



# AMERICAN MARINE NEWS

Vol. 13 No. 2

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

The last issue was inadvertently numbered as Volume 13 No. 3. It should have been volume 13 No. 2. We apologise for the error. This issue is now numbered Volume 13 No. 2 to set the records straight. We will begin with Volume 14 No. 1 for the next issue.

The **American Marine News** is your magazine. We publish the **News** for people who own and people who may be interested in Grand Banks. We do our best each issue to make the **News** interesting for the reader. We need your help to do so. A good number of owners have submitted material, and whether it be pictures for the Beachcombing section, an article describing a recent cruise, or technical questions that appear in the Communique column, we thank those people for their support. When you take your next cruise, bring your camera and take a few notes along the way. Your story may make interesting reading for people like you — people with an interest in Grand Banks.

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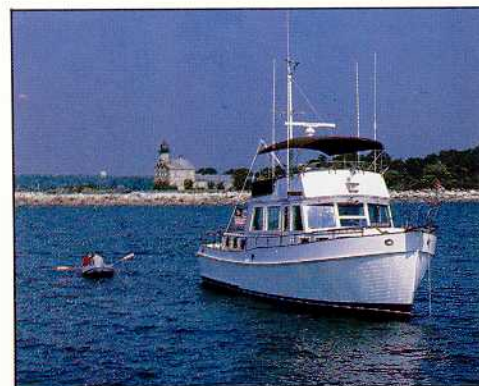
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Cover: GB49-28 is shown at anchor off Norwalk, Connecticut USA.

## PROFILE

### *Yip Keng Soon — Inventory Control and Stores Manager*



Yip Keng Soon is our Inventory Control and Stores Manager. He joined American Marine in early 1973 and was, for three years, the Technical Stores Assistant. In 1976, he was made Stores Supervisor and subsequently promoted to his present post in 1982.

Keng Soon is responsible for all aspects of warehousing, maintaining an inventory of some 5000 stock items and ensuring their timely procurement for production. Inevitably this task has been made easier with a fully computerised stock system which has helped to streamline most of the operations including responding quickly to boat owner's requests for spare parts.

During his leisure hours, Keng Soon actively participates in many of the recreational activities organised by the yard, particularly badminton and soccer.

## The Grand Banks Legend

*Where it all began.  
Spray — 36 foot  
forerunner of the Grand  
Banks Line*



*From an original design by the New England Naval Architect, Kenneth L. Smith, how did the Grand Banks become the world's premier trawler yacht?*

To find the answer, we need to go back a quarter of a century to the origins of American Marine. In those early days, on a remote waterfront site in Hong Kong, the company concentrated on custom boats. From rule-beating sloops, through clipper-bowed ketches to heavy displacement motoryachts, we built to designs from the drawing boards of Sparkman Stephens, William Garden, Eldridge McKinnis, Angleman and Davies, Nat Herreshoff, Ray Hunt and many other well-known designers. By the time work started on the first Grand Banks early in 1964, American Marine had already established itself as an experienced and versatile firm of boatbuilders.

The company soon developed its own standards and methods. For the most part, these closely followed established marine practice, but there was one important difference. The management were quick to recognise the advantages of using concepts from unrelated fields of activity. For example, previous aeronautical experience on the technical side underlined the responsibilities in building craft intended for a rugged environment and this, in turn, helped to formulate the company's philosophy of building up a standard rather than down a price.

As for Grand Banks itself — it was a concept whose time had come. In 1964 the choice open to buyers of stock boats lay between cramped sailboats of restricted beam and powerboats which, to the traditionalists, did not look like boats at all.

It was into this accepted scene that the first Grand Banks introduced its salty personality. Initial reaction to the unfamiliar and rather boxy newcomer was one of amused curiosity. But the eye soon adjusted to the different look and the sheer common sense of the design struck a common chord in yachtsmen all around the world. The legend was launched.

Along with the success came the imitators. Predictably they failed to understand the subtle blending of ingredients that gave the originals their special quality and the Grand Banks remains as unique today as at the time of its introduction.

To the casual observer, the design might seem to have changed little since its inception but, to the discerning eye, its progressive evolution is clearly evident from the almost countless number of discreet refinements which have been added over the years. The Grand Banks, like every boat remains a compromise, but it is a very carefully considered compromise in which every element has been meticulously weighed for practicality, strength, longevity and appearance. Maintaining this balance in the face of ever changing materials, tastes and human expectations is a constant challenge in the endless search for perfection.

This attention to detail continues today right through the production process. Every boat ever built by American Marine first entered its natural element at the yard and every new Grand Banks undergoes a sea trial which includes test-runs back and forth along a measured nautical mile where temperatures and pressure readings are recorded and engine revolutions are checked with a stroboscope. How many other builders can make this claim? Indeed how many other builders are even located on the water?

When I first joined American Marine, the name "Grand Banks" represented only the fishing grounds off the rugged coast of Newfoundland; in fact, it was from here that the name was coined. Today, through a combination of experience, continuity and painstaking attention to detail, that name -and the boat it represents- have come to signify a quality standard against which all others are measured. This I believe, is why we now occupy our premier position in the world.

**TONY FLEMING**



## BEACHCOMBING

### GB32-702 *LASKA III*

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, USA.

Mrs. Jan Lawrence decided that the GB32 was ideally suited for her needs as a live-aboard. She purchased the boat through Hal Jones & Co. (broker Jay Jones). Jan is taking the boat up the Intracoastal Waterway from Florida to her home port of Connecticut.



### GB36-694 *KILLSHOT*

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA, USA.



Two families, the Fredericksons and the Schranks, own this lovely Grand Banks 36 named *Killshot*. The name was chosen because both the men are avid handball players. Sold by John Buettner of Stan Miller Yacht Sales, *Killshot* was christened and launched on Sunday, May 13th, Mothers Day. Both families are having a wonderful time with their new boat and Catalina is now a regular weekend retreat.

### GB42-874SC *CANTOR*

BERGEN, NORWAY

*Cantor* is the first Grand Banks 42 Sports Cruiser in Norway. Sold by Mr. Bengt Akselsen, our dealer in Bergen, *Cantor* participated in the Oslo Boat Show from 25 — 29 of April last year. She was then handed over to her new owner Mr. Oyvind Sorheim who with his family cruised all the way from Oslo back to Bergen. Photo shows the happy family on board *Cantor* (from left to right) Ragmar, Inger, Oyvind Sorheim and Robert.



### GB 36-688 *COBWEB*

SPOONERS CREEK,  
NORTH CAROLINA USA.



*Cobweb* is owned by Mr. Bill Taylor of Goldsboro, North Carolina, and is at Spooners Creek Yacht Harbor near Morehead City.

Any Grand Banks passing through Morehead City is invited to stop at Spooners Creek and compare their teak with the teak on the *Cobweb*!



**GB42-176**  
**MAMY BLUE**

NOUMEA, NEW CALEDONIA

If you happen to visit the idyllic Islands of New Caledonia in the South Pacific, you can be sure to come across this beautiful 13-year old Grand Banks 42, owned jointly by Messrs Jean Blanchet, Marc Ledon and M. Quintard. *Mamy Blue* is used extensively to cruise the Caledonian Lagoon, an ideal site for scuba diving and spear fishing.



