



AMERICAN MARINE NEWS

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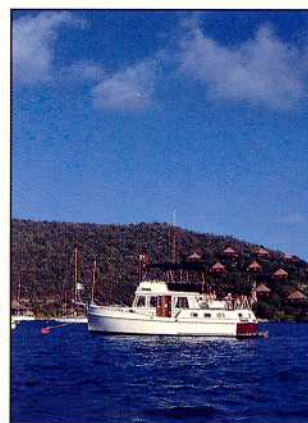
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A new GB Pennant

Cover: GB42MY-1076, one of the many GB's in the La Vida charter fleet rests on a mooring in Brias Creek, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands.

Photo By: Rick Loh



EDITOR'S NOTE

One thing Grand Banks owners the world over have in common is an enthusiasm for sharing their version of the Grand Banks experience. Our aim in publishing the **American Marine News** has been to give you, the GB owner and enthusiast, a chance to share that experience in the form of interesting reading. Whether it was a short update on the latest leg of a cruise, the full account of a passage to an exotic port, a technical question, or a tip on a custom feature, you have made this publication both written for and written by our readers. We are grateful for that support and hope you will continue to submit material you think will be of interest to those who share the world of Grand Banks.

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Boat Show News — *Miami 1989*

Under seven days of bright Florida sun, the 1989 Miami International Boat Show played host this year again to boating enthusiasts by the thousands. Despite major inconveniences caused by the construction on the Miami Beach Convention Center, response to the GB's on display was enthusiastic.

Featured at this year's show was a GB36 Classic equipped with twin 210 H.P. Cummins engines and a GB42 Classic equipped with twin 375 H.P. Caterpillar engines. Both GB's featured the traditional cruising layout in the aft cabins with

a double berth to starboard and a single berth to port. Both boats were equipped with many options including airconditioning, exterior canvas and the GB custom teak and stainless steel iceboxes.

The GB dealers participating in this year's Miami Show included: East Coast Yacht Sales, Yarmouth Maine; Great American Boatyards, Sarasota, Florida; Hal Jones & Co., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida; Inland Yachts, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Oxford Yacht Agency, Oxford, Maryland; and Plymouth Marine, Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Before the gates open



The reception center is staffed and ready



Early arrivals beat the lines



And all under picture perfect skies.

BEACHCOMBING

GB32-96 Carina

Carona Del Mar, California
USA

Preston and Bonnie Zilgitt have owned GB32 *Carina* for 18 years. During that time they have cruised thousands of miles from their Southern California home, including Mexico and British Columbia. *Carina* is pictured here showing her colors after winning last year's "Best Maintained Boat" at the Balboa Yacht Club. The Zilgitt's wrote to say they "are anxiously awaiting delivery of their new *Carina*", a brand new GB36 Europa.



GB36-648 Humdinger

Benecia, California
USA



During their 30 years in the San Francisco Bay area, Charles and Sue Williams were "always attracted to the Grand Banks". So when they recently bought *Humdinger* it was a "dream come true". They plan to enjoy California's protected waters while they get to know their 1981 GB36, formerly the *Shirley Ann*, and hope to make more extended cruises in the future.

GB32-790 Lorelei

Bend, Oregon
USA

Although *Lorelei* spent the summer in charter, Bill and Ruth Bancroft logged 40 days of cruising with their new GB32 purchased from Seaward Yacht Sales, Portland, Oregon. Her owners report, *Lorelei is the name of the mermaid who inhabits the lower Rhine River. According to the legend, those who see Lorelei must follow her forever.* The Bancrofts plan to cruise to British Columbia and Alaska next.



36-839 Mary EM II

Naples, Florida
USA



Chet and Mary Singer sent along a photo of their new GB36 Europa. "We are in love with our new boat. We were also in love with our previous 36 Classic, however, the configuration of the Europa fits our needs better and we love that separate shower and the 'back porch'. We receive many compliments about the appearance of the boat and its performance." Dr and Mrs Singer enjoy cruising the West coast of Florida.

GB42-1016 **Sea Trials**

Portland, Oregon
USA

Bill and Betty Wise witnessed their GB42 Classic under construction in Singapore in July, 1987. In November, snug in her boathouse at Portland Yacht Club, she was christened *Sea Trials*.

Betty, an interior designer happily took on her first floating project. *Sea Trials* sports turquoise canvas outside, Turkish rugs and bold colors inside.

Last summer they took *Sea Trials* up the north coast, through the San Juan and Gulf Islands to Vancouver, B.C. and hope to venture even further north this season. "We can't think of a better way to go."



GB32-398 **Bounty**

Naples, Florida
USA



Hollis Ellis bought this wooden GB32 a few years ago and recently wrote to report he had "sailed the boat down the inland waterway from Cape Cod to Naples, Florida, and had a wonderful trip with no problems what so ever." *Bounty* is still powered by the original Ford Lehman engine. *Bounty* is pictured at anchor off of Keenwaysin Island near Naples, Florida.

GB36-814 **Sea Scape**

Portland, Oregon
USA

Sea Scape is pictured here underway shortly after Jerry Nelson took delivery from GB Dealer Seaward Yacht Sales in Portland, Oregon. *Sea Scape* was the first GB36 Sedan to include the optional island bed arrangement in the forward cabin. He plans to cruise the San Juan Islands this summer.



GB32-400 **Waikaloe 3**

Kaneohe, Hawaii
USA



Waikaloe 3 is pictured underway in the early morning light heading out of the channel from Kaneohe Bay, enroute to an invitational fishing tournament. At the helm is her able owner-skipper, Mack McConnaughey who writes to say that "at 74, I need all the crew I can get." Mr McConnaughey also notes that "my boat is fitted with microwave and color T.V., which every good fishing boat should have."

WE MADE IT!

Bits & Pieces from the Log of M/V HORATIA

The Minor Saga of a Waterway Passage

by Peter Allport

Introduction

Much of the Eastern United States is protected from the severity of the Atlantic Ocean by barrier islands. It is possible to navigate "inside" of these barrier islands via the naturally occurring bays, sounds, rivers and creeks that over the years have been connected by manmade canals. Although construction and maintenance of this route originally began as a commerce interest in Florida around 1874, shortly after the turn of the century, the waterway through Florida and the remaining states came under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government as being valuable to both commercial and national defense interests.

The voyage described in "We Made It" is not only a tour through some of the premier cruising grounds in the East, but traces the very route that decades of mariners have made legendary. Mr Allport's words are a first class tribute to the people, sights and history of the intracoastal waterway, and for that we are grateful.

July 22, 1988: On a Guest Mooring, Stage Harbor, Massachusetts

In Which We Are Hooked

Today, with the Creedons, Kent Mitchel, and his friends David and Anne Tooms aboard, I let it slip (a touch of braggadocio?) that Margaret had thoughts of the Inland Waterway; that, in fact, the two of us just might take the boat to Florida this Fall.

At that, David, an experienced Waterway hand, nailed the lid. He said: "Horatia is just the boat for it." He's right, of course. The Waterway may be what trawlers are made for. These boats — at least the "Grand Banks" variety — are wonderfully comfortable, seaworthy, with a relatively shallow draft, and while not fast, can generate sufficient speed to make the long trip manageable. But in Horatia's case, a Grand Banks 42 David overlooked the crew. On the one hand, over aged and of doubtful skill; and on the other, a petite size four, more noted for her warmth and charm, her enthusiasm and spunk, than for her deck hand background.

But nail it, he did. Thereafter — even as early as this evening when we foregathered at Faith and Bev Harvie's for cocktails — the question was not "If you go" but rather, "when are you off", "how long will it take", "will you visit the Frosts in

Vero, and how about the Thurms and Claggetts in Palm Beach"? Willy-nilly — short of a good sinking — the die is cast!

October 12, 1988: At Home, Bronxville, New York

Of High Winds & Rolled Seas

A second postponement: Horatia, at her home mooring in Milton Harbor, is fueled, her water tanks are full, and provisions are aboard. But the Weather Bureau continues to rumble: "A small craft advisory ... A full gale warning for the offshore waters from Block Island to Manasquan ..." My own readings, taken when I went to check the boat this morning, showed winds N.N.W. at 25 with higher gusts, late November air temperatures, and a seething Long Island Sound more fitting to January than Indian Summer. Sure Horatia can take it, but I doubt for her comfort loving crew.

But tomorrow it is: "do or die!" If we postpone again we'll lose both our third in crew — my gainfully employed brother, Sandy, who signed a short-term enlistment with us for the outside run from Rye to Cape May — and a fair tide for the East River.

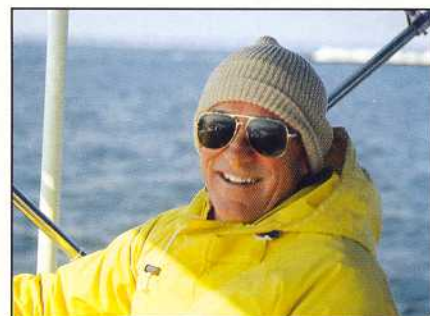
Right now — it's bright daylight — the spirit is strong and I've told Margaret: "The weather will be

better: we go!" But the Sound sure looked mean out there. When it is dark tonight and there is time to think, the will, I'm afraid, may waver.

