



# San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

1492 N. Harbor Drive

San Diego, CA 92101

MARCH 2003

NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 27, NO.3



San Diego Ship Modelers Guild Members enjoy coffee and cookies while gathering around **KC Edwards** detailed ship model plans which he obtained from the Smithsonian for only \$5.00. **KC** explained that an extensive catalogue of plans from the Smithsonian can be obtained for \$10.00.

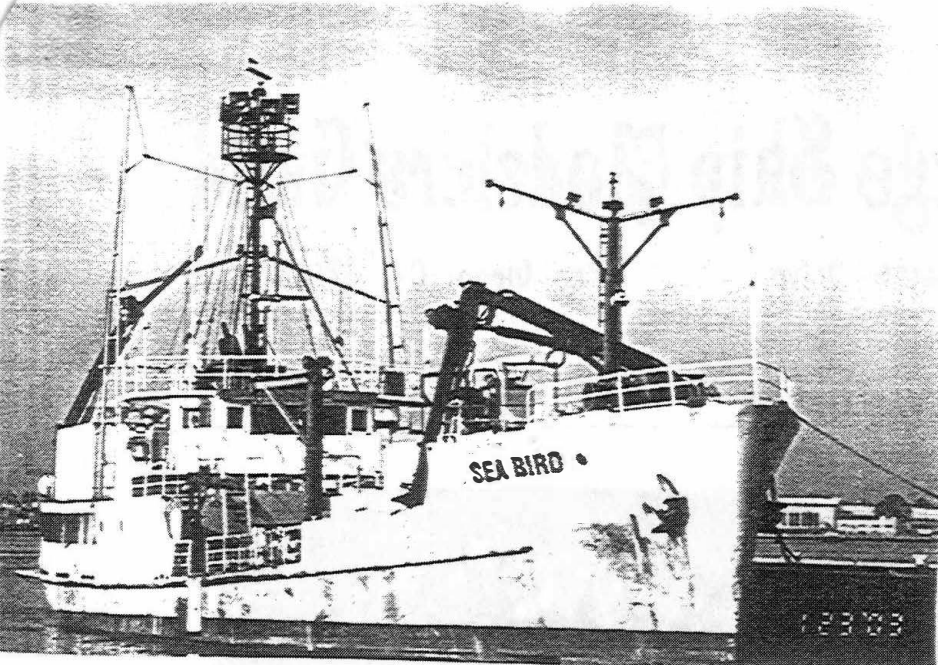
## It was a Dark and Stormy February Meeting Night...

Undaunted by wet and stormy conditions, Guild Members gathered on the Berkeley for an intimate, smaller than usual Meeting. Our Guildmaster **Don Bienvenue** was unable to attend and his duties were taken over by the First Mate, **KC Edwards**.

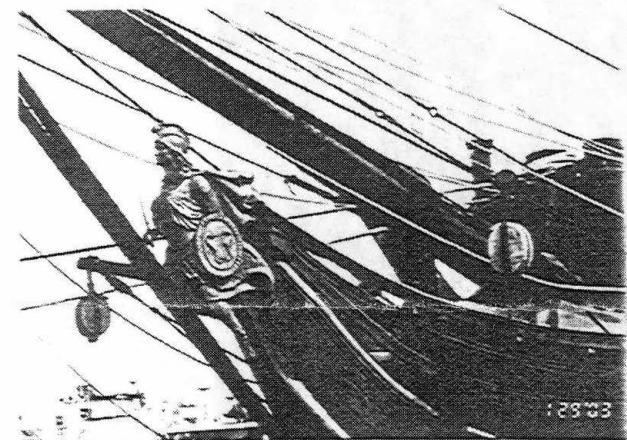
K C Edwards opened the meeting at 7:05 pm. He presented the purser's report. As of December 31, there was a balance of \$<redacted>. Income for January was \$<redacted>.

Subtracting expenses, as of January 31, the guild has a balance of \$<redacted>.

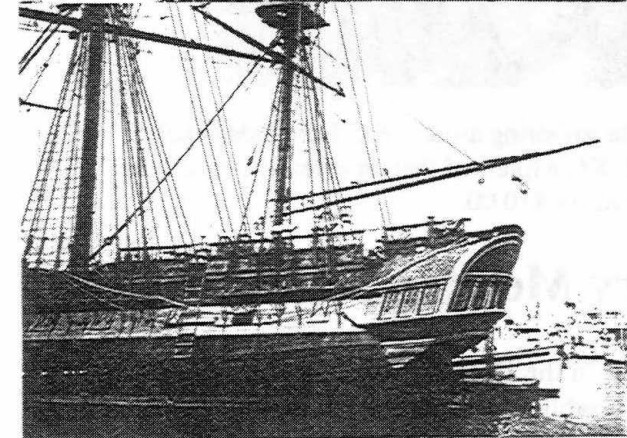
New members and visitors then introduced themselves. **J., Price** is working on *HMS BOUNTY* and previously worked on R/C models. **Hideki Yamato** is building the Midwest model of a sharpie. **John Robbins** is building a Dutch fishing boat. **Fiona Black** is new to the hobby.



