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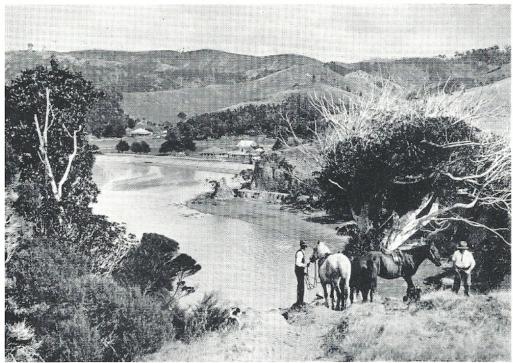
HOYLAKEWFEBOAR

WINTER 1957 · 3d

The Magazine of AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD

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Above: a typical farm on North Island. Left: A spectacular natural geyser in the Rotorua district

#### New Year and New Zealand

ISSUE NUMBER NINE · WINTER 1957 · 3d.

#### **TONE**

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD

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Editorial committee:

C. E. BEALE, C. H. EVANS, R. A. KEIR, A. J. MUSKETT, W. S. VICK

Editor: W. J. WALES

All communications:

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

\*

NINETEEN FIFTY SEVEN is drawing to a close. It's been a pretty good year for Automatic Telephone & Electric Company, both at home and abroad. World demand for telecommunications equipment is strong and our group have gained valuable overseas orders against keen foreign competition. We can claim to have contributed our fair share to the nation's export drive. What, then, of the year ahead?

Among the many important territories to which we will ship our equipment in 1958, one British Commonwealth country is bound to be outstanding—New Zealand. The Posts and Telegraphs Department of New Zealand is undertaking an extensive programme for the expansion of its trunk telephone services and two big contracts connected with the scheme have recently been awarded to A.T.E.

The first contract calls for the provision of a



AUCKLAND'S main commercial artery, Queen Street, a busy modern thoroughfare. Like most large cities, Auckland has its traffic problems which have been ameliorated by a system of automatic control signals. Auckland is a terminal point on one of the new coaxial links to be used by the Posts and Telegraphs Department

coaxial carrier system, capable of carrying many hundreds of telephone circuits, to link the North Island centres of Wellington and Palmerston North. Seventeen unattended repeater stations will be employed along the ninety-five mile route separating the two cities, which in the past have been served by carrier systems on overhead wires.

At present we are engaged in the manufacture and installation of a similar coaxial link between Auckland and Hamilton, which when completed will be the first of its kind in the Dominion. Both links will cater initially for between 240 and 300 high grade telephone circuits, with an ultimate capacity of 960 circuits.

The second new contract is for the Company's latest channelling equipment for use in conjunction with a microwave radio link between Palmerston North and Hamilton.

When completed, the three links will form a "backbone" trunk route for the whole of the North Island, from Auckland in the north, to Wellington in the extreme south. The network

will play an important part in any future plans New Zealand may have for developing nation-wide TV coverage. In addition to carrying telephone and telegraph circuits between main cities, the backbone links will also serve a large number of intermediate points along their route, and the equipment ordered is designed to meet all these needs. Total value of our contracts amounts to hundreds of thousands of pounds.

What is it like, this country which will figure so largely in our new year's export business? It is a delightful land, with ever-changing scenery, a land of mountains and glaciers, geysers and forests, lakes and glow-worm caves; a mixture of Mediterranean beaches, Norway's fiords, Switzerland's mountains, Iceland's thermal regions, England's charm and the South Pacific's native life. A month's travelling time from Great Britain, the country is small in itself, but visitors find the distances deceptively great.

Wellington, one of the places in which we are interested, is the Dominion capital, a city of character and virile beauty, with high, sea-lapped hills on the extreme south of North Island. A gusty spot, it is the transport hub of the country, offering breath-taking views from the neighbouring heights. Palmerston North is the largest inland centre on North Island. Once a sawmilling town surrounded by dense bush, it is now a rich agricultural centre with some of the Dominion's finest sheep and dairy holdings.

We referred to Hamilton as one of the towns to be linked in the second new contract. Hamilton, despite its rapid growth, is another modern, attractive city, yielding graceful homes, fine show grounds, parks, recreation centres and natural oddities. Hamilton Lake provides ideal yachting for inland youth and the fast-flowing Waikato River, is a fine rowing course.

Auckland, a terminal on one of the coaxial links, stands on a small isthmus overlooking one of the world's most beautiful harbours. It is the Dominion's largest city. More than a third of a million people live there, yet the total population

of the country is little more than two millions. Cosmopolitan in outlook, Auckland was once the New Zealand capital and still claims commercial and industrial leadership.

Auckland is also the headquarters of our associated distributing company, Automatic Telephone & Electric Co. (New Zealand) Ltd., whose new offices are situated in Airdale Street. There are branches in Christchurch and Wellington. Chairman of the company is Mr. C. J. Lovegrove, O.B.E., and the managing director is Mr. G. F. Perry. Mr. R. A. Harris, assistant manager, Auckland, made a four-month tour of the A.T.E. Group in this country two years ago. His programme included visits to Strowger Works, Bridgnorth, Wigan, Taplow, Ruislip and Harrow.

The good relations which already exist between A.T. & E. (New Zealand) Ltd., and the group here in this country are sure to be even more firmly cemented during the coming year as both organisations play their parts in helping to expand the vigorous Dominion's trunk telephone service.

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# Export Director visits Australia

FROM AUSTRALIA comes this picture of Mr. G. F. Sargeson, managing director, British Automatic Telephone & Electric Pty. Ltd., an A.T.E. subsidiary, Mr. J. J. Eades, export director A.T.E., and Mr. K. M. Whyte, managing director, Telephone & Electrical Industries Pty. Ltd. Other overseas stories later.



Christmas is the festival of the Child and a time of joy for children everywhere. Bringing extra happiness into the lives of 25 needy youngsters is the self-appointed task of Kay Hines. Kay and her husband, Tom, really enjoy playing their all-the-year-round roles of . . .

#### Mr and Mrs Santa Claus

KAY HINES laughs at the idea if anyone suggests she is a fairy godmother. Fairies usually tread more lightly than 15-stone Kay, but they certainly don't come warmer-hearted.

This plump, motherly woman with the youthful air looks like every child's idea of a favourite aunt. But then not always favourite aunts manage to bring the magic of Christmas into every week of the year. Not like Kay Hines.

Kay spends an all-the-year-round Christmas bringing happiness to twenty-five children of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Alexandra Drive, Aigburth, Liverpool. The children adore her and with very good reason—she never forgets their birthdays and each child can count upon a card and a present from Kay.

Some people would think twenty-five presents a year ample and would content themselves by giving each child a token gift at Christmas. But not Kay. At Christmas, she and her husband take along a taxi-load of no fewer than a hundred presents to the pleasant 21-roomed detached house set in one of Liverpool's leafiest suburbs.

To find out exactly how the children regard Kay and her husband, we accompanied them on one of their recent week-end visits. The couple had sweets with them, of course—lollipops, liquorice, dolly mixtures, chocolate drops and other childhood favourites, designed to please the twenty girls and five boys, whose ages range from two to seventeen.