October 15, 1988: Dockside, The Cape May Yacht Harbor, Cape May, New Jersey

On the Value of "Long Johns"

The first two days — the runs from Rye to Manasquan, and then, on the next day, to Cape May: well, let's call them smashing. Crystal clear, New York City shone like Christmas;



"While on deck we were no more than just comfortable".



and I thought that I could, perhaps, even see Claire Fisher waving as we glimpsed the old office, high on East 44th Street, through a gap between the Chrysler and U.N. Buildings.

But oh, how it blew — at 25 to 30 knots true from out of the cold North West. On *Horatia*, however, all worked like clockwork. The worst, by far, was the loss of my warm Breton beret, and the realization that, while on deck, we were no more than just comfortable with flannel shirts, plus wool sweaters, layered under lined foul-weather jackets. While talk of mutiny or desertion was never heard, it well might have been had not Grania — that paragon among daughters-in-law — added silk “long-johns” to Margaret’s kit bag. These surely saved the day.

October 17, 1988: At Anchor, the Sassafrass River, Maryland

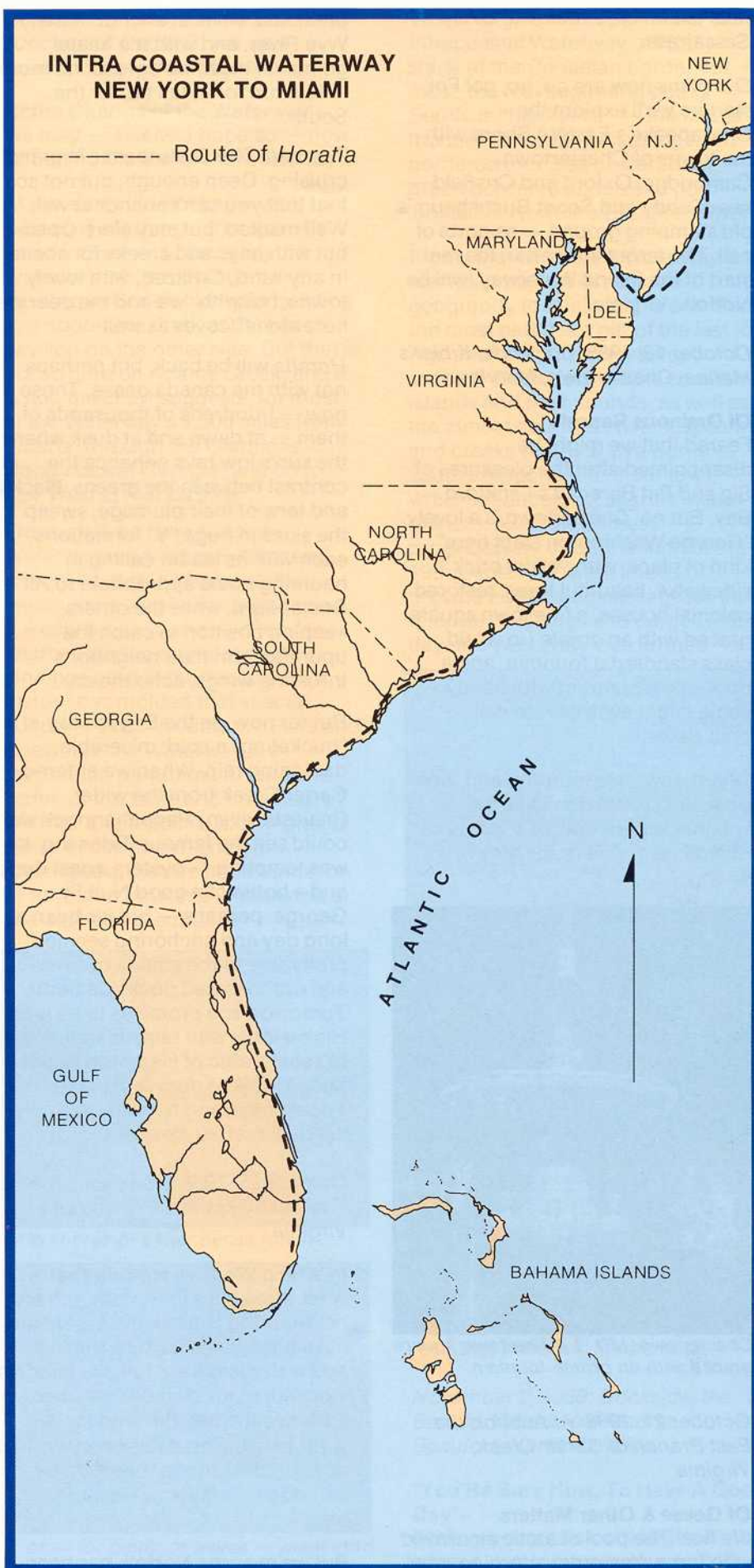
In Which We Bask in the Sun

This is more like it! A calm, balmy, afternoon of a lazy day at anchor. We are lying — in about 10 feet of water on 70 feet of chain — under the lee of the now red-gold south bank of the Sassafrass River. It has been so warm and lovely that even a swim seemed appropriate. While that was a mistake which endured for no more than seconds, none the less, if this is the Chesapeake in October, where have we been for these many years?



“The red-gold south bank of the Sassafrass River”.

The weather changed early yesterday just as Sandy had to leave for other duties. Layers then disappeared and shirt sleeves appeared. The wind decreased to calm, while the sun shone through a warming haze. We powered in tranquillity up what can sometimes be a redoubtable Delaware Bay, through the canal which connects it to the Chesapeake, and on, for a



final ten miles, to this, the lovely Sassafrass.

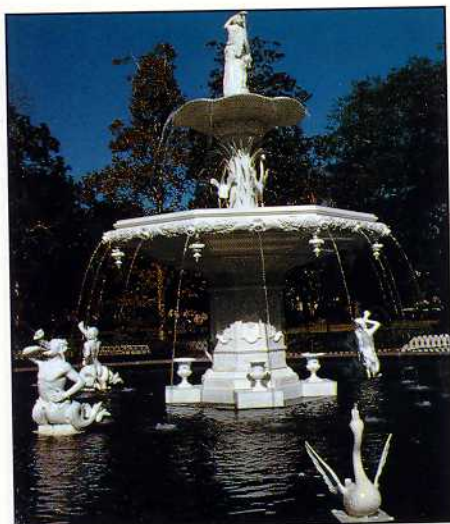
Our plans now are go, go, go! For starters we'll explore the Chesapeake's Eastern Shore with the towns of Chestertown, Cambridge, Oxford and Crisfield — near Sandy and Scoot Buchsbaum's old stamping ground — as ports of call. The target thereafter, the real start of the Inland Waterway, will be Norfolk, Virginia.

October 18, 1988: Dockside, Kibler's Marina, Chestertown, Maryland

Of Ominous Reports

Feared that we might be disappointed after the pleasures of Sig and Pat Bereday's Lankford Bay. But no, Chestertown is a lovely, "George Washington slept here" kind of place, with yellow brick sidewalks, beautiful trees, restored colonial houses, a fine town square graced with an ornate (to world class standards) fountain, and a dockside restaurant with heady — some might even say "to die" — crab cakes.

"Sight-saw" this morning and took on supplies, but don't like the weather report. Talk of a "big pool of arctic air ..." Perhaps they're wrong.



Chestertown, MD ... A fine town square graced with an ornate fountain.

October 21, 1988: At Anchor, the East Branch of Carter Creek, Virginia

Of Geese & Other Matters

We flee! The pool of arctic air arrived with force. Yesterday morning, at

breakfast, while at anchor in the Wye River, and with the heater going full blast, we agreed: no more — lets run for it, full tilt, for the South.

Too bad. The Chesapeake is grand cruising. Deep enough, but not so that that you can't anchor at will. Well marked, but stay alert. Open, but with bays and creeks for shelter in any wind. Civilized, with lovely towns, but with "we and the deer are here alone" coves as well.

Horatia will be back, but perhaps not with the Canada geese. These now — hundreds of thousands of them — at dawn and at dusk when the sun's low rays enhance the contrast between the greens, blacks, and tans of their plumage, sweep the skies in huge "V" formations, each with its leader calling in haunting notes appropriate to All Souls Night, while the others, keeping position to catch the updrafts from their neighbor's thrusting wings, echo the cry.

But for now, as the English say, it is "bucketing" a cold, miserable, darkening rain. When we entered Carter Creek from the wider (majestic even) Rappahannock we could see the famous Tides Inn. It was tempting — oysters, roast duck, and a bottle of a good Nûit St. George, perhaps — but it's been a long day and anchoring seemed preferable to the strains of a new and unrehearsed dockside berth. Tomorrow too promises to be long. High winds, with rain, as well as the big ship traffic of Hampton Roads and Norfolk to deal with at the end. To bed now, and to sleep. We may need all that we can get.