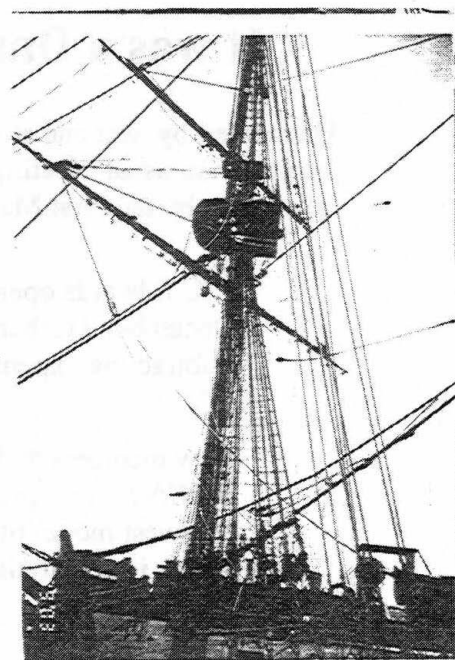
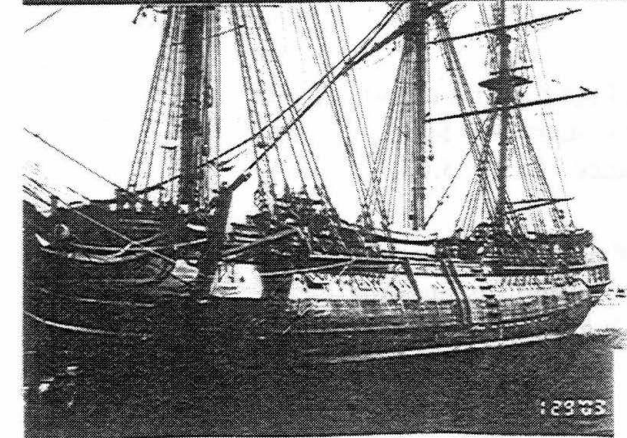
Two ships that are currently in San Diego.



The *AKL 14 (SEA BIRD)* is docked at the pier north of Seaport village. Originally the *USS HEWEL* was also known as the *RELUCTANT* in the movie *Mr. Roberts*



the *ROSE* is docked at Kettemberg Marine. She was used in the movie *Master and Commander, the Far Side of the World*.



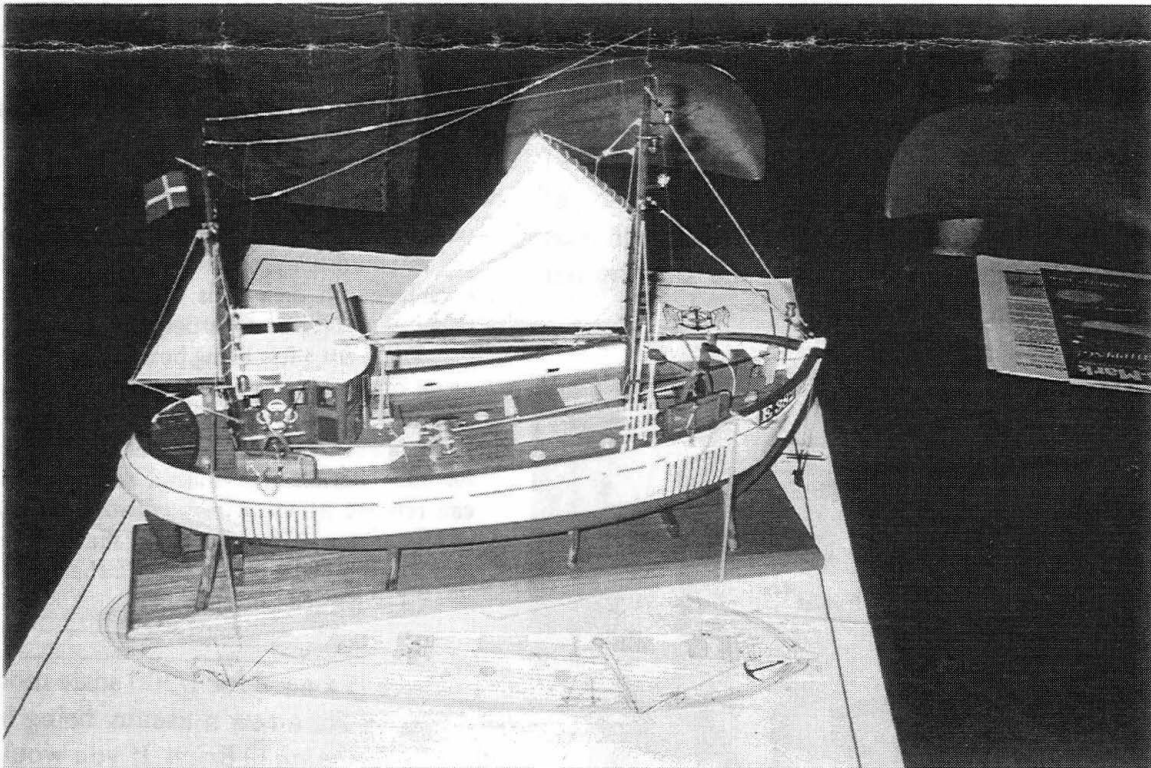
Robert Hewitt announced that he went to look at the HMS ROSE (HMS SURPRISE) and took some pictures which he then passed around to the members present.

It was announced that at the north end of Seaport Village, the vessel from the "MR. ROBERTS" movie is berthed. Now called the SEABIRD, it is the same class of vessel as the ex USS PUEBLO.

In the area of new business, Robert Hewitt discussed the San Diego County Fair and passed around the sign up sheet for manning of the booth. He also discussed the model competition and prizes which will be awarded.

Nominations for the slate of officers was announced. Additionally, Robert Hewitt and **Jacki Jones** will be co editors of the newsletter. Elections will be held during the March meeting.

After the break there was "SHOW and TELL" **Robert Hewitt** brought in a miniature of a Portuguese wine boat. **Howie Franklin** showed his finished model of a fishing boat. **Bill Luther** told everyone about the latest developments of the two full sized brigantines being fitted out in San Pedro. Bill did all of the drawings for these ships.



Howie Franklin did not do any soaking , steaming or heating of the planks when he installed them on the ship. He simply bent the basswood over the formers.

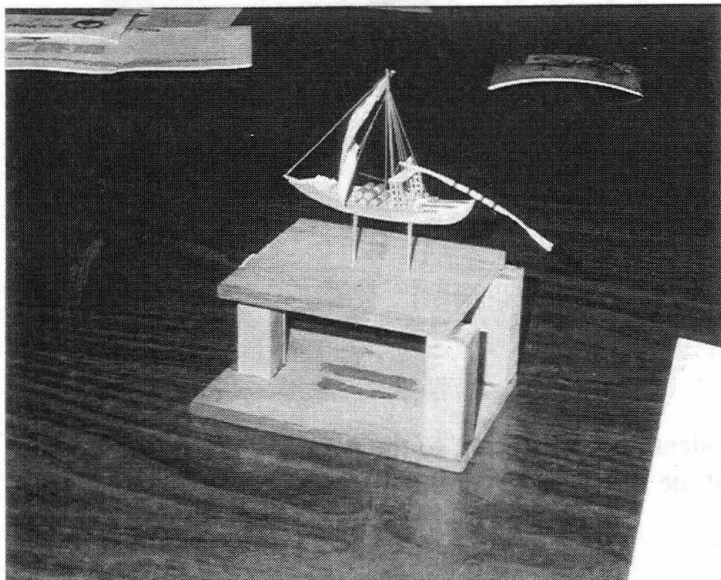
WINE BOAT scale: 1"=20 ft.

