



Cruiser Log

The Newsletter of the North American Cruiser Association

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NAI 2015 According to Garry Adalian

Take an area of open ocean off the California coast, just east of the Channel Islands that are south of Santa Barbara, throw in three skinny racing spar buoys that can't be seen much farther than the bow of the boat, add a loop-de-loop around an oil platform named Gina, plus both ends of a breakwater, then add charging straight on to the end of an old wood pier to a distance of just 200 yards before screaming, "Mark!" and turning, and there you have the 2015 NAI.

Ventura Yacht Club was the host of this year's NAI. A nice little club on the west side of Ventura Harbor that unfortunately didn't have air conditioning, which it normally doesn't need, except for this week. Over 95-degree heat with the same number for humidity, coupled with hundreds of very tall palm trees and steamed-up Denny's restaurant windows, transformed this venue to a place in Florida, where I gladly left fifty years ago. However, the club did have a nice little bar, with a friendly bartender named Chuck and cold Anchor Steam beer on draft, so all was not lost.

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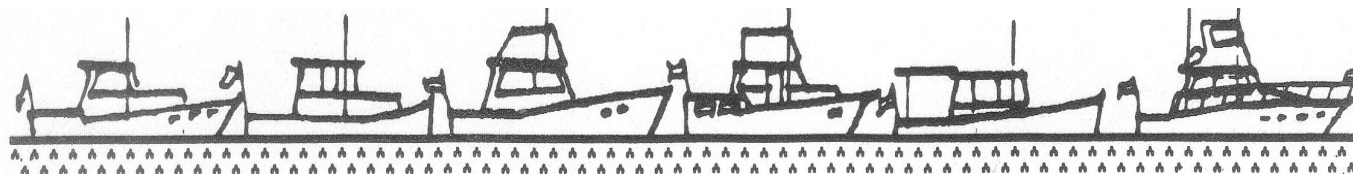
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That is, until the boat drawing that night. I was the last to draw from the boat pool, so the boat that was left, after peeling off a picture of a garbage barge, revealed a 48-foot Sunseeker named *Impetuous* that cruised at 30 knots and burned 60 gallons/hour of fuel. The only thing that was missing was a bevy of bare breasted beauties on the mattress on the foredeck. It was a beautiful new boat with flashing multicolored lights in the palatial salon, hardly the stable trawler-type platform that one dreams of drawing at these events.

Looking at my helmsman, Ed Denaci, revealed someone who looked like he had just gotten punched in the gut, which was how I must have looked. But someone once said (I don't know who, but I could have slapped him right then), "You have to dance with the one you brought," so we made plans to meet up with Louw Jacobs, the owner of *Impetuous*, at 7 a.m. the next morning for the time trial runs.

After firing up the twin 540 horsepower Cummins diesel engines, I swear I could feel my wallet getting flatter. We cruised out of the harbor to see just what we could get this "go-fast boat" to do. On the way out, I noticed that the radar, on its huge color screen, was painting the breakwater

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North American Cruiser Association

For help or information, visit our web site at
<http://www.predictedlog.org>

The site provides a resource for boaters looking for information, to learn more about predicted logging or NACA, or to find a nearby member organization.

Feel free to call any of us with your thoughts and ideas!

Commodore

Scott Strandjord (h) 425.449.3035
 (b) 206.819.9732
 E-Mail: scott.strandjord@gmail.com

Vice Commodore

Ken Griffing (h) 626.333.0513
 E-Mail: kgriffing@earthlink.net

Rear Commodore

Ed Kutchma (h) 805.640.1570
 E-Mail: kutchma@aol.com

Secretary/Treasurer

Bob Hough (h) 219.923.2839
 (b) 219.922.1614
 E-Mail: hoougequipment@aol.com

Jr. Staff Commodore

Fay Baynard (h) 727.823.3035
 (w) 727.580.1653
 E-Mail: fbaynard@tampabay.rr.com

Chairman of the Board

Tom Collins (h) 818.363.6292
 E-Mail: admiral@ktb.net

2014 Directors at Large

Steve Hazelrig	IPBA
Bill McCormick	SCCA
Lloyd Karzen	CYC
Jan Lawson	SBCCA

Chief Scorer

Bob Lindal (h) 206.325.4508
 E-mail: BobL@lindal.com

Cruiser Log Editor/Publisher

Elaine Townsend (h) 858.649.6413
 E-mail: thepresence98@yahoo.com

Website Manager

Jeff Calabrese (h) 619.656.8056
 E-mail: jeff5250@sbcglobal.net

NACA Objectives

The objective of the North American Cruiser Association is to promote the sport of Predicted Log Contests in North America. Pursuant to this objective, NACA will:

