

Three Sheets in the Wind

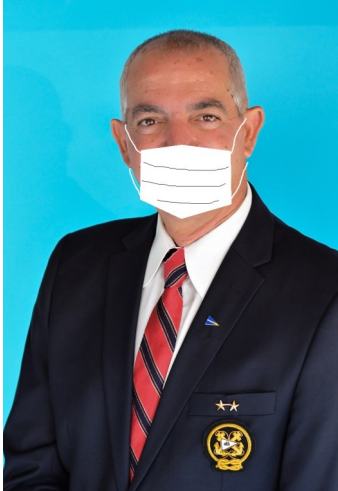
THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE LITTLE SHIPS FLEET YACHT CLUB
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Commodore's Report *Moti Cohen-Doron*



Happy May Little Shippers!

It's hard to believe that we are still under lock down and sheltering in place. Hopefully this will all end quickly and we will return to normal soon, whatever that new normal is going to be.

Since there is not much to report on events that never happened, here's an update regarding our shed replacement. I am in frequent communication with the City of Long Beach trying to obtain a commitment for a start date. The City is not there yet but I know they're working on it. A temporary storage container company is standing by to deliver a unit once we get the date scheduled. I am really hopeful that when LSFYC resumes our activities we'll have a new shed as a home base.

Our shed replacement fundraiser is progressing and we have raised a total of: \$4740. A **BIG** Thank You goes out to all of the members who have sent in their donations:

Cindy R.	Roy Q.	Bill I.
Jane K.	Dick M.	
Yvonne L.	Steve C.	
Becky M.	Paul D.	
Geoff V.	Jeffrey B.	
Kristina D.	David H.	
Larry R.	Nate T.	

I'm hoping to see this list of members growing in numbers before we start construction.

If you haven't contributed yet we are still in great need of donations. Please make your checks payable to **Little Ships Fleet Yacht Club** and mail it to:

(con't next page)

Commodore's Report ...con't

Moti Cohen-Doron
5501 Santa Monica Ave.
Garden Grove, CA 92845

One of the good things that has come out of this lock down situation is that Jill and I have been walking a lot more. Our favorite place to walk is around Alamitos Bay Marina, so much so that we've probably walked every basin and gangway many times over. People are starting to recognize us as we go by. We've noticed that sanding and varnishing wooden handrails is quite popular these days. Makes me think twice how much wood I want on my next boat!

Here is a true story you may enjoy:

A sailor and a pirate are in a bar recounting their adventures at sea.

Seeing the pirate's peg-leg, hook, and eye patch the sailor asks:

"So, how did you end up with the peg-leg?"

The pirate replies: *"We were caught in a huge storm and a giant wave swept me overboard. Just as me crew were pullin' me out, a school of sharks appeared and one of 'em bit me leg off."*

"Blimey!" said the sailor. *"And how'd you get the hook?"*

"Arrrrg...", mused the old salt, *"I got into a fight over a woman in a bar, and me hand got chopped off."*

"Blimey!" remarked the sailor. *"And how about the eye patch?"*

"Oh that," said the pirate, looking embarrassed. *"Well...a seagull droppin' fell into me eye."*

"You lost your eye to a seagull dropping?" the questioner asked incredulously.

"Well..." said the old sea dog, *"it was me first day with the hook."*

Please stay safe and healthy,
Can't wait to see you again soon.

Moti Cohen-Doron
Commodore, LSFYC



Vice Commodore's Report

Debra Terrell



More Sails & Tales...

While we were raising our glasses and welcoming in this new decade last New Years Eve, I doubt any one of us thought by February we would be living in a world of uncertainty, isolated from our friends & family and our daily routines. I've been thinking about what sort of positive message I can share in the newsletter this month. What can I say, I wondered, that hasn't already been said to cheer everyone up a bit?

Well...I couldn't really think of anything. So in lieu of any of my random thoughts on the strange times we find ourselves in I decided to share a couple of good clean jokes that gave me a giggle:

No ... you change your course!

Dead ahead, through the pitch-black night, a captain sees a light on a collision course with his ship. Reaching for the radio, he says: "*Change your course ten degrees east.*"

"*Change yours ten degrees west,*" comes the reply.

