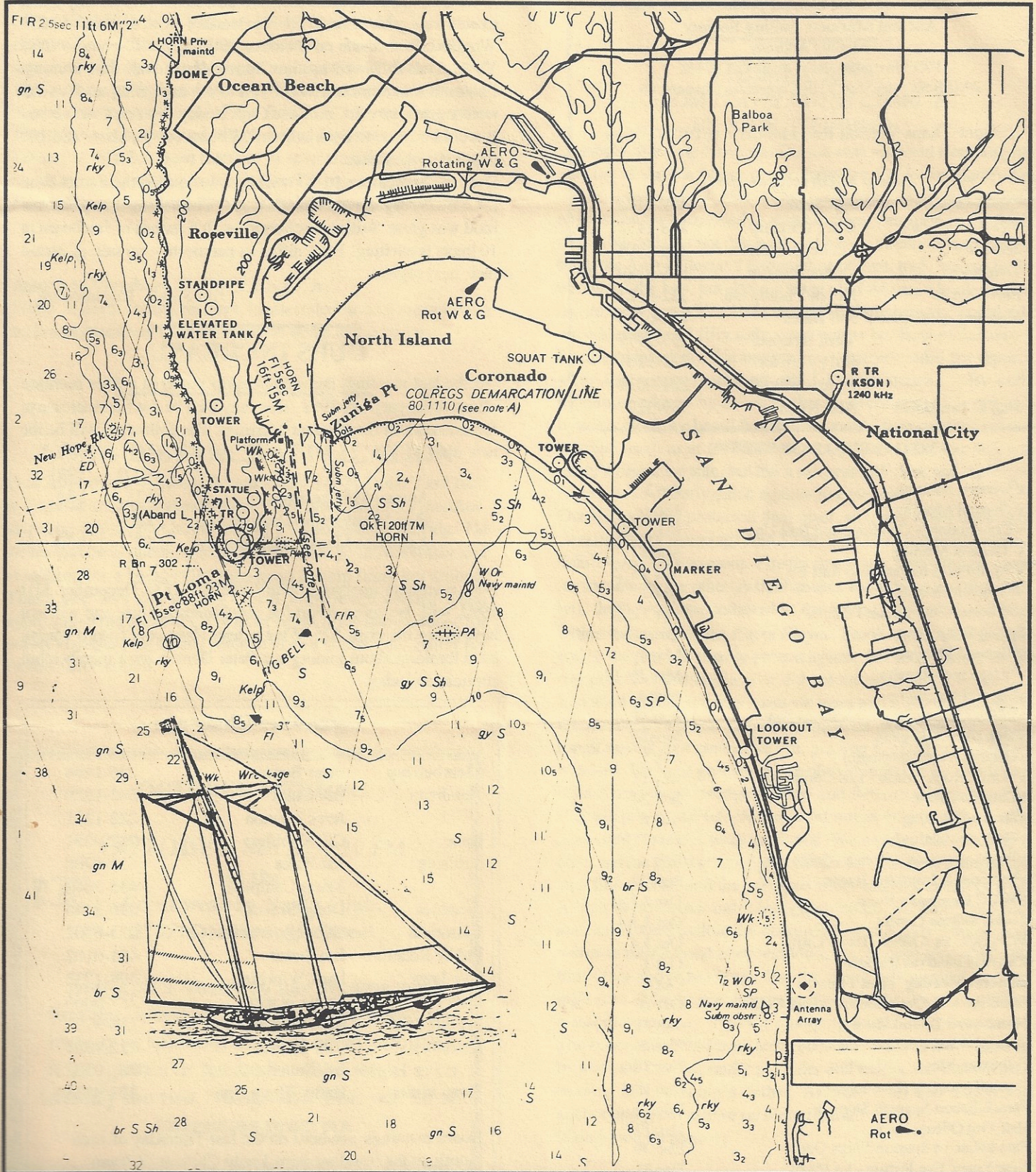
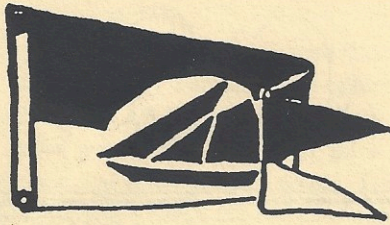


