

*Greetings*

*Christmas Greetings*

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**WINTER 1959**



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## TONE

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF  
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD



*Editorial Committee:*

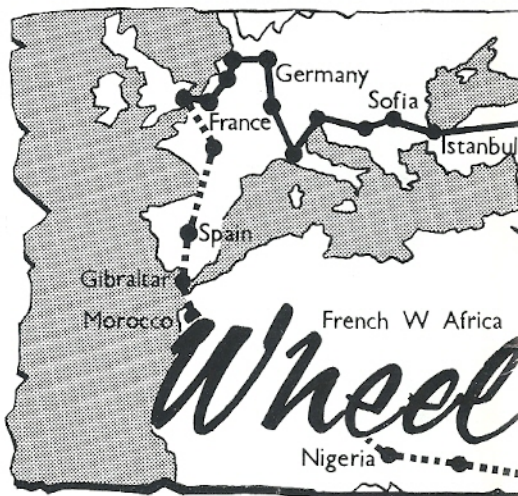
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**T**HE FICTIONAL "Around the World in 80 days" has been acclaimed in book and film. Now we are delighted to tell you of the factual "Overland to Australia and back in 365 days" which is being undertaken by a party of young men which includes Peter Finn of ATE.

Peter, who was attached to Inspection Department, is one of a party now making a return overland trip to Australia. They started from Liverpool last month in a blaze of publicity.

The expedition set off in their two Land Rovers on a trip which will take them across four of the World's five continents.

The scheme began modestly enough as the idea of a small group of friends—all Territorial Army paratroopers. Lieutenant Stephen Fox, who leads the group, invited Peter to go along as navigator.

It won't be all fun. They will have to watch out for bandits on many parts of the route. In some lands there will be no government protection, and monsoons and waterless desert seasons are other hazards. "If we don't get across the Sahara on the way back by October 1960 we probably won't make it," says Peter.

This is no jump-in-the-wagon-and-we're-off trip. It will be the result of almost two years' planning, mapping, budgeting and negotiation. The venture has aroused so much interest that the men have been equipped by the B.B.C. and

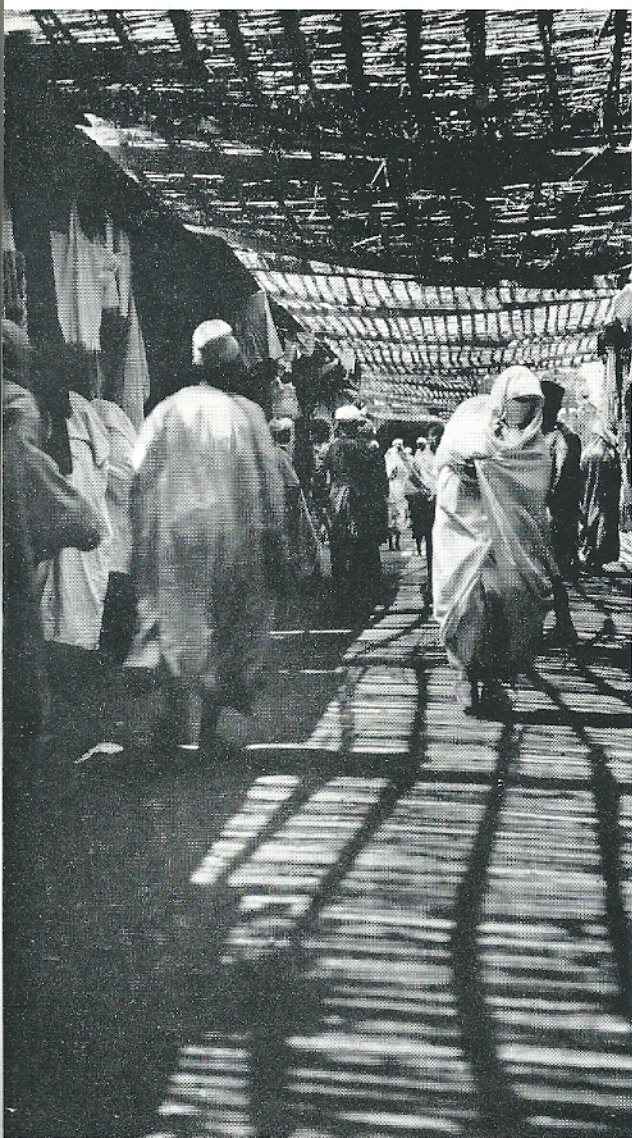
## Peter Finn joins 'Pegasus Overland'



*Peter checks the route*



# Middle East Christmas



*The voyagers will see scenes like this on December 25*

an independent television company for special filming.

At certain checkpoints along the way they will get new film for old and their record will be flown back for possible televising. They will also be carrying B.B.C. sound recording equipment.

"Pegasus Overland", the correct title of the expedition, has as its patrons the Earl of Derby, Sir John Hunt, of Everest fame, and Brigadier Douglas Crawford. It also has the backing of forty firms who have made special concessions with equipment, food and clothing.

When the Land Rovers touch ground in Europe their wheels won't stop until they board another boat at Singapore . . . many thousands of miles driving will take them through Turkey, Pakistan, India, Burma and Malaya.

After spending a few months in Australia, they return by boat to South Africa, then head north through the Sahara, from Tangiers over to Spain and through France.

There are no passengers in the group of eight, whose ages range between 20 and 28. There's a qualified mechanic and a doctor, a quartermaster, secretary, a map-and-route master. Every man has a special job.

During the year's journey each article of equipment will be thoroughly tested for the climatic conditions vary from the December snows of the Armenian mountain Range in Persia to the 120° Fahrenheit shade temperature of the Thal Desert; from the sodden heat of the Burmese Jungle to the sapless temperature of the Sahara.

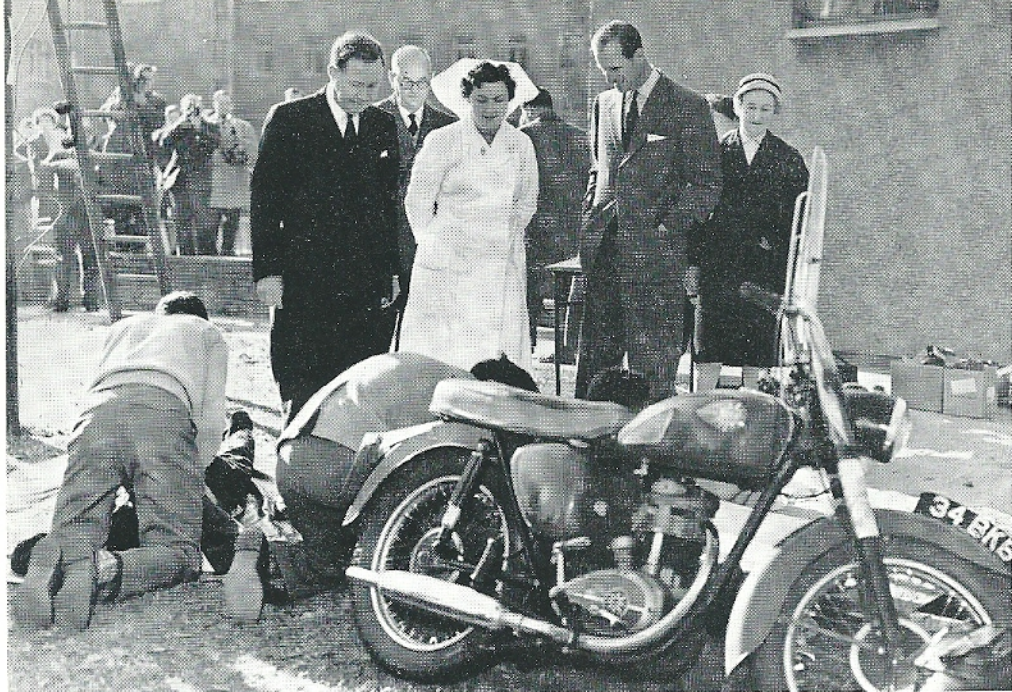
One great difficulty will be fuel supply. The expedition is trying to arrange stations en route and need to be sure it has enough at each point to carry them through jungles and dangerous territory.

Why do it? It's like asking a mountaineer why he wants to tackle an unconquered peak. "Nobody has yet done it in a year," says Peter.

The overall cost of the expedition will be £4,000 and each man's initial share is £250. A few months work in Australia should help cover expenses and production of films, recordings, and the inevitable book, should ensure the group won't lose money on the trip.

*Tone* readers will be kept up to date with the progress of "Pegasus Overland". Peter Finn hopes to send a dispatch from the Middle East in time for inclusion in the following issue of the magazine.





