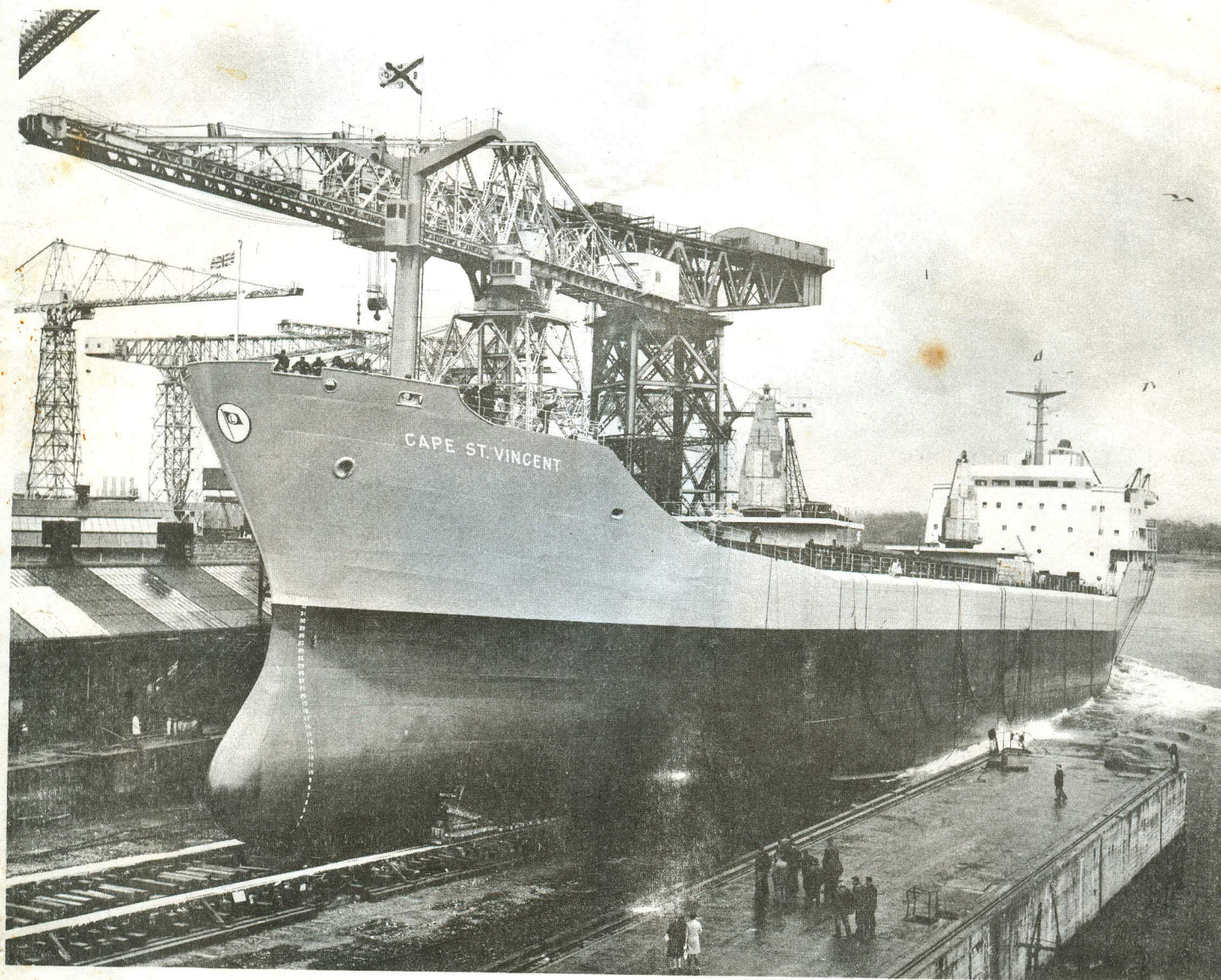




LYLE NEWSLETTER

10/66 - JULY



M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT" - LAUNCHING 5TH MAY, 1966

We welcome new readers to these pages and hope you will find them of some interest, though, their contents being directed towards Lyle sea-going and shore staff, it is bound to be somewhat parochial.

One of our new readers - we hope - is Miss Peggy McKinnon of Auckland and we have sent a copy to her as a token of our thanks for the kindly treatment and friendliness towards Lyle visitors in Auckland. Her fame is certainly spreading abroad as it has now reached the 'Far North', and we would like to say 'thanks to you for all you have done in the past, and wish you well in the future. We hope this letter will help you to keep in touch with many of your friends in Lyles.' We understand her present address is Flat A6, Pensioners Flat, Khyber Pass, Auckland, N.Z.

Halt and Deliver - It is difficult to ignore the subject of the seamen's strike, despite the amount of publicity it has received, though there are some of us who can speculate on what has not been publicised. The difficulty in such situations is the raising of emotions which cloud the issues and give rise to quite astonishing comment from the ignorant. We, ourselves, long for the seaman, himself, to use his vote so that at least we know what the will of the majority is, and not, despite protestations to the contrary, the minority. Certainly the strike action has dealt a grievous blow to the industry, which, without doubt, affects the seaman's future in not quite the way he intended. Whatever the rights and wrongs, surely in this day and age there is a more modern and civilised way of obtaining a satisfactory solution. The real problem is the presence of undercurrents not under the control of shipowners, seamen, or, we suspect, the Union. It was sad to hear of the number of crew members who were against the action but helpless to do anything.

Our thanks go again to the contributors to this issue - now we know how Winston Churchill felt when he uttered the immortal words "Never has so much been owed by so many to so few."

The launch of "CAPE ST. VINCENT" is illustrated in this edition, since when vessel ran trials successfully on the 13th June. "CAPE ST. VINCENT" has experienced 'growing pains' which have left her a stout 20,022 tons (due to modifications giving her tanker immersion). This hefty infant was held up, of course, due to the strike. Short accounts of both launch and trials appear elsewhere in this issue.

