ESSO FLEET NEWS

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

Esso Jamestown Sweeps Safety Honors

A triple-play presentation of safety awards was made aboard the *Esso Jamestown* at Baton Rouge, Aug. 13. One was a Jones F. Devlin Award for operating through 1966 and 1967 without a lost-time accident reportable to the National Safety Council. Award No. 2 was the Marine Department's Certificate of Safety (for the second consecutive year) for no personal injuries in 1967 resulting in reportable lost time or sick leave.

But the outstanding honor—and first ever made to a Company vessel — was a handsome brass plaque mounted on a walnut base signifying one million man-hours without a reportable lost-time injury.

T. J. Fuson, General Manager of the Marine Dept., made a special trip to Baton Rouge to present the awards and a congratulatory letter, for posting on the bulletin board, reading as follows:

To the Men of The Esso Jamestown

It is a pleasure to extend sincere congratulations to all men of the *Esso Jamestown* for working 1,000,000 man hours without a reportable lost time injury.

This splendid safety record running from January 30, 1965 to June 2, 1968 (and still going unbroken), could not have been achieved without the constant vigilance, sound judgment, preparedness and guidance on the part of all those men who served on board during this period. I believe this record would not have been achieved without having harmonious cooperation between the licensed and unlicensed men.

Well done — and again, congratulations!

T. J. Fuson

As mentioned in the July 18 Fleet News, the 1,000,000 man-hour safety achievement carries with it an individual award for every man who served in the *Jamestown* between Jan. 30, 1965, and June 2, 1968. At latest count there are about 430 men, including a number of annuitants, eligible for these awards. A selection of 24 items has been made — such things as a plastic fishing box, portable radio, electric jig saw — and a pamphlet illustrating and describing them is in preparation. As soon as the pamphlets are ready, they will be sent to the eligible men along with a return card on which to indicate the selected gift.

Of the other vessels in the Fleet, 3 are in

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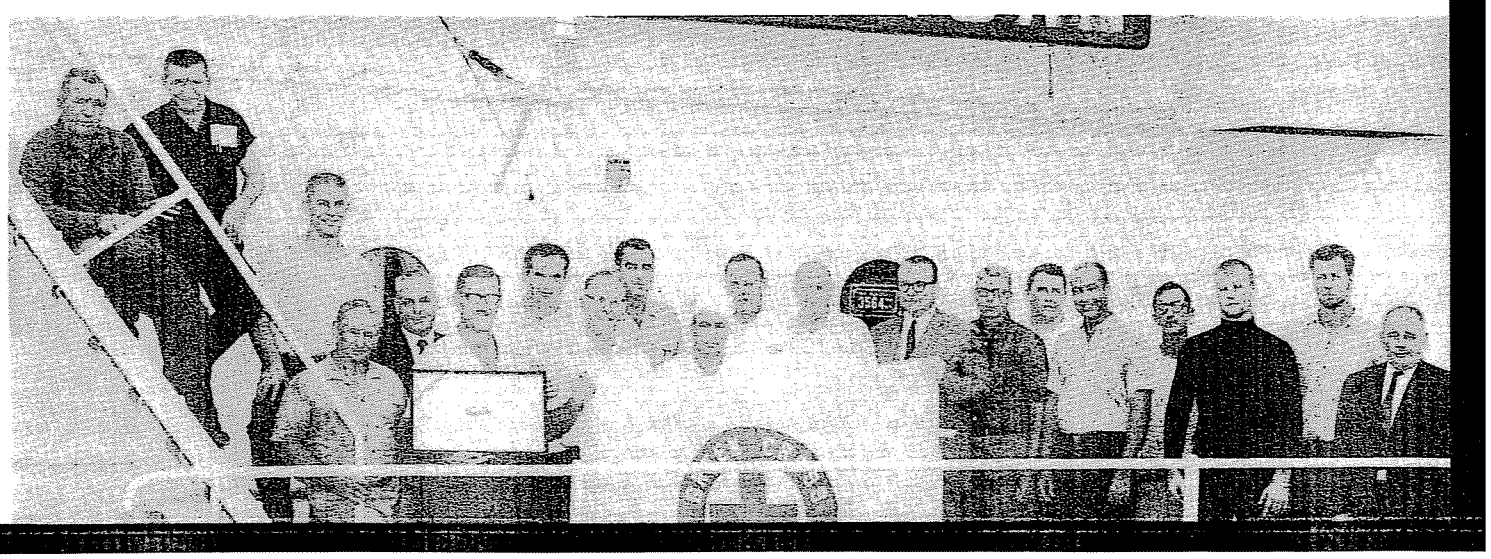
Bearing witness to the *Esso Jamestown* safety awards are, l. to r.: AB Reidar Bohnhorst; Third Asst. William L. Thompson; First Asst. Stanley A. Draus; AB Sivert S. Nygaard; Albert B. Randall, Safety Officer; Chief Mate James H. Wanamaker (holding Certificate of Safety); Third Mate Wesley F. Besse, Jr.; Captain Milton L. Franklin, Master of the ship; Chief Engr. Richard L. Argenbright; Chief Cook Antone Joaquim; Second Cook Henry L. Hutto, Jr.; Chief Steward Frederick Eimans; T. J. Fuson, General Manager; Pumpman Adolphe G. Koppel; MM David O. Mason; Oiler Daniel Lopes; OS Thadeus S. Sokolowski; OS Robert C. Stehlgens; AB George W. Young, and Captain S. V. Gardner, Manager, Baton Rouge Office.



