

'A fight on our hands — but we shall win!'

We have read in recent months repeated newspaper reports about the plight of British industry in general — and shipping in particular (writes Peter Bainbridge, Managing Director of ACTS).

In ACTS, we are directly affected by these downward pressures, which look like continuing for some time. During the past three years, freight rates, which make up the Operating Companies' revenue, have increased on average by 37% for EHCL, 20% for BLC and 27% for ACT(A). At the same time, costs in the UK have risen by 48%.

The message is clear. The Conference within which we work has

not been able to increase rates in line with costs, due to competition from, among others, low cost operators from the Far East and heavily-subsidised nationalised companies.

We have a fight on our hands to keep, and then to expand, our share of the market. However, provided we work together in solving our internal disagreements and are able to present an efficient and willing face to our customers, I am sure we will succeed.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas. Let us jointly make it a prosperous New Year.

15,000-MILE BUS RIDE



TO JOIN ACTS!

This picture of the Taj Mahal, one of the most famous and beautiful buildings in the world, was taken two years ago by 23-year-old Andy Parsons, of Birmingham ACTS Transport Department.

And it was taken during a remarkable, 86-day, 15,000-mile journey from Bangkok, in Thailand, to London. BY BUS.

The story of how Andy — who had emigrated with his parents to New Zealand — came to make the journey across two Continents and through countless countries is told on Pages 6 and 7. It is accompanied by more pictures from his fascinating album, and by extracts from letters he wrote at the time to Dear Mum and Dad.

Off to nurse

Farewell to Maxine Daniels, leaving Leeds ACTS, where she was an import clerk, to become an auxiliary nurse at St. George's Hospital, Rothwell; to Marilyn Barker, credit control typist, who is expecting a baby in January; and to Susan Cook, a cargo clerk, who has gone on a training course to become a personal assistant and secretary. Good luck to them all...

Soton sets £1,000 target in bid to help blind

FORTNIGHTLY raffles, a sponsored swim and a darts competition are among Head Office efforts which have already raised more than £450 towards a target of £1,000 for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Fund.

The Richmond House aim is to raise enough not only to buy a guide dog, but also to provide full training for both the dog and its ultimate owner.

Twelve volunteers took part in the sponsored swim, covered 60 lengths of the La Sainte Union Swimming Pool in Southampton — and raised well over £100.

The final of the darts competition, which started in April, will take place at Christmas, but already more than 120 people are taking part in a singles event and 98 in the doubles.

Other events in the pipeline include a Christmas Bazaar and Draw. For big efforts and for small the organisers ask us to convey their thanks.

Any contribution will be gratefully received by Ann Gibson or Jill Veal at Head Office.

**Meet the Magnificent Ten
of chip
butty land!**

**Pictures and full story
on Pages 4 and 5**

FORMER BOY SOLDIER GETS TOP PERSONNEL JOB

BEHIND the late Summer announcement that 42-year-old John Cove was relinquishing his position as ACTS Company Secretary to take over as head of the Personnel team at Southampton, lies a shift in top management responsibilities that will give added strength to the company's already intensive Personnel activity.

(The fact that he will also have ultimate control over future issues of 'Contacts' is another good reason for us to give him an extra warm welcome!—Editor)

Despite many years in the field of company secretaryship — the last 12 in shipping with Glen Line and ACT — John Cove is no stranger to Personnel work, having been heavily involved with it over the years while with Glen and ACT.

But if anybody had told young John when he left school 26 years ago that this was an area in which he would one day be most actively engaged, he would probably have died laughing. His father had been a Regular soldier in the Cavalry, with 15 years' service in India and a few more with the World War Two Expeditionary Force, so that when John himself was 16 and his mother became seriously ill, it was natural for him to consider a Service career.

He signed on for the minimum six years with the Colours, joining the Boys' Squadron of the Royal Armoured Corps. "Later, with the 14th/20th King's Hussars, I served most of my time in Germany", he says, "and had what might be called the distinction, at the age of 20, of becoming the regiment's youngest sergeant since the War".

When his six Army years were up, and at the age of 24, he had, he confessed, "not the slightest idea of what I wanted to do next". On reflection, he says: "The choice, I suppose was between trying my luck in the outside world, or becoming a career soldier. With marriage in the offing, I decided it was time to settle down in Civvy Street.

'Meteoric rise'

"I wrote to most of the public utilities, telling them I wanted a job — and ended up in the Post Room of the Electricity Generating Board. I suppose you could say that my rise there was meteoric! Within three months I was in the Filing Room, and three months after that was a wages clerk."

A few months later, the then 25-year-old John Cove took stock of the situation. "I realised that if I was to have a future, I'd need to take examinations. I started with the ordinary National Certificate in Business Studies, and went on to the Company Chartered Secretaries Examinations", he recalls.

His appointment, in 1967, as Assistant Company Secretary of Glen line, was evidence of his success in those exams.

In recent years with ACTS, he has played a central role in many top level negotiations, and says: "I hope that this fact, together with the wide range of experience I was lucky enough to have in Company Secretaryship, will be of help, in my new job, to management and staff alike.

"I start with the great advantage of having a highly-experienced and talented team around me"

John is married with two children, aged ten and eight. He says that until recently his 'consuming interest' outside working hours was local politics (he fought the Fair Oak seat in the Eastleigh Borough Council elections) but since he and his wife bought a 110-year old Victorian House at Fair Oak, about ten miles from Soton, his hobbies would be better described as getting settled, doing-it-yourself, painting and gardening.



John Cove in discussion with his two 'right hand men' — Peter Hughes (left) and John Berger.

It's a Caravan life for Kath and Ted

It's always sad when great characters decide to 'pack it in' — but never more so than when Kath Millward, who had been for ten years in the Documentation Section of Birmingham ACTS, retired in June.

Kath, presented with jewellery by her colleagues, says she plans to 'take things easy' with husband Ted, touring Britain in their caravan. Ted also retired recently. Nice planning.

★ ★ ★

Birmingham's Deputy Regional Manager, David Clark, surprised (to put it mildly) his colleagues by completing the historic Lyke Wake Walk.

And if this doesn't sound like much of an achievement, then let us assure you that it's a project not to be tackled by the squeamish or faint-hearted.

In fact it's an annual event organised by Teesside Junior Chamber and comprises a 42-mile trek across some of the bleakest of the North Yorkshire Moors.

Dave and his colleagues from Lichfield Chamber did it all to raise money for children's homes, and he wants to thank all in the regions who supported him and made the blisters worthwhile.



Kath Millward (see lead story)

★ ★ ★
CONGRATULATIONS to Lynn Wood and husband Colin on the birth of their first child — a boy, Richard Michael. Lynn left Birmingham office during the Summer after two years as a Telex operator.