Late Special - The "CAPE SABLE" has been sold to foreign buyers for delivery in the U.K. about 12th July. Despite her recent date of building, she proved uneconomic to operate and the seamen's strike was the final blow which forced us to act earlier than we had previously intended.

PERSONAL

Mr. W. Nicholson has recently been appointed Chairman of the Scottish Committee of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and in that capacity attended the Conference of Chairmen of the National and U.K. Committees of the Society held in London in June.

Mr. F. J. MacKerron continues to make progress but, though back to full duty, is endeavouring to confine his activities to the Glasgow area as a temporary measure.

Captain R. D. Love has been appointed Marine Superintendent of the Company as from 1st June, 1966. Announcements have been made in the press to this effect, and fuller details of the reorganisation are given in Lyle Fleet Orders. We congratulate

Mr. A. McKenzie flew once again to Japan during June, this time on an unexpected and highly unwelcome visit to a stricken "CAPE WRATH" which limped into Japan with a machinery ailment.

Captain Hogg & Mr. Loughran attended the Shipping Federation Personnel Course at Dunblane in May. Reports of the value of this Course remain very favourable.

Captain J. R. McIntyre: We regret having to report the death of Captain John R. McIntyre on 14th June, aged 78. Captain McIntyre joined the Company as Chief Officer on 27th September, 1929, being appointed to S.S. "CAPE COMORIN". He took over command of the same vessel at New Plymouth on 14th March, 1934. After serving on many of the Company's ships, he retired from M.V. "CAPE RODNEY" on 21st August, 1954. Captain McIntyre visited us regularly until recently, and he will be sadly missed here as well as in his haunt at the Cape Horners' Club. Our sympathy goes to Mrs. McIntyre.

Miss Anne Bowie: Our congratulations on her appointment as Senior Typist - a well-earned promotion we might add.

Typists Department: We were a little premature in recording the arrival of Miss Sheila McOmish and Miss Gillian Hamilton, as it was very much a case of 'hail and farewell', both leaving after a short period for domestic reasons. In their places we welcome Miss Linda Taylor and Miss Linda Forbes, and wish them well in their appointments.

LETTERS

Captain C. G. Mallett
M.V. "CAPE FRANKLIN".

Dear Editor,

We were all most interested to read in a recent edition of "NEWSLETTER" the article written by Captain Jones about this vessel's visit to Murmansk last July, and it has struck me that your readers might be interested in another voyage in this ship to the same port, but in the month of January. I am afraid, however, that I am not able to entirely agree with Captain Jones' somewhat pleasant account of this Soviet port, even allowing for the difference in seasons.

Vessel sailed on this occasion from the N.E. coast for Murmansk and, as heavy weather was encountered in the vicinity of the Lofoten Islands, it was decided to proceed through the Norwegian Fjords. For the next thirty hours good progress was made, despite heavy falls of snow and extensive areas of sea smoke. Eventually we again entered the open sea just East of the North Cape. From here to our destination weather was extremely cold, with heavy snow squalls and sea smoke, but no heavy ice. We duly arrived off the Kola River, keeping strictly to the courses as laid down by the Soviet Authorities, and entered the river during daylight. One is required to steam up river about five miles before a Pilot is available. While this was being carried out, we had the feeling of being continually watched with suspicion, and were twice examined by Naval patrol ships, both of whom completely steamed round vessel, but made no attempt to communicate. It should be explained that this area of the river, and up to Murmansk, about twenty miles, is used as the main Soviet Arctic Naval Port. The/

The Pilot, who was quite young and spoke very good English, explained that we should have to anchor in the roads for 3-4 days to await a loading berth. On our inquiring from the Pilot just how things were in Russia, he informed us that things were not as bad as one hears. He admitted, however, that the present Government was spending too much on heavy industry. It was noticed on this passage up river that the nuclear-powered icebreaker "LENIN" was moored just below the City. It seems she is widely used, but has been found almost too powerful. As she breaks the ice, a less powerful icebreaker must follow astern, clearing the huge masses of ice broken by the "LENIN". Merchant ships are then able to proceed astern of the second icebreaker.

On our arrival in the roads, vessel was boarded by usual Port Officials, but no agents, who did, however, keep in touch by V.H.F. radio. Pilot was requested or ordered to remain aboard to act as interpreter. Officials were found to be smartly dressed in warm uniforms, quite efficient but extremely suspicious. They refused rather curtly any hospitality in the way of drinks or cigarettes - most unusual for Port Officials. The Port Doctor was a female, who did appear friendlier and more cheerful than the male officials. The usual passes were issued to crew members for use when we eventually moved alongside, with a reminder that all shore leave expired at 2300 hours.

We remained in the roads for about three days and the outlook was most grim. Temperatures ranged from 7-15°F. Heavy snow blizzards swept the area every few hours. Daylight lasted about five hours and the view of the city was quite depressing and appeared to consist chiefly of huge blocks of flats. No attempt had been made to clear the roads of snow and ice, so that the entire city had a dark grim and frozen look. Crew was almost thirty-six hours in opening hatches, which were frozen solid. It seems that during the war, although the city was never occupied by enemy forces, it was almost destroyed by fire.

Eventually we were able to proceed alongside loading berth. Conditions were as Captain Jones has described, with an armed sentry at the gangway day and night. These soldiers are required to do eight hours of duty at a time, despite the Arctic conditions. Pilot who moved vessel alongside was an ex-Shipmaster and spoke fair English. He told me that as he was employed in an Arctic port he was allowed six weeks' holiday each summer when he and his wife were able to travel to a Black Sea resort - this being the Whitley Bay of Russia - and all at Government expense, apart from a small charge for subsistence. He also told me that it was not possible to own a car unless one had a very good job. This, it seems, was far beyond the reach of the average Shipmaster or Pilot. However, some of the fishing boat Skippers, who are paid on a percentage rate, were able to afford this luxury.

