

TONE



SPRING 1959

Where are they now?

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WHAT DOES retirement mean to you? Is it something to which you look forward and plan for, or is it merely a sad reminder of life's approaching eventide? If you are under thirty, you probably haven't even considered the question: if you are older, you need no prompting. Let's examine, briefly, one or two aspects of the problem which concerns all who work.

Half a century ago, people were considered old at sixty. In 1959, despite nuclear threats, man's life expectancy is greater, and it is by no means unusual for folk to work on happily and well for three score years and beyond. Nevertheless, when a man or woman reaches the sixties, it can be a real blessing—providing health and finances permit—to lay aside workshop and office equipment, enjoy a leisurely existence and strive for the fulfilment of those long-treasured dreams.

No matter what your age, the time to prepare for retirement seems to be the present, because the people who are getting the most out of later life, or so our inquiries reveal, are those who have always enjoyed plenty of spare-time interests and hobbies, and those who have the determination to work towards their ideals and not just wait for fortune's fleeting smile.

An island in the sun, a cottage in the country, a house by the sea, a home near their children... these are the sort of ideals people have. Intrigued by the fascinating sound of several of the addresses on our Company's list of pensioners, we thought readers might be interested to learn what some of their former colleagues are making of their after-work lives. We wondered how many found their dream homes—and how they went about it.

Mr. William Hughes, who retired eighteen months ago from Costs Department, Strowger Works, had looked forward for years to a country cottage of his own. On holidays and week-ends, he and his wife kept watch for a likely place and,



Ambition realised. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hughes working on their dream cottage at Pantymwyn, North Wales

Ambition unfulfilled. Mr. Philip Roseby expresses his attitude towards his home in Ramsey, Isle of Man



about five years before he was due to retire, Mr. Hughes really started searching in earnest. Eventually he found two adjacent cottages in Pantymwyn, a pleasant little village near Mold in North Wales. The cottages were neglected and almost uninhabitable. Obviously they would not be suitable as they were, and it would cost several hundred pounds to have them converted and decorated. But the situation was good and there was ample ground for a garden. Mr. Hughes made up his mind. If an ideal was worth having, it was worth working for. Of one thing he was sure: there would be no labour charges. He planned to do all the work himself.

For four years, he spent every single week-end working on his future home. Often he was accompanied by his wife. Annual holidays, Christmases, Easters and Bank Holiday breaks found him putting some part or other into shape. He looks back now with a smile to one particularly cold and snow-swept Christmas spent knocking a hole in the wall to make a new lounge window. Space was made for new entrances, frames built and fitted, the two cottages were linked and a new staircase and bathroom built—all by Mr. Hughes. The lounge was fitted with a hand-built, red-brick fireplace. New doors were made but the exterior has still to be pointed. Finally, a start was made on interior decorating.

Old the building may be, but it is by no means old-fashioned. Mrs. Hughes sought expert advice on colours and the lounge is now a warm shade of lemon, set off by dark blue curtains and accessories to tone in with the striking brick fireplace. In a fireside alcove, Mr. Hughes has fitted frosted glass display shelves, cleverly illuminated from below by concealed lighting. After eighteen months in residence, the couple have almost finished work on the house. Now their eyes are turning to the garden and to a dilapidated outhouse, which Mr. Hughes intends to convert into a workshop.

But life in Pantymwyn is not all labour. In his spare time, Mr. Hughes acts as secretary to the village hall, the centre of social life, and he also arranges flower shows, exhibitions and variety concerts. There is no chance of being lonely, for the little settlement is made up almost entirely of retired Merseysiders, several of them former A.T.E. employees. One of Mr. Hughes' closest friends in a nearby village is Mr. W. Dugmore, who used to work in Department 473 (Production).

In another part of Wales, near the coast at

Prestatyn, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cresswell live in a delightful bungalow just off the main road into the town. Mr. Cresswell, who travelled to many parts of the country in his work for A.T.E. Installation Department, finally settled in Prestatyn a short time before he retired. At the moment he is recovering from an illness and is not yet back to his normal activities, gardening and motoring. But days are far from empty when there are frequent visits from local friends and from the members of clubs and organisations to which Mr. and Mrs. Cresswell belong. There are visits, too, from Liverpool acquaintances and occasional journeys back to the city where he toiled.

"We wouldn't dream of moving from Prestatyn now," said Mrs. Cresswell, as she looked out into her garden at the carefully-tended rose trees and flower beds. "We came here for convenience, really, not because of any long-standing plan or desire. But we are happy and there is plenty to do. We certainly don't intend moving any more."

On the list of pensioners we found six other former employees who have settled in Wales. And there must be more. But several folk have settled much farther afield—in places like Derbyshire, York, Carnforth and Somerset.

A Leicestershire address to delight the imagination is Burton Lazars, at Melton Mowbray, a name synonymous with pies. There we found Mr. A. Borrell, who worked for many years in Department 431 and retired almost thirteen years ago. Mr. Borrell lives with his daughter in a cottage

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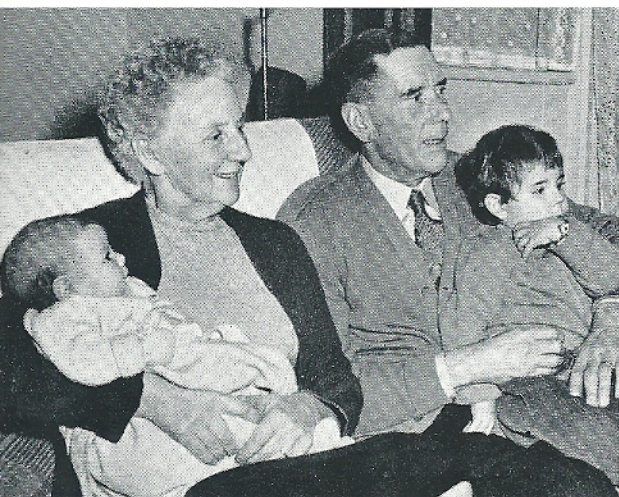
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Now living on the South Coast are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Bennett, seen here with two grandchildren

standing in the middle of a hunting district. All around them are wide-open spaces. "The cottage is two miles from Melton Mowbray and we have all the old world charm of oak beams and the comfort of mod; cons," we were told by Miss Doris Borrell. Unfortunately, Mr. Borrell, who is eighty, has been confined to bed for almost two years, but he is still master of the house and, says Miss Borrell, "nothing goes wrong, inside or out, that he can't put right through another person."

In the South, seeking a slightly warmer clime, we found two former employees, Mr. Hughie Foulkes, who worked in A.T.E.'s Liverpool premises for 32 years, and Mr. W. H. T. Bennett, who was, until four years ago, chief installer in the London area.

Tucked away in a quiet corner of the small Somerset village of West Coker, Mr. Foulkes' cottage is his dream-come-true. Looking for something quieter than the bustle of city life, he wanted to find a spot resembling the North Wales village in which he was born. The move South was made, not at the call of the sun or cider, but mainly because his son worked in Yeovil, and, naturally, a parent likes to be near his children and growing grandchildren. Like Mr. Hughes (with his cottage at Pantymwyn), Mr. Foulkes set to and made a home out of what was once a small old-fashioned cottage with outside sanitation and no

hot water. "It made me cry to see the place," his wife now confesses.

It was hard work, but Mr. Foulkes took out old grates and fitted modern ones and converted an adjoining outhouse into a luxury kitchen. He created a bathroom and toilet out of what was, once, an old wash-house and he enlivened the whole interior by fitting bright, contemporary wallpaper.

Two hundred miles or so east of Yeovil, Mr. W. H. T. Bennett and his wife have made their home on the coast in Durrington, a peaceful suburb of Worthing, on the edge of the South Downs. Mr. Bennett retired after 41 years' service with the Company, during which time he travelled extensively in South Africa and South America, and was responsible for the first automatic installations in Johannesburg and Durban. When he retired in 1954, he and his wife wanted a bungalow in Sussex—near the sea, but not too far from London. They finally settled in Durrington, where they had friends.

Life for Mr. Bennett is quiet and contented, but he is kept busy looking after his bungalow and grounds. He has designed the garden to his own pattern and he has laid four lawns, one of them a pleasant summer sun-spot sheltered by cypress trees which hide it from the vegetable patch.

But dreams don't always come true. Over-looking the turquoise waters of Ramsey Bay is Port Lewaigue. Here we met Mr. Philip Roseby in the beautiful verandahed house where he lives with his wife and daughter, Linda. Mr. Roseby's ambition had always been to settle in the Southern Hemisphere, particularly New Zealand, where several of his relations are living. But when he retired three years ago, his health would not stand the upheaval such a venture would have caused. Mrs. Roseby held vivid and happy memories of times she had spent as a girl in the Isle of Man, and the family decided to leave the life they had known in Southport and at their Kremlin Drive, Liverpool, home and start anew in the house they found in Port Lewaigue.

With a whole building to redecorate and a garden to rescue from the jungle, Mr. Roseby was fully, but peacefully, occupied for some time. But a new house in almost a new country meant broken connections with old friends. "We found it very difficult to establish ourselves here. Probably we shall be accepted in ten years or so," said Mr. and Mrs. Roseby, "but we don't intend

to wait that long." Their one desire, at the moment, is to start yet again—possibly in the South of England.