Eyes down as (left to right) ATE apprentices Vincent Dobby, Colin Brady and Raymond Miller demonstrate first-aid after a mock motor-cycle accident

PHOTO: LIVERPOOL ECHO

## The Duke meets ATE boys

**K**EN HAYES' chat with the Duke of Edinburgh was going along famously until a Press photographer tried to get too near. Up crept the cameraman hoping for a Royal close-up. Unfortunately he failed to notice a guy-rope which helped support the tent in which Ken Hayes was having his big moment.

Suddenly it happened. The photographer's foot caught the rope, the tent almost collapsed onto the head of its Royal occupant and disorganised chaos reigned for moments before flustered officials raced up to restore order.

It all happened just a few weeks ago, when Prince Philip visited a county college near Liverpool to watch youngsters engaged in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, which involves physical training, hobbies, public service and expedition and camping trips.

Eighteen apprentices of this company are seeking the Duke's award in their spare time.

His Royal Highness spoke with many of them, and afterwards Colin Brady, a technician appren-

tice at Strowger Works, said: "It seemed like a jammed gramophone record as when the Duke repeatedly asked boys whereabouts they worked the answers kept coming back almost inevitably, 'Automatic Telephone & Electric Co., Sir.'

Ten students from this company joined last year when the present company training programme was inaugurated. When the boys attended classes at the college they heard that the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme was run there, so they decided to join. They spend two nights a week training for the awards. Another eight from ATE joined last September.

Terry Hill, Fred Crane, Gerry Edwards and Tony Patterson, four of the original group, recently planned and produced, for the company, a fifteen-minute documentary film of the work of ATE apprentices at the college.

The film-shooting took in all forty apprentices then at the college and the result was remarkably good. This movie-making will qualify all four for the hobbies section of the silver award.





*Just four British soldiers left in France—Percy Parker on the left and actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke on the right*



## Royal lives in Percy's hands

**SAID GEORGE V OF BRITAIN'S MOST FAMOUS MOTOR CAR:  
"IT'S LIKE GETTING IN AND OUT OF A DAMNED RABBIT HUTCH"**



**S**AID King George V to Percy Parker; "That new car of yours is a nice runner". Then the monarch known as the Sailor King added, with salty in-  
 vective: "but it's like getting in and out of a damned rabbit hutch."

The "rabbit hutch" was a type of limousine which, though unknown to His Majesty at the time, is now Britain's most famous name in automobiles. Unfortunately, the King had banged his head on entering and leaving the car as he had been used to a limousine with a taller doorway.

This happened 30 years ago when Percy Parker, now a driver with B.T.R. at Taplow, was a royal chauffeur. With Princess Victoria, the King's sister, he had persuaded King George to try out this new model in automobiles.

Memories of royal occasions are revived by Percy Parker, "the time has come . . . to talk of many things . . . of cabbages and kings", wrote Lewis Carroll in 'Alice in the Looking Glass'. Percy, who spends most of his spare time these days in his large garden, is well qualified for that sort of conversation.

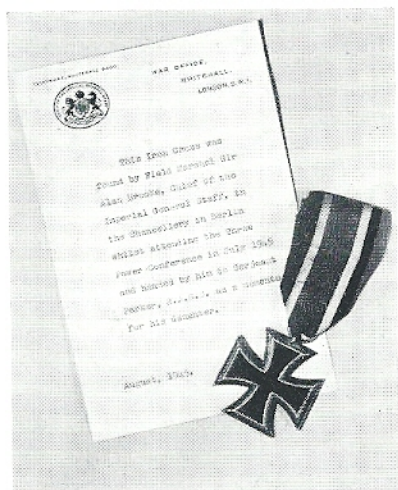
At one stage of his career, during the 1920's, he had driven every crowned head in Europe, except Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. All the top statesmen between those days and the end of the second World War rode with Percy Parker at one time or another.

King George V, his son George VI, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Winston Churchill, Ironside, Alanbrooke, Gort, Montgomery, and many more . . . endless is the list of famous people who grew to know Percy.

His driving and general approach to the job with royalty and top Army brass brought him the British Empire Medal in 1946 and a host of gifts over the years. Two kings—George V and George VI—each gave him a silver watch and a present from Queen Mary was a valuable pair of Danish vases.

There were so many other gifts. Princess Victoria gave him a set of gold tie-pins and an autographed photograph; gold cuff links came from Queen Maud of Norway, and an inscribed silver cigarette case was the gift of the late Field Marshal Lord Ironside.

When King George V learned that Percy was an avid collector of stamps, he took him into Buckingham Palace one afternoon to show him the world famous royal collection . . . and then gave him a present of several thousand stamps, mostly British



*Might have been earned had Percy been a German*

Colonial. At the time, Percy was chauffeur to Princess Victoria.

His career behind the wheel started in the 1914-18 war as one of the G.H.Q. drivers. After the Armistice he signed for 21 years regular army service and for four years was driver for Field Marshal Lord Ironside at the Staff College, Camberley.

**T**HIS EXTRACT from the Alanbrooke diaries is included in the preface to *Triumph in the West* by Arthur Bryant, published by Collins this month.

"My tribute of personal gratitude would not be complete without mention of my batman, Corporal L. Lockwood, and my car-driver, Sergeant R. G. Parker. . . . In Sergeant Parker I had a driver of exceptional skill who came to me when I became Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces, and remained till my retirement. He drove the Rolls-Royce I had inherited from my predecessor right through the blitz, with darkened streets, no headlamps, and debris and demolitions in the road, without once having a serious accident.

Considering the many thousands of miles we covered together, I owe him much."

Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, O.M.

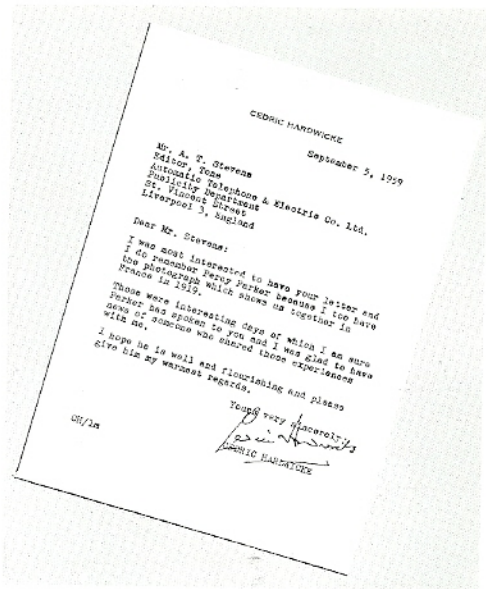


On a visit to King George V, the monarch mentioned that he wanted a driver for his mother and sister, so Percy was withdrawn from the Army, placed on reserve, and given the job. When the 1939 War came along, Percy rejoined as driver to Lord Gort, chief of the British Expeditionary Forces in France.

As such, he was among the first to land in France at the start of the second World War; in 1920 when Percy had left France, he had been one of the last four British soldiers to return home after the first World War . . . a unique record.

A member of the last quartet in France in 1919 was a Lieutenant Hardwicke, now famed in Hollywood, New York and Britain as actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke. "A bit of a lad, he was", chuckles Percy Parker.

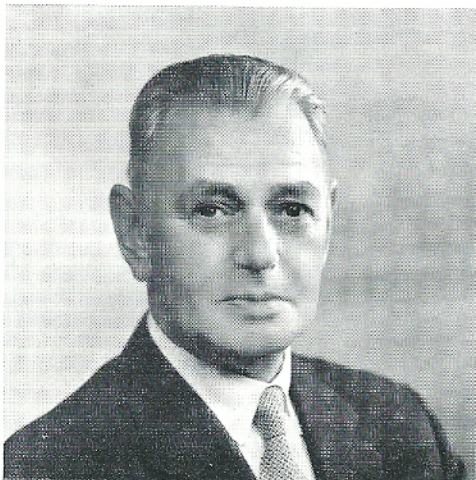
Sir Cedric well remembers those days, as his letter on this page indicates. His picture too, shows he hasn't changed much. Neither has Percy, except his hair is now iron grey . . . but what memories both share.



## June is eventful for Mr. Beale

**MR. CHARLES EDMUND BEALE**, appointed Manager, Liverpool Factories, on June 1st, 1959 has been with the Company since 1925.

He joined ATE in the Circuit Design Section of



the Engineering Department, and a year later was transferred to London where he worked for ten months on installation work before returning to the Circuit Design Section.

