



ALBATROSS

Ancient Mariners Sailing Society
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FROM THE HELM

In what may have seemed like much less than the blink of an eye, 20 Guinea Cup Race No. One of 2015 is now done and in the books. It mattered little whether you sailed the long-course or short course, the results were the same: exceedingly close competitions. Seconds mattered on this day as though they were eternities.

So, precisely when is the next 20 Guinea Cup race event? March 7? Trust me when I say this, that day can not come soon enough. As for all of the sailing competition in and among our fleet, well, let's make this observation public: as we begin 2015, the competition is found to be as exciting as ever, alive and much freshened.

It is not nearly two full months into the start of the new year and already we have reveled in two general meeting programs about two completely different approaches to chronicling the last 100-plus years or so of sail racing heritage. Here we go again tipping our hats in the direction of AMSS Program Director Greg Stewart, for scheduling yet another remarkable and informative program. Our new year is off to a great start. We also owe special cheers to Bob & Molly Cadranell for their more than generous collective hands in providing support and hospitality to our distinguished February speaker and his guests. Kudos and thank you.

Our most recent general program meeting was on Thursday, February 5. R.C. Keefe, historian of St. Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco, shared his expansive knowledge of innumerable famous yachts that have graced the waters of San Francisco Bay over the years. In the process, he entertained AMSS members and other guests in attendance with multiple individual tales that gently informed us all about precisely how it came to be that the St. Francis Yacht Club accumulated its present day, extensive collection of yacht models.



A crowd of boats at the start of first 20 Guinea Cup Race of 2015. L-16 *Elusine* is blanketed on all sides by AMSS Flag Vessels: *Akamai* (right), *Ianthia* (left) and *Sally* (top). [AMSS File Photo]

We had another really good night. Score that two months running. That is a streak that does not look to be broken with what Messrs. Stewart and Cadranell have planned for our March program. Read all about it on page three.

Back to the present. Mr. Keefe opened his presentation with a dramatic slide picture of two schooners, both impressive in size, screaming across San Francisco Bay at hull speed, amazingly close to the downtown waterfront as they approached the finish, neck and neck, of a many something-odd mile match race.

(Report continues on Page Four)

To preserve and promote interest in sail and power vessels of ancient vintage.

RACE COMMITTEE REPORT—FEBRUARY, 2015

While much of the country was shoveling snow, Ancient Mariners enjoyed balmy, fall-like weather for the first of the 2015 Guinea Cup race series. Ten competitive boats crossed the line at 1200 for what turned out to be an exciting event for all four fleets.

Course Three was announced at 1140. One lap measured in at 7.12 NM (the Long-course was 14.24 miles, 2 laps). Later, with the winds freshening from the Northwest at the end of the afternoon of racing, every sailor was wishing the course chosen had been one that was a bit longer.

After a clean start, *Chimaera*, *Akamai* and *Sally* close-reached past CB 17 in 8-10 knots, after which they fell off to CB 12 in lightening air. All the Long-course boats rounded CB 12 within hailing distance of each other and then the fun began. The normally reaching leg from CB 12 to FM 19 became a beat and the winds increased considerably. *Rendezvous* and *Akamai* had a short tacking duel while *Sally* and *Chimaera* headed off ahead on their own in tandem. Later in the day, with the winds freshening, the broad reach from the quays on North Island to FM 19 became a sled ride for all. Rounding FM 19 for the beat back to CB 19 saw all boats sailing close-hauled and throwing all their rail meat onto the high side of the boat.

The Short Course racers were the best-represented group in this race. *Ianthia*, *Sea Witch* and *Maid of Kent* were all in a tight group on the first leg. *Maid of Kent* detected stronger winds on the low side of the course between CB 17 and CB 12 and made an extra tack to get to them, a move that served her well as she gained on her competition. On the third leg to FM 19, *Sea Witch* got into some bad air over by North Island whilst *Maid of Kent* stayed to the middle of the channel where the wind was stronger and gained even more time. Meanwhile, the Luders fleet was off and running, never to be caught again.

The Long-course racers had a repeat of the first lap with the winds, once again, slacking between CB 17 and CB 12 but the winds were even stronger on the last two legs, blowing just below white cap speeds during the upwind leg to the finish.

