

MÆRSK
Post





The new office building

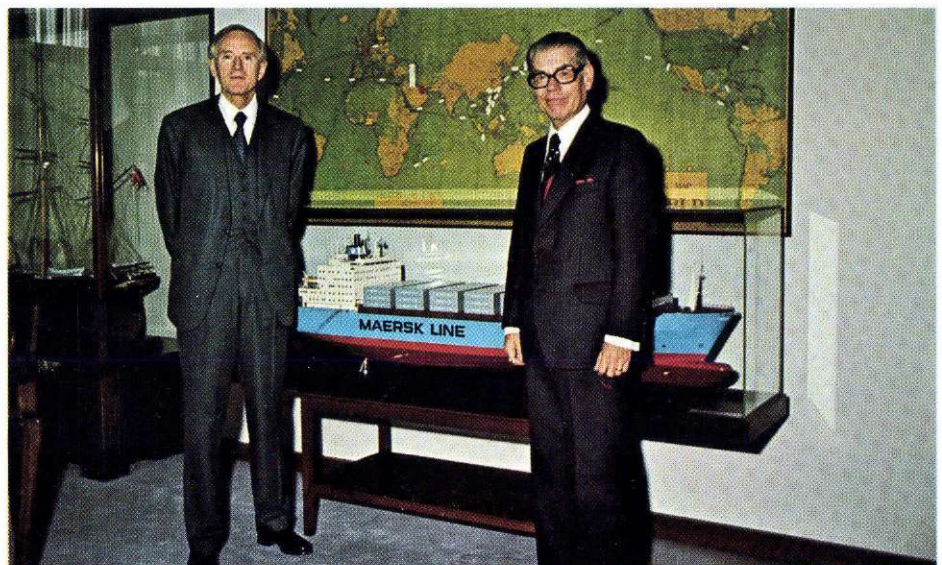
The latest issue of MÆRSK POST carried an article about the plans for the new office building, which, in the course of 1979, will become the new domicile of the A. P. Møller Shipping Companies. An attached aerial photograph indicated

by means of a white line the location of the site purchased for this purpose.

The cover photograph of the present issue shows a model of the new office building. The tiny house in the bottom left-hand corner is one of two existing

guardhouses at the so-called "Løveport" (gate of the lions). That building will be preserved. The office building is seen from landward, and the main entrance will be in the angle between the two wings, in the shaded part of the photo.

Ship's model handed over



A special exhibition, marking the 100th anniversary of Mr. A. P. Møller's birth, was opened at the Kronborg Maritime Museum on October 2nd, 1976, and on June 10th this year the curator of the museum, Mr. Henning Henningsen, Ph. D., paid a visit to Kongens Nytorv, where Mr. Mærsk Mc-Kinney Møller presented him with a model of one of

the new MÆRSK container vessels, the "ARNOLD MÆRSK".

The ship bears the name of the late shipowner, and the model will, even after the close of the exhibition this autumn, be shown by the museum, together with models from other Danish shipping companies, in the section illustrating modern shipping.

During his visit to Kongens Nytorv Mr. Henningsen told that the museum had benefited greatly from the exhibition already, and that, not least, with this summer's tourist invasion a great number of visitors are expected. So far the figures have shown an increase of about 15 per cent.

Houston, industry and export center, whose port today ranks as the third largest in the USA in total tonnage handled, and as No. 2 in total foreign tonnage and dollar trade.

By Larry Keller

Window On HOUSTON

Picture, if you will, a narrow and winding river choked with a dense wall of cottonwood trees on either side, snagged and blocked with brush, fallen trees, and sand bars, all but impassable to vessels of any description. The Choctaw Indians used the term "bayuk" for such a marshy inlet or outlet of lake, river, etc. It means "small stream", and even today the American-French word "bayou" is used in the southern United States about the numerous waterways branching out through the swamps of for instance Texas and Louisiana.

The date is January 22, 1837, and around a bend at the foot of Houston's Main Street appears the little side-wheel steamer "LAURA" – the first vessel ever to navigate Buffalo Bayou all the way to Houston. Even now the crew is cutting, clearing, and winching live and floating trees to make a path for their 85-foot craft.

This last 100 yards may have been difficult, but it was certainly not exceptional. The little ship and her crew had endured 50 miles of groundings, overgrown banks, clogged channels, mosqui-



▲ Looking east, down the Buffalo Bayou, the path along which the «LAURA» fought its way, now a widened ship channel.

Allen's Landing today, almost where the old «LAURA» is mooring on the opposite page. The park is called Allen's Landing, and the boat in the foreground is soon to offer lunchtime historical cruises on the bayou. ▼



The painting opposite shows the "LAURA", docking at Allen's Landing with Captain Grayson in the wheelhouse and two men assisting with a rope. The man standing in formal dress to the right of the man on shore with the rope is Augustus Allen. He frequently wore a stove-pipe hat, but here it is safely set aside out of sight so that it would not be injured in the activity and excitement of supervising the landing or be blown into the bayou. The man with his thumbs in his vest behind the man holding the rope on the "LAURA" is John Kirby Allen, who made the trip with the "LAURA". The artist sketched portraits of the Allen brothers and Captain Grayson from a book in The Texas Room of the Houston Central Library and used them in painting these persons in positions consistent with their personalities. There are several frontiersmen and a dog on the lower deck. From the upper deck the excursionists in their fine clothes and other passengers watch the landing.

The blue flag with one gold star at the prow of the "LAURA" is the Burnett flag which flew over the Republic of Texas during its first two years. The United States flag on the stern has twenty-five stars and was used only one year – from the time Arkansas became a state until Michigan was admitted.

This painting is reproduced in MÆRSK POST by special courtesy of the artist, Judy Saks.



THE LAURA

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Judith Ann Saks

Saks



The Houston World Trade Center, where MAERSK LINE is domiciled.

A pair of road-rollers on 20 foot flattracks await bracing prior to railway journey.



toes, and floating hazards (including alligators) since leaving the sea at Galveston.

A party was given that evening for the long-suffering passengers and crew by the citizens of Houston and the far-sighted Allen Brothers, the virtual fathers of frontier Houston, who had arranged for Captain Grayson to make this trip and hence establish the commercial feasibility of this inland city port.

Houston is criss-crossed by many bayous, but Augustus and John Allen knew that Buffalo Bayou, once developed, would provide the vital sea link that would enable a sizable commercial city to grow and trade with the rest of the United States and the world.

6 The Main Street landing, as a matter of fact, served as the Port of Houston until 1904 when it was decided that its

access depth and turning basin were simply inadequate for larger tonnage.

The former site of the port is today a commemorative park appropriately named Allen's Landing, and while the present widened and dredged dock area is almost five miles down the bayou, it is still not unusual to see an occasional barge tied up near the old port area.

For the last two years MAERSK LINE has been permanently established in Houston, and our Arabian/Persian Gulf vessels have berthed at the head of the new (since 1914) turning-basin.

Houston's first export was cotton, which has since been joined by wheat, petroleum, petroleum products, and oilfield machinery. It is these items which today make Houston such an active trading-partner with the rest of the world. In the case of oilfield machinery, it

should be pointed out that it is here, in the Texas-Oklahoma area, that a great part of the world's on- and offshore drilling technology has developed, and that here much of it is produced and sold for export.

Small wonder, therefore, that Houston is the number 2 U.S. port in total foreign tonnage and dollar trade, and the number 3 U.S. port in volume of total tonnage.

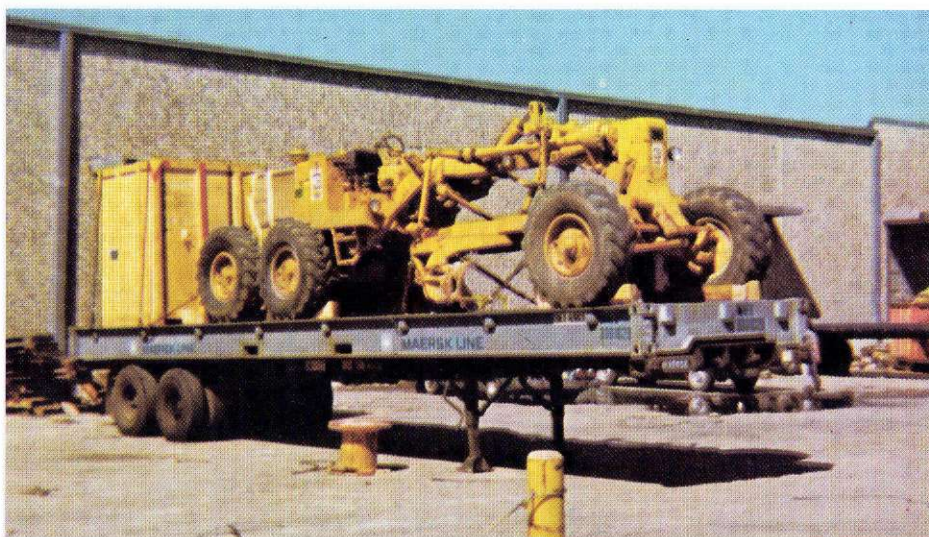
This same orientation has served to make Houston the world's number 1 port in the shipment of oilfield machinery. Because of this we have seen the APG service grow from a new and tenuous once-a-month sailing to an expanding fortnightly service, which loads and transports all manner of cargo including exploration equipment, trucks,



40-foot container being loaded into railway carriage.

A motorgrader for Bangkok and a box of gas-production machinery for Singapore share a ride on an artificial tweendeck.

Downtown Houston, looking east.



drill pipe, chemicals, production machinery, and rigs.

This technology and production base has contributed also to the success of the Far East Mini Landbridge Service, on which cargo from shippers and forwarders, who have come to know and employ it, begins the voyage on a train.

As this landbridge service differs rather radically from a direct vessel call, a few words may help to explain. Containers and other intermodal equipment are pooled in the yards of railroads having service to and from the West Coast ports of Long Beach and Oakland. Shippers and consignees pick up and return containers to the railroads, who load the containers on special flat-cars for movement to the California ports either with or without chassis. Part cargo for con-

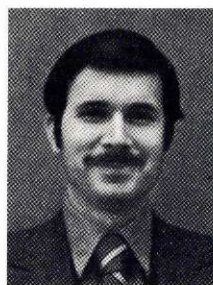
tainers is consolidated and handled at a container freight station.

The containers are then routed to California, a distance of approximately 2,000 miles, one week prior to vessel's departure. The rail journey requires 3 or 4 days.