October 25, 1988: Dockside, The Tide Water Marina, Portsmouth, Virginia

In Which We Give Norfolk Praise

After three days in Portsmouth and neighboring Norfolk the essentials have been taken care of: the fuel and water tanks are full, the larder is stocked, a "touch more" has been added to the bar, the laundry is scrubbed, the boat has been washed down, and Margaret has had her hair done. Tomorrow we can be off ...

But we're sorry. Norfolk has been

great fun. To make it so — as hosts, guides, and boon companions — we have had Margaret's gracious cousin Sabine, and her husband, Dr. Mason Andrews. They mangled busy schedules to help a couple of uninvited drop-ins. I wish I could model my conduct on theirs, but suspect (know full well) that it would take an act of God.

To those who are old Navy hands: "Now Hear This: If you haven't been back to Norfolk, go as soon as you can!"

It is hard to believe. Some, of course, is the same. Hampton Roads, for example, remains rough for small yachts just as it did for liberty boats, the columns at the main entrance of the Portsmouth Naval Hospital still stand, and the Elizabeth River continues to be an almost solid gray wall of carriers, cruisers, destroyers, and support vessels with only the battle wagons missing.

On the other hand: there are no ferries, just tunnels; no honky-tonks, no strip-joints, no red-light boarding houses; but instead — in Portsmouth — a manicured waterfront with the 18th Century lovingly preserved, and — in Norfolk — the glitter of a new steel and glass downtown which may well preview the 21st.

If — as the travel columns say — you go: Margaret and I enjoyed,
a) the Walter Chrysler Museum, a select collection which pleases the eye without wear to the feet;
b) the Moses Myer House, the best of early maritime Norfolk; and
c) the Napoleonic tomb which unblushingly proclaims the memory of the late General Douglas MacArthur.

October 27, 1988: At Anchor: Just South of the Wilkerson Bridge on the Pongo River, Virginia

To Coin a Phrase, "It's a Small World"

A lovely anchorage, on a seemingly unnamed creek, in six to ten feet of water, with plenty of room to swing, and a fine, protective, arm of grain-gold marshland, to ward off the wake-wash from the main Waterway channel.

We are alone at the moment (5.00 PM), but that may not last as there is



A lovely anchorage, on a seemingly unnamed creek.

still some boat traffic trying to squeeze out another mile before dark. The procession is fun to watch. A bit earlier, we saw Dr. Ireland's handsome red sloop, *Simoon*. They, Margaret tells me — a discovery made in the Waterway's universal social center, the marina laundromat — are friends and admirers of both the Frosts, and of Lee and Ernie Weil. We also saw "our" *Cameo II* which we turned in for *Horatia*. Margaret burst into tears and I was just a step away. She looked great. The Bergers have obviously taken good care of her, and have done us the honor not to change her name. Short of a "Grand Banks", a "Nauticat 33" may be the next best for the Waterway.



We also saw Cameo II ...



... which we turned in for Horatia.

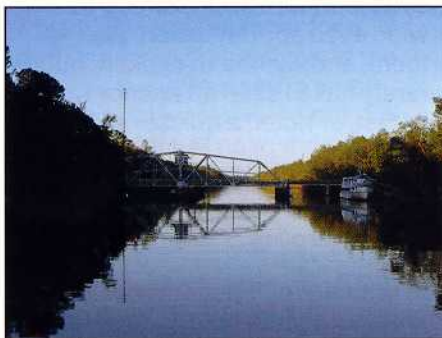
October 28, 1988: At Anchor, Junction of Cedar Creek and Adams Creek, North Carolina

Of the Charms of the Waterway

We may — at least I hope so — now be getting the feel of the Waterway ...

At the start I did not know what to expect. If anything, I thought of a narrow canal — of crossing the Waterway while rushing from a meeting in Boca's old main building to a noon-time drink at the beach pavilion on the other side. But that is not so here on Adams Creek, and it is not, the chart suggests, for most of the Waterway's 1,500 miles from Virginia, through the Carolinas, along coastal Georgia, and on to Key West at Florida's tip.

From what we have seen, the Waterway is sometimes wide and often wild. It is the home of the heron, the dolphin, the pelican and the osprey. Its towns — often far apart — mark many of the first landings on our shores, and their history has molded that special culture we call "Southern". Here and elsewhere the Waterway is a fascinating panorama of land and water, of the tame and untamed, of the past and present, with shores of either dense forest, golden marshgrass, picture book farms, or — for better or worse — mankind's sea-side playgrounds.



With shores of either dense forest ...



... or — for better or worse — mankind's sea-side playground.

While, to give its proper name, the Intracoastal Waterway officially starts at the Canadian border, for most, the real beginning going South, is "Marker #1" — the first of thousands, usually on pilings, red bordered triangles to starboard, green bordered squares to port — located in Norfolk's Elizabeth River.

From Marker #1 the Waterway is a marvel in the use of nature's geography to attain man's end. For the most part it is a gift of the last Ice Age and of a currently rising seabed. These formed the coastal islands and their sounds, as well as the almost countless rivers, streams, and creeks (many with a north/south component to their flow), which meander just slightly inland of them. As some of these — progressively through much of the 19th Century — were linked to provide a sheltered passage for the relatively frail tugs and barges of the day, the Waterway was formed.



To provide a sheltered passage.

Today the Waterway is a mixture: parts are straight-away, man made cuts; parts are the Sounds — the Currituck, the Bogue, Florida's Hobe and many others — along which deep channels have usually been dredged; and parts twist and turn along such "other than household name" rivers as the Pasquotank, Pungo, Gore, Waccamaw, Stona, Ashepoo and Banana. At this point — maybe a third of the way, and with a little of each behind us — I'll hazard the guess that we will like the rest, that it too will lift the soul.

November 2, 1988: Dockside, the Beaufort Municipal Marina, Beaufort, North Carolina

"You Be Sure Now, To Have A Good Day"

Feeling better, almost 100% (nothing serious, just a tummy squeeze), so

tomorrow we go. Four days here: one for boat work, one for sightseeing, one to wait out a fast passing and nasty squall line, and one for the above. But a nice town — the first with that unforgettable combination of magnolia tree, palm, and live oak fringed in spanish moss. The first too, with the brown pelican, and for us, the first sighting of dolphin. Finally, the first town of the true "Old South". The test of the latter is the frequency of "Thank You, Ma'm" at grocery check outs, along with the pacing and inflection given to "you be sure, now, to have a good day". Here they mean it, and say it just right.



That unforgettable combination of magnolia tree, palm, and live oak fringed in Spanish moss.

November 4, 1988: Dockside, Southport Marina, Southport, North Carolina

On the Making of a Thundering Ass
Made a thundering ass of myself. No excuse at all. The "Waterway Guide" — a wonderful book — warned, but I goofed anyway!

I lost my way crossing the Cape Fear River. A bit tricky, true; but there would not have been a problem had I set compass headings in advance.

The upshot was that *Horatia* blundered into a "forbidden" U.S. Army zone. The M.P.'s, from their picket boat — by loud-hailer and radio — were polite but firm: "Reverse course, Captain, RIGHT NOW!"

Not all of the Waterway is an easy "Interstate". There will be other big inlet rivers like the Fear, with multiple buoyed channels and other complications. Learn, damn it, learn!

November 5, 1988: At Anchor, Waterway Mile 375 on the Waccamaw River

Of White Knuckles & Fishing Parties

Comfortable in a lovely sheltered river bight, but squalls and thunderstorms all day, and a touch too — the first for this passage — of white knuckles.

Hit by a deluge of rain and zilch visibility while in a narrow channel, with little depth but much current, while crossing a secondary inlet of the Cape Fear. In addition, it is Saturday. Thus small outboards with family fishing parties, anchored in mid-channel just begging to be swamped, were present in droves.

Our best — our only — bet was to struggle to hold *Hortia* in position. To try, Margaret fixed on the one stationary mark (a can about 15 feet off the bow) that we could see, while I, at the helm, pivoted between looks at the fathometer and hasty searches for nearby outboards. Knuckles whitened when the depth finder dropped — from a safe six feet, to an impossible three. They whitened even more when I nudged the throttles to see if we could find deep water. I know, at least, that mine did, and I'll make a bet for those on the outboard. Its occupants — three very wet fishing gentlemen — from some twenty feet away, eyed *Horatia's* approaching bulk in wide eyed apprehension. I felt for them, and wished to explain, but rarely have I seen an anchor hauled as fast, or noted a quicker skedaddle.

November 9, 1988: Dockside, The Ashley River Marina, Charleston, South Carolina

In Which We Praise Charleston

We are back on board. Back from our first night off the boat since we left Rye. Spent it at the Charleston Inn (dingy, but abutting the marina) whose claim of "a television in every room" had lured us for election night coverage.

Love Charleston ...

Love the bay, and the view of Fort Sumpter.

Love the food ... Three restaurants have been tested to date, and each gets at least two stars.

Love the houses, love the gardens, love the trellises. All handsome, all well maintained, all alive without any touch of "museum dead".

Love the docks — "for real", with smells of coffee and chocolate.

Love the climate. We broke out our shorts.

