



San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

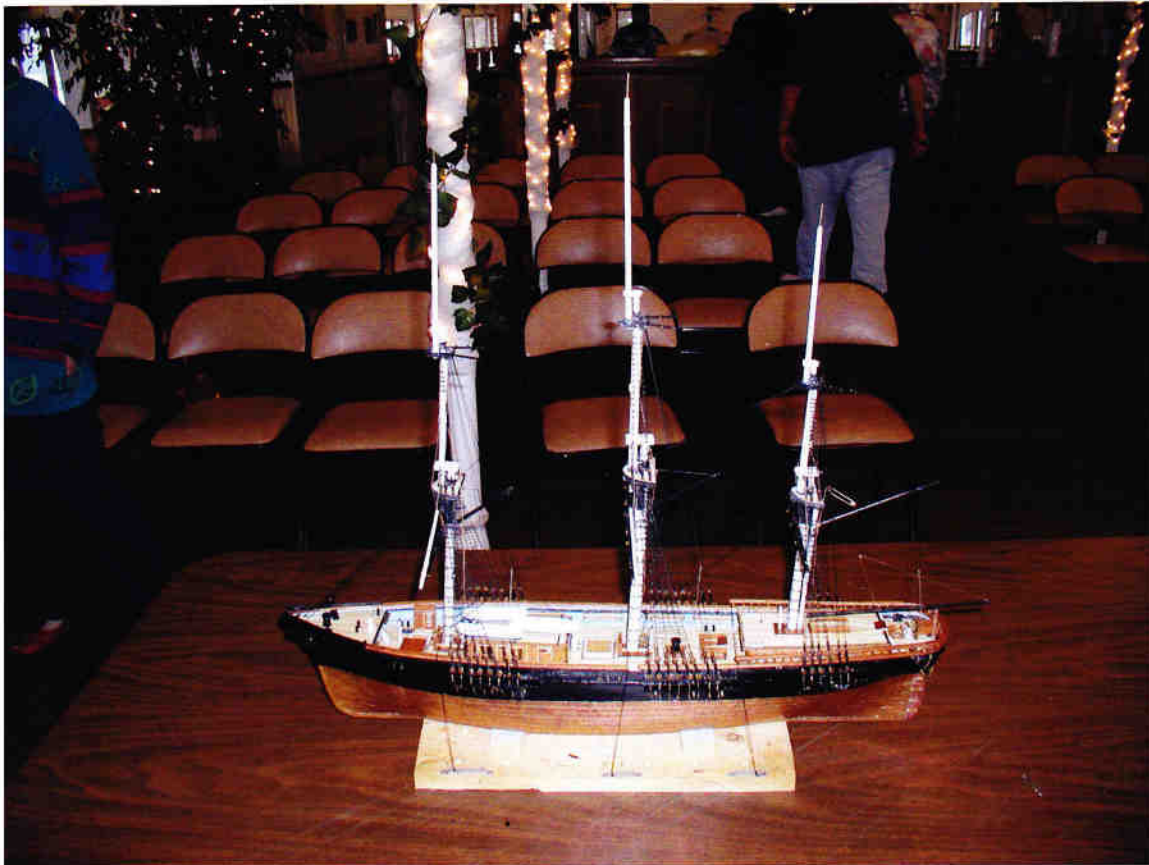
1492 N. Harbor Drive

San Diego, CA 92101

July 2003

NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 27, NO.7



Mike Forget's Flying Fish

Photo by Ron Zuenges

The June Meeting Meeting

Don Bienvenue opened the meeting at 7 PM. He invited new members and guests to be recognized. **Mr. Matt Franklin** said that he was helping **Chris Faddis**. **Mr. Tom Taylor** is a returning previous member. Don then asked for the purser's report. The current balance as of 31 May 2003 is \$ [REDACTED] There are 58 paid

members. The purser said that ordered nametags are available for pickup. He will also put in an order for additional nametags. It was learned that the missing nametags have been found. It was recommended that nametags be mailed to members not present.

Robert Hewitt discussed the County Fair. All days are covered. Robert said that models could be sold at the fair but only after the day of the fair. There is to be no transfer of money at the fair. "Models in Miniature" books are available for a \$3.00 donation. **Royce** talked about a Fair Program he had which was dated 1980. He read some interesting facts about the fair.

Bob Graham stated he had handouts about his demo available.

