



San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

1306 N. Harbor Drive

San Diego CA 92101

June 1998 NEWSLETTER Volume 22, No. 6

In Just About 8 Minutes, the Guild Picks a New Meeting Date

Crisp, clean decision-making was the style when members at the May meeting faced the old, vexed and much discussed question of the best date for the Guild's monthly meeting. In about eight minutes those present voted for the *second* Wednesday of each month instead of the present third. The change will take effect in July; meeting time remains at 7 p.m.

Bob Crawford proposed moving away from the third Wednesday because it has run into too many conflicts. The most important is the quarterly meeting of the Maritime Museum Association. Not only do most Guild members belong to it and can't attend two meetings at once, but also the museum group is large and requires the whole upper deck of the *Berkeley*.

Furthermore, midweek seems to be attracting the competition of more evening tourists and kids – "screaming rug rats," as one member unkindly put it.

The meeting now scheduled for July 8 coincides with the Guild's anniversary party. The members voted for a potluck celebration this year on the upper deck of the *Star* – everybody bring something to eat and something to drink.

June

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Meeting Date

Reminder: A number of members are in arrears for dues of \$15 owed from the beginning of the year. You are one of them if your mailing label shows the figure 97. If you disagree call Purser Ed White at /redacted/..

MAY MEETING MINUTES Striking Models, the Latest in Tips, Wisdom from the Pros, Things You Never Knew, and a Few Laughs

With a full house of 23 members in attendance, including a goodly number of America's finest ship modelers, the May meeting of the San Diego Guild was a feast of modeling expertise, arcane knowledge, great show-and-tell, and bad jokes.

Looking at a model of the *Half Moon*, Jack Klein gently pointed out that standing rigging should not be tarred on ships that old; in 1609 the style was plain manila. The model, which was Kris Bodzon's show-and-tell, was built from a Corel kit. Sporting lofty topmasts and a gorgeous red lion figurehead, it's nearly finished.

Admiring Robert Hewitt's show-and-tell, Gordon Jones nevertheless made it clear that the yard lifts should not run down the fore side of any sail because they would badly chafe it.

That aside, Bob's ship is an exquisitely tiny (scale: 240 to 1) model of the 1798 British brig of war *Snake*, taken from Charles G. Davis's book "The Built-Up Ship Model." He said he chose it because of its name – he happened to be fed up with some lawyers he was dealing with at the time.

Bob's details are amazing. Itsy-bitsy rolled white hammocks line the insides of the bulwarks. For sails, he formed rice paper over computer-created molds, and coated them with Floquil bright oil. "A model without sails is like a woman without breasts," says Bob.

He happily reported that he is booked to sail in Lake Erie this summer on *Niagara*, a replica of Oliver Hazard Perry's flagship in the War of 1812.

Royce Privett's 1799 American frigate *Essex* now has a flawless deck, bulwarks painted red on the inboard side, and a copper bottom made of overlapped plates. The ship is rated as 32-gun, which Royce is going to arrange as 20 12-pounders on the gun deck, 10 6-pounders on the forecastle and quarterdeck, and two 12 pounders in the bow. Some at the meeting speculated that the two forward gunports on each side of the bow were used as bridle ports for towing – an interesting idea, but Royce can't confirm it.

Royce passed around parts he made for gun carriages and an astonishingly accurate miniature cookstove,

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lacking only an egg frying in a pan.

Tom Avila brought a cleanly built, large-scale (1" to 1'), plank-on-frame model of exceptional local interest, a Monterey jig boat. These old-fashioned fishing boats were much used in the Bay Area for catching crab and lobster, and two of them, 80 years old, still operate from G Street in San Diego to provide fish for the Anthony's restaurants, according to Tom. They drop baskets of hooks for jigging on the "35-mile banks" offshore from here.

The model shop's construction of the *Berkeley* (to mark its 100th anniversary this fall) is coming to a fantastic end: an accurate reproduction of all 78 of its stained-glass windows on the upper deck. On the model's 3/16" scale, the side windows measure just 1/4" by 5/8". In effect, Bob Crawford reported, the windows on the ferry were photographed as though they were to be slides, with the scale determined by the camera's distance from the window.

The film was then cut and fitted into the openings. The job was simplified by the fact that the side windows fall into just two patterns (40 of one and 20 of another), and the end windows into just five.

And speaking of openings, Bob reported that the model shop has acquired a Mini-Mart punch, used on the *Berkeley*, that can cut square corners for windows in thin wood, thus ending tedious work with knives and sanding blocks and achieving a perfect appearance. Incidentally, the scores of clear windows on the model are made of very thin real glass, not acrylic.