The captain responds, "*I'm a navy captain! Change your course, sir!*"

"*I'm a seaman second class,*" the next reply comes back. "*Change your course, sir.*"

The captain is furious. "*I'm a battleship! I'm not changing course!*"

The man replies, "*I'm in a lighthouse. Your call.*"

...and the one about the magician and the captain's parrot:

A magician was working on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. The audience would be different each week, so the magician allowed himself to do the same tricks over and over again.

There was only one problem: The captain's parrot saw the shows each week and began to understand how the magician did every trick. Once he understood he started shouting in the middle of the show:

"*Look everyone, it's not the same hat!*"

"*Look everyone, he is hiding the flowers under the table!*"

"*Hey, why are all the cards the Ace of Spades?*"

The magician was furious but couldn't do anything; as it was, after all, the captain's parrot.

One day the ship had an accident and sank. The magician found himself adrift on a piece of wood in the middle of the ocean with the parrot, of course. They stared at each other with hate, but did not utter a word. This went on for a day, then another, and another.

After a week the parrot said: "*OK, I give up. What'd you do with the ship?!*"

What's your tale?...

While we have been on the subject of story telling here, lately it has occurred to me the most interesting story you can tell is your own. Whether it is describing your first boat or the best sail of your life or an amazing night at anchor somewhere dreamily tropical—or maybe some wild nightmarish docking story in high winds and where no one gets hurt and no boats are harmed—nobody can tell your story better than you. We can all use a little diversion right now so don't forget to let me know (debnriley@icloud.com) if you have a story that should be added to our next newsletter!

Have a good May everyone. I look forward to seeing you all safe & sound in the near future.

Debra Terrell

LSFYC Vice Commodore



Rear Commodore's Report

Cindy Ramirez



Waiting for the day...

I am writing this newsletter on Sunday, April 26th... the day we all should have been celebrating our 83rd Opening Day. Instead I am watching *Forest Gump*, making banana, pumpkin and pineapple bread. I am sure missing our shrimp cocktail, ham sliders, mimosas and most of all ... our members.

We will have a wonderful celebration soon. Until then, stay healthy and joyful each day while we “shelter at home.” Please remember to reach out to our members. Do not hesitate to ask for help if needed. We are a family of Little Shippers.

We are blessed to share beautiful sunsets at our club and in time... in our new shed. A big thank you to Moti for coordinating this project and to all that have donated to this project. With a grateful heart, thank you!

Please remember to invite new members to join LSFYC, to events soon around the corner.

Cindy Ramirez
LSFYC Rear Commodore/Secretary



Jr. Staff Commodore's Report

Frank Franco



The solution for the Corona virus has been found!

That's right...I found the answer to our calamity. After weeks of having *seeing* and *hearing* to all of the news coverage and then *speaking* about what I think should be done, I realized that by *not* seeing, hearing and talking about the virus, it doesn't exist anymore! What a relief!

Seriously tho, follow the government's suggestions for precautionary actions to protect yourself, your family and from the world around you.

Food hunt...

As mentioned last month, Lara and I have been dividing our time between home and the boat in Alamitos Bay Marina. Consuming a hot and tasty meal is now a function of location, i.e. where to get it and then a comfortable place to sit down to eat it. When at the boat (at Basin 6), there is the **Ralph's** market in Marina Pacifica Mall where the deli counter has hot foods as well as premade sandwiches, salads and such. The store closes at 10 pm.

We sometimes lunch at **Schooner or Later** before the 2:00 closing time for their hearty meatloaf sandwich. The other night we found ourselves in Long Beach around 7:00pm wondering where to get dinner and remembered **Naples Rib Company** where we ordered great tri tip sandwiches to pick up and take back to the boat to have a nice dinner. After which we headed back home with happy stomachs.

Now that the sun is shining longer, and if your boat is in the marina, don't hesitate to spend some time on it to enjoy the benefit of another place to isolate yourselves.

Antarctica adventure continues...

