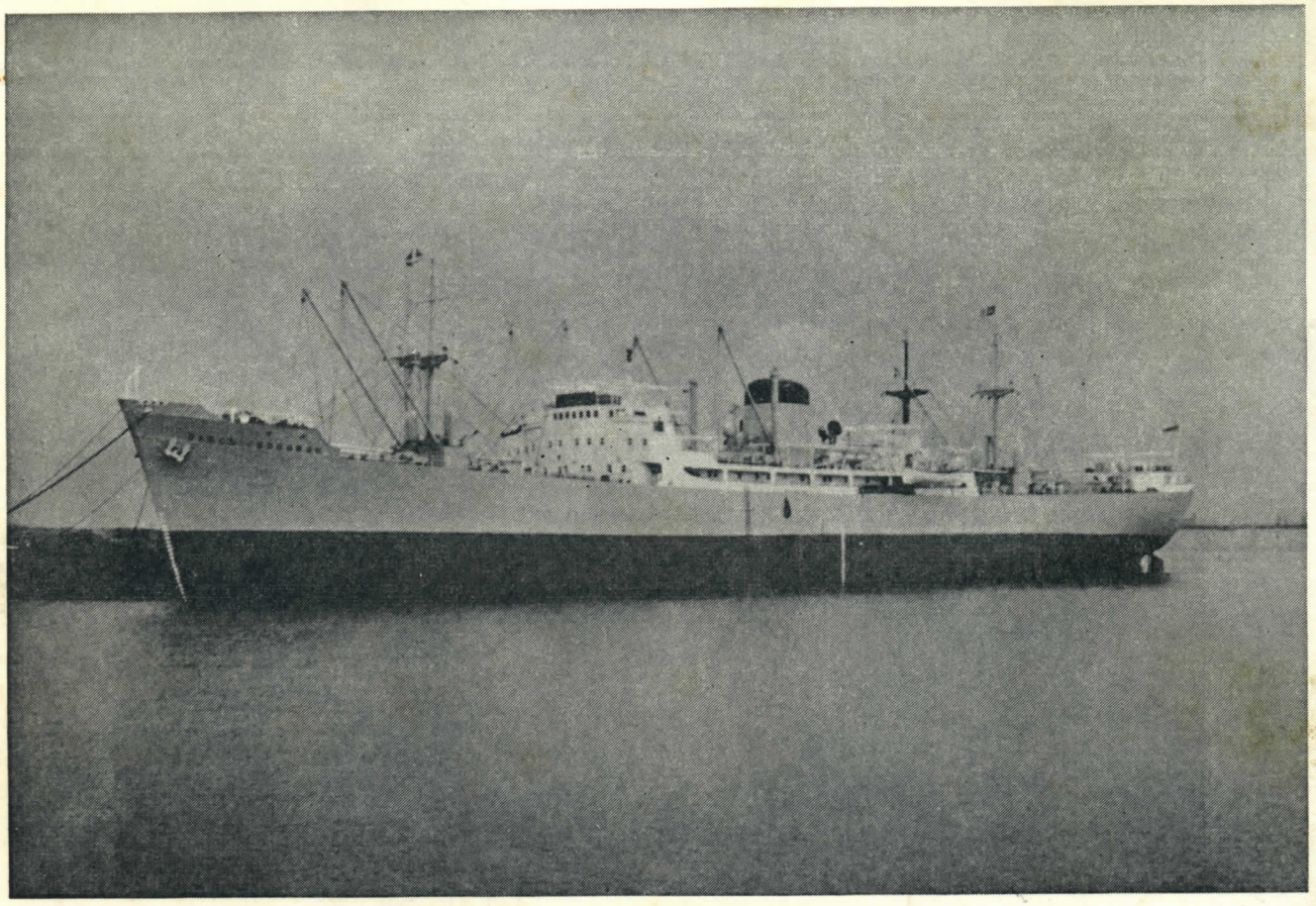
TRIAD

JOURNAL OF

Scottish Ship Management Limited



M.V. "BARON JEDBURGH"

No. 2 OCTOBER 1968

E D I T O R I A L

Progress continues towards integration of the two Fleets although, of course, much hard work is being undertaken by the office staff to overcome backlogs. Elimination of these backlogs should complete the first stage of streamlining office organisation and advancing the introduction of systems which, over the next few years, will be aimed at reducing paper-work presently undertaken at sea.

The results of previous office paper-work are beginning to show at sea with the entry into service of "CAPE WRATH", which has joined "CAPE CLEAR", "BARON FORBES" and "BARON CAWDOR". They will be joined at the end of this year by "BARON DUNMORE" and "CAPE SABLE" (both some months ahead of schedule) and during 1969 by "CAPE YORK" and Horten Yard No. 166. At the end of October both Owning Companies announced further newbuilding programmes to augment the joint Fleet. Preliminary details are as follows:-

Ship	Date	Size	Owner	Yard
1.	March, 1970	22,000 tons	Hogarth	Marinens Hovedverft
2.	May, 1970	24,000 tons	Hogarth	Haugesund Mek. V.
3.	October, 1970	24,000 tons	Lyle	Haugesund Mek. V.
4.	February, 1971	24,000 tons	Hogarth	Haugesund Mek. V.
5.	June, 1971	24,000 tons	Lyle	Haugesund Mek. V.
6.	November, 1971	24,000 tons	Lyle	Haugesund Mek. V.

In general, these ships will be of similar dimensions to previous newbuildings and will be propelled by Ruston medium-speed, geared diesels giving a total output of 12,000 b.h.p. and a speed in excess of 15 knots. They will embody a high degree of automation. The first ship will be similar to Yard No. 166, but with a larger engine, whilst the remainder form a completely new class, embodying many new departures in engine-room and accommodation layouts. Further details will be given in due course, but we should add that these orders have been placed after intensive investigation and negotiations with various firms, including United Kingdom Yards.

Following this, H. Hogarth and Sons Limited have decided to dispose of the last of the 'tweendeckers and, therefore, "BARON KINNAIRD" and "BARON WEMYSS" will have left the Fleet by the first quarter of 1969.

The article on page 35 of this issue, dealing with Lyle Shipping Company's expenditure, is included with a view to keeping such matters in their proper perspective. The last thing we desire is to engage in a verbal duel with representatives of sea-going staff, but we do feel that this is a case where we should provide information and so enable you to form your own opinion.

It is, perhaps, unfair to pick out two bars in ships for special comment but we take this risk for they are founder members. One is the crew bar on board "CAPE HOWE", and the other that on "CAPE NELSON", both of which are flourishing and well run. If we have overlooked your own 'pride and joy' why not write and tell us ? - we shall be delighted to print the details.

The launch of "BARON DUNMORE" at Haugesund has coincided with this issue of 'TRIAD' going to press, but we hope to include a short account of this occasion as a Stop Press item at the end.

OFFICE NEWS

Our congratulations to:

Mr. W. Nicholson on his election as President of the Scottish Rugby Union for the current year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Thompson on the birth of their daughter, Moira Jane, at the Southern General Hospital, Glasgow, on 4th September, 1968.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. (Sandy) Gray on their marriage. Sandy Gray and Miss Ruth Scobie were married in Glasgow on 17th August, 1968.

Mr. R. S. Trythall on his recent engagement to Fru Kari Gjertsen of Huasser, Norway. Robert Trythall met Fru Gjertsen whilst working at Horten during the Summer of 1967.

Alan Doig on his achieving first place in the recent Intermediate Examination of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers.

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Thomas Malcolm joined the Staff on 2nd September, 1968, and is presently working as an Office Junior.

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The July 'TRIAD' included an account of the matches played in the Glasgow Shipowners' Recreation Club Football Cup, 1968, and our Team Manager, Mr. W. A. Taylor, has given us the following account of the Final played between Clyde Port Authority and Anchor/Denholm:-

This game had been postponed owing to a protest by one of the finalists and was eventually played in September at G. & J. Weir's Cathcart Ground. It was expected that C.P.A. would start as favourites and this was borne out when they took an early lead. Anchor/Denholm,however, gave a good account of themselves and, after a spell of pressure, were able to level the score through an 'own goal' by a C.P.A. defender. Anchor/Denholm were rather unlucky to go in at half-time one goal down, having given away a rather soft score. After the interval this one goal lead gave C.P.A. confidence and they came on to a very strong game. It would be unfair to say that Anchor/Denholm were over-run, but Port had no great difficulty in increasing their lead by a further two goals, and the final result was : C.P.A. 4, Anchor/Denholm 1.

It is a token of C.P.A.'s strength that they were able to bring on, as a substitute, in the last ten minutes, a player of whom we thought a great deal earlier in the competition and, also, in last year's series of matches.

PERSONNEL NEWS

We regret having to report the death of:

Captain Stanley Williams, who died after a heart attack on 16th July, 1968. Captain Williams commenced his service with H. Hogarth and Sons in 1936 and was promoted Master in March, 1943, when he took command of "BARON RUTHVEN". He served as Master on various ships of the Fleet until May, 1963, when he had to retire owing to ill-health.

Mr. James Crawford, Chief Engineer, died on 11th July, 1968. He joined H. Hogarth and Sons in January, 1919, as 4th Engineer and became Chief Engineer of "BARON RENFREW" in August, 1926. He, too, served on various ships of the Fleet, but was forced to retire, because of ill-health, in March, 1961.

We extend our sympathy to the relatives of the late Captain Williams and Mr. Crawford.

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Our congratulations to:

Mr. P. Richardson, 2nd Officer, on obtaining his Master's Certificate.

Mr. N. A. Battersby, 2nd Officer, and Mr. A. Weir, 2nd Officer, on obtaining their Chief Officer's Certificate.

PERSONNEL COURSES

Commencing January, 1969, it is hoped to inaugurate internal courses at the office for the purpose of making Company Policy clear and exchanging views on policy with all senior personnel. It has been decided that a group of eight would be a convenient number to have in the office at one time. This group would comprise Masters, Chief Engineers, 1st Mates and 2nd Engineers. Depending on the success of the first meetings, other ranks will be requested to attend future courses. The group will have discussions with Directors and Heads of Departments, thus being able to have a wide exchange of new ideas and policy. It is hoped to have these meetings quarterly throughout the year. Accommodation will be arranged where necessary.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES - DECK OFFICER CADETS

Cadets in general have responded well to our exhortations to keep their Correspondence Courses up-to-date and there are now only one or two who are still behind in returning their papers for correction and comment to the Navigation College. It is of value to the boys to return their papers consistently so that when their sea time is completed and they come ashore to sit for their 2nd Mate's Certificate they should not have a great deal of leeway to make up. The comments from the Examiners have been, on the whole, satisfactory and the occasional weakness in particular subjects should have close attention from those concerned.

It has come to our attention that mathematical questions in the Correspondence Course of the King Edward VII Nautical College have been presented in the context of the new method of mathematics and some Cadets may not as yet have been introduced to this method. In such instances the questions, where possible, should be translated into terms of "old" mathematics and worked out by the known method. If this is impossible a note should be returned to the College with the other papers advising the Instructors that the Cadet does not have this knowledge and requesting information thereon.

The Merchant Navy Training Board examination papers have shown results which, while not in the brilliant category, have displayed promise and prospects for successful attainment of certificates in due course.

NEW TYPE LOG BOOKS

We think a bit of welcome news to all Chief Officers will be the introduction of a new type of log book fairly soon. Final arrangements have been made with the printers and, as soon as the logs come to hand, they will be distributed to the ships. The new system, which has been sanctioned by the Board of Trade and other interested parties, will cut out the laborious copying presently not enjoyed by Chief Officers, as the log sheets will be printed on a type of paper whereby a copy is made at the time of original entry. More details will be issued when the new system is introduced. We think we are the first Company in the field with this procedure, which is long overdue.

FLEET NEWS

"BARON CAWDOR" Having sailed from Mourilyan on 16th September and passed through the Panama Canal on 11th October, she arrived New York on 17th October and sailed from there on the 24th. She is shifting to Tampa to load phosphate for Western Australia. All the Tampa Range ports have recently been suffering from congestion and it is to be hoped that this ship will not suffer serious delay, although it seems we may have to budget for delay for some time to come.

"CAPE CLEAR" After loading a cargo of packaged lumber at New Westminster and Cowichan Bay this ship sailed from the latter port on the 19th October for London and Grangemouth. She is on time charter to Seaboard Shipping Company Limited. On completion at Grangemouth she will sail for Tampa Range and there load phosphate for Australia or New Zealand.

"BARON FORBES" sailed from Hannan (within the Customs jurisdiction of Osaka) on 19th October for Yokkaichi and Nagoya where she will complete discharge of her New Zealand log cargo. After completion, she will return to Osaka for guarantee drydocking. She will then cross to British Columbia to load packaged lumber for U.S.N.H.

"CAPE FRANKLIN" sailed from Birkenhead on 29th October for Port Cartier where she will load iron ore for Birkenhead. Below is Captain Mallett's account of an interesting incident which occurred during a recent passage from Lulea to Glasgow:-

"About 0630 hours this morning (22/9/68) I was informed by Chief Officer that a small craft in the vicinity was firing distress flares. Course was at once altered and craft approached. This turned out to be the American yacht "Frithjof Wiese" of Seattle. Two men and two women appeared to be aboard. It appears that during the night sails had been torn, engine was out of action and they had no radio. Position of this happening was about ten miles south of the Norwegian coast and roughly about 30 miles from Kristiansand. Yacht crew requested that I radio to the shore authorities for a rescue launch to be sent out to them to tow yacht into port. This was at once done and I informed the coast authorities that I would stand-by until rescue launch arriv d. This wa acknowledged and I was informed that launch w uld l ve a once and w uld be on the scene shortly. Weather at this time was just moderate with a fresh breeze blowing and a moderate sea and swell.

Although we were in constant touch by radio with rescue launch, they appeared to have trouble in reaching the position. It was 1100 hours before launch finally appeared and took yacht in tow. It was explained later, when the help this vessel had given was acknowledged, that this was a new rescue launch and some trouble had been experienced with the steering gear. After making a lee to make the towrope fast, this vessel resumed passage."

"CAPE HOWE" arrived Newport, Mon., from Port Etienne (Mauretania) on 22nd October with a cargo of iron ore. On completion she will return to Port Etienne to load ore for Middlesbrough.

"BARON INVERFORTH" sailed from Muroran on 22nd October for Marmagoa. On sailing from there she will proceed to Nagoya to discharge and thereafter she will drydock at Hong Kong before carrying on to India to load for Japan. She is still on time charter to Kawasaki Kaisen Kaisha.

"BARON KINNAIRD" sailed from Suva on 14th October after loading a cargo of bulk sugar at Fijian ports. She is due at the Panama Canal on the 4th November, en route to the U.K., and, on completion of discharge, she will be handed over to her new Owners. It will be recalled that we mentioned in July 'TRIAD' that she has been sold to Artagan Shipping Company, Monrovia.

"CAPE MARINA" arrived Philadelphia with a cargo of Mackay sugar on 23rd October and, on completion there, will move to Tampa Range to load phosphate for New Zealand. Thereafter she will shift to Nauru to load more phosphate - this time for Western Australia.

"CAPE NELSON" left Port Etienne on 21st October with iron ore for Cardiff where she should arrive on the 28th October. After completion of discharge she will sail for Seven Islands to load iron ore for Newport.

"CAPE RODNEY" arrived Newcastle, N.S.W., on 26th October to discharge the balance of a Christmas Island phosphate cargo - the first portion having been unloaded at Brisbane. She should complete at Newcastle on the 29th October, after which she will sail for Port Pirie to load concentrates for Avonmouth or Swansea, picking up a parcel at Walvis Bay during the homeward passage.