While not all such cargo is oil construction machinery, some of the amount that is, frequently requires the use of special equipment – open tops, flat rack artificial tweendecks, and flat-bed trailers – to accommodate the oversize as well as the normal container cargo, so that a shipper may obtain the benefit of the same service and fast transit times for all of his cargo.

The expansion in both the Arabian/Persian Gulf and Maersk Container Line services has naturally required a growth in our Houston staff, which now numbers

14. We are proud to be a part of the two new services and pleased to represent MAERSK LINE in the bayou-port city of Houston.



Larry Keller is traffic manager of MAERSK LINE AGENCY, Houston, Texas.

AQUADRIL



On the 17th floor in one of Singapore's modern office buildings – Shaw Center – a modest name plate indicates that this is where the Aquadril head-quarters are located. However, to reach the majority of Aquadril's 170 employees it is necessary to travel some 800 miles from Singapore, to the coast of the Sultanate of Brunei.

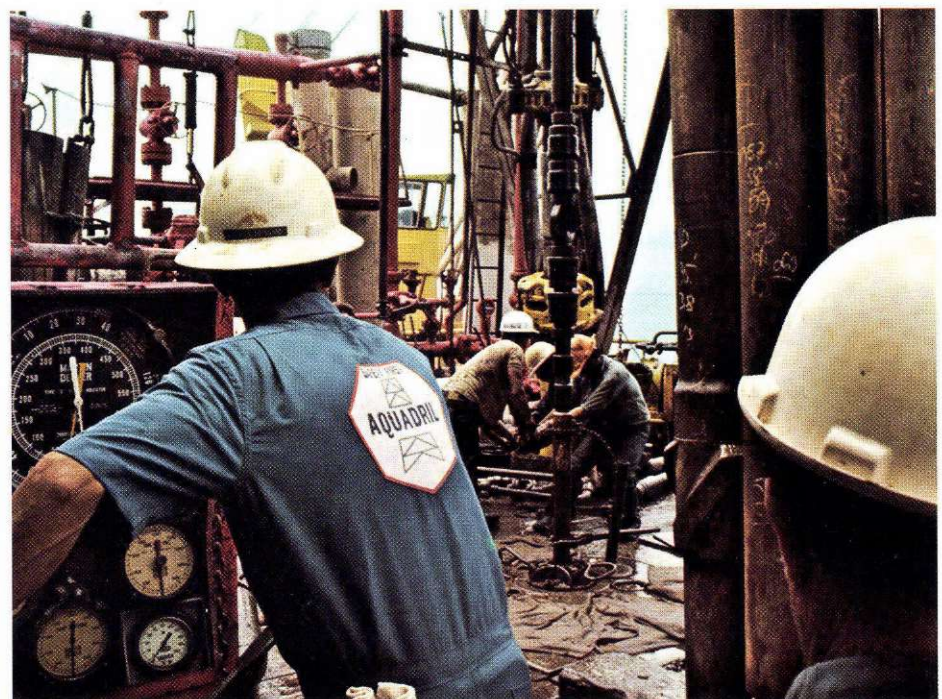
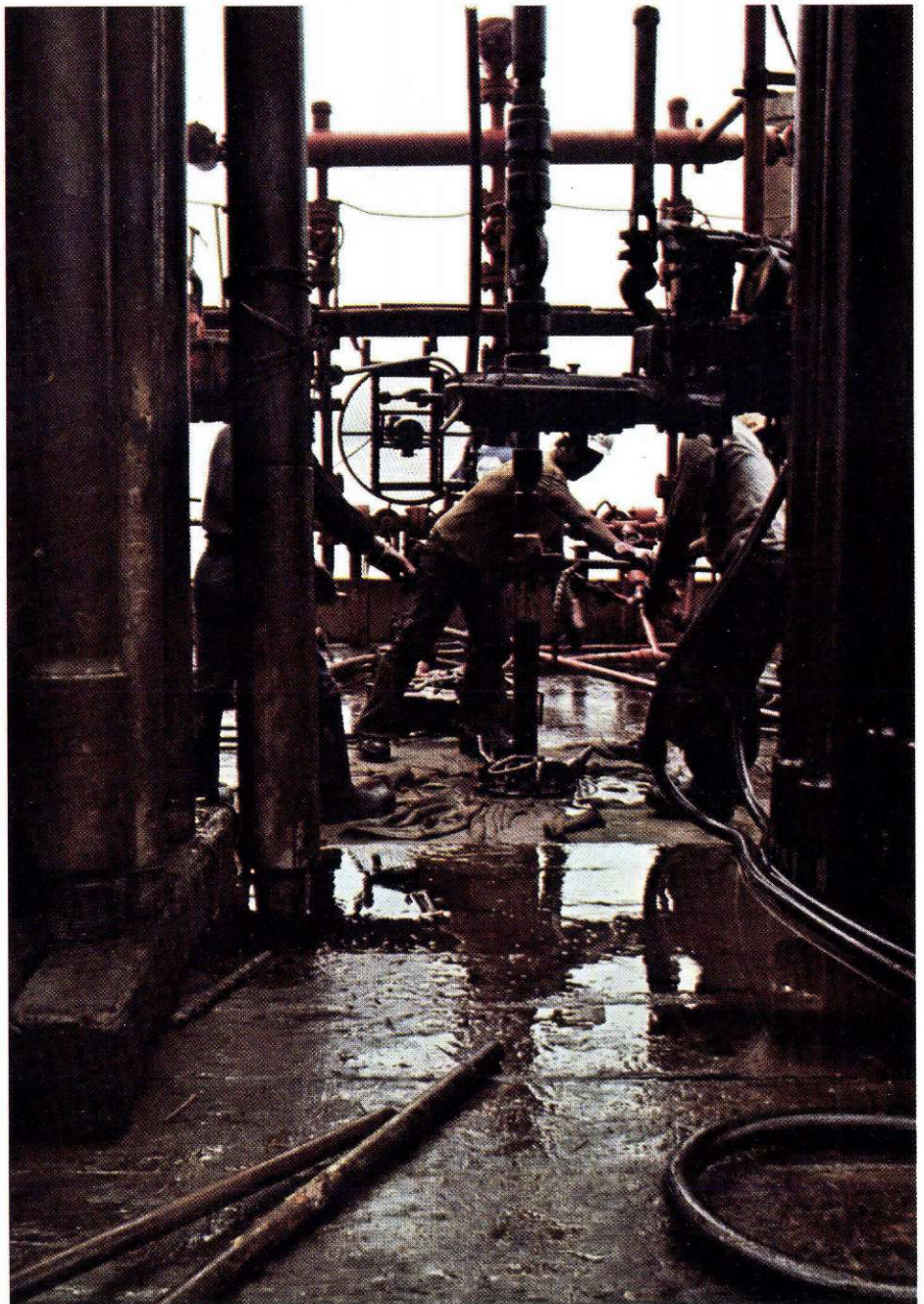
In Brunei are the two rigs that have made the name of Aquadril well known in that part of the world, where they work the rich oilfields, thanks to which Brunei has been called South East Asia's Kuwait.

Aquadril is one of the newest members of the A. P. Møller group of companies, founded in 1973 in association with Maersk Drilling, and in 1974 commencing operations in the North Borneo area. "Aquadril 1" was their first rig – a so-called self-contained platform rig – which has since carried out for Shell a series of production drillings, both in the waters off Brunei and off Sabah in the Federation of Malaysia. At present it is carrying out a series of production drillings for Brunei Shell Petroleum Company Limited.

"Aquadril 2" (now "Mærsk Assister") was originally an American landing-craft of the so-called APB type. It was not in action during World War II, and was converted in Japan for its work with Aquadril. This second rig is known as a support tender, its primary task being to supply power, storage, and accommodation for the equipment and crews of the platform-located derrick equipment set, to which the tender is coupled. It is at present engaged by Brunei Shell Petroleum Company Limited on a series of work-overs of earlier completed wells.

Needless to say, with the strong concentration of oil operations off the North Borneo coast local operational bases are necessary. Three small communities, unknown to most people, play an important part in this respect.

Aquadril's main base in Brunei is at Kuala Belait, with the neighbouring town of Seria being Brunei Shell Company's head-quarters. This section of the Sultanate is largely geared to Shell's oper-



◄ The platform rig AQUADRIL 1

Work on the rig ►

ations, but is also the military camp and centre of activities for a division of the 5th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles, stationed in Brunei at the Sultan's request.

Until recently Aquadril has had to be content with an office in the Hotel Seaview, the only fair-sized hotel in the town, but today they have provided for themselves a combined set of offices and stores, all under one roof, which is the envy of competitors. Elsewhere in the town Aquadril has made its mark, for the company has rented a dozen houses, in which its employees may relax when off duty from the rigs.

After 20 miles down a sandy jungle road, and having crossed a couple of rivers and one frontier you reach Miri in Sarawak – another member of the Federation of Malaysia. Here in Miri many Aquadril employees are domiciled, and helicopters en route to rigs call to pick up personnel.

Miri is really the centre of Aquadril operations in the whole area, but since all operations are at present taking place in Brunei, all functions are channelled through there. Formerly, Aquadril was employed in Sarawak by Sarawak Shell Berhad, and for that reason the company is maintaining offices there, and, of course, a certain part of the work force.

The third town is Labuan in the province of Sabah, also a member of the Federation of Malaysia. Labuan is also the name of the island on which the town stands, and the harbour is the best in the area and the primary reason for Aquadril's presence there. The majority of the heavy equipment from Singapore has to be transhipped to small craft and barges there to reach Kuala Belait or Miri.