Kay Hines' interest in the Barnardo children stems from the day her husband Tom (he works in



EAGERLY AWAITED visitors to Dr. Barnardo's Home, Aighurth, are Kay Hines and her husband

the Telephone Manager's Office, Derby House, Liverpool) came home and asked for spare "personal points" (at the time sweets were rationed) to provide the children with extra sweets.

Naturally, Kay, an electrical tester in Department 72, provided the sweets. Soon afterwards, she met the children. And a chord was struck in her own memory. But for the grace of God, she thought, there I go. Kay was one of a family of five children orphaned when their policeman father was killed. Her mother had to decide whether or not the children should go into an orphanage. Happily she managed to keep the family together. Kay's interest in and enthusiasm for needy children is a thanksgiving for her own happy childhood.

There are more than 7,000 children in the care of Dr. Barnardo's Homes throughout Britain and, in the 91 years since Dr. Barnardo rescued and helped the first destitute child, over 149,000 children have been saved and befriended. Today's conditions, of course, have no parallel



GIFTS FOR ALL. Kay and Tom usually make a point of oringing along plenty of sweets for the youngsters, and, at Christmas they supply gifts for every child. Their Yuletide shopping spree begins in midsummer

with the middle of the 19th century. The abject squalor of the London East End streets that Dr. Barnardo knew no longer exists. But even today children still suffer from the results of tragedy, misfortune, cruelty and neglect and it is the proud boast of Dr. Barnardo's Homes that no destitute child has ever been refused admission. In the Merseyside area, there are three homes—at Aigburth, Bromborough and Birkdale—caring for some 80 children.

Housekeeping is on a large scale. At Aigburth, for instance, nearly 40 loaves and 189 pints of milk are consumed every week. Things like slippers, sweaters, underskirts, stationery and even pens are extras which must come out of a purse whose capacity is already stretched to the utmost.

At Christmas the children get shoals of toys, but matron especially welcomes Kay's practical haul. It includes clothes, footwear, socks and gloves. The over-12 girls, who each receive a dress allowance, welcome clothes because they help to eke out their carefully budgeted money.

The children are unaware that Kay contributes the Christmas presents. The Hines prefer the cloak of Santa Claus. They explain: "Some year, something unforeseen might happen. We might be ill or down on funds and unable to send gifts".

Besides making individual contributions to the children's welfare, Kay and Tom are members of the Dr. Barnardo Welfare Committee. Colleagues of Kay's in Departments 72 and 25, Strowger Works, are hard-working helpers who knit, make clothes and soft toys. Kay also helps organise the distribution of gift boxes and she has persuaded a toy wholesaler to let her have dolls at cost price.

Christmas this year began in July for Kay. While others were buying souvenirs to bring home from holidays, Kay and Tom (with thoughts of amassing a hundred presents in five short months) were fingering clothes and toys and asking each other: "Would this do for Loretta, or Pauline or Peter?" Each child, you see, has an individual affection in the hearts of this big-hearted couple.



The pleasant and modern office block at A. T. & E. (Wigan) Ltd., which came into full use only last year

#### Don't libel this town!

THEY SAY IN WIGAN that King John "planted" Liverpool. They wish it to be understood that Liverpool, although it received its charter thirtynine years earlier, is an upstart compared with Wigan, which had been a town for centuries when King John first saw the great possibilities of a port at the mouth of the murky Mersey. In fact, if you go back far enough, you'll find that the Roman legions probably used Wigan as a halting place, although the name is generally considered to be of Saxon origin.

How many people also realise that, but for an accident of fate, Wigan might have been a famous spa, as well known as Harrogate? More than a century ago, a mineral spring was discovered at Wigan, equal if not superior to the Harrogate waters. If the town had not been drawn into the rapidly expanding coal and cotton trade, the spa might have been developed and the town might have become a world-famed health resort.

Today, Wigan is a county borough with a population of some 200,000; a proud, progressive and prosperous community, bitterly resentful of the

"cloth caps, whippets and clogs" libel and sick to death of tattered music-hall gags about its non-existent pier. Muck and money there may be—but only in small areas. Wigan, generally, is a clean, attractive, healthy and pleasant area, boasting some of the most delightful scenery in the whole of lovely Lancashire. If you haven't enjoyed the rural charms of south-west Lancashire, then you've missed one of the most rewarding experiences in life.

A short bus trip from the old town centre, just off Ormskirk Road, are the new premises of A.T. & E. (Wigan) Ltd., a member of the A.T.E. Group. The company started life as the Pioneer Telephone Manufacturing Co. Ltd. in Wythenshawe, Manchester, in 1934 making intercoms for sale or rental by a sister organisation, Pioneer Private Telephone Co. Ltd. The small staff were under the control of Mr. A. G. Grime and his brother, the late Mr. Neville Grime. One of the original members of Pioneer, Mr. J. Gainham—now a foreman at Wigan—recalls that office and works had virtually no set hours in those early days.

Employees followed the example of the brothers in working as hard and as long as factory orders demanded.

During the war, the company switched to the manufacture of bomb sights and aircraft landing gear parts. In 1945, A.T. & E. acquired an interest in the firm and the range of products was extended to include loudspeaking telephones, secretarial service equipment, key-callers, exchange testing equipment, etc. Post Office and Admiralty orders became so heavy that larger premises had to be acquired. A factory in Wigan, with ample room for extension, was selected. Wigan offers plentiful labour, proximity to Liverpool and Manchester and close associations with mining.

In 1952, the move to Wigan began. Two years later, the company became A.T. & E. (Wigan) Ltd., a full subsidiary of A.T. & E., Liverpool, with Mr. A. G. Grime as managing director. Development, manufacture and sale of all A.T.E. mine signalling equipment was passed to Wigan and extra staff transferred from Liverpool.

Range and variety of products was still further increased and now covers all types of intercom equipment, loudspeaking telephones, key-callers, secretarial service instruments, testing apparatus, staff locator systems, in addition to several ranges of telephones and bells under direct contract with the Post Office. Control exchange sets, switching units and certain flexible connections are also manufactured.

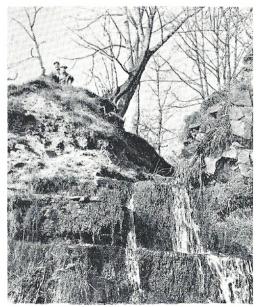
The pleasant and modern office block came into full use last year. Buildings in use are now nearly five times greater than in 1952. There are nearly four times as many employees and turnover has increased sixfold. The National Coal Board is one of the biggest customers and A.T.E. equipment is helping in the fight for coal at most big British collieries, including the ultra-modern Rothes pit in East Fife, now one of the show-pieces of the mining industry. Other important users of Wigan-built apparatus include petrol refineries, where "intrinsically safe" equipment is essential.

Former Wythenshawe staff include Mr. N. B. Hope, works director; Mr. J. Mullen, secretary and Mr. G. C. Moss, assistant works manager. Mr. F. Clegg, chief electrical engineer, and Mr. R. G. Steel, chief inspector, used to work at Edge Lane. There are approximately 300 men and women at the factory, nearly all of them Wigan residents. Like employees at A.T. & E. (Bridgnorth) Ltd., many of the Lancashire folk have

strong family links with workmates. This is again a case where a family "atmosphere" pervades and employees and visitors alike are quick to notice it. Management and worker are in close, personal contact and this arrangement obviously pays dividends.

