



San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

1306 N. Harbor Drive

San Diego, CA 92101

APRIL 2001

NEWSLETTER

Volume 25, No. 4

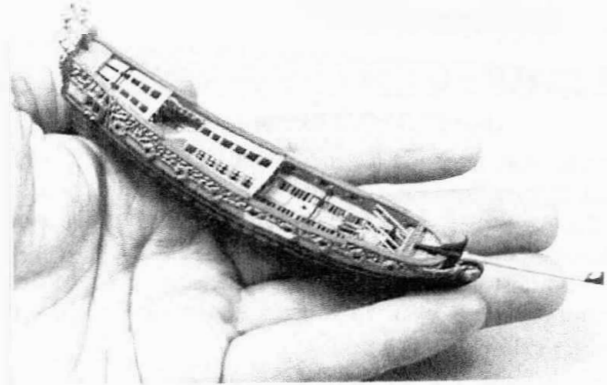
THE MARCH 2001 MEETING

Thinking *Really* Small

30 Members Discussed Ships in Bottles, a 5-inch Titanic, and the Museum's Forthcoming Masterpieces in Miniature Exhibit

Every new member of this Guild sooner or later has to face the inevitable and, you might say, dumb question: "How do you put little ships into bottles?" The fact is that most Guild members don't put little ships into bottles. They build grand historical models, such as *Victory* or *Sovereign of the Seas*.

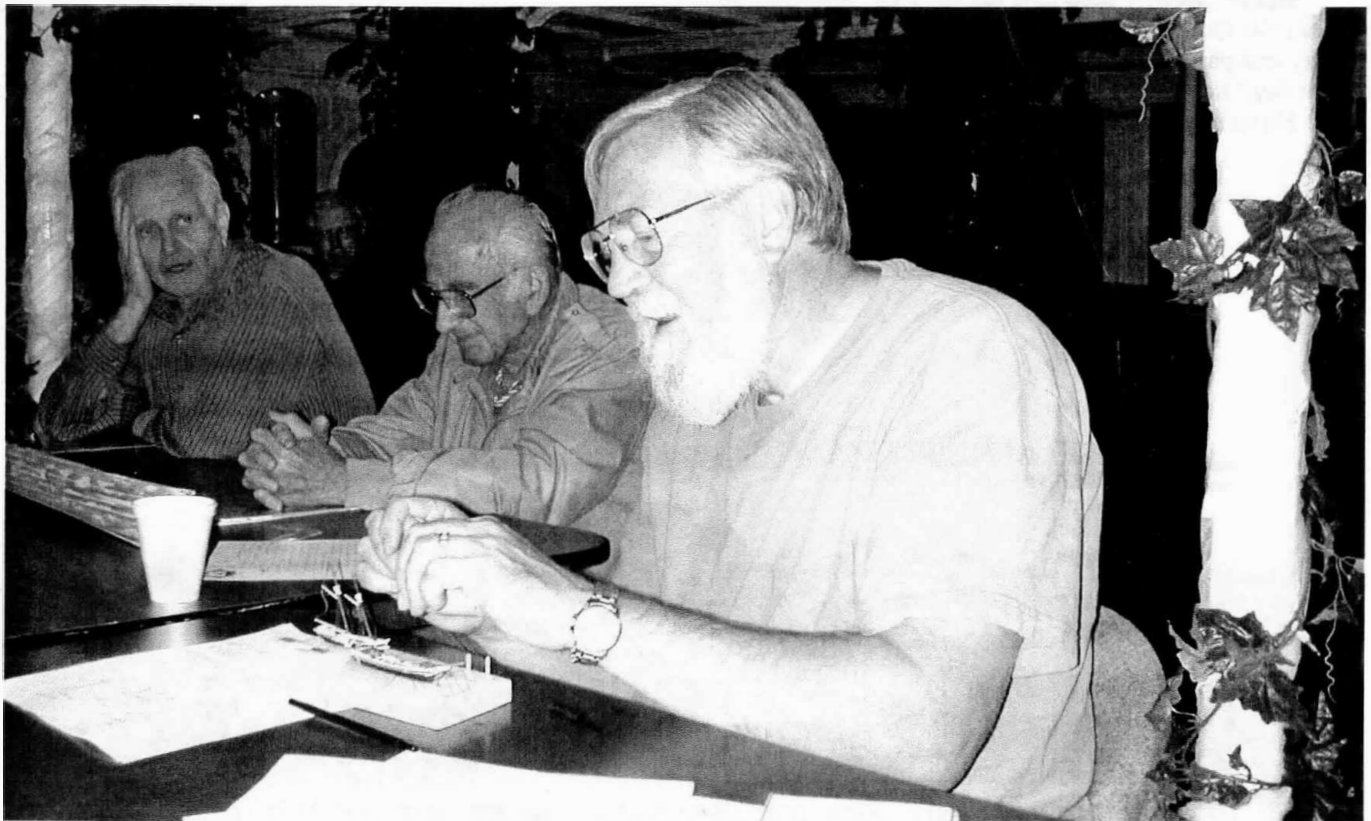
But most Guild members vaguely know how they'd put a ship in a bottle if they had to. They would build the tiny model with masts hinged at the base, so that these spars can lie on the deck until the model is inserted through the neck of the bottle with tweezers and glued into an artificial sea. Then they'd pull on a thread that looks like the ship's forestay, which would cause the



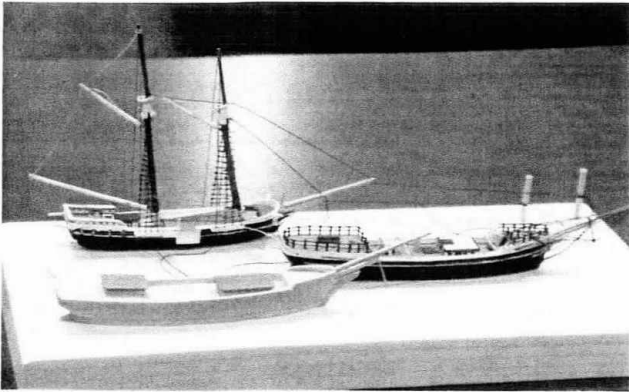
A Miniature Masterpiece

masts to become vertical, along with yards and sails.

At the March meeting of the Guild, member **Russ Lloyd** carried this process from the hypothetical to the actual. He brought three deftly made tiny models, including the *Star of India*, and before the eyes of the 30



Watched by Ed White and Ernie Andrew, Russ Lloyd pulls strongs



Lloyd's tiny ships before bottling people who attended, turned heaps of rigging into ships gallantly sailing (though not yet in a bottle), just by pulling a thread. The reality of the process is far more charming than simply imagining it.

So just how *do* you put little ships into bottles? Inquiring minds want to know. Perhaps they should give Russ a call.

Down to (Old) Business... New faces were visitors **Glen Vickers** and his son **Chris**, just-signed-on member **Ron Hollod**, and visitor **Ken Snoddey**. Last month's treasury balance, according to purser **Bob McPhail**, was \$/redacted/, which added to \$290 in income, including sales of John Johnson's Maritime Museum tapes, and reduced by newsletter bills, left \$/redacted/.

Robert Hewitt described his need for volunteers to serve the Guild's booth at the June 15-July 4 Del Mar Fair, and passed around a signup sheet. "You'll have a nice day," he remarked. "You'll get to talk to people."

He stressed that he wants volunteers to bring models

to display and, he hopes, to enter in the Fair's Design in Wood competition, which has scale and not-to-scale model building categories. Prizes in each class are First Place, \$200; Second Place, \$175; and Third Place \$150. The Fair also awards Honorable Mention Rosettes.

To enter, you can use the form printed on page 12 of this newsletter, in accordance with the information on page 13.

Jacki Jones passed around a preliminary version of the Guild roster pamphlet that you will have found in the envelope that includes this issue of the Newsletter. She asked the members who saw it to make corrections and additions for the final version.

...and New Business, which brought on four interesting discussions.

Pressed by **Jacki Jones** and **Hans Merten**, a serious discussion followed about developing an Internet website for the San Diego Ship Modelers Guild.

Hans promised to come up with a detailed proposal for a website modeled on the SMA version. He noted as one merit of the idea that modelers with a problem could get advice from experts by exchanging pictures.