"CAPE RONA" left Mourilyan on 23rd October with sugar loaded there and at Bundaberg for discharge at St. John, N.B. She is due Balboa on or about 18th November. On completion at St. John she will move south to Baltimore or Philadelphia to load heavy grain for Glasgow.

"CAPE SABLE" is presently fitting-out at Horten and hopes to sail from there after Acceptance Trials on 20th December. She will proceed to Rotterdam to load pig iron for Japan.

"CAPE ST. VINCENT" sailed from Port Sutton on 9th October after suffering delay caused by port congestion (referred to earlier) and also a forty-eight hour strike. She is proceeding towards Western Australia to discharge and, on

completion there, will sail to Christmas Island for more phosphate, this time for Eastern Australia (indicated Newcastle, N.S.W.) On completion of that fixture she will load yet another phosphate cargo, at Nauru for Western Australia.

"BARON WEMYSS" completed discharge of a Cairns sugar cargo (during the loading of which the first millionth ton of Cairns sugar was lifted) at Hakata on the 24th October. From there she sailed for Fiji, where due on or about the 7th November, to load bulk sugar for U.K./Continent. She should arrive in the U.K. during the first week in January, 1969.

This ship has been sold and, on completion of discharge of the Fijian sugar, will be handed over to her new Owners, Artagan Shipping Company Limited, Monrovia.

"CAPE WRATH" arrived Rostock on 18th October to load pig iron for Japan and should sail from the loading port about 2nd November. After Japan she will move to Nauru to load phosphate for Western Australia.

HAUGESUND NO. 34 ("BARON DUNMORE") This ship will be launched at Haugesund on 26th October and it is anticipated that she will sail from that port, after Acceptance Trials, on 28th December. She will load pig iron at Rostock for Japan.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH

For this number of 'TRIAD' we have chosen a photograph of "BARON JEDBURGH" to grace the cover. She is representative of a class of eight ships, all basically very similar, built between the years 1958 and 1960, and she was, in fact, the first of the group to be placed in service, being commissioned on 19th July, 1958, after having been launched at the yard of John Readhead and Sons Limited, South Shields, on 19th May, 1958, by Mrs. G. S. Brown. The others, in order of entering service, were:-

"BARON GARIOCH"	: Built October, 1958, by John Readhead & Sons, Ltd.
"BARON KINNAIRD"	: Built November, 1958, by Austin & Pickersgill Ltd.
"BARON MINTO"	: Built February, 1959, by Sir James Laing & Sons Ltd.
"BARON PENTLAND"	: Built March, 1959, by Austin & Pickersgill Ltd.
"BARON MACLAY"	: Built December, 1959, by Austin & Pickersgill Ltd.
"BARON BELHAVEN"	: Built January, 1960, by John Readhead & Sons, Ltd.
"BARON WEMYSS"	: Built February, 1960, by Austin & Pickersgill Ltd.

All were 5-hatch, 'tween-deck ships, powered by a 4-cylinder diesel engine built by Hawthorn Leslie (Engineers) Ltd., William Doxford & Sons (Engineers) Ltd., or North Eastern Marine Engineering Co., Ltd.

The significance of featuring this photograph is to be found in the above Ship Paragraphs for the report of the sale of "BARON KINNAIRD" and "BARON WEMYSS" means that the last of this class will soon have disappeared from the Fleet.

The change in the type of ship most favoured by Charterers has been so rapid in recent years, leaving greatly reduced scope for the 'tween-decker in our type of general world trading, that the demise of this design from the Fleet was inevitable but, at the same time, it is fitting that a class which proved efficient and trouble-free in operation - and handsome to behold - should be remembered.

As a footnote, we should mention that "BARON JEDBURGH" was sold last year to Intercontinental Maritime Ltd., Monrovia, and renamed "EVIE G. CHIMPLES".

FIRE ON BOARD M. V. "BLENHEIM" IN THE NORTH SEA 22ND MAY, 1968.

Readers will recall seeing an account in the July 'TRIAD' of a fire on board this ship as given to us by one of the rescued passengers. It should be stressed that this was that passenger's own personal account and in no way reflected the views of the Company, 'TRIAD' or its Editor, who must disassociate himself from any implied criticism the article may have contained but, at the same time, it should be remembered that that passenger is entitled to his own views and opinions. It is felt that this explanation is called for here as we have received, and read with some regret, a letter from Captain Nilsen of "CAPE RONA" - himself a Norwegian - expressing annoyance and disappointment that, in

in his opinion, events on board "BLENHEIM" during the fire and rescue, as portrayed in the account, do less than justice to the high degree of organisation in general and courage and efficiency in particular of that ship's Officers and Crew.

In the interests of fairness, we reproduce below Captain Nilsen's letter and would mention that the press cuttings referred to, without exception, offer the highest praise of the manner in which the rescue operations were conducted, although lack of space here precludes the reproduction of these cuttings. However, we are pleased to note from them that Captain H. Mueller of the "BLENHEIM" did not suffer a heart attack and blindness, as originally reported, although he was badly affected by exhaustion and eye-trouble induced by smoke.

Readers will agree with us that efficiency, whether under normal conditions or during moments of emergency, can be regarded as normal on board a Norwegian vessel.

We understand that "BLENHEIM'S" Owners, Fred Olsen and Company, have decided not to repair the ship but are offering her for sale in her damaged condition.

"M.V. "CAPE RONA",
Geelong,
Victoria.

October 14th, 1968.

The Editor,
'TRIAD',
Glasgow.

Dear Sir,

Upon receipt of 'TRIAD', I noted with great interest the account given by Mr. Mohammed Hussein, Engine-room Storekeeper of M.V. "CAPE WRATH", about the fire on board Norwegian ship "BLENHEIM" on 22nd May, 1968.

However, my interest was very much blended with annoyance as it was to a large extent contrary to what other passengers and the press has reported on the fire, and the account reported by your Journal indicated that the rescue was slightly confused and ill-organised. Being a Norwegian myself. I did not find the story at all amusing and sent a photo-copy of it to Messrs. Fred Olsen and Company in Oslo. Yesterday I received a reply from them, and I am sorry to report that their reaction was not one of pleasure, and that they, in fact, regard Mr. Hussein's account of the rescue as criticism, a reaction very well understandable.

During the last few years there have been a number of fires on passenger ships of various nationalities, and in the two cases Norwegian ships have been involved the passengers and the press have been unanimous in their praise of the ships' Crew and Officers about the way they behaved during the rescue operations, this being rightly justified in that not one life was lost in either fire.

As your Journal is widely circulated and read, I feel it would be a good idea to report somewhat further on the fire on the "BLENHEIM" as you will note from the letter and press-clippings that Fred Olsen and Company sent me that much remains untold in your story, and I feel it would only be fair to the men on the "BLENHEIM" that the whole story be told, not only one man's version of it, and I feel confident that you will agree with me to that respect."

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It has been reported that the "KUO YANG", ex "ZITA", ex "BARON GLENCONNER", built by Caledon, Dundee, in 1955, has been sold by Taiwan International Line Ltd., to Hai Seng S.S. Co., both of Taiwan, and renamed "CONVOY PIONEER".

MORE NORWEGIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT

Once more the writer finds himself in the hospitable precincts of Horten, Norway - the reason, the launch of the good ship "CAPE SABLE".

Although the party is changed from that which launched the "CAPE WRATH", the same spirit prevails (Each man carried a bottle through the Customs at Oslo!)

Missing from the party this time are firstly the Laird of Jura and his lady. We miss them not only for their companionship, but also for the colour brought by the Laird resplendent in his kilt. The Chairman also has shed his responsibility and is on the "loose" but, as he has been put in charge of the ship's Godmother, his "looseness" will not get much scope! Also absent are the learned mechanics MacKerron and Lazaras, complete with their partners. In their place have come Captain and Mrs. Love and another genial "enchineer", Mr. McKenzie, and his wife. To give the party a link with our new bosses, "S.S.M.", the bearer of an honoured Scottish name, Walter Scott, has come with us to see how Lyle does things. Last, but not least, we have the man learned in averages, total loss claims, etc., but at this time all is forgotten and he and his charming wife are taking part in representing Scotland in Norway. If rumour speaks aright we may see a colourful spectacle on the night of the launch as it is said the insurer has brought his kilt.

The sponsor of the ship is a last minute choice, but one which has pleased us all. Owing to increasing age, Mrs. James Shearer, who was to have christened the ship, was unable to do so, and a substitute had to be found. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tom Shearer, agreed to take her place, and we all welcome her to repeat the duty which she performed when she launched "CAPE SABLE III" in Dumbarton some years ago. We are glad to say she also brought her husband with her!

Course was set from Glasgow, and Oslo reached, via London, at around 1500 hours on Saturday, 31st August. Quickly clearing all formalities, the journey to Tønsberg was soon under way. A stop was made in Drammen after a journey up an impressive spiral tunnel leading to a well known beauty spot where coffee and a species of "Apple Struddle" was partaken. Some of us with expanding waistlines felt it was a mistake, but others (gentle ladies as well) tucked in right royally. A mechanical children's horse being seen, the Chairman, for a wager, showed his prowess as a rider. Fortunately no one had a kroner to activate the beast and, therefore, his complete ignorance of horsemanship was mercifully concealed. Getting back into the cars, a speedy journey took us to Tønsberg and we soon found ourselves in the lap of luxury in the Hotel Klubben.

Later when the party had shaken themselves down and cleaned themselves up they forgathered to meet their hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Langballe, Mr. and Mrs. Nilsen and Mr. and Mrs. Marøy, and the one and only Miss Alsos. After introductions all round for the new entry, and renewal of friendships for the old, drinks were served, and after in to dinner. Much care had been taken in the choice of menu so that our fastidious friend, Mr. S -, had no cause to shudder! In spite of this, a very good dinner was had by all, accompanied by the usual "Takk for Maten" at the end. The elders broke up at around 11.30 p.m., but the younger or more able members continued with the dancing till the wee sma' hours, a great evening being had by all.

Next morning the same party of hosts less Miss Alsos, arrived at around 10.30, and an excursion was made to one of the local beauty spots at the mouth of Oslo Fjord. The country in this direction is rugged, but with many trees, and at the old lighthouse station, where the original basket of coal on a pole is still preserved, there is a private zoo, with fishes, birds and sundry other species on view. The Chairman struck up a friendship with a small female goat, which afterwards received a distinct reproof from her mother and retired in the sulks. Later the Chairman also retired in the sulks when he was requested to feed the seals with some unappetising raw fish - this surely was never envisaged in the original appointment!

Going on from there a visit was paid to the pilot station for the Oslo Fjord and then to a charming wayside residence where coffee and smörrebröd were offered and mistakenly received. A somewhat replete party gratefully

sought their cars and allowed themselves to be driven on to the next eating place which proved to be at Sandefjord, a town some 30 kilometres from Tønsberg and a centre for the last of the whaling fleet. Here there is a super-luxury hotel with all the latest 'mod cons'. Before it, in the Square, there is a lovely fountain in the shape of a whale hunt and with murals of whaling scenes.

Faint, but determined, the party sat down to partake of a late lunch. It should be said at this juncture that, with certain notable exceptions, all the ladies, and most of the gentlemen, have elegant figures. Nevertheless, never has so much gone into so little so quickly as happened there. One member of the party at least felt that he had met his match and could go no further. He battled on and, in the end, the party arrived, replete but hearty, at Tønsberg, where the hosts left us to our own devices for the evening. Most of the party retired to sleep it off, but the grass-widower and the eligible bachelor strode manfully out and walked off, as far as possible, the effects of the good food provided.

September 2nd - a red letter day both for weather and interest. Over to Horten in the morning and, after a quick run over the yard and engine shop, back to a real light lunch. Shortly afterwards the ladies arrived and also H.E. Ambassador Sir Dixon Scott. The Godmother looked her best and very graciously cracked a bottle over the ship and named her "CAPE SABLE". A children's band then played the British and Norwegian National Anthems and also popular hit tunes. The children were in uniform, with a mini-skirted drum majorette at the head. The party then adjourned to the canteen, where the toast of the ship and her owners was proposed by Mr. Langballe and replied to by the Chairman. More food was eaten and at about 3.00 p.m. some of the party visited Mrs. Langballe in her new home and had another drink. It is a tribute to the heads of those who took part that all were stone sober in spite of many temptations! Back to Tønsberg, where the sponsor was whisked off to get the last touches put to her already faultless "hairdo."

The Dinner in the Naval Officers' Club went off splendidly. The party matched up well to the good food and drink provided. Godmother Shearer, looking very chic, received a most beautiful diamond brooch of Norwegian design. She replied very suitably and graced the party admirably. After the dinner and ceremonial polonaise the room was cleared and a team of folk dancers in local costume performed. The Chairman, nothing daunted, suggested that the Scottish Party should do an eightsome reel and this, led by the "best dressed heilander", the party did. (Memo - see that all future parties are properly briefed before their visit!) The traditional pea soup concluded the party and bed was sought at a very early hour in the morning.

Leaving Tønsberg at 9.30, a stop was made at the Sonja Heine Museum of Modern Art which has just been opened in Oslo and is in a magnificent setting looking out over the Fjord. Its contents were somewhat of a mystery to the uneducated party, but at least one sightseer knew what he was looking at because he was heard to say "Gee, I can smell that corn". The "enchineer" pointed out a most interesting piece of modern art consisting of some old rivetting, some rough flame cutting and a few tatty welds, embellished with one or two drain covers. No name was put on this exhibit but it might well represent 'Mother and Child', and I am sure that it was one of the choicest pieces in this most interesting gallery!!

On again to the "Fram" where a far too hurried visit was paid, and then to a last feast of fried reindeer at Oslo Airport. The Chairman will probably be barred from entering Norway in future, having offered his very attractive Norwegian partner a bottle of after-shave lotion in error for eau de cologne!

An uneventful flight to London, and then alarms and excursions owing to strikes at Abbotsinch. Question: Is Mr. T. S. a Jonah as far as flying B.E.A. is concerned?!

The final impression one is left with is the unfailing kindness of our Norwegian hosts. They are a hard-working, honest and friendly nation, proud of their country and anxious to show its qualities. They have a genuine affection for Scots and their similarity in looks and behaviour is noticeable. Altogether another red letter occasion which will long be remembered.

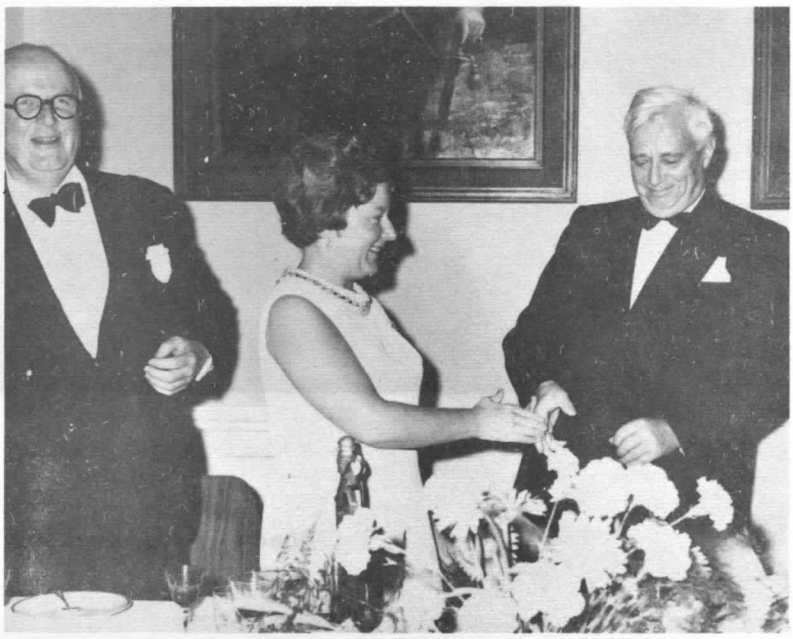
The Launch of m.v. "CAPE SABLE"

Mrs. T. S. Shearer
The Ship's Sponsor

Ready for Launching

Mr. & Mrs. Tom Shearer

The Children's Band



Mr. J.P. Agnew, Chairman of Lyle Shipping Co., Mrs. T.S Shearer and Mr. M. Langballe Managing Director of Marinens Hovedverft, the Ship's Builder at the Dinner given after the Launch

IRON FROM THE NORTH

Seven Islands is a name known to most of us and for those who have not been there it is, at least, a familiar and frequent place-name on the weekly Positions Sheet. It is, of course, a spot on the map on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River that has, in recent years, been a place at which ore carriers load, at a prodigious rate, vast quantities of high-grade iron ore. But, where does this ore come from originally and how does it get to Seven Islands?