Ianthia took 1st in the Short Course with less than a minute to spare over *Maid of Kent* on corrected time. *Sally* and *Chimaera* took it right down to the finish line. *Chimaera* crossed the line first with *Sally* only nine seconds behind her. *Sally* corrected out on top in that duel. In Long-course Class B, *Rendezvous* and *Akamai* were overlapped with less than a quarter mile to go. *Akamai* prevailed by 14 seconds and took the 1st in Long-course Class B as well as 1st overall.

(Report continues on Page Three)

2015 AMSS RACE CALENDAR

March 7	20 Guinea Cup Race #2 (All Sails)
April 4	April Fools/Guinea Cup Race #3 (All Sails)
May 9	41st Annual Yesteryear Regatta
June 6	Commodore's Cup Race
June 26 - 28	Kettenburg & Classic Yacht Regatta
August 8	20 Guinea Cup Race #1 (Non-Spin)
September 12	20 Guinea Cup Race #1 (Non-Spin)
October 10	20 Guinea Cup Race #1 (All Sails)
November 14	20 Guinea Cup Race #1 (All Sails)
December 12	Half Pint of Rum Race

20 GUINEA CUP RACE #1 RESULTS

LONG-COURSE CLASS A:

PLACE	YACHT	ELAPSED TIME	CORRECTED TIME
1st Place	<i>Sally</i>	2:20:50	2:19:53
2nd Place	<i>Chimaera</i>	2:20:41	2:20:41

LONG-COURSE CLASS B:

PLACE	YACHT	ELAPSED TIME	CORRECTED TIME
1st Place	<i>Akamai</i>	2:29:32	2:04:51
2nd Place	<i>Rendezvous</i>	2:29:46	2:05:05

SHORT COURSE:

PLACE	YACHT	ELAPSED TIME	CORRECTED TIME
1st Place	<i>Ianthia</i>	1:43:50	1:37:54
2nd Place	<i>Maid of Kent</i>	2:03:06	1:38:46
3rd Place	<i>Zephyr</i>	1:39:00	1:39:00
4th Place	<i>Sea Witch</i>	2:14:00	1:49:40

L-16 CUP:

PLACE	BOAT	ELAPSED TIME	CORRECTED TIME
1st Place	<i>Betty</i>	1:29:00	1:29:00
2nd Place	<i>Elusive</i>	1:30:15	1:30:15
3rd Place	<i>Zephyr</i>	1:39:00	1:39:00

RACE COMMITTEE REPORT

(Continued from Page Two)

After the race, almost all of the sailors joined other AMSS members and repaired to the Brigantine for the Happy Hour specials, which included discounts on the beverages as well as reasonable prices on the bar snacks.

At each Guinea Cup Race after-party, the Race Committee will be handing out a prize to one of the contenders. It will not necessarily go to the fastest boat. For Guinea Cup 1, the prize went to Chris Catterton in the Luders Fleet. His L-16, *Betty*, had a competitive race with *Elusive* and he was well complimented on his performance by *Elusive's* skipper, Patti Rague.

The after-party following Race One lasted well past Happy Hour and everyone went home with the pleasantly exhausted feeling of an exhilarating race and close competition.

Guinea Cup Race Two will be held on March 7 and the post-race party will once again be at the Brig, beginning at approximately 1600 hours. March is typically a windy month and you may remember that the 2014 March race was canceled because of high winds. The weather is also supposed to trend cooler with some possibility of rain, so get out the slickers and expect another fun race. Safe racing to all.

Cheers,

John Buser
2015 AMSS Race Committee Chair

The Editor's Bunk

I'll add my voice to the request that, if you haven't already done so, you send in your AMSS dues renewal payment. At the same time, let's make sure that we have good contact information for you. Please keep us current on any changes in your contact information. Now is as good a time as any to do that.

If you have a picture of your boat, we'd love to have it to add to our on-line gallery. I have an in-progress image of "Ocean's Child" that I think is worth posting -- very much in the middle of major yard work, and a reminder that under all of the Bristol fashion that we see most of the time, our treasures have what I've taken to calling good bones. We are also interested in sharing your restoration/beautification stories. Your successes can be just what's needed to encourage others to take on these wooden gems. Please send me your stories, pictures, wish list and I'll make sure it gets to the rest of the AMSS family.

~Ann Kinner, Editor

March General Meeting Announcement

Tatoosh 2014 Summer Cruise

When: Thursday, March 5th, 2015
Where: Southwestern Yacht Club
Time: 7:30 pm

The March AMSS General Meeting will feature a photo presentation of the *Tatoosh 2014 Summer Cruise* by Bob Cadranel. Bob will have numerous photos, charts and stories illuminating the offshore experiences and onshore adventures as well as some of the preparations.