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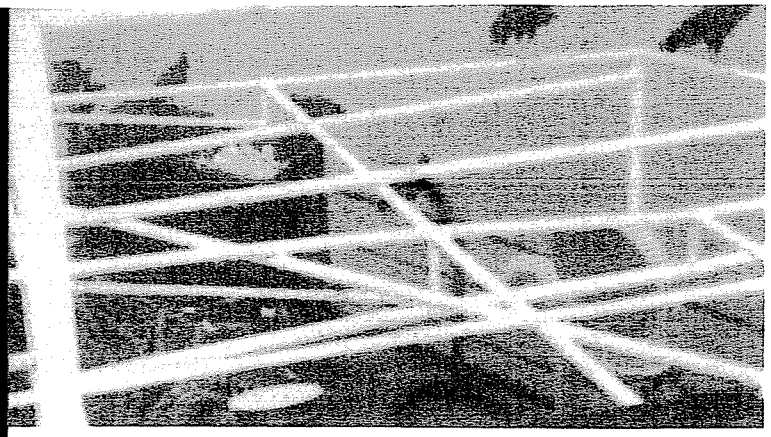

We used to have a slogan — "Sea Gulls Follow Our Vessels" — inferring that our ships were such good feeders, the gulls preferred our garbage to that of other vessels. But now, by George, our food is so good that the birds don't even wait for the garbage to be thrown overboard. They take it right out of the cans, as shown in this photo taken aboard the *Esso Seattle* in Panama by AB Ian G. Harrison. We don't know these birds' genus but they must be very discerning.

Original License

ANDREW C. HENNING — 3rd Mate, Aug. 12*

*Date reported to Company.

RECENT RETIREMENTS



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HAMILTON left the *Esso New Orleans*, July 21 for paid leave and retirement (Sept. 1) carrying with him the best wishes of his shipmates and an expression of esteem in the form of a "very nice" wallet already in the service for which it was made. "It was an unexpected and real generous gift," Captain Hamilton said, "and aside from the fact that I can put a down payment on a Volkswagen, it's nice to know your shipmates think enough of you to give it to you."

Captain Hamilton was being becomingly modest for he is one of the most highly regarded of Masters by licensed, unlicensed and shore personnel. He is a Master's Master and a sailor's sailor.

It was almost 49 years ago that Captain Bill, then a lad of 16, went to sea as a messboy in a "laker." He shipped out of East Coast and Gulf ports as coal passer, AB, QM, bosn and, in 1925, Third Mate in an Oriole Line Hog Islander. In Oct. 1925 he joined Pan Am's 2,400-dwt. *Fueloil* and for 5½ years was her Third Mate, Chief Mate and Master.

