

American Marine News

VOLUME 8 NO. 1





Editor's Note...

Dear Readers,

We feature on the front cover of this issue the recent launching of GB32 # 573 sold in Singapore to MR. WILFRED BAILLIE. In comparison, we have the unique opportunity of featuring our very first Grand Banks built some thirteen years ago. GB32 # 1 is presently owned by MR. KEN FAIRBROTHER who has many nice things to say about his "SMALL SHIP". Read about his comments in "LETTERS TO THE NEWS".

HAPPY CRUISING.

AMERICAN MARINE (S) PTE LTD
SINGAPORE



American Marine News

VOLUME 8 NO. 1

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COVER PHOTO

THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY OF GB 32# 573 AT
AMERICAN MARINE SINGAPORE

BOAT SHOWS

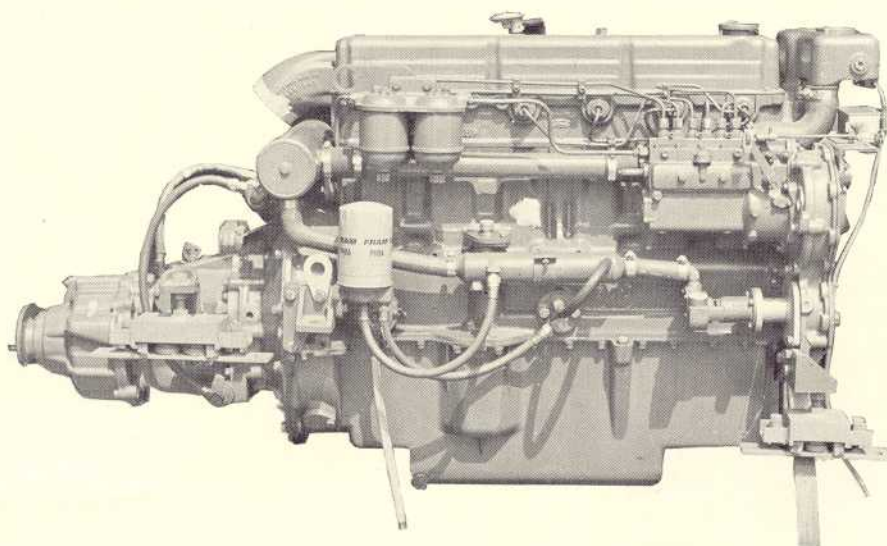


BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW — MARCH 77. BELGIUM DEALER "PEETERSCO" EXHIBITING A GB36.



AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW GRAND BANKS DISPLAY — MARCH 1977. JOHN KIMMAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR GRAND BANKS SALES IN THE NETHERLANDS AND GERMANY.

FORD 2715E....



GRAND BANKS POWERED BY LEHMAN FORD DIESELS

American Marine Ltd. has announced that Lehman-Ford diesels will be used as standard power in their complete line of boats.

Dick Loh, American Marine Sales Manager, states: "We have used Lehman-Ford diesels in many hundreds of installations and comparing them with other engines in the same power range, we find them to be most efficient, trouble-free and economical to operate. They are simple, non-complicated easily serviced engines and, most important, a vast, world-wide network of distributors and dealers are fully qualified to repair and supply replacement parts. The quality of Ford engines is indicated by the "batch and line" approval awarded by Lloyds, meaning that the quality is so good that individual engine inspection and testing at the factory is not required.

Lehman is outstanding in providing service assistance at most marine centers and offers excellent factory back-up service. For example, an engine orientation course for new engine owners is conducted at the Lehman factory and is available at Lehman distributors throughout the U.S.

Before making our decision to standardize on Lehman-Ford, we consulted with our Grand Banks dealers. They were unanimous that these engines were preferred over any others for our line of boats. This confidence has prompted our providing Lehman with orders for engines extending to mid-1978".

