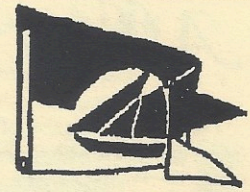


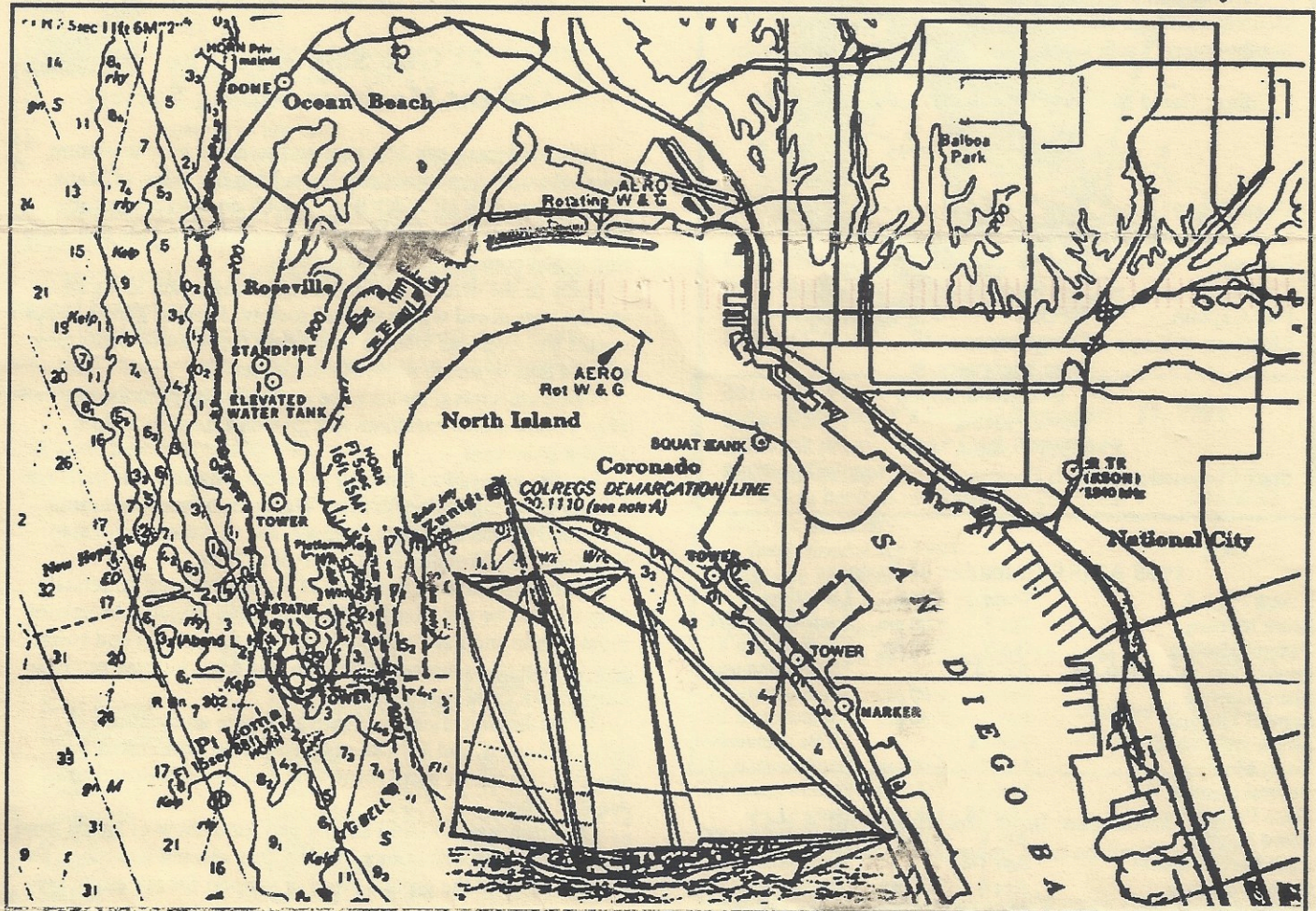
Albatross



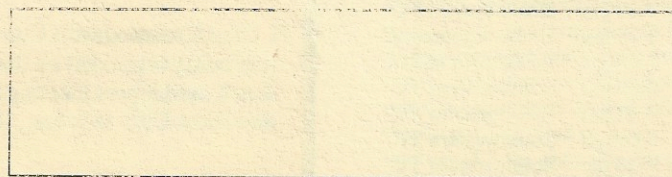
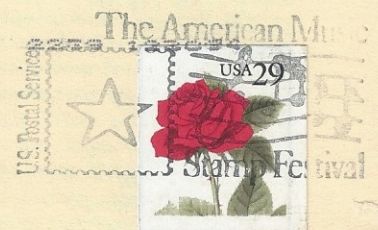
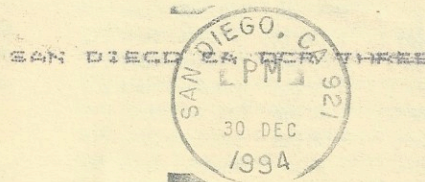
Ancient Mariners Sailing Society

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Albatross

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AMSS - Ship-to-Ship VHF Common - Channel 68.

General meetings are the first Thursday of each month at:
Southwestern Yacht Club, 2702 Qualtrough St, San Diego.

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Board of Directors - 1995

Commodore	Peter Benton	(619) 226-1484
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	Alan Niebrugge & Bob Hendrickson	(619) 486-4186
	David Houser	(619) 294-4746
	Larry Fossum	(619) 582-4338
Staff Commodore	Deb Dominici	(619) 459-7353

1995 AMSS Calendar of Events

Event	Date	Time	Location
Board Meeting	Jan 5	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	Jan 5	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Commodore's Cup/Raft-Up	Jan 14		To Be Announced
Board Meeting	Feb 2	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	Feb 2	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Jack & Jill Regatta	Feb 18		To Be Announced
Board Meeting	Mar 2	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	Mar 2	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Photo Portrait Cruise	Mar 18	1:00 pm	Buoy #3
Board Meeting	Apr 6	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
April Fools Regatta	Apr 1-2		To Be Announced
General Meeting	Apr 6	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Board Meeting	May 4	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	May 4	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Wooden Boat Festival	May 6-7	9:30 am	Koehler Kraft
Yesteryear Regatta	May 27	11:00 pm	Southwestern YC
Board Meeting	Jun 1	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	Jun 1	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Kettenburg Regatta	Jun 24	1:00 pm	Star of India
