Miniboat Nishi Kaze:
Making global connections for CRMM

THE QUARTERDECK
Columbia River Maritime Museum
WINTER 2019-2020
Above photos (clockwise from top left):
Brownsmead Flats playing in the Brix Maritime Hall on Community Free Day December 1, 2019; Curator Jeff Smith was recognized for 20 years of service at the Annual Meeting, November 1, 2019; Board Chair Michael Haglund and wife Melissa with Trustee David Myers at the Annual Meeting; Executive Director Sam Johnson at the Annual Meeting. Photos courtesy Bruce Jones and Matthew Palmgren

On the cover:
Education Director Nate Sandel reunited with shipwrecked Miniboat Nishi Kaze on Tarawa Atoll. See story beginning page 4
From the Wheelhouse

DRIFT VOYAGING, WAYFINDING, AND OCEAN NAVIGATION

“Alone, alone, all, all alone. Alone on the wide wide sea”- Coleridge

Years ago I had the opportunity to travel to Peru to visit one of my Norwegian relatives who was part of the crew of the raft Kon Tiki. In 1947 he sailed with Thor Heyerdahl to show that simply by drifting with the currents and wind it would have been possible to reach and colonize the Pacific Islands from South America.

The first article in this Quarterdeck tells a remarkable story about the CRMM educational department’s miniboat Nishi Kaze. 13 months after it was launched off of the coast of Baja Mexico in December 2017, it washed ashore on Tarawa Atoll in the Gilberts Islands. Like the Kon Tiki, Nishi Kaze was carried solely by winds and currents to this remote Pacific island, proving once again that very slow travel across the Pacific just by drifting east to west is possible.

Tarawa Atoll lies inside a vast area (Micronesia and Polynesia) covering 16 million square miles of ocean, holding over three thousand islands, bounded roughly by Easter Island, Hawaii, Guam and New Guinea, and larger than the areas of Russia, Canada, and the United States combined. In 1778, Captain James Cook, after years of traveling the Pacific, posed the now famous question: “How shall we account for this Nation spreading itself so far over this Vast Ocean?” He and others of his time could not imagine navigating the vast Pacific Ocean without sextant, compass, or charts. The answer to this question is through a process called “wayfinding”. The wayfinder depends on observations of the stars, the sun, the ocean swells, and other signs of nature for clues to his direction and location at sea.

An experienced wayfinder will know over 220 stars and their locations at various seasons. More intriguing is identifying and using changes in ocean swell patterns to detect unseen land hundreds of miles away. Perhaps most challenging, a wayfinder must keep a mental record of distance traveled, course changes, speed, drift, and currents. On long voyages this is a formidable task. Linguistic and other evidence suggests that voyaging between island groups was an important tradition and that even the 2,500 mile distance between Tahiti and Hawaii was negotiated by experienced navigators without modern navigational aids.

The second article of this Quarterdeck deals with one of the most troublesome navigation elements to the early voyagers: keeping track of distance traveled. In 2017 the Museum was given a remarkable collection of nearly 350 Tafrail Logs. At its simplest, a tafrail log is a float attached to a knotted rope that is fed out over the aft rail (taffrail) of a ship. The number of knots pulled over is timed and the amount of line noted. From these two figures the speed of the ship can be determined. More complex versions have been made and mechanical and digital tafrail logs are still used. Now, most vessels use GPS to determine their speed and location.

With or without modern navigational aids, voyaging in the Pacific is still a tremendous challenge. And, as Emily Dickenson has written, “to multiply the harbors does not reduce the sea.”

Sam Johnson, Executive Director
Dispatch from Kiribati: Miniboat Rescue Mission

Story by Nate Sandel  Photos courtesy Nate Sandel

Three hundred and ninety-eight days and 10,846 nautical miles after her launch off the coast of Baja, Mexico, the single-masted sailing vessel *Nishi Kaze* – a Miniboat built under the direction of Museum Education Director Nate Sandel by Jaina Kapranos’ fourth grade class at Portland’s Richmond Elementary and launched off the coast of Baja, Mexico by the cable ship Decisive on December 2, 2017 - stopped transmitting a GPS signal. Her last position was 1,200 nautical miles south of Hawaii. Seventy-four days later, Sandel received this message from Tarawa, Kiribati:

“We found one boat and a small plastic paper with a piece of paper write on this website – Monika Eeru.”

That simple message sparked an adventure highlighting the universal enthusiasm for youth education and science that the Museum’s Miniboat program has come to exemplify. Here is Sandel’s story.

After 398 days and 10,846 nautical miles at sea, the Miniboat *Nishi Kaze* stopped transmitting it’s GPS signal. 74 days later, a message from Tarawa, Kiribati is received.
Map of the Miniboat *Nishi Kaze*’s journey as tracked by GPS signal.