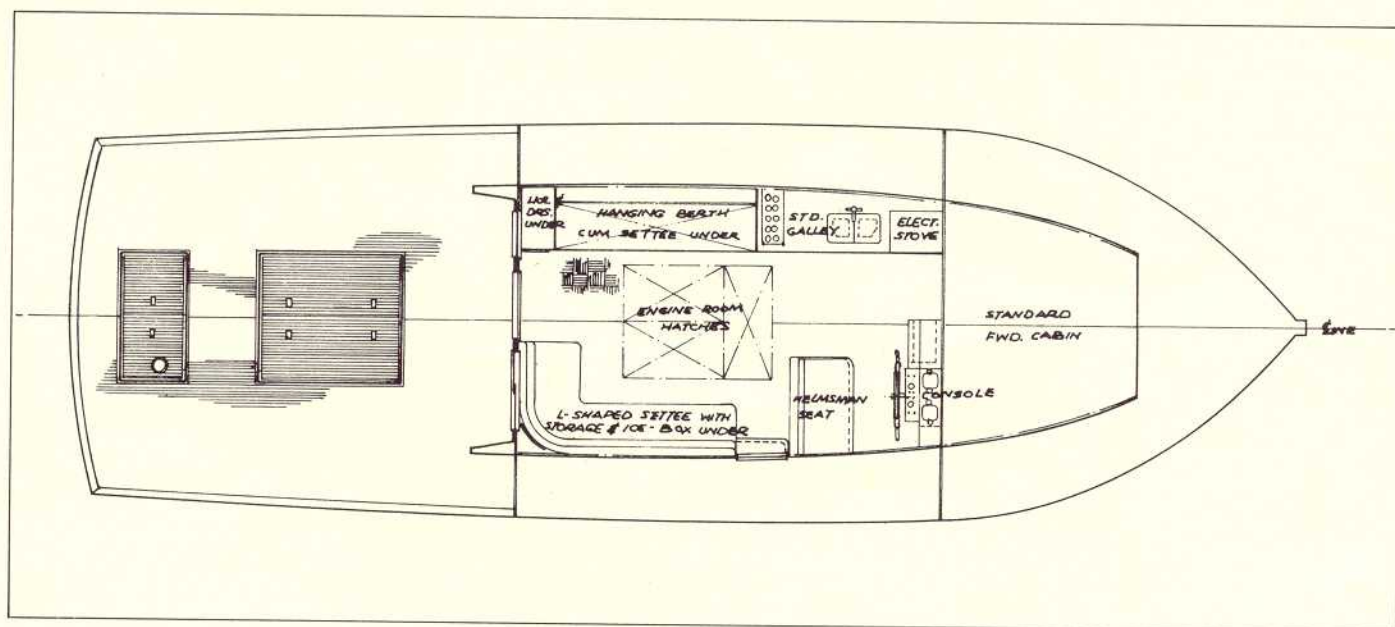
BASIC SPECIFICATIONS

Model	: Ford 2715E (Lehman 6D380)
Bore and Stroke	: 4.22" x 4.52"
Capacity	: 380 cu inches (6220 c.c.)
B.H.P.	: 120
Rated Speed	: 2600 r.p.m.
Compression Ratio	: 16:1

INTRODUCING YET ANOTHER VERSION OF THE COMMERCIAL 42.

SURVEY/AMBULANCE MODEL

This boat is owned by MR. TONY BUXTON, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF PAN OCEAN (PTE) LTD., MR. BUXTON intends to use the boat in the course of his business, which involves the cleaning and painting of the bottoms of large ships while they are afloat. In order to facilitate hull inspections by the various classification societies, the boat is to be fitted with under-water colour television equipment. The boat will also be chartered for local survey work and for pleasure cruises to beautiful local islands.