"We love the house. We enjoy the scenery, and the traffic-free roads are wonderful. But we can't stand the weather," said Mr. Roseby. "I came here to grow roses. But after three dismal, drizzly years I find the climate more suitable for cultivating watercress."

On a dull, threatening afternoon in December, Mr. Roseby showed our reporter around his stretch of land. Heels sinking into the rain-soaked muddy paths, he walked through the trellised rose garden where young trees tried valiantly to climb the carefully-built arbours. Forlornly resting at one end was a seldom-used garden seat crying out for sun. He walked through the recently-planted orchard and gazed ruefully at new trees. "We should have some wonderful plums, pears and apples in a few years' time. But I won't be here then."

This may be a warning to folk who contemplate giving up a settled way of life to begin anew miles away from life-long associations. Mrs. Roseby's comments are the most poignant. "I miss the sun," she says, "but most of all I miss my friends."

Maybe there's something to be said then for staying in Liverpool in spite of its smog? We went along to see Miss Isabella McKenzie, who will be well remembered by many at Strowger Works. Miss McKenzie left her work in Salaries Department three years ago, bubbling with energy and looking forward to years of well-earned leisure. "I enjoyed my work but I never had enough time to do all the things that I wanted to do. I made myself a promise the day I left Edge Lane, that if anyone asked me out to lunch, tea or to any special function, I would never refuse, no matter what work I was doing at home."

A SAD LOSS

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE regret to announce that Mr. W. Titley, Export Manager (Administration), Director of Hivac Ltd., and a member of the editorial committee of TONE, died suddenly in London on Saturday, February 21. He was 61, and had been with A.T. & E. for 47 years.

Before and during the war Bill Titley, as he was affectionately known to his associates in London and Liverpool, was responsible for negotiating M.A.P. and other Government Department contracts and latterly had been concerned with business done with Commonwealth countries.



Enjoying a well-earned retirement in a small Somerset village are Mr. and Mrs. Hughie Foulkes seen here in their cottage

This is a promise Miss McKenzie has kept faithfully. For a year she went to day classes to improve her skill with needles. "I make most of my own clothes, and my sister's, too," she told us. "But I just haven't the time to spare for classes now."

It may be echoing a platitude, but life is what you make it. Hardships, joys, and sorrows come to all, but true peace of mind and brightness are fashioned from the manner in which we handle both blows and blessings. Obviously, tastes change and, in each phase of life, body and mind adjust themselves to Nature's limitations. In this way, the present is always new and there is always a promising future to explore.

A.T.E. has more than 250 men and women on the list of pensioners. We have selected only one or two names for this article—all folk who have settled in new surroundings. The majority stay on in the locality they have always known, only moving, perhaps, to a smaller house or to a different street. Inevitably, a few of our pensioners are suffering bad health, but not many seem to have lost hope. Lively spirits are witnesses to the fact that growing old is not something to be feared.

There must be something wrong with Sophie Tucker's song. Life *doesn't* begin at forty. For many people, life starts all over again, as fresh and as exciting as ever, in the sixties.



Bryan McGuinness and Alsatian champion Sultan

WOULD YOUR DOG

Eata pounda Steaka day?

THE BRITISH certainly love dogs. Remember all the fuss over Laika, the Russian space explorer? The dog-devotees of Great Britain complained loudest and longest about the "cruel treatment of man's best friend" and the heated discussions on the ethics of this particular aspect of puppy love kept correspondence columns of the popular press packed tight for weeks—even months.

We don't intend to reopen the Laika topic in these pages, however, we merely wish to indicate a case in which affection for a dog is, in our opinion, fully justified. The dog in question is Iada Stanton, one of the noblest Alsatis we have ever seen, and the proudest possession of young

laboratory engineer Bryan McGuinness, of Department 665A at Strowger Works.

That fancy handle, Iada Stanton, is only the dog's kennel name. His house name is Sultan. Iada is the title of the famous kennels which produced Jet, the Alsatian V.C. winner, and rescue hero, to whom a statue was built in Liverpool's Calderstones Park. Sultan's proud, pedigree breeding shows in every ounce of his 100 lb. (more than seven stone) frame. He measures twenty-seven inches from the pads of his huge paws to his sleek black and gold shoulders. Standing on his hind legs, he is as tall as the average adult. Now seven years old—the equivalent of about fifty human years—he is as lively as a puppy, but as well trained as a police patrol dog. Sultan is a show champion, too, with many awards to his credit. He keeps up his strength with a pound of raw beefsteak a day, a pound or more of meal and at least a pint of milk.

Sultan's impeccable conduct and manners are hardly surprising. Bryan, his master, has been a committee member of Roby and District Alsatian Training Club for six years and he helps to train dogs every Sunday afternoon at Twig Lane, Huyton. The club to which Bryan belongs is affiliated to the Kennel Club and is one of three such organisations on Merseyside. The club will accept any breed of dog for training, not only Alsatis. Interested owners may join at a nominal fee and the club will show them how to extract the maximum in obedience and manners from their pets. Obedience training may take as little as a few weeks, while complete control exercises may necessitate up to six months' intensive work.

Is it worth it? You've only to look at well-trained animals, such as Sultan, to realise that it definitely is. Sultan has been trained from a puppy to respond completely to his owner. A scolding—merely by voice—from Bryan and the big champion knows only too well that he is in the dog house. Unlike police dogs, who work to only one handler (and the commands are often in code), Sultan responds to the firm orders of a few others, providing he has confidence in them.

Contrary to popular opinion, Alsatis are not vicious by nature. They were bred, originally, in Germany to be sheep dogs and, despite their size and wolf-like features, they are affectionate, tolerant and gentle enough. They respect authority implicitly and this is the whole key to success with training.



A different kind of training from the type undertaken by Bryan and members of the Roby club. Here we see a police Alsatian being instructed to tackle an "intruder". Police dogs usually work with just one handler

And when it comes to keenly-developed senses . . . Well !

We watched Bryan McGuinness hide a sweet in an obscure corner of the lounge of his home in Lingfield Road, Broadgreen. Sultan was then brought into the room and given the scent from the wrapper. Nostrils quivering, the dog unearthed the morsel from under its hiding place in less time than it takes to tell. This procedure could be repeated as long as the supply of sweets and difficult hiding places were available.

A little way back, we mentioned Sultan's beef-steak diet. He is fed twice a day, but thinks nothing of a half-pound of meal or biscuits as a snack and the food bill for a pet of his size is staggering. Big dogs require plenty of exercise—two or three times a day at least—and Bryan likes to give Sultan a two-mile walk every night, if possible.

Pedigree dogs are often alleged to be more delicate than mongrels. There may be something in the charge, but there is nothing wrong with the constitution of Sultan. A small neighbour playing with the dog threw a stick for the champion to

retrieve. The stick went over a railway bridge wall, and Sultan followed. The dog fell thirty-three feet to the railway lines below. He was shaken, completely winded and failed to move. Before his panic-stricken owner, fearing the worst, had time to bring a veterinary surgeon, Sultan crawled home. After a strong slug of rum to prevent shock, he soon was back to normal.

On another occasion, Sultan went to catch a tennis ball. The ball vanished down his cavernous throat and had to be removed by a vet using a table spoon. Moral : don't allow big dogs to play with anything they might swallow.

In conclusion, we pass on a few tips from an expert to other dog fanciers. Dogs will normally keep themselves clean and bathing will only remove natural greases from their coats. Be prepared to pay a little more for a really good specimen (Sultan is valued at about 25 guineas, but money couldn't buy him). An owner requires as much training in handling as a dog does in obedience. Teach your dog to respond *instantly* and make it walk on your left. Above all, keep him off roads.



Mr. J. J. Serfontein accompanied by Mr. John Ireland, examines a feature along the production line

New factory opens in South Africa

PLEASANTLY SITUATED, thirty miles to the east of rapidly-growing Johannesburg, is the gold-mining town of Springs in the South African Transvaal. This very active community of some 130,000 people has realised that the precious mineral on which its economy now depends may, in the not too distant future, become exhausted. The townsfolk have, therefore, been anxious to establish other industries in their area and they have welcomed enthusiastically the recent decision to establish local manufacture of telecommunication equipment.

Automatic Telephone & Electric Company Limited have long enjoyed friendly relations with the South Africans and, together with Siemens Edison Swan, we have been the biggest suppliers of automatic telephone equipment to this particular part of the world for the past thirty years. What better scheme, then, than a joint venture into on-the-spot manufacture at Springs?

Siemens and A.T.E. have agreed to develop local resources over the next ten years until a stage is reached when the area is virtually self-reliant. A suitable site was located, with a number of buildings already in existence. When completed, Springs will be capable of producing the equivalent of about 40,000 lines a year.

The official opening of this new factory took place last November at a ceremony presided over by Mr. W. O. Passmore, Managing Director of our South African company and Chairman of the new company formed to run the Springs factory.

The opening ceremony was performed by Mr. J. J. Serfontein, who, until two or three weeks before the event had been Minister of Communications in South Africa, but who had just been transferred to another ministry. His interest, however, was so great that he expressed the wish to perform the ceremony. He spoke very appreciatively of the work which both companies had done in the past and he expressed confidence in their abilities to meet the future requirements of the country.

The two parent companies of the enterprise were both represented—S.E.S. by Dr. J. N. Aldington, Managing Director, and A.T.E. by Mr. F. W. Oakley, who is also an English Director of the new company.

