

Terminal top men switch

FOLLOWING the departure of David Parsons from Southampton to take up his Continental post as ACTS Man in Antwerp (see foot of page 5), there have been changes at the top at both Southampton and Tilbury terminals.



Eric Russell

After three years at Tilbury, former £8-a-month Ellerman apprentice Eric Russell, takes over from David as Regional Manager, and his job at Tilbury has gone to 35-year-old ex-Port Line apprentice Bob Lavers, Cargo Superintendent at Birmingham for more than five years.

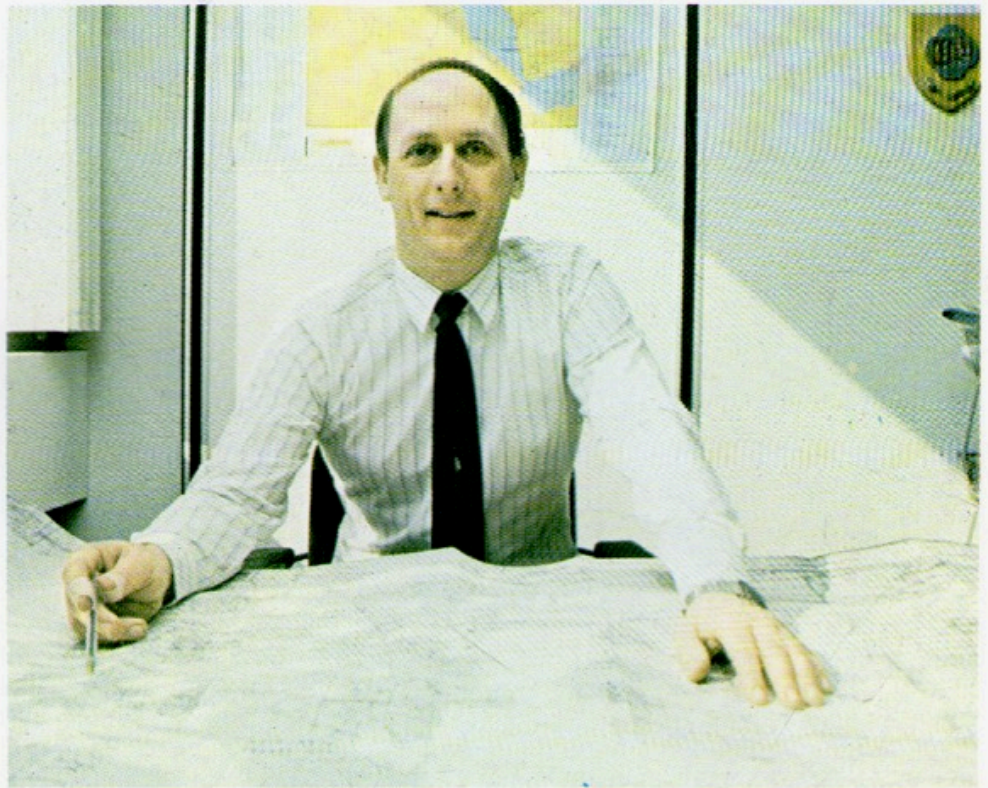


Bob Lavers

For Eric, who accepted the Southampton post because, he says, he wanted to 'get back into the main stream of the company's business', it means a return to the location and the job in which he had happy times in the early 70's.

"There was no commercial function at Southampton in those days", he says. "And only Ben Line cargoes were handled. Now, of course, there are E.H.C.L. as well as B.L.C. cargoes with which to deal — plus an

(Please turn to page 4)



C.A.M.E.L. CHARTS THE WAY AHEAD

AT HIS DESK in Trafalgar House, Alasdair MacVean, General Manager of C.A.M.E.L., the Cunard, Brocklebank container service operating between Northern Europe and the Red Sea ports, charts a course for the future.

When the service last year celebrated its fifth anniversary, he said it had 'gone from strength to strength' — and he talked with great optimism about the future.

'Contacts' sent Lester Carroll to talk with Alasdair MacVean and his colleagues at Trafalgar House not only about that future, but also about the heady, exciting and sometimes unpredictable days of the Middle East oil boom in which C.A.M.E.L. was born.

His report, with a series of exclusive pictures, starts on the Centre Pages and is continued on Page 9.

So THAT's a Ceilidh!

WOULD you know what to do at a Ceilidh? If so, you're one up on a lot of those who attended in considerable numbers a ceilidh at the Essex Centre organised by Basildon ACTS Sports and Social Club.

Most of those present hadn't a clue what they were supposed to do — but didn't want to admit it. As a result a number of not-too-serious injuries were sustained in attempts to follow the traditional folk dance steps!

The final verdict, however, was 'a great evening, let's have another'.

BIG FEATURES IN A 3-STAR ISSUE!



How a blizzard makes a hero

Page 2

PAGE 2

YOU AND YOUR PENSION



The REAL Hong Kong story

Page 8

YOU AND YOUR PENSION

This is your chance to ask questions

Most of us look forward to the day when we retire and can take things a little easier (writes the Editor). Pottering around the garden. Staying in bed a little longer in the morning if we want to. Generally doing the things we can never find time to do in a busy working life.

And it will all be so much easier if we have no money problems — or hardly any! — to get us down.

That's why pensions are so important. Both State schemes and private schemes. And it is why we ask the simple question — DO YOU KNOW JUST WHAT HAPPENS ABOUT YOUR PENSIONS WHEN YOU RETIRE? Do YOU know everything to which you are entitled — and everything, of course, to which you are not entitled?

Do you have a niggling doubt sometimes that possibly you have left something undone about your future? Or that there is some way in which you could have improved your retirement position?

If you have ANY query at all, please write NOW to PENSION PROBLEMS, c/o Mrs Lynne Lisney, Personnel Department, Head Office, Southampton.

We will put YOUR question to those at the Prudential Assurance Company who administer the ACTS scheme — and will come back with an answer.

Every query will be treated in confidence — and if a number of people appear to have the same doubts, we will publish questions and answers — without, of course, naming any of those involved, in the next issue of 'Contacts'!

This is a golden opportunity to clear the air, so let's be hearing from you . . .

This blizzard turned Ray into a bit of a hero

BY JULIE STALLARD

It's amazing how quickly, in exceptional circumstances, a nice, quiet, ordinary guy with whom one works every day at the office, can turn into something of a hero. And get an official police commendation to prove it.

One Sunday last December — when a shivering Britain was covered half by floods and half by ice and snow — Southampton Terminal Assistant Container and Equipment Inspector Ray Tomlin was happily sitting down to lunch with his family. As Commodore of Eling Sailing Club, he might well have been out on the waters, either alone or with one or two of his fellow members, but you don't go sailing in what was then being described as 'the worst conditions in the area for 35 years'.

Suddenly the phone rang. The police would like to know whether Commodore Tomlin and a few of his friends could help them out with a bit of a problem. It appeared that six ramblers — three adults and three children, all members of the Camping Club of Great Britain — had been cut off from 60 companions, and were trapped on a few feet of land in the Test Estuary as a giant flood tide swept up the Channel.