Not so very long ago Seven Islands, or Sept Iles, was a small sleepy and comparatively isolated fishing port - not much more than a village - dominated by the fishermen's church, and so it might have remained but for the discovery and exploitation of almost limitless deposits of iron ore in the Labrador Trough, far to the north of Quebec Province and Labrador. The presence of these deposits was ascertained in 1929, confirming centuries of Indian rumour of their existence.

By 1950 it had become apparent that these huge reserves of ore would have to be tapped. The Mesabi ore-fields in the Great Lakes region had known limits and Canada and the U.S.A., as well as the world as a whole, were demanding more and more steel, which, in turn, meant more and more iron ore. For this reason, several large steel concerns - Hollinger-Consolidated, Wheeling Steel, Youngstown, Hanna Corporation, Republic Steel, National Steel and Armco Steel - met to discuss the situation and one result of this meeting was the formation of The Iron Ore Company of Canada whose function was to be the production of iron ore from the Labrador deposits by 1954. Immediately, work was started to draw up plans to develop the mines in Ungava and to construct a port on the St. Lawrence capable of handling the largest ore carriers. At the same time a decision - which must be the right one - had to be made on the mode of transporting the ore from point of origin to port of shipment. Various possibilities were considered:

(a) Road-haulage by motor-truck.
(b) A pipe-line along which pulverised ore would be 'flushed' by water pressure.
(c) A monorail.
(d) A conveyor belt.
(e) A conventional railway.

(a) was thrown out of court immediately on the grounds that, apart from having to construct a road through the tundra and maintaining it, a vast fleet of trucks and a veritable army of drivers would be needed. (b) would be impractical owing to the high specific gravity of ore and consequent difficulties and cost of 'flushing' it over such a distance as well as the need for plant near the mines to pulverise the ore. (c) was unattractive mainly on the grounds of cost - reckoned to be half as much again as a conventional railway. (d) was the only serious contender but it was discarded on a number of points, not least of which was the fact that a service road to help in maintaining and inspecting the belt, supports and power stations along its length would be required. What if the belt broke down? Such an occurrence would stop the movement of ore along the whole route until repairs could be effected and the only remedy to meet this risk - a second belt - would raise costs from an estimated $360,000 per mile ($260,000 for the belt, $100,000 for the service road) to $620,000 per mile! The belt might have won the day if the country to be traversed had been developed and populated, but the terrain could hardly have been more desolate. A further advantage in choosing a railway was that it was a known and proved mode of transport which had established itself over many decades. In addition, there was a railway similar to the one envisaged already in existence, the Bessemer and Lake Erie in Pennsylvania, which had been hauling little else than iron ore for many years and from which many lessons could be learned and possible pitfalls avoided. So, honours went to the railway on practically every point, not least on cost - $325,000 per mile.

It might be thought that, in the mid twentieth century, the art of railway building, particularly in wild, undeveloped country, would be lost but nothing could be further from the truth for the ability was there and, in addition, modern engineering techniques and equipment were available. Where, in the past, so many railways were built and, having been built, then had to

find, encourage and increase traffic, this proposed railway differed in that it had an assured future even before the first spadeful of earth was turned and was certain of ample funds to meet construction costs which meant that the best construction methods and practices would be adopted and the finest equipment employed.

No railway can claim an identity without a name and this one to be built wanted a name. Accordingly, the somewhat unimaginative but nevertheless geographically descriptive name 'Quebec North Shore and Labrador' was chosen and, having been given a name, the stipulation was that it must be capable of shifting more than fifteen million tons of iron ore each seven-month season - the near-Arctic winter making year-round operations impossible.

As soon as the all-clear was given, work could be begun on the grand scale. Not for the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway an 'adequate' standard to start with, followed by gradual upgrading as traffic increased, but rather top quality at the outset. Construction of this railway became a classic example of man overcoming the difficulties nature chose to impose. Seven Islands, having been named as the Railway's southern terminus, was the point from where reconnaissance men and surveyors set out for the north, by canoe in summer, by dog-sled in winter, to establish and survey the route the rails were to follow. What they encountered underlined again and again the challenge that lay ahead - mountainous country, rivers and river canyons to cross, some of the hardest rock in the world to blast, muskeg wastes to be tamed - for a distance of 360 miles. By September 1950, all surveys were complete and contracts awarded which meant that actual construction activities could begin with every relevant modern trapping and aid. To begin with, thirteen airstrips and a series of rough connecting roads were completed along the chosen route. Heavy winter snowfalls rendered impossible haulage by tractor-train so eighteen aircraft, chiefly DC-3's, then took over. Supplies were taken to Seven Islands by ship between mid-April and mid-December, which was the period used to transport heavy equipment. The chosen route followed three river valleys - the Moisie, the Nipissus and the Wacouna - and construction difficulties proved every bit as formidible as anticipated. Rock, clay and muskeg confronted the engineers and at one five-mile stretch six hundred tons of dynamite was required to remove over one million cubic yards of solid rock. In the first one hundred miles, above the crystalline shield, lay several thick patches of clay and silt deposited millions of years ago by glaciation and marine invasion. These materials would become unstable in the presence of water and therefore had to be excavated. This entailed considerable loss for the spoil dug out could not be used elsewhere as 'fill'. Incidentally, it was also the cause of one major set-back when a portion of tunnel roof gave way, allowing 60,000 cubic yards of silt to flow out of the tunnel portal. An additional 40,000 cubic yards had to be removed - by water jet - to enable the breach to be capped with concrete. Many muskeg 'sink-holes' were encountered and sixty-eight tons of dynamite was required in one area to open up 90,000 feet of drainage ditch. In this muskeg area aerial photography came in useful, showing up different types of coverage and guiding the ground crews. These 'sink-holes' are composed of many layers, the top being a mossy covering over a rooty, woody layer. Under this is about three feet of black muck and below this again is a more solid material, sand or gravelled sand, which makes a tightly-knit matrix. After the two top layers were removed by dynamiting, bulldozers and scrapers piled up the material from the matrix base to form a sufficiently solid base to carry the right-of-way. This preparatory work to form a solid base for the permanent-way went forward with impressive speed over the whole distance, but operations really shifted into top gear when the track-laying stage was reached. On a good day over 10,000 feet of track was laid, this speed being achieved by the adoption of a new method of laying. Two miles of track in a day may seem slow when compared with the building of the trans-continental railroad across the U.S. one hundred years ago when anything up to ten miles in a day were laid. At that time the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads were rushing towards one another, each endeavouring to absorb as much territory for themselves as possible, but climatic conditions were very different and so was the standard of workmanship for, when finished, the old line was 'gae shoogly', trains being allowed to pass over the line before any ballast at all was packed between the sleepers, whereas track-laying on the Q. N. S. & L. was, of course, of the highest standard. The new method used was to load skeleton cars, composed of a pair of trucks joined by a low steel frame, with rail at the

last siding before the 'end-of-track'. A day's supply was then pushed out on these cars and the rails laid on sleepers already placed in position by crane. As each car was unloaded, the crane would lift the low frame and trucks into the lineside ditch, leave them, and repeat the performance with the next car. As each day's work was done the 'grounded' cars were replaced on the rails and returned to the sidings for a further supply of rail. This rail was 132 pounds per foot, as heavy as any to be found in Canada, set upon twenty-four creosoted sleepers per rail-length. In the first stages the ballast used was 'pit-run' because, with Permafrost lying only a few feet below the surface at the northern end of the line and muskeg so prevalent in the middle section, it was deemed wiser to give the road-bed a few years to settle and consolidate, finding its own level, before applying rock ballast. With this temporary type of ballast it meant that, until 1958, when rock ballast was introduced, train speeds were restricted to 30 m.p.h. loaded and 40 m.p.h. empty. By the end of 1960 a foot of crushed stone had been introduced beneath the track, which meant that speed restrictions were relaxed somewhat. And so, the building of the line was finally completed in record time, the 'golden spike' being driven home on February 13th, 1954, with due ceremony. Completing the Railway had meant the building of nineteen bridges, two tunnels, laying 440 miles of track, including sidings and terminal areas, and the spreading of over two million cubic yards of ballast.

Having been built to such high standards, it was natural that the best in motive-power and rolling-stock should be employed. To commence operations, seventy-four 1750 h.p. diesel locomotives, built in London, Ontario, and 2,979 ore cars were put into service. These ore cars are ideally suited to carry out the task allotted to them - thirty-four feet long, they are of welded construction with a solid bottom (they are unloaded in a rotary dumper and therefore do not require a hopper-type floor), weigh twenty-seven tons empty and have a carrying capacity of ninety-seven short tons, and run on roller-bearing, four-wheel trucks. All the rolling-stock, locomotives and ore cars, are overhauled each winter in the Railway's own repair shops at Seven Islands, which is the headquarters of the Railway, and the standard of maintenance is extremely high.

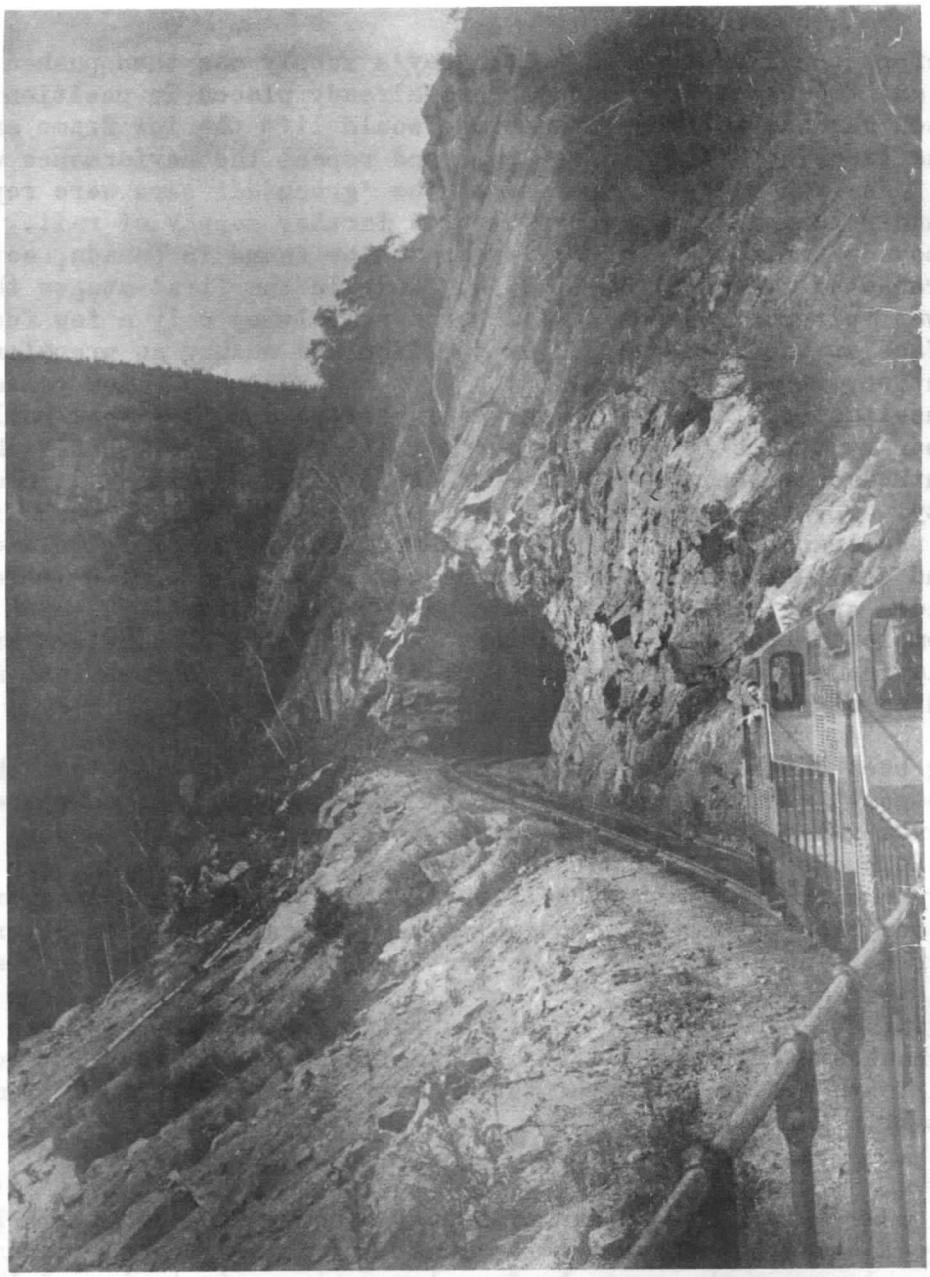
The movement control of trains over the system is simple but efficient. Empty ore cars move north from Seven Islands, 130 comprising one train behind four diesel locomotives, to the mines terminus, known as Silver Yard, and after being loaded are drawn south, again by four locomotives, in trains of 125 cars. The five-car differential means that occasionally eight locomotives go north on an empty train to collect the 'accumulation lots of five' which have been made up into one loaded train. Normal practice is to give loaded trains right of way over those that are empty (the line is single-track with twenty-eight passing sidings) and the latter are automatically shunted onto the siding, regardless of which arrives at that point first. Although gradients, as a whole, over the system are not severe, or curvature excessive, the heavier grades are encountered by empty trains northbound, which of course assists those laden southbound. Much thought went into the question of braking, with the result that 'runaways', even on the steeper sections, are unknown.

From end to end the line is under modified C.T.C. (centralised train control) which means that blocks, or sections, extend from passing track to passing track with no intermediate signals and each engine and caboose (brake van) of a train is equipped with train radio for train-length communication.

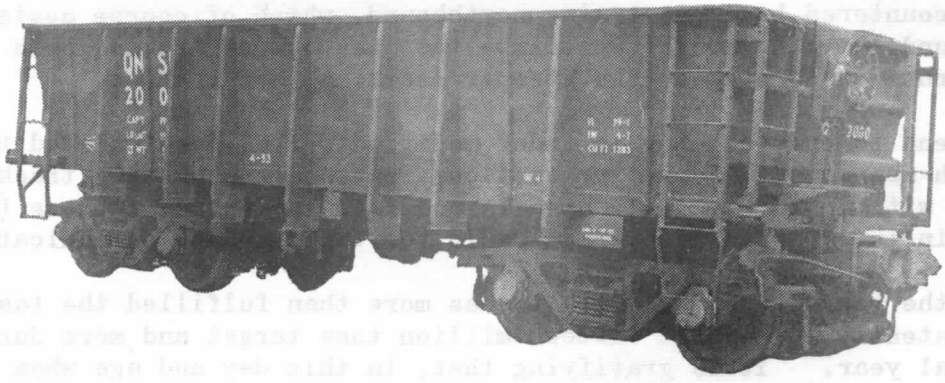
Over the years, the Q. N.S. & L. has more than fulfilled the task set for it, consistently moving the fifteen million tons target and more during the operational year. It is gratifying that, in this day and age when railways in so many countries, and particularly on the North American Continent, are fighting a heavy battle to maintain their status and share of traffic, the Quebec North Shore & Labrador Railway at least provides a shining example of how a railway can be run efficiently and effectively, amply justifying the faith of those who conceived, designed and built it.

