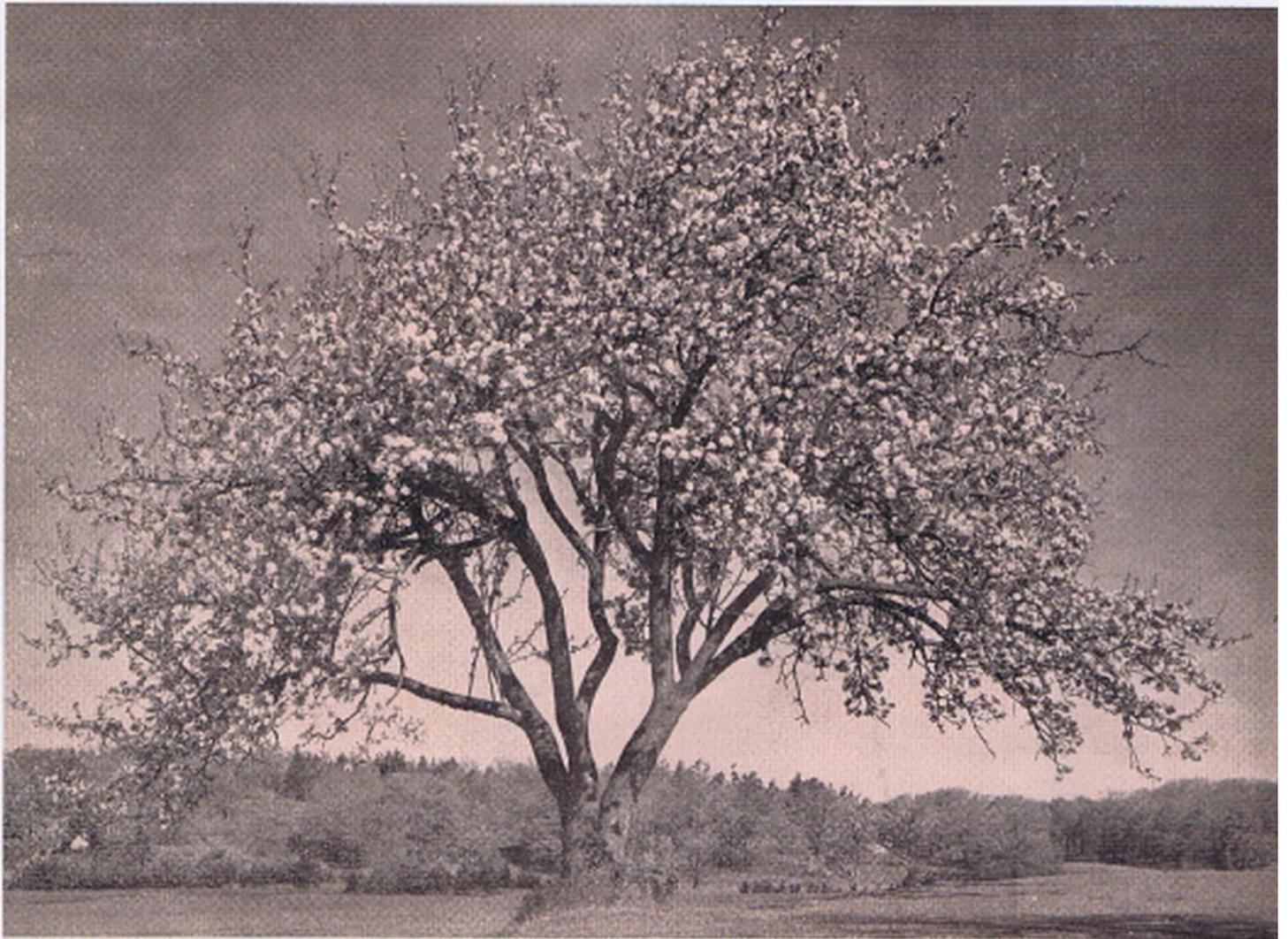


The Linefinder

VOL. 1, No. 3

BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO

MAY, 1956



IT'S HERE

"Hard is his herte that loveth nought in May" — Chaucer.

"THE LINEFINDER"

A magazine published for the benefit of all employees of Automatic Electric (Canada) Limited, 100 Strowger Blvd., Brockville.

