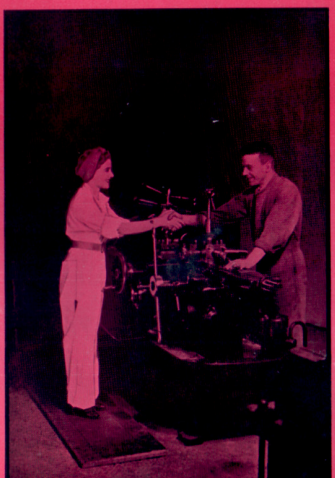
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STRETCH YOUR FEET
& YOUR IMAGINATION
AND drink it with
FLOWERS at the
"ORIENT"
SPRINGFIELD ROAD

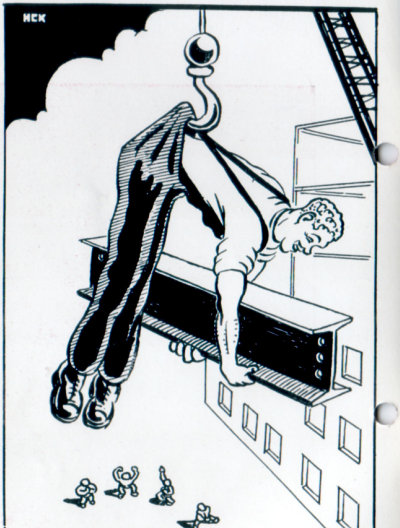


PROPRIETOR S. CASEY.

MACKIE'S MAGAZINE



YOUR SUPPORT OF OUR ADVERTISERS IS SOLICITED





My Dear Fellow Employees,

I understand from some of my old hands, who, like myself, remember what was then called the Great War, that you are anxious to reconstruct a Magazine on similar lines to that inaugurated in 1915.

This was a relaxation which I believe was thoroughly appreciated by our workpeople and their friends, and had a tendency to create good-natured rivalry and good friendship between the various sections of the works.

After the strenuous work which you are now called on to do in the cause of liberty, I would be most happy to acquiesce to anything which would lift our hearts, and I am looking forward with great interest to the first of these publications.

The Great War was child's play compared with what we are all going through now—men, women and children are all in the front line trenches—and it is, therefore, up to everyone to do their utmost to gain final victory.

I hope Mr. Censor will not in any way curb the latent talent which I know exists in the various departments, and would take this opportunity of wishing the Magazine every success.

Yours Sincerely
Lou T. Macrae

Mackie's Running Commentary published under the Title of

MACKIE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2 No. 1 *SEPTEMBER, 1941*

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Editorial Comment

Dear Friends,

It is my privilege to announce to you the revival of Mackie's Mag., which after a lapse of many years has found life anew. In so doing, I take this opportunity of appealing to all members of the firm, whether Staff or Works, to co-operate in every manner possible, and thus ensure the success and popularity of our journal.

Knowing of the many and varied talents with which our workers are possessed, I feel sure these same talents will find expression through these pages, thus emulating that traditional spirit of lightheartedness and good humour which has been our heritage all down through the ages, and enabled Britons of all times to smile and "carry on" in spite of danger and impending peril.

It is thus we are providing an outlet for all possessed of a desire to do their part in "carrying on," and trust our efforts will meet a ready response from all interested.

I shall be pleased to hear from the readers any suggestions or criticisms, which will receive due consideration.

P.S. I should say that this publication was delayed through enemy action :— See poem entitled "Priority."

P.P.S. The Editor wishes to state he has both trunks packed in case of emergency.

I remain, yours very truly,

The Editor

round corners, through flesh and blood, and out of the back of their necks. But little by little he is convincing himself that he can't possibly be as dumb as they said, and begins to wonder when they'll let him get a smack at something with a rifle.

With this growing confidence in himself the recruit can once again look straight into a man's eyes, so they take him away and initiate him into the mysteries of aiming and trigger pressure, and one day his cup of happiness is brim full—they take him to the "Miniature."

Now, rookie, I agree with you that holding your breath just gives you palpitation of the heart, and that the ignorant gommeril ing beside you should always wait till you have fired first, tead of letting bang just as you had the bull balanced on the blade, and the tip of the blade dead centred on the horizontal of the U and were taking the second pressure. Again I agree you can't argue with that man when he says you pulled through both pressures at once and didn't keep the gun steady. Besides, as you say, who—from Hell to Connaught—could hit anything with him running round looking for trouble.

The time comes, finally when the recruit smacks the bull where the Book of Words says, and, glowing with satisfaction and his efforts to regain his normal breathing, pulls out a nicker and touches an N.C.O. for a light.