1. Publish and distribute a periodic newsletter known as *Cruiser Log*, which shall contain news and information pertaining to the sport.
2. Schedule and coordinate an annual "North American Invitational" (NAI) Predicted Log Contest.
3. Sanction contests of member associations that are to be scored for NACA points.
4. Maintain and publish scoring and standings of Predicted Log contestants participating in NACA sanctioned contests.
5. Provide perpetual and suitable keeper trophies and other awards for winners of such North American Predicted Log series and events as may be established by NACA.
6. Establish "Recommended Contest Rules" for NACA sanctioned Predicted Log Contests.
7. Generally be responsive to the needs and requirements of member associations and of the sport of Predicted Log Contests.
8. Support boating and Corinthian yachting in general.

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Cruiser Log Publication Deadlines

Submit by:	For publication in:
January 15	February
March 15	April
May 15	June
July 15	August
September 15	October
November 15	December

If you miss a deadline, your article will be published in a future issue.

2015 NAI According to David Weimer

I'm back from the 2015 NAI and can report that yours truly came in third. Mike Elovitz steered and navigated our drawn boat, a 53-foot McKenna. However, the boat owner had never participated in a log race, and we had to point out that his autopilot compass was off by eighteen degrees, intermittently. Mike steered the entire race by hand! Also, no engine synchronizer.

With Garry Adalian's first place again (second year in a row), San Diego Cruiser Association took home most of the hardware.

Tom Collins navigated for second place winner Southern California Cruiser Association member, Ken Griffing. With a score just above Garry's, Tom was gracious but not a happy camper.

The weather was mostly overcast, hot, and humid. Seas were calm, without any measurable wind. However, there was a good swell from the southwest.

The currents were constantly changing and, therefore, very unpredictable. The timed runs, where the skipper could use a stopwatch to assess the current, were of little help. I probably would have done better without the three timed runs. Added to that, visibility of the small spar buoys (used by the sailors for their off-shore races) were almost impossible to see until about a quarter mile away because of the haze and overcast. At least one skipper could not find a yellow timed-mark spar buoy.

FUTURE NAI EVENTS (Tentative Dates)

2016—Seattle
2017—Long Beach
2018—St. Petersburg
2019—Chicago

John Vignocchi, Chicago Yacht Club, who finished fourth, was awarded the Gandelman trophy for his efforts to keep the Chicago group alive and competing.

All in all, Ed Kutchma did a good job organizing the regatta and the meals, considering his team had very little experience. The only complaint anyone had was that Ventura Yacht Club was not air-conditioned, and the awards dinner was in 80-degree weather, with Florida humidity. A good group of us (first four place finishers) retired to the air-conditioned bar at the Marriott after the awards to celebrate.

David Weimer

San Diego Cruiser Association

English Revenue Cutter *Kite*

She [the *Savannah*] was seen from the station at Cape Clear, on the southern coast of Ireland, and reported as a ship on fire. The admiral, who lay in the Cove of Cork, dispatched one of the King's cutters to her relief; but great their wonder at their inability, with all sail set, in a fast vessel, to come up with a ship under bare poles.

After several shots were fired from the cutter, the engine was stopped, and the surprise of her crew at the mistake they had made, as well as their curiosity to see the singular Yankee craft, can easily be imagined. They asked permission to go on board and were much gratified by the inspection of this novelty.

- *Steven Rogers, navigator,*
revenue cutter Kite, June 19, 1819

November 4, 1825—The first boat to transit the Erie Canal reached New York City.

2016 Bridge

The NACA annual meeting was held on Thursday, September 10, 2015. The following were elected as officers for 2016:

Commodore	Ken Griffing	SCCA
Vice Commodore	Ed Kutchma	SBBCA
Rear Commodore	Bob Hough	CYC
Secretary/Treasurer	Ed Denaci	SDCA
Jr. Staff Commodore	Scott Stranjord	IPBA/N

Directors at Large

Bill McCormick	SCCA
Ralph Salerno	SDCA
Ted Moorman	CYC

The officers were installed at the NAI Awards Banquet on Saturday, September 12, 2015.