Musical Sportsmen

Music and sport are the main outside interests of two 19-year-olds who have recently joined Southampton Terminal staff.

Mark Stumbles, formerly a deck cadet with Cunard, lists his hobbies as 'motoring, golf, angling, squash and popular music'; and assistant freightliner controller Richard John Andrew Veck, who joined ACTS from NDLB, says he likes snooker, tennis, speedway, photography, good music and 'following the Saints'

It's Easy!

We have been asked to repeat a piece of information given three years ago in an early issue of 'Contacts'.

We were then asked how we would fill the end column on Page Two if we happened to be just about an inch short of copy.

The answer:— *LIKE THIS*

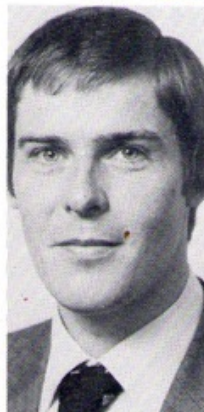
There are two good reasons for Mike to celebrate

Double congratulations to Mike Fox, of Management Services at Richmond House. Firstly, on his appointment as Programming Manager, and, secondly, on the birth of a second child to his wife Peggy. The new arrival has been named Sandra, a pretty young sister for Colin, aged four.

Mike, ten years with the company, joined originally as a computer programmer in London, and has subsequently been Systems Analyst and Project Manager.

Management Services also welcomes to the team Alan Bird, who had previously been six years with Warwickshire County Council. Alan joins as Chief Computer Operator, succeeding Brian Richmond, who has joined the software team.

Alan and wife Sue hope shortly to be settled in their new home at Hythe. Alan's hobbies include Rugby, athletics and 'home brewing', and he also spends much of his spare time organising Leamington branch of ROTARACT, of which he was founder President.



Mike Fox
Two reasons for celebration



Alan Bird
from the Council to ACTS



THE BRIDES WORE WHITE

The Brides Wore White when two popular Head Office girls were married during the Summer. At Caverswell, in Staffordshire, her home parish, clerk-typist Paula Bowen, of the Hazardous Cargo Section Operations Department, was married (picture on the left) to Mark Croucher.

After a reception for 60 guests at nearby Stone, the couple left for a honeymoon in Crete. Paula and Mark, a philatelist, were presented with a set of cutlery by colleagues in the Operations Department.

Second white bride was Jill Parker, an accounts clerk in Management Accounts, who was married at St. James Methodist Church, Shirley, Southampton, to Peter Veal, a self-employed builder, (picture right). They entertained guests afterwards at Busketts Lawn Hotel, in the New Forest.

Jill's long dress had pleated skirt and sleeves with a lace cape, and she also wore a white skull cap. Her three bridesmaids had pale green dresses and matching skull caps, and all carried bouquets of freesias, peach roses intermingled with ears of wheat.



IF IT'S FUN YOU'RE AFTER . . .

So successful was the 'Which Twin is Which?' competition we ran in our last issue that a second set of 'victims' is offered for selection today on Pages 8 and 9. With prizes for the first correct reader solutions opened.

And if it's fun you are after, you'll find plenty of other goodies in our first-ever 'Contacts Magazine' section, conducted by Carter Leonard, on the same two pages. Included is a recipe that will either set your mouth watering or your mind bogging. Or both!

'CONTACTS' CORNER

IT WAS SMILES all round when this picture was taken in London at a planning meeting for 'Contacts' and the Peter Yarwood Cup Competition. Left to right, standing, are Gill Creed (Head Office), Kevin Hymas (Tilbury), Malcolm Pritchard (Liverpool), Michael Rosindale (Leeds), Jocelyn Rees (Basildon) and Pat Cockel (Barking).

Taking things more easily — and seated, left to right! — are Anne Tyler (Manchester), Margaret Macpherson,

(Glasgow), Gaynor Smith (Birmingham), Julie Robinson (Southampton Terminal) and Carol Allen (Barking).

TERMINAL TRIO TAKES THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

Earlier this year — I described in 'Contacts' how a group called Siren came to be formed (writes Ray Tomlin, Assistant Container and Equipment Inspector at Southampton Terminal).

For a variety of reasons, Siren has now been disbanded and a new group — disrespectfully nicknamed The Terminal Trio! — has taken its place.

Our story begins in the thick of Winter, when the waters off the container Berth usually turn into sudden fog and when the Sun has gone to the Far East in a 40-foot Ben Line container.

Anyway, for a few weeks after the demise of Siren, I had been playing bass with a friend at Collins Wine Lodge when he suddenly decided to seek his fortune in America. This, of course, left me not only without a partner but without a supper as well.

Forget the rust!

At work next day, I explained my predicament to Alan Hodgson who (surprise, surprise!) told me he had played guitar in a wartime dance band. 'Of course, I'm a little bit rusty', he explained. 'Never mind', I said as enthusiastically as I knew how, 'we'll soon oil your parts and get you working again'.

What a shock awaited me. Alan proved himself to be an astonishingly versatile guitar player. A mean man on the strings, as the initiated say.

So two was already company, but we needed more of a crowd. We tried a couple of guitarists without really clicking with them, and then Alan had one of his brainwaves. 'What about Eddie Goodall?', he asked. Now Eddie was not only a good guitarist, but also an ex-ACTS man.

Eddie jumped at the chance of joining us (I'm delighted to say) and offered the bonus of being able to sing as well as play.

And there it is. The latest ACTS creation, Catseye, a "pretty successful" middle-of-the-road trio. By this time next year we could be tax exiles!



CATSEYE — popularly known as The Terminal Trio, in action in clubland, with Southampton Terminal Container and Equipment Inspector Alan Hodgson, on the right, proving himself 'a mean man on the strings'.



With a little help from the canteen, Dennis steers his

By **LESTER CARROLL**

IF THERE is an air of contentment and well-being about the ACTS set-up at Leeds Containerbase — and the fact that Regional Manager Dennis Armitstead is still surrounded by the bulk of those who first joined him ten or more years ago suggests that it isn't a bad place to work — then some of the credit, I am now convinced, is due to chip butties, black puddings and tripe and onions!

And, as our American friends might say, I kid you not. Two or three months ago, when the Containerbase staff itself moved into separate headquarters in an extension to the old building, a spanking new canteen was also opened. This caters not only for Containerbase staff and those who work for ACTS and half a dozen other service organisations, but also for the not inconsiderable number of freight-handlers doing what could justly be called the heavy work around the place.

And believe me, these people (office workers and handlers alike) not only enjoy



PIPERS AHOY! Maintenance and Repair Inspectors Eddie Hesleden and Ernie Bettinson.

their food but know what they like! I found it a little hard to credit, for instance, that an average of 100 handlers a day have a pretty fair breakfast 'on site'. And by "pretty fair", I mean bacon, sausage, egg, black pudding, beans and tomatoes — PLUS tea and two breadcakes. If that doesn't keep a bloke going for a couple of hours, Heaven knows what does . . .