The agents' office appears to have three in the staff - two married females and one young man - who appear to work eight hour shifts day and night, with one full day off per week. All orders for loading and ship movements had to come from Moscow. Shortly after our arrival alongside, one of the female agents boarded, this being the first I had seen of any agent. When I informed her that lady agents were rather unusual she told me very proudly that in the Soviet Union men and women had equal status. It seems that everybody I met - Agents, Pilots and even the Shipchandler - all live in two-roomed/

two-roomed apartments. If the married women have young children then these are looked after in nursery schools while their mothers work. According to this lady, most young people in modern Russia are determined to have a university education, and this it seems is quite possible. When I further asked her about conditions and prices, etc., she assured me that everything was fine and that the Soviet Union had the answer to all the problems of modern civilization. Actually she rather peeved me by giving me the impression that she pitied me living in a capitalist country, and actually told me how unlucky I was that I had not been born a Soviet citizen. Readers can well imagine my reaction to this! Despite this lady's claim, whenever crew members went ashore they were pestered, chiefly by young people, wanting to buy shoes, clothes, cigarettes, and, in fact, almost anything, which hardly indicates a high standard of living.

The Port Authorities did send a bus to the dock gates each evening to transport crew to the Club. Personally, I was never off the ship; I objected to this armed sentry at the gangway, and said so. I pointed out that when a Soviet ship is in Britain we do not put an armed sentry at the gangway, but I was told that this is the law, although they did admit that the average person did not like this either.

On the following day the second lady agent boarded on business with another female, who, it seems was another Doctor from the Port Health Office. After the business was completed she informed me, in her rather attractive English, that vessel had been fined five roubles (or about £2) for failing to have rat guards on our ropes. I naturally objected to this on the grounds that we had not been advised by the authorities or agents that these were necessary. She listened to my protest, translated all I had said to her Doctor companion, who it seems spoke no English, and then told me that she would have to ask me questions for the Doctor - full name, rank, name of ship, nationality and salary I was paid. This last question I refused to answer, much to the annoyance of the Doctor. All this was required to send my protest to Moscow. However, I feel that my protest must have done some good because later, en route down river, I was requested over the radio to write out my protest and send this ashore with the Pilot, which was done. I rather think the fine would eventually be cancelled.

After completion of loading we were required to wait six hours in the roads for clearance and usual papers. This was just as well, as this time was used by crew to close hatches, these again being frozen hard. Ore loaded was very dry, very fine and extremely dirty, even more so than the ore loaded on the North African coast.

We were all pleased to leave the Soviet Union behind, although Sparks could not forget having to pay, in a weak moment one night ashore, almost 7/- for a small bar of Russian chocolate. It was only when we had arrived back in Glasgow that, in regard to the climate, we found that we had been fortunate in Murmansk. After we had sailed temperature dropped so that ships could not be loaded.

On the homeward passage we again came through the Norwegian Fjords, where more snow blizzards, sea smoke and black ice were encountered. Vessel was well South in the North Sea before we started to thaw out and could start to clean vessel.

=====

Captain A. B. Sutherland
S.T.S. "CAPE WRATH"
NAPIER, N.Z.

Dear Editor,

I hope you will consider the following account to be worthy of a small place in the next edition of the Company "NEWSLETTER". At the same time, I do not wish it to appear that I am 'hogging' the issue - what can one do after such a 'stir up' in the opening paragraph of the current issue!!!

While lying at anchor off the above port in Hawkes Bay awaiting a berth we were fortunate to have a grandstand view of the Queen Mother and the Royal Yacht during the passage from Suva to the Bluff.

Shortly after lunchtime on 14th April we heard, via the local radio, that the Royal Yacht was to pay a surprise visit to the Bay during the afternoon. Binoculars, telescope, etc., were all polished up and the Bridge heavily manned with Officers. Mr. Hunter, Chief Engineer, was well situated on the top bridge with camera and nothing to spoil his view. Around 1400 we sighted her - question was "wonder if she would steam past us into the breakwater?" There was no sign of any welcome from shore side - not a flag or a launch to be seen to give a welcome.

As the Royal Yacht approached we could see that her course would pass close to port of us if she maintained this - hearts beat faster! Still no sign of any welcome from shore, and I decided to take the plunge and send a message by lamp. Mr. Anderson nearly had a fit when I told him to call the Royal Yacht up and pass a message - think he thought I had gone "bonkers". I fully expected him to say "nature was calling", but I was quite wrong as he faced up to the task with great composure. When the Yacht was about a mile and a half distant the message was sent. It was done on the spur of the moment, and, therefore, may not have been correct under the circumstances. Message read as follows - "WELCOME TO HAWKES BAY. GREETINGS FROM MASTER, OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE CAPE WRATH". Mr. Anderson made the message in excellent manner - no repeats, etc. By this time the Yacht was just forward of our beam, distant one cable. The Queen Mother was seen standing on the port wing of the navigating bridge (for the ladies, she was wearing a soft shade of green dress which appeared to have a floral design, with matching sun hat - sorry no accessories.) She did look rather chic, if I may use the expression. When abeam, an Officer was seen walking over to her and handing her something - this our message. She spoke to the Officer for a second or two, then turned towards us and gave us a wave - not the usual Royal wave, but a real hearty one with arm well raised. Perhaps reading "WRATH" made her think of her home in the North of Scotland.

Our Ensign was dipped when the Yacht was abeam; this was answered. The E.R. had been warned previously that the Royal Yacht was approaching and that we would require steam on the whistle. Alas, when the attempt to blow was made, all we had was a few horrible, miserable grunts. This was most embarrassing indeed. God knows what they thought about it on the bridge of the Royal Yacht - probably "Trust our Merchant Service". It would appear that our supply of steam has even priority over Stores Control!

