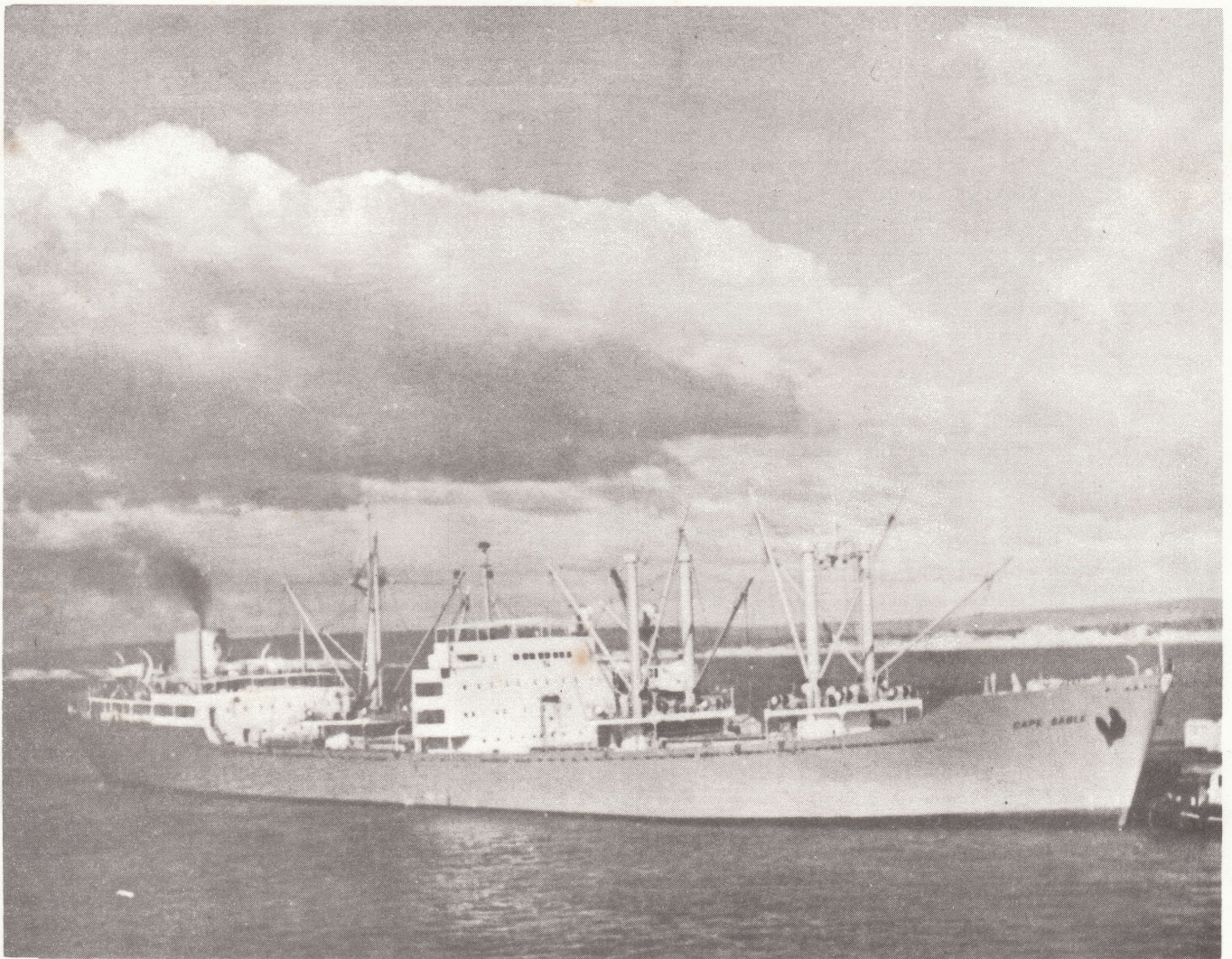




LYLE NEWSLETTER

6/65 - JUNE



S. T. S. "CAPE SABLE"

LEAVING BUNBURY OCTOBER 1964



J. P. Agnew, Esq., D.L., C.A.

MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

It has been suggested to me that I should write a message to the Newsletter on the occasion of my becoming Chairman of the Board, and this I gladly do.

Although a comparative newcomer to "Lyles", I have known about the Company, its staff and fleet for over twenty years, and have seen it grow to its present state with a fine modern fleet with up-to-date equipment.

This growth could only come to pass with wise direction from above, and loyal service by all, both ashore and afloat.

I have, during the years, got to know our office staff and many of the Company's senior seagoing personnel, and I should like to get to know more of them. I hope any staff visiting the head office will turn into the board room, where I am to be found most mornings, and introduce themselves. They can be assured of a warm welcome and an interest in their welfare.

I know I have a difficult job to follow the wise and paternal leadership of my predecessor, but, with the co-operation of all, I will do my best to carry on his work to the very best of my ability. To all of you I send my best wishes.

EDITORIAL

There appears to be a reasonable variety in the contents of this edition and we are grateful for the trickle of ship contributions which continues. Those hardy individuals who have presumably gritted their teeth (no doubt wrapping a Lyle flag round their waist) before hurling themselves into the literary breach, have our heartfelt thanks and appreciation. They may also draw comfort from the fact that we have to do much the same thing ourselves. Once a quarter doesn't seem very often, but, nevertheless, it comes round pretty soon and it is doubtful if the Daily Express news room rivals the excitement when this modest journal is about to be put to "bed".

As a vehicle for ship news, we have introduced a correspondence section, not necessarily of letters to the "Editor", though those addressed to/

to the latter will be more than welcome. This we hope will be a more attractive bait than we have dangled in the past.

A more informal account of the "CAPE RODNEY" launch is included, being written from a different angle from the usual. For those unversed in Scottish newspapers, the HON. man is charged by his Editor with unusual tasks, his reports of which appear regularly in the Sunday Post.

We are particularly pleased to receive an increasing number of reports, the vast majority of them favourable, of the effect the beer bars are having on the social life of ships. Their success is very much bound up in the good sense of the 'users' and an enthusiastic committee can work wonders to improve the lot of the seafarer without decreasing the efficiency of the ship in any way. Each individual must accept responsibility for preventing abuse and making plain to offenders that they endanger the whole idea which is basically to assist the community spirit. Incidentally, a Glasgow friend has heard of their introduction into our fleet and is now following suit. Being more publicity conscious than ourselves, you may read of this before long.

It is with pleasure we include a message from the new Chairman of the Company which is by way of being an introduction on the assumption of his office.

Enclosed with this issue you will find a copy of 'The Sotry of Lyle Shipping Co., Ltd.' in pamphlet form. It originally appeared as an article in the Lithgow Journal and is written by Alistair Borthwick. The booklet is produced in response to many requests for a short history and as an interim measure until an official history is compiled.

With great regret we have to record the collision of the "CAPE NELSON" with the German vessel "FERDINAND RETZLAFF" of 1,548 tons gross which took place during a period of poor visibility in the Channel. This resulted in her spending much of April in drydock in the Tyne, though opportunity was taken to carry out vessel's first survey. The damage affected 8 external plates and numerous internals, but we are thankful no lives were lost or any crew from either ship injured in the mishap.