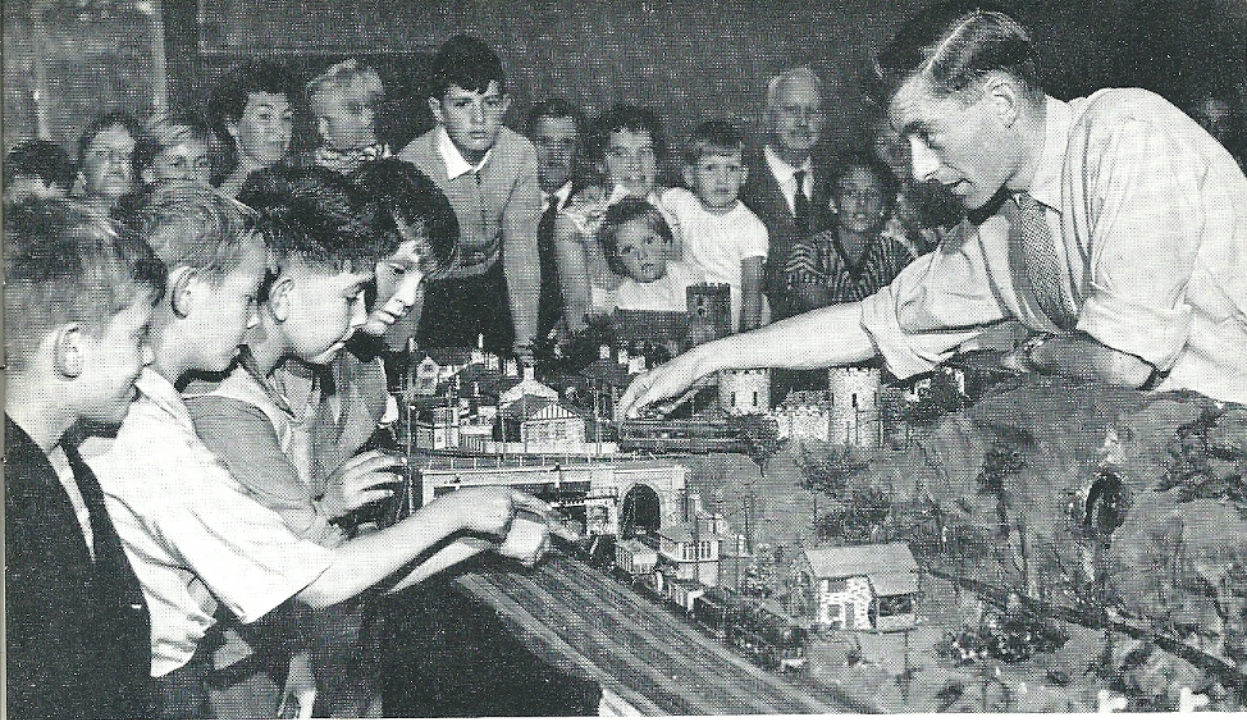
His work there, and in later appointments, has often taken him abroad for the Company. His first trip came in 1930 when he went to Italy for two months as Liaison Officer on A.E. Inc. equipment, and the following year he was in Brussels for some time with the late Mr. A. J. Leyland on the Belgian Telephone project. Since then he has visited 19 different countries on behalf of the Company.

In December 1946, he was appointed Head of the Circuit Engineering Section and five years later made assistant to Mr. J. Mason.

Shortly thereafter—June, 1952—and with the widening of the administrative organisation of the Company, Mr. Beale was appointed Deputy Manager (Administration) and in the same month of the present year, 1959, he was promoted to Manager, Liverpool Factories.

June must indeed be his lucky month—his marriage in 1928 also took place in June.





*On this occasion children outnumber their fathers as Derek demonstrates his train layout*

## **Derek stays on the right lines**

**D**EREK HORNBY, a student of electronics with ATE is only 23, but already he has shown his inventive skill by designing and constructing the only model railway layout in Britain which is completely accident-proof.

The complicated control panel is a model of the standard British Railways technique, the whole layout being signalled to ensure that no crashes occur.

Derek has gone one better than British Railways by incorporating an automatic stopping device into his system. If the track in front of a moving train is not clear, the equipment comes into operation and halts the train, and the engine will not move away again until the signal changes to green.

Derek's interest in model trains began many years ago, but it wasn't until 1950 that his dreams of a really big layout began to take shape. He and his father were asked to feature a sideshow at a local exhibition. So they showed a model railway

built from odd items they possessed and some equipment they borrowed.

Encouraged by the interest shown at that exhibition Derek and his father immediately started to build a giant layout incorporating in miniature the type of scenery which might be seen from the seat of a normal passenger train of British Railways.

Model villages, waterfalls, an industrial site and an oil dock can all be seen.

Included in the five hundred feet of track is an overhead electric railway, with power provided from the overhead wire. Derek's engines have come from all over the world but his particular pride is a German 2-10-0 freight locomotive which cost him £10.

Derek has come a long way in the last nine years. From small beginnings Derek has now built what he believes to be one of the most advanced model railway layouts in the country. Most of the model buildings have been made from kits and other scenic decoration has been built from odds and ends found about the house.

We salute his talents; so do exhibition organisers who repeatedly ask him to put on show his model train display.





**SOME ARE RELATIVE UNKNOWNNS, BUT...**

.....

## **The name's the same**

**Our investigation shows that a surprising number of employees of the ATE Group and Associates have famous name-sakes**

**W**HAT'S in a name? Quite a lot, when you scan through the list of employees of ATE and associated companies. Pictured above are two characters both proud of the name A. E. Matthews.

On the left is, of course, the famous veteran actor—"Matty" to his friends in show business. Looking equally pensive, in his borrowed deerstalker, is our own **A. E. Matthews** . . . night watchman at ATE Bridgnorth.

It seems a family habit to initial the Matthews boys identically. Our night-watchman friend is **Albert Edward**. His father had the same name—and his 20-year-old son, an apprentice in the model shop, is **Anthony Edward**.

On the other page is a selection of some employees with famous names—and pictures of their



more famous counterparts. But that's not the end of the list.

Sharing names with stars of show business are Stopgate Lane employee **David Whitfield** (Dept. 80), together with **George Cole** (15), and **Norman Evans** (75), from Strowger Works.

Those with names linked with famous politicians include **William Pitt** (413) and fellow Strowger Works colleague **Harold Wilson** (314).

Literary world names include **Robert Burns** (716) and our most famous sailor hands down his name to **Horatio Nelson** of Dept. 613, Exchange Laboratories.

Now meet the three Strowger Works employees who are pictured on this page: Our **Bob Hope**,

a setter operator, likes building model railways and going to movies, but not particularly to see his namesake. **Joan Hammond**, 20 year old machine operator, has never heard the singing of her famous namesake and prefers rock'n roll to serious music. **George Bernard Shaw**, a draughtsman for the past ten years, prefers foil fencing and watching motor cycle racing to the literary works of the famous dramatist.

**Robert Taylor**, a coil winder in Dept. 25, devotes most of his spare time to carpentry. **Tommy Steele** of Strowger Works, an inspector, has been 20 years with ATE and much prefers opera to modern music and is an experienced pigeon-racer. His birds won the first Dol race from France last year.



*Tommy Steele—inspector*



*G.B.S.—draughtsman*



*Bob Hope—setter operator*



*Tommy Steele—singer*



*G.B.S.—late dramatist*



*Bob Hope—comedian*





*Paul examines a fellow diver's equipment*

## PAUL DIVES FOR PLEASURE

**T**RAMPING the sea bed in leaden boots, sealed in a steel and rubber suit, with a hundred feet of water above and only fishes and wrecks for company . . . this is probably one of the loneliest feelings in the world.

It's a loneliness known to very few. Only to those who by duty or for pleasure penetrate the ocean's depths—frogmen and deep sea divers.

Sitting at a draughtsman's board in Strowger Works' Department 712C we found Paul Kenyon, a young apprentice who knows that feeling well. For in his spare time Paul is a diver with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Paul says that as a schoolboy his one ambition was to be a sailor. When the time came for him to choose a career he was furious when his father and an uncle intervened. They warned him that a sailor's life was not one long pleasure cruise, and eventually persuaded him to wait until he was older.

The only reason he took this advice was that his father suggested he should learn as much as he could of the navy by joining the R.N.V.R.

In the meantime, Paul became an apprentice draughtsman with ATE.

Now, twenty-year-old Paul is a qualified wireless operator with the R.N.V.R. and recently took up diving as an exciting extra. So far, this exclusive group of divers numbers less than a dozen on Merseyside.

Based on H.M.S. *Eaglet* the divers spend their practice nights scrambling in and out of Salthouse Dock. This water-sampling is not just a summer job and some of the coldest, darkest winter nights have found Paul and his team-mates floating around in ice-cold water.