Coming to the May meeting, members noticed that the *Star of India's* topgallant yards were "scandalized" and "all ahoo" – meaning that they were steeply tilted to form an "X." This, it turned out, was the proper signal of mourning for the death of James Mahl in Costa Rica. For 20 years, Mahl was the maintenance painter on the *Star* and the *Berkeley*.

Henry Wenc was back in attendance after eight months of illness and 16 surgeries that left him "glad that I can die only once."

Purser Ed White promised Jack Klein money to buy a new 30-cup coffee maker to replace the apparently stolen machine that Jack has customarily taken charge of – using, he says, decaf coffee only.

What's the role of gloss paint in modeling? The question came up, and the consensus was: almost never, stick with flat. In past centuries, gloss was not commonly available, and when it was it swiftly weathered down to flat. A highly successful exception to this rule is Modelmaker Ken Gardener's lavish use of gloss, just because it's beautifully shiny, on the America's Cup yachts in the Dennis Conner collection.

Driving home from the upbeat May meeting, Bob Wright and Your Editor had nothing to be gloomy about. Nevertheless, simply because the meeting was such a contrast to some others, we were at least pensive. I asked Bob to set down his thoughts. Here's what's on the mind of a member who goes back 27 years and was a cofounder of this Newsletter:

Every so often, there will be a few months in a row when just a few members will show up for meeting of our Guild.

One of the saddest things that could happen (and it may not) would be for the Guild to close up. The reasons could be many for a club that has lasted for 27 years. It could be lack of interest, inconvenient meeting times, inconvenient meeting places, poor leadership or petty jealousy, to name just a few.

The folding of any club like ours would be a big loss -- the loss of sharing knowledge of model building, of

Will our Guild Survive???

comradeship and lasting friendships, of club and museum activities. It is with the help of other members that the quality of model building improves. Exchanging "tricks of the trade" makes model building easier.

Such collaboration leads to the satisfaction of completing a well done model, one worth the time and effort. A model that you can pass on to your family as part of your inheritance. But the real fun is to build a model and share it with your peers. Every member of our Guild should do what he or she can to make sure that we will always have plenty of peers.

Thinking about the Guild's founding led Bob's mind to a document of tangential interest, lying in his attic that not many members have ever seen. Here it is, on the letterhead of the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego:

17 August 1971

Mr. Robert G. Wright
/redacted/.

Dear Bob:

This is in confirmation of our conversation regarding your request to hold monthly meetings of the Ship Modelers Guild aboard the *Star of India*.

At our Board of Directors meeting on July 20th, your proposition was presented to the Board for consideration. As you know, the request was approved with the stipulation that the Ship Modelers Guild join the Nautical Research Guild.

Good luck in your endeavour!

Sincerely,
Captain Kenneth D. Reynard
Master, Bark *Star of India*

The Panama Canal, Built to Last: Some Forgotten Early History

"What's missing in the Panama Canal" asks a headline in the Summer 1998 issue of the Holland America Line's *Mariner*, which goes on to provide a tantalizing answer:

Perhaps we should point out a few things you won't see on your Panama Canal cruise. You won't see the *Titanic*, for instance, but her influence is present. Cognizant that the *Titanic* was on the drawing boards, the engineers designed the 12 lock chambers, each measuring 110 by 1,000 feet, to accommodate her. They also studied *Titanic* to arrive at the maximum volume necessary for complete lockage in an ocean-to-ocean transit: 56 million gallons of water.

Nor will you meet Richard Halliburton, but he's a veritable parable of the canal, providing human scale to the gargantuan endeavor. In the 1920's, Halliburton was the first person to transit by swimming the canal, including passage through the locks. Bobbing in the immense structures, he must have seemed a flyspeck. Yet his achievement appeals warmly to our human nature. Halliburton is a microscopic mirror held up to man's outsize ego. What we see may make us laugh, but we also recognize the fulcrum man uses to lever dreams into reality. Wouldn't it be fun to listen to him as he persuaded the authorities to pass him through the locks? And to hear his laughter when they charged a toll just as for any ship – a sum, based on his 140 pounds, of 36 cents?

Safety, of course, was no laughing matter to the builders. They built in three precautions to prevent ships from damaging the locks. As a vessel approached the locks, a huge chain was stretched across the channel.

If the ship threatened to crash into the gates, the chain could be played out its 400-foot length. The chain was designed to bring a 10,000-ton ship traveling five knots to a dead stop within 70 feet. Once a ship was tethered to the tow locomotives (no ship is under its own power in the locks), the chain dropped into a slot cut in the 20-foot-thick concrete of the lock floor.

Each lock was constructed with two sets of gates, fore and aft. The outer – or safety – gates pointed towards oncoming traffic. Tremendous force would be necessary to pierce the safety gates, an unlikely event after encountering the chain. Even so, the engineers had a third precaution at hand.