To continue the trip story (page 7) from last month, I have only discussed the some of the highlights of the expedition as there was much, much more that transpired on the ship and on shore I couldn't cover here. Possibly in future issues I'll relate some of the separate events that occurred.

TV time...

While at home, much time is spent staring at the TV thanks to internet TV subscriptions. Some suggestions to watch:

Amazon Prime [Search] sailing

- Coyote-the Mike Plant story
- Sailing Around the World-The Calif Campaign
- Sailing Around the Word-Transpac
- Sailing Around the Word-Alone
- Maidentrip
- Surface to Air

You thought *you* were isolated movies:

- Mine
- The Wall
- Boat (not Das Boot)
- Abandoned

Frank Franco

LSFYC Staff Commodore



Signals from the Fleet Captain

Nate Tucker



Racing Program...

Well, due to the current social distancing situation, it appears that the LSFYC May 30 LBHS race is cancelled or possibly postponed.

Tradeoffs...

Consider RHIP (Rank has its privileges) and RHIR (Rank has its responsibilities). As with age, I look at the tradeoffs. Sure, I'm pretty old - who wouldn't want to be 70 again? On the other hand, I never (well, seldom) do anything I don't want to do. And I always (well, usually) just do the things I want to do. Who's to tell me otherwise? I focus on important stuff, like my main hobby besides reading and golf, is making things - like my scale model Bluenose schooner, which will be sailing once they reopen Mason park.

Sometimes I browse through You Tube - interesting stuff, everything from politics to a lady doing a fantastic dance routine with a cyr - a giant size hoop. The other night I came across a video of a young man who made a solo voyage from Long Beach to Hilo in a Ranger 23. This kid was affable and upbeat, even when he got seasick, for the whole 27 days it took him to get there. What he lacks in experience he makes up for in just his appreciation of the world around him. Check it out: "solo sailing Los Angeles to Hawaii in a 23 foot boat"

More "signals" next time; meantime remember the old adage: better safe than sorry - be well everyone.

Nate Tucker

Fleet Captain, LSFYC

Frank and Lara in Antarctica...Part 2...Antarctica

By S/C Frank Franco

The flight from Buenos Aires to **Ushuaia** (*you-schway-ah*) was a repeat of the previous flights and fortunately was trouble free...just a long time sitting without a screen to watch movies. All 80 OAT travelers were packed into the plane like clusters of grapes on the vine and anxious to experience the next and main part of the adventure.

After arrival, the plan was to spend a day and night in the town then board the ship. Ushuaia is the southern most city in the world...*fin del mundo*...end of the world. It looks like it too...very foreboding landscape with snow covered mountains and rocky coastline. Although cold and windy, it is the jump off location for tourists to catch boats to explore Tierra del Fuego, the Falklands, South Georgia Islands and Antarctic peninsula.

After unloading the bags at the hotel, we all hopped on our respective team buses to explore the surrounding area of the town. Later in the next day, the main excursion was a short nature hike thru the terrain to wind up at the sign declaring we have reached the end of the Panamerican highway. After that, like parading schoolchildren, we boarded the bus to take us to an event we had become accustomed to...a BBQ where you know what was the main entre.

All 80 travelers, seated at many long tables in the spacious dining hall, knives and forks ready in hand and salivating like Pavlov's canines, were treated to individual table top charcoal grills with fragrant sizzling pieces of beef, sausage and chicken and well as salad, drinks and dessert. It was a great meal, but soon after having stuffed myself with plenty of protein, I found myself looking around for a defibrilator. After the usual speeches and pronouncements of what was to come by the various team leaders, we all piled back on the busses back to the hotel. The rest of the day was spent was exploring the town with dinner on our own.

Later in the afternoon of the next day the time came to load up the 50 lb and 17 lb bags and gear on the bus to embark on the ship The *Corinthian*, a 290 ft specially built vessel, deemed an *expedition* ship (not a cruise ship) designed to operate in arctic regions and carry 80-100 passengers. It was not an icebreaker.