An earlier reference to the renaming of the "RONACASTLE" was premature and it is now agreed that she will bear the name of "CAPE RONA" whilst under time charter to us.

The ram type bow ("CAPE RODNEY" being the second ship so fitted) has undergone trials in the prototype ship "ORISSA". Results compared with her conventionally built sister ship "ORAMA" show the following figures at the normal operating speed of 17 knots in ballast and 16½ knots in loaded condition.

	<u>Orama</u> <u>(BHP)</u>	<u>Orissa</u> <u>(BHP)</u>	<u>BHP</u> <u>Difference</u>	<u>Improvement</u>	<u>Increase in</u> <u>speed at</u> <u>Orama BHP</u>
Ballast	16,600	14,000	2,600	15.6%	.65 knots
Loaded	17,300	16,050	1,250	7.2%	.25 knots

"CAPE RODNEY" figures in theory should show a further improvement.

CONTRACTS & FREIGHTS: During the last quarter the market has been firm with some good features, though still selective. During the last few weeks it has taken on a weaker look and is even more selective. We have renewed our phosphate contract with the British Phosphate Commissioners covering seven cargoes commencing July, 1965. Contracts are a two edged weapon nowadays, with charterers expecting a discount for such business.

INDIVIDUAL SHIP NEWS & MOVEMENTS

ORE CARRIERS: Mainly trading in Atlantic area.

"CAPE HORN": On completion discharge coal from Newcastle, delivers, after repairs in Japan, to B. P. C. on time charter for approximately seven months phosphate trading.

"CAPE RODNEY": Tampa/E. Australia, phosphate, thence loads coal from Newcastle to Japan.

"CAPE SABLE": Nauru/West Australia, phosphate, thereafter fixed to load wheat from West Australia to U. K.

"CAPE WRATH": Tampa/Australia, phosphate, thence coal and phosphate trading for period; will probably undergo special survey in Japan during August.

"CAPE YORK": Redelivers from time charter to B. P. C. in July at Port Kembla, then loads sugar in Queensland for the United Kingdom.

"SCOTTISH MONARCH": Redelivers from Lyle time charter to owners in Japan early August.

"CAPE RONA": Kpeme (W. Africa)/West Australia, phosphate.

New Building: "Keel laying" at John Brown's commenced 30th April, 1965, expected ready March, 1966.

PERSONAL

Casualty List.

COLONEL P. C. MACFARLANE had to spend a couple of weeks in hospital following a fall at his home. We are glad to say he is now back at Ballagan, and we had a visit from him at the Office.

MRS. R. GILCHRIST who controls our Allotments Department spent a short time in hospital during May.

MRS. P. A. WALLACE had to return to hospital for observation and we hope that she will make better progress now that winter has been left behind.

Spring Chicken.

MR. & MRS. J. E. F. FULTON: Our congratulations on the birth of a daughter Angela, simultaneously making our Managing Director a grandfather.

Wedded Bliss:

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. L. Hocking and Mr. J. Slade on their marriages since we last went to press.

Cupid Strikes Again.

MR. H. WEDDELL: We are extremely pleased to announce the engagement of Mr. Weddell since the commencement of his leave and he hopes to be married prior to his next returning to sea.

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MR. MCKENZIE will be leaving shortly for Japan and will spend most of June there dealing with matters concerning "CAPE SABLE" and "CAPE HORN".

LETTERS

Captain C. G. Mallett,
M. V. "CAPE FRANKLIN",
29th March, 1965.

Company's Call Sign - We were all most interested to read in the latest edition of Newsletter of the radio contact made between "CAPE SABLE" and "CAPE WRATH" and using the call sign of GZXS. No doubt you will be very interested to read of the latest example of the value of the Company's call sign and the somewhat freak reception between this vessel and again "CAPE SABLE". This vessel was just north of the Canaries and "CAPE SABLE" was just off Brisbane in Queensland en route it seems from Newcastle, N. S. W., to Osaka, Japan. We have estimated that the great circle distance between the two vessels was 10,200 miles. Reception on this vessel was loud and clear, but we are of the opinion that reception on "CAPE SABLE" was not quite so good. However, you will fully agree that it was quite remarkable that the two vessels should be in radio contact.

Meteorological Office,
Bracknell, Berks.
11th February, 1965.

The International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea requires its signatories "to encourage the collection of meteorological data by ships at sea and to use this data in a manner most suitable for the purpose of aiding navigation".

Ever since May 1880 when we put a set of instruments aboard the "CAPE WRATH" for this purpose, ships of the Lyle Shipping Company have been well to the fore in collecting meteorological data for us and "CAPE HOWE's" maiden meteorological logbook which covered the period 11th April, 1964, to 28th July, 1964, is proving yet another valuable help to this country in fulfilling her commitments.

The Western Ocean, we know, does not produce any inducement for continuous meteorological observing and the fact that your officers have kept the meteorological logbook going and that your radio officer has been so good about sending the radio weather messages is a good measure of the keenness and enthusiasm for the work which pervades your ship. We are indeed grateful for your interest.- Addressed to Master, "CAPE HOWE".

Meteorological Office,
Bracknell, Berks.
5th April, 1965.

Each year we publish in the July issue of our journal, The Marine Observer, a photograph of each of the three ships who have sent us the most careful and painstaking meteorological logbooks during the preceding year.

The year ends on 31st March and we have just completed the list for last year. I have great pleasure in telling you that one of three places at the top of the list goes to your "CAPE FRANKLIN" for a meteorological logbook compiled whilst she was under the command of Captain C. G. Mallett.

We would be grateful if you could let us have, on loan, a photograph of this ship with your permission to publish it in the July, 1965 number of our journal. As we have to go to press a considerable time before the journal actually appears, we would like to have this photograph as quickly as possible. We would, of course, return it to you as soon as the printers block has been made.

A Committee Member,
"CAPE NELSON",
31st March, 1965.

As the Bar is a 'first time' with this vessel, commencing with the commencement of the present voyage, a few words will be in order, I think, and possibly of interest to others.

For the first week the bar was run by the Chief Steward, Mr. McKinley, but once well away and settled, and after some discussion, we decided to form a committee to run the bar ourselves. A meeting was called and a committee of four chosen by general agreement, to operate for three months when they can be re-elected, or others chosen. One member was elected Chairman, and one the Treasurer. After some further discussion and a vote, it was decided to each subscribe 10/- to the bar fund for a working capital, and to purchase daily our estimated requirements. A set of rules was drawn up, and prices list agreed, rota for tending the bar was also made up with a rule that the barman confine his drink to beer whilst serving and 'lightly does it'. So far all has gone well and it is being very successful, and I am sure that we all enjoy our turn as barman. Our rules will, no doubt, need some revision as we gain experience.

