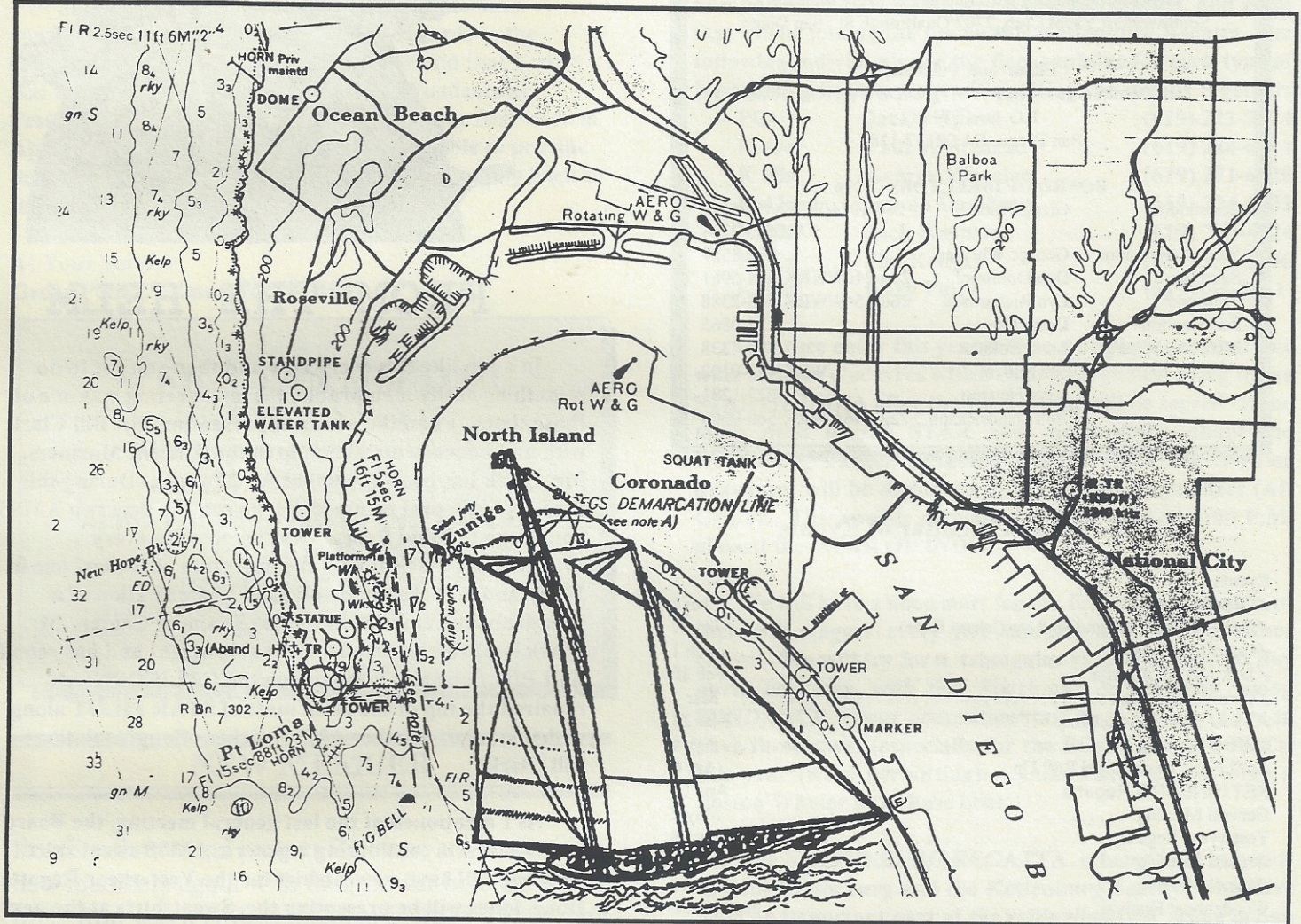


ALBATROSS

ANCIENT MARINERS SAILING SOCIETY

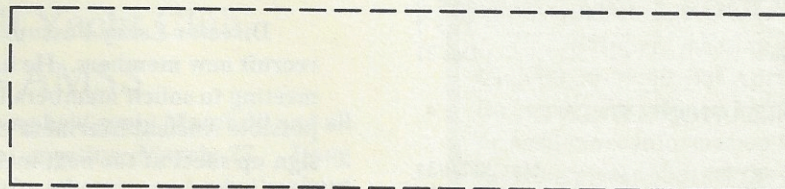
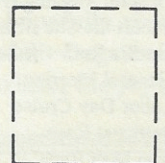
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ANCIENT MARINERS SAILING SOCIETY