When the Yacht reached our quarter, she called us up and the/

the following message read - "QUEEN ELIZABETH THANKS THE MASTER AND SHIPS CREW FOR THEIR KIND WISHES AND SENDS HER KINDEST REGARDS TO THE CAPE WRATH". This message was received without any need for repeats from the Royal Yacht.

The Yacht was indeed a picture as she sailed on and we could not have had a better view. She sailed to the break-water entrance, came hard to starboard and then proceeded on her way down the coast to the Bluff.

There were five ships in the harbour - three British - but not one even took the trouble to sound their whistles - perhaps, like us, "Nae Steam".

Not one sign of any recognition from shore side was a poor show as she came into the Bay to give the population the opportunity to see the Royal Yacht.

Many snaps were taken from our battery of cameras - all in colour as far as I know. Should any black and white come to light, one will be forwarded in due course.

=====

At Sea
Mediterranean

Dear Editor,

As an Aussie passenger travelling per "CAPE SABLE" to the U.K., and having read with great interest and enjoyment numerous back-dated Lyle Newsletters, the thought has occurred to me that you may be interested in a brief report on 'Life on Board', as seen through the eyes of an 'outsider'.

During our voyage I have threatened, time and time again, various members of the crew that I would include certain 'points of interest' in my so-called Report to Owners! This was to have taken the form of a truly comprehensive letter; however, the published form could perhaps provide something of interest for all?

As "CAPE SABLE" slowly pulled out from the Port of Fremantle my two fellow passengers and I felt it a fitting time to acknowledge this momentous occasion (they with pleasure at the thought of returning to their Homeland, and I with a suggestion of sadness at departing from my Homeland!), with the only "white streamers available" (MacLeod T.P.!) which the kindly Port Agent and Customs gentleman on the wharf attempted to catch and hold to the last; however, without much success, as, with a south-westerly of 21 knots odd, one can imagine the difficulties involved!!

And so out into the wide open seas, and the commencement of four weeks of shipboard life - a time of getting to know, and then relaxing in the pleasant company of a Scot or two - there always being one or two handy!

Here I might add that for a few days this accent of yours created quite a barrier - just what was a 'naice wee girrur' I asked myself? -- and this word 'wee' tacked onto every noun brought forward - honestly, the difficulties! Not to worry, all in order now - you see, I'm spending a wee moment or two jotting down this wee entry, from a wee Aussie passenger to you!

What an enjoyable twenty-three days odd it has been - woken each/

each morning at 7.30 with the first of the seven meals we are treated to each day! Breakfast at approximately eight, a little doying, etc. - and then, thanks to the efforts of the Mate and a certain seaman, a relax in hammocks suitably hung to catch the rays of the midday sun! Correct to suggest the days are filled for we three with eating, drinking and sleeping - happy in the knowledge that the work going on round us is continuing at a good steady pace, in preparation for that big moment of arrival Immingham, with our 'home' as new!

The evenings on the boat deck I feel also rate a mention - after all, what more could one ask for? Starry skies, full moons, charming company, a little refreshment - plus Scottish voices attempting just once more to harmonise in songs from 'God's Country'. I am doubtful as to there being a Scottish song I haven't heard, except, perhaps an unmentionable ditty or two?? With these, I am beginning to memorise the first lines, before, with much gaiety, that wee Scot is silenced!!

The engine room expedition was not the success it should have been - having climbed to the 'basement', the rolling and pitching eased a little, but was made up for by the intense heat and inhaling of fumes, making the return journey a trifle harder; the rush to the bulwark, of course, was achieved in double quick time! For the benefit of those Engineers, one and all, on looking back I might add all looked to be in excellent condition 'down below'.

Due to the never-ending efforts of the Mates - 1, 2 and 3 - plus a Cadet or two - we eventually reached Djibouti (French Somaliland) - our first and only port of call. A duty free port, so, with the Agents' help, we three and the Captain set off for an hour or two's shopping expedition. After a good deal of haggling we met with success re tape recorders, radios, etc. - and, being a French port, the thought of Le Vin de Bordeaux drew us into what appeared to be a small bar attended by a few female 'Djiboutians' - there was a suggestion that we settle down for a cool drink and it was then the truth dawned - 'No, they had no Bordeaux Vin for sale', but, 'Oui, un petit pour les Messieurs!' We left rather hurriedly!

We have now left Suez behind us, and set a course through the 'Medi', U.K. bound.

Tonight a big celebration for the Chief Steward - on his retirement after forty-odd years at sea - 'Blues' donned for the occasion, and all going well, the smoke room and bar put to excellent use!

..... and so, with only nine more days to go, (and no possibility of slipping the Captain a little something to enable us to call at Malta, or some place similar!), my intention is to make the most of this V.I.P. treatment.

And may I say 'thank you' for a voyage that shall most definitely be remembered.

PASSENGER
ANONYMOUS.