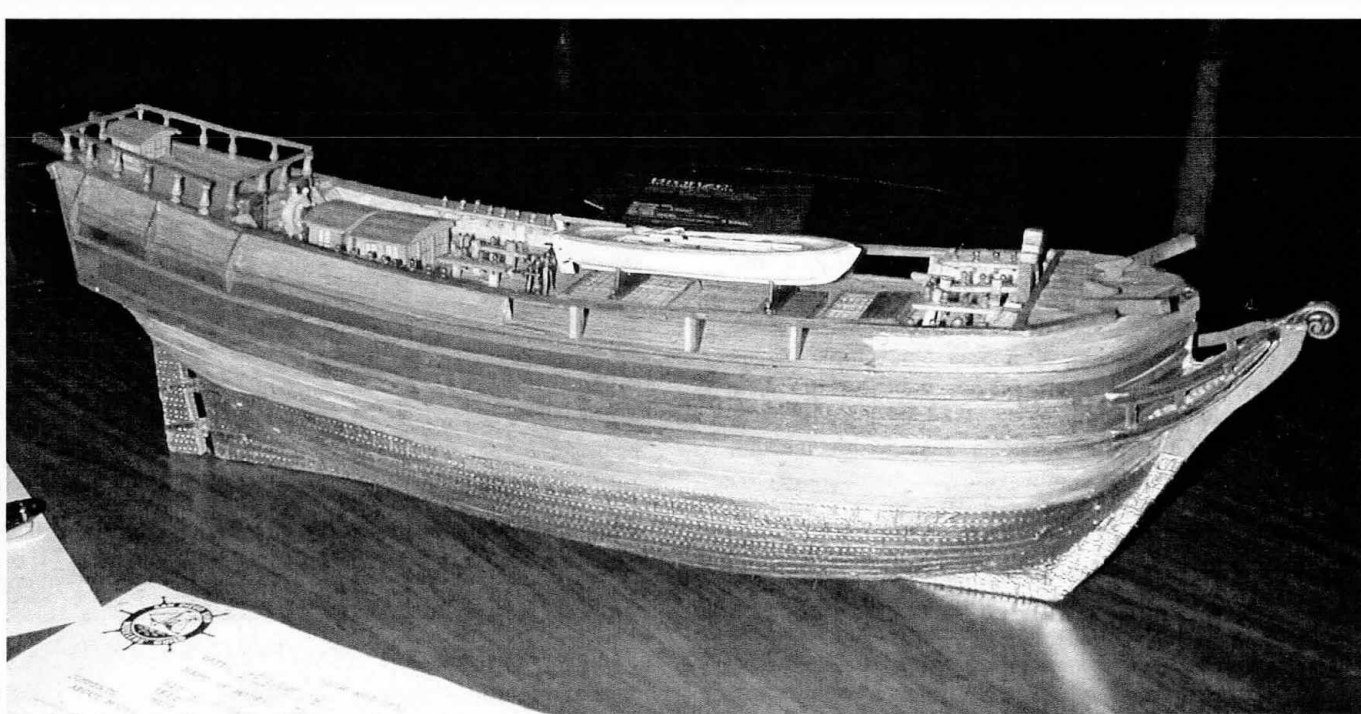
A Guild website could piggyback as a link from the Maritime Museum's site, which brought the museum's models curator **Bob Crawford** into the discussion. He reported that the museum is in fact revising its site and is open to ideas. He indicated that it might be better to access some of the already established Internet user groups than to set up our own chat room.

Guildmaster Jones promised to get a feasibility study started, with help from Ed White and Ramsey Arnold. Any other interested members are welcome to join in.

The next wide-ranging discussion concerned the



Crawford brought in his speedily completed U.S.S. *Edwards*, featured in the March issue. It's seen against a picture of its real-life version.



The ship that gave rise to the theory of evolution

Maritime Museum's "Masterpieces in Miniature" exhibition, now set to extend its run from June 15 until December 14. One nice touch: the show will include a nautical egg, specifically a Fabergé egg with a nautical theme from a collection in Chicago. Fifty tiny ship models are already committed, including a dozen from Robert Hewitt. (See page 7.)

Crawford's biggest headache is bringing models safely to San Diego from all over the U.S. and the world. The "universal lament" of possible lenders is fear of loss or damage in transport, says Bob. Neither air freight firms nor packers will take responsibility—each tends to blame the other for damage.

Solutions down to and including flying models to San Diego in the laps of their owners are being considered. Guild members offered many helpful and unhelpful ideas. A courier service? An air-cushioned van?

Or sturdier models? Hewitt reported that he'd heard of a miniature-model builder who mounted his work on a hefty wooden block and banged it on his bench from time to time, discarding whatever fell off.

Purser McPhail staged an auction of a kit for an R/C tug, which had been donated to the club by **Dick Strange** at the previous meeting. Lew Johnson quickly bid the price up to \$30, which McPhail accepted for the Guild Treasury.

Show & Tell Chari Wessel's fact sheet calls her entry "my first model," but one would scarcely guess it. In color and neat construction, the hull achieves the feel of what it is, a ship from long ago.

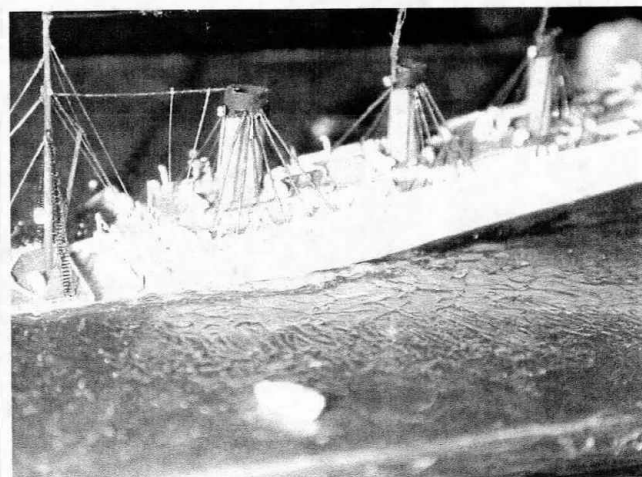
It's the H.M.S. *Beagle*, the vessel that took Charles Darwin on his famous 1831-1836 exploration of the Galapagos Islands and gave rise to his memorable book "The Voyage of the Beagle." From the *Beagle's* circumnavigation of the world, Darwin got the raw materials to formulate his theory of evolution.

Beagle was a four-gun sloop of 235 tons built at

Woolwich in 1820 and rigged as a brig. In 1825 she surveyed the Magellan Strait. Wessel's model was built double-plank-on-frame from a Mamoli kit on a scale of 1:64. She's got "the planking, coppering and deck furniture done and I'm about to start the hard part!"

The coppering, using the kind of sheets supplied by stained-glass makers with imitation nailheads produced by a ponce wheel, brought on the evening's third long discussion. Chari wondered whether her copper should be made to look green, and McPhail recalled that he had once been through a misbegotten effort to that end. **Fred Fraas** told of hearing of some model-maker's effort to achieve the green look with urine. **Dick Strange** put an end to the discussion by declaring that ships' bottoms, at least on the parts below water, retain their copper color.

It was Hewitt's turn to spur a long discussion when he displayed his 5-inch *Titanic* sinking among speck-like white lifeboats with passengers represented by zirconium beads pulling on oars made from scraps punched out from between the pickets of some tiny railing. The deadly



A sinking *Titanic*

iceberg, a piece of crystal, floats alongside.

The scale of this model is 1" equals 177'. Robert built it, quickly, for a client, finishing it one night at 1:30 a.m., the hour of the *Titanic's* sinking.

More on Robert's mind than the model was its future case. The base is an upside-down picture frame that cost \$30 and looks quite ornate. Just how to make the glass box that will go on top of it was the subject of his discussion, with many members contributing their thoughts about getting glue to migrate into joints between glass edges. One suggestion: a hypodermic needle. Another: cases glued with ultra-violet.

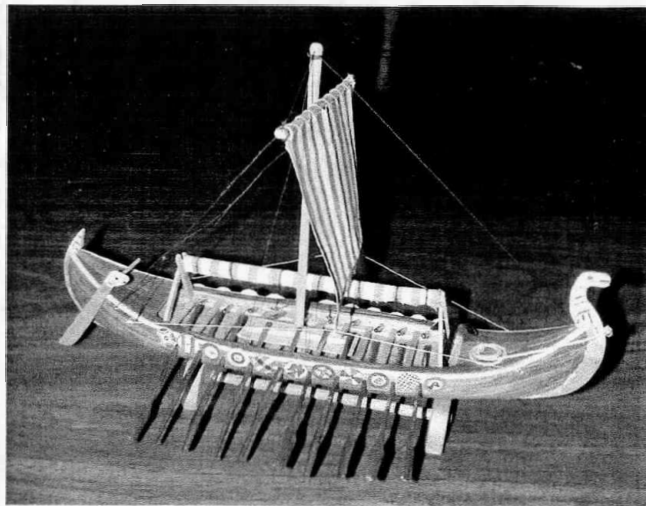
Several members suggested Rideout Plastics, on Ruffin Road. They will cut four sides and a top to order. Local suppliers may do likewise.

Hans Merten displayed and demonstrated the clothespin-based clamping system that he has invented (see opposite page). His drawing shows a two-spacer clamp, but, as his text explains, the clamp's capacity can be expanded by adding as many as four more spacers.

Russ Lloyd's small models that will be placed in bottles were the whaling schooner *Agate*, the bark *Star of India*, and the barkentine *Mary Winkelman*, all temporarily mounted on a block. He also showed his H.M.S. *Diligence*, already in a bottle.

