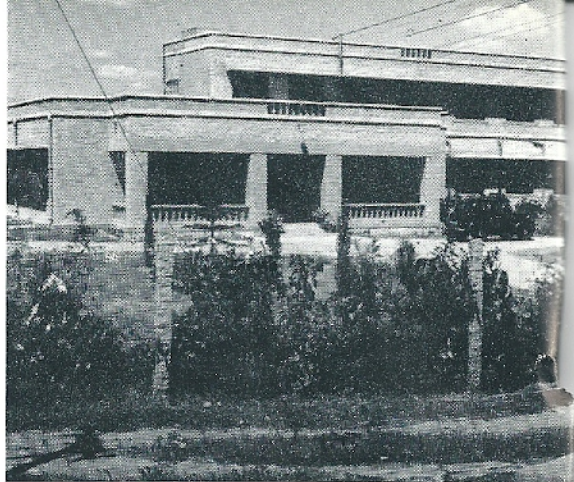
The Portuguese Government gave its blessing and full support to the British Trade Fair . . . and your work has helped to make the Fair a huge success.

To the wilderness came the hand of Man

*I.T.I. celebrates
10th anniversary
— we can be proud*



*Harold
Monks*



The I.T.I. hospital building can accommodate 40 beds and has

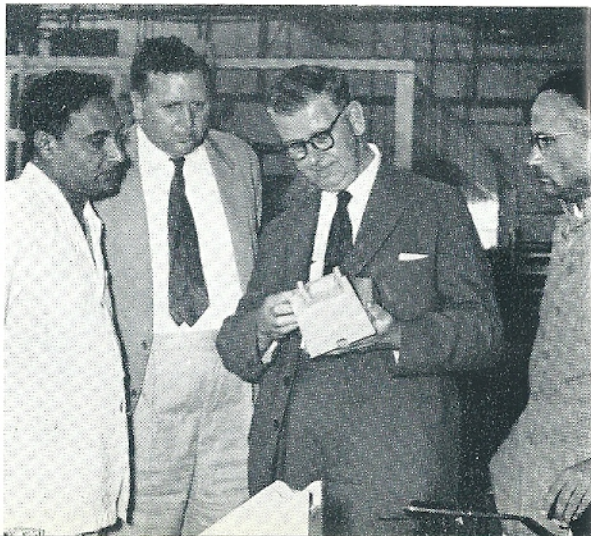
KRISHNARAJAPURUM was a lonely place in its setting seven miles along the Madras road from Bangalore. Almost desolate—before an agreement made between ATE and the Indian government in 1948 under which, among other things, this company would help the Indians establish a telephone industry. This location was chosen as the factory site.

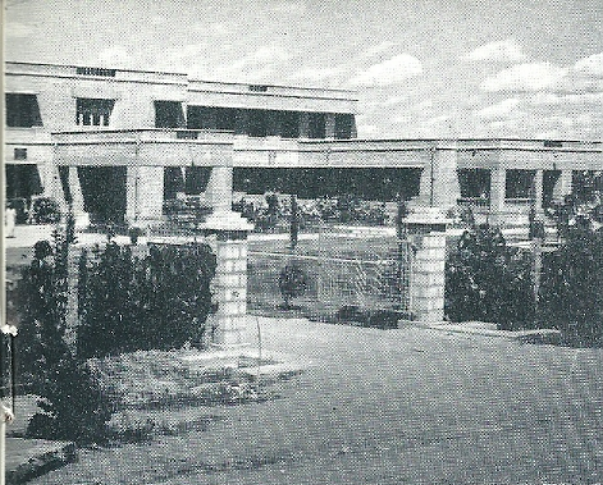
The congratulations given to Indian Telephone Industries Ltd., this year, on their 10th anniversary of operations bring back sharp memories to the many ATE personnel—both those who visited India and the backroom planners—who helped in the inception of what the Indians call Duravaninagar, which means Telephone City.

Our story started in Berne, Switzerland, where, on May 3, 1948, the agreement was signed by Mr. A. F. Bennett and Mr. R. Natarajan who represented the Indian government.

