

## IT'S THAT CUP AGAIN

**B**ACK with a bang this year comes the Peter Yarwood Challenge Cup Competition, the inter-regional sporting contest designed to bring all members of the ACTS 'family' into sporting battle.

After an unavoidable hiccup which caused a postponement of last year's competition, regional representatives meeting in London recently agreed on a revised format to give new life and new impetus to the event.

Under the revised rules, teams of seven (to include two ladies) from each region will compete in a preliminary round of three meetings to be 'hosted' by Manchester, Birmingham and Basildon regions.

The three winning teams in this first stage will take part, during late September or early October, in a Grand Final to be held in the Southampton area at a venue to be announced.

ACTS have agreed to pay for transport and accommodation of the three teams taking part in the final, and when the venue and facilities are finally agreed, it is hoped to offer special bargain terms to would-be spectators.

FULL DETAILS of the competition are in Page 10.

## ACTS and Sharjah remember Graham

**W**REATHS from those with whom he had worked at the Sharjah containerbase and from scores of friends he made of customers in the Arabian Gulf were among the many floral tributes at the funeral of Graham Wilson, former Regional Manager of ACTS Basildon.

Chief mourners at a service at Easthampstead, near Ascot, in January, were his wife Fran and two sons, and Fran's family from Germany. Many friends from ACTS were there to pay their final tribute.

Managing Director Peter Bainbridge, Bill Campbell and Bob Howland represented the ACTS Board, and among others present from Head Office were Bruce Conchie, John Cove and Peter Hughes.

Graham's successor as Basildon Regional

Manager, Norman Cooper, who gave the address, and Ken, Thompson (Barking) represented the company's regional offices and a number of colleagues from Basildon also attended.

ACTA was represented by Wally Walshaw, Operations Cost Control Manager in Fenchurch Street, and Peter Pike, General Manager of Operations.

The Last Big Job for Graham Wilson. See Page Two.



## HORSESHOE FOR LUCK

A WHITE HORSESHOE, trimmed with white rose and white feathers, was carried by 22-year-old Janice Williams, when she was married at Southampton Registry office to electrician Steve Stride.

Five years with ACTS, Janice is a Telex operator at Soton Terminal, lists sewing and knitting among her hobbies—and was married in a dress she made herself.

Other interests after the five o'clock bell rings are swimming and darts.

### Switched on . . .

Nineteen-year-old Julie Webb, who lives at Totton, near Southampton, has joined the Terminal staff as switchboard/receptionist.

A pretty diverse list of Julie's outside interests includes swimming, cookery, driving and reading.

### On Inside Pages

Meet Chris  
from C-Cars  
— on Page 4

20 Men and a  
girl get Grays  
cracking — Page 6

**'What he achieved in Sharjah will be a lasting testimonial to him'**

# LAST BIG JOB FOR GRAHAM WILSON

By LESTER CARROLL

WHEN Graham Wilson and I last talked together at length, some three years ago, he was full of the kind of thoughts that made him a unique character:

'My main aim in life is, and always has been, to get through each day with the minimum of aggravation and the minimum of effort, commensurate with getting the job done efficiently', he said.

'I ran away from Dunkirk so fast in World War Two that even the onrushing Germans couldn't catch me', he said.

And 'Wasn't I lucky', he asked, 'to keep my head down until a week before the end of hostilities, when something went bang in the night and enabled me to take no further part in the proceedings?'

Not a word of which, of course, did Graham really mean. As fellow World War Two paratroopers, I knew it was just Graham talking. And he knew that I knew. An MC, he won after volunteering for special duties with a newly-formed Parachute outfit told its own story.

What he *did* mean, however, was his next remark:

'When I eventually retire, I would like to settle in Germany with Franziska (the Austrian girl he adored from the moment he met her at a Society of Friends club he once ran in London). After all, she will then have spent 30 years or more speaking a foreign language, and guess I owe it to her to take my turn'.

## Legion of friends

Sadly, Graham won't be able to take his turn. He died in January, not long after returning with Fran from his last big job for ACTS — helping, as a company advisor, to set up and run a brand new containerbase at Sharjah, in the Arabian Gulf.

He will be sorely missed not only by Fran and their two sons, Hans and Stephen, but also by the multi-national community of the Gulf and by the legion of friends he made in ACTS and its associated companies, particularly during his spell as Regional Manager at Basildon.

Graham had been almost ten years with ACTS. He joined the company in June, 1970, as Regional Manager at Birmingham, and on March 19, 1973, began his three-and-a-half year stint as Southern Regional Manager, based in Basildon.

As a young man, two years before World War Two, he went to Cambridge on a scholarship to study Modern Languages. It was typical of him that when war broke out, he gave up everything and volunteered for the Army, in which he served with both courage and distinction, volunteering for those special airborne duties and picking up the MC about which he talked little.

In 1946, back in Civvy street, he started again where he had left off six years earlier, going back to University and collecting his degree. He then joined for a time his father's woodworking firm.

There are perhaps few people outside his im-



ON THE ROAD TOGETHER — Graham Wilson (right) with Wally Walshaw in Sharjah.

mediate family who knew Graham better than Norman Cooper, once his deputy and the man who succeeded him as Regional Manager at Basildon — Norman gave the address when Graham was cremated in January — and Wally Walshaw, now Operations Cost Control Manager with ACTA in Fenchurch Street and until the Autumn of 1976, ACTS Regional Manager at Manchester.

It was around this time that ACTS had an urgent request from the Emirate for help with the establishment of their containerbase at Sharjah.

'Within 10 days of being asked how much the

company would charge for the job, Managing Director Peter Bainbridge and I flew out to get things on the move,' says Wally.

'My job was to get the containerbase itself into action quickly and to operate it with maximum efficiency. Graham Wilson, who joined me within a matter of weeks, was, with his vast transport experience, to set up a distribution network and agency'.

Sharjah was hard graft for everybody from the word Go. With containers and other cargoes littering the sand dunes, waiting for somebody to do something about them, it needed faith as well as devotion to duty to set up the first purpose-built containerbase in the Gulf. For almost three months, Graham, Wally and their native assistants and labour force worked non-stop. Days off were non-existent.

'January 1, 1977, marked the turning point', Wally now explains. 'The final concrete had been poured, we had a crane operational, on New Year's Eve all the boxes were brought into the terminal — and on that New Year's Day, Graham and I, along with every man and woman on site, took a day off to celebrate'.

