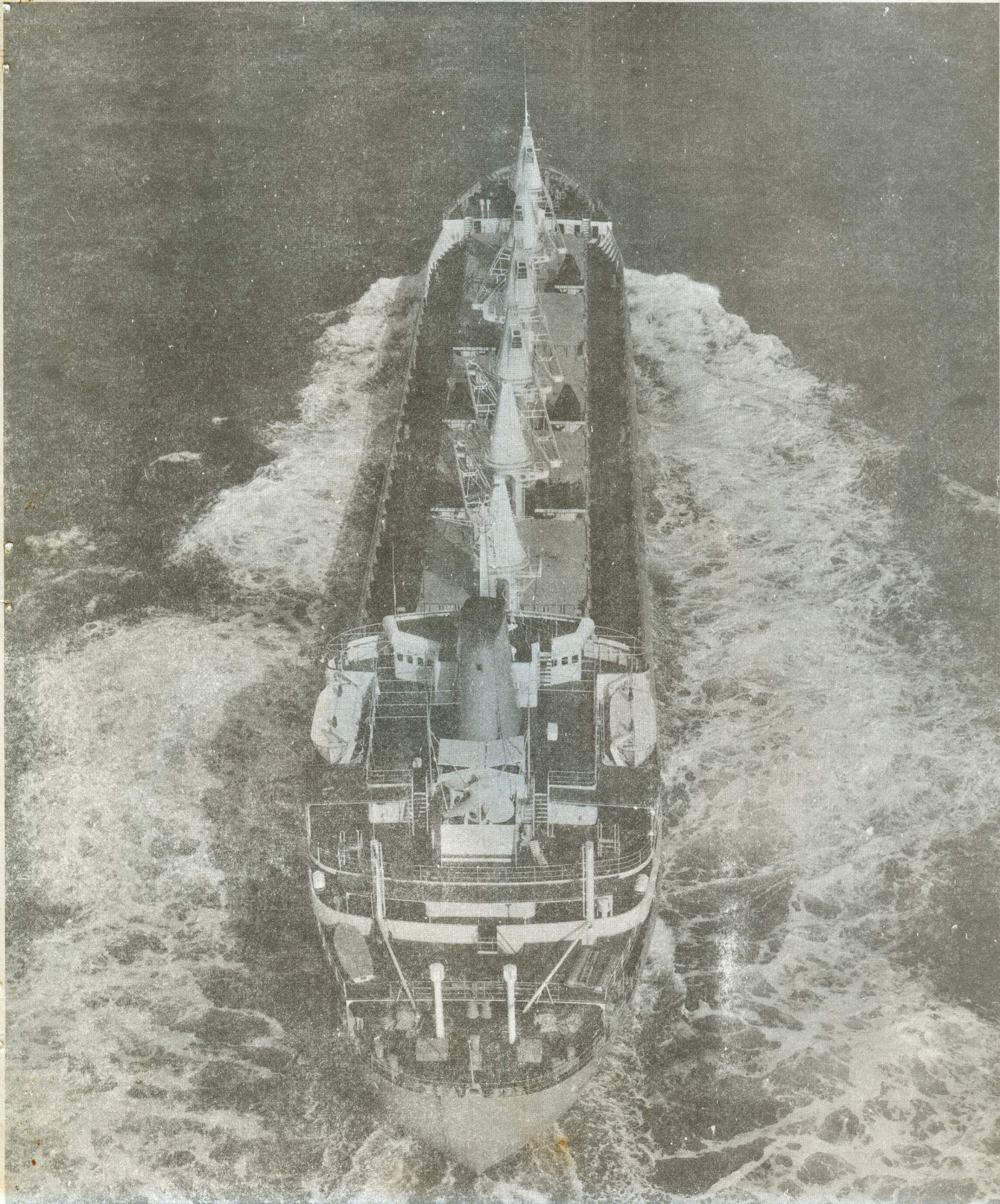




**LYLE**

**JOURNAL**

16/68 - JANUARY





were able to make the most of the festive season. We hesitate to say we hope that 1968 will be as eventful as 1967, which saw quite enough events of the wrong kind, but perhaps the famous corner the country has been trying to turn for the past twenty years will come at last.

Talking of events, the closing months of 1967 saw quite a few, of which the following affected this Company more than somewhat.

After a lengthy negotiation, agreement was reached with the Horten Yard at the end of October on the order of a fourth vessel. Concurrently, modifications and improvements to her predecessor were negotiated. The result is that the first two ships (Yard No. 162 and Yard No. 163 now to be named "CAPE WRATH" and "CAPE SABLE") will be identical and fitted with four eight-ton cranes, whilst the latter pair (Yard No. 165 and Yard No. 166, designated names of "CAPE YORK" and "CAPE HORN" respectively) will be identical in accommodation and cargo aspects, being fitted with three ten-ton cranes. However, it is possible that "CAPE HORN" will pioneer a new machinery installation and, if this is so, we will report it in our next edition.

The 18th November realised our fears of the past two years in the shape of devaluation. If you can thread your weary way through the political whitewash you will realise that it was a lucky individual or firm who benefitted from the step, the consequences of which have still to come home to most. It is probably difficult for you to realise the very real problems of building and operating ships under any hue of Government incapable of maintaining stable conditions for a reasonable period of time. Money poured down the Ministerial drainpipe via the tap of political ineptitude could be better spent elsewhere in new ships. Worst still, all future plans have to be scrapped, redrawn and dropped in the pending tray to await a more equitable climate, by which time commercial justification for it may have vanished.

In anticipation of the event, we covered our trading position quite reasonably but our newbuilding vessels will have to earn a good deal more sterling to pay off the extra in building costs caused by devaluation. Even so, it is doubtful if we are facing any greater expenditure now than if we had ordered the same ships in the United Kingdom.

On a brighter note, we are heartened by the good reception our new ships are receiving from old and new friends alike. Lyle bulk carriers are hard to come by on the market these days and we hope they will become increasingly popular as more people begin to appreciate their worth.

Lastly, the Lyle Award for the Cadet of the Year has been somewhat delayed, due to difficulty in selection because reports on all cadets have revealed an above average standard - a matter of some satisfaction.

The final choice rested between J.S. Johnstone and M.D. Pickup and, as we really could not differentiate between their merits, we decided on a joint award. Both Cadets, therefore, will receive a presentation of a pair of prism binoculars in the near future. Masters and Officers who have served with this pair, who, incidentally, are both presently homeward bound in "CAPE CLEAR", will no doubt approve this result.

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M.V. "CAPE CLEAR": In ballast to Vancouver, loads Lumber for U.K. and Continent, followed by Pig Iron, possibly loaded at Rostock for Japan; thereafter proceeds again to Vancouver to load Lumber for U.S.N.H. or U.K./Continent. Her last Pig Iron discharge was very poor, taking eighteen days, being due to labour shortages and direct discharge into lorries.

M.V. "CAPE FRANKLIN": At Glasgow discharging Ore from Murmansk; now fixed for a voyage to Brazil, much to the relief of her Officers who experienced abnormally cold weather conditions which made Christmas whiter than white, apart from causing sundry discomforts in the way of burst pipes and heavy icing of accommodation areas.

M.V. "CAPE HOWE": At Seven Islands loading Ore for Tyne, after which vessel drydocks and carries out repairs to windlass.

M.V. "CAPE MARINA": Presently on passage from Nauru to Fremantle with Phosphate. Vessel drifted off Nauru for six days due to bad weather at the Island. "CAPE MARINA" certainly has had little luck lately, having spent eighteen days in July, sixteen days in September, but we are pleased to record only four days in November, all loading Coal at Newcastle, N.S.W. for Japan. On completion Phosphate voyage she will load Oats in Western Australia for Continent, and here we are hoping for a record loading turn.

M.V. "CAPE NELSON": On passage to Port Etienne to load Ore for Birkenhead. This voyage has been marred by the tragic and untimely death of her 3rd Engineer, Mr. D.T. Dempster.

M.V. "CAPE RODNEY": At Kawasaki with Coal from Gladstone. Vessel loaded over 16,000 tons at Gladstone in less than twenty-four hours - a very good performance. Prior to this cargo, she was the first to discharge Phosphate at the new berth, Walsh Island, Newcastle, but due to many shore installation breakdowns, spent twelve days there. Master and ship's Officers acted as hosts at a reception to mark the occasion. On completion discharge Coal, will complete a Phosphate link voyage - Nauru/ West Australia, thence Christmas Island/East Australia or New Zealand. Thereafter loads the first cargo of Concentrates under our Contract from Port Pirie for Avonmouth. We understand that this will be the first cargo self-loaded by a bulk carrier with cranes.

M.V. "CAPE RONA": Completing Lumber voyage at Bordeaux, thereafter ballasting to Tampa for first cargo under our new Contract to load Phosphate for Australia/New Zealand. A new port has been added to our list - Gijon (Spain).

M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT": Presently discharging Pig Iron in Japan - and again a sad tale of delays due to holidays, shortage of berths and labour. Thence Nauru/Western Australia - Phosphate, followed by Bunbury/Immingham - Ilmenite. We must hope that the Ilmenite voyage will be completed as expeditiously as the previous one.