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All communications should be addressed to The Editor. Contributions to this magazine cannot be returned.

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ACROSS THE DESK

Clearly, Spring, not New Years, is the time for men to make resolutions. Even to the jaundiced, there's a measure of joy in the air at this time.

Spring is a time of hope; a period when we can throw off the binding shackles of a dreary winter, expand our outlook, and broaden our sphere of activity.

The rustle of Spring is no mere metaphor. To those blessed with the ability to look beyond the material, this season is a tangible thing.

The unfolding splendor of the good earth is everywhere pronounced.

The clear air, with its hint of fragrance; the triumphant awakening of life; the bright hopes of endless to-morrows — all these are of Spring.

It is a time for planning; for dusting off cherished ambitions; for dreaming great dreams.

The whispering tranquility of the night and the sylvan beauty of a spring morning are far beyond human price. They come in equal measure, to be accepted or rejected.

The vast, animated concourse of Nature, now vibrates in breathless anticipation. Birds wing high to heaven, serenading the flaming hour, the golden day. Soft, sleek felines uncurl and tread with exquisite grace upon the green swards. Trees, with God-like majesty, poke eager fingers to a blue sky.

All pay homage to the infinite grandeur that is Spring.

This is not by way of saying that we've suddenly gone all "arty", but the inescapable fact is that it's hard not to wax lyrical about a season that heralds the end of dreary, miserable Winter.

THE EDITOR.



Dear Fellow Employee:

This is a photograph of the *Automatic Electric Service Pin* which has been awarded to all employees whose service with the Company and its predecessors or associates has been five years or more.

The pin, in the form of our telephone dial, is second to none in quality, design and distinctiveness. The one illustrated above contains ten rubies, signifying 25 years of service. Two rubies are used to indicate each five years of service up to 25 years, after which diamonds are added, each diamond indicating five years service.

The presentation of these pins gave me a great deal of pleasure and pride, and I know that you will also enjoy a great deal of pleasure and pride in wearing them.

On behalf of your Company, I wish to extend my sincere congratulations and best wishes to all recipients of the Automatic Electric Service Pin.

C. R. HUGHES

WELCOME !

The following have recently joined the Automatic Electric family:

Henry Voerman
Terry Welch
James L. Caldwell
Merle I. Fouzie
Trillene M. Wood
Tietie Hess
Doris A. Parish
Dolores Burchat
Tammo Hazelaar
Irene Seeley
Grant Bolton
Robert Hogaboam
Andree Boucher
Louis J. Guerin
Magella Comtois
Mary Napper
Metske Veenstra
Ivan Desjardins
John Duguay
Margaret Donnelly
Joyce Carley

NEWS AND COMMENT

THANKS, MILDRED.

We bow our sparse locks in salutation to Mildred Markell, Dept. 32, who has kindly provided us with much-needed joke material, samples of which will appear in later issues of "The Linefinder".

SORRY, MYRTLE !

In our cafeteria article we inadvertently gave the impression that Myrtle Hussen's part in the scheme of things was confined to washing dishes. We regret this unpardonable error of fact. Mrs. Hussen is, of course, an excellent cook who has long titilated our jaded appetites.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR DEPARTMENT.

Extract from the Casco Kernel, company magazine of the Canada Starch Company, Cardinal: The Programme Committee plans to hold the March meeting in Ogdensburg, when foremen will hear an address by a well-known Psychiatrist. (!)

CONGRATULATIONS, BRUCE JOYCE.

Our kiddies drawing competition was won by Bruce Joyce, aged eight years, who attends the Westminster School. His excellent drawing of a ship could not be reproduced, as it was in crayon. His cheque for \$5 will be sent on to him shortly.

PLEASE HELP US TO HELP YOU !

Early last month one of our employees sustained what at first was thought to be a slight scratch on her finger. When asked why she did not report it to our Health Centre she replied to the effect that it "was too near five o'clock". Subsequently, the doctor diagnosed blood poisoning — a painful, and often a dangerous affliction.

Within the past few months, similar cases have been brought to the notice of the Personnel Department. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that no matter *how slight* the injury may appear it must be reported to the Health Centre *immediately*. Failure to do this may well result in financial loss to the person concerned. Accidents cost both you and the Company valuable time and money. The Health Centre is there for your benefit — please use it !