The recipient of the Gandelman Trophy for dedicated contributions to the sport over time was John Vignocchi of Chicago Yacht Club.

Helpful Hints

To Lighten Dark Spots on Oak

Make up a mixture of one teaspoon oxalic acid to one pint of fresh water.

Brush on spots and allow to sit.

Rinse with fresh water.

To Keep Rats Out of a Vessel

There is one good remedy, keep a few cats onboard.—Geo. P. Boughton

Conditions That Must Be Present for Wood Rot

Moisture content of the wood must be 25 to 30%.

Temperature must be 75 to 90 degrees F.

Air must be stagnant.

Do not use ease of maintenance as a reason
for no maintenance.

—Bruce Bingham

Life Jacket Type Code Labels

In a move that is expected to benefit recreational boaters, on October 22, 2015, the United States Coast Guard will drop the current life jacket type code scheme (Type I, II, III, IV, and V) that has been used for years to label and differentiate the types of life jackets and their specific use.

Chris Edmonston, BoatUS Foundation for Boating Safety President and Chairman of the National Safe Boating Councils, said, "This type coding was unique to the United States, tended to confuse boaters, limited choice, and increased the cost of life jackets." He says removing the type coding is a first step towards the adoption of new standards that will eventually simplify life jacket requirements for recreational boaters.

"This move is expected to lead to the introduction of new life jacket designs, especially those made in other countries; U.S. standards will be more 'harmonized', initially with Canada and eventually the European Union," said Edmonston.

"Along with a wider variety, aligning our standards with those to our neighbor to the north and across the Atlantic will help reduce prices, as manufacturers won't have to make products unique to the U.S. market."

However, Edmonston cautions that boaters must still abide by the current standards when using older life jackets marked with the Type I-V labeling, as they will remain legal for use. "We must continue to have a properly fitted life jacket for all aboard, and, as always, you'll need to follow the label's instructions regardless of when it was made. Simply put, if you follow the label, you're following the law."

NACA clothing (other than ball caps)
is available at the NACA Ship's Store.

Go to www.predictedlog.org.

Click on NACA Ship's Store. This opens a link to Land's End Business Outfitters. Select your product and choice of logo. It is simple to use, and the merchandise is of good quality.

*2015 NAI According to Garry Adalian
(Continued from page 1)*

and buoys beautifully. Radar was allowed on this race and, in fact, was essential in identifying some of the route points and marks. Points for *Impetuous*.

There was no measured mile, so I had planned to run east and west on a latitude line for half a nautical mile to see if we could pick a speed. Louw thought that the boat would run good at around ten knots without starting to plane, so, after setting the trim tabs full down so we could see over the nose, setting 1360 rpm gave us approximately ten knots on the GPS. Once set, the rpm didn't move, and on the three runs east and west (that we were able to do without dodging Hawaiian outrigger canoes), we averaged 9.87 on all three runs. I can't even do that on my Grand Banks. More points for *Impetuous*.

We also found that once the autopilot was on and set, the course stayed dead-on without any wandering around. Even more points.

After a few more maneuvers, like 180-degree turns around a buoy, we called it a day and headed back to port, feeling a lot better about *Impetuous* than we had on the way out.

Saturday morning awoke hot and still. Not quite as hot as the three days before, but I knew I was still in Florida. The ocean was smooth, which was a good thing, especially with a boat like *Impetuous*, which can really slide around in a big swell. The normal swell action comes in from the northwest and can be quite large. The normal current of about 0.2 to 0.3 knots also comes down the coast, but we had seen current coming in from the southeast on

the trial runs on Thursday, completely opposite of the norm. Would the current be the same on Saturday? There would be no way to guess the currents for planning this race.

The race started with a timed run, and we were slow to the first route point, so I knew the current was still coming from the south or southeast. When we got to the last buoy, heading southeast on the race, the currents were ripping past at least 0.5 to 0.6 knots. Then, heading northwest to Gina, we saw a couple of lobster pot buoys showing current still from the southeast.

We ran the rest of the race as planned, without having to hunt for any of the route points or marks. The skinny racing spar buoys were very hard to see, but, setting the great autopilot on the correct course, all of them came into view without having to change course when we got close enough.