We are indebted to Trains Magazine for some of the facts and figures and for the photographs in this article.

A.A.M.



A Tunnel on the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway



One of nearly 3,000 thirty-four foot,
ninety-seven ton capacity Ore Cars of
the Q.N.S. & L. Rly.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Surnames can, at times, be a source of amusement, cause an unwitting giggle to sneak out, give rise to an embarrassing lull in a conversation or create an image in the mind to which the actual bears no resemblance - for example, when one finds that Mr. Longfellow is, in fact, a short, rotund person who only sees his shoes and feet when looking in a full-length mirror.

Take my own name. In a firm where I was employed for a number of years they called me 'Stanley', so coupling me with a well-known band-leader whose theme tune was "Black Magic". Now, even to this day, I can't be sure if it was by reason of us both having the same surname or to the fact that he was a well-known fiddler!

Possibly you have met one of those people who, to make sure that they have your name, ask for it to be repeated. Well, there was one chap I knew who, to get out of asking for a repeat, came up with "do you spell it with an 'E' or an 'I'?" and on one occasion, when he was introduced to a Miss Hill, wondered why he got a stony stare and a brush-off following his query.

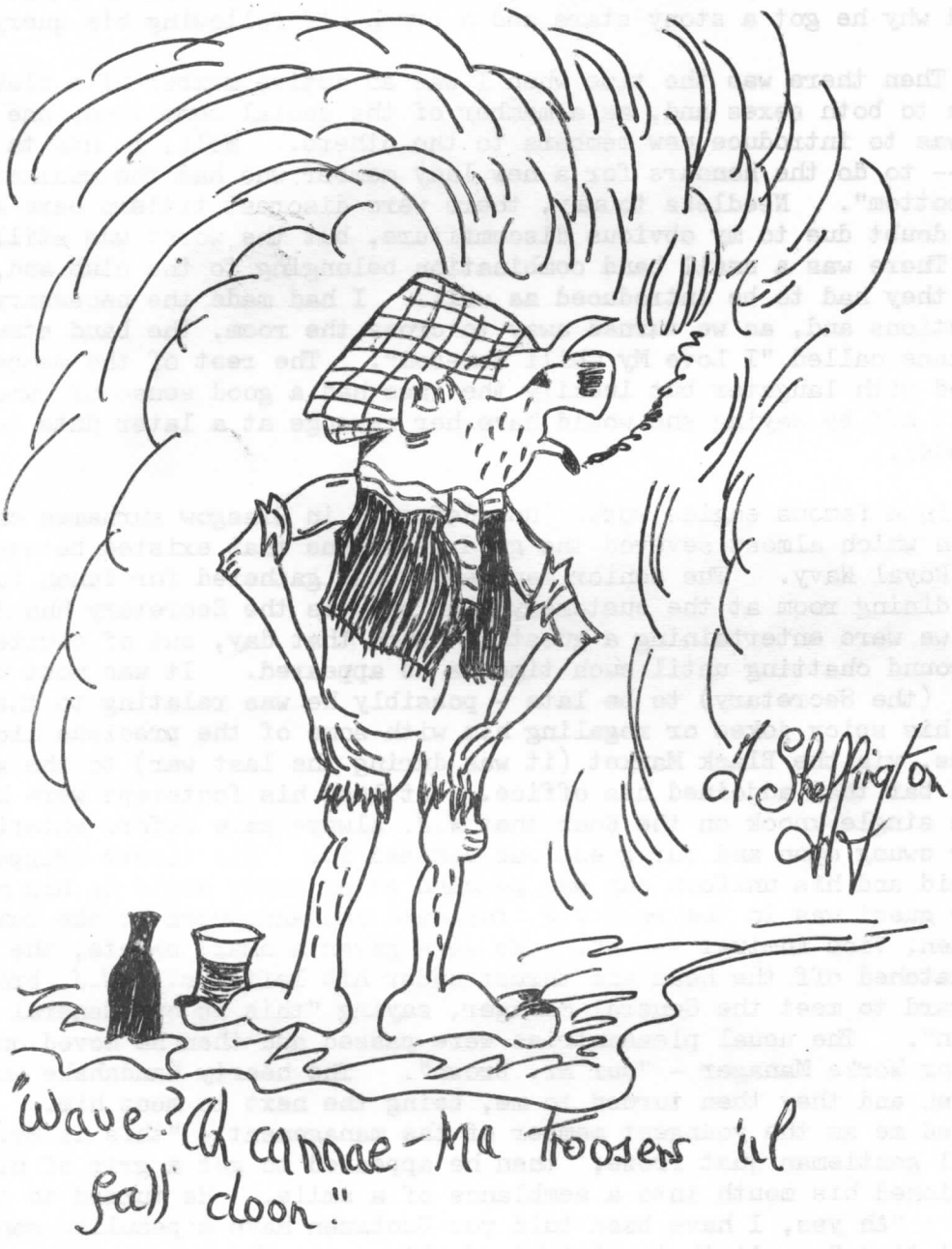
Then there was the time when I was an active member of a club which was open to both sexes and, as a member of the social committee, one of my duties was to introduce new members to the others. Well, it had to happen to me --- to do the honours for a new lady member who had the moniker "Winterbottom". Needless to say, there were discreet titters here and there, some no doubt due to my obvious discomfiture, but the worst was still to come. There was a small band combination belonging to the club and, of course, they had to be introduced as well. I had made the necessary introductions and, as we turned away to cross the room, the band struck up an old tune called "I Love My Chili Bom-Bom". The rest of the members just convulsed with laughter but luckily the lass had a good sense of humour and passed it off by saying she would have her revenge at a later date on the band leader.

In a famous engine works (now defunct) in Glasgow surnames caused a situation which almost severed the good relations that existed between it and the Royal Navy. The senior management had gathered for lunch in the private dining room at the customary hour but, as the Secretary had informed us that we were entertaining a guest to lunch that day, out of courtesy we stood around chatting until such time as he appeared. It was most unusual for W.J. (the Secretary) to be late - possibly he was relating to the guest some of his spicy jokes or regaling him with some of the precious liquids that came, via the Black Market (it was during the last war) to the wee cocktail bar that adjoined his office. At last his footsteps were heard, then the single knock on the door that W.J. always gave before entering. The door swung open and our guest was ushered in. His sleeve dripped with gold braid and his uniform cap was perched at a jaunty angle on his head. Once our guest was in the room W.J. followed and announced to the company - "Gentlemen, Vice Admiral -----". We were given a smart salute, the cap being snatched off the head and thrust under his left arm. W.J. brought him forward to meet the General Manager, saying "this is our General Manager, Mr. Green". The usual pleasantries were passed and then he moved on to meet the Senior Works Manager - "our Mr. Brown". The hearty handshake and smile were given and they then turned to me, being the next to meet him. W.J. introduced me as the youngest member of the management - "this is Mr. Black". The naval gentleman just froze; then he appeared to get a grip of himself and fashioned his mouth into a semblance of a smile. He turned to the others and said - "Ah yes, I have been told you Scotsmen have a peculiar sense of humour at times". At that point his feelings got the better of him and he let out a bellow that shook the double glazing and shouted - "What the h--- do you take me for, a b---- fool?". I may say it did take some doing to quieten him and get him to sit down to lunch but, that is not the end of the yarn. As it happened, I was seated next to him at the table and during the course of the meal I raised the subject of our names again and told him that he hadn't heard the complete story for, as it happened, my middle name was Gray. He let out one howl of laughter and, slapping the table, declared he would inform the First Sea Lord that he had had a most colourful visit to Scotland!

Whilst on the subject of names, let us see what could be done with a few which are known to many of us:

The state of mind of some members of the Marine Staff when Stores Control was first introduced could be described as approaching insubordination. No longer would they get the BAKER's dozen of many items but must TAYLOR their demands to BORDER on cheeseparing. Many thought that they would LOVE to become a HUNTER, enter the office, MALLETT in hand, and EDGE up to the instigator of the scheme, go the whole HOGG and ram rejected requisitions down his throat until they heard him BEGG for mercy!

Ian Dubh.



Sweet Taste of Revenge.

Notice in butcher shop window near Paris Race-course:

"Lost money at the races? Get your own back, eat horse-meat!"

SHARK BAY

We are indebted to Captain Nilsen of the "CAPE RONA" for sending us a most interesting and comprehensive report on the call of his ship at Useless Loop, Topper Island, Shark Bay, Western Australia, to load a cargo of salt and for the accompanying photograph. Points from this report are given below:

Coastwise navigation from Fremantle to Shark Bay presented no problems; the pilot and a customs official accompanied the ship for this coastal passage as there is no pilot-station at Shark Bay. During this passage it is advisable to stand well off the coast as land features are not completely surveyed or charted - indeed, the coastline of Dirk Hartog's Island and Edel Island bore little relation to the chart of that area. As only daylight navigation is possible, it is necessary either to drift off the coast during darkness or to anchor in Turtle Bay at Cape Inscription. The "CAPE RONA" anchored. Captain Nilsen stresses that navigation on this stretch of coast must be carried out with the utmost care and the pilot advised that navigation in the area is still in the 'pioneering' stage. This pilot has been sailing in and out of Shark Bay for thirty years and is of the opinion that the Bay contains many unknown shoals. He strongly advises adhering to the known routes in and out until surveys are complete. Between Cape Inscription Light and Denham Channel no navigational aids of any kind exist and it is, therefore, essential for any ship going to Shark Bay to have gyro compass, radar and echo-sounder in excellent working order.

The Denham Channel, which leads to the loading jetty at Useless Loop, is dredged to a depth of 33 feet L.W. When passing along this channel on arrival the echo-sounder recorded a 'rather blurred lump' at a depth of 30 feet. Hand-lead soundings were taken and a minimum depth of 33 feet found, so it seems that what might have been a shoal was either kelp, a school of fish or spawning prawns. The latter are abundant in the Bay.

The loading jetty is about 1,000 feet long, running in a north/south direction, and consists of dolphins about 150 feet apart. About 600 feet of the jetty is straight and each dolphin is joined by a catwalk, but at each end is an angled section about 200 feet long which Captain Nilsen considers a bad design feature. These dolphins are of a somewhat poor and fragile design and the Captain suggests that they should not be subjected to a 'trial of strength'. He feels that if too much strain was placed upon them by the ship the connecting catwalks might well become casualties for the latter, with their railings, are loose and a slight push on one of the dolphins could result in one or more falling into the water!

The loading chute, fixed but retractable, is about 37 feet above sea-level L.W. and no ballast must be pumped out prior to berthing in case the chute cannot clear the ship's rails. This fixed chute means that the ship must be shifted to enable each hold to be loaded. Two factors make this shifting somewhat complicated - the current at the jetty runs at up to 4½ knots in a north/south direction which demands good lines and moorings and, with the angled ends to the jetty, it is difficult to keep the ship alongside during a shift. This difficulty is greatest, of course, when the current is running at its fastest and care should be taken to keep the number of shifts to a minimum. There were thirteen during the first call but it was hoped to reduce this to nine on the second in the light of experience.

Prior to loading holds are surveyed and then must be white-washed - the latter to prevent contamination of the salt cargo should rust be present (it was not in the case of "CAPE RONA"). The 'wash' used was applied by a hired spray-gun and consisted of lime mixed with water. Captain Nilsen points out that when using a mixture of this nature protective clothing and gloves must be worn and vaseline should be applied to the face to prevent the lime drying on the skin and causing

burns. It is desirable to have buckets of fresh water handy to rinse off any lime accidentally spilled. The two previous salt cargoes, loaded on a trial basis, were lifted by Japanese ships and, in their case, white-washing was done by brush. The job took three days to complete with everyone on board, including the pilot, participating. With the spray-gun it took one man with the gun and seven to mix the 'wash' eight hours to complete seven holds. Naturally, it is a messy business involving much cleaning of person, clothing and ship once the job is finished.

The loading apparatus seems very efficient and a loading rate of 900 tons in the hour was recorded. However, a problem seems to arise in maintaining the flow of salt on the conveyor belt which runs between Topper Island and the jetty. When a ship is loading the shore labour employed is that used in producing the salt at Useless Loop and, therefore, a loading ship means a temporary halt to the production of salt. Trimming the cargo in the ship's holds presented no difficulty and it is apparent that any bulk carrier can load an entire cargo of salt without resorting to trimming or use of a 'jet-slinger'. Of academic interest is the fact that a 'tween-decker would slow-up loading for trimming would be necessary and the 'jet-slinger' available at Shark Bay does not appear to be too efficient.

During the summer months prevailing winds in the area are from south-east and up to Force 7. These conditions are fairly constant for about seven months of the year. Captain Nilsen cites the example of last January when, with the exception of one day when the wind was Force 4, there were steady south-east Force 7 winds for an entire month. During the remainder of the year winds are between south-west and south-east with occasional north-west gales. The tides are wholly unpredictable at Useless Loop, being much affected by the off-shore winds which seem to draw the water out of Shark Bay when they are blowing from the south. This can result in anxious moments, as in the case of the "CAPE RONA" when, having loaded to a depth of 31'5½", the tide did not rise from the predicted low water level and the ship was unable to move off the jetty. The anxiety felt was heightened by the existence of a slight swell. There are no tugs or hauling-off buoys available so under such conditions a ship could become well and truly stuck. Captain Nilsen states that he is convinced some day, sooner or later, a ship will have a long stay in Shark Bay waiting for the winds to abate or the tide to come back in. He considers it important, for this reason, that at the time of berthing about three shackles of chain be paid out as this might be the only means of clearing the jetty after loading. It is impossible to steam directly away from the jetty as there are shoal areas immediately ahead. Fortunately, on the day after completion of loading, the tides started to rise and this coincided with a lull in the wind and so the ship was able to leave the jetty and sail for Japan. The pilot disembarked at the Outer Beacon of Denham Channel. When discussing berthing and unberthing at the jetty, Captain Nilsen says that he would not consider attempting to berth a ship at Useless Loop without tugs or buoys if a Force 7 south-east wind was blowing as both ship and jetty would suffer and he adds that the pilot also would be against such an attempt.

In the accompanying photograph, Useless Loop and the attendant salt ponds are to be seen at the upper left and from there the concentrated brine is pumped more than a mile by pipeline to Topper Island, seen in the foreground to the right. There the brine is processed by centrifuge before moving on to the long conveyor belt which carries it to the jetty where it is stock-piled prior to shipment.

Considerable development is planned for the area and, in addition to the hope of regularly loading 1,000 tons of salt per hour and exporting one million tons of the commodity annually, further plans envisage the establishing of a plant for the production of potash from sea-water which, as a by-product, might produce as much as two and one half million tons of salt in a year.

In his concluding remarks, Captain Nilsen suggests that Shark Bay might well rank as something of a sea-angler's paradise. Fishing from the jetty, crew members met with great success by catching an abundance of red snapper, kingfish, skipjack and other game-fish. Before a fully justified protest about the amount of gutting and cleaning was forthcoming from the Chief Steward, about 500 lbs. of snapper had been caught!

Shark Bay, Western
Australia

The following profile of Mr. Abram Lyle comes from an interesting book entitled 'Clydeside Cameos', printed in 1885, in which appear accounts of a number of prominent Clydeside men. These Cameos originally appeared in 'Fairplay' and we are indebted to that journal for permission to include the chapter on the late Mr. Lyle in 'Triad'.