Suggestions for a name for the bar were called for, with the result that more than 60 were submitted. These were all listed and voted on for a short list, then a further vote brought out 'Spike and Spanner', as the winner, with 'Argonaut Arms', as the runner-up. After lots of rumours, and obviously a lot of work on the part of the 'makers', a copper name plate appeared, was fixed, and Mrs. Allan was elected to perform the naming ceremony after Rounds on Sunday, 28th March. This she charmingly did and equally charmingly invited all to partake of drinks at her expense, the whole ceremony being enjoyed by all.

Half the subscription to the bar fund has been refunded by way of a Sweep on the 'National', which was won by Mr. Safter Ali, Junior Engineer, just newly joined. Naturally it cost him a goodly portion in free drinks to other members! The other half of the subscription is proposed, but as yet not passed, to retain as membership fee for the 'Spike and Spanner' Club, with all new members to contribute likewise. The funds will eventually we hope, allow us to purchase a refrigerator for the bar, given Company permission to instal one, and provided it will not be too expensive. Cheap and good ones are available from the Electricity Boards, but the difficulty may be the levelling fitting which may have to be obtained elsewhere, ship repairers or such, and may be costly. It is also hoped to purchase rubber quoits for deck tennis, rackets and cocks for badminton, and other games for indoors.

It is no longer possible to hold table tennis matches as the space now available is too small, consequently we have taken up deck tennis and now have three courts marked out and quite a few enthusiastic players who play regularly, often assisted by our cat. Mrs. Allan was amongst the enthusiasts until she had a mysterious accident to her leg whilst playing one day, since when she has only been able to hobble around with some difficulty with tennis out of the question. Nevertheless, I think that both she and small daughter Suzanne are enjoying the trip. Scrabble seems to be the smoker room game now, and there are a few very expert 2, 3 and 4 letter word experts! One of our tennis enthusiasts has such a vicious 'serve' that considerable agility, and frequently two handed saves, are necessary to avoid annihilation, or being maimed for life. As it is, saving the serves is apt to, or feels like it, to take off a finger or so!

The crew's Bar is also successful, although not nearly so as our own. It has been christened 'Daddy's Bar', also 'Daddy's Grog Shop'. No Drunks - No Credit.

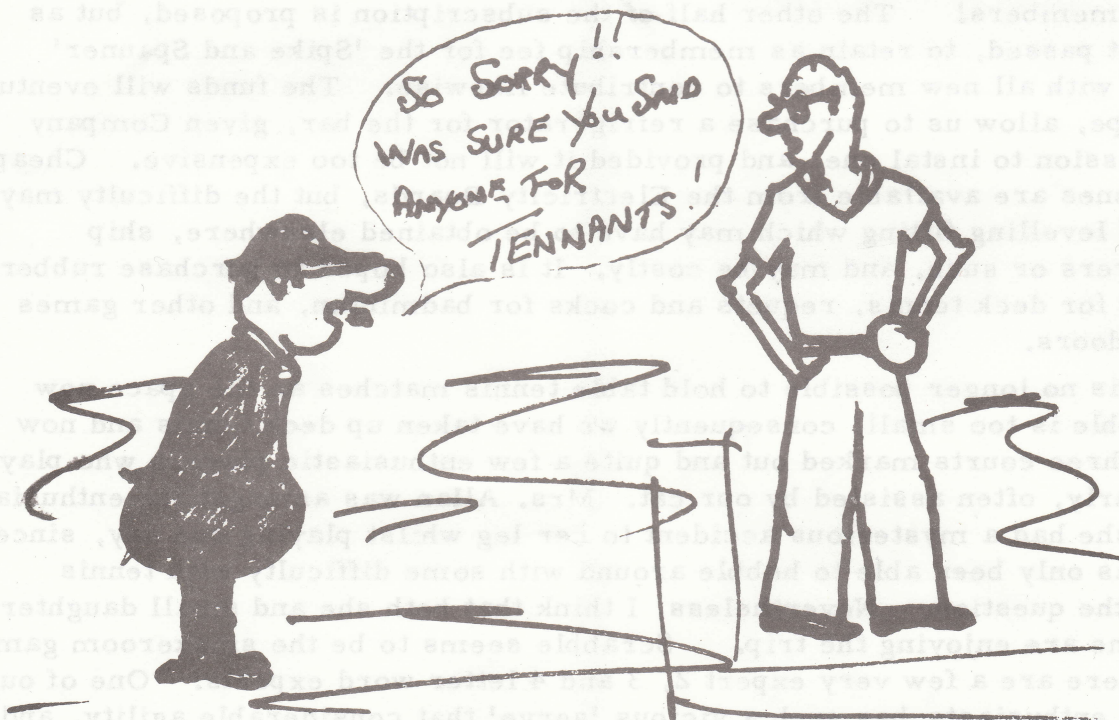
We are looking forward to the fitting of the Draught Beer outfit, and to sampling the beer. We feel that a greater variety of soft drinks would be welcome, especially lemonade for 'shandies, tonics, bitter lemon and such as we already have, for children, non-drinking wives, girl friends, etc.

A second sweep was held on the National for 'all hands', at 2/6d. This was won by 'Lecky' (Mr. Pate) 1st., Mr. Jack, 3rd Officer 2nd., and Mr. McKinlay 3rd. Rather unfortunate that all the prizes came to the 'thick end'.

Andy Capp has appeared in our midst, arriving about a week ago. One wonders how he has been allowed so far from home, and as to how he arrived, but arrive he did and is having some fun at our expense - but no drinks. Daily cartoons have appeared to date, to the amusement of all, and the embarrassment of some. The drawings are enclosed but we would like them back (for fear of copyright infringement).

Mr. Dempster, 3rd Engineer, is our expert and popular Barber, and by general agreement as to cost, and his kind donation, all fees - at 2/- a time - go to the bar funds. Mr. Dempster is also quite a handyman and has made a shield for the bar, also a till and an extra bottle rack.

That seems to be about all, except to wish the Newsletter every success. It certainly is proving to be very interesting to us all. -
Addressed to the Editor, Lyle Newsletter.



Wiltshire Bros.,
GERALDTON, W.A.
27th April, 1965.

It is with much pleasure we write to your goodself, after having had the pleasure of receiving from Captain Edge, Master of the M. V. "CAPE YORK", on your behalf, a beautiful picture of "GRETEL", our Country's representative, which depicts her leading in the America Cup, although only for perhaps a short space of time, it was very gratifying, and we are only sorry it was not at the finishing line. We can only hope that at some future date, this race will be won by your country or ours, so that we can arrest this world honour which has been in America's hands too long.

We had the pleasure of entertaining Captain Edge, Chief Officer, Chief Engineer, Chief Steward and Apprentice Mr. Agnew, at our Geraldton Yacht Club, which was very much appreciated by all, as was amply illustrated when Captain Edge made the presentation of the picture to our Club.

Another surprise was also appreciated by us when Captain Edge gave permission for the GPI4 Yacht to be raced against our Fleet, and to be skippered by my nephew, Russel Wiltshire, with his brother Bruce Wiltshire, Main Sheet Hand and Apprentice Mr. Agnew, Forward Hand. The race was closely followed throughout by myself, Mr. Len Wiltshire, father of the boys, and many Yacht Club Members, who became very enthusiastic, especially when it came near the finishing line, when they recorded fourth place. This was very pleasing to us and also the boys, for being a strange craft to them and sailing it for their first time, was considered a great effort on their behalf.