Harold Monks, Chief Methods Engineer at Strowger Works, went out to look for a suitable site for factory

Mr. J. Mason checks a unit in the factory





a maternity section, out-patients department and dental unit



Tibet's Dalai Lama and Panchen Lama watch assembly work

development. He takes up the story as it happened eleven years ago:

"I had to start from the beginning, and travelled through Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta and several other big cities before I came to Bangalore. Then—seven miles out of that city I found the right spot."

Shortly afterwards two more men from ATE went to India to help plan. . . . Bill Dutch, now a P.X. inspector, but then a designer with Inspection Department's Test Section, and George Glass who is now deceased.

Later more company experts went to India at various times—about twenty made the trip over the early years of I.T.I. existence.

Where once was a wilderness now stands a fine factory in 380 acres which include sports fields, a medical section, gardens, bird sanctuary and staff bungalows.

This "Little Strowger" was built strictly to ATE specifications, even down to the positioning of benches.

Each department has the same number as the corresponding section in Liverpool. For example, the Framework Department was labelled 06.

Shades of the initial assembly line! This was an improvised belt in the first factory building which was an air force type hangar in which much of the area was occupied by machinery dumped down and awaiting installation.

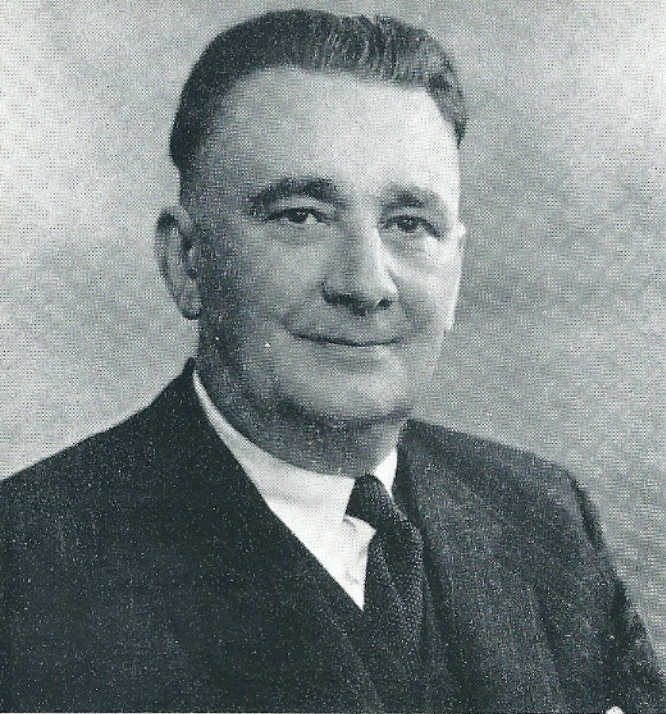
But in those early days difficulties were quickly ironed out and production boomed. Last year ITI produced 84,000 telephones and 54,000 exchange lines . . . and without any outside help. That indicates that the many Indian technicians who visited Liverpool for instruction on telecommunications absorbed their lessons magnificently.

Their successful work at Duravaninagar has drawn visits and praises from India's President, the Indian Prime Minister and Tibet's Dalai Lama among other distinguished visitors.

We can be proud of our part.

The Coil Winding shop is more attractive for the saris worn by local girls





W. S. VICK

- 1913 Joined Company.*
- 1928 Appointed Production Superintendent.*
- 1937 Named Assistant Works Manager.*
- 1939 Promoted to Works Manager.*
- 1951 Appointed Director of ATE (Bridgnorth).*
- 1952 Made Deputy Manager-Works Control. Also Chairman of Joint Production Committee, founder of Accident Prevention Committee, and President ATE St. John Ambulance Brigade, and founder member of ATM Motor Club.*

These men are news



T. H. BARNES

- 1909 Joined Company.*
- 1920 Appointed Cashier.*
- 1932 Named Secretary of Pension Fund.*
- 1939 Promoted to Assistant to Chief Accountant.*
- 1940 Appointed Chief Accountant.*
- 1947 Took over Control of Salaries Department. Also first treasurer of ATM Sports & Social Organisation, Secretary of Company's National Savings group since 1947, and Engineering Employers' representative on Trades Advisory Council or Liverpool National Savings.*

BOSSES can roar like the winds of March, inspire like Sir Winston, terrify their slaves like a gauleiter, or lead the team in the quiet Sir John Hunt manner. They come in many shapes, in many sizes, in many temperaments.