ALBATROSS

ANCIENT MARINERS SAILING SOCIETY

OCTOBER 1992





The Albatross is the official publication of the
Ancient Mariners Sailing Society.
Mailing Address:
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AMSS Ship-to-Ship VHF Common - Channel 68

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Board of Directors - 1992

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	Jerry Newton	222-1281
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1992 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

√ General Meeting	Jan 2
√ General Meeting	Feb 6
√ Commodore's Cup Race and Raft Up	Feb 22,23
√ General Meeting	Mar 12
√ April Fools Regatta and Raft Up	Mar 28, 2
√ General Meeting	Apr 2
√ Wooden Boat Center Festival	Apr 11, 12
Spring Swap Meet	Cancelled
√ General Meeting	May 7
√ Yesteryear Regatta	May 16, 17
√ General Meeting	June 4
√ Roller Coaster Cruise - Mission Bay	June 13
√ Jack and Jill Regatta	June 27
√ General Meeting (picnic)	July 2
√ Gorilla Rock Cruise - Los Coronados	July 11
√ Catalina Cruise	July 24
√ General Meeting	Aug 6
√ General Meeting	Sept 3
√ Working Person's Cruise - South Bay	Sept 4
√ Petticoat & Iron Man Races	Sept 12, 13
SWYC Ensenada Race	Oct 2,3,4
Todos Santos Cruise	Oct 2,3,4
W.H.O.A. vs AMSS (Dana Cup)	Oct 3,4
Cabrillo Festival Regatta	Oct 3
General Meeting (2nd Thurs)	Oct 8
Boat Show & Commodore's Ball CCYC	Oct 10
Homeward Bound Race	Oct 11
General Meeting (Nominations)	Nov 5
Fall Swap Meet	Nov 14
General Meeting (Elections)	Dec 10
Parade/Escort Spanish Ships In	Dec 11
Half Pint O'Rum Race	Dec 12
Parade/Escort Spanish Ships Out	Dec 20
New Years' Eve Raftup - La Playa	Dec 31

From the Helm

With only three months left, we still have several important events this year. Mark your calendars now for our AMSS Wooden Boat Show on October 10th at the Coronado Cays Yacht Club followed by the Commodore's Ball that evening. Enclosed is a return mailer for you to use in signing up. You are welcome to arrive at Coronado Cays Friday evening October 9th. It would be nice to have at least 25 boats for the show and 100 people for the dance!

Over the September 19-20 weekend, I attended the Scuzz-Bum (SCSBMS) regatta at Fiddler's Cove. The sailing was great, the food was great. Sailing a schooner with 5 inches of freeboard in 10 knots is exciting! For a different perspective on sailing, attend their next regatta.

Jim Sutter, Commodore

DUES INCREASE

At the last meeting, the membership voted in a dues increase effective January 1st, 1993. This may well be the first increase in the existence of the Ancient Mariners. The following will be the new dues:

	1992	1993
Annual Membership	\$25	\$50
Flag Membership Petition \$60	\$85	
Associate Membership Petition	\$25	\$50

New members applying from October 1st to December 31st 1992, will be given credit for 1993 membership, and will not have to pay the extra \$25. What a deal! Have your friends who've been thinking about joining see Peter Benton for a membership application today.

Committee Chairmen

Membership	Peter Benton	226-1484
Handicap	Bill Clark	542-1229
	Jerry Newton	222-1281
Race	C.F.Koehler	222-9051
Cruising	Jon Bates	421-6700
	Krista Champion	435-3643
Trophies	Doug Graves	226-3446
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Data Processing	Diana Watson	287-9066
T-Shirt Sales	Mark Szczecina	238-9770
Directory	C.F. Koehler	222-9051
	Jim Sutter	481-0102
Swap Meets	Kathy Thompson	223-9123

Board meetings are held on the last Thursday of each month, at the Southwestern Yacht Club at 7.30pm.

MEMBERSHIP PETITIONS

Yacht: Patronilla

Owners: David and Mary Louise Silva

Construction: Western Red Cedar and Yellow Cedar over white oak frames, Teak decks, custom bronze fittings.