It was mentioned that the Wooden Boat Show is June 14/156.

The annual party was discussed. It will either be held at the July or August meeting. The party is budgeted. **Bob Graham** stated he will bring some BBQ chicken. **Vic Ford** will purchase food and Robert Hewitt will bring the plastic/paper items.

Chuck Seiler talked about a magazine (Warships and Workboats) available on the web. It was decided to ask **Dr. Brown** to come to a future meeting to do a "show and tell" of his models.

There was an auction of some donated kits. \$250.00 was collected.

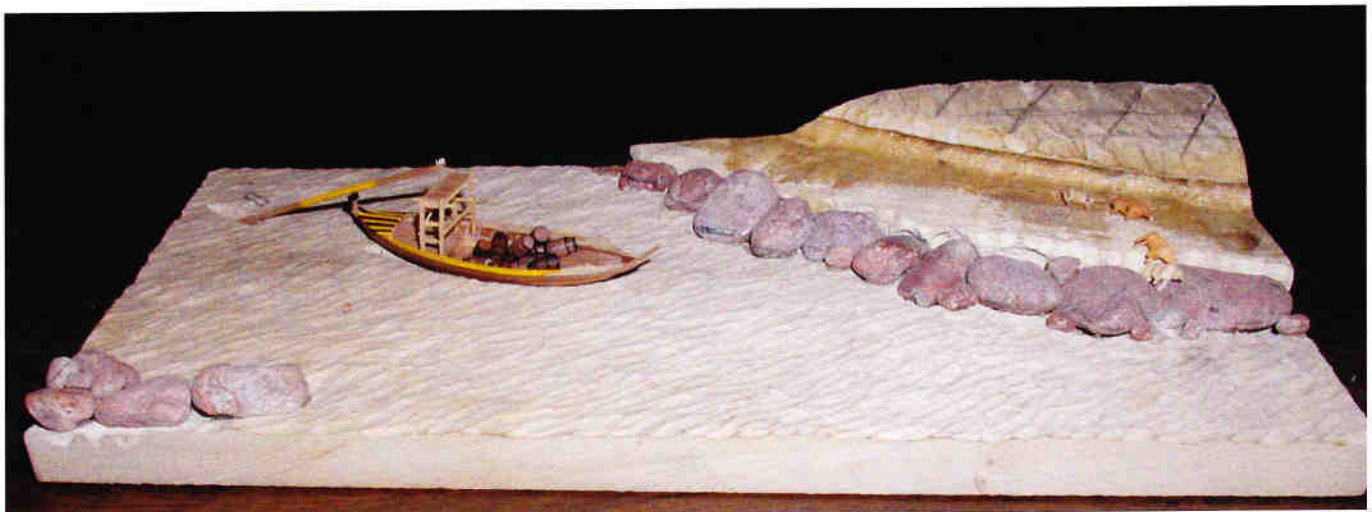
Mike Forget talked about his "FLYING FISH" model. The actual ship was approx 1500 tons, 207 feet long. It sailed from Boston to San Francisco in 92 days

Robert Hewitt discusses his Wine Boat:
Wineboat (Barco Robello) diorama
By Robert Hewitt scale 1"=20 ft.

Another wineboat! After building the last one, I received literature from Randy Biddle from the Ship Modelers Association (SMA) in L.A. that described the return voyage of these ships. After the wine was unloaded, the ship would travel up river with empty casks on board. They used wind, rowing and oxen to bring them up river. The diorama will show all three. The "river" was carved from tupolo. The rocks along the shore were gathered from the creek in Sorrento Valley. I believe they are tumbled bricks. The hillside will have a vineyard. The ship is almost finished and is built as the real ships are built.

Come to the Annual Birthday Party!

The Star of India is reserved for our party on Wednesday July 9th from 7-9 pm We are able to have liquor etc. as long as every one is over 21. Therefore it is requested that children not attend. While food will be provided by the Guild, members are free to bring along any food or drink that they would care to share. Since there will not be a show and tell, please do not bring models to the party!



