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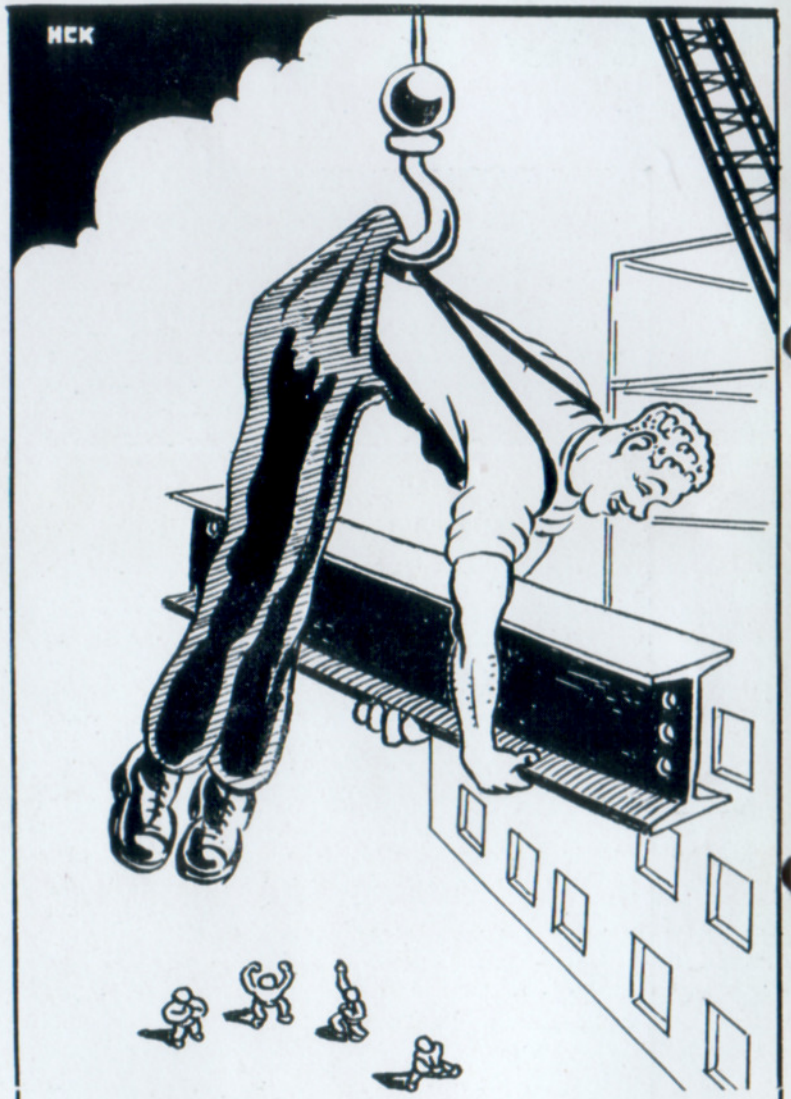


PROPRIETOR S. CASEY.

MACKIE'S MAGAZINE



YOUR SUPPORT OF OUR ADVERTISERS IS SOLICITED



"'Salright, lads, I got these overalls at
CRAIG'S of NORTH STREET"

Mackie's Running Commentary published under the Title of

MACKIE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2 No. 2 *OCTOBER, 1941*

Editorial Comment

Dear Lads and Lassies,

While our solicitors are clearing up those little matters arising out of our first number, we venture to launch this second copy of the Magazine.

We have received many valuable criticisms of the September issue, and wish to thank all who took the trouble to let us know what they liked or disliked, and what they would like in future. We are very much dependent on your suggestions, for we wish to keep it your Magazine, and even if we tell you at the time "What do you want for sixpence? A blooming annual!" we still welcome your ideas, so let us have them.

We have been able to add four pages to this issue, and hope, if funds permit, to make a further increase later. We have very ambitious ideas about running a small competition with real prizes (out of Woolworth's) and also ——— but just wait and see.