On Final Approach to Kiribati.
ARRIVAL DAY

Three months after receiving Monika’s email, and after 38 hours of travel, I found myself on a Fiji Airways final approach into the most beautiful place I’ve ever seen. My seatmate asked why I was traveling to Kiribati (pronounced kiri-bass), an island nation ranked as the world’s third least-visited country. After my ten-minute rant about the Miniboat Program and the S/V Nishi Kaze, the man handed me his card and said to drop by the Parliament Building. It turns out I had been sitting next to Kiribati’s Minister of Commerce.

At baggage claim, this disheveled, drunk Australian guy with a wild mustache, outback style hat and clothing approached me and said, with accent to match, “Hi Mate—I’m very interested in what you’re doing. Very interested. If you have any troubles, contact me—I’ve been coming here to work for twenty years, and I know all the locals. I’m at Mary’s Hotel.”

Skeptical, I thought, “Okay, I’ll put you at the end of my list!” and didn’t think I would see him again.

After arriving at my hotel, I sought a boat to take me an hour across the lagoon to North Tarawa to begin my search for Nishi Kaze. To my surprise, everyone wanted between $800 and $1,400, more money than I had budgeted or even had with me.

Disappointedly walking back to my hotel, covered in sweat, I stopped at a school to chat with the kids getting on the school bus (a repurposed flatbed truck). They were as excited to see a i-matang (foreigner) as I was to visit with them! After the bus departed with all the children yelling “Nit,” my name in the Kiribati language, I had a bit more spring in my step.

A car with two friendly Aussies onboard pulled alongside. It just so happened that they were university professors taking nine student teachers to North Tarawa, and they offered me a ride on the boat they’d hired. After a game of soccer with some kids and dinner with my local friend Ruth, I went to bed full of fish and happy as a clam in the lagoon at high tide.

Nate stopped to chat with Kiribati schoolchildren on a passing bus.
DAY 2

The next morning, we set off down the Main Road to Bairiki. Since the boat they hired was owned by Mary’s Hotel, we stopped off for lunch at Bloody Mary’s Bar before heading to the dock. Just as we were ready to leave, I was informed that the boat couldn’t take to me to my islet after all. I could hitch a ride and then walk islet to islet at low tide, but I’d be on my own for two days. Since I had nothing with me but Miniboat supplies, I remained behind, deflated, and started working on Plan-B, when who came walking in? None other than my soon-to-be Miniboat hero, the crazy Australian of baggage claim renown, “Outback Gary.”

“Mate, you find your boat?”

“Not, yet, Gary. And to make matters worse…” I filled him on what just happened. “I’m starting to get concerned I’ll run out of time,” I told him.

“Don’t panic, mate. Be right back. I’m very interested in what you are doing.” Gary disappeared and came back with a few Victoria Bitters (an Australian beer).

“You made the right choice not getting on that boat with those teachers. (Expletive) mate that would have been a bad idea. Do you know how big North Tarawa is? You’ve got Gary now. I will help you get your boat back. I’m very interested in what you are doing!”

Gary left to get back to his work for the Australian Embassy (Gary works for a water tank company which contracts with embassies around the Pacific. Because there is no fresh water in Tarawa, buildings have their own rain water collection tanks. Some Australian Embassy staff were getting sick from the water so Gary came in to fix it). The plan was for him to pick me up the next day at noon. He assured me he could get a boat for $400 and that if not, he would pay the difference. Again, he was “very interested in what I was doing.”

At this point, I wasn’t sure if Gary inserting himself into the Miniboat rescue mission was a good idea, but he seemed very motivated, confident and most of all interested. But “Who is this guy? Is he a blowhard? Will he really show up the next day? How crazy is he?” “How drunk was he?” These were all thoughts I had on my hot, thirty-minute bus ride back to my hotel. It came down to this: I was telling myself I shouldn’t trust him but... there was something about Outback Gary that made me believe he was the real deal - I just couldn’t put my finger on it. Still, I needed a Plan C, so I got to work. At this point I had fifty-one hours left in Kiribati, no transportation, and only the name of a village and small islet not shown on most maps.

DAY 3

The next morning Monika picked me up with her father-in-law to take me to get measured for something special she had planned, and to give me a tour of her islet, the main “hub” in Tarawa, Betio. “Betio-Town” is the most densely populated place in the world; it has more people per square kilometer than Hong Kong. It is also the home to “Red Beach,” where thousands of American and Japanese soldiers lost their lives 75 years ago in one of the deadliest battles of World War II. Several rusting Japanese anti-aircraft guns and others scars of war still littered the ocean beaches as we headed north on the main road. When they dropped me off at the hotel, the front desk said my friend had stopped by.
“My friend?” I said, confused. The woman at the desk said, “Yes-big, loud, Australian, a little crazy…” “Oh, Gary!” I chuckled. “Yes, Gary. He left a note under your door.”