Robert Hewitt's Wine Boat

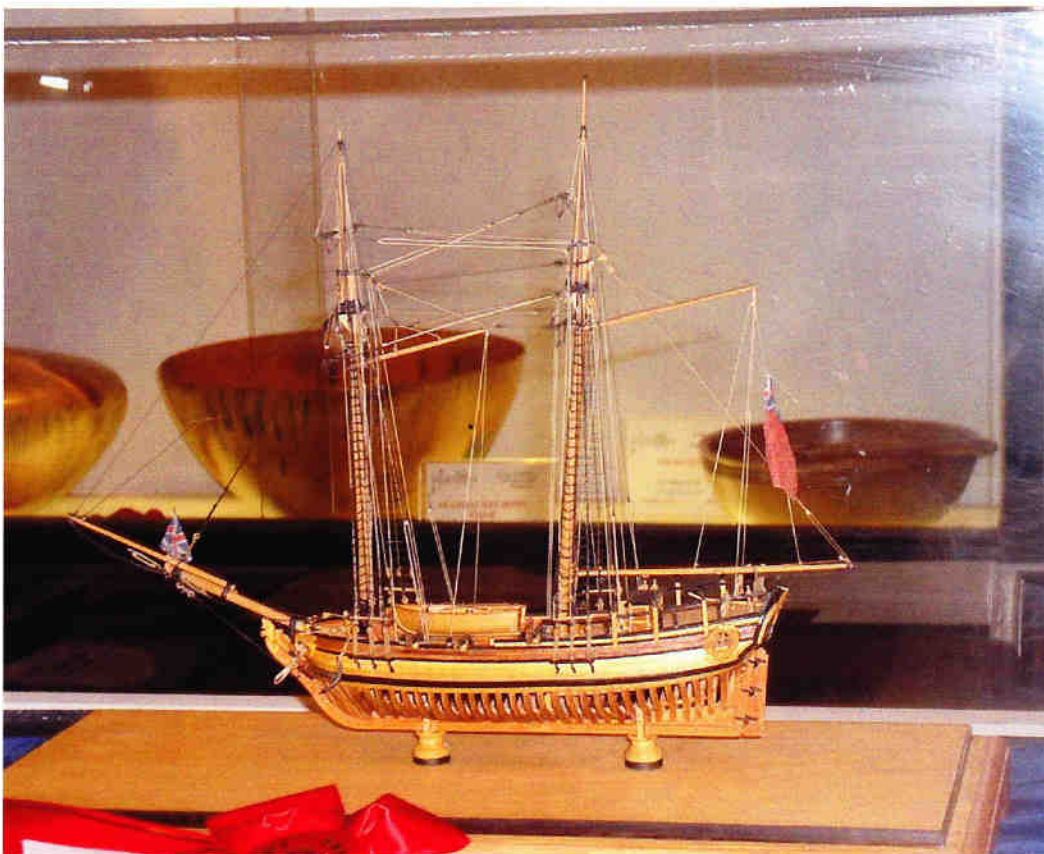
Photo by Ron Zuenges

Pictures from the San Diego County Fair

By Chuck Seiler



Its Dad's Day and our modeling divas **Chari Wessel** and **Jacki Jones** prepare for a day at the Fair.
Photo by **Chuck Seiler**



Billy Russell's 1:96 scale schooner "HALIFAX" takes second place.

Photo by **Chuck Seiler**



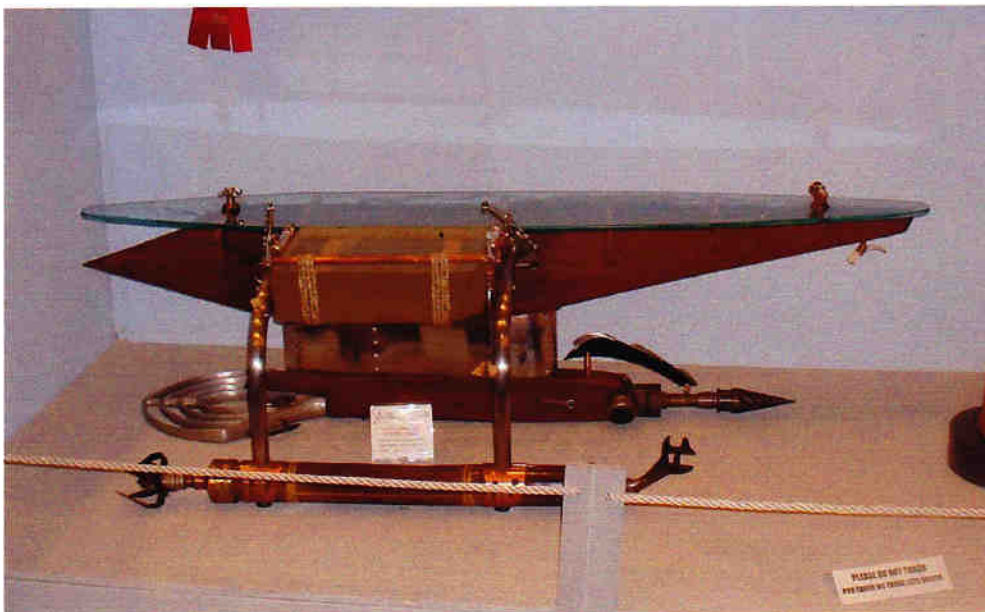
“Look Mommy, toy boats!” **Robert Hewitt** and Chicago’s **Gus Augustin** team up for three wonderful miniatures. **Hewitt's FLY** and **SUPPLY** took third and honorable mention, respectively. **Gus' ROYAL BARGE** took forth. All three have been published separately in previous newsletters.