It may be of interest to many to know that, although we aim to devote the bulk of the proceeds from sales to improving the standard of future issues, we are also putting something past each month to be sent to local charities. In collaboration with the Welfare Committee, copies of the Mag. are being sent to past workmates in H.M. Forces. Open letters from them for publication will be much welcomed by the Editor.

Finally, may we again appeal to all departments to keep their end up in the Magazine. Contributions should not be too long, for we don't like having to cut good work. More prose is required, but verse is always welcome.

Topical articles are wanted, but they must not be too personal. Our solicitors are busy men. So keep it going all, its up to you. Cheerio,

The Editor

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THE S. H. 4

To all the folk it may concern, just gather round and listen this narrative about my work is surely not for "missin'". My daily bread is earned each day by the simple task of gauging, but do not me a gauger call, or soon you'll have me raging: inspector, if you please, that's me, examiner would do, but call me gauger if you want to hear me hiss and boo. In S.H.4 is where I work, a grinder near the site, the little parts come tumbling out, and I'm to see they're right. To pass them slack would mean the sack, and this I can't afford, for after all a girl must live and pay her room and board. Now, Billy Hamilton's my boss, and would be hard to beat for kindness mixed with foremanship, he surely is a treat. And when we're on the "ten till six," and mealtime it comes due, like Florence Nightingale of old he leads us round into the Canteen, where we get our food so early in the morn, and "dally" there, as women do, till just before the horn. So, garbed in boiler suits of blue, with hats like chef's to match, we toil and sweat, and "gabble" too of men we want to catch. Our ears are cocked to hear the sound of siren's lonely wail, informing us that Jerry's here, and telling us to sail like moonbeams on the summer breeze. To shelters we abound, while others to the hills will go a-lie close to the ground; they lie so low they seldom hear the welcome "raiders' past," but 'tis sweet music to our ears as we go back "en masse." Each part I pass I breathe a prayer that it will find its home in Libya's far-off desert on some "Wop" or "Hitler" dome. Though just a girl, I have no love for any Axis boundary; I'm anti "Wop" and anti "Hun," but pro-pro "Albert Foundry." So take my tip and do your bit; when victory comes along you'll have the knowledge that you helped in keeping right o'er wrong, and maybe in the days to come, when memories hold the door, you will recall the happy hours you spent in S.H.4.

FOUNDRY

Come and see the foundry,
You'll meet a happy band;
You're sure to recognise us,
Though mostly black with sand.
Be sure to come at casting time,
Which is the hour of three;
Just give the "guard" the "glad eye,"
Admission then is free.
Go right down to the furnace,
Anyone will give the wire,
And you can have a good warm up
At Shilliday's wee fire.

. . . —

OUR "SETTER UP"

Our bold setter up—yes, Paddy's the name—
We know that we won't ever get one the same,
For, faith, with us women he doesn't get cross,
Although we torment him, he never does boss.
And Percy the fitter, he sure is a treat,
For with our machines now he cannot be beat;
The turn of a spanner, the twist of a screw,
And soon they are going far better than new.

. . . —

THE SCOTSMAN

The lassies in oor shop, ye ken,
Aye wirk as hard as ony men,
And England kens that a' is weel
Wi' lads like Hamilton and Steel.