The greatest danger to the locks would come from a runaway ship approaching the upper gates. Breach these, and a flood would cascade wildly into the locks, threatening all. Between the chain and the safety gates, the engineers devised a Rube Goldberg-like "emergency dam." In the event of a breaching, an apparatus pivoted out over the channel and dropped a wicket of girders. The girders fell into footings molded into the concrete floor. Huge steel plates, guided by the wicket, then slammed down, one by one, until the channel was sealed. The entire proceeding took two minutes! Interesting? Certainly. But don't look for the chains or the emergency dams on your cruise. They were never used, and dismantled years ago.

OBITUARY

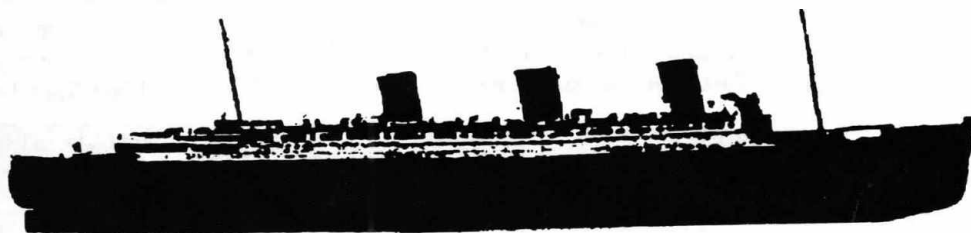
Earl D. Squier

Longtime Guild member Earl D. Squier died May 3 of heart disease. He was 77 years old.

Earl was an electrical engineer by profession, and worked for many years at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. He was an ardent modelmaker – "he was out in the garage working on his ships all the time," says his wife, Florence. But he was equally drawn to family genealogy, and devoted much time to it.

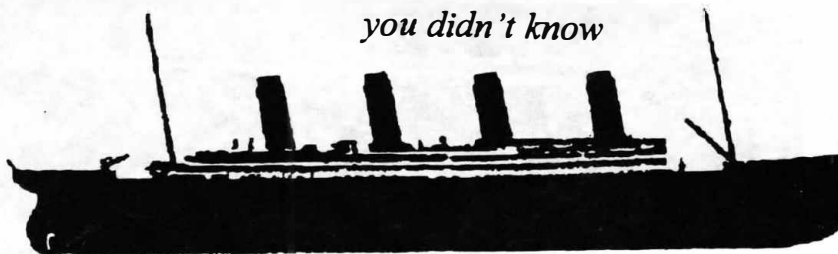
"He was an intelligent and interesting man," says Florence, proudly recalling their 56 years of marriage. Besides his wife, he is survived by a son, Dennis; a daughter, Judy; and three grandchildren, David Evans, Andrew Squier and Annie Squier.

The Ship Modelers Guild extends its deepest sympathy to the family.



Queen Mary, 81,237 tons, 1019.5 feet long

*Just in case
you didn't know*



Titanic: 46,328 tons, 882.5 feet long

Yorktown's Frantic, Final Month

The television images were spectacular: the nearly intact aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Yorktown* three miles below the surface of the Pacific, brightly lighted and seen as clearly as though through air rather than cold water. There in sharp detail were the bridge, the flight deck, a gun emplacement, even navigation equipment.

The pictures came, on May 19, from a San Diego-based Navy robot submarine guided by San Diego native Robert Ballard, famed discoverer of the sunken *Titanic* and the German battleship *Bismarck*. To find *Yorktown* he had swept, lawnmower-like, an area of 300 square miles about 200 miles northeast of Midway Island. Somewhere not too far away lie the hulks of the Japanese carriers *Soryu*, *Hiryu*, *Akagi* and *Kaga*, which attacked Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, and were sunk at Midway seven months later by U.S. ships including *Yorktown*.

The story of the final month of the *Yorktown*'s career is one of the most wild and frantic tales in U.S. Naval history. It began on May 8, 1942, at the Battle of the Coral Sea, off Australia's east coast.

Mistaken Identity

That battle pitted the U.S. carriers *Yorktown* and *Lexington* against a Japanese force aiming to take Port Moresby in New Guinea. The first Japanese report was almost hilariously inaccurate. They claimed that they had sunk the *Yorktown* and the carrier *Saratoga*, too.

Saratoga, it turned out, was in Puget Sound at the time; but the Japanese did sink *Lexington*. *Yorktown* received a number of near misses but only one hit: an 800-pound bomb went through her flight deck, killing or injuring 66 men. The crew controlled her fires, and she continued air operations. Her engines undamaged, she and the rest of Task Force 17 were able to steam to Hawaii, a distance of about 4,300 miles, in 19 days.