"Oddly enough, it's not a cold job," Paul tells us. "The type of clothing we wear makes sure of that.

Struggling into kit is a nightmare at first, and before trainees get near the water their first practice is spent in dressing each other up. The basic suit is nylon. Then comes another suit—this time something like grandfather's long woollen combs. Then to make doubly sure nothing penetrates, the diver is eased into a final covering of rubber.

If he is going to be completely submerged he is fitted with a face mask and breathing apparatus and if there's much swimming to be done flippers are worn.

Plodding knee-deep in mud around the bottom of a dock can give odd illusions. "Everything looks much larger than life," says Paul.

His longest period underwater so far has been three-quarters of an hour. But his final proficiency test will mean staying down below for a good deal longer.

When he is qualified, Paul will be on call for all kinds of rescue work, underwater searching and occasional hasty underwater repairs to ships.

This young Strowger draughtsman has been lucky. Since he joined the navy he has seen more than the sea. His travels on board H.M.S. *Mersey*, the divisional minesweeper, have taken him to Belgium, Holland, France, the Scilly Isles, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man and to many ports in England.

Excitement? Certainly. But his ambition has changed course a little since he left school. He enjoys the navy, even if it is hard work. But he is no longer thinking of a full-time naval career.

With his apprenticeship nearly through he intends to keep to his pencils and drawing board—but that doesn't stop him looking forward to the spell of National Service which he will be putting in with the Queen's fleet.



# JOAN RINGS FOR JOY

THERE ARE NO BATS in the belfry at Prescot Parish Church. Joan Whittaker, Department 712C knows because she spent some time recently painting it. Why should one of the Strowger Works young ladies be decorating a church belfry? Well Joan is a campanologist . . . and if that means nothing to you, she's a bell-ringer.

Eight years ago Joan went along to a bell-ringing session at the church to accompany a friend. Locked in the belfry with the ringers, she watched while they went to work.

She went again, but became so bored just watching, she decided to try her skill. She has been ringing ever since.

The church at Prescot has eight bells and Joan can now tackle any of them. When you realise the bells weigh anything between five and thirteen hundredweight, that's some feat.

"Until about fifteen to twenty years ago bell-ringing was almost entirely a job for men," says Joan. But as in many other fields, the proverbially weaker sex is showing that its male counterpart is not the only one with skill.

In spite of the great weights, bell-ringing is not really a question of strength, and as with most things it's easy when you know how. But it can be dangerous. If a ringer gets caught in the end of a rope flung with force by a great swinging clarion, the result can be disastrous. So far Joan hasn't been hurt.

"It's a two-handed job," she explained. "Ropes are pulled with the right hand and caught with the left. I'm afraid I've failed to catch several times, but so far I've been lucky."

You may be disappointed to know that the classic illustration of a bell-ringer being hauled up to heaven and suspended in mid-air is not really a likely one.



*Joan rings the changes*

Mention bell-ringing to some people and they will turn starry-eyed, dreaming about a country village on a quiet summer evening, with the sound of gentle peals echoing in the surrounding hills. Gray and his tolling curfew spells peace and welcoming sleep.

But you probably won't find it fun—or peaceful—if you live in an attic within yards of a bell tower and try to get to sleep early on practice night.

At Prescot Joan and the team turn out each Wednesday evening and set the hammers clanging non-stop for two hours. Raw beginners are literally shown the ropes and taught to follow peal charts. This is no haphazard art. A mere peep at the complicated diagrams and instructions at the beginning of Joan's "Ringer's Diary" soon proves that.

Complaints about the noise? "Oh yes. We've had several. And I particularly remember one rather tipsy neighbour making twice as much noise outside, trying to knock the door down to get at us," Joan recalled. "But we're well protected in such circumstances—we always lock ourselves in!"

Since she became a member of the Lancashire Association of Changeringers Joan has rung bells in a good many local churches. But, much as she likes it, one thing is certain. When holiday time comes round there are no pilgrimages to the world's bigger and better bells.

"Whether I'm in Britain or on the Continent, I make sure I'm far away from them." That's her firm resolution.



# We'd like you to meet . . .

**HALF A TON OF HONEY**—that's the reward of interest and industry this summer by **Cyril Thomas**, a toolmaker in the ATE (Bridgnorth) model shop. Cyril, one of the top bee-keepers in the area has an apiary of 10 hives, and that means probably half a million bees, behind his home in Ironbridge.

This year's short seven-week season of honey production was helped by good weather during the summer. Cyril says he's never known such output from the industrious insects.

\* \* \*

**Miss Dorothy Ambrose**, a duplicator operator in the Accounts Department at Strowger Works, and Superintendent of the women's nursing division of the ATE St. John's Ambulance Brigade, is the proud winner of the 1959 Ralli Shield, an annual award for nursing skill. The competition is open to all women officers of St. John in the Merseyside area.

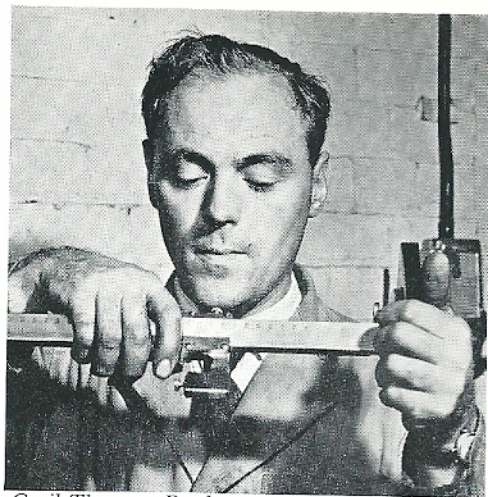
Miss Ambrose, who has been with the company since 1942 was a late entry in this year's competition, but emerged a clear winner.

\* \* \*

Following a holiday paragraph in the last issue of *Tone* we hear that 24-year-old City Factory typist **Joan Wilcox** is another runner in the Most Widely Travelled Stakes. Starting with a hitch-hiking holiday five years ago which took in France, Belgium and Switzerland and cost only £13 for two, she has since been back many times by scooter, motor cycle and car. She has also visited Germany, Luxemburg and Italy.

\* \* \*

Most successful member of the ATM Motor Club this year is club captain **Phil Fitzgerald**, an engineer in Department €19, Strowger Works. Out of the five "open-to-centre" rallies he has entered this year he has won two and finished second twice. He has also gained two firsts and one second place in the "closed-to-club" events. No mean achievement!



*Cyril Thomas—Bee keeper*



*Dorothy Ambrose—Shield winner*



*Phil Fitzgerald—Motor club star*





*Bob Pryde—Bowler*



*Alf Leigh—Judo expert*



*Barney Doolan—Cyclist*

**Bob Pryde**, a wireman in Department 98, Strowger Works, is an enthusiastic bowler. Bob has been playing bowls since 1945. His achievements this year include the capture of two Sports & Social Club trophies, namely, the Bartlett Cup and the John Lee Cup.

\* \* \*

**Miss Winnie Williams** of the Production Department at Strowger Works can take much credit for the 1959 success of the ATE Women's Rounders team which won the Liverpool Business Houses League championship in the side's first year. As club secretary and vice-captain of the "A" team, her hard work and tremendous drive has done much to put the club on the rounders map.

\* \* \*

An exponent of the ancient art of self-defence, Judo, is **Alf Leigh**, a relay adjuster in Department 132, Strowger Works. Holder of the Black Belt, Alf is an instructor in the ATM Judo Club, as well as teaching at night schools for the Lancashire Education Committee.

\* \* \*

ATE man with most cups to his name must surely be **Frank Quick**, a traffic signal sales representative at Mersey House, London. Frank has won over 160 cups in punting and skiff races. He now prefers the more leisurely pastime of sailing in a dinghy which he has built himself.

\* \* \*

Member of the Merseyside Wheelers, **Barney Doolan**, a toolmaker in Department O1, Strowger Works, recently went to Belgium to represent the City of Liverpool in a number of race meetings. Barney, who is 24, has been cycling since 1951 but only in recent years has he taken it up seriously, winning a number of events.

\* \* \*

When **Gordon Taggart**, draughtsman at ATE (Bridgnorth), and spare time enthusiastic member of Birmingham City Supporters' Club is not watching football, his activities include sketching, water colouring, and production of neat cartoon characters.



# Friendly wings over the skies of Britain

*Tone takes a closer look at  
the lives of U.S.A.F. men*



## MONEY MATTERS

RANK: Airman 1st Class  
SERVICE: Signed for five years  
BACKGROUND: Married, no children,  
and living off base.

