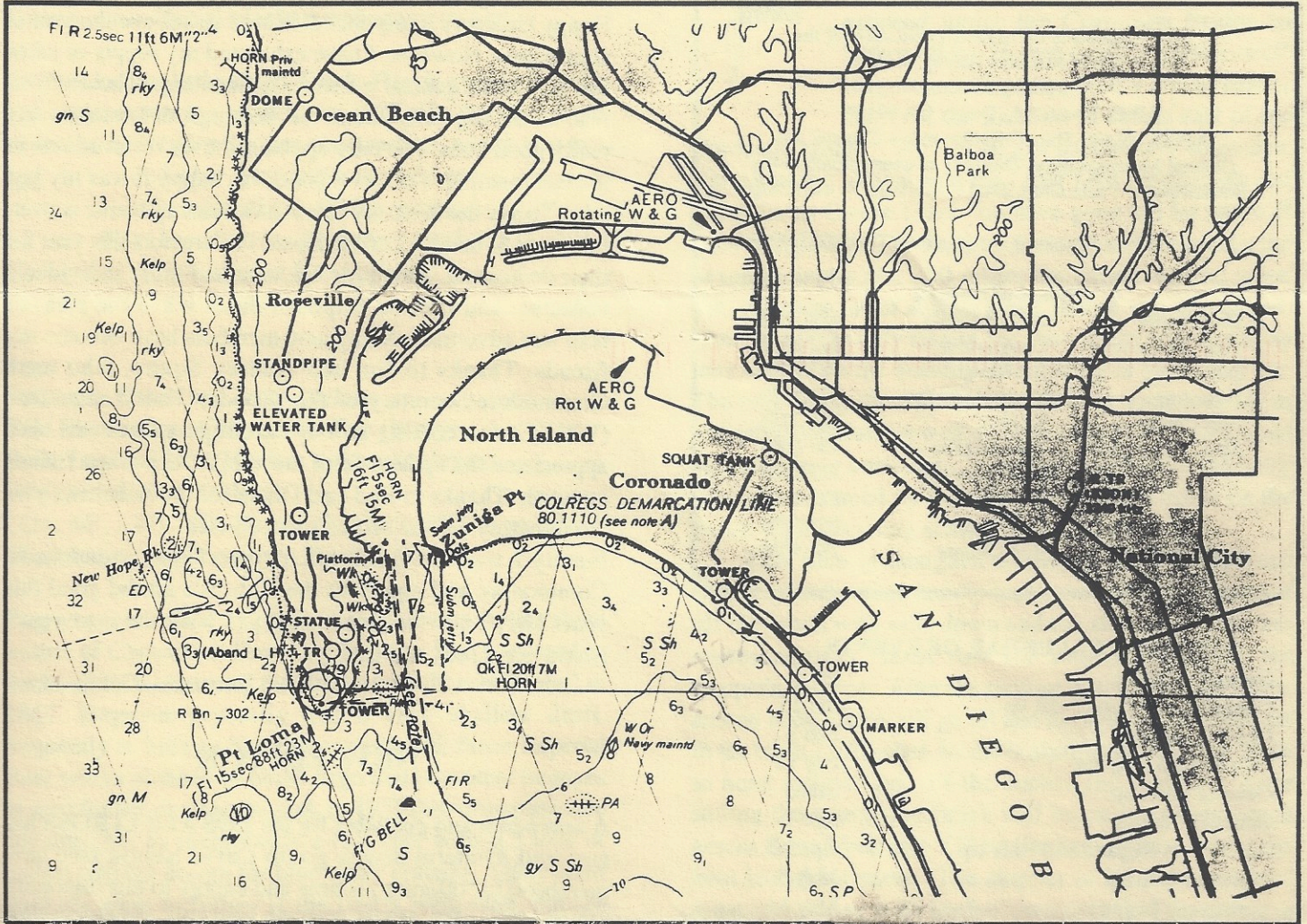


ALBATROSS

ANCIENT MARINERS SAILING SOCIETY

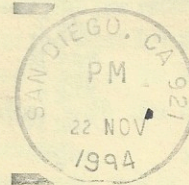
DECEMBER 1994



ANCIENT MARINERS SAILING SOCIETY

P.O. Box 6484

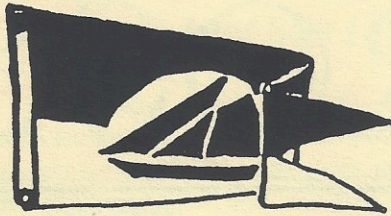
San Diego, California 92166



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Bout



The Albatross is the official publication of the
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Mailing Address:

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AMSS Ship-to-Ship VHF Common - Channel 68

General Meetings: First Thursday of every month at the
Southwestern Yacht Club, 2702 Qualtrough St, San Diego