#### PERSONAL

Captain P.A. Wallace His many friends at sea will be very glad to learn that Captain Wallace is engaged and plans to marry in the Spring. The fortunate lady is Mrs. Mae Lyon of Glasgow.

Mr. Sandved & Mr. Kolsaker of Haugesund Shipyard paid a courtesy call when passing through Glasgow in October. They were Company guests at the Annual Dinner of the Shipowners' and Shipbrokers' Benevolent Association, a function they enjoyed tremendously, partly because there is no equivalent in Norway.

After judgement by a neutral panel who were unaware of the identity of the artists, an entry, one of three, submitted by the Agency Department of Hunting and Son, Newcastle, was chosen as the winning design for the Lyle Plaque. We congratulate the successful entrants on



It is said you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. I was reminded the other day when eating an omelette, which was not particularly good, of an incident whereby if eggs had been broken the consequences might have been happier.

No doubt many of you will know the Gresham Hotel in Dunedin, situated not too far from the waterfront. It used to be owned and run by an ex Policeman called Muir, aided by his son and daughter-in-law - a very fine trio indeed - possibly they are still there. The cook of the Gresham was a lady, not in the first blush of youth to the casual observer, but she thought so and, apart from being an excellent cook, was a lady of many many talents who was First Class entertainment. She was so keen on her after-hours routine that when the 1/- tots were flowing the lady had to be forcibly restrained from turning on her 'piece de La Resistance' which she always considered was the finest turn to be seen in the whole South Island. Mr. Muir figured to stay in business and so was always to be heard about midnight yelling at his hired help to 'turn it up', which was always taken literally and her dancing became rather more rumbustious (which is rather a good description).

Apart from the above, this lady was the friend of the whole world, except for the Chef of the City Hotel, who was a blown-away Second Cook from Grangemouth. It appeared he had been her assistant in the Gresham when first he left his ship, or got flung off. His next move in the promotion stakes was as Second Cook in the City Hotel, where he eventually moved up to the Head Chef's position.

One evening when all was sweetness and light, until this gent moved in on the company after giving the required three knocks, our heroine seeing him entering the lounge shouted with truly Antipodean tact "get out you bum, go and learn to boil an egg". This of course led off to excellent entertainment, as his next sally was that he had only come around to see if the place had not closed down due to typhoid and general infestation. However, the lady was not renowned as the best bar-room songstress in New Zealand for nothing, and so burst into song, giving a general run-down on this gentleman's antecedents. He was all for giving her the soda-syphon treatment but was restrained and I thought, being a neutral, the best way to keep things on an even keel was to suggest that they have a competition and forever after never cross each other's path again. I suggested the competition should be held on the ship and our cook, Mr. R. Balck (Robert to his friends and Bobby to his very good friends) would act as the judge. As omelettes are supposed to be the test of a cook's skill, I thought Mr. Black would be pleased to act in this capacity. The party on the ship, to be culminated by the culinary competition, was to be in three days' time, the day before we sailed out of Dunedin.

It was never realised just what had been started, bets were taken all round the waterfront and tension really did mount. Customers at the Gresham and City Hotels had omelettes for breakfast, lunch and dinner in order to give their champions plenty of practice. Our Chief Steward reckoned there was a general shortage of hen fruit throughout the state of Otago.

The day arrived for the party and after tea, all was spruced up ready for the guests; Mr. Black had broken out a new Cook's outfit, complete with Chef's hat and was so pleased with himself that he was even at the gangway welcoming the guests on board. Meanwhile, his staff slaved in the Galley and the stove had such a going-over that/



that it must have wondered what on earth was in store for it - even the coal was washed.

As time moved on, it became apparent that we were in for an anti-climax as the Chef from the City Hotel had not shown up and enquiries from the shore betting touts became more searching. It was decided to phone up the City Hotel to see if he was working late, but we were assured that he had left in plenty of time and, in fact, the staff there now became anxious, as a considerable amount of their ready cash was on him. The next call to his house revealed the reason of his absence. It appeared he got into the company of some friends, told them how they could make some easy money as a result of which they thought he was a wonderful guy to put them in the way of such spoil, so they filled him full of gratitude and sent him on his way. Unfortunately he had to negotiate two flights of stairs before street level, so he made an error of judgement, fell down the stairs and broke his right arm and thereafter was removed to hospital. Needless to say, our omelette champion remarked in not very ladylike terms "the ..... did it on purpose."

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Pontypool, Mon.

Dear Editor,

I am a printer. A few weeks ago, a customer asked me to bind into one volume a number of nautical magazines and shipping information of various lines, included in which was your most informative little edition, "History of Lyle Shipping Company Limited".

What impelled me to examine this particular paper, I do not know, but upon seeing a picture of the "CAPE SABLE", my memory went back twenty-five years to a bleak day in January, 1942.

I was a Junior Officer in the R.N.V.R. stationed in Scapa. At 11.30 p.m. one night, I was summoned on board by the Captain of H.M.S. "IRON DUKE" and asked if I would care to volunteer for a "hazardous and perhaps one-way ticket job - destination unknown". After some consideration, I volunteered to go and, early the following morning, I was taken by launch to a ship anchored in the Flow - the "CAPE SABLE" - an innocent enough looking cargo vessel with no outstanding characteristics.

Once on board, I was left in little doubt as to what kind of vessel she had been converted to. Literally bristling with 4" guns, 21" torpedo tubes, depth charges, anti-aircraft guns and pom-poms, all carefully concealed and ready to swing into action at the touch of a switch.

My fellow officers and crew were made up of Royal Navy and Royal Marine commandoes and, in addition to normal watch-keeping duties, I was allocated the duty of Torpedo Control Officer.

Not until we had left Scapa later that awful January day, were we briefed on the voyage and ultimate purpose of our expedition. Along with another similar vessel, the "CITY OF DURBAN", we were to proceed to the West Fiord in the Lofoten Group where it was our intention to anchor in the "narrows" and sink entirely the first big German convoy to pass through this busy thoroughfare, thus blocking the channel against further use. This audacious plan was to be achieved (we hoped) right under the noses of the German gun emplacements abounding high in the mountains above the Fiord, our only distinguishing mark being a huge red Nazi ensign which I helped to paint on sail canvas. Should anything go wrong we were to scuttle the "CAPE SABLE" and swim for it.



weather and temporarily, the project was postponed. We entered Solum Voe, and swung round the anchor for a fortnight before the weather moderated sufficiently for the plan to have a reasonable chance of success. Leaving Shetland, we proceeded north crossing the "Fokke-Wolfe Belt" under cover of darkness. This belt was an area constantly patrolled in daylight between Stavanger and Iceland by Nazi aircraft and we wished to keep our whereabouts unknown for as long as possible. Radio silence was maintained throughout. After crossing this stretch of ocean, our destroyer escort, the "CALPE" left us to our own devices and returned to base. We contacted a U-boat on the Asdic, and for a whole afternoon we pelted it with pattern after pattern of depth charges until there was no echo. Much air surfaced and some oil, but the "CAPE SABLE" claimed it as a "kill".

And so we proceeded to our objectives, and on the morning we were approaching the entrance to the fiord we ran up the swastika (rotten swine!). All went well until noon, when a Heinkel III zoomed into sight. He circled the two ships curiously and fired off his challenging Verrey Lights. We replied to the challenge. Thanks to British Intelligence, we were equipped with the necessary code, compromised from some source or other and which, incidentally, expired on the following day - (our delay in Shetland had left us no margin)). The Heinkel, still not satisfied, circled many times, radioing his base reporting two unidentified vessels approaching the fiord, then flew off. We learned later that the "Tirpitz" had left Trondheim an hour later and steamed hell-bent in a northerly direction.

But the "Tirpitz" did not rendezvous with us. The "CAPE SABLE" and the "CITY OF DURBAN" turned away and steamed like the devil (all of 10 knots) in a north-westerly direction, wondering what Guardian Angel would take us under its wing. Our prayers were unanswered at dusk when we ran into the foulest weather that could be imagined. For three days we steamed through blizzard and gale until the weather moderated and we were fairly safe. We ran into a floating minefield, mines which had no doubt come adrift from their moorings in the bad weather and, for many hours, watch-keeping was a nightmare, the lookouts with monotonous regularity reporting "mine on the port bow and another dead ahead".

However, we eventually regained Scapa and, after a somewhat hilarious party in the wardroom, I left "CAPE SABLE" and returned to my normal Northern Patrol duties.

Had all gone well and we had attained our objective, perhaps "CAPE SABLE" would have made a name for herself as the most audacious ship of the last war, or perhaps she would have gone to a watery grave in the fiord with few of us left to write the last chapter.

So you will understand how delighted I was to see the picture of the "old girl" and to read that she was "still in service" at the time of the printing of your booklet. I was sorely tempted to remove the page from the book, but my customer would no doubt have objected.

If you have a picture of the "CAPE SABLE" which you could spare me, you would make me very happy, as I shall never forget that episode in my naval career, although I later commanded ships in the Sicily, Salerno, Anzio and Normandy landings.

