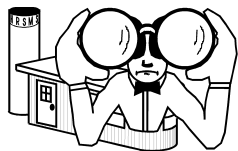


## From The Bridge



### New Wealth

In the afterglow from all the bidding, it looks like the auction was a success—we generated a great deal of revenue. To find out how much, you'll have to attend the July meeting. But suffice it to say; those who endured the marathon—we went from 2:00PM to after 7:00PM—had a great time. The turnout was smaller than I expected but everyone was generous with their bidding and the winners took home more loot than I (or they, perhaps) imagined. We even managed to sell some vacation photos back to Bill Clarke. There were over 200 lots on offer and only about 5 items didn't sell; they were generously donated to The King's Daughters thrift store.

Funny thing about auctions, you find out a lot about your friends. For instance: you find out who's cheap (in my case, who's cheaper than me), who's generous, who's asleep, who's paying attention, and who can needle who. The unique thing about this kind of auction is the opportunity to put some very specialized tools back in the hands of understanding craftsmen. Whoever got the ropewalk will know what I mean. In a few months, I bet some of you will wish you had bid a little harder for some of the offerings.

Your new challenge is to integrate your new holdings into your shops to produce ship models, technical talks, and show and tell for your benefit as well as for the Society.

Last weekend I had the opportunity to check out the Virginia Bazaar—it's in Virginia and its bazaar! Actually, for your information, this is a flea market located between Richmond and Fredericksburg. It bills itself as being one of the largest, but I don't know what yardstick they use. It may have the distinction of being the only flea market to earn a spot as an attraction on one of those blue interstate information signs. What was bazaar was a few of the kind souls selling everything from treasure to trash in some of the out-of-doors rental stalls. Nevertheless there were a few things of interest. Ellen got most of those, but I managed to find a nifty pair of bent nose pliers. Not a bad set. Not great; but not bad. For the two or three bucks I paid for them, I felt they were a bargain. Sometimes you can find a diamond in the rough at these affairs.

It's just hard for cultured ship model builders admit to looking there for treasure. There is a dandy one located back home in Cincinnati that I will troll next weekend.

That is all.

John

## Mystery Photo



Mystery Photo #276: The origin of this month's Mystery photograph is rooted in the rampant colonialism of the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. While most of the territories of the world were struggling to develop a nationalistic identity (with the likely exception of the Asian peoples) or locked in tribal feuds, the very developed western European nations were busy carving up this same territory in a desperate bid for absolute world power. The attached map shows how the unorganized tribal areas of Africa were divided up. France had large holdings in Africa as well as in Indochina and North America prior to 1803. Colonialism flourished for several centuries and died out in the mid twentieth century.

To run such far-flung empires in the age before jet travel and satellite communication, a reliable means of delivering the King's message and conducting diplomatic congress was needed. For the French, a series of dispatch vessels were constructed. Called Avisos, these vessels served as the diplomatic carriers of their day. The Dictionnaire de la Marine Française 1788 – 1792 (by Nicolas-Charles Romme) describes avisos as "small boats designed to carry orders or advices". Following World War Two, with the breakup of the remaining colonial holdings, these vessels became redundant and faded into history.

*(Continued on page 2)*

## IN MEMORIAM

Hampton Roads Ship Model Society member Captain Bradford S. Granum passed away Saturday, June 20th.

The family received friends on Sunday, June 28th at Nelsen Funeral Home in Williamsburg.

Interment will be at Arlington National Cemetery on October 29 at 11 a.m.

## MEETING NOTICE

**Date:** Saturday July 11, 2009

**Place:** Mariners' Museum

**Time:** 1400 Hours

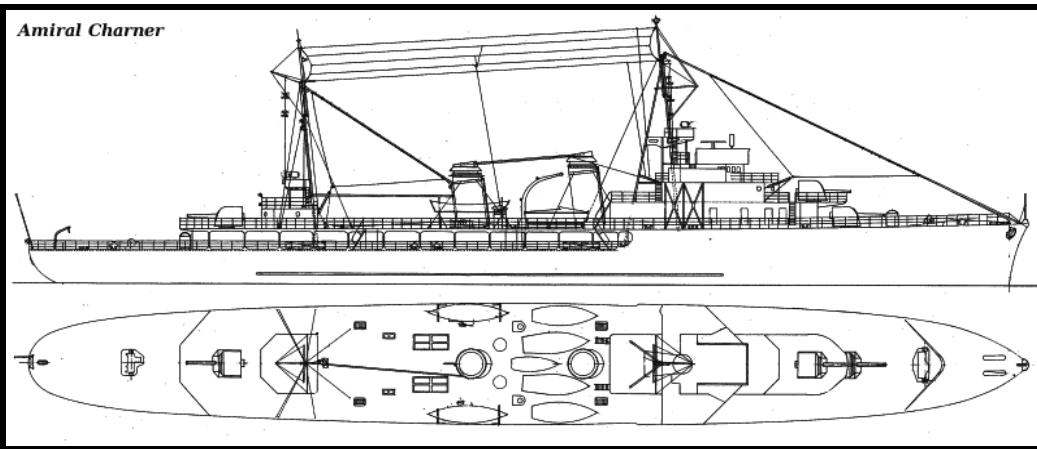
(Continued from page 1)