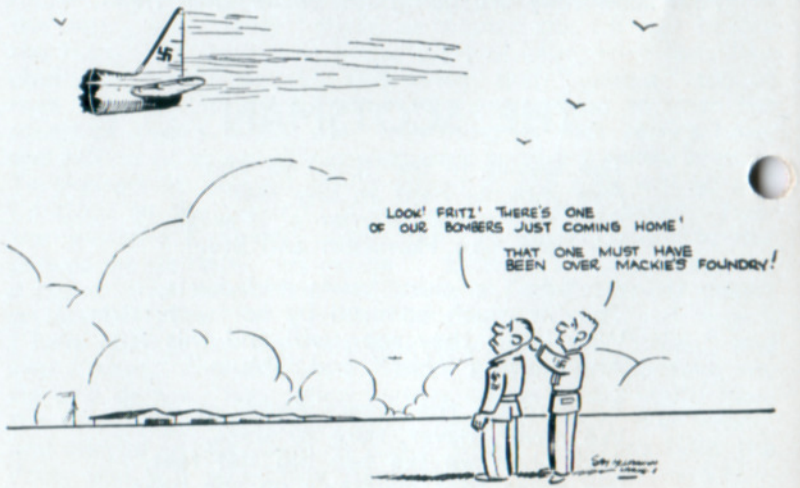
At fitba', cricket, bowls and dairts,
They're much admired by oor wee tairts,
Wha know they soon will end this fuss
Annihilating "Hit" and "Muss."

All through the dreary night we work,
We never, never, dare to shirk,
And when we see two big flat feet,
We know that Hammy's on the beat.

THE PENSION

We've had good news to-day dear, as sure as you're alive,
They're giving me a pension at the age of sixty-five.
When I reach sixty-five, dear (don't think that is a jest),
We'll have a little money as we take our well earned rest.
It's guaranteed five years, dear, after I'm sixty-five,
So you will be provided for e'en if I'm not alive.
And if fate be unkind, dear, and I'm beneath the sod
Before the age of sixty-five, you still won't have to plod
Through your remaining years, dear, for that's allowed for too.
A sum of near three hundred pounds is paid in cash to y
If I can bluff the boss, dear, throughout the next few yea
And make him think I'm still as good, we wont have many fears,
For I'll soon be sixty-five, dear, I haven't long to go,
My hair is getting thin and grey, and my cheeks have lost their glow.
There's crow's feet underneath my eyes, and my "pressure's" much reduced,
But still I feel quite young, dear, now the pension's introduced.

. . . —



THE TRINITY

This magazine will never sell
Unless we make some mention
Of three great men we know so well,
Please give me your attention.

Their names are Jack, and John and Bob—
A most unholy three,
And they are always on the job
When anything may be free.

Jack made his name, and rose to fame,
By building our dry spinner,
And be it said, not to his shame,
He ne'er got any thinner;

He grew quite chubby and quite fat.
Good nature did possess him,
And though no longer on the spot,
Our prayer is "May God bless him."

Of John we fain would add a line,
And duly ask his pardon,
At drawing frames he was sublime,
So he soon rose to stardom.

Now every dog will have his day,
And some old dogs are clever,
We hope that this one's here to stay
While footins last for ever.

Of Bob, that mighty man of note,
We know not how to place him,
But we can say what can't be wrote,
In case we might disgrace him.

The Sliding Shop o'er which he reigns
Full many a tale could tell.
Some men may wish him Heaven above,
And some may wish him H——l.

Now, we have introduced these three,
Their virtues have displayed,
We hope they read these lines with glee,
And still be undismayed.

To them these lines we now inscribe,
And have but just one whim—
That oft with them we may imbibe
Jove's Nectar to the brim.

HOME GUARD HOMILIES

2. THE RANK AND FILE

. . . —

NO, Alex, you've got it wrong. I know that "rank" is something offensive, and that a "file" is a rough thing; but when Home Guards are under discussion "rank and file" is used as a term for the members who have no distinguishing marks of their outstanding abilities, such as a corporal's stripes, or a captain's pips, or a machine gunner's swelled head.