When I opened my door, I saw the note from Outback Gary, “Be Mary’s 12:00ish” I jumped on the next bus (a hot van filled with more people than legally allowed in 198 countries and playing a rotating medley of loud Christmas music and Eminem’s hit singles) and arrived at Mary’s Hotel fashionably early. I sat down for what I thought could be my last meal: fried rice with Spam. Who knew what I was about to get into with Outback Gary?

At noon-ish Gary and his amazing mustache walked in, sat down and said, “Mate, I got the gardener from the embassy to take us in his personal boat for $200 plus $50 for fuel! (Expletive) mate—we’re going to get your boat back!”

He then ordered us three sandwiches, two orders of chips, and three beers for the hour-long trip across the lagoon. “(Expletive) mate, Bobo (the gardener and now our captain) doesn’t have life jackets and my wife would kill me if I died. We need to make some floatation.” “Make floatation?” I asked, confused. “Mate, we’re in Kiribati!” Gary said as he walked away.

To my relief, Gary scrounged two real life jackets, and then we were off to Bobo’s hut to catch the boat across the lagoon. Before we left, Gary called Bobo’s son over and gave him $20 - 3 days wages for an adult in Kiribati. This is something I saw him do often. It was not out of pity, but for kicks, he told me: “See that kid’s face? He will remember that forever! He can buy anything he wants with that $20!”

Gary then tossed the food, beer, a case of water and the legitimate floatation into the 11’ boat, and we set off for the hour trip across the lagoon for the village of Nuatabu. Bobo assured us he knew where he was going, but it became quite evident halfway across the lagoon that he was being overly confident. Luckily, we ran into an old man fishing in an outrigger canoe who pointed us to the right islet.

Walking Nishi Kaze through a mangrove forest.
What happened next could have been straight out of a movie. As we motored closer to the beach, the children in the village emerged from the palm trees and waved at us. I climbed not-so-gracefully out of the boat as the children mobbed me. When I showed them a photo of the *Nishi Kaze*, they smiled big and started laughing and nodding. The kids led us fifteen minutes through the village as more and more people started to follow behind us to the Miniboat - our own little parade! As we walked around a bend the kids pointed... I could see S/V *Nishi Kaze* sitting proudly under a hut. I ran to her and screamed, “There she is – my Miniboat!” as everyone cheered behind me. We were all emotional.

The last time I set eyes on S/V *Nishi Kaze* was twenty-one months ago when I hand-delivered her to the C/S *Decisive*. What had she seen in that time? How many storms did she survive? How did she end up here? She was weathered, but in remarkably good shape. “*She is seaworthy!*” I exclaimed. I was then told the story of how they found *Nishi Kaze*. Villagers saw her in the ocean, and Uaati’s husband swam out and brought her safely over the reef. No wonder she was in such good condition! After some conversation, signing of the new sail and an exchange of gifts, we headed back to Bobo’s boat to beat the tide back across the lagoon to South Tarawa.

After a few minutes of Outback Gary and I carrying the Miniboat in the 90-degree heat and 99% humidity, he said, “Hell, mates, let’s be smart and get it to the water – float it back to Bobo’s boat.”

A villager showed us a water-path through a mangrove forest that led out to the lagoon. As Bobo pushed *Nishi Kaze* along, I set my backpack on her deck and dove into the turquoise lagoon, enjoying the best swim of my life back to the boat. Bobo had the biggest smile I have ever seen.
“This is the best day ever!” I exclaimed. “Seeing your excitement getting the Miniboat back – and now swimming in our waters – makes me happy too!” Said Bobo. “Bobo, is it safe for Nate to swim here?” Gary said protectively. “Ya man, it’s perfect.” Bobo said proudly.

We loaded S/V Nishi Kaze onto Bobo’s boat. He fired up the 30HP engine, but didn’t put it into gear. He started to look around the boat for something in a panic. Gary asked him what was wrong, and he replied, “I can’t find the plug for my boat. It is little and black.”

After a few minutes of us looking all over for it, with a storm fast approaching, Bobo put his boat in gear and said, “No worries - we will be okay.”

I suddenly became acutely aware of the two life jackets we had with us and grateful that I had upped my life insurance before leaving.

The huge storm hit thirty minutes into the boat ride back. The waves kicked up, and we were pelted with rain that would scare an Oregonian. “I hope Bobo knows what he’s doing,” I thought - but what choice did I have at this point except to think positively?

For the next forty-five minutes, we just hung on as Bobo navigated us through the storm. What little land we could see had now disappeared in the downpour and several waves nearly capsized our boat. I could see the look on Gary’s face and I thought, “If this crazy Aussie is scared…”

Eventually we emerged from the storm and arrived with water in the boat but no worse for wear. To our surprise, the Minister of Commerce and his wife were waiting for us at the wharf. They had heard through the island grapevine that we’d let the Miniboat.