Army busy

The Air Sea Rescue Service had been contacted, but could not help because overhead power cables prevented them getting anywhere near the scene. The Army couldn't help, either, because they were coping with blizzard contingencies elsewhere in the area.

Could Eling Sailing Club possibly do something to get the six ramblers to safety? They could. And did.

Ray quickly rounded up a couple of other members — Brian Leach and Clive Ashby — and the struggle against the floodwaters and a 60-mile-an-hour gale was on.

"I think the police had turned to us in desperation," says Ray. "I can't recall more terrifying conditions. Some fields in the area were flooded up to four or five feet, the force of the wind having pushed a tidal wave all over the place.

"Before we could get to the river itself, we had to drag the dinghy, along with ropes, six life-saving jackets (we reckoned our team of three rescuers would have to manage without!) and other equipment half a mile down the remains of a track, and then manhandle, paddle and push the lot over four flooded fields to the river proper.

"Once we were on the river itself, it was like being out in mid-Atlantic. Darkness was falling by the time we reached the trapped six, who by that time were suffering considerably from exposure."



IN CALMER WATERS — Soton Terminal's Ray Tomlin enjoying a weekend sail. But it wasn't like this one Sunday last December . . .

Later, Ray had a letter from Police Chief Superintendent A. Kemish, thanking him and his colleagues for their "prompt and efficient response" during the blizzard.

The letter went on: "Without your courageous and determined efforts the people rescued would have been in very real danger from the hazardous conditions to which they were exposed and the outcome could so easily have been tragic."

JOHN COVE JOINS ACTS BOARD

Home do-it-yourselfer, amateur gardener, Borough Councillor and Head of Personnel at Head Office in Southampton, John Cove has been appointed to the ACTS Board.

He joined ACT as Assistant Company Secretary in 1970, was appointed Administration Manager, ACTA, three years later, and became ACTS Company Secretary in 1976. In 1979 he moved to Southampton becoming Head of Personnel later the same year.

John is married with two children, and for seven years served in an armoured regiment of the Regular Army.

For four years before joining ACT he was Assistant Company Secretary of Glen Line.



John Cove



SANTA WHO?

The little chap on the right was too interested in his gift to pay much attention to Santa during the annual children's Christmas party at Head Office. Parents will recognise their children. Identifying Santa himself is a bit more difficult. Looking extremely avuncular in red robe and behind whiskers is Office Manager Dudley Kirk.

Soton Sports Club brings joy into a young man's life

JULIAN RIDES AGAIN . . .

Thanks to the initiative of Head Office Sports and Social Club and to the generosity of all in Richmond House, 14-year-old Julian Fiorentini rides again.

During the International Year of the Disabled, the Club (under chairman Gill Creed, Operations Dept) set out to raise £500 towards an electrically-propelled wheelchair. They organised a sponsored swim, raffles and skittle evenings.

And they were well on the way to their target when Alan Bird (H.O. Computer Dept) read in his local paper that Julian, suffering from a crippling disease, needed a new chair to replace one that had become so decrepit he could no longer get around.

Friends in Julian's village had already launched an appeal, so it was decided to put ACT's £350 into the same 'kitty' — to help pay for the chair and set up a small trust fund to cover insurance and new batteries at £50 a time.

Computer fan

When Gill Creed, Alan Bird and Peter Smith (Systems) went to Julian's home to present his mother with the cheque, they learned that Julian had an absorbing interest in computers. Result — Julian (whose hobbies include model aeroplanes and boats) visited Richmond House at Christmastime to see the company's computer system. He was also given a model racing car to add to his collection.

Julian's mother has since written to Alan Bird, saying:- "The chair has made his life much happier; it is like a dream come true. His new school will be five miles away; now he can travel under his own steam."

FOOTNOTE:- After handing over, the cheque for Julian, the Sports and Social Club kept their appeal open, raising a further £310 which they hope to spend on equipment for lowering handicapped youngsters into swimming pools.

SEAFORTH ARRIVALS

Ray Nickson, six years with ACTS Imports at Aintree and now an Assistant Controller at Seaforth Terminal, swears that his first born, Garry, will be an Everton supporter. Whether that is a good thing or not, Ray is 'over the moon' — and so is his wife Sheila. Garry weighed 6lb at birth.

★ ★ ★ ★

Another newcomer to the Seaforth team — Amy Elisabeth Gilliland, second daughter of Terminal Assistant Andy Gilliland and wife Jackie. Amy arrives as a sister for Sarah Louise, and there are those who say that at a birth weight of 9lb 12oz she takes after her Dad . . .



SMILES ALL ROUND as Julian shows off his new wheelchair. Also in the picture are Julian's mother (centre), and Soton's Alan Bird and Gill Creed.

. . . and Leeds swears to help this boy

The air in Leeds ACTS Transport Department is frequently blue, as it is in a good many places where men of character work together. So Gordon Cage thought it would be a good idea to make the propensity to 'speak one's mind' pay off in terms of help for children in hospital.

As a result, bad language in Leeds Transport before Christmas meant an automatic contribution to The Swear Box. Our picture (right) shows the final outcome — a young inmate of Seacroft Hospital, Leeds, driving a tractor and trailer bought and filled with sweets by The Swear Box Men of Leeds ACTS.

In a letter to Gordon, Mrs J. Cartwright, Deputy Administrator of Seacroft, said:- "As you can see, the tractor is in use, but efforts to get it all in the photograph proved almost impossible. The little boy wouldn't sit still for a second!"

"The tractor and sweets have proved enormously popular; thanks to you and all your colleagues for the kind thought." Other regions please copy next year.



One man's answer to a question we all ask sometime

WHAT'S IT REALLY LIKE

TO RETIRE?

Have you ever wondered what it will be like to be retired? To have no boss — except the wife. No work to do — except your rather overloaded share of the housework.

We thought (writes the Editor) that it might be interesting to hear from Our Man at Leisure, Dennis Armitstead, ACTS Regional Manager in Leeds ever since he joined the company in 1968, who took an early retirement in January. We asked for his thoughts. Here they are:-

By Dennis Armitstead

Before I gave up my job, everybody appeared to think — and most of them told me so at regular intervals and in no uncertain terms — that after six years in the RAF, followed by 36 in shipping, a whole pile of hobbies and pastimes was absolutely essential. Nobody can be happy doing nothing, they said.

How wrong can they be? Let me say immediately that I enjoy doing nothing. Just to get up in the morning and realise that every day is a Saturday gives me a fillip working people would never understand! If it's cold, dark, wet and windy, then there's no need to turn out (even from bed!). On the other hand, if it's a lovely, sunny day, what could be nicer than to go out in the car . . . or to watch County cricket? (And when the Summer finally comes, there's no doubt these jaunts will extend into week-ends at the coast or in our beautiful Dales).

Just think of it. No early or late phone calls, as there must always be at the office. Lunch now can start at any time of the day — and go on until the pangs of hunger cease. If I feel tired, what's to stop me having a nap?