BASIC SPECIFICATIONS

LOA	: 41' 10"
LWL	: 40' 6"
Beam	: 13' 7"
Draft	: 4' 2"
Displacement	: 34,000 lb
Fuel Capacity	: 1280 U.S. galls
Propulsion	: Twin Ammarine/John Deere

RED TAPE AND BLUE

Along the East Coast between Canada and the Bahamas you can sail more than 2000 miles all in one "territory" free from formalities. The Mediterranean Sea, Europe's sailing playground, the shortest distance from Gibraltar to the Black Sea measures less than the Atlantic Coast, but along the way you pass several different cultures, languages, temperaments and political systems. Nine European countries mean nine sets of formalities.

The Med is still rife with red tape, but some is standardized. For example, it always saves time to have a crew list typed up with names, date of birth, citizenship and passport number signed by the skipper. Copies can be kept together with the ship's papers, crew's passports, etc.

Our experiences were as varied as the nine countries on the European shores of the Med: the midjets — Gibraltar, Malta and Monaco; and the six giants counting from right to left politically: Greece, Spain, Turkey, France, Italy and Yugoslavia; omitting the African shores which we haven't cruised yet and Albania, where any yacht will be immediately chased away.

Let's start with the Straits of Gib and work toward the narrows of the Bosphorus. With the Rock to guide us, yellow "Q" flag in the port and courtesy flag in the starboard spreaders we went alongside in the Destroyer Pens. Customs, Immigration and Police were all waiting respectfully for permission to board — in painfully heavy boots, but with polite English manners they completed the manifest quickly, asking sensible questions and themselves filling out most of the forms which apply more to large freighters, passenger steamers, or maybe naval vessels. The policeman stamped our passports and took with him a crew list. Ten minutes, two glasses of whisky and a cigarette for each. That was it.

At that time having acquired our boat in Europe, we had only a "Certificate of American Ownership" from the U.S. Consulate in Amsterdam. No documentation, no registration, numbers, nothing. But the Certificate with its dashing red ribbon and gorgeous seal impressed particularly officials who had difficulty with English — the red ribbon spoke for itself.

Our present boat, a documented Grand Banks 42, recently arrived piggyback aboard a freighter in Barcelona. Loaded with spare parts, stores, and navigational equipment for cruising the Med, we looked like a prime target for Customs. As the freighter went alongside, the Spanish shipping agent jumped aboard and whisked me off in his little Siata to the Police. Returning to the Freighter I was relieved not to have witnessed the launching of 19 tons without the appropriate equipment. The agent told me to make straight for the Yacht Club. When I insisted there that the Customs should come aboard, the Club officials looked at me as if I had parted with my senses. Instead they told me to fill out the forms, printed in Spanish and English, myself. All the same they weren't prepared for this type of entry. It appeared I arrived in a 42-foot motorboat after crossing the Atlantic from Miami to Barcelona single-handed in two weeks — without the freighter's ever being mentioned. I hope that someone in Spain noted that as a sort of record.

A few months later we returned to Spanish officialdom by the more conventional way from Sardinia. Again the Yacht Club in Mahon, Minorca supplied the forms for the skipper to fill out. Customs, Immigration and Police can check the data but never seem to bother. No, sorry, at the tiny port of Pallamos, not far from the French border, a uniformed official — in Spain the police for sure — asked for passports, and in a little notebook painstakingly copied all our first names only, date of birth, etc. In Spain the last name is always written first . . .

A yacht in Spain clears customs only once, at the first port of entry. Leaving the country simply involves informing the harbor officials that you are departing for good. A foreign yacht may stay in Spain indefinitely. Americans may stay eight months. If you leave the country for a day, even without your boat, you may return to Spain for another eight months.

We reached French Port Vendres along with the first gusts of the infamous Mistral, the wind which funnels down the Rhone Valley and creates havoc on land and in the Gulf of Lions. We came anxiously alongside the mole, clearly reserved for commercial vessels. As no one came to reprimand us, I left in search of customs and received a short form, which led to the "Passeport du Navire Etrangeres" given by the Bureau des Douanes. This is to be shown at every French port, where the authorities check your arrival in a special column.