Dr. Aldington introduced the Minister and Mr. Oakley thanked him and made a presentation to him. Afterwards, the four hundred people who were present toured the factory. It was a highly successful day, which was appreciated by the guests and which did a great deal to establish the factory as part of the Springs community.

Works manager of the factory is Mr. C. A. Irgin, formerly of Test Sets Department, Liverpool, and latterly works manager of A. T. & E. (Bridgnorth) Ltd. His many friends in these two places will wish him every success in the new venture which he has undertaken and which he is tackling with energy and enthusiasm. He is supported by Messrs. G. Feltham, G. Parr, C. E. Smith, G. Watson and J. W. Woods, all of whom are from the Liverpool organisation of A.T.E.

Frank keeps TV date with history

MOST PEOPLE KNOW about William the Conqueror and all that, but when it comes to less publicised items of British history they are often stumped. Not Frank Eveson, of Strowger Works Contracts Department, who can list the dates of every English monarch without batting an eyelid and who, at the drop of a crossbow, can quote the date of any battle which has taken place during our history since the year dot.

Believe it or not, Mr. Eveson has been making mental notes of dates since he was a youngster and he says he just can't help it now. History is just one of his many hobbies. "Most of my reading is based on historical data and I have only to see a date written down to remember it," he says. "I may not think about it again for months, but when I need it, it just pops up."

A *Tone* correspondent put him through a gruelling history test. Needless to say, the memory man came out on top. But his amazingly retentive mind does not concentrate only on major events. With a little careful thought he can tell you day-by-day happenings during political, religious and industrial crises. Just mention the full date and, if anything happened then, he will be able to tell you.

Knowing his prowess, friends encouraged him to enter a television quiz programme. Because the programme was the last in the series and Frank was the last contestant to appear, he was not given a real chance to show his capabilities. However, in the short time he was on the screen he made a big hit with viewers because of his quick and confident answers to very difficult general knowledge questions.

Prior to the show, Mr. Eveson had to take an eliminating examination and amazed officials by completing a two-hour paper in twenty minutes. The following week he appeared in a different quiz programme but made a technical blunder which cost him the chance of winning really big money.



Expert on English history is Mr. Frank Eveson. He appeared recently in two television programmes

Frank says that appearing on television was a most interesting experience and he thoroughly enjoyed his visit to the Manchester studios. He met many interesting characters, including other contestants and television staff. Although Frank's TV appearances have earned him over two hundred pounds, he says that he reads history for his own pleasure and not for gain.

Frank's hobby may sound rather dull if the impression is given that it is confined to learning dates. But his interest is wider than that. He uses hundreds of historical reference books, which he has collected over the years, to search for information which might help to dispel many of the mysteries which have grown up through the ages.

For instance, he spent a great deal of time tracing the movements of Cromwell's generals after the army had dispersed. And discovered present day descendants of some of them in America.

The eyes of

FIGHTER COMMAND

POLIO VICTIM SERVES AS
OBSERVER WITH LOCAL UNIT

HOW MANY TYPES of aircraft can you recognise at a glance? Half a dozen? A dozen? A couple of dozen, maybe? The average adult, who must see scores of published pictures of aeroplanes every month, is doing pretty well if he can positively identify three or four machines on sight. Meet an A.T.E. man who can pick out no fewer than one

hundred and eighty different types—at jet age speeds, too. He is Tommy Nickson, a switch assembler, of Department 15 at Strowger Works, Liverpool.

Tommy is a member of that small but very elite post-war service, the Royal Observer Corps, otherwise known as “the eyes of Fighter Command.” On his and his colleagues’ ability to recognise and report fast-moving specks in the sky depends much of the success of Britain’s air defence in both peace and war.

The most sensitive radar instruments can do no more than report the presence of aircraft: it takes ultra-keen human eyes to establish important details such as make, type and nationality. Tommy Nickson, a polio victim since the age of three and still handicapped in both legs, has excellent optic powers and he is proud to be able to maintain the motto “Forewarned is Forearmed.”

Tommy is a man who takes his civic responsibilities pretty seriously. During the war he served in the headquarters section of Liverpool branch of the A.R.P. He rejoined Civil Defence, in the same section, in 1951, and trains every week at premises in West Derby.

His interest in the Royal Observer Corps goes back to shortly after the war when he heard that



Flashback to the war years. A typical spotting post manned by wartime members of the Observer Corps

the corps was about to be re-formed. He promptly offered his services, but it wasn't until 1949 that he was actually enrolled. He trains two or three nights a week with Foxtrot Four, Group 19, whose headquarters are at Liverpool Airport, Speke. During the winter, when daylight is short, he puts in only one night a week.

The Royal Observer Corps unit at Liverpool comprises some two dozen members. Observers wear Royal Air Force blue battledress with navy blue berets and a distinguishing shoulder flash over their group number. Their crown-topped circular badge, in silver and blue, depicts a man holding a torch against a background of martello beacons. This symbolises warning against invasion.

The Liverpool unit have their own premises on the Speke Hall side of the airport grounds. Liverpool is, of course, a civil airfield and Tommy's unit is but one in a chain of stations reporting to the R.A.F. unit at Manchester. Manchester relay information to Fighter Command headquarters elsewhere in Lancashire.

During a two-hour spell of duty at Liverpool Airport, Tommy has logged as many as twenty different types of aircraft. Types, remember, not just twenty aircraft. This gives some indication of the amount of air activity in this area. The ordinary citizen notices no more than two or three aircraft a day—if that.

Required standard for a trained observer is the ability to recognise (from any angle) one hundred and thirty types of aircraft belonging to NATO countries and thirty other machines. Observers use high-powered binoculars to assist them, but, even so, it can be incredibly difficult to pin-point and name a machine streaking through wispy cloud at and above six or seven hundred miles an hour. The corps report not only machines, but also tell-tale sounds and signs such as vapour trails.

The Royal Observer Corps work in close collaboration with the national Civil Defence Corps and, in the event of atomic warfare, they would be used to determine fall-out following nuclear explosions in order to assist rescue services. Special instruments have been developed to help them in this kind of work.

The Nickson interest in aircraft doesn't end with those he can recognise in the sky, however. His colleagues have toured many service stations and even top-secret rocket sites in the quest for greater efficiency. Tommy is also an enthusiastic builder of scale-model aircraft and he and friends



Tommy Nickson, Department 15, Strouger Works, is attached to a unit based at Liverpool Airport

have made dozens of models for both pleasure and spotting purposes.

Tommy, who lives in Lauriston Road, Walton, Liverpool, has been with A.T.E. for eight years and enjoys working with his hands—a relic of the days when he was a skilled shoemaker for a high-class Merseyside concern. He was married recently and his wife, Brenda, formerly Miss Harris, works in Department 15 on switch assembly.

The Royal Observer Corps and the earlier Observer Corps have histories which go back to the First World War. The ranks include men of many different trades and professions. Tommy Nickson is believed to be the only A.T.E. employee in our Liverpool organisation who is privileged to serve as a spotter, although other men, aged under 40 and possessing above average eyesight, are eligible to join.

If you are looking for a spare-time, expenses-paid pursuit with a difference and you are ready to perform a highly responsible service to your country, you need look no further than the R.O.C. The sky is their limit.

George White, a wire and cable maker in Department 19, at Stopgate Lane, travels a considerable mileage from his home in Liverpool every weekend to play right-half for Pwllheli Town football club. He formerly played right full-back for South Liverpool before joining his present club.

* * *

Another keen sportsman is **Tommy Smith**, a member of Department 388 at Strowger Works. Tommy, who has been playing bowls since he was seven, is a member of the Knotty Ash club and his successes include the Liverpool and District Charity Handicap in 1955 and the current Liverpool and District Merit Championship—no mean achievements.

* * *

Superintendent of Strowger Works' St. John Ambulance Nursing Division, **Dorothy Ambrose**, who works in Accounts Department, was presented



Dorothy Ambrose—St. John superintendent

We'd like you to meet . . .

to Lady Louis Mountbatten on her last visit to Liverpool. At the time of the Coronation, Dorothy was chosen to be one of Liverpool's six representatives for first-aid duty on the procession route.

* * *

A hobby with a difference is that followed by **Hugh Griffiths**, an instrument maker in Department 66, City Factory. He has made an ornate Welsh dresser and in complete contrast, a novel electric toaster.

* * *

Blodwen Tregonning, a coil winder in Department 66, City Factory, is an accomplished singer, whose successes in musical examinations have earned her no fewer than twelve letters after her name. She used to sing in factory concerts during the war and now entertains at clubs, churches and dance halls. An audition for a TV programme also lies ahead.



Hugh Griffiths—home handicrafts



Blodwen Tregonning—accomplished singer



Keith Leeson—polished marksman



Sylvia Berry—ambulance driver



Ray Jones—music-box maker

A lot is heard about the Method acting these days. **Keith Johnson**, an assistant order editor in Department 80 at Stopgate Lane branch factory, has to teach it—as part of his work as an assistant at the famous Rodney Youth Centre in Liverpool.

* * *

A member of Liverpool City Rifle Club and captain of Aintree Rifle Club, **Keith Leeson**, Department 665A, Strowger Works, has won seven cups and nine medals in competitive shooting. During his National Service in Malta he represented the Army in an inter-Services shooting match.

* * *

"The more mud the better," says **John Taylor**, Department 75, Strowger Works. John is an ardent motor cycle trials competitor and has competed in many events. Although still considered as a novice, he has registered successes while riding with the South Liverpool Motor Club.