The transformation is accomplished, the rookie has given place to the man, and once again, Alec, mother nature has had her way.

Barnum said there was one born every minute.

. . . —

"TALKING SHOP"

at is it that attracts a certain fitter from A.P.2 to Machine No. 32 in A.P.1 Shop?

What night-foreman is known as "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp?"

A.P.1 would like to know what the flighty fitter would do if there were four shifts instead of three? Would he find a 6 lb. machine always in need of repair?

A wedding took place recently in Crescent Church between Miss Eleanor McKnight (late of Gill Shop) and Mr. Leonard Churm. Congratulations.

We also hear that Miss D. Robinson has become engaged. Who is the lucky Naval Officer?

Is it true that two well-known foremen are thinking seriously of finding a way to avoid paying Income Tax? If so, girls beware!

We have on record a humorous incident in which a director, engaged in conversation, held his hand out (presumably for keys). A lady coming from the corridor, seeing outstretched hand, immediately grasped same in a hearty handshake.

The Editor feels sure that the sketches and personalities which will appear in this and subsequent issues will meet with an immediate demand for more.

. . . —

"OUR FIRST SCOOP"

WE pridefully present our first, but we are confident not our last SCOOP!!! Our special representative, at great personal risk, has just obtained full details of the most amazing and revolutionary invention ever to have its inception within the Sacred Portals of Albert Foundry. We fully realise the sweeping nature of this statement and mak› it with all due seriousness bearing in mind the earth-shaking achievements of Doctor Schneider, Albert Lovett and Norman Hill.

The main credit must go to Mr. Frank Hunter—so much we have been able to gather—despite his usual self-effacement, but Mr. William Banks has also been of considerable assistance especially in the drawing up of foreign patent applications. The latter's intimate knowledge of the lower class dives of Hamburg and Berlin together with his experience of dealing with certain Central European Jews (and Jewesses) has enabled him to produce a waterproof document guaranteed to withstand any stresses or stains it may be called upon to bear.

Put as simply as possible the new invention consists of a machine to enable costs to be turned out in the minimum possible time or less, and as such is sure to be received with boundless joy by the directorate (especially Mr. Lavens) not to mention the lesser fry such as Davy Evans and Sam Grant.

The beauty of the mechanism is its simplicity and the ease with which the component parts can be obtained without the necessity of applying for Board of Trade Licences. The main portion consists of a second-hand mangle, preferably at least thirty years old, fitted with a J. M. & S. automatic card feed, and at the delivery with a J. M. & S. roll former. To the mangle rollers is attached the Hunter-Banks separator.

The stores requisitions, inwards invoices, wages books, etc., are gathered in a large basket and tipped into the hopper of this feed in lots of one cwt., passed through the machine and delivered in the form of dense and compact rolls, each roll representing the complete costs for one month. The pay is made up from the rolls which are then stored for reference preferably in Hunter's back garden.

It was originally intended that electric motor drive should be employed, but in view of the amount of work which Mr. McCreary has in hand and the desirability of having the machine in early operation, the patentees now visualise the use of office boy power.

The importance of the invention will be apparent even to the less intelligent employees of the Foundry, such as foremen, and hearty congratulations will be extended to the hardy pioneers.

P.S. Our representative has heard rumours for the truth of which he cannot vouch, that an even more up-to-the-minute machine is on the drawing-board, by the use of which the July costs will be available by the preceding April.

. . . —



S. H. 1

Since they brought the girls into Mackie's
The old place has not been the same,
It is more like a morgue than a foundry,
For all the tough guys have gone tame.

No wonder we talk of the good old days,
And the times we have had in the past,
Before the skirt came and ruined the place,
And the machines didn't go quite so fast.

The parade starts at six in the morning,
And continues throughout the whole day,
It's a mystery to we lads, who keep a look out
How the devil they make any pay.

It used to be when we wanted some tools,
We said "Ernie, we need this or that."
But since the girls came, it's not quite the same,
It's not "Ernie," but "Please, Mr. Stott."

Ernie walks round the shop, as he does so well,
The girls stampede to see Mr. Stott,
He gives each of them a couple of shells,
Says "Sorry, but that's all I've got."

They can work the machines with the greatest of ease,
If there's something to make, they can make it.
When the setters up yap about them making scrap,
They just shrug and exclaim "We can take it."

The girls change over at two o'clock,
From the bridge, the bondmen look on
With their eyes agleam, as they view the Stock,
And then pick the brunette from the blonde.

Some wear their skirts, and some their pants,
At the best its a motley throng,
Not like the fellows who work twelve hours,
They don't like to work very long.

Jimmy Gwynne comes round with the work cards,
And he's smiling all over his face,
He says to himself "This is just what we need"
To put some life into the place.