On the mark that was 200 yards off of the end of the wood Ventura Pier, the radar showed the round end of the pier perfectly, and, with the range on 1/8 nm and the VRM set on 600 feet, I was able to call it right on. I had my head down in the radar, so when I called the mark and looked up, it looked like we were going to go *under* the pier. That's how deceiving judging a distance on the water is. Other boats said their radars wouldn't paint the end of the pier very well, so they had to call the mark visually, and all had called it early. We were five seconds off on that leg.

The boat had performed well, with Louw a big help as an extra set of eyes. Ed ran the boat and throttles just fine, and we found all the marks, so there were no excuses. I cautiously started to get my hopes up on the way back into the harbor.

However, working the race errors after arriving back at Ventura Yacht Club turned into disappointment. We had a couple of 5- and 6-second legs, but too many of 30-, 40- and 50-second legs turned out a score of 1.92%. Hardly a score that gets the juices flowing. Matter of fact, in most of the other races I've been in, a 1.9 gets you a dead last, a racer's nightmare. We would have to wait until after din-

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NACA FLAGS

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2015 NAI According to Ken Griffing

Well, the 2015 North American Invitational (NAI) is now history, and I am glad that I chose to participate. I must admit that I was a bit apprehensive about the whole situation, since I am relatively new to predicted logging and, especially so, when looking over the names of past winners and knowing the level of competition that would be present. On the other side of the coin, I am a Staff Commodore of Southern California Cruiser Association (SCCA), Ventura is nearby, and there was no one else from SCCA who was willing to be our contestant. It seemed it was my turn in the barrel.

When we arrived Wednesday for the boat draw, Ed Kutchma, chairman for the event, had arranged pictures of some of the finest local yachts for the boat draw, or so he indicated. There was the retired auto ferry that appeared to be powerless, a somewhat neglected houseboat, complete with bicycle on deck and Christmas decorations, a very neglected cabin cruiser with heater stack through the deck and a rug covering much of the deck and windshield, and an aluminum fishing boat stacked high with crab or lobster traps and numerous bright orange floats.

When the draw was complete, the contestants had each revealed a very high quality craft that was hidden beneath each of the previously described vessels. To my knowledge, no one was disappointed. Most were in the 40-foot plus category, very suitable for the waters of Ventura and Oxnard, California, where wind and waves can be a significant visitor.

For both the Thursday morning boat calibration and

the Saturday morning of the contest, however, the local waters were on their best behavior. Two-foot swells were about all that was to be seen, along with winds mostly well below fifteen knots. What a lovely couple of days for a boat ride, and all the while, the greater Southern California area was suffering under high heat and humidity (by Southern California standards).

The 2015 NAI committee, composed mostly of members of Ventura Yacht Club in Ventura, California, and Pacific Corinthian Yacht Club in Oxnard, California, about five miles to the southeast of Ventura, had chosen a fastest boat/first start, with ten minutes between boats. A number of the organizers were not predicted log contest participants and were seeking to learn more about the sport, as were some of the contest boat owners.

Although the contestants were primarily from Southern California, there were also participants from Florida and Chicago who had histories of former NAI participation. Unfortunately, we had no participation from the Pacific Northwest, either because this is the year for the predicted log contests to Alaska, or they were afraid of the Southern California competition or the thought of competing in waters typically without multi-knot currents. We may never know the true reasons for their absence.

The Saturday evening festivities at Ventura Yacht Club led off with a terrific prime rib dinner with all the traditional fixings, followed by installation of

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*2015 NAI According to Garry Adalian
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ner and the peel-off to see our fate.

Dinner was upstairs at Ventura Yacht Club, nicely decorated. Before dinner, at the b.s. and cocktail session, where you try to sniff how the other contestants have done, I heard that someone had missed one of those pesky spar buoys. Hot damn...not last! Then, I heard someone else had some problems. Things were looking up.

After dinner came the peel-off, which was to be run by Tom Collins, who had crewed for Ken Griffing. I've seen Tom do the peel-off before at some of the Southern California Cruiser Association events and have always enjoyed his style. He takes his time and drags out showing each contestant's score on each leg, one at a time. That way, you can try to do the mental math to get an idea how you're doing.

On the first three legs, there were a few contestants who had some very low scores, but, by legs four, five, and six, their scores got a lot bigger. It started to look like maybe we might be in the money. Maybe.