By Robert Hewitt  
Scratch built

Two months ago, our guild held an auction of models, parts, books and magazines. I was the only bidder for a stack of about twenty-five magazines. Included in the packet was a May/June 1993 issue of WOODEN BOAT. The most interesting article to me was an article by Simon Watts on the wine boats of Portugal. Included was a very good set of plans.

A few years ago I had built a model of this boat from a picture book but it wasn't very close to the plans that I now had on hand. A few days later I received a call from the dealer that I sold this model to. He had a client who was a wine dealer and his wife wanted a wine boat to give to him for a birthday present. I started the model while the dealer contacted his client on the price. I finished the model last week and received a call from the dealer to go ahead and start it!

The model represents a boat of seventy feet in length. The hull is a basswood plug planked with pear. The deck is holly. Rigging is of copper and brass wire. The large casks were made of pear and the iron hoops are made of ebony shavings. The cuddy cabin is made of ebony and pear painted with Floquil rail box yellow. According to the plans the steering oar is thicker than the mast!



## THRU THE LUBBERS HOLE

By Robert Hewitt

The Wine Boats of Portugal

The Portuguese, like the Chinese, seem to have a boat for carrying every conceivable item. There is even one craft with the roughly translated name of the "boats of the dealers of bacon". The *barco rabelo* is the best known of these flat bottomed boats that ply the Duro River in northern Portugal.

The river makes a steep descent through a deep gorge with terraced sides of vineyards. The grapes are gathered and pressed in the fall. The *barcos rabelos* were built to bring the barrels of new port wine down the river to the city of Porto in the spring before the hot weather arrived and spoiled the wine.

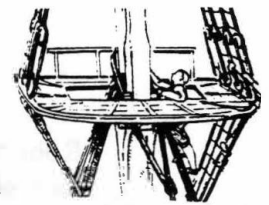
In the spring the river ran at full force and the boats were piled high with wine barrels. The vessels maneuvered down river with four sweeps and an immense steering oar called the *espadela*. The skipper, (*arraís*) stood on a twelve-foot high platform (*apegadas*). This gave him a clear view of the dangers ahead. Mast and sails were stowed for the trip down river.

The crews lived on the vessel, tying up at night as it was illegal to travel after dark. They cooked and ate on the forward rowing platform and slept on the stern platform. Inside the *apegadas* hung the sails, kit bags, coils of rope, ship's papers and a shrine with the image of their favorite saint. The bedding was stored in the cuddy (*coqueiro*).

The return trip, with empty barrels was less eventful, assisted by the large square sail, oars and teams of oxen on shore. The skipper had a line attached to the foot of the square sail so he could raise it in order to obtain a clear view of the river ahead.

The wine is now shipped by truck, and the Duro river now has a series of dams to tame it. These lovely boats are still on display, sporting the logos of the various wine companies on their sails. There are races that have as many as a dozen craft participating.

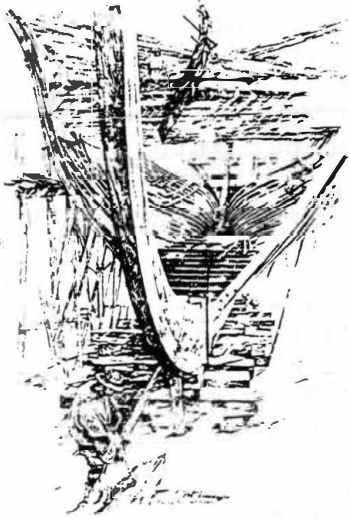
There are a few being built today, in the same manner using frame patterns passed on through generations. They still use an *enxo* (pronounced en-shaw) to cut scarfs, bevel plank edges, and trim frames. The tool is similar to the adze, but the grip is at the same level as the blade. It can remove heavy chunks of wood and also shave fine slivers. Some of the shapes on the outer portions of the hull are trimmed with the aid of a chain saw.



There is a need for 1/500 scale model merchant ships for a new museum being built on the *Jeremiah O'Brien*. If you would like to participate call Ed Von der Porten at <redacted>.

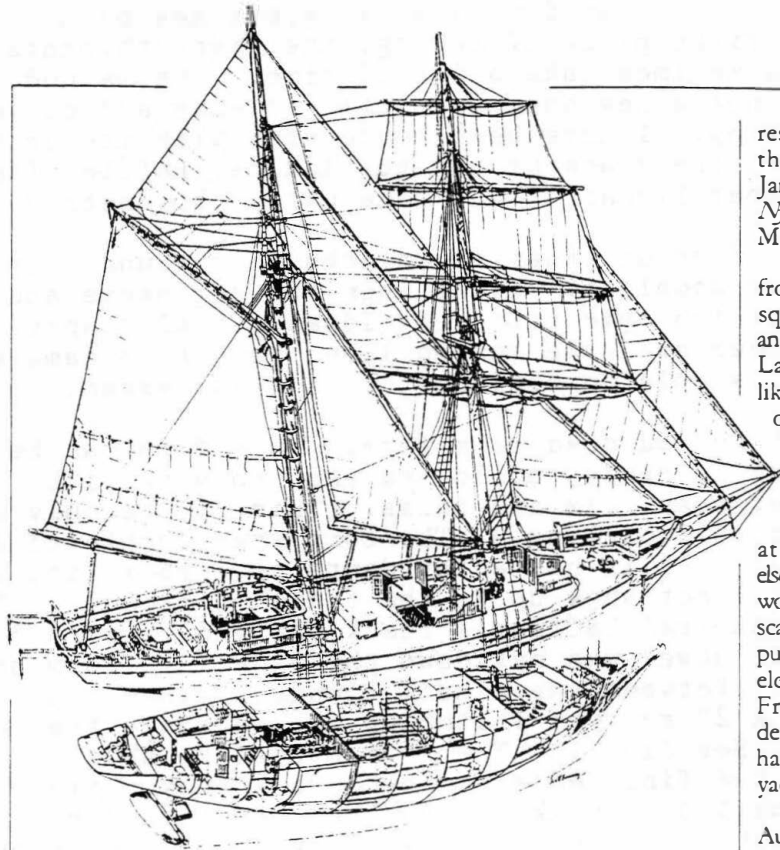
## Building the Brigantines *Irving* and *Exy Johnson*

