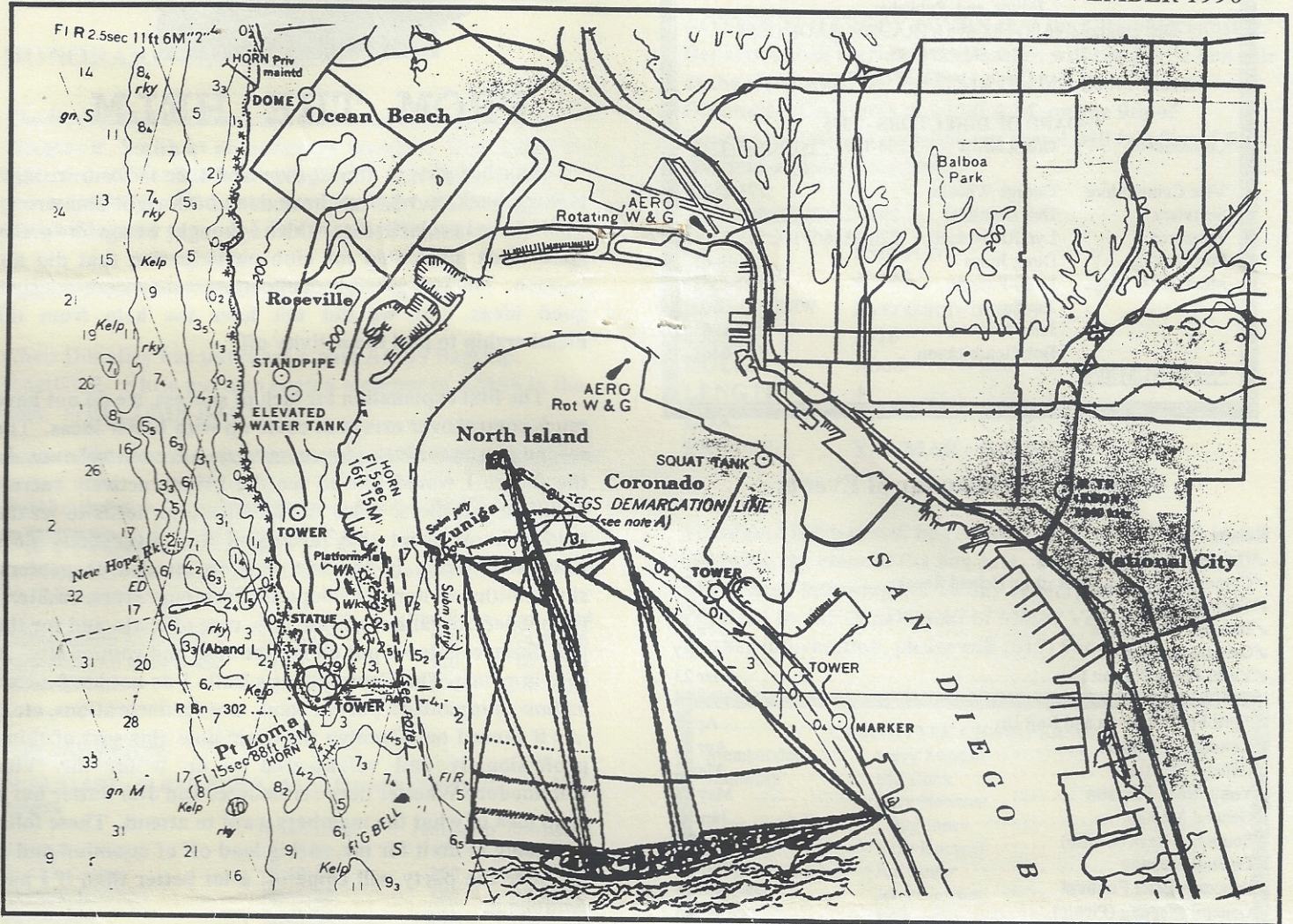


ALBATROSS

ANCIENT MARINERS SAILING SOCIETY

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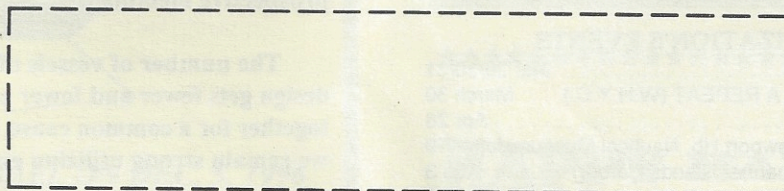
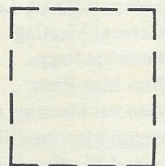
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ANCIENT MARINERS SAILING SOCIETY

P.O. Box 6484

San Diego, California 92166



Albatross

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AMSS Ship-to-Ship VHF Common - Channel 68

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FROM THE HELM

Another year is almost over and true to form we start looking back on what we have done both right and wrong. There have been activities, which I thought were some pretty good ideas, presented for club participation that did not happen. The two possible explanations; they were not such good ideas, or we did not have the help from the membership to pull the activity off.

The first explanation for lack of success, we do not have much control over except to come up with better ideas. The second reason for lack of success we do have control over. In the future I would like to see the bridge actively recruit qualified members. Also the membership needs to let the bridge know what they are good at. Everybody does something well. In the last year we needed carpenters, silversmiths, writers, envelope stuffers, engravers, cashiers, telephoners, organizers, musicians, race officials, and for the half dozen events we put on for the club and community. A case in point: The Commodore's Ball, I do not have a clue on how to organize a party (food, music, decorations, etc.). As it turned out Carolyn St. Clair does this sort of thing professionally and volunteered to do it for me. Vice Commodore Wheeler does ceremonies and Jim Sutter has a good idea of what the members want to attend. These folks are going to do it for me. A big load off of my mind and I am sure the party will come off a lot better than if I had planned it.