Editors: Diana Watson & Rod Latimer (619)287-9066

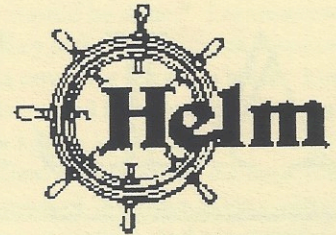
Board of Director

<i>Commodore</i>	Deb Dominici	459-7353
<i>Vice Commodore</i>	Doug Smith	222-2560
<i>Secretary</i>	Jim Keitges	485-8711
<i>Treasurer</i>	Michael O'Brien	723-5739
<i>Port Captain</i>	Ed Barr	224-7255
<i>Members at Large</i>	Tom Jackson	456-6963
	Vern Koepsel	327-6633
	Doug Jones	222-0865
	Greg Potter	264-1024
<i>Staff Commodore</i>	Rod Latimer	287-9066

1994 AMSS CALENDAR OF EVENTS

General Meeting	Jan 6
Commodores Cup & raft up	Jan 15
General Meeting	Feb 3
Jack and Jill Regatta	Feb 12
General Meeting	Mar 3
General Meeting	Apr 7
April Fools Regatta and Raft Up	Apr 2,3
General Meeting	May 5
Yesteryear Regatta	May 14
General Meeting	June 2
PCC Championship/Kettenburg Regatta	June 25
General Meeting	July 7
Commodore's Ball	July 16
General Meeting (Picnic)	Aug 4
Giant Small Boat Messabout '94	Aug 10 - 14
Gorilla Rock Cruise - Los Coronados	Aug 6 - 7
General Meeting	Sept 1
Labor Day Cruise	Sept 3-5
Petticoat Race	Sept 17
Iron Man Race	Sept 18
General Meeting	Oct 13
Boat Show - CCYC	Oct 15
Homeward Bound Race	Oct 16
General Meeting (Nominations)	Nov 3
Thanksgiving/Catalina Cruise	Nov 24 -27
General Meeting (Elections)	Dec 1
Half Pint O'Rum Race	Dec 3
New Years' Eve Raftup - La Playa	Dec 31

From the



Happy Holidays Everyone! It is hard to believe the year is almost over. However, I have exhausted my supply of jokes this year at the general membership meetings. Those of you who do not regularly attend the meetings, did not miss any really good ones. The only applause I ever recieved was at the last meeting when everyone was happy it was my last joke. To say the least, my career as a standup comic is over. I do want to thank all of the Board of Directors this year for their dedication. This year we have had more individuals volunteer and take on responsibilities when the plea for help was advertised. Many new members have become my friends. Thanks to Jim and Audrey Squire, who were Commodore/Secretary of the Wooden Hull Yacht Club (WHYC) for coming to our meetings and events. We appreciated the updates from the WHYC about our friends up north. Thanks to Rod and Diana for the Albatross plus the directory for the last couple of years.

Finally I want to thank all of you. I was proud to be Commodore and represent the club. We all did good this year. They know of us nationally. I wish the next year's Board good luck and fun!

Deb Dominici, Commodore.

NEW EDITOR

A new editor and publisher for the **1995 ALBATROSS** has emerged. Grateful thanks go to David Nelson (see new members) for offering his time and energy to this important aspect of the club. Please give the new editor your support. Perhaps you could write an article or send in a picture or two!! We have enjoyed our three year stint, but are looking forward to stepping down so a new view of the Ancient Mariner's Sailing Society can be presented.

Rod and Diana - Eds

**GENERAL MEETING, THURSDAY,
DECEMBER 1 ST**

1995 BOARD ELECTIONS

*You should have received your ballot by the
time you receive this Albatross. Don't forget
to vote!*

MEMBERSHIP PETITIONS

Trade Winds

Owner(s): Richard Ray Barrett
Boat Description: 30 ft Tahiti Ketch
Built: R.H Clark, 1940
Designed: J. G. Hanna
Construction: Carvel planked mahogany on Oak

Richard knows little about *Trade Winds* except that she had some extensive refitting in 1987. He does however know the motivation for her construction, which was to:

*Poke her nose to the mornin' sun,
On a tide that's ebbing speedy.
Start her sheets to the breeze fresh run
On a slant for old Tahiti.*

Argo

Owner(s): David and Jenny Nelson
Boat Description: Chesapeake Bay Bugeye
Built: Imperial Boat Works, Yokosuka, Japan
Designed: Luther Tarbox
LOA: 68', LWL: 42', Beam: 13', Draft: 5'8", Disp: 17 t
Construction: Apitong over Black Oak

