

ken rock.

It's nice to look back on those days, good for some. Much more could be written of the Poor Pier', but, like everything else, it gets old and in the not too distant future nothing will be left.

Oh, by the way, we did not use all three

shillings. Assuming only 28 half pints of beer were consumed at 2d per pint, that still left 8d. What can we do with that without making gluttons of ourselves? Let's see a show at the Phoenix for 2d. I feel just about too full to walk home, so on the tram for 1d. What about a final half pint at the Swan? For he's a jolly good fellow!

Working for Parker Pens 1948

by June Dyer

I was eighteen. The second world war had not long ended and evacuation was becoming 'history'. It was then I went to work for the Parker Pen company at the Eastern Docks for five years. I remember well the excitement of working in the Export Shipping and Accounts Department of an American company with all the new office equipment and furniture and what was to me a large work force.

The office staff seemed to come and go. There was one woman from Jamaica, another the wife of an army officer stationed in Dover, also a woman living at the East Cliff hotel at the time that all the channel swimming people stayed there. There were three divorcees and a German widow, remarried to an English army officer. One man was American and never as jolly as I thought Americans would be. Another employee was ex-Royal Navy, a teller of amazing tales of his exploits. They just could not have all been true, but I believed everything in those days.

The work was fascinating. As the export markets opened up postwar so did our dealings with countries worldwide. To me it was nearly as good as visiting the places.

Many of us cycled to work and we had to be careful that our wheels did not get caught in the train lines which at that time ran along the sea front and into the Docks. I fell off once and afterwards took

more care.

In the summertime it was a grand place to be. At lunch times we could go on the beach, have a swim and then have our lunch in the splendid canteen. At first the girls from The Quink department would go to the beach in swimsuits with their Quink overalls on top. However, Management asked them not to do this as it was not considered proper. If we did not choose to swim we could always walk on the sea front or up on the cliffs.

We had a thriving social club with various outings to London theatres, Brighton or Southend and to Newhaven for the company's Sports Day. There was a small drama group and we rehearsed 'Blithe Spirit' for some time. I was cast as the doctor's wife but for some reason the play was never put on and the group disbanded.

The first Christmas I was with the Parker Pen Co. we had an amazing party. We had paid in a certain amount throughout the year so that on the day all the refreshments would be free. I had not realised that it was unwise to mix drinks and tried quite a variety with the result that, although my behaviour was reasonably circumspect, I had a hangover for days! The party was held in the old Empress Hall in the Princes Street area and a certain female member of staff who collapsed had

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to be put to bed in the seaman's Club to recover.

The most memorable outing (for me anyway) was one Sunday afternoon when we visited Snowdown colliery. What a revelation! We dropped like a stone in an open cage, while filthy water sprayed over us. Once underground we trudged along with odd bits of coal dropping on us from above, then we crawled (yes - crawled) single file along the coal face, where of course you could not stand. A container of water was passed along and we all drank from it. It was so hot that we were glad to drink out of anything. For the trip

I had worn my usual office clothes and pearl earrings. I arrived home filthy and my mother made me undress in the garden shed before I was allowed into the bathroom!

After five years I left the company to join the Civil service and also to be married. Parker Pen Co. had apparently taken only a short lease on the Eastern Docks premises and at this time were relocating to their Newhaven site.

It had been quite 'something' to be employed by the Parker Pen Co. with its comparatively high wages and annual bonuses and, at the same time, so much fun and laughter as well as hard work.

Book Review - Unlocking Keyes

from Terry Sutton

THE ZEEBRUGGE AND OSTEND RAIDS 1918

By Deborah Lake

Each year representatives of The Dover Society join others at St James' Cemetery to remember the bravery of those who took part in the epic Zeebrugge Raid 85 years ago. Buried there are some of those who died in the firefight on the mole of the Belgian port and with them Sir Roger Keyes who, when he died, was buried with the sailors and Royal Marines he led on the raid. As far as Dover is concerned Sir Roger, commander of the Dover Patrol, is a hero.

But a book, published in April, takes another look at Sir Roger. Author Deborah Lake says Roger John Brownlow Keyes was foolhardy, impetuous, and an indifferent planner. 'Keyes was not an uncaring man but, at heart, he possibly never stopped being a midshipman with a midshipman's values,' she writes. She accepts Keyes was personally brave, a charismatic leader and single-minded. Investigating the pre-

lude of the raid, the raid itself and its consequences, the author argues that the operations against Zeebrugge and Ostend were not military successes. The book, *The Zeebrugge and Ostend Raids 1918*, is well researched and well written, drawing on German as well as British contemporary war records.

Keyes' background, career and personality are probed and the smouldering dislike that Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, originally in charge of The Dover Patrol, felt for his successor, Keyes is brought to light. Some senior naval officers based at Dover during the 1914-18 war were equally suspicious about Keyes on his appointment to the Patrol, believing he had conspired to get rid of Bacon. But there is no doubt that Keyes, in 1918, was considered a hero among the Dover population and has continued to be so ever since.