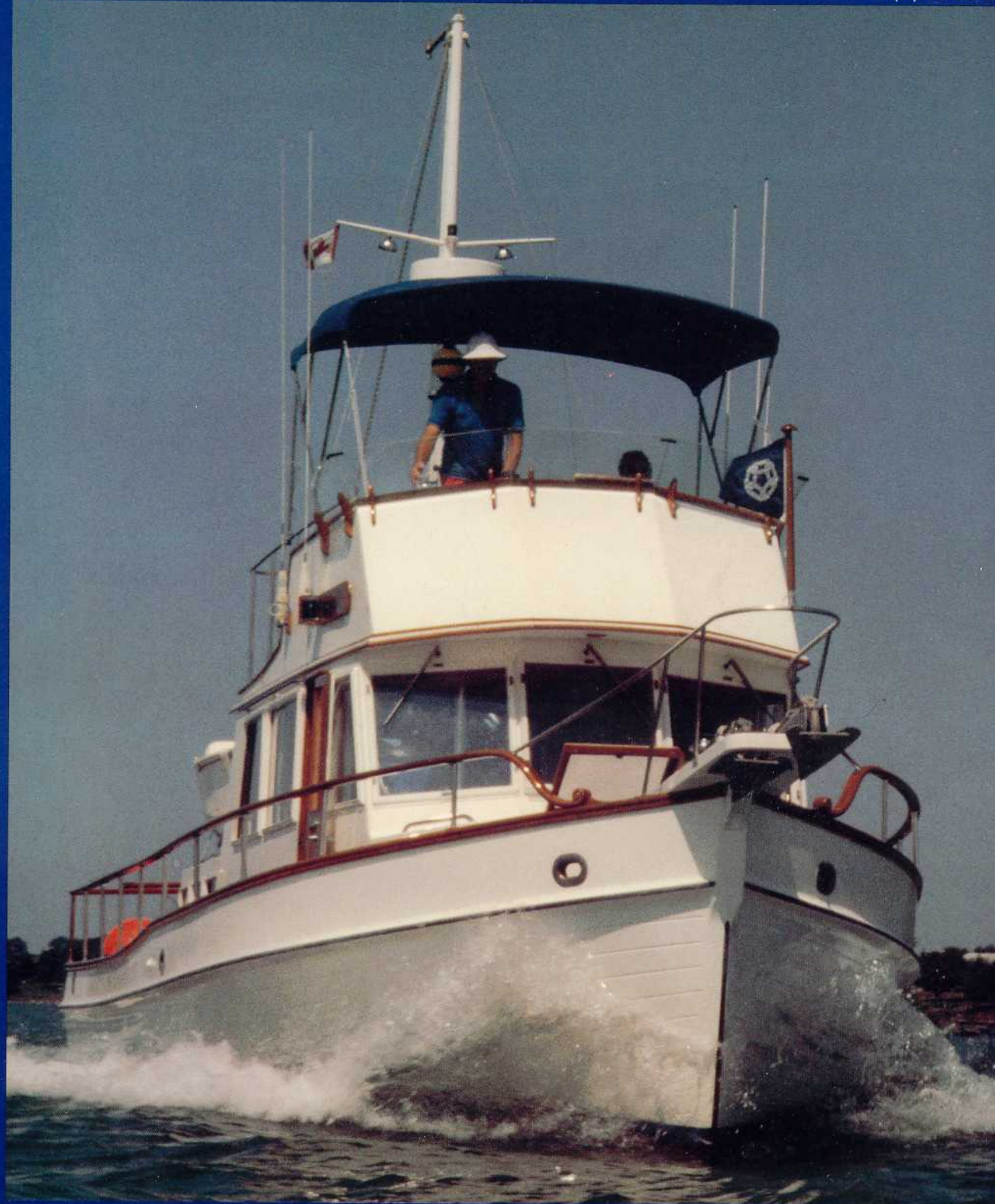




# ***AMERICAN MARINE NEWS***

VOL 18 NO 3

MCI(P) 124/8/89



# AMERICAN MARINE NEWS

VOL 18 NO 3

---

## CONTENTS

- 1 BOAT SHOW NEWS  
*Palma de Mallorca — Dusseldorf — Miami*
- 2 BEACHCOMBING  
*An update on GB owners around the world*
- 4 SINGAPORE TO THAILAND  
*A GB49 cruises the Far East*
- 8 HAPPINESS IS GB36-77  
*A Great Lakes cruises home to Ontario, Canada*
- 12 RENDEZVOUS NEWS  
*West Europe — Chesapeake Bay — Portland*
- 16 CHARTER NEWS  
*Fabulous Mallorca*
- 17 CUSTOM CORNER

Cover: Renegade, GB36-724 at cruising speed (8.7 knots, 2,000 RPM on her single Caterpillar 3208) off Kingston, Ontario. At this speed, she burns four gallons of fuel per hour.

Photo by: Mary Heller



---

## 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.

**Published three times annually by:**  
**AMERICAN MARINE (S) PTE. LTD.**

26 Jalan Terusan, Singapore 2261. Tel: 2650511 Telex: AMSING RS 21294 Fax: 265-2537

**U.S. Editorial Offices:**  
**GRAND BANKS YACHTS LTD.**

563 Steamboat Road, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830. Tel: 203-869-9274 Fax: 203-869-1808

**GRAND BANKS YACHTS LTD.**

3355 Via Lido, Suite 225, Newport Beach, California 92663. Tel: 714-675-5846 Fax: 714-675-2133



## BOAT SHOW NEWS

### *Miami*

The 1990 Miami International Boat Show marked the first year the Grand Banks display was inside the newly remodeled Miami Beach Convention Center. The teak boxes on the perimeter of the display made quite a presentation thanks to the diligent work by the American Marine staff.



### *21st Dusseldorf Boat Show — 1990*

A GB42 Classic and a GB36 Classic were exhibited by Yachthanse GMBH the Grand Banks Dealer for Germany in what was to be the most spectacular and largest boat show in all of Europe. About 450,000 people attended and viewed the 1,700 boats and an equal number of marine related equipment exhibits on display in the nine days the show was held. Yachthanse reported receiving very good enquiries and four new orders were signed as a result of the show.

### *Palma de Mallorca Boat Show*



After being absent for 15 years Grand Banks is again alive and well represented in Spain by Mr Rolf Becker's company Nautica Proymar S.A. The first showing of a GB in Spain came in September 1989 at the Palma de Mallorca Boat Show where

Mr Becker exhibited a GB36 Classic. Mallorca is one of the major islands of the Balearic group in the Mediterranean about 120 miles off the Coast of Spain and a great cruising ground for Grand Banks (see page 16 for more information).

### *Rendez-vous Announcement*

Nautica Proymar S.A., the Grand Banks Dealer for Spain will hold their inaugural rendez-vous at Palma de Mallorca from September 15 to 17, 1990. To be called the "GB Fiesta 90", Nautica Proymar hopes that Grand Banks owners in the Mediterranean will sign up and take part in this three-day fun filled event. Participants are also cordially invited to the opening evening at the Grand Banks stand during the Palma International Boat Show on September 20, 1990.