Tripe and onions

The office workers — with a good sprinkling of ACTS among them — go a bit more canny, of course, but high on the list of favourites before typewriters start to click and pens to scratch are black pudding and egg butties (sandwiches to the uninitiated).

Of course, the canteen (run by Sutcliffe Caterers, Northern, of nearby Horsforth) has few problems when it comes to catering for local tastes. Thirty eight-year-old Johnny Johnson, the canteen manager, not only knows a lot about regional likes and dislikes, but once wrote a regular column for the Wakefield Express about



MAGNIFICENT TEN — all of whom have already served 10 years in the Leeds ACTS team (See: Longest Serving). Left to right: Malcolm Hardaker, Jim Carruthers, Doris Thurwell, George Cross, Kathleen Heptonstall, Dennis Armitstead, Ron Kershaw, Dave Barnett and Gordon Cage. Inset, left: Barry Rubery.

WHO'S FOR BLACK OR CHIP

Olde Englishe food on which he is considered to be quite an authority.

Among his own favourites (a recipe for which you will find in our new magazine section on Page 8) is sheep's head with pearl barley. And it caused no surprise to him when, soon after the canteen opened, a request was received from two girls asking that tripe and onions please be included in the luncheon menu.

Sandwich winners

"Within six weeks of opening, we were serving 250 to 300 full lunches a day and around the same number of sandwiches," he said. "Highly popular are chip butties (potato chips between two pieces of bread), and the funny thing is that although the majority, I'm sure, are for male consumption, it's the girls who are sent to collect them!"

Other great favourites — open sandwiches with cottage cheese and pineapple, and with cottage cheese and peaches.

Leeds is not only a good place to work; it's a good place to eat, too . . .

DENNIS Armitstead — and forget the first 'T' on penalty of your life — is ACT's longest serving Regional Manager. Funnily enough, when he was originally interviewed, he wasn't quite sure whether it was for the job of Regional or Sales Manager.

While in charge (in 1968) of the Bradford office of Lamport and Holt, selling space in conventional Blue Star ships to Australia and South Africa, he heard of plans to open a Leeds office for a new containership company (ACT).

"I was a firm believer, even in those days, in the future in store for containers", says Dennis, "and I asked to be considered for the job of manager in Leeds. I was a bit taken aback when told that I hadn't the necessary qualifications! It transpired that at that time the company thought only



IMPORTS MEN in what looks like a pretty confident mood. Left to right, Dennis Connell (ACTA), Jim Carruthers (ACTA), Mark Foster (EHCL), Kevin Toolan (ACTA), Mick Rosindale (ACTA) and Dave Barnett (EHCL).



EXPORT SPECIALISTS in the Leeds team. Left to right, Martin Jowett (booking clerk), Paul Blackhurst, Brian Dove, Wendy Dove (coding), Trish Woolnough (booking clerk), Malcolm Hardaker (SCA exports) and Yvonne Alexander (booking clerk).

ship on and on . . .

LESTER LOOKS IN



CARGO TEAM - Howard Cutler, Cargo Superintendent, with (left to right, standing) Ian Stewart, Dave Wade and Hamish Beck.

as resident sales representative in Newcastle — and is still doing a yeoman job there.

The fact that Leeds Containerbase staff has moved out of its old quarters into an entirely new wing, as mentioned in my earlier canteen story, means that a little more 'elbow room' is now available for ACTS.

In fact, floor space has been increased by just over 1,500 square feet and ACTS staff will be able to spread themselves a little more comfortably.

Under the new arrangement of offices, those selling space for both ACTA and Ellermans will be right next to the entrance door. A nice arrangement . . .

This is the first article in an occasional series in which **LESTER CARROLL**, a regular contributor to 'Contacts', will look at life (social and commercial) in various centres of ACTS activity.

He will turn his discerning (though occasionally bleary) eyes on anything he thinks will be of interest to readers. His first report is

ON LEEDS

PUDDING BUTTY?

men with a transport background would be suitable."

After a second application, however, he was in fact appointed to take charge of the new Leeds headquarters of ACT, and for a time acted as both Regional and Sales Manager.

It is, I am sure, a tribute to his personality and his leadership that so many of those who joined him in the early days are still with him.

Longest serving

People like Barry Rubery, the very first Leeds recruit, who joined as a commercial assistant in early December, 1968, and is now Deputy Regional Sales Manager, ACTA; Kathleen Heptonstall, Dennis's able secretary who teamed up with him in October, 1969, after her Customs officer husband had almost talked him into giving her the job; Regional Transport Superintendent George Cross (1968) and his deputy Gordon Cage (1969); young George Pender, who enlisted with Dennis in October, 1969, straight from school and at the age of 16, and who is now transport assistant; Doris Thurwell, who became an accounts clerk in February, 1969, and is now Regional Accounts Supervisor; Malcolm Hardaker, now Senior Commercial Assistant, Exports — a December, 1968, man; Jim Carruthers and David Barnett, both 1969 recruits and both now section leaders in Imports; and, of course, Ron Kershaw, who joined the company very soon after Dennis himself,

It takes the cake

ANN Wilkinson, data punch operator at Leeds ACTS, is a girl who knows quite a lot about cakes — wedding cakes in particular. Loyal readers of 'Contacts' will recall that when she married, last year, there were pictures and a story telling how



DATA GIRLS Beverley Robinson and Ann Wilkinson (See: It Takes the Cake), and, below, Derek Parker and Marilyn Barker of Credit Control.



she and husband Gary iced all three tiers of their wedding cake, though neither had ever tried icing before.

More recently, it seems, Ann — kind, considerate girl that she is — decided to make a wedding cake for her sister-in-law.

All went well until, two hours after making the cake, Ann was hanging out washing in the garden of her home and suddenly noticed that her wedding ring was missing.

The house was searched and there was talk, understandably, of using metal detectors around both house and garden — and even of X-raying the cake on which Ann had been working.

None of this highly-technical stuff was necessary, however. When the cake cooled down, the missing ring had sunk to the bottom!

Welcome, girls

FINALLY, this flying visit to Leeds gave me an opportunity to bid welcome, on behalf of us all, to the two new Leeds 'Contacts' correspondents — accounts clerk Karon Hauff and her colleague Collette McCullough.

Grass track racer Karon makes her own story on Page 11. Collette, I report has been just a year with ACTS — after a spell as a nanny with a family in North America where, at the age of 20, she took over responsibility for two young boys — one aged six, the other 10 months.

"I read that English girls were wanted as nannies in North America and got the job after an interview at the Canadian Embassy," says Collette. Why did she come back to England? "The work permit was for only one year," she explains.