**GB42-890**  
**MIRANI**

SEKUPANG, BATAM  
REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA



A very happy Mr & Mrs Muaz Hamid are seen here posing with Bob Livingston, President of American Marine Singapore, after the successful launching of their GB42, *Mirani*. Mr. Hamid will use *Mirani* for charter trips to and from Batam, an island which lies 12 nautical miles southeast of Singapore and is soon to be developed into a popular tourist resort.

**GB42-579**  
**EL-CARIBE IV**

WEST BERLIN  
FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF  
GERMANY.

This beautiful Grand Banks 42 has been the summer home of Mr & Mrs Kurt Jannek for the last five years. Located at Travamunde about three hours from where they live in West Berlin, the Janneks cruise the Baltic Sea every summer for three months going as far north as Sweden. The picture shows the happy couple on *EL-Caribe* just after making the turn through the Goeta Canal. A Swedish training Windjammer is in the background.



**GB42-863MY**  
**ONE MORE TIME**

DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA USA.



Mr & Mrs. Thomas Gustafson took delivery of their Grand Banks Motor yacht from Hal Jones & Co. (broker Jay Jones) in May '84. The Gustafsons are experienced boating people. With this knowledge behind them, they went looking for a new boat and decided on a GB because of the quality, room, fuel economy and the many appealing features that make Grand Banks the top of the line.



## **Dealers News North Sea Marine Belgium**



When Mr Jean Colin saw his first Grand Banks 36 at the Paris Boat Show in 1967, he was immensely enthused. Here was a boat that was unique. It certainly did not look like any of the others that were around at the time. He convinced his employers to import the Grand Banks to Belgium so that they could show a GB32 at the 1969 Brussels Boat Show. The boat lived up to its name and the reputation and success soon followed. Since 1969 more than a hundred Grand Banks have been delivered by Mr. Colin.

In 1978, North Sea Marine took over the dealership for Grand Banks in Belgium. Located in Oostende, a very pleasant city well known for its sea side resorts and beautiful yacht clubs, it is easily accessible by road, train and even by ferry from England.



North Sea Marine is fully equipped with mechanical and carpentry workshops that can handle just about any problem that may develop. All Grand Banks owners are cordially invited to drop in and pay a visit.

**North Sea Marine N.V.  
Nieuwe Werfkaai 5-B-8400  
Oostende  
Belgium  
Telephone: 059/320688  
Telex: 82049 NSM B**



## Dealer News — continued

### Rendezvous Reports Field Marine Co. North West Rendezvous



*Field Marine Rendezvous, Port Ludlow*

A total of 104 Grand Banks owners, their families and friends attended the Second Annual Northwest Grand Banks Rendezvous organised by Field Marine Company, Grand Banks Dealer for Seattle, Washington.

By Saturday afternoon, most of the 36 boats represented had arrived at Port Ludlow and owners were boat hopping, comparing layouts and equipment, renewing acquaintances and making new friends.

In the evening, all had gathered for cocktails followed by a Cordon Bleu chicken dinner. The Close Harmony Tradition Barbershop Quartet were in attendance with their magnificent rendition of songs.

Norm and Debbie Wakeman showed their very interesting film "Inside Passage to Alaska" filmed by them during five separate trips to Glacier Bay, Alaska, in their GB36 *Storm Pattern*.

A great time was had by all!



*GB Rendezvous — Holland*

Three Rendezvous were organised by North Sea Marine during the summer of 1984. All were successfully carried out. In the Dutch Rendezvous, 24 boats were represented coming from Belgium, Holland, Germany, the United Kingdom and France. The weather was fine and a barbeque and camp fire held the last evening concluded the proceedings. The Port Cros cruise was organised jointly with British Marine Services,



*Port-Cros — France*

*Participants at the Altea Rendezvous*



soon to become the GB dealer for the South of France. In spite of a mistral, 12 Grand Banks came together and everyone had a wonderful time. Mr. Allan Howell, President of Lehman honored them with his presence for the second year running.

The Spain Cruise gathered only seven boats but everybody appreciated the warm welcome from the club Nautico Campomanes in Altea.



# CAT 3208TA ENGINE

Caterpillar engines have become more visible in Grand Banks during the last several months. A new marine diesel engine designed for high output performance and fast acceleration is the Caterpillar 3208TA 355 hp (265 kW) turbocharged and aftercooled model.

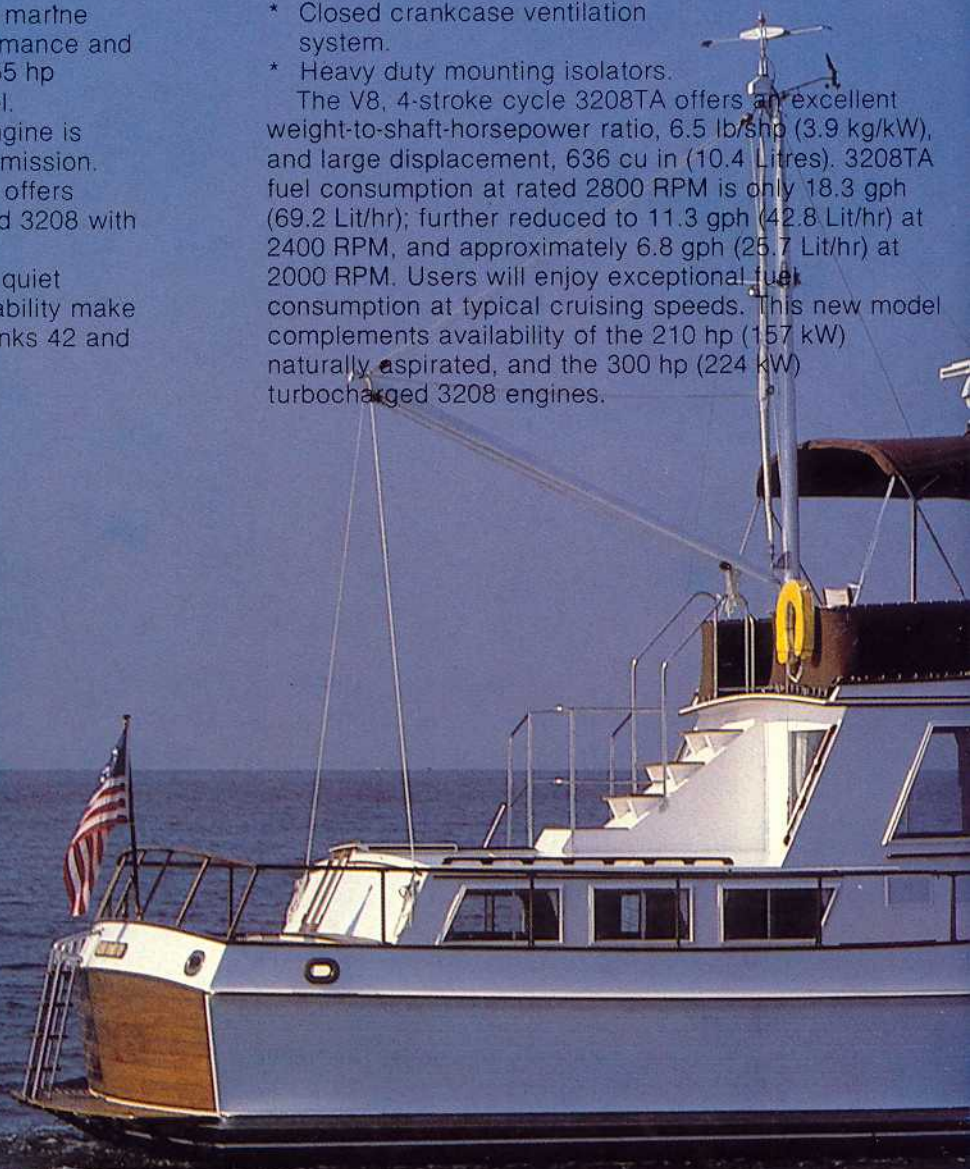
This compact and ruggedly constructed engine is matched to a Twin Disc MG507 marine transmission. The new sea water aftercooled configuration offers 18% more horsepower than the turbocharged 3208 with only 4.4% increase in weight.