Abram Lyle (II), the subject of this Cameo, was born in 1820, the son of Abram Lyle (I) who was born in 1783 and who, in due course, succeeded to an uncle's business as a cooper and fishing-smack owner in Greenock. Mr. Lyle (I) died in 1849.

Mr. Lyle (II) had extensive interests in sugar refining, as well as shipping, in Greenock. He founded the 'Cape Line' in 1872 but, by 1876 when he became Provost of Greenock, so many calls were being made upon his time he arranged for the division of his shipping and sugar refining interests, the management of the latter being placed in the hands of his sons Charles and Abram (III) while Alexander Park Lyle and William Park Lyle concentrated on the shipowning side of affairs. Abram Lyle (II) - Labby Ile - died in 1891.

LABBY ILE

It will always be a supreme consolation to me when the hour of trial comes - that hour, I mean, beloved reader, when you and I must part. In that dread hour, I repeat, I shall have one supreme consolation. In the words of the immortal Moore (Thomas, not "and Burgess") - "It is this; it is this!" - I have given to a couple of score or so of more or less worthy and more or less commonplace individuals the deep and lively satisfaction of sharing the experience of Lord Byron. I have enabled each one of them to wake up on one morning in his life and find himself famous. For these Cameos are cut in adamantine rock - they are printed in indelible marking-ink - and after as many copies are sold as we can dispose of through our branches all over the world - the plates will be broken! (We mention this that all our readers may take the greatest care of the copies they have been fortunate enough to secure - Ed.) P.S. - a few back numbers may still be had at the ordinary price, and as soon as they are disposed of, the price will be doubled - (Publisher).

Now these remarks happen to be very apposite to the case of the distinguished individual selected as the subject of this Cameo. But in his case there has been a necessarily inferior, but, still, not altogether dissimilar, experience in his life already.

I can never, somehow, think of him without recalling the performance of an eccentric individual known to history. This individual once called on a young lady and remarked "What a fine day! Let's take a walk." After they had ambled pleasantly down a street or two, he ejaculated, "Hullo! here's a gate. Let's go through". Passing along with his fair companion, he once more suddenly exclaimed, "Hullo, here's a church. Let's go in". Which they did, and then followed the ejaculation, "Hullo! here's a clergyman. Let's get married!" And it was so.

I am reminded of this story in recalling an incident in the public history of the great and important place on the lower Clyde to which I have already conducted you. I refer to Sugartown. In that great and important centre of sweetness and light-dues there once befell a day when the faces of the leading citizens were darkened and gloom reigned - (should it not be 'rained' in this case? But no matter) - in the Council Chamber. The Office of Provost was vacant, and no one would apply for the situation. Nay, it had been offered to several, and blankly declined. Here was a pretty kettle of fish for a great and important municipality to find itself in! No end of important measures to be looked after in the coming year, and its empty chair going round the place a-begging! No wonder gloom reigned within the Council Chamber, and the clouds rained (as usual) out of doors.

But as one disconsolate Councillor went to cool his fevered brain against the window-pane, in hope, perchance, of some light permeating his pericranium, he suddenly started and uttered a wild shriek of joy.

"What is it? What! oh! what have you discovered? Have you found respite, respite and nepenthe?" (They prefer whisky, but let that pass - which they don't, usually). "Is there, is there balm in Gilead? Tell us, we implore".

And softly on the morning breeze there was borne through the pattering of the rain-drops, and the creaking of the dock cranes, the sweet and sad refrain of the early revellers - "Balm of Gilead - balm - balm - balm of Gilead, balm".

A solemn hush fell on the assembly, and all turned to the inspired one, who, standing at the streaming window, pointed with eager finger to an individual gallantly struggling with a rebellious umbrella. It only cost seven-and-six, and had a habit of shutting suddenly on the head in the hour of greatest need.

"See! See!", cried the inspired one. "There he is! That's our man!"

They looked eagerly, earnestly, intently, and they saw - Labby. "Saved! Saved!" went up in one exultant shout, and while one half of the Council sank on their chairs exhausted, pallid and breathless, but hopeful, the other half tore down the stairs and into the street. In less time than it takes me to write these lines Labby was dragged into the room and the door was locked.

And then - and then - as Mr. William Black remarks, the tale was solemnly unfolded to the startled but self-possessed Labby. The chair was politely pointed out to him, and he was firmly and unanimously pressed into it. He was coy - but coyness can be overcome. He was a busy man - but it's only Lord Chancellors who have time to write daily epistles to their mammas. He feared the expense, but the Council was firm, and - the door was locked. There was a grim look of determination in the faces pressing around him, and he caught fragments of vehement whispers which shook his soul with terror. And so, making a virtue of necessity, and blandly smiling to hide his nervousness, Labby, "swearing he would ne'er consent, consented".

Then joy beamed around the Council-board. A motion was immediately proposed that the City bells be ordered to be rung, but an amendment to the effect that the Town Clerk be despatched for a "Katie" of Glenlivat was passed unanimously instead. He was let out quietly by the back door, while the Senior Baillie went and borrowed all the glasses and cups possessed by the wife of the door-keeper. On the return of both Officials, a difficulty arose. There was no corkscrew. But the individual who had discovered Labby had his inventive faculties in full play. He moved that a deputation proceed to the street and intercept the first Minister who passed. Carried nem. con., and with signal success. We will now draw down the blinds.

Now you must observe that up to this time Labby had not even been a member of the Council. But he was known as a canny, pawky, safe man, who managed his own affairs so carefully and so successfully that it was thought he was the very man to manage the public administration of the affairs of the town. And the selection was justified by the results, for the town never had a better Provost, nor got through more important business than during his term of Office.

Previously the Council Chamber had been like most Council Chambers all over the world, very much of a bear-garden - a tempestuous sea of wordy contention. But when he took the chair Labby soon threw Ile on troubled waters, and brought order out of chaos. He meant business, and he let his confreres see he would stand no nonsense. They had brought him there to help out of a scrape, but now he was there - why, he was all there. Although he had a large investment in Capes, he would allow no capers, and although a maker of casks, he would not be made a butt. Not a hog's-head in the assembly dared to tierce him, for he would puncheon the table with his fist until the obstructives grew afraid of shooks and put in the bung.

But as a rule, I am bound to say, his principle is persuasion, not coercion. He will rather any day talk-over a man to his side than fight him, and thus, while he takes some time to gain his point, he does gain it for good and all. And in gaining it thus he makes friends rather than enemies, for

there is a sly way of vanquishing a man by insinuating that his opinion is the thing most desired on earth, and that his support alone will make or mar a scheme. Labby possesses this persuasive quality to admiration, and he has made it pay. It has given him a wide circle of supporters, and an accumulation of influence in social, political, ecclesiastical, and commercial circles such as is, perhaps, not enjoyed at present by any other individual in the place.

He made so good a Provost, and managed so neatly to get through certain big schemes of Police and Improvement which the community had on hand at the time, that he has been pressed over and over again to re-take Office. But he has steadfastly declined, and has been rewarded by having had a street named after him. What could he wish for more?

Not much; and in truth I don't think he is ambitious in a public way. Sugartown has more than once wanted him for an M.P., but he doesn't draw to the idea. He is a man of practical business, but of hazy politics, and although he could doubtless give Mr. Chamberlain several points in the matter of Merchant Shipping, I doubt if he either knows or cares much about the Franchise Bill. He is supposed to be an "able financier", but that, I have observed, is a kind of reputation very easily earned. You have only to put on your specs., and knit your brows over a cash statement, or an estimate, ask a few leading questions about debits and credits, capital and revenue, depreciation, interest, and so forth, and there you are. I have had occasion to remark before that nine men out of ten who profess to administer the affairs of a municipality - or a company - know as little about accounting as I do about Arabic. They are, therefore, easily impressed with the profundity of anyone who appears to have some sort of understanding of them.

I do not by these remarks mean to imply that Labby has not what is called a "good head for figures". He is probably a fair average accountant, and knows how to multiply pence into pounds. That is to say, he can manage his own affairs, and he can keep an observing eye upon any corporate affairs with which he may have to do. But I would not set him down as a candidate for the Office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nor, I am sure, would he care for it.

If you ask me as to his origin, I must confess to ignorance. I don't know where he came from, nor how he began life. But for a great many years past he has been in quite a good way, and has for a long time been counted among the wealthy of the place.

You see he has more than one string to his bow. He not only makes casks and puncheons for the Sugar people, but he also makes Sugar himself to fill them. And then he is a large Shipowner as well, and sports his flag on some of the nicest clippers you ever saw. It is true that neither sugar-refining nor shipowning is a particularly profitable or agreeable employment just now, but Labby has had a long term of good times out of both, and cannot very well complain if he now finds a pause in life's pleasures in so far as the coining of money is concerned.

He is not close-fisted, either, over what he has acquired, but can be liberal with discretion. He got up a subscription for the victims of our dear old Bank, and worked it in a manner which shows that he has a good deal of the milk of human kindness in his composition.

As a man now so prominent in the town, he is often angled for by Company-promoters; but he seems to have no inclination for that kind of thing, however good the offer may be. He is, however, a Director of one of the best-managed railways in the district, and is supposed to have a large investment in it.

He sprang into prominence, one may say, all at once, for until he was forcibly placed in the Provost's seat he was little known except as a good business name. While in that seat he gave up all his time to the town's affairs; but after he vacated it, he preferred to devote all his time to his own affairs. The town, however, gratefully remembers his services, and would be glad enough to have them again, only he seems determined for the rest of his days to hide his light under a bushel - or, shall we say, a barrel?

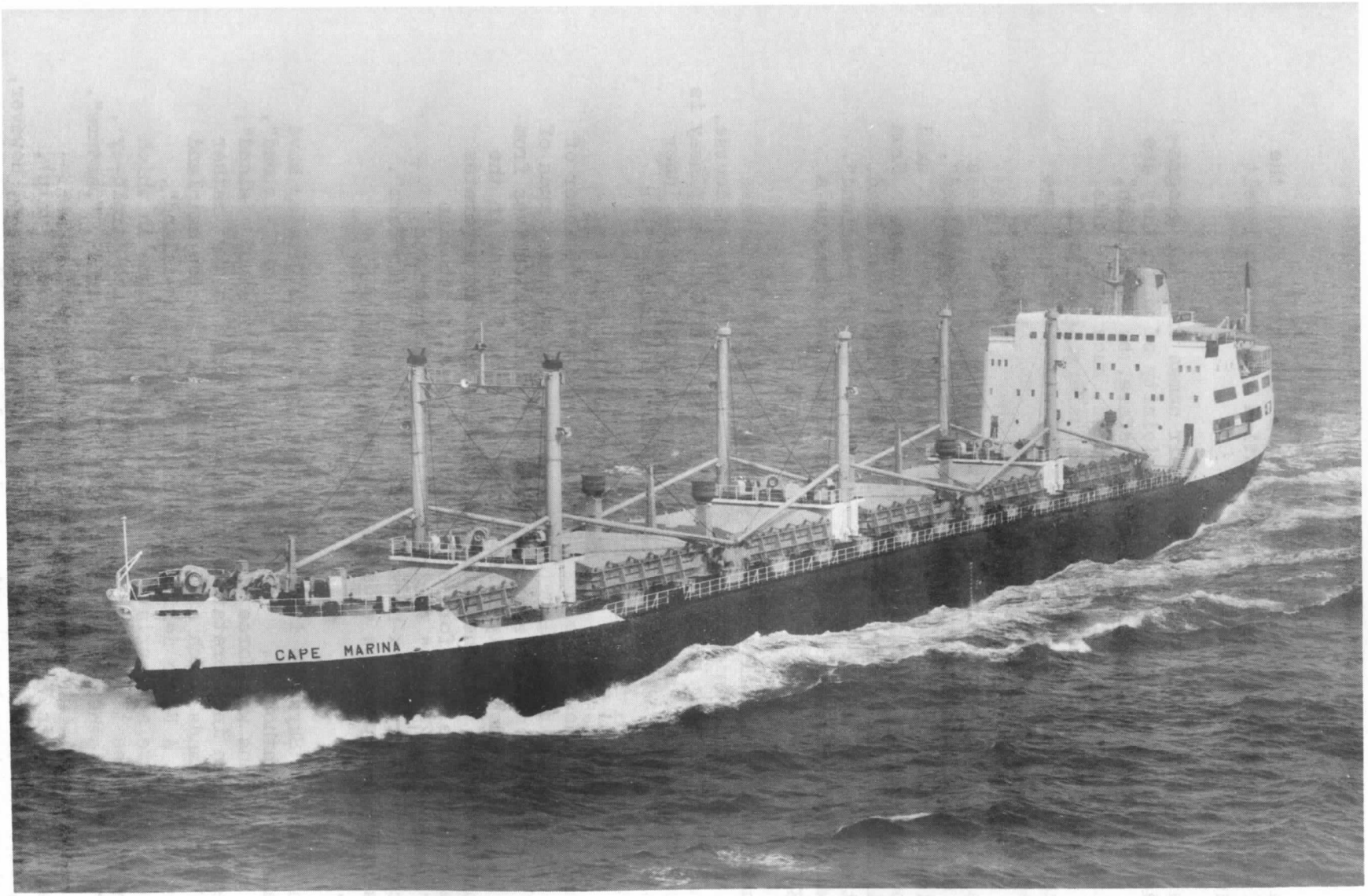


Photo by courtesy of Skyfotos Ltd.

m.v."Cape Marina"

Taken in March, 1968 whilst the ship was passing through the Straits of Dover en route to Japan from Rostock with a cargo of Pig Iron

THE STORY BEHIND THE NAME

NORTHERN LIGHTS

by

Dr. W. F. H. Nicolaisen

When a retired lighthouse-keeper wrote to me enquiring about the derivations of a number of the names of our Scottish lighthouses I felt that this subject might be of wider interest.

Without exception lighthouses derive their names from the geographical features on which they stand, or in the vicinity of which they are situated. A list of lighthouse names must, therefore, by definition, contain almost exclusively names of coastal features, such as islands, promontories, rocks, sounds and sealochs. Words referring to such features abound, drawn from practically all the languages which at one time or another have been spoken in Scotland.

Let us start in the very north. In Shetland the name Eshaness represents an older Scandinavian form 'esju-nes', "soap-stone headland", due to the volcanic nature of the geological formations. Bressay is said to be Old Norse 'Brus(a)-ey', "Brusi's island" - whoever Brusi was. From the numerous lighthouses in Orkney we select the following : Noup Head, the first part of which is an old Norse word 'gnupr', "a high headland". Hoy Sound to which the spelling Haey in the Orkneyinga Saga gives us a clue, pointing obviously to Norse 'ha-ey', "high island".

For Auskerry an original 'aust(r)ker', "east skerry", has been suggested but there is no definite proof of this. A skerry is, of course, a grassy island often used for grazing a small number of sheep. Copinsay is completely identical with the name of the island of Colonsay in the Inner Hebrides. Both are earlier 'Kolbeinsey', "Kolbeinn's island". For Copinsay this is proved by a form 'Colbanisay' of 1375.

The Pentland Skerries, like the Pentland Firth, are a reminder of the fact that during the first millennium of our time, or at least much of it, the Picts used to live to the south of them, for Pentland derives from "Pictland". Stroma is undoubtedly Norse 'straum(s)-ey', "island in the rapids or strong current". On the mainland, Strathy Point incorporates the river-name Strathy, the full form of which is in Gaelic 'Abhainn Shrathaidh', "river of the strath" (or glen). Also in Sutherland, Loch Eriboll contains a Norse farm-name 'eyrarbolstathr', "beach-farm". In Wester Ross Rubh' Re represents a Gaelic 'An Rubha Reidh', "the smooth point".

