



San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

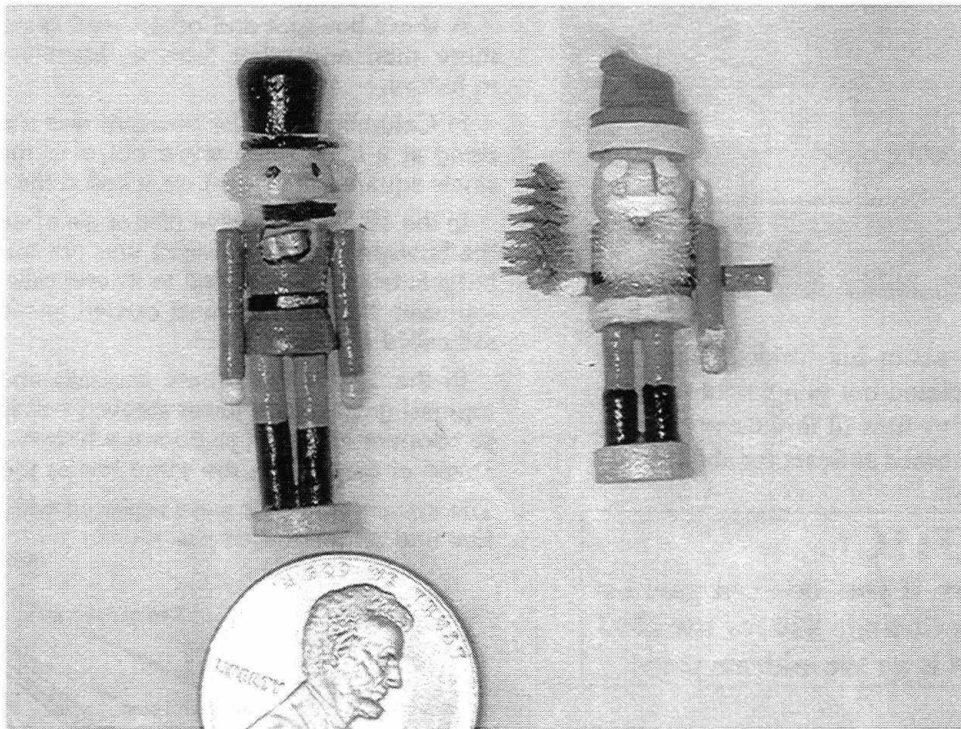
1492 N. Harbor Drive

San Diego, CA 92101

JANUARY 2003

NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 27, NO.1



Dave Dana created these tiny nutcrackers (1" = 1') with working jaws. Materials include Styrofoam, felt, plastic tape, toothpicks, toilet paper, tooth brush, wire, and string. Dave said he used every tool in his shop.

Short December Meeting

By Bob McPhail

Don Bienvenue opened the meeting and asked for the purser's report. As of 30 November, the balance was \$<redacted>. This includes \$<redacted> collected for members' nametags. New name tags have been ordered and should be available at the January meeting.

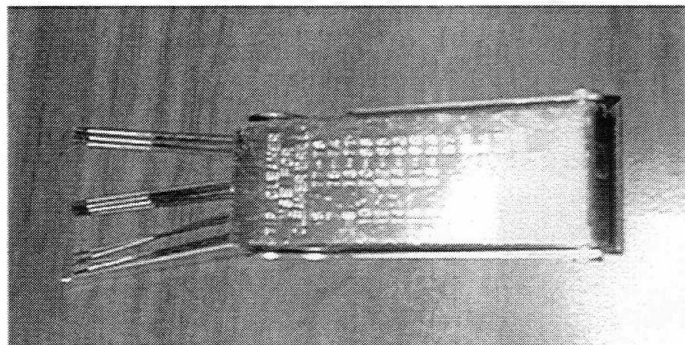
In the area of old business, **Chuck Seiler** mentioned that HMS ROSE (ship for future Patrick O'Brian movie) is currently berthed at Point Loma (the exact location is near H&M landing and her masts are visible from the street. It is unknown if the ship is open for visiting.)

Bob Graham brought in plans for a brass cannon and cannonade.

For show and tell, 1 inch tall working nutcrackers were shown by Dave Dana. These are being made for a 1:12 model dollhouse. A torch cleaning tool brought in by Mike Forget was discussed for cleaning out blocks, small holes, etc.

There were several sets of plans brought in for sale which members looked through during the break.

The meeting ended shortly thereafter.



Mike Forget told us about his welding torch tip cleaner which as he pointed out is a useful tool for the ship modeler. The tiny files fit thru the apertures in blocks. It can be purchased at Sears for about \$4.

THE BOWSPRIT AND OTHER HEAD SPARS

A ship's bowsprit and other head spars, perhaps more than any other feature, identify her place in history.

In Columbus' day the bowsprit was a single spar rising at a fairly steep angle out over the stern. A single square sail was set on it called the spritsail.