High horsepower, excellent fuel economy, quiet operation, plus heavy duty reliability and durability make the 3208TA an ideal choice for the Grand Banks 42 and 49.

Major design features include:

- \* Watercooled turbocharger and exhaust manifold.
- \* High efficiency, corrosion-resistant aftercooler.
- \* High capacity sea water pump for excellent performance.
- \* Large capacity, easily serviced, panel-type air cleaner.
- \* Closed crankcase ventilation system.
- \* Heavy duty mounting isolators.

The V8, 4-stroke cycle 3208TA offers an excellent weight-to-shaft-horsepower ratio, 6.5 lb/shp (3.9 kg/kW), and large displacement, 636 cu in (10.4 Litres). 3208TA fuel consumption at rated 2800 RPM is only 18.3 gph (69.2 Lit/hr); further reduced to 11.3 gph (42.8 Lit/hr) at 2400 RPM, and approximately 6.8 gph (25.7 Lit/hr) at 2000 RPM. Users will enjoy exceptional fuel consumption at typical cruising speeds. This new model complements availability of the 210 hp (157 kW) naturally aspirated, and the 300 hp (224 kW) turbocharged 3208 engines.







Lube filter canisters . . .  
spin-on/off

Air filter

Water fill cap for  
expansion tank

Dipstick, mounts  
either side

Heat Exchang  
. . . copper-nick  
tube bundle .  
zinc plug inhibi  
corrosion

Fuel Filter . . . spin-on/o  
. . . mounts either side

Alternator

Lube oil fill tube  
. . . mounts either side

Starting motor

Exhaust elbow  
zinc plug



## The World of Grand Banks

# CRUISE TO COZUMEL

by BILL ROSE

After many months of talking about it and a little planning we all (12 of us) arrived on Marco Island on the 18th of February, 1983, for our trip on the 42 foot Grand Banks trawler, *Ramblin Rose* to Cozumel, Mexico. The list of Adventurers were:

1. Ron Plencner (50) from Barrington, later to be called "Tiny or Hair Shirt" (he didn't shave).
2. Joe McLaney (61) from Barrington, "Uncle Joe".
3. Jim Vandenberg (33) from Barrington, "Navigator", a Lt. Commander in the Navy Reserve, Financial Officer Rose Packing Company and my favourite (and only) son-in-law.
4. John Lasley (57) from Princeton, New Jersey, my high school roommate from Valley Forge. He was in charge of most practical jokes, "Big John".
5. Sam Bahadurian (59) from Princeton, New Jersey, a full beard and called "Santa Claus."
6. Henry Michaels (71) from Barrington, "Uncle Henry".
7. Fred Lacock (61) from Barrington, "The Sergeant".
8. E.M. Harrington (58) from Eastman, Georgia, called, "C.C." for his favourite and only drink.
9. Lou Bacot (61) from Marco Island, Florida; Lou's wife just died at Christmas time and as he looks



after the boats for me in Marco; he asked if he could go and we were happy to have him, "Captain Lou".

10. Jack Anderson (53) from Barrington, "Jack-The-Optimist".
11. Everett Earll (72) from Barrington and Marco Island, replaced Don Clark from Marco Island who couldn't go at the last minute and Everett had heard about the trip and wished to come. Because he came at the last day he had no passport, birth certificate, nor was he on the crew list filed a few days earlier with the Mexican Consulate in Miami. We called him, "The American Wet Back".
12. And, of course myself (56) as Captain and Tour Director and mostly Chief Repairman.

The boat had just been fitted out with a new 16 mile radar, a second Loran, but with a micro computer which was a fantastic help with the navigation, a newer and more advanced SSB for long distance communication, two new depth sounders that turned out not to work in deep water, a desalinator that made great fresh water, a telephone from the bridge to the radar and navigation station in the main salon; a weather fax machine that prints out weather maps from radio signals. We carried two auxiliary tanks in the lazarette holding 175 gallons of fuel, which gave us over 800 gallons. At nine knots and about one gallon per mile, it was more than enough to get the 400 and some miles to Cozumel. Jack's nephews, Bill and Sandy, had been down from Barrington for 10 days and had all the varnish on the teak looking like new.

*The Captain and his hat that won't blow away*







*Navigator, Jim Vandenberg and his four foot Barracuda*

February 19th and 20th were spent provisioning the boat with too much food, lots of booze and plenty of beer. On the evening of the 20th we held a Going-Away-Party at O'Sheas for thirty-eight people. The food was terrific and all had many laughs. The biggest laugh came when someone called it "The Last Supper".

We had planned to leave at first light on the 21st direct to the Yucatan, but the private weather service in Boston advised against it as they were predicting 15-25 knot winds and ten foot seas for the next two days and then a cold front passage on Wednesday, the 23rd. They recommended waiting until Thursday. This, of course, was not possible with everyone's schedules. Because of the east wind and the fact I had made the trip many times before, we left after 8:00 close to the west shore for Key West.

As we approached Little Shark River near Cape Sable we went offshore a few miles further with the plan of a direct run to Content Key where we could anchor over night. As we got further out, we encountered ten foot waves and turned back to spend the night in a quiet anchorage in Shark River. After an hour in Shark River the mosquitoes got to us and we left for anchorage off the beach at Cape Sable a few miles south. Cape Sable is a beautiful place with miles of clean beach, coconut trees and usually no people. It is also a good anchorage with an east wind.

At 0400 in the morning I awoke to quite calm seas, so we left for Key West.

The trip down the Northwest Passage into Key West was very pleasant with calm seas and not much wind. The Straits of Florida that we were traversing is always a very distinctive green color; much different than the blue of Hawk Channel just a few miles away on the Atlantic side of the Keys. Coming into Key West from the north there are two ways to enter the harbor. One, of course, is the large and well-marked Northwest Passage. The other is a quite narrow and twisting but well marked channel, but a crew member on the bow is

recommended as the water is very clear and rocks and shoals are easily seen.

This entrance is called Calda Passage and can save a good half hour if you are going to Garrison Bight and the Key West Yacht Club. Even though I have sailed the 32' Erwin sloop in Calda under full sail many times, I chose the Northwest Passage. I felt that as most of the crew had never been to Key West before, it was a little more interesting to cruise through the main harbor to see all the sights.

The Northwest Passage takes you southeast until you pass the last little tank island near the entrance. After a hard left turn around this island, you are in the main channel for the Atlantic and almost immediately are in Man of War Harbor passing Navy side, where the Mariel boats from Cuba docked a few years ago. This day a large L.S.T. was tied up, and down the bay came one of the navy's new hydrofoil boats that can do 50 or 60 knots. Next along the shore came Mallory Square where many come to watch the sunset and the troubadours, tumblers, etc., each evening. The Pier House comes next with its very modern hotel and restaurant and very old Key West architecture, a lovely place to stay or just dine. In front of the restaurant is a large concrete turning block that the old sailing vessels and battleships used to turn around with. The battleship *Main*, I am sure, used it before it left for its last voyage to Havana Harbor. A little further on is the Coast Guard Station, and on this day two of their big cutters were in port with many smaller 30 — 60 foot boats also.