When the Guild last saw **Royce Privett's** frigate *Essex* a year ago, she'd come as far as bare spars. At the March meeting, she looked close to finished. "Upper and lower shrouds in place," writes Royce. "Fore and preventer stays in place for fore, main and mizzen masts. Back stays for main and mizzen." She's built from a Model Shipways kit on a scale of 1/8"=1'.

The historic, 32-gun *Essex* was one of nine American frigates built in the late 1790's. She served with



A Viking ship from Pier One Imports

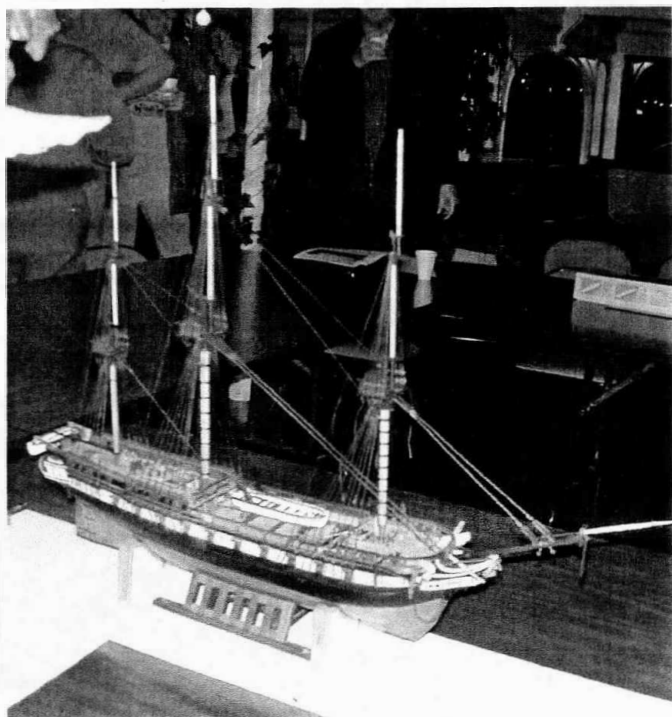
devastating effect against the British in the Pacific until she was captured in Chilean waters in the War of 1812.

Jerry Deschenes's Spanish kit for his Viking model came from Pier One Imports, though he acquired it "30 or 40 years old" at a recent Guild meeting, for \$3. He checked both "solid hull" and "plank-on-frame" on his information sheet, because he added walnut frames and clinker planking ("for reality").

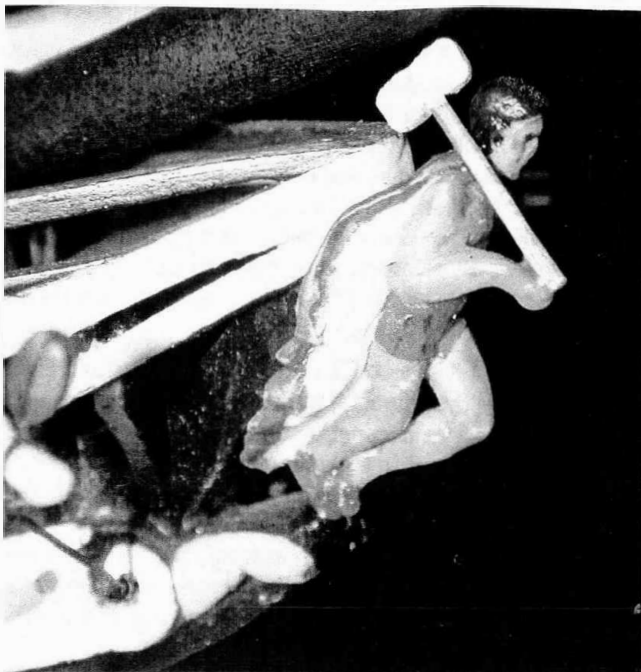
Lew Johnson has shown his 13'2" Boston Whitehall tender before, but this time he provided some interesting background.

"The Whitehall originated around 1820 on the New York waterfront, taking its name from nearby Whitehall Street," Lew writes. "The Whitehall was used by runners who would row out to meet deepwater sailing ships, coming up the bay after months at sea, and bring the crews ashore. The Whitehalls can still be seen today on

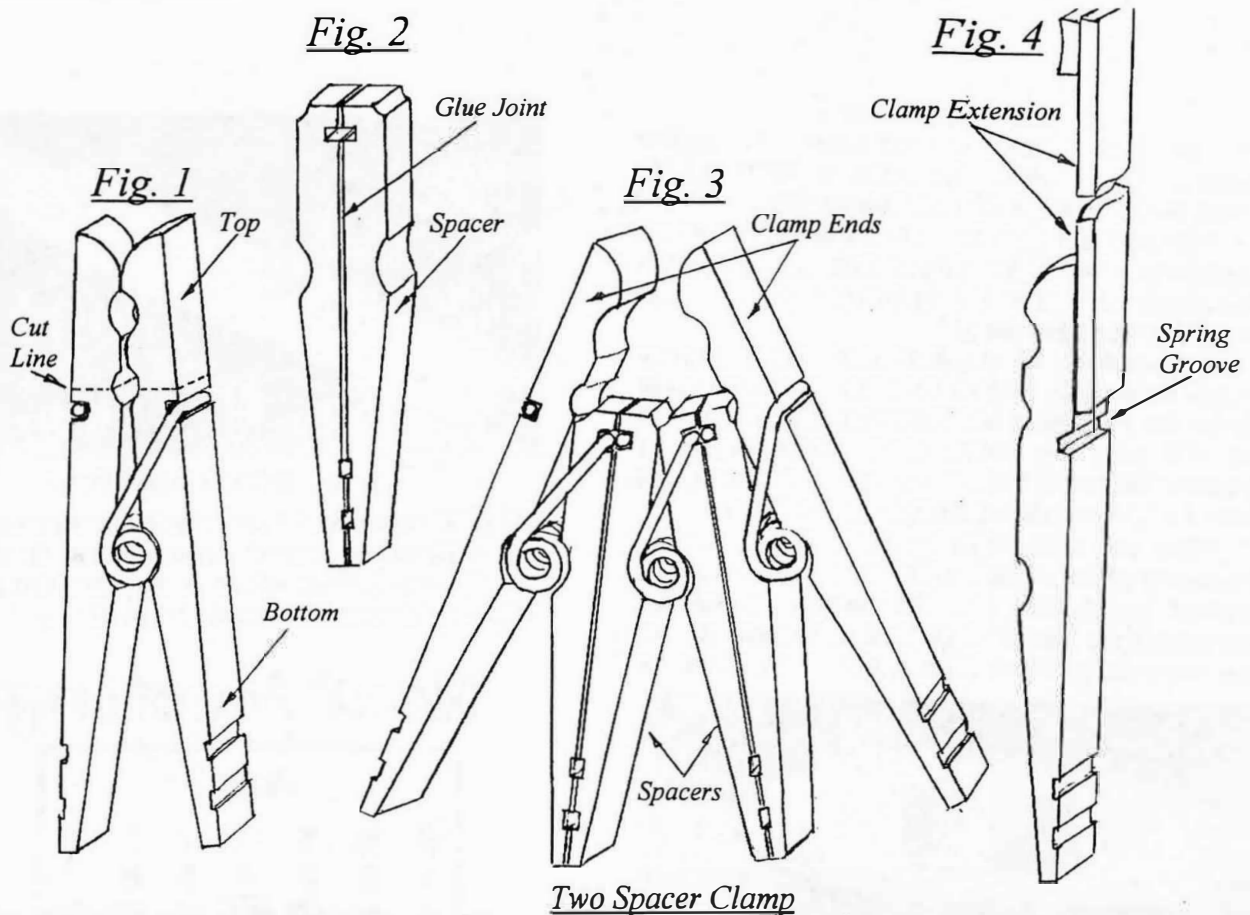
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Privett's Essex ...