Despite its youth Aquadril has already given a good account of itself in South East Asia and has become very well known. Thus it has not escaped the

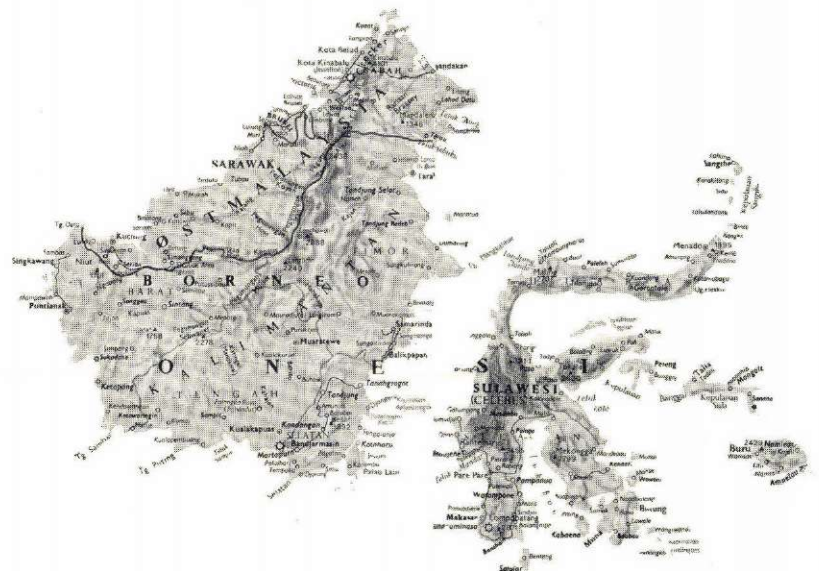
attention of anyone that "Aquadril 1" has been operating for two years without any lost-time accidents – a very real consideration when the major oil companies are choosing partners.

Aquadril is an international company. With its head-quarters in Singapore activities have so far been concentrated in this part of the world, but soon the drilling-operations will be shifted to other areas. The last of two jack-up rigs built by A. P. Møller at Singapore has been engaged by West Australian Petroleum Pty, Ltd for operations off the west coast of Australia. Aquadril is responsible for these activities.

Kurt Bjørndal



Waterfalls at Niah



Local ferry





HONG KONG Spotlight

Most of our readers will automatically connect the name of Hong Kong with two main features only, viz. shipping and over-population. They little suspect that besides being a bustling city with skyscrapers and a cosmopolitan way of life, Hong Kong offers to visitors miles of peaceful countryside, sleepy fishing-villages, and easy access to 235 surrounding islands. In order to clarify the picture MÆRSK POST has asked our local correspondent, Mr. B. Arculli, to guide us on a tour of this British Crown Colony, home of about 5 million people, and today the world's fourth (or maybe even third) most important container port.

Random Facts

The British Crown Colony of Hong Kong covers 404 square miles of land, comprising the following:

Hong Kong Island
29.2 sq. mls., ceded from China in 1842

Kowloon Peninsula
4.3 sq. mls., ceded from China in 1860

New Territories
370.5 sq. mls., leased from China in 1899 (for 99 years)

The population, comprising almost 99 % Chinese, is close to 5 million.

Hong Kong, just within the tropics, has a monsoonal climate with the temperature rarely dipping below 60° F. The humidity is high all year round (70 % to 80 %) and the rainy months are from May to September. During the long hot summer the humidity soars to over 90 %, so much so that even people used to the climate tend to feel sluggish. However, the temperature very seldom exceeds 90° F/32° C. Modern offices are equipped

with air-conditioning systems, enabling the staff to work in cool comfort.

Shipping

To-day, Hong Kong is the world's fourth most important container port, and although figures from Japan are unavailable at present, she may have replaced Kobe in the competition for the prestigious third place, i. e. after the giant container ports of New York and Rotterdam. Yet, less than a decade ago most people scoffed at making Hong Kong a container port. To give you an idea of the tremendous strides taken here in containerization, at Modern Terminals Ltd., where MÆRSK vessels berth, the throughput in July and August 1976 reached a peak of 26,000 TEU's (twenty foot equivalent units) per month. It has been conservatively estimated that by the end of this decade 80 % of Kong Kong's exports and 50 % of her imports will be shipped in containers.

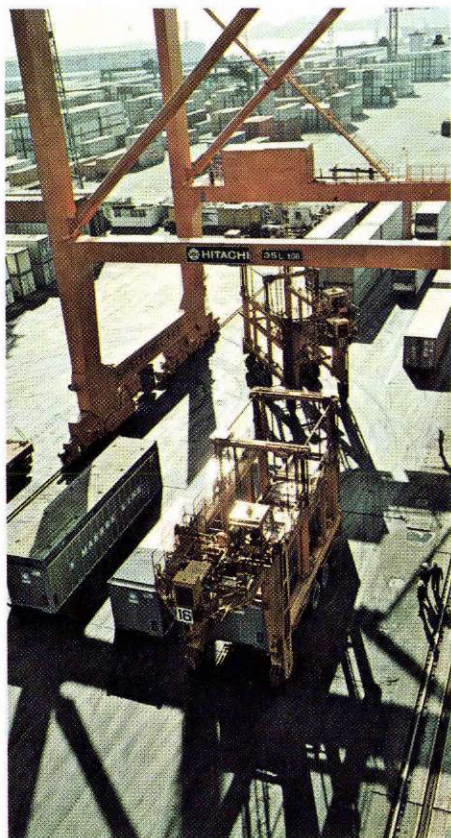
Building of Junks

Shipwrights who work in wood are becoming a rarity in the Western Hemi-



View of the harbour area from Victoria Peak. In the background the Chinese mainland.

Great activity at the new container installations, Modern Terminals Ltd.



sphere, one reason being the time and labour involved, e. g. it takes approximately one year to build an ocean-going trawler.

In Hong Kong, however, junk-building is still a flourishing trade. When building junks of high quality, for instance the ones destined for selective buyers in the USA, the junk-builders of Hong Kong rely on overseas countries for their raw materials. Such a junk will probably have Burma teak for its decks, Philippine mahogany for its hull, and American spruce for the masts and spars.

Nearly all the parts are carefully shaped by hand, always following the grain of the wood for maximum strength. It is an exacting and time-consuming job, and some junk-builders do not even rely on blueprints for such a complicated job. These are the traditional junk-builders, whose art, perfected through centuries of experience, is handed down from generation to generation.

Tourist Resort

Each year over a million tourists come to Hong Kong. Most of them come to hunt for bargains, for Hong Kong's re-

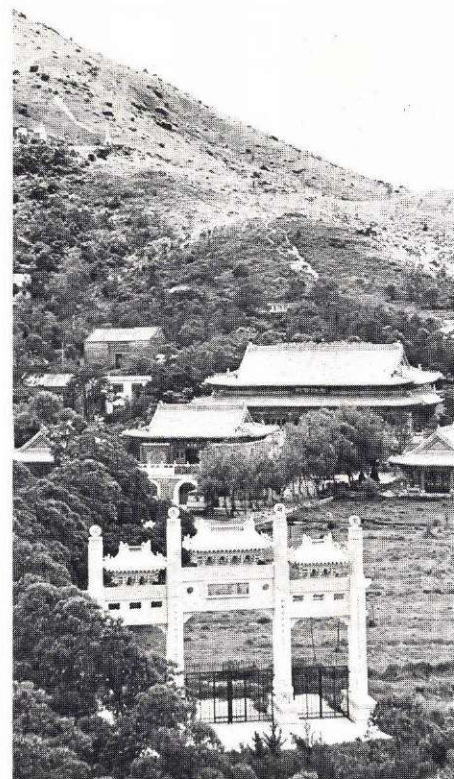


putation as a shopper's paradise is long established. Many people who have not visited the Colony are unaware that it has much more to offer the tourist, for travel brochures tend to neglect the less commercial aspects of Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is literally surrounded by hundreds of picturesque and virtually uninhabited islands. There are actually 235 islands surrounding Hong Kong (or "Fragrant Harbour" as it is known in Chinese), the largest of them being Lantau which is twice the size of Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is a home of contrasts, with miles of peaceful countryside, sleepy fishing villages, sidestreets, temples, and traditions of old-world China not far from skyscrapers and a cosmopolitan population and way of life. Only 12 % of the Colony's entire area is in fact "city" or urban area, the remainder is beautiful countryside.

The tourist who wants to get away from it all may do so by spending a few hours in the New Territories located beyond northern Kowloon. One way of getting there is going by train. An even cheaper alternative is to take a circular



Po Lin, Buddhist monastery on Lantau Island.

Junk-builders in Hong Kong work according to time-old traditions.

Paddy fields in the New Territories.



Betty Lui of the Hong Kong Tourist Association, scouting the Pineapple Dam Nature Trail.





Shop dealing in arts and crafts.

tour bus with such interesting stops on the way as Lokmachau, the look-out point which is Hong Kong's window overlooking Kwantung Province of Southern China.

A ferry ride to Lantau Island is a favourite with both local residents and tourists. The fishing village of Tai O is situated here, its houses resting on stilts in the water. On holidays and weekends local residents like to trek up the high Lantau hills where the Po Lin Buddhist Monastery is located.

For the less adventurous there is a very pleasant 1,800 ft. ride to the top of Victoria Peak on Hong Kong Island by the long established Peak Tram cable car. Once at the top you will find one of the most fabulous sights in the world – a panoramic view of Victoria Harbour and Kowloon.

North Point offers sceneries of a different type. Here you will find a maze of market stalls, small shops, and the best Shanghainese food served in the sort

of simple restaurant local people like to patronize.

At Causeway Bay you can see Chinese herbalist and medicine shops, lantern and paper shops, and casual street-side fortune-tellers' stalls. Luxury hotels and rapidly rising skyscrapers are now also part of this scene.

Western District on the other side of the Island has narrow, winding streets – a kaleidoscope of fascinating sights to the tourist, from kerb-side barbers and "doctors" to street lending-libraries and bird shops.

If you are interested in Hong Kong's cultural past, your thirst for knowledge can be sated with archaeological, fisheries, and currency exhibits, and a stroll along Hong Kong's "flea market", Cat Street, may result in the purchase of an interesting antique. (A word of caution is appropriate here – some "antiques" may prove to be only a few weeks old!) There are Chinese festivals galore, at least one per month, each commemor-

ating some ancient Chinese legend or tradition.

The Hong Kong Tourist Association last year spent approximately HK\$10 million promoting tourism. This year there are several new attractions to boast about. There is the largest floating restaurant in the world, the Jumbo Restaurant, with its palatial decor costing over HK\$ 30 million. Near the fishing port of Aberdeen is the newly opened Ocean Park, a 180-acre oceanarium claimed to be one of the best in the world. A visit to the Park will include a tour by cable car, offering a fantastic view of Deepwater Bay. There is a wave tank, fresh-water gardens, and an ocean theatre where you will be provided with the unique opportunity of watching seals, dolphins, and penguins perform to commands in the Chinese language!