The principality of Monaco has its own customs office, but accepts the French document. And here too no one seems to care much about your boat. The Harbor Master's office is near the town marina, along with everything else in that country. Clearance is even more casual than in France. Monaco's marina is a great place from which to observe from your deck the Formula One Grand Prix race in May; to load up on bonded stores; the casino is visible but it's a steep uphill climb . . .

After arriving in San Remo, the Italian port closest to France, we jam ourselves into a six-foot gap between two other boats — not the most ideal spot, since our beam is more than twelve feet, the only one. In the Med you learn to elbow your way into almost any space. The first time we were in Italy we flew the "Q" flag for three days until a fellow yachtsman told us the officials don't like to be bothered.

All Italian ports are under the administration of the navy. The navy clears you and issues the *Costituto in Arrivo per il Naviglio da Diporto*, which is valid for one year. This document has to be shown at each harbor you visit and be returned only when you leave the country; or you can keep it if you plan to return while it is still valid.

The smaller the country, the more seriously customs are taken: Malta. The hook is down in the middle of Marsamxett Harbour with the yellow flag flying after a long night's passage from Sicily. Uniforms on the jetty motion us to bring up stern to. Two officials arrive with a forbidding stack of documents. An early morning whisky soda doubtless helps them to deal with the cargo manifest, passenger list, reports on contagions and infectious diseases, deratization, formal returns of agricultural materials, animals dead or alive, explosives and and fissile materials, wine and spirits, tobacco products, narcotics. Luckily they filled out their forms themselves with only a few random questions. Smiles, handshakes, and they wish us a pleasant stay, even under Mintoff's rule. Incidentally, in both Gib and Malta, like Britain, there is a six-month rabies quarantine for pets.

Nowadays Yugoslavia is one of the pleasantest countries in Europe for yachtsmen. The officials are unsurpassed in politeness, helpfulness, and general well wishing. If you go to one of the official Yugoslav Tourist offices, e.g. in New York, you will receive not only exhaustive information, including a list of ports of entry, (at one of which you must arrive first) about yachting in Yugoslavia, but also a pamphlet with enough data to plan your whole cruise.

Before we'd managed to make fast in Gruz, the port for Dubrovnik, a uniformed official was waiting to help us with a stack of letters in his hand — our mail sent c/o the Harbor Master. A few minutes later customs arrived and issued a special document, the "Itinerary", valid during your whole stay in Yugoslav waters, and handed in at your last port. Each time you fill in the next harbor you intend to visit and you're free to go. No one blames you if because of change of weather you decide to go somewhere else. Have ready the old crew list plus a list of the equipment on the boat not permanently installed, e.g. portable radio, sextant, binoculars, etc.

The Itinerary gives a list of the places which are out of bounds, for example, the island of Brioni, Tito's summer residence. We passed by a mile offshore but weren't tempted nearer: in a gap between the islands two PT boats shot out with guns pointed directly at us — a whole lot more threatening than the Coast Guard in Boston whalers patrolling the President's pad in Key Biscayne.

The Yugoslavs are very touchy about another thing: a foreign yacht isn't allowed to have any Yugoslav citizen aboard for more than 12 hours. You may not have the same crew members meet you and leave from there — competition for Yugoslav ferries? But you may unload someone whom you brought into the country, or you may take on someone who will disembark abroad.

- WATER - MEDITERRANEAN

BY EDWARD AND HELEN SOKOPP

Greece has 28 ports of entry and 80 points with yachting facilities — all clearly explained in the pamphlet *Greece for the Yachtsman* with fantastic colored air photos of harbors and maps of specific ports for customs clearance, repairs, fuel, water, bonded stores, etc. — available at any official Greek travel agency, e.g. in New York or Los Angeles.