... and its figurehead

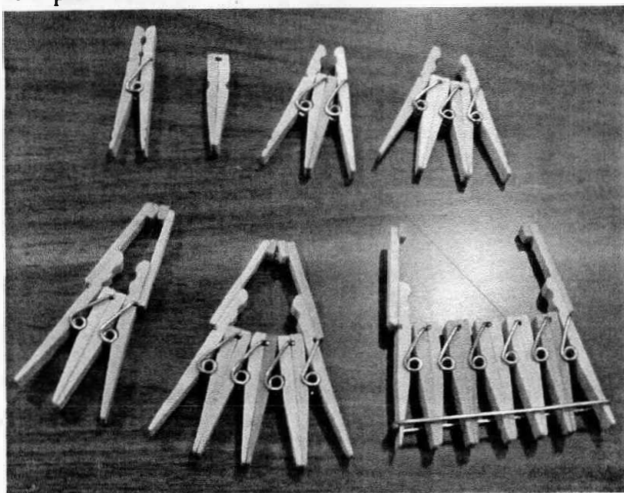


A Cheap Clamping System *By Hans Merten, member of the San Diego Ship Modelers Guild*

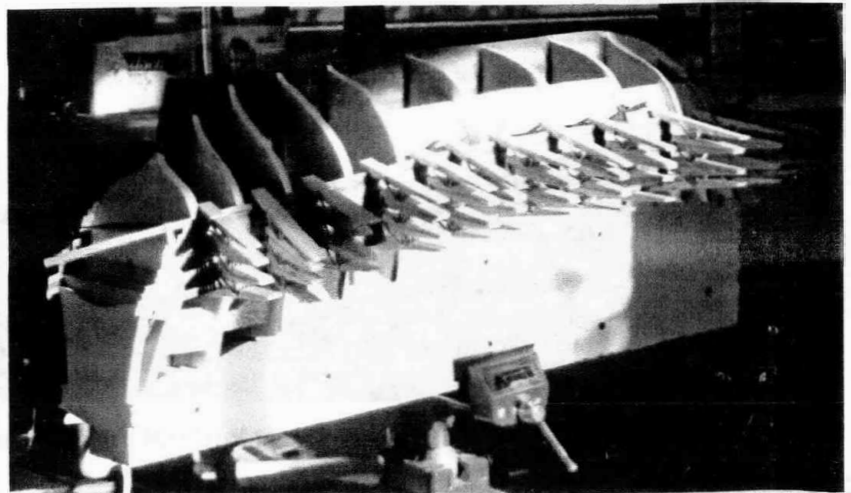
Clothespins are cheap. Clothespins can be fashioned into practical multi-spacer clamps by making spacers that are placed between the clamp ends and are connected by springs, Fig.3. The number of spacers that can be used depends on the application. Using between 1 and 5 spacers is typical.

To make a spacer, take a regular clothespin, Fig.1, and remove the spring. Cut off the tops as indicated by the cut line on Fig.1. Reverse both bottom pieces and glue them together, making sure the spring grooves are lined up properly, Fig.2. Each time a spacer is used, an additional spring is also used. The clamping force is roughly proportional to the number of springs used when the clamp is fully open. The clamp faces can easily be shaped to accommodate the surfaces to be clamped.

The clamp ends can be extended, simply by gluing on an extension as shown in Fig.4. Another good feature of this clamping system is that it can be used for inside-out clamping by reversing the action, using the bottom ends as clamp faces. The clamp ends can be customized for special and oddball situations. They are practically disposable and can quickly be replaced for few pennies.



How the clamps can be extended



Clamps in action for planking

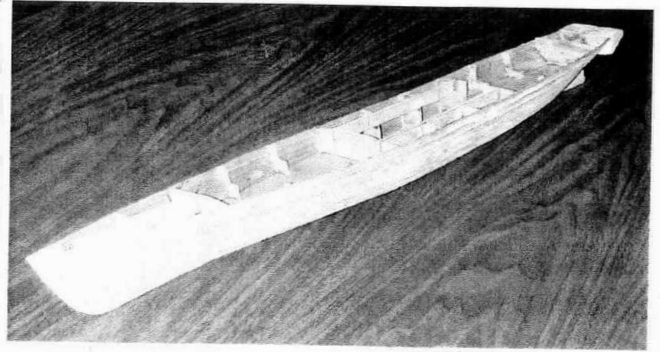
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the east coast thanks to restorations and amateur builders." The scale of the model is 7/8"=1' (1:14). Length is 12", beam 3-3/8", and height 1-9/16".

With a straight face, Lew also displayed "two bathtub paddle-wheel 'ships' for my grandson. One represents a sternwheeler; the other is a 'mid-engine' paddler. Power is supplied via rubber bands."

And speaking of paddlewheelers, **Ernie Andrew** brought in the partly built model of the Danish cruise boat *Hjejlen* that he showed last November. This 140-year-old ship still plies the waters of the Guden estuary in Denmark. The vessel is 82'4" in length, 1'4" in beam, and draws 5'5". The model was built from 1/4"=1' plans.

What was really bugging Ernie, though, was the devastating effect of electrolysis on a RC receiver in a capsized model. He runs R/C models on Saturday mornings at the Model Yacht Pond on Mission Bay. His boat was swamped by a larger model. Ernie's boat was



Ernie's Danish cruise boat

under salt water about 45 minutes before the rescue.

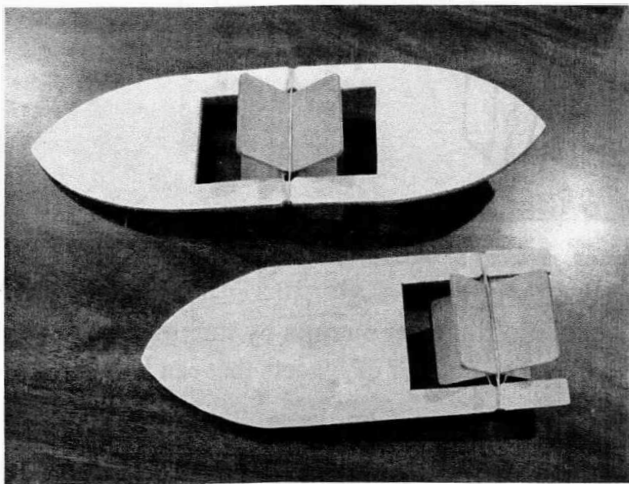
He passed the ruined receiver around for all to see. He got some joshing advice to the effect that he might have tried keeping the receiver in a plastic bag.

Next Meeting

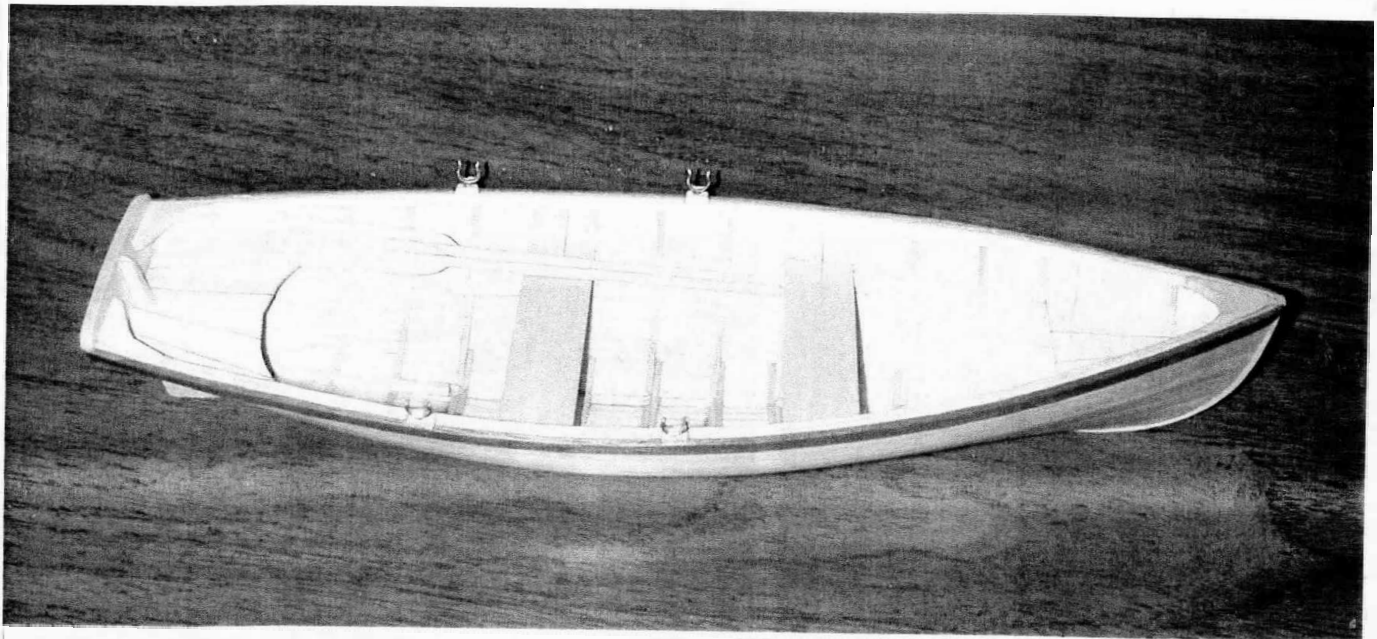
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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Bring models and we'll take pictures like these!