Much like husband and wife Irving and Exy Johnson (see p.3), Jim Gladson, a Los Angeles County school teacher by trade, dared to dream and has helped to change the lives of many. The young voyagers he mentors, however, are different from the privileged youngsters that sailed the *Yankees*. Gladson's young are teenagers from the greater Los Angeles area, many of whom are afraid to enter the adjacent districts due to gang/tribal differences that could compromise their safety. To quote Captain Gladson from his speech at the launching of the new brigantines, "In years past, ships like these were sometimes used for warfare. ... In fact, these vessels are designed and being built as warships for the twenty-first century. Our enemies are ignorance, fear, ineptitude and, above all, a lack of confidence. So many kids are



produced whose personal visions do not yet include the expectation of a future with personal success."

In 1992 Jim set up the Los Angeles Maritime Institute (LAMI). He allied it with the Maritime Museum of Los Angeles in San Pedro, California. He bought a 65'-LOD Chapelle-designed topsail schooner, that, since the 1930s, had made a name for herself as the *Swift of Ipswich*. The programme he and his volunteers crafted immerses students for one day a week over a five-week period. Together, students and volunteers plan and finally execute a three-day trip to one of the nearby Channel Islands. All planning, from provisioning,



to watch duties, to making course choices, is in the hands of the young crew who are overseen on board by experienced sail trainers.

The programme was soon turning around the lives of many kids and Jim looked for another ship; he acquired the schooner *Bill of Rights*. His plans for the future were even bigger. In 1996 Jim flew to Baltimore, Maryland, for a three-day American Sail Training Association conference. He promoted his ideas to build two new ships with which to help disadvantaged youths of America and was met with uproarious moral support. The European and British sectors applauded the loudest. Besides the programme he had already developed, the plan to lay two keels at once was brilliant and would allow

him to serve dual missions: one ship would be for offshore adventure, the other for day sailing. Cost of materials was also a consideration – building two at a time would be proportionately cheaper.

Jim began seeking out plans of brigantines. Such ships are not designed every day, but a suitable sail and hull plan did eventually surface. It was drawn by a German, Henry Gruber, in the 1930s – a handy-looking rig and hull with lots of strings to pull. Modification for wood construction and general design consultation went to William Crealock, better known for his yacht-design work.

Allen C. Rawl and his wife Elizabeth were hired to supervise the construction of the ships – together the couple have been

responsible for the building of the replicas *Susan Constant* at Jamestown, Virginia, and *Kabmar Nyckel* at Wilmington, Delaware (see Maritime N°7).

A giant piece of purpleheart from South America arrived, 30+'' square and 70' long. The stem and gripe were also in purpleheart. Laminated oak frames formed like arcing church beams were ordered from Wisconsin; and bronze fittings were all custom-made. Planking is of South American locust. In my years of watching shipwrights at work in Scandinavia and elsewhere I have come to appreciate wood, metal and joints of generous scantlings but, despite their size and purpose, these working ships have elegant yacht forms much like L. Francis Herreshoff might have designed. The external lead ballast has the form and symmetry of a yacht.

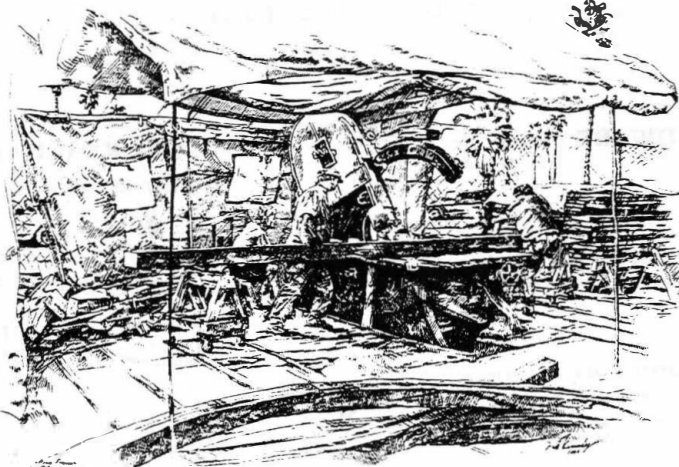
The masts were stepped on 7 August and, at the time of writing,



*Irving Johnson* is being prepared for the Parade of Sail on 6 September, part of the Los Angeles Tall Ships Challenge 2002. Both brigantines are expected to be complete and certified under USCG regulations by the end of October.

Back in 1995 I asked Gladson, who had been on his way north to consult with Martyn Clark then of S.A.L.T.S., Victoria, British Columbia (see Maritime N°4) why build of wood? Referring to Martyn's experience of water, wood and sail training, he replied that the bond formed between student and ship seems far greater when wood is the principal element.

For more information on *Irving* and *Exy Johnson*, the official Tall Ships of Los Angeles, contact Topsail LAMI, Berth 84, Foot of Sixth Street, San Pedro, CA 90731; tel: 310-833-6055; <www.brigantines.com>. Scott Kennedy



# MAKING SMOKESTACKS THE EASY WAY

By Emory A. Massman

Making smokestacks (or funnels) can sometimes be a trying experience. Finding the right piece of tubing, the right thickness, diameter, and length can sometimes take a lot of time. The method I am about to describe is not a new one, but it is so easy and convenient that it bears repeating. I have been successful with it for several years now, in fact, the stack of the tug Admiral Leffler (see cover photo of the November Binnacle) was made using this method.