Bugeyes were used as oyster dredge boats in the shoal waters of Chesapeake Bay. Log bugeyes first appeared in the late 1860's. Among the first to be built was "Coral" in 1867. Bugeyes typically had a very shallow draft, frequently as little as 3' with a centerboard. Since Imperial Boat works planned to build *Argo* and two other bugeyes to spec for the cruising market, in 1957 they commissioned her designer to incorporate a full keel with 4.5 tons of ballast into the design for blue water cruising. Many other bugeyes were to follow if the first 3 went well, but the company quit business after they were constructed. *Argo* is a sharp sterned vessel (double-ender) with a "patent stern". The patent stern gave bugeye skippers additional aft deck space. This stern design was patented as the "Davit Supporting Means for Sharp Stern Boats" in 1908 by Capt J.E. Robbins. Robbins charged a royalty to anyone who used his stern design, but it was so popular that within a few years there was hardly a sharp stern bugeye afloat without one.

Associate Membership

Brett Morris
Brett is anticipating building a SHELLBACK DINGY, but has not started yet. He would appreciate any advice or assistance our membership could provide.

HALF PINT O' RUM RACE



The Half Pint O' Rum race will again be held at high noon on Sat. Dec 3, 1994. We will begin off the beach southeast of the Naval sailing club along the bay side of the Silver Strand. To find the starting area proceed under the Coronado Bridge to harbour buoy 26 then come to approx. 165° magnetic. Please consult a recent harbor chart for the location of shoals east of the Coronado bridge. We will be just southeast of some new Navy housing. If you pass the Least Tern nesting area and get as far as Crown Cove you have gone too far and will soon be aground. The skippers meeting will be held on the beach promptly at 11:30 where the course will be given out. An entry fee of at least a half pint of rum is required. Note: this is the only race of the year where your handicap may depend on the quantity and quality of your entry fee. The race committee, as usual, will have great latitude in assessing penalties as well as time awards for exceptional seamanship or costumes. In the past the best of the entry fees are consumed by the skippers from the bottle on the beach while awaiting starting instructions.

This race is designed to award seamanship (and creativity) rather than merely boatspeed. The boats anchor off the beach with sails down and the skipper (not his/her representative) must row (or swim) ashore for the skipper's meeting. After the starting instructions are given, around noon a horn will go off and the skippers will row out to the boats. Only when he/she is aboard can the crew begin to hoist sail and sail off the anchor (no motors). After sailing the course the finish will be on the sandy beach across from Silvergate YC on Shelter Island south of the boat launching ramp. The skipper or his representative must row ashore with his/her own cup, find the rum keg and drink a mug of rum. Only then is he or she finished. You will find the race committee on the beach with the keg used at the start for this purpose. If you foul any of the moored boats in the area of the finish the race committee will deal with the offender very harshly for lack of seamanship.

The results will be announced and the awards given out at the raftup following the race in La Playa. This raftup is usually the best of the year, where crews can reflect on the race (tell lies) and the remainder of the rum keg disappears into some of the finest rum drinks to be found. Remember to give adequate room to other vessels when anchoring at the start.

Bring your jug, and bring your mug!

The third installment from the Cruisin' Colemans - dated Sept 1, 1994

I steered for Keller's shelter, a small bight of land near Malibu, to seek refuge from turmoil and spray. Ominous waves crashed on the coast, but soon as we got in the lee of the point, everything calmed down. We handed (dropped) the sails, and tried to set our anchor. No luck. We tried again in a different place. It dragged again. Five times we picked up the hook and dropped it but it just wouldn't dig in. Kelp, perhaps? As the sun neared the horizon, the west wind began to die and we collapsed on the berths below, anxious for rest. If it remained calm all night, we'd probably be fine with 250 feet of chain and a 75 pound anchor on the bottom although it was not properly set. Before preparing for bed, we munched some bean and grain salad while watching sunset surfers cut swaths across the golden Malibu waves.

When the sun disappeared behind the point, though, a new wind started to blow from the east. Southern Cross swung around towards the rocks and the pier. Damm. We redressed, weighed anchor, and headed out into the dark, jolting waves.

I cleaned the filter again (I was getting so I could do it in less than ten minutes) checked the chart, and pointed the bow towards Point Mugu. So began our first overnighter. "You do what you gotta do." At least we were making progress north.