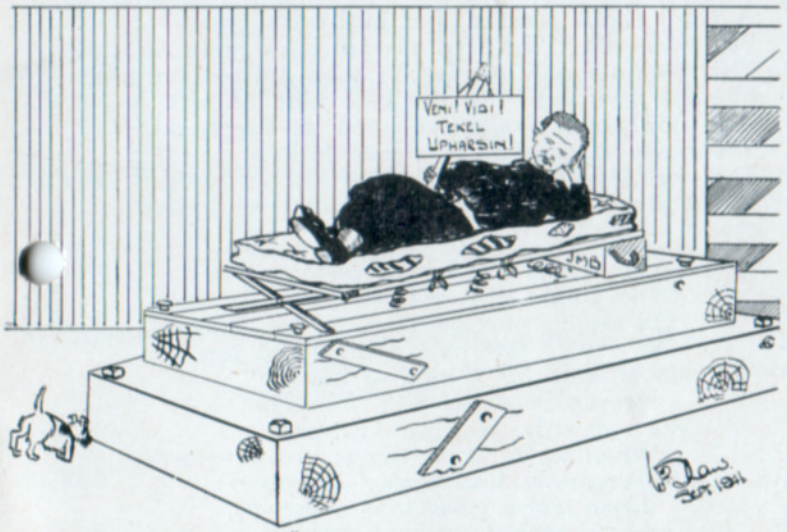
You see, when the company parades they generally "fall in in threes," meaning three men get one behind the other—this is a file—and the remainder line up on their left, making three rows or ranks. Now if the total number on parade isn't divisible by three, they make what's called a "blank file." This is just a piece of bluff, for no matter what way the lines are facing "blank file" always fills up the front rank. He does this by hopping from the first to the third rank in accordance with the direction they are facing, and so he brings happiness to the Big White Chief by kidding him into thinking there's nobody missing. Afterwards, of course, "blank file" bums to the "doll" about it as if it was some special promotion he'd got.

The zest and courage of the rank and file is exemplified by their behaviour during the hard winter of '40, when the Guard mustered every night with the thermometer broken and nothing to comfort them but a game of nap while the wireless blared and the sausages sizzled on the gas ring. Let it be recalled how, after their two hours' patrol in the canteen, they crawled wearily—at the double—up to their palliasses with only one pillow and two blankets, and were afraid to put on more than one bucket of coal at a time since the night the whole fireplace went ablaze.

That was service of the noblest kind, but sure haven't the rank and file been described as the backbone of the Home Guard, and doesn't everybody know that without backbone the rest is just a mass of spineless jelly.

We learn, from inspired sources, that Andy Gourley has already started to mark off the base plate for a memorial to commemorate the courage and devotion to duty of the rank and file of the Guard. Andy has promised on many occasions to have it ready just about the time Adolf Schikelgruber Hitler is exterminated—with the other vermin howling round him. The memorial will be set up between the boss loft and the canteen, and will be composed of a broken camp bed with a decontaminated palliasse surmounted by the recumbent figure of McCarroll bearing Jerry's flame-thrower, on the muzzle of which will hang a card—printed by Ac. Dockets department—reading "veni, vidi, tekel upharsin"; so that all who pass may shed a tear.

. . . —



"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM"

MACKIEISMS

Stewart's a name, Scotch to be true,
And we have a Stewart in shop A.P.2,
Each week he complains when wages are due,
Till we ask "Is he Scotch?" or "Is he a Jew?"

. . . —

He works in the tool-room, does Davy,
The reason his hair is so wavy,
He's surely a glutton
For fat "bacon cuttin,'"
And sprinkles his dome with the gravy.

. . . —

There are two foremen in this place,
There's Harry and there's Sammy;
But when you ask a half-day off,
They act as if they're balmy.

. . . —

Who is the foreman, when telling his son his experiences during the last war, was interrupted by his son exclaiming: "Were you there all by yourself, Daddy?"

. . . —

A word about Martha, her husband's away,
But who said "She wanted him back home to stay"?
Then Minnie got married, it took quite some pluck,
However, we wish her the best kind of luck.
And now about Freda, we know as Langhorne,
She never is grumpy, nor ever forlorn,
Tho' her Gridley is slow, yet she never gets flustered,
While Betty's is faster and hotter than mustard.