People are always asking me what I miss most. Well, of course I miss the problems. (What fun it was trying to solve them). And I miss little chats with my then deputy, Ian Keyl. I miss having a lot of people around me, not only from Yorkshire but from other regions as well — and from Head Office at Southampton. And I do miss that morning cup of coffee — brought in by receptionist Carol — and my afternoon cup of tea served so delicately by my secretary, Kathleen. Nowadays, if I want coffee or tea, the odds are I have to make it myself . . .

Humbling, but —

Things I could do without? Certainly all kinds (and all sizes!) of income tax forms, from both Southampton and London, which have to be completed by yesterday. Nobody seems to believe that I have actually stopped working and now do things only for fun . . .

To be very serious, however, living long enough to retire has one terrific (and humbling) advantage. It enables one — at farewell parties — to hear all the nice, flattering and completely exaggerated things people have (or think they have) to say about you. As a confirmed egoist, I must admit that I enjoyed every minute of it — and more than once was tempted to shout 'Hear, Hear!' And I shall for ever remember the presents I was given — and the many wonderful friends who contributed to them.

Recommended

Yes, I can recommend retirement after a working life every minute of which I enjoyed.

And of one thing I am quite certain. Shipping has given me — and will give anybody else who is prepared to put in as much as he or she gets out — a full life, allowing me to meet all types of interesting people. I wouldn't have changed a minute of it — especially the last 13 years with ACTS at Leeds. I just hope my successor, Ken Thompson, enjoys it as much as I did . . .



An automatic slide projector and accessories from his colleagues and a glass decanter from ACTA marketing staff were among the retirement gifts received by Mr and Mrs Armitstead.

This was the party the boss

'almost missed'

Messrs Chambers' excellent Twentieth Century Dictionary defines 'fuddle' as 'confusion, stupefaction or drinking bout' — which possibly explains why the annual Leeds ACTS Christmas Fuddle was such a highly successful affair.

It was held in December, month of The Great Freeze-Up, and then Regional Manager Dennis Armitstead had just about made up his mind that men of near-retirement age would be better at home when Jim Carruthers (Imports) persuaded him to "stay on and see what happens."

Little did Dennis know what was in store for him. Food and drinks were brought out as soon as the office closed for business, and ten minutes later Mrs Armitstead herself arrived, much to her husband's surprise.

Leeds staff then presented Mr A. with a ship-shaped cake (baked specially for his retirement-to-be by Collette McCullough, and Mrs A. with a basket of flowers.

After the annual 'human race' (with bets laid and money raised for the company swear box, see page 3) cabaret introduced by Malcolm Hardaker included Christmas carols ab-

out good, not-so-good and indifferent customers, presented by the ACTA sales team. Names were, of course, withheld to protect the innocent . . . and the guilty.

Later, Janet Glossop and Jim Carruthers (Imports) presented a mime to comedian Terry Scott's, "It's My Brother" number, Exports performed a mime to "Shaboom, Shaboom" and Andy Powell (Transport) recited a poem written by one of the Leeds drivers.

A good time was had by all — including, we believe, Mr and Mrs A.



BETS WERE LAID on competitors for the 'human race' at Leeds Fuddle.

Top terminal men switch

(Continued from page 1)

element of C.A.M.E.L. work. I am looking forward greatly to the challenge of it all".

Of Bob Lavers, born in Kent and brought up in Devon, it is true to say the sea was in his blood. His grandfather, a Royal Navy man, taught at the Britannia College, Dartmouth, and an uncle was a Master with Port Line.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that at the age of 14 young Bob should be sent to complete his education at the Thames

Nautical Training College, H.M.S. Worcester.

He went to sea as a Port Line apprentice and was a Second Officer and just married when, in December, 1970, he left to make a life ashore, joining ACTS as Assistant Cargo Superintendent.

His wife Kathy was a ward sister at Rostle Hospital, near Liverpool, and is now Principal Nursing Officer at Coventry Hospital, where she teaches. Bob lists his outside interests as squash, going to shows — and studying for a degree in Business Studies.

Clive battles against 200 others and comes out second

Mr Print wins award

With a little help from his efficient presses and a new Litho plate-making machine, and with every encouragement from Office Manager Dudley Kirk, ACTS' Senior Printer Clive Luffman has put the company for the first time among the awards sponsored annually by one of Britain's leading print journals, 'REPRODUCTION'.

The awards are some of the most sought-after and most respected by In-plant printers, and Clive, who took over the Richmond House print room in September, 1980, was given a Certificate of Commendation (equivalent to second prize) in the ITEK class for business stationery printed in single colour. He was in competition with some 200 others.

The award was for a letterhead designed and printed under Richmond House auspices for Thos and Jas Harrison, who requested the work after seeing other examples of what is now 'being achieved in the Southampton print room.

Says Dudley Kirk:- "There is no doubt that the expertise Clive has brought to the department has increased considerably the efficiency and the overall capability of our set-up. Indeed, so efficient has the set-up become that we have been able to cope with one or two orders from outside our own group.

"So far as stationery, internal forms of all kinds, letter heads etc. are concerned, we are now in a position to cope with everything from the design stage onwards."

Speedy service

Since Clive — who took his City and Guilds examinations in 1978 and was a service engineer on printing machines before joining ACTS — went into the Richmond House print room, he reckons that some 50 In-house forms used by ACTS itself and by operating companies within the Group have been either replaced or redesigned.

"The great advantages we can offer," he says, "are in price and speed of service. On repeat orders, the customer has only to ring up, and the order will be printed, boxed and away with the minimum delay. With any luck, delivery should be within 24 hours.

"New printing can take a bit longer but a 48-hour delivery service is our aim."

FOOTNOTE — for the technically-minded. The company's new plate-making machine produces plates in-house capable of giving 30,000 impressions, and the two printing machines — a Multilith 1850, taking sheet size up to 470 x 349 mm, and a Multilith 2852 (sheet size up to 420 x 297 mm) — are both capable of printing 5,000 sheets an hour.



MARKETING Manager Michael Jackson presents Clive with his Reproduction Award. Below: Clive in the Head Office print room with Office Manager Dudley Kirk.



This was a personal 'best' for David

When David Parsons left Southampton Terminal for Antwerp to become ACTS Continental Manager in succession to Guy Ashby, he had achieved a personal record with the company — five-and-a-half years in one place and in the same job, Regional/Terminal manager.

David — under whose 'reign' the Terminal staff had increased from 20 to its present 36 — joined ACTS 13 years ago as an operations assistant, after eight years at sea. On his road to Southampton, he had spells in Manchester, Richmond House and Birmingham, where he was Deputy Regional Manager.

Before he left for Antwerp, his Southampton colleagues gave him an inscribed 'card' calculator.

George is a dad

Congratulations to George Pender, of Leeds ACTS Transport Department, whose wife has presented him with an 8lb 2oz son, David.

George joined ACTS straight from school, at the age of 16, in 1969.

MOTOR-CYCLE GEOFF

NEW to the Leeds team is 24-year-old transport costing clerk Geoff Bedford. When not working, Geoff, who is married, enjoys motor-cycling.