Once again we must thank you on behalf of the Geraldton Yacht Club for your generous gift.

Extract

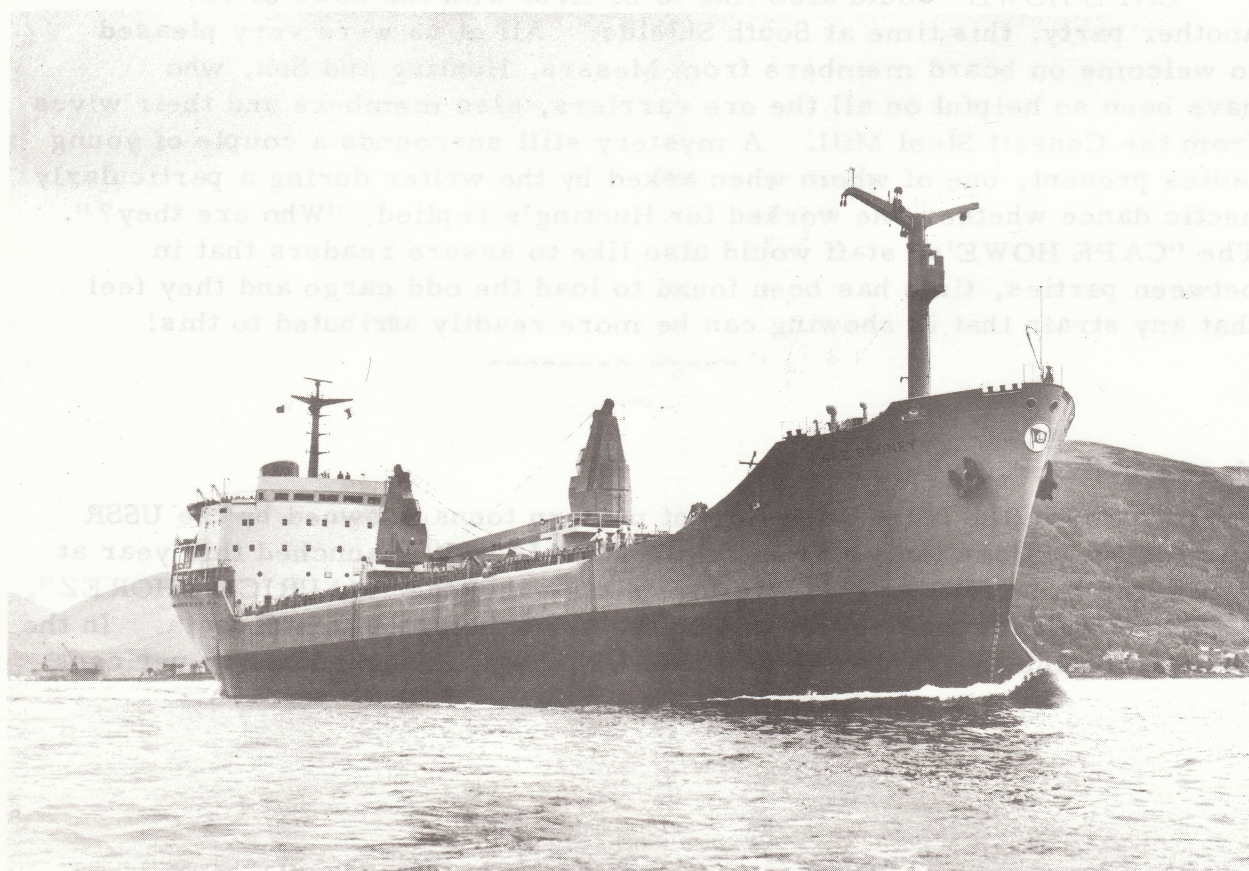
Captain P. Smith,
M. V. "CAPE HOWE",
14th March, 1965.

"CAPE HOWE" would also like to be first with the news of yet another party, this time at South Shields. All of us were very pleased to welcome on board members from Messrs. Hunting and Son, who have been so helpful on all the ore carriers, also members and their wives from the Consett Steel Mill. A mystery still surrounds a couple of young ladies present, one of whom when asked by the writer during a particularly hectic dance whether she worked for Hunting's replied, "Who are they?". The "CAPE HOWE's" staff would also like to assure readers that in between parties, time has been found to load the odd cargo and they feel that any strain that is showing can be more readily attributed to this!

Have you heard.....

Included in the increasing flow of modern tonnage owned by the USSR was the 62,000 ton tanker "PALMIRO TOGLIATTI", launched this year at Leningrad to be followed shortly by a sister ship the "MAURICE THOREZ", both vessels units in a series of large tankers being built in Russia. In the last decade the mercantile fleet of the USSR has increased by 150 per cent.

RODNEY TRIALS - On Wednesday, 20th May, the trial trip party for the "CAPE RODNEY" assembled on Gourock Pier. The weather was dull with some rain and the visibility was not good. It was, however, good enough to see the "CAPE RODNEY", and also a little further up the river the "CAPE NELSON", looking equally spick and span just having recently gone through survey. Each guest was handed a booklet about the "CAPE RODNEY" before embarking on the launch. On arrival on board the "CAPE RODNEY", coffee was served and then guests were shown round the vessel in parties by about six of Messrs. Lithgows' draughtsmen who were detailed off for this purpose. This was much appreciated as those who are not used to trial trips might well have found themselves more or less unable to see all the points of interest. As soon as all had boarded, we set off down river for Skelmorlie and the Measured Mile. By this time the rain had completely ceased and the visibility was improving. When we reached the Skelmorlie Mile the sun was beginning to appear and by lunch time we had a beautiful sunny day which continued until we left the vessel. Readers will be interested to learn that the "CAPE RODNEY" did an average of 17.455 knots on the Measured Mile at about 125 revs. developing about 8,500 horsepower. The steadiness of the vessel at this speed, and the lack of vibration, was commented on by a large number of the guests. From Skelmorlie, we proceeded at a more leisurely pace back to the Tail of the Bank. Prior to leaving the Builders' Yard, about 200 tons of rubble had been loaded into No. 5 hold and guests were given a demonstration of opening the hatches and seeing one of the cranes grabbing out the rubble and dumping it over the side. This operation was perhaps the most novel for those who have seen and attended other trial trips. At 4.30 p.m. a conference was held with the Builders and it was agreed to accept the vessel and, in customary fashion, the Builders' flag was lowered and the Lyle flag raised. Shortly after the ceremony, the guests left by launch for Gourock, well satisfied that they had had a jolly good day out and had seen a ship which, from an accommodation point of view, was beautiful and comfortable (many guests remarked on the high quality and beauty of the woodwork) and also a very useful and practical addition to the fleet. To Captain Sinclair and to Mr. Ingle, the Chief Engineer, and all officers and crew, we wish "Bon Voyage" on her maiden voyage to Tampa and beyond.