## Great achievement

And Graham's side of the Sharjah bargain? 'Within two months of his arrival, the distributive pattern and systems had been thoroughly investigated and established,' says Wally. Vehicles and trailers he had organised before leaving England were already on site and capable of coping with anything.

'Documentation was in use — and, what's more, actually understood! Driver training was almost complete. And with the help of the Ruler and the local customs people, Graham had established what must be the simplest customs procedures anywhere in the world, capable of dealing with the clearance of goods efficiently within a matter of minutes. Anyone who has dealt with the complicated formalities of the normal Middle Eastern Customs will truly appreciate this achievement.

'It was almost entirely due to the initiative and know-how of one man — Graham Wilson. What he achieved out there will be a lasting testimonial to him'.

Graham Wilson, a transport man through and through, had the happy knack of generating a rapport with all, young or old alike.

During their Sharjah partnership, Graham and Wally used to enjoy doing their 'weekend shopping' very early on a Friday morning (the Muslim Sunday) in order to beat the heat of the day. Every Friday they would visit the native vegetable souk (market) to buy the week's supplies. A crowd of young boys (coolie boys) always waited at the souk to carry (for a slight consideration, of course) their shopping bags.

## Potatoes lost

Over the months, one very young (and very small) coolie had made Graham and Wally his very own 'clients' fighting off any attempt at rival offers.

On one occasion, Graham, feeling that the lad was grossly overloaded, insisted, much to the lad's disgust, that he would carry a large bag of potatoes himself. Imagine the lad's delight when moments later the bag burst in the middle of the souk, scattering potatoes everywhere.

With a broad grin and at the top of his voice, he informed all and sundry: 'Him no bloody good coolie sahib, eh?'

Maybe not, but to his family, his friends and colleagues in Sharjah and throughout the ACT network, he was a bloody good bloke.

And as a Yorkshireman, he couldn't want fairer than that . . .



## WHICH BABY IS THAT?

To Manchester and to Southampton Terminal go the prizes offered in the How Did They Grow Up? competition published in our November issue.

The £3 cheque as first prize was won by Ann Tyler, Manchester credit control clerk and — by sheer coincidence, we promise — local correspondent for 'Contacts'.

Second prize-winner — he gets a £2 cheque — was the Terminal's Assistant Container and Equipment Inspector, Ray Tomlin.

We congratulate both winners and, after another record number of competition entries, offer a further selection of Babes Who Grew Up on Pages 8 and 9. Again with £3 and £2 cheques as prizes.

# THE LIGHT OF IAN'S LIFE— LIVING ALE!

By a Special Correspondent

IT'S a bit difficult to hide a smile when the good-looking young bearded fellow in the light blue T-shirt, gaily emblazoned with the words 'Happy Days Are Here Again', looks you straight in the eye and declares: "I swear that traditional real ale is alive and living and part of our national heritage".

It's even more difficult when you realise that his name, believe it or not, is Ian DRINKWATER.

"Everybody points that out", says Ian, Management Audit Assistant, at ACTS Head Office in Southampton, but you get a feeling that he doesn't really care so long as it gets another plug for the 20,000-strong Campaign for Real Ale organisation of which he is one of the most convincingly articulate members.

CAMRA, as it is known, is the only national organisation which exists specifically to speak for the British beer drinker and pub user.

"When I first joined CAMRA in 1974", says Ian, "my parents thought I was spending my evenings with the local photographic society. My real exploits came to light only when they found my camera lying dormant in my bedroom cupboard.

## The tide turned

"In those early days, when the big brewers were swamping the country with fizzy beers and lager, real ale was hard to find. Now the tide has been turned and more and more breweries and pubs are brewing and serving traditional draught beer".

So what does the connoisseur mean by real ale? "It's a living beer that continues to ferment in the pub cellar", says Ian. "It's brewed from the genuine, traditional ingredients — hops, malted barley and water.

"It's completely devoid of all the substitutes and additives that can ruin a good beer man's drink".

It is to let the world know where the right kind of beer can be found that CAMRA members scour the country in search of the real MacKay — sorry, the real ale. Says Ian: "Our organisation produces not only a regular newsheet, 'What's Brewing', to keep members in the real ale picture, but also an annual Good Beer Guide designed to lead readers to the hostleries at which the best in beer drinking can be found.

"Those who investigate Britain's 28,000 real ale pubs, so that the top 6,000 can be listed, are looking for all kinds of things. What kind of facilities does the pub offer? Is the landlord looking after his beer properly? Does he flush out his pipes at least once a week so that the

sediment does not settle.

"You'd be amazed at the number of landlords who just don't care, forget all about the cleaning of pipes and let the wine turn to vinegar!"

## 30 barrels a week

Ian himself is liaison officer for CAMRA's Small Breweries Division. "There has been a tremendous revival over the last two years in small-scale breweries", he says. "These small firms, housed in premises ranging from defunct wool mills to former slaughterhouses, disused bakeries and dairies to modern industrial units are all dedicated to producing real ale.

"Most of them operate on a local basis, serving 'free houses' within a 30-mile radius. A lot of them are producing only 30 barrels a week (36 gallons a barrel), against the 100,000 barrels from the big breweries, but they're doing a great job for real ale".