Among the many small but important considerations which help to foster this spirit of goodwill in the factory is a novel holiday savings scheme, introduced by Mr. Mullen, the secretary. Over eighty per cent of the Wigan factory voluntarily agree to varying deductions from their pay envelopes as a means of amassing annual vacation funds. Interest on banked savings is donated each year to the Royal National Institute for the Blind. Wigan employees, in addition to enjoying simple and easy thrift, have thus helped charity to the tune of about a thousand pounds.

A.T. & E. (Wigan) Ltd., is one of the youngest members of our group and undoubtedly one of the liveliest and most promising. In the mining industry alone they have established a firm reputation, and their achievements in other spheres are equally praiseworthy. But the true Lancashire character has no time for bragging and believes simply in "getting on with the job". You can trust Wigan to do just that.



FAIRY GLEN a beauty spot near Appley Bridge

# They serve to save

#### HEROES ON EVERY COAST

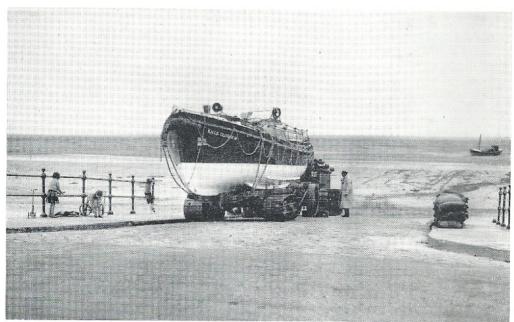
PICTURED ON THE FRONT COVER of this issue are two life-boatmen of different generations. Ninety-two-year-old Tom Pugh has figured in a score of rescues and grown old in service to seafarers. At 27, the career of Ronnie Bates is only just beginning. Both men are symbols of the selflessness, courage and devotion to duty displayed by gallant groups up and down our coasts. They represent the crews of more than 150 British lifeboats and an institution which has saved over eighty thousand souls in peril on the sea.

Ronnie Bates, of Department 31 Machine Shop, Strowger Works, is a slightly-built, softly-spoken young man whose heart is irretrievably lost to the winds and waves. It doesn't matter that he spends a working week amid the noise and bustle of a busy workshop, the sea is his constant companion. It always has been.

As a very small boy, in his native Hoylake, Ronnie was usually missing at mealtimes. But his mother knew where to find him—sailing wooden boats in the puddles left by the tide near his home. At seven years of age, Ronnie was a fisherman, hauling in plaice and "dabs". Every hour he could spare from his studies and all his week-ends were spent in the 38-ft. craft of the late Harry Jones, a sixteen-stone sea-salt of the old school, popularly known as Blossom.

Blossom was a former coxswain of the Hoylake life-boat. Consequently it is not difficult to appreciate how young Ronnie acquired a love of the life-saving service. Many were the tales that Blossom told to his boy assistant as their "nobby" bobbed its way out of the River Dee towards the fishing grounds off the Mersey Bar.

These expeditions, often at night or in the small hours of the morning, dependent on tides, would last for twelve hours or more. There were heart-breaking times when their catch was poor,



LONG WAY TO GO. The mouth of the River Dee is silting up, and, at low tide, the Hoylake lifeboat has to be towed by tractor for more than a mile before the water is reached

back-breaking times when their luck was in and their nets filled quickly. Blossom's mate received no wages, only what he could earn in practical experience. At twenty, Ronnie Bates was wresting a living from the sea with a boat of his own, putting in seven days a week if the weather was right.

Fishing, unfortunately, is a precarious livelihood and a dying industry on Merseyside generally and in Hoylake in particular. Ron remembers that when he first went to sea there were fourteen or fifteen craft sailing regularly from Hoylake. His mother, who has also lived in the district all her life, recalls a fleet of fifty or sixty boats, all bigger than the modern fishing vessels. At the time of writing, only one-just one-active fishing boat remains. Ron worked for its owner, Mr. M. Ackroyd, at one period, but now Mr. Ackroyd has difficulty finding crew and works the boat himself. Why this decline in a once-flourishing local industry? The answer is all too simple: the sea is disappearing from Hoylake as the mouth of the Dee silts up. At one time, the water was always well in, now the sands are sun-traps and playgrounds for week-enders.

Three years ago, Ron Bates reluctantly gave up full-time fishing for his present factory job. He still maintains his own boat, the 24-ft. *Cappella*, for solitary week-end fishing, however.

Every six weeks, he reports for practice with the Royal National Life-Boat Institution in their Hoylake boat, Oldham IV, under No. 1 Coxswain Jack Bird. Practice means a full-scale operational turn-out with thorough tests of all equipment and an off-shore cruise. The life-boat herself is a £15,000, eight-ton marvel of efficiency manned by only seven men — coxswain, second coxswain, two engineers, bowman, signalman and crewman. Such is the keenness to serve in her that men are chosen for practices on a strict rota basis.

In times of emergency, the chief coxswain fires a maroon from the boat-house. That grim signal draws men from all parts of Hoylake in a matter of minutes. A driver uses a £7,000, ninety-horse-power diesel tractor to tow *Oldham IV* down the boat-house slipway and over Hoylake's wide expanse of sand into the sea. It takes Ron Bates only three minutes to cycle from his Newton Road home to the boat-house, but other volunteers may be in their oilskins and aboard the boat in that short time. Men who do not sail, stand by as shore crew.



LIFEBOATMAN Ron Bates aboard his vessel

Because of his job at Strowger Works, Ronnie Bates must, on occasions, miss service calls, but this is no drawback to his enthusiasm. In the five years he has spent with the RNLI, he has seen his station's long and proud record of calls answered swell considerably. Veterans like Tom Pugh, now the only surviving member of the life-boat crew which took part in the epic rescue from the Russian barque *Matador* off Blundellsands in 1902, have set the standard of service for others to follow.

A glance at a typical quarterly record of the activities of our British life-boats reveals dozens of exciting and often unsung stories of heroism . . . yachts towed to safety, doctors ferried out to steamers, aircraft rescues, escort duties, marooned people picked up, co-operation with helicopters, sick and injured landed, cliff rescues and so on. There is no such thing as routine. Every launch brings its own risks, its own difficulties. But this is not meant to be a chronicle of the valiant deeds of the life-boat service. No amount of words can do justice to the many men who risk their lives that others may live. This article merely indicates how one life-boatman, a man we are proud to have as a colleague, is willing to sacrifice his leisure time and jeopardise his own safety in rescuing from the sea.

### BUSY LINES

PLACES AND EVENTS

ONE OF THE LAST manual exchanges in the Liverpool area, Sefton Park will, in a few months time, be converted to a fully automatic system. Engineering and manufacture of 7,100 lines were carried out at Strowger Works.

The coal, diamond, copper and gold industries are all buying A.T.E. equipment. Cwm Colliery, Treorchy, has had a P.A.B.X.; a 500-line P.A.X. went to Consolidated Diamond Mines, South Africa; the London offices of Pena Copper Mine, Cornwall, were customers for a 100-line P.A.X. and no fewer than 9,700 lines have been ordered from us for one main and two satellite exchanges for Klerksdorp, a South African gold mining town.