Canada's loss is a 'Contacts' gain . . .



NEWCOMER to the Contacts team — Collette McCullough.



THREE GIRLS AND A MAN in the 'Money Bags' team — The Accounts set-up includes three married ladies — left to right, Doris Thurwell, Janet Glossop and Grace Wright — and (looking content to be outnumbered!) Geoff Long.



THE GIRLS HAVE IT — Margaret Galbraith (Telex), Dyan Fidler (Telex), Caroline Vine (receptionist), Trish Leighton (typist), Martene Osbaldeston (courier), Dee McCorrie (typist) and Andrea Thorp (filing clerk).

DEAR MUM AND DA



Fish and chips in Bangkok . . . the Maharajah who cooked breakfast . . . and the cows that curtseyed in Moscow

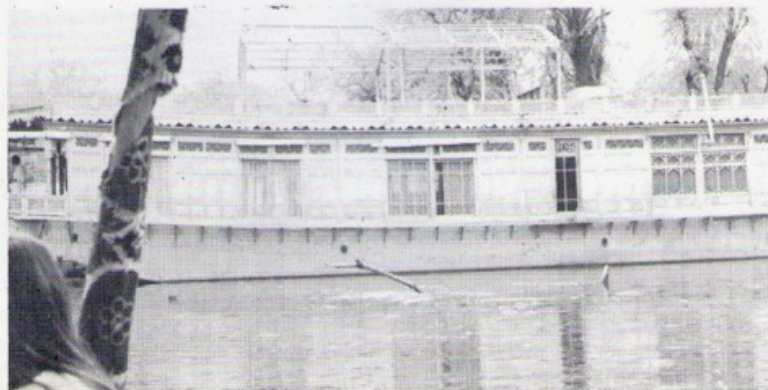
IN THE SHADOW of Lenin. Andy poses in Odessa beneath the statue of one of the most famous Russians of all time.



EAST MEETS WEST at this very point on the Bosphorus Bridge, Istanbul. Andy and Steve had this picture taken at the border between Asia and Europe, marked clearly by a line on the road.



OUR HOUSEBOAT WAS SUPERB, wrote Andy from Srinagar, in Kashmir. He and his friends (pictured, above, enjoying a meal) lived there during their Kashmir stay. The massive boats are anything between 80 and 100 feet long (right).



WITHOUT fear of contradiction, it can be said that 23-year-old Andy Parsons is (and for a likely to remain) the only man who took a bus ride to join ACTS. A journey that took India, Pakistan, Thailand, Afghanistan, Rumania, Russia, Denmark, West Germany and Belgium. To name but a few!

And even for a man of the travelling kind (he's Transport Department at Birmingham), you've got not a bad record . . .

Let's be honest. Andy didn't just hail a bus in London and ask for a single ticket to Perry Barr. It was complicated (and interesting) than that. His story just over 13 years ago when his parents decided a better way of life for themselves and their two children, Andy, then aged 10, and Rosemary, 8 — and would best be able to achieve this in New Zealand. His cousins had already been prospering for three or four years.

So they flew out and, for the first year, stayed with near Whangerei. Father went to the Town Clerk to discuss no time was fixed up as a hospital purchasing officer.

Andy and Rosemary went to a local school in Whangarei. They found that if there was no school meals arranged in England, there was a 'Chip Van' that called to supply (at a cost) unlimited chips and a variety of specialities.

They found, too, that if schools in Whangarei had swimming pools, they more than made up for it by providing a sun-kissed beach within easy walking distance of the school.

School days ended (at 17), Andy got a job as an insurance clerk and within a matter of 12 months was earning the equivalent of £3,000 a year.

So why decide to come home? "I suppose it was really a 'gut' feeling," he says. "A friend and I suddenly decided we wanted to see England again. Nobody who hasn't upped sticks and lived thousands of miles away could possibly understand the feeling.

The bus home

"New Zealand is a lovely country, but it's young. Historically, it's not all that interesting — unless you want to study the native life of the Maoris! Steve and I decided there was far too much in England we hadn't seen. It's as simple as that."

It was then that Andy Parsons and his friend Stephen Rudsdale noticed an advertisement for an 83-day package tour from Kathmandu to London. "The only journey of its type — and a MUST for the true traveller and adventurer," it said. They couldn't resist the challenge, and decided to fly to Kathmandu and "take the bus home".

Originally, it was to have been a 'working holiday'. A few odd jobs (wine waiter was one of them!), a bit of sight-seeing — and then back to New Zealand. But the home bug got Andy, and after two years he has settled down again, got his job with ACTS and is planning his future here in the old country.

D

Letters from a 15,000-mile traveller to the folks he left at home

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During that long and fascinating bus ride across two whole Continents, Andy wrote letter after letter to his parents. They kept them, and with permission from those concerned, here are extracts from just a few . . .

Dear Mum and Dad

March 6th. Am now sitting in our suite in the Miramar Hotel, Singapore. This morning our travel agent woke us at 8.30 and took us straight to a place in Chinatown, where we had breakfast in the open — very noisy and full of strange smells. But a fantastic Chinese breakfast (small bowls of paste with meat in oil, followed by a succession of other dishes served every time you thought you'd finished the one before!) cost us only 25p each.

Then the agent took us to a crocodile factory where they actually breed alligators and crocodiles which they eventually kill and make into handbags, etc. Fascinating. A Singapore street band just went past our window; boy, what a racket!

Dear Mum and Dad

March 11th. Well, here we are in Bangkok, Thailand. Yesterday we woke at 6.30 a.m. and met our local travel agent who took us to the 'Floating market' — an island of stalls one visited by boat.

Some people here live in dreadful poverty, and pollution is incredible. Every time we come back from a day's outing, we are filthy and have to shower.

Have just had some lunch — two pieces of fish, chips and a beer! Cost about 75p in our money.

Dear Mum and Dad

March 26th. Now we're in Delhi. We stopped on the way at Benares, or Varanasi, as it is now called. That was its original name, but the British changed it to Benares because they could pronounce it better! Now it's been changed back. Hotel there was fantastic, very British Raj type place, very spacious and luxurious. Built by the British in their heyday.

A local bus picked us up one day at the hotel, took us to the River Ganges, where we boarded a boat and floated down to the Maharajah's Palace. Here we had elephant rides and a breakfast prepared by the Maharajah personally. We then met him, which is quite a privilege as he doesn't often do this. He has no political power now, only religious (Hindu).

Another day we had a long drive to a little town called Agra, where we were mobbed by the crowd. It's incredible, but the Indians still treat you as if you came

from another world, especially the youngsters. We saw the Taj Mahal — beautiful beyond words. I also saw the foundations (on the other side of the river) for a black marble replica of the Taj Mahal. The King who built it had originally intended to put a solid silver bridge between the two. What a sight — if only it had been built!