For a detailed programme and more information about the rendez-vous, please contact:-

**Mr Werner Esser**  
Nautica Proymar S.A.,  
Paseo Marítimo, Palma de Mallorca, Spain.  
Tel: 34-71-700-125  
Fax: 34-71-700-016



## BEACHCOMBING

### GB32-3 *Silver Belle*

St. Petersburg, Florida  
USA

David and Emily Perkins recently wrote to show us their 1965 GB32. The original Ford-Lehman 90 H.P. engine is "still running strong with 4,000 hours on it". The Perkins' cruise at 1500 RPM's burning a mere one gallon per hour!

"The *Silver Belle* is kept in mirror-like condition and is the source of great pride when we visit other ports or anchor-out behind one of Florida's many islands."



### GB36-907 *Illusion*

Sarasota, Florida  
USA



Phil and Lynne Jensen aboard their GB36 Europa just after taking delivery from Hal Jones & Co. (Hal Jones, salesman). They are on their way to their home port of Sarasota, Florida. This is the Jensen's second Grand Banks. The first, *Illusion*, was a 1985 GB32.

### GB42-1120 *Lolly Too*

Channel Islands, California  
USA

Judge Don Pike and his wife Lolly are shown here on their new Grand Banks 42 Europa *Lolly Too* which they purchased through Rick Weisenberger at Stan Miller Yachts in Long Beach. The Pikes have already logged many happy hours aboard their previous Grand Banks, the 36 Classic *Terpsichore*. *Lolly Too* is equipped with twin 210 hp Cummins engines so the Pikes are looking forward to getting to their favorite destinations just a little sooner.



### GB36-425 *Grealuva*

Marcq-En-Baroeul  
France



Jacques Lepers sent this photo of his wife and children after whom *Grealuva* is named — GREgory, Alexi, LUdivine and VAnessa. Mr Lepers is the Secretary of the Mediterranean Grand Banks Association and writes that the whole family enjoys their GB36 "greatly".



## **GB50-54** **Shelmar**

Jacksonville, Florida  
USA



While cruising the Abacos last Summer, Mr Carter Bryan arrived at Man O' War Marina only to discover GB50-42 *Andantino*. "It was rather unusual to see two GB50's tied up together, although I did not enjoy sharing the limelight since I have grown accustomed to *my* boat being admired and regarded as one of the best designed boats in the water."

## **GB32-396** **Felicity**

St. Clair Shores, Michigan  
USA

Jane and Bud Charvat are the proud owners of *Felicity* pictured at anchor in Bay Finn off the North channel in northern Lake Huron. Jane and grandson, Greg, are shown enjoying a refreshing swim. "We love this mature Grand Banks and look forward to many more enjoyable years cruising on the Great Lakes."



## **GB36-770** **Goudlotus**

Nieuw Beijerland  
Netherlands



Last Summer Jannie and Bill van der Willik completed a trip through the inland waters of Belgium, France, Germany and down the Rhein to Holland. They covered 980 nautical miles in 178 engine hours and passed through 131 locks. "It was one of the most interesting trips we ever made. The landscape was absolutely beautiful and so was the weather." *Goudlotus*, a GB36 Sedan is pictured on the Mosel in France.

## **GB42-1055** **Tiko**

Belleville, Ontario  
Canada

Ed and Diane Patterson purchased *Tiko* in November 1988. *Tiko* is named after their two Siamese cats, Tiki and Koko.

Ed is a busy ophthalmologist and looking forward to an early retirement for many uninterrupted weeks of cruising. Diane an interior designer added the finishing touches to *Tiko's* interior. We can't forget Tiki and Koko, who seem to attract more attention than *Tiko*. Summers are spent cruising the Great Lakes and Thousand Islands.





---

# SINGAPORE TO THAILAND

*by Peter and Bettie Lippitt*

---

Our decision to buy a Grand Banks had matured over the past three or four years. Having sailed in the Mediterranean for twenty years we were fed up with extremes: two thirds of our time chugging along by motor, our boat rolling from side to side with the sails flapping, the rest of the time battling 35 knot gales, usually coming from the direction we were heading. A growing clan of Grand Banks enthusiasts extolled the merits of this sturdy, comfortable, seaworthy vessel. The general opinion amongst our sailing friends was that it is the only motor boat a sailor can buy without feeling that he has to apologize.

Our choice in the end was a Grand Banks 49 Motoryacht with twin 375 H.P. Caterpillars. We decided to keep it for a time in Singapore and cruise up the coast to Malaysia and Thailand, where we live each year for about four months.

Our boat, named "Rickshaw III" after our children Riccardo and Sciascia, was ready at the end of January. We then spent nearly a month testing and trying and getting the kinks out of some of the electronics. Finally we remembered the saying that a boat will never be 100% ready; one day you have to go. We finally cast off our moorings with some regret and a little apprehension. We would miss all the friendly, helpful people who had been so quick to repair, suggest, and explain during our stay.

We carefully negotiated the channels out of Singapore; we had seen too many boats, even ones owned by locals, being brought into American Marine for repairs after having hit one of the many reefs in the harbor. The traffic seemed chaotic, everything from immense tankers to ancient sailing boats from Indonesia, all looking as if their

prime interest was to run us down. Finally we were safely out, past the lighthouse of Tanjong Piai and heading North-West at a spanking 14 knots. We had chosen a route out of the busy traffic lanes of the Malacca Straits, but still quite far offshore to avoid the shallow banks. The Sailing Directions, besides warning of snakes on the mainland, and in particular cobras that spit in your eyes (it actually recommends wearing glasses when approaching cobras!), crocodiles swimming 30 miles from shore, and other exotic hazards, recommends extreme prudence when approaching fishing stakes, which can be found anywhere where there is a depth of less than seven meters. For this reason we had decided to avoid travelling at night, and when afternoon wore on into dusk, we cautiously moved as close into shore as we dared. After the seven meter mark we were in fact surrounded by fishing stakes, so vast that they resembled villages on stilts. Small fishing boats surveyed nets attached to floats that drifted along with the current, and only by chance did they miss catching us! This was the season of the North-East monsoon, and the Straits are protected by Sumatra. We spent a peaceful night, lulled by a gentle swell.

The next day we were off early and by afternoon had reached the mouth of the Klang river. As we rounded the first green buoy, the heavy black clouds that had formed above released a downpour. Ghostly shapes of large ships and the steaming jungle on each side of the wide river were clearly outlined on our radar screen. The Harbor Master answered our radio call immediately and courteously guided us in, past the bend leading to the deepwater port, and into a small tributary, past a Chinese village on stilts and on to

the Selangor Yacht Club. The rain had stopped. The tide was flowing in at about six knots and catching the mooring that the club put at our disposal was as tricky as jousting for a brass ring. A quick shower and then ashore to do our duty with the immigration authorities and register at the club. The little town along the harbor was shaded by huge trees. Children ran towards us shouting "Hello!". Great brown crows cawed indignantly at us as we passed, and a quaint old train choof-choofed by slowly on a single track. Our passports stamped, we proceeded back to the club for a gin tonic, half expecting Somerset Maugham to be there to join us. Instead we were greeted like old friends by the Commodore Mr. John Arias and his wife Lala. There was great excitement at the club for the Sultan of Selangor was expected that evening. Afterwards we heard that he had admired our boat, moored in front of the club. There was also a beautiful Swan 65, owned by an American couple who were on their third year travelling around the world, and many other boats that had come from far away to this hidden river. It seemed like the Selangor Yacht Club was the center of the world, at least for boating people.