"Love the "Charleston Courting Board". New to me. Used, I'm told, in days gone by for the purpose of its name. Essentially it is a springy, chair-high, 12 to 14 foot plank, mounted at each end on rockers whose line of motion parallels the board's long axis. When used, that is when sat upon — notably "a deux" — the board evokes a smile on the face of even the most dour, as its gently swaying rock, combined with its persistent, but tender bounce, effortlessly eases its riders to a hip to hip position. A delight, I submit, a boon to both the wooed and the wooer.

Only one disappointment ... We had hoped while in Charleston to greet our friend of years, Henry Schachte. As it turned out, we talked by phone, but no more. Too bad! But Margaret and I drank a toast — a deep one — to "the next time".

November 10, 1988: At Anchor, the Bull River, South Carolina

Of Amateurs & the Lonely Marshes

A red letter day. The temperature, except for early this morning, has been in the eighties, and — like a kid in a new school — I finally worked up the nerve to raise my hand.

On the water, VHF Radio (under FCC rules, monitored by the Coast Guard) is a thing of many uses. It is, of course — on Channel 16 — boating's "911 number" where everything gives way to an "S.O.S." or to a "Mayday". It is also the link with shore and, between pleasure boats — on such channels as nine or sixty eight — the means for some needed, and much unneeded, conversation. On *Horatia* (other than "Mayday") the use of VHF on these and other channels is commonplace. But not so channel thirteen. That channel is different. Channel thirteen makes me shy.

Channel thirteen is the "pros"

channel. It, by law, is monitored by commercial vessels, and is the one — in arcane tongues unknown to the Navy's *Watch Officers Guide* — which harbor pilots, tug captains, and the masters of ocean going Goliaths use to guard against collisions and the like. Talk on channel thirteen is always staccato, and on the Waterway, it also has a "good old boy" ring to it. Thus talk on channel thirteen quickly separates the men from the boys. It is not the place for Yanks, and others who fear to sound like amateur outlanders.

But, as has been increasingly clear, the time had come ...

This morning, in a narrow stretch of the Stono River, both safety and good manners made it necessary to let the tug ahead of us — the *Miss Sally*, making about six knots with two barges — know our intentions. I swallowed, switched to channel thirteen, and framed my message. It, in a casual, "I do this every day" manner, was to have been:

"Miss Sally ... Miss Sally ...
Horatia astern ... 'Mornin',
Skipper ... Will pass you on
one whistle, unless I hear your
two ... And have a good day
now."

But, no. As I pushed the "transmit button" I found myself, in clipped tones, saying:

"Tug, *Miss Sally* ... Tug, *Miss Sally* ... This is the motor vessel *Horatia* ... Our call sign is Whiskey, Tango, Charley, 9095 ... We are presently located approximately a quarter of a mile astern of you and proceeding at eight knots ...

"Good morning, Captain ..."

"It is my intent to pass on your starboard hand ... Please advise if this will present you with a problem."

"A pleasant day, Sir."

So much for my aspirations to "old boydom". Memories of the *Watch Officer's Guide* had prevailed. But all was not lost. The Waterway proved to be kind and forgiving. *Miss Sally* replied never-the-less. Her message was: "Bring her on up, Cap. I'm just pushing six feet and

can move her over. Have a great day."

A look ahead at the charts of coastal Georgia and the East Coast of Florida suggests that this may be our last anchorage — way-out and alone — in the marshes. Too bad, I've liked them. There will be others, but they won't be as vast — nor as wild, wide, and open — as are those here in the Carolinas.

Here — now, in the Fall — the marsh grasses are shoulder high and colored a hazy, golden, tan, with constantly changing lusters of dappled sunlight on an easterly breeze; while the marshes themselves are so broad that the most you can see is a distant sliver of highland shore, broken here and there, by a dot or dash shaped hardwood island with its population of buzzard, osprey and raccoon.



One of the countless creeks which lace and meander for miles.

And here too, the marshes are lonely. When we nudged into the Bull — one of the countless creeks which lace and meander for miles — from the main channel along the Coosaw this afternoon, a small shrimp boat was coming out. Since then (its 9:30 PM now) there has been no one in sight, and it is so quiet that you hear the flow of the tide.

This is nice if you like it. Some don't, and keep their radios blaring. But we do, and we'll miss it. Today even cocktails were postponed as we enjoyed the twilight matinee of a big Blue Heron spearing his supper, while a covey of terns noisily darted and dove for their feast of minnows.

This sort of thing — postponing cocktails — must, of course, be closely controlled. But perhaps not here, not in the marshes, not at least until it's dark and safe to say: "The show is over, there's nothing else to see — unless, of course, its time to watch the stars."

November 12, 1988: Dockside, The Beaufort Marina, Beaufort, South Carolina

Of Live Oak & Shopping on the Waterway

This may be it ... If it ever becomes imperative to cut back the length and severity of winter, this may be the place. We arrived yesterday. Down the Beaufort River, in lovely weather, on the broad bend which sweeps around this town of old homes, live oak, and magnolia, which is pronounced "Buefort" in contrast to North Carolina's "Boofort".

In Beaufort, within the distance of a pre-breakfast walk, we found a *New York Times*. A boon! Perhaps less so than before we discovered Public Radio's first rate news coverage, but a boon none the less.

Even better — in fact, hot dog! Just as the last dock line was being made fast, here came Peggy Swan! Peggy, once a Bronxvillian, but last seen by us almost two years ago in Saint Dye sur Loire, now graces nearby Hilton Head. While here — and there too it seems — we are to be her wards.

The marina ...? Just fine ... Not fancy, not big, as much sail as power, and with the "heart of town" just across the street. Spotted Helen and John Brown's graceful ketch *Samantha* at a nearby slip. More for the "it's a small world" department. They were fellow passengers with us aboard S.S. Jason on the cruise to Cape Horn.

Beaufort — a real town, not a golf club annex — is a magnet of historians of house and gardens. It is lovely to look at, sports spruced up waterfront, and, for Margaret, even has deep roots as her paternal great-grand parents — Edgar G. and Mary L. Nichols — rest in the graveyard of its handsome, Saint Helena Parish, Episcopal Church.

But Beaufort has a drawback. It is a mark of the times and is common to most Waterway towns. On Beaufort's "spruced up waterfront" antiques, Gucci loafers, high fashion jeans, aged brie, and balsamic vinegar are readily available; but nary a carton of milk, or eggs, a head of lettuce, or a loaf

of bread. To find these "wheels" are needed; "wheels" for the voyage to the outlying parking lot, surrounding the outlying shopping mall, within which, with luck, a grocery store may be found.

The demise of the corner grocer, while a problem to the cruising boat, is, of course, an opportunity to marina owners. Some of these, when a skipper's larder is low, seek his loyalty by the loan of a "courtesy car", while others offer cars for hire. Either way, they are the inspiration to "Rent-a-Wreck". If you go: never mind the absence of springs, but do be sure to check for brakes, steering control and a reverse gear.

The plan — tomorrow — is to get underway early for the short run to Harbor Town on Hilton Head Island; and then, during the next two days, to visit Savannah (by car — Peggy's), to see Hilton Head under Peggy's guidance, and to let Peggy provide both the "wheels" and be the chauffeur while we restock *Horatia*. My mother taught me better, but it sure is nice to be spoiled!

November 15, 1988: At Anchor, the Yahoo River, Georgia

Thundering Ass II & Other Matters

A fine anchorage (our first in Georgia) after a fine run. Dolphin today, by the dozens. Now it's dark with a quarter moon reflected down the length of the creek, and "La Traviata" on the hi-fi. A tough life!

Some notes — looking back to Harbor Town — they add up to fun, and a moment of deep embarrassment.

The Harbor Town Marina ... Our first, well, let's say: "Florida style — Big power yacht — Full service, plus — Marina." Gold Coast, comes to mind, and also — to be fair — skilful, courtious and efficient. *Horatia* was a small boat there among professionally skippered and crewed, 120 footers. On arrival we barely needed to handle a line, and, for the first time, were asked "can we hook up your television and telephone?" I hope that my: "Oh, no. Thank you so much, but no," sounded sufficiently insouciant. But I doubt it. Will have to work on that.

Savannah ... Very glad that we went, and thank Peggy for it. But I prefer Charleston. The former — Savannah — seemed stern to me, while the latter is sprightly and (traditional usage) gay.

A surprise — a jewel ... At the suggestion of my brother-in-law and friend, George Nichols, we stopped to see the little town of Bluffton with its gem of a parish church. Were I a Blufftonian, the pleasure of seeing this church, in its surrounding grove of Live Oak of a Sunday morning, might even change my present practice for the day.



The little town of Bluffton, S.C. with its gem of a parish church.

But joy is mixed with ash. I blush. On getting underway in Harbor Town I goofed again. Blame it — at least I do — on an earlier than usual departure.

I powered up this morning, cast off the lines, and started to back from our berth. At that, *Horatia* "hung up". I had overlooked a starboard bowline. We dangled helplessly, like a whale on a tether, unable to back, unable to go forward, and unable to put a controlling line ashore. All I could do was wonder if it would be best to cut and run, or to swallow my pride, get on the radio, and hope the dock-master was up and on duty. As it was, a Samaritan arrived, a neighbor from a nearby slip, tying his bathrobe around him, who cast us loose. Dumb, dumb! Even Margaret — with good reason — spoke to me sharply.

