

THE
BOMBSHELL.

1919.

THE BOMBSHELL

No. 1. Vol. 3.

January, 1919.



THE EDITOR of the "Bombshell" has suggested that I should write a Foreword to the first number of that magazine, on its transfer from Templeborough to Firth's own Works, after a very successful career at the National Projectile Factory. I am most happy to comply with his request, as I think that probably the reason why he has selected me for that purpose is not simply because I happen to be Chairman of Thos. Firth & Sons, Ltd., but partly on account of my family's and my own personal connection with so many of the Company's staff, covering now in my own case, a period of 35 years.

In recent years, and especially during the period of the war, the number of employees increased so rapidly, and the duties of direction became proportionately so much greater, that the personal relationship previously existing between the management and the employees has unavoidably suffered, and opportunities for exchanging a few friendly words day by day with many of the workers unfortunately became impossible. However, I live in hopes that in the near future it may again be possible for my Co-Directors and myself to resume to a great extent our personal intercourse with many of our people, and meanwhile I welcome the opportunity to say a word to them through the pages of the "Bombshell."

The Great War which happily is now practically ended, has, we hope—as some set-off against the horrors and destruction of the past four and a half years—taught us all lessons which, if we profit by them as we ought, must make this world a better and happier place to live in, and our relations to each other those of greater consideration and comradeship as members of the same community. We have all gone through together a period of great trial and strain, which to many has also been one



BENEFIT CONCERT.

On the evening of Friday, December 20th, a benefit concert was held in Saville Street Canteen. It was held under the auspices of the Boys' Department and was for the benefit of a boy, Fred Robinson, who had the misfortune, after an accident in the Foundry, to lose a leg. Mr. Benson, Manager of the Foundry, presided, and was supported on the platform by Mr. Brown, of the Moulders' Shop, Mr. Marshall, and the boy on whose behalf the concert was held. The programme was largely provided by boys.

That there is much musical talent in the firm was amply demonstrated by the variety of the programme. Some critics present consider that the boy violinist, Reginald Godley, of the High Speed Department, showed such genius that he may well become some day Sheffield's leading violinist. His playing of selections from "Il Trovatore" and "Scene de Ballet" was excellent. A fine command of the piano was shown by three boy pianists, Masters A. S. Richardson (Steel Wages), Wm. Kenneth Smith (Tinsley Engineers), and Charles Rowe (High Speed). Master Wm. Bellwood (General Laboratory) gave a fine rendering of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" on the 'cello. Marjorie Holder, a little girl of eight years old, fairly brought the house down with her pretty classical dances and recitations. Master Walter Dey (Steel Offices) gave a selection, "Chanson Triste," on the violin.

Two boys, Masters John Gorman (Tinsley Traffic) and Edward Barton (Tinsley Engineers), sang solos. One or two boy vocalists having failed to come forward, Mr. Cordon and Miss Wardle, of Norfolk Engineers, kindly helped this side of the programme. The latter's rendering of "Annie Laurie" was exceptionally fine, and the former's "Captain Mac" was sung in the easy, rollicking fashion which the song requires. Mr. J. Swift, Electricians, ably played the part of comedian. "Burlington Bertie," with his foppish dress and flashing electric lights, fairly



Some 13.5 Shell Cap Machinists, "C" Shop Tinsley.



A Group of E.T.D, Toolsetters, December, 1918.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COMPETITIONS.

The draw for the January War Savings Certificate took place on Friday, February 7th, under the auspices of the War Savings Association. The winning number is:

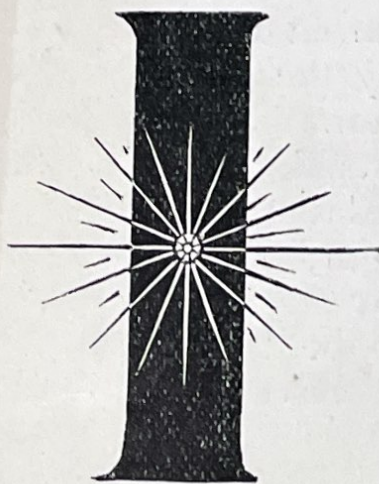
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The holder of the magazine bearing this number should bring it to Mr. Marshall, Norfolk Works, who will then hand over the prize.

We announce competitions as follows:—

1. A War Savings Certificate to the holder of the "Lucky Number" of each month's magazine.
2. One Pound for the best heading to take the place of any one of those in the present issue. Contributions to be received by the Editor by the 25th February.
3. A rising young poet employed by the Firm (in another capacity) recently thought out a brilliant verse during the night watches. At the time, however, he was (as usual) too tired to get up and write the words down, with the unfortunate result that when he awoke in the morning he could only remember the first four lines. These he has submitted to us, and in order that the gem may go down to posterity in a more complete form, we offer a prize of a "Stainless Steel" Pocket Knife to the competitor who sends to the Editor the best fifth line by the 25th of February. The first four lines are as follows:—

"There was once a worker at Firth's,
Who'd the best, as he thought, of all berths,
Our Canteen he soon found
The best for miles round,"



4. The diagram at the side represents the title of a book written during the last 50 years by a well-known writer. Another "Stainless Steel" Pocket Knife will be given to the first reader who sends in the correct title. All attempts must be received by the Editor by the 25th of February.