Outback Gary drove me and the Miniboat back to my hotel, and he said he would take me in his car to launch the boat the next day. He instructed, “Mate, you have work to do so I’m going out to get pissed. Call my hotel at 10:00AM and tell them to wake my (expletive) up, and I’ll come get you at 11:00.”

Not entirely confident about this plan, I spent the evening preparing Nishi Kaze for sea. As I opened the cargo hatch it was evident why she had stopped transmitting; the AP3 GPS transmitter had come dislodged and was in several pieces. I built a new, more secure mount for the replacement transmitter, switched out the sail, and applied fresh bottom paint. After walking the streets getting kids to decorate the sail, volleyball with some local teenagers, and a fresh tuna dinner, I headed to bed.
LAUNCH DAY 4/4

At 7:30 next morning, as I was heading to the hotel restaurant for a cup of instant coffee (the only kind on the atoll), Outback Gary appeared and yelled across the hotel, “Konnichiwa! Mate are you ready? I stayed in last night so I could be fresh for the big launch. Grab our Miniboat, and let’s get her on her way to Japan.

I thought to myself, am I really with this guy? I slammed my coffee and said, “Let’s do this!” Gary and I spent the several hours exploring the southernmost islet of Tarawa for the perfect wind and spot to launch. The first spot, the main wharf was too busy. Gary said, “I don’t want a fisherman stealing our boat, and see that Navy ship? They might think we’re spies.”

At the southern tip of the atoll, the wind was okay but, it would be a mile walk over coral to reach the water, and Gary’s gout was acting up. Finally, as we drove over the Nippon Causeway, we found perfect wind and an outgoing tide. Gary pulled over in the middle of the causeway, and we climbed over the jersey-barrier with the Miniboat. Gary yelled, “(Expletive)mate, it’s happening, I told you! Let send this boat to Japan!”

With that, I swam the Miniboat down the channel and through an opening in the reef under the watchful eyes of three fishermen. After I pushed S/V Nishi Kaze ceremonially out to sea, she started to come back towards the reef. One of the fishermen stripped down to his underwear and dove in. He swam over to a panicked Education Director who was seeing his hopes and dreams about to be smashed into the reef.

“Hold my slippers.” The man said. He swam to Nishi Kaze and, moments before she was smashed into the reef, grabbed her by the keel and pulled her to safety. He then swam the Miniboat fifty meters out to sea where she immediately caught the wind and took off like a greyhound!

As I watched her sail away, treading water and holding the fisherman’s “slippers”, I thought: This can’t be real. How is this happening? It was an out of body experience. At that moment I reflected on the meaning of Nishi Kaze – not only the name, “Western Wind” in Japanese, which she was currently catching, but the overall meaning of the project. This Miniboat, built by kids in Japan and the United States as a way to foster friendship between them was now sailing away from Tarawa, where 75 years ago 6,000 of both our countrymen died, fighting each other. Did S/V Nishi Kaze have a plan all along?

On the way back to the causeway, I kept telling the men “thank you, thank you” and Outback Gary, kept saying, “Thank you doesn’t buy beer, but Gary does!”

As we climbed over the barrier onto the causeway, the gentlemen politely declined Gary’s offer on the beer, saying they don’t drink (which was not too surprising, as a lot of the locals are members of the LDS Church). Gary replied, “No problem, mates. I’ll buy you soda and chips!”

They smiled widely and agreed to follow us back to Mary’s Hotel for refreshments and conversation. As it turns out, the man who dove in and saved the Miniboat, Dereck, is the Police Inspector for all of Kiribati and his friends joked that, “He was just doing his job, keeping people (and miniboats) safe.”

Two hours later, as I prepared for a feast to be held in my honor, I checked S/V Nishi Kaze’s location: she was already 20 km from the launch point, heading toward Japan.
That evening, Monika, her daughter and her aunt picked me up in a car that would not be allowed on the road in the United States. With the windows down, we drove the forty-five minutes to Betio at my favorite time of day in Kiribati. As the air started to cool I watched Tarawa come alive. I felt alive!

As we pulled into Betio Town, I was blown away by the seemingly impossible coexistence of poverty and happiness. The i-Kiribati (native Kiribatians) have very little, but are the happiest people I have ever met. We meandered through the throng of banana leaf huts where her family lived and into the communal space. About thirty people from the extended family were playing pool and sitting around tables drinking kava, a beverage made from the ground roots of Piper methysticum, a plant native to the western Pacific islands. Monika told me to sit by the priest and I was presented with her surprise: a traditional suit with my name embroidered! I was bootakied (made part of the family and given traditional dress). We enjoyed a feast of fresh coconut, bread fruit (prepared two ways), fish (two ways), pork (the family’s pig had been killed to mark the occasion), and chicken. After hours of feasting and talking, they drove me back to the hotel for my final hours in Kiribati.