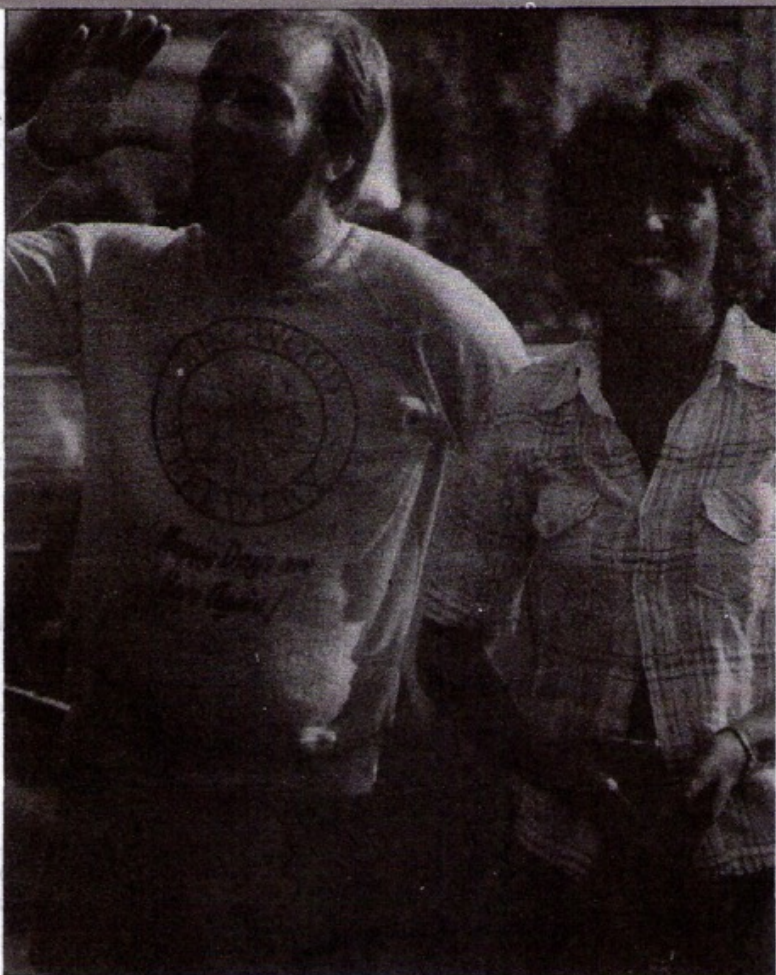
It's probably not surprising that somebody recently described Ian and his CAMRA colleagues as 'the most effective consumer organisation in Western Europe'.

## Sporting Paul joins the Terminal

Seventeen-year-old Paul Whiteside (right), who has joined ACTS as a transport assistant at Southampton Terminal, is a chap with a strong sporting inclination.

Whenever he has a chance, he says, he likes to go sailing, skating and bowling.

Nineteen-year-old Martin Eardley, a newcomer to the Cargo department, is less specific and merely says he leads 'an active social life with friends'.



TESTING OUT the drinking arm! Ian Drinkwater and friend on a Summer outing



An example of the 'tremendous revival' of small breweries. This one is The Bourne Valley Brewery, at Andover, and the man with the 'pipe' is doing a vital job — checking the original gravity of the brew.





Data bag tucked under her arm, courier Chris is ready for the off.

*Chris Banks, courier with ACTS at Basildon, thought it time others knew what life in a C (for Courier)-Car is like. She sat down, therefore, and recorded the start to a typical day...*

# MEET CHRIS FROM C-CARS

**L**OAD up for the first run—that is if you can get it all in the data bag. All ready to go. Anorak on—No—the usual shout from Exports—“Hang on a minute, we’ve some more urgent stuff”. Off comes the anorak—then on again—at last we’re off.

As usual, the brewery are using the lift to deliver to “The Highway” pub, so it’s the stairs again, though they tell me that’s good for the figure. Pouring with rain (or something) and the key gets stuck in the lock. Two soggy feet later the key is removed. Now down to the exit. “Where’s the car park ticket?”. Three guesses as to who has tucked it in his jacket pocket—I’ll kill him. Search for 15p and make a mental note to get it back later.

## Flash eyes!

On to the A13 road, crowded with heavy traffic—honking coming from the right—what did I do now—no just a friendly ACT driver. Give him a wave—might need him to change a wheel one day.

Make it to the first call—Orsett Containerbase—usual long queue of assorted vehicles waiting to get in—flash eyes and lights at the gateman who lets us jump the queue. In and out with no delay here.

Transport S.B.R.S. at West Thurrock, new port of call—over-scenic railway tarmac; will be glad when they get that fixed—negotiate tins of paint, ladders and a couple of workmen—that’s the easy bit—now for the transport boys (no place this for shrinking violets). A few laughs and blushes (usually at our expense). But we get our own back now and then. Drop off transport notes and pick up files.

## Race round!!

Now for Customs at Tilbury Docks via Grays and the sewage works (quite a land mark for new couriers this). In and out of Entry Customs—only one cheque and no queue, minor problem on paperwork but the officers are always helpful, especially if you’re a girl. Collect envelope for Control Station—race round dock only to find Control Station also have something, so back again!

On to Export Customs to collect urgent papers only to find this time that someone else has already collected them!

Round to 39 berth (TCS) making sure to

keep to the 30 mph speed limit. Very tempted to go under the huge straddle carriers instead of round—I wonder what they’d say if I did!! Arrive TCS and nowhere to park; could block in OCL or CP Ships cars but think better of it.

## Get job!!

No time for coffee but make quick visit to “loo”—friendly wave to ex-Basildon staff at TCS and quick wave to other courier’s boy friend at CP (don’t know how she had time to make his acquaintance!) Familiar shout from Pete Peterson, “You’ve forgotten my tray”. Quick re-take, then off again.

Outward run completed, so back to Basildon via Orsett, keeping careful weather eye open for Regional Manager who, I understand, could write his own stories about the hazards of driving on the A13.

Hold-up on A13—try to find a short cut—did, but it wasn’t so short. At least I’ve seen Benfleet!

Arrive Basildon 11.05, time for a quick cup of coffee before the off again at 11.15.

Have just been advised I’ve got the job I was after in Exports—anyone want a job at Basildon as a courier?

## Well done, Leslie—now pay up!



Take a good look at this picture; you will not often see its like. It was taken when, for the second time in three weeks, 17-year-old Leslie Macpherson, son of Margaret Macpherson, secretary to Scottish Regional Manager Norman Niblock, shot an arrow into a target and then proceeded to shoot a second arrow straight down the shaft of the first!

Readers of “Contacts” will know that the Macpherson family, Leslie, mother Margaret, father David and sister Linda are all champion archers, but this really was one for the books.

Repetition, of course, is not to be encouraged. Each arrow costs around £5!

★ ★ ★

Scottish ACTS welcomes two newcomers to the family—commercial assistant Elizabeth Sullivan has had a son, Stephen Anthony, and senior data operator Elizabeth Reid also a son, Christopher Robert.

★ ★ ★

The Coatbridge Christmas party, held at the Cartland Bridge Hotel, Lanark, was voted a big success.

In the pictures below, our cameraman caught Irene Baxter (data prep operator) and boyfriend Chris together, naturally, and, later, a Transport party and friends.