A 500-line P.A.X. for Australian Iron & Steel Ltd., is being made in Liverpool. Among six recent Australian orders for 100/300 line P.A.B.X.s are those received from British Nylon Spinners and the English, Scottish and Australian Bank.

In addition, orders are in hand for four 25/50 line P.A.B.X.s.

Our Middle East representative reports that we have secured an order for a 200/300 line P.A.B.X. in the new police headquarters in Athalassa, Cyprus, on the outskirts of Nicosia. Equipment made by A.T.E. has already played an important part in improving communications on the island.

We have also recently delivered a 15-way intercom system, complete with loudspeaking master station, for use in the Jerusalem head-quarters of the United Nations Truce Supervisory Organisation. These headquarters are, in effect, neutral territory in Israel.

I.C.I. factories in Runcorn and Widnes, separated by the River Mersey, will be linked early next year by a P.A.B.X. No. 3 designed and made by A.T.B. The network consists of 600 lines and a further 600 will be put into service by the middle of 1958. C.S. Ltd. obtained the order.

Visitors to Liverpool, London, Taplow, Speke and Stopgate Lane recently were four Polish engineers. One of the party, Mr. K. Skierski, worked in the Methods Department at Strowger Works during and after the war. Motor uniselectors were their main interest. The name of their organisation? Zaklady Wytworcze Urzadzen Telefoniczynych, of Warsaw. Picture below.





Greetings from the north of Canada where Charles Dyer is now working on the famous radar 'Dew Line'

#### 62°

#### BELOW

 $\star$ 

GREETINGS FROM CANADA

MEET A MAN who is going to have a cold and busy Christmas way up on Canada's sixty-ninth parallel. He is Charles Dyer, formerly of the main Drawing Office at Strowger Works, and the only son of Mr. Ted Dyer, of Transpert Department at Edge Lane, Liverpool. Twenty-six-year-old Charles is one of the men operating the world-famous "Dew Line", the chain of radar stations across the frozen north of the American continent. He sends cordial greetings, through the magazine, to his many friends in England from lonely Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island.

Charles tells us that there will be no real Christmas tree at the party they are planning for the 100-man camp as they are at least five hundred miles from the nearest tree. The planes which call at the base three times a week will bring in plenty of seasonal fare in the American tradition, however. This important link in the radar chain will be one-hundred per cent operational all Christmas Day, as it is twenty-four hours a day, every day of the year.

Christmas Day temperatures will be down to about minus thirty degrees Fahrenheit, which is sixty-two degrees below freezing; There will be very little snow, however. Average snowfall is only eight inches a year, much less than that of Toronto, but the wind can pile up drifts of up to fifteen feet.

Charles helps to operate and maintain the station's radar equipment and he is also largely responsible for the efficient functioning of the site's P.B.X. and tele-type machines. He is off duty one day in seven and works on a shift system. He has been in Canada since last March.

At this time of the year, there is little or no real daylight and plenty of time to sit and shiver and think. On Christmas Day in Victoria Island, as in other lonely places throughout the world where men work, all thoughts will be of home and loved ones. Charles sends, first of all to his mother and father, his fondest love and best wishes, and then to all friends and former colleagues, his hopes that they will enjoy a happy and peaceful Christmas and every success in the coming year.

We, too, join in these good wishes to you all.



CIVIC VISIT. Pictured during the recent civic visit to Strowger Works are (left to right): Sir Rex Hodges, Mr. J. A. Mason, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman Frank Cain, the Lady Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Boyse and Mr. W. S. Vick

A MAN WHO THRIVES ON PROBLEMS

### City Councillor

MOST PEOPLE have enough troubles of their own. But Thomas Henry Maloney is always willing to try and solve the problems of his neighbours, too. Fifteen thousand five hundred men and women rely on him to provide this service. That's why he's a councillor.

Tom Maloney is an inspector in Department 94 machine shop at Strowger Works, Edge Lane, Liverpool. For the past five years he has been a representative for Dovecot Ward on Liverpool City Council. He is one of the group of 160 aldermen and councillors whose decisions control the destinies of a great international port and eight hundred thousand residents.

What is he like, this man who acts, perhaps, for you? Fifty-four, slim, greying, cheerful and energetic, Tom Maloney is, above all, a family

man. Father of five children, two married and three still at home, he likes to potter in the garden of his East Prescot Road home at evenings and week-ends after work, but—unlike other family men—he has precious little time to spare for those plants and bulbs.

As a boy of fifteen, he went to sea. In 1939, he decided he had had enough of globe-trotting and gave up that job to work in A.T.E.'s main factory. He later developed an interest in local politics and unsuccessfully contested Wavertree Ward for a seat on Liverpool City Council. He was returned two years later as a member for Dovecot.

He has since been appointed a member of the Establishment Committee, Health Committee, Aged Persons Sub-Committee, deputy-chairman of the Handicapped Persons Sub-Committee, and a member of the Estates Sub-Committee and Water Committee. In addition, he is a governor-manager of Finch Hall School, and a vice-president of Carlton Old Age Pensioners' Association. Readers will begin to appreciate how he spends his "free" time.



**HELPING HAND**—in more senses than one! Councillor Maloney visits residents and staff at a Liverpool Corporation home for the aged in Aighurth Drive. He enjoys doing welfare work

Councillor Maloney is given special leave by the Company to enable him to attend City Council meetings and other important civic duties. Correspondence and the bulk of his local government work has to be squeezed in at his home. He must be available at a local school for housing interviews, ward and divisional meetings and there is a constant flow of visitors to his home. A councillor must aim to be father confessor, legal adviser and friend to all who need him.

Petitions, evictions, rents, jobs, family problems, allowances, transport, health, education. All these and many more problems await attention. If a councillor can't handle the poser himself, he must direct the inquirer to someone who can.

Purely personal highlight of the councillor's five-year civic life was the occasion when he and his wife were among guests who took tea at Liverpool Town Hall with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during the Royal visit to South Lancashire in 1954.

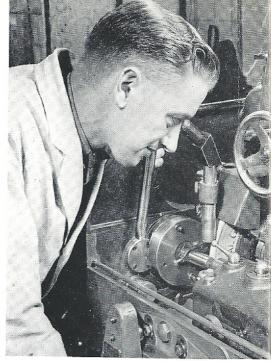


TIME OFF for billiards with a group of pensioners.

Councillors must be friends as well as advisers

# Portraits of an Industry

Man's progress on this planet is limited only by the extent of his communications. Without quick, easy, reliable and lasting methods of passing on knowledge gained and experiences undergone, inventiveness languishes and social patterns crumble. Improvements in world systems for the exchange of information and ideas were once as slow as the passing of the centuries themselves. During the past sixty years, however, the telephone and radio industries have introduced rapid and exciting developments. The transmission of speech and other signals over distances will rank in history with the discovery of printing. Many modern civilisations are largely dependent, socially and economically, on telecommunications equipment, and whole new horizons of endeavour stretch before us. We are reported to have already crossed the threshold of space. Telecommunications will help us to handle knowledge that may take us to the stars.