**EPILOGUE**

I promise my students that “I will chase down any shipwrecked Miniboat, no matter where it goes.” Remarkably, I was able to accomplish another Miniboat rescue mission, this time in one of the most remote places on earth and just hours before my flight home. None of this would have been possible without the help of all the amazing local people I met, and off course my Miniboat hero, Outback Gary.

The tagline of Kiribati is “Kiribati is for travelers, not for tourists.” That’s true enough - you won’t be served fancy drinks while you’re there, and electricity and plumbing is spotty at best - but what makes Kiribati truly special are the happy, caring people who call this most endangered country in the world home.

*Editor’s Note: *Nishi Kaze* sailed on for 45 days and 1,191 nautical miles before grounding once again, this time on Butaritari Atoll, in the Gilbert Islands. She awaits further logistical arrangements to continue her adventure.
An age-old seafaring problem, as old as ocean voyaging itself, is determining one’s position. Without recourse to latitude and longitude tables, the use of a sextant and an accurate chronometer (let alone GPS coordinates), a mariner’s best guess at knowing their ship’s position required measuring its speed, course, and time sailed at that pace, then extrapolating “the distance run.”

Over centuries, many different methods were developed, from “eyeballing” or guessing, to more complex solutions (including an ingenious paddle-wheel device described by the ancient Roman Vitruvius around 20 B.C.). In sight of land, sailors could simply time how long it took to sail between two points whose distance apart was known. When out of sight of land, other solutions were required.

One was to simply transfer the points onto the ship itself. Then, by simply tossing a piece of wood or “log” over the side of the ship and timing how long it took for it to travel between two points a known distance apart, speed was calculated. This method became associated with Dutch seamen, and was known as the “Dutchman’s Log.” Its use was first recorded in 1662, although the practice is likely much older.

In addition to complex mechanical instruments for recording a ship’s speed, the collection at Columbia River Maritime Museum also contains a series of small, intricately engraved brass or brass and copper tobacco boxes, sometimes referred to as “Dutch seaman’s box” or “Dutchman’s log.”
In 2017, the Museum received a remarkable collection of devices for measuring vessel speed from Mr. Eric W. Lindgren. Nearly 350 instruments and components spanning nearly three centuries of technology are represented. Broadly referred to as “Patent Logs” or “Taffrail Logs” (the taffrail being the aftmost railing on a ship, and hence suitable for attaching the instrument), it is the largest single collection of its kind in the world. A monetary donation from Trustee Peter Brix in 2018 for the digitizing of museum records allowed the detailed recording of the Lindgren collection, and ultimately, its availability online.

In addition to the more complex mechanical instruments for recording a ship’s speed (taffrail logs in their many forms), the collection also contains a series of nine small, intricately engraved brass or brass and copper tobacco boxes, sometimes referred to as “Dutch seaman’s box” or “Dutchman’s log,” which were engraved with useful tables, and produced for a nautical school in Amsterdam called Regt door Zee (i.e. “Sailing a Straight Course”). The school operated from 1737 onwards by retired Swedish seaman Pieter Holm (1685/86 – 1776). There are just over 100 of these boxes known in the world.

The tobacco boxes were likely manufactured in Iserlohn, Germany; it is not known where they were engraved. The earliest known examples date to 1729, years before Holm established his school. Manufacture and sale of these boxes continued long after Holm’s death in 1776, when the school was run by one of his students, with the last known copies dating to 1817. Each of the Museum’s nine boxes show unique details of illustration, decoration and the “hand” of the written text, suggesting that each box was engraved by a different person.

To understand how these boxes fit into the problem of determining a ship’s speed, we turn to the engravings themselves (Figure 1, a photograph of the lid of a box). On the top of the lid is a perpetual calendar which allows the user to determine the weekday and lunar age for any calendar date. The calendar also allowed calculation of the moon phase and the next succeeding high tide. Engraved images adorn each end. Always on the left is a figure with a crown, over the words “Voor Christi 45” or 45 years B.C. This is likely in reference to Julius Caesar and the establishment of the Julian calendar in 45 BC. The right hand image always shows a figure in a mitre, usually over the date 1582, representing Pope Gregory XIII who introduced the Gregorian calendar in that year. Lastly, at the bottom right of the calendar is engraved a year, which is interpreted as the year of manufacture, or at least, engraving of the box.

Some re-occurring errors have also been found. For example, on the perpetual calendar, July is sometimes shown as having only 30 days (the museum’s collection are all labeled with 31). The other is the year for the introduction of the Gregorian calendar, with some boxes engraved with 1482 instead of the correct year of 1582. Five of the Museum’s nine specimens show the 1482 date.
On the top of the lid is a perpetual calendar which allows the user to determine the weekday and lunar age for any calendar date. The calendar also allowed calculation of the moon phase and the next succeeding high tide.