Off the coast of Skye the islands of Rona, Ornsay and Trosday have given their names to lighthouses. Rona is often said to be "seal-island", but there are good reasons why Norse 'hraun-ey', "rough (or stony) island", might be preferable as an interpretation. Ornsay belongs to that rather large group of tidal islands which at low tide are joined to the mainland or to a larger island. A Norse derivation 'orfris-ey', "ebb-island", would, therefore, be quite appropriate. Eilean Trodday, a name in which Gaelic 'eilean' duplicates the Norse 'ey', "island", is perhaps 'trold-ey', "troll-island", although others have referred it to a word 'trod', "pasture".

Another Skye name is Vaternish, which contains Old Norse 'vatn', "water, loch", and 'nes', "headland". The '-er-' between these two, however, suggests that there may have been another word involved as well.

Moving down the West Coast we have, amongst others, Ardnamurchan, "point of the sea-dogs". Corran, "a low pointed promontory", and Fladda, "flat island". The first two are Gaelic, the last is Norse. In the Firth of Clyde that famous landmark, the Cloch, simply means "stone" in Gaelic, and in the southwestern corner of Scotland Corsewall (Corswel in 1430) is surely "well of the cross", Killantringan is "St. Ringan's church" (Ringan being another name for Ninian), and Little Ross contains yet another word for a

headland, Gaelic 'ros'.

In the east we can only mention Rattray Head, which may be connected with Gaelic 'rath', "a fort", Kinnaird Head, which is Gaelic 'Ceann na h-Airde', "end of the point of land", and the Ross-shire Tarbat Ness, or Gaelic 'Rubha Thairbeirt', derived from 'tairbeart', "an isthmus" (always above water). For the sake of curiosity we may add that, in Ptolemy, the two Caithness names Noss Head and Duncansby Head are Verubium and Virvedron respectively.

We are indebted to Dr. Nicolaisen of Edinburgh University and to the Editor of The Scots Magazine for permission to reproduce this article.

QUIZ.

1) Neptune was the Roman god of the sea - who was his Greek counterpart?

2) Name the Isle of Man Parliament.

3) Who is the Patron Saint of Glasgow?

4) Name Canada's present Prime Minister and which Party does he lead?

5) According to Scottish Highlanders there are three worthies of the ocean - what are they?

6) What area in acres does the Scottish Deer Forest cover - 250,000,1,000,000 or 2,500,000 acres?

7) What is K.2 or Sir Godwin Austen?

8) What is Fiddlers' Green?

9) Where is the summit of the Caledonian Canal and what is its height?

10) What is a "donkey's breakfast"?

11) Where was Mary Queen of Scots born?

12) Where is Britain's most northerly coal mine?

13) What rivals were born on Iona?

14) Give the Scottish names for a) a fox b) a badger.

15) In which town were Gt.Britain's first traffic lights installed?

16) Which regiment of the British Army was originally formed in Dalkeith, near Edinburgh.

17) Name the fastest flowing river in a) Scotland b) England

18) What do all sonnets have in common?

19) Give the definition of "tret".

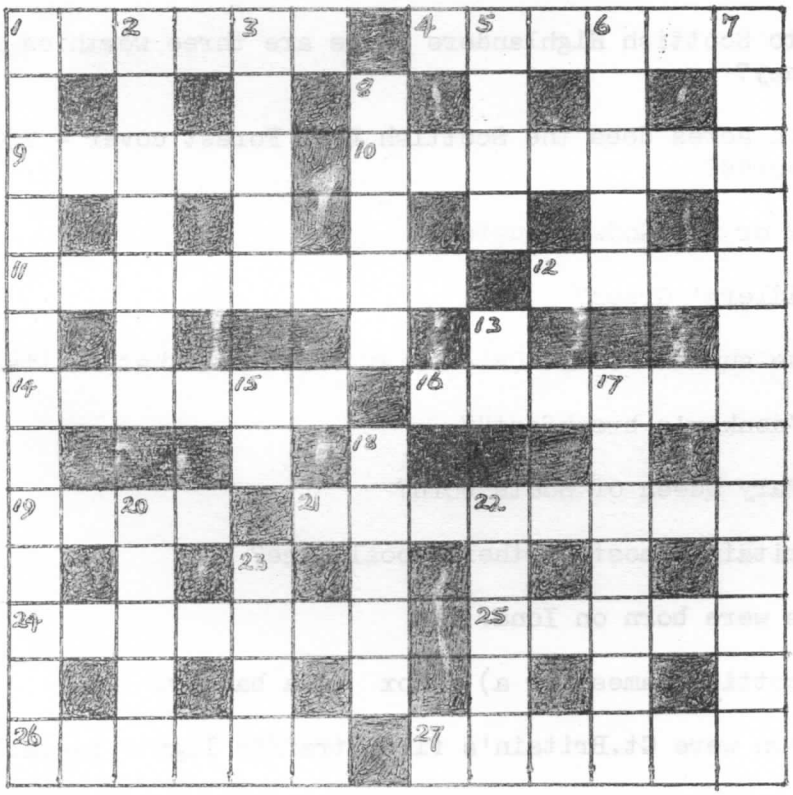
20) Where is the Carlsberg Ridge?

CROSSWORD

(Solution on Page 34)

ACROSS

1. If it is right put it in (6)
4. Outcome (6)
9. Some species have pink spots - fishy this! (5)
10. Hesitant speech (7)
11. Seen through starry eyes! (5, 3)
12. An English loch (4)
14. Part of a bell (6)
16. To control (6)
19. Part of a fisherman's equipment to throw away (4)
21. Go to America for a brief measure (5, 3)
24. A watchman should keep a good one (4 - 3)
25. Healthy exercise for many arms (5)
26. Over there (6)
27. Deprived of (6)



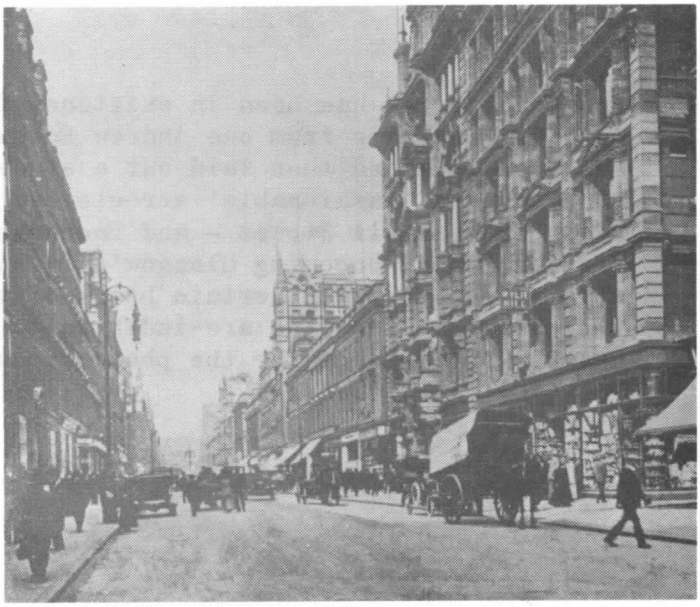
DOWN

1. Acting without thought (13)
2. Describing a head full of its own importance (7)
3. You may gain this when trying the door (5)
5. Feathered friends of a Muse (4)
6. Beyond what is reasonable (5)
7. No longer small, round and silver (13)
8. Foreign country - like your American Uncle (5)
13. Half-hearted laugh (2)
15. Opposite direction to this clue (2)
17. A long step, or how to ride a horse (7)
18. What a mix up with the colour we hit (5)
20. Long-handled instrument with an oval bowl at end (5)
22. Frilled piece of muslin (5)
23. Full of nothing (4)

J.T.M.

Looking North up
Buchanan Street
in the 1840s

Buchanan Street 100
years ago. No. 40
is immediately above
the carriage



Approximately the same view
in the early 1900s. Although
some traffic is evident, there
is no conjestion and certainly
no parking-meters! No. 40 is
in the middle distance

Buchanan Street today with the Entrance to No. 40 immediately below the 'Lotus' sign on the far-side of the street. The flags do not signify a Danish take-over, merely a Danish Week!

Buchanan Street has been in existence for over two hundred years, having received its name from one Andrew Buchanan who, in 1763, acquired five acres of land and then laid out a street. It has for many years been one of Glasgow's 'fashionable' streets - a newer contender to this claim being Sauchiehall Street - and Buchanan Street may soon achieve the distinction of becoming Glasgow's first 'pedestrianised' (horrible word) street when, between certain hours of the day, it will be closed to vehicular traffic. We are indebted to The Journal of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce for the photographs of Buchanan Street.

THROUGH EUROPE BY THUMB

With a sense of eagerness and enthusiasm my friend and I decided to sweep aside all the colourful holiday brochures showing fabulous beaches and bikinis and try an adventurous holiday hitch-hiking on the Continent.

Our first problem arose with the recent rail strike but we managed to obtain two seats on a bus from Glasgow taking a Youth Group to Dover on their way to Yugoslavia. After a smooth crossing, we arrived in Ostend in Belgium at 6 a.m. and set off along the road whistling and full of enthusiasm. We had not gone four hundred yards when we were greeted with foreign hospitality in the form of a police patrol jeep and, by signs and gestures, they told us 'no hitch-hiking on this road' and directed us on to a side road. Unperturbed, we strode off again, still waiting for that first lift which was sure to come any second now as the cars flashed past. By 1 p.m. we were still trudging; our whistling had stopped at 10 a.m. and our main thought was that we would never reach Denmark, our destination, especially when it began to rain heavily and we had to cheat by taking a bus to the nearest town, Bruges, after walking about thirty kilometres that day.

We stayed the night at the Youth Hostel and next day, from the depths of our luggage, dug out our secret weapons. To the shouts of "Donald whaurs yur troosers" we left the Hostel and after getting accustomed to the wind currents and the expression of amazement on people's faces, who had obviously never seen a kilt, it wasn't long before we were lost again, this time walking endlessly along a "B" road. Luckily a van which had also taken the wrong turning stopped and we were glad to get a lift to St. Niklaas, via Ghent. The Belgian towns are rather dirty, yet, on the outskirts, you can see some of the cleanest and most expensive houses in Europe.

Leaving St. Niklaas, spirits sky-high, we hadn't been walking long when a giant Esso petrol tanker drew up and, after three hard kicks, we managed to climb into the cab. It proved to be a nerve-racking journey and I guess I lost a year off my life. Whilst my friend dozed off to sleep, I sat petrified, gripping the seat as we drove along at 60 m.p.h., overtaking everything in sight and virtually pushing cars off the road. It was obvious that he had a tiger in his tank, and a big one at that!! We reached Antwerp going along a deep tunnel under the River Scheldt. After a meal at the Youth Hostel we decided to sample Antwerp's night life, but unfortunately took the tram to the suburbs instead of the city.

Next day we were blasted awake at 7 a.m. precisely by loud music, a far cry from my usual 8.30 blues. We soon got lifts out of Antwerp, our kilts still causing a sensation, especially when a strong wind blew, as everyone was keen to see if we were true Scots. We passed through Holland fairly easily, crossing the Rhine and arriving at a Youth Hostel in Arnhem that night, which had more Americans staying there than locals. No sooner had we arrived in our Highland gear than we were surrounded by camera-waving foreigners, Americans included, all asking to be photographed in our kilts. Being Scotsmen, our eyes lit up as we could see quite a profit at 2/6d a time, but relented. To speed this up we organised a conveyor belt system of photography which consisted of rolling up the person's trousers, draping the kilt around the victim and, by holding up the sporran using two long pieces of string,we managed to photograph about ten legs a minute. That night, we had the pleasant task of washing and drying all the tea dishes, 300 altogether, a reward for causing such a commotion earlier on.

It was four days since leaving Glasgow and our first real problem came next day when we got a lift which took us completely off course and just dropped us in the middle of nowhere. After much delay we eventually had to take a bus back on to our original route and from there soon got lifts to the German border and didn't know quite what to expect. After having a dinner of two rolls and a coke each, we set off again and it was good to see that, like everywhere else, the drivers either hooted their horns or waved, which certainly kept up our spirits during long spells without lifts. It was fantastic the effect the kilt had on everyone. After walking only a few miles, we got a lift from a German driver who, on being asked if he'd been to Britain, said he spent four years in a P.O.W. camp in England, where, he said jokingly, he learnt all his bad habits. Shortly after leaving this car, we struck gold when a German businessman drew up and took us all the way to Hamburg, a journey of about one hundred and forty miles along the vast German autobahns. Arriving in Hamburg, Germany's chief port, at 9 p.m., we now had to find the Y.H. in this large city. However, although we almost got lost on the vast Underground system, everyone

helped us, even paying our fares, to reach the Y.H. which overlooked the river.

In the morning, we could see a hive of activity on the river, with barges moving upstream with their cargoes. By luck, we met an American who was touring Europe and looking for passengers to fill up his estate wagon to Copenhagen at £1 a time. Naturally we snapped at the chance and were soon on our way to Denmark, along with two Norwegians and a Dane, all crammed into the German-registered car. This proved to be suspicious to the Border Guards when we all handed over our passes to the Officer, who must have thought we were a U.N. Delegation as he waved us through. Although we could have continued to Copenhagen we left at Horsens in Jutland, which was our destination, as my friend's relatives lived nearby. In fact, that word "nearby" was twenty kilometres - we walked every step as we had missed the last bus to that district, which left at 8.15 p.m. We were exhausted by the time we arrived but glad to have reached Denmark.

We spent a wonderful week's holiday in Denmark, being driven over the country and eventually overcame the bus problem at night by using bikes when leaving a dance at 2 a.m., making our way through the morning mist with not a soul in sight except a few amazed cows, awakened by our loud singing. We found prices rather high in Denmark, the food great, the girls gorgeous and extremely friendly.

We now had the unpleasant thought of returning all that way back home. Again, our kilts helped us as three American lads spotted us and came back for us. They had just come from Sweden and owned a brand new Volvo. We covered many subjects on that trip down to Bremen, especially the S.N.P. and the "Haggis", which, of course, are found running about the moors in the early morning in their hundreds and are caught by net as they're too slippery to be caught by hand, having neither fur nor feathers! We stayed the night in Bremen, a large industrial port very similar to Glasgow. Next day, after about four hours trying to get out of Bremen in the blazing sun, we found to our dismay that it was autobahn for another fifteen miles, so we had to wander along side roads keeping the autobahn in sight. That day we had the unhappy situation of getting only one lift and, stranded, it was obvious we would have to sleep out that night. Pitch dark by now, we settled down as comfortably as possible in a field, gazing at the stars for company. At 5 a.m. we were rudely awakened by the snorting of a "bull" standing over us and, although not normally fast risers, two Highlandmen were seen fleeing over the field to safety in twenty seconds flat, only to find, on closer examination, our intruder was really a peaceful cow. Another incident happened when travelling in a small car with a Dutch driver and an English hiker in the front seat, and all sorts of baggage, including us, in the back seat. Driving along a motorway, the car ran out of petrol and my friend and I were left to look after the car whilst the others fetched petrol. No sooner had they gone than a police car screeched up, and I must admit our Dutch phrase book was being frantically searched for words. After frantic gestures of "Nicht Benzine", we found they spok e English and fully understood the situation. We soon continued the wild journey, whistling at the beautiful girls on their bikes as we passed in the roofless car.

It took us six days to reach Ostend from Denmark in plenty of time to catch the boat home.