Controlling the drug business is a big part of their mission here in Key West. A few more Navy boats and we came upon a British Frigate with a helicopter on deck flying a large Union Jack.

Around Fleming Key Point and back we entered Garrison Bight and the Key West Yacht Club and the slip we had reserved two days before at just 12:00 noon.

A friend of mine, formerly from Marco River Marina lives on his sailboat, the *Big BO*. All 13 of us got into a Hertz van and went to the Raw Bar for

*Chowdown for two watches*







*Mexican patrol boat looking us over*

\$150 worth of oysters, clams, conch chowder, shrimp, and beer. Then we went out to dinner. This enthusiastic spending led to a number of extra assessments for the cash pot.

After a little more shopping that evening and another check with the weather service in Boston, we left the Yacht Club at 7:15. Because we are a federally documented vessel we don't have to clear customs upon leaving U.S. waters, only upon entering. All documented vessels (those registered only with a state) should get a special permit.

There were a number of small cans and markers locating shoals for 40 miles on our starboard as we sailed south, leaving Sand Key Light on our port. The charts were perfect, and we were clicking off ten knots heading toward the last of a series of tall towers with lights marking the underwater Florida Reefs, six miles offshore of the Keys. The last tower is Cosgrove Light offshore of the Marquesas Islands. Between Sand Key Light and Cosgrove Light, while trolling at ten knots, we caught an Amberjack which we used for bait strips and the three Spanish Mackerels we had for lunch, which were not as good tasting as King Mackerel. Finally I landed my first Wahoo, about three feet long. We finally had to tell John Lasley, our head fisherman, that all this slowing down to land a fish was going to make us arrive after closing time at Fort Jefferson and the trolling lines were put away. Although we didn't stop this time at the Marquesas Island, it is a pleasant place and a good anchorage on the west side with an easterly wind. A little further on we passed "The Quick Sands", a large and shallow area marked on the west end by Rebecca Shoal Light. This is the light that the S.O.R.C. boats turn on during the St. Petersburg to Ft. Lauderdale Race.

At 2:00 Fort Jefferson began to rise out of a completely empty ocean along with the Loggerhead Light. The Fort is 13 acres of Philadelphia Brick and about four stories high so it is a formidable sight as

it grows taller and taller like a Texas Panhandle Mesa, its dark red brick contrasting with the blue of the Gulf Stream.

It is a federal park now and five park rangers and their families live there. It is also a classic monument to boondoggling, pork barrel thinking by the Washington brains of the time, as it was started to be built during the War of 1812 to protect New Orleans 800 miles away. They continued to build prior and during the Civil War. The Union used it as a prison fort mostly for deserters and then after the war, Dr. Mudd (who treated John Wilkes Booth after he shot Lincoln) and others were held there for years.

Coming from Key West you have to go north of the Fort to find the well-marked channel into the anchorage. They will normally let you dock for two hours at the fort and then you must move out to the anchorage. There is no water, ice, food, etc., here so bring plenty if you come. One time here in the sailboat we had to give two bottles of gin for two buckets of ice from a shrimp boat and we were glad to do it. On our way into the channel we tried to buy shrimp from an anchored shrimper, but the Captain was sleeping until 5:00 P.M. and what was normally a good source of fresh food was not possible as the shrimpers have doubled their catches in the last five years by working at night instead of the daytime and sleeping at anchor during the day.

After a quick tour of the Fort during which Lou Bacot and I made sure the fresh water desalinator was working, and removed a crab pot line from the starboard prop. we left at 4:30 P.M. for Cozumel, 330 nautical miles away.

*The old Lighthouse at Fort ft. Jefferson.*







*One of the many taverns in Cozumel*

We had a beautiful sunset again that night, but I think the sun rises at sea are even more picturesque and private for some reason.

During the first 100 miles from the Fort that night, we found and talked to by radio, many fishermen trailing fishing lines on buoys as long as 14 miles, with hooks and bait every 500 feet, a formidable trail behind any boat for others to look out for.

The sea stayed quite calm but with some ten foot gentle swells and a ten knot wind, except for a few thunder storms Thursday night, that the radar allowed us to steer around, although waterproof storm gear was in order for those on watch on the bridge.

As the boat only has two state rooms and four bunks without dismantling the lounge in the saloon, we had three sections of four men. One section was on a four-hour watch with Watch Captains in charge of the boat: They were Jim Vandenberg, Lou Bacot and myself. Each four had four hours of rest, relaxation, fishing, cards, etc., and finally four hours of sleep. Of course, the bunks never cooled off; but it worked quite well as each person got 2 times in bed every 24 hours or eight hours total plus cat naps during rest and recreation.

Aside from dodging the thunderstorms it was a pleasant 42 hours to Cozumel as we could just make it out on the horizon at first light Friday.

As we approached the Island, a Mexican patrol boat was coming out to start its day's work. It was about 75 feet long, grey in color with P26 painted on the side, a good looking and modern boat filled with three times the crew size an American boat would have. This ratio of three Mexicans to one American on a job was repeated everywhere we went in Mexico,

especially with the officials. They passed starboard to starboard and swung around to take up station with their bow 50 feet from our stern while John and Sam madly cranked in the fishing lines. After five or six minutes of staring at each other with us waving and taking pictures they must have decided we were peaceful since we were flying the American flag from the stern, the Mexican courtesy flag from the bow and our yellow quarantine flag for customs from the mast.

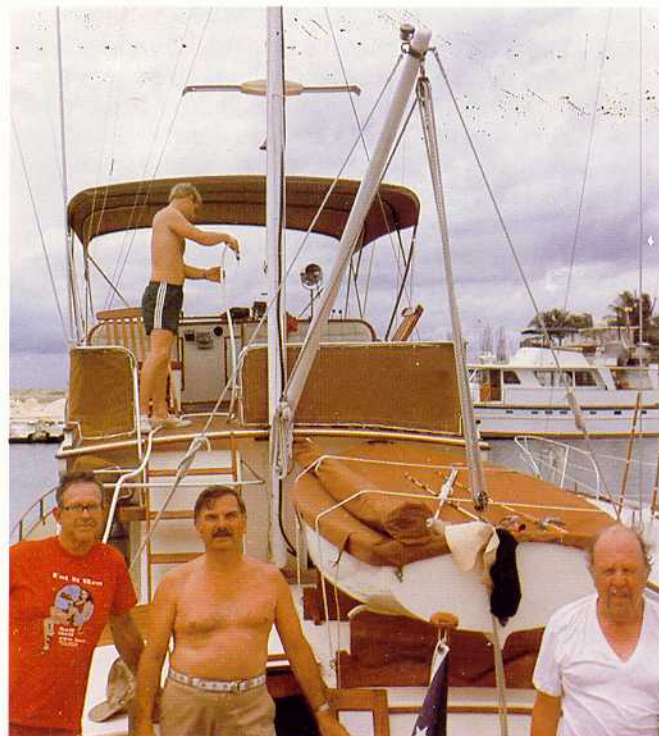
We first pulled into Club Nautico only to be met by two non-English speaking Mexicans. After much arm waving and pointing plus my poor Spanish, it was decided it would be quicker to go to the municipal dock further down the coast for customs.