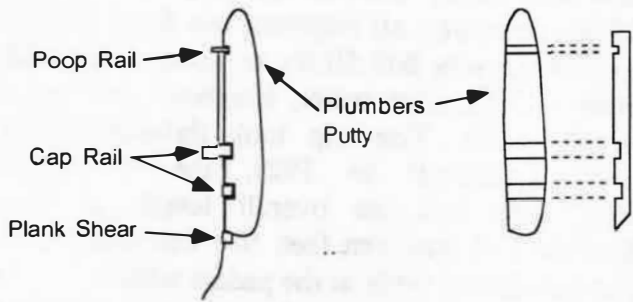


Lew's bathtub toys

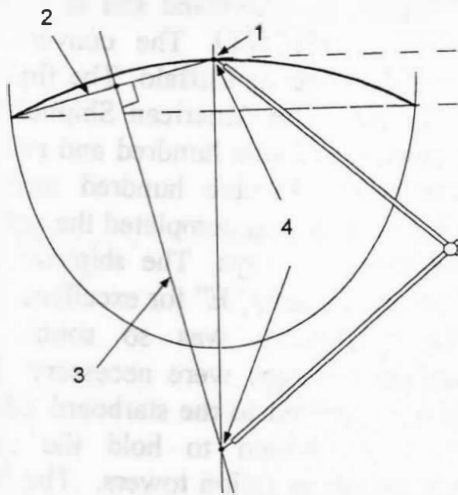


A rowboat that got its name from a street

TWO SLICK TRICKS FROM THE VENTURA COUNTY MARITIME MUSEUM'S MODEL GUILD NEWS



A piece of plumber's putty is used to take off the exact shape and dimensions of an irregular surface (In this case, the side of a ship) to determine the proper fit for something to be fastened to it (in this case, a swivel gun stock).



To find the correct camber for a deck beam (1) locate the point of highest camber at center of ship, (2) draw a straight line from that point to side of ship, (3) draw the perpendicular bisector of that line down to the center line, and (4) with one leg of dividers positioned where the lines cross, draw the deck beam shape.

Joseph Ditler Announces "Masterpieces in Miniature"

The San Diego Maritime Museum will host a unique miniature ship model exhibit June 15 to December 14, 2001. The exhibit includes nearly 50 miniature ship models, and showcases the work of 15 highly regarded model builders from throughout North America.

The models are built to a scale of 1/16"=1' or smaller and will feature examples of ships from the 14th Century to the present, ranging in size from three inches to three feet, including ships in bottles. Many have taken more than a year to complete.

"This is as good as it gets in ship modeling," said Bob Crawford, the museum's Curator of Ship Models. "Two of the best known miniature builders in the world will be present, master modelers Donald McNarry and Lloyd McCaffrey, both of whom have written extensively on the subject."

Like Fabergé Eggs, these tiny and elaborate models are unique worldwide, and the detail which goes into each and every one involves hour upon hour of flawless and intricate construction. This is the first show in the United States ever to feature just miniatures.

"Masterpieces in Miniature" will be exhibited on the 1898 steamship *Berkeley*. Visitors to the museum will experience the rarely viewed miniatures for just the price of admission (\$6 for adults, with special discounts for children, seniors, military and groups). Through August visitors will also enjoy a rare collection of 17th Century Dutch maritime art.

Joseph Ditler, Director of Communications

The inspiration for the Membership Directory included with this issue came from Guildmaster Jacki Jones, and she put in many hours laying it out and getting it printed. Purser Bob McPhail, keeper of the rolls, provided the text. The Guild thanks them both. Jacki also took most of the many photos used in this issue.

Architect Scale	Engineer Scale	Scale Dimensions			
		1/4"	1/2"	3/4"	1"
12" = 1'	1:1	0.250	0.500	0.750	1.000
0.034" = 1'	1:350	0.0007	0.0014	0.0021	0.0029
0.05" = 1'	1:240	0.0010	0.0021	0.0031	0.0042
1/16" = 1'	1:192	0.0013	0.0026	0.0039	0.0052
3/32" = 1'	1:128	0.0020	0.0039	0.0059	0.0078
1/8" = 1'	1:96	0.0026	0.0052	0.0078	0.0104
3/16" = 1'	1:64	0.0039	0.0078	0.0117	0.0156
1/4" = 1'	1:48	0.0052	0.0104	0.0156	0.0208
3/8" = 1'	1:32	0.0078	0.0156	0.0234	0.0312
1/2" = 1'	1:24	0.0104	0.0208	0.0312	0.0417

THRU THE LUBBERS HOLE

By Robert Hewitt

Paddlewheel Aircraft Carriers



After Imperial Japan's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, the majority of America's Pacific Fleet was on the bottom of the harbor. Two hundred of our aircraft were destroyed and 2,344 men lost their lives. Fortunately two carriers, the *ENTERPRISE* and *LEXINGTON*, were ferrying planes to Wake and Midway Islands. The *SARATOGA* was on its way to San Diego to pick up the Marine Corps Fighter Squadron 221. At that time there were only eight carriers in the US Navy.

Suddenly, the US found itself thrust into a war for which the country was unprepared. The nation was in desperate need of pilots, yet all of its carriers had to be at sea because it was essential that they all be in the war zones. Those in the Pacific were about all that was left standing between the Japanese and the West Coast of the United States. How could new pilots go through CQ (Carrier Qualifications) if all of the carriers were in combat?

Commander R.F. Whitehead out of Chicago came up with a scheme from which a Hollywood movie should have been made. Whitehead reasoned that there was a massive body of water completely protected from enemy U-boats and bombers upon which Naval Aviators could practice carrier operations. This body of water was known as the Great Lakes, the largest freshwater reservoir in the world.

All that was needed were the flattops. Whitehead already had an idea how these could be supplied. He proposed the Navy buy three luxury paddle wheelers. These were huge side-wheelers that carried passengers from Buffalo to Cleveland, Detroit and other Great Lakes ports.

With these recommendations two ships, the *SEEANDBEE* and the *GREATER BUFFALO* were bought. The *SEEANDBEE* was launched in November, 1912. Designed by Frank E.

Kirby, she was at that time the largest side wheel passenger steamer in the world. Four hundred eighty-four feet long and ninety-eight feet five inches wide at the paddle wheels. In 1913, a one-way all expenses trip from Buffalo to Chicago was \$42.50 for an inside room with electric lights, hot water, telephone, but not a private toilet. The trip took three-and-a-half days. Launched in 1923, the *GREATER BUFFALO* had an overall length of five hundred and nineteen feet. She was ninety-two feet two inches wide at the paddle wheels.

The ships had their mahogany cabins removed and the entire superstructures torn down to the main deck. This was done on the *SEEANDBEE* in Cleveland and in Erie for the *GREATER BUFFALO*. The conversion to a carrier took place in Buffalo. The first was the *SEEANDBEE*. The American Shipbuilding Co. had a deadline of one hundred and twenty days to completion. Twelve hundred men worked around the clock and completed the task in three months and two days. The shipyard won the coveted Army-Navy "E" for excellence award.

The machinery was so sound that no mechanical changes were necessary. The four stacks were moved to the starboard sides. Small islands were added to hold the navigation bridges and observation towers. The *SEEANDBEE* had steel frames under a three-inch thick Douglas Fir deck. The deck was only twenty-six feet above the waterline. Most carriers were seventy feet above the water. The *SEEANDBEE* became the *USS WOLVERINE* (IX-64). These two ships were not carriers, the IX standing for unclassified vessel. The original cost was \$756,000 and the conversion came to \$1,935,343. She was rushed to Chicago to start flight operations in August, 1942.

The *GREATER BUFFALO* had a slight change in its construction with the trial of two new flight deck designs of steel. They also experimented with eight different deck coatings. The *GREATER BUFFALO* became the *USS SABLE* (IX-81). Commissioned in 1943, she was the first carrier to have a steel deck.

Both ships had rudders on the bow and stern because the paddle wheels ran off of the same shaft. The coal-fired reciprocating engines had

low-pressure cylinders a full eight feet in diameter, connected by a walking beam to the paddle wheels. The *SABLE* was able to travel at eighteen knots. The Navy had two training ships, each carrying three hundred officers and men.

New pilots had to make eight successful takeoffs and landings to become qualified. Many of them did so in a single day. Whether it was the searing one hundred-degree heat of August or the minus forty-degree of January, operations continued. The *WOLVERINE* holds the record for catches with five hundred in one day. The *SABLE* is close behind with four hundred and eighty-eight catches in five hundred and thirty-one minutes.

The crews had liberty every evening in Chicago. The competition between the two vessels was very keen and fights would break out between the crews and sometimes the officers, even the captains, over who was the best. This would happen mostly when they were waiting for the last liberty boat back to the ships at midnight.

By war's end the *WOLVERENE* and *SABLE* had compiled amazing records. The *WOLVERENE* had 65,00 landings and THE *SABLE* over 51,000. A total of seventeen thousand eight hundred and twenty pilots were qualified and as many as forty thousand personnel were trained. The third carrier, to be built from the conversion of the *GREATER DETROIT*, was cancelled early in the program.

Flight operations were completed in November, 1945. The two noble ships were decommissioned together. By this time the US had thirty-four carriers and seventy-seven escort carriers so the two paddle wheel carriers were no longer needed. What was to happen to these grand ladies? There were some half-hearted attempts to save them.

It was recommended to Chicago Public Works Commissioner Oscar E. Hewitt that both flattops could be turned into living quarters for veterans who were using the GI Bill of Rights to attend the University of Illinois branch at the Navy pier, but nothing became of it.

The two flattops were scrapped: the *WOLVERENE* in Cleveland or Milwaukee in 1947 and the *SABLE* in Ontario in 1948.