AMSS events have lots of tasks that do not directly involve boats. The common thread here is that we have joined an organization that we were formed to preserve and promote interest in sail and power vessels of ancient vintage and/or classic design. Part of what we do is sell tickets, stuff mailers, sell T-shirts, submit articles to the Albatross, make phone calls, attend meetings, and welcome new and prospective members.

The number of vessels of ancient vintage and/or classic design gets fewer and fewer each year. As a group working together for a common cause, it becomes very important that we remain strong utilizing everyone's special skills.

At Your Service,
Gregg Potter, Commodore

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
✓South bay Bash (Cruise)	June 8/9
✓General Meeting	July 11
✓Wooden Boat Festival	July 13/14
✓General Meeting (Picnic)	Aug 1
✓Escort the Star of India (Finest City Week)	Aug 10,11,18
✓Newport Beach-Long Beach-Catalina Cruise	Aug 17-24
✓General Meeting	Sept 5
✓Petticoat Race	Sept 7
✓Iron Man Race	Sept 8
✓General Meeting (2nd Thurs)	Oct 10
General Meeting (Elections)	Nov 7
General Meeting (Commodore's Ball)	Dec 5
Half Pint of Rum Race	Dec 7
New Years' Eve Raft Up - La Playa	Dec 31

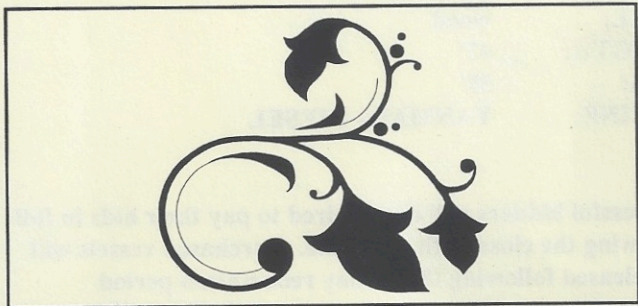
OTHER ORGANIZATION'S EVENTS

✓Schooner Cup (Kona Kai)	Mar 29/30/31
✓ONE MORE TIME REGATTA - A REPEAT (W.H.Y.C.)	March 30
✓Newport - Ensenada Race	Apr 26
✓Heritage Regatta (BalboaYC/Newport Hb. Nautical Museum)	June 7-9
✓McNish Classic Yacht Race (Channel Islands Harbor)	Aug 3
✓Bishop Rock Race (SDYC)	Aug 23
✓Nautical Heritage Society - Long Beach Schooner Race	Aug 24
✓W.H.Y.C. vs AMSS (Dana Cup)	Sept 29
✓S.W.Y.C. Ensenada Race	Oct 4