. . . —

Who is the fair-haired glamour boy
Who thinks the girls all jump for joy
On seeing him go through the Shop?
Oh, my! But he's a great big sap.
Never wait for things to happen,
Heaven does not beg on earth;
We can only gain our Heaven
When we've done things Heaven-worth.
We can only find life's high place
When we've given out ourselves,
There is nothing so soul-weary
As life's dust on unused shelves.

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 On Sunday, August 31st., between Dublin and Belfast, 5½ plumbers. Penalty for finding same—Hughie Campbell's job.

. . . —

ADVICE Regards above, Uncle Tom would like to tender some advice to all plumbers. Always, when travelling, make certain your carriage is coupled to the engine. This is important if you want home, and to old Billy might I add that windows are made to see through.

. . . —

CORRECTION The Aircraft inspection wish me to make it clear to all machinemen that at no time did they ever receive a half crown. The most to date was one and fourpence.

. . . —

WANTED The ingredients used by A.P.2 in their famous mud bath. A.P.1 is anxious to add further ingredients to enable the girls there to attain some measure of beauty.

. . . —

PERSONAL Would any person having knowledge of a nice young widow with a wee country pub please communicate with top flat.

. . . —

QUERY A correspondent asks, "Why do the girls always go about the yard in pairs, and never singly"? Now, girls, who'll answer this saucy enquirer?

TALKING SHOP

We are delighted to learn of the engagement of Miss Gretta Cuthbert to Mr. John Logan. Best wishes of Editor to both.

The Editor was present at a delightful little function recently, at which the guest of honour, Mr. Tom Murphy, was made the recipient of a present from his colleagues. Mr. Fred Allen, in making the presentation, wished him all success in his new post. Messrs. Megaw and McCall also spoke of Mr. Murphy's worth and work while among them, and hoped to hear great things of him in the future. Mr. Murphy suitably replied. A musical programme was climaxed by Tom himself singing "I Don't Work for a Living."

A little bird whispered to the Editor that, at last, Winnie and Ronnie are about to patch things up, and all in the garden should be lovely.

I must make mention of the great interest shown by the members of our new works' band at the initial practice, held on Thursday, 18th inst., in the canteen. Their enthusiasm was so high that even their drummer knocked the head off his drumstick, just missing our manager by inches. The members appreciate the visit of Mr. P. Paisley, and it is significant that their first march was "Our Director." On the whole the practice was a success, and big things are expected in the near future. With bandsmen like Bob Beattie and L. McBride to coach and instruct it won't be long till our Home Guards can have their own band at their Church Parades.

Congratulations to Miss Margerate Elliott of A.P.1, also Rene Crawford, same department, on their engagement.

We are glad to see that, since our last issue, the order office is again adorned with the smiling features of Marjorie Graham, and trust she has fully recovered from her recent illness.

Who was the young lady who was seen sitting at the Castle Junction removing her shoes from off her feet, then walking home in her stockinged soles. Were your little "tootsies" sore, Margaret?

Did you ever see a blackbird with two hands? Yes: De Crowe. I hope the setter-up isn't upset.

Was wee Jack's coat one-and-sixpence per yard, or one-and-sixpence per week? We understand it was made in Short & Harlands—No shortage of material.

We hear Jimmy McClean would like a picture of Lorenzo painted on his big drum—what a beating it would get.

Because Billy Jordan on one occasion played for Armagh, we would like it known he is not just a big country yokel, and his "cast-iron" defence that day was not made by Rab Ritchie. It is dart boards Rab makes, and Geo. Low tells us that Rab is making a special one for Johnny Annesley who throws Jack Shilliday for a bag of Ballinderry onions, supplied by Albert Hunter; William Hamilton is holding the stakes, and Billy Moore and J. Coleman are holding him.