Bob was joined, on the 80-foot wooden ketch *Tatoosh*, by a few other Point Loma "Ancient Mariners" for the San Diego-French Polynesia-Hawaii San Diego cruise.

Guests and Prospective AMSS Members WELCOME!

2015 AMSS PROGRAM CALENDAR

March 5th	<i>Tatoosh 2014 Summer Cruise</i>	SWYC
April 2nd	<i>2014 Dorade Med Racing</i>	SWYC
May 7th	<i>Martha: Refit & Sea of Cortez Cruise</i>	SWYC
June 4th	<i>Alaska Eagle Voyage to So. Georgia Is.</i>	SWYC
July 2nd	[No Meeting Scheduled]	
August 7th	<i>AMSS Summer BBQ</i>	OMC
September 3rd	<i>Naval Base Field Trip</i>	SWYC
October 1st	TBA	TBD
November 5th	TBA	TBD
December 16th	<i>AGM & Commodore's Ball</i>	SWYC

FROM THE HELM

(Continued from Page One)

As depicted in his slide photo, the yachts were basically within conversational speaking distance from one another, heeled over in dramatic fashion and nearly in lockstep. Picture, as it were, two boats galloping across the waterfront to an approaching dead-heat finish.

It seemed so at least, as Mr. Keefe related, until what happened just a few quick moments after the photographer's camera shutter flexed its muscle. The leeward boat requested room to tack, an apparent homage to the fact that the Bay was not infinite in size, but instead, rather the opposite and rapidly diminishing. Oh well. According to Keefe, the windward schooner politely obliged. And, that is when it happened. Something about tackle of some kind on the forward headsail becoming impaled on an inner staysail or staysail halyard. The result was utter destruction. Headsails shredded in ignominy. Meanwhile, the schooner formerly to leeward completed a seamless tack and crossed the finish line well ahead of her maimed opponent.

Relating this story, Mr. Keefe marveled in the thrill and unbelievable closeness of the competition. My mind roamed and gazed forward in time. The first 20 Guinea Cup race of the 2015 season was a mere two days away. On that day, would our own bay bear witness to similarly close competition, replete with dramatic finishes? Just wondering.

Perhaps if Mr. Keefe had been able to stay with us long enough to watch Saturday's race action, then most assuredly he would not have been disappointed in the scenes that played out over the course of what proved to be a long, fabulous afternoon of classic boat sail racing under comfortably warm, sunny skies.

Cheers,

Christopher R. Barclay
2015 AMSS Commodore



AMSS archive photos appearing in this issue are courtesy of Marcia Hilmen and James Hyatt. We say Thank You!!



Chimaera gets a jump on the fleet (top photo) with *Sally* in hot pursuit at the start of 20 Guinea Cup Race One (bottom photo). [AMSS Photo Archives]

2015 AMSS COMMODORE'S CUP RACE AND MID-SUMMER BBQ

Mark your June calendar now for a special event on our 2015 AMSS calendar. The 2015 Commodore's Cup Race will be sailed on Saturday, June 6. There will be a post-race raft-up and summer BBQ at Koehler Kraft Boatyard following the race action. All AMSS members and invited guests are welcome to attend the post-race BBQ. Save the Date!

We owe a big debt of gratitude to C.F. Koehler for offering to host the after-party/BBQ at Koehler Kraft, especially so close in time to the 2015 Wooden Boat Festival. With everyone pitching in to help out, this will be a memorable AMSS event. Details about the post-race gathering to follow in this publication.

TALES HEARD SPUN AROUND THE POOP DECK AT NIGHT

(Guest Columnist Smitty Gruntbugly)

Precisely how long is, say, nine seconds? Ok, well what about 14 seconds for that matter? Chronometrically speaking, that is. Is either of these spans in time the equivalent of a slow blink of an eye or, a near eternity? Does it depend? On what then? Does how you look at it matter whether you finish first or second in a match race? I don't know exactly. I just don't know. I wonder.

The wind forecast for February 7, 2015 was nondescript and common in appearance upon first impression. Wind variable, becoming W at 10 knots in the early morning and then NW 10 to 15 knots, later in the afternoon. It is a forecast to which we in San Diego are accustomed. But, oh by the way, did anyone care to mention that the same forecast called for winds becoming 15 knots on into the evening and, still much later on, building to a small craft advisory as the weekend would draw to a close? All of this on account of a developing Eastern Pacific storm system. There is nothing quite like a little foreshadow of stronger winds to come to stir things up on the old, watery racecourse, is there?