* * *

After a working day at her typewriter in Department 416, Strowger Works, **Sylvia Berry** spends two evenings a week driving an ambulance. A member of Liverpool Civil Defence Corps, she has been driving for the past three years, fitting in this unusual pastime with three or four evenings Girl Guiding each week.

* * *

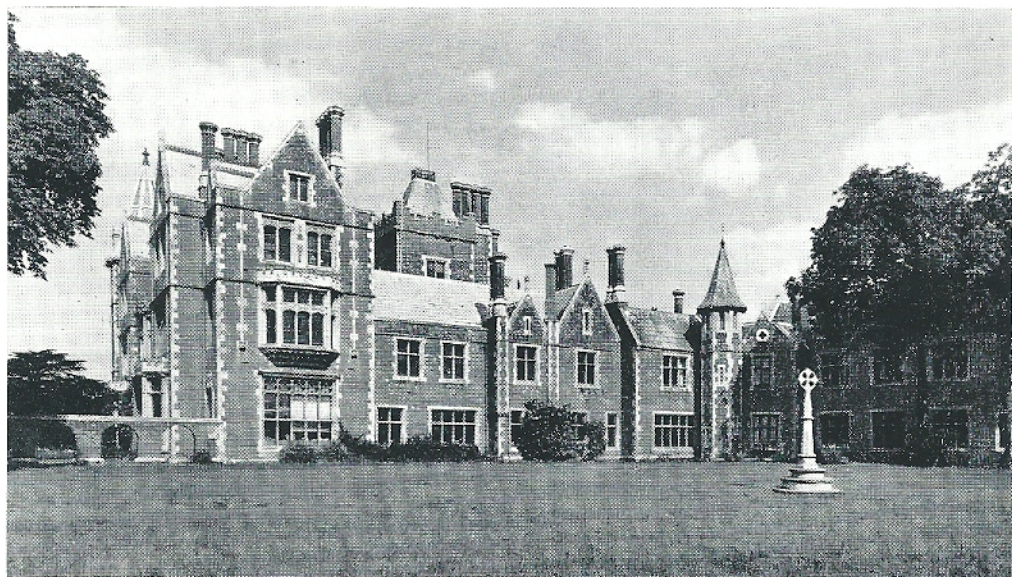
Providing entertainment at the last A.T.E. Students' dinner in Liverpool were the Zenith Skiffle Group, an all-A.T.E. combination with guitarists **Stan Humphras**, Department 668, and **Billy Keenan**, Commercial Engineering, and wash-board player **Jimmy Drysdale**, Department 665, with **Pete McGrath**, Department 316, on bass. Besides playing at many local dances and clubs, the group has appeared several times at Merseyside theatres.

* * *

Another music-maker, but no instrumentalist, is **Ray Jones**, a draughtsman in Department 712C, Strowger Works. Ray spent many of his leisure hours constructing a delicate musical box in the shape of a small Swiss chalet. In addition, he turns out marquetry work.

* * *

A keen ciné-camera operator is **Keith Scott**, a draughtsman in Department 412, Strowger Works. Keith has provided his services many times to the A.T.M. Motor Club and has made a feature of their week-end runs and annual dinner dances.



Taplow Court, ideally situated on the loveliest stretch of the River Thames, near Maidenhead, is the headquarters of British Telecommunications Research Ltd., our development centre owned jointly with B.I.C.C.

Oh, how we envy them!

THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS pictured on the front cover of this issue are lucky indeed. Lucky to work in such delightful surroundings as Taplow Court, the ninety-acre Thames-side estate which is the headquarters of British Telecommunications Research Limited, a research and development centre jointly sponsored by British Insulated Callender's Cables Limited and Automatic Telephone & Electric Company Limited.

Janet Steen, Margaret King and Joyce Nixon, all on the library staff at B.T.R., are no more than a quarter of a minute away from their desks. Those pink magnolias in the background to our picture are but a tiny fraction of the springtime delights that cloak the neighbourhood of the historic mansion in which they work.

Taplow Court is situated on the last spur of the Chiltern Hills, overlooking Windsor Forest. Formerly the seat of Lord Desborough, the estate lies a mile or so from Maidenhead, on the border of Buckinghamshire with Berkshire. For more than

a thousand years a manor has stood upon the same site, but there have been many rebuildings since the beginning of its recorded history.

Tappa, an ancient Saxon chieftain, is reputed to have been buried in the large earthen mound which can still be seen on the south side of the mansion. Hence the name Taplow. William the Conqueror gave Taplow manor to his brother, the Bishop of Bayeux, and, in later years, Henry VIII is said to have held court in the estate.

During the reign of Mary, Taplow was a state prison and Queen Elizabeth is reputed to have been a "guest" within its walls. Many years later, mansion and estate were acquired by Lord Orkney, first field-marshal of England and one of the Duke of Marlborough's generals at the famous Battle of Blenheim. In 1852, the Court was sold to Charles Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., grandfather of the late Lord Desborough. Grenfell had the mansion rebuilt to its present style in 1855 to the design of Sir Charles Barry, architect of our Houses of Parliament.

Barry's genius was not limited to architecture. He was also a brilliant landscape gardener. With a free hand and plenty of space at his command, Barry made full use of his opportunities. He set the mansion on level ground two hundred feet above the nearby Thames. On the flat land at the

top of the ridge, he laid out a formal garden and a great cedar walk. From the house he made gentle lawns and terraces lead to wooded cliffs above the river bank.

Few architects or landscape gardeners can hope to see in their lifetimes the full perfection of their ideas. Years must pass before buildings mellow and trees mature. It is only now, after more than a century, that the house and gardens at Taplow have come to be as beautiful as Barry's inner eye must have pictured them as he worked at his drawing board.

British Telecommunications Research Limited acquired a lease of Taplow Court in 1946. Although, at first sight, the design of the house may not seem to be ideal for laboratories, the general atmosphere does much to outweigh any disadvantages. Standing at some distance from any main road, from any factory, or, indeed, from any other building, there is an atmosphere of peace and quiet at Taplow Court that is rare in this modern age. The quiet is not merely aural, as there is almost complete absence of electrical interference.

New research buildings have been constructed in the adjoining grounds and numerous recreational amenities are available for the staff, which numbers some 380. A dining hall and club have been provided and the gardens and grounds are open to all employees for a wide variety of sports, including bowls, tennis, squash, rifle-shooting, football, cricket, hockey and boating on the loveliest part of the Thames.

The work at B.T.R. is concerned mainly with development of transmission equipment for use with carrier cables, telegraph equipment, and basic circuits for electronic switching. For experimental work under operating conditions there is a unique installation in the grounds of 22 tube-miles of coaxial cable and 46 loop-miles of 60-channel carrier cable. In addition, there is a section devoted to the development of radio equipment for special applications, and all these activities are supported by the appropriate basic research. Wherever necessary, development work is taken to the stage of building prototypes with associated drawings ready for production in the parent companies' factories.

It is a safe bet that few research and development engineers are privileged to work in such idyllic surroundings. The estate's famous Cedar Walk, which meanders lazily along the cliff tops overlooking picturesque Boulter's Lock, is now flanked by thousands of spring daffodils and crocuses. The

stately trees, each one commemorating a visit to the Court by a famous person, are richly decked with fresh foliage and the soft turf is as caressing as the pile on a luxury carpet. The softly-scented atmosphere and stillness combine to show this man-made gem to even greater advantage.

But it is easy to wax lyrical over the beauties of Taplow and it only serves to make us envious of the folk who work there.

Any of you like to change places with our cover trio?

Change of Editor

READERS will be sorry to learn that W. J. Wales, editor of *Tone* from the first issue to the current one, has departed for "greener pastures". He has taken up a similar post with an even larger organisation.

His success, evident in *Tone's* considerable circulation and, in 1958, the gaining for A.T.E.'s house magazine of the Industrial Editors Trophy for the "Best House Journal of the Year", can be attributed to his great personal charm, coupled with a "nose" for interesting stories and the journalistic ability to make them enjoyable reading. Everyone who knew him personally, or through the pages of *Tone*, will want to wish him even greater success in his new post and no one will begrudge the space occupied by this testimonial to his enthusiasm.

Mr. A. T. STEVENS has now taken over the editorship of *Tone* and is being given every encouragement to maintain the high standards of the past in both editorial and pictorial content. For these, however, as was the case with Mr. Wales, he will need the full co-operation and assistance of employees of the A.T.E. group of companies wherever they may be, at home or overseas.

Number thirteen in a series

Portraits of an Industry

In the space of a few short pages of this issue we have indicated how a representative selection of our Company pensioners are faring in retirement. We only regret that we couldn't have mentioned them all. For these are the men and women whose valued service has helped us to win our present proud reputation within the telecommunications industry. Our debt to them is considerable. Retirement severs many of the friendships and interests that are made during working careers. It can mean either joy or sorrow, rest or renewed endeavour, the end of a familiar road or the beginning of a new and exciting chapter in the art of living—it all depends on the individual. But one thing is certain: our veterans, wherever they may be, enjoy our sincere wishes for a long and contented future. They are not forgotten.