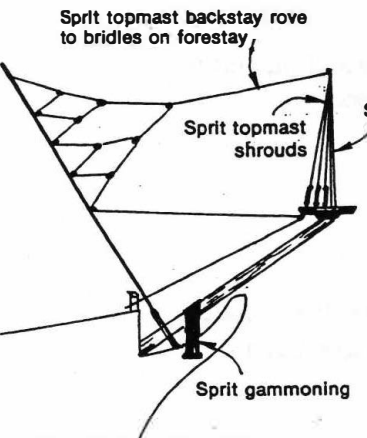
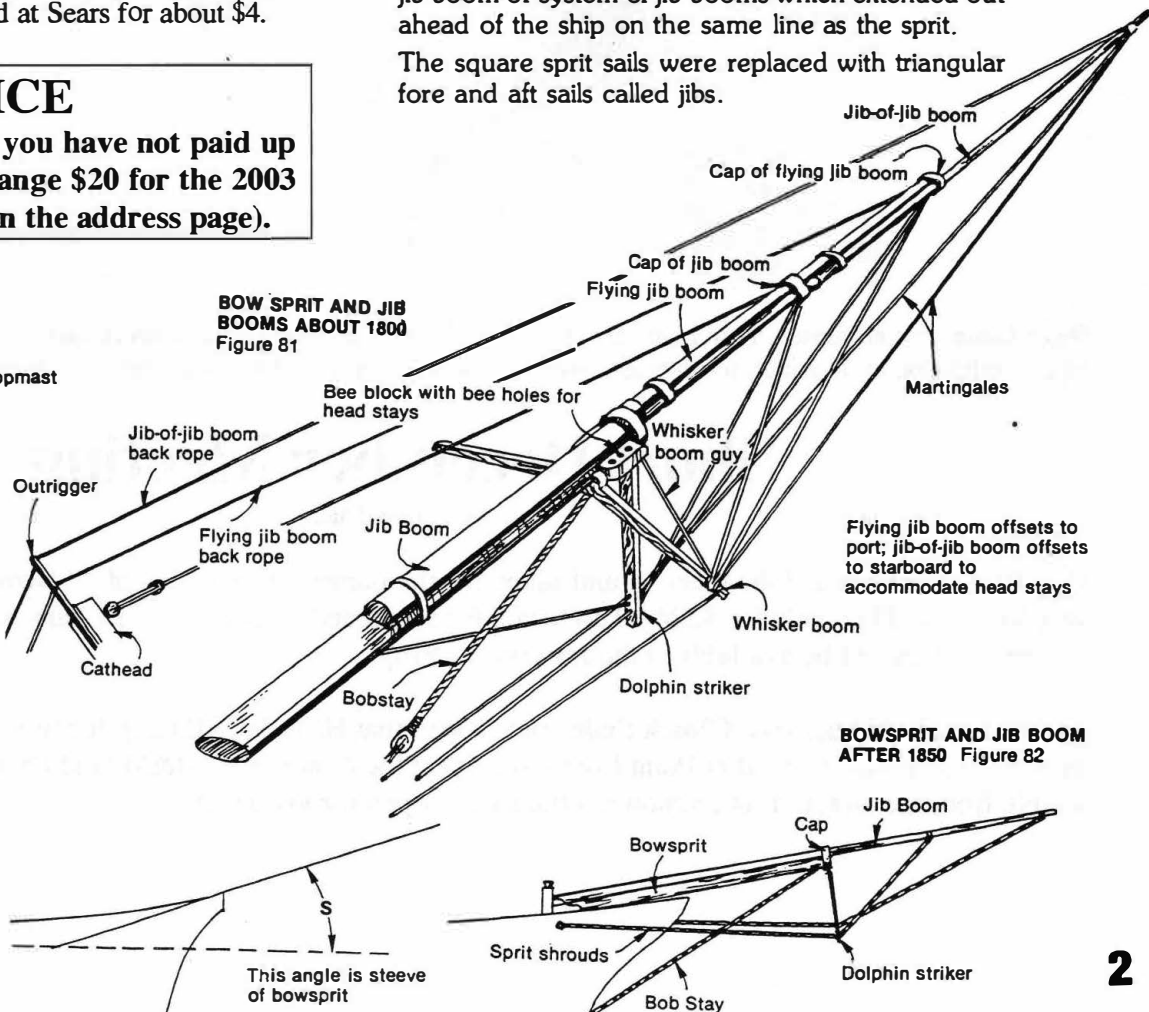
In the 1600's the steeve (the angle of steepness of the bowsprit) of the bowsprit was not much lower, but a little mast was added to its end called the sprit topmast. The sprit topmast carried another square sail called the sprit topsail.

In the 1700's the square spritsails and the sprit topmast gave way to lower steeved bowsprits and a jib boom or system of jib booms which extended out ahead of the ship on the same line as the sprit.

The square sprit sails were replaced with triangular fore and aft sails called jibs.

NOTICE

Dear Guild Members, if you have not paid up yet, please give Dick Strange \$20 for the 2003 dues (his telephone # is on the address page).