P.O. Box 6484
San Diego, California 92166



Albatross

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS - 1996

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Treasurer	Lyn Richardson	260-1549/WRK:543-2388
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	Jim Sutter	WRK:481-0102
	Jerry Newton	222-1281
	Bob Hendrickson	722-0464/WRK:560-9600



FROM THE HELM

In a job like this every now and then you get to do something really memorable, the last meeting was one of those times. I had the honor of presenting Mr. Bill Clark with an honorary membership in the Ancient Mariners. Mr. Clark has been a member for 22 years. During this time he was a past commodore, he ran the first two AMSS San Diego to Maui Races, was involved in every Woodenboat Festival with the exception of the last one in 1995, and is currently involved in the formation of a Woodenboat Center at the Naval Training Center. Mr. Clark is a premier wooden boat shipwright and has rebuilt KELPIE, done many repairs on the CALIFORNIAN, repaired the top of the main mast of STAR PILOT along with a number of other AMSS yachts. Congratulations Bill Clark!

As I mentioned at the last general meeting, the Board of Directors is considering a generic AMSS sweat shirt. Also, we will have a sweatshirt for the Yesteryear Regatta. Doug Jones will be presenting the Sweatshirts at the next meeting.

I have asked Vice Commodore Wheeler to specifically examine the by-laws concerning qualifications for eligibility for election to the Board of Directors. As you may or not know, during the last election several by-laws were not literally adhered to. If you have any suggestions, please call Vice Commodore Wheeler.

Director Larry Fossum has been working on a plan to recruit new members. He had a sign up sheet at the last meeting to solicit members to canvas their Marinas for possible Ancient Mariners boats. He will have the same sign up sheet at the next meeting. Ed Barr has jumped right in there and has written a cover sheet specially addressing the wooden boat owners at the San Diego Yacht Club. If you have a few minutes to give the Society, put your name on the sign up sheet of better yet, give Larry a call.

1996 AMSS Calendar of Events

Events

✓General Meeting	Jan 4
✓Commodores Cup and Raft-up (Island Race)	Jan 27
✓General Meeting	Feb 1
✓Jack and Jill Regatta	Feb 10
✓General Meeting	Mar 7
✓Yacht Photo Portrait Day	Mar 23
General Meeting	Apr 4
April Fools Regatta and Raft Up	Apr 6
KETTENBURG Regatta	Apr 13
General Meeting	May 2
Yesteryear Regatta	May 18
General Meeting	June 6
General Meeting	July 11
Woodenboat Festival	July 13/14
Commodore's Ball	TBA
General Meeting (Picnic)	Aug 1
Escort the Star of India (Finest City Week)	Aug 10
Gorilla Rock Cruise - Los Coronados	TBA
General Meeting	Sept 5
Labor Day Cruise	TBA
Petticoat Race	Sept 6
Iron Man Race	Sept 7
General Meeting (2nd Thurs)	Oct 10
General Meeting (Nominations)	Nov 7
General Meeting (Elections)	Dec 5
Half Pint Of Rum Race	Dec 7
New Years' Eve Rooftop - La Playa	Dec 31

OTHER ORGANIZATION'S EVENTS

Schooner Cup (Kona Kai)	Mar 29/30/31
ONE MORE TIME REGATTA - A REPEAT (W.H.Y.C.)	March 30
Newport - Ensenada Race	Apr 24
Heritage Regatta (BalboaYC/Newport Hb. Nautical Museum)	June 7-9
W.H.Y.C. vs AMSS (Dana Cup)	Sept 28
S.W.Y.C. Ensenada Race	Oct 4

The Board of Directors decided at their last meeting on March 14 that new members would be strongly urged to participate in some sort of committee work. The sponsor of the new member will be responsible to inform the new member of up-coming events and should suggest how the new member can lend a hand. This process should lead to successful events.