### Typical Monthly Income

Monthly basic ...	\$170-00
Housing allowance ...	\$ 77-10
Foreign service pay ...	\$ 13-00
Ration allowance ...	\$ 77-10
Clothing allowance ...	\$ 6-00

Total ... \$343-20

Approximate probable deductions:  
Income Tax and Social  
Security ... \$ 23-00

Total ... \$320-00 = £115

THE THREADS multiply and tighten; so the people of Britain and the United States are drawn together by business ties and personal friendships.

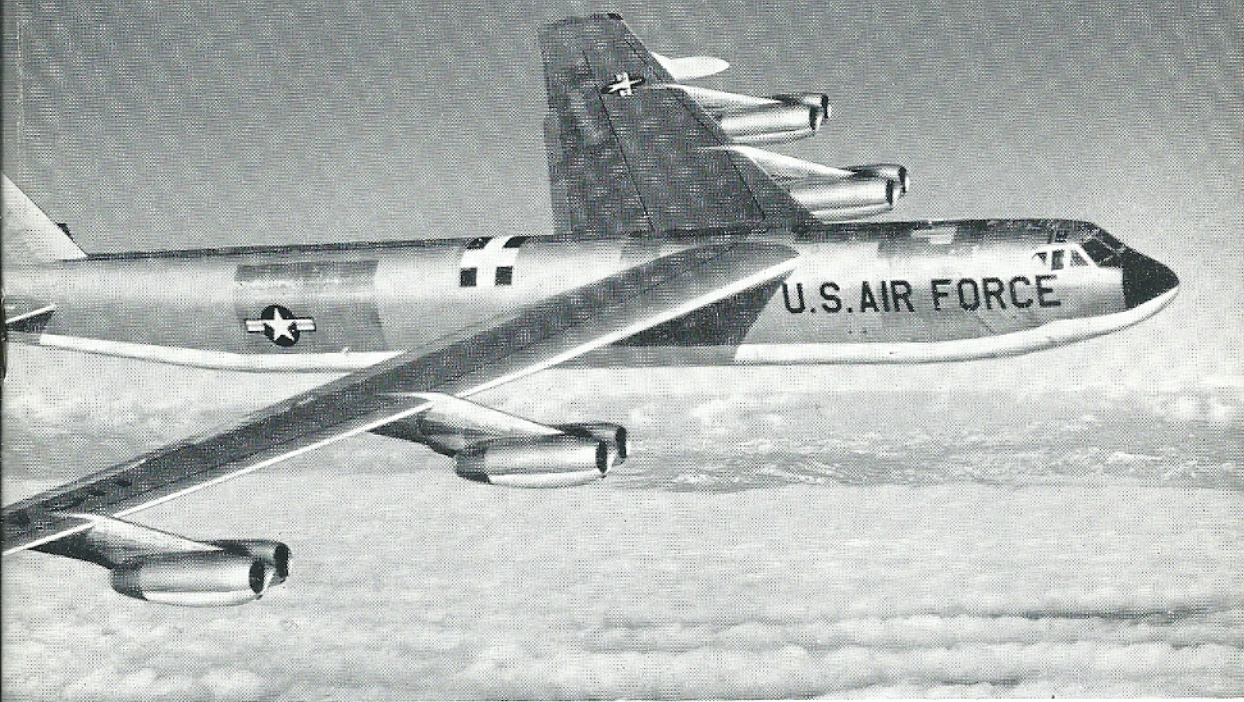
Recently this company was awarded, in conjunction with Marconi, a large contract for a mobile microwave telephone and telegraph system linking many of the United States Air Force bases in the United Kingdom.

Earlier this year, ATE supplied a 1,200 line P.A.B.X. to the Ruislip H.Q. of the 3rd United States Air Force, and these business deals are as good as any excuses for putting the U.S.A.F. in Britain under our microscope.

People mean more than titles, and this analysis, of course, hinges on the American airmen and their families living in Britain . . . what we think of them and their customs and what they think of the British public.

It would be ideal and easy and rather coy to write glibly that the injection of American servicemen into our society which started nearly 20 years ago was completely painless, but sugaring the pill





can't disguise the basic element. The needle has been blunt on occasions, particularly in immediate post-war years and again when American rocket bases were set up on the East Anglian coast not so long ago.

However, a studied calm now oversets the situation. The contained and relatively conservative Englishman generally paints his opinions in mild colours, and has learned to live with the all-American boy and his kaleidoscopic clothes, freedom of expression and general joy of living. In turn the U.S. serviceman has gradually come to terms with British understatement and tendency to exist in grey tones.

It is true to state that Americans over here do sometimes sense resentment. That, of course, is the natural price of material success suffered by all powerful groups and individuals. Britain had its share of this for 200 years.

It has been said and written frequently, that to some British eyes, the average G.I. seems over-fed and over-dressed. Americans themselves apply these epithets. A writer in the official newspaper of

the U.S.A.F. at Burtonwood wrote: "Too many times we are looked down upon as being an un-military and tasteless lot and the reason for this is the many careless airmen and dependents who enter the neighbouring towns dressed like colour-blind aborigines."

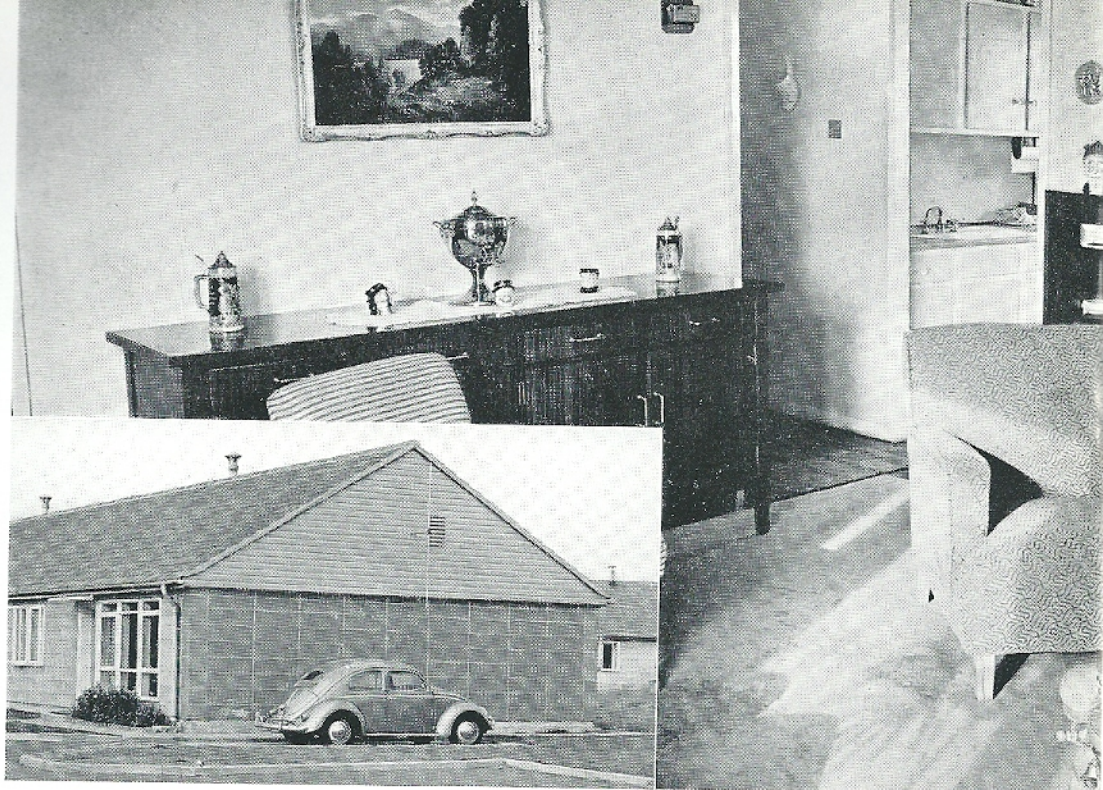
That quality of self-criticism, and beneath it, the burning desire of Americans everywhere to be liked, has more than made up for the wild behaviour of the few who unjustly tended to discredit the majority.

Most Britons by now realise that the intermingling of races from every part of the globe has produced in America a kaleidoscope of colourful, generous and pretty wonderful people.

If they are to be envied their high standard of living, they are also to be admired for it. Their ideals on life at home and overseas are steadfast and consistently demanding . . . a demand for comfort, that is.

Our picture of the interior of what are commonly called "Tobacco Houses" gives some indication of what the serviceman and his family can achieve





*A typical "Tobacco House"*

when living in what to outside appearance is a typical barracks type structure.

