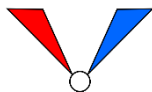


1906 CA3

bncdoc.id	AC2
bncdoc.author	Kilby, M
bncdoc.year	1991
bncdoc.title	Man at the sharp end.
bncdoc.info	Man at the sharp end. Sample containing about 37622 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
Text availability	Worldwide rights cleared
Publication date	1985-1993
Text type	Written books and periodicals
David Lee's classification	W_fict_prose

<p><1906/c></p>  <p>Key:</p> <p><u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn1</u> <u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn2</u> <u>Footprint</u> <u>ConEn3</u></p>	<p>the accelerator and glanced in the mirror, heaving a sigh of relief that nobody was on his tail. Slowing to seventy, he made his way home. He very rarely spoke about business matters to Georgina and decided on reflection against recounting the day's events except to say that he was leaving for Istanbul in the morning, and would be away for three or four days. The Tri-star jet was two hours late on take-off from Heathrow, and then had to abort on the runway at lift-off point due to a sudden failure of one of the engines. The pilot slammed the powerful jets into reverse thrust, bringing the giant plane to a halt just before he ran out of runway. In a very matter-of-fact voice he apologised for the shut down, due to engine failure, adding laconically that he had left ten thousand pounds worth of tyres on the runway. 'British Airways will not be at all pleased with me.' he remarked casually. 'There goes another Brownie point.' By the time the plane approached Istanbul in the late afternoon, Mark had put away several large measures of <u>single malt Scotch</u>. Mechanically he had taken <u>each drink offered</u> without thinking, for the simple reason that he had spent the entire journey staring out of the cabin window into the infinity of space. His meeting was not until the next morning, so he could switch off for a few hours. He needed to do just that, for he was tired, morose and bitter and, for the first time in his life, feeling very insecure. Gazing out into the blue, he asked himself if this assignment was his swan song. Must be, he concluded. Nate would never have taken him off the presentation if he wasn't being moved sideways or demoted. But why? To make way for Klepner, Mueller's pet poodle? It had happened before, to make way for Muldoon. Why shouldn't it happen again? If you couldn't trust the bastards then, why should you trust them now? He closed his eyes. What made Nate and the executive committee think that guys like Klepner and Mueller knew more about the European components' business than the Europeans? What the hell would the US component divisions say if the executive committee was stupid enough to appoint Europeans to manage components operations in the United States? No prizes for guessing the answer to that question. The blonde hostess leaned across him to re-charge <u>his glass</u> for the umpteenth time. <u>His favourite Scotch, Glenlivet. Good old George and James Smith</u>. Now there were <u>two characters you could trust</u>! So easy to relax and forget your troubles when you had</p> <p><u>a glass of their malt</u></p> <p>in your hand He jerked forward with a start to find the hostess fingering with his seat-belt clasp. 'Just arriving at Istanbul sir. Please fasten your seat belt.' Fred Clasper, the militant Merseyside convener, was a desperately worried man. Things weren't going at all well within the UK vehicle Division. Even his own notorious plant, which had consistently gone downhill for ten years under his active leadership, had been steadily increasing efficiency and output for several weeks without interruption. Morale on the shop floor was higher than it had been for a long year and an unhealthy atmosphere of optimism and hope pervaded the plant. Union members were openly expressing the view that there was a real chance that the</p>
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	<p>ailing division would now pull out of its dive with the Peters' Plan, which had been fully supported by Bunker and a two-thirds majority at the plant. To Clasper's disgust, the majority had voted against his recommended call for strike action and he now sensed all too painfully that he was beginning to lose control of his members. Management was once again managing, something which he had never allowed to happen during his ten years as convener. Arising from Clem Bunker's endorsement of the plan, new methods had been introduced which were greatly increasing earnings through higher productivity. Restrictive practices, which Clasper had fought so hard to introduce, were being discarded at a rate of knots in the quest to increase efficiency, output and earnings. As a lifelong Communist, Clasper knew that it was absolutely essential to wrest control of the workers away from the plant management. He had exercised effective control of the labour force for ten years at the giant plant and had been able to bring the workers out on strike at the drop of a hat. It was he, Clasper, who dictated to management the size of the labour force they would require to produce a given number of products, regardless of any figure which management might arrive at by employing accurately measured work standards. If in effect, Clasper said that three men must be employed to do two men's work, then that was it. On those occasions when he had felt the need to demonstrate his power to management, he would create an instant departmental dispute which always had the immediate effect of lowering that day's efficiency to below fifty per cent. Since the plant manager was never able to make up a day's loss of output which pulled down his monthly overall efficiency figures on which he was judged, it was never difficult for Clasper to prove his point. As he had always succeeded in getting his own way, the workers had been inclined</p>
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