Baby time down South

Young Marie Godwin, in the arms of mother Sue weighed 6lb 12oz in January when she was born in the Princess Anne Hospital, Southampton.

Sue went into the Personnel Department when she first joined ACTS in 1973, later moving to Finance. Husband Graham is a Traffic Clerk (Schedules) in Operations.

★ ★ ★ ★

Slightly reluctant bather in the picture below is Neil Porteous, son of Janice and Jim Porteous (Tariff Manager, Head Office Documentary Services). Neil, born six weeks earlier than expected, then weighed just 5lb 6oz. A month later, he was up to 9lb.

Janice herself felt quite at home in hospital. She was once a nurse at Southampton General.



WHY C.A.M.E.L.

(after glance
those oil

LOOK AHEAD

By Lester Carroll



The C.A.M.E.L. girls

Barbara Brown (above) is secretary to John Joyce, Managing Director of Cunard, Brocklebank, the company that manages the C.A.M.E.L. venture, and the girls below all have a part to play in the Red Sea operation — left to right: Earlene Bailey, almost hidden, Equipment Control Clerk; Jean Eatch, secretary; Sandra Bull, freight assistant; Coral Tucker, secretary to Alasdair MacVean; Dawn Cory, management trainee; Anita Nelson, secretary; and Yvonne Burke, assistant equipment controller.



WHEN C.A.M.E.L. the Cunard, Brocklebank North Europe/Red Sea container operation with a £14m a year turnover, celebrated its fifth anniversary a year ago, general manager Alasdair MacVean told his team: "Since the first C.A.M.E.L. ship sailed to Aqaba and Jeddah in May, 1976, we have gone from strength to strength and can look to the future with optimism."

Captain MacVean, who is the son of a sea captain and was once at sea himself (with Thos and John Brocklebank), is to-day a man with a key role in the Cunard Middle East container venture, and he has good reason to paint a glowing picture of the past and to prognosticate with confidence about the future.

Not only did C.A.M.E.L. in its early days enjoy — and take full advantage of — the volatile trading conditions created by rocketing oil prices in countries around the Red Sea, but to-day is still battling (with a goodly number of others, of course) for its share of a trade which, to the port of Jeddah alone, was worth the better part of four billion dollars in the last year for which figures are available.

So how did it all begin? Though conversion from conventional to container carrying of a long-standing Brocklebank service to the Middle East would doubtless have happened some day, the timing of that conversion owed more than a little, as it turned out, to events in OPEC countries and the Suez Canal zone during the 70's.

Brocklebank ships — which first sailed in the 1770's, making them, despite all counter claims, the oldest shipping company in the world — had been trading with

the East coast of India for many years. Soon after the Second World War the growing importance of the Middle East became increasingly apparent and the Brocklebank ship called at the port of Jeddah in 1948. (To-day's Middle East Operations Manager, Bob 'Taffy' Rolfe has even been known to claim that he was on that very first vessel!)

By the mid-60's, when trade with the East had dwindled, Brocklebank ships were profitably calling at some twelve Red Sea Ports, and ten years later, so important was the trade that, with the Suez Canal blocked, the company's ships were making the long journey round the Cape of Good Hope every ten days to keep the flag flying.

It is here that Alasdair MacVean, who in the mid-70's was one of those already helping to mastermind the C.A.M.E.L. operation, takes up the story.

"During 1973, OPEC trebled the base price of crude oil and the bonanza was on overnight," he says. "The oil-producing countries automatically had a similar increase in what they could spend on projects and on consumer goods."

"They were frantic and astonishingly so. Suddenly, Saudi Arabia, the Yemen and others wanted new power stations, fertiliser production projects, water treatment plants, road systems. You name it — they wanted it and could afford it. By 1974 the boom was in full swing. "So great was the demand at that time for goods from the UK and Northern Europe that they were being taken by truck across Europe to Mediterranean ports, where ferries waited to collect them and take them on to the Middle East."

It was against this background that the C.A.M.E.L. venture was launched. "The situation at that time in the Red Sea ports was unbelievable," says Alasdair. "By late 1974 ship operators had vessels anchored off Aden for three months, and off Jeddah for anything up to six. It was quite chaotic."

"It became obvious that to speed things up a certain amount of self-reliance was vital — that the best way was to use roll-on-roll-off techniques".

The project team of which Alasdair MacVean was a member had already studied the viability of a venture, and in November, 1975, it decided to go full steam ahead. "You've done the planning", they were told. "Now get on with it. The first ship sails in May".



cing back at
boom days

TAKES A ROSY



PHOTO CALL FOR THE C.A.M.E.L. TEAM — or as many as one is likely to muster on the fifth floor of Trafalgar House at any one time! Apart from the girls, who had their own photo call (bottom left of page), those pictured, left to right, are: Front row, General Manager Alasdair MacVean; marketing assistant Malcolm Hartley; assistant management accountant Bernard Lsaght; marketing services manager Pe Woon Chin; management trainee Hugh Edwards; and assistant container manager Andy Murray. Back row, freight manager John P. Bailey; operations superintendent Graham Lawtey; assistant operations manager Stewart Sutherland; and assistant trade manager Mike Wild.

years. It was cutting it fine, but the target was met. A self-sustaining container vessel, capable of carrying three hundred 20ft containers, was chartered and began its first voyage on schedule. "Containers were loaded in Europe by gantry", Alasdair recalls, "but the beauty of the system really showed itself at discharge. Our vessels — Strider Class ships in those days — didn't need to go alongside a berth. They simply reversed on to the quay — and lorries drove on and off. Containers were lifted by the ship's own



KEY MEN in the C.A.M.E.L. 'corps'. Left to right, the company's Man in Jeddah, Graham Whitney, at Head Office in London for consultations when our cameraman called; Mike Wild, one-time Brocklebank deck cadet and now C.A.M.E.L.'s assistant trade manager; and marketing services manager Pe Woon Chin.

gantry crane on to trailers, which were then driven through a tunnel in the superstructure and down the ramp on to the quay.

"Such was the speed of the operation that 300 containers could be discharged in just under 24 hours".

There were in those early days quite a few other brilliant ideas knocking around about how to beat the congestion. One, at Hodeidah in North Yemen, involved a balloon to be suspended 200ft above the port with a hawser linking it to ship and quay.

Having loaded 12 tonnes of cargo from the

ship, it was to be hauled by a large winch to the quay, where it would be discharged.

The idea was conveniently dropped when C.A.M.E.L.'s operations manager worked out just how long it would take to discharge by that method a 10,000 deadweight tonne ship. Time was too pressing to experiment . . .

At the height of the original Middle East boom, ships operating to the area were dealing with a trade growing at a rate of 30 per cent a year against a world average of only three per cent.

Little wonder that soon after the first C.A.M.E.L. vessel sailed — and the company was the first major European shipping concern to offer a direct container service from Northern Europe to the Red Sea — two more self-sustaining vessels were introduced into the fleet, giving a 12-day sailing frequency from Continental ports and Felixstowe in the UK.