B. Arculli

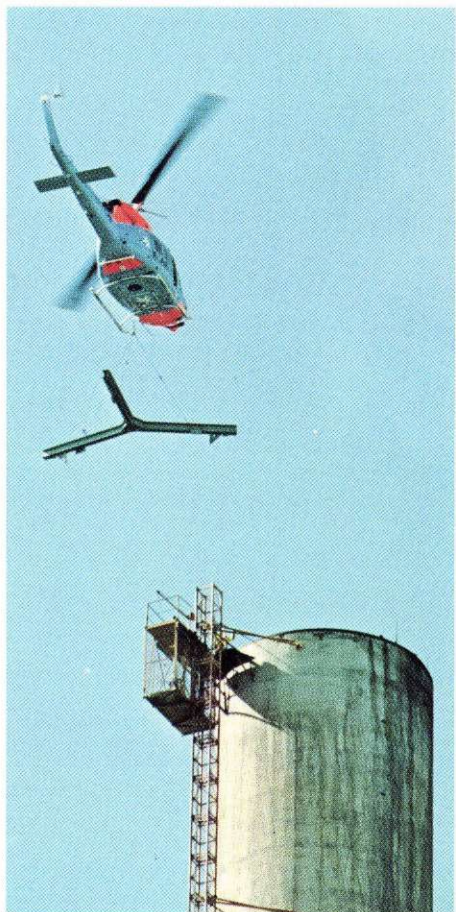
Vegetables and fruit sold from open-air stalls all over Hong Kong.





New Helicopter Jobs

News from MAERSK AIR,
by Bjarne Hansen



From the heliport at Esbjerg Maersk Air carries out many operational flights every day to various positions in the North Sea where the oil activities are taking place.

Though both the Bell 212 helicopters are normally fully booked, there are occasions where other operations may be squeezed in.

Such a situation arose at the beginning of April. One of the chimneys of "Midtkraft" (Danish association of power plants) was to have a 1,500-kilo steel

construction fixed to its top. The alternative of lowering the chimney did not exist, so Maersk Air was charged with this very special task.

After having made a close survey of the area, Maersk Air's chief Bell Helicopter pilot together with the ground personnel and the helicopter crew set up a program of operations.

The helicopter was flown from the base to Århus, and after a short stop on the ground, during which the steel construction was solidly fixed to the wires

of the helicopter, the structure was lifted to its new position and mounted there. The entire operation of the helicopter took only 10 minutes.

We are looking into other possible jobs at present. A very special, challenging task will be the moving of big road-side trees complete with roots from one place to another, in a way that enables the trees to re-establish themselves in a different place.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

MÆRSK containership played an important part when the Norwegian journalist, Fredrik Schjander, decided to probe the feasibility of this idea today.

The French writer, Jules Verne, caught the imagination of millions of readers when he wrote his famous novel about the English gentleman, Phileas Fogg, who took a bet with his London-club friends that he would be able to travel round the world in 80 days.

The book was first published more than a hundred years ago, and Mr. Schjander considers it to be a striking paradox of our modern times that such a journey is just as difficult today as when Mr. Fogg made his successful attempt. The two main reasons for this, he thinks, are the drastic reduction in the possibilities of sea transportation and the sophisticated bureaucracy exercised by many countries today.

Together with a co-driver, Lars-Arthur Kristiansen, Mr. Schjander set out from Oslo on January 25th this year. But instead of using hot-air balloons, trains, elephants, or iceboats for the overland portions of their trip, like Phileas Fogg,

the two Norwegian adventurers hoped to carry through their record-breaking circling of the globe by automobile. They chose a Mercedes Benz 300D for the overland stretches, and the "ALBERT MÆRSK", one of the world's fastest containerships, for their longest ocean crossing, the approximately 7,870-mile stretch of the Pacific Ocean between Singapore and Los Angeles (via Hong Kong and Japan).

Their course took them through the heart of Europe to Istanbul and onwards to Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan and India, and thence to Malaysia and Singapore.

At Singapore Mr. Schjander's theories of shortage of sea transportation and cumbersome red tape were put to shame through speedy transfer to "ALBERT MÆRSK", followed by the ship's record-breaking 17-day, 20-hour crossing of the Pacific from Singapore to Long Beach via Hong Kong, Keelung, Kobe, and Tokyo. The fact that the "ALBERT

MÆRSK" is one of the fastest regularly scheduled containerships plying on the U.S./Far East trade is the reason why MAERSK LINE was chosen to participate in this unique realization of one of man's primary ambitions. So, when the two Norwegians were ready to proceed on the third leg of their journey, crossing the American mainland to New York, MAERSK LINE had put them almost 4 days ahead of schedule.

The team reached New York by mid morning, April 3rd, and from here they crossed the Atlantic to Le Havre. Here the final leg of their tour took them via Paris, Germany and Denmark to Oslo, which they reached in good time.

Mr. Schjander, who is an experienced reporter, and who has previously made other unique motoring expeditions, such as traversing the Sahara and the Saudi-Arabian deserts, planned his journey in close co-operation with the Norwegian Shipowners' Association and the Norwegian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who secured minimum delays at the various border crossings and swift shipments of the car; on the latter point strongly supported by MAERSK LINE, who secured the fastest possible clearance both at Singapore and Long Beach.

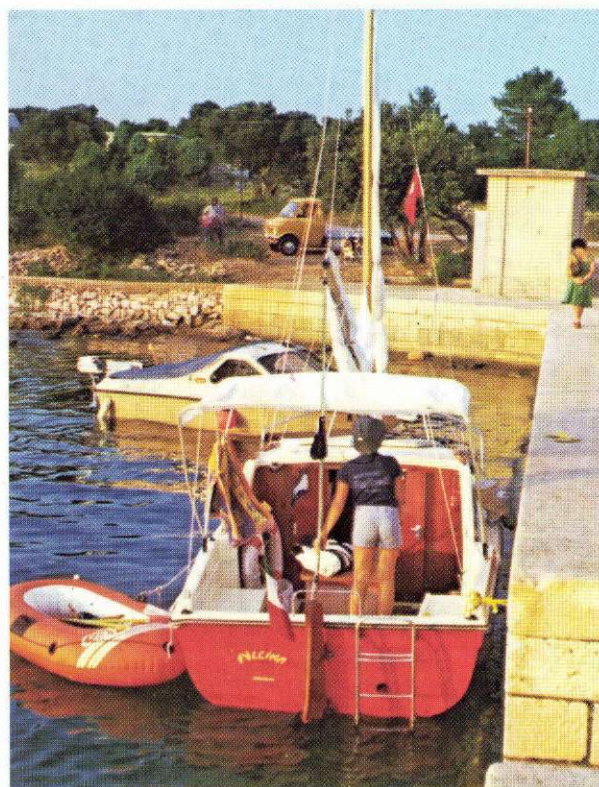
MÆRSK and Mercedes, two of the world's leading transportation innovators, were vital elements in the land/sea globe-circling race against time. In this photo the car is being unloaded from the containership »ALBERT MÆRSK« at the port of Long Beach. The two guards of honour presenting arms are from the hotel ship »QUEEN MARY«, the funnels of which can be discerned in the background left.





News from BUKH, by S. Pilegaard.

The wonderful Dalmatian Sea seen from a small sailing-boat



The Nordic Vikings were not the only ones to venture out on long voyages in small craft. During the summer of 1976 Signor D. Gaudino, BUKH ITALIA sales chief, set out together with his wife and son on a long cruise in the Adriatic. The voyage proved quite a feat, considering the size of the boat. We quote below part of an article in the magazine *VELA e MOTORE*, dealing with the cruise. The dimensions of the boat are given together with the fact that besides sails the boat was equipped with a BUKH engine of the type DV 10 ME.

"Prefatory remark

In a tiny boat, hardly 15 feet long, equipped with sails and a BUKH 10 hp diesel engine, a Piemont family has sailed from Lignano to Dubrovnik and back. In spite of occasional set-backs such a cruise will always prove better than having one's holidays at a boarding-house on the Lido di Camaiore.

It all began one night in the winter, when a film was shown on TV, dealing with the by now well-known South Seas. We, my husband and I, were having a toddy of red wine, and outside the houses of Novara were shrouded in fog. Suddenly my husband jumped out of his chair, pronouncing solemnly: "Now, this is the end of the sea of Camaiore. This year we will buy a boat, and in our holidays



we shall go for a cruise...". At these words our son Luca, aged seven, looked up rather bewildered from his Donald Duck magazine, whereupon he mumbled something and resumed his reading.

My husband, 35 and an ex-naval officer, at present working with a local firm, is very fond of good living and eating; but if he gets set on something, he will always carry it through. Apart from an occasional Sunday cruise on the Lago Maggiore I knew little about cruising, and I usually get sick just from watching the sea on TV. This was the background for our summer adventures.

Choice of boat

The boat show at Genoa was over, and besides, few of the boats on show there were any good for our purpose. There were also a number of craft too expensive for our purse. After serious consideration we picked a small sailing-boat, Raffy, built by the Raffaelli Yard at Pesaro and equipped with mainsail and a jib. Its length is 499 cm, the breadth 210 cm, and the cabin headroom 140 cm. There

Our little boat had a mainsail and a jib - and not least a 10 hp BUKH diesel engine.

When we set out from Sebenico, a storm was building up, and we were happy that we could trust our BUKH engine in this situation.

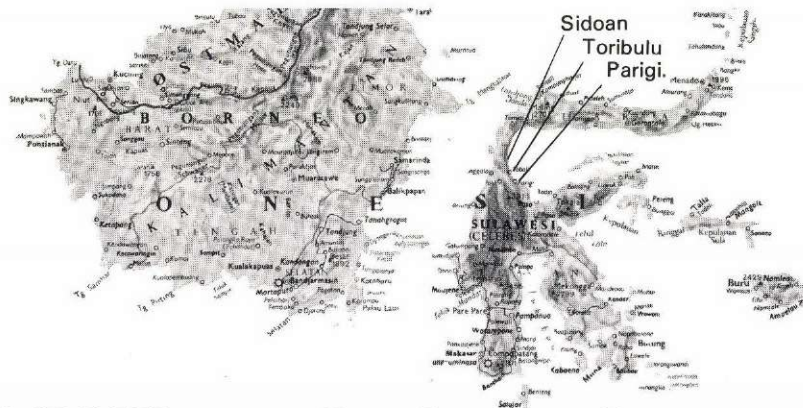
are two bunks and one extra berth. There are 13 m² of canvas.