Strowger Works folk were lucky to have a top man like W. S. Vick, whose recent retirement from his position as Deputy Manager, Works Control, was a great loss. Mr. Vick who was with ATE for 46 years will be missed by management and workers alike. He had the gift of communication to all sides, to all shades of opinion.

The boss's job is not all honey and big limousines. It can be tough at the top. And toughest job of all is to get just the right relationship with those underneath. Mr. Vick was gifted enough to win the affection of the man and woman on the bench without losing their respect.

The following tribute from Tom Maloney, a shop steward at Edge Lane, is a wonderful testimony to the warmth struck in the hearts of those who came in contact with Mr. Vick: "His willingness to listen to the everyday problems which arise in our factory has enabled us to reach a mutually satisfactory settlement of our grievances, while his outstanding personality and his ability to understand the feelings of the common man has endeared him to everybody.

"The proof of his ability to successfully reconcile the views of management and workers lies in the fact that in all his years as works manager there has never been a major stoppage in this factory."

This then was Stan Vick, an executive who made it his business to never forget his old colleagues on the bench, the chief who could stop in the factory, address a worker by his christian name and chat about family matters.

He retired, bearing the gifts of a television set, fishing gear and a lawn mower from his fellow workers, and, as he left, Mr. Vick said: "I'm going when I feel I'm just beginning to know the job."

Few will agree with that. Horace Strapps, workers' representative on the Joint Production Committee says: "Mr. Vick's secret of success was his know-how. He knew just what work was to be done—and he could see the workers' point of view and the difficulties to be overcome."

Mr. Vick saw many changes and retains many impressions of the company and its workers. One thing he remembers in his temporary break with the company to join up in the first World War was the chance meeting in France, on a cold barrack square, with another associate from Edge Lane . . .

NOW meet the man who trudged, pack on back, on that barrack square.

Harry Barnes, head of the Salaries Department, who has just completed 50 years' staff service—the first employee to do so—is a man of two aspects. To newcomers and the distant unknowing, 64-year-old T. H. Barnes is an abstract and distinguished figure.

But to those who know him well, Harry is quite a character, a dry humorist who tells stories against himself involving Army horses, and a certain troop train.

"Can't stand horses even now," says Mr. Barnes. "I knew nothing about them then—so of course when I joined up in the first World War the Army put me right in among horses. My particular purgatory was when they called feed parade.

"I had to stand between two horses with a bucket of oats on each arm. A whistle blast was the signal to feed. Of course the animals knew what the whistle was for and went mad. So often, I stood there, hating horses, with one on one side jamming his head into the bucket and then throwing his head to the sky, and frequently clipping me under the chin with the rim of the bucket. Meanwhile, the other horse would be frantically tugging at the other bucket trying to get his feed. Horses? I can't stand them."

Harry Barnes was doing 'jankers' when he met Stanley Vick. A troop train taking Harry and his companions from the French coast to Abbeville re-started sooner than expected, leaving them in a little village where they had gone for refreshments.

Harry eventually got to Abbeville by hitch-hiking, but was booked for an appearance with the C.O. He asserts: "I probably set an Army record. The first entry in my paybook, issued when a soldier first goes on foreign service, read 21 days C.B."

Work today is far different from Harry Barnes' early days with the company, of long hours and half-crown wages. Many innovations have been introduced, with Harry helping to bring about some of them.

One of his particular prides is his great work with the Pension Fund, of which he has been secretary since 1932, apart from a seven year break from 1940.

He was founder committee member and first treasurer of the A.T.M. sports and social club, and has been secretary of the company's National Savings Group since 1947.



N'ice work here for Four Men and a Girl—and what joy when they get busy!



Sunny weather brings matching smiles from Joyce Walls (left) and Pat Oliver

Oooh! it's lovely

AT WHITFIELD . . .

BRING on those sunny moments—and those annual sports days are golden affairs.