"Rear Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher stood on the bridge of *Yorktown* as she slowly moved into Pearl

Harbor at 1352 on May 27," writes Gordon W. Prange in his book "Miracle at Midway." After he moored at Berth 16, Fletcher was summoned at once by Commander-in-Chief Chester Nimitz. Fletcher had been at sea 102 days. "First I am going to have a drink," he said, and he did.

A bit later that afternoon, Nimitz was briefing Fletcher.

"We have to fix you up right away and send you to Midway," said the CinCPAC.

"Midway!" exclaimed Fletcher, astonished. Plowing toward Pearl, he had been given no clue that the U.S. had broken a Japanese naval code and knew about the forthcoming attack on Midway, right down to the probable date, June 3 or 4.

Yorktown was a mess. The Coral Sea bomb had, writes Prange, "caused considerable structural damage, rupturing bulkheads and springing doors. It ripped gaping holes in the ship's innards, hurled splinters and fragments in all directions, started fires, and killed and wounded personnel."

The damage lowered *Yorktown*'s speed to 25 knots. Two of the near misses had "wrinkled transverse frames and bulkheads inboard and in a few places tore them from the shell." Oil was escaping from a leaking seam.

One expert estimated that repairs would take three months. Fletcher guessed two weeks at the least. Nimitz coolly ordered Fletcher to have his Task Force 17, with *Yorktown*, ready to join Admiral Raymond Spruance and his Task Force 16 off Midway, on June 2, only one week later. The rendezvous was a thousand miles away.

Drydock Miracle

The next day, May 28, at 6:45 a.m., *Yorktown* moved to Drydock No. 1. There, writes Prange, "she nearly disappeared under a swarm of electricians, fitters, welders - every type of mechanic that Rear Admiral William Rhea Furlong, commandant of the Pearl Harbor



The end draws near for *Yorktown*

Navy Yard, could turn loose on her.

"Sparks showered in great arcs from acetylene torches, the incessant rat-tat-tat of riveting guns woke the echoes. No time for blueprints, no time for scale drawings! Wooden templates were made on the carrier, rushed to repair shops, the parts made on the spot and sped to the ship."

Yorktown sailed on May 30.

The Battle of Midway effectively began early on June 4, and aboard *Yorktown* Lieutenant Commander Maxwell F. Leslie's squadron of 17 Dauntless dive bombers launched a little after 9 a.m. Soon he was joined by his wingman, Paul A. "Lefty" Holmberg.

At 10:05, Leslie's gunner spotted the Japanese Mobile Force about 35 miles away. Leslie quickly chose a target: a large carrier whose description, it was ultimately determined, fitted that of the enemy's *Soryu*.

Leslie led his men to the attack, but his guns jammed and, according to Prange, "Holmberg had the honor and responsibility of leading the actual bombing attack.

"Heading slightly bow to stern he caught the large red circle on the deck in his telescopic sight. He held his dive a bit longer than usual, pulling out around 200 feet. Flames were coming from both sides of the carrier as its antiaircraft opened fire.

Soryu in Flames

"He felt what he assumed was shrapnel hit his plane, but it did not upset his dive, which was almost schoolbook perfect. As he cleared the ship, he saw his target burst into a mass of colors – red, blue, green, and yellow – as it exploded into flame."

Other Americans joined the bombing, and it became obvious that "no living thing could last much longer on *Soryu*. Below decks, heat so infernal that it melted and warped hangar doors drove survivors topside."

Soryu's captain, Ryusaku Yanagimoto, positioned himself on the signal tower, and half an hour after the attack began ordered "Abandon ship." Yanagimoto then went down with the ship.

Only an hour later came *Yorktown's* turn. Leslie and Holmberg, returning, found their own ship under attack by planes from the carrier *Hiryu*. They ditched and were rescued.

Besides *Soryu*, the Japanese had lost the carriers *Akagi* and *Kaga*, so they decided "to protect *Hiryu* by the entire force and attempt another and final battle." The targets were mainly the U.S. carriers *Yorktown*, *Enterprise* and *Hornet*.

Soon *Yorktown's* radar picked up enemy planes at 45 miles. Task Force 17's cruisers *Astoria* and *Portland* took up positions off the carrier's bow and destroyers formed a screen behind them.

Twelve Wildcats screamed off *Yorktown's* deck and shot down ten enemy Zeros. Japanese bombers arrived. One pilot, in peacetime a Missouri high school teacher, bagged three of them in seconds.

Another Japanese dive bomber, just before it was hit, managed to send a bomb tumbling along *Yorktown's* deck, where it killed 17 men and then exploded, dropped to the hangar deck and started three fires.

A bomb with a delayed-action fuse hurtled across the flight deck, through the executive officer's office and the scout squadron's ready room and (after demolishing a large coffee percolator) dropped into the stack and exploded. It snuffed out boiler fires and brought the ship to a dead standstill.