Due in Kashmir in a couple of days. There we stay on houseboats, where, I'm told, nice cheap tailors visit the boats. I'll probably get a good pair of trousers . . .

Dear Mum and Dad

April 16th. Had a Hell of a time on the Afghan-Iran border. It took us 6½ hours to get cleared. Customs went through everything — TWICE. Even stripped out the speakers on the bus ceiling and took apart the chemical toilet. Suppose they have to do their job, but it's the way they do it! I guess they can afford to be like that, with all their wealth.

There are 38 people on the coach — all great. Canadians, Americans, Australians, British, New Zealanders and a German couple. Ages vary greatly from a 13-year-old girl with her mother to two middle aged couples of between 50 and 60, and one bloke of 65.

Dear Mum and Dad

April 23rd. Just left Kashmir, where our houseboat was superb. Six of us in it. Apparently the British used to go to Kashmir in the Summer, when it was hot elsewhere and cooler there. For some reason, they were not allowed just to camp. If they wanted to stay, they had to buy land, so to overcome this, they built these massive houseboats — 80 to 100 feet long.

My passport now looking great, with all the dates of entry and visas for different countries. So far the weather has been very hot all the way, even at night, averaging 30 to 35 degrees Centigrade, except in Srinagar.

Though we're living well, I feel like eating all the things I can't get. Like fresh milk, fresh bread with cheese and pickle — and a nice cold beer! It's far too expensive in this part of the world.

Dear Mum and Dad

May 3rd. Arrived to-day at Kavala, our first stop in Greece. Can't believe we're half way to England already. Had another tussle on the Iranian-Turkish

(Continued on Page 9)

FROM A MOSCOW WINDOW . . .

This splendid view of Moscow was taken from the window of the hotel in which Andy and his friends stayed. 'The Moscow streets and all the buildings are spotless', Andy writes.



. . . . and near a Berlin Wall

A picture that sums up some of the heartbreak of the years after World War 2. It was taken on the West side of the Berlin Wall. Andy's caption says, simply: 'Unfortunate escapee . . .'

TIME OFF

TWO PAGES

WERE THESE THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

By Carter Leonard

IT'S FUNNY, isn't it, how many things in life depend upon coincidence? For instance, on the very day the Editor invited me to co-ordinate this first-ever 'Contacts' Magazine Page, I was helping my wife to clear out a few drawers that hadn't been opened — let alone properly sorted-out — for a number of years.



John Johnstone with another of his favourites — black puddings.

Tucked away at the bottom of one drawer, we found an old school exercise book — used by me, with very little success, more than 50 years ago. When we married, we had obviously used the blank pages as a kind of 'accounts book' while shopping for our first home (a semi-detached for which we paid a rent of 15 shillings, now 75p, a week.

Some of the figures (here translated into current denominations) make fascinating reading. I see, for instance, that for our lovely three-piece uncut moquette lounge suite — now recovered, but still doing yeoman service, 42 years later, in our new bungalow — we paid the princely sum of £29.75. For a dining room suite (table, four chairs and elegant sideboard) we forked out £23.54, and for a second bedroom suite £18.95. I can't see a record of what we paid for our bedroom suite, but that, too, did yeoman service!

The Sunday joint

We lived like fighting cocks, too, in those early wedded days — on my £5.80 a week. I note that Sunday joints averaged around 15p — and that, of course, allowed for a nice bit of cold meat on the Monday, with perhaps a little curry on Tuesday.

I note, too, that Saturday at the greengrocer's normally cost about 22p, that delivery of one daily and two Sunday papers cost less than 5p a week and that coal to keep roaring fires going was averaging 35p a week.

Who's for sheep's head and barley?

On Page 4 we promised a recipe from John Johnson, of the Leeds canteen, for one of his favourite local dishes. Here it is — sheep's head with pearl barley. And, according to John, it's delicious.

Ingredients:
1 sheep's head
1 turnip
Seasoning
1 onion
2 carrots

Small bunch parsley
1 tablespoon, pearl barley
Time: 3 to 3½ hours
Temp: Low
Enough for 4 persons

Soak the head in salt water for two hours, then put it in saucepan and cover with fresh cold water. Bring this to the boil, then take out the head and remove the brains, which should be kept until required for another dish. Return the head to the liquid, add the barley, sliced vegetables, seasoning and chopped parsley, and stir constantly until it boils. Put the lid on the saucepan, and simmer for about 3 hours. Strain off liquid, which can be used as soup, cut the meat off the head, and serve with vegetables and the pearl barley.



A To start the ball rolling, here (left) is the first of two Hodgsons — Birmingham's Regional Manager, John Hodgson.

B And another Hodgson, Soton Terminal Container and Equipment Inspector Alan Hodgson (above).

Two splendid Parker Knoll fireside chairs — bought long before the halcyon television age and from which, to-day, we still watch 'Coronation Street' — cost £3.15 and £4.25 respectively, and I note that for our 'sitting room' carpet, a twelve-foot square of best Wilton, we paid £6.84. (Twenty-five years later, a queue of people lined up to buy it for the same price!)

Is it any wonder that we old fogies occasionally go on a bit about the Good Old Days?

The Last Will . . .

TUCKED away in another drawer, I found a bundle of papers left to me by my father — a man who made a habit of collecting any amusing item on which he could lay his hands. And he laid them on quite a few!

One paper is described as the Will of a Wall Street Broker. It reads as follows:

TO MY WIFE I leave her lover, and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was.

TO MY SON I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he thought the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken.

TO MY DAUGHTER I leave £20,000. She will need it. The only piece of good business her husband ever did was to marry her.

TO MY VALET I leave the clothes he has been stealing from me for the last ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last Winter when I was at Palm Beach.

TO MY CHAUFFEUR I leave my cars. He almost ruined them, and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

And, last of all, TO MY PARTNER I leave the suggestion that he takes some other man in with him at once if he expects to do any business.

W.C. — nine miles!

ANOTHER of Dad's goodies is a letter written by a house owner to a couple anxious to purchase. While returning home by train after visiting the house, the couple suddenly remembered they had not noticed a W.C. They wrote to the owner, asking where it was situated. At first, the owner could not think what a W.C. meant, eventually deciding it must refer to the Wesleyan Chapel. He therefore wrote as follows:

Dear Sir,

I regret very much the delay in answering your letter, but I have now the pleasure of telling you that the W.C. is situated about nine miles from the house and is capable of seating about 200 persons.

This distance is unfortunately far, but if you are in the habit of going regularly you will be glad to know that a great many people take their lunch and make a day of it. Others who cannot spare the time, take cars and arrive just on time.

I must say it pains me not to go oftener than I do.

It may also interest you to know that a Bazaar is to be held to furnish the W.C. with plush seats as this has been a long felt want.