Some three-and-a-half years later, the service was extended into the Sudan, where the rapid growth of containerised imports took even C.A.M.E.L. by surprise. Within four months of the new facility being offered, all three of the company's chartered ships had to be committed to a call at Port Sudan every month!

And more recently, through an arrangement with Ben Line Containers, C.A.M.E.L. has been able to offer shippers weekly sailings to Jeddah on the TRIO service. Ben Line is also a minority shareholder in C.A.M.E.L.

With anything up to 20 major shipping

operators competing for the lucrative Middle East container trade, it is significant that C.A.M.E.L., with its three ships, has acquired for itself a sizeable slice of the market. "In Aqaba, Hodeidah and Port Sudan, we must be No 1 in terms of containerised cargo going in, and in Jeddah (the major volume port, in which ships of any size can operate) we are certainly in the first eight or nine", says Alasdair MacVean. Between 1976 and 1980, annual overall container throughput to Jeddah alone increased more than eightfold — from just under 100,000 to about 820,000 TEU's.

Closely involved for some years in the C.A.M.E.L. operation has been Bob Winlo, originally from South Shields, who took over as Operations Manager when Alasdair became General Manager last October. Until then, he was Alasdair's assistant operations manager.

Like Alasdair, Bob was at one time at sea, becoming a deck cadet with Brocklebanks when he left school in 1963. He was a Chief Officer when he finally decided to take a job ashore. For a time he was Assistant Cargo Superintendent with Cunard, Brocklebank, based partly at Tilbury and partly in the company's Marble Arch Office, supervising the loading of conventional vessels for the Middle East.

A year later, he transferred to C.A.M.E.L. as Planning Superintendent, his arrival coinciding with the jump from one to three vessels on the service.

A major responsibility for C.A.M.E.L. cargoes Eastbound from Northern Europe — and, incidentally, for effective liaison with 25 agency

(Please turn to page 9)



One of the C.A.M.E.L. chartered vessels, Petra Crown, approaching the East coast port of Felixstowe.

The day they loaded a by fork-lift

ONLY Basildon's Jocelyn Rees could have flown out of Britain in full regalia to attend a woman's conference in Hong Kong, and a fortnight later been fork-lifted (with a Chinaman's help) in a wheelchair on to an airliner for the journey home. We suspected that her adventures in between might be just as interesting, so we asked her for a report. Here it is. — THE EDITOR.

By Jocelyn Rees

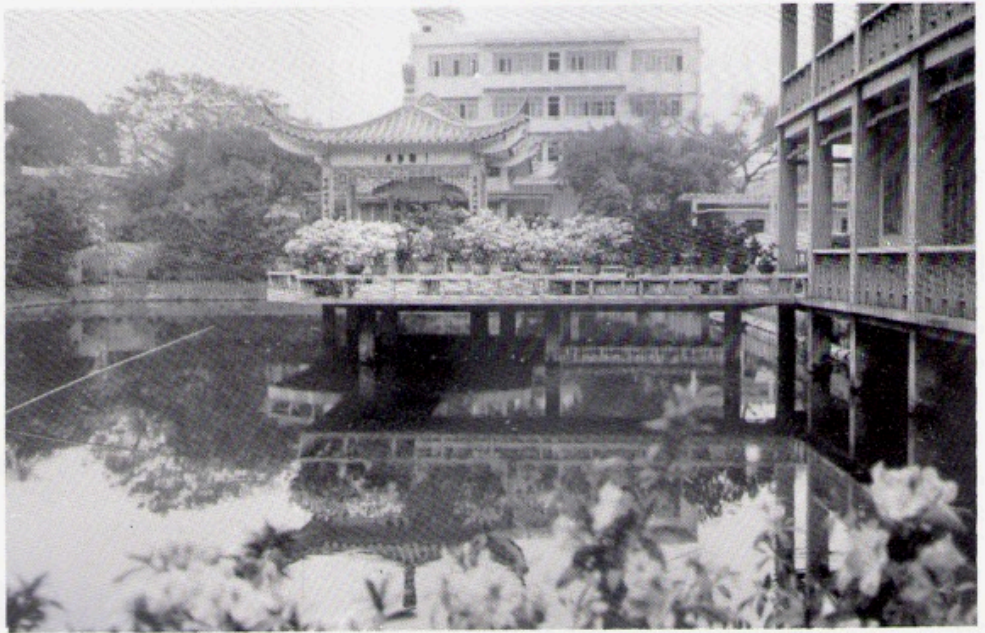
WHEN I was told that the 42nd Board Meeting of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women was to be held in Hong Kong in February this year, I made up my mind that, come Hell and/or high water, I'd be there. After all, as a member of this unique women's club for a good many years, why shouldn't I dream?

Making the dream come true was a different matter, of course, but after blackmailing first my husband and then my bank manager, mortgaging the dog and then saving really hard, I found myself boarding a Cathay Pacific flight on February 13 (of all dates) Hong Kong bound.

When business finished on the first day of the conference, our gaggle of delegates was let loose on the Kow Loon area of Hong Kong, having been told to bargain wherever we went. That's just what we did, and if anybody noticed that the pound went down and the Hong Kong dollar up on February 15, I suspect that it had something to do with a bevy of hard-bargaining British businesswomen!

The place was like Oxford Street gone mad — jewellery shops in profusion, hand-made shoes, handbags, dress shops, fur shops. You name it; they had it. Plus thousands of people — BUT NOT ANIMALS. I was told in Hong Kong that if you have a dog, you are a 'Fat Cat' because it means you can afford a garden.

The traffic was fantastic — mostly Mercedes or Rolls-Royce cars. I saw no Minis - or, for that matter, Fords. Nor have I ever seen a city as clean and so many people working. When the Mayor of Hong Kong greeted us, he said the local motto was: "You don't work, you don't eat". I can well believe it.



How would you like to wake up to a view like this? Looking across the water garden of the author's Hong Kong hotel.

Among the highlights of our visit were an amazing dinner given for our party on 18 tram cars touring round Hong Kong, and an enormous, end-of-conference Chinese banquet at which only chopsticks were allowed. Having been given a pair as a souvenir, I was able to perform creditably, but I still recommend them as an aid to slimming (you drop so much and eat so little!). Our Chinese host told us that directly the fruit is served it is good manners to leave and everyone did so (Note - Must try this at my next dinner party!). He also said that a dirty table cloth is a sign that all have had a good meal — The cloth on our table was absolutely filthy!

After Hong Kong, 60 of us (wearing so many labels and numbers that I, for one, felt just like a parcel) went off to China. Our guide Winnie Chan took us on a hovercraft trip up the Pearl Delta, where I saw more ships than I have ever seen before. If there is a place old ships go to die, this must be it; all of them

lying around like grey hippos, with little sampans and junks chasing in and out.

Our hovercraft cut straight through to the border where we were joined by the Red Guards. When we landed, I was first into Customs and committed the unforgivable sin of giggling when asked: "Where is your Leader?" After the first six of our ladies had given a negative answer when asked by the Customs man: "Is your hair true?", he seemed to give up the ghost and let the rest of us through quite quickly.