THRU THE LUBBERS HOLE

By Robert Hewitt

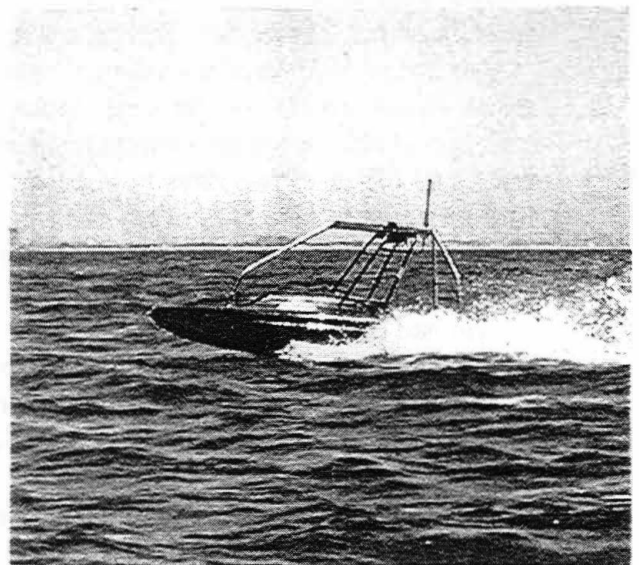
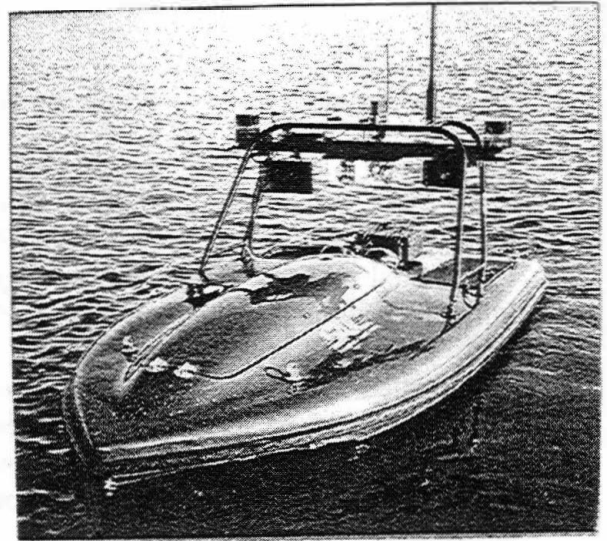
Ship building in Sorrento Valley



This past August I attended the annual picnic of Science Applications International Corporation. Beside all of the food and kid's games, they had a large area with booths displaying and demonstrating their many fields of endeavor. One section that caught my attention was a small craft on a tow trailer. The ten-foot boat looked more like a wide surf board with a motor on the stern. There were a number of roll bar types of tubes fitted in the middle of the boat. On these were various cameras and sensors to conduct a wide variety of maritime counter terrorism, force protection, surveillance and reconnaissance missions. This little craft is called an Unmanned Surface Vehicle, or USV as the systems engineer, David McFadden, explained to me. The USV provides a low-cost capability to detect, monitor, and identify small craft above and below the water surface. Its compact size allows it to be employed from shore, the air, or any ship greater than thirty-five feet in length.

The basic USV is capable of speeds of thirty five knots. It is propelled by an internal combustion engine with a jet drive. Traveling at ten knots with thirty-six gallons of fuel, mission duration is approximately ten hours. The USV can patrol at three to five knots in harbor areas, for 24/7 without extensive use of personnel. Refuel time is once a day at patrol speeds.

Some of the sensor options are: high resolution sonar, night vision camera, thermal camera, laser range finder, radar, spotlights, microphones, speakers, and non-lethal weapons.



We sincerely regret to announce the passing of long-time Guild member Bob O'Brien. Bob had a special interest in the radio controlled models and had recently created a beautiful model of Her Majesty's Royal Yacht *Britannia*. He also created an impressive model of the naval vessel, the *USS Whiteside* AKA-90. We will miss him very much.

“A NODDY AFFAIRE AT SEA”

By Capt. Al A. Adams

“Affaires so often are inchoative, practically unprecedented, so invocative of wonderment – this Affaire was no exception. Yes I was given the NOD!”

It was a grand sail on my forty foot cutter *Southwind* from San Pedro, California to the City of Colon at the Panama Canal Zone!

I sailed into the harbor and tied up to a buoy. A man sitting in a rowboat seemed intent on watching from about fifty feet away. He rowed over. With a friendly smile he said, “May I ask, what are your plans?”

I replied, “I seldom make plans. There are times when I enjoy letting it happen.”

“I like that,” he said. Then he revealed, “My boat is the 38 foot *Finnestere* recently purchased in Callao, Peru. It is now over at Christobal at the other end of the Canal. I brought it under power from Peru, a young Peruvian boy sailed with me. Would you sail her to St. Petersburg for there are no gas docks across the Caribbean, around Cuba to Florida a distance of 1700 miles. I have asked a lot of people here at the Canal, at Colon and Christobal, but no luck getting a skipper.”

“If I may sir, I have questions. What is the rig? Are the sails good? Do you have a storm trysail, charts for the area, anchors and chain, and I need the water and gasoline tank capacities. Is she provisioned and are your papers in order? I anticipate a call from the Canal office in two days to take my boat through the locks and Gatun Lake. If I can find someone to take care of my boat in Christobal while I am away with you and if you don’t mind my visit to your boat and writing of its location, its slip number, your address and phone number and concur that my wife may sail with us – all is go!”