No doubt the full story of the attempt is written into the history of the Lyle Ships, in which case this letter will be of little



The fire started in an engineer's cabin where a soft drink had been spilt over the mattress. This was removed and propped against a chair near the heater, whereupon the occupant fell asleep on the settee - almost for good - he awoke a day later in an oxygen tent.

The fire was discovered by a Junior Engineer coming off watch after it had been burning for an unknown time. It took forty-five minutes to extinguish, by which time explosion point was near. If this had occurred, "CAPE HOWE" would not now be at sea.

The following accounts by the Chief Engineer and Chief Officer give some details, but much can be left to the imagination.

Extract of report from Mr. G.C. Henderson, Chief Engineer:

"At about 0130 hours I was called by Mr. R. Nelson, Junior Engineer, who informed me that there was smoke coming from the 4th Engineer's cabin and that the door was locked and could he have the pass key to get in. I gave him the pass key and instructed him to call the Master and the 1st Mate on his way down. I hurriedly dressed and went down to the 4th Engineer's cabin, Mr. Nelson was unlocking the door when I arrived, and on opening the door saw Mr. McLean lying in the starboard forward corner of the cabin on the deck. I crawled into the cabin and pulled Mr. McLean out into the alleyway and then on to the deck at the after part of the accommodation. After taking Mr. McLean outside I took the fire extinguisher from the bracket outside the Engineer's messroom and went to the 4th Engineer's cabin and proceeded to use it on the fire. I instructed Mr. Nelson when I first arrived at the 4th Engineer's cabin to go to the engineroom and put on the deck service water from the bilge and general service pumps. Awaiting further help and fire extinguishers, I decided to abandon the cabin, closing the door, this was done since one fire extinguisher was having little effect. Making my way down the starboard alleyway, summoning the personnel as I went, but due to the fact that the 2nd Engineer's door was locked and knowing him to be in, I tried to break the door down, but with no success, at the same time awakening the 2nd Mate. On the appearance of the 2nd Mate, I instructed him to get the fire hoses rigged. I then decided to make for my own room to get a pass key. Due to the dense smoke, I could not reach my room. I then decided to concentrate on fighting the fire as the quickest method of rescuing the 2nd Engineer. Once again I tried to make for my own room but could not make it and made for the engineroom to see that the necessary pumps were on and working, also instructing Mr. McIntosh, Electrician, to start the emergency generator. Finding that all was running according to plan I returned to the seat of the fire and found a hose party, consisting of the 3rd Engineer, Carpenter and Chief Steward attacking the fire with fire extinguishers supplied by other members of the crew. The 2nd Engineer had been finally aroused by the noise of the moment and the fire alarms. Joining the hose party, the fire was being brought under control as the local fire brigade arrived. The final dousing of the fire was passed over to the local fire service.

Extract of Report from Mr. D. Gordon, 1st Mate:



At about 0135 hours, the time being approximate, as I did not check the time but, checking with the Master assume that it was around this time, I was called and advised that a fire had broken out and it was thought to be in the 4th Engineer's cabin. Getting out of bed and going down to the Engineers' accommodation on the next deck down, found the 4th Engineer lying outside his cabin, apparently unconscious. The athwartship and port alleyways were at this time full of smoke. I found the door of the 4th Engineer's cabin shut, but that of the 3rd Engineer's was half open and, checking the cabin, found it empty and shut the door. Looking in the 4th Engineer's cabin, I saw that part of the bulkhead on the port side was on fire. I shut the door. The smoke was so dense in the alleyways by this time that I could not decide where the seat of the fire was and assumed that the whole of the port corner of the accommodation was on fire. I went to call the fire brigade and, at the foot of the gangway, met the Electrician, who told me that the fire brigade had been called. I went to where the 4th Engineer was lying and dragged him down to the next deck below. I then went back to the Engineers' accommodation and began checking the cabins in the port alleyway. All were empty apart from one and, having aroused him, returned to the 4th Engineer's cabin. I found the 2nd Engineer and Chief Steward attacking the fire with extinguishers. I continued to search for fire extinguishers which were rapidly gaining control of the fire. By the time all the fire extinguishers were exhausted, fire hoses had been rigged and water was applied to extinguish the last of the fire. At this point, the local fire brigade arrived and took over from the ship's personnel. A crew check had been instituted and it was found that all hands had been accounted for."

The ironic note is that a short time before and prior to the latest crew change, we had arranged for a firemaster to take passage in the ship to West Africa and back, during which voyage he lectured and drilled the crew, reporting favourably on them and vessel's fire-fighting equipment.

For those who have not seen a ship fire, it may be hard to understand what all the fuss is about. We hope you will not wait to learn the hard way.



Aerial view of Horten Yard, showing "BARON CAWDER" on



"THE COAL TRADE TO JAPAN"

or

"WHY THEY WANT ALL THAT COAL".  
(A Modern Chantey in ten verses.)

When I was young, with little sense, I thought I'd go to sea,  
I signed on board a "CAPE LINE" ship and the Captain said to me,  
"My lad, you've done the wisest thing that any lad can do;  
We're outward bound to the coal trade - the very place for you".

CHORUS: Then away, boys, away; we're north-bound to Japan;  
There's lots of sport in every port,  
From Moji to Muroran.

Said the bosun, "Now, come join me, lads; I sing a merry chorus;  
I sing a song in highest praise of the voyage that's before us;  
There're piles of coal in New South Wales just crying to be lifted;  
Come, open hatches, lucky lads, and get that 'Black Stuff' shifted".

Now why the Japs want all that coal, I haven't any notion,  
Their need it must be very bad to fetch it o'er the ocean,  
In ship-load after ship-load, to Tobata and Hakata,  
to Moji, Miike, Muroran, Hirohata and Yawata.

Chippy says they need the coal for boiling jellied eel,  
And maybe this is true enough, although I can't help feel,  
The main thing that they use it for is frying fish and chips;  
Which is, perhaps, the reason why we make so many trips.

The Bosun, who's made lots of trips in other "CAPE LINE" ships,  
Tells me that they don't use coal for frying fish and chips;  
He says I need enlightenment, and to this end he begs  
T'inform me that they use the stuff for frying ham and eggs.

When the mate heard of this use, he said, "God bless the Seven Sisters,  
That's nonsense man! They use the coal for making those transistors  
The Bum-boats sell in every port to all you stupid blighters,  
With watches, cameras, music-boxes, toys and petrol lighters".

If any one would know the truth, I guessed 'twould be the Chief,  
And when I asked him of its use, he said to me, "in brief,  
There're lots of things they use it for", - then with a knowing leer -  
"But the best use they put it to is to brew Asahi Beer.

Although I asked all round the ship I hadn't found the reason,  
And though to question "Father" is a crime that's near to treason,  
(Though when it comes to knowing things, few can beat those skippers),  
When I asked him what the Coal was for, he said "For smoking kippers".

I asked a man in Muroran if he had any inkling,  
Of what they wanted coal for, and he said, with forehead wrinkling,  
"Ye mean tae say ye dinna ken whit slaes are for? Och, weel,  
They use them, like in Glesga Toon, for makkin' high-grade steel".

I've carried coal on a "CAPE LINE" ship for very near a year,  
And now I know the reason why they want the Coal - It's clear -  
And happily I carry coal - though typhoons make it risky -  
They want the coal throughout Japan to distill "Suntory" whisky!

By Alasdair Mhor -  
Who dedicates this chantey to the Chartering Department.

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Dear Editor,

The "CAPE HOWE" and "THE POLICE".

No doubt the title sounds rather ominous and no doubt heads will wag knowingly, fearing and expecting the worst, but how much more ominous would it sound when this short article should be actually headed "The Cape Howe" and "The Criminal Investigation Department", so before the gloom settles too deeply I will hasten to enlighten you that the association between the "Howe" and the C.I.D. is one of purely a social one and has brought much enjoyment to both parties.

It all began about five months ago on my first visit to Newport, on the "Cape Howe", my first visit on any ship for that matter. A member of the C.I.D. had to visit the vessel in connection with an alien that we have on board, and after he had completed his business was invited to the bar to partake of a slight refreshment and during this time I was introduced to him. During the course of the conversation he mentioned that a good number of his colleagues had never been on board a vessel of this size, or any ship for that matter and would it be possible for him to bring some of them down to see over the ship - an evening and a time was fixed. On the appointed day, we on board, were expecting about half a dozen policemen to come, and you can imagine our surprise when about twenty detectives, mainly of the six foot variety, but a number of a shorter size, appeared, and after seeing over the vessel repaired to the "Rivet and Bell" where a very enjoyable social evening was had by all. This then was the start and since then, each time the "Howe" has been to Newport, we have had an evening in the company of our detective friends.

On our last visit to Newport, we of the ship were entertained ashore at the Police Club, which is in the Civic Centre at Newport. We were collected at the ship by cars and taken up to the Civic Centre, where before the social side of the evening commenced, were given a conducted tour of the Centre, seeing the various offices, courtrooms and last, but not least, the lockups, i.e., cells. The social side of the evening was a great success and so the "Howe" association with the local C.I.D. was further cemented.