Fitting contacts into relay springs

Loading coil winding at Strowger Works





Frequency generating equipment

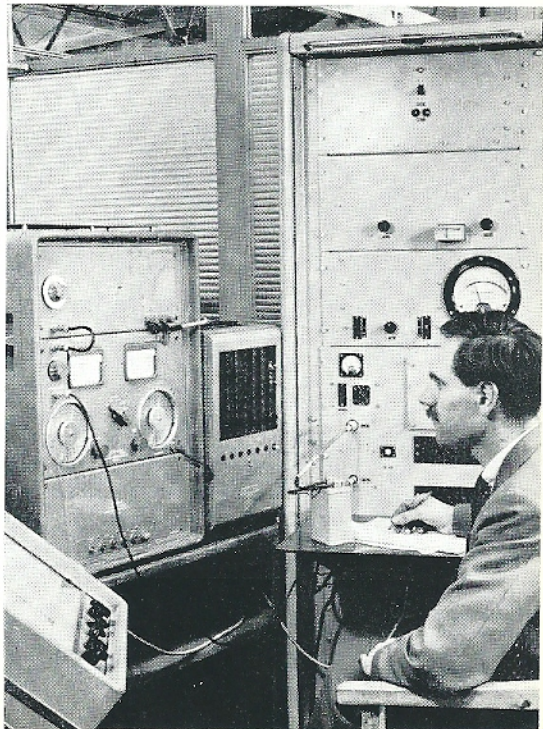


A precision loss measuring set

Synthetic radar trainer at Bridgnorth



Equipment used for resistance measuring





Mr. and Mrs. Dixon pictured in their Heswall home

Traveller to

SIBERIA

WE, SIR EDWARD GREY, a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a Member of His Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, a Member of Parliament, &c, &c, &c, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, request and require in the name of His Majesty, all those whom it may concern to allow Mr. William John Dixon, a British subject, travelling to China via Siberia, to pass freely without let or hindrance . . .

Thus runs the imposing, single sheet of crested paper which served as a passport through Russia fifty years ago. Fifty years ago, bear in mind, a Briton travelling abroad seldom required documentary evidence to see him across the world's frontiers. But in the days of the Czars, the Russians were just as remote, if not more so, than they are today. Russia demanded passports.

A copy of this early passport was shown to us some time ago. We were sure there would be an interesting tale behind the words "travelling to

China via Siberia," so we contacted the owner of the document and we were not disappointed.

The profession of the Mr. Dixon referred to on the passport was given as "telephone engineer." His age was stated to be 24. The man we went to see is now living in retirement after devoting more than fifty years of his life to A.T.E., a man whose services to telecommunications won him an M.B.E. from the Queen Mother at Buckingham Palace in 1954.

William John Dixon joined the old Telegraph Manufacturing Company at Helsby, Cheshire, as an apprentice in the instrument department in 1899. At the turn of the century he was engaged on installation work at Glasgow, Portsmouth, Swansea, Cardiff and London, and other places. He later became chief installer on several important contracts.

Then the Company received one of the biggest orders in its early history—six thousand lines, rising to an ultimate 10,000 lines, for Shanghai Mutual Telephone Company. There was insufficient space in the then small Liverpool factory to execute the large contract and additional manufacturing space had to be acquired, temporarily, lower down Edge Lane at what was known as the Tournament Hall, the site of many circuses. Girls worked on wiring inside the lions' cages (the animals having been removed, of course). The completed job was shipped out and Mr. Dixon was asked to make the overland trip to Shanghai, third largest city in the world, in order to save time.

He completed this memorable seven thousand mile journey in sixteen days, no mean feat, even in 1959. How did he set about it? From Liverpool he went to London and travelled by boat to Flushing. Thence to Berlin and onwards by train to Alexandrovna, on the then Russian frontier. On again, to Moscow to join the crack trans-Siberian express to Harbin. A Chinese train took him to Changchun and a Japanese locomotive was boarded to Dalny on Korea Bay. The final stage of the trip was by Japanese boat to Shanghai.

Mr. Dixon is one of the few Englishmen to have accomplished such a tremendous overland trip and he is certainly the only known Company employee to have travelled across Siberia. What were his impressions? Sitting in a comfortable armchair in the lounge of his delightful modern bungalow just outside Heswall in Wirral, he looked out across the shallow waters of the Dee Estuary towards the



The splendour of the Kremlin as it was during Mr. Dixon's amazing overland trip through Russia to Siberia

grey-black hills of North Wales and cast his mind back half a century.

The journey as far as the Russian frontier was interesting enough, he recalled, but the most memorable part of the trip was from Moscow onwards. Mr. Dixon had little time for sight-seeing, but he did manage to spend an entire day in the Russian capital. He remembers vividly the extremes of both splendour and squalor to be seen on all sides. The Kremlin was just as dramatic as he had expected it to be, but he didn't manage to get inside.

Russia was then in the frosty grip of winter and, as his train rumbled through icy nights, the howls of wolf packs could be heard by the travellers as they lay in their sleeping compartments. Each time the wood-fired locomotive pulled into a desolate, wayside halt, pitifully-attired groups of men and women gathered to stare at the train and dream of the gay cities and bright lights the travellers would be visiting.

Food, comfort and time-keeping on this trans-Continental train were all of a high standard—more than could be said for the Chinese trains. Mr. Dixon's journey from Harbin to Changchun was a nightmare of discomfort, mellowed only by his eventual transfer to an ultra-smart Japanese train for the final lap of his land route.

After completing the difficult assignment in hot, humid Shanghai—a task which took him six months—Mr. Dixon returned to Liverpool for a short while and then went out to Australia.

Australia is his dream land: he would "go back again tomorrow" if he could. He would also dearly like to undertake once more that formidable trek across Siberia—just to make comparisons.

Mr. Dixon's later career with A.T.E. is well known. He became superintendent of Installation Department and Switchboard Assembly, and Wiring and Framework Departments. He transferred to Sales Department as superintendent and was nominated later as A.T.E. representative for the Bulk Supply Contract Pricing Committee, among other duties which brought him into close contact with the Post Office. Mr. Dixon was also chief of Technical Costs Department in charge of important war-time orders for the Ministry of Aircraft Production and the Ministry of Supply.

He and his wife, Victoria, celebrated their golden wedding two years ago. Their son, Mr. J. S. Dixon, is a financial accountant with the Company at Edge Lane. They also have two daughters.

Travel note: For those who might like to undertake an overland trip to China, we understand that it can be done today at a cost of about £87.

Is your conscience clean?

ASKS MRS. MOPP

.....

DO YOU FLICK ASH and throw away cigarette ends and matches behind the radiator? Do you grind smouldering stubs into the polished floor? Do you park chewing gum on the canteen floor or under the desk? Then, you, sir (or madam), are the bane of Mrs. Mopp's life!

Tone went out to meet our Liverpool factory's most cheerful bunch of workers, the cleaning staff, and found that, of all our sins, these are the deadliest accusations they can make against the people they "do" for.

Strowger Works' twenty-three acres of factory and office buildings are kept in neat order by a staff of about seventy. Over half are full-time, while the rest do various part-time duties. Mrs. Theresa Crawley, who looks after all ordering and distribution of cleaning materials and equipment, works directly under Miss D. M. Cubbin, Women's Welfare Officer. Duties undertaken by this staff cover general cleaning in factory workshops, offices and toilets. There is also a group of male cleaners reporting to Plant Department.

Cleaning is a job which does not attract young girls. "We find that older women, in spite of home ties, are far more reliable in this kind of work," said Miss Cubbin.

For the past twenty years or more, at an hour when most of us are tearing ourselves away from cosy beds, people like Miss Margaret Howard, Mrs. Lily Matthews, Miss Cissie Larkin and Miss Mary Roberts, and many others with equally long service, have been wielding vacuum cleaners, mops, buckets and dusters in an effort to see that shops, corridors and offices are in a presentable state before our arrival.

Each cleaner has her own section and is responsible for dusting, mopping, scrubbing and general tidiness. Thankless and unromantic as the job may sound, there is a great deal of satisfaction to be gained from making desk tops or cupboards sparkle or floor blocks look like new again. But



Mrs. Martha Church at work on the stairs at the office entrance to our Strowger Works factory

how would you like to see all *your* work destroyed thoughtlessly and have to start all over again each day? If you can put yourself in that position you can appreciate what a cleaning job means.

But you won't find many moans if you talk to the Mrs. Mopps. They are philosophical about their never-ending round. "It is something you have got to accept," said Mrs. Martha Church, as she set off to titivate the steps and stairs at Strowger Works' main entrance. "No sooner do you finish washing or scrubbing a floor than someone trails in with muddy shoes and ruins the whole job. After a while, however, you get used to this sort of thing. It would be very different though, if someone trampled over my newly-washed floor at home!"

Two of the members of the works canteen cleaning staff who see the worst side of us are Mrs. M. E. Doyle and Mrs. D. Farrell. "With staggered breaks and lunches, the job is never finished," sighed Mrs. Doyle. "On the whole, people don't seem to care whether the canteen is clean or not. Crumbs and papers are littered all over the floor after every break."

And this is where the chewing gum complaints come in. Chewing gum is so difficult to remove



Mrs. Theresa Crawley checks part of her towel stock

that it was necessary, a short time ago, for Miss Cubbin to approach a well-known firm of chewing gum manufacturers for advice on how to remove gum from the floor! No real solution has been found.

Cleaning does not lag behind invention and progress. Miss Cubbin makes a point of keeping up with the best of modern trends in equipment, which is always of good quality. The latest addition is a new type of nylon mop which will extend to eight feet and almost solves the problem of wall and ceiling cleaning.