In the early days of steam all stacks were round. This made things simple for us modelers. Since then the engineers and designers have come up with some different ideas. Oval shapes, oval shape with flat sides and some shaped like teapots to name a few. These all come off simple to construct with this system.

The first thing you need is a form. This form can be made from any material that is handy, solid and easy to work with. I have used wood, dowels, soap, wax and balsa. (This is the only use I have found for balsa in shipmodeling.) The form when completed doesn't have to be perfect. If it has a few dents or digs in it, don't worry about it. They will not show up in the finished product. The form used to make the Admiral Leffler's stack was made from a 3/4" dowel about 2" long. The dowel was cut down the middle to form half circles or half rounds. Between these half rounds I glued a piece of wood 1/2" x 3/4" x 2" so that I came up with a shape that was oval with flat sides. See Fig. 1. The form should be about 1/32" smaller all around than the finished stack because when you finish the stack it will be about 1/32" thick. Also the form should be a couple inches longer than the finished stack so that you can hang on to the form while you are working up the stack.

With the form ready we can start on the stack. Cut some paper into strips that are 1/4" or so wider than the finished stack length and about 12" long. Any good quality paper will do. I generally use 20 pound bond typing paper. Working in a scale less than 1/8" to the foot you may want to use a lighter weight paper. The bonding material we are going to use is white glue mixed with plain water. Use an old small brush to apply it. Mix enough water with the glue so that the glue is thinned enough that it brushes easily, about like thin paint. Put some of the glue-water mixture on the end of the paper as shown in Fig. 2. Starting at the place on the form that is the rear center of the stack begin wrapping the paper around the form glue side up. This gives you the first layer. Make the wrap snug, but not tight. If you get it too tight it will be difficult to get it off the form when finished. Continue wrapping and glueing as in Fig. 3. until you have 3 or 4 wraps around the form. The paper gets a little damp so be careful to keep it smooth and keep the wrinkles out. This is not hard to do, it just takes a little care. Finish the last wrap and end it adjacent to the starting point. Let it dry over night.

continued on next page

## 1. BEATING TO WINDWARD (sailing into the wind)

WIND DIRECTION



on port tack (sails on right)  
close hauled (sails in tight)

on starboard tack (sails on left)  
close hauled (sails in tight)

## 2. CLOSE REACH (sailing across the wind)

WIND DIRECTION



on starboard reach (sails on left)  
sheets eased (sails out 25%)

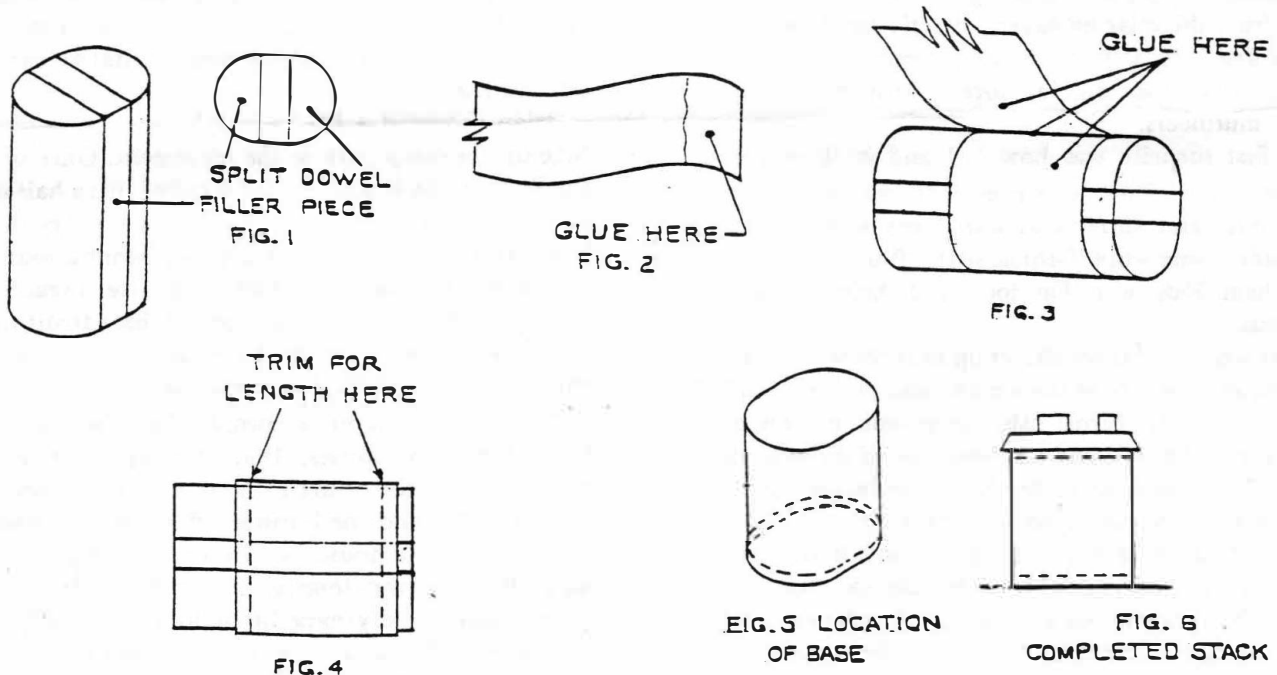
on port reach (sails on right)  
sheets eased (sails out 25%)

When the paper and glue are dry you can work it off the form. You do this to be sure that it is free from and not stuck to the form. Sliding it back onto the form, cut it to the proper length. See Fig. 4. In the case of the Admiral Leffler, the stack is perpendicular to the deck so both ends of the stack were cut at 90 degree angles to the length of the stack. If your stack has any rake, the bottom of the stack will have to be cut at an angle so the stack will sit at the proper angle when fastened to the deck. You will need to do this while the stack is on the form, as it is next to impossible to do it after it is removed from the form. I also use the form to hold the stack while painting and detailing it.