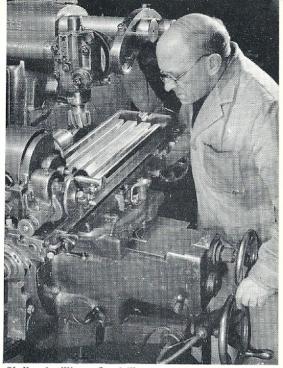
A thread-grinding machine in the Tool Room

Timing an Electromatic Type 54 controller

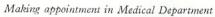




A girl on bank wiring in Department 24



Shell end milling a flat drill





Wiring a strip-mounted relay set



Frank Eveson, Merchandise Warehouse, Strowger Works, has an encyclopaedic memory for history. He has at his command most historical facts from A.D. 802 to 1918 and has been invited to appear in I.T.V.'s "64,000 Question".

Ken Banks, Tool Room, A.T. & E. (Wigan) Ltd., is a half back for Wigan Athletic. He spent nine years as a professional player with Southport and holds no fewer than fifteen soccer trophies. In addition, he plays cricket for a Lancashire team and is a qualified M.C.C. coach.

Weight-lifting and advanced gymnastics is the hobby of Alfred Fleetwood, group supervisor, Department 65, Strowger Works. He belongs to Lancashire and Cheshire Gymnastics Judges' Association and was a member of the crack Liverpool team which competed in the National Team Championships of England.

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

Frank Steele, Department 674, Manual Engineering, and John Evans, Department 613, Equipment Development, both of Strowger Works, were among the racing motor-cyclists who entered for this year's Manx Grand Prix.

Mrs. Pauline Baxter, an electrical inspector at Wigan, is an artist specialising in pencil sketches of animals. Her work has been exhibited at agricultural shows. Father and brother are also artists.

Miniature rock gardens, each containing up to a dozen plants, are the hobby of W. H. Moulsdale, Power Engineer, Strowger Works. The gardens, many of which measure less than two feet across, have won a number of awards at local shows.

Arthur Oakley, Despatch Department, Bridgnorth, has been breeding racing pigeons since he



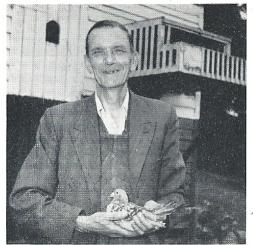
Frank Eveson-memory man



Ken Banks-soccer star



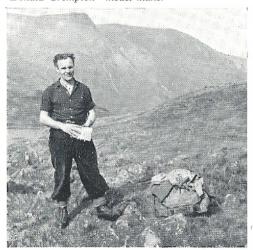
Pauline Baxter-animal artist



Arthur Oaklev-pigeon breeder



Donald Crompton-model-maker



Alf Crosby-mountain-scaler

was 14. Some of his birds are valued at more than £40 and he has won the classic Marennes Cup. His entries return consistently fast times from the Continent

Bill Smith, a storekeeper at A.T. & E. (Wigan) spent  $\pounds 150$  in qualifying examinations to become a spare-time practising Swedish masseur and joint manipulator. He holds diplomas for massage, medical electricity treatment and chiropody and has also been a member of St. John Ambulance Brigade for 26 years.

John Walsom, foreman, Department 10, has been woodworking for nearly 30 years. Most of his free time this year was spent voluntarily panelling and veneering the interior of a new Scout head-quarters extension at Broadgreen, Liverpool. Totally different job he enjoyed was making a Victorian wine cooler.

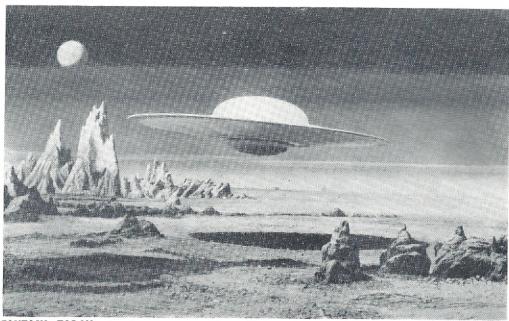
Another expert with wood is **Jim Prior**, Chief Shop Clerk, Strowger Works. He assembles hundreds of slivers of wood into intricate marquetry designs. One of his prizewinning pictures contains wood from the old liner, *Lusitania*.

**Donald Crompton,** a cabler at Wigan factory, constructs model aircraft. A member of Wigan Model Aero Club, he has competed in events at Cambridge and Whitchurch, and aims to operate his models by radio control.

Mountain training with the Commandos led to Alfred Crosby, Inspection, Department 132, Strowger Works, taking up climbing as a hobby. He has scaled every major peak in Britain and once spent three weeks in the Norwegian peaks staying in climbing huts.

Colin Sayer, aged 19, an apprentice electrician at the Wigan factory, has written a Lancashire comedy, "Love Thy Neighbour", which is being produced at Ince next month. Colin has also had four poems published.

Although only 20, Pamela Shaw, a comptometer operator in the Salaries Department at Strowger Works, is already a show business veteran having entertained as a singer and tap-dancer at hundreds of shows since she was five.



FANTASY TODAY- but fact tomorrow perhaps. Science fiction fans will never scoff at the powers of imagination, as you will discover from this article. Above is a scene from a science fiction film

### Tomorrow's World

### Today

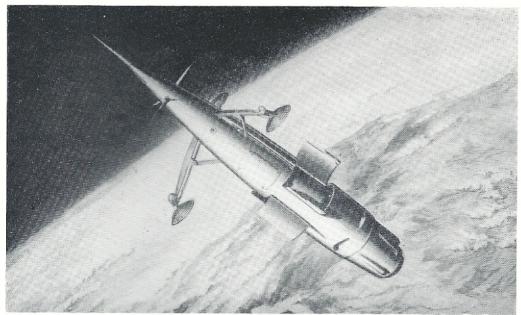
A MONTH before Earthmen took their first step to the Moon, a group of Lunarians landed in London. News of the Russian satellites would have interested the visitors very much indeed, because the Lunarians were not from deep space but New York delegates to the Fifteenth World Science Fiction Convention.

Now don't scoff at science fiction! Only the

ignorant ridicule things in which they have no interest. Science fiction has a tremendous following and the ranks of fans grow steadily greater. It is entirely a speculative, thought-provoking form of literature, popularised by Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, and once described as the only really imaginative form of writing to blossom in the present century. It has an appeal to men and women from every nation and from every walk of life.

Science fiction fan clubs, such as the Lunarians, Futurians and Asteroids, are thriving in a dozen countries. More than a thousand people are enrolled in the World Science Fiction Society alone. In Liverpool, a science fiction society has been in existence for seven years. The secretary is Dave Newman, an A.T.E. man employed in Department 713, Contracts, Transmission Division. Dave was one of the organisers for the big international convention, a job which demanded months of his spare-time in planning, tape-recording, correspondence, filming and co-ordination.

Many employees will have seen something of the convention on their television screens. The B.B.C. conducted interviews with a number of



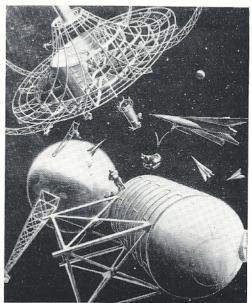
**SATELLITES** have already arrived, the next step is space-stations and inter-planetary travel. Science fiction fans have been enjoying these things for years. Above: an artist's conception of a rocket-ship

delegates garbed as extra-terrestrials for a fancy dress parade, which was part of the entertainment programme. Editors and representatives of leading publications attended.