With little fanfare and with all happy travelers finally sheperded aboard, the ship cast off from the dock and we were on our way to the frozen south. The ship was basically a mini cruise ship with all of the accoutrements of the big boys, but just less of them. The staterooms were adequate (with balconies), large dining room, 2 lounges, bar, a great piano player/singer to entertain us. All that was required to transport and house the 80 travelers in comfort.

Now the basic plan was to sail to the Antarctic peninsula, cruise thru and stop at the various islands to view the landscape and wildlife...especially the penguins, with 2 1/2 days to get there, 5 days there and 2 1/2 days to return back to Ushuaia. The OAT trip promotion was heavily focused on the being there part...i.e. the penguins, etc., but not so much on the getting there and back parts. Meaning that after leaving the last vestige of the South American continent, the ship had to traverse the Drake Passage in the Southern Ocean. The Southern Ocean typically has winds from the west and because there are no obstructing land masses, these winds can be very violent resulting in turbulent wave action. Consequently we all came prepared with copious amounts of Dramamine and various other seasickness remedies such as wrist bands and patches that attach to various parts of the body as well as some religious relics to be on the safe side.

The early part of the day's journey was spend cruising calmly thru the Beagle Channel sheltered in the lee of the continental tip. Awaiting us after the turn south was the notorious and fickle Drake Passage. Nicknamed the "Drake Lake" or the "Drake Shake" depending on the ferocity of the winds. So we hit the ship's bar and awaited our fates

After settling in the cabins and finally storing away the 50 lb and 17 lb bags, exploring the ship and then mingling and acquainting ourselves with some of the other travelers,

(con't on next page)

Frank and Lara in Antarctica...Part 2 (con't)

the ship left the calm of the Beagle Channel and turned south into the notorious Southern Ocean.

Now there was some chop in the seas in the first few hours with some movement in the ship. However, as the day wore on, wave action increased and the ship began a moderate rock and roll. All passengers including ourselves were adequately fortified with Dramamine, but by morning of the second day, the ship was in the clutches of the Drake Passage and some folks were feeling the effects. The up and down, side to side and the corkscrewing motion were managed by most of the passengers, but some after a brave and valiant effort finally succumbed...including sister-in-law Pat and myself. Now there was a ship's doctor onboard who found himself busy running from cabin to cabin administering a miracle shot of anti-nausea stuff that kicked in immediately. After which, we were back in action and were able to enjoy the rest of the journey watching the sea birds, dolphins and whales off the cabin balconies and from the stern of the ship.

Finally approaching the Antarctic land mass, we could see the never ending vista of snow piled 100's of feet thick and the adjoining glaciers. As we got closer to shore to the first zodiac drop off, we saw a multitude of black spots clustered on the barren rocks and up onto the snow covered ridges...and they were moving....penguins!

Now the procedure for the disembarkation to the shore was the same for each and every subsequent event. Each team of travelers were notified as to a specific time and place to prepare and meet for the exit. Preparation consisted of wearing adequate clothing (including the red parkas sent to us previously) cameras and any personal gear. At the appointed time, each team member would proceed to the exit door, sign out of the ship, march down to the staging area, sit down to put on the pre-assigned rubber boots, then step into a pan of disinfectant, stand on the large swim step at the boat "marina", and finally with helping hands from the ship's crew, quickly step into the awaiting zodiac. Each zodiac carried 8-10 travelers. The rules state that only a max of 100 people allowed on one shore at one time, hence the 80 passengers on the ship. The return to ship from shore was the reverse procedure.

Once on shore, we came across the multitudes of Adele penguins. These little guys were standing, walking and hopping around with no destination in mind. The rule was that we could not get any closer than 15 feet from a bird. However, the pengys did not get that memo. They simply went wherever they went...right by us, next to us. Having no land predators, they weren't too interested in us.

We were expecting below freezing temperature but were surprised to find the temps in the 30's and low 40's...after all it was the Antarctic summer. There was some melting of snow and ice as evidenced by the streams of water draining to the sea.

