

Dover's Business and Professional Women's Club made equal pay an issue that, it was hoped, would be achieved within the members' lifetime.

The Equal Pay Act came into force following the Ford Dagenham female workers dispute and under the auspices of Labour politician, Barbara Castle, in 1970.

The Sex Discrimination Act came into force in 1975. This was superseded by the Equality Act of 2010 to bring UK anti-discrimination law into line with EU Equal Treatment Directives.

On 25 February 1962, Dover's leading fighter for women's rights, Lorna Bomford, died aged 78 at her home, Milestone House, Temple Ewell. She has never been given a civic honour nor

is there a plaque on Hillesden House, Godwyne Road in her honour. Two years earlier, on 23 May 1960 Alderman Mrs Dorothy Bushell was elected the first ever lady Mayor of Dover. As Mayor, she proved that a woman was more than capable of holding the office. Dorothy died in 2004 age 95 - again, there is nothing publicly to honour her.

Editor's note;

Emmeline (Emily) Pankhurst

Born Emmeline Goulden on 14th July 1858 in Manchester she was the daughter of Robert Goulden and Sophia Crane, a family with a tradition of radical politics. In 1879, aged 20, she married Richard Pankhurst 24, a lawyer and a strong advocate of the women's suffrage movement. Emmeline had four children: Christabel (1880), Sylvia (1882), Frank (1884) and Adela (1885).

Going to Sea

Part III

Apprentice, Deck Officer and 'Inwards' Marine Trinity House Pilot for London Based in Dover

JIM FRANCIS

So the days, months and eventually a year passed, picking up any cargo to anywhere in the world while on the out look to make an honest penny for the Hain Line.

From Hong Kong to Japan, where there was an acute shortage of clothing, the crew would purchase shirts and trousers increasing in size. With care one could put on quite a few layers and walk with reasonable ease past the American armed guards on the dock gates in Kobe. Carpets purchased in Persia sold well in

Australia as did carved ivory from the East African coast. My work as the ship's medic proved quite interesting with different challenges. In Mombasa harbour, a seaman kicking the water from the bottom of the gangway had his leg grabbed by a shark. When the doctor arrived I was told that I had done the right thing by exerting pressure on the artery with fingers rather than using a tourniquet. Sometimes life was boring, such as swinging at anchor in the Persian Gulf for six weeks with no shore leave. Cargo and countries varied such

I reminded Sir George Christopher of my interview ten years ago together with his brother, Captain John Christopher in Cardiff.

As promotions continued, during mealtimes, a senior officer was expected to sit at the head of the table with ten or so passengers, the procedure was that the head waiter would select the passengers apart from two places that I insisted that I would select myself. Quite often my choice of passengers turned out to be the most interesting. On one occasion, leaving Aden I discovered a lone passenger in the corner of the saloon, his dress had obviously seen better times and although reluctant at first finally joined my table.

Father Timmons (think of Simmons beer he said) found at first, putting words together very difficult, because he had just completed thirteen years in China rarely seeing another European. He was returning to Ireland via the Holy Land and Rome, to regain his teaching. Before dinner I would invite Father Timmons to my cabin for a drink. He enjoyed a Dimple Haig and with difficulty I discovered a half bottle in the tourist bar. His reputation grew concerning life in China with his many humorous, some sad but always interesting stories. As we approached Port Said, where he was due to leave, if I was late it was because I could hardly get into my own cabin due to his expanding audience. Several months later I received a post card from Rome that confirmed that he had met the 'Captain' of his ship along with other news.

Another time leaving Mombasa in East Africa, I invited a couple sitting alone to join my table. At first they declined. He was English, his wife Chinese. Over the

several weeks' passage to London I learnt that at the time of Hong Kong being invaded by Japan on December 8th 1941, he had been a junior officer in the police force and had joined the Hong Kong Volunteers.

We learnt that the largest guns were pointing the wrong way and each had only 15 shells. When the colony surrendered on Christmas Day, 10000 civilians were killed. Foreign civilians were held in a former jail where many died of disease and starvation. The young police officer survived because a Chinese lady, dressed as a daily male worker managed to smuggle food into the prison which barely kept him alive. After the war they married and he eventually became the island's Superintendent of Police.

I was standing on deck as we proceeded up the English Channel to pick up the London pilot off Dungeness when the retired policeman invited me to his cabin. His wife sat at an easel, with blank parchment and oils. They wished to give me a small memento of the passage to London. Within minutes there appeared in front of me a Chinese scene, a wooden plough towed by oxen, a driver with his wife softening the earth from a wooden pail of water. Trees, houses and streams unfolded before me, then a quick spray and the parchment rolled up.

Later, I took the painting to a Bond Street shop to be framed. On collection I was offered enough to have bought a decent-second hand Bentley. Finally, before leaving the Union Castle Line to enter the Trinity House Pilotage Service, Mary to whom I was engaged at the time, was able to accompany me on two memorable trips to South Africa.