We can understand anyone swallowing a "lump in their throat"; but not the young lady in Gill Shop who swallowed two pins. Result: three days in R.V.H., and a dose of cotton wool.

. . . —

S. H. 2.

We have a sweet maiden named Jean,
Whose smile is a thing to be seen,
From near and afar it shines like a star,
Old McCrea sure gave us a queen.

. . . —

In this shop, where girls are so numerous
Dwells a maiden by name called Alice,
Sometimes sour, sometimes sweet, sometimes humorous,
But still we can bear her no malice.

. . . —

Some men are famed for things which they say,
And this one is famed also,
We won't tell you who, we live on our pay,
But the saying is "Definitely no."

. . . —

Our wee Betty is quite pert,
And nice to look upon,
But we would like a shorter skirt,
Her figure to adorn.

S. H. 1.

Big Bobbie Clugston or else B.B.C.,
Has prompted this poem, so read it with glee;
His mate, Alex Crawford, he keeps on the run,
As both of them labour in S.H.1.

His first job each night is to give out the rags,
So he sees that they're tied up and balled;
If he should give ribbons from out of his bag,
It's a shame what that poor man is called.

A gauger in Hope Street one day spotted Bob
Dressed up in his dickey and bow,
His dander was great as he moved through the mob,
One would think he'd just bought Sandy Row.

He takes charge of all the white water with swank,
And tells Alex to "Fetch him the wheels";
As they go up the entry to fill up the tank
You can hear some most unearthly squeals.

There's not much daylight in the entry at night,
And the entry's as black as your boot;
Bob yells at his mate—but, alas, its too late,
For the wheels have gone over his foot.

If you're walking that way, please don't feel dismay,
Nor think that the entry is haunted;
As the tank it was lifted and put on the wheels,
'Twas only Bob Clugston who grunted.

As they bring the white water back into the shop,
They all gather round it like seals,
And Bob says to Alex "There's plenty for all,
If they don't drink so much at their meals."

Coming up to our work, whether early or late,
The boys sometimes call in the pub;
But Bob never drinks, never smokes, nor does curse,
And never has played "Rubby-dub."

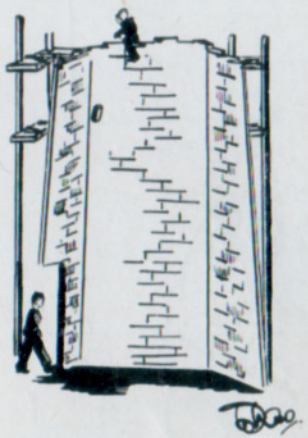
So now there's a war on, and work to be done
When you're out of the bustle and rush;
You're doing men's work, but please don't forget
That good men are wielding a brush.



"B. B. C."

AN AFFAIR OF GRAVITY

WHEN nature in her splendour did decree



That bodies which were
unsupported be

Drawn to the earth by force of
gravity,

Could she foresee

The time would come when down
a chimney stack

A brick at thirty-two per sec. per
sec.,

Would fall upon a foot with such a smack,
So painfully.

Or yet again—could one have never read

That "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread";

And in his ignorance risk his curly
head
So recklessly



Now nature's reasoning is hard to see,

She caused the brick to drop too soon
for me;

A half a second later, there would be
No agony.

A WET STORY

A young lady driller was idle one day,
When Bob asked her why, to him she did say,
"My water is stopped, I can't get it to flow,"
So to phone for a plumber away Bob did go.

Five minutes, ten minutes, then thirty went by,
No sign of the plumber to her eager eye;
But after an hour on the stairs did appear
Good Herbie, the plumber, his mate, and their gear.

"Come! Show me the fault, I'll soon make it right,
Myself and bold Hughie will work all our might,
We'll soon have you started and working once more,
So that you can still make the setters-up sore."

Herbie looked at the piping, and Hugh looked at him,
Then they started to kick up a terrible din,
They twisted and hammered, and fiddled for hours
With their big Stilson wrench, spanners, hammers and pliers.