We were shown round a 'typical' Chinese house — with television, video, tape recorder, sewing machine, cassette player, slow cooker etc. I don't know whether they were plugged in, but I do know that mother-in-law was cooking over charcoal in a mighty small kitchen!

Visiting a Temple, I was fascinated by a memorial ceremony in which a photograph of the dead man was



In Ladder Street, Hong Kong, you can buy anything, says Jocelyn Rees. 'It's like Oxford Street gone mad', she writes. 'You name it, they sell it'. Right: Just like old times — ploughing with water buffalo.



lady truck!

surrounded by baskets of imitation gold and silver bricks, paper money, paper dolls (as servants for the next world), food and drink — AND (would you believe it?) cigarettes and matches.

The train from Canton back to Hong Kong held a few lessons, I thought, for British Rail. Lace curtains, the aisle washed at least three times, reclining seats and television, with the engine driver telling us how happy he was to drive our train, the attendant how pleased she was to be serving our tea — the two followed by film of cultural activities. The one snag — you couldn't turn it off!

Back in Hong Kong, a trip to Aberdeen Harbour, with dinner on the floating Jumbo Restaurant — and an insulting offer of chopsticks with an 'L' on them! Then a small panic in the Shangri-La hotel when (my vast experience of Basildon fire practice coming to mind) I set off all the burglar alarms when fulfilling my offer to show people the way out after the electricity failed! I didn't understand what the manager said when I confessed, but he didn't seem at all pleased

Finally, as a kind of farewell gesture, on the last afternoon of the last day in Hong Kong, I fell off a pavement. (The malicious rumours are all untrue). The calamity meant having to leave by wheelchair. Unfortunately, the Chinese pushing me understood not a word of English and as my repertoire of Chinese was still confined to the one word 'Wah' (good), it's a miracle we ever got to the airport.



But get there we did and having been hoisted by fork lift truck into the plane, we left on time. Three midnights and 25 hours later — including a small detour to Manchester — we landed at Gatwick and an absolutely fascinating 14 days was over.

HARBOUR HUSTLE

Sampans and other craft make a busy daytime scene in the harbour at Hong Kong.

WHY C.A.M.E.L. LOOKS AHEAD WITH OPTIMISM

(Continued from page 7)

offices throughout Britain and the Continent — is borne by what could be called the Long and Short of Trafalgar House. Trace Barnes, C.A.M.E.L. Trade Manager, and his Assistant Trade Manager, Ruislip Rugby full back Mike Wild, stand 5ft 2 inches and 6ft 2 inches respectively.

"Everybody thinks I'm Trace's 'Minder'!", says Mike. And Trace nods. It's that kind of close-knit partnership.

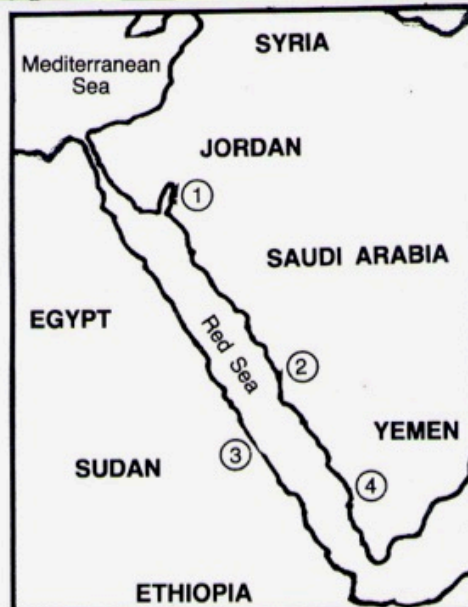
Trace himself has first-hand experience of both the problems and the advantages found at the 'delivery end' of C.A.M.E.L. trade. Before joining Cunard, he was marketing manager for a rival company in Jeddah, and earlier still was for two years with ACL in the South-East. In his spare time, Trace is liable to spend hours with a model railway his son fondly believes belongs to HIM.

Mike Wild has been with the company ever since he went straight from school to become a Brocklebank deck cadet. He left sea, in 1975, as a second mate, to become a freight clerk with the Cunard, Brocklebank conventional service to the Middle East, and during the years that followed — he was Marketing Manager, Sales, by 1977 — helped to run down that service as containerisation took over.

To-day, Trace and Mike reckon that East-bound C.A.M.E.L. trade — and the scarcity of available Westbound freight is a major problem in this type of operation — comes 55 per cent from the Continent and 45 per cent from the United Kingdom. And, overall, 30 per cent of it is 'project' cargo.

"Over the past few years, we have lifted fertiliser plants, power stations, water treatment projects and other major construction giants lock, stock and barrel to the Red Sea ports", says Trace.

"Everything needed — from site levelling equipment in the first instance, through housing



This map of the Red Sea area shows the four ports used by C.A.M.E.L. — 1 Aqaba; 2 Jeddah; 3 Port Sudan; and 4 Hodeidah.

and food for the workers to final equipment for the plant itself on completion — has made the journey by sea from Europe.

"Some of the enterprises have been so big that it has taken anything up to 1,000 boxes to complete the project".

Not all cargo, of course, has been on such a big scale. One request, believe it or not, was for a quotation to convey two giraffes to Jeddah! The requirement — a 20ft open top container for the giraffes themselves and two extra for their fodder . . .

And there was an occasion, a few years ago, when 400 tons of sand had to be carried to Arabia in bags — because the local stuff was no good for mixing cement.

Both of which cargo requests make a Rolls Royce, a Jaguar XJS for a Jordanian businessman, a complete load of furniture for his brother's flat and a 40ft steel tulip to stick in the middle of a Jeddah roundabout sound very ordinary indeed!

A not insignificant contribution to cargo carried by C.A.M.E.L. is now being made through a marketing services operation in which a bespectacled young Malaysian called Pe Woon Chin, plays a significant part.

Pe Woon, who came to Britain in his teens to complete his education, and studied marketing at Bristol Polytechnic, later had six years with Killick, Martin as Container Marketing Controller.

To-day he gives, through the Trace and Mike set-up, what he describes as 'a back-up service to the C.A.M.E.L. sales force'. He prepares regular letters for posting to shippers and agents, and his desk is tidily littered with magazines in which there could be references, large or small, to the interests of British companies in Middle East activities. Every one is noted by Pe Woon and passed on for possible action. He reckons that diligent follow-ups by salesman have a 30 per cent success rate.

And it's not only at the office that Pe Woon flies a few kites. Married and with a son aged one-and-a-half, his great joy is to get out and about with a real kite at the end of a cord. If you suggest to him that this is possibly an odd hobby for a grown-up man, Pe Woon will explain that back home kite fighting is a great favourite. Apparently the two contestants powder their kite cords with glass — and battle away until one sets the other's kite loose . . .

The future

On the fifth floor at Trafalgar House, the visitor gets an immediate impression of well-directed hustle by an impressively young team. They talk to you about the Middle East trade as 'dynamic', and suggest that it is 'exciting' and 'fun' to be involved in it.