During the convention, Mr. Newman was elected a director of the World Science Fiction Society, which is a limited company. He is the sole English director, and is already engaged in preparation for conventions for the next three years. Other Strowger Works employees who are members of Liverpool Science Fiction Society are Stan Nuttall, Department 713, and Pete Daniels, Department 712D.

Asked whether discussions on the launching of earth satellites would figure in next year's convention programme, Mr. Newman replied: "I doubt it very much, but interest in satellites is sure to increase the popularity of science fiction. The advent and testing of atomic and nuclear weapons has already caused a jump in sales".

If you have never tried this new form of literature, if you have not yet discovered the adventures of the imagination, if you have never wondered about the frontiers of tomorrow, you'll be agreeably surprised when you start.



ASSEMBLING a space-station. The sky is black, although it is perpetual day owing to no atmosphere



## Silent Victory

DEAF AND DUMB RIDER SCORES IN MILAN OLYMPICS

THEY ARE KNOWN as The Silent Olympics. They follow the same rituals as the Modern Olympic Games. They are held every four years, attract competitors and spectators from all over the world and have the same broad aim as the historic contests on which they have been modelled—to encourage the love of sport. But the Silent Olympics have one big difference to traditional Games. All who compete are deaf or dumb, or both.

This year's games, the eighth in the series, were held in Milan. The week-long programme lacked little in colour, pageantry or the excitement of competitive endeavour. Thousands who were privileged to attend and millions more who watched through the medium of television, saw United States and Russian athletes battling fiercely for premier honours, and splendid performances by dozens of other nationalities.

A team of thirty-three deaf and dumb men and women represented Great Britain in the football, tennis, table tennis, rifle-shooting, cycling, swimming and athletic events. The British contingent, in white flannels and navy blue blazers for the opening ceremonials, were one of the smartest groups attending, and they were popular both in and out of the arena. The British party brought back fourteen medals, two gold, eleven silver and one bronze.

A man who won a silver medal—and how near he came to making it a gold!—was twenty-three-year-old Gordon Lewis, a relay adjuster in Department 132 at Strowger Works. Gordon, one of at least half a dozen deaf and dumb people employed in our Liverpool factories, was the hero of the fantastically close 1000-metre cycle race.

He was beaten into second place by only half a



GORDON LEWIS winner of a Silver Medal

wheel's length after one of the hardest-fought contests in the whole of the games. He still bears scars following injuries received in falls during two other events in which he competed, the twenty-two-mile and fifty-mile road races.

Gordon, a red-haired, bespectacled and cheerful young man, has been totally deaf and almost completely dumb since he was three years old. He was educated at Liverpool School for the Deaf and Dumb, Oxford Street, and is a member of the Liverpool Institute for the Deaf and Dumb (which cares for the social needs of some 900 people on Merseyside). He joined our organisation twelve months ago and was trained by A.T. & E. for relay adjusting, a precision job calling for keen eyes, steady fingers and considerable concentration. A hearing colleague who can use the deaf and dumb sign language acts as his interpreter. To members of Department 132 there is nothing unusual in the sight of Gordon "talking" animatedly with his fingers.

The day the silver medallist arrived back at work after his success in Italy, no words were necessary on the part of workmates. They had



THE SCENE AT MILAN with the British contingent parading around the arena before the games

read about his efforts in their newspapers, and as he made his way to his bench, friends grinned across at him and gave him the thumbs-up sign. That simple gesture spoke more to Gordon than all the cheers of the forgetful thousands who acclaimed his ride in Milan.

Gordon's own story of his visit to the games and his adventures in three races was obtained during a slightly unorthodox interview. Questions were typed and Gordon answered using pen and paper. "Which race was the toughest and why?"-" The thousand-metre, with every rider going flat out from start to finish". The Liverpool boy grimaced in mock agony at the memory of the physical torture endured. Gordon would probably have won the 35 Km chronometer event the next day if it hadn't been for a heavy fall from his lightweight machine while travelling at about 30 m.p.h. He was descending a special hill test, well placed, when his front tyre came adrift from the rim. Shaken severely and badly bruised, with cuts on the arms, legs and back, he repaired his machine, remounted and finished in tenth place-after yet another fall.

The gruelling, fifty-mile race was even more accident-packed. Gordon fell three times, but carried on to complete the distance. That is the spirit of the Olympics.

An official of the Liverpool Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, who knows Gordon well and who travelled to Italy to see the games, said he was not surprised at Gordon's success. He commented: "He lives for cycling and he rode superbly at Milan. We are very proud of him".

Gordon, who already holds a handsome trophy for racing in this country, was with members of the British Olympic party who visited Rome and appeared on Italian TV. He saw a tele-recording of himself in action during the games.

Together with his deaf and dumb friend and British Olympic cycling team-mate James McLaughlin, an apprentice sculptor, also from Liverpool, Gordon spends much of his free time in clipping seconds off race averages. Both have ambitions and they eagerly await future tests of their skill.

In another four years' time, at the Ninth Silent Olympics, who knows . . . ?

# Are you a thrifty type?

\*\*\*\*\*\*

by T. H. Barnes

ATE Savings Group Secretary

EMPLOYEES will probably have read in the local and national Press, and also in the notices posted throughout the factories and offices, that a national campaign is being waged to increase membership of savings groups in places of employment by 5 per cent by the end of March, 1958.

As will be seen from the notices, the campaign has the support of the British Employers' Confederation and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. Emphasis is on increasing the number of savers, rather than on a money target, and it is this aspect of our own group's activities I wish to stress.

Whilst as a group we are always interested in increasing our weekly collections we have not, during the past twelve years, set any target figures. Our wish is to impress on our colleagues the need and the value, both individually and nationally, of regular methodical saving, and our aim is to afford all employees a simple and ready means to such end. The operation of our Savings Group is quite simple. Departmental collectors canvass the employees in their department or location, once a week, to find out the number of savings stamps or certificates required, and the stamps or certificates are supplied in exchange for the cash equivalent.

Savings stamps can be exchanged for certificates, either through our group or any post office, or they maybe deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, cashed at any post office, or exchanged for Premium Bonds. Arrangements are flexible.

A member may save as much—within the prescribed limits of the permitted holdings—or as



**SAVINGS SECRETARY.** Mr. T. H. Barnes, Secretary of the A.T.E. Savings Group, appeals for new savers

little as he or she chooses and the weekly or monthly amount can be varied as desired.

As a group we are seeking *new savers*. If you are already saving through some other savings group, carry on. We are not out to poach members from other groups. If you are already saving through our group, I hope you will keep it up. If you are not saving at all, then why not take the opportunity of starting at once, via your departmental collector?

If your department is at present without a collector, please let me know (telephone 390, Strowger Works P.A.X.) and I will endeavour to arrange for someone to be appointed without delay.

It will be of interest to readers to know that, assuming normal savings collections during the remainder of 1957, our total collections during the past twelve years will exceed £300,000. This result has been achieved by steady effort. As stated earlier, there have been no special appeals or targets such as we experienced during the war, just a voluntary and conscientious weekly act of service on the part of our departmental collectors who are deserving of all praise.

If you have not shared in our effort, why not start now? You will be surprised how quickly a regular weekly saving mounts up.