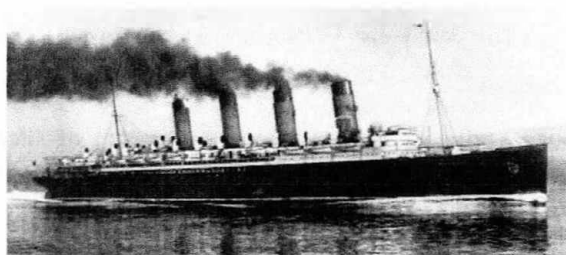
Events for 2001 or What's Happening at the Maritime Museum

- Through April 15th. "**Submarines: A Century of Silent Service**" continues aboard the Ferryboat *Berkeley*. A salute to 100 years of the US Navy Submarine Service.
- Pirates, The Exhibit** will continue through August 31st aboard the 1863 tall ship *Star of India*. An educational and entertaining romp through history and Hollywood as we look at real life pirates and the literature and film they inspired. And Kermit and his friends from Treasure Island are here too!
- Masterpieces in Miniature**. Opening on June 15 and continuing through Dec. 15 (see page TK).
- The Sea Chanty Festival**. This year on July 15th from 11:00 AM until 4:00 PM, this popular annual event draws hundreds of visitors. Watch for the news release for particulars.
- The Manila Galleon Exhibit**. In cooperation with several other organizations, this unique blockbuster first-time-ever exhibit opens on November 1st. Watch for the news media for additional information as the time grows near.
- The Old (17th Century and their Legacy) Dutch Masters** and more. "The Dutch Republic and the Evolution of Maritime Art." Art at the Maritime Museum of San Diego? That's right. Down here on the Embarcadero. Not all of San Diego's art is in Balboa Park. Through May 12th.
- In the spirit of Halloween, the "**Haunted Star of India.**" This San Diego favorite will open on or about October 19th and run through October 31st (dark on October 22nd and October 29th). Held in the evening, this event is for goblins young and old.
- Movies Before the Mast**. Aboard the *Star of India*, commencing in March and running through September. A truly unique theater experience. The movies are shown on a sail and refreshments are available. For an exact schedule and the names of the movies phone (619) 234 9153, Ext. 101.
- The Star of India Sails**. As part of Fleet Week San Diego 2001, the *Star of India* will sail on October 13th and 14th. Viewing from the Embarcadero, Shelter Island, Harbor Island or Point Loma. Watch the local newspapers and look for future press releases.

Please be advised that all dates and times are subject to change. The Museum is open 365 days a year, from 9:00 AM until 8 PM. During the summer months, the gangways will remain open until 9:00 PM. For additional information please phone (619) 234-9153, Ext. 101, or visit our web site and www.sdmaritime.com

Part IV

Sailing on Board the S.S. Mauretania



From the diary of Helene Heller (1931)

My great aunt and uncle, Helene Heller (a singer) and George Riley (a comedian and singer), were vaudeville stars in New York City. Throughout their lives they sailed on passenger ships all over the world even travelling to Europe during the second world war to entertain US troops. Aunt "TeTe" kept detailed journals of all of their voyages. On this particular voyage they were engaged to entertain the passengers after dinner on a trip from New York to Curaçao, Caracas, Havana, and back to New York.
Jacki Jones

Havana Nov. 24, 1931 Friday

Up at 11, we all meet at the new Bacardi plant (and is it gorgeous) at noon - Mr. Valiente, another friend of Mark's is giving us a cocktail party. Our whole crowd. He has already sent a gallon barrel of Bacardi to the hotel - we all get little bottles of the stuff and so many souvenirs we don't know what to do with them all.

The way marble is used down here you'd think it was free. We all get in cars and go to la Playa for lunch then to the airport to see Mr. Fogel off to Miami. Then for a trip thru the residential section - what homes, thru Country Club Park, and the homes make Beverly Hills etc. look like pikerst.

To the orphanage and the cemetery. The most beautiful in the world. One never sees such magnificent tombs and monuments. They bury above the ground - The college is closed and guarded. Student uprising. I can't remember all the places we saw but its all so exciting and we are mad about Havana. Hate to leave it.

Home to rest, bathe and dress. We all meet in the lobby at 8 and to San Souci where the owner Mr. Villa, a friend of Mark's, is giving us a dinner party and what a dinner party. The table was all decorated with flowers. We start off with a daiquiri cocktail. Fresh fruit cocktail, olives, celery, some kind of a shrimp concoction. Turkey with all the trimmings and

sauterne to drink.. Never saw so much food. Ice cream and cake for desert followed by Champagne!

Perfume for the ladies - Our five angels join us with Mr. and Mrs. Neger. More Champagne. We all leave for Monmarte - more Champagne. This place also owned by Mr. Villa and what a show we put on there.

Mr. Villa so pleased and muchly enthused over us. Said if we make the next cruise we can have both San Souci and Monmarte for both nites in Havana on a percentage.

George and Mark have a talk with Mr. Villa and he is interested in our coming back for the season (12 to 16 weeks). The boys have an appt. with Villa for one o'clock Sat to talk business.

More souvenirs, boxes of cigars for the men and linen Monmarte table cloths for the ladies.

We all go to Sloppy Joe's and have more pictures taken. Then to a restaurant for chicken and rice.

Home and we fall in bed at 6:30.

Heard of two calamities on board. One passenger committed suicide by leaping overboard and another received a cable saying his mother had died.

Nov. 28th Saturday

Up at 11 and Mark being broke sends all our breakfasts up to us accompanied by the bill \$10.35! Do we have hysterics? But we don't mean it. Four breakfasts!

Pack all our junk together and Johnny called for us. Took the boys to Monmarte to see Villa - We we are coming back We are so thrilled. We start about Dec. 28th the place is ours we practically run things to suit our selves. A guaranteed salary and 20% of the gross. Oh boy I hope it's a good season.

To the ship. We sail at 3. A launch chases us with about 6 passengers who were left behind. We slow down to pick them up.

Everybody is dead. They are lying all over the ship!

The big nite tonight - the Mauretania Follies. Gave two shows They were grand to us again. We stopped the show. Had our private party trying to empty that gallon barrel. Its hopeless. What a shame to have to dump it before landing

To bed at 3.

Nov. 29 Sun

Up at eleven but groggy. Guess we'll have to go away for a rest Ha Ha!

Everybody was kind of dopey today - no pep! All in from our stay in Havana. Just lounged around and packed up. I'll need an extra trunk for souvenirs, menus etc.

Gala dinner tonite - the dining salon was beautifully decorated.

We danced afterward at 12 midnite till 2:30. Farewell Supper and Impromptu entertainment. Had lots of fun and we girls so tired we had the giggles.

Just finishing my packing and its 4:15 so to bed.

Nov 30 Mon.

George and Bill so heartbroken to think they had to dump nearly the whole gallon of Bacardi that they decided to drink it. Raised Cain all nite on board and finally came in at 7:15 all cockeyed and oh so sick! Goody!

Up about eleven and it's a miserable day. Such fog and oh so cold Almost unbelievable that such a change could take place overnite.

We are hours late and making poor progress.

Much hustle and bustle on board with last minute duties. We dock at eight tonite instead of 3 in the afternoon. Everyone saying good bye and sorry to see the trip end.

We are docking, can't see much. Too foggy. Now we must go through customs inspection. We were lucky got a nice officer and were finished in no time.

Gay and Al down to meet us!

The gates of fairyland have closed we are back to earth. Back to face with reality, the future! I wonder what it holds in store for us?

I am grateful for this short but wonderful trip to Heaven - Give me courage and strength to appreciate and not complain.

The End

Helene Heller Riley



On the Subject Of Nasty Weather

George Estano contributed this verse to the U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild Newsletter: "In about 1965 I was riding out a hurricane in the Pacific. Even the dog was sick...when out of the blue one good ol' boy said, 'Boy, am I glad I'm not on that damn Kansas farm. The dust is some fierce this time of year.'"

SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

*One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
'A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark, don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em! How I pities all
Unhappy folks ashore now!*

*"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in;
Poor Creatures! How they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!*

*"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on deck
Are comfortably lying.
My eyes! What tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!*

*"And very often have we heard
How men are kill'd and undone
By overturns of carriages
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"*

By Charles Dibdin (1745-1814)

DESIGN IN WOOD

2001 Entry Form

Del Mar Fair Entry Office, **Design in Wood**, P.O. Box 2663, Del Mar, CA 92014
(Type or block print clearly)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

Telephone (____) _____

Processing fee is \$15.00 per entry. Please make your check payable to **Del Mar Fair**.

Mail your entry form and processing fees to the address above. Entry form must be postmarked on or before **Friday, April 27**. E-mails and faxes **will not** be accepted.

By entering this show I accept all rules and regulations set forth. I acknowledge that I enter at my own risk and that these entries do not violate copyright or trademark laws.