## Even in retirement Bill just can't bear to part

Bill Finnegan, whose association with ACT in the Manchester area goes back almost 14 years, obviously cannot bear to part completely from his old colleagues, for at his farewell party he told them that he had taken a ‘retirement job’ with one of the company’s hauliers!



Bill Finnegan (right) at his farewell ‘do’ with Ian Jarrett.

Bill joined ACT in 1973 as a transport assistant after a five-year stint with B.R.S., driving regularly as part of the ACT contract fleet.

Many of his friends gathered recently to wish him a long and happy retirement, and to see Regional Manager Ian Jarrett present him with a watch as a farewell gift from his colleagues.

Main worry now in Manchester’s Transport Department is ‘Who’s Going To Make The Tea?’.

## The two jobs of Ian Wallis—

When Birmingham ACTS had their annual Christmas 'do' at the Royal Angus Hotel, cargo clerk Ian Wallis (on the left in this picture) had to rush from the office, change his clobber and report back for his second job as drummer with the versatile Acquired Taste group.

The group, whose equipment is valued at around £6,000, played a big part in the success of the evening.



## TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US ...

Soton Terminal staff learned a few home truths about themselves at their Christmas Dinner-Dance, when some 100 revellers heard 'punk rockers' Alan Hodgson and Ray Tomlin sing a specially-written song about the Terminal. We've not room to reproduce it all, but here are extracts:

Our leader is Dave Parsons, a mighty man is he,  
Able assisted by Peter Onslow-Free,  
They organised a treasure hunt with clues we had to seek,  
But sent us round in circles like they do most of the week.

Their girl Friday is called Julie, and she really must be seen,  
She is the ace reporter for Contacts magazine,  
She knows a lot about most things, at typing she's a star,  
But really she knows b---- all about her motor car!

Tony Griffiths he leads Transport, the roads to take he shows,  
And he has Peter Jowett to keep them on their toes,  
They work so well together, Oh what a perfect match,  
But they terrorise the drivers who appear at the hatch.

The Cargo Section functions with Supt, Sandy  
And he will on occasions state that Lorne comes in quite handy.  
They tackle all the packing, from D.G.'s never shirk,  
But Sandy supervises—and Lorne does all the work.

We come now to Commercial, Tom Jenkins we believe,  
Has got a great department, with Mark and Stan and Steve,  
But the one that is outstanding and has a ready smile,  
Is Maggie who we all agree has a wonderful profile.

The Controllers upset Nick Sims and drive him to despair,  
There's Terry who ain't here tonight 'cos he don't go nowhere,  
There's Richard the Lionheart, Mike Beeby never grumbles,  
And Trevor who will stay upright even though Mark Stumbles.

But there is one department that sticks out by a mile,  
They've poise and charm and elegance and such a lovely style,  
They're everything that's perfect, they shine bright as a star,  
So everybody shout with us—UP THE M & R!

## —and THE DOUBLE LIFE OF POP FAN STEVE

**TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Steve Reynolds is leading a double life—and enjoying, we hope, every minute of both.**

By day, he's a Transport Assistant with Birmingham ACTS, but when the sun goes down and the bright lights go up, he dons a special uniform and enters the magic world of big pop stars like Rod Stewart, Bill Haley, Abba, Wings, Boney 'M' and Thin Lizzy.

Two-and-a-half years ago, Steve signed on with a Midlands firm set up to ensure the safety in that region not only of the pop stars themselves but of the thousands of fans who flock to hear them.

### Everybody 'frisked'

Three nights a week, therefore, when his job with ACTS ends for the day, he dons the uniform of West Midlands Security and scurries with a battalion of other young people to concert halls all over the Midlands, ready to cope with everything from collapsing stages and crash barriers to the 'frisking' of every single person arriving for a concert.

"You'd be surprised at the things we find", he says. "Guns aren't common, though we have found them on occasion. Cameras and tape recorders—brought along in the hope of making illegal recordings for sale after the show—are perhaps the biggest headache, and we've confiscated quite a few vicious-looking knives over the years.

"We just give the owners a ticket and tell them to collect their belongings at the end of the show. The general attitude seems to be that it's a fair cop. There are few complaints".

How big is the security force at a major concert? "Take a star like Rod Stewart", says Steve. "When we guarded him at the National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham, there were between 12,000 and 14,000 people in the audience—and 80 security guards scattered all over the place to see that nothing went wrong.

### Own bodyguards

"Many of the big stars bring their own bodyguards. Others have to have a team provided for them."

One of the key problems is that of teenagers rushing the stage or stampeding to dressing-rooms in a bid to see, and if possible touch, their favourites. "They go mad sometimes", says Steve, "and anything from 50 to 60 faintings at a concert is the order of the day. It is our job to try and pull the screaming victims out of the closely-packed crowds and get them to the St. John Ambulance Brigade."

The job has its bizarre moments. On one occasion, while doing a routine 'frisking', Steve found a dead rat hanging on the inside of a Hell's Angel jacket and was told 'I take it everywhere with me'.

And its compensations, too. On another occasion, at the Bingley Hall, Stafford, he came across one of the country's top girl singing stars at the most crucial moment of all during a backstage quick-change—starkers. He closed his eyes. He says.

## On behalf of my wife and I . . .

Southampton Tariff Manager Jim Porteous looks quite at ease (picture right) in the situation most bridegroom's dread—responding, 'on behalf of my wife and I', to the toast of The Happy Couple!

On a wet and windy November day, Jim was married at Bathgate, just outside Edinburgh, to his pretty bride Janice. The reception, where our picture was taken, was at the Speyside Suite, also at Bathgate, and the event itself was very much a family affair.

Janice, a local girl, is a nurse and now looks forward to settling into their new home at Eling, on Southampton's outskirts.

The couple kept their wedding very quiet from ACTS colleagues, but had a good luck telegram from Ellerman and Bucknall, in Cape Town, where Jim spent a couple of years.

**TAKE CARE NOTE.** Janice's father is an ex-boxer. So look after her, Jim.

### Outdoor girl

Twenty-year-old Veronica Harnisch, who has joined ACTS in Leeds as a commercial assistant, puts badminton, tennis and swimming at the top of her 'outside interests' list.