He had been trying for two months to find a skipper and his urgency showed through. He nearly fell in the water getting from my boat on the run.

The next morning the call came for me to transit the Canal to Christobal at 11 AM, and after the four hour transit I secured the *Southwind* and located the *Finnestere*. I made a survey and got my answers re the boat. I found a young man studying for his finals in high school. He would sleep and study on my *Southwind* while I was away. I met the student’s father; he liked my boat and asked if he could sail with us for his vacation time. He was signed on. Yes, I just let it happen. Joe’s wife arrived the next morning from St. Petersburg.

My crew and I met on the *Finnestere*, provisioned – all gear stowed and all had rain clothes. I turned on the boats radio for a weather report. As the weather was being reported we were experiencing the forecast of 30 MPH winds and heavy rain. All on board agreed as we cast off under sail, “Isn’t this a lovely day to be sailing in the rain.” Out of the Colon harbor with visibility of 60 feet, rained down we departed. Joe had at last found his *Finnestere* was a sailboat. He was amazed how capable she was. Everyone was topside except Joe’s wife. I slid the hatch open a few inches and looked in disbelief

as I saw his wife stretched out as we rolled and pitched holding the gimbale stove from swinging which it was designed to do and stretching to reach the gimbale table to keep it from doing what it was designed to do, keeping food and dishes from swinging and sliding to the floor (cabin sole). She was new to sailing. I closed the hatch and moved over to Joe and said, "Your wife would be better off up here. She is going to get very seasick. Doesn't she understand we have a minimum of 1650 nautical miles to go?"

"That is just what I was thinking. She won't come up here, let's go back to Christobal dock! Will you take *Finnestere* to St. Petersburg for me? We will fly back to Florida."

"Joe, please write down your Marina name, your slip number and your phone number. We will deliver her to you in St. Pete."

I called to all to stand by to come about and around we went to our reciprocal course back for Christobal with rain hard against us on deck and 40 to 60 feet of visibility. I asked Marco in Spanish if he would continue the bow watch. I let him move around to get his limbs functioning and with some quick food he said, "Si, Gracias!" He was ready to return to the Christobal dock if we could find it. I tied the lines around him and secured the lines to pad eyes. He was great crew, with two like him for crew we could go round the world. All on board were told that we were going back to the Christobal dock. We needed the help of those on deck to find it and to keep a good look out for ship traffic. The entrance into the harbor would be difficult to find, all were alert. The rain did fly in the wind. My dead reckoning gave us ten nautical miles of near zero visibility to find the entrance to the harbor. When it rains it pours in Panama.

We found the opening, crossed the harbor, found Joe's dock and Joe and his wife came on deck with their entire luggage and threw it on the dock before we could get the boat's dock lines secured. I often wonder if they, or she, will ever go sailing again. Probably the sign would read "Boat for Sale."

We replenished our drinking water in the boat's tank and cast off for Florida. It was good to be sailing again before the storm might stop. We were away for Islas San Andres, Providencia and Grand Cayman just below the South Coast of Cuba. A clear morning after fast sailing all night, a good breakfast and now 18 MPH trade wind in the Caribbean bound for the Dry Tortugas Island off the tip of Cuba. Three days and night found us 30 miles off Dry Tortugas at 3 PM with a very blue sky and warm air streaked with hot wind.

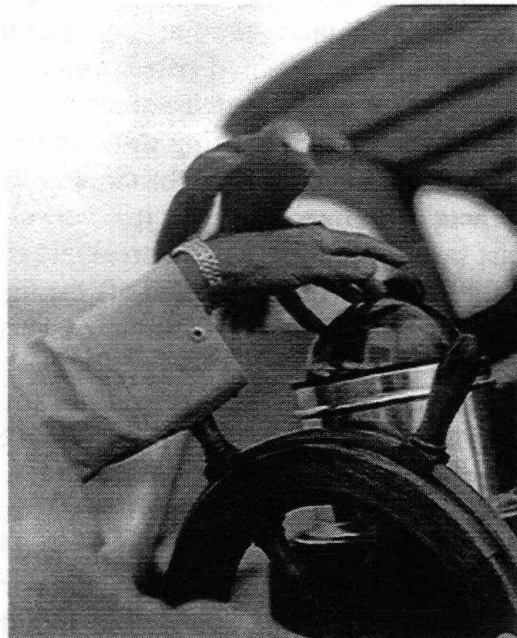
I had sailed through these conditions four times before when in the Caribbean, so I was alert. In forty minutes it hit – a White Squall with no heavy cloud – just 50 to 65 miles per hour of hot wind carrying with it a huge unbelievable swarm, a brown mass of insects enough to darken the day light. It was millions of untold types of insects. Our group was about the deck in beach togs and bikinis screaming, slapping the stingers, the biters, the horned types, the crawlers, the winged types, the wingless, and the jumpers. If we yelled or made voice sounds our mouths were with uncontrolled actions of legs, wings or bodies. In our eyes, nose and ears out of control masses of the over population of insects were on us – onto us. The people were more out of control than the insects

over-dubbing over-biting, rolling on the insects or I mean decks. Hot perspiring bodies provided moisture for our uninvited guests especially the bees, crickets, spiders, butterflies and beetles. The people were out of control with their defense abilities.