September 30, 1996 - DANA POINT

Three Southwestern Yacht Club vintage classics, DAUNTLESS, FREEDOM, and PACIFICA, trekked up to Dana Point on the weekend of September 28TH and came home with awards. FREEDOM and PACIFICA represented Ancient Mariners Sailing Society (AMSS) in vying for the "Dana Cup" on Sunday, 29 September 1996. DAUNTLESS a Wooden Hull Yacht Club (WHYC) member represented SWYC. The Dana Cup went to WHYC once again but DAUNTLESS won the Schooner Class and PACIFICA, third over the finish line, won Racing Class "A" - Ketches and Yawls. SWYC had more winning vintage classics than any other Southern California Yacht Club.

Paul Plotts owns and skippered DAUNTLESS, Rod Latimer and Diana Watson own and sailed FREEDOM, and Doug Jones owns and skippered PACIFICA.



TO: 1996 AMSS Board of Directors
SUBJECT: Historian's 1996 Annual Report

During 1996, the integration and cataloguing of 22 years of AMSS historical materials was started. At the year end, the project is approximately 50% completed. Like most historians. I am fascinated with the materials which reveal how the organization was started. In the case of the Ancient Mariners Sailing Society, the overwhelming evidence of historical material leads this researcher to conclude that the Principal founder of this club was two time Commodore-Doug Smith.

The files reveal that Smith was prominent in establishing the club as a viable and important new yachting association. To illustrate the effectiveness of his term as this clubs first Commodore, 40 entries were recorded in the 1975 inaugural Yesteryear Regatta!

The completion of this integration of the clubs historical documents should be achieved in 1997.

From: Historian-Archivist Capt. Edward S. Barr

HERE'S A START ON STARTER TROUBLES!

It's a grand day to get underway! You meet your guests at the dock. All cheerfully bring their refreshments, sun screen, and themselves aboard. You are the center of attention and your guests in awe as the mysterious ritual of getting underway takes place. Finally, all is ready and the more experienced hands are at the dock lines ready to cast off.

You turn open the fuel lines, turn on the power and bilge blower, make sure the transmission is in neutral and touch the starter button and ---- NOTHING! You try it again and maybe get a light click. Someone murmurs - "Oh-Oh" and you mutter "@*%#&!!"

At this point the non-mechanical mind either gets underway without the use of the engine or concludes that the party is over -- until an electrician can come to the boat and fix it. You may feel this way but before you call it a day why not conduct a few very simple tests that could help you locate and solve the problem yourself? Just ask you guests to take a 30-minute break while you do the following:

First, bear in mind that most electrical problems aboard sea-going yachts are due to CORROSION of either the electrical terminals, connections, switches or wires. That being the case, the best first step is to determine whether the electrical problem is in the battery, starter, in the wiring between them or elsewhere.

STEP 1: To make a quick check of the starter system, turn on all your boat lights and blowers. The lights should have their normal brilliance and indicate that the battery is fully charged.
NOTE: you can check this with a hydrometer. If it reads between 1,275 and 1,295 you know the battery is fully charged.

STEP 2: Then push the starter button and one of three things will happen to the lights. They will (1) go out, (2) dim considerably or (3) stay bright without any cranking action taking place.

If the lights go out it indicates that there is a poor connection between the battery and the starting motor. Most often it is at the battery terminals. Remove the cables and clean them and the battery terminals and reattach. Push the starter button again. If the problem persists, it probably indicates that you have badly corroded positive and negative cables. Bypass these with starter cables between the battery and starter. If the starter cranks the engine normally, you know one or both of the cables needs replacement.