November 16, 1988: Dockside, the Jekyll Island Marina, Jekyll Island, Georgia

A Brouhaha on the Waterway

A sparse marina, now rich in roosting starlings, on an island once

noted for being J.P. Morgan's playground ... Not overly enthused — perhaps a touch of bile — but suspect that the two most lasting memories will be of 1) an old live oak quite big enough to provide a grove sized shade; and 2) the copyist skills — from the Brenta, Versailles, and elsewhere — of the architects who built Jekyll's acclaimed villas.

Margaret is just back aboard from the dockside pay phone ...

All is in good shape at home: the furnace is working, the car batteries are charged, and the essential bills have been paid. It has always been nice to have a nice son, but never more so than since he has been an able, responsible, adult; capable and willing to think for himself — and for me as well!

A Waterway brouhaha late this morning, with an angry voice, on Channel 16, calling: "Coast Guard ... Coast Guard ... This is the sailing vessel *Blue Belle* ... Be advised that ..."

It seems that a motor vessel named — what can I say — *Daddy's Toy*, was creating havoc by rolling other boats on their beam ends as she passed them at speeds of 20 knots or more.

I sympathized. *Daddy's Toy*, earlier in the day, had passed *Horatia*, and I had muttered: "bastard." *Blue Belle*, it seems, had been washing dishes. Under that circumstance, a "you son of a bitch," was restrained, as were (even if futile) calls to the Coast Guard.

On the Waterway, as Bob Boothby taught me, "proper passing procedure" requires both boats — the "overtaker" and the "overtaken" — to slow down; the latter sufficiently so that the former can drop to "no wake speed" and still get by. For safety, as well as for comfort, most boats are scrupulous in this. But a very few — drawn most often, it seems, from a small minority of those whose owners get their kicks by killing blue-fins and sail-fish for sport — do not. At present, the Coast Guard can do little. But if the "bastards" proliferate, there should be a law to hook, and gaff them.

November 20, 1988: *Dockside, the Ortega Yacht Harbor Marina, Jacksonville, Florida*

Of the St. Johns & Horatia's Etymology

A memorable two days ... On one count: the exiting St. Johns River with its big ship traffic; and on the other: the hospitality, far beyond our due or worth, showered on us by Margaret's Aunt Sabine, and her son, Professor Hardin Goodman.

The river: big, turning and twisting, with buoy drowning currents particularly on the bends, and a place where you become one with fishing traffic, navy traffic, yacht traffic, and ocean going monsters.

For the first time to my memory, we saw — and moved aside to let it pass — one of the specialized automobile transports: the huge, floating garages designed to bring Toyotas, Hondas, and the like to our shores. The *S.S. Hyundai II* is gigantic — rather like a mesa, or a full scale aircraft carrier without a flight deck. Later we could see it unloading. It looked unreal: a beached sea monster giving birth to an endless stream of red, black, blue, and green cars, which flowed from its innards, one right behind the other, like an endless chain.

But for all of the excitement of the St. Johns River, the best for us — after a gap of some years — was to again see Aunt Sabine and Hardin. She — now a bit older than is the present century — stands straight, unblemished, and able to charm like a "belle". While here, at their yacht club, we dined early but stayed late as she and Hardin made the time fly. The talk was of family, of Jacksonville (a city now, which like Norfolk, presages the future), of nautical stuff, and of Hardin's forte, comparative literature.

The latter, perhaps, led to *Horatia's* etymology. Hardin anticipated, I suspect, a Latin root, an Horation Ode, perhaps, or maybe that Roman chap, the one who stood at the bridge. "No, no," I hastened to say, "nothing as distant or as cerebral. *Horatia* goes back no further than 1801 or thereabouts, when a great favorite of mine, the late Sir Horatio Nelson, Admiral of the Blue, combined with Emma, Lady

Hamilton, for nights of mutual pleasure. The consequence, "I reminded them, "was a daughter who was named Horatia by her mother. When we bought this boat," I concluded, "it seemed to us fitting and fun to honor that otherwise unhonored lady".

November 21, 1988: *At Anchor, Behind Pine Island on the Tolomato River, Florida*

"Sometimes They Throw Bricks"

Miscalculated ... Planned to make St. Augustine today but was short by a dozen miles or so when the eyes grew bleary. The culprit was "no wake" signs. Their variety included: 1) The official — the Corps of Engineer's straight forward: "No Wake — Next Two Miles" followed, after the appropriate distance, by: "Resume Normal Safe Speed"; 2) The equally official, and important: "No Wake — Manatee Area"; and 3) The unofficial (but be careful, they have been known to throw bricks) notices posted by householders. These, in various shapes and sizes, play three variants on a common theme: a) Please No Wake, b) No Wake, and c) No Wake, Damn It — *You Are Responsible*.

Must be sympathetic ... In shallow water, and at speeds of eight to ten knots, *Horatia* kicks up "surfable" waves like those in the movie "Endless Summer". When running close to developed shores, courtesy calls for speeds of about five knots. To do otherwise would put piers, wharfs, sea walls, moored boats, even lawns at risk.

November 23, 1988: *Dockside, Comanche Island Marina, St. Augustine, Florida*

Of Storms & Napoleon's Nephew

Drowned rats ... Last night and early this morning, Tropical Storm "Deidre" washed us clean. Much wind and rain, but little — none to *Horatia* — damage.

We were lucky. More for the "small world" department. Our neighbor to windward was Roger Hearne — the step-son of Margaret's buddy, Sheila — in his sloop *Stardancer*. He, bound around the world, knows his business, and had doubled his lines before the blow arrived. We slept better. It is nice to know that

the boat just next to you most likely won't break loose!

Held up a day, but worth it:

In St. Augustine discovered — three cheers — the "Murat House". It is small, on a back street, shaded by palms and bougainvillea, with 17th century foundations and heavy stone walls which are pierced only here and there by nail-studded, wood shutters. There is a sign on it — a historical marker, rather uncared for, and more reminiscent of Paris or Rome than of a Waterway town which says (I quote from memory):

**Joseph Murat
Pretender to the Crown of Naples,
who married a niece of
George Washington**

Lived Here While a Resident of St. Augustine

Love it, but can it be true: Napoleon's nephew — also the son of Marshal Murat (perhaps the greatest of all cavalymen, who married the Emperor's youngest sister, and became the King of Naples) — here in St. Augustine, and linked to the Father of our Country? It is, I've checked. But I have yet to ask (perhaps of Pat Bereday): "Will this strengthen 'hands across the sea', are the Washingtons and the Boneparts true "kiss'n cousins"?

November 24, 1988: *Dockside, The Daytona Municipal Marina, Daytona, Florida*

In Which I Am A Mite Tippy

Our first Thanksgiving without family in 43 years! No tears, but a heart-pluck for both of us, particularly as "our" very littlest, the grand-children — Peter, seven, and Tara, three — are to join many of their elders (at George Nichols' big table) for the first time tonight at the festive dinner. Curiosity about the outcome (Tara is an imp) has given jollity and spice to what might have been nostalgic thoughts of home.

Maybe, just now (10:25 PM) just a mite tippy! We arrived this afternoon — a fine up-to-date marina — and tied up cheek to jowl with its "Chart House Restaurant". At 6:15 — and hungry, we walked over for turkey and trimmings.

Me: "Good evening, a table for two please."

She: "Do you have a reservation?"

Me: "No, I'm afraid we don't. You see, we are off a boat."

She: "Well ... Ok ... But, I'm sorry, it might be some time."

Me — expansively: "Oh, that's all right. We'll just wait in the bar."

And so we did. It would seem, on the one hand, that no one in Daytona eats at home; and on the other, that our cocktail waitress was top-notch. A fruitful combination, I would guess, whose consequence will be clear in the morning.

November 25, 1988: At Anchor, off of Titusville, Florida

Of Dolphins & Bridge Tenders

From here — a wide place between Titusville and the N.A.S.A. installations some dozen miles away across the river on Cape Canaveral — the Space Shuttle and its launching rig look like a cluster of diamonds brilliant enough to seduce the most virtuous.

Dolphins as usual, and today they came out to play ... The Indian River, and the Banana, are shallow, but wide enough to hold an eight knot cruising speed. The dolphins seemed to love it. They hung in our wake, like expert body-surfers with their beaks thrusting forward just below the curl of the wave, until out of breath; at which they surged ahead, cleared the water sleekly, breathed, and then belly-floped back for another turn on the sleigh ride.

Also today, for the first time, flocks of white pelicans ... A different breed — bigger, and unlike the more common brown pelicans, the whites don't dive for their suppers. These instead, by flapping their wings like huge brooms just over the surface of the water, herd their fishy prey into tight pods, from which — with bills like shovels — they then dip to their tummy's content.

On the Waterway bridges are a fact of life. But there are variants. Among these is the mood of the bridge tender — is it to be a cheery, often female, "good morning, Cap", or a "wrong side of the bed" silence. Today must be noted as the day of "the courteous bridge tender".

We called — standard procedure — on channel 13:

"Port Orange Highway Bridge, Port Orange Highway Bridge... M/V *Horatia* here, southbound and passing the marker just to the north of you, may we have an opening, please."