Jim Sutter, Ed Barr, and Steve Caouette have contacted Koan Kai (Jim Nicoletti) in regards to the Woodenboat Festival. Jim Nicoletti has said that Koan Kai would like to be involved with the Woodenboat Festival but final decision is pending. By the first week in April we should know if Koan Kai will be able to provide dock plus lot space. Jim Nicoletti would be getting back to the Woodenboat Festival Committee.

At Your Service
Gregg Potter, Commodore AMSS

APRIL 4, 1996 MEETING

7:30 P.M. at S.W.Y.C.

→Yesteryear Regatta Slides←

UPCOMING EVENTS:

APRIL FOOLS REGATTA AND RAFT UP

◇April 6, 1996◇

KETTENBURG REGATTA

∧April 13, 1996∧

NEW MEMBER

Ron Strathman and partner Roxanne are becoming new members again with their power boat SO SŌŌ ME. Ron was a AMSS member in 1975-1980s with a 42' Colin Archer Gaff Ketch called TEKA. SO SŌŌ ME, a Tollycraft Bay Cruiser is berthed at Sun Harbor Marina and is 32 feet in length. Ron has volunteered to be a committee boat.

WELCOME !

Wooden Hull Yacht Club Invites AMSS

One More Time Regatta is being held again March 30 and all are invited to their general meeting March 22. Doug Templeton is telling the how's, where's, and what's about everything. You wouldn't want to miss it. Call Jim or Audrey Squire for more information: (714)965-4028(H)

KETTENBURG REGATTA

This year's KETTENBURG REGATTA will start at noon Saturday, April 13, 1996. The regatta is in San Diego Bay and sponsored by the Maritime Museum, Paul Kettenburg, and the Ancient Mariner's Sailing Society (AMSS). George Wheeler, race chairman, has heard from a number of PCs, K38s, PCCs, K40s, K41s, K43s, and K50s that will be joining the fun on this Kettenburg Regatta. The following individuals are the fleet captains for each type of Kettenburg boat to help with getting the details together:

PCs	Jack Sutphen	(619) 222-2814
K 41s	Paul Whitehead	(619) 224-6414
K 38s	George Wheeler	(619) 271-8629
K 43s	Donna Davidson	(619) 224-6032
K 40s	Jack Feemster	(619) 755-4724
PCCs	Jim Keitges	(619) 233-1096
K 50s	Gary Petty	(619)465-2011

Our race entry this year will be a bottle (or two) of fine wine and hor d'oeuvres which each boat should bring to the STAR OF INDIA after the race. Food will be served on the main deck of the STAR and memorabilia about the Kettenburg Yachts, including original brochures and line drawings, will be displayed in the Captain's quarters (Aft Cabin). The awards ceremony will be held at 6:00 P.M. aboard the STAR OF INDIA.

We will have a noon start for the first class of boats and then will stagger every five minutes later for the other classes. We will try for a triangular race in San Diego Bay north bay area, with the Sparkman & Stephens Sloop SUNDANCE as our committee/start boat. We will try to have three races (especially for the PCs, K38s, and PCCs) this year (wind permitting). Luke Patty is providing a Boston Whaler as a chase boat.

The KETTENBURG REGATTA is being held in honor of Paul Kettenburg and the Kettenburg Family who have been an important part of the sailing/boating scene in San Diego for over 75 years. Thirty (30) Kettenburg boats have committed to being there Saturday and hopefully several more will decide to participate. The idea of the Regatta is to have the bay, full of Kettenburg boats to exhibit the joy and fun of sailing these boats.

April 6/7, 1996

APRIL FOOL'S REGATTA

Skippers meeting at Southwestern Yacht Club 08:30-09:00, Sat April 6, 1996. Sign up sheet at the April general meeting. If you would like to race or need more information but can not make it to the meeting please contact the Race Committee Chairman: AMSS, P.O. Box 6484, San Diego, CA 92166, ATTENTION: Doug Jones, Race Committee Chairman (619)-222-0865, Calling is faster.