About two miles further south is the concrete and stone municipal dock with a number of ferry boats loaded with passengers bound for the mainland and other small charter boats picking up divers and fishermen. We waited for a ferry boat to leave and took its place on the leeward side of the dock.

A lonely port officer talked to us stating that the Port Captain, Immigration and Customs people would be along in ten minutes. We found again and again, that in Mexico ten minutes means 60 — 120 minutes. Eventually six or seven officials with many badges were seated in the lounge laughing at my Spanish and the fact that one man's name was Marco and *Ramblin Rose's* home port was Marco. They were very friendly and helpful in a magnificently time consuming way.

As I said Everett Earll (The Wet Back American) had no visa, passport, birth certificate, etc., and our crew list showed a total of 11 not 12. I had told

*Tied up, stern to in Cozumel*







*The pilot station of the Ramblin Rose*

everyone not to congregate together but to keep moving around the boat like goldfish in a bowl. One official asked me three or four times how many on board and when I said once (11) he would start walking around trying to count moving goldfish. After 15 minutes of this with many deliberate interruptions by Ron he gave up and put down once on his papers.

The officials took over an hour and I don't think the visas and crew list we had spent half a day getting at the Mexican Consulate in Miami helped or were needed. At the end of this paper shuffling one of the officials asked me, as Captain, to step out on the deck, at which time he said something like "We have spent much time helping you, Senor. Could you give us a little gift?" I turned my back on him and got out a \$20 bill which that day was worth 2800 pesos and gave it to him.

What he said then was an expression we all used over and over again the rest of the trip for a lot of laughs. He said, "But, Senor, there are many of us!" So being an easy going gringo, I gave him another twenty.

During all this we arranged through the Port Captain (all of 28 or 29 years old) to get a fuel truck to the dock. The Mexicans do everything in a well-thought out method to benefit themselves, as they figure "The Gringo won't be coming back a second time". The fuel scam works as follows: because you must tell them exactly how much fuel you need before they come to the boat and because you wish to be sure to fill your tanks, you guess a little high and they keep what is left. But you pay for the estimate and you pay before the truck arrives. On the way out we guessed wrong by 40 gallons. The

cost was 70 cent per gallon for Americans.

During the fueling, one of the many officials climbing on and off the boat slipped on some spilled diesel oil and put a knee right through a window. We made light of it and taped it over with plastic sheets that fortunately held for the rest of the trip.

One good thing we accomplished that morning was to hire an English speaking driver and his ten seat (sometimes 12) Volkswagon bus. His name was Reuben and he was the best thing in Cozumel. We paid \$50 per day for 12-13 hours, but he did the shopping, made reservations for dinner, took us on long tours of the island and was our general advisor, expeditor and guest for dinner.

Club Nautico was originally a stone quarry next to the shore line that is about 15-20 feet deep and would have been a perfect harbor for 25-30 boats if only the Mexicans had not made the entrance to the harbor 100 yards from the transit boat dockage. There were two storms the nights we were there, and the waves came in the harbor entrance directly from the north and open water, making the first 10 boats do a dance of a 50 degree list. Incidentally, the accepted and only way for transients to dock there is stern to the dock and with one or two anchors dropped across the harbor with stern spring lines, the anchor lines pulled tight and the stern two feet from the dock.

Everett Earll took a bad spill one night getting off the boat that took three large butterfly stitches to close and a black and blue other leg. This was probably why he chose to fly back on the day before we left.

Fred Lacock had gone ahead to the Hotel Caribe, Cozumel, to check eight of the 12 in, as four of us; Jim Vandenberg, John Lasley, Lou Bacot and myself decided to sleep aboard.

The hotel turned out to be like the rest of Cozumel, very friendly people but run down, mismanaged, with leaking roofs and windows, and no towels. During one rain storm the Hertz office had an employee sitting with coat and tie, as was the custom, across the desk was a customer doing business; but with their shoes and socks off sitting in 10 inches of water. We heard a long list of complaints from the hotel group and the four of us were glad we stayed on the boat. At least we had air conditioning, the hotel didn't. The hotel was \$76 per day per room with two to three men in a room.

We arrived in Cozumel on Friday morning and left the next Wednesday at first light. In between, we washed our clothes in a bathtub; all the laundries were out of service due to no parts to fix the washing machines. We toured the Island having a drink in each of the hotels. Some were better than the Caribe Cozumel and some worse; but all had leaky roofs and thousands of flies everywhere.

Every night we went to a different restaurant and found the food fair to good, but the beef tough. We ate at Carlos & Charlies, Pepe's Grill, The Aquario, Morgan's and did some clothes shopping. The stores and offices open about 8:30 to 9:30 A.M.,



close at noon and open again from 5:00 to 9:00 P.M. This is a little hard to get used to; especially if you wish to use the phone in the afternoon.

On Sunday we went fishing with a young man as a guide on our boat, but after catching too much fish on the way down we were out of luck that day in Cozumel. We should have been there last week they said. We finally gave up fishing in the afternoon and anchored off the beautiful beach on the mainland (eight miles) across the channel. I felt this was by far prettier than Cozumel Island with a very soft off-white sand beach that ran for miles in both directions. Behind the beach was a large coconut plantation and even a Mayan ruin. It was well worth the trip across the channel.

On Monday we were going scuba diving with our new friends, Kris and Marsha, we had met at the hotel. We had another rain storm Sunday night and the Gulf was really much too rough Monday to do anything but stay in port. So at 10:00 o'clock we decided to postpone our trip and all returned to the hotel to form a new plan. It was decided by our driver, Reuben, that we should go to San Francisco Beach on the other side of the island for lunch as they have a pretty beach, a good band and an outdoor dining area. Because Reuben could not take everyone at one go he made two trips. We spent a lovely two or three hours at San Francisco Beach enjoying the scenery and the food and just having a relaxing, and enjoyable time.

On Tuesday we took the *Ramblin Rose* to the south end of the island with our guide and the young couple from the hotel, Kris and Marsha, and did some scuba diving in about 30 ft — 40 ft of water. This was a Federal Park in which all coral, shells, fish, etc., must be left alone. So when Kris caught a lobster, or longusta as they call it there, an underwater policeman was right there to take it away and come up by the boat to remind us of the restrictions. We stayed in fairly shallow water as Jim Vandenberg was only half way through his Certification Scuba course at the "Y" back home.

When we got back to the dock there had been a mix-up or misunderstanding, and the Marina had not checked us out with the authorities; so we couldn't leave that night as I wished. But, with the help of Reuben, our driver, who came to our rescue and hand carried all the fancy papers to be signed by the Port Captain, Customs and Immigrations each at different locations and none in a hurry, we were ready to leave at first light Wednesday morning.

As I said, four of the original 12 flew back and the remaining eight left at first light. On the way back we set up only two watches of four men. Me in charge of one and Vandenberg the other. With the four bunks there was always one empty for those off watch and when the weather permitted everyone caught up on their sleep. It's 330 nautical miles back to Dry Tortugas, 60 to Key West and then 85 to Marco. One of the American captains that bases in Cozumel four or five months of the year had recommended we stay in the Gulf Stream as long as

possible to get the two-to-four knots shove from the current. Doing this would mean we would pass Dry Tortugas leaving it on our left and then onto Key West. I wouldn't recommend this after following his advice for most of the trip back. The current does flow east at a good clip but, with any amount of wind (usually out of the east at this time of the year) the swells and the waves on top of them get bad enough to slow you down more than the current helps you. At least that is what the SiTex Loran Computer told us, and it ran like a champ the entire trip. I would recommend getting as far north of the Dry Tortugas as soon as possible to find friendlier seas and a more comfortable and quicker passage.