If the lights dim considerably and the starter operates slowly or not at all, and the battery is not run down the problem probably lies in either the engine or

starting motor itself. The most likely is the starter which may have worn bearings. Remove the starter and have it checked at a shop.

If the lights stay bright it means there is an open circuit at some point in the starter itself, the starter switch the solenoid or control circuit. You can easily check the solenoid by placing a heavy jumper lead across the solenoid main terminals to see if the starter will operate. If it still doesn't start, the wiring and control units must be checked to locate the trouble.

If all wires seem to be ok, remove the starter so can be examined in detail.

These tips don't cover all the possibilities, but they should help your prospects of determining what the problem is and how to fix and get underway. GPW



FROM THE CRUISIN' COLEMANS

'Iaorana' (Hello in Tahitian) from SOUTHERN CROSS, 17 30' South, 149 50' West September 9, 1996 The sun doesn't always shine on the seductive island east of Tahiti named Moorea where SOUTHERN CROSS sits on this dreamy September Spring morning. But the magnificent trade wind clouds and warm cleansing rains enhance Polynesia's allure. Lorraine and I relish the crystal lagoons, lush vegetation and intermittent showers after almost a year in stifling arid Baja California. We sailed from La Paz last April 20th and voyaged three thousand miles across the Pacific to enjoy Spring in the southern hemisphere. Like most things In life, our first ocean passage was a test, full of disappointments and rewards.

As we rounded the tip of Baja, course laid in for the Marquesa Islands, we encountered unusual headwinds -2 to 4 knot zephyrs from the south -- barely enough to keep the boat moving. Bubbles and flotsam drifted past the hull while our wind and boat speed indicators remained frozen at 0 knots. Lorraine finally watched Cabo San Lucas drop below the horizon on April 24th when she also spied our boat's namesake on the southern horizon - - four tiny sparkles shaped like a crucifix that points due south. We followed our guidepost in the heavens, our lucky stars, and the winds eventually picked up during daylight, Unfortunately, we kept sailing into 'parking lots' at night.

Our crew members, a mechanical steering

device named Otto and an electric autopilot named Jose, were nonfunctional in the light wind and large ocean swells, so we hand-steered and constantly adjusted the sails. SOUTHERN CROSS rolled continuously and the sails, especially our large square gaff-rigged mainsail, slammed back and forth, vibrating the entire boat. We maintained a watch 24 hours a day, and one week out, on a moonless night, Lorraine spotted a ship bearing down on us.

Calls on the radio went unanswered, and she awoke me when the black hulk was within 2 miles, still on collision course. We quickly altered our heading and the mammoth ship did so too, turning directly toward us! SOUTHERN CROSS drifted slowly away on the new tack while the ship passed close astern. We'll never know if they saw us or not and we thanked our lucky stars for our escape. We continued slowly south. More sail changes; more praying to Aeolis, the God of Winds, for a breeze; more hand steering. During this first week of 'sailing,' Lorraine and I each lost five pounds despite doubling our food intake, and we still had more than 2000 miles to go.

We fished the entire voyage and landed two small tuna near Baja -- then nothing for a month. Fortunately, Lorraine is a superb cook and she turned out delectable cuisine -- meal after meal, day after day. She'd canned lobster, clams, fish and vegetables before leaving Mexico and she also did all the shopping, provisioning and stowing. She is the best! Only when the weather was really terrible did we not have full regular meals.

Winds improved and so did out daily mileage but on day 13, our headsails started unraveling on the edges because of sun-damaged stitching and Otto broke! The loss of our most important crew member was a big emotional letdown. Jose took the helm, but he was designed to drive the boat only while motoring, so he developed problems too. Lorraine and I gave up our daytime sleep and spent three days repairing Otto.

The first two repairs broke after only a few hours of steering, so on the third day, we got out all kinds of hardware bits and pieces and started making the puzzle work. We picked out two large

u-bolts, hose clamps, a couple shackles and some monel rigging wire. Then we took turns sitting on Otto's mounting brackets over the transom, hanging on a harness, tools in hand, wrenching and fixing. Waves rushed by occasionally washing our naked buns. We missed such sleep, but our third jury-rig held and Otto steered SOUTHERN CROSS into the writhing 'serpent' of weird weather north of the equator named the Intertropical Convergence Zone.