5. The offer of a prize of £1 for the best original short story containing not more than 1,000 words is still open. Stories should reach the Editor by the 25th of February, and he retains the right to print any story submitted.

Cover Design.—As the present Cover Design of the "THE BOMBSHELL" is only temporary, any Suggestion or Drawing for future use will be welcomed.

An Alphabet of Fair Ladies.

- A is for Ashby, who isn't so green
As the shade of her blouse has recently been.
- B is for Binsted, Blackburn and Bain,
Is it true that their office is noted for brain (?) ?
- C is for Carson, the filing expert,
Whose methods of working keep all alert.
- D is for Donaldson, two of that name,
Whose heads are adorned with fashions of fame.
- E is for Exley, who hails from Parkgate,
She comes by train daily, and never is late.
- F is for Fern, who with auburn is crowned;
On Friday she pays us our hardly earned pound.
- G is for Gardner, who lately has left us,
Unkind is the fate that so sadly bereft us.
- H is for Hall, who with sweet winsome smiles,
Dispenses the ink and the folders for files.
- I is for me, your pardon I ask,
For so badly performing my share of this task.
- J is for Jackson, Mr. Tyler's right hand,
There's ne'er such another in the whole of the land.
- K is for Kilner, a maid of renown,
For statement preparing she's known throughout town.
- L is for Lilley, the flower of the lot,
Who recently changed her name to Pigott.
- M is for Machin, a charmer, I hear,
Proves fatal to all the male sex who draw near.
- N is for Nicholson, whose talents we know,
Would add fame to our Band if persuaded to go.
- O is for Operators, I crave (I must own)
The owner to meet of "the voice on the 'phone."
- P is for Platts, her worth is untold,
As she helps our bailiff to rake in the gold.
- Q is for quarrel, with men 'tis not rare,
Where ladies assemble 'tis never found there.
- R is for Reynolds, a form we all know,
As gaily she trips in the works to and fro.
- S is for Spetch, who dances till morn,
Coming home with the milk, much battered and worn.
- T is for Timmins, a bailiff as she,
She gets in the credits as quick as can be.
- U is for Us, united we stand,
In sending good wishes to Firth's noted Band.
- V is for Visions of a bonus in store,
Each one that we get makes us wish we had more.
- W is for Ward, who blissfully states,
There's no place like home, where her dear husband waits.
- X is for something, we will not disclose,
It may be for Kisses,—one never knows.
- Y is for You, who indignant and mad,
Think of the author all things that are bad.
- Z is for Zenith, the height of all fame,
Methinks as a poet this I'll never attain.

A.P.E.N.



Window Cleaners, Norfolk Works Area.

The Sun both climbs and shines (they say),
And diamonds they shine too,
But not on us—so we've our own
"Climbing and Shining" Crew.



Group taken at President Works, 1919, including Girl Crane Drivers.

For our Lady Readers.

We have much pleasure in re-printing the following extract from "The Lady" of March 20th, 1919:—

"From Sheffield:—

"On Wednesday evening there was a delightful dance at the Grand Hotel, promoted by the Sheffield Association of Metallurgists and Metallurgical Chemists, the men whose research, experimental and test work counted for so much in the winning of the war. Dr. T. Swinden, the president, and Dr. W. H. Hatfield, the former president, were both at the dance, the latter accompanied by his wife and sister, Mrs. Hatfield wearing black and gold and Miss Hatfield white ninon with draperies of vivid pink tulle floating from a deep waistbelt of shot pink taffetas. Miss Seagrave, who was also of Dr. Hatfield's party, had on a dance frock of pale blue georgette with a corsage garniture of opalescent crystals and pearls. Mrs. G. R. Bolsover danced in a love-in-a-mist blue georgette gown, the tunic banded with metallic lace, Mrs. James McNeal Allen, in dark green crêpe de chine, was chaperoning her daughter, in a filmy dance frock, Mrs. J. H. S. Dickenson wore paon-green ninon and velvet, Mrs. George Greening white charmeuse with a tablier tunic of fringed black satin, Mrs. Stanley Arnold had on a lovely dance frock of pale mauve georgette, Miss Effie Wood wore cloud-grey crêpe de chine, Miss May Shepherd was wearing primrose ninon traversed with broad bands of ribbon, and Mrs. Mylan, in raspberry-coloured georgette adorned with fringes of dull beads in the same colouring, was chaperoning her sister Miss Kathleen Newsholme, whose dance frock was all white. Mrs. J. E. Hoyland's black tulle frock had a high corselet belt of geranium-red taffetas, Mr. Beardshaw brought his sisters-in-law Miss Wood and Miss Grace Wood, one in lilac crêpe de chine and the other wearing oleander-pink charmeuse, Mrs. George Batty came in bleu-de-roi satin with a chemise-like overdress of black tulle, gold embroidered, Mrs. George Cooke's white ninon dress had a broad fold of blue panne beneath the transparency of the loose corsage, and Mrs. B. W. Methley wore black net and satin with a touch of cerise on the bodice."