On the first visit to the vessel by the local C.I.D., they brought a memento for the vessel - a policeman's helmet - and by the time we sailed that voyage, we had a helmet, whistle, truncheon and handcuffs, (The handcuffs were old ones which we had on board). Prior to our last visit to Newport, the Chippy made a board and mounted all our police mementoes and this was duly placed on the smokeroom bulkhead. When they, the C.I.D., saw this on our last visit there we collected still more for the board, and it is now further adorned with a whistle, badges, buttons and sergeant's chevrons. This I would think an unusual decoration for any ship's smokeroom.

Our association with the C.I.D. has been very helpful in an unfortunate occurrence on board the vessel. When I returned to the vessel one evening, in a police car, having spent the evening ashore socially with some members of the C.I.D., I found that we had an accommodation fire on board and since the police car was equipped with a radio, was able to contact the fire brigade and ambulance with the minimum of delay and it was only after/



only after that the fire was out and he could be of no further possible help, the detective, who had driven me down to the ship would leave.

Though all members of the Newport C.I.D. have helped to make our stays at Newport very enjoyable, it has been mainly due to the efforts of Chief Inspector Harris, Detective/Sergeant Gill, and Detective/Inspector Knox, to them, I would give special thanks.

Captain T.C.D. Hogg.

Quizzing Round the World (Ans. page 16).

1. What is the first thing the driver of a car must do after being involved in an accident?
2. What is a Dromedary? 3. To which country does Greenland belong?
4. How many times a minute does a normal adult breath?
5. The American, Bill Robinson, set up a world record of 13.2 seconds for the 100 yards. Why was this remarkable.
6. Name the present capital of Brazil.
7. Astronomers estimate that the universe contains how many stars (a) 10,000 (B) 5 million. (c) 30,000 million.
8. What is meant in shipping circles by a "flag of convenience"?
9. Daddy-long-legs is the well-known name of which insect?
10. Rates and taxes are both common words today. What is the difference between them?
11. What causes the tides?
12. How did NYLON get its name? What are the three very common basic raw materials from which it is made?
13. What name is given to that part of a ship's Hull between the deck and the waterline.
14. What is the difference between the American "ton" and the British "ton".
15. Which Canadian Seaport is nearly 1,000 miles from sea?
16. Which is true or false? (a) Only the female bee stings. (b) There is ice at the north and south poles of Mars.
17. The bat uses an aid similar in principle, not unlike radar to avoid obstacles. How does this aid work?
18. On what part of its body are a grasshopper's ears?
19. How much of an iceberg lies above the water?
20. If a hen weighs 5 lbs. standing on one leg, how much does it weigh standing on two?

Marine News

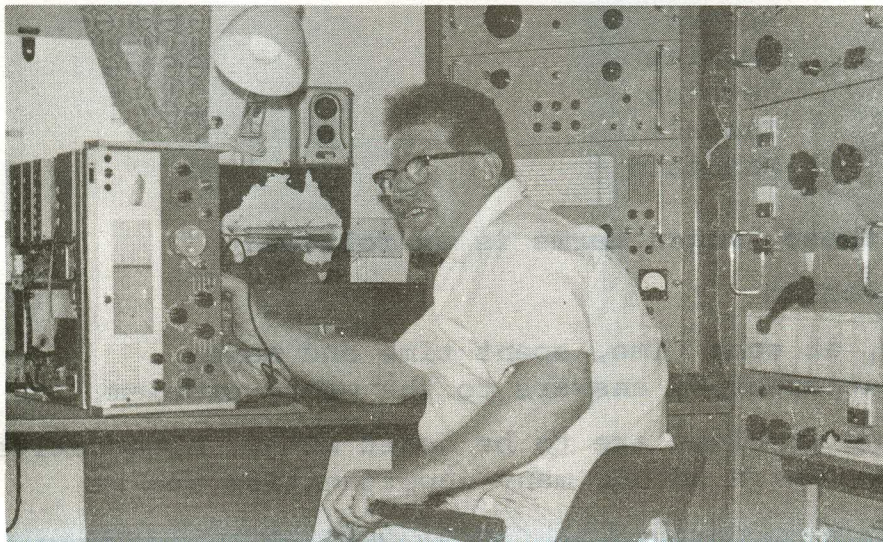
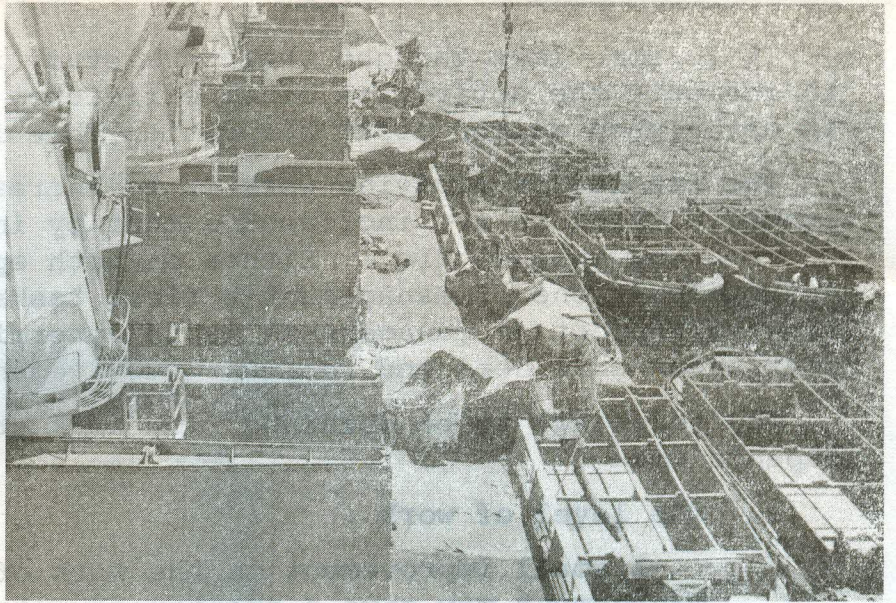
"EASTERN VENTURE" (ex "CAPE SABLE")

Steamer, 7,340 tons deadweight  
4,476 tons gross. Built Port Glasgow,  
1936. Sold to Indonesian Buyers and  
renamed "GEMA".



"CAPE CLEAR" dis-  
charging grain in  
Japan (right)

Outward bound on  
second voyage  
(below)



Guess who?



It is sometimes thought that work study is the term used to indicate the activities of an efficiency expert following an astonished sailor about his duties. This is the least of it.

The reason for studying work is to increase productivity and profit. Profits are increased either by increasing income or by reducing expenditure. Either or both approaches may be desirable. One of management's first tasks (or work study's task in support of management) is to determine which income or cost areas show need and room for improvement.

The advantage to be obtained from work study frequently depends on:-

1. The level of work -

A small improvement in the work of senior and middle management may give a greater advantage to the company than a big improvement in the work of all the peggies in the fleet.

2. The cost of the work -

Improvements in high cost areas are likely to be more significant than improvements in low cost areas.

3. The importance of the work -

Key operations, such as selling the service, cargo handling, mooring and unmooring, routeing and maintenance, frequently set the pattern for much of the remaining work.

4. The life of the work -

Big improvements in the working of a Liberty ship, for example, are likely to be of less ultimate advantage than small improvements introduced at the design stage of a new ship.

Techniques of Work Study

Work study is commonly broken down into two components, which are method study and work measurement. The principles of method study are outlined here very briefly. Work measurement is to be the subject of another article.

The foundation of method study consists of six basic steps used in the formulation of the problem, its examination and resolution. These steps are to:

Select  
Record  
Examine  
Develop  
Install  
Maintain

The meaning of these jargon terms is as follows:

Select the right problem

Most of us have, at some time, spent time and money producing highly satisfactory answers to the wrong problem.

Which of our many problems are to be dealt with? Alternatively, and more positively, which of our many opportunities are we to/



to take advantage of? Which of the many activities are most likely to repay study? Can we define the faults of our weaknesses of the existing situation?

If we are clear as to the appropriate course of action to remedy these faults there is little remaining problem. Why then are we in doubt as to the appropriate course?

From this type of thinking and questioning, we can determine our aim or objective, and knowing this we can avoid waste of time and money solving the wrong problem.

Having defined the area of study and the objective, terms of reference should state what is to be done, how it is to be done, when, where and who by.

Record the facts of the matter

Ninety-nine per cent of all improvements result in changes in the existing situation. Our starting point should then be to find out what actually happens now. It is quite unlikely that that which is thought to happen actually does so.

Even the simplest of work situations are frequently complex and the work study man is much given to drawing symbolic pictures, or charts so that he can visualise the activity. Computer men and operational research experts do much the same thing, although the latter call it "modelling" and tend to get very mathematical about it.

A typical symbolic picture is the process chart shown overleaf, which is made up from these symbols:

○ Operation  
(change of state)

▷ Transport

□ Inspection

◐ Delay

△ Storage

From this we can see broadly what is happening at each stage.

The process chart also shows the sequence of activities and nature of work, so that the relative importance of the different stages can be assessed. For example, the transport function is usually contingent on or subordinate to some operation which changes the state of the item being worked on. Thus no-one carries papers about your office or cargo on your ships save to facilitate some further activity. This further activity is the key upon which transportation depends.