X Signature: _____

(Original signature is mandatory)

Office Use Only	Receipt # _____	\$ _____	by _____	Date ____/____/01	Exhibitor # _____
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Item No.	Division No.	Class No.	Size L"xW"xH"	Description/Title , including wood species	Selling Price or NFS	Office Use
1.	1101					
2.	1101					
3.	1101					

Number of entries _____ **@\$15.00 each=** _____ **+ mail back \$20.00 =** _____
(Make checks payable to Del Mar Fair) (If applicable)

- Mail Back
 SDFWA Member
 Returning Exhibitor
 1st Time Exhibitor

Please make a copy of this form for you records

CLASSES

- Class 1 Contemporary Woodworking - Furniture
- Class 2 Contemporary Woodworking - Accessories
- Class 3 Traditional Woodworking - Furniture
- Class 4 Traditional Woodworking - Accessories
- Class 5 Art Furniture
- Class 6 Made for Children
- Class 7 Model Building - Scale
- Class 8 Model Building - Not to Scale
- Class 9 Musical Instruments
- Class 10 Clocks
- Class 11 Veneering/Marquetry
- Class 12 Wood Turning – Face Work:
Perpendicular to the ways of the lathe
- Class 13 Wood Turning - Center Work:
Parallel to the ways of the lathe
- Class 14 Wood Turning - Embellished/Mixed Media
- Class 15 Wood Turning - Laminated/Segmented
- Class 16 Wood Carving - Animals
- Class 17 Wood Carving - Birds
- Class 18 Wood Carving - Marine Animals
- Class 19 Wood Carving - Open

CALENDAR

Registration deadline (entry forms, fees and slides/photos):

Postmarked on or before Friday, April 27.

Delivery of exhibits:

Saturday, June 2, 9:00am - 4:00pm.

Closed judging: Sunday, June 3.

Pick-up of exhibits:

Thursday, July 5, 10:00am - 7:00pm

DEL MAR FAIR AWARDS

The following will be awarded in each class:

- First Place \$200 and Rosette
- Second Place \$175 and Rosette
- Third Place \$150 and Rosette

Master Woodworker's Trophy

\$250, Trophy and Rosette.

Honorable Mention Rosettes may be awarded at the discretion of the judges. No exhibitor will be allowed more than two money awards per class; however, there is no limit as to the number of rosettes an exhibitor may win. Award checks will be mailed 30 days after close of the Fair.

DONATED AWARDS

Fine Woodworking Magazine -

Best of Show \$ 1,000 and Rosette

Wood Magazine

Excellence in Workmanship \$ 500 and Rosette

Popular Woodworking Magazine

Excellence in Design \$ 500 and Rosette

Apollo Sprayers Inc.

Excellence in Finishing

- 1st Place Apollo 800 HVLP Spray System
- 2nd Place Apollo A5110 HVLP Conversion Spray Gun
- 3rd Place \$100 worth of Apollo waterbase finishes

Woodworker's Journal

Two year subscription to "Woodworkers Journal" for 1st Honorable Mention in each class

San Diego Woodturning Center

\$250 Gift Certificate and Rosette

Enchanted Woods of Old Town

\$100 and Rosette

People's Choice Award Sponsored by

"Woodworker West Magazine"

1st Place - \$75 2nd Place - \$50 3rd Place - \$25

To qualify for the following awards, you must be a member of SDFWA as of April 27, 2001.

San Diego Fine Woodworkers Association

- First Place \$ 250, Trophy and rosette
- Second Place \$ 150 and rosette
- Third Place \$ 100 and rosette



Sponsor's Choice Perpetual Trophy

\$250 value in merchandise and plaque. Award donated by **Tool Depot**.

The Del Mar Fair assumes no responsibility for awards donated by clubs, firms or individuals.

Guild Member Al Adams spins another yarn with this thrilling tale of sailing an 83-foot luxury yacht through his own personal Perfect Storm. Article is photocopied from an earlier publication. (Ed.)

HURRICANE EYE TO EYE

by Al A. Adams

Can you imagine, what it would be like, to be out in the Atlantic, in a sailboat, and caught in a hurricane packing 140 miles per hour winds? Ed.

A hurricane, by the seat of the pants, is no fun. This violent killer wind is often called The Evil Spirit and rates the highest code on the Beaufort Scale of Wind force. To add to its menace, it is usually accompanied by rain, sleet and hail with thunder and lightning tossed in as extras.

Conceived and born in the tropical zones, usually in and near the West Indies, hurricanes are cyclonic storms of large extent which are a menace to everything in their paths. In our case, being confronted by a wind force in the Atlantic Ocean of 140 miles per hour on an eighty three foot schooner named *Queen Mab* was indeed a threat.

The barometer read 28.08 inches of mercury and its lowest reading occurred at 1:45 a.m. It was certainly no place to be at that hour or any other hour. This storm satisfied my curiosity -- what is it like to be at sea in a hurricane on a sailing vessel? What would I do as skipper under these violent conditions?

At that hour we were near the center of nature's violence under a brand new crescent moon raked by torn clouds that moved with unreal rapidity across its thin face. Nature's projector was turning at high speed. The schooner, under bare poles (no sail up), shot into the vortex of this whirling circular cavity, an awe-sensational calm, and almost lost way and steerage. I was tightly lashed with line to the wheel box at the helm.

Under bare poles it was unreal to move suddenly and abruptly from the

THE SEAS WERE SHOOTING STRAIGHT UP
AND FALLING STRAIGHT DOWN!

screaming rampage of 140 mph gale to no wind, an eerie vacuum as we entered the eye. The seas were crazily shooting straight up and falling straight down. The yacht danced in this ocean of huge waves. Without the force of the wind, the solid masses fell on the decks as though dropping en masse out of huge barrels.

In awe I looked straight up 35,000 feet into the center of this raging storm, the eye of the hurricane, a conical tube-like opaque vacuum. Sucking, hissing, screaming sounds came from the sides of this eerie cone. The crescent moon hovered on the southern edge of the funnel to give focus and perspective to this formidable and perilous threat. It was my decision to seek the eye, to perhaps aid in our escape and now the second part of our survival, sailing through the far side of the storm, was imminent. I prayed I was right.

The main hatch on *Queen Mab* opened and a head was indicated by a moving flashlight. "Are you okay? Where's the wind?" the person yelled. I answered, "Okay! Close the hatch, batten everything down and tell the others to brace themselves. We are in for a beating if we can escape."

Queen Mab had carried her way to the outer limits of the hurricane's eye, a distance of approximately 180 feet. She came in under bare poles, running before, into this tropical cyclonic destructor, one of the most dangerous storms known to man.

I was placed in a position of making this decision that dealt with our lives.

Our chance to survive this violent agitation was to leave this void within the center of the eye and join a screaming force 12 spiral. It could mean our demise.

We had penetrated the eye of the storm and it was terrifying; now it was time to try to escape. We must attempt to outrace the towering seas pushed by wild howling winds and seek escape out into the mid-Atlantic and away from the coastal shoals of Cape Hatteras.

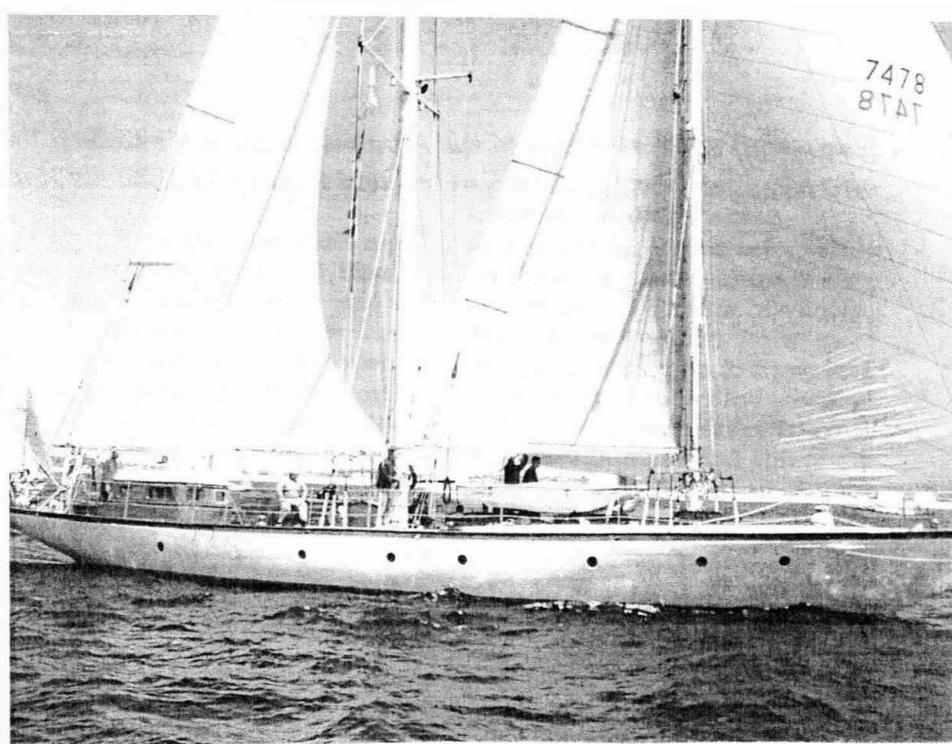
The seas were frothy, streaked and violent on the edge of the cone. I barely had time to turn her to port when the full force hit drowning out the world with its roar, inundating the hull, making it hard to tell the level of the water and still harder to find air to breathe. Huge quantities of spindrift (blown sea spray) filled the air of this spiral structure. That the masts stayed in her in this tremendous velocity was a miracle. The screaming rattle, that terrible long moment waiting for the schooner to get way on, to move with the fury was an experience I shall never forget. The full force hit her on the starboard quarter aft. We had come from fury to calm and back to violent fury in what I judged was three minutes time. Nature was furious!