DAY ON A TROPICAL ISLAND

One always takes a yarn about fish, or those that try to catch them, with a pinch of salt, perhaps before readers finish the story to follow, they may feel the same way, or even worse thoughts may occur, "Away with the Fairies". Of course, perhaps by the time the Editor has finished with the story it may be a reject.

Last July, while loading sugar at Port Ellington, Fiji, my wife and I, and Chief Engineer, were invited to visit a tropical Island near by, where large tame fish could be seen, and fed by hand. This sounded most interesting and away from the usual run of things. The invitation came from one Paul Miller. He had purchased the Island a few years back and lived there with his wife. He ran the mooring lines of all vessels calling at Port Ellington. His Island was a centre of attraction for many of tourists that came to Fiji. Every weekend he had a large party. Charged £1 per head, that and what he had for running the mooring lines giving him a jolly good living.

The invitation was sprung on us about 0930 on the Sunday, and not much time was given us to prepare anything in the way of eats for the day. Steward did manage to make a few sandwiches or two. The launch was moored at the end of the jetty where we were moored. At about 0945 the tourists commenced to arrive, mostly Australian Mums, Dads and weans, all very heavily loaded with all the paraphernalia that is usually taken along by any Australian when on a picnic. Mainly consisted of fishing rods, all sorts of tackle, flippers, breathing masks. Mum and the weans were armed with this, while Dad carried on his shoulder the ice box, this being the most precious article of the day - it contained the cold beer and food and nothing was to part the Dads from the boxes. In all, there were twenty grown ups, few kids running around, sounded really like a dozen or so, in fact only four.

In due time all were on board, ladies under cover, men on deck looking after equipment and enjoying a sly beer, while Mum complained of the heat in the launch cabin. Paul was dressed in his Sunday best, bare feet, old shirt and pants that once had been white and beret of the Parachute Regiment. The run to the Island usually takes about thirty minutes. However, in our case took a good deal longer, due to the overloading. Paul certainly had more faith in the launch than I had. He was down below with the ladies and appeared more than happy as he talked about the last trip he made with tourists and they had to swim for it. The engine never made one false note despite the very heavy load, freeboard was a matter of a few inches.

The fishermen soon had their spinners out, which took about two knots off our speed, but was all in vain and not their day, and the beer was passed round just to show there was no ill feeling.

As we approached the Island, one could see it really was the ideal Tropical Island, golden sand running the entire length and backed by Palm trees. Just the spot to laze in the sun and swim and forget all the mad rush of our modern world - Stores Control, Monthly Returns, Sundays at Sea and Income Tax.

A neat little house could be seen, very modern in design, surrounded on three sides by Palm trees. The front of the house faced the beach and they had a wonderful view over to the mainland. Tropical flowers and plants, gay and rich in colour, made a lovely garden to the front. Paul had built the house himself. Had all modern fittings, even to running water in the bathroom. Kerosene fridge, alladin lamps for lighting. He had his own fresh water bore with water pumped to the house. Just an ideal set up.

When about 100 yards from the beach Paul pointed out the tame fish coming to meet the launch. We were given a few sardines and told to give them to the fish, not to throw them, but to allow the fish to come out of the water and take the sardines out of our hands. On seeing the fish this seemed a tall order. They were a type of Rock Cod, weighing about 50 lbs each.

his hand, jumping out of the water to do so. To see the large mouth open and still find your finger there after the sardine had gone was quite wonderful. We were all a shade leary of them to begin with. However, in no time the fish were being fed by all. There were nine of them and they appeared to have the time of their lives leaping up for the sardines.

On making our landing on the beach the men folk lugged all the gear, etc., ashore having to wade for the last ten yards or so. The fish followed us right to the waters edge, now and again one could feel a nudge around the ankles. This was the fish looking for further food. Ladies were told to proceed to the house where they met Paul's wife, a most charming lady indeed. Her origin may have been Fijian, certainly not European. In time, the ladies appeared dressed in quite an assortment of beach togs (shall rejoin the fish shortly) most pleasing to the eye, despite the fact some of the figures would have been more suited to the Victorian type of beach wear than the modern Bikini. However, against that there were other figures of the "Ou, la la!" type. In no time most of the party were down at the water's edge. Paul had placed a large bag of sardines for our use and for the next hour or so the fish had a grand time. They even came right to the water's edge, would even wriggle clear of the water to take the sardine from one. Was really a sight that one had to see to really believe. While I hung just at the water's edge, the fish came right up to me. I put out my hand to stroke the head of the one nearest to me. It just stayed there and looked at me with its fishy eyes which seemed to say, "this is fine, but let's have another sardine or two". They appeared to know Paul as quite different from the visitors. As soon as he moved to the water's edge they left us immediately and went to him. He could lift them out of the water for a little. I tried it with another lad, both joined our hands under the water and when one of the fish swam over our hands we lifted and had to use all our strength. The fish were rather slippery to hold that way and always wriggled back into the water.

The fish were in no way contained, were free to swim off in any direction. Paul was talking to me about the fish and said he had them over in the Mainland when he bought the Island took them over with him but did not think they would remain. First morning he walked down to the beach with some sardines but did not expect to see them. However, there they were all waiting to be fed. Has been that way ever since and should he be a little late with their breakfast, he can hear them splashing about and making quite a noise as if to attract his attention. When they either see him or hear him as he approaches the beach, all is quiet, and they are all lined up just on the water's edge waiting to be fed.

After lunch, the fishermen in the party went off with Paul to do a spot of fishing, remainder of the party just lazed about on the beach either in the sun or under the shade of a palm tree with the odd swim to cool off. One was usually followed by the fish which was a shade alarming at first as one always had the thought they might consider a change of diet! Mrs. Miller opened up a few coconuts, the milk was lovely and cool and most pleasant to drink. My wife was invited to have a look at the house. She was away for quite some time and must have had a good old blether as she came back with quite a bit re life on the Island.

We were all sorry when it was time to return to the Mainland and all expressed the same thought - ideal spot to live and get away from it all. Be just the place for a holiday. However Paul would not consider having such. The weekends with the tourists are quite enough.

I obtained some fine snaps of the Island and the fish and if any of the readers feel that what they have read sounds "fishy" then, for a slight consideration, can prove otherwise. If ever at Port Ellington, the Island is well worth a visit. - Captain A. B. Sutherland, S. T. S. "CAPE SABLE".