Cut out a piece of wood 1/16" thick the same shape as the cross section of the form. Glue this inside the stack at the bottom. See Fig. 5. This piece helps the stack hold it's shape and gives you something to use to fasten it to the deck.

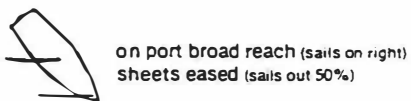
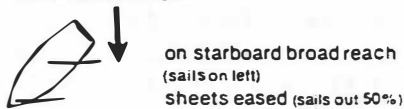
Shellac or seal the whole thing inside and out. This makes a good base for painting and will keep moisture away from the paper. If you started the wrap at the back of the stack and the stack has an exhaust pipe up the back, this will hide the seam. If not, sand, fill and seal the seam until the seam can't be seen. If the stack doesn't have a top or cowl, it's a good idea to fit another piece like the base about half way up inside the stack. Make and fit the cowl, if your stack needs one, and finish painting the stack. See Fig. 6.

This is all there is to it. I know if you try it, you will use this system often.



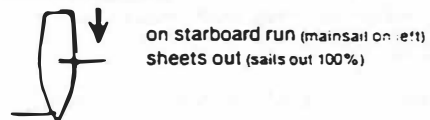
**3. BROAD REACH** (sailing away from the wind)

WIND DIRECTION



**4. RUN** (sailing before the wind)

WIND DIRECTION



# What happened to Mister Christian of H.M.S. *Bounty*?

Pitcairn! How exactly right it looked, this menacing monolith with long gashes of blood-red and ochre earth on its sides. "There is a spectral mood about the place," one writer has said, "a quality of eeriness and brooding in the landscape." I looked over at Brian studying the breakers with squinting black eyes. Finally he shouted "Now!" and gunned the outboard.

The little boat sprang forward in front of a great swell; we caught it and were propelled toward the pass. We surfed down the steep side of the breaker for a hundred yards and swept into the small opening between the boulders; Brian veered the craft sharply to the left and we glided alongside a concrete jetty.

Nearly all the islanders were on or around the landing place; because fewer than 500 visitors a year land on Pitcairn, a ship's arrival is a great event. We were helped from the boat by eager, friendly hands and I had my first look at these smiling people, nearly all descendants of the original dozen Tahitian women and the mutineers.

The first surprise was how tall and healthy the islanders looked. They were dressed in ordinary island garb—shorts and shirts and dungarees and Mother Hubbards. Some wore T-shirts with "Pitcairn" printed on them. Most were barefoot—and their feet were enormous.

There were several booths set up near their three 36-foot longboats and here the women and children sold beautifully carved birds, fish, canes—and models of the *Bounty*. The skill had not been passed down from the British seamen but rather had been learned from an Austrian wood-carver around the turn of the century. Sold unbelievably cheaply considering the amount of skill and time involved, the carvings are, along with the sale of postage stamps, the island's chief source of revenue. Nearly everyone on the island is or will be a wood-carver. The semiannual trek to Henderson Island, 106 miles away, to harvest the rare miro wood for the carvings is an important event on the Pitcairn calendar—and not without its dangers. Not only is the long trip in unpredictable seas risky, but the waters around Henderson teem with sharks. As proof, I was introduced to Nig Brown

"Totally m' fault," he said, somewhat sheepishly. "We caught this here 12-footer; I thought he was quite dead, stuck me hand in his mouth for a photo and he comes back t' life!"

Pitcairners, I soon noticed, have two languages. One, which they speak to visitors, is a rather correct, yet quaint English with overtones of New Zealand, where most of them go for two years of schooling. The other, which they speak among themselves, is a mixture of 18th-century English and Tahitian. "Humuch pebble levan on Peet-kern?" means "How many people live on Pitcairn?"; and "Humuch shep cor ya?" means "How often do ships call?"

I bought a fine model of the *Bounty* with wooden sails. On its deck a bonus was placed—a square, salt-encrusted nail from the wreck of the *Bounty*.

"She lies right over there," said Nig, pointing down the rugged coast, "right alongshore where Fletcher burned her. She's only in 40 feet of water and on a calm day we can dive down for the nails. Her anchor and rudder have been raised, and a couple of cannon. There's a gun still waiting to come up that we can see, all encrusted."

Brian provided a lift on his three-wheeled motorbike up the steep path to the settlement. Once up on the Edge, as the top of the cliff is called, it's a half-mile to Adamstown. Flowers and fruit are everywhere: bananas, guava, papaya, grapefruit, lemons, oranges, sugarcane and coconuts. And, of course, breadfruit. (The *Bounty* had been sent to gather breadfruit trees, which would be taken to the West Indies to supply cheap food for England's slave laborers there.)

Adamstown is barely a town. Its dirt road, bordered by half-hidden houses, leads through the public square, where the church, the court, the dispensary, the post office and the business office are clustered. In front of the courthouse, two children were playing on an anchor from the *Bounty*, recovered after a National Geographic Society expedition found the ship's remains in 1957. Virtually every place one goes on Pitcairn one is reminded of that ship. A cannon is prominently displayed along the road; Fletcher Christian's Bible is still used in church services.

Brian introduced us to Andrew Young, the bearded patriarch of the island, who was dressed in a bright-red aloha shirt for the occasion. Tall, active and amazingly healthy at 88, he is a descendant of both mutineers Young and Christian.



We sat on a bench in the square and Andrew said cheerfully that he intends to become the oldest man ever to have lived on Pitcairn. "Ah knew Duddie, y'know," he said, a slight, almost Scottish curl to his words. "He was 91 and I intend to outlive him!" He seemed pleased that I knew he was referring to Thursday October Christian the Second, Fletcher's grandson, who died in 1911. "Duddie used to tell me wonderful stories. He knew Isabella, or Mauatua—his grandmother, Fletcher's wife—also called Mainmast, that 'cause of her height, y'see. She lived till he was 20 and she told him of the bad early days and he told them to me. Were a gud old man, old Duddie were."