One of the most fascinating aspects of cleaning is the annual amount of materials which go into keeping premises bright. Floors and wash basins are taken care of by 3,400 gallons of liquid soap and disinfectant, 12,400 pounds of soap powders and scouring powders and 1,040 pounds of hard soap. The fight against germs and grit is obviously a costly business.

Laundry figures are staggering, too. Mrs. Crawley, who deals with towels and overalls, handles about 1,400 towels and 175 overalls each week, which means, with other laundered items, an annual laundry bill of over £4,000. This figure is gradually being reduced as an in-

creasing number—about 20,000 rolls—of paper towels are being used.

It is not generally known that all towels and curtains are made on our premises. Tucked away in a little room in the corner of the cleaning headquarters, near the Training School, Mrs. Anne Stewart looks after new towels and overall repairs. A part-time employee, Mrs. Stewart machines her way through several thousand yards of material each year. Keeping the foremen's white overalls in trim is also her concern. For the charge of a shilling, Mrs. Stewart will undertake any repair . . . "within reason." "I have the right to refuse if I think a coat is ready for dusters, of course," she adds.

Legend has it that cleaners are always cheerful and always ready for a laugh. And the Strowger Works staff are no exception. There are many "characters." Take Mrs. Sarah Murphy, for instance, who has a reputation for keeping folk smiling. She has made three pilgrimages to Lourdes, once acting as a special help (a hand-maid) appointed to care for the sick and helpless on the journey and during their stay in France. She has some wonderful tales to tell about her experiences there.

Several cleaners work to support children in academic studies. Mrs. Margaret Baker, in her spare time, is acting as a voluntary helper in a mass radiography canvass.

Miss Lily Dunne, who is popular with her workmates, is both deaf and dumb—but this doesn't stop her from joining in the fun and making a first-rate job of her work.

What about hobbies and interests after their work at Edge Lane? Ask members of the cleaning staff and most will give you the same answer: "I haven't got much time for that sort of thing. When I get home I've got to start all over again on my own home." Television seems to be the main form of relaxation when, in the late evening, with the day's tasks behind them, there is time to sit down for an hour or so before bedtime.

It does us all good to stop occasionally and think about other people's jobs and how they affect us. But one thing is certain: none of us could do without these cheerful women, some of whom work difficult hours, to ensure that we are not elbow-deep in dust and waste paper when we begin our day's work. Help them to help you, please, and treat the factory and offices as you would your own home.



Joe Farrell, a 24-year-old machine operator, lost his sight as a boy of seventeen

In his spare time, between study periods, Joe plays the guitar and sings at local clubs



Victory over DARKNESS

ONE OF THE MOST rewarding and inspiring aspects of reporting on the activities of others is the occasional encounter over severe physical handicaps. Loss of limbs or faculties are intensely personal tragedies which can easily mar entire lives and it is ennobling to discover that so many can accept their disabilities calmly, develop other capabilities to compensate for their losses and carry on as full and happy members of a working community.

Joe Farrell is blind. He lost the precious gift of sight at the early age of seventeen. At seventeen, the world is an attractive vista indeed, and the prospects it offers are all too sweet. The pleasures of childhood and adolescence are still fresh in the memory and the sober cares of an adult existence, though close enough in reality, seem far away. Seventeen years is a tantalising glimpse of life and a cruel age at which to close the curtains on its visual delights.

Those seventeen years mean much to Joe Farrell. To him, the days, weeks and months are no mere symbols on a calendar, they are vivid memories of colours, shapes, distances and descriptions of every kind. He considers himself fortunate to have experienced these things and he can still appreciate, far better than those who have been blind from birth, the everyday values they hold.

Born twenty-four years ago, Joe Farrell, was educated at St. Oswald's School, Old Swan, Liverpool, and Old Swan Technical School. He enjoyed his studies no more than any other boy does, and sport, particularly boxing, was infinitely more pleasurable. He left school at 15 to become an apprentice bricklayer, a craftsman's job in which he was both interested and happy. Gradually, however, his sight began to fail. Doctors were unable to help and, in two short years, he was totally blind.

Joe attended a rehabilitation centre for the newly-blind at Torquay for a period of three months, during which time he learned how to type, read Braille and execute handicrafts such as pottery

and woodworking. But the most important knowledge he acquired there was the ability to adjust himself to a world without light.

After leaving the training centre, Joe secured a job working with his hands in a wire manufacturing firm on Merseyside. He spent two years in this occupation before joining A.T.E. in 1954 as a machine operator in Department 66, City Factory, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

When interviewed at his machine and asked for details of his career, Joe casually flipped out a cigarette from a packet, lighted it easily with a match, stroked his well-shaven chin, grinned and replied: "I'm afraid I have very little spare time." He explained that he is a keen musician and likes both classics and modern jazz. He is an accomplished guitarist and sings close harmony with a friend, entertaining at clubs and socials under the billing "The Two Joes".

But the bulk of his spare time is spent preparing for the future. When his sister, Teresa, leaves home to marry, Joe will become the sole breadwinner and he is anxious to improve his position. He "reads" extensively, is polishing up his typing and hopes to study for his General Certificate of Education in English and Economics. His secret ambition, however, is to become a physiotherapist, but unless he can find the means of training in Liverpool he will be in difficulties as he supports his widowed mother.

Travelling to work each day is one of those simple physical events which most of us perform almost unthinkingly. For Joe Farrell it presents a bit of a problem, of course, but one which he has managed to overcome with the help of a colleague from City Factory. A fitter, Les Bennett, who lives near Joe's home, calls for him each morning and they journey in together. Other colleagues help him to find his way around the workshop, if necessary, but they realise that Joe's other senses are highly tuned and he is quite independent at his job—like several other blind people employed in the Liverpool organisation of A.T.E.

One tends to think that blind people are sensitive about their disability. But this is seldom the case. Expert training quickly proves that the majority can adapt themselves, mentally and physically, and follow contented working lives. Joe Farrell is no exception, and, like others in our employ, he is a wonderful example of a man who has overcome the handicap of blindness.



A message from a star

HERE'S A MESSAGE with special appeal for the girls: a message from a star. The star? John Gregson, ruggedly handsome hero of a score of first-rate British films and—in case you didn't know—a former employee of A.T.E. Some time ago, we had occasion to write to John and he replied with some amusing recollections of his early working life at Edge Lane, Liverpool.

John recalls: "It must have been the year 1938 that I worked at A.T.E. For the best part of a year I was on what was known as 'the odd job bench'. Don't ask me what I was making—I've a strong suspicion it was something to do with telephone parts. It was certainly the year that Royal Mail won the Grand National, for darn near the whole of Department 15 backed this horse, acting on a hot tip from a foreman."

Still on a financial theme, John continues: "I was often involved in the running of departmental raffles, undertakings which were organised on a very low level. By this I mean that one did a lot of crawling beneath benches to seek out clients as we had a particularly eagle-eyed charge-hand. I can tell you that the ladies of Department 15, Class of '38, had the prettiest ankles on Merseyside."

What else does he remember? In the same humorous vein he writes: "The speedy race by bike to get to the factory on time, and the even speedier race to get away in the evenings; the sound the clock makes when you punch your card; the pay packets on Fridays; the Cornish pasties at the social club in Broadgreen and, most of all, the camaraderie of factory life."



Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, at the Bristol inauguration ceremony

BUSY LINES



PLACES AND EVENTS

THE CONTRACT for the complex telecommunications system for the massive London headquarters of The Shell Petroleum Co. Ltd., now being built on the South Bank of the Thames, has been awarded to A.T.E., after negotiations by Communications Systems Limited. To meet the vast requirements of this 26-storey structure, in which nearly 6,000 people will work, A.T.E. will make in Liverpool, in collaboration with the Post Office, a PABX which will start with at least 4,500 lines and will eventually have some 7,000 lines. This will be the largest one-owner PABX ever installed in this country.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, attended the official inauguration of the Subscriber Trunk Dialling scheme at Bristol on December 5th last year. Automatic Telephone & Electric Company Limited supplied and installed all the local exchange equipment and the Bristol automatic trunk exchange.

★ ★ ★

In a few years' time the Company will be celebrating its golden jubilee. With this in mind, and also because of long-term demonstration and publicity possibilities, a museum of early telecommunications equipment is being established at Strowger Works. Interesting items of equipment exist in different localities and it is intended to obtain and recondition them and store them in a specially-prepared room at Edge Lane. We shall be interested to hear from employees who can assist with exhibits.

★ ★ ★

Service with a smile—by scooter! The Company's agents in Salisbury, Rhodesia, Tele-Electric (Pvt)



Mr. Trewin, the Deputy Ruler of Kuwait and Mr. Boyse, pictured at the private dinner party in London

Ltd., have service vans powered by two-stroke scooter engines. No traffic problems for these vehicles!

* * *

Mr. J. J. Eades, Export Director, was the first member of A.T.E. to make a return transatlantic flight by the Comet IV service. He is seen in the accompanying picture leaving the Comet at London Airport after a recent visit to the United States and Canada.

* * *

The Company recently gave a small private dinner party to Sheikh Sabah Alsalm Alsalbah, Deputy Ruler of Kuwait. He is the brother of the Ruler of Kuwait and is Chief of Police, President of the Tender Board and Posts & Telegraphs Department, and Deputy President of the Development Board. Our photograph shows him in conversation with Mr. C. O. Boyse, Managing Director, and Mr. A. J. Trewin, A.T.E. representative in the Middle East, who has just returned to Beirut.