The response — instantly, and in a nice soprano voice — was:

"*Horatia*, *Horatia*, Port Orange here ... We are looking at you ... Bring her on down, Skipper, and you'll have an opening just as you get here."

And, so it turned out ... Thanks were due:

"Port Orange ... *Horatia*, here ... Thank you for that opening, Ma'm, it was appreciated.

To which — as we were about to put down the radio, our nice bridge tender responded:

"Now thank you for that, *Horatia* ... We aim to please ... Be sure to have a good day, you all, and a safe trip, too."

Will wonders ever cease?

While on the subject bridges: this morning — with fingers crossed, but after conversations with the bridge tender — we challenged *Horatia's* estimated 26 foot height above the water, against the 27 foot clearance of the bridge crossing the "Haul-Over Canal". From the steering position, the Bimini screened my view of both our mast and of the bridge above us. A glance at Margaret confirmed a supposition: as in a horror movie, both her eyes were covered and tightly shut. We only breathed easy again when there was no squeal and grind of breaking aerial, and when the bridge tender came on to say:

"A good one, Cap ... Sure appreciate your not asking for an opening ... Would say you had about six inches ..."

November 28, 1988: Dockside, Vero Beach Municipal Marina, Vero Beach, Florida

On Docking & Tipping

Have been here for two days now. The anticipation had been the treat of seeing Don and Jane Frost, — among our "best and dearest" — but found a heap of extra icing on that cake. Robin, the Frost's truly "top of the line" daughter, is here, as are

Ysabel Wilson who came over from John's Island; the McCallisters, last seen — at least by me — when all of our kids were mere tots; and Tracy Griswald, a veteran with us (a favorite) of a tour of English manor houses. It's been a reunion — a delightful "old home week".

When we arrived, we hoped that Don and Jane might join us for the run to Palm Beach. Unfortunately that is not to be. But perhaps it's a good thing. *Horatia's* cuisine — while not bad — can only be ranked as "dull — pedestrian" when measured against the Escoffier class dinners we have had, both on Spinnaker Lane, and at the Club.

Noted — for the first time, I believe — a large "No Tipping" sign posted at the fuel-dock of the Vero Beach Marina. Noted too — as any good economist might have told me — that extra help and service here is light.

During this trip, docking has been my small "bete noir". Not always, of course. I have been heard to chuckle for example, when tying up alongside a wharf, or — if within finger-piers — when these are *Horatia's* length or more. But docking to short piers is another matter. That calls for cowboy skills — in short supply on *Horatia* — to lasso pilings for the bow or stern lines. Thus sprightliness, by assistant dock-masters, in boarding and twirling a lariat for us, is no small matter. When it happens, and it usually has, it is greeted warmly to the tune of a "fiver", and to "three cheers"!

November 29, 1988: At Anchor, Just South of the Jensen Beach Bridge, Florida

A Lazy Daily Schedule

Close to the last stop. Tomorrow we head down the rest of the Indian River, cross the St. Lucie Inlet, run the length of Hobe Sound to Jupiter Inlet, and finally power along the cut of Lake Worth Creek to North Palm Beach where *Horatia* will spend the winter.

Sad: I hate to leave the boat, hate to face up to packing, and hate to change this routine:

Up, not early, but with the light. A

leisurely, contemplative, time: to listen to the weather report, to look at the sunrise, and to ruminate the question, "shall it be eggs and bacon, or an egg alone"?

Margaret is now about and the action starts. Breakfast, the news — the excellent coverage of public radio — dishes and housework; while I check the engine compartment, and prepare to raise the hook.

At nine or thereabouts — we're underway. It is, as they say: "no sweat". An hour at the helm, and an hour off, with the "off watch" in charge of checking the chart, breaking out the cookies, watching astern for boats such as *Daddy's Toy*, and otherwise noting the noteworthy.

Lunch: at about one, generally a sandwich — ham & cheese on rye, or (if the Gods have been with us at the last market) smoked salmon & brie on pumpernickel — aided on its way by milk or ice tea.

At 2:30 or 3:00 — usually some fifty miles down the line — we either anchor or tie up. If the latter: wash down the boat, and then sight see; if the former, prepare to watch the passing scene. The time flies in either case.

At 5:00 — unless the sunset promises to be spectacular — break out the charts and plan for tomorrow. How far, and where will we head? How long will it take, what alternatives are there? Where or when must we watch for trouble, and what does the *Waterway Guide* suggest or warn against?

With the closing of the charts, we ring in the "happy hour" and consult on the dinner menu. With tummies rumbling in unison, agreement is quick. Dinner — no tie needed — follows at seven to seven thirty, in conjunction with a Vivaldi concert, or maybe a bit of Verdi, Gershwin, or waltzes from Vienna.

Dishes thereafter: done by Margaret, to the accompaniment of more music and the talk of the day. Perhaps, on occasion, there is an inclination toward a night cap while thought is devoted to the log. And always — another "listen" to the weather forecast.

At about ten or ten thirty — with book in hand — to bed. On this score, while Margaret did well, I could only withstand sleep for about seventy pages over a full seven weeks.

A pleasing schedule. It will be missed.

December 1, 1988: Aboard Delta Airline Flight 832, West Palm Beach to LaGuardia

On Home & Duty

Horatia is now buttoned up at the Soveral Boatyard in Palm Gardens, Florida. Later she is to be hauled and made secure for a three month's rest. When we left, Margaret refused to look back for fear of tears.

But there have bright spots to yesterday and the day before.

Dinner, for example, last night with Sam and Ruth-Elaine Thurm ... His restaurant — great! And so were they. We had too little time with them. Correcting will be a first order of business in the spring.

The boatyard also looks good. Storage is the Soveral Yard's responsibility, while all the work is done by the Spencer Yard. Bob Snyder thinks highly of them. From what I have seen so far, I agree.

And the environment should bring on cheers when we recommission. There is a good chandlery right next door, and next to that, a grocery store with the aroma of Fouquet's in Paris. We will eat well when we restart, we may also be broke.

At home tomorrow, what then:

Mail and bills — mountainous, I'm sure ... Also notes to write:

- 1) The "thank you" kind — from the heart — to addresses from Norfolk to Palm Beach;
- 2) To my "A.N.A. Book Editorial Committee" (although two of them must share in the blame) — and to others in Paris and elsewhere — on the questions "where the hell have you been, and why, as promised, haven't you ...?"
- 3) To Cal Blagys at Norwalk Cove, along with Mat Snyder at Dodeson (they installed the heater) and Dick Loh at "Grand

Banks" to say that *Horatia* didn't even cough, and to thank their guys.

- 4) To Electra Yachts with praise, and to report on the depth finder. Its problem, it seems, is a mind of its own. It shifts, when unhappy, from registering in feet to registering in meters. Heart stopping — until you know.
- 5) To some others — old A.N.A. hands mostly, but others too, sailors and those bitten with the travel bug — before I trap them individually with a "now, let me tell you about ..."

A heap of writing! There should be a "kill two birds with one stone" better way? Perhaps *Horatia's* log — or bits and pieces from it? Maybe I will give that a try.

And, tomorrow, too, the Camera Store. There won't be many slides as the "Cannon" went on the blink. But there was one shot from early in the trip:

We were at anchor, almost alone, in a bight of the Waccamaw River. The woods — showing spots of gold and red as the rising sun reached in — were close and heavy around us; while the water — running hard on the tide — was veiled by the translucent swirls of a rising morning mist. For some moments, *Horatia* appeared to be airborne and floating on clouds, while the only sign life was a single osprey, stock still on a high branch, waiting for an early thermal to help him fly and fish.

With poor light, I took the picture with a slow shutter and an aperture of f4.5. Doubtful, at best. But my fingers are crossed. If bright and sharp, the shot will vividly evoke the *Waterway*. Come and see it, you-all; and be sure, now, to have a good day!



Viewed by the translucent swirls of a morning mist.

DEALER NEWS — *Giaroli S.A.S.* — *New Dealer for Italy*

Established about a year back, Giaroli of S.A.S. is our new dealer for Italy. They may have just started but their association with Grand Banks goes back a lot further. In fact, Giampaolo Murzi, the managing director and his father Angelo, fell in love with the Grand Banks as far back as 1981 when they purchased their first GB, a 42 Motoryacht. Since then, their daily routine have undergone a drastic change and their life began centering around the boat, cruising and living on board most of the time.

Acquiring the dealership seems to be in the natural order of things and this they succeeded last year. The company then started on an aggressive campaign to reinstate the marque after sales were virtually dormant in Italy over the past five years. A total of eight units were sold in the first year and a GB46 was exhibited in the 1988 Genoa Show.

The office of Giaroli S.A.S. is located in Cala Galera Marina, a sprawling mooring point for about 600 crafts. It is a very scenic spot located on the west coast of Italy facing the Tyrrhenian Sea and about 150km from Rome. The marina has an excellently equipped repair yard with travel lifts and

slipway capable of handling boats up to 100 feet. The twin ports of Porto Ercole and Porto Santo Stefano also add to the attraction. All three places offer secure mooring and facilities for passing yachtsmen and in the summer months, they are jammed with tourists from all over Europe.