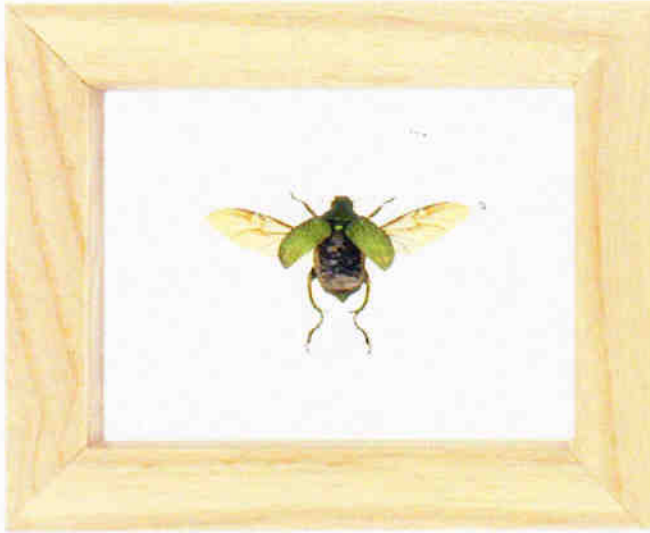
Joe Bompensiero's 3/16 scale schooner **CHALEUR** to first place in the scale model category as well as the Maritime Museum's "Best Ship Model" award for 2003. Congratulations Joe!



"Ah, Escargot!" **Robert Hewitt's** undersea nautical piece took fourth in its category.



The Mystery Piece-nuff said.



Chrysophora chrysochloa (Wings Spread)

DUET INTERRUPTED

By Chari Wessel

Awarded First Place in the 2003
Patrick O'Brien Writing Competition:

The Gunroom can be found at HMSSurprise.com

The contest rules were "write at least 400 words in the style of Patrick O'Brien; subject matter open." All the entries are posted at

http://www.HMSSurprise.org/Fiction/flowing_sheet4/

The violin worried at the Haydn menuetto like an old dog with a bone until finally Stephen took pity on the music, ceased his bowing and set aside his 'cello. "I'm sorry, brother," he said, stretching out his leg and kneading his meagre calf. "I fear I have a cramp." It was a fiction, and a thin one; but it served. It required a man of far less acuity than Stephen Maturin to see that Jack Aubrey's mind was not on his music. "That's what you get for skylarking in the top all afternoon," said Jack, putting away his violin with undisguised relief.

"I was never so high as the top, my dear. Only that lowest platform...or mast-head...or truck, as it may be called."

"Stephen, that lowest platform is called the top."

"Is it indeed? Yet there is so much more of masts and sails and rigging above it. Well, top or bottom, it is an admirable height for watching birds. I saw a black skimmer and pair of roseate terns." He pursed his lips thoughtfully. For the tenth time in as many minutes, he saw Aubrey's eyes go to the pile of papers on his small writing desk; much-creased, much-smoothed and closely-written in a round child-like hand. "Have you news from home?" he finally ventured. He would never have been so personal except he knew that a government cutter had delivered a mail sack from Buenos Aires that morning, and he knew that Jack had received a large oilskin-wrapped bundle.