We paid 2,800,000 lire excl. of VAT for this Raffy, and we chose a BUKH DV 10 hp engine, vibration-free and almost noiseless, costing 1,450,000 lire ex VAT. In February the boat was ready for the first trial runs on Lago Maggiore, carried out on Sundays, of course.

An engine that never fails you

On July 30th we set the course for Sebenico, which, by the way, was conquered by the Republic of Venice in 1150, and which can boast of a rather interesting cathedral in Gothic and Renaissance styles. A storm accompanied us. Two days later we set out again from Scibenik, as it is called in Serbo-Croatian, in a storm, of course; and in order to make our way through the channel we had to resort to our BUKH engine, a trusted friend, as it has since proved to be.

We bless the purchase of this BUKH engine, which never once failed us during our long cruise - - -



News from Indonesia, by Erwin Saropie

“HARTVIG MÆRSK” and the ebony

Even in our time of containerization it is possible to witness MÆRSK ships taking part in loading-operations, which in certain places are more or less identical with those taking place 25 years back or more. Since August 1976 m.s. “HARTVIG MÆRSK” and other general-cargo ships of the MÆRSK fleet, operating in the JAPAN/INDONESIA service, have carried ebony logs from the northern part of Sulawesi (Celebes) to Japan. Loading-points were in the Tomini Gulf, practically on the equator; there are no harbour installations, and loading-operations were carried out manually from the open beach to small boats, taking the logs from the shore to the MÆRSK ship at anchor about 300 metres from the coast. Having reached the MÆRSK ship the logs were taken on board by the ship’s own gear.

Erwin Saropie, MÆRSK POST’s new local correspondent at Jakarta, joined the “HARTVIG MÆRSK” (skippered by Captain Ernst Carl) for a voyage to Sidoan and Toribulu, sending us the report printed below. Mr. Saropie went on board when the ship was at anchor off Parigi, a tiny village at the bottom of the Tomini Gulf, head-quarters of the local authorities, and situated about 100 kilometres south of the first loading-point mentioned.



Ebony logs piled on the shore.

Your correspondent joined the vessel in order to attend her calls at Sidoan and Toribulu to load 2,000 tons of ebony logs for Japan. This was the first MÆRSK vessel to call at these places. Both Sidoan and Toribulu are located in the Tomini Gulf, northern Sulawesi (Celebes).

Most of the forests in Sulawesi have huge reserves of forestry products, ebony wood being but one of them. Ebony wood may be used for furniture, hand-crafts, musical instruments, tiles-etc.

Checkpoint Parigi was reached by flying from Jakarta to Ujung Pandang, the capital of South Sulawesi, and then by Bouraq Airlines to Palu. From Palu we proceeded together with the shippers’ representatives to Parigi by car (mostly jeeps), passing through mountains, using unpaved roads, and crossing small rivers (no bridges).

Parigi is a small village with a population of about 2,000 people. Most of them work as fishermen, labourers or farmers. At Parigi, after checking with the authorities, the vessel took on board about one hundred stevedores together with their families, totalling about 150 persons. Their wives came along to prepare their meals.

Another ten persons joined the ship, viz. customs, forest officials, harbour authorities, and shippers’ representatives. Also six wooden boats were loaded on board the vessel and stowed on deck.

Toribulu is at a distance of about three and a half hours’ sailing north of Parigi. This was the first loading place and the anchorage was about 300 meters from the shore. Toribulu, which is a small village, could be distinguished by a few palm huts along the beach, and by the piles of logs. We saw part of a small-craft fishing fleet on the coast.

Upon arrival at Toribulu the stevedores disembarked and went ashore with their boats and other loading equipment. The boats were to be lashed together two and two to form rafts, and together with four boats available at Toribulu they made five rafts in all. The 100 stevedores from Parigi were joined by local labourers from Sidoan and Toribulu, the stevedores from Parigi being mainly responsible for stowing the cargo, besides serving as winch drivers, and boat and launch crews. The shippers’ own labourers loaded the boats at the shore. The labourers seemed used to working with log-carriers, which is a type of stowage totally unlike that of a liner vessel.



The logs are rolled by hand to the waterfront.



The logs are dragged up a couple of sloping skids.

"HARTVIG MÆRSK" arrived at Toribulu in the afternoon, and I should imagine three quarters of the inhabitants went down to the beach to see the ship. They told us that "HARTVIG MÆRSK" was the biggest ship so far to call at that place. Since then we have had "LARS", "HANS", "SVEND" and "ESTELLE MÆRSK" calling at the Tomini Bay.

There is no pier available and no cranes on shore, so we could imagine it would be hard and difficult to load the logs. The shippers had the accumulated logs from the forest in the mountains transported to the nearest beach by labourers and tractors. No cranes being available the boats were loaded manually, which was difficult even with a

slight surf. To load logs from the beach onto the boats the labourers had to work standing waist-deep in the water.

The boats were towed away by a motorboat. Other boats came up, logs rolled into the water and were lifted on to the boats by the labourers standing in the water, assisted by others on the boats. Sometimes loading operations were stopped due to bad weather, slight swell, rough sea, or rain. Stops occurred in cargo operations due to lack of boats, and several times a set of boats was taken out of service for repair. Also, it was impossible to work after midnight due to poor lighting on the beach.

Maximum loading rate per day was about 200 tons, but mostly less than 100 tons was taken on board. At Toribulu

only three tractors were available for hauling logs from piles to beach.

After completion of loading at Toribulu all stevedores with boats etc., customs officials, and shippers returned on board, and the vessel proceeded north to Sidoan. It took about three hours of sailing. Here the same procedure was followed as at Toribulu, and when finished "HARTVIG MÆRSK" returned to Parigi for outward clearance, after which she proceeded to Japan, and I myself returned to Jakarta.

The logs have been piled on deck by the ship's own gear.



GRIPPED IN THE ICE

Whaling-master Hans Peter Petersen of Rømø, "Hans Pieters" for short, was master of the whaling-brig "De Juffrouw Sara & Cæcilia" of Hamburg from 1752 till his death on September 19th, 1777.

His brig measured 130 commercial lasts (corresponding roughly to 260 tdw.), and it had a crew of 46. The vessel had been fitted out by the shipowners Mathias und Thomas Breese of Hamburg, and it was used mainly for seal- and whaling-expeditions in the Arctic Ocean.

Around 1752, when Hans Pieters took command of the "Sara & Cæcilia", about 30 whaling-vessels were fitted out at Hamburg every year. At his death in 1777 the figure had risen to about 60, whereas it fell to about 40 later on. The Reperbahn of Hamburg was a lively place in those days; just as it is today, though in quite a different manner.

The whaling-expeditions went to the waters around Spitzbergen, which the masters had come to know as whaling grounds with a very high yield. They headed for these grounds every spring, and as a rule they could rely on getting the catch they were after in one single area.

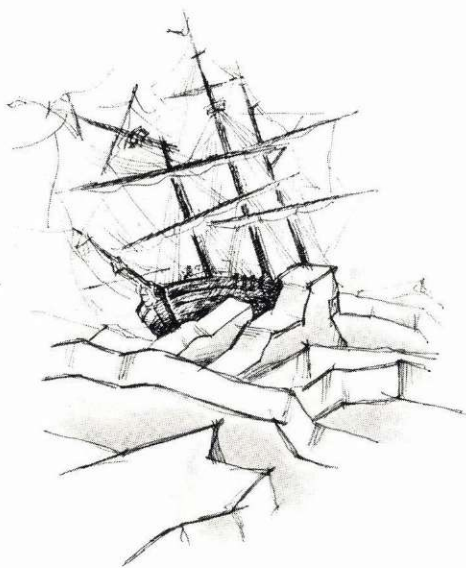
The ships had almost double crews, to be able to provide crews for the small whaleboats from which the actual catching took place once the grounds had been reached.

From the boats the whales were killed, whereupon the animals were towed to the beach, where they were cut up, and the oil was rendered in primitive boilers. Thereafter the oil was put into barrels, which were taken on board the mother ships.

Having completed their expedition, more or less successfully, the vessels started on their voyage home. The departure had to be made before the waters became icebound, the passage from Spitzbergen to around Jan Mayen being particularly risky. "Have we passed Jan Mayen yet?" was the re-iterated question on the ships. As long as this was not the case, the entire crew was in a state of supreme suspense.

On March 14th, 1777, 43 whaling vessels set out from Hamburg. They stood out of the Elbe, steering on a northerly course. The voyage went according to plan until around July 29th, when the ships began to stick in the ice

On September 19th, 200 years will have elapsed since Mr. A. P. Møller's great-great-great-grand-father, Hans Peter Petersen, captain and whaling-master (known as »Hans Pieters«) died on board his ship »De Juffrouw Sara & Cæcilia«, gripped in the ice off the coast of East Greenland.



of Geel Hamke's Land (about latitude 70° North). During the following days – in spite of dead calm – they went through a very hard time. The ice packed heavily around the ships, 27 of which were lying rather closely together.

Around August 19th, 5 of these were gathered in latitude 63° North; they were:

- 1) "De Juffrouw Sara & Cæcilia", Master Hans Pieters of Rømø
- 2) "Jacobus", Master Peter Andresen of Rømø
- 3) "Mercurius", Master Hans Christian Jaspers of Rømø
- 4) "De Twee Jonge Hermans", Master Engelbrecht Jensen of Rømø
- 5) "De Juffrouw Clara", the Dutch master, Hidde Dirks Kat.

On August 20th, the "Jacobus" and the "De Twee Jonge Hermans" went down in a violent storm crushed by the packing of the ice; however, the crews of the two ships saved themselves by clambering on to the ice, whereupon they were taken on board the remaining three ships.

On the same day the "De Juffrouw Sara & Cæcilia" sprang a heavy leak in the starboard side, and a couple of knees in the hold were broken. Nevertheless the damaged ship bore its share in quartering members of the shipwrecked crews. There were now about 70 men on the ship, which was gradually lifted up on a hummock of ice, where it settled on its side.

The ice was about 18 inches thick, and everybody on board took it for granted that they were heading for disaster. They took all movable property out on the ice, and with the assistance of the carpenters of the other two ships they succeeded in tightening the leak by fixing planks on the outside of the hull. Next, everything was taken back into the ship and they succeeded in refloating it.

The hardships had, however, been too much for the master, Hans Pieters. He had to turn in, and on September 19th he died on board his ship. His son, Jesper, who was the ship's mate, took command, and after his return to Rømø he wrote two letters to Lorenz Hansen, head-master in Ribe, who compiled a little book, "The Greenland Travellers of 1777", which was published in 1806 at Fredericia.