Mystery Photo

There was only one reply this month and that came from our staunch supporter Dave Baker. He determined that “this month’s mystery ship is a unit of the French Navy *Bougainville* class of colonial

Burmeister and Wain diesels that developed 3,200 brake horsepower and gave them a speed of 15.5 knots. They had a range of 13,000 nautical miles at 8.5 kts or 7,600 n.m. at 14 kts, and their size and ventilations systems made them very suitable for their gunboat role in patrolling France’s tropical colonial possessions.



Their main armament was three single 5.5-in guns, and they originally carried four single 37-mm AA guns and six machine guns; they had rails for 50 mines and could carry a small monoplane floatplane abaft the second funnel and handled by a boom stepped to the after mast.”

Aside from the very prominent French ensign at the stern, Dave cites these findings: “The ship in the photo shows post-

war updates that included replacement of the 37-mm mounts sloops.” An online website describes “The *Bougainville* class [as] a type of colonial aviso or sloop of the French Navy of the 1930s. They were designed to operate in remote locations of the French Empire.” The necessity for autonomous operation in the remote French outposts dictated their size.

war updates that included replacement of the 37-mm mounts

Ten units were planned. Dave says that of “nine units of the class launched between 1931 to 1939, only four survived World War II : SAVORGAN DE BRAZZA and DUMONT D’URVILLE, which were scrapped during 1957-58, LA GRANDIERE (ex-VILLE D’YS), which was discarded at the end of 1959, and D’ENTRECASTEAUX, which was scrapped in 1948. [The] tenth unit, the LA PEROUSE, was cancelled before completion.” Again, the on-line site shows that only eight vessels were completed and that number nine, while launched, was not completed. Dave’s report provides the short list of available candidates for this month’s Mystery. Can we reasonably determine which of the four survivors is featured by the Mystery Photo?



Let’s begin with Dave’s reply and study the image for clues: These vessel’s were not overly large but appear roomy and lightly armed—they somewhat resemble the uniquely French contre-torpilleur. Dave reports a size of “1,969 tons standard, 2,156 tons normal, and 2,600-tons full load. They were 340-ft. 3-in. overall (321-ft. 6-in. PP) by 41-ft. 8-in. beam, and 14-ft. 9-in. maximum draft.” The handsome, balanced design that must have yielded a comfortable sea boat. The on-line source notes that “their low draught allowed them to operate up large rivers, while embarking an infantry company.” And adds: “In this respect, they were an improvement over the concept of gunboat.” (I assume they mean the American style gunboat?)

with Bofors single 40-mm AA and the machineguns by

Dave continues: “They were powered by Sulzer or

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 2)



Mystery Photo

eleven single 20-mm Oerlikon AA. She also has a U.S. SC air-search radar antenna at the top of the foremast, a U.S. SO-series surface search set (antenna in the radome near the top of the mast), and a British Type 974 navigational radar with antenna to



port above the starfish lower down the mast (with a searchlight to starboard).”...which may be the best clues we can find.

“Since the French didn't use NATO pennant numbers on most of their ships during the period the photo was taken, I'd have trouble telling which one of the three possible nearly identical candidates is the mystery ship.” Dave has logically deleted *D'entrecasteaux* from consideration as she was scrapped in 1948 and most likely never received any of the post war changes he cites.

The clues provide very slim pickings and virtually no help in determining which of the three long lived *Bougainville's* is our Mystery. Dave admits that “[his] French Navy resources are shockingly inadequate. Anyway, [he] takes a stab that it's the *Dumont D'urville*. I also narrowed the list of candidates to the these three vessels. Not having any better resources than Dave, I also took a guess. My pick was *La Grandiere* and I made that choice because of this on-line entry: “The *La Grandière* was extensively modernised in 1944,

with her anti-air armament replaced with 40 mm Bofors and 20 mm oerlikon guns, and new anti-submarine armament installed (4 mortars and 6 depth charge rails, with a complement of 66 charges aboard). She was also fitted with a two radars and a sonar.”

