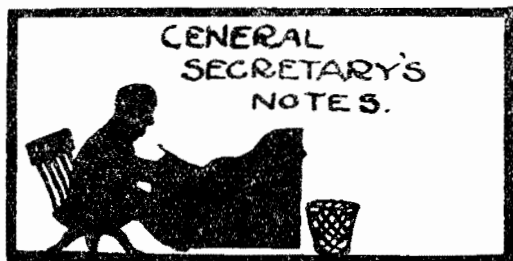


# The Customs Journal.

No. 568.

July 31st, 1926.

Fortnightly.



Communications relative to this column should be addressed to Mr. J. Merron, 167, Clive Road, West Dulwich, London, S.E.21.

The 1926 Conference is already a thing of the past, and the course of the Preventive Staff Association has been set for another year. If the spirit of this year's meeting is anything to go by, our position in 1927 will be something to be proud of. There never was a more lively meeting of Conference delegates, yet, in spite of several possibilities for friction, there was a commendable determination amongst the delegates to give short shrift to anything calculated to cause disruption. It is pleasing to note that the system now adopted for equipping each Councillor beforehand with a budget of complete and up-to-date information concerning Association activity during the year proved an unqualified success. The time so saved in obviating lengthy and tedious explanation was used to much better advantage, and this enabled a great deal of profitable discussion on matters of importance.

Every Councillor took full advantage of the opportunity thus afforded of getting down to real business, with the result that the Chairman had to enforce strict rules of debate in order to get through the business within the four days. Even with this it became necessary on the penultimate day to continue operations during the evening. This is not a wise course except when absolutely necessary. The strain of a full day in Conference is greater than many people imagine, and it is particularly trying for the secretaries.

A very satisfactory discussion took place on the question of Post-War Seniority, and the decision taken will, I think, be welcomed by all concerned. It is hoped that the result will be an early reconciliation of conflicting points of view.

The scheme for Promotion by Merit came to a sad end, but there is still hope of its revival in some other form. The Council has, however, showed in no uncertain way its disapproval of the proposed scheme.

Vocational Education had a much better fate, and, as soon as proper steps can be taken, the scheme will come into force.

A new departure at the Conference was the employment of a shorthand writer. The Assistant Secretary was thus relieved of the very great handicap under which he has suffered at previous meetings. There is also the advantage of being able to retain a permanent and exact record of views expressed by the various districts through their Councillors. This assists the Executive to accurately interpret the will of the members.

I understand that this innovation has given rise to the belief in some quarters that a verbatim report of the Council is to be published in the "Journal." A few moments of consideration would, however, convince any thinking person that such a course would be very inadvisable. There are several reasons against it, and not the least important is the fact that the report taken in shorthand does not contain everything that was said at the Conference, but is verbatim only so far as this would be required for Executive purposes. Even under these circumstances the transcribed shorthand notes will comprise some hundred pages of typewritten matter.

If this report were published, any Councillor would be quite justified in demanding that everything he said at the Conference should be reported in order that his position would be quite clear to those who had not the advantage of hearing him personally. Such a course would, however, be impracticable, and in any case the cost would be quite out of proportion to any possible benefits that could be gained.

Also, it would be bad generalship to broadcast the plans of campaign on which it had been decided to embark. Surely this must be very obvious. We read that when they wage war in China it is customary for the opposing generals to have a friendly chat about methods of procedure before the battle begins, and that is why they have a reputation for never intending to do real business.

\* \* \* \*

I have no doubt that many are on the tip-toe of expectation at the prospect of a naked verbatim report—and they are not all members of the P.S.A. They are doomed to disappointment, however, because it has been decided that

the sensible and usual method of report will be adhered to.

\* \* \* \*

The Assistant Secretary has lately been working at high pressure in order to get at least an instalment of the Conference Report into this issue of the "Journal." If he succeeds he will have achieved great things, but I am afraid the task will be impossible. The accumulation of work that has been held up during the Conference must be got rid of before anything else can be tackled, and members should bear in mind that this entails the occupation of every hour of spare time for the secretaries.

A good deal of correspondence has had to be held over during the last week or two, and it is hoped that people awaiting replies will excuse any delay.

\* \* \* \*

A very interesting event was the tour of the City of London by charabanc on the first evening of the Conference. A number of officers from the London Branch joined the party, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Hampton Court was the last place of interest to be visited. The weather was very sultry and the delegates greatly appreciated the cool evening breezes and refreshing scenery of Hampton after having spent a strenuous day in the stuffy atmosphere of the Conference room.

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During the Conference a letter arrived containing good wishes from the late President, Mr. J. Hall. The message was warmly received by the Council, and there were many expressions of appreciation for Mr. Hall's continued interest in the progress of the Association.

\* \* \* \*

These Notes are being written on the eve of the Customs and Excise Sports Meeting at Stamford Bridge, and therefore the fate of the hastily-trained tug-of-war teams from the Waterguard has not yet been decided.

There are two Waterguard teams, and they are, of course, composed of London officers. During the past fortnight the waste land at Shadwell Pier Head has been the scene of several heroic struggles between the teams, who have chosen this spot for practices.

If they do not succeed in pulling off the prize on this occasion it will not be for want of heart. They have an abundance of the right spirit, and are brawny enough. Lack of training is, however, a serious handicap. If they should be successful, they are deserving of our heartiest congratulations. Whatever happens, they are ready to do the job thoroughly next year.

\* \* \* \*

I notice that the Belfast officers have sent out an appeal on behalf of Mr. J. Brasier, whose misfortune through sickness has brought him to dire straits. I hope that members will give full support to the appeal, because I am aware that

this is a deserving case, and that Mr. Brasier's present unfortunate circumstances are through no fault of his own.

\* \* \* \*

The cost-of-living figure has risen slightly for the month of July, and it now stands at 70. This, of course, in no way alters the prospect of a reduction of bonus in September.

It is interesting to note that the "New Civilian" is offering a prize for the best article dealing with the question of whether the bonus should be consolidated or not. I would advise all P.S.A. members to keep a look out for the prize-winning articles. The problem is one of importance to every Civil Servant, and sooner or later the P.S.A. will have to adopt a definite line of action in the matter.

J. MERRON.

## PREVENTIVE STAFF ASSOCIATION.

### GRAVESEND.

A well attended meeting was held at the Liberal Club, Overcliffe, on July 12th.

The chief item for discussion was the Annual Conference Agenda, and the adoption and discussion of the minutes of the previous meeting being disposed of, this subject was tackled at considerable length. The Councillors, who were present, were able to gauge the feeling of the Gravesend staff on the subjects to be discussed by the Council. A decision as to who were considered to be most fitted for the offices of President and General, Organising and Assistant Secretaries proved to be a correct forecast of the decision of the Council.

Local matters were discussed, and it was decided to hold an extraordinary meeting within a month to discuss the staffing of the port.

### LOWESTOFT.

The first business of the meeting held at Lowestoft on Friday, July 9th, was to elect a Chairman in place of Mr. E. B. Jenner, A.P.O., who had resigned. A proposal to elect Mr. H. V. Welton, P.O., was carried unanimously.

Following discussion, the meeting signified its agreement with the official promotion scheme.

It appeared that there was not entire satisfaction with the method of issuing amendments, and to facilitate insertion in the codes it was suggested in a resolution that amendments should be supplied properly perforated and with both edges gummed. There was also a strong feeling that all officers should be supplied annually with bound copies of General Orders and Circulars.

Much dissatisfaction was expressed with the delay in the supply of uniform, and the cut and

quality of material came in for considerable criticism.

A resolution was passed that the Executive be instructed to press for an early financial re-organisation of the Department.

## C. & E. DEPARTMENTAL COUNCIL.

The seventy-fifth meeting of the Council was held in London on June 30th, 1926, the chair being taken by A. J. Dyke, Esq., C.B., C.B.E., Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise.

### STAFF ASSOCIATIONS.

On the ground that the original injunction emanated from the National Whitley Council, and that any further injunction should come from the same source, the Official Side now re-stated their inability to modify the decision not to re-issue (as the Staff Side proposed) the terms of Paragraph 6 of General Order 79/1919. This Order pointed out that only Association members could be represented on Whitley bodies, and that it was therefore necessary for members of the staff to consider whether they would join Associations if they had not already done so.

The Staff Side stated that the proposal was made for the good of the Service as a whole, and expressed regret at the Official Side's unwillingness to accede to it.

### VOLUNTEERING DURING GENERAL

#### STRIKE.

The Official Side replied in the negative to the adjourned Staff Side enquiry if the fact of volunteering or not volunteering during the recent strike emergency will be noted on an Officer's record.

### POSSIBLE REDUNDANCY OF STAFF.

The Staff Side referred to the possible redundancy of staff resulting from the operation of the Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act, 1925, and suggested that the Official Side should co-operate in investigating the position with a view to ameliorating the conditions when they arise. The Official Side gave the assurance that events were being watched very closely, and that while in their view joint consultation at the present stage would be premature, it might become necessary later to establish the suggested liaison, and the matter should remain on the agenda of the Council.

### EXTRA REMUNERATION.

It was agreed (in a particular case) that no deduction be made from O.A.P. remuneration in respect of assistance given for one day on which the Officer was absent on special leave to attend a Whitley meeting.

It was agreed to refer to the Outdoor Service Sectional Committee the rates of remuneration

to be paid under Part I. of General Order 52/1924, in exceptional cases where an Officer (a) performed all the work in connection with new claims arising out of the O.A.P. Act, 1924, or (b) performed all the work in connection with such claims with the exception of the delivery of the Pension Order Book, but received no extra remuneration owing to deductions made in respect of assistance given to his successor in the station.

The Official Side were not prepared to agree to extend the terms of reference to provide for cases in which remuneration was reduced, but promised to consider the point on the understanding that the present reference should proceed in any case.

### TRAVELLING, ETC., EXPENSES.

A Committee disagreement on the travelling and removal expenses of the Departmental Clerical Class was confirmed.

It was agreed, on a report from the Outdoor Service Sectional Committee, that pending further consideration of the matter in the Fixed Allowances Sub-Committee, the limitations on claims to travelling expenses in residence imposed by General Order 35/1921, par. 1, be waived (a) in respect of the maximum amount claimable in any one week when justified by the scheme mileage of the station, and (b) in respect of journeys of less than one mile, but on the understanding that return journeys for meals will continue to be inadmissible.

### DISTURBANCE ALLOWANCE.

A Committee disagreement having been reported on Staff Side proposals regarding Disturbance Allowance and Travelling Expenses of Unattached Officers, the Staff Side stated that these were now intended to apply only to the men of seven years' actual or presumed service. In view of this qualification the matter was adjourned.

### SENIORITY.

The Council adopted an agreed seniority list for the Junior Clerical Officers in the Secretaries' Office Group.

### OTHER MATTERS.

A number of Local Committee decisions were considered, with results that have been communicated to the Committees concerned. The matters involved included the establishment of Fixed Officer areas and the survey of match factories.

Referring to the impending retirement of Mr. Genochio, who was present on this the last day of his service, the Vice-Chairman expressed the regret of the Staff Side at the event, and wished Mr. Genochio all prosperity in his retirement. The Official Side associated themselves in this sentiment, and Mr. Genochio briefly responded.

The next meeting of the Council will be held on July 28th, 1926.

## REFLECTIONS ON P.S.A. COUNCIL MEETING, 1926.

By "NEB."

Not only in the scenic sense is it true that "distance lends enchantment to the view," but so also, in contemplating everyday affairs, a retrospection is necessary properly to focus the impressions, to sort and classify the ideas presented by passing events. The writer, back from the P.S.A. Council Meeting, and required to render to his District membership an account of the proceedings, feels that, if space and the Editor permit, the larger audience of the readers of our journal might be interested in the review of one who, for the first time, participated in the deliberations of our managing body. With so much to encourage and please one concerned for the well-being of our Department, it is difficult to place, in order of preference, the causes for satisfaction. The general tone, the regard for correctness of procedure and the amenities of debate, the high standard of expressiveness, the manifest desire of the individual Councillor honestly to present the views of his members, the quick appreciation of counter-arguments with the loyal acceptance of opposing majority ruling, was clear proof that there has developed among us a keen appreciation of values, a breadth of vision and a determination to override bias, prejudice and uninformed judgments.

To any ordinary member possessed with the belief that the E.C. and Council regard themselves as the sole judges of what shall or shall not be presented as the "Staff" view, the assurance can be given that on every point discussed the opinions of the membership expressed at District meetings were earnestly considered. It was felt that had it been possible for the whole membership to attend, each would have gone away with the realisation of his individual obligation to contribute his share of earnest study of Association affairs and his duty, loyally to support, encourage and instruct his elected representative.

Considering the composition of the Council and membership, one expected and found diversity of opinions and angles of vision. There we had the original, pressing and sweeping suggestions of youth, and there, too, the experienced and more cautious counsels of those who had grown old in the fight. In reviewing the Council and contemplating the conditions under which it met, it is impossible not to think gratefully of those earlier representatives—the men who, in the bad old days, when desirous of opposing the grossest wrongs were compelled to carry on their Association work by secret visits to the

homes of their colleagues, and whose very livelihood, perchance—certainly their official prospects—were endangered if it became known that they, by word of tongue or pen, had dared to express disapproval of the administration of the unbridled officials who to-day would not be tolerated for one moment. It is for the members generally, but more especially for the juniors, to realise that their freedom of expression, their recognition of their elected representatives, and what amounts to their participation in administration is the result of the unselfish, and in many cases the unrecognised labours of those who went ahead. They have left us the machine. We have developed and extended its functions, and it is up to each one earnestly to see that nothing shall occur to abrogate its usefulness; and that the arch enemy, mental apathy, shall not clog its workings. Rally round your officers. Keep them at it. Think ever your affairs. "Judge righteous judgment" and the way will open out for yet greater usefulness—higher status with its inevitable corollary, higher pay.

Members, it is YOUR Association. Use it! Work for it! And, what is of even greater importance, THINK for it!

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## PROSECUTIONS.

### BO'NESS.

At the Linlithgow J.P. Court on Monday, July 12th, the cook and messroom steward of the Belgian steamer "Charles," from Ghent, were charged conjointly with illegally landing eleven bottles of brandy, equal to 1.15 proof gallons.

Mr. P. MacLellan, C.P.O., Grangemouth, prosecuted on behalf of the Crown, and sued for T.V.D. of £15 18s.

Defendants pleaded guilty and were each fined double duty and value £10 12s., or 40 days' imprisonment. The fines were paid in each case.

The offenders were intercepted on landing from the vessel at 11.30 p.m. on the 11th inst. by Mr. W. M. Pudsey, A.P.O.

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### WICK (Caithness).

The discovery by Mr. J. MacDonald, A.P.O., of six bottles of brandy (.54 proof gallons) on the s.s. "Fisk," from Altona, led to the appearance at the J.P. Court of a sailor from that vessel. Mr. C. Craven, P.O., under whose supervision the ship was examined, conducted the case. The accused pleaded guilty and was fined the double duty-paid value, £5 2s., and 16s. costs, with an alternative of twenty days' imprisonment.



To take extensive shorthand notes at such a Conference as we have just completed is by no means a light task for those who have to keep the Association machine running. The transcription is little short of colossal, especially when it is borne in mind that the officer to whom is delegated this duty has several other duties of supreme importance to attend to after he has finished his official duties in the Service. A fuller report is rightly desired by the membership, but at the same time it is of the utmost necessity that such a report must not suffer by reason of being hurriedly prepared, or prepared under conditions that would detract from its usefulness. We have therefore considered it wise to refrain from pressing for a hastily compiled account of the Council Conference, and to defer its publication until the issue following the present.

This year's Conference was a particularly heavy one. The agenda was unusually weighty and was exhaustively debated. The first two days were spent in a heat that we do not often experience. Indeed, there was quite an American appearance about the meeting, for at least half the members had removed their jackets and some had rolled up their shirt sleeves to obtain relief from the feeling of oppression.

\* \* \* \*

The past week has been interesting to the Waterguard in London from a sports point of view, and the active co-operation of the Waterguard in the C. and E. Sports Meeting at Stamford Bridge will be hailed with approval by all members of the Preventive Staff. The action of the Chief Preventive Officers' Association in giving practical support to the lighter side of the Service has been received with gratitude and applause, and we heartily congratulate the Waterguard tug-of-war team that succeeded in winning the C.P.O.'s trophy. Now that a start has been made, we are looking forward to success in other events next year. Our officers and friends turned up last Monday in good numbers, and formed nearly a third of those present.

### THE CANADIAN FOOTBALL TOUR.

Mr. J. Booker, who has been touring Canada with the English Football Team, has arrived back in England.

## CROSSING THE LINE.

By BEATH MCKENZIE.

I have always been a lucky chap. I suppose I always will be (touch wood!). So it is not a bit strange that I was one of the few thousand "Tommys" who had the privilege of travelling on a liner, in second-class cabins, instead of in an ordinary troopship. Our first experience of crossing the sea as soldiers had been on board the usual type of trooper, with mess decks made in every available corner, sleeping in hammocks or on the deck, so you can imagine how we felt when we walked on board the trans-Atlantic liner, "Royal Thomas."

The chief steward stood on the gangway and handed everyone a card on going aboard. This was what I read on my card:—

BERTH ... .. 54 C.

Saloon.

Second Sitting,

R.M. Chief Steward.

It was Greek to me. However, I was met at the starboard alley-way by a cabin boy, who very soon "put me wise" to its meaning. In a rich cockney accent he told me to go "Right along down there till you see room Number 54." I entered Room 54, and found that it contained four spring beds—spring beds for Tommies! Gosh! These beds bore small enamel discs with the letters A, B, C and D respectively. So C must be my bed. It was a top bunk, the bunks ran fore and aft—a home from home, I called it. Besides these beds the room had four clothes lockers and a very nice wash-stand. As is usual with soldiers moving to new quarters, I had been amongst my pals coming up the gangway, so they had been given tickets immediately preceding and immediately following mine—so four of us who were well known to one another were to share this home.

Arrived on board and having deposited our goods and chattels—we don't speak of luggage—on our respective beds, we set about seeing round the ship. The first place we visited was the promenade deck. It was 100 yards long, and 10 feet wide along each side. At intervals of about five yards there were deck forms, with their backs to the saloon. We were no sooner on deck than we were sent below again, after being told that no one was allowed on the decks with army boots on. We must either wear rubber-soled shoes or go about in bare feet. The excuse was that the decks had to be kept in good order for passenger use—after the war. That may have been the reason, and it may not. You see, the ship's canteen had about 2,000 pairs of rubber shoes for sale.

When passing downstairs, we passed a lovely room fitted with long tables and revolving chairs at regular intervals along each side of them.

This, we discovered later, was our saloon—the second-class saloon, in which we had our meals served, in anything but army ways. We had no “orderly man” duties to perform. The ship’s waiters, pantrymen and galley boys did these duties. There were so many troops on board that meals were served in three sittings. Hence the words “Saloon, second sitting,” on my card. Off the saloon there opened a bar, where they sold—well, what do they usually sell in bars?—lemonade, et cetera, especially et cetera. The bar was open for half-an-hour before the first sitting, and half-an-hour after the last sitting of every meal, and also from 9 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. nightly. In the saloon there was also a baby grand piano, for the use of all. Many a pleasant evening was spent beside the piano, before India was reached.

Above the promenade deck there was Boat Deck No. 1, where we did physical drill every day, and where the ship’s sports were held; above this was Boat Deck No. 2—“Officers only.” Up another stair and the Café Deck was reached. This was where we Presbyterians foregathered on Sundays at 11 a.m. and/or\* 6.30 p.m.

(\* Delete the word which does not apply.)

The sailors, firemen, trimmers and greasers lived in the fo’c’sle; the steward’s staff—cooks, saloon waiters, pantry men, boys, etc.—had a “glory hole” aft. The engineers lived in the port alley way next to the engine room. The navigating officers and W/T operators lived in the cabins next to the 1st Class Saloon, and the Army officers on board had the 1st Class cabins. Other ranks lived everywhere else.

Enough for stage directions. Now for the characters in the piece.

We had been about an hour on board when we heard someone shouting, “Fall in, the Harshires!” That was enough. Soon the only thing we could hear was grousing “Harshires.” “Are we the only blokes on board?” etc., etc. It is a soldier’s privilege to grouse, so we groused. In the middle of our grousing, incidentally, we “Fall in.”

The ship’s adjutant, along with one of our sergeants, told two lance-corporals to fall in on the left. Then they set about picking out 20 of the biggest and ugliest Harshires. These also fell in on the left (I was one of them).

The party on the left were ordered to stand fast, the others were dismissed (more grousing in subdued whispers from the party on the left). The grousing this time soon changed to the reverse, because while the officers present held a whispered conversation apart from us, the sergeant informed us that we had “clicked” for a couchy job. A few minutes later this was verified by our receiving the familiar blue and red armlets bearing the magic letters, “M.P.” So we were free from all parades and fatigue—cheers! (subdued).

Nothing else which had any direct bearing on the ceremony took place until we had been eleven days at sea. This morning at 9 a.m. the bugles

—which usually about this hour sounded “Rounds”—were heard sounding the “Police Call,” followed by “At the double,” and the noble band with the Harshire wolf on their cap badges and the M.P. on their arms “Fall in” at the ship’s orderly room. On our way there we caught several snatches of the usual “scaremonger” conversation, such as “Submarine,” “Mutiny,” “Gambling,” etc. Some said a submarine had been rammed, others that the “Duke of Conford’s Own” had struck their officer. The most cheering reason which we heard for our urgent call was that the men of the M.Q. Corps had refused to stop gambling—needless to say, all rumours again proved false.

The police, as already stated, “Fall in.” The orderly sergeant told the police-sergeant to report to the ship’s captain on the fore-castle head. By the time we reached the fore-castle head we had discovered that the ship’s engines had stopped—excitement was high.

On arrival we found the captain in conversation with a strange looking man, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow. He had huge horns growing out from his temples. Between his horns glittered a cardboard crown—gold-painted—set with precious stones (bits of beer bottles, whiskey bottles, lemonade bottles, wine glasses, etc.). His hair was red, long and scraggy, like the coat of an ill-kempt skye terrier. His eyebrows, of the same material, were about two inches long. He had a flowing beard of the same. In his left hand he held a fork about eight feet long. His arms and legs were not bare, but clad in material like large herring scales, clinging tightly to his limbs. Hanging from his horns, round his neck, in his fork and twined about his limbs, were various kinds of seaweed. Indeed, a very weird “man of the sea.” As we approached he was saying, in a very harsh, loud voice, “Ah yes, Commander Downs. You and I have met at many of the entrances to my domain. I believe I espied among your passengers several hundreds who have not yet looked into the mysterious part of the world where the Southern Cross shines nightly. These passengers I must see and converse with. But, of course, dear Commander, you know me of old, you know that poor mortals are afraid of me, and refuse to interview me, so you have called your police that they may arrest and bring to me all whom I wish to see.”

Turning to our sergeant, who knew not whether to smile or look serious, he shouted, “Hail, Chief of the Police. Ha, ha! Look not scared, man. Know ye not who I am? I am Father Neptune, Imperator of the Seas, kind and gentle, ruler of all mermaids, mermen, tritons, minnows and denizens of the deep.”

As he spoke, a small form with long, green, scraggy hair was seen climbing over the ship’s rail. Evidently it was a female (not a woman). For dress she had tights made of the same material as covered Father Neptune’s limbs. Noticing her, Father Neptune introduced her thus: “Look not on her with eyes of scorn, gen-

tleman, she was once beautiful as any human, but during the last two thousand years she has changed; she is my wife," and, catching her by the shoulders, he pulled her forward, and shouted at her, "Smile on the humans, you ugly old hag!"

The remainder of his suite then clambered over the rail. There were, in order of appearance, the Doctor, the Crier, the Barber, and the Barber's Boy.

The Doctor had long black hair and large black-rimmed spectacles. For raiment he had a crimson bath robe, drawn very tight at the waist by means of a black tasseled cord. This robe reached to his ankles, leaving visible his sandalled feet. Through the straps of his sandals, and twisted in his waist cord, were tufts of seaweed. He grinned on all, and said in an almost sepulchral tone, "My poor humans, ever troubled with bodily maladies, little did you know ere now that such an one as I ever existed. I assure you all that once you have partaken of my herbs and pills no more bodily trouble will assail you."

The Crier was in jester's dress with much seaweed hanging about him. He carried in his hand a ship's megaphone. This he raised to his lips, and he cried in a voice like thunder, "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, policemen take note! All people who this day must be initiated into the mysteries of the Southern Hemisphere, the same shall I call by name, and immediately they will be arrested by you, and brought before his gracious majesty Father Neptune."

The Barber was a white-faced, bearded man, with very scraggy flaxen-coloured hair. He wore a white tail coat and a white apron. In fact, he looked like an old house painter. He carried in his hand a wooden razor, about three feet long. The handle was painted black, and the "blade" was painted with aluminium paint. He introduced himself by saying, "I am the barber; my duty to-day is to shave from the eyes of poor human beings the dirt of human blindness."

He was followed by his boy, dressed like himself, and carrying a pail of soapy water and a whitewash brush.

Father Neptune now turned to Commander Downs and said, "Show us, worthy Captain, to your wheel house, where we may drink with the police and the man at the wheel." The company, including the police, then proceeded to where there were two tubs of drinks. One contained rum, the other lime juice. Having each had a drink according to our taste, we proceeded to the boat deck, where arrangements had been made for the ceremony of initiation.

From four awning supports there was suspended a tarpaulin filled with sea water—about four or five feet deep—quite a nice bath. The back of a chair was fixed by hinges to one of the supports, and spread on the deck were all sorts of bottles and boxes and large glasses,

As soon as we arrived here the Crier raised his megaphone to his mouth and shouted, "Chief of the Police, arrest Colonel Grieve and bring him to be interviewed by Father Neptune." Sergeant detailed two men to arrest the Colonel, who was seen running along the boat deck to the after companion way. The two men detailed went after him, and when they came on him in the saloon they told him that he was wanted for an interview. He turned to them and said, "If I'm wanted for an interview, you'll have to carry me there," and with that he pushed them aside, and made off in another direction. This was enough for the "Tommies." As soon as they saw that the C.O. was entering into the spirit of the thing this way, they made off after him. After a bit of a struggle at the door of the engine room they eventually managed to get him under control of their shoulders. The news had gone round the ship like wildfire that the boat deck was the scene of some kind of show, to which all might come; and when the two M.P.'s arrived with the colonel on their shoulders the deck was crowded.

While the colonel was being arrested, several other names had been cried, and the police were everywhere busy.

In order to get a clear idea of the ceremony of initiation, however, let us follow the case of the colonel.

He was carried to Father Neptune, where the two M.P.'s put him on his feet. He at once turned round and, flinging his arms to right and left, broke through the crowd—this time he was pursued by four police. For about a quarter of an hour these four hurried about every part of the ship in search of the colonel. He was nowhere to be found. Then one of the saloon waiters told them that the C.O. was under the counter in the second-class bar.

As soon as the bar door opened, the colonel, in a suit of overalls, made a rush to get out—but all in vain. The four police managed him quite easily. When he was carried to the Emperor of the Seas, this time the necessary precautions were taken. The Doctor felt his pulse and said he required a tonic before entering the Southern Hemisphere. He was placed in the chair, where Father Neptune's wife kissed him and held him in his place, the doctor poured half a gallon of pink liquid ail over his face in an attempt to get him to swallow it. Then the barber's boy picked up his large whitewash brush and commenced to "soap" him. The lather—which was more like flour paste than soap lather—was spread all over his face and head, even down his neck. When the lathering process was finished, the barber took up his large razor and was about to start shaving when the boy caught one of the chair legs and swung the chair on its hinges. The result was that the colonel went head first into the bath. As the chair went back, Father Neptune pointed to the colonel and said, "Another brother gone to join his friends in the Southern Hemisphere."

While this was going on, more officers were being hunted down and brought to be initiated. By the time all the officers' names had been called, it was found that there were still two who had managed to evade the police, so we all set out to look for Lieutenant Woods and Lieutenant Brown. Now these two officers shared a first-class family cabin, which was found to be locked, so we set about trying to force it open, although there was no noise coming from within. While we were thus engaged the purser came along and told us that the chief steward had spare keys for all rooms, so the provost sergeant went and got the spare key—then the fun started.

The door was opened and two or three of us who made to enter were met by blows on the head with a cabin broom, then two buckets of water were thrown about us. The two officers were in a terrible rage. Lieutenant Woods stood about four feet from the door swinging the broom, and Lieutenant Brown slashed at us with the two canvas buckets which he had just emptied over us. This lasted for about thirty seconds, then by force of numbers we got them on the ground, and were just carrying them off when Brown made a last kick, as it were. He kicked both legs at once, and the chap who held his left leg was thrown on the floor, and cut his head on the edge of the table as he fell.

On the boat deck they had to stand for a few minutes while Father Neptune delivered a lecture on people who were poor sports and cowards, etc. Then the doctor and the barber's boy were both very generous with their medicine and lather. As the two climbed from their bath they said things which cannot be printed here. Father Neptune turned to the commander and said, "These two back-sliders and mud-slingers must appear at the high court this evening."

After the officers had been all dealt with, about forty other ranks were cried, then Father Neptune asked the officers to assist him to initiate the police. So it was now our turn to be hares in this game of hounds and hares. Two of us made off together, and had just placed ourselves flat in the bottom of a lifeboat, where we thought we would be safe, when we were pounced upon. Some of the boys who were watching the proceedings from the rigging had spotted us and given the show away.

About eight o'clock that night the orderly sergeant came round the ship to say that we were all invited to the 1st class saloon to see Father Neptune's Court, which would sit at 9 p.m. The saloon was arranged like a court room, with Commander Downs in wig and gown at the bench. Father Neptune and suite were on his left. The C.O., the Adjutant and the R.S.M. were on his right. The judge made a short speech and asked everyone to come up as his name was called. We were one and all given a certificate of initiation.

## CERTIFICATE.

### PROCLAMATION OF HIS MAJESTY FATHER NEPTUNE.

To all Mermaids, Mermen, Tritons, Minnows, and Denizens of the Deep.

I, Neptune, Imperator of the Seas, do this day hereby give notice that ..... has been duly initiated into the Mysteries of the Southern Hemisphere.

Given at our Court, held at the equatorial palace on the 20th day of February, 1915, and witnessed by our trusty brother and navigator, Commander Downs, R.D., R.N.R.

H.M.T. "Royal Thomas." Lat. 00. Long. 18 75 W.

The certificate having been presented, the judge asked the police to bring Lieutenant Woods and Lieutenant Brown before the Court. They were halted before the Judge, who read out the charge. They were charged with using insulting language to Father Neptune while he was accompanied by his wife.

Father Neptune, who was prosecuting counsel, stated his case in a very funny speech, constantly interrupted by the barber's boy, who said the accused "Swallowed half a gallon of his lather."

Colonel Grieve was called upon to defend the prisoners. He also made a very witty speech—and then witnesses were called. Father Neptune called the Doctor and the Barber, the Colonel called the R.S.M. After each had been heard the prisoners were asked what they had to say—but they didn't say it. The judge found prisoners guilty and sentenced them to have their hair shaved off, and to report in half an hour at the court room. We marched the prisoners to the barber's shop—the real ship's barber, not Neptune's friend; here we found the Adjutant and two other officers, who took over the prisoners. We were dismissed and instructed to hold ourselves in readiness in the first-class saloon. When we reached the saloon a concert had started. After three songs had been sung, we were told by Commander Downs to go and bring back the prisoners. We were again marched to the barber's shop, where we found the two Lieutenants, very much annoyed, and minus their locks. They had been shaved quite bald.

They were marched back to the saloon, where they were told to take off their hats to the company. This done, they disappeared, and the concert went on until about 1 a.m.

This was really the end of the ceremony of crossing the line, so far as 99 per cent. of those on board were concerned. In my case, however, it was not thus.

After some months with one battalion of the Harshires in Mesopotamia, I went into hospital. After leaving the hospital, the "Whirligig" had been shuffling his cards, and, in the way which no man will ever follow logically, I found that I was now a member of another battalion. There were 14 O.R. in the base for this battalion, and I was the only lance-corporal—temporary, etc., etc.—so on arrival at the battalion I went to the orderly room with the papers accompanying "details." I introduced myself to the R.S.M., who told me to give the papers to the adjutant, who was seated inside. On entering, who should I find but Captain Woods—sometimes Baldy Lieutenant Woods. He looked up at me, in that strange way peculiar to the adjutant breed, and said, "Eh! I seem to have seen you somewhere before, corporal." "Yes, sir," said I. "I was on board the 'Royal Thomas.'" "Hm—humph! Hm! Yes, yes! Eh! San Mayjah, these details are all for 'D' Company."

Finis.

## AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

By "MORNING."

Our Editor and our General Secretary will be giving the readers all particulars of the business done at the Annual Council Meeting. They are both London officers, so they may not think to tell of a very pleasant happening which took place during that very crowded week.

When the meeting adjourned at 5 p.m. on Wednesday, July 14th, the Councillors—with very few exceptions—commenced what I am sure will be remembered by them as one of the most successful and enjoyable outings they have ever had.

Several London officers, headed by our versatile Assistant Secretary, acted as our hosts. (Let me say here that I am very pleased they did; for it has often been said, in the outports, that London officers failed to recognise their duties as hosts during Council week in days gone by, but they have made a real good beginning, and I am sure I speak for all the Councillors when I thank our hosts for a thoroughly well organised and enjoyable outing.)

I was really sorry for one of our "guides." He got no chance to "guide" at all. I am sure he now knows the inner history (official) of one of the other ports—or he has a wonderful ability to allow "shop" to go in at one ear and out at the other.

Our first call of interest was to the Preventive Staff Association Office in Beer Lane. It met with all-round approval. I am very sorry to say that it was here that the first breach of etiquette took place. Mr. Powell—the host in chief—gave instructions as we left the office that we were to go past the door on our right as we came

out. In spite of this request several members w(h)etted their newly-aroused curiosity—S.T.G.!!!

Passing from the salubrious odours of Thames Street, we did the City sights without further mishap, until our driver took us through the gates where only the rich man's car may pass. Here we were stopped and informed that common charabanes must go by another route. It is a blessing we were not all arrested for breaking London's traffic laws! There is no need for me to enumerate the sights of the City. Most of my readers have either seen them all or read about them elsewhere.

Soon—in fact, much sooner than we country cousins imagined possible—we were flying along country roads across beautiful commons. One or two of our outport Councillors must have a great many friends around London, because they were constantly leaving their seats to wave greetings to ladies, who must have recognised them at once, for the salutation was usually returned. One Councillor also seemed to be well known to the police. He gave and received several salutes from men in blue—he also had several lady friends.

The people of Kingston-on-Thames must have known we were coming, for they had a regatta arranged. Everyone was in gala dress—and it made us feel very drab in our hard collars, hard hats and dark suits. Here again I must mention our colleague who had so many friends. He must have been "put wise," for he had flannels and tennis shirt like the remainder of the male population of Kingston. We came to a standstill on the bridge to witness part of the regatta, and on looking round it was difficult to realise that the country is plunged in one of the most critical industrial disputes it has ever had to face.

The place was thronged with people—young and old—out for pleasure. There were swimming, boating, racing, show grounds, and every kind of amusement ready to hand. The sight on the river was gorgeous—one mass of colour far beyond the brush of any artist to depict. But we had only one evening at our disposal, so our portion was just a look round and pass on. We drew rein—or rather, we cut off petrol—at the gates of Hampton Court. After some light refreshment we made a tour of the gardens and the Palace. Here our Organising Secretary lived up to his reputation (as a treasurer). He got full value for his money from the maze, being about twenty minutes after the others—bar one—before he came out. (No, my dear readers, it was not the Scotsman who was inside longer than Mr. S.) It was in the maze, too, that the Waterguard tug-of-war team lost some weight, for the gentleman who stayed inside longest was none other than our tug-of-war captain. He could be heard tramping around calling for directions long after the others were outside. Eventually, amidst hearty cheers, he came out puffing and blowing—at least 7 lbs. lighter than when he entered.

The walk through the gardens was delightful. Several said they had never seen such beautiful gardens before; but, as the Scotsman said, they had a drawback—it cost one penny to see the wonderful vine! It is really a marvellous plant, and it was hanging with luscious fruit.

There was rather a humorous incident in the flower garden. The gentleman referred to in the last paragraph was attracted by the scent of a particular flower, and bent over it to smell it. Immediately he was collared by a "Son of Erin," who remarked, "Look out, Jock, they are all counted!"

So far as the Palace was concerned we had to be contented with a view of the exterior, as all the rooms are closed at 5 p.m. From the courtyard we followed the river bank round by the outer wall of the grounds back to the charabanc. Only those who have spent six hours sweltering in a close room in London on a very hot day can realise how we all enjoyed that pleasant stroll in the cool of the evening, amidst such pleasant surroundings.

Then the exhilarating run back to London! It is a good job the speed cops do not worry about the roads across London's commons. We were in a charabanc, it is true, but we showed a clean pair of mudguards to many private cars. London charabanc drivers are like fruiterers' donkeys: they know when they are homeward bound!

Of course, "Poor old Joe" Lyons got his share of that drive. For it was a happy and hungry band which alighted in Fleet Street about ten o'clock—so off to the Corner House for a good supper. A fitting close to a perfect evening.

You have made a splendid beginning, London! Keep it up, and even such a "hefty" Conference as that which we have just had will have pleasant memories.

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## A SOLID ASSOCIATION.

By "X.M."

In the next issue of the "Journal" we will read "Notes of the Conference" from the able pen of the General Secretary, but I feel I would like to offer some advice to the average P.S.A. member.

Some are good growlers who think that Association officials are out to "feather their own nests." Now, I am emphatic when I say that

this is the wrong view to take, and one which is highly dangerous to the whole organisation; for I believe that each official is honest to those whom he represents and to the P.S.A. as a whole.

My experience at the Conference is sufficient evidence that the representatives are very genuine in their efforts to protect and improve the conditions of the Waterguard Service, and I feel that if the P.S.A. members could have witnessed the Council procedure and the able manner by which several Councillors each in turn negotiated difficult points, it would do more to consolidate the foundation of our Association than any other suggestion yet made. However, for many reasons this is impossible, therefore I appeal to P.S.A. members to educate themselves into Association procedure and deal with any grievance in a proper manner, i.e., through Association organisation, not "Watch House growling."

Supposing you have a real grievance of a local nature, put the case with supporting evidence to your local P.S.A. official, requesting him to take this port grievance to the local head of the Department for a remedy. Should it fail, report the question to the District Secretary for advice, and state what you have already done. He will take the next step, and the outcome need not be doubted.

The larger questions affecting the whole Service should be discussed properly at District and Local meetings, and District Secretaries should be supplied with all proposals passed at all meetings in the District, so that he is fully alive to the wishes of the members.

Stick together, be loyal to your cause, organise correct co-operation, attend all meetings, have faith in your representatives, and give them unstinted support.

If members do this, the Association work will be less difficult and more effective, also your officials will work even better for you, because they will appreciate the solidity in the ranks. Wash out the apathy prevalent in some areas, and present a united and determined front.

The Official Side is quite aware that none of our requests are abnormal, but the contest is always brains v. brains. Therefore, put forth the best brains you have, study the reports of meetings, analyse the questions at issue, and educate yourselves up to date with the Official and Staff Side procedure in Association affairs.

This should remove any doubt as to what your Association does do, and it will enlighten many as to the difficulties your representatives have to face before negotiating to a successful issue.

## THE C. & E. SPORTS MEETING.

A disappointing day of drizzle that proved disastrous to many cricket and sports fixtures in the south of England was the chief cause of the poor attendance at the C. and E. Sports Meeting at Stamford Bridge on Monday last. Those who attended were rewarded by a cessation of the rain half an hour before the sports were timed to commence. A good number of Waterguard Officers and their friends were present and provided quite a large percentage of the spectators: although it was perhaps unfortunate that there was only one officer above the rank of P.O. to encourage our particular competitors in the various events. However, our particular representatives did very well, although they failed to carry off any of the prizes. It must not be forgotten that they were competing with some very hardy athletes who have put in some very hard training, and whose duties make it easy for them to do so. Messrs. R. A. Stocker and W. A. Bessant figured in the 100 yards handicap, the former also running in the 220 yards and competing in the long jump. Mr. T. F. Griggs also took the long jump. Mr. W. J. Blake entered for the 880 yards and the mile. There was also a team representing the Waterguard in the inter-Departmental relay race. The great attraction, however, so far as the Preventive Staff was concerned, was the tug-of-war event, for the teams were intensely anxious, if it were humanly possible, to gain the distinction of being the first to win the C.P.O.'s cup. They took the ground with full confidence, the first pull being between the Waterguard "Dreadnaughts" and the A. and C.-G. Department. After a few stiff pulls the "Dreadnaughts" succeeded in getting their opponents over the mark, and after changing ends a longer fussle resulted in the victory of the Waterguard team. The next pull, between the Stores Branch and King George V. Dock, resulted in a decisive victory for the latter. The non-appearance of one of the teams entered was the cause of the two Waterguard teams being compelled to pull against each other, and, to give them their due, the Waterguard "Trojans" gave the "Dreadnaughts" a tough time before the last-mentioned qualified for the final against King George V. Dock. Later on, these two champions faced each other on the rope and provided an exciting ten minutes.

On the word to go they both got down to business with a right good will, and for the first time the "Dreadnaughts" had the experience of being on the losing side. With determinaton

written large on every face, they took the other end, and after a ding-dong battle of two minutes equalised to the accompaniment of ringing Waterguard cheers. A few minutes' rest and positions were taken for the deciding test. The King Georges got away with several sharp pulls and succeeded in stealing three or four feet from the Waterguard men before they could bring up. Here they held while their opponents tried their hardest to move them. The Waterguard lost a few more inches and then, ever so slowly, regained their lost ground inch by inch. Suddenly, when the pull had taken two and a half minutes, the other side gave way, and the "Dreadnaughts" found themselves the victors and first holders of the tug-of-war trophy. All honour is due to the King George V. team, who put up a strenuous fight and who were at one time within an ace of gaining the victory.

There was an interesting ceremony at the conclusion of the events, when Mr. C. E. Egan, C.P.O., presented the challenge cup to A. J. Dyke, Esq., President of the C. and E. Sports Club. Speaking as an old athlete, Mr. Egan said that by taking a practical interest in Departmental sports an incentive would be provided for higher results in official life, and with that end in view the Chief Preventive Officers' Association had agreed to give the trophy which he now handed to the President. In replying, accepting the cup, Mr. Dyke said that he welcomed the spirit which had induced this practical support. It seemed fit and proper that the Waterguard should have won it on the occasion of its first appearance. Mr. R. A. Stocker received the cup at the hands of Lady Hamilton, and was followed by the rest of the team, Messrs. W. J. Dowden, W. J. Ferguson, R. H. Steers, R. Holderness and W. J. Brown, who each received the silver medal.

F. G. H. Tate, Esq., spoke of our good fortune in having Lady Hamilton with us to present the prizes in such a charming manner, and Sir Horace Hamilton, in replying, said that she was only too pleased to come year after year to take an interest in the C. and E. sports meeting. He said several nice things regarding the handsome trophy given by the C.P.O. Association, and thought it quite likely that it would be the forerunner of other evidences of interest in C. and E. sport. He expressed his appreciation of those who had taken part in the preparations for the fixture. Year after year saw the same people working so efficiently, and he hoped that their numbers would increase.

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