**Underground White Horse Inn landlord tackles a new job**

# 20 MEN AND ONE GIRL GET THINGS UNDER WAY AT GRAYS

By Carter Leonard

**DURING** the nine years he spent in New Zealand, from 1967 to 1976, and in a period of almost total prohibition in the area around Wellington, Captain Ken Allen decided to take the remedy into his own hands.

Living in an attractive split-level house on the outskirts of the town, he persuaded a local builder literally to lift the lounge on jacks, himself performed the truly man-size job of excavating about 1,000 cubic feet of rock and earth from underneath—and then proceeded to build with his own two hands, and in the site unearthed, his personal Tudor-style pub, complete with dartboard and all the usual trimmings!

Not only did The White Horse Inn (as he named it) become a popular 'underground' rendezvous for senior crew of ACTA and other ships calling at Wellington, but a local paper was prompted to report: "Whatever people may think, there IS a tavern in the town". (This after the Chief Reporter had himself verified the facts thoroughly!)

I tell this story not to suggest that Ken Allen would go to any lengths to ensure his intake of ale, real or otherwise, but to illustrate both his initiative and dedication to a cause. The fact that it took him more than two years to excavate the site and then to build the White Horse is surely evidence that he is a man who sticks to a job till he gets what he wants.

**Mr 'Fix-It'**

It's this kind of dogged determination that has made Ken Allen a kind of 'Mr Fix It' in the world of shipping.

To-day, at Grays, in Essex, he is doing the job he knows (and I suspect likes) best—getting a new project successfully off the ground. For a variety of good reasons—high among them the centralisation and rationalisation of ACTS transport requirements in the Southern region—the company's management decided to set up a completely separate transport operation for the area.

The Tilbury agreement with the PLA had expired, the BRS site at Grays, which would increase the effective operating area from 2.5 to 6.5 acres, was available. If a change was to be made, the time was obviously ripe . . .

So, just five weeks before I went to see them, Roy Roberts and his transport team from Tilbury had moved into new headquarters in London Road at Grays, and Ken Allen—fresh from spells as Terminal Manager at Sharjah, in the Arabian Gulf, and then at Manila, in the Philippines, had joined them to get the new project swiftly and effectively under way.

"The advantages of Grays over Tilbury are considerable", says Ken. "At Tilbury, for instance, we had facilities only for empty trailer storage and vehicle parking. Here at Grays, we can store containers on the ground, store them on trailers (without vehicles) and have trailers or vehicles attached to a unit. And we have a 6½ acre site on which to do it.

"Within a short time we hope to have six reefer points installed, giving us a refrigeration facility, plus four fumigation points".

And from this already bustling base, Ken Allen and his team will be offering a comprehensive transport service to the whole of the Southern Region—from the Wash to South Wales'. As from Tilbury, it is a 24-hour, round-the-clock service they offer, five days a week, two shifts of five covering the 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. period, and two men undertaking the all-night stint.

Whether the effectiveness of this new base will mean

a broadening of the services offered is something for management to decide, but it will not surprise me if it does. Spirit is high at Grays and one gets a feeling that everybody is 'rarin' to forge ahead in the new surroundings.

For Ken Allen—admittedly with the enormous advantage of having Roy Roberts, Roger Bowman and their experienced transport team behind him—Grays is, as I have said, another case of getting something new firmly off the ground.

After seventeen years at sea, many of them with Port



**TOP OF THE TEAM**—Transport Manager Roy Roberts waits while Ken Allen, the man with the job of getting the new Grays venture off the ground, takes a call.

**BY RIGHT** with shifts a everybody at ture of Jill c sex! **BELO** driver check-



**CHECKING, ON THE GIANT CONTROL BOARD**, the ins and outs of container traffic. Left to right: Senior Transport assistants John Shaw and Steve Tween and Transport Assistant Bruce Hammond. Board itself is a definitive record of the movement and whereabouts of all vehicles and containers under Grays contract. It measures 22 feet by 4 feet 6 inches—and has no fewer than 88 columns of statistical information.

Line (first as Second Officer, then Chief Officer and, finally, Master), followed by 13 years as Import Cargo Superintendent with Port Line at the Royal Docks, Ken went in 1967 to New Zealand as Cargo Superintendent at Wellington with Port and Blue Star Lines.

Two years later, when he joined ACT (New Zealand) as Operations Manager, he became involved from the beginning in the planning, development and organisation of the New Zealand end of the ACT operation. And subsequently, of course, in its running.

After eight months back in England, with ACTS at Richmond House, Ken was off again, this time contacted out to take over from Wally Watchaw as Terminal Manager at Sharjah. His job there was to build on the foundations laid by his predecessor and to plan, develop and operate the terminal on a commercial basis.

Thirteen months later, Ken was on the move once more, this time to Manila, in the Philippines, where again he was to help put a container terminal operation on the right lines. What should have been a four-month appointment eventually lasted 15 months.

He and his wife Marjorie have four sons—two already 'in computers', one at Manchester University studying for a degree in computer science, and the fourth a teacher.



**T SHOULD BE 20 MEN AND A GIRL, but other diversions, it's almost impossible to get rays together. The best we could do was a pic-All Trades Jo Richards with 11 of the weaker Transport Assistant Alan Humphrey at the window.**



It's not 'Jo' Richards' fault that she's a bit of a 'loner' at Grays! She has to be because she's the only girl among 20 men. There are those who would argue that a balance has a lot to be said for it, but as Jo says, with nobody of your own sex to talk to, it can get a bit lonely at times".  
 But if it's shorthand you're after, or a bit of typing, or a phone number, or a Telex message sent or just a warm, smiling welcome in Reception, Jo's your girl...

**Football referee**

Roy Roberts, full-time Transport Manager and part-time amateur football referee (after 23 years as a player) is obviously delighted with the facilities now available to him and his men. He has been eight years at ACTS, first as a controller on the terminal staff at Tilbury, and from June, 1974, as Transport Manager, Eastern Region, at Tilbury. He and his wife Jean have two children - Andrew, aged 11, and Clare, 12. The set-up at Grays, with its light, pleasant offices, its small conference room, rest room and reception area (where Jo holds sway), is a palace compared with the facilities that were available at Tilbury. The spirit is good, too, and the future looks



**TIME OFF**

**The 'Contacts' Magazine pages**

For the first time in nearly six years of 'Contacts', we are delighted to publish a short story by a new young writer MARY MACKAY. How it all came about is explained opposite by Carter Leonard.