If the inter-relationships between activities become complex much use is made nowadays of network analysis techniques or critical path method, which show not only the inter-relationship between the activities but also the key or critical activities. This has been found to be a most useful technique for the planning and control of construction and maintenance work in a number of industries and is of topical interest in our own industry in respect of diesel overhaul.



### Examine the facts of the matter

The facts having been recorded pictorially or otherwise, have then to be examined.

Oddly enough the procedure used for the examination is that given by Rudyard Kipling, rather than any expressed by the accepted authorities on management.

I keep six honest serving men

(They taught me all I knew);

Their names are What and Why and When

and How and Where and Who.

Thus in any working situation we must ask these pairs of questions:

What is done?

Why is it done?

How is it done?

Why is it done that way?

When is it done?

Why is it done then?

Where is it done?

Why is it done there?

Who does it?

Why is it done by that person?

The first column of questions, if carried through rigorously, gives a clear idea of the existing situation. The answers, or lack of answers, to the question "Why?" frequently give a good lead to possible improvements.

The development of ideas on possible improvements follows a prescribed sequence which is too lengthy to deal with here. Sufficient to say that the ideas for improvement should be as imaginative as possible and even the apparently impracticable thought is not to be excluded, at least initially, on that account. Somebody once thought of propelling sailing ships with steam engines, and more recently we have the idea of tankers so big that they will not get into port. On the face of it, how improbable can one get? In practice it is the imaginative idea which is often the winner, whether on the large - or small - scale problem.

### Develop the best alternative

It is in the development of the improvements that the uneconomic, impracticable, unsafe and unacceptable alternatives are pruned, together with those ideas which do not contribute to the objective given in the terms of reference. This leaves us with a proposed change in the existing situation which represents the optimum as seen at the time of study. Install, i.e., implement the recommendation.

The most brilliant recommendations are no more than a waste of time and money unless or until implemented.

Much could be said on the problem of introducing new ideas and implementing new procedures, but the main consideration is usually the human resistance to change. Any change may be for the worse unless proved otherwise. Can we determine whose livelihood and work will be affected by the change and can we show that the proposals will be of both short and long term benefit to those concerned? This raises a whole range of personnel and communication problems of current interest in the industry.

This implementation phase of method study may well take more time and care than all the preceding stages.



The "natural law of cussedness" tends to apply in method study as in so many of our activities. The effect of this law is for the situation to deteriorate or slip back to the earlier system or worse, to a combination of both old and new systems of working. It is of the utmost importance that the situation be periodically reviewed and maintained at least at the level of the initial installation. It frequently happens that routine maintenance of the scheme opens up areas of further improvement.

### Results of Studying Work

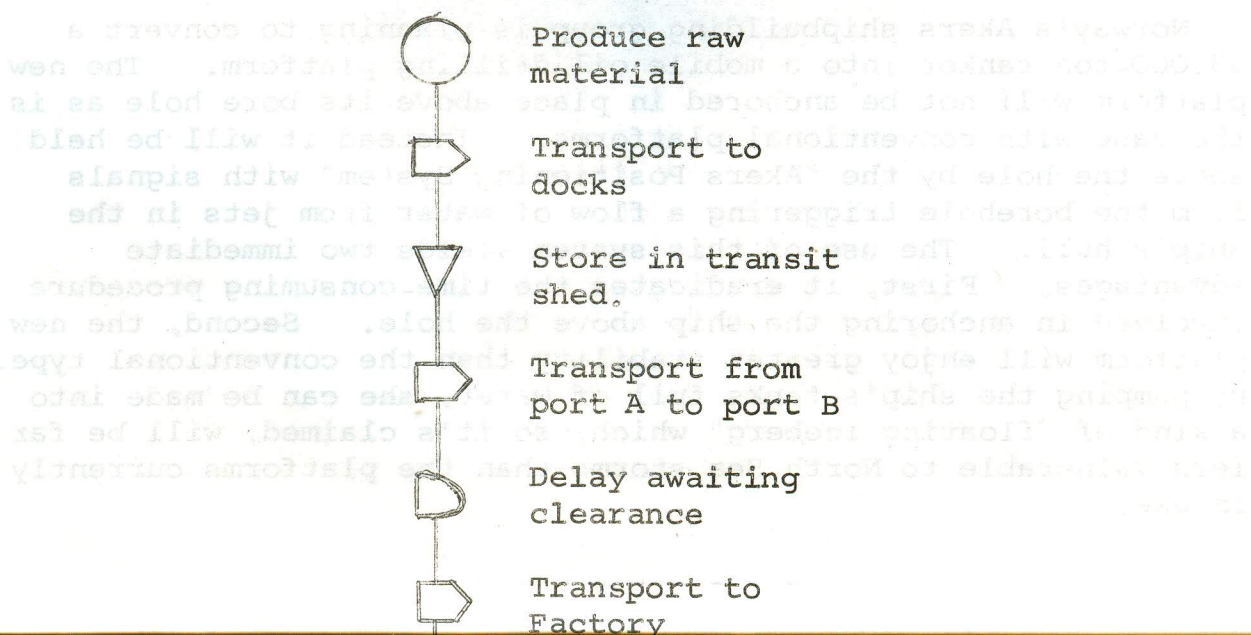
A number of companies have already done useful work on passenger catering and engineering maintenance. Other companies are working on deck activities, ship maintenance, and port working. Not all this work is being done under the appropriate textbook heading, one of which is work study. This does not matter in the slightest.

What matters is, I suggest, that this type of work should be done, under whatever title, and that the industry knows that it is being done.

In some few cases the results remain private by reason of inter-company rivalry. In many cases the results remain unpublished because the company does not realise that others have the same problem. A number of instances have arisen where two or more companies were solving the same or similar problems at the same time in ignorance of each other's activities. For example, two companies are currently and independently investigating the changing of Doxford units by means of network analysis. Another two companies have recently employed their work study men on the work of passenger stewards. The mind boggles at the thought of all the companies which have had separate attempts at the painting problem one way or another.

Because work study is so new in the industry, there are only a limited number of actual results which can be quoted and these are mainly in connection with labour cost problems. There is without doubt a wide scope for work study in this area. Other promising areas are maintenance, both in dry dock and at sea, cargo-handling in conjunction with port authorities and stevedoring companies, and certain aspects of administrative and clerical procedure, including stores control.

### PROCESS CHART





## Flour Power!

Approximately three days were saved during the loading of a part cargo of bagged flour in Brisbane, through the use of pocket belt elevators. This equipment was introduced by the well-known stevedoring firm, Bulk Handling and General Stevedoring Co. Pty. Limited, to augment the ship's own working gear, and it was the first occasion that it had been used for this cargo.

The ship concerned loaded 5,000 tons of flour in Brisbane and in normal circumstances, the stowages would have required the vessel to be in port for eleven working days. The use of the elevators at the governing hatches enabled the stevedores to reduce this to eight days, and also to show the Owners some reduction in cost of the cargo handled in this way. (Extract from Australian Newsletter).

## A N S W E R S

1. Stop. 2. A one humped Arabian Camel. 3. Denmark.
4. 14-17 times. 5. He was running backwards. 6. Brasilia.
7. 30,000 million. 8. A foreign flag under which ships are registered to avoid home taxation.
9. The crane fly. 10. Taxes are levied by the Government. Rates by the local authorities.
11. It is the gravitational pull on the sun and the moon.
12. From New York and London, where it was first produced. The materials are air, water and coal.
13. Freeboard. 14. In America the "short" ton is 2,000 lbs. In Britain the "long" ton is 2,240 lbs.
15. Montreal. 16. Both are true.
17. The bat emits high pitched sound which echoes when it strikes an object in its path.
18. In its knees. 19. One ninth. 20. 5 lbs. Still the same weight.

Have you heard....

Norway's Akers shipbuilding group is planning to convert a 33,000-ton tanker into a mobile oil drilling platform. The new platform will not be anchored in place above its bore hole as is the case with conventional platforms. Instead it will be held above the hole by the "Akers Positioning System" with signals from the borehole triggering a flow of water from jets in the ship's hull. The use of this system yields two immediate advantages. First, it eradicates the time-consuming procedure involved in anchoring the ship above the hole. Second, the new platform will enjoy greater stability than the conventional type. By pumping the ship's tanks full of water, she can be made into a kind of "floating iceberg" which, so it's claimed, will be far less vulnerable to North Sea storms than the platforms currently in use.



No matter the person, at some time or other an event will leave an indelible imprint on their memory which can be recalled long afterwards and the experience re-lived. The pleasant, happy impressions afford relaxation and uplift of the spirit - the distasteful ones, recalled in most cases, as a comparison with a current unpleasant happening. In my mind's eye are two outstanding experiences I would like to recount, trusting to give pleasure to the reader.