With our luck, the correct vessel is probably the unchosen one!

Of interest, I find that the French aviso-colonial is still extant in the French navy, although it is now refers to a well armed combatant. Most other navies classified theirs as sloops or cutters, classifications are largely disappearing from naval lists. Also, due to the political situation in France following the German occupation early in World War Two, we find this interesting anecdote: “The individual ships of the class had very various fates, typical of the French Navy of the period which was torn between Free France and Vichy France, the latter being predated by both the Allies and later the Axis.

On 9 November 1940, a rare occurrence of a fratricide battle between two ships of the same class occurred, when the *Bougainville*, lead ship of the class and loyal to the government of Vichy, measured with her sister-ship *Savorgnan-de-Brazza*, who served in the FNFL. The battle broke out off Libreville, during the Battle of Gabon. After a short exchange of fire, *Savorgnan-de-Brazza* had reduced her sister-ship to a wreck and forced her to beach to avoid sinking. *Bougainville* foundered in March 1941 as efforts were made to refloat her.”

The lingering affects of colonialism influence world politics and national development to this present day. The sad reality of it is the ethnocentric “belief that the morals and values of the colonizer were superior to those of the colonized” and that idea manifests itself in the lingering racism and global politics faced by the world's people.

John Cheevers

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## BILGEWATER

### ALL THAT IS FIT TO PRINT AND SOME THAT IS NOT

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Little Pirates

I were raised on the water round the Buckroe parts of Hampton. The place wuz in a faded glory of it's heyday. Double-ended bateaus used to fish the numerous pound traps offshore were pulled up on the beach down next to the fishing pier. Rail tracks still wuz in place part way out next to the pier to the ole fish packin house.

Anyways, there wuz a huge ole black man that worked round the pier. His name were Emmett. Emmett were really too old

(Continued on page 4)

# MINUTES



Hampton Roads Ship Model Society  
Monthly Meeting  
June 13, 2009

The special auction meeting was held at Greg Harrington's workplace on Magruder Blvd. in Hampton. After a Purser's and Webmaster's report all business was deferred to the July meeting.

## THE ANSWER

The answer to Mystery Photo 276:  
From the photo caption, Photo # 80G-686523  
French colonial sloop La Grandiere  
Off Oahu, Dec. 1955

*(Continued from page 3)*



to work so he mostly sit around. He had big yellow-lookin eyes and always had a King Edward cigar holder tween his teeth holdin a cigar stub that I never saw him smoke. He were a nice ole man and called everyone "capt'n". He said he knowed my daddy, so I knowed he'd been round since the 30's. I could swim like a fish and one of my things wuz to do wuz to sneak past ole Emmett and the other growed-ups an run as fast as I could to the end of the pier and sail over the railin into the water and swim back to the beach. Lil-ole lady tourists from Richmond wolud holler cause they knowed that I wuz goin to drown. There wuz a big to-do for a while the peoples that wuz fishin runed round like they seen a Mermaid. I knowed that if I wuz caught that Sam the cop would snatch me up and take me home where a good whippin would take place. No never mind, I'd still pull this trick a couple o times a day when I wuz in the mood. When I got growed I come to know that ole Emmett were grttin a chuckle out of my game and jus looked the other way when I were doin my sneakin.

Bout the time I readed the book Tom Sawyer I versioned me as Tom and Mill Creek as the mighty Mississippi River. Bobby an me found a load of wuzhed-up pound poles in the marsh and fixed a right credible raft. We needed some oars. I kowed that I seen some in the rafters of the fish house on the pier. They wuz huge. I thinks they wuz used on the pound boats when they wuz still rowed. One night we wuz campin in a pup tent in Bobby's back yard we hatched a plan to get them oars. We knowed they jus wanted us to have them (like the watermelons stacked in front of the Colonial Store) or they would have been hidden away. Back then the whole world wuz still at two in the mornin, save for the casional bark of a