After three days we had to tear ourselves away from the amenities of our river mooring and the yacht club's incomparable cuisine. By evening we had reached Pangkor, a beautiful island with thick jungle growing up steep hills and a bay protected by another small island. We went ashore and took a ramshackled taxi to town — a fishing village on pilings sticking out into the narrow channel between the island and the mainland. After a little shopping we went back to the beach and had a five course seafood dinner in a little restaurant while

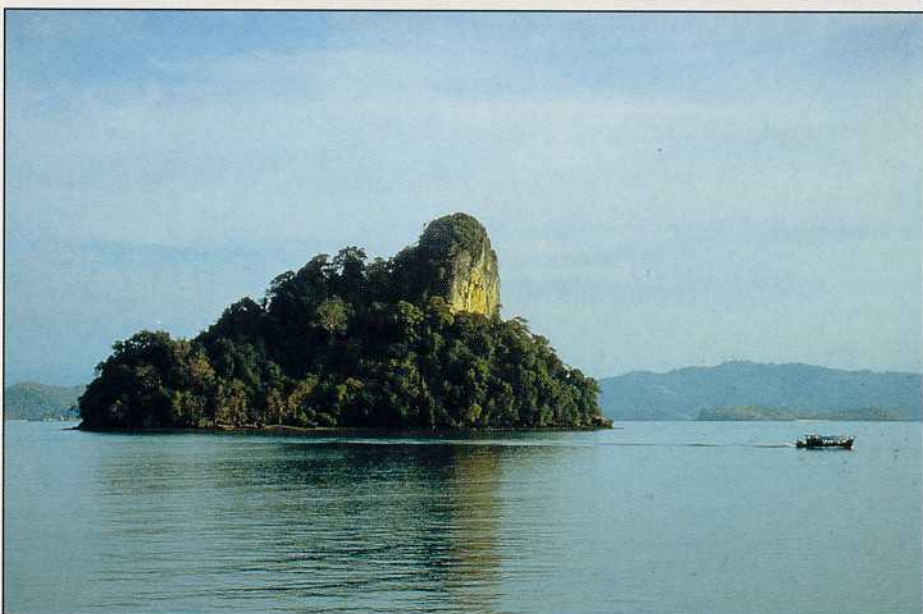
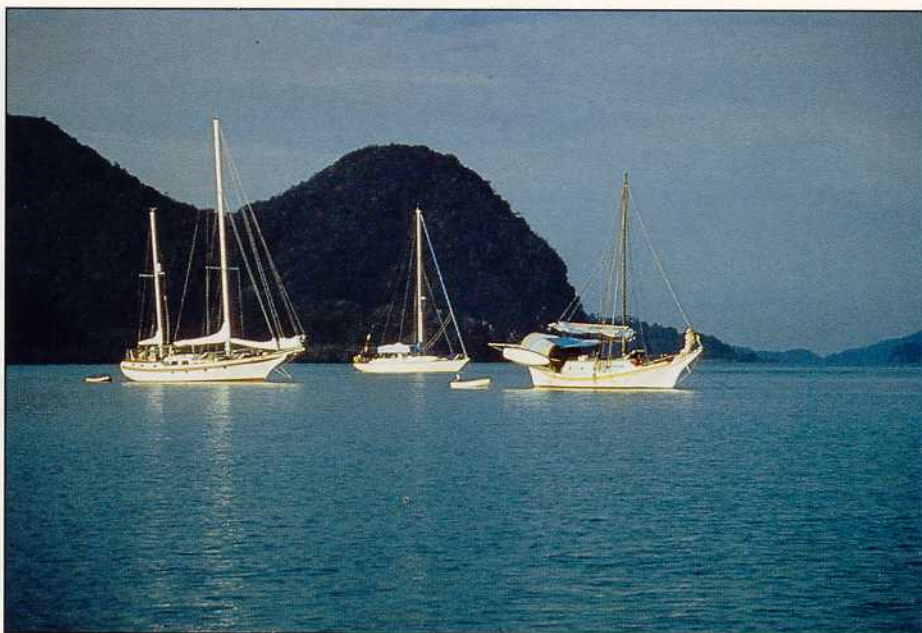


admiring *Rickshaw III* as she rode her anchor in the bay.

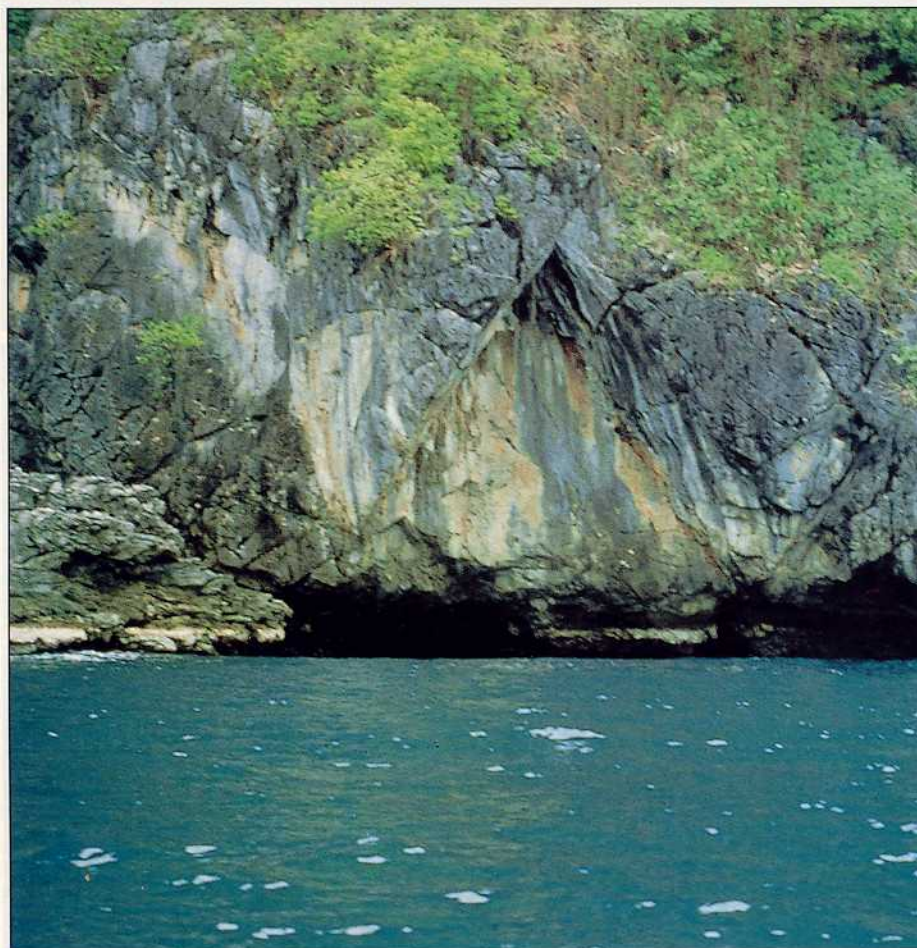
In the following days, averaging about 90 to 100 miles a day, at a speed of 12 or 13 knots, we stopped in Penang, a busy noisy city on the island of the same name, famous for its Chinese temples, one more elaborate than the next, bathed in a mist of incense. In Batu Maung, a small village on the same island, we had efficient, courteous and inexpensive repairs done to our fresh water pump. Then we were off to Langkawi.