Board Meeting	Jul 6	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	Jul 6	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Commodore's Ball	Jul 15	8:00 pm	Shelter Is. Beach
General Mtg. & Picnic	Aug 3	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Gorilla Rock Cruise	Aug 5	12:00 pm	Ballast Point
Labor Day Cruise	Sep 2-3	12:00 pm	To Be Announced
Board Meeting	Sep 7	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	Sep 7	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Petticoat Race	Sep 16	1:00 pm	To Be Announced
Ironman Race	Sep 17	1:00 pm	To Be Announced
Board Meeting	Oct 4	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting	Oct 4	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Board Meeting	Nov 2	6:00 pm	Southwestern YC
General Meeting (nominations)	Nov 2	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
Half Pint O'Rum Race	Dec 2	11:30 am	By Fiddlers Cove
General Meeting (elections)	Dec 7	7:30 pm	Southwestern YC
New Year's Raft-up	Dec 31	4:00 pm	La Playa Cove

From the Helm

21 Gun Salute To The Ancient Mariners Sailing Society

1995 will mark our 21st year and so it is a year to mature, celebrate, and give something back. Man the sides, off caps, three cheers: HIP HIP HOORAY! Well done to the membership, past directors and officers of the AMSS and the many distinguished commodores of yesteryear.

Rally to the colors, fly those burgees high, and let us all enjoy the year ahead with a unified society, friends, guests to our events and overseas visitors who yearn for wooden boats they may be able to sail in some of our events.

There are several issues to be addressed early in the new year. Please attend meetings and give us a hand in making 1995 a great year.

Firstly, we need to fund our program, possibly our most ambitious spending budget to date. We have to fund our normal races and events and stage, operate, and make a spectacular success of the Wooden Boat Festival in May.

Following close on the heels of the festival and America's Cup 95, will be our 21st annual Yesteryear Regatta. Members must turn to and pay dues on time, attend meetings and volunteer to help stage our big events. In this way, we may promise ourselves a great year ahead.