PORT SIDE

Taken from: THE LAST GRAIN RACE by Eric Newby
Below is some interesting reading and an experience that many of us might never have a chance to relate to, unless you have sailed or practice on one of the great sailing ships:

"It so happened that I met not the First Mate but the Second, as everything was in a state of flux: some members of the crew were signing off and returning to Mariehamn, others arriving to take their place. The old Captain, Boman, who had commanded her since she joined the Erikson fleet, was going home and being replaced by Captain Sjögren who was coming from the *Archibald Russell*.

The Second Mate was thin, watery-eyed, and bad-tempered. At sea he was to prove much better than he looked to me this morning. He did not like ports and he did not like to see the ship in her present state. My arrival did not seem propitious and after dressing me down for not reporting aft directly I had come on board, he suddenly shot at me: 'Ever been aloft before?'

'No, sir.'

We were standing amidships by the mainmast. He pointed to the lower main shrouds which supported the mast and said simply: 'Op you go then.' I could scarcely believe my ears. I had imagined that I should be allowed at least a day or two to become used to the ship and the feel of things, but this was my introduction to discipline. I looked at the Mate. He had a nasty glint in his eye and I decided I was more afraid of him than of the rigging. If I was killed it would be his fault, not mine, I said to myself with little satisfaction. Nevertheless I asked him if I could change my shoes which had slippery soles.

'Change your shoes? Op the rigging.' He was becoming impatient.

At this time *Moshulu* was the greatest sailing ship in commission, and probably the tallest. Her main mast cap was 198 feet above the keel. I started towards the main rigging on the starboard side nearest the quay but was brought back by a cry from the Mate.

'Babord, port side. If you fall you may fall in the dock. When we're at sea you will always use the weather rigging, that's the side from which the wind blows. Never the lee rigging. And when I give you an order you repeat it.'

'Op the rigging,' I said.

The first part of the climb seem easy enough. The lower main shrouds supporting the mast were of heavy wire made from plough steel and the first five ratlines were iron bars seized across four shrouds to make a kind of ladder which several men could climb at once. Above them the ratlines were wooden bars seized to the two centre shrouds only, the space for the feet becoming narrower as they converged at the 'top', eighty feet up, where it was difficult to insert a foot as large as mine in the ratlines at all. Before reaching this point, however, I came abreast of the main yard. It was of tapered steel, ninety-five and a half feet from arm to arm, two and a half feet in diameter at the centre, and weighed over five tons. It was trussed to the mainmast by an iron axle and preventer chain which allowed it to be swung horizontally from side to side by means of tackle to the yardarms; an operation known as 'bracing'.

Above me was the 'top', a roughly semi-circular platform with gratings in it. This was braced to the mast by steel struts called futtock shrouds. To get to the 'top' I had to climb outwards on the rope ratlines seized to the futtock shrouds. There was a hole in the 'top' which it was considered un sporting to use. I only did so once for the experience and cut my ear badly on a sharp projection which was probably put there as a deterrent. I found difficulty in reaching the top this first time and remained transfixed, my back nearly parallel with the dock below, whilst I felt for a rope ratline with one foot. I found it at last and heaved myself, nearly sick with apprehension, on to the platform, where I stood for a moment, my heart thumping. There was only a moment's respite, in which I notice that the mainmast and the topmast were in one piece - not doubled as in most sailing ships - before the dreadful voice of the Mate came rasping up at me: 'Get on op.'

The next part was nearly fifty feet of rope ratlines seized to the topmast shrouds. Almost vertical, they swayed violently as I went aloft; many of them were rotten and one broke underfoot when I was at the level of the topsail yards. Again the voice from the deck: 'If you want to live, hold on to those shrouds and leave the bloody ratlines alone.'

The lower topsail yard was slung from an iron crane but the upper topsail yard above it was attached to a track on the foreside of the topmast allowing the yard to be raised by means of a halliard more than twenty-five feet almost to the level of the crosstrees. The crosstrees formed an open frame of steel girdering about 130 feet up, at the heel of the topgallant mast. Originally the topsail had been a single sail, but to make it easier for the reduced crews to take in sail, it had been divided into two. At the moment the upper topsail yard was in its lowered position, immediately on top of the lower topsail yard. The crosstrees seemed flimsy when I reached them; two long arms extended aft from the triangle, spreading the backstays of the royal mast, the highest mast of all. I stood gingerly on this slippery construction; the soles of my shoes were like glass; all

Belfast spread out below. I looked between my legs down to a dock as thin as a ruler and nearly fell from sheer funk.