The first takes me to Japan on a cold, clear, winter morning and the ship sailing in the Inland Sea. Eight bells had gone, my watch over at four a.m. and time to turn in for second instalment of sleep. From my quarters I stepped out on deck for a breather but was driven back by the keen bite of frost in the early morning air. In the messroom the teacups were set out ready to "receive the "char" being prepared by my watchmate. Just as I eased myself into a chair, in breezed the Second Mate. Following the customary pleasantries that are exchanged at four a.m., and the Second Mate had taken his noisy sip of tea, he informed us of his intentions to stay up and watch the dawn break. His unbounded enthusiasm and the fact that a Mate would sacrifice a couple of hours sleep, excited our curiosity and we decided to make an equal sacrifice and keep him company. This, needless to say, meant the preparing of more tea and toast to sustain us through the period of waiting. In the warm friendly atmosphere of the messroom, congenial company soon whiled the time away and the time arrived to don something warm before going out into the sharp frosty air.

The air was crystal clear, the sky deep blue with the stars scintillating like brilliants scattered on a jeweller's velvet display cloth. Looking to the East we saw a red line forming on the skyline and, as we watched, it slowly increased in depth and the sky to the East began to change from the dark blue, through the range of blues to a golden colour, and what had been a thin red line had expanded upwards suffusing the heavens. Islands to the East of us became sharply silhouetted, and from one of the islands, volcano smoke rose lazily, slowly thinning out to eventual disappearing point.

Turning to the West, the sky was still night dark, with the snow capped peak of Fujiyama (or, as it is spoken of by Japanese folk, Fuji San), showing white against the darkness. As we watched, a wonderful transformation began to take place. The cold, icy blue of the snow slowly turned to an indescribable pearly hue, and with the star spangled midnight blue sky as a background, the picture presented was breath catching. As the minutes passed the shape of the mountain below the snow line began to take form; the range of hills from which Fuji San reared its height could be defined and the low lying land to the water's edge became discernable.

The sun was now rising out of the sea and the white paintwork of the ship's upper structure was bathed with a reddish glow. The rays of the sun were bounced off the ripples of the waters of the whirlpools in the Inland Sea into the eyes of the beholder, but not blinding him to the beauty or splendour of the scene.

Truly our patience in waiting for those magic moments had been amply repaid.



Murmuring my thanks to the Second Mate I quietly went to my cabin.

My second experience also relates to the sea and again I give thanks but for a different reason.

Travelling home from the Argentine as a lone passenger had been very pleasant and I had become very friendly with the Captain of the ship, an Argentino of German extraction, called Georg Holtz. He spoke excellent English, but the others on board were mainly of Italian parentage and it was a case of "no habla Ingles mucho". I had more or less the freedom of the ship and spend much of my time on the bridge or in the Enginerroom.

When we were off Lisbon the weather began to deteriorate and by the time Cape Finnesterre was reached, a raging gale was blowing and it had been a very uncomfortable night for those on board as during the night the ship had done everything but aquatic acrobatics. Sleep had been very ragged and after a "standing up" breakfast I went up to the bridge. Georg was there, leaning against the framework of one of the bridge windows, peering forward - he had spent the night on the bridge and he looked it. Without saying a word he handed me a radio weather report which stated "Bay of Biscay - Rough seas and gale force winds of ten plus strength imminent" - "Imminent" as the operative word had been out of date for a number of hours. "Ten plus" was as distasteful to me at that moment as "Plus eleven" is to a backward scholar. We should have been heading across the Bay, had the weather been favourable, but instead we were on a Northerly course with engines at reduced speed and plugging into the eye of a storm. The vessel rode the waves comfortably, the bow rising to the wave and then dipping as the wave passed under us - the engines raced as the water fell away from the stern, and then as the bow rose and the propeller gripped the water they slowed down; sometimes one thought they were going to stop.

What could one say? So, like the skipper I leant against a window frame and gloomily gazed at the oncoming waves racing towards us. We remained like this for some time, adjusting our balance to the pattern of the ship's movements. Suddenly there was a change of rhythm. We rode a bigger wave than usual which was followed by a smaller short one. This smaller wave seemed to have one object in view and that was to steady us for a dive into the base of another huge wave rushing towards us, and in we went. The forecastle disappeared from sight and I heard Georg gasp "Mein Gott" as the wave broke over the fore deck and crashed against the bridge casing and surging up blanked out daylight in the wheelhouse. We felt the ship shake and shudder and when the water had drained from the windows we could see the sea being shed from the fore deck and cascading overboard. She managed, after what seemed an interminable time, to shake herself clear and began riding the waves again freely. After this the weather eased but not sufficiently that day to allow us carrying out a survey of the whole extent of the damage sustained.

Two days later we docked in Antwerp, and when Lloyds Representative and the repair Dockyard people examined the damage - the debris strewn on the decks; the forecastle head dished instead of being cambered; the stanchions under the forecastle deck torn from the deck and bent like a horse's hind leg, they marvelled that we had weathered the storm.



The following appeared in a recent edition of "Fairfield News". We also publish it without comment.

IF THE CAP FITS.....

1. Never start work first thing in the morning. Typists much prefer a terrific rush in the late afternoon.

2. Please smoke whilst dictating. It assists pronunciation.

3. Do not face the typist while dictating. This would be too easy for her.

4. Hours of dictation, during lunch hour, and at any time between 4.30p.m. and 5.30 p.m.

5. When dictating please parade up and down the room. Typists can understand what is said more distinctly.

6. Please call in the typist for dictation and then proceed to sort papers, look up old files, telephone and receive calls, etc.

7. Please lower the voice to a whisper when dictating names of people, places, etc., and in no circumstances spell them to the typist. Typists are sure to hit upon the right way of spelling them - they know the name of every person, firm and place in the world.

8. When typists do not hear a word and dictators are asked to repeat it, shout it as loudly as possible. The typists find this most gentlemanly. Alternatively, dictators should refuse to repeat them at all. The typists have second sight and it may come to them.

9. Whenever possible, dictators should endeavour to keep the typists late. Typists have no homes and are only too thankful for somewhere to spend the evening.

10. Should a letter require a slight alteration after it is typed, score the word heavily through about four times, and write the correct word beside it - preferably in ink or heavy pencil - and always make sure the alteration is on the top copy.

11. Should a typist be too busy or too lazy to take down dictation, please write letters with a blunt pencil held in the left hand, whilst blind-folded. Incorrect spelling, balloons, arrows and other diagrams are very helpful to typists.

12. Should work be required urgently (a most unusual occurrence), it aids the typist considerably if the dictator rushes in at intervals of thirty seconds to see if it is done.

13. If extra copies of a letter are required this desire should be indicated either after 'Yours faithfully' or over-leaf, so as to ensure that it is the last thing the typist will see when the letter is completed.

14. If a typist is making a tricky alteration requiring concentration and precision, always stand over her and breathe down her neck while she does it.

15. With regard to statements, do not on any account use lined paper. If figures are altered please write heavily over those previously inserted, the correct figure in each case being the one underneath.



### Quantalamera!

One of the many interesting features of a holiday in Spain, apart from the main attractions of excellent sea bathing, cheap drink and raucous night clubs, is the opportunity offered by bus tours to see something of the real life of the small communities behind the glittering facade of multi-storey luxury flats and hotels. The writer ventured on two such excursions in September while on holiday in Benidorm, a large and ever-growing resort on the Costa Blanca about an hour's run from the port of Alicante, last visited by one of our vessels S.S. "CAPE VERDE" in October, 1953. The first of these tours was to a remote village, Guadalest, situated high in the mountains behind the coast and reported to be one of the last villages recaptured from the Moors in 1213. The bus driver was a discerning man musically, and to the delightful tune of Massenet's "Meditation", we set off on a tortuous run on a narrow road into the apparently arid hinterland. As we climbed steeply it soon became clear that the soil was much more fertile than it looked and Citrus trees blossomed everywhere and at all levels. Indeed, it was possible to put a hand out of the window of the bus and pick a lemon from a tree. When a stop was made for refreshments - ice cool fresh orange and lemon juice - it was then seen that a very simple but most effective irrigation system had been employed to provide moisture for the earth. Shelves had been carefully built up by small closely packed stones and small fruit trees planted at various levels to present an amazing panorama of greenery. On reaching the summit we visited the ancient graveyard and prison. The former is still in use, but whereas the deceased were previously interred in the ground, a more recent concrete structure containing six receptacles, two being cemented up, suggested that this was the latest form of burial. Most of the older gravestones had a remarkably well-preserved photo of the deceased and it was noted that the same surnames were repeated throughout. The ancient prison boasted one "cell" in which various bits of ironmongery adhered to the walls - presumably relics of medieval instruments of torture. I reflected that this must have been the horrible fate of some poor soul who had tried to introduce a measure of "stores control" on ships sailing out of Alicante!

From the top, a wonderful view of the countryside was obtained and of the green lake which provided the water for the myriad of irrigation channels. The village itself consisted of a few houses and it was said that most of the inhabitants had never been further afield. On returning to our coach we passed the local wash-house, where a woman stood behind a large trough doing her washing. Using what looked like a bar of "trade" soap (the kind handed out to me as a boy at the public baths) she rubbed the garments on a concrete ledge with a slightly serrated surface, before rinsing them out in the trough. There was no problem here of automatic washing machines or of the right kind of powder to produce that magic "whiter than white". The return journey was something of an anti-climax, but it was a good tour and a mentally stimulating experience, suitably summed up in the title of a film now showing in Glasgow - "Far from the Madding Crowd".