Our refueling, vying with the Malaysian fishing boats for a place at the pier in Batu Maung, had taken rather long, and because of our late departure we approached the islands off Langkawi well after dark in a brisk sea which splashed our foredeck but did not oblige *Rickshaw III* to slow her pace. Using only our radar we guided in amongst a myriad of fishing boats with no running lights. We entered the wide inlet, Bass Harbor, and in a perfectly calm sea anchored near shore. Exhausted from the tension, we were soon asleep. In the silent morning we woke up to the extraordinary vision of a golden domed mosque right on the beach. Later we took a taxi across the island; buffalo grazed in green fields, monkeys scampered across the road, and always the jungle-shrouded hills and glimpses of the sea. In the afternoon we moved to another bay from which a short walk through the jungle took us to a large fresh water lake. Legends tell of a princess who drowned herself there for love, and of childless women suddenly with child after drinking the water. All alone in this peaceful, magic place, we could believe anything!

We were in a hurry to reach Thailand now for we hoped to meet a friend, Pietro Antonelli from London, who had chartered a boat in Phuket. We passed the outer islands of the Butang group; thatched huts and small boats lay on a white beach. Many large Thai fishing boats crisscrossed back and forth. The weather and the scenery had changed abruptly as we crossed the Thai — Malaysian border. The heavy rain clouds disappeared and the sky and water were darker shades of blue. The islands were no longer so







lushly covered in jungle but had the strange rocky peaks that can be seen in old Chinese watercolors. By afternoon we had a rather heavy sea abeam and were delighted to find that our boat did not roll as we had expected in such conditions. Even the chairs in the saloon stayed in their place.

Our charts of Thailand, the only ones available, were not very detailed. We decided to go to the lee side of Phi Phi Island to avoid the swell that would make the main bay decidedly uncomfortable. We steered between the islands of Phi Phi Don and Phi Phi Le with strong currents and rough sea astern, rounded the high cliffs of Phi Phi Don and entered the leeward bay carefully. The chart showed fringes of coral around the edges, but 12 meters of water all the way in down the middle. Before we were half way into the bay, before we could shout a warning, the depth sounder dropped from 12 meters to 0! We were right on top of a large coral head! In a frantic effort to back away, we reversed, and with a sickening crash stopped dead against another coral head astern. Later, lying at anchor farther out, we examined the damage and discovered a bent propeller, a damaged rudder, and a bent shaft. Luckily the hull and the port propellor were undamaged. We were 25 miles from Phuket and the nearest repair facilities. Luckily on Phi Phi Island there were telephones. We had met a Thai gentleman, Mr Kanit Yongsakul, a few weeks before in Singapore when he had visited American Marine and our boat. We knew that he lived in Phuket and owned a large boat, and therefore he could suggest what we should do. The next morning we called him and by five that afternoon he arrived in a Cigarette speedboat with his lovely wife Siridhip and two boat boys. All expert divers, it didn't take them long to establish the exact extent of the damage. Kanit told us to stay put in Phi Phi, swim, relax, and he would take care of details. In the meantime, our friend Pietro had established radio contact and arrived in our bay, and that evening all of us joined him for a lobster dinner and champagne on his boat. The next morning Kanit and his party sped back to Phuket at 45 MPH. In less than a week we were notified that our spare





parts, plus a technician were arriving in Phuket on the following day, and we had a slipway reserved for us. We covered the 25 miles to Phuket on one engine in just over two hours. The next day Kanit accompanied us at high tide up a small creek to the slipway. We were slowly hauled up a rail, four men working under water to prop up our keel with pieces

of wood as we came out of the water. Kanit had also brought along four of his own mechanics and tools to do the job. A true friend indeed!

The days went by, visiting small islands untouched by mass tourism, discovering delightful, unknown places. Kanit had told us of an island with a hole in its high western cliff.

Barely able to get through with our dinghy, we motored carefully inside a dark tunnel until we came out in the middle of the island where there was a perfect, unmarked beach, a small piece of jungle, and sheer rock walls up to the sky.

Then it was time to go, before the monsoons changed. It took us ten days to reach Singapore, visiting all our favorite places again, and another week to prepare *Rickshaw III* for a nine month rest until we could come back for more adventures. We had been afraid of pirates; there had been some murderous attacks on Vietnamese boat people in the South China Sea and episodes in the Straits of Malacca, but luckily we had met only friendly, honest people. We can say that for now, we have met more "pirates" in the swank marinas of the Mediterranean! We had travelled a thousand miles and our boat had turned out to be everything we had hoped: comfortable, spacious, well built, seaworthy, and in its special way, beautiful. Certainly nothing for former sailors to apologize about!





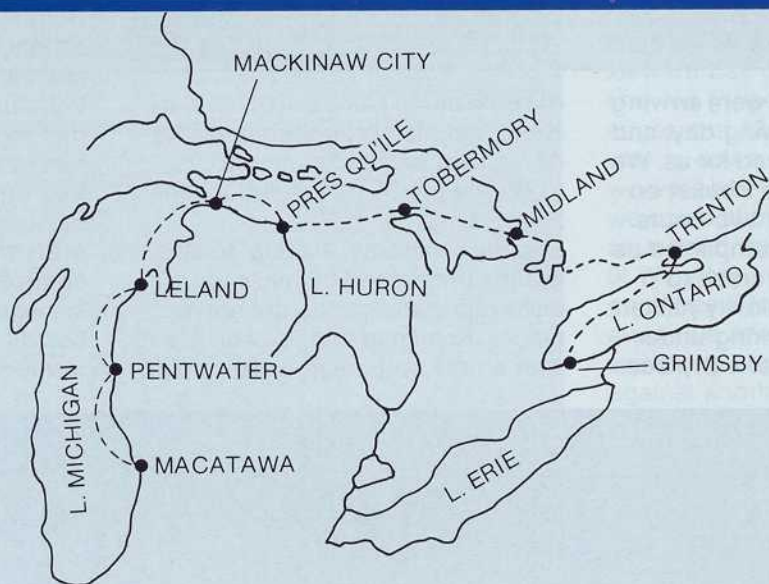
---

# HAPPINESS IS GB36-77

by Jim and Barbara White

---

Jim and Barbara White bought DOLFIJN, GB36-77 in Macatawa, Michigan at Eldean Shipyard in June 1989. Their voyage home was 850 miles up Lake Michigan, across Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, through the Trent-Severn Waterway and finally across Lake Ontario to Grimsby. They recently wrote to the **News** to share their trip suggesting we "might be interested to know that one of the 'oldies' is quite healthy and running very well."



## *Dolphin I's 850 Mile Journey To Her New Home*

Barb and I lost our old downeast, William Garden designed, 42 foot trawler on November 21, 1988 in a Marina blaze the day before she was to be hauled for the winter. Our boating life seemed to be at an end right then. We can't adequately describe the anguish experienced over the next few weeks. There were worries aplenty. We were fortunate to have super friends and super kids.

Our daughter and son-in-law had been boat shopping around lower Lake Michigan at Eldean Boat Sales in Macatawa. They were told of our plight right after the fire and sent us a list of two Grand Banks available. Again, we were lucky that the

insurance company settled very quickly and in late February Barb and I drove over to Macatawa to see the GBs at Eldean's yard.