Builder: Astoria Marine, Oregon, 1957

Designer: Philip Rhodes, 1940s

LOA: 50', **LWL:** 39' 6", **Beam:** 12' 4", **Draft:** 4' 6"

Patronilla is a Rhodes Pilothouse Cutter, shoal draft design, modified and redrawn by naval architect W.H. Dole in the 1940s. She was designed as a traditional racer/cruiser with the rugged cruising conditions of the Pacific Northwest along with Trans-Pac racing in mind. She finished 3rd three times in the Trans-Pac. She has been featured in several sailing magazines, and is currently under charter in San Diego.

Patronilla is sponsored by *Jim Sutter & Vern Koepsel*

Associate Member: Philip E. Moore, Jr.

Philip, a north county resident, is interested in crewing, working on committees and helping work on boats and projects.


LONG DISTANCE APPLICATION

Fred Aley, owner of *Kochab*, reportedly a 40 ft. Robb Yawl built in London to Lloyds standards in 1956, has applied for membership from his current home port of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. He writes that he is planning to sail for San Diego in November and is looking for a "modestly" paid hand to help bring her around. That's one way of having local knowledge aboard when approaching our shores. Crew must be qualified and seasoned for ocean voyaging. Anyone interested can contact the Editor for further information.

OCTOBER MEETING

OCTOBER 8th AT 7:30 PM

at the

 Southwestern Yacht Club,
2702, Quailtrough Street

Ann Koll's Aussie 16 has become very famous. Annie is going to tell us about the history of the boat and the great publicity it has gotten in Australia. (She might even identify the two "old gents.") This will be an interesting program

FAMILY ILLNESS FORCES SALE

Majorica, a 36 ft. Rhodes cutter custom built by Chapman, Costa Mesa, in 1953, is for sale, due to family illness. She is constructed of Douglas fir over oak, Monel fastened, with iron keel. A real beauty, she underwent a major reoutfitting in 1991-92. She is offered for \$28,000, cash only. Contact Lee or Paula Washburn at (619) 224, 0671 for details.

HURRICANE

FROM TRAVELS WITH CHARLIE

BY JOHN STEINBECK

.....About that time hurricane Donna was reported tromping her way out of the Caribbean in our direction. On Long Island's tip, we have enough of that to be respectful. With a hurricane approaching we prepared to stand a siege. Our little bay is fairly well protected, but not that well..... I have a twenty two foot cabin boat, the *Fayre Eleyne*. I battened her down, took her out to the middle of the bay, put down a huge old fashioned hook anchor, and moored her with a long swing. With that rig she could ride out a hundred and fifty mile wind unless her bow pulled out.

Donna sneaked on. We bought out a battery radio for reports, since the power would go off if Donna struck..... By early morning we knew by the radio that we were going to get it, and by ten o'clock we heard that the eye would pass over us and that it would reach us at 1:07—some exact time like that. Our bay was quiet, without a ripple, but the water was still dark and the *Fayre Eleyne* rode daintily slack against her mooring.

Our bay is better protected than most, so many small craft came cruising in for mooring. And I saw with fear that many owners didn't know how to moor. Finally two boats, pretty things, came in, one towing the other. A light anchor went down and they were left, the bow of one tethered to the stern of the other and both within the swing of the *Fayre Eleyne*. I took a megaphone to the end of the pier and tried to protest against this foolishness, but the owners either did not hear or did not know or did not care.

The wind struck on the moment we were told it would, and ripped the water like a black sheet. It hammered like a fist. The whole top of an oak tree crashed down, grazing the cottage where we watched. The next gust stove one of the big windows in. I forced it back and drove wedges in top and bottom with a hand ax. Electric power and telephones went out as we knew they must. And eight foot tides were predicted. We watched the wind rip at earth and sea like a surging pack of terriers. The trees plunged and bent like grasses and the whipped water raised a cream of foam. A boat broke loose and tobogganed up on the shore, and then another. Houses built in the benign spring and early summer took waves in their second story windows. Our cottage is on a little hill thirty feet above sea level. But the rising tide washed over my high pier. The *Fayre Eleyne* rode gallantly swinging like a weather vane away from the changing wind.

The boats which had been tethered to one another had fouled up by now, the tow line under propeller and rudder and the two hulls bashing and scraping together. Another craft had dragged its anchor and gone ashore on a mud bank..