Maybe Mum does get a little flustered as she tries to keep an eye on the kids. Maybe the children can't keep as clean as they were when they set off from home. Maybe Dad finds he's pretty tired by the time evening shadows creep across the sports field.

But when it's all over they join together to agree: they're all looking forward to next time and hoping next summer's weather will be just as good.

... AND AT TAPLOW



(Above) Mrs. Boyce receives her bouquet from Personality Girl Pat D'Arcy

(Right) "Cor! Wish we had a map of this pirate treasure"

(Below) Grass-skirted B.T.R. girls are in their little hula heaven



STROWGER WORKS is now powered by a 33,000-volt electric cable—big contrast to the original power supply of 400 volts. As the factory grew, more power was required, and in 1936 the main's supply was boosted to 6,000 volts. But even since then the need for more power has grown—9,116,860 units were necessary last year—so the Electricity Board agreed to lay the new cable along Edge Lane.

That was the reason for that gaping hole in the road employees saw on entering and leaving the factory earlier this year.

★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★

Following the retirement of Mr. W. S. Vick (Deputy-Manager, Works control), Mr. H. W. Barrett (Works Manager) will be responsible for the duties previously performed by Mr. Vick. Mr. J. W. McQuair is appointed Deputy Works Manager, and Mr. T. H. Fletcher is named General Superintendent responsible to Mr. McQuair.

★ ★ ★

A T & E have been presented with a silver medal by the Universal and International Exhibition, which was held in Brussels last year, as an appreciation of our exhibit in the Portuguese Pavilion.

Automatic dialling, probably the biggest single advance in telephony since the first manual exchange was opened, can have some extraordinary side effects. An automatic exchange was being installed in Jeddah, Arabia, when it was suddenly realised that dial operation would permit a woman in "purdah" (wearing a veil and incommunicado) to talk with anyone who called.

So plans were quickly changed. No automatic telephones were installed in homes, and all calls had to go through operators.

★ ★ ★

Communication Systems Ltd., exhibited varied equipment at the recent Business Efficiency Exhibition in London. One item of great interest was the AT & E Telephone Dictation Recorder which works through the existing private automatic telephone system and enables certain extensions to have access to tape recorders by dialling.

Important point is that it is impossible to overhear or accidentally erase any previous recording and at the same time a play-back gives the speaker a chance of checking his dictation.

★ ★ ★

Latest telephone story: When a telephone engineer arrived to install a 'phone at a very small house shared by two women, he was perplexed by their insistence on one telephone each.

They explained: "One 'phone would never do for us. You see, when our personalities clash we just call each other and straighten everything out."

★

Owing to the Printing dispute, the summer issue of Tone did not appear, but this production includes some of summer's best feature articles and pictures

★

.....

Model telephones

TELEPHONES FOR MIDGETS? Have the Pygmies placed an order for special under-sized telephones?

If you see the colourful collection of half-sized telephones at present being manufactured, you'd think so.

Truth is that these miniatures are not being made for the little men of Africa but for our own representatives.

ATE have developed a new telephone instrument, in seven self colours and two, two-tone combinations, which is being called No. 6.

The extensive range of colours brought up a problem for the Sales Organisation. Obviously it would be awkward for representatives to carry about complete sets of full-sized instruments.

So Bill Moore, Assistant Chief Engineer in the Apparatus Development Branch at Exchange Factory was given the job of producing exact miniatures of the No. 6 in the complete colour range. Quite a formidable assignment. By using one



complete set of miniatures and a conventional telephone, the salesman could show the prospective customer the correct size, form and colour range.

Reg Bailey, the model shop foreman, assisted by Alf Vernon, made the wooden copies and Tom Clark and Glyn Phillips were responsible for the making of the moulds.

Quite an achievement—and the finished job is excellent!

THIS COMPANY was the only foreign exhibitor at the recent A.F.C.E.A. exhibition in Washington, D.C., where our stand came in for high praise from Americans. On the right, talking to Mr. H. R. A. Wood, Group Sales Co-ordinator, is Mr.

Edward Dingley, President of the I.R.E. Group for Telecommunication.

Mr. Wood says the stand compared well with the elaborate and spectacular displays given by the big American corporations.



