



# LYLE JOURNAL

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M.V. "CAPE CLEAR" - Undergoing Acceptance Trials off  
HAUGESUND - 6th May, 1967.  
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EDITORIAL

We admit it hasn't taken us long to think up a new title for the publication but the infant is growing and must go to kindergarten, so with this edition we drop 'Newsletter' and adopt 'Journal', which we hope you approve. We trust the growth will continue with the aid of a slowly increasing band of helpers to whom all our thanks are due. The aim is to make this your magazine and, though it doesn't rate the title as yet, if you play your part we'll do ours.

Accounts of our latest ship trials appear in this issue and the consensus of opinion is favourable and certainly she doesn't lower the standards. The pleasant informality and friendliness of the handover were striking and, considering that Builder and Owner were both foreign to each other in more senses than one, it is quite remarkable that such harmony was achieved. When building, Lyle's can be pretty exacting and demanding, which any Shipbuilders will tell you, but our friends bore this with true Nordic stoicism and good temper. Your Editor attended the trials in a mood of acute suspicion which, he hastens to add, was without justification that the "CAPE CLEAR'S" Master and Chief would concoct a 'reason' for lingering amongst their many friends a little longer. It wasn't all one-sided and we have never before experienced work people coming up just to say it was nice building a ship for Lyle's. A Norwegian viewpoint appears with this edition and we thank Herr H. Jacobsen for his noble efforts. The decor of "CAPE CLEAR" is quite different; H.M.V. engage a consultant for the work and the fact of a bar finding its way into the ship intrigued him so much that it has been made quite a feature which, together with the unusual smokerroom windows induce, we are informed, quite a night club atmosphere. The only potential difference of opinion arose on what to call it, the Architect's choice of Archemedes being met with caution by the ship's Officers, who had something a little more robust in mind! The Norwegians lived up to Board of Trade standards in their examinations of the bar equipment, especially after discovering it served draft beer, which was carefully tested and approved. Space and equipment for keep fit training has been provided and we are stimulated by the thought of "CAPE CLEAR'S" Officers pedalling or sculling their way across the Pacific.

As a further aid in its Officer training programme, the Company has decided to reserve places in the Outward Bound Trust Courses. The purpose is to assist Cadets to gain experience in character building and leadership, which qualities will be in great demand in years to come. Selected Cadets will be given the maximum possible notice and, in certain cases, applicants for Cadetships will be required to undergo one of the twentysix-day courses. In all cases, the courses will be paid for by the Company and, in the case of serving Cadets, in the Company's time. The scheme is experimental for one year and, if successful, may be continued as policy.

The "CAPE HORN" has been sold to buyers abroad and, after her homeward voyage, she is due to dock and be handed over to her new Owner. Many will share our regret at this premature departure of a comparatively new ship. Unfortunately "CAPE HORN" was overtaken by events in the form of drastic changes in trading conditions, and thus could no longer earn her keep.

PERSONAL

Lady D. Lyle: It was with feelings of deep sadness, particularly amongst the older members of the Company, that we learned of the death of Lady Lyle at Glendelvine on 27th May. We last had the pleasure of seeing Lady Lyle in Glasgow when she attended the luncheon party in honour of Colonel Macfarlane's election as first Honorary President of the Company. She was a lady of great charm who endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact and our deepest sympathy goes to her son, Colonel Michael Lyle and her daughter Dorothea, Viscountess Kelburne, in the loss of a devoted mother.

Mr. W. Nicholson: We are delighted to report the election, during June, of Mr. Nicholson as Vice-President of the Scottish Rugby Union - a timely recognition of his tireless efforts on behalf of Scottish Rugby.

Mrs. Linda Dowds: We very much regret to report suffered a serious hand injury and is at present off from work. We wish Linda an early and complete recovery.

Miss Margaret Bramham is the latest addition to the Lyle typing staff. She joined us on the 3rd July and we welcome her to the fold, or should we say in modern parlance, 'The Aviary'.

INDIVIDUAL SHIPS NEWS AND MOVEMENTS

ORE CARRIERS: Normal voyaging expected for this period.

M.V. "CAPE CLEAR": Geelong, Sydney and Gladstone/Japan - Wheat and Sorghums, followed by Time Charter trip from Vancouver Area/U.S.N.H., option U.K.-Continent; thereafter loads Pig Iron Continent/Japan.

M.V. "CAPE HORN": Port Pirie/Bristol Channel - Concentrates, then sold to foreign buyers.