You learn that 35 per cent of all general cargo going to the all-important part of Jeddah is now containerised, and that hopes are that this figure will rapidly increase over the next few years, perhaps to as much as 70 per cent. (At both Jeddah and Damnam, new container freight stations are being developed and hope to be in operation later this year).

It is what Alasdair McVean calls a 'volatile' trade, with opportunities there for the taking. "We are always looking at ideas for expanding C.A.M.E.L.", he says, "and for ways in which to increase the Westbound traffic."

If energy and enthusiasm can do it, they'll succeed.

THE COLUMN THAT HOPES TO SET YOU SMILING AND PUZZLING

Carter Leonard

GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS have a happy knack of expressing themselves in words which mean a lot (I am sure) to the writer, but sometimes don't mean all that much to the average reader. Here is an example from a document I came across the other day 'somewhere in Head Office'. It is taken from an Appendix dealing with the law on Zero-Rated Goods and Services (Group I — FOOD). And I quote:-

*The supply of anything comprised in the general items set out below, except:-
a) a supply in the course of catering; and
b) a supply of anything comprised in any of the excepted items set out below, unless it is also comprised in any of the items over-riding the exceptions set out below which relates to that excepted item.*

And if that has left you in any way confused, don't worry. On the next page is what is described as an 'Explanatory Note'. And I quote again:-

GENERAL EFFECT OF THE LAW

The effect of this group is to zero-rate the supply of most foodstuffs unless they are supplied in the course of catering. The only foodstuffs chargeable with tax at the standard rate are those listed in the Excepted Items, apart from those listed in the Items over-riding the exceptions; these latter are zero-rated.

Open the gates, here I come ...

That all-star team

YOU MAY RECALL that there was no space for a Carter Leonard column in the last issue of 'Contacts', but they did allow me enough room to set a sporting challenge, which I called "Twelve of the Best". I invited readers to sort out twelve jumbled names which, when decoded, would constitute an all-star team to take on all-comers.

Double congratulations now to Liverpool's Bill Bernard, who not only won the competition, but also chose to send his winner's cheque for £5 to the Muscular Dystrophy research organisation. (Lynne Lisney, of Head Office Personnel, who administered the competition, says she is convinced Bill picked this charity largely because he thought she wouldn't be able to spell it!)

Second prize, of £2, went to Kevin Toolan, of ACTS, Leeds.

And for any who puzzled without success over the sporting team, the names were:- Geoffrey Boycott, Buster Mottram, Henry Cooper, Bob Willis, Lester Piggott, Tony Jacklin, John Lloyd, Peter Oosterhuis, Geoff Capes, David Broome, Sebastian Coe and Alan Minter. (It's always easy when you know how!)

Who wrote that?

FOR MY COMPETITION this time, I am grateful to Paul Howlett, former Budget Assistant with Management Accounts at Head Office, whose agile brain has devised a puzzle that will interest bookworms and non-bookworms alike.

He asks you to fill in the answers to his eleven questions in the spaces provided below. When you have done this, you will find that the first letters of the authors' surnames (ie, the letters appearing from top to bottom in the first set of squares) will give you the full name of another famous author. Remember, surnames only for your answers — and here goes:

- i. Name the American author of 'The Ginger Man'
- ii. The Norwegian author of 'Peer Gynt'.
- iii. Author of 'The Franklin's Tale'.
- iv. American author of 'On the Road'.
- v. Author of 'The Great Gatsby'.
- vi. Author of 'Swallows and Amazons'.
- vii. A prominent science fiction writer whose Christian name is Isaac.
- viii. English author of 'The Moon's a Balloon'.
- ix. French author of 'Papillon'.
- x. Author of 'Waders must Breathe' and 'The Lonely Stair'.
- xi. American author of 'The Catcher in the Rye'.

1

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

2

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

3

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

4

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

5

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

6

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

7

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

8

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

9

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

10

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

11

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--



Happy times for two

TWO OF THE HAPPIEST girls in Richmond House when we took this picture in March were Lynne Joyce (left) and Marie Farmer. Both were then planning time off to welcome newcomers expected just after this issue of 'Contacts' goes to press.

Lynne, cashier's clerk in the Finance Department, joined ACTS in 1978 as a Telex operator.

Marie, who joined the company five years earlier as a control clerk in Computer Operations, transferred to D.S.D. as a trade clerk.

THE CROSSWORD

1	2	3	4	5	6	7									
8					9										
10									11						
14	15	16													
20															22
23															
25															

You can't say you haven't a clue . . .

Once again (writes Carter Leonard). I am grateful to John Brooks, Management Accountant at Head Office, for a specially-devised Crossword to test the wits of our readers. The usual prizes of £3 and £2 are offered for the first and second correct solutions opened. Your entries, please to reach Lynne Lisney, Head Office Personnel Dept, by July 30.

- ACROSS**
- 1, and 12 Down. The great raincoat (9, 10).
 - 5 Agnelli's car's home (5).
 - 8 We have this in common with Fritz, Luigi, Pierre, etc. (8).
 - 9 Irish Scottish footballers (6).
 - 10 Where blasting goes on? (8).
 - 11 To spur, gentlemen? Quick, it's in there! (6).
 - 13 and 20 Means of winning? (1,4,2,3,6).
 - 17 Transport of wood from container base to customer? (4,6).
 - 20 See 13.
 - 21 Moles (8).
 - 23 Sea ran amok. Places for sightseeing (6).

- 24 What two multiplied negatives make (8).
- 25 What I should do when I spit out? (3,2).
- 26 What the chaotic meeting needs? (1,8).

DOWN

- 1 and 5 Freightliners and Jimmy Savile say this of to-day (3,2,3,5).
- 2 Wrongs (6).
- 3 Attractiveness against a decision? (6).
- 4 Beaten a thousand miles away (6,4).
- 5 See 1 Down.
- 6 Country go-backs (8).
- 7 Nice note? Not if you smoke (8).
- 12 See 1 Across.
- 14 Intergalactical clashes? (4,4).
- 15 The opposite, in fact, of shoplifting (4,4).
- 16 Faithful long-timer (8).
- 18 Where Luigi might go on holiday (6).
- 19 Don't give in when your muscles get...
- 22 Serious part of ship (5).



TEAM THEY ALL WANT TO PLAY

By a special correspondent

Southampton ACTS Terminal football team is becoming more and more popular. I should, perhaps, repeat that — Southampton ACTS Terminal football team is becoming more and more popular.



THE GLORY THAT IS SOUTHAMPTON TERMINAL! Back row: Brian Cardy, David Warner, Brian James, Frank Cheshire, Richard Milton, Steve Moreland. Front row: Malcolm Wade, Lorne Beesley, Richard Veck, Terry Woodling. Missing from this picture — Martin Eardley, who unfortunately thought the photo call was at Wembley!

TAKE IT EASY

It was Robert Quillen who said: "Violent exercise is like a cold bath. You think it does you good because you feel better when you stop it". And Chauncey Depew: "I get my exercise acting as a pallbearer to my friends who exercise".