When the snow-white choo-choo leaves for Birmingham

GET OUT YOUR WHITE SUIT, young lady. You're going for a fast ride in a speckless train. You will zip through bright new stations and arrive *on time*.

A dream? No. This will be the result of British Railways huge modernisation scheme in which ATE is playing a big part.

When the railways set aside £1,200,000,000 to bring rail travel up-to-date they placed a contract with ATE to undertake the control of electrification of some lines. This was just over a year ago.

A team of engineers under the direction of George Burns, Chief Engineer at City Factory, set to work trying out various systems until the present one, which offers the best facilities, was evolved.

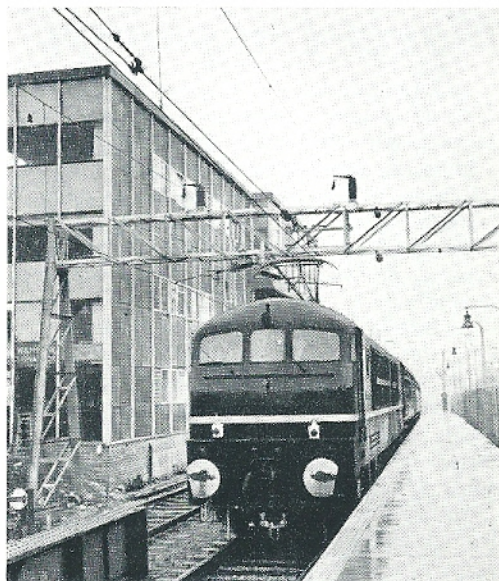
The electrification which is being put into action will differ from the kind we see on most other types in the country. Electricity supplies will be carried by overhead wires and not by the usual third rail.

These wires can carry a much higher voltage—in this case 25,000 instead of the 600 volts system used by the Mersey electric railway. "It also means that there is less likelihood of weather interference," Mr. Burns commented. "There is probably not so much general danger risk", added Circuit Engineer John Richardson.

The scheme for electrification in the Midland and North-Eastern Region will begin with the Manchester-Crewe link-up. Within a short time lines linking Crewe with Liverpool, Stafford and probably Birmingham will be electrified.

The main control will be at Crewe, but power supplies to the line involve twelve sub-stations along the route to which impulses are carried by a pair of pilot wires in each direction. The system ensures that faults of any kind along the line are immediately indicated in the control room and can usually be put right by drawing power from one of the other sub-stations.

When we asked British Railways what they thought about the plan they said, "It means the



end of an era and already the last steam locomotive has been turned out of Crewe works. The electric locomotive has many advantages—reliability, good acceleration, cleanliness, and where traffic is heavy, economy of operation."

Electrification will take years to complete and so diesel trains are being introduced for the interim period.

New stations are being provided wherever possible, and station amenities are being improved. British Railways told us that more than 20,000 new coaches will be put into service. A real improvement on the old ones, they will have more comfortable furnishings and brighter decorations. There will be better sound insulation, including double-glazed windows.

This was their final word: "We believe the new equipment will result in a great improvement in staff morale, which, in turn, will make for a better service to passengers and traders alike. It may be that lower rates and fares will be the outcome, providing the cost of living does not rise. We also feel that major road congestion will be relieved, as traffic returns to the improved rail services."

So it's worth remembering as you're working on your plans, and making and wiring the equipment, that you are probably helping to bring rail fares down.

FOR A SHADE LIGHTER

— just diet

DIETING IS DEADLY. No matter what your diet is you always have to leave alone the things you like most. And yet the slimming obsession is growing and plenty of people are cutting out carbohydrates and packing themselves with protein (pardon the technical terms!).

But if you really want to slim and start looking around for a reasonable diet you are likely to be confused by the dozens of different methods. "Eat as much fat as you like," says one. "Don't eat any," says another. "Take large portions of meat, fish and eggs," they may say. "Take one slice," moans Mr. Moderation.

You don't know where you are? Well, *Tone* determined to settle this slimming question firmly.

A diet sheet was drawn up under medical supervision. So at least we were sure it was

not likely to undermine one's health. Then we looked for someone sporting enough to take up the challenge—a "guinea-pig", in fact.