M.V. "CAPE RODNEY": Bunbury/Immingham - Ilmenite, followed by Continent/Japan - Pig Iron.

M.V. "CAPE ST. VINCENT": San Marcos (Mexico)/Noumea - Gypsum, followed by two voyages, N.S.W./Noumea - Coke/Coal.

M.V. "CAPE RONA": Vancouver area/U.K.-Continent - Time Charter, followed by Raahe (Finland) and one port Continent/Japan - Pig Iron, thence Vancouver area/U.S.N.H. or U.K.-Continent - Time Charter.

M.V. "CAPE DALEMOS": Angra dos Reis (Brazil)/Japan - Pig Iron.

M.V. "CAPE MARINA": Nauru/Brisbane and Port Kembla - Phosphate, followed by Newcastle, N.S.W./Japan - Coal; thereafter Nauru or Ocean Island/East Australia - Phosphate.

M.V. "CAPE HORTEN ONE": Due deliver July, 1968.

M.V. "CAPE HORTEN TWO": Due deliver end 1968.

M.V. "CAPE HORTEN THREE": Due deliver first half 1969.

Dear Editor,

I write this letter with the purpose of passing on a piece of news to you and, as it's only twenty-five years old, I'd better warn you that it's in strictest confidence to your readers.

Appointed as Third Mate of the old "CAPE SABLE" ('her that was the smertest shup in the tred, as Mr. McKerron himsel' would tell you'), I joined her, in the midst of an air-raid, in Smith's Dock, North Shields on the 23rd June, 1942, when she was being refitted after her service as an Armed Merchant Cruiser, and on the following day I met the Second Mate. When the conversion was complete we set off on typical war-time voyagings - tanks, guns, flame throwers, bombs, and even double-decker buses for the NAAFI and ENSA Organisations. We voyaged around for a while, then calling at Karachi for a part cargo of manganese ore, and Bombay to top off with rapeseed; we toddled off across the Indian Ocean towards Cape Town, for coal bunkers, then onwards to Freetown for convoy, en route to the U.K.

Somewhere, between Cape Town and Freetown, a very grave announcement was made on board; graver, indeed, than the gravest war news we received each night in the saloon from the Rees-Mace 'black-box' - we were running out of cigarettes, and there were barely enough to give each man one carton of 200. Lavish offering of cigarettes to shipmates ceased forthwith; those sufficiently strong-willed rationed themselves drastically and cigarette butts were carefully hoarded in tobacco boxes. Arriving at Freetown, to learn that there were no immediate hopes of an early convoy forming for the U.K., nor were there any hopes of purchasing cigarettes ashore, our hopes fell to their blackest depths.

One hot, windless day, standing on the wing of the Bridge keeping the forenoon Anchor Watch, I was joined by the Second Mate who, wearied of correcting Mersigs, Consigs and other war-time publication had come out of the oven-hot chartroom in the vain hope of 'cooling off'. Standing listlessly, we searched our pockets vainly, for the hundredth time, in the hope of finding a forgotten or misplaced cigarette, then forlornly produced our tobacco boxes and scraped out the last few shreds of cigarette butts to roll in paper. Suddenly, snapping his fingers with a "crack" that sounded like a rifle shot in the stifling heat, he said "By gosh, I've got a brain-waive", and pointing to a Norwegian ship anchored about half a mile further off-shore, he continued "Do you see that Norwegian - I'm going to swim over there and buy some cigarettes when the 'Old Man' is asleep". This was strategy of the highest order. Word was quickly passed around, a 'tarpaulin muster' was held and all the spare cash collected, in about a dozen different currencies, was put in a huge biscuit tin, contributed to the general good by the Chief Steward, and the tin was then sealed with waterproof 'Elastoplast', also contributed by that public-spirited gentleman. An ingenious harness was constructed from old halyard stuff, this for attaching the precious tin to the gallant swimmer's back, and all was planned and made ready for 'zero hour'.

After dinner, as soon as the 'Old Man's' door closed and it could be safely assumed that he was dreaming peacefully of cooler, better country around Arbroath, the Second Mate took up position at the ship's side and was just about to lash the tin on to his back when some idiot negligently mentioned the possibility of sharks lurking beneath the placid waters of the peaceful anchorage. The Second Mate paused, obviously debating with himself as to whether it were better to risk being eaten by sharks or spend a few weeks of cigarett