The one thing that helped save the masts, the super structure, and me at the helm, was that the raging wind and the powerful thrust of the onslaught, laid the schooner flat on her port side, thereby decreasing her windage and putting her bottom to the destructive force of the wind and water. That terrifying long moment waiting for the schooner to right herself was an experience!

For the next seven hours the *Queen Mab* was kept dead before the whole gale and seas. Our escape was



Al



Mab

working, the hurricane's center was moving away from us. We slammed through the darkness until dawn. What a relief to see around this wild scene with its black, ominous clouds and crashing seas.

The wind velocity dropped and hovered between 63 and 70 mph but the seas seemed larger and more mountainous, peaking higher as the velocity was dropping. Their breaking tops were not being blown off so much as the wind decreased. Rain poured down. The big drops in that velocity stung. It was the noisiest storm I have ever experienced.

A beautiful rainbow was some cheer but the moment was suddenly jarred. I looked over my shoulder as two big seas came slamming together. The rogue wave peaked and broke heavily over the yacht. The crash was a chiller. As soon as the schooner rose so that I could breathe, I saw only the masts. All 83 feet of the hull was buried in deep blue green and foam.

First up came the davits and finally the decks. This wave could have been our demise. It sounded like the decks had caved in. The next big sea crashed into her broad transom and shot water high in all directions. The hatch opened and heads popped out as the seas poured away. The crew was anxious to learn my fate as well as their own. The crash on the deck and on the transom had turned them pale. It was good to see signs of life. None were hurt but all were soaked and bruised.

I asked that somebody go forward below decks and check the hull for damage. The crew returned and reported that the foredeck had sprung, knocking some washers off the copper rivets of the deck beams, otherwise she had held. But the skylight amidship, glass and frame, was demolished and the interior had a foot of water over the carpet. That was too close.

The seas continued huge and crashing. The gale held but seemed to be changing and varying its velocity which was still too much wind for making sail. By mid-afternoon the wind had dropped to 44 mph. One of the crew finally came and relieved me at the helm. I was exhausted, shaking and hungry. My legs wouldn't work. I was cold and numb.

The crew cautiously ran up the storm trys'l and we picked up speed. When the sun finally came out we got a sextant sight enabling us to fix our position. We were headed toward Bermuda.

The next morning we were approximately five miles off Bermuda. Somehow land looked good. I mean great! Full sail was made. Entering port we picked up the port pilot. Inside the reef we held to the channel and sailed through the narrow gap approaching the waterfront adjacent to the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club.

I cabled the owner of the yacht and told him we were all okay. We repaired one sail, took on provisions, water and then relaxed for a few days before departing for the West Indies, Haiti, and Cuba where we hauled out at Guantanamo to repair the rudder shaft.

The *Queen Mab* sailed on to Panama and finally into Los Angeles Harbor. After challenging a hurricane we were lucky to come home.

The impact, not only of wind and sea violence but of responsibility, decisions for the safety and well being of eight non-sailing people on board—and for this very valuable schooner I was delivering, owned by Harold Vanderbilt and now being delivered to its new owner, a psychiatrist in Los Angeles, California.

Having sailed in measured wind velocity up to 105 miles per hour, I now had a new vector or wind velocity to cope with. Not being on my own boat, I was without an anemometer to measure this wind's force. It was a screamer, a new experience, but I preferred to underplay rather than overplay, and judged the hurricane at 132 miles per hour. Later I contacted the Weather Bureau giving them the date, longitude and

latitude off Cape Hatteras in the Atlantic Ocean and received the report. It was a Force 5 with a velocity of 140 miles per hour. It stayed at sea and worked back to the Northwest.

Some Further Thoughts

Hurricanes south below the equator spin clockwise. Above the equator or North as was this storm we were in, they spin counter-clockwise. We therefore were in a very precarious situation with a 140mph violent wind, too much velocity to make sail, an inoperable engine with a broken transmission gear, and on a course dead before a gale force wind taking the schooner at extreme speed toward the shallow rockbound Cape Hatteras, the dreaded graveyard of ships, carrying a totally inexperienced group of people and my wife, bracing themselves, battered and bruised, battened down below decks. The skylight's glass and frame was crushed by the huge rogue wave and a ton of water had come in below decks. I had to steer. I also had to cover that gaping hole where the skylight was that made this fine yacht subject to sinking, as more waves would continue to fill the hull.

A PRINTOUT OF THE WEATHER BUREAU'S RECORD OF THE STORM.

ADV	LAT	LONG	TIME	WIND	STAT
45	25.10	-72.20	9/15/06z	130mph	HURRICANE-4
46	25.80	-73.30	9/15/12z	130 "	HURRICANE-4
47	26.20	-74.20	9/15/18z	135 "	HURRICANE-5
48	26.40	-74.90	9/16/00z	135 "	HURRICANE-5
49	26.50	-75.40	9/16/06z	140 "	HURRICANE-5
50	26.60	-76.00	9/16/12z	140 "	HURRICANE-5
51	26.57	-76.80	9/16/18z	140 "	HURRICANE-5
52	26.70	-77.60	9/17/00z	140 "	HURRICANE-5
53	26.60	-78.50	9/17/06z	140 "	HURRICANE-5

NOTES:
ADV - Advisory Number
STAT - Status of the wind
Z - Zulu time, the same as Greenwich Mean Time

At the absolute right moment, the huge spinning black storm's shape above wavered to reveal the crescent moon. It was a split second view that told me we were where I wanted us to be, perhaps 60 feet from the void, the eye of the hurricane. God knew what I needed and He revealed. I had to keep Queen Mab's speed before the wind by turning the ship's wheel inching toward the wind without losing boat speed. The moon there it was in my view. Again I swung the helm to help the yacht's progress. Prayerfully, I hoped the Queen would survive the powerful onslaught of the wall of water driven by such wind violence. Would the two masts stand the sudden pressure of the solid wall of water and whole gale force that would instantly strike? We were about to know if the Queen and its crew would have a future. This was a new and critical experience to cope with. It was a test I hated to put this fine craft through without the use of sails and engine and only able to steer before the wind, and now, in the black of night and a black menacing hurricane cloud over us, trying to seek safety from the menacing shore of Cape Hatteras.

It was a first for me to sail in 140mph winds under bare poles (no sails up) and to drive the boat so fast it sailed under from wetted surface friction pulling it under seven feet of green solid water.

ABOUT WETTED SURFACE FRICTION

For those interested in a 'displacement hull', one with a deep keel and ballast, offers more wetted surface friction. The formula for such a craft is:

$$S = \sqrt{LWL} \text{ times } 1.34$$

where S is the speed of the boat in knots and LWL is the length of the ship at the waterline. If the boat is driven so fast that she exceeds that speed, the boat is drawn down by wetted surface friction. This occurred three times in the 140mph wind. Her waterline length was exceeded until her waterline length became her overall length and she sailed under with no sail up. Few people have experienced this. They shouldn't want to. The safety line attached to the eyebolts in the deck kept me from being washed overboard. It was a long wait to breathe under seven feet of water. The Queen had to float up to shed all that water but the result was that she strangled on salt water.

Fortunately I had taken a bundle of 1" planks at the boat yard for emergency use and had stowed them below. I called for them to be brought on deck with a hammer and nails and an old jib. With the skylight hole covered with planks I spread the jib over and nailed it to the deck. A real hassle, steering and doing what had to be done to close the gaping hole in the skylight, before we would sink.

Yes, God was on board with me. It was a rough time for Him also.

Editor's Note: Typing stories such as this one from Al Adams, requires that I read it slowly, word for word, as I transfer words from a manuscript to the printed page. In so doing my mind transports me from my office chair in front of my computer, onto the deck of the Queen Mab, where I can almost see Al, soaking wet, cold, shivering, numb hands and a mind filled with worry for the safety of his crew, as he tries valiantly to cover that gaping hole where the rogue wave broke in the skylight. He knew that he had only on chance to get that makeshift cover on before the ship left the relatively calm eye of the hurricane, or surely they would sink with the loss of all hands. But he had one tremendous factor working for him. God was there watching over him and Al knew it. He and his wife and his crew are alive today because of this One Great Force that stemmed the tide of the violent wind and rogue wave.