hound. We didn't know what Ninjas wuz but we wuz them. We slinked our way down to the beach and up on the pier. The fish house had huge double doors on each end where the pier run through. The doors wuz made out boards bout eight inches wide and ssecured with a padlock bout third the way up. We wuz on the offshore end of the fish house where we couldn't been seen. Bobby put his feets against one door and pulled on the other one and sprung a crack big nuff for me to get my narrow butt into where the prize wuz. Like a monkey on a vine I wuz up in the rafters. I slipped the oars out the crack. Back down on the beach we struggled to drag these huge oars to a place where we could store them until we could finish our raft. All of a sudden this huge voice said "What you boys doin?" It scared the bejeezus out of us. There were some folks sittin on the screened-in porch of a beach cottage enjoyin the summer air. We had been found out. We dropped the oars and ran as hard as our little legs would carry us all the way to Bobby's back yard. We wuz layin in the tent with our hearts poundin jus knowin that the FBI led by Sam wuz commin to take us away for our dastardly deed. This adventure wuz for naught as the next spring tide stole our raft and we moved on to a new project.

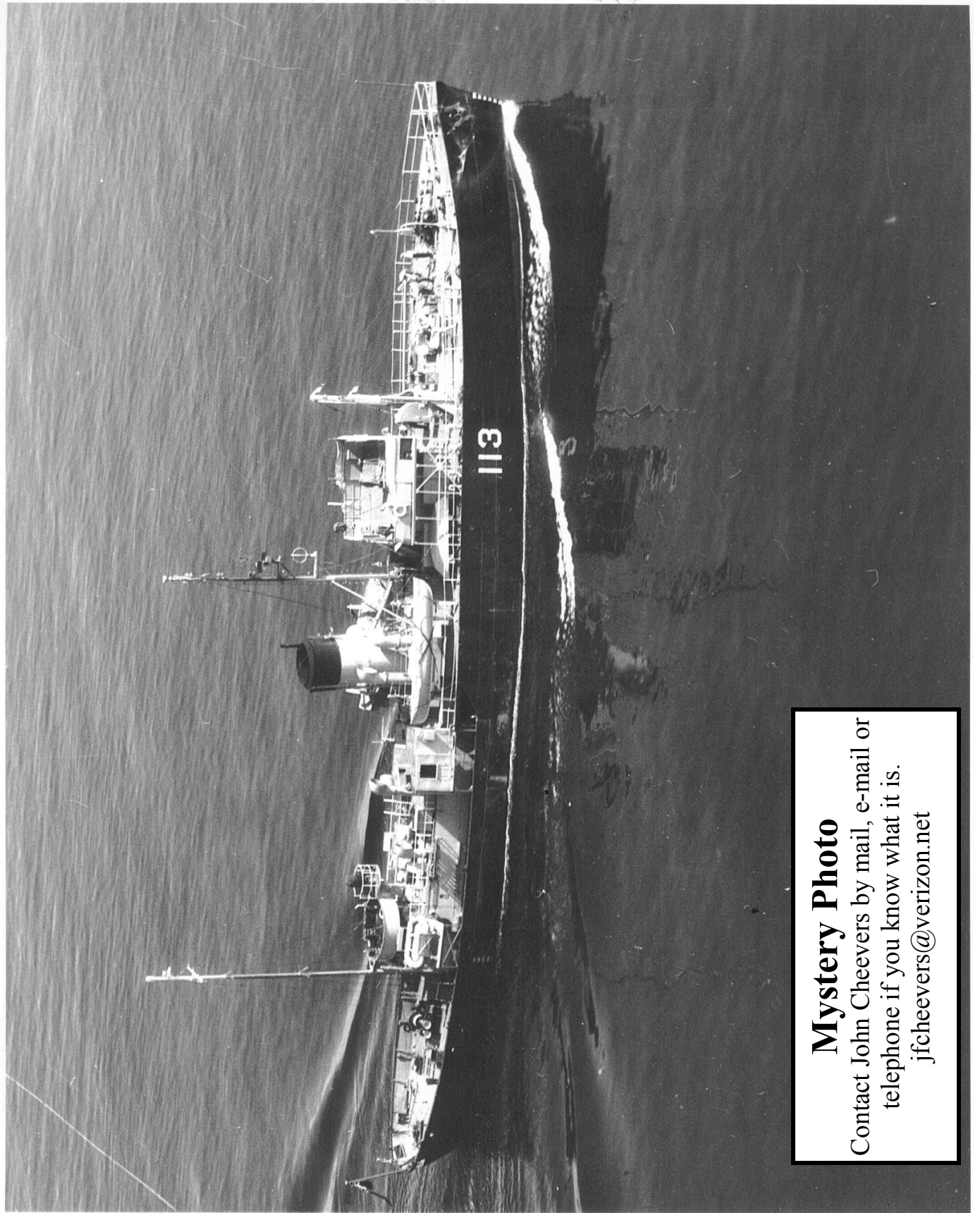
*(Continued on page 6)*



## BONUS PHOTO

Do you know the person receiving  
a ribbon in this picture?