We're not quite sure whether Mike Mackay bought wife Mary this hat to celebrate her literary success; if he didn't, then he should have done!

**A VERY SPECIAL**

**DAY FOR ANN**

ANN woke, she opened her eyes and tried to focus, jerking into consciousness as she saw the large polythene bag and its contents hanging on the wardrobe door.

The bedroom light was still on; she had fallen asleep whilst reading, and the book lay face down on the floor where it had fallen, its pages awkwardly tucked underneath. She reached out and picked it up, automatically smoothing the creased pages. She placed the book on the bedside table, noticing the time—ten minutes past six. Yawning, she eased herself against the pillows and took a deep breath. Today was special.

Ann glanced again at the polythene bag on the wardrobe door, protecting the new dress. A feeling of nervous apprehension made her palms tingle. She turned her head and reached towards a box on the bedside chair. She tipped the lid off, and her hand brushed against the veil. The tingling feeling returned to her palms. Today's the day, she thought, it's really going to happen.

**Questions**

The lid fell to the floor, and Ann leaned back onto the crumpled pillows. She closed her eyes, and allowed thoughts to swim through her mind. Questions floated to the surface. Would the cars arrive on time? And the flowers? Her thoughts lingered on the flowers she had chosen—a simple white bouquet of David's favourite flowers. Everything must go well today, she whispered.

She turned her head restlessly again towards the wardrobe door. She had twisted the top of the metal hanger so that the dress would hang without creasing on the outside of the wardrobe.

She had taken such care over choosing the right thing to wear.

It had kept her mind occupied and her thoughts off the coming ceremony. The nervous feeling returned, and Ann raised herself on one elbow, denting the pillow, as she looked slowly round the familiar room. Things will be different after today, she thought.

Ann heard her mother creep past her bedroom door as she made her way downstairs. She listened to the ordinary morning sounds of the cat being let out, the kettle boiling, the rattle of crockery. Glancing at the clock, Ann pushed the bedclothes away and got slowly to her feet, stretching. Seven o'clock. Too early to get up really, but she could not bear to lie in bed any longer. She brushed her hair quickly, scarcely looking at her pale reflection in the dressing table mirror. Her thoughts were of the people who had been invited. Aunts and Uncles she had not seen for years! Friends too—Paul and Christine from Southampton, Mark and Judy from London, John and Enid from Bristol. Like most families they only seemed to come together for weddings and funerals! Ann had planned a small reception at home afterwards. Sherry and a cold buffet. Margaret was coming in to prepare everything whilst they were in church.

Pulling her dressing gown around her, Ann went downstairs. Her mother was bustling about preparing breakfast, chattering nervously. Her father was still in bed, taking time over his morning tea. He was always embarrassed on such family occasions, and felt it better to keep in the background whilst his wife organised everything. Ann knew how much he cared for her hap-

piness though, and his quiet "Hello love, are you alright?" was reassuring as she passed the bedroom door coming downstairs.

Swallowing the nervous lump in her throat Ann busied herself with the breakfast routine. She managed to eat only half a boiled egg. She drank a glass of milk, and went back upstairs to get ready. As she passed through the hall she gathered up the letters and cards on the doormat, recognising the familiar handwriting of friends as she went back to the bedroom. Ann sat down on the bed and opened the cards, appreciating all the good wishes and kind thoughts.

She placed the cards in the top drawer of her dressing table, and carried on with the morning routine. Treat it like any ordinary day, she thought, as she felt the nervous tingle in her palms again. Having bathed and partially dressed, she put on her dressing gown and went downstairs to make coffee. She helped her mother tidy the breakfast things away, and took a mug of coffee back upstairs.

**Photograph**

It would be time to get dressed soon. The car would be coming for her at ten o'clock. She thought of David. Even with all the activity and preparation of the past few days, she had really thought of little else. She smiled to herself as she remembered how they had first met. His photograph on the dressing table smiled back.

Ann's thoughts were still of David as she took the new dress carefully out of the polythene cover. She stepped into the dress, smoothing the folds and struggling for a moment with the long back zip. Nearly time to go. She took the hat and veil from its box, placing it carefully on her head. She pulled the veil down over her face. Quickly she removed the hat and placed it on the bed. It felt strange and uncomfortable. The nervous lump returned to her throat. She brushed her hair, and picking up the hat again, she placed it

(Continued at foot of opposite page)

**WHO BECAME WHO? See opposite page**



**BABY COMPETITION No. 3**

Baby 1 became.....  
 Baby 2 became.....  
 Baby 3 became.....  
 Baby 4 became.....  
 My name is.....  
 My department.....  
 My region.....



— with something for every member of the family

THE

# Carter Leonard

## COLUMN

**WHAT** a pleasure it is to start my second 'Contacts' Magazine column with congratulations to two members of Basildon staff. Not, let it be said, on their own achievements this time—but on their good sense in having married people with a little extra power to their pens!

Both Mary Mackay, wife of Deputy Regional Manager Mike Mackay, and Peter Edgell, husband of telephonist Carol Edgell, were among the recent merit prizewinners in a Writer of the Year competition organised by Basildon Council.

Each received a £5 cheque and a certificate from Council Chairman Clifford Jones. The competition as a whole—there were six categories, covering eight-year-olds to adults—attracted a record 862 entries, 61 of them in the adult class entered by Mary and Peter.

I am delighted that Mary gave me permission to reproduce her story, which starts on the opposite page.

### So that's it!

**M**Y thanks to ACTS Managing Director Peter Bainbridge for drawing my attention to a most useful glossary of container terms which appeared, in South Africa, in a recent issue of the Ellerman and Bucknall house magazine.

Containerisation has been with them out there only since July, 1977, so the Editor apparently thought it helpful, like W. S. Gilbert, to compile a little list. For example:-

**COMBINED TRANSPORT BILL OF LADING:** A document which enables the shipper to lose his cargo, not only in the harbour area but in his own premises as well.

**ARRIVAL NOTIFICATION:** A document issued to importers to let them know more or less which vessel a portion of their cargo could be on.