P E R S O N N E L

M.V."CAPE FRANKLIN"

A. Hunter	Master
G. Anderson	1st Mate
E. Pittaway	2nd Mate
R. Williams	3rd Mate
E. Gudgeon	Radio Officer
W. Anderson	Chief Engineer
D. MacLeod	2nd Engineer
F. Lovat	3rd Engineer
A. Jack	4th Engineer
W. Kinnear	Extra 4th Engr.
J. Campbell	Junior Engineer
G. Smith	Junior Engineer
R. Munn	Electrician
H. Scollay	Chief Steward
P. O'Brien	2nd Steward
E. Simber	Cook
L. Rees	Bosun
D. MacKay	Carpenter

M.V."CAPE HORN"

T. Hogg	Master
J. May	1st Mate
J. Murray	2nd Mate
G. Young	3rd Mate
J. Rowland	Radio Officer
T.C. Skeffington	Cadet
P. Dyson	Cadet
J. Loughran	Chief Engineer
A. Harbinson	2nd Engineer
M. Henry	3rd Engineer
R. Wallace	4th Engineer
G. McClement	Junior Engineer
W. Muir	Junior Engineer
J. Schofield	Junior Engineer
J. McMillan	Electrician
P. Coles	Chief Steward
J. Pemberton	2nd Steward
D. MacLean	Cook
A. Dickenson	Bosun
A. Burns	Carpenter

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M.V."CAPE HOWE"

P. Smith	Master
D. Cormack	1st Mate
P. Cooney	2nd Mate
J. Purdon	3rd Mate
O. Mahon	Radio Officer
W. Reay	Cadet
B. Smith	Chief Engineer
D. Ingram	2nd Engineer
D. Williams	3rd Engineer
J. Buchanan	4th Engineer
R. McLean	Junior Engineer
D. Ross	Junior Engineer
Dawood Kassim	Junior Engineer
Safdar Ali	Junior Engineer
J. Leiper	Electrician
A. Smithson	Chief Steward
F. Pells	2nd Steward
J. Brown	Cook
R. Wilson	Bosun
A. Tregidgo	Carpenter

M.V."CAPE NELSON"

D.M. Taylor	Master
J. Roberts	1st Mate
W. Campbell	2nd Mate
W.G. Downie	3rd Mate
C. MacKay	Radio Officer
G.R. Waterston	Cadet
G. Caughey	Chief Engineer
G. Harrison	2nd Engineer
D. Dempster	3rd Engineer
J. Stevenson	4th Engineer
J. Carmichael	Junior Engineer
R. McInnes	Junior Engineer
D.A. Little	Junior Engineer
T. Pate	Electrician
J.R. Robertson	Electrician
A. Randle	Chief Steward
P. Percy	2nd Steward
R. Sherriff	Cook
J. MacFarlane	Bosun
T. Woods	Carpenter

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M. V. "CAPE RODNEY"

D. Sinclair	Master
J. Hetherington	1st Mate
D. Sim	2nd Mate
J. Jack	3rd Mate
W. MacLeod	Radio Officer
C. MacDonald	Cadet
C. Pearson	Cadet
H. Ingle	Chief Engineer
D. Anderson	2nd Engineer
J. Hamilton	3rd Engineer
R. Hutchison	4th Engineer
J. Patton	5th Engineer
H. McKinlay	Chief Steward

S. T. S. "CAPE SABLE"

A. B. Sutherland	Master
S. Readman	1st Mate
P. Richardson	2nd Mate
B. Coombe	3rd Mate
L. Cameron	Radio Officer
A. M. Hill	Cadet
P. Smart	Cadet
D. Rankin	Cadet
W. Kilpatrick	Chief Engineer
J. Denzil	2nd Engineer
C. MacKinnon	3rd Engineer
A. Dias	Extra 3rd Engr.
P. Bell	Junior Engineer
G. Tait	Junior Engineer
T. Coombe	Electrician
L. Millson	Chief Steward
R. Cathcart	2nd Steward
E. Hutter	Cook
W. Wilson	Bosun
D. MacLeod	Carpenter

S. T. S. "CAPE WRATH"

A. M. Fraser	Master
R. Marshall	1st Mate
L. Hocking	2nd Mate
H. Taylor	3rd Mate
W. Rennie	Radio Officer
N. Battersby	Cadet
G. Anderson	Cadet
M. Pickup	Cadet
A. Hunter	Chief Engineer
R. Taylor	2nd Engineer
J. Weir	3rd Engineer
M. Bryce	4th Engineer
W. Wells	4th Engineer
R. Franklin	Junior Engineer
A. R. Cloud	Junior Engineer
R. J. Either	Junior Engineer
R. Donaldson	Junior Engineer
W. Clenaghan	Electrician
J. Clancey	Chief Steward
N. Vanderheim	2nd Steward
W. Hocking	Bosun
F. Dixon	Carpenter

M. V. "CAPE YORK"

T. P. Edge	Master
A. Farquhar	1st Mate
B. Lawson	2nd Mate
W. Anderson	3rd Mate
B. Breslin	Radio Officer
A. Agnew	Cadet
C. McKay	Cadet
J. Black	Chief Engineer
R. Nairn	2nd Engineer
D. McLeod	3rd Engineer
J. Kelly	4th Engineer
W. Bateman	Junior Engineer
J. Croal	Junior Engineer
W. MacDonald	Junior Engineer
W. Hornshaw	Electrician
R. Liddle	Chief Steward
H. Sawyer	2nd Steward
J. Kerrigan	Cook
P. Sharman	Bosun
D. Thomson	Carpenter

PRESENTLY STUDYING FOR CERTIFICATES

D. Gordon	Master's
B. Kewley	Master's
J. King	1st Mate's
N. Wilson	2nd Mate's
K. Curry	2nd Mate's
G. Mains	1st Class
G. Law	2nd Class
D. Smart	2nd Class
J. Potts	2nd Class

PRESENTLY ON LEAVE

Captain A. MacLeod	J. Allan, Chief Engineer
Captain C. G. Mallett	D. Campbell, 2nd Engineer
Captain T. R. Baker	A. MacDonald, 2nd Engineer
H. Weddell, 1st Mate	R. Bute, 3rd Engineer
F. Dalby, 1st Mate	B. Sharp, 3rd Engineer
C. MacLean, 2nd Mate	J. Lincoln, 3rd Engineer
A. Williamson, 2nd Mate	R. Shields, Chief Steward
J. MacKay, 2nd Mate	J. Smith, Chief Steward
R. White, 3rd Mate	C. Perkins, Cook
R. Duthie, Cadet	N. Carpenter, Cook
J. Hamilton Chief Engineer	B. Crombie, Carpenter
W. Moore, Chief Engineer	

The following Officers are to be congratulated on successfully obtaining their Certificates:-

G. Anderson	Master's
R. Taylor	1st Class Steam
D. Sim	1st Mate's

Those who have entered the Company Staff Service Scheme will be interested to know that we now have full approval from the Board of Trade on the operation of our Scheme. These officials with whom we have been dealing have informed us a slight modification of salary disposal will be necessary. When this has been worked out all who are affected will be advised.

Have you heard

Lloyd's report for 1964 mentions four 160,000 ton tankers being built under the Society's classification. During the period reviewed, 4,187,354 tons gross were launched, 650 ships of 3,553,029 tons gross were completed to class (compared with 619 ships of 3,200,486 tons in 1963) and plans for 826 ships of 5,019,300 tons gross approved (as opposed to 3,927,940 tons in 1963). The single deck bulk carrier with topside tanks remains the most popular design.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE WITH THE MEN
OF CLYDESIDE

(By HON of The Sunday Post)

I was fair flabbergasted when the Ed handed me last week's assignment - HON will report to Lithgow's yard at Greenock on Tuesday morning to launch a ship! Was he kidding? Many's the time I've shoved an oary boat into the sea at Rothesay, but launch a real live ship? I wouldn't know where to start. Ach, but it would aye be something to boast about to my grandbairns. "O.K." I said to the Ed, "What'll I wear? Top hat and tails?". He smiled. "Dungarees," he said.