These letters, which are printed below, give us a detailed description of the need

As you are anxious, first of all, to

In latitude 63° North, near the East Greenland coast, we were stuck in the ice, five ships together, commanded by Peter Andresen, Engelbrecht Jensen, H. D. Kat, H. C. Jaspers, and my father, Hans Petersen. On the morning of August 20th, the ice packed so violently that both Peter Andresen and Engelbrecht Jensen had their ships crushed under their feet at the same time. Our ship, the "Sara & Cæcilia", was pressed up on a mound of ice. The ice was 18 inches thick, so we were, of course, beset by one thought only, namely that we, too, would be in for it. We grabbed the pump, but ascertained that the ship had not taken

Master Hans Petersen had been ailing for rather a long time. The rough climate, the heavy work necessitated by our miserable condition, concern for ship

Drawing from Dirk Kat's diary, showing partly the route from Hamburg to the waters near Spitzbergen, partly the long stretch from Jan Mayen round Cape Farewell to Friedrichshaab, along which the crews drifted in their boats during more than 4 months.



and crew, lack of medical care; all this finally weighed him down, so that from now on he had to stay in his bunk. The carpenter, who sometimes has very little to do on board, is often able to assume other work, so in his spare hours he may for instance prepare a coffin when there is a patient on board who will probably soon be in need of it. Now this was the case with my father whose ill health worsened day by day.

We were now drifting between Greenland and Iceland.

On September 19th the swell enabled us to approach the edge of the ice, so that we could sight open water. On that day Master Hans Petersen died, and we put him in the coffin which had been prepared for him.

The three ships mentioned now drifted far apart, still held in the ice, though approaching the open sea. The ice was moving heavily, so our good ship had to stand quite a lot.

On the morning of September 30th the wind was ENE, most of the time accompanied by rain and snow. The sea was very troubled, and we were not very far from open water. The swell increased heavily, until around three o'clock in the afternoon when a sharp edge hit the ship and cut right through. The other two ships did not fare any better, so all three were wrecked simultaneously, so to speak, our ship being the last. Misery and hardships were enormous. We had to throw all our provisions on to the ice and into the five boats. Still, amidst all this and whilst heading towards our own disaster, we did not forget to render the last honour to our deceased master, my beloved father. We fetched his coffin out of the ship, placed it on an ice floe, surrendering him to the waves, sailor-wise, and then abandoned our ship.

Some of our people took one of the boats, dragged it further on to the ice to reach a solid floe. When they had succeeded, all crew members came running to them from the wreck. In the meantime the evening was well advanced and we (there were 69 of us) had to endure the night on this ice floe, death staring us in the face every time the floe was washed by the sea. Our situation was desperate, and the memories are still so much present in my soul that for the moment I have to lay down my pen, postponing the continuation of my account till some other time.

Second letter:

Sir,

I closed my first letter with the account of our abandoning the ship.

We were now standing on the ice, awaiting our fate. We were unable to do anything to save ourselves, as the day had elapsed with the events that had taken place. The night came upon us, leaving us in complete and despairing ignorance whether we should live to see



One of the ships is crushed in the densely packing ice.

the next day. It was a long and sad night, the gruesomeness of which can only be imagined by people who have lived through a similar predicament. After long painful waiting the dawn of October 1st finally broke forth. The wind was still the same. The sea was troubled, filled with great icebergs all around us. All our boats and our provisions were ruined or gone. One crew member was spotted here, another there, and we had no means to rescue them. The wreck was now in the open sea about a mile away from the ice. But, as if to remind us of our imminent death, the ice floe that bore my father's coffin was drifting about very near to us. It was within view for a long time, until finally we lost sight of it. Later in the day the weather became somewhat calm. About a dozen of the men now decided that they would try and reach land. Master Kat had built a tent together with his people, and they were drifting towards the shore. In the afternoon the ice loosened; and we now saw a boat riding on a floe to the south-west. To reach it

we launched our own boat from the ice, were lucky enough to reach it, and we landed a crew of six on it. We now spotted another boat which we would have liked to get hold of, but we had to desist as we could not reach it. When we wanted to rejoin our friends on the ice, we could not get to them, or even join up with the other boat, as the ice was in a violent commotion. However, we hailed our people and ordered 15 of them to make their way to the other boat; only two of them succeeded in reaching it, the others wanted to join the first boat, but they did not succeed in doing that either. We pulled one man over by means of a line. But we had to spend the night on the ice, which was a dreary and dangerous affair. On the morning of October 2nd the weather had improved. We worked our way to the edge of the ice, and towards evening we saw one more boat at some distance, and we decided, if possible, to get hold of it. We launched our own boat and laboured through the ice. Those of the other boat joined us to reach our goal.



When finally, by united efforts and great exertion, we did reach our objective, we found that the boat was damaged and useless, and that it contained but three oars.

We now made up our minds to navigate along the ice, aiming at Statenhuk, with a crew of 21 men in our two boats. During the night a violent gale rose, which we had to ride out all night. We should have liked very much to reach the ice, but we were completely unable to do so because of the raging sea. One man fell overboard, and the boats were parted from each other.

On the morning of October 3rd we gave ourselves up for lost, and we had no more hope of survival, as our boat was almost full of water. We now dared to set sail, and drifted with the seas. Later in the day the wind fell somewhat, and we approached the ice which we made in the evening, finding there our mates in the boat that had been parted from us during the night. This was under Statenhuk, about one mile off the shore. We had two barrels of bread, one of

them, however, soaked and spoilt by sea water. We now enjoyed calm and favourable weather, wherefore we rowed by night along the ice, which was now solid. Even on October 4th the weather was favourable. In the afternoon we spotted an opening in the ice. We worked our way towards that point to the best of our ability and steered the boats in.

On October 5th we got stuck in the ice. But on the following day it broke up again and we now rowed in the direction of the coast, but in the night we drifted along the shore caught by the ice. During the two following days we drifted farther away from land, and we were now off the southern tip of the country, Cape Farewell.

On October 10th eight of our companions decided to walk over the ice to the coast. On the second day they made Cape Farewell, where they came upon some Greenlanders who guided them to one of the colonies. The 13 of us who had stayed behind made up our minds on the following day to try our luck and reach the coast. We shared our bread,

10 ship's loaves or biscuits per person, and left our two boats. We had to walk three days before we reached land, not the mainland but an island, from which we could not get away for want of boats. We built a hut of earth, and our need was great; we had eaten all our provisions, and we had nothing to live on now.

However, thanks to Providence we were cared for. We were lucky enough to find mussels on the beach. Thanks to these we kept alive for 11 days. When we had almost given up hope of ever getting away from there, two Greenlanders arrived in kayaks; but as we were unable to speak to them we tried by signs to make them understand that we were in distress and wanted help. One of them sailed away, whereas the other one stayed with us. Towards evening the first of them came back with two large umiaks (women's boats), by means of which they took us that night to a missionary, Johannes Sørensen, at whose house our companions had already arrived. He treated us to the best he had, and on October 26th he arranged for two umiaks to carry us further north to the colony of Julianehaab, where the merchant, Andreas Olsen, provided us with food and arranged for the two umiaks to take us even further north.

Now there were 20 of us together, but one, our so-called "speckschneider", was ill. We set out on October 28th towards a destination 200 miles away. On the same day we reached a Greenland igloo where we stopped. The next day the sick man died and we buried him there. We continued our journey, but as winter would soon set in and the water might freeze over, we could not get any further by means of our Greenland skin boats, which the thin ice sheets went clean through; so we had to turn back, first to the igloo shelter which we had recently left, and then on November 5th to the colony of Julianehaab with our boats badly cut by the new ice. On November 9th a Greenlander arrived in his kayak bringing a letter from Friedrichshaab, from another group of those who had been saved. We therefore prepared to get away in order to join them.

On November 28th we arrived at Friedrichshaab, after having suffered starvation and all kinds of misery on the way, being in possession of nothing but what the poor Greenlanders could spare in the way of seal-meat and blubber and the like. There we encountered a ship from Copenhagen, the commander of which, Jakob Jørgensen of List, gave us a hearty welcome. Before we arrived, another group of 17 had come drifting on the ice. On December 23rd 15 of the shipwrecked joined us, among whom was Commander Jeldert Jansen Grot.

We all stayed there during the winter period, and we were looked after by the local tradesman, Carl Bruun — — —"

One of MÆRSK POST's friends, Hans Chr. Søbbye, minister of the Danish Seamen's Church in Japan for a number of years, has written the following note of farewell to a happy period of his life (he has been transferred to Portugal) and to a great number of crew members of the MÆRSK fleet, with whom he has had close contact, and among whom he counts many personal friends. Rather symbolically one of Mr. Søbbye's last, very tangible, contacts with MÆRSK Far East activities was a voyage together with his wife on board m.s. »ESTELLE MÆRSK« from Hong Kong to Yokohama.

Reverend at sea



The Hong Kong lights at the departure.

In the dusk we were just able to make out in the distance the little Chinese fishing-boats. The sea was smooth and shining, and in the west the sun was getting ready to set in a haze of unreality. The ship's engine rumbled steadily, pushing us along at a speed of 12 knots.

We were on board m.s. "ESTELLE MÆRSK", en route from Hong Kong to Yokohama. We had been underway for four days, four days of sunshine and sea, good food, and nice people. From Hong Kong we had steered north, across the South China Sea and along the coast of Taiwan in the direction of Okinawa. There was a slight drizzle when we set out from Hong Kong on Monday morning; the beautiful city with the many modern skyscrapers soon vanished in heavy rain. Suddenly it was sea all round, and our ship appeared so small on this seemingly endless surface. The Estelle is a comparatively small ship of the large MÆRSK fleet; it is of 3,651 GRT with an engine power of 3,760 IHP.

We had plenty of time to reach Japan, that is why we proceeded rather slowly, rolling gently on the East China Sea heading for the Pacific. The Estelle has Danish officers and a Chinese crew, and as my wife and I were not in a position to make ourselves very useful while at sea, we were able to walk about and have a friendly chat with those who were not on duty at that particular time. Everybody is responsible for something

on board, the different turns have to be attended to, and they are all carried out minutely. Four hours on duty – four hours off duty. The chief steward and the cook were Chinese, and the food was excellent and plentiful. One day is very much like the other, everything taking place according to schedule, completely in harmony with the "heartbeats" of the engine. We were lodged in the ship's hospital, looking upon the aft deck with its tiny table and wooden settle. Here we would sit enjoying the sun, the air, and the sea. Sitting there for hours we would talk about all sorts of things while the deep blue sea merged steadily and patiently with the white foam of the ship's wake.