EDITOR'S MEMO

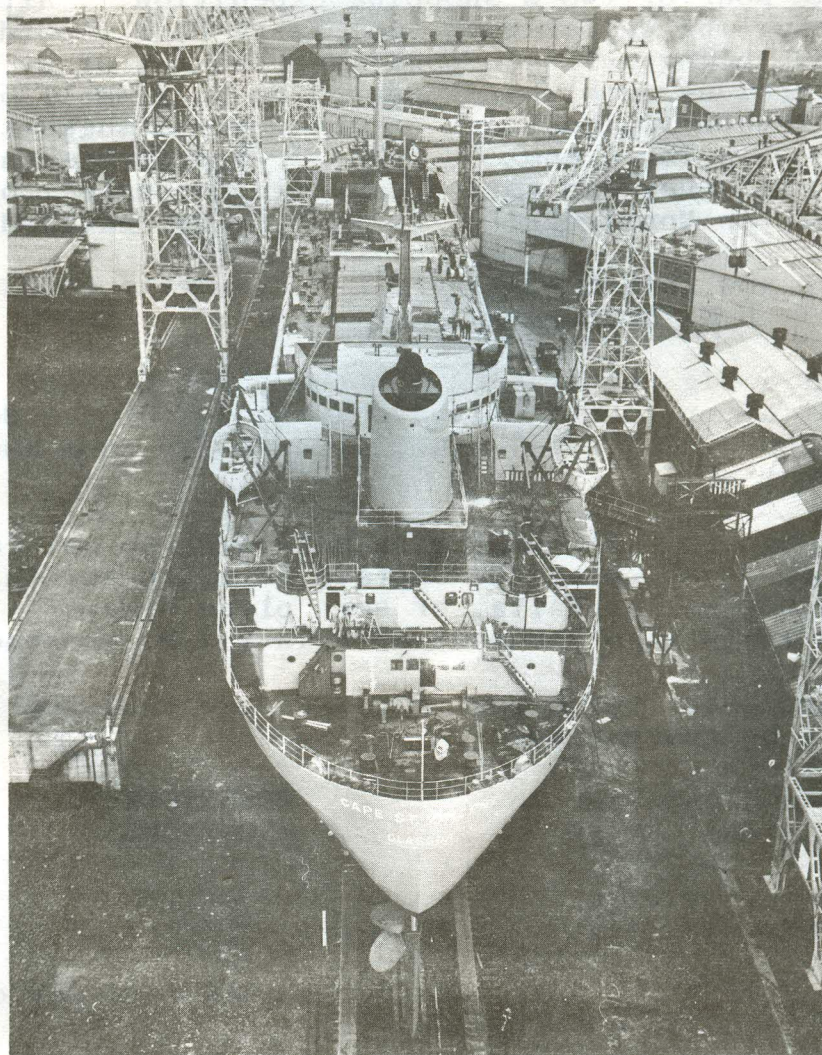
Thanks Miss ? for this unexpected windfall for our Newsletter - most welcome and entertaining.

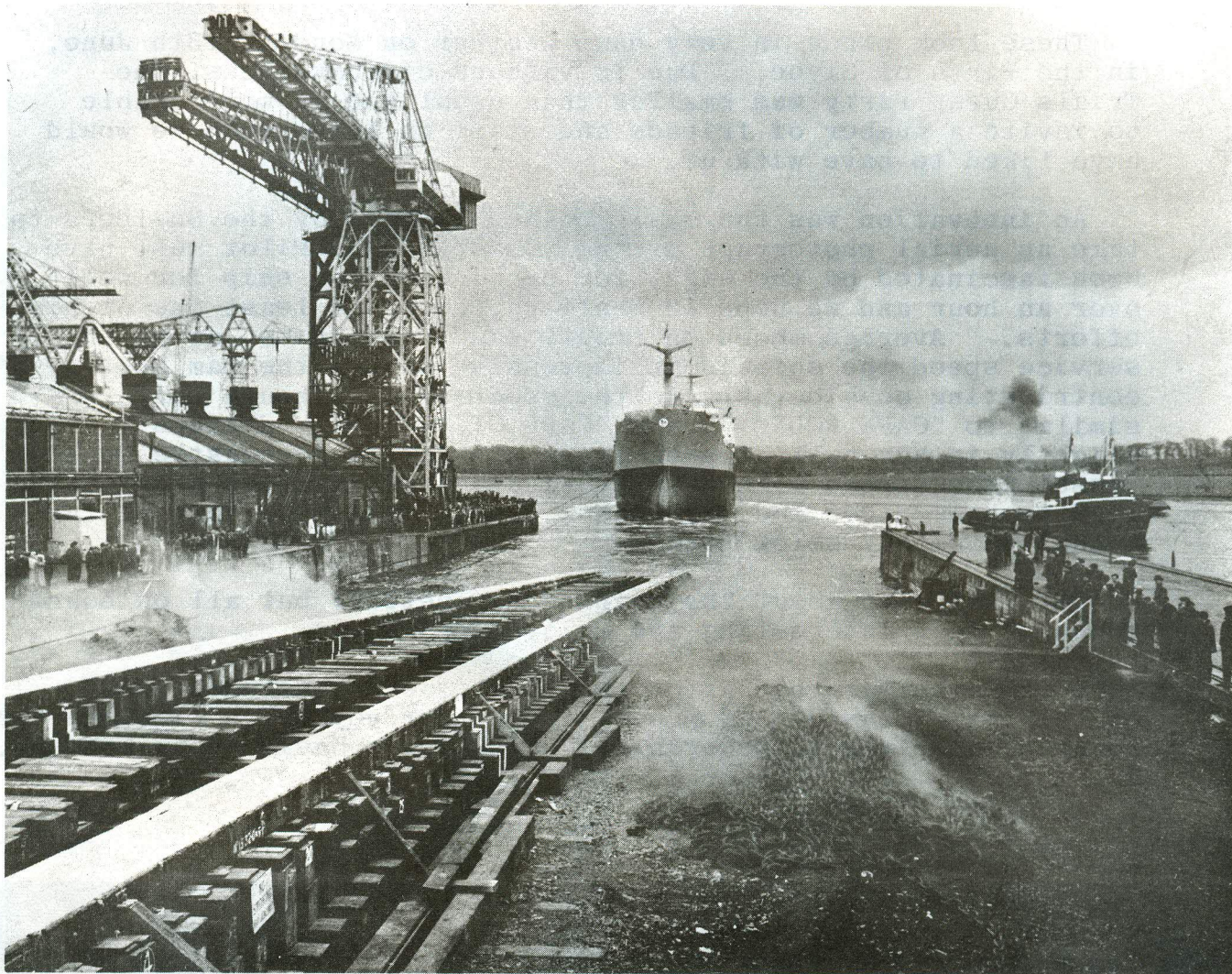
Must have another look at that provisions control!!