The majority of the penguins were molting juveniles, their furry looking thick grey insulating coat of feathers were slowly breaking off to eventually reveal the waterproof black and white coat of the adults. Once having achieved the adult stage, they would then head out to sea. The few remaining adults were still feeding the youngsters. Penguins are pelagic birds who spend 75% of their lives at sea only to come ashore to breed. During a later off ship excursion, we came across a group of penguins who were on the verge of finally departing their birth sites but were first testing the water and joyfully swimming back and forth to get the feel of their new bodies. There was a sense of wonder to see so much life thriving in such a desolate location.

The typical daily life aboard the ship followed the same pattern. Breakfast buffet served until 9 or 10 depending on the activity scheduled for the day. Later time spent in the bar or lounge areas reading or visiting with other folks or a planned off ship excursion. Lunch served around noon with open seating in the dining room. The daily talks regarding what the day's event were and what will be happening the next day followed by dinner. Daily meals were excellent gourmet dishes followed by various desserts. There was a lot of eating to be done...maybe too much so.

During the week, there were several other stops along the way to visit but the last island to disembark at was Desolation Island, a former whaling station now long abandoned. *(cont on next page)*

Frank and Lara in Antarctica...Part 2 (con't)

The day finally arrived to head north back to civilization meaning 2 1/2 days crossing the Drake Passage again. The previous evening's talk indicated that there was a storm from the west headed our way and that we would probably catch part of it before scooting around the corner heading back into the shelter of the continent's Beagle Channel. The ship's captain, in an attempt to comfort us, declared that the *Corinthian* was one of the more powerful ships in the fleet and he would "put the pedal to the medal" to speed up the crossing and avoid the storm. Later we discovered that it wasn't fast enough!

The ship turned due north and with fond memories and packed with thousand of photos and selfies, we all bid farewell to the beautiful yet desolate landscape of the Antarctic coastline and the towering icebergs. The seas were relatively calm thru the morning and early afternoon, however, by mid afternoon, the winds picked up and so did the wave action with 5-10 ft seas. The 290 ft ship, diligently plowing forward thru the chop, was slowly performing the Drake Shake dance.

I had thought that the crossing south was rough. By late afternoon we were in the jaws of the storm with the howling westerly winds and angry seas rolling the ship to uncomfortable angles. We secured every loose thing in the cabins. It was almost impossible to walk in the corridors, although the crew members had their sea legs and had no trouble continuing to perform their duties. At dinner time, to my surprise, the usual meal table setting was laid out despite the extreme rolling of the ship.

Although the chairs and tables were anchored down to the deck, the rolling increased such that dishes and table wear begin to slide back and forth. At one point, I could see the top of waves at the opposite porthole from where I was sitting...the portholes are 20 ft from the waterline! The ship rolled violently and all of our table's contents went sliding onto my lap! End of dinner. I grabbed what food I could and went back to the cabin. That night was certainly the most violent of the trip. Sleep for me was impossible and Lara and I locked arms to stay in the bed. The ship was groaning and pounding all through the night...very scary. Later we heard folks were thrown from their beds onto the floor. Although the ship's doctor was very busy attending to the passengers again, I felt fine, I guess my sea legs developed. Lara was completely unaffected throughout the entire trip.

The next morning and day were not as bad and we all settled into a routine of hobbling like old salts. By evening it was better, but still some movement, to have a nice dinner and enjoy the rest of the crossing. The following day we turned west to enter the shelter of the Beagle Channel where the seas were calm and begin the approach to the port of Ushuaia.

After docking back in Ushuaia and to spend the night onboard, each team of travelers was notified as to the disembarking procedures and luggage placement for unloading. Prior to this, we had jettisoned the red parkas and all unneeded cold weather gear by donating to the ship. This gave us room for souvenirs and to keep us below the 50 lb airline luggage requirement. Finally, the next morning came to say goodbye to the ship's crew and staff and leave the ship to get on the busses to the regional airport for the flight back to Buenos Aires. The flight back was an opportunity to relax and reflect on the wonderful past 3 week's adventures and realize that it really was time to get back home.

In B.A., the busses brought us back for a quick stop at the Panamerican hotel because the travelers taking the post trip to Brazil were to spend the night. We were to immediately continue on to the international airport to head to Dallas and home. At the hotel, we said our goodbyes to all we had made friends with and promised to keep in touch (never have yet). The bags were transferred to the new bus and Lara, Pat, Bev and myself left Buenos Aires.