Comments and criticism are coming into our balliwick in heart-warming numbers. As George Bernard Shaw once said, "It doesn't matter what your readers say — so long as they say it !"



Says Road Hog: "I gotta go, so who cares about the other guy's car — he ain't around!"

IT'S ROAD-HOG TIME

Every 15 minutes a Canadian suffers injury in a traffic accident. Every four hours a life is lost. Every two minutes a fender is smashed. And regularly, every year, 150 people are killed as a result of level-crossing accidents.

That's the grim, national picture of road folly, and it is duplicated at local levels. Last year the Brockville police investigated 510 traffic accidents. Arising out of these, 68 people were injured and three killed. Property damage amounted to over \$85,000. So if you want to see a classical example of how modern education has set the world back fifty years, just watch the clodpated antics of that grotesque animal, the Road-Hog.

Next time you're out on King street, watch him at the stop lights. You'll notice him straining, with glassy eyes fixed on the red, his every nerve and sinew tingling with an unholy desire to streak ahead of everyone on the road.

The writhing face, twisted mouth and hunched back spell t-r-o-u-b-l-e for anyone with the temerity to challenge.

When the light turns to green this animal begins to live. At last! He is able to screech away, with tires burning, exhausts blasting. What a truly great moment — for a bird-brain!

Another ecstatic one for him is when he decides to make a right or left-hand turn. Signals? But why waste time when it's so much fun to keep the other driver guessing? And after all, signals are strictly for "squares".

Road-Hog has a bizarre sense of humour that can only be fully appreciated by a fellow-miscreant. It us-

ually takes the criminal form of accelerating when someone attempts to overtake. Mind you, this sport is a whole lot more exciting if there's a hill in sight, or a blind corner on the road.

The Horn-Hog is another specimen of the breed worthy of your clinical study.

Two seconds late on the green? Well, Horn-Hog isn't going to let you get away with it. One cannot say he sets it to music, but he does manage to give you a discordant impression of Genghis Khan and his playful group in action.

The Itsy - Bitsy - Sooner - or - Later Road-Hog is every bit as murderous as his tire-screeching brother, but with the maddening difference that he delights in taking a Methuselah's age

to complete even the most elementary movement.

This type of menace will pause, flounder, hesitate, and diddle; it matters not that the rest of the world waits. Itsy-Bitsy is going to take his time, whether parking his chariot or merely halting in a stream of traffic to pick up his fodder-laden mate.

To either type of Road-Hog, the Golden Mean is just another antiquated cliché.

But let's bring all this down to a family level.

From time to time we receive complaints from the police about our own Road-Hogs who screech down Perth as if other road-users were intruders. It's obvious that this particular street was designed for buggy travel only, and clearly evident that no form of parking should be permitted on either side of it. But, this does not excuse the "Merchant of Scorch" who jeopardizes the lives of others.

We've often wondered (in our abysmal ignorance) why it is necessary for any driver (so called) to flash past a line of cars that are waiting for one of the C.N.R. Juggernauts to move along the iron road. Frankly, we're puzzled. Is Road-Hog intent on demonstrating his monumental stupidity? Does he seek the notoriety that attaches to lack of consideration for others? Does he imagine then that road folly is a good in itself?

Why do our Road-Hogs act like the car-jockeys they are not? And what careless rapture do they derive from shooting out of their allotted space like earth-bound replicas of a guided missile?

(Continued on Page 8)



Says Road Hog: "Okay! So I'm too close — let him climb through the window!"



HMCS Labrador

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HELPS MAKE NAVAL HISTORY

HMCS Labrador made history in 1954 by becoming the first warship to smash her way from east to west through the fabled, ice-packed Northwest Passage in Canada's vast Arctic region. Contributing in no small measure to this history-making voyage was Automatic Electric's P-A-X equipment carried on this 6,500 ton vessel.

Later on in the same year she was the senior ship of a task group of some 14 ships charged with the delivery of thousands of tons of supplies for Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line sites in the Foxe Basin area of the Eastern Arctic.

For the crew, this voyage was anything but glamorous. For the most part it entailed long hours and hard, tedious work. Worst of all, perhaps, was the monotony — of work, of scenery, and of living with 260 other persons in a steel-enclosed space 269 feet long, 63 feet wide and 40 feet in depth.