Our first Greek port was Iraklion on Crete. The Customs Officer, impeccable in his white uniform, asked a few questions, was satisfied with our answers and gave the impression that any answers would have satisfied him equally. The Greeks don't think of the crew of a foreign yacht as tourists in the usual sense of the word, but rather as sailors in transit and don't stamp their passports. The Port Authority's representative issued us the Transit Log in Greek and English, valid for one year, with the assurance that an extension would be easy. It must be shown at all ports on request; here the crew list can be changed or bonded stores added, so that the trail of your companions and thirst remains permanently on record.

The Greeks started this system of documents in the Med followed by the Italians, French and Yugoslavs. The Spaniards have still to wake up, but the Turks . . .

Turkey is a very special section in our voyage across the Med. Our first landing in Asian Turkish territory was at Izmir, otherwise known as Smyrna. We made fast to some quay with jutting bits of wire from concrete under construction. Some uniformed and armed port official kept us waiting in uncertainty under his fixed eye and bayonet for a good two hours. Finally six men appeared, some in uniform, some not. One in civilian clothes walked like a sailor on deck during a gale. Fumes of raki surrounding him explained his unsteadiness. He turned out to be the doctor and was supposed to double as interpreter. His slurred smidge of French was so punctuated with burps and belches as to be almost undecipherable. After the first unsuccessful attempts at communication, he did the only sensible thing: shut up. But with the others there was no means of communication whatsoever. All the documents to fill out were in Turkish only, the ship's papers in English. And although after Greece it was consoling to return to our alphabet, that didn't suffice. We tried sign language unsatisfactorily. The officials gave up, wrote down something; I signed something. To this day I don't know what transpired in Izmir.

Fearing similar experiences in each Turkish port, we decided to sail straight to Istanbul. Oh, holy naivete! The moment we passed the narrows at the entrance to the Dardanelles, a Turkish customs boat rushed to pilot us into the nearby port of Canakale. All boats entering and leaving the Sea of Marmara have to report here irrespective of whether they have already entered a Turkish port or not. So we started from the beginning. This time we organized a shipping agent. He didn't know a whole lot about yachts, but at least he was sober and knew a bit of German. He warned us that we must go through entry formalities and customs also in Istanbul. I'll try to spare you our welcome in Istanbul and our return visit to Canakale — it would look as if I were anti-Turkish, which I'm not.

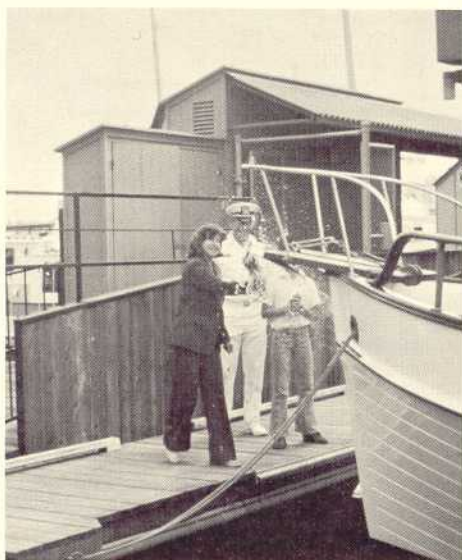
If you visit Istanbul in your own yacht it wouldn't hurt to learn a bit of Turkish, procure some sort of document in Turkish explaining the boat's vital statistics including signatures and the most impressive available in seals and ribbons. Helpful too would be if the skipper came equipped with a few cartons of cigarettes and bottles of alcohol. Good relations between client and official are still based on bak-sheesh.

Don't be daunted. Although the red tape is horrendous, Turkey is definitely worth visiting. But be prepared Turkish customs cannot understand that our *Syrena* sailing to their country has aboard neither passengers nor freight, and that the mate is not only a woman, but actually the skipper's wife. The health officials cannot understand why our boat has no deratification certificate and want to know how many of the crew were infected by the plague, how many crew died en route to Turkey, and finally how many crew do I expect will die during their stay in Turkey?

All this to show that the devil is not as frightening as he is painted, and the red tape really is decreasing all the time.