By now the sun had set four times behind the Chinese mainland, and the stars shone crystal clear in the sky over the China Sea. The Great Bear was upside down, so it seemed to us; but maybe we were to blame. Pia, my wife, often took her turn on the bridge, shooting the sun and fixing our position. At twelve noon she was allowed to depress all the buttons for steam whistle, alarm signals, and all the rest of the hullabaloo. The weather was still calm, maybe a little too calm, we thought. It was as if something was about to happen. The lazy wind would be coming in, now from starboard, now from port. The others looked subtly at each other, bade us goodnight in a jocular, but somehow quaint fashion.

Naturally, we had talked of seasickness, but so far the weather had been well-behaved.

But then on the fifth day we woke up to a true turmoil of sea and waves. The peaceable ship rose and dipped, the propeller would get out of the water, making the ship pound and screech in every corner. We skipped breakfast and were not particularly hungry at dinner. The others smiled kindly at us, but looked a little smug when we entered the mess. "The weather," they said, "oh well, that is not worth mentioning, just a strong breeze; it might have been much worse." We were unable to move along the deck without leaning against the bulwark. We poured water on the table cloth to prevent plates, bowls, and dishes from slipping on to the floor; but we stuck it out, having been given some pills against seasickness; and we soon got accustomed to the unsteadiness of the ship, the howling of the wind, and the impressive waves with white crests.

We had now entered the Pacific, and were heading north towards the largest Japanese island, Honshu, where Yokohama is situated. Pia, who had by now learnt to read sea- and weather-charts, told me that there was a depression south of Kyushu, the southernmost of the three Japanese main islands. It was moving north, and we should stand a chance of having acceptable weather again. We had plenty of time, three days, to make



*Arrival at Yokohama.
The »CHARLOTTE MÆRSK« and the
»MATHILDE MÆRSK« at the Honmoku Pier.*



*The »ESTELLE MÆRSK« is docking with
the assistance of a tug.*

Yokohama, so we proceeded at low speed among the white wave crests. The clouds flitted across the sky, the sun came out with short intermissions. There was a little drizzle in between, and we had to give up the nice settle on the aft deck

and repair to the tiny smoking-saloon, or sit on in the mess after meals. Gradually everybody had got to know each other fairly well, and we now talked about personal things. Time dissolved in eternity.

At sunset on Sunday we passed O-shima and steered on a north-easterly course towards Tokyo Bay. From there it is usually possible to see Mount Fuji and the mountains of Hakone, where we had been so often, but now it was all hidden in mist and clouds. We knew it was there, and we could picture it in our minds. Mount Fuji always looms as if in a cloud of dreams in the distance. We had looked forward to seeing the entrance to Tokyo and Yokohama, but it was dark. We only saw the lighthouses that guided us into the Bay, the passageway of one of the world's most trafficked waters. We were on the bridge, watching the heavy traffic of ships of all sizes, we saw how the light increased on the coastal stretches. We watched the large quays glide past: Yokusuka, Kisarazu, Kimitzu, and Sugita. They were all in there, gleaming in the mist.

We were not scheduled to go alongside until the next day, so in the middle of the night we dropped anchor off Yokohama, ready to get in on the Monday morning. The pilot came on board at 8 o'clock, and slowly preceded by a large tug we approached the Honmoku Pier in Yokohama. There were three MÆRSK ships waiting for us, the Mathilde, the Charlotte, and the Hans, all of them displaying their seven-pointed white star on the funnel. The sun was shining bright and spring-like, the big industrial port looked extremely friendly. We eagerly followed the navigation from the bridge, now and then throwing a glance towards the quay where the ship would moor.

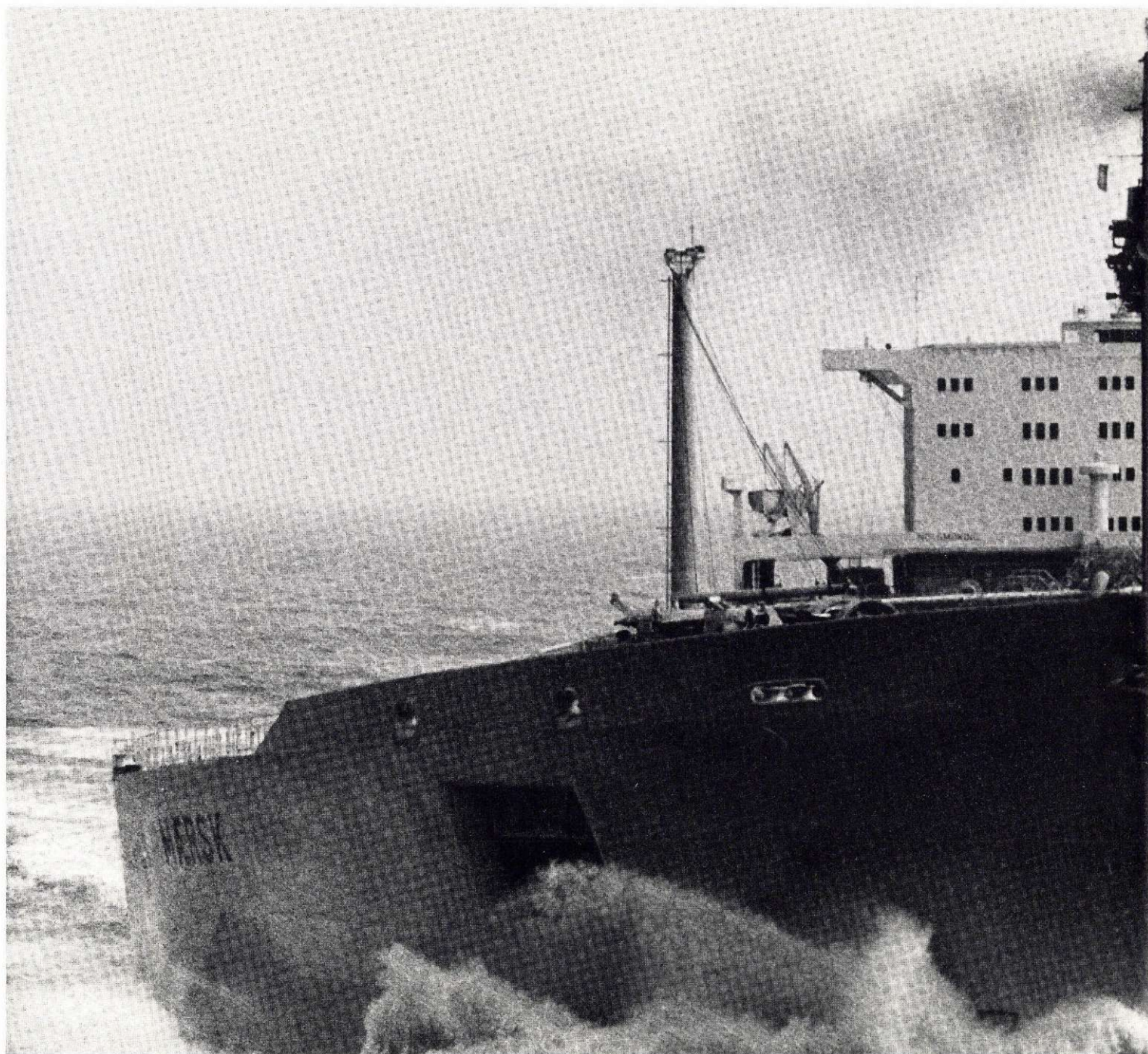
Was this really what it seemed to be? Were there not two tiny dots waving eagerly down there? When we came closer, we saw that — — —, yes, indeed. Down there two little girls were beside themselves with joy. One is called Lise, the other Louise. We were back home.

Appendix.

During almost five years I have practically every day visited one or other of the container vessels and general-cargo ships bearing the MÆRSK star on the funnel. Every time it has been a pleasure, and I should like to take this opportunity to thank everybody for pleasant hours of kindness and hospitality.

Thanks also to the MÆRSK offices in Tokyo for all their kind assistance. The managing director, Mr. Hans Georg Andersen, is chairman of the church council in Yokohama, and his efforts have been of great help to our little church here.

Best regards, *Hans Chr. Søbye*



NEW TURBINE TANKER

On Friday, April 15th, a naming ceremony was staged at Lindø for number six in a series of seven turbine tankers for the MÆRSK fleet, each of 339,000 tdw.

Mrs. Valborg Andersen, wife of Mr. Tage Andersen, state-authorized public accountant, named the ship "KARAMA MÆRSK".

On May 20th the newbuilding was taken over by A. P. Møller in the roads of Elsinore, after a comprehensive trial run which took place in the Skagerrak and the northern part of the North Sea.

Master of the ship is Captain Jørgen Olsen, Svendborg, and Chief Engineer Helge Robert Petersen, Herning, is in charge of the 36,000 IHP of the turbine engine.

The main particulars of the ship are:

Length o. a.:	375.45 m
Length p. p.:	353.30 m
Breadth mld.:	56.40 m
Depth:	48.43 m
Draught:	22.46 m
Deadweight:	339,000 tons
Light weight:	abt. 42,000 tons
Speed loaded:	abt. 16 knots

"KARAMA MÆRSK"'s port of registration is Skovshoved, where for a great many years Mr. A. P. Møller's yacht "KARAMA" had its base.



Thoughts at a take-over

It was a sunny day when the "KARAMA MÆRSK" was named, a day that heralded the Funen spring.

It is really very suitable that a technical creation in the shape of a 339,000-ton tanker is produced by this fairy-tale island; after all it is a modern fairy-tale. Hans Christian Andersen talks of one little feather that grew into five hens; at the Yard they transform rusty steel plates into a technical wonder.

It is fascinating to watch the growing up of such a mastodon. Plates become sections, sections are assembled like giant toy bricks, and all of a sudden it looks like a ship. Engine parts are assembled and mounted little by little, and finally the ship becomes water-borne. One fine day the large kettles start to breathe and

the turbines to revolve. Technicians of all kinds are clambering around, adjusting the machinery and the automatics.

Then comes the day when you are going to feel the ship tightening its muscles; the first engine tests are carried out at the quay-side. The big propeller churns the water to spray, and all functions are checked.