The communications staff carried a work load far in excess of that normally expected of them. The Labrador was the originator and recipient of a volume of traffic sufficient in itself to keep the staff fully occupied, but in addition she undertook to dispatch ship-to-shore messages for the rest of the task group. A check later, showed that the Labrador had handled 4,420 ship-to-shore messages, 2,305 ship-to-

ship within the task group, and 5,356 inbound messages.

USS Forrestal, One of the World's Largest Warships, Uses Automatic Electric Equipment

When Automatic Electric "goes to war" it does so in a big way. The USS Forrestal, a \$198,000,000 fight-

ing giant with four acres of flight deck, is just one of the weapons in the arsenal of Western democracy using our equipment.

The Forrestal, whose turbines develop 200,000 h.p. to give a speed better than 30 knots, is equipped with a larger dial telephone system than has previously been installed in any US naval vessel. The dial telephone exchange is nominally a 400 line switchboard which is capable of handling 60 simultaneous conversations. The system covers approximately 560 stations within the ship.

Over 2,000,000 pounds of aluminum was used in the construction of this mammoth vessel. A portion of this weight-saving metal was utilized to make the switchboard framework.

The Forrestal has four platforms weighing 166 tons, each of which can handle 70,000 pounds of jet fighter plane in seconds. In case of emergency there is a number which may be dialed from any station, providing automatic cut-through to the Officer-of-the-deck station to report the emergency.

With more than 3,500 crew members aboard, the three types of improved telephone sets receive plenty of rough handling—but they can take it! Telephones throughout the ship are provided with locking devices to keep the handset from "coming off the hook" under shock of heavy gunfire.



USS Forrestal

(Official United States Navy Photograph)

THE MARKET PLACE

"Should the Canadian Government Encourage Immigration?"



Mary Marky
Dept. 34.
"Yes".

I think there is room for an expanded population in Canada. Immigrants bring with them backgrounds of culture and new ideas.

We will be helping humanity by allowing people from depressed areas of the world to live and work here.

Wilda Collison
Dept. 34.
"No".

I feel that at the present time the Canadian Government is encouraging immigration to a greater extent than is necessary, but I do not think the door to immigration should be shut completely. Right now, however, too many native-born Canadians are suffering from unemployment. Immigration on an increased scale will only aggravate the position.



Erika Weissenbach
Dept. 36.
"Yes".

Canada is a land of unlimited opportunities but it is essential that immigrants selected be the type who are willing to attempt any kind of work

open to them in order to become established. Those who feel it beneath their dignity to perform the more basic types of work should not be encouraged to come to Canada.

David Anderson
Dept. 36.
"Yes and No".

Immigration should continue to be encouraged but more selectivity should be applied with respect to the vocational skills of potential immigrants. I feel that industry is presently overcrowded; therefore more emphasis should



be placed upon the need for farm labourers and for people to engage in the type of work where there is presently a scarcity of labour.



William Bain
Dept. 85.
"Yes".

Canada is a young country and requires immigration in order to expand. I do not feel, however, that our immigration policy should be wide open, but should be

governed to a certain extent by the Canadian employment situation. The Department of Citizenship and immigration should maintain a close scrutiny on industry in order that the demand in various occupational fields can be observed, and immigration policies governed accordingly.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN OUR MAGAZINE

By John Stanford, Dept. 85

I would like to see a series of articles which would familiarize each person in the plant with the functions of the other departments, which he cannot see because of his confined working area. In this way the employee would be able to grasp the whole picture and feel that he, or she, were part of a team whose object was to produce the best possible product.

Furthermore, a continuation of this series dealing with our equipment after it leaves our factory, from its installation to its use by subscribers, would help our employees to realize that they are not simply working eight hours a day. They would realize that through teamwork the installers and staff of Automatic Electric are helping to make life more pleasant for some, and business more convenient for others.

When a man realizes that through his efforts to do a good job he is helping to build a secure future for his Country, his Company and himself, while at the same time he is making lasting friendships among his fellow workers, he may be proud.

John's contribution won our \$25.00 prize for the most interesting letter relating to "Linefinder" content. Congratulations!

AUTOMATIC'S TWO "WISE OWLS"

It is not generally known that among Automatic employees there are two who can boast of a special distinction in the important business of safety.