The forecast was spot on at the noon start of the first 20 Guinea Cup race of 2015. The occasion drew eight flag vessels from our ancient fleet along with a couple of invited guests. The Long-course racing classes transformed into two match races from the start. *Chimaera* and *Sally* in Long-course Class A and *Rendezvous* and *Akamai*, both K50's, in Long-course Class B.

Chimaera and *Sally* paired at the starting line and duelled over the sequence of the next two hours or so of 14-plus miles of sail racing. *Chimaera* employed seemingly endless measures and counter-measures in a tireless attempt to shake *Sally* loose from her and put some real distance on her. However, those efforts proved to be in vain. *Sally* was just plain stubborn and in no mood to give up. At the end, *Chimaera* was first to finish on elapsed time, but just barely. Are you ready for this? They were separated at the finish by only nine seconds. After a little more than two hours of racing, is a mere nine seconds akin to the blink of an eye? Of course, a margin on elapsed time that close could mean only one thing: *Sally* would correct out on top without any heavy lifting. It was so close that once corrected it wasn't that close. Geez. A person could spend a lot more than nine seconds just thinking about it.

Editor's Note: Smitty is a self-described under-published writer and principally self-educated observer and philosopher and occasional contributor to select AMSS publications. He is nearly certain that he has already submitted payment for his 2015 dues renewal, but just to be sure he is going to double-check and if he finds that he has not already sent his check in, he promises to send payment for his 2015 renewal dues pronto-like, in the next couple of days. Anyone else sailing in Smitty's boat?

But as exciting as all that action was, this day proved to be one made especially for the K50s in the fleet. Words could easily get in the way of describing the intensity of the competition in the K50 match race that played out on this particular Saturday, February 7. But, oh my, what a glorious piece of cake! Let me take a stab at it with a fork and a knife, both. If you can not restrain yourself, really if you absolutely must know the secret recipe, then by all means, read on. You already know how it ends, but what you may not know is what happened before it ended, I mean the how and the why it ended, the way it ended. It's all the gossip inside that makes for truly creamy frosting.

Chimaera and *Sally* were both fast, yes, quite fast. On this date in storied AMSS history, it was hard not to be fast. Nevertheless, when it was all over, neither of the Class A boats would correct out on top of either of the K50s, after allotted time allowances, that is, on account of how the assigned handicaps do their magic and spit out corrected times. How could this be, you ask? Are the handicapping committee gods not infallible? That is a complicated question, actually, but it turns out that, with the exception of one near wind forsaken hole at the approach to Buoy 12 on the chosen race course, the only thing that the bay offered up all day – and I mean all day long – was reaching. Can we all agree? If K-boats do anything proficiently, it is just this: Reach, baby reach. Oh yeah...keep doing it. Yeah, reach just like that.

So, at the end of the day, the real true match race of the day was the Long-course Class B race between the two K50s. Now, to fully appreciate what happened as events later unfolded, it helps to take note of some obvious differences in what the two K50 sister ships brought to the racecourse on this day.

You see ladies and gentlemen, Mademoiselle *Rendezvous* has really upped her game of late. In 2014, she became a veritable on-the-water paddling station, dispensing repeated spankings to *Akamai* and certain others in her racing class, in race after repeated race. All the while happily taking home a number of shiny trophies. Along with all this treasure, she accumulated not too shabby a race record. Apparently all that off-season practice that they like to call "just whale watching," has really started to pay off, don't you think? Uh-hum. Handicapping Committee, are you with me so far?

From a crew standpoint, *Rendezvous* finds nothing lacking. On this day her crew is nearly the size of a full division of the French colonial army and every bit as lethal. They sport dashing crew uniforms, replete with most of the colors of the French national flag. Details, details. A well dressed crew is a committed crew, according to most, well-respected, treatises concerned with seamanship. I am a firm believer in them and have it on good authority that these particular unis account for at least an added quarter-knot of boat speed through the water. Damn sharp.

(Tales Heard Spun... Continues on Page Six)



TALES HEARD SPUN...