We first saw *Dolfijn*, the 1967 GB36-77, in a cold, dark shed with the aid of one flashlight. She had been in storage for 14 months. She was not a lovely sight. Her bottom was wide open. She was filthy with the accumulation of months of dust and dirt. But, she was sound and showed signs of having been carefully repaired and maintained. We went home to think.

Our experience with wooden boats — we had owned three up to this

point — told us we could make her work. We contracted to have the seams cleaned and lightly caulked. We also had her painted from the keel to the gunwale. We bid on her and finally got her. Our first Grand Banks; first for us but the fourth owner for her. For a couple of retired school teachers just recovering from disaster we felt pretty good — we would have a boat, however old.

On Monday, June 26, we left Macatawa, on Lake Michigan, and began our journey to Grimsby, on Lake Ontario. We were blessed with fine weather. Lake Michigan was quite calm almost all of the first day.



Haze prevented us from seeing the magnificent sand dunes on the coast with great clarity but their beauty was evident even at that.

Our son, Geoff had joined us as crew for the first week. He had a video camera which allowed him to zoom and so he got some close looking shots of the coast. We have since enjoyed the scenery several times from the comfort of our easy chairs at home. As we approached Ludington a large steam ferry crossed our path out of the mist to starboard. We had 'seen' her on radar so were able to take proper diversionary action. She was absolutely ugly — no lines whatever — just all business and SMOKE. We actually passed by Ludington far off shore as we were heading for Pentwater for the first night out.

About an hour out of Pentwater we saw that weather we had heard about was catching up to us from the South-West. A number of sailors behind us to the south around Muskegon were heard on the VHF talking about heading for shelter. We made it into Pentwater just ahead of the front. The white-caps were chasing us in for the last two or three miles. We got the only rain we had on our whole trip just as we docked. The rain lasted about an hour. It didn't hurt anybody or anything. We met Jack Witt, the marina owner just as he wanted to close shop and go to a school board meeting. He took long enough to help us and tell us where we could get a good meal ashore.

Pentwater, like so many towns in northern Michigan, owes its origin to the lumber trade. There is a huge specimen of a pine log preserved on the main street as a monument to the past. It was salvaged from the harbour bottom in recent years, a memento of the days when the logs stored in rafts and booms out there were as big as most of the boats that now give the harbour purpose. We had a pint each along with a great meal and so back to the boat to rest up for the next leg.

Our second day, June 27, was every bit as delightful as the first with fine weather. The haze was still with us but visibility was better and we did see miles of sand dunes along the shore with heavy forest cover.



*Dolphin I entering Marine Railway carriage at big chute on Trent-Severn Waterway.*

Our GB was running very well. The Ford Lehman's literally purred along at 1800 rpm giving us a ground speed of 9.3 knots. The starboard engine smoked a slight blue haze but only lightly. Not bad for engines 12 years old, engines with 2200 hours on them.

Our second stop was at beautiful Leland. A picture post card of a town with a snug wee man-made harbour at the mouth of a stream. Leland was an old fishing port. Commercial fishing no longer holds top billing. Rather, tourism does. All the old fish shacks and wharfs have been converted to boutiques along the river mouth. Charter boats line the wharfs and pleasure boats are kept apart in a separate basin behind a breakwall to the north. The town of 500 swells to near 8,000 in the season. The town spills right down to the waterfront. The buildings are nicely restored to late 19th century styles and colours. Even new construction meets the general tone and character of the village. A totally delightful place to visit. We spent an extra day in Leland because it became too windy from the North-West for us to proceed. Lake Michigan did its best to remove the sea wall for about twelve hours that night. Nobody ventured forth.

On the 29th we left Leland with a great after swell running on the lake. Our little GB just lapped that up and we hurried on northwards. The lake flattened right out by noon and a light breeze riffled the surface into sparkling wavelets. A great gray

laker gradually overtook us coming up from Chicago way. She was moving only slightly faster than we as she took all morning to come from the horizon to abeam and then as long again to move out ahead of us. She was great company, and conversation piece, especially when kept at least a mile off the beam. That was as close as we allowed ourselves to be.

The sight of the great suspension bridge across the Mackinac Straits held us awed for hours. We could see the bridge for miles and it was the major topic of conversation; how long between piers?; five miles shore to shore and so on. We docked in Mackinaw City for the night at their very good municipal marina. Diesel fuel and supplies were readily available at Mackinaw City. We had a good leg-stretching walk and a fine supper ashore. A local kite sales centre had a marvellous display of kite flying going on right on the lawns near the docks. The plan was to enter Lake Huron in the morning. Cruise down to Pres Qu'ille on the American side and anchor there for a good night's rest before crossing over to the Canadian side of Lake Huron.

The passage from Mackinaw City to Pres Qu'ille was made memorable by the fact that Barbara and I celebrated our thirty-eighth wedding anniversary that day, June 30. For the first time we had a consistent 15 knot breeze on our quarter. Waves were less than a metre. We rigged the steadying sail. Never had I



experienced a trawler under steadying sail. It worked! Barbara does not take kindly to heavy rolling and pitching. Her back pains dreadfully when the seas get rough. In any event the steadying sail, although somewhat jury-rigged did give the boat a set heel and we did not roll as severely as one might have expected.

So, on the evening of June 30, we anchored in Pres Qu'ille bay in company with eight other yachts already there. The wind had veered to the South-East so we were all under the lee of the south hook of the bay. On the north shore there is a Coast Guard light station and an abandoned wharf. Pres Qu'ille did not have much in the way of amenities for the discerning yachtsman. We nine at anchor felt eminently happy with what we had. Our aim was to get a good rest in preparation for the long haul across Lake Huron next day. Our son, Geoff, nationalist that he is, kept asking me when we could take the Stars and Stripes off the stern staff and put up the Maple Leaf. I kept telling him that could not happen until we had cleared Canadian Customs and actually registered the boat in Canada. That would be next day.

We started for Tobermory, on the north tip of the Bruce Peninsula, an 85 mile stretch of open lake at 0430 hrs. on Canada Day, July 1. The weather was perfect. The other boats in the anchorage didn't complain when we weighed anchor and started the diesels. At least we did not stick around long enough to find out if we had wakened them. It was hazy on the way across Lake Huron but visibility was good by noon as we approached the islands guarding the entrance to Tobermory. The breeze was freshening to give us a light chop by the time we left the main lake. Tobermory was alive with pleasure craft, tour boats, dive tenders and, of course, the huge car ferries. The harbour is a long slot in the rock bound coast. A very picturesque spot. The town exists for tourism and the car ferry terminal. The *Chi Chemaun* and her sister ship carry autos, trucks, campers and people from Tobermory to the Manitoulin Island terminus to connect with the highways on the north shore of Georgian Bay.

A holiday, especially Canada Day, is not a good time to try to report to Canada Customs about importing a boat by water. Reporting to Customs is not so bad. One does that by telephone. Not being at a Port of Entry for importing vessels makes the process difficult. That is precisely what we found. The whole episode had considerable humour in it for us in retrospect. While we were getting sorted out it didn't seem too funny. I had visions of sitting in Tobermory for an eternity while Ottawa decided what to do with us.