"Oh, I could never keep to a diet," Marian Hogarth said when we tried twisting her arm. "But I'd love to lose a few pounds."

Marian, a clerk in Department 567 at Strowger Works was worried about her week-end scooter trips with her husband. "We get hungry in the fresh air and I always get through a stack of starch-loaded sandwiches and several cups of sweet coffee," she confessed.

So it was finally conceded that she should eat a little more at week-ends.

But Marian wasn't the only guinea-pig. We found Josephine Proctor, who works in a nearby office, willing to pit herself against the scales.

Josephine Proctor (left) checks Marian's weight



The girls were weighed and given the diet guide—and the rest was up to them. The set period was a month and they were weighed regularly each week in the medical department.

At the first weigh-in Marian carried a handicap of a stone. The sliding weights tipped the scale to

How those inches vanished and smiles grew larger



12 st. 5 lbs. They were a little kinder to Josephine who weighed in at 11 st. 6 lbs.

"I think I'll be able to cut down on most things," she said—"but my biggest temptation will be sweets and chocolates."

Josephine was used to two or three chocolate biscuits during her mid-work break, and colleagues didn't help at all. Often they produced tempting gap-bridgers.

The first week was gruelling, but both girls kept hard at it. Great news for Marian—she had lost four pounds in seven days. Then Josephine stepped on the scale. When the ever-truthful weights showed that she had lost only one pound, she confessed: "I had half-a-pound of chocolates in the pictures last night. But what else could I do? You can't eat oranges—they smell so much!"

Each week Marian lost between $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. For the first week she kept strictly to the amounts of protein mentioned on the sheet.

At first, the no-bread and no-potatoes drill made Marian wonder if it was worth all the trouble and the pangs of hunger, but as time went by she got used to the restrictions and enjoyed her diet.

Liver, which is packed with protein, was strongly

THIS IS THE DIET FOLLOWED BY THE "GUINEA-PIGS"

Breakfast

Fresh fruit (*except bananas*) or fruit juice.

PROTEIN: Egg (poached, boiled or scrambled) or lean bacon, cottage cheese or lean lamb chop.

CARBOHYDRATE: 1 slice wholemeal bread or high protein bread or crispbread.

FAT: Butter or margarine (1 teaspoonful).

LIQUID: Coffee (using $\frac{1}{2}$ milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ water . . . skimmed milk is best) or tea.

Mid-morning

Cup of Marmite, or clear soup, or fruit juice, or coffee, or tea.

recommended and was featured regularly on her menu.

By the way, if any of you intend dieting, it's sensible to check first with your doctor.

Our "guinea-pigs" had to keep away from sugar and they found honey a first-rate substitute for sweetening their mid-morning tea. To make sure they were not missing anything vital, it was suggested Marian and Josephine should take one or two vitamin tablets each day.

After her first week of counting slices and weighing portions, Marian agreed to eat as much protein as she liked during the following seven days. The experiment worked . . . and still she lost weight.

At the end of the month Marian had lost exactly one stone and *two inches from her waistline*.

With Josephine the battle with the calories had been harder. After a month she lost four pounds. Slower, perhaps, but still useful, and she's going to keep at it.

So slimming is quite simple really. All you need is a well-balanced diet and plenty of good healthy exercise. Oh yes, there is one more thing . . . iron will-power.

Lunch

Any green vegetables.

PROTEIN: Cheese, chicken, lean ham, beef, lamb, salmon, shrimps, or eggs.

CARBOHYDRATE: Occasionally one small potato.

FAT: Half teaspoon butter or margarine.

LIQUID: Marmite, yoghurt, coffee, or tea.

Dinner

Fruit juice, salad, clear soup, or Marmite.

PROTEIN: Lean meat, liver or fish.

CARBOHYDRATE: Occasionally one small potato.

VEGETABLE: Any (except peas).

FAT: Butter or salad oil ($\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful).

DESSERT: Fresh fruit.

LIQUID: Coffee (black or with a little milk).

Write a Christmas Story!



WRITING A CHRISTMAS STORY does not have to be a Dickens of a job. Most non-professional scribes are convinced writing is easy and all they need is the space and opportunity to show their talents.