The insects were all over my bare skin stinging and biting. I had enough wings on me to fly. I was reliving the second White Squall I had experienced. On the deck was a coiled rope for handling and trimming the jib. I flipped the coil over and grabbed the loose end. With the end of the line in hand I dove off the deck into the sea. While under I tied a bowline knot around my body just in time as the line went taught jerking me at 8 knots nearly doubled up. I grabbed the line and was brought to the surface quickly with fewer bugs. I went hand over hand back on deck to see the slap fest still in session. I hated walking on that excessive number of arthropod insects under my bare feet. It was an unusual carpet of wings, bodies and legs that didn't want to leave.

With the bailing bucket, I tossed sea water on the patients and the deck as the carpet diminished out through the scuppers to the sea. I washed the sea salt off and donned some sailing clothes for it was my watch. We still had decreasing winds from the White Squall. Sailing by compass, I lit my pipe and was enjoying the wind when down out of the wind came two beautiful web footed sea birds with long tapered wings, tapered bills and with shining black feathers and legs. Their foreheads and crowns were very attractive being very white with a sharp demarcation from the shiny black to the snowy white at their heads and crowns. I was fascinated by these sea birds as they descended close to the mainsail as the boat sailed at eight knots. One female came directly toward the spherical compass with her wings slowly retracting. I was concerned with all the movement and her apparent attempt to land on the smooth glass compass, that I extended my hand quickly. The beautiful sea bird gracefully landed on the back of my hand. She seemed intent on checking the compass, probably to verify her position and getting her course for her pending departure after this visitation and Affaire.

These beautiful sea birds were identified with my bird book section on Terns. I had had associations with many types of terns through my years at sea. They were readily identified by their distinctive markings. They were new to me, very attractive and alert. They nodded, bowed and scraped, gestures, according to the book, that occurs during breeding-courting season of Spring and Summer. It was timing just right as they nodded and bowed to me. It was pleasant finding such intimate interest from



these interesting sea beauties. They made metallic sounds in a high range as they nodded

and bowed. I tried to mimic their courtly sounds and found I could nod in unison with them. I hoped they didn't feel that I was being naughty or out of place.

They stayed with me for two days as I sailed to Dry Tortugas, their home. They flew from the *Finnestere* and scooped up small fish as they swooped down to the water with bills open, and then returned. When we neared their island we nodded and bowed our "Good Byes". I hope we meet again when I sail, so we can resume an unforgettable Affaire.

They nodded as they
Flew away, I hope
It was affirmation
For I said Aye Aye.

2,000-year-old ship raised near Leaning Tower of Pisa

The San Diego Union-Tribune | **WORLD** | Wednesday, December 18, 2002

Roman vessel found among others in '98

By Ariel David
ASSOCIATED PRESS

PISA, Italy — Archaeologists cautiously raised a 2,000-year-old Roman ship yesterday from a muddy former riverbed packed with more than a dozen ancient boats near the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The 40-foot-long ship is the largest and best-preserved of about 20 Roman vessels discovered by chance in 1998.

The ships sank, probably because of floods while docked on a long-vanished river tributary.

The vessel hauled up yesterday — the second boat to be removed from the mud — is remarkable because it is believed to be the only warship among those discovered.

However, it is just one part of an extraordinary find that project director Andrea Camilli described as "an encyclopedia of ancient navigation."

In the still-buried merchant ships, experts have found almost-intact shipments of wine, food, clothes and construction

materials from across the Mediterranean.

Among the most exotic finds were the remains of a North African lion, probably destined for a gladiatorial spectacle in a Roman town.

"We often have the wrong idea about ancient peoples: They traveled and traded just like we do today," Camilli said. "Although this harbor was relatively unimportant, we have found here products originating in faraway places such as North Africa or the valley of the Danube."

The ship raised yesterday had a sleek shape of a fast oar-powered vessel, armed with a reinforced prow designed to ram enemy ships.

"It's the best preserved ship of antiquity ever found," Camilli said.

It will need to undergo a painstaking restoration process over the next four years before being displayed in Pisa's newly opened Museo delle Navi, the Museum of Ships.

One key puzzle for researchers has been why layers of ancient ships sank over eight centuries in the same place, a

one-time harbor on a long-vanished tributary of the River Arno, on whose banks Pisa and Florence are built.

Archaeologists believe at least five catastrophic floods, which destroyed the harbor throughout the centuries, were responsible. Until the fall of the Roman Empire, the harbor was rebuilt after each flood.

The silt that covered the ships was the key to their preservation, providing for an airless environment that prevented decomposition.

But in Roman times, the waves of mud that obliterated the harbor meant certain death for anyone caught in the flood.

An extraordinary testimony to this has been transferred to the Museo delle Navi: the complete skeleton of a drowned Roman sailor who was trapped under fallen ship rigging and died clutching his pet basset hound, whose bones also survived.