The box bottoms carry a simple vignette at one end of a person with a globe, generally identified as the explorer Amerigo Vespucci, over the year 1497. At the other end is a short phrase in Dutch. The main feature of the bottom, however, is a table representing Holm’s major contribution to our problem of determining a ship’s speed.

The table’s left-hand column represents the time, in seconds, that it took for a wood chip thrown into the water to pass between two points marked on the ship that were 40 Rhynland feet apart (1 Rhynland foot = 1’ 23/64” or 31.39 cm in modern units). With the time known, the sailor simply read across the table to the right-hand column where the speed of the ship was listed. Separating the two columns are a series of notches, thought to be spaces for the sailor’s thumbnail, so as not to lose count. For details on reading this table as well as the perpetual calendar, see the online explanation in Gent (2015).

The boxes were also usually inscribed with text. The most common phrase on the side is “Reght Door Zee” (sometimes Regt), thought to indicate the box’s authenticity in originating from Holm’s school. Other phrases include “Verlaat De Werelt” (Abandon the World); one example in the Museum’s collection has “MET GODT” (with God) inscribed on the hinge side of the box, and then on the opening side, a rebus with a combination of words and objects, “EEN (then image of a heart, perhaps with a flame) ISEEN (image of a crown) DER (image of an orb topped with a cross)” which can be translated as “A warm heart is like a crown on earth”. Inscriptions on the box bottoms (with many variations of spelling) appear most frequently to have been “Geen konst maar rijkdom kan men verliesen, Daarom is konst voor rijkdom te kiezen” (Not experience but wealth can be lost, therefore let experience prevail above wealth). But also “Den eeuwigh duerende almanack” (The everlasting almanac), and “Die deese doos draagt in den sak, Hoet nooyt geen ander almanac” (He who carries this box in his pocket, will never need another almanac).

The museum’s collection also has one detail not described in any of the references for this article. Number 2017.2.211 also carries the inscription (in a different script) above the common “Reght Door Zee” that is hidden when the lid is closed. It reads “L. TIMMERMAN 1748”, presumably identifying the owner of the box, although curiously, this box carries a manufacture date of 1729.

While the maritime applications of the boxes might not be obvious at first glance to the untrained eye, their usefulness to a sailor should now be clear. This brief review of just a tiny fraction of the Lindgren collection illustrates the collection’s wonderful research potential. There are surely many more fascinating stories to be told from the study of other technologies developed to measure “The Distance Run”.

To view the tobacco box collection online, go to CRMM’s digital records https://crmm.pastperfectonline.com/ and search record numbers 2017.2.208 through 2017.2.216.

Author Acknowledgements

This article drew on several published works, particularly Crone (1953), Cherry (2006), Gent (2015) and Sharp (1999). For presentation in the Quarterdeck, academic citation style has not been used, and several passages are essentially direct quotations from these authors. My sincere thanks to Assistant Curator Matthew Palmgren who first drew my attention to these pieces, and to Jeff Smith, Curator for approving this work, and Sam Johnson (Executive Director) and Bruce Jones (Deputy Director) for their review and comment.

Selected Bibliography:

Cherry, J. 2006 “An 18th Century Tobacco Box Log-Timer and Other Seamen’s Boxes.” Transactions of the Cumberland & Westmorland Antiquarian & Archaeological Society, Third Series (6), pp.139-144.
Gent, R.H. 2015 “The Dutchman’s Log or the Seaman’s Tobacco Box of Pieter Holm”. Web address: http://www.staff.science.uu.nl/~gent0113/holmbox/holmbox.htm
On September 8, 2019, Trustee John McGowan fulfilled a lifetime ambition when he rowed his grandfather’s restored, 12’9” rowboat *Dolphin* across the Columbia from McGowan, WA (family’s namesake town) to Astoria, OR, recreating a journey his grandfather made many times in the early 1900s, when rowing was for business, not pleasure. “From the time I was young, I was struck by the fact that my grandfather used to row that boat across the river,” said McGowan. “It just seemed to me that the boat had to go across the river one more time before being put up for good. The boat was not getting any younger, and neither was I, so it was either now or never.” Mission complete, *Dolphin* now resides in the Museum’s collection. Photo by Bruce Jones
This 1909 photo depicts the rowboat *Dolphin* with John’s great uncle James McGowan and an unidentified youth. Cape Disappointment is in the background.