The left-over daytime waves hammered the bow, while the breeze behind us blew engine exhaust into the cockpit. Seasickness continued. We took turns laying down -- sleep was impossible -- and we monitored slow progress on the chart. The water surrounding us was black but Southern Cross left a flashing trail of phosphorescence in her wake. The almost-full moon rose over the transom casting a path of pearl sparkles toward us from the east. There were no other boats, stars glistened above, and lights winked from huge oil rigs and houses ashore. Suddenly the dark shoreline exploded in a spectacular multicolored fireworks display, perhaps from a county fair or the like. It seemed the fireworks were bursting and glittering just for us, cheering us on. Go Southern Cross, go! Rounding Point Mugu after midnight, we killed the engine to clean the filter again and then set a course for Channel Islands Harbor. Channel Islands Harbor was our last fuel stop before the "Cape Horn of the Pacific," Point Conception, but we never planned to arrive at 0330. Thank goodness for the radar and our GPS. Lorraine and I have nicknames for everything -- the engine is called Dag, and our GPS is called Mikey. Mikey uses satellites to tell us our location within a hundred meters, so we knew exactly when we arrived at the harbor entrance. Lorraine watched the radar as I coned the boat past the breakwater and jetty in the early morning mist. We avoided entering harbors at night, but we'd been in this bay before and, with no wind and modern electronics, we felt quite safe. Punchy from exhaustion, we checked in at the Harbor Patrol office, rented a slip, parked Southern Cross, and clambered into our comfy bed. After twenty-two hours of sailing, anchoring, motoring and filter cleaning, sleep came instantly.

A few hours later, we arose and got to work. Our budget does not include slip payments; we needed to finish our business and leave. Besides, we'd been monitoring favorable weather reports from Point Conception north -- twelve to sixteen knot winds -- not bad. First we had to fix our fuel problems. We decided to cut access holes in the tops of our fuel tanks and have the diesel "polished." A welder agreed to cut the access holes but not for several days. We

started working on "things that should be done." Lorraine sewed covers for our propane lockers (they leaked when green water came over the bow) and she finished a cover for the main hatch. I redid weatherstripping on several hatches and installed reef lines on the mizzen sail and straps in the cockpit to hold the flexible fuel tank secure. While we toiled, a TV camera crew down the dock filmed a bunch of movie stars for a segment of "Melrose Place," whatever that is. Channel Islands Harbor is beautiful, and we were feeling better. At least until a new furry crew member climbed aboard.

We awoke one morning to find holes munched in our fruit and rat droppings sprinkled around the galley. Oh no! Rats destroy boats. They hide anywhere and eat everything. I feared he (we prayed it was a he) would start gnawing on our brand new electrical wiring. Rats love insulation and can cause thousands of dollars worth of damage. We ran to Thrifty and bought traps and D-Con. There was no further sign of the beast that day. Maybe he left after his feast the night before?

At bedtime, we baited the traps with banana, turned out the lights, and lay in bed holding our breath. Within five minutes we heard him climbing around by the veggies four feet from our heads. Ahhh! We listened for the sound of the snapping trap, but nothing. I turned on the lights, he scampered away and there sat the empty trap, devoid of bait. I got mad. I called the Harbor Patrol for ideas and he said try peanut butter wrapped with fishing line. Supposedly the litter bugger will catch his teeth in the line and trip the trap. I nervously started searching for the fishing line, which just happened to be where he had scampered to when the lights went on.

Suddenly Lorraine heard some munching and tearing sounds. Ahhh! He was right behind a drawer on the other side of the boat. I grabbed a wooden mallet and pulled open the drawer. He vanished, but there was a big hole in our bag of rolled oats. Now I went ballistic. I was a proud member of "Rambo's Rat Patrol" from our days chasing rats on Harbor Island with Rambo the crazy Pit Bull, and no rat was going to get the better of me. No way. Although it was nearing midnight, I pulled open every hatch on the boat and found a handle to use as a "rat stick." Lorraine joined in and turned on every light and we started tearing apart the boat. We pulled out all the sails, jerry jugs, bags of spare line, buckets, clothing, food, and so on and stuck our sticks in every cranny in the boat. We removed all the floorboards and hollered and pounded hammers and rattled our rat stick and turned that rat's paradise into Hell. After several hours of battle, we shut down all the lights and waited in silence, rat sticks at the ready, once again holding our breath. The Harbor Patrol officer stopped by around 2:30 AM and joined us in the totally dark cabin. We sat stone still. All was quiet. The Rat Patrol vanquished another foe. Ha Ha! Rambo would be proud. Lorraine and I put everything away, plugged up all the ports, reset the traps just in case, and fell asleep burned out again. Another hard lesson: rats live in the rocks in every harbor; from now on, we keep the boat sealed while at the dock. I wish more harbors had anchorages.

The following morning, the traps lay untouched and we found no fresh signs of destruction. Relief! Later the welder came and cut a six inch diameter access hole in the top of each of our fuel tanks. He made plates to cover them and we prepared for "polishing" the next day. Southern Cross arrived at the designated slip at 0800, but the polisher didn't show up till noon. By then I was nervous, but I removed the plates, stuck his inlet and outlet hoses into the tank and told him to start it up. Immediately a big glob of brown shit burst out of the hose and into the tank. Uh, oh!

Continued next month.