Mrs. Mary Blanchard, Dept. 32, was the first "Wise Owl" in the whole of Ontario (and there are some who maintain she was the first in Canada). Mrs. Shirley Boulton, Dept. 32, was the second.

The "Wise Owl" Club is an organization of men and women in industry who have prevented the loss of one or both eyes by wearing safety goggles on the job.

The Club is patterned on the famous "Caterpillar Club" formed by the Allied Air Forces during the War, and made up of those who had saved their lives by the use of a parachute.

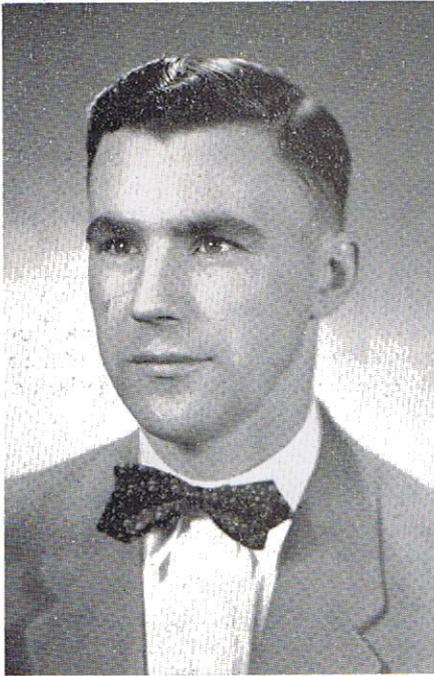
The Club is simply a means of recognizing those individuals who have been wise enough to protect their eyes through making use of the protective equipment supplied by the Company.

Each member is given a street-coat lapel pin, and a membership certificate in the Club. This recognition of the wisdom of eye protection has had a considerable effect in encouraging employees to use goggles and other protective devices. Delayed congratulations to both our members of the "Wise Owl" Club.

IF—

If you can smile when everyone is talking,
Nor breathe a word, although you know so much,
Hold in disdain what all the rest are hawking,
And still pretend to be quite out of touch:
If you can sit still amidst the crowd,
Just thinking,
Isolated like an egg between two plates,
Not whistling after *them*, or winking,
And neither dallying nor making dates:
If, in the stress of life you never
Become unhinged or, furious, raise the roof;
If you can live stuck in the mud for ever,
Expressionless, immobile, and aloof;
If you can sit, or lie and yawn a little,
Never — hardly ever — having fun,
Yet seeming not to care one jot or tittle,
You'll be a clam, my son!

—E.M.



Mr. D. Armstrong, Secretary and Treasurer

Mr. Armstrong is a man whose signature we most love to see — it appears on all our pay-checks. This duty — involving around 30,000 signatures a year — is but one of many demanding his attention. In any one year he may spend (on behalf of the Company) upwards of \$20,000,000 on raw material and other supplies which keep us in business.

Born in Toronto June 12th, 1921, Mr. Armstrong received his early education at the Jarvis Street Collegiate.

From the middle of 1943 to 1945 he served with the R.C.A.F., finishing up as a navigator.

This was followed by a number of years at the University of Toronto, where he graduated with a B.Comm.

He later took a post-graduate course in Accountancy, and afterwards became a Certified Public Accountant. He has the honour to be a Gold Medalist, which distinction he achieved by gaining the highest marks in the Final Examinations.

For a period of time he was associated with Brawley & Cathers Company, Investment Brokers, King St., Toronto, but thought Brockville a more pleasant place to live. He joined Automatic Electric on December 1, 1953.

He is a member of the Certified Public Accountants Association of Ontario.

His Club membership is confined to the Brockville Country Club. He and his family attend St. Peter's Anglican Church.

His tastes in music tend toward the classical, although his record purchases are limited to one or two a year.

The heavy responsibility he shoulders in our expanding organization restricts his reading to light fiction.

His main recreation: playing bridge.

OUR HOBBYISTS

It was a long, serious illness that caused Archie Clark to take up the fascinating hobby of leatherwork.

Archie, who works for our cheerful friend Mel Adams, in Dept. 34, spends over thirty hours a week working on purses and wallets. What was once occupational therapy has become an all-absorbing pastime for him.