'Op to the royal yard,' came the imperious voice, fainter now. Another forty feet or so of trembling topgallant shroud, past the lower and upper topgallant yards, the upper one, like the upper topsail yard, movable on its greased track. The ratlines were very narrow now and ceased altogether just below the level of the royal yard.

I was pretty well all in emotionally and physically but the by now expected cry of 'Out on the yard' helped me to heave myself on to it. In doing so I covered myself with grease from the mast track on which the royal yard moved up and down. It was fifty feet long and thinner than those below it. As on all the other yards, an iron rail ran along the top. This was the jackstay, to which the sail was bent. (In cadet training ships this rail would have had another parallel to hold on to, as, with the sail bent to the forward jackstay, there was little or no handhold. *Moshulu* had not been built for cadets and this refinement was lacking. With no sails bent what I had to do was easy, but I did not appreciate my good fortune at the time.) Underneath the yard was a wire rope which extended the length of it and was supported half-way between the mast and either yardarm by vertical stirrups. This foot-rope was called the 'horse' and when I ventured out on it I found it slippery as well as slack so that both feet skidded in opposite directions, leaving me like a dancer about to do the splits, hanging on to the jackstay.

'Out. Right Out to the yardarm,' came the Mate's voice, fainter still. I hated him at this moment. There were none of the 'joosts' and 'ploddys' of the stylized Scandinavian to make me feel superior to this grim officer. He spoke excellent English.

Somehow I reached the yardarm. I tried to rest my stomach on it, and stick my legs out behind me but I was too tall; the foot-rope came very close up to the yard at this point, where it was shackled to the brace pendant, and my knees reached to the place on the yard where the riggers had intended my stomach to be, so that I had the sensation of pitching headlong over it. Fortunately there was a lift shackled to the yardarm band, a wire tackle which supported the yard in its lowered position, and to this I clung while I looked about me.

What I saw was very impressive and disagreeable. By now I had forgotten what the Mate had said about falling into the dock and I was right out at the starboard yardarm, 160 feet above the sheds into which *Moshulu's* 62,000 sacks of grain were being unloaded. The rooftops of these sheds were glass and I remember wondering what would happen if I fell. Would I avoid being cut to pieces by the maze of wires below, or miss them and make either a large expensive crater in the roof or a smaller one shaped like me? I also wondered what kind of technique the ambulance men employed to scoop up what was left of people who fell from such heights. I tried to dismiss these melancholy thoughts but the beetle-like figures on the dock below that were stevedores only accentuated my remoteness. The distant prospect was more supportable: a tremendous panorama beyond the city to the Antrim Hills and far up the Lough to the sea.

'Orlright,' called the Mate. 'Come in to the mast.' I did so with alacrity, but was not pleased when he told me to go to the truck on the very top of the mast. I knew that with these blasted shoes I could never climb the bare pole, so I took them off, and my socks too, and wedged them under the jackstay.

There were two or three very rotten ratlines seized across the royal backstays. The lowest broke under my weight so I used the backstays alone to climb up to the level of the royal halliard sheave to which the yard was raised when sail was set. Above this was nothing. Only six feet of bare pole to the truck. I was past caring whether I fell or not.

I embraced the royal mast and shinned up. The wind blew my hair over my nose and made me want to sneeze. I stretched out my arm and grasped the round hardwood cap 198 feet above the keel and was surprised to find it was not loose or full of chocolate creams as a prize. Now the bloody man below me was telling me to sit on it, but I ignored him. I could think of no emergency that would make it necessary. So I slid down to the royal halliard and to the yard again.

'You can come down now,' shouted the Mate. I did. It was worse than going up and more agonizing as I was barefoot, with my shoes stuffed inside my shirt.

'You were a fool to take your shoes off,' said the Mate when I reached the deck. 'Now can you learn to clean the lavatories.'

Since that day I have been aloft in high rigging many hundreds of times and in every kind of weather but I still get that cold feeling in the pit of the stomach when I think of the first morning out on the royal yard with the sheds of the York Dock below."

PROVIDED BY DOUG JONES, PORT CAPTAIN