NEW BOAT OWNERS



GB 36 Hull Number 492

The christening of Grand Banks 36#492
The owners are DONALD & MATA TELLMAN OF DES MOINES,
IOWA, USA



GB 32 Hull Number 573

The owner of the boat is MR. WILFRED BAILLIE, President of Asamera Oil Indonesia Ltd. MR. BAILLIE and his wife, GERALDINE, are Canadian citizens living in Singapore. Their favourite pastime is to cruise among the beautiful neighbouring islands around Singapore.

THE LAUNCHING OF GB 32 573 WITH
MR. & MRS. BAILLIE



GB 42 Hull Number 505

MR. GUSTAVO and BEATRIX GYSLER took delivery of their Grand Banks 42 in Hong Kong in January 1977. GUS writes that they are very please to have chosen Grand Banks as they feel it is a secure boat in all weather.

THE OWNERS AND FRIENDS ENJOYING
ON BOARD THE "TAHIRA-CAN" IN
HONG KONG.

LETTERS TO THE NEWS



GB 32 #1 HULL No. ONE IS ALIVE AND WELL

A yacht broker had steered us to a 32' Grand Banks that was up for sale by the owner in Martinez, California. My wife and I gave it a first glance and it appeared to be hale and hearty. Well, maybe a little cosmetic work was needed to bring her back to original Bristol shape. How blind we were, how naive . . . how stupid!

A second glance turned up a shiny chrome plaque on the forward bulkhead that said:

GRAND BANKS 32-1 Built by Robt. Newton & Sons American Marine Limited Hongkong

My first mate's vision is myopic at best and this boat merely increased her loss of discriminatory vision which became progressively worse as we negotiated. She wanted to go "First Cabin", I was swept away by her enthusiasm at the prospect of becoming a Grand Banks owner after some smaller gas-powered cruisers. . . at the prospect of having a Grand Banks well up the Sacramento River in the inner provinces of California. . . at the thought of owning Hull No. One.

Although I was semi-retired at the time, going full time back to college, my roommate broke out her pocket calculator and said we could swing it. She is very optimistic and apparently has a direct line of communication from her local Bank of America where she works to President Tom Clausen's office in San Francisco. . . said bank being just about the largest in the whole world.

Well, the scuttlebutt from B of A World Headquarters was that inflation would continue, gasoline would remain in short supply and continue to go up in price and that Grand Banks were a good investment.

With logic like that, I went along with the program and by June 1976 had our GB 32-1 located at the Freeport Marina on the Sacramento River . . . 4 miles from our house, 8 miles from beautiful downtown Sacramento.

Within a month our eyes had cleared of "Grand Banks White Eyes" and little things became more noticeable . . . The bilge was cluttered with years of odds and ends with broken limber hole chains, cigarette butts, dog hair, cat hair, pieces of wood with Chinese characters, leaky fuel lines, pumps, filters and water pumps . . . and in general need of much TLC (tender loving care) from mast light to keel and from forestem to swim platform. Most of it seemed trivia but as time passed it became enormous. What hath American Marine wrought upon us?

However, the hull survey showed soundness, the diesel problems were minor and except for badly cracked paint, varnish (what was left of it) and cracked fiberglass deck covering forward (this was before all teak decks) we still had a "small ship" that ran.

The priming, sanding, painting and varnishing continues even today. Sometimes I can close my eyes and almost visualize the Bristol condition it will be in as my loving companion whispers sweet things in my ear, like . . . "Remember honey, it's a Grand Banks . . . It'll look sharp again . . . It's Hull #1" . . . Then I pick up the sander and dream of the day when we can move up to the 42 footer.

Ken Fairbrother



▲
 PICTURE OF THE ILIKAI II LOCATED AT THE YACHT HARBOR IN BACK OF THE ILIKAI HOTEL IN HAWAII. THE BOAT IS USED AS A VIP BOAT BY THE HOTELS' SALES DEPARTMENT. THEIR FAVORITE CRUISE WAS TO MEET THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO HAWAII.