We hope that, after the Scottish Tourist Board's unflagging efforts over the last four years to portray Scotland as a modern industrial country, we didn't destroy this image during our three weeks' stint on the Continent. The beautiful scenery, clean cities, modern hostels and the exceptional kindness of complete strangers leave a most pleasant memory of our hitch-hike on the Continent.

Alan Doig.

Notice seen in Venice

"Enjoy a quiet, peaceful sail in a gondola - parties of 70 and over half-price."

SPRITTIES

by F. F. Nicholls

Ever since I can remember, I have had a distant passion for 'spritties', the brown-sailed barges of the Thames Estuary and East Coast. I say 'distant' because, though I have read pretty well every book published about them, I have spent only two days of my life aboard one. Yet spritsail barges come into many of the scenes I like to 'recollect in tranquillity'. I remember how, countless times in the train, coming home to Canterbury in the 'forties and 'fifties after long absences, I would look out for the first barge. They are easy to spot a long way off, for the mast, the furled mainsail and the sprit form a unique design - a vertical line with a triangle out like a gibbet on one side. As the train gathered speed after Meopham, rattling down into the Medway Valley, there was the first one, always against the left bank, upstream of Rochester Bridge. Then, as the train rumbled across the latticed bridge, I might see half a dozen moored in a trot.

Better still I remember, on a breezy morning aboard a yacht anchored at Upnor on the Medway, running on deck at the sound of a shout and the roar of a bow-wave. And there was a spritty nearly aboard us, heeling, her bluff tarred bow chucking back the short river chop. She tacked - 'winded', as barge-men say - right alongside in a thunder of flogging canvas, darkening us for a moment with her shadow, then sloped away for the Gillingham shore.

Most of all I remember, as a young ordinary seaman at Shotley Barracks in Suffolk, being hungry, dog-tired and dejected most of the time, cooped up inside barrack walls. There was an April evening - only one, for some reason - when I sat on the sea-wall, looked up the long straight reach of the Orwell and saw the Ipswich barges dropping down on the ebb. They must have had a gentle north-westerly, for I remember their mainsails sagging out, bellying slackly. One barge's sails were faded to the pale pink of an old scrubbed brick. When they reached the anchorage they called Stone Heaps, they rounded up, taking in sail; their anchors went down with brief rattling roars. (Is there a more magic sound than that of a ship dropping anchor?) Soon they were just clean black shapes, and the crews went sculling off to some pub on the Felixstowe side.

To me, then, the sailing barge is the finest example of Victorian technology, a phase of science where simple principles were ingeniously refined, in the manner so beautifully parodied by Emmett. Essentially a barge was simply a large flat-bottomed yawl, but so cleverly designed that, with only two to man it, it could take 130 tons of cargo anywhere from the Humber to the Solent, using no power but men's hands and the wind. In their heyday, say 1910-14, the barges were numbered in thousands. They were everywhere. They could be seen from any London bridge; in small harbours like Ramsgate in one's and two's; at barge centres like Rochester, Sittingbourne, Faversham and Whitstable in Kent, Manningtree, Ipswich and Maldon north of the river in dozens; and in remote Essex and Suffolk you might sometimes see one more or less in a farmyard. They were in the thick of the Dunkirk evacuation. That tell-tale pattern of mast, sail and sprit can be seen in almost any photograph of London River taken between 1870 and 1940; I have seen them in two recently, one of a repair gang on the sea-wall at Reculver in Kent, the other of deep-sea salvage operations off Portland. Spritsail barges were the last form of commercial sail in Britain. They survived both wars but now, though many are still afloat as houseboats and some are still rigged and seaworthy in amateur hands, the number of full-time working barges is down to one - the large coasting barge "Cambria", now owned and skippered by Bob Roberts.

Historically the Thames barge shares the same ancestry as a very different craft, the elegant Henley punt; both derived from the flat-bottomed lighters which for centuries have been poled, drifted and hauled up and down London River. A century ago many barges were still 'swim-headed' - shaped in the bow like a modern lighter - and steered by a massive tiller. Such a craft might be handy to load and useful in the river, but she was a poor hand at beating to windward in a steep chop. By the end of the century the present round bluff bow was standard.

The fundamental and beautiful labour-saving idea came early. The trouble with all large commercial sailing-craft is the labour of setting and furling sails - operations which must be carried out quickly and certainly in all weathers, day and night. Broadly there are two alternatives: you can keep the sails and yards aloft and send men up to mast to furl them 'in situ', as in the windjammer, or you can hoist the sails from the deck and lower them when they are not wanted. In a large ship either method demands a large crew; and the beauty of the spritsail is that it cuts at the root of this problem.

The sprit is very ancient as a principle; you can see plenty of sprit-sailed craft in seventeenth-century Dutch paintings. It is a massive spar secured at its bottom end at the heel of the mast, and hung diagonally aft of the mast by a stout rope or wire, to which is sewn the mainsail. The sail stays there until the barge goes on the blocks for a refit; it is not lowered at sea. Instead, it is gathered in by a series of five brails, operated from the foot of the mast by one man. In a minute or two, with a little co-operation from the skipper, the mate can take in some or all of the mainsail to relieve her in a squall or when coming in to anchor.

The sprit rig has been used in many types of craft, but in no other have so many refinements of design been introduced to save labour. The general principle was that, wherever a heavy pull was wanted, a geared winch was provided. There was quite a cluster of these winches at the foot of the mast, one each side farther aft for the lee-boards (of which more later), a slow but incredibly powerful windlass for weighing the anchor, a dolly-winch for warping the barge in dock, and ingenious screw steering-gear to replace the great, clumsy tiller. By using the side-drum of the windlass, the mate could even lower the whole outfit of mast and sails and heave them up again on the move if the barge had 'shot' a bridge. You might say, in short, that a spritty was designed to enable two men to do the work of five or six. Of course, they had to be men.

The hull, in its final form, was also marvellously adapted to its purpose. Being flat-bottomed, barges could get to places miles from the sea which no other sizeable craft could reach; the best example I have seen is at East Mills in Colchester where they crawled under a low road-bridge to moor in what looks like a pond. You would expect a craft of such shallow draft to be wretched to sail and dangerously unseaworthy; in fact, as well as being amazingly handy in the crowded Thames, the barges practically covered Chaucer's Shipman's limits of 'Hulle to Cartage'. Certainly, as I have said, they traded regularly, winter and summer, anywhere between Portland and the Humber, Dunkirk and the Zuyder Zee. In the 1920's three even sailed to Georgetown, British Guiana (as it then was, Ed.) Of course, in ships as in anything else, design is a matter of compromise; spritties could not have been as good down-Channel as the West Country ketches and schooners specially designed for those waters, but they could get there and back. The disadvantage of the flat bottom, for instance, was overcome by fitting massive lee-boards, lowered edgeways into the water when beating to windward to prevent the barge from making excessive leeway.

The cargoes were remarkable in their variety; coal from Goole, fish manure from the Humber, barley from Ipswich, refuse from London to the Sittingbourne brickfields, bricks back to London, foreign wheat from Millwall Dock to Whitstable, hops from Faversham, sand dug at low tide from banks in the estuary to spread on London pub floors, cement to all parts, stone for sea-walls and for the roads which were eventually to ruin the barges themselves. But most of all I like to think of the barge, at least until 1918, as the link between London and the country. For at that time scores were employed shuttling to and fro between Essex, Suffolk, and London, supplying the thousands of horses that moved London's traffic. At high water a barge would winch or pole her way up some tiny creek and take the mud perhaps right alongside a haystack. I can imagine her spars sticking up incongruously, apparently out of the green marsh itself. Then the stack would be cut out in trusses and the barge's hold filled; but that was not nearly enough weight for a cargo, so (incredible as it may seem) a stack some twelve feet high was built above deck level, and still, when she got out to sea, the barge would go to windward, though the sails had to be reefed and the mate had to climb on top of the stack to direct the steering. After unloading her hay at some wharf

like that at Pimlico, the barge collected a load of stable manure, which she took back to the farms. Ben Keeble, Captain of the "Farmer's Boy", made fifty-two of these round trips from Harwich to Vauxhall in as many weeks. At a time when thousands of horses were champing away in London stables, there must have been many like him.

The men of the barges were something of a race apart. The London dockers derisively called them 'sailormen'; no doubt the deep-sea men, fresh from the huge racing combers of the Roaring Forties, thought of them as mere lightermen. On the one hand they can have spent little time with their families; on the other they were denied the close, if rough, fellowship of the fo'c's'le. And they met each other in groups only when windbound; for instance, a prolonged south-westerly gale would pen up scores of barges on the East Anglian coast - in Yarmouth Roads, at Stone Heaps in the Orwell or Shore Ends in the Crouch. Then the crews would gather in the nearest pub but, if the wind was contrary for long, there can have been little enough drinking, for they were paid piece-rate according to the freights they carried. As I write, I have before me a grim photograph of the so-called 'starvation-buoys' off Woolwich, taken during the slump of the 1930's, and I can count twenty-two spritties - forty-four men - hanging about for cargoes that never came.

I always think of the men of the spritties as country-men; and like countrymen they had the backbone to stick to a hard, cold, lonely drudging job, to give it a quality and a kind of beauty. When craft met at sea their crews did not pass each other in silence, but would hang out over the side and call, in a neighbourly way, 'Where yer for?'. They took pride in the painting and maintenance of their craft, evolved a traditional, almost sacred, layout for the warps and gear on neatly secured hatches. Not only they, but their employers too, were bitten hard by the craze for barge-racing, which began in 1863 and continues to this day.

Nevertheless, the age of the barge is over for good, and there is no point in indulging in romantic nostalgia about them. The only comfort for me and my like is that they were stoutly built so that I can hope it will be a long time before the last sprit is lowered.

(This article appears in 'Triad' by courtesy of the Author and the Editor of The Countryman, Sheep Street, Burford, Oxfordshire).

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THE ROYAL ALFRED MERCHANT SEAMEN'S SOCIETY

Following upon our reference to this Society in the July 'TRIAD', we have been asked to intimate the undermentioned notes regarding the Organisation:

"The Royal Alfred Merchant Seamen's Society was founded in 1865 to provide a residential Home for "worn out and distressed merchant seamen". Having achieved their original object, the Committee then extended their activities by giving regular financial assistance to retired seafarers and subsequently to widows.

The basic aims of the Society are very much the same a hundred years later. Their world-famous modern Home and Hospital at Erith, Kent accommodates 138 veterans and the Ladies' Home at Eastbourne, Sussex provides a lovely hotel-type of residence for 38 widows or stewardesses.

Now the Royal Alfred have founded an Association to provide housing for retired men and women. Their first scheme at Banstead, Surrey provides 27 single self-contained flatlets.

For information about the wide range of services offered to serving and retired seafarers, please apply to the General Secretary, Mr. D.J. Lafferty, M.B.E., O. St. J., "Weston Acres", Woodmansterne Lane, Banstead, Surrey. (Tel. Burgh Heath 52231/2).

QUIZ ANSWERS

1) Poseidon.

2) House of Keys.

3) St. Mungo, or St. Kentigern.

4) Pierre Trudot : Liberal Party.

5) The Seal, Mackerel and Lobster.

6) 2,500,000 acres.

7) The second highest mountain in the world, after Everest, also being in the Himilayas.

8) The traditional 'sailors' paradise', reserved for sailors and their ladies only, where can always be had unlimited supplies of rum and tobacco!

9) Loch Oich, 102 feet above sea-level.

10) A name given to a sailor's mattress filled with straw.

11) Linlithgow.

12) Brora, Sutherland.

13) Duncan and Macbeth.

14) a) Tod b) Brock.

15) Brighton, in 1926.

16) Coldstream Guards.

17) a) Avon (pronounced 'Aan), in Banffshire.
b) Swale, in Yorkshire.

18) They are all composed of fourteen lines.

19) A term describing an allowance for wear and tear, and deterioration, during transit.

20) On the Indian Ocean floor between the Seychelles to the south-west and the Laccadive and Maldive Islands to the north-east.

The Editor finds himself on the spot apropos a question in the July Quiz. It will be recalled that Question 18 asked for the name of Scotland's oldest golf club and the answer given was The Honorable Company of Edinburgh, (now Muirfield), established in 1744. However, Sir Iain Stewart, an acknowledged golfing expert, queried this, suggesting that the oldest club is in fact The Royal Burgess of Edinburgh, established in 1735. The Editor's knowledge of golf would scarcely cover the bottom of a thimble and, therefore, he was in no position to argue, the only defence being that that particular question (let it be admitted) had been gleaned from a B.B.C. quiz! An enquiry at The Mitchell Library, Glasgow, gave The Honorable Company of Edinburgh as the answer, they having consulted The Guinness Book of Records, so all that can be done is to offer apologies to Sir Iain, and other golfing experts, and suggest that The Guinness Book of Records, the B.B.C. and The Mitchell Library take note!

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Across

1. Answer
4. Result
9. Trout
10. Stutter
11. Milky Way
12. Lake
14. Tongue
16. Manage
19. Cast
21. Short Ton
24. Look-out
25. Climb
26. Yonder
27. Bereft

Down

1. Automatically
2. Swollen
3. Entry
5. Emus
6. Ultra
7. Threepennybit
8. Assam
13. Ha
15. Up
17. Astride
18. White
20. Spoon
22. Ruche
23. Hole

An article in the August edition of Seaman contains a reference to a recent Lyle scrip share issue.

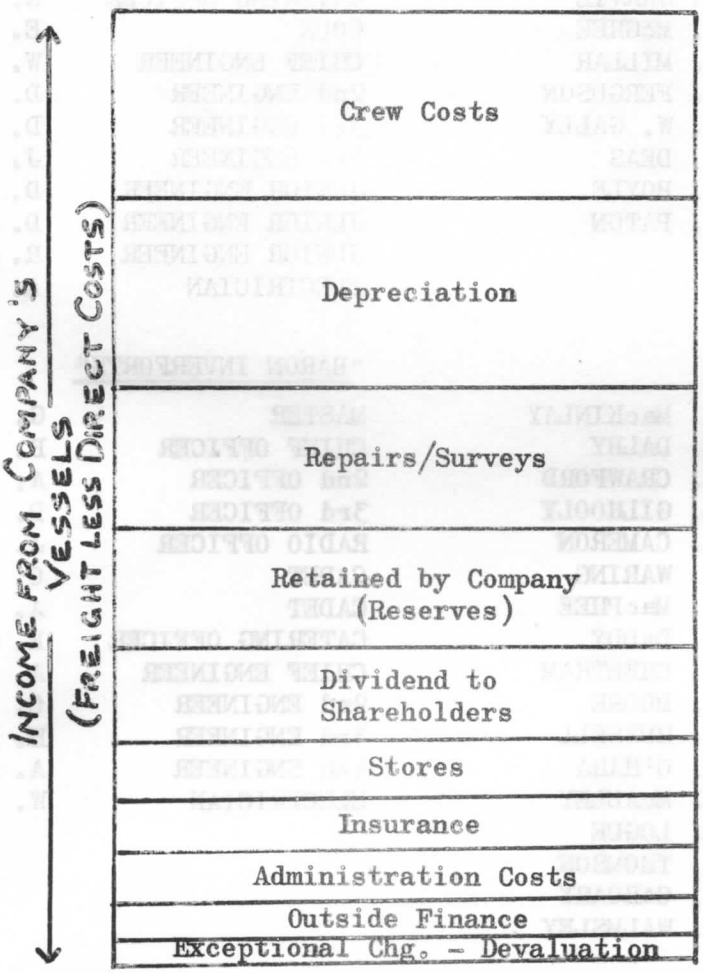
As is so often the case, the interpretation is somewhat misleading to those who do not make any study of financial subjects. Far from gaining a third in value, a holder's share before the issue was in excess of 28/-d. and after the transaction was valued at 19/4d. In previous years the shares had dropped from over 20/-d. to 9/1d. which we quote to illustrate the risk a shareholder accepts in investment.