The ITCZ has also been called the doldrums -- blazing sun, no wind and a mirror-like ocean, but we never saw doldrums. SOUTHERN CROSS had either heavy winds and rain squalls or no wind, and throughout the 600 mile wide "zone", we experienced cloudy skies and huge lumpy waves. During one squall, the mizzen sheet caught our 35 year-old ship's bell and flung it into the sea with a kersplash. Bummer! Because of the squalls, we furled and unrolled the genoa more than ten times a day until the unraveling got so bad we had to take down the genoa and put up a tiny yankee. That made SOUTHERN CROSS go even slower. When the rolling and slatting sails became unbearable, we motored due south, searching for enough wind to sail again. At last we broke free from the serpent's grip and sailed into 25 knot headwinds. Salt and waves buried the boat, but we were finally moving and we sailed our first 100 mile day!

Crossing the equator (at 127 degrees, 41 minutes west longitude) was a genuine thrill. May 13, 1996, Lorraine made a special lobster dinner, chocolate chip cookies, and we played music and made love right on the line. We toasted King Neptune and thanked him for guiding us safely that far. And with favorable winds, we sailed our best day to date -- 111 miles. Others were not so lucky.

Two of our friends, Chuck and Leonard on the trimaran SOLAR WIND, vanished the following day. Throughout our journey, we kept daily radio contact with friends in boats heading the same direction -- charting their progress and picking up weather info. TRUE BLUE and SOLAR WIND got caught in an early tropical storm on May 13th. TRUE BLUE checked in on the radio the next morning. SOLAR WIND didn't. Chuck and Leonard haven't been heard from since -- a severe reality check. This lifestyle is truly an emotional rollercoaster. In Lorraine's words, "This life of adventure is so intense, from the night watches

when you feel God's hand is touching your ship -- guiding her safely, to hanging on during a torrential squall. Just being in nature -- under the blanket of stars at night, the scorching sun during the day, or tossed about in squalls makes it seem as though each moment of life is so important." And so it is. We miss Chuck and Leonard.

The last week of our voyage went well -- plenty of wind and our first day over 150 miles. On May 21st, I awoke Lorraine for her watch and showed her the Marquesan Island of Ua Huka on the radar. After seeing only blue water for 29 days, the rocky coast seemed uncomfortably close though it was 12 miles away. We smelled Ua Huka before we saw it and first light showed the island dark and green with thunderheads hovering over the high peaks. Sleep was impossible -- beyond Ua Huka we spied our destination, the mystical island made famous in Herman Melville's book Typee -- Nuku Hiva.

By noon Nuku Hiva loomed lush and imposing off our starboard bow and we caught and landed our largest fish to date -- a huge 54 inch bull Dorado (Mahi Mahi.) We took baths and Lorraine hoisted the French flag Grandma had made for us in 1980. As we neared the palm-lined entrance to Taiohae Bay, which is guarded on either side by two gigantic rock 'Sentinals,' a pod of friendly dolphins escorted us into the safe harbor. THIS WAS RIGHT! Robby and Lorraine and SOUTHERN CROSS were supposed to be right in that spot, right at that moment. Tears of joy filled our eyes and rolled down our cheeks. What a special time! Dreams fulfilled; eye-opening experiences, good and bad; an adventure for a lifetime with more awaiting. We are damn proud of ourselves for this was far more than just Another Successful Voyage.

Special thanks to Mike and Chris Jordan and Joe Garrigan who monitored our crossing and kept family and friends notified. We received mail to Papeete (some more than three months old; not many post offices out here) and we really appreciated all the letters. Keep 'em coming and we'll write when we can and fill you in on The Marquesas, the Tuamotus, and the rest of the Society Islands.... Love from French Polynesia, Robby and Lorraine Coleman "Southern Cross"