Top photo: Kyle McGowan; middle photo: Bruce Jones; bottom photo courtesy John McGowan
CRMM: New Members 4/1/2019 - 11/31/2019

Ensign
Michael Angileta
Katherine Blue
Cheryl Conway
Misty Erickson
Rachel Flescher
Valerie Gray
Lindsay Gregg
Lindy Hartvigson
Donald Hildebrandt
Diane E. Huckleberry
Richard Lolich
Josh McConnell
Krista Prato Matthews
Colby Schmitt

Crew
Stacey Agee and Diana Ciercola
Braeden Allan and Erik Taft
Tatyana Alyabyeva
Ely Bacon and Stephanie Gustafson
Kevin and Kelly Beach
Gary and Vicki Bergseng
Marty and Katie Baldwin
Larry Brambles and Nanette Wertz
Michael and Karen Brunmeier
David and Katie Butler
Geoff Chambers and Laurette Turner
Joe Cheng and Jennifer Carlson
Justin Colquhoun and Rebecca Morris
Kory and Jennifer Custer
Robert and Beth Ellis
Robert and JaiNai Ellis
Carolyn Evanoff and Jean Black
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Joshua and Rachel Goldfarb
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Michael and Anne Green
John and Janice Greene
Michael and Mimi Gustavson
Dave and Lesli Hagen
Gerry and Carrie Hansen
Sam and Julie Henzel
Clint Hunter
Jared and Lula Jeppson
Tanya Jones
Jim and Anne King
Doug and Kiel/An Kuenzi
Carla Lamer
Rob and Miranda Lange
Paul and Debra Lanning
Rebecca Lowell
Greg and Sara Maher
Jose and Ud Martel
Dennis Martin
Matthew McBride and Laura Felten
Dan and Kristen McPherson
Charlie and Marilyn Mecham
Shayne and Megan Mesa
Brett Meyer and Melissa Barber
Jim and Cheryl Mockford
Michael Mohns
Doug and June Moore
James Myers and Elizabeth Mooney
Eric and Megan Newell
Tom and Cece Newell
Rex Olson and Yuliya Pislegina
Alan and Agnes Onkka
Kyle and Paige Osberg
Ryan and Laura Paddock
Laura Parker
Joseph and Angela Peatman
Charles and J. Cameron Pedri
Robert and Chantal Phed
James Pierce and Sandra Fennell
Sally Potter
Brad and Monica Puffaff
John and Mira Richardson
Robert and Kathleen Riddihalg
Cody and Kayla Robertson
Kevin Sease and Cristina Borgin
Kevin and Krissy Smith
Kyle and Holly Snell
Jim and Sheryl Southwell
Rob and Jaclyn Stephens
Jim Stratton and Craig Austin
David and Brandi Swiderski
Jeff and Maria Tanninen
Kevin and Julie Thornes
Brandon and Brittany Tomalak
John and Mary Torjesen
Gregg and Nancy Townsley
Bill and Debbie Underwood
Mike and Kris Van Houten
Rick Vanderburg and Kim Miles
Jake and LaRee VanderToolen
John and Mary Linda Vandevelde
Steven and Tracy Wade
Megan Walter
Christian Walz
John and Kate Warton
Jon and Grace Weatherford
Steven Weed and Debra Bowe
David Welch and Gayle Whitney Welch
Shane and Michele White
E. Eugene Wickstrom and M. G. Wickstrom
Mark and Maria Willner
Randall and Christine Winkkala
Theo Woods and Yarrow Park
Ron and Rebecca Wright
Shawn and Emily Wright
Loren and Jennifer Young
Michael Zack
Vladimir and Alla Zakharov
Terry Limin Zhong and Sara Zhongon
Andrew and Anna Johnson
Joshua and Andrea Johnson
Nik Jones and Erica Roulle
Gene Keller and Lindy McDaniel
Ian Kelley and Kassie Nye
David Kenner and Sally Nanna-Kenner
Jeremy and Luci Landauer
Robert Marshburn
Zach and Lex Morrow
Alex and Shannon Pasco
Gerald and Kathleen Patrick
John and Celinda Perez
Valerie Porter
Ralph and Susan Provenzano
Byron Reutenwald and Bonny Johnson
Jessica Reid and Charlotte Reid
Frank and Norma Ribich
John and Jessica Sagerser
Rene and Jacquelyn Sanchez
Tom Scott and Terri Barts
Leonard Sherp and Luann Jacobs
Jill Smith and Joanne Waterman
Jane Somerton and Kate Muldoon
John Valesano
Craig and Teresa Von Essen
Mark Waidelich and Jacinta Chvalat
Dawn Warner
Henry Werch and Stephanie Reith
Dale Whitney
Dale and Janelle Williams
Scott and Meghan Williams

Boatswain
Leif and Rachel Christianson
Jeff and Laura Denny
Linda Goodman
Travis and Sara Grove
Mike Henningens and Marilyn Loy
Jim Ratliff and Gabriele Stevens