Back in Commission

Then, "by a repair miracle as amazing in its way as the major effort at Pearl Harbor . . . *Yorktown* was back in commission in slightly over two hours."

A mere reprieve, it turned out. That afternoon a Japanese torpedo bomber released his weapon at an altitude of 15 meters and a distance of 500. After another torpedo, *Yorktown's* fuel tanks exploded, electrical power died, the rudder jammed and she tilted 26 degrees to port.

Captain Elliott Buckmaster, responsible for 2,450 men, gave the order to abandon, and destroyers picked them up. About that time, the Japanese admirals learned for sure that their adversary was the ship that they thought was lying on the bottom of the Coral Sea.

Nevertheless, the carrier stayed afloat. In midafternoon on June 5, the minesweeper *Vireo* took *Yorktown* under tow, at two knots, toward Pearl Harbor.

Before dawn the next day, Yahachi Tanabe, skipper of the Japanese submarine *I-168*, raised his periscope enough to sight *Yorktown* 20,000 meters away. He submerged and steered toward it, mostly by chart reckoning, until 12:37 p.m.

When he upped periscope, he was so close to the carrier that he could see faces on her deck. He had run under *Yorktown's* destroyers, and was too close to fire torpedoes.

That morning, using power from the destroyer *Hammann*, a salvage crew had been reducing the carrier's list, jettisoning the port anchor, aircraft, guns and so on.

Tanabe's torpedoes not only crashed into the carrier's Frame 85, but also broke the destroyer's back. She sank in three minutes. Ironically, the attack corrected *Yorktown's* list. The submarine lit out for Kobe, and arrived safely.

Yorktown floated through the night. Then, in the light of a splendid sunrise, and with the crews of her destroyers watching, she went to the bottom, not to be seen again by human eyes for the next 56 years.

FERRY TALES

Doing 34 Knots, Ferries Stage Comeback in San Francisco

San Francisco Bay Area ferries, once the only way to cross the Bay and then an afterthought to the bridges, are once again rapidly gaining riders, writes transportation consultant Michael Fajans in the San Francisco *Examiner and Chronicle*. New ferries are faster than auto travel from Vallejo to San Francisco.

Ferries are significant in Bay Area transportation history. From the Gold Rush until the completion of the Bay and Golden Gate bridges, they represented the only transportation across San Francisco Bay. In the 1930s, 250,000 people traveled through the Ferry Building daily. Ferries made 170 trips a day, with boats to Oakland carrying 4,000 per trip.

In recent years ferries have again become competitive with other forms of transport, chiefly cars, making them more practical for longer trips. Highways got more congested, and environmental and financial concerns began to weigh against expanded highways or additional bridges. The Loma Prieto earthquake showed that ferries are an essential contingency when other means of transportation are temporarily inoperable.

After some rough starts, high-speed ferries are now well established on the Bay. The change began in 1986, when the Red and White Fleet introduced two catamarans operating at about 25 knots between San Francisco and Tiburon and then Vallejo.

In 1994, the Alameda city government and the Port of Oakland acquired a 26-knot, 250-passenger catamaran with a state grant. Since its introduction to service, ridership between Oakland's Jack London Square, Alameda and San Francisco increased so rapidly that the boat was replaced by a larger vessel; the smaller one moved to the Harbor Bay Island-San Francisco route.

Vallejo replaced its 25-knot Red and White boat with a 28-knot ferry in 1994, reducing travel time to San Francisco from 70 minutes to 60. Last year Vallejo took delivery of two 34-knot ferries that make the trip in 53 minutes. The commuter service thus expanded into a transportation system providing a choice of three or four commute times, and ridership increased from 200 people daily to more than 800.

Polls show strong support for further investment in ferries. As former military bases such as Treasure Island are converted to other uses, new ferry routes will become an important form of transportation.

Already recreational use keeps ferries almost as

Seattle's Legendary *Kalakala* Rescued from Alaskan Mud

Ancient crocks like your editor, with memories stretching back to 1936, have never forgotten their first sighting that year of the fabulous, silvery Puget Sound ferry *Kalakala* (kah-LOCK-ah-lah), perhaps the first ship ever described as "streamlined."

She was, as the *Seattle Times* puts it, "the toast of Seattle, an art-deco landmark that for many years was the symbol of the city." During her career on the Seattle-Bremerton run, which lasted until 1967, she carried 100 million passengers.

Now comes the astonishing news that she has been raised from her grave on a beach at Gibson Cove in Kodiak Island, Alaska. The nonprofit fund-raising *Kalakala* Foundation, headed by Seattle sculptor Peter Bevis, has excavated her with bulldozers and now proposes to tow her to Seattle and turn her into a museum.