Then, on leg seven, the one that went up to the wood pier, I had scored that five, and now I was pretty sure we *were* in the money. I also knew that I had an ace-in-the-hole. I had a zero on the last leg, leg eight, and, if the other few racers that still looked good had some double digit numbers on that leg, we would be in the money for sure. When Tom uncovered our zero, I heard some groans coming from the right places, and I knew we were in.

Tom then called Dave Weimer for third place, and I started to sweat. Second? First??? Then, Tom did something that was enough to give someone (me) a heart attack. Instead of just uncovering the last two scores, he pointed to the total amount of seconds error that we and Ken Griffing had gotten. I had 213, and Ken had 262.

Tom pointed out at first glance it looked like we had won. But my race speed was almost 10 knots, and Ken's was 8.5. That meant that Ken would have taken a lot longer to run the 30-mile course, giving him a larger amount of seconds to divide into his 262 seconds of error. Got that? Just look-

ing at the numbers and trying to do the mental math made me dizzy. It looked like we would probably be only in second place. But after letting that sink in, Tom finally uncovered our scores, and we beat out Ken and Tom just by a few seconds. Party time!

Last year, after winning the 2014 NAI in San Diego, I wrote in *Cruiser Log*, "There was nothing, but nothing, quite like being the last one standing at the NAI". I have to revise that comment. There is nothing, but nothing, quite like being the last one standing at the NAI...twice.

*Garry Adalian
San Diego Cruiser Association*

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*2015 NAI According to Ken Griffing
(Continued from page 6)*

the 2016 NACA officers and awarding of the Lou Gandelman Trophy.

Following that was the peel-off with an electronic peel-off board. Competition was stiff, with only 0.05% between first and second place and only 1.01% between first and fourth place.

1	Garry Adalian	SDCA	1.9241
2	Ken Griffing	SCCA	1.9761
3	David Weimer	SDCA	2.3343
4	John Vignocci	CYC	2.9369
5	Jan Lawson	SBBCA	11.4780
6	Tracy Wichmann	SPYC & SCCA	16.3360

The most significant thing was that all had an enjoyable week, and, perhaps, we even interested a few individuals to further investigate their participation in this fun sport. Hope to see you at the 2016 NAI.

*Ken Griffing
Southern California Cruiser Association*

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A boat is like a good horse -
it will always do the best it can.
- Douglas Frazer

U.S.S. Barb: The Sub That Sank a Train

In 1973, an Italian submarine named *Enrique Tazzoli* was sold for a paltry \$100,000 as scrap metal. The submarine, given to the Italian Navy in 1953, was originally the *U.S.S. Barb*, an incredible veteran of World War II service, with a heritage that never should have passed so unnoticed into the graveyards of the metal recyclers.

The *U.S.S. Barb* was a pioneer, paving the way for the first submarine-launched missiles and flying a battle flag unlike that of any other ship. In addition to the Medal of Honor ribbon at the top of the flag, identifying the heroism of its captain, Commander Eugene “Lucky” Fluckey, the bottom border of the flag bore the image of a Japanese locomotive. The *U.S.S. Barb* was, indeed, the submarine that sank a train.

July 18, 1945 (Patience Bay, off the coast of Karafuto, Japan): It was after 4 a.m., and Commander Fluckey rubbed his eyes as he peered over the map spread before him. It was the twelfth war patrol of the *Barb*, the fifth under Commander Fluckey. He should have turned command over to another skipper after four patrols but had managed to strike a deal with Admiral Lockwood to make one more trip with the men he cared for like a father, should his fourth patrol be successful. Of course, no one suspected when he had struck that deal prior to his fourth and what should have been his final war patrol on the *Barb*, that Commander Fluckey’s success would be so great he would be awarded the Medal of Honor.

Commander Fluckey smiled as he remembered that patrol. Lucky Fluckey, they called him. On Janu-

ary 8th, the *Barb* had emerged victorious from a running two-hour night battle after sinking a large enemy ammunition ship. Two weeks later, in Mamkwan Harbor, he found the “mother-lode”, more than thirty enemy ships. In only five fathoms (thirty feet) of water, his crew had unleashed the sub’s forward torpedoes, then turned and fired four from the stern. As he pushed the *Barb* to the full limit of its speed through the dangerous waters in a daring withdrawal to the open sea, he recorded eight direct hits on six enemy ships.