**CONTAINERBASE:** The bottom of a container, or the top if it has been stacked upside down.

**FCL:** Full Container Lost.

**LCL:** Lots of Containers Lost.

**PLACE OF DELIVERY:** Johannesburg General Hospital.

**SHIPPING INSTRUCTION:** A document prepared in the exporter's office by someone able to write in Greek.

**SPREADER:** Lady of easy virtue.

### The flowers

**A** WARM thank you to the reader who said that his father, like mine (see our November issue), was an avid collector of bits and pieces. Among his little treasures was this poem:

'I thank you for the flowers you sent', she said,  
And then she softly blushed and hung her head.

'I'm sorry for the words I said last night,  
The flowers have sweetly proved that you were right'.

So I forgave her, took her hand in mine,  
Kissed her—it was really quite divine,  
And, as we wandered through the dimlit bowers—

**I WONDERED WHO THE HELL HAD SENT THOSE FLOWERS!**

Thank you, dear reader. Any other contributions will be gratefully received.

### Money, money . . .

**I** AM writing this column at a time when the steel men are on strike, some of the bosses are refusing to pay their income tax, petrol prices look like going up again—and the whole world economy

## SPECIAL DAY FOR ANN

on her head sweeping her hair neatly into the crown. She lowered the veil over her face, took a last look in the mirror, and went downstairs.

The flowers had arrived. Next the car came—suddenly everything was happening, and she had trivial things to do which helped keep the butterflies at bay in the pit of her stomach. Ann opened the door and exchanged a greeting with the driver. Her parents, and her friend Margaret, hovered in the background as Ann took a last look in the mirror, straightening the veil for the hundredth time. This is it, she thought, as she walked down the path to the car.

appears to be in a pretty sorry mess. At such a time I ask four questions . . .

**DID YOU KNOW** it was Bernard Shaw who said 'If all economists were laid end to end, they would not reach a conclusion?'

**WHO WAS IT** said that 'in the old days a man who saved money was a miser; now he's a bloody marvel?'

**HAD YOU REALISED** that prosperity is something businessmen create for politicians to take credit for?

**AND do you suppose that businessmen in 1990 will look back and call these the good old days?**

(Continued from opposite page)

She was aware of neighbours smiling encouragingly at her from across the street. She raised her hand in acknowledgment, and sank into the soft seat of the car. It was such a large, shiny, silent car, and yet the door shut with a thud which seemed to echo in her head.

She felt nervously sick. It was the first time she had been in a car since the accident. Her eyes filled with tears as she fingered the card attached to the bouquet of white flowers. "In remembrance of David, from your loving wife, Ann".

The car slid off, slowly, towards the church.



**A** Nigel Leech  
Transport department



**B** Pauline Hudson  
Credit control

## 'Babes' of 1980

Just when we'd decided to launch a brand new competition idea in this issue of 'Contacts'—involving television, stage and sporting celebrities—up came Manchester office with a challenge to all and sundry.

So the celebrities will have to wait for the next issue. The Manchester challenge is too good to miss. Readers are asked to match the 'grown-up' pictures above with the baby pictures at the bottom of the opposite page. Which baby grew up to be which member of Manchester staff?

Fill in your answers in the coupon adjoining the baby pictures, then add your name and region and send your entry to Lynne Lisney, Personnel Department at Head Office, to reach her not later than Friday, May 16. Cheques for £3 and £2 for the first correct solutions opened on that date.



**C** Karen Whiting  
Secretary



**D** Richard Tomlinson  
Credit control

## SPORT NEWS

# They gave no mercy to the boss!

Forty-one Basildon ACTS staff took part in the Christmas indoor sports knock-out competition, including Regional Manager Norman Cooper, who was heard to ask all opponents to ignore his rank and treat him like any other competitor.

Everybody did—and he went down in the first



or second rounds of all events...

The winners—smiling happily with their trophies in the picture above, were Martin Fry (darts), Mike Mackay (squash), Owen Eldred (pool) and Mike Street (table tennis).

## Hunting for Treasure

Nine cars competed in Southampton Terminal's Winter Treasure Hunt, centred on Burley, in the New Forest.

A splendid 67 points gave first prize to Messrs. E. Knowlton and M. Wade (pictured below) with Miss W. Andrews (58 points) and M. Stumbles (52 points) as runners-up.



# THE P.Y. CUP GETS A 'NEW LOOK'

**ELEVEN** teams—representing all ACTS regions—will compete in the 1980 Peter Yarwood Challenge Cup Competition, with first round meetings due to be completed by June 1. It is hoped that a number of innovations (including the elimination of any second round meetings) will give a new impetus and even greater inter-regional excitement to the event.

By choosing Manchester, Birmingham and Basildon as venues for the preliminary round, the organisers sought to ensure that no competitors will have more than a 3½-hour journey.

The first round groups are as follows:

## MANCHESTER

Glasgow  
Leeds  
Manchester  
Liverpool

## BIRMINGHAM

Tilbury  
Birmingham  
Head Office  
Seaforth

By The Sports Editor

## BASILDON

Barking  
Southampton Terminal  
Basildon

After lengthy discussion at a recent planning meeting, it was agreed by regional representatives that the events should be the same as in the first two years—table tennis, darts, pool, five-a-side football and tug-of-war. A number of alternative sports were suggested, but it was felt that in some regions they could be difficult to arrange.

The following rules were also agreed:

## TEAMS

These will consist of 7 people, at least two of whom must be ladies. In effect, a team will consist of five players, one substitute and one adjudicator. The substitute must be of the opposite sex to the adjudicator, who will be required to take part in the event of injury or sickness.

## PARTICIPATION

The five team members and the substitute will compete in the tug-of-war. Female team members need not (though they can if so desired) take part in the five-a-side football.

Two members of each team will take part in the table tennis event (doubles).

Each team will choose one member only to play pool.

Three from each team will compete at darts (1 doubles/1 singles).

## SCORING

2 points for each game of table tennis.

2 points for each game of pool.

2 points for each complete game of darts.

2 points for each complete tug-of-war.

3 points for the winner of each five-a-side.

(One point for each drawn game).

Finally, it was agreed that internationally-accepted rules will apply throughout the tournament, and Tilbury's Kevin Hymas, whose enthusiasm and drive have played a big part in getting this revised tournament off the ground, agreed to collate these rules—if he has time to do so before his wedding...