Once again, although in premium economy, we executed the same procedure of sanitizing the area around us as we heard as to what was going on in the world. Once arriving in Dallas, we said our goodbyes to Pat and Bev who were heading back to SFO and we took off back to LAX.

This was a wonderful experience being able to share with family and new friends. A journey of this nature certainly presented us with the unexpected and the thrill of discovery.

Exhausted after the multiple flights and returning home Feb 29 from LAX, I lay down for a some needed sleep during which I had a dream that, in the dream, the world was upside down and everything that I had known in the real world was the opposite of what it should be...a Bizzaro world...a nightmare!

I finally woke up only to discover that my nightmare was now reality...

ANTARTICA photos

Some photos from the trip:



Antartica



The ship



Parka patch



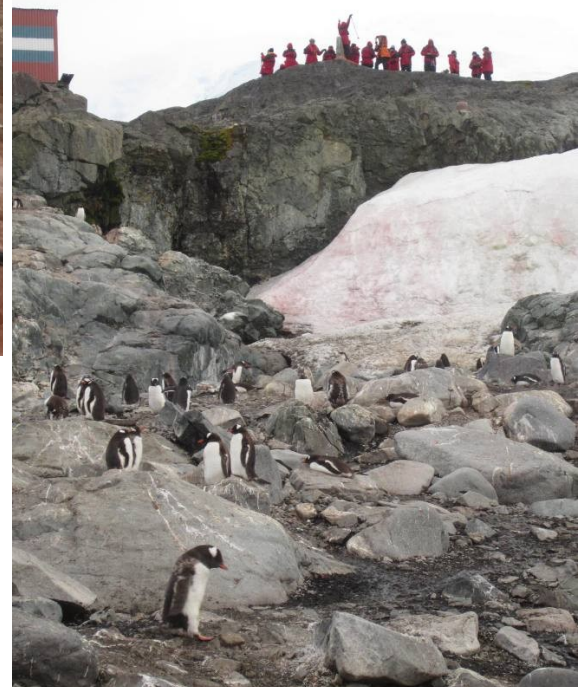
Ship's marina



Zodiac to shore



Penguinos



Red parkaed folks exploring the magnificent desolation and wildlife of the Antarctic coastline.

Antartica photos



Sailing expedition

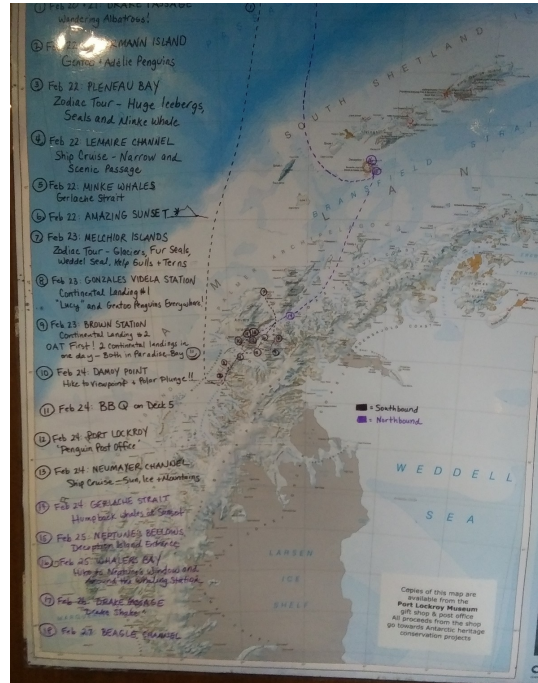


Remains of the whaling station on Desolation Island



Polar Bear plunge

On board map showing all of the stops along the way.



Frank & Lara



Lara sitting on a growler iceberg



Antartica

May 2020



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10 MOM DAY	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25 MEMO- RIAL DAY	26	27	28	29	30
31						



2020 LSFYC Bridge

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Rear Commodore: Cindy Ramirez
Treasurer: Dick Martin
Fleet Captain: Nate Tucker
Port Captain : Larry Finley
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