### Big day at Silverstone

RENE LOCKLEY, shop clerk in Department 01, is the fastest woman in Strowger Works. The fastest woman on four wheels, we hasten to add. She recently put in a lap of the famous car racing circuit at Silverstone at close on one hundred and forty miles an hour . . . and she doesn't even drive.

Irene has been working in the Tool Room at Edge Lane for more than fifteen years. Her only previous taste of high-speed motoring was in a saloon car and the speed attained on that occasion was a mere seventy. Earlier this year, she noticed a competition on road safety in a national newspaper and was attracted by the prize, a trip in a high-performance car with racing driver Stirling Moss (see photograph above).

Irene's entry was one of the six winners chosen by Moss himself. The newspaper paid for her first-class rail ticket to Silverstone, Northampton, and she joined a bunch of rather-frightened fellow winners on a cold and rain-swept track. Overalls, goggles and safety helmet were issued and Stirling Moss came over to ask them whether they wanted to play it safe or travel really fast. All voted in favour of speed.

Miss Lockley was first to go. She squeezed into the tiny passenger seat in the potent Aston

Martin DBR 1, the engine burst into life and down went the driver's foot. "I thought I'd been kicked in the back by a mule," says Irene. "The acceleration was fantastic. I could hardly breathe and I was glad the organisers had insured me for ten thousand pounds".

Two laps they made on that deserted and glistening track. Two laps of four-wheel drifts, controlled skids and racing cornering, with the rev-counter showing the equivalent of 139 m.p.h. on the puddly straights. "I was terrified to begin with," says Miss Lockley, "but I quickly became accustomed to the ear-splitting din and surging power and I had complete confidence in Stirling Moss. He looked as if he was out for a Sunday afternoon spin in a family car.

Irene has never handled a car in her life, but she is a keen follower of all forms of competitive motor sport—on the television (which she won in another competition) in the comfort of her home. "Now I know what it feels like to travel in a high-performance car and I've a far deeper respect for those who race".

Would she like to do it again? "You bet your life I would", says the shop clerk who has already gambled her own.

# A taste for adventure

THE POSTMAN need never knock twice at the Upton, Birkenhead, home of George Peters. Airmail letters from George's two sons in Ghana and South Africa are the highlights of the working week for this group-leader in Department 56 at Strowger Works. But however colourful the stories the boys write home, it's quite certain that their 52-year-old father could cap and re-cap them all if he cared to dig into his store of reminiscences.

George Peters is a man who has travelled the world, but his story is so many-sided that it's hard to keep him on one track for long. He will switch from his Army to Merchant Navy careers, and the next thing you know he'll intersperse tales of being a policeman, bus-driver, war-time "suicide" driver and even a convent maintenance man. His story begins and ends at Strowger Works.

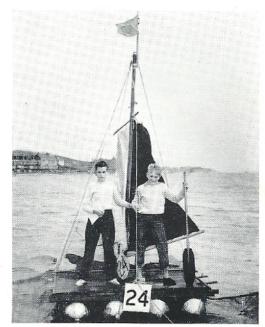
In 1920, George found Department 15 routine irksome for a 15-year-old boy like himself who wanted to see the world. One lunch-hour he walked out of the gates at Edge Lane and joined the Army. He was sent East with the King's Liverpool Regiment and one of his first adventures was being fired at by Chinese snipers.

"Sun Yat-sen," remembers George, with a chuckle, "thought my mates and I were crossing to Shameen Island to attack them. We were in uniform, and the sun glinting on our trombones made the rebel leader think we were carrying guns. Actually, we were going to provide dance-band music. Instead, the rebels gave us fireworks!"

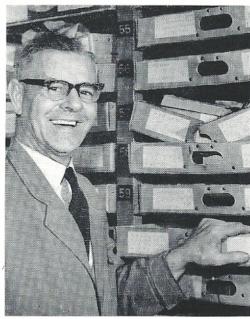
George has vivid memories of a 100 m.p.h. typhoon which hit Hong Kong in 1922, just before the arrival on his round-the-world tour of the then Prince of Wales.

In the Himalayas, he recalls being chased by irate Gurkhas on the Nepalese border for carrying what *he* thought was a pitchfork, but which *they* recognised as one of their religious symbols.

When George finished his Army career he joined Liverpool City Police Force but found this "too tame". Three months later he joined the Merchant Navy and travelled the world for five



KON TIKI raft made by Wirral Scouts—an idea which George Peters helped to organise and run



ADVENTURE has been the keynote of the life of Mr. Peters, an employee in Department 56, Liverpool



**TYPHOON DAMAGE.** This was the type of scene experienced by George Peters, who helped in rescue work after the 100 m.p.h. typhoon which hit Hong Kong in 1922, just before a Royal visit

years visiting and re-visiting Egypt, Baghdad, Malta, Norway, Germany, Canada and America.

Because George loves a good tale he can still laugh heartily at an incident in New York docks during American Prohibition in the 1930's when the population were "starved" of liquor. The captain of the ship in which George was serving, found whisky in linen laundry bags and made plans to warn the authorities of his illegal cargo. The dockers heard of this and pointed a pistol at the captain's head while the whisky was hurriedly taken ashore.

After 12 years of adventuring the soldier-turned-sailor decided to return home, first to drive a petrol wagon and then a Birkenhead bus. But when the war came he was recalled to the R.A.S.C. During the evacuation of Dunkirk he waited five days on the Normandy beaches before reaching safety in one of the "little boats". Then he underwent rigorous Commando training in Scotland before going out to Egypt. He was one of Monty's Desert Rats at El Alamein and took part in the invasion of Sicily.

The former bus-driver learned to handle ammunition trucks—" one stray bullet would have sent them sky-high"—and every old soldier will salute the memory of those daring "Hot Blacks" as they were known. The war veteran who sustained only one small flesh wound throughout the greatest invasions and fighting in history was briefed for the invasion of Japan which, of course, never took place. At the end of the war George went back to bus-driving and convent maintenance work before returning to the telephone assembly work he'd left some 36 years previously.

George Peters still loves adventure. He is a member of West Wirral Scouting Executive which thought up the "Kon-Tiki raft" adventure, subsequently televised, to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Scouting this year. Under his direction, Scouts have learned to bridge rivers in Wales and face endurance tests.

George would be highly tickled if he could see his sons' faces when they read this story because it is a family joke to "outdo" each other's adventures. It is doubtful though if even George's sons can imagine what Dad hopes to do next. George plans a "Moreton to Monte Carlo old Scouts rally" in his three-wheeler van.

At heart, you see, George Peters is still very much the boy who joined the Army as a lunch-time "lark". \*\*\*\*\*

# In the steps of the heroes

THE STORIES OF TWO BRITISH OFFICERS who lost their legs in air crashes, fitted artificial limbs and returned to operational flying are well known. The type of courage displayed by Douglas Bader and Colin Hodgkinson has been an inspiration to disabled people everywhere. But these two would have emerged as heroes with or without their earlier handicaps, anyway. Other men and women have also triumphed over severe physical injury without glamour, without glory. Men like Jim McCreery, for instance.

Jim was a young man of 24 who was happily employed as a painter and decorator until one evening in 1939. He had finished work rather late and was hurrying to catch his train in Earlestown station. The train was moving out and Jim sprinted down the wet platform alongside a carriage. His crepe-soled shoes suddenly lost their grip on the damp platform and he fell under the train.