Leather, we quickly learned from Archie, comes in various grades. Russian leather, originally vegetable-tanned calfskin dressed with birch oil which imparted a characteristic odor, and often dyed with brazilwood, is a trade name for a number of varieties.

Rawhide is similar to parchment and is untanned. Cordovan, or Spanish leather, a soft, coloured leather made at Cordoba during the Middle Ages and often richly modeled and gilded, is imitated for wall coverings and screens.

We had always thought that all parts of that domestic animal of the bovine genus descended from the Aurochs (we should have said cow, of course) was suitable for processing into leather goods. Such is not the case. The

most suitable hide comes from the under-belly of this quiescent animal and is called the "centre cut".

Archie uses a bewildering number of tools, among them punches, stipplers, scribers, tracers and dome sets. Only after a long "apprenticeship" was he able to manipulate them successfully.

It takes Archie twelve hours to make a wallet, and more than three days to make a purse, as the whole operation is a painstaking business.

All his family are enthusiastic leatherworkers, although his twelve-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son are not yet at the stage of perfection when they can work without fatherly supervision.

The laborious task of making a wallet starts with Archie placing his cardboard pattern on the hide and tracing it through. Then he wets the hide and commences to cut out the shape of the wallet-to-be.

One of the most tedious of the operations is that of lacing the outside edges. Archie claims he can do this while watching T.V.

He is lucky, inasmuch as he can indulge in his hobby anywhere. During the summer months this means he can spend most of his time by the river.

He doesn't enter competitions or attend craft shows. As far as he is concerned the pleasure he derives from working leather into useful objects is sufficient reward.



Archie Clark



QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Question (1)

Are there any plans available for Life Insurance and if so, are they contributory or non-contributory?

Answer (1)

The Company provides a "Plan for Death Benefits and Group Life Insurance". This plan provides all employees with free insurance and in addition, employees are eligible to enrol in the Company's contributory insurance plan when they have been employed three months.

Question (2)

Are they affected by length of service and salary earned?

Answer (2)

Both free and contributory plans are affected by length of service and salary earned. For example: the free insurance provided by the Company entitles the beneficiary of an employee with less than five years service to \$500 in the event of the death of an employee. If the employee's service was more than five but less than ten years, prior to his or her death, the beneficiary would receive 50% of one year's wages or salary, but not less than \$500 or more than \$2,000. If the employee had had ten years or more service, the beneficiary would receive 100% of one year's wages or salary; again not less than \$500 but not more than \$4,000.

Question (3)

If you do not avail yourself of the opportunity when first eligible is it possible to join at a later date.

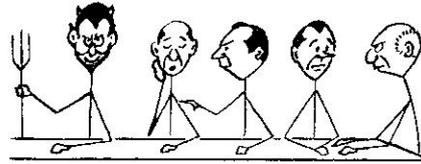
Answer (3)

Yes. However, if an employee has not availed himself or herself of the opportunity to enrol in the contributory scheme within three months of the date of eligibility, evidence of insurability will be required, i.e., a medi-

cal examination. The amount of an employee's contributory insurance is determined by the employee's annual wage or salary. However, female employees may not enrol for more than \$1,000 of insurance. Further, the amount of insurance to which an employee is entitled automatically changes on January 1 next following the date of change in wages or salary. (For this schedule of payments we would refer you to page three of the booklet, "Plan for Death Benefits and Group Life Insurance of Automatic Electric (Canada) Limited." This booklet may be obtained from the Personnel Department.

Submitted by:

Miss Pat Spicer, Dept. 85.



This is a picture of a conference. For the benefit of those who are not yet familiar with such things, a conference is a place where conversation is substituted for the dreariness of labour and the loneliness of thought.

(The characters depicted are not meant to represent specific individuals, except the friendly fellow with the pitchfork. That is the artist's conception of a Personnel Manager.)



Mr. E. R. O'Kelly presents one of the Door Prizes to Reed Fletcher

Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar

The first Autelcan dance, held April 5th at the Armouries, was a smash hit. Let's admit it was a wee bit on the cold side (a gremlin climbed into the heating system), but this was more than offset by our spirited hep cats who rock 'n rolled like crazy.

Such a happy occasion as the one at the Armouries is only made possible by the hard work of the few for the benefit of the many. While it is not possible to single out all those who worked behind the scenes, we feel everyone will agree that a vote of thanks should be given to Ivan Sinclair, Hi Laforty, Clara Beck and Earl MacIntosh.