After sailing with Lykes Bros. and a coastwise line for 2 years, Captain Hamilton signed on as AB in the Company's *Thomas H. Wheeler*, Mar. 26, 1934. That was the beginning of his 32½-year career in the Fleet during which he served in all licensed ranks and sailed throughout World War II in 5 Company vessels (surviving the second torpedoing of the *Esso Baton Rouge*) and as Master of War Emergency Tankers' *Bushy Run*. Promoted to Master in Nov. 1957, he has been the *Esso New Orleans*' regular skipper since she came out, April 10, 1965.

"I am going home and think things over," Captain Hamilton said just before his last trip, "probably make some trips with the wife when the kids go back to school." Home is in Cranford, N.J., the wife is Josephine, and the kids are Alan, 20, a student at Gettysburg College and Rick, 19, attending Clemson College.

ABLE SEAMAN JOSEPH R. DELUZIO'S retirement, Aug. 1, came just 1 month after he obtained the 20 years required for a Special Sea Service Annuity. He joined the Fleet June 29, 1948 and had continuous service, nearly all as AB. For the past 2 years he has been in the *Esso Houston* and *Esso New Orleans*.

Joe is a World War II veteran and lives in West Quincy, Mass.

ABLE SEAMAN J. H. HAYS had over 21 years in the Fleet upon retirement, Aug. 1. After his first assignment as OS in the *Esso Manhattan*, Dec. 20, 1946, he sailed as DM and AB. He lives in Pelican, La., about 55 miles south of Shreveport, with his wife Jeanette, a son, Raleigh, 11, and 2 daughters, Marie and Dawna, 9 and 8.

ABLE SEAMAN THOMAS E. KEEGAN, a native New Yorker and resident of Woodside (N.Y.C.) started with the Company as Messman in the *Esso Bolivar*, Jan. 15, 1948. He had various Steward's, deck and engine dept. berths during the next 3 years and was DM and AB from May 1951 until retirement, July 1, with 20 years, 2 months' service. Tom and his wife, Beverly, have a son Thomas, Jr. 5 and 2 daughters, Valerie and Kateri, 6 and 1.



ABLE SEAMAN FRANK SAWYER spent most of his 20½ years in the Fleet in the ratings of DM and AB, with an occasional berth as Bosn. He started in the *Esso Greenville*, Oct. 1, 1947 and went ashore for retirement (Aug. 1) from the *Esso Jamestown*. He and his wife Anna, residents of Greenlawn, L. I., N. Y., have 2 daughters, Margaret, 19 and Sharon, 11.



FIREMAN-WATERTENDER DAVID L. CANNON retired Aug. 1 with 21¼ years' service, the last 17 of which were as FWT. He started in the *Esso Augusta* in Jan. 1947, sailing as Wiper and Storekeeper.

"The most important thing now," Dave said, "is doing what the wife (Anni Laura) and kids (Jane, 11 and Ralph, 6) want — and that calls for spending a lot of time at the beach. The Cannons live in Waycross, Ga., 50 miles west of Brunswick.

ESSO FLEET NEWS is published for the seagoing employees of the Marine Department, Humble Oil & Refining Co.: T. J. Fuson, General Manager; Sydney Wire, Assistant General Manager.

W. E. Gardner, Editor

Contributions and suggestions are invited and should be addressed to The Editor, ESSO FLEET NEWS, Humble Oil & Refining Co., P. O. Box 1512, Houston, Texas 77001.

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ESSO DALLAS REPORT

By AB BILL E. TYRA

The *Esso Dallas* left Charleston April 16 for Aruba, where she would take on a full load of jet fuel for delivery to a U.S. military base at Guam. The trip from Charleston to Aruba would have been routine had it not been for the tank preparations. It seemed we would never get all the water out but through sheer determination, long hours and hard work, we did manage to have the tanks ready for loading on arrival.

We are granted shore leave and most of us go ashore to mail letters, buy a few necessities and sort of look over some old "stamping" grounds.