With a sigh, Aubrey caught up a handful of pages and shuffled through them. "Only the usual domestic catastrophes: foot-rot, cabbage moth, and the twins contrived to push each other into carp pond. They both caught the catarrh, and Mrs Williams blistered them with mustard plasters so that they roared all night long and poor Sophie did not sleep for a week. How I wish I were there, instead of tacking up and down this God-forsaken coast looking for mythical Yankee privateers. How I wish you were there, Stephen, with your excellent jelly of yours."

Maturin's eyebrows went up. "Jelly?"

"That aromatic jelly for the catarrh; the one the men smear on so avidly. If we get within ten degrees of the Tropic, the foc'sle fairly reeks of the stuff."

"Oh, that. My dear, that is only a simple salve of camphor and eucalyptol. Any apothecary could make it up as easily as kiss my hand. Here, I'll write the receipt down for you. Perhaps for dear Sophie's sake I will leave out the asafoetida," Maturin mused, rummaging through his coat. "You know the prejudice of sailors—the more powerful the stink, the more effective the medicine. Now where has my pen-knife got to...?" Aubrey watched

in fascination as, like some Covent Garden conjurer, Stephen produced from his pockets a handful of Spanish moss containing a bird's egg, a crushed brown wad that had once been some sort of orchid, a small eel pungently dead, three dried seed pods, a large lump of stone and an iridescent beetle the size of his thumb which shook out its wing covers and began to creep across the top of the desk. His knife exhumed, Stephen drew up the chair, uncapped the ink and dipped a quill.

Jack upended an empty coffee cup over the beetle. "This stone has teeth in it," he observed.

"Yes," said Stephen, scratching away. "It is a petrified horse's jaw, or a piece of one at any rate. I have it from a planter in Bahia Blanca, who had it from an Indian, who had it from a cliff stacked deep with petrified bones, or so he claims. I'm sending it to Cuvier at the Institut...although, as there is little for us to do here but sail up and down, as you say, I should dearly love to procure a whole specimen." He glanced up at Jack hopefully, but not too hopefully, for he had discovered that it was an immutable law of the Navy that the intensity of his expressed interest in some local natural phenomenon was inversely proportional to his chances of being allowed off the *Surprise* to go look at it.

"You know, Stephen, it's possible that Cuvier has seen horse's teeth before," Jack said, not unkindly.

"Petrified horse's teeth. From South America." When Aubrey's face remained blank, Maturin elaborated.

"There are no native Equidae in South America."

Aubrey burst out laughing. "What a fellow you are, Stephen," he exclaimed. "Why, that stallion at the governor's house was one of the finest equidae I've ever laid eyes on, and there was a whole stable full of lovely brood mares besides."

"Native Equidae," Maturin reiterated patiently. "Before the conquistadors brought them, there were no horses here."

Jack waved a hand. "Of course not," he said. "For they all drowned in the Great Flood, and the ones Noah bred afterwards could not swim the Atlantic. It stands to reason." He tossed the fossil in his palm, squinting and frowning, trying to put together a witticism about gift horses' mouths and hen's teeth, but the phrase proved too elusive and he finally let it go. "As for your going ashore to hunt for petrified horses, since there are no privateers nearby I think we might be able to spare you the launch and a crew..."

He was interrupted by Killick's backside entering the cabin, followed by a tray laden with a covered supper dish and a large pot of fresh coffee, and finally by the long sour face of the steward himself. "Which the mariné was gone to the head and I've been in the passage this last turn of the glass too loaded down with these here wittles to open the door," he grumbled, setting down the tray amidst the charts and papers on the desk. "If the cheese is curdled and the coffee's cold it's not my fault."

Maturin hastily stuffed his specimens back into his pockets as Killick fussed with the tray, clattering the cheese server and plates and pouring out coffee before he left, muttering crossly to himself.

"...and you could take Bonden...ah, rapture!" Jack cried, settling back on the locker and taking a deep swallow of coffee, which was just the way he liked it: very strong, hot and hot.

There was a rap on the door and the marine leaned in, admitting the wardroom squeaker Midshipman Bowman, who piped, "Mr. Pullings compliments, sir, and the lookout's spotted a sail, sir, and if you please could you come up to the deck as soon as ever you can, sir."

"Sorry, Stephen," said Jack, seeming anything but; for his eyes lit up as if someone had struck a match inside him. He finished his coffee in one hasty gulp and reached for his best glass.