After talking to no fewer than four Customs officers on the telephone from as far away as Sarnia and Fort Erie everything came up roses. Give our Customs Service credit. The superintendent who finally cleared us over the telephone probably took the view that anyone so stupid as to report the way I had wouldn't have brains enough to be smuggling anything. We were cleared to come on home and pay our import duties when we got there — two weeks later. Tobermory will never go broke. The harbour master charged us full rate to raft alongside another trawler overnight with no water or hydro.

The next day, July 2, was to be the last day our son Geoff would be crewing for us. We made a great run right down the centre of Georgian Bay to Midland in the finest of weather. Georgian Bay is notorious for bad seas when the wind is up but that day was beautiful. As we got closer in to Midland among the islands at the east end of the bay the boat traffic became nothing less than dense. The sun was shining, fleecy cumulus clouds sported about the sky and a dream breeze provided the sailors with great sport in light seas. There were hundreds, if not thousands, of boats of all types in the stretch from Hope Island to Penetang and Midland. We had been alone for days and now we had to have eyes in the back of our head to apply the rules of the road. Actually the heaviest seas were produced by the wakes of very large power cruisers moving at speed.

At Midland we stayed at the municipal marina right off the end of the main street. The town and the Federal government have undertaken to remodel the waterfront from commercial docks to marina

facilities. The job was incomplete when we visited but what had been completed was very good. Surprisingly there was little dockage for vessels over thirty feet. We had to use a wall near the washrooms and public walkway as none of the finger docks would accommodate our GB-36. We did some grocery shopping at a very dirty grocery store way up town from the docks. The fact that it was Sunday, of course, didn't help us find good shopping. It didn't look as though there was much down that end of town anyway. Like most modern towns the shopping malls are on the outskirts and certainly not next to the harbour.





Geoff's pals arrived by car to pick him up for the drive back to Grimsby. Our companions for the next few days arrived and we had a crew change. Doug and Betty Bedford live on the shores of Lake Simcoe at Oro Station. We were about to enter the Trent-Severn Waterway and thus pass through Lake Simcoe in a couple of days. The plan was to drop Doug and Betty off at their doorstep as we went by. That is exactly what we did. I won't detail the trip through the Trent-Severn Waterway. It is a story to be told all by itself. Up to the start of the Trent at Port Severn, 12 miles from Midland, we had cruised 490 nautical miles under near idyllic conditions. We had cruised six days

and laid over only once for a total seven days from Macatawa to the first lock in the Waterway.

We would travel 240 miles through 45 locks, lakes and canals to Trenton on Lake Ontario and thence 120 miles west in Lake Ontario to our home port of Grimsby. Our journey from Macatawa was about 850 miles in three weeks less a day. Our GB-36, *Dolfijn*, now called *Dolphin I*, was familiar to us in many ways. She handled well in the locks and canals. She handled choppy seas with ease. We have not yet been out in any seas over three feet but I have a feeling she will do just fine when the time comes. Now that we are home *Dolphin I* is a Coast Guard Auxiliary

and she has been very active as a training vessel for new crews. Everybody loves her.

Barbara and I are beginning a cosmetics update on the boat this fall. The house will be refurbished inside. All of the parquet flooring will be stripped and sealed and redone. The exterior of the house will be sanded and painted. All of the teak trim has been scrubbed snow white and we are debating whether we should varnish the trim or leave it. The engine room is in pretty good shape but it is going to get a good shampoo along with the engines. GB-36 77 is a great boat with good lines and after our refit she is going to look really smart once again.

*Dolphin I arrives at new home in Grimsby.*





## RENDEZVOUS NEWS

### 5th "Amicale" Grand Banks West Europe Rendez-vous

by Queenie Jones



Willemstad, strategically situated at the junction of three important waterways, was named after Prince William of Orange and chosen by him in 1583 to be built into a fortress.

Through the ages it has withstood the attacks of Belgian, French, and Spanish armies and warships. But for three days in 1989, namely on August 25th, 26th and 27th, a European armada made up of 44 Belgian, British, Dutch, German and Swedish Grand Banks took over the entire inner harbour of this historic town.

The mooring of 44 Grand Banks of which most of them were 42 footers was carried out flawlessly by their captains under the instructions of the Amicale Committee which had previously worked out the whole procedure. All this under the disbelieving eyes of the harbour master!

Each Grand Banks was presented with the customary commemorative plaque but this time with a difference. To mark the 5th Birthday of the Amicale Grand Banks West Europe and the 10th anniversary of our Grand Banks rendez-vous, Bob Wauters, one of the founding members saw to it that a small diamond was installed on each plaque, a most generous gift indeed. Also, every captain was presented with a new club tie.

#### *Friday, August 25th*

The evening was devoted to the annual Herring and Genever Party held in a large tent (courtesy of our member Tonny Leynse) set upon the grass in front of the original Town Hall built in 1587.

A table laden with cheeses, pates and fruits complemented the traditional herrings. A couple of

impromptu competitions added hilarity to the occasion. Captains and crew stood on the scales in order to discover the heaviest and the lightest pair. Prizes were awarded to the lucky winners.

The animated conversation, the cozy and jovial atmosphere and the delicious food and drink held everyone together until quite late.

#### *Saturday, August 26th*

The morning was devoted mostly to sightseeing. Willemstad boasts the well preserved windmill called the "orange", which has dominated the harbour since the 16th century. From the same period is also the first Protestant Church ever built in Holland. It has a very characteristic dome shaped octagonal roof the style of which has been copied for the building of many other churches. We walked along the ramparts of



the town with its seven bastions standing after four centuries, and overlooking the town and the sea. Near Willemstad stands one of the largest and most modern lock complexes in Europe, the Volkerak Dam, part of the gigantic delta works built to protect the low lying lands from the invasion of the sea.

In the afternoon we all assembled at the quayside to be led in procession by the Club Drummer to an official reception at the Town Hall where we were greeted by cannon gun salute.

The Mayor welcomed us in four languages and gave us a short summary of Willemstad's history and statistics. He remarked on the fact that although thousands of boats pass through Willemstad every year the harbour master had never been able to cram in as many boats inside the inner harbour as the 44 Grand Banks which occupied it now.

The Mayor was made an honorary member of our Amicale and presented with a club tie and burgee. We were then invited to visit the rest of the Town Hall. Prins Maurits had it built in 1623 as his residence. Through the centuries it had housed the Town Governor, military garrisons and a hospital. After having been masterfully restored, it was officially inaugurated in 1973 by the Queen of the Netherlands as Willemstad's present Town Hall.

In the evening 153 of us gathered in the Irene Hall for our last evening of festivities. After a rousing cocktail

party we sat down to a delicious dinner during which speeches and presentations were made. This year being a particular celebration year, several people were specially honoured namely Jean Colin of North Sea Marine, Ostend, the initiator of the first Grand Banks Rendez-Vous of North West Europe, the founding members and the Committee of the Amicale Grand Banks West Europe.

Willem van der Willik praised our Commodore Jack Verdyck for all his hard work and remarked that the "Amicale" would not be able to exist without Jack. To which Jack Verdyck replied humorously: "The cemeteries are full of people who could not be missed!" The *American Marine Trophy* in the shape of a teak steering wheel was presented to the winner by none other than "Bugs" Yeow Kok Hoong of American Marine, who had flown in from Singapore.