At the January meeting, I intend to give an overview of 1995 as I see it, and hold an open forum on some ideas from the FOC'sle which merit some new and innovative activities we will enjoy.

On some matters I will simply call for a show of hands from members which will ensure that the duly elected Executive Directors will feel the ground swell of support for our entire program.

On this note, may I humbly thank the membership for its votes for the new board members and on behalf of all members, duly thank Deb Dominici and her team for a task well done. HIP HIP HOORAY!

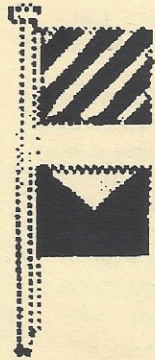
*Peter J. Benton
Commodore '95*

Commodore's Note:

The Commodore's Cup and Raft-Up is January 14th. It is being organized by the new Race Chairman, Doug Jones. A skippers meeting will be held at the Southwestern Yacht Club at 9 a.m., the morning of the race.

Please be there!

Half Pint O' Rum Race



The Half Pint O'Rum Race, has always been one of my favorite AMSS events. As is usual, there were various sizes of entry fees (bottles of rum) dumped into the rum barrel. Somehow though, the finer bottles never got into the barrel. They did, however, get to the right places.

An excellent turnout of 19 woodies were present at the start. There were several new boats this year and we welcomed their participation in the race.

It was practically a drifting start with no close encounters of the hull kind. Soon the racing fleet spread their wings and left most of the others in their wakes. The wind continued for the rest of the race. This was not a good race for the Gaffers, but there is another race coming next December.

The usual festivities took place at the raft-up at La Playa with eight boats present. Trophies donated by Ed Koepsel were awarded to the winning boats.

A good time was had by all.

*Vern Koepsel
R. C. Chairman '94*

Half Pint O' Rum Race Results

Boat Name Racing Class	Skipper	Handicap	Finish Corrected	
			Time	Time
1 Sally	Koehler	80	2:20:00	2:20:00
2 Andale*	Smith	135	2:31:00	2:24:24
3 Comanche	Dominici	120	2:44:00	2:39:12
4 Freedom	Latimer	145	2:52:00	2:44:12
5 Zephyr	Eichenlaub	195	2:59:00	2:45:12
6 Selene	Jackson	120	2:51:00	2:46:12
7 Feather**	Morris	195	3:09:00	2:55:12
8 Sundance	Thompson	175	3:07:00	2:55:36
9 Duchess	Hovland	185	3:10:00	2:57:24
10 Hullabuloo**	Rae	195	3:27:00	3:13:12
11 Valentine	Davidson	150	3:42:00	3:33:36
Cruising				
1 Robin	Craig	200	3:18:00	3:18:00
2 Malabar Star	Koepsel	220	3:24:00	3:21:36
Windship	Potter	300	Did not finish	
Amber Lee	Seiders	300	Did not finish	
Gaffers				
1 Woodrose	Houser	520	4:00:00	3:21:36
2 Maid of Kent	Newton	425	4:08:00	3:41:00
Revelee	Fossum	520	Did not finish	
Santa Teresa of Avila	Benton	500	Did not finish	

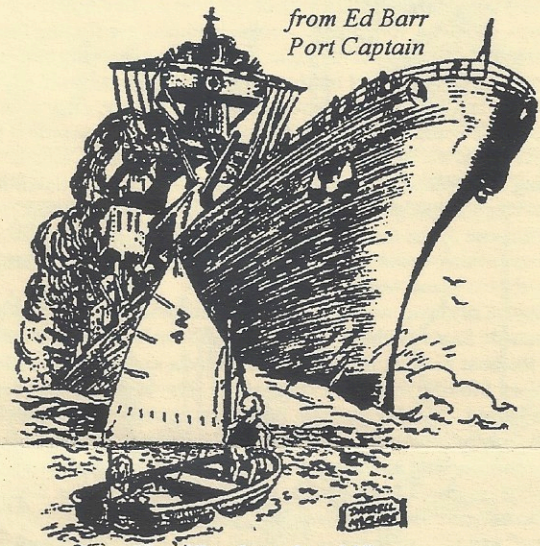
* Five minutes were added to finish time - Sails raised before skipper aboard.