Stephen patted his pockets and frowned at the desk. "Now where has my *Chrysophora* gone to...?" He raised his eyes reproachfully to the empty cup in Jack's hand.

Jack swallowed hard. "It ain't a venomous creature, at all?"

"Not comparatively." Stephen shrugged. "Perhaps it would be safest to make up a good strong purgative draught; double-shotted for rapid effect. I'll have it ready when you come back down!" he called after the captain's retreating back, and then smiled privately to himself, lifted up the cheese dish and pocketed his beetle.



Kit News

by Chuck Seiler

The fine print. This article does not constitute endorsement of any products or services by either the San Diego Ship Modeler's Guild or the San Diego Maritime Museum. The author is not affiliated with the company or companies mentioned in this article except as a customer.

So much information to put out...where do I start? There are a number of new kits coming into the market; some recently out and some in the near future. Lets' see what is out there from a couple of the well known European companies?

ARTESANIA LATINA has several new kits out. The newest appears to be a 1:56 scale of the 1788 brig *HMS SUPPLY*. This ship was one of two Royal Navy ships assigned to the First Fleet; a fleet of 11 warships and transports which transported the first convicts to Botany Bay (Australia). Double plank on bulkhead. K.C. says "It makes my mouth water just looking at it." Take a look and decide for yourself.

Continuing in the South Seas, AL has a 1:25 scale *BOUNTY LIFEBOAT*. This 16.33 inch (huh?) model allegedly depicts one of the three launches onboard *HMS BOUNTY*, one that was used to transport LT William Bligh and 18 other crewmen 3600 miles to safety after the famous mutiny.

Rounding out the new AL kits is the 1:89 scale *HERMIONE -LaFAYETTE*. This is another kit based on a real ship, one we know something about. This is the French frigate *HERMIONE* which, in 1780, transported the young Marquis de Lafayette (hence the name) to America where he joined George Washington's army. This 29.5 inch double plank on bulkhead model is based on a 1997 reconstruction of the original ship. Perhaps with some serious kitbashing, this could be Jack Aubrey's *SURPRISE*. Any takers?

AMATI's recent addition is the 1:250 scale, plank on bulkhead *TITANIC*. It includes laser cut wooden parts, hundreds of photo-etched brass parts and molded plastic. The smokestacks even have copper rivets. There are 8 sheets of plans and a 32 page booklet to help build this 42 inch monster. K.C. has the kit and says it looks like a good one.

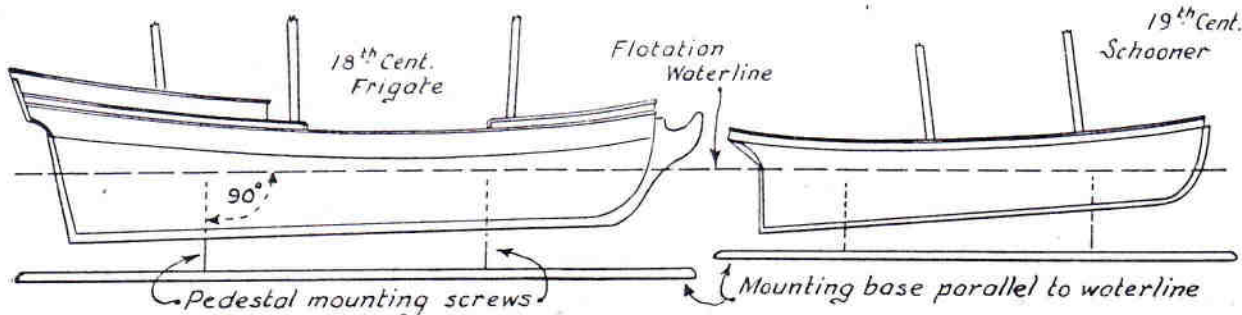
Grapevine has it now that Chris Watton (the designer behind **CAULDERCRAFT's** "Nelson's Navy" models) is working with **AMATI**, a number of great new models will be coming from that direction. I'll give you the scoop on them, as well as the new **CAULDRCRAFT** models, in a future episode.

Until then, Go forth and model!