Those bad days were, indeed, horrendous. At first, Pitcairn was the Eden that Fletcher had envisioned. "But the six Tahitian men were treated like slaves, y'see," said Andrew, his gnarled hands folded over the carved head of his cane, shaped like a frigate bird. "They were not allowed to own land and after a few years there were quarrels over the women."

The upshot, Andrew continued, was that the Polynesian men killed some of the mutineers, including Fletcher Christian, and the remaining mutineers in turn killed them with the connivance of the women. Four years after landing, only the men named Young, Adams, Quintal and McCoy, and the women and children were left. Then liquor became a problem when McCoy, who had once worked in a distillery in Scotland, discovered how to brew a potent alcoholic drink from the roots of the ti plant. Quintal went berserk on the liquor and was killed by Young and Adams in self-defense. McCoy jumped drunkenly off a cliff into the sea, a rock tied around his neck.

That left Young and Adams. Then Young died of asthma, leaving Adams sole male survivor of the original party ten years after they'd landed. In his care were 10 women and 23 children. "Come along," said Andrew, "and I'll show you his grave, if you've a mind."

As we walked, he talked about the decline in population. "We don't have children the way we used to for some reason. Once there were 200 people on Peet-kern. But gradually we've dropped down to 48. The young ones go off to New Zealand to study, then some don't want to come back. Can't say as I blame them. Peet-kern is paradise, but there's not a lot to do in paradise."

We came to Adams' grave, a simple headstone surrounded by plants and bright flowers. "Luckily for us," said Andrew, "Adams set the standards early on for being industrious and good Christians, and although he had limited education himself, he taught all his descendants to read and write from the *Bounty* Bible." Behind the grave at the end of the island, a great finger of rock rises hundreds of feet in the air and is capped by a 20-foot gouge at the top. "That be Fletcher's Cave," said Andrew. "His wife told Duddie that he'd go up there and brood for long times at a go."

I told Andrew that I'd read an account claiming that Fletcher had managed to get off Pitcairn with a passing whaler and had returned to England.

"Poppycock!" said Andrew. "Fletcher's wife, Mainmast, told Duddie that Fletcher was one of the first killed by the Tahitian men!" "But where's his grave?" I asked. "Ah," said Andrew frowning, "that." "He must have a grave somewhere," I pressed. "He's probably buried under the tourhouse with the other men murdered at that time. At least, we think they're buried there." "Strange their leader's grave wouldn't be marked," I countered. Andrew didn't answer. I told him about my ancestor's daughter marrying into Fletcher's family. "That would be his cousin Thomas Law," Andrew said. "Married to the granddaughter of George Washington."

We walked up to the airy little school, which the 13 children attend. Judy and Lloyd Buckley teach and put out the monthly newsletter, "Miscellany" (pronounced miss-SELL-any). They are not Pitcairnians; they're here on a two-year assignment from the New Zealand government, which administers Pitcairn affairs for the British. Lloyd was pessimistic about Pitcairn's future. "It's a fragile paradise indeed," he said, "with the young people leaving and not enough children being born. We're down to 12 able-bodied men. It would be almost impossible to maintain the island with any fewer. There has been some new blood—Brian Young's wife, Karen, who arrived from Norway a few years ago, for example, and has two fine children. She came, incidentally, because she claims she'd seen the movie and was looking for Clark Gable. Brian's no Clark Gable, but he's a fine fella."

"What do people do all day on this tiny island?" I asked him. "Do? Why, there's plenty to do always. They weave and carve and mend the boats and bake bread and eat—Lord, how they love to eat! And they plant and harvest and gather firewood and tend the cemetery and fish and when the chores are all done there's the ham radio and a closed-circuit TV."

We were shown most of the rest of the island and each place seemed to have a story. The oldest house belonged to Fletcher Christian's son, Thursday October Christian. Vine-covered, white with age, the two-room shanty was made from some of the *Bounty*'s planks and though uninhabited now, it remains in fair condition. All the colorfully named landmarks that we passed had their stories: No Guts Captain (the burial spot of a seaman whose embalmed body found its way to Pitcairn); Where Minnie Off (the spot where a great-granddaughter of Christian was swept into the sea by a huge wave); Bang On Iron (the site of the original forge), and so forth.

The church bell rang and it was time to go back down the Hill of Difficulty to the boats. The captain of the cruise ship had invited everyone who lived on the island—the 48 descendants of the mutineers and the 20 others, like the Buckylys and the pastor and his wife—for lunch. Afterward all 48 Pitcairnians sang for us in the main saloon. I remember years ago Sterling

Hayden, the late actor-adventurer-author, telling me, "When you hear the Pitcairners sing their good-bye songs, everyone cries." Now, at the end of the afternoon as I saw the shining faces of these gracious people, survivors all, raised as they sang their rendition of a simple hymn, I felt a catch in my throat:

In the sweet bye and bye,  
 In the beautiful land beyond the sky  
 . . . we shall part  
 Never more, when we meet  
 On the be-yoo-tee-fool shore. . . .

I stopped Andrew before he went down the gang-plank, and tried one last time. "Do you think there's any possibility that Fletcher left the island?"

He shook his head vehemently. "Then Mainmast would not have been tellin' the truth to old Duddie, would she now!" And the subject was closed.

"Maybe I'll see you next year," I said.

He shook my hand in both of his. "No," he said with a sad smile. "People only come to Pitcairn once. Good-bye-cousin."

Reprinted from *Maritime Life and Traditions*  
 Winter 2002

### Finding Books on the Web

In an age of conglomerates and dot coms, Tall Ships Books is as fresh and welcome as a morning catspaw on a glassy pond. The internet maritime book store has developed an international following but has managed to hang on to the friendliness of a "mom and pop" grocery store.

Located in the great farming state of Iowa, Tall Ships Books is a family-owned catalogue and internet mail-order bookshop which provides new, used, and rare nautical fiction and nonfiction from the age of sail to the present.

The extremely popular and rapidly growing site is owned by George and Amy Jepson who are working feverishly to meet reader requests to locate rare and long-forgotten maritime titles. It has become their passion.