I knew there was a snag. The plan was for me to get my jacket off and get tore in with the men who did the work under the ship. Big Jim Brunton, Lithgow's general manager, was waiting for me as I walked into the yard. What a giant of a man. No wonder that bashed bowler of his commands respect. He greeted me with a handshake that would have crushed a walnut, and led me to the bay that held the ship - all 17,000 tons of it, 500 feet long and 80 feet wide. Then I got my marching orders. Big Jim pointed to a kind of cubby-hole. "Away inside", he ordered, "and help get the shoring down."

I got into my working clobber and wriggled in under the ship. Help! It was like the black hole of Calcutta. I was in a five foot high clearing right underneath the ship! A bunch of brawny Clydesiders were busy belting away the huge fat wooden props that held her up. Haw, maw, I wanna go home. If that lot came down on top of me they'd need a razor blade to pick me up. But as I fled foreman labourer George Mullen, Station Road, Port Glasgow, grabbed me by the shirt. "Awa' ye big feartie," he said. "Look, we're only knocking away these supports so the ship will settle firmly on the two main runners. Listen....." Creak! The noise made my hair stand on end. But I put a brave face on it and grabbed a huge sledge-hammer by the handle. No kidding. It took me all my time to even lift it. Wee Wullie, the lad working beside me, could whip out one prop with a couple of quick swipes. It took me ten belts to even budge it. I was fair wabbit by the time I'd knocked out one support. I sat down for a breather. The boys were on to me like a flash. "It's no' the tea break yet, Hon." "He's been oan the beer last night" "Watch ye dinna get barnacles on your bottom."

The lads didn't half take the mickey. When I tried to take another fly rest someone yelled, "Gie the Hon a bowler hat. He looks cut oot to be a foreman!" Then Jimmy showed me the taline wax used to grease the two main runners on which the ship would slide into the water - we hoped. What a pong! It was 12.15 - 15 minutes to zero hour. I could feel the tingle of excitement trembling up from my toes. It would take split-second timing, aye, and the generations of experience in those calloused hands, to get that ship moving from the flea-bite of a champagne bottle! "Away bilge supports," yelled Mr. Smith, the foreman shipwright. He's the big shot on launch day. "Up and at 'em, Hon" yelled Geordie Jullen. A squad of men grabbed a huge battering ram, 25 feet long. Along its length it had iron handles for a good grip. One.... and two.... and thump! We hit the bilge supports with a belt that stunned every bone in my body. "This should be easy for you", said the lad behind me. "Ye write a load o' bilge every week onywey." "Ach, don't be hard on him" came the quick reply. "He's the only man I know can make my mither-in-law laugh." It's a good job I'm thick-skinned.

Tharrump! That was the first support gone at last. But there were eight others exactly the same on each side to be belted out in ten minutes flat!

Bv/

By the time we reached the last I felt as if I'd been stretched on the rack. It was 12.25. The ship was "hot". So was I. The sweat was lashing off me in buckets. Big Jim led me underneath again to the wooden "tell-tale" that shows when the ship's bottom starts to move. It was just on the go. High time someone got cracking with the champagne or they'd be left staring at empty space. Quickly the signal was passed to the platform party. The chaplain said a prayer, and blessed the ship. All I can say is, it's a good job he wasn't one of those long-winded ministers, for the tell-tale was slowly widening. "Right", said Bob Kirkwood, a senior carpenter. "This is your big moment Hon." He led me - well, dragged me would be nearer the truth - back under the ship to a piece of rope, a pin and a counter-weight. "When the lady smashes the bottle I'll pull out this pin" said Bob. "You cut the rope - and away she'll go!" You mean that wee bit of string's all that's holding the ship back now? It was almost unbelievable, but true!

High above me, Mrs. J. P. Agnew, wife of a director of the shipping company who've bought the ship raised the bottle of champagne. "I name this ship "CAPE RODNEY". May God bless her and all who sail on her". Crash! I could have done with a wee sip of that champagne to steady my nerves. "Now Hon", shouted Bob. I sawed and sawed at the string with my trusty tobacco knife. Twang! The rope parted. I leaped back like a startled deer. What a let-down. For a moment nothing happened. The "CAPE RODNEY" stood stock-still, like a frozen giant. I was petrified. Wait till Big Jim got his hands on me! What on earth had I done wrong? Move, you big idiot, move, I urged the RODNEY. I was so desperate I even gave her a skite with my hands. The "CAPE RODNEY" creaked. An inch six inches a foot. She gathered speed. I cheered. The shipbuilders cheered. The ladies on the platform cheered. Everybody cheered. And that's the last thing I heard for some time. For I was deafened by the thunder of the two bundles of drag chains the ship took with her.

What a relief when she was afloat. A real beauty, with tugs fussing around her. No longer a lump of metal. Now a big ship that floated with all the grace of a Royal swan. I saw Moses Loveman, of Greenock, looking wistfully out to the river. "That's my four hundredth ship", he said proudly. Then he went away to give the yard cats their lunch! He hasn't missed a day at the yards for over 20 years. No strikes, no holidays. "The cats rely on me," says Moses simply.

Proudly I took a last look at the "CAPE RODNEY". A year's planning. Seven months hard work for 600 men £1 million to buy. Planning co-operation, skill. No matter where she is, or what she's carrying, she'll take one message round the world. Clyde built! The 600 men who each put something of themselves into that ship know she's the best in the world.

P.S. There's a wee bit of me too. For though she may carry the name "CAPE RODNEY" on her bows, underneath, on the bilges, is scraped for every fish to see - Hon. February, 1965.

THE FAILURE - By IAN DUBH

They were five in number and hadn't yet begun to hit it up. Their voices were low, barely an audible murmur. Suddenly there came the challenge, clear and distant, "What about a beer?". There was a hush of sufficient duration for the mind to ask the question, "Who is paying?", (they were Scotsmen) then with raised heads and eyes that sparkled, the answer came back as though from one man "Aye".

The mere mention of the mystic word "beer" seemed to infuse in each individual a greater will to live. I, as an onlooker, envied those stout hearted fellows this sudden uplifting surge of spirit. What had I done to bar me from being fired with a similar enthusiasm; from becoming one with this group. Oft were the times I tried to acquire a taste for the amber tinged beverage, to gaze in rapture at the soft white froth, which on bursting drenched the air with the exotic perfume of blended malt and hops. Something in my metabolic or physical make-up denies me the pleasures that newsprint, T.V. commercials and the cinema screen assure me can be enjoyed when "Mabel" or "Blondie", or some other curvaceous beery damsel gives you a pint from the Red Barrel.