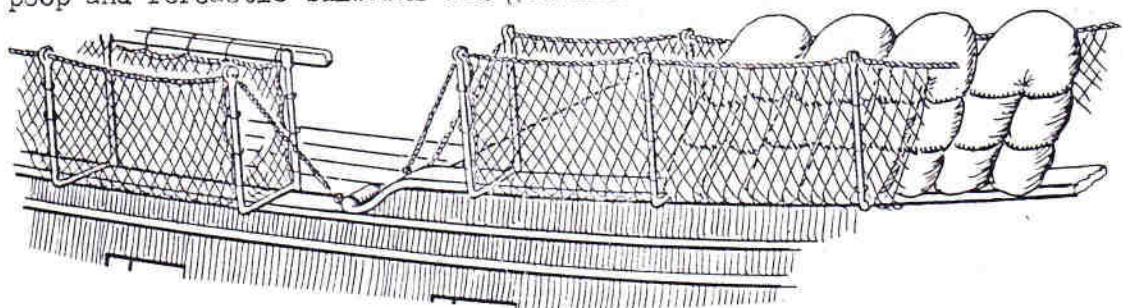


MOUNTING

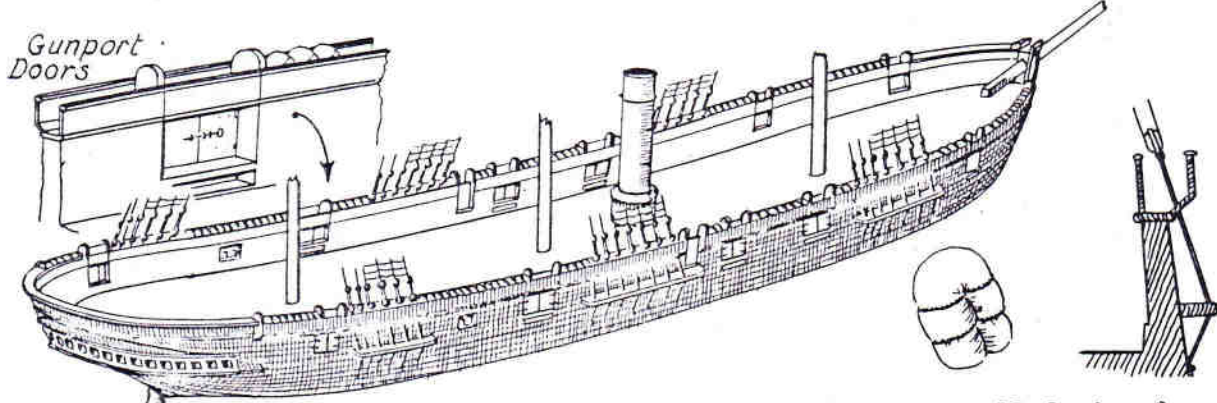
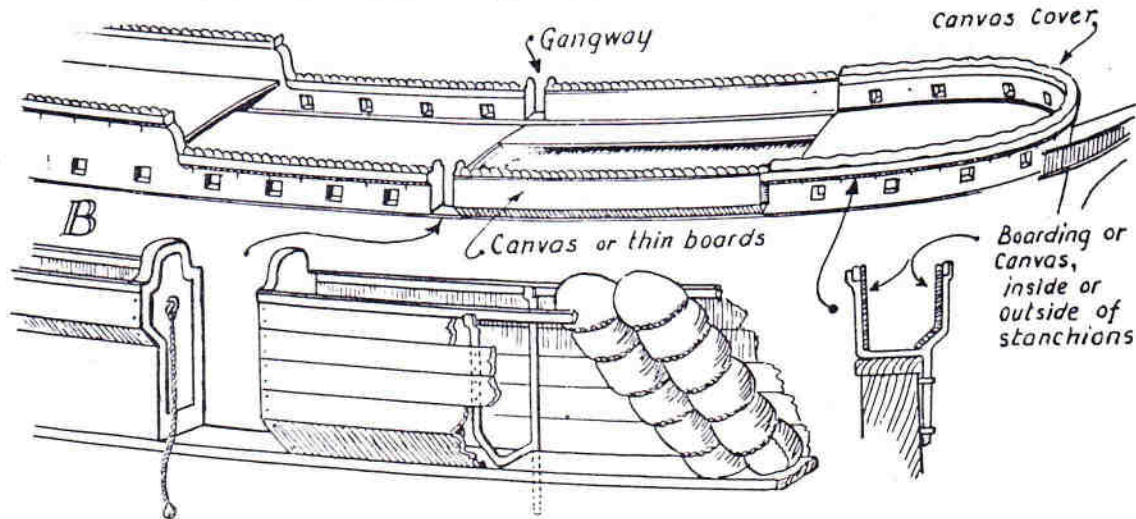
Almost every period model of sailing ships have the tendency to end up mounted wrong on their base. The usual habit is to place her in a cradle, or drill holes in the keel for placement on pedestals, and as a result, the model ends up on the parallel of the base. This is 100% wrong, as the ship did not travel through the water in this fashion. The sketch shown below gives the correct angles the model should be mounted to the base.