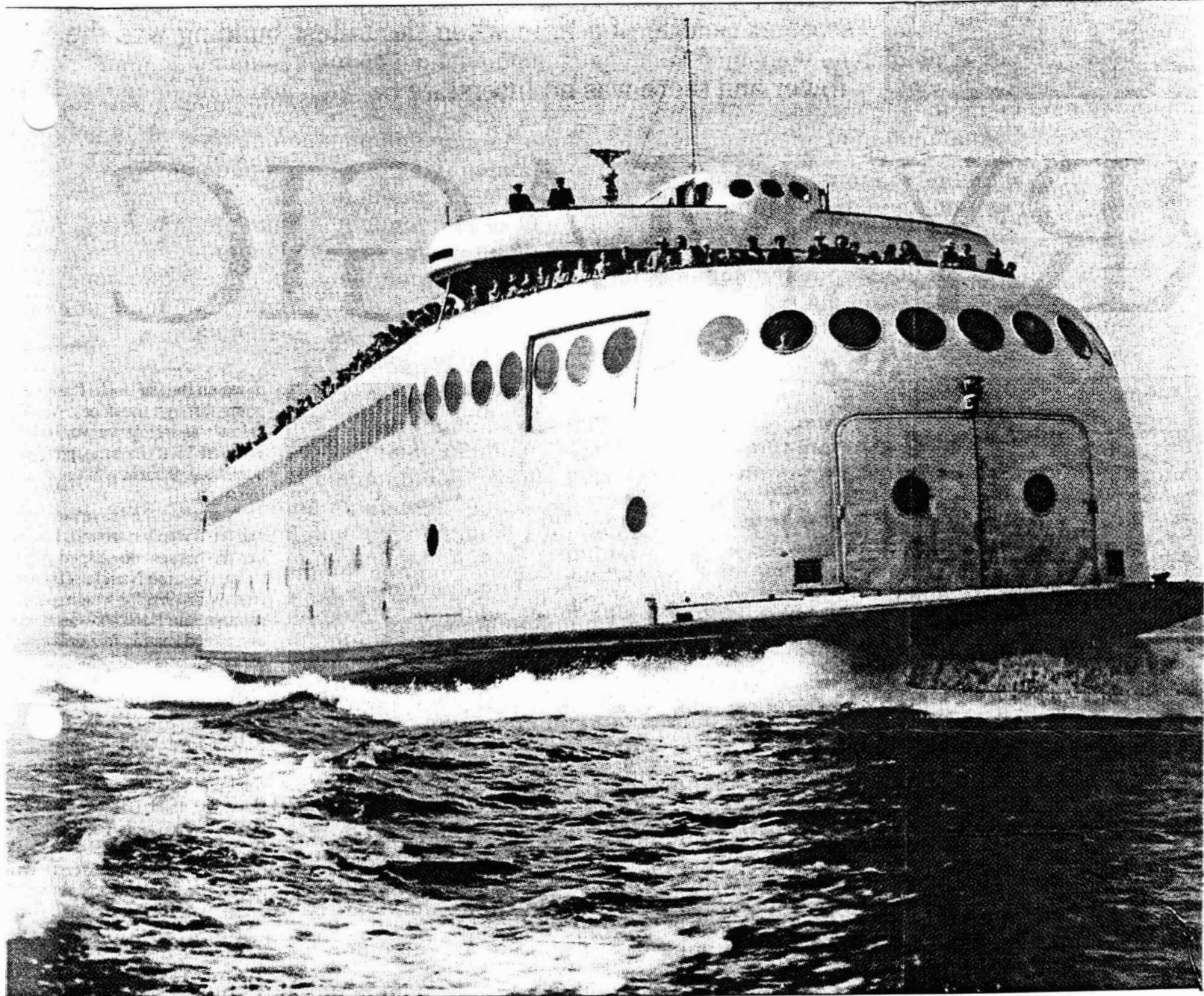
The 270-foot *Kalakala*, the *Times* recalls, was built in 1926 as *Peralta*, and sailed on the Oakland-San Francisco run until she caught fire and burned in 1933. The steel hull was towed to the Lake Washington Shipyard, near Seattle, and reborn in 1935 as *Kalakala*, meaning "flying bird" in Chinook.

She retired from the state ferry system in 1967, a victim of her own curves; as cars grew bigger, fewer could fit inside her. Auctioned off, she was converted into an oceangoing seafood processor. When her engine blew a piston, she was beached in Gibson Cove, and mud and gravel half-buried her hull.

Bevis was captivated by *Kalakala's* curves in 1988 when he first saw her from aboard his brother's fishing boat. She was "in fairly good condition," even though crammed with cannery equipment and piping, moss, concrete-coated decks, even trees growing in rotted carpets. The beach beside her is littered with old cars, small buildings and assorted junk.