** Five minutes added to finish time - Beaching boat at start.



Port Side

*from Ed Barr
Port Captain*



"Starboard tack!"

Treasurer's Report December 18, 1994 Year End Summary

Starting Balance	
Cash in bank as of November 26, 1993	\$ 4110.32
Income Summary	
Total income for 1994	\$ 8047.52
Expense Summary	
Total of expenses for 1994	\$ 6557.83
Ending Balance	
Cash in bank as of December 19, 1994	\$ 5600.01

*Michael W. O'Brien
Treasurer 1994*

This is the fourth and final installment from The Cruisin' Colemans - dated Sept. 1, 1994

Uh oh! I figured his hoses would suck it back up again and I filtered both tanks for about fifteen minutes till all the fuel coming back in looked clean. We thought we finally had it right.

We put the boat back together and motored to the fuel dock where we topped up the built-in tanks and filled the flexible too. With nearly 120 gallons of fuel on board, we prepared to leave for Point Conception the next day. Southern Cross headed out early under clear skies with light winds and a good weather report. Winds at Point Conception Buoy were clocked at twelve knots - time to go for it. There is a good anchorage called Cojo right near the point. If the wind picked up or the seas were too big we could pull in there and wait as long as necessary. We happily motored by Santa Barbara at noon on July 30th.

About two hours later, I decided to check the aft tank, "just in case." There was still some crud coming from the forward tank but I was only cleaning the filter every three to four hours, a huge improvement. Upon switching over to the aft tank, the filter immediately filled with water and brown gelatin-like gunk and the engine died. I nearly cried. I switched the tank levers back and cleaned out the filter and drained several cups of filthy water out of the large Fram filters. I finally got Dag fired up again, and heartsick, we headed back to Santa Barbara. All the gunk that the polishing guy had pumped into our aft tank stayed in there because our boat lists (leans) to port (left) and the access holes were cut in the starboard (right) sides. When we started sloshing around, the engine sucked it right up. It was my fault as

much as anyone's. If there's a next time, I'll first run the return fuel into a bucket till it's pumping clean.

Southern Cross limped into Santa Barbara. We rented a slip and roved everything from the port side of the boat to the starboard side. Water jugs, cushions, diesel jugs, books, ladder, spare rigging hardware, tools, etc. We slept at an angle, and the next morning broke out the pumps and hoses, pulled up the floorboards, and removed the access plates. Then we pumped brown and black, watery, dirty diesel into disposable containers. Most of the gunk came out because it had settled overnight on the starboard side this time. Then we closed everything up, replaced the large Fram filters and cleaned the in-line filter and electric fuel pump. A power boat owner named Frank offered to dispose of the dirty diesel (toxic waste?) for us. What an incredibly nice thing to do! We then put the boat back together, took long hot showers, and went to bed early.

The entire next two weeks were spent anchored just east of Stearns Wharf outside Santa Barbara. My cracked rib healed well, and we cleaned the boat bottom, finished more projects and ran the generator a lot to keep filtering the fuel. I cleaned the filter regularly and day by day it improved. One day, though, I screwed up and pumped smelly diesel all over our beautiful teak decks - Lorraine really cried that time. I began wearing a respirator and gloves when changing the filter because I developed a nasty cough, perhaps from the fumes. The cough and congestion are still with me. I became known as the "Diesel Doctor" and we call those our "Diesel Days in Santa Barbara."

The weather up the coast deteriorated. Southern Cross can motor against fifteen knot winds and three to four foot seas (it's impossible to sail directly upwind), but she has to hide when conditions worsen. We monitored the weather every day and it stayed the same every day - small craft advisories all the way down the coast from Monterey to Santa Rosa Island, twenty to thirty knot winds day and night. Sometimes they even forecast gale warnings. No more twelve foot winds at Conception - more like twenty two knots gusting to twenty eight with seven knot seas!

I downloaded weatherfax information via satellite through the HAM radio into our computer to get a grasp of conditions, but the pacific high moved around very little and a low pressure system over Yuma, Arizona remained stationary. Even if Southern Cross made it around Conception, she might get stuck in Port San Luis or San Simeon for weeks. The wind is as unpredictable as people. On August 14th, we gave up. We had hoped to spend the summer sailing with our family on San Francisco Bay, but summer was almost gone. We sadly called Mom, told her we weren't coming, and had her send back the mail that had been forwarded to her. We wrote apologetic cards to friends that were planning to meet us in San Francisco. We hope our plan change didn't mess them up too much. We felt really bad, and as if to taunt us, on August 15th, the wind dropped to flat calm at Point Conception. We talked of changing our minds again, but it was too late. The cards were mailed; the die cast. Besides, the calm was short-lived. By the 17th, the coastal wind started blowing like stink again.