The second excursion turned out to be most interesting and very amusing. Following closely upon our earlier trail, we diverged en route to our destination - the River Algar.

The initial stage of the journey was made by



1½ miles to be completed by donkey. These animals are requisitioned the night before through an organiser who goes round the various Gypsy encampments and books the donkeys required, according to the number of tourists participating. The donkeys, of varying shapes and sizes, are accompanied forth and back by the Gypsies - mostly in gay sombreros, who are paid 100 pesetas for their trouble, plus tips. As they do two journeys a day with bus parties, they are reckoned to be on a good thing and they make enough to keep them over the winter until the tourist hordes arrive the following season.

It is these situations that the English tourist and I mean English literally, is seen at his or her best or worst. There were three busloads on this occasion - about 120 people and, on leaving the bus, the organisation, until then excellent, broke down. Everybody made for the nearest donkey, regardless of size or weight and a stoutish lady whose husband owned a fish and chip shop in Tyneside, was volubly moaning that "he" had galloped off and left her to her own devices. Unfortunately, the tally-clerk had done a poor job and there was one donkey short. I offered her mine but she politely declined, revelling in her martyrdom while her husband in the finest traditions of Ward Bond led the field by a length. One of the couriers came to her rescue and gave her a lift in her car to our rendezvous - a first class swimming pool in picturesque surroundings, adjoining a cafe where some elderly Spanish Victor Sylvesters strummed gaily on their guitars. It was significant that out of some 120 tourists, only about 8 went into the pool - six of us from Glasgow - another victory for the ubiquitous Scot!!! On the way back we passed through a fair sized village - Popol from memory, where a soft-drinks industry catered for all the resorts between Alicante and Valencia. The Spaniards excel in this field, providing a wide selection of really fruity and flavoured ice cool drinks at moderate prices. Talking of prices, it is not surprising that Spain has devalued her currency. Whatever advantage this may offer in a broader economic sphere, there is no gainsaying the tremendous boom in tourism. I noticed a marked increase in the price of leather and other goods usually bought by visitors and the attitude of many of the shopkeepers distinctly cool and indifferent, particularly to British tourists. In the small bars and cafes behind the scene, however, one generally finds real courtesy and service. Hours mean nothing to the waiters who will stand by so long as there are customers to be served. For their sake, I hope the shopkeepers do not push their luck too far, as tourists are not slow to realise they are being exploited, and will go elsewhere.

As I conclude this article, the snow is falling outside, a grim reminder of our climate, yet only ten weeks ago I was basking in the sun in a temperature of 85°. Aurgh!!!

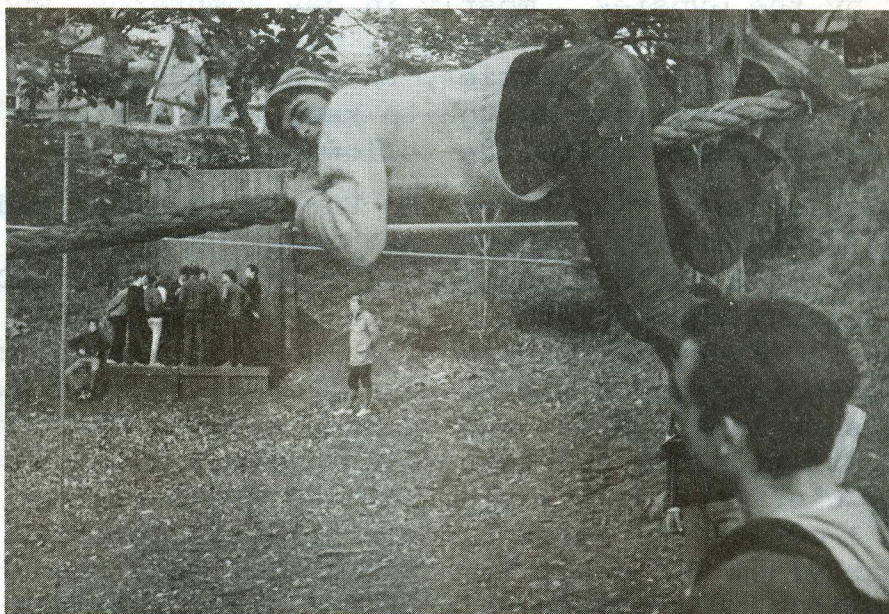
Jaybee.

#### Marine News

"Alexandria" (ex "Cape Finisterre") built 1874, reported foundered at her moorings near Alexandria on 21.8.67. She had been bought by the Egyptian Government in 1924 and became a Marine Training Ship. Since 1959 this vessel has been lying at Alexandria as a harbour hulk and was no longer sea-going.



## What we do for Lyle Shipping



or



## What we do when we're not at sea

Cadet Stacpoole pioneers the Lyle Outward Bound entry, and below we give a report written by him on this subject.

At the start of the Course you are split up into groups of twelve and stay in these groups for the twenty-six days of the Course.

The first week is spent in a Fitness and Agility programme. This consists of P.T., cross-country running and training on an assault course - climbing ropes, crossing rope bridges and other such exercises.

The most important section of the twenty-six days comes during a period of sixteen days which is split into sections of five days each.



The first five days are taken up with Sailing Instruction, which takes place on the river in cutters and dinghies, under an instructor. During the first three days one learns how to sail. The next two days are spent practising what one has learnt and is generally assessed of one's capabilities.

The next six days are devoted to the Expedition. This is a test of self-reliance and team work. Groups of twelve are sent away from the School up into the hills, spending five days walking, climbing and camping. The first day consists of a map and compass exercise and general preparation. The next day you are sent out with enough food, clothing and sleeping bag for five days, carrying all this with you. During the five days you cover about 20 miles per day, taking in as much hilly and rough country as possible, with just a map and compass to assist you.

At night, you camp either in a hut in the forest or in a tent.

After the expedition, there are five days from which you have a choice of climbing, riding or canoeing. My own choice was riding. In this, you are taught the basic principles, and judged on progress made during the time.

Out of the remainder of the time, one day was spent on rock climbing, but, owing to the limited time available, this was just limited to a general introduction.

The last remaining day was spent down an old disused slate mine which gave some experience of climbing in the dark, and showed the need for team work under bad conditions.

At various times during the Course, you were taught survival in the water without any means of support, such as a life-jacket. This was termed "Drown-Proofing".

The Course, as a whole, was a very good thing for character training, self-discipline and ability to continue with a good spirit under hardship, and enable you to prove to yourself what your capabilities are.

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Cadet Gove has also completed a similar course. He has written an excellent and detailed account which will be most useful to the firm, but is somewhat too lengthy for inclusion in this issue.

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Dolphin's  
eye view of  
"CAPE CLEAR".





I remember the Saturday afternoon in 1947 when the agents in the port of Manaus in Brazil (1,000 miles up the River Amazon) 'phoned to the Estilleros Amazonas, i.e., the shipyard, and asked me to pay a visit to a ship named S.S. "CAPE WRATH" which was discharging cargo at the floating quays. Eventually I arrived on board, introduced myself to Captain Farmborough and discussed a few repairs which the ship required and promised to see that these would be done in time, which they were. The Captain then asked me where I belonged and said that he thought the Chief Engineer came from the same place; he then sent the Steward along to ask the Chief to come and see him. Lo and behold, John Fleming walked in and two old school-mates were re-united. Unfortunately, since then Mr. Fleming has died. From then on, the Chief Officer was introduced and he turned out to be Neil MacNeil, who is now a London River Pilot, and a frequent visitor to this office.

Next to be introduced was the 2nd Officer, who was Alex Fraser, now Captain Fraser, and he turned out to be a friend of a friend of my wife.

Next day, being a holiday and as a river picnic was being held, these gentlemen were invited and on board the launch they met quite a lot of the British colony and a fine outing was had by all.

When the time came eventually for the ship to sail, a farewell party was held when Captain Fraser regaled the large company assembled in the Estilleros house with his rendering of "Dangerous Dan McGrew" and "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God". Captain Farmborough entertained the parrot which took a great liking to him and Polly reciprocated by sitting on his shoulder all night, though years later the Captain told me that it had eaten all the threads of the seaming on his shirt and next time he washed the shirt, the arm fell off. Many years later, I was present at the sale of the ship to Pakistani buyers and actually handed over the ship in Rotterdam to these new Owners.

Sometime later, I was actively engaged in the supervision of the building of the T.S.S. "CAPE WRATH" at William Denny's Yard in Dumbarton and subsequently visited this vessel in many places, including Japan. One big point about this ship building was that Captain Fraser stood by it and was a very proud man when he talked about his rise from 2nd Mate on the old ship of that name and taking the new one out as Master. I was also present at the sale of this vessel to Greek buyers, and again handed over the ship to the new Owners in Immingham.

We have now been advised that the vessel at present building in Horten, No. 162, will be named M.V. "CAPE WRATH" and once again I have had a little to do with the preliminary work and possibly will have something to do with the running of the vessel in the future. I can only hope that she will be a credit to the Company as she will bear a very fine name.

F.J. MacKerron.