## KEVIN PIPS 76 BOWLS 'KINGS'

More than 100 staff, families and friends from Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds and Manchester regions and Seaforth Terminal had a great time at the annual inter-regional bowling tournament at the Good Companions Hotel, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

No fewer than 76 competitors took part in the actual tournament, these being reduced in keen competition to Birmingham's Andrew Parsons and Ian Taylor, Liverpool's Jim Henry and Leeds' Kevin Toolan.

In the semi-finals Henry beat Parsons 7-3 and Toolan beat Taylor 7-4, despite some excellent bowling by the two Birmingham players.

A classic final eventually went to Kevin Toolan 7-6.

At the end of the day, an excellent buffet was enjoyed by all, including Peter Hughes, from Head Office Personnel, who attended the tournament with his wife and children.

*We apologise for the fact that this report missed our November issue—Sports Editor.*

**THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY**—Walking isn't really a lost art. After all, you've got to find **some** means of getting out to the garage.

# Father and David both doing well



Deputy Regional Manager Ian Keyl and son David provide a pictorial 'double' for this issue of 'Contacts'. Young David, who weighed in at 7lb 11oz, timed his arrival just too late to make the last issue, but judging by the wide-eyed good looks he shows on the left, it's not going to be long before he's setting the girls' hearts aflutter.

Father Ian, playing his usual starring role as Santa at the Leeds Children's Party had an admiring audience of children and Scott Ashe, nephew of receptionist Caroline Vine, on his knee, when the picture below, left, was taken.

Another newcomer to the Leeds ACTS 'family' is Joanne, a daughter for Marilyn Barker. She weighed 7lb 3oz at birth. Joanne—not Marilyn.

## PICTURE NEWS FROM THE REGIONS

# LEEDS IN THE MOOD!

*Pictures below from Leeds Xmas dinner/dance would seem to prove that, as at Basildon (see back page), a rip-roaring time was had by all... even though our camera didn't get some of the subjects completely in the picture!*



Obviously keeping a keen eye on events—'Contacts' correspondents Karon Hauff and Collette McCullough.

### DAVID 'WEIGHS IN'



### IAN STARS AS SANTA



## 5 New Faces at Basildon

Five newcomers to the Basildon team (pictured bottom left) put on their best smiles for a 'Welcome' picture. They are (front row) Debbie Haslett, copy typist in Central Services, whose hobbies include 'writing to Australian officers' (ever since she visited Australian Venture), 'going to pyjama parties, and collecting furry animals; Sharon Colbert, shorthand typist, a great motorcycle enthusiast; and Telex operator Sue Lungley, who is to marry in March and says she's promised her fiancée she will give up most of her present hobbies!

The two chaps in the background are both newcomers to Exports—Martin Fry, presently writing a book on Essex beers (and enjoying the research) and Dave Saunders, interested in 'anything sporty'.

### Promoted

Congratulations to three Basildoners who have been promoted since the last issue of 'Contacts'. Pictured below (left to right) - Carol Scott (Section Leader Documentation, Exports); David Andrews (SCA, Exports) and Loraine Bell (Section Leader Bookings and Progressing, Exports).



Transport trio Jim Cadbury, Andy Powell and Gordon Cage with, extreme right, Paul Blackhurst, Exports.



Karon Hauff (centre) seems to be doing her best to ensure that Alan Glossop doesn't get his fair share of the limelight, watched by Janet Glossop and Ronnie Hauff.



AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL — or so it would seem from this picture taken during Basildon Dinner-Dance.

WHEN one looks back in the calm light of Spring (if that makes any sense!), it's amazing, isn't it, what the Christmas spirit can do . . .

Take ACTS at Basildon, for instance. Give the normal chap (or gal) a funny hat, a colourful wig, a piece of mistletoe, a comic moustache or a false pair of lips (even boobs!) — and you wouldn't recognise the character who sits at his (or her) desk throughout the rest of the year and couldn't say 'Boo' to the head of the typing pool, let alone the Regional Manager!

In our view, of course, it's a darned good thing that we can let our hair down once in a while. We're delighted, therefore, to present a words-and-pictures record of Basildon's Christmas.

It started with a dinner/dance at Garons, Southend, where Regional Manager Norman Cooper and Terminal Manager Eric Russell shared the job of welcoming their guests, and ACTS Managing Director Peter Bainbridge responded with the enthusiasm of a visitor and the reluctance of a man who, he said, didn't quite understand why he should be making speeches on his night off when he was one of the staff anyway!

### Xmas tree dance

Second of Basildon's seasonal celebrations was a staff lunch at the Orsett Cock, after which there was a spirited dance round the town centre Christmas tree before returning to work.

Third of the seasonal celebrations was the Staff Party (or 'Letch', as it is very commonly known to old-timers), held in the Sports and Social Room and again a roaring success.

And after work finished on December 21, ACTA marketing folk joined those of ACTS staff still around in a rendering of Christmas carols as they have never been rendered before. Under the baton of temporary choirmaster and Deputy Regional Manager Mike Mackay.

It's a little late now, of course, but senior management at Basildon send apologies to all wives (or husbands) and families who found their opposite numbers a little too bewitched, bothered and bewildered to do full justice to the festive season.



PUT GEORGE GRAY AMONG THE GIRLS at the Basildon staff lunch — and you get the picture above. (The girls, left to right, Jane Sullivan, Doreen Holmes, Elke Street and Carol Scott). ABOVE RIGHT — Recognise the masked Carol Scott and Jane Sullivan?

# IT'S THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

(or the season of the spirit!)



BEWIGGED BUT NOT BOTHERED — Sue Street, Christine Cohen and Jan Roast at the Basildon Staff Lunch.

## Anybody here seen Kelly?

It was a proud day for bookings clerk Sue Haycock when she called in at Birmingham ACTS office to show off her first child, Kelly Louise. And with every justification. Young Kelly weighed in at 7lb 15oz at Solihull Hospital on January 19, and she and her mum looked in on Sue's former colleagues within a few days of their arrival home (picture below).

Belated congratulations also to credit controller Roy Burton and his wife Carol on the birth of their daughter Louise.

Good luck to cargo superintendent Mark Page, who has joined the Commercial Planning Department of ACT(A) in London, and to two members of Birmingham Commercial Department who became engaged recently—Lynn Painter and fiance Martin, and Sandra Kidner and fiance Tony.



Kelly Louise