(Continued from Page Five)

With good reason, one can surmise that she carries a full compliment of wait staff, including a chef, day-porter and sommelier, what with so many able-bodied people aboard. It is understood that the *Rendezvous* crew dines well when racing. Oh, how *Miramar's* crew should be green with envy. Roast Tenderloin of Boeuf, medium-rare, served with buttered peas and a port-wine reduction sauce, plated, preferably just before the start of the second lap. "May I offer you a wine to pair with your cheese plate and frais fruits dessert?" Superbly done. Really.

Aboard *Akamai*, all things crew related trend a bit more toward the impoverished end of the scale. Her crew is typically diminutive in number, mostly students, maybe a grandmother and one or two native fishermen perhaps, gathered from parts of the globe far and wide. On this particular day, there were just three besides the helmsman: one of the crew was from Brazil, another from up North, around the Bay Area, and, as for the third, a San Diego native thrown in just for sport. It was on this same humble boat that I am pretty darn sure I saw your Commodore standing in the vicinity of the helm most of the afternoon.

As for sail plans, there is at least one notable difference. *Rendezvous*, with her slightly smaller sail plan, is far better suited to heavier wind conditions. *Akamai*, on the other hand, enjoys a bit of a slight advantage in winds 10 knots and under. You wonder. Did they properly thank Ullman Sails for that expansive genoa headsail, or not?

Top Photo: *Rendezvous* doing what she loves to do - reaching under sunny skies. **Right Photo:** Crew-light *Akamai* warming up for Race One. [AMSS Archive Photos.]

So, that pretty well paints the picture. Imagine say, the aforementioned division of the French colonial army drawing up plans to summarily dispense with a fledgling contingent of island natives whose defensive armaments comprise only gardening hand tools carved from bamboo. An even match? You can decide. These two K-boats rate the same. All right, already. It is not like we have all day here. So, let's get on with it.

At the start, *Rendezvous* hit the line almost a full boat length ahead of crew-light *Akamai*. Well done. Nearly just at that moment, the horn sounded the start of the race. Pardon moi. Being the Race Committee boat sure kind of helps to get one to church on time, doesn't it?

Akamai went about her business navigating through the crowd of smaller boats up ahead and closer to the starting line. Searching for and eventually finding clearer air, she emerged from the thickening start flanking *Chimaera* and *Sally*, while in the same process somehow managing to eclipse *Rendezvous'* early advantage. Wait, did all that happen in what a person might call the blink of an eye? I don't know. Without much more ceremony than that, the other match race of the day was underway in earnest.



Throughout the afternoon, *Rendezvous* brought everything she had in her arsenal. She did so tirelessly. At one point, close to mid-way through lap one, just around from the windward mark, the K50s found themselves momentarily side by side, well within earshot of one another, poised for a tacking duel. From aboard *Akamai*, her crew all the while struggling with a recalcitrant mainsheet traveler, they could hear the good cheer and ice clinking in the chilled beverages being enjoyed aboard *Rendezvous*. Bonjour to you too! In short order, the truer nature of things settled in and *Akamai* departed the scene with alacrity. Meanwhile, *Rendezvous* patiently bided her time, persistently remaining within a safe striking distance, ever confident that as the afternoon of sailing turned toward the closing pages, everything would change. And my, my, how things did change. (Tale..... Concludes on Next Page)

TALES HEARD SPUN...

(Continued from Page Six)

On the way down the bay for the last time, the breeze freshened noticeably, with recurring gusts between 18 and 20 knots. Well, well, what a surprise. In anticipation of a long beat to the finish, as she approached the leeward mark for the final time, *Akamai's* de minimus crew launched into a fresh skirmish with her mainsheet traveler. Glaring shortcomings with the planned corrective measures soon developed. Uh-oh. With her crew distracted in the moment, the best that *Akamai's* helmsman could manage upon arrival at the mark was to head-up, rather feebly, with exaggerated hesitation. The initial result was far more than a bit shy of a complete rounding. Messy, messy, messy.