To help those in the Company to understand how the 'cake' is split, we show in simple diagramatic form the results of an actual year (1967) of Lyle Shipping Co. Ltd. Calculations disclose that since 1958 the Share-holders share of the cake has risen by 75% whereas the seafarers during a like period has increased by 90% (and in the case of Contract Staff, well over 100%). Considering the importance of all three groups to the Company, we regard this as a very fair deal bearing in mind the period under review contained a major slump and a seaman's strike!

Finally, a 30% contribution to the dividend shown was made through activities unassociated with the Company's fleet.

How the Company's Income is Spent

(Year ended 29th February 1968)



	%
Crew Costs	21.00
Depreciation	20.00
Repairs/Surveys	13.50
Retained by Company (Reserves)	12.75
Dividend to Shareholders	9.25
Stores	6.50
Insurance	6.00
Administration Costs	5.00
Outside Finance	4.00
Exceptional Chg. - Devaluation	2.00
	100.00

P E R S O N N E L

"BARON CAWDOR"

MASTER	A. L. MILNE
CHIEF OFFICER	L. M. HOCKING
2nd OFFICER	M. R. G. ROCHE
3rd OFFICER	R. WHITING
RADIO OFFICER	D. HYND
CADET	G. COPLEY
CADET	J. MacDONALD
BOSUN	J. R. NORDEN
CATERING OFFICER	T. EVANS
COOK	J. R. REID
CHIEF ENGINEER	A. METCALF
2nd ENGINEER	D. ADAM
3rd ENGINEER	J. MAIR
4th ENGINEER	C. S. SNEDDON
4th ENGINEER	J. KELLY
JUNIOR ENGINEER	R. SMILLIE
ELECTRICIAN	W. DALKIN

"CAPE CLEAR"

MASTER	A. B. SUTHERLAND
CHIEF OFFICER	S. READMAN
2nd OFFICER	H. S. TAYLOR
3rd OFFICER	C. S. MacDONALD
RADIO OFFICER	D. W. HUMBLE
CADET	G. W. CUNNINGHAM
CADET	C. J. B. PYPER
BOSUN	MOHAMED SALEBAN
CATERING OFFICER	J. CLANCY
COOK	L. F. THOMPSON
CHIEF ENGINEER	L. B. LOUGHRAN
2nd ENGINEER	W. KINNEAR
3rd ENGINEER	I. CAMPBELL
EXTRA 3rd ENGINEER	A. HARBINSON
4th ENGINEER	D. HALL
JUNIOR ENGINEER	E. DRUMMOND
ELECTRICIAN	R. McINTOSH

"BARON FORBES"

MASTER	T. B. McLEOD
CHIEF OFFICER	J. TATTERSALL
2nd OFFICER	R. SUTHERLAND
3rd OFFICER	J. MAIR
RADIO OFFICER	P. McNALLY
CADET	A. KINGHORN
CADET	M. WILSON
BOSUN	S. M. HAROUN
CATERING OFFICER	E. SMITH
COOK	A. JARVIE
CHIEF ENGINEER	T. McGHEE
2nd ENGINEER	A. MILLAR
3rd ENGINEER	M. FERGUSON
4th ENGINEER	J. W. GALLY
4th ENGINEER	A. DEAS
JUNIOR ENGINEER	F. BOYLE
ELECTRICIAN	J. PATON

"CAPE FRANKLIN"

MASTER	C. G. MALLETT
CHIEF OFFICER	J. M. MACKAY
2nd OFFICER	W. ANDERSEN
3rd OFFICER	D. L. COE
RADIO OFFICER	W. MacLEOD
RADIO OFFICER	C. RITCHIE
CADET	R. S. DUNCAN
CADET	T. C. SKEFFINGTON
BOSUN	G. PLANT
CATERING OFFICER	G. RANDLE
COOK	E. G. EVANS
CHIEF ENGINEER	W. A. SADDLER
2nd ENGINEER	D. C. SMART
3rd ENGINEER	D. WRIGHT
4th ENGINEER	J. P. COLLINS
JUNIOR ENGINEER	D. BROWN
JUNIOR ENGINEER	D. W. HEATON
JUNIOR ENGINEER	R. MACRAE
ELECTRICIAN	A. FANNING

"CAPE HOWE"

MASTER	A. MacKINLAY
CHIEF OFFICER	M. DALBY
2nd OFFICER	R. CRAWFORD
3rd OFFICER	L. GILHOOLY
RADIO OFFICER	L. CAMERON
RADIO OFFICER	J. WARING
BOSUN	P. MacPHEE
CATERING OFFICER	G. DADDY
COOK	C. CHEETHAM
CHIEF ENGINEER	W. MOORE
2nd ENGINEER	I. RUSSELL
3rd ENGINEER	J. O'HARA
4th ENGINEER	F. McAULEY
JUNIOR ENGINEER	J. LOGUE
JUNIOR ENGINEER	J. THOMSON
JUNIOR ENGINEER	B. CARCARY
ELECTRICIAN	R. WALMSLEY

"BARON INVERFORTH"

MASTER	G. DOWNIE
CHIEF OFFICER	B. LAWSON
2nd OFFICER	A. GOODLAD
3rd OFFICER	D. BETTS
RADIO OFFICER	J. PAWSON
CADET	C. ARMSTRONG
CADET	A. RILEY
CATERING OFFICER	E. VAHER
CHIEF ENGINEER	A. F. McLEAN
2nd ENGINEER	C. McCRAE
3rd ENGINEER	H. McPHAIL
4th ENGINEER	A. R. SHAH
ELECTRICIAN	W. MACK

"BARON KINNAIRD"

MASTER	J. D. MINARDS
CHIEF OFFICER	J. GIBSON
2nd OFFICER	R. MEARNS
3rd OFFICER	C. GREEN
RADIO OFFICER	P. ISAAC
CATERING OFFICER	A. SISI
COOK	L. W. GOOLD
CHIEF ENGINEER	R. T. BREEDS
2nd EINGINEER	T. SMITH
3rd ENGINEER	F. McGHEE
4th ENGINEER	W. A. FAULDS
JUNIOR ENGINEER	I. G. MANSON
ELECTRICIAN	R. TURRIFF

"CAPE NELSON"

MASTER	J. HETHERINGTON
CHIEF OFFICER	I. J. I. BARCLAY
2nd OFFICER	T. L. HARCUS
3rd OFFICER	A. T. KEMP
RADIO OFFICER	D. A. MacLEOD
CADET	A. V. LATTY
BOSUN	P. D. SHARMAN
CATERING OFFICER	R. SHERRIFF
COOK	T. ROBSON
CHIEF ENGINEER	K. BEARPARK
2nd ENGINEER	B. J. SHARP
3rd ENGINEER	J. RIDDELL
JUNIOR ENGINEER	G. D. CLEMENT
JUNIOR ENGINEER	H. R. LLOYD
JUNIOR ENGINEER	W. A. MacEACHARN
ELECTRICIAN	E. JENKINS

"CAPE RODNEY"

MASTER	D. SINCLAIR
CHIEF OFFICER	W. E. GREATOREX
2nd OFFICER	A. WILLIAMSON
3rd OFFICER	P. T. H. SMART
RADIO OFFICER	D. E. GUDGEON
CADET	A. M. DAVIDSON
CADET	A. R. LANFEAR
BOSUN	LAM WAI
CATERING OFFICER	P. COLES
COOK	HOYIN
CHIEF ENGINEER	A. M. DAVIDSON
2nd ENGINEER	G. N. MAINS
3rd ENGINEER	R. M. WEIR
4th ENGINEER	R. S. McLEAN
4th ENGINEER	J. PATTON
ELECTRICIAN	J. ROBERTSON

"CAPE ST. VINCENT"

MASTER	A. C. HUNTER
CHIEF OFFICER	H. WEDDELL
2nd OFFICER	P. COONEY
3rd OFFICER	M. PICKUP
RADIO OFFICER	R. FAULDS
CADET	D. CAMPBELL
CADET	J. JOHNSON
BOSUN	
CATERING OFFICER	A. McGILL
COOK	L. DAVIES
CHIEF ENGINEER	R. M. TAYLOR
2nd ENGINEER	K. SKRZYWANEK
3rd ENGINEER	J. HENRY
4th ENGINEER	J. T. WALLACE
EXTRA 4th ENGINEER	G. MacLEOD
JUNIOR ENGINEER	W. J. HUGHES
JUNIOR ENGINEER	J. MONAGHAN
ELECTRICIAN	W. HORNSHAW

"BARON WEMYSS"

MASTER	D. L. INNES
CHIEF OFFICER	J. PETERSON
2nd OFFICER	J. KANE
3rd OFFICER	D. C. VEITCH
RADIO OFFICER	P. M. H. BLYTHE
BOSUN	P. OLIVER
CATERING OFFICER	R. HORNER
COOK	H. MONDRONE
CHIEF ENGINEER	H. C. PATON
2nd ENGINEER	J. CARTER
3rd ENGINEER	G. D. SHIELDS
4th ENGINEER	R. D. M. MacMILLAN
JUNIOR ENGINEER	R. M. CRAIG
JUNIOR ENGINEER	C. MACKAY
ELECTRICIAN	D. F. DAVIES

"CAPE WRATH"

MASTER	P. SMITH
CHIEF OFFICER	A. HEPBURN
2nd OFFICER	I. MacGILLIVRAY
3rd OFFICER	G. WATTERSON
RADIO OFFICER	B. BRESLIN
CADET	R. GARDNER
CADET	J. PAGET
BOSUN	A. HASSAN
CATERING OFFICER	E. HUTTER
COOK	K. MUSE
CHIEF ENGINEER	G. HENDERSON
2nd ENGINEER	J. T. RODGER
3rd ENGINEER	A. MILLER
EXTRA 3rd ENGINEER	J. G. STONE
4th ENGINEER	J. WALKDEN
JUNIOR ENGINEER	D. E. MARSHALL
ELECTRICIAN	R. KNIGHT

ON LEAVE

CAPTAIN	T.R. BAKER
CAPTAIN	T.P. EDGE
CAPTAIN	A. MACLEOD
CAPTAIN	W. WARDEN
CHIEF OFFICER	G. ANDERSON
CHIEF OFFICER	D.S. GORDON
CHIEF OFFICER	G. TOWERS
2ND OFFICER	N.A. BATTERSBY
2ND OFFICER	J.W. KING
RADIO OFFICER	B.G. BRESLIN
RADIO OFFICER	J. CHAMBERLAIN
RADIO OFFICER	H.A. CHAMBERS
RADIO OFFICER	W. HOUSTON
BOSUN	I. MACFARLANE
CATERING OFFICER	H. SCOLLAY
CATERING OFFICER	J.P.D. SMITH
CHIEF ENGINEER	W. ANDERSON
CHIEF ENGINEER	J. ALLAN
CHIEF ENGINEER	J.A. ATKINSON
2ND ENGINEER	D.T. ANDERSON
2ND ENGINEER	J.T. RODGER
2ND ENGINEER	G. MCEWEN
3RD ENGINEER	J.L. BLACKWOOD
3RD ENGINEER	I.M. CAMPBELL

ON LEAVE

3RD ENGINEER	G. LAW
3RD ENGINEER	C. WOODFORTH
4TH ENGINEER	J. HANNIGAN
ELECTRICIAN	J. LEIPER
ELECTRICIAN	J.I. WIGHTMAN

STUDYING

2ND ENGINEER	K.P. MALHOTRA FOR CHIEF ENGINEER
2ND ENGINEER	N. NICHOLSON FOR CHIEF ENGINEER
3RD OFFICER	J.W. PURDON FOR CHIEF OFFICER
2ND OFFICER	P. RICHARDSON FOR EXTRA MASTER
3RD OFFICER	M. SMITH FOR 2ND OFFICER
CADET	N. BREWER)
CADET	J. DANIELS)
CADET	R. REID) FOR 2ND
CADET	G. GOVE) OFFICER
CADET	S. YEAMANS)
CADET	N. CLARKE)

STANDING-BY "BARON DUNMORE" AT HAUGESUND

CAPTAIN	A.M. FRASER
CHIEF ENGINEER	A. ALEXANDER

STANDING-BY "CAPE SABLE" AT HORTEN

CAPTAIN	T.C.D. HOGG
CHIEF ENGINEER	D. MACLEOD

STOP PRESS : LAUNCH OF "BARON DUNMORE" AT HAUGESUND

At noon on Saturday, 26th October, 1968, HMV 34 was christened "BARON DUNMORE" by Mrs. Kirsten Sandved, wife of Mr. Sven Sandved, Managing Director of the Builders, Haugesund Mekaniske Verksted A/S, and a minute or two later the ship slid quietly into the waters of Karmsund. In size, speed and all other major respects, "BARON DUNMORE" is a sister-ship to "BARON FORBES", but will be equipped with three hydraulic cranes of ten tons capacity instead of six eight ton cranes of the same type. It is confidently expected that "BARON DUNMORE" will be handed over to us just before the end of this year, and she is already fixed to load pig iron at Rostock for Japan.

Our representatives at the Launching Ceremony were Mr. W. M. Scott, Dr. J. Percival Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. K. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gray, Captain and Mrs. A. M. Fraser and Mr. and Mrs. A. Alexander. At the Reception after the Launch it was announced by Mr. Scott that H. Hogarth and Sons Limited had placed orders with Haugesund Mekaniske Verksted for two more bulk carriers of a new and advanced design for delivery April/May, 1970, and January/February, 1971. Each of these new vessels will have a deadweight of about 24,000 tons and will be powered by twin, medium-speed Ruston diesel engines, developing 12,000 b.h.p., which will give a loaded service speed in excess of 15 knots. No decision has yet been reached regarding the cargo gear to be installed in these vessels.

At the same time, it was announced that H. Hogarth and Sons Limited have placed an order with Marinens Hovedverft of Horten for another 22,000 tons deadweight geared bulk carrier for delivery in March, 1970. This ship will be similar in most respects to those already constructed by the Builders for Lyle and Hogarth, except that the main propulsion machinery will comprise twin medium-speed Ruston diesels of the same power as the Haugesund newbuildings and, likewise, will give a speed in excess of 15 knots. The building of these ships at both yards will be supervised by Scottish Ship Management Limited, who will also manage them for H. Hogarth and Sons Limited when they enter service.

CONTRACT STAFF

So rarely does anyone at sea express approval or otherwise (in our hearing) at innovations in ship furnishing and layout, and yet the user, particularly one holding a Staff Contract, can give valuable advice which helps to plan the equipment for future newbuildings. This feed-back to Superintendents can help them in making decisions whether to have something, and why. Look about you and see how you can help.

On the same subject, one thing is becoming noticeable and that is that sea-staff are taking better care of their accommodation. Such sense of responsibility carries its own reward as it allows Owners to consider greater sophistication in furnishing of ships which we hope leads to greater comfort on board. However, we feel we should add a 'thank you' to those who help in this way.

"CAPE HOWE" is experimenting with paint washing equipment which, from all accounts, provides a little excitement from time to time.

"CAPE NELSON" is testing out special Tak mats designed for dirty exit areas. These are chemically treated and, if used properly, should restrict dirt spreading into living quarters and allow carpeting to become a lot more general in accommodation. Before it does, people will have to abandon the habit of stamping out cigarettes on the deck, which research shows is just one of the things a well brought up carpet cannot take.

"CAPE WRATH'S" coffee machine seems to be a success and we hope that such a fitting will become standard in all new vessels.

We hope you are pleased at the news of the newbuilding programmes which should ensure a healthy promotion rate within the Company, where merit will find a way.