Shortly after the midnight watch was set Wednesday evening, the seas were about four feet, but we had a boat between us and Cuba 25 miles away, moving westward and closing with us. As it came. I watched it on radar until about 12:30 when it turned 90 degrees and came directly toward us. As it got close enough to make out both red and green running lights I started to call them on Channel 16 to identify themselves. "The vessel on a north heading, closing on the trawler *Ramblin Rose* please identify themselves". After seven or eight calls on both 16 and 13 (bridge to bridge) I started calling Key West Coast Guard and the Coast Guard Station on Loggerhead Key even though we were still 150 miles west of Tortugas and Loggerhead. As I got no answer, I advised the boat closing that we were going to fire a parachute flare to see who they were. We had just gotten the flares out when the radio asked me to go to channel 13.

On 13 they said, "Captain this is the United States Coast Guard. Heave to and stand by to be boarded..". As I had been boarded once before I was used to the drill and turned my spot light on the boat long enough to see the great red strip on the side of Patrol Boat #3. I then turned on all our other lights, spreader lights, and all cabin lights. As the rubber dinghy approached us with four well-armed men in uniform I sent all the crew up to the bridge out of the way and welcomed a very polite and formal chief petty officer and two others on board from the starboard rail. They were very friendly and businesslike; but why not as you looked toward their patrol boat and saw the entire remaining crew lining the rail with automatic M16's at the ready.

I showed them the ship's papers. The *Ramblin Rose* is a federally documented vessel. They read everything and then asked to see all of the weapons on board. I told them I was going to open a drawer under my seat and take out a 38 revolver and unload it. They said, "Fine, go ahead," and as I unloaded it the chief said something I thought, very significant. He said, "When we leave I would advise you to load all these weapons again".

We went down to the aft cabin and looked at enough guns that he said "okay". He then asked, "Where are all your fire extinguishers, life vests, etc?" After they felt all of the life preservers from end to end; they were satisfied. I knew then that the



rest was going to be just a normal boarding. They did take a quick look in the engine room, filled out a form, gave me a copy and we wished all parties a good trip as they left.

Wednesday night had not been bad and all got plenty of sleep, but by Thursday at 1600 the wind was up to 30 to 40 knots, 10 to 12 foot swells and an eight foot chop on top of that. We knew we were in for an uncomfortable night. By 1800 that night I had to order Jim's watch off the bridge and to operate the boat from the main saloon. We were taking some green water over the bow as it was hard to adjust the course and speed to meet the waves right, especially at night when you couldn't see the next wave. A few times the inclinometer indicated a 50 degree roll and when it did you could hear the starboard wheel (prop) thrash half out of the water.

The spray was over the bridge every eighth wave. I was also worried about the men going up and down from the bridge at night, so I had given orders for them to check in by the bridge phone each time they arrived safely down in the saloon. The men were happy getting below and into a dry warm cabin where they could watch the radar and steer the boat.

Of course, it was warm and you were more aware of the rough seas, so it was not long before most of them were seasick or at least had to lie down even with the little spot of quidicine taped behind their ears. Those of us not affected by this malady, Jim Vandenberg, John Lasley, and myself, went back up on the bridge, and I set a new course plan of 50 degrees for a while then 010 for a much longer time. This made meeting the waves and working our way out of the Gulf Stream easier and on a course more north of the Tortugas and Rebecca Shoals. This course gave the men in the bunks a better time of it, and faith in my statement that things would be better in a few hours.

Even though the chart calls for a 26 mile light at Loggerhead it was about 17 miles by the Loran before we could make it out.

We passed Dry Tortugas to the north and had relatively smooth sailing in four to five foot waves all the way to Key West. A quick stop at the customs and we were on our way again for Marco. It was only 85 miles and everyone wanted to get home especially Jim Vandenberg, as his wife and my grandchildren were waiting on the dock for him. This was also Friday, March 4th, the day we had planned from the beginning to be our Home-coming.

The further we moved toward Marco the better the seas, and the lumpy blue swells of the Gulf Stream were replaced with the quieter aquamarine green of the gulf and the Straits of Florida. But, of course, we were once again on the continuous lookout for the ever present crab pots that make a snake's path out of a straight rhumb line.

About noon we stopped for our daily engine room check and to add oil, check for leaks and dip the fuel oil and water tanks. As we had about 400 of our

original 800 gallons left (we burned about one gallon per mile), we returned to our northerly heading and picked the RPM up to 2100, giving us an indicated 10.9 to 11 knots and an ETA of 7:00 P.M. at our dock.

We all had a big lunch of everything in the ice box and then began to throw away the remaining perishables and generally clean up the boat. We all washed out our clothes or dug out some clothes we had been saving, took a good fresh water shower and once again we began to look like a Sunday afternoon cruise instead of a two week sea voyage.

About 1400 hours and 57 miles south of Marco, we saw an oil drilling rig on the horizon moving somewhat in our direction. We all put the glasses on it and speculated on what an oil rig was doing this far south in the Gulf. In a fairly short time our oil rig turned into a compact aircraft carrier making 20 knots on a heading of 240 degrees. As we passed by we took pictures and wondered what it was doing here. We weren't sure if it was part of the every increasing drug patrol or part of the Multi-National Caribbean Naval Exercises.

At 18 miles out the taller condos of Marco showed up in the radar and shortly thereafter we could see them from the bridge. We reconfirmed with a telephone call home through Naples Marine Operator and a message left with Marco River Marina that we would be at the dock at 1900 hours. We deliberately kept our Loran course, set back in Cozumel, for the latitude and longitude numbers from Reed's Nautical Almanac and coast pilot for the Marco Sea Buoy until it was clear we would bump into it, then we turned into our home pass. That SiTex Kodon 757 Loran is really something and because of its obvious accuracy and reliability as well as the weather and the rough seas, Jim Vandenberg or myself never did a noon sun shot on any day. One night Jim was going to shoot a star fix, but it was just too rough that night.

We sailed by the Snook Inn, waved, rang our bell and they rang theirs at the outdoor bar. We sailed by the stern of our young friends, Allen and Linda living on their 42 foot Grand Banks *Wind Song*. Linda graduated with my older son Pete from Barrington High School in Illinois. They both came out to wave and to ask if we really did get to Cozumel, then we passed O'Sheas Restaurant, with more bells, horns and waving, and just as we turned into our waterway we all sang "If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie" and a short chorus of "I Want To Go Home" for all the wives on the dock.

I was both pleased that we were home but also a little sad that this year's adventure was over. I don't think most of the others felt quite like that, but I think all had a memorable time whose hardships will blur with time; and the excitement will grow with each telling.

It is the more difficult that holds most of life's pleasures, It is overcoming obstacles that are not easily overcome but digestible that gives most of us satisfaction.



# Communique

I want to thank you very much for the guided tour of your facilities a few weeks ago. It was a thrill to see the boats in various stages of completion. The attention to detail seems to be in everyones mind and of course the boats show it clearly.

Ever since my wife and I bought our 42 I have wanted to see the plant but I had no idea that I'd ever get out this way from the U.S. to actually visit. A consulting job in Indonesia for a year made it practical.