(Continued on page 4)

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The wind stopped as suddenly as it began, and although the waves continued out of rhythm they were not wind-tattered, and the tide rose higher and higher. All the piers around our little bay had disappeared under water, and only their piles or hand rails showed. The silence was like a rushing sound. The radio told us that we were in the eye of Donna, the still and frightening calm in the middle of the revolving storm. I don't know how long the calm lasted. It seemed a long time of waiting. And then the other side struck us, the wind from the opposite direction. The *Fayre Eleyne* swung sweetly around and put her bow into the wind. But the two lashed boats dragged anchor, swarmed down on *Fayre Eleyne*, and bracketed her. She was dragged fighting and protesting down wind and forced against a neighboring pier, and we could hear her hull crying against the oaken piles. The wind registered over ninety-five miles now.

I found myself running, fighting the wind around the head of the bay towards the pier where the boats were breaking up. I think my wife, for whom *Fayre Eleyne* is named ran after me, shouting orders for me to stop. The floor of the pier was four foot under water, but piles stuck up and offered handholds. I worked my way out little by little up to my breast pockets, the shore driven wind slapping water in my mouth. My boat cried and whined against the piles, and plunged like a frightened calf. Then I jumped and fumbled my way aboard her. For the first time in my life I had a knife when I needed it. The bracketing wayward boats were pushing *Eleyne* against the pier. I cut the anchor line and tow line and kicked them free, and they blew ashore on the mud bank. But *Eleyne's* anchor chain was intact, and that great old mud hook was still down, a hundred pounds of iron with spear shaped flukes as wide as a shovel.

Eleyne's engine is not always obedient, but this day it started at a touch. I hung on, standing on the deck, reaching inboard for wheel and throttle and clutch with my left hand. And the boat tried to help—I suppose she was that scared. I edged her out and worked up the anchor chain with my right hand. Under ordinary conditions I can barely pull that anchor with both hands in a calm. But everything went right this time. I edged over the hook and it tipped up and freed its spades. Then I lifted it clear of the bottom and nosed into the wind and gave it throttle and we headed into that goddamn wind and gained on it. It was as though we pushed our way through thick porridge. A hundred yards offshore I let the hook go and it plunged straight down and grabbed bottom, and the *Fayre Eleyne* straightened, and raised her bow, and seemed to sigh with relief.

Well there I was a hundred yards offshore with Donna baying at me like a pack of white whiskered hounds. No skiff could possible weather it for a minute. I saw a piece of branch go skidding by and simply jumped in after it. There was no danger. If I could keep my head up I had to blow ashore, but I admit the half Wellington rubber boots I wore got pretty heavy. It couldn't have been more than three minutes before I grounded and that other *Fayre Eleyne* and a neighbor pulled me out. It was only then that I began to shake all over, but looking out and seeing our little boat riding well and safely was nice. I must have strained something pulling that anchor with one hand, because I needed a little help home; a tumbler of whisky on the kitchen table was some help too. I've tried since to raise that anchor by hand and I can't do it..

LEARNING EXPERIENCE

by Diana Watson

The Petticoat Regatta
It happens once a year
The ladies take the helm
The men stay ashore in fear
It's really a learning experience
We learn to strategize, trim and steer
We find it really can be fun
You don't even have to swear!

The instructions said look for starting flags
They'd be red, white or blue
But what is this, it's red and white
Now what are we to do?
"They've lost the flags again," we said
"It is well after noon".
The horn went off, we were across
We didn't go too soon.

The wind picked up
We trimmed the sails
The boat just seemed to sing
We tacked and tacked,
and jibed and jibed
And didn't hit a thing
But when we crossed the finish line
We didn't hear the horn
"You didn't start", they yelled across
Their voices showed some scorn.

It's really a learning experience
We learn to strategize, trim and steer
We learned about a *delayed start*

.....
Watch out for us **next** year!

PETTICOAT RESULTS

1ST	COMANCHE	DOMINICI
2ND	SELENE	WOLFE
DSQ	FRANCESCA	MISMAN
DNS	BLUEWATER	BENTON

IRONMAN RESULTS

1ST	MALABAR STAR	KOEPSSEL
2ND	RANGER	SUTTER
3RD	SALLY	KOEHLER
DNF	SELENE	