DESIGNED TO PUZZLE, ENTERTAIN AND AMUSE



C The girl with an eye on the camera instead of the jigsaw puzzle is Sue Godwin, of Head Office Personnel, pictured here with her husband.

Yours faithfully

P.S. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago and we stood up all the time.

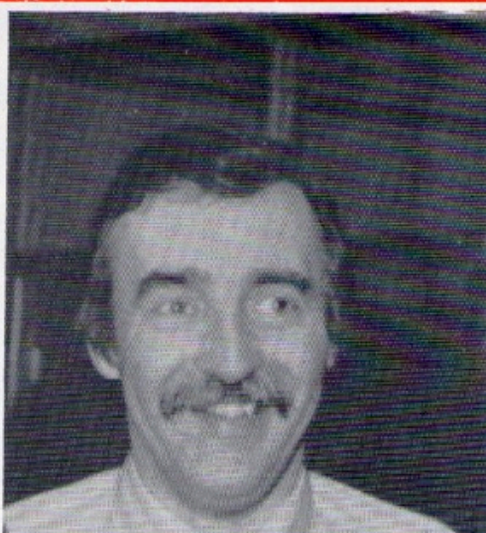
Modern shipping 'Law'

THE ANL House Journal reports that the Line, in a wry look at the complexities of modern shipping, has circularised to all staff a Marine version of Murphy's Law. Here are a few samples:

- a. Anything that can go wrong will go wrong.
- b. Left to themselves, things go from bad to worse.
- c. If there is a possibility of several things going wrong, the one that does go wrong will be the one that causes most damage.
- d. If everything appears to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something.
- e. An object will fall so as to do the most damage.
- f. Nothing is impossible to the man who doesn't have to do it.
- g. The Chief Engineer is always right.
- h. When the Chief Engineer is wrong, refer to rule (g).
- j. When all else fails, read the instruction book.
- k. If the facts don't conform to the theory, they must be disposed of.

★ ★ ★

Thanks for your company (if you've got this far!) See you again soon, I hope...



D Based at Head Office, but a character almost as well-known around the regions — Mr. Personnel, Peter Hughes.

How Did They Grow Up?

Readers will recall that in the last issue of 'Contacts', Barking Office set us all a poser by producing pictures of four of their staff as they are to-day — and as they were in much younger days. They posed the question: 'Which baby grew up into which young lady?'

It seems that nearly everybody thought they knew the answer. The total entries was the biggest we have had for any competition so far, and we are delighted to send prizes of £3 to the winner, Ann Gibson, of Head Office Technical Services, and £2 to the runner-up, Bill Shand, of ACTA Marketing, Glasgow. Well done.

So popular was the competition that we repeat it now — with different subjects. Take a look at the four pictures at the top of the page, and then at the four below. Which baby grew up to which member of ACTS staff? Just fill in the coupon at the foot of this column — and send it to Lynne Lisney, Personnel Dept., at Richmond House. Prizes as before — £3 and £2.

NOTE: Top pictures are A to D, left to right; and baby pictures 1 to 4, left to right.

15,000-MILE BUS RIDE

(Continued from Page 7)

border recently, with the health guard virtually blackmailing people by getting them to buy him a bottle of duty-free whiskey. Our first Turkish meal was meat balls, a boat of rice and beans and a bowl of spinach.

Turkey completely different from my imaginings. It tops even Afganistan and the people are incredibly friendly.

On the 25th, we had our first snow fight (I'd forgotten how cold snow actually was), and yet the next day in Pammykhale, it was so warm we had to take off our shirts to walk in the country. On the 29th, I had a swim in the Dardanelles. The sun was warm but the sea freezing. Drunk plenty of Turkish coffee (great) but had no Turkish bath!

Bucharest was also pretty impressive, with many fine buildings. But here's a sad story. On our night there, I had a shower, leaving the hotel room slightly ajar. My mistake. When I returned, my wallet and watch were missing. I reported to the management at once and they got the police. We woke lots of people up that night, but despite a thorough search, no luck.

Next morning, the wallet was found empty, except for a few photos, in the trash. When I went to police HQ, they wouldn't write out a report because it was Sunday! The official stamp was locked in the strong room. And guess who held the key. The police chief — and he was on holiday.

Dear Mum and Dad

May 9th. Before coming here to Athens, we did an excursion to Delphi, which once housed the Temple of Appollo. Delphi really picturesque, but too many tourists. (Why am I complaining: just remembered, I'm one of them!).

Went yesterday to see the Acropolis and the sight and sound show there. At one stage the Acropolis itself and the mountain on which it stands glowed crimson — really great.

Made my day when I heard that Villa got the League Cup...

Dear Mum and Dad

May 27th. Here I am in Leningrad in the Hotel Astoria, built in 1905 and with the biggest rooms I've ever seen. Hitler planned to use this hotel for his victory dinner — he even got his victory cards printed.

Leningrad perhaps the most beautiful city I've ever seen, with ornate buildings which once belonged to the rich.

Dear Mum and Dad

May 17th. We're now in Odessa in the Ukranian SSR, after visiting Sofia, a typical Communist city. Big, grey buildings, but the avenues all lined with trees which take away the drabness. People very friendly and if someone had put me in the city without telling me, I would never have guessed it was behind the Iron Curtain. Clothing really Westernised.

Dear Mum and Dad

June 2nd. Am now in Oslo and realise I have not yet told you about our visit to Moscow, which has really been done up for the tourists. The streets and all the buildings are spotless. We went to the Moscow circus where I've never seen so many amazing tricks done by elephants, and where a troupe of cows ended their act by bowing and curtseying!

Looking at it as a tourist, Russia seems a quietly happy, friendly place, and Intourist really looks after you, day after day being crammed with sight-seeing.

Remember my old pair of jeans and those old trousers I was going to chuck out? One could get 55 roubles for both on the streets, so as you can imagine, I did not run out of spending money there.

PS. I was delighted to hear that United got the FA Cup, and really great hearing that Liverpool won the European Cup.

TWIN THESE WITH THE FACES ABOVE



BABY COMPETITION No. 2

Baby 1 became

Baby 2 became

Baby 3 became

Baby 4 became

My name is

My department

My region

SPORT NEWS

SIR ERIC HELPS PICK
KNIGHT
NO 205!

By The Sports Editor



Sir Eric Priestley (left) with his fellow Knights (in their top hats and tails) of Southampton Old Bowling Club at the judging of the 1979 'kighthood' competition. The knights second and third from the left have sticks at the ready to remove 'bad misses'. The gentlemen on the right is Sir Bert Pascoe, Senior Knight and now in his eighties.