The "Tobacco Housing" programme was a development of an Act of the U.S. Congress permitting disposal of surplus agricultural commodities abroad in return for goods or services supplied locally by purchasing nations.

By agreement between the U.S. and Britain, reached in 1955, 15 million dollars worth of surplus U.S. tobacco was released for sale on the British home market. In return for this, sterling funds were allotted for construction of family housing for U.S.A.F. personnel and their families in Britain.

There are now more than 2,000 of these houses in Britain. They are semi-detached one storey structures, with an average net floor space of 990 square feet, with room arrangements in the American manner. Bath, kitchen and electrical equipment is also on the U.S. pattern and hot air heating is provided.

Refrigerators, stoves, washers and driers are standard and mostly purchased from British firms,

and decorative colours were selected under the guidance of an experienced interior decorator by American women of the 3rd Air Force and 7th Air Division. Occupants furnish their own curtains, linens and blankets and cooking utensils. Of course, rent is paid to the Air Force for these houses.

However, the number of "Tobacco Houses" still falls far short of the accommodation needed for the combined requirements of the 3rd Air Force, 7th Air Division and other units based in the United Kingdom. There are approximately 70,000 American airmen and their dependents in Britain at the moment and a large proportion of these families live in rented houses or flats outside the bases.

Some live up to 30 miles away, and it is unfortunate but true that the market of homes for American servicemen has adjusted itself until in many cases rent paid for houses and flats is out of all proportion to the real value of the accommodation.

Some airmen pay as much as £15 weekly for





*This photograph shows the interior which is decorated on the American plan*

flats, particularly in the London area. Lucky for them that their pay, as our sample scale indicates, is pretty good, measured against the British cost of living.

Community relations is an important item for our American visitors. The problems inherent in stationing troops on foreign soil are long standing, but basic differences in culture and customs have largely been subdued both by the persistent efforts of the U.S.A.F. and by the individual acts of servicemen.

Established at every major American base is a Community Relations Officer, usually a young Englishwoman whose function is to serve as a bridge between the American C.O. and local residents. At present there are 17 such C.R.O.'s.

And acts like that of the young airman from Seattle, Washington, who was awarded the George Medal for saving 27 lives in the East Anglian floods in 1953, and the work of the coloured American nurse who helped care for the injured in the Harrow train crash a couple of years ago, have

been magnificent in fostering good relations.

Many American bases have organised soccer teams to meet local clubs. The Little League baseball programme has flourished, and last year more than 500 British boys in the London area played in ball teams with American children. These boys were coached by U.S.A.F. personnel who volunteered time and money to the project.

The 3rd Air Force band, that white-gaitered group of swinging musicians whose version of the "St. Louis Blues March" illuminated the White City Searchlight Tattoo brought them national fame and at least 250 annual invitations from all over Britain, tour the country to give more than 60 musical marching displays each year.

All told, it is a picture of surprisingly fine relations between Britons and American servicemen. The *New York Times* reports that one in four American servicemen find life in Britain so pleasant he agrees to serve here an extra year on top of his normal tour of foreign duty.

Long may it be so.





*One Roman Unica (40 A.D.)*



*Aquitain Denier (489)*



*Edward I Penny (1272)*



*Elizabeth I Maundy Shilling*



*Charles I Groat*



*Queen Anne Shilling*



## ***Bill takes a spade to find money***

**B**ILL INKSON, flying outside-left of the Bridgnorth town team, is an athlete with an unusual hobby. Bill, of the modern outlook and up-to-date ideas about his job as an ATE apprentice draughtsman, loves old-time things—especially coins and findings of historical interest.

In fact Bill has one of the finest antique coin collections in the Shropshire area. His three years of collecting have produced a fair little museum of his own. Even Bill's home, the Ash Inn, is in itself a museum piece. It dates back to the 14th century and is the oldest in the borough.

Among young Bill's latest discoveries is an ancient sword (pictured on this page) dug up at the site of an old monastery.

Some of the coins in his collection date way back. One Roman item is nearly 2,000 years old, minted when Tiberius Claudius was Emperor, only 40 years or so after the death of Christ.

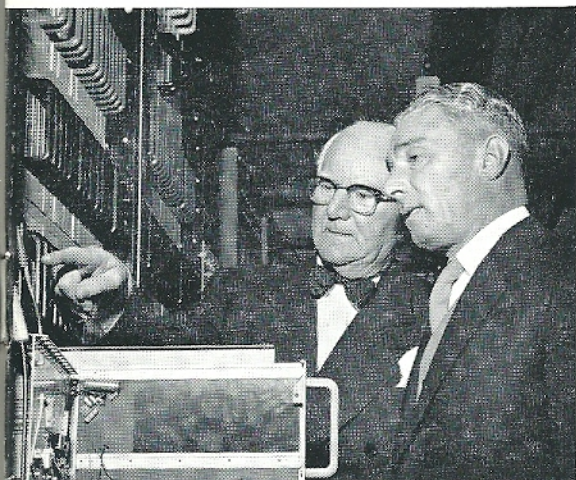
Also prominent among Bill's finds are an Edward I coin dated about 1272 and also a coin from the reign of Richard the Lionheart.

His collection also includes a George II shilling found in the River Severn at Bridgnorth and an Elizabeth I shilling dated 1561 found during alterations to an old house in the area.

Bill finds that local farmers are a great source of supply. Often their ploughs turn up relics of the past and they seem quite willing to hand over their finds to the youngster who is well known all over the district for his miniature museum.

Added to that coin collection are a Roman tile from Viraconium, an old camp near Shrewsbury, ancient bones dug up at Lichfield, a massive veterbrae which, as it is much bigger than the corresponding human bone, is quite likely to have been part of a prehistoric animal.





*Sir Thomas Eades with the Postmaster-General, the Right Hon. Reginald Bevins*

## New electronic exchange

A GLIMPSE into what the future might hold was given the Press recently when they saw an experimental electronic telephone exchange at the

G.P.O. research laboratories at Dollis Hill.

The exchange will enable the application of electronics to the complex requirements of telephone switching to be studied by experts under conditions as close as possible to those encountered in public exchanges. Experts hope that this trial exchange and the similar electronic exchange now being constructed at Highgate Wood, will eventually lead to substantial economies in equipment and maintenance costs and will give even more efficient service.

This has come about by the remarkable teamwork between research engineers of the Post Office, ATE and the four other leading telephone manufacturers in this country, all under the direction of the Joint Electronic Research Committee. Mr. F. O. Morrell (ATE director) and Mr. J. C. Ireland (Chief Engineer, Research Development) are this company's representatives on JERC.

At an executives' preview on the day before the Press saw the Dollis Hill exchange, visitors included Mr. C. O. Boyse (Managing Director), Mr. R. H. G. Lee (Director), Mr. F. O. Morrell (Director), Mr. W. Saville (Chief Engineer, Production), Mr. J. C. Ireland (Chief Engineer, Research and Development), Sir Archibald Gill, Chairman of BTR (Taplow), Mr. J. A. Lawton (BTR) and Mr. S. J. Godwin (ATE, London).

## AUCKLAND HARBOUR BRIDGE

THE CITY OF AUCKLAND went gay recently when the Governor-General, Viscount Cobham, officially opened the Auckland Harbour Bridge.

Auckland is the largest city in New Zealand and the headquarters of A. T. & E. (New Zealand) Ltd.

The need for a bridge to cope with the large volume of traffic travelling across the harbour has long been recognised, and the bridge's foundation stone was laid in January, 1956.

★ ★ ★

### RETIREMENT DINNER

*THIRTY-TWO staff employees who retired this year and whose combined length of service totalled 1,096 years were honoured recently at a dinner given in Liverpool by the works supervisory staff.*

The new bridge cost more than £6,500,000 and over 10,500 vehicles use it daily. An estimated 9,000,000 people will cross it each year.

A. T. & E. (New Zealand) Ltd. provided the telephone services and a range of equipment for a number of auxiliary services including, time control of bridge operations, public address, fire, accident and breakdown reporting.

Toll registration, classification and recording, and centralised control of all public services.