▲
 PICTURE OF GB42# 7 OWNED BY MR. ARTHUR ROSENTHAL OF ST. THOMAS, US. VIRGIN ISLANDS. THIS BOAT HAS RECENTLY BEEN FITTED WITH A PAIR OF NEW ENGINES AND CAN REACH A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 16 KTS.

GENERAL MANAGER — AMERICAN MARINE (S) PTE LTD.

Tony Fleming, a Briton, completed a five year engineering apprenticeship in England in 1957. Since that time he has worked in various African and Asian countries.

He joined American Marine in Hongkong in 1962 at a time when the Company was building a wide variety of custom boats. He was responsible for co-ordinating all the technical features in these vessels and, when the Grand Banks was introduced in 1965, he set up the Company's first production lines. As production increased he became Production Manager and, later, when the Company expanded he was promoted to Works Manager.

When American Marine's facility was set up in Singapore, Tony was transferred there in order to oversee and co-ordinate the introduction of the fibreglass boats. During this period he was the Company's Technical Director and, after the re-structuring of American Marine he was made responsible for planning and implementing the re-organisation of the yard.

As General Manager of American Marine's only facility, Tony Fleming is in charge of all the Company's boat-building operations. He was present when the first Grand Banks was built and he has been intimately involved with their building and development ever since. Tony probably knows more about these boats than any other person and he has at his finger-tips the history of every change introduced since their inception. He is very aware that most of these resulted from feed-back from dealers and customers. To hear him review the sources of the countless minor changes, that differentiate the new Grand Banks from the old, is to take a trip around the world! Tony feels that improving the boats is a continuing process limited only by the constraints of building a boat to meet customers' requirements in all the major boating areas of the world.



QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM OWNERS OF GRAND BANKS: _____

1. Ideal Boat! Will keep her forever.
— Washington, U.S.A.
2. Reliability and the all-weather capability are the features we value most — three seasons of almost constant use without major mechanical failure or repair.
— Dorset, England
3. There is no better boat than a Grand Banks
— Minnesota, U.S.A.
4. Superb layout of accommodations and maximum utilization of space.
— Flandersham, England
5. The whole damned thing is terrific! First boat I ever owned and its been a fabulous pleasant surprise.
— Wisconsin, U.S.A.
6. She is truly a fine craft for extended cruising.
— Washington, U.S.A.
7. We are completely satisfied with our GB 36.
California, U.S.A.
8. During the five years we have owned our boat we have enjoyed every minute of it.
— California, U.S.A.
9. The confidence one acquires along with a Grand Banks is rewarding.
— Ohio, U.S.A.
10. GB 42 A-O.K. with me!
— New York, U.S.A.
11. A handsome vessel as to lines, accommodations and finish.
— Illinois, U.S.A.
12. This vessel most closely approximates in every way the concept of my requirements (if I was to custom build).
— New South Wales Australia
13. It is the ultimate little ship.
— Illinois, U.S.A.

AMERICAN MARINE (S) PTE. LTD.

Yacht Builders and Marine Suppliers

Shipyard & Office: No. 26, Jalan Terusan, Jurong Town, Singapore, 22.



Favorite recipes

HOT CRAB SOUFFLE

8 slices bread
2 cups crab
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 onion, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped

1 cup celery, chopped
3 cups milk
4 eggs
1 can mushroom soup
grated cheese and pinch of paprika

Dice half of bread into baking dish. Mix crab, mayonnaise, onion, celery, green pepper and spread over diced bread. Trim crusts from remaining 4 slices of bread and place over crab mixture. Mix eggs and milk together and pour over mixture. Place in refrigerator overnight. Bake at 350 degrees 15 minutes. Remove from oven and spoon soup over top — top with cheese and paprika. Bake one hour at 325 degrees.

*Lillian Eliassen — Seattle
Washington.*