Pisa — 5½ miles from the coast — was an important Roman naval asset, and ancient sources mention fleets setting out from it for Gaul and Spain during the Second Punic War.

A Harried Filmmaker Finds Refuge at 16,000 Feet

By HAL HINSON

THE overwhelming success of "Titanic" put James Cameron in select company. It gave him the only power in Hollywood that really matters — the power to make his movies, his way. Except that making another movie after "Titanic" was just about the last thing in the world James Cameron wanted to do.

"After 'Titanic,' everyone wanted me to go out immediately and make another feature," Mr. Cameron said recently while polishing off the remains of a protein bar in his suite of offices here. "I like making movies, but I like to do a lot of things, and when you make a movie, that's all you do. You take the phone off the hook and you don't answer it for a year."

While Hollywood waited for him to announce the plans for his next film, Mr. Cameron did what he had always done when he finished a job. "Whether it was 'Terminator' or 'Aliens' or 'The Abyss,' I'd always go on a diving trip," he said. "Filmmaking is insanity. The ocean is where I go to regain my sanity."

And the ocean is where Mr. Cameron went to make a pair of documentaries that allowed him to score a rare trifecta of business, art and pleasure. The first, "James Cameron's Expedition: Bismarck," has its premiere tonight on the Discovery Channel.

Mr. Cameron sees the new documentaries as growing out of the same fascination with strange worlds and alien landscapes that fuels his interest in science fiction. "If I had my life to live over again, I would devote myself completely to oceanography," he said, adding that filming at the bottom of the sea was like making a movie on the moon. "It's like living in science fiction. And it's the closest I'll ever come to going to another planet."

"Expedition: Bismarck" examines the events leading up to May 27, 1941, when Winston Churchill wagered the fate of Britain on the seemingly impossible task of sinking the battleship Bismarck, Germany's indomitable killing machine.

"It is impossible to overstate how essential it was for the British forces to destroy the Bismarck," Mr. Cameron said. The ship, which he called "the Death Star of its day," had already dealt a crushing blow to British morale by sinking the Hood, the pride of the British fleet, with one shell.

Mr. Cameron said that his objective was to bring to life what it was like to be on the ship. "The soldiers on the Bismarck came from a world that is so different from our

own," he said. "And yet there are so many echoes of what is happening in our world today. I think there are lessons to be learned from the psychotic paroxysm of World War II, where 50 million people died."

Although documentary filmmaking has "its own rigors and challenges," telling the story of the Bismarck was not all that different from what he had experienced on "Titanic," he said. "You still go in with a set of goals you hope to accomplish, but because you're dealing with reality, you can't script everything out in advance. As a writer, the beauty is that you are dealing with the unknown, where anything can happen. And yet you're still trying to tell a story while remaining true to what actually happened."

Through the use of the remotely operated vehicles developed by Mike Cameron, Mr. Cameron's brother, for "Titanic," "Expedition: Bismarck" allows the viewer to "fly" through the wreck of the battleship, which came to rest some 16,000 feet below the

surface of the Atlantic. Combining these unprecedented images with archival film, animation and dramatic re-enactments, as well as interviews with two German seamen who survived the ship's final battle, "Expedition: Bismarck" gives Mr. Cameron and the film's historical experts the opportunity to finally resolve the debate over whether the British sunk the Bismarck or whether the ship, crippled by a lucky torpedo round, was intentionally scuttled by the Germans.

Though "Expedition: Bismarck" will be seen first, it actually grew out of "Ghosts of the Abyss," a large-format, 3-D documentary about an expedition to the wreck of the Titanic in August and September 2001. "Ghosts," which allowed Mr. Cameron to create a definitive record, inside and outside, of the ship that has played such a significant role in his life, will be released in IMAX theaters in April.

Both "Expedition: Bismarck" and "Ghosts of the Abyss" grew out of Mr. Cameron's desire for a 3-D technology flexible enough to use for a fictional film about a mission to Mars (the film is "still lurking out there somewhere," he said). "Ghosts of the Abyss" was designed in essence as a test run for what Mr. Cameron and his brother called "the reality camera" — "because you really feel like you are there," Mr. Cameron said.