LAUNCH OF THE M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT"

On 5th May, 1966, the new vessel built for this Company by Messrs. John Brown and Company Limited at their Clydebank Shipyard was named and launched by Mrs. Brown, wife of Doctor John Brown, the Deputy Chairman of the Builders. As at the launch of other vessels for the Company, the office staff, their wives, husbands, etc., were invited to be present. When the office party coach arrived at the Shipyard the Platform Party and most other spectators had already assembled. There was a slight drizzle of rain, but not sufficient either to obscure visibility on the river or dampen the enthusiasm of the spectators. It was interesting to find a party of schoolchildren assembled at the head of the slipway, and their general air of expectancy of an occasion contributed greatly to the atmosphere of the proceedings. There was just time to walk alongside the slipway and admire the towering bulk of the new vessel. She gave a much clearer impression of the completed vessel than previous newbuildings, as the funnel, masts and cranes were already in position.

The Launching Ceremony was graciously performed by the Lady of Honour for the occasion, and the new bulk carrier slowly moved down into the river. The operation appeared smooth and effortless. The ship was quickly brought up by the chains on the slipway and the tugs closed in to escort her to the fitting out basin a little higher up the river. As the spectators left the Shipyard the "CAPE ST. VINCENT" was already being berthed. The occasion was rounded off by luncheon and speeches, attended by the Platform Party, and the office staff, during their own celebration elsewhere, expressed their wishes for the prosperous trading of the "CAPE ST. VINCENT" and the well-being of all who sail in the vessel.





AFTER

Definitely fiction - we hope!

The 2nd Engineer popped his head round the curtain of the Chief Engineer's room and asked him to have a look at a job in the engine room. The Chief said he thought the Second could attend to the matter himself without his assistance.

Off went the Second, but he returned in half an hour and said he would rather the Chief had a look at it with him. Well, the Chief jollied him along and said he had every confidence in him and that it was asking a lot to drag the Chief down into the depths of the engine room. Once again the Second went off, but came back soon after and demanded that the Chief come to the engine room. Resignedly the Chief headed in the direction of where he thought the engine room should be, and, guided by the Second, he arrived at the engine room door. He stepped through the doorway, stood rooted to the spot, and, with his eyes nearly popping out of their sockets, he was heard to mutter "Gosh, it's a diesel engine".

TRIALS OF M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT"

These took place in very damp weather on Monday, 13th June, in the Firth of Clyde. Due to various circumstances, the Trials Guest Party was smaller than usual and we were unable to invite a number of friends and staff on leave whom we would have liked to have with us.

An innovation was the small 'plane engaged by the Builders to take an aerial photograph of the vessel. The Pilot must have been fascinated by the sight for he circled the ship for well over an hour and we hope we shall reproduce at least one of his efforts. Average speed on trials was 17.46 knots, at which service speed the ship is an impressive sight, the ram bow contributing considerably to the spectacle. Though very similar to "CAPE RODNEY", the "CAPE ST. VINCENT" differs slightly in her hull at poop level and in the forecastle deck. Vessel is equipped with a split windlass which gives a better lead to hawsepipes for the anchor cable and a good deal of the actual machinery below decks.

The less said about the weather the better, but all on board found it most interesting and enjoyable.

A sad note was that after the trials were concluded "CAPE ST. VINCENT", instead of proceeding on her voyage on time charter, returned up river to reberth at John Brown's basin - strikebound.



"THE FRAMED SEAMAN"

Do not be misled by the heading - this is not a yarn anent a conspiracy against a seaman as the result of an adventure shoreside or for exercising just rights to a good hearty grouse. Nothing is stolen, nor can be heard a mutter from a chattering sub gun; no hero saves a heroine from a fate worse than being late for a hairdressing appointment. It is merely the expressed thoughts evoked by a picture on display in a second-hand dealer's shop window. To an art connoisseur, distinguishing a cartoon by Michelangelo from one by Giles presents no difficulty, but to the layman it is not so easy, and more than often he resorts, before committing himself, to looking for the name of the painter, either on the painting or a brass plate pinned to the frame. In this case, the painter evidently preferred to remain anonymous - he may have had his reasons, and possibly an art critic could have enumerated quite a number.

To the eye of a dilettante it was not of outstanding merit, yet it had an indefinable "something" inciting the interest of the beholder.

Just such a picture would adorn the wall of the best room of a humble cottage, or hang above the cracked ewer and water basin in a bedroom of a guest house for "Gentle Womenfolk". It was bright; it was colourful; it was alive.

The background was an old-fashioned white-washed cottage with lace curtains in the small windows and rambler roses climbing the wall on either side of the half open door, reaching up as though to join the lazy thread of smoke rising from the lone chimney.

Bright sunshine brought out the wonderful colours of the roses and summer flowers flanking the garden path. Running down the path is a woman with arms outstretched, and on her radiant face a bright, though surprised, smile. The living embodiment of "Welcome".

And standing at the partly open gate is the most handsome hunk of virile manhood. Yes, a warm and homely picture, bearing the caption "Home is the Sailor". The picture obviously was not contemporary, many things differing from the accepted present-day standards. These differences could be a means of dating the picture as well as being an exercise in logical reasoning.

Starting with the background - it will be noted that smoke is rising from the chimney, then it is before the days of "Smokeless Zones" or the ability to obtain readily smokeless fuel - which isn't so long ago.

The wandering waist or hemline of Dior or Molyneux, possibly was just the germ of an idea at the time when the running woman's dress was advertised as "La Mode".

Her "crowning glory" did not have the "Toni" appearance or suicide blonde look; it was fashioned in a bun on the nape of her neck - either a "Square" or a Grandma vintage.