Very few modelbuilders will go to the extent of adding nettings on the rails for the stowage of hammocks. This is a very distinctive feature on warships and Indianmen and is worthy of a mention. They were arranged abreast the gangways and on the poop and forecastle bulwarks and gunwales stretched over iron frames.



The gangway nettings were deeper than the others. When full of hammocks, they provided a screen when in battle and the hammocks could be rammed into large shot holes. The iron frames were portable which accounts for their absence on many plans. Toward the end of the 19th Century the nettings were covered on the outside with canvas screens, stiffened with thin boarding which was permanent. (see illustration on top of next page). Hammocks in the deeper nettings could be stowed full length at an angle or sometimes horizontally above one another. The shallower nettings would stow them doubled up or singly horizontally. The boarded up type was still referred to as nettings. The thin boards became thicker and part of the actual bulwark forming overhanging shallow troughs with a sloped bottom (see second picture on next page.). This was the final arrangements on sailing warships and training ships up to the 20th Century. The overhanging trough was also a distinctive feature on the warships and raiders of the Civil War on vessels like the "Alabama" and the "Kearsarge". In way of the side hung gunport doors the hammock troughs were portable to give a complete opening. In bad weather a taught painted canvas cover was stretched along the top of the troughs and if you don't feel like making all of the individual hammock bundles, this is an easy way out. If you do show the bundles,



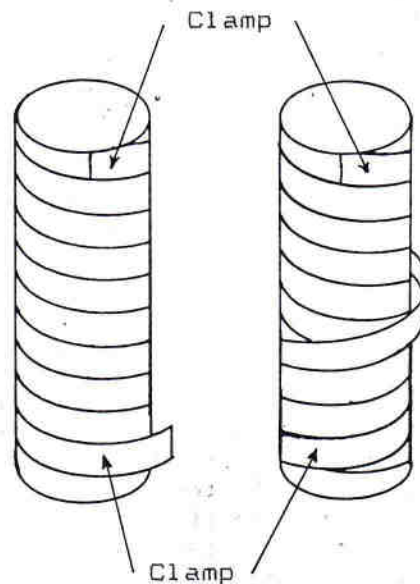
they should all be exactly spaced and sloped either facing aft or all facing forward, or as was sometimes done, half facing aft and half forward.

Mast Hoops or Sail Rings

By Bob Graham

I have made the rings using both basswood and white peroba. The basswood is a little easier to use if you soak it in a 50/50 mixture of carpenter's glue and water. I use hot glue for the white peroba. Select a piece of brass tubing with a diameter that is the same as the inside diameter of the hoop you wish to make. Wax or wrap the tubing with saran wrap. Run the wood over the back of a butter knife (or something similar) as you would curl a ribbon. Wrap the wood around the tube, butting the edges. See A. The glue soaked basswood can be applied as in B. If you use the white peroba, you will need to glue and wrap in short sections. Depending on the thickness of the hoops, more wraps may be necessary. Be sure to alternate the wrapping direction.

Allow plenty of time for the glue to dry. Chuck in a lathe or drill press or with care a hand drill and sand smooth. I usually coat the wood with a bit of TruOil after sanding. Cut the hoops to width using an Uber knife or a sharp Exacto knife. After cutting, work the hoop off of the tube using your finger nails. Don't hurry with this step, ease them off a little on each side. Finish the edges with 600 grit sandpaper and apply your finish.



A B
I used 1/8 x .010 strips of white peroba cut for me by Lloyd Warner.

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San Diego Ship Modelers Guild Officers

Guild Master	Don Bienvenue	██████████
First Mate	K.C. Edwards	██████████
Purser	Richard Strange	██████████
Editors	Jacki Jones	██████████
	Robert Hewitt	██████████
LogKeeper	Bob McPhail	██████████

Annual Party! Wednesday July 9th 7-9 pm on the *Star of India*