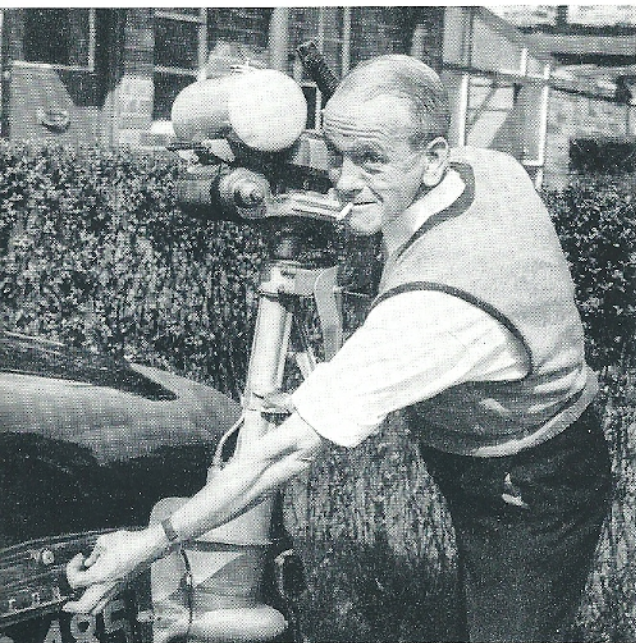
Now, here's your chance. *Tone* offers five guineas for the best Christmas story written by an employee of this company or its subsidiaries, including C.S., B.T.R., Birkbys and Enfield Tools, and submitted to the Editor before October 12.

These are the conditions:

- (1) The story must have a direct reference to Christmas but may be fictional or non-fictional.
- (2) It must be between 350 and 400 words.
- (3) It must not have ever before appeared in print.

Please submit your story on one side of the paper only, and remember, it must be worth 350 words—and the point of good writing is knowing when to stop, and that means a maximum of 400 words.

Summer Sails rush



Sam Topping finds the outboard fits nicely in the car boot

THE factory worker clocked off and headed straight for his yacht (or, more strictly, his sailing dinghy). Don't you believe it? It's true, and a situation like this is becoming more commonplace every year.

We found out that ATE has just such a spare-time sailor when we met Sam Topping, an inspector in Department 99 at Strowger Works. Sam—called Tearaway Topping by his pals—has been sailing in the Lake District most week-ends for nearly three years.

And—here's the rub. Apart from the good-sized

craft of the well-to-do, more than 8,000 dinghys (they're the small, cheaper type of boat) sailed our inland waters this summer. Eight years ago there were only 1,000. These figures reflect the tremendous boom in this rapidly growing sport.

Sam's interest started after a fishing trip. After sorting through the different types of craft on offer he decided on a fibreglass outboarder. It was more expensive than the traditional wooden boat, but it will not rot and Sam reckoned logically that here was a case of the more expensive being the cheapest in the long run.

Tearaway's next step was to acquire an out-board motor. He was fortunate in buying one quite cheaply from a man who dropped the unit into the lake when removing it from his own craft. The motor went down in about eighty feet of water but, with the help of frogmen, it was salvaged. Sam spent a few pounds reconditioning it and says it is now as good as new. With this five-horsepower unit on the stern, Sam can navigate the lake at speeds of about eight knots.

The outboarder which is fourteen feet in length, weighs five hundredweight. It draws only about three inches of water and is very manoeuvrable, even with oars. When the owner fishes in the lake, however, he uses a small wooden craft which he has owned for some time.

For the unenlightened, there are several classes of dinghys (they're not called yachts unless they have cabins). Most popular is the General Purpose dinghy, which is 14 feet in length and costs about £150. The Firefly class is a more costly job, but is pretty popular, with over 3,000 of this type registered. Cadet, Heron, Enterprise—all of them types of popular dinghy, have raced in every part of the world.

Cheapest on the market is the Cadet, costing £85, which is ideal for youngsters, but it is usually possible to pick up any type of secondhand craft at a reasonable price.



COVER PICTURE



AUTUMN is here—and first goal of this new football season comes from Geoff. Dix, despite the tackle of Danny Spore and the dive of goalkeeper Graham Whittall, as these City Factory employees get in some practice.





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