They took him to Warrington Infirmary, still conscious, and doctors examined his severely crushed left leg. Jim had to choose between keeping the leg and, perhaps, never walking again, or losing the limb and learning to walk afresh with the aid of an artificial leg. Jim's leg was amputated three inches below the knee . . . and he was walking again within seven months.

While attending a medical centre in Windsor, Jim looked in at a dance attended by doctors. "You could dance easily enough if you wanted to, Jim," said one of the medics, adding as a joke: "You might even become a champion ballroom dancer".

That remark became a challenge for Jim, a challenge which he met. Today, he is a champion dancer and holder of the bronze and silver medals of the Empire Society of Teachers of Dancing. His wife, Joan, whom he married this year, used to be his dancing partner. "She suffered many bruises while I was still learning", says Jim,

who has been working in the fitting shop of A.T. & E. (Wigan) Ltd., for nearly five years,

Doctors refused to let him go back to his old trade in case he put too much strain on the injured leg, but Jim found no difficulty in decorating the whole of his new home in Springfield Road, Beech Hill, Wigan, recently, and he is on his feet most of the day while in the factory. Twice a week, he puts in a twelve-hour day and enjoys the occasional long hike after work. He drives a car easily enough, too.

As for amusing experiences, Jim recalls the occasion in Durham when the artificial leg gave him trouble while he was strolling through the shopping centre. He went into a greengrocer's and asked a girl assistant for a piece of string to "keep my leg from falling off". The girl nearly collapsed.

Jim is often referred to as "Wigan's Bader", but he himself thinks this is an exaggeration. Whether it is or not, there can be no doubt that Jim McCreery is a man with real courage and fortitude.



**EXPERT DANCER** with an artificial leg is fim McCreery, pictured with his wife and dancing partner

WHAT FRIGHTENS PHOTOGRAPHERS from joining a photographic society? John Roberts, secretary of the A.T.M. Society, believes he can pin-point the main reason. "Too many enthusiasts think they must own expensive miniatures to make the grade. The strange thing is that there is no 'grade' and the man or woman with a box camera is more than welcome".

We asked Mr. Roberts how many of his club members actually do use box cameras. He admits that there are none now, but many did start their hobby with five-bob Brownies and they're proud of the fact, too. Experiences gained, views exchanged, individual preferences and, perhaps, eventual specialisation will result in costlier and more complex cameras within any club.

Members of the A.T.M. Society insist, however, that newcomers need have no fear of lens snobbery. Every encouragement, assistance and advice will be made available and a varied annual syllabus is designed to please nearly all tastes.

The club is one of the infants of the Sports and Social Organisation, having been formed only ten



**PORTRAIT STUDY** taken by Mr. J. C. Roberts, of Department 472, secretary of the Society

#### \*\*\*\*\*

# No lens snobbery in this club

years ago. It is, however, one of the most fortunate sections because it possesses permanent, private and quickly accessible premises in Milton Road, Edge Lane, on the doorstep of Strowger Works. This property contains a fully-equipped studio and store room and space for dark room. Private use of the studio is available to members for the moderate sum of one shilling an evening. Quarterly membership costs five shillings.

Apart from regular Wednesday club nights, when the programme may include anything from instruction on exposure meters and light filters to talks on print-making, composition and high-speed work and practical sessions, the committee also organise their own successful annual competition and visits to places of photographic interest.

Secretary Roberts, Production Office, Strowger Works, a founder member of the club, specialises in portraiture and has had prints accepted for the Lancashire and Cheshire Photographic Union portfolio. Two other "specialists" are treasurer, Bill Talbot, Contracts Department, and Henry Bradley, Photographic Department. Bill and Henry both teach photography at Liverpool night schools and lecture to club members. Henry is noted for his child studies, while Bill's landscapes always bring in praise.

Departmental colleague of Henry Bradley and another club member is ex-R.A.F. photographer Reg Cox, who specialises in motor sport photographs. Don't these professionals have enough photography during the day? No, they claim that club work is a complete change and, therefore, a relaxation.

Colour photography is becoming increasingly popular in the A.T.M. Club and the standard of results obtained by members is high. Heading devotees of this branch of photographic art is club chairman Cyril Bell, of Contracts Department, City Factory.

Photography, the enthusiast will tell you, is a





THESE PICTURES both exhibition winners, were taken by works photographers Reg Cox and Henry Bradley. Both men are keen spare-time camera enthusiasts

delightful means of increasing your knowledge of subjects as varied as architecture, natural history, folk-lore, sport and perhaps even your own job. The man behind the camera learns to cultivate memory, observation, patience, taste, economy and a dozen other qualities. To anyone looking for a hobby which is pleasurable, instructive and often profitable, a camera is a must. Membership of a club can help the enthusiast to gain the best from his equipment, materials and techniques. Membership of your own works club may help you to practise your hobby with friends possessing similar tastes, interests, occupations and resources. Good shooting!

#### **CREDITS**

Acknowledgements for permission to reproduce photographs in this issue are made to: the High Commissioner for New Zealand (picture on page two); Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Ltd. (page 18); the British Inter-planetary Society (page 19); World Sport (Page 21); The Sunday Graphic (page 23); Liverpool Daily Post & Echo Ltd. (page 24) and J. Arthur Rank Productions, Ltd. (page 25), a scene from "The Sea Wall."

## Click for £35

#### PICTURE CONTEST OPEN TO ALL EMPLOYEES

IN PRECEDING PAGES you have read about the activities of A.T.M. Photographic Society... now let us see what *you* can do.

Tone is offering £35 in cash prizes for pictures—in both colour and black and white—taken by employees of the A.T.E. Group of companies, excluding professional photographers. You may submit as many photographs as you wish in this free-to-enter competition.

We are giving you the widest possible choice of subjects. All you have to do is send along any photograph, about which you can say: "I'm proud of this picture, which I took myself". Your entries may be either grave or gay, portrait or panoramic, recent or taken some years ago. Entries will automatically be divided into two classifications—colour and black and white.

First prize in each class will be £10, with second and third prizes in each section of £5 and £2 10s. 0d. A selection from the winning entries and a full list of the successful competitors will be published in our Spring issue. Payment will also be made for any other photographs which we use.

In the black and white section, negatives are *not* required and prints may be of any size, glazed or otherwise. In the colour

section, special consideration will be given to transparencies or colour prints with an A.T.E. interest—people, places and events—but this aspect is not essential, and the range of subjects at your disposal is again limitless. Give titles wherever necessary.

There are no entry forms, but each competitor must ensure that his or her full name, address and department accompanies each photograph, and all material should be adequately protected before posting (either internal or external postal systems may be used). Every effort will be made to safeguard photographs submitted, but no responsibility will be accepted for loss or damage. All material will be returned when judging is completed.

And what will the judges be looking for? Not so much technical brilliance, but originality, novelty and sheer picture appeal. The photographs submitted *must* be your own property. Material previously reproduced in any other publication or competition cannot be accepted. Winners will be notified.

The decision of the editorial committee on all matters affecting the organisation of the competition will be final.

Send your photographs to the following address:

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CO LTD

ST. VINCENT STREET . LIVERPOOL 3

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES IS FRIDAY 31st JANUARY 1958