Mr. Eades leaves the Comet at London

Three young men from the East

OVERSEAS STUDENTS TRAIN AT ATE

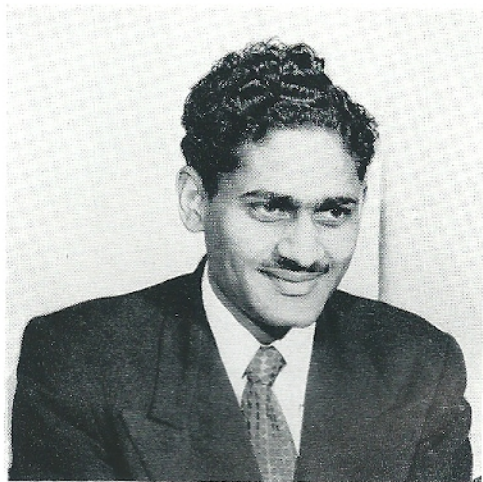
EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST . . . and the twain *do* meet. Close to our own desks and benches, both in Strowger Works and in the branch factories, we have colleagues who started life in different climates and surroundings.

It is a far cry, for instance, from a hostel in Liverpool's Mount Pleasant to the summer chalet seven thousand feet up in the Himalayas where Madan Gopal Bali was born just over 25 years ago. Young Bali grew up in Lucknow, the son of a family of landowners, returning with his family to his birthplace each summer to escape the intense dry heat of the Indian plains.

Fascinated by mechanics and things electrical, Bali's boyhood ambition was to become an engineer. His main passion had always been wireless and telephones: he even designed and constructed his own automatic exchange. When he left school, he entered Lucknow University to study engineering. He didn't plan a career in telecommunications until, when he was almost at the end of his university course, a G.P.O. official visited his home and was impressed by the electrical equipment the young man had built. It was this chance visit that brought Bali, eventually, to Edge Lane eighteen months ago.

Try to imagine yourself alone in a foreign country, with different customs, diets, language and ways of thinking, and you may capture some of Bali's feelings as he prepared to live here for several years. We asked him what he thought about his English colleagues. "I have been pleasantly surprised," he said in a soft, lilting voice, "And I have found many friends over here."

One of the biggest differences Bali finds between the two countries is the widely-different cultures. In the time he can call his own, when work and study are put aside, Bali likes to paint. While he is in this country, he is taking the opportunity to study Western and Greek art. His other main interest is music.



Madan Gopal Bali, from Lucknow

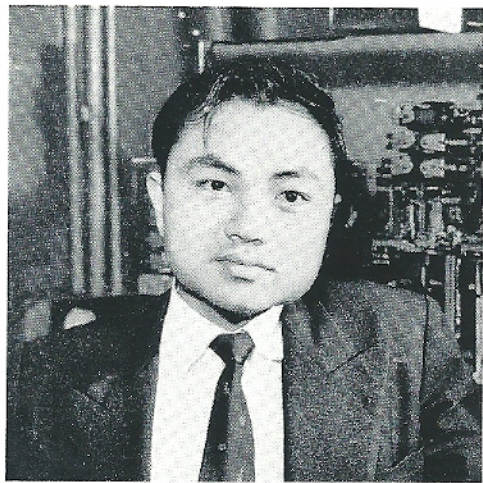
Existing on English food—and even enjoying it to a degree—he often longs for certain Indian meals. A glint came into his eyes as he spoke enthusiastically of curries and chapatis. It was at this point that he told us the thing he dislikes most in England . . . fish and chips!

Roj Limononda, from Thailand, another overseas student at Strowger Works, is not only averse to fish and chips: he doesn't care for any English food! Roj (pronounce it Ro), who is in the Training School, has been with A.T.E. for two years. He came to Edge Lane after acquiring a London University degree in electrical engineering while he was studying at Woolwich Polytechnic. His home is in Pakpananag, a small town in Central Thailand.

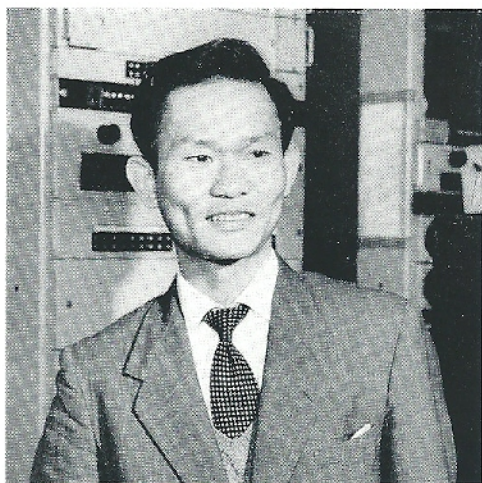
Thailand, formerly known as Siam, is a tadpole-shaped country of some 198,000 square miles, between Malay and Burma on the South and West, and the kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia on the East. Bangkok, the capital, is one of the strangest and most picturesque cities in the world.

If you saw the film "Anna And The King of Siam," you have already transported yourself into a land of romance and fireworks, with a Brynner-type monarch ruling a backward land. But you'd better forget this picture pretty quickly if you are going to speak to Roj of present-day Siam.

There would be no need for an Anna in Bangkok nowadays. Primary and secondary education in the country's 23,500 schools is free and there are five universities and 35 training



Roj Limononda, from Thailand



Chong Kam Wah, from Malaya

colleges for further education. Anna's king (who, in spite of the way he was painted, was a great scholar and reformer) would also be out of place in modern Thailand. Roads, railways, air travel are expanding, together with industries of all kinds. There is a great need for men of technical skill and foresight. It was this that persuaded Roj to plan an engineering career.

Having overcome his early difficulties with the language, Roj has settled down here and enjoys several pleasures he did not know in Siam, such as bridge and billiards.

Compare a country like ours with another such as Thailand and there must be literally hundreds of customs which are different. But one of the most striking, to Roj's mind, is ordinary family life. "In this country, the woman seems to rule the home," he said, with apparent horror, "That is not so in Thailand."

Living in the monsoon climate of Central Asia, Roj had never seen snow until he came to this country. Highly delighted, he threw his first snowball five years ago, at an age when most English boys have begun to regard snow as something of a nuisance.

Sharing the same simple pleasure in the sight of snowflakes is Chong Kam Wah, another overseas student who is training with A.T.E. Kam Wah (Chong is his surname) has been over here for five years under the sponsorship of the Malayan Government. He has gained a university degree in

engineering, for which he studied full-time at Brighton Technical College. Since then he has spent periods with several engineering firms.

In a few months' time he will be returning to his home in Ipoh, a mining district in Western Malaya. He will be going back to a "new country" for, since he left, Malaya has become an independent State and many changes are taking place.

One morning, during his first English winter, Kam Wah opened his eyes to see a new, almost unbelievable world of white. He had no idea what snow was like to touch and his first reaction was to rush out into the garden and roll over and over in the snow with glee. His landlady was horrified. "Come in at once," she called. "You'll catch 'flu . . ." He did, of course. But it was worth it!

When he leaves this country he will take with him happy memories of the many friends he has made and the journeys he has undertaken.

One complaint all of these young men make about this country, and one which most of us would share: they can't stand our changeable weather! However, when they return to their own home, the things they will remember most will be the folk they met, the chance conversations on trains and buses, the hospitality (both good and bad), the fun they have had in their off-duty moments and, we hope, a good impression of A.T.E. and the people with whom they have worked.



The pegs are withdrawn, the lines are connected, and the new exchange at Dar-es-Salaam is in service

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One of the best ever cut-overs

THE ACTIVITIES OF A.T.E. have spread to almost all quarters of the globe. A further illustration of this was the successful bringing into service late last year of a large automatic exchange in Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of Tanganyika.

It is nearly thirty years ago since a small exchange was put in there by the Company, and it has given excellent service during its life in the exacting tropical conditions of that part of the world. Dar is not far south of the equator and, being on the sea, has, for a very large part of the year, high temperatures and great humidity.

The original exchange was installed under the supervision of Mr. W. Smith and Mr. A. N. Spencer (Contract Manager), then of the Installation Department. Mr. Smith was so attracted by the locality that he afterwards accepted a position with the East African Posts & Telegraphs

Department and has risen to become Assistant Chief Engineer, from which post he is now about due to retire. This original exchange had quite outgrown its capacity owing to the great development of the area and the Company was entrusted with the manufacture and installation of this new exchange.

The E.A.P. & T. regarded the occasion as justifying a public ceremony and they invited the Governor of the Colony to perform the official opening. Unfortunately, at the very last moment, the Governor was summoned to London, and so the ceremony was performed by the Acting Governor, Mr. Grattan Bellew.

The ceremony took place in the courtyard of the exchange building before a large audience representative of all the public life of the district. The senior officials of the E.A.P. & T. included the Postmaster-General, Mr. R. C. Ellis, and the Chief Engineer, Mr. M. W. Manson, who had travelled from Nairobi to Dar for the occasion.

The ceremony started with a speech of welcome by Mr. Ellis, after which the Acting Governor spoke, paying appropriate tribute to the E.A.P. & T. and the manufacturers. He then opened the exchange by dialling a number which connected him to the Chief Supervisor on the top floor of the exchange building. The magnified sound of the dialling and the conversation with the Chief Supervisor were heard by all over a public address system.