You had suggested I write a little about our experiences with *Fascination*. We haven't done any of the long range cruising we have in mind since I have been working since we purchased her in November '81. But we plan to start next year as soon as we finish our job here in Indonesia.

Our first cruise was by far our most exciting to date. It was only the second day of our ownership and a very cold day, the day after Thanksgiving 1981. The temperature was down around freezing. I was moving the boat from the dealer to my new slip in the upper end of the Barnegat Bay in New Jersey around noon and casually noticed the only other boat out on the bay. It was a very small aluminum skiff with a small outboard. There was a single person aboard. He was heavily clothed and seemed to be crabbing as we passed. I went on down the Bay a mile to pick up the rest of my party for a short ride before putting her in her new slip. As we came out of the marina it was a toss-up which way we turned and I was looking up and down the waterway when a glint

of sun caught my eye. It was over a mile away but so low on the water that I was curious as to what caused it. I got my glasses and looked again. The glint appeared again and I realized it must be the little aluminum boat we had pass and headed that way at full RPM. It took us nearly 10 minutes to reach the man in the water. Enroute we called the Coast Guard to report our problem. The man was so weakened by the cold water that he could barely cling to the bottom of his boat. I backed to him and we were able to pull him aboard with the help of the swim ladder and platform! He was wearing very heavy winter clothes and hip boots! No life jacket. He was so cold he couldn't talk but we bundled him and delivered him to the Rescue Squad that the Coast Guard had sent to our marina. The news article below covers the story. We later got a very nice note from his parents.

P.S. I've enclosed this photo taken the day after the rescue and you can judge the temperature by my wife Doris' winter coat and the fully enclosed bridge. Incidentally that stays quite warm inside as long as the sun is out and we do quite a lot of winter boating. It is great to be the only boat on the water!

**Howard S. Heydon**  
Englewood, Florida  
U.S.A.



*Fascination* GB 42-272

## Man rescued from bay

BRICK TOWNSHIP — The crew of a cabin cruiser rescued a man from the Barnegat Bay yesterday after his boat capsized.

Robert Bossineki's 16-foot outboard was anchored near the Mantoloking Bridge when it capsized about 12:50 p.m. He apparently was fishing at the time, said Petty Officer Richard J. Burke, officer of the day at the Manasquan Inlet Coast Guard Station.



The crew of the *Fascination* plucked Bossineki from the water and took him ashore at Traders Cove Marina, Burke said.

Bossineki was treated for exposure before being released from Point Pleasant Hospital.

The Coast Guard was unable to talk to Bossineki before he was taken to the hospital. Burke said he does not know why the boat capsized.

A Coast Guard vessel arrived at the scene about 1:30 p.m. and righted the boat. After it was pumped out, the Coast Guard towed it to the Marine Police station on the Manasquan River.

The *Fascination* a privately owned cabin cruiser that also is used by the Coast Guard Auxiliary, was on a pleasure cruise when its crew spotted Bossineki in the water.

*Asbury Park Press 28 Nov 1981*

Earlier this year I purchased a used Grand Banks 32 No. 569 in the U.S., and brought it to Bermuda.

May I say at the outset, that we are totally pleased with our Grand Banks and are enjoying its facilities immensely. As is normal, we need to do some minor maintenance to keep the boat in the excellent condition in which we found it. The interior paint and the color have stood the test of time, however, there are certain areas that need repainting. I would be grateful if you would advise what make of paint and the number of the beige color used in the interior. Apparently this same colour was used on the mast and boom.

Sorry to bother you with such a minor detail, but the success of the original paint job is very apparent and I wish to continue in the same tradition.

**John Carey  
Searidge  
Southampton West  
Bermuda**

**Dear Mr. Carey:**

*Congratulations on your purchase of Gb 32-569. If I am not mistaken, your GB 32 is either the fourth or fifth Grand Banks now in Bermuda.*

*The beige paint used on the interior of your boat is made by Z- Spar and is called Grand Banks Beige. The Z-Spar color number is 11950. It should be available through a good marine store. This paint is an enamel (gloss finish) as it comes from the can. At the factory, we used the Z-Spar flattening solution at a ratio of 50-50 to achieve the flat finish. It is difficult to touch up nicks and chips and chances are it would be easiest to paint a bulkhead at a time.*

*Thank you for writing.*

I have just read the article, "The Personal Touch" which appeared in the American Marine News, Volume 12, No. 2. I was particularly interested in the efforts made to reduce vibration and engine room noise. I am the owner of GB 42-654 which is equipped with twin Ford Lehman's. I would like to know whether or not the same Scatra mounts, thrust bearings and flexible couplings could be installed on my boat.

**G.C. Wallace  
Las Vegas, Nevada  
U.S.A.**

**Dear Mr Wallace**

*Thank you for your letter. Scatra mounts could be installed on your boat. I suggest that it would probably be easiest to contact a distributor in the USA and, in this regard, I am enclosing a photocopy of an advertisement from Aqua Drive Inc which appeared in the August 1983 issue of Motor Boating & Sailing.*

*If you do not want to go to the additional trouble of installing the Scatra mounts and thrust bearing, you could probably substantially improve smoothness by fitting DF477 mounts made by Bushings Inc, 4358 Coolidge Highway, P O Box 189, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.*



I am the proud owner of an Alaskan 45' #6, "Sundance," and though we are not a GB we are certainly close cousins. A picture is enclosed, cruising off Malibu, California. Speaking for many Alaskan owners I would like to see and hear about Alaskans in American Marine News, that is if the magazine is not devoted exclusively to GB's. I have been telling people that my boat is a rare GB 45'. I hope you will print our picture in the news for indeed we are rare. "Sundance" was built in Hong Kong in 1975 and was in the 1975 Hong Kong Boat Show, at which time Queen Elizabeth was aboard. There are only eight Alaskan 45' Flybridge Trawlers in the world, two in Europe, six in the United States with four of those on the West Coast. "Sundance" is well equipped with 107shp John Deeres, 12.5kw Onan and the Ammarine Electronic Package which she came with. We have added a 55 channel VHF, 36 mile radar, Sonar and SSB. We have made several trips North to San Francisco and South to La Paz, Mexico. The boat handles rough weather very well having come through some on several occasions. I have some news for all boats equipped with the Ammarine Electronic Package, and I need everyone's help on this one. I have



located a supply of spare parts and modules for the Electronic Package and I would like to hear from everyone with the Electronic Package working or not, that has one installed on their boat.

The best estimate I have is that there are 50 boats with this package and 35 of these are in the United States. Maybe working together we can keep this beautiful piece of equipment working. I am looking forward to the next Annual GB Southern California Rendezvous, and hope to see you there. Look up "Sundance" she is easy to find, after all how many GB 45's have you seen?

**CLIFF Hagerman**  
**18135 KINGSPORT DRIVE**  
**Malibu, California**  
**90265, USA.**

**Dear Mr. Hagerman**

*Thank you very much for your letter*

*We think you have every reason to be proud of "Sundance". She really looks sharp in the photo and this can only be attributed to the tender loving care that you have lavished on her.*

*It is unfortunate that with the consolidation of our manufacturing activities in Singapore after the closure of the Hong Kong plant, the Alaskan 45 is no longer built, and, as you correctly pointed out, the small number of Alaskan 45s around does not make itself heard compared to the great number of GBs both in the East and West Coast of the United States and in Europe.*

*Nevertheless, it is American Marine that built the Alaskans as well as the GBs and close cousins they all are — and will be.*

*Owners with the Ammarine Electronic package will, I am sure, respond either through our column or directly to you.*

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**Ed. Note:**

*We welcome contributions from owners of all American Marine built boats including Alaskans, Lagunas and custom boats.*



You have been kind enough to answer queries for me in the past, and here goes with another one.