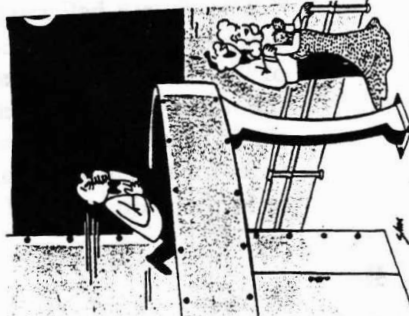
Tall Ships Books represents dozens of nautical authors, alive and dead, and has a growing inventory of more than 4,000 titles on the shelf at any given time. Whether your favourite author is Forester, Kent, Lambdin, Pope, O'Brian, Woodman, Mervat, or Julian Stockwin, Tall Ships Books will be able to provide half a dozen options, which may include hard cover, trade paperback, first edition, signed editions, paperback, and even books on tape.

As if that's not enough, the Jepsons publish a monthly print and on-line newsletter called *Bowsprit* focusing on leading and upcoming authors of nautical fiction, as well as internationally respected historians. Each issue promotes new titles and new editions, and gives a complete listing of recently acquired used books for sale on consignment.

Tall Ships Books specializes in hard to find, or out of print titles. The Jepsons spend considerable time mining information throughout the United States and Great Britain, and travel to England annually in search of autographed first editions and lost titles. They currently supply readers in countries around the world, including Australia, Japan, Spain, Canada, Switzerland, England, and Singapore.

For more information: Tall Ships Books, PO Box 188, Monticello, IA 52310-0188; tel. 319-465-2080; fax 319-465-4486; <tallshipsbooks@jemm.com>; <www.tallshipsbooks.com>.

Joseph Dittler



"Nothing could spoil this moment, darling . . ."

## SUMMARY OF WOOD APPLICATIONS

**Planking and Decks:** Apple, basswood, box, cherry, elm, gum, holly, larch, maple, pear, sycamore, and tupelo.

**Frames:** Apple, ash, basswood, birch, elm, degame, holly, maple, pear, and tupelo.

**Bent frames:** Apple, ash, basswood, box, elm, holly, and tupelo.

**Masts and Yards:** Birch, box degame, pear, spruce, and teak.

**Deck Equipment:** Apple, basswood, box, cherry, holly, maple, pear, sycamore, and tupelo.

**Blocks and deadeyes:** Apple, beech, box, cocobolo, holly, lignum vitae, and pear.

**Solid Hulls:** Bass, cedar, jelutong, pine (sugar and white), poplar, and tupelo.

**Deck houses:** Apple, basswood, birch, box, cherry, gum, maple, mahogany, pear, tupelo, and walnut.

**Treenails:** Apple, bamboo, birch, box, cherry, holly, maple, and pear.

**Carving:** Apple, box, cherry, dogwood, holly, jelutong, degame, pear, persimmon, tupelo, and whitebeam.

**Turning:** Apple, box, cherry, dogwood, holly, pear, maple, satinwood, and whitebeam



Washington crossing the street

# Request for Contact Information for the next Guild Members' Directory

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Significant Other \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, ZIP Code \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail Address \_\_\_\_\_

Interests, Ship models built or working on: \_\_\_\_\_

## Ballot for the Election of the Guild Officers

San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild members who will not be attending the March meeting  
are requested to mark and send in this ballot to the address below:

Yes	No	Nominee	Office
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Don Bienvenue	Guildmaster
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	K.C. Edwards	First Mate
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dick Strange	Purser
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jacki Jones/RobertHewitt	Co-Editors
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	Bob McPhail	Logkeeper

## Don't Forget Your Membership Dues!

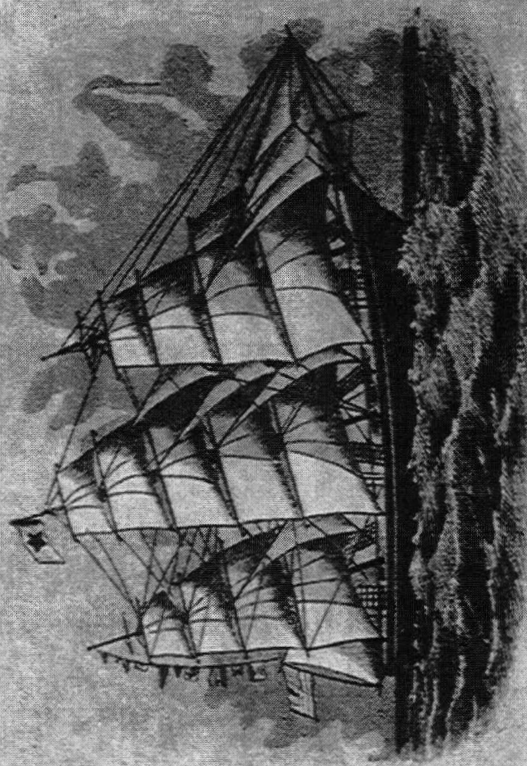
Please send in your check for \$20.00 made out to the San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

**Please mail to:** Richard Strange  
SDSMG Purser  
<redacted>

**Glidden & Williams'**  
 LINE  
**For San-Francisco!**

FROM LEWIS WHARF.

*The very superior A. First Class*



**California!**

HENRY BARBER,  
 Commander,

Is now in berth with one half her cargo on board. This ship was built expressly for the Trade, and is in every way a reliable conveyance. Her engagements are large, and we confidently expect to despatch her at an early day.

Shippers will oblige by forwarding their goods promptly.

FOR FREIGHT.....APPLY TO *Glidden & Williams,*  
 NO. 114 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

Agents in San-Francisco.....MESSRS. MEADER, LOLOR & Co.

NATIONAL PRESS.

**San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild**

1492 N. Harbor Drive

San Diego, CA 92101



**San Diego Ship Modelers Guild Officers**

- Guild Master Don Bienvenu
- First Mate K.C. Edwards
- Purser Richard Strange
- Editor Jacki Jones
- LogKeeper Bob McPhail



**Next Meeting Wednesday March 12 Check at Ticket Desk for Location  
 6:30 pm social, 7 pm meeting**