This year the prize went to Willem van der Willik who had made the longest vacation trip, namely 980 miles (including 131 locks) through France, Belgium, Germany and Holland.

The *Lehman Power* propellor inscribed with the name of the winner and to be kept for one year went to Werner Firmbach for coming with his *Sansuri* to the Willemstad Rendez-vous all the way from Wiesbaden in Germany. The presentation was made in no less than four languages by Allan Howell,

Managing Director of Sabre Leham, U.K. Allan also presented Jack Verdyck with a bottle of port in appreciation of yet another successful Rendez-vous.

The Mayor of Willemstad who was a guest at our dinner party made a short speech of thanks. "Bugs" Yeow Kok Hoong, of American Marine Singapore received from the Mayor "the Tie of Friendship", a tie with the Coat of Arms of Willemstad. All too soon this pleasant evening came to a close.

#### *Sunday, August 27th*

By lunchtime more than half the boats had extricated themselves from the harbour and started on their long journey home. The rest lingered on hanging on for a while to the friendly feeling.

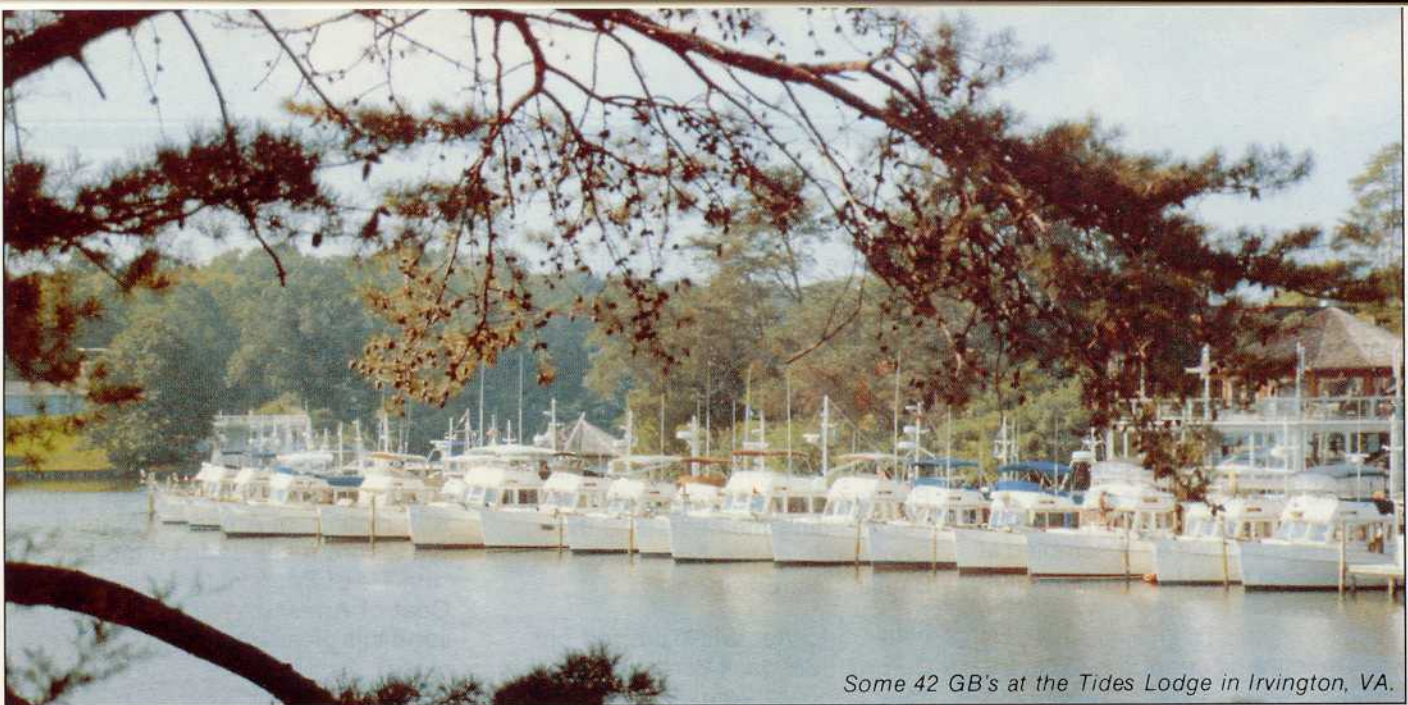
The Rendez-vous was once more a resounding success for which we thank our Commodore, the Committee and all those who gave so freely of their time and effort.

We look forward in anticipation to whatever they have in store for us in *Gorinchem*, Holland, during the last week-end of August 1990!

*For more information write to:-  
Amicale Grand Banks West Europe  
Meir 20/9,  
2000 Antwerp — Belgium  
Phone: 03/232093  
Fax: 03/2258025*







Some 42 GB's at the Tides Lodge in Irvington, VA.

## The Fifth Annual Chesapeake Bay Grand Banks Rendezvous

by Joyce Cantrell

Despite the threat of Hurricane Hugo and the uncertain weather that followed, the turnout for the 1989 Chesapeake Bay Grand Banks Rendezvous at Tides Lodge in Irvington, VA, was the best ever. There were only a few boats that decided not to come and even a few who just dropped in. All in all, there were 42 boats ranging from 32' to 49' and 135 people, some of whom came by car. This year's rendezvous ran from Monday, September 25 thru Thursday, September 28, giving ample time on both weekends for travel time, acknowledging the fickle Fall nature of the Chesapeake.

This year, as in years before, Bob Smith, of American Diesel Corp., went out of his way to be sure all who attended, whether by land or by sea,

had a memorable time. There was a fire safety lecture and hands-on demonstration given by Dave Hundley from Virginia Fire Safety, Inc., an electronics demonstration put on by Burch Vickery of Marine Electronics, Coast Guard courtesy inspections by Les Werfel, and a CPR certification class put on by staff members of Rappahannock General Hospital in which 34 people were certified (or recertified).

Due to the size of the crowd this year, Bob's renowned Engine Class was split into two sessions, each attended by two dozen or more attentive men and women. The first session, mostly lecture in nature, was for novices and the second, mostly question and answer format, was addressed to those who have attended a prior

class. His emphasis in this second class was the sequence of age factors to watch out for as an aid in predicting what will break when. Bob stressed that preventative maintenance is always the best policy.

Again, because of the wonderful turnout, Bob even had to schedule appointments for his engine room tours because of the demand for his time. It was a job trying to keep Bob to a schedule, for those who know Bob know he is quite at home in a GB engine room and loses all track of time while there.

It never ceases to amaze those who participate in the Chesapeake Bay rendezvous how much can be learned in a week, and have fun



Evening social hours.



Host and hostess Bob and Gail Smith.



doing it. It wasn't all work though. Many people competed in the golf and tennis tournaments, participated in the tour of Stratford Hall, and certainly some brave souls took a quick dip in the two swimming pools at Tides.

There was a wonderful indoor cocktail party sponsored by Grand Banks Yachts, an outdoor cocktail party put on by Bob and Gail Smith, with a little help from the rendezvous attendees, and a cook out at the pool area. A travelogue slide presentation was given by Don Carl (GB32-680 — Donje) of the trip he and his wife, Jean, made from Little Current, Ontario to the Chesapeake Bay. All in all, the trip consisted of 1665 statute miles of beautiful

scenery, including 112 locks, each more ingenious than the next.