HE MAY BE plain Eric Priestley when he's at work in the Post Room of Richmond House, but once he steps on to the near-sacred turf of Southampton Old Bowling Club, he's Sir Eric to one and all. And rightly so, for he is one of the select band of bowlers who has won the unique 'kighthood' competition organised among its members for longer than most people can remember by the world's oldest bowling club.

It is even rumoured that when somebody at this famous Southampton club once mentioned the name 'Francis Drake', the reply came back: "He must be one of the newer members!"

Eric won his 'kighthood' in 1975 in a contest which was the longest in living memory. It began on August 6 and didn't finish until August 14, by which time thirty-four competitors had bowled no fewer than 4,800 woods!

Annual 'election'

To-day, Eric and his fellow knights put on their top hat and frock coat uniform once a year to supervise the 'election' of a new member of their illustrious brotherhood. They did it in September this year, when the picture above was taken during the 205th annual 'kighthood' competition.

The rules are simple. Some 30 contestants take part each year and the committee of 'knights' places the Jack for every end. No ordinary Jack, either. A specially-prepared, flat bottomed Jack that is placed on an old penny, so that if it is, accidentally, knocked away by a contestant's wood, it can be replaced on the penny.

The first contestant to score seven points (i.e. finish nearest to the Jack seven times) is the winner and the new Knight.

And if you think it all sounds a bit pedantic, even childish, then think again. There's no honour as great as a Southampton 'kighthood' anywhere in the world of bowls.

"The Knights take over the green on the first Wednesday of August every year," Eric explains, "and from then until the end of the competition, nobody — but nobody — is allowed on the green without their authority."

Drinks all round

"Throughout the competition, the Knights from the past measure and note all the near shots, shove the bad misses on one side — and shout out after every end the name of the bowler who has got nearest. The first to get seven shots is the winner."

After which he gets his kighthood — plus the bill for drinks all round in the bar of a club that is said to have been founded in 1299.

'SIR' NOTE: This year's new Knight was 'Sir' Arthur Taylor — 205th to win the title.

How John and Co shot
the rapids

You'd have thought that an arm broken quite decisively while racing downhill on two small pieces of wood (ski's, to you) would have put a chap off for a month or two. But not so John Gray, Assistant Cargo Superintendent at Coatbridge.

Soon after the skiing accident reported in the last issue of 'Contacts', John's fellow maniacs in the Bearsden Ski Club decided to enter a crew in this year's River Tay Raft Race... a pretty formidable water exercise calculated to take the participants anything up to four hours of strenuous endeavour, according to their expertise.

"Something like 5,000 spectators watched 92 rafts compete over the seven-mile course," John told *Contacts*. "There were rafts of all shapes and sizes, constructed by their crews from empty plastic bottles, car inner tubes, sheets of polystyrene and pretty well everything else the

cat didn't bring home!

"Crews had to be a minimum of five — with at least one girl included. Our own craft, named The Nipper Clipper, had in fact one girl in a crew of eight.

'Cracked'

"At Kenmore, the race started with 46 crews on each side of the river. After that, it was 100 yards up stream, then through two buoys and Hell for leather down the river to Aberfeldy."

The man really to beat? John Noakes, BBC children's programme presenter, who, with his dog Shep, was on one

of the rafts, filming the event for a BBC television programme to be shown around the time this issue of 'Contacts' goes to Press.

FOOTNOTE: After failing to finish in 1977, the Bearsden Ski Club crew came 34th this time. And how did they feel afterwards?

"Cracked", said John. At least that's what it sounded like...



Only just in the picture — John Gray (extreme left), behind the only girl member of the crew, paddles with the best as Nipper Clipper races on.

'YORKSHIRE' TAKE ROSES LEAD

With a three wicket victory over their 'arch rivals' from across the Pennines, 'Yorkshire' this year snatched the lead in the series of Roses matches between ACTS Leeds and ACTS Manchester. Leeds now lead by four matches to three.

Manchester were 52 all out, with Byron (13), Tyler (10) and Forrester (8) top scorers. Wickets were taken by Marshall (4 for 6), Jones (3 for 30), Foster (2 for 8) and Good (1 for 15).

The Yorkshire side, in reply, lost seven wickets before running out winners. Oliver (12), Marshall (11 not out), Powell (9) and Toolan (7 not out) were Leeds top scorers, best bowling performances coming from Byron (3 for 20) and Harrison (1 for 6).

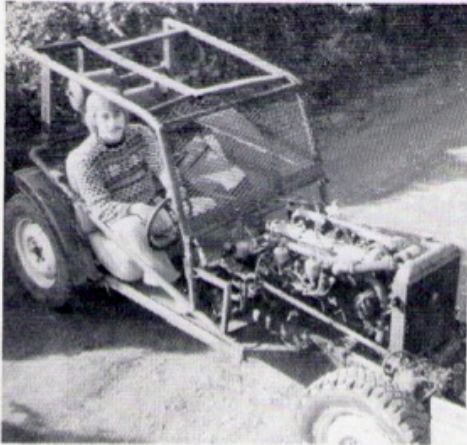
MEET KARON, THE CRASH HELMET BRIDE

By a Special Correspondent

I HAVE A shrewd suspicion that when Leeds accounts clerk Karon Hauff and her fitter husband Ronnie (pictured, right, at their wedding in June) are unable to sleep, they count clapped out old cars going round and round a field, rather than sheep jumping over fences.

Both, you see, are car-racing fanatics. But not for them, your Brand's Hatch or Silverstone. Nor your Monte Carlo Rally or Italian Grand Prix.

Karon and Ronnie are made of sterner stuff. Give them an old 'banger', skilfully pieced together from a chassis, an engine and a few bits and pieces picked up at scrapyards, and they'll be as happy as sandboys.



HUSBAND Ronnie at the wheel of a specially-converted grass track racing car.

JUST SIX RUNS BEAT TERMINAL

By a special correspondent

When asked by Killick Martin (Southampton) to provide a little cricket practice for them before their major encounter with Killick Martin (London), an aura of apprehension descended upon Southampton Terminal, mainly because of those willing to form a team, none had played cricket for at least three years many for much longer.

However, after a little persuasion here and there, eleven fairly enthusiastic (if inexperienced) Terminal players took the field one Summer Thursday in a park in the centre of Soton.

Without implying bias in favour of either team, it is only fair to report (a) that Killick Martin were immaculately turned out in white (compared with the more various dress styles of ACTS), (b) that a Killick Martin director acted as umpire, (c) that another Killick Martin member of staff kept the score and (d) that the ACTS team was beaten by only six runs.

It could not truthfully be said that this sporting encounter has led to a dazzling revival of cricket interest at the Terminal, though a second match was later arranged against ACTS Head Office, who also managed to scrape home by a very narrow margin.

SPORTING TRUTHS

Things that sporting types should always remember...

The best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse (Lord Palmerston).