Also, by now, all the tanks have been painted, the piping, forming the nerve fibres of the ship and the transport system, have been put together, and gradually the ship is getting ready for her final test – the trial run.

Nearly 200 men are working day and night during such a trip, to make sure that all specifications conform to plan, and faults are put right. One thorough

test is followed by the other, and all results are registered.

Finally the ship is at anchor in the roads of Elsinore. The final adjustments are made and remaining flaws removed; and then comes the changing of flag. You may have witnessed several namings and take-overs of ships, but I am sure that you, like everybody else, sense the solemnity of the moment every time. The people of the Yard set the seal on their achievement, and the Shipping Company takes over the final product. Those are the bare facts, but a ship is not only an inanimate object for those of us who are going to live with it. We have witnessed its creation, we were there when it came to life, and we watched its first toddling steps. That is why we cannot just say: "So far so good", we must pronounce a "Welcome among us, Karama! May you have happy days."

Helge Robert Petersen



Round the Sjælsø

Einar Siberg of the Information Dept. «cracked» up and down along the route as an orderly and official. Here he is flanked by Jette Holm of Information and by the Container Dept.'s N.J. Iversen, who seems to be frowning on Mr. Siberg's unsporty mode of propulsion.

Once again the signal was given in March to all our sporty employees to prepare for the annual bicycle race round the lake of Sjælsø in North Sealand. Sponsored, as usual, by the Berlingske Tidende the race itself was planned for June 12th, and on May 14th the Information Dept. at Kongens Nytorv staged a general rehearsal for would-be entrants from A. P. Møller and the affiliated companies.

This rehearsal did not cover all 30 miles of the race, only about half that distance; and in spite of keen partici-



◀ The weather was not too good, cloudy and with heavy showers. Hot enough, however, to enable the participants to empty a lorry, stationed midway, of its load of beverages.

◀ The family picnic had its climax in a very well-provided lunch table.



pation, about 450 persons, we were able to preserve the illusion of a family outing, where everybody knew every one else. As is the case with most other picnics this one ended with a reward for the efforts, in the shape of a copious lunch in the Virum Hall. The two photographs were taken by H. Dahlerup Koch of the Staff Dept.

Joking apart

On June 12th no less than 15,800 people took part in what has since long been termed the world's biggest bicycle race.

The blue MÆRSK jerseys almost vanished in the multitudes, and the family spirit was hard to maintain. Nevertheless, MÆRSK POST photographer Niels Hovard-Christiansen, Printing Dept. of Kgs. Nytorv, succeeded in capturing groups of seven-pointed star participants, some at the 7 emergency posts, provided specially for us, some in a roadside ditch, where the crew of our "four-some bike" had thrown in the sponge after a mechanical mishap. They probably propelled the pedals a little too eagerly.

One of the youngest riders (boy of 11), not being satisfied with his MÆRSK-blue jersey with name and star, had wished to underline his MÆRSK membership also on his headgear.

The »foursome crew« has thrown in the sponge. From the left: Svend Hansen, Purchase and Sales; Elvar Vinum, Finance; Preben Kristensen, Purchase and Sales; T. Krarup Sørensen, Technical Dept.



PHOTO COMPETITION

The editor takes this opportunity to call the attention of our readers to the MÆRSK POST annual photo contest, the judging of which will take place with the edition of number 4, 1977, which will appear at the beginning of November.

Submissions for this competition should reach the editor by September 15th, and you may send in colour photos, either in the shape of diapositives/transparencies or colour negatives. In the latter case you should submit negatives as well as paper

prints. Black-and-white photos cannot compete.

Members of A. P. Møller staff everywhere can participate, and the choice of subjects is yours.

You are free to submit more than one photo; but, considering the great number of entries usually made each competitor is allowed to hand in 5 photographs at the most. In this connection it should be pointed out that if you send us transparencies mounted in glass frames, you

should pack these with great care. On several occasions the editor has received parcels filled with broken glass. Do not forget to state your name and address as all photos will be returned to senders when the November issue has been published.

Three prizes are awarded, a first prize of 300 kroner, a second prize of 200 kroner, and a third prize of 100 kroner.

PERSONALIA

KONGENS NYTORV



1



2

25 Years Anniversary

1. C.M. Salicath Mortensen
September 12th
2. H.E. Schmidt
September 23rd



3

Retired

3. Margit Wrang
August 31st

ORG. ABROAD



1

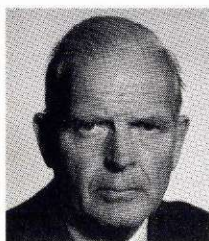


2

25 Years Anniversary

1. Bunleng Boonyatobhand
Maersk Line Bangkok
September 16th
2. Songsri Hutasevi
Maersk Line Bangkok
October 1st

THE MÆRSK FLEET



1

40 Years Anniversary

1. Captain Holger H.F. Ibsen
November 23rd



2



3



4



5

25 Years Anniversary

2. Chief Engineer Henning B. Mortensen.
October 19th
3. Captain Niels J.W. Jensen
November 1st
4. Captain Ole Kristensen
November 1st
5. Captain Jens P. Oszadlik
November 1st



6



7



8

Retired

6. Chief Engineer Niels Jensen
August 1st
7. Chief Engineer Bent O. Therkildsen
August 1st
8. Chief Engineer Ole Martin Rasmussen.
August 31st

MÆRSK DATA

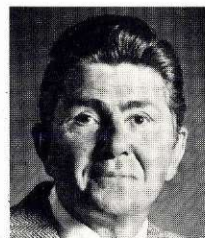


1

25 Years Anniversary

1. Benny Milling
October 7th

ROULUND



1



2

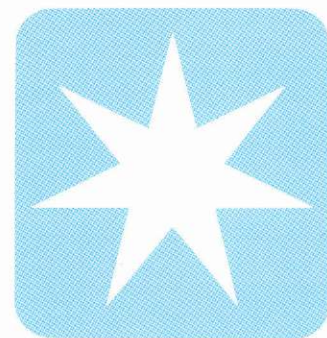
25 Years Anniversary

1. Kristian Hansen
August 22nd
2. Karl Nymann Sørensen
August 25th

BUKH

25 Years Anniversary

1. Christian Jacobsen
September 2nd



MÆRSK

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Editor: Poul Jægerholt
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Local correspondents:

AUSTRALIA: Alan Reeves
HONG KONG: B. Arculli
INDONESIA: Erwin Saropie
JAPAN: S. Osano
KOREA: Poul E. Dam
SINGAPORE: Lina Chua
TANZANIA: H. H. Munck
THAILAND: P. Bjerregaard Hansen
UNITED KINGDOM: J. D. Griffin
U. S. EAST COAST: Barney Brennan
U. S. WEST COAST: Susan Clare Falster

BUKH: S. Pilegaard
DISA: Erik Hansen
MAERSK AIR: Bjarne Hansen
MÆRSK DATA: Palle Andersen
MÆRSK KEMI: V. Mohr
PAPYRO-TEX: Helge Madsen
PHARMA-PLAST: Vicki Stene
ROSTI: Jytte Saugmann
ROULUND: K. Lindskog
THE YARD: J. Hellesø

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August 1977
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Two years have now passed since the "ADRIAN MÆRSK" was delivered, and entered the service between the USA and the Far East as the first fully containerized vessel.

This ship has since been joined by eight sister ships.

Today we are happy to say that all nine ships are serving well and steadily on this line, which is operating according to plan.

The many correlated initiatives, brought about by the decision in favour of this great investment, have also been carried through:

– Thus, nine new Maersk Line offices have been opened in the USA, and in the East another seven offices have been added to the A.P.Møller organizations.

– A number of container terminals have been established – partly for the exclusive use of Maersk Line, partly in co-operation with others.

– A comprehensive building-programme regarding containers and other equipment has been carried through, feeder services have been established for ports not directly called at by the big containerships, new EDP systems have been developed, etc.

– and considerable efforts have been made to secure the necessary cargo flow.

Taken as a whole, a great installation phase has been successfully terminated. This is gratifying, and many staff members at home, in the offices abroad, and on board the ships of the MÆRSK fleet deserve to be complimented for this.

Our task will now be to pursue what has begun so well, to ensure that the great investment really meets with success.

MÆRSK MC-KINNEY MØLLER

THE YARD



1

50 Years Anniversary

1. Poul Anker Andersen (O)
September 1st



2

40 Years Anniversary

2. Egon Petersen (L)
September 1st



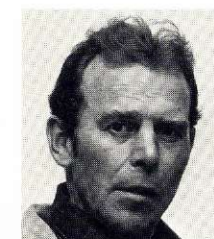
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6



8



5



7



10



11



12

25 Years Anniversary

3. Egon Fuder (O)
August 19th
4. Arne Petersen (L)
August 19th
5. Børge Christoffersen (L)
October 1st
6. Chr. T. Schneider (L)
October 21st
7. Villy Chr. Mikkelsen (L)
October 27th
8. Erling Chr. Hansen (L)
October 28th
9. Mogens Aalykke (L)
November 4th
10. Henry Rasmussen (L)
November 11th
11. Knud-Aage Christensen (L)
November 15th
12. Knud Harry Hansen (L)
November 15th

Retired

13. Erling E. Johnsen (O)
March 31st
14. Børge Munk Sørensen (L)
June 30th

DISA



1



2

40 Years Anniversary

1. J. Henckel (Herlev)
October 9th
2. Jens H. Andersen (Herlev)
October 16th



3



4



5

25 Years Anniversary

3. Helmuth H. Wiemann (Herlev)
August 25th
4. Laur. Holm (Herlev)
August 29th
5. Michael Popov (Herlev)
October 19th

Obituary

The A. P. Møller Companies regret to announce the following deaths during the past three months:

Ass. Eng. John Poulsen-Nørbjerg
ex m.t. »Henning Mærsk«
April 11th
Poul Jensen, Odense,
May 9th
Sven Rosander, Lindø,
May 9th
Able Seaman Alf H. Henriksen
ex m.t. »Grete Mærsk«
May 10th
Motorman A. Kjærsgaard Jensen
ex t.t. »Karoline Mærsk«
May 22nd
Hans Andreas Skovsbo
Jørgensen, Lindø,
May 23rd
Aksel Knoth, Lindø,
June 4th
Chief Officer Paul J. Schuh
ex »Effie Mærsk«
June 14th
Harald W.K. Weng
Kongens Nytorv
June 21st