Leaving Aruba, we head for the Panama Canal. Al Erickson (OS) put up a world chart in the recreation room and Jim Ellis (Third Mate) posts the *Dallas'* daily position. Each day a new dot is placed an inch or so along the course line and on April 24 there is a dot designating arrival at the Panama Canal. We anchor off Cristobal, awaiting the pilot, and the crew is given shore liberty.

Most of us are able to get ashore for a few hours. If you have never been ashore in Panama, here is a warning: there are numerous young hoodlums roaming the streets who mob and rob unwary tourists and seamen. We had 2 men complain of being "bushwacked" by these baby bandits.

We take a pilot aboard and begin our outward-bound passage through the Canal. It is dark when we reach and enter the first lock and not much good for picture taking or admiring this American-built engineering wonder. On subsequent passages, some of us spent hours "just looking" and became familiar with much of the Canal.

Coming out the other end of the Canal, we pass Balboa and enter the wide Pacific where we would spend many long days and nights at sea. To make the time pass faster and to earn a little extra spending money, most of the crew work overtime. Evenings and nights are spent reading, writing, playing cards, bull sessions or any other way one could find to entertain himself. It would have been nice to have movies aboard for a long haul like this.

Some of us take up "sky watching" or star gazing and are able to spot a number of "sputniks" and orbiting satellites. The nights are unusually clear and pleasant and a few men congregate on the poop deck most every night for some old-time type telling of and listening to sea stories.

Many days and nights pass and the little dots on the chart inch closer and closer to Guam. Finally on May 16, we arrive and enter the harbor. We anchor after a fitful bit of maneuvering as the current causes the ship to set first one way, then the other.

While at anchor a U.S. nuclear submarine enters the harbor and passes right in front of our bow, presenting us with an awesome sight only matched by the awful might contained in her huge hulk.

All the way across the Pacific we had only a smattering of rain but as we heave up anchor to go to the dock and while docking, it is as if the sky is falling on us. I think it must have rained most of the time we were in Guam, which made it depressing and dampened the hearts and "soles" of all of us.

Guam, of volcanic origin, is a United States possession in the Mariana Islands. Its residents are American citizens but cannot vote in presidential elections and do not have a representative in Congress. It is chiefly a U.S. military base.

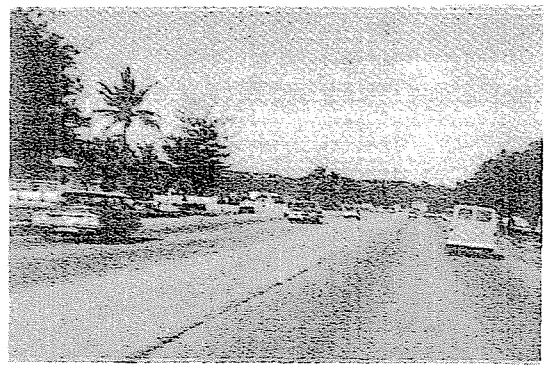
What to do in Guam? Well, there isn't much in the way of entertainment. There are a number of night spots, some of them are supposed to be "live" but no one on the *Dallas* was able to find which ones. Taxis are expensive and you might say the fares are unfair. Gifts and souvenirs are available at reasonable prices in the "downtown" stores but the stores themselves are few and far between and you need a cab to get from one to another. The best place to get your goodies, we found, is at the Navy PX and the best place to spend your leisure hours is at the Seamen's Club.

The little dots on the chart converge as we head in the opposite direction, making it hard to tell whether we are going or coming but we know it is the right direction because we have orders for Corpus Christi and possibly home.

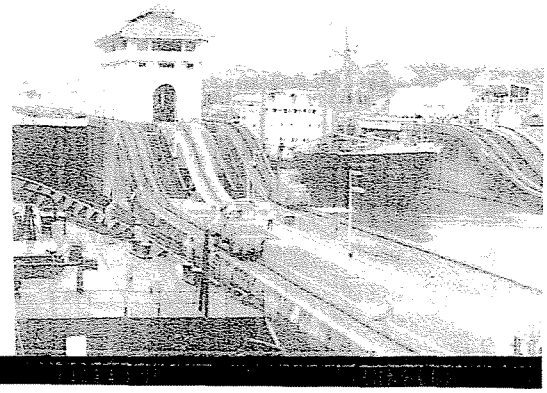
Every night after supper you see clusters of men on the poop deck. In the centers of the groups are one or 2 transistor radios purchased in Guam. Even though we are thousands of miles from the States, the music, news and sports from home come in relatively loud and clear.