Autelcans Swing Out at Armouries

DOWN THE LINE

FISHING has all the monotony of death without its discomfort, but for some unaccountable reason this sport has gained a stranglehold on its victims.

THE CONFIRMED fisherman will tell you that the fish is a cold-blooded animal and doesn't mind having a hook thrust into its esophagus. In fact, many rod-and-reel fans will go to great lengths to prove that fish place hook-in-gullet very high on their list of desirable things to experience.

BUT HOW can we be sure that this is how the fish reacts to a piece of cunningly-fashioned barbed steel? Is there any reason to assume that fish take to the fish hook like baby seals take to water? Perhaps we should delay our thinking on this until fish are able to converse with us.

A FEW BRIGHT summers ago a fishing addict persuaded me (by promising to provide a generous quantity of sack) to share his day of pleasure on the river. (The sack did not materialize, but that's another story). So, in between gaps in my friend's enthusiastic conversation about the Olympian delights of luring innocent fish to their untimely death, this scribe managed to poke in a few words of criticism.

I SHOULD have known better! If my friend is typical of all fishermen, then we are a lost race. After roundly cussing me he quietly told me I'd be better when it grew on me.

DURING THE COURSE of my first few hours with the rod I learned that there are thousands of varieties of flies—most of them with ridiculous names like "Farley Bundhook", "Skillet Whipper", "Mylos Norimba" and "Creels Delight". And the fishing habit *wasn't* growing on me!

YOU'LL FIND that most fishermen spend more time discussing the merits and demerits of whether you should use the muscles of the wrist or the arm in casting, than they do actually fishing. But to the unfortunate fish beneath, such debates are purely academic. As G.B.S. once said, "What difference does it make if you're killed with a prehistoric bow-and-arrow or the latest weapon of destruction—either way, you're dead".

AND SO it must be with our scaly brothers below the surface.

CAN THERE BE a more completely aimless human pastime than

watching a silly float bobbing up and down? I found the most successful method of avoiding the fishing habit was to fall asleep and forget about my primeval ancestors.

SURE, YOU occasionally catch a fish, but if you try to prove it, you'll find that it's cost you about \$25 a pound.

BOWLING



Mona Kelly, Dept. 33, displays some of her many trophies for bowling. From what we hear, Miss Kelly is quite the most formidable player around these parts. Her highest round, 750.

ROAD-HOG TIME

(From Page 3)

Again, in our ignorance, we fail to understand why the Road-Hog has so little regard for other people's property, and particularly the other guy's car. Inspired carelessness, in dress, is a sartorial art, but the same approach, when applied to parking a car, is nothing less than obdurate, self-centred arrogance.

If an appeal to common decency is insufficient we can only hope (and sincerely) that the Road-Hog ends up where he rightly belongs—behind bars!

We fully realize that not all of our employees who drive cars belong in the wretched Road-Hog class. The vast majority of our driving employees are civil, capable and considerate. They will, we feel sure, echo the sentiments expressed in this article. The others will not. But if these somewhat blunt remarks shock, anger, annoy or irritate the Road-Hogs, they will not have been penned in vain.

(To avoid any misunderstanding, the Editor would like to point out that the cars used to illustrate this article belong to George Eland, our photographer, and himself. The Editor is indebted to Police Chief Young for his co-operation in supplying the accident figures quoted).



"Here's a peculiar one. It's a sympathy card from your employees—to ME!"

Can you **A**-fford an accident
Are you **C**-autious, or
Are you **C**-areless
Do you find yourself **I**-ndifferent to Safety Rules
And do you **D**-epend upon luck
Are you **E**-arnestly
concerned about **N**-ot being injured
And do you avoid **T**-aking chances,—short cuts.
Do you wear **P**-rotective clothing
Do you always check your **R**-espirator before using
Do you have proper **E**-ye protection
Are you **V**-igilant
And do you **E**-ntreat others
By suggesting that they **N**-ever indulge in "horseplay"
Do you believe in **T**-oe protection with safety shoes
Do you take an active part **I**-n the Safety Programmes, or
Do you believe safety is **O**-nly for the "sissies"
Seriously, Accidents are **N**-efarious in nature.