Poor lads, they were soaking from water on floor,
And their backs sure did ache, and became very sore;
They had been on the job from nine-thirty, 'tis true,
And now it was almost a quarter-to-two.

Bob came round to see if the job it was done,
And the girl driller calmly was eating a bun.
Herbie, looking at Robert, said, ever so bland,
"Send for Norman and Isaac to give us a hand."

But an end to all trouble must come as you see,
For now the girl driller bent down on her knee;
She whispered some kind words, and stroked Herbie's hair,
But he scowled and went off up the shop like a bear.

At the foot of the shop he looked under the bench,
In his eyes appeared anger that nothing could quench;
And Bob thought that poor Herbie's mind had gone blank
As he screamed: "There's no water in this b—— tank."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Aladdin No ! Billy, we cannot explain the epidemic of marriages in your department, but, after investigation, we strongly advise you to be very wary, as we have had numerous enquiries as to whether you are married or not.

Weary Wylie You cannot take action against them for throwing you and your frying pan out of the car. You must learn to pick your company in future.

Youth Regards your enquiry, I have secured the following players to represent the old timers against your team : Goals : Billy Crawl. Backs : Dan Bones, C. Witherspoon. Halves : C. Gribben, Alfy McKinstry, Joe Baird. Forwards : Bob Neill, Joe, McMillan, Pappa Sharp, Archie Kent, Joe Long. Reserves : R. Clugston and Bob McCurley. Trainer : Bob Greer.

Curious The "Joe" mentioned in the poem "Priority" is one to whom the Editor is eternally grateful for his valuable assistance and advice in the re-birth and publication of our journal. Mr. Joe Toner, of James Moore Ltd.

Dimples You say you resent being called "Dimples" ! Well—grant me a date some night, and I will endeavour to cure the cause of your resentment.

Critic We admit that, as you say, some people talk a lot of nonsense, but is that any reason why you should write it ?

Pretty Ethel No dear, we cannot tell you Billy's age or wage. However, his father works in the top flat, ask him.

Peeved We know of no reason why you should not tell him what you think of him, except that he is a director.

Crooner We are sorry some notes trouble you in your singing. Are they the ones you get from the neighbours.

AN ENGINEER

is said to be a man who knows a great deal about very little, and who goes along knowing more and more about less and less, until finally he knows practically everything about nothing, whereas

A SALESMAN

on the other hand is a man who knows very little about a great deal, and keeps knowing less and less about more and more, until finally he knows practically nothing about everything.

A PURCHASING AGENT

starts out knowing practically everything about everything, but ends by knowing nothing about anything, due to his association with engineers and salesmen.

. . . —

SOME WORTHY MAXIMS

Gauging makes the heart grow harder.
Faint heart often wins fair bonus.
All are not bold that are fitters.
Two shifts are better than one.
Work, and grow thin.
A shell in need is a shell indeed.
Because you cannot be a star is no reason why you should be a cloud.
Do right, and fear no man ; don't write, and fear no woman.
The best thing about distant relations is—the distance.

. . . —

A TRIBUTE

We hear about our office, our workers, and our staff,
We hear of our directors, who don't do things by half,
But one we seldom hear of, and believe me 'tis the truth,
She's worthy of our praises, and she is known as Ruth.
Her task it is no easy one, she does her best to please,
Directors, managers and all she soon puts at their ease.
And after many a hearty meal contentment reigns supreme,
We pay this tribute one and all to Ruth ; the Dining Room Queen.