What could possibly be left to accomplish for the commander, who, just three months earlier, had been in Washington, D.C. to receive the Medal of Honor? He smiled to himself as he looked again at the map showing the rail line that ran along the enemy coastline.

Now, his crew was buzzing excitedly about bagging a train! The rail line itself wouldn’t be a problem. A shore patrol could go ashore under cover of darkness to plant the explosives, one of the sub’s 55-pound scuttling charges. But this early morning, Lucky Fluckey and his officers were puzzling over how they could blow not only the rails, but also one of the frequent trains that shuttled supplies to equip the Japanese war machine. But no matter how crazy the idea might have sounded, the *Barb*’s skipper would not risk the lives of his men. Thus, the problem of how to detonate the charge at the moment the train passed, without endangering the life of a shore party. Problem?

Solutions! If you don’t look for them, you’ll never find them. And even then, sometimes they arrive in the most unusual fashion. Cruising slowly beneath the surface to evade the enemy plane now circling overhead, the monotony was broken with an exciting new idea.

Instead of having a crewman on shore to trigger explosives to blow both rail and a passing train, why not let the train blow itself up? Billy Hatfield was excitedly explaining how he had cracked nuts

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The Sub That Sank a Train (Continued from page 8)

on the railroad tracks as a kid, placing the nuts between two ties, so the sagging of the rail under the weight of a train would break them open. "Just like cracking walnuts," he explained. "To complete the circuit (detonating the 55-pound charge), we hook in a micro-switch between two ties. We don't set it off, the train does." Not only did Hatfield have the plan, he wanted to be part of the volunteer shore party.

The solution found, there was no shortage of volunteers. All that was needed was the proper weather, a little cloud cover to darken the moon for the mission ashore. Lucky Fluckey established his own criteria for the volunteer party:

...No married men would be included, except for Hatfield,

...The party would include members from each department,

...The opportunity would be split between regular Navy and Navy Reserve sailors,

...At least half the men had to have been Boy Scouts, experienced in how to handle themselves in medical emergencies and in the woods.

...Finally, Lucky Fluckey would lead the saboteurs himself.

When the names of the eight selected sailors were announced, it was greeted with a mixture of excitement and disappointment. Among the disappointed was Commander Fluckey, who surrendered his opportunity at the insistence of his officers that "as commander, he belonged with the *Barb*", coupled with the threat from one that, "I swear I'll send a message to ComSubPac if you attempt this (joining the shore party himself)." Even a Japanese POW being held on the *Barb* wanted to go, promising not to try to escape!

In the meantime, there would be no more harassment of Japanese shipping or shore operations by the *Barb* until the train mission had been accomplished. The crew would "lay low", prepare their equipment, train, and wait for the weather.

July 22, 1945 (Patience Bay, off the coast of Karafuto, Japan): Patience Bay was wearing thin the patience of Commander Fluckey and his innovative

crew. Everything was ready. In the four days the saboteurs had anxiously watched the skies for cloud cover, the inventive crew of the *Barb* had built their micro-switch. When the need was proposed for a pick and shovel to bury the explosive charge and batteries, the *Barb*'s engineers had cut up steel plates in the lower flats of an engine room, then bent and welded them to create the needed tools. The only things beyond their control were the weather...and time. Only five days remained in the *Barb*'s patrol.

Anxiously watching the skies, Commander Fluckey noticed plumes of cirrus clouds then white stratus capping the mountain peaks ashore. A cloud cover was building to hide the three-quarters moon. This would be the night.

Midnight, July 23, 1945: The *Barb* had crept within 950 yards of the shoreline. If it was somehow seen from the shore, it would probably be mistaken for a schooner or Japanese patrol boat. No one would suspect an American submarine so close to shore or in such shallow water. Slowly, the small boats were lowered to the water, and the eight saboteurs began paddling toward the enemy beach. Twenty-five minutes later, they pulled the boats ashore and walked on the surface of the Japanese homeland.

Stumbling through noisy waist-high grasses, crossing a highway, and then into a four-foot drainage ditch, the saboteurs made their way to the railroad tracks. Three men were posted as guards; Markuson was assigned to examine a nearby water tower. The *Barb*'s auxiliary man climbed the ladder and then stopped in shock as he realized it was an enemy lookout tower...an **occupied** tower. Fortunately, the Japanese sentry was peacefully sleeping, and Markuson was able to quietly withdraw and warn his raiding party.