More thoughts from Herbert Prochnow's excellent 'Speaker's Handbook'

Not, of course, with the players themselves. Nor with supporters. The people who *really* appreciate the Terminal Eleven are their opponents. Everybody wants to play them. Not surprisingly when you look at their record in the first half of the 1981-1982 season — Played 12, Won 3, Drawn 2, LOST 7.

There have, of course, been exceptions to the overall 'average-ness'.

Steve Moreland, for instance — a free transfer from Liverpool (ACTS, not Bob Paisley's lot) — has been playing well up to form in midfield, despite his age.

And Martin Eardley, not exactly renowned for his goalscoring, surprised everybody recently by hitting the back of the net six times — after failing to score in nine previous matches!

Scoring from penalties has not, I regret to report, been one of the team's strong points, and it is perhaps unfair to put on record that the rot was started by Malcolm Wade with an amazing miss against the GPO Engineers. (With the match finely balanced, Malcolm hardly troubled the opposition keeper with a shot that just missed the corner flag).

And matters were not altogether helped forward when, during a game against British Rail, centre-half David Warner suffered an early injury and had to take over in goal. (Though he was beaten 13 times, it should be noted that he was the best Terminal player on the day!)

The one encouraging factor is that there *must* be an improvement in the second half of the season. I hope . . .

Winners of the 1981 events organised by Heat Office Sports and Social Club received their trophies from managing director Peter Bainbridge at the company's Christmas Dinner and Dance at the Polygon Hotel, Southampton.

Clutching their awards proudly are (left to right): Kevin Longman (Computers), men's darts, doubles; Eddie Higgins (Computers), car rally; Gill Creed, Sports and Social Club Chairman (she was recently elected for a second term); Mike Babey (Computers), pool singles and darts singles; Peter Thompson (Operations), darts mixed doubles; Jackie Sibley (Operations), darts mixed doubles and darts ladies' doubles; Dave Hedberg (Administration), darts men's doubles; and Elsie Campbell (Administration), darts ladies' doubles.

Third time lucky for Brum Base

Two attempts by Birmingham ACTS and Birmingham Containerbase to settle their annual snooker and darts argument were thwarted by December snowdrifts. As a result, the somewhat resounding Containerbase victory was delayed until well into the New Year.

In the darts competition, only two of the ACTS team got into the second round, and in fairness it must be reported that one was a guest and the other, having left her contact lenses at home, had to be aimed fairly obviously in the direction of the board!

Snooker, on the other hand, was a closely-contested business, with the result not known until the final game, victory then going to Containerbase by three frames to two. Steve Reynolds and Alan Verrinder won their individual games, and it has been suggested that Roy Burton, Ian Taylor and Andy Parsons might have had more success had they drunk themselves fairly and squarely into the right frame of mind . . .

Whatever the result, the evening was a great success, and thanks are due not only to the Containerbase organisers, but also to those at Foottherly Working Men's Club who put on such a splendid buffet.

Basildon — this is your life

THREE MEMBERS of the ACTS Board — Bill Campbell, David Hamilton and John Cove — were welcome guests at Basildon's annual Christmas jollification, postponed from an ice-and-snow December to a *slightly* more amenable January. (The coach company involved said they could not guarantee to pick up revellers at 2 a.m. on the earlier date!)

In late December, Basildon said a fond

farewell to Regional Manager Norman Cooper, presenting him with a riding crop and navigational compass, presumably in case he couldn't decide whether to make the short cross-country journey by road or water!

Lorraine Bell, former chairperson of Basildon Sports and Social Club, gave birth to a bonny baby boy in February, and within a matter of weeks was, of course, training for the netball season.

Girl from the midnight watch comes back



Julie Stallard, who was Julie Shaw when she first joined ACTS at Southampton in 1977 as secretary to then Terminal manager David Parsons, but left 18 months later to get married (see picture on left), is back in her old job.

This time she has replaced another Julie — Robinson — who was married last September and now lives with husband Rick at Cambridge.

During her absence from ACTS, Julie Stallard went to sea with husband Martin, second mate on a general cargo vessel.

"I was the only girl on board with

a crew of 13", she says. "My husband was on midnight watch (from midnight to four a.m.), and having signed on as a supernumerary, I used to sit up on the bridge with him, doing odd jobs to help as and when required".

After two trips together — one lasting three-and-a-half months, the other two — Martin left the sea to join the quality control team at Pirelli Telecommunications.

FOOTNOTE: Before she left, colleagues at Soton Terminal presented Julie Robinson with a shopping bag full of items for her new home.

Mike says: 'Let 'em all come'!

Mike Mackay, stalwart of so many ACTS sporting occasions in years gone by, has obviously not lost his touch since moving over to ACTA, where he now flourishes as Operations Cost Control Manager in Fenchurch Street.

Though beaten in the first round of the men's singles in a recent In-house darts tournament, Mike beat allcomers in an Open competition, winning the final, against Dave Harris, by 0-2, 2-0, 2-0, 2-1.

And when last heard of, he and partner Lindsay Dando, of the ACTA finance department, had reached the mixed doubles semi-finals.



The challengers — Mike and Alaister.

Eventual winner of the men's singles event was another Finance man, Alaister Watson, and Mike and he, riding the crest of their victory waves, want to prove their superiority against even tougher competition. So they throw out this challenge:-

Is anybody at ACTS prepared to organise a darts 'team' to meet the ACTA champions, the events to include men's singles, ladies' singles, men's doubles, mixed doubles — and an open challenge event in which both sexes will be eligible?

Anybody interested should contact Mike at ACTA headquarters, in Fenchurch Street.

REMINDER NOTE:- Before going to ACTA, Mike was Deputy Regional Manager at Basildon.

IS THIS THE BEST-DRESSED TEAM IN ACTS?

WHO'S GOT THE SMARTEST TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT in the whole of ACTS? Birmingham has no doubts — and to show confidence in it's home team, sent this picture of The Four Smart Gentlemen of Brum.

It happened a couple of months ago, when the weather was bad, the newspapers were carrying nothing but discouraging (or frightening) stories and the Transport Department decided to cheer everybody up. So one fine morning they all turned up in grey trousers, smart white shirts, immaculate bow ties and neatly-parted hair . . . and once they'd completed the wine waiter look by carrying documents and photocopies one-handed on a tray, there wasn't a glum face (or a dry eye) in the office.

Left to right in our picture:- senior transport assistant Ian Taylor, transport assistants Andy Parsons and Bob MacHale (seated) and container controller Steve Reynolds.



Little words mean a lot . . .

It was Shakespeare who wrote:- "Since brevity is the soul of wit, I will be brief". He would have liked the following advice on Human Relations, circulated in a newsletter by the Business and Professional Women's Association:-

The six most important words in the English language: 'I admit I made a mistake'.

The five most important words: 'You did a good job'.

The four most important words:- 'What is YOUR opinion?'.

The three most important words:- 'If you please'.

The two most important words:- 'Thank you'.

The one most important word — 'We' (not 'I').

Shakespeare might also have liked the addendum — "One can do much — two can do more — together we can make a difference".