But when the War's over we'll miss them,
And many a romance will be made,
For the devil himself couldn't resist them,
So hats off to "The Mackie's Brigade."

HOW TO MAKE A DRAWING

Ingredients :—1 drafting machine, 1 sheet drawing paper, 1 drawing board, 6 drawing pins, 1 6.H. pencil, 1 rubber, 1 foreman's elbow, 1 foreman's copying ink pencil, 1 shop board.

Method :—Pin a sheet of drawing paper to the board by means of the 6 drawing pins, making sure the paper is well stretched. Put a chisel point on the 6.H. pencil, and by means of the drafting machine and the pencil make a number of lines on the paper, intersecting the lines where necessary. (Note : the number of lines or the method of intersection is not important, as one of the foremen are blessed with intelligence). When sufficient lines have been added leave the drawing for a while, and on return lift the shop board from the top of it, and with the rubber endeavour to remove the stains.

When as many of the stains as possible have been removed, add some more lines, and if a pair of compasses is convenient a few circles will improve the finished drawing. By this time the foreman will be beside you with his copying ink pencil. Stand to one side and he will immediately proceed to decorate the drawing with his copying ink pencil, and at the same time press his elbow (which has been previously dipped in grease and dirt) on the most complicated places. When he has finished and gone, remove drawing from board, tear in pieces and make another one. You will never run out of foremen.

. . . —

The Editor has secured the following articles which will appear in subsequent issues

"In Cool Surroundings"	Harry Campbell
"Sparks in the Night"	Hubert Nesbitt
"The Mighty Atom"	Billy Courtney
"The Value of Sleep"	T. A. Lloyd
"The Doctor's Dilemma"	Seymour Clark
"Making Piece Work Pay"	Sam Wilson
"The Tapper's Lament"	Bob Speers

"MACKIEISMS"

Have you heard of Edward Ritchie,
A name now known to all,
His palms they get so itchy
When he makes his usual call.

• • • —

Do you know Jimmy Reynolds? A setter up of note,
He works up in the top flat, on him the girls do dote,
He's getting fat and chubby, a penance for his sins,
While wishing him the best of luck, we hope the next is twins.

• • • —

In our room works a girl called Florrie,
Each night, as the clock strikes twelve,
She leaves in an awful hurry,
To the A.P.1 she will delve.

• • • —

In the testing room there works a maid
Who thinks she is a honey.
If you should ask "How she is made?"
We say, "Like two-ton Tony."

• • • —

There was a young spark named Andy
And he was a bit of a dandy,
The girls in the cage,
Had him soon in a rage,
When they stripped him and found he was bandy.

• • • —

You've heard of him sure, he's in the D.O.,
That paradise blest where saints long to go,
But saintly or not—'tis true, I'm not fibbin'—
He's one of the best, is ould Charlie Gribben.

• • • —

His name it is Darby, and we all do love
This great little man from the shop up above,
He's cheerful and willing, never has tarried,
The girls do declare, "What a pity he's married."

• • • —

We've known him for years, to our cost it is true,
His hair it has turned to a silvery hue,
He's doing his penance, preparing for heaven,
We doubt if he'll get there, for his name is Evans.

Ode to Machinemen *BY INSPECTORS*

The machine men, they are such a wonderful crew,
They remind you of that old gent, named Mad Carew.
They butcher more stuff, than tongue sure can tell,
'Tis no wonder that Gracey sends them all to H——l.
When they come to the inspection, to have their job passed,
You'd think that the next day on earth was their last.
There's wee Dickey Hutton, the machine men's top hand,
He'd be doing much better, making flutes for a band.
And then comes Tom Wright, the lad with the yarns,
We hear that at present he's sleeping in barns.
[illegible] off to the Yank, the guy from the States,
When the sirens do blow, you should see him on skates.
Comes wee Johnny Spool, wi' his half'un o' whisky,
No wonder his wife says "He's getting quite frisky."
But taking them all, they're not a bad mob,
You can tell all the world, they are doing a man's job.

• • • —

CHARLIE PEDDLER

If you want a pen or pencil,
Drawing pin or "UNO" stencil,
Block of paper, ruled or plain,
Rubber band or coloured crayon,
Indian Ink, red black or blue,
Writing ink in simliar hue.
Blotting paper or erasers,
Small steel scrapers, sharp as razors,
Compass lead or mucilage,
Detailed list of every gauge,
Client's name in any nation,
New frame numbers in rotation,
Mapping pens, or index cards,
How to bring square miles to yards,
Combinations, permutations,
Any other calculations,
History, grammar, Euclid, maths,
Problems both in chess and draughts,
Golden numbers, human races,
Pi to thirteen decimal places,
Magic squares, unknown equations,
Songs or rhymes for all occasions.
So if your wants must be supplied,
Mr. Gribben will provide.