A PROGRESS CLERK'S DILEMMA

Down Aircraft way we have a guy
Who's always on the tramp,
At signing dockets he got sore,
So bought himself a stamp.
Next morn the dockets he did stamp,
And looked on them with glee,
Proceeded he to show Megaw
What clever boy was he.
Megaw was in an angry mood,
Our "progress" didn't know it;
He got the stamp back where he stood,
With curt request to "stow it."
The air was thick—the staff looked on,
Our "progress" is so willing,
He pleadingly looked round for help
At Robbie James McKillen.
He then came tearing down the shop,
Still thinking he was right,
But feeling he had been a sop,
He tried his pipe to light.
We all could see he wasn't pleased,
He surely is a swisher,
We leave you now to guess his name,
Who said S. W. ———?

. . . —

LEGS

Legs to the right of us, legs to the left of us,
Legs straight in front of us, how they display the
On they go trippingly, dainty and skippingly,
Frost that bites nippingly does not dismay them.
Straight legs and bandy ones, bum legs and dandy ones,
Awkward and handy ones, flirt with the breeze,
Round legs and flatter ones, thin legs and fatter ones,
'Specially the latter ones, showing their knees.
Straight and distorted ones, mates and ill-sorted ones,
Home and imported ones, how they do please.
We can't ignore them, 'cos we adore them,
So give us more o'em, if but to tease.

Californian.

THE BENCH GIRLS OF A. P. 1

Six dainty little wenches, examining every part,
Their work is interesting, they do their job so smart.
Fred Foster is their foreman, they all just think him swell,
And hope that he has many days among them all to dwell.

These dainty little wenches are tidy, neat and clean,
And are the finest bunch of girls that ever I have seen,
You always see them smiling, they like a little fun,
And often love to pull the leg of some "mother's lovely son."

Bina, she machine stamps, the imprint comes out nice,
And Ruth, she does the hand stamp on every perfect piece,
If they should have a misprint, caused by some mishap,
They ask the chief inspector if this is really scrap.

Violet she can use a gauge, she's clever and so quick
To detect every little part that may be eccentric.
Peggy, too, she has a gauge: "Diameter of the tracer,"
And she can fairly speed along, like any motor racer.

Lily is kept busy too, examining all those points,
She never seems to tire at all, or dislocate her joints.
Now we come to Edith, as cunning as a fox,
She inspects each finished part and puts it in a box;
Then she'll call for Rabbie, O dear! she is so cute,
And Rabbie takes the blooming things and sends them down the chute.

. . . —

GRAND CANTEEN CONCERT

Hugh Campbell	Performing on a Radiator
"Goldilocks"	With his Troupe of Beautiful Belles
Jack McCluskey	In two Short Sketches: "Widow and Pub" "Heard at Celtic"
Jacky Bell	And his Famous Horse "Bobby"
Beetle Smith	My First Broadcast
Andy Gourlay	The Wooden Baritone will sing: "I Wouldn't Leave My Little Wooden Hut for You"
P.P.	Will recite: "My Kingdom, My Kingdom for a Corps."
T. Sellers	Will sing: "Home Guard, and Don't Spare the Nazis."

RANDOM JOTTINGS

We are known all over the world for machines,
From Card and from Reel to Gill Spinner,
But make no mistake, the stuff we now make
Should help to make Goering much thinner.
So make up your mind you won't be the man
To cause our production to lag,
And before we all know, we'll finish the "Show"
With Victory tied up in the bag.

. . . —

THE JOKER'S MISTAKE

A wag saw three directors surely
In serious talk with Andy Gourley.
His wit was roused, he thereupon
Said "Peter, Andrew, James and John."
And we could bet an even dollar
He must have been a Bible scholar
Whose mind was centred on the Heavens,
For they were, Grenville, Stewart and Lavens.

. . . —

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

"Broken Diamonds" . . .	J. Barnes, Jr.
"Cultivate that Beaming Smile" .	Billy Friars
"Shepherd of the Night" . .	R. Elliott
"Proper Method of Stuffing all Pipes".	Hugh Campbell
"The Tools I Forgot to Make".	J. Logan
"My First Love" . . .	Bill Garrett
"My Goodness, My Bonus" . .	W. Hamilton



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