The answer is on page 6



**Mystery Photo**  
Contact John Cheevers by mail, e-mail or  
telephone if you know what it is.  
[jfcheevers@verizon.net](mailto:jfcheevers@verizon.net)

## NOTABLE EVENTS

### JULY

- 11 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Presentation, George Livingston

### AUGUST

- 8 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Presentation, Tim Wood

### SEPTEMBER

- 12 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
19 **HRSMS** Picnic, Talk Like a Pirate Day

### OCTOBER

- 6-11 NRG Conference, Buffalo, NY  
10 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Presentation, Ryland Craze

### NOVEMBER

- 14 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Presentation, John Cheevers

### DECEMBER

- 13 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Presentation, Dave Baker

### JANUARY

- 9 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Nomination of officers  
Presentation, Bob Comet

### FEBRUARY

- 13 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Election of officers

### MARCH

- 13 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum

### APRIL

- 11 **HRSMS** Monthly Meeting: Mariners' Museum  
Presentation, Bob Comet

**WATCH, QUARTER  
AND  
STATION BILL**



Skipper: John Cheevers (757) 591-8955  
Mate: Ryland Craze (804) 739-8804  
Purser: Eric Harfst (757) 221-8181  
Clerk: Tom Saunders (757) 850-0580  
Historian: Len Wine (757) 566-8597  
Editors: John Cheevers (757) 591-8955  
Bill Clarke (757) 868-6809  
Tom Saunders (757) 850-0580  
Webmaster: Greg Harrington (757) 930-4615  
Chaplain: Alan Frazer

(Continued from page 4)



Down the beach from the fishin pier tween Buckroe and Pembroke avenues there wuz a dock we called the speedboat pier. On one side Captn Fay would bring a mahogany classic inboard out on the weekend to give the tourist types a ride for 50 cents. Back then some of the ladies wore dresses and the men were in long pants and street shoes. I don't know if it wuz jus cause it wuz a more formal time or they didn't own no beach clothes. He would load em up and it wuz full speed out round Thimble Shoals Light a pass by the beach and back to the dock. All this took no more than ten minutes. I wuz amazed by that beautimus boat. It would throw spray in the air for a thousand feet. The sound of the engine made me want to get big so I could get one of them boats. Us kids would tend lines all afternoon jus so at the end of the day we could get a ride. Other side of the pier Captn Perry docked a head boat. It wuz a big ole deadrise. He made two trips a day, one in the mornin bout 7:30, the other bout noon. One mornin some of us wuz hangin round the beach and out on the pier when we noticed the water wuz full of clovers. There wuz bout three kinds of jellyfish. One wuz a plain ole stingn nettle. Them could pop you pretty good, but not like the blood suckers. The blood suckers had red strakes in their testicals. Them suckers would leave a whelp on you like you had been popped with a whip. Then there wuz the clovers. Clovers didn't sing much, but they got huge and had a four leaf clover pattern in the middle. They wuz about a foot across and looked like an upside-down glass pie dish with a clover. I don't what possessed me to go down the ladder on the side of the pier and scoop me up a clover and throw it up on the deck. It wuz so easy to get one that I got another, then another. Fore I knew it the whole deck wuz covered in slime. When I got topside I could hardly stand. I have been on frozen ponds that were nowhere as slick. Then there wuz the jelly oozin up tween my toes. I looked up and saw ole man Perry commin in. I knowed I wuz in trouble. As the deadrise wus biein tied up, I eased down the pier towards the beach. When Captn Perry come off the top step of the ladder, he like to busted his arse. Thats when I knowed he wuz really a sailor. He wuz sayin words that I never hearded before and didn't find out he meaning of until I wuz growed. He called me a string of names that only half of which were true. My mother wuz not a dog and she wuz married. For the rest of that summer I stayed low any time the deadrise wuz aside the dock.

*Cabin Boy*

## BONUS ANSWER

From the Photo caption:  
Photo No. 80G-632411  
Lt. Robert E. Comet - Navy Post Graduate receiving com-  
mendation ribbon  
Monterey, Cal. 1953