He added: "I think of these projects as a

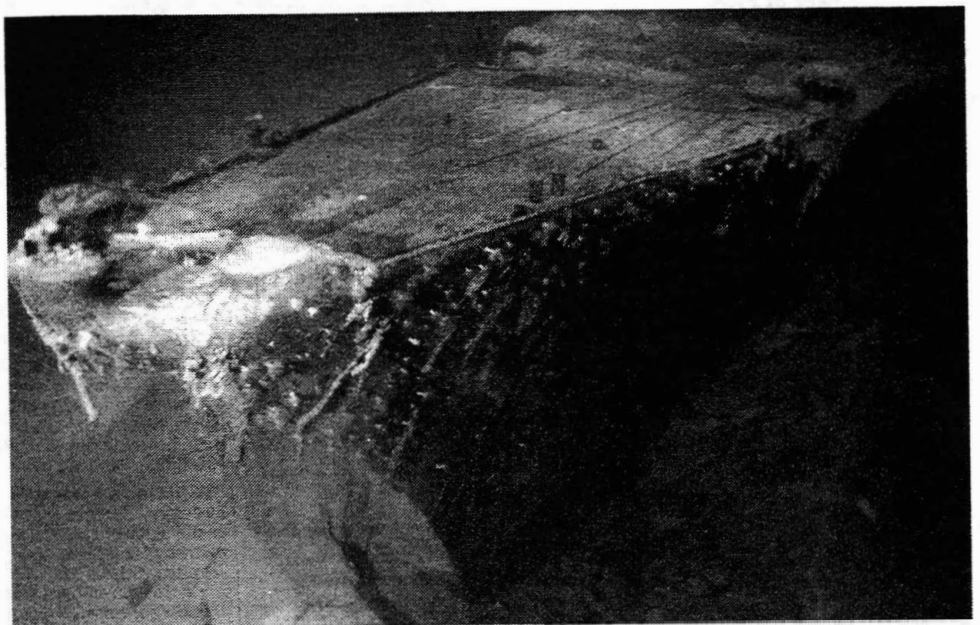
Under pressure after

'Titanic,' James

Cameron escaped into

TV, but still sought his

stories in the depths.



James Cameron/Discovery Channel

The bow of the Bismarck, which sank during a 1941 battle with British warships.

completely alternative and discrete thing for me to be doing, whether a film or television project ever comes from them or not. My objective on these films is to break even. Basically, I'm getting someone else to foot the bill for my adventure. I got this windfall from 'Titanic,' which nobody expected. So if I break even and my mind is occupied, then I'm happy."

Mr. Cameron, 48, who was born in Kapuskasing, Ontario, to an electrical engineer father and an artist mother, admitted that there was little rhyme or reason to his career path over the last four years. "I know some people might have trouble connecting the dots," he said. "The things I've been doing are things that are just for me. I've been, you know" — he gave an embarrassed shrug — "having a lot of fun."

For a man who's supposedly been going through a dry spell, Mr. Cameron has been anything but idle. He served as executive producer of the Fox television series "Dark Angel," a futuristic drama set in a post-apocalyptic San Francisco that lasted two seasons. Though he directed only one episode — the second season's finale — he was involved in virtually every episode. He was also the producer of "Solaris," the Steven Soderbergh science-fiction film starring

Scapa Flow

'I'm getting someone else to foot the bill for my adventure,' James Cameron says.

George Clooney, which is Mr. Cameron's only feature-film credit since "Titanic."

Television became an especially attractive alternative, Mr. Cameron said, because of the increasing pressure that came with the ever-increasing budgets for his movies. "I know myself," he said. "And I know that I love big pictures that require a certain infusion of cash. But a certain momentum begins to accumulate so that with each project, the budget gets bigger and bigger and bigger."

Television broke that cycle — it provides "a highly disciplined environment," he said. And in television, he couldn't fall back on the special effects and big action sequences that had started to become a kind of security blanket. "Ultimately, it puts the onus back on you as a writer. You're stripping away the artifice, the visual effects and all that until all that's left are people and relationships. You're saying, if I'm not telling an interesting story with interesting characters,

I have nothing else to hide behind."

Though he was frustrated when "Dark Angel" was canceled — the third season would have been crucial, he said — Mr. Cameron's experience with the series was,

on the whole, positive. It taught him that great things could be accomplished on a limited budget — but only if the preparation was good. "The final product may not have the level of detail and nuance that you'd

demand from a feature," he said. "But a performance is a performance is a performance. If you work with a good actor, you don't need 10 takes."

Another lesson he learned was more personal and, Mr. Cameron said, harder to put into words. "It's not about stage fright. But I think there is a freedom that comes from being able to work intuitively, and that is possible only when it doesn't all mean so much."

Mr. Cameron was not ready to announce what his next feature would be, but said he had three projects lined up and ready to go. "All that remains," he said, "is deciding the order in which to make them. It's kind of a big plan, and it's all going to become clear over time. But you know the old saying: If you want to keep a secret, don't tell anybody."

"My fantasy," he added, "is to go out like John Huston, propped up in a wheelchair, with an oxygen tube up my nose, growling out, 'Action!' I don't know if I can be chasing around in a wet suit after whale sharks when I'm 80, but as long as my mind works, I will still be able to do my thing." □

BISMARCK, German battleship of 45,000 tons, was completed at Kiel early in 1941 and sailed, accompanied by the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, from Gdynia on 18 May for operations against British convoys in the North Atlantic. She was reported as she passed through the Kattegat and sighted by air reconnaissance while in harbour near Bergen taking on additional fuel. Attempting to break out into the Atlantic through the Denmark Strait between Iceland and Greenland, she was again sighted and reported by two British cruisers on patrol there, the *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*, which settled down to shadow her, reporting all her movements and alterations of course.