The Company was represented by one of its directors, Mr. F. W. Oakley, who thanked the Acting Governor and presented transparent telephones, appropriately inscribed, to the Governor and the Postmaster-General.

The official opening had to take place at mid-day to suit the Governor's convenience, but the actual cut-over was later that afternoon. Those taking part in the cut-over included the Minister of Communications, the Postmaster-General, the Chief Engineer, the Regional Director and Deputy Regional Director, Mr. Oakley, Mr. G. P. Willoughby, Chairman of our East African Company, and Mr. A. J. Mantle, the managing director. It was one of the most successful cut-overs ever.

The whole operation reflects the greatest credit on the personnel of Liverpool, Mr. C. B. Foster, the chief installer in East Africa, and his team who did a fine job in what were often the most exacting conditions.

Be your own racing driver

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to be the owner of a racing car? One man who has *several* is John Richards, of Department 90, Remote Control, City Factory. John cannot drive these cars himself, however. Not because they are too fast, but because they are too small. They are, in fact, models.

John has been building powered models for two years. Over this period he has constructed ten five-inch-long cars, all exact replicas of real racing automobiles. Among the models he has completed recently are a German Mercedes, an Italian Ferrari and a British Aston Martin.

John became interested in model cars after reading an article in a monthly model-making magazine. A plan appeared in one of these publications for building a racing machine at 1/32 scale, and he began work at once.

He constructed the body from balsa wood and the chassis from plastic. The wheels were made from metal and fitted with small rubber tyres. Average cost of building these models is about thirty shillings each, which includes the price of the 1.8-amp twelve-volt electric motor with which they are fitted.

From small beginnings John has come a long way and is now fitting his cars with independent suspension on wheels, brakes and even clutches. The cars are accurate down to the smallest detail. To enable the cars to be run, an indoor track is necessary. John has plans in hand for building one at the moment. The circuit will be in the form of a large double figure eight, will have a total length of thirty feet and will have a track nine inches wide. The surface will be formed with plaster of paris.

The track itself will later be painted with a rubberised solution which will enable the cars to get a good grip. When finally completed, the circuit will be mounted on a sheet of hardboard six feet by four feet. It will seem like a table-top Le Mans to anyone watching.

The principle used for racing the cars is much the same as a model electric railway. The models pick up the electric current from either a central



John Richards putting the finishing touches to the paintwork of one of his electrically-powered racing cars

rail or, sometimes, a slot. Maximum speed attained by the cars is about four miles an hour, and this can be varied by means of a controller. In this way, three cars on the track can be manipulated by three different people from three different points. The winner is not necessarily the fastest car as the skill of the operator has a lot to do with the eventual result. Special care must be taken when cornering as, if the bend is taken too fast, the car may broadside, as in real racing, and leave the track. To make the fun even more fast and furious, the corners of the track can be smeared with oil to give a more lifelike impression of racing.

John has spent quite a lot of his spare time making models. At one period he constructed ships and aeroplanes, but he says he has much more fun in building cars. Each car takes about two or three weeks to complete. When all the bits and pieces, many of which he has to buy, are put together, the body is painted with the appropriate racing colour of the nationality of the car.

Perhaps model-making is not everybody's cup of tea, but most people, whether they are nine or ninety, admit that they are fascinated by these miniature electrical marvels.



Miss Campbell and Mr. Turland check the club files

LET'S GET TOGETHER AND . . .

See how it runs

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN employed in the Liverpool organisation of A.T.E. has an interest in this tale. A financial interest for certain and, more than likely, a recreational interest, too. This is the story of the Sports & Social Organisation, to which we all regularly contribute coppers from our pay. It is an organisation which exists to provide leisure time facilities for employees, their families and their friends.

Hundreds of Merseyside-based workers are already familiar with one or more of the flourishing sub-sections of the Sports & Social Organisation, but it is surprising how many are vague about the parent body itself—how it is run, how it is financed, how long it has been in existence and how it is administered on your behalf. This article will, it is hoped, clear up a few points.

Prior to 1926, responsibility for organising any form of sports and social activity rested with individual departments. Employees simply grouped together in their spare time when, where and how they liked and they formed societies and clubs to cater for their own special interests, such as tennis, golf and motoring. Several of these old-established bodies are still going strong.

The decision to form a central governing body was taken shortly after the Company acquired additional manufacturing facilities at Victor Works, Broadgreen. The Company agreed to rent neighbouring Broadgreen Hall (part of their acquisition) at a nominal charge of one pound a year.

Among those instrumental in creating the new body were the late Mr. J. Nixon, a former manager; the late Mr. W. L. Crawford, who became the organisation's first secretary; Mr. T. H. Barnes, present head of Salaries Department; and Miss E. G. Campbell, now assistant to the honorary secretary, Mr. A. V. Turland, formerly of Department 412.

The Broadgreen premises were good, but limited in size, and although a host of successful social and sporting functions were held there it wasn't until 1950 that the Sports & Social Organisation had sufficient scope for expansion. "Whitfield," the present headquarters in Roby Road, Roby, was acquired by the Company in 1947 and opened three years later. With a five-and-a-half acre estate, modernised buildings, sports field and games enclosures, the Sports & Social Organisation began to develop steadily.

The management committee (a list of whom is given at the end of this article) comprises 24 members, six of whom must be women. Each committee member serves for two years. Elections are held on the first Saturday and Sunday of each November, as half the committee is due for retirement every year. Any male or female employee—providing he or she is more than 21 and has over six months' service with the Company—may be nominated for a place on the management committee. Voting is by secret ballot.

Present chairman is Mr. Arthur Bell, a former local director; the secretary, Mr. Turland, we have mentioned earlier; and the treasurer is Mr. W. Briggs, of Department 921. The president is Sir Alexander Roger and the vice-president (and also a trustee) is Sir Thomas Eades. Mr. A. F. Bennett, C.B.E., and Mr. G. D. Christie are also trustees. Management committee meetings are held every Tuesday evening at "Whitfield" and it is an indication of members' enthusiasm that they have ruled that no fewer than ten will constitute a quorum. One hundred per cent attendances are not uncommon. Two general meetings are held every year, in April and in October, when officers' reports are presented.



A management committee meeting in progress at Whitfield, with Mr. Arthur Bell in the chair as usual

Add up the various spare-time activities (games, societies and sports) which the parent body have to supervise and you will arrive at a figure of more than fifty. A hard core of some two or three hundred people make regular use of these facilities, yet the club premises would be filled only comfortably with three hundred employees present at any one time.

The management committee are responsible for over-all finances. Fixed assets last year amounted to nearly £25,000 and the profit realised was £93 (as opposed to £750 in 1957). Running expenses for 1958 amounted to nearly £5,000 and members' subscriptions (that's the twopence a week we all pay) amounted to only £3,600. Club finances are no secret and a detailed balance sheet and statement of accounts is posted at "Whitfield" for all to see. How many ever take the trouble to do so, however? It's your money that's involved.

A full-time steward, Mr. John Sealby, and his wife live on the premises and the estate requires the services of two full-time groundsmen. Various part-time assistants are also needed. Staff are answerable to the management committee, who thus control, ultimately, administration, stocks, etc.

Club discipline is another management committee responsibility and the committee is empowered, after examining the circumstances, to withhold employees' admission cards for breaches of club regulations. Sub-committees are appointed to control such items as entertainments, sporting fixtures and sports and gala days. Sports Day, is,

of course, the highlight of the club year and the quarterly dances held in Liverpool city centre are also major attractions.

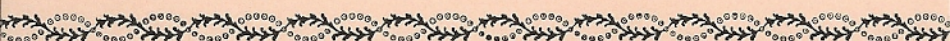
What about plans for the future? The management committee's immediate objective is to be financially independent. At the moment, they face repayment of a £2,000 loan from the Company. One of their hopes, however, is to construct a hall at the back of the existing premises for dances and concerts. The bill for this could be anything over £5,000.

Our Sports and Social Organisation is affiliated to the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, a national body linking 3,250 clubs and more than two million members. The facilities offered at Roby compare very favourably with most other organisations. Try them and see for yourself. You won't be disappointed.

Management committee officers are: Chairman, Mr. A. Bell; secretary, Mr. A. V. Turland; and treasurer, Mr. W. Briggs (Department 921). Committee: Messrs. G. Adamson (Department 65); J. E. Butler (Department 65); L. K. Brighthouse (Department 921); J. Beck (Department 461); R. Clague (Stopgate Lane); J. Davies (Department 25); T. Dwyer (Department 132); R. Pendleton (Exchange Labs.); H. Thomas (Department 94); and W. Wadham (Department 01); the Misses J. Blackburn (Department 25); E. G. Campbell (Sports and Social); N. Holland (Department 360); J. Leadbetter (Department 411); B. Meharry (Department 668); and Mrs. K. Groves (Department 24).

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

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HAS YOUR DEPARTMENT the most attractive girl in the organisation? Each department is asked to choose now one nominee for the title, to be judged on charm, personality, and appearance, in an inter-works competition.

A well-known celebrity will judge the finals.

FIRST PRIZE will be £20 or a course at Britain's leading charm school.

SECOND PRIZE winner will receive £10, and the girl gaining THIRD PRIZE will win £5.

Your personnel office will supply details.

Closing date for entries is March 20

***Tone* MAGAZINE'S NEXT ISSUE WILL
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