- - - - -



A.B. Sutherland	Master
F.M. Dalby	1st Mate
P. Richardson	2nd Mate
N.D. Battersby	3rd Mate
L. Cameron	Radio Officer
M.D. Pickup	Cadet
J. Johnstone	Cadet
G. Harrison	Chief Engineer
W. Kinnear	2nd Engineer
A. Dias	Ex.3rd Engineer
A. Beaton	3rd Engineer
M. Wilkes	4th Engineer
E.R. Drummond	5th Engineer
W. Hornshaw	Electrician
Mohamed Hussein	E.R.S.
R. Sherriff	Chief Steward
R. Cathcart	2nd Steward
B. Thomas	Ship's Cook

#### M.V. "CAPE HOWE"

A.M. Fraser	Master
D.S. Gordon	1st Mate
H. Peter	2nd Mate
D.H.J. Burchell	3rd Mate
H.A. Chambers	Radio Officer
D. McKay	Carpenter
P. MacPhee	Bosun
R.T. Breeds	Chief Engineer
B.J. Sharp	2nd Engineer
A.L. Anderson	3rd Engineer
R. McLean	4th Engineer
A.S. Latimer	Junior Engineer
C. Nicoll	Junior Engineer
B. Carcary	Junior Engineer
R.T. McIntosh	Electrician
G. Daddy	Chief Steward
L.J. Davies	Ship's Cook

#### M.V. "CAPE RODNEY"

A. MacLeod	Master
L.M. Hocking	1st Mate
B. Lawson	2nd Mate
A. Bell	3rd Mate
D.E. Gudgeon	Radio Officer
M. Wilson	Cadet
G.R. Watterston	Cadet
H. Ingle	Chief Engineer
R. Nicholson	2nd Engineer
D. Smart	3rd Engineer
H.P. Connell	4th Engineer
J. Patton	Jun.4th Engineer
R. Knight	Electrician
E. Hutter	Chief Steward

C.G. Mallett	Master
G. Anderson	1st Mate
W. Andersen	2nd Mate
B. Hulse	3rd Mate
D. Crawford	Radio Officer
E.G. Mitchell	Cadet
J.W.R. Daniels	Cadet
K. Kasprzak	Carpenter
P. Sharman	Extra Bosun
R. Taylor	Chief Engineer
R. Smith	2nd Engineer
A. Harbinson	3rd Engineer
J. Collins	4th Engineer
P. McTaggart	Junior Engineer
D.R. MacDonald	Junior Engineer
J.W. Clark	Junior Engineer
D. Jarvis	Electrician
A. McGill	Chief Steward
C. Cheetham	Ship's Cook
C. Smith	2nd Steward

#### M.V. "CAPE NELSON"

D. Sinclair	Master
J. Hetherington	1st Mate
P. Cooney	2nd Mate
R. White	3rd Mate
J. Chamberlin	Radio Officer
L. Gove	Cadet
G. Cunningham	Cadet
F. Dixon	Carpenter
J. McFarlane	Bosun
W.B. Moore	Chief Engineer
G. Carter	2nd Engineer
J. Wallace	4th Engineer
N. McKellar	Ex. 4th Engineer
D. Hall	Junior Engineer
H. Lloyd	Junior Engineer
G. Simpson	Electrician
N. Carpenter	Chief Steward
P. O'Brien	2nd Steward

#### M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT"

A.C. Hunter	Master
J.A. Roberts	1st Mate
J.M. King	2nd Mate
I.M. Taylor	3rd Mate
W.M. Houston	Radio Officer
D.J. Campbell	Cadet
R.I. MacKenzie	Cadet
D. MacLeod	Chief Engineer
D.T. Anderson	2nd Engineer
A. MacPherson	3rd Engineer
C. Woodforth	4th Engineer
G.H.P. Hill	Junior Engineer
D.M. Graham	Junior Engineer
J.I. Wightman	Electrician
J.P.D. Smith	Catering Officer
C.K. Perkins	Ship's Cook
J. McDonald	Assistant Steward



Presently on Leave

T.P. Edge	Master
T.R. Baker	Master
T.C.D. Hogg	Master
P. Smith	Master
C. MacLean	1st Mate
S.J. Readman	1st Mate
H. Weddell	1st Mate
H. Taylor	2nd Mate
B. Breslin	Radio Officer
R. Faulds	Radio Officer
W. MacLeod	Radio Officer
S.W. Stacpoole	Cadet
N.P. Brewer	Cadet
R.S. Reid	Cadet
T.C. Skeffington	Cadet
C. Pyper	Cadet
J. Allan	Chief Engineer
J. Black	Chief Engineer (semi-retired)
J. Loughran	Chief Engineer
G.C. Henderson	Chief Engineer
A. MacDonald	2nd Engineer
K. Skrzyahak	2nd Engineer
J. Robertson	Electrician
W. Harkins	3rd Engineer

Presently on Leave (Cont'd.)

I. Campbell	4th Engineer
E. Jenkins	Electrician
A. Randle	Chief Steward
H. Scollay	Chief Steward
J. Clancy	Chief Steward
P. Coles	Chief Steward

Studying for Certificates

J. McKay	for	Master
M. Williamson	"	Master
J. Purdon	"	1st Mate
G.N. Rae	"	1st Mate
C. Pearson	"	2nd Mate
P.T.H. Smart	"	2nd Mate
D. Rankin	"	2nd Mate
C. Mains	"	1st Class Motor
G. Law	"	2nd Class Motor
A. Jack	"	2nd Class Motor
K. Blight	"	2nd Class Motor
J. Blackwood	"	2nd Class Motor
J. Carmichael	"	2nd Class Motor
B. Ward	"	2nd Class Motor
J.W. Golby	"	2nd Class Motor
K. Malhotra	"	1st Class-combined

Congratulations are due to Mr. B. Lawson on obtaining his Master's Certificate. After some leave he made the long "hop" to Japan to take over as 2nd Mate on the "CAPE RODNEY" as Mr. Louth had to be repatriated owing to illness.

We are also happy to congratulate Cadets P. Dyson and C. MacDonald on passing their 2nd Mate's Certificates. They hope to obtain the Radar Certificates very shortly and will then take possession of their Certificates.

Cadets Reid and Skeffington are next in turn to attend the Outward Bound Sea School Courses after the Christmas recess.

Mr. W. Anderson, Chief Engineer, is now standing by the new "CAPE WRATH" at Horten, Norway, and will shortly be joined there by Captain T.R. Baker.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Mr. W. Andersen, 2nd Mate, on his recent marriage.

We are very sorry to announce the death of Mr. D.T. Dempster, 3rd Engineer, M.V. "CAPE NELSON". After an accident on board on 1st January he was landed to hospital at Oporto and died on the night of 3rd January. The sympathy of all his friends will be extended to his widow and young son.



Competition entries for the Lyle Plaque continued to arrive well into December and the judgement by a neutral panel, unaware of the identity of the competitor, came down in favour of an entry submitted by the Agency Department of Hunting and Son. Their effort is now being touched up by an expert and we hope to reproduce a picture of it in our next edition. Whilst we regret a domestic entrant was not the winner, we congratulate Hunting's Agency Staff on their success and thank them for this further expression of the goodwill existing between Lyle ships and their office staff.

A recent contract obtained for three years should help towards our aim of reducing the time bulk carriers are abroad and reduce many voyages to about six months. In taking the business, one of the objectives was to shorten the round trip but in tailoring voyages like this, one has to accept reductions in revenue. We must rely on all concerned making such operations feasible by keeping the ships mobile, efficient and fighting waste. Such co-operation will help make charterers want your ship again.

The Editor (Hon.) took a "Busman's holiday" one day recently to spend it at a Shipping Federation personnel course. In accepting the invitation he was only dimly aware that he was to be used as an Aunt Sally in a 'questions to management' session. It is difficult to decide who told who what, but two outstanding impressions remain. The fairmindedness of the questioners and the patent anxiety displayed concerning their future. Even this hasty glimpse of the course convinced one that it was essential experience for every officer. Another desirable course for each officer is the one on fire-fighting and we are steadily working through the candidates as fast as the limited facilities and opportunities allow. To the same end, we are hoping shortly to take delivery of two fire-fighting films which will be issued to circulate round the fleet; one amongst the ore carriers and the other for the bulk carriers. The necessity for these measures is highlighted by events aboard "CAPE HOWE" in November. Many lessons learnt there were already embodied in new construction.

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#### BUSIEST YEAR FOR LIFEBOAT SERVICE - OVER 1,000 LIVES SAVED

Last year was by far the busiest 12 months the lifeboat service has known in its entire history. Financially the Royal National Life-Boat Institution incurred during year its largest deficit.

Provisional figures show that R.N.L.I. rescue craft were launched 2,107 times in 1967, compared with the previous record figure of 1,784 in 1966. Life-Boat launches amounted to 1,076 compared with 1,054 in 1966 and inshore boats 1,031 compared with 730 a year earlier.

In 1967 lifeboats saved 642 lives and inshore rescue boats 449. The lives saved for 1966 were 492 by lifeboats and 328 by inshore rescue boats.

Although final figures are not yet available, it is known that the cost of the lifeboat services in 1967 was about £1,800,000. Income, all of which comes from voluntary contributions, was about £1,400,000, leaving a deficit of the order of £400,000.

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