A few days out of Panama we receive a change of orders, which is met with mixed emotions. We learn that we are making another loooong sea crossing with little prospect of paid leave for those who were due, now that we are to load in the Caribbean instead of a U.S. port.

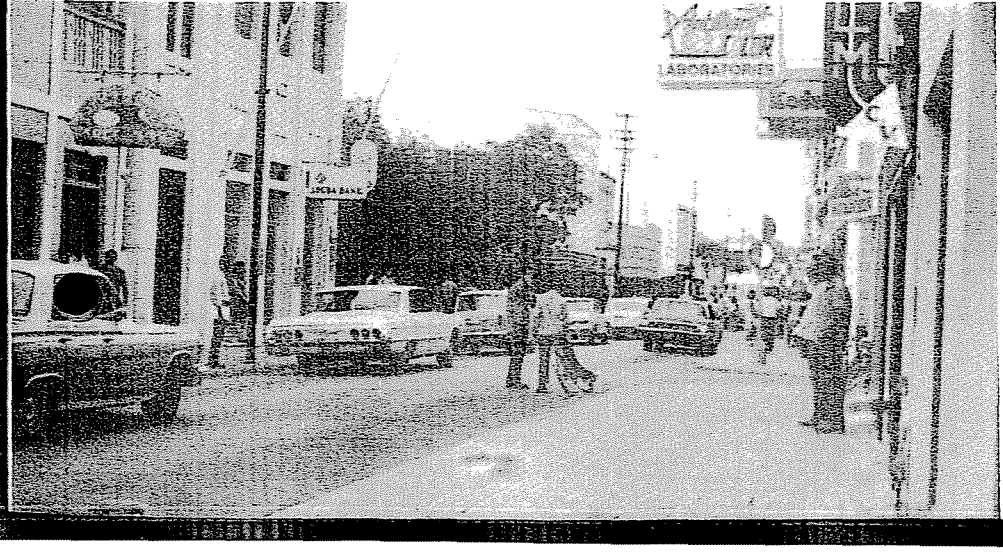
Photos by Bill Tyra



Esso Dallas, bound for the Caribbean, prepares to go "upstairs" in Miraflores Locks near the Pacific side of the Panama Canal as the freighter *Stella Maris* steps down.



Downtown Oranjestad, Aruba, below, and a boulevard in Guam, right.



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On the recreation room chart there is a freshly imprinted dot designating our arrival at the Pacific side of the Canal. We anchor for several hours and see the flickering lights of Balboa, so near and yet so far away. Next morning, with pilot aboard, we up anchor and proceed through the Canal. One of the pilots passed this interesting bit of information — the locks are filled and emptied by gravity through an 18-ft. dia. pipe that runs through the center and outer walls, flooding and draining them rapidly. The gates are of "floatation negative" type, requiring only a small motor to open and close them. Most of us thought the locks were filled and emptied by powerful pumps.

Clearing the Canal, we continue on to Amuay Bay, Venezuela. Arrive Amuay late one evening, anchor overnight, dock next morning, discharge ballast, dry tanks prior to loading jet fuel, load part cargo and depart for Aruba to load the balance. Not much to tell about Amuay—the Seamen's Club is gone but the "New World" is still there.

It only takes about 4 hours to go from Amuay to Aruba and we dock immediately. We are now back where we loaded our first MSTS cargo but instead of discharging this one in Guam, we will be going to Taiwan and Okinawa with a bunkering stop at Yokosuka.

This time we get in port on a weekday. All the stores and shops are open and the guys are able to mail letters, buy a few necessities and visit some of their old hangouts.