Anybody can win — unless there happens to be a second entry.

Spring is the season of balls — golf, tennis, base and moth!

The man who doesn't believe that women are bad losers has never met one trying to reduce her weight...

Their sport, grass track racing, is a highly-popular Sunday afternoon pastime at Yorkshire venues in places like Barnsley, Hull and York. All you need is a handful of cars (lovingly converted by their owners), an assortment of fearless (the word 'crazy' would, perhaps, be too strong!) drivers, and a kindly farmer prepared to put one of his larger fields at the disposal of the enthusiasts, participants and spectators alike.

Cars prepared

The cars themselves must, of course, be specially-prepared for the unusual conditions — shortness of track and undependability of surface among them.

Last Summer, Karon and Ronnie had their own car (it started out many years ago as a Ford Popular) and both of them drove it. To-day, countless crashes, overturnings and other misadventures later, it is back where it came from — in the scrapyards.

"But we had wonderful fun with it while it lasted", says Karon, "and before next season we will be scouring the yards again for bits and pieces from which to build a new racer."

Karon herself, of course, drives only in women's events. "There aren't many of us about", she says, "though it's tremendously exciting. The great attraction is that you can take out your aggression on it. Just put your foot down, go Hell for leather — and forget any troubles you may have."

"Despite everything, it's the safest sport in the motor racing world. After all, even if you crash or roll over, you're harnessed in just like the big boys."

Once upon a time, most of the cars competing in grass track races were the pride and joy of their owners. To-day those owners would hardly recognise them. Because of risk from flying glass, all windows and windscreens are removed. ("A bit of chicken wire across the front is excellent protection from flying bricks," says Karon).

Because anything that could fly open in a crash might be a danger to other cars and drivers, all doors are cut in half, the remaining half being firmly welded to the chassis. And because radiators could easily burst in a crash, these are transferred from front to back.

"Better days"

Finally, dashboards are removed, leaving only an old pressure gauge — and no speedometer by which the driver can judge his speed, though it's hard to do much more than 40 miles an hour on the type of track provided.

To-day, Karon is both driver and mechanic in the



Crash helmet at the ready
Karon in the hot seat!



NO CRASH HELMET for Karon Ellis on the day this picture was taken — at her wedding to fitter Ronnie Hauff. For this very special occasion at St. Mary's, Garforth, she wore a white dress with large bell sleeves, trimmed with lace.

Hauff racing team. She was not always mechanically-minded. When she and Ronnie first met five years ago, she wouldn't have recognised a left-handed splinge from a hypersensitised right-angled stompler.

But when they met, Ronnie had just acquired a Mark 2 Cortina. "It had seen far better days, but we were determined to make it a car to be proud of," Karon explains. "The engine had to come out, along with lots of other things, and be completely overhauled. We did it together — and that's how I learned. From Ronnie."

All out for the 'Orange' boys!



The third floor of Northgate House — headquarters of Basildon ACTS — was cleared in a matter of seconds recently when the characters pictured here, wearing fluorescent waistcoats and carrying torches and whistles, took charge of a fire practice.

The outstanding brilliance of the fire stewards' jackets (they are in luminous orange) was noted not only by the staff. Curious shoppers just outside Northgate House were heard to enquire whether anybody was giving away Outspan oranges...

Left to right: Len Tomlinson, Les Hedaux, Les Griffiths and Dave Andrews.



Leanda 'signs on' for life

Leanda Jones, Exports Assistant Controller at Tilbury Terminal, had two causes for celebration earlier this year. First, her 21st birthday, and then, a month later, her marriage to TCS man Barry Sparling.

Our picture (left) shows Leanda, with a little help from Barry, 'signing on' after the ceremony.

LEN PIPS HIS WIFE TO RETIREMENT

LEEDS ACTS Regional Surveyor Leonard Sheldon pipped his wife to retirement by exactly 26 days. Well-known in Sheffield and throughout the West Riding by the container manufacturing and repairing industry, Leonard said farewell to his containerbase colleagues on October 5, and wife Dorothy gave up her secretarial job in Sheffield on the 31st.

In his earlier years, Leonard worked for Cravens Homalloy in Sheffield for 42 years, serving his time as a coach builder. During the second world war, when the company went over to aircraft production, he was a quality control inspector on Lysanders and Lancasters.

After the war, Cravens went back to rolling stock, and in 1966 entered the container business.

Leonard joined ACT originally as a regional inspector, later becoming Area Surveyor and Chief Inspector. He once described his job as 'watching generally over the quality of goods both bought and used'.

The Directors, Management and staff of ACTS gave him a carriage clock as a parting gift, and this was presented to him (picture, above) by Technical Director John Ormiston. From his many friends in Leeds Office he received a crystal cut glass vase and a silver posy bowl.



Model train man

A set of cut glass whiskey tumblers and a carriage clock will be a constant reminder to another Leeds stalwart, Co-ordinator Ralph Shepherd, of the ten years he spent with ACTS at Leeds.

Ralph joined the company in July, 1969, and the farewell gifts were presented to him by Regional Manager Dennis Armitstead (picture, below) at a buffet attended by most of his Leeds Colleagues. Before joining ACTS, Ralph had



been a freight forwarder for three shipping and forwarding agents in Bradford.

Retirement will at least give him time to enjoy to the full his model trains. He has 48 feet of track, three engines and a selection of Inter-City and other coaches to keep him busy...

The rest of the news from Tilbury

This Dave 'double' led way to historic win

Dave Lawson was in great form with both bat and ball when a combined Tilbury Terminal and Tilbury Transport cricket team scored an historic victory over CP Ships, Tilbury.

There were fine bowling performances, too, from Roy Roberts and Norman Hornigold, and batting successes for John Wilson and Chris Houillion.



Import Assistant Controller Glyn Whittaker became the proud father of a baby girl, Kate, during the Summer. Kate weighed 6lb 2oz at birth, and you can see Glyn's pride in our picture (left).

Big Kevin Hymas finally found some

one impetuous enough to clean his Rugby boots, and so got engaged to the lovely Sue Keelys.

★ ★ ★

Tilbury extends a warm welcome to the jovial extrovert Frank Macklin, who has joined as Assistant Controller (Exports), from the Commercial department at Basildon, and to Victor Bend, now in pre-entry department.

"Contacts" disclaims all responsibility for the report that the streets of Tilbury are no longer safe now that Export control clerk Sandra Meredith has a full driving licence.



Scuba diver Andrew weds

Twenty-two-year-old Andrew Powell, a transport assistant with ACTS at Leeds, and his bride Beverley Anne Brown pictured after their white wedding at St. Austin's Church, Wakefield, in September.

Beverley is a secretary, and Andrew, who has been two-and-a-half years with ACTS, lists scuba diving, squash, tennis and shooting among his sporting interests.