The glorious sunshine, the wonderful display of summer flowers, could only have happened in the days before the B.B.C. weather announcers brought to our notice those cold fronts and low pressure areas which now so frequently sweep in on us from the Atlantic.

Let us now view the "cheesecake" standing in the foreground. The ruddy flow of his complexion could be attributed to several causes - he may have just left some of his pals down at the local - as no taxi is seen, he may have had to walk some distance; then again, it may be that he cultivated the tan in some land of the tropics. He sports a beard - no he is not a "Mod" or a "Rocker" as he has a "close back and sides" - but it could be he models for the Jack Tar of "Player's" good ship "HERO". The pseudo leather suitcase and the Japanese transistor appendage to the arm are not to be seen, but in their place is perched an old-fashioned sea bag on the shoulder and hanging from his other hand is a circular cage with an evil-eyed parrot peering through the wires at the world at large. His suit and the woman's dress stir memories of Sunday visits to Grandma and viewings of the family album in the front parlour - this alone would date it to the end of the nineteenth century, the eventide of wooden ships and iron men.

A look at the back would confirm this as there, for everyone to read, was the inscription "Seasonal Wishes for 1895 from U. R. Dunn, Shipping Suppliers."

By Ian Dubh.

FOREMAST LIGHT - SIGNAL CHANGE OF DIRECTION

In addition to the usual sound signals, Holland-America Line's M.V. "MOERDYK" has also been fitted with a system of lights to signal any change of direction to vessels approaching from forward.

Mounted high up on the foremast, the equipment consists of a steel frame in the shape of a two-headed arrow, about 6 m. (19 ft. 6 in.) long, holding 15 electric lamps. Operated from the wheelhouse, the lamps light up the shaft and one head of the arrow, to indicate the chosen change of direction either to port or starboard.

This equipment, known as the Optical Ships' Turn Indicator, has been patented by Captain A. Vreugdenhil, ex-Commodore of the "KONINKLIJKE HOLLANDSCHE LLOYD". The lamps are housed in aluminium fittings, with special glass covers which withstand high internal and external temperature differentials. These covers are conical in shape with the apex pointing in a downwards direction. Any external light striking these glasses is reflected downwards and cannot give a false impression of the lamps being lit to any outside observer.

The lamps forming the double-headed arrow are spaced at intervals of about 1 m. (3 ft. 3 in.) to enable them to be seen at a distance of 2 miles, by day as well as by night, with the naked eye. For river craft, however, a visual range of $\frac{3}{4}$ mile is deemed sufficient, so the interspacing is reduced to about 0.5 m. (1 ft. 8 in.), with a corresponding reduction in overall size of the arrow.

Have you heard

The Auckland Harbour Board, New Zealand, is to purchase four new tugs with Voith-Schneider propulsion units.

PERSONNELM.V. "CAPE FRANKLIN"

C.G. Mallett	Master
J. May	1st Mate
E. Morrison	2nd Mate
W. Kirkland	3rd Mate
L. Cameron	Radio Officer
T. Skeffington	Cadet
W. Anderson	Chief Engineer
I. Russell	2nd Engineer
D. Ingram	3rd Engineer
I. Campbell	4th Engineer
N. McKellar	Jun. Engineer
R. Pollock	Jun. Engineer
M. Wilkes	Jun. Engineer
J. Robertson	Electrician
N. Carpenter	Chief Steward
G. Fullerton	Chief Cook
G. Daddy	2nd Cook
P. Sharman	Bosun
F. Dixon	Carpenter

M.V. "CAPE NELSON"

A. Hunter	Master
J. Hetherington	1st Mate
W. Anderson	2nd Mate
N. Battersby	3rd Mate
J. Chamberlin	Radio Officer
E. Mitchel	Cadet
J. Allan	Chief Engineer
N. Nicholson	2nd Engineer
A. Jack	3rd Engineer
A. Seago	4th Engineer
H.P. Connell	Jun. Engineer
L. Haines	Jun. Engineer
M.I. Siddiqui	Jun. Engineer
R. Knight	Electrician
R. Sherriff	Chief Steward
A. McGill	Ship's Cook
J. McFarlane	Bosun

M.V. "CAPE RODNEY"

A.M. Fraser	Master
M. Dalby	1st Mate
J. King	2nd Mate
A. Hill	3rd Mate
A. MacEachen	Radio Officer
R. Reid	Cadet
H. Ingle	Chief Engineer
D. Campbell	2nd Engineer
D. Dempster	3rd Engineer
W. McArthur	4th Engineer
J. Patton	4th Engineer
R. Dunlop	Electrician
H. McKinlay	Chief Steward
Tam Ming	Ship's Cook
Chan Wan	Bosun

M.V. "CAPE HORN"

T.P. Edge	Master
C. MacLean	1st Mate
J. MacKay	2nd Mate
D. Burchell	3rd Mate
W. MacLeod	Radio Officer
C. MacDonald	Cadet
G. Caughey	Chief Engineer
* A. MacDonald	2nd Engineer
R. Leggate	4th Engineer
E. Jenkins	Electrician
A. Randle	Chief Steward

M.V. "CAPE HOWE"

D.M. Taylor	Master
B. Kewley	1st Mate
P. Cooney	2nd Mate
R. Mathews	3rd Mate
A. Chambers	Radio Officer
A. Agnew	Cadet
W. Stackpoole	Cadet
B. Smith	Chief Engineer
D. Smart	2nd Engineer
J. Blackwood	3rd Engineer
A. Beaton	4th Engineer
K. Davies	Jun. Engineer
P. Ready	Jun. Engineer
P. Woodnut	Jun. Engineer
W. Hornshaw	Electrician
J. Smith	Chief Steward
W. More	2nd Steward
L. Davies	Ship's Cook
A. Tregidgo	Carpenter

M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT"