I make it over to Oranjestad this time for a look at the "new" Aruba. The island has not really changed much from what it was years ago when our ships regularly called. What has happened is that travel bureaus, air lines, etc. have promoted it as a tourist attraction and now people from all over are coming to this quaint little island. It does offer the tourist a delightful, warm, pleasant, friendly, windy, serene and colorful place to relax and have fun. Prices on some items are up to 40% less than in the States, while others are about equal or perhaps a little more. One of the hotels is noted for its fine casino, if you like to wager. But the main attractions are the pure white sand beaches and sightseeing. A popular tour is through the Lago Refinery (a subsidiary of Esso) that is located on the other end of the island at San Nicolas.

More than 40 different nationalities live peacefully in Aruba, which is more than can be said for just about any place else. If you come to Aruba, ask for a Visitors' Guide. It's chock full of information for tourists and seamen and it's free at most stores. There is also a beautifully-illustrated book (costs about $2) about Aruba with 30 color plates that will make a splendid souvenir of your visit.

Finally, when all tanks are full, we cast off the lines and head into the sunset. The little dots start to appear again on our recreation room chart as we set a new course for exotic places in the wide Pacific.

(To be continued)

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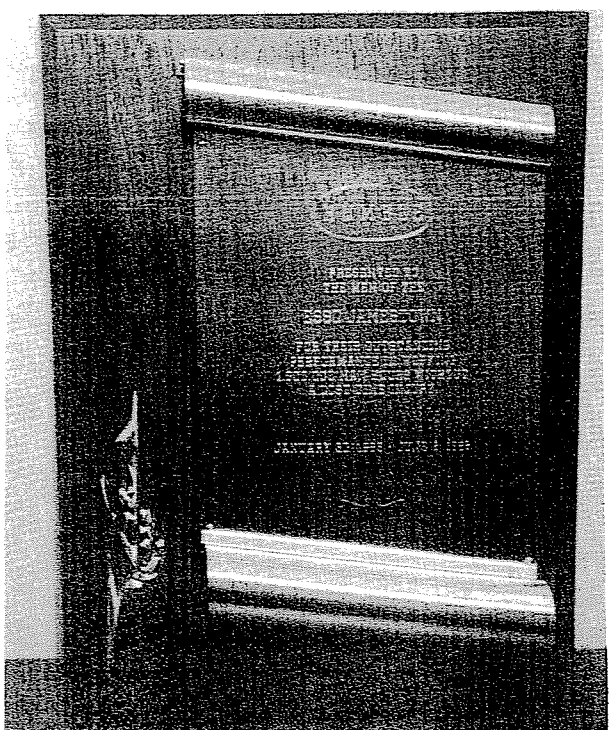
Esso Jamestown's Safety Honors

(Continued from page 1)

contention for the million man-hour awards. The *Esso Gettysburg* is closest, with around 900,000 hours and the *Houston* and *Newark* are at about the half-way mark. A 32-man crew accumulates a little over 23,000 man-hours in a 30-day month.

In the second way in which individual awards may be won — by the entire Fleet operating 80 consecutive days without a lost-time injury — a string of 43 days was wiped out by a "lost-timer" aboard the *Esso Baltimore* on July 28. So, July 29 is the starting date for the next 80-day try.

Plaque presented to the *Esso Jamestown*.



TAFFRAIL TALK

HARVEY J. BORGEN, presently serving as Section Head, Short Range Economics and Planning (Traffic) will act as Asst. Employee Relations Superintendent (Fleet Personnel) effective Sept. 1. This means that he will assist Leonard Earle with the multiple complexities and perplexities associated with seagoing personnel and union relations. Harvey has been with us since graduating from N.Y. State Maritime College in '63.

JOHN E. GAMACHE, Third Asst., has accepted a temporary assignment as a Coating Inspector for the three 75,600-dwt. tankers being built for the Company at Avondale Shipyards, Inc., New Orleans. John, a Maine Maritime Academy alumnus, has been in the Fleet since June 1965.

LAWRENCE J. ROGERS, Third Mate, who joined the Fleet in June after graduating from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, is working in the Baytown Office while Lou Staar is working as Asst. Port Captain and Captain Bob Stap is working on the Arctic Marine Task Force to find ways to move all that Alaska North Slope crude to the U.S. East and West Coasts.