The island of Giglio, Giannutri and Sardinia are within a day's cruising by Grand Banks and further north are Elba and Corsica, two other equally appealing destinations.

This fall, Giaroli S.A.S. will be organising their first Grand Banks Rendez-vous to be held at Porto Santo Stefano. They are expecting an attendance of 30 Grand Banks from all over Italy and an elaborate program has been planned. Plans are also afoot to exhibit a GB36 and a GB42 at the Viareggio in-water boat show and at this year's Genoa International Boat Show.

Do drop in and visit with them if you happen to be in this part of Italy.

GIAROLI S.A.S.
13 Corso Italia
58015 Obertello
Italy





COMMUNIQUE

Lehman engine parts and service

I have experienced difficulty obtaining parts and reliable service for the Lehman 135 engines aboard my 1983 Grand Banks 42. The list of "authorized dealers" in the Lehman owners manual includes several "dealers" within reasonable distance to me, none of whom have stocked Lehman parts in 5 years if ever! Could you please provide me with an accurate list of "authorized dealers" on the East coast of the U.S. that actually stock parts?

Robert Jimison
Hilton Head Island, S.C.

Dear Mr Jimison

As you currently note, some "authorized dealers" actually carry parts and regularly service Lehman products, many others do not. However, Lehman Power, now under the ownership of the British commercial/military engine manufacturer Sabre Engines is committed to maintaining parts distribution centers in the U.S. and throughout the world.

Since you are not near a Grand Banks dealer, (see American Marine News back cover Vol 17 No 3) we suggest you contact a Lehman parts distributor directly (see list below). While the list is reportedly current, the recent change in ownership of

Lehman may result in further additions and deletions to the list of stocking distributors.

Grand Banks owners that have difficulties in locating parts for either a new or older Lehman engine, may wish to contact Lehman Power directly:

Mr Allan Howell
Lehman Power Limited
Ferndown Industrial Estate
22 Cobham Road, Wimborne
Dorset BH21 7 PW, England
Tel: 0202 893720
Telex: 417269
Fax: 0202 872793

Australia

Aetco
Sydney
Tel: (02) 638 5600

Austria

Bukh Diesel VMBH
Bremen
Tel: 0421/55 40 55/7

Belgium/Netherlands

Nedalo Bv
Holland
Tel: (02) 975 6381

Canada

Industrial Engines Ltd
Vancouver
Tel: (604) 266-4126

Caribbean Islands

Marine Power Systems
San Juan, P.R.
Tel: (809) 724-0890

Chile

Carlos Domeyko
Santiago
Tel: 231-8125

Denmark

Esbjerg Boat Service
Esbjerg
Tel:

Finland

Siltala Yachts OY
Riihikoski
Tel: 21-861500

France

Motor Marine
Ferrat
Tel: 93 76 0931

Greece

Theno Marcou
Athens
Tel: 981-6540

Hong Kong

MAS Marine Ltd
Murray Road
Tel: 5-265359

Iceland

Velar & Taeki HF
Reykjavik
Tel: 01-21286

Japan

Nishinihon Yacht Sales
Fukuoka
Tel: 092-771-7741-3

Malaysia

Harrisons & Crosfield
Sarawak
Tel: 25393

Norway

West Marine
Sandviken-Bergen
Tel: 5-312-525

Singapore

Harricross Trading
Jurong Town
Tel: 2653677

South Africa

Power Torque Industrial
Milnerton
Tel: (021) 52 6026

Spain

Pares Hermanos
Barcelona
Tel: (93) 300 50 11

United Kingdom

Sabre-Lehman
Dorset
Tel: 0202 893720

USA — California

Sea Power Marine
Oakland
Tel: (415) 533-9290

USA — Florida

R.B. Grove
Miami
Tel: (305) 854-5420

USA — Maryland

Curtis Engine and Equip.
Baltimore
Tel: (301) 633-5161

USA — Massachusetts

Northeast Ford
Gloucester
Tel: (617) 525-3411

USA — New Jersey

North Jersey Marine
Clifton
Tel: (201) 546-6377

USA — Virginia*

American Diesel
Kilmarnock
Tel: (804) 435-3107

USA — Texas

Lakewood Yacht Service
Seabrook
Tel: (713) 326-1554

USA — Washington

Doc Freeman's
Seattle
Tel: (305) 854-5420

* Although not an "authorized" Lehman distributor, Bob Smith at American Diesel is an excellent source for Lehman parts and service.

Teak Deck Care

In Vol 17 No 2 you recommended the use of an "approved" teak cleaner. Could you please supply your list of approved deck cleaners. Also, what about teak oils for the deck?

Clayton Moorehouse
Camden, Maine

Dear Mr Moorehouse

Looking after the teak decks on a Grand Banks is no different than caring for any other teak decks. It basically requires caution and common sense. We apologize if we implied we have a list of "approved cleaners". Rather, we were trying to suggest that if you are going to use a cleaner, that you choose one that is mild and generally regarded as appropriate for use on teak decks with caulked deck seams.

"Cleaning" teak decks is basically wearing them away either through abrasion like sanding, or by acid induced chemical actions or both. That, quite simply, is why you should choose a mild cleaner that relies more on "soap" than acid. While it may not leave your decks looking like they have just been sanded perfectly smooth, they should come clean with a moderate amount of scrubbing and your decks and deck seams will last longer.

As far as oils go the important thing to remember is that as with cleaners, you must consider not only how good they make the teak look, but what harm they can do to the teak decking and the caulking in the deck seams.

Many oils, like strong cleaners, can work their way into caulking seams interfering with the adhesion between the caulking compound and the wood. Consequently, many GB owners prefer not to use oil on their decks. The non skid properties of teak, enhanced when left natural without oils, is a reason teak decking is standard equipment on a Grand Banks.

*In general, here are some do's and don'ts for the care of teak decks:
Do keep your decks clean but don't over do it.*

Don't use harsh acid based chemical cleaners. Generally, the less work they require, the harder they are likely to be on the teak and on the caulking.

Do use PLENTY of fresh water during ALL stages of cleaning teak decks.

Do follow cleaner manufacturer's instructions carefully.

Don't use stiff bristle brushes on decks, they dig into the wood's soft grain, especially when wet.

Do use flat scrubbing pads, they don't dig into the grain, they wear it evenly.

Do strongly consider not using a teak oil or sealer, or if you choose to, do so with caution, and follow the product manufacturer's instructions carefully.

If you are interested in a more thorough discussion of cleaning teak decks and of teak cleaners, we suggest you consult the fine pair of articles by Nick Nicholson in Practical Sailor, Volume 14 Number 13, published by Belvoir Publications, Inc., 75 Holly Hill Lane, P O Box 2626, Greenwich, Connecticut 06836-2626.

GB 50 Propellers

I am the owner of a 50' Grand Banks, hull number 29. I have received your magazine for years and have been disappointed in not seeing any reference to the 50' boats.

I have owned this boat for fifteen years and have used it for extensive cruising including four transits of the Panama Canal.

My boat has twin 2715E 120HP Lehman engines, together with Borg-Warner Velvet Drive transmissions with a 2.10 ratio on the port gear and 1.91 ratio on the starboard one. The shafts are two inches and have a 24" x 18" x 3 blade propeller on the port side and a 24" x 17" x 3 blade to starboard.

With a clean bottom we have been averaging between 8 and 8.5 knots.

Without straining the engines or transmission, is it possible to use larger propellers to increase our speed?

Stanley Stasberg
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr Strasberg

GB 50's may soon be in the spotlight again as our GB58 project nears its debut. No doubt many GB50 owners will be sending us photos after we unveil hull number one of the new model which was inspired by the now classic GB50. Please do send us a photo of yours.

With regard to your propeller question, the 8.0-8.5 knots you report is the designed cruising speed of the GB50 with twin 120 HP engines. If you were to change to a gear ratio of 2.5:1, turning bigger propellers may increase your speed, but probably very little. With the existing gear ratios, we do not feel changing to a larger diameter propeller is going to help much, since, an increase in diameter should, in this case, also mean a simultaneous decrease in pitch and the end result would be about the same.

If you really want to try larger propellers with your existing configuration, we would suggest 26" x 15" x 3 port and 26" x 14" x 3 starboard. Before making any changes, we suggest you consult with the propeller supplier for a final recommendation.

Shaft Alignment

I recently purchased a 1986 Grand Banks 36 with very few engine hours. Over the years, on the sailboats I have owned, I checked my shaft alignment every 50 hours. I also checked it following every haul-out since I always disconnected the coupling prior to haul-out. I guess it worked because I never changed a bearing for other than normal even wear!

My question is how often do you recommend checking shaft alignment on my GB36 with Twin 135 H.P. Lehmans?

Michael C. Wilson
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Wilson,

Judging from the experience you enjoyed with your sailboats, you obviously believe in preventative maintenance, and we couldn't agree more. We hope the following guide on engine shaft alignment answers your questions.

Failing to keep the entire propulsion system from the propeller to the engine in top condition can lead to vibration, accelerated wear on the shaft or shaft bearings, or even damage to the engine or transmission. Proper shaft alignment is a very important part of maintaining that system.