Though Rick Loh and his father, Dick, of Grand Banks Yachts, have joined us in the past, this year Rick treated us to an enlightening slide presentation of the plant in Singapore. Rick pointed out that, like Singapore itself, American Marine tries to improve upon its past. They have listened to the suggestions and ideas from their boat owners over the years; they move cabinets, change hinge directions, and round corners so heads, elbows, and knees don't get banged up. In the average three months it takes to build a GB, the loyalty and dedication of the workers seeps into every crack and crevice of the boats, because it is felt

by the owners who are equally as loyal and dedicated to their GB's.

That pride in being a Grand Banks owner permeated the entire spirit of the rendezvous. Many of the same people have returned each year, some with newer, larger boats, and others, having just moved onto their boats permanently. Even more came for the first time this year. But by the week's end, all were lifelong friends, sharing that GB pride.

"The rendezvous", as Bob put it, "is you folks, what you learn and the fun you have. It's people being with people. That's what it's all about!" Plan to join us next year and share that GB pride.

## SEAward Yachts



A procession of GB's through the locks at Oregon City.

SEAward Yachts of Portland, Oregon, sponsored their annual summer rendezvous and it proved to be both enjoyable and challenging. This year its participants, or victims, referred to it lovingly as the "Locks & Rocks" Cruise.

The regatta departed from Portland's River Place Marina Friday evening and traveled up the Willamette River to spend the first night anchored in a cove near the home of Gary & Celeste Holman. The Holman's, who had just purchased their Grand Banks 32, graciously provided their

lovely backyard for a barbeque ... "access by dinghy only" were the orders.

The second day, everyone rose early to savor the experience of going through the locks at Oregon City. As each Grand Banks approached the locks and moved into position, the lockmaster's surprise was evident — in seventeen years of working at this lock, he had never seen a single Grand Banks pass through, even less a whole procession. When he regained his composure, his comments were nonstop on the

beauty of all those Grand Banks cruising together.

Once passage through the locks was completed, we began meticulously picking our way through the narrow, rock-strewn and increasingly shallow river. We quickly turned to our charts, or I should say, *most* of us turned to our charts. Others, unfortunately, had become preoccupied with the scenic formations of the nearby rock cliffs and suddenly found themselves "ashore" in the center of our stream.

As we reached our point of destination, concerns over premature beaching were put aside and the christening of five Grand Banks began. It was a celebration worthy of the crafts being honored. The expertise of our intrepid skippers was the main topic of conversation that evening, as well as speculation on how SEAward would top this one at their fall rendezvous — it will be tough!

## South Florida

Hal Jones and Co. win sponsor a South Florida GB Rendezvous July 13, 14 and 15 1990. Please contact them for more details.

Hal Jones & Co.  
1900 S.E. 15th Street  
At. Laudendale, Florida, 33316  
Tel: (305) 527-1778



## CHARTER NEWS

### *Fabulous Mallorca*



The Mediterranean Sea has been a treasured cruising ground since the very origins of yachting. Part of that treasure lies less than 100 nautical miles South of Barcelona, the Balearic Islands. The largest island, Mallorca, has long been regarded by mariners as the ultimate Mediterranean cruising destination.

It is easy to see why the Balearic's are so popular with European boaters. The many islands are only a few hours of sailing apart and offer endless cruising discoveries including many first-class marinas.

Now this picturesque area is even more accessible to GB enthusiasts from around the world. Tradewind Yacht Charter, a registered company in Palma de Mallorca, Spain

presently offers a GB32, GB36CL and a GB42MY for charter in beautiful Mallorca. Each Grand Banks is fully equipped for cruising including basic navigation and communication equipment. Their home port in Ca'n Pastilla includes a service facility with a staff fluent in Spanish, German and English.

In addition to helping guests plan a comfortable cruising vacation Tradewind also offers harborfront apartments that can be rented for a shoreside holiday or in combination with your charter. While Spain requires charter skippers to be licensed, Tradewind can supply you with full details on this and all of the requirements for chartering in one of the World's greatest spots.



For further information:  
Tradewind Yacht Charter  
Lutzelbrachter Strasse 92  
D-4057 Brueggen 1  
Tel: 02163/6611  
Fax: 02163/5610



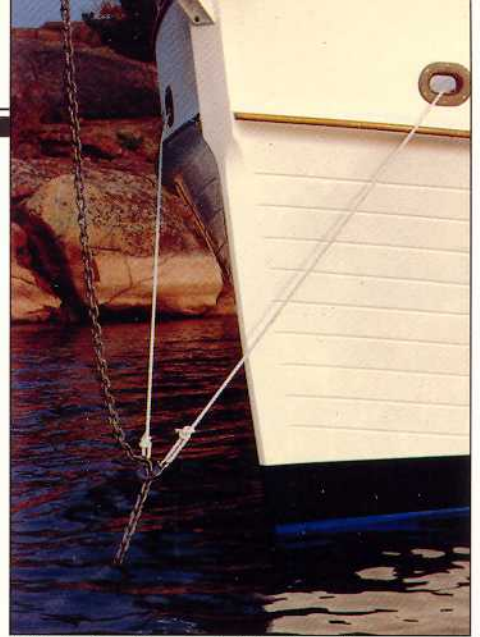
---

## CUSTOM CORNER

We are new members of the Grand Banks family, having purchased GB 42-1057 Classic one year ago. My wife and I are still very enthusiastic new owners. We are based in Charlevoix, Michigan on the Great Lakes. Our longest venture to date, was to what we feel are the worlds' greatest cruising grounds, the North Channel of Lake Huron, where we have cruised for more than fifteen years.

My wife and I designed many minor, though important changes to "So Grand" and I have included pictures of a few of these. The Irish Boat Shop in Charlevoix, Michigan carried out these changes in super Grand Banks tradition:

**Michael L. Dow**  
Okemos, Michigan



*"Chain Snubber" which gives three advantages; quieter all chain anchoring, better rode-depth ratio, chain pull on hull is cushioned through nylon lines.*



*Shows new sliding storage unit under helm seat (we will be adding a second set of drawer slides to better carry the heavy weight).*



*Swingable arm holding a bracket for charcoal grill to keep the heat away from the varnished rails.*

---

## PROFILE Richard Tung



Richard Tung is our foreman of the Quality Control Department. He has been with American Marine for the last seven years joining as a Q.C. Technician in 1983.

Prior to this, Richard worked in Mitsubishi Shipyard Singapore as a mechanic for six years specialising in the repairs of diesel engine turbines and auxilliary machinery of big tankers and break bulk carriers. It is this experience and knowledge which Richard hopes to impart in his daily guest to insure the quality of the Grand Banks.

Like many of his contemporaries, Richard works hard in the evenings to improve himself academically. He has completed a course in Supervisory Mangement and is currently pursuing one in Industrial Engineering. "Customer satisfaction is our ultimate goal and I'm committed to ensure that American Marine continues to build the best trawler yacht in the world" says Richard.





The GB steering wheel in many ways epitomizes the craftsmanship of a Grand Banks. Beginning with the next issue, *the American Marine News* will offer a series of close-up looks at the design and construction of a Grand Banks.

*Photo by Jack Smith*