As is often heard said aboard *Rendezvous* these days, "He who hesitates is lost to us. Huzzah!" She immediately struck with a vengeance not seen since the Revolution of 1789. Sensing her opportunity, she lunged, full throated, at the chance to gainfully improve her position. Under the direction of her skillful helmsman, *Rendezvous* button-hooked the leeward mark, taking full advantage of the ebbing tide. Captain Buser ordered all but essential crew and all of the spiced, cured hams aboard to the weather rail. Yes, sir! His next order, to cast all of the fine imported scotch overboard, met with swift and pointed resistance from certain seasoned members of the crew. (I was not aboard, but if I was, I would have more than protested. A situation like this calls for far more than general insurrection. We are talking about something much bigger than a couple of missing coconuts. Even a spontaneous mutiny would seem to be an inadequate remedy.) Deliberations ensued in haste, producing a negotiated compromise. Instead of surrendering the whisky provisions to the bay, the day passengers aboard, mostly women and small children, were pressed on deck from their refuge below in the exceedingly well-appointed cabin. Once up from below, these poor souls were summarily lashed to the weather rail where they would continue to be held hostage for what remained of the race. Oh, humanity! Let no one doubt for even the blink of an eye the genuine earnestness and competitive zeal of this particular French campaign when it comes to our form of racing.

Rendezvous roared into the gathering fresh breeze with a confident gallop. Her plan of destruction was a simple one. Overtake her opponent and along the way force the overpowered, disadvantaged Hawaiian boat to head-up into the eye of the wind. Drive her off the lay-line to the finish, straightaway, unmercifully, with an added heavy dose of glee. That is how she does it. With rapidly aggregating speed and advantage in sail plan under the freshening breeze, *Rendezvous'* driven crew understandably began to recognize what could only be the sweet taste of another hard-fought victory. No doubt. Victory after

consistent, repeated victory brings its own special privileges of confident anticipation, not the least of which is the expectant prospect that the decks will be all awash in a celebratory cascade of bubbly over-spray immediately after the finish. Preferably something from 1963, served well chilled. How sweet it is.

Aboard *Akamai*, it was, well you know what, déjà-vu all over again. Just envisage for a moment the fortitude it understandably would take to resist the growing anticipation of the stinging sensation of a freshly administered spanking. The post-race pleasantries, translated into broken English, would be unmistakably clear in message: "Oh excusez-moi, it seems that in the flurry of the moment we may have failed to extend a Bonne Année greeting as we were passing by you on our way to the finish line. Gosh, golly...how completely shameless of us."

As the boats converged once more and for a final time, in a flash the near silence that had drifted over the Hawaiian boat ended in an explosion of sound. Thrusting a massive bow wave forward, *Rendezvous* approached her would-be victim to the deafening accompaniment of something that sounded really more like an accelerating freight train planing across the bay. The crystal stemware suspended above her ample galley began to rhythmically tap out the beat of her crew's favorite rally chant:

Un, deux, trois...

Je ne sais quoi!

Victoire, victoire, oh douce victoire,

Rendez-vous avec nous!

Maintenant!!

The final result of Race One in Long-course Class B? Having read thus far, well, you already know all about that. As for the why, I would be pleased to tell you, but first, if you would not mind so much, remind me, exactly what it was that our Race Chair wrote about in his report, you know, the one that appeared in last month's issue of this august publication? Was it not something about certain keys to a race victory? Was it not something about focus? Stay calm and sail on....it was something like that, wasn't it? Dang, why can't I remember it?

When it finally struck, the epiphany was quick and impactful. The little crew of the Hawaiian boat began thinking again as one with their K50. "Let's try burping the headsail just a tad. Ease the mainsheet, please. That is nice now, just as it is. Thank you very much." Right up to the finish.

And what a truly memorable and exciting finish it was to witness. After nearly two and one-half hours of sailing around the bay, Race One in Long-course Class B, a true match race for sure, was decided by a margin of just 14 seconds.

So, you make the call. Is a margin of 14 seconds after nearly two and one-half hours of match racing the blink of an eye, or is it an eternity? I can't say which it is. I just don't know.



Race One of the 20 Guinea Cup drew four colorful AMSS flag vessels to the Short Course Class. **Clockwise from above, in order of finish in 20 Guinea Cup Race One:** *Ianthia*, *Maid of Kent* [photo courtesy of Bobby Grieser], *Zephyr* (L16 on left in photo) and *Sea Witch*. [Other photos from AMSS Photo Archives]



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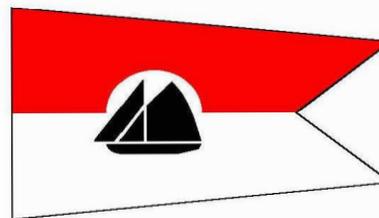
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General Meetings: 1st Thursday of every month,
7:30 PM @ Southwestern Yacht Club

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ANCIENT MARINERS



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