Restoring *Kalakala* became Bevis's obsession. He set up and mostly funded the *Kalakala* Foundation, using a loan against a sculpture foundry and art gallery that he

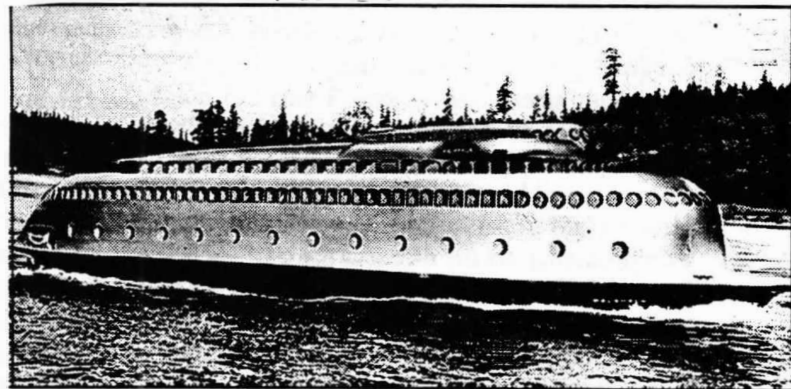
busy on weekends as during the work week. The Golden Gate National Recreation Area services Alcatraz and wants to expand to other tourist spots. Ferries bring 49er fans from Tiburon and Alameda. The Giant's ballpark at China Basin will have a ferry dock, and several operators want to provide service to games.



owns, plus an inheritance and, occasionally, ten credit cards.

Last August Bevis moved aboard the ferry, and in December hired a paid crew to chip rust, scrape paint and load dumpsters. A backhoe dug away dirt and stones from under the bilges. Late in April a midnight high tide raised the ship "first three-sixteenths of an inch [Bevis reported], then it was a quarter, then it was an inch and a half."

Many obstacles lie ahead for Bevis. He doesn't own *Kalakala*; the city of Kodiak does, and so far has collaborated only by looking the other way. Lloyds of London insists that the ferry must ride in a barge to Puget Sound. Bevis has a barge lined up, but not yet for the necessary high tide.



***Kalakala* carried 100 million passengers in 22 years**
Photos from Seattle Times

Moral: Never Drop Anchor While Steaming Full Ahead

The following appeared in a recent issue of Broadside, newsletter of the St. Louis Admirals R/C Model Boat Club. It purports to be a transcription from the remains of the log of the Eaglestuffer.

We had just picked up the pilot, and the apprentice had returned from changing the "G" flag for the "H" and, it being his first trip, was having difficulty in rolling the "G" flag up. I therefore proceeded to show him how. Coming to the last part, I told him to "let go." The lad, although willing, is not too bright, necessitating my having to repeat the order in a sharper tone.

At this moment the Chief Officer appeared from the chart room, having been plotting the vessel's progress, and thinking that it was the anchors that were being referred to, repeated the "let go" to the Third Officer on the forecastle. The port anchor, having been cleared away but not walked out, was promptly let go.

The effect of letting the anchor drop from the "pipe" while the vessel was proceeding at full harbour speed proved too much for the windlass brake, and the entire length of the port cable was pulled out "by the roots." I fear that the damage to the chain locker may be extensive. The braking effect of the port anchor naturally caused the vessel to sheer in that direction, right towards the swing bridge that spans a tributary to the river up which we were proceeding.

The swing bridge operator showed great presence of mind by opening the bridge for my vessel. Unfortunately, he did not think to stop the vehicular traffic, the result being that the bridge partly opened and deposited a Volkswagen, two cyclists and a cattle truck on the foredeck.

My ship's company are at present rounding up the contents of the latter, which from the noise I would say were pigs.

In his efforts to stop the progress of the vessel, the Third Officer dropped the starboard anchor, too late to be of practical use for it fell on the swing bridge operator's control cabin.

After the port anchor was let go and the vessel started to sheer, I gave a double-ring "full astern" on the engine room telegraph and personally rang the engine room to order maximum astern revolutions. I was informed that the temperature was 83 degrees and was asked if there was a film tonight. My reply would not add constructively to this report.

Up to now I have confined my report to the activities at the forward end of my vessel. Down aft they were having their own problems. At the moment the port anchor was let go, the Second Officer was supervising the making fast of the aft tug and was lowering the ship's towing spring down into the tug.

The sudden braking effect of the port anchor caused the tug to run in under the stern of my vessel, just at the moment when the propeller was answering my double-ring "full astern." The prompt action of the Second Officer in securing the shipboard end of the towing spring delayed the sinking of the tug by some minutes, thereby allowing the safe abandoning of that vessel.