The news from Markuson caused the men digging the placement for the explosive charge to continue their work more slowly and quietly. Twenty minutes later, the holes had been dug and the explosives and batteries hidden beneath fresh soil.

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U.S.S. Barb: The Sub That Sank a Train
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During the planning for the mission, the saboteurs had been told that, with the explosives in place, all would retreat a safe distance while Hatfield made the final connection. If the sailor who had once cracked walnuts on the railroad tracks slipped during this final, dangerous procedure, his would be the only life lost. On this night, it was the only order the saboteurs refused to obey, all of them peering anxiously over Hatfield's shoulder to make sure he did it right. The men had come too far to be disappointed by a switch failure.

1:32 a.m.: Watching from the deck of the *Barb*, Commander Fluckey allowed himself a sigh of relief as he noticed the flashlight signal from the beach announcing the departure of the shore party. He had skillfully and daringly guided the *Barb* within 600 yards of the enemy beach. There was less than six feet of water beneath the sub's keel, but Fluckey wanted to be close, in case trouble arose and a daring rescue of his saboteurs became necessary.

1:45 a.m.: The two boats carrying his saboteurs were only halfway back to the *Barb* when the sub's machine gunner yelled, "Captain! Another train coming up the tracks!" The Commander grabbed a megaphone and yelled through the night, "Paddle like the devil!" knowing full well that they wouldn't reach the *Barb* before the train hit the micro-switch.

1:47 a.m.: The darkness was shattered by brilliant light and the roar of the explosion. The boilers of the locomotive blew and shattered pieces of the engine blowing 200 feet into the air. Behind it, the cars began to accordion into each other, bursting into flame and adding to the magnificent fireworks display. Five minutes later, the saboteurs were lifted to the deck by their exuberant comrades as the *Barb* turned to slip back to safer waters. Moving at only two knots, it would be a while before the *Barb* was into waters deep enough to allow it to submerge. It was a moment to savor, the culmination of teamwork, ingenuity, and daring by the Commander and all his crew. Lucky Fluckey's voice came over the intercom, "All hands below deck not absolutely needed to maneuver the ship have permission to come topside." He didn't have to repeat the invitation. Hatches sprang open as the proud sailors of the *Barb* gathered on her decks to proudly watch the distant fireworks display. The *Barb* had

"sunk" a Japanese *train*!

On August 2, 1945, the *Barb* arrived at Midway, her twelfth war patrol concluded. Meanwhile, United States military commanders had pondered the prospect of an armed assault on the Japanese homeland. Military tacticians estimated such an invasion would cost more than a million American casualties. Instead of such a costly armed offensive to end the war, on August 6th, the B-29 bomber Enola Gay dropped a single atomic bomb on the city of Hiroshima, Japan. A second such bomb, unleashed four days later on Nagasaki, Japan, caused Japan to agree to surrender terms on August 15th. On September 2, 1945, in Tokyo Harbor, the documents ending the war in the Pacific were signed.

The story of the saboteurs of the *U.S.S. Barb* is one of those unique, little known stories of World War II. It becomes increasingly important when one realizes that the eight sailors who blew up the train near Kashiho, Japan, conducted the *only ground combat operation* on the Japanese homeland of World War II. The eight saboteurs were: Paul Saunders, William Hatfield, Francis Sever, Lawrence Newland, Edward Klingsmith, James Richard, John Markuson, and William Walker.

Footnote: Eugene Bennett Fluckey retired from the Navy as a Rear Admiral and wears, in addition to his Medal of Honor, *four* Navy Crosses, a record of awards unmatched by any living American. In 1992, his own history of the *U.S.S. Barb* was published in the award winning book, *Thunder Below*. Over the past several years, proceeds from the sale of this exciting book have been used by Admiral Fluckey to provide free reunions for the men who served him aboard the *Barb* and their wives.

PostScript: The Admiral had graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1935 and lived to age 93, passing on in 2007.

-Editor's Note:

When I was living in Honolulu in the 1960's, I rented a condominium that was owned by Rear Admiral Fluckey. When I mentioned who my landlord was to my then-future-husband, a crew member of the *U.S.S. Bonefish* (SS-582), he was very impressed that I knew the ComSubPac (Commander, Submarine Force U.S. Pacific Fleet). But I knew nothing about his naval heroics until I read this story.



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