I recently completed seven weeks cruising around Majorca, Minorca and Ibiza in my Grand Banks 42 *Juni Girl*, starting and finishing from Puerto Banus near Marbella in the Med. 1,700 nautical miles of superb cruising in a wonderful boat. However, rounding Cabo de Palos I suffered mountainous beam seas. On coming round the Cabo I had these seas astern which was more comfortable although *Juni Girl* showed a marked desire to broach which made for smart work on the helm. In no way was the vessel and crew at risk, but we were uncomfortable. The only damage was inside the fridge, the contents of which became a melange that had to be thrown away.

The query is — to deal with beam seas, perhaps of lesser severity than I describe above, would you be prepared to recommend and sanction the fitting of stabilizers? Quite an expensive job I know, but *Juni Girl* is worth it if you feel that they might be effective and would not place undue stress on the hull, which will probably require strengthening. I know of other GB owners who are interested in stabilizers and Vosper Mini Fins have been suggested.

Your comments will be appreciated, and could perhaps be worthy of mention in American Marine News which I greatly enjoy reading.

**K.M. Coupar**  
**Douglas**  
**Isle of Man**  
**United Kingdom**

**Dear Mr Coupar**

*Thank you for your letter. There is no reason why we would not sanction the installation of stabilizers. The only question is how effective they might be and whether or not they are worth the considerable cost. Quite frankly we have never been able to evaluate them objectively because opinion we have heard has been mixed.*

*I suggest that you contract Jean-Jacques Bouillant-Linet who used to be our dealer at Antibes in the South*

*of France. He had a GB 42 named "Ville d' Antibes" to which he fitted Vosper mini-fins. He has had a lot of experience with GB's and I think he would be the best person to give advice on the subject. I would be interested to learn what he tells you and perhaps as you suggest, we could put the results in the American Marine News.*

*Jean-Jacques' address is:*

**Nautica**  
**12 Ave De La Liberation**  
**06600 Antibes**  
**France**  
**Tel: (93) 338164**  
**Telex: 470712**

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I don't think you will remember me given that the last time I wrote to you was in April 1982. I am the owner of a Grand Banks 50, and thanks to your help, and the boat, I feel very happy with it.

My problem is that in the last two years I keep breaking the fresh water pump regularly (when I bought the boat, it did not have the original pump) and the one we have mounted is the Par Jabsco for six faucets; but every nine months, more or less, it breaks down. I would like to know what kind of pump you would recommend for this type of boat and where I could find it?

Thanking you once more for your help.

**Victor de Urrutia Vallejo**  
**AL Cala, Madrid**  
**Spain.**

**Dear Sir,**

*I am pleased to learn that you are happy with your boat and that I have been able to contribute in a small way towards that satisfaction.*

*As regards better water pumps, I only have personal experience of the Jabsco Model 1000 and also the Paragon. I am enclosing information on both of these pumps. You will notice that they both have pressure tanks and these greatly improve the efficiency of the water system.*



*However you must be aware that for these pumps to work efficiently, they will need a suction line with an internal diameter of at least 3/4 inches. I believe on your boat it will be 1/2 an inch. Even though it would be inconvenient to change the piping, I believe that it would still be worth while doing. The pressure side will be satisfactory at the existing 1/2 inch diameters.*

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**Dear Sir,**

Last October I purchased a Grand Banks 36 from George Knowles, the original owner. He turned over to me a couple of issues of the American Marine News which I find very helpful. In the hope that I can get on the distribution list for future issues I have filled out the card and am attaching it.

I have read with interest the answers to questions sent in by Banks owners. Perhaps you could help me on a problem (in fact the only problem I have had with the boat) that may be fairly common. Unknown, I am sure, to George and the local yard, Concordia, I found that the tops of the two fuel tanks had a bit of rust. Since the steel is quite thick. I do not believe that any drastic replacement is necessary if proper treatment is carried out. Concordia will coat the rusted parts with a compound that they have successfully used on badly rusted steel. Does this rather brief description seem to make sense to you?

I wonder if the rust comes from condensation or from a leak either from the ventilators or from the fuel deck plates. Have you heard of a similar problem and its solution?

My wife and I had some cruising in the late fall and I must say it's great. There can be quite a bit of wind at that time of year around here. We ran into a Northeaster with about 35 knots and the vessel behaved very well indeed. Power is a change from sail which we have had for the last 30 years and when you have to go to windward under those conditions, it is a welcome change. I am looking forward to next summer.

**Sincerely,**

**Peter H. Smith  
S. Dartmouth M.A.  
USA.**

**Dear Mr. Smith**

Thank you for your recent letter advising us that you now own GB36-525. I have added your name to our owners list and enclosed several back issues of the American Marine News for your files.

As you mentioned in your letter, I do not feel you will find any major problems concerning the rust on top of your fuel tanks. In determining what has caused the rust, check carefully to see if there is any salt residue in the area of the problem. This will be an important clue in solving the puzzle. My guess at this point would be that problem may stem from condensation as you suggested.

One other area to watch concerning your tanks is the area near the stuffing boxes if your boat is powered by twin engines. A periodic coat of WD-40 on these parts of the tanks will help combat any effects of spray that may come from the stuffing boxes from time to time.

Best wishes for great cruising in 1985.



# LAZARETTE



Can you imagine this happening to you? It happened in Oostende, home of the Grand Banks dealership in Belgium.

*Danska*, GB36-584 was moored next to *Putzy*, GB42-726 and both boats were ready to receive their supply of fuel from a truck parked next to the slipway.

For some unknown reason, the truck suddenly started rolling down the slipway, into the water and went crashing in between the two boats slightly damaging both of them. And all this happened right under the owners' eyes! This must be the first time that a truck and two boats collided with one another — in the water!



"We'll have to stop this boat to boat delivery of fuel!"



## CUSTOM CORNER

### FLYBRIDGE ELECTRONICS CONSOLE



This unique looking electronics console is the brainchild of Mr. William Payne of Island Yacht Charters, Grand Banks dealer for Galveston, Texas. Installed on their GB42 demonstrator, *Tejano*, it is fabricated out of aluminium and coated with Emron to resist corrosion. The console is designed to house a Furuno radar, a Furuno color sounder, micrologic Loran, VHF radio

and a CB. Other electronic gear such as a Raytheon autopilot and SEA SSB are housed in the electronics locker next to the steering station. For more information, contact:-

**Mr W. L. Payne**  
**Island Yacht Charters,**  
**7312 Seawall BLVD.**  
**Galveston Texas 77551,**  
**Tel: (409) 744-6616**

American Marine Singapore played host to His Royal Highness, Prince Bernhard of Holland when he visited the yard in October of this year. The Prince was most interested in the latest

developments in American Marine particularly the GB49 Motoryacht. The picture below shows Bob Livingston (extreme left) discussing a point with the Prince (second from left).

## Special Visitor in Singapore







Norway — "The Land of the Long Summer Nights" will be featured in the next issue of the World of Grand Banks. Be sure to get your copy.