We spent a week's "vacation" at Santa Cruz Island (our first since 1990) and had a ball. Southern Cross discovered plenty of wind in the Santa Barbara Channel where we honed our sailing skills. We met and became fast friends with Howard and Stephe, owners of a beautiful fifty foot aluminum boat named Holy Grail. The four of us hiked the jagged ridges on the pristine island and marveled at the Ancient Indian Middens (campsites). We shared meals and plans and Lorraine caught two scrumptious Calico Bass from our tiny dingy, Little Star. Lorraine swam every day and we played Scrabble and actually completed several novels!

One Saturday night, twenty five boats joined us in a cove that I considered safe for six, eight boats at the most. We practiced anchoring and re-anchoring with one and two hooks ("Anchor Bingo"). In that overcrowded anchorage, we re-learned an important lesson. Never ever let anyone anchor across your rode, no matter how much they try to convince you "it's fine as long as the lines don't chafe."

We were forced to pick up and re-anchor, but we slept well. After returning to the dock, we also learned, to our dismay, that our primary plow anchor, the one that came with the boat, was cracked almost to the breaking point. How fortunate to find out at the dock instead of waking up in the middle of the night banging against rocks. That's what a shakedown is all about. Vacation's over, though; now it's back to work.

I am researching an article on Hugh Angelman, the man who designed Southern Cross, and we are hunting for Angelman boats and owners as we travel south. We found four in Ventura harbor, three here, and everyone has received us warmly. Dennis, the owner of the Seawitch with no name, drove us to the grocery store for fresh vegetables, and A.J., the owner of teak hulk number 5, Sea Chanty, drove to Kinkos to make a full copy of our engine parts list for us. Laura at Ventura Yacht Club, and Charlie and everyone at Anacapa Yacht Club, were super friendly. Charlie let us use his van to run errands. Now we remember why we like boating so much. It's the A.J.s and the Dennises, the Howards and the Stephe's, the Charlies and the Lauras and the Franks. People are what make life, and especially the cruising life so great.

We are going to haul Southern Cross in Channel Islands and will spend the next two weeks sanding and repainting the topsides and bottom. We'll sail to Marina Del Rey to look for Angelman boats, then on to L.A. to visit the San Pedro Maritime Museum. Hugh Angelman started Wilmington Boat Works and built the first Seawitch near there, and we hope to find the "Class of 38," a unique 1931 Angelman powerboat. There is an Angelman Rendezvous on October 8th at Dana Point, so our latest plans (always subject to change of course) include a stopover there. Then we'll hurry back to San Diego, fly north, rent a car and visit our families. We'll actually have more time to visit that way, so things seem to have worked out for the best. That's probably the most important lesson from our shakedown cruise. As cruisers, we must structure our lives to the rhythms of the planet, be flexible, avoid time frames and deadlines, and accept change. Though change is rarely easy, it's always good.

I once compared life to a roller coaster, but it's much more like the proverbial river, full of twists and turns, rapids and calm places, and lots of forks. Sometimes, when we come to a fork, the stream on the left looks like the best choice but the current is too strong and sucks us to the right. We are determined to go left and start swimming and kicking like crazy. The harder we fight, the more the current pulls and the river usually wins. Then, as we drift down the right-hand channel, going with the flow and admiring the new sights and sounds, we look back. It's human nature to wonder if the other way really would have been better. We'll never know.

Please note our new address below. Remember, we write to those who write back. Love to all.

Lorraine & Rob Coleman
3061 Renault St.
San Diego, Ca 92122



At Press Time:

On January 1st, Paul Plotts will take the schooner "Dauntless" out for his annual New Years Day sail. Dauntless will be in the company of a number of Ancient Mariners vessels.

Let's raise our glasses in a toast to "Dauntless" and her owners, Paul and Peggy Plotts.

HAPPY NEW YEAR 1995!