It is recommended that the shaft alignment be checked twice per year or every 200 hours whichever comes first. The alignment should also be checked whenever the propulsion system is possibly subject to excessive stress such as hitting a log or other debris, entangling a rope or line, vibration, in the event of a grounding, or encountering extreme sea conditions for a prolonged period. In addition, since lifting any vessel can place a stress on the alignment of machinery, it is a good practice to disconnect the shaft coupling prior to haul-out, checking the alignment and reassembling after the boat is re-launched.

As with any mechanical servicing, it is best to consult a qualified mechanic or repair facility to do the job.

Efficient Refrigeration

We recently purchased a 1978 GB42 Classic. While cruising we like to anchor out when possible. The boat is equipped with a 110 volt Sub Zero refrigerator in the galley and a 110 volt freezer of the same make in the entertainment center on the port side of the deckhouse. While great at dockside, these units require more running of the generator than we like while underway or while laying on the hook. Our broker told us about "holding plate refrigeration" and said it is much more efficient. Can we add these "holding plates" to our refrigerator and freezer?

John Wells
Byram, CT

Dear Mr Wells,

Questions concerning refrigeration in Grand Banks come up quite often so we will try to touch on the different choices you have to gain a more efficient system. You cannot add these "holding plates" to the Sub Zero units.

One choice, and by far the least expensive, is to use "blue ice" to extend or hold over the cold for a longer period of time just as you would use it in a portable cooler. While on shore power, fill up any excess space in your freezer (and the small freezer in the refrigerator) with ice packs. These packs will help maintain the temperature in each box when power is not being provided to the boxes. This method works very well in the refrigerator and provided some of the packs are shifted from your large freezer to the refrigerator should hold your refrigerator temperature very well even when anchored for the night without the generator running. When you do run your generator, refreeze the ice packs in the freezer and get them ready for future use. This method works quite well for weekend cruisers and is also useful for GB 32's and 36's equipped with Norcold 12V/110V combo refrigerator/freezers.

Another choice involves the installation of a DC to AC inverter. While somewhat expensive, they can also provide AC power for lamps, TV's, even microwaves and hair dryers if enough DC power is available. For refrigeration use, the addition of 2 extra batteries is recommended for use with the inverter. While convenient, converting DC power to AC takes a large number of DC amps and refrigeration (especially the freezer) will use quite a few amps while running. (A good marine electronics firm should be able to supply installation and operating instructions).

One big benefit of the inverter is that while running your main engine(s), there will be a large number of DC amps available for conversion to AC coming from the alternator(s) on your engine. For refrigeration purposes this means you can leave your units on while underway

without using your generator. You must, however, pre-calculate your needs to be sure you do not exceed the number of amps available and monitor the situation carefully. This is especially important when running at night.

The third choice is the holding plate refrigeration your broker told you about. It will require that you replace your Sub Zero units with well insulated ice boxes. (The style used on new Grand Banks, stainless steel with teak doors, are available from a Grand Banks dealer). Holding plate refrigeration without getting too technical consists of a water cooled compressor which installs in the engine room and the holding plates which are installed in the ice boxes. The plates are filled with a brine solution which is cooled by freon and circulates through the compressor and the plates. The plates come in different types and sizes for varying capacity refrigerators and freezers.

The benefit of the holding plate system is its efficiency. If well insulated ice boxes are used (the GB ice boxes are built with 3 inches of insulation for the refrigerator box and 4 inches for the freezer) the holding plate system needs relatively little running time to freeze the plates in the refrigerator or freezer. Most units installed in Grand Banks will hold the temperature inside the box for up to 12 hours under normal circumstances and up to 24 hours if the boxes are not opened regularly. Hold over time can be increased by using top loading boxes and/or using a box with more insulation, but will be decreased in extremely hot climates or when opening the boxes frequently.

For those people who plan to spend most nights at anchor the holding plate system makes the most sense. These systems are available in 12 and 110 volt models. The 110 volt units are the most efficient and the better choice when the boat has a generator. With many of today's Grand Banks being equipped with electric ovens and microwave's the generator is almost always used at mealtime. Running the refrigeration unit during mealtime will provide most if not all the running time the unit requires to operate.

CUSTOM CORNER

Pictured at right is the newly designed Grand Banks pennant. The new pennant measures 14" x 21" and is ruggedly constructed to traditional yacht flag standards. The flag features a background of double thickness durable nylon with reinforced stitching to prevent "bagging" in the wind, two thicknesses of white nylon letters reading correct on both sides, reinforced borders on all 3 edges to prevent fraying, and marine grommets. The flags are available either from a Grand Banks dealer or directly from the maker, "The Sailbag Lady".

The Sailbag Lady, Bettina Braisted of Madison, Connecticut was selected to supply the new pennant because she has built an impressive reputation as a maker of high quality custom flags, burgees and banners. Braisted has created a niche in the flag market not only by using better materials and construction methods than most, but also by offering personalized flag designs. Most flag makers use either a simple logo or a boat's name that can't be read on both sides of the flag. Braisted however has built a business by designing flags that related to each customer's personal interests. Two of her creations for instance involved reproducing famous paintings, one of the "Birth of Venus" by Boticelli, the other "Don Quixote" by Picasso. Each flag took over six hours to complete.

Not all of The Sailbag Lady's orders are for custom flags. She fills many yacht club orders for instance for as many as 500 flags or, as few as 10. Some of her work has also been for notables, including yachtsman Tristan Jones, America's Cup skipper Dennis Conner and Prince Charles, Prince of Wales.

The former school teacher began her business repairing sails, part time and ultimately managed to combine her interests in boating, art and family into a prosperous home business.



Ordering Information

Grand Banks Pennant:

US\$32.00 (includes shipping)

Custom Flags:

US\$65.00 for a typical 12" x 18" flag including design work (includes shipping).

Note: Payment may be made by personal check or credit card to:

*The Sailbag Lady
155 Boston Post Road
Madison, Connecticut 06443
Tel: (203) 245-8238*

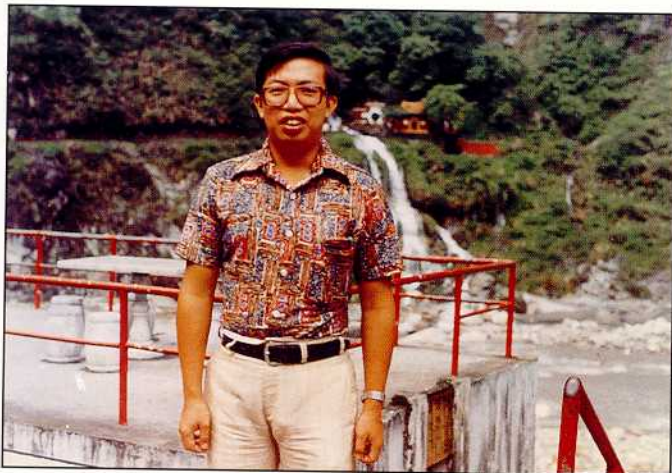
CORPORATE DEVELOPMENTS

Grand Banks yachts are manufactured by American Marine in Singapore, which is a wholly-owned subsidiary of GB Holdings Limited. In September, 1987, after several years of successful financial growth, GB Holdings Limited made the transition from being a privately held company to having its stock publicly listed and traded on the SESDAQ, the Singapore Stock Exchange for smaller companies modelled after the NASDAQ system in the United States.

In March 1989, a Sponsored American Depositary Receipt (ADR) facility for the ordinary shares of GB Holdings Limited has been registered with the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission. With the facility in place, investors in the U.S. can now purchase receipts representing ordinary shares in GB Holdings Limited through a local stock broker. Although prices will not be listed in any newspaper or daily financial publication, prices in U.S. dollars can be quoted by brokers through the over-the-counter "Pink Sheets".

A knowledgeable stock broker can explain the American Depositary Receipt system in greater detail. If further information is required, James Coppola of the Bank of New York, (212) 495-7047 can provide interested investors or their stock brokers with answers about how to invest in GB Holdings Limited ADRs. The 1988 GB Holdings Limited annual report may be obtained from Grand Banks Yachts, Ltd., 563 Steamboat Road, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

PROFILE — Mr Wong Yung Pine



Although Mr Wong Yung Pine just joined American Marine as Engineering Manager in November, 1988, he actually started his notable boat building career at American Marine some time ago. It was as a student engineer in American Marine's Hong Kong facility back in 1971 that Mr Wong found boat building so interesting, he decided to take it up as a career. Following graduation, Mr Wong worked as the assistant production engineer there until the Hong Kong operation was closed in 1975.

For the next 13 years, Mr Wong remained in the Hong Kong boat building industry and became a highly respected professional. By joining an already skilled department, American Marine will continue to enjoy a distinguished marine engineering capability well into the future.



The Bahamas are one of the world's most attractive cruising destinations. GB46 "Nepenthe" is pictured here while moored at South Seas Plantation on Captiva Island, Florida en route to the Bahamas from Houston, Texas. GB owner Ralph Mitchell's account of "Nepenthe's" passage will appear in the next issue of the American Marine News.