

Side Launch by Brock Martin

EXCERPT

Looking out the window, as the train passed through rich farmland en route to Collingwood, Kate was thinking back to the presentation Ian had given when he predicted war with Germany. It had struck her then, that Ian had a loathing and animosity towards the Nazis. She intuitively knew something happened to him, something horrible. She was holding his latest letter and started to read it, but it was too intense and the undercurrent of hatred came out. It was what she asked for, but now she would have preferred hearing stories of Smokey. I have to be in a different mindset, she thought. She decided to read it later maybe on the ride back from Collingwood, once she prepared herself.

Her mind turned to her own problems. She had been selected to head the radar production at the newly created Research Enterprises Limited (REL). Seen as a promotion by many it was not what she wanted. She had come to see herself as a researcher, an innovator, a scientist. She would have to accept that she would be as an electrical engineer for the new and unproven research institute. She was being pushed out and she could see it now. Why am I being sent to REL? I am one of the prime engineers and innovators at NRC. My ideas are regularly accepted and pursued. Kate knew this was not about what was best for NRC. This was about power and who would be the guiding force at NRC. She had been outmanoeuvred.

Kate needed some help; she did not have a network of women to discuss her work issues with. How do women deal with this, this inequality, being overlooked, pushed down, put in their place? she thought. Kate wanted to scream with frustration. She remembered back to her graduation and thought of contacting Elsie MacGill who had told her she could reach out to her if she needed guidance. I am not at Elsie's level to be able to call her.