Pilot
Jadene Wingert

Captain
Allyn Washington and Margaret Schroeder

Columbia River Society
George and Mary Ann Schmeltzer

Business Member
Lewis & Clark Bank

Helmsman
Marty and Bonnie Allishie
Dustin and Bridgett Belt
Bj and Andrea Black
Mike and Laura Brosius
Mark and Gigi Chadwick
Steve and Erika Clegg
Florindo and Lyn Damelio
David and Cynthia Douglas
Rebecca Duffy and Katy Paz
Mario Flaschi and Melissa San Filippo
Lee and Judith Food
Mathew Gaetano and Julie Hoffman
Frank Gaul and Kathleen Tonda
Minka Guenther
Chris Holmes and Judy Vander Maten
Ron and Sandi Hutton

Back cover photo: One of the newest faces on the Columbia River is Shaver Transportation’s Samantha 5, seen escorting the Maritime Administration’s 749 foot Cape Horn vehicle carrier through the Astoria anchorage. Built in Portland by Diversified Marine with a bollard pull of 115 tons, the brand new tug’s 112 foot length and 44 foot beam carry 2 hydraulic winches with a pull of 100 metric tons, and 8 electric winches. She is powered by twin GE V-12 diesels, each producing 4,224 horsepower. Photo by Bruce Jones
In Honor Of 4/1/2019 - 11/31/2019
Ward and Lois Cook’s 60th Wedding Anniversary
Anne and David Myers

Memorials
4/1/2019 - 11/31/2019

John Adair, first collector of customs west of the Mississippi
Bill and Emmy Lawrence
John “Jack” Bradbury
Gordon and Carol Wolfgram
Orabelle Bruneau
Sam and Julie Henzel
Joyce Marie Cameron
Michael and Karen Brunmeier
Susan Evans
Molly Kearney and Patrick Kearney
Dan and Linda Olsvik
Arnold C. Petersen
Gary Walker, Sally Workman and Mike Harris
Cheri Folk
Ward and Lois Cook
Jerry Ostermiller and Lynne Johnson
Heather and Scott Seppa
Daniel and Kim Supple
Jack and Shelley Wendt
Raymond Freel
Kevin Miller
Mary Anne and Tom Smith
Rita Ginn
Kenny Ginn
Commander Robert Ginn and Sheryl Ginn
Pat Hainline
Virginia Shepherd
Donald Helligso
Martin Nygaard
Bart Oja
Robert and Mary Oja
Susan Orr
Paul and Louise Phillips
Ken Hertig
Kim and Daniel Supple
Arthur and Barbara Hildebrand
Bill and Debbie Underwood
Gordon Howe
Martin Nygaard
Gordon and Carol Wolfgram
Esther K. Jerrell
Captain Fred B. Jerrell
Phillip Kearney
Daniel and Kim Supple
Robert “Bob” Kearney
Gordon and Carol Wolfgram
Dr. Russell Keizer
Ward V. Cook and Lois A. Cook
Dick Lang
Jerry Ostermiller and Lynne Johnson
Captain James E McAvoy
Captain Fred B. Jerrell
Eve Morgan
Bryan Whitlow
David W. Phillips
Captain Gene Itzen
Jerry Ostermiller and Lynne Johnson
Jack and Shelley Wendt
Richard “Dick” Quigley
Nora Ellison
Bob Reiter
Roger Jolma and Rebecca Fisher
Captain Lonny Rodgers
Chloe Hughes
Earl Rogness
Mary C. Becker
John F. Shepherd Sr.
Carolyn M. Shepherd and Family
Virginia Shepherd
International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Local No. 48
Helen M. Salveson
John Edward “Ed” Steve
Astoria Clowns
Blue Anderson
Captain and Mrs. Barry A. Barrett
Elaine Bauer
Gary and Vicki Bergseng
Clymer High School Class of 1959
Dave and Sue Corkill
Englund Marine and Industrial Supply
Ronald and Linda Ford
Lainey and Bruce Berber
Judy Honl
Kathy and Steve Johnson
Captain Daniel Jordan and Mona Jordan
Jim and Anne King
Pat McDonald
Military Officer Association of America, Lower Columbia Chapter
Gary and Shelby Mogenson
Alan and Agnes Onkka
Jerry Ostermiller and Lynne Johnson
Dave and Marcy Phillips
Diane Pinkney
Sally Potter
Susanne and Fred Schott
Dolores Sharp
Steve and Patty Skinner
John and Mary Torjusen
Marlene and the VanderPool Family
John and Mary Linda Vandevelde
Jack Vorsfeld
David and Gayle Welch
Marie Yost and Toby Dyal
Captain James A. Stroup
Captain Fred B. Jerrell
Shirley Tinner
Liz Banholzer and Gretchen Nelson
USS Knapp DD-653
Robert C. Gorham, GM3
Wilbur Paul, CPO