A Golden Opportunity To Become FAMOUS!

I hope that at least a few members will recall that when I took the job of Newsletter Editor last December I made it clear that I always move to my summer house in Montana for the period between mid-June and early October.

This gives all members a glorious chance to be the Editor during my absence. Phone your applications right now to Guild Master K.C. Edwards (272-9200).

You'll love the job and I can explain in a few minutes how to gather material, paste it up, take it to Office Depot for printing, and mail it. If questions come up, you can easily consult with longtime Editors Fred Fraas and Gordon Jones.

Fred and Gordon and I particularly invite young members of the Guild to take over the job and provide a fresh point of view. Also, it's possible that two or more members could team up as co-editors.

Be influential! Print weird stories! Scandalize readers! Draw cartoons! Enlist co-editors! Sway the multitudes! Reprint interesting clips! Tell jokes! Be *The Editor!* --Bill Forbis

It is strange, but at the very same moment of letting go the port anchor, there was a power cut ashore. The fact that we were passing over a cable area at that time may suggest that we may have touched something on the river bed. It is perhaps lucky that the high-tension cables brought down by the foremast were not live, possibly having been replaced by the underwater cable, but owing to the shore blackout, it is impossible to tell where the pylon fell.

It never fails to amaze me, the actions and behaviour of foreigners during moments of minor crisis! The pilot, for instance, is at this moment huddled in the corner of my day cabin, alternately crooning to himself and crying after having consumed a bottle of gin in a time that is worthy of inclusion in the Guinness Book of Records. The tug captain, on the other hand, reacted violently and had to be forcibly restrained by the steward, who has him handcuffed in the ship's hospital while he is telling me to do impossible things with my ship and my person.

I enclose the names and addresses of the drivers and insurance companies of the vehicles on my foredeck, which the Third Officer collected after his somewhat hurried evacuation of the forecastle. These particulars will enable you to claim back the damage they did to the railings of number one hold.

I am closing this preliminary report for I am finding it difficult to concentrate, what with the sound of police sirens and the flashing lights. It is sad to think that had the apprentice realized that there is no need to fly pilot flags after dark, none of this would have happened.

THE EIGHTH FLEET

OF

SAN DIEGO

and

TASK FORCE 96

Proudly invites you to

“THE ANNUAL SCALE REGATTA”

June 20th, 1998

at the Model Boat Pond, Mission Bay

**Registration to begin at 8 a.m.
Running starts at 9 a.m.**

**Donation of \$5 for the first boat.
\$3 for additional models.**

Lunch is a \$3 donation.

Pre-registration would be appreciated.

For more info contact:

Lee Upshaw @ (562) 428-5027

**DEL MAR FAIR
JUNE 16-JULY 5**

For those who wish to visit us at the Fair, we will be located in the Tower Building, Design in Woods. There is free parking at the Horse Park (signs will direct you to it). Buses leave from there every 15 minutes and stop at the Main Gate.

-- Jack Klein

**FUN RUN for 1/8 - 1/96 Scale
Sunday, 10 a.m. @ Santee Lakes.
Come join us for this 2nd Annual Event.**

Mail to: Jim Hawkins at 550 W. Grape St. #304, San Diego, CA 92101-2243

Model Name: _____ Freq: _____

Skipper: _____

Model Type: _____

Scratch _____ Semi-Scratch _____ Kit _____ Kit Bash _____

Junior _____ Adult _____

Plus: NEVER DROP THE ANCHOR WHILE STEAMING FULL AHEAD P. 8

The Guild's Upbeat May Meeting P. 1

Yorktown's Frantic, Final Month P. 6

FERRY TALES from San Francisco and Seattle P. 4

/redacted/
Fred Fraas



San Diego Ship Modelers Guild
c/o Maritime Museum Association of San Diego
1306 North Harbor Drive
San Diego CA 92101

SAN DIEGO SHIP MODELERS GUILD

Officers for 1998

Guild Master	K.C. Edwards	/redacted/.
First Mate	Doug McFarland	/redacted/.
Purser	Ed White	/redacted/.
Log Keeper	Open	
Newsletter Editor	Bill Forbis	/redacted/.

Founded in 1971 by Bob Wright and the late Russ Merrill

SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES

Meetings	Third Wednesday of every month. 7 p.m. social, 7:30 p.m. meeting. Held on board the ferryboat Berkeley.
R/C Operations	Saturday mornings at the Model Yacht Pond (Mission Bay).
Annual Regatta	Third weekend in June.

MEMBERSHIP

Dues are \$15 annually
(\$7.50 after July 1).

We strongly encourage all to
join the San Diego Maritime
Museum as an expression of
appreciation for the facilities
provided for our benefit.