P. Smith	Master
J. Roberts	1st Mate
L. Hocking	2nd Mate
R. Ognall	3rd Mate
W. Rennie	Radio Officer
M. Pickup	Cadet
P. Smart	Cadet
W. Moore	Chief Engineer
G. Mains	2nd Engineer
I. Kelly	3rd Engineer
R. McInnes	4th Engineer
R. Campbell	Jun. Engineer
H. Kilvington	Jun. Engineer
I. Wallace	Jun. Engineer
M. Curr	Electrician
J. Leiper	Electrician
P. Coles	Chief Steward
R. Cathcart	2nd Steward

* J. Milne 3rd Engineer

S.T.S. "CAPE WRATH"

PRESENTLY ON LEAVE

A. B. Sutherland	Master
G. Anderson	1st Mate
B. Lawson	2nd Mate
W. Purdon	3rd Mate
E. Gudgeon	Radio Officer
N. Brewer	Cadet
J. Johnstone	Cadet
A. Nicholson	Cadet
D. MacLeod	Chief Engineer
K. Malhotra	2nd Engineer
A. Dias	3rd Engineer
B. Ward	4th Engineer
M. McMahon	Jun. Engineer
J. Newton	Jun. Engineer
L. Patere	Jun. Engineer
M. McCreddie	Electrician
E. Hutter	Chief Steward
R. Ilderton	2nd Steward
B. Thomas	Ship's Cook
M. K. Mohamed	Bosun
M. Saleban	Carpenter

T. C. D. Hogg	Master
A. C. Hunter	Master
A. MacLeod	Master
D. Sinclair	Master
D. Cormack	1st Mate
S. Readman	1st Mate
H. Weddell	1st Mate
P. Richardson	2nd Mate
A. Williamson	2nd Mate
J. Black	Chief Engineer
J. Loughran	Chief Engineer
R. Taylor	Chief Engineer
B. Sharpe	2nd Engineer
D. Smart	2nd Engineer
T. Pate	Electrician
J. Wightman	Electrician
A. Harbinson	3rd Engineer
J. Lincoln	3rd Engineer
K. Blight	4th Engineer
B. Breslin	Radio Officer
O. Mahon	Radio Officer
J. Rowland	Radio Officer
J. Clancy	Chief Steward
H. Scollay	Chief Steward
R. Shields	Chief Steward
C. Smith	2nd Steward
P. O'Brien	Assistant Steward
C. K. Perkins	Chief Cook
J. Daniels	Cadet
G. Gove	Cadet
D. Rankin	Cadet
W. Reay	Cadet

STUDYING FOR TICKETS

J. K. Thompson - Master
 J. Jack - 1st Mate
 H. Taylor - 1st Mate
 C. Pearson - 2nd Mate
 G. Harrison - 1st Class Motor
 W. Kinnear - 2nd Class Motor
 J. Carmichael - 2nd Class Motor
 T. Hamilton - 2nd Class Motor

We are pleased to congratulate the following Officers on attaining their Certificates:-

B. Kewley - Master's
 P. Cooney - 1st Mate's
 A. Hill - 2nd Mate's
 D. Campbell - Part A, Chief Engineer's
 N. Carpenter - Promotion from Ship's Cook to Chief Steward.

Mr. G. Law is hopping round the ore carriers and their tanks replacing old for new annodes, without a balloon.

Mr. W. Rennie, Radio Officer, was married on 4th June to Miss Veronica Reid at Dennistoun.

Another item of news which we are pleased to pass around is that Mr. A. Harbinson has now been passed fit for sea duties again. Mr. Harbinson has been standing by the "CAPE ST. VINCENT" during the latter part of her fitting out period and so has had a good test run round John Brown's Shipyard.

Have you heard

A 100 ft. lighthouse tower on four 21 in. diameter steel tubes is planned approximately 17 miles north of Sanda.

INDIVIDUAL SHIP NEWS AND MOVEMENTS

ORE CARRIERS: Difficult to predict as B.I.S.C. (Ore) schedules have been badly distorted by the seamen's strike. North Atlantic voyages should become more frequent in the coming months.

M.V. "CAPE HORN": On B.P.C. time charter until July 1967 - drydocking in Melbourne area about mid-July.

M.V. "CAPE RODNEY": On time charter to A/S Bulkhandling of Oslo from January 1966 for 9-12 months.

S.T.S. "CAPE SABLE": Sold to foreign buyers for delivery at Immingham on the 12th of July, 1966.

M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT": On time charter to A/S Bulkhandling of Oslo from 2nd July, 1966, for eleven/thirteen months. Delivery effected at Clydebank.

S.T.S. "CAPE WRATH": Nauru for West Australia with phosphate, thence Bunbury to Immingham with ilmenite.

M.V. "CAPE DALEMOS": Coal and phosphate trading.

M.V. "CAPE MARINA": Tampa/East Australia, phosphate, thence Newcastle/Japan, coal, followed by Queensland/States, sugar, with probably a further Tampa/Australia voyage.

M.V. "CAPE RONA": Time charter to Seaboard until August, 1966, thence lumber, etc., B.C./U.K. on voyage time charter to Seaboard, followed by Tampa phosphate to Australasia.

NEWBUILDING, HAUGESUND: Delivery due in May, 1967.

NEWBUILDINGS, HORTEN: Number one delivery July, 1968; number two delivery March, 1969.

MARITIME MISUNDERSTANDINGS - BY A CONTRIBUTOR

There was a Cadet who thought the main braces were the suspenders the Skipper used for holding up his trousers.

There was an A.B. who thought the Board of Trade was a bench in the Chippy's workshop.

There was an Engineer who couldn't tell the difference between a cam shaft and a calm day.

There was a Mate who thought Isobar and Millibar were the names of two new pubs opened in Glasgow.

Have you heard

More specialised lumber carriers are planned. Two shipping companies with such intentions are Blue Star Line and Hunting.