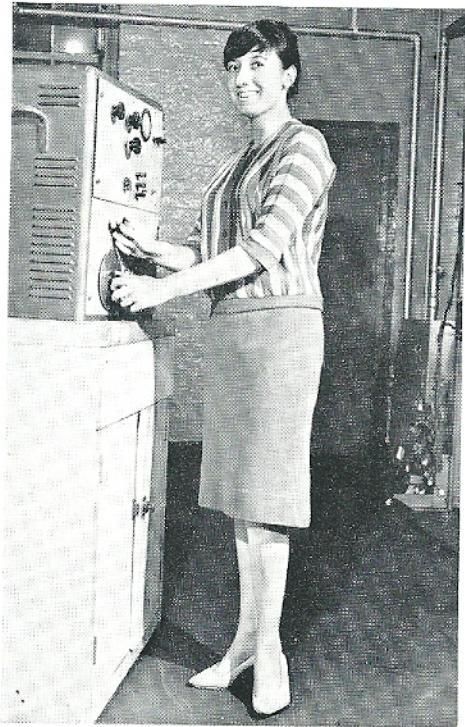
Following the article on I.T.I. in the last issue of *Tone*, correspondents have paid tribute to the work of the late George Glass, who was Works Manager of the Indian factory from 1948 to 1953.





*Jacqueline McNeil is an expert mechanic with motor bikes*

*Kathleen Gunther—she studies Russian*



# Beware — beauties have brains

*We would rather be engineers than housewives say these lab. assistants*

**F**ORTY YEARS AGO women chained themselves to railings and went to prison to prove a point—that they were as good as men.

In a man's world where a woman's position was one of second place in the home, she was not allowed to vote or exercise any civic rights. In business, commerce, industry and the professions women were as rare as natural diamonds in Denmark.

But today it is all so different. Women in Parliament, council and court. Women in the Services, office and golf club. The jealously guarded 'man's world' is crashing.

Even in those jobs in which brain, not beauty, is the yardstick—the fields of science and engineering are good examples—females take their part.

There are a number of brainy women working with us. The first group of girls was taken into the relay design division at Strowger Works about ten years ago. They were very successful.

"We found they were persevering," says Mr. Reg. Taylor, assistant chief engineer, Telephone Switching Development Branch, Exchange Laboratories. "Once they have mastered a job they don't seem to mind repetition. We had had difficulty in keeping their male counterparts in the job; once they could do it well they wanted to move on to something else. But the women seemed to have the ability to stick at it."

Women are engaged on engineering work in various departments. For instance, at Exchange Laboratories we found Mrs. Smith, who has a university physics degree and is a qualified engineer. Working nearby are Mrs. Martin, also a graduate and Dorothy Taylor who reached Advanced standard in maths. and physics.

It is a common belief that many girls leave school with ideas about marriage being their big aim in life. But for two pretty youngsters at Exchange Laboratories men and marriage don't interest them



as much as winning their Higher National Certificates.

Jacqueline McNeil and Kathleen Gunther are two nineteen-year-old laboratory assistants.

"Trouble is, we're just treated as one big joke," say the girls, who spend one day and three evenings each week studying electrical engineering. "We can't convince anyone that we want to be engineers."

And one of the many men who won't be convinced is laboratory engineer Brian Lee. "I still think that in the long run they'll make marriage their career," is his opinion. The girls hotly disagree.

They believe there should be more girls who think like themselves. There is plenty of room for them.

Alan Davison, senior executive engineer, Department 614, says there are few women engineers in the company simply because we have few women applicants. If a man and woman applied for the same vacancy and the woman was better qualified, she would get the job.

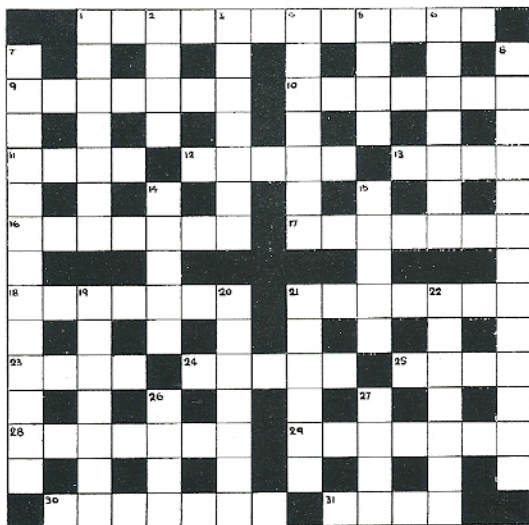
Agreeing with him were laboratory chief Gordon W. Helsby and Ron Threadgold, who is in charge of basic design in Dept. 614 at Exchange Laboratories. "There's no resentment at all," they say. "In fact the presence of a woman brightens up an office. As long as they work well it makes no difference to us."

Who knows? One day ATE might have a woman senior executive!

## TONE CROSSWORD COMPETITION

**Y**OU can win up to £10 by solving this Christmas crossword competition. If there is only one entry completely correct, the sender wins £10. If there are more, the prize will be divided equally. If more than ten correct entries are received, senders of the first ten solutions will each receive £1.

This competition is open to all employees of the ATE group, namely ATE (Wigan) and ATE (Bridgnorth) and to Birkby's, Communication Systems Ltd., Enfield Tools, Hivac, Precision Engineering Products (Suffolk) and to B.T.R. (Taplow).



**Entries must be submitted before January 15th, 1960.**

### Across

1. Lowly situated (5, 3, 4)
9. Let him have justice (7)
10. Handy in reserve (7)
11. . . . to children and dogs, we hope (4)
12. A needle can check (5)
13. The moving finger controls (4)
16. Costumiers disguise this volume (7)
17. Peak for Edmund (7)
18. No smoking this water pipe (7)
21. Mr. Cockney's madam joins in rhythmic strife (7)
23. He's stingy and an irritant (4)
24. Ole Man River never seems this (5)
25. To be played, but not with (4)
28. The burglar's aide. (7)
29. It's foreign, to boot (7)
30. Sure, it's Pat talking . . . (7)
31. Known as well as this crossword (4)

### Down

1. The lowest, but worth a Sir (7)
2. The wild call it home (4)
3. Pretty (7)
4. Could be friendlier (7)
5. Louder than cheap alcohol (4)
6. Nothing slack about this (7)
7. On defence (4, 2, 3, 4)
8. Crack the can and chatter (5, 3, 5)
14. A fabled treasurer (5)
15. The sour answer (5)
19. Plunder (7)
20. Encompasses all the world (7)
21. Bloated (6)
22. Photographers snap up this for their papers (7)
26. Dreaming of seasonal white, but it's too frosty (4)
27. Big deals in Western saloons (4)



GB 8421 b c

Kur für den Dienstgebrauch

Bild Nr. 765b/40-37 (Lfl. 3)

Aufnahme vom 31. 8. 40

# Liverpool

Werk für elektrische Wachstumsgeschäfte  
„Automatic Telephone Electric Co. Ltd.“

Länge (westl. Greenw.): 2° 56' 00" Breite: 53° 24' 21"  
Mißweisung: - 12° 07' (Mitte 1941) Zielhöhe über NN 35 m

Genst. 5. Abt. Oktober 1941

Karte 1:100 000

GB/E 12

Maßstab etwa 1 : 14 200

500 0 500 1000 m



Dis ist ein fotograf vot vos founden ven der Englander soldiertroopers ben looken over der Luftwaffe documentisch ven der war und shooten mit der bangen spitten stoppen in der 1945.

Ein trooper mit ein haus in Liverpool vot vonce in businisch dealisch mit ATE spotten der mapp und sendt it homisch.

Ach! Lucky ver de das der Luftwaffe bomben-

blasten ver not straightshooten like der mappens. Dis von zo clearly indicaten der workenfactory Edge Lane, und even showen der balloons barragen vot guarden against der sneakish bomben vot low flyen.

Der Lesson: Der wrongen publicity can causen der fastisch exit.

(With acknowledgments to Dave Morrah)



# From partners to patients

**T**HERE'S A CONSIDERABLE DIFFERENCE between the glitter of formation dancing and feeding helpless invalids. But when Barbara Lycett, a tracer in Department 712C, Strowger Works, gave up dancing just over a year ago, she filled the gaps in her spare time by training as an auxiliary nurse.

An advertisement in a local newspaper drew her attention to the course for nursing auxiliaries. With no previous experience, apart from elementary Girl Guide knowledge of first-aid, she went along one evening to Liverpool's Royal Infirmary and enrolled.

Initial training is given in a series of lectures by the hospital's tutor sister, and students are taught the essentials of home nursing. Assisting the lecturer, Red Cross nurses are there to help with practical work, and, after seven weeks' study and practice, trainees are tested. The successful ones—and not many fail—are then passed on to the next stage.

For a further seven weeks, Barbara attended first-aid lectures given by one of the hospital's doctors. After a test at the end of this series, she was presented with two proficiency certificates.

When she qualified, Barbara was provided with a uniform by the Red Cross. She goes on duty wearing a blue-grey dress and starched apron and cap, grey stockings and flat black shoes. Quite a contrast to the glamour of her flouncing, sequin-shimmering ball-gowns, but she doesn't regret the change.