Meanwhile the British Home Fleet had sailed from *Scapa Flow. A northern squadron, consisting of the old battle-cruiser *Hood* and the newly commissioned but as yet unworked-up battleship *Prince of Wales*, was south of Iceland; the commander-in-chief in the battleship *King George V*, with the battle-cruiser *Repulse*, the aircraft carrier *Victorious*, three cruisers, and seven destroyers sailed on a more southerly course to cover outward and homeward bound convoys.

The *Hood* and the *Prince of Wales* made contact with the *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen* as they emerged from the Denmark Strait early on 24 May. In a brief action the *Hood* was sunk and the *Prince of Wales* damaged; the *Bismarck* was also hit three times, one shellburst isolating 1,000 tons of oil fuel stowed in tanks forward, a hit which had a considerable bearing on subsequent events. After the sinking of the *Hood*, the *Prince of Wales* joined the *Suffolk* and *Norfolk* and continued to shadow the German ships.

Later that day the British commander-in-chief detached the carrier *Victorious* to carry out an air attack with torpedoes on the *Bismarck*. One hit was obtained at about midnight, but did no damage to the *Bismarck*.

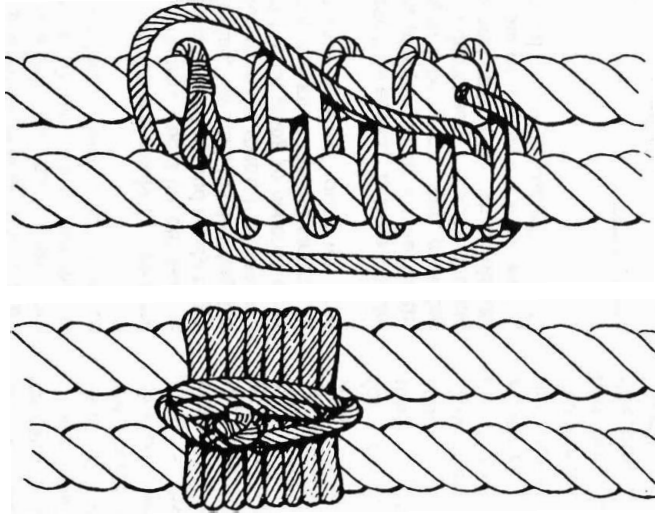
Meanwhile the British Admiralty had ordered Force H, consisting of the battle-cruiser *Renown*, the aircraft carrier **Ark Royal*, and the cruiser *Sheffield*, normally stationed at Gibraltar, to sail to the northward, and the battleship *Rodney*, then some 550 miles to the north-eastward, to close the enemy. Early in the morning of the 25th, the *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen* parted company, the former steering south-eastward towards the coast of France, the latter southward into the mid-Atlantic. The reason for the *Bismarck* making for a port on the French coast was the loss of those 1,000 tons of oil fuel during the earlier action.

At about the same time the shadowing cruiser, the *Suffolk*, lost her radar contact with the *Bismarck*, and the German ship disappeared into the Atlantic. It was at first thought in the fleet that she had broken away to the north-westward, and both ships and aircraft searched in that direction. It was not until the evening that firm indications were received that she was in fact steaming towards a French port. By that time the British Home Fleet was about 150 miles astern of her.

All through the day of the 25th, and the night of the 25th/26th, the *Bismarck* was lost, and it was not until 1030 on the morning of the 26th that she was sighted by a shore-based aircraft flying a search patrol. Within a few minutes, naval aircraft from the carrier *Ark Royal* were also in touch, and they shadowed her throughout the day. Although the weather was deteriorating fast, naval air torpedo attacks were mounted from the *Ark Royal* during the evening of the 26th, and three hits on the *Bismarck* were obtained. Two did little damage, but the third torpedo hit her on her rudders, so that she was unable to steer. She came up into the wind, her speed reduced to six or seven knots.

A destroyer flotilla detached from a convoy made contact with her that night, keeping her always in sight and attacking with torpedoes. She was hit five more times. And throughout the night the *King George V* with the *Rodney* in company were closing for the kill. They sighted the stricken ship shortly after 0800 on the 27th and, opening fire with their heavy guns, reduced her to a shambles in a little less than an hour. She was finally sunk by torpedoes from the cruiser *Dorsetshire*. One hundred and ten survivors were picked up by the *Dorsetshire* and the destroyer *Maori*.

SEIZE, to, the operation of binding with small stuff as, for instance, one rope to another, or the end of a rope to its own part to form an eye. There are many varieties of *seizing according to the method of binding and the function which is to be served, such as flat or round seizing where the binding twine is passed in continuous turns, racking seizing where each turn is crossed between the two parts being seized, throat seizing where the seizing is passed with the turns crossing each other diagonally, etc. A seizing is always 'clapped on'.



Racking seizing

SEIZING, (1) the cord or twine, generally known as small stuff, by which ropes are *seized to each other, (2) the name given to the finished product when the two parts have been seized together.

San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

1492 N Harbor Drive

San Diego CA 92101



San Diego Ship Modelers G
Guild Master Don Bienvenue
First Mate K.C. Edwards
Purser Richard Strange
Editor Jacki Jones
LogKeeper Bob McPhail

**Next Meeting Wednesday January 8 Check at Ticket Desk for Location
6:30 pm social, 7 pm meeting**