No, when it came to the test I failed at the first hurdle. I couldn't gulp with zest the teeniest hauf pint of beer. Mind you, my efforts to graduate meant I had been places and present when prodigious feats of "knocking them back" were enacted by some of the finest and outstanding beer guzzlers of my day. Study of the different techniques was of no avail and so, I am sad to say, a "Beer disliker".

It is not an eye witness account of any of those memorable occasions that I wish to write. I merely want to put on paper the reflections of a sober wanderer in the hallowed halls and temples wherein this delicious nectar is imbibed by the seasoned initiates.

Let us first visit the howff of gloomy aspect - here light is emitted from a shadeless twentyfive watt bulb and barely penetrates the blanket of thick black plug tobacco smoke. Consequently, on looking at the nearest habitue, all you see is a pair of gleaming eyes peering from under the visor or skip o' the bunnet. The bar top is sopping wet with spilt beer, this is often used by cavernous faced individuals who make cabalistic signs illustrating how the local centre forward juked the onrushing back and plonked the ba' in the back o' the net. In this lowly shrine the presiding Mine Host presents a rather grim, scarred face, is of heavy build with a voice to match, and when that voice utters the benediction of "Time gentlemen please", only the most foolhardy of persons would ignore it.

In recent years the Brewery Barons designed a new style of meeting place for the adherents and called them "Lounge Bars". No saw-dust on the floor, no rail to rest the weary foot, no jovial faced Mine Host extending a warm welcome. Now all around you are bright lights, chrome fittings and psuedo wood patterned in formica. To take the weight off your ankles you balance yourself precariously on a stool similar to those used by the milkmaid of the past and when at last you are poised in perfect equilibrium, the affected soft voice of a vintage class suicide blonde cooes in your ear, "What will it be Dear?".

Or there is that exquisite wee pub about ten miles out of town that everyone raves about, where you must duck your head at the same time as you step/

step down to a lower level and should you be unable to co-ordinate the two actions you land in a heap and have embarrassing explanations to make to the publican convincing him that you are sober. Here we have a place that is truly a home from home for the seasoned imbibor, here farmyard sounds act as an accompaniment to his gurglings and oh the breath-catching blending of the so called healthy country odours with the bouquet of his pint of wallop. What fitter place to savour the blissful joys of downing a pint.

Over in the States drinking is carried out in "Beer Parlours" (Speakeasy now being a bad word) and here we find them endeavouring to keep up with the modern approach to life. Filling one corner is a Juke-box, resplendent with flashing lights and an insatiable demand for dimes, and in the opposite corner, high up, is fixed a king size T. V. As the American way of life is to keep on the go and not let a minute drag, you find very often that you can listen to Elvis lacerating a tonsil and at the same time view the Red Sox carving chunks out of the Cardinals. One thing most noticeable in these Parlours, drinking is treated as a very serious matter - no one speaks, just the nod of the head and the flowing bowl is filled again. It may be that the poor lad is punch drunk with the impact of the combined T. V. and Juke-box on his nervous system and thus not conscious of the hog-wash he is mopping up, for in my humble opinion to call yon liquid "beer" is stretching the imagination pretty far.

Down under in Australia their gay devil-may-care outlook permeates the pub atmosphere and engenders a wonderful spirit of friendliness. Here one sees gallons of "Swan", of "Touths" absorbed by the inhabitants, but woe betide the incautious "Pommy" if he treats this beer disdainfully and quaffs of it freely. Next morning he will wish he were "down under" - anything to curb the mules kicking the walls of his tummy, and to stop the attack of palsy that is shaking his limbs. On entering my first Australian Boozer, I would have sworn I was entering the close of a posh Kelvinside tenement. It was tiled in green from floor to roof. Most antiseptic. The inveterate Australian drinker has fought hard to prevent the prying female entering his domain, but in the end had to make concessions and has provided a place apart, and the only occasion he can invade this territory is when accompanying a lady, or his wife.

My peregrinations covered Japan and here we find bars tucked away from the main streets and in some of the most unexpected places. Flamboyant signs coupled with very colourful names are employed as a means to entice the seeker of liquid solace within its portals. On entering the male finds that every means to exploit his ego is used. Here, the presiding Mama San, ably assisted by her vestal attendants, diligently devote themselves in maintaining the beer level not greater than one inch from the glass rim. "Moosi, moosi", welcomes you on entering and thereafter "So" and "Hi" would appear to be sufficient of the Japanese vocabulary to smooth the way to a glorious session of hard drinking. Each bar has its own particular matchbox with its name in Japanese and in English. This to the serious drinker is a wonderful aid, as by counting the number of different boxes he has in his possession he can make a close estimate of his intake the previous evening, and furthermore, only by such evidence can he substantiate his boasts regarding his prowess of carrying a load.

I have belched in German Beer Gardens, blustered through French Bistros, slipped into quite a number of low dives, but to write further of these places would remind me too poignantly of my many failures to qualify to the high and exalted body of soaks.

Dear reader, should you ever suffer a spasm of revulsion to beer, it is to be hoped the condition clears up quickly, leaving no dregs behind, and thus escape the torments of A BEER DISLIKER.

MASTERS' ONLY CORNER

It has become quite clear that so far as the present government is concerned, British shipping can expect no assistance from that quarter. As far as new building goes, present financial regulations favour the foreign buyer and the remainder of the current Finance Bill holds little comfort for the British Shipowner for it will place further strain on his ability to accumulate reserves for new building. Thus our fears are realised and we are more or less told to put our own house in order and become more competitive. That we have already started to attempt this the following will show and we are encouraged by the manner in which our Masters are entering into the spirit of the resultant reorganisation.

Fuel Consumption Policy: Emerging from our survey of running costs comes the conclusion that time is the vital factor. Fuel costs become secondary and Masters should normally steam at the maximum speed consistent with safety of ship and machinery. In so doing, weather conditions and arrival time at destination must enter your calculations so agents must be closely consulted. In the case of the turbine vessels, Masters have already been authorised to incur higher fuel consumptions to achieve a speed in the region of 15 knots. Comments on the effect of this change in policy will be appreciated when individual ships have carried it out for a period.

These figures are an analysis of overtime returns from all ships for the quarter ended 31st March, 1965, expressed in pounds sterling:-

	<u>Franklin</u>	<u>Horn</u>	<u>Howe</u>	<u>Nelson</u>	<u>Sable</u>	<u>Wrath</u>	<u>York</u>
Deck	836	754	469	658	709	585	851
Engineroom	720	178	366	314	308	788	681
Catering	382	399	467	345	337	325	482

The undernoted are some of the latest running costs based on information presently available to us. Costs are expressed in pounds sterling per day with due allowance for any exceptional situation.

	<u>Repairs</u>	<u>Portage</u>	<u>Stores</u>	<u>Provisions</u>	<u>Sundries</u>	<u>Wireless</u>
Franklin	40	156	27.12	18	4.28	3
Horn	55	147	22.93	20	3.60	3
Howe	25	165	30.53	17	3.62	3
Nelson	35	156	31.63	18	3.97	3
Sable	60	160	24.57	20	3.56	2
Wrath	65	161	25.11	20	4.02	2
York	75	152	29.45	22	4.46	3