Some time ago, Barbara started nursing on the Women's Medical Ward at the Royal Infirmary. She now spends four to six hours each Sunday helping regular nurses. What sort of things does she, as a beginner, do? "Oh, anything that doesn't require too much skill or experience."



## Before

Talking of dancing, she says: "I loved every minute of it. I used to practise three or four nights a week for my medals" (she has her bronze, silver and gold) "and formation work takes quite a lot of extra practice. But I wanted to do something more useful with my time."

## —and after







*Quito—modern city in an ancient setting*

## ASTRIDE THE EQUATOR

**S**TAGE a football match 9,000 feet high in the Andes and it's better than a music hall, says Arthur Bunting, of Department 712, Strowger Works. Arthur, who returned recently after spending six months in Quito, Ecuador, working on an ATE-Marconi contract, gives examples of this soccer at the summit.

"An ambulance rushes across the field at the slightest opportunity. A whiff of oxygen is a standard part of the proceedings. Rosettes and flags are sold *after* the game—so everyone has a chance to support the winning team."

"The antics of the players can be farcical. Many times I've seen a spectacular goalkeeper carry off a brilliant save. Then while he's so busy bowing and showing off to the crowd he fails to see the ball being returned past him into goal."

Arthur has many vivid memories of that colourful land which provided Sir Arthur Conan Doyle with material for his novel "The Lost World".

Ecuador is a land of fantastic contrasts, a country of eternal warm weather. And what an introduction for Arthur . . . he was deported on his first day. Not that the local authorities suspected he was on the scene merely to help start another South American revolution.

It was just a question of a mix-up in his papers, and after a day or two in Lima, Peru, to which city he was deported, everything was straightened out and he returned to get on with the job for ATE.

He describes his early impressions this way: "Ecuador is a country of ancient and modern ideas, where Inca Indians and descendants of negro slaves live side by side with political exiles."

"There are many swamps, and many people living in these watery areas in bamboo houses perched on poles. The inhabitants use cut-out canoes as transport."

"Twenty years ago some of the towns were over-



run with pests and diseases including malaria and even bubonic plague, but most of those things are stamped out today. However, when I was in Guayaquil, one of the big towns I realised it was wise to walk in the middle of the road to avoid the rats swarming in the gutters."

"But strange to say, the Teddy-boy influence has extended to Ecuador. I saw one of the local cult in tight black drainpipe trousers, but this fellow wore a white jacket more in keeping with the climate."

Arthur indicates that this Teddy-boy touch reflects how modern trends are indelibly stamped in what was once a purely agricultural country. Guayaquil and Quito, the capital city, have fine modern shops, parks, cinemas and tree-lined avenues.

The ATE-Marconi radio telephone system will be, when completed, the first multi-channel carrier telephone circuit in Ecuador and will link the automatic telephone networks of Quito and

Guayaquil in one of the finest telecommunication systems in South America.



*The Equator monument*



## Masai warriors come to watch

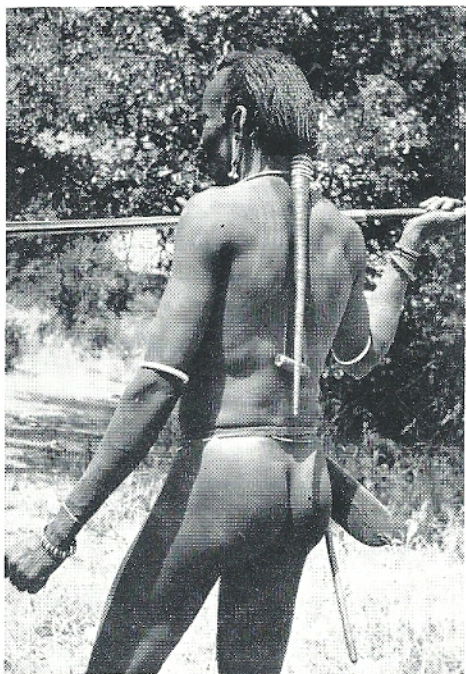
**W**HEN a naked tribal chief and his equally naked witch doctor turn up to watch what is going on, and the temperature is 102 degrees in the shade, you can be sure that the object of interest is a novelty and its locality is far from these shivering shores.

That is what happened at Magadi, a remote area of Kenya, at a recent cut-over involving a 100 line automatic exchange, sold by ATE (East Africa) to a local soda company.

The tribal chief and his black magic expert were of the primitive Masai, a tribe which though effeminate in appearance are the toughest bunch in the bush. The Masai interest in operations was not merely native curiosity. The soda company pay them royalties on every ton of the substance produced, and also offers them hospital treatment for various ailments, including lion wounds.

The warriors wear only big smiles and a small blanket slung over one shoulder, dress their hair with red mud and carry a long spear which they can throw with the judgement and accuracy of the darts player in a British pub.

They live in the area of Lake Magadi, from which the soda is extracted. The lake is also home for flocks of flamingos and the birds at rest present a wonderful stretch of delicate pink.



*A typical warrior in national costume*





*RUTH ROWLEY is only twenty, and a shorthand typist in the Contracts Department at A.T.& E. (Bridgnorth) Ltd. Her entry for TONE'S Christmas story competition is the first story she has ever written. The Editor decided to award the five guineas prize to young Ruth because her tale captures the real spirit of Christmas, illustrates her ability to paint a scene with a minimum of words and because her words will touch the hearts of most of us.*

# The Spirit of Christmas

*... he would bring joy and happiness to four, no, five ... a woman, three small boys and one old man.*

**T**HE STREET was thick with snow and the old man walked slowly, almost unwillingly, towards his lonely house. He could hear the happy voices of children as they prepared for the arrival of Father Christmas, and he felt he would never again see the joy on the faces of small children as they opened their presents on Christmas morning, or the expression in their eyes as they saw their first Christmas tree.

The old man wandered on down the street, then he saw him. A small, poorly-dressed boy, gazing into the brightly lit window of the toy shop, unshed tears glistening in his eyes. The old man knew this little boy would not be waking up to a pile of presents in the morning, for he had no father, and





his mother had two more boys to feed and clothe.

After watching the little boy for some moments, the old man hurried home as fast as his rheumy legs would carry him. From the top of the dresser he took a small box which contained his savings, he counted it and found he had about thirty shillings.

Stopping only to pick up a bag and lock the door, he made his way to the toy shop, where he purchased three cheap, but brightly coloured toy cars. Then he hurried to the food store and bought three large oranges, an iced cake, a bottle of milk and a small chicken. He knew this small amount of Christmas fare would be a feast to the three boys. A tiny Christmas tree caught his eye,

and this, together with a box of tinsel, various coloured balls and one dainty little fairy, was soon added to his list.

He had the cars for the boys, but he still had nothing for their mother. He looked around, and then bought a small box of chocolates, a luxury she would appreciate more than anything he could imagine.

As he hurried home through the streets, now filled with the sound of carol-singers, he knew he had spent all his savings, but it had been worth while.

Tomorrow, probably his last Christmas day on this earth, he would bring joy and happiness to four people, no, five . . . a woman, three small boys and one old man.



# **Freddie's courage keeps him right in the swim**



**F**REDDIE CROWDER is paralysed from the waist down . . . but he doesn't let it worry him. Freddie, an instrument maker in Department 65, Strowger Works, is a crack swimmer—and all because of a casual conversation between a group of friends, all afflicted like Freddie, with spine trouble.

Just after Freddie was released from his five years in hospital, he and his friends discussed the possibility of being able to swim without using the legs. Some thought it could not be done. There was only one way to find out.

So one day the group tried the water, pushed off with their first questing strokes—and off they went.

Success! Freddie's ability can be measured by his achievement in this year's Stoke Mandeville Games, an annual gathering of physically-afflicted sports enthusiasts from 32 countries including U.S.A., Uruguay, India and Australia.

Freddie won the backstroke event open to all British competitors.

Now he's set to repeat his triumph. If he wins the same event at Stoke Mandeville next June it will bring automatic selection for the British team for the 1960 National Games in Rome, immediately after the Olympic Games—really an Olympics for handicapped athletes.

What is it like to be swimming without using legs? Says Freddie, "It doesn't feel much different, but naturally I am much slower than I used to be".

Freddie has been with the company since 1937, his only breaks being for service in the Navy during the war and, of course, his period in hospital.

Freddie insists that in this article we include his thanks to the management and his colleagues. Without them he says, he would never be able to do his job with the company.



## **COVER PICTURE**

ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME a little boy managed to stay awake long enough to see the appearance of Santa Claus . . . but we don't think Santa, alias Mrs. Theresa Crawley, of the cleaning department, Strowger Works, will halt delivery of presents for her three young grandsons because of that.









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