Ode to Inspectors

BY MACHINEMEN

Half a thou, half a thou,
Half a thou, under,
In the Aircraft inspection
They worry and wonder.
Not one can read the "mike,"
That half-baked bunch o' tripe,
Whom we can never like,
Us they do scunder.
Stormed at by Sammy Brown,
Machine men they'd like to drown,
Fifteen thou, up or down,
Over or under.
Just slip them half-a-crown,
They cease to wonder.
Kirkwood to left of them,
Richardson to right of them,
They are but sights o' men,
Led to the fore.
Forward blue print brigade,
Blue prints are only made
For you to be dismayed
Still more and more.
This mob of hungry mutts
Drive good machine men nuts,
B fits don't count for much,
Thus are we scundered.
Now we will draw the veil,
And end our little tale,
Fetch them the mop and pail,
Someone has blundered.
(With apologies to Lord Tennyson).

. . . —

"TALKING SHOP"

Overheard in the D.O. :—"Poor Eddie has become a martyr to the cause."

Overheard in the Wages Office :—"But how on earth did the police ever let them out again." Somehow, I don't like this.

Overheard in Hardening Dept. :—"If I hadn't the institution of a horse, I couldn't stand it."

Overheard in Gill Shop :—"The wee 'S———' wouldn't give me a pass out."

UNCLE TOM'S POST BAG

Dear Friends, I shall be delighted to receive each month any hints, advertisments, news of general interest, etc., for this page. All correspondence treated confidentially.

UNCLE TOM.

. . . —

LOST In drilling department, a piece work clerk. Large reward if not found.

. . . —

NTED By canteen officer. A sure method of satisfying everyone. Reward the canteen.

. . . —

WANTED By boring operator in Gill Shop, a sure and certain manner of exterminating all clockers and gaugers.

. . . —

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Peter We regret we cannot furnish you with any additional swear words at the moment, but expect to be in a position to do so ere this magazine is much older.

Weary Wylie No. The editor cannot award you the temperance badge this month. Better luck next time.

Angry Plumber Your case is a delicate one, and we don't think dropping a pipe on his head would do the trick. Why not try a machine?

Troubled Waters Not being an authority on such matters of which you ask, we cannot enlighten you as to what to expect. However, we do wish you the best of luck, and twins.

Dear Bob Fully realising the effects on the older men, due to employment of girls, we appreciate your request, but know of no treatment other than monkey glands. We are afraid the old timers will have to be content with "wishful thinking."

Blondie Your claim for the purity badge this month is being carefully considered.

HEARD IN THE CANTEEN

T. McMaster :—"Hawaii, men. You must be Hungary."

1st Worker :—"Yes, Siam, and we can't Roumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?"

T. McMaster :—"I'll Russia table. What'll you Havre?"

2nd Worker :—"Anything at all, Irish stew if you have it, but can't Jamaica a little speed?"

T. McMaster :—"I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska."

1st Worker :—"Never mind asking anyone. Just put a d[illegible] sugar in our China."

T. McMaster :—"Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia."

2nd Worker :—"Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

T. McMaster :—"No, and I don't Carribean. You fellows sure Armenia."

Boss :—"Samoa your wisecracks, is it? What's got India? You think maybe this arguing Alps business?"

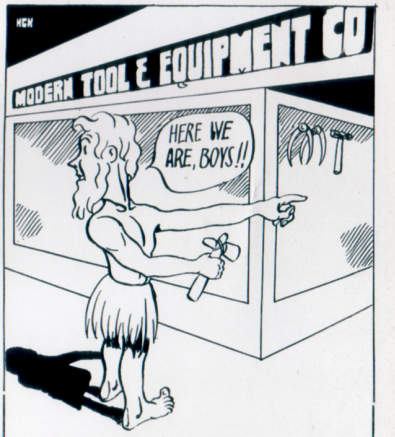
Both Workers :—"Canada noise. Spain in de neck. We Moscow now."

. . . —

GRAND CANTEEN CONCERT

Willie Growler	With his Performing Alsation (Bangor bred)
Big "Geordie"	The Melancholy Tenor will sing "I'm Happy When I'm Miserable"
Archie & Seymour	In "Coughs and Cures"
John Jackson	Recitations from "The Form Book"
Priority Male Quartette Messrs. Toner, Elliott, Courtney, Gracey	Will sing "It's Only a Beautiful Picture in a Beautiful Golden